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EDITORIAL

## F.G.R. GORDON—AND THERE ARE OTHERS.

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**T**HERE was, more than ten years ago, in the Socialist Labor Party, a man of multiple initials—F.G.R. Gordon. He was for a time employed by the Party as an agitator and organizer in the New England States. Presently, information reached the National Headquarters of crooked capers by Gordon. While these charges were under consideration, proof, documentary proof, reached the National Office that Mr. Gordon had, several years before he joined the Party, been employed in the railway mail service in New Hampshire, had been indicted for robbing the mails, and had pleaded not guilty, but afterwards retracted the plea. Aware of this information having reached the Party's National Office, and also aware of the Party's having camped on his trail for his performances within the Party, the gentleman quickly bolted, and in that way saved the Party the trouble of expelling him.

Soon as Mr. Gordon bolted the S.L.P. with his coat-tails all aflame, he bolted into the then just forming Socialist party. The element that gave Mr. Gordon open-armed asylum did not do so perfunctorily, or passively merely. They took up his cudgels against the S.L.P. and *The People*, both of whom, instead of being thankful for the warning of what kind of a hairpin had joined them, the S.P. folks emptied the vials of their wrath, and dumped the slush-buckets of their denunciation upon, in what became the regulation style of S.P. argument against S.L.P. facts. The Party and its national English organ were vilified for "vilifying Gordon."

At this rate things went on for quite a while, until Gordon, tiring of his new associates, bolted them, in turn, and took up with the Civic Federation, whose Secretary, Mr. Ralph Easeley, took Gordon under his wings for work against the Socialist party. Suddenly, the Socialist party press flared up against the man,

repeating against him all that, and no more, than the S.L.P. had said and proved, and calling him all sorts of names, for his railway mail escapade.

Which points the moral and adorns the tale that what the privately-owned S.P. press objects to is not a nasty man—on the contrary, it will hug such a man to its bosom and warm his chill with its bosom's warmth—what it objects to is to have such men indulge in the rare virtue of telling the truth, the truth about it.

Nor is Gordon an exceptional instance. Among the evils done by the S.P. is the promotion of turpitude in the Movement by giving the thing asylum. Gordon stands not alone—there are others.

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