

Echoes From the Convention

By MAX SHACHTMAN

During the discussion in the Resolution's Committee appointed by the Farmer-Labor Convention, a resolution was brought forward which had as its object nothing more nor less than the exclusion of the Workers' Party.

It stated, in effect, that this convention could have nothing to do, nor could it associate itself, with any group which advocated the use of illegal methods for the replacement of this social system with any other, or which accepted extra-national or international direction or leadership; "we believe that the ballot can obtain for "us" any change or amendment to the existing state of government, and that force and violence were unjustified and could not be countenanced or allowed by such a bonafide convocation as had gathered here to consider ways and means for the perpetuation of conversational conferences as opposed to acting organizations.

War Patriot Gets Busy.

And so, Mr. Rodriguez, chairman of the Committee, who was once almost taken by the scruff of the neck and kicked out of the national convention of the Young People's Socialist League shortly before this country entered the war because he called upon them to be patriotic and recover J. P. Morgan's British Loan this very same Mr. Rodriguez, began denouncing the terrible communists, and their methods and tactics, and appealed to the patriots in the committee to bring in a recommendation to concur.

But in spite of his frantic and fervent appeals, liberally salted by copious references to the collection of must and punk which is called the Law, the committee voted to refer the entire resolution to the Organization Committee, for it was rightly pointed out that the resolution involved a matter of policy and as such could only be acted upon by the latter Committee.

An Indiscreet Advocate.

Then, although the Committee officially adjourned, Mr. Rodriguez was not finished. He began to pack one of all persons—Duncan MacDonald, who although a member of the Farmer-Labor Party had voted with the majority to refer. MacDonald correctly mentioned the fact that the Farmer-Labor Party no longer amounted to a row of stubble or a hill of air, or "words to that effect." To which truism Rodriguez snarled back that MacDonald had not been able to maintain a unit of the Party in his own locality; and the tone of his voice when he said this, was not of the pleasantest, you may be sure.

Sleep Producers.

Now Duncan is a Scotchman. And while Scotchmen are not as a rule easily aroused, when they are aroused, someone else is put to sleep. So Duncan bent his body across the table to where Rod, stood opposite him and said:

"Listen here, Rodriguez. You've been insulting during the entire course of this convention. You've been carrying a chip on your shoulder, and when anyone carries a chip on his shoulder, someone is going to knock it off; and I'm telling you right now that I'm going to be the one to do it, too. You are not going to put that sort of stuff over on me very much longer."

He Missed a Nip of Scotch.

Advocate Rodriguez took a good look at the powerful, clenched fist of Duncan, and then took another look at Duncan's look, and with admirable swiftness decided that he was wanted elsewhere—where the atmosphere was gentler and the air flowed in smoother waves, where the probabilities of the elimination of a material witness were less favorable to the opposing counsel. In other words, Rodriguez seized his Stetson, and his umbrella and beat a strategic retreat.