
H.C. Frick

by Eugene V. Debs

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Carnegie's man, Frick, is *sui generis*. In the theory or science of evolution, the student would be perplexed to determine from what he had been evolved. To intimate that God made him would be such an unmitigated insult to high heaven as would throw angels and arch-angels into spasms, and yet, Frick resembles a human being.

H.C. Frick, the man responsible for the Homestead murders, may have been evolved from a cobra. He is evidently 99 parts venom. There is a crawling, venomous thing called a centipede, with a hundred feet, each foot a fang emitting poison wherever it crawls, but we will not wrong cobra or centipede by attributing to either of these frightful abominations the propagation of such a monster as H.C. Frick.

It was said by some classic ancient that every man has a tiger in him, but Frick seems to be the embodiment of such reptiles as men, everywhere, abhor.

For a number of years the civilized world has been excited over the butcheries of "Jack the Ripper," the monster who murdered and mutilated unfortunate women at Whitechapel, London; but "Jack the Ripper" was, or is, a gentleman of refined feelings compared with H.C. Frick, the detestable wretch, the horned toad, evolved by Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth." We take it back, we would not offend the sensibilities of horned toads nor dungeon toads by instituting any comparison between them and H.C. Frick, the manager of the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead, Pa.

H.C. Frick is a monster, not in physical development, not in weight or stature, but in incarnate fiendishness; and here, again, we may be doing the devil rank injustice, since for cool, premeditated, deliberate infernalism, we know of nothing the devil has ever done, or has been credited with doing, equal to Frick's schemes to murder and maim workingmen at Homestead.

We would like to have our readers contemplate this convert to Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth," laying his plans to kill workingmen.

Look at Frick. He is well groomed; everything betokens wealth. He looks well fed. He has the strut and swing of an autocrat. Under him are thousands of workingmen. Day and night they toil. Frick regards them simply as cattle or chattels.

The fact that these men exhibit independence, self-respect, and ambition to live like men rather than like dogs enrages Frick. His bosom is full of implacable hates; they burn like fire. He had transformed the coke regions into a hell and had reigned there, chief devil; had seen blood flow at his command; had seen men, women, and children starving in their dens. He liked it. His beastly, venomous nature gloried in such scenes of gloom and suffering, agony and death. He thirsted for more blood, more death. He longed to inaugurate hell upon earth, and concluded to transform Homestead into a miniature Golgotha.

To catch the idea it is only required to contemplate Frick as he premeditates the most speedy methods to kill the workingmen of Homestead, if they came within range of his murderous appliances.

One scheme was to kill by electricity. To do this, he surrounds his works with a strong fence surmounted with barbed wire. This done, he arranges to charge the wires with electricity. He proposes to kill by lightning. To touch his wires is death. In the state of New York the authorities ascertained that electricity was just the thing to kill murderers, and Frick believed it would be just as effective in killing workingmen. He chuckled with fiendish glee as he saw the scheme advance to perfection.

But, said Frick, in spite of lightning some workingman may escape death, in which event I must have other means of murder, and he bethought him of the efficacy of hot water; at once appliances were provided for scalding men to death, a scheme more devilish than lightning, because there is more torture in it. In addition, the barricade fence was pierced with portholes for the convenience of such murderers as he might hire and arm to kill workingmen.

H.C. Frick was now ready to give the world an exhibition of the power of Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth." One thing only was wanting, men as murderous as himself to do his bidding and kill workingmen for a stipulated price per day or week. In the Pinkerton thugs he found the men he wanted, who would agree to commit murder for \$15 a week.

Three hundred of these murderers were hired and armed and transported to Homestead. They were ready to commit murder and they did commit murder. The program was not fully carried out. These things did not obtain possession of the dynamos nor of the engines to murder by scalding workmen to death. They did not get inside of "Fort Frick," where, from behind defenses, they could shoot down workmen. What murder the hired thugs did perpetrate was done by shooting from their floating forts, another device provided by the forethought of Frick.

We are anxious that our readers should have, as near as possible, some rational conception of the miscreant monster H.C. Frick, an unnatural production, a prodigy of depravity who, controlling capital, has had his greed so abnormally developed as to render him the most brutal specimen of viciousness to be found on the continent. Soulless and heartless, his hatred of workmen exceeds that of any other man living, and has no parallel among all the dead who have lived to earn eternal detestation.

We do not doubt that there will be men sufficiently degenerate to apologize for Frick. We do not doubt that there are men who are unhappy because Frick's plans to murder workmen at Homestead, in part, miscarried; men who had hoped for a Pinkerton victory, though every home in Homestead held a corpse. But everywhere, throughout all this broad land, there are millions of voices lauding and magnifying the courage of the Homestead workmen who gained a victory over the murderous gang of thugs, and in so doing this has made the name of H.C. Frick, who planned and schemed for their own destruction, the synonym of all that is detestable and infamous among men.

Edited by Tim Davenport

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