

dition of men drafted into the last war Macfadden stated:

And now there is talk of another war, what about the flower of our national manhood this time? . . . The very life of this nation is liable to be at stake in the near future, and upon the vitality of its people will depend whether or not we are to endure or to go down to enslavement.

This statement in addition to establishing the link between Macfadden's physical culture and militarism must have delighted the hearts of Hitler and Mussolini. It is strange that Macfadden neglects remarking about this country's vitality after a war. There is no record that he ever visited a veteran's hospital.

Arming "to the hilt" is another of Macfadden's high-minded principles for the preservation of peace. He apparently followed the senatorial investigation of the munitions industry and concluded that

our legislators would like to take all the profits out of war. That is undoubtedly desirable. But our first thought should be the protection of the lives of our citizens. If our manufacture of implements of war is restricted and profits curtailed or eliminated, from what source will we obtain war materials that may be necessary to save the life of this nation?

The du Ponts and Krupps ask the same question. As for international disarmament conferences:

If we kept our amateur diplomats at home and went our own way in accordance with the dictates of our own intelligence protecting our country by the most modern methods without consulting with other nations, we would be in a far better position. . . .

A solution for unemployment can also be found in preparedness.

While the whole world seems to be turning toward military madness, there is general acceptance of the airplane ascendancy in warfare. But we are still plugging along. Maybe in a few years we will recognize the need of being prepared for aerial warfare, and when that happens, a few hundred thousands of our unemployed can be used to build and fly ships and prepare for our next war—which will be in the air. . . .

One of these days Macfadden will be awarded a gilded swastika for the following: "With the impending clash of arms and the hectic war preparations in every country throughout all Europe, Hitler can hardly be blamed for desiring the protection necessary to the life and liberties of his people."

On our domestic crisis Macfadden's commentaries are indeed refreshing. He at least differs with the academic opinions of all economists. "The prevailing ignorance throughout this country as to the fundamental principles of health building accounts for much of the poverty and misery which our people are enduring at this time." Can Macfadden mean that if all Americans had exercised for ten minutes each morning the depression would never have reached these shores? Perhaps he can devise a set of gymnastics to end unemployment and starvation. Taxation of big business and soaking the rich drives Macfadden into an editorial frenzy. "Can any sensible citizen find any plausible excuse for a legislative procedure that passes on prosperity to the poor by lowering the financial status of the rich?"

Macfadden coos to the workingman with a patronizing benevolence and good will to mask his semi-fascist attitude toward labor.

There may be excuses for strikes during normal times, but when every business executive is straining to his utmost to maintain his business and pay his bills, a strike at this time only invites disaster to both workers and owners. . . . The fight labor is making at present to control business will put all super-executives out of business. . . . Labor is responsible for jobs only. It has no investment at stake; no sacrifice or thrift is involved. Consequently it can be more drastically inconsiderate. . . . A long continued fight between labor and capital means disaster for both, and there are but few exceptions. . . . Labor mustn't be given too much power. I'm recognized, of course, as one of the outstanding friends of labor.

A few years ago Macfadden threatened to move his organization out to New Jersey to escape dealing with New York unions. Because Macfadden believes that capital and labor "are working together for the good of each other," he has preached a friendly relationship between the employer and employee through mutual organization—or the company union (Macfadden Employees Association, for example).

It is quite natural that Macfadden's politics come from the same sordid greed as do his true stories and true romances. A man cannot simultaneously publish pornographic "literature" and liberal editorials. Reactionary politics is in harmony with Macfadden's Bourbon philosophy. In his editorials, as in his pseudo-scientific health propaganda, Macfadden displays astounding ignorance. And when ignorance and wealth are all a man possesses, particularly a man with an audience of more than seven millions monthly, the amount of damage that man can do is inestimable. Macfadden is competing for honors with William Randolph Hearst.

Labor Spies and Killers

FRANCIS J. GORMAN

SPYING on labor is an old game in American industry. It has been part and parcel of our industrial order since the early days of expanding capitalism and it has taken many different forms. Working-class leaders have been framed, imprisoned on obviously trumped-up charges and murdered for trade-union activity. It didn't really matter what particular industry these workers may have been in. It was their position as officers of unions or as militant rank-and-file leaders, which made them dangerous to the bosses.

I know that victims of industrial spying are thousands outside the ranks of the textile workers. The Mooney-Billings outrage, the Sacco-Vanzetti crime, the Herndon travesty of justice show us that wherever a worker rises to a position of leadership among his fellow workers he is an immediate threat to the autocratic domains of open-shop bosses. However, I would venture to state that the

textile workers are among the most persistently and consistently victimized industrial groups in the country.

The lengths to which textile manufacturers—particularly in the South—will go to demoralize our union ranks know no bounds. Our local union officers are under the constant terror of frame-up, flogging and even murder. The membership is held together by a superhuman courage and trade-union integrity in the face of the ceaseless undercover activities of the company-hired thugs and private dicks.

During the general textile strike in 1934, I was scheduled for a speaking tour in the South. The splendid, militant response with which these inhumanly exploited workers greeted the strike call was a source of surprise and inspiration to the United Textile Workers. It was also a source of surprise to the manufacturers—surprise and anxiety. Nobody was prepared for the wholesale

walkout of the southern textile workers. After the first shock was over, however, the ingenious and twisted brains of the bosses, with their various henchmen, the private-dick agencies and "industrial relations" counsels got to work. Something must be done to throw the fear of God into the ranks of the union members. The most obvious attack, of course, was on the leadership. If something drastic could be done to an officer of the union, perhaps the rank and file would take stock of the situation and retire from the scene of battle in fright. Hundreds of cases of persecution of local union officers followed this decision. Many of them are in jail today. Still the ranks remained solid.

Charlotte, North Carolina, was on the itinerary of the speaking tour for which I was slated. At the eleventh hour, however, events and developments in Washington kept me from making the date and the appearance was cancelled. It was a closed issue to

me and nobody thought twice about it.

During the year that followed the termination of the strike, however, the United Textile Workers became dismayed with the viciousness of the southern boss in his dealings with the union. In Burlington, North Carolina, several of our local union members, including an officer of the Piedmont Textile Council, were framed by four imported "coal-and-iron dicks" from Pennsylvania and sentenced to varying terms in prison. The courts of North Carolina have turned deaf ears to the uncovering of new evidence which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that these men were victims of a crude dynamiting plot. The manufacturers are all-powerful. The judiciary feels helpless in the clutches of the influence of industry and finance.

In La Grange, Georgia, the Cason Callo-way interests were responsible for the crude and vicious flogging of the secretary of our local union there and though the boy identified his assailants and another member of the local union substantiated his charges, the would-be assassins have never been brought to justice. "Justice" means something other than the dictionary definition to the textile manufacturers of the South.

These are but two cases of widespread and everyday practices among the inner circles of the southern "aristocracy." Gangster methods are all in the day's work to these "gentlemen." And so in a way, I was quite prepared for the uncovering of a plot against me, the details of which were unfolded last year by a person who, for a time, was intimately involved. Nor is this case at all unique. The annals of labor history are full of similar ones. I cite it merely as a case in point and describe the details as typical of the methods by which the union-hating, open-shop employers operate.

The manufacturers and their private dicks do not leap headlong into these frame-up and murder plots. They work slowly and over a period of months. They choose their players well and they set the stage with superb efficiency. Only once in a while do they miss on a person and because they missed on a supposed "operative" these facts were exposed.

It seems that the spontaneous growth of militant trade unionism manifested by the textile workers in the strike demanded, in the eyes of some of the southern bosses, action of a dramatic and drastic nature. Working through one of their notorious henchmen in the textile field, these men began a series of acts by which eventually they hoped to defame a southern labor leader and rid themselves of my worldly presence.

They coached the man whom they supposed to be their "operative" in the gentle art of merry-mixing with one of the southern labor leaders and his wife. For several weeks the "operative" and the labor couple met in the evenings, playing cards and visiting.

The "operative's" employer, a notoriously muck-raking newspaperman in the employ of the southern textile interests, instructed this

man that he was to sign an affidavit to the effect that the southern labor leader was guilty of "immoral" conduct on several different occasions, thus discrediting the man in the eyes of the textile workers. For this and the next part of the plot, the "operative," according to his own sworn testimony as presented recently before a Congressional investigating committee, was to receive one thousand dollars.

The second part of the plot was to kill me. Two thugs, also in the employ of this "newspaperman," were given full instructions as to how to obliterate me and what disposal to make of my remains on Labor Day, when I was scheduled to be in Charlotte.

This act of violence and lawlessness was to be the final attempt to intimidate the workers and at the same time discredit the leaders of labor in general. By a mere fluke of fate I was not murdered and because of the innate revulsion of the supposed "operative" to such vile, frame-up tactics the southern labor leader was likewise not touched. What effect these two events might have had on the southern labor movement, I don't know. Perhaps the ranks of the workers would have remained solid in spite of the infamous schemings and murders of the southern textile manufacturers. Perhaps not. Murder, coupled with the discrediting of a widely-known labor leader, might have demoralized our ranks. That is now ancient history.

The fact remains that the workers are now learning that their bosses will stoop to anything to smash their union ranks. Subsequent framings, murders and lawlessness in their own immediate local union membership has taught them that "law and order" is on the side of the most influential interests. At present the power of money speaks more loudly than the power of numbers. For the time being the vast, moving body of workers and dispossessed has not been sufficiently consolidated nor crystallized to make its inherent power felt over the domination of industry and finance. Curiously enough, however, the savage assaults on individual trade-unionists, and the blatant, open-faced miscarriages of justice have not succeeded in quelling the spirit of trade unionism and militancy in the ranks of the working class.

In spite of (or, more probably, *because* of) the increasingly crude, intensified attacks of industry, big business and finance on the rights of human beings as free men and women, the movement toward organization and self-protection of the masses is gaining momentum every day.

Millions of dollars are being poured into industry for the development of the industrial spy system. These millions of dollars would buy clothing, food and the ordinary everyday services of life for the workers. But the health and well-being of the working class is not half so important to the employers as the destruction of the trade-union movement. A disciplined, organized labor array means a hastening of the doom of the vested interests. There is, consequently, much logic in the murderous madness of the bankers and bosses.

Every day our workers and their leaders are falling victims of the axe of the open-shop spy system. The ruling few are getting desperate. Labor must understand that the way is going to be increasingly paved with jail-sentences, frame-ups and murders among its own ranks. Labor must also understand that the particular philosophy of its own victims makes little or no difference to the employers. A militant worker is a menace to the employers, regardless of his political or economic beliefs. Their strength will lie in our disunity.

The unity of the working class can be preserved. Our working-class leaders can be kept out of jails and, eventually, the control of our economic and political life can be shifted. Courts can be packed with labor men. Legislative halls filled with workers and Congress filled with representatives of the dispossessed. This can be done through our own political machinery. We can put our people in high places through our own Labor Party.

Until the workers organize themselves—economically into trade unions, and politically into the Labor Party—we may expect the murder of our own people, the imprisonment of our fellow-workers and anything else which may come from the increasingly desperate efforts of big business, industry and finance to maintain their oppressive and destructive rule.



"Splendid Work! Would you care to serve on the Municipal Art Committee?"

Faking Ethiopian News

GEORGE SELDES

THE chances are about a hundred to one that persons who have not been in the front-line trenches during the World War will not believe my statement that in those fifteen hundred days when some 20,000 men were killed and wounded every day, there were times when there was actually nothing to report—*rien à signaler*, *nichts neues*—on the whole battlefield from Calais to Belfort.

What I mean is that on many days the shells came over, crashing a dugout and burying ten or twelve boys alive, or snipers shot out the brains of men who exposed their heads, or high explosive would catch a "slum" detail bringing up food at night and mix the crossroads, the stew and the mangled arms, legs and intestines of the soldiers into a horrible mess—these and many similar episodes took place. There was life—and death. But nothing to report in the newspapers.

(We had four million men mobilized but only two million got to France; of these only one million got beyond the service of supply in the rear; of the million in the war zone only 500,000 were at the actual front, and of these a little more than half fought the American battles. So when the patrioteering gents who wear the American Legion button speak for armaments and work daily for the next world war, although they declare sententiously, "Yes, I know that war is hell," the chances are exactly sixteen-to-one that they were not in the front-line trenches and don't know what they are talking about.)

Well, the war correspondents frequently did not know what they were talking about and too frequently did not have anything to cable about. But we had a World War, with 20,000 getting killed and wounded every day and we were finding our soul, according to the present J. P. Morgan, and we simply had to fill the front page with American army activities. What to do? The thing to do, obviously, was to fill them. And fill them we did. A trench raid involving seven men became the equal of a minor Marne, an indecisive conflict between one of our planes and a German was romanticized into a struggle for the supremacy of the air, a trench rectification worth fifty words on the British sector became a major engagement in which our men conquered—heroically. We were chroniclers of victory only.

And if such conditions prevailed in a war costing 20,000 casualties a day and involving ten million men, what are the poor devil correspondents to do in Ethiopia where a comparative handful of men are engaged and one side, menaced by airplanes and horribly tortured by gas, practically never stopped to engage in a real battle? Here was a strange sort of war, one of the most unfair and un-

equal wars in the history of the world, equal only to Mussolini's heroic capture of the Greek island of Corfu, when he shelled and killed sixteen children in an orphanage; here was a war of machinery on one side and medieval spears on the other; here was the terrorism of fascist clubs and castor oil transplanted in a big way into terrorism by airplane and phosgene, unseen terror, long distance terror. Naturally the natives of Ethiopia, reputed the bravest fighting men alive, could not stand against the refinements of the civilizing invading force and the result was that there was no war, nothing to report, or practically nothing.

What the correspondents did report is told to some extent by Wynant Hubbard in a book called *Fiasco in Ethiopia*,¹ and it is simply that everyone sent at great expense to Addis Ababa indulged in faking. First the photographs were faked, then the news was faked, or at least distorted, and once when Mr. Hubbard refrained from sending out a wild story, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in the Hearst home office, published what his colleague says is a fake and laid it on Hubbard's disowning doorstep.

I cannot quite understand my friend Hubbard. He was hired by the Hearst service, was the assistant of Karl von Wiegand and the colleague of H. R. Knickerbocker and associate of Ariel Varges, motion-picture operator, all employees of the same organization. Hubbard, who had never before done newspaper work, was naturally intoxicated with the romance and adventure part of it, and that is exactly what makes his book fascinating reading and discounts its value as a realistic, objective picture of Ethiopia in war time. But the point that interested me most was Hubbard's "exposure" of the activities of the Hearst service. It was probably not subtly intended but nevertheless it is there and pretty thick too.

The point of this book is that there was no war, so far as Addis Ababa was concerned, and that the high priced élite of journalism, the war correspondents, simply had to "make" the news. To begin with a set of movie shots and photographs of "war correspondents at the front" was faked in the nearby hotel stable yard. Later, two natives who had slugged each other bloody, became "first casualties in the war." But the correspondents were no better. Hubbard admits writing out of his head a story of "The Lost Column" in the desert. When Knickerbocker sent out a big story, a scoop, the British semi-official news agency, Reuters, immediately countered with a denial. The Hearst home office thereupon asked its correspondent

to explain and his reply was merely: "Disregard Reuters." Hubbard tells ecstatically how some of his colleagues discussed the matter and how he learned from the old timers that the thing to do after writing a story is to stick to it, no matter how true or false it is.

The great event in Addis Ababa (prior to its occupation, of course) was the chance of an airplane trip to the front and Knickerbocker succeeded in getting that chance. I remember now how his story was front-paged and streamered throughout the United States as the greatest story of the war and it was a really thrilling adventure. But was it all a fake? Read Hubbard's naive (or subtle) chapter on this scoop. At the Hearst dinner table Knickerbocker declared that he had not seen a single Italian, not a sign of troop movements, not a puff of a rifle, no sign of trenches, no fighting, no airplanes, nothing. He had been somewhere near the so-called but apparently non-existent front and he had seen absolutely nothing. He might just as well have flown in Arizona. But he wrote the big story which ran three days on the front page of every Hearst newspaper and "scooped the world." Hubbard actually quotes Knickerbocker saying:

What the hell. It was nothing. Not worth the effort. Just like everything else we have been doing out here. Futile. Completely futile. This is one hell of a country.

And when the war correspondents were not jazzing the news to please their employers and ensure their salaries, they could be certain that some honest man back home would do it for them. Thus Hubbard, this time naively I am sure, tells of his astonishment on reading Brisbane's column "which quoted me as saying that I had stood by while the Emperor watched the hands of a thief being amputated." Hubbard adds:

I don't know where such a mistake could have originated. I certainly never sent such news. . . . A man of Mr. Brisbane's standing could certainly not be suspected of faking news. Yet I knew that I had never sent him the item.

(Isn't that sweet? "A man of Mr. Brisbane's standing!" Brisbane, chief defender of Mussolini in the United States. Arthur Brisbane's radical father must be turning over in his grave every morning Arthur's column appears in the Hearst press).

Mr. Hubbard concludes his first impressions of war news gathering as follows:

Most of the dispatches were founded on truth. But every so often we had to jazz up the meager facts. Our editors back home did not care terribly so long as the stuff sent was not too raw and obvious. They had the public to feed, just as we had our jobs to consider.

(In another moment Mr. Hubbard, who is

¹ *Fiasco in Ethiopia*, by Wynant Hubbard. Harper & Bros. \$2.75.