

**BIG BLUE NEWSLETTER NO.**

Dedicated to the study of the publications  
edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

**6**

# **“A Trip to Plutopia”**

**by E. Haldeman-Julius**



**“The First HJCC Conclave” (Photos)**

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**“Julius and Jack London:  
Their 1913 Correspondence”**

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**“Tarzan & EHJ: Is There a Connection?”**

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**“Exposed! — 1932 Campaign Plagiarism!”**

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**“The New Era Library”**

**HALDEMAN-JULIUS COLLECTORS CLUB  
CORVALLIS, OREGON**

## From the Editor...

My sincere apologies for the great delay between this issue of *Big Blue Newsletter* and the preceding. I don't try to be a slug about these things, it just seems to turn out that way periodically as my every spare moment gets pored into my obsessive-compulsive, content-heavy behemoth of a history website (<http://www.marxists.org/subject/usa/eam/index.html> — for those of you keeping score at home).



One by-product of this hyperkinetic monomania is that the grass goes unmowed sometimes...

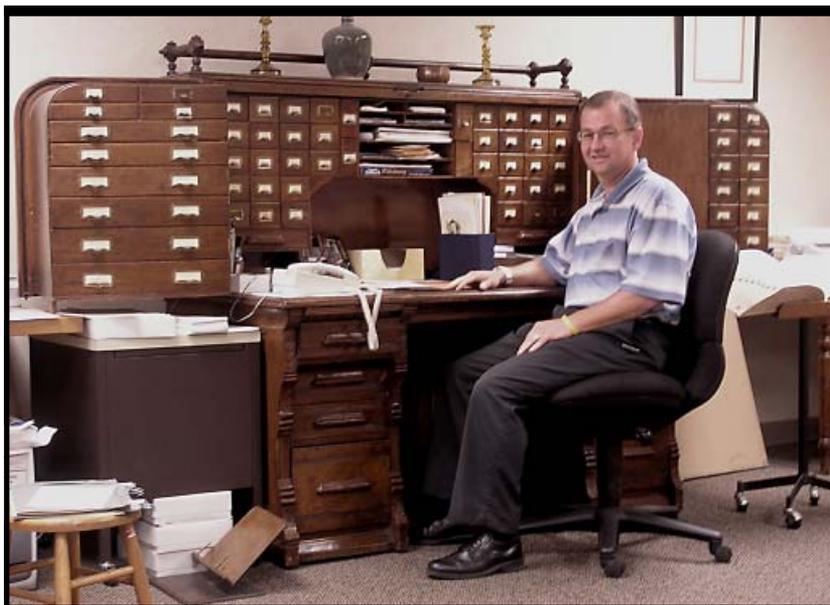
I finally figured out a solution to the puzzle: I simply declared a two week “vacation” from websitery and funneled my time and effort elsewhere. With any luck *Big*

*Blue Newsletter* No. 6 will be followed in very short order with *BBN* No. 7; then a special No. 8 revising and improving the *Little Blue Book Handlist* in the mail just ahead of New Year's. We'll see...

I enjoyed meeting those of you who made it down to Pittsburg, Kansas for the first HJCC Conclave. I believe that a good time was had by all — and I know there was a lot of valuable information being sucked up. Faye Landskov's piece in this issue on the 1913 correspondence between Emanuel Haldeman-Julius and Jack London is but one example of the positive results of this research trip. A few photos taken by Faye and myself appear in this issue.

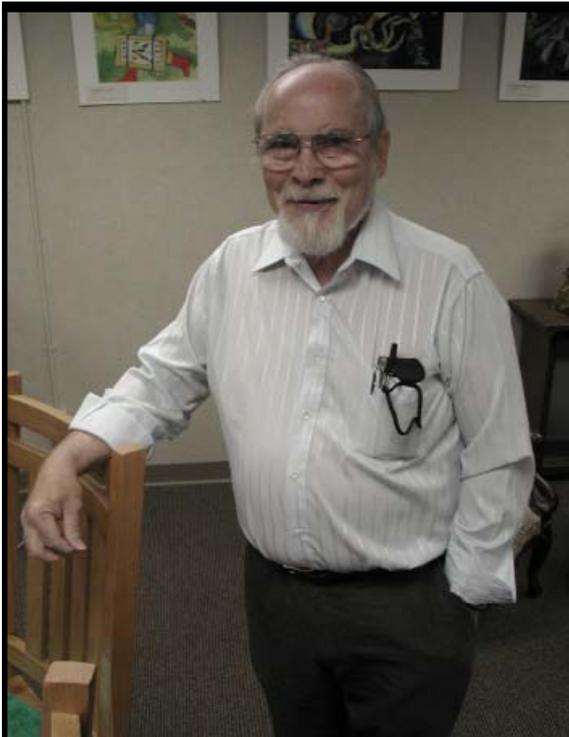
Special thanks are due to Randy Roberts, Special Collections Librarian at the Leonard Axe Library at Pittsburg (KS) State University for putting up with the onslaught of pushy people with their wacky requests. Far more than your garden-variety librarian, Mr. Roberts is a historian and a scholar and Pitt State students and academics making use of his services should count themselves among the extremely fortunate. I know that we all did.

Tim Davenport  
Editor, *Big Blue Newsletter*



**The First HJCC Conclave:  
Pittsburg, Kansas — June 2005.**





**Opposite page, top:**  
Randy Roberts, Pitt State University Special Collections curator extraordinaire.

**Opposite pg., bottom:**  
Jake Gibbs and his daughter and research assistant Delia examine rare editions of early LBBs for his catalog project.

**This page, top:**  
Digital publishing pioneer Emmett Fields of the Bank of Wisdom takes a break from book scanning.

**This page, bottom:**  
HJCC Sec.-Treas. Faye Landskov pores through Haldeman-Julius correspondence files, digging up the good stuff.





**Top:** The group was graciously given a tour of the Haldeman-Julius house by its current owner, Robert Tersinar.

**Left:** Former H-J employee Margaret Nelson showed her clippings & reminisced with Doug Haldeman at the razed site of the old printing plant in Girard.

**Bottom:** June Kansas sunset over the wheat fields, about five miles north of Girard.



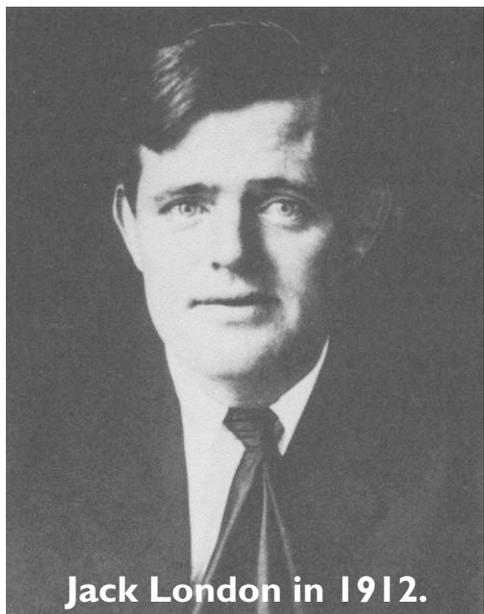
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# JULIUS and JACK LONDON

## THEIR 1913 CORRESPONDENCE

by Faye Landskov (HJCC F#3)

The following is an exchange of letters between Emanuel Haldeman-Julius (prior to his marriage and name hyphenation) and famous American author and political radical Jack London. The topic of discussion is the



Jack London in 1912.

misinformation London believes EHJ printed in an interview given by London to the young Emanuel Julius in 1913 for *The Western Comrade*. EHJ noted that London was pretty washed up as a socialist and was just making money to support his interests without putting much of his heart and soul into the work. The interview was subsequently reprinted in newspapers and distributed in pamphlet form.

*The Western Comrade* was a magazine published in Los Angeles for a brief time, owned originally by Stanley B. Wil-

son and given to EHJ to co-edit with Chester M. Wright sometime after the interview and this exchange of letters in 1914. It was Wright who brought EHJ back to New York to work on *The Call*, giving him the position of Sunday editor.†

I have included, after the letters forth and back between London in Glen Ellen, California, and Julius in Los Angeles, excerpts from Haldeman-Julius' two memoirs, *My First 25 Years: Instead of a Footnote — An Autobiography* (Big Blue Book B-788, 1949) and *My Second 25 Years: Instead of a Footnote — An Autobiography* (Big Blue Book B-814, 1949).

†- Albert Mordell, *Trailing E. Haldeman-Julius in Philadelphia and Other Places* (Big Blue Book B-834), pg. 38.

The reader should bear in mind that Jack London (1876-1916) died of gastrointestinal uremic poisoning — or a form of food poisoning, complicated by heavy drinking — more than thirty years before EHJ had the nerve to “out” him for his “fascist” beliefs, or even to take him to task for the verbal attacks that make up these letters. Jack London’s widow, Charmian, whom EHJ lambasted, outlived him by four years. It would have been interesting to know if she ever saw EHJ’s “footnotes” and if so, what she would have said about them. —*FL.*

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**1. From Emanuel Julius in Los Angeles to Jack London, May 16, 1913.**

Dear Comrade:

I am sending you a copy of our magazine containing my interview with you. As soon as the presses run off more copies I shall send you a bundle of ten. I hope you’ll like this yarn. You will notice that I have been very careful to quote you as well as a good memory will permit.

If you like this story, will you send me a letter at once? We would like to use such a letter in our advertisements. Address [*sic.*] it to the undersigned. Thanking you for your kindness in giving us the material for a story, we [*crossed out*] I am

Faternally yours,

Emanuel Julius,  
Associate Editor.

**2. From Jack London to Emanuel Julius, May 21, 1913.**

Dear Comrade Julius:—

In reply to yours of May 16, and thanking you for the copies of the WESTERN COMRADE which you so kindly sent me.

Now, in reply to your request that I send you a letter at once telling you that I like your story. Between you and me, how can I?

You see, I gave you a chance for a very good story. Your methods were so careless that you had to devote the major portion of your story to talk about moving pictures, to quotations my book entitled THE ROAD, erroneously ascribed by you to Bailey Millard, and to [*sic.*] absolutely mis-

quoted, because devoid of context and place and time, quotations from my serial running in the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled THE IRON HEEL.

After looking over your story and your hotch-potch [*sic.*] methods, and your carelessness, and your lack of knowledge of what constitutes mood and unity, I am almost compelled to believe that I am an artist. Why in hell did you bring in all this extraneous and misapplied and misquoted stuff? I gave you plenty of stuff for your article.

Another thing: just a word of advice from an old man to a young man. Get over, as quickly as you can, being provincial and insular. In the first place, a sombrero is not an abominable head-gear — except to a provincial, insular, ghetto Easterner such as you are. Second, I do not wear a sombrero. The hat you saw me wearing in Los Angeles was not a sombrero. Don't you see how utterly you lost out on all your counts? And why in hell did you want to bring in the sombrero anyway. What had that to do with me? What does the public care how you estimate a sombrero? Don't you see, my boy, hell and the newspaper offices are full of men who do careless work such as you did, and who are as insular and provincial as you are. Of course, the connotation of provincialism and insularity is egotism. My boy, I'm giving you a lesson here that should be worth everything to you if you can take it to heart and head.

Either one of two things: Either you did not understand the socialism I talked to you, and the socialist situation, or else you deliberately shied from the point at issue, which I exposted to you concerning my position in the socialist movement to-day. Again, I think it was due to carelessness. You must straighten up. Don't try to do too much: but what you do do do well.

Because I am weary with your point of view in the socialist movement, does not make me a pessimist. Don't you see that? Again yourself. This was not really an interview with Jack London; it was an exposition by Emanuel Julius of Emanuel Julius. I was in the newspaper game before you were dry behind the ears, and I made interviews of bigger men than I am, and I kept myself out of the interviews. I interviewed these men. I put these men down for what these men were. I did not put myself down. I was merely the medium. If you want to do anything big, cut yourself out of the proposition entirely. And, getting down to brass tacks, there is where the money lies. The fellow who cannot forget his ego when he is interviewing other men, who cannot forget that a sombrero that is not a sombrero is abominable to him because he does not like sombreros and does not know what sombreros are — that fellow will work for twenty-five dollars per week, and wonder why the fellow who wears the sombrero that is not a

sombrero, gets five thousand dollars a week.

Just as a line on your whole interview, will you notice how you stole the curtain at the end of the interview? You actually, absolutely, shamelessly stole the curtain in the last line in the published interview. I'll tell you what: Publish this letter. There's a dare and a challenge.

Sincerely yours,

[Jack London]

P.S. The funniest thing is, that I am not a pessimist at all. Why, I exploited to you that love is the biggest thing in the world, and held out my arms to you and to all the world in love while I was talking to you this stuff. No man who is a lover can be a pessimist. When you have grown a few years older, you will realize that a man who disagrees with your political, economic and sociological beliefs, does not necessarily have to be a pessimist — especially if he be a self proclaimed lover.

### ***3. From Jack London to Emanuel Julius, June 11, 1913.***

Dear Comrade Julius:—

Well, I sent you a letter dated May 21, 1913. By what excuse, which will include manhood and manliness, can you explain your delay in answering said letter up to the present moment. I do not state the contrary explanations.

However, do you find yourself in so bad that you cannot reply? Or do you find yourself such a superior God-Almighty mortal that it is not necessary to reply?

Very truly yours,

[Jack London]

P.S. Are you licked? Or are you so stupid that you do not know your [*sic.*] licked? Or are you so cowardly that you cannot reply?

#### 4. From Emanuel Julius to Jack London, June 13, 1913.

Dear Comrade Jack London:

I've just picked up your first letter and read it all over again. Your main kick is that I said you wore a sombrero. All right, you didn't. I have a picture of you wearing a great big thing on your head [*handwritten note*: "photo sent me by Mrs. London"]. I asked everybody in the office what they'd call it — and all, including Maynard, Wilson and Wright — opined that it's a sombrero. Of course, I told them they were crazy. I told them it wasn't a sombrero; they say it is. If I knew that that word "abominable" was going to get a rise out of you, I'd have killed it. To tell you the truth, I was only a wee bit facetious. I didn't mean it as a slam. You can tell by the spirit of the article that I was blowing your horn, not trying to sneer at you.

I asked Rob Wagner what he thought of the story, and he said it was a jim dandy. I pointed out the things you objected to, and he didn't think them very serious.



If any of the stuff used in the article has appeared in some of your writings, it's because you were repeating what you had already written. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. You plainly called yourself a syndicalist, a sabotist [*sic.*], and the like, and I went pretty tame on that dope. I could have made it a great deal stronger. Your knocks at the political Socialists were treated altogether too lightly. I really didn't want to start some sort of argument.†

†- The years 1912-13 were marked by a bitter faction fight inside the ranks of the Socialist Party of America pitting the party's Center and Right Wings, who advocated exclusive use of the electoral process to achieve victory, against the party's Left Wing, which believed in mass action based upon revolutionary industrial trade unions, making use of "sabotage" and the general strike as part of the struggle in the workplace. It would be strikes on a mass

You asked why I ran in the “movie” stuff. Well, it’s because I thought that very interesting. And others, in the office, agreed to that. I could have generalized a great deal, but I wanted the local end, for, after all, the magazine has a local circulation. It enabled me to give a “light” touch to one who is of world renown. The human side, the trifles, the insignificant — these things (in my opinion) go strong with the people when talking of one of your repute. [*handwritten at top of next page: “<illeg.> thing that you are so fearful that you <2 words illeg.> a stronger drive for <illeg.>.”*]

You upraid [*sic.*] me for delaying an answer to your letter. Let me tell you that when I meet anger I meet something I can’t understand. I don’t know what to do. I am literally helpless. When a man loses his temper, I’m lost. Your anger really frightened me. You may say this is sentimental mush; I don’t care if you do. You may say that I am a coward; I think that’s nearer the mark.

Your remarks about utter lack of mood and continuity in my story are of great interest and value to me. I realize well enough that I am not a writer; though, down in my heart, I have an ambition to become one. I realize that my stuff is faulty, even amateurish; but I intend to work hard. Only four years ago, I was a factory hand — slaving away in a textile mill in Philadelphia. I came upon the philosophy of Socialism and it put a new spirit into me. It lifted me out of the depths and pointed the way to something higher. I commenced to crave for expression. I felt that I have something to say. So, I scribbled things down. And, to my surprise, Socialist editors gave me a little encouragement. I feel that I have gone forward — but, good God, I know I haven’t even reached the first rung of the ladder. But, I hope to get there some day. I may fizzle; it won’t make much difference.

Yours sincerely,

Emanuel Julius

P.S. So far, you are the only person to dislike the yarn, I have received

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scale that would cause a revolutionary transformation of society rather than victory at the ballot box, the SPA’s Left Wing believed. This radical strategy based upon revolutionary trade unions was known in the argot of the day as “syndicalism.” The 1912 Convention of the Socialist Party saw the addition of language to the party’s constitution banning advocacy of “sabotage” and mandating political action, resulting in a spate of expulsions and the voluntary departure of a significant portion of the Left Wing from the Socialist Party’s ranks. Julius is thus commenting here that London had made highly inflammatory comments that were downplayed rather than exploited for effect. —*Tim Davenport*

quite a few letters commending the effort. A number of editors throughout the country (Socialist editors) have taken parts of it; a number have taken it entirely. The editor of *The Socialist Democrat* has hinted to me that he plans to reprint it. If he does, I will go over it and out the objectionable parts. I hope that will help prove that my intentions are of the best. EJ

### **5. From Jack London to Emanuel Julius, June 17, 1913.**

Mr. Emanuel Julius  
Box 135,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Comrade Emanuel Julius:—

In reply to yours of June 13, 1913. I may conclude that you are dreadfully careless. Of course you never saw me in a sombrero. You know you did not see me in a sombrero, and you know I know you did not see me in a sombrero. Also you know that every one of your readers believes from what you said, that you did see me in a sombrero. In short, you lied to your readers when you said you saw me in a sombrero; and on that basic lie you built your New York ghetto prejudice against the sombrero, and put that over on your readers as well.

To come back. Had you seen a snapshot of me in the altogether [*sic.*], by your pitiful method of reasoning, you could have informed your readers that I went around naked and that you interviewed me naked.

There is no excuse for this intellectual (yes, and ethical) harlotry of yours. You lie when you put such things across your readers and on me, and when I drive back at you squarely between the eyes, you bewail your sad state and squeal your antecedent slavery.

Your silly attempt to get authorities to look at a snapshot of me (and not at what you saw of me) and agree with you that the head-gear in the snapshot is a sombrero, is a cheap drive to put over on me one lie, while you have already put over another lie on your readers concerning the head-gear I wore a the time you interviewed me in Los Angeles. By the same token that you cannot get a man's head-gear straight, how are you going to get straight what is inside of his head, and put it over on your readers? It is far easier to lie about what is inside of a man's head than what is on his head. You have shown your supreme capacity in lying about what is on a man's head, and truly, take it from me straight between the eyes, you have lied to your readers about what was inside my head.

Ghetto folk such as you have got to play with the ethical guts of manhood, unless you would be gutted by man as I am gutting you now.

There is little need of controversy. The sombrero settled that. Consult the best that is in you, not the cleverest, nor the wittiest, nor the trickiest. Consult the best that is in you. Take the matter up with yourself; decide it by yourself, and not by authorities gazing at snapshots. You've got to do this to be true to yourself. After you are true to yourself, you'll do better. You'll do better interview stuff.

You are so pitifully unfair to yourself. As you say, page 1: "I asked Bob Wagner what he thought of the story, and he said it was jim-dandy. I pointed out things you objected to, and he did not think them very serious." Why did you not show him my letter instead of your giving him your interpretation of my letter? Can't you play fair even to yourself? Or are you gutless and spineless? Or are you merely stupid?

When, for excuse for long delay in replying to my letter, you tell me that my anger and loss of temper "really frightened" you, you prove to me all my sociology. Are you so depressed a ghetto rat, so apprehensive a crawling thing that your brain leads you to misapprehend straight man-talk for anger? [*handwritten insertion by London*: "I don't see what your factory history has to do with truthfulness or with carelessness. I have endured some slavery myself, but I fail to see what said slavery has to do with the verities of the multiplication table."]

What I do care for is your guts and spine. Can't you buck up? Can't you be a man? Or must you forever do intellectually dirty things (such as your interview with me) and then squeal and whine in palliation that your dirtiness is due to your being a very recently escaped wage-slave. The funniest thing about the whole situation is, that I, as a chesty fighting-man of the West, who, on occasion, have been guilty of wearing a sombrero, am trying to punch into you not chestiness, but just mere righteousness. I'm trying to show you where you are ethically rotten, where you fail to play fair, ethically; that is all.

Yours for the real Revolution,

[Jack London]

P.S. Please remember one thing. I have your interview and your letters, and I have carbon copies of my letters. Either buck up and be a man, or I'll prove you to be an ass and a ghetto rat. You cannot come West and the first thing you do here sneer at the sombrero. That is neither ethical

intellectual, nor manly. I've got your number, and I'm going to hold it up for a while. You come across now with the real, right man-stuff, not with any cheap ghetto stuff, and it will be all right. If you don't, I shall put it across on you. And send me the stuff that you do for the next six months, so that I may know whether or not I shall have to put it across on you. Three months would be a better time-limit. It is up to you to realize the West and to realize Western men — with sombreros on their heads in snapshots.

**6. From Emanuel Julius to Jack London, June 20, 1913.**

Mr. Jack London  
Glen Ellen, Cal

My Dear Comrade London:

Letters are terribly treacherous and are always sure to get a person in bad. My letters have got me all balled up, while your letters have caused me to misunderstand you. Arguing with letters is dangerous sport. Someday you may learn that I'm not the moral leper your think me. However, I want to thank you for your letters. I didn't think you'd waste that much time and effort on a struggling inefficient. With your roastings in mind, I wrote a story about Rob Wagner (which I am enclosing). The first thing I aimed for was continuity of thought. I realized that your criticism was absolutely true and that my stuff was lacking unity. I don't say I have succeeded, but I tried to get across with it this month. I tried to interview the *other* man, not myself.

I'm sorry I didn't make a carbon of my letter to you. I don't know how you got the impression that I pleaded my "slave ancestry" and that I have been at it only four years. That was all. Of course, that doesn't excuse me for saying you wore a sombrero when I interviewed you in Los Angeles. My ignorance on matters pertaining to the sombrero led me astray. I didn't lie deliberately about your sombrero — I merely thought you wore one. But, you have me convinced that you didn't wear a sombrero. And to prove that I am sincere, I'll go into print, if you consent. I'll make a signed statement to the effect that I made a mistake when I said you wore a sombrero. You didn't wear a sombrero. But, why in hell... [*line missing*] ...argument.

Your demand that I send you my stuff for the next six months is too good to be true. Will I obey? Well, you bet! My only fear is that it won't be worth sending to you. For, remember I don't even consider myself a writer

— I merely hope to become one in about ten years. I have convinced myself that an apprenticeship of about fifteen years is not too much. It takes five years to become a good carpenter. It ought to take a little longer to become a writer. Though I'll appreciate your criticism, remember that I haven't got myself bamboozled into believing that it is the real stuff. My dread is that you are allowing me six months to become an author! Good heavens, old man, disillusion me in double-quick time! I was about to tell you that I am twenty-four years old, but I'll refrain for fear of having you accuse me of using "youth" to get sympathy. So, I'll not tell you that I'm 24.

Are you a subscriber to the *Cal[ifornia] Soc[ial] Dem[ocrat]*? I write for that paper every week. If you're not, I'll see to it that you get the stuff. I also do a little writing for *The Los Angeles Citizen*. I have a "Views and Reviews" department in that weekly. I'll send you the paper from time to time. But, remember that I don't want to pester you with my amateurish stuff, unless you yourself invite the torture.

Yours in the Revolution,

Emanuel Julius  
Box 135  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### ***7. From Jack London to Emanuel Julius, June 28, 1913.***

Dear Comrade Julius:—

In reply to yours of 20<sup>th</sup> inst. Why, bless your heart, my original kick was that in your interview you did scamp work and cheated on me. You told neither the truth about my stuff or your stuff.

I offered love (militant love) (of course) to the world with arms outstretched. You turned all this into terms of pessimism, in accordance with some predisposition of yours concerning me.

To clear up one thing. By "antecedent slavery" I did not mean "slave ancestry." I meant the antecedent slavery of your own life which you placed before me in your letter as a plea.

Well, anyway, from an oldster I tried to hammer some discipline of writing into a youngster.

Now suppose we get really acquainted. Any time that you have the time and want a vacation, come up and visit us. (Circular inclosed [*sic*].)

will tell you all about how to get here and about our ranch and how to get here [*sic.*]. Remember this, that if you want to work, here is a good place.

Your Bob Wagner interview is all right. You did get unity, and you did carry out, from start to finish, the note you struck at the start.

Well, come up and let us talk and fight for a while.

Yours for the Revolution,

[Jack London]

### **8. Excerpt from My First Twenty-Five Years (1949), pg. 23.**

One day, Rob Wagner called to invite me to meet Jack London, who was doing business at a studio that was buying one of his novels.

Jack London met us in a downtown office building. I never saw more beautiful china-blue eyes. He was rather tall, well-built, trim, neat, informally dressed and wore a Texas hat. In the article I wrote about him I called the hat a sombrero, which was an awful boner, but what else could one expect from an eastern tenderfoot? A sombrero is loose, flabby and huge. A Texas hat is lighter in color, with a harder finish and a flat, straight-out rim. In a letter, Jack London, before inviting me to visit his ranch at Carmel-by-the-Sea, scolded me about that sombrero business and added that if I couldn't be straight about what he had *on* his head, how in hell could I hope to be straight about what he had *in* his head. It was a *non sequitur*, but Jack London was never much of a logician.

The point of my article — which appeared in my magazine, *The Western Comrade* — quoted Jack London as saying that he was interested more in his ranch and stallions than in literature. Socialism, ideals, or whatever it is that's to heal what's wrong with the world. He insisted that he wrote a short story, not because he was in love with writing or literature, but because wanted the money to pay for a mountain which his heart was set on getting. I pictured him as a mercenary, acquisitive penman, but I hadn't misquoted him. Every word of it was true. The only trouble was that it looked like hell in print, and it brought him hundreds of letters of advice and sympathy from Socialist comrades, for the article had been reprinted all over the country and had been brought out in pamphlet form later. All Jack London could say was that since I was wrong about the sombrero I had to be wrong about his words. He called me a lot of bad names, and then asked me to spend the week end with him at the ranch.

But I couldn't make such a long trip, because the London place was up near San Francisco.

The fact is, I was kind to London. At the time I saw him he was finished as a Socialist. His Socialism, had he lived from 1933-43, would have sounded all right to Hitler and his henchmen. Jack London anticipated Hitler's racism, and I'm sorry I didn't let loose with his vile expressions and print them in the interview that angered him so. He referred to Jews as sewer-rats, he hated Negroes, and despised the Japanese. He was a Nordic blond, a superman, a member of the elite. Only his kind should be permitted to live. Inferior races should be treated like biological misfits — exterminated. His remarks about the "Yellow Peril" sounded like editorials straight out of Hearst's California newspapers. If I had printed that stuff I'd have really started something, and I'm sorry I kept those opinions out of print. I thought I was serving Socialism by suppressing an unpleasant fact. I'd have given better service to Socialism if I had told the whole story.

Jack London was a worshiper of force, brute strength, and violence. He thought of himself as a mighty, Nietzschean blond beast — the superman held down by sewer-rats. Darwinism meant to him the rule of the powerful, who, with clubs and cannon, were to let loose an orgy of blood and wipe out the world's inferior peoples. Years later, when I read the horrible things said by Hitler, Goebbels, and the rest of the Nazi gangsters, I often thought of Jack London — the forerunner of their ideology in so many ways. The gas chambers would have gladdened his heart. His pen would have served Hitlerism. He was America's first and most talented Nazi.

During my interview, Jack London kept talking about his "mate woman." Then I got a look at that "mate woman." She wasn't a bad-looking sort. However, I didn't see much to get hot and bothered about, but there's no accounting for men's taste in women. I've always been too fastidious about my women, insisting on their having physical perfection. But I could forgive his "mate woman" her plainness — at least to my eyes — if she hadn't been such a muddle-headed simpleton. She got started on Theosophy and other forms of Mysticism, and if there's one thing I can't stand it's a person who starts messing up the atmosphere with the gases of spookology. I listened to her reel off all that involved verbiage that Theosophists throw around with such abandon and then begged to be excused. I could stand no more. But she couldn't be stopped. She looked like a hopeless fanatic to me. I should have put that into my interview, too, but I was too soft with the Londons. What I couldn't grasp was how Jack London — a scientific Materialist, an Atheist, and a scorner of Theism who rejected

every hint of the spiritual could fall for a woman who mouthed endless streams of Theosophical twaddle. Again I say, there's no accounting for men's taste in women.

**8. Excerpt from My Second Twenty-Five Years (1949), pg. 113.**

In the story of my first 25 years I gave considerable space to the personality, ideas and prejudices of Jack London, who got the idea that all nature is tooth and claw, an exaggerated notion which Kropotkin disposed of in his fine book "Mutual Aid." In which he showed that all nature wasn't shot through with struggle and destruction, that many animals cooperated, to their mutual benefit. London thought he was a "Nietzschean blond beast," the "superman," and he loved to write about supermen who were superkillers.

I think the fundamental fault in Jack London — after admitting his great talent — was the way not a hint of humor entered his writings. His picture of life was hysterical, frenzied, brutal, coarse, neurotic, sadistic, and at times masochistic. Jack London never approached life with a smile, with merry jesting, with irony, humor, satire, wit. He always was deadly serious.

I've admired Jack London's stories, but I couldn't take them without doses of contrasting literature in which the manners are gentle, the patterns of thought light, amusing and delicate. I advise all beginning writers to study Jack London's style for the best in slambang, straight-to-the-target craftsmanship. But I say one should turn, after reading a London story, to something by Chekhov or De Maupassant, or Paul Eldridge. Between 1920 and 1927 I issued 10 Little Blue Books by London, of which 849,500 were sold, which shows that Jack London's writings still hold many admirers.

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So ends the discourse between EHJ and London with EHJ getting the last word. Although, by publishing the copies of these letters as they were found in the Pittsburg State University Library's Special Collections, I think London got his wish and EHJ has been "outed." •

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# TARZAN & Emanuel Haldeman-Julius: *Is there a connection?*

*by Dr. Bill Palmer (HJCC F#7)  
Charles Darwin University, Darwin, Australia*

My readers may guess that there is an answer to this rather strange question as otherwise it would not have been asked. But who is the writer who writes both for Tarzan comics and also for Haldeman-Julius' "University in print — read the world over?" Haldeman-Julius had an amazing variety of writers working for him. Like another of those writing for the *Big Blue Newsletter* (Landskov, 2004), I find myself fascinated by the rather odd assortment of people Haldeman-Julius chose as his authors.

Gaylord Du Bois wrote a rather mixed set of titles as Little Blue Books; he was also a prolific author of comic books over an extended period. He wrote a large number of Tarzan titles, as well as those about the Lone Ranger (not forgetting Tonto and Silver) and lesser known titles about imaginary heroes in the Second World War.

I cannot trace the complete story of Gaylord Du Bois, but in a brief sketch include some biographical snippets and indicate a variety of interesting references, not all of which have been followed up yet.

Gaylord Du Bois was born on August 24, 1899 in Winthrop, Massachusetts, USA. (Hillman, 2004). His family could not have been wealthy and he went to a one-room school, barefoot. Later Du Bois said of his education that "he attended the Boston Grammar and High schools, Boston University, General Theological Seminary and a good many post-graduate years in the 'School of Hard Knocks.'" But he said "I'm still a country boy at heart" perhaps because he was brought up on a farm near the Adirondack Mountains and at an early age loved riding horses and canoeing, hunting and fishing (Hillman, 2004). Du Bois says:

I started writing back in the '30s and naturally my fishing and hunting has suffered. For most of these 25 years my writing schedule has been 8 hours a day, 6 days a week. Half of the time I spend in studying for writing, and half of it in actual typing. Sundays have often been taken up conducting church services as a lay-substitute for a minister on vacation, or as interim lay-pastor for a little church which happens to be without an ordained pastor. The Denomination didn't matter. My membership is in the church of the Nazarene...but God is where his people are. (Quoted Hillman, 2004)

How did he meet Emanuel Haldeman-Julius? Currently I have not been able to find out how Du Bois came to write for Haldeman-Julius, but the Little Blue Books that Du Bois wrote would have been amongst his earliest commissions as they were written in about 1926, though this would appear to contradict his statement that he started writing in the '30s. His first Little Blue Book was #997, *Simple Recipes for Home Cooking*, followed by publications about learning Spanish: *Pocket Dictionary, Spanish-English, English-Spanish* (#1105); *Spanish Self Taught* (#1109); and *Easy Readings in Spanish* (#1222), which Du Bois compiled. This was followed by a book for those learning French #1207, *French Self Taught*. When would these have been produced? Johnson and Tanselle (1970, pg. 38) state that the Little Blue Book numbers had reached the 1100s in 1926 and 1260 by the end of 1927. Gaylord Du Bois is mentioned as being amongst Haldeman-Julius' regular writers in footnote 20 (Johnson and Tanselle, 1970, pg. 39). Thus Du Bois is only starting to make a living from his writing at the age of 27. Perhaps this explains his mentioning the school of hard knocks, as life would not have been easy for him. His major works are listed at the Index to the Comic Art Collection in the Special Collections at Michigan State University Library (URL- MSU, 2004). This has helped verification that the very different categories of literature which Gaylord Du Bois wrote, were written by him alone and not by more than one person bearing the same name.

There is a further minor contradiction about where he grew up. Later in life Du Bois gave some of his letters to friend Glenn Morris (the editor) who arranged the correspondence into a narrative form presenting Du Bois' memories and recollections of people, places and events in the Whallons Bay area where he grew up. These were put together as a book (Du Bois & Morris, 1984). It may well be that Du Bois moved residence in his formative years.

Du Bois got a major break into writing comics when he was asked to convert a radio script of the Lone Ranger from a radio adventure series by Fran Striker in about 1936. He was asked to "write a 60,000 word novel based on this script" (Hillman, 2004) and was promised more work if he did so. His career took off from this commission and he wrote a number of Lone Ranger books; some of these bear his name, but he says that he did a lot of ghostwriting for more well-known authors. Within a few years he was getting more work than he could cope with. Sometimes he dictated material to his wife Mary, and they would not finish work until 4:00 am. In 1946 he started work writing material for Tarzan comics and carried on producing these titles for the rest of his long life; he died in 1993. The

period of his life when he produced Lone Ranger, Tarzan and other comics and novels is comparatively well covered by websites for his fans. There is still considerable commercial potential in the popular culture of which he was a talented creator. However the earlier aspects of his life are less well established. There are a number of biographies of Gaylord Du Bois, viz Mougín (1984): Ziemann (1989): Du Bois & Morris (1984). These have yet to be located for this future research. Du Bois also wrote several volumes of poems, often of a religious nature.

The spelling of the name Du Bois varies amongst the wide variety of references (du Bois, Dubois, Du Bois), though a Haldeman Julius editorial error sees him referred to as “Du Dois” on the cover of one edition of Little Blue Book (LBB #1207 — Seen on Ebay Auction number: 6937602760). There is another Little Blue Book author called du Bois, but his titles relate to Africa (du Bois, 1930a: 1930b), so there should not be confusion.

The features of particular interest to this audience are the relationships between the regular authors and Haldeman-Julius. The following points of largely negative evidence are noted in the instance of Gaylord Du Bois:

- No apparent reference to Du Bois by Haldeman Julius in chapter 11 of *The First Hundred Million* (Haldeman-Julius, 1928). This is surprising in that most of the Haldeman-Julius regular writers are mentioned, with some little anecdote about each.

- Similarly no apparent reference to DuBois by Haldeman Julius in *My Second 25 Years: Instead of a Footnote — An Autobiography* (Haldeman-Julius, 1949), where other writers are mentioned.

- It is interesting to note that none of Du Bois’ Little Blue Books had to receive what Haldeman-Julius called “Hospital treatment.” By this he meant that titles that consistently sold less than 10,000 copies per annum were either withdrawn or were modified to make them sell better. The two titles *Spanish Self Taught* and *French Self Taught* sold 47,000 copies and 46,500 copies annually (Haldeman-Julius, 1928, pg. 55); these are comparatively good sales figures. There does not appear to be data for the other DuBois language-related books, but they were never removed from sale so must have done reasonably well. Haldeman-Julius said “French and Spanish are about tied for first place. It is easy to understand this.” He might have been more explicit in his reasoning, but it is clear the Du Bois’s books on modern languages were quite successful.

- Similarly Du Bois’ Little Blue Book entitled *Simple Recipes for Home Cooking* sold 33,000 copies per annum and was second amongst the seven cookery books for which figures were quoted (Haldeman-Julius, 1928, pg.

59). Here Haldeman-Julius comments on America's sweet tooth, which was the aspect of cookery dealt with by the first and third most popular books; there is no comment about the success of simplicity.

- Many of Haldeman-Julius' authors also wrote Big Blue Books. DuBois wrote none, nor have I found mention of him writing articles in the amazing variety of Haldeman-Julius journals, but there could easily be some mention. Thus Du Bois' total opus with Blue Books is very small compared with the other regular authors.

- One other feature of Dubois' life was his fervent commitment to Christian principles, so working for an atheist, who was publishing materials that were anti-Christian may have been difficult for him. This may account for his small oeuvre in Little Blue Books. However, whatever Haldeman-Julius' beliefs he was a good payer (Dellinger, 1979; Palmer 2003; Johnson and Tanselle, 1970, pg. 39) so DuBois would have benefited financially from the association during the Depression, when times would be hard for struggling authors

DuBois' academic literary reputation is miniscule; perhaps the few volumes of poetry he wrote would fall in that domain. His Little Blue Books were educational and who can tell how many people he helped to cook a simple meal or to stammer a few words in French or Spanish. His reputation in popular culture is substantial, but it may be that his authorship of a few Little Blue Books was what sustained him and eventually enabled him to obtain his status as a writer of comics for entertainment. Readers may enjoy reflecting on this paradox.

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# Exposed!

## **1932 Campaign Plagiarism!**

*by Tim Davenport (HJCC F#2)*

Emanuel Haldeman-Julius lived his life by the motto “Always steal from the best,” or so it would seem. His Little Blue Books concept was an adaptation of the uniform series of pocket pamphlets by Socialist publishers such as Charles H. Kerr & Co.; their content in large measure a “snag” of the public domain work of various literary masters; the mail-order method of distribution was blazed by his predecessor at *The Appeal to Reason*. Building upon such little snitches — with the addition of a healthy dollop of hype and hyperbole — a franchise was launched and a healthy living made. Nothing wrong with that, I reckon, but it bears notice that “borrowing” from others was very nearly a world-view with EH-J.

In 1932 it seems that the Publisher and Editor of the Little Blue Books made a run for United States Senator in his home state of Kansas on the ticket of the Socialist Party of America. On this occasion, Haldeman-Julius’ propensity for pilfering became public, the pinches published by the Communist Party as an eight page newsprint “penny pamphlet.” In what was alleged to be a “rank political swindle,” Haldeman-Julius’ *The American Freeman* (successor to *The Appeal to Reason*, *The New Appeal*, and *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*) was said to have plagiarized the May 28, 1932 acceptance speech of Communist Presidential standard-bearer William Z. Foster. Entire sentences were lifted *en toto*, and an eraser crudely applied, changing the word “Communist” to “Socialist,” thus portraying Foster’s programmatic appeal as that of the CP’s arch-nemesis: the Socialist Party.

The Communists used Haldeman-Julius’ clumsy “lifts” to make hay, stating that “while rendering service to the general capitalist program nationally, the Socialist demagogues, faced with the revolutionary mood of the workers in specific sections of the country, resort to more brazen forms of political trickery.” Haldeman-Julius’ “political swindle” was held to be the epitome of intellectual bankruptcy behind the “radical phrases” and “militant poses” of the party.

The essential content of the 1932 Communist pamphlet follows.

# CAUGHT!

## *Socialist Paper Steals Foster's Speech.*

SUBSTITUTES 'SOCIALIST' FOR  
'COMMUNIST'

DAILY WORKER BOOK SHOP  
ROOM 304 - 224 SO. SPRING ST.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

**"American Freeman" Backing Thomas  
And Maurer, Lifts Foster's Acceptance  
Speech Made in Chicago, in Brazen  
Attempt to Disguise Anti-Working  
Class "Socialist" Position**

## EXPOSED!

**"American Freeman," Edited by E. Haldemann-Julius, Journal-  
ist Racketeer and Candidate of the Socialist Party for U. S.  
Senate from State of Kansas**

Price one cent

**Cover of the Communist Party's 8 page penny pamphlet detailing the theft of content by "E. Haldemann-Julius (sic.), Journalist Racketeer and Candidate of the Socialist Party for U.S. Senate from the State of Kansas."**

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## Foster's Acceptance Speech (May 28)

The COMMUNIST PARTY calls upon the workers to organize for militant struggles now against hunger and war. It calls upon them to prepare for the overthrow of the capitalist system and building of Socialism. (Applause). As against the capitalist way out of the crisis thru mass starvation and war, the Communist Party proposes the revolutionary way out of the crisis thru class struggle, the overthrow of capitalism, and the establishment of a workers' and farmers' government! (Applause).

—Page 21, 22, Pamphlet containing Foster's Speech.

The COMMUNIST PARTY does not, under capitalism, limit itself simply to the propagation of revolutionary slogans and to organize for final revolutionary struggle. On the contrary, it enters into every day struggles of the workers. The Party which proposes the overthrow of capital and the building of a new world, must also know how to lead the workers here and now in mass struggle to relieve their burning grievances. While capitalism lasts the Communist Party fights militantly to wring every possible concession from the exploiters. At the same time it utilizes these daily struggles to awaken the class consciousness of the masses, to organize them economically and politically, and to prepare them for their final revolutionary goal.

—Page 22, Foster's Speech.

The COMMUNIST PARTY warns the masses of toilers of the war slaughter that the American government, Japan and other imperialists, behind a hypocritical mask of pacifist intentions,

## Socialist Party "Lift" (June 11)

The SOCIALIST PARTY calls upon the workers to organize for militant struggles now against hunger and war. It calls upon them to prepare for the overthrow of the capitalist system and building of Socialism. As against the capitalist way out of the crisis through mass starvation and war, the Communist Party proposes the revolutionary way out of the crisis through class struggle, the overthrow of capitalism, and the establishment of a workers' and farmers' government!

—June 11, *American Freeman*.

The SOCIALIST PARTY does not, under capitalism, limit itself simply to the propagation of revolutionary slogans and to organize for final revolutionary struggle. On the contrary, it enters into every day struggles of the workers. The Party which proposes the overthrow of capitalism and the building of a new world, must also know how to lead the workers here and now in mass struggle to relieve their burning grievances. While capitalism lasts the Socialist Party fights militantly to wring every possible concession from the exploiters. At the same time it utilizes these daily struggles of the workers to awaken the class consciousness of the masses, to organize them economically and politically, and to prepare them for their final revolutionary goal.

—June 11, *American Freeman*.

The SOCIALIST PARTY warns the masses of toilers of the war slaughter that the American government, Japan and other imperialists, behind a hypocritical mask of pacifist intentions,

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are organizing against the Soviet Union. This war is already in its first stage and may break into a conflagration at any moment.

—Page 27, Foster's Speech.

The COMMUNIST PARTY condemns the growing wave of terrorism being directed against the workers to suppress their struggles against starvation. This is marked by the wave of lynching of Negroes in the South, the shooting down of unemployed workers in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, etc., the arresting and jailing of militant workers all over the country, the deportations of revolutionary strike leaders and other foreign born workers, the reign of terror in Kentucky.

—Page 26, Foster's Speech.

The COMMUNIST PARTY is the Party of the Negro. It is the Party of all the oppressed. It fights for the unity of the toiling Negro masses and the white workers. Without such unity the revolution will be impossible.

—Page 26, Foster's Speech.

But in the election campaign the COMMUNIST PARTY also especially stimulates the struggles of the workers in every direction. It takes its election campaign to the shops, to the factories, to the bread lines, to the flop houses, to the farms. It organizes the workers to strike and demonstrate for their demands, as well as to vote for them. IT UTILIZES THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN TO BUILD THE REVOLUTIONARY UNIONS AND UNEMPLOYED COUNCILS, AND TO BRING THEM INTO ACTIVE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE CAPITALISTS. Its aim is to turn the defensive struggle of the workers into a counter-offensive against the capitalists.

—Page 22, Foster's Speech.

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—June 11, *American Freeman*.

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*This Socialist Party paper deliberately omits the part dealing with revolutionary unions and unemployed councils. In all cases where concrete proposals for actions occur in Foster's speech, the plagiarists carefully cut them out.*

**In the election campaigns the COMMUNIST PARTY does not confine itself to canvassing for votes. It is important to build a strong COMMUNIST VOTE, in order to organize and measure the sentiment of the masses, and elect representatives to the capitalist government, NOT IN THE ILLUSION THE WORKERS CAN PEACEFULLY CAPTURE THE GOVERNMENT, but to enable them the better to expose the capitalist government, to wring concessions from the employers, and to bring the COMMUNIST PROGRAM forcefully before the masses.**

—Foster's Speech.

*The words emphasized in the pamphlet containing Foster's speech are left out in the quotation the socialist paper used. The reason is plain. The socialists want workers to believe that they need not struggle to wrest power from the capitalist bandits, but that the capitalists will voluntarily turn over power to the working class.*

**The COMMUNIST PARTY is the leader in the struggle for unemployment insurance and will mobilize ever greater masses of workers for struggle until the capitalist masters of America are compelled to grant unemployment insurance to the starving millions in this country.**

—Page 22, Foster's Speech.

**When four years ago the COMMUNIST PARTY nominated national candidates in the elections we were in the midst of the so-called "Coolidge prosperity." Hoover was hypocritically campaigning with promises of perpetual prosperity and the end of all poverty. The new capitalism was to turn the workers into capitalists, and to wipe out all class lines.**

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—June 11, American Freeman.

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## Foster's Speech

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The COMMUNIST PARTY calls upon the farmers to struggle against the monstrous pauperization, expropriation of the land, and driving of the farmers from their farms that is now taking place all over the United States.

—Page 25, Foster's Speech.

The present situation completely justifies the position of the COMMUNIST PARTY and belies the promises of the capitalists and their AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR AND SOCIALIST tools. The capitalist system is in the deepest crisis of its career, both in the United States and all over the world. Production is at 50 per cent of normal and constantly declines.

While the great masses starve, the mills and factories remain shut down in a criminally absurd crisis of over-production. Fifteen million workers walk the streets unemployed, and ten millions more work only part time. Wage cuts in every industry have reduced wages to starvation levels. During the past two years the living standard of the American working class has been cut at least 60 per cent. The income of the farmers has been cut from \$12,000,000,000 in 1929 to \$7,000,000,000 in 1931. The farmers, like the workers, are starving, and are being stripped of their meager possessions.

—Page 13-14, Foster's Speech.

*Of course this socialist publication, "The American Freeman," carefully omits the words "The American Federation of Labor and their socialist tools." Nor do they quote from that section of Comrade Foster's speech on page 18 wherein he correctly designates the Socialist Party as the third party of capitalism. The Girard, Kansas, socialist publication is silent on that part of the speech wherein the Socialist Party leaders of the United States are compared to the socialists in Germany who are helping the capitalists establish a fascist regime.*

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## S.P. "Lift"

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—June 11, *American Freeman*.

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*Does anyone need an answer to the question of why the "American Freeman" did not print that part of the speech of the Communist presidential candidate which said: "The Socialist Party is an enemy of the working class., It is a part of the capitalist exploitation machinery?"*

The Hoover Republican government, the instrument of the dictatorship of big capital, has refused to establish a system of unemployment insurance, and has forced the workers down into a starvation charity relief system of a few cents a day. It has helped the employers all over the country to cut wages, despite its hypocritical promises not to. It has instituted the infamous starvation stagger system. It has supported the growing reign of terror against the Negro masses. It has inaugurated a monstrous deportation campaign against the foreign born workers. With police, gunmen and troops it meets every move of the workers to strike or demonstrate for relief.

IT DOUBLY EXPLOITS THE COLONIAL AND SEMI-COLONIAL PEOPLES OF LATIN AMERICA, CHINA, etc. The Hoover government has handed billions of dollars to the great banks and railroads. It is spending billions more to prepare for murderous war. But for the hungry workers it has nothing but the iron fist. In all this program of mass starvation and terrorism, the Hoover Republican government has had the full support of the Democratic Party.

And now these two capitalist parties, in order better to crush the workers with fascist violence and to prepare for war, are organizing a super-party alliance.

—Page 17, Foster's Speech.

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—Page 17, Foster's Speech.

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***Repudiate this Political Swindle; Work & Fight  
for the Communist Program and Candidates!***

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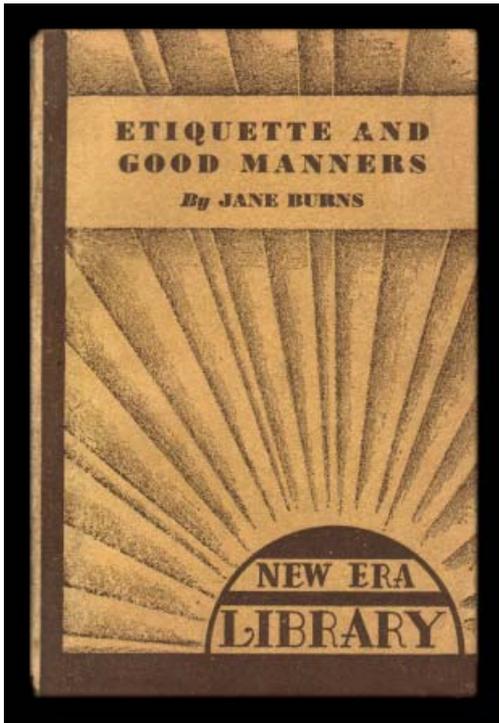
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# The New Era Library

## A Little Blue Book-Inspired Publishing Project of the 1930s

by Tim Davenport (HJCC F#2)

In *Big Blue Newsletter* No. 2 there appeared a short item about the “Abundance Books” of the Modern Publishing Co. of Pismo Beach, California, a publishing house which in late 1935 made use of the Little Blue Book model to propagandize for the idea of technocracy. I have subse-



quently bumped into yet another series of small and inexpensive paperbound publications making use of a single common cover design. This project was unquestionably influenced by the Haldeman-Julius series.

The “New Era Library” was produced by a publisher of the same name based in Racine, Wisconsin. Rather than making use of the typical “saddle-stitched” (stapled) construction common to pamphlets, titles in the New Era Library were made as small paperback books, with small signatures of leaves glued together inside a paper-wrapped spine.

Every New Era Library title seems to have been comprised of exactly 48 pages — a function, no doubt, of the way in which the sheets were printed. Each had thin buff-colored cardstock covers with brown printing of the title and a rising sun design on the front and a textured design on the back.

New Era Library books measured approximately 8.75 by 13 mm, very slightly larger than the approximately 8.5 by 12.5 mm dimensions of the typical Little Blue Book. A relatively thick paper was used in the New

Era titles which made for a dramatically heftier product than a Little Blue Book of a standard 64 pages, appearing nearly twice as thick as a lengthier Haldeman-Julius product.

Compilation of a bibliography of titles in the New Era Library is made difficult by the facts that complete lists of available titles were not printed in each book and that few copies have survived. The author of this article owns four (Nos. 5, 16, 34, 46), books which mention just 10 others by name. Only one additional title (#51) was located by means of a search of available books on the internet.

It does appear that New Era Library moved into more conventional publishing in 1935 with the release of Edwin Herman Ochsner's *Social Security*, a 231 page hardcover. No additional information about the Racine, Wisconsin-based New Era Library has been found, the task made somewhat more difficult by the existence of a host of other 1930s-period publishers making use of a similar name, including New Era Publishing Co. Ltd. (London, England); New Era Publishers (a Communist publisher based in Toronto, Canada); New Era Publishing Co. (a Mormon publisher based in Provo, Utah); and New Era Publishing Co. (Springhill, Kansas). No doubt there were other publishers of a like name in this period and after, my search on this question was not exhaustive.

Even a cursory glance at the titles issued as part of the New Era Library makes clear the influence of the Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Books — self-education and literary titles dominate. The highest number known to have been issued for this series was #51; the question of whether additional titles were produced remains a question for further bibliographic study. A list of the 15 known books in the series follows.

5. Jane Burns: *Etiquette and Good Manners*. (1933)
13. [author?]: *Great Love Scenes from Famous Novels*. (1933)
14. [author?]: *Great Poems of Love and Passion*. (1933)
15. Edward FitzGerald (trans.): *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. (1933)
16. Lloyd Edwin Smith: *Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them*. (1933)
20. [author?]: *Great Detective Stories*. (1933)
22. [author?]: *Great Ghost Stories*. (1933)
23. [author?]: *Great Adventure Stories*. (1933)
24. Guy de Maupassant: *Great French Love Stories*. (1933)
26. [author?]: *Public Speaking Self Taught*. (1933)
34. E.L. Carpenter: *Good English Self Taught*. (1933)
35. [author?]: *An Outline of English Literature*. (1933)
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46. Jerome S. Meyer: *Plane Geometry Made Easy*. (1933)
51. George Malcolm-Smith: *Your Memory: How to Train and Improve It*. (1934)

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# A trip to **PLUTOPIA**

*by E. Haldeman-Julius*

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OF THE APPEAL'S POCKET SERIES.**

Plutopia is Greek for Hog Island. It is still in the experimental stage. The dream back of this venture is to try out the latest ideas in exploitation, and if successful the plan is to be applied generally.

Plutopia is the heaven of the exploiters, the haven of the twelve percenters, the paradise of the dividendists. It is a small body of land

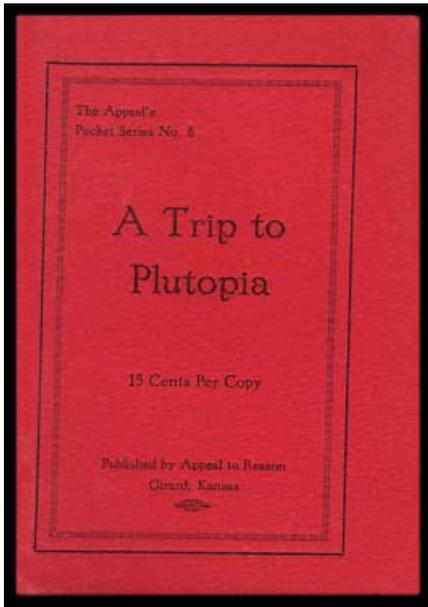
completely surrounded by graft.

The system of government is simplicity epitomized — in fact, there is no government. It is sublimated anarchy. The administration of affairs at Plutopia approximating perfection, there is no need for an organized government.

At present, there are 50,000 inhabitants at Plutopia. All but 500 are working people.

Let me begin with the 49,500. When one describes the first he has practically described

the last, for they are about alike in dress, habits, and tastes. They do not have names; each has his own number and answers to it like a convict.



I had occasion to interview No. 31497. He told me he was satisfied with the way things were run and hoped there would never be a change. He was very thankful to the 500 in the palaces, because they gave him an opportunity to work twelve hours each day in one of the rolling mills. He said the first thing he learned was to believe that the 49,500 who worked should do nothing but work, while the remaining 500 who worked not should do everything but work. He confessed this was a difficult theory to get into his head, but as his head had never been overtaxed in any way he managed to adopt the idea.

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“At present,” he said, “it seems that I always believed that we were supposed to work all the time. The plan is easy to understand. We have absolutely no worries, and we are taken care of as well as we’ve been taught to expect.”

This point needed explanation, which 31497 was glad to supply. An inventor in the employ of the 500 Plutopists had produced a pill, which was placed on the tongue and permitted to dissolve. Three pills went to a worker each day. It was considered sufficient to keep him strong enough to work twelve hours each day. As for clothes, wood pulp was used for the manufacture of paper sacks, on the back of which was printed the number of the worker.

One huge building housed the 49,500, each being assigned to his room, which measured six by eight feet. The lights were turned off at 8:50. Once a year, on Christmas Eve, all were given free tickets to a movie. It was figured out scientifically that the upkeep of each hand was exactly 11 cents and 4 mills a day.

No. 31497 said one good feature about the new system at Plutopia was that the men did not have to take care of their families. In fact, they were not permitted to have families. The women were housed in a separate building. The children were sent to a sort of an

orphanage where they were educated to take their place in the industrial order when they become of age, which was placed at nine years.



This is highly interesting. Let us now turn our gaze towards the remaining 500.

Where the 49,500 were housed in one building, there was a palace for each of the beneficiaries of Plutopia. Having solved the problem of labor, and having cut down expenses to the lowest possible point, the income was enormous. They no longer figured in dollars and cents. They struck off currency that began at \$100,000, because they never cared to bother with less, as it was considered very discommoding to be cluttered up with a lot of loose change. While they believed it was ideal for the workers to partake of food-pills three times each day, they preferred to satisfy their gastronomical desires with more tangible edibles. They imported chefs who were, in reality, Arabian magicians who waved a wand and brought rare dishes from their culinary alchemy.

There is, as we have already mentioned, no government in Plutopia. The 500 have things arranged so precisely that there is no need for a police force. By training the 49,500 with the utmost care there is no need to waste money on policemen, constables, and the like. As for courts, they also were abolished, as they are considered unnecessary expenses. In the old days, the capitalists spent huge sums in their courts, but the science of controlling labor through psychology enabled them to discard the expensive system, at least in this experiment station at Plutopia.



One of the most distinguished looking of the 500, when inter-

viewed, was quite ready to talk.

“Here is the ideal system at last,” said the Plutopist, unable to conceal his satisfaction. “I’m sure that it will be only a question of time before the world will follow our methods. This is the last word in organization. We have absolutely no doubts about our hands. They are nothing more than hands, because we are careful that nothing should get into their craniums except what we want lodged there. There is the secret of success. Our hands are not permitted to study, once they are given a place in our mills, because study after working hours is tiring and throws our whole schedule out of whack. You see, we have just so many calories in the three pills the hand gets each day, and if he wastes any effort we might be forced to give him four, and that would increase expenses one-third of a cent, which we could never consider.

“Besides, thinking is bad for contentment. We don’t like them to think about anything but their work. If there is any thinking to be done around here, we take the job on our own shoulders.”

“What must be done before a person can become one of the 500?” the Plutopist was asked.

“Nothing. We have a closed corporation and we try to pass the property on only to our blood relatives. Sometimes we reach out and invite outsiders. But the best method is that of inheritance. We got it from our parents, and our children will get it from us. It’s much like being a crown prince.”

“How about the 49,500? Do they stand a chance to join your 500?”

“Of course they do. They have a wonderful chance. If we happen to like one, we could have him admitted to our ranks by voting on the question. A unanimous vote is needed, however. But that doesn’t alter the fact that our hands have an equal chance to take our places.”

“Have you ever admitted one of your hands?”

“No, not yet. We may some day.”

“Aren’t you a little afraid that this army of hands might get organized and throw your friends into the discard?”

“Ah, you mean: Are we afraid of Socialism? Not a whit. Our hands are too well trained. You already understand how we take them through our training school and turn them out perfect workers. That is our strongest argument. Our scientists are now at work on a still bigger idea. This is confidential, of course.”

“Certainly,” I answered. “Not a word will be said about it.”

“Very well,” he answered. “See that it goes no further. We are working on a wonderful idea. We see the possibility of doing away entirely with our expensive training school!”

This was interesting. Urged to continue, he added:

“If nature is able to give us human beings with hands, eyes, ears, and fingernails, why not have nature go still further and present us with human beings who already have the ideas we try so hard to inculcate?”

This was too brilliant for syntax. They had hit on the amazing idea of breeding ideal hands. It was almost unbelievable.

“We’ll work it out in time. Our hope is to combine the strength of the ox with the blind loyalty of the dog, the self-sacrifice of the egg-laying hen and the mentality of the jackass. It’s revolutionary, but it can be done. When we succeed, our problem will be solved for all time.”

• • • • •

The interview at an end, I applied for a pass to the training school. Being a friendly sort of person and knowing there could be no harm in granting the request, the Plutopist wrote out the order.

I began my tour in the kindergarten. There I saw a large class of children, all under five years of age. They were being taught how to use words. In unison they recited: “I want to work!”

“Very good,” said the teacher. “Very good. Now try to put a

little more gladness into your voices.”

With added enthusiasm, the children yelled: “I want to work!”

It was inspiring.

Next came:

“Twelve hours a day! I want to work! Twelve hours a day!”

The teacher announced, a little later, that the children must say this 100 times each day, including Sunday. In the next class, the children are given little jobs. The mills were reproduced in miniature and the children were impressed with the fact that the greatest happiness would come when they became old enough to go into the genuine mills. In the miniature the youngsters tended machines that were as tiny as dolls and yet able to do satisfactory work. Incidentally, these children, despite the smallness of the tools, turned out quite an amount of goods, but unfortunately, the output was not enough to cover expenses. This was the fatal flaw in the system and undoubtedly was the reason why the 500 wanted to do away with it entirely and resort to having the children born with the idea of the virtue of work and the blessedness of producing for others.

As stated before, when the child becomes nine years old, a place is found in the mills. Up to then, the total cost of upkeep for each child is 4 and 6/10ths of a cent per day.



I heard a great commotion. The teachers were rushing about in terror. Something fearful must have happened. I rushed along with them and when the opportunity presented itself I asked the cause of this excitement.

“It’s too terrible for words,” answered the person to whom I had directed the question. “It’s the first time such a thing ever happened.”

“What?” I demanded.

“The children in the kindergarten were repeating their lesson a

few minutes ago and everything was going nicely. They were saying ‘I want to work’ as they should when one boy forgot himself and said: ‘I want a pair of skates!’ It’s too terrible! Too terrible!”

And then, trying to excuse the slip, the teacher added:

“It may be a hereditary trait. It must be.”

“What makes you think so?”

“It has been reported that this boy’s father is a dangerous character who will bear watching. Once he made a remark to the effect that he thought it might be a good idea if the hands got four pills a day instead of three. Think of it! He actually proposed an increase in rations of 200 calories, or 1,400 a week. Oh, we must watch these hands. Even after the best kind of an education they are likely to get socialistic ideas.”

“What will you do if they threaten to go on strike for the extra pill?”

“Oh, there are plenty of ways of handling the issue. If feeling gets strong and it begins to look as though they stand a chance of winning, we’ll give it to them.”

“Is it possible?”

“We will give in, but there won’t be any real difference in the end. Let me explain. They get 600 calories a day, and as we control the manufacture of food-pills, we will give them four a day, but there will be 150 instead of 200 calories in each. That’s one way. But I don’t think it will ever come to that point. We have them too well trained.”

Yes, Plutopia is a wonderful island. It will work as long as the hands consent to work. But so long as there are youngsters who crave a pair of skates and a grown-up who doesn’t conceal his desire for an extra pill, there is a standing menace to the future security of Plutopia.

# Secretary-Treasurer's Report

as of August 15, 2005

## *new members*

- F-28 June Peters • Indiana.
- R-29 Randy Roberts • Axe Library, Special Collections, Pittsburg, KS.
- R-30 Doug Skinner • 351 W 45th St. #5RE, New York, NY 10036.
- R-31 Bob Black • 6991 NW 20th, Carona, KS 66773.
- R-32 Kenneth Cust • 561 NW 721 Road, Center View, MO 64109.

## *members in arrears (drops)*

F-5, F-13, F-14, F-16, F-17, F-24, F-25, F-26, F-27.

## *financial activity*

**Previous Balance** ..... \$ 181.63

### *revenue*

Dues Payments Received ..... \$ 250.00  
Donations Received ..... 188.37  
Wholesale Sale of Issues of *BBN* ..... 40.00  
Sale of Individual Issues of *BBN* ..... 20.00

### *expenditures*

Printing (*BBN* issue #5) ..... \$ 50.00  
Printing (*BBN* issue #6) ..... \$ 50.00

**New Balance** ..... \$ 580.00

A big thank you to those who donated something extra to help out the group! Thanks to: Melanie Brown, Jake Gibbs, John Kishbaugh, Angela & Doug Haldeman, Dan Rouser, Bill Teague, David Williams.

*Faye Landskov,  
Secretary-Treasurer.*

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