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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sunday Sept 2, 1917.

My dear Jack:

I'm at the office waiting for Mother. We are then going into the country to quite a famous place known as Down House for a birthday dinner. This morning your nice telegram came, and sitting in bed I read it with the peculiar sentiment our family possesses. We thought so much of you lately that more than on any recent birthday I wished we could all be together today. Kate plays queer pranks with us and this year has been fantastic not only with individuals but with whole peoples—indeed with the very world. A few years ago, how we would have scouted our entrance into a foreign war, a few months ago it would have seemed insanity to suggest a draft in the Republic

or an army for invasion of Europe,
the whole bloody murderous thing
seems unreal, a frightful nightmare
terrifying us while unconscious, but
to be dispelled with waking. And
our own little selves how strangely
time has dealt with us. On my 51st
birthday mother and I are three
thousand miles from the scenes and
the persons we love, one of our
dear ones has had his share of
anxiety and worry, the other is pre-
paring for departure far away,
going to what none can foretell.
51 years old! I can hardly realize
it. But few more years remaining,
and then wars and struggles, wrong
and injustice, loves and hates will
be longer matter. I didn't intend
such a rotten note but alone here
today, thinking, waiting, reading yesterdays
events, looking straining into the dark
and mysterious days to come, have given me
a strange mood.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(2)

I've had a great fight here. Presently I think I've drawn the line of my future in the Senate, and I've drawn it on an issue fortunately upon which I can stand and wherein I will be justified. The opening of my fight on the Revenue bill was a tremendous bomb shell little understood by me at the time and little contemplated. I have never had such a response to anything I have done before. It reached even the ultra-conservative, hide bound, big business owned finance committee, and they scurried to shelter and raised taxation which before they said could not be raised by half a billion dollars. And then Wall Street and the big financial beast began to work, and one by one

they pulled down Senators upon the plea that the Finance Committee had yielded to our demands until we had remaining but a corporal's guard. Yesterday I was on my feet two hours and when I awoke (it was one of those awful muggy days) I was nearly dead, I had to leave immediately and change all my clothes. They did me the honor (?) to have Lodge, Penrose and Simmons respond. It's been a most interesting contest—the development in large degree of what we used to see in our California politics. At first the great newspapers were with us in such an eminently just design, and then one by one as power and influence reached them, they turned. If you have time read yesterday's speech of mine. It was argument more than anything else but will show you ~~the~~ track

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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what we sought to do. We are to
continue but there is no hope of
success. We have been hampered
somewhat by La Follette who is held
in such disesteem that his advoca-
cy of a just cause injures that
cause.

I shall probably return early
in October in any event. I'm
weary and want a month in
California before the December session.

I hope very sorry of yours
is now dissipated. I've had no
time for my correspondence the
past two weeks and my letters have
been confined to you and Arch and
older.

Can my new old age of fifty one
I send greetings to those who soon will
carry on the name alone. Love to Amy and the
kids.
Affectionately. Dad.

September 5, 1917.

Mr. Archibald M. Johnson,
Mills Building,
San Francisco.

My dear Arch:

I am going to send this letter to your office in the Mills Building in order that, if you have not received my letters addressed to Tanforan, you may know that for the past few days I have been sending my letters as well as my telegrams to your camp.

Yesterday, there was a big parade here. The President and the Cabinet marched at its head, followed by the United States Senate and the Congress. I marched, not because I wanted to, but because the fight on the revenue bill has been so peculiar that a certain element would wish to class me with LaFollette. Borah told me that the press men were noting the absentees of the Senate in passing, and so I walked down with the rest of them. What a cowardly lot we all are! Knox walked with me on one side and Borah on the other. We didn't wish to parade simply because all of us felt it was beyond us physically, first; and next, that it would have been more consistent with the dignity of the supposedly greatest legislative body on earth to be reviewing the parade, or in some other fashion, show its appreciation of the occasion than wearily to march a couple of

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miles over cobbles. I confess when I reached the end of it I was pretty well exhausted. Knox and I ducked under the rope and got into the Metropolitan Club, where he indulged in huge libations.

They have everlastingly swatted us in our revenue fight. They did it by virtue of yielding to us and levying a half billion more of taxes on the revenue bill after saying such a thing was impossible. The increase in the amount of taxes levied furnished the excuse for the men to fall down - and they fell down all along the line. The fight has been a most interesting and instructive one to me; and, inasmuch as I feel I was absolutely right, I have not the slightest regrets. We vote on the revenue bill next Monday, and after that I think we can very well finish quickly the other work before us. As soon as we get through with today's work I am going to dictate the usual letter to you, both of our legislative conditions and of war conditions.

With all love,

Affectionately,

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 5, 1917.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Jack:

This is just a sort of mid-week line to you. I have been so completely engrossed in the revenue fight that I have had no time for my correspondence. Of late, I have been on my feet quite a bit in the Senate, and if it has done nothing else, it has gradually worn off my reluctance to arise. The sum total of our success in the revenue fight is an increase of half billion dollars in the revenue bill. All the rest of it has been an overwhelming defeat. The Finance Committee seeing a tremendous fight ahead of them in which we had the sympathy of most of the Members, forestalled victory for us by a "phoney" change in the bill and an increase in the revenue to be raised by a half billion dollars. This gave the excuse for the men to fall down on both sides of the Chamber - and they fell quite merrily.

Mother received a letter from Amy yesterday and, singularly enough, it was written before your exemption. I have had no word from you except your telegram since your exemption was accorded. I have read now, I think, all the

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newspaper articles, and really, I don't think that they were bad. I can understand how, with your nature as sensitive as mine, the very reference to the matter was disagreeable to you; but taking all together I think that there is nothing particularly we could pick out, and therefore I think your judgment that a statement from me would be inadvisable was probably correct.

I have had a charming birthday as I wrote you, and I thank you very, very much for your telegram of remembrance.

Love to Amy and the babes.

Affectionately,

Ada

September 7, 1917.

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, California.

My dear Arch:

We received this morning your telegram stating that you have been inspected by some distinguished officer, and that you expected to be sent to Linda Vista on the twenty-fifth.

I wired you that we had endeavored to get the trunks in Washington without success, and that mother was going to Philadelphia on Monday and would there see if she could get the trunks and also the glasses you desire.

While your change to Linda Vista will be disagreeable to you from the standpoint of your proximity to San Francisco, yet, as I remember your description of the bleakness of your camp, of the difficulties obtaining under the showers, and the wind, I feel that from the standpoint of comfort the change to Linda Vista will be probably much better. I note that you expect sixteen weeks of intensive training there and then going to France. May the good Lord in His mercy end this condition before that time! But if you'll have to go, you will do your part and you will do it well.

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I do not like much that I have seen in the last few weeks here in the Senate. We are beset from within with two classes of traitors. We have the German sympathizer, who hypocritically retains every specific thing that may be of harm to us, and who is at heart a traitor; and then we have those who are dollar patriots, who so vociferously shout for the blood of the land but who nevertheless believe war to be a period when great profits should be made by a few, that it is a sort of commercial enterprise where it is perfectly legitimate for great fortunes to be made out of our peril and disaster. This latter class embraces among its number some who are quite conscious of what they do and others who are unconscious, but in any event, they are just as traitorous, in my opinion, as the pro-German sympathizer. It is this latter class I have been combating of late here.

We succeeded in doing something with the revenue bill, as I have written you, in raising it by a half billion dollars. Beyond that, we succeeded simply in raising hell.

Charles Neumiller has been here the last few days and we have seen a great deal of him. Paul has not been well, and today is not at the office at all.

Mother and I send all love to you.

Affectionately,

September 8, 1917.

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, California.

My dear Arch:

Yesterday we received your letter of September first and I read your trials and tribulations about your camp and your battery with mingled feelings. There is gross incompetency in the War Department today in many directions but I can not find it in my heart to be over critical because of the tremendous task that has been undertaken. We were the most inept, luxurious, peaceful and even cowardly Nation in the world, and we have undertaken within a very brief period to transmute this fat, soft people into an aggressive militarism. Nobody knew anything about anything up to the time of the declaration of war, and it has been very difficult in the very brief period to acquire the requisite knowledge and get any sort of efficiency.

We have over 100,000 men in France now, I am told, which, under the circumstances and the lack of ships, et cetera, is not a bad showing; and within six months there will probably be half a million.

I worry constantly about your regiment. Your letters seem rather pessimistic. I wouldn't for the world have anything occur now that would take from you your commission and alter your present status. I hope you will get along with the new officers that are put over you as well as you did with the old. Remember the traditions of the Army and that you are in the Army now and how you must act toward those in superior command. I have no doubt you'll do the appropriate thing in any event.

Mother joins in love.

Affectionately,

September 10, 1917.

Herbert W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

Capt. Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, California.

My dear Arch:

Blue Monday, but I want to dictate a little note to you so you'll have our daily greeting.

Yesterday, we went again to the Dower House, about fifteen miles from the city, and took with us Montague and Watson of the New York American and Seibold of the New York World. We had a charming dinner and a delightful time.

Both mother and I have become somewhat worried about Jack. The last letter I had from him was dated the day before his exemption was granted and mother has not had a letter from him since that time. Both of us finally reached the conclusion that there must be something wrong, else they certainly would have written after the granting of the exemption. I wired him last night. I fear he must be ill.

Yesterday and today the papers have been full of Sweden, and this morning there is pessimism in all the stuff of the special correspondents. I learned through the Secretary of War yesterday that his expectation was it will probably be the middle of March before our army, of which I think you are a part, would be in position in France. He may have included a couple of months training there however in this estimate.

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Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

His view is that March, April, May or June, by reason of privation and starvation of Germany, may see the end of the war. The newspaper "know it alls" are now asserting, wherever they get it, that Russia will furnish sufficient supplies to Germany for a definite period. The Lord knows what is going to happen and He alone. All else seems to be the wildest kind of guess work.

Mother was to go to Philadelphia today but is not well, and has postponed her trip until tomorrow. She will endeavor there to get your trunks and glasses. If she can not get them there I will apply to the Ordnance Department here, without letting them know for whom I wish them, and obtain the requisite information as to where they can be had.

This is the last day on the Revenue Bill. The Committee has triumphed, but I think they are smarting in the triumph, and that the real victory has at least, in part, been ours. At any rate, we ran true to form in raising hell.

Mother had two of your pictures framed. She has doubtless told you that we often address them and talk to our boy in this fashion.

Affectionately,

September 13, 1917.

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, San Mateo County,
California.

My dear Arch:

Mother wired you last night about the trunks. If she has hit upon the right thing, don't hesitate to call upon me for anything that may be necessary. Blanks for the glasses are going forward to you today in the office. Your telegram came this morning and I want to thank you for it but I don't want you to spend any money in telegraph tolls to me. Send all the wires you want but send them always collect. I have a tremendous account with the Western Union here and your extra telegraph tolls wont add to it at all.

Just for what it is worth, I retail to you a bit of news that came to me last night. Knox gave a very elaborate dinner to the Japanese Mission. I was seated between one of the Japanese and Jas. M. Beck, the author of the "Evidence in the Case", the first complete presentation of the story of the commencement of the war. The book attracted immense attention all over the world and purported to demonstrate that Germany had long ago designed the war and had forced it. Beck is a New York lawyer, wholly pro-English and thoroughly anti-German. Subsequently, he made addresses

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in England, and some in the United States, and he wrote a long, interesting book on "The War and Humanity". He was exceedingly pessimistic and said we had got into the war too late, when the psychological moment for enthusiasm had passed, when our fighting edge was gone, and that we were so inept and inert that our coming into the war as slowly as we were was of little value to the allies. He believed that France and England were war weary, and that within a few months it was not unlikely there would be a reaction in both countries which would force peace, and the end would come without the definiteness of decision he desired, but it would come because of a reaction in France and in England. This was an entirely new viewpoint for me. Of course, everybody is sick at heart of the Russians and I am unable to see what the end there will be.

Be sure and let me know when you write if my letters addressed to Tanforan reach you. I have written you daily and they have all been sent to Tanforan with the exception of two which have been sent to your office as checks upon the others.

With all love.

Affectionately,

September 15, 1917.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Jack:

From your long letter received recently, of which I have you just a brief acknowledgment, I observe you had not received your exemption certificate. I assume, of course, you will keep your eye on this. What makes me suggest to you to be very wary is the fact that in a letter from Older received recently, he agreed with me that probably Gavin McNab had something to do with the trouble made for you in the matter of your exemption claim. Older is now not on unfriendly terms with McNab, and I do not think he would have yielded such a ready acquiescence to ~~what~~ I suggested if he did not have some very good reason. It would be just like this horrible scoundrel to use his absolute power over Whiting to accomplish a dirty revenge. Keep watch therefore of the situation. Of course, there is nothing to worry about in it now, because the regulation of the President settled the matter, and the particular case has been made so plain here that upon an appeal the decision would immediately be favorable.

There has been a complete let down here since the passage of the revenue bill last Monday night. Indeed,

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physically and mentally I have felt it. I have had a couple of days illness from which I have recovered, but I am still wholly relaxed with my energy entirely gone. Everybody is in the same mood and I think therefore we'll get out of here shortly. My own opinion is, within two weeks we will adjourn. Whether we do or not, I am going to come to California about the first of October. I am anxious to have a little time with Arch before his departure. He tells me that after sixteen weeks training at Linda Vista his battalion will go to France. I presume, therefore, after I come to California, I'll sure^{ly} go to San Diego.

I should like to write you in detail the story of the revenue fight but it is long and involved, and now that it is over, probably an uninteresting tale. It is, however, the beginning of the struggle here by myself of what I undertook in 1910 in California, with the difference, that I must fight against a combination impossible to be broken in the Senate with my thoughts always upon the people outside of the Senate. In this contest I secured a little coup de' etat. The minority of the Finance Committee consisted of LaFollette, Gore and Thomas. Thomas was sick and absent. LaFollette was on the job with amendments and anxious to lead the fight. I did not wish to be merely his follower, nor did I wish at all, because of his attitude upon the war, to be mixed up with him. Rather unceremoniously,

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therefore, and contrary to every precedent, when the matter came up, I jumped into the fray, made the opening speech and offered the opening amendment - and made the fight my fight. LaFollette was quite hurt and offended but I felt I could not follow him nor even to be a part of any plan of his. The big struggle came therefore upon "the Johnson amendment" with Johnson leading. Of course, the men older in the game and those about Washington who are familiar with the tactics were aghast, but the net result was that the wise ones concluded I had very cleverly transmuted the personnel of the contest, and gave me credit for an astuteness I do not wholly deserve. The first speech I made upon the subject, as I have written you, had a response from the Nation most remarkable. It was mellowing and touching for me to have the letters I did from almost every State of enthusiastic commendation. Of course, I had quite the reverse from a large part of the metropolitan press and from those who derive their political sustenance and success from big business. It was the appropriate time, however, to make the break and the appropriate theme upon which to declare myself against some with whom I have been upon the most pleasant terms socially. In the second speech that I made I was on my feet longer than on any other occasion here. My beautiful light suit from Williams and Berg which I had treasured so carefully during the summer was a sight when I concluded. The sleeves and the back of the coat were exactly as if I had dipped

them in water. After I had finished mother whisked me home and I did not hear the heavy artillery Penrose and Lodge brought up to reply to me.

Well, it is all done now. The sum total of the fight is that I have gained quite a prestige with the common people wherever the fight is understood; that I have lost all prestige with the predatory rich who have been disposed to treat me kindly; and that I have marked a line definitely and publicly between the by-partisan big business combination of the Senate and myself. Of course, this had to come some time and I am glad I made the break on a big question which I can make plain to the people whenever I get the opportunity rather than upon some petty social problem, which would be little known and less understood. The Hearst papers have treated me magnificently. Such papers as the Philadelphia North American, and the Kansas City Star have given me the utmost publicity. I have forced publicity even from the rotten Associated Press, and have been the subject of leading editorials in the New York Times and the New York World, in which they have wholly taken issue with me. The United Press has been more than good to me, and it is the United Press article you saw in California, not the Associated Press. Borah stuck throughout the fight - something that all of those who know him said he would not do. He is a very, very strange character, of great ability, incapable of close application, or even close attendance upon the sessions of the

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Senate; and so temperamental, that he generally goes alone. The men who were the most comfort to me in the contest were - Hollis, Democrat, of New Hampshire, and Jones, Republican, of Washington. I want to write about both of them some day, also of Borah,

We have days of depression and days of rejoicing here concerning the war. The fact is - nobody understands the real conditions nor can prognosticate when it will end. Some of us pray that it may come to a speedy termination before the spilling of the blood of our American boys. There is a large class, however, who are longing for casualty lists - this, the military cult, in order that enthusiasm for the war may be aroused in our Nation. The cruelty of the suggestion I have raved against for some months past. I think it is the most barbarous and abominable thing I have ever heard.

Give my love to Amy and the kiddies. The last letter we had from Amy was the day before your exemption - now nearly three weeks. How tremendously engrossed you must all be!

Affectionately,

September 17, 1917.

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, San Mateo County,
California.

My dear Arch. -

This is just my daily greeting to you. You see, I have not failed in it for a long time now, except yesterday (Sunday), and Mother told me that she wrote you quite at length. I don't know whether you are so busy that letters are a nuisance, but somehow I feel in touch with you as I write you daily. The fact that I do write you so often will make you realize how much you are in my thoughts.

Today is an off day in the Senate,- the first that we have had. We are trying to get an early report and quick action on the Insurance Bill, the last important measure now before Congress. On one hand it is thought we may get through with it in a brief period, and on the other it is insisted that it will take at least a month of debate. I don't propose to stay for any month of debate, and I am inclined to think I will be home the first week in October. Of course I will wire you when we start. I do hope they will keep the camp at Tanforan until we return; but if they don't, as I have told you before, we will come down to San Diego and see you there.

There is nothing new at all to tell you of. Mother has found a house which possibly we will rent, but while she thinks that we will have to pay a very large rental for an appropriate abiding place, she is unwilling that I should go out upon the circuit.

I am, however, contemplating a contract, and if I can make my terms I will take a month at it toward the end of the year. It is not particularly pleasant to contemplate, but it is really the easiest and cleanest way of adding to my income.

I am writing today to General Murray, and I enclose you herein a copy of my letter so you will know just what I said. I purposely, because of the indefiniteness of your telegram, have written him in general terms, but I'll gladly write him in any fashion that you may suggest or may wish.

With all love,

Affectionately,

September 19, 1917.

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforan,
San Bruno, San Mateo County,
California.

My dear Arch:

I did not write you yesterday. I received a wire from Jack saying his troubles had accumulated again and he had to start over again because of a ruling made by Crowder and transmitted by Borree to the various boards, which upsets the ruling I obtained on the 25th of August last. I was simply paralyzed. Yesterday and today, therefore, have been devoted again to the same fight I made for a couple of weeks last month. I have a promise from Crowder today but I have got to stick on the job in order to see it through. The fact is - he is a very able man, and a very astute lawyer, and in parliamentary language, a diplomat - in language which we are familiar with in California, unreliable, full of duplicity, and ever endeavoring to put over some job. My opinion is - he was trying to put over another job, and I've got to be mighty watchful to see that he doesn't. I received today the Chronicle of Friday, September 14th, containing the publication of the latest Crowder ruling with the statement that everything was in the air concerning the exemption of those

with dependents. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, Jack didn't at once wire me I can not understand. He evidently has waited until the last minute and seems as helpless as he seemed in August. I am awaiting now telegrams from him, which he unaccountably delays on every occasion. Of course, all my worries over it have accumulated again and I am very wretched today.

Your good telegram to Mother in answer to hers about getting into the Holt Manufacturing Company as an expert on caterpillars and tanks came this morning. When she, Neumiller, and Mr. Baker talked the matter over, I listened silently until they asked me about it, and then I told them - of course you had cast your fortunes with the Grizzlies and you would not think of driving a tank behind the lines now; and so I had a good smile when I read your remark that you wanted the toughest job in the toughest sector.

I am very seriously contemplating leaving here October first. I think I will determine definitely tomorrow when I see just what the attitude of "our leaders" is on adjournment. From what I have gathered in private conversation, everybody is agreed that we may be able to get out in a couple of weeks. I noticed a little article in the Chronicle the other day that you were not likely to go to

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Linda Vista for some weeks yet. I hope this is true, because, undoubtedly, if it is so, I can be with you for a short time in San Francisco.

Your trunk has arrived, and yesterday was with twenty carloads of freight. Whether they will get it out today in time to send to you I do not know, but just as soon as it can be gotten out, it will be shipped to the Green Street house as you directed in your telegram.

With all love.

Affectionately,

September 20, 1917.

Captain Archibald M. Johnson,
Camp Tanforen,
San Bruno, San Mateo County,
California.

My dear Arch:

If Crowder keeps faith with me I have again straightened out the cases of married men with dependents and their right to exemption where those dependents are maintained wholly by them. I am unable to tell whether he does as he has agreed until I get Jack's wires tomorrow. I have had another rather disagreeable 48 hours. The infernal thing has so got my goat that I will not breathe easy until the draft is over, and the Appellate Boards, and all the rest of the boards, have finally dissolved.

I cannot write you intelligently about your trunk. I am sorry today because I forgot to take it up with mother yesterday.

I have been attacked by my old foe insomnia of late. My bed time the night before last was 2:30, and last night, something after 3. I will have to get out to the old San Francisco winds. Both mother and I long for them. I am waiting anxiously to hear from you as to when you will leave. I thought, today I could determine when I could get out but after a brief session, the Senate adjourned until Saturday. This means that the Committee is fussing over the insurance bill; and if they are fussing,

over it so long, the Lord knows how long the Senate itself will fuss over it. Instead of being certain today when I can leave, I am uncertain when I will leave. However, if the news recently published that you will be at Tanforan for some weeks yet is true, I will see you there before your departure.

The administration, apparently, has reached the conclusion that we are in for a long fight. In Committee yesterday in answer to three questions, it was stated that an army of 2,300,000 men was provided for in the estimate of appropriations asked, and that it was feared this army could not be properly accoutred. Crowder told me yesterday that he wished to prepare for an army of 5,000,000. It was brought out in testimony that we have no uniforms, nor arms, nor anything else for an army of a million. The best informed men of the Committee think it will be next summer before we get a really considerable force in France. All of this, apparently, is more or less guess work. The Departments, I think, are doing the best they can and preparing as well as they are able. The task is beyond any man or any set of men. The militia, of course, will be sent across long before the drafted men, but I have heard it insisted, even, that they cannot properly equip the militia, and that the problem of feeding them after they get them in France is at present beyond us. I think, down in the innermost recesses of every heart in the administration is the hope that the whole thing will blow up and come to

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Miram W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

a sudden conclusion, and I confess the wish that it could all be honorably and justly ended.

Keep me advised, as well as you can, of what it is intended to do with your regiment. Don't try to write letters if you have not time, but if you get time, tell me something of your progress in your militia work.

Good-bye! With all love.

Affectionately,

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 20, 1917.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Jack:

Your telegram of the 17th reached me on the afternoon of the 18th, and, of course, I was astounded to find all our difficulties again before us. I resolved I would not wire hysterically as I did in August, but I took the matter up at once with Older and Eustace, as I had done then, and I wired you for detail. Immediately, I advised the Secretary of War, detailing the orders of August 25th, recalling my conversation, stating that Crowder's latest ruling abrogated the President's express order promulgated then by Crowder, and asking for redress. The Secretary of War was in Atlantic City and returned late Tuesday night - the night before last. I resolved to fight it out therefore with Crowder, and yesterday morning I met him by appointment. At first, he pleaded ignorance of any communication with Borree upon the subject. Fortunately, I had copied his answer to Borree as you conveyed it to me and as he wrote it. He hesitated and said that it might have been sent from his office during his absence. He asked me to get full detail, but of course he had the detail at hand. He expressly stated that he had no design to abrogate or modify the orders of August 25th.

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I left with the idea in mind that he wanted to take it up with somebody in his office. On my return to the office, I found that the Chronicle of Friday, September 14th, had just arrived, and in that Chronicle, I found Crowder's dispatch to Borree repeated with the statement that the Appellate Boards were all in the air because of the Crowder ruling. I immediately cut the clipping out and sent it to Crowder and told him it was the confirmation of various wires received by me, and asking for an immediate correction. This morning, your wire reached me at the Arlington. I was endeavoring to make an appointment with Crowder's office when my office telephoned me that he was here. I hurried down but he had left, but in leaving, he left me a note in his handwriting, the note which I have telegraphed to you today, a copy of which I enclose to you herein. I have wired you now asking you to get verbatim his ^{correcting} wire to Borree. I intend, if it be within my power, to have this matter corrected so that the Appellate Boards will have no option but to act under orders of August 25th, and exempt married men with dependents without regard to the relatives of the husband or wife.

I am not going to say anything to you now about Crowder and his designs in this matter. I would not wish under any circumstance to do him an injustice. If an adequate correction is not made by him, we'll see if we can not get one from the Secretary of War, and if we don't get one from him, I will go again to the President.

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I can not quite understand, Jack, with a publication like I found yesterday in the Chronicle of last Friday, the 14th, why you waited until the 18th to advise me. The reason I have acted with such celerity was I feared your case and that of others similarly situated were now before the Appellate Board and might be acted upon any minute; and this was the reason in one of my wires I asked you about the time. I take it from your wire this morning, in which you suggest I do nothing temporarily until I get letters of yourself and Roche, that the cases will not come up before the Appellate Board at least until after the receipt of your letters. It was impossible for me not to act after your telegram today, because I had already acted, and if the correction is obtained, my action will have resulted in good.

Another reason on my part for hastening action was, that after the cases are before the Appellate Board and it has decided against the exemption there is no appeal. Application can be made to the Governor, and a lot of folderol undertaken, but once the decision is rendered by the Appellate Board, for or against the applicants, the case I fear will be remediless.

It's a mighty singular thing to me that such a query should have been made by Borree. Everything was settled. The orders of the President, promulgated by Crowder August 25th were explicit, and it looks to me as if Borree had described your case in the hope that there might be a decision adverse. Perhaps

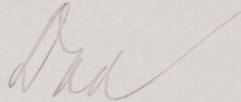
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I do an injustice here, and so, I will not comment on it.

There are a number of Senators who are willing to go to the bat on this. Among the most sympathetic is Underwood of Alabama, the brainiest man on the Democratic side, in my opinion. We are agreed that if Crowder does not make a perfectly plain statement, he and I will go to the Secretary of War in whom both of us have confidence, and if we fail there we'll continue our journey to the very highest.

Love to Amy and the kiddies.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "H.W. Johnson", followed by a long, sweeping horizontal stroke.

C O P Y.

Dear Senator Johnson:

I found the telegram and your quotation therefrom was accurate. As I surmised the telegram was dated September 10, the day of my absence at New York, where I went to witness the mobilization of the New York City contingent.

I sent yesterday a wire correcting the error.

(Sgd) E. H. Crowder.

Sept. 20.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 21, 1917.

make file
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Jack:

I wrote you at length about your case and others similarly situated. I did this because the facts are now so fresh~~ly~~ in my mind that I want to preserve them in an absolutely accurate contemporaneous record. I want Roche to read this record so that if it is possible the thing can be ended. It's on my nerves.

I was delighted last night to have your telegram about Rivers Garden Farm. If we can settle your case now, and this Rivers Garden Farm thing leaves us a slender balance, perhaps our bad luck is at an end, and I can look forward without the dread despair financially that in the last couple of months has been despiriting me. I am very grateful to you. I can't tell you how much. I will let it lie until I come out. As I wired you last night, I have forgotten the details of the transaction, but if you realize enough, pay off the indebtedness, and reimburse yourself, of course, in every direction and for everything. Whatever you do is more than satisfactory to me and more than pleasing to me. It seems like a dream. I can't realize that anything has come from this matter and I wont probably until we meet. I looked upon it as absolutely dead, as losing all of the little I had. I never

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expected the slightest return, and if you have succeeded in pulling out anything, I am pleased beyond measure, but really, lad, I will not be able to realize it until I am right there with you and it. To tell the truth, I have run about \$500 a month behind here. Of course, I could not long stand this. I have a contract before me for the month of November, but to leave here with my vitality exhausted, as practically it is at present, and to spend a month running around to little towns, would be absolutely killing - and then, your mother grows hysterical at the very thought.

If we can just clear up your case, and then, this other thing should really be true, how much brighter the world will be.

Love to Amy and the kiddies.

Affectionately,

