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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 1, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
Care of P. E. Bowles, Esq.,
The Pines,
Union and McAdam Streets,
Oakland, California.

My dear Daughter:

Last Saturday night, unable longer to bear the hotel, we went to our new quarters at Riverdale, Maryland. The unfinished state of our house, of course, causes us some privations, and much inconvenience and annoyance. The only really furnished room is our bed room, although Mother has practically completed her downstairs dining room. Many of the rooms are uncarpeted, the painting has not been finished in some, and in others, there is considerable litter. We are located, as you know, in the country. There is no municipal water system to which we have access, and our water system is from a well, from which we pump a tank in the attic full, and the tank then supplies the house. The electric pump is old and out of repair, and pumps in a fashion that, apparently, will break the walls down. The tank does not wholly meet our requirements, and the water itself I do not entirely like. The kitchen, while it has tremendously big ranges, is without sufficient chimney space, and the lighting of a fire is the signal for all to flee. None of these things is particularly inviting, and many of them

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

are seriously annoying, but, one by one, I hope we will cure them all, and finally get the house running in the usual smooth fashion that Mother accomplishes things. It may be quite astonishing to you that I have borne philosophically all these serious ills, but, if I could only describe to you the yard, and how we utilize it, and the great trees that are upon the lawn, you would understand that the advantages and the pleasures of the house outweigh its present disagreeable features. We dine each night on the lawn - just Mother and I. The cook, I like, and her dinners, while not elaborate, have been a delight to me. After we dine, we sit in one of the large swinging hammocks (really a great settle attached to an iron frame) watching the birds, listening to their varying calls, and songs, and see daylight merge into darkness. There was ever a mystery to me in the twilight and final enveloping blackness of night. When I was a boy, I used to go to my Uncle's home near Sacramento, and the part of the day most appealing to me, and which I used to be content silently to sit and contemplate, was the transition from day to night. Here, in this peculiarly warm climate, this particular period is singularly beautiful to me. The thunder storms keep the verdure a bright green; the lawn, without irrigation, grows luxuriously; the trees, covered with leaves, and the shrubbery about, never lose their brilliant green. We're used in California, when the summer comes, to continued dryness and the change in all the verdure. Here, the sum-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 3

mer keeps nature more beautiful than at any other time. We sit and listen to the varying night sounds, and the last call of the vagrant bird; the scream of some fowl upon a nearby pond; the far-distant bark of a dog; and all the myriad sounds which the stillness of night bring to you in muffled musical cadence. We look at the rising moon as it slowly comes above the trees, and the great numbers of fire-flies flitting about the landscape like thousands of ^{Amy} incandescent lamps. Really, we sit there practically until midnight each night, and, thus far, the scene has lost none of its charm for me. I am going to try to get some photographs made from various angles so as to give you an idea of the place. The only real draw-back to me is that Mother has worked herself almost sick, and I don't know how to prevent a continuance of her labor until she has finished. We speak of you each night while we are sitting upon our lawn, and long to have you with us. I am sure, if other conditions were propitious, you could have a complete rest and surcease from care with us here, and I look forward eagerly to the time when you may be a part of it with us.

Last Monday, the President suddenly appeared before the two Houses of Congress and made us a speech about the necessity for a revenue bill. It was his usual dramatic personal presentation of something which could have been disposed of by a word. We were inclined to be a little cynical about the solemnity of his expressions "politics is adjourned", and, "the duty of passing

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 4

the revenue bill so that it might be understood by the business of the country". Two days before, he had presented to the Finance Committee a proposition in which he suggested the passage of the revenue bill by the first day of February next upon certain lines laid down by him. Some of the members of the Finance Committee, as I wrote you, would not agree, and rightly so, upon the terms of a bill to be passed in February, 1919, and so, with his proposition fresh before us, with his suggestion of delaying until next year, the passage of the bill, he came in Monday, protesting the necessity for immediate action. And he gets away with just this sort of stuff every time. I really thought a week ago some way would be found by which this bill would be postponed, in accordance with the President's wishes, but, it is obvious now that the bill is coming up, and that there will be a tremendous fight over it. I welcome the bill and welcome the contest, because, I think both will be a vindication of those of us who made the fight last year to tax heavily war profits. It is unfortunate, of course, that we must stay here during the summer, but, this is not an unmixed evil. I shudder to think of what the administration is doing in this war, and of proceeding without the deterrent influence of congress. Congress can accomplish little or nothing in the matter of constructive legislation. It has lost, it is true, its initiative; but it stands here a constant menace to inefficiency and graft, and a constant spur to our preparations. This is

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enough probably for it to do during this particular period. It is much better for the nation that it should remain in session than that it should take a lengthy summer vacation.

A new incident has transpired here, which illustrates the smallness of some one in the administration. General Wood is the ranking general in our army. Nobody questions his ability, or his patriotism. He has done wonders with new levies of troops in preparing them for service in France. He has been in the black books of the administration ever since the Plattsburg Camp before the war, because of some things then said by Roosevelt, whose very dear friend he is. Wood should have been in France long ago commanding at least a division of our troops. He was sent there for preliminary observation, and, on his return, was rigidly examined by a board of physicians to determine whether he was physically fit. He passed the physical examinations and went to Camp Funston, where he was in command. Last week, upon the orders of the department, he was directed to embark at Hoboken, came on with his troops, and was ready to sail for France. Just as he was about to sail, orders came transferring him to San Francisco, and sent his division on without him. Refusing to send him abroad was a nasty piece of malice, but, bringing him to his very ship, when he was prepared to sail, and then ordering him away, was as cruel a crime as ever was committed in the army. There is considerable indignation over this, but no one dares say a word. This morning, in three or four sentences,

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I expressed my regret that he had not been sent abroad. I did it with exceedingly great care, because, first, I did not wish to affect him, and secondly, not knowing him, and realizing how humiliated he has been, I was not sure how he would take any remarks of mine. I shall wait now a few days and see what transpires, and then, if the time be propitious, I am going to have something more to say upon the subject.

Recently the military committee had its photograph taken upon the steps of the Capitol. Unfortunately, only thirteen were present. I send you one of the photographs. Chamberlain and Hitchcock are men who have been most in the limelight. Chamberlain is, in my opinion, a strong man, and, I think, a very good man. Hitchcock, we may describe as a fairly good man, but not particularly a strong man. Both of them, however, have brought down upon their heads the anathemas of the Democratic Party, because both have been very staunchly Democratic partisans in the past, but have not failed to uncover deficiencies in the present war. Wadsworth is a man of ability, but, with the adamant views of the old standpatter, his head is incapable of entertaining anything at variance with his class-conscious notions. The man half-obscured is Hoke Smith, who was in Cleveland's cabinet, and who, occasionally, is described as "Hocus-pocus" Smith. Number eleven, Weeks, is a very peculiar individual, not without ability, who has become rich as a broker, and who has all of the prejudices attach-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 7

ing to the money-making class of New England, Sutherland, of West Virginia, is a quiet man, and a mighty good fellow - one of my best friends in the senate, I think. McKellar, of Tennessee, is not a brilliant man, but a straight fellow, and I like him. New of Indiana, is the type of Indiana politician, pleasant and affable, whose mind is ever dealing with combinations, and trades, and negotiations, and manipulations, Number thirteen looks like a bar-keeper, and with that particular number, is undoubtedly a "Jonah".

The situation across the water is much more serious than any situation since September, 1914, just prior to the Battle of the Marne. The chances are more than even ^{that the Germans will go through,} although the miracle may again be performed by the French and the Germans ~~will~~ not reach Paris. I asked General March, who is, as you know, the Chief of Staff here, and the ranking military official of the United States, this morning, for his personal view of the drive, and of its consequences. He said he was unable to understand why it had been accomplished; that Hindenburg, with his usual astuteness, had struck at the junction of the British and French lines where always was the weakest spot of allies speaking different languages; but, nevertheless, he was dumbfounded at the advance that had been made. The German advance, as a mere march of a great army, would be a remarkable military feat, but to storm heights against an entrenched

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enemy, and then proceed for the distance that they have in the brief space of five days was most astounding. The General said he stood at Chemin des Dames at the time of the French offensive there, and the thought constantly occurring to him, was - what an ideal place the hills afforded for defense, and how very easy, he thought, they could be held against a vastly superior enemy. He expressed surprise at the number of prisoners taken. Perhaps his attitude may best be indicated by his statement, that those men were there to fight and to kill ~~the~~ Germans, and that they ought to have continued killing ~~the~~ Germans until they, themselves, were killed. If Paris shall be taken, the capital will be removed to Bordeaux, and the armies continue fighting. Of course, this is well enough to say, but, if Paris shall be taken, I fear the effect upon the French, and no one can foresee what may occur in the future. What troubles me about our own boys is that with hundreds of thousands of half-baked and half-trained men, I fear they will be caught like rats in a trap without ability to defend themselves and no opportunity to escape. Each day, the newspapers tell us of the offensive which will at once occur, ^{of} with Foch's strategy, and of the absolute confidence in him, etc., but I am beginning to think there is little that we may expect from this source. The fact is, I don't know what to make of the whole thing unless it is that the French are tired, and weary, and worn out with four years fighting and have lost their old

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spirit. I was disagreeably surprised at the whipping the English were given in the last offensive, but much more disagreeably surprised at the whipping the French have been given in this. And, all the while, there is a smug complacency here in Washington. The people in charge, realizing that their imperial will can not be resisted, and that none dares speak, feed our people optimistic stories daily, and, doubtless, would suppress any newspaper that told a modicum of the truth. I felt pretty blue after our session at the Department this morning, and, of course, I could not help thinking of our own. Art's last letter to me indicates that he probably is in the line during this great drive.

I am waiting anxiously to hear from you and to have you tell me over your own signature how glad you are to be home, and how much better you are feeling. I know this is sure to be the result.

Give my fondest regards to your Father and Mother, please.

Affectionately,

Dad.

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

June 3, 1918.
Monday.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Force,
France.

My dear Arch:

I received on Saturday last your two letters, dated May 10th and 12th, numbers seventeen and eighteen. I read also about more than one hundred sacks of mail from the southern part of the United States being destroyed in France. I wonder if this may account for some of my letters not reaching you. As I said in my last letter to you, I don't know that these letters now written will ever reach you, because they are going to "Army Post Office 714", and I take it, for more than a week now you have been detached from the General Staff College.

The last few days have been hell in France, and, so far as the weather is concerned, hell in Washington. It is a great pleasure not to be cooped up in the hotel during the tremendously hot spell, but to be able to sit under the shade trees in our own yard. Saturday afternoon and Sunday (this is Monday) I sat practically all of the time in the yard, and

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

we ate our dinner under the trees there - just your Mother and myself. Our talk, of course, was of you. I have not attempted to picture to Mother what my imagination has conjured up concerning you and your activities at the present time, but she is beginning to realize that you've probably left the General Staff College. I have told her that your training would be far behind the lines for a month or more, etc. You can imagine how I am longing to have your letters and to know what has transpired at the College. I was hoping against hope that you might get a cable through to me, but I presume this might be considered a breach of discipline, and that, therefore you have not attempted it. If I thought I could accomplish anything, I would wire to Tobin, but we shall have to wait with such patience as we can, until we hear from you.

Judge Van Fleet sent me the other day a copy of the "Chronicle" account of the Hindoo case and the Hindoo killing, and because, you expressed an interest in them, I have cut them out of the paper he sent me and enclose them herein.

Our news from Amy, while a bit more re-assuring, is exceedingly unpleasant to contemplate. She is, undoubtedly, a very sick girl, and, apparently, has ceased the mental pose so necessary in her disease. We hope that her return to pleasant and familiar surroundings may do the work.

I received a letter from Raymond Saturday, also. He says he'll be here in a few days, and when he is, of course, we will

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 3

get hold of him and talk of you. I sent you in my last letter a copy of Lyon's letter but, because of our rotten mail facilities, I enclose you another copy herein.

With all our love,

Affectionately your father,

Hiram W. Johnson

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In Senate, June 4, 1918

My dear Jack:

I'm taking this opportunity, the first I have really had to reply to your recent letter to your mother about your possible entrance into the Military service. Preliminarily, I think I may say I quite understand your feelings; understand not alone your desire honorably to do your part, but the super-sensitiveness which now and then makes your position difficult to endure. I honor you for the sentiments you express - you could not be otherwise, I know. But my last thought occasionally you may feel that your part should be more active, and altho' you may now ^{and} then suffer the hurt of an unjust remark or suggestion, the course you are pursuing is the only one that ought to be pursued, and the only one which would have my full approval and endorsement.

To try first to think of the matter

dispassionately and devoid of sentiment;
there is a law for conscription, administered
presumably in accord with its spirit and
letter by those who know most of its
administration. Under this law and its
administration you are classified in a
particular fashion, which precludes you,
so far as the law is concerned, from
present military activity. Thus from
the legal or academic standpoint, you
should be just as you are, and the
administration of the law, remember, is
not dictated by sentiment or regard for
loved ones at all. In the men in
charge, there is no sentiment, no
regard for women and children, no tender-
ness or love. These conclusions are reached
by the coldest logic, the one consideration
being the welfare of the State; and the
present situation, by which, for the moment
you are exempted, is not dictated by regard
for you or tenderness for your wife or babies,
but solely because the future of the State,
its prosperity and success, demand that the
first to defend the State in wage war in its
honor, shall be those without ties and without
dependents. This brief resume I think

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

demonstrates that not only are you justified legally and ethically in your present position, but that any other would be ⁱⁿ variance with experience and in the larger view less patriotic.

Now, let us take the view which most impresses you and most subtly and insensibly affects both us - the sentimental. Inborn with us all is the peculiar love of adventure, the desire to do something before not done, to explore ^{the} unknown and mysterious. I wouldn't give a rap for a boy who didn't see himself even in his very young days leading armies to victory, performing herculean feats of bravery, overcoming overwhelming odds and finally winning the plaudits and perpetual leadership of a people for whom he had suffered and risked so much. Bye and bye however, as we grow older, this sort of thing which sometimes gives to youth high ideals and ambitions, is forgotten in the stern realities of life, and our imaginative struggles in which while often at death's door and all but defeated, we

were always successful, are replaced by the
very day conflicts, open sordid, in which
sometimes we win and sometimes lose.

But always with the right sort of man, re-
mains something of that unreal imaginative
striving of youth, something that keeps him a
little straighter, a bit more responsive to duty.

Now this thing I think is naturally stirring
in you, and is urging you on. But your
real service, your big duty, lies where? Not
in the trenches today in Europe where one
man is of no consequence, and can but account
for one man. Your duty, omitting yourself, is
to three others, (I speak not of your mother
or myself, altho we should be counted as
well) and if that duty can be performed
only by doing as you are, while at the
same time you are not in the least
recrunt to your duty to the Nation, it
seems to me clear you should remain
in your class until your country calls.

Because you feel somebody may criticize, or because
you shrink from a chance remark about not
being in military service, you should neglect those two
babes or forget your wife, ^{and} should in consequence go to
the front, the motive actuating and driving you
would be as sordid and as irresponsible as the

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

pretense of the present day patrioteer. To
serve in some capacity other than a real
fighting one, would be in reality yielding to
fear of criticism, as unjust as it is cruel.

I can't argue to you more, son.
Don't, I plead, do anything until we can
talk the whole matter over. It goes without
saying that in any fashion, I'll do anything
you might want; and that if you should go
away, Mother and I would never permit the
kiddies to be any where but with us. Don't
talk of this matter even until your thirty
first birthday is passed. Above all, don't let
a false sentiment hurt you or a chance
word wound.

Goodbye lad. I've just a telegram
that Livingston Baker has been killed at Poggia,
Italy. Closer and closer comes this grim thing.
Affectionately,
Dad.

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 4, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I have received this morning your fine, long letter of May 29th. It makes many things plain to me. I have not responded to McClatchy's long letters and I will take my time doing it. I forgot to tell you that last Friday, when I returned to the office, I found Dunham's card here. He had called, and told Havenner that he was quite anxious to see me and talk somewhat about politics in California. He had to leave on the noon train, however, and did not see me. I have received a long letter from Tibbitts, but I have not had a chance to study it yet. You are quite right. V. S. has an obsession on flood control. It is an obsession of a life time. It is like the obsession of David Lubin with reference to international farmers' institutes. I have unusual patience with each obsession, because they are semi-philanthropic, and each man has devoted an immense amount of time, labor, and money in the endeavor to do public good. I have dealt with McClatchy, therefore, as generously as I knew how, first, because he has been very friendly to me, and, secondly, because the subject matter was the one, great, unselfish thing in his life.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

I note from your letter this morning that you have sent Mother a remembrance for her birthday. It has not arrived with the letter. I presume it will today or tomorrow. Mother has almost worked herself to death with the house. We have not made much progress since we got in - a week ago Sunday.

I was perhaps unduly insistent on begging you not to get into any personal controversy, but it would be so easy for those people who are on the other side to turn their batteries on you, and then, I would be hysterically insane. I wanted you to avoid the possibility of this situation. I am hoping each day for good news of Amy. Your letter indicates this morning that she is making slow progress. I hope it will begin to be rapid now.

With love to the kiddies, and to Amy.

Affectionately,



GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 7, 1918.

NUMBER TWENTY - FIVE

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Force,
France.

My dear Arch:

The day before yesterday, June 5th, I received your
cable dated June 4th, as follows:

"June 4 1918

"France
"Senator Hiram W Johnson
United States Senate
Washington D C

"Course finished Favorably recommended Love
Johnson "

This morning I have received your two letters dated
May 20th, 1918, and May 16th, 1918; and I have also re-
ceived your letter to your Mother, which I am carrying
home to her tonight. I do not quite know what your cable-
gram means, but "favorably recommended" is gratifying and
re-assuring. I don't know for what you are "favorably rec-
ommended", but it is infinitely better that you should be
"favorably recommended", than unfavorably recommended, or
not recommended at all. So, I rest content because of the

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

hopefulness of the message until definitely I hear from you. Another thing that of course is perplexing is that I don't know when the cablegram was sent. I presume it must have been as much as ten days or two weeks before June 4th, although at the time I cabled you through Tobin, it was only ten days from the time I sent my cable until the answer returned. On talking here, however, with the officials, I have learned that such cables as these are sent only at the odd moments when the lines may not be busy, and that they may be held, as you suggest in one of your letters I've received, indefinitely. If I am right in my computations, some two weeks ago you finished your course, and for two weeks or more, upon a "favorable recommendation", you have been somewhere near or in this battle. I am waiting most anxiously to hear from you in this.

I note your constant reference to Lyon, and, for that reason, I have twice sent you copy of the letter that he wrote to me. I do not enclose another copy of it, but he intimated in the letter, if you have not received the copies, that he expected you to be with him. Raymond, however, as I understand his recent letter, will be here in a short time now, and then we can determine all about everything.

I am writing this on Friday. Saturday morning, as you know, we have our regular seance with the War Department, when they give us such information as they have about operations upon the western front. The information at best is meager, but we are so intensely wrought up over the present situation that

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 3

any news, or even the repetition of old news, is eagerly sought. On the 5th of June, we registered all the young men who had become twenty-one since the last registration. These men hereafter, in military circles, will be known as "The class of 1918". There is a growing sentiment here for a tremendously large army, and, while, personally, I would be willing to leave this to the discretion of the Secretary of War and the President, every individual who wants a little cheap notoriety, and who wishes to be called "ultra-patriotic" is trying himself to fix the number at five million, or even ten million men. The fact is, we'll have an army of trained men, and partially trained men, by the end of this year equalling three million. These will be constantly increased if the war continues, and the plan of the Department for an army of three million men by December, with its increase gradually next year, seems to me the logical and the sane plan. Certainly our numbers ought to be enough to turn the scale if our allies can hold the lines until next year. The stories of what our boys are doing in France, if accurately reported, reflect the highest credit and honor upon them. We have our irritations here in the matter of preparation, and, sometimes, they drive us nearly mad with inefficiency and pig-headed ignorance; but gradually, the thing is being straightened out, and by next spring, our war machine will be, I believe, not only remarkably strong in

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 4

man power, but skilled and thoroughly equipped. I must confess that at present there is much we would wish for in equipment, etc.

I had a sad telegram from Marion Baker the day before yesterday that Livingston Baker had been killed at Foggia, Italy, which brought this unfortunate thing pretty close to us. I wired at once for your Mother and myself and Mother wrote her. I have no details at all, but I do hope I may be of some service to the family in their time of trial.

I will try to write you at home on Sunday a letter of more or less gossip. I am writing you now because I wanted to acknowledge receipt of your two welcome letters that came this morning and your cablegram, which it was mighty good of you to send, and your Mother and I appreciated it beyond words.

I am still directing your letters to Army Post Office 714, and will do so until you tell us to change.

With all our love.

Affectionately your father,

A handwritten signature in brown ink, reading "Hiram W. Johnson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 8, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
Care of P. E. Bowles, Esq.,
The Pines,
Union and McAdam Streets,
Oakland, California.

My dear Daughter:

During the past week we have been in the attitude of "watchful waiting" here, and to those of us with any adequate conception of what the recent drive and the present battle in France mean, it has been a period of waiting and watching with anxiety and dread. The bright spot in what we have read of the battle with the Germans has been the conduct of the American troops. Naturally, our pride is gratified that our countrymen, when put to the test - and put to the test under adverse circumstances, have proven themselves worthy and valiant sons of the Republic. At this morning's session with the War Department, the officers read to us with obvious, but pardonable, pride, dispatches from Pershing, and then, translations of French dispatches concerning the bearing and the activity of American soldiers in the great battle. It happened, more by chance than otherwise, that, at the particular places where the Germans attempted to cross the Marne, American machine gun battalions were located, and at each attempt that was made by the Ger-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

mans, they fought with the coolness and valor of veterans, and repulsed every assault. The French spoke of them fighting side by side with the French colonial troops and turning the day, indeed, with their precision as marksmen and their stubborn resistance. We have parts of seven divisions now fighting at the front, substantially, about one hundred and fifty thousand men. An interesting thing, which has been told us, is that the French and American censorship have followed closely the comments of French soldiers, who have been side by side with the Americans, to ascertain just exactly what was the daily relationship, and how the new men were regarded. The proportion was about six to one of favorable comment. A typical comment was that the Americans were good-natured, easy to get along with, good fellows, but that the French had difficulty fraternizing or going about with them because Americans had too much money and thought nothing of spending a dollar. This reminded one of the Senators present of the tale, which he related, of the Scotchman telling of his wonderful visit to London but of its extraordinary expense. The Scotchman said: "I had not been in London more than two hours before it had cost me six pence." Our precarious situation abroad is shown by the ordnance which is received by our men and distributed among their various units. You know, owing to our silly attempt to improve upon the French 75, we are far behind in the manufacture of these guns,

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 3

and our troops abroad are supplied wholly by the French Government. We are sending so many men over, that to give them the necessary number of guns is quite a strain upon France, but one, apparently, which, in the absence of adverse circumstances, she can meet. A very large number of these guns are essential for distribution during the month of June, because of the greatly increased troops we are sending over. These guns are manufactured in various great ordnance depots north of Paris. If the Germans shall advance across the Marne, and but a short distance further, they will be able to shell these manufactories, and stop cannon production. If they cease gun production, then our men will be without the requisite equipment and we'll find a large part of our army, in case the Germans continue to advance, almost defenceless. It was admitted to us today that the situation was extremely serious, but most of our people here are inclined to brush it aside by saying that the Germans will not be able to cross the Marne and will not be able to advance further toward Paris. Had I heard less of this sort of prognostication before the March drive and before the recent one, I would have much more confidence.

Yesterday, we got our additional carpets laid at the house, and, for the first time, I felt that the house is approaching completion interiorly. Exterioerly, Mother's white paint has made it the most beautiful structure, in my opinion, either

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 4

in or out of Washington. I have no doubt that if Mother had the requisite funds she would accomplish like results within. As it is, she is going to have a habitation of which I shall be very proud, and which, I know I shall enjoy. I have enjoyed it, thus far, with its many disadvantages. With most of these disadvantages eliminated, the enjoyment will be all the keener. We installed, as well, yesterday, a new pump, and this ought to solve some of the difficulties we have had with our water supply. Last night, the three main rooms downstairs which open into each other, I opened, and turned on the full number of lights - and there are very many of them in each - and then, I went from room to room noting the effect, and, really I think the three rooms thus swung open are as charming as any I have ever been in - excepting, of course, the quarters of those who are very, very wealthy. The yard has been my chief enjoyment during the week. On one side of these three rooms upon the lower floor is a tremendously large room, which probably will seldom be utilized by us. I did think I might use it for gatherings for playing cards, and the like, but, it has in it tremendous mirrors, probably eight feet wide, and extending from the floor to the ceiling. I laughed as I thought of putting some of our suspicious friends in such a room to play cards. I have tried this week also going out on the street cars. Last night, I went out on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I think these modes of transportation will remedy any possibilities which a

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 5

heavy, disagreeable winter may bring. The supposed inaccessibility of the place is banished. It takes me twenty minutes from the Senate Office Building to go home, and there is hardly a Senator here, who can reach his own home, situated in the City of Washington in less time. We still have one very serious thing, and that is, the purity of our water supply. I've had one examination made scientifically which brought me a wholly unsatisfactory report. I am going to have the well thoroughly cleaned, and everything done which can be done to remedy this defect. I have not for many years drank any hydrant water at all, so that I am following the course that I have followed for almost twenty years now in the matter of drinking water at home, - and the one thing which might drive us from the house is an impure water supply.

While Mother was fixing the house recently she gave me quite a temporary fright. There were certain men, who were working for her, whose wages became due, and, not knowing the amounts, Mother asked me for checks signed in blank. I signed three checks in blank, and she utilized two of them, but the third, she was unable to use, because at the instant, the amount to be inserted was unascertainable. Immediately thereafter, while shopping in Washington, she lost this signed check of mine, which had upon it, neither the amount, nor the name of the payee. When she told me of this loss, I had a fine fright. Some rogue could have filled in that check for my entire bank account, which, while not large, looms enormous to me, and it I

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 6

would probably have been remediless. The joke on me is, that we resorted, after stopping all checks signed by me, to the expedient of turning the account over to Mother, and, since the loss of the signed check, I have drawn no checks at all, and Mother draws them with a grace and a facility you may readily imagine. So, temporarily, I have lost my bank account, and when I want any funds, I have to be good and ask for them.

The Senate has been agitated during the past week by Underwood's new rule, under which debate will be limited to one hour upon any bill or resolution, and upon any amendment to a bill or resolution, to twenty minutes. Generally speaking, I would favor a curtailment of debate, but in this instance, I am very bitterly opposed to it. There is only one forum in the United States today where there is full, and free, and unlimited discussion, and that is, the United States Senate. The privilege, I grant, is often abused, and I have no doubt that those who follow the proceedings in the Senate, as well as the members of that body, grow irritated and disgusted with the time occupied often in apparently useless and pointless ^{speeches} subjects. Nevertheless, since I've been here, I have gradually come to the conclusion that it is a very wise thing in the Republic to have one place where members, who presumably represent the people, may express their views as they see fit, and as long as they desire, and who are untrammelled

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 7

by the usual rules of debating societies or large public bodies. There is a cloture rule in effect, which may be invoked at any time, and which prevents filibustering. The present rule is designed for the war alone, and its purpose, in my opinion, is to prevent full discussion and to rush through, as the administration has not been able in the past to do, drastic laws which, at the time of their introduction, are little understood. We have a cowed press today, a cowed people, and a more or less cowed Congress. If there ever was a time in the history of the Republic, when there should be no limitations upon discussion by the representatives of this democracy, the time is now at hand. We have transmuted our Government. The tremendous changes which have been effected in the past year, we, who have made them, little understand, and the people, understand them not at all. We have developed a querulous and an impatient autocracy; querulous at disagreement and impatient of criticism - an autocracy, too, which views, with but thinly veiled contempt, the popular branch of our Government. These is but one thing needed now to make it absolute, and that is, to destroy the power of disagreement, and the right of free criticism; and, inasmuch as there is only one place in the Nation - the United States Senate - where a few men yet may disagree and yet do not fear to criticize, if the United States Senate's power can be destroyed, disagreement and criticism will be wholly eliminated. I shall oppose the amend-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 8

ment to the rules upon the theory I have sketchily expressed to you. I think the time will come, and not far in the future, when the Senate, with all its faults, and foibles, and cowardice, and paltry truckling will be the only place which may safeguard and save our democracy, and I want nothing which may hamper the few men who are there today, who have real vision and understanding. Again, I think the rule is the entering wedge; that if today we limit debate to an hour on a bill and twenty minutes on an amendment, six months from today, when the war has grown fiercer and we are even more hysterical than at present, debate will be limited to half an hour on a bill and ten minutes on an amendment; and then, it will be a short step to moving the previous question by the majority in control, and this, as you know, cuts off the debate of any kind or character and requires an immediate vote upon the proposition before the body. I am so sorry that I have been unable to make those on our side of the Chamber, who are progressive in sentiment, understand the danger confronting us. They are likely to vote for the rule, and ~~for voting~~ for it upon a theory which is understandable and pardonable - delays and the uninteresting and pointless long speeches which they have in part listened to in the past.

I received a cablegram from Arch three days ago in which he said that his course was finished and he had been favorably recommended. I don't understand what he means by "favorably rec-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 9

ommended", but the phrase is hopeful and encouraging. It was far better to read this than that he had either failed or that he had been unfavorably recommended. His cable, undoubtedly, had taken ten days or more in getting to me, and, where he is, or what he is doing in these days, we don't know. His Mother received last night a birthday note from him, and it was so sweet and so tender, we were both deeply affected. With your brother at the front, and with Art there, this awful bloody thing is coming closer and closer to us. May our boys be safe and kept safe!

Inasmuch as this is a sort of chronicle of things occurring here, more or less historical, in which I am interested, (although often I fear their relation may be boresome to you) I want to tell you a word about the new revenue bill, and how the present attitude of the administration wholly justifies the position I took last year. You may recall how insistent a little minority in the Senate were upon the heavy taxation of war profits, and how we demanded, day after day, for many months here, that those who coined this war into money should bear the greatest burden of taxation for maintaining the war. We were scoffed at, and jeered, and called "anarchists" and "pro-German" by the New York press, and the administration ran its steam-roller over us. I wrote at the time that the design of those who had the bill in charge was to enable last year's tremendous war profits to go into the coffers of the various corporations, instead of compelling them to contribute their just por-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 10

tion of the expenses of this conflict. We have evidently aroused a tremendous public sentiment. The President, in his recent speech, broke his silence of last year, and took a position entirely the opposite of that which the administration then maintained, and said of the taxes we should levy this year:

"We shall naturally turn therefore, I suppose, to war profits, and incomes, and luxuries for the additional taxes. * * * If lobbyists hurry to Washington to attempt to turn what you do in the matter of taxation to their protection or advantage, the light will be also upon them. There is abundant fuel for the light in the records of the Treasury with regard to profits of every sort. Profiteering that can not be got at by the restraints of conscience and love of country can be got at by taxation. There is such profiteering now and the information with regard to it is available and indisputable."

How different now from the bitter struggle of last year, when a few of us were asserting these things and demanding this mode of taxation, when our assertions and demands were met with abuse, and contumely, and scorn. Yesterday, Mr. McAdoo wrote to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and he said:

"The existing excess profits tax " (mind you, this is McAdoo's last year's tax, which we opposed) "does not always reach war profits. The rates of excess profits taxes are graduated, and the maximum is 60 per cent. In Great Britain, there is a flat rate of 80 per cent on all war profits. * * * The one sure way is to tax away the excess profits when they have been realized. * * * The Government should take back in taxation all profits above a reasonable reward. Under existing law that does not happen, because the rates are not high enough, and can not successfully be made high enough, since the test now is not how much of the profits are due to the

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 11

"war but what relation the profits bear to the capital invested. A company with a swollen capital and huge war profits escapes. "

How very natural all this sounds to one who spoke it almost a year ago, and how very unnatural it reads in the published expression of one who opposed it then! What a marvelous thing that Mr. McAdoo has discovered that Great Britain takes 80 per cent of her war profits, and how fortunate for the country that he has just learned this fact, upon which we harped for three months last year. Unless I grow sick or tongue tied between now and when the revenue bill shall come up, I shall, I think, have some little amusement.

I have been expecting today a letter telling me about you and your improvement. The last word I had was bully, and I've been looking for very rapid strides now. You have got to do the mental pulling, also, and if you will, everything will be all right so much more quickly.

With fondest regards to your Mother and Father,

Affectionately,

Did

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 8, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

Yesterday came your package for Mother. I wanted you to know this so that you would be sure of its arrival. I have hidden it at the office and shall take it out with me on her birthday.

I have written Amy quite at length and there is nothing of news to add to what I have said to her. I find myself, in writing to her, using the personal pronoun so much as if I were talking, as I am, of things occurring here which interest me. My life is so confined to my official work that I have little else to talk about. I fear this constant personal reference may pall upon her and that the letters are hardly worth while; however, they are the endeavor of a very sympathetic heart here to contribute a little something to relieve the monotony of her horrid sickness.

What a funny rotten experience I had recently with Connolly! He and several other grocers, who were attending some convention, called me out of the Senate

Hiram W. Johnson Jr., - 2*

one day and our talk was so casual that we did not even sit down. In the course of it, very quickly we chatted about California, San Francisco and matters of interest there and I made many of the remarks that he attributes to me. The unfortunate thing is that while literally some of those remarks were made, the context might havewholly altered the impression they alone convey. For instance, I did say that Mooney and Oxman were of a piece and ought to be thrown in the Bay, but I added, as well, that no man, even so rotten as one as Mooney, should be hanged upon an Oxman's testimony. So it was with many of the other things stated.

I received a telegram from Older asking if I had made the particular remark about the Mooney Case and I replied that I could not deny it because, in the course of casual conversation, something of that sort had been uttered. To have taken Connolly's interview and explain it would have required so much space and the explanation would have been the exceedingly difficult one always demanded by half truths. I let the thing slide, therefore, with a sharp note to Connolly expressing to him my opinion of him.

The thing that irritated me most was that this damned scrub thought it necessary for me to express my views to the people of California through him. He evidently conceived the idea that I was unable adequately to tell the people of California my opinions and, with a charitable and kindly intention, he undertook to do them and me the favor.

Older was sore about what I said of the Mooney

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 3.

Case and he wrote me that the advocates of both Stephens and Heney were sore.

I was sore at Connolly and, when Connolly gets my note, he will be sore at me. So the incident has been productive of many sores and has pulled off some scabs.

It is late Saturday afternoon now and it is with real pleasure I contemplate going home.

I tried the other day to write you from the Senate Chamber a letter in response to your recent one to your Mother, but I could not do it, Lad. I could only say to you, don't do anything until we have the opportunity to talk together about it.

I presume you noticed Crowder's order made yesterday. For fear you may not have it, I enclose you newspaper clipping of it. Watch yourself carefully. I cannot conceive that you will have any difficulty but I will not rest easy now until everything, apparently, is all right with you again.

With all love to Amy and the kids and yourself,

Affectionately,

Dad

C O P Y

Washington, June 3, 1918.

Frank Connolly, Secretary,
Retail Grocers' Association,
Shelden Building,
San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

I have been astounded to read in various papers an interview you have purported to give of what you claim I said to you in our conversation in Washington. For any individual to repeat in a newspaper a private conversation he has had with another is of itself bad enough, but to misquote that one, and indulge in half-truths is infinitely worse. I am unable to understand the ethics by which an individual runs to a newspaper with a casual, private conversation, and garbles and distorts what was privately said to him.

Yours very truly,

(Sgd.) Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 11, 1918.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

My dear Arch:

Your letter to your Mother for her birthday reached us. We read it together night before last. I need not tell you how we appreciated its sweetness and its tenderness and how deeply we were both affected. Personally, my boy, I was very proud of your letter to your Mother and while it gave her some hours of anguish in thinking of our separation from you, it was a sweet anguish after all because of the spirit of your note and the real heart there was in it.

I received, today, your letter of May 27th, written apparently on the last day of your course. Since then I have received your cablegram, as I have written you twice, that you had been favorably recommended. Our thoughts in these days of this terrible battle I need not attempt to describe to you - how we pray for victory and how the overpowering thought in it all is of our own.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2.

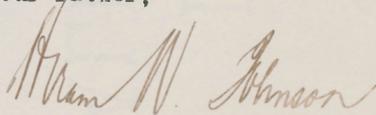
It seems so futile to be writing you today while this battle is going on. If this letter ever reaches you, it should reach you either in the full flush of victory or after the Hun has broken through.

It is quite impossible to gossip of the smaller things of our lives under the circumstances. I intended to write you a letter filled with detail from our California home and of our activities in Washington, but I am going to postpone it for a day or two until we shall have some definite knowledge of the result of the present drive.

On this, Mother's birthday, I am sending you more than the usual fervent affection which always goes with our letters. We are no longer young, my boy, and our lives more and more in the future will be lived in the lives of our children. I am constantly reminded of this fact, and, although Mother, I think, does not realize it because of her energy and activity, still, as the days go by, we both realize more acutely the inevitable changes of time.

With all our love,

Affectionately your Father,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Hiram W. Johnson". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "Affectionately your Father,".

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 14, 1918.
Friday.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Force,
France.

My dear Arch:

Raymond suddenly arrived yesterday. I had fifteen minutes talk with him at four o'clock, just before we began to vote upon an important matter in the senate. The orders have come for him and his General to go over seas. Just when they will go is wholly uncertain, but it can not be very long. The division consists, as you doubtless are aware, of newly drafted men. As I understood Raymond, there are four staff officers to be selected by the General. The Chief of Staff, Raymond said, was a very excellent man, whose name he did not give me, but whose name I will get this afternoon and send to you. The General would be delighted to select you as one of the members of the staff and is making preparations to do so. I explained to Raymond that, of course, I would be delighted if you were with him and the General, but I did not know exactly what your situation was at present, and I was awaiting news from you. Raymond is the same dear boy that we knew in

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

California, but, with his added responsibilities as a Captain, he has altered somewhat his face by a regular red Irish moustache. It doesn't become him at all, but it does give him a less effeminate appearance. Your Mother and I are going to meet him at four o'clock this afternoon, and then, I'll get from him exact detail, which, in our hurried conversation of yesterday, I did not obtain. Indeed, I may not have ^{been} wholly accurate what I have written above, but I will follow this letter with one, which will, with exactness, recite what Raymond says.

I want to explain to you that a couple of weeks ago, in a few very mild, respectful sentences, I expressed my regret that General Wood had not been permitted to go to France. Yesterday, in speaking upon the attempt to amend the rules of the senate, so as to preclude lengthy debate, I spoke somewhat in detail of General Wood. I purposely refrain from writing opinions to you or from going into detail concerning incidents. I thus refrain because it has come to me by "grape-vine telegraph" that Wood was halted at the ship's side and ordered to the west, when he had made all preparations for departure, because of the expressed desire from our commander abroad. Whether the statement is true, I don't know, but the incident is one of which you should know nothing, and which you should not discuss.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 3

I wrote Marion a letter the other day, sending her a communication of the department to me concerning the removal of her brother's body. I felt awfully sorry for her and for her Mother, and tried to express my sympathy, and tried, as well, to be of some little service to her here. The war is coming closer and closer, my boy. I am longing to get to the other side, but I doubt that it will be possible. I wish there was some place for old men in this fight. I wish it for myself, because of the intensity of my feeling in the war now, and I wish it for certain others in high official position, who spend their time in political profiteering and in patrioteering. I'd like to sentence every one of these insincere patriots, who are always braying, to positions in the front line of trenches. I hope to see Kenyon Joyce with Raymond this afternoon, and, tomorrow, I shall write you what both of them say. I am still sending my letters to "Army Post Office 714". I presume your new address you will give me in your next letter. By the way, your last letter was dated the twenty-seventh day of May, and reached us the eleventh day of June, in the shortest time of any letter that you have sent us. Keep in mind that I write you at least twice a week, and if you don't receive my letters, it is not because they have not been written, and it is not because our thoughts are not always with you. Our news from Amy is not re-assuring.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 4

The worst thing about our separation from you is that we are utterly unable to follow you. If I knew you were at a certain place, performing a certain duty, there would be some little relief in the intensity of our waiting, but I go through the whole line, reading every scrap of every attack, and try to speculate upon your location and your activities, but with the feeling that I am very wide of the mark. Wherever you are, I know you are doing your part, and doing it, as I would have my son do it, and wherever you are, I am with you.

Affectionately your father,

Hiram W. Johnson

Mrs. Amy Johnson -2

tuitously his services to the Government ever since the draft went into execution. He has had a long and bitter fight with the Los Angeles Times. Perhaps it was that fight which brought us finally together. The Knights of Columbus have undertaken war work exactly as the Y. M. C.A. They have collected enormous sums of money, and have done an immense amount of work for the entertainment, instruction, care, and comfort of the Catholic boys in the Army. Scott was recently selected, because of his prominence in Catholic circles, to go abroad as the representative of the Knights of Columbus to the different countries where they have established camps, and generally to over see and supervise the work, lecture to the soldiers, etc. He applied for a passport and then the trouble came. I was first advised by wire that his passport was being held up, and since, I have been nagging at the department to ascertain the cause. They have all been very mysterious, and finally referred me to the Secretary of State himself. I made an appointment this morning with the Secretary of State, and we interviewed him. Scott's passport, apparently, was held up because he was connected once with a moving picture show in Los Angeles, in which he had no financial interest, but he undertook the presidency of it in order that clients of his might realize something of the indebtedness due them. The picture was "The Spirit of 1776" and was under the direction of an unreliable fellow, named Goldstein.

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Mrs. Amy Johnson -3

The authorities, including the representative of the British Government in Los Angeles, viewed the picture and passed it, but, after they had passed it, Goldstein stuck on another scene, very brief, which depicted the cruelty of British soldiers during the revolution. For this, Goldstein was arrested under the Espionage Law, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in prison. Immediately upon ascertaining that Goldstein had added to the picture, Scott withdrew from any participation in the company which owned it. The awful offense of depicting incidents of the revolutionary war ~~was~~ committed by Goldstein, and he is serving his time now for that horrible crime; but somebody protested to the United States Government ^{against} ~~about~~ giving Scott a passport, because his name once had been connected with the film organization, which, without his knowledge or consent, had shown some historical incidents of our revolution. I confess, while this charge was being stated by the great Secretary of State of the United States this morning, it was almost impossible for me to restrain myself. Phelan was present, and I asked him afterwards, if he had a history of the United States at his home, and he, believing the query was seriously made, answered immediately that he had. I told him I would swear out a warrant for his arrest tomorrow under the Espionage Law, that he ought to be prosecuted, just as we all ought to be prosecuted if we permitted ourselves or our children ever again to read the story of the revolutionary war. I think Scott will get

Mrs. Amy Johnson- 4

his passport ultimately, and the only reason I relate the incident is because it corroborates some of the things I have recently been saying.

I turn to lighter matters now for a moment. Mother has written you that we have a little kitten. It was no bigger than a ball of yarn when it was first brought to us by Jimmy Montague, and his friend Watson. They wanted to give us something when we went into our new house, and so, they made arrangements at Philadelphia, where the greatest "cattery" of the Nation is situated, for a pedigreed Persian kitten. They had it brought down on the train, they met the car, and Watson put it under his coat, and they brought it to the Washington Hotel about one month and a half ago. We kept it in the hotel until we got out to the house, and then took it with us, of course. But the astonishing thing is how this little kitten has crept under the skin of both Mother and myself. I never liked cats of any sort, and I was filled with dismay when the boys brought this one. She seems to be different from any of the feline species I have ever before seen. She plays all the time, and, singularly enough, she seems to have acquired a real affection for a big, severe fat man. While I read, sitting in the yard, she perches on my shoulder and for hours at the time, will quietly sit on my shoulder just like a parrot, either watching all that is transpiring or quietly sleeping. The interest that we have in this kitten seems perfectly silly, but neither of us would know what to do without her now.

Mrs. Amy Johnson- 5

From a mere puff ball, she is developing gradually, and we have watched her, with extraordinary effort, climb on or over the rung of a chair, until now she can jump from the floor to my knee, and from my knee to my shoulder. How perfectly ridiculous that I should be writing you upon such a subject but "the Princess" is such an intimate part of our lives now that a letter at this time would be incomplete without some reference to her.

There was little new that we learned from the department this morning. The situation is very serious still. We are rushing men across and up until today have in France, or en route, 842,000 men. Our percentage of fighting men, because we have been sending over so many, has increased, and is now a little over sixty per cent. Just today, apparently, conditions are a little better, but everybody is on tenter-hooks and there is no feeling of certainty of assurance concerning the future. We were definitely advised this morning that the German man-power on the western front exceeds that of the entente by forty one divisions- something between three hundred and four hundred thousand men, and that the Germans have a superiority in guns. In the three recent drives, Berlin claims to have taken 185,000 prisoners, and 2250 guns. This claim of Berlin is not perhaps very greatly exaggerated. The seriousness of what has happened to us, therefore, in these three last drives, may be understood. The worst thing employed by the Germans now is mustard gas - a gas which stays upon the ground for a long period of time, and which is of

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 6

such horrid character that it eats through the clothes and causes very great suffering. They have learned how finally to put this in very large shells and to throw these shells far behind the line of their adversaries. The result is that when they can drive the soldiers from a trench or fortified position there is either a wholesale rout through the gas or those who are drawn out of the trenches are shot down or captured.

Our military committee has been making some investigations into gas, its production, etc., but all that has been adduced is so very confidential that I dare not put any of the disclosures upon paper. There is a possibility quietly being discussed, which has nothing to do with the testimony developed before the military committee, or the statements made to it, concerning the dropping of gas from aeroplanes, and it may be that the future holds even greater horrors in this war. Your imagination will not need to run riot to picture what might happen if a fleet of aeroplanes should drop poisonous gases that clung to the ground in thickly populated cities.

I took up the Wood matter again in the debate upon the restriction of the senate rules, and really scored something of a success. I did not, by any means, say all that might have been said, nor did I disclose much that has come to me, but I tried to tell the story through newspaper clippings, Taft, and the like, so that the statements of fact would not emanate from me. I was compelled to withhold a great deal that has been asserted to me. With it all, however, judging from the letters I have

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reverdale, Maryland, At Home, June 16, 1918.

My dear Arch:

Sunday afternoon at home - a really pleasant day in the house, which now is no longer either novel or experimental with us, a lazy day, in which instinctively my thoughts have turned to you. I have just finished with all the Sunday papers on the lawn, which constitutes our spacious back yard, and while Mother is dressing, I'm in the up stairs sitting room writing you. I have run through the Washington "Post," the New York "Times," "World," "Tribune" and even the "American" and the Sunday edition of the Washington "Star". My, but they're the awful, even though not intellectually satisfying. I've read all the accounts of the Western front operations, and all the far seeing, omnipotent and knowledge monopolizing war correspondents from Maurice to Symonds. The maps have been carefully scrutinized and I now understand, as of course who couldn't

after perusing the mysterious inside information
of the special writers, just what the last
German offensive intended, how it failed, and
the reason now for the lull and where and
when it will again begin. Today too, brings
us the news of the commencement of
an Austrian offensive against Italy, all
of the despatches, writing in saying it
has accomplished and will accomplish
nothing. With all my reading and
studying, there's one predominant thought
in my background - where is my brave
lad, and what is he doing? I'm entirely
at sea about your activities and my
visions of you are perplexing and con-
stantly shifting. If I am thus thinking
how many other fond parents in America
are straining toward France this day!
And as time passes and this thing is
becoming greater and greater for us, as we
dimly see now its limitless contingencies
and possibilities, and as its end and in-
sight vanishes in mystery, as the future
looks so uncertain, parents and others here
with dear ones there, may be pardoned their
anxiety. We can only while swelling with
pride for our boys, wait and hope and pray.

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

We took tea with Raymond late Friday afternoon. I repeat now what he said about the General and the General's intentions. His chief of staff is a Colonel named Hodges, described by Raymond echoing the General's words as a splendid soldier, a graduate of West Point, and a fine character. The General had three men who were to be upon his staff who have gone to General Staff College. He does not know whether they will be returned to his Division or not but he expects they will. He thinks he is entitled to a fourth staff officer and he has asked for it and has named you. This necessitates a transfer from your Division the 40th to the General's new one the 31st I think. This transfer he seems to think will not be difficult because General Young he believes will readily consent and that I might assist. Of course, I'll do nothing until I hear from you. Raymond told us the 40th Division would go abroad

the middle of August and the general's new one in September. The larger part of the new division will be composed of newly drafted men, who will have May and August for preparation here. At first Raymond thought inasmuch as their orders for overseas had come, they would go at once, but he has wavered otherwise. When I hear from you, I'll take the matter up again, but of course will not move until you give the word.

Today marks the beginning of the fourth week in our new quarters. I've no desire to go into Washington, once I get home. Not even the movies can longer allure me. Last Monday because we gave our cook a day off, we took dinner in town and saw Griffith's new picture "Hearts of the World", many of the scenes of which were taken in France. It's a gripping portrayal of the War but wrings one's heart at times. Of course, the conventional ending, in victory against the Hun, and reunion of the girl and her soldier sweetheart relieve the tension somewhat. The President and Mrs. Wilson were there the opening night when we attended. I don't understand

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

how he gets time for all his recreation. It's not infrequent that we see Cronstedt that he has played golf in the morning, motored in the afternoon and attended the theater at night. He's psychologically the most wonderful study I have ever encountered.

I had a call recently from Col. Whitney whom you knew in San Francisco. He was made a General last August, duly confirmed and entered upon his duties at one of the Cantonments. Suddenly, without warning, he was demoted, removed from his post and set back to his rank of Colonel. He can get no hearing and has had no trial. He was removed doubtless upon some inspectors report, but he had never had a chance to face his accuser or answer the accusation. I felt very sorry at his recital and am anxious to aid him that is to get a fair hearing, but I am as impotent as he is.

I notice also that Hunter Leggett colonel

you know in California is really in command
of our forces in France. The newspapers
recently have been filled with eulogy and
panegyrics concerning him. I wonder if he
will forget his old California acquaintances,
or whether the newspapers in a foreign
land will make him like McCormick's
distinguished friend.

Cal O'Laughlin left for France the other
day. He's a Major in the Ordnance Dept
and a very good friend of your mother and
myself. He gave me some letters for you,
you'll remember. He's a very clever news-
paper man, used in very conventional by
play, a little greater in promise than in
performance, but a mighty good companionable
fellow. Mosher read him your first letter
and he is the man who lately kept us advised
while you were on the Plain.

Stanley Washburn, also a Major, but in
the Intelligence Department, is now in France.
A strange eerie personality is his, but at
core a fine high character. Don't hesitate
to go to him if you get near him.

Lewis is but a Captain but hoped to be
promoted to a major, was very sore he didn't
receive it in the first instance. He's somewhat on the

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Intelligence Department, too.

In the New York Times pictorial, today, there was a picture of the Y.M.C.A. workers in France and there staring me in the face, was Frank Benson of San Jose. You'll remember he was one of the leading lawyers of Santa Clara County and one of our staunch loyal State Senators in California.

We've had some rather funny experiences in this old house. It used to be the "Baltimore Club" or the Lord Baltimore Club, and now and then a gay party drives up to the door and requests accommodations. While the proprietor of the place insists it was always a decorous and respectable inn, some of the roystering young of both sexes who have come pinging to the front door, have made me suspect our landlord, the owner, may not have been cognizant of all that transpired here. I've been trying to think of the different kind of signs I might put up warning chickens and birds of prey away from the

premises. Just now a young gentleman who described himself as an architect interested in old houses, is down stairs going through the various rooms. I presume he is what he represents himself to be but we are so infested now with secret service men that I shouldn't be surprised if he were of that ilk. However, I treat him at face value, having nothing that the world might not see, and let him do as he desires. War is the breeding place of suspicion and credulity; and more and more we are beginning to realize that there are more horrors to it than those of the battlefield.

We're getting a real army in France now. General March told the newspapers yesterday we had over 800,000 men there and en route now and soon would have a million. The crazy men here are lacking of all sorts of fantastic numbers, but the Secretary of War seems to be keeping his head. I hope he'll not be driven into raising more and sending across more than we can readily equip and take care of. That's the best, in my opinion, of the size of the army we should create. Huston, within the next month, may increase the draft age to 40 or 45 and prepare for 5,000,000 men.

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

His hysteria at home, I foresee we will soon have to guard against. It takes various forms, sometimes suspicion by neighbor against neighbor, sometimes mob violence, often calling any one in disagreement pro-German etc. And just now it's talking of armies of 10,000,000 who shall conquer Russia, the Balkans and generally the world. Secretary Baker has been considerably "laid down the bank" but I think he has kept in moderate degree his head, and we must rely upon him to prevent hysterical excesses.

Jos. Scott of Los Angeles may go across this week to denounce the Knights of Columbus Catholic Army word. His had an awful time getting his passport - the story's too long to tell now. I've been asking and the Secy. State yesterday substantially promised that it would be forthcoming. Scott's likes you immensely and in sure likes me. See him up possible.

There's nothing particularly to write you of

California. It's extremely beautiful if we get
out there this Summer. It looks to me
like an all year job here.

According to Raymond you might be here
any time now. Although I didn't gather this
from your letters. Now we hope you will be.
I'll still send this to 714 for I have no other direction.
Goodbye, Caddie. Good luck, and God bless you.
Affectionately, your father,
Adam W. Winson

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At Home, Monday, June 17, 1918.

My dear Jack:

I fled from the office a little earlier than usual tonight that I might write you a little personal letter at home. I intended to do so yesterday, Sunday, but in the afternoon Knox, Mrs Knox and their Mr. Martin arrived suddenly and remained with us for dinner. Each evening since we've been here we've taken dinner on the lawn and last evening we stretched our meal for two into one for five, and really it was a sort of delightful picnic. We have no servants yet, only a cook, and therefore, we have been unable to have anybody with us; but yesterday Mother forgot about methods of service etc., and the dinner was better for it, the whole occasion more enjoyable. When I tell you that the last two Sundays were the only Sundays since this session commenced that I have not been at the office, you'll understand how I enjoy

this place with all its disadvantages. If we can get "help" so that occasionally we can have a few friends with us, it will be a vastly added pleasure.

I've wanted to wire inquiring about Amy but I've thought possibly the wires would only be annoying. Am fearing because we've heard nothing from her for some days that she may not be so well. What a terrible strain it has been for you! To me, there is nothing that could be so difficult to bear as continued sickness. You've borne it marvelously my son, and I'm very proud of you. The situation from our family standpoint weighs heavily upon me. It's useless to say don't worry - worry has always dashed and unbidden come to me and when those I care for are troubled, mentally I share their burden.

This war gets worse and worse. Soon we'll be sending an army to Italy, another to Serbia and Russia, perhaps one into the Balkans. Hysteria rules our people; but war was over the border of hysteria and credulity. Gradually we've continued our centralization and tightened our repression until the only outlet of our people is hysteria which seems untravergantly to approve and endorse every act of the administration. Recently

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I spoke of the General Wood incident in the Senate talking about half an hour. I have made no better speech since I have been here and the Senate that inattentive and blasé collection of selfish politicians, did me the very high honor of following me patiently. I told them we had a covered press etc. and probably in the cloak room most of them agreed with me. I really think I beat the new rule limiting debate - a rule in itself of little consequence but on which might hereafter plague us. The reflex of the speech has been a flood of letters mostly commendatory but some condemnatory. The latter proceed upon the assumption that any questioning of the Administration, any respectful inquiry is disloyal and marks me at once as a German. But what has saddened me has been that many of the letters written me on the subject beseech me not to mention the writers names because they know they will be charged, if this letter were public, with being pro-Germans and traitors. Some

of the letters are anonymous and close with statements that the writers dare not sign their names because they fear it would be said they were giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Just think of it! A letter to a man filled with a real love of country, an intense patriotism, commending a just stand in the peoples' forum, cannot be signed, in the opinion of these good people because of abject fear of personal hurt and harm!

To what a sorry pass have we come. That I said the other day little enough, and only of consequence because of its implication of our future duty, I doubt if any other man upon the 'floor would have said. And the pity of it is that the thing is growing worse instead of better; and in its harshness more and more of our people are being enlisted. I didn't intend to write you about myself but about yourself. And yet I don't know what to say to you about yourself except to reiterate what I have written before. There's no call for you to do otherwise than you have done - indeed love, duty, everything demand you remain as you are. I don't see how you could without being false to your children

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

and your first obligation go to this war now. I fear a time may come within the next year that will take all our man power, many now advocate it. The Secretary of War has thus far kept his feet on the ground and his head fairly level, but he is gradually being laid down the bank and he may yield to the demands of those crying for an army of 5000000 and men 10000000. If he does, the choice must be made between an invasion of the classes other than Class 1 or increasing the draft age, and upon this there will doubtless be a fight which the administration with its power will determine. I've been wondering whether any scoundrel under Crowder's recent pronouncements has been trying to make you any trouble. It would be an outrage if such an attempt were made, but some person who doesn't like me or upon whose toes you may have stepped, might attempt secretly to do some harm.

If Amy gets better after August tenth and the children are O.K. we will talk about the future. Now we would love to have the babies with us here and but for the debilitating weather, how they'd enjoy it! We lavish our love on a little puffy kitten and tenderly talk of you and the kiddies and Amy and our last own the water.

Last week, Raymond Arnsby was here. Soon he and General Lyon's Command are to go across - perhaps not until September. Raymond looks well and has added to his warlike countenance a bristly red carriers red moustache. He has gone to New York but expects to have a day or two in Washington this week, when we hope to bring him out here.

Your punch about the Railroad Commissioner was probably correct, although at the time you wrote I thought there was nothing in it. Helen has accepted some position here, one of quite big importance and I should not be at all surprised if Lusens were appointed in his place. McAdoo, in my opinion, has completely destroyed all the State Commissions. He gives the Dynasty now power to marvellous - greater than any other reigning family on earth has. I hinted

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At this in my Wood speech, and perhaps
if the Senatorial privilege didn't attach to
me. I would now be in jail

I've never answered McClatchy's long
letter, simply because I haven't had time.
I hope to get the opportunity this week and
then of course, I'll send you copy. I would
you about your new protest and hope
it was satisfactory to you.

Mother's calling from the lawn for
dinner. Goodbye, dear boy. God keep
you and yours.

Affectionately,

DW

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 21, 1918.
Friday.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Force,
France.

My dear Arch:

No word this week - none since your note of May 27th, which, as I wrote you, reached us on June 11th. I presume the difficulty is in the mail service, about which everybody is still complaining. While, it is true that your letters have come to me, only intermittently, still, we've probably received one out of two, or one out of three of those you have written us, so we've had some word. I can understand how you felt, knowing that you have had at least four letters a week from your Mother and myself, and yet, day after day, to have gone to your mail post and found absolutely nothing. This is the feeling which I have had this past ten days. I know that after your assignment, when you left the General Staff College, you would advise us at the earliest possible moment, but your very letters advising us where you are and what you are doing are the very ones we have not received. I have never received your Number One, as you remember, after you reached France, nor your Numbers Three and Four, which,

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

doubtless, told of your early experiences; and those relating your new experiences, we never had. The whole thing is sickening and disheartening. We are at work today in the military committee upon the tremendous appropriation bill, by which billions are devoted to the military establishment. I wish there was some way in which I could tack on something about our mail facilities, and there is another matter, as well, that I would like to provide for, but in the provision for which, I would meet with little aid or sympathy. Joseph Scott was here the other day on his way to France as the head of the Knights of Columbus and their war activities. The Knights of Columbus have undertaken to do a work similar to that of the Y. M. C. A. When Scott reached here, he found his passport held up, and, try as I would, I could get no information. We reached the conclusion that some charge of disloyalty had been made against Scott - a charge as outrageous and as shameful and false, as such a charge would be against the President himself. It took finally a personal interview with the Secretary of State to learn what the trouble was, and what do you think caused it? The Los Angeles Times, against whom Scott has \$68,000.00 worth of libel judgments, surreptitiously had been presenting matter to the department that Scott at one time was connected with the production of a film called "The Spirit of '76", for the production of which somebody had been arrested and punished because he reflected upon our British allies in

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 3

depicting revolutionary scenes. Of course, Scott had nothing to do with the film, and his connection had really been as attorney for certain creditors. We had to meet this situation by a personal interview and demonstration with the Secretary of State himself. I had a wire yesterday from a well-known citizen of San Francisco, whose loyalty is unquestioned, that he is being investigated by the Intelligence Department, and that some charge has been made against him. I can not get a bit of information upon the subject. I think our Government makes a great mistake in not discriminating against secret charges made reflecting upon high standing and patriotic and loyal citizens, and similar charges against those who are tainted with disloyalty. Scott got his passport and expects to sail tomorrow, and he will make every effort to see you while he is in France.

There are the wildest kind of rumors about the sort of army we are going to raise, where it is to go, etc. Many of our good colleagues, who want to be in the lime-light, are seeking to fix the number of the army. Some of them are demanding that it be sent into Siberia, the Balkans, etc. I think they are quite in error in endeavoring thus to determine in advance any of these matters. The War Department, it seems to me, and the President, of course, ought to be given this authority. My present view is to leave the size of our army, when it shall be called, and the manner of its calling, and the place of its activity to the President and the Secretary of War.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 4

I am beginning to worry again about Jack. I would not have the slightest objection to his enlistment but for the peculiar situation in which he and his family are at present. Amy is now bed-ridden, living at her mother's, and the two babes are with Jack at his home in San Francisco. The situation is terrible. Amy, poor girl, is very, very sick, and the children can not be with her, because of the nature of her malady. Every time they have a cough, or a cold, naturally Jack is quite beside himself. Of course, your Mother and I will be delighted to have our two little grand-children, and if it becomes necessary at any time, we will gladly take them, but to deprive them of their father at present, to take him from the sick wife, as well, and disrupt this family more than dread disease has done, would be a crime. We exhaust all our Class I. men, however, very shortly now, and then, I don't know what will be done.

Your Mother and I are enjoying our new house, and it does not pall upon us at all. We have about eight acres in all - some of it underbush and trees. Last evening we indulged in an exploration of our demesne. A couple of acres could be devoted to farming or to vegetable raising, and if we remain there, I shall endeavor to do something in that regard by renting next year. How I wish you were with us! As Mother and I walked about the place last night, we did nothing but talk of you and long for you.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 5

It is possible that we may take a vacation here from the eighth of July until the middle of August, but there is no certainty of this. I don't know whether we will go to California, or not. I want to go, but, strangely enough, Mother does not care to go. If I thought you were coming back about that time, and that you might not go to California, I would stay right here, and this makes me the more anxious to hear from you. I think sometimes I'd like to go across, yet I don't know whether I would ever be able to see you there, and of course, my primary object in attempting to go over would be to see you.

This is Friday afternoon. Your letters generally have come to me on Saturday, so I am hoping that tomorrow morning will find some word from you. I shall still direct this letter exactly as the old ones I have been sending you.

With a great yearning and longing for you, my boy.

Affectionately your father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 22, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
Care of P. E. Bowles, Esq.,
The Pines,
Union and MacAdam Sts.,
Oakland, California.

My dear Daughter:

The matters of most moment which have occurred during the past week have concerned our new home. Mother gradually is putting the house in shape, although she insists she is far from completion. However, the carpets are now down, some pieces of furniture are in the rooms which we intend to occupy, and our habitable quarters have taken on, at least, a livable aspect. Now and then, from some chance remark of Mother, I get a little of a shock about her ultimate plans, but she has done such wonders, that I know her final touches will be in keeping with her already great accomplishment. Each day now I find a new table placed exactly where it ought to be placed, or some jim-crack or knickknack that lightens up a particular corner. We have a little library in one of the wings of the house, and I think Mother's mind at present is concentrated upon making up a very pretty and convenient den for me. Upon the shelves of this little library, which is a part of the old structure, are books printed in the eighteenth century, and some in the early part of

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

the nineteenth. They do not amount to much, and they are not particularly readable, but their antiquity is interesting to me, as old books ever have been. I have been trying each night to take home what books I have in the office, so that upon the shelves which are empty, there may be a decent showing. I will have to resort to my Congressional Records to fill up the empty spaces, and, of course, these Records, containing as they do, the sum of human knowledge for the past fourteen months, will make the library, from the literary standpoint, complete. The bound Congressional Records will serve not only to enable me to have at hand the views of distinguished American statesmen upon every conceivable subject, but will afford me as well convenient weapons, which will exceed in every possibility of destruction, brick-bats or cobbles. When the distinguished member of our household known as "The Princess Bacardy", who has now really begun to be the subject of nightly searches and possible terror, for fear she may have disappeared or been lost, reaches the stage when she attracts suitors and wooers, and love-sick swains outside our windows call their heart's lament to her, the bound Congressional Records may finally come into their own and render to us a real service. I wrote you something of "The Princess" last week. Each week she grows more interesting. She is perfectly certain that each new thing brought to the house has been designed solely for her ex-

Mrs. Amy Johnson -3

ploration and amusement, and if there is a possibility of crawling within anything that may be upon the floor, or within jumping distance, she knows that the peculiar configuration has been placed as a challenge to her, and she is never satisfied until she has exhausted its every possibility. She is developing such jumping power now that she loves to leap to the top of a newly covered sofa or settee, and then, with a rash courage, she races along the very topmost edge, making miraculous escapes from dreadful falls from very high precipices, and, incidentally, using her claws to the detriment of the newly covered furniture. If I get a spot of dirt upon any piece I call down Mother's wrath about my head, but the kitten's injuries are regarded as the necessary evidences of childhood's precocity which should be properly ^{encouraged} observed, no matter what the consequences. How I wish that you could come to this house of ours, and I never will be content until you do. We have only a cook at present, but a very good one, and, ^{because we are without other servants} therefore, I have been unable to ask those whom I would have liked to have with me to dine or call. Domestic servants are so few here that I don't know whether we will be able to get the house in real running order, but I presume ultimately the matter will be solved, and then, there will be added pleasures to the new home.

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 4

We are really sending a very large army to France. This morning, it developed that there on route we have over 900,000 men. Of course, many of these men must be trained, and a very large part of them are not at present fit for front line fighting; nevertheless, we have 251,000 under their own commands in trenches and at the front, and we are holding sixty-four kilometers (about 40 miles) of trenches now. This will be rapidly increased, so that within a month it may be doubled. In addition, we have fighting with the English about 10,000 men, and with the French about 21,000. I asked this morning if there were any limit to those we could care for, ^{across the water,} and the answer was - that the limit had not yet been reached, nor determined upon. Our production of ordnance is in bad shape and we'll not begin to do what is essential in this regard for three months yet. Our aircraft production is improving somewhat but is far behind what it ought to be. The interest of the past week has centered in the drive upon the Italian front. There are great expectations about what might occur in the next few days there. As probably you may have read, the Austrians crossed the Piave and made some advances, varying from two to ten ^{miles.} rods. A great number of troops are massed in these advances. Suddenly the Piave rose ⁱⁿ to mountain ^{floods} range, and the bridges upon which they crossed, have been swept away. Our experts here have been expecting and are now expecting that the Italians by a counter-offensive can prac-

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 5

tically annihilate or capture all of these Austrians, who have crossed, and whose means of return have been destroyed. The river has risen to such height that it is not fordable, and those on the side toward the Italians therefore find themselves without sufficient supplies, unable to advance, and with retreat blocked by the swollen stream. We will await the next couple of days to see what transpires. It is possible, if there is real activity and ability in command, that the Italians may take or destroy 75,000 or 100,000 Austrians; but there is not unbounded confidence, I imagine, either in the Italian command, or the Italian army.

I have no more word from Arch, and really I feel quite anxious about him. The only word I have received since he graduated from the War College was the cablegram of which I told you. There has been ample opportunity for letters to have come and I am insisting to myself that the atrocious mail service is responsible for our not having heard from him; nevertheless, I do feel anxiety and do worry about him, and I wish that we could hear from him. Your Mother sent us recently a copy of Bob's letter, and what a fine, brave, cheerful letter it was. I presume by this time he is in the midst of the fighting over there. We were told this morning there were eight squadrons of fliers in the American Army. This is supposed to mean eighteen machines to the squadron, but the officers in telling us qualified it by saying there may be less.

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 6

In addition, a couple of squadrons are flying with the British, and one or more with the French. While they were relating these things to us, I thought of your brother and wondered if he was with one of this eighteen squadrons. The administration, apparently, is re-considering many new adventures. Undoubtedly, the pressure is enormous for some sort of intervention in Russia and Siberia. I think it has already been decided that an army will be sent to Italy, and there are possibilities of attempted operations from Saloniki. Who could have dreamed, even a year ago when we entered the war, that we would be sending our boys to the Italian Alps, to the Balkans, or the Carpathians, or to the steps of Siberia! We have so many military strategists among members of congress that I grow weary of hearing how we might destroy Germany by marching our troops across Siberia, entering Russia, and thence entering east Prussia, or, of the mountain passes of the Balkans, which would enable us to take Austria in the rear and utterly destroy the dual monarchy. This kind of silly stuff, however, is getting over with the public, and when we add to it, the paid propaganda of the Japanese - and I know the ear-marks of this propaganda just as well as if I saw the money paid - we may find our people shouting soon for us to land an army in Siberia, to go across that vast waste into Russia. When I say to you that the railroad across

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 7

Siberia is a single track road, that there are a number of bridges, the destruction of any one of which would absolutely destroy the railroad and any possibility of a route across the country, you'll realize what we would be up against in endeavoring to send an army there. However, stranger things have happened in the past fourteen months, and ours may soon be the drum beat heard around the world. Nobody, apparently, longer cares for the individuals fighting the war or making up the casualty lists which are coming to us. Those of our people who are not fired with real enthusiasm are compelled, at any rate, to simulate enthusiasm, so, apparently we have a united Nation. My own feeling is that which I have expressed to you before - that we cannot indulge in introspection or analysis. We find ourselves in a peculiar situation and there is nothing to do but fight with every means in our power. This ought not, however, to lead us into excesses which may destroy us without, and will certainly cripple us within. I received a cable from Raymond Robins the other day telling me he was just leaving Vladivostok after having been in Russia during all its interesting period of revolution. I know that he has been very intimate with the soviet government and I know that he has real vision and a clear perception. This morning I have a wire that he is on his way to Washington and will reach here Tuesday. From him

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 8

I expect to get an accurate and adequate understanding of the Russian situation. Recently, Major Thacher, who was one of the Red Cross workers, was here, and I had a little luncheon for him with six or eight Senators present. He painted to us clearly and vividly the picture of internal Russia and its semblance of a government. I am inclined to think that Robins will have the same view point. I refrain from writing you in detail today, because I want to await Robins' coming, and then, next Saturday tell you the story of Russia as he sees it.

I judge that you are progressing well, but, nevertheless, I feel that I ought to be on hand as director general to compel a more rapid progress. I have been threatening you now for the past few weeks and you'd better be careful or I will carry the threat into execution.

With all our love, I am

Most affectionately yours,



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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 24, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

There has been much discussion of late, in which I think you might be interested, of the draft. I presume dispatches are carried to you of the public utterances of Crowder and the possible attitude of Secretary Baker. Crowder desires, practically, to accept the France Bill for drafting all between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Secretary Baker, at first, was opposed to this, but is now much more favorably inclined. The word that comes to us is that the President does not like it. Saturday, in the military committee, there was a brief discussion of the matter. Some members were bitterly opposed to drafting any under twenty-one; others were opposed to changing the ages at all; and, a third contingent believed it might be wise to increase the ages from thirty to forty, without lowering the minimum from twenty-one; while, another portion would make the draft applicable to all between eighteen and forty. What worries me is that Class I will probably be exhausted within a very few months. Crowder estimates this will happen by the first of December. Each day, it is becoming more and more difficult to have anything considered in the matter of raising an army, but sticking men

-2-

into it regardless of their position. I notice in the District of Columbia here, which is in closest touch with the authorities, that in going over the list, in accordance with Crowder's recent order and getting more men in Class I, they are asking relatives and parents of dependents if they will care for the dependents of the drafted man, in case he be put in the army. I would like to have your views of the situation. The thought that has been running through my mind, if we increase the age from thirty to forty years, even though it would not be lowered to eighteen or nineteen, ^{to that} the pressure might be relieved upon the men who are within the original ages, twenty-one to thirty, and the rules, which, after some difficulty, were promulgated, respecting dependents might be maintained in force. It would be an outrage and a calamity if these rules respecting dependents were abrogated. I do not think that they will be, but there is danger of the grossest injustice under existing conditions. We have gone perfectly mad^y in our hysteria and the tremendous enthusiasm we have for sending others to war as each day increases; and then, in addition, everybody who has been sent, and the relatives of everybody who has been sent, are anxious, on the theory that "misery loves company", to send somebody else. My present opinion is that for the next three months, those who continue in Class IV and are not removed from it summarily, will not be called upon; but, after that time, unless the draft ages be changed, there is the possibility that classes other than

Class I will be invaded. I want you to write me whether your local boards are engaged in the plan of re-examination, or, as Crowder calls it, "combing out" the classifications other than Class I. Write me, too, whether you personally have heard any suggestion.

There is another thing in connection with the matter that of course will be of great importance, and that is the duration of the war. I really think that the Germans have been hitting for an immediate decision, but even though they were successful, I am unable to understand how that immediate decision upon the battle field in France could end the matter, so far as we are concerned. Certain officers who have been here have rather frankly told some of the Senators that they look for a peace, not by absolute victory upon either side, but by negotiation, when the heaviest blow shall have been delivered, either successfully or unsuccessfully. In the opinion of these officers, there may come negotiations during this year. In the opinion, however, of the men who know nothing but talk the most here, this is impossible, except the allies be successful on the field of battle. The men, therefore, who are in Class IV, ought not to be called upon and should bide their time, maintaining their classification.

It is with a singular reluctance, my boy, I am writing you of these matters, but I wanted to let you know what was transpiring here, in a small way, and to get your views. After you read this letter, write me, please, fully. You have

-4-

written nothing since your letter to Mother in which you said, you, at times, reached the conclusion it was your duty to go to the front, except the bare statement in a letter she received Saturday, that you intended to do nothing ~~hys-~~^{hospitally}terically. I am the last one to interpose an objection to what you may think to be your duty, but with Amy in her present condition, and with the two babes to care for, your duty seems to me so plain that it can not be debatable. Your duty is to remain just as you are. I won't conceal from you that I worry over this situation very, very much, but there ought to be, if your classification is maintained, no cause for worry for some months, at least.

I wanted to write you from home yesterday, but from just after breakfast until evening, we had callers, and I was unable to do any of the things that I had put aside to be done in the peaceful quiet of our home. I received a note from Mrs. Bowles Saturday about Amy. It is nonsense to say that we are not most anxious about her condition, but with the affectionate care that is now being given her, I feel that ultimately all will be well. My heart goes out to you, and I understand far better than you can imagine the loneliness that must at times almost overwhelm you. You have been put to a very severe test, my son, - a test which you are meeting with the splendid courage I know you possess.

With love to Amy and the kiddies,

Affectionately,

D.H.

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 26, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I wrote you the other day something about the draft. Singularly enough, it came up at once after I had written you. Amendments were presented to the Army Bill changing the ages from eighteen to forty-five, and then, from twenty to forty, instead of now - twenty-one to thirty-one. These amendments were debated all day yesterday. In the afternoon, I suggested to Chamberlain to call a meeting of the military committee for nine thirty this morning and to have present Crowder, March, and Secretary Baker. He did so. From nine thirty until twelve we were in consultation. Baker, and General March, the Chief of Staff, asked that we do not at this time change the ages. All three expressed themselves that Class I men only would in the course of the next three months be called, and that deferred classifications would not be touched, and that between now and September a new draft bill could be worked out defining the other ages, by which enough men, without dependents or connected with our industrial life, could be placed in Class I, to meet all our needs. I called attention to what has worried me of late, but of which I have not written you, that the tendency

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson - 2

of the Provost Marshal General's office, with class I near exhaustion, would be to endeavor to shove men from other classifications into Class I, and, particularly I dwelt upon the newspaper statements in the City of Washington that local boards were demanding of parents that they support the wives and children of men within the draft age. Crowder at first denied this, but his Assistant, stated it was a fact, and that he had called down the Boards that had endeavored to do it. Baker said, of course that ought not to be tolerated and would not be tolerated. To-night, there is in the "Star", the local newspaper here, an article of Crowder's rulings, that parents can not be called upon to support the wives of registrants. I send you that article herein. After listening to Baker and March, the military committee, by a vote of six to three, decided to take no action at the present time. Action will be taken unquestionably, in my opinion, within three months, but it will be for the purpose of finding men, without dependents, and not engaged in war industries, to add to Class I. I thought you'd like to know these facts, and so, I am writing them hastily to you late to-night after a mighty busy day.

Love to Amy and the kiddies.

Affectionately,

Dad.

June 28, 1918.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff College,
Army Post Office 714,
American Expeditionary Force,
France.

My dear Arch:

This is simply a little bit of a note that you may know you're not forgotten, and that I may keep up my regular mode of writing to you twice a week. I am rather under the impression this letter will never reach you because if what I understand the situation to be is correct, you ought to be on your way home now. I saw yesterday Major Roger Williams, who said that he was in your class in the General Staff College. He told me that the plan of the college was for those, who had not made a tour of the front after graduation, to spend three weeks there, and then, to return to their regiments; that those who had been upon the front were immediately sent back to their regiments, unless those regiments were about to come to France. He told me that he had arrived a week ago Sunday, the 16th instant, and that he supposed you would be sent for three weeks or a month to the front, and then be returned here. Of course,

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

Major Williams reached my heart by saying pleasant things of you. I am going to take him to luncheon today, simply to have him chat of you.

We received your letter of May 29th telling of how you had endeavored to learn the exact situation at the school, but no word has come from you since your graduation, and we are utterly ignorant of where you are, or what you are doing. I am sending this note, as usual, to Army Post Office 714.

We've been debating the last couple of days the question of increasing the draft age or lowering it. I think this would have been put over in the senate but for the attitude of the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War. They do not wish it done, and we yielded to their expressed desire. However, it will be done within the next couple of months, because within that period all of our Class I men will have been exhausted.

There is little of news to tell you. I am engrossed in my committee work and my work in the Senate, and Mother is engrossed in the house, but more or less despondent over the inability to obtain help. The house is charming, but the water supply, and otherwise it has its disadvantages, but both of us, I guess, are a little on edge at present, and so, the world is a bit darker to us than ordinarily. We are so anxious for some word from you, and so hoping each day to find it, but, when

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 5

it doesn't come, each day brings increasing disappointment.

We both send you all our love.

Affectionately,

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ORE., CHAIRMAN.
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 29, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
Care of P. E. Bowles, Esq.,
The Pines,
Union and McAdam Sts.,
Oakland, California.

My dear Daughter:

I left the Senate this afternoon late, while they were still in session, so that I might get my weekly budget to you. We've been working over time this week, because there seems to be an agreement that as soon as possible a recess will be taken. Just how long that recess will be for, it is impossible at this time to determine. Whether we will be able to come to California during the recess is also problematical. Both Mother and I wish to, but it may be quite impossible.

I told you last week I was going to write you Raymond Robins' views on Russia in this letter. I can't do this, because I have not had a sufficiently lengthy talk with him. I know that he feels world democracy is on trial in Russia, that he has little confidence in the only government there existing, but that such as it is, it represents the Russian craving for self-government, and for us to attempt to overthrow it by military invasion would rouse the Russian people to fury and throw them directly into the arms of Germany. I will not meet Robins for a long talk until Monday, and so, I'll reserve the detail of his views until after that time.

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

There were two things of interest in our regular morning session with the War Department. First, we were told that the news from Italy that the Italians had captured 45,000 Austrians in the recent battle was wholly erroneous. The foundation for it was that they captured 4,000. In all, in the recent drive of the Austrians, the Italians have taken 18,000 prisoners, and the lines today between the Austrians and Italians are practically as they were before the drive commenced. How many prisoners the Austrians have taken, we do not know, but probably the number exceeds those taken by the Italians. The tremendous victory, therefore, has been somewhat minimized. However, the Austrians did not get through, and were finally driven back across the Piave River. Somebody of the committee remarked that the great victory consisted in the fact that the Italians were not licked. The other piece of news relates to the number of men we will soon have on the other side. Up to date in France or en route we have 959,000 men. With the ships that sail today our number will exceed one million, and, on the Fourth of July General March said we might announce to the Nation that we have over one million men in France.

We've been having quite a contest in the Senate over raising the draft age from thirty to forty and lowering it from twenty-one to eighteen. The wild men of the Senate, who have a tremendous enthusiasm for sending others to war, wanted to

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 3

fix the ages from eighteen to forty-five and even higher, and wished all sorts of fantastic armies at once created. Most of us, upon the advice of the Secretary of War and General March, concluded to do nothing for the present, although it is quite obvious that within ninety days a new law must be enacted/^{as}to ages, unless we desire to invade the deferred classes.

The weather has not been bad of late, but it is now just commencing with the usual murky, humid, distressing and depressing eastern summer. I presume the next three months will not only try our health but try our patients and every virtue we possess.

We have nothing new from Arch except that this week a gentleman of ~~the~~ historical name - Major Roger Williams, called upon me and told me that he had been in the General Staff College with Arch as one of the class and had graduated in the latter part of May with Arch. He brought us word that Arch was well, had done himself credit in his classes, and he was popular with all of his fellows. He said that the usual course was to give the men, when they graduated, three months upon the front, and then return them to their regiments. He expected that Arch would sail about the first of July for this country and rejoin his old command. Indeed, upon this point he seemed quite positive and for that reason Mother and I, Even though a vacation were taken here, would probably want to

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 4

remain until Arch arrived.

Twice in the past week, the water supply at our house has failed, due probably to carelessness in leaving some tap open. It is the first time in my life I have ever had to economize with water, and this enforced watchfulness of our water supply constitutes the chief disadvantage of our new home. I don't know any way in which we can remedy the defect, unless we should bore additional wells, put in a new pump, and new plumbing, an undertaking which would be so costly as to be prohibitive with us.

I am awfully sorry there is so little for me to write you about. I would not have written at all this week, but for the fact that I wanted ~~my~~ letters to arrive as usual, and then I always take something of a selfish pleasure in talking to you in this fashion. I hope this note finds you stronger and better in every way.

With all our love.

Affectionately,

Sam

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rivdale Md.

At Home, Sunday June 30, 1918

My dear Jack,

I wrote you just a brief note yesterday immediately upon the receipt of yours of June 24. And thereafter wired both you and Mrs. Bowles. This morning we have received Mrs. Bowles reply, and it is just a bit more encouraging, and for the little encouragement we are most grateful. Yesterday was a very dark day for Mother and me, and suffering as we were, because of our dear ones how much more trouble must it have been for them. You are being strong and manly and brave in circumstances which in my opinion call for a higher courage than facing cannon or bullets. It seems very flippant to talk to you of it all but my dear, I want you to know I understand and understand fully, and measuring your loss and the courage with which you are bearing it.

heart goes out to you with a yearning
to aid and a love to share your sorrows
that you will only understand when
your dear boys must meet their
troubles. As I wrote you yesterday,
we will hope and pray and pull
that everything will ease itself
of course, all other matters have
dwarfed with the into insignificance,
but nothing better illustrated that
tribulations come in avalanches than
yesterday's experiences. I had just
read your letter and Mother during it
had telephoned me from her room
to her and also Mrs. Bowles' letter
and I had dictated the few sentences
I sent you when Arch's cablegram
came. From my talk with
Major Roger Williams who was
in Arch's class at the General Staff
College, I had reached the conclusion
he was just about starting home
and Mother and I had convinced
ourselves that in a couple of weeks
we would again see him.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

2nd

message that he was ordered to the front with all that implied related to our wretchedness. After breakfast when I reached home went away, of the chauffeur, girl, the cook was sick everything wrong. A day time has it had its effect and we've been able to get hold of ourselves a little but only a little. The Roberts are coming to dinner an engagement some days old. He's full of his experiences and of himself; she sees only him; and today, although an ordinary times I'd be delighted to see either of them together I don't give a damn. My thoughts will be in California and then again in France. Am so Spartan and would politics don't weigh with me with my own.

He'll probably take a recess the end of this week. He thought in

Arch was coming back to us for a short time, we had about concluded to remain here. What we'll do now I don't know. The cost of the trip to the Coast has about doubled with much poorer accommodations, and for a news no mileage will be allowed. Again the length of the news might make a trip in midsummer quite too short and too arduous. On the other hand is the almost controlling wish to be with you for a brief period and to see Amy. Indeed this would be the sole and only reason for coming to Algonia for the month we may have and the only consideration in our living here. Personally I don't want to get mixed in the political fight which will be at its height in July and the first half of August and I can keep out of it here. One might have difficulty being so in Algonia. Mother has worked so in this house that she needs an absolute

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

rest and this adds to my perplexity. We can't get help and we can't get skilled artisans to do the things we'd like to have done and I'm beginning to worry now ^{over} this place. Then my mind turns to my official work. I'm disheartened and discouraged. I'm a very feeble voice in the wilderness, overwhelmed by the strident artificial shrieks of war hysteria and men made cowardly by fear of their offices and of a mad subservient and cruel press. I'm trying to face the ugly fact of a Republic destroyed, its forms preserved, the hollowness of pretense still with us, but its real liberty and democracy gone perhaps forever. I'll continue to cry out, but my mouth follows while privately agreeing in the main, publicly oppose and openly advocate, although not intentionally.

the abrogation of the liberties of their constituents and even the abdication of their own. When recently I spoke of Wood, I said "We are a cowed press, and you know it, we are a cowed people and you know it, we are a cowed Congress, and you know it," and afterwards in the smoke room, I was astounded at the number of men who very earnestly patted me on the back. When I read over ~~my~~ the report of my remarks, I corrected slightly what I said because of the sensation made and in respect to our people he is correct "in the matter of free repression" the people were cowed. I did this because I knew the attitude of the Metropolitan press of the East, and I did not want the official report to be twisted into a statement that I had said our soldiers were cowed, or distorted beyond the context. I was the subject of a couple of leading editorials in the New York World, the chief organ of the Administration, but they did me no

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

the honor of saying I had beaten the attempt to amend the Senate rules, and give me the credit of this indisputable victory. I don't know just what to make of the situation, how really the great unknown multitude of our people, those whose voice we never hear, regard it. I am beginning to fear they are not only fooled but like some animals and as women are described by a certain class of novelists, they like the sensation and love their masters. The suspicion is growing with me that the whole thing is part of a preconceived design, and that we are perilously near not only to the destruction of the Republic but to a tyranny. The suppression of this view now would lead to an inquiry into my sanity, but the next President will be either Woodrow Wilson or, indeed

son-in-law. If he had a son, I'm
sure it would be his son. Congress,
the supposedly popular branch of
government will remain, but it
will be as I have said above,
but the hollow form of a popular
branch of government. The courts
do you realize it. All the personal
selection of the President from the
Supreme Court to every district and
Federal court, and these courts, not
our elective State Courts, construe and
determine and administer the
laws of the President, the repressive
and suppressing treatments. As Knox
recently said to me, when the
Administration goes into the Supreme
Court it starts with eighty per cent
the votes of the other side, and in any
matter of moment, it never fails
success. The construction of the
Espionage Law by many Federal Courts
is not only outrageous but scandalous,
and no longer is there any voice
to cry against the wrong. In two

United States Senate, 5

WASHINGTON, D. C.

York at present a scoundrel named
Jeremiah O'Carry is about to be tried
for treason. He is the sort of blatant
Irishman you and I detest; but he
cannot find a reputable New York
lawyer to defend him. One that he
had employed, relinquished his case,
and frankly stated his fears, and
that if he did his professional duty,
he would be persecuted by the
government. What a change in
a great profession! You'll remember
Eskine, the greatest at the English bar,
stepping from his high estate, because
of his reverence for his profession, to
defend men accused treason. He
later stands, if I remember right,
when all Massachusetts demanded their
blood, defended the British soldiers
accused of the Boston massacre. Today
this time honored and noble profession
has been so debased and so cowardly

that it dare do nothing the auto-
cratic master of our government
might not approve.

A thousand daily instances
I might quote you which seem
to me point clearly our drift
if anybody agrees with me or if
they do they haven't say so, and
perhaps therefore, I'm crazy, or
possessed with an obsession time
will remove. I'm trying to see
the thing with some degree of
philosophy, determined nevertheless upon
my own course of constant though
indefatigable opposition.

Last Sunday a young man
called here who said he was an
architect and anxious to look over
the house. I was a little sus-
picious of him but rather courte-
ously showed him through. I observed
a camera in his hand and asked him
to photograph the three rooms of
which I think so much. His camera
was a Remington Kodak and he tried to

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to as I suggested. He sent me two
small photos which I enclose. These
three rooms connect by very tall old
mahogany doors. They are about 21 x
23 with immensely high ceilings. The
photo marked # 1 is taken from the
Western room to be used as a
sitting room through the central
or living room to the dining room.
No 2 is taken from the dining room
through to the sitting room. In this
last room you see Mother's mantel
that used to be in the White House.
In No. 2 at the right is the ancient
Napoleonic desk or upright with desk
opening out - a really very old and quite
unique bit of furniture. Some day
I'll have some good photos taken and
send you.

I've tried to talk to you, my
dear boy, to make us forget the dark
shadows hanging over us; but ever before

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me, as they are with you, they cannot be forgotten. Will share this trouble as best we can with you.

to be suggested
more photos
these photos
arrangement doors
23 with
photo marked #1 is taken from the
Museum room to be used as a
bedroom through the central
or living room to the dining room
No 2 is taken from the living room
through to the bedroom
last room you see
that used to be in the
the No 2 at the right is the
topographic but a
spiral cut - a
maple lot of
the two more, good photos
and you
you tried to
best to make the
Museum hanging over us; but we before