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(see marked portion)

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

At Home, Riverdale, Md. Jan. 1, 1919.

My dear Arch:

Last night I brought home with me a type writer, the ~~ff~~ first I have used in over twenty years. I am writing my first note on it to you, so dont wonder if you find a badly bedraggled paper with illegibility it's principal characteristic. I really have so much to do now, I am able to accomplish so little in the office, I want to do so much more, and my eyes are so very ~~wre~~ wretched, that I thought I would try the experiment of the type writer. When I made my record as a manipulator of the machine, there was only one good type writer and that was the Remington. The thing I am writing on is the Underwood, quite the same as the old one I sued to operate, and I really think in a aday or two, I will be as much at home doing this as I was more than thirty years ago.

Last evening I telegraphed you to send me the ~~ff~~ file you had mentioned of the conscientious objectors cases. I did this because the men who have been convicted have carried on quite a propagan~~a~~ and have placed in the hands of every Congressman and Senator lurid and affecting tales of cruelty etc. Indeed, ~~t~~ they have been anticipating the Taussig case and have ~~d~~ written all of us that it is reported the officers disciplined seek congressional relief and therefore they ~~pu~~

before us the facts from their standpoint. In addition, very estimable people apparently, relatives of the objectors, have been calling upon members. A society in New York that seems to have the ear of Baker and Kennel is exceedingly active, and its literature quite voluminous. In conversation with Senator Weeks yesterday, he told me he had a letter from a friend of his at Funston, who spoke highly of Taussig and had given Taussig a letter of introduction to Weeks; that Taussig would be here in a few days, and would ask some action. I told Weeks the information I had and then wired you for such detail as you might see fit to send. I have now just completed reading Lunde's rather remarkable defense. I have n't much sympathy with it but I think he is probably quite a different type from those about whom you wrote.

Yesterday I received a letter too, from the General about the bill pending to give permanent rank to certain others. I'm mighty indignant at the treatment accorded Wood. In some fashion I shall ultimately denounce it again; but I fear that will be a no possibility of stopping the present measure, unjust as we know it to be. The glamour surrounding the various commanders in France, the mystery in which they have been enshrouded, the press sycophantic and fawning praise of those connected with the War Department, will all render most difficult any opposition to promotion of the men named. In addition to this,

the Democrats throw in my face each time I angrily protest about Wood, that he was jumped over the heads of many tried and experienced officers by Roosevelt, and that we ought not to complain about a condition of which we ourselves took advantage. However, by interviews with those I could talk to I have been endeavoring to lay the foundation for a fight, but I do not think it will be of any consequence.

Well, here's the beginning of the New Year. Last night Mother and I spent the evening alone, and at twelve o'clock, with little Joe drank a toast to you and Jack and the Kiddies. We felt rather lonesome if it is true, but we were mighty thankful that we had you and had you whole, and that our other boy was with us. It's been a sad year in many respects, but there's much for which we may be grateful; and I do feel so. Our day has been stormy and wet and dreary. but we are still in the house. Singularly enough, the work men were here on this holiday, and they told me tomorrow the fire in the furnace would have to be put out and remain extinguished for a week while the new plant is being installed. Anxiously I looked at the weather report, and find it is for tomorrow "much colder". I guess this means the Washington Hotel again.

I am sending you two clippings in which you may be interested. The first is a story from the correspondent of the Washington Post (about as contemptible

a sheet as is published) of outrageous conditions existing at Brest. It's a corking indictment, which if we were not so thoroughly cowed, would make our people rise in indignation; but it will be denied properly tomorrow, and even if true, glossed over. The second enclosure of the same paper is merely the announcement of Mother's party. I hope it is a great success, and that Mother will so enjoy it that she will wish more.

Yesterday I wrote March personally about demobilization (That was a bum break in my writing) ~~demobilization~~ insist upon bringing both the former and the latter before our committee and there I will publicly examine them.

I have raised merry Cain with my Russian resolution and speech. My difficulty is to avoid getting mixed with the Radicals, whom I detest, and all of whom are enthusiastic about my actions. The matter however, is far more important than a few bloviating scrubs- it goes to the very heart of the policy to be pursued by the Republic; and I'm going ahead to ascertain that policy as best I can. The propaganda for exploiting Russia is overwhelming, and I presume I will break it, butting my head against so much wealth and power. However, I was always a crank, and the big fight, when one feels right, against great odds, is after all, the only fight worth while.

I've rather enjoyed talking to you in this way. It may be that deciphering what I have tried to set down will not be much of a pleasure to you. But I think I have solved what has been a most vexed question to me—my personal correspondence; and that generally speaking I can do it myself at home hereafter.

Keep yourself in good shape. Don't let the old illness get another start on you. I wish you'd come on here with us, but I suppose a day would weary you of our routine. We long for you, though, laddie. Tell me how you are when you write again, and whether since your return to camp, you've continued to improve, or whether it has brought on you your old trouble.

Mother joins me in sending you love. Oh, how we both beg and pray for happy years for you.

Goodbye, dear boy.

Affectionately,

Dad.

In writing Wood yesterday, I added at the end of my note, what may seem a strange paragraph to him. It

contained the suggestion that our mail might not be immune. I did this as a sort of warning to him. The authorities have not scrupled to read communications ~~th~~ they desired to read, as witness Hearst. We may not be particularly interested in Hearst, but it is his time to day and may be ours tomorrow.

*Honey boy, I no more
have said I was going to write to you than he
flew to his old machine & beat me to it. - Nice way
to begin the New Year. - Sent you some more books - Dad
said any one of them was bad enough - So it's his fault.
I've thought of you all day wishing for you it's a
lonesome New Year. - No boys but thank God they are here.
all love & happy New Year.*

*again want you for my
birthday present - Victor J. Wood.*

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United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

At Home, Riverdale, Md.
January first, 1919.

My dear Jack:

I wonder if you would laugh at me if you could bridge the miles separating us, and look into our home this New Year Day. I'm in a spare bed room of our house (Mother objects to littering the beautiful rooms which were yesterday made spick and span) knocking away on an old type writer I requisitioned yesterday. It has been practically thirty years since I was my own typist; thirty years since I won a record operating the old Remington machine; and yet as I sit here thumping I can see myself as I was then, and the old habit comes back to me. My work at the office has been accumulating so, I want to do so many things that I cant , to write so much more than my limited force can accomplish, that I resolved to try the experiment of writing at home with the machine. My eyes I find too, wo'n't permit me to write with a pen as I desire. So today the first of nineteen nineteen finds me experimenting in talking to you.

Evidently a telegram of yours went astray. None of the twenty seventh came to us. Our fussing however, brought a telephonic message last night of a despatch from you of that date, and I presume it was lost in the Washington office until our inquiry caused a search to be instituted. I was sorry you were

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worried about us. We have been glowing ever since Christmas with the good time you gave us. You pleased your mother and me more than I can tell you.

Today is bleak and wet and stormy, though not cold. Strangely enough, the workmen who are doing the plumbing and are to fix the furnace have been working all day. They notified me a short time ago that tomorrow they would have to put the fire out in the furnace and that it would have to remain out for eight days. I rushed to look at the weather predictions and I find for tomorrow "much dolder". I fear this means the Washington Hotel again. While we have several fire places which are a good auxiliary to the furnace, they remind me of the tales of the great Northwest, where a man may hug a glowing stove and yet freeze in the rear.

We kept New Years, as we kept Christmas, by ourselves. Perhaps this isn't an entirely healthy thing mentally, but I think I enjoyed the time better than if we had had a house full of people whose wants and pleasures we would first have to consult. Last night, with Joe, we stayed in our upstairs sitting room until the old year passed; then we opened a bottle of Chateau Yquem, and the three of us (a singular picture do n't you think) drank to you and the Kiddies and Arch. It was then with you nine O'clock, and Mother insisted you were at

3--HWJ

Tait's (I made a bobble that last line, like I do with the ends of the lines frequently, but I find I'll soon acquire my old proficiency) I thought nine o'clock too early for your New Years eve celebration. I imagined you would not get in action for a couple of hours after that time. Well, anyway, I hope you had a bully time. I don't write you lad, about what I know and feel concerning you; but you need never ~~fea~~ fear that I do not thoroughly understand; and my heart is ever with you.

I've said little to you about recent occurrences in California. Indeed, I am somewhat reconciled to events transpiring there. My knowledge of human nature, from the time of my realization of what Stephens is, shortly after my appointment of him, enabled ^{me} to foresee with unerring accuracy and distinctness exactly what ~~has~~ transpired. When I used to tell it everybody insisted I was wrong; but since man has had power over his fellows, since reforms were wrought and then destroyed, the story has ever been the same. We have the consolation, if it is consolation at all, of knowing that our reform movement in California lasted longer than any other in American politics, and that its work will remain for a considerable period yet. The trend of events, however, is quite plain. Recently I read in the Chronicle and in the Los Angeles Times how both Republicans and Democrats were uniting to eliminate

the Direct Primary. The Chronicle published an interview with Dockweiler, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, advocating the old convention system, and mentioned that prominent Republicans were wholly in sympathy with him. The leader of the Republican Party, the present Governor, of course, sits tight. Those who ought to raise the alarm are thinking of office and their own possible perferment. I'm so far away and the stories reach me so late, that it is next to impossible for me to meet them as they should be met. And then, I'm so engrossed here and have such inadequate assistance that I miss much that I ought to know. When the Direct Primary is abolished our movement in California politics, about which we have justly boasted since 1910 will be so dead that another generation will be unable to revive it. There's a personal aspect which has been brought home to me of late, and that is, that in Los Angeles the various clans are uniting to oust me when again I come up. This does n't greatly worry me because 1922 is yet far away, and I do n't know what at the age of fifty six I shall wish to do. I do hate to see Brundige appointed Railroad Commissioner, even though that appointment be camouflaged with an Irving Martin. No number of decent judicial appointments can atone for this. Long ago, I stated my indictment of Stephens; that he would yield to those who wished to destroy the great S

State agencies which had prevented exploitation of the people, and had kept the government free and pure and representative of the best in our civic and political life. Gradually and insidiously he has done just this thing. The Board of Control is no longer the bulwark of honest financiering, requiring contractors to give full measure and return to the State; the Corporation Commissioner is the football of Los Angeles speculators; the banking department has had eliminated the man every crooked bank and rotten financier wished to get out of the way, and the sin isn't atoned for by the appointment of any person, even one who imagines himself as great as Stern believes himself to be; and now the great Railroad Commission has notice served upon it and upon the State, by the appointment of one who represents only a private interest, and that henceforth private interests instead of public justice shall be its controlling factor. I was sorry Lissner wasn't appointed instead of Brundige, but of course, I knew he had no chance. McCabe's remarks after election about Williams indicated clearly Lissner's fate. How remarkable, that a man as astute as Lissner because his own personality was involved, could not see the situation. There's one man I'm mighty sorry for, and that Gus DeLigne. There are no other such sturdy characters. Gus thinks right and never of himself alone. I do hope his business will bring him the prosperity he deserves, and that he will

not be crippled by the loss of his position with the Banking Department. Tell me how he is getting along and what are his prospects. It is in times like this when I would like to aid a true friend that I feel most keenly my poverty.

And by the way, I have not received the transcript of the reclamation board's proceedings. I have been quite anxious to read it. I read most carefully and with keenest interest your account and since then, I've been wondering whether anything of moment has transpired. There are different views here of whether or not there will be an extra session. The regular session expires by operation of law March fourth. Many profess to believe that the President because of the Peace Negotiations will be compelled to call an extra session; but I venture the guess he will not. He does exactly as he pleases, without regard to the public welfare or the public business. I think him as cold and indifferent to the public as any Nero of any age. He suits his own pleasure and his own convenience. He is justified in his present attitude of contemptuous indifference to Congress and the people. Both have shown him such a cowardly subserviency that it is not at all surprising he smiles superciliously at them. He really thinks himself God's anointed and we have all contributed to the result. I suspect that but few Americans view as I do his triumphal progress abroad. Most of

7-HWJ

our people I have no doubt with gratified pride read of our President dining on a service of gold worth fifteen millions of dollars, marching with measured ~~tr~~ tread with the Queen of England upon his arm into the banquet hall preceded^e by a hundred georgiously arrayed flunkies backing before him and keeping time with their backward steps to ~~his~~ their genuflections; and then how thrilling his speech - "MY PEOPLE," "MY ARMIES," "As you embody the conscience of YOUR PEOPLE, so I embody the conscience and moral force of MY PEOPLE." Some intrepid journalist here suggested Abraham Lincoln following those hundred flunkies; but ten thousand secret service men are looking for the man who dared compare our present God to that simple humble homely earnest American, and there has been an avalanche of criticism of the anarchist and Bolshevist who in this rapt and glorious hour suggests anything so common and plebeian as Abraham Lincoln.

My Russian effort is still bringing me response I have kept it alive with interviews in the newspapers and an occasionally remark in the Senate. I have aroused all the defenders of ~~whax~~ the old order and the newspapers teem with articles and interviews for intervention, stabilizing a decent Russian governemnt, saving civilization etc. There's a small group however, who stand staunchly by my posi-

tion, and I'm going to see it through. My danger as I said to you in my last long letter, is to prevent myself from getting into the category of the Bolsheviks or becoming a defender of Lenin and Trotsky. The very truth apparently puts me there, but I shall disavow again and again that attitude. Within a week, I shall probably go at it again. Nothing I have done since I've been here has brought me such a tremendous reflex, and generally speaking favorable one.

Well, goodbye, my boy. This has been a pretty good first attempt with the machine. I rather think I like it and shall continue it.

A happy happy New Year to you. Mother and I send you our hopes and our prayers. Kiss the Kiddies for us.

Affectionately,

M

Honey boy - I was already to write you a long letter & away he came & wrote you this so I'll wait a bit. - Thank you again & again for my wonderful Christmas - I'm still all aglow over it. - Somebody is too good to his Mommie - & she's very proud & happy. Lots of love & kisses & happy New Year to you & my baby boys -
Mother

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United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(The Roosevelt)

January 6, 1919.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff Headquarters,
Camp Funston, Kansas.

My dear Arch:

Just a line to you as I am about to depart for New York for the Roosevelt funeral. We were completely shocked yesterday morning when the news was telephoned us of the Colonel's passing. I didn't realize quite how much I thought of him until he was gone. He has been an amazing figure in our public life, and more intimately connected with it, I think, than any man in all our history I believe him to be the one great man of this generation, and whether history writes him so or not, we of his time do not doubt it. This is my first experience with a senatorial committee in attendance upon an official funeral. I would not go except for Roosevelt or somebody who was very dear to me. I hope to return tomorrow night.

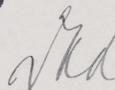
We have been at the Washington Hotel the last few days, as I presume you know, but it is our expectation to return at the end of the week. I hope then our troubles at the house will be over, but this is a hope which probably will be long deferred.

I received this morning your package of papers from

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

Funston. I have not had the chance to open them but will do so immediately upon my return. By the way you have never yet told me, although I have asked you sixteen times, just what your position is at Funston. Are you still a casual officer? Do you belong to the Regular Army? Are you a part of the 10th Division, and are you listed as such in the War Department? Let me know, at your convenience, please.

Affectionately,



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United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 6, 1919.

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

My dear Jack:

I am just about to depart for New York to attend the Roosevelt funeral tomorrow with the senatorial delegation, and I'm sending you this note as a sort of a stop-gap until I get the opportunity to write you at some length again. We were simply dumbfounded yesterday at the news of Roosevelt's death. After all, he was by far the biggest man with whom I ever came in contact, and I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that he was the biggest American of this generation. I felt a distinct, personal loss yesterday when I was notified of his death. His passing will alter many things. While disliked by the standpatters, nevertheless, he had come in the last year to be accepted by them, and he was the one big force which might possibly complete the union and amalgamation of the differing wings of the Republican Party. I think, too, his militant aggressiveness has of late held in check the prejudices and the petty revenges of the standpatters. I look for something of ^athe Donnybrook politically within the next year. Some of us, a very few, who understand the impervious and inaccessible minds of the dominant wing of

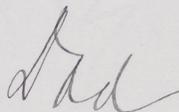
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

the Republican Party, will probably get together secretly very soon. Of this I will write you at length hereafter.

We are at the Washington Hotel where we have been since the end of last week. Perhaps we can get back into our house the end of this week. We've had one cold spell, but the weather today has changed and is quite pleasant again.

With all our love,

Affectionately,



P:S: I enclose a copy of the letter that has come to me from the Director of Military Aeronautics concerning the case of Robert Douglas Fry, Jr.

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, FLA., CHAIRMAN.
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WILLIAM L. HILL, CLERK.
D. C. THORNTON, ASST. CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

January 11, 1919.

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

My dear Jack:

I have just received your little personal note in which you say "I told you so". I had not any doubt at all that it would all come out just as you suggest, but I really have so little interest in making money that it doesn't particularly affect me. Your note came to me as I was trying to bring back my mind again to the Russian situation after a lot of hard detail and a week wherein I have been absent from the office two days. I am in a tremendous quandary about my reply on the Russian proposition. I have told you something of the documents Robins has, copies of which he has given me. They demonstrate, not always satisfactorily, but in varying degrees the matters I mentioned in my questions. The very recital and the production of them, however, and exhibition of the signature of Lenin and his autographed letter asking economic cooperation of this country will with the unthinking put me in the Bolshevik class. And then again there have been of late very many counter-attacks upon Robins and his documents, so I hesitate, aside from other considerations, to stand

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. -2

sponsor for them. I am going to work the thing out in my own mind tomorrow. I hope that I will decide it courageously, no matter what the consequences. Explanations have been made, really by the Government, although by the chairmen of the Naval Committee and the Foreign Relations Committee, In each instance, it is denied that the explanations are authoritative, and upon this I will ring some changes in response. The explanations are outrageous, and in the main, false. The true explanation is, and this unfortunately I can not prove at all, that our troops are in Siberia and at Archangel because of the great debt of Russia to France, and because we are practically going to compel a receivership of Russia for the collection of those debts. As I wrote you last, I am still overwhelmed with letters upon the subject, and it is a difficult process to separate the real genuine Americans from those who are tainted with the poison of Bolshevism. Men like Gifford Pinchot, because of the peculiar time now, beg me most earnestly not to indulge in the presentation of any documents issuing from the Soviet Government. Your Mother is quite of their opinion, but I am utterly unable to understand why on a great public question I should not tell the whole truth as I believe it to be, and ultimately, unless something now unforeseen occurs, within the next two or three days, I shall do so. Pinchot's interest in the sit-

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson , Jr. - 3

uation is dictated by what may transpire politically. The death of Roosevelt has left a situation not at all to the liking of the few who yet retain a trace of Progressivism. He probably would have been nominated for 1920, although a singular change had recently occurred. His was the controlling voice, and while the great interests who make Presidents still suspected him and in many instances disliked him, they feared him and looked upon him as the Moses who might lead the Republican Party out of the wilderness. Up to the time of the election there was practical unanimity in the sentiment for his nomination. After the election, the ivory headed standpatters began to say the country was conservative, they could get along without T.R., and actually a crowd of them in New York got together to "syndicate" Pershing. Their purpose was to nominate Pershing provided they could get ^{the} assurances from ^{him} those whom they wished (which I assume would be no difficult task) and provided he turned out to be what we believe him to be - a wholly pliable and plastic individual. I rather think the syndicate will continue, and that if Pershing agrees to become a candidate he will be the most formidable candidate in the next National Convention. It would be a sort of false modesty on my part to say to you that I was indifferent to the present situation, ^{and that} ~~although~~ my mind was not intently ^{se} endeavoring to solve it. Very many individuals like Pinchot,

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 4

Schlessinger of Chicago, and the Progressives of the Conventions of 1912 and 1916 would be very glad to give me a start in the race for the big prize. They are widely scattered, their influence is not great, the necessary funds will be difficult to obtain, and from the present outlook, the suggestion while flattering is utterly without possibility or consummation of success. The Republican Party is absolutely in the control of the old reactionaries. They are determined to have one of their own. I do not think any ^{other kind of} individual, and certainly not myself, with my history of recalcitrancy, could get anywhere at all. And yet you know if there are enough of our fellows yet living to make a semblance of a contest in states which have direct primaries, I should not hesitate because of the certainty of defeat in going to the bat. One of the serious handicaps is that states with direct primaries, the only places where an independent candidate would have any opportunity, have favorite sons, and these favorite sons will control the various delegations. Take a state like Illinois, for instance, ^{were} ~~where~~ the candidates ~~were~~ from the outside, I would be glad to take a chance before their people. The present Governor, with his wealth and the prestige of position, has an absolute certainty of the delegation. And, by the way, it is not at all unlikely Lowden may be the Republican nominee. He married a ^{Pullman} ~~poor woman~~.

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He has been ^{an} honest, though not a great Governor. He belongs to the rich and privileged class, which now feels itself in power, and he has what we know from our own experience to be all controlling in his locality - the prestige of position. What you mentioned in your personal letter would have been mighty welcome just now, and I will revise what in the beginning of this letter I said, and say, I am sorry I didn't take the chance.

I attended Roosevelt's funeral with the Senatorial delegation. I really was much affected. I doubt if anybody in the delegation had anything like the feeling that I had. I saw the most prominent places at the funeral filled by Elihu Root, who stole the Presidency from Roosevelt in 1912, by Taft for whom the nomination was stolen, by Hughes, who was nominated in 1916 by the pro-German element, and whom Roosevelt detested as he detested probably no other man. It made me sick to go to that funeral with Knox and Brandegee, and the others, who, deep in their hearts, hated Roosevelt as mediocrity and cowardice always hate real ability and fearless courage. And it seemed to me that there was a different atmosphere at the very funeral itself with the "old boy" mute and silent forever in the flag-draped casket. I thought, and perhaps some of my associates thought too, that littleness, meanness, petty-selfishness and cowardice

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could rear their heads again all around him and about him without encountering ^{the} swift and savage blows he always dealt them. Really lad, I think a lot of damn scrubs have been breathing easier and holding their heads high since Roosevelt's death.

It is Saturday afternoon. I am waiting for your Mother to come so that we may go home. We have not been out there for some days. Indeed, I have had a peculiar time the last week. Saturday night I dined at Senator Weeks, Sunday night, Mother and I dined with Mrs. Woods, Monday night, I dined at Senator Frelinghuysen's, Tuesday and Wednesday nights I dined on the train, Thursday night, your Mother and I dined at Senator Knox's, and last night, we dined with Schlessinger and Mr. ^{Herbert} Kauffmann at the Shoreham. Kauffman, by the way, is the very eminent writer. He is an imaginative Jew, very able, and talks well, but he talks in parables, and for that reason, he grows weary after an hour or so. He has had quite a career, however, and it was rather interesting to meet him. I can't tell you how glad I am to get home tonight. I do hope the house will be in good shape. I have however very little confidence in Washington workmen and I have no certainty about the success of the job.

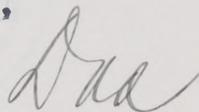
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. 7.

Arch wrote me yesterday that he had applied for discharge. I do hope it is granted him, and that we can whip him into good shape again, and then let him start upon the career which the war broke.

I can't tell you what wonderful photographs those were of the children. Your Mother and I have looked at them again and again. How proud you should feel with two such kiddies!

With all our love.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dad", written in dark ink.

January 16, 1919.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
General Staff Headquarters,
Camp Funston, Kansas.

My dear Arch:

I have been rather under the weather this week and that is the reason you have not heard from me. I am today in receipt of your letter of January 15th in which you give me the classification of the demobilization of your men. Of course, I am intensely interested in your discharge. If there is any difficulty with your General, wire me and I will be very glad, personally, to take it up with him. I do not apprehend any trouble in that direction. If there is anything to be done here, after his approval, advise me, or if you wish, when your application has gone on approved by him, I will go and make a personal application to the Secretary of War.

It was my intention to make a long speech on Russia this week, but I've been so stopped up with a cold, and generally so miserable physically that I'll probably postpone it until early next week.

We're again back at the house and it's a great pleasure and relief to me to get away from the rotten hotel here. The house is in fair shape. I don't think all our work on the heating apparatus accomplished what it should,

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but probably it has accomplished something. At any rate, it is a home, and you can't imagine how distasteful and horrible to me the hotel here is.

When you come on, I'll show you a real cat, that will make you sorry you have only a mangy police dog. When you come on I will give you a real dinner again, or if we don't do that, you and I will take a day or so off and bum. You don't know how we are looking forward to seeing you.

I notice General Wood's designation to another department. The papers here said it was optional with him whether or not he will take it. I don't know whether this is really so or not. Wood is growing all the time with all classes of people, and it will not be at all surprising if he were the next Republican candidate for President.

With all our love.

Affectionately,

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, FLA., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, OREG.
JOSEPH E. RANDELL, LA.
MORRIS SHEPPARD, TEX.
JAMES K. VARDAMAN, MISS.
JOHN K. SHIELDS, TENN.
THOMAS S. MARTIN, VA.
JOHN H. BANKHEAD, ALA.
FURNIFOLD MCL. SIMMONS, N. C.
JAMES A. REED, MO.
WILLIAM F. KIRBY, ARK.

KNUTE NELSON, MINN.
WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, MICH.
WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN, ILL.
WARREN G. HARDING, OHIO.
BERT M. FERNALD, ME.
WILLIAM M. CALDER, N. Y.
HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CAL.

WILLIAM L. HILL, CLERK.
D. C. THORNTON, ASST. CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE.

January 18, 1919.

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

My dear Jack:

I received your letter with the transcript of the Reclamation Board's proceedings. I've had no opportunity to go over the transcript yet but shall do so at the earliest possible moment. I read with interest your comment upon what was transpiring. I was hoping against hope, however, that the Board might reach such conclusions that real litigation would be unnecessary. However, I think we'll have to look forward to a big lawsuit and a long fight. More of this anon.

This has been a bad week with me because of a semi-sickness. I've had a rotten cold, and generally, I've been done up. We spent a couple of days at the hotel the early part of the week, but have returned again, and I hope permanently, to the house. A change in the weather which has made it much warmer here has rendered it impossible to determine whether the work on the furnace has been efficacious. My private opinion is that it has not been more than half so. I can't tell you how glad I am to be back at the old house, to have room to turn in, and to be able to walk about, and to have a home. Mother

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has been feeling none too well either, so this week has been a most disagreeable one for us.

I received your telegram this morning about possible employment in San Francisco. This is the first I heard upon the subject. I suppose to accept this employment will lead to invidious remarks in San Francisco about a representative of the State treated kindly by a particular locality holding it up for large compensation, etc. I am awaiting other definite advices on the subject and will think very seriously of the matter in the meantime. Thank you very, very much for your wire. You're very thoughtful and very good to me.

I have received a wire from Arch that he will be discharged on Tuesday next. I think this is bully. I am sick of the military, and I think our people are gradually getting sick of it. Yesterday, in a sentence, I reiterated what I had before said that I do not want our boys policing Europe, and I wanted them at home. Next week when I get on the floor for a long speech again, I'm going to talk of an American policy, minding our business, bringing our soldiers home, leaving Europe to clean its own house, and police its own back yards. This will be met with bitter antagonism by the "Big Chiefs" of the east, who really want a tremendous military establishment. I believe in it, however, very thoroughly, and I think

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the view will strike a responsive chord in the breasts of just plain folks.

I can't write you at length today because of the innumerable demands upon my time. Both my important committees are meeting, and we're having an important session of the Senate as well. I promised Judge VanFleet to aid in the increasing of the Federal Judges' salaries, and while I have not attempted to talk upon the subject I was in constant attendance yesterday and will be today to see that what votes I can obtain for him will be obtained.

I hope the kid had a good birthday. Mother and I thought of him and of you on the occasion. Before you know it, my lad, these boys will be to you as my two are now to me. And you'll find then that you'll be thinking of them as they are now rather than as they are when they've developed into fine and active men.

Affectionately,

Dad

At Home, Riverdale, Md. Jan. 24, 1919.

My dear Jack:

As you may observe from this heading I'm again writing to you at home on the old machine. It's Friday night, and I have been so infernally interested and tied up for the past week that I fear tomorrow I shall not have the opportunity to write you, and so am sending you word in this fashion. In addition, it is just possible Mother and I will go to New York tomorrow. Arch as you doubtless know was discharged with honors Tuesday night. He immediately left for New York ostensibly to buy a civilians outfit. He says he would like to buy a purple suit or a Josephs coat, he is so weary of the uniform. Yesterday he reached New York, and immediately went to bed sick. We have been in constant telephonic communication with him and Doctor Rogers, and apparently there is nothing serious the matter with him, but he has some temperature and evidently a very bad cold. If tomorrow morning, his temperature still continues we will go to New York in the afternoon, although I have something of a suspicion he would rather we kept away. We have talked with him directly and he insists there is nothing the matter with him, and Doctor Rogers has been quite reassuring, so we are hoping there is no cause for worry. I'll wire you in the morning if we leave.

For ten days I have been anything but myself. First a cold, and then something I have never before experienced some neuralgic trouble that at first I thought might be connected with a mastoid development. At any rate, the damned thing has kept me miserable. Today I for the first time, feel something

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like myself, and am inclined to be duly thankful.

We've had an exciting week over the appropriation for a hundred million dollars to feed Europe. There was just enough suspicion attached to the appropriation, aside from the imperious method of cabling for a mere bag of shells like a hundred millions, that I could n't stomach the bill. I aligned myself with Borah in his hopeless opposition. Upon this measure I heard for the first time, some real eloquence in the Senate in two speeches of Borah. I expressed myself briefly as you will probably observe by the Record, but I did n't get over very welll what I was endeavoring to put out. I was trying again to insist on an American policy, but perhaps I have said this so often now that its freshness is gone. It is very interesting to me to note, however, that the refrain has been taken up, and the deamnd to bring our boys home, to think a little of our own, has been voiced in many quarters. Really without undue egotism, and conceding it is of little consequence, I think as in the matter of the espionage bills, I have been some months ahead of my contemporaries. The ugly snout of big business I think I discerned in this hundred million appropriation. The packers wanted to get rid of their surplus stock, and apparently Hoover had agreed with them that this method of pretending to feed starving Europe was an anportune way. Of course, the bill passed, but there were seveteen of us who voted against it. I confess I was pretty sore at our side of the Chamber, and particularly at their defense of the pakers. I think my son, we may be riding to a fall in this nation. Unemployment looms in threatening aspect; soldiers are back

bitter and jobless; war prices continue and the cost of mere existence continues to mount, while business is halting and men idle far exceed the jobs; and the big fortunes swell and swell and swell and the little businesses are more and more hazardous. Congress is a contemptible, helpless, homeless body, the psychology of war still gripping it, the populace marching far in advance, the President with his eyes on the whole world beyond our borders, a part of our people still clamoring for blood and a part sick to death of the whole thing and cursing war from their hearts--all these present a heterogeneous mass, without directing force or leadership, which may so suddenly crystallize into seething discontent, out of which socialism or anarchy or bolshevism may come. This is not prognostication on my part, but a suggestion of possibility.

The Peace Conference abroad is doing exactly like every other Peace Conference. It is secretly determining what the great powers desire, and carefully preventing the truth from being known. Next week if I can I want to say something again about Peace Pint Number One (the President you know in addressing the soldiers in France said they had fought and died for his fourteen peace pints) "Open Covenants of Peace Openly Arrived at". I have been puzzling more and more about war. It strips man of his veneer of civilization, he becomes a primordial being again, back he flings to his primitive state. You'd think if this were so, he would be just plain brute, minus every vice and pretense; and yet, war makes of all of us first hypocrites. It not only distorts our intellects, blurs our vision and destroys our power

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of reasoning, but it makes our every expression a lie and clothes us with but one attribute, hypocrisy. The same sort of cowardly bloviating and pretending that we indulged during the actual fighting, Congress is still indulging. I think the people of the country have been gradually emerging from this slough; and that is why I said a moment ago that the populace were in advance of their representatives. Wilson with his fourteen points is still fooling the world, while in reality he has surrendered three, Open Diplomacy, Freedom of the Seas and Disarmament, and the other eleven were decided before we entered the conflict. If you have never read the secret treaties of England, France, Russia, Japan and Italy, all made before we declared war, do so at your leisure. These treaties disposed of every territorial question, and this Peace Conference solemnly sits down, fools the world, and has in its pockets, duly signed, sealed and delivered the ^{contracts} partitioning of the world, and the Conference of course, will keep the bargains of the individual members of the conference. Wilson has just one thing to talk about, and he is making the most of it- The League of Nations. If he can get a real League, which will prevent wars, while not relinquishing our sovereignty, he will have accomplished a big thing, the only thing he possibly can accomplish. I dislike to say it, but Hearst is eternally right in saying that our difficulty has been the past two years that we were Pro-Belgian, Pro-English, Pro-French- anything but Pro-American, and that it is time to be Pro-American now.

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My indisposition has probably permitted my opportunity to pass by on the Russian question. However, I kicked up enough mrow on the subject to cause a real sentiment in the East, and this probably contributed to the action yesterday of the Peace Conference. I cannot for the life of me see what can be accomplished by the plan unless the Bolsheviki are absolutely gone, but at any rate it is some kind of action. To me the killing of American boys in Russia is plain murder. Nobody cares particularly except a few cranks like myself. I have no doubt that many of my friends in California were shocked at my attitude. I was shocked by one of its results: it brought me commendation from the most undesirable class, the rotten horrible I.W.W. But it brought me too, an entire folder of letters of mothers and fathers in Michigan of the soldier boys who were drafted to fight Germany and then sent to Russia. I had a letter from Lissner in which he rather plaintively said he guessed it was all right for me to say what I did about Russia if I felt that way. Hoity-toity, it's all right to kill American boys if they can succeed in killing those we don't like. This is one of the things I mean by psychology of war.

I read what you said of the Reclamation case. I shall get out of going before the legislature, for I should n't want to argue before this inferior packed court, where my two former secretaries sat in the background snickering at how they had jobbed me. I do think however, it would be of inestimable value if ~~the~~ Brownstone and the others could accomplish what they seek. Let them try it. They ought to be able to have the

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representatives of their c **o**unties act for them, and the legis-
lature doubtless has lively recollections of the former fights
with the reclamation board. At the last session they beat
the board, and it was only as I undertsand it, the pocket veto
that saved it. Let them go to it but they ought to have a
good fighting man to make the battle. Chandler did it
before, and if they could get some man like Chandler he could
put the thing over in spite of McCabe and Madsen. The
Governor will quit like a pig if they show any strength at all;
I mean strenth of votes outside of the Legislature.

I received a letter from Sullivan and Roche as you had
advisedme. I immediately wired acceptance, and am awaiting
further word. This will keep me here I assume during March.
Just as soon as the matter becomes definite, I will find out when
the case is likely to come up and write you.

I'm tired running the machine, and you probably are of
reading this. Give my love to the Bowles! Mother joins
in all love to the Kiddies and yourself,

Affectionately,

