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United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 2, 1919.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Boys:

I am writing you again together because of what I seem ever repeating, my extraordinary stress here. I leave tomorrow for Detroit. I shall be there on the Fourth to welcome home the Detroit boys, who have constituted nearly the whole force that was in north Russia. I go there purely for sentimental reasons. I think the people are delighted to have me come, because they recognize that mine was the only voice originally crying out for their loved ones. I shall from Detroit go to New York, and then on Monday commence my itinerary in New England. The New England itinerary I gave you in my letter, but it probably has been shifted a bit, and I enclose you copy of it as handed to me today.

We had a wonderful meeting in New York. Carnegie Hall was jammed, and outside the Hall were as many more people. The meeting was a scream from beginning to end. It was utterly impossible to make a connected speech, because of the intense enthusiasm. I really made a rotten speech, but as we have often said, what's the difference as long as it got by, and it really got by. I could not finish ^athe sentence, because the crowd would anticipate it. I have never before heard the President of the United States treated in such fashion. My first mention of him, which was wholly incidental, brought from all

parts of the audience cries of "Traitor!" "Traitor!" My next mention of him, which was of like sort, and only in passing, not in denunciation at all, brought the whole audience booing. The audience was just a cross section of New York. The shirt-front and plug hat brigade were represented, the ordinary man upon the street, and merchant, and the proletariat. If you could judge by the cheering, they were of one mind. I doubt if ever I had a more enthusiastic meeting. The reception when I came on the stage, long before I was introduced, was mighty touching. It was the sort of continued applause, with which you are familiar in meetings, and then various remarks about the Presidency, and the like, in different sections of the hall that would start the cheering, and it continued a long time. The end of the speech was a repetition that was really surprising and gratifying to me.

Your Mother and I are both utterly worn. I feel so sorry for her, and yet, I don't know what can be done. We've had a long time of visitors, as you know, and she worries so over them and works so hard that she wears herself out in her generosity. She expects to go to Detroit with me tomorrow. I hope while I am in New England she can get something of a rest. As for me, the New York meeting taught me in what rotten shape I am. Forty-five minutes nearly killed me. Maybe the week in New England will do me good. I am much more concerned, however, over Mother's condition, and I do hope she will get some rest in my absence and be herself soon again.

Matt Sullivan was with us for a while; and then, Harry and Bill came; and Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, and Robert Bowles, returned from

New York with us on Sunday and remained until last night. They were all very nice, and we were delighted to have them, but Mother does too much for her guests and really works herself almost to death for them. We have had no letter from Arch for a long time. I have not talked to your Mother about it, but I am beginning to fret. If one doesn't come during this afternoon I shall wire you, so that I will have definite news from him by the time we start for Detroit tomorrow.

I am unable to write you about the various turns the League of Nations fight has taken here. I fear if I expressed my real views to you, you would say I was pessimistic, as usual. Suffice it to say, we have a great many timid men on the Republican side, and the propaganda has terrorized them, so that I have little hope they will act independently.

If you meet McCabe, or Lissner, or any of the others to whom I ought to write, explain to them I am on the road, and that is why they don't hear from me at length. I have written some letters to Phillip Bancroft, assuming he was to be the secretary of the organization. I had a letter from him yesterday saying he was about to take a month up in Humboldt. Someone in the organization ought to take charge of these letters and begin activities at once in the few little directions that I suggested to Bancroft. I shall try to write a brief note to Neylan today, because he has been very good and has written me quite at length.

With all our love,

Affectionately,

Sam

Senator Johnson's
Dates as announced to Mr. Meriwether
By Mr. Coolidge, over long distance
'phone June 30, 1919.

July 7th:
(Monday)

Providence, R.I. - Infantry Hall.

July 8th
(Tuesday)

Boston, Mass:
Noon - Faneuill Hall
Night - Tremont Temple
Wednesday noon (July 9) a luncheon
will be given by the Roosevelt Club,
probably at the City Club.

July 9th:
(Wednesday)

Portland, Me. - City Hall
The Mayor of Portland will be chairman.

July 10th:
(Thursday)

Manchester, N.H. - Auditorium Theatre.
Auspices of Manchester Chamber of Commerce,
Frank Knox, Editor Manchester Union, Chairman.

July 11th:
(Friday)

Hope to have him speak at Concord, N.H., at noon.
Can go to Concord from Manchester by automobile.
From Concord by train he can reach Burlington, Vt.
at 5:20 P.M.

Charles H. Darling (formerly collector of
Customs and Assistant Secretary of War under
President Roosevelt, has charge of plans for
meeting in Burlington.

July 12:
(Saturday)

Will ask Senator Johnson to speak at Springfield,
Mass., Saturday night.

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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A73 KS 43 NL

HI NEWYORK NY 6

MIRAM W AND ARCHIBALD M JOHNSON

3070

MILLS BLDG SANFRANCISCO CALIF

BECAUSE OF ALMOST UNBEARABLE HEAT MOST DIFFICULT TRIP DETROIT VERY

SUCCESSFUL THERE WE BOTH LEAVE TOMORROW FOR PROVIDENCE TUESDAY BOSTON

YOUR LETTERS RECEIVED HERE YESTERDAY SEEMS LIKE OLD CAMPAIGNING

DAYS WITHOUT CALIFORNIA CLIMATE BOTH OF US DONE UP LOVE FROM BOTH

TO BOTH

HIRAM W JOHNSON.

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

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WASHINGTON DC 14

HIRMA W JOHNSON JR 3222

MILLS BLDG SANFRANCISCO CALIF

1919 JUL 15 AM 6 46

JUST RETURNED DAD HAD MARVELOUS SUCCESS EVERYWHERE VERY HAPPY CLUBS
BEING FORMED MANY PLACES NEEDS MCCABE BADLY NOT LISSNER LETTERS AND
INDIAN PICTURES ARRIVED MANY THANKS AM WRITING ABOUT CHESTER PLEASE
SEE ARCH REGARDING COUNTESS GIZYCKA PRAY FORGIVE NOT WRITING
SENT PAPERS AM SENDING MORE LOVE YOU AND CHILDREN

MOTHER.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, MASS., CHAIR
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WILLIAM E. BORAH, IDAHO.
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O. F. REDMOND, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 16, 1919.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Mills Building,
San Francisco.

My dear Boys:

In despair over my inability to write you, I wired you yesterday so that you might have at least a brief word from us. I am sneaking, late this afternoon, away from our Committee, and taking the opportunity to chat with you about recent events. I have had a bruising time, but I am very glad I undertook it. I got away from the putrescence of Washington and the fetid atmosphere of the Senate and ~~breathed~~^{moved} with just common people for a week and all my old optimism has revived. We went first, as you know, to Detroit, and did this for sentimental reasons. The Mayor of Detroit and those about him were exceedingly kind and courteous to us. We left on the 3rd in heat that was terrific, and were constantly in the heat wave until we returned to New York on the 5th, and for nearly forty-eight hours thereafter. Both of us, particularly myself, were ill in New York. The Detroit trip was quite worth while, and though I made no set speech of any consequence I talked sufficiently to have a splendid response. The people there, too, who had relatives in north Russia and whose boys were just returning, I'm sure, were more than appreciative. We left for New England a week ago Monday. I had been

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unable to eat anything for a couple of days, and was so dizzy, it was difficult to navigate, but the week of strenuous exertion and that peculiar sort of Hammam bath I undergo in speaking did me a world of good. First, let me tell you that of the men on our side of the chamber in the Senate, none dared go out on the stump except the very few meetings that Borah held last February and March. The pressure has been so great and the coercion exercised so compelling that grave and reverend senators preferred to wrap themselves in their dignity rather than take the chances of meeting the populace. I felt I had taken my stand and that nothing was to be lost by preaching the faith that was in me, while on the other hand, everything was to be gained. Beyond this I wanted expression, where there had been no expression, of that which we felt here, to talk to the people and make them understand, if I could, just what the League of Nations was. When we got off the train at Providence, late Monday afternoon, we were met with apologies by the few who were interested in our meeting. They told us that all of that rotten borough favored the League, that a successful meeting was impossible, that nobody wanted to preside, and they endeavored to pave the way for a humiliating failure. We had the largest hall in the city. The people could not get into it. The chairman, frightened out of his wits, spoke both ways upon the subject and put me on my mettle. I went at the thing hammer and tongs, and I had preceded just a little way when the audience were yelling their heads off. Literally I was mobbed at the conclusion of the meeting, until those in charge of the meeting had to form into lines all the people who would not leave

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the hall but insisted on coming up and shaking hands. James T. Williams, Jr., is the editor of the Boston Transcript. Louis A. Coolidge is the head of one of the worst trusts in New England. Coolidge is in charge of the very small organization called "The League for the Preservation of American Independence" under whose auspices I was speaking, while Williams represents the ultra conservative paper of Massachusetts, but a paper which responding to him has taken our side of the League of Nations. They came down to Providence late to hear the result, and from my start upon the platform until the end of my New England trip they could not do enough for me. Williams is a real, red-blooded fellow, notwithstanding his ultra-conservatism, and Coolidge is so human that I grew to like him very much. The Boston demonstration I won't attempt to describe to you, because it ^{is} simply a beggars description. In all the wild demonstrations of 1912, and I was in many of them, I never saw the Boston meeting excelled. At five minutes to 12 I was before the Legislature, and as I came down from the rostrum, there was cheering that would have made south of Market Street proud. Ten minutes ~~after~~ 12 I was talking in Faneuil Hall, the most historic spot in Boston. It is to Boston what Independence Hall is to Philadelphia. The audience was of business men, and when I quit at one, I felt that my New England trip, had it ceased there, had been successful. We talked in Tremont Temple, their largest hall, at night. When I finished, I went into another hall, and then into the street after 11 o'clock, where from an automobile I talked to thousands upon thousands of people. The following day I talked to the Roosevelt Club, two or three hundred in number, and left at one o'clock for Portland. All

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through New England the meetings were tremendous successes, and New England people out-cheered on the doctrine of Americanism I was preaching, even our people of California. The last two days were extremely tiring, because of the long journeys, but they were very successful. Mother has sent you, I think, the newspaper clippings, so reasonably you can follow them. My faith in our people has been renewed, and I am mighty glad of the trip.

Now, there has been another aspect to this trip, and that is in connection with the political contest next year. I have written McCabe today briefly. A copy of his letter I enclose to you. If I had had him, or some appropriate man with me on this trip, apparently doing no politics at all, he could have had the skeleton for an organization in New England. I don't mean to imply that this organization would have been such as to sweep New England or give me the New England delegates. It would have given me the ground-work for a fighting chance. I found the rank and file of Progressives, those I have called the great inarticulate mass, were just the same as they were in 1912. I found the common people in the Republican Party just as strongly American as I am. I don't believe they give a tinker's damn about events which may have transpired since 1912. In Michigan there is no question but what there is some sentiment that could be crystallized. In every State in New England some sort of fight could be made with some sort of slight assistance from people in nearly all localities. I have frightened some candidates by this recent trip. There'll be perhaps a determined effort in the near future to break down any strength I have, and the effort may succeed, because the

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strength is probably little, and is wholly without organization, and is from people who are not particularly prominent in politics. But these little beginnings might form the nucleus of a real formidable fight. Men like Coolidge, who was presumably in charge, and presumably still is in charge of the ^{Lowden} ~~issue~~ fight in Massachusetts, have a very sincere regard for me. Williams in the ultra respectable and conservative Transcript of Boston could not have been more enthusiastic in his articles or his praise. While these men might not be with me, they have an utterly different estimate of me, and would never be nastily hostile.

I learned one thing on the trip, and that is, that I am pretty well spent physically. It was sheer nerve that kept me up the last part of it, and indeed, enabled me to ^{survive} ~~have~~ such a bruising ^{time} ~~fight~~ as I had in Boston. The reflex is with me this week, and by late in the afternoon, like it now is, I am utterly worn and weary. I think a month or two in the California climate might straighten all this out. Certainly this enervating climate will simply increase the weariness and the wretchedness.

The League of Nations' fight is centering upon certain reservations, of which I am not by any means certain. The endeavor has been made to find a common ground upon which the ^{Republicans} ~~reservations~~ might agree, ^{and} ~~but~~ apparently the common ground will be reservations such as were suggested by Root. My private opinion is that this is giving "the law to the north and the nigger to the south" although Wilson insists that he will never tolerate any reservations of any sort. My prophecy is he will finally accept reservations. Strangely enough

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the reservations that Root now suggests follow exactly my argument in the Senate. Before that speech was made Root had specifically approved Art. X. In his recent letter since then he has denounced it, and said that it must not be approved, but must be rejected by reservations. The amendment concerning the Monroe doctrine of which little had been said prior to my speech is held now wholly inadequate and reservations concerning that must be made, as well as concerning other domestic questions. We have advanced somewhat in our fight, because a very large number of Republican Senators oppose the Shantung award to Japan, and upon this we come nearer approaching solidarity than upon any other question. Tomorrow night I am giving a dinner to our side of the Foreign Relations Committee, at which we hope Williams and Coolidge will be present. I trust that we may then agree upon a definite plan of procedure, and that this plan may hereafter be pertinaciously carried out.

There were many little incidents on the trip that were pleasing and humorous, and some that were pathetic. A little group in Providence, none of whose names I know, brought me a bandana that they had preserved ever since our fight in 1912. A little group in Springfield called at the hotel at 11:30 after the meeting and asked my permission to form a club. Small groups traveled from Montpelier, Rutland, St. Albans to Burlington to be with me, and to tell me they were with me hereafter. In Boston, as in New York, repeatedly three cheers were given for the "next President" that made me blush and shrink. So, my dear boys, you may see that the trip, though a tough one, was mighty successful one. I am hoping to go clear ^{across} ~~about~~ the country. It is the

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one thing I am able to do to help myself, and inasmuch as I have taken my stand upon the important matter here, it is the part not only of wisdom but the part of patriotism to make that issue wherever I can. The only place that I get nasty letters on the subject now is from the southern part of California, and I do get quite a number from there. They come mainly from those who consider themselves good Christians, and demand ratification of the Treaty without demur. These people who call themselves Christians are willing not only to condone the cruelties of the Japanese but to approve the crime of Shantung and the delivery of forty millions of people, who were modeling themselves after us, to the Prussians of the Orient. I can not understand this kind of Christianity. It arises, however, from the strange psychological reflex about which I have before written you.

This letter is all about myself. I write you because I know how interested you are in what is transpiring here, but though I write of what we have been doing, my mind is never absent from my sons and my grandsons in California. I have been glad to learn from the letters of both of you that everything is going well with you and that the kiddies are all right.

With all our love,

Affectionately,

Dad

July 16, 1919.

Mr. Alex. McCabe,
Insurance Commissioner,
Royal Insurance Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Al.:

I have just returned from my trip to New England. The trip was a success from the standpoint of attendance and from the personal standpoint. I am not going to attempt to go into detail to you concerning it. Suffice it to say that our big demonstrations of 1912 did not excel those just held upon an academic question in mid-summer. The trip taught me that there may be remote possibilities in the Presidential candidacy. I don't want you to think that my head has been turned by the cheers, the big crowds, and the like. What I learned and what I felt was that the men upon the ground, the great inarticulate mass, as we used to call them, are not unfriendly, and that the thought of the Presidential candidacy is in the minds of many. I found, too, that while the "plug hat" and the shirt-front" brigade are, of course, the other way, no matter whether they are Republicans or Progressives, the rank and file are just as we found them in 1912. The point now is to capitalize this sort of thing. There is only one way to do that, that I can see, and that is, to have sufficient help to sort of follow up within a short time. This I fear is an impossibility, but I don't know in what other way we can utilize a loose sentiment, which has not

Mr. Alex. McCabe - 2

crystallized and is without organization. For instance, in Providence, one little group brought me a bandana they had preserved since 1912, and were most anxious to act. I did not even know the names of a single one of them. In Springfield, after the meeting, and very late at night, a small committee called on me at the hotel and wanted to organize a club without delay. In Burlington, Vermont, people from Rutland, St. Albans, Montpelier, had come, and after the meeting, talked to me about what they would like to do. Only a few do I know at all. If I had had you with me on this trip, you could have come back with the skeleton of an organization of six New England States. Don't misunderstand me. The organization might not amount to anything after it was perfected. The sentiment may be the merest drop in the bucket, but there is the initial drop there, and the whole problem is, and this I want to submit to your astute political wisdom, how can we gather together and solidify this small existing sentiment? The New England trip has not only aroused the sentiment to which I refer, but it has done another thing, of which I should warn you. It has frightened those who are representing other candidates, and the interests which control nominations, tremendously frightened them. You can look for a pretty well concerted and nast attack all along the line from now on, because where formerly they were inclined to laugh, there is a real fear now. I was amused yesterday. Gifford Pinchot who called on me told me of the plan ^{of} in Pennsylvania trying to elect some delegates who were progressives without espousing any candidacy. He told me that in the beginning he did not think there was the slightest

Mr. Alex. McCabe - 3

possibility for any success of mine, but in an amazing fashion, that he could not understand, I had suddenly emerged, and he thought the chances were as good as anybody's. I don't believe this, but a strange combination of circumstances of late, while injuring us, in some particulars, has made us something of an contending figure.

It seems an outrage to put upon you the burden of an organization in California. But I am hoping that once it is perfected, you need not unduly trouble yourself with it. Just as soon as you get your organization, please let me know exactly what is contemplated, and whether there will be funds enough to get such help as may be essential. We'll have to cut our cloth according to our measure, and when I know about how you are situated in your organization I can better suggest to you the method of procedure.

With fond, personal regards, in which my Boss joins, I am

Most sincerely yours,

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, OREG., CHAIRMAN.
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JAMES A. REED, MO. PHILANDER C. KNOX, PA.
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HOKE SMITH, GA.

CARALYN B. SHELTON, CLERK.
SHELDON S. JONES, ASSISTANT CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

At Home, Riverdale Md. July 24, 19 19.

My dear Boys:

I'm compelled to write at home late tonight because my days of late have made it impossible for me to do the things I like to do; so instead of a dictated letter, you have one written hastily by the old man himself, with its usual errors and its obvious defects.

I have received this week Jack's long letter, and Art's and then Jack's short note about McCabe ~~came~~ today. And first, that you may understand the situation let me tell you that Neylan wired me the other day saying that suggestions were made that Lissner or McCabe come to Washington to be with me for campaign purposes and asking me confidentially for my opinion. I wired him that I would feel uncomfortable if either were to give up his job to take on this unpleasant and unprofitable work, and that therefore I desired no such sacrifice. I think you can understand that while I very greatly appreciate the suggestion of either that he devote himself to my interests, I could not in justice to ~~the~~ them or their families or to my own sense of fairness, permit any such sacrifice on their part. It would be outrageous for me to accept such a thing. I was relieved today to observe from Jack's letter that McCabe might come on for a week or two. This would not involve such a tremendous giving on his part, and I'd be more than glad to see him. However, there's little that he or any one else can do now. When the organization is perfected, if there is money enough, we will try to hire some active young fellow who

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HOKA SMITH, GA.	

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

CARALYN B. SHELTON, CLERK.
SHELDON S. JONES, ASSISTANT CLERK.

has some idea of publicity, and give him a desk in my office here from which without interfering at all with my senatorial work, he can do his work, and from which he can make excursions here and there. I have been waiting for the organization to be perfected to see just how and where we stand and what we can do.

I have had two letters from Frank P. Flint of late, both very nice. I rather gathered from them that there might be some little irritation between him and Lissner although he did not in words, say so. He confirmed Lissner's view of the situation in Los Angeles, saying that there was now an entirely different line-up there. The old Progressives were against me because of my stand on the League of Nations, while many of the old reactionaries were now for me for precisely that reason. How strange this seems to me. Congressman Osborne sent a wire out there to ascertain whether a meeting could be gotten up for Kahn and me, and though Flint and McCabe searched for a Chairman of the ^{Program} old crowd none could be found. Why in the world Osborne sent such a message I cant understand. He never consulted me and after he had heard from Los Angeles, he talked to me about the matter and I told him I could not go. The point of the incident is that according to Flint, he and McCabe found confirmation of Lissner's story of the defection en bloc of the old Progressives. I've written Flint not to attempt to organize in Los Angeles, if rebuffs would be met with, that we had sufficient organization in the central state organization. I made clear to him too, that if I had to choose between my present

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 SHELDON S. JONES, ASSISTANT CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

attitude on the League of Nations and all Los Angeles' support for the Presidency, I chose the former. Sometimes doubtless a public official may compromise on non-essentials; but if he really believes his country is at stake, he's unfit to live if he will compromise at all. I imagine that particularly in the southern part of the State, all is not beer and skittles in our presidential boom. Perhaps I must console myself with the wonderful New England trip I had. If it be possible, I'm coming West. I suspect that the people of ^{the} west are no different from the people of the East, and after we get below the vocal part of the various communities, we ^{will} find just as much Americanism in one part of the country as in the other. I'm tied down by the Foreign Relations Committee. We meet daily, and God only knows what may happen any day. The miserable vacillating cowardly crew here may ditch us any day. Old Taft today comes out for interpretations, after fighting for months against any change or modification. Wilson in my opinion will accept the reservations that many Republicans desire; and then there will be claims of victory on both sides, and every skunk and coward will claim to Americans that he was right and to Internationalists that he was their way. The situation today reminds me of what used to happen in California in the good old Southern Pacific days. I wonder if you remember how I would tell of the sham battles we would fight in which we were always whipped and the railroad Company always won. Today on the League of Nations

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, OREG., CHAIRMAN.
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CARALYN B. SHELTON, CLERK.
 SHELDON S. JONES, ASSISTANT CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS.

there are many sincere men fighting with full hearts on both sides, and there are many more waiting for the "psychological moment" pretending they are on the one side or the other. Watching over the shoulders of the real contenders are our masters of Wall Street, winking at one another and knowing that we're fighting a great sham battle from their standpoint. "Reservations" are cried by them, and "reservations" are re-echoed by the timid, the weak, the vacillating, the cowardly and the crooked. Soon the President will accept the reservations, the League of Nations will be adopted with them, and the Republicans will claim a great victory with their reservations, the President a greater victory with his League, and the International Bankers will chuckle as they take the receivership of the world through any kind of a League of Nations and make billions of profit. In my sober judgment, this will be the result. How these men in New York who make our Presidents and run our government must laugh in their sleeves at the rest of us. They never lose.

I'm somewhat irritated at the situation as you may observe. There are not more than half a dozen I can trust in all the Senate. I'm trying now to block this rotten scheme, but I have n't much hope of success. Watch for the "psychological moment."

I'm tickled to death with two things I read from your letters. First, that Jack is happy and content with the kiddies in the country and they are well; and secondly, that Arch has resumed his old life and is in good shape. May the good situation continue

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

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

This is a terrible climate, nerve racking and enervating. Both Mother and I feel wretched and one has to fight himself continually to do even routine work.

Today, I concluded an arrangement with ~~Sunset~~ Magazine by which I am to contribute an article monthly for five hundred dollars. The agreement runs for a year. I have n't the slightest idea what I'll write two thousand words about, but when you think that this letter runs fifteen hundred words, it ought not to be too difficult. I made the contract primarily for the money.

I've got along nicely this year and last, and haven't worried about finances, the reasons for which you know. I could see no disadvantage in the new employment, indeed it has its sanction in Roosevelt, Taft, J. Ham Lewis, General Wood and others, all of whom have been contributors to different magazines or papers.

I would have preferred being a part of a great national ~~paper~~ magazine, but unfortunately I had to take what I was offered.

You may now look to Sunset monthly to see my letters to you about public topics rehashed in those particulars where ⁱⁿ they are innocuous.

Well, I've been perspiring through my clothes, although I have shed coat and vest and collar. Goodnight. Lots of love

Affectionately,

Dad

HENRY CABOT LODGE, MASS., CHAIRMAN.
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O. F. REDMOND, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 26, 1919.

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

My dear Jack:

You wrote me recently about Chester, and I did not reply because Mother told me she had written you. It goes without saying that I would like to have Chester here ^{and} ~~if~~ I could pay him the same salary he is now getting in California, \$125 per month. If he were alone, we could very readily make arrangements. I would have him live at the house and he would be in a situation where his salary would be practically all "velvet". But with his family this can not be done. I feel like Mother does, that we ought not to urge, or even to ask him to come, because of the things here, which may be very distasteful to him and might make him ultimately dissatisfied. He would have to consider the climate, living in the country, the inaccessibility of our house from the standpoint of those who live in Washington, etc. If after he thoroughly considered all these things, and after they were painted to him just as black as possible, he still wanted to come, I would arrange, of course, to pay his transportation. He would have to bear in mind that the winters here are not like the ones in California, and that summer or winter, while we are here, I must come in in the morning and go back in the evening. It is no fun driving some of the time during our winters, and it is less fun living some of the time during our summer.

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When I was in Burlington, Vermont, on my New England tour, I sent Hiram a box of maple sugar. I happened to think of it while there, and presumably in that particular place you can obtain the best in the world. So I sent what was represented to me as being the best they have. I wonder if he received it. The package was directed to "Hiram W., 3d" at your home.

I am awaiting news as to the California organization. This morning, it is stated here definitely that Wilson is to be in San Francisco on the 15th. The propaganda now going on in San Francisco in which my name is so definitely used, and the literature so specifically using my name directed to me, makes me think there is something of a political job on in the League to Enforce Peace. I wish you would ask McCabe who the local officers are in San Francisco, that is, the active local officers who determine the policy, the printing, appeals with use of my name, etc.

With love to the kiddies and yourself,

Affectionately,



HENRY CABOT LODGE, MASS., CHAIRMAN.

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C. F. REDMOND, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 28, 1919.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Mills Building,
San Francisco.

My dear Boys:

I have received this morning a letter from James T. Williams, Jr., of the Boston Evening Transcript. I have tried to describe Williams to you. He has ever been against what I stand for, but he's a real, red-blooded American, and he is as much in earnest concerning the League of Nations as I am. I wanted to send you his letter, so that you may see his estimate of the present situation, and of my position in it. From more than one source, I have been told what he asserts concerning the White House view of me. Indeed, this trip to California ^{of the President}, I think, we may take as something of a personal tribute.

Affectionately,

Wood

If there is any way in which I can be sure nothing will be done with the League or Treaty during my absence, I shall try to come out after Wilson concludes.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT
Editorial Rooms.

Boston, July 26, 1919.

Dear Senator Johnson:

I have just been reading, in the Washington report of the Associated Press today, regarding the President's plan for a trans-continental trip. He makes a review of the Pacific Fleet his apparent objective, and thereby enables himself to draw travel pay for the trip. It is disclosed, however, that he intends to make speeches going and coming in support of the unconditional ratification of the unamended treaty, and that his ex-campaign manager, Mr. Vance McCormick, is preparing to form a new organization for the purpose of compelling the Senate to give its advice and consent to such a ratification.

The announcement, my dear Senator, makes it all the more imperative, as I believe, that the majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations should have a spokesman on the stump at the same time that the President is on the stump, in order that their spokesman may lay before the jury of the nation the other side of the case - the case of straight Americanism versus Crooked Imperialism, the case of those senators of whom David Jayne Hill, in the forthcoming number of the North American Review, writes as follows:

"The time may soon come when statesmen whose hands it is now attempted to force by emotional influences and appeals to their personal interests under the weight of an expensive popular propaganda, will be counted among those whose prudence and courage have saved the nation from serious complications and even from shame and humiliation. "

It is no reflection upon the ability of your sympathetic associates in this great fight, on the Committee and in the Senate, to say that you are, as I believe, the most available senator as a spokesman at this time. The reasons for your preeminent availability have never been better set forth than Senator Borah set them forth the evening we were your guests at dinner. The Man in the White House is more afraid of you in this particular fight than of any other member of the Senate. I know this from men in his confidence, and my knowledge is reenforced by reasons obvious to all. He never has stood up in a two-fisted fight, and you are at all times a two-fisted fighter. The invisible government which you overthrew in California he has talked against eloquently in campaigns, but at Versailles he made common cause with invisible international government and will soon take the stump in its support. Nothing more repugnant to the spirit of Roosevelt can be imagined than the infamies in the pending treaty. As you were told so many times throughout your New England trip, the spirit of Roosevelt speaks through you today in your demand that the three-fold challenge made by the treaty to (1) American self-respect, (2) American conscience, (3) American common sense, must be met in one of two ways: (1) either by purging the treaty of those challenges and kindred insult and infamy; or (2) by rejection of the treaty. You and I, with

others, would prefer to see the treaty rejected. We hope that in time the necessary one-third of the Senate will so vote, but you and thirty odd other senators, even though you have not yet agreed upon the form of the operation, are agreed in your diagnosis. You can therefore, without awaiting an agreement upon the operation, afford to take the stump in defence of the diagnosis and of the diagnosticians upon whom the Constitution imposes the solemn duty of making just such a diagnosis of the condition of each and every treaty submitted to the Senate.

If ways and means are provided, I can not but hope, and I earnestly beg of you, that you will answer the call, take the stump, and answer Mr. Wilson's arguments and riddle his rhetoric in every State in which he speaks. Unless the ways and means are provided for you to do this, and unless your big heart and abundant courage prompt you to do it, the ultimate victory will be jeopardized if not lost. Anything that I can do or write or say to facilitate your decision in favor of the course I have ventured to commend to you will be done, said, or written with a will.

Faithfully yours,

(Sgd) James T. Williams, Jr.

Honorable Hiram W. Johnson,
United States Senate,
Washington, D.C.