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KODAK Gray Scale



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HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNST, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 6, 1922

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

My dear Boys:

The tragedy of the week with us has been the death of Victor. During the early days of the week he grew rapidly worse, and yesterday about noon he expired. Of course, the last two weeks of his sickness wore upon your mother dreadfully, and perhaps it was as well that we did not follow the doctor's advice and chloroform him. The poor dog seemed in his illness quite human. He made little fuss, was grateful for attention, and seemed to understand what we were trying to do for him. Mother and Joe worked unremittingly with him, and, at least, they have the knowledge that greater or more careful attention could not have been given. Mother has been pretty nearly inconsolable, so much so, that I have had to resort to more or less rudeness to get her out of her grief. I don't think anybody here understood the disease at all, although they claimed familiarity with it, and insisted that there was no remedy whatever. The doctors asserted most emphatically that it was as old as the first knowledge of animals, and that in all the time of its prevalence no remedy had been discovered. The poor doggie has been buried in the yard,

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and tomorrow I am going to plant some flowers over him.

I read with interest what you had to say of the political situation. I am mighty glad of the meetings that have been held, and of the preparations for the campaign. I have never failed to iterate and reiterate in every letter the necessity for this preparation. If any of my friends labor under the delusion that I am not going to have a contest they will have a very rude awakening. I want you, too, to understand that Judge-Craig is no mean antagonist. He has at hand a political machine in southern California which embraces the graduates of the Southern California Law School. It is composed of young men, active, energetic and enthusiastic, and of good standing. Add to this, the discontent with me in Los Angeles, the poverty of our organization there, its lack of the aggression which we have in the north, and then figure on a registration more than double that of San Francisco, and almost double that of San Francisco and Alameda together, and I think it will be obvious to you that my concern for the situation is not wholly groundless.

Of course, Frank Doherty is doing everything that he can in Los Angeles, but there is a lack of active and aggressive men there. The old Progressive forces are gone, and probably will line up behind Craig. I hate to keep dinning upon the one subject, because everybody in California writes in a

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different vein, but if you boys grow impatient with me because I indulge in reiteration, remember how the reports were uniform in 1920 that we were not going to have any opposition, and how we never did get really going against the Hoover organization in Los Angeles during the entire campaign.

Jack wrote me that he had written Lissner. I do not wish in the slightest degree to detract from Lissner's loyalty and I hope you will not misunderstand what I say, but the story is as old as politics that a good advocate is spoiled when he becomes an office-holder, and has constantly before him the expiration of his term, and the difficulties of his reappointment by another than the one to whom he owes allegiance. Lissner to hold his job must be reappointed in June. With this statement of fact, I say to you that I do not believe he can be counted upon for any very great activity in the primary fight. The fact is, that so far as general superintendency is concerned, you and I must depend upon McCabe, and particularly is this so when it comes to southern California, and remote portions of the State.

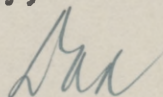
Charlie McClatchy stayed with us for a week at our house, and is now with his family at a hotel in Washington. When he gets back, I think he will be exceedingly valuable to us. I tried to entertain him as best I could, but I am not entirely clear that he enjoyed the entertainment. I do know that he enjoyed sitting alone with us at home, or reading detective stories there. As I wrote you before, he is in the category now of old men.

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Joe Knowland dropped in on me yesterday. Today I gave a luncheon to him and McClatchy, at which I had present, Lodge, Brandegee, Moses, and McCormick. Of course, I have no confidence in what Knowland will do, but I wanted to show him some slight attention, and did so.

If I have the opportunity tomorrow I will try to write you in personal vein from the house.

Affectionately,



HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNST, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 9, 1922

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Attorney at Law,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Jack:

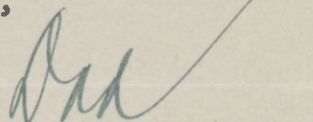
I have just received your letter of May 4. I am ever so much obliged to you for having bought the Liberty Bond for me. This gives me as a sum for your Mother, in case anything should happen to me, \$25,000.00 in United States Bonds. I note that you sent Harriet Odgers \$850.00 to take care of current expenses of mine, and that you were kind enough to enclose your check for \$500.00 for the coupons you clipped. I am returning your check for \$500.00 herein, and I send you also my check No. 907 on the Riggs National Bank for \$350.00 to cover the \$850.00 you gave to Odgers.

Of course, I would like to have made the profit of the investment in the stocks which you say could have been made, if I ^{had} permitted it. Equally, I believe that if an investment had been made by me, there would have been a loss instead of a profit. I prefer the certainty of the Bonds in the Safe Deposit box. If anything ever should happen to me, these should be delivered at once to your Mother. I shall endeavor to keep them intact, although I presume a few months will see me with my cash on hand exhausted.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson. Jr. - 2

Again I thank you for the investment. I can't tell a blamed thing about the list of coupons you attach. I was trying to add up the amount of Bonds from that list, but could not reach the total sum.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long, sweeping flourish extending upwards and to the right.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNST, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 11, 1922

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Boys:

I intended to write you at home on Sunday thumping the letter out upon my typewriter, but circumstances prevented it. Mother and I went for a long ride. I drove to the suburbs of Baltimore and back, about fifty-five miles, occupying about two and one-half hours. This is the longest drive that I have taken, and really I was somewhat tired afterwards. It's up hill and down dale, and inasmuch as I have the same rule in driving a car that I used to have in riding a horse, always to be in control and never to let it get away with me, I was using both feet most of the time. These rides by ourselves in the little machine we greatly enjoy. It seems like the time nearly forty years ago when we used to ride together in the old buggy in Sacramento.

I know you will be interested in the fact that I have been continuing my very little exercises in the Senate Exercise Room with results, so far as my weight is concerned. Day before yesterday I weighed 197½ pounds, the least I have weighed in a quarter of a century. I have gone up a pound or so but I am still under 200. When you recall that I started in this room at 228 pounds, you'll see that there has been real accomplishment.

I have not been devoting myself to decreasing weight either, but because of the little exercises, massage, and some little care in eating, the thing comes naturally. I have worn for many years a 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ collar. I had to buy a box of 17's the other day. Clothes that were very tight are now a little too loose. I don't think that it makes any difference in appearance, and outside of the fact that the regularity of what I am doing will necessarily improve me, I don't think the loss of weight has been particularly valuable from the health standpoint. But the one thing I am certain of is that what I have done has been of extraordinary improvement physically, and if I had no difficulties mentally, there is no doubt that I would be an infinitely better man than I was last July when I started.

I am, of course, worried about the situation in California. Nobody else worries about it, because of their optimism, but I feel I understand it better perhaps than anybody else. There is nothing so pitiful in Washington as what is designated as a "lame duck". There is nothing that would be so humiliating to me as to return here after next November, or after the August primary defeated. The place could be yielded without many qualms. A new activity could be undertaken without very great regret for the old, but the singularly composite nature of the human being, and particularly a human being like myself, would give to the enforced retirement a fictitious importance, which for many a long day would have its effect on one's mind. In the Los Angeles situation, there is a real danger. I will not, however, expatiate longer upon this subject. I have written you sufficiently about it. The hideousness of the

possibilities, though, trouble me much more than I would tell to any others than my sons.

The great political event recently here has been the primary in Indiana. New had the State Committee, every county committee, every local committee, every member of congress, and substantially every politician. He was supremely confident of success. He spent much of his time here pretending that it was unnecessary, first, to go to Indiana, and secondly, that in attending to his duties here, the people of Indiana would recognize the faithful public servant and better results would inure to him than in campaigning. I have always found that the individual who expects the people to rise to him, while he is far away representing their interests, and believes that in recognition of his singular ability exercised in their behalf they will cast their votes for him, while the opponent is daily going about soliciting their favors and making an intensive campaign has finally a very rude awakening. New, of course had the backing of the administration. He was the closest man to the President in Washington, and his campaign was made upon the basis that he was the embodiment of all that the President represented and in his person was indeed the President to the people of Indiana. The shock to Washington can not be under-estimated. Of course, all sorts of reasons are now being given for New's defeat, and the administration having recovered from the first blow, whispers that no man who ever had an illegitimate child can win the votes of women. There was nothing of this, however, before the primary. It was to be a clean cut endorsement of the Harding administration,

and the emphatic registration by the people, at their first opportunity, of approval of the Harding policies. From the standpoint of liberalism, in my opinion, there was little to choose in the Indiana fight. Beveridge sought to prove that he was just as conservative as New, and perhaps he demonstrated it.

Next Tuesday, the primaries in Pennsylvania will occur. Gifford Pinchot is a candidate for Governor and Bill Burke, a rough-neck Congressman from Pittsburg is trying to beat Senator Pepper. It is unlikely that either will succeed. Pinchot, however, believes that he will win, and singularly enough every newspaper in Philadelphia, including Penrose's old Enquirer, is fighting for Pinchot. Burke, of course, has no money, no organization, and apparently nobody in Philadelphia is for him. He is making a sort of slap bang rough neck fight against the intellectual pride of Philadelphia, and against tremendous odds. If he succeeds in polling one-half as many votes as Pepper, he will have won, in my opinion, a very great victory.

Charles K. McClatchy, and Mrs. McClatchy left today. I saw a great deal of C.K. while he was here. He is a very lovable, loyal friend. You can turn to him, in my opinion, in any crisis and he will come through. I think he will be a tower of strength when he reaches California. What a pity the Fresno Bee will not be started before the primary. We are without any paper in Fresno now, and the Bee therewould be a similar tower of strength to us.

Sunday we planted pansies in the form of a big "V" where Victor is buried. Mother misses him greatly, and singularly old Spartan misses him too. I watched the old Airdale Sunday, wandering around the yard, barking then throwing up his head, and looking in all directions. It was perfectly obvious he was searching in bewilderment for his companion. He still seems extremely lonely. As I watched him, I wondered if dogs understand after all.

The Tariff Bill is going along its weary way. We are holding night sessions now, meeting at eleven and running continuously until after ten at night. I am remaining here for dinner, and it is anything but enjoyable. I feel, however, that I have got to keep on the job, because it is my one hold upon a large class who otherwise are not particularly friendly to me. Perhaps, it is a mighty slender hold, but it will give me a talking point at least.

Mr. Wynne, to whom Jack gave a letter to me, called upon me recently, and I had him to lunch with me. I think he enjoyed it, for I received this morning from him a very nice letter. He struck me as a good fellow, and I found our views concerning the Pacific and the Orient were about alike.

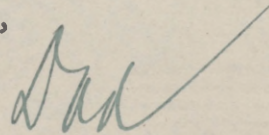
Today, T.H. Ince, the movie proprietor called, and I gave him luncheon here at which I had present Senators Borah, Harrison, Robinson and Walsh, of Mass. We had rather a pleasant time. Yesterday, I took Judge Waste and his wife to luncheon. I have never had an opportunity adequately to size him up. He doubtless is a most excellent gentleman, and perhaps a very good lawyer, but I ^{thought}

him as Father used to say "powerful weak" . We talked in roundabout fashion of the decision rendered by the Supreme Court recently on the Japanese law. I thought I discerned plainly that the decision was a psychological one. If we had not entered into an alliance with Japan, I don't believe the decision ever would have been rendered, but the members of the Supreme Court, just exactly as the members of the press in the East now believe, evidently thought that the alliance with Japan meant first a lack of anti-Japanese sentiment in California, and secondly, an era of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, which should induce favorable ~~the~~ conclusions for the Japanese. This sort of thing, in my opinion, as the alliance continues, will be more and more apparent, and California's difficulties in maintaining the California position regarding the Japanese will constantly increase.

I am dictating this during a lull in the tariff debate. I will now go upstairs and almost die of ennui for an hour while Miss Connor is writing.

With all my love,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be "Dad", with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNST, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 19, 1922

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Bldg.,
San Francisco.

My dear Boys:

Another week with its long night sessions and its irksome tariff debates has almost passed. We're all getting a little ragged, and the ordinary suavity of the Chesterfieldian Senator is gradually being displaced by a not unnatural irritation and petulance. I predict another week of the sort of thing we've been having, and men will be almost at one another's throats. Then, it will be impossible to foretell the date of passage of the tariff bill. I had my first difficulties last Monday in certain matters relating to California products. I lost out on citrate of lime, but have nevertheless a rate, which is not unreasonable or unjust, ^{and} is in excess of anything heretofore granted. I won on the more important thing, olive oil, and I was glad of this, particularly because of Bert Meek's interest in it. I imagine it is rather difficult for you fellows to think of me dealing with the detail necessary to be indulged concerning duty on citrate of lime, and I confess it is with a good deal of surprise I find myself immersed in this kind of work. I have tackled it, however, with everything that I have in order to do the job for the State and to demonstrate that I can get, notwithstanding my independence politically, for my constituents what they never

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before have been able to obtain. I think I may say to you without boasting, that I am doing it, too.

I have followed the politics of California as best I could during the past week. Craig is out of it, for which I am glad. As I wrote you very briefly the other day, Neylan thinks that Barrows' resignation had no political significance, and Neylan seems to believe that Barrows will not be a candidate. I do hope Barrows will not be. I think if he is eliminated, the strongest possible man has been eliminated from the situation. I am in receipt of a wire this morning from Frank Doherty saying that the reactionaries are now considering C. C. Chapman of Orange County. Chapman has been a perennial blooming political fungus ever since I have been in the political game. He was mentioned against me in 1910, again in 1914, and then in 1916 for United States Senator, and possibly now in 1922, he may run. I hope he does and ends the uncertainty. I told Doherty in a night letter that our friends might suggest that Chandler, Fredericks, and the rest of them in Los Angeles, sing their hymn of hate about Frank Mouser, and get Frank Mouser into the contest. Mouser, who was a pseudo-Progressive as long as he was in office, is very bitter against me because he was not appointed receiver of the land office in Los Angeles. He is crazy as well as many other things. In the back of my head for many months I have believed that Francis V. Keesling is going to be a candidate. I can't exactly tell you why I have thought this for so long, but it is just one of those peculiar hunches that men sometimes get, and which probably are not of any consequence at all.

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I am deprived by this rotten, damned tariff bill of the little pleasures of existence I got here. I can't walk around my yard. I can't attend to my flowers. I can't get any time to sit on the porch. I can do nothing except get up early in the morning, come in here, get home at eleven o'clock at night, and go to bed. I can't even eat dinners that I like cooked by my own cook, being compelled to eat in the Senate restaurant; and all together, the whole damn scheme of existence now is rotten. Add to this, that I must be ever on the alert in the tariff bill for there are clouds upon the horizon concerning the items I have obtained; that I have a malicious and treacherous colleague, who lies and lies, and cheats, and who has neither good-fellowship nor cooperation; and add to this the bigger thing, too, that in this bill I can not be myself, and you'll realize that my cup of woe is pretty full.

After the primary election in Indiana, the attempts of our standpat friends to account for the Beveridge victory we thought ridiculous, but their efforts now to explain away the Pinchot victory are worse. Confidentially, I don't ascribe to the Pinchot victory anything like the extraordinary importance attached to it here and all over the East. I think it was, in the main, purely an accident, and in some degree, rather a row between rival bosses. It is generally regarded as a tremendous Progressive recrudescence, and the Eastern papers are full of what might happen to the Republican Party. I have maintained a fair degree of silence and shall continue to do so. Poor old Reed out in Missouri is fighting for his life, with the strict Party men all against him. Wilson, in two letters, has denounced him, and it is

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no small thing in a State like Missouri to go against the orthodox democracy within the Democratic Party. The reports we receive here are unfavorable to Reed, but I have great confidence in his campaigning ability, and by the time they reach the ballot box in August, I hope that he will have reahabilitated himself.

Turning to pleasanter things than Senators, tariff bills, colleagues and politics, and speaking of dogs. Spartan is very much changed since the death of Victor. Before that time, he was something of a vagabond, used to entice Victor on many of his nocturnal excursions, and he was away from home a great deal, even all night, and sometimes all day. He will not leave your mother's presence now. He has not been on a jaunt since Victor passed, and he is ^{at} mother's heel all day long. He whines to get in and has to be with her. He will leap into the automobile so as to ride down town and stay with her. It is a very remarkable metamorphosis in the old boy. I would like to get another police pup, but Mother can not bring herself as yet to do so. I am hoping when we get to California you may have another for us, and that we can bring him on here.

I think I wrote you about the kitten who came so suddenly to the exercise room. With the assistance of Dr. Walters there, we have brought that kitten up thus far, and now at a month old, it is apparently a very playful fixture of our quarters. It was really interesting trying to keep the flickering spark of life alive in this little mite. The expedients we adopted originally to feed a motherless three days old kitten you would have laughed at. It is now quite self-reliant, and has been dubbed Henrietta

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Johnson. With good fortune, in time, perhaps there will be many Henriettas.

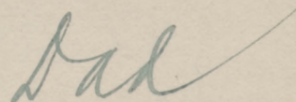
It is possible your mother and I will go to New York next Sunday night. I want to see Guy Barham on Monday, if I can, so that I will have a complete understanding of his activities in the coming campaign. I understand he is going abroad next week with Hearst and will be gone some months. According to the other papers, Hearst is a candidate for Governor of New York. How foolish he is! He can elect somebody else Governor, but can never himself be elected. His newspaper activities, of course, have hit in many directions, many even that he little suspects, and if he becomes a candidate he will be hit back and hit hard. The weakness of his character is demonstrated by his vanity and his anxiety to hold office. As a mere journalist he could do more good and be more powerful than in any political position. He does do great good, just as the few of us here who protest against wrong do a great good by preventing many things from being attempted, which, without the knowledge that we would protest, would be attempted and put over. Unfortunately, no human being knows his own weaknesses, and Hearst probably is utterly unable to understand the violence of the antipathy to him. Every enemy of mine, particularly in southern California, thinks he has at once disposed of me by saying that I am a Hearst man, and I have no doubt that this sort of thing has done, and is doing a great deal of political harm to me. The fact happens to be that we stand for many of the same things. I don't think that I am in error

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when I say that I stood for them long before Hearst ever did. I was making the political fight for popular government in California when Hearst was on the other side. I fought the League of Nations before he ever understood the contest or got into it at all. He treated me with such kindness during 1920 when I had little or no newspaper support, that I feel very grateful to him, and he did it without any real personal acquaintance with me. He publishes today, in my opinion, the only great papers in the nation, which stand for democracy, and are in any degree tribunes of the people. He could, if he chose, sell out over night and have all of the distinctions which crown the careers of the Ochs of the New York Times, and the Pullitzers of the New York World. He has chosen the other path, and the bitter enmities aroused against him are because he has thus chosen. Of course, his enemies say that he made his choice for the profit that there was in it, and this may be so; but it is a pretty futile thing for anybody to question a man's motives when he goes right. I hate to see him a candidate for Governor of New York, because I fear he will be badly beaten. If he were not a candidate and made a real fight against Miller, the present Governor, I think he could perform a great public service by turning out a mere tool of the plunderbund. The men about him, unfortunately, like men always around the powerful, are wholly sycophantic, and I take it that none of them tell him the truth, but tell him what they think he wants to hear, and minister wholly to his vanity.

With very much love,

Affectionately,



HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNET, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 25, 1922

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California

My dear Boys:

There is little of interest to write you, but if I did not send you some weekly letter, however barren the news, I should feel that I had been somewhat derelict. As you doubtless know, we're continuing with the dreary work of the tariff bill. This necessitates the long night sessions and pretty effectually breaks up our home. Mother comes in and dines with me each night here, and waits until adjournment when we both return together. I think it is quite as irksome for her, as it is for me, but she believes, and perhaps rightly, that I could not attend the night sessions or dine away from home without her, and it certainly is very much pleasanter having her here. I think, though, it is an imposition, although she insists it would be much lonelier staying at home. How much longer this is going to continue, no one can foretell. Some of us who want to get into campaigns are beginning to be very seriously worried. I am waiting to dispose of almonds and walnuts, and when this has been done, I'll feel much easier in mind.

In my reading of history and then in my personal knowledge of political events, I have often been impressed with the potential possibilities of apparently irrelevant disclosures and little petty nastinesses. There has been an instance of this sort of thing

recently here. In 1912, while Taft was President, a filthy job was perpetrated in the release of a convicted banker named Morse from the Atlanta Federal penitentiary. Those who represented Morse looked the country over to find some one who had sufficient influence with the susceptible and not too morally sensitive President. They finally hit upon Harry Daugherty. All sorts of rotten evidence was produced of Morse's physical condition, and Taft commuted the sentence. Subsequently, there was a great deal of stuff published about the means taken to demonstrate that Morse was in physical decline, and the whole thing stunk to high heaven. Thereafter in various campaigns in Ohio, the story was exploited. Taft and Wickersham endeavored to exculpate Daugherty. For some unknown reason, a very peculiar individual named Caraway, who is a Senator from Arkansas, touched upon the subject one day in the Senate, whereupon big, blatant Jim Watson of Indiana, who, unfortunately, is one of the leaders of the Republican Party nationally now, forthwith denied Daugherty's connection with the Morse case, and did it, as he said, upon the authority of Daugherty. Caraway, who is something of a wasp, has since been exploiting the case, and he has proven pretty thoroughly that Watson was an unmitigated liar, and that Daugherty's statements have been to say the least disingenuous. From my viewpoint, Daugherty had a perfect right, as a private individual, in 1912, to attempt to get Morse a pardon, provided, of course, he acted within legitimate lines, and all that would have been necessary when the first attack was made would ^{been to say} ~~be to have~~ said that Daugherty was then a private citizen in private practice, and that it

was nobody's business what he did then within the usual rules of the profession. The thing has gone on from day to day, however, and has gathered momentum like a snow ball rolling down hill, until Daugherty is in a most uncomfortable situation. The press finally has taken the matter up. Yesterday the New York Tribune, for whose fulminations nobody on earth ought to care a damn, in a leading editorial said Daugherty ought to resign. Coming from ^a "respectable" Republican source, the Tribune, the article apparently had some weight. The New York World, a bitterly partisan Democratic paper, has been saying the same thing. The situation is complicated by the attacks which have been made upon the failure of the Department of Justice to prosecute profiteers by two young and decent Republican Congressmen, Johnson of South Dakota, and Woodworth of Michigan. All in all, an incident, which could have been brushed aside with a sentence, is developing into such proportions that it may be a great administration scandal, and may even result in the downfall of Daugherty. There has been a peculiar attitude of the administration toward war profiteers. It has now been whipped into some sort of activity. The disclosures however made by Johnson and Woodworth have been somewhat appalling, and should have been noticed long ago. Perhaps the disinclination to touch the gentlemen who rob ^{bed} the government is due in great degree to the fact that some shining political lights might be caught. Among other things that Johnson and Woodworth demonstrated was that two of the aircraft manufactories during our war were practically owned by Mitsui Company, in reality, the Japanese Government, and

this Company was overpaid some millions. Not only was it overpaid, but the blueprints, plans, etc., of aircraft were ^{appropriately} prepared by the Japanese. When the auditors of the Department began to investigate and make demands upon Mitsui Company for the sums overpaid, the attorneys for Mitsui Company developed to be Taft and Wickersham. The Japanese Society of America is presided over by Mr. Taft, and Mr. Wickersham is its vice-president. The two greatest proponents of the Fourpower pact, one of whom had a speaking itinerary from Boston to Chicago, were Messrs. Taft and Wickersham. Mr. Wickersham is a great internationalist, who, in season and out, is insisting upon alliances with Britain, Japan, and other foreign countries, and who, of course, was strong for the League of Nations, and subsequently for the recent alliance. The Taft is not ex-President Taft, but his brother, who is practising law in New York. When I get into the campaign, matters of this sort I hope to exploit. In connection with this, too, the propaganda which was so well organized in behalf of the Fourpower pact, I want to talk about. Strangely enough, Northcliffe has been talking about the Japanese of late, and he has said harsher things than any of us ever thought of saying, and he has laid greater stress upon the insidious ^{Japanese} propaganda that is world-wide than I have ever suggested. Were I to say the things that Northcliffe recently said about the Japanese lack of good faith, that they will not be bound by any Fourpower agreement, that they have carried on through crooked propaganda, etc., I would be denounced in most of the newspapers of the east, and all of the newspapers in California, except

the very few who stood against the Fourpower alliance.

I am taking it very easy on other subjects here at present, first, because of necessity, the tariff items engrossing the most of my time, and secondly, because I think it just as well during these critical couple of months. Like a storage battery, though, I am winding up and getting full of energy, which ultimately will explode. I hope I'll have sense enough to defer the explosion until after the primaries.

I was tickled to death with the organization in San Francisco. Yesterday I wrote to the individuals mentioned in Jack's note to me as the speakers - to Rossi, Sheriff Finn, Charlie Neumiller, Daniel A. Ryan, Senator Breed, John S. Partridge, Theodore Roche, Judge Langdon, C.P. Cutten, Senator Boynton, John F. Davis, J.J. Dwyer, Alfred Greenebaum, E.J. Tyrrell, and Paul Scharrenberg. If there were any others to whom I ought to write little notes of acknowledgments, please let me know.

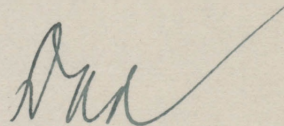
The situation in the south remains about the same. Doherty has done good work, and is plugging away all the time. So far as I ^{can} ~~could~~ learn from letters sent me, among those who express themselves, I would be simply overwhelmed. I am hoping that there is a great mass of people, of whom we know nothing, who would be with me, if it came to a pinch. With a real fight, Los Angeles County would be anything but cheering from the independent reports that I receive. However, I think that notwithstanding the situation there we could much more than ^{offset} ~~overwhelm~~ it with the rest of the state.

The change in the habits of old Spartan that I have mentioned to you before becomes more marked with the passing of time. He used to be a vagabond. He is no longer. He does not want to be a foot away from your Mother all the time. I have been wondering if he did not run away because nobody paid any attention to him, and no affection was lavished upon him during Victor's life. Certainly, he is a changed man since Victor's death.

It is beautiful at home now, and it is most charming to sit in the yard. I resent being away so much, and being deprived of these marvelous evenings outside. I am going to try to fix it next week so I can be at home at least half the time.

With all love,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN.
GEORGE W. NORRIS, NEBR. ELLISON D. SMITH, S. C.
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE, CONN. AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, KY.
RICHARD P. ERNST, KY. EDWIN S. BROUSSARD, LA.
R. A. BURR, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 26, 1922

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Attorney at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco.

My dear Jack:

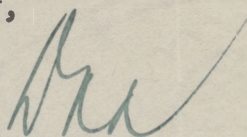
I received last night your letter of May 20. I was interested in your comment on the Pennsylvania fight. All of the east take it as a great awakening of the people. The administration has alibied itself, and of course has the press with it to print anything it wants, but, nevertheless, it has not been able to get away from the significance of Indiana and Pennsylvania. I was awfully glad of what you said about the situation in California. I am writing Scoop Gleeson a little personal note today of thanks. I tried to be decent to Joe Knowland when he was here. I think I wrote you I had a little luncheon for him, at which were present Senators Lodge, Brandegee, McCormick, and some other senator. It was an A-1 luncheon in the first place, and the company ought to have flattered him in the second. It will be good fun if you purchase a place in San Mateo. If I get through this year I will have six years ahead of me, which I think I can take more easily and enjoy more than the past six.

I was glad to note from your letter that Arch is in good shape. I don't want you to say so to him, but he simply wont write letters, and I must rely upon you to know something about him. I wish you

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

would, confidentially, write me at your convenience.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'H. W. Johnson', written in a cursive style.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

May 31, 1922

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorney at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco.

My dear Arch:

I have this morning your letter of May 25. I was so delighted to have a letter from you that I am answering it immediately upon its receipt.

I will see what I can do in reference to Rear Admiral Halstead. I don't know that I can do anything, but I'll make an effort, and will advise you later.

I quite agree with you that there can be no earthly reason for not suing a firm of attorneys. That Knight might be a candidate for the new federal judgeship is a matter of no consequence, and ought not to be for an instant considered. I was glad you felt good about your Santa Barbara suit. I hope the Moore employment will be profitable.

I don't know when I am going to get out to California. I shall come, however, at the earliest possible moment. My impression is we'll begin to make more rapid progress on the tariff bill this week, and I think it is among the possibilities our California items will be disposed of by the first of July. When they are disposed of, I think I can leave.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

Mother is quite inconsolable about Victor. The last few days Tazee has been sick. I don't know what the dickens is the matter with her, but she has been quite sick and I have been fearing what may happen. This morning, she is better, I am glad to say, but a mighty weak little doggie.

I do hope you are feeling all right. You say nothing of your condition in your letter, but I am praying that it may be all that we wish.

With all love,

Affectionately,

Arld.

Since dictating the above I am reminded that the Secy. of the Navy has departed on his junket to Japan. I don't know whether anything should be done in the Halseid matter until his return.