

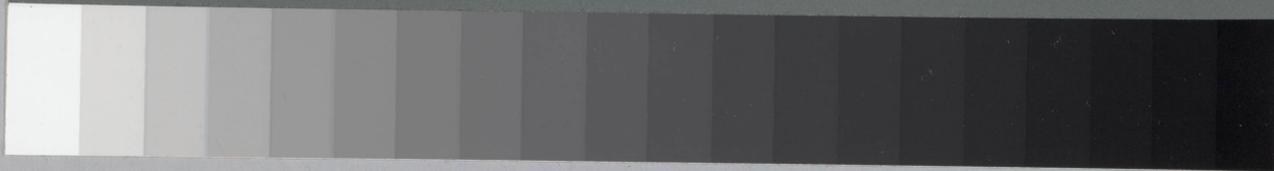
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON
TERRITORIES AND INSULAR POSSESSIONS

December 12, 1924.

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

My dear Arch:

We arrived here Sunday morning after one of the most disagreeable trips we have had across the continent. The first day out, Mother took a severe cold, which, it is needless to say, did not improve as our journey continued. I don't know why it was, - perhaps due to the fact that she was feeling so wretched, but the journey was a nerve-racking one, and I was mighty glad finally to arrive here. There has been scant improvement in your Mother, and so far, our first week here has not been as pleasant as otherwise it might have been.

For the first time in my life I am looking at the entries at the races at Tia Juana. I observe that not only did your horse, Spread Eagle, start on ^{Friday} Monday, but also ran Sunday, and each time ran third. I don't know whether these are formal canters, whether it is necessary for him to get into shape by a few races, or whether he has deteriorated. I hope that your initial victory with Myrate did not make you incautious in the subsequent performances of Spread Eagle. I presume that I was as disappointed as you were at the results, and I am watching

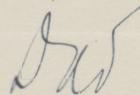
Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

each day the Tia Juana entries to see when you start again, and of course, we shall pray earnestly for your success.

There is nothing to write of what is occurring here. We are pursuing the even tenor of our way in the senate, and it is interesting to me. Remember, we have an agreement about the exchange of Christmas gifts, and that neither of us is to permit the Israelites to despoil us.

My love to Martha and yourself.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'A.M.J.', written in dark ink.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON
TERRITORIES AND INSULAR POSSESSIONS

December 12, 1924.

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

My dear Jack:

It was good of you to wire us as you did. I leave to Mother to write you about the lot at the beach. From what she says to me, there was obviously some misunderstanding between her and Bill, but it is of little consequence anyway. You were more than kind in the matter, and both of us greatly appreciated it.

We had a most delightful little letter from Hiram - a letter that would be creditable to one double his age. I shall try to correspond with him during the session occasionally. Not only will it be a great pleasure to me to do this, but I think it will be a very good thing for him. I learned long ago that to put one's thoughts on paper is mildly stimulating mentally.

The first day out on our journey, Mother got one of those terribly severe colds. It grew no better as the journey proceeded, and has improved but little since our arrival here. The trip across the continent, perhaps because of this, was about the most irksome and disagreeable I have ever undertaken, and our few days, thus far at home, have not been all that I might desire. The weather is not bad here. Indeed, it is the

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

best of Washington weather, but the atmosphere is so damp that it is difficult, particularly for one from another climate, to recover from any bronchial trouble, or any cold at all.

We were welcomed by old Spartan. He is so essentially different from Victor that I am constantly comparing them. Spartan is an old, old man, without great physical vigor, except when intensely aroused, and with the expression of a patriarch contemplating infinity. He is a good old fellow, though, and lovable. The infernal cat took our coming as a matter of course, and displayed no more affection than any royal personage would for the humblest of his subjects.

The senate is proceeding in its usual fashion, and the faces that were best known only a few months ago at the last session have faded into dim memories. The senate is like life - it goes on automatically, checked not an instant by the passing of those who, for a brief moment, seem to fill the entire horizon. How little do foreign relations now mean to Lodge! The jibes of a hostile press, the execrations of sentimental internationalists, even the plaudits of admirers, who constituted but a small minority, mean nothing now to him. And really if we can reflect upon this sort of thing without becoming morbid, perhaps we may acquire a philosophy which will make our remaining days a bit happier. I am striving in this direction, but a peculiar temperament influences us too much, and we stumble over wee little things.

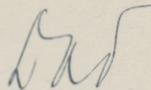
No opportunity has presented itself to make any inquiry about the Scripps boat. I have it in mind, however, and just as soon

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 3

as I can learn anything in respect to it, I will advise you.

With love to the kiddies and much to yourself, I am

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'HWT', written in a cursive style.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.
RAY A. BURR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

December 21, 1924.

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

My dear Arch:

I am writing this note simply of Christmas greeting in the expectation that it will reach you Christmas Eve. It is, of course, needless to wish you and Martha the merriest of Christmases and the most happy of New years. But with the conventional expression, I send you both my love. May the Holiday season bring you contentment, and happiness, and all that I would wish for you - this would be every desire of your heart.

Affectionately,

Dad

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

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MILLS BLDG SANFRANCISCO CALIF

TODAY CORRESPONDENT BULLETIN AND OTHER PAPERS ASKED IF I HAD FIRED BURR BECAUSE OF HIS CANDIDACY I REPLIED IN WRITING QUOTE BURR HAS PERFECT RIGHT TO BECOME CANDIDATE IF HE DESIRES AS A CANDIDATE OF COURSE HE COULD NOT CONTINUE HIS DUTIES AS SECRETARY AND HE WILL NOT UNQUOTE WIRE YOU TO ADVISE YOU AND THAT YOU MAY HAVE ONLY STATEMENT I HAVE MADE

HIRAM W JOHNSON.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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RAY A. BURR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

December 26, 1924.

My dear Boys:

I am sending this note merely to give you the details of my astounding incident with my secretary Burr. There have been times when I have thought that I discerned a peculiar vanity in Burr, but I never suspected him of such over-weening conceit and egotism as in these last few days he has displayed.

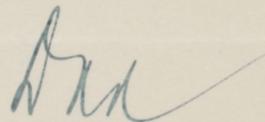
I learned incidentally that he was a candidate for congress in Kahn's place. It seems that everybody else knew it except myself, but learning it incidentally the day that I wired you, I called him in. He said he was a candidate, that he could win easily, that the people of the district demanded it, and that the brother of the late Congressman, Bert Kahn, and many others had asked him to be a candidate. I looked at him in perfect amazement, but finally said, he had a perfect right to be a candidate if he desired, but that it was obvious he could not perform his duties as secretary if a candidate, and therefore, he would have to cease as secretary. Apparently, he was satisfied with this, and he added, that he had intended to leave me on the 4th of March anyway. He said he had been contemplating this candidacy for many months, but could give no satisfactory answer to my question as to why he had not advised me. When the newspaper men tackled me on the following day and asked if I was running my secretary for congress in Kahn's district, I replied, as I wired you, and as I had stated to him. Yesterday, he came into the

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office and indulged in all sorts of threats about what he was going to do to me to Miss Connor. He apparently thinks that I should have announced his candidacy for congress, and that I should make the fight for him in California. He is absolutely drunk with his vanity and has an obsession upon his candidacy. The whole thing seems so ridiculous to me that it is difficult to believe it real. He is going to California filled with bitterness and malice, and the Lord only knows what he may attempt to say or do. I have not the slightest objection to his being a candidate, - that is any American's birth-right. I have the most decided objections to running a candidate for congress in the district in which I live in San Francisco, and much more decided objections to occupying the silly position of running an incompetent secretary for congress. Burr thinks otherwise. I wanted to warn you of the situation. I don't know when anything has occurred that has been so astounding to me. The more I see of human beings, the more I care for dogs.

With love to all,

Affectionately,



United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At Home, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1924.
My dear Arch:

I tried to write you something of our thanks for the good Christmas you gave us, but yesterday came the Surfar gun and again I thank you. I put it together last night and it truly is a formidable weapon. You and Martha were mighty good to us and helped make a happy day for Mother and me.

This morning (having read yesterday's *Six Stars* entries) the first thing I looked for was Spread Eagle, and glory be, he won. I'm so glad that finally he's done his duty. Four starts two times third, once fourth and once first, however, can't be very profitable. I'm hoping he gets the Rabbit from yesterday, and wins now every time he starts. Because all the dopsters picked him to win yesterday, while none did in his former races has made me think he had a different class of horses to compete with

Nyarit starts I notice again today and
the wise ones place him third. By the
way, you told me there were four
horses in your string; but I've never
known the others. If you are starting
others, let me know their names so I
can keep track of them.

There's nothing new with us.
We are pursuing the regular grand
in the senate, and living in the
usual fashion here in the country.
Washington is more or less gay with
its society, but we participate in it
but little. The weather is very cold
but sunshiny and bright. We haven't
had a snow storm since our
return, and I regret this skating
is at present the vogue, and every
pond is frozen hard. Our new
butler, to wit: little Ah Fong, gorgeously
arrayed in oriental costume, is a huge
success, providing there is no head
strain. Old Spartan, almost a
grey whiskered decrepit old man,
wants to spend all his time in
the automobile, where his antipathy
to policemen and negroes daily increases.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The most amazing thing that has happened to me in recent years, is Burr. He actually thought I should announce his candidacy for Congress and make his fight. Had he not been for me? Then why shouldn't I devote to him as much time as he had devoted to me? But the worst feature of the incident is the disclosure of his spite, bitterness and malice. He has met the girls of the office twice since he quit, and has told them the most outrageous lies. When upbraided by Miss Connor, he replied he would say anything to cause me trouble and expected to spend his time in that delectable fashion in California. Look out for him. He's actually insane in his egotism and vanity, and a scorned woman's tongue is angelic in comparison with his now. If I had met him the last two days, I'd have punched him one for luck. He's an arrant coward and knowing he's wrong, will give us a wide berth, while spraying poison from a distance.

Give my love to Martha. Lots to yourself.
Dad.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At Home, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1924

My dear Jack:

Yesterday we received your telegram and I also had your letter of a week ago. I sent many Christmas wires, but yours was a separate one, and I can't conceive why you did not get it. In time to reach you by Christmas, I sent you a short Christmas note and one each to Annam and Fere. I was so touched Christmas Day when I read your sweet note that immediately I wrote you.

Possibly the storms and the enormous holiday mail are responsible for your non receipt of word from us. It must have seemed strange to you, and I'm so sorry it occurred.

You were more than good to us, and Mother and I were deeply affected by your thoughtfulness and generosity.

I observed what you said in the letter received yesterday about our home and the automobile. I have never thought it would be easy to rent our house, and I have never agreed that it would rent for any such

extravagant sum as has been suggested. However, there was nothing to be done except to make the effort. Ultimately some one will be found with tastes similar to ours as to location - there aren't many I'm sure - and then perhaps we may obtain a reasonable rental. I quite agree with you about the automobile. I feel, though, the matter is one wholly for Mother to decide, and I have not attempted to influence her in the slightest degree. When we passed through Chicago, young Wrigley who was originally responsible for her enthusiasm for the Cunningham, strongly advised her against buying one and emphasized its great delicacy. This doubtless is what changed her view. We are getting along as well as we can with the old Cadillac and perhaps with tinkering it will last through the winter. There are really only two months more, if I can persuade Mother to come to California immediately after adjournment Dec. 4. I desire exceedingly to see more money put into a machine than the price you have mentioned of the Locomobile. I cannot understand either why the body of the car you have mentioned is not satisfactory. But apparently it isn't

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Satisfactory to Mother, and inasmuch as this is her funeral entirely, that's that. She is at present in doubt, decided neither the one way nor the other. I'd like if she didn't buy the Loco to buy a cheap Limousine and then if necessary turn it in and get another cheap car in a couple of years. For our usage, a cheap car would be ample, and the Loco glorious. Our car runs from here to Washington and back, and although in constant use, now makes more than two trips a day over perfect highways.

It has been mighty cold here. No snow, but very low temperature. I look out of the window as I write and see a host of children skating on the circular pond opposite our house. On the porch the thermometer now at noon, with sun shining brightly registers 20° . The signal service tells us it will go much lower tonight and in the next few days, we haven't had a snow storm since our

return. Really, I wish for one.

This morning I read that Spread Eagle finally won a race. I was delighted, of course; but a horse that starts four times (you see I keep tab on Tin Snana now) runs third twice, fourth once, and first finally cannot be a very profitable investment. I hope he has hit his stride and wins from now on. But whether he wins or loses, the result in the end to an owner, other than a millionaire is bound to be same.

We are moving along in the senate in our accustomed way. While I have not been publicly proscribed, I have no doubt the Administration will secretly in every way seek my punishment. I don't care a hinker's damn for this. The denial of patronage, at best there is little, has but one harmful effect: it makes politicians shake their heads and tell how one can't get anything, and it enables a hostile press to minimize one's standing. In actual votes, it is of no consequence at all; and instances like John J. Williams and others who might be named, demonstrate the disadvantages to outweigh the advantages. I am

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

going on as best I can in the endeavor to recover my lost prestige, and time that brings all things, may finally right a situation created by my own faults and shortcomings.

I made a little speech against the Underwood Bill, Muscle Shoals, that wasn't half bad, but I received little notice from it. Some day read it. I'll go along in this fashion expressing myself on matters that come up exactly as I feel.

I am trying to write a weekly article now for the "Bees" and for six papers in Southern California. It's difficult at times, and the haste with which the articles are dictated rob them of any literary merit and perhaps of any merit at all.

The Burr incident was a revelation — no, I'll not say revelation, it was confirmation of the innate unplumbed depths of vanity and conceit in the least attractive of human beings. It was though a revelation in bringing to the surface the spite, malice

and malignity, I didn't think in his character. Because I would not espouse his candidacy, his bitterness is unspeakable. He has been lying shamefully to the gods in the office, and when taken to task by Miss Connor, he brazenly said he would tell any tale in San Francisco that he thought would injure me. He can tell nothing except as to some of my private letters I would not hesitate to avow, and some remarks I have doubtless at times made of individuals which if colored, would be embarrassing. But I'm thanking God I'm rid of him, and not worrying much about what he can do. Look out for him. His hate extends to all I love.

By the way, would you suggest any one as Secretary. The position pays \$3300. a year and is fairly soft. I'd like some one more or less familiar with State politics and publicity. If any name occurs to you, let me know.

Mother had your letter last night describing the toys you purchased for the boys. What a list! I wonder if there are any other boys in all the world, whose father thinks so much of them, and gives them so much. Really, though, I don't think there are two such fine grand children any other

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United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

place on earth. Give my love to them.
Affectionately,
Dad.