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January 3, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

I saw the Chronicle of December 25th with the promotions of the Grizzlies in it. I was glad to note the name of the first major. I don't know just how these appointments are made, but I assume they are going direct to you from the President and Secretary of War, and the Senate has nothing to do with them. Today, when we re-convene, I am going to see if there are any other names but I've got mixed on the mode in which these appointments are made.

We have a corking cold wave here. Of course the oldest inhabitant tells us it is the coldest first day of January in 23 years; and the next oldest inhabitant vociferously asserts it is the coldest second day of January in 22 years; and the third oldest inhabitant proclaims that it is the coldest third day of January in 21 years. All over Washington we hear the same sort of stuff we used to hear in Los Angeles concerning its hot weather. There was a little item in the paper yesterday about a baseball game at Pasadena in which three men, on the first day of January, were overcome by the heat. I read this with great gusto in a little red-blooded session last night. Unfortunately, nobody would believe it, and I had to get the newspaper accounts of the

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Wiram W. Johnson Papers
Manuscript Library

temperature in California to show them that the thermometer had been over 80 for two weeks in Los Angeles.

I suppose the House Commission's recommendations which were published yesterday you have duly seen. It makes me sick that they are insisting on more men being sent across. We have developed conclusively in the Shipping Board investigation that we have not ships enough to take care of the men who are over there and our allies in the matter of fighting, etc. More of this anon. Congress re-convenes at 12 o'clock today, and at 2 o'clock, we continue with our aimless meanderings in the shipping investigation before the Commerce Committee. So I am reasonably busy - not busy really, but my time is wholly occupied. As Mother has doubtless written you, I took the evening off last night. Men are the same whether it is penny ante or the sky for the limit.

Remember us to Raymond. With all our love.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 3, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

We received last night your letter dated December 26th. We were very glad to note, under the circumstances, you and Amy, and the kiddies, had a very pleasant Christmas. As I wrote you, on New Year's Day, we were immensely relieved with your telegram that Amy was better. I hope the progress will continue now until she reaches complete recovery.

We have been caught again in the grip of a tremendous cold wave. Apparently, there is no sign of it abating. This morning, as I left the hotel, the thermometer outside was 13, which means a real temperature of about 10.

We have been continuously engaged in the investigation of the Shipping Board during this vacation. The investigation has not been productive of any particular good. Although it has served to speed up the Board, it has been aimless, and was brought about entirely through a fluke. *(U.S. Judge Wm. Denman still serving 1918)* Denman, conceiving that he was attacked, came on, arriving a couple of days ago. I have felt exceedingly sorry for him, but as I observe him here, I find that he does not require any sympathy, and probably doesn't want any. He is singularly fortunate temperamentally, and there is nothing which can be done to him, which disturbs in the slightest degree his estimate of himself, in which he has an abiding confidence the

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whole world shares. I don't mean this unkindly concerning him, because I consider him quite a man. Nobody wants to hear him in the investigation, except possibly myself, and he thinks the important part of it is the unraveling of his difficulties. I would be very glad to march into the Committee with him and insist that he be heard, but his methods are very different from ours. He does not want to say anything about an Administration that has treated him harshly, and, he does not wish to tell a story which reflects upon McAdoo. But, by some sort of mysterious diplomacy, he wants to be brought forward by the Administration and tell only a part of his tale which will be satisfactory to the very men he accuses. I don't think the Committee will have much patience with the story of the Denman difficulty.

You don't get in the papers anything like the facts that are disclosed here by the Military Committee's investigation. I will try to write you some of them hereafter.

Give my love to Amy and the kiddies.

Affectionately,

Dad

P:S: By the way, Frank Havener is coming on here as my Secretary. I don't know just how this will turn out, but I felt it was necessary to have somebody from California, who was familiar with conditions there. The fact of the matter is Miss Connor and I, apparently, could run the office alone and don't require any assistance.

January 5, 1919.

My dear Arch:

Saturday afternoon! Another week has rolled by, and while I have accomplished nothing, the time has passed with extraordinary rapidity. I cannot account for the days here and if I attempted to measure them by real accomplishment they would be very, very few. Time, however, is occupied and occupied wholly, first with one thing and then another - a multitude of small exactions.

They are still investigating in the Military Committee and we are in the Commerce Committee. The Military Committee's investigation, however, is the big show. They have uncovered a lot of interlocking contracts of shoddy mills, all of which are owned by our Israelites. These gentlemen with an eye to the main chance have their representatives upon the Council of National Defense, and unquestionably are profiting immensely by the war. The record of inefficiency you have probably followed. The record of these rotten contracts probably has been suppressed by the Associated Press. You can take it, however, that they developed extraordinary profits in which certain members of the Council of National Defense have doubtless shared - not shared in the sense that a bribe was paid to them, but because they were connected with the businesses thus profiting.

(A.M.J.-2)

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

Mother has had a wretched cold for the last week but is now in a little better shape. If I can have her take a bit of care of herself I think everything will be all right. The weather continues rotten. The cold has been such as the oldest inhabitant here says never before occurred.

Give our love to Raymond.

Affectionately,

dc

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 5, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

Your mother and I were very glad last evening to receive your telegram of January 4th stating that your classification had been made in subdivision A of Class IV. This ought to settle the matter finally, so far as you are concerned, and I breathe more easily. As I recall it, there is no question of appeal now on this classification; even if there were, I presume it would make no difference.

We are still in the grip of a cold spell. We are hoping that today or tomorrow it will break, and that then we can get outside for a brief period.

Give me your views, some time when you get around to it, on the Neylan-Stephens controversy. The northern papers, as I read them, pretty generally give Neylan good play in it, but the southern papers, however, seem to me to give him the worst of it.

Frank Havener is coming on tomorrow to act as my secretary. I am glad he is coming because of his touch with things in California; otherwise than this, I could get along without any secretary, really. I shall endeavor to avoid the blunders of the past and hope that our relations will be exceedingly pleasant and profitable.

I simply want to acknowledge receipt of your telegram and tell you how glad we were to have it. We anxiously await every bit of news from you. We are waiting now to hear concerning Amy.

Affectionately,

Sam

January 8, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

Hot on the heels of the speech of Lloyd George defining Great Britain's terms of peace and incidentally our own, came from the President's message today to Congress. I was told by the press boys on Saturday after Lloyd George had delivered his memorable and epochal pronouncement that our President had been forestalled and was inclined to resent Lloyd George's talk. I had studied very carefully what George had said. There were some parts of it with which I was not in accord. Today's message of the President in a degree shocked me. I voted for a declaration of war because of the outrages committed by Germany against our people and our property; because our rights were disregarded; our dignity as a Nation flaunted; and because our citizens on the high seas were murdered; and because we were not permitted to travel the ways of the world as we saw fit and as we had the undoubted legal right. And because I thought our cause just and our provocation ample; not only did I vote for a declaration of war but I voted for every measure designed to support our arms, and I have given unto the President every power that he has asked. Today, we are told, substantially, that we can never make peace until Alsace-Lorraine shall be re-

turned to France; until the frontiers of Italy shall be readjusted; until the peoples of Austro-Hungary shall be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development; until Servia shall have secured access to the sea; and the Balkan boundary lines shall be established, and an independent Polish State erected. I do not think that our people, if they understood, would wish to expend their blood and their treasure that Italy may have Trieste and the Trentino, and a couple of islands in Greece; and though my sympathies are wholly with France, and I would gladly have Alsace-Lorraine restored to her, I would not wish to send our boys across the sea alone for the purpose of wresting those provinces from Germany; nor would I waste a single American life in marking the boundary lines in the Balkans.

I am exceedingly wrought up tonight. I am not entirely certain of how my duty lies. To express the views that I have and that I so keenly feel would at least add a very small jarring note of discord in our war preparations and war activities, and this I shrink from doing. The personal consequences, of course, would be obvious but these I am not considering. I tried to talk with Senators whom I meet so often but I had from them little or no sympathy. When I had discussed with them George's speech yesterday they were quite agreed that we were not concerned with many of the things he mentioned, but, today, after the President's speech the cowardly - and practically all of our members are cowardly - began to think of themselves, and of the epithets that

would be applied to them, and none would voice the opinions that were expressed yesterday and that are yet mine. I will take several days to very earnestly and carefully meditate upon this proposition, to let my blood cool and my brain reach its normal activity; and then if I am of the same mind as now, come what may, I shall in the Senate voice my opposition to the slaughter of our youth for the acquisition of territory for Italy or even for France.

I am writing you my views tonight because I want to express them to somebody and that if anything should transpire in the future you may know the actuating motives, and there is nobody on earth that I prefer, intimately, to write to than my major son, who is about to do his part for his country.

It is impossible for me to write you on any other matters at the present moment. I enclose one of the printed copies of the President's speech today. We were very hurriedly and suddenly called together to listen to him. Some of the press men were malicious enough to say, but of course I do not think it can be true, that the President was exceedingly indignant that Lloyd George should have taken the centre of the world stage on Saturday last and he resorted to this speech in order to assume what he deems to be his rightful pre-eminence.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 8, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I received, yesterday, Amy's letter. Mother received one also from her. I tried to read between the lines, and I can't tell you what an overwhelming sympathy, and pity, and compassion I have for the poor girl ill at that sanitorium. I am hoping and praying that her temperature may get normal, and that she may begin to recover her strength. I think she has buckled down to the real fight and is doing splendidly in her effort.

We are just getting into the swing of the session now, and I can't tell you how busily engaged I am. I ought not to say busily engaged because I really accomplish little or nothing, but my time is wholly occupied. I am expecting Havener tomorrow and I am hoping that he will take hold and be of real service here, particularly in our California connections.

After Lloyd George's speech on Saturday and the President's congratulatory message to him, the illogic of our position seems more marked than ever. Had I stood in the United States Senate when war was declared, and said we were sending our young men to Europe to give Trieste and ^{the} Trentino to Italy, together with a couple of Grecian Islands; that the best

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blood of America was to be spent in recovering for France, Alsace and Lorraine; in wresting from Austria a national autonomy for a little group of unpronounceable - and until this war, unheard of races, I would have been confined in an insane asylum, or lashed with scorn from the Senate. The war aims of the United States of America have now been stated by the Premier of England, and those war aims are exactly what are suggested here. We seem to have forgotten making the world safe for democracy. I am very sorry because I did love the phrase.

With all love to Amy, and the kiddies, and yourself.

Affectionately,

H.W.J.

Since I dictated the above, we have suddenly been called to listen to the President in a statement of our war aims. The general opinion is that George forestalled him last week, and that persons of the prominence given George's speech, he felt compelled to state war aims of all the allies. Compare this with his declaration when asking war with Austria - that we sought not to take Austria's territory etc. How long of us, how long! I'm absolutely looney today and from my super cowardly colleagues I can get no sympathy. They - those who care for me - tell me I'm crazy to think of expressing views contrary now & perhaps they are right. A night of reflection may make me calmer.

January 11, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

I wrote you in rather lugubrious fashion the day before yesterday, and, while I have not, in any degree, changed my view, I have reached the conclusion that probably I better keep my mouth shut. This conclusion I reached because I do not wish to do anything which might be construed by our enemies into lukewarmness for the conflict. I have talked with various people and they have all dissuaded me. I really think my first impulse - immediately to enter my protest - I could have followed appropriately, but, for the time being, we will dismiss the matter.

We got very anxious about you because it had been so long since we had heard from you. We received a telegram from you on New Year's day, it is true. It was a very brief telegram saying you wished us a Happy New Year, and signed, "Archie". With our peculiar Sherlock Holmes processes of deduction we concluded that you asked somebody else to send the telegram, and that your name had been spelled in a fashion in which you never wrote it. From New Year's until I wired you on the 9th we had had no word from you of any kind. Finally, mother grew so nervous about the matter that I sent a wire to Raymond on the 9th, and also one to you. We received the telegrams from both of you in reply. Will you thank Raymond for wiring us. I realize that you are very

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Hiram W. Johnson Papers
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busy, and I do not expect you to write much or often. I think, if once a week you could send us just five lines saying you're well, it would relieve us very much.

I think now that we are in for a very long war, and I believe, as you do, that it will not be long until you are across the water. I have been hoping against hope that something would occur which would enable this awful carnage to stop. The President's address of Tuesday, however, I have taken as having quite the opposite view from what many of these penny-afliners have thought. I think it puts peace far, far away from us.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 12, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
California Sanitarium,
Belmont, California.

My dear Daughter:

I felt extremely flattered recently to receive your letter - and to receive it one day in advance of the receipt by mother of her letter. I felt not only that I was in a position of vantage, but that I was singularly fortunate, and, until mother's letter came I kept her in appropriate subjection by my boasting. Whenever I get the opportunity I will write you in the future, and you don't need to feel that it is necessary for you to reply at all. I will write you about those things that, at the moment, are in my mind and that intimately touch what we are doing here. This sort of recital may not be of very great interest to you, but it is in the hope that they may aid you to pass a difficult or boresome hour that I send them to you. You are at liberty when you see one of those bulky tomes from me to throw it in the waste paper basket, and I will not feel at all hurt if you do so. You know the peculiar human characteristic of talking ever of that which interests the individual speaking. All of us imagine that the thoughts surging through our minds in which we are intently engrossed are of exactly the same absorbing interest to everybody else, and so, all of us are inclined to talk of those things uppermost in our minds. And because the thought which oppresses and obsesses us is principally of ourselves, we find generally the most animated

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conversation, personal relations and reflections by the author. It is a realization of this very human trait which made me hesitate in my letters last year to the boys, and makes me feel that my absorption in things that interest me is seldom shared by any one far away. This note begins to look like a philosophical reflection on the frailty of human nature. I did not intend all this stuff when I began, and I will now cut it out.

Uppermost in our minds of late has been peace, and the statement of the allies war aims. Our news is so diluted by the censors that it is only in little flashes here and there, and in inferences drawn from incidents that we are able to understand just what is passing in the world. Sufficient came to us here, however, to make us understand that ^{allies} the/ utterly despised bolsheviki Russia. They ^{the Bolsheviks} are playing the game/ ^{though} with sufficient skill in the great theatre of world politics, finally, to arrest the attention of the peoples of the different European countries. Every published article on Lenine and Trotzky has painted them in the blackest colors; as agents of Germany; as Judases who sold their country; as traitors of the revolution and the people in Russia; and as men who were acting solely with the design of handing the new democratic Russia over to militaristic Germany. I am not certain but what this estimate of these two men, who are in control of Russia, is wholly accurate. Trotzky is of the sort of the east side Jew, and, during the time that he was in this country he is supposed to have been a waiter, a small socialistic writer, and one of the unknown units of the struggling east side mass. He is in full charge of the foreign

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relations of Russia. When Russia commenced to negotiate with Germany, Trotzky's insistence, iterated and re-iterated, was for a democratic peace, with no indemnities, no annexations, and the right of the peoples of localities to determine their own form of government. The world said he was bellowing an absurd and wholly ambiguous formula designed to cover Teutonic encroachment and a Teutonic peace. Trotzky continued, however, to bellow, and in iteration and re-iteration, demanded a democratic peace for all the peoples of the world, and finally, this little east side Jew waiter, dealing with world politics and the greatest cataclysm of all time, began to attract some of the less militaristic in Italy, and in France, and in England. His formula, jeered at by every newspaper publisher in every allied country, by every statesman, and every medium of public expression, began to grip individuals, and then groups, and, you will remember, that finally, the President of the United States, when he asked a declaration of war against Austria, repeated the little Jew waiter's formula and said that it expressed the right of plain men everywhere. And our President thought it essential to twist to his own purposes the bolsheviki shibboleth. We, as a Nation today, are without real free expression; we have become mentally inert, intellectually barren. Our thinking is done for us by the newspapers, and by those in power; and so, we accept what is told to us, partly because we fear to discuss, and partly because our intellects have been warped and distorted. With us, therefore, the boshelviki idea made no serious headway, and we were content to let our President state a formula, bitterly de-

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nounced by our entire press before that time, and to twist that formula, as he saw fit. England, however, by three years of war and hardship, by facing the realities of the conflict, and by looking full at the ultimate possibilities, has become a fairly free democracy; its people are permitted to talk and to speak as they will; its press is unhampered; and its public men do not fear to discuss frankly, and candidly, and fully the actions of the government, and to criticize those actions when they deem criticism necessary. The government of Lloyd George and the government of Woodrow Wilson are the antithesis of each other. George believes in taking his people into his confidence; in telling them what he intends and what he wishes; what reasons actuate their government; of frankly avowing blunders and endeavoring to point the remedy; and generally, to have free speech and a free press. The Wilsonian mode of government, under which we have been chafing for the past nine months, is suppression, repression, and oppression; to stifle any criticism; to denounce as pro-German and disloyal, any individual who makes a legitimate, embarrassing inquiry; and, in every fashion, to prevent and preclude free expression and fair discussion. It is a marvelous thing that in our country, this sort of policy has been adopted - and not only adopted, but successfully put in operation. And, partly because of this policy, and because men do not want to be called traitors in time of war, we have not dared to discuss half that is transpiring, and to our rulers has been left - because they demand it on penalty of de-

Mrs. Amy Johnson -5

stroying the rest of us - the determination, and even the discussion of every question relating to the war. But England and France have been seething, and gradually the bolsheviki insistence that the world should know the real aims of every Nation, and that it was the duty of every government to acquaint its people definitely with exactly the terms upon which it would make peace, have taken hold of their peoples and have become dominant. The pressure of the socialists and laborers became so great that George finally had to respond, and his speech of last Saturday, defining the war aims of Great Britain was the result. I read this speech with the most intense interest, and on Monday, as I sat at luncheon with a group of eight or nine Senators, I tolled off each specific statement of George, and asked these Senators whether they believed our war aims should include the acquisition of territory by Italy; the erection of unpronounceable races of southern Europe into separate Nations; and if it was for these objects America was fighting. There was an unanimous negative voiced by the men sitting with me. On Tuesday morning, I wrote Jack a brief note on the subject, and singularly enough, after I had dictated it and before the note was sent, we were asked to meet in joint session and listen to the President. The President went further than George. He announced a determination to which I can not subscribe. I think we can visualize the situation best by a suggestion I have been making of late. I have asked some of our people to take themselves back to last April when we declared war; to imagine any one of us in Congress insisting that

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our lads should go abroad to add Trieste and the Trentino to Italy; to erect separate states out of southern Europe; to mark the boundary lines of nations in the Balkans; to create a free Poland; and even to wrest Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. A Congressman demanding that American blood should ~~should~~ be expended four thousand miles away for these purposes would have been drummed out of Congress and would have been the most contemned and despised of public officials, and instantler, would have been driven out of public live. I am not ready now to commit this country to a policy of territorial aggrandizement and acquisition. I shrink, of course, from any discord at the present time, or from saying aught which might be construed, even in the smallest degree, as injurious to our morale or war preparations; but I can not depart so far from the traditions of our Nation and the ideals of the Republic, as definitely now to proclaim that we are in this war to annex territory to various European belligerent countries, even though they

After Wilson's speech, I with whom I had talked about George's speech but where there was no dissent, I found their hesitation and a great cowardly silence before unanimous
 are our allies, or to re-write the map of Europe. I had hoped a week ago that we were near peace. I believe

today we are much farther from it than we have been in the last few months. I think George's terms, supplemented by those of the President, make negotiations at present impossible. I look forward, therefore, to a long and a bitter struggle, in which America must play the leading part. There is always one possibility and one hope - and that is - that the real situation may finally permeate the German people, and that from within the German empire, may come a revolution which will bring to its senses German imperialism and

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militarism. We have lived from day to day in this war, and the changes have been so many and so sudden that we are unable to speculate with any degree of accuracy upon what, at any moment may occur; but judging by what appears on the surface, we are now in the fight until by overwhelming victory we may carve out of the central empires such annexations and boundaries as ^{our} are rulers may desire. One of the reasons, I presume, that will be given by Mr. Wilson for his change of attitude - and his attitude has wholly changed - is that changing conditions of war have made it essential to shift his original position. But these very kaleidoscopic changes of war, in my opinion, are an added reason why there should be no definite commitment of our country today. Bolsheviki may govern Italy within a few weeks and a socialistic democracy France, and how utterly silly it seems, with these possibilities not at all remote, with England even uncertain as to the future, that we should definitely decree now that Italy's boundaries must be changed by the war; that certain races shall be made into autonomous states.

I have been sitting daily in the Commerce Committee listening to the testimony concerning shipping. I am going to tell you confidentially that if our shipping program is carried out fully; if the program of England reaches its maximum this year, and if the destruction by submarines shall be that of average months last year (not of the heaviest months) on January 1, 1919, we will have 2,500,000 less tons of shipping. Figures may mean nothing to you, but when I say to you, that our shipping today is in-

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adequate to supply the needs of the allies and our own, and to maintain our forces abroad, you may have some realization of what this additional loss may mean. The German submarine warfare has not done what Germany expected, but it has done far more than our people have ever learned. As I listened to the men testifying to our shipping program, I reached the conclusion, and I am perfectly certain the future will bear me out, that instead of a completed program and a production of five millions of tons of shipping by the United States this year, we will be fortunate if we put afloat one-half of that amount.

What an amazing business this is! Every people on earth desire peace, and yet, the rulers of these peoples continue the destruction, and the maiming and the killing. I do not know whether you have ever read, "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through", or not. I am going to advise you to read it, not as a continuous story but to read it occasionally, and to see whether it has the effect upon you that it has had upon me. I have gone through all the various mental processes Wells so aptly depicts in Mr. Brittling, and the book was unusually interesting to me, because as I read, what might seem very, very dry to others, Mr. Brittling's analysis of his thoughts and his philosophizing, I seemed to meet with old mental friends with whom I struggled in each successive stage of this war.. If you have time, and the inclination, read an occasional chapter.

Here is an incident of how the war warps us, distorts our judgment, and destroys our sense of justice, and our ideals.

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Admiral Bowles (I wonder if he could be any distant relation) was testifying in executive session before our Committee. He said that one of the great needs of our Navy was oil. He described the oil lands of Tampico, Mexico, and then those that he asserted, were better - just south of Tampico, and he ended with the startling statement that we ought to take those oil lands. A couple of us sat up straight, in an instant, and asked, "Take them - from a supposedly friendly power! Upon what ground?" And his response was, "Upon the ground of military necessity." We replied, "This was the response of Germany when the crime ^{of} Belgium was committed". Here was an admiral of ^{the} Nation, just now crying out in horrified accents at the ruthlessness of Germany in breaking its plighted faith, disregarding its solemn obligation as a mere scrap of paper, saying to us that we, in like fashion, with a weak neighbor, should take that neighbor's territory on the ground of military necessity!

Mother has been ill for a couple of weeks - not so ill as to be in bed all the time, but with a cold and sore throat. I have been very greatly worried. The weather is so variable and so wretched that there is little chance for recovery in the open air, and I am looking forward to two months before she will be really herself again. She continues, intermittently, her search for quarters, but "we talk of peace when there is no peace," and we talk of houses when there are no houses. We probably will remain just where we are - and we are not unhappily situated, except for the expense and the terrible fear that I have of mother being sick there.

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In the past week I was hoping against hope that Arch would not go across. I am satisfied that in a very brief time he will be on his way. If you read Mr. Brittling's thoughts when his son, Hugh, went abroad, you will know something of what is passing in my mind and what it is utterly impossible for me to express.

I can't tell you, my dear daughter, how often I think of you, and how fervently I long for all good days for you. If wishing and hoping, and begging and ~~and~~ pleading, could do the job, you would very speedily be out of Belmont. I think you are very brave and very strong.

Affectionately,

Ada

January 14, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

Though you are in San Francisco I am sending you a brief note that you may have it on your return. I am filled with all sorts of ideas here, and I think the volcanic mental state in which I find myself will ultimately result in a flow of verbal lava, which may be more self-consuming than otherwise.

Mother and I got a letter from Amy yesterday. It was most pitiful. We felt so wretched that we telegraphed Mrs. Bowles and had a reply this morning that was more or less re-assuring. I want you to write me just exactly what you think of her condition. Jack writes us but I prefer to answer him cheerily rather than be asking constant reports of him. The sickness of the girl is a terrible thing to me. I wish there was something we could do to be of aid to her. The whole damn world is awry, anyway! And this is Monday morning - blue Monday.

Do you realize here it is the 14th of January and we have not heard a word from you, except the brief New Year's telegram and the one you sent replying to our query the other day as to whether or not you were ill? How is it possible for you to get your leave at this time? I had thought you were in command of the regiment and that it would be quite impossible for you to be absent. However, I am very glad you have an opportunity before your departure to get

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Bancroft Library

to San Francisco and have a few days real pleasure there. We wish we were in San Francisco, too. You are constantly in our thoughts, and, as the time for your departure approaches, we are both looking forward to seeing you, even if we have to travel to Halifax. I hope you will be able to advise us when you depart, so that we can begin to make arrangements, either to be with you or to have you here.

Affectionately,

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Monday, May 14, 1918.

My dear Jack:

I wrote you a very brief note yesterday, Sunday, while Mark and I were here at the office and feeling so wretched over a most pitiful note from Amy. We wired Mrs. Bowles and this morning have her response, which is quite reassuring. You can't imagine how glad we were to have Mrs B's telegram, and how relieved we were. We debated all yesterday afternoon whether to write you, and finally concluded you had enough trouble; and then again I thought it would only add to your distress if Amy were worse. How fervently we hope she'll begin to improve now, and go steadily forward.

Saturday last I sent her a ten page letter - intended of course, for you as well. I can't get the swing of the thing as I'd like, however, in debating to her,

and I fear these long dissertations, which
after all are speculation and meditation of
mine, may not be very interesting.

I've just come from our Committee,
where I've had a ~~h~~ up a fight to get
Demmon the right to testify. I finally
succeeded, after some buttresses, by a vote
of five to three. Nobody wants to hear
him and to me he's a sorry - a sad-
spectacle, but fortunately he has no
conception because of his big feeling, of how
he is held or how dead he is, and he's
just the same as ever. Tomorrow at ten
he testifies.

Another Senator died yesterday. Really some
of our brethren are becoming seriously alarmed
at our mortality and lugubriously talk of
this hard work health breaking tasks etc. Kato!

Love to Amy and the Kiddies. Lots
to youselves.

Ed.

January 18, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, Cal.

My dear Arch:

A belated letter of yours dated January 5th reached us day before yesterday. We had your wire from San Francisco and were delighted to hear from you. Mother has been writing you some sort of note daily and directing it to San Francisco, while I will send my few notes to San Diego.

This city is in a ferment. The Garfield coal order has touched so many pockets that finally the war has got under the skin of the nation. Merely breaking hearts or spilling blood would have no appreciable effect upon those who govern us. But yesterday's order seriously touched the money of our rulers, and consequently the country rises in its wrath and its righteous indignation. It is amusing to watch our democratic statesmen, and I presume their rage will subside very shortly. Yesterday, however, they were a pretty indignant lot.

Mother is better, I am glad to say. She has got practically over her wretched cold, but I am in constant terror she will get a worse one because she takes so little care of herself.

We have been shocked at a couple of letters we have

received from Amy, but in a telegram received from Jack this morning he says she is much better, though very weak. The sickness of the poor girl is awful and the ravages appear to have been, in her case, exceedingly swift. I do hope she gets along well now. I confess to you, however, I am very seriously worried.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 18, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I received the other day, your fine, long letter. Mother had your letter last night of January 11th. This morning, I have your night letter of the 17th. It was so good to learn that Amy was better. Now, that her temperature has got normal, I am most sanguine about immediate improvement and quick recovery. Mother and I read and re-read last night what you said about her condition and her inability to aid herself. I gathered this from the couple of letters we had - letters so dispirited and despondent, that they filled us with a great yearning sympathy for her. I do hope and pray now that she will really make the fight, and if she will, and you can keep her temperature normal, everything is going to be fine.

I am reserving Saturday morning to write her again, and will then congratulate her on what she is doing, and endeavor to encourage her the best I can.

Well, the thing has broken loose finally here. The Garfield coal order yesterday has put the country in a ferment, and in this town today, there is nothing but bitterness and denunciation. There will be a re-action probably, but if the

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

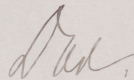
Administration persists, we are witnessing the first chapter in a revolution.

I am hard at it these days - not so much with real work, as with time-consuming occupations. We have our daily sessions in the Senate; our Committee meets daily, as well, and, between the two, I cover a long, long day.

Mother is very much better from her cold, and, aside from the occasional coughing, apparently, is all right.

I hope to write you quite at length on Saturday.

Affectionately,

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

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 19, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
The California Sanitarium,
Belmont, California.

My dear Daughter:

I received this week your letter of the 11th indicating that you were feeling somewhat better, and I can't tell you how overjoyed the Boss and I were at the news.

Some time in the life of nearly every one of us, there comes a real struggle. It may be in one activity or another, but there are few individuals who escape what, at the time, seems a most disagreeable and difficult struggle. It comes to some of us, who have peculiar temperaments, in political activities, or, in our chosen professions; it comes to others in disaster or misfortune; and yet again, in the most trying form - in a fight for the recovery of health and strength. It doesn't make much difference, though, how the conflict comes. There is always a time in it when one feels like saying, "What's the use!", and when it requires every mental and moral spur to continue. And then, after this period of depression, there is a grim determination to fight it out and win.

My dear daughter, as I have read your letters, I think I have been able to see your mental processes. You are doing splendidly. You are fighting bravely. And it is necessary that you keep your courage high, and that you have the will to make the fight, because

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

as your courage is, you are either retarding or hastening strength and full recovery. It seems so inadequate to write you congratulations, or, to tell you how all of us want to fight with you. If you take hold of this illness with that will of yours, at whose strength I used to marvel, it won't be long until you are here visiting us again, and will look back upon the present sickness as unreal, and a horrid nightmare. I know that for all of us, and particularly for Jack and the kiddies, you have bucked up and have set your mind to do the necessary thing, and no matter how difficult it will be, you are going to it to win.

Last week, I wrote you something of my views of the peace program of the President. Notwithstanding the unanimity of sentiment, which seems apparent in the press of the country, and the slobbering, fulsome praise of Wilson, because of the expression of his war aims, I am firm in my original views, and if the Lewis resolution, which is pending before the Senate, is brought up, no matter what the consequences, I shall express those views. I will not at this time commit the Nation to a policy of territorial aggrandizement and acquisition, and I will endeavor to ask, if we come to a debate upon the subject, whether the fathers and the mothers of America, whose sons are going across the water, wish them to fight for territorial conquest, either for ourselves or our allies. I will try to make an American speech. This is an American war entered upon righteously, and because of specific wrongs inflicted upon us, and developing then into the necessity for the destruction of a militarism which

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 3

menaced the world; but ~~that~~ from our standpoint it has never been and never can be a war of territorial conquest, or a conflict for re-writing ~~the~~ European boundary lines. There was one point in the President's address, which awakened unbounded enthusiasm. I don't know whether it was merely a sentimental response, or whether the applause indicated a firm, deep-rooted conviction, but the fact is, when he mentioned Alsace-Lorraine, the entire Congress and the spectators in the galleries rose, and cheered vociferously. There was just one man in the Congress who kept his seat, and it was a pretty, difficult thing, under the circumstances for him to do so. I really feared afterwards, because I noticed that some of the press men observed it, that I would have some unpleasant notoriety, but, fortunately, I escaped this time.

The last few days, Washington has been seething. What the breaking of hearts, and the crushing of families, and the murder of youngsters in unsanitary camps, and by lack of equipment, could not accomplish, the order touching many pockets, has done. The Garfield command - really the President's command, shutting down factories for five days, has come pretty close to causing a revolution. The bitterness is intense, and it is confined to no one party. All the Congressmen and Senators are overwhelmed with telegrams protesting vigorously, and denouncing the order. For once, I wholly missed my guess. When the storm was gathering, forty-eight hours ago, I said I was little interested in it, because I thought Wilson would revoke Garfield's order, get rid of Garfield, and then be hailed as the savior of the Nation. I was quite astonished this

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morning, and my respect was greatly increased, when I read Wilson's announcement that he indorsed Garfield's action. The utter contempt in which the Congress is held by the Chief Executive - a contempt, which, in my opinion, the people share - was evidenced by the treatment of the Senate's position. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, a Democrat, introduced a precatory resolution, addressed to Garfield, begging a delay of five days. Most violent speeches upon this resolution were made by Democrats, and their vocabularies were exhausted in castigating the order and Garfield. Some of us mildly suggested that the Senate ought to address its resolution to the President, and that, instead of begging, it should, in dignified, firm language, state the views of the Senate. The Democrats could not stand for this, and could not even tolerate addressing a resolution to the President - and so, the empty, undignified thing was done, and utterly disregarded by Garfield and the Administration. The incident served to demonstrate our impotency, and, I think it is productive of good in rousing a few of those who are members of Congress into the realization that, after all, there is a great and grave duty here to be performed by those who assume to represent our people. I think there will probably be a re-action from the bitterness that now is directed toward the Administration, but other things are bound to come, and I believe we will soon see light. I predicted to the boys last year - and this was long before there was any suggestion of disagreement in the Nation - that we might ultimately have a revolution here, such as the world had never before seen. Most revolutions are from the ground up but I predicted to

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them, that if any came to the United States, it would be from the top down. Those, who are shouting most today, and who are bitterest, are those who were most ready to draft our youth last year. The present disturbances are from those who have much, and who are beginning to see that the possibilities of war are that portions of that much may be taken from them. Some of the great business interests in New York are quietly now suggesting the hope of peace. And, in the near future anything may be looked for. Congress is in a ferment. It will require about six more kicks of equal strength and viciousness with that administered this week, to make the Congress lift its head and be itself again, and I am rather inclined to think those kicks are coming.

Roosevelt is coming next week. Coincident with his coming, Stone, of Missouri, has announced that he is going to denounce him as a traitor. Stone was one of the "willful twelve", who originally voted against war, and he belongs to that class I tried to describe in California before I left - those who by an excess of patriotic, vocal vociferation now try to hide every infamy and every ugly scar of the past. Stone was going to make his speech Thursday, and I was going to reply in just five minutes of nastiness. I don't know whether he will make his speech next week now, or not, and I am rather more doubtful as to whether I shall attempt to reply to him.

We have switched back to very cold weather again here. Indeed, I have worn that fur coat of mine for a month past, and, would you

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 6

believe it, there is not another fur coat in Washington that I think is any better. It has been most useful, as well as ornamental. When I am wrapped in that fur coat in a limousine machine, nobody living would think that I had a dime and seven pennies only in my pocket.

Mother, I am very glad to say to you, is very much better. She seems fairly to have recovered from her cold, although she constantly exposes herself, and I am as constantly, therefore, in terror that she will become ill again. We meet lots of people at the hotel, and some of them are very interesting. I assume that she writes you the gossip about these little meetings. They have really relieved many of the disadvantages of the hotel.

I am well aware this is anything but an interesting letter. If I could adequately describe to you the atmosphere in this city now, and of the Congress, over the recent coal order, you would understand how it has overwhelmed every other thought, and every other subject matter - overwhelmed them, not alone because of the specific thing affected, but because of the possibilities in other directions of governmental activity.

I received a cablegram this morning from Tours, France, as follows:

"To Senator Hiram W. Johnson,
Washington, D.C.

"Tours, France,

"We were graduated from Berkeley School of Military Aeronautics classes previous to October fourteenth as honor men, and sent to France for our flying training. Enlisted with positive promise of War Department that first lieutenantcies would be granted upon completion of course. Recent order from Chief Signal Officer offers us commissions as second lieutenants. Our class mates, who trained at home have received first lieutenantcies. This ruling is an in-

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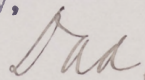
justice to at least two hundred fifty cadets at this post alone. Will you investigate and try to get justice for us cadets.

Pike, Murray, Meyer, Tewis, Armstrong, Simpson, Robert Bowles, Coleman, Sharon, Higgins, Fithiam, Reed, Davidson, Watkins, Huntington, Martin McMurty, Spague, Broomfield, Close, Slater, Rupp, Chaplain Wyman, Plush, Nevius, Fuller, Bigelow. "

I quote this to you because I see Bob is signed to it. Even though it is on a collateral matter, any little news from him, I am sure will be welcome. Immediately upon receipt of the cablegram, I took the matter up with the War Department, but I probably will have no reply before Monday or Tuesday. It seems to me that what the boys detail is a gross outrage, and, it goes without saying, that any effort I can make to correct it will be made.

Don't try to answer my letters. However much I treasure every word from you, I realize that it must be a great effort to try to write me, and I shall not expect a response. I am making these letters to you now a regular Saturday feature with me. Sometimes, I may be able to tell you interesting gossip, both for you and for Jack, but often, I fear it will be like today - I will be unable to do more than write you routine. At any rate, I like to write these letters to you, because I feel that even three thousand miles away, I am talking to you now, and I am hoping that in talking to you I may transfer a little of my faith and my affection and aid you in the game fight you are making.

Affectionately,



January 22, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

I received your letter today written from San Francisco and your telegram this morning that you were about to return to San Diego. I am awfully sorry you had your difficulties with the Payne matter. I hope they turned out all right and have not been quite as serious as you imagined. Mother and I have rejoiced that you could be for a week or so in the old town and enjoy yourself there. We have been hoping that you would make the bulliest kind of a vacation of it.

As I predicted to you some time since, the lid is probably off now. Things are coming to a show down, and while there will be a reaction in favor of the President and he will weather this storm, the constant accumulation and the liberty of speech will give him, in my opinion, very many tough moments in the future. I would have got into the debate yesterday in the Senate but for the fact that it degenerated into an exchange of personalities, between Penrose on the one side and Lewis on the other, that was disgusting, and even vulgar. The whole discussion was humiliating. It justified some of the contempt in which the popular branch of Government is held, and the contempt in which Wilson holds the United States Senate.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

Herin W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

I am not able to learn anything definitely about additional troops being sent across the water. The War Department contents itself with saying that it is sending men over as rapidly as it can, and will give no definite information. After the President's speech on war aims I reached the conclusion that peace was far removed from us, and I have become reconciled to the day, which perhaps is not distant, when you will be compelled to go abroad. I hoped against hope that this would not occur but I have no doubt at all now.

I am writing you late this afternoon simply that you might have a letter from me. I have not, since your departure for San Francisco, written you very much or very greatly at length, but I will begin again now that you are returning to your camp.

Give my regards to Raymond. With all our love.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 22, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

This is simply a note, because of late I have not had an opportunity to write you personally, and I did not want more than two or three days to elapse without sending you some word. I recall that I did not reply to what you said about finances in your good long letter received last week. Of course, you know everything is at your disposal. Indeed, it might facilitate matters if I sent you some signed blank checks. Would you wish this done?

I was mighty glad to learn from you that Amy's temperature was normal, but, of course, extremely grieved at her weakness. I do hope that she will now, with a normal temperature, gain in strength daily. Indeed, I have a hunch that once she begins to gain, her progress will be extremely rapid. I am trying to take the time that is essential, Saturdays now, to dictate a long letter to her about everything in general, and, as I have said to you before, these are my weekly contributions to you, as well.

Yesterday, there was a rotten time in the Senate. It did not amount to the dignity of a debate, and degenerated into a coarse exchange finally between Penrose and Lewis - an exchange that would not have been tolerated in the Board of Supervisors of the City of

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

San Francisco. I was going to get into the scrap, but it was rendered impossible by the length of time taken by Penrose, and I did not wish to follow him, and apparently be an advocate in any respect of his personality or his activities. There is a distinct feeling here today that the whole thing was rotten.

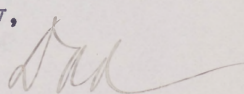
Our big fight is going to come over the war cabinet. In this, because of the Democratic solidarity, the President will prevail, but his statement this morning, untrue in point of fact, and nasty, in his personal references to Chamberlain, is very deeply resented.

I have been prophesying to you that the lid was going to come off here. It has been tipping and it won't be long before the opportunity will be presented to go to the bat in the fashion that I desire. I am glad now that I've waited and have not been premature. In the days to come, there will be many chances offered. I expect to take part in this war council discussion.

As I said to you immediately after the President's statement of war aims, in my opinion, peace is far, far away - much further than before that speech. I had hoped against hope that an honorable peace accomplishing American results might be consummated, but I feel there is no possibility of this now.

With love to Amy and the kiddies, and much to yourself,

Affectionately,



January 25, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

I had your recent telegram, doubtless induced by my letters concerning the absence of word from you. The fact is, your letter dated January 5th or 6th reached us on the 16th or 17th, but this may have been due to delay in transmission. There was a long period of time we were without any word at all from you. I did not intend to be captious in writing to you and I hope you did not take it so, but when we don't hear from you - say, once a week - we get very much worried, more so, than we would in other times than these.

Things are moving here with great rapidity, and indeed, I think they are moving with great rapidity throughout all the world. The war will develop shortly into a Democratic war. I do not mean by this that the Republicans will not be wholly loyal, but the management of the war in future will be, as it has been in the past in fact, purely aggressively, partisanly Democratic. There is a solidarity about the Democratic Party like the racial entity of the Germans. One of the reasons the Germans are so efficient and successful in war is, they have the binding tie of one race cemented as one people. The Democratic Party possesses something of this. As a distinguished

Senator remarked yesterday, Wilson could cut the throat of his wife upon the White House steps, and the leaders of the Democratic Party in Congress would defend, with exactly the same vigor, his slashing activities in that regard, as his lack of activities in caring for the youth of the land in our camps. Chamberlain, yesterday, answered the President's charge that he had spoken untruthfully, and he proved conclusively, although most diplomatically, who was a liar. He made a brave speech, that gripped the Senate and the crowded galleries. The sympathy of all the Senators on both sides of the Chamber is with him. At the end of the fight, the votes on the Democratic side will be with the President, and Chamberlain will still have their sympathy.

What has been transpiring here will leave its inflex, I think, upon you boys in camp. It will spur the Administration to renewed efforts, and you probably will be sent across sooner than otherwise you would be. The hope of peace is in the present seething world. Common people, who have buried so many of their own in the last three years in every belligerent country, are now beginning to organize, and if once, they begin to fight, the war will be over, and Governments will topple.

I shall take some part in the debate on the war cabinet bill, if the opportunity offers. I deem it an absolute necessity. I shall not, of course, in any degree, attack Baker, of whom I am very fond, but I think he ought to consent to the formation of such a cabinet.

With all our love,
Affectionately,

United States Senate,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 26, 1918.

Mrs. Amy Johnson,
California Sanitarium,
Belmont, California.

My dear Daughter:

Another Saturday has rolled around, and with such extraordinary rapidity, that I can not believe it is a week since I stood here dictating to you. Events are crowding one another with such rapidity, and each day brings forth such new, and startling, and unthought of things that we get into a sort of a mental chaos, in which we forget even to notice the swift passing of time.

I wrote you last week, somewhat in detail, my views concerning the President's war aims and told you how that sort of ingrowing conscience of mine would have impelled me to talk upon the Lewis resolution, and would have impelled, too, a very vigorous dissent from the President's views. The astounding thing to me is, that in this great country, there has not been a single, public expression of disapproval with the policy of territorial acquisition upon which the Republic now has entered. I can not believe that our people understand, and I will not believe that the editorial comment of the press of the nation truly represents public opinion.

During the week, we had dinner one night with Roy Howard, a most remarkable young man, who is the head of the United Press. This youngster has grown, and grown, and grown, so that a few

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 2

years had seen his transformation from a street gamin of New York into ^{an} ~~the~~ intimacy ^{with} ~~of~~ Lloyd George, Colonel House, and the President of the United States. I think he is a very good friend, and because of his knowledge of things on the inside, I love to talk to him. He is an enthusiastic adherent of the President, and a firm believer in the President's character. We talked long about the war aims, and of the views I expressed to you a week ago. He insisted that the President's views and mine did not materially differ. He claimed that the President had not thought of sending our boys abroad to fight for increasing Italy's boundaries, or for Alsace and Lorraine. And, when I insisted that he had said so, and that he had committed our nation to just those purposes, he, curiously enough, inquired, whether I had ever played poker, or ever attempted a bluff. He seemed to speak by the book, and with an absolute knowledge, when he insisted that what the President had stated was a mere bluff for public consumption in Europe, which was not meant by Wilson, and upon which he would not insist. My reply was obvious - that if Wilson, when, solemnly he addressed the Congress, and told his war aims to us and to our people was not telling the truth, even a more lamentable and humiliating spectacle was presented; and that I preferred to think, that after due deliberation, our President had violated our traditions and forgotten our ideals, than to believe that he had pretended only these things, and had deliberately indulged in misrepresentation and falsification. Well, the subject of our war aims will probably end here. Doubtless, there will be no discussion, and, therefore, probably no public expression of dissent hereafter.

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 3

The big event of the early part of the week was the Stone speech attacking the Republican party and Roosevelt. Stone, very cunningly, had announced that he would attack Penrose - so that he was in the position of having selected as his antagonist the least defensible member of the Republican side. His speech, of course, was illogical, and designed only to bring him back into the Administration fold. I should have loved to have responded, but I had no opportunity of recognition after the debate had degenerated into an exchange of coarse personalities. The vice-president rather barred me of recognition, but I was not half sorry when I witnessed what transpired. Between Penrose and Lewis (and strangely enough, the press did not carry any of this) the exchange was vulgar and disgusting. It reached finally sarcastic references to the pulchritude of each, Lewis speaking of the rotundity of form, avoidupois, and the like, of Penrose; and Penrose responding with dyestuffs, pink whiskers, et cetera. I really think most of the members were utterly disgusted, and to tell you the truth, the scene made me think, that the contempt in which the so-called popular branch of our Government is held by our people was justified. I would liked to have said a few, vigorous sentences of denunciation of Stone, but probably it's just as well, after the discussion had so ^{de-}generated.

The incident in which the President attacked Chamberlain's veracity gave us one of the most intense and dramatic afternoons I have witnessed here. Chamberlain, in good temper, judicially responded, and had the sympathy of the Senate and of the crowded galleries. I do not see how it was possible for him to hold him-

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self so in restraint. I should have been sorely tempted, had I been in his place, to have asked, after my demonstration, who was the liar,-for he did prove, most diplomatically and without ever saying so, that Wilson and Baker are guilty of the grossest falsehoods. The bill that Chamberlain sponsors for a war cabinet is a measure which ought to pass. Chamberlain will have the sympathy of all his Democratic colleagues, and when the fight is over, he will still have that sympathy, while Wilson will have their votes. The organization of the Administration is so tremendous at present, it has avenues of publicity so thoroughly under control, that I presume before the discussion is ended, the people will have been convinced that Chamberlain's charges were inaccurate, or at least, they will be doubtful concerning them.

War is a marvelous thing. And, while under its stimulus, the noblest things may be done, in its hysteria, often the basest and the meanest acts are committed. War with us has meant the transmuting of our Government, the organization of our publicity, the denial of free expression, and the utter elimination of a free press. Recent events have been of real value, because, in a small degree, they are correcting some of the evils that have come to us with the war, and we may finally recover sufficient of our courage and our self-respect to express ourselves as we see fit again. I hope to take part in the debate on the war cabinet bill, but this debate will be wholly secondary and an unimportant matter. The publicity will revolve around the Administration's endeavor to answer and overwhelm Chamberlain. I make you the

Mrs. Amy Johnson - 5

prophecy, that when it comes to a show-down, there will not be more than three Democrats who will stand with Chamberlain. There is a solidarity about the Democratic party that is somewhat like the racial entity of the Germans. What enables the Germans to do many things is the fact that they are a ^{united} ~~united~~ people - not a polyglot nation like ours - and that, as one race, they think and act. The Democratic party, deriving its strength from the south, acts with singular unanimity. As one man remarked yesterday, the President could cut his wife's and daughter's throats upon the steps of the White House, and certain members of Congress would defend the act with the same enthusiasm and zeal that they defend him in his present inefficiency. The difficulty with our war situation is that Wilson is living ^{in the} ~~in the~~ pages of history, utterly detached from passing events. He has taken us into the war with one thought, in my opinion, and he is continuing the war with one idea - to have history write him the greatest man of all time. Lincoln freed a small part of our population - and that black. Wilson sees himself written by history as the savior of mankind, and as a ruler who freed all nations, and established world democracy. He has no more conception of administrative duties than a man in Kamchatka or Timbuctoo; and he will not pay any attention to such duties. Nevertheless, he will permit no interference, and he resents any suggestion. I do not think it at all exaggerative to say that he regards himself exactly as Louis XIV regarded himself, and that while he doesn't say it aloud, to himself he

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often repeats, "I am the State". Because I feel perfectly certain that Wilson is in this war that he may be in history, I feel that the conflict will be prolonged, and that it will not cease - no matter what may be the opportunities for ending it - until Mr. Wilson feels certain that history will write him, as he sees himself, and as he has designed that he shall go down to posterity.

Roosevelt blew in, in his usual breezy fashion. I presume mother has written you of our luncheon with him the day he arrived, and my dinner at Lodge's the other night. He has his faults, and his foibles. He has, indeed, the many peculiarities and infirmities with which we have all become familiar, but, after all, my daughter, as I survey the men of the nation who constitute its great, he is head and shoulders above them all. I have no doubt that he is a candidate for President in 1920, but I am just as sure that he will not be elected President. I think that the big, financial interests of the east have now turned to him and that they will be able, generally, to control our standpat brethren in his behalf. I do not think he will ever again get by with the common people.

As I stood beside Mrs. Roosevelt and saw a little service pin upon her breast with five stars upon it, and as I looked at the woman who had borne four sons and one daughter, and recalled that every one of these sons, and the husband of her daughter, as well, were at the front, I could not but feel a deep and abiding admiration and affection for her. I compared the attitude of this family - for it makes no difference who the individual is, the par-

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ental feeling is the same - an attitude by which every member of it was willing to yield his body for his country, with the cold calculation of the man in power today, to whom the blood of the whole nation is nothing in comparison with the gratification of his selfish aims and ambitions - and as I thought, I preferred the red-blooded Roosevelt with all his faults, and all his foibles, to the icy man now in command. As I sat in Lodge's very beautiful library and I saw sitting about Roosevelt, -Weeks, New, Wadsworth, and Frelinghuysen, and Smoot, and the other stand-patters, you can imagine how my mind traveled back to 1912 and how I pigeon-holed each one of the individuals who were there personally on such terms of intimacy, and how somewhat I resented the situation. It was really strange company - and stranger still, to see the skill and the ease with which Roosevelt endeavored to maintain a balance between this little group on the one hand, and myself upon the other. It was rather a sad and pitiful reflection to me. I was a part of no group; and ~~what~~ of all those who started so blithely in 1912 and fought so valiantly, I was the only one in official position of power today, and the only one in the United States Senate, who had been ^{or could be} invited to such a function as representing something at variance with the many others.

I wrote last week about a wire I had received from the boys, including Bob, in the aviation corps in France. I took the matter up with the War Department. I took it up carefully at first

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so as to make certain that the statements could not be refuted. I received a disgusting reply. I send a copy of it herein so that you ^{may} ~~might~~ give it to your father and your mother that they may understand the exact situation. As soon as I received this reply, I took it up indignantly with the War Department. I have insisted, that we made a distinct promise to these young men, that we have broken this promise, and our good faith is involved, and that there must be some way in which we can remedy the wrong we are doing. I have no hope of success, but, nevertheless, I will make it unpleasant for the department. I think the whole thing is a gross outrage upon these young men in France, and the letter I received in response, with its crocodile tears, adds to the offense.

During the week, we had a letter saying you were better. You don't know how much the Boss and I rejoiced over it. You know, we determine your condition - not only by what you say - but by your penmanship and all sorts of little indicia. I note from your last note that you were in better shape. Now, go to it and get well. I want to hear in your next letter that you are eating well and getting strong. I know you have the courage, and now, I am commanding you, You've got to exercise it. Don't try to write in response to these letters of mine. I do not expect it. If you grow excessively weary of them and would rather they would not be written, tell Jack to tell me so, and I will quit; otherwise, each

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Saturday, I will write you something of a little review of what has transpired during the week. I feel that at times my views are so personal that they must be wearisome to any reader. Anyway, I am delighted to talk to you in this fashion. Good luck to you! With all our love.

Affectionately,

Dad

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 26, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I have just finished dictating my weekly letter to Amy and to you, and so, I won't attempt to write you any lengthy letter now, but simply to say, hello! Amy's note this week, we thought, indicated her to be better and to be in a better frame of mind, as well. Is she gaining in strength, and is she able to sit up, yet? It seems to me with her temperature normal for a couple of weeks that she would be able to recover some of her vigor.

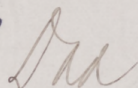
Everything here is seething. Most of the newspaper correspondents are simply *macquereaux* of the administration, and nearly all the Congressmen are afraid of the President. Men like Julius Kahn, who, for the first time in their lives, have found themselves in a position of prominence, solely because of the war, and the camouflage in which they indulge, will become even greater in "standing by the President". I am curious to have your view of the events of the week in reference to Chamberlain and the President. Tell me when you write, whether you think it had any effect upon the war, or upon public sentiment, generally. If conditions continue - and I see no reason why they will not continue as they are - within a very few months I think there will be a very strong anti-war party in the nation. Wilson does

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

not want peace, at present. In my letter to Amy today I have tried to analyze what I think are his motives and his purposes. He may reckon, however, without his host. The remote hope of peace is in the internal disorders of Austria, and the spread of these disorders to Germany. A similar thing will occur here if once the public mind becomes convinced that our young men are drafted and sent abroad without a fair chance for their lives.

Love to all.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely belonging to Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., written in brown ink.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CALIFORNIA

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 28, 1918.

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

My dear Jack:

I received your good letter this morning and of course I thoroughly agree with the suggestions that you made concerning the Stone speech and the answer to it. I was ready to dismiss his references of Roosevelt with a word, and then to insist that the fundamental vice of it was objection to free expression. I was going to quote Lloyd George and Clemenceau, and indulge in a ten minute free speech declamation. It was next to impossible to get recognition, in the first place, and, in the second place, as Lewis and Penrose continued, the whole debate sagged, and everybody became sick of it. At the earliest opportunity I am going to express myself, however, on the right to criticize.

I am glad you saw Art and was delighted to have your report of him. I feel it is only a very short time now until he goes across the water. As I read the report this morning of Kenyon-Joyce, I felt we were a little nearer to the actuality of war. You know, doubtless, that Joyce wanted Arch to go across with him, and that Arch debated quite a bit whether to do it or to continue with his organization and get his majority. I thought, at the time, his decision wise, and I still think so. He would have gone across as a Captain and he would have come back unprepared for his duties, and with little or no prospect of promotion.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

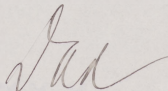
We are in our commerce committee gradually, slowly, and unostentatiously, developing that our shipping program has fallen down. We have justified, I think, the prognostications that were made to us some time ago, which, I think, I wrote in one of my letters to Amy.

You don't know how bully it was this morning to receive a telegram from Amy. I presume it was dictated by the hope of news of Bob Bowles' case, but it was mighty good to have it. Although, I had it read to mother over the phone this morning, I am carrying it home with me, so that she can read it again. Incidentally, I am carrying home your letter, too, so she might see it. I feel ever so much better about Amy's condition. Mrs. Bowles was kind enough to write mother a letter in detail, which we both devoured. It seems to me now, the one need with her is to recover some part of her strength. I hope this will come very speedily.

I am dictating this note to you to acknowledge receipt of your letter today, late in the afternoon after adjournment of our committee and just before I go home.

With all our love,

Affectionately



January 29, 1918.

Major Archibald M. Johnson,
144th Field Artillery,
Camp Kearny,
Linda Vista, California.

My dear Arch:

I have somewhat of a hesitancy about writing you of the events transpiring here, because, except as intimately concerning me, I can only tell you that - that you read in the newspapers five or six days before you receive my letters.

We have been intensely engrossed in the controversy between the President and Chamberlain, and the investigation by the Military Committee. Baker was before this committee all day yesterday. The little that I have learned last night and this morning of his testimony is that he did well, and made an excellent impression upon the spectators. The committee is probably about tie, - The Democrats voting one way, and the Republicans, with the addition of Chamberlain, Hitchcock, and McKellar, the other way. A couple of the Republicans sneered at what Baker had to say, but they were of the Wadsworth type, and I think the estimates of the others are of greater value. Baker will get by because there will be no appropriate cross-examination. In the first place, the Senators will not prepare, as a lawyer would prepare; and, in the second place, Baker's mind is more alert than the mind of any member of the committee. I am very doubtful whether the war cabinet board bill will now even be presented.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

I received a cablegram the other day from about thirty of our young men who are in Tours, France, connected with the aviation corps, among the signers was Robert Bowles. These fellows were the honor men at Berkeley, were sent abroad with the distinct and definite promise that they would receive first lieutenantancies. An order was promulgated that they should be given second lieutenantancies. Their classmates, of whom they were the honor men - received after their departure from the United States, first lieutenantancies. Naturally, the boys are complaining bitterly, and I am fussing with the department over the matter. The department throws the blame upon Pershing, admits the injustice of it, but will not help with a remedy. It is another one of those rotten little outrageous things, so many of which have occurred, that take the sap out of our fellows.

We read, yesterday, of the wounding of Kenyon A. Joyce in France, and we felt just a little bit nearer to the war. I have been speculating upon what might have happened had you gone over with him. As last night was one of my sleepless nights, I jumped from one mental figure to another, seeing you by his side, and struck as he was; and then, as I grew drowsier, I had you doing all kinds of impossible things - carrying Joyce on one shoulder, and Leonard Wood on another, and repelling back hundreds of boches at the same time. So, you see, my lad, I not only think of you times like these, but I dream of you as well.

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Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Bancroft Library

Baker's testimony, yesterday, indicates that you will all be sent over just as soon as shipping can be obtained. This was the conclusion that I finally reached. It may be that, with your distance from the Atlantic coast, and lack of railroad facilities, you will be among the last to be shipped abroad. I am only praying that they might not send you across until spring. I want you to go over there in somewhat decent weather. (It doesn't seem possible that this war can last more than this year, but we can not foretell. The granting of the money men here, and the fussing, stewing, and irritation, of the so-called business interests, may hasten any peace movement whatever. You see, I figure on all these things, constantly speculating about them from a personal standpoint of my boy. I know that you have only one thought - and that is, to play your part and do your bit, but I can not help thinking of the other things, as well.

Give our fondest regards, please, to Raymond.

Affectionately,