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KODAK Gray Scale



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United States Senate
COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 3, 1928.

My dear Boys:

I have been a very long time in writing you but I knew you would understand that my activities in the past few weeks have occupied every moment of my time. I tried to say to you in my last brief note that I had an awful week with the Boulder Dam Hearings. I still in negotiations, conferences and the like occupy a very large part of my days, and the situation grows no better. My heart was set upon this legislation, and I fear it is ended for this session. The Los Angeles representatives have been utterly futile, and the states adjacent have run rings around them, with the result that everybody, except a few that I am on intimate terms with, shy from us. And the worst part of all is that the representatives here of California, men from the City of Los Angeles and from Imperial County, like a lot of little children are utterly impervious to their own weaknesses and helplessness, but tug at my coat tail in the expectation that I will do the job that they have so wretchedly bungled. Worry over the thing has brought back the unfortunate insomnia with which I used to be troubled, and the world has looked a little darker the last few weeks in consequence. I am troubled, too, about Mother. She has suffered constantly for a long time now with wretched headaches, and I do not believe that she has had a well moment for some weeks. I don't know what to do because she won't consult any doctor or do anything for herself. I tried to

get out of myself last week making a talk, which was not put together well because not written in advance, on the Merchant Marine Bill. This week I did a far better job in speaking of my Resolution for an investigation of the coal fields. Upon subjects such as this I like to speak with some knowledge of details, and even though those speeches are not prepared - I mean from the standpoint of construction, rhetoric, etc., they take an immense amount of time. I had intended to write both of you last Sunday, but I devoted that whole day to going through the detail with which I was not very familiar of the Pennsylvania situation. In that great state the most horrible condition exists. What I said was not in the slightest degree exaggerated. I think that the speech I made has aroused the East. I was delighted to learn last night that the bankers of Pittsburg had met and had agreed to put up money enough to feed the women and the children starving in Pennsylvania, and that the Governor of that State, too, had undertaken to clean up the outrageous situation in relation to the coal and iron police. I had therefore a little glow that I had done a little good.

The political situation continues with Hoover getting far forward practically by default. There is a tremendous undercurrent against him, and in my opinion, if any one man would break through and denounce him as he could be denounced, he could be stopped. It is true that all of the news agencies, A.P., U.P., and even the Hearst service are in combination to prevent any publicity adverse to him, and it is equally true that the press of the East is practically a unit for him.

I suspect, too, that many newspaper correspondents here, like my friend Bill Hard, are directly in his pay. Notwithstanding all this, there are any number of people, who do not like the idea of his candidacy or his success, and a real assault upon him in spite of the newspaper conspiracy would seep through. Singularly enough, I have had two or three talks with Dawes of late. He is the one man who if he would announce his candidacy could, in my opinion, end Mr. Hoover's. His relations, however, with Lowden are such that he will not permit an open candidacy, nor will he do anything which might militate against Lowden. It is a rather interesting position that he takes, and I believe a rather chivalrous one. He does not want to do anything that might injure his friend's chances, and I believe he feels just as I do, that the greatest prize in all the world is almost within his grasp, and that it is slipping through because of his chivalry. Hoover has an immense amount of money behind him, and the stories here are many, that he is buying the negroes of the South and doing business with every corrupt politician in the land. He is everything to everybody and on every side of every proposition. Today he stands, I believe, the best chance of nomination.

The California congressional delegation the other night met at Hoover's earnest instance and endorsed his candidacy. Before that endorsement was given however, five men upon the delegation spoke with firmness and emphasis saying that they were interested in me, and that they wished a perfect understanding of the attitude of the Hoover people before they entered into any endorsement.

4.

The promise was made by Messrs. Requa and Arnold, and the endorsement given Hoover. These five were Curry, Engelbright, Dick Welch, Swing, Barbour. Carter of Oakland told me that he was of the same mind. While I did not ask it, it was very pleasant indeed to have these gentlemen speak in my behalf.

The disposition of Tubby has not improved with time. The only thing we have been able to do is to keep him and Spartan apart. When one is with us, the other is not; and when we are at home, they alternate; first one being in the kitchen, and then with us; and then the other likewise. Tubby fights Chops whenever they come together, and Chops if he can avoid it, wont stay in the same room with Tubby. Chops will fight when driven to it, but he seeks always to avoid it. They have had some terrible and long fights. In each case, Chops gives ~~one~~ as good as Tubbs, but the difference in them is that one is highly nervous and the other quite the reverse, and the highly nervous one, Tubby, wants to fight all the time, while Chops will fight only when he has to. Even when little Suey comes to me to come upon my knee, Tubby will run clear across the room to fight her. I never saw such a peculiar little dog. He is like some men, utterly and absolutely unable to get along with others, and yet possesses very high qualities.

Last Sunday we had a terrific snow storm. It was the heaviest since the Knickerbocker Theatre disaster in 1922, and since then the country has been covered with snow, and we have been in real winter. However, we had little to complain of before that, and I presume we must expect a month of winter. I observe that you've had some very cold weather in California too.

5.

In my endeavor to get your Mother out of ^{her} ~~her~~self, I insisted on her accepting some social engagements in the last couple of weeks. I leave her to tell you about them. I think, temporarily, they did her good. They were difficult for me, under the circumstances, but I really deemed it necessary for her

With my love to everybody,

Affectionately,

Ad

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

At Home, Sunday, Feby. 5, 1928.

My dear Boys:

I wired you yesterday about our rather tragic experience Friday night, and there is little perhaps to add. The results perhaps we might view with a certain sort of resignation, if it were not that we have such a skunk for a landlord. He is what will make the future disagreeable, and it is he who makes the unfortunate catastrophe difficult and perhaps irremediable. We have ^{one} wing of the House thoroughly gutted, the rooms in it destroyed, with nothing but the bare walls standing. We saved the living rooms and the whole structure save this wing. If he or the people who hold the insurance as his creditors would repair and restore the part ruined, it would be all right; and that this ought to be done goes without saying. We can continue to live in the place and doubtless will, but it will not be as pleasant as before and certainly not as sightly. In passing, that you may understand the situation I tell you that Caraway is behind in his payments to Pickford, and has been making efforts to sell the place only stipulating that it should not be sold to me. He is strictly up against it financially, and it is not unlikely that he will be sold out under the trust deed he gave for the purchase price. The house is insured for \$25000. practically the whole purchase price. He agreed to pay I think \$32000. for the entire place of eight and a half acres. Be cause he played me such a scurvy trick he hates me with an intensity indescribable. I could not exaggerate it. If he has anything to do with the insurance money he'll let the place go hang in the hope he can drive us out. If the creditor follows his usual bent, he is so stingy and avaricious that he'll pocket the insurance money so as to collect what he can on his debt. Both will rely on the fact that we with our mode of living will do everything in our power to remedy what is possible; and both know your mother's great love for the place and will bank on that. What I meant therefore to convey to you was that we might have to spend the remainder of our leasehold in a home partially burned and with a wing charred and unsightly. The origin of the fire is quite mysterious. We were having a picture "What Price Glory" I had had a bruising few days and Mother was trying to distract and amuse me. About nine thirty or a little earlier, Old Spartan suddenly jumped up, ran to the back window that looks out on the back lawn, snarling and barking just as he does whenever a stranger appears. I stopped the picture switched on the light of the outside porch (it switches on from the sitting room in which I was viewing the picture) and peered outside without going out. I saw nothing and made Spartan still growling, sitdown. Perhaps twenty minutes passed, maybe more, when I stopped the picture saying that I smelled smoke. We turned on the lights and immediately I went in the adjoining room, the doors of which were tightly closed because of the picture, and it was almost impossible to go across it because of the density of the smoke. Immediately one ran up stairs, others around towards the garage, and in the latter place there was a perfect inferno. Mother ran to the phone to get the fire department, Ehrling

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COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

and I to the garage. It was impossible to get near let alone get in the garage. Finally the Riverdale Department responded with its chemical engine, but with the seething roaring furnace the chemical engine was as useless as a squirt gun. A general alarm was turned in, and from every village came the little volunteer departments, from Hyattsville Bladensburg, Cottage City, North Riverdale, Berwin and Mt. Rainier.

Hyattsville has good apparatus and some of the other places too. Finally two good streams were got going with the utmost difficulty. One of these was from a plug a quarter of a mile away and the other little closer. The fight was to confine the fire to the wing. And these volunteers worked with a will and a cheerfulness that I can never sufficiently praise. It looked for awhile as if the whole house would go, and our neighbors by the score worked with us taking all our things on to the snow covered front lawn. The firemen with their ladders dug through the roof and thus stopped the spread, and about two in the morning our good neighbors helped us lug back our household things. The last engine left us after three in the morning, although a patrol stayed all night. Two or three of the firemen were overcome by the smoke, and unfortunate after the whole thing was under control the Chief of the Riverdale department was stunned by a falling brick. I was mighty glad he soon recovered, because of his good work and his anxiety to aid. Mother about midnight began making coffee and some of our neighbors came over with big pots of coffee that apparently were mighty welcome to the men. There was one compensation in our little disaster, and it will ever be a rather sweet memory with me. We know scarcely anybody in this village. Our time is occupied wholly in Washington, and we never meet except in casual fashion anybody in Riverdale. The whole town turned out, and everybody was more than kind. A cheerful willingness to help, an intense anxiety to do everything possible for us, a human kindness beyond description for neighbors in distress, gave me a thrill I have n't felt for many days.

I started to tell you some of the peculiar circumstances that have made this fire suspicious. First, there was Spartan's behavior. Next, Ehrling brought me home in the loco just before six. The garage is always kept locked. The entrance to it is through two large doors which are fastened on the inside by a bar possibly five feet long that swivels on a pivot and fits into two braces or pockets on either side. This bar is on the inside and when in place of course the doors cannot be opened from the outside. Ehrling enters a regular door on the side towards the lawn. He has a key to this door, and this key is hidden just below the sill. Adjoining the door is a rather large window that has never been opened since we have been here. When we reached the garage and discovered the great fire there, the garage door was open and Ehrling discovered that the window which had always been closed was likewise open. I should say that after the loco had been put up, Ehrling went back to Washington returning in his own car at eight o'clock to help with the picture. He left his own car out in front of the kitchen. Parenthetically,

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

this is what we will ride in at least temporarily. Yesterday investigation showed the gasoline tank of the loco about half full, and there it is now. How in the world it did n't explode is beyond me.

I remember that one of the firemen reported an explosion, but obviously he must have been mistaken. The little Dodge had not been used for some time. Ehrling insists that the fire was all over the garage and of the leaping sort. He swears somebody set it. Mother is convinced too, and I do not need to say whom she suspects. I can only say he is capable of any crime in my opinion, but beyond the fact of his desire motive and abandoned spirit, there is nothing to substantiate MotherVs view.

The rooms in the destroyed wing were used for the storage of things and as closet room, in wich the other parts of the house are lacking. MotherVs clothes and some of mine were destroyed, her

furs, and innumerable things collected and prized during the past ten years. All the books in the library are ruined, and some of our furniture.

When Craway and I quarrelled first, I took out five thousand dollars of insurance, to demonstrate that the garage about which he was complaining did not interfere with insurance.

This will come in handy now. On the other zside howe ver, it enables Caraway to point to his written complaints of the garage and insist that he then was right, and that all the destruction has been caused by wrongful act in constructing the garage where we did in violation of the terms of my lease. I was immensely relieved to have Jack's telegram about the automobile insurance. I have duly served my notices in both instances un der the policies, and presume there will be no great difficulty.

Joe nhas just told us that there was a ring cfrom San Mateo about eleven thirty last night. At ten thirty (we had waited up although both of us were almost dead) we drank a toast to Arch, and th then retired. Joe who knew we were both up all night the night before not realizing who was phoning and thinking he was acting for our good, answered the phone and said we were not here. Both Mother and I were heart broken when he told us.

I have done rather a poor job type writing. I wanted however today to write you of our adve nture. Pardon the looks of the screed.

All our love to all of you.

Affectionately,

Dr

HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CHAIRMAN

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 11, 1928

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

My dear Arch:

We have had a tough old week in the reaction that came to us from our disaster. Californians have little conception of what an all-night outdoor vigilance is in midwinter. You can imagine snow upon the ground outside our home, and then water with a thermometer freezing falling upon ^{tramped} ~~tramped~~ down snow, and then you can understand something of that upon which we were treading during all of our vigilance Friday night. I was in my light lounging suit when the unfortunate thing started, and although the big hose hit me once or twice outside and went right through me, I never realized I was wet until along in the early hours. Both Mother and I have been pretty well bunged up since. The worst of it, however, is, the state of nerves we're in. The pungent, aromatic odor of smoke will never leave me, I fear, and of course the smell of burned wood in the house will exist for a long time. I have been preparing for my proofs of loss during week. Upon Mother's figures of the destruction, our loss will be about three times what our insurance was. The automobile insurance was immediately adjusted and paid. It was wonderful how the Federal Insurance Company, undoubtedly induced by Rathbone, King and Seely of San Francisco, acted. For the amount of the insurance, \$4000.00, Mother has an agreement with the Locomobile Agency for a new Locomobile, which

the Company insists is exactly in appearance like the old one, and is one of very costly make, which really for sentimental reasons they are letting her have for the price. Mother wrote to the Locomobile Agency at Bridgeport, just after the fire, explaining her loss, and saying she wrote merely as one of the Locomobile family, unable to pay the price of a perfectly new car of the sort that had been destroyed, detailing the number of Locomobiles we all have had. The letter evidently struck the factory, and they immediately took the matter up. If their car is what they describe, and we're to have the right of inspection of it here, they have done a very generous thing. The car is expected to be down here for our inspection within the next ten days or two weeks. I will write you all about it when it comes.

The fire, unfortunately, has given ~~us~~ occasion for ~~the~~ re-opening of my old controversies with Caraway, and he is, without exception, the lousiest skunk that ever walked upon two legs. I don't know whither we'll drift in our new difficulties. The fire, in reality, is a fortunate thing for him. I have learned that he was far behind in his payments, that he was likely to be sold out, and that he had reached the end of his tether probably. By asserting now an extreme loss upon his furniture that was destroyed, none of which was in use really by us, and none of which had any value of consequence, and by insisting, too, upon ^{an} extreme ~~amb~~ ^{of} loss ~~at~~ the wing of the house, he will be able to rehabilitate himself financially. Of course, his insurance was pledged to his mortgagee, and he may have difficulties in that direction. I have learned nothing more of the origin of the fire. There have been

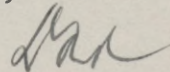
one or two incendiary fires in Riverdale in the last year, and within the last month or so, a perfect epidemic of them in Washington. The Washington fires have been traced to one man who was described as a pyromaniac, and who simply said that he could not resist an uncontrollable desire to set fire to places.

I have been extremely busy here, and probably will be more so beginning next week, for then I expect to take up in committee line by line, section by section, the Boulder Dam Bill. I hope to report it to the floor. I have little expectation in the present situation of passing it, but I want to get it on the floor, so that if there shall come any change of circumstances, the effort may be immediately made.

It looks as if I ^{have} won a great victory in the matter of the resolution for an investigation in the coal fields. Efforts in this direction have been made for a long period of time. None has succeeded. I think that our resolution will be passed sometime during next week, although there are some little complications that may delay it. The conditions that were described to me - and this is entirely apart from the strike or the merits of the strike - were such as to arouse every bit of human feeling one has. They cry aloud for some sort of remedy.

Mother joins me in love to Martha and yourself.

Affectionately,



HIRAM W. JOHNSON
CHAIRMAN

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 21, 1928

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

My dear Arch:

I feel like Hell and there is nobody to tell it to, so I am burdening you with it. Physically I am all to the bad, and mentally I am worse. I feel better to get it out of my system, and I know that you wont mind being annoyed with a wail. There is too much to do here this session for a man of conscience. The instruments to do it with, like our Boulder Dam fight, are utterly futile and useless. Aside from these things that worry, the fire and its attendant circumstances, the trouble brewing with our landlord, the smell of smoke that still pervades the house, the resulting miserable feeling that both Mother and I have, make the present a little unpleasant. I am hoping that we'll get better physically when I know we'll better withstand the annoyances and worries.

I did not have any time to write you last week. I am dictating this hastily just before I go upon the floor. Each day now I am spending executive sessions with the committee on irrigation and reclamation fighting over the Boulder Dam Bill. There are five men who sit there opposed, none sufficiently interested in my behalf to be on hand, so I am having a "monkey and parrot" time, in which there seems to be fairly general opposition to California, and a particular suspicion and hatred for Los Angeles.

Miss Connor wired you and Jack about the resolution for an investigation of the coal fields. It was very kind of her to do so, but I rather imagine you wondered what the dickens it was. The whole thing came about in a most peculiar fashion. The miners called upon me and asked me to introduce a resolution, which at once I declined to do, saying that I was three thousand miles from the scene of the strike, and that somebody in the states affected should do it. They told me that nobody in the states affected had the "guts" to do it, and asked me if I would merely introduce the resolution, *and* do that much for them. I stipulated that I would do so, and immediately upon its introduction, they would have to follow it up, and I would have no more to do with it. Immediately after its introduction, however, so much came to me of the distress, the privation, and want, and hunger, and horror that I got immensely aroused and went to the bat. The result was that in a senate where nobody would undertake the matter at first, there was no opposition at the end.

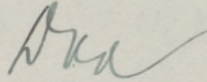
The dog situation with us grows worse. Tubby and Spartan have to be kept apart, and practically Tubby and Chops. I can not understand what is the reason for this little Pekinese going mad every time he sees another dog. Frankly I regret that we ever brought him on here because I am in constant fear of what may happen to him. Mother guards him very carefully, however, and perhaps when spring comes he may alter his disposition. At any rate Spartan has made up his mind not to permit any nonsense further, and he therefore accepts the invitation to fight whenever the two get near each other.

3.

As I went on dictating, which I did not intend to do,
I thought I would cut out the first part of this letter,
but it expresses my mood, so I'll leave it in.

With love to Martha and yourself,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'A. K. A.' or similar, written in a cursive style.

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 22, 1928.

My dear Jack:

I'm sitting in the Senate listening to the reading of Washington's Farewell Address. This is the only ceremony we hold on this day. The reading loses something of its solemnity and interest, because it is by Sen. Shipstead, who while by no means without sense, has just a trace of his Swedish ancestors' accent. I just sent down to Miss Cannon two copies of the address, one for Hiram and one for Nell. Each '22^d of July, a copy is put on each Senators' desk and we follow the reading.

I was unable to write you at the end of last week. My time has been overfull this session. Miss Cannon told you about the Coal regions resolution and you probably thought we were crazy, tho' you would surely at me. It was a matter of importance here in which there was great interest; but Calverton doubts

wondered what it was all about. I declined at first to have anything to do with it because I was 3000 miles from the Territory affected. Finally those interested said no man had the guts to introduce the resolution in the States where the strikes existed. I stipulated I'd introduce it then, but had nothing more to do with it. Immediately upon introduction, so much came to me that aroused my feelings, that I condemned and passed it; and the remarkable thing about the whole proceeding was that a resolution nobody would introduce originally nobody at the end opposed. I'm awaiting the new auto.

It seems too good to be true that we'll get a loco like our old one. This week it should be home.

Neither Mother nor I feel any too good but I presume it's reflect of recent events. I'm hoping time will bring its cure.

Love to all.

Affectionately,
Dad

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Feb. 23, 1928.

My dear Arch:

My letters I fear must be written at odd moments, and as I'm writing this, during the Senate sessions. At ten each morning I'm meeting with our Committee on the Boulder Dam and endeavoring to stand off five opponents. My distinguished colleague, of course, neither knows anything about the matter, nor cares for it. I'm heavily sick of the situation in which I find myself. However, there's no law requiring me to remain here, and if I do, I'm no right to complain.

Your good letter came yesterday. We were sorry to learn of Volpi's death. She lived to a ripe old age and had the honor any female ought to cover for a numerous progeny. I'm not sure but it's a misfortune to have dogs we grow as fond of.

There's little to write, and little disposition to write except to pour out one's heart. Whenever I get the opportunity I'll send you

a note thus. Until I conclude with
the present stress I cannot do much more.
All love to Martha & yourself.
Affectionately,
Dad.

We enjoyed your photos that came with yours of yesterday

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 25, 1928.

My dear Boys:

Another week has rolled around! The days gallop by now in such fashion that scarcely do I begin my Sunday than I find myself again at Saturday. I know how long the days seem to the little fellows - how short to us!

Gradually the presidential contest is taking shape, and it was to send you a line concerning it that I am writing this Saturday afternoon. There is no doubt in my mind that Hoover's chances have greatly increased. It is a very singular that as he has grown politically publicly, he has lost immeasurably in individual private estimation. The opinion among individuals here generally is that he is unfit, and untrustworthy, and that he will not be difficult to beat when the batteries of an opposing party are opened upon him. Because big business is with him (don't believe any of the stuff that his advocates are printing about big business not being with him) the press is practically a unit in his behalf, and everything derogatory to him, and in aid of any of those who are making an abortive campaign against him, is either wholly eliminated or distorted. It is the same story over again in relation to Coolidge. A myth was created about Coolidge in this country, and another Hoover myth has now been created. My opinion is that it will be sufficient to put him over both in the Convention and at the election, although the Democrats insist that he is the weakest candidate, and that they have a fair chance of defeating him. There is not really

2.

any Democratic Party, however. It is split open upon both issues of prohibition and religion, and will continue split wide open during the whole campaign. Beyond that, the Democratic Party is deserving of no support anyway. The vote upon the Walsh Resolution here demonstrated conclusively that it is a weak and cowardly kite to the Republican machine. It is expected that the dominant party of the Nation, grown rich and powerful from the support of sordid and selfish interests, will represent those interests, but a very different attitude is expected from the party in opposition. On the Walsh Resolution both the Republican and the Democratic parties stood with the power trust⁴, responded to the crack of the whip, and did as commanded. It was a ^{weak} ~~weak~~ and a pitiful sight. Hoover represents this trust. The head of it here now is a former solicitor of the Department of Commerce, and the chief lobbyist is the one United States Senator Hoover ever had, Lenroot of Wisconsin. It is devoting its gigantic energies to his campaign. He has a great organization and unlimited coin, and he is buying daily the negroes and white office-holders of the South, who have ever been the worst element in the Republican Party, and the disgraceful part of our Republican National Conventions. He will have, I believe, by far the largest part of the southern delegates in the Republican Convention. He has against him no candidate with organization or with an appeal to the imagination of our people. He has many individuals against him who do not believe either in his ability or his honesty, but they are inarticulate in the main, and the unanimity of the press will never permit them to be otherwise.

Affectionately,

W.H.

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At Home, Riverdale, Md.
Sunday, Feb'y 26, 1928

My dear Arch:

Yesterday I started dictating a political letter to you and Jack and its abrupt end probably enabled you to see that I was interrupted and couldn't finish it. I won't attempt it now. This is just my Sunday greeting to my dear lad.

I'm awaiting your views about the possibility of fire from the loco. The matter of our conflagration is by no means settled as the Adjutants told us Friday, and I'm more than half convinced it was incendiary.

I've heard nothing definite, practically nothing at all, from Theodore. I'm wondering if he has spoken to you. I observed from one of the papers that Grennich left a million. I imagine Matt probably has something like this. I can't understand

why Theodore should longer waste
his life adding to two large
fortunes. However, he may think
he'd rather go it alone than with
any new encumbrance.

Nothing I started to write
except to say hello and send our
love. Much to Martha too.

Affectionately

Dad

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mt. Home, Rumford, Md.

Monday, May 26, 1928.

My dear Jack:

I've a nebulous, half formed half baked idea in my mind, which singularly enough I'm quite diffident in expressing even to my son. The thought has been germinating in my confused and muddled mentality for some time, and finally I've screwed up courage enough to write it.

I'd like to make my grandsons sort of literary heirs to me. That sounds grandiloquent and egotistical and because of it I've hesitated to express what I'd like in a very modest way to do. I was here during the war, a member and a very important one of the two great war committees of the Senate, Foreign Relations and Military Affairs. When Amy became ill, I tried to amuse her by writing quite lengthy and intimate letters weekly of what we were doing. Some of these have a little historical value. I have a place in the Senate now that enables me to

Know what is happening from the inside,
both in our domestic affairs and our
international relations. I have been an
intimate, perhaps not greatly important part
in three national elections, 1912, 1916 and
1920. I've seen at close range and in
some instances under circumstances unknown
to all others, Roosevelt. None knew Harding
better. The Hughes campaign will soon
live as the one where a wife kissed good-
night a president, to find him merely a
defeated aspirant in the morning. I'm
now living in an era where my kind
of politics are not only passe but anathema.
All this I mention because perhaps with
increasing age is increasing love for those of
my blood. My grandsons now would have
little interest, perhaps little understanding of
what I might fortnightly write them, but
if the letters, without literary skill, with only
a sketchy and imperfect narrative of current
events, were preserved until long after we
have passed away, they might have a
lively interest for descendants of ours whom
we cannot even imagine now. So then
if they yet exist could be attached my war
time letters to Tony, and gradually it might

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

be possible to begin with California's revolution and the epochal campaign of 1912, the last cause of progressivism which California kept alive and fought for when all other states had abandoned it.

If my great grandfather had left his tale of the Revolution (on your grandmother's side her ancestors were a real part of it) if my grandfather, strange and half demented abolitionist, had bequeathed me his reminiscences of the stirring period preceding the civil war, with what eagerness I'd pursue them, and how carefully I'd cherish them!

Well, there's the inkblot idea that has been in my mind, and that I'm rather shamefacedly written, fearing you may think I magnify my importance, and imagine I've strided in a great part on life's stage. I don't say boy. I'm thinking just of my own and leaving with them a record of an ancestor which may in the far dim distant future amuse or

interest them.

Of course, to pursue such a course as Sir hinted at, presupposes I'll be here another six years. I'm not at all sure of this. First, I'm not clear I want to be and secondly, I don't like the looks of things in case I should wish it.

Don't bother writing me about this. I wanted to get it out of my system. My two grandsons I think of much more often than you have any idea of. Damn it all, both of us are so strange and peculiar, that we'll die only suspecting our like qualities.

Why must human beings be so full of possibilities in their relations, and yet repress the very things which would bring those possibilities?

Don't think this a strange letter. Put it down if you will to physical ill being and an utter mental weariness. I might say to ascribe it to age that is looking backwards but I fear a smile of derision.

Love to my grandsons. They are very remarkable boys. If you can keep your grip upon them, not too hard and fast, life holds for them illimitable possibilities.

Affectionately

Dad