

© The Tiffen Company, 2000

# KODAK Gray Scale



**Kodak**  
LICENSED PRODUCT

**A**

1

2

3

4

5

6

**M**

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

**B**

17

18

19



United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friday, Nov. 1, 1929.

My dear son: [Arch]

I don't know what the past ten days have done to you but I'm in mortal terror of the result. Whatever has occurred, remember dear lad, there's an old man here wholly sympathetic, and for you always in every way.

I'm writing you this brief note that you may understand no error or misfortune can dim the faith or lessen the love of the old man.

Of course, I'm hoping everything is fine with you - I'm writing in total ignorance - but if it isn't, you and I still live and together can buffet and whip this old world.

This is just a line expressing a wealth of love. May it find you in every fashion untouched by misfortune - beyond all, in the best of health and spirits.

Affectionately,

Dad

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H. WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA. WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK. ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME. COLE. L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND. HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 2, 1929

My dear Boys:

Another week has sped by, and of course the foremost consideration with me has been your Mother's condition. I am glad to say to you that she is now about and goes out, and apparently is getting along just as well as we could expect. Her cough is gone. I think she eats as usual, and that she sleeps fairly well. She has the peculiar family trait of searching minutely for something to worry about, and generally succeeding. If there was some way in which I could eliminate this and keep her from fretting about anything at all, I am sure she would much more rapidly gain her strength, and I know she would be very much happier. Unfortunately, we fret and stew and life speeds by in a constant worry.

There are more or less interesting things occurring upstairs in connection with the tariff, the President, and some of our members. These, I take it, you are familiar with, or if you had a faint interest in them, probably it was wholly submerged by the recent events in the stock market. These happenings have been just terrible. Of course, the very rich have not suffered, except to have their fortunes somewhat lessened. It is the middle class that in the last few years has been taught by isolated instances of great wealth made in a short time, to take a "flyer", and then insensibly has continued speculating.

2.

Many of these people in the East, and I presume in our own community, have been suddenly reduced to absolute poverty. There must be some underlying cause for what has occurred, some regulated move that did the job, and it is this we would like to get at. Of course, we can not, and the old market will go on just as before until the unwary again are fleeced.

I have not talked to you any about the house here because Mother's sickness left things at a standstill. We're still living in one room, and I rather think that the rest of my life will be spent either in one room, which I'll pretend to own, or in a rented one room at some damned hotel. However, " 'T is ever thus in childhood's happy hour. "

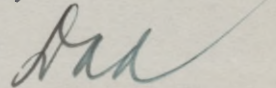
I do hope you two have kept well, and that whatever the market may have done to you, your health remains. After all, there is nothing else. The so-called leader of the Republican side left yesterday because he is ill. As I looked at his pallid face when he made a little speech in regard to the tariff day before yesterday, there was a great surge of sympathy within me, and I said a few words wishing him well. When I concluded, both sides of the Chamber vigorously applauded. It was rather a strange incident, but sickness, real sickness now in any of my fellows, makes me wonderfully sympathetic with them, so take care of yourselves, please. I have been fairly

3.

right, although during Mother's illness I felt sometimes as if life were not worth living. Since she has got about in the last ten days, I have gained a pound a day.

My love to all,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "H. W. Johnson", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1929.

My dear Jack:

I'm writing this by pen, because I thought it better not to dictate. I've just received your air mail letter of Oct. 31. Oh, how glad I was to read you had weathered the storm, although I know so little of the situation, I'm not certainly the deluge is receding. I have heard nothing from your brother, and with my knowledge of him, I fear he is utterly ruined, and of course, this is heart breaking to me. Only in crises like this do I feel my poverty and regret my life long imprudence and improvidence. How I should have loved it, if I could have wired my dear sons that I would be behind them, upholding them, financially, as I would in every other way! Alas, I'm more helpless in the one way I could aid, than almost any one we know. I can work again, as I shall, but can do nothing else.

Keep your health and if that and your dear boys remain in their good health to you we'll feel sufficiently thankful. Write me please when you can if you learn anything definite. Lovingly, your old dad.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H. WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA. WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK. ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME. COLE L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND. HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 8, 1929

My dear Boys:

First, I am glad to tell you that your Mother is out and about as usual. I say "as usual" in the sense that she goes downtown and moves around. She is not as strong as formerly, and there is still the remnant of the cough with her, but I think we might all feel thankful for the improvement and that she is as well as under the circumstances can be expected. We're quite able, however, to find worries for each day, and I can feel that this life, after all, is just one damn thing after another. I can be fairly philosophical concerning the ills to which I am subject of which I am the author, but the unfortunate part of my little difficulties here is that those, of which I am kept in absolute ignorance, suddenly strike me, and give me much more worry and distress than the larger things that personally belong to me. Doubtless, however, this is not uncommon, and I do not relate to you the worries and the troubles that are ours that in their inception are as foreign to me and as unknown to me as can be possible.

Unconsciously I was the centre of the news here this week. About five o'clock Tuesday evening the New York World reporter approached me upstairs and asked me if I was going to the dinner that night at the White House. I was ignorant that there was to be a dinner, and so inquired "What dinner?"

2.

~~and~~ whereupon he explained that the President was giving a dinner that night to Ambassadors Dawes and Guggenheim, to which all of the members of the Foreign Relations Committee were invited, that the list of those attending had just been given out at the White House, and my name was not mentioned, and he asked me why. I replied at once, because I was not invited, and declined in any manner to comment upon the matter or discuss it. From that time on that evening, newspaper men kept me busy, and to all of them I responded in like fashion. Next morning, all of the eastern papers were full of the matter, commenting more or less carefully upon it, but making very plain that of all of the members of the Foreign Relations Committee, I, apparently, had been singled out as a disciplinary measure to be denied entry to the White House. For the first time in very many years, practically the entire press gallery here was sympathetic with me, and Washington, at least, was aghast at the exhibition of petty malice by the President. I am going to relate now the facts, so that the record may be preserved of what actually transpired. I had just taken my seat in the senate at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning when Senator Reed of Pennsylvania came to me and said substantially that he came from the President, who was very terribly exercised and who deplored beyond expression the awful mistake that had occurred, and wished to convey to me, confidentially, exactly how the error had happened, and his regrets and apologies for it. Reed then told me that the President asserted to him that included in the

## 3.

invitations originally for the dinner were an Assistant Secretary of State named Johnson and myself; that one of the employes of the White House, who had charge of the seating at the table, came to him (The President) and said that the table arrangements would have to be changed, and someone omitted from the list, and thereupon the President, having in mind the Assistant Secretary of State, said, "Why, omit Johnson" and the employe struck my name thereupon from the list. I told Reed whether I dined or not at the White House was a matter of some indifference, that I was very glad to have the explanation of the President, and his apologies, and I had nothing to say respecting it. As I concluded my conversation with Reed, the card of Lawrence Richey, one of the Assistants to the President, was brought to me in the senate. I went outside to see him, and Richey then said, substantially, that the President wished to express his regrets and apologies to me for what had transpired, and assure me it was a mistake, and that he wished to present a letter from the President. He thereupon presented me with a letter. Doubtless you have seen it in the press. I thanked him for the letter, told him I accepted the apologies of the President, and received the letter in the spirit in which it was written, and that, so far as I was concerned, the incident was at an end. Mr. Richey thanked me, and left. Shortly thereafter, the reporters advised me that at the 10:30, which had just then elapsed, Mr. Akerson, the principal secretary to the President, at the daily conference with the press, had left

4.

the implication with them that I had declined to attend the dinner. The Foreign Relations Committee met at eleven. We were in session for just a few minutes, and when we adjourned, I called Senator Reed over in the presence of the Chairman, of the Committee, Mr. Borah, and told Reed what had just been disclosed to me by members of the press, and said that the incident should not be kept a deep, dark mystery, but that the President should give out his letter to me. Reed agreed with me, and Borah, strange to say, was insistent and vociferous in his demand that the President should set the incident right, and denounced the whole transaction in the most unexpected, and to me, delightful fashion. In our presence, Reed 'phoned the White House and talked to Akerson. We could hear one part of the conversation from Reed of course, and we heard him repeat what I had said to him that this incident should not be kept a deep, dark mystery, and it was up to the White House to give out the letter. Akerson told Reed that he would call him back again shortly. All of the reporters of the press were pressing me for the communication which, it had been learned, had been sent me, and again I went to Reed and said that if by 12 o'clock the letter had not been given out at the White House, I personally would give it out. At a quarter to twelve I put it in the hands of the Republican representative <sup>of the Senate</sup> to make copies, and while copies were being made, the White House gave out the letter. Reed told me that in his opinion the White House really had no intention of giving it out. I then made the little statement that you

5.

read, that under no circumstances would I have commented upon the incident, and in the light of the present situation, it was wholly at an end. The following morning, I sent my brief acknowledgment of the letter expressing my appreciation of it, and my thanks for it. This is the record, but beyond this record which has appeared in the newspapers are these facts: At four o'clock on Tuesday, the list was given out at the White House of those to be in attendance at that night's banquet. Immediately lynx-eyed reporters observed that my name was not there, and immediately they demanded to know why from Mr. Akerson, the chief secretary and confidante of the President. Akerson became so irritated with their repeated demands that he finally said "I don't know and don't give a damn". Immediately after four o'clock the New York World telephoned the White House and said that it did not wish to do either the President or myself an injustice of publishing an error in respect to the matter and distinctly asked why I was not included in the list of those to be present. The World received an evasive response. As I have told you, next morning at 10:30, which was after Reed's conversation with me, and the delivery of the letter from the White House, Akerson in his public interview with the press left the impression, and designedly framed his sentences with the implication, that I had declined an invitation to dine at the White House. Immediately thereafter he was followed into one of the rooms by Robert Allen of the

6.

Christian Science Monitor, who asked how it was possible for him to leave any such implication in the light of the letter sent by the President, and Akerson in great anger said to Allen " I am being made the goat in this matter, and I tell you confidentially that the Chief himself scratched Johnson's name off the list, and I am not, in any way, responsible for it." Well, the upshot of the whole situation has been ~~that~~ first, a fairly universal condemnation of my omission as the ranking Republican member upon the Foreign Relations Committee from an official function by the President at the White House, and secondly, a much more pronounced and universal condemnation of the President's letter, and the incidents connected with it. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that at the moment there is a universal feeling that the President lied, that he started to do a malicious and indefensible thing, and that he did not have the guts to go through with it. So the sum total of the situation leaves the opinion, particularly with the press here, that he is a liar, and that he is yellow. Indeed, I do not think there is anybody upon the floor, except of course the most subservient toadies, and practically nobody connected with the press, who believes the President's statements, and none, in the language of many of the reporters who do not believe that he pulled a "boner", and that he was so yellow he did not dare go through with it, and deliberately lied to cover his false action. I may say to you, too, that most of the Senators were not slow to express to me their opinions. Indeed, at the dinner itself, because of the buzzing of the members of the press just before it,

7.

the fact became known that I was not invited, and some then like Borah and LaFollette loudly said they would not have come had they known any such thing had happened; the matter was discussed at the very table of the President and reached his ears, and it was unquestionably this reaction which he felt from the press that night, and from those who constituted the Foreign Relations Committee, that led him to recant on the following day. Naturally I can not express what is my real opinion of the whole thing, so I accept at face value the President's letter, and decline to discuss the matter. I am sending you herein copy of the editorial in the New York World yesterday, over which we had a good laugh, and at the cartoon.

I have written you this long rigmarole because I wanted to retain the facts for future references if necessary, and therefore recite them while they are fresh in my mind. I might add that the invitations were sent first by telephone to the offices and the homes of those invited, and then by formal printed invitations. It was an utter impossibility for any such accident as that concerning the other Johnson to have occurred.

With my love to all,

Affectionately,

Dad.

I have been utterly unable to understand why such an incident assumed such great importance. I don't care a tinkler's damn about dining at the White House, but our Washington and the entire press have made the matter the most prominent thing of the past months.

## AN INADVERTENT ACCIDENTAL INCIDENT

It certainly was the height of bad luck that the inadvertent accidental mistake which occurred somewhere should have happened precisely to Hiram Johnson and to no one else. If the secretaries or telephone operators at the White House had accidentally inadvertently somehow overlooked almost any one else, it would not have been so extremely unlucky. However, the President has explained the inadvertent accident and made his apologies, and we have no doubt that Senator Johnson, with all his well-known capacity for loving his enemies, will now go out of his way to show that his judgment of policies emanating from the White House has in no way been affected.

We are very glad that this incident has turned out to be an accident. For whatever may be the personal feelings which Herbert Hoover and Hiram Johnson have toward each other, such feelings have no place in the relations between the President and an important member of a co-ordinate branch of the government. Not only have they no place in such an official relationship, but they would be extremely inexpedient at a time like this. For the relations between President Hoover and this Congress are not what even the most optimistic would describe as perfectly harmonious. And since in the course of the next few months matters of great moment to the Administration, the country and the world will be laid before the Senate, it is a matter for great rejoicing that the Senator from California and the President are able at least to pretend that they are on speaking terms.

*N.Y. World* ————— *Nov. 7, 1919*

### THE GAEKWAR'S INADVERTENT ACCIDENT

Riffling through some old, yellow clippings just for the fun of it, we come across one about the Gaekwar of Baroda, dated Dec. 22, 1911, and relating to a magnificent durbar held in honor of George V. of England at Delhi, India, some time before. It runs as follows:

At the recent Delhi durbar the Gaekwar of Baroda was expected to be present in his royal regalia, but instead he appeared in what was termed "casual attire." When it came his turn to greet the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress he made only a single bow, turned away and smiled. The smile was an unmistakable sneer, it was declared. When the Indian potentate was brought to account for his conduct he immediately said he would apologize if he had offended, and thereupon told the King-Emperor the reason he had turned away after the single bow was because he was extremely nervous.

His son, Prince Jaisingh, who is a student at Harvard, excused his father's dress by saying, "Dad doesn't believe in sumptuous attire."

Merely one of those cases, we take it, where an inadvertence occurred somewhere.

New York World  
Nov. 7, 1929



"WHEN DO WE EAT?"

RECEIVED AT

# Postal Telegraph

(THE MACKAY SYSTEM)



ALL AMERICA  
CABLES

COMMERCIAL  
CABLES

This is a full rate Telegram or Cablegram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

BLUE	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NITE	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER

STANDARD TIME

INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

CHE176 72 NL

ST WASHINGTON DC 13

MAJOR ARCHIBALD M JOHNSON

1105

ATTORNEY AT LAW MILLS BLDG SANFRANCISCO CALIF

HERE THERE IS ENTIRE PERPLEXITY AND IGNORANCE AS TO WHAT IS GOING  
ON NO ONE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND IT AND NO RATIONAL EXPLANATION HAS  
BEEN GIVEN NONE SEEMS TO KNOW THE END ALTHOUGH PRESS AND  
INDIVIDUALS PRETEND OPTIMISM STOP WE HAVE FELT WHAT IT MAY MEAN TO  
YOU AND OUR HEARTS HAVE BEEN WITH YOU STOP YOU AND THE OLD MAN IF  
NECESSARY CAN TOGETHER BEGIN LIFE OVER AGAIN ALL OUR LOVE

DAD.

1929 NOV 13 PM 3 40

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H.      WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA.      WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.      ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.      COLE. L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND.      HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 16, 1929

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

My dear Arch:

Aside from your telegrams I have had no letter from you but I can readily forgive this, because I think I have something of an adequate understanding of the situation. I am hoping that the developments of the last couple of days have been helpful, although really I don't see how you have been able to withstand at all the awful shock. I have had but one thought in connection with it, so far as you were concerned, and that thought is, as I have tried to express to you in my little handwritten notes, one of all prevailing and loving sympathy, with a feeling, too, of regret and humiliation that I could be of no service to you. You have observed that "god" in the White House is going to invite the great financiers here, to solve all of the problems that confront the financial world. Of course, it is merely a part of the regulation bunk that prevails. The newspapers, undoubtedly, in the next week or two will pour forth columns about the constructive energy, and ability of the marvelous engineer, and how they have been brought into play in behalf of the financial wreck, and finally have rescued all the imperiled, and again put the world upon the path of prosperity. The whole damn situation here, politically and

2.

otherwise, is simply sickening. Now and then I meet mad men who speak of the Hoover market, and the Hoover panic. I am perfectly certain that if Al Smith had been elected, and the market had broken as recently it did, the press of the country would have been a unit in ~~as~~cribing it to Smith's success, and on every man's tongue would have been the Smith debacle, the Smith market, and the Smith panic. With "god", however, these things would not be associated.

Your Mother I think continues to improve, and seems practically as well as ever, although she gets very tired by afternoon and evening. She is beginning to monkey with the house, and some day in the far, dim, distant future, I look forward to living in a dwelling, instead of in one room.

I had a note from Theodore saying the Herrscher case had been settled, and that was the reason he did not take the matter up with you. I presume it is just as well that the thing has been settled, although had I been practising law alone, and devoting myself exclusively to my profession, it is the sort of case I never would have settled. Under the circumstances, it is doubtless well that it has been compromised. We're working now in the senate from ten in the morning until 10:30 at night. Our nerves are getting frayed, and we are really getting very, very tired. However, one does not need to stay here if he does not wish to, and if a man remains in the rotten job, he ought to do it without complaining or kicking.

Give my love to Martha. You are always in my thoughts.

Affectionately,

*dad*

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H.    WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA.    WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.    ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.    COLE. L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND.    HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 16, 1929

My dear Jack:

We quit early Saturday afternoon, after sessions this week which ran from ten in the morning until 10:30 at night. I have no budget of news to send you and little to say except that I have been watching events in the market with an intensity of interest that I can not portray to you. That interest is solely because you and your brother are so constantly in my mind. I do hope the last two days have brought a little comfort to you all. I pray that you have been able to weather the storm. I actually shrink from thinking of what may have happened to Arch.

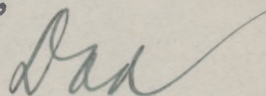
Mother is around and about again, and I think quite herself, except that she gets very tired in the afternoon and evening. It will be a little while before she gets her strength back fully. During that period, because of the wretched climate here, she ought to take the utmost care of herself, and certainly I will be most vigilant in watching her. She is beginning again upon the house, which, as you know, inside was but half completed, and this will keep her engaged for a considerable period. With her recovery, she declined absolutely to go away with me, even though I tried to do it on the ground that I required the little rest, and begged her as a favor to me to come. We'll stay here, therefore, for the present.

2.

You probably have noticed that the President has now, after the complete destruction of the fortunes of so many people in this country, begun to bestir himself. He will indulge in his usual bunk, but the press will make clear to the people that the great engineering mind of "god" is now devoted to the solution of their problems, and that all will be well in the future.

My love to the kiddies, and much to yourself.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dad", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H.      WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA.      WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.      ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.      COLE L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND.      HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 23, 1929

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

My dear Arch:

Last week and this I have been writing separate letters to you and Jack, instead of the usual fashion of duplicating the same one. I did this in reality, so that I might talk a little more intimately with you, although I had nothing of any real consequence to say. Each day I have looked at the mail in the hope that I would have a letter from you, and each day I have been disappointed. I can understand this, as I wrote you before, and yet, nevertheless, I have longed to hear from you. We have a trait in common, just exactly like some animals - when we are hurt, we don't want to talk about it, and we want to be by ourselves and hide our wounds. I have an immense sympathy for the doggie, who when sick, crawls under the porch, where nobody can see him, and nothing can bother him. My regret with the days increases that in a financial crisis, I am utterly useless and worthless, and can be no aid to those I would love to aid. I wish, nevertheless, I was with you. Between us, few words would need to be said. The mere fact of nearness would be sufficient.

The soup kitchen economic theory is being lauded to the skies here at present by the administration. All of those who have much, and have suffered not at all, have been called in consultation with the President, and then gravely from the White House steps they have given utterance to the usual banalities, that business is sound, the country is prosperous, and all is well. Hoover, who wears sixteen million medals won in contests of bunk, and is undoubtedly the greatest bunk artist that the world has ever seen, realizing that the market has plumbed its depths, and that in the ordinary nature of things it will now begin gradually to go up, has called these economic conferences, and as there is an advance of a point or two here and there in various stocks, will insist how with his magic wand, he accomplished the result. Since the war, the American people have been gradually disintegrating into a moronic race. They have lost the capacity to reason. They never did think very well, and now, without the ability to do either, and with a sense of humor battered to death by financial losses, the most transparent legerdemain can fool them.

Mother caught sight of your name last night in one of the local papers - it was something about Martha attending some function, and it did her good to see that at least you were moving about. Remember, your health is the principal thing. Two weeks ago Jim Good, the politician from Iowa who became Secretary of War, was one of the happiest men on earth. He

had finally attained the height of his ambition,—he was in the President's Cabinet. He had little to do, was in congenial company, for he was a natural politician, and every moment was a delight to him. Apparently sturdy and strong, he was strutting his way through life with all of the joy and pleasure in his new position of a child in beautiful and novel scenes. Over night, he was struck down, and within a week he was dead. All the little tinsel gaudiness of pomp and power are nothing to him now. You and I ought to be good for a considerable period, and if we have our health and can keep our sense of proportion, and something of our humor, we can still have a bully time.

Mother is around and about, chasing here and there in respect to the house. What she does is a deep, dark secret. I can not fathom why she dislikes to talk to me about it, and why every single thing in reference to the establishment, is concealed from me. But this is the fact nevertheless, and I have learned to take it philosophically. Last night, we sat for the first time in one of the downstairs rooms. It seemed like going into a new house for we have lived in one bedroom ever since we have been in our present abode. The room that we sat in last night, designed I presume as a sitting room or my library, however, is not yet wholly completed, and I presume we were trying out an experiment. My trouble is going to be during the winter with the excessive heat of the

4.

house. It drives me crazy, and I wish it were possible for me to have a room to myself that I could keep at a temperature that was comfortable for me, but if "wishes were horses, beggars would ride." Last night, we adjourned the special session. We meet in regular session a week from Monday, which gives us a brief interlude. Last night also marked the first snowstorm of the year. I came over from home this morning in a little falling sleet. The distance is so close that I prefer to walk it. Indeed, I have not been in our automobile for some weeks now. I am so damned mad at Erling, had it not been for the intervention of your Mother, I would have incontinently kicked him into the street. However, this is another story, as Mr. Kipling says.

All my love to you, my boy.

Affectionately,

Dad

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H.    WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA.    WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.    ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.    COLE L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND.    HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 23, 1929

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

My dear Jack:

In the language of the late lamented Mose Gunst,  
"Winter has came". Last night we had quite a good snowstorm,  
and this morning I walked over in a little sleety weather.  
I really don't mind it. In fact, I rather like it, except  
that when the storm clears, we have the slush under foot.  
As I look out the window now, the great big flakes are coming  
down, and the novelty of them has never worn off for me.  
The other important thing that occurred was the adjournment  
of Congress last night. We meet again a week from Monday  
in regular session.

You have doubtless observed the gyrations of the national  
administration here in respect to the recent financial disaster.  
The President is the prince of bunk artists, and what he is  
doing now is to take political advantage of the situation.  
He calls here those who have much and have lost little. They  
make speeches from the White House steps about business is  
sound, there is no cause for worry, and that prosperity is  
with us, and the newspapers in their filthy lying way, tell  
those who have lost their all, that it is quite for the best,  
and they will soon recover it, and that everything is fine.

2.

The market has struck its utmost depths, and in the very nature of things is likely slowly to come back. As it gains a point here and there in the days to come, the President will point his finger at the rise, and he and his flatterers will tell the moronic American people how he has done it.

I wish there was something that I could say to you about the situation, and that I could do more than send you my sympathy and my love. I feel so utterly impotent in such a crisis that it is very humiliating to me. However, as you said in your last letter, you have your health, your strength, the two finest lads there are in the world, and they have their health and their strength, and you have their love. So there is not very much else that matters after all.

I am glad to tell you that your Mother is about and around quite as usual. She is again working at the house with tasks that seem to me interminable. I don't understand it all, and I confess nobody will explain anything to me.

I wrote both of you about Christmas gifts recently. I have not heard from either of you. Really, your Mother is right in this matter, and it would please us both mightily if we were all agreed among ourselves to do as she suggests.

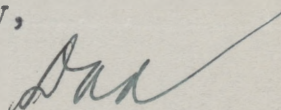
By the way I talked into the Fox movietone recently. It was shown in New York the other day. I am not sure that it will appear in California. If it does, it will be in the Fox

3.

news reel. The talk was but two minutes and in relation to the tariff. Naturally I am curious to know just how I looked, and just how it went, but thus far I have seen nobody who has listened to it, although by one of the New York papers I see it has been displayed.

Give my love to the boys, and much to yourself.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dad", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H. WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA. WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK. ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME. COLE. L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND. HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 30, 1929

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

My dear Arch:

I was wholly in sympathy with Mother's recent notes to you and to Jack concerning Christmas, and the possibility of our coming to California. We can do ~~but~~ one of two things, but not both. We could either expend the mileage that is coming to me with the meeting of Congress in gifts, or we could expend it in a trip to California to be with you Christmas. I feel that it is neither a matter of humiliation, nor one for which any apologies need be made, to say very frankly that I am without funds in reality to do both. Mother senses this, and therefore wrote her notes, and wrote them from an intensity of desire in reality to be with you all on Christmas day. She has not heard from you, but I assume that she will today or tomorrow. What we are thinking of is that we'll leave here somewhere about the fifteenth, that we'll remain in California a couple of weeks until just after New Years, and then return here. It may be that things will arise here that will prevent us, but I am hoping not, and I am looking forward with all of the pleasure of a child to being with my dear ones in California during the holiday time.

2.

Some of the press men tell me that the President was literally frightened almost out of his wits by the recent debacle. The fact that the stock market went to pieces, and that many innocent people lost their all did not affect him in the slightest, but his cowardly soul revolted at the thought that he and his administration might be charged in part with the catastrophe. Among the very few of the independent members of the press here, the conferences that have been held are looked upon as the sheerest bunk. They have been put over in wonderful fashion however, and if one can judge from the newspapers, the entire American people have been fooled into the belief that the super-administrator, the great engineer, has applied the remedy, and the cure to the financial disaster. No one seems either to have observed, or to have cared, that the stock market contemporaneously with the conferences has each day declined. Gradually, however, I think the true situation will seep into the consciousness of the few remaining people in our land who think.

A few days ago Secretary of State Stimson asked me to luncheon with him, and I had rather a pleasant hour privately with him at his home. He told me that you and he were in the staff college <sup>at Seneca</sup> ~~along~~ about the same time, and spoke very nicely indeed of you. This, of course, he would do under any circumstances, but nevertheless I was glad to hear it. This morning I walked from our home to the office with the sun shining

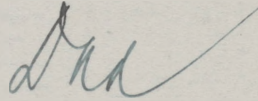
3.

brightly and the thermometer at eleven. It was one of the times that I was very glad the distance was so short. It is beastly cold here at present. I confess I don't like it.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. K. McClatchy were in town until the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. I was delighted to see the old boy. It hurt me, however, to see, although he is looking better than for some years, that nature is taking her toll, and that the ravages of the years are quite apparent. He expects practically to retire, continuing to write, of course, but with Carlos in full charge of the papers. He says Carlos has demonstrated that he is not only an excellent newspaper man, but a splendid business man, and he is very proud of him.

Mother joins me in love to Martha and yourself.

Affectionately,

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

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN  
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H.      WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH  
DAVID A. REED, PA.        WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.  
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.    ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.  
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.     COLE L. BLEASE, S. C.  
JAMES E. WATSON, IND.     HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.  
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

## United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

November 30, 1929

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

My dear Jack:

Can you imagine that I walked over this morning  
( and this is one of the times I was very glad the distance was so short ) with the sun shining brightly, and the mercury at eleven! When I arrived at the office, I was not entirely certain whether my ears were still on my head or not, and I regretted the fact that I detested gloves and never wore them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. McClatchy came here Tuesday, and left Thursday afternoon, Thanksgiving Day. The old man looks better than he did two years ago when he came back from his trip abroad, but the ravages of the years show very plainly now. He is seventy-one years old, and he and Mrs. McClatchy have just returned from a year's absence abroad. I can't for the life of me see how they could very greatly enjoy themselves, and particularly so when I found that he was in the hospital in Paris for three weeks, and again in Munich for a considerable time. The old boy says that his wanderings now are over, that he is going to return to Sacramento, indulge in writing at such times as he desires. He says his absence was prolonged in order to let Carlos run the papers, and that the

period has demonstrated Carlos to be not only an excellent newspaper man but an infinitely better business man than his father.

Your Mother told me of the letters that she had written to Arch and to you concerning Christmas and the possibility of our coming to California. I quite approved of them. The fact of the matter is I could utilize my mileage buying Christmas presents, and your Mother, like her sons, never skimps in these things, or the same amount could be utilized in making the trip to California for a couple of weeks. Mother was delighted to have your telegram yesterday morning agreeing to her suggestion. This morning she has a wire from Martha begging her to come out, but nothing has been heard from Arch, and this has led your Mother to worry very greatly about Arch. The fact of the matter is that I have not had any letter from Archie for probably six weeks. I thought I could understand this. Our family have a trait something like that I have observed in our doggie, When sick or hurt, the doggie crawls under the front porch, where he can not be seen, and where he can hide himself, and have nothing to do with anything or anybody until he is himself again. I have a great sympathy with this animal trait. I thought probably that Arch was so hard hit that he did not want to write for the very fact of writing might touch his morale. I may be entirely in error in this, but I confess the wire from Martha this morning enigmatically worded disturbs me. I do hope he is all right physically. I wish

3.

you would write me on receipt of this letter just briefly telling me how he seems.

If all goes well with us, and this both Mother and I would like kept entirely secret for the moment, we hope we may leave here somewhere about the fifteenth, and that we may remain in San Francisco a couple of weeks, and leave just after New Years. Of course, something may happen here that will prevent this, but I think there is a fair possibility we may carry out this cherished plan, and both of us feel, for reasons that will readily occur to you, that we would like to be with you all this Christmas.

We had your wire Friday morning with your Thanksgiving greeting. It was fine of you to send it. I was glad to observe from it that you had Thanksgiving dinner with Bill and Harry and the boys.

I rather imagine that into the dull and sodden consciousness of our people will gradually permeate, what men here recognize, that the recent conferences at the White House and the statements of the great captains of industry are the veriest bunk. Thus far, this has not occurred, and the papers here and throughout the east have vied with one another in fulsome eulogies on the marvelous things which the administration has done to stem financial disaster. And all the while conferences have been going on, and the tide of Hosannahs has been swelling, the market has been going down.

Our love to the boys and much to yourself.

Affectionately,

