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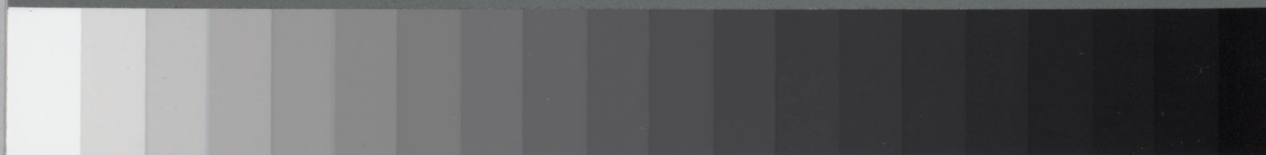
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January 9, 1930.

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Benaroff Library

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

My dear Jack:

I have been talking to various people about small eastern colleges, and this is a resume of what I have ascertained.

I met on the train Mr. Wheeler, son of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, former president of our university. He gave me the following list of small colleges:

Williams, Massachusetts
Hamilton, New York
Kenyon, Ohio
Oberlin, Ohio
Trinity, Hartford, Connecticut
William and Mary, Virginia.

The only one that he had any personal knowledge of was Williams, which he recommended quite highly. He spoke also of Amherst, and said that its reputation was of the best. Williams is in charge of Dr. Harry Garfield. Its staff is excellent, its requirements high, its surroundings perfect, was his opinion. He promised to write me any details he might subsequently ascertain concerning any of the others. He mentioned one college that of recent years has developed, he said, very rapidly, and done most excellent work, and that was the Duke (the tobacco magnate) in North Carolina.

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I talked with Senator Swanson concerning the colleges in Virginia. He, personally, went to some military college first, and then to the University of Virginia. He spoke well, though not enthusiastically, of William and Mary, but said that he thought the ideal place we were seeking was Washington and Lee University. While Swanson's opinion would be quite persuasive in some matters, I am not so clear that in an educational matter it would be so weighty.

I talked with Senator Bingham, of Connecticut, who, prior to coming here, was one of the Yale faculty. His choice would be Williams or Amherst. He thought Williams beautifully located, and while he did not care for Garfield, the head of it, he believed it of high standing, and possessing everything we might desire. He did not by any means discount Amherst, and said that the charm of both of these places was that they constituted practically all of the life in the particular locality in which they were situated, and that there was a real feeling of intimacy among the students first, and then with the faculty. He also mentioned Brown and Bowdoin. Bowdoin is one of the oldest colleges situated in Maine, and while Bingham spoke highly of it, he did not think that it ranked really academically with either Williams or Amherst.

Senator Fred Hale of Maine highly recommended Bowdoin. He himself graduated from Harvard, but he said he got mighty little out of it, and he was confident he would have derived

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much more benefit from Bowdoin.

During the past few years Garfield has put on at Williamstown a week or more of a conference on International Relations, in which he has had many speakers of prominence, both from our country and abroad. This institute of Williamstown, as it is called, has been reported at great length in the eastern press.

This is just the beginning of inquiries that I will make. I will report to you from time to time.

My love to the boys, and, of course, to yourself.

Affectionately,

COPY

Hiram W. ...
Bennett Library

January 10, 1930.

[Jack]

My dear Sonny Boy:

I happened to be over here at the office for a few minutes, and thinking of you, and realizing that it might be some days before I could write, have asked Miss Connor to do it for me. I am not 100 per cent as I find myself getting tired easily, and my arm is so painful that I have just had to give up the thought of writing at the moment. We really had a very wonderful trip home, when you think of some of the awful ones we have had. We must have just missed a storm at both ends as I see from the paper, there was a storm the day after we left. When I begin to get fretted I bring myself up to the short term by thinking of what a privilege it was to be out there with you for the holidays. Every time I think of it, I am even more thankful. No use to tell you how good you were to us, and how happy you made us, and how thankful we are. It is like those wonderful dreams that are over too soon.

I don't know what is the matter with me. I am just not back to my old self. I don't think that I did too much in San Francisco, so can not understand it. Don't say anything to Dad about it, because I don't want to worry him. Sometimes I think it is just fretting. I have not heard anything more from Miss Kemp, so I suppose those people decided they would not take the house. I am just worn out thinking about it, so I am just going to forget it. It does seem strange it has not been rented. I suppose it is no use to ask you again if there is any chance of selling the lot. I am in the same boat with all the rest of you. I have not been so broke in a century, have not had as many needs. Do write me about the market, how you are pulling out, and what is the outlook for poor old Arch. Please do not forget to do this, as I think a lot about it, and worry over it. I can not bear to think that you children have to be deprived of anything, and have a lot of worries. It will not be long before Hiram is having another birthday. Dad has been like "Johnnie at the rat hole" about schools. I can't see Hiram so far from home for the first year. After once he makes the break to college, it should be near home, and after the first year it will be easier. For one who has been cared for as he has, he will be miserable and lonesome away off where things are so different. Think about it very seriously because I think there is something else to be considered than a college education. Of course, if he were at West Point it would be different. Miss Connor looks tired, so I suppose this is a very long letter for her. Father has her spoiled. She is already giving me a couple of dirty looks, so with all my love to you, the boys and Miss Schow,

Devotedly,

[Mother]

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

January 15, 1930.

My dear Boys:

Back in the old grind here again, and I feel with the new committee assignment I have accepted as chairman of the commerce committee, I have loaded myself down with very much more work. The committee is one of the important ones of the senate, among the few that we term "the first grade", and while originally I was not inclined to accept what was my due as its head, finally my western brethren prevailed upon me to do so in order to keep it in charge of a western man. I am not very clear whether I am going to enjoy its work or not; at any rate, it is what fools who know little of public service, like to designate as "constructive", and perhaps in that aspect, there may be some accomplishment in administering its affairs. I have been deeply shocked however to find that there are one hundred and fifty bills now before the committee, and Miss Connor has been devoting her gigantic energies, aside from our new offices, to getting them in such shape as they may be readily heard.

We found our two doggies, as I told you, very ill, and this illness has continued. My opinion is that it baffles the veterinarians here, and they probably are as good as any place in the world. Chops has lost absolutely the use of all four legs, and his state is pitiful. Tubby can use his hind legs, but it is with the utmost difficulty

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that he gets about. He seems to be suffering, too, very considerable pain, and cannot bear to be touched. I must admit that the doctor has been very attentive, but I am not very greatly impressed by the statements of existing toxic condition, etc. I think I note a little improvement in Tubby. I doubt if there is any in the other poor little nipper.

I have had luncheon recently here with two rather interesting characters; first, William Gillette, who is playing Sherlock Holmes, who is a typical, high-class, rather cultured Yankee. He was full of anecdotes of Mark Twain and earlier days. He is seventy odd now, and yet with the revival of Sherlock Holmes here has had tremendous success.; The second, General Jan Christian Smuts, who fought a valiant fight in the Boer war against England, and now as one of the most influential men in the South African part of the British Empire, is traveling about ostensibly preaching world peace, but in reality, as an advocate of the League of Nations and the World Court. He was very much in the World's eye just after the signing of the Versailles Treaty which he signed with the other plenipotentiaries, but which he denounced after signature. He was interesting as a world figure coming from the very extremity of the universe.

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I keep watch as well as I am able of things transpiring in San Francisco, and of the financial news generally. I can not see much for optimism in what is happening. Like everybody else though I am hoping for some miracle.

Prohibition is occupying a great part of Washington's time at present. I regret that this is so. The report of the celebrated commission of the President is just so much "applesauce" There is one thing, however, that is worthy of note here. I wondered when I wrote you last year whether the dinners given in Washington would respond all along the line to what then we observed, and generally speaking, liquor would no longer be served on these occasions. I find this is so. It applies not only to the people in official life, but those who want to be in official life, and the change is very marked.

I can't tell you how difficult it has been for me to get my feet on the ground again and go on with my work here, in my usual fashion. The two weeks in California were utterly demoralizing to me. I enjoyed them so much, ~~the~~ the change was so great, and the memory of them remains with me so vivid, that I found it next to impossible to adjust myself again to the old life. I know, of course, within a very few days, I will do so, and then our California holiday journey will be but a memory. What a fine trip it was! How glorious to be with you all!

Mother joins me in love to all

Affectionately,

Sam

COPY

Wm. W. Johnson Papers
Benereft Library

January 18, 1930.

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

My dear Arch:

Saturday today ending two weeks since our return.

Outside there is a beautiful snowstorm, not a nasty, trickling travesty, but great big heavy flakes that have covered all of the landscape to the depth of many inches. Mother insisted I come over this morning in the car, and I am sorry I obeyed. The air outside is just fine. I stood for quite awhile outside the building watching and in the snow. I observe from the California press you had a little dose of it in San Francisco. I wonder how you liked it. There really is nothing to write you about transpiring here. Prohibition last week has overshadowed ~~everything~~ everything else. I resent, of course, that all of the important things to be done in this country are shunted aside for prohibition, and that nothing is deemed of importance except altering the prohibition laws. However, the great Republican Party, of which we are such humble exponents, is the Prohibition Party now, and the Republican press, as exemplified by the Chronicle, devotes itself with becoming enthusiasm to altering laws, tinkering with what was thought to be the safeguards of our liberty, and modifying the Constitution in behalf of the "noble experiment". I confess to you, however, that on a straight issue, I would probably vote for it.

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Our doggies that I wrote you of have had a terrible time. I imagine I see a little improvement in Tubby, but poor little Chops is in a pitiful state. I think the doctor is at the end of his resources. Yesterday he brought somebody from the Government itself to look over the doggies, and they also recommended us to try the violet ray. We put them under this ray ~~twice~~ each day for fifteen minutes each time, but as the doctor admitted, the ray won't penetrate the animals' hairy coat, and I can not see what use therefore it would be. The doctor by no means gives up hope. On the contrary, he thinks the doggies are going to recover, but what he basis his optimism upon I don't know.

In the midst of the most engrossing things here, I find my mind constantly recurring to you. Mentally I have pictured you under all sorts of circumstances. What a pity I can only tell you how much I have been thinking of you, and how I wish I could do something more than send my love. Good luck to you, laddie!

Mother joins in love to Martha and yourself.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN

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M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

January 18, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

It was good to have your recent letter, and while you spoke disparagingly of it, both Mother and I thought it was fine. If you knew how welcome to both of us your letters were, you would write, even in the briefest way, whenever you could.

There is little to tell you of events transpiring here. Prohibition has overshadowed everything else the past week. It is a sickening thing that altering laws, whittling away the safeguards of what we ever thought were the liberty of the citizen, mutilating the Constitution, should all be deemed necessary to carry out the "noble experiment". I resent that the more important things in Government should be submerged in this prohibition stuff. Yet, I confess to you that if the question comes to a vote, I have no doubt I shall vote for it. It is like detestation for those engaged in a nefarious enterprise, and yet condemning the enterprise itself.

We have a beautiful snowstorm out today. I have been so interested in reading about the little snow that you had in California. I have wondered from the description in the San Francisco papers, whether it got downtown at all. I gather from

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them it was in Ingleside and the outlying suburbs. We're having at present a really big snowstorm. I love to watch it.

I was awfully glad to read what you said of Arch in your letter. I wish you would write me frankly concerning him, whenever you feel you can. I suppose his big crash will come this month, and the thought of the lad, and what I imagine is going to happen to him is ever present with me. I wish I could do something for everybody who has been in the recent disaster. From what I am able to gather in the press, the situation does not improve, but our people should be perfectly content that god still sits in the White House.

Your Mother's condition worries me. She is constantly complaining, and I do not think she is in the best of shape. I can not however get her to do a thing or see a physician. Last night I was trying to induce her to go to Baltimore to Johns Hopkins, saying of course I would go over with her, but she will have nothing at all to do with doctors, or ascertaining how she is, although constantly insisting on how wretched she feels.

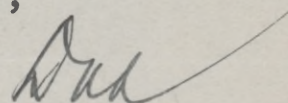
I was awfully sorry to read from your letter that Hiram was ill, apparently with the mumps. You know about two years ago I had the infernal things, and they kept me home for some two weeks. I carefully concealed the fact from most people, but there was an epidemic about at that time, and those afflicted,

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and those about those afflicted, knew at once what ailed the one who was staying home "indisposed". I hope the lad is all right now.

Mother joins in love to Miss Schow, the boys and yourself.

Affectionately,

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

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

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

January 25, 1930.

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

My dear Arch:

It was fine to have your letters this week, one to your Mother and one to myself. You don't know the affectionate interest with which we read them. I will not bother you with wild suggestions. I will simply again say to you that I am here ready at any time to do anything you may desire. Please remember that the old man is not only ready and willing, but anxious and yearning to respond in any conceivable way.

Here the tariff bill wends its weary course in the senate. We're all getting very sick and tired of it. Whatever piquancy it once had long since was lost. It is now drearily grinding from one uninteresting item to another, and the whole zest has gone out of the senate sessions. I resent in common with many of my fellows that all of the public business is submerged in prohibition, and from more than one source it has been intimated that designedly the row has been kicked up about booze in order to obscure everything else.

Our doggies continue in rather the same condition. Various and sundry medicines, even the violet ray for a week, we have tried, and my own opinion finally is that it would be better to throw away the stuff that the doctor prescribes, and let

nature alone. Poor little Chops is brighter, but unable to walk. Tubby seems in considerable pain constantly, but is able to get about. I am perfectly certain that none of those who have been called in to see the doggies, nor our first-class veterinarian#, has the slightest idea what afflicts them.

In yesterday's World was quite an epitome of the financial statement given out by Goldman-Sachs. Because the name caught my eye, I read the statement. I observed from it that Goldman-Sachs had paid twice its value for the American Trust Company, ~~and that its stock was now worth \$40.00 a share or thereabouts~~, and that Goldman-Sachs stock, as of December 31, 1929, was worth \$40.00 a share or thereabouts. I presume, of course, this statement is familiar to San Franciscans as it is to New Yorkers. I thought as I perused it, that if I were the owner of a large number of shares I would not feel particularly jubilant.

We have had another cold spell that has lasted about a week with the country covered with snow. This I think but natural and for the ensuing five weeks we'll have real winter. I don't mind the cold nor the snow when the sun shines, but it is pretty nasty when foggy and overcast.

Please write me often and please tell me anything that is in your mind., It is a relief to do as I am doing today, just talk to you about nothing in particular. I know with me it is

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not only a relief to write you, but a very great pleasure.
Our house, which is my white elephant remains the same.
We're living there fairly comfortable with about half of it
done; the other half will be finished when Mother gets
ready to do it, and I presume that is soon enough.

With love to Martha, and lots to yourself.

Affectionately,

Dad

COPY

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Benereft Library

January 25, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

There is a similarity in the initial sentence in our letters - there is nothing to write about. In our work, we are proceeding with the tariff bill, which has become not only an eye sore but mentally nauseating to all of us. Long ago the infernal thing lost its zest, and we drearily go from item to item, and the blamed thing gets more and more uninteresting as we proceed. Gradually, of course, we are getting toward the end, and when once the bill is out of the way, I think the senate will become lively and interesting again. So far as news is concerned, everything sinks into insignificance beside prohibition. I resent this, and some of my fellows even think that the whole to-do is for the very purpose of obscuring domestic policies and matters of some real moment. At any rate, apparently the attention of the public can be focused on nothing but booze. This is so although the situation has not changed in the slightest. The anti-saloon league and the drys are in absolute command in both houses and in every branch of the administration.

We have had a week of real western winter. The ground now, even though this is clear and a bright day, is covered

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with snow as it has been for the past week, and there is every indication that for some weeks to come it will be very cold. I don't mind this when the sun shines, but when it is foggy and ~~breezy~~ the cold seems doubly penetrating.

I have written you about our sick doggies. We have done everything we could think of for them. We have not only the best verterinarian in attendance, but he has called in assistants, and for a week we have tried the violet ray with them. Poor little chops is still unable to walk, and while Tubby can get about, it is with some difficulty, and apparently he is in constant pain. I'd like to throw away all medicine and let nature take her course.

Yesterday I talked to Senator Vandenberg about colleges. He graduated from Ann Arbor. His son is now attending Dartmouth. Dartmouth has, he thinks, about 2500 students. He speaks well of it; but he said that if he controlled the situation, he would prefer above all colleges, Williams for the very reasons that you suggested. Senator Baird, who comes from Camden, N.J., is a regular "poly" and the boss of southern New Jersey, is a graduate of Princeton. Of course, he praises Princeton most highly; but singularly enough the first college that he mentioned for a young man who desired to preserve his intimacies with his fellows and the real touch that ought to be maintained with his professors was Williams. I think it would be a fine idea if you could run back here in the spring, and you and your Mother, or all three of us, or you alone, could drive up through New England. It does not take

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long, and is very beautiful. You could look at Boudoin, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams in the briefest time, and form something of a conclusion yourself in respect to them. What do you think of this?

Mother joins me in love to you, Miss Schow, and the boys.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN

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WILLIAM E. BROCK, TENN.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

January 31, 1930.

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

My dear Arch:

I have just received your very welcome letter. I have noted the names of your two ponies, and I will keep watch now to see when they perform and how. I hope they will justify your fond expectations. Beyond that I hope they will win oodles of money and bring you not only fame, but fortune. The names taken from the lexicon of Coue', perhaps if repeated often enough, with the well-known Coue-ism, may bring success.

I have been reading the occurrences in Los Angeles recently and following as well as I could in the Los Angeles tabloid and the Los Angeles Examiner, Lewis' testimony. What a scoundrel he is! Apparently there are no limitations of decency or truth with him, and he is likely to say anything. I presume you like myself are following his slimy utterances.

I read with interest what you said about the gubernatorial fight. Fitts, whose only political thought, is to run for something, I hold in the same contempt that you do. I think, however, that he will be a formidable candidate. He is typical of his community, and that community has the votes.

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If he and his partisans succeed in getting the vote out in the primary in southern California, no one can foretell the result. Rolph demonstrated he was a vote getter in San Francisco. He can do this again both in San Francisco and northern California, and perhaps in the San Joaquin Valley. Young's strength is uniform throughout the State, and this very uniformity will enable him, though beaten in certain localities probably, ultimately to win. However, nobody can tell now what the result will be. There is no doubt that Young would be in a far stronger position if he had courageously maintained himself during the past few years, and had not truckled to those who had been his political enemies, and who now, with the opportunity at hand, will stab him in the back.

I don't know whether the suspicion that is gradually pervading my mind is justified or not, but sometimes I think all of the prohibition row is designedly kicked up in order to distract attention from important domestic and international policies. There is one ^{thing} ~~thought~~ that everybody seems to have forgotten. Our brilliant local friend, John McNabb, came on here last year and was appointed a commission of one to do what was essential in altering the prohibition laws, and with immense publicity, it was asserted that he would report to the congress when it convened in December just what was essential. He seems to have dropped out of sight entirely, and the marvelous work which he described he

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was about to do and which the administration said he had been selected for, because of his unusual ability, has apparently been forgotten.

The last couple of days we have had the heaviest snow storm since the great Knickerbocker disaster in 1922. 11 inches of snow fell, and the whole city has been quite overwhelmed. To me it is really beautiful, but it is next to impossible to get about in it. Mother keeps to the house, because she shows a predisposition to catch cold with the slightest exposure, and every time she sneezes of course I have dismal visions of the five terrible weeks she had last year.

Tubby in the last three days has made marked progress, and is practically himself again. Poor little Chops still is unable to stand or use his legs, but they all insist he is brighter and better. He has been paralyzed so long now that I think it will be something of a miracle if he comes through, but the doctor thinks he will. I will probably write you a note tomorrow again.

With Mother's love to Martha and yourself, together with mine.

Affectionately,

Dad.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

January 31, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

We received your last letter in which you mentioned your difficulties with Coates. What a shame, with all of the other worries, this fellow should have turned out to be just a scrub! I keep looking at the financial page and hoping a miracle will happen, and everything will be serene again, but I imagine there will be many, many months of stagnation, and that the fear engendered by the recent crash will make everything and everybody hesitant and timid. Good luck to you in your farm troubles! I wish I could, in some way, help.

I notice by the press that there probably will be a real gubernatorial fight in the Republican primaries. If Rolph should conclude to be a candidate, it ought to be a very pretty race among Fitts, Rolph and Young. I still believe Fitts to be a very formidable candidate, because he typifies southern California, where the great preponderance of primary votes can, if the effort is made to get them out, be cast. Rolph, on the other hand, I do not under-estimate. In San Francisco and northern California, perhaps the San Joaquin Valley, he could poll lots of votes. If he had any

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strength south of Tehachapi he would be a real contender, but I do not believe, when it comes to voting, he will make much of a showing there. Young's strength will be in all parts of the State, and because of the innumerable horde of office-seekers he has appointed (many times more than any other Governor) this uniformity of strength, even if he is beaten in one county or another, should enable him to be first in the totals. However, the whole thing is too far off yet to prognosticate with any degree of certainty.

We finally got the painter in the house again to do what is essential in order that a part of the unfinished part of our home, may be fixed up. I am hoping that this will occur. While I am comfortable at home, and have no complaint to make because of the situation, I have been unable to understand why we should continue for a year ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ a half ~~in an unfinished house~~. It is not because ~~of~~ funds ~~having~~ not been accorded for the finishing, but for some reason or other, the zest of the new home seems to have departed.

The prohibition question overshadows still everything else here, and instead of interest in it abating, so far as the press is concerned, it has increased. There is not anything connected with the ^{infernal} ~~unfortunate~~ matter that does not get on the front page, and no matter how absurd may be any utterance upon it, the entire press gallery rushes forward eagerly to listen and note. I am really beginning to wonder seriously if the whole thing is not concocted in order to take the

3.

thoughts of an unwary people from important domestic and international interests. Napoleon indulged in an aphorism that when a people were restless, give them a war to distract them. Their patriotism would be aroused, and all their crazy passions thus, and the impatience, irritation, and restlessness which ~~were~~ occurring at home, would disappear. With a "damphool" conference in London in which it is quite possible whatever national defense remains to us may be fritted ^{re} away; with a power trust in our own land secretly annexing every right which belongs to all; with courts rendering the most shameful and outrageous decisions about rates which are confiscatory to public utilities; with an administration that is all bunk, it would not be unnatural to divert the public attention to silly quibbles about drinking booze, or the manner of drinking it.

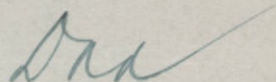
Tell Phillip, please, that I miss the alarm clock, hee and Hiram gave me. The two boys were going to fix it for me and send it on. They may have fixed it, but they have not sent it on. I really have need of an alarm clock, and I'd love to have it. I keep inquiring about colleges, and I am inclined to think that I probably have in my sketchy notes told you all there is really to tell. The general consensus of opinion favors Williams as a small college. Amherst and Dartmouth have their admirers, and both of them, unquestionably, have high standards. A hundred little colleges, a new one of which was mentioned to me, Knox, have various admirers

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and supporters, but always among those with whom I talk,
in mentioning any particular one the individual prefers,
is a high note for Williams.

With my love to the boys and yourself,

Affectionately,

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

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN

WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. McNARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, MICH.
CHARLES S. DENEEN, ILL.
ROSCOE C. PATTERSON, MO.
ROBERT B. HOWELL, NEBR.
HENRY J. ALLEN, KANS.

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, FLA.
JOSEPH E. RANSDALL, LA.
MORRIS SHEPPARD, TEX.
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HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.
WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.
ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.
HARRY B. HAWES, MO.
WILLIAM E. BROCK, TENN.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

February 7, 1930.

My dear Boys:

I enclose you herein copy of letter I received the other day from your cousin, my brother's son. I answered him, of course, that I was utterly unable to have him appointed Judge of Alameda County, and expressing my sorrow for the plight of my niece. I send you copy of the letter, because I am sorry to say, I think my nephew is a bad egg, and I scent something in this communication quite in character with him. Notwithstanding my very poor opinion of him, I feel very badly at the intimation that my brother's daughter and her children might be in want. God knows I have little enough, and perhaps it is that very fact that makes me feel keenly the possibility of suffering in any one else. I have not seen my niece since my brother's funeral,. She was a strange, eerie and uncanny child. I recall that my sister once had spoken to me about her many years ago, and I sent my sister, Mrs. Fink, therefore, copy of the letter of Albert, asking her to write me if she knew just what the condition of my niece and her family was, and if that condition requires it, whatever the sacrifice, I will try and do something in her behalf. I am writing you and sending you copy of the letter in order that you may understand whatever may occur in the future. I may, disagreeable as you may think it, ask one of you, if I learn anything from my sister, to look into the matter for me, in order that I may intelligently try to do some-

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thing for the niece and her children.

So much for a little unpleasantness, an unpleasantness only to us because I am sorry to say, I believe my nephew to be a rather bad egg.

It was wonderful to hear your voices the other night over the 'phone and to talk to you, even for a brief time. I did not want to quit, although I had nothing to say, and it was a perfectly useless thing to keep on saying that nothing. I feel as if I ^{had} had a birthday and received a wonderful present, so great was the pleasure in talking to you.

One of our dogs, Tubby, seems now fully recovered, and is just as full of ginger as ever, which means with him, the very devil. The other poor little fellow, Chops, still has his legs paralyzed. Joe insists that he sees slight improvement in him, but he can neither stand up nor walk, nor apparently move at all his hind legs. I think it will be marvelous if he recovers. He has, however, every care and has the best doctor there is, attending him.

The great event of the last few days here has been of course the mortal illness of Chief Justice Taft, his resignation, and the appointment of Hughes. In the matter of appointments, I think the Hughes family have now been exhausted, and the Root office depleted. It is suggested, however, that there is a boy in the Root office who will be twenty-one during the year, and therefore any high appointments will await that particular time, so that we may confine, as nearly as possible, all of the big offices in the United States to the three great families of Hughes,

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Root and Taft. I mention Taft last because one of the members now is spoken of for the position in the Attorney General's office, which must be vacated by one of the members of the Hughes family, who, under the law, can not appear before his father. Of course, when it comes to financial positions, or those involving our foreign relations, we are required to go to the House of Morgan, but that house is pretty well exhausted now, and the Lord only know what we are going to do when every individual in the establishment has been utilized. I ought to say, in writing this to you, that I am writing in ironical vein. I had a funny experience the other day in making a little sarcastic speech about the secretary of the Interior, and an interview with him, which appeared in the Los Angeles Times, ^{and} ~~that~~ I feel in the future, I should label anything that approaches sarcasm. To those who heard me, and the people in the press gallery who had any sense, that I was poking fun at the interview and sarcastically referring to the secretary of the Interior was perfectly evident; but last night in reading the California papers I noticed that Universal Service (the Hearst service) quote me as accepting everything that Wilbur said and paying him a very high compliment. I had a good laugh at being "too smart." Yesterday evening I indulged in some rather bitter sarcastic references to the Secretary of the Treasury. I am wondering if these will be taken as wholly complimentary to him. In the Baltimore Sun this morning I see that the gentleman who ably represents that paper, caught exactly what I was doing, and published every word that I uttered. It would be just like the Hearst papers, however,

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to do just as they did in the other instance, distort the thing, because of the game that they, themselves, are playing. I have been treated so shabbily by the Treasury Department that it was about time to take a crack at them. I could not be treated any worse, and they are such dirty scrubs, it might make them act a little bit more decently.

Mother has begun doing some little things for the house again. I am hoping on our anniversary there, I may tell you that we are practically through. I won't do it, however, until then. Do you realize we have been in these new quarters practically a year now?

The tariff bill wends its way along, but I really think progress is being made, and that it will be off our hands in a month or even less. The new committee, with which I am wrestling, and in which Miss Connor is doing most excellent work, takes quite a little more of my time than the old one, but perhaps we'll have some interesting things before it, but whether they will be interesting or not, there will be some important legislation before the committee, which we'll have to direct.

With my love to all, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,

Dad

C O P Y

ALBERT L. JOHNSON
RAY BUILDING, 1924 Broadway
Oakland, California

January 30, 1930.

Hon. Hiram W. Johnson
United States Senator
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

Dear Uncle Hiram:

Altho I have not yet heard from you with reference to the ColonelmJudkins matter, about which I wrote you under date of January 17th, I am tempted to write again about myself. There will be a vacancy in the Alameda County superior court soon on account of the death of Justice Koford of the appellate court. Will you please keep this in mind and wire the Governor your recommendation? I had your recommendation last year for some minor appointment from the Governor, but nothing resulted. It seems to me that it would not do either you or the Governor any harm to make this appointment. You know I have had over twenty years of varied experience, constantly working independently. You and the following Governors have appointed many lawyers with little or no experience and they have generally made good.

You should know how hard it is to start practice in this metropolitan district after I have been in the valley so long. I have been at it for over two years, find that the fees have not increased any, but the cost of living is twice as high as in 1914-15. You remember when father and you moved from Sacramento what a struggle it was the first two years. You had to carry on a Sacramento office and do a lot of practicing there. And yet you were both well-known when you moved to San Francisco. It took a lot of persuasion upon the part of my father to induce you to take the risk of opening up in San Francisco. I have been reading a lot of the old letters recently. You see I have the old office files. I will enclose you a page for reminiscence. It speaks of your pipe; how well I recollect your sending me out for Optimos during your first celebrated trials in San Francisco.

Next month will be the fifth anniversary since the death of my sister's husband, William F. Sullivan. Since nearly all her insurance money is spent, as is usual where there are families as large as hers, certain friends of hers have suggested that she apply for the widow's pension, which recently went into effect. It is impossible for us to conceive of that without asking you to do something. Will you try and do so? With four children in her family and four in mine, you will see that we have about quadruple the problem you and my father had in getting started anew.

Sincerely hoping that you will answer this personally,
Your nephew,

(Sgd.) ALBERT L. JOHNSON.

COPY

Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.
Benaroff Library

February 8, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

Just this instant I have received your letter relating to the wool situation. I wanted simply to acknowledge it and to tell you that I will investigate Monday and write you thereafter in detail.

There is very much about the present Farm Board that requires publicity, although it seems to be the general opinion here that Legge is trying his utmost to be of service.

Hastily and affectionately,

W

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

February 11, 1930.

My dear Arch:

Just think of it! It is a week today since we wrote to you and talked to you over the 'phone on your birthday. It seems incredible to me, and the days are going with a rapidity that you can have no idea of. We jump from subject to subject, more or less important, outside of the infernal tariff bill, and with the innumerable people calling upon their own matters, I am no sooner at the office in the morning than it seems it is time to leave at night. I think our mode of communicating on birthdays, and the like, is the one I will pursue in the future, rather than making gifts, that of necessity are of little consequence to the donee.

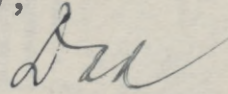
I am wondering just what the political situation is in California. If one could place any dependence on what appears in the press, Rolph apparently is going to start. If he does, and these four candidates contest I think the result is extremely doubtful. In my opinion, McLaughlin might have had a chance for reappointment as collector but for the labor politicians. I think most of them are candidates for his job, and of course, this takes away the chief talking point we had. One of them will finally be named I think by Shortridge, and the nomination doubtless will go over. It is much better than having a detective like Oftedahl in the office

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who did not possess even the merit of residence in San Francisco, and who had been brought up in the hard-boiled school of politics here.

Give my love to Martha, in which Mother joins.

Affectionately,

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

COPY

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Sancroft Library

February 11, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

I am sending you herein my check number 2032 on the Riggs National Bank for \$, with which to pay the bill you enclosed to me from the Bekins Van and Storage Company, which I also send herein. Of course, I am shocked that I should have permitted this bill to run to any such sum and for such a length of time. Equally, of course, I can say humorously to you, I can obtain no information from Mother, except that she thinks a portion of it was paid. The only way it could have been paid was that you should have in paying Mother's bills in the past paid a part of this. I am sending you the check and the bill and bothering you with the matter solely because there may be a chance that some part of this bill in the dim past was paid by you for Mother, and with your orderliness you can immediately determine the fact. I have some indistinct recollections of dealings long ago with Bekins in which they made some error in a bill. Apparently, there has been nothing paid in storage at Bekins, according to the amount of this bill, literally for some years. While

COPY

my experience teaches me they may have sent many bills which unopened were cast into the waste basket by whom I will not divulge to you, nevertheless, it may be that they have received something on account in the past.

Would you do me the kindness, please, to have Miss Kemp look at your account with Mother and see whether anything was paid Bekins. If not, then I further trespass upon your goodness to ask you to send the enclosed check and have Bekins send me here the receipt.

There is nothing new to write you about, except that the time is passing so quickly now, unless we die in the interim we'll be home with you in the middle of the year before you realize it. As I have said to you for a couple of years past I think that I will have to go to work then. Indeed, while I hate it, I see no escape from it. I am as doubtful of going it alone as a youngster about to begin, and the thought of alone doing every detail that is essential in a law office, not only distresses me, but is utterly devastating, and I believe the actuality will kill me off in a very brief period. However, like Barnacle Bill, the sailor "I have had me fun and I am rough and tough".

Love to the boys,

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN

WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. MC NARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
ARTHUR R. GOULD, ME.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, MICH.
CHARLES S. DENEEN, ILL.
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ROBERT B. HOWELL, NEBR.
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DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, LA.
JOSEPH E. RANSDELL, LA.
MORRIS SHEPPARD, TEX.
F. M. SIMMONS, N. C.
HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.
WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.
ROYAL S. COPELAND, N. Y.
HARRY B. HAWES, MO.
WILLIAM E. BROCK, TENN.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

February 14, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

I am enclosing the letter I dictated last Sunday. In the stress of this week I have been unable to find the Bekin bill, and the letter, therefore, has simply remained on my table. I am still unable to find the bill, and so I enclose you my check in your favor for \$220.00, which, I think, is a dollar or so more than the bill, with the request that you do me the kindness, please, to pay the infernal bill, and send me a receipt. I took the bill home with me immediately after its receipt from you, and in the usual fashion of bills, it disappeared.

There has been a real contest here the last few days, over the confirmation of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The opposition started with just one man -- the only one in the Senate who had the guts publicly to oppose the great mogul. After Norris voiced his opposition, but for a fluke, an objection by Blease to immediate consideration, Hughes would have been

confirmed by a viva voce vote. The matter being continued, however, for a day, opposition began to develop, and it took all the power of all the concentrated wealth in this country, backed by the Party machine and the administration and the Democratic machine, as well, finally to put over the be-whiskered gent. I felt constrained to keep my mouth shut, because of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the relations of Hughes and myself, and at first I thought because of the same thing, I would vote for him; but I reached the conclusion, finally, that I would be doing violence to my convictions if I permitted myself to be swerved from what I thought I ought to do by the consequences, or by a supersensitiveness to the construction which might be put upon my attitude. I think it rather a hopeful sign that in the face of a pressure greater than ever before has been brought in behalf of any one man, twenty-six men in the Senate voted against this overpowering myth, and seven others were paired against him.

With my love to the boys and yourself, in which, of course, Mother joins,

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.
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JAMES E. WATSON, IND. HUBERT D. STEPHENS, MISS.
H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 15, 1930.

My dear Arch:

I have been trying all week to write you just to say "Hello" the week after you attained middle age, and to congratulate you upon having written to us as you have of late. You don't know how Mother and I have appreciated your letters. It does not make any difference whether you have anything to say or not, if you'll simply dictate to one of the stenographers a couple of times a week half a page of yourself, we'll be very, very grateful. ^Even if you don't sign what you dictate will make little difference, as long as you, yourself, have spoken it. Please do this, keeping in mind that it is a favor to us, and that you're doing something for Mother and me.

I am glad to say to you that our doggies are better. As I wrote you before, Tubby is practically well. Last night, I saw Chops stand for a second or two upon his feet, take two or three steps before he fell over. This was the most encouraging thing that has occurred during his long paralysis. If he continues to improve, in a week or more, he ought to be able to walk. I really think it is a very wonderful thing if the little doggie recovers. He has been so very patient and apparently so understanding during it all. He has lain unable to move with his pleading little eyes looking at you when you come near him with such real expression that my heart has gone

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out to the little fellow, and I feel very happy at his recovery.

We were shocked to read in the dispatches the last couple of days that Alex. P. Moore with tuberculosis of the throat was critically ill in the California hospital at Los Angeles. I presume it means the end. We wired his doctor at Monrovia, and he replied to me cautiously that he was critically ill. One by one I see our companions of years ago passing, and it greatly saddens me.

I tried to make a sarcastic speech upon efficiency and economy in assailing Mr. Mellon recently. I sought to use the incidents which had occurred with the Treasury Department and myself as the basis for a bit of irony. In reading the local papers in California, however, I find generally speaking that the thing was printed as a sort of whine of mine about patronage. The only one who apparently caught the spirit of what I was saying was Farmer Murphy of the Baltimore Sun, and he reported the whole thing in the Sun. I am enclosing to you copy of my remarks. A week before that I made some sarcastic references to Wilbur, and recited an interview with him in the Los Angeles Times, which was perfect rot. My remarks were taken as an emphatic endorsement of Wilbur. These little things show what a dangerous thing sarcasm is. Hereafter I think when I indulge in sarcastic references I will label them, and send them up to the press gallery. I wanted you to see what I said about

the Secretary of the Treasury because a few of us here thought it was a fairly good bit.

The house is getting on slowly. I think by the time my term expires it'll probably be completed. We live in the strictest seclusion, and I presume that will continue also. Perhaps it is for the best.

We had a couple of hectic days here with the confirmation of Hughes. I wanted very much to express myself concerning him, but the fact of the matter is, I would have been wholly ineffective because of the remarkable way in which the election of 1916 in California was dramatized. I contented myself therefore with voting against his confirmation. The whole thing was astonishing. ~~in xxx xxxxxx~~. When it started there was nobody literally to vote against the bewhiskered individual. Two days later if the men had been left to their own devices, they would have beaten him. Twenty-six senators stood up to be counted, and seven others were paired against this preposterous myth. This was done against the tremendous pressure of the national administration, the Republican national machine, the Democratic national machine, and big business generally. I really think it was rather a healthful sign.

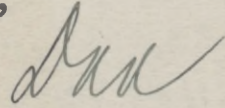
I took the pains even to look at the New York Times for the entries at Agua Caliente, but I have not observed either one of your horses on the cards. I will keep tab, however, until they start.

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My love to Martha, in which Mother joins, and
lots to yourself.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be 'Ada' or similar, written in dark ink.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H. WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH
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H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 15, 1930.

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

My dear Jack:

I sent you various letters of late but they are all apart from my usual weekly budget. I have had some little difficulty in getting information concerning what the Farm Board is doing with the wool industry. Finally, that I might have authentic and official information I addressed a formal communication to the Board, and I hope within a day or two to have a formal reply. This may be wholly evasive, but I will send it on to you for what it is worth, and if evasive, will seek further. In talking to members of the Senate I could not find any real dissatisfaction from the wool standpoint with senators who represent territory interested in that industry. They seemed to believe that the Farm Board was acting with fairness, and endeavoring to do the best it could. They did not, however, know much of detail, and it was because of their lack of knowledge of the detail, that I addressed my letter to the member of the Board having the wool industry in charge.

In a couple of instances lately I have learned how dangerous it is to indulge in sarcasm and irony. Two weeks or more ago I read an interview in the Los Angeles Times with Secretary Wilbur with sarcastic inferences and drew entirely

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ironical conclusions from it. I was rather amused to see that the press of California carried the matter as an endorsement of what Wilbur had done. Recently I made a little speech on "efficiency and economy" as administered by the Treasury Department with the intention, of course, to laugh at those slogans of the present administration. I utilized my own incidents with the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose. Such newspapers as I have seen in California carried the story as if it were a whine of mine because I did not get some patronage. I am enclosing you these remarks, because while the news agencies were afraid to carry them otherwise than they did, the Baltimore Sun, for instance, published them in full, and caught exactly what I was trying to do. Read this little speech at your convenience, please, because members of the Senate generally had a good laugh at it, and I rather think enjoyed it.

The Hughes incident here is really significant. In the teeth of the national administration, despite the pressure of the Republican organization, and the Democratic organization too, and notwithstanding the pressure of big business, and a practically united press, twenty-six Senators stood up to be counted against Hughes' confirmation as Chief Justice, and seven more were paired against him. As I have said to you before, the Hughes family, the Root office, and the House of Morgan, ^{are} the sacrosanct elements in our official life, and their members govern us in our domestic as well as our international policies. In the Hughes' confirmation practically upon

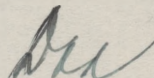
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economic grounds because of his attitude, the opposition began with one little protest by Norris, and grew into a real contest. You can readily understand how restless I was during it, and how I would have loved to express my opinion of this bewhiskered myth. The old story of 1916 which is revived every few months in the East made it impossible for me to do as I would have done under other circumstances. I contented myself with voting against him, and perhaps this is enough.

Mother joins me in love to the boys and lots to yourself.

Affectionately,

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

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
HENRY W. KEYES, N. H. WILLIAM H. KING, UTAH
DAVID A. REED, PA. WILLIAM J. HARRIS, GA.
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H. D. HATFIELD, W. VA.

United States Senate

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

COMMITTEE ON IMMIGRATION

February 16, 1930.

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

My dear Arch:

Yesterday I sent you four books. They are all readable. Keeler's story, as usual, endeavors to tell too much. Indeed, he is not satisfied with one healthy and involved plot, but feels he has to demonstrate his ability by half a dozen plots within one. In my opinion, this detracts from his work. Your Mother thought the very unusual book "The men on the Dead Man's Chest" was extremely interesting. I rather enjoyed it too. The other two are readable.

I am sending you a cartoon that appeared in the Baltimore Sun yesterday of Hughes. We have all had a good laugh at it. I thought it might amuse you.

With love to Martha and yourself,

Affectionately,

Ma.

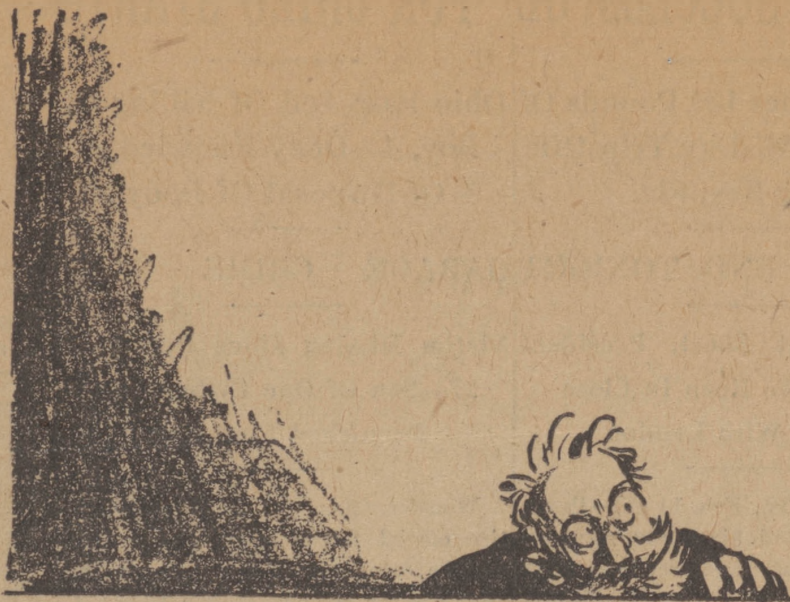
Today after another snow storm we have the coldest day of the year. When I walked across to the office this Sunday I thought my ears were freezing.

I've just received the enclosed letter from my sister Mrs. Pink, in relation to my niece. For all there are severer trials than ours. I feel a great sympathy for her and her children. I've written my sister asking if she would transmit a small allowance monthly, but it would have to be so small, I fear it would do little good.

Shore this note of Mrs. Pink to Jack and you two weeks in what you think. Apparently my brother's daughter is now living in Palo Alto. I did expect to bother you thus today but I don't want to bother you. My sister's letter arrived in the mail.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1930

Made It



SUPREME COURT
BENCH

Edmund Duff

Mrs. Adolph R. Fink,
1298 Haight Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Brother:

Acknowledging receipt of yours of the 4th inst. am free to state you have given me two very difficult problems to answer.

In the case of Laurence, I am completely out of touch with him and his family since their return to Alameda County, having only seen them a couple of times. Used to see him quite often at Sacramento when he came there on business. Can only tell you what I hear that he is having a hard struggle to get along and at times does not know what to do.

With our niece Katharine, her case is indeed a sad one. With four dependent and growing children, whose needs will increase each year, and whose hunger must be appeased, and no income to fall back on. As to Laurence contributing to her support I could not say. Her place in Piedmont is in a run down and delapidated condition, mortgaged for all it is worth, and does not bring in enough to pay the interest and taxes.

About a year ago she moved to Palo Alto because it was necessary as her place there was not rented, and the mortgagee insisted it must be as it was going to ruin. Her last letter to me said she was having financial worries, also difficulty in having the loan renewed. I believe Laurence assisted her in obtaining that, but guess it was hard work.

I am sorry I cannot give you more complete account of her affairs. Once in awhile she gets confidential with me but not very often. With love to Minnie and yourself, I am

Affectionately your sister,

Febr. 10.30

Josephine Fink.

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

February 22, 1930.

My dear Boys:

Mother has had a rotten cold this week and I have been in constant terror it would develop into her old trouble. I am helpless and as useless either in aiding her, or getting her to aid herself as one ten thousand miles removed. I can only hope and pray. She is working on curtains for the house, and really works very hard at them. Her difficulty is she will put up a curtain of one shade after finishing it with great labor, and then take it down to make a curtain of another shade. Gradually with a little thing here and a little thing there, the house is taking shape, but still it is far from what she wishes or expects.

I am delighted to tell you of the progress of our doggies. As I wrote you, Tubby is practically well. Chops, who, for two months has been to all intents and purposes paralyzed, can now be held upon his feet, and even walk some, and I think is making rapid progress. His recovery is little short of a miracle. I feel more glad than I would under ordinary circumstances, because he has been such a patient little nipper during it all.

Things political and legislative are wholly chaotic here. Notwithstanding the efficient engineering genius in the White House, there is scarcely a thing that he has touched that

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has not been botched. His friends are trying to instil some courage into him, and by dint of prayers and reproaches seek to have him assume some kind of leadership of the Republican Party and its policies. Apparently, he has not the guts to take a stand on anything. His sole mode of governing is, if we can judge by what he does, to stall in any conceivable fashion. The wets are very vocal at present, and while those under the President talk much about the enforcement of the law, neither he nor they will discuss its advantages or disadvantages, its soundness or lack, nor its possibilities. They simply declare in generic terms, like all politicians do, and as all officers must, that any law upon the statute books must be enforced, and then present a lot of idiotic means of enforcement which would not aid in the ultimate result.


I read of your weather in San Francisco. The last three days we duplicated it here. Last Sunday was the coldest day of the year and the coldest day in many, many years. Thursday was the warmest day of February for a long period, and today is delightfully warm. The difficulty of this climate is that next week we're likely to have a snowstorm or a blizzard. It is just this sort of thing that causes so much sickness here, and makes me worry about what may happen to your Mother. However, I count the days 'til the winter is over, and they are not many now. Soon June will be here, and again I will be in California, again confronted with the problems that have been mine

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the last few years, and which, though I want to avoid them,
I do not think can longer be avoided.

With my love to all,

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'H. W. Johnson', with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.