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KODAK Gray Scale



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M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

Sunday, March 6, 1932.

My dear Boys:

Yesterday was such a perfect day that early in the afternoon Mother dragged me from the office, and we drove down a new highway which has been constructed along the Potomac River to Mount Vernon. We have been down before, but the short ride gives one an objective, and yesterday, it was delightful. We even again went inside and over the old Washington home. I am going to send Philip the postals that we bought there. Today, Sunday, we have a winter storm, heavy wind and hard rain. I have come over to the office with the idea of working somewhat upon the foreign loan proposition and preparing a speech for the senate floor upon that subject, and the legislation which I have introduced. It is extremely difficult, however, to arrest attention now. Not only are there the multifarious things legislatively before us, but they, and everything else are over-shadowed by the Lindbergh kidnapping. What a dreadful thing this is, and what a sad commentary upon our civilization! This morning the papers are full of Lindbergh's appeal to a couple of gangsters, and they are to be used as a go-between and the like. I can't conceive of a more scathing indictment of government, and the only thought in most people's minds is to pass some more laws making some more crimes, or increasing the punishments of those we already have.'

2.

The Democratic House in passing the appropriation bill abolished the offices held by John Deane, Bert Kahn, and Frank Tracy. Of the first two, Deane and Kahn, I was a part of their appointment, and both of them have been always courteous and decent with me, and I should very much like to aid them, if I could. The third one, Tracy, was appointed in 1930 after the office which he fills had been abandoned for many years, and its duties performed by another official. He had been appointed at the instance of my colleague and the Finn organization of San Francisco. I permitted him to be confirmed and subsequently, I think, re-appointed. In the Young campaign, as secretary of the Finn County Committee, he issued a circular mentioning me by name, and somewhat abusive. I was not in the Young campaign, as you know, and had nothing to do with it, and the circular that Tracy issued in behalf of Fitts was purely a gratuitous thing based upon the fight that was being made for Fitts by the Los Angeles Times. I should very much like to help Deane and Kahn. I am not very much exercised over Tracy, as you may readily imagine. I do not know what the Senate will do in the matter, but if Deane and Kahn were not in it at all, I would be inclined to rejoice that Tracy had met with exactly what he deserved. Both Deane and Kahn, are in some fashion, related to the Deyoungs and Cameron is very much interested

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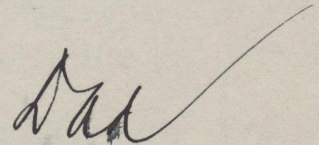
in them. In this instance, however, he has not appealed to me. I rather imagine he has not because his paper has been none too friendly during the past few months. Indeed, the Chronicle was the only paper in the United States which did not publish, and publish at length, the facts I uncovered from Seligman and Company concerning the Peruvian loan. It may be that I got an edition which omitted it, and that some other edition printed it, but I doubt this very much. In the edition of the Chronicle I had, what was a front-page story in every metropolitan paper in the country - I except none - of the payment of half a million by an international banker to the son of the President of the South American Republic, there was not a single line. The fact is the Chronicle published as little as it dared, and as obscurely as it could, what transpired in the investigation of foreign loans. The papers in the east that were owned by the international bankers that hated me with a fierceness impossible to describe, nevertheless, were compelled to publish the facts, and there never was anything with which I was connected that had so much publicity. It remained for one of my home town papers to garble the details and even refrain from publishing the most important. This, of course, is a matter of little or no consequence, but probably it is one of the reasons that Cameron, in behalf of his own people, has not appealed to me concerning the three little jobs that are at stake.

4.

Politics are beginning to take the first place in our deliberations now. The Democrats at last realize that they have blundered egregiously, and that they contributed the only encouragement that Hoover has had during his whole term of office. They would like with sound and fury now to distract attention from their own meek, and timid, and obsequious following of the owners of the Republican Party. I am not sure whether the resentment against Hoover is so intense that nothing will remove it. Certainly, if anything can alter the situation, we may count upon the Democrats to furnish that something. In truth, however, they are a pretty contemptible lot.

My love to all.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "H.W.J.", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California

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

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 11, 1932.

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

My dear Arch:

I am writing you this Friday morning because I do not know whether I will have the opportunity to do so within the next two days, and I did not want the week to pass without my usual letter. We have had the most astounding week I have ever experienced here. I have written you repeatedly we had no winter. Winter began last Sunday. We then had, as I told you when I was dictating my letter to you then, a bitter storm in progress, which turned into snow and sleet with the highest wind of years. Since Sunday it has been very cold, the thermometer all of the time being considerably below freezing and at night time getting as low as 15 degrees. From the storm of last Sunday the snow is still on the ground. The weather man here waited until winter was over before giving us any winter at all. The prognostications are for the next couple of days that the temperature will moderate, and I presume beginning next week we'll have real spring again.

If there were any opposition to Mr. Hoover in California, it would laugh its head off at the ticket presented

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 2

by the Hoover people. It has all the spots of the most variegated political leopard. It begins with wet Rolph, followed by anti-Catholic Mabel Walker Willebrandt, some dry W.C.T.U., and then the most professional Catholic in California, Joe Scott. I had a real laugh over the cartoon in the News, entitled "Who But Hoover". Three figures were marching abreast, Bacchus, Mabel Willebrandt, and the W.C. T.U. I assume that you saw that cartoon. I cut it out of the News, and took it to the luncheon table with me, where there was a general snicker at it, but we had a greater snicker at one of our own colleagues, who after looking at it quizzically, and reading the names, Bacchus, Mabel Willebrandt, and White Ribboner, with a puzzled frown, inquired of us, who was this fellow Bacchus.

I came very near getting into the fight this year again. I know that the decision I made not to do so was the part of wisdom, but as the thing progresses, I have many regrets. I have not changed at all my views that what I did was the appropriate thing, but I would like to have been kicking up a row, and I think I could have done it more effectively than anybody else. The Democrats can be relied upon to kick the fat in the fire, and the only question is whether Hoover has not sunk so low in popular esteem that literally nothing can restore his fallen political fortunes.

Major Archibald M. Johnson - 3

How are you getting on anyway? I think of you so much, and I get so little news from you that I am constantly torn with conflicting emotions. Are you physically in good shape, and are you going to be able to pull yourself through otherwise? Please write me, my dear boy.

With my love to Martha and you, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,

Dad

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

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 17, 1932.

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

My dear Jack:

I did not write you as usual on Sunday, because I devoted Sunday and Monday night to preparing my speech for Tuesday upon the Foreign Loans. I have had the speech on my chest for a long period of time, and I have kept neglecting it, of course. Finally, at the end of last week, I stated to the Senate I was going to talk upon the subject Tuesday, and purposely fixed a dead line, so that I could not escape, and then of course, I left it to the last minute, as usual. It was one of those things that had to be prepared, particularly inasmuch as the press was most anxious for the advance. I read the speech, something I have not done for ten years, but it went over well. I am printing some, and as soon as they are printed, I will send them to you.

We had a letter from Hiram that gave us a great laugh. The incident of which he complains was an exhibition of the *subjective* subjunctive mind. Being very busy, I suggested to Miss Connor that she send copy of Washington's Farewell Address to Philip at your home, and a copy to Hiram at Berkeley at the Phi Chi hall there. It was a hasty direction given without thought, and indicates what a strange thing one's mind is, for what I

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2.

was doing when giving that direction, was giving a direction that was in my mind forty-eight years ago. When I read in Hiram's letter, his rather indignant statement that somebody at Chi Phi Hall, who knew him, rushed out and gave him a piece of mail from me that was directed to that house, Mother and I had a great laugh. I am going to write Hiram during the week. I can't do as he wants, give him some news item that has not got into the press, of what is transpiring here, because I do not know of any, and the only news items that are worth telling to him are political in character, and can not be published in his paper.

I received your wire that you have been unable to write the end of the week, and I rejoice that you are busy. I am busy here, although perhaps I do not accomplish as much as I would like to accomplish; nevertheless, one keeps extremely active, and the time passes very, very quickly.

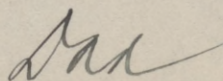
I observe that the Hoover ticket of delegates in California is designed to demonstrate what Hoover is trying to prove in New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, and New England, that he is in reality a wet. The Hoover people point to the fact that the ticket there is headed by Governor James Rolph, Jr., who has always been a wet, and was elected, presumably, as a wet in California. The ticket is supported by the wet organization in San Francisco, and the wet organization in Alameda county.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 3

It is simply the demonstration of what I have said so often, that prohibition is a principle with a dry, and the subject of conversation with a wet. This, however, is changing in the east. The wet organization in the east realizing exactly what I say, and considering that it has ^{not} done so in the past, is endeavoring to arouse the same consciousness in their people that exists with the dry people, and measureably they are succeeding here. The vote in the House the other day, while not an absolute test, showed the great feeling in our country against the existing law. For the first time, I have reached somewhat the conclusion that during our lives, the matter may come to a head, and there may be some alteration in the present situation.

With Mother's love and mine to the children and yourself and Miss Schow.

Affectionately,



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

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 21, 1932.

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

My dear Arch:

The big event of the past week with us was the delivery of the long delayed speech upon foreign loans. Of course, as usual, I left the preparation of it to the last moment. The press had asked me for advance copy, and so, for the first time in many years, I wrote the infernal thing out. It was because of this fact probably that I got so much publicity on it, for the morning of its delivery, it was given to the press agencies here, and they had the opportunity to send out what they desired from the manuscript in front of them. Of course, the response has been tremendous. I need not say that the bitterness of the international bankers has almost equalled the enthusiasm of the ordinary public. I have been told this morning through the grapevine channel of the press that "TIME", at the instance of the international bankers is getting ready to pour a broadside into me. This is to be expected, however. When Colliers rapped me recently, inquiry developed that the principal stockholder of the publication was Lamont of Morgan and Company. The reason I say so much about this foreign loan

matter is that I entered it with no very great knowledge, and I was left severely alone, deserted by practically all my fellows, and then the breaks came in the testimony, after we had proceeded for some days, that were all my way. This was due, in very great degree, to the younger members of the press, who were strongly with me in the endeavor to lay bare what had been done. The gratification of a successful lone job you can understand.

I notice that the big Maryland race track opens on April first, and as I saw the signs, I began to wonder about "BRIGHT HOPES". From the fact that I have heard nothing from you regarding the little horse, I imagine she has not rounded to. Tell me when you write about her.

Things are getting muddled here legislatively and certainly politically. There is much more hope on the Republican side than there was six months ago, or even sixty days ago. The Democrats have shown themselves as bad, if not worse, than the Republicans, and as I have been fond of saying, the ownership of both parties is in exactly the same people, ^{and this} becomes more apparent every day. Notwithstanding the demonstration that is here made that the big interests control the leadership in both parties, I still think that Hoover is held in a contempt, bordering on absolute hostility by the great body of our people.

The little straw of North Dakota, where the Democrats in their primary, for the first time, polled a real vote, is significant, and the victories of Roosevelt indicate that the rank and file of the Democratic Party are anxious to nominate someone they feel they can elect. He is really the only man in the offing that seems to have nation-wide support, and I think he is the only certainty of defeating Mr. Hoover. The situation in California, as I observe from the ticket of Mr. Hoover bears out what I have always contended with you, the wets have no interest in a principle. They have a subject of conversation in the matter of the prohibition laws, and they remain partisan. The wet governor, the wet Chronicle, the wet San Francisco organization, are all strong for the anti-saloon dry candidate for President. The drys, on the other hand, are fanatically for what they think is their principle, and they vote accordingly.

Mother feels fairly well these days, much better indeed than in the earlier part of our stay here. We had a couple of weeks of real winter this month, the end of which we are just passing through now. I am expecting, however, that from now on, we'll have our usual Washington weather.

With my love to Martha and yourself, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,

Dad

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

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 21, 1932

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

My dear Jack:

I received late in the evening of March 18th your letter dated March 16th. I note the dates so carefully because I was astounded at the speed made by the air mail. Occasionally letters have reached me within two days, but only occasionally. Generally, three days are required.

It was very gratifying to have your note and read what you said about my recent speech on Foreign Loans. You have probably received full text of the speech by this time, for I had it printed and sent out. Out of the mass of letters that have come to me from all over the country regarding the speech, for upon it there was most excellent publicity, only two have taken me to task. This is really phenomenal as a record, for whenever there is anything done here that touches a large number of people, the repercussions through correspondence are immediate. Upon this subject matter, however, my mail has been so extensive that I have really been unable to answer it.

-2-

Apparently, the American public was pretty thoroughly soaked by the international bankers in the sale of rotten securities, and those who were thus soaked have been delighted to find somebody who was willing to stand up to the gun. Another class, too, have written me in most pathetic fashion, - poor, ignorant, deluded people who were persuaded to put their hard-earned savings into what the international bankers knew were absolutely unsound securities. The congratulations of my colleagues have been very gratifying, although, in many instances, very privately conveyed. The fact is, this Government is a government of, for, and by international bankers, owned by those who have, and without the slightest concern for those who have not. Six months ago it was a certainty this Government was going to be repudiated at the next election. The demonstration, however, has been so complete, although not thoroughly understood yet, that the so-called party of opposition is no different from that in control, that I sometimes think if this fact really permeates our people, the tremendous upheaval and turnover I looked forward to may not occur.

The Weather Bureau tells us Spring is now with us. Here, with seasons marked, there begins Spring with the sun crossing the equator northward. That occurred

- 3 -

yesterday at 2:50. I think that our cold weather is over. We did not have any, however, until March, so that we had no real complaint.

I was delighted to learn from your note that you had won your motion for change of venue. Good luck to you in the case. I hope that your other difficulties are as fortunately solved.

With my love to the boys, and yourself, and Miss Schow in which mother joins,

Affectionately,

Dad

G

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
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MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 26, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California

My dear Boys:

Another week has gone by with that rapidity which we're used to here, or perhaps it is my time of life that it seems so incredible. The Congress is gradually getting pretty well balled up, and what will come out of the present jam no one can foresee. The revolt in the House over the Sales Tax was one of the most remarkable that has occurred during my experience. The Republican administration had presented a pretty rotten Tax Bill. The Democrats imagining that at last they had something they could work upon by themselves, and that they could create something of their own initiative, suddenly flung into the midst of an astonished house, a substitute for the Republican Tax Bill, which provided for the Sales Tax. And then the fun began. All the bitterness that the rank and file of the Democratic Party have had during the past year, when their leaders have dragged them by the nose in the wake of the administration, found its vent, and when the smoke cleared away, three-fourths of the Democratic members of the House had kicked their leaders so hard, that there was nothing left of them.

2.

A very considerable portion of the Republican forces of the House joined with these recalcitrant Democrats, and what had started as a wail of little LaGuardia of New York against both parties ended in a roar that drowned both. From the standpoint of the average man, it was a good, healthy thing; from the political standpoint, it probably did the Democrats incalculable harm. They have been boasting of the way in which "honest" John Garner managed the Democratic House, and the discipline under which Democrats were working, and the celerity with which they were legislating. Well, John sought his hole during the turmoil, and the discipline gave place to a rout; and all of this may be used as indicating the Democrats are not fit to govern; but on the other hand, the independence shown and the anxiety to distribute the tax burdens was a healthy thing in American life, and in the long run, will be a healthy thing for the Democratic Party. I have repeatedly talked to you about the ownership of both parties being in the same people. The Raskobs, and the Barney Baruchs, and others, who represent big business, were commanding these Democratic members of the House of Representatives to do as they were told, and of course, they were aided by the so-called leaders like Robinson, in the Senate, and Garner of the House. So, it was a bully day for the shillalah, and really I rejoiced in it.

3.

It is a strange and peculiar game here, Members receive a salary as you know of \$10,000 a year. Most of them want that salary, and some of them badly need it. The press have been taunting senators and congressmen about making reductions in various lines, and not reducing their own salary, and so Borah, who never spends a cent, and who is comfortably off, in conjunction with some very rich members, is going to reduce all our salaries. He will succeed, because the members have not the "guts" to vote against the cut. It may be you will find just one fellow recorded in the senate against the cut of wages, and if there is only one, you will be able to guess who it is. The first thing that always occurs in time of financial stress is that the rich will say to the poor " We'll cut your wages." There may be some slight justification for reducing the salaries of congressmen as a mere gesture, not that it would realize any particular revenue for the government, but a cut in any way of salaries of \$1500, \$2000, \$2500, \$3000, is a rotten thing for any government to do.

"TIME", a publication with which you are familiar, spent some little time investigating my record here of late. Its intention, unquestionably, was to show how when the foreign debts were settled with the different countries of Europe, I had voted for those settlements. They were pointing some moral as demonstrated by my record and my

4.

assault upon international bankers and their mode of doing business. The record, however, showed quite the reverse, of what "TIME" expected. Reluctantly I voted for the settlement with Great Britain, which was the only one that gave us anything like the proceeds we were entitled to, but I opposed every other settlement. "TIME" in its article, therefore, had to write a different story from what was originally planned, and this week I find myself in it, but not in an obnoxious way. For the first time, since I have been here, too, I get into the "LITERARY DIGEST" in a half-way decent fashion. The mode of attack that has been made upon what I have done with our foreign loans is to state when they were made, and ask where was I then, but these assaults have not been of any great consequence, and the facts are so damning that I have all the better of the situation.

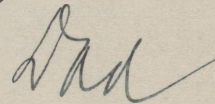
Mother gave a little dinner party Wednesday night. We had a delightful time. The one thing that interested me was that no one of the eight she desired to have at dinner declined, all were glad to come, and the fact is that Joe gives them a better dinner, of course with Mother's supervision, than can be obtained in any other place here.

5.

Jimmy Montague blew into town two days ago. He has been with us two evenings. He is 59 years old. He is the same old Jimmy Montague in many respects, but a very, very old Jimmy Montague in others. Mother, who is not prone to notice such things, reached the same conclusion I did. Years have taken their toll mentally. I observe this so often with men, who reach 60 and over, that I am ^{always} ~~suddenly~~ asking myself if the same thing has occurred with me. Of course, I strenuously deny it, but I wonder!

With my love to all, in which Mother joins.

Affectionately,

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

COPY

Sunday, March 27, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, III,
Beta Theta Pi,
2607 Hearst Avenue,
Berkeley, California

Hiram W. Johnson Papers
Henscroft Library

My dear Grandson:

I felt quite ashamed of myself when I read your recent fine letter to learn that like an absent minded old man, I had permitted the subjective mind to control my direction to Miss Connor, my secretary, in sending you Washington's Farewell Address. Really, if you ever devote any time to our peculiar mental processes, you'll readily understand how I blundered. A busy day, a hurried shuffling out of those things before me, directions concerning each, perfunctory orders to subordinates, and the connection in my mind of forty seven years ago with Berkeley of one sort alone, Chi Phi Hall, and you'll see how the long, dormant habit prevailed. Now, you know all of this is in apology for the almost unforgivable sin of which I was guilty; but I am going to confess to you, too, that when I read of the incident, it took me a long time to realise just what had occurred, and when I did, I laughed my head off.

You asked about appointments to Annapolis. I have none this year. The expectation is that I will have two appointments in 1933. If you will send me the name of the young man you mention who desires to go to Annapolis, I will

COPY

2.

send him the details of the examinations, etc. I have never made a personal appointment since I have been here. There were so many young fellows who wanted to go to Annapolis and West Point that I thought the fair thing to do was to have a competitive examination under the United States Civil Service Commission. This course, I have consistently pursued. After the examinations, the ratings are officially certified to me by the Civil Service Commission and I appoint from those receiving the highest marks.

You spoke in your letter of Louis Bernheim, and his father's desire for employment. I received no word from them, and if I had, there is little or nothing I could do. The conditions of unemployment existing now are probably the most serious we have encountered for many, many years, and about the most difficult thing there is to do, is to obtain a job for someone.

I wish I could send you some stories that would be of value to you, but unfortunately, the only sort that would give you a "kick" are political in character, and these you ought not to publish. An incident occurred lately that really makes a good story, and the fact that it is entirely true increases one's amusement. There has been some little comment here upon the Hoover ticket for delegates in the State of California. Hoover is the anti-

saloon candidate, and the little white-haired boy of the drys. He puts out a ticket in California for delegates headed by the wet Governor, Mr. Rolph, who received his election because it was presumed he was wet, with his next delegate, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who was the female apostle of the drys in 1928, and likewise of the K.K.K.; next, Joseph Scott, the most widely advertised Catholic of California, and then some representative of the W.C.T.U, and the prohibitionists. The San Francisco News had a cartoon that was very well done. A great, big, bearded, beery Bacchus, skipping and dancing along, and upon his arm was Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and upon her arm, dressed in the usual fashion in which they caricature them, the W.C.T.U., or white ribboners. The three were merrily dancing along, and the caption of the cartoon was "Who but Hoover." I thought the cartoon so good that I cut it out and I took it in to my brethren at the luncheon table. All of us had a good laugh over it, when one, however, examined it carefully, his brows puckered, and he looked at me quizzically for a moment, and then asked very seriously, "Who is this fellow, Bacchus?" The Senator sitting next to him, winked at me and very solemnly said, "He is Booze". "Oh!" said our inquiring friend, and he joined in our laughter. This is the only kind of stuff that occasionally I could write you, and of course, it can not be published.

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If anything of aninocuous character occurs that would not have a personal or political slant, or which could be twisted into a tale generic and of anonymity, I will try to send it along to you.

I have not written you many letters since I have been absent this time, and the reason is, that I have been busier than in any other session. I am only emerging from the overwhelming stress. I undertook an investigation of foreign loans, an investigation which I think most of those in public position would run from. I was singularly alone in the endeavor, and it took every moment of my time. I was investigating of course those who are our masters, politically and otherwise, the people who not only literally own our government, but command, exactly as the rich householder commands his lackey, the men who hold official positions. Of course, the whole proceeding was a shock to the internationally, and particularly to the politically minded here; and of course, with the peculiar disposition, which I think is the one admirable trait of our tribe, and which I hope has been bequeathed to you, the difficulties of the situation, and the obstacles presented, made the effort all the more worthwhile to me. Recently, I expressed myself concerning the investigation on the floor of the senate. Within the limitations of time, I could touch only the high spots. I am sending you the speech herein.

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I am sending it, dear boy, because you are my grandson. I do not have any hope or expectation that you will read it, and frankly, I don't expect you to. The effort, however, had an extraordinary publicity in the east. Its repercussions, so far as the general public are concerned, were to give me, for a period, a mail greater practically than that of all the rest of the senate put together. Now, of course, such activities against those who command presidents, cabinets, congresses, and legislatures, are the poorest sort of politics, and demonstrate that the individual, who engages in them, is lacking wholly in a knowledge of expediency and the fitness of things. But, my dear grandson, there is a tremendous "kick" in this life in doing just as you please; and doing just this thing, which so few do, is the one great source of pleasure and enjoyment to your old granddad.

You spoke of theatre passes in your letter. I don't know anything about these. What has been received has always come to Mother. Personally, I decline to use them, and I'd really rather not have them. There is not, however, the slightest objection to their use by you and Philip.

I have directed this letter properly at its beginning. I am cautioning Miss Connor correctly to address the envelope. The subjective mind to which I refer is in subjection at this instant, and I hope that in future as I write you,

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it will never again be manifest.

Granny joins in our love.

Affectionately your grandfather,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. MC NARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, MICH.
ROSCOE C. PATTERSON, MO.
ROBERT B. HOWELL, NEBR.
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ROBERT J. BULKLEY, OHIO
MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

March 29, 1932.

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

My dear Arch:

How are you, my dear boy, and how goes everything with you? Once in so often I begin to worry about you, and for some unknown reason, during a rather sleepless night last night, my thoughts were almost wholly of you. Yesterday and today, I have been watching each mail in the hope and expectation I would have a letter from you. How I wish you would take a definite day, like I endeavor to do with you and Jack, and write me on that day, even though you write me only two or three lines.

I am beginning to get worried about the situation here, and the possibilities that we may have an all year session. I can not bring myself to believe that it is going to occur, but there are certain signs among our Democratic brethren that would indicate they are playing for this sort of thing, in order to use the congress, particularly the senate, as a sounding board during the campaign. It would be just hell to have to stay here all year, when my expectation has been to return somewhere about the first of June, and worse than that,

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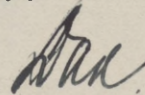
I don't know what effect it will have upon the law firm, of which I am an absent member.

We have been looking forward to spring, but because we had such a remarkable winter - it was in reality no winter at all - our March has been more severe than usual. We have been anxious to have planted a very few flowers in our backyard, and generally this would have been done before now, but this year weather conditions have prevented.

I started this note merely to ask you how you were, and to say how much I was thinking of you. If you have not already done so, please send me an airmail letter. Each old friend, I observe passing, recalls to me how uncertain this world is for most of us, and makes me conscious of my years, and of course, my heart turns to my dear ones.

With love to Martha and yourself, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,

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

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIRMAN
WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. MCNARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.
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JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, N. C.
MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

April 2, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at Law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Boys:

I am tempted each week to say that another week has passed by, and I haven't the slightest idea how it could have gone so quickly, and it is wholly inconceivable that so little has been done in another seven days. As my brother used to say, "We'll all be dead before we know it". Jimmie Montague had one expression that he used in regard to certain individuals, and he thought it so good that each time I saw him on his recent trip here, he repeated it: "You are not so good a man as you used to be, and you never were". I am not certain that each week marks a deterioration, but the end of each does bring an ever-recurrent surprise that the week has passed.

Of course, with the approach of the National Conventions, we are hearing more and more of politics. The men upstairs who are for Roosevelt express an unbounded confidence now in his nomination. Those who perforce are for Hoover, pretend that his chances have brightened. It is quite true that the Democrats have

been of infinitely greater service to Hoover than the Republicans, in the past few months; but their mistakes will have to be many more, and ever-cumulative, to rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of the great Californian who was born in Iowa, matriculated from Oregon, and lived his life in England. For the first time since the question has been debated, some so-called wets in the east are making a political issue of the prohibition question. They have been content in the past, as I have so often remarked, heatedly to discuss the evils of the Eighteenth Amendment at dinner parties, while those in favor of prohibition have made a fetish of it, have been politically fanatical in respect to it, and have put it above their partisanship. As a matter of principle, the dries far outnumber, still, the wets. Wets, for the first time in the long discussion, are beginning in some instances to forget their partisanship, just as the dries in such great numbers do. This may have a far-reaching effect in the coming campaign, although I really do not expect it. One more campaign will pass, with wet Republicans nominating and voting for a dry candidate; but in respect to that, which they claim to be of such transcendent importance, they are becoming politically conscious, just as their opponents always have been.

I observe from our local press that the wringing-wet Chronicle is now under the management of the bone-dry Rowell, and I am wondering what the union of these two forces will be, and how the new management will reflect itself in the columns of the Chronicle. But it's a sight for the gods in California to witness Dr. Briggs of the Anti-Saloon League enthusiastically supporting Rolph for delegate to the National Convention, McAdoo the great dry leader marching hand in hand with Hearst, the wet crusader, in behalf of Garner, whose position nobody knows, and to witness, too, the Anti-Saloon League turning its back upon Crail and Swing, ardent drys, in behalf of Shortridge, moderately wet. It seems that this infernal question and hypocrisy are indissolubly commingled.

Among the matters of lesser moment, which possibly Mother has written you about -- of lesser moment I mean in the realm of statesmanship, but much more important in our household -- was the vicious but unsuccessful assault made by Tubby upon a neighboring Chow. He was successfully rescued, and wandered around on three legs for a day or so, but his attitude is unchanged in respect to any dog of any size. With an industry and a misplaced courage that do him infinite credit, he

attacks any one of his kind that he can, without the slightest realization, apparently, that he is engaged in a hopeless task, which can only result in injury to himself. In this, perhaps, he is not unlike his master, who was described recently, in one of the New York papers, as one who reveled in lost causes, and who took an infinite delight in making hopeless fights.

We have had quite a number of Californians here the past week -- Bill Dwyer is here on some shipping matters, Billy Williams and a Mr. Elliott, who is the president of the Bankers' Association of California, and a Mr. Douglas, are here on the Glass Banking bill, and against a tax bill advocated by the legislature of the State, and distinguished legislators like Speaker Levey, Assemblyman Sewell, Senator McKinley, and Senator Nelson are here in behalf of the California tax bill. Some of them, like Dwyer and Williams, I am very glad to see. I could include in this Skipper Nelson. The other members of the Legislature are here simply on a jaunt, because they put through an appropriation to pay their expenses for a trip east.

I felt very sorry to hear of the death of Ed. Hamilton. What a sad ending! I know nothing more about how he met his death than the mere statement in the San Francisco press, that it was self-inflicted.

He was, however, one of the old landmarks in California life and journalism, and of late years he had become really a very ardent adherent of mine.

It may interest you to know that some of the bankers who testified before the Banking Committee recently in relation to the pending Glass Banking Bill said, some publicly, and most of them privately, that they expected present conditions in this country to continue for at least two years. I pay little or no attention to this, however, because I think recent events have demonstrated that they have no more sense in respect to these matters than the rest of us, and in saying this, I feel I am uncomplimentary to the rest of us. The ballyhoo that is kept up about improvement in conditions doesn't seem to impress those who have what little is left in the financial world.

Our household is in pretty fair shape. I feel that I can thank God that we are in as good shape as we are.

With all my love,

Affectionately,

Dad

COPY

April 9, 1932.

Elmer W. Johnson Papers
Seneca Library

Mr. Philip B. Johnson,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Philip:

I have been intending for sometime to write you in the hope that I might provoke a reply. You have no idea how your granny and I love to hear from our grandchildren, and how very, very welcome your letters are. I have been derelict this session. It was my intention to write you at stated intervals more or less gossipy letters, but I have been so tremendously engaged, I have had to forego the pleasure of writing as I desired. I am trying now to take this Saturday morning, but I have a day full of appointments, which may make it necessary for me, in the midst of it, to postpone the conclusion until tomorrow. There hasn't been a Sunday since I have been here this session, but what I have been disgustingly unjust to Miss Connor. Each week regularly we spend several hours of the Sabbath trying to catch up with things that have fallen behind during the week. It seems strange this should be so in a public office, but some of us are so constituted that we feel we ought to do our work here just as conscientiously as we would do it in private employment. We have two kinds of Senators, one sort do very detailed work, no matter

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at what cost in time and effort, while another will do no work at all. The latter class have a much better time than the former, but I doubt if they have the same personal inner satisfaction. We have men in the Senate like Borah and our southern brethren, who will come upon the floor, when the spirit moves them, and make a speech, and then do not again attend until they expect to make another speech. They will not attend committee meetings nor attempt the detail which is part of the daily drudgery here. As you know, I am chairman of the commerce committee. We have an immense amount of work that is not at all spectacular, and of which you read little; yet, it is all more or less important to individuals or governmental activities, and I feel of course the obligation to do the job as best it can be done. Yesterday from ten o'clock until five I was engaged in a hearing over a shipping bill, which is of transcendent importance to every shipping line in the country, and only less important to shippers themselves. The commerce committee room was crowded, all day, and I took the testimony, as chairman of a subcommittee of five, of twenty odd witnesses. A week ago, the same thing was done in regard to the Wagner Unemployment Bill. I presume nothing concerning these hearings practically gets into the press, but the matters were of manifest import.

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You know the real work of the congress is done in committees. My committee, that of commerce, consists of twenty-one members. We have an average attendance of fifteen. We go through all the bills that are referred to the committee. The title of the committee will indicate to you what these bills are. When we have hearings, I sit like a judge of a court in charge of them, the members of the committee like a jury, only we all ask questions. The hearings are very carefully reported, and then printed for the use of not only the committee, but both Houses of Congress. I am telling you all of this so that you may understand something of the work here, and why it is only the individual conscientious enough to do his work, who is kept very busy. Of course, I am interested in a variety of subjects, in some, much more than commerce. I try to take part in those matters that thus interest me. I am ranking member of the Foreign Relations Committee, and I try to be an intimate part of anything of an international character which arises before that committee.

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Saturday afternoon.

I rambled on in the preceding three pages, and then my appointments began, and I had to cease until now another opportunity, late in the afternoon, presents itself for me to talk to you again. There is nothing very interesting in what I have said, but I wanted to give you, if I could, some idea of our routine. We hold, as you know, our daily sessions, of which you read in the papers. These begin at twelve o'clock, and run for some hours, sometime extending far into the night. The sessions, of course, are continuous, and because of this fact, we maintain our restaurants, where during the proceedings, as we can, we go to our luncheon, and sometimes to our dinner.

If you have been in a mob of frightened youngsters, you may have some conception of the situation here today. The members of Congress, no less than those in charge of the Administration, are hysterical. The hard times, and the strange depression which none can adequately explain, have made nearly all officials groggy, and they mill around like a stampeded flock of sheep, all bah-ing at the top of their lungs, going in no particular direction, and not having the slightest idea what to do. Very few people in Washington have kept their heads on their shoulders, and their feet on the ground. In addition to these, the President and those about him have one thought dominating all others, and that is the election this year; and only in less degree

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the Democrats in Congress are similarly obsessed. The two groups therefore shadow-box and spar for position, all the while indulging in the most hypocritical pretense to our people. Those who, like myself, have grown old and experienced, and perhaps useless because of it, are few in number, and utterly without power or direction to the stam-peded animals. We can only hope and pray to maintain our equilibrium.

I wish you were here to help me plant some flowers in the very little space that we have as a yard adjoining our house. Joe has planted a ring of pansies, and he and I have got a lot of seeds that we hope to experiment with. The gardener whom we hired has been scraping about in the yard, and will set out some little beds of box hedge to replace the parts destroyed during the winter. The difficulty with setting out these little shrubs is that the dogs imagine they are stuck in the ground for their benefit solely, and so, with meticulous care they identify the particular shrubs so that each will know what the other claims, and will make his claim in regular canine fashion. This is not conducive to good health or rapid growth of what we plant.

Granny has been in pretty good shape up to the last few days, when she apparently contracted another series of the horrible headaches that have caused me so much uneasiness and have been so uncomfortable for her. I am hoping that a

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day or two may see her thoroughly recovered from these.

The man who gave us our cat, Jimmy Montague, in 1918, recently called on us, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw her again. She is really getting old now, and it is becoming apparent in her looks. I still think she is the most beautiful cat I ever saw, and she takes pretty good care of herself. Tubby gives her a wide berth, while the other two dogs, keeping separate from Tubby, of course are on good terms with her. Tubby is the same restless, active, singular little dog that you and Dad and Hiram so detested. He is the "fightingest purp" I ever saw. He has to be rescued at intervals from some stray dog who wanders by our house merely on a voyage of discovery. His last adventure I think I described to you, with a neighboring Chow. After his lively assault upon the Chow, he walked upon three legs for some days, but apparently is all right again.

Granny joins me in love to Dad and Hiram and Miss Schow, and lots to yourself.

Affectionately,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIR

WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. MCNARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
GERALD P. NYE, N. DAK.
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MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

Sunday, April 10, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California

My dear Boys:

Two days of dreary rain spoiled what we thought was the beginning of a beautiful spring. We imagined early in March that spring had commenced. A blizzard made us begin all over again. A few days ago we welcomed spring anew, and were perfectly certain that now really it had come, and then the rain began, and we have had two dreary, filthy days that are likely to blight all the little buds that were just coming into being to welcome us.

The great agencies of the national government are in the throes of an economic dance. There is neither rhyme nor rhythm to what is being done, but the pretense is made to the dear people that governmental expenses will be "cut to the bone" and this phrase, "cut to the bone" has become as popular and is used as often as "bled white" formerly was. The foxy boys of the Republican Party, and the cunning little "me too's" of the Democratic Party are for the moment

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playing the Alphonse and Gaston act on governmental economy, from which each side hopes to emerge with some petty political advantage. I have written you before that those in office here are hysterical. They have grown worse with the passing of the days, and the very few intervals of sanity they have, are devoted to a nasty, contemptible cunning now. The whole situation makes me sick, but you might just as well try to stem the enthusiasm of a football game by saying it is all damned nonsense, as to attempt to turn men's minds here now into sane activity. Economy is the watchword, and the crookedest of the stupidest can yell it more vociferously than any others.

Mother has not been feeling quite so good the last week. She hasnot been ill enough to be confined home, but she has been quite miserable. I have been hoping with the advent of good weather, she will be herself again, but the good weather gave us simply a ~~wink~~, and then disappeared.

I have been watching the local press as best I could to see what was in the offing politically. The Hearst papers, of course, are all Garner, and one gets pretty weary of the same speech expressed in the same way each day. Bill Jordan is about as resourceful in

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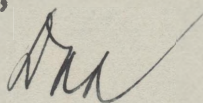
his mental gymnastics as a chained galley slave in his movements. I have gathered from the press that the primary contest was between Roosevelt on the one hand, and Garner on the other, and that Garner has really a chance of success in California. The Democratic registration in the state is very significant thing, I think, and it gives to the Democratic candidate, if the Democratic chances are not deliberately thrown away, a possibility in California in November. The senatorial fight looks like a set-up for the incumbent. He slobbered over me so much after he got over his sickness, because of the few little kindnesses I had done him during the time he was laid up, that he embarrassed me beyond measure. Not only did he in all sorts of ways express himself, but he sent his son down to see me, and for the first time, I talked to that big lobster. The fact is, Shortridge has become senile, literally so, I mean, and I rather think he has become even more fitted to be a representative of the great Republican Party. I am damned if I can get interested in parties, and I have no doubt that this militates very greatly against a certain kind of prominence here. When our statesmen talk gravely about party government, I know full well they are simply miserable liars, and party in reality has nothing whatever to do with it; and I know equally well that both parties are owned by exactly the same individuals. I can't bring myself therefore to

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arise and gravely talk about the Republican Party, and what its glorious purposes are. I presume like all of us, who become bum actors at times, I could act the part, if I drove myself to it, but I have not any inclination to do that.

My love to all, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,



HIRAM W. JOHNSON, CALIF., CHAIR

WESLEY L. JONES, WASH.
CHARLES L. MCNARY, OREG.
PORTER H. DALE, VT.
GERALD P. HYE, N. DAK.
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ROBERT J. BULKLEY, OHIO
JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, N. C.
MARCUS A. COOLIDGE, MASS.

M. A. CONNOR, CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

Sunday, April 17, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California

My dear Boys:

The political event of the past week has been the attack made by Smith upon Roosevelt. Of course, the Hoover people and the standpat Republican papers play it up and praise Smith to the skies, while denouncing Roosevelt. The Democratic press, most of which is internationalist, are only a little behind the Republican press in expressions of admiration for Smith's forthrightness, fearlessness, and statesmanship. There is no doubt at all that Smith's attitude toward Roosevelt has, in a degree, weakened Roosevelt in popular estimation, and has enhanced the hopes and increased the chances of Hoover. The statement was the veriest bunk. Postponement of foreign debts for twenty years, and then permitting a portion to be credited upon them of goods purchased from us by our debtors means cancellation, and only that. Our exports to our debtors in the bad years would be sufficient if continued for the next twenty years to wipe out the debts altogether without payment of a penny. Smith simply took the scheme of J.P. Morgan and Company, and knowing that the metropolitan press

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was with him, gave it out as his own. It would be humorous, if it weren't taken so seriously, to listen to Smith calling anybody a demagogue, but when he gave his reason that Roosevelt said relief had commenced at the top and that the little fellow at the bottom had been forgotten in our relief measures, his very statement of demagogery, if there were anything like democracy left to us should cause him to be hooted off the stage. Every newspaper, however, that I have read, accepts seriously the charge of Smith that somebody else is a demagogue, and all these newspapers play this up as an awful thing. If we had any sense of humor left we would all laugh at it. At any rate, the Democratic Party is justifying Grant's characterization of it, and while I do not yet think it possible for the Democratic Party to elect Hoover, still I must concede the magnificent efforts it is making in that direction. I think the candidate will be elected, not because of the Democratic Party, but in spite of it; and the people who are abusing Roosevelt, and the reasons for which he is being abused, are beginning to make me feel very, very kindly towards him.

Sometime ago Hoover conceived the brilliant scheme of segregating the sheep from the goats upon the stock market, and because he was told that Raskob, Barney Baruch, and some other prominent Democrats had been short selling on the market, he undertook an investigation of it by the banking

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and currency committee of the Senate of short selling. Shortly thereafter he received some other advices that there were other people not so lightly regarded by him ~~who~~ were among the short sellers, and he began to back up. The investigation has lagged, although certain people upon the committee have insisted it should go ahead in one fashion or another. The committee was given fifty thousand dollars by the senate, employed half a dozen experts, and at least one attorney, and began with a two day examination recently of Whitney, the president of the Stock Exchange. Just before this examination, and when it looked as if the whole investigation had blown up and never would be proceeded with, George Barr Baker, a literary Hoover political tout, telegraphed Senator Walcott, who is the rubber stamp man from Connecticut in the Senate for Hoover, a week ago Saturday was to be the blackest day in the financial history of the United States, that the stage was set for a short selling raid, which would spell untold disaster, and generally sounded an alarm that frightened Walcott, who is none too strong-minded nor strong-hearted, almost to death. He showed the wire a week ago Friday to various members of the banking and currency committee, who immediately gathered in executive session in the smoke room adjoining the senate chamber; and in order to smash the great

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conspiracy and prevent the awful catastrophe gave out the story of the impending danger, and announced on Monday last Mr. Whitney's testimony would be taken on short selling. Apparently, the whole thing was sheer bunk. Whitney suavely for two days put it all over the committee and its representatives, although, those who know Whitney, tell me that he is anything but an able man. So the investigation lagged during the rest of the week but will be resumed with the calling of a number of other short sellers tomorrow. Walcott and the administration people want to let go of the thing now, but a few men on the committee won't stand for it, and so they have given the administration people the head for a beginning, and if within a brief period the administration develops nothing, then the investigation will be taken away from them, and probably old Untermeyer will be hired, and the committee will go on a rampage in relation to all of the events of October 1929 and the months following. They have been fooling around with this investigation now for more than two months, and some of the press boys have been contrasting what has been done, with all of their money and their help, and what was done without either money or assistants in our investigation into foreign loans.

I have taken occasion lately twice to call the attention of our people to the fact that the taxes against which they are protesting so bitterly have in a measure been made necessary

5.

by the moratoriun they so enthusiastically endorsed the beginning of this year, and the moratorium which, unquestionably, will be put over on them in the middle of this year. Practically one-half of the deficit required to be made up in taxation could have been made up if we had insisted upon European countries paying us what they owed us, and that they could have paid, and would have paid what they owed us is practically conceded now. The defense of the moratorium that we saved Germany in order to save ourselves is the most ridiculous dribble, for France, England, Belgium and Italy were much more intimately concerned, and what we did was to forgive them for a time their debts to us in order that they should for a like time forgive the raprations due to them from Germany. France forgave only one-half, as you'll remember, and it is perfectly silly to insist that Germany would have been ruined if this thing had not been done, that Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy would also have been ruined, and then to believe that the four last named countries would have sat still and permitted their ruin. However, this was just another instance of the international bankers having their way and collecting all of the \$250,000,000.00 we forgave the various nations in short term credits of theirs. I want to keep hammering home to the American taxpayer just what has been done to him. Every time you hear a man growling about the taxes now about to be imposed

6.

by the new tax bill, just tell him the reason a large amount of it is required. From the hundreds and hundreds of telegrams I receive, everybody who is affected by the new tax bill is protesting against it. In fact, the protests are so universal, each kind of business demanding that it be eliminated, that there will be little attention paid probably to ^{any} of them.

Our spring holds off. We think each day it is going to be here, and then either the thermometer falls, or it rains. Notwithstanding this, during the past week we put out a lot of little flowers, and a couple more evergreen trees in our small yard, and I am going to watch and see the little things that Joe has put out for me come up - marigold, zinnias, nasturtiums, sweet peas, some tulips, and what promises to be a real bed of violets. Mother seems in pretty good shape the last couple of days, although complaining a great deal and being more or less miserable.

With my love to all, in which Mother joins,

Affectionately,

Dad

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

Sunday, April 24, 1932.

Mr. Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
Major Archibald M. Johnson,
Attorneys at law,
Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Boys:

We're rushed with such rapidity from one thing of fair importance to another, forgetting in today's efforts, yesterday's strife, that events which seemed of importance soon fade from our memories., I presume this is no different from ordinary life, and that every individual has to deal with different incidents and events, and in the struggle of the present forgets, at least partially, the victories or defeats of the past. We're mussing along this year in worse shape than I have ever observed in the fifteen years I have been here, with less real knowledge of the direction in which we are going, or the destination we seek. The yowl is for economy, but we have yowled so much for it that actually we have grown intoxicated with our repeated and continuous whining. Some of what we are doing is the merest sham, a part of it is wholly illogical, and a part of incalculable harm to the public service. When I found recently, I could not stem the tide in the senate in certain directions, I thought I would demonstrate how hollow economy was to a large part of our body. Quietly, one day in the early part of the week, therefore, I moved to cut the appropriation

for prohibition enforcement in half, asserting we could get just as good enforcement and in exactly the same quantity for five million dollars as we were getting for ten million. There was a great scurrying then of the economic yellers to vote for the larger amount. I wanted to make the record upon these gentlemen, and I did it. I have tried both on the floor and off to save some of the scientific departments, where, after years of hard work, most excellent organizations have been built up, but you might just as well try to stop a mob by shying a single brick. We're going to end probably by cutting everybody's salary, which may be a good thing, but which, so far as it relates to those who have very small salaries, I think is a mighty small thing.

The investigation of the banking committee has degenerated into a jockeying for position by old line Republicans and the regular Democrats. There are a few men on the committee, who, without fear or favor, will endeavor to go forward with their investigation into Wall Street. They may succeed because of the quarrel between the other ~~two~~ factions of the committee, in having their way. There was great glee among the Republicans when they got Raskob's name into the short sellers. The Republicans sought to get Raskob, Baruch and Al Smith. The Democrats, on the other hand, think that many men very close to Hoover were also in the market, and

the contest now is one wherein each side is trying to smear the other.

The Democrats are watching with great interest the primaries Tuesday in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. The Roosevelt men do not conceal the importance of these two primaries to their candidate. They hope to make some showing in Massachusetts, although admittedly the great number of the delegates there will be won by Smith. Massachusetts has become, as you probably know, a Catholic State, and there Smith has his greatest strength. In Pennsylvania, the Roosevelt people hope to get fifty to sixty delegates for their candidate. If they can get any such number in Pennsylvania, it will offset their loss in Massachusetts, and then both sides will look to California primary as of the greatest consequence. If Roosevelt gets say sixty delegates in Pennsylvania, six or eight or ten in Massachusetts, and carries California, the fight is over, and Roosevelt probably will be nominated.

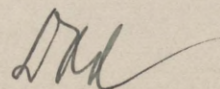
It is remarkable how both the Democratic press ^{that} responds to the international bankers and the interests, and the Republican press of like proclivities unite in denunciation of Roosevelt. It makes some of the rest of us feel very kindly toward him. The situation, however, has redounded to Hoover's benefit. I don't think justly this can be denied by anybody. I still believe, however, that the Democratic candidate, if Roosevelt, can defeat him at the polls, not because he is a Democrat, but in spite of the Democratic Party.

I received yesterday from McCurry three photographs that Father had left with him a long time ago, one of them is of me at sixteen, another at eighteen, and another at twenty-one. Two of these were published in the BEE recently and doubtless you saw them. Mother and I enjoyed them, of course, and then in addition, Father's spencerian writing is on the back of each, simply stating that the photographs belonged to him and were of me of the ages indicated. I am going to send them out finally to the grand children for preservation by them.

Our summer is approaching. Last evening, for the first time, we ate dinner outside on our little pergola. The trees are beginning to leaf out, and the flowers to bloom. Each year, with greater interest I observe nature's wonders. Each day now, I walk very solemnly about our little garden, ~~it~~ it is a very tiny place, and Joe comes with me, and we examine the ground, to see if anything we put in it is coming up. Suddenly yesterday some of the lilacs burst forth in the yard, and half a dozen crimson Azalea bushes that we put out blushed redly in the sunlight. The new little boxwood hedge takes on a deeper green, and the little dogs imagine this hedge is theirs particularly, and I fear the ultimate results.

Mother joins in love to all.

Affectionately,



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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE

April 29, 1932.

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

My dear Arch:

I received Monday your letter, and last evening received your latest of April 25 relating to Tubbs. I am writing you now hastily in response to your inquiry in relation to the Tubbs' campaign. You are over forty years old, and it would be a perfectly ridiculous thing if you could not take such political course in regard to any individual as you deemed appropriate. It is good of you to put the query to me, but wholly unnecessary.

What do you hear about the political situation, anyway? The idea is prevalent here that Hoover has been immensely strengthened of late, and I have looked upon the senatorial fight merely as a set-up for Shortridge. Write me when you can, please.

I am enclosing you a letter from Ambassador Mellon concerning Miss Isobel McCreery. I don't know whether or not you are expected to get in touch with her. I assume the Embassy in London will advise her at her London address, but I wanted you to be kept advised of what was being done.

Hastily and with love,

Dad