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KODAK Gray Scale



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Miami, Jan'y. 19, 1943.

My dear son:

The news of the past week with us
is your promotion. It's a great and glorious
achievement, and it must be a great satisfaction to
you, to know it came the hard way and by your
own efforts alone. I rejoice in it with you and
feel very proud of you. I haven't the slightest
idea what a Lt. does for you - it's enough
I know you deserved it and won it by your
efforts. I salute the first Col. we ever
had in our family and will be inclined to
take my hat off when I see you.

Late war I am inclined to think of
the consequences of the promotion and I see
you in imagination ordered to the South Seas where
you must whip the Japs. Well, the war is
almost over now and perhaps we'll have a
respite.

Here there are hundreds of boys preparing and the

and everything points to at least a sharp
and bloody campaign. However, lets hope
it doesn't come.

I wanted to add my words to your
personal triumph. Mother has long since
written her; and to let you know that the
old man rejoiced and was as proud as she was.
Mother wrote a congratulatory telegram for
both of us, and spent a day carting it around
to the W.U. telegraph office, only to be told most
bluntly that they were ~~not~~ not to carry telegrams
of congratulations or any like them, and didn't
she realize this was war. Of course we took
it out in cursing all telegraph companies and
the makers of such a rule, but strange to say
our better admiration has no effect. We
got through soon from Connor finally or at
least I think we did.

I can't tell you any news. The condition of
both of us is unfit to put on paper. We
have had since our arrival here just one
decent day. Perhaps there will be others

With unbounded joy I saw the
the promotion mentioned in the Examiner
of Los Angeles and San Francisco, and my heart
went out to you. Love dear boy.

Affectionately, in much more

your,

Your old dad.

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

ROLAND YOUNG, CLERK

February 23, 1943.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.
973 Green Street,
San Francisco.

My dear Jack:

We received yours this morning of February 21. Yesterday was the first time your Mother and I have been out since our return a week ago last Monday. We have had three or four days here of decent weather. We have not had more than this, and the weather in this city, as well as in the cities of southern Florida has been exceedingly cold.

It is the devil's own task to have any necessary repairs made to the house, and here you have to go through a number of requirements, and at the end you probably get some of them, and some of them are denied you. The situation here is muddled, outrageous and shameful, and a disgrace to ordinary citizens.

I notice you speak of a 'phone call of a certain Captain. I don't know him but will try to find out something about him. The only thing I do know is that no one is bothering with your affairs and present assignment; and, so far as I am concerned, you may take this both past and present.

It would be horrible to have Hiram get a call to the desert.

I won't write you at length concerning our visit at Miami. Suffice it to say there are no decent hotels there at present. All of them have been commandeered by the military and the streets, at all hours of the day and night are filled with soldiers. I tried to ascertain how many there were there, and the number runs from 85,000 to 100,000.

I am glad you are happy in your present assignment and I trust you will be permitted to remain there, and I can assure you that, so far as I am concerned, you will be.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

dad

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

March 15, 1943.

ROLAND YOUNG, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I feel that we can now begin again writing letters, but there are so many things transpiring here that I will be more or less distracted for a time. I will try to write you each Sunday or Monday, and you must forgive me if my letters do not come regularly.

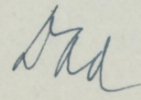
You have doubtless seen in the newspapers the elegant scheme brought to us from London by the beauteous one, Eden. They have a beautiful plan here of utilizing our police force or forces preparing to keep in order every country on earth. I don't know whether this is the product of the fertile brain of Mr. Churchill or of the handsome Mr. Eden, but suddenly there was great activity here, and committees were appointed by the Senate, by the Vice-President, and by others for controlling everywhere in the purlieus of Singapore and in the dark caverns of Shantung.

What the devil the whole thing is I don't know, and neither does anybody else in the Senate. It is one of Roosevelt's brain children, and he expects to rule the world thereby. It may be the forerunner of peace. No one can prognosticate correctly. Well, we shall see what we shall see, but as far as policing the world I want none of it.

I can't write you any more because of interruptions.

With the love of your Mother and myself,
I am

Affectionately your Father,



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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

March 27, 1943.

ROLAND YOUNG, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I have been watching the antics of a few members of the Congress in relation to their performance of their duties and the various things which are alleged against them. There are certain crackpots who would seek to play the devil with their fellows and to hold them up to public ridicule and scorn. This session is no different from others only we seem to have a greater number of searchers after evidence, who will twist the facts to suit themselves. I presume you have come in contact with some of these people, but if you have not, I was going to give you a warning sign. They are the damnest lot of snoopers we have, and they seem to stop at nothing.

We are without a car, or the use of one, as you probably know, and can get no chauffeur, although your Mother has tried very diligently. The only people we can get are a sort of colored people, for whom you and I would not care a rap ordinarily, but these fellows are such a poor lot that I presume they have been rejected for troops and turn to this as a good means of livelihood. It makes it very difficult now for both of us to be without a chauffeur. While I am not saying anything about it but accepting it as one of the concomitants of old age, my legs refuse to serve me for any period such as 50 or 100 yards. I go about the Capitol with my head in the air and my old stick that you gave me when we were in Europe together, and pretend that I am just as good as I ever was. Please don't tell anybody about it.

Mother is getting old as you must realize, and yet she insists on going at the same rate of speed and just as far as in the days when she was younger. It keeps me frightened for fear something may happen to her. You can't say anything about it because she gets very indignant at you, but Nature has taken her toll of both of us.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C. - 2

The weather here has been hell, except one or two days which are springlike in character. We have had a frightful winter, but we are all pepping ourselves up with the idea that it will be over in a few days, and then we'll have glorious weather. The few days we have harped on for two months now, and the people here are all alike, they praise the climate in unstinted terms and make you believe that they really think it is a glorious place to live.

With my love in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

April 15, 1943.

ROLAND YOUNG, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

It was sheer neglect that I did not send you a letter in the preceding days of this week. I have taken on several things of late and they may account for my forgetfulness. But I am offering nothing as a valid excuse for my dereliction.

I have undertaken a regular course of treatment at the Naval Hospital, and began it last Saturday. Every succeeding day I have to report there, and this is no small task. In roundabout numbers the Hospital is situated about twenty miles from the City now at a little town called Bethesda, and every other morning I report for treatment. I will say to you, confidentially, that I have no confidence in the ultimate result, but the doctors at the Hospital are a lot of splendid optimists, and will keep me going for a considerable period yet, I think. If, by a miracle, they are able to do something I would feel very grateful indeed, and I am very grateful to them for even trying.

I wrote Philip the other day that recently when we were riding we found a house, quite a fair dwelling, that had attached to it a sign, that this was the house where Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln had stopped for cartridges and to have his leg set. Your Mother and I became very much interested in the subject then, and skimmed over several of the large volumes in the Library concerning Wilkes Booth and that terrible event. To me the wonder was that a bit of stray carpet on the stage that night caused Booth to break his leg, for I really believe he would have escaped entirely whole. We are inclined to judge events of those days by today, forgetful that the population here was half treasonable, and sympathetic with Booth's horrible deed. When we think that he was at large for a week practically before his hiding place was found, we can very readily imagine he might have escaped had he not broken his leg. So today I went up in

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.-2

the rotunda of the Capitol with your Mother to look at a beautifully molded head of Lincoln that was given by Eugene Meyer to the Capitol. This was a sort of the anniversary of the death of Lincoln.

I don't want to pry into your affairs at all, but I would like to know, if you feel like saying so, how you are getting on. You are ever uppermost in my mind, and I know you are in Mother's.

With my affection, in which Mother joins, I am

Your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

April 27, 1943.

ROLAND YOUNG, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

We have had three fine days, but the indications are for today that we'll have half a day decent day.

I have been laid up again and I don't like it, and if I get laid up today at the baseball game I am afraid those days will be over for me. They are not worth a rap anyway, but they serve to pass the time, and particularly on good days.

I studied very carefully the bridge that you made and I think I comprehend, of course, its import. I can't quite see the necessity for it but I presume it has some intimate connection with the work you are doing.

The other day "Happy" Chandler let off a big blast on the lack of care in the south Pacific. He did it pretty well, although he does not possess any gift of expression. If it will rouse the people in the Pacific he will have accomplished a big thing. I went over and sat next to him during the time that he was making the speech, and he was very grateful to me. He is one of the fellows who will charge anything, but probably get nowhere. I was very glad to hear his speech. It was timely, but for the fact that he thought whenever he mentioned the high command or the administration it was his duty to soft-pedal them.

We are all awaiting the driving of Rommel into the sea, which has been threatened daily here. I wonder if this man will have recourse to something else and will continue his fight. I can't see any use in it, but I have never seen any use in the desert warfare anyway.

2.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

In my opinion, it was a particularly ridiculous place for us to go, and if there will be any disaster concerning it, we certainly would hear, in no uncertain tones, of it.

Both Mother and I send you our love.

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL
NATIONAL NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER
BETHESDA. MARYLAND

June 15, 1943

My dear Jack:

It's with a contrition that it galls me to admit that I say to you I have no recollection of your ever being here, and although I am told that I met you and shook hands with you, the whole thing is beyond me. It is as if a great big broom swept clear my memory and left me with nothing in return. It's with sorrow that I admit this, and a sorrow that hurts terribly, when I think how you came here and remained with me as long as you could. I know you will forgive me, but I have thought the truth was the only thing to say, and truthfully I can say that I never knew you were here and I haven't the slightest recollection of any events of your trip.

I am gradually coming out of the haze and confusion of those days, and I will find occasion to make good when I recover.

I know you will rejoice in our little advances. What a strange thing it is, that first babies are taught to walk, and then as old men, comes a time when we must be taught again, and I am going through the second process. I have with me, Ward Sutfin, a great big husky, who has been very kind to me and whose help I appreciate immensely. I do not take many adventurous steps now without he has hold of me, but I recognize a continuous improvement, and expect within a very short time that I will be able to move about in ordinary fashion.

I want this word of explanation to go to you and to go to you from me. I am ashamed of it and it hurts me immeasurably, but I am sure you will understand.

Substantially, this is the first letter I have written, save a line of my first successful adventure in walking, when I negotiated three steps with the aid of Ward.

So, forgive me, dear lad. I appreciate beyond words your coming here, and I want you to know it. I am sort of a wonder at the Medical Center here because nobody expected me to recover, and although I am in a fair way of recovery now, they are all amazed at results, and when I think of the immense detail that was taken, from an oxygen tent to feeding me through a mask and every other possible contraption, I feel more than grateful at the result thus far attained.

With all my love, which Mother joins, I am

Your father



NATIONAL NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER
BETHESDA, MARYLAND

[1943]

June 30, Wednesday.

My dear Jack.

Received your very welcome letter today. Wish future ones to the hospital here. Some enterprising (?) reporter sent to California word I was discharged and again at large.

You know how mendacious he was when I tell you I have not yet been off the 10th floor. Went to go up twice to the 17th where there is a breakfast lounge. The story was made of whole cloth but I don't know how to meet it.

I was very much interested in the sending of you to Los Angeles. I think it a mighty good thing, and I hope you'll enjoy it. Good luck to you.

It's next to impossible for me to work. The press has a way of slipping into early-morning and the afternoon. We're having a major explosion here - two cherished members of the cabinet calling each other names.

Last night our heat went after many days broke and it's cool today with very slight

getting hot again. This has been a most trying
climate I've ever had the good or bad fortune
to encounter. Perhaps I needed it.

I'm slowly convalescing. Dr. Duncan and the others
who have been so kind and attentive to me warn
me of striving to force a recovery, and I'll
be here some days yet. Will at once notify you
of any change.

Good luck to you! I think you can make a hit
in Los Angeles unless you run into some small
fry there who stout.

Love to all from Mother and myself.

Affectionately Dad.

Pardon this scrawl.

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 11, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Jack:

We received your letter the other day. Mother grew nervous and wired you. I hope her telegram caused you no worry.

I read with the utmost interest what little you wrote of your trip south, and I thought you did not write more because of the censor, and the burning desire of some clerk in that department to read a letter from you to me, and to torture it into something that it did not say or mean.

I presume after this war is over you will be able to tell me many things, some of which I have not the slightest conception, or even dreamed of. I imagine that it might be a good thing to be selected to review the work of Los Angeles, and to instruct them where they had gone amiss. The only thing I was doubtful about was the sensitiveness of mediocrity and the anxiety of those who knew little of the subject to destroy one who ought to know all about it. However, I judge from your letter that the trip was well worth while, if for no other reason than to bring you in contact with men engaged in a similar line of work.

I am progressing slowly but steadily I think, getting better and stronger until during this week a horrid sore throat plagued me. I am over that now, I think, and can go forward again. The opinion here is universal with those familiar with my illness, that I ought not to attempt to hurry convalescence, and should be content with slow improvement. I imagine that every one of the doctors has warned me in this regard, and while, at times, I feel as if I ought to be out and doing my duty, I am inclined to bow to their superior intelligence and knowledge. They are all very kind to me. I think seldom has a man been more fortunate than I was in a serious sickness. The interest of the doctors has not abated a bit with my recovery. They watch over me with a degree of care and kindness that I never can repay. I walk a little each day but I have not wholly recovered my equilibrium. This will all come back, I presume. At any rate, I am very thankful to be here at all.

2.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am
Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

July 26, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I am writing this on Sunday at the Hospital, where Miss Connor has come, in order that you may hear something from me.

Last Monday I went through the ordeal of having what teeth I possessed in my lower jaw yanked out here. It has been a hell of a week therefore, but the worst is yet to come, because they don't make bridges here, and I have got to select some local dentist to do that job. However, except for the inconvenience, and the necessity for eating soft foods, I think I can bear with philosophy and equanimity the future. The whole damn trouble is age, but sometimes I think that a man who has lived as long as I have ought to be willing to forget this.

How are you getting on? Occasionally I hear indirectly of you, and always in pleasant terms. I hope you are happy. Perhaps all that matters in this world is health, and if one has that, he can meet all his other difficulties very well. I am told that your health is fine, and that you are happy in your present position. They are fiddling around here, I observe by the press, now, with various plans concerning manpower that I don't understand. I hope none of them will touch you if you are in the mood I indicate.

I do not expect the war to last a very great time now. Suddenly something will occur which will terminate it. The only people who don't believe this, apparently, are the military. However, I have been so long out of the world, a large portion of the time incapable of understanding situation, that I write with becoming modesty any views I may have.

With my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Han

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

August 1, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

Another week has passed by, and not a particularly pleasant one, so far as I am concerned. A week ago last Monday, as I wrote you, I had five teeth of my lower jaw extracted. I had a hunch when they were extracted that it was simply the beginning, and the hunch was absolutely accurate. Recently, all here have been clamoring for me to have four more taken out, and tomorrow I probably will do so. The four are very different from the five original ones, and they leave me practically nothing in my mouth so a plate can be attached. I presume there is nothing to do but go through with it, but I don't conceal from you that I dread it.

We've had the President's "very important" address made to the Nation and the world since last I wrote you. I wonder how his mind works when he talks to our people. It seems to me it requires no ability to read between the lines of the speech, which, after all, was a very ordinary one, and see behind it politics and the election for a fourth term. It is strange that he under-estimates the intelligence of the people so thoroughly, but I presume he thinks he is fortified so strongly by the A.F. of L., the CIO, and the Radicals and Communists, that he need not take into consideration anybody else. Perhaps he is right in this. At any rate, I look to see him triumphantly elected next year and enter upon a fourth term, and I very firmly believe this will be the end of democratic America. Without knowing about the situation I indulged in a foolish prophecy with you in a late letter in which I said I expected something to occur that would bring the war to a close. I am confirmed in that hunch, and I believe we'll see the end of it this year, except for the possibility of Japan endeavoring to continue. However, I must not indulge in prognostications because they are based upon nothing tangible nor definite.

This is a skimpy letter but I dare not let my imagination carry me into the unknown with nothing firmly to rest upon than a hunch. In one of the clippings Miss Connor sent me I find that Roger Hapham is going to be a candidate for Mayor against Rossi. I have only the barest acquaintance with him, and I have no means of forming an estimate of his character. If you feel like it, and you know anything about him, write me the kind of man he is. I find among my clippings also that Theodore

-2-

apparently had written some new law about the Defense Council of San Francisco, to which the Chronicle objected rather fiercely. I am so far behind that I am unable to size up the situation. Does this touch you? I can't imagine it does because you are in the Army. This inquiry, however, you need not consider if it is not worth writing about.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father.

Hiram W. Johnson

P:S: Miss Connor will sign the above dictated letter for me so as not to delay its transmission to you.

TOM CONNALLY, TEX., CHAIRMAN
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

August 15, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I have just finished dictating a letter to Philip. We had a clever note from him today, in which he told of the antics of his little ugly duckling. He also wrote us that he was swimming now and enjoying it very much. I was a little fearful of this because there would be no help near him in case of any accident, and I wrote him a little of my experiences here in order to warn him. I wrote him also that I wanted nothing said to your Mother about them because while they were of no consequence she would worry greatly over them.

It looks to me as if we were getting to the conclusion of this war. I do not think the Japs can carry it on alone. Unless some event, of which we know nothing, at present is in the offing, we ought to be able, within a reasonable time now to see the end. I do hope this is so. There are over a thousand people in this institution now, and gradually a number is seeping in here from the scene of hostilities in the South Pacific. I have talked to some of them, and I think that we probably know little of what is occurring. I do not mind that we are lied to about the victories we have won because the boys have fought magnificently, and in every instance, apparently, have shown themselves the masters of the Japanese, but they all, with unanimity, tell of the hardships under which they had to fight, now they had to trudge through mud and water, with all sorts of insects giving them the utmost discomfort, and generally they had to do more than a soldier's usual work in their accomplishments. As I note the lads that are being sent out now - many of them clear from here - they are mere boys, young boys, sent against a relentless foe to fight, with little or no understanding of what is in front of them. However, their deeds of valor will redound to the credit, and the honor, and the fame of Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt, resulting in one of them continuing as Prime Minister, and the other as a modern Caesar of America (for I believe firmly he will be re-elected for a fourth term) and perhaps all will be well.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C. - 2

We have had horrible weather here lately, the sweaty, dragging weather of the east. How I long for San Francisco, but it seems impossible to get out there at all in the near future because of my dental experiences among other reasons. It will be four weeks tomorrow since I had my first instalment of teeth taken out. Now all have been extracted from the lower jaw, and I can't go to work on a plate until my jaw has entirely healed. I can eat only soft food, but I try to console myself with thinking how little in comparison have I suffered with the lads, looking forward with hope to a normal life, who are in the battles of the South Seas, and who I believe have fought and won, thus far, solely because of their dogged courage. I presume some day the history of this war will be written, but I don't like to think of it.

With all my love, in which your Mother joins,
I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

P:S: This letter is dictated from the hospital but Miss Connor signed it for me so as not to delay its transmission to you.

TOM CONNALLY, TEX., CHAIRMAN
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

August 22, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

Another week has gone by, and I am contemplating tomorrow beginning the impressions for a new kitchen and new choppers. It will be five weeks that have elapsed since the first extractions were made. I think I expressed to you my doubts as to the wisdom of those extractions, and with the subsequent ones that were made, which were difficult, and infinitely more painful, my doubts have been measureably justified. The only thing I can do is to go through with the matter now, and this I will endeavor to do.

I have been reading of the rulings of McNutt and Hershey, which I know of course, don't affect you. They seem confused and I really don't believe they have any definite plans, although they all talk of drafting the married men. I confess I lost so much time, and have been so far away from the "madding" world for so long, and have seen so few who know anything about the matter, that I doubt very much my ability to arrive at a fair conclusion in regard to any of it.

By the time this letter reaches you the Quebec conference will probably be at an end, and then we'll have some sort of half true statement as to what course will be pursued.

I had a very interesting letter from Philip the other day. Tell me how Hiram is. I received one letter from him, and immediately answered it here, but have heard nothing from him since. Just what is his position in the Navy? Is he likely to be ordered out?

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

P.S: I have just dictated this from the Hospital, and Miss Connor will sign it for me.

TOM CONNALLY, TEX., CHAIRMAN
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Saturday, August 28, 1943.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

Another week has rolled around and I am still here. It is my own fault for yielding to the insistent demands of the doctors and of those about me in reference to my teeth. It will be on Monday six weeks ago I had my first teeth extracted. It was such a simple thing, as the doctors so carefully explained to me, and then they said I would be immensely better. Six weeks have elapsed. The extraction was not a simple thing, nor am I a great deal better. I tried to impress the situation upon the doctors without avail, and your Mother and the corpsman could cite innumerable cases like that of your Mr. Moke, when immediate relief was felt. I have had to have a part of my lower jaw lanced, and a postponement until things heal there before I can have an impression taken and a plate prepared. During all of that waiting period I have eaten nothing but soft food, and generally felt as if I had strangled in its infancy my convalescence. We're going to make a try at progress on Tuesday. I foresaw all this trouble and a great deal more in endeavoring to do what undoubtedly could have been done with a younger man, but which I felt was of doubtful value in one of my age, and with a depleted system from a severe sickness. Perhaps it will all come out right in the end, but what bothers me is that I cannot foresee the end.

We were all on the qui vive during the conference at Quebec. I rather imagine that Churchill, who is no shrinking violet, had a fair disgust with the proceedings. Perhaps he felt it was the part of wisdom to let Roosevelt take the laboring oar, and give him the prominence; and the appointment of Mountbatten in command of the South Pacific was like a touch of cold water here, but nobody dares say anything about it, and all the Admirals and sea dogs have taken a back seat. The difficulty with us is that we know so little about what transpired. We realized that the shadow of Stalin was over the conference continuously, and his chair was vacant all the time. We have made such a splendid start in the fight that I can see no other result that complete success, and this within a reasonable time.

2.

I have been looking forward to discharge from the hospital here just before the end of the congressional recess, but I imagine this is a little doubtful now. I am in the same room at the hospital that I was in when you were here, and I have stayed in that room all the time, with the exception of the time of the extraction of my teeth, and for a few days when the extremely hot weather was here when I sent to the 18th floor in search of a little breeze.

We had a charming letter from Philip recently, in which he detailed something of the fecundity of his rabbits and told us a funny story. He just mentioned it was growing cooler in the mountains, and I've wondered how he would get along during the winter. How I would love to drive out there, appear suddenly before you and Hiram, and then go to where Phil is, and turn around and come back, but this is out of the question, of course.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

Sunday, September 5, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

Oh, how the time flies ! I ought not to be guilty of saying that, but when I realize my 77th birthday has come and gone, and that I am now in my 78th year, I get a little confused, and think that somebody else has arrived at that ripe old age. But, I am sitting as usual on this Sunday afternoon dictating to Miss Connor, and of course, I think of our small family first.

The big thing about here now is the meeting of the Republicans to be held at Mackinac Island, Michigan this week, and the declaration that will be made by the Republican Party of the post-war duty of this country when peace shall be declared. It carries me back more than twenty years when the League of Nations was endeavored to be put over in this country; and I recall very vividly how at first blush all the reformers, who had been most blood-thirsty in the war, had their eyes firmly set upon a super-government for the world that would maintain peace forever and ever; and how a few of us undertook, apparently against great odds, and in defiance of what was supposed to be the expressed sentiment of our people, to make them understand the utter futility and weaknesses of this League, which, apparently, was designed solely to exercise our own country's sovereignty in behalf of all the world. Now, all of the press, and certain of the politicians, would go even further than the League sought to go. It took tremendous effort to make the people understand what the scheme meant, but I am very proud that I was a little part of that effort then made, and our own country refused to enter upon the new, unchartered road.

I believe the same result would be obtained now if the assault were made in the same manner, but alas, as I think of those who were then associated with me, I recall Knox and Lodge, Brandegee, Borah, Jim Reed, and the little band of patriots, who met in my office, and then at my house, and fought the good fight, and won it. But nearly all of them have passed away, and it makes me feel very sad to be the only one left, and to find myself neither physically nor mentally fitted for the new task.

2.

Just as soon as I feel able I am going to begin when Congress meets to try to make the situation plain, but I have little hope of success. If you find that during the first two or three weeks of the session that I have endeavored to make a speech, judge it charitably.

Write me about Philip. How you found him and what his future may be. I have a hunch that the winter may cure him of his thoughts of living in solitude at Twain - Harte, and it may cure him physically, as well. When you write, tell me how you are getting on.

I have little else to do here now, save run down to the dentist's office twice a day. Singularly enough, I ran into a Californian, in whose charge I now am, - Dr. Colton, who hails originally from Pasadena. He seems a very fine man, and he certainly is doing his utmost for me. I am still eating what Mark Twain called "slum gullion" but the doctor believes he can have the plate necessary this week, although he admits that it will require a great deal of care and pains. They tell me it may possibly be some months before I will have complete comfort from it.

That was an interesting way in which you and Phil wrote me, but of course, you pointed the way so clearly to read each alternate line that there was no difficulty at all.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

September 20, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

Today marks the end of my first week back in the office. I have really done nothing this week but mull over the passing events and the same extraordinary movement that twenty-five years ago was with us of keeping the peace of the world hereafter. I have not the zest in fighting now that I had then. I shall try to oppose these schemes of starry-eyed reformers, who don't know what they are talking about, and who talk for the publicity they may obtain. Very nearly all of the radio commentators embrace enthusiastically any idiotic plan to have us guarantee with our blood and money that no further wars shall trouble this earth. There is one, however, in California that I have noticed who takes issue with our becoming citizens of Great Britain, and that we shall at once form a union, alliance, or what not with Great Britain that both of us may act together. This was Churchill's plan recently enunciated at Harvard; and singularly enough, every Rhodes scholar in the Congress, - and there are four or five of them, - and I presume throughout the country, embraced his plan with enthusiasm.

Aside from the fact that my voice is practically gone, and the further fact that my brain does not function, I hardly feel equal to pursuing a regular course of opposition to these plans, but I will do the best I can anyway. You would think with our experience, and with the utter ignominious failure of the League of Nations that there would be no difficulty in arousing our people, but the effort, I fear is too much for one man alone.

I was extremely sorry to hear of Miss Schow's illness in your last letter. I don't know that any advice of mine would be at all helpful, and I have none to give anyway, but she has my utmost sympathy and my very ardent wishes for her recovery.

2.

It was good to hear the voices of all of you recently. There is nothing that can equal the thrill of hearing from those you love over three thousand miles, and though I forget every time what I want to say, I am content with having said anything, and just hearing the voices.

Mother is not feeling particularly well, and every other day I accompany her to the hospital, where she is given an injection in her arm of certain vitamins. I confess I have something of Pegler's opinion of vitamins and the drug firms that now are advertising them over the radio.

This morning was the first time I had seen my dental friend, whose name by the way is Doctor Colton, and who originally came from Pasadena. I think he is a fine man, and a good fellow. I believe him to be as disappointed as I am with the result obtained in my mouth. He now says what I feared would be said in the beginning—that the four or five teeth I have remaining in the upper jaw, serving principally as tying posts for a plate there will have to come out before we can expect any real improvement. Perhaps it is because I have become just a sick old man that I am disgusted with this verdict, which from the first I feared. However, the ravages of time and old age play the dickens with us.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

October 14, 1943

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. A.C.,
973 Green Street
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I am sorry that I have let so much time go by before writing you, but if you understood my situation here you would forgive me.

The doctors have kept hammering that I must not do anything, and particularly I must not make any attempt at debating or expressing my opinion, save in the foolish fashion by printing comments daily. Mother has been converted to this view, and I presume that I must be content with seeing all that I have fought for here being unsuccessful. The newspapers, of course, are for any Resolution, even the proposition made by Churchill, when he said that Britain would welcome a dual citizenship of ours and the English in the British Empire. Of course, he added that this would carry the present alliance to its successful conclusion.

The situation drives me mad, and I become worse when I realize that upstairs an overwhelming number of Senators are opposed to my views. Within the limits that have been placed upon me I will try to make such fight as I can, but I have no hope of success, nor even of having a fair number of Senators with me. From present indications we can look to another League of Nations against which I shall continue to be, and shall finally vote NO. The ramifications of the contest, with the principals all against me, make defeat certain, but I have an abiding conviction that if I could talk and express myself, as once I did, the result might be otherwise. I can't understand all of these people, who mean well, are willing I should let go by a great opportunity, which I believe them to be honest in thinking, will probably mean my demise.

2.

The dilemma that faces me is aptly described by
Macaulay -

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late
And how could man die better
than facing fearful odds with
the ashes of his Fathers and the
Temples of his gods. "

I don't for a moment believe that giving the best that is in me to the opposition of the foul attempt now being made to foist upon us a League of Nations will bring such dire consequences as our doctors, for whom I have a great affection, and your Mother's fears, will justify. But, there is ever a but - you can see how I am torn with conflicting emotions. I will end doing as your Mother wishes, because I can not bear seeing her in distress after the long devotion and unselfish love she gave me in my sickness.

I don't improve as I expected to, but this would not be uncommon when we consider the seriousness of that sickness and its duration. Well, I have unloaded my great problem upon you simply to have somebody to talk to about it. The end of it will be that I will endeavor to repay Mother.

I had a visit from Dr. Naffziger the other day, and in the subsequent conversation I had Senator Danaher of Connecticut, a young man in whom I have a great confidence, and great hope for the future. Naffziger had just returned from abroad. He had discovered that our medical fraternity was far behind that of the British, and he wanted an investigation to be made to demonstrate that fact. I was not loth, nor was Danaher about proceeding, but the difficulty turned upon our utter lack of witnesses. If Naffziger, himself, would boldly take the stand and tell what he knew it would have a very salutary effect, but he shied away from taking any such prominent position. Neither Danaher nor I felt that we would be justified in going ahead. After some wise advice in suggesting that he see certain people and ascertain just where he stood, and where they stood, he was to let me know further; but I presume the matter is ended. Like many other people he was full of the subject, perfectly competent to judge, and able, I think, to present the matter thoroughly, but when he declined to assume the stellar role in any investigation I did not feel like undertaking it.

3.

A committee appointed by the Senate to go abroad and see how the game was progressing, reported to the Senate in executive session. They all had enough testimony to convict the British of their usual selfishness, and in the course of the matter the question of veracity arose between Lodge and his New England colleague. I thought I discovered a disposition on the part of other members to "gang" up on Lodge, and with my usual impulsiveness I took his part and made a few remarks. This was my undoing. I promised Mother not to do anything of the sort, and I forgot my promise in my impulsiveness. Lodge has been absent ever since, and was absent during that particular day, so I have not seen him, nor has he appeared before the Senate; but it made me a little indignant with the other Members of the committee ganging up on Lodge, and even though I owed him nothing, and am not intimate with him at all, I said a few words in his behalf. It is just this sort of thing that the leader of the Republican Party, of which he is one of the brightest stars, should have come to his rescue. I looked to McNary to see him do it, but no peep came from him. I mention this in passing as one of the incidents that occurred very recently.

We tried to make plain our neglect in writing you by telegrams.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father,

*Dad. (In signing of the
to sleep.*

P:S: We have read with eagerness all that you have written us about Miss Schow, and we are very sorry to hear of her predicament. Keep us advised of her condition, and give her our love.

TOM CONNALLY, TEX., CHAIRMAN
WALTER F. GEORGE, GA.
ROBERT F. WAGNER, N. Y.
ELBERT D. THOMAS, UTAH
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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

November 8, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I was paralyzed the other day to receive a letter from Philip showing in true Johnson fashion he had lifted one at some county editor "Punk", who evidently had made some reference to me in a nasty manner. I don't know what the editorial is, now what the "Punk" said, because the lad forgot to mail it in mailing his reply. His reply was worthy the best that has been given in any campaign. I replied to him trying to express my thanks to him, but I also tried to make him understand an editor has all the best of it in any sort of controversy. Then again I had a spasm of alarm that he might cross swords with this individual some day, and knowing my own condition, I feared for his. I don't know that there is anything you can do about the matter but echo the sentiments in my response to him. For that reason I send you copy of my letter to him of yesterday, as well as copy of Philip's letter to the editor. I could not make it any more definite because I am yet in ignorance of what the editorial was. I send you the particular part of the correspondence that I have, so that you might determine what ought to be done, if anything. I am thinking of the matter from just one standpoint, and that is, the language employed by the dear boy is fighting language, and may lead to some fracas between him and the editor, in which, because of the boy's sickness he would have all the worst of it and might be hurt. Well, we can only await events.

I felt it necessary for me to make some sort of explanation the other day for my lack of appearance in the debate. This I did, and I send you herein copy of what I said.

With all my love, in which Mother participates, I am

Your affectionate Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

PHILIP B. JOHNSON

COPY

October 29, 1943

Mr. Charles P. Jones, Editor
THE BANNER
SONORA, California

Dear Mr. Jones:

During the years in which I have been reading newspapers, I have, of course, read many editorials and comments which were both pro and con to my beliefs. Never have I written to a paper expressing my views on their interpretations. However, I find it necessary to answer your editorial of Friday Oct. 29th, 1943 entitled "Let's Wreck Tradition." I heartily dislike writing for I do not care to lower myself to your level of thought processes and blasphemy.

I don't happen to know you, sir, but reading between the lines I can draw certain conclusions. There you sit, sir, in your moldy office with brain gangrened and rotting, dipping your pen in the slime that pours from your foul mouth. There you sit, sir, brooding at the progress of your puny press. There you sit, sir, with mind and soul prostituted to a foreign cause. There you sit, sir, vomiting epitaphs on a man elected to his present post without benefit of coercion or crooked political machines - in fact - elected without any semblance of machine politics. A man elected solely on his record.

While on the subject of politics, Mr. Jones, allow me to remind you of the case of one Mr. Milton Morse (I believe) a deputy who accidentally shot a postmaster while a member of a posse. Mr. Morse is completely unknown to me. His case, as presented, is known. Your putrid, machine type politics is also known. As a member of a coroner's jury (supposedly a position in the people's trust) you attempted to infer that there was more than an accidental shooting involved. At first, your motives were unknown. Later, it became apparent that you were attempting to ride the present sheriff out of office. You were so debased, so rotten, so crude, so inhumane as to try to make Mr. Morse the victim and goat of your warped thinking so that discredit could be thrown into the office of the sheriff. You failed because your foundations were as rotten as your efforts. You did of course, succeed in breaking Mr. Morse. You probably also broke a public trust.

It probably has never occurred to you, sir, that you might be a tradition that belongs in the ashcan. Please allow me to point out that such a venture on your part would be most satisfactory to many of us in this county.

Is your stature so great, sir, that you shall have the right to meditate on the mental growth of Senator Johnson? Is

COPY

your stature so great, sir, that your desires concerning the continuous re-election of Senator Johnson should be followed rather than the judgment of the people? Is your stature so great, sir, that the people must follow your un-American views of "freedom"? Is your stature so great, sir, that God worships at your feet? Jones, you're a very small piece of flesh in a very small pond to be throwing the size stones that you are belching forth.

Sir, your methods are plain. Your treachery clear. You are attempting to anaesthetize the American people with a foreign drug. I pray God you fail. I thank God your circulation is so insignificant.

As I said before, I have never met you, Mr. Jones. However, since this is a small county, we shall meet.

Sincerely yours

COPY

November 7, 1943

Mr. Philip B. Johnson,
P.O.Box 81,
Twain - Harte (Sonora),
Tuolumne County,
California

My dear Philip:

I duly received copy of your letter of October 29
to one Charles P. Jones, editor of the Banner, Sonora.

Of course, the letter was a great surprise to me because the editorial of the particular individual was not sent me and I could only guess at the statements therein. Your reaction was a perfectly natural one, but I found early in my life that vile and lying statements in editorials immediately created in me a reaction to respond and prove the writer an unmitigated liar. I found later, too, that this was a most useless task, and although it lead to a certain sort of satisfaction it got one nowhere, The editorial writer could be proven, as you prove, to be a most egregious liar, and a writer for the very lust of lying, but after all, he could continue in his chosen path of liar, each week or daily, while you could respond only in letters, which he might or might not publish. However, I thank you for putting the scrub in the position that he adorns. It was a brave and natural action on your part, and I endorse every word you say, though knowing nothing of the controversy. I wish, my dear boy, I could take you in my arms and express to you my gratitude. I want to congratulate you on your use of very brittle English. It warmed the "cockles of my heart", although, as I say, I know neither the man nor have I seen his editorial. Your response to him was characteristic and the best reply that could be made, and I thank you again.

With my love, in which your Grandmother joins, and in the hope that your letter writing in my behalf ends with your remarkable castigation, I am

Affectionately your Grandfather,

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—SENATE

NOVEMBER 5

mittee. With but half my voice and half my hearing, I would have been glad to have spoken and to have done what I could in behalf of the hearing in the committee. But all the doctors, five in number, forbade my indulging in any exercise whatever emotional in character during the time to which I have alluded.

Beyond that, there was another who, night and day, gave to me a devotion which no words of mine could paint, and that other one begged that I obey the injunction which had been put upon me by these doctors. I yield to her, and I should yield to her, because she gave to me a kindness which no one could exceed, and which none has thus far exceeded.

So the time has passed. I am on the way to recovery. All tell me I must not indulge in any dispute here for fear I should retard the recovery. No doubt they are right. At least my dear wife is right, and I cannot refuse to accede. So I wish to explain to the people of this country, and to my fellows here, why I am quiet during this discussion, and why I have naught to say; I have naught to say in this great moment, which deals with the country which I love and the country which has been mine ever since I was born. Seventy-seven years I have passed, and in those 77 years I have known no allegiance but to the United States of America.

God save the United States of America! God give to her all she should have. God preserve her in the days to come. I know what they will bring. I have been through such days. But God be good to us and permit us to resist, and permit us to be the country we have ever been.

My friends, I thank you for permitting me these few moments. I thank every one of you for permitting me to speak to you as I speak now, not as I used to speak, but as I can now address you with those capabilities which God gives to men to empower them to think and to speak.

So, with the prayer for our country that it may be protected and preserved in the days to come as in the days which have passed, I exhort my colleagues and my fellow countrymen that we all be just Americans. God bless America.

Mr. CONNALLY. Mr. President, the distinguished and esteemed Senator from California is the ranking member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I wish to say for myself that I entertain for him the greatest admiration, and a deep personal affection. I feel that I voice the sentiment of all the members of the Committee when I say that we are deeply regretful he has not felt disposed, because of the reasons he has given, to take a larger part in the discussion and in the consideration of the resolution now before us. He has always brought to the discussion of any public matter great intellect, indomitable courage, and the finest qualities of American statesmanship.

Mr. ANDREWS. Mr. President, it is my purpose to speak for just a few minutes on the pending resolution, which has become, in my judgment, one of the most important subjects of legislation in a quarter of a century.

Mr. JOHNSON of California. Mr. President, to my friends here, and to those who 25 years ago made the fight with me, as well as to those outside who are now writing me in numbers letters which I cannot answer, I wish to make a personal explanation.

I was taken sick a few months ago. During the course of my illness I received attention from the doctors at the hospital which I cannot adequately describe. If it had not been for them, I feel that I could not now be standing here today, nor could I be walking about this Chamber. To them I wish to pay my debt of gratitude, though, indeed, I never can fully repay. I want them to understand how very kind they were, and how very attentive. In the course of my difficulty these men, at all hours, showed me an attention which beggars description, and they have earned my everlasting and undying gratitude.

We came, then, recently, to the particular matter now before us. Of course, I was anxious to participate in the consideration of the resolution in the com-

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CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—SENATE

tions, it is safe to predict there will still be Senators whose isolationist views will remain unchanged when the time comes to vote on any treaty which contemplates joint action by nations large and small to enforce peace.

In all candor, I ask why should the power to defeat a peace treaty be granted to one-third plus one of the Senators here present, or who may be present, when such an international agreement is submitted to this body. Is it fit and proper that a stubborn, irreconcilable, willful minority should be given any such opportunity? Certainly if simple majorities at each end of the Capitol can be trusted to do all other things affecting the welfare of the American people, there can be no sound reason for a failure to apply the same legislative procedure to the consideration of peace agreements of whatever character which may be negotiated by the President with foreign governments.

What I am trying to impress upon the Senate is that we cannot, by a simple resolution, tell any President of the United States how he shall submit an international agreement to Congress. I say that under the Constitution the President could submit any such agreement to the two Houses and it could be ratified by a majority vote of each House. It would then be just as binding upon our Government as though it had been adopted by two-thirds of the Senate.

Mr. VANDENBERG. Will the Senator yield me 10 seconds?

Mr. HAYDEN. I yield.

Mr. VANDENBERG. With great respect to the Senator I wish to make it totally plain that if I accepted his interpretation of the resolution correctly I would not vote for it, and if any President accepted the interpretation which the Senator has given I would favor his impeachment.

Mr. HAYDEN. How can the Senator say that?

Mr. VANDENBERG. That is what I think.

Mr. MALONEY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield me 10 seconds?

Mr. HAYDEN. Yes.

Mr. MALONEY. Of course, the whole opinion is based on the fact that if a majority vote is obtained in the House and in the Senate it would be impossible to impeach the President, and that is the force of his argument.

Mr. HAYDEN. I say that if it is the intention of those who insisted upon the adoption of the last paragraph of the revised Connally resolution to serve notice upon the President, the Secretary of State, and all others who may be engaged in negotiating a treaty designed to preserve the peace of the world that whatever they do can be made wholly ineffective, so far as the United States of America may be concerned, by the vote of one-third plus one of the Members of the Senate present, then the sponsors of that paragraph are only fooling themselves.

The President, whoever he may be, when an international agreement concluded in accordance with the provisions of the revised Connally resolution is ready for ratification, would be a pluper-

do not say that submitting treaties to the Senate is not a convenient way to have them ratified. If they involve minor agreements it is expeditious to handle them in that way; or when matters of secrecy are involved it may be highly desirable to ratify them in that manner. But when the Senate falters and fails to reach a decision as it has in a number of instances, and then the same identical result is accomplished by a joint resolution, I say that this conclusively proves that the Congress as a whole can accomplish the same result by acting in the first instance.

Mr. DANAHER. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. HAYDEN. I yield.

Mr. DANAHER. Is it the Senator's contention, restated in my own words, that the term "constitutional processes" is broad enough to say that if a joint resolution is constitutional, then the results contemplated by the resolution can be achieved through a joint resolution, and that that would be an exercise of the constitutional process?

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

November 14, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I have been trying the last couple of weeks to get back to the office for the afternoons. I arise about twelve o'clock and eat breakfast. This is half the day for me. I don't get any better, but I am thanking God for being as well as I am. I don't know what is going to become of me, and I don't care a damn.

Concerning the Moscow Agreements - whatever they are, and about which nobody knows anything, I was beginning to think until this morning that nobody cared, but this morning's newspaper carry a very much involved statement that the Bishops of the Catholic Church are in opposition. I rather thought from the tenor of the story the Bishops were driving toward me, and I have been feeling pretty good over this since I read it. It is churchmen's lore, and carries a lot of churchmen's hoo-ey, but out of it all I can take a little comfort.

We have got on our hands now the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion law upon the insistence of the President that we made a mistake when it was enacted, and upon his mere ipsi dixit concerning it. It required more than six months of hard grueling work before the Congress of the United States, and it is one time where the people of California in a tenacious fight won. Now, they are asked to fritter away all that they won upon the statement of the President that we made a mistake when we passed the law, and this was done at the insistence of the CIO. I think I will content myself with voting against the repeal, first, because I have not enough energy to make a fight, and secondly because the work was done after a great legislative fight that lasted for an indefinite period. I could write a perfectly sound thesis against the Chinese from the social and economic standpoint. I am going to content myself, as I say, with voting against the repeal. It is needless to say that the repeal will be accorded the President by an overwhelming majority.

2.

I wrote you recently about Philip's entry as one of the warriors in the good fight, but which I viewed with some little trepidation for fear the fight might involve him in physical violence. I have not yet seen the editorial written by Jones, and I have not been able to learn a word about him. During the week I am going to try. That he is a damn scoundrel and deserves all that Philip said about him is unquestionably true, but I am so careful of the young man that I dread to see him get into physical combat now where he would be handicapped. This was the reason that I wrote you and sent you a copy of his letter; but after I had done so, Mother took such a strong position on letting him know that I had done so, that I wired you as I did.

I will answer your oft-repeated inquiries as to the condition of your Mother and myself. Aside from an extreme nervousness which makes it evident in everything I seek to do here, your Mother is, I think in fairly good physical condition. She goes out to the hospital every other day for injections in her arm, which I understand is meant to build her up and relieve some of her extreme nervousness. I am a damned sight worse than I ever thought I would be. Half of my voice is gone. I don't see well, and I don't hear well. None of these things I would wish you to write of to Mother, because I conceal these things as well as I can from her, though I know I am not succeeding. Because of their very nature, the afflictions make themselves so manifest. The doctors explain to me that I will gradually recover, and it is because of their fear of anything that may retard it, that they forbid me to take any part in anything going on here, and Mother duly seconds them. It was for this reason I made the little explanation that I did, and perhaps it was the best thing that I could have done. My mail is full of congratulations, and singularly enough, there have been none opposed. This gives you a little inside concerning Mother and myself.

With all my love,

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

Sunday, November 21, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

I am writing you my usual weekly letter today, not that I have any news, to relate but so that you may understand something of my condition. I don't know what is best for me to do in any direction. Mother thinks I should go away for a time, and with my love of the ocean, perhaps I might get some of my strength back. I have been long enough at large now to understand that I cannot go on in the fashion that I have been. Recovery has been so slow with me. I find myself with voice gone practically, with my eyes doing half duty, with my hearing affected, and with my legs unable to operate in their usual fashion. It is useless for me to talk about these matters to the doctors because they all cheer so at what they call the miracle of my recovery, and the boldest of them say I will get back all of these functional incidents in time. I let them talk. Everybody about me said it was necessary to yank out all the teeth of my lower jaw on some theory that my teeth were in bad condition and that I was being liable daily to some sort of sickness on account of them. Well, I had the teeth yanked out, and aside from the fact that I have given myself nothing to chew upon, and at meals, it is anything but pleasant now, I don't seem to have accomplished anything.

I don't know why I write you all of this but I am absolutely unable to do my work, as appeared in the little address I made upon the Connally resolution. The fact is, bluntly stated, my health does not improve, and with equal bluntness, I am utterly unable to perform my duties here. You can understand something of this from a fair understanding of my nature, and a knowledge of how keen I am to enter into contests here, and to be utterly unable to do so. I don't want to be a baby, particularly at this time, and if I had anybody to lean upon other than you, I probably would be writing him. I think from this, and my preceding letter, you'll understand fully my condition, and I may add to it, that Mother does not seem at all well, and is constantly taking medicine in the shape of big pills prescribed by the doctors at the Naval Hospital. You may have a good laugh at me in the thought that "my cup runneth over".

I think if I can find a suitable place at Miami Beach I will go there for the holidays and the length of my stay to be determined entirely by my improvement.

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr. - 2

I don't think I wrote you about Theodore's visit here. He was restless during his entire stay, and I felt as if I had accomplished a great deal when he remained for two weeks. Mother had to go around with him and show him the different places, and he was constantly thinking of some case in California, concerning which the slightest start would set him going and explaining in detail just what he did and what he contemplated. However, I did not expect to be able to keep him here any such length of time. The last day he was here, Dr. Harold Fraser, his very intimate friend was with him, and they left together for New York. I am of two minds whether Theodore had a good time or not. If he could have felt that he had conducted himself well in the Supreme Court in the argument of some case there, he would have felt differently, but he always had the tag end of his speech on that case and felt he had not done well in the argument. I listened to him the morning that he began his argument, and I did not think he did himself particularly proud. I was handicapped, however, by my hearing, and I could not follow closely what was said, and I found afterwards he had the same feeling I did - that he did not present his case with his usual ability and fluency.

Let me know how you are getting on ? Mother joins me in love,

Affectionately your Father,

Hiram W. Johnson

P:S: We have been awfully sorry to read what you say of Miss Schow's condition, and I wish that there was something we could do to aid her. Mother joins me in best wishes to her.

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

December 5, 1943.

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Major Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., A.C.,
973 Green Street,
San Francisco, California

My dear Jack:

The event of the week was hearing your voice, although to tell you the truth I could not tell it was your voice. The only thing that I said to you over the 'phone was not to get yourself mixed up in anything, the character of which might affect you ultimately. My hearing is so rotten that it was with difficulty I heard anything of the conversation with you, and that might have accounted for the little talking that I did.

A number of articles are constantly being published here about the number of employes of the Army, and in lesser degree, of the Navy that could be dispensed with. I assume, of course, that none of these, in any degree, affect your Department, although there is so much of it of late that I got a wee bit anxious. I am awaiting your next letter.

During the week I was awakened one night about four oclock with a most singular difficulty with one of my eyes. Apparently the eyelid had turned inward and there was a mixup with the eye lashes. As soon as I could I got out to the Naval Hospital, and the gent in charge there explained to me it was not an uncommon complaint; and with a strip of adhesive plaster he fixed the difficulty, with the injunction to me not to wash in any way the eye, or meddle with the adhesive, which I was to keep intact until Monday. I have been going about with a plaster on my face making a perfect "V", just below the eye and extending some little distance on the cheek, and I have been wondering if the eye man out at the hospital was fiddling with putting a "V" on my face, and having me marked for identification. But of course I had no difficulty with him with this sort of thing, and he seemed to understand his job; so, while I am mighty uncomfortable I feel I am in competent hands. I have commenced trying to do what the Naval Hospital doctors think I ought to do with my voice, my eyes, and my hearing. They are all very kind in assuring me that I will have a modicum of recovery in each instance, and then dilate upon the perfection of hearing gadgets, and other various and sundry implements. I am awaiting the good day which will see me whole again, but I am beginning to be a bit doubtful of its arrival.

With all my love, in which Mother joins, I am

Affectionately your Father, *Hiram W. Johnson*