10

The Unknown Hearst and Marion

1941

THIS CHAPTER'S TITLE takes its cue from a keepsake book compiled for "Moguls, Millionaires & Movie Stars: Hollywood between the Wars, 1920–1940," a conference held at The Huntington Library in San Marino on May 30–31, 2008. The keepsake was called *The Unknown Hearst 1941*. In view of the couple that William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies had obviously been throughout the 1930s, the title of Chapter 10 is closer to what the keepsake book should rightly have been called, a title that would have included Marion. As for the year 1941, its recounting has typically been dominated by *Citizen Kane*. David Nasaw devoted a chapter to Orson Welles and the film in his biography of Hearst, *The Chief*. Otherwise, Nasaw and his predecessor W. A. Swanberg seemed to be on deadline rush when they reached 1941. Their manuscripts were thick already, thanks to both authors having wrangled intensively with Hearst's finances in the late 1930s. Swanberg and Nasaw had dealt with dozens of other contentious issues in portraying Hearst's life; but with the American side of World War II close ahead and the finish line visible beyond, both authors practically sprinted to the end, leaving 1941 with little more than a glossing over.

Several matters of historical importance need to be addressed through this period of unknown-ness, beyond getting *Citizen Kane* in sufficient perspective. Hearst's response to the film will surely be aired. More important, though, are these three things:

First, the absence of Hearst and Marion from San Simeon from late April 1941 right through the end of the year must be emphasized.

They weren't at San Simeon on Sunday, December 7, never mind Marion's fanciful recounting in *The Times We Had* that they "were told to get out of San Simeon" after Pearl Harbor; and thus northward they went, in search of safer surroundings. In reality, they were *already* at Wyntoon in 1941, as we'll soon be seeing. They hadn't been at San Simeon for nearly eight months before December 7 and wouldn't be there again until November 1944, fully three and a half years later.

Second, Hearst, Marion, and their friends didn't use the Beach House in 1941 except on three brief occasions—once in the winter, once more in the spring, and once again in the fall. Besides Marion's erroneous allusion to Pearl Harbor in her memoir, this last incident in early November may have led to the mistaken notion that when the Japanese attacked, Hearst and Marion left Santa Monica in favor of San Simeon or Wyntoon. The Beach House had been virtually shuttered in 1939, as we've seen; the exceptions to that status, such as the Kennedy visit in November 1940, and the three short Hearst-Davies uses of it in 1941, can be tallied on the fingers of one's hands.

Third and really most important, Hearst was by no means retired in 1941. The opposite is true. He was working overtime, burning the midnight oil to keep "In the News" going throughout the year, with the usual minor exceptions—and he was doing so for a very good reason. He was writing to save his beleaguered empire. The confusion over where he was on December 7 that year and the question of whether the Beach House was a setting for parties or other memorable uses during this same period—all such ideas and assumptions pale next to the impact that "In the News" had on Hearst's life and on many other lives around him.

This book has had something of an architectural slant, yet we've seen little of that subject in tracing Hearst and Marion's activities from 1938 through 1940. Let's note, therefore, that on October 18 of the latter year, 1940, Mac McClure wrote to George Loorz from Wyntoon:

> Thought you might be interested in the [renewed] state of affairs up here. We are still working—finishing up the rooms at The Bend, building fountains [such as Hanna Gaertner's] and drawing plans by the acre.
>
> W.R.H. is peevish at times because we are too slow—he expects our crew of 5 to do 15 men's work and his ideas are as intricate as ever. Recently he mentioned the 1700 Lex[ington] job [in Beverly Hills] as being economical and speedy and thought we might do likewise up here. What is your reaction on that? I would be more than pleased if it could be worked out. You know the drawbacks as well as I, but a big one would be persuading Sunical to pay for anything (they pay us now).
>
> I often wonder how you made out on the last payment on the Bev Hills job—hope you got it promptly. Anyhow, they [Hearst and Marion] were well pleased with the job, I am sure.

(Loorz wrote to Pete Petersen at Wyntoon a month later, telling him: "Well, we received the final payment on the Davies Job so I am enclosing check in the amount of $230 in appreciation of your efforts.) Mac finished his letter to Loorz of October 18 with a tidbit of news:

> This year's work will apparently go on for 6 or 8 weeks more.

Later in 1940, on December 12, Ella Williams wired Mac McClure at Wyntoon; she did so from Los Angeles:

> Balance of materials ordered has arrived. This includes the satin. Impossible to pick up on account of lack of funds. Have not received any money so far for materials already sent you.

Familiar themes and conditions, all of these: Hearst was actively building and decorating at Wyntoon in this period, albeit on a much-reduced scale; and he could be slow to pay at times, his own personal funds being the main source. The remodeling of River House was likewise going on as 1940 gave way to 1941—that and the work Mac mentioned on the much bigger building farther down the McCloud River, the place called The Bend.

HEARST'S CRUSADE AGAINST cruelty to animals continued from 1940. Not all his readers were sympathetic, as in this Saturday Symposium excerpt for January 4, 1941:

> I have just been reading tonight's "In the News" by the great humanitarian who is so greatly concerned over the sufferings of horses in Hollywood, Mr. William Randolph Hearst. . . .
>
> I wish that he were as concerned over the welfare of women and babies who are bombed nightly in England and allowed to perish from hunger and cold on the continent, particularly if they happen to be of Jewish racial stock, as he is over Hollywood's horses. He might tone down his nauseating anti-British and pro-Nazi propaganda. . . .
>
> It's a shame that your really interesting and in some respects truly grand newspaper should pursue such a reprehensible editorial policy. "In the News" is an insult to intelligent people everywhere.

The same Saturday Symposium contained a different view, erroneously addressed to San Simeon:

> Well if any one in the world deserves a medal of honor you certainly do for the movement you have started to save the poor dumb animals—as we human beings are prone to call them. . . .
>
> Those poor horses in the movies—how dreadfully they have been treated. I often wonder if human beings really get a thrill out of punishing something that is defenseless. You see so much of it, either due to carelessness or downright mean and cowardly intentions that it is depressing.

Another pro-Hearst excerpt in the January 4 installment of "In the News" was also addressed to San Simeon. Hearst faithfully passed these details on to his newspapers around the country (and protected his privacy in the process); typesetters and other tradesmen probably assumed that he was indeed at San Simeon late in 1940 and into the winter of 1941; only the brass upstairs in the publisher's office or in the city room would have known better; the biographers John Tebbel in 1952, John K. Winkler in 1955, and W. A. Swanberg in 1961 followed

suit. For any of these writers to have checked original printed newspapers of the period would greatly have reinforced the error regarding Hearst's whereabouts.

A potpourri of subject matter—quite beyond "In the News" alone—characterizes the winter of 1941. For example, Jose Rodriguez submitted an editorial to Hearst on behalf of the *Los Angeles Examiner* on Friday, January 3:

> Acting as the spiritual leader of 180,000 Catholics in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, and as a moral leader of high standing in the community as a whole, Archbishop John J. Cantwell has demanded that the municipal ordinances governing indecent shows [burlesque, etc.] be drastically reformed to make effective the outlawing of lewd public entertainments. . . .
>
> The distinguished prelate spoke for every decent or intelligent citizen when he added:
>
> "No fouler stain can rest upon any city than that arising from laws which do not adequately control, but rather make possible and even tend to encourage, lewd and indecent public displays upon which unscrupulous promoters fatten, youthful minds are poisoned and morals corrupted."

Although Wendell Willkie had lost to Franklin D. Roosevelt in November 1940, he remained of substantial interest to Hearst, as did Alf Landon and Herbert Hoover. Collectively, the three were the grand old men (Willkie would only be forty-nine in February) of the Republican Party. January 4 brought an editorial submission from New York:

> America's strength in this war-torn world depends on the capacity of industry to make things.
>
> The emergency has awakened even the political critics of business to this basic truth.
>
> Industry can restore its prestige through effective productive effort. . . . Wendell L. Willkie, leader of the "loyal opposition" [to certain

> Roosevelt policies], has broken his silence to issue this warning to industry, in a contribution to the annual financial number of the *New York Journal & American*.

Louella Parsons and the attorney Larry Mitchell were included in a private showing by Orson Welles of *Citizen Kane* at this time (Friday, January 3). Hearst did in fact react after hearing from his people, although the stance he took was by no means as vehement as many imagine; Joe Willicombe to Dick Berlin of Hearst Magazines on January 8:

> Chief requests that you omit from any of our magazines any reference in text or illustration relating to any moving picture produced by R.K.O. Similar instruction has gone to the papers.

Willicombe's words that same day to Joe Connolly at King Features Syndicate and International News Service (Connolly oversaw both agencies) were similarly straightforward, even cordial:

> Papers and magazines have been instructed not to print a line or an illustration relating to any R.K.O. moving picture. Will you give instructions to the news and feature services? Thanks. Happy New Year.

On January 8 as well, Willicombe issued a general notice to all Hearst editors:

> This is a definite "MUST" instruction:
>
> Do not print anything in TEXT OR ILLUSTRATION relating to any moving picture produced by R.K.O.
>
> This is effective IMMEDIATELY.

Hearst was busy all the while with myriad other things. He cued Rodriguez at the *L.A. Examiner* with these words on January 9, sent to Ray Van Ettisch:

> Please have Rodriguez write a good editorial and say that during war times or critical times of this character the moving picture industry ought to be under strict censorship and supervision by the government;

That the industry at present is full of foreign actors, foreign writers, foreign directors, and radiates propaganda of all kinds;

That if it is to be an agency for propaganda, the government should see to it that the propaganda is American propaganda, and of the right and loyal kind, and not foreign propaganda conducted by a lot of foreign importations.

Where was Marion on that snowy Thursday at Wyntoon in early January? She was there, at Hearst's side as always (figuratively speaking: the man was constantly writing, editing, dictating, conferring). Marion heard from John Barrymore in Beverly Hills on this same date, the 9th of January:

Dearest Marion: Very many thanks for your delightful letter. Please give W. R. my love. I have a very sincere affection for you both and heaven knows I can say that about very few people at present. I'm up to my neck in the radio ["The Rudy Vallee Sealtest Show" on NBC] trying to keep that well known wolf from the seat of my vintage pants.

Just as soon as this eases up a bit I will let you know as believe me I cannot imagine anything in the world I would rather do than be with you and W. R. in that wonderful place. It would put back eighty years of my life and believe me I could use them. Many thanks again.

Hearst was keeping after his new indecency crusade, as a message from Willicombe that day shows; it went to Ray Van Ettisch at the *L.A. Examiner:*

Chief requests you get in touch with Archbishop Cantwell and find what we can do to further the campaign for boycot[t] of indecent films, etcetera.

Also find out to what extent the campaign is active in other cities where we publish, so that we can get in touch with our people and help the campaign everywhere.

These words led immediately to a "Rodriguez editorial on censorship for films," as Van Ettisch alerted Willicombe the next day, January 10:

> During these days of increasing national emergency, when the threat of war creates crises as serious as war itself, nothing is more vitally important than that the morale and loyalty of the people be kept staunchly in line with American principles. . . .
>
> More people see movies than read books. Films appeal primarily to the emotions and do not lend themselves to reflection or reference. The dramatic form has a more immediate, stronger attraction to passions and sentiments, yet does not lend itself easily to critical examination.
>
> To place this potent instrument in the hands of subtle and mischievious advocates of this or that alien philosophy, to give them full leeway in wielding it to our harm, denotes a degree of naiveté that borders on criminal negligence.

Hearst's positions were often shrill, caustic, astringent; he seldom wavered. Thus the opinion he received on January 10 from a reader in New York:

> Think your articles too anti. Will certainly hurt your paper[s] and their future. You cannot change public sentiment at this time. This is the consensus of opinion of your many friends and advertisers.

The reader had a point. Hearst couldn't afford to lose his audience or circulation; to the contrary, he needed to *build* them if his larger plan behind "In the News" were to work. Nonetheless, he kept the heat turned up steadily.

More on the indecency question was at hand that day in 1941; this from Van Ettisch to Willicombe:

> Archbishop Cantwell says campaign against indecent films, plays etc., is to be confined to Los Angeles Archdiocese, at least for the present. Thinks we can help by editorial and news support as plans develop. He greatly appreciates editorial already printed [on January 4] on his initial move.
>
> Wants Police Commission empowered to close undesirable types of shows, particularly those on Main Street, not only because of their effect on morality of community, but also because of their proximity to his

> cathedral [of St. Vibiana] at Second and Main streets, but of course does not want latter mentioned. . . .
>
> . . . The boycott plan includes such places as NTG's Florentine Gardens and Earl Carroll's.

Those two businesses were in the heart of Hollywood, five miles northwest of downtown's Second and Main.

THE BEACH HOUSE first rears its head in the winter of 1941 in this way: a minor studio in Hollywood needed a madonna statue for a film. What better source to appeal to than Hearst? On January 22, Ella Williams (no longer based at the Fox Hills lot of Twentieth Century-Fox) wired Willicombe at Wyntoon:

> General Service Studios [on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood] ask if the Chief has a life size madonna he would rent. They will insure it for its full value and pay 10 percent of its value the first week and 5 percent a week thereafter. They do not know yet how many weeks they will want it.

Willicombe got busy with the General Service request; he heard from Bill Newton, the "engineer" in Santa Monica, as he was called many pages ago; this was on January 24, 1941:

> Madonna at Beach House. Did not have room on truck last shipment. Also antique wooden mantle from Lexington Drive [1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills]. Will ship by next truck.

The mantel almost certainly is the one George Loorz discussed with Pete Petersen in July 1940. However, Newton's mention of the truck is puzzling. The madonna needed to go halfway across town; that was all. Newton may simply have meant that when the Hearst truck was next in the neighborhood for the sake of Wyntoon, he could take care of this local matter then.

January 1941 also marked the opening of what's been called "The Sale of the Century," namely, the department-store dispersal of Hearst books and art objects in New York through Gimbel Brothers, with Hammer Galleries arranging the details. Portions of the Hearst Collection had already been sold by the time-honored means of auctions in New York and London in the late 1930s. The process worked well for some items yet was too slow and cumbersome for others, hence the Gimbels-Hammer approach. The event drew a good deal of publicity, which the Hearst interests were duty-bound to react to, preferably in an intelligent, productive way. International News Service in New York to Joe Willicombe on January 24:

> Have 1200 words article on exhibition and advance on art sale sent out by Gimbels but approved by Martin Huberth who suggests I wire you asking whether Chief would like sent over our wire to Hearst papers tonight. It gives no valuation and explains Chief not owner of this art. Mr. Huberth points out that other New York papers will carry stories and that [they] undoubtedly will be sent out by AP and UP [Associated Press and United Press] and that their matter may be garbled or contain inaccuracies.

"Chief not owner" referred to corporate versus personal ownership of Hearst items in the Gimbel Brothers department-store sale, which ran throughout 1941 and, with certain slower-moving items, ran all through the first half of the forties decade, almost until World War II ended.

A COOL MILLION. That's what we've always heard that Marion gave (or rather lent) Hearst when the financial chips were down in the late thirties—in 1937 or in the even worse year of 1938. There's plenty of truth to the story. Yet reliable details and fine points are hard to come by. The following message from the attorney Larry Mitchell to

Willicombe on January 29, 1941, is a good indicator of how complex such matters could be:

> Appreciate your drawing and forwarding to me check on Marion Douras' special account in National City Bank of New York, Times Square Branch, payable to Marion Davies in sum of $5,000. Check should be dated Feb. 3, 1941 and signed Marion Douras.
>
> Must deposit this check in Miss Davies' Los Angeles bank account not later than Feb. 3rd as [Geoffrey] Konta advises it will be necessary to pay in Los Angeles on that day additional assessment of federal income tax for 1938 mounting to $3560.66.
>
> As soon as we receive advices as to amount of interest received from American Newspapers Inc. it will be necessary to transfer additional funds from special New York account to Los Angeles account. However, transfer of $5,000 now necessary to take care of this emergency tax assessment and current bills.

With regard to Marion, it's a lot more fun and appropriate to read through the teleprinter messages of January 1941 (from the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection) and settle on this next one, from Thursday the 30th, sent to Ella Williams, who was now working out of her residence in Westwood, by Mame Edwards, a secretary and lady-in-waiting to Marion in the early 1940s. The Edwards message couldn't have been simpler or more to the point:

> MD wants to know about Mr. Hearst's drapery material.

Marion had a feminine liking of fabrics (she was a master quilter); and thus in January we find Hearst's valet at the time, Gus Wahlberg, notifying the San Simeon hilltop staff, which was a lonesome skeleton crew in 1941:

> Sending down four bedspreads. Miss Davies wants them used in the Celestial & the Doges suites.

River House and The Bend at Wyntoon (the two buildings were half a mile apart) were getting increased attention in the very midst of

winter. On February 5, Mame Edwards had a favor to ask Bill Newton at the Beach House in Santa Monica:

> Please wire color of drapes & walls in room on 3[rd] Floor next to Mr. Hearst's [bedroom].

Newton answered Miss Edwards with references to the wallpaper in which the Beach House abounded:

> Walls hunting scene. Green tree and hills, blue sky. Drapes beige predominating with orange and green hunting motif. Twin maple beds. Will ship one drape.

Newton also directed the following to Miss Davies that same day, February 5:

> West Room, second floor, bed—Length, 79 inches; Width, 58 inches, Height of mattress from floor, 32 inches. Shipping skirt and canopy drapes for bed today.

The best indicator of what was happening in River House decoratively is this message that Bill Hunter sent Willicombe from Los Angeles on February 7:

> Regarding the rooms in red Chinese lacquer, can you get from Mr. [Mac] McClure answers to the following questions which are asked me by the decorators—
>
> Are the walls painted red? How about trim[m]ing around doors and windows?
>
> How are the floors covered—color and material?
>
> What type of rooms, bedroom, living room, library, sitting room?
>
> Maybe McClure can make some suggestions as to color of the drapes, as he did when we got the carpets.

Willicombe got right back to Hunter in Los Angeles:

> Following is information from McClure you requested:
>
> "Room is bedroom with la[c]quer red and gold leaf decorations. Curtains should have a repeat of red either in pat[t]ern or general color. Hard to say what but suggest we try out whatever can be found."

Hunter had this to tell Willicombe the next day, Saturday, February 8:

> Barker Bros. and [J. W.] Robinson's are sending today samples of drapes for the Chinese lacquer room . Could not find anything suitable at Bullock's or May Co., although Bullock's expect to have some next week.
>
> Will try Monday at some other places.

Sure enough, on Monday the 10th we find Hunter telling Willicombe:

> Bullock's are sending some samples of drapes for the Chinese lacquer room tonight.

In the midst of these lobs back and forth about River House, the usual seriousness was also afoot; Ray Van Ettisch to Willicombe on Friday, February 7:

> Attorney for Archbishop Cantwell met today with Police Commission and representatives of City Council and actors groups and agreed on tentative draft of a proposed ordinance giving broader powers to Police Commission to curb salacious stage and motion picture productions in Los Angeles. . . .
>
> We will get behind the campaign vigorously. Chief was inquiring last night.

Jose Rodriguez followed with an editorial on February 8 for Hearst's approval:

> Los Angeles' city government is moving to revise antiquated laws which compel it to license operators of lewd stage shows and obscene motion pictures which so long have affronted civic decency. . . .
>
> The measure proposes to:
>
> 1. Empower the Police Commission to deny exhibitors' licenses to applicants who have been convicted of offenses involving lewd, lascivious shows.

2. Empower the Commission to revoke the license if the exhibitor or any of his associates in responsible capacities have been convicted of a misdemeanor in presenting a lewd show.

3. Empower the Commission to revoke the license of the exhibitor if the production has been abated or enjoined by a court.

This is action, but it is not yet effective action.

THE CARPENTER PETE PETERSEN wrote to George Loorz from Wyntoon in his clumsy hand on Tuesday, February 18:

> Mr. Hearst is going to Mexico next Monday [the 24th] what for I do not know but I hope that he will close up shop here and tell me to get the hell out off here and if he does well what have you got to offer George?

Hearst had to make some political noise with "In the News" before he told the few troops at Wyntoon *anything,* whether Petersen or anyone else (what he told Pete was to keep on working, come snow or hail):

> "The Thirty-eighth Ward Republican organization in Chicago today announced it had unanimously resolved to consider that Wendell L. Willkie is no longer titular head of the Republican Party.
>
> "The action was taken because of Willkie's indorsement of the administration's 'Lend-Lease' bill."
>
> It looks as if the leaders of the Repubocrat Party—and the masses of the party, too—were endeavoring to brush off Mr. Willkie—their late Presidential impossibility. . . .
>
> The delegates to the Republican Convention at Philadelphia are individually and collectively responsible for Mr. Willkie.
>
> They founded the Repubocrat Party.
>
> It was they who committed hari-kari or hoochie-koochie—or whatever the deplorable performance was—on the steps of the Roosevelt Party.
>
> They knew perfectly well what kind of a man they were nominating when they selected Mr. Willkie as their not entirely candid candidate.

More information from down south reached "the folks," as Ella Williams usually called the Hearst-Davies party; she wired the following on Valentine's Day, Friday the 14th:

> Drapes in the [Beach House] Powder Room come just to the floor.

That same Friday, Mac McClure told Bill Hunter:

> We need new batch of carpet samples about same quality and at least as cheap. Color range from sand or gold to brown.

The flood in the winter of 1940 had added to the remodeling needs at Wyntoon in the current year. And thus McClure to Ella Williams on Saturday, February 15:

> We presume you are getting the sixteen yds #19859 [from the] Car[r]illo Co. I am asked to make sure it is ordered.

On the 15th as well, Hearst tendered a lengthy reply to *Editor & Publisher* magazine, which had asked numerous questions about "In the News":

> William Randolph Hearst, who tackled the job of writing a daily column a year ago this month, in his seventy-seventh year, raised the collective newspaper eyebrows when he proceeded to give readers of "In the News" frequent strong doses of history, ancient and modern, along with contemporary comments. But his lengthy chapters of history, written as they have never been written before in newspapers, and usually linked with current developments, have won wide acclaim.
>
> From Mr. Hearst EDITOR & PUBLISHER this week obtained two lengthy statements discussing his concept of history as news and his new role as a daily columnist in the Hearst papers. He admitted that "I have to grind it out," adding:
>
> "It is an awful life and I do genuinely envy columnists like Damon Runyon and E. V. Durling and Arthur Baer, who write easily and delightfully and produce something that adds to the happiness of humanity."

The best part of the two statements was in the second one, when Hearst told *Editor & Publisher:*

> "Anyhow, it does not come easily.
>
> "I have to grind it out.
>
> "I take four or five hours to write it,—and sometimes I write a bad column,—I mean a worse one and have to tear it up and write another.
>
> "And I do not have time to tear that one up, although I should.
>
> "But I have to catch the edition [make the deadline].
>
> "Then sometimes I have to read a day or two to refresh my memory on historical matters.
>
> "I cannot afford to be wrong, as my contributors jump on me.
>
> "It is surprising what a lot those letter writers know, and how good some of their stuff is.
>
> "I work on the [news]papers in the daytime.
>
> "I generally write at night and usually get to bed about three or four o'clock.
>
> "But sometimes not until eight or nine o'clock in the morning."

As for the man's way of refreshing his memory, Marion left behind surprising words about Hearst in *The Times We Had*, wherein she claimed that she'd "never seen him read a book":

> You could ask him any question about ancient history, about the Greeks or the Gauls, or the neolithic or paleolithic period, and he'd rattle it off, just like that.
>
> He knew the history of every great emperor; he knew the whole beginning of life, from the oceans and the fish. He must have read before he knew me; I never saw him read. He was always writing.

Be that as it may, no wonder Hearst and Marion and their friends would be going to Mexico. The man needed a vacation! He would continue to submit columns, of course, while on the road. On Monday, February 17, Larry Mitchell wired Hearst from Los Angeles:

> Notice is hereby given of a special meeting of the Board of Directors of Hearst Publications, Incorporated, to be held on Monday, February twenty-fourth Nineteen forty-one at four o'clock p.m. at 415 Palisades

Beach Road, Santa Monica California [the Beach House]. The purposes for which the meeting is being held are being sent you by mail.

Before Hearst and Marion left Wyntoon, he filed a priceless column later that same day, February 17:

Colonel [Frank] Knox is a grand man, and your columnist is very fond of him, but he was raised in the rock-ribbed hills of New Hampshire and his ancestor [Henry Knox, 1750–1806] was Secretary of War in that ox-cart revolutionary period that our good President so often refers to—disparagingly. . . .

The Colonel should come out to California and see the myriads of little Japs peacefully raising fruit and flowers and vegetables on California farms and basking with Oriental satisfaction in the California sunshine, and saying hopefully and wishfully:

"Some day I come with Japanese army and take all this. Yes sir, thank you."

Then the Colonel should see the fleets of peaceful little Japanese fishing boats plying up and down the California coast, catching fish and taking photographs.

The Japanese are very good at taking photographs—especially of strategic points and landing places.

Then the Colonel should visit Hawaii with its 155,042 of Japanese inhabitants,—nearly one half of the population of the islands.

Then he should take a glimpse at the unfortified Philippines, where Davao, on the island of Mindanao, is almost entirely controlled by Japanese.

Then he might visit undefended Alaska and look across the three and a half miles of Bering Strait to Russia.

Why! Colonel, you could shoot across that distance with a parlor rifle—and a parlor rifle is all we have got just now in the way of artillery—and, Colonel, you can not kill a Russian bear with a parlor rifle.

Maybe the Pacific Coast needs something more than a parlor rifle.

Maybe the country would better let the Pacific Coast have what it WANTS for its own defense—and for the defense of the nation.

Hearst was sequestered at Wyntoon for at least two reasons: the place was a good deal cheaper to operate than San Simeon, and, furthermore, it was at safer, longer reach from any process-servers who might attempt delivery of court papers in Hearst's disfavor; one or two had already tried. Plus a third reason: he wasn't about to be a sitting duck at San Simeon when Japan *did* attack, as it would by the end of the year in Honolulu.

Some more Beach House items date from before the party headed south, as far south as Mexico City, following a quick layover in Santa Monica before catching the train to El Paso, Texas, and then switching to a line crossing the state of Chihuahua, home of Hearst's Babicora ranch; this from Bill Newton to Mame Edwards on February 21:

> Bed under M. D.'s room; length seventy-seven inches, width sixty-seven inches, top of mattress to floor twenty-nine inches.
>
> Bed under W. R. H. room; length seventy-nine inches, width fifty-eight inches, top of mattress to floor thirty-three inches.
>
> Bed under R. D. [Rose Davies] room; length seventy-eight inches, width fifty-four inches, top of mattress to floor twenty-eight inches.

Willicombe, of course, had the usual arrangements to make before anyone could budge one bit:

> Please send Sunday paper of Feb. 23rd as usual but do not send any more to Wyntoon after that.
>
> Will be in Los Angeles Monday. Have Monday and Tuesday *Examiners* delivered at Beach House.
>
> That will end papers until further notice. Thanks.

That was his message to Ray Van Ettisch at the *L.A. Examiner;* he sent a similar message to the *Examiner's* San Francisco counterpart.

One last message from Marion to Ella Williams exists, this on Saturday the 22nd:

> Please see that the Doberman Pinchers are chained up when we arrive.

A matter of security, Santa Monica style.

"HEARST AND MISS DAVIES packed off to Mexico with two of his sons [Bill Jr. and David] and their wives [Lorelle and Hope], the director Raoul Walsh [and Lorraine Walsh] and several others." So begins W. A. Swanberg's brief account in *Citizen Hearst* in 1961. Swanberg relied partly on Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy who, in 1941, was Ambassador to Mexico and who recalled Hearst's visit in his memoir *Shirt-Sleeve Diplomat* in 1947.

Aside from those references, this episode of Mexican travel is under-mentioned, like so much else from these ostensibly slack, uneventful years in Hearst's life. For their part, the wires and other telecommunications in the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection, on which this chapter is heavily reliant, resume a daily procession in early April 1941.

The Beach House (an outlier of the main 415 unit, that is, possibly the 321 building at the north end or the 443, 445, or 451 buildings at the south end) figures in a message from the well-known writer Anita Loos to Marion Davies on April 2; Marion and W. R., having returned from Mexico at the end of March, had just left Santa Monica in favor of San Simeon when Miss Loos sent the following:

> Do you by any chance want to rent the little servant's house to your Santa Monica place?
>
> A friend of mine Eric Charrell [the Hollywood writer-director Erik Charell] hankers to rent it for the season. He is a nice boy. Let me know if there is a chance that he could get it. Much love dearest Marion.

That same day—April 2, 1941—the Beach House figured in a different way; Larry Mitchell to Hearst:

> Meeting of Executive Committee of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc. will be held at San Simeon, California, instead of at 415 Palisades

> Beach Road, Santa Monica, California on Saturday April fifth, Nineteen Forty-one at the hour of two o'clock p.m.

Citizen Kane was on the front burner when a more renowned Los Angeles attorney than Mitchell got hold of Hearst the next day by wire to San Simeon: Oscar Lawler on Thursday, April 3:

> Conferred with Judge [Clarence J.] Shearn as directed. He concurs in view expressed by us that action concerning picture [*Citizen Kane*] inadvisable. His views were also requested concerning suggestion that you attend trial now in progress [the Mann stockholders' suit in Los Angeles].

In other years, other situations, the guests that may have appeared at the Beach House rather than at the ranch led to messages like this one on April 3; it went from San Simeon to one of Willicombe's clerks in Los Angeles:

> Can you send me a list of people coming up Saturday, how long they expect to stay and are you arranging for return transportation? Thanks and regards.

Raoul and Lorraine Walsh had gone to Mexico with W. R. and Marion, a trip lasting a good month or slightly more; and thus Mrs. Walsh ("Peenzie") to Marion on April 9; she was wiring from Beverly Hills:

> Dearest Marion and Mister Hearst: Felt as though I have lost part of my family after leaving you [following the trip to Mexico]. Having little devel [dental] work done. Would love to come up after that which should be next week. Really cannot tell you how much have missed you both. Love.

A wire from Marion's niece, Patricia Van Cleve Lake, the daughter of Rose Davies and George Van Cleve, is dated April 10, 1941; Pat sent it from Santa Monica (probably from the Beach House—provided there was a Western Union hookup there in 1941; otherwise she would have sent it from somewhere "in town"):

> Dear Aunt Marion: Mother's symphony was wonderful. I was so thrilled I cried and so did Artie [Pat's husband, Arthur Lake] and she was so pretty tonight and so excited. Baskets of flowers and bows and more bows. She and her music were wonderful. Her music reminds me so much of my darling family. I seem to see you all and we were together as it was played. All my love.

Hearst had less upbeat news for his two *Examiner* papers that same day, April 10:

> Please note on picture page battleship North Carolina in *Los Angeles Times.* This is intelligent and effective use of pictures.
>
> Our picture pages today are trivial and valueless.
>
> Please try to get picture editor who will know what is important to illustrate and what kind of illustration is effective; also what to do when an exceptional opportunity comes along.
>
> Frankly our picture pages are usually commonplace and conventional and apparently receive no thought and no intelligent effort to make them unusual and notable.

Nothing could rankle Hearst like being scooped by the *L.A. Times,* often a poor excuse in 1941 for a metropolitan daily paper. Rob Leicester Wagner states emphatically in his book *Red Ink White Lies* that Hearst's *Examiner,* from soon after its founding in 1903, was the "leading morning newspaper in Los Angeles for five decades," an assessment that would surprise many today, long accustomed to the grandeur of the *Times* under the California dreamin' Otis Chandler and his successors.

Piers Brendon, a specialist on Winston Churchill who previously was an early user of the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft, found a rare fragment dated April 30, 1919; it revealed what Hearst told one of his editors:

> The *[Los Angeles] Times* is not a public institution run in the service of the people. It is a private institution run for the personal business advantage of Mr. [Harry] Chandler [1864–1944].

The Chandler that Brendon mentioned was a year younger than Hearst, had been at the helm since 1917, and went on to become the grandfather of Otis Chandler.

Marion sent Rose Davies, an aspiring singer and her only remaining sister now that Reine and Ethel were gone, congratulations on April 10, 1941; Marion did so through Ella Williams in Westwood:

> Send Rose flowers to theatre or house [the Beach House] with card "To darling Rose, wish you great success tonight Love Marion." I want entire staff including watchmen to eat at house. Connie [Constantine Fox] is in charge. If Paula doesn't like it get some one else.

An Easter greeting to Marion on Saturday, April 12, came from the former actress Dorothy Mackaill in New York:

> Dear Marianne: Wishing you and yours the happiest Easter excepting I would be much happier if I were with you both. You have my love as always.

Miss Mackaill wasn't alone in using the name "Marianne" as a fond remembrance of the Cosmopolitan-MGM film of 1929 by that name. It starred Marion and Larry Gray and was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

April 12, 1941—the very date of the Marianne message—found Hearst responding to the columnist John Chapman of the *New York Daily News,* who on April 8 had written to him about Orson Welles, *Citizen Kane,* and a misunderstanding that Chapman had had with Samuel Goldwyn (an old-line Hearst partisan) about the film. Hearst began by telling Chapman: "You are writing to the only other guy in Hollywood who has not seen 'Citizen Kane.' So I cannot discuss the picture."

Orson Welles was the subject of a long, denunciatory message to Jack Malloy, a favorite Sunday editor of Hearst's, who was staying at San Simeon in 1941; Malloy heard on April 12 from his current paper,

the *Chicago Herald-American.* Hearst could easily be assumed to have jumped eagerly on any such vituperative tract, which the dispatch was—in Welles's disfavor. For whatever reason, Hearst nixed the item. There'd be other instances when he would go for the juggler instead.

His crusade against cruelty to horses in motion pictures had led to a broader-based but just as high-pitched stance on vivisection—the un-anaesthetized experimenting on dogs and other animals by the scientific community. The subject had a ghoulish, primal side to it that engaged Hearst's imagination and found expression in his *American Weekly* Sunday supplement. In that regard, his new crusade was merely a turning up of the heat in areas that had long been kept warm and were poised to be newly inflamed. A man from the National Anti-Vivisection Society in Chicago wired Hearst on April 14:

> International Conference Against Vivisection an annual convention of delegates from anti-vivisection societies all over the world to be held in Philadelphia on May 17 and 18th extends to you a cordial invitation to be the principal speaker at its dinner on May 18th at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. . . .
>
> If your appearance is impossible would you consider making a 5 or 10 minute recording setting forth your views on the subject and permit us to broadcast it to our delegates at the dinner and put it on the radio later?

Orson Welles and a group called The Free Company were synonymous at this time. The Sunday editor Jack Malloy, still on hand at San Simeon, notified all the Hearst papers on April 14 as follows:

> Los Angeles and San Francisco newspapers are giving vigorous and fulsome support to American Legion's growing protests against subversive radio broadcasts by the so-called Free Company. Chief wants all Hearst papers to play these stories conspicuously.

ON A PLEASANTER NOTE, Bill Hunter asked Joe Willicombe on April 16 about the film-viewing schedule at San Simeon:

> Did the folks see [the Warner Bros. picture] *Footsteps in the Dark* with Errol Flynn? It was sent to the Beach House the day they returned from Mexico [in late March], but I don't know whether or not they saw it.
>
> If not, would they like to have it sent up?

Hearst soon said, yes, he'd like to see Flynn's latest movie.

Hollywood was again the subject of a wire from Jack Malloy to his home paper, the *Chicago Herald-American,* on April 19:

> Change boxed subhead on Gish "Hooey in War Propaganda" page to read:
>
> "Famed Actress is Attacked for Exposing Tricks That Drive America Into War."

Lillian Gish was active in the anti-war America First Committee; this led to her being blacklisted in 1941 by the mostly interventionist film colony. If Miss Gish could be a target of activist (mainly anti-Hitlerian) sympathies, why not Hearst, who was known to have conferred with the Fuhrer in person? New fires began to smolder under Hearst, embers quick to leap into flame with even slight stoking or encouragement.

His column for April 23 was squarely on point that way:

> Every time any informed and conscientious citizen tries to warn our people of the formidableness of the Axis forces and the possibility of their winning the war he is denounced as pro-German. . . .
>
> Take for example Col. Lindbergh and that good old-fashioned American, Henry Ford.
>
> Col. Lindbergh, in his capacity of aviation expert, visits Russia and Germany and inspects their aviation equipment. . . .
>
> England denounces him as pro-German, and practically runs him out of the country with bitter abuse. . . .

> So he comes home and tries to tell the truth as he sees it to his fellow Americans, and meets with very much the same reception he got in England.

W. C. Fields, writing from Los Angeles on April 23, was one who took inspiration from Hearst's column that morning:

> Every one applauds your editorial today. Why the villifying [*sic*] and false accusations of our three great heroes Lindbergh, Ford and [Gen. Robert E.] Wood by two disgruntled Hebrews should go unprotested by the press of United States was somewhat of an enigma to us all. Again thanks.

Hearst's column included this sentence: "Secretary [Harold] Ickes, chief defamer and backbiter for the administration, read a carefully prepared address at the Passover celebration of the Jewish National Workers Alliance of America." The other person Fields called a Hebrew was evidently President Roosevelt himself.

THE PARTY DECAMPED to Wyntoon in late April, right before the yearly birthday event in Hearst's honor. It was about Wednesday the 23rd that Marion wired her nephew, Charlie Lederer, in Beverly Hills:

> Darling Charles: Tried to get you by telephone to tell you we are leaving Friday [April 25] for Wyntoon. Private car leaving L.A. Friday night for Wyntoon to pick us up here. Can you & Virginia come along for W. R.'s birthday? Please try. Affectionately.

"Private car" probably meant railroad car, but it's hard to be sure. A greater challenge is that of dating this unmarked item. How much notice would Marion have given the Lederers? In any event, no other document in the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection tells as much about the move from San Simeon to Wyntoon in 1941. The party spent most of Saturday, April 26, in transit. By Sunday and Monday, the 27th and 28th, it was business as usual on the McCloud River for Hearst, Marion, and their entourage.

On Hearst's birthday itself—Tuesday the 29th—E. F. Tompkins climbed back on the *Citizen Kane* steamroller:

> Little Orson Welles—whose "Free Company" radio broadcasts have been condemned as subversive by the American Legion and other patriotic organizations—has just taken a nice prominent position for himself directly upon the Communist "party line." . . .
>
> And the Communists have immediately shown themselves to be grateful to Orson Welles. . . .
>
> Incidentally, several of the members of Orson Welles' new committee have appeared previously in Communist "fellow traveler" groups and auxiliary organizations. . . .
>
> There are likewise Herman Shumlin, the New York theatrical producer, and Lillian Hellman, the playwright.

Despite the plum of a situation these lines seemed to offer, Hearst killed the editorial. It's unclear why. The nixing didn't occur until May 5, so it may well have been the old stale-news syndrome, although why the editorial wasn't used earlier is equally unclear.

News had to be timely, and it was supposed to be accurate—unless you were a wealthy man like Hearst whose privacy was at a premium. Why else would he have let the following pass muster? Ray Van Ettisch of the *Los Angeles Examiner* wired Joe Willicombe on April 29:

> Yreka, Calif., April 29-(AP)-William Randolph Hearst celebrated his 78th birthday quietly today at his 5,680-acre estate in Siskiyou County. The publisher entertained three of his sons, John, David and Randolph, and their wives at a family dinner. Two other sons [George and Bill] are in the east.
>
> Hearst arrived at his Siskiyou estate about two weeks ago. It was said there that "nothing special" was planned in the way of a birthday party.

Hearst got to Wyntoon of course a mere day or two before his birthday.

The closeness that existed between Marion's side of the extended family and W. R.'s side is undeniable, as in her wire in late April to Lorelle Hearst (the second wife of Bill Jr.) in New York:

> Dearest Lorelle: The lipsticks are marvelous. I would have thanked you before but have not been feeling well since Mexico. Understand you & Bill have been ill. Am sorry. Hope you are fine now. Lots of love and millions of thanks. Affectionately.

For Hearst himself, whenever he tired of trivia or simplicity he could always lose himself in his correspondence, voluminous on most days—and not all of it happy or uplifting. A subscriber in San Francisco was one whose declamatory letter got published in the Saturday Symposium of May 3:

> Instead of using your publications to laud copperheads [opponents to war], the likes of Lindbergh, [Gerald] Nye, [Burton] Wheeler and others who would undermine public moral[e], you would be better thought of if you pursued a policy of upholding bonafide Americans such as our President, [Cordell] Hull, [Frank] Knox, and the great majority of our statesmen. . . .
>
> I would like to see the U. S. declare a state of war against the Axis, if for no other reason than to muzzle the poisonous utterances of those so-called patriots you are upholding.
>
> You call yourself an American? If so why don't you conduct your sheets accordingly.

The way Hearst was conducting his sheets was closer to home, more pointedly so. In essence, he was giving his editors, publishers, and those under them a constant splash of water in the face, a constant thwacking on the seat of the pants. He was frankly *shaming* his troops into better, braver performances as they faced the enemy called the late Depression and the ennui that day-to-day life imposed. The Hearst magazines were doing better through the good offices of Dick Berlin. Now the papers started to pick up and gain steam, not through Berlin or any one editor or publisher, but above all through Hearst himself,

the perennial cheerleader and circus barker, convincingly through his column. Circulation began to pick up. With every audited rise in those numbers, advertising rates could in turn be raised—and they steadily were. Hearst never missed a chance in that department. He shamed all his executives into quicker, more inspired, more effective action. The catch was, of course, that at age seventy-eight he had to keep up the pace. He couldn't tarry now, not with the turnaround and upswing that had become increasingly apparent. Some of the papers broke even for the first time in years. Others made money on top of that; and the full-scale wartime upsurge hadn't even taken hold yet. When it did, columnist Hearst of "In the News" fame was poised to strike like a viper, to capitalize on the momentum as if it was 1898 again and Cuba's freedom was at stake.

Defense mobilization was starting up in the wake of Hitler's rampages. On May 3, Mac McClure heard from Ella Williams in Los Angeles:

> Unable to get additional seven yards on 19859 [drapery material from Carrillo & Co.]. Factory taken over for defense. They have on hand in New York two small samples. One is two and five-eighths yards and the other one [is] six-eighths yards. Will be unable to make any more at this time.

These lighter, more enjoyable matters had a leavening effect. Hearst especially was one who had plenty else to fret over.

MARION HEARD FROM her sister Rose on May 7:

> Darling Marion: Tune in tonight Wednesday at eight o'clock and wait for KHJ "Adventures in Rhythm" program [with] Dave Rose for my "Waltz International" hookup. . . . Love darling to you and W. R.

A mutual friend of Marion and Rose's wired Marion on Saturday the 10th, reporting that a performance Rose had given at the

Ambassador Hotel was "marvelous yesterday." Hearst's performance through "In the News" was less than marvelous to some; his level of friction and controversy was steadily at high pitch, like a tightly coiled spring about to snap; from a reader in San Diego came this letter, published by Hearst in the Saturday Symposium of May 17:

> Your defense of the Nazi agents, Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye, etc., is in line with your narrow viewpoint.
>
> You can only see this war from the American angle, and give no account to the international welfare of all the persecuted nations and minorities under the iron heel of the bloodthirsty Hitler!
>
> Why do you not acknowledge the rights of all people to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"
>
> The American democracy is made up of the cultures of the persecuted minorities of Europe who have come to this country in search of their rights. . . .
>
> But by protecting such Fascist-minded enemies of world peace you are as guilty in bringing about disunity as an open agent of Hitler or Mussolini.

The writer taunted Hearst in closing: "I know you won't dare print this in spite of your loud squawks about free speech." But he *did* dare to print it, naturally.

Citizen Kane got one of its rare mentions on May 23—by Louella Parsons, no less. The film had premiered to some fanfare in New York on May 1. Things had run much of their course by then; Parsons insisted, though, on coyly harping on the matter, not realizing that Hearst had mostly washed his hands of it:

> Thought you might like to congratulate Schaeffer [George Schaefer] and Orson Wells. *Citizen Kane* up to date has cost them $200,000 to keep theatres open. Did $96 worth of business one night at El Capitan [in Hollywood]. Is considered the greatest flop Hollywood has ever seen. I am so sorry I am crying and thought you would be sad about it too.

Nonetheless, a choice bit of Wellesiana stems from the few days the Hearst party spent in San Francisco in late May at the Fairmont Hotel. Coincidentally, the San Francisco premiere of *Citizen Kane* was held during this brief trip, as David Thomson recounted in 1996 in *Rosebud: The Story of Orson Welles:*

> There it was—he [Welles] said often later, though sometimes the meeting was at the Fairmont and sometimes the Mark Hopkins—that he happened upon W. R. Hearst in an otherwise empty hotel elevator and offered the old boy good tickets for the opening.

Hearst apparently declined the offer.

Fast forward to February 1971. Welles was still only fifty-five when *The New Yorker* published Pauline Kael's "Raising Kane," a landmark essay more accessible ever since as part of *The Citizen Kane Book* of 1971. Grandiose blowhard that he was, Welles could easily have built his story of the hotel elevator around this passage by Kael:

> Quite by chance, I saw William Randolph Hearst once, when I was about nineteen. It was Father's Day, which sometimes falls on my birthday [June 19], and my escort bumped into him on the dance floor. I can't remember whether it was at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco or at the St. Francis, and I can't remember the year, though it was probably 1938 [Kael was born in 1919].

And where, in reality, was Hearst on Sunday, June 19, 1938? Amazingly (as such stories tend to go), he and his party had in fact reached San Francisco that very day by train from Chicago, where they'd spent the past week on corporate business. Father's Day 1939 (June 18) found him at San Simeon, whereas Father's Day 1940 (June 16) found him in or near Chicago once more. Unless Pauline Kael was off by three years and actually meant Sunday, May 25, 1941 (when she turned twenty-two), her recollection of the moment in 1938 holds water, as too few stories of this kind ever do, never mind the true identity of the hotel.

For his part, the freewheeling biographer John Tebbel, author in 1952 of *The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst,* may have meant May 1941 in recounting that Hearst and Marion saw *Citizen Kane* in San Francisco: "They slipped in and out of the theater so unobtrusively that no one saw them." Hearst supposedly remarked later that he found the picture "a little too long." Marion, for her part, was emphatic in *The Times We Had* that neither she nor Hearst ever saw the movie.

In any event, Thursday, May 29, 1941, marked the full resumption of normal activity at Wyntoon, the Hearst party having gone straight back to that forested hideaway after the trip to San Francisco.

JUNE 1 FOUND HEARST weighing in on a Hollywood matter. Lionel Atwill, a British actor whose wife, Louise, had formerly been married to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, had got himself into a bad scrape; the Atwills were part of the Hearst-Davies circle; furthermore, Louise was the sister-in-law of Doris Duke, likewise a Hearst-Davies insider. And therefore Hearst to Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner:*

> If Lionel Atwill is cleared in the Grand Jury report or otherwise please give the vindication proper prominence.
>
> His family is much distressed by the scandal.
>
> They think him entirely innocent and the victim of blackmail.

Atwill had been accused of having an orgy at his home in Brentwood. The charge led to his perjuring himself and virtually ruining his film career, despite Hearst's intercession in 1941.

Hearst was also interceding for animals, having moved past his initial focus on horses alone. His "In the News" column for June 3 went this way:

> On the picture page of this newspaper today your columnist presents for your consideration some authoritative pictures of vivisection experiments inflicted upon "man's best friend," the dog. . . .
>
> These pictures are not, by any means, examples of the most horrifying of the processes of indiscriminate vivisection. . . .
>
> Still, the few pictures that are here printed and printable are enough to demonstrate the needless and useless cruelties inflicted upon helpless animals by the many sadists engaged in unnecessary and indiscriminate vivisection.

Santa Monica crossed the Wyntoon radar screen on Tuesday, June 3. Joe Willicombe told the attorney Larry Mitchell that day, "Have told [Bill] Newton what Chief wants in the way of Beach House measurements and he is getting it."

Mitchell, based in Los Angeles as usual, had this to tell Willicombe later the same day:

> [Frank] Hellenthal does not have a plat map of the beach properties [the Beach House compound]. He says all such maps and other material were sent to Miss Morgan in San Francisco several years ago.
>
> He says it will take four or five days for surveyor to make new map spotting buildings and improvements and showing dimensions, angles and corner stakes and the cost will be about $100. Do you authorize this expenditure?

Meanwhile, having remodeled the house in Beverly Hills in 1940, Hearst and Marion were in a better position to rent that property; Rose Davies was no longer living there (she was living at 321 Ocean Front or in the main 415 building). Ella Williams queried Marion on June 5:

> Would you consider twenty-five hundred dollars for three months on seventeen hundred house?

By those words she of course meant 1700 Lexington Road, whose most renowned tenant during the early 1940s was Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures. "OK to rent 1700 at that price," replied Marion to Miss Williams.

Such stuff was minor compared with what Hearst was up to every day with his column and other concerns. “In the News” for June 12 began with his saying, “Letters continue to pour in with your columnist’s mail regarding vivisection”:

> Many of them ask what the writers should do to make their protest against such wanton cruelty effective.
>
> There is a great deal that can be done, and some things that definitely should not be done.
>
> In the first place, the best localities to make intelligent and effective protests felt are in the various states rather than to the federal government.
>
> The politicians of the federal government have developed an independent high hat attitude to a painful degree. . . .
>
> They refuse to allow the public a popular vote on the question of war or peace. . . .
>
> If these federal politicians are not willing to consider the lives of your precious sons, why should you think they will consider the sufferings of your mere animals?

Hearst was making a tie as best and as plausibly as he could between a seemingly small, isolated issue like vivisection and a much larger one like conscription, which was an unpopular enough matter to attract the public’s attention in 1941. With this approach and logic, he had a distinct hook to exploit. Another hook was that of propaganda, as in his next column, slated for Friday, June 13, and given a show-business twist:

> The United States at this time is flooded with propaganda—Nazi propaganda, Communist propaganda, British propaganda, and war propaganda. . . .
>
> The stage reeks with intentional propaganda.
>
> The cinema smells to heaven with it.
>
> The radio is contaminated with it.
>
> And Washington is permeated with it. . . .

> If the stage is so full of Communist propaganda that its patronage is mainly confined to the large Communist centers,—
>
> If the cinema is so saturated with propaganda of every kind—except peace propaganda—that its patrons hardly know any longer where to look for genuine entertainment,—
>
> If the radio is infected with propaganda as the American Legion alleges, and with extreme political bias as certain distinguished statesmen declare,—
>
> There is then all the more reason why the press should remain free from it and deserve the distinction which the Constitution confers upon it and the confidence which the public reposes in it.

Citizen Kane had all but disappeared from the annals by this time, whether overtly or between the lines. One of its last hurrahs may have been this story submitted by Warden Woolard of the *Los Angeles Examiner* on June 12:

> Anaheim, June 12.—All theaters in Orange County showing pictures written by Orson Welles or any members of the League of American Writers will be picketed by Anaheim Elks Lodge No. 1345.
>
> That was announced today by spokesmen for the Lodge, one of the most active in the state, who revealed that the Lodge at its meeting last night unanimously adopted a resolution denouncing Welles and the League of Writers whose June 8 congress in New York was called by him and others.

With organizations like the Elks and the American Legion on his side, Hearst could concentrate his thoughts and efforts elsewhere; and he did. Willicombe to Joe Connolly at International News Service, New York, June 16:

> Chief has received strong protest against Barry Faris' removal of main office of INS as well as the distributing point for Pacific Coast News from Los Angeles to San Francisco.
>
> Chief instructs me to take the matter up with you and says:

> "How come Barry Faris can run around upsetting long established and smooth working arrangements. Los Angeles is many times more important as news center than San Francisco."
>
> Would appreciate telegram clarifying this matter. And of course it is obvious that Chief wants the order rescinded unless there are especially good and satisfactory reasons for not rescinding it. Thanks for quick reply.

Connolly explained the matter; the new arrangement was allowed to stand. Hearst's high opinion of Los Angeles is the most striking thing, apart from the specifics involved here; remember, he was a native of San Francisco and had fond memories of his early newspaper career there, though oftentimes one would hardly know it.

He also had a high opinion of Thomas E. Dewey, currently in this post-election year the national chairman of USO, the United Service Organizations; Dewey wired Hearst from New York on June 17 about a Southland event:

> As you know radio and motion picture industries in your community undertaking tremendous step to help us in presentation of coast to coast broadcast and stage show Hollywood Bowl Sunday June twenty-ninth. As always publicity will be one factor to help put it over. Hope you and your editors are as enthusiastic over this broadcast for USO as we are.

Hearst assured Dewey that he and his people were indeed enthusiastic. "We are also very enthusiastic for you," he wired. Willicombe told the following to both papers in Los Angeles, the morning *Examiner* and the evening *Herald-Express:*

> Thomas E. Dewey has requested Chief to have publicity for USO broadcast and stage show in Hollywood Bowl June twenty-ninth, and Chief requests that you kindly comply.

The "Mount Olive" monastery from Spain—properly Santa Maria de Ovila—was in and out of the news in this period. The monastery was the ancient building once earmarked as a museum-shrine for

Wyntoon; later, Hearst had the same building in mind for a little-known plan involving Tuna Canyon, near Malibu and Topanga. Both ideas had failed to materialize. But early in May 1941, he was still considering keeping the tons of old stone and, to save on ruinous storage fees in San Francisco, having the whole pile moved to the San Simeon warehouses. Alas, another grandiose idea come to naught. The backup plan was to persuade the city of San Francisco to take over Mount Olive as a gift. In late May the city accepted Hearst's offer.

Charles Lindbergh, oft-mentioned in the Hearst press up to this point in 1941, was a guest at Wyntoon for a few days during the last week of June; his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, was with him. Marion recalled in 1951/1975 that the Lindberghs were at Wyntoon "during the war," thus leading to the belief by some that they paid two visits to that northern estate in the early 1940s. But they made only the visit touched on here, six months before the U.S. entered the war.

Lindbergh sent and received messages through the Wyntoon teleprinter throughout his stay—for example, Henry Mooberry of the America First Committee to Lindbergh on Monday, June 23:

> Columbia Broadcasting [System] wants 480 word excerpt your Minneapolis speech [of May 10, 1941] for use in talks, quarterly digest they circulate to 17,000. Deadline Wednesday morning [June 25] but like know today. Want you to edit but if you wish to place that job in my hands will combine with John Flynn [of the America First Committee] to make sure properly done. Congratulations on good LA meeting [June 20 at the Hollywood Bowl].

Lindbergh heard the next day from General Robert E. Wood of Chicago, a prominent America Firster:

> I hope very much that you and Mrs. Lindbergh can stop off and stay with us a day in Highland Park [Illinois] on your way back from the Coast.

Under that same date—Tuesday, June 24—Willicombe heard from Randolph Apperson, manager of the San Simeon Ranch, with a message that in its very different way bespoke Hearst's continued presence in the film industry:

> Have inquiry from Goebbels Lion Farm [in Thousand Oaks] to rent one male water buffalo for two weeks for Paramount picture. Would Chief consider, also what price will he ask. Please wire decision.

Hearst wired Paramount Pictures himself on June 25:

> We do not make practise [*sic*] of renting buffalo but if Paramount wants to state proposed rental price and length of time required we will try to comply.

WE CAN ONLY GUESS what Hearst and Charles Lindbergh talked about at Wyntoon. No sooner had the Lindberghs left than Col. Lindbergh, as he was still being called despite his recent dressing-down by President Roosevelt, was back in the news. The *Los Angeles Examiner* told Willicombe on Thursday, June 26:

> I believe following war speech of [Harold] Ickes [Secretary of the Interior] should be called to Chief's attention, particularly that part referring to Col. Lindbergh on which he may have some instructions:
>
> Hartford, Conn., June 26-(AP)-Secretary Ickes declared tonight the American people must "make their supreme choice" now "whether we are willing to buy a craven's truce" or "work, sacrifice, fight and die, if need be, for liberty." . . .
>
> The Secretary again lashed out at Charles A. Lindbergh, declaring:
>
> "If Lindbergh is for Hitler now, as every act and word of his seem to indicate, it is because through an understanding with Hitler, or as an expected favor from him, he glimpses a political future which a free people would not accord him voluntarily. Thus it was with [Vidkun] Quisling, who betrayed Norway to Hitler, and with [Pierre] Laval, who is doing the same thing to France.

> "Lindbergh said recently that we need new leaders. This shocking exposure of personal political ambitions—ambitions, which apparently, he would attain by unconstitutional means—made even his simple-minded adherents gasp.
>
> "As Hitler's designs upon America are becoming clearer, so is the role that Lindbergh has cast for himself. The understanding between the dictator who bestowed the medal and him upon whose breast it was pinned is not accidental."

While keeping Lindbergh in focus, we can soon skip ahead to September 1941 and the infamous speech he made in Des Moines, Iowa, on the 11th of that month. Much happened in the interim where Hearst and Marion were concerned, always of a varied kind; but the details are too numerous to keep summarizing or even touching on in the quickest passing; they merit a book all their own. Suffice it to say in his case, he stuck to his guns with vivisection, with corruption in the world of entertainment, and with the war in Europe that he adamantly hoped the U.S. would avoid. He taunted Wendell Willkie, still a power in the Republican Party despite his loss in 1940; plugged Thomas Dewey, whom he'd always preferred over Willkie; aired the pros and cons of Christian Science; and, on a wholly positive note, offered plaudits for the Walt Disney movie *The Reluctant Dragon* and especially for the Warner Bros. movie *Sergeant York,* with Gary Cooper. Hearst's kind words about the Cooper film led to teleprinter correspondence with Hal Wallis and Jack Warner in Burbank (and with Cooper himself in New York), as though the Cosmopolitan-Warners pact of 1935 through 1938 still applied; it didn't, of course, yet Hearst (and presumably Marion) loved *Sergeant York* and were pleased to say so.

A Santa Monica item cropped up on July 11; Ella Williams wired Marion from Los Angeles that day:

> Prince Mdvani [David Mdivani] has just phoned Connie [Constantine Fox] at the Beach House to say that he will be down with five or six very

> prominent people from Mexico about three o'clock to show them through the house and show all the paintings, and has ordered sandwiches and appetizers for them.
>
> Awaiting your O.K.

There's no reply from Marion in the annals. It's a safe bet, though, that she conferred with Hearst before making one. Another Santa Monica reference dates from July 26, 1941—once more, Ella Williams to Marion:

> There are seven white quilts [at the Beach House]. Four have been used in bedrooms on the second floor, but there are three new ones in Mr. Hearst's bedrooms.

It's unclear whether that last word was meant to be singular. What *is* clear is that the Beach House remained *theirs* with regard to Hearst and Marion, not *hers*, as if the place were now literally the bygone, little-used home of a retired actress who was still only forty-four in 1941.

One last Santa Monica item belongs to July, this from Hearst to Bill Hunter in Los Angeles on Tuesday the 29th:

> Please send various illustrated catalogues of scenic wall papers similar to those in the Beach House, American scenes and classic scenes, etcetera.
>
> Several firms manufacture these.

Hearst was acting in behalf of River House at Wyntoon, where wallpaper was used to enhance its Chinese Chippendale theme. A source of such paper a dozen years earlier for the Beach House had been William Lohlker, a decorator in Pasadena. The latter's name appears in this part of 1941, as in this message from Willicombe to Ella Williams on August 4:

> Chief received from Lohlker single strips from seven different papers. Chief instructs me to tell you that "There are five rooms and each room

> requires about forty-eight running feet of paper width-wise. We selected the papers we want."

Two days later Hunter told Willicombe that the wallpaper had been "shipped from Santa Monica" the night before.

No account of Hearst and Marion in 1941, The Year of *Citizen Kane,* would be complete without a reference to a certain game she and others liked to play. August 8 provides the data, starting with a message to Willicombe from Ray Van Ettisch at the *Examiner* in Los Angeles:

> Harry Crocker asked the librarian to send up the crossword jigsaw puzzle package and says it is for Miss Davies.

Marion replied the same day to Crocker at 622 N. Bedford Drive in Beverly Hills, a house she may have owned:

> Dear Harry: Many thanks for the crossword jigsaw puzzle. It's marvelous. Hope you can come up soon. Love.

Hearst was still writing his daily column through the summer of 1941 at Wyntoon, and he was still taking periodic shots at Wendell Willkie, whom he thought had betrayed the Republicans in the 1940 election and subsequently, too. "The Republican Party is the creature of high finance and foreign influence," Hearst railed on August 10, "and nominates a renegade Democrat [Willkie] who repudiates his pledges to the public as mere 'campaign speeches.'"

Meanwhile, more on wallpaper on August 12; Willicombe to Ella Wiliams:

> Chief says no hurry about getting at that [wall]paper in Beach House vault. He says he does not think he will want it but he may. Would like other scenes available and will first examine samples [from William Lohlker] on way.

Hearst had resumed active collecting in 1941—or at least the active jostling around of items he already owned. He'd never stopped

doing that entirely, even during the grimmest part of the late 1930s. What he needed now was fresh antique material for The Bend at Wyntoon, namely, fire mantels. Some were being shipped out from New York for him and Mac McClure to work with, others were still being sought, as in this message from Willicombe to Hunter on August 14:

> Please check around and find out if Chief has any mantels stored anywhere in Los Angeles. Check storage companies as well as Beach House—also maybe better ask [Frank] Hellenthal if he knows of any.

Hunter had a reply for Willicombe two days later:

> There is a mantel at the Beach House that came out of 1700 Lexington [Beverly Hills] when it was remodeled about a year and a half ago. Have not found any others, although am still looking.
>
> Hellenthal is driving to San Francisco today. Have been trying to contact him before he leaves, so far without success.

Hunter's reference to the remodeling of 1940 agrees perfectly with what we know of that episode through the George Loorz Papers: it's the same mantel Loorz mentioned to Pete Petersen on July 2 that year.

Later in August 1941, on the 28th, Hunter had more to tell Willicombe:

> I finally caught up with Hellenthal. He says he knows of no mantels in storage for Mr. Hearst.
>
> We have checked the [Los Angeles] warehouses and can find none—except the one at the Beach House which was taken from the 1700 Lexington House [in Beverly Hills].

The need for such items was urgent—at least for the moment. Willicombe wired Julia Morgan the same day in San Francisco:

> Do you know of any mantels in storage in San Francisco or Los Angeles belonging to Mr. Hearst? Reply collect appreciated. Best regards.

Morgan answered the next day, telling Willicombe there were no mantels stored in San Francisco. She also said she knew of none in Los Angeles. “Still think mantels wanted are in New York,” she ventured.

MARION WIRED LOUELLA PARSONS on the same day that Hunter had the latest news on the mantels and that Willicombe sounded out Miss Morgan—Thursday, August 28:

> Darling Louella: Would you please say something nice about Joseph Santley? He directed Puddin head [*Puddin' Head*] with Judy Canova which W. R. & I think is one of the funniest pictures we've ever seen. We were in a play together. He is a very fine boy trying to get along. Haven't received copy of county fair [book]. Hope you are coming up soon. Affectionately.

Marion and Santley had been in two Broadway plays: *Stop! Look! Listen!* (1915–16) and *Betty* (1916). Fifty-two in 1941, Santley wasn't exactly a boy: he was eight years older than Marion. The “county fair” she mentioned was the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona, where she was preparing to display some of the choice quilts she'd made.

She also wired Santley directly at Republic Studios in North Hollywood on August 28:

> Dear Joseph: W. R. and I saw your picture *Puddin[']* *Head*. It is one of the best comedies we have ever seen. The direction was a stroke of genius. I hope your studio appreciates your great value. Congratulations.

Puddin' Head had been released on June 25, 1941. Hearst and Marion were playing the field liberally in partaking of a Republic production. To a great degree, MGM still called the Hollywood tune, and the Hearst-Davies duo still maintained cordial relations with Louis B. Mayer, who would be heading up to see them soon. Hearst wired Mayer directly on Tuesday, September 2:

> If you leave on eleven o'clock plane Thursday morning you will get to Medford by four o'clock Thursday afternoon. We will meet you with an auto and trundle you down [the 100-odd miles] to Wyntoon in ample time for dinner.
>
> That is really the best way, but if Mrs. Mayer does not like to fly, you can leave Wednesday night and get here Thursday night by train. Telegraph how you will come.
>
> Am very delighted that you and Mrs. Mayer are coming.

Mayer was no doubt delighted too; his admiration of Hearst never wavered over the years. In the wake of his visit, he expedited the shipment of some MGM films to Wyntoon, for which Marion thanked him on September 9:

> Dear L. B.:
>
> We loved *Lady Be Good.* It was a great treat. Ann Southern [Sothern] was superb.
>
> Also *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* with Mickey Rooney was simply marvellous.
>
> Patricia Dane was wonderful. She is just as beautiful as Hedy [Lamarr] and a very good actress.

On that same day, September 9, Warden Woolard of the *L.A. Examiner* had the latest about the Los Angeles County Fair, held in September each year:

> Pomona fair officials would like very much to exhibit quilts [by Marion]. They will tell us tomorrow what class they could be entered [in] and if no regular class they will make a special exhibit and award. Will inform you their decision immediately.

More perks came Hearst and Marion's way through the producer Hal Roach, who like Mayer was a longtime friend; Bill Hunter to Willicombe on September 11:

> Hal Roach left at six o'clock this morning by auto and may arrive sometime this evening. He is alone. . . .

> P.S. Hal Roach is bringing the film *Tanks a Million*, which is scheduled to be shown Sunday night [the 14th]. He will bring it back to Los Angeles.

Warden Woolard of the *Examiner* had two messages for Willicombe on September 12 about Marion's quilts. The first one said:

> Quilts arrived safely [in Los Angeles] and have been delivered to Pomona Fair where they are being placed on display.

Woolard's second message of September 12 was more detailed:

> Pomona Fair officials have placed the quilts on display and report they are attracting much favorable attention. The officials plan to make a special award to Miss Davies, sending her a certificate or ribbon along with a letter of appreciation.
>
> They request permission to place a small card on the exhibit saying the quilts were made by Miss Marion Davies, film star.
>
> This is a departure from the usual procedure which is to place only a catalogue number on exhibits. They point out the exhibit was too late to be listed in the catalogue.
>
> If there is no objection we would like to publish story and picture of Miss Davies when the award is made, which would be some time during the early part of next week.

IN THE MEANTIME, on Thursday, September 11, in Des Moines, Charles Lindbergh made a speech that shook the country. Louis Pizzitola is one Hearst scholar who claims that Hearst was slow to react; true, the Hearst papers failed to run a next-morning scoop on the episode; their loss. But there seems to be little other evidence of foot-dragging on Hearst's part; he seemed to take his leisurely time with it all. His ploy was to have a Jew, Benjamin DeCasseres, write a strong editorial, which many people, Jews included, took to be by the Chief himself, who had only lightly revised it; the *New York Journal-American,* the home paper of DeCasseres, dispatched the editorial far and wide:

The raising of the racial issue by Charles A. Lindbergh in his Des Moines, Iowa, speech is the most unfortunate happening that has occurred in the United States since the present tense international situation developed.

Mr. Lindbergh said that "The three most important groups which have been pressing this country toward war are the British, the Jewish and the Roosevelt Administration."

The assertion that the Jews are pressing this country into war is UNWISE, UNPATRIOTIC AND UN-AMERICAN.

This astonishing statement, at total variance with the facts, is in nowise softened by Mr. Lindbergh's condemnation further on in his speech of the atrocities committed against the Jews by the Nazis in Germany.

Mr. Lindbergh made another great mistake in stressing "the large ownership and influence (of the Jews) in our motion pictures, our press, our radio and our government."

The Jews are an integral and legitimate part of our American business, social and political life, and have been so since the days of the revolution. . . .

From Haym Salomon, who did much to finance the American Revolution, to Bernard Baruch and the late Supreme Court Justice [Benjamin] Cardozo, they have been filled with the flame of our democratic ideals.

Mr. Lindbergh in his amazing statement did not adduce one single proof that any noted Jew or group of Jews has been urging this country to go to war.

Mr. Lindbergh makes a still graver charge when he says that the "greatest danger" in this country lies in the "ownership and influence of the Jews in radio, motion pictures and our government."

This sounds exactly like things that Hitler said in the early days of his regime, followed by the brutal and incredible treatment of German Jewish citizens, which Mr. Lindbergh himself condemns.

Among Americans who are TRULY and TRADITIONALLY AMERICAN in ideals there are not—and MUST NEVER BE—religious or racial division.

> Mr. Lindbergh in previous speeches has said he is opposed to hatred, bitterness and mutual distrust. . . .
>
> But in his Des Moines speech he has done more to incite to hatred, bitterness and mutual distrust than any other person on either side of this war-or-no-war controversy.
>
> What he said should have no place in the mouth—OR MIND—of any American.
>
> The Jews of America are loyal, patriotic and do not want war.
>
> Mr. Lindbergh has made an un-American speech, and has alienated many of those well-meaning persons who have sincerely admired him.

Charlie Ryckman also wrote an editorial about Lindbergh's gaffe. The DeCasseres tract was the main one, though; the commendations poured in, regardless of any delay on Hearst's part in taking a stand. From Sam Goldwyn in Beverly Hills on Sunday, September 14, came this short but effective message:

> Your editorial today again demonstrates what a great American you are. Frances [Mrs. Goldwyn] and I send our love.

Another Jew in Beverly Hills, Harpo Marx, had this to say on the 14th as well:

> Dear Mr. Hearst: The editorial in today's *Examiner* on Lindbergh speech is truly American and makes it much easier to think of jokes.

Walter Wanger, Jack Warner, Bernard Baruch, and a prominent non-Jew in the film industry, Darryl Zanuck, tendered their compliments. Zanuck did so on September 15 from Milwaukee, where he was attending an American Legion convention, always grist for Hearst's mill.

About the 15th as well, Marion heard from Gretchen Swinnerton (the wife of the painter and cartoonist Jimmy Swinnerton) in West Hollywood along similar lines:

> Stopped over [in Pomona] to see your quilts and they place all the other ones displayed in a blue funk.

Congratulations my friend. They really are beautiful.

I spent the weekend in Palm Springs. The wind tore the old lady to pieces—found the same condition here—my fruit trees denuded.

Could smack Lindbergh.

A lot of people could have smacked Lindbergh, probably Hearst among them if he'd shown his true colors. He may have applauded Lindbergh cynically, though, in that the episode was good for business, good for circulation, with Hearst playing it up for all it was worth, for a few days yet to come.

Marion's success with her quilts at the Los Angeles County Fair plays off against the Lindbergh episode in this part of the annals. Warden Woolard to Willicombe on September 19:

County Fair officials today sent a certificate of special award to Miss Davies for "Exhibition of Quilts."

If following story is approved we plan to print it Sunday [the 21st] with a photograph of Miss Davies and one of her quilts.

There will be a picture page on the Fair in Monday's paper in accordance with previous instructions. I am sending the certificate tonight with the [news]papers. A blue ribbon also was awarded, this being affixed to the quilt exhibit.

[Begin story] By action of the officers of the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona a special award was voted yesterday to Miss Marion Davies, famous film star, for her entry of three beautiful quilts in the Domestic Arts Department at the fair. . . .

So eager are the throngs attending the fair to get a closer view of the exquisitely executed entries by Miss Davies that it has been necessary to station special attendants around the frames upon which they are suspended.

Miss Davies, an accomplished and talented needlewoman, has never before exhibited any of her handiwork. Friends who knew of her gift for needlework and design, persuaded her to place on display at least three of the many gorgeous quilts she has made.

> The three quilts exhibited at the fair are [four illegible words] kind, executed with studious care by the great star as her favorite hobby. Before beginning the actual workmanship, she plans and designs the detail work and coloring of each quilt.
>
> Quilt-making is a tedious, fragile type of sewing which Miss Davies enjoys. She prefers the old-fashioned quilts which are practical and yet beautiful in coloring, texture and design.
>
> Thus, one of the three quilts pictures a wedding scene worked out in patch work on a silken background. All of the quilts are made from taffeta. The wedding theme also depicts a wedding coach with bride and bridegroom and with the entire wedding journey pictured in appliqué work.
>
> Around the border are little embroidered kewpies describing the bride's household chores for the week. The entire quilt is in pale yellow and green, beautifully tufted and fluffy with down filling.
>
> The second quilt designed and made by Miss Davies is also yellow and Nile Green and shows a garden scene bordered with quaint little patchwork ladies in gaily printed garden frocks.
>
> The third comforter, also in pale shades of yellow and green, delineates a farm scene, complete with the farmer and his wife, two sunbonneted children and a flock of chickens.

Hearst, of course, made sure to capitalize on Marion's new source of fame, much as he'd done in the past when she was in films. The *L.A. Examiner,* acting as his home-base paper, alerted all the other papers on Saturday, September 20, as follows:

> *Los Angeles Examiner* has airmailed story and picture of Marion Davies and picture of prize-winning quilts which Chief instructs all Hearst papers to print. Los Angeles and San Francisco papers are printing pictures and story this Sunday, Sept. 21.

The Lindbergh episode lingered in the press even in late September. And in Hearst's personal realm of publicity, so did his crusade against cruelty to animals that he'd embarked on nearly a year before.

FOR ANY WHO WONDER how close Marion and the five Hearst sons were by 1941, they need wonder no further: the extended family was truly that, a family. Marion wired George Hearst, the oldest son, in the San Fernando Valley town of Reseda on September 29, care of John Hearst, the third son. All of the sons were grown and married now; all but one of them had children. George was engaged to Sally Alvarez Kirkham, who would become his third wife in late December during a snowbound Saturday at Wyntoon; Marion was no doubt thinking of that in her cheery message:

> Why don't you and Sally come up? Lorraine Walsh [Mrs. Raoul Walsh] is coming up and you could all come together if you want. Let me know. Love.

Compared with concerns about war and racism and other contentious matters, the remodeling that Hearst and Marion were doing at Wyntoon was likewise cheery. Ella Williams wired Mac McClure on October 2 from Los Angeles:

> Drapes material [number] 52121 [is] 31 inches wide, will cost $3.25 a yard.
>
> 2. Lohkler [William Lohlker] says he will wire east to find out if yellow background scenic décor Chinoise [wallpaper] is available. Will advise.

The season would be drawing to a close soon. The smaller of the two buildings being worked on, River House, was ready for some important finishing touches.

Hearst and Marion had obviously maintained good relations with the brass at Warner Bros., beyond Jack Warner alone. Willicombe's message of October 9 to Randy Apperson at the San Simeon Ranch makes this plain to see:

> Mr. Hal Wallis and family not able to see hilltop for couple of weeks instead of this week end as I informed Mrs. [Frances] Apperson. But whenever they come, Chief asks you give them good view of the place inside and out. They are very good friends of his.

Willicombe had more to convey in the Wallis matter on October 10, by wire to Bill Hunter in Los Angeles:

> Replying your message about Hal Wallis, tell Miss Williams Chief says:
>
> "Okey any time at his convenience. I wish I could be at San Simeon to welcome [him]. Perhaps he can make his trip extend to Wyntoon. I hope so."

In fact, Hearst wouldn't be at San Simeon again for another three years and a month, not until November 1944. He would be in Los Angeles briefly in a few more weeks; otherwise, Wyntoon would be his home without a significant break, right through the snowy winter of 1941–42, the same as it had been the winter before.

Informality suited Hearst and Marion, but lowbrow culture did not, especially not Hearst; Willicombe to Hunter in Los Angeles on October 12:

> Chief requests do N O T send up any more films with the T H R E E S T O O G E S.
>
> They are awful.
>
> We just do not show them.

On a higher plane in the realm of film and entertainment, a Cosmopolitan Corporation still existed late in 1941 and Ed Hatrick was still at its helm, with main offices as long before at 1540 Broadway in New York. Hearst wired him on October 13 in a matter that begs some decipherment:

> Marion says please pay 20 [thousand] to National City Bank to reduce indebtedness and send remainder to [Larry] Mitchell [in Los Angeles].

Raoul and Lorraine Walsh had recently arrived at Wyntoon; they ranked as W. R. and Marion's best friends in this period. "Uncle" had finished directing *They Died with Their Boots On* for Warner Bros. Hearst would soon be boosting it, never mind that his and Marion's pact with Warners had lapsed nearly three years earlier. Willicombe to Ray Van Ettisch at the *L.A. Examiner* on October 14:

> No. 1 layout for *They Died with Their Boots On* cinema page, your letter thirteenth, is OK. Returning both layouts.

One of the letters in Hearst's Saturday Symposium for October 18 had been written by none other than Humphrey Bogart:

> During the recent investigations of the Whittier School [for Boys, near Los Angeles], in which able reporters on your papers revealed conditions shocking to any citizen with pretensions of conscience or decency, I fell into an argument with a gentleman who solemnly alleged that it was all my fault that a lot of juvenile delinquents were in jail.
>
> He said I was a very bad man, which is quite another story, and a bad actor, which may be true, and that the gangster films I have acted in were responsible for leading thousands of youngsters astray.
>
> Believe me, I have never thought of myself as a particular influence on the side of sweetness and light, but that last charge, which has been too often thrown at the motion picture industry, is untrue and unfair.
>
> I'm not a criminologist or a reporter, but having been framed some years ago into a long succession of crime pictures, I find that I have a few strong convictions.
>
> One of them is that the screen is one of the strongest crime deterrents in the world.
>
> Our relation to crime is essentially that of your newspaper reporters; we do not create it.
>
> We deal with it after it has happened, but even more than the newspaperman, if that's possible, we try to make the criminal look bad.
>
> Now there's where I can offer expert testimony.
>
> I have played a lot of criminals on the screen, although I've turned square and am a detective in *The Maltese Falcon* [1941].

> But as a criminal, let me remind you, I have never got away with anything.
>
> I start out as a hard, tough mug, or a slick, scheming racketeer.
>
> And I end up in the jug.
>
> Before I get to the jug, usually, I take a number of lickings, absorb more punishment than a Joe Louis opponent, and in general and specifically prove emphatically that "crime doesn't pay."
>
> When I was in school, I studied under a professor of geology who wanted to make us understand how the different peoples of the world got the way they are—why the dark ones are dark, the fair ones fair, and the short ones short.
>
> He cited geography and climate and food and opportunities, and he summed it all up with this phrase:
>
> "We are what we are largely because we are where we are."
>
> Which, I think, tosses the crime problem right out of the motion picture theatre and into the slums.
>
> As you know, there's backing for this in the uniform crime reports of the Department of Justice, and in the "spot maps" of any large city.
>
> They show that juvenile delinquency, diphtheria, tuberculosis, syphilis and murder quotients in a number of cities, from New Orleans to San Francisco, all look alike on the map—because crime and disease are most prevalent in the same places.
>
> To wit, the slums.

Both directly and indirectly, Hearst and Marion received an endless stream of hints, ideas, questions, requests, and more (many positive, many not). Louis B. Mayer's secretary, who was Jewish, took a novel tack in a message passed upstairs by Bill Hunter to Willicombe on October 20:

> Ida Koverman suggests that it would be a fine thing if the Chief would get out in pamphlet form the article on Christian Science which ran in his column July 17th. She says lots of people have mentioned it to her—including one Christian Science teacher. We have had so many calls for it that we have not a single copy left except in our bound files.

Hearst had been exonerated early in the year by *Liberty* magazine for his alleged complicity with the Third Reich, stemming from his interview with Hitler in 1934. Now another clean bill of health: that of the Samuel Mann stockholders' suit in Los Angeles, with Hearst Consolidated Publications as the defendant, a case in which "all complaints of bad faith and unfair dealing" were dismissed by the California Superior Court. In a year that saw *Citizen Kane* at one extreme, Mann v. Hearst et al. was a triumph at the other extreme. Through events like this and through the steady momentum he was gaining from "In the News," Hearst was convincingly pulling out of the late-1930s doldrums. He was getting more and more steadily back on his personal and corporate feet.

He and Marion still enjoyed a good image in Hollywood; not a pristine image, by any means, yet it would be years before *Citizen Kane* would do its mostly retrospective, enduring harm. Jimmie Fidler, a gossip columnist of less renown than Louella Parsons could boast, was a local force to be reckoned with just the same. His positive remarks about Hearst and Marion were indeed welcome in 1941; Van Ettisch of the *Examiner* to Willicombe on Friday, October 24:

> Fidler's remarks about Chief and Miss Davies were made Tuesday, Oct. 14 before about 200 persons at a meeting of California Breakfast Club, an organization of South Side business men in the Crestview-Vernon district.
>
> It is his custom when he finishes his regular talk to invite questions about Hollywood from members of his audience.
>
> One person asked the question, "What about William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies?"
>
> Fidler replied that he knew Mr. Hearst and Miss Davies well and had great respect for both of them. Mr. Hearst, he told the audience, was a "fine, kind gentleman," and Miss Davies, "is, as far as her coworkers are concerned, the most popular star in Hollywood."

He told them that he was on the set at Warner Brothers Studio the day Miss Davies finished her last picture there [*Ever Since Eve* in 1937], and that when she told the people on the set that it probably was her last picture there were tears in the eyes of all.

"William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies are two of the finest people that ever lived."

The audience applauded this statement heartily.

JAPAN WAS SECRETLY PLOTTING its raid on Pearl Harbor when Hearst filed his "In the News" column for Monday, October 27; Frank Knox had been a Hearst executive from late in the 1920s until 1931:

The despatches relate that the Japanese government and people are very much shocked by the war-provoking utterances of our ripsnorting Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Frank Knox.

The doughty Colonel, addressing a group of Naval ordnance officers and ordnance manufacturers at the Navy Department, waves his drawn tongue and tells Japan just where she gets off, and just how she must jump through the hoop of his pleasure, and threatens if she makes a move unapproved by him her right little, tight little isle will be blown plumb out of the water—apparently by the Colonel's own belligerent breath.

The Colonel is not a reluctant dragon by any means. . . .

At any rate the Japanese government and the people are reputed to be shocked.

Yet those who should be most shocked are the American people. . . .

If Colonel Knox and the other Repubocrat warriors of the administration should succeed in involving the United States and Japan in war, these shortsighted political chameleons would only necessitate the retention of the main part of the American Navy in the Pacific and compel the reduction of material aid to England during the life of the Japanese conflict.

There is no doubt in the minds of competent military men that the United States would eventually defeat Japan—but not so speedily nor so casually as our general public imagines. . . .

> The situation would be simple if the Japanese navy would kindly meet our superior fleet in mid-Pacific and let the best men and the best ships win. . . .
>
> What then would a Japanese war do but be enormously expensive, immensely difficult in bringing to a conclusion, and furthermore peculiarly unhappy in its diversion of force and supply from the European situation to a newly developed and still more complicated Asiatic situation.
>
> Colonel Knox would better think twice before he allows his belligerent utterances to involve America in an Asiatic war.
>
> Or perhaps it would be sufficient if the distinguished secretary thought once—a practice which we do not believe our war minded politicians habitually indulge in.

Fearlessly outspoken and feeling obligated to make his caustic views known, Hearst must have broken with Knox by this gesture. Or did he? At any rate, it was a repeat of the tongue-lashing he gave Winston Churchill three years earlier, in the fall of 1938. The sanctity and security of the United States were so uppermost in his mind that all other considerations finished a distant second.

One more glimpse of Santa Monica before we bid October adieu and the fateful year 1941 as well. Rose Davies was living at the Beach House; so were one or two other people in Hearst and Marion's circle; consequently, the place wasn't being left merely to its security and caretaking staffs; these words were sent on October 30:

> Darling Marion: Have been going in the pool [at the Beach House] several days. Feeling fine and expect to be up [to Wyntoon] for good in a few days. All my love.

It does seem enviable—does it not?—even if the place hadn't seen a dazzling costume party in many an autumn moon.