

HEARST AND MARION

THE SANTA MONICA CONNECTION

BY TAYLOR COFFMAN

PUBLICATIONS IN HEARST STUDIES

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Contents

Acknowledgments

v

Foreword

viii

Introduction

x

1. Beginnings, Precedents, Patterns

1

2. Ladies First, 1925–1928

19

3. Ledger Domain and Other Spheres, 1928–1930

60

4. Home Sweet home, 1931

108

5. Shell Game at the Seashore, 1932–1936

142

6. We Three Kings of 415, 1936–1938

179

7. Playing It Fast and Luce, 1938–1939

224

8. Absentee Hollywoodians, 1939

272

9. Better Gone with the Wind, 1940

310

10. The Unknown Hearst and Marion, 1941
359

11. Queen of the State Guard, 1942
414

12. The Way to Solvency, 1942–1944
470

13. Buyer's Market, 1945–1947
517

Appendix I
Julia Morgan's Distribution of Expenses Sheets, 1924–1940
533

Appendix II
Julia Morgan's Ledgers for the Beach House and Other
Hearst-related jobs in Greater Los Angeles, 1925–1939
563

Appendix III
Inventory of 415 Palisades Beach Road, Santa Monica, 1938
616

Appendix IV
Santa Monica City Directory for
Palisades Beach Road, 1947–1948
620

Appendix V
The Beach House-Ocean House and the Press, 1947–1960
623

Appendix VI
George S. Merritt to W. A. Swanberg, 1959 (1961)
638

Acknowledgments

When you work as a guide at Hearst Castle, San Simeon, as I did for eleven years, mostly in the 1970s, your curiosity is limited only by your ability to satisfy it. Fascination leads to knowledge—and the knowledge gained leads in turn to more fascination. Such is the dynamic nature of Hearstiana, as we devotees call it, the vehicles of history that are San Simeon and William Randolph Hearst; and where *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection* is concerned, the vehicle that is Julia Morgan as well.

The most far-reaching boost I received in my pursuit of these subjects came in 1977, when I met Julia Morgan's goddaughter Lynn Forney, now Lynn Forney McMurray; I also met Lynn's mother, Lilian Forney, who'd been Miss Morgan's secretary from the early 1920s until Morgan died in 1957. Through Lynn and her mother, I gained access to private records that, in most instances, the public still hasn't seen. I'm beyond merely thankful to Lynn—more like bountifully grateful to her—for letting me publish key items in the appendices of this book on the Hearst-Davies house in Santa Monica.

A decade after I met Lynn Forney, I fell in with a man whose enthusiasm and support put a whole new spin on my research. Bill Loorz, the second son of George Loorz, was born in 1928, the year his father finished a stint in Santa Monica as construction superintendent for W. R. Hearst, Marion Davies, and Julia Morgan. A Santa Monica connection has been thematic and inspirational in my work ever since, for a good twenty years now.

For nearly half that long, William R. Hearst III and his wife Margaret have sponsored my efforts, much as Will's parents did for several years in the 1980s. There would be no book about the Santa Monica Beach House without Will and Margaret's support, which they

have always rendered with the utmost flexibility and trust in my knack for taking what seemed the best course in any research situation. In part, what needed doing was to put Hearst and Marion and, again, Julia Morgan and still others like George Loorz on a map that not only featured San Simeon but that also included Santa Monica.

Louis Pizzitola's book of 2002, *Hearst Over Hollywood: Power, Passion, and Propaganda in the Movies*, brought more focus to my theme of Hearst and Miss Davies in greater Los Angeles than Lou may know; it's high time I saluted him for the direction his work gave mine, no matter how obliquely it did.

Dennis Judd of Cuesta College, San Luis Obispo, who greatly admires the road I've taken from Hearst Castle guide to independent scholar, is someone I need to thank especially: if not for Dennis and his drawing me out and giving me audience in a long interview we conducted in 2008, I wouldn't have determined soon afterward to embark on this book in the way I did.

My research and editorial colleagues on this project—Joanne Aasen, Jacqueline Braitman, Sandra Heinemann, Michael Yakaitis, Vanda Krefft, John Porter, Mary-Ellen Lewis, Ron Linebarger, Bill Berkson, Glen Howell, and John Dunlap, Jr.—deserve heartfelt thanks, especially Joanne Aasen, whose design and auditing skills were unsurpassed in creating an electronic format for the book; indeed, without Joanne's expertise, *Hearst and Marion* wouldn't have been transformed so fluidly into the Internet site it commands today.

My colleagues and others at Hearst San Simeon State Historical Monument (Hearst Castle), San Simeon, also deserve my thanks; so do those at The Bancroft Library, UC Berkeley; in Special Collections at the Kennedy Library, Cal Poly State University, San Luis Obispo; at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland, Oregon; at the Margaret Herrick Library, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Beverly Hills; at

the Providence Public Library in Providence, Rhode Island; and at the City of Santa Monica, which oversees the new Annenberg Community Beach House.

My wife, Janis, coincidentally a former Santa Monican, deserves all the thanks and praise I can muster for having stood by patiently while I've followed my muse, first to San Simeon, then to Wyntoon (vicariously, for I've never been there in person), and then back to the Southland and Santa Monica, from which locales I sprang in my youth.

To all of you that I've mentioned here, profuse thanks once more. I hope you'll find the waiting and the watching to have been worthwhile.

— TAYLOR COFFMAN
FALL 2010

Foreword

I met Taylor Coffman at Hearst Castle in 1972, and I immediately noticed two things about him: when he talked about anything, he was thorough, and he was accurate. *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection*, the book you're about to read, is certainly thorough; and although I'm not a Hearst scholar, I'll bet you anything it's also pretty darned accurate (or in Taylor's words, "accurate within human reason, which by its very nature is fallible").

Here's a typical passage from his new book:

How do we know, really *know*, that work started in Santa Monica by 1926? The question is put that way in deference to those favoring 1927 or even 1928. . . . There's no need to dwell on what Fred Lawrence Guiles said in 1972 Nor do we need to cite other secondary sources beyond the Miriam Cooper or even the Irene Mayer Selznick level to drive home the point that 1926 is a date we can trust.

Taylor's thoroughness reminds me of what George Orwell says about Charles Dickens's prose: "It is futile to object that this kind of thing is rococo—one might as well make the same objection to a wedding cake. Either you like it or you do not like it." Whether or not you like Taylor's thoroughness, you'll have to admit that his book is accurate—again, "within human reason."

His book is unquestionably enchanting, filled with wonderful descriptions like "play the penguin" for "dress formally" and, about the construction of the Beach House, "built to the best Hollywood studio, false-front standards." It's also enlightening. For example, in it we learn that Hearst detested the Three Stooges, that he discouraged publicity of Orson Welles ("If we print anything bad about him it will be attributed to hostility, and if we print anything good about him, it

will be a lie”), and that he may well have saved his empire by writing the column “In the News” in the early 1940s.

There is much, much more: Dobermans provided security at the Beach House; Marion was a master quilter, a patroness of more than one hundred thousand children, and a charming woman (in a thank-you note, she wrote, “I hope you are as happy as you have made us”); in 1947–48, after Hearst and Marion had sold the Beach House to Joseph Drown, who renamed it Ocean House, Orson Welles stayed in it; and on and on and on.

After I’d read an earlier version of the work, then called *415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica: The Grand Mansion That Was*, I congratulated Taylor for having written two magnificent books—one about the grand mansion, and the other about Hearst and Marion and the times they had in many places. In *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection*, whose new title Taylor came up with, he has united those two books.

To Taylor and to Joanne Aasen, who has produced a beautiful electronic version of the work, I want to say what Marion often said to those who had done great things for Hearst and her: “Millions of thanks.”

— JOHN PORTER
Hearst Castle Guide

Introduction

THE TITLE *HEARST AND MARION: The Santa Monica Connection* has been carefully chosen. The *Hearst and Marion* part identifies the two principals in our story. Hearst was of course William Randolph Hearst; Marion was Marion Davies. Why the last name for him but only the first name for her? Because that's how this couple is most widely known today. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. When at Hearst Castle, San Simeon, speak as the guides have spoken for many years, as in "Hearst and Marion." And now at the new Annenberg Community Beach House, Santa Monica, speak as the docents are speaking, as in "Hearst and Marion." The trend has caught on there; the idiom endures. It means no disrespect, no flippancy for us to refer to the couple this way. In fact, it wouldn't be farfetched to call them W. R. and Marion, as their close friends did. Yet that would be getting a bit too casual for our purposes. Hearst and Marion is better, is fully attuned, is destined to last.

In the subtitle, *The Santa Monica Connection*, the "Santa Monica" part naturally denotes a place, a setting. A grand mansion called the Beach House once stood along the shoreline there, built by Hearst and Marion and often known by its informal address, 415 Ocean Front. The "Connection" part has multiple meanings. As one of Hollywood's earliest power couples, Hearst and Marion were all but inseparably connected through 415 Ocean Front. The Santa Monica mansion was in turn connected with their diverse and eventful lives for two decades, from the late 1920s to the late 1940s, a period dominated by San Simeon and, somewhat later, by its counterpart in Northern California, Wynton. This book will explore these various connections in detail, though it will fall short of being exhaustive, despite its thickness. Think of it as a serious attempt at documentary history, a

book sure to be bettered eventually yet one that's aimed for now at subjects that have long deserved a fuller airing.

I'll usually call the Santa Monica mansion the Beach House, as did Hearst and Marion from back when they initially hired a young designer named William Flannery to be the architect of their new place. (Certain other celebrities along Ocean Front called their homes "the beach house" as well, but the Hearst-Davies example warranted capitalizing more than all the rest.) "The Beach House" applies to the long-demolished main building of that seaside compound and to its immediate surroundings, much as "Hearst Castle" means both the twin-towered Casa Grande at San Simeon and its related features in that hilltop setting. I won't be using "Ocean House" as a more noble-sounding synonym for the Beach House, as has too often been wrongly done: Ocean House (often spelled Oceanhouse) has its rightful status but only as a later name, bestowed in the 1940s by the new owner, Joseph Drown, a luxury hotelier. I'll also avoid calling the place "the Marion Davies Estate" or, more casually, "Marion's house," as many once did and as many still do, thus keeping Marion in the spotlight and unknowingly keeping Hearst right where he wanted to be: out of that same spotlight to the point of negation almost, leaving him in a historical limbo that suited the complex ways of a man who, all the while, remained married for almost fifty years to his only wife, Millicent Willson Hearst of New York.

And even though in 1942 a renowned memoirist, the actress and writer Ilka Chase, called the place "the Hearst-Davies mansion" in her book *Past Imperfect*, the name didn't catch on, didn't stick. I'll not be adamant about using that hyphenated form all these years later, never mind that the Associated Press correspondent Bob Thomas spoke in 1990 of "his Santa Monica mansion," meaning Hearst's—this in the Thomas biography *Clown Prince of Hollywood: The Antic Life and Times of Jack L. Warner*. Instead, I'll firmly argue that, with a joint

Hearst-Davies legacy in mind, the Beach House should confidently be regarded as *their* place, much as Maria Riva did in 1992, calling it “their beach mansion” in her biography of her mother, Marlene Dietrich.

The alternative to “the Beach House” that I’ll often use is the name of its municipal host, Santa Monica. The city’s northwestern limits include the area lying past Wilshire Boulevard and the California Incline along Palisades Beach Road, which served as the formal address of the Beach House and which gave the property its official name in city directories: 415 Palisades Beach Road. “Ocean Front” was a popular, local variant decades ago for addresses ranging from 195 to 1200 on Palisades Beach Road. Such nuances of nomenclature aside, Ocean Front and Palisades Beach Road and even Roosevelt Highway are all names that can be associated with what is more widely known today as PCH (Pacific Coast Highway) or simply as Highway 1. In addition, I’ll periodically say “Los Angeles” in a loosely synonymous way, mostly in reference to Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Culver City, or other parts of the greater Westside.

It took signing on as a tour guide at Hearst Castle in 1972 for me to hear the name “Beach House” for the first time. Our reading list included W. A. Swanberg’s breakthrough book of 1961, *Citizen Hearst: A Biography of William Randolph Hearst*. Its photos depicted a setting I instantly recognized from my younger years in the greater area; the caption merely said “Beach house at Santa Monica.” The words appeared under a heading of “SIX HEARST CASTLES,” as in San Simeon, Wynton, and their brethren, although the text of Swanberg’s book had him speaking of *seven* Hearst Castles, four of them being Casa Grande and its trio of smaller outlying houses at Hearst’s best-known estate, synonymous with Hearst Castle in the singular. In clucking about Hearst’s largesse, the old-time guides at the

Castle talked a standard line of “the place he built for Marion in Santa Monica.”

Amazing, I thought. I’ve driven by it a thousand times!

In addition, 1972 itself saw the publication of *Marion Davies*, the biography by Fred Lawrence Guiles that remains invaluable all these years later, its author having gained entrée to what can be called the Marion Davies Collection, a group of documents that most people, myself included, have never seen firsthand and that have since, according to insiders, been largely dispersed among dealers and collectors.

It wasn’t long before I exhausted the few pictures of the Beach House to be found in print. Written descriptions, however brief, were another thing: there were no doubt some I would never be finding, no matter how much I dug, accounts buried in faded books about Hollywood and the film industry or all but lost in equally old newspapers and magazines. Ah, but I could always drive now past the site on PCH, as I’d innocently done so many times before. After all, my in-laws lived in Santa Monica and, in 1973, my own parents moved to the Palos Verdes area. This put the Beach House–Ocean House era’s successor, the smaller Sand and Sea Club, squarely in our path every time my wife and I drove from San Luis Obispo County to the Southland.

From 1973 to 1975 I was hot on the trail of Hearst’s main architect in California, Julia Morgan of San Francisco, who overlapped on the early years of the Santa Monica job with the young freelancer I mentioned before, William Flannery. Miss Morgan had the highest credentials, Flannery far less so. In fact, Morgan has been called the most gifted, accomplished woman ever to practice architecture in this country. And yet outside Berkeley and elsewhere in the Bay Area few aficionados were bothering in the early 1970s to track down her work,

especially in the Southland—examples like the Hollywood Studio Club or even Hearst's Los Angeles Examiner Building. Therein lay the rub with Santa Monica. No mansion remained to be seen, lost to the wrecking ball nearly twenty years past. Only lesser, extraneous details clung to the site, such as the drab colonial building at the north end of the Beach House compound: nothing much about that to arouse wonder. True, the swimming pool still boasted its coping and decorative tile work and its artfully troweled decks with serpentine inserts unmistakably like those at San Simeon's Neptune Pool. Same architect and sometimes the same materials, same artisans, I would later learn. However, the elongated Beach House pool was impossible to see from PCH. It lay between a parking lot (post-1956 demolition) and a bulkhead of thick pier pilings (a relic of former days), meant to hold back the ever-encroaching sand, which, unchecked, would soon have buried the pool completely.

The year 1975 is noteworthy. It saw the publication of a book that's been a mixed blessing ever since: *The Times We Had: Life with William Randolph Hearst*, based on tape-recorded reminiscences of Marion Davies dating from 1951, made the very year Hearst died. In its best moments, Marion's memoir is revealing, illuminating, insightful. In its worst moments, the same compilation is confused, deceptive, disorienting. Had alcoholism taken its toll? Indeed it had. At one point, in the context of the thirties decade and a discussion of her father, Bernard Douras, who died in 1935, Marion came forth with what can only be called an incriminating passage—if we choose to take her at her word:

The trouble with people who fib, like my father, is that you tell everybody a different story and you expect them to believe it. I guess I [his youngest daughter] took after him, that way.

Earlier in her memoir, in an unrelated context, she said of herself that she was “known as liar number one” to certain people around her. Such passages give at least momentary pause, surely.

In any case, I’m vague—as vague as Marion could often be—in recalling what we San Simeonites knew, or thought we knew, about the Beach House as of the mid-1970s. I asked John Porter, my editor for almost that long and a part-timer at the Castle since 1971, if his memory was any sharper than mine. “We knew that Morgan had been Hearst’s architect at San Simeon and at Wyntoon,” he replied by e-mail, “and so I think we just assumed that she had been his architect in Santa Monica.” Well put. I’d say those words effectively capture the wishful, uncritical viewpoint of the times. Fred Guiles was one writer who’d mentioned William Flannery, though without naming Julia Morgan in the same context. Marion, for her part, didn’t mention Flannery or Morgan in what became *The Times We Had* (she merely spoke of “the architects”). Yet ironically, and despite its often loopy, disjointed nature, Marion’s memoir contains some important details about the Beach House that have stood the test of time and that now, more than thirty years after their publication, still have few peers among accounts of Santa Monica, whether archival or secondhand. Hence the mixed blessing I spoke of.

But such distinctions mattered little in the mid-seventies. The world of Hearstiana among us San Simeonites would start turning upside down in 1977. Until then, architectural history was to us a remote process. We firmly believed that not a scrap of Julia Morgan’s records had survived past the 1940s or, to shade things a bit differently, past the time of Hearst’s death in 1951. We innocents also believed that Hearst was a man who had kept no records of his own. One of the fonder tenets of our near-tribal myth was that his keen memory could hold no limit of intricate and arcane details. As to Marion’s memoir of 1951/1975, it was a work whose often madcap

value would come into focus much later, when the branching out and flourishing of Hearstiana provided a greater range of knowledge for the book to be weighed against. Again, a mixed blessing is what *The Times We Had* has proved to be.

The summer of 1977—I starting my sixth year at Hearst Castle, John Porter his seventh—dropped a talisman in my lap. Or perhaps its opposite. I’ve never been completely sure which. All I know is that I remain under a potent spell more than thirty years later. This Rosetta Stone had its namesake in Lynn Forney Stone, as of the 1990s Lynn Forney McMurray, born in 1943 and christened a goddaughter of Julia Morgan (Lynn’s mother, Lilian, was Miss Morgan’s secretary for many years). The Rosetta part applied in 1977 to hundreds of pages of primary documents, saved by Lynn’s parents from the days when the Morgan office was still active in San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Forney were both on the payroll—documents that Lynn put copies of in my eager hands. Then in 1999 and 2000, more than two decades later, Lynn enriched me with further copies of what we’ve been calling the Morgan-Forney Collection ever since.

The first bestowal from this great patron allowed me to specialize for many years in Hearst as a collector. Her second bestowal allowed me to expand a book of mine from 1990 that became my magnum opus of 2003, *Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Loorz Papers*. Both of those gestures by Lynn Forney McMurray, those windfalls of 1977 and 1999–2000, strengthened my grasp of what the Beach House had been. Vitally so, indispensably so.

From the earliest of those dates—from 1977 onward—the trips that my wife and I took from the San Luis Obispo area down U.S. 101, veering off at Oxnard on PCH past Malibu and Pacific Palisades en route to Santa Monica, cast a wholly new light for me on 415 Ocean Front, site of that once-grand mansion that had stood for thirty years. (But that’s only if we count its oldest portions, dating from the late

1920s. Morgan's last job ledger on Santa Monica, albeit for nothing more than some minor outdoor work, dates mostly from 1938, a mere eighteen years before the wreckers arrived.)

In any event, the "Pacific Coast Register" that Lynn McMurray copied for me reflected the Morgan office's West Coast file-keeping system. Morgan began compiling it in 1919 for the sake of Hearst, the year they made their first concerted efforts to get started at San Simeon; Hearst's mother, the philanthropist Phoebe Apperson Hearst, had recently died and, pending the settlement of her estate, that idyllic coastal property was now his. Actual groundbreaking on "the hill" took place early in 1920. By 1937, a dark date in Hearst's often stormy life, the protracted Depression threatening to ruin him by then, Morgan could describe the P C Register as encompassing virtually everything of Hearst's received or transshipped by her as his architect, registrar, warehouse liaison, and still other roles she'd been playing for the past eighteen years, both traditional and anything but. That is, everything comprising the Hearst Collection that reached California by rail from New York—the main conduit of the man's supply line from 1920 to 1937—plus a goodly number of rogue or unique shipments he ordered: by rail, by truck, by tramp steamer from a diversity of sources, all of this surpassing what any other American collector-builder had ever done: all of this activity filling 660 pages in the P C Register. Their 10,000-plus entries pertained to single items, to pairs or sets or still larger groups of items. PC 5057 alone, easily taking the cake, applied to a dismantled Spanish monastery that remains in California and that's being partially re-erected now, at long last, by a religious order north of Sacramento.

An outsized ledger, as if made for a giant, its pages slightly longer than today's legal-size paper and nearly two inches wider (a real trick to photocopy), the P C Register was the least the Morgan office could produce for the outsized Hearst Collection. That's what Lynn Forney

McMurray's father, H. C. Forney—Jim he was called—typed in 1937 from individual file cards. Lynn retains the crisp, massive, original bond-paper typescript, held in a stout buckram binding, a Paul Bunyan of account books. Hearst Castle has a dimmer mimeograph copy from the same period, an archival rarity in its own right yet one that's incomplete when compared with what Jim Forney compiled (and that he and his wife, Lilian—Lynn's mother, the trusted right-hand woman of Miss Morgan's—took home to Berkeley for safekeeping along with other items, historically priceless records in every instance, when Morgan retired in 1950).

Back to the Beach House. And back to San Simeon and Wyntoon, each of them much better known among Hearst's California "castles" that he developed with Morgan's help. The latter two places wouldn't be nearly as decipherable as they've become since the late 1970s were it not for the P C Register and other Morgan-Forney items. True, that collection is still privately held by Lynn McMurray. Yet with her concurrence I began disseminating its contents even before 1977 ended; I've never stopped doing so, both through the tours and the staff workshops I led at San Simeon (I remained there till 1983) and, over the longer run, through my various books—above all, through *Building for Hearst and Morgan* of 2003 and also through *Hearst as Collector*, likewise of 2003. True as well, Cal Poly State University in San Luis Obispo has had the Julia Morgan Collection since 1980, the archives most responsible through my efforts and those of others for the in-depth view of San Simeon—especially the San Simeon of the formative 1920s—that had previously been beyond everyone's reach. But without the P C Register, directly or indirectly, too many references at Cal Poly to art works, to architectural elements, to carload shipments from the East, and to numerous related details would make almost no sense at all. The San Simeon warehouse files, dating from

the 1920s and subsequent decades and partly available through Hearst Castle since 1978, have provided close corroboration.

Since 1990, the George Loorz Papers have constituted the same microscope for Wyntoon that the Julia Morgan Collection provides for the early years at San Simeon. In turn, these two archives, plus the Morgan-Forney Collection, the old warehouse files, and, as of the late 1970s, the William Randolph Hearst Papers at UC Berkeley's Bancroft Library, throw more light on the Beach House than we may ever be glimpsing otherwise.

It's by such means, coupled with deductive reasoning and a goodly amount of circumstantial evidence, that the Hearst-Davies Beach House in Santa Monica stands out for what it was: a project less than one tenth the monetary stature of mighty San Simeon (which I've called elsewhere "the mother of all accounts") and less than one half that of Wyntoon, a distant second-place finisher on Morgan's overall job list (Santa Monica came in sixth). In the roundest, most general figures, measured against the design and construction outlays Hearst made through Morgan (plus that which William Flannery and others got paid), Santa Monica may have cost Hearst about \$400,000 in 1920s and 1930s dollars, easily four to six million in today's money. The furnishing of the place with antiques and art objects, exemplifying his usual methods, represents a separate figure, one harder to calculate on top of building costs. The grand total may have been two million dollars or so, to judge from what Hearst told Morgan about the Beach House in 1932 ("Miss Davies has over a million dollars worth of pictures [paintings] in it, and perhaps half a million dollars worth of other valuables").

Never forget, though, that the embellishment of Santa Monica reflected the tastes and the trappings of *two* collectors, W. R. Hearst and Marion Davies, not that of the controlling, paternal Hearst alone, as portrayals of him usually go. One or two million dollars it may have

been, but on this score it was to a very great degree *their* one or two million, a sorting out of which would be well nigh impossible.

Whence the notion, at any rate, of three or four times that amount, as in the feature done for *Architectural Digest* by the celebrity biographer Anne Edwards in 1994? In large part from the world of Hearstian hoopla and exaggeration, whose limits seem boundless still, scarcely less today than they did decades ago. The very endurance of such beliefs, their range and staying power, prove that Hearst succeeded hugely with the show he staged at 415 Ocean Front. There was Davies hoopla in the equation also, through *The Times We Had* of 1975 and its editors' note that Marion herself had "told reporters" in 1960 "that she had spent over seven million dollars on the place during the fifteen years she had used it" (the article in question was by James Bacon and appears in Appendix V).

But what specifically of the paneled rooms from Europe, the thirty-seven fireplaces, likewise imported, and the various other royal touches, none of them inexpensive, that we've so often heard about?

Questions like these remain to be answered better than they have been thus far, whether by Marion's memoir or by other means. Such questions may never have needed to be so loudly raised in the first place. And yet we're talking to a great extent about William Randolph Hearst, the prototype for *Citizen Kane*, a man who supposedly never did things simply or on the cheap or without pageantry, though perhaps he really did so to a surprising degree in Santa Monica. If indeed he did, the last laugh was his (and his young paramour's), and Julia Morgan's too.

As early as 1949, two years before Hearst died in old age, his own *Los Angeles Examiner* ran an article by Howard Heyn, an Associated Press writer whose subject was the former Beach House. W. A. Swanberg may have seen Heyn's article as early as 1958 in researching

Citizen Hearst. He may also have seen the souvenir booklet produced about 1950 by Joseph Drown, the Beach House's new owner, for his chic clientele in Santa Monica, a booklet entitled *Oceanhouse: America's Most Beautiful Hotel*. The Heyn article was reprinted in *Oceanhouse*; so was further text that may also have been Heyn's work. Swanberg's footnotes show that he used another article in the *Los Angeles Examiner* from 1951, this one almost certainly written by Hearst himself under a pen name. In addition, Swanberg saw the two pieces that Bob Thomas wrote for the *Hollywood Citizen-News* in 1956, shortly before the razing of Ocean House (Appendix III contains most of these items).

The Heyn article and similar period pieces are what all recountings of 415 Ocean Front derive from more than anything else, to their authors' conscious knowledge or not. From Swanberg's biography of 1961 to the *Architectural Digest* feature by Anne Edwards in 1994, "Marion Davies' Ocean House: The Santa Monica Palace Ruled by Hearst's Mistress," the foregoing holds true. (As of the mid-seventies, Marion's problematic memoir of 1951/1975 needs to be cited along with the Heyn and Thomas articles and the other period sources.) The mileage that these items have accrued can't be gauged; suffice it to say it's much greater than their creators in years like 1949 or 1951 or 1956 could ever have expected.

Certainly the long-awaited appearance in 1988 of Sara Holmes Boutelle's *Julia Morgan: Architect*, which came out six years before the Anne Edwards feature, did little to put Hearst, Marion, or Julia Morgan on the Santa Monica map. Its revised and updated edition of 1995 did no better. Not a spring chicken when her book appeared (she was already in her sixties when she began researching Morgan's life in 1972, a retirement project to fill her widowhood), Sara Boutelle always struggled with Los Angeles and the Southland. She was a New Yorker now living in Santa Cruz, south of San Francisco, hundreds of miles

from L.A. Places like Culver City and Brentwood and imprecise designations like the Westside mostly befuddled her. Yet she insisted on taking little counsel. The Morgan-Forney material lay beyond her reach, to her distinct disadvantage and that of her readers still today. She was ill equipped to make sense of 415 Ocean Front.

My work on George Loorz, builder extraordinaire, began in 1988, during the same summer that the Boutelle book appeared; it was a project spurred by Loorz's second son, Bill. I soon realized that George Loorz boasted more of a Hearstian legacy than San Simeon alone. There were also Wyntoon and, very early in his career, in 1927 and 1928, the Beach House in Santa Monica. It was on that job that he first worked for the greater good of Hearst and Morgan (and again of Marion as well). Loorz was a devoted correspondent and just as much a packrat who saved hundreds of incoming letters, even thousands of them, along with carbons of outgoing ones. Sadly, the Beach House files he'd taken home to Berkeley after his stint in Santa Monica ended in 1928 were last heard of in 1936. The pages that follow would surely be the richer had those files come my way with all the others his sons entrusted to me, files that, in turn, the Loorz family gave to the San Luis Obispo County Historical Museum in 1990. That year saw the publication of my first book on the Loorz Papers, *The Builders Behind the Castles*. A decade later, in 2001, midway through my revision-expansion of *Builders* (which became *Building for Hearst and Morgan*, done through the good offices of Bill Loorz once more and also through those of William R. Hearst III), I began dovetailing the Morgan-Forney data of 1999–2000—that plus Beach House details gleaned from the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library.

It was still too soon, though, for the inclusion of the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection, acquired by the same Will Hearst III in 2003. Fortunately, this new book on the Beach House makes full use of that historically vibrant material.

My in-laws had moved in 1991 from Santa Monica to San Luis Obispo, a change that, along with my father's death in 1992, found my wife and me driving along PCH less and less—until our two daughters began college in Los Angeles later in the nineties. Little seemed to be happening in dear old Santa Monica at 415 anyway. The colonial building, separately numbered 321, stood as lonesome as ever at the north end of the property. Joseph Drown's Sand and Sea Club locker building still stood nearby, wind-buffed and bleached white in the sun. The Northridge earthquake of 1994 was the structural *coup de grace* for what remained of the Beach House—Ocean House compound. The Annenberg Foundation grant and the efforts on behalf of the City of Santa Monica by the group called 415 PCH lay a ways ahead yet.

Today, early in a new century and also early in what promises to be a period having a greater grasp of and appreciation for the 415 site, the new Annenberg Community Beach House, its name well attuned to the parlance of yore, faces the Pacific much as Hearst and Marion and their guests did, a vantage point that on clear afternoons affords views toward Malibu and Point Dume on par almost with those from the poetic heights of San Simeon. History and heritage haunt 415 Ocean Front in the best sense; and in our looking back on those qualities, we must remember that truth is always stranger than fiction. The pages to follow will strive to uphold that adage.

1

Beginnings, Precedents, Patterns

LOS ANGELES, dawn of the twentieth century. William Randolph Hearst, forty years old, a first-term Congressman from Manhattan whose main business was newspapers (San Francisco, New York, Boston, Chicago), appeared on the local scene in 1903, the same year that he married Millicent Willson, his wife forever more—until he died, that is, in 1951. (Back in 1903, meanwhile, Marion Davies was but a Brooklyn-born girl of six.) Hearst's father, Senator George Hearst, had been in the Southland as early as 1889, along with Leland Stanford and other senators that the L.A. Chamber of Commerce courted on behalf of San Pedro as a world seaport. Both of the Hearsts, father and son, had a good eye for land prospects. The chances that they discussed how promising Southern California looked in its pre-smog grandeur aren't farfetched at all, although no such documentation seems to exist.

In any event, it was in 1903 that W. R. Hearst (as he'd come to be called) established—with his wealthy mother's usual help—the *Los Angeles Examiner* as a morning daily, largely to oppose the blustering Harrison Gray Otis and the frontier, anti-union politics of what was then the main paper in town, the *Los Angeles Times*.

Late in 1911 Hearst, then forty-eight, acquired a second newspaper in Los Angeles, at the very same moment that women in California won the right to vote—in fact, Hearst bought the paper from none other than Harrison Gray Otis—namely, the *Los Angeles Herald*. Their agreement specified that Hearst would convert what had been a morning paper to a non-competing evening. Strange to say, the date 1922 has been cited many times for Hearst's purchase of the *Herald*; this stemmed from his having gone through a dummy buyer to shield

his identity. Not so, though, on the 1922 part. The actual date of 1911 means that Hearst had a two-paper, morning-evening presence in Los Angeles at least a year before he had the equivalent in his hometown of San Francisco. It also means he was more prominently an Angeleno businessman than most have recognized, albeit an absentee one much of the time, during the 1910s. His groundbreaking in 1912 through the San Francisco architect Julia Morgan for the Examiner Building at 11th and South Broadway can now be seen in a different light: Hearst provided himself with the nucleus of a new West Coast power center rather than simply an outpost far removed from his Eastern headquarters.

As for 1910 itself, when D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, and their Biograph troupe from New York came to Los Angeles for the first time, there to winter at the posh Alexandria Hotel, Hearst's presence meant that they got to know him. He was in town early that year to promote the Dominguez Air Meet near Long Beach through the *Examiner*, and he asked who the pretty young girl with all the blond locks might be. Henry E. Huntington also promoted the historic air show in 1910; but unlike Hearst, who was thirteen years younger, Huntington, about to turn sixty, declined to go aloft that winter with any of the daredevil aviators.

A native Californian, Hearst had lived in New York since 1895 and counted Manhattan as his main residence for nearly three decades, until 1924. It was then, while entering his sixties, that he and the young film actress who was still in her twenties and whom he'd long been squiring—Marion Douras, or Marion Davies by stage name—came out, geographically and in other ways, to a Los Angeles he knew well and already had a serious financial stake in. His separation (but never divorce) from his wife over the Davies affair and his prominence in a film industry that kept moving west were the main stimuli. Also, the fabled San Simeon "castle" project, which he'd launched in 1919 after

summering in that remote coastal area with his family for several years, was now steaming along full speed under Julia Morgan, who concurrently was entering the busiest phase in her fifty years of practice. Hearst not only promoted Marion Davies through his Cosmopolitan Productions, founded in New York in 1918 and the studio behind many non-Davies pictures as well, he also through his newspapers, magazines, and other media holdings promoted Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with which he and Marion were business partners on a lordly scale. What's more, Hearst's newsreel interests would keep him directly involved with Louis B. Mayer and the other Loew's-MGM titans for the rest of his long, always complex life.

With regard to archives, on which this book prefers to lean, the mid-1920s amount to ancient times for the newly Los Angeles-based Hearst, who at first held court at the equally new Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard. He and Marion later had their palatial Beach House, humbly called, in Santa Monica, still widely thought of today as "Marion's place," an instance of Hearstian propaganda at its most effective and enduring. Hearst's master files, such as his San Simeon correspondence with Julia Morgan, were still being kept in New York in the 1920s. And thus as all Hearst researchers know, the only documents among the William Randolph Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library from any time in the twenties decade tend to be scattered and incomplete.

It's fitting to dwell on Hearst himself at the outset of our story for two reasons. First, because the Beach House was his and Marion's—it was *theirs*, rather than his or hers. The only thing that undermined this simple fact was the lack of a marriage license. Secondly, the Beach House was a satellite of strategic San Simeon (and later of Wyntoon also), not the reverse, not a Southland focal point around which outlying San Simeon and Wyntoon orbited, despite their remoteness from urban life in California.

Above all, to understand the Beach House requires that we understand W. R. Hearst, really more so than our having a good grasp of Marion Davies as a biographical subject. For better or for worse, these were male-oriented, male-dominated times. Women didn't vote in national elections until 1920, just six years before work began in Santa Monica. Had Hearst and Marion been married, these points and others like them wouldn't need much weighing. People would readily accept that he, the one with the constant drive to build and beautify and modify and perfect, was doing such things for *them*, with Marion going along dutifully for the ride (and by enough accounts doing so cheerfully, agreeably, compatibly). The question, therefore, isn't so much how Hearst figured in the life of the Beach House as it is how the Beach House figured in the life of Hearst—and, up to a supportive point, how it figured in the lives of Marion Davies and Julia Morgan. Also, the degree to which the Beach House can serve as a vehicle of history, much as San Simeon, Wyntoon, and Hearst have long been richly evocative vehicles, has to be judged. The verdict is that the story of San Simeon and Wyntoon is too intricate to be told through their Santa Monica satellite whereas the story of the latter—of the Beach House, that is—can to a great degree be told through details directly pertaining to San Simeon and at times to Wyntoon.

IF WE'RE TO UNDERSTAND Hearst, we need to absorb at least one biography of the man, preferably more. W. A. Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* of 1961 wasn't the first biography (six others preceded it). But it was Swanberg's book that established the chronology of Hearst's nearly ninety-year life better than anyone else had. David Nasaw's biography of 2000, *The Chief: The Life of William Randolph Hearst*, is strong on chronology also; think of it as a book that takes up where Swanberg leaves off and, in its best moments, surpasses it; if read in tandem with *Citizen Hearst*, many bases in Hearstiana can be covered.

In addition, read Louis Pizzitola's book of 2002, *Hearst Over Hollywood: Power, Passion, and Propaganda in the Movies*; and go to the Internet for a copy (they can readily be had) of *Marion Davies*, the standard and still unsurpassed biography of 1972 by Fred Lawrence Guiles, despite its many errors (to be expected, given its age). Also, while in a seventies mode, lay hands on the Marion Davies memoir of 1975, *The Times We Had: Life with William Randolph Hearst*. The book is easily available in paperback. However, as we saw in the Introduction, read *The Times We Had* selectively, critically, poised always to apply a good-sized grain of salt; the book has never been revised, corrected, or expanded. Its time for such attention is long overdue.

Armed with those five books—six if you count this new one on “the Santa Monica connection”—you'll be well equipped to understand more about William Randolph Hearst and his circle than you ever bargained for. For the architecturally inclined, there's one more book: *Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Looz Papers*, by yours truly, Taylor Coffman. With those seven books, you can now know almost as much about Hearst, Miss Davies, and other fascinating characters as longtime devotees of Hearstiana do.

JOHN K. WINKLER, slated to be the author in 1928 of the earliest Hearst biography, *W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon*, published a series of magazine articles about the man in 1927. Winkler wrote on June 4 of that year to Arthur Brisbane, one of Hearst's foremost editors and confidants:

I am doing a study in book form of Mr. Hearst for Simon & Schuster, similar in scope to a series of articles recently appearing in the *New Yorker*.

The volume in no sense will purport to be a formal biography.

Since you are very much a part of the Hearst picture, I wonder if I may call upon you for characteristic incidents and anecdotes?

On June 9, four days later in 1927, Brisbane ran Winkler's idea past Joe Willicombe, Hearst's secretary:

Will you please find out from Mr. Hearst whether he approves of this idea to have Mr. Winkler write his life. I don't suppose he would do it without Mr. Hearst's consent, or at least publish it without Mr. Hearst's consent. I should think that if Mr. Hearst is going to have his life written, it ought to be done a good deal better than this man would probably do it, judging by his articles in the *New Yorker*.

Brisbane added a lengthy postscript to his letter:

It is not that Mr. Winkler would not do his work well as far as it went, but it was extremely sketchy and I suppose some time or other there ought to be a semi-official life of Mr. Hearst that would really give an intelligent idea of what he has been driving at, and also of how he has accomplished the things that he has done.

The semi-official life Brisbane spoke of finally appeared in 1936, a book that every Hearst scholar has since been beholden to but at the same time has decried in some way, at times fiercely—Mrs. Fremont Older's *William Randolph Hearst: American*. The book was in fact one of three biographies of the man that appeared in 1936 (the two others were decidedly anti-Hearst). John Winkler, for his part, went forward in the late twenties with his biography of Hearst. By the end of the thirties decade he'd written comparable books about John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Woodrow Wilson, and the du Pont family. He wrote still more biographies in later years, most notably for our purposes *William Randolph Hearst: A New Appraisal*, published in 1955 and still helpful on various points alongside W. A. Swanberg and David Nasaw. In the meantime, between the late 1920s and the mid-1950s, Winkler was in Hearst's periodic employ. On the man's

seventy-eighth birthday in 1941, for example, Winkler offered these words:

Deepest congratulations to a gallant gentleman, a generous employer and world journalism's outstanding genius. Long may he wave.

So Winkler was pro-Hearst after all. Hearst, for his part, could be more than just a generous employer: he could be generously forgiving, as we'll see at times in the pages to come. Nonetheless, Hearst was normally one to keep his unquestionable (and unquestioned) distance, a man who held his cards closely around most people, members of the Hearst-Davies inner circle being among the few exceptions. Swanberg's comment on Winkler's earlier portrayal of the Chief is worth quoting:

In 1928 appeared the first biography of Hearst, a generally approving one written by John K. Winkler, a former reporter on the New York *American* [Hearst's main morning paper in that city]. Such was the public interest in the enigmatic publisher that the New York *Times* gave the book a front-page review in its Sunday literary section and it enjoyed a brisk sale. A friend recommended it to Hearst, but he shook his head. "If it doesn't tell the truth it will make me mad," he said, "and if it tells the truth it will make me sad."

Swanberg gleaned that rhyming line from a magazine article of 1930 in H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury* entitled "Hearst: A Psychological Note." The dichotomy of Hearst the knowable and unknowable, the accessible and inaccessible, the obvious and the mysterious is one that none of us will ever cease to grapple with. The builder George Looz, whose name crops up several times ahead, was alluding to the Beach House of the 1927–28 period when he told a friend about Hearst:

I worked for him under the roof where he lived for 8 months without meeting him. Though I received many orders in writing or thru another party from him.

Loorz was the construction superintendent on the Beach House job for nine months all told, so perhaps he met Hearst during his final weeks in Santa Monica. Those lines were written by Loorz in January 1934, on the eve of his second anniversary as construction superintendent on a much bigger, more demanding job—the one up the coast at San Simeon, where he'd since come to know Hearst quite well. "I like him very much," Loorz said of him in that same letter of 1934. "He has never been impatient with me in these two years of close contact":

He encourages one to do all he can, not by haggling but by keeping keen interest in all that goes on and in openly expressing his appreciation. Except for that personal contact with him this job would be too isolated for me and I would leave right now.

Loorz put in another four years before he bade San Simeon adieu at the end of 1937, although he remained closely tied to Hearst and to Julia Morgan well into the 1940s.

"HEARST, THE MAN OF MYSTERY" appeared in *The American Magazine* in 1906, twenty years before work began in Santa Monica; the article was written by the famous muckraker Lincoln Steffens. It may as well have been written and published in 1926. Hearst was no less mysterious by then; in many ways he'd become more so, inevitably. The same needn't be said of Marion Davies, who was twenty-nine in 1926 to Hearst's sixty-three when the Beach House was launched. In being a film star, especially at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Marion led a life that was an open book, at least compared with Hearst's. *Photoplay* and other fan magazines didn't succeed in divulging *all* her secrets—mentions of Hearst were discreet and cautious, when they appeared at all—yet for general purposes, Marion was a known commodity, virtually public property. It wouldn't be long before it was widely known that she had a fabulous Georgian mansion

on the beach in Santa Monica and that she entertained grandly, thanks especially to photographs and stories that were made available to one and all, from idly curious people to the more devotedly starstruck.

What about Mrs. Hearst? Hearst was married all the while, wasn't he? Yes, he surely was—he had been since 1903—and he and Millicent had five sons to show for it, the oldest of them just seven years younger than Marion. An oft-asked question at San Simeon is, "Where was Mrs. Hearst when all this was going on?" The same could be asked of Santa Monica, provided Hearst is sufficiently restored to his rightful place in the scheme of things. The answer given at San Simeon is that the Hearsts were formally separated by the mid-1920s and remained apart until Hearst died in 1951, with Mrs. Hearst continuing to live as late as 1974 (Marion had died in 1961, a mere ten years after Hearst).

Fine and well, yet what follows is much more explanatory and penetrating, almost jarringly so even to San Simeon veterans who can rightly figure that they've seen and heard everything, either firsthand or by other means, Hearst Castle having been toured by the public since 1958. John F. Dunlap's long-gestating, self-published biography of Hearst, *The Hearst Saga: The Way It Really Was*, dates from 2002; its appearance coincided with the death of its author. The book contains a good deal of rare correspondence, most of it hitherto unknown. An extremely revealing letter is one that Hearst wrote longhand about 1931 to John Francis Neylan, a San Francisco attorney and personal adviser of his for many years. It's necessary to say "about 1931" because the item is undated. However, the letter's presence in the chapter devoted to 1931—this in a book that sticks closely to chronology—argues in favor of 1931 by simple context alone. The internal evidence points toward 1931 as well; 1930 is also a plausible date. In any event, Dunlap's publication of the Hearst letter is one of the highlights of the document-rich *Hearst Saga*; the letter began with Hearst's addressing John Francis Neylan as "Dear Jack":

I have made one of the most momentous decisions of my life and I have made it only after years of thought and worry over what was the best thing for me and Mrs. Hearst.

I have decided that our marriage contract should be dissolved for her welfare and happiness as well as mine.

We have not had marital relations for over ten years.

For the last year or so I have seen her only occasionally and whenever I do see her something that I do or say throws her into a fury which results in the most distressing scenes imaginable—distressing to both her and to me. . . .

I am not discussing whether Mrs. Hearst's tirades are justifiable or not. In any case they are unendurable to me and if they are justified the situation should be quite as unendurable to Mrs. Hearst.

The result of ten years of separation has been that we now have different tastes, different friends, and different interests.

The result of the many scenes is such that I really do not need Mrs. Hearst's injunction to stay away from her. I do not think I could muster up courage for another meeting.

Mrs. Hearst cabled you a year ago that she wanted a divorce. If she is still of the same mind she should proceed to get the divorce. If she does not do this I should go to Reno or Cuba or Mexico and get it. The only grounds on which I would secure a divorce in New York are grounds which are of course out of the question [adultery].

There seems to be nothing to be done except get a divorce.

The situation has not grown better in the ten years of our separation. It has grown steadily worse. In fact I have never in the whole ten years had a more painful experience than I had when I went East last time with the hope of spending some of the holiday season pleasantly with my children. The truth is we have drifted as far apart as the poles. In fact I imagine the situation is unendurable to Mrs. Hearst because the last time I was in New York Mrs. Hearst said she wanted me to go back to California and stay there, and gave me one week to quit New York or she would make a public scene. She also told my secretary that she never wanted to see me again.

As a matter of fact I was not only ordered out of the town but compelled to quit the house [at Sands Point, Long Island] I had just

built [remodeled] and furnished in the hope of pleasing Mrs. Hearst and of securing some possible peace and contentment. Peace and contentment are entirely impossible for Mrs. Hearst or for me as long as we are together. . . .

. . . I have provided for her [not only] in every way I thought was right but in every way that Mrs. Hearst has requested.

Two agreements have been executed, the second to add to her provision everything which she had not required in the first one. I want her to be happy and in the matter of the divorce I believe that I have Mrs. Hearst's happiness and welfare practically as much at heart as my own.

Dunlap remarked by saying, "This painful situation was doomed only to further deterioration." He said in addition about Hearst:

Upon returning from a later trip east, the publisher again wrote Neylan [with] a second "Dear Jack" letter, saying that he was tired of being embarrassed by Millicent whenever he was in New York and giving the attorney firm instructions promptly to file for the divorce.

Since Hearst is known not to have been in New York between October 1931 and May 1934, that two-and-a-half year stretch when he went no farther east than Ohio in 1932 can be placed like a bookend on the right side of these events. The harder question is where the left bookend should go. He stopped in New York briefly in May 1931 before sailing to Europe with Marion and a group of friends. That period posed the latest time he could have written to Neylan as he did in the first letter that John Dunlap quoted, there having been one more layover for Hearst to make in New York (the one in October 1931) upon returning from abroad and heading back to California.

In fairness to Millicent Hearst, Elsa Maxwell, described as "an arbiter of international society and one of the world's most famous hostesses," should be quoted—this from her memoir of 1954 entitled *R.S.V.P: Elsa Maxwell's Own Story*:

Soon after America entered World War I [in 1917], I made another lifelong friend. . . . She was Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, the wife of the most controversial and shrewdest publisher in the history of American journalism. Although Mrs. Hearst was as active as I in war work, we never met until she dropped me a note asking me to help her on a project. . . .

I arrived at the appointed time, and seated at her desk was the prettiest creature I had ever seen. It was difficult to believe she was the mother of five sons. I introduced myself and heard for the first time that famous chuckle that has charmed her world.

Soon after I met Millicent Hearst, a cloud appeared that cast a pall over her entire life. Her husband became involved romantically with Marion Davies, a movie star of the period. When she learned the bitter truth, Millicent refused to give her husband a divorce. For thirty years [1921 to 1951] she suffered humiliation in a desperate effort to maintain a semblance of family unity for the sake of her five sons. . . .

Millicent could have found happiness with another husband. A number of men were attracted by her beauty, charm and keen mind, which had been sharpened by meeting the world's leading statesmen and intellectuals in her home. Among many other things, Millicent is a superb hostess. . . .

If Millicent had been impressed by false glitter, she could have had her pick of several high European titles, had she been willing to divorce her husband. . . .

During Millicent's long domestic troubles, I marveled at her strength and wondered how she could be so free from the weaknesses associated with the eternal feminine. She held her head high, never tried to enlist sympathy or complained of her lot.

If ever there were two conflicting sides to a story, this situation involving the Hearsts and Marion Davies had to be it. Marion put things in perspective in 1951/1975 while reminiscing of herself and Hearst, "We were together, and that was all that mattered." Further on in *The Times We Had*, she said this of their ironclad arrangement:

Why should I run after a streetcar when I was already aboard?

WITH THE HEARSTS' MARRIAGE put in fuller perspective, what else needs clarifying before we plunge into the events of 1926? How about a bit more on the all but common-law marriage of Hearst and Marion? Surely one of the leading fallacies about the Beach House is that Hearst was often at San Simeon or somewhere else while Marion was in Santa Monica. Not true, with the rarest exceptions. From 1931 to 1951—the former being the probable date of his letters about a divorce and also the date of Santa Monica's initial completion—he and Marion were seldom apart. Their de facto marriage, their virtually uninterrupted union, lasted a full twenty years. Much of the same can be said for the years from the mid-1920s to 1931 (this excludes the furtive, closeted years from as far back as the mid-1910s). Overall, Hearst and Marion's times apart from, say, 1925 through 1930, a period when he still saw his wife, no matter how briefly or awkwardly, paled in duration next to the unbroken stretches that prevailed for the unwed Hearst-Davies couple from 1931 onward.

Measuring by sixteen years from the beginning of 1931 to the end of 1946, when Hearst and Marion offered the Beach House for sale, their whereabouts were approximately as follows. They spent 40% of that period—piecemeal, of course—at San Simeon. They spent 30% of their time at Wyntoon in Northern California, the great majority of it in the second half of that same sixteen-year stretch. They were in Santa Monica 20% of the time, heavily slanted toward the first half of that period. This leaves 10% of the span from 1931 to 1946 to be divided between New York, Europe, and other places besides California.

These figures further reveal that the first half of those years—the eight years from 1931 through 1938—saw Hearst and Marion allotting San Simeon about 45% of their time; Santa Monica 25%; New York, Europe, and other places out of state 20%; and Wyntoon a mere 10%. The second half of the sixteen-year period, 1939 through 1946, yields

very different figures: Wyntoon nearly 50%, San Simeon about 35%, Santa Monica 12%, various other places just 3%.

All these figures need refining. The percentages above are indicative, though, of distinct trends and patterns, of habits and movements on Hearst and Marion's part that become more familiar with every batch of documents one sees from those years. The main point isn't whether a given percentage needs adjusting upward or downward but rather to note that whether he and she were at San Simeon, Wyntoon, or in Santa Monica, they were usually in the same place at the same time.

To cite round figures once more, Hearst and Marion spent a quarter of their time in Santa Monica through the 1931–1938 period but only half as much time—a trifling one eighth—through the 1939–1946 period. In their protracted absences, the Beach House obviously was no place to leave abandoned, any more than San Simeon was during its long stretches of non-use, especially in the early 1940s. But except for a brief stay like the one that Joseph P. Kennedy and his son John enjoyed in Santa Monica late in 1940, little else warrants our attention without Hearst and Marion on the immediate scene.

WARRANTED OR NOT, let's turn our attention toward clues and snippets and fragments of information about the Beach House as handily as we can. Why? Because there's often so little else to go on. The main building was razed more than half a century now, leaving the perfect environment for myths and misconceptions to colonize, like weeds on a vacant lot. And of course the film *Citizen Kane* of 1941 has proved to be a legacy more enduring than any weed could ever be. It may indeed deserve its reputation as the greatest moment in modern cinema; we needn't argue that point pro or con. However, to judge San Simeon or Wyntoon or the Beach House—or Hearst and Marion—by

Kane's standards is the wrong way to go. There's been enough of that in criticism both profound and merely off the cuff.

Another product of 1941 is far more suited to the task at hand, that of understanding Hearst first and foremost and, as much as possible in conjunction with him, Marion—and along with them the buildings in their lives. In Leo Rosten's *Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers*, published in 1941, the author included a chapter on things architectural, entitled "Of Marble Halls." Naturally, the young but keenly astute Rosten, writing the book in the late Depression years, was almost duty bound to be somewhat condescending and condemnatory, yet his premise was restrained for a work of that period:

In Hollywood, as in Istanbul or Sioux Falls, the rich hasten to express their wealth, and betray their fitful groping for status, by erecting homes of unnecessary magnitude and splendor. For wealth is a psychological sovereignty, and those within its boundaries live in obligatory palaces. Houses are the most visible and enduring signs of great fortune; in all times and places architecture has served as a primary symbol of social station. The landscape of America, from Baton Rouge to St. Paul, from Baltimore to Hollywood, is dotted with the proud mansions of social ambition. . . .

Hollywood offers no palaces and no furnishings to match those of the Eastern nabobs, but the first batch of movie *arrivistes* made a partial effort to imitate their peers. They built big mansions, fine gardens, and filled their chalets with costly paraphernalia. The hills above Sunset Boulevard, from Hollywood to the Pacific Palisades, glisten with estates which try to ape the elegance of Long Island or the Riviera. Here are wooded acres, splendiferous homesteads, rambling gardens, terraces, fountains, tennis courts, and all the accessories of wealth and fame. Here, and in Bel-Air and Holmby Hills, are the homes of Hollywood's elite; here is the movie fan's Valhalla. . . .

Probably the most imposing dwellings in the film colony are those of Harold Lloyd, Cecil B. DeMille, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Marion

Davies, Winfield Sheehan, and the late Carl Laemmle. The Lloyd estate, an awe-inspiring demesne [domain or estate], is reported to be the most expensive. This architectural *tour de force* . . . cost well over \$1,000,000. . . .

The DeMille manor house tops a hill in Los Feliz, overlooking fine lawns, a little park and lagoon, and superb flower beds. “Pickfair,” once renowned as the home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford [divorced in 1936], is a massive gray pile high up in the hills, set back on ample acreage, with great walls and gates, fine *ameublements* [furnishings], swimming pool, and gardens.

The three-story colonial manse of Marion Davies on the sands of Santa Monica overwhelms the eye: its foyer is spectacular, its furnishing lavish, and rooms disemboweled from European castles stand in cool magnificence. The woodwork and chandeliers are worthy of museums; there are van loads of *objets d’art*, innumerable paintings (including a good many of the mistress of the house), and around ninety rooms—most of which, it is said, have telephones connected to the private switchboard. This dovecote contains a long, marble pool (fifty yards from the plebian Pacific) with a marble bridge bisecting it, à la the Rialto [on the Grand Canal in Venice].

It is said, it is said. Even a writer of Rosten’s diligence had to rely on hearsay—that along with his own imagination and what credible facts he could dig up by any historical means, fair or foul. His chapter “Of Marble Halls” would not soon be surpassed. He was right when he said the following:

The maintenance costs for these homesteads is, of course, staggering, and the movie people, like the captains of industry, have learned the meaning of the adage that it isn’t the cost but the upkeep. “A man builds a fine house,” wrote [Ralph Waldo] Emerson, “and now he has a master, and a task for life; he is to furnish, watch, show it, and keep it in repair for the rest of his days.” . . .

These names—Lloyd, DeMille, Chaplin, Pickford, Davies, Barrymore, Laemmle, Sheehan, Valentino, Zukor—are themselves suggestive of Hollywood’s past; they are associated with the first era of

the movie colony; and the edifices which we have described were built from fifteen to twenty-five years ago [from 1916 to 1926].

Rosten spoke of the “naïve and flamboyant urges which went into these monuments” of the early period; then he came to his main paragraph, one between whose lines the Beach House can surely be placed, even beyond the accord that Rosten gave it:

It is important to recognize the influence of William Randolph Hearst on the movie pioneers. The amazing publisher entered the movie field via newsreels around 1911. Attracted to movies as a hobby, and because they promised profits, his amateur interest turned into professional activity as a means of furthering the dramatic career of Marion Davies. Miss Davies’ Santa Monica retreat (the size and furnishings of which show the Hearst touch) became a meeting place for Hollywood and Hearst. The power of the Hearst press, the Hearst magazines, the Hearst radio stations, the Hearst columnists, and the Hearst feature writers insured the aging publisher a welcome in the movie colony. He bought stock in MGM, which released the Hearst *Movietone* [or rather *Metrotone*] newsreels, organized Cosmopolitan Pictures to produce Miss Davies’ films, and made deals for the distribution of the pictures, first with MGM and then with Warner Brothers. Hearst’s activities in the Republican party and in California politics brought him closer to the leaders of the movie industry, notably the Messrs. [Louis B.] Mayer and [Nicholas] Schenck. Hearst’s Hollywood correspondent, Louella Parsons, became a plenipotentiary whom no one dared offend. With the years, Mr. Hearst became genuinely attached to the gay, bright picture people and the Hollywood in which they held court.

Despite some inevitable errors in the foregoing, Rosten’s paragraph holds up almost seventy years later. He seemed unaware of Hearst’s stature in the Democratic Party, as recently as the 1932 election. Yet this and other breaches needn’t sink the ship. Rosten understood Hearst better than nearly anyone who’d written about him before 1941—ironically, the saccharine but attuned Mrs. Fremont Older of 1936 would be one of the few exceptions—and to have gained the

insight he had at such a young age (he was born in 1908, Mrs. Older in 1875) is more than doubly remarkable.

Rosten had further things to say about Hearst, *vis-à-vis* Hollywood and its unique culture; the Beach House can once again be prominently placed between the lines:

Hearst opened the portals of San Simeon to the movie crowd, and he dazzled their eyes with the magniloquence of his life and the princely abandon of his expenditure. His baronial castle on the Pacific was a cross between the Palazzo Uffizi [in Florence, Italy] and the Hippodrome [in ancient Constantinople]. . . .

The movie parvenus—pretty actresses, ambitious actors, culture-hungry producers—were understandably awed by a man who bestrode an empire of his own making, a man who owned yachts, woods, zoos, lakes, mines, a castle in Wales, and—at San Simeon alone—thirty-five cars! . . .

It was Hearst who held the banner of luxury before the early movie magnates. He possessed vast wealth, a Renaissance flair for spending, and an appreciation of the arts. He also bore a name that commanded respect. He was the son of a Senator; he had been a Congressman; he had run for Governor of New York. He consorted with kings, ministers, [and] princes of the church. In William Randolph Hearst, imperial and grandiose, the emerging elite of Hollywood found a modern Croesus. They could scarcely have remained unaffected by his example.

Nor could they ignore the example of Miss Davies, *chatelaine* like no other, at least not in this country during its first 165 years as the United States of America that Hearst so revered. As the duet they long were, he and Marion proved an impossible act to follow. That's still true today.

2

Ladies First

1925–1928

WHEN WORK BEGAN on the Beach House in 1926 for Hearst and Marion, it did so under William Flannery, who was only twenty-seven. At fifty-four, Julia Morgan was twice his age, easily old enough to be his mother. Yes, but wasn't she out of the picture for the most part? Wasn't she serving Hearst's interests at San Simeon and in the Bay Area, her home turf? And wasn't she also consumed with her other clients' needs on a wide range of jobs, large and small?

The evidence, despite its frequent spottiness, has cast a different light on certain notions that, without the Big Three archives in the early Santa Monica game—The Bancroft, Cal Poly, and Morgan-Forney—would be nothing but vague ideas or assumptions destined to hold sway in perpetuity, far beyond our time.

For instance, it's impossible to believe now that Morgan didn't know closely what Hearst was up to with his new project in Santa Monica. The cover sheet of a job ledger she began in the preceding year, 1925, is headed "Miss Marion Davies." Its back side says "Beverly Hills W.R.H." This pertained not to Santa Monica but to the remodeling of 1700 Lexington Road, a house originally designed by William Flannery that Hearst had bought for Marion and her family members in the coming-out year of 1924. Unlike the level Beach House site, the place on Lexington quietly commanded (and still does) a low, gentle rise, a perfect spot with a climate to match, just a few hundred yards northwest of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The Lexington place had been dressed in the stodgy Tudor half-timbering seen on several

Beverly Hills houses of the day. It was surely ripe for a Hearstian facelift, despite its youth. The contract went to the original builders, Charles and Frank Carpenter (Carpenter Bros., Inc.), offshoots of a local development firm and, to hear Hearst or Morgan tell it, eventual pair of thieves. Carpenter Bros. would soon get the nod on the Beach House as well.

Work began on 1700 Lexington with Morgan making two trips to the site in late September 1925. The first of them—on Friday the 18th—was an extension of her latest stop at San Simeon and at the Margaret Baylor Inn in Santa Barbara (today's Lobero Building on Anacapa Street), a YWCA job of hers in recent years. While in the Los Angeles area, she also stopped at the Hollywood Studio Club, another recent YWCA project (whose building committee included Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille, a personal friend of hers). The Morgan-Forney ledgers contain such details minutely. Any such trip that involved multiple stops on the same day or successive days led to Morgan's "Travel" costs being apportioned: so much to Santa Barbara, so much to Beverly Hills, so much to Hollywood. The upshot is that *all* her ledgers for the region have to be closely checked and collated, the Long Beach YWCA being still another prospect for 1925.

Morgan was back in Santa Barbara a week and a half later, on September 28—a Monday this time. She was there for the sake of the Margaret Baylor Inn and for that of a much lesser-known job, the graceful Santa Barbara Hospital near Goleta. She stopped at 1700 Lexington in Beverly Hills on that same day in 1925 and again at the Hollywood Studio Club. However, her ledgers show that San Simeon wasn't part of her current itinerary. She next appeared there on Monday, October 5.

In Beverly Hills, meanwhile, Morgan's presence or that of a proxy was required there as soon as Friday, October 2, just four days after her latest stop. Thaddeus Joy, her top draftsman in San Francisco and one

of her office partners, made the needed trip. Joy reappeared solo in Beverly Hills late on October 15, for the sake of the 16th. Hearst had wired Morgan within the past twenty-four hours. “I will be in Los Angeles tomorrow Thursday and Friday [the 15th and 16th],” he said. “Suggest Mr. Joy come down Thursday night and see me Friday.” His suggestion was promptly heeded.

Two months passed with no further ledger entries being made for travel in 1925—not until December 15 (Thad Joy again) and December 31 (Morgan herself, as part of a trip to San Simeon, Santa Barbara, Hollywood, and Long Beach).

THE SURVIVING CORRESPONDENCE between Hearst and Morgan is silent on Santa Monica for the final months of 1925. It seems the safest of assumptions, though, to think that 415 Ocean Front or the Beach House or whatever name it first went by would crop up in conversation, if not in documentation yet to be found.

For the sake of perspective, let’s note that Hearst had commissioned two projects in Los Angeles a while earlier in the 1920s that Morgan had taken little part in, or even no part. First there’d been his Los Angeles Herald Building on South Trenton Street, razed in the 1970s—and not to be confused with the Examiner Building on South Broadway that was renamed the Herald-Examiner Building in 1962, when Hearst’s morning and evening papers merged. The Herald Building’s forgotten footprint, half a mile west of the older and better-known Examiner Building, gets a full-court press nowadays from the L.A. Lakers at Staples Center. No architect in the early twenties named Julia Morgan had been on the Herald job, which was sizable. Never mind the subsequent, gratuitous crediting to her of that bygone building. Her records are too complete from January 1924 onward for the later phases of any such project to have gone unrecorded by her

office. (There's some chance, however, that for the entire period before the mid-1940s, Hearst leased rather than owned the Herald Building.)

Nor did Julia Morgan play a discernible role in putting up the Cosmopolitan Bungalow about 1925 at MGM in Culver City, the famous "dressing room" of Marion Davies. In reality, the Bungalow was something more serious, albeit a wood frame and stucco structure rather than an essay in poured concrete: namely, the West Coast headquarters of Hearst's International Film Service. The ethereal New York designer Joseph Urban did the honors instead; and it became another Hearst project erroneously identified for many years with Morgan. She later worked on the Bungalow, to be sure, but not until 1933 and 1934. That's when Hearst added a projection room, only to uproot the whole ensemble soon afterward and move it bodily to Warner Bros. in Burbank.

In each of these instances before the Beach House launch in 1926—one on the edge of downtown Los Angeles, the other out in Culver City—Morgan can readily be seen as having been too busy, too heavily booked to do a smidgen more than what Hearst had already assigned her. Even the quickest glance at Appendix I, her "Distribution of Expenses" sheets for 1924–1940, shows that she was inordinately spoken for, if not downright harried in 1926. San Simeon alone was a handful, at times a major headache. And now, starting late in 1925, there was 1700 Lexington Road in Beverly Hills; and by June 1926 the job in Santa Monica, a job that would only get bigger. ("Just like you build with little blocks," as Marion said of Hearst and the Beach House in *The Times We Had*, "he added on and on.")

A long letter that Morgan sent Hearst on December 9, 1925, three weeks before her New Year's trip to San Simeon, began with "Mr. Joy has some developed sketches for you, when you want them and him." The context favors Beverly Hills, for she referred to San Simeon

separately and at greater length in succeeding paragraphs. Then she had this to report:

Myself will be on the High Seas Christmas on way home from Honolulu where to I set sail today. This was why I went to San Simeon Sunday [December 6], checking up to see that every one understood what he had to do. It was a heavenly day.

Morgan was alluding to the Honolulu YWCA, one of her biggest jobs during the twenties decade. If she stayed on schedule and was indeed sailing back to California on Friday the 25th, she wouldn't have known yet that Hearst was thinking of her and their mutual pursuits. He dictated a letter to her on that Christmas Day itself through his wizard of a secretary, Joe Willicombe; it was sent from San Simeon the next day, presumably—a Saturday. Hearst's unfestive words would thus have awaited Morgan at her office in San Francisco. He began on this note:

I think that if we had a little more system in the proceedings on the ranch [San Simeon], we would get more efficiency and more progress. As it is, things take so long to finish that I am losing interest in the ranch.

How best to take this? Was Hearst simply being an ingrate, a crank, a holiday scrooge? Frankly, there are so many passages like this in his business correspondence that we can safely ignore it. Hearst the driver, the desk pounder, the restless builder of castles and still more, was given to such venting almost daily. Not to worry, though, or to look greatly askance; he found ways to be humorous and charming, too, likewise before the day was done. Much of this tut-tutting was simply *business*. Miss Morgan was someone who knew how to take what Hearst decreed, knew how to keep it all in manageable perspective. She'd have quit or been fired long before if she hadn't.

The part, though, about his "losing interest in the ranch" does indeed pack some extra punch. Taken at simple face value, does it

mean he was itching for a new venture—perhaps the Beach House in Santa Monica? It surely gives pause. And invites speculation.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE 1926, Morgan's job ledgers provide stepping stones, some with regard to Beverly Hills but none yet for the sake of Santa Monica. The woman made a San Simeon-Hollywood-Beverly Hills junket in the third week of January. Thad Joy flanked her trips that month with two of his own. Morgan racked up similar credits in February whereas Joy did not. Neither of them was in Beverly Hills in March, April, or May 1926; however, Morgan appeared in Santa Barbara and Hollywood. Finally, starting in mid-June that year, a new ledger came into play: "William Randolph Hearst, Beach House, Santa Monica, Cal." Penciled above its first group of entries was this note: "5% for working drawings & what help needed." The "help" portion meant William Flannery, not Carpenter Bros., the general contractors. In being set at 5%, Morgan's commission would be a shade less than the industry standard of 6% and substantially less than the 8.5% Hearst paid her for most of the work at San Simeon, a unique job whose remoteness and high operating costs demanded the extra amount.

It surely bears mentioning—though this point must also be taken at face value, with few besides Fred Guiles having seen the private Marion Davies Collection before its fragmentation—that in recounting the first visit by Hearst and Davies to the prospective Beach House site, Guiles alluded to the week in May 1926 that ended on Saturday the 22nd. He did so by saying, "Earlier that week, evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson had gone swimming nearby and had vanished." Sister Aimee's charade is well documented. Her purported drowning, which proved specious, occurred on Tuesday, May 18. Half a page later, Guiles added that "The beach house was begun later that year . . . under the overall supervision of William Flannery." He included a brief

description of such things as “37 fireplaces, some 250 years old.” We can put that thought on hold for now. Despite the superb thirty-page appendix Guiles included on “The Films of Marion Davies,” he left us with a main text of nearly 375 pages unsupported by notes of any kind.

All the same, Julia Morgan’s trips to greater Los Angeles during June 1926 and through the rest of the summer were sometimes Beverly Hills-Santa Monica combinations, predictably enough. Yet they increasingly came to favor Santa Monica, with 1700 Lexington sharply on the wane now, with or without any Santa Barbara or Hollywood tie-ins. Following her first stop in Santa Monica in June (she was there just once that month, on Saturday or Sunday the 12th or 13th), Hearst wrote to her in San Francisco from Los Angeles. It was now June 22. She in turn wrote to him the next day, Wednesday the 23rd, at the Ambassador Hotel:

The blue prints of the Beach House are not of course a complete set of plans, but should enable the builders to go ahead without doing over [redoing] main framing to accommodate chimneys, hearths, pipes trusses, etc. on upper floors.

You may not like the roof or other details of treatment, but they are easily changed. We will go right on completing [them] and in a few days, would like to go over the whole set with you—or could send Mr. Joy if preferred.

Hearst must have preferred Morgan for the time being. For she represented her San Francisco office exclusively in July (four stops altogether in Santa Monica), likewise in August (two more stops), and again in September (another two). In the midst of these travels, she sent further word to Hearst on Wednesday, September 1:

After leaving you last night [at San Simeon], Mr. Rossi [Camille Rossi, George Loorz’s predecessor from 1922 to 1932 as head of construction] asked me if there was anything more for Mr. Serberoli [Hector Serbaroli], the man who finished out the ceiling of the Hall [the

Assembly Room], the Doges Suite bedrooms, and vestibule frieze,—to do. There is not at present so I let him go.

Coming down [the hilltop] it occur[r]ed to me that perhaps he would be just the man, if you wanted some of those freely rendered wall frescoes for the Beach House. His pay by the day is very reasonable for the work he does.

A key passage, this one from 1926. It's a shred of evidence that may touch on how some of Santa Monica's rooms were decorated. Hector Serbaroli, a muralist in the San Francisco Bay Area, also plied his trade in the film industry. And yet whether Morgan's reference to him indicates a trend of any lasting or profound kind in the Santa Monica annals is hard to say. As a rule, latter-day attempts to connect her more prominent artisans (mostly Bay Area stalwarts like Jules Suppo, of San Simeon fame) with the work in Santa Monica haven't been productive.

In using a passage by Louella Parsons about the Beach House at this juncture, the editors of Marion's memoir cited the date September 9, 1926; the following by Miss Parsons appeared in the *Los Angeles Examiner* and other newspapers that carried her column:

Marion Davies will soon move into her beach house at Santa Monica. It is the largest house on any southern California beach. While being shown around, I counted fifteen bathrooms, and even Marion doesn't know how many other rooms there are. When she tires of it [the house], she plans to convert it into a beach club.

As for a move-in date, the following April would be soon enough; it was early that month in 1927 that Hearst told Flannery, "Miss Davies moves in on the 15th." Yet she could only have done so under makeshift conditions, there being a great deal of work still awaiting completion or, for that matter, still inhabiting Hearst's mind or Morgan's drafting boards.

Back to 1926 for now. On Monday, October 11, of that first year in Santa Monica, Morgan had more to tell Hearst, who had recently gone to New York:

At the Beach House work was going well [she'd been there on Thursday the 7th]—the pool still tight [its gunite coating holding well]. Will Dutch tile (blue and white) be satisfactory for the kitchen, pantries, etc. between counter shelves and cupboards? Most wall surfaces are covered by [display] cases to ceiling.

Yes, Hearst replied a week later, the Dutch tiles she described would be suitable. What he hadn't heard yet, didn't know yet, is that between her message of the 11th and his of the 18th, she'd been stopped cold in her tracks. Thad Joy gave the details on October 23, 1926, writing to Hearst in New York, where he was still holed up that fall:

On October 15th Miss Morgan was stricken with a serious intestinal illness which necessitated an immediate operation. She was in a dangerous condition until yesterday, but she is now able to take food and her physician reports that her condition has turned toward recovery.

She will be confined for several weeks.

Yesterday she showed her renewed interest in life by asking if any damage had been done by the earthquake at San Simeon.

Hearst also learned that Joy would "be at San Simeon on the 27th" and that a progress report was imminent. Joy also said, by way of closing:

Mr. Nusbaum visited the Santa Monica job last Monday [October 18].

Morgan's Beach House ledger confirms that her draftsman Lazer Nusbaum (or Dick, as he was better known, an architect in his own right) had gone south on Saturday, October 16. Otherwise, Thad Joy was the point man through the latter part of 1926. It was he who kept

abreast of Santa Monica. He stopped there five times between October 31 and the end of the year.

While Hearst was still in New York, a letter dated October 18 went his way from Carpenter Bros., the builders on both the Marion Davies job in Beverly Hills and the more recent one in Santa Monica. Alas, an all too familiar story. Hearst's arrears were almost \$5,300 on the older job and as much as \$14,000 on the newer one. (The combined \$19,300 equates with nearly a quarter million dollars in today's economy.) The contractor's grievance aside, the best part of this episode is what it tells us about Santa Monica early in the game. Namely, from the outset, the Beach House was a substantially larger venture than the overlapping efforts on Lexington Road had ever been.

CERTAIN OTHER EVENTS in October 1926 contributed to an unusually appealing memoir, written a dozen years later. Alice Head—well named for her demure, evenhanded ways—oversaw Hearst's National Magazine Company in London, publishers of his English editions of *Good Housekeeping* and *Harper's Bazaar* plus other monthly titles. Miss Head (shades of "Miss Morgan") had been instrumental in Hearst's purchase of St. Donat's Castle in Wales in 1925. In late September of the following year, she sailed to America on the *Aquitania* at Hearst's indulgent behest; the ship docked in New York while he was in town, as mentioned a moment ago. The details that Alice Head recalled—her autobiography, *It Could Never Have Happened*, appeared in England in 1939—are exact one moment, less so the next, yet still trustworthy overall. Few if any other "Hearstlings" as highly placed as she was have discreetly told as much. She started west to see California for the first time on October 7, 1926, again through Hearst's arrangements; these included a side trip to the Grand Canyon with Joe Willicombe as her guide; Hearst had had mining and grazing acreage on the South Rim near Grandview Point since 1913.

Although Miss Head portrayed Hearst as having also gone to California at this juncture in 1926, he tarried in the East instead, as the Hearst-Morgan correspondence and other documents show. No matter. For our purposes, Miss Head was nearly perfect in all else that she said, leaving us with words to be savored:

On arrival in Los Angeles we drove straight to the Ambassador Hotel, surely one of the most thrilling hotels in the world, especially to a newcomer to California. The blazing sunshine, the gardens with their brilliant oleanders, bougainvilleas, camellias and poinsettias, the parrots and cockatoos, and the vivid blue bathing pool provide an entrancing outlook for the guests at this delightful caravanserai. With its range of shops inside the building, its post-office and cable office, its cinema, its theatre and lecture hall, its beauty parlour, coffee shops and snack-bars as well as its famous restaurant and Cocoanut Grove, one can be completely entertained and interested without even going outside the place. . . .

The first time I went downstairs to the cable office to send a radio[gram] to my secretary, the girl in charge read the message through including my signature “Head” and then burst out excitedly: “You’re not the Alice Head of London, England, are you?” I said: “That is my maiden name,” and thought to myself, this is fame indeed.

Hearst had a room at the Ambassador, or perhaps a suite of rooms—“an entire floor,” as one of his freer biographers, John Tebbel, said in 1952. The hotel was Hearst’s official Los Angeles address from the mid-1920s until the early 1930s. Virtually nothing is known, though, about decorative or architectural touches that he *must* have ordered in that setting. Miss Morgan’s detailed records contain nothing about it.

As for Alice Head, she had more to say about events that fall, three years to the month before the great Wall Street Crash:

The first night in Los Angeles was made memorable for me by an invitation to dine with Miss Marion Davies at her house in Beverly Hills

[on Lexington Road]. I would like to write many pages about Marion—in fact I think she deserves a book all to herself. . . . Marion is that *rara avis*, a genuinely unselfish person. She will give the clothes off her back to anyone she thinks needs them, and has to be forcibly restrained from distributing most of her possessions. Her wit and gaiety have the same bubbling quality as champagne. . . .

. . . I was told that a car would be awaiting me at seven o'clock to drive me to Beverly Hills. I did not know what to wear. . . . Frightened was not the word for it when I stepped into a roomful of film stars at Marion's house, and my panic increased when after dinner we played such games as making an impromptu two-minute speech on a subject pulled at random out of a hat. But Marion's kindness and simplicity of manner soon put me at my ease and I had a memorable evening. The other guests included Charlie Chaplin (who did his famous imitation of a bull-fight), Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Jack Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Elinor Glyn and Viscount Elmley [William Lygon]. The next day I was taken to Cecil de Mille's studio [DeMille Pictures in Culver City], where *King of Kings* was being produced [August 1926 through January 1927], and then followed two or three most exciting days in Los Angeles and Hollywood. I met innumerable film stars and received much kindness from all the studios.

A small atrium job by Julia Morgan for DeMille's wife, Constance, had been started in May 1926 and would end in December. Morgan had stopped at the DeMille's hillside home in Laughlin Park, an East Hollywood-Los Feliz neighborhood, in late September. Thad Joy would do so in early November, right after Alice Head's own visit to the greater area. That demure Englishwoman also went briefly to Tijuana and Coronado and then—for her "next adventure"—to San Simeon, where she spent two weeks, all within October 1926. But no word thus far of Santa Monica and its grand Beach House. Nor would there be any mention by Miss Head until she appeared again in California.

THADDEUS JOY had been right in saying on October 23 that Julia Morgan's recovery would take time. She'd been in the hospital in San Francisco for nearly a month now. Hearst learned on November 17 that she'd be going home the next day. Good news. The other part was discouraging: her doctor advised that she "not resume work" until the first of 1927. The relentless Hearst had his much softer side, of course, typified by the wire he sent Morgan on December 21, 1926, yet another month later:

Glad to hear you are better. Please don't attempt too much too soon. Remember your reserve vitality has been exhausted and you must rest and let reserve accumulate. You should organize your office and do less detail yourself.

She already was doing less herself, witness Thad Joy's recent travels. That wouldn't prevail for long. In January 1927 she resumed her pattern of fairly regular trips to San Simeon. She combined these over the next few months with stops at the Margaret Baylor Inn (and once in April at the adjoining Santa Barbara Gym). As for Santa Monica, though, neither she nor Joy nor anyone else from her office appeared there again until July.

Before committing ourselves fully to 1927, one of Hollywood's many film-star memoirs begs to be heard. It may as well be now, for Raoul Walsh's first wife, the silent actress Miriam Cooper, was about to become his ex-wife; the courts made it final in 1927, and Walsh went on to marry Lorraine Walker in 1928, a ceremony held at Agua Caliente in Tijuana (a raucous setting that Alice Head may well have avoided). Raoul and Lorraine Walsh became intimate members of the Hearst-Davies circle—in the 1930s and 1940s, that is. Yet to hear Miss Cooper tell it, things had been different in the twenties:

It amazed me how this girl [Marion] could fool so successful a man [Hearst]. He had fallen in love with her when she had appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies chorus [in 1916]. The house he built for her, San

Simeon, was a three-story mansion with a marble swimming pool and about ninety rooms, all lavishly furnished with art objects and priceless paintings.

He also built a beach house for her, just five houses from us [on Ocean Front]. We all had reasonably large houses, but when hers was going up it was so big we thought it was the new club. Mr. Hearst would come bicycling past our house and give us a big wave, and Marion would invite us to her parties. We didn't go; Raoul wouldn't let me enter a kept woman's house.

The Cooper memoir appeared in 1973, published by the same Bobbs-Merrill Company that would strike pay dirt in 1975 with *The Times We Had*, based on the tapes made by Marion in 1951. Miss Cooper's very first words in her book were revealing—provided they were trustworthy: “Most little old ladies I know who are pushing eighty sit in front of TV sets in nursing homes. Not me. At the age of seventy-eight I started having a ball.” She also began writing, with Bonnie Herndon's help, a book with biblical overtones. That at least is how her *Dark Lady of the Silents: My Life in Early Hollywood* has been taken regarding Hearst, Marion, and the Beach House. True, we're talking about the early 1970s. It was before PCs, before the Internet, before Google. It was also almost half a century after Walsh's second marriage in 1928 in Tijuana helped elevate him to Hearst-Davies inner-circle status—whereupon he not only entered more than one house of a notorious kept woman, he returned the favor as often as his and his new wife's yen for race horses allowed. He was still repaying his lavish hosts in 1942. That's when Raoul and Lorraine Walsh tagged along with Hearst and Marion to Mexico (as they also had in 1941), going hundreds of miles deeper into that country than a border town like Tijuana could ever offer. No, they went again with the Hearst party to Mexico City in 1942, the Paris of the Western Hemisphere in that wartime era, a year to the month after Pearl Harbor. The Walshes saw Acapulco, too, on that later trip; and Guadalajara, Oaxaca and, of

course, the huge Hearst ranch in Chihuahau, Sonora, called the Babicora. And yet when historical context gets warped as excessively as Miriam Cooper rendered it, almost no amount of reason will realign it. Alas, Raoul Walsh was himself a poor memoirist. At least his book of 1974, *Each Man in His Time*, kept the self-righteousness about two of his very best, most devoted friends—Hearst and Marion—within saner bounds than the Cooper book had the year before.

UNLIKE RAOUL WALSH, famous as a director—a grizzled precursor with his eye patch to head-banded Sam Peckinpah—William Flannery is best known in old film circles as an art director. Nonetheless, a quick check of today's IMDb website indicates he had no screen credits allotted him until Paramount Pictures made *Forlorn River* in 1937, a western starring Buster Crabbe. Flannery shared the credit with a fellow art director, as he also did on his next film, Paramount's *Sons of the Legion* in 1938. And so on for another film in 1938, no fewer than seven in 1939, and four in 1940. Fifteen years later and with at least as many more films to his credit, he worked on *Picnic*, a Columbia Pictures drama starring William Holden and Kim Novak. Flannery and two others won the 1955 Academy Award for art direction-set decoration—the high point for him in a career that ended with *The Crimson Kimono* in 1959, the year of his death. He was only sixty.

Long before that part of Flannery's life, eleven years lay between groundbreaking in Santa Monica in 1926 and the release of *Forlorn River* in 1937. Earlier still in the 1920s, Flannery had designed two other homes in the greater area, one in Beverly Hills for Rudolph Valentino and, much closer to the eventual Beach House, one for Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge along Ocean Front in Santa Monica. Flannery seemed to be footloose and fancy free in the late twenties. It may mean little that in some correspondence with Hearst in April 1927 his address was "1229 [N.] Flores Street, Hollywood" (a

residential block in neighboring *West Hollywood*, to be exact, just below Fountain Avenue). In August of that year his address was No. 3 Book Building, Beverly Hills. Perhaps the former was his home, the latter his office. If only there were comparable items in the William Randolph Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library for 1925 and 1926. But there aren't. We have to be satisfied for now with what 1927 can disclose. On August 6 of that year, Hearst told Julia Morgan through his secretary:

I think Mr. Flannery has done the best he knew how in regard to the Santa Monica work. He is young, and somewhat inexperienced, but he is nevertheless a very good man. He is exceedingly bright and has good taste, and I am very pleased with his work as far as the artistic and architectural side is concerned.

Morgan had been on the Beach House job for more than a year now—since June 1926, as we've seen. With regard to Bill Flannery, Hearst's second paragraph had this to say:

I think it is very nice of you to consider giving him a somewhat larger percentage [commission], and I really do think that he deserves it, as he has devoted almost his entire time and attention to this work, and has certainly done a good job.

Flannery's lack of credits in film work during the late twenties hereby makes more sense: evidently he wasn't yet active in the industry. Probably far from it, years from it. There's a parallel in a contemporary of his, a young man slated to appear further on in this book named Warren McClure. "Mac," as he was known, was a designer with little formal training. He'd come to Hollywood from Detroit in the early twenties, seeking studio work but finding none. When Mac tried again in the late twenties, he caught on with Hearst and Morgan in Beverly Hills, the site by then of a newer round of remodeling (the "1929 Scheme" in Morgan's Beverly Hills ledgers) on what genuinely was the Marion Davies house—the place at 1700 Lexington Road.

For Bill Flannery's screen credits of the late thirties to be conflated with his non-screen credits of the late twenties is nothing unusual in Hearstiana. In fact, conflations, misattributions, and bendings of the timeline are almost more the norm in this realm than the exception.

That said, Hearst's third paragraph to Morgan of August 6, 1927, reads as follows:

I was going to suggest to you that if you are going to operate in Los Angeles to any extent, it might be worth your consideration to plan some sort of a connection with Mr. Flannery.

Those who know their Hearstian prose will instantly recognize the voice, the manner, the paternal wordiness. The man could be as terse and edgy as Hemingway (true especially of his elder years, the 1930s and 1940s), but in the 1920s—never mind his Christmas letter of 1925—he often roamed pleasantly all over the page; his ultra-efficient secretary, Joe Willicombe, had been at the ready for such dictation and its transmission since 1916. In this instance in 1927, the San Simeonesque mode, so familiar from the Hearst-Morgan correspondence at Cal Poly, pertains to the Beach House instead: the subject differs but not the style or the personality behind it.

As to Morgan's prospects in Los Angeles in the 1920s, she was well in stride already, what with the Long Beach YWCA and the Hollywood Studio Club, with the atrium for the DeMilles in Laughlin Park, and, soon to come but farther afield, with the big YWCA job in Riverside. (The very much latter-day, wishfully imagined Hearst-Morgan role in the Los Altos Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles is simply dead wrong; the sheer clumsiness of the building, designed by Edward Rust about 1925, would have repelled the discerning Miss Morgan, just as it would have the worldly Mr. Hearst and the gently urbane Miss Davies; not surprisingly, Morgan's authoritative ledgers contain nothing on Los Altos.)

The second half of Hearst's letter on August 6, 1927, began with this sentence, which stood as its own paragraph:

Another good man is Cedric Gibbons, but Flannery is younger and more amenable and just as clever.

Now the plot thickens. Born in 1893, exactly thirty years after Hearst and five before Flannery (or four years before Marion Davies and Mac McClure, both of whom hailed from 1897), Cedric Gibbons had charge of art design and set decoration at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a position he'd held since the great merger of 1924 that brought MGM into being. Flannery (or McClure) could aspire no higher, as the rhyme would have it; besides, the dashing Gibbons would be married by 1930 to Dolores del Rio, a lover afterwards of the precocious Orson Welles. Such circumstances, whether of present or future tense, couldn't be more Hearstian, indeed, more Hollywoodian. In 1933 Hearst would engage Gibbons to design the interior of his new Stinson airplane. But that's getting too far ahead of our story. For now, six years prior, Hearst and Marion, aligned through their Cosmopolitan Productions with MGM, were as close to Cedric Gibbons as they were to Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer.

Back to Hearst's letter of August 1927, with three paragraphs to go. He meant Flannery, of course, in telling Morgan:

I do not hold him responsible for the acts of Carpenter Brothers. He did not have enough of an office force to keep the close supervision over the Carpenter Brothers, but even if he had had such a force, I believe Carpenter Brothers' performances would have eluded any but skilled accountants.

Not exactly the stuff that seven-million-dollar mansions of the 1920s were made of (whose value would be stratospheric in present terms, provided such notions had credibility). Hearst continued on; and then he ended his letter, yet without further reference to Bill Flannery:

I do not excuse Carpenter Brothers at all. I believe their errors are wil[l]ful and moreover, there are certain things lately discovered which are obviously not errors at all and could not be [errors].

I suppose, however, they are not any more crooked than the average contractor who, finding the machinery for supervision not quite adequate, would probably try to take advantage of the situation.

Hearst leaves us wondering where to turn next—all because of a single letter, a fairly routine one at that. Flannery, Morgan, commissions and payments, Gibbons, Carpenter Bros., errors and duplicity: whither our story? Flannery stood in the eye of the hurricane, Hearst's letter having dwelled on him at its outset, and not unfavorably.

Not so, though, the letter Flannery had received two weeks earlier, dated July 22, 1927, a Friday that found Hearst in Los Angeles (nominally at the Ambassador Hotel, with 1700 Lexington Road in Beverly Hills, where Charles and Frank Carpenter had finished their recent work, being just as nominally the home of Marion). Hearst had told Flannery:

I want to repeat that the work on the house [the Beach House] is dragging unduly. There seems to be no sufficient supervision, the men are very slow and I am thoroughly dissatisfied. Will you please see what can be done to improve the situation promptly.

2. Please let me call your attention to the bath room on the top floor East. The tiles are all splitting and the seams are opening and the house is evidently settling in that location, if it is not anywhere else.

The explanation that was formerly given of the pile drivers having shaken the tiles loose is evidently unsuitable to the present situation as there have been no pile drivers for a year or so and the situation is much worse than it ever has been. These tiles will have to be removed unquestionably.

The other important question is whether there will have to be some strengthening of the walls and foundations.

3. The washstands in the various rooms are not what I ordered. I suppose I am being charged for the more expensive type that were ordered and being given the inferior type which is in the bath room.

Here again [it] shows there is no adequate supervision. It seems to me that it is the architect's place to see that the contractors deliver what is ordered. I do not know to what extent material has been supplied of an inferior quality from what we paid for but I think we ought to have that matter carefully investigated by an expert.

I remember that the man who put the water proofing on the pool discovered that the concrete was of such a rotten character in places that they could scrape it away with a board. I suppose there is a lot of that kind of construction, no proper engineering tests evidently having been made.

4. The doors are warping in some of the rooms. I think this may possibly be due to the fact that the wood was not sufficiently kilned and dried. I think it is also due to the fact that the doors are too thin and flimsy. I mentioned this fact at the time that the doors were being put in. I suppose we will have to replace a lot of these doors. Please see that the doors not yet installed are made about fifty percent thicker and of the right kind of wood.

5. It is suggested that we put mirrors in the doors of the dressing room for the pool. I do not know whether the mirrors should go in the doors on the closets as you suggested or should go in the swinging door into the dressing room.

6. I really don't want any dressing tables made for those little dressing rooms. I am sure we can buy whatever we want cheaper and better. Having things made I think is merely an opportunity to run up expenses when Lord knows expenses have been enough.

He signed off with a simple "Sincerely." To the initiated and historically streetwise, another routine letter: we Hearst aficionados have seen their kind many times. The first paragraph, especially, befits any of his newspapers: simply substitute the name of the paper for "house" in the opening line and away we go. It was all too often the story of the man's working life. Now it was the story of his private life,

too, on a scale worse than San Simeon ever posed (though at times the failings there, even on Morgan's watch, can beggar explanation). It's too tempting, too convenient—too premature even—to poke fun here at the fevered notion, so intrinsic in Hearstian lore, that cost was no object, that the man paid top dollar (and then some) for the workmanship he received, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Not that getting fleeced was his rightful lot. The Morgan office, however, had been involved in the Santa Monica job since midway through 1926. Indeed, it had racked up nearly \$4,100 in drafting-room time and other expenses thus far, offset by \$3,000 that Hearst paid in November 1926, pending further billing from San Francisco.

What on earth was happening?

FOR THE MOMENT, back to July 22, 1927. On that same Friday, Hearst sent Bill Flannery a briefer message about the Beach House:

The German rooms having been held up by the German government all this time, I am not going to pay any more attention to them and will go ahead and finish the four vacant rooms like the other rooms. That means to paint them and [wall]paper them.

As we need rooms in the house, I would like to begin this work as soon as possible. I would suggest taking out the bunks and using four-posters of Colonial type for beds.

We have a lot of paper that we are going to use on the hall and that would paper one or two of the rooms and we can get other attractive Colonial paper for the rest.

The German rooms, the German rooms. Could Hearst have been serious? In a house whose style was far more conducive to the Colonial touches he mentioned? Yes, he really meant it. After all, he'd written Morgan more than a year earlier—back on June 15, 1926, when things as we can now better assess them were just getting started in Santa Monica. He'd told her then through his secretary:

When we come to the decoration of the interior of the beach house [Willicombe's lower-case typing], in order to prevent too much similarity in the ten bedrooms, I think it might be well to have on the top floor for instance, one Dutch bedroom, one French bedroom, etcetera.

Of course the majority of the bedrooms would be straight Colonial, and I suggest on the second floor we use interesting papers with white wainscoating [wainscoting], etc.

On the top floor we might want to let the beams show, and get a little different type of treatment, all in the 18th Century period, however.

Enclosed is a little picture of Normandy beds. We will get something like that for one room and I have a Dutch bed which I got from Falvy [Albert Falvey, a San Francisco art dealer] and which is stored somewhere.

Bill Flannery had a role to play in this eclecticism, this echoing of San Simeon and Hearst's other showplaces—had had a role since early in 1927, maybe earlier still. A relative lack of records for 1926 makes it impossible to know.

What *is* known in this vein for 1926 is that twice in August that year and once in November, Hearst had shipped carloads of objects, mostly furniture, from his main warehouse compound in the Bronx, New York, direct to Los Angeles. Although the items fell outside Julia Morgan's normal sphere, they somehow turned up in her Pacific Coast Register, her behemoth inventory in the Morgan-Forney Collection. What a godsend that they did. The roughly two hundred chairs, tables, and the like that Hearst shipped west are too briefly described to be traceable, unlike San Simeon or Wyntoon's often detailed provenances. The emphasis, nonetheless, was unquestionably on the eighteenth century, divided between British and Early American objects, a heightened interest in Hearst's collecting since the early 1920s. The standout, contained in the first August shipment, was recorded as "Panelled Room from Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire." How many

other paneled rooms Hearst secured for the Beach House is unclear. (The recent German ones, mostly “peasant” examples from Austria, would never get any closer than New York, where they would sit uncrated for years. And the mantelpieces we’ve long heard about, in whatever numbers? Scarcely a single *antique* example figures this early in the Beach House game.) If Morgan’s P C Register is taken as gospel—extreme caution is advised here—the Cassiobury room stood alone through the twenty Hearst-Davies years in Santa Monica, a uniquely antique pedigree within a house meant to be a virtual movie set, much more so than increasingly museum-like San Simeon ever was. Perhaps that was quite enough for Hearst’s resourceful, madly clever ways. In contrast, Howard Heyn’s article of 1949 in the *Los Angeles Examiner* indicates that one such historical room was *far* from enough. But how to be sure when Santa Monica lacks a “Built-in Inventory” of the kind San Simeon relies on, a methodical, itemized listing of the vintage architectural features that the Beach House absorbed? Another indicator would be Marion’s saying of 415 after she and Hearst sold the place in 1947 that it “had been so beautiful inside”—but that now its altered, unrecognizable exteriors were in need of paint.

While glimpsing those three carload shipments of 1926, we should take note of another letter from Hearst to Bill Flannery. This one’s dated Sunday, July 24, 1927:

The Sunday crowd, most of which occupied our fence at the beach today, shows the necessity of immediately making the necessary construction to prevent such annoyance.

The wall must positively be raised about two feet. The outside ledge must be eliminated very positively in the way you suggest.

I have a plan for raising the wall two or three feet when needed. It is to have a section between the tree boxes, which falls down on a hinge from the inside and another section which falls down on a hinge from the outside edge. When these are down they lie flat, one on top of the

other, and when they are erect they make the wall two or three feet higher.

I think this can work out in a practical way, but if it cannot we will have to raise the wall permanently two or three feet.

I would like to see you about this tomorrow (Monday) morning [the 25th] as early as convenient.

You'll be wondering how Hearst, whose mechanical aptitude was deeply ingrained, could write these words on a Sunday and have them put before Flannery in time for a meeting the next day. Similar riddles exist elsewhere in his correspondence; they usually point to some basic explanation. Chances are, Flannery was close by on that Sunday, making him reachable by courier; San Simeon and Wyntoon provide parallel examples. In any event, Flannery got the message from the Chief, as Hearst was often called.

But what about those German rooms mentioned two days before, on July 22? Head scratchers for sure—until we go back to the first of 1927, back to the earliest instances of Hearst-Flannery correspondence in The Bancroft files. January 29 offers this item, a brief, unsigned message most likely from Joe Willicombe:

"Dear Mr. Flannery," it says. "Enclosed find Mr. Hearst's check for five hundred which he promised in connection with the European expedition."

Another man would be the one making the trip, not Flannery. The latter's bearing on the work in Santa Monica is also obvious from the following, a telegram he sent Willicombe at San Simeon on Wednesday, February 9:

Have made thorough search of antique and wrought iron shops but was unable to find any antique fire screens or reproductions of them. [H. H.] Hecox [Hearst's local warehouseman] has none in Los Angeles storage. [Chris] McGregor [of Hearst's Bronx warehouse] has only one pair of Italian andirons in New York. Have several books of old design[s] for

fire screen[s] and have talked with the wrought iron firm [of Ed Trinkkeller] that made all the grills on the ranch [San Simeon] and feel confident that they will be capable of making reproductions in the old manner if agreeable to the Chief. I will come up to the ranch Sunday morning [February 13] and take dimensions of the fire place openings and get further particulars. Please advise.

Julia Morgan had been prospecting as well. She would soon be telling Hearst, “Came upon some old iron work from Granada [Spain] suitable for [conversion to] fire screens.” She had done so in downtown Santa Barbara, three blocks from her Margaret Baylor Inn. Hearst followed up, checkbook in hand . . . as it were.

But mid-February 1927 was no time for *anyone*, not even a youthful, determined Bill Flannery, to be visiting San Simeon for any reason: the enchanted hilltop was cold, wet, windswept, courtesy of ferocious winter storms. The buying trip we first heard about on January 29 was under way, however, but not through Flannery, as mentioned before. Instead, the trip had been entrusted to a German expatriate in the Los Angeles art-and-film colony named Kurt Meyer-Radon. Make that *Dr.* Meyer-Radon. This obscure player on the Hearstian stage was a physician, no less, and an architect to boot. (He’d soon be designing the Sovereign Hotel and Apartments in Santa Monica, not much more than a stone’s throw from the Beach House; the building has been misattributed at times to Morgan, whose YWCA hostelries it strikingly resembles.) Accordingly, Hearst, with Santa Monica in mind, cabled his news-bureau chief at Universal Service in Paris, on April 6, 1927. He asked the man, “Do you know anybody in Germany who is thoroughly reliable and competent to expertise [evaluate] peasant rooms which our special agent there [Dr. Meyer-Radon] has located?” Hearst emphasized that the person “must be real antique expert and determine not only genuineness but value.” He added predictably that the rooms were “being overpriced.”

There's more to this improbable tale, this droll backstory that's surely *not* what Anne Edwards and others were imagining in telling us about the pleasure dome built by Hearst for Marion Davies. A brief message dates from April 13, 1927. Willicombe sent it to the same bureau chief as before, at Universal Service in Paris:

Enclosed are photographs of the rooms and furniture in Germany that Mr. Hearst wants your expert to inspect as to genuine antiquity and approximate value. Also enclosed are communications received by Mr. Flannery which illuminate the subject, and list of prices, descriptions, etc., which you will find valuable in identifying the furniture and rooms as the ones Mr. Hearst is interested in.

Hearst himself cabled Paris three days later, on April 16, saying that the "antique expert" was to meet with Kurt Meyer-Radon and was to "get lowest possible prices of rooms and furniture." They should be "dealer's prices to him," Hearst specified, "as he is our agent and will be paid by us for his services."

IN THE MIDST OF THESE PROCEEDINGS—on April 8, 1927—Willicombe wrote to Flannery from San Simeon, using the latter's address in West Hollywood: "Mr. Hearst instructs me to advise you that he has received the following telegram from Miss Head in London." This was the same Alice Head, of course, who'd been in California for the first time in the fall of 1926—and, again, the same Miss Head (on behalf of the National Magazine Company) through whom Hearst had bought St. Donat's Castle in Wales in 1925. In fact, the cable from her in April 1927 began with a reference to that ancient estate. But it was this part of her relayed message that concerned Bill Flannery and his efforts in Santa Monica:

Bought painted ceiling for one [hundred] thirty-five pounds. Will rush it to Los Angeles. Central panel ground work cream and blue; lady in red

with blue draperies. Border brown; ground garlands mixed colours; corners grey green.

The ceiling equates with the one described by Howard Heyn in 1949—the one “imported from an old London town house,” the one whose gold-leaf finish was applied by a group of “New York artisans” and whose setting was the Green Room (or Reception Room) on the first floor of the Beach House.

The roughly \$650 in 1927 dollars represented here—think of roughly \$8,000 today—was the kind of money Hearst liked to pay. He figured he got fleeced by dealers too often as it was. When a bargain came his way, he grabbed it, as did Alice Head and others who bought on his behalf, both at home and abroad. San Simeon already had its fair share of windfall purchases to offset the splurges. Surely Santa Monica would be no exception. The nouveau riche of Hollywood would scarcely take notice or be the wiser at all. Hadn’t Louis B. Mayer said, according to his oft-quoted daughter Irene Mayer Selznick (*A Private View*, 1983), “When we need a set at the studio, we build it overnight”? Hadn’t he also said, “Don’t be at the mercy of those contractors”? And this too: “Don’t start with the architects. With us, it’s business, it gets done.” Yes, and he and the much-older Uncle William, as Irene fondly called Hearst, were the best of friends, even after the falling out with Mayer in 1934 (professional not personal) that pushed Hearst and Marion from MGM in Culver City through Cahuenga Pass to Warner Bros. in Burbank, Cosmopolitan Bungalow in tow.

Indeed, it was mostly for show at the Beach House, mostly for vivid effect—the stuff (as Miss Head herself might have said) that a party place, a virtual world’s fair pavilion next to Santa Monica Bay, could handily (and at times almost ephemerally) consist of, built to the best Hollywood studio, false-front standards. Hearst was a past master at such pomp and pretense, second to none. He’d have shaken his head

sadly to be as misunderstood on this key point as posterity so often insists on doing.

On April 18, William Edward Flannery (his full name appeared on his letterhead) invoiced Hearst in care of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles:

For professional services rendered in the designing and
superintendence of Beach Residence at Santa Monica, California . . .
\$2500 on account, balance due on bill rendered April 1 [1927], \$500.
TOTAL \$3,000

Payments on Beach Residence up to date—

Oct. 2, 1926	\$500
Nov. 21, 1926	1500
Dec. 15, 1926	2500
Jan. 23, 1927	2000
Feb. 20, 1927	500
Mch. 1, 1927	3000
Apr. 1, 1927	2500

Excluding the \$3,000 for April 1927, an even \$10,000 can be tallied for the six installments running from October 1926 to the following March—no mean sum when converted from 1920s dollars to those of eight or nine decades later (imagine \$125,000 today). Flannery made out famously: the often slow-paying Hearst settled up in less than a week: “Rec’d April 24-[19]27” reads the young designer’s handwritten notation.

Likewise in late April, Flannery pursued his absentee yet important role in the German buying trip. He cabled Kurt Meyer-Radon in Berlin on April 26. This was ten days after Hearst’s cable to Paris, recounted earlier, about the “antique expert.” Flannery’s short message was similar: “Our Paris representative [at Universal Service] has been advised to come and see you and complete [the] negotiations

for buying rooms.” Flannery was still well within Hearst’s favor. “Charge *L.A. Examiner*, Chief Executive Account,” he informed the telegrapher.

Not quite a month later, Hearst was in the midst of one of his New York backslidings. Such visits were still somewhat common in the 1920s, before he and his wife separated once and for all and before he began favoring California so decidedly in the 1930s. Flannery wrote to Willicombe at the Clarendon on May 21.

(Meanwhile, on May 16, Willicombe had heard by telegram from his main assistant in Los Angeles with news about enlarging the Beach House property: “Regarding beach lots Will Rogers advises [that] Mrs. Rogers will be here Wednesday or Thursday [the 18th or 19th] and take matter up. Will try then [to] get better terms.”)

Back to the Clarendon and Bill Flannery’s letter. The place had been Hearst’s royal residence on Riverside Drive and 86th Street on the Upper West Side of Manhattan since the early 1900s—a place that made the Beach House seem almost like a poor relation. Flannery began by telling Willicombe, “As per your instructions by wire, am enclosing list of sizes for the various rugs that are needed.” His list gave some names of rooms that, unlike the well-known Refectory and Assembly Room at San Simeon, are elusive or forgotten or just plain unknown (but see Appendix III). “Roadside Sun Room Third Floor” was the largest one, a narrow space nearly forty feet long. Flannery also mentioned H. P. Philibosian, an Armenian rug dealer in Los Angeles whom Hearst patronized at times.

“If, however,” Flannery added, “you want to look for the First Floor Hall rugs in New York, [I] will give dimensions.” That was standard practice with Hearst, as an old pro like Julia Morgan very well knew: toss a virtual public-relations bone now and then to the local carriage trade, such as the man in Santa Barbara with the Spanish

ironwork. But for more serious buying of the kind Hearst had been doing firsthand in New York for a long time, rely on French & Company or Duveen Brothers or comparable gilt-edged traders in that pulsating hub of the art market—specifically, when it came to the better grade of rugs and carpets, on dealers like Kent Costikyan. Either way, Hearst had a long, long way to go before his costs, even at Jazz Age prices in a heady year like 1927, would approach the millions he purportedly spent on furnishing the Beach House. In the meantime, only one other Californian had a grasp of that larger, far-removed market, a command of its ways that rivaled or in some respects even exceeded Hearst's. And yet before Flannery's snail-mail list of rugs got to New York, Henry E. Huntington, the Lord of San Marino (to Hearst's Lord of San Simeon), died at age seventy-seven in Philadelphia on Monday, May 23.

Flannery soon wrote to Willicombe again in New York. His letter, dated June 7, warrants a careful reading:

Inclosed please find interior which I think carries out the Chief's instructions, regarding the heating, in his telegram of last Saturday [June 4].

Please be kind enough to show it to him and tell him that this scheme can also be adapted for the Dining Room, treating the carved grilles in the manner of Grinling Gibbons. The grilles in the Drawing Room can be gilded to harmonize with the ivory and gold scheme of decoration, and in the Dining Room to be painted to harmonize with the Grinling Gibbons carvings.

I think the Chief's solution of this problem a most happy one, and [it] will add to, rather than detract from, the decoration of the room.

The Gibbons in question was no forebear of Cedric Gibbons, the MGM art director. Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721) was a master wood carver, an acclaimed artist who'd been active in England more than two centuries earlier. With strong undercurrents of the English taking hold in Santa Monica, the Gibbons influence, though a bit older than the

late eighteenth-century emphasis Hearst was favoring, lay close to the heart of Santa Monica's look and feel, to its historical rhythms that, in their better moments, would surpass the place's party-house potential.

To hear Flannery tell it, the "manner of Grinling Gibbons" was being considered whereas, in his next sentence, the "Grinling Gibbons carvings" seemed to bespeak the real thing. Regardless, a few words like these could be grist for the gullibility mill, ideal for anyone who's convinced (as many are) that the Beach House was every bit as treasure-laden as San Simeon was.

But hold on a moment; not so fast.

Hearst's Bronx warehouse had a recent acquisition catalogued as "a quantity of Grinling Gibbons cherry and oak wood carvings." The group consisted of five such items. They may never have gone to California in the 1920s or at any later time. If in fact these were the carvings Flannery meant, he may simply have been planning to rely on *images* of them that skilled artisans could work from. Hearst's warehouse manager in New York could supply all the museum-quality prints one might need, exemplifying the best photography in that emulsion-rich era.

This technique had been a Hearst-Morgan specialty at San Simeon almost from day one, a variation on their use of vintage art works and architectural elements gleaned from the westbound carloads. Why not do the same in Santa Monica? It was a proven approach, a method with much to recommend it: use the antique one minute and then an artisan-made copy the next, as the occasion dictated. Seldom were any two versions or blendings precisely alike, lest a good designer tire of repetition and the results be lacking.

But not so fast once more with such comments. In her tape-recorded memoirs of 1951, Marion Davies, the Beach House chatelaine herself, put fleeting yet sure emphasis on the "Gibbons carvings" she

remembered as having been there, conveying the impression that they'd indeed amounted to something. And in 1949, Howard Heyn had confidently said that the items in question were "originals" from Cassiobury Park; moreover, Hearst is known through the annals of the British art market to have bought Gibbons carvings like these in England in 1922. Yet it may never be possible to know where and to what degree the old and the new co-existed in a building razed more than half a century ago, backed by so relatively few records. Suffice it to say that for all such blends of materials at the exhaustively known San Simeon and at the nearly as well-known Wyntoon—and often enough at the Beach House too—the mindless, cookie-cutter approach was minimized.

IN HAVING GONE BACK AND FORTH along the 1927 timeline, we can return now to a familiar stretch in the Hearst-Flannery correspondence, the mid-summer period of that year. On August 15, Hearst sent his designer the following:

Here is a memorandum of the things we talked about.

The candles are to be larger in the chandeliers in the library and the lights are to be the same size as the lights on the standards.

2. Please make proper connection for the mantel light in all the rooms so that the mantels candelabra can be put into use.

3. The fluted wash-stand in the little room on [the] third floor is alright. Please install those throughout the house.

4. Please remember the trees are to be removed from the garden.

5. Kindly ask Uffler to plant heliotrope over arbors—nothing else.

6. The climbing roses that I want are a small pink climbing rose that blooms winter and summer.

We have them on House A at the ranch [Casa del Mar at San Simeon]. If Uffler does not know what they are he can learn from Macklin [head gardener at the ranch].

7. Please remember that the big bed is to be repaired and kindly let me know what pieces you have as French [Mitchell Samuels of French & Company] said he had all the pieces and if he has not I will make him take off something [give a discount] for the bed.

Three days after Flannery's letter—on August 18, 1927—Julia Morgan, acting in the ungarded, off-the-cuff manner of a private correspondent, wrote hundreds of words. How revealing they are, seldom seen before and surely never published till now. Apart from the Big Three archives cited thus far, the following hails from an obscure source, namely, from UC Berkeley's Environmental Design Archives and its Edward Hussey Collection. (Hussey apprenticed on Morgan's staff in the 1920s.) Morgan's letter went to another colleague of hers, Walter Steilberg, who was touring Europe that summer of 1927. Years later, certain letters like it passed into Edward Hussey's hands (Steilberg had evidently managed to bring this one home and save it).

As esteemed a friend as Morgan ever had, Steilberg was a Bay Area architect whom she fully regarded as her equal; moreover, he was someone with enviable engineering skills, which—as she was quick to admit—surpassed her limited training in that field in the 1890s. Born in 1886, not quite fifteen years after Morgan, Steilberg had graduated from UC Berkeley in 1910; by then, both the design and engineering curriculums at Cal had matured exponentially.

“Dear Walter,” she began on August 18:

If I have not written, it is not that I have not followed you in mind. Days have been oftener than not just barely gotten by with. But an accident, by good luck, made me go back to Dr. Willits, & she insisted on my doing what I should have had sense enough to have seen & done myself. So am on the real mend, and gaining in energy if not in weight.

She was alluding to her ear surgery in the fall of 1926, to the episode that began with what Thad Joy had called her “serious intestinal illness”—but which, in reality, stemmed from the long-

postponed treatment of a potentially debilitating mastoid condition. It was a chronic problem for her that would require more surgery in the future.

Morgan devoted her next paragraph to San Simeon, telling Steilberg:

The Hill work still goes on. Please go up soon after your return & tell us if it is worth anything or not before your eyes tire. It seems sometimes quite lovely these days, & then again, very discouraging. We are covering it [Casa Grande, the main “Castle” structure] entirely with [lime]stone to the tower tops—and it has a more serious air.

Morgan had told Hearst back in May that the “stone facing” was being newly applied. Soon afterward, on June 3, 1927, she’d spoken well of this noble veneer, a far cry from the simple stucco finishes that prevailed with the Spanish Colonial Revival and related styles in California. And thus on June 8: “Your decision to use the real stone facing is going to be the making of the building.” Voilà, Miss Morgan; which has to leave us wondering whether anyone ever said much at all, positive or negative, about the more common clapboard siding on the Beach House. Evidently not.

She ended her letter of August 18 with a staccato of references—with a citing of jobs involving the Morgan office, such as the Honolulu YWCA:

Santa Barbara opened happily [the Margaret Baylor Inn]. I should have kept a better hand on the finishing but it was selected while I was down & out [late in 1926] & could not well be helped. The dining room is the best [feature] on the whole—gay & pretty.

We are to go [ahead] on the 1st unit of the UC Museum [a Hearst commission in Berkeley] this fall or winter—as the [UC] Auditorium space is not free. . . .

T. J. [Thad Joy] is disturbed by unrest, feels he’s not getting on fast enough etc. I do wish he could follow your [current] footsteps over Europe for 6 months! . . .

We are doing a “plant” for the Oakland Post Enquirer [a Hearst newspaper] on Franklin St. and a YW[CA] at Riverside (wish you were collaborating on [it]), a Native Daughters [building] here in S.F. etc. Enough to be busy on.

Busy indeed. And yet nowhere amid these uniquely revealing lines did Morgan say a word about the Beach House at 415 Ocean Front in Santa Monica.

MORGAN HERSELF FIGURED in a message from Hearst to Flannery, addressed to the latter at the Book Building in Beverly Hills; the date was September 7, 1927:

I think you would better arrange the matter of payment through Miss Morgan’s office to avoid confusion.

She told me she had a percentage division with you and she also told me she was contemplating readjusting this arrangement, somewhat in your favor.

This being the case, I think you should make your arrangements with her,—inform her as to what you have received and what is still coming to you and arrange with her for payment.

Then the payment can be made through Mr. Penn [a Hearst employee] or in any way you and Miss Morgan agree upon.

A month later right on the nose—on October 7—Hearst had this to tell Flannery, whom he again wrote to in Beverly Hills:

Will you please send back the rugs in the north sun room on the third floor, and please let me know what has been done about the chair coverings for the library that I selected. I picked out the two sofas at Bullocks and the four uncovered chairs are from in the library [and are] ready to be covered. Can we have this done as soon as possible?

Furthermore, I think the rug in the library should be taken out, as it is hopelessly bad, and that we should determine whether we want the carpet rug or the red rug which they have taken to smooth out the wrinkles.

Not exactly the famous Ardebil mosque carpet from old-time Persia—not any of these clunkers. Hearst closed on a more hopeful note, befitting his endless quest for beauty and dazzling effect:

Please remember the question of marble ladders for the pool. What did you determine to do about them?

Flannery's answer isn't among The Bancroft cited in this chapter. Nonetheless, someone (Hearst himself seems a good prospect) determined that the marble ladders should precisely echo those at San Simeon. And so they did. This wouldn't be the last time the San Simeon and Santa Monica pools would crop up together in some way, in some capacity. Much earlier in 1927, Hearst had wired Morgan from Los Angeles with these brief yet eye-catching words: "If new marble [for San Simeon] not scheduled to arrive promptly I advise using tile on pool as at Santa Monica." It was white marble, of course, that carried the day on the enchanted hilltop, witness the jaw-dropping Neptune Pool.

Morgan weighed in again before the fall of 1927 got any further along, right after Hearst's rugs-and-ladders message to Bill Flannery. She had important things to tell Hearst on Saturday, October 8; she wrote to him care of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

We find at the Beach House a system of emergency lighting which is only partly installed. . . .

There seems to be some question as to whether or not Carpenter Brothers were ordered to do this work. . . . If this system is not completed, there is some doubt as to how much of the amount already expended can be recovered from Carpenter Brothers.

The electrician estimates that it will cost not more than \$500 to complete the installation. Shall we complete this system or shall we abandon it and try to effect an adjustment with Carpenter Brothers and any other parties involved?

Hearst's response, dated October 10, went by wire from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Yes, he told Morgan, the emergency lighting she described should surely be completed for the amount specified.

Concurrently, another letter of Morgan's to Walter Steilberg, who was still in Europe, was now heading his way. She'd written to him on October 7, coinciding with Hearst's message to Bill Flannery about rugs and marble ladders:

The pool water [at San Simeon] is beautifully clear & of lovely color. I saw the Santa Monica pool last week, & the Hill water was better. The S.M. [Beach House] pool has had to have all its piping system & water supply increased as it took about 3 days to empty & fill! It's quite pretty & gay—the bridge [over it] not bad. The tennis court has no cover & no one misses it. Flowers are all around on top of the piling[s] in boxes [a wall preceding the later bulkhead against sand encroachment]—& they are doing well. The whole place looks better than I ever thought possible, but is a sad waste of good money in the last analysis. Also the Carpenter Bros. got careless financially & had to be removed. We are finishing up from here, now [San Francisco], as a matter of accommodation.

Before she signed off, Morgan had some equally choice words about San Simeon, the job to beat all jobs, bar none:

The Hill work goes on—all real Manti [Utah] stone now from toe to last upstanding hair. In some ways you won't know it [recognize it]. But I have sneaking suspicion it is coming out pretty well in spite of everything.

But not so fast again, this time regarding bad press on Carpenter Bros. Before October 1927 was out, Hearst's local morning rival, the despised *Los Angeles Times* (the feeling was mutual vis-à-vis Hearst's *Examiner*), had rousing words about the builders in question. They'd be taking part in the opening "of a new financing and building concern to be known as the Better Homes Co-operative Association, Inc.," with

its headquarters to be in Beverly Hills, led by a financier “formerly of New York City”:

Other officers are Charles R. Carpenter, vice-president, and Frank W. Carpenter, secretary and treasurer. . . who have built many of the famous homes of Beverly Hills, Hollywood and Santa Monica, including those of L. B. Mayer [625 Ocean Front], Joseph M. Schenck [also on Ocean Front], Marion Davies, R. E. Overell [probably Walter E. Overell in La Canada-Flintridge], the Ojai [Valley Country] Club and many others. They were awarded the prize [in 1924] after the Ojai Club was built [in the early twenties] by the Southern California chapter, American Institute of Architects [whose members included the Ojai Club’s designer, the renowned Wallace Neff].

In any event, the problems Morgan was more than merely alluding to in her October letters were now in the lap of the Carpenters’ successor, George Loorz. That’s why he’d been brought in two months before: to restore order and to bring better techniques—and surely a better attitude—to a job soured for whatever reason by that high-rolling duo from Beverly Hills. (Several years later Loorz would remind Morgan of “the difficulties that beset the Carpenter Bros.” when he was sent to Santa Monica.) Loorz would be called upon to perform similar wonders at San Simeon as of 1932. For now, he stayed on in Santa Monica through the fall of 1927 and into the first part of 1928, not returning to Berkeley until April of that year.

Bill Flannery remained on the job through the fall. He was also present and accounted for, albeit fleetingly, in August 1928, whereupon his Santa Monica trail grows cold forever more. The last surviving message between him and Hearst in The Bancroft items is a telegram dated October 15, 1927, received by Hearst a week after Morgan’s two letters quoted above. It brings the still somewhat vague story of William Flannery at the Beach House to an unsettled end—and an unsettling one, despite the single reference to him the following year, thanks to Cal Poly’s holdings.

Flannery's wire to Hearst went out early that Saturday afternoon in the fall of 1927, direct to San Simeon:

Hate to trouble you with matters of this sort, but can get no satisfaction from anyone in your organization in spite of your letter of authorization to Mister Penn a month ago and repeated promises from Mister Penn and Doctor [Frank] Barham [the publisher of Hearst's *Los Angeles Herald* evening paper] and others.

Have been unable to get any money to meet pressing financial obligations of which they are well aware. Have no money to meet pay roll. Had note due at bank yesterday and am overdrawn in bank for past salary not to mention not a cent of money for personal living expenses, all due to procrastination of various members of your organization whom you have authorized to take care of this matter for you.

In view of this unnecessary condition will you please do what you can for me personally at your earliest possible convenience.

Neither Morgan herself nor anyone on her staff had made the long trip to Santa Monica in the first half of 1927. The date July 16 appears in her first Beach House ledger, with a substantial \$65 (think of \$800 today) recorded as the expense involved; this means, at a glance, that she focused on Santa Monica alone that time, without stopping in, say, Santa Barbara or Hollywood. Nor was she at San Simeon in mid-July. It proved to be the only time she visited Santa Monica in 1927 until late November; and by then she also had the new Riverside YWCA to consider. Her office manager, the very able James LeFeaver (an engineer and on-site veteran of the Honolulu Y), had led the way in 1927 by visiting Santa Monica on July 6, ten days before Morgan appeared. LeFeaver was back again twice in August, three times in September, and twice in each of the remaining months that year. Morgan had plainly entrusted a big part of the job to him, evidently most of the executive details for the moment. She'd also passed the torch in August, of course, to George Loorz, a man as young as Bill Flannery (born a month earlier than him in 1898), a master

builder in the offing whose future with Hearst and Morgan would be long-lived and vibrant, making him a diplomat and troubleshooter like no other.

Morgan's initial ledger on Santa Monica—begun in June 1926, the second largest of what would become multiple Beach House ledgers—gained its final entries through the early months of 1928. Its "Closed" status went hand in hand with Loorz's departure in April.

How to sum up the development thus far of the Beach House? An old postcard shows the main building at 415 Ocean Front in all its Colonial Revival dignity. The producer of the card proudly stated above the photo, "A beautiful home, beautifully weather-stripped by Chamberlain." The caption underneath is about the only one on any period photo of the Beach House that comes close to getting things right:

Marion Davies' Beach Home
Santa Monica, Calif.
Architects; Miss Julia Morgan,
Wm. E. Flannery
General Contractors
Carpenter Brothers, Inc.

Hearst himself went unmentioned, uncredited, as though he were just a bit player in a silent movie, soon to be forgotten with the advent of sound.

Morgan wired him at San Simeon early in 1928, on January 17; she asked if he'd given the Chamberlain people "permission to use San Simeon and Beach House photographs as advertising."

The master propagandist replied the same day, likewise by economically worded wire:

I have no objection to Chamberlain Weather Strip Company using San Simeon. I have nothing to do with Beach House.

Nothing indeed. No, he'd done nothing more than conceive the whole idea behind the Beach House and carry it out thus far in every little detail, a place that would be his Hearst Castle in greater Los Angeles as much as it would be Marion's. No one besides Morgan or other Hearst-Davies insiders needed to know that, though, not the Chamberlain Company or anyone else, with the rarest exceptions.

By now, entering a year that in many ways would find the twenties roaring to their utmost, with the Wall Street Crash too far away still to sound a discordant note, Hearst had the world trained to sing in perfect harmony.

3

Ledger Domain and Other Spheres

1928–1930

HOW DO WE KNOW, really *know*, that work started in Santa Monica by 1926? The question is put that way in deference to those favoring 1927 or even 1928. A common trend in Hearstiana has been for events to be placed too early on the timeline, sometimes by a good many years. If Hearst said or did something in 1935, for example, the tendency has been to cite 1930 or 1925, if not a much earlier time. Thus it's almost refreshing to find a key moment like the groundbreaking in Santa Monica being post-dated, if only by a year or two. There's no need to dwell on what Fred Lawrence Guiles said in 1972 in *Marion Davies*. In his case it suffices to know, as we saw before, that in relying on the private Davies Collection (the items mentioned in the Introduction that few people have ever seen and that are now at large, mostly whereabouts unknown), Guiles was endorsing 1926. Nor do we need to cite other secondary sources beyond the Miriam Cooper or even the Irene Mayer Selznick level to drive home the point that 1926 is a date we can trust. The letter from Carpenter Bros. to Joe Willicombe in October of that year is proof enough. After all, a designer can do much on paper before a footing is ever dug or a foundation laid. But when a builder seeks \$14,000 in 1920s dollars to offset wages and other costs, construction has surely reached the active stage.

With 1926 and 1927 behind us, we're poised to tackle the period from 1928 through 1930. We can do so with two more of the job ledgers from the Morgan-Forney Collection. Good thing they survived. If they hadn't, this would be one impossibly hard path to take, beset

with rumor, myth, shoddy memoirs, and all the other failings of the undernourished approach to history. The Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library are disappointingly slight in Beach House–Santa Monica matters for 1928–1930. The Julia Morgan Collection at Cal Poly is better off but still fragmentary. The George & Rosalie Hearst Collection held by Will Hearst III doesn't apply until 1931. That leaves Morgan-Forney in a class largely its own. But the diary-memoir of a man named Hayes Perkins also figures in this chapter. So does some other archival and literary miscellany, with more of Alice Head's *It Could Never Have Happened* being among the latter.

The more detailed of the two Morgan ledgers starting in 1928 is called "New Santa Monica Jobs #415 and #321 Ocean Front." The 415 number denotes the main Beach House structure, the 321 the much smaller building that still stands today, perpendicular to PCH at the north end of the property. Morgan's reconciliation cover sheet (typewritten, unlike the cursive entries inside) reflects a change made in her favor. Her 5% commission for 1926 and 1927 had been increased to 7% (San Simeon remained at 8.5%). This increase is important to note, even to emphasize. The widespread, frankly absurd belief that she was almost a pauper, that Hearst never paid her properly, that she was willing to go without comforts of all sorts—physical, spiritual, above all financial—has refused to fall silent.

The apocryphal aside, the New Santa Monica ledger begins on a typical note: "Travel Miss Morgan." The date: August 28, 1928, a Tuesday. A quick check of the woman's other ledgers shows that she went to San Simeon a day later. In contrast, her Riverside YWCA ledger, another good one to compare through much of this chapter, indicates she'd been in that city three weeks earlier and wouldn't be back until September 6—in concert then with her latest stop at the Beach House (Riverside is sixty miles due east of Santa Monica). Two

more check-ups on the Beach House were made in September, one by Morgan, the other by Jim LeFeaver of her office staff in San Francisco.

Amid these very exact entries, there's a new name: H. H. Benedict, a structural engineer. Benedict earned \$70 a week, this when Hatch Lovell, an on-site draftsman of Morgan's at San Simeon, was getting \$50 a week and her secretary in San Francisco, Lilian Forney, was getting \$30. Benedict had stature. We'll be seeing more of him. We'll also be seeing the better-known Frank Hellenthal, a local builder who succeeded George Loorz in 1928 as construction superintendent at the Beach House. For now, early in the New Santa Monica phase, Benedict's name crops up more often than Hellenthal's does.

The new ledger has a noteworthy sub-heading: "Douras Mausoleum and [the] Clinic." The Clinic portion pertains to the anticipated Marion Davies Children's Clinic in the Sawtelle district of West Los Angeles, a job Morgan didn't officially start until 1931 (whereupon it got its own ledger). For the time being, the Morgan office put any applicable Clinic entries, which were only sporadic, under New Santa Monica. The Mausoleum reference pertains to Rose Douras, the mother of Marion Davies, who died in January 1928. The proposed family crypt in Hollywood (no separate ledger exists) was designed for her sake and, as of his death in 1935, for Marion's father, Bernard Douras. Marion joined them in 1961, as did her longest-lived sister in 1963; the two other Davies sisters had been interred there in 1938 and 1940.

With Hearst being in Europe in the summer of 1928 (Marion and a good-sized party were naturally in tow), and with Morgan's most pertinent ledgers of the moment—New Santa Monica, Riverside, San Simeon—being replete with details too numerous to recount, we should avail ourselves of some glimpses of life as only these rare individuals could know it. Indirectly at least, allusively if not more so, the San Simeon diary excerpts that soon follow can add background and

perspective, can pose illuminating parallels to the probable experiences in Santa Monica of Hearst and Marion, of Morgan and LeFeaver, of Benedict, Flannery, and Hellenthal, and of many other people. Overall, we're still talking about the same clients, the same architect, the same allure, the same grandeur against the same California coastal backdrop in those seemingly pristine, unspoiled, idyllic times.

FAIR WARNING, THOUGH. Hayes Perkins, a gruff and eccentric vagabond, a nature lover and animal lover, a former missionary in Africa and a sanctimonious prude, and, for our immediate purposes, a man who hired on at San Simeon as a day laborer in the spring of 1928, was also not only a devoted diarist but a spinner of tall tales as well, sometimes wildly tall ones at that. Armed with a typewriter (a real boon to his efforts), he authentically recorded his thoughts about people and events soon after they occurred; those were his better moments, the ones worth singling out and savoring. But decades later in the foppish guise of a wise old memoirist—about 1960, while in his eighties and after several biographies of Hearst had appeared and been eagerly absorbed by Perkins—this eccentric fellow modified some if not all of his observations of yore, often embellishing them. Thus he made them more doubtful in their weaker aspects than they must have been already. He thereby produced a diabolical yet still-infectious blend of fact and fantasy, tinged with both cynicism and sympathy toward Hearst and most other people that got portrayed. The Hayes Perkins diary (entitled “Here and There”), a semi-diary or pseudo-diary it can also be called, a quasi-primary source occupying a gray area all its own, is a literary hoax at times, one that loosely recalls Clifford Irving’s take on Howard Hughes in the early 1970s. Yet it’s a work that remains eminently quotable on several points, very richly so. That said, that understood, and provided we’re armed with plenty of asterisks, we’re good to embrace some of the Perkins diary’s better moments. After all,

we read Marion's memoir, *The Times We Had*, selectively, analytically—or at least we *should* read it that way—poised to cast a wary eye on certain passages of hers. Why not the Perkins diary as well?

One of the first entries by Perkins is dated May 27, 1928. This was the Sunday right before Julia Morgan's next stop at San Simeon on Monday or Tuesday, the 28th or 29th:

Rodolph [Rudolph] Valentino, an actor who died recently [August 1926], had a stable of fine horses and Hearst has taken them over. Some of these horses are said to be worth as much as \$10,000 each. . . .

How much has been spent here is a question. Hearst favors antiques, has bought up several castles in Europe and has bodily transferred them here and built them into his castle. Millions of dollars have been poured into this place, and millions more are on the way. Other than a show place it is useless. It is a feudal castle on a feudal barony like those of the Middle Ages.

Hearst is married and has five sons. He has a mistress in one Marion Davies, who is forty years his junior some say, and others say thirty, which is probably nearer correct [1928 found her thirty-one as of January to Hearst's sixty-five as of April, a difference of not quite thirty-four years]. On every hand one hears the blasphemous sneers of the men, but Hearst cares not at all. He is a law unto himself, and has no check other than public opinion. He cares little about that, we all know.

A briefer entry by Perkins on June 3 included this passage:

There are three of Hearst's sons here now. Two of them are his twelve-year-old twins [David and Randolph]. Just bright, healthy, chipper American lads without the slightest bit of "side" [pretense]. They are learning to drive cars, and break all the speed laws that are rigidly enforced where the workmen are concerned.

On June 17, 1928, Perkins was pounding on his Underwood again, perhaps without knowing that Miss Morgan had been to San Simeon and Riverside in the interim:

His Imperial Majesty, William Randolph Hearst, is with us. He is surrounded by many movie stars, all of the first magnitude. . . . Chief among these bizarre-clad men and women is Marion Davies. A yellow headed baby faced sort of person, she is becoming passé and tries to beat the clock and stay young. Hearst is ever near her. He defies the civil and the moral law, none may touch one so high as he.

The Hearst party hadn't left for Europe quite yet, and so Perkins could make an entry like this one on June 29:

Hearst has been round the place a lot, and I see him daily. He is a large man, rather ungainly in appearance, but always immaculately dressed. When he addresses a man he speaks quietly, and seldom if ever raises his voice. He is uniformly courteous, and evidently understands [that] most of his guests are hanging round him, catching on his every word to try and get something out of him. Some of the more noted actors and actresses are with him. I see Charlie Chaplin, Adolph[e] Menjou, William Powell, who are big enough to stand on their own legs without publicity from Hearst. Marion Davies makes up the guest lists from Hollywood. She knows her hold on the publisher and sees that she holds her rivals off. She is his mistress, and her likes and dislikes mean more to him than anything else in the world. . . .

Despite the fact Hearst has the morals of a Belgian mammy fighter [during the World War], he is kindly and every man looks alike to him. Yesterday he wanted to be taken [photographed] by [William] Fox himself in the midst of a flock of white fan-tailed pigeons. These, if handled right, swirl down like falling snow flakes. I have had them for a few days [as their new zookeeper], and already they know me. I whistled for them, fed them at Hearst's feet, then jumped back out of the picture.

"Here! Come back into it!" he called.

So no less [a] person than the great Fox of Fox Films, Inc., turned the vcrank [*sic*] while I held the bucket and Hearst tossed out grain. Thus I became the champion feed bucket holder of the world.

Chaplin is a rather insignificant looking sort of man. Hair as white as if he was sixty [he was thirty-nine in 1928], fishy grey eyes that stare out from under bushy brows in constant suspicion, he seems to hate himself. Yet he can be a charming companion when he tries. He is active

on the tennis court and wields a mean left-handed bat with accuracy. I like Menjou best, unless it be William Powell. I like the tricky glint in the latter's eyes, his quick wit and friendly manner to all.

On June 29 as well, with Hearst and Marion still in California pending their departure for Europe in July, the *Los Angeles Times* reported "Marion Davies Suit Heard; Linen Merchant Demands Payment for Largest Tablecloth Ever Made":

Henri Dumont, linen dealer, was before Superior [Court] Judge Hazlett yesterday asking that Marion Davies, motion-picture actress, be made to pay \$6,500 for the largest tablecloth in the world.

The cloth, which Dumont asserts was made especially for her on a verbal order, a masterpiece in the linen art, was unfolded during the hearing of the case.

It is forty-eight feet long and six feet wide. The largest banquet cloth ever made before in one piece, according to experts on the witness stand, measured only twenty-one feet.

The cloth the dealer wants Miss Davies to take is in linen, Venetian lace and Burano cut work and filet.

There are also five dozen napkins to match included in the \$8,500 bill Dumont is asking pay for from the actress.

According to the dealer he was introduced to Miss Davies by Conrad Nagel. The actress, he said, told him she desired a cloth that would care for sixty guests. He told her, he said, none as large as that was made, but he could get one for her. She said it would be all right to go ahead and get it, he asserted.

The linen merchant testified as follows:

"I went to the bungalow occupied by Miss Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn studio [MGM in Culver City]. I told her I had the big cloth. She said she did not have time to look at it now.

"I said please look at it anyway. She said all right. I then unfolded several yards of it.

"She said it was perfectly lovely and I asked if I should leave it. She said: 'No, Mr. Dumont, but don't worry about it, it is perfectly all right, but I have to submit it to Mr. Hearst first. He is not in town now but will

be in a few days and as soon as he comes back I will call him up and have you take all of the things to the beach house as Mr. Hearst is the one who has to see them, for he is paying for all of the things going into the house.” . . .

The hearing will continue today.

The *Times* article must rank as one of the earliest instances of Hearst’s being connected with the Beach House in Santa Monica—a project he was pursuing in Marion’s behalf, as the public was getting more and more conditioned to believe. The conspicuousness of the main building at 415 Ocean Front would beggar description by a curious outside world. Hearst’s name and Marion’s name or some combination thereof would increasingly be in people’s minds.

Hayes Perkins went almost two weeks before making his next diary entry on Sunday, July 15, 1928. It was his one free day to catch up, a day also preceding a typical Monday visit to the work site by Julia Morgan, whom he still hadn’t mentioned:

So busy I have little time to enter a word in my diary. . . . As it is, I’m feeling a lot better since getting off the bull gang [the labor crew, in favor of zookeeping] where little else is expected than the conventional strong back and weak brain. Being weak in both places makes it worse, as in my case. . . .

I see a lot of the Hollywood crowd, who are here constantly now. They are constantly attracted by the wild animals, and are about [are in the vicinity] asking foolish questions. One wonders what the public can see in them, especially the stars among the women. Few of them are beautiful, and all use so much makeup their skins become tanned to the texture of hippo hide. Constant use of cosmetics ruin their faces, and the loose lives they lead soon wrecks them physically. If they are perfect at love scenes in the pictures it is because they have plenty of practice, for they pair off here regardless of the marriage tie. One marvels at the bizarre clothing, the sallow faces in the morning before they get their war paint on. Most are affable enough, if they only wouldn’t tease the animals.

On that same Sunday at San Simeon, Hearst wrote a long letter that calls to mind the probable hand-carried message he'd written to Bill Flannery at the Beach House on a Sunday as well, a year before to the very month. The main job ledger for San Simeon lists both Morgan and Thad Joy as having been on the hilltop in mid-July 1928, either on Sunday the 15th or Monday the 16th, with Monday being the likelier prospect and Sunday having been their southbound travel day from San Francisco. And thus Hearst's detailed letter may have been awaiting them when they arrived the next morning (Morgan herself normally spent the wee hours in San Luis Obispo before being driven to San Simeon bright and early).

"Dear Miss Morgan, or Mr. Joy," Hearst therefore began. He told them he'd "probably be gone about three months." Although most of his letter pertained to San Simeon, he also had this to say:

In regard to the indoor pool [the Roman Pool at San Simeon], we have decided on the brilliant blue mosaic small tile and the border of fishes with gold similar to the beach house [pool].

The lower-case "beach house" stems either from Hearst's handwritten draft, as transcribed by Willicombe, or it was the latter's doing (as we saw once before) if he'd taken Hearst's dictation. Regardless, it was yet another instance of San Simeon's magnificent pools and the smaller, much narrower, yet likewise shimmering pool in Santa Monica being associated by Hearst in some vital way. Still other instances lay ahead of his making aesthetic ties like this.

Hayes Perkins, meanwhile, held off till the next Sunday, July 22, before making his next entry during that summer of 1928:

Hearst has gone to Europe. Marion has gone with him, and it is generally understood she is not liked by Hearst's wife. Which is only natural. Mrs. Hearst is here, got here before the party broke up, even overlapping her arrival with Marion's stay. . . .

Mrs. Hearst has lost no time in letting us know who she is. She came to see me [at the zoo] asking if the pheasants ever laid any eggs. I told her they did, and now she demands these be sent to her. "I'm Mrs. Hearst," she informed me, significantly.

Mrs. Hearst's set differs slightly from that of her husband. Of course Marion Davies makes up most of the parties when she is here, and her lord and master OKs it without question. Mrs. H. sent down for Charlie Chaplin, who flew up in his private plane. He is here as an entertainer for the set Mrs. H. has surrounded herself with. . . . Chaplin is silly in his actions often. He pulls that funny stuff, eating mouthfuls of roses and acting generally like a silly kid, but he can be charming when he tries.

FULLY THREE WEEKS passed between the Perkins diary's July 22 entry and its next one, dated August 14, 1928. Morgan had been on the job three times in the interim, an average of once a week. Perkins mentioned her now for the first time. And though he also mentioned Hearst, he did so in the abstract, knowing well that the man was traveling abroad:

Hearst is, I believe, a kindly man. He has no regard for the civil or the moral law where it comes into conflict with his own desires and ideals. But he tries to do the right thing by his men, I can see that. It is not his fault there are bad men at the head of things, that is [Camille] Rossi's fault, who is smooth in his dealings with Hearst and hides the trouble from the latter. Miss Julia Morgan, Hearst's foster sister and architect, who is next to Hearst in authority dislikes Rossi and would oust him if she dared. Rossi stands well with Hearst, and knows it. He runs things with a high hand.

A letter from Hearst to Morgan would have reached her long before this latest Perkins date of August 14—had it not gone astray while the Hearst party was heading east to New York, bound for its first voyage to Europe since 1922. The letter bore the date July 19, 1928. However, it was not until August 18 that Joe Willicombe could

send a replacement to Morgan. Good thing “the Colonel,” as Willicombe was known (an honorary title he’d gained in 1927), kept records as faithfully as he did. If not, some priceless details about the Beach House would have been lost. Hearst had told Morgan the following in that much-delayed letter:

Enclosed is a bid from Mr. Frank A. Hellenthal, 728 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santi [*sic*] Monica. He is a very reliable contractor. The bid is for work on a trunk-room addition at the beach-house. The important part about it is the third paragraph, which states that one of the main piers of the house is resting on an old cement slab which shows signs of cracking and which will cause a settlement of that part of the house.

The cement slab carried over from some earlier, much smaller structures that had been razed at 415 Ocean Front, probably in 1925 or 1926, to make way for the new Colonial Revival mansion. Hearst’s letter to Morgan continued:

Of course this is a true statement of the facts, and this at least must be corrected and a proper foundation provided as promptly as possible.

The house has settled in one or two other places, notably in the East wing, and Mr. Flannery admits that one of the piles was apparently not driven deep enough and has settled an inch or two.

We had an engineer visit the house twice, one provided by the [*Los Angeles*] *Herald*, I think, and he stated that [the] settling was not important, and there was no need of doing anything unless it got worse. Mr. Flannery is a good draftsman but is not a very experienced architect, and is nothing of an engineer.

The *Herald* was Hearst’s working-class, evening paper, a hugely profitable one at that. Its home was on South Trenton Street, on the edge of the downtown Los Angeles core, half a mile west of the morning *Examiner*’s more familiar headquarters on 11th and South Broadway. Hearst’s letter about Santa Monica of July 19, 1928, continued:

Carpenter Brothers, the contractors who built the house, are involved in various difficulties.

It is possible that the foundations were not as good as they should be, and I would rather remedy any defects now than wait until the defects become more serious.

I suggest that Hellenthal be given the work he has agreed to do, and that he furthermore proceed to remedy thoroughly the defect in the foundation that he has noticed, and finally that he go very thoroughly over all the foundations of the house and find what is necessary to be done in order to make them as perfect as possible.

It may be necessary to drive some more piles, but I do not see how this can be done now that the house has been built. It is possible, however, that concrete piers could be put in.

Will you kindly have Hellenthal and Flannery before you and see what can be done in these matters?

Grist for young George Loorz's mill this would surely have been. Loorz, however, was spoken for at this juncture in 1928—in Hearst's further behalf. He was now up at Wyntoon, as far north almost as the Oregon border, launching the first round of serious work for his long-term patrons, Hearst and Morgan (and Marion too), on that distant job: a swimming pool and tennis courts for starters, with much more to follow in the years to come.

Hearst had more to say about Santa Monica in his letter to Julia Morgan. Frank Hellenthal had written to him in early July about another matter, as Hearst's multiple enclosures for Morgan indicated:

The second letter of Hellenthal [enclosed in 1928 but no longer extant] contains a bid for certain additions to the house, including an elevator and a library extension.

I would not ordinarily go ahead with this construction at this time, but it occurs to me that it is possible that this construction might be made in a way to increase the strength of the foundations.

If so, I would be willing to do this while we are taking other measures to improve the foundations.

I am perfectly willing to do the work on a cost-plus basis with Hellenthal. He is a very thorough and very reliable contractor.

“Cost-plus,” meant labor and materials plus a fair percentage for the builder. It’s a term also seen in George Loorz’s correspondence both with Hearst and with Morgan, in full swing from 1932 onward. For now, we’ll have to get by with this letter of July 1928. Regarding Beach House matters for that year, it has no peer, no equal in the Cal Poly holdings (whence it comes) or in any other archives.

The Morgan Collection at Poly also contains the reply to Hearst that Miss Morgan wrote on August 21; she addressed it to him care of Universal Service in Paris. At the end of that letter, right before she wished him a *Grand Time* on his European trip, she stated: “I will do as you ask in seeing [about] foundation conditions at Santa Monica, with Mr. Flannery and Mr. Hellenthal this week.”

If we can tarry once more before returning to Hayes Perkins, this next paragraph, which is also from the same letter of Morgan’s dated August 21, is delectably worth quoting. She told Hearst about his Northern California property:

Wyntoon work is progressing very well. It is feasible to finish the pool and its operating equipment, and perhaps lay the concrete for the tennis courts. This will get the heavy dirty work out of the way, and the court enclosures could be placed quickly next year. The heater room is a concrete box at present, but will be entirely covered by the river pavilion. Perhaps you will bring a grand inspiration for this.

The river she meant was the McCloud River, which was to Wyntoon what the Pacific Ocean was to San Simeon and Santa Monica: enchanting, mesmerizing water, the stuff that paradise is made of.

THE HEARST PARTY was back at San Simeon from its European trip of 1928 by Halloween. It was then, on October 31, that Hayes Perkins, the

secret diarist (he surely had to conceal such furtive efforts), made one of his next entries. As for Julia Morgan in October 1928, she'd last been at San Simeon on the weekend of the 27th and 28th; also, she'd wired Hearst in New York on the 16th, assuring him that he would "find Santa Monica in fine shape." Perkins, who earlier in the year had gone from day laborer to zookeeper, had the following to relate on the 31st:

The usual entourage from Hollywood is here. Among them I see Gloria Swanson and her current husband, the Marquise Henri De La Falaise De La Coudraye [Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye]. If that is all his name I cannot say, but it is enough for this pimply faced punk [Henri] who is so favored by the gang from Hollywood. Gloria looks more like a farmer's wife, almost coarse. Her many jewels do not become her at all, and look more like [those of] a Zulu maiden with beads and brass wire and rings of tin and beads for settings. Marion [Davies] is always the queen. There is among them a beautiful girl, not more than twenty if that. She is not an actress, but she is always here when Hearst comes. She occupies Hearst's apartment with him when he is here, for Marion is becoming passé, or *nkuruntu*, as the Africans aptly put it. It appears a man can get anything in this world if he will pay enough for it.

The gorgeous raiment of these actresses, or rather the lack of it makes them conspicuous. The marriage tie does not seem to matter. They pair off as chickens would, change [partners] when they become bored with over indulgence. I hear them calling each other all the sweet names in the calendar; then they tire and turn to someone else. The noble marquis [Henri] is already tiring of Gloria, but if it was me I would be tired before I begun. I note Dorothy Mackaill snuggles up to Hearst's left side nightly when we sit in the open air at the nightly run of moving pictures, for old Hearst is a good sport and lets us all come. I sit behind them. Dorothy on one side and Marion on the other, snuggling close, but Marion always retains the seat of honor. Dorothy wears magnificent jewelry, and she is the only one of the Hollywood crowd I have seen who knows how to wear it. It becomes her. The rest of them are as gaudy as African mammies with their beads and brass wire.

I have some young parrots in a nest at the zoo, and the other day Marion and a lot more girls were down to see them. I raise a lot of young birds, and these draw more attention than the big cats.

“OO-O-O-O-O isn’t it bootiful! O-O-O-O lemme hold it! Isn’t it dawling!”

Then a big macaw squawked and crashed by us. Eileen [Aileen] Pringle, clad in a very attenuated bathing suit, screamed and grasped my arm. Then she hugged me, her warm arms trembled as they clung close, her zephyr clad body seemed so fragile when so near. Being naturally a hero, I saved her from harm.

Perkins was back at the keyboard on Monday, November 12, 1928 (or closer to 1960, with a retrospective glance of some thirty years, whichever was really the case):

Hearst has been with us for two weeks now. He seems out of place at his age with all these young people surrounding him. The girls, to get the publicity his papers can give them, fawn and flatter his ego, flirt as if he were their own ages. . . . He has been so profligate with women one would believe he would slow down at 65 years of age, but he appears as virile as ever. Coupled with Marion are Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Gloria Swanson and many others who hang on his every word and movement. Old Marie Dressler is among them, but she is now *nkuruntu* [passé or elderly, b. 1868 versus Hearst’s 1863] and out of the love scenes Hearst loves to stage. She comes down to the zoo and chats with me, and I find her a cheerful, homely old soul. Being in the sere and yellow leaf of life, she no longer has illusions concerning her looks and attractiveness to men. In other words, she acts her age. Because of her unaffected way and good natured manner I like her.

Hearst is seldom satisfied with any house built for him. When anything is finished, he looks it over. Usually it is “I don’t like it. Tear it out of there!” he exclaims in his rather womanish voice. When a large building or any other sort of construction is half up he will have it torn to the ground, then rebuild another way to suit him. A gang of experienced Mexican miners work with jack hammers, gads [digging bars], sledges and drills constantly breaking down concrete and steel so

hard and costly to build, just to suit the whims of this strange man. He is a feudal baron born a thousand years out of his time. Cost means nothing, though his secretaries are at their wits end often to find cash to carry on. He is as petulant as a child, is a fatalist, believing in his star of destiny like Napoleon. One wonders if there is a bottom to Hearst's purse.

Before we let Perkins close out the year almost six weeks later, here's a final word in 1928 from Hearst to Morgan, sent by telegram from Los Angeles to San Francisco:

Would like marble stairs to San Simeon pool like those at Santa Monica Beach [House] Pool soon as convenient. They are very successful.

Yes, they were. They're still very successful in their form and beauty today at both places, a good eighty years later (although in Santa Monica their carved, above-water portions have long been removed from the steps themselves).

The last round belongs to Perkins, whose installment for December 21 included this paragraph:

Most of the construction crew have been laid off for the winter. Hearst, ever a good sport, gave us a splendid Thanksgiving dinner, and now a Christmas dinner a week beforehand, this to catch the men laid off [before they leave]. He is always generous.

The job at San Simeon that was shutting down for the winter of 1928–29 had kept Morgan on her toes recently. She'd made three trips in November and as many thus far in December (the first of these to San Simeon was also marked "to L.A. to see Mr. Hearst"). Quickly consulted, the New Santa Monica ledger confirms her appearance on December 3 at the Beach House. A similar glance reveals that Jim LeFeaver had also checked recently on the work in Santa Monica, as he had periodically since September. More so, the ledger shows that H. H. Benedict had been his usual busy with his engineering; in fact, a new ledger got started in late December. Its first entry says, "H. H. Benedict

fence & sea wall.” This was the second of two 1928 ledgers mentioned earlier. Although the first one’s called “New Santa Monica Jobs #415 and #321 Ocean Front,” the second one’s more simply headed “321 Ocean Front, Santa Monica.” So there’s some overlap, some kindredness. This smaller 321 ledger can be followed now into 1929, hand and hand with its larger New Santa Monica counterpart.

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 21, Julia Morgan was in the midst of a greater Southland swing that put her first at San Simeon followed by stops in Riverside and Santa Monica.

In saying “greater Southland,” the allusion here is to Franklin Walker’s generous, very pliable definition in his *Literary History of Southern California* (1950):

This land stretches from the hill at San Simeon on which William Randolph Hearst perches in his baroque castle, like another Saint Simeon Stylites on his pillar, to the little Mexican border town of Tijuana where tourists gape at colored peasant-ware and lose money at roulette.

Carey McWilliams, renowned for *Southern California Country* (1946), would staunchly protest; but then McWilliams was no fan of Hearst whereas Walker taught English at Mills College in Oakland for many years, in a sylvan setting graced by Morgan’s campanile and other noble buildings.

All such regionalism aside (Hearst was one who dismissed the trumped-up rivalry between self-important but fogbound San Francisco and middle-class but smog-free Los Angeles), Morgan was joined in Riverside on January 19 by H. H. Benedict from the Beach House job. A groundbreaking ceremony would soon be held in Riverside to launch its new YWCA. Morgan would not be present; plus

there's no entry in her Riverside ledger to indicate that anyone else in her circle was there.

Tidbits, morsels, fragments—all such details as these are scarcely more than that. They're choice details, without question, for we've had too few of their kind in past years. Yet without correspondence or other explanatory, elaborative data, we have to zero in on scattered ledger entries for the Beach House like "H. H. Benedict Fence & Garden" (also dated January 19, a Saturday coinciding with the trip Benedict made to Riverside). We can also let the droll, quizzical Hayes Perkins keep acting as our guide. No documents, no history, as the old saying goes; less Perkins, surely less lively a passage through elusive 1929, with sporadic relief, as always, from the Morgan ledgers and other nuggets of solid data.

For example, Willicombe wired Morgan on February 5, Los Angeles to San Francisco, telling her that Hearst wanted the balky elevator in the main building at San Simeon to work as efficiently as the new one in Santa Monica. Otherwise, for 1929 there's the problematic yet irresistible Perkins as the best means, however oblique, of illuminating by analogy, by parable and parallel, the dimly known reaches of Beach House history. His entry for February 10 is a voluminous one, made on the same day at San Simeon that the diarist turned fifty-one:

The crew is very short just now. Hearst is in New York City, for he loves the bright lights and the limelight. Being one of the most important personages of the country he meets everybody worthwhile and a lot not so worthwhile. . . . Hearst and his wife are seldom here together. Then it is at Christmas, or on the birthday of some member of the family. Hearst dotes on Miss Julia Morgan, his architect and a protégé of his mother in days gone by. Miss Morgan is very elderly [b. 1872, nine years after Hearst: fifty-seven in 1929], and it is good to see the tenderness shown by him when he is with her. There is so much good about the man, and yet enough bad to spoil it. Mrs. Hearst has the society bug

badly, and with Hearst's wealth and prominence behind her manages to crash the highest [circles] in New York. Yearly she promotes a prizefight there to get money for her milk fund for the poor. She has such a different crowd here, and among them are some English snobs. I like the British, but snobs of any sort of people are poison. . . .

When people get too much money what they get for it is likely to be bad for them. So it is here, for this Hollywood crowd runs to the sensual side of life rather than the spiritual. No regard for the marriage tie, let alone the virtue of a boy or girl. . . .

All convention is laid aside, from what I see. Broad minded, they call it, but flattened out would express the situation better. I saw Charlie Chaplin and Clara Bow playing out on the tennis court during an interlude in the game.

Chaplin wore whites, but Clara was clad in a tiny lappet [garment] less than the naked Shillook women on the [White] Nile wear, with two tinier brassieres, or covers for each shapely breast. Charlie had hold of both of them, being behind her. All the froth and bubble of Hollywood were interested spectators, giving advice in the best and latest movements in cohabiting. They didn't actually do it [have sex], but wriggled round for ten minutes, much to the delight of the creme-de-la-creme of Hollywood. I'd get ten years if Hearst knew I wrote this, even in my diary. He has just obtained an eight-year sentence for a chap named [Frederic] Girnau in Los Angeles for saying a good deal less [about Clara Bow] than this [an event of 1931, not 1929]. Doubtless Girnau told the truth, but like me he couldn't prove it.

And yet how could Perkins prove . . . *anything*? Why a workman of his common stature was at liberty to witness so much at San Simeon, ostensibly firsthand without question or restraint, is worth our pondering—and it surely elicits our skepticism. Nevertheless, he continued as follows on February 10, 1929:

There are 265 marble statues in the nude in the marvelous gardens here [an extreme exaggeration]. This is Jim Crowe's count, for Jim cares for them. For the greater part they are images of women whose limbs and

breasts are shapely and seductive. Chaplin caressed the breasts of one of these.

“Come on! Put a little more pep into it! Show some life, some interest!”

This from the self appointed director the Marquis Henri De La Falaise De La Coudraye, scion of the ancient French nobility. And Gloria Swanson his wife and all the world famed cream of Hollywood stood by and laughed themselves into ecstasies [*sic*] of mirth. Such is the feudal barony of La Cuesta Encantada, the home of the great and only Hearst. In the dressing rooms the men and women walk about nude, brazen, blasé. They pet in the swimming pools, pet in the palace, pet openly in the gardens, pet anywhere. Surely they keep in good condition for the sloppy pictures the boys and girls go mad over and emulate the world over. It soon breaks the girls. They become hard eyed, look like those I used to see on the Barbary [in San Francisco] when I was a kid.

Everybody drinks to saturation. At least, most everyone. Chaplin don't drink, he is too cold blooded to do that. He will toy with a glass of wine, so will Hearst. Chaplin has a bad name among the help at the castle, for two bits is his limit in tips. He keeps a Jap valet [Toraichi Kono] who looks after his boudoir, too cheap to have a white man. He is the richest of them all too. I laugh at the stewards when they recite their woes to me.

“Tight!” they exclaim in disgust. “Good for two bits at most!” . . .

. . . Within the castle walls none of the white help other than a selected few are permitted to see these people in the seclusion of their boudoirs, for Filipino servants who are tongueless flit about from room to room. These latter never talk, while white help would. It don't matter to a Filipino whose wife sleeps with some other woman's husband, whether all are as naked as the day they were born, whether they are soused to the ears in these cargoes of booze Hearst gets from the distant land of somewhere.

The only one who must not step out is Marion. Whispered tales of Hearst's wrath and heavy hand falling on such trespassers [Marion's suitors] pass from lip to lip among us. Most of the time Hearst and Marion are like two sixteen-year-olds. Arms about waists, a gentle slap on the cheek, Hearst holding her tightly in his capacious arms

murmuring sweet nothings. A pretty picture it makes in these untellably beautiful gardens and under the bright light of the silvery moon. She drinks like a fish, which irks him.

Perkins, let's not forget, wrote for an audience of one—himself. Although the Oregon Historical Society and Cal Poly State University each have copies of his diary (as modified and bound into multiple volumes as “Here and There” in the early 1960s), and although Perkins sent some of his material to W. A. Swanberg after *Citizen Hearst* appeared in 1961, the diary has been all but unknown until now. It has mostly occupied a historical vacuum, unseen, unsuspected. Had Marion known of the Perkins diary, she could have contradicted this latest claim of ribald behavior at San Simeon with these words from 1951/1975, an instance of *The Times We Had* at its most useful, its most plausible:

There was a story that someone walked into the swimming pool nude, but it was just a legend. It could never have happened. There were always lights around the pool, and all the watchmen.

W. R. didn't want to have anything happen. He was very, very austere, and he always demanded that the girls wear wraps over their bathing suits. He thought they might catch cold.

It was for his own protection, too. Somebody might get raped or murdered and he'd have been accused. Nobody got away with anything.

That goes for the pseudo-omniscient Hayes Perkins as well. He could commit to his diary pages whatever he liked, no matter how farfetched. No one else in that era would have seen it.

THROUGH ALL OF February 1929 and into March, the two Morgan job ledgers on the Santa Monica work are replete with entries. “Clinic” and “Garden & T[ennis] Court” and “Mausoleum” appear next to H. H. Benedict's name. Some of the same goes for entries recording Miss Morgan's trips to those job sites in the winter of 1929. The inclusion of

the Douras Mausoleum under the New Santa Monica umbrella may explain why Sara Boutelle and other researchers missed this rare sidelight. Without a job number, prominent in Cal Poly's Morgan holdings, and without a separate ledger in Morgan-Forney as well, the Mausoleum has long escaped notice (although Marion mentioned in quick passing in 1951/1975 "the Hollywood Cemetery, where we had a mausoleum"). Moreover, instead of their being specified by name in Morgan's annual "Distribution of Expenses" sheets, these small jobs in 1929, their only applicable year, were always part of the much larger fabric of New Santa Monica. It's not clear why. Plenty of insignificant jobs in Morgan's *oeuvre* were accorded ledgers of their own and, in turn, a presence in her annual sheets that at times contain the tiniest of expenses. (The smallest entry in 1929 was \$0.20—twenty cents—for Potrero Hill, San Francisco, whereas the Mausoleum expenses that winter, though likewise small, were surely many times greater.)

BEGINNING ON MONDAY, April 25, Thad Joy got the "1929 Scheme" going on the job in Beverly Hills that, in its original phase in 1925, had immediately preceded all the Beach House work. He was at 1700 Lexington Road on May 2, 1929, commanding only \$25 for "Travel" in the reactivated ledger whereas \$75 (a substantial \$900 in present-day dollars) had applied to his trip there on April 25. If the smaller figure for May 2 was offset by his checking on New Santa Monica, the ledger for that job is mute.

As to Hayes Perkins, he waxed eloquent about San Simeon on May 22 (or post-eloquently *for* May 22, as it may have been); nonetheless, when he was good, he was quite good:

In all the world I have seen few fairer scenes than this great ranch. Now that the rains have been plentiful and seasonable, the grass is high everywhere. The creamy-gold of the poppies, the almost delphinium blue of the lupin[e]s, the white star-shells and so many other blossoms

carpet the entire country, particularly the flats in the mountain valleys make a glorious and a gladsome land. When the sea winds blow on the wild oats, now ripening in the pastures, they are blended into a silvery carpet whose sheen sweeps back and forth over the whole area of hills. The blue of the boundless sea, the purple shadows of the ranges make a picture beyond any painting for its beauty. The only evil thing is man.

Sobering in its way, that final line. It's just as sobering, though more plainly so, to pluck a notation from the New Santa Monica ledger—this in reference to one week earlier, May 14, 1929. "W[alter] T. Steilberg," the May 14 line reads, with "\$20" written next to it. Twenty dollars for an engineer's consultation? That's peanuts, even by 1920s standards (equivalent to nearly \$250 today). Elsewhere in the same ledger, for July 1929, Morgan's other Bay Area-based engineer, Walter Leroy Huber, commanded \$40. In contrast, the old Beverly Hills-1700 Lexington ledger contains only one instance of engineering. Namely, a retaining wall for \$17 worth of calculations done by Huber. And for its part, the original Santa Monica ledger, which covers from 1926 to 1928, contains this one engineering entry alone: "Steilberg services on pool and bridge" for \$75.

Weigh all these minor figures against the hefty \$850 (think of \$10,600 today) for Walter Huber's services on the Riverside Y in December 1928—to say nothing of the big numbers generated at times by San Simeon's delegated engineering (Morgan always gave such tasks to people like her "two Walters," Huber and Steilberg)—and the pattern emerges. The Beach House had more bark than bite. It was a wood-frame structure, after all, albeit a big one, but not a steel-skeleton or reinforced-concrete production like many of Morgan's larger homes and most of her institutional buildings.

How could such a building have been stout enough, massive enough (except in its profile) to hold the heavy, San Simeonesque objects—paneled rooms like the one from Cassiobury Park,

mantelpieces to harmonize with them, and all the other architectural antiques mentioned by Howard Heyn in 1949? Steilberg or Huber would have been quick to tell us: the Beach House held them to a comparatively restricted degree. Its structural limitations, despite even Hearst's tendency to expect the impossible, must have been implicit from early on.

THE RENEWED WORK in the spring of 1929 on the Davies house in Beverly Hills (1700 Lexington Road) brought Warren McClure into the Hearst-Morgan fold. The job there was minor this time, extending only into July. "Mac" was soon reassigned to the smaller of the two Santa Monica accounts, the one simply called 321 Ocean Front. For July, his name appears in the larger New Santa Monica ledger, pertaining to the main address of 415 Ocean Front; obviously, he was used as needed and wherever needed for the greater good of the Beach House project.

Morgan, in addition to keeping abreast of things in Santa Monica and, as always, of those at San Simeon, made stops in Riverside in 1929 during May, June, and especially July. Among the welcome archival fragments for this period is a letter she sent Hearst in Los Angeles, dated June 17. There were bills and budgets for her to air with him: never an easy subject but one that was innately part of the big-league ball these people played. She explained that she'd be forced to draw on her office reserves in July unless money came in "from the old Santa Monica account." The funds indeed came in—less than a week later, nearly \$8,500 strong on top of Hearst's payment of \$10,000 on the same account late in 1928. Of the \$18,500 total (akin to \$230,000 today), a small part pertained to the older Beverly Hills job, now entering its brief renewal phase.

The next day—Tuesday, June 18, 1929—found Morgan writing to Hearst again. Camille Rossi, George Loorz's hot-tempered predecessor

as construction superintendent at San Simeon, had told Morgan of Hearst's directions "to go ahead and finish the tennis courts" there. Thus she said to Hearst:

On thinking it over I asked Mr. Rossi to stop off any more preparatory work, and sent for the Los Angeles firm who did the actual work at the Beach house. They had been unwilling on account of a trade agreement as to territory to do the work last year [at San Simeon], although agreeing with the local firm to come up and put on the green top coat.

I asked them for a full report on what they considered necessary to do to make just as fine a job as the Beach courts and the figure they would contract to do it for.

I saw them in Los Angeles Saturday afternoon [June 15], and intended to give you this explanation and the enclosed papers Tuesday. They say if you contract with them, it will take (for the 2 courts) two weeks after getting the material onto the job to finish the two courts, but that they could have one done in ten days.

The cost according to their bid is about 40¢ per sq. ft. and the work would be guaranteed, and also "serviced" for two years without extra pay.

If you think well of this, the San Francisco firm will turn over to the Los Angeles firm their part of the material and there will be no complication.

Regarding "Tuesday" (three paragraphs above), this situation poses a tough call. Morgan was writing on Tuesday the 18th as it was. She may simply have meant its counterpart a week later, June 25. Her San Simeon ledger cites a visit of hers on Monday the 24th. But there are no Santa Monica travel entries in that immediate range. Maybe she meant to see Hearst in Los Angeles on the 25th anyway, apart from whatever was brewing on the Beach House job.

That omnipresent zookeeper Hayes Perkins had more to say in the meantime; these passages came under the date of June 15, 1929:

Cupid is the god of the La Cuesta Encantada, who rules this estate from Hearst and Marion at the top down to the lowest Mexican ditch digger.

We all see Hearst and Marion sporting in the gardens in bathing suits. He looks like a monster then, his awkward body roughly fitted with a pouchy suit. Marion's figure yet is trim, but she is slipping. They play about among the flowers in the garden, though he is an old man and she is whatever [age] she is [thirty-two as of January 1929]. Reputed to be born in 1900, she is actually seven years in advance of that, so her maids say. [b. 1897, not 1893]. She looks more too after a hard night's debauch, but any woman does that [looks older] when she is out as these here are.

"Hoo Hoo Marion!" calls the aged Lothario [sixty-six now, b. 1863], peeping from behind the green bay trees that shadow the swimming pool.

"Hoo Hoo Willie!" replies the voluptuous Delilah from her hiding place in a clump of hydrangeas near him.

Onward during that summer of 1929, skipping past more entries in the Perkins diary and coming to roost on August 30:

Have been in San Francisco for two weeks [on vacation]. While there the great [Graf] Zeppelin came across the Pacific from Tokyo, arriving late in the afternoon [of Sunday, August 25]. Her great body shone like silver in the light of the setting sun, and I counted 22 planes about her as she circled over the bay and cities, then soared away to Los Angeles.

Hearst is gone again and Mrs. Hearst is here with a crowd of society people from New York. They don't seem so greatly different from the lot the old man brings. People are much alike, whether rich or poor. We all have the same capacity for enjoyments, and we who are poor appreciate the little we have as much as the wealthy enjoy that much that is theirs. Mrs. Hearst has the extreme "Nouveau Riche" manner, something she never had when she was playing on the stage before she met her heavy sugared papa in Hearst.

Some six weeks later, under the date of October 9, Perkins had a good deal more to tell:

Mrs. Hearst is gone now, and her former lord is with us. She is, like Marion, a Catholic, so the holy church has a strangle hold on Hearst's big fortune. Hearst has returned, now that his wife is gone, and with

him is Marion and a lot more Hollywoodlians [*sic*] here to eat Hearst's bounty.

Perkins would have been hard-pressed as early as 1929 to know much about Mrs. Hearst's past. John K. Winkler's *W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon* of 1928 (the first biography of the man) would have been his best hope; however, if Perkins wrote or at least revised this passage afterwards—as he did many of them, even decades later—his sources would have been more extensive. Be that as it may, his entry for October 9, 1929, continues:

For a change we have bigger fish than is usual. What we call small fry here are governors, senators, congressmen and the like. Now we have Winston Churchill, who I believe is Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, who with his brother Major John Churchill has a large party of guests. Most of the lesser lights of Hollywood have faded into the shadows during the stay of these luminaries, for they are merely entertainers of the great and only Hearst for a brief moment of love.

There are contrasts in the family of the house of Churchill that are surpassing[ly] strange. Winston is no beauty. An owlish face surmounted by a baldish head, but with penetrating eyes that miss nothing. His brother John is a fine looking man when he has his hat on, for he too is bald, only balder than Winston. Strangely Winston's daughter Diana is an enchantingly beautiful girl, and each of the brothers have a son with them who would be an answer to any maiden's prayer. They had better keep an eagle eye on old Hearst, for he has a watchful eye for feminine pulchritude.

In reality, the Churchill brothers had visited San Simeon from September 13 to 16, 1929, nearly a month earlier than the Perkins date of October 9. The Churchill party consisted of just four people: besides Winston and John, their sons Randolph and Johnny were also present. They'd been touring Canada and the United States since August 9. The party did *not* include Diana, Winston Churchill's eldest child, or any other women; instead, Diana was in America with her father and mother early in 1932. Both sons (first cousins to each other) mentioned

the San Simeon visit in their memoirs, published in the 1960s, Winston's son in *Twenty-One Years*, John's son in *A Churchill Canvas*. The latter book, the first of them to appear (1961), offered these details:

After four days [at San Simeon] we climbed into another large fleet of cars and were taken to Los Angeles. Hearst and my uncle [Winston Churchill] occupied the leading car, my father and some dignitary sat in the second one, and Randolph [Winston's son] and I were in the third [one]. . . .

In Los Angeles our hostess became Marion Davies. We were given bedrooms in a plush hotel but for entertainment were taken to her villa at Santa Monica. As exotic as one would expect a villa in Hollywood to be, it had black marble bathrooms. A huge swimming pool separated the house from the beach.

Hearst said to Randolph and to me: "Draw up a list of all the film stars you would like to meet and I'll get them to come along for a banquet." . . .

Hearst was as good as his word. The first night on which he was our host and Marion Davies our hostess, we entered the villa [the Beach House] to find an enormous line-up of stars. Except for Greta Garbo, whose disinclination for company is well known, the cream of Hollywood was there. All four of us walked down the line shaking hands. We felt rather privileged, because usually meeting a film star is a matter of being presented; on this occasion the stars were presented to us.

The evening went well. Charlie Chaplin and Marion Davies danced a *pas de deux*, the interesting thing being that Charlie's feet were so small he was actually able to step into Marion's shoes. Hearst, plump, rotund and hospitable, was in very good form. He contributed to the entertainment with a solo act in which he let his legs go wobbly and lurched his enormous frame across the room to the rhythm of the band. It was so funny that it has been part of my own parlor trick repertoire even since.

John's cousin Randolph—Winston's son—gave his version four years later, in 1965; he did so through a diary entry headed "Wednesday, September 18 [1929]":

At 12:30 we attended a lunch given at Hollywood [Culver City] in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, by Mr. [Louis B.] Mayer and Hearst. He has a very large financial interest in this company. There were about 200 people at the lunch—mostly film stars and producers. . . . I thought Marion Davies was the most attractive. . . .

Then general speeches were made. Hearst very good and helpful, and much more [politically] friendly to England than expected.

The Churchill party backtracked from the Los Angeles area to Santa Barbara, hence the heading for the entry by Randolph dated Thursday, September 19:

Hearst has certainly been greatly won over by Papa. Not only did he make his very helpful speech yesterday, but today it is all featured in the *Los Angeles Examiner*. This morning he rang up to know how soon we were returning to Los Angeles, and seemed delighted when we said we would come to lunch tomorrow. One thing particularly amused me in his speech. He said that Papa had been anxious that there should not be too much speaking, "like the man who did not take his wife abroad as he was going for pleasure." Considering that he had just left Mrs. Hearst [at San Simeon] and was in Los Angeles with his mistress—Marion Davies—it seemed to me rather good value!

Randolph Churchill's next entry is headed "Hollywood, Saturday September 21":

Yesterday we motored into Hollywood from Santa Barbara and lunched at the Montmartre Restaurant [on Hollywood Boulevard]—the luncheon haunt of the cinema world. Hearst, Marion Davies, P. G. Wodehouse & daughter, Ogden Stuart (the American P. G.), Virginia Vallia [Valli] and four or five others were there

After lunch we visited various studios and then went out to Marion's house to bathe. It is about 17 miles from [downtown] Los Angeles. It is a magnificent place looking on the sea, with a wonderful marble

swimming bath of great length and very well heated—all provided by William Randolph. Marion had collected a dinner party of 60 for us. . . .

After dinner we danced and then Marion stimulated Charlie [Chaplin] into doing some impersonations. She did Sarah Bernhardt & Lillian Gish, and then he did Napoleon, Uriah Heep, Henry Irving, John Barrymore as Hamlet and many others. He is absolutely superb and enchanted everyone.

Apart from chatter by Louella Parsons in her gossip columns for the Hearst and other newspapers, these observations by the Churchills, had they been published in 1929, would have ranked among the earliest ones about the Beach House, perhaps the very earliest of any real substance. The date would have been noticeably early regarding San Simeon for that matter.

WE'D BE REMISS TO SKIP past October 1929 without noting anything about the Great Crash on Wall Street that month. Hearst's wealth was not stock-market wealth—at least not on the surface, not in the obvious jump-out-the-window way come Black Tuesday on October 29. A letter to him on November 6 from Arthur Brisbane, typewritten by Brisbane barely a week after the debacle, began on a hopeful note, followed by guarded counsel:

The present situation in Wall Street may be more than a mere stock gamblers panic.

After a big war [1914-1918] there comes a boom. And after the boom there comes trouble. You know what happened after the Civil War. There was a big boom and then one of our worst panics, in 1872 [the Panic of 1873, when Hearst was ten and Brisbane nine].

It may be that this is only a stock gamblers panic. Business looks very prosperous. I hope it is so.

But I think it is a very good time for those that have important affairs on their hands, to pull in sail and prepare for a storm. Unfortunately the position of the market makes it impossible, probably,

to do any kind of financing, therefore the idea in that direction for our [news]papers will have to be abandoned now. The thing to do is to get some cash ahead, and especially try to accumulate it, and be ready for trouble if it comes. And also to be ready for the very great bargains that may present themselves.

Fortunately for me, I have no Wall Street worries, as I don't speculate. I own only two stocks, Hudson & Manhattan, which is better than it ever was, paying 7 per cent on the present market price, with its dividend of \$3.50 [per share] a year. I hope my friends that bought it will keep it. They have a good return on their money now, and a stock which represents a monopoly of transportation between New York, Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, and three great railroads. It is at 50 [dollars per share] today.

The stock is worth \$100 today. It pays a good interest rate on what any of my friends paid for it. I am the biggest stockholder in the company as the records show, haven't sold a share and hope that my friends won't sell any. In fact, I bought another 1,000 shares the other day when there came a violent drop, caused by our friend Bill Fox [William Fox of Fox Films] throwing away 15,000 shares "at the market"; it went to 38 and then back to 53. I picked up a thousand shares of it on the way.

Watson and Cobbie [Victor Watson and Edmond D. Coblentz of the Hearst newspapers] both tell me that our friend Bill had his troubles quite serious for awhile. His own stock, Fox Films, dropped off almost a half, and it looks as though it was in the hands of professional moving picture people to a considerable extent. They even said that the banks had taken him over. Of course they could not throw him out as they could not get anybody else to run his companies as he can run them.

Courtland [Smith, managing editor of Fox Films] who sat up with him all night on the day of the big break [the Crash], says that he is perfectly all right now, although he has some moments of worry.

If the break continues there will be some wonderful bargains. Then of course everybody will be afraid to buy and the average individual will have no money.

I am negotiating a mortgage for a million dollars on that 57th Street property [in Manhattan] in front of your apartment house on East 56th

Street which you thought at one time you wanted to buy. I want to have some money on hand in case the bargains should be good.

I began this letter (excuse its prolixity) to suggest that you tell your managers to KEEP as much as possible of the money that comes in. “We” may need it.

Bill Fox was the same man, of course—the same film and newsreel mogul William Fox—that Hayes Perkins mentioned on June 29, 1928. Now in November 1929, two days before Brisbane’s letter of the sixth, Perkins had this to relate:

Hearst is at his Wyntoon estate somewhere in northern California. I have never been there, so can’t say anything about the place. At least it should be cool in the mountains, which it isn’t here.

It’s true that Hearst used Wyntoon in 1929. Hedda Hopper, whose memory for such dates and events was much sharper than average, recalled the occasion a decade later, a trip that she said did much to restore her shattered nerves at the time. But how close Perkins came to the actual mark is obviously a toss-up at best. Nonetheless, he has no peer for late 1929, no other diarist or memoirist to go him one better—besides the momentary Arthur Brisbane. Under December 9, Perkins produced these lines:

Hearst is back [at San Simeon] from northern California. Many stars of various magnitudes are with him. I see Joan Crawford and her current husband, young Doug Fairbanks [Jr.]. His [last] name is Ullman [Ulman], but a movie star never uses his or her real name. I’ve forgotten what Joan’s is [Lucille LeSueur]. Marion is here, no need to mention that. When Hearst comes she rides in with him [arrives on the hill by the same car]. Clara Bow, Louise Fazenda and many others. Louise looks bad off the screen and worse on it. Joan [Crawford] is not so bad—for an actress. Her eyes seem ready to pop from her head, otherwise she is fair [looking]. Young Doug has a badly puffed head [inflated ego], hates himself like poison.

. . . This bunch of stars must vacate before Christmas, Mrs. Hearst is coming then for a family reunion. Even Marion will have to go. This is

what Uncle Willie (we call Hearst this behind his back) gets for having a plurality of wives.

On that note, except for citing that Thad Joy and Julia Morgan checked on the New Santa Monica work in November and that Morgan alone checked on the 321 Ocean Front job in December, the year 1929 can be bid adieu, with one surprising exception. Morgan wrote to Hearst at San Simeon on December 30 as follows:

Tonight I am leaving for New York—the first trip there since we began on San Simeon [in 1919]. Mr. [Thad] Joy is much better and is at your service, and Mr. [Warren] McClure will arrive for good the middle of January [for on-site drafting at San Simeon]. All three of the young men [Joy, McClure, and Lloyd] who worked at #321 [Ocean Front] have had the same long hard illness. Mr. [F. E.] Lloyd is still in bed. The illness turns out to have been para-typhoid and the Lloyd doctor who was the only thorough one, apparently, thinks the infection possibly was contracted through impure sea water as all of them bathed on the beach. Of course they also drank the Santa Monica faucet water.

That and other news aside, Morgan told Hearst she was anticipating her vacation (a working one of course) “like an infant just out of school.” What neither of them could anticipate, however, is that Thad Joy would never fully recover from the para-typhoid condition, which for him would hang like a curse from the Beach House from then on, effectively ending a promising career.

ALICE HEAD of Hearst’s National Magazine Company, London, was back on the coast at the outset of 1930, her second visit to San Simeon:

This was my first experience of California in mid-winter. It was quite as warm as a normal June day at home and on New Year’s day I bathed in the outdoor bathing pool at the Ranch for more than an hour. . . .

On January 7th we left the Ranch and the next few days were occupied with seeing life in Hollywood. I was taken to a party at Dolores del Rio’s, where I met Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Ramon de

Navarro, and Madame Argentina. There were parties, too, at Marion's beautiful house at Santa Monica, parties where Charlie Chaplin, who seemed always to be in his best form, entertained us excitingly with his sketches and impersonations.

Thus went her first mention of the Santa Monica place. The fall of 1926 (her previous trip) had apparently been a bit too soon for that.

Those "next few days" in the Los Angeles area in 1930 found Hearst writing to Morgan in San Francisco. "I am not going to do much building on the ranch this year and not going to do what we expected to do at Wyntoon." Nothing was said about the Beach House. In turn, neither of them could possibly know that, before the month was out, the core of Wyntoon—Phoebe Apperson Hearst's original castle that Bernard Maybeck had designed about 1900 on the McCloud River, thirty years earlier—would burn to the ground.

Not to be outdone by Miss Head, or by Mr. Hearst, Hayes Perkins had plenty to say about the latter on January 4, 1930:

The great castle on the hilltop is his prize display. I have heard various statements as to the cost of construction here. All material, the steel, the cement, everything comes from San Francisco on a steamer, is then trucked up the long five-mile hill, 1,600 feet above the sea. . . .

His most prized possession is Marion Davies. He hand picked her out of the [Ziegfeld] Follies in New York in 1916. She was a pretty blonde then, and if she has ever dyed her hair it has not been while I have been around Hearst's [place]. She gave herself to him for the publicity he could give her, and sometimes she seems to rue [regret] her bargain. But more of that anon [later]. At least he has paid her well for her favors, for she is reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, and she gold dug him for most of this. Because of the publicity he has given her she has done well in the picture game. She works very hard at her chosen profession, is courteous to all about her, even the humblest. She drinks to excess. She makes up the personnel of the house parties from Hollywood, but international statesmen and other celebrities Hearst

assembles as he will. She seems shallow, superficial, insipid, when you meet her.

It has been said Hearst has two children by Marion, but I don't believe it. His butler, his housekeeper, her maids, Hearst's valet, none of them have any inkling of such children, and if anyone would we who are near them ought to know. Hearst is very jealous of Marion. But he does not extend her the same degree of virtue he expects of her. . . .

Have I mentioned this girl [besides Marion] previous to this? If not, it is as well. Recently, or rather until recently and ever since my arrival here a most enchanting vision of feminine loveliness has always accompanied every party on the hill. She has never been an actress, but got in on her looks. In all the world I have seen no lovelier woman, and she is aware of her beauty. Not so long ago eleven cars came up the hill on one of these parties. She was in the first car, this I know, for I guard the top gate [in the main zoo "pastures" area] to keep back tame birds and animals from running out with the cars. Hearst came in the tenth car, he is always near the rear. Later I saw her on the tennis courts. Clad in shorts and a brassiere, her superb figure showed to its best advantage. Her lustrous black hair hung in masses over her white shoulders and her limbs were as shapely as the marble statues in the gardens. She had everything. This girl shared Hearst's apartment for the night as she always has.

But something has gone wrong, for five doctors and two nurses were summoned hastily in the night, and one doctor and the nurses remained for a week after four doctors had gone. Then she too [the girl] left as unobtrusively as possible, and she has been back no more. The chit-chat about the castle says Hearst has injured her as Fat[ty] Arbuckle did Virginia Rappe [in San Francisco in 1921].

In calling the ill-fated Roscoe Arbuckle "Fat Arbuckle," Perkins was either the world's worst typist or, more likely, the most tasteless of frauds, as we already know. Marion's account in *The Times We Had* of how Hearst was "very, very austere" in all such matters could just as readily be cited here, by way of convincingly refuting Perkins. In any case, all melodramatics aside, Perkins said on January 15 of his efforts

on the 4th that they were “rather long” but that he’d “had to check up on Hearst.” The wayward, often pathetic and even paranoid scribe also said, “As he is the sole cause for us being here, he is our chief interest.”

With regard to the 415 and 321 jobs at Santa Monica, 321 was finished about this time, early in 1930. The 415 effort—New Santa Monica, the larger of the two—continued apace into the fall of 1930. A salient detail amid its ledger entries is that starting in August 1929, a certain “Guest House” gained identity. (Apart from the ledgers per se, such a building had already been mentioned to Hearst by Thad Joy on July 19 that year.) Several ledger notations for September 1929 also indicated a Guest House; but then there’s nothing further about it. Exactly where on the Beach House property it was is unclear, although Joy’s message in July spoke of the “sea wall” the new building would require. But evidently the Guest House fell within the realm of 415, not in that of the humbler 321. Marion recalled in 1951/1975 that there had been “my house [415] and then another guest house and then a lawn of about sixty feet, on the right [the north side].” She described “the left-hand side”—the south side—as having “two extra houses and the staff house.”

Back to Perkins to guide us, however oddly, imperfectly, even crazily at times through still more weeks or more of 1930, there being so little else to rely on. This quasi-historical passage appears under February 28:

Hearst is with us again. For once he failed to bring Marion, and this we can understand. With him are Calvin Coolidge and wife [Grace], Governor [James] Rolph of this state and many other notables. Coolidge is not much to look at from a distance, but on approaching him one realizes here is a man. Quiet, observant, always smoking, he sees everything. His wife is one of the most gracious women I have ever seen, and Hearst could never flaunt a mistress in the face of this woman, one who has been first lady of the land.

Sunny Jim Rolph was still mayor of San Francisco at this juncture; he wasn't elected Governor until November 1930. The vacationing Coolidges reached San Simeon on February 25 and didn't leave until the morning of March 3. Marion Davies, not Millicent Hearst, was on hand for the Coolidges' week-long visit; the Perkins account stands alone in omitting Marion. Perkins kept plugging just the same. This next passage appeared under March 6, 1930:

The Coolidges, a prince of some country or other in Europe, the politicians are all gone, and Hearst accompanied them to Los Angeles. He has returned [to San Simeon] with his harem, and everything is normal again. It is ridiculous to see this man posing as the champion of law and order and of human rights when he runs in booze by the carload. Two cars came in yesterday, but it no longer causes comment among the crew. We take it as the regular thing. I wonder where he gets it?

And then this passage by Perkins for a date not quite three weeks hence, March 23:

Hearst is commuting back and forth to and from Hollywood with astonishing regularity these days. For companions he has the movie stars and their hangers-on, the cake eaters, parlor poodles and lounge lizards who hang on the fringe of society, crime or anything that offers a living. There are gigolos and male prostitutes, which is more like it. One had to see for himself to realize just what they are like. This time there were thirty-five in the party. All drunken, like the row [the noisy people] in the old-time mining camps when I was a kid.

In his entry for April 10, Perkins contradicted what Hearst had told Morgan on January 9. Sure enough, her operating expenses for 1930 kept San Simeon far in the lead over all her other jobs. And thus chalk one up for Perkins this time:

Fortunately Hearst has not reduced his crew for this year. Instead he has put on many men recently, beginning operations as if he never felt the depression crushing most business men these days. That is the fine

thing about Hearst. One can condone his faults when he has so much good in him. I can't expect him to be good like me, anyhow. The old man is beginning to show the result of his debauchery. His face is all blotchy this spring, and he has a pasty, unhealthy look in his complexion that denotes fast living.

Thad Joy had recovered enough, albeit solely in the short term, to put in a full week in mid-April at the Beach House. Julia Morgan was there for a single day later in the month. Joy was there by himself once in May but then never again in 1930. Morgan did the once-a-month honors in June, July, August, and September as part of closing out New Santa Monica, its "Total Cost to Date" in her ledger standing at nearly \$8,200 (equal to \$102,000 today) in drafting-room hours, travel, and other operating costs. This time, Hearst would not be paying these in full until 1933, the same ledger reveals.

Hayes Perkins rode (or rides) again, ostensibly on May 11, 1930, at San Simeon:

The Baron has been here two weeks now. April 29th he celebrated his 67th birthday. A big crowd, chiefly Hollywood, were here to help him, but there were some notables from the outside. It was just a big bust [drinking spree], with oceans of illicit liquor and a great display of nudity. Marion gave we employees a special running of her latest picture, "The Floradora Girl" in the new theatre [in Casa Grande, the main Castle building]. As far as the theatre is concerned, it is easily the finest I have ever seen. One sinks in the soft carpet a half inch, the soft Morris chairs seem to enfold one in their arms. Silk tapestries said to cost \$45 per yard adorn the walls, and the ceiling has been done by specially imported artists who worked here for weeks decorating it. For months an army of artisans have been here adorning this ornate hall, and it is the last word in luxury and beauty.

It is a marvel that Hearst allows us to share the pictures with him. He is generous to a fault, but the men don't appreciate it enough to behave when they come in. Just a gang of human hogs. Chewing gum and sticking it under chairs, smoking, though this is forbidden, cat-

calling and talking, it will be but a little while until we who try to act decently will be barred with them.

In this picture [*The Floradora Girl*] Marion posed as the innocent country girl who scorned to act as mistress to a wealthy man. I was sitting just behind she and Hearst, and he was petting her while this part was displayed. She was half shot at that, and playfully slapped him as he roughly drew her to him. More from derision than any other reason we cheered her to the echo. Her face flushed with pleasure, she believed we meant it. I clapped my hands until they were sore, she deserved it after brazening it out in front of a picture like that. Afterward we had a wonderful picture of the Russian Revolution, done in color. Marion and Jean Harlow were on a toot, both of them half seas over, almost maudlin.

Hearst is generous to a fault, even if he is a libertine. I suppose I should tone down my statements in this journal, but what else could I write? I remember [Frederic] Girnau who so recently got eight years at Los Angeles for saying less than this, and I might get more. You see, I can't prove it.

The screening preceded the public release of *Floradora* by nearly three weeks; Perkins deserves points for veracity on that score. But less so does he for describing the décor of the new theater at San Simeon. Giant caryatids and their surmounting corbels, not the ceiling itself, were the features most emphasized. Theodore Van der Loo and other regulars of Julia Morgan's (mainly men from the San Francisco Bay Area) were the "imported artists"—yet their plaster-of Paris castings that prompted Perkins's portrayal weren't finished until much later in 1930. Regardless, such workmanship as this is quite likely what stood behind much that comprised the Beach House interiors. But with regard to the scalawag Frederic Girnau, who defamed Clara Bow in Los Angeles, Perkins was still a year too early, not to mention lamely and foolishly kind toward the criminal that Girnau was.

The Floradora Girl was mainly what inspired Ilka Chase's words about the Beach House, published in her memoir *Past Imperfect* in

1942 (a book later deplored by Marion), from which vantage point Miss Chase was looking back in this instance to 1930:

There was a beach sequence in *The Floradora Girl*, most of which was done in the studio, but one afternoon we went to the shores of the Pacific for the reverse shots. The scenes were done in front of Marion's house, and the close-ups were taken in the pool, for that is one of the peculiarities of the cinematic rich: they build their houses twenty feet from the high-tide mark of the Pacific Ocean, and between the house and the ocean they put a swimming pool.

Marion was the perfect hostess, with buffet tables heaped with food and drinks set out when the sun had gone, and she showed a handful of us who were interested through the house. The cellars were particularly entrancing, as shining and well kept as those ads for oil burners, where you see a happy American family playing ping-pong and serving toasted-cheese sandwiches in what was, till the advent of the oil furnace, just a grimy old basement. The Hearst-Davies mansion has a system of oil burners and waterpipes to knock your eye out, and even Marion, to whom they must have been an old story, looked at them in awe and murmured, "T-t-t-t-terrific, isn't it?" She has an engaging way of blinking when she stutters, and though you think sternly of lilies of the field and the worthy poor, it is hard not to feel a warm affection, pried with only the gentlest laughter. She also has a huge bedroom facing the ocean, with a bathroom at either end. . . .

While we were working on the picture I dined once or twice at the Santa Monica beach house. It abounds in portraits of Marion in all her roles, and there are also portraits by the Messrs. Holbein and Rembrandt, but no one looks at them much, being more engrossed in pictures by Metro [MGM], Paramount, and RKO, which invariably run after dinner. Mr. Hearst watches them too, surrounded by movie actresses and pansy decorators, but he has been known to commit acts of *lese majeste* [imperiousness] and leave in the middle of the second reel. Once, when in search of surcease myself, I stumbled over him in the pantry, drinking a glass of milk and reading the next morning's *Herald-Examiner*. It may not sound like much of an improvement [over the movie], but at least the *Examiner* was his own baby.

If the paper was truly the next morning's *Los Angeles Examiner*, Hearst would have been looking at the bulldog, as the earliest edition was called. His evening paper in Los Angeles in 1930 was simply the *Herald*, as it had been for years; it didn't become the *Herald-Express* until 1931. The *Herald-Examiner* was a name coined well after Hearst's death, occasioned by the merger of the *Examiner* and the *Herald-Express* in 1962. Ilka Chase can be forgiven her error; but whether she actually meant that Hearst was looking at his evening *Herald* at that moment in 1930 is impossible to say.

IN THE WAKE OF Thad Joy's recent week in Santa Monica, and before he was there for the last time in late May, Hearst wrote to him from San Simeon on May 19, 1930:

I do not think we should wait any longer to have the marble steps put in the pool at the ranch.

There is no necessity for having a new design.

The marble steps at Miss Davies' pool are entirely satisfactory. I would like to have four of these put in our pool up here, and all you have to do is to order duplicates made by the same people who made the steps at Miss Davies' pool.

The pool Hearst meant in his paramour's case was the one at 1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills, or the one at 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica. Joy knew both settings well (and unlike us would have known exactly which of them Hearst meant).

Hearst's innate sense of chivalry, his insistence on treating Marion in the queenliest way, not to mention in the most paternal or at times smothering way, is typified by the message sent the next day in 1930—Tuesday, May 20—to H. O. Hunter in Los Angeles. Bill Hunter, as he was better known, was the secretary to George Young, publisher of Hearst's powerful morning paper in the Southland, the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Hunter was also Willicombe's second-in-command as

needed, the backup man for moments when the “Colonel” got time off or otherwise needed Hunter to assume his duties for the greater good of the Chief. Here’s what Hunter received from one of Colonel Willicombe’s clerical helpers on May 20, a Tuesday:

Will you kindly have the following guests invited for Miss Davies; (to be telephoned).

“Miss Marion Davies is entertaining with a formal dinner party, Thursday evening, May 22, at 7:30, at her beach home, for the Baron de Rothschild. She would like very much to have you as her guest. Also, she would like to have you as her guest at the ranch this week-end.”

According to chicken-scratch notations made on a copy of the list, these people accepted: Diane Ellis, Eddie Kane, Eileen Percy, Gene Markey, Lenore Bushman (daughter of Francis X. Bushman), Flo Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, Cedric Gibbons, Julianne Johnson, Virginia Valli, Colleen Moore, Marilyn Miller, Betty Bronson, Richard and Jessica Barthelmess, Josephine Dunn, Charles Farrell, and John Gilbert and his wife (currently Ina Claire).

Others had “issues,” as we might say today. They included Charlie Chaplin (“he will call back”); Dorothy Mackaill (“call at 12”); Sam and Frances Goldwyn (“sorry, previous engagement”); Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks (“working on picture can’t make it”); the Harold Lloyds (“ill”); Billie Dove and Howard Hughes (“will call tomorrow”); Irving Berlin (“no ans[wer] Beverly Wilshire [Hotel]”); Ethel Davies (“will call tomorrow”); and so on. A major Hollywood event in the offing, by any standard.

One screen idol of the period left more exact details for us, courtesy of her secretary:

Miss Gloria Swanson has accepted dinner invitation for Thursday night [at the Beach House] and said she would very much like to bring along Miss Virginia Bowker who is her house guest. Please advise.

The reply from Willicombe's office came promptly the next day, Wednesday the 21st: "OK for Miss Swanson to bring along Miss Virginia Bowker." Another message from on high said, "OK for Dolores del Rio to bring an escort to party. Please ask name of escort."

On that same Wednesday—May 21, 1930—the Willicombe staff asked that Bill Hunter "kindly invite to the party Thursday night the following." This last-minute, supplementary list was aimed at Edgar and Ruth Selwyn, Bill Emerick, Edmund Goulding, Charlie Lederer, Matt Moore, Billy Haines and Jimmy Shields, and Adolphe Menjou.

"Will you kindly send me the names of acceptances to the dinner party, also names of acceptances to ranch this week-end?" So asked the same underling of Willicombe's in as formal, as organized, as lengthy an approach to such matters as researchers are apt to see in their archival wanderings. But the Beach House was a big place. So was San Simeon; and the party the next day in Santa Monica, followed by the "week end" (the preferred two-word form then) were slated to be big events, both of them. With friends like these, who would ever need Hayes Perkins again?

The sobering truth is . . . *all of us do for now*. For there's still precious little to rely on in getting a year like 1930 in better focus and perspective. Besides, Hearst and his entourage would soon be heading to Europe again, having been there in the summer of 1928 but not in 1929.

First, though, more word from on high—from all the way at the top, as in Hearst to Morgan on June 2, 1930:

Please hold up everything at the Beach House until the pool [and] the part of pavement that is sinking and the marble front are all fixed. This should all be done while I am East [in New York and then in Europe] and later we can take up the pantry and the hothouse and other things.

Never mind that Carpenter Bros. had long been out of the picture: Santa Monica, with its chronically poor foundations and the black stain it had put on Thad Joy, could be a problem child. It would remain one in many ways. Morgan would soon be telling Hearst, by cable to Europe (he and the party had sailed in late June), that the Beach House's problem was one of "dry rot" behind the marble he'd mentioned on June 2. She would therefore be using concrete to rectify things, as should have been done by Carpenter Bros. or even by George Loorz or H. H. Benedict or Frank Hellenthal. What a nightmarish mess—the Murphy's Law of Hearst's palace-building efforts.

DURING HEARST'S TRIP ABROAD in 1930, smack dab in the middle of summer, Hayes Perkins had yet another crisis to relate, this entry on August 1:

A great brush fire this week, burning over some 2,000 acres before it was finally headed [extinguished]. Hearst was gone, but his missus [Millicent Hearst] was here, and Bill, his [second] son. The twins too [David and Randy, now fourteen], and they all turned out and helped like men. . . .

Fortune favored us in that The Cuckoo [Carey Baldwin, the head zookeeper], was in San Diego. He is cultivating Mrs. [Belle] Benchley, curator of the zoo at that place [the San Diego Zoo in Balboa Park]. . . .

Had Baldwin been here he would have run hog wild. [Warren] McClure, the architect, had come down in the pastures with me, and we figured it out, to backfire if possible.

Mac McClure, a mostly self-taught draftsman, on par with Bill Flannery and about the same age (b. 1897 to Flannery's and George Loorz's 1898), gets "architect" billing at times in the Hearst annals. Evidently it was well deserved. As Loorz once said, no one else understood Hearst's ideas and passions and architectural ideas better than Mac did, perhaps not even Julia Morgan. Mac McClure, though,

had none of her formal training, none of her worldly background, certainly none of her no-nonsense business skills.

Morgan had better news for Hearst on August 16, a letter she sent to New York, whence it would go forward to him in Europe:

Your cabled instruction as to replacing wood basement stud walls [at the Beach House] where opened up, with concrete instead of wood, has been followed, and yesterday the last concrete was poured—giving you a concrete wall under the columns nearby along the whole [ocean and swimming pool] frontage, including those carrying the third story sun room. The marble is being replaced, and the premises should be in good shape by the end of the month.

The dust from the dirt road in front has been excessively bad this summer. I have been wondering if the dirt spaces could not be oiled. It would be so much less in cost than continual repaintings. . . .

The castle model [for Wyntoon, where fire had struck in January] is very pretty—like a little dream.

No responses from Hearst exist on any of these points. In fact, the Julia Morgan Collection at Cal Poly, the source of this mid-August letter, contains nothing further on Santa Monica or the Beach House in 1930.

Hayes Perkins was at his Underwood again on September 5, 1930. We can do better than that, though, can get more primary with our sources. The Morgan office in San Francisco started a new job ledger in late September. The subject? Hearst's Los Angeles Examiner Building, completed in 1915, worked on further by Morgan in the early twenties, and now ready for more work: the usual Hearst pattern of giving at least intermittent attention to his more important properties, if not even greater attention. Hearst was still abroad in late September. In fact, his recent ostracism by France was still in the news. The expulsion marked the beginning of the ultra-controversial side of his life; up till then he'd more often been a barnyard variety of jet-setter bad boy, except when Perkins was doing the talking.

The new ledger for the Examiner Building contains a first entry of the usual kind: “Travel Miss Morgan,” with “\$60” marked alongside, an enticing amount during the financial downturn that, by late 1930, was becoming the full-blown Depression we’ve long heard about, the one that reached its nadir between 1931 and Herbert Hoover’s dreary exit from the White House in 1933. Perkins himself, lucky to have employment of whatever strange, unprecedented kind, would soon be saying in 1930:

Business very bad. Men walking the roads everywhere, manufacturing plants closing down, it looks like a hard winter.

THE NEW JOB for Morgan on the Examiner Building in Los Angeles would run through the fall and right into the winter, comprising by December about \$300 in drafting and travel expenses. The job would continue well into 1931.

And thus back to Herodotus Hayes for October 24, 1930:

Hearst is back again. He does not look well. He is railing on Hoover, who has deeply insulted him. As Hearst backed Hoover for president, he feels the latter should in some way pay for that support. Rumor saith Hoover and wife have been invited here to meet Princess Marion. Louis B. Mayer carried the invitation to the White House, and Hoover almost chased Mayer out of the place. As Marion means more to Hearst than all else he has, he is much peeved, and threatens dire vengeance. So great is his fascination for this woman he has built a theatre in Los Angeles and another in San Francisco, naming both of them the “Marion Davies.” In every way he has publicized her, and tries to force his liason [*sic*] on the public as [something] decent and honorable in the sight of all men. Nothing Hoover does is right now, just as with Baldwin toward me.

Following Hearst’s expulsion from France, he’d announced in Oakland on October 17, “I am going to board a train and go down to my

ranch and find my little hideaway on my little hilltop at San Simeon.” It was through words like these that Imperial Hearst began losing stature in the public’s eye. The sentiments against him would become more heated and hateful—gradually, unstoppably—from here on. And to think that as recently as May 1930, when the first public issue of stock in behalf of Hearst Consolidated Publications hit the open market, “Hearst” was still an admired name, even a revered name—a wildly far cry from its derision in 1941 through the parody that Orson Welles delivered with such devastating effect in *Citizen Kane*.

As to the spurned Louis B. Mayer, he’d visited the White House twice in 1929, not as the stooge portrayed by Perfidious Perkins, as Hearst might have called the madcap diarist, but as an honored guest (Mayer was supposedly offered the ambassadorship to Turkey before Hoover’s inauguration). Mayer would soon make a third visit to the White House, early in 1931.

But as to the Marion Davies theaters in Los Angeles and San Francisco—they’re just another Perkinism. No such theater existed in either city; moreover, Hearst had no theater so-named in *any* city. His only property of that kind was the Cosmopolitan Theater on Columbus Circle in New York, designed by Joseph Urban, the same art director who lent his sensual touch to the Cosmopolitan Bungalow at MGM in Culver City.

Perkins kept going, hapless one minute, fairly attuned the next. He had this to say on November 28, 1930, the day after Thanksgiving:

Still on the hill, but will be gone in a day or two. . . .

. . . In Los Angeles we [Perkins alone] will have a look-see at what there is, for one may find something despite the crisis in the business world. I’m not particular what it is so long as it brings in a little.

He followed up on this new theme, this temporary new direction on December 7, 1930—a date mistakenly rendered in the five volumes

of the Perkins diaries as December 7, 1961. The all-time Freudian slip!
For what its retrospective stature is worth, the entry goes like this:

Left the hill on November 30, came into San Luis Obispo and stayed the night, then came on to Los Angeles.

Perkins, or whoever did his typing for him years afterward, got back on properly clever and convincing track in time for the entry of December 17, 1930:

I have been down to Redlands and vicinity [east of Los Angeles] to see Dave and Lewis Perkins my cousins. . . .

With Dave I hiked round the snowy hills at the foot of San Gorgonio, southern California's highest mountain.

And then this on December 24, with no hint of its having been altered or written anew, thirty years later:

Just another Christmas Eve. They come and go, and mean nothing to me now.

Perkins followed a week later, on the 31st, with his final entry for 1930:

New Year's Eve, and the streets [of Los Angeles] are filled with people acting foolishly. I'm supposed to get a thrill out of all this noise and folly, but I don't. Letters have reached me by the dozen, but all these will have to go [without answering], now that I am adrift. I am lonely and alone in this big town.

He didn't walk or hitchhike or take the trolley the fifteen miles or so out to Santa Monica to see if anyone there might give him shelter for the night, or perhaps for even longer, pious San Simeonite that he was.

He seemed not to know about the Beach House at all.

4

Home Sweet Home

1931

NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE seems an uncharismatic date. What could possibly distinguish it or make it worth singling out? We needn't recall what this country was like then, with the Depression becoming a grim reality as Herbert Hoover began the second half of his one-term Presidency. Suffice it to say that 1931 was a forgettable year by most standards.

Yet it's not by such standards that an instance of architectural make-believe like the building of the Beach House needs be measured. The project would soon enter its sixth year. The equivalent for San Simeon is 1925, a few years after work got started there in the winter of 1919–20, a moment close on the heels of the Great War of 1914 to 1918. Compared with Hearst's other fantasies, San Simeon is thoroughly known; after all, the place went public in 1958, two years after the Beach House was razed. It's been under the microscope ever since, especially since the late 1970s and the first vital transfusions of Morgan-Forney data, followed in 1980 by the arrival at nearby Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, of the Julia Morgan Collection. San Simeon provides a yardstick against which Santa Monica's progress can be gauged. Mansion building took time, at least as Hearst (and increasingly Marion) pursued it, not only in a remote spot midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco but also in a more accessible one like Santa Monica.

Hearst would be a spry sixty-eight come April 1931; had he looked into a crystal ball, he'd have known that he had twenty more years yet

to live. Marion, ever the babe in the woods, had turned thirty-four on January 3 to Julia Morgan's fifty-nine on January 20. William Flannery, no longer on board, was still a youthful thirty-two at this juncture, wherever it found him—presumably in the Los Angeles area. For our purposes as we look back, 1931 stands out for the Beach House with special salience. By then enough groundwork had been done, enough preparation stood behind the place that it could start to function in its intended way as both showplace and periodic residence. But it's impossible to know whether the main building was literally to be "Marion's house," as many have long contended and as some always will, or whether Hearst and Marion had different plans at that point. The best we can do is to keep following the evidence, keep seeing where it takes us. The Morgan-Forney job ledgers, the rants and revelations of Hayes Perkins, the correspondence between Hearst and Morgan, the memoir of Alice Head in 1939—these and still other sources, some familiar, some entirely new, will have a bearing on our progress.

A standout among the new sources will be the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection, privately owned by William R. Hearst III, a grandson of William Randolph Hearst. Its interleaving in this chapter will add unique texture and shading

With regard to Morgan's efforts, her ledger in question was usually marked "Closed" once a job ran its course. So it was with New Santa Monica at the end of 1930. This left nothing more than \$253 to be allotted to Beach House work by the Morgan office in 1931, a pittance compared with each of the past five years. It goes to show how far the project had advanced. The only thing in need of design, travel, and related costs on San Francisco's part in 1931 was the "Marion Davies Greenhouse," done in Santa Monica entirely between April and June. The very idea of a greenhouse, of course, bespeaks the later stages in most building projects more than their beginnings.

This isn't to say, though, that Morgan et al. had retreated to San Simeon and San Francisco. A month before the greenhouse project began in April, the Marion Davies Children's Clinic got under way in Sawtelle, West Los Angeles, a job slated to run throughout the current year and on to the end of 1932. Hearst's Examiner Building in downtown Los Angeles also got its share of Morgan's continued attention, mostly in the first half of 1931. Overall, San Simeon remained the lord of all creation for Morgan, while her office's input on Principia College in St. Louis, Missouri (jointly pursued with Bernard Maybeck), ran a fairly close second. There was also Wyntoon in 1931. And let us never forget, since it would soon have a major bearing on Wyntoon, the monastery mentioned in the Introduction that during these very weeks in 1931 was being dismantled in Spain for shipment to California—with Wyntoon as the improbable setting that only a dreamer like William Randolph Hearst could foresee.

In the preceding matters, except for Principia College in Missouri, Hearst and Morgan were as intertwined as any client and architect could be. Plus there was Marion to consider in this grand pageant, mainly regarding the new Children's Clinic—to portray things at their simplest and safest. Hearst without Morgan, Morgan without Hearst, the two of them without Marion. Can it even be imagined? Not very readily; not now in view of the data that's newly at hand. Morgan's career would have been vastly different without Hearst's presence, his influence, his wealth, the last of which conferred prosperity on her beyond question, though she always had to work hard to earn it and to maintain it, the same as Hearst's editors and publishers had to.

Even if the Beach House was initially regarded as Marion's place—it may have been, only to be viewed differently by her and Hearst once the thirties decade was further along—he approached the project paternally, controllingly, much as he approached filmmaking, whether it was a Marion Davies picture or one featuring other

Cosmopolitan stars. But especially one of her movies. Such was his indelible way.

He acted similarly toward his sons. Through Morgan, as of 1929, he saw to the remodeling of a house in the upscale Hillsborough-Burlingame district, south of San Francisco near San Mateo, to be used by his oldest son, George (b. 1904), a man still married then to his first of several wives. The house became steeped in the Colonial Revival with overtones of the White House; or rather with those of the Beach House. Hence this short telegram from Hearst to Morgan in February 1930: "Certainly you may have the doors left over from Santa Monica for George's house." Morgan's massive card-index inventory, the Pacific Coast Register, lists two English mantelpieces that were shipped from Los Angeles to the George Hearst job in June 1930. Of these, a Georgian example (stylistically, not familially) had been among the items sent out from New York in 1926 to get the Beach House off to its rousing eighteenth-century start. No one has extrapolated upon those mantelpieces, which would have been routine possessions for Hearst; no one, that is, has portrayed the Hillsborough house as boasting two or three dozen other mantels like the two in Morgan's inventory. That's what has been gullibly, hopefully, willfully done in Santa Monica's case. Distinct patterns of acquisition and application exist in all instances of Hearst's efforts (performances, we might better call them) as a builder, remodeler, and decorator par excellence. The little-known Hillsborough-Burlingame place exemplifies this as much as San Simeon or Wyntoon or Santa Monica do.

In any event, Hearst told Morgan in January 1931: "Please proceed with Burlingame house and get it in what you consider safe and satisfactory condition." If the Beach House could be Marion's for now, why couldn't Hillsborough be George's?

Ultimately it was all Hearst, as in William Randolph, the immortal W. R., the "Emperor on His Hilltop," as he'd been called in

1933 in *Incredible Land: A Jaunty Baedeker to Hollywood and the Great Southwest*, a lovable book by the British screenwriter Basil Woon, who saw San Simeon in 1929 (“the unbeatable highspot in twenty years of travel,” he said while thanking Hearst). Julia Morgan was Hearst’s personal architect, indeed—his family architect, as she’s been loosely portrayed—for him and for a few others close to him.

But above all for him.

UPON THE NEW YEAR, Hayes Perkins, whose presence in Los Angeles at Christmas 1930 signaled the winter shutdown of Hearst Camp (the San Simeon hilltop’s company town), had bigger things to worry about. He’d abruptly left Darkest Africa, as he called it—the Belgian Congo, no less—in February 1928, desperate to get his “septic” teeth treated lest the agony madden him further. He went to Europe but could find no relief. Thence he moved on to New York and finally on to San Simeon three months later, in May 1928, a place he’d known of since he’d spotted its spires rising in 1922—this from offshore as he sailed southward from San Francisco by tramp steamer to Los Angeles. “I will get my teeth fixed,” he recorded in November 1930, after leaving the shuttered hilltop, “for they ache until I am half delirious with pain.”

So he was Painful Perkins, was he? Hearst’s womanizing, the employees’ intrigues, the sexual antics of Hollywood that we’ve been treated to—it could all make perfect sense now in view of the fevered mind that plagued Perkins. And yet as the eccentric diarist himself would have said, how could anyone ever *prove* it?

Early in December 1930 (his typist got Freudian again, citing the date 1961 in the old man’s memoirs), Perkins told of having dealt with his misery at long last. This was in Los Angeles:

On December 2nd I went to a dentist and had every tooth in my head drawn. I feel better already, though it is difficult to eat anything. My

teeth were always a curse rather than a blessing. They have cost me a lot of money and driven me thousands of miles to get them attended to. Better I had had them out ten years ago.

Perkins recounted on January 14 that he'd gone "to the Alexandria Hotel," of all places; not exactly his league. Nonetheless, some people he knew were staying there, in the distant shadow of Hearst during his earliest years in Los Angeles right after the turn of the century, when his new paper, the morning *Examiner*, was headquartered just two blocks away. As to those friends of Perkins in 1931, the diarist said of them:

They are enroute to the South Seas to do some moving picture work, and seem to be expecting a good time. I would like to go with them, but oh my! I'm almost broke again [having just bought life insurance].

What a small world it was in 1931. The hapless Perkins (whose mouth refused to heal, leaving him toothless and without dentures) found suitable work in Altadena, just north of Pasadena, with a man named I. S. Horne. As we'll be seeing, Horne had ties to Hearst and San Simeon:

Horne asked me to help him out in his zoo at Altadena [known as Altadena Aviaries] while his regular men were taking part in a play in Hollywood with an elephant he has.

That was on Sunday, February 8. Perkins must have ingested truth serum in December instead of Novocain. He would have been dead-on concerning a wire Horne sent to the zookeeper Carey Baldwin at San Simeon—had Perkins known about it (he may in fact have). This was three days later in 1931, on Wednesday the 11th. The wire of Horne's informed Baldwin:

Still holding baby elephant for Mr. Hearst; now working in lobby [Grauman's] Chinese Theatre Hollywood; can deliver soon as contract closes in near future; is excellent animal; hope Mr. Hearst gets him.

Horne's message marks the first appearance in these pages of the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection. It brings to mind Marianne, the baby elephant that, in turn, recalled Marion's film by that name, both silent and talkie versions of which dated from 1929. However, Marianne the elephant was a female. I. S. Horne's elephant was a male.

Transaction or not (evidently none was made), Perkins could report on February 23 that he had "plenty of work":

Horne is a genial sort of person, bears a bad name I question whether he deserves. I have no day off, and am trying to cut the grass around the place and make it look presentable. He is a man of many angles, does a lot of business and makes a lot of sales. He has a big deal [pending] on the Hearst [account], and as I know just what Hearst has, it gives him an advantage. The animals Hearst needs I know, and Horne plays on these. He is almost frantic, for Willicombe, secretary to Hearst, offers \$66,000 flat, and Horne wants \$75,000. I think he'll make the sale.

Enormous numbers like these sound absurd, especially when it's Perkins blaring them. Yet exotic animals could be ruinously expensive, even if we divide by ten to keep Perkins in reasonable check. For instance, less than a week earlier (on the 18th), Willicombe had wired Henry Bartels, a competitor of I. S. Horne's based on Fulton Street in Lower Manhattan, New York; Willicombe's message read as follows:

Mr. Hearst will take the pair of Bengal Tigers on your list which you said on telephone you would have in three weeks, at the list price of twenty-five hundred dollars less five percent as per your telegram to Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Hearst will also purchase the pair of black panthers at eleven hundred eighty-seven dollars net, and the female white rhea [an ostrich-like bird] for two hundred thirty-seven dollars net and the Emu [another oversized bird] for two hundred sixty-two dollars net if it is a female.

Also this order is given with understanding that you guarantee safe arrival of the animals at San Luis Obispo, Calif.

To hear Perkins tell it, Hearst may as well have bought his camels and giraffes and, yes, even his tigers and panthers and rheas and emus from Lord Duveen, the patrician art dealer who'd sold Henry E. Huntington such icons as *The Blue Boy* in 1921 and *Pinkie* in 1927, both for San Marino, that chaste yet grandiose rival of San Simeon, not even five miles south of where Perkins was now cleaning elephant stalls and scraping bird guano. Insofar as the great Duveen and his peers such as Knoedler and Wildenstein went, several of Hearst's most earnest purchases from them of portraits and other works by Hals, Greuze, Boucher, Raeburn, Fragonard, Lawrence, and Rembrandt—all as “expertized” by scholars of the period, at times imperfectly, to be sure (or unsure)—began adorning the walls of the Beach House at the outset of the 1930s. In fact, bona fide Old Masters were more apt to crop up there than at the ranch, a fact not lost on proponents of the Beach House as the Marion Davies Estate, contender with the Huntington Art Gallery for the best collection of fine art that the Southland could boast before J. Paul Getty, Armand Hammer, and Norton Simon began dominating the scene after World War II.

AN ENTRY BY A DIARIST besides Hayes Perkins—dated January 15, 1931—throws some important light on the Beach House at this juncture. The writer was William Valentiner, director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, a man we'll encounter again in the final chapter of this book. Valentiner had been at San Simeon earlier in January (from there, he wired a friend on the 9th: “Having a wonderful time in this grand place; Mr. Hearst is arranging for us to have a dinner in Hollywood to meet all the celebrities I can think of”). Valentiner may well have been recalling San Simeon when he wrote in his diary on the 15th of being a luncheon guest at “another house”—in this instance meaning 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica:

For lunch in another house, built by Hearst for Marion Davies, a long-stretched white building in the Colonial style, galleries of small columns and climbing flowers are building a fence around the garden, in which center there is a large swimming pool . . . and [above,] the reception-rooms, in English style, only one in French style with four good pictures by Boucher [the Gold Room?], a library with pictures by Rembrandt, Franz Hals, etc. It is possible to show a film here, when a button is pressed there appears on the wall a canvas in a precious frame, at the same time two doors open up as on a cuckoo-clock, the film can be heard through the big hall. Charming are the bedrooms, the enormous windows are made each of one large window-pane and with the ocean in the background it is like being on a boat. Friendly light-colored walls, gay curtains, and dark blue Chinese carpets fitting in astonishingly well with everything else. . . . White vases with lovely flowers, white orchids, and in the dining room loads of English silverware.

On a very different note, right before Hayes Perkins returned to San Simeon in 1931 (having now become the janitor in Hearst Camp, the hilltop's company town), Hearst's head man from Cosmopolitan Productions—headquartered in New York as were most other Hollywood film interests—was a guest at San Simeon. He was there in 1931 to confer with Hearst. Edgar Hatrick ("Ed" or "Hat") heard from the home office on February 13 with news about the Chief's largesse. Some of what follows pertained to Santa Monica, as Hat learned from his assistant in the east:

Chief's Nineteen-thirty [1930] advances including jewelry and Christmas gifts totaled two eighty-seven thousand five hundred [\$287,500]. This does not include hundred twenty thousand advanced February this year and seventy-five thousand advanced last November to Piedmont Land [&] Cattle [San Francisco: today's Hearst Sunical], which Clarke [Austin Clark] requested not to be reflected on Chief's account.

All advances to Chief are charged to his personal account on our books and at end each year transferred to Spar holding [Star Holding Company] special account on Clarke's instructions.

Airmailed to Ambassador [Hotel] yesterday itemized statements reflecting Nineteen-thirty payments on yachts amounting to fourteen thousand six hundred and coast expenses made up of payrolls, fan mail, food, Beach House [and] other miscellaneous items totaling forty-three thousand.

What can anyone say to that but . . . *wow!* Hearst was a big spender, as we've always heard. Here's specific proof beyond a doubt, almost beyond anything even Hayes Perkins might conjure. Financially, the real-life Hearst didn't dawdle. Neither did Marion, except in the minds of those who've seen *Citizen Kane* too many times.

Speaking of Marion and her film career, her last Cosmopolitan picture through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had been *The Floradora Girl*, released in May 1930. In 1931, *The Bachelor Father* was released on January 10. *It's a Wise Child* followed on March 21; *Five and Ten*, made in March and April, would be released on June 13. After that in 1931 came a big lull: even in that era of speedy rehearsals followed by quick filming and equally rapid post-production, the second half of the year would murmur quietly: *Polly of the Circus* wouldn't begin shooting until December 1931.

The Cosmopolitan coin had another side for Hearst—newsreels. The same went for Ed Hatrick in New York. Hearst had been producing newsreels for MGM since 1927. In 1929 he began making newsreels simultaneously for Fox. He was someone who always spoke of newsreels in two words as *news reels* (although he indeed said *newspapers*).

FINE AND WELL, but all work and no play could make Jack a dull boy—or certainly could make W. R. and Marion a dull boy and girl, to call Mr. Hearst and Miss Davies by the names their friends used. It was Marion's turn to pine for a moment when the scampish newspaper

columnist Harry Crocker wired her at San Simeon from Los Angeles on February 9. He led off by mentioning her nephew:

[Charlie] Lederer and I wrecked embassy [the Ambassador Hotel's Embassy Ballroom] as farewell party for Geordie [the British actor George K. Arthur]. At midnight we stowed him in car and shot him off for [the] boat. Claims rajahs are pikers [tightwads] compared to you when it comes to entertainment. Couldn't thank you enough and sent all kinds of messages to you all. Love.

George K. Arthur, who appeared in the Davies silents *Lights of Old Broadway* in 1925 and *Tillie the Toiler* in 1927, can also be seen in Ken Murray's nostalgic home-movies collection of 1970, *The Golden Days of San Simeon*.

All such bon-voyage high jinks aside, circumspection reigned when Gloria Swanson wired Hearst at San Simeon on Tuesday, February 17, 1931; she did so from Beverly Hills:

I am having a formal dinner on Friday the twentieth at seven thirty o'clock. If you will not be at the Ranch, I would like the pleasure of your company.

The setting could just as easily have been Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's home in Beverly Hills—Pickfair, as it was called—or by 1931 the Beach House in Santa Monica—with only the names being changed to protect the innocent. Despite that, Hearst wouldn't be showing up. It further meant that neither would Marion. Their days of being apart as they sporadically had been in the 1920s had ended by 1930 or 1931. As Hearst told Miss Swanson later on February 17:

Many thanks but I am laid up with influenza and regret will be unable to accept your kind invitation.

An alibi, perhaps. Yet without Hayes Perkins, and without George Loorz's letter-writing that kicked in mightily as of 1932, how will we ever know? Nonetheless, as Neal Gabler remarked in his breakthrough

book of 1988, *An Empire of Their Own: How the Jews Invented Hollywood*:

The irony was that for all the [film] community's insularity and self-absorption, its social life was still modeled after that of eastern high society, and anyone searching for the wild parties of lore was likely to be disappointed.

Fat chance that Gloria Swanson or anyone else on the coast could get Hearst to play the penguin, unless, to judge from old photographs, it was on his own turf—or on his own sands, shall we say—at the Beach House.

All the same, Colleen Moore strutted her *arriviste* stuff right under Hearst's nose just a week earlier, wiring a man named Duncan Cassell from San Simeon:

Please phone Mary Brian and Joan Bennett. Invite them dinner party my house Sat. nite [February 14] 7:30 formal. If can't get them try Elsie Janis, June Collier [Collyer] or Hedda Hopper. Thanks.

Miss Moore would surely have included Harry Crocker to guarantee a fun-filled evening; after all, he was in heated pursuit of June Collyer leading up to that Valentine's weekend. He had to settle for kind thoughts instead, as a Hollywood florist learned from him on that unlucky Friday the 13th:

Please send to Miss June Collyer 603 Roxbury Beverly Hills a ribband [decorative ribbon] of five gardenias for Saturday evening no card and charge Harry Crocker *Los Angeles Examiner*. Many thanks.

Crocker followed on Monday, February 16, by wiring Miss Collyer in Beverly Hills from San Simeon, where he'd been at the beck and call of his hosts in recent days:

I am desolate I am upset I am grieved I am lonesome I am blue and it's all because Mr. Hearst has asked me to remain here until Sunday

[February 22]. I want to see you I really do and I'm heartbroken. Will call you tonight. Love.

Worse news. Before 1931 was out, June Collyer married Stu Erwin, a stage actor new to films but one with a long career ahead of him. Crocker, ever the San Simeon Romeo in search of true love (and one smitten, like Hearst, by divine young actresses), found bliss in an Englishwoman named Liza Jenns; he and Liza were briefly married in the late thirties. She played the bitchy lover of Frederic March in David O. Selznick's classic tearjerker of 1937, *A Star Is Born*, the woman spurned by March in favor of the wholesome Janet Gaynor.

No more superstitious about Friday the 13th than Crocker had been, the young actress Sally Eilers, still in the midst of her first marriage (she had three more to go), wired her husband from San Simeon. He was on the vaudeville circuit in Flint, Michigan, that weekend. His name? Hoot Gibson—the Hooter, as his dear Sally and no doubt a few other cowgirls liked to call him:

Darling: Will you be my Valentine forever? Received wire here. Glad you are coming home. Wire me money to deposit Monday [February 16]. Needed badly. Will be home Monday morning. Should I get apartment? Probably better if possible, to stay at Ranch awhile. All here send their best. I send my love.

The Hooter answered the next day. "My Darling Darling," he promised her, "I am your Valentine forever and you are mine." Alas, business was "still bad." He'd be leaving Michigan on the 17th, not to reach Gloria Swanson's in time for her proper dinner, but to perform in Omaha and, he hoped, "pick up [a] grand"—a cool thousand, that is, as we ourselves can only hope, too many years later to make a whit of difference.

IF HEARST WAS TRULY under the weather at San Simeon in February 1931, he could always commiserate with Hollywood's most fragile, most debonair prodigy, Irving Thalberg of MGM. He did so on Monday the 9th, wiring Thalberg at Culver City from his remote hilltop:

If [the screenwriter] Willard Mack does not produce melodramatic results for "Way to Treat a Woman" what do you think of trying [Bayard] Veiller? He is given to melodrama. [P. G.] Wodehouse is good for humor but do you not think this picture needs the [dramatic] punch?

The closest film to what Hearst mentioned isn't close at all: *No Way to Treat a Lady*, a comedy-thriller dating from 1968 and starring Rod Steiger and Lee Remick.

Where there's smoke, there's fire. In Thalberg's case, his right-hand man and senior partner wasn't far behind—Louis B. Mayer, *The Lion of Hollywood*, to use the title of Scott Eyman's biography of L. B. Hearst wired the *Washington Times*, his evening newspaper in the nation's capitol, on February 10, 1931 (he also owned the morning *Washington Herald*). The Lion would be in town soon to see his friend President Hoover:

Louis B. Mayer will be at Mayflower Hotel tomorrow [Wednesday]. Please interview him and print picture and be very nice to him. He is good friend.

So much for the Perkins nonsense in October 1930 that "Hoover almost chased Mayer out of the place."

The Hearst-Davies-Mayer-Thalberg foursome had the upcoming comedy-drama *Five and Ten* to consider in this first part of 1931. Once Hearst and Marion would leave San Simeon to be closer to its making—its scenes to be shot in just three or four weeks, not months—the king and queen of Hollywood (Mayer's term for them) would be digging in at the Beach House. Hearst's days at the Ambassador Hotel

were numbered. He was mostly a homebody, the same as Marion was. Santa Monica was ready enough now, at long last. The Beach House would be doing the Hearst-Davies entourage the honors whenever those two principals were in town. Things would be that way almost always from here on: *the two of them*. The times when Hearst had entrained for New York, there to make whatever peace with his wife was left to be made—such times were nearly over. In turn, the times when his absences had led to Marion's stepping out with Charlie Chaplin or some other fast fellow were likewise over; they were times as bygone as an episode like Thomas Ince's strange death in 1924 after a party on Hearst's yacht near San Diego. Moreover, Chaplin, who'd sailed with them then, had recently gone to England, the native land he'd not seen in a decade.

Home sweet home in Santa Monica it was now for Hearst and Marion, alternating with San Simeon and Wyntoon until the mid-1940s. Had they not sold the Beach House after World War II, the place would probably have functioned that way for them until Hearst died in 1951, almost thirty years after Tom Ince exited stage left.

This is too far ahead of our story, though, a time as distant as Hearst's passing. Twenty years before, on March 10, 1931, Irving Thalberg sent a wire to San Simeon. Daily shooting on the new film would begin in a few weeks:

Dear Chief: Must tell you I appreciate your attitude on *Five and Ten* more than anything you have ever said or done for me. Can only say that will try my best to make a good picture of *Five and Ten* and it will be considerably more along the lines you want than now appears on the surface and guarantee that the next one [*Polly of the Circus*] will be exactly along the lines you want. Regards.

Hearst answered Thalberg the next day, March 11, his words so calm they seem to be from someone much less mythical, so unlike Orson Welles's thundering Charles Foster Kane:

Many thanks Irving for very kind telegram. I know [the] picture will be fine and I have no business to be worrying about it. Merely took advantage of your willingness for me to express my opinions.

Hearst heard from Ed Hatrick of Cosmopolitan Productions-International Films that same day, March 11, about Marion's latest picture, *It's a Wise Child*. The film had wrapped a month earlier and would soon be released. Hat was in Culver City at the Bungalow on the MGM lot (the one Joseph Urban designed, not Julia Morgan), a facility synonymous with the West Coast headquarters of Hearst's International Film Service (the corporate parent of Cosmopolitan Productions).

Hat told Hearst that day in March:

My advertising campaign for *It's a Wise Child* is all laid out on new plan; however the important and unique part of campaign is a number of very small teaser ads which occupy very little space [and] which I would like to run on dramatic page [in the Hearst newspapers]. The other copy could be run in other sections wherever necessary.

Could you send order to papers asking them to run small teaser ads on dramatic page and then if they have not space for larger copy to run it in general run of paper? I will prepare next campaign differently and along lines of previous campaigns as far as space is concerned.

Hearst answered Hatrick that afternoon, as calmly, as moderately as he had in wiring Thalberg about *Five and Ten*. Hearst told Hat:

Will telegraph papers [to] run on dramatic pages all your advertising marked for dramatic page; so you can decide that question yourself.

Before the Hearst party pulled up stakes at San Simeon in mid-March, southbound for Santa Monica and Culver City, more film matters were crossing desks—Hearst's, Hatrick's, Willicombe's. It was a radically different concern this time from *Five and Ten*, namely, the Universal Pictures blood-curdler *Dracula*. Hearst and the horror genre? Stand-up wags could go far with this one. Yet even they'd have

to admit that *Dracula* falls well outside the usual mix of costume dramas, historical yarns, and lighthearted fare that lay at the core of Cosmopolitan Productions.

In our quickest passing here, the Universal matter went as follows. Hatrick, Culver City, to Willicombe, San Simeon, on March 13:

Please advise Chief I think it would be mistake for *Chicago American* [Hearst's evening paper in that city] to tie-up on *Dracula* contest. I don't think any of our papers should tie-up with any motion-picture people on contests because as a rule the pictures get everything and the papers get nothing. On our [properly arranged] tie-ups we get fifty percent, and for our papers to go in on mere speculation cheapens our proposition.

Little wonder that a wire left San Simeon for Chicago later that very same day in 1931 under Hearst's signature. It advised the paper to "do nothing on *Dracula* contest" pending further word from the ranch. As for his view of the horror genre, Hearst thought it mostly loathsome, nothing he aspired to in his own films. Yet as money-making "tie-ups," as Hat would have said, a dollar was surely a dollar. There were plenty of them to be scooped up in preying on the public's innocent zeal for the ghoulish and the frightening that the advent of sound had intensified lately.

AGAINST SUCH A BACKDROP, the words of Alice Head, still the managing director of Hearst's National Magazine Company in London, are like a breath of pure and wholesome air.

The spring of 1931 found me once more en route for the States to attend Mr. Hearst's birthday party in California [his sixty-eighth] on April 29th. . . . The boat docked [in New York] at nine a.m. on April 24th. I drove straight to the Ritz Tower [owned by Hearst, at Park Avenue and 57th Street], and left the same afternoon with Dick Berlin [of Hearst Magazines] and Frank Davis by the "Twentieth Century" for Chicago.

The next day we boarded the [Santa Fe] "Chief" at eleven o'clock and arrived at Los Angeles on the 27th. . . . At Los Angeles we parted temporarily. They went to the Ambassador Hotel and I drove straight down to Marion Davies' house at Santa Monica, where I was to stay.

Although this was Miss Head's third trip to California, it was her first reference to the Beach House (a name she never used in her memoirs; she simply called it Marion's house). Miss Head had more to say within the same paragraph, which ran for hundreds of words:

The next day [Tuesday, April 28] I joined Marion at the Metro-Goldwyn studios, and met Leslie Howard for the first time. He and Marion were acting together in a picture called *Five and Ten*, with Bob Leonard directing. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Louis B. Mayer, who gives me the freedom of the studios during my visits to California, I have spent many interesting hours watching the shooting of various pictures. . . . After we returned to the house at night, Marion ate a hurried dinner and then spent two hours with her elocution coach [George Currie], who rehearsed her with the lines in her part for the following day. Then bed, and up again at six a.m. But on Saturday nights there was always a big and lively party and on Sunday mornings everyone slept late. An outstanding and popular Hollywood figure whom I often met at the studio or Marion's home was Ed Hatrick, who, with his shrewd and able colleague Miss [Ella] Williams, has managed the Cosmopolitan Film Corporation with great success for many years. Ed Hatrick has such a gay and responsive sense of humor, and takes his troubles with such apparent lightheartedness, that I can only look on and wonder how he does it. There is so much of the laughing cavalier about him. Yet he gets things done, he is a quick-stepper and some of his quips are almost legendary.

A typical quick step of Hat's was the message he'd sent Hearst at San Simeon on Saturday, April 4; Hearst and Marion had flown up from Santa Monica for the Easter weekend:

Foreign department Metro [Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer] very optimistic about success foreign versions *Big House* [a non-Davies film through

Cosmopolitan, mid-1930]. After close survey it looks as though we might get about seventy-five thousand for our share, which is far beyond my original estimate. However if we are to share in these versions it means that big portion our weekly receipts will be held up for next six months in order to amortize negative and print costs of foreign versions.

If I do this it means I have to have about one hundred thousand to operate; at present I have about forty plus the hundred I borrowed. My newsreel revenue, which will help carry [us], starts about middle June. If I can keep this money for six months in order to carry my organization it will enable me take advantage of revenue from these foreign versions.

I tried to get seventy-five thousand from Richard Clark [of Piedmont Land & Cattle Co., San Francisco] which was loaned by film service [International Film Service] some time ago but he said it was impossible for him to pay us anything. Will you please advise me what to do.

That Easter weekend, Hearst also heard from Ella Williams, Hat's assistant. She'd wired San Simeon from the Cosmopolitan-International headquarters—the Bungalow, informally—on the Washington Boulevard side of the Metro lot in Culver City:

Mr. Hatrick [reports] as follows: "[*The Bachelor Father* [a Davies film this time, early 1931] did forty-four thousand at Mastbaum Theater, Philadelphia. Receipts in this house range anywhere from thirty to fifty [thousand], so you could call this good week. New York was poor at fifty-one thousand; should have done at least seventy to be good. Will mail figures all key cities but want get comparisons so he [Hearst] can judge."

With that exception and a few others from the first part of April, the stage once more belongs to Alice Head. She had more to say regarding events at the Beach House:

Mr. Hearst's birthday on the 29th was celebrated by a big fancy-dress ball. From the Metro-Goldwyn wardrobe department I was provided

with a beautiful period gown of rose-coloured velvet and a white wig en suite. There were a number of Hearst executives present at the party, several of Mr. Hearst's sons, and among the film folk I specially remember Virginia Cherrill (now the Countess of Jersey), Billie Haines, Charlie Chaplin, Gary Cooper, Connie Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard and his wife, Aileen Pringle, Lupe Velez, Matt Moore, Clark Gable, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. Frances Goldwyn is a lovely creature—beautiful and gay and *good*. I have always had the greatest affection for her and though we meet but seldom, possibly after a lapse of years, she is always the same, and we take up the threads of our friendship exactly where we left off. . . .

After the birthday party we went up to the Ranch for a few days. Leslie and Ruth Howard, and Roland Pertwee [an actor and screenwriter], were among the guests.

Close on the heels of Hearst's return to San Simeon in May 1931, Hayes Perkins weighed in for us through his diary on Sunday the 3rd. According to the toothless janitor:

Hearst went away [for the making of *Five and Ten*], but is back with forty-two guests. Most of them are Hollywood [people], but there are usually a few authors, artists and others of national or even a world-wide reputation among them. He is building a vast monument to himself here that will last for thousands of years. One wonders if it is worth while to him.

A rare alignment of the memoiristic planets occurred in late May. Alice Head's account in her book of 1939 can lead off:

I believe this was the year when we had the Hawaiian fancy-dress ball. During the afternoon we were sent to the library [in Casa Grande, the main Castle building] to select our costumes. There were a vast array of grass-skirts, rolls of crepe de Chine, bead and shell ornaments and other requisites for "going Hawaiian" for the evening. . . . Mr. Hearst gave me a huge garland made solidly of flame-coloured carnation heads and thick as my wrist. . . . An Hawaiian band had been specially imported for the evening, and the cathedral-like interior of the Ranch

was the scene of picturesque revelry. This was a very happy visit and I was loath to leave, but there was work to be done at home.

Hearst, however, had been less than gleeful two days before the costume party. On May 21 he wired Ella Williams at the Cosmopolitan Bungalow in Culver City:

There is by no means enough choice of costumes. I hope you will be able to get some of those of which you showed me sketches on previous occasion. Am rather disappointed in those that have come [in] to date. They are quite ordinary. We should have some more original, some pretty ones and some comedy ones.

Just some more tut-tutting of the kind Julia Morgan knew so well? Probably. The more amazing thing is to find Perkins speaking without his frequent forked tongue—at least at the outset of the following paragraph dated May 23. The entry coincided with the Saturday of the festive romp:

A big party has been arranged for tonight at the palace. Hearst has imported a lot of young female playmates and a Hawaiian band for the occasion. Today I saw him on the tennis court, which now has been screened by a high concrete wall to shut out the eyes of the hoi polloi [the masses . . . besides Perkins]. He was wearing a wide brimmed sun bonnet creation, tied under his chin with a red ribbon. His arms were filled with Hollywood beauties, all wriggling and twisting in his lecherous embrace. His giggles mingled with their squeals and muffled screams, and one wondered if they enjoyed it. But he pays them well, both in presents and publicity.

Perkins said further on in the same entry (in a different context, having lent a friend money), “Perhaps I am a boob.” He’d surely been one in Clara Bow’s case—having assigned to 1929 the slanderous events she endured in 1931, courtesy of Frederic Girnau and his vile weekly called the *Coast Reporter*. In addition, Perkins had portrayed Miss Bow as being scarcely better than *hoi polloi* in Hearst’s pale blue eyes.

Not so. Back on Wednesday, May 6, right after the post-birthday weekend that Alice Head mentioned, Hearst received a query from his evening paper in Boston:

Would you object to our publishing sympathetic life story of Clara Bow at this time? Believe it has circulation possibilities.

The Hearst forces got right on it. From Los Angeles, Louella Parsons wired Joe Willicombe at San Simeon on May 11:

Thanks for telegrams. Will have [Clara] Bow matter ready to start Monday May 18 or few days earlier if it is desired to begin it sooner. Have eliminated that portion as suggested.

Willicombe, on Hearst's behalf as usual, heard from the Chief's *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph* newspaper on Thursday, May 14:

Our understanding is Miss Parson's Clara Bow life story intended exclusively for Hearst papers in Hearst cities in view Parsons column runs daily in [*Pittsburgh*] *Post-Gazette* and they get full Universal Service nightly. Would like definite assurance if possible Clara is all [exclusively] for *Sun-Telegraph* before blasting promotion today.

No archives seems to have Willicombe's response. But on that same day, May 14, Hearst himself told the Boston paper that had made the original inquiry, "Certainly Clara Bow story was written for *Evening American* primarily at your suggestion."

On the receiving end, Hearst heard from Eleanor Patterson of his morning paper in Washington, D.C. (from Cissy Patterson, as she was better known). She said on May 14 that the *Herald* was "starting publicity on Clara Bow story tomorrow morning [Friday] and publication Monday [the 18th]."

Hearst subsequently heard from no less an editor than Arthur Brisbane on the very Monday in question. Brisbane represented the *New York Evening Journal*:

Delighted write about Clara Bow, she deserves praise. . . .

Perhaps editorially I shall write something in “Today” about Clara Bow and also write editorial about her with a nice picture.

“Today” was Brisbane’s front-page column, not only in Hearst’s papers in New York (three since the mid-1920s) but also in all his other newspapers around the country—and in plenty of competing papers that subscribed to writers like Brisbane and Will Rogers, whether such columnists were Hearst insiders or not (Oklahoma cowpoke that Rogers was, he tended to sit on the fence). Hearst thanked Brisbane for his input on Clara Bow.

The next day, Tuesday, May 19, another insider—Clarence Lindner, publisher of the *San Francisco Examiner*—received a wire from one of Hearst’s West Coast executives who was at San Simeon, a man named Bart Guild:

[Clara] Bow articles will be ready for release [next] Monday issue [May 25]. Suggest you contact Bill Wootten [Hearst’s Universal Service telegrapher in Los Angeles] for promotion highlights. Would appreciate if you will forward on [tele]printer wire your ideas and copy [text] suggestions in your own paper, and outside promotion avenues that you will use, to Seattle [for Hearst’s *Post-Intelligencer* in that city]. Thanks.

The synergy was pulsating now. It allowed Hearst to wire Clara Bow in Beverly Hills on May 25, the aforementioned Monday, following the Hawaiian costume party of May 23; his words were brief and to the point. “Glad you like articles. Very happy to be able to print them.”

“HEARST AT HOME” was another product of May 1931, a feature on Hearst’s “great summer palace in California,” courtesy of *Fortune* magazine, a deluxe, oversized publication hailing from what seems an improbable period for journalistic sumptuousness. “Case notes on its history, its court life, and its contents,” the subhead of the feature also

promised—and rousing delivered. In an earlier instance of such coverage, *The New York Times Magazine* had profiled San Simeon in July 1929 with Hearst's implicit cooperation. The feature that *Fortune* came out with two years later is the more enduring one, thanks in large part to Erich Salomon's photographs. Collectors of Hearstiana know this. They also know that *Fortune* profiled Wyntoon in October 1935, creating through Peter Stackpole's photographs a companion to the May 1931 number. The two *Fortune* pieces have never been surpassed. Not until *Life* magazine published its "Unique Tour of San Simeon" in August 1957, six years to the month after Hearst died, was there a comparable, equally collectible portrayal (with photographs this time by Gjon Mili), befitting an anthology of such features on homes belonging to the rich and famous.

The Beach House in Santa Monica got no coverage of this in-depth kind in the 1930s. Nor little in the 1940s, with the main exceptions being Leo Rosten's book, quoted in Chapter 1, and Ilka Chase's memoir, quoted in Chapter 3. Had the Beach House received the lengthier attention in those years on par with what San Simeon and Wyntoon got from *Fortune*, its history would be writ differently to this day, so commanding and influential were such features: fundamental, authoritative, though surely not free of error. Later, about 1950, Joseph Drown's *Oceanhouse* booklet pointed in that same direction. But it did so ephemerally, impermanently, having little impact beyond its private audience and leaving little trace.

ALICE HEAD had more to say in her memoir of 1939 about events in May 1931:

On this trip there was no question of rushing back to England immediately after Mr. Hearst's birthday party, because he had planned to come too [go abroad], accompanied by a small party of friends. We stopped in New York for a day or two, visited one or two theatres

(referring to one particularly popular play, Mr. Hearst plaintively remarked: "I have seen the last act of this play three times. Why can't we get there *in time* for once!"), did a little shopping, and finally sailed in the *Europa*—the first time I have ever been on a non-Cunard boat [like the *Aquitania* or the *Mauretania*]. . . . My mother came to Waterloo [Station, London] to meet me and she had the great joy of making the acquaintance of Mr. Hearst.

When Hearst traveled, he did so in style. On the same day that he told the maligned "It girl," Clara Bow, how pleased he was to have helped her, Willicombe notified an underling in New York of the Hearst party's imminent arrival. This was on Monday, May 25:

Kindly tell [Tom] White and [Geoffrey] Konta Chief leaving Los Angeles [by train] eight forty-five Tuesday night [May 26], arriving Chicago eight-forty Friday morning [May 29] and leaving on Advance Twentieth Century [the *20th Century Limited*] at eleven-forty Friday morning. . . .

2. Please notify Miller [general manager] at Warwick [Hotel] Chief and Star [Marion Davies] and party arriving Saturday [May 30] and ask Chris [McGregor] get things shaped up in apartments there. At hotel they will require also reservations for Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher, Miss [Alice] Head, Miss Lenore Bushman, Harry Crocker and Edward V. Kane, also room for Joseph Jelinek [Yelinek], who is Chief's new valet, and rooms for three maids [the Christensen sisters].

Part of Chris McGregor's task was to provide art objects and furnishings from Hearst's Bronx warehouse for the temporary enhancement of rooms in the Warwick. Operations in the Bronx had begun in 1926, concurrent with the modernized warehousing long awaited at San Simeon. The first shipments of Beach House furnishings in 1926 had gone forth through McGregor from the Bronx (a facility once thought to have predated 1926 by years if not decades: a typical instance of a Hearstiana time warp and breach of context). No, there was no Bronx warehouse for Hearst in 1920, much less in 1910 or 1900. Nor was there one in 1895 or earlier still. He'd made do up to the mid-1920s with rented space, much as he'd keep doing in Los Angeles

and San Francisco, and even in New York somewhat, for several years yet to come.

Through an earlier message, which had gone to San Simeon on May 15, we can further see how much planning went into an excursion like the trip described by Miss Head. As one of Willicombe's people in New York had told him then:

Holding [Warwick rooms] fifty-one, seventy-one, seventy-seven, ninety-three, seventy-six, seventy-eight, one thirty to thirty-six and one twenty-four and one twenty-eight, last two for maid and valet. Can get additional [rooms] for another maid or [they can] double up if you say so. Servant accommodations easy. Frank Mason says [David] Town told him Chief sails *Europa* June four. I know nothing of it. Must take up tickets May 25. Will you be east that date or shall I arrange getting additional cash here? Your accommodations okay.

Hearst pinpointed the dates and his itinerary when he told an editorial writer in Washington, D.C., "Expect to be in New York week from tomorrow." He said so on May 22, referring to Saturday, May 30. "Delighted to see Senator Morrow," he also said. He meant Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey, father of Anne Morrow Lindbergh and a former Ambassador to Mexico, who would die too young just a few months later, in October 1931. Hearst's final words to his man in Washington: "Leaving New York for Bad Nauheim June fourth." By that sentence he no doubt meant Europe in general, since his plans for the summer involved more than simply taking the cure in Germany.

Alice Head's next words in her memoir touch on this final point of Hearst's:

The summer passed like a flash. I not only had to catch up with arrears of work at the office [in London], but I had to see that St. Donat's [in Wales] was ready for occupation and engage extra servants. We had some halcyon days at the castle and then Mr. Hearst went off for his cure at Bad Nauheim [near Frankfurt], and this time I stopped at home

and worked hard at the magazines. He came [back] to England for one more visit to the castle and returned to the States in September.

Details like these, corroborated by Hearst's own telegrams and letters, make it more than evident that Alice Head is trustworthy, almost impeccably so. Hayes Perkins could prove his worth, as we've seen, but not on the level that she consistently did. Surely the Perkins of 1931 could have done better than make erroneous entries like this one on July 3 (or perhaps we should say do better than to *retain* such entries come their partly demented rewrites thirty years later):

The work [on the hill] progresses slowly, and the other day, when Hearst was standing on the balcony overlooking his vast acreage he sighed and said, "It takes so long to get anything done!" [Never mind Hearst's current whereabouts in Europe.]

But he is much more patient than most men would be in his position. Doubtless he does some of this to avoid the huge income tax he would otherwise be assessed, but he also does it to give men employment. Here he houses his [be]loved Marion, who means more to him than all else. He once said, "It rouses my passion to talk to her over a phone even!"

Marion is as always a devout Catholic. She has images of the Virgin in her boudoir [in the Gothic Suite in Casa Grande], and attends mass frequently [in the nearby town of Cambria] to win the favor of the Holy Church. One wonders if the Church does not give Marion absolution to get a hold on this vast fortune of Hearst, for money and power mean more to this organization than the fruits of the spirit as set down by St. Paul.

Perkins's mental state aside (or whatever in God's name it was), he finally mentioned the place that concerns us the most—this again under July 3, ostensibly in 1931:

Hearst has spent some \$2,000,000 building Marion a palace at Santa Monica recently [the Beach House], and has spent fortunes otherwise in purchasing her favor. Yet he steps out on her continually. I might say

much more, but why digress? He is cuckoo over that woman, we all see and know that.

Indeed, why digress at all? Only the sometimes pea-brained Perkins could possibly know—and he's been dead since 1964. One last paragraph occurs under that date of July 3, whether imaginary or not:

In other ways Hearst is a most likeable man. He has an infectious grin that instantly puts all at ease. He will bestow this on his humblest employee as quickly as the greatest man. When he is alone in a group of men he stands out above all about him in personality. His one weakness is women, and in this he is a fool. Sober, almost abstemious in most things, he does sometimes eat too heartily. But he is the best boss I have ever known, and I'll forgive his sins if he will pardon mine.

It's a shame Perkins can't be better trusted. Was it merely his dental health? Or were there problems of a larger kind? There's precious little history to go on through this stretch; we can't afford to ignore him. We've got to tread lightly, though, whenever his words are "about," as he would say of their presence, their proximity, such as these under August 14, 1931, a Monday—a date preceding Hearst's death by exactly twenty years (a Tuesday in that future instance):

Hearst is in Europe, and has been having a bad time in France. He has been asked to leave that country as quickly as possible, and is shrewdly making capital of it. This gives him the publicity his heart so dearly loves, and sells his papers among the American people. France is not dearly loved here now because of her repudiation of the war debt she owes us, so this helps Hearst and he knows it.

The conflation here is with events of a year earlier, belonging to 1930. Thus does Perkins show his liberality: he worked the timeline in both directions. More often when he erred, he did so in the established Hearstiana mode of describing events before their rightful hour, as with Clara Bow's agonies of 1931 being wrongly assigned to 1929. Left to his own devices, Perkins would readily have observed Independence

Day on June 2 or 3 and would further have placed it in some previous, mostly unfamiliar year like 1773.

A strange man, to be sure. An even stranger document, his pseudo-diary. It wouldn't be farfetched to call his musings *Perkinsian*, regardless of their subject. If only Orson Welles and Herman Mankiewicz had known him.

THE FINAL THIRD of 1931 has a minor bearing on Santa Monica. But without Alice Head to guide us or a diarist more reliable than Hayes Perkins, the month of September, which saw the Hearst party getting back from Europe, can safely be skipped. There's one prominent exception. On September 30, Irving Thalberg wired Hearst at San Simeon:

Dear W. R. I am sure you have nothing to fear in *Polly [of the Circus]* as I believe you will be very happy about it eventually. Have talked to L. B. [Louis B. Mayer] regarding *Peg [o' My Heart]* and naturally we are both more than eager to make you both happy so consider yourselves *Pegged* [for a Davies film that wouldn't be made until 1933]. Kindest regards.

October 1931 also has a minor bearing. It likewise has an exception worth noting; in fact, more than one. The impresario Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. of *Ziegfeld Follies* fame was in deep arrears following the Great Crash of 1929. At this moment two years later, Mrs. Ziegfeld (the actress Billie Burke, the good witch in *The Wizard of Oz* in 1939) was traveling with a theater troupe for the family's financial sake while Flo, as he was known, stayed at San Simeon for several days. Flo conferred with Hearst and with Sam Goldwyn, both of whom he hoped could help him make the transition from New York to Hollywood, there to prosper with musical productions in the new era of sound. Regarding the Beach House, Billie Burke alluded to its 321 Ocean Front portion in her memoir of 1949, *With a Feather on My Nose*:

Jack Harkrider, who designed costumes for Flo, had found us a cottage in the Outpost district [the Westside], but Flo, with his sure instinct for the lavish, immediately discarded this and established us in the Marion Davies villa across the tennis court from the baronial William Randolph Hearst mansion on the beach at Santa Monica. And then began a round of entertainment. There was Norma Shearer and her brilliant husband Irving Thalberg, who seemed so youthful to be head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but then, Norma herself seemed little more than a child. And there was Paulette Goddard, who had played on the roof [the New Amsterdam Theatre Roof in New York] for Flo, and Harpo Marx, and Clara Bow and Hoot Gibson, Kay Francis, the glamorous Constance Bennett—and Frances Goldwyn, who had worried so about cutting off her hair for the [Booth] Tarkington play. But Flo when asked by Louella Parsons picked Sally Eilers as the prettiest girl in Hollywood.

Everybody gave parties, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer were neighbors [at 625 Ocean Front], William Randolph Hearst was a charming host, Marion was lovely and thoughtful, Jerry Kern and Joseph Urban were on hand, [and] Will Rogers was in residence at his ranch [in Pacific Palisades] and invited us out often to ride.

In her own memoir of 1964, Flo and Billie's daughter, Patricia, had this to say about the 321 unit at the north end of the Hearst-Davies compound; Patty turned fifteen in October 1931, in the midst of the period she described in *The Ziegfelds' Girl: Confessions of an Abnormally Happy Childhood*:

We rented a house on the beach by the Pacific. The house belonged to Rose Davies, Marion Davies's sister, and even though it was completely furnished it was somewhat hotelish, so Mother added the contents of the barrels and crates [of items she'd shipped west "to make Hollywood homey"], along with five lemon trees in wooden tubs and wall-to-wall carpets in every room. . . .

Our rented house was always filled with people—old friends like Will and Betty Rogers and Jack Harkrider, and new ones who seemed to have stepped right off the screen into our living room—Norma Shearer

and Janet Gaynor and Richard Barthelmess, and producers Irving Thalberg and Sam Goldwyn.

Minor passages both of these, the one from Billie Burke in 1949 and that from her daughter fifteen years later. Yet they're important ones, important links, never mind their shallowness—or in Patty's case the doubtful information about Rose Davies. Such words, any such words, are hard to come by in the early history of the Beach House. (For its authoritative part, the *Bay Cities Directory 1930–31* contains a surprise. It lists “Goldwyn Saml” as the occupant of 321 Palisades Beach Road.)

As to Hearst and Marion Davies, last seen at San Simeon in the fall of 1931, they relocated from there to Santa Monica by October 23, partly for the upcoming *Polly of the Circus*, wherein Clark Gable would play Reverend John Hartley opposite Marion's role as the trapeze artist Polly Fisher.

We can skip ahead to December 7, for which the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library have Joe Willicombe writing to Hearst's controller in Los Angeles with “Yesterday the Chief at the beach house pointed to the pier at Santa Monica and told me this”:

The end of that pier was washed away. It should be built out again to protect the beach along here. I think somehow or other the injunction [against doing so] can be dissolved, and if we put that 40 feet or more out on the end of the pier we will get quite a lot of sand and more beach [at 415 Ocean Front].

Willicombe asked that action be taken for everyone's sake.

A conspicuous departure from the quietude that marks this last part of 1931 was recounted in the *Los Angeles Times*; an article headed “‘Christmas Gift’ Deadly” appeared on Tuesday, December 22:

A bomb containing a highly explosive powder, delivered as a Christmas gift to the home of Marion Davies, blond film actress in Santa Monica,

last night was in possession of the Sheriff's office, where it is said the explosive, had it been effectively discharged, would have killed or maimed the actress.

The bomb, investigators of the Sheriff's office learned, was delivered in the mail to the beach home of the actress last Thursday [the 17th] and was opened by Miss Davies's servants on Sunday. . . .

Black gunpowder and several small sacks of a high explosive, said by the officers to be guncotton in all probability, were found in the gold-plated gift box, in which a key was to have set off the charge.

The actress, questioned by officers at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where she is making a picture [*Polly of the Circus*], said yesterday that she has no idea who sent her the bomb. She displayed nervousness and expressed fear that a plot against her life existed. A guard was placed at her Santa Monica residence by the Sheriff's office pending completion of the investigation.

The package containing the bomb was mailed from Malibu Beach, the postmark indicated. A note contained in the package bore the name: "Miss Smith, 415 Malibu Beach," and requested that: "Please, nobody else open this but Mary." The Malibu Beach address was a false one, officers said.

Miss Davies on Sunday [the 20th] ordered her butler, S. J. May, to open several Christmas gift packages which had arrived during the week, she told investigators. May took the package into the pantry of the residence and opened all but the one containing the bomb, which, when he attempted to turn the key, gave off an odor of smoke.

Shaking the gilded box, the butler dislodged a quantity of powder which burned when a match was applied to it. May called police. . . .

Miss Davies's servants and her secretary, a Miss [Ella] Williams, told the officers the actress has received many threatening letters, obviously the work of cranks, in recent weeks.

The *Times* had more on the case the next day, December 23. The bomb "was the work of an employee or other attaché of a Hollywood film studio," the paper reported:

After an all-day investigation of circumstances surrounding the sending of the bomb, Inspector Lowe said he is convinced the paper covering was addressed on a typewriter used in film studios for the typing of subtitles on films, and that the gilded "gift box" containing the explosive was of the kind manufactured expressly for use as "props" in the production of films.

"At the M.-G.-M. studios, where Miss Davies is under contract, we examined two such typewriters," Lowe said. "While both machines were found to be of the kind used in addressing the package to Miss Davies, neither of them proved to be the one which typed the address. Our next move will be an examination of such machines in every Hollywood studio, as few, if any, business offices use such typewriters.

"It would have been a simple matter for anyone planning such an act to obtain the gilded box in a property room of a studio. We believe a man was the sender. A woman would not have constructed the ingenious bomb, and no woman would have wrapped it with the Christmas wrapping inside out, as was the case."

Although the report concluded by saying, "the Sheriff's office was conducting an investigation that resulted in two suspected persons being placed under surveil[l]ance," no further reports appeared in the *Times*.

Much more festively, Hearst and Marion made good on Billie Burke's future recounting of the parties given all along Ocean Front. They did so on New Year's Eve, a Thursday in 1931. With Marion's thirty-fifth birthday falling on Sunday, January 3, why not make a grand weekend of the occasion? They did so in staging their famous "kids" masquerade: Clark Gable as a Boy Scout, Joan Crawford as Shirley Temple, Marion as a little girl in a sun dress and matching bonnet. "The beauty of this party was that the costumes were inexpensive," said Louella Parsons in her gossip column.

Its beauty was also that with an entire weekend as a cushion, these were winter mornings in Santa Monica when, as Alice Head would have put it, everyone slept late.

5

Shell Game At the Seashore

1932–1936

EARLY IN 1932 the dynamic and always headstrong Camille Rossi, San Simeon's construction superintendent since 1922, finally wore his welcome thin with Hearst and Julia Morgan. George Loorz rose to the occasion. He was the young builder from Berkeley (b. 1898) whose past credits included nine months on the Beach House job in 1927–28.

Loorz was as much a typist as Hayes Perkins was but one imbued with a deeper respect for the truth and with far fewer axes to grind. Letters, not diary entries, were his writerly stock in trade. We can rely on George Loorz for some glimpses of Beach House history in the 1930s. Midway through 1932, Morgan described him to Hearst as "simple, direct and capable," as a man "with a natural manner." In contrast, the often cynical Perkins described Loorz at the outset of 1932 as "a back slapper if there ever was one."

You decide. To most old-timers conversant with the San Simeon or the Santa Monica of that era (not many are left), Loorz was a man who could do no wrong, a mortal who all but walked on water.

Before we move past the first month of this new year, Alice Head must be heard from again, silent in these pages since the summer of 1931. She has no peer, no equal in these circles—not even George Loorz and surely not Hayes Perkins—when it comes to recounting Los Angeles and sometimes the Beach House (though still not by name) during what technically were the worst years of the Great Depression:

Mid-January, 1932, saw me once more setting forth for the States, this time on the *Samaria*, one of the smaller Cunard boats. . . . After seven

extremely stormy days at sea we arrived on Sunday [probably January 24] at Halifax, Nova Scotia. . . . We left Halifax on Sunday evening and arrived at New York mid-day Tuesday. Leslie and Ruth Howard were at my hotel within an hour of my arrival and in the evening Dick Berlin [of Hearst Magazines] took me to see Leslie in his play *The Animal Kingdom* [at the Broadhurst Theatre] in which he was having a tremendous success. . . .

In a few days I left for Los Angeles, where there was the usual pleasant life—parties (Mary Pickford gave a big one which I much enjoyed), happy days at the studio [Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Culver City], and the wedding [on Sunday, February 14] of Carmen Pantages to John Considine [Jr.]. This meant a new dress as I had not expected to attend a wedding, and I was hurriedly fitted out at Magnin's beautiful shop with a most lovely lace dress and hat which Marion insisted on giving me. Carmen Pantages is a pocket Venus—dainty and exquisite, and she made a lovely bride. Marion was an equally lovely bridesmaid [and maid of honor] in pale blue, and the wedding, which took place in an enormous room at the Ambassador Hotel, which was solidly massed with the most gorgeous flowers, was an occasion which I shall long remember.

The remainder of my stay was as happy and busy as usual, and after a few days [back] in New York, I sailed in the *Berengaria*. . . .

One of the films shown on the *Berengaria* this trip was *Freaks*, which never succeeded in passing the censor in England. The performers in it were all monstrosities and it is difficult to understand how such a revolting picture ever came to be made.

Freaks had come to be made through MGM. In fact, it was made at the same time as *Polly of the Circus*, with a release date of February 20 to *Polly's* February 27. Marion had just one other film to concern herself with in 1932—*Blondie of the Follies*, made in the early weeks of summer for release in late August. Its production kept her and Hearst at the Beach House accordingly, punctuated by quick trips to San Simeon that more and more consisted of flights from Clover Field (today's Santa Monica Municipal Airport) to its rural counterpart at

the ranch, an unpaved airstrip that George Loorz was keeping high on his “to do” list of improvements Hearst wanted, both on the hilltop and elsewhere around his Central Coast kingdom, which comprised tens of thousands of pristine acres.

Throughout the last week of June 1932 and until Saturday, July 2, coinciding with the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Hearst ran his newspapers and other interests from the Beach House and the Cosmopolitan Bungalow at MGM. Such had become his pattern whenever Marion had a picture to make, more so than in much of the 1920s. Thus he was most likely in Santa Monica or Culver City for the much-mythified telephone connection with people in Chicago, a call favoring Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Democratic nominee for President. John Nance Garner (“Cactus Jack” of Texas, an old Congressional crony of Hearst’s and his preferred candidate) got the Vice-Presidential nod. The details exceed what this book about the Santa Monica connection can begin to unravel. For Hearst, that lordly a gesture was a throwback to the late 1890s and the Spanish-American War. He took full credit for his daring promotion of that spectacle, for his virtual if not literal starting of it, as many liked to say—a noble thing in its chauvinistic day. The last of the romantic wars, the Spanish-American conflict has been called: a historic event that ousted Madrid from the New World once and for all, upholding the Monroe Doctrine and liberating Cuba. In reality, the cause for a free Cuba had been brewing since long before Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer and yellow journalism had their operatic heyday on Park Row in Lower Manhattan. Hearst regarded the Roosevelt of 1932 and the jostlings in Chicago in a comparable vein, never mind if Joseph P. Kennedy or other politicians said the credit and spoils should be theirs to divide.

For our purposes, we need merely note that once *Blondie of the Follies* wrapped in mid-July, Hearst was as free as he’d once made Cuba; and for him that meant free to return to San Simeon, with

Marion and their full retinues in tow. She, or rather they, wouldn't need to be back at MGM until the following winter for the sake of *Peg o' My Heart*. Except for going to Cleveland in October (Hearst needed a throat operation, to be performed only by a trusted specialist), they favored San Simeon for the rest of 1932, letting the Beach House play second fiddle.

FOR JULIA MORGAN THAT YEAR, San Simeon remained her largest account, far and away. Next came her YWCA Residence Building in San Francisco, followed by the Marion Davies Clinic in West Los Angeles and The Principia in St. Louis, Missouri, a Christian Science college whose campus requiring Morgan's efforts lay across the Mississippi River in Elsah, Illinois. Three noticeably small jobs of Morgan's in 1932 pertained to the Beach House. Their combined expenses were less than \$250, mostly geared toward unglamorous maintenance (both the 415 and the 321 buildings needed painting, tasks coordinated by—though surely not performed by—the Morgan office). In other words, it was an off year for Morgan in Santa Monica, although 1933 would fall almost completely off the charts. At that point scarcely any drafting-room time or travel or other expenses would be accrued by her office for Santa Monica's sake.

As to George Loorz, he had been on the new job at San Simeon for two months early in 1932 when he heard from Bert Johnson, a college friend from UC Berkeley who'd worked for him on the Beach House job a few years before; Johnson had lived in Santa Monica since then or perhaps longer; he wrote to Loorz on April 12:

The best piece of news that I have had for a long time was when I heard that you had taken charge of the work at the ranch. [H. O.] Hunter [of the *Los Angeles Examiner*] told me about it about a month ago, and it sure tickled [William] Newton and me. By the way, I suppose you know

that Newton has the engineer's job at the beach house. He has been there quite a while now.

Johnson may have been using "engineer" loosely in an older sense, much as he or Loorz used "mechanic" to mean a skilled workman. Bill Newton, well represented in the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection, oversaw maintenance at the Beach House into the 1940s (caretaker-houseman would be the more accurate term for him). All the same, Newton was a key player in Santa Monica and would remain so for many more years. Johnson's letter of April 12, 1932, continued:

Do you know who is doing the work at the clinic [the Marion Davies Children's Clinic in Sawtelle] down here? I heard that it is being done by a San Francisco concern, but evidently [Frank] Hellenthal has something to do with it as he is seen around there at times. I heard that he was kind of upset about you being at the ranch. All he has been doing down here is knocking the work at the beach house, even doing outright lying to gain his point. There is plenty of his work that falls plenty short of the kind of work done when you were there.

The postscript asked: "Have you your family at San Simeon?"

Loorz was nearly two months in responding to Johnson's letter. He told his friend on June 4, "I intended to answer it immediately but misplaced it":

I suppose you have found out by this time who is doing the work at the Clinic. I have never heard as yet.

It's hard to imagine that Loorz wouldn't have learned the details by virtual osmosis, four months into his work at San Simeon in 1932. Morgan had been on the hilltop every week or so. Half of her check-ups had included a swing to Sawtelle in West Los Angeles to stay abreast of the emerging Clinic. "Miss Morgan, Geo[rge] Wright and others have kept me well posted on things there at Wyntoon," was much more Loorz's style—this when he wrote to his business partner, Fred Stolte,

the following year but concerning a completely different project, though as much a Hearst-Morgan pursuit as the Marion Davies Clinic was.

In any case, Loorz's letter of June 4, 1932, to Bert Johnson continued:

Yes I have my family here with me and we enjoy living right down by the beach again as we did in Santa Monica. However, the weather here has never been real nice and the beach is not to be compared with that at your city. . . .

I cannot think what we did that was so terrible when I was down at the Beach House. However, I have learned a lot in the past four years and there are a few things that I might do a little differently now. I wish Mr. Hellenthal a lot of luck even tho he may not be a booster for us.

WITH 1932 BEING AN election year, the loopy Hayes Perkins had some pronouncements to make after commenting on the economy; this was on May 16, several weeks before Roosevelt captured the nomination:

Business very bad, not only in the United States, but all over the world. It is the aftermath of the recent war [the World War], for depressions always follow in their wake. Everybody blames Hoover, the president. As Hoover has an antagonistic congress his hands are tied, he can do nothing, yet every fool blames him. Hoover has the right ideas, but is helpless to accomplish anything. Even California's vaunted [Senator] Hiram Johnson heads the list of Hoover's detractors. Hearst smears Hoover worse than [he does] any other [politician], but this is for personal reasons. Hoover wouldn't meet Hearst's mistress and now he is paying the price.

Hoover was missing a bet if there was any truth to the foolishness that Perkins liked to trumpet. On May 6, ten days before that entry, the *Los Angeles Times* had reported the following under "Four Hollywood Stars Added to Beaton's List":

Cecil Beaton, widely known for his photography, has added the names of four Hollywood stars to his list of the ten most beautiful women on the screen. He announced the additions recently at Columbia studios, where he was visiting Edmund Lowe and photographing Evelyn Brent.

The new four are Tallulah Bankhead, Gwill Andre, Kay Francis and Joan Crawford. This completes Beaton's list of ten, six of whom he selected last year, in the order of their beauty, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer and Ina Claire.

Beaton says he would place Miss Bankhead third in the list after Marlene. Otherwise the list remains in the order given.

Part of an entry Perkins made for June 19 touched on the ever-beguiling subject of Hearst, as had likewise been true of May 16:

Hoover and [Charles] Curtis have been re-nominated to succeed themselves [on the Republican ticket], but they'll never make it. Hoover has been a good president, to my point of view, but Hearst thinks otherwise.

The diarist's entry for July 5 contained further words along similar lines:

The Democrats have nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt for president. I don't like him. Hearst had the fate of the nomination in his hands, for he was behind Garner, a Texan. He made a dicker with the Roosevelt forces whereby the latter agreed to meet Marion in return for the electoral votes of California and Texas. . . .

All are maligning Hoover, unfairly smearing his reputation in every way to advance the cause of Roosevelt.

Hearst had been in the Los Angeles area, as we've seen earlier in this chapter, when he made the "dicker with the Roosevelt forces" Perkins spoke of. Perkins had more to say about the Democratic nominee in an entry he made several weeks later, dated September 30, 1932:

Hearst is gone now [from San Simeon] and his entourage has left with him. Roosevelt tried to welch on his promise to Hearst to meet Marion if Hearst, who had Texas and California's delegations in his pocket, would throw him the nomination. Hearst came through and now come this [the attempted welching]. But Hearst said come, and he [Roosevelt] did. Sat up on the platform at Los Angeles with Marion, who presided at the meeting [at Olympic Stadium], like a little man. Yet he fired [Jimmy] Walker for the same thing [for having a mistress, the actress Betty Compton]. A great man we have picked for the next president! He is riding high on a wave of booze [anti-Prohibition] that will carry him in.

Unbeknownst to Perkins, Hearst had heard from Roosevelt in early September, by wire from Poughkeepsie, New York, sent directly to San Simeon:

I am made very happy by that splendid editorial [by Hearst about the recently deposed Mayor Jimmy Walker] this morning. I wrote [Adolph] Ochs that [the] fact of times [*The New York Times*] reprinting it in full shows they knew a good one when they see it. It now looks certain that I will start on western trip next Monday [September 12]. The plans call for my being in San Francisco all day Friday September twenty-third leaving that night for Los Angeles spending Saturday twenty-fourth there and on Sunday twenty-fifth motoring to San Diego to see marine base which I started many years ago [while Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson]. Should much like to see your wonderful ranch but I fear it cannot be worked into this schedule. Hope much you will come [to] Los Angeles the day I am there and that we can have a good talk. Arrangements are being made for big charity performance [in Exposition Park] as you probably know. I am looking forward to seeing you.

Jimmy Walker had resigned on September 1 after intensive hearings in Albany chaired by Roosevelt (while the latter was still Governor of New York, with New York City being under his special jurisdiction). The main issue had been deep-seated municipal

corruption, not something as frivolous as Walker's love for Betty Compton. Perkins was up to his usual shenanigans. Roosevelt, for his part, was well into a long campaign swing through the western states when he stopped in Los Angeles on September 24. He addressed a large crowd at the Hollywood Bowl before he went to Olympic Stadium (today's Memorial Coliseum), where a fundraising pageant for the Marion Davies Foundation for Crippled Children drew an even larger crowd. Conrad Nagel served as master of ceremonies, and Will Rogers introduced Roosevelt to the cheering throng.

Although none of the recent Perkins diary entries or a message like Roosevelt's have an immediate bearing on the Beach House in Santa Monica, they give a helpful inkling of Hearst and his activities (and between the same lines, those of Marion). Otherwise, there's precious little to go on for 1932 without the words or records of Julia Morgan or George Loorz or Alice Head.

An unusual exception is a passage by Will H. Hays Jr., whose memoir of 1993, *Come Home With Me Now . . . The Untold Story of Movie Czar Will Hays By His Son*, recounts the summer of 1932 in Santa Monica, when Will Jr. was seventeen. The son's passage contains that critical, decisive word *their* with regard to the Beach House:

To continue my swimming and get all the outdoor exercise I could, Dad decided I should spend that summer vacation on a Southern California beach; so he rented Ben Lyon's and Bebe Daniels' three-story mansion on the sand at Santa Monica [at 1070 Ocean Front]. . . .

Some of the people in addition to Dad and Jessie [Will Jr.'s step-mother] who made those beach summers [1932 and 1933] memorable for me in one way or another were . . . the Hollywood Athletic Club's swimming coach Clyde Swensen and wrestling coach Carl Johnson, Johnny Weismuller, Buster Crabbe, *Photoplay* editor Jimmy Quirk (who died late the first summer [August 1, 1932]) and his former movie-star wife Mae Allison . . . director of the 1926 *Ben Hur* film Charles Brabin and his kindly, erstwhile glamour-queen wife Theda Bara,

superstar Norma Shearer who owned a nearby beachhouse [at 707 Ocean Front] with her Metro movie-executive husband Irving Thalberg, and publishing tycoon William Randolph Hearst and his beautiful and generous moviestar mistress Marion Davies, whose parties at their Santa Monica beach mansion as well as their San Simeon castle up the coast were legendary.

One evening, as we were walking beside the surf in front of the Hearst-Davies house, Dad told me that, although he knew both of them, he had the warmer feeling for Marian [*sic*]. He said that at some time previously, Hearst had been in financial danger of losing at least one of his chain's newspapers, and had called together for dinner in that house a few of his top executives and some other people whose judgment he respected, like Dad, to discuss his problem. Marian, the hostess and only woman present, listened to the lengthy discussion of the need for "bail-out" money in a hurry and of where possibly to get it; and as coffee was being served, she excused herself for a few minutes and came back carrying a shoe-box size metal case which she set on the table in front of Hearst. Putting a hand to her temple, she said something like, "Gentlemen, I hope you'll forgive my leaving you now to your cigars, but I seem to have a headache. However, I think some relief for your much bigger headache may be here"—tapping the case and looking down at Hearst—"and I'm returning it to you, my darling, with love." And she left for the upstairs. Under the circumstances, Hearst was pretty much obliged to open the box then and there; and in it were at least most of the jewelry and deeds to buildings he'd obviously given to her. Dad said that she may not have been a great actress, but that she was grateful. (One of his favorite saying[s] was, "There ought to be an eleventh commandment: 'Thou shall not be ungrateful.'")

The story of the jewelry and deeds belongs more properly to the late 1930s, not to the early part of that decade when Will Hays Jr. was in Santa Monica; even if placed later on the timeline, the allusion to the financial help Marion gave Hearst is nothing that either of the Hayses, father or son, would have been privy to. Of course, the important things in these lines are Will Jr.'s choice of words: "their Santa Monica

beach mansion” followed later by his reference to 415 Ocean Front as “the Hearst-Davies house.” On that score alone, this little-known book by Will Hays’s son has uncommon pertinence.

But regarding “their” in San Simeon’s case, Hearst had strong feelings about the matter, as the biographer David Nasaw emphasized in *The Chief*; he did so by quoting a letter from Hearst to one of his executives in New York, Joseph Moore; Hearst’s message was prompted by an article about Millicent Hearst that appeared early in January 1926 in the *New York American*. Hearst disliked the article, as Moore unmistakably learned:

I do not know who wrote it, but I would like to know, and also why it was written in the way it was. It says that Mrs. Hearst had “passed the autumn and early winter [1925–26] at her estate, ‘Las Estrellas,’ at San Simeon, California.” In the first place, the name of the estate is not “Las Estrellas” [it had been briefly that in the early twenties]. In the second place, it is not Mrs. Hearst’s estate. It is peculiarly mine, free even from community ownership under the laws of California because it is my inheritance. However, I have not, of course, any objections to having it referred to as “our estate,” but I do not like to be so wholly excluded from it.

Once more, though, if he were mostly or even wholly excluded from such matters where Santa Monica was concerned—at least in the public’s mind—so much the better.

THE PERKINS DIARY has an entry dated November 6, 1932, stemming from the throat surgery Hearst had in Cleveland the month before:

Hearst is ill at Marion’s house at Santa Monica. I hope he don’t peg out [die], but I am taking the selfish point of view and thinking of our jobs. No doubt a special delegation of angels are prepared to flit down from the clouds and bear Hearst away to their eyrie in the skies, where

Hearst will repose on Abraham's bosom, but it would be better if they would wait a few years.

The angels indeed waited, nearly twenty years more. Hearst's recovery at the Beach House in the fall of 1932 and then the progress he made at San Simeon left little for Perkins or anyone else to fret about; thus George Loorz could tell Julia Morgan on November 22:

Mr. Hearst looks much better than when he first came back. In fact, I have never seen him looking better. I have conversed with him at length but once and I found him to be in very splendid Humor.

Perkins made a final entry for 1932, dated November 30; it said in part with regard to San Simeon:

We have here now Arthur Brisbane, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and of course the ubiquitous Marion. Marion is jealous of Garbo's fame. The latter is nothing to look at, one marvels what makes the world go mad about so gloomy a person. She is not even pretty, never smiles, seems dumb. But the public is unhappy unless someone is deceiving it.

Earlier in November, before Perkins made those last two diary entries, Loorz had some correspondence with a Beach House connection to it. This was on Wednesday the 2nd, six days before Roosevelt's predictable landslide on Tuesday the 8th. Loorz wrote to the Palisades Glass & Mirror Co. at 111 Broadway in downtown Santa Monica:

Perhaps you will remember me as the Superintendent [of Construction] at the Beach House there about five years ago. How have things gone with you? I have not one complaint to make.

Now here's a good one for you. We will need right away several etched mirrors and beveled plate mirrors here in San Simeon. I can think of no better way to get things [done] promptly and properly and cheaply than to have you come up here immediately, if possible, and go over the various installations with me.

“Promptly and properly and cheaply.” Exactly the way Hearst liked to do things, the same as Loorz and Morgan also did, whether at San Simeon, at the Beach House, or anywhere else.

Loorz wrote to Palisades Glass in Santa Monica again on November 14. The items he sought were identified now within the pantheon of increasingly vast, palatial San Simeon: “20 mirrors for the South Dressing Rooms.” He meant the indoor Roman Pool, yet another tie-in between San Simeon and the Beach House on that established score.

When Loorz wrote to Palisades Glass on March 25, 1933, the mood was as blue as the shimmering tiles in the recently completed Roman Pool:

I have written to Miss Morgan regarding your account. They had not yet received their monthly allowance [from Hearst] and will not be able to send it to you right away. As soon as they receive it they will send it. If that is not within the next two weeks write me and I'll tell you just how to go about getting it direct their [there] in Los Angeles.

Likewise on March 25, a short letter from Loorz to Bert Johnson in Santa Monica sounded a familiar note in those dismal weeks that saw bank holidays and closures nationwide, haunting the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt on March 4:

I am very sorry to have to write this note to tell you what has happened here. Mr. Hearst came in yesterday and notified me to finish up the room I am now working in [in Casa Grande] and to shut down everything for a couple of months.

That means of course, that I will be out as well as everybody else. So Bert, I don't think you can depend upon anything up here as I had promised you. Hope you are able to find something else and that everything picks up before many months.

Things picked up quickly, all right, almost breathtakingly, as those conversant with San Simeon history know perfectly well. The

financial storm blew over for Hearst—or at least his thoughts of stopping progress at San Simeon did, Depression be damned. Besides, Wyntoon was about to emerge grandly, both in his mind and on paper too, once again as those versed in the story of San Simeon are amply familiar (hence the chapter title for the year 1933—“Brother, Can You Spare a Million?”—in *Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Loorz Papers*.) Evidently no special funds or extra means could be allotted to the Beach House, though, not after San Simeon and Wyntoon’s needs were met that year.

WE CAN SOON SKIP, therefore, to 1934 where Santa Monica’s concerned. San Simeon and, increasingly, Wyntoon so dominated Hearst’s life in 1933 and the life of Marion that the Beach House played even less than second fiddle. An unusual year it was, 1933, the one that saw Hearst turning seventy in April to Marion’s thirty-six in January. It was the first year in a good long while—in decades, actually, since sometime in the late 1800s—that Hearst never set foot outside California, never mind outside the U.S. (he and Marion wouldn’t be in Europe again until 1934). Two stretches in 1933 were dominated by her roles at MGM. The comedy-drama *Peg O’ My Heart* began filming in early February. The show-business musical *Going Hollywood* beckoned in the late summer and fall. As usual, the shooting schedule for each of these pictures was measurable in a few frantic weeks, not months, as has long since become the draining, ruinously expensive standard in the movie industry.

In essence, Hearst and Marion’s schedule in 1933 left all of January, the five months from April through August, and most of November and December for them to be doing other things. And do them they did, with the Beach House typically lying quiet in their protracted absences, one of which was for the sake of Hearst’s annual birthday bash. April 29—a Saturday in 1933, what could have been

better?—found Hearst and Marion and their hugely varied circle at San Simeon for his milestone seventieth, enjoying an Old West costume extravaganza. They wouldn't host anything comparable at the Beach House for another year and a half, not until October 1934, when the Tyrolean party took place in Santa Monica as a homecoming after their recent trip to Europe (during which Hearst saw Adolf Hitler in Berlin to his lasting disgrace, witness *Citizen Kane* and its endless fallout). Earlier that year the now-inseparable couple of Mr. Hearst and Miss Davies had made their one "Davies Cosmopolitan" picture for 1934, *Operator 13*, with Gary Cooper opposite Marion (meanwhile, five other non-Davies films were released through Cosmopolitan Productions in 1934). And the annual Hearst birthday bash for that year? It was held at San Simeon again, not at the Beach House, and again on a Saturday, inasmuch as April 29 fell on a Sunday.

Yet 1933 and the first part of 1934 had more than birthday parties to endear them. After all, it was late in March 1933 that the globetrotting George Bernard Shaw and his wife stayed at San Simeon, followed by a visit to the studio—the Cosmopolitan Bungalow, that is—at MGM. The Shaws' visit was all the rage in the film community while they were with Hearst and Marion for a few days. Yet there's little about the Beach House in the context of the Shaw's cameo in 1933 (they evidently spent one night at the Santa Monica mansion) that can't easily be imagined or extrapolated from diverse experiences in the Hearst-Davies sphere, as recounted later by memoirists like Marion herself in *The Times We Had*.

Also, on April 19, 1933, Julia Morgan wrote to Frank Hellenthal at his office on Tenth Street in Santa Monica. She'd had another mastoid operation the previous September, following the one in 1926, and had been all these months in recovering:

I am quite well, but the face has not yet regained its normal form. For an architect, it is more or less embarrassing to present so unsymmetrical an appearance!

She closed with a reference to the Beach House or the Marion Davies Children's Clinic—or if not to one of those jobs at least to one that she and Hellenthal were jointly pursuing. “Thank you for the information and the chimney photograph,” she said. “Is this as repaired, or before?”

ONWARD TO MISS HEAD in 1934. She remained the managing director of Hearst's National Magazine Company in London. But the strain had been getting to her lately:

Through the kindness of my friend, Dick Berlin, in the New York office [of Hearst Magazines], who persuaded Mr. Hearst that my health required a sea trip in 1934, I made the journey to Los Angeles by the S.S. *Santa Lucia* on the Grace Line via the Panama Canal.

She sailed from New York in March and went ashore in Cuba; she was also in Colombia briefly before crossing to the Pacific in April:

Our final port of call before Los Angeles was Mazatlan in Mexico, and I found this a most picturesque and fascinating place. . . . Rupert Hughes, the American novelist [and uncle of Howard Hughes], and his wife were among the passengers, and I accompanied them on many of the shore excursions. . . .

Harry Crocker was at Los Angeles to meet me and he drove me to Marion Davies' beautiful house on the beach at Santa Monica, where I was to stay. Marion was at work on a picture [*Operator 13*, which had begun filming in late February] and had to leave the house about seven o'clock in the morning. I rose in a more leisurely manner, had a delicious bathe in the her lovely sea-water swimming pool, breakfasted and then found a car waiting to drive me down to the Metro-Goldwyn studio [MGM in Culver City]. I sat on the lot all day watching Marion's scenes being shot, met many famous film stars at luncheon at her

bungalow, sometimes visited other sets during the day and drove home at night with Marion when work was finished. As she had to get up so early she naturally went to bed early, sometimes before the picture which was shown every night in the library.

Not one for short paragraphs, Miss Head's recollection of events in April 1934 included these lines, unbrokenly following the ones just quoted:

Occasionally I sat in solemn state alone seeing one of the newest talkies—frequently some of Marion's friends called in [to chat by telephone] and very often she had to spend the evening in a lesson in elocution from Mr Curry [George Currie], her private coach. But on Saturday evening there was always a large party—Harry Crocker, Matt Moore, Aileen Pringle, Carole Lombard, Connie Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Gary Cooper [the male lead in *Operator 13*], Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard and his wife Ruth, Mary Carlisle, Irene Castle (Mrs. Vernon Castle the dancer), Conrad Nigel, Frances Marion, Hedda Hopper are among those whom I have often met at Marion's house.

The endless paragraph continued—still with no mention of Hearst, whom we can be sure couldn't have been very far away. Miss Head provided authentic details about the Beach House to be found nowhere else:

On Sunday mornings I bathed and read the papers. Several guests arrived for lunch and many more in the afternoon for tennis, among whom were Alice Marble the American champion and Eleanor Tennant. On Sunday evenings there is a delightful buffet supper at Marion's home. A long table is covered with dishes of roast beef, hot lobster, hot ham, asparagus, potatoes, salads of all sorts. You are given a large plate with several compartments and you help yourself. You then return to the main dining-room with your filled plate and servants bring round the drinks. After this there is a delicious ice-cream, and finally coffee. Marion frequently entertains fifty or sixty people on Saturday and Sunday nights. An invitation is a very great privilege not only because of the interesting company but because Marion owns a really wonderful

collection of pictures [paintings]. She has one of Romney's most appealing Lady Hamiltons, a number of magnificent Hoppners and Lawrences and some beautiful examples of the work of Boucher, Fragonard and Greuze.

It was Ilka Chase, of course, whom we encountered in Chapter 3 saying that, in addition to "portraits of Marion in all her roles," there were "also portraits by the Messrs. Holbein and Rembrandt," paintings that got short shrift in favor of the movies shown after dinner. However, neither Hearst nor Marion owned a Holbein; but a Rembrandt, yes—a picture reputedly by the Dutch master that was later deemed a follower's work.

Attributions aside, if anyone were in a position to describe the imported columns, friezes, ceilings, paneling, fireplaces, and other architectural elements that reputedly accompanied the paintings at the Beach House, Alice Head would have been the one; and this very moment would have been the perfect time. Earlier in her memoir, in reflecting back on the San Simeon of 1926 and her first visit to the ranch, she'd mentioned "the magnificent palace" Hearst was building there, along with "the glorious collection of antiques" to be seen. But apart from mentioning "the wonderful collection of pictures" in Santa Monica, she didn't elaborate on any of its other trappings—for example, the English and Continental silver that was there in abundance, much as it was at San Simeon and at St. Donat's in Wales (a passion of Hearst's through many years of collecting). Instead, she continued her lengthy paragraph about 1934 in this way:

The house is built right on the Pacific beach and is a most delightful home at which to have the happiness of staying. I was given a very lovely bedroom overlooking the Pacific with a little sitting-room attached where I could do my writing. Unquestionably it was a room with a view. From one window I could see the Pacific coast from Malibu to Long Beach and, as the saying goes, catch a glimpse of "Catalina on a clear day," and from the other window I could overlook Marion's tennis

courts [toward the north end of the property], and watch the graceful and expert Alice Marble in action while beautiful Madeleine Carroll was swimming in the pool; later on in the evening Aileen Pringle, Matt Moore and Carole Lombard were among those who joined us for supper.

It was a hard act even for Miss Head to follow. Her next sentence finally launched a new paragraph upon this abrupt transition: "After I returned to England in 1934 I noticed a change in Lord Riddell." At that paragraph's end, she skipped right past 1935 and made belated mention of Hearst in regard to events of 1936.

We ourselves needn't move ahead quite so fast. Julia Morgan merits attention here: 1934 yielded her eighth of eleven Beach House job ledgers, a minor one again whose categories of drafting-room time, travel, telegrams, and overhead equaled \$138.61, for which she collected \$230.06 (7% of \$3,286.67, the latter amount comprising Frank Hellenthal's construction costs). Her profit came to \$91.45 on this small effort—"Beach House sun rooms 415 Ocean Front [for] Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles," the job was called. The address denoted the Los Angeles Railway Building (catty-corner to the Examiner Building downtown), the former providing Hearst, Willicombe, and Louella Parsons with the office space they needed in that neighborhood. Marion wasn't mentioned at all by Morgan at this juncture.

When the Hearst party got back from its summer sojourn in Europe, June through September 1934, everyone stopped in New York. Hearst and Marion went to Washington so that Mr. Hearst could see President Roosevelt at the White House. Before settling back in at San Simeon in late October, the couple held their renowned Tyrolean costume party at the Beach House on Sunday, October 21. Soon afterward, tensions boiled over between the Hearst-Davies and the Thalberg-Shearer camps. A disputed part in an MGM movie has

traditionally been assigned the blame. The upshot is that Hearst and Marion would be leaving Culver City—not just them but their whole entourage comprising Ella Williams and certain others, plus Ed Hatrick whenever he was in town, and even the Bungalow itself, despite the theater that Julia Morgan and Frank Hellenthal had added to it while the Hearst party was abroad. Everything was marked for departure: the whole Cosmopolitan kit and kaboodle.

But not so fast again: let's savor the details. In 1965, here's how Jack Warner of the gritty studio by that name (assisted by an old anti-Hearst newspaperman named Dean Jennings) described what happened in the waning days of October and the dawning ones of November:

At MGM—in this year of 1934—the honeymoon was over for Louis B. Mayer, Marion Davies, and William Randolph Hearst.

The disenchantment became acute when the picture *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which had originally been bought for Marion Davies, was assigned by Irving Thalberg to his wife, Norma Shearer.

When Hearst applied pressure—and he could be ruthless when he was crossed—Mayer refused to surrender, and agreed with Thalberg that Marion belonged in light comedy but not in serious drama.

Hearst abruptly severed his long and happy association with Metro. Then he phoned me at the studio [in Burbank], and said that he wanted to make a deal with us. I met him and Marion at their Santa Monica beach house, and a multimillion-dollar proposition was settled in five minutes flat.

What telling words: *I met him and Marion at their Santa Monica beach house*. Warner's partly ghosted yet undeniably inside account continued:

"You know Marion and you know me," Hearst said. "And you know what we want."

"Sure I do," I said.

“We want to bring Cosmopolitan Pictures and Marion to Burbank. Will you do it?”

“Of course,” I said. “Nothing to it.” . . .

Not long after the contract was signed, Hearst decided to move Marion’s “bungalow” to our lot, and I set aside a piece of ground on the Warner Avenue side of the studio. The bungalow turned out to be a twenty-room house which had to be cut into three sections, and hauled across town from Culver City. Streets were blocked, phone and electric wires were raised, and traffic was rerouted while this odd caravan rumbled toward Burbank. The cost was shocking, but Hearst was determined that his favorite star would not have an ordinary dressing room. Marion’s bungalow was more than that. She lived there when her pictures were being filmed.

You mean, *not* in Santa Monica? *Not* at the Beach House when the day’s work was done? A contestable point, surely, yet it’s another telling one precisely as it stands.

Jack Warner’s memoir has seldom been upheld as a paradigm of deep thinking or as an insightful expose of goings-on in the film industry. Oh, but Warner’s choices of words and his idiomatic twists could only be ghosted or polished so much, by Dean Jennings or anyone else. It was no idle point that Bette Davis became the “bitch goddess” while under contract at Warner Bros.-First National in Burbank. If anyone knew expressive language, the hardboiled Jack Warner did.

The George & Rosalie Hearst Collection provides a different shading, as is only to be expected of any primary documents that address these subjects. Irving Thalberg to Hearst, Thursday, November 1, 1934:

Dear W. R.: Am heartbroken to feel you are leaving ten years of association during eight of which we worked so closely together and with, at least to me, such happy results. Our *Broadway Melody*, our *Big House*, our *Marianne*, our *Blondie [of the Follies]*, our many other

successes—yes, and even our few failures have left a memory of so kindly and inspirational a personage whose help to me as an individual I will never forget. It will always be a source of regret that circumstances during the last two years [Thalberg's health was failing him] took away from me the privilege of close contact.

I wish you and dear Marion greater success than ever in your picture ventures. I hope you will not hesitate to call on me if it lies within my power to give you service, and I wish you both great personal happiness in your new connection. As ever.

Thalberg had this to say to Marion on the same date as his wire to Hearst—on Thursday, November 1:

Dear Marion: It was an awful shock. I can't tell you how much I will miss you even though I have been forced to play a smaller part with you the last couple of years [indeed, he was younger than she, yet he would die in 1936]. From the bottom of my heart lots of luck, success and happiness to you. Remember I am still your pal, so call on me.

Marion took the high road, the safe road, in wiring Jack Warner that Thursday:

Thanks for your kind telegram, Jack. I am sure I shall be very happy in working for your big company and in such pleasant personal association. Hope to see you Friday [tomorrow, November 2] at the ranch.

Mr. Hearst appreciates the pleasant interviews you and Harry [Warner] gave the papers as much as I do. We both send best wishes to you and Harry and promise our heartiest cooperation for success.

She wired Louis B. Mayer as follows four days later, on Monday, November 5:

Dear Mr. Mayer: I tried to reach you by telephone Saturday after I received your lovely letter. I am writing you a [non-telegraphic] letter now. I would have done it sooner but I have been upset. I appreciate all the nice things you said and all you have done for me during the many years of our happy association. Much love always.

There's more that could be said, more excerpts that could be included here. For now, we can merely cite one that's evocative of how omnipresent Hearst could be in situations of all kinds. Willicombe ("the Colonel") wired a minor employee, Jack Ackles, in Santa Monica. This was on the same date as Irving Thalberg's telegrams to Hearst and Marion—Thursday, November 1, 1934:

While we are at [the] ranch I think [it] advisable for you to occupy your time the same as when Chief was in Europe, namely as additional watchman at [the] Beach House. In fact kindly consider this [the] usual routine for you unless Chief instructs to contrary when Chief is away.

Colonel Willicombe said nothing to Jack Ackles about Marion. He didn't need to, surely not for Hearst's sake. Like master, like mistress.

Not to be outdone historically-archivally, the George Loorz Papers include the following exchange between Loorz and Frank Hellenthal on November 1 and 2, correspondence oblivious, no doubt, of the higher drama going on between the titans above them. From his office at 911 Tenth Street in Santa Monica, Hellenthal wrote to Loorz at San Simeon on Thursday the 1st:

I am trying to figure out the manufacturer of the silvered wire screens that are in the Library book case doors at the beach house.

I understand that quite a number of these have been used at San Simeon and that therefor[e] you might have the answer.

Loorz replied promptly to Hellenthal, on Friday, November 2:

I regret to state that I cannot, immediately, tell you the manufacturer of the silvered screens or grilles at the beach house.

Those at the beach house were installed before my time [starting in August 1927] and I know of no similar grilles installed here.

However, in the back of my mind, a Bohemian iron worker who did some very high-class ironwork for us at the Beach House did say that he made the grilles in question before my time. As I remember, at the time he worked for us he and another Bohemian had opened a shop with a

fancy name like Artistic Metal or Metal Arts shop or something. The depression may have closed their doors long since. With a good deal of luck you might phone shops with pretty names.

And then the kicker in Loorz's letter of November 2 to Hellenthal:

Frank, I have some old Beach House records in the attic of my Berkeley home, now rented. This man's name will be in those records. My tenant might gladly send the files to me. I will try to get the information though I'm not positive this man made them.

Nothing further was ever said of the Beach House records Loorz spoke of; they've long been lost, unaccounted for, considered missing for more than seventy years now. It was this tie-in of George Loorz's with the Beach House that put yours truly on the active Santa Monica trail in the first place, a connection in 1988 through Loorz's second son, Bill Loorz. Bill was born in 1928, right after his father, mother, and older brother, Don (b. 1926), left the Beach House job in April 1928, with the father handing his superintendent keys to Hellenthal. As George Loorz explained to Fred Stolte later in November 1934:

Frank Hellenthal has been doing all of Miss Morgan's work in Los Angeles for the past ten years and more. After I left Santa Monica he got in on the Hearst work and has done every bit of it since. Mr. Hearst knows him personally and likes him very much. He just finished the theater [Morgan's sole addition to the Cosmopolitan Bungalow in Culver City], in fact, Mr. Hearst never even went to look at it, so naturally he [Hellenthal] is already doing the moving job [to Warner Bros. in Burbank].

Loorz also explained that Hellenthal and Jim LeFeaver of the Morgan office in San Francisco were "graduates of the same University" (the University of Washington in Seattle) and were "very friendly" with each other, no small point in Morgan's world view.

HIGH TIME ONE OF Hearst's birthday parties should be held at the Beach House. The last one had been in 1932, when he turned sixty-nine. In 1933 and 1934, the ranch had taken the honors. He and Marion planned to rectify that in 1935. But then her father, Bernard Douras, died on April 26, three days before Hearst's seventy-second birthday. A pall descended on Palisades Beach Road. Hearst and Marion had been in town since late March 1935, following a nearly unbroken five-month stint at San Simeon, a period marked by Hearst's launching of his campaign against foreign *isms*, especially Communism. Soon after that he began doing battle with Rooseveltism, joining the ranks of other disgruntled publishers, the foremost of whom was Robert R. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*. On a pleasanter note, Marion began making her first film through the new Cosmopolitan-Warner Bros. pact, a comedy called *Page Miss Glory* for summertime release.

Julia Morgan went to Santa Monica in early April 1935 and again later that month. A new job was in the offing, the largest at the Beach House since the big-budget days on the 415 and 321 buildings in 1929 and 1930. "Beach House, 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, Calif., Service Wing," the new ledger was called. On its inside pages, further clues: "Beach House service wing alterations 415 Ocean Fr[ont] Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles; Mr. F[rank] A. Hellenthal, contractor." At no time in the ledger was the detached north building, 321 Ocean Front, specified or mentioned. The confusion over what was done or not done in 1935 remains sizable. Some Beach House aficionados subscribe to rental or guest-house status for 321, others to domestic status. The former prospect (rental unit or guest house) is arguably more plausible if we lean on Patricia Ziegfeld and certain other memoirists, and if we rely on the *Bay Cities Directory* listings of the period.

Morgan’s “recap” or reconciliation sheet, which on her medium-sized to larger jobs precedes the cursive entries with a page (or sometimes pages) of typewritten data, goes like this: “On a/c [account] for services in connection with Service Wing additions and alterations at #415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, charges being 7% of payments [by Hearst to Hellenthal et al.] as follows”:

Ctf [certificate]	56 . . .	\$283.47
	57	1,360.52
	58	4,375.48
	59	13,601.79
	60	12,100.29
		<hr/>
		\$31,721.55 @ 7% \$2,220.51

Unquestionably precise, exacting, businesslike. Those five certificates from Hellenthal were logged onto the recap sheet on October 28, 1935 (the Morgan office’s work took place in April through August). An additional logging was made on November 13, 1935:

Ctf [certificate]	61 . . .	\$3,062.13
	62	563.72
		<hr/>
		\$3,625.85 @ 7% \$253.81

In other words, \$2,220.51 plus \$253.81 equaled \$2,474.32—the amount the Morgan office received from Hearst in May 1936, whereupon the account was marked “Closed.” The office’s expenses, meanwhile, had topped out in late August 1935 at \$955.86, thereby yielding a profit of \$1,518.46, albeit one not realized for many months to come.

So it was that Morgan did business with Hearst. Most other architects couldn’t have functioned this way. She could. He’d made her

prosperous. And the Depression was still on. She needed him as much as he needed her.

Regarding the “additions and alterations” (which sound like they were applied to an existing service unit, not to a guest house that was now gaining a service extension), the itemized breakdown is on the simple side: travel, drafting-room time, overhead, blue prints, telephone, telegrams. A basic job, a routine job. There would be only two more jobs for Morgan at the Beach House through 1938, one larger than the 1935 effort, one smaller.

Some of her travel dates on the Service Wing job of 1935 dovetailed with trips to Wyntoon, hundreds of miles north, clear up in Oregon almost. That’s where Hearst and Marion held court in the summer of 1935 on a scale hitherto unknown there. Following its coverage of San Simeon in 1931, *Fortune* magazine did its second lavish spread on the kingly Hearstian way of life in 1935, published in its October issue.

Sometime during this period, Hearst and Marion drew up an agreement that the wealthy can best appreciate. She remained the nominal title-holder of the Beach House. He, in turn, leased the whole compound from her, and he did so at no small expense: \$2,500 a month, easily the equivalent of \$35,000 to \$40,000 in the dollars of 2010. This leasehold status ran to the end of the deflationary 1930s, possibly longer, perhaps right up until another shell-game technicality resulted in one of Hearst’s corporate entities buying the Beach House from Marion. It takes one to know one. Perhaps these maneuvers were simply Hearst’s way of providing for his beloved mistress; after all, he was in his seventies now and she still wasn’t forty. As Jack Warner so aptly said years later, the Beach House was *theirs*, jointly and dually *theirs*. We can be virtually sure it long had been, perhaps even at its launching in 1926, no matter how a given letter of Hearst’s to Julia Morgan may have been worded.

Taxes could also have underlain these machinations. California adopted a new state income tax midway through 1935. Hearst the publishing tycoon and fellow high-salaried folk in the film industry took a major hit. He was one who sought relief from the “confiscatory” rates he was sure the Roosevelt Administration had imposed on him as a personal vendetta, FDR’s way of driving the New Deal home. Hearst and others spied a loophole. By remaining out of state for six months, he and Marion could avail themselves of a “non-resident” exemption, thus effecting a substantial savings, especially in his case; otherwise, his hefty Hearst Enterprises salary of \$500,000 per year (nearly 8 million dollars today) would leave him with less than \$100,000 by the time he met his federal and state obligations. He and Marion wouldn’t avail themselves of that ploy until 1936. For now, 1935 had to be endured. The Beach House was relegated to a minor role. San Simeon and Wyntoon were the couple’s current priorities.

MARION’S SOLE PICTURE through Cosmopolitan-Warners in 1935, *Page Miss Glory*, wrapped in mid-May. Following that, she and Hearst and their usual entourage spent most of the summer at Wyntoon, where work on the fairytale Bavarian Village was in full swing under Julia Morgan, Mac McClure, and George Loorz’s contracting partner, Fred Stolte. The ex-zookeeper, ex-janitor, and somehow always omniscient and omnipresent Hayes Perkins was there as well; he’d been transferred from San Simeon to Wyntoon for the 1933 and 1934 seasons. Perkins had a new job description. It included keeping Wyntoon’s fireplaces in proper shape for year-round use. Thus did he seem so often to be where the action was, as his diary entry dated July 29, 1935, indicates:

Late yesterday [Sunday] I was laying the assembly hall fire [in The Gables] before the crowd came in. I noticed Marion there, and Clark Gable, and a few other hams. Louis B. Mayer too, and a half dozen other

heavy jowled Semites. The fire was half laid when Marion arose hurriedly and almost ran over to a table just in front of the fireplace. She was followed by her anti-social dachshund [Gandhi], who will bite anybody who comes near her. Mayer and the other sons of Jacob began to assemble near me, and Clark Gable effaced himself as was meet [proper] and fitting for a man of his lowly estate. The office door of Hearst's den opened and the old man emerged. Came the sound of Mayer's voice, introducing someone to Marion.

"Miss Davies, let me present Mr. Hoover!"

Marion's faithful hound, excited because of the company reached for the nearest [person] and it happen[ed] to be me. He encompassed a fair mouthful of meat in his capacious jaws, and it stung sharply. I almost dropped a load of wood, but managed to hold it and to shake the beast off. Out of the corner of his keen eye old Hearst got it [saw the incident], and grinned. But he was not nearly so much interested in this comedy as the drama unfolding behind me. I had half turned to get rid of my tormentor [the dachshund], and saw there ex-President Herbert Hoover.

A well knit, compact man, carefully groomed, getting grey about his ears. He did not look his real age [sixty] and was of healthy appearance. Behind him his son Alan [Allan], a tall, rangy youth, with Jack Eccles [Ackles, late of Santa Monica] and another muscle man lounging in the nearby offing. Hoover bowed low over Marion's hand, which he shook heartily. Marion reached for a decanter resting on the stand, but Mayer stepped into the breach.

"No! No! Mr. Hoover takes only cigars."

None of these were at hand, and I doubt if Hoover smokes anyhow. He shook [hands] with the others there as Mayer introduced them one by one, Alan [Hoover] coming in on it because of his relationship. I have never seen such a look of triumph on a human face as was expressed on the countenance of Hearst. He had made the haughty Hoover eat out of Marion's hand at last!

This takes a long time to tell, but it lasted only a few moments. Hearst let it drag. At last he had revenged himself for his humiliation in 1932 or '33, when Mayer was chased from the White House because Hoover refused to accept a harlot [Marion] as a social equal. Times have

changed now, and Hoover or any other politician will bend low to get aid for their party's candidate. Hearst called for taxis and they sped up to the Waterhouse [the Bavarian Village area], where Hearst resides in the Brown Bear [House] and has installed the Hoovers, father and son, in the nearby Waterhouse itself [River House].

Being rated as a cat under the table and all of the household knowing me they paid me no heed. I was one of the help, or as Mrs. [Eugene] Kower neatly puts it, a servant. This causes little enthusiasm for her among those who keep the entertaining going. Even Mrs. Kower dared not crash this august assembly, and I never would have made it except for the fire [that Perkins was laying].

There's more than a little truth to this latest rant by Hayes Perkins, although the presence of Herbert Hoover at Wyntoon during the summer of 1935 remains to be delved into, remains to be verified through the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library in Berkeley or through the more extensive Hoover archives at Stanford University, across the bay. When Louis B. Mayer wired Hearst from Culver City on Friday, August 2, he said nothing about his good friend the ex-President:

Dear W. R.: Just want to tell you again what a marvelous visit I had with you and Marion [on July 27–28] and how very much I enjoyed every moment of your inspiring companionship. The time was much too brief. I only wish I could have remained longer for there is no one from whom I derive more genuine pleasure than you. Hope you are well and that it won't be long before we may be together again. Affectionate good wishes to you both and many thanks for the finest weekend I have had in recent years.

It matters not that Hearst and Marion had left MGM and Mayer and Thalberg as abruptly as they had in 1934. Hearst and MGM-Loew's still had their newsreel, *Hearst Metrotone News*, to make and distribute jointly; in that regard, blood was thicker than water and would remain so throughout the 1930s and even longer.

Hayes Perkins made another entry about Herbert Hoover on Saturday, August 3:

The Hoovers stayed two days. Each day a place was laid for them in the salon where ordinary mortals dine [in The Gables], but not for them. In the Brown Bear [house] Hearst had plates laid for four. For himself, Marion and the Hoovers, father and son. Not one meal eaten elsewhere. Doubtless many things were cussed and discussed, and a new potential leader of Republicanism has been chosen. Never heard of him before, but on inquiry learn his name is [Alfred M.] Landon and that he is governor of Kansas.

A *New York Times* editorial on Landon's prospects had appeared on June 1, 1935; *The Times* had initially broached the subject on February 3. And yet at mid-summer in 1935 Hearst was still two months away from declaring for Landon. Besides, he had yet to make his improbable, short-lived appeal to his old nemesis Al Smith, extolling him as a "Jeffersonian Democrat" who could unseat Roosevelt in 1936 through a third-party effort. Hoover, meanwhile, saw himself as the best Republican candidate—surely not Alf Landon. The prospect that Hoover and Hearst weighed such matters at Wyntoon in 1935 seems farfetched. In turn, the prospect that Hoover was at Wyntoon for *any* purpose is nearly as suspect. As an ex-President, unpopular or not, Hoover was newsworthy at every turn. If he did what Perkins recounted, the Associated Press and other bureaus were none the wiser. Nor is posterity any better informed through Hoover's own papers (or thus far through Hearst's); and a tame, pabulum of a book like *The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: The Great Depression, 1929–1941*, published in 1952, is of no help at all.

We've had little occasion thus far to touch on Hearst's other film interests besides those starring Marion. Even if we concern ourselves with her pictures only, omitting the thirty or so Cosmopolitan non-Davies pictures from her Metro years in Culver City (1924 to 1934) and

their roughly twenty non-Davies counterparts from the new Warners period in Burbank (1935 to 1938), complexity reigns supreme. A single message from Ed Hatrick to Hearst, sent to Wynton on August 8, 1935, is a case in point:

When I was on [the] coast Marion approved payment to real estate department [of] 62,000 dollars which will be required from August 1st to end of year. Martin [Huberth] now states he will require eighty-seven [thousand] for this period and I am forwarding letter giving reasons. This letter should be approved by Star [Miss Davies].

This will make total for the year of hundred ninety-one thousand [\$191,000] advance real estate department. In addition to this [I] was advised yesterday that [Geoffrey] Konta [a New York attorney] will require thirty-six thousand plus interest for Star's income tax payment due August 15th and 18,000 due September 15th.

If it meets with your approval I am arranging with [Ella] Williams to give [A. J.] Walker [a Los Angeles attorney] Star's personal checks [for] thirty-six thousand to forward immediately with income tax return, and I will forward her Cosmopolitan check for this amount made out to Star and charge same to Star's account. Will also arrange for September payment in same way.

This will put serious crimp in Cosmopolitan revenue and I am writing you regarding same. Please advise.

As regards Cosmopolitan, *The Hollywood Reporter* made a surprising claim on its front page of October 15, 1935, under "Hearst Wants to Acquire Own Studio":

William Randolph Hearst is reported looking over the local field with the intention of taking over one of the smaller studios on which to concentrate his Cosmopolitan productions in order that he can move from the Warner studio.

Hearst representatives have been surveying the Pathé lot [in Culver City] with this in mind, but as yet have made no formal bid to buy or lease.

The next day, October 16, Hearst appeared on the front page of *The Hollywood Reporter's* rival trade paper *Variety* (the weekly edition) under "A Hearst Letter," which began with "Dear Sir":

I have read your article of Sept. 30 [in *Daily Variety*] stating that I am leaving California.

I hope still to be able to spend some time in California, but I am compelled to close my places and live almost entirely in New York.

Heaven knows I do not want to leave California. No one does, least of all a native son whose father was a pioneer; but it is utterly impossible for me to remain here and to occupy a place like San Simeon, on account of the federal and state tax laws. . . .

What I do, however, is of little consequence; but I fear that a great number of people with considerable incomes are planning to reside elsewhere, and that a great many who had in mind to come to California, and to remain here for at least half of their time, are realizing the utter impossibility of doing so.

The California law contains the peculiar provision that if anyone, even though a citizen of another state, remains in California six months of any year, he thereby becomes for that year a citizen of California, and is subject to California income taxes in addition to the taxes he has to pay in the state where he has his actual and legal residence.

This, of course, will prevent many well-to-do people from being even part-time residents of the state.

It would seem also that a number of moving picture people who earn considerable salaries are unwilling to pay the high income taxation of California, and are accepting engagements in the east or abroad.

I am inclined to think that if some alert moving picture company should establish studios in Florida or Delaware or New York City, or some suitable eastern place, they could get many of the most valuable stars away from California.

This would be better for the nation than allowing them and many leading directors to go abroad, to build up English pictures and foreign pictures generally.

Hearst concluded that the state income tax “was an unhappy move—very unhappy for us who are compelled to leave the state.”

He admitted, though, that “the state is so great and so rich that it will easily sustain the loss.” Instead, the loss would be that of Hearst and others who felt compelled to leave.

Blink and you’ll miss what comes next: on October 17, 1935, *The Hollywood Reporter* mentioned the following under “Rambling Reporter”:

For the tremendous party at Marion Davies’ house after the opening last night, the entire place was turned into a forest.

The Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library had tipped their hand in that same direction on Friday, October 11, when Joe Willicombe told Warden Woolard of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Reine Davies asked Chief’s okay on covering the affair Wednesday night [the 16th] at Beach House. Chief has given his approval for her to do so with an assistant. She states that she has been gathering a lot of stuff together and as it is a social event she would like to cover it. Chief says okay.

Bob Thomas’s biography of Jack Warner may well be the better way to flesh out what these fleeting references mean, better than relying solely on Marion’s coverage of them in *The Times We Had*. Thomas’s pages in *Clown Prince of Hollywood* include these passages:

Hearst had been thwarted in his plan for Marion Davies to star in *The Miracle*, the Karl Vollmoeller play that had become a classic through the inspired direction of Max Reinhardt. Warner Bros. owned the film rights, but Jack Warner had avoided handing them over to Hearst, realizing the folly of casting Marion Davies as a sainted nun. (Warner Bros. finally filmed *The Miracle* in 1959, badly.)

Reinhardt was greatly admired by Hearst, who had seen the director’s mammoth productions in Europe and America. Hearst was among those sponsoring Reinhardt’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* in

San Francisco and Los Angeles, and he helped convince Jack Warner to transfer it to film [in 1935]. . . .

Although Shakespeare was Greek to him, Jack Warner put the studio's entire support behind *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Harry [Warner] agreed that the film would add prestige to Warner Bros., which was often scorned as a maker of fast-talking melodramas and leggy musicals. A lavish premiere was held at the Warner's Beverly Hills Theater [on October 16], followed by a party given by Hearst at his Santa Monica mansion, Ocean House. The tennis courts were tented; two orchestras played for dancing; caviar and champagne were served.

Overshadowing the gaiety of the premiere and party was the feeling that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would fail despite its beauty and cleverness. It did.

As Thomas further said, "American ears were untuned to Shakespeare's lyricism."

WE CAN FORGIVE Bob Thomas for having called the Hearst-Davies place "Ocean House" in the context of 1935, a dozen years too soon; he more than offset the error by speaking of "a party given by Hearst at his Santa Monica mansion." But was the place properly his, hers, or theirs? To unravel the ownership of the Beach House during the mid-1930s is no easy thing. In a letter of June 19, 1937, for example, Larry Mitchell, a Hearst-Davies attorney in Los Angeles, was told the following by another Hearst attorney, Edward Woods, who was based in Chicago:

Mr. Hearst's lease on the beach house was terminated in December, 1935.

In spite of this termination, payrolls and expenses for provisions and household of the beach house were charged to Mr. Hearst during 1936.

Mr. [Geoffrey] Konta writes me that it was his understanding that the practice of making such charges against Mr. Hearst would be

discontinued but that the same practice was maintained throughout the year.

I wonder what can be done to correct this situation?

Joe Willicombe told the Los Angeles attorney, Larry Mitchell, on July 10, 1937:

Referring to Mr. Woods' letter of June 19th to you regarding payroll and expenses for provisions and household at the Beach House, Mr. Hearst says:

"Present arrangement is okay. It is the agreement under which the lease was cancelled. I occupy the Beach House."

The cancellation must have been revoked. Or a new lease agreement supplanted it. As we'll be seeing three chapters from now, a lease still existed in 1939; it may have continued right into the early 1940s. It's impossible to say until someone delves more deeply into the under-utilized Hearst Papers at The Bancroft. In comparison, the unraveling of Julia Morgan's job ledgers for Beach House work from 1936 through 1938 is a cake walk.

Her next to last job in Santa Monica began in January 1936. It ran throughout the year, half of which Hearst and Marion spent outside California to gain the non-resident exemption on their state taxes. The Beach House job lapped over into the spring of 1937. Morgan's two typewritten recap sheets refer to "professional services in connection with alterations and repairs at #415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, charges being 7% of payments to contractor." The latter was Frank Hellenthal, as usual. At the head of the recaps, some other familiar words appear: "Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles."

A letter from Hearst to Morgan, sent from Los Angeles on February 2, 1936, gives some inkling of what the new job would be addressing, at least in part:

I am very serious about eliminating electric heat everywhere—Wyntoon, San Simeon, and Santa Monica.

It is unpleasant, unhealthful, dangerous and expensive. It burns up the oxygen in the air. It scorches anything near it. It often fails when it is most needed. It is difficult to regulate, and the most costly of all methods.

All that can be said in its favor is that it is easy to turn on, but no easier than steam.

I suggest that we put steam heat EVERYWHERE.

Of course we plan that at Wyntoon. We can easily install it at Santa Monica, and we can do it this summer when we are putting on a new roof, reconstructing our [sun] porch, and fortifying our foundations.

Installing steam heat seems the least of our worries there.

Morgan did well for herself on the alterations job. Her travel, drafting-room time, and even minor engineering tasks assigned to Walter Huber accrued \$1,727.20 in office costs against \$5,781.21 in sporadic payments, which Hearst made from May 1936 through March 1937. The key to Morgan's success was her ability to carry her foremost client for months or even longer. Most other architects, builders, or artisans didn't have the wherewithal. They would have sunk like stones (several of them did) under that kind of financial pressure.

Her ability, of course, came not just from her sober economic ways. It came from the sheer volume of work Hearst kept giving her. He was the perennial fountainhead in her career throughout its second half, from the early 1920s until World War II, a span of more than fifteen years during which he accounted for a large percentage of her total business—more than sixty percent in 1928 alone, her most active, prosperous year overall.

6

We Three Kings of 415 1936–1938

WITH BOTH OF MARION'S pictures in 1936 having wrapped—*Hearts Divided*, with Dick Powell, early in the year; *Cain and Mabel*, with Clark Gable, in the late spring—she and Hearst were poised to leave for Europe on an extended trip, their first since 1934. It would also be their last.

Between the work on those films, the date May 2, 1936, found Hearst and Marion hosting the first of three consecutive parties at the Beach House in his honor (May 2 was a Saturday: the current leap year had deposited his April 29 birthday on a useless Wednesday). We Three Kings of 415, those annual events of 1936 through 1938 can be called. All three were costume spectacles. At San Simeon, George Loorz recounted the 1936 installment, for which a dress rehearsal was staged on Saturday, April 11; he told an engineering colleague named Millard Hendricks:

Mr. Hearst and about 40 guests drove over last Saturday [on the Burnett Road, partly built by Hendricks north of the Castle hilltop] for a fine Spanish picnic with 20 Spanish entertainers at Milpitas.

Their destination had been the Milpitas Hacienda, another recent Hearst-Morgan creation, this one across the Santa Lucia Range from San Simeon in rural Monterey County. The Milpitas Hacienda stands on former Hearst acreage near the hamlet of Jolon and Mission San Antonio; it's been part of Fort Hunter Liggett since the 1940s.

A week before Hearst's party of May 2, Loorz contacted the Palisades Glass Co. in Santa Monica; his letter was dated April 23, 1936:

As per our phone conversation, I will expect to see you Monday [April 27] to take templates of the Peach shaded mirrors for the Second Floor Bedroom, Billiard Room Wing Bathroom [on the north side of Casa Grande].

It seems a shame to have to make a special trip up here to take measurements when I could really have sent you the templates. However, to allow clearances to[o] for the shutter openings etc. I thot it wise for you to come up for this first one. Then I can take the templates for the other two when they are ready.

I was surprised at not finding your name or company name in the L.A. directory of 1934 which is the latest we have. This was greater L.A. but perhaps Santa Monica was not in it at all. So I took a chance and called the old number with success.

Ah, but those were the days when not only phone numbers were often easy to come by (provided one used the right directory) but sometimes also the addresses and occupations of the people listed: gardener, banker, teacher, actor—that sort of innocent thing. Even Hearst had a listing, care of the Examiner Building on South Broadway. His identity? Publisher.

The same Spanish costumes that he and others wore on April 11 were seen again on May 2 at the Beach House. Except that now those forty guests had become several times as many, enough to send matters into the "Hearstratosphere," as *Daily Variety* quipped in its droll but trademark show-biz slang, in reference to April 29:

As salute to Hearst on his birthday (29), member of entourage had skywriter longhand the firmament over Santa Monica beach with, "Happy Birthday, Mr. Hearst."

Type faces looked wrong font.

The rival *Hollywood Reporter* specialized in its own kind of industry slang, describing Marion as “soo booful” and, more straightforwardly, recounting that “William R. Hearst’s birthday cake was a replica of his famous Wyntoon ranch and measured eight by six feet!” The *Reporter* also noted that one of the two hundred guests was “Little Mary Grace,” who was on her “first time out after that frightful auto-smash.” The allusion was to an episode a few months earlier, when Miss Grace and a fellow teenager and actress, Margaret Ehrlich, crashed into the California Incline at the south end of Palisades Beach Road after a gathering at the Beach House; the Ehrlich girl died en route to Santa Monica Hospital.

Dark incidents aside, the Spanish fiesta of 1936 was one of six parties—two at San Simeon, four in Santa Monica—depicted in 1972 in an *Esquire* magazine feature by Ouida Rathbone, the wife of Basil Rathbone (who in 1935 had appeared in *Captain Blood*, a non-Davies Cosmopolitan Production through Warner Bros.). “Happy Birthday W. R.,” the Ouida Rathbone spread was entitled. “When William Randolph Hearst told Hollywood to come to his birthday parties, Hollywood damn well came.” So went the subheading. Hearst and Marion appeared together in the *Esquire* photos, he as a Spanish grandee, she as his “Little Lady” in a tightly corseted dress, her blond curls spilling out of a wide-brimmed hat. At thirty-nine, she looked very much as Virginia Madsen would at that age, an actress who’s always admired Marion after portraying her in the 1985 TV movie *The Hearst and Davies Affair*, opposite Robert Mitchum as Hearst. Another photo from the Spanish fiesta party, not included in the *Esquire* feature but given a full page in *The Times We Had*, showed Hearst and Arthur Brisbane, who died at the end of 1936, just eight months later.

Indeed, for Alice Head, 1936 wasn’t the beginning of a new era, despite Hearst’s eternal boyishness and his penciled-on mustache for

the fiesta party. "On looking back," she wrote, "the year 1936 seems to have represented in some ways the end of an era, and I am sure that Mr. Hearst [also] had this feeling":

For once more we made a Grand Tour of Europe and this time he continually urged us to make the best of our opportunities as he said it might be the last chance we should have of seeing the Art Treasures of Europe. The Spanish [Civil] War had just started and at times it seemed possible that hostilities would not be confined to that country. . . .

For family reasons I had not been able to visit America in 1936, so I had been overjoyed to hear that Mr. Hearst was coming over to Europe in July [he actually sailed in early August]. He traveled on the Italian line [the *Rex*] and landed with a small party of friends at Naples, where Arthur Brisbane met them. He cabled me to join him at Naples, but I could not leave London in time, so having arranged with Colonel Willicombe to tell me the itinerary, I caught up with the party at Rome.

There they connected with Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, at the Villa Madama; they gazed out over the Eternal City, as Miss Head further recounted:

After cocktails in the garden, we were seated at dinner, and handsome Count Ciano opened the conversation at our end of the table by telling Marion that he had often wished to see Hollywood, having heard much about it. Marion calmly replied by asking him what he had been doing to the Abyssinians [the Ethiopians, invaded by Italy in 1935]. Arthur Brisbane was petrified, and for a moment we all wondered how the Count was going to take it, but Marion's gaiety and humour were unconquerable and the Count soon became familiar with the joyous American characteristic of entire naturalness. It was an unforgettable evening and after we had soothed Arthur Brisbane's fears of international complications the atmosphere could not have been more gay and friendly.

The Hearst party moved on to Florence and then to Venice:

Towards the end of our stay at Venice, Arthur Brisbane became ill. He was a wealthy man, but I do not think he liked spending money on

himself. On this trip he had no secretary, no one to help him with his work [he was still filing his regular column, “Today”]. . . . A doctor was summoned, and after some amount of treatment Mr. Brisbane felt well enough to rejoin his family at Paris. But his state of health was serious and he died the following December [1936]. He was one of the outstanding figures in the Hearst organization and liked to think of himself as the highest paid journalist in the world.

From Venice they crossed the Alps into Switzerland, as Miss Head further noted, putting emphasis on Hearst’s style as a host, traveler, and self-appointed guide for the group:

Mr. Hearst demands absolute flexibility of arrangements, constant last-minute changes of plan and the attitude that nothing is impossible, and this was one of the states of mind that I found it hardest to achieve. . . . It took me a long while to be ready for anything at any minute, which is a *sine qua non* when traveling with the Chief.

It was that temperament, of course, that regal personality that stood behind everything he’d done at San Simeon and, more recently, at Wynton—and at the Beach House too.

Miss Head continued with her narrative of events late in the summer of 1936:

The Regina Palast Hotel, Munich, was our next port of call, and here I left the party and returned to London to see that St. Donat’s [in Wales] was ready for the Chief’s visit. . . . This year Mr. Hearst and party stopped on at St. Donat’s until October and a number of English guests came for week-ends or longer.

The Hearst party finally left England at the end of October on a new Cunard liner, the *Queen Mary*. It was a later departure than normal for Hearst and Marion. But remember, they had to avoid California through December 31 for the non-resident tax break to apply; thus they repaired to their suite on the 33rd floor of the Ritz Tower in Manhattan, a building once owned by Arthur Brisbane and

subsequently absorbed by Hearst as part of his New York portfolio (shades of his leasehold position in Santa Monica, the prime difference being that Marion's nominal ownership of the Beach House remained intact for now).

WHILE ABROAD IN 1936, Hearst got word from Julia Morgan, dated August 5. He'd written to her as follows—this from New York on July 30, shortly before heading to Europe:

If we could possibly get linoleum on the upper decks of the beach house, I would like to have it much better than canvas.

Canvas is not very nice and it tracks [shows wear and footprints]. Linoleum looks better and I imagine it could be cemented in such a way as to make it impervious.

Humdrum stuff, this thing of linoleum versus canvas at the Beach House, frankly not the grandeur that readily comes to mind when "Marion's house" or the more imposing "Marion Davies Estate" crop up.

Morgan's reply of August 5 would have reached Hearst in Italy. It told of progress at San Simeon and elsewhere; this was the part that concerns us:

At Santa Monica, on receiving your letter we started investigations as to the life of linoleum laid on a wood underfloor—and so far the reports are not favorable—on account of the various contractions and expansions involved.

Working drawings are ready for the Great Library, and [the] Help's House over the store room.

Not surprisingly, Morgan conveyed these details without saying a thing about Marion, as though the Beach House were *his*, not *hers*, or perhaps simply *theirs*, as Jack Warner would eventually say (and much earlier as Ilka Chase would say with "Hearst-Davies mansion")—with

both Warner and Chase speaking as though Hearst and Marion were a married couple, despite their great age difference, as though they were the Mr. & Mrs. Hearst they could never be. In that imaginary case, given his instinct for design and his mechanical aptitude, Hearst could well be expected to speak for both of them, for himself and his youthful bride.

Morgan also wrote to Hearst on November 11, 1936. Her letter went direct to him at the Ritz Tower in Manhattan; it arrived there well after the election of November 3, the one that gave Franklin D. Roosevelt a second term. She briefed Hearst on Wynton, on Jolon-Milpitas, on San Simeon, and again on the Beach House in Santa Monica. The most telling detail about the Beach House was this: “The Service Annex is completed—(no furniture).” Did she in fact mean the 321 building at the north end of the property, a structure possibly synonymous with the Help’s House she’d mentioned on August 5? It remains unclear exactly what part of the Ocean Front compound she meant. Just its newer annex, as she termed it above? Or the entire 321 structure, whose older parts dated from 1929 and 1930 and which, in 1931, had been briefly used not only by Sam Goldwyn but also by Flo Ziegfeld, Billie Burke, and their young daughter, Patricia?

Morgan’s letter of November 11, 1936, also said of the Beach House:

The last painters’ work is being done in the two upper “Porch” rooms. They are quite different, one from the other, but both are good. The library’s woodwork and ceiling are completed, but there is quite a bit of work yet—floors to lay, painters, etc. It is as fine as the [drafting] studies promised.

Hearst would have known whether Morgan meant the painters or the rooms in her ambiguous second sentence (she never pretended to be as good a writer as she was an architect). Hearst scrawled in reply, using his heavy-penciled cursive, “This will be ready I hope by the

middle of January.” His further scrawlings (transcribed by Willicombe and sent forth on November 13) went like so:

I could have allowed two weeks more [before shutting down the various jobs for the winter] if it had been suggested. The reason was taxes which are becoming confiscatory and will be worse this coming year.

Then we had *four* places to work on [Wyntoon, Jolon, San Simeon, Santa Monica] and in addition a bill at St. Donat’s.

This last paragraph of Hearst’s is problematic, as much so as Morgan’s imprecise one about the painters and the rooms. His use of “Then” may be time-specific, as in 1936 and events gone by. In contrast, he could have been looking toward 1937, as in “Then [when taxes are even worse] we would have had *four* places to work on” . . . if we see fit to alter his tense. It’s rare for Hearst to be this unclear; all Hearstiana specialists have long been spoiled by his incisiveness. The matter calls for that proverbial safety-net *at any rate*. Therefore, at any rate, be it 1936 or 1937 in Hearst’s intended meaning, which we can assume Morgan understood, he further told her in his reply:

However we can completely finish the beach house now and proceed with work at San Simeon after the first of the year.

There will be no occasion to resume work at McCloud [Wyntoon] until May.

I shall not be in California until about the middle of January. I am delighted that everything has gone so well.

The election wasn’t much help, was it?

MUCH EARLIER IN 1936, Hayes Perkins had begun his fourth season at Wyntoon under Fred Stolte, George Loorz’s contractor-partner in the F. C. Stolte Co. On Sunday, June 21, Perkins resumed his diary after a long layoff:

Almost two months since last entry. The work has been very hard, and I strained some muscles in my side, but have kept on. Life is like that. We must learn to take the bitter with the sweet.

Hearst is with us after all. That means starting at ten o'clock in the morning and finishing at 6:30 at night, so we have no evening and our morning is spoiled. We wish he would leave, he is little use to us here. His hair is snow white, but it is the time of life for that. His perception is keen, his step elastic, he sees everything. Marion breaks [moves] fast. Gay life at her age does her little good. Her eyes are hard now, but Hearst adores her as he has from the beginning. . . .

This has been an unusual spring. Tropical deluges of rain until this week, and now it is very warm, presaging more rain. Hearst leaves for Europe tomorrow [Monday the 22nd] and all of us are glad. We hope he don't return until after we are done here for the season. He has "discovered" [Alfred M.] Landon, the man they picked last year when Hoover was here. What hypocrites men are! . . .

Hearst wouldn't be leaving the U.S. quite as soon as Perkins thought, not until August 8 from New York. In the meantime, he was soon to leave California for an interim stop at his Grand Canyon property in Arizona.

The long entry by Perkins dated June 21, 1936, continued with these comments:

Max Schmeling, a German [boxer], beat the hitherto unbeatable Joe Louis [at Yankee Stadium on June 19], which has caused as much excitement as a great battle would in war. As it is a contest between two races it does rouse every primitive instinct in man.

Landon has received the Republican nomination for president [on June 12]. He might beat Roosevelt, but I doubt it. Frankly, I hope he does.

Perkins stuck to politics for part of his next entry, dated July 15:

[I am] Registered Republican, and am going to vote for Landon in November if we are here [on the job still]. Four more years of Roosevelt will wreck this or any other country. As everybody is trying to get

something for nothing and Roosevelt freely opens the doors of the treasury, this will soon sap the very foundations of the nation. . . .

Italy has not had such an easy win over Abyssinia. If the natives [the Ethiopians] would fight guerilla warfare they could block the Italians indefinitely. To hurl themselves in masses on the guns of the invaders is suicide, but they don't know it. One wonders when the next big war will break out? The stage is all set for the big show. The French and British are more interested in evading their debt [from the World War] than in heading off the rising Germans. It will be worse than the last conflict, and God alone knows how it will end.

Hearst exercised his prerogative as big boss and ripped everything to pieces [before he left on June 22]. The basement we worked so hard to excavate and pour last winter is now to be ripped out. The house [Bridge House], half erected, torn down and moved bodily across the river [from the McCloud's north bank to its south bank]. A great bridge is being thrown across the McCloud there, and this will run through the [aforementioned] house. As long as Hearst can afford this waste of money we can continue tearing down anything he wishes dismantled. But it seems foolish to do so after so great [an] effort.

Two entries later, under September 6, 1936, Perkins had these matters to recount:

Winter has begun earlier this year. Frost has not fallen yet, but the mornings have been cold since the middle of August. Several of us have been thirty miles east of McCloud [the town], where we got several truck loads of weathered timbers to put in the new houses [at Wyntoon]. . . .

The crew has been cut down to the bone. I never know whether it will be my turn or not, but I keep on working until the time comes. . . .

Hearst has gone to Europe again. Is in Rome just now, where he should find congenial company. He is a Facist [Fascist] anyway. Marion tags along as is usual, and all the world knows it. He is a rather poor advertiser of this country.

Marion will try to crash in on the Pope, for she is one of the Faithful of the Holy Church. Of course she can easily gain absolution if she can

handle the Hearst fortune and press for the [Roman Catholic] Cause, and doubtless she does.

Perkins was correct in his next entry, dated September 27, in speaking of the big shutdown ordered by Hearst from thousands of miles away, an order affecting San Simeon and all his other projects late in 1936. Perkins was wrong, though, in saying that George Loorz had been “let go,” for that detail was soon rescinded:

We leave October 1st. Hearst, for some reason best known to himself, is laying off every non-essential member of his staff at both San Simeon and at Wyntoon. Even Loorz has been let go, and only skeleton crews are being kept on. To me this layoff is a godsend. My shoulder is so crippled with rheumatism I can scarce keep going, but [Harry] Thompson has kept me on just the same. I do all I can, and that is more than most do. I want to leave here before the winter snow covers the country, and hope never to see McCloud again.

Evidently Perkins never did. In turn, he barely attended to his diary any longer, whether authentically or furtively, contrivedly or pseudo-historically. His next to last entry was dated October 5:

Harry Thompson asked me to come with him to Yosemite and work this winter [for the F. C. Stolte Co. on a Yosemite Park & Curry Co. job], then return to McCloud in the spring.

Five days later Perkins was in San Francisco. He made his final entry in a diary that he apparently wouldn't touch again for more than twenty years, not until the late 1950s and the revisions and often screwball rewriting he did then. He composed two last paragraphs, ostensibly on October 10, 1936; the latter of them says:

Politics are booming. It is always that way every four years when a president is elected. No lie is too bad to tell about the opposite side, and Roosevelt is a past master at this craft. The biggest spellbinder, rabble rouser we have ever known.

On that score at least, Hayes Perkins and William Randolph Hearst were in perfect accord.

ALICE HEAD, last seen making preparations for the Hearst party's descent on St. Donat's Castle, fall of 1936, included some typically moving, richly descriptive lines about that ancient place, much as she'd previously done for San Simeon and for the Beach House; however, the contrast between what she chose to say about the estate in Wales and the absence of any such words about Santa Monica is striking:

Some of the happiest times of my life have been spent at St. Donat's. For the whole of the twelve years that it has been in our possession [owned by Hearst's National Magazine Company since 1925], Mr. Hearst granted me the much-valued privilege of allowing me to entertain friends there from time to time. . . .

Nor must I forget the occasion when Mr. Hearst lent the castle to Mr. and Dame Margaret Lloyd George for the entertainment of the bards from the Eisteddfodd. . . . Harpists and jesters entertained us with song and dance, and outside the castle walls a choir sang the old Welsh songs. Periodically came the changing of the guard, and, as the dinner proceeded, the bards recited their verses to the Lord of the Manor. Mr. Lloyd George [a Welshman] was in his native element.

He was thrilled and delighted with this one-night's throw-back to the Middle Ages. And, indeed, it was a memorable evening. The setting was so perfect, the transformation to the fourteenth century so realistic and complete.

It seems odd that Alice Head, a woman possessed of ample powers of observation and description, never said a thing about the Beach House as a paradigm of the eighteenth century. Important? Not important? Merely the luck or even the ill-luck of the literary draw? She probably had good reason, though little of it was based on the need to protect Hearst and Marion's privacy. Urbane and wise in her low-key way, she probably saw the Beach House for what it was: a

delightful party place, in many ways a Hollywood fluff piece sprung from the tradition-bound yet still wizardly minds of Hearst and Julia Morgan, much less the enduring *home* that San Simeon was palatially meant to be (she never saw rustic Wyntoon).

Miss Head's words about St. Donat's continued:

At the moment of writing [1938 or 1939], I know not what the future of St. Donat's Castle will be. I can only be thankful that I have been allowed to enjoy its beauties and the gracious existence one leads there, for so many years. The experiences I have had in connection with St. Donat's have enriched my life in many directions. The reconstruction work, the furnishing, the management of the estate and servants, various details of housekeeping on a large scale—all have been contributed to an experience I would not willingly have foregone.

HEARST CHANGED HIS PLANS about leaving New York by the middle of January 1937. When Morgan wrote to him on the 15th, she did so knowing that he'd be at the Ritz Tower for a while yet. The alterations job she'd begun in Santa Monica early in 1936 was entering its second year:

At the Beach House, a few chairs for the new library are badly needed. The red and the green wing chairs, satin damask covered, look well. The very low modern chairs of [the] old library, tried for effect, do not look well.

Morgan's one check-up on the Beach House job in January fell on the 20th, her birthday; from there she doubled back up the coast to San Simeon. She returned to Santa Monica once in late February 1937 and once also in late March of that year. By then the alterations job had pretty much run its course.

Hearst and Marion reappeared at San Simeon in February. They hadn't been there since the spring of 1936, and they wouldn't be staying long: she had a film to start at Warner Bros. in Burbank, *Ever*

Since Eve, which would prove to be her last. Seven other non-Davies films would bear the Cosmopolitan “label” in 1937 (today *brand* would be the trendier term), among them *Green Light*, with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise.

Hearst’s roots were in show business, traceable back to his college days at Harvard, with its Hasty Pudding Club, and earlier still, to his spoiled-rich boyhood in ribald San Francisco. He’d swooned over Lillian Russell when her troupe came to the city in 1881, right before he left for Harvard; he was eighteen then to her nineteen. His affair with a young beauty named Tessie Powers in Cambridge fits the pattern; so does his having bought a letter in 1891 by Lola Montez through an auction house in Boston. Such stuff was in his blood. And now there was Marion, the great love of his life forever more. In 1937, a month shy of turning seventy-four, he told his warehouse manager in New York that he wanted “to collect ALL the old photos” he could, “back to 1875,” when Hearst was twelve. “I would like almost entirely stage people, and for the most part women as they are more decorative”:

These photos need not always be of stars. They can be of pretty girls in minor parts, or even in the chorus.

Marion had been a young chorine. That’s where Hearst had first spotted her in New York early in 1914 in *The Queen of the Movies*, a man-catching albeit minor role that her mother had groomed her for, just as she’d groomed Marion’s three sisters, all of them older than her. Hearst stated his case unmistakably by naming names for his warehouseman to have in mind:

I would like to go back to Alice Duning [Dunning] Lingard, Maude Branscome [Maud Branscombe], Maude Granger, Adelaide Neilson, &c, &c.

The going back was done. The photos came west. They got entered in Julia Morgan’s massive Pacific Coast Register before they

slipped into the dim reaches of the San Simeon warehouses, scarcely to be seen again. But it was the thought that counted in 1937. As Hayes Perkins would have said of Hearst, the man was living in the past, and not just in the past of the nineteenth century. Hearst was far more anachronistic than merely a Victorian revivalist. No, he was “mediaeval, baronial—doubly baronial,” as Aldous Huxley would write in 1939 of San Simeon in the novel *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*. For the ultra-urbane, world-weary Huxley (a mere forty-five when the book appeared), San Simeon was the fullest embodiment of Hearstism.

Hearst had Joe Willicombe send Morgan a brief message on April 5, 1937. It went forth from Los Angeles, Hearst and Marion being in town still for the sake of *Ever Since Eve*, all the while living at the Beach House (never mind Jack Warner’s statement about Marion’s camping out at the Cosmopolitan Bungalow in Burbank, more than twenty miles inland from Santa Monica):

Chief asks if we have in storage anywhere on Coast [a] Colonial type four-poster double bed for use at [the] Beach House. Kindly telegraph me at *Examiner*.

Morgan wired her reply to Willicombe the next day, April 6:

Two delicate mahogany four posters are in Shasta warehouse [near Wyntoon]. Look under Furniture: Beds in Wyntoon picture catalogue.

Here she was referring to a different archival breed from the P C Register, specifically, the Pictorial Inventories, which survive primarily in the private Morgan-Forney Collection.

Morgan put her thoughts into letter form the next day, April 7, 1937, writing to Hearst care of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, at that time a mightier paper than the *Los Angeles Times* of the Chandler dynasty:

Mr. [Warren] McClure is going to be in Los Angeles this week end on some personal matter, and will bring you the Wyntoon base inventory

from which the Photostats are made, as showing the furniture at larger scale and with the pieces not in use marked [those not already placed in rooms somewhere].

I realize also that furniture in "The Bend" [at Wyntoon] could be drawn on [for the Beach House] as the least fine are wonderful pieces.

If you would like me to follow up the changes in the Beach House furniture, I will do so gladly—as it is something not easy to delegate on account of the variety of resources.

In other words, Morgan alone could do right by the task. Accept no substitutes; trust no one unworthy. She and Hearst understood each other implicitly that way. They'd stubbornly taken few chances in important matters like this for nearly twenty years at San Simeon, not to mention for the sake of Wyntoon and Santa Monica. Her letter contained this final paragraph:

There is the possibility of gathering some lovely rooms [in the Beach House] by bringing together related pieces, a very light group in pear wood and painted wood or inlay—as contrasted with a group very dark and rich in tone, etc.

Hearst scrawled his reply at the bottom. Willicombe amplified it somewhat in transcribing his master's thick, rugged penciling on April 15:

I have your letter of April 7th regarding Wyntoon and the rooms at the Beach House.

I certainly would greatly like you to follow up and make lovely rooms.

I did [not] think I would bother you [about this matter], but I am very pleased that you will do this.

An undated note to Morgan, likewise penciled by Hearst, dates from sometime in the first part of 1937 and can be cited here:

I think the Gold Room at the beach house looks very well just as it is now.

Perhaps it needs another sofa and a couple more stuffed chairs in the dark blue. I am trying to get them.

The room itself is divided into *two* rooms by the columns. I don't think one table in the center would overcome this.

I think it better to accept the division and furnish each room more or less as a separate unit.

I will try to find some suitable furniture of a minor kind such as you describe. Perhaps you know of some.

We should have everything done that you mention in the upstairs room.

I don't know what to do with the big green [furniture] suite in the center first floor bed room. It's very pretty but needs a big room.

This sounds very much like a green sofa that went from San Simeon to the Examiner Building downtown about 1932 and then to the Beach House, later still to be sold through the Marion Davies auction at Parke-Bernet in December 1945. Hearst concluded his note to Morgan:

Perhaps we can plan it [a suitable room for the big green suite] when we make the next additions.

How are we getting on at Wyntoon?

It's reasonable to assume that some of these efforts were aimed at Hearst's upcoming birthday party in 1937—Santa Monica's famous circus masquerade of Saturday, May 1. More than a year's worth of remodeling was now in its very last stages. The Beach House was poised to be a grander showplace than ever before. Willicombe to Tom White, the general manager of Hearst Enterprises in New York, this being a telegram dated April 16:

Chief would like all the boys [his five sons] at birthday party. Will you tell them? Also will you suggest anyone else in East you think might like to come and should come out? Of course you will be here and [I] have already told Dick Berlin he is invited. Let me know how I can cooperate. Remember birthday [April] twenty-ninth but party Saturday May first.

The circus party, with Hearst as ringmaster, came and went, famously; of all the events held at the Beach House from the late 1920s on through the 1930s, none is better and more memorably documented.

THE FINANCIAL SNARL that Hearst ran into in 1937 is likewise well documented; we needn't rehash the details here (except to say that the indebtedness of \$126 million he supposedly faced is greatly exaggerated). W. A. Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* and David Nasaw's much later book, *The Chief*, tell the story in wrenching detail. Suffice it to say regarding the Beach House, the Hearst of May 1937 was about to receive dire news from New York: belated Depression woes, nagging debts, too much corporate pork in the form of sub-par newspapers and other laggard holdings, plus plenty of agitated stockholders—in short, the equivalent of what we have today with subprime lenders like Countrywide having been brought to their knees. Until the ax fell, Hearst kept building, kept entertaining, kept collecting. He even planned to go to Europe in the summer of 1937, a plan quickly scotched. Marion spoke of their trip abroad in 1937 in *The Times We Had*, but she meant 1936; her reference to “doing *Cain and Mabel*” then and how she was “held over for more scenes” clinches it.

We saw how Hearst sought nostalgic stage photographs earlier in 1937; also, how he and Morgan were keen on beautifying the Beach House with antique furniture that would enhance their eighteenth-century theme. Furniture was always a staple for Hearst the collector; he had hundreds, even thousands of examples to choose from.

His floors needed rugs and carpets, a requirement in all his homes. The Los Angeles dealer D. H. Philibosian, whose name cropped up ten years earlier in the William Flannery days, had been courting Hearst in 1937. His efforts won him this reply from the Chief, who was

back at San Simeon after *Ever Since Eve* wrapped and after the big birthday party of May 1; the date of the following lines is Wednesday, May 5:

I will be glad to have you bring a selection of rugs to San Simeon for the rooms at Wyntoon of which you sent rough plans. We will be here for another week or so and you may come when it suits you.

2. Regarding these silk rugs you write about—I want to help you out all I can, but I must get rugs that I can use, and I cannot see any place where I can use these silk rugs.

They do not fit in the Beach House, there is no place for them here that I can see, and they certainly would be too fine for Wyntoon, where we need durable rugs.

When the bad financial tidings reached Hearst, he and Marion and Willicombe and a few others had to head to New York pronto. This was in late May 1937. They were moving so fast that Willicombe was still catching up on messages as they sped east by train through Arizona and New Mexico. Case in point, dated May 26—Willicombe to Randolph Apperson, manager of the San Simeon Ranch:

Confirming my telegram from here today [from Albuquerque, New Mexico], following are further instructions from Chief in connection with the closing of the Hilltop which he has just told me to send you. . . .

Chief has in mind to keep Wyntoon open during the summer [of 1937], live at Santa Monica in winter [1937–38], and not open the Hacienda [San Simeon] until Spring [of 1938].

The financial contortions and agonies that Hearst and his executives, editors, publishers, and many others went through were at their worst during the rest of 1937, through all of 1938, and through much of 1939 before the dust settled adequately. Again, we can speak well of W. A. Swanberg, who in 1961 in *Citizen Hearst* established the Hearst timeline and chronology that, with mostly minor exceptions, all Hearst aficionados have been following to this day. David Nasaw modernized Swanberg's work in 2000 with *The Chief*. Together, these

books tell enough about the dark years that Hearst endured in the late thirties. Our main concern, though, is the Beach House. We'll stick as closely to that subject as we can; as in this letter of Hearst's to Louis B. Mayer on June 6, 1937, sent from New York to Mayer's home address of 625 Ocean Front, Santa Monica:

I was glad to hear from you, but sorry to learn that you had been ill.

Louis, old man, you really invite illness working and worrying all the time, not only about your own problems but about the industry.

What good does it do? Nobody heeds your advice. Look at this latest scandal [involving a young woman who was raped at an MGM sales convention party, an incident successfully covered up in ensuing decades].

Geewhiz, Louis, do you realize how damaging that is to the whole moving picture industry and fraternity?

Of course the higher class companies were not concerned in this revel. But who knows that?

No names were mentioned, and you ask that no names shall be. All right, but what are the consequences of that policy?

The people do not know the little, unimportant companies which are responsible for such occurrences, but they do know the names of Metro, Paramount, Warner's, R. K. O., &c, and the people think it is one of the companies they DO know which is responsible.

The people do not know what person or persons are responsible, but they know you, Louis, and Joe Schenck, and Jack Warner, and Harry Cohen [Cohn], and Darryl [Darryl] Zanuck.

It is folks like you who CONSTITUTE the moving picture industry in the public mind, and who do actually constitute it, and who suffer most any slur on it.

You are not responsible, but you are HELD responsible.

Why do you not get together and prevent the thoughtless and the reckless from discrediting the industry and damaging the worthy people in it?

Why must the wise and worthy suffer from the obstinacy and stupidity of a few nincompoops?

Louis, I have always been fond of the industry, and always had vision to see its nobler side,—its immense educational and cultural value.

I am going to do everything I can now to help in this situation, of course.

But why do not you important and intelligent leaders do something to prevent such situations?

A little organization would do it—or do part of it. A committee to regulate entertainments, and keep them creditable and commendable would help, I should think.

You say the girl may not be all she should be. I do not know anything about that.

But the public will be sympathetic with a poor little extra girl, and they will believe that the party was “another one of those moving picture affairs,”— and no names being mentioned, they will suspect anybody and everybody, and condemn the whole industry.

It is too bad the newspapers have to print the news of the District Attorney’s proceedings [those of Buron Fitts], but as a matter of fact, however, the newspapers do NOT print all the news by a dam[n] site.

They generally considerably refrain from printing the full facts.

Guy Barham [d. 1922, former publisher of the *Los Angeles Herald*, Hearst’s evening paper in town] was once asked by a delegation of New York financiers what was the motto of his newspaper.

He said:

“Our motto is ‘We know the truth but we do not print it.’”

I guess this is a case where we will have to live up to Guy’s motto.

P-S By the way, why do you not persuade that picture magazine to stop that rotten stuff by Vanderbilt [probably Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., publisher of the *Los Angeles Daily News* from 1923 to 1926].

Hearst wrote terrific letters. On June 18, 1937, in the midst of his and Marion’s financial comeuppance in New York, his recipient was Eleanor Patterson in Washington, D.C. “Cissy” was running Hearst’s morning paper in the capital city, the *Washington Herald*. She hailed from a newspapering family. Her brother, Joe (Joseph Medill

Patterson), ran the hugely successful tabloid in New York, the *Daily News* (it usually left Hearst's copycat *Daily Mirror* in the shade). Her cousin Bertie (Robert R. McCormick) ran the mighty *Chicago Tribune*:

Many thanks and yes indeedly. We will descend on you Monday [June 21] and destroy your peace and quiet. We are delighted to be asked.

I shall be pleased to see the President [FDR].

I am full of good advice which he does not need.

His letter went on much longer. The upshot of it was that the next day, June 19, he pleaded ill and cancelled the arrangements, saying he'd "been laid up for two days with a bad cold." He and Marion never saw President Roosevelt in 1937. Hearst's brief visit with him in October 1934 would stand as the last occasion. Would it have mattered? It's among the great "ifs" of Hearstiana. What if FDR *had* seen Hearst at San Simeon in 1932? What if Wendell Willkie *had* seen Hearst there—at the ranch, as was likewise planned—early in 1940?

Hearst wrote to Morgan in this vicinity as well, on June 20, 1937, telling her: "I think you would better conclude the work at Wyntoon." The same had been done already at San Simeon. Moreover, with Morgan's final entry in her Beach House "alterations" ledger for 1936–37 having been in April of the current year, nothing was happening in Santa Monica. A torpor soon descended on things. But as Hearst said in his letter to Morgan on June 20, "the whole program will have to go over until next year." He was buying time, that is. He was hardly down and out for the count, despite the "stop the presses" histrionics that color most accounts of his life during 1937.

How badly limping could Hearst and Marion have been? Evidently not very. On June 27, Joe Willicombe wired Hearst's private pilot, Allen Russell, at Union Airport in Burbank, not far from Warner Bros.-First National. "Chief would like you to be ready with new Vultee [airplane] in case he wants you to pick us up in Albuquerque [New Mexico] or Barstow [California]." Winslow, Arizona, proved to be the

place. Hearst had plenty of life in him yet, plenty of fight. At seventy-four, he still had Marion to keep him feeling young, some down and dour moments notwithstanding.

This whole latter-day venture of ours, this thing of reconstructing bits and pieces of famous people's lives is highly dependent on the existence, survival, and, above all, on the accessibility of old documents. George Loorz's message to Robert Peyton, an accountant in the Hearst Sunical office in San Francisco, couldn't be gloomier. It's dated July 9, 1937:

I regret that we will be unable to furnish any information for 1936. When we moved [in June] from our office on the hilltop we brought [down to Loorz's house in San Simeon village] only the 1937 records and destroyed all previous records. All were burned. . . .

I regret that we cannot supply this information. As you have copies of all payrolls of 1936 you will be able to work out the desired information [from them].

Loorz reinforced this point in writing to Morgan the same day, July 9:

As per instructions we destroyed all office records when we moved out of the office on the hill. We have only the records for 1937 which were needed to complete [some of the aforementioned things].

The stories that long ran rampant about Morgan's destruction of her office records—much blown out of proportion—trace back in some part at least to these events in the troubled year of 1937. "Yep, they burned up all them records," you can readily hear some grizzled coot saying, and saying it again, and saying it a hundredth time at the Old Timer's Day picnics of years past. Much confusion and myth-making has emerged from these spoken legends and their frequent reinforcement. Nonetheless, the idea that an architect and businesswoman of Morgan's stature was almost ceremonially destroying evidence of her life's work is preposterous, distorted beyond

all reason. The Morgan Collection at Cal Poly and, as much so or more, the private Morgan-Forney Collection have put the eternal lie to this. As for Hearst's records, the testimony given in 1999 by Willicombe's second wife, the much younger Jean Henry Willicombe, is especially telling. Mrs. Bissantz, her preferred name from a later marriage, asked about the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library. When their extent was described, she smiled. "Hell," she chuckled softly, "they'd have had to build a whole damn *building* to hold all that there used to be of those things." It's surely true. The private Hearst archives in their most-intact prime, decades ago, were like the largest hordes of multi-term presidential papers. Their numbers at The Bancroft (somewhere in the low six-figures) are but a pittance, a hint, a suggestion. The same holds true of the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection, perhaps 50,000 strong, if "strong" can in fact be used here. And yet such holdings are mighty, indeed stupendous when measured against . . . *nothing*. So, yes. Certain papers were burned. Certain papers were filched or lost or walked off with or tossed aside. Certain papers, like George Loorz's Beach House records, are of unknown whereabouts today. Certain papers were preserved, according to divine plan or not. The search for them continues. This book or any book like it would be an impossibility otherwise.

THE IDEA THAT HEARST was reduced to near poverty in 1937, that his style was so cramped that he could barely lift a finger for months or even years, has also been greatly overblown. Yes, life changed for him. He got demoted from the kingly or imperial level to that of a mere prince or duke or baron—or whatever the royal analogy ought to be. To think for a minute, though, that he and Marion became paupers is ludicrous. A message from the Los Angeles rug dealer Philibosian to Joe Willicombe on July 12 is one of many that gives as much pause now as it would have done before Hearst's finances got dicey. So

complex, so convoluted were Philibosian's words that Willicombe had to translate them for Hearst (good thing, or we'd all be lost on this one). As Hearst was told by his astute secretary:

The offer to which Mr. Philibosian refers was to give you all of the rugs he brought here [to San Simeon] from which to make selections for Wyntoon—priced at \$12,705; also the two silk rugs (21' x 14' and 11' x 14') on which his last price was \$5,000—for \$10,000 or as he states, \$9,500 more than the \$520 you are paying for the ones selected by Miss Morgan. The list of rugs is attached.

The list of more than twenty Ispahans, Hamadans, Kirmans, Ardebils, Shirazes, Sarouks, and still other Persian types constituted the \$12,705 portion (nearly \$200,000 in today's money). The list concluded with "Two Silks at Beach House" for the \$5,000 Willicombe also mentioned.

Hearst's scrawl: "I would like to do something to help Philibosian but I don't know what we can do. His last proposal [of May 11, 1937] is the best if we can spend the money."

Always the *we*, the editorial *we*. From here on, such wording often denotes the latitude the man had through his personal accounts versus that which he'd formerly had through various corporate accounts, no longer at his *carte blanche* disposal. Still the way of a multi-millionaire, of a multi-billionaire today, never forget.

The clout that this undefeated monarch could still wield is numbing when encountered head on, as in this memorandum of July 17, 1937, addressed to all comers:

We are advised, and editors of all other papers are to be notified, that hereafter we are to refer to Cosmopolitan pictures as "Cosmopolitan" and not as "Warner Brothers Cosmopolitan"; also the we are not to give extraordinary promotion to every Warner Brothers production [as had been done since January 1935], but merely to handle their pictures,

stars, etcetera, largely as we would those of other studios, giving good reivews [*sic*], of course, when the pictures warrant.

EVERY PAPER WILL BE ADVISED BY MR. HATRICK WHEN SPECIAL PROMOTION IS DESIRED FOR COSMOPOLITAN OR WARNER PRODUCTIONS.

This notice expresses no change of relationship to Warner Brothers, but merely restrains indiscriminate publicity which becomes routine and ineffective.

In fact, over-publicity even of Cosmopolitan productions is undesirable. Please exercise care and judgment, and use promotion space to the greatest possible advantage.

Only Hearst could have written such lines; and he alone could have claimed “no change of relationship to Warner Brothers” while Marion’s career lay in tatters.

There were indeed some tense moments in the summer of 1937. A distant relative of his, a schoolteacher in Los Angeles named Phoebe H. Hill, told Willicombe on July 19, “I was so distressed over Mr. Hearst’s appearance that I could not keep the tears back when I looked at him”:

It breaks my heart to have him so worried. We who care for him so much can do nothing to help him, in fact we only add to his burden. All we can do is to carry a prayer in our hearts that all will come out right.

I want to thank you for all you have done. Your [you’re] a friend indeed, and I am most grateful.

Willicombe answered Miss Hill’s letter of July 19 on July 22:

Mr. Hearst did look a little worn when he got here [from his long month in New York], but such rest as he has been able to get here has done him a lot of good, and he is looking and feeling better every day. . . .

So that you will understand this [domestic] situation, let me explain that instead of keeping a butler and housekeeper and chef here all the time, Mr. Hearst has adopted the plan of bringing up the butler and chef from the Beach House.

A couple of maids and housemen, who will be here when we leave [for Wynton], will be under the direction of Mr. [W. R.] Williams, who

will be in charge of the Hilltop [as well as the San Simeon warehouses, his main job since 1927].

Hearst rarely mentioned Marion in his correspondence with Julia Morgan—or Morgan in hers with him. August 7, 1937, made for a disarming departure, an avoidance of pointless formalities at this relatively late date in his life:

Miss Davies and I have been discussing the windows at the east end of the study [the Gothic Study on the third floor, the private Hearst-Davies section of Casa Grande].

Miss Davies thinks that they let in too much of a glare of light, and that the yellow tone of glass minimizing the glare would not be very attractive.

She advises stained glass for the windows. I am inclined to favor the stained glass.

We have so much stained glass [in the Bronx and San Simeon warehouses] that probably we could adapt some of it to these windows to make it set [be positioned] perfectly; and if we could not, we could fill out with a limited amount of modern stuff [so-called “extension work”].

What a breakthrough. We’re forcefully reminded that Marion, now forty years old, was as much at Hearst’s side as she’d ever been, that the welfare of San Simeon as a museum, a showplace, a grandiosity beyond compare was as important to her as it was to him. They must surely have convened similarly with regard to the Beach House, never mind the paucity of documentation.

CISSY PATTERSON, elitist publisher in Washington, D.C., leased the newly combined *Washington Herald* and *Washington Times* from Hearst, effective August 7, 1937. She ran the two papers as the *Times-Herald* until 1939; she then exercised her option to buy them from the Hearst interests; as a merged property, the *Times-Herald* was reminiscent of the *New York Journal-American*, another merger made

during the difficult summer that Hearst was now groping his way through. On October 23, 1937, Mrs. Patterson wrote to Willicombe at Wyntoon:

You know there was a great to-do about the unpopularity of the Hearst papers in Washington. My name has been thrown around town until the very sight of it makes me sick. Nevertheless, although our circulation increases are very fine indeed, there is certainly no increase of cash in the till-box. . . .

If Mr. Hearst and Marion are thinking of going to San Simeon won't you please let me know. Maybe he will let me slip out and "surprise" him.

Cissy's letter had to go cross country to reach Wyntoon. A message from the *San Francisco Examiner*, dated October 26, 1937, probably got there almost as fast; this to Willicombe: "We have sent the material for the Halloween party":

No doubt you will want George [Eckert, the butler late of the Beach House] to go over these to see whether or not they meet his requirements, so that we do not find ourselves in an embarrassing position in the last-minute rush.

Life on the McCloud River appeared to be good, stable, suitably Hearstian. Willicombe answered Mrs. Patterson in Washington three days before Halloween, on Thursday, October 28:

About that surprise! Why the ranch [San Simeon]? Here we are deep down among the towering pines at the foot of snow-capped [Mt.] Shasta, inspecting our skates and skis,—and well, why not "surprise" here?

Chief and Marion would be delighted to see you—we will probably be here another month—have been here two already—so just telegraph when you will arrive.

**BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—HERE'S WHAT CHIEF
WOULD LIKE IN THE WAY OF A LITTLE SURPRISE:
THIS IS A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM HIM:**

“I would like tremendously to be surprised on the trip to HONOLULU, sailing on the *Lurline* December 10—spending Christmas there and returning. Wouldn’t it be grand to have you surprise us and come along.”

If I may make a suggestion, why not make it a double surprise—Slip out to Wyntoon—

Slip along to Waikiki.

When you come out here, you [and the Chief] can talk over everything.

Well—why *shouldn’t* Cissy Patterson have slipped out to Wyntoon and then sailed to Waikiki? Hearst and Marion needed to clear out of Dodge for a month before December 31. The six-month law had been modified, possibly through Hearst’s string pulling in Sacramento, to three months for the non-resident tax exemption; they already had two months in the bank in 1937, courtesy of their whereabouts in January and June. So, yes, a cruise to Honolulu would do the trick just fine.

Nonetheless, the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library contain the following item:

Regret extremely inability to avail myself of your home which you so kindly tendered. Sorry for any inconvenience caused you. Hope for some future trip to your lovely islands, and to have the very great pleasure of seeing you.

That was Hearst by cable to a man named Chris Holmes. His message had gone from New York on December 15, 1937, to Honolulu, Hearst and Marion having fallen back on the Ritz Tower as the best place to accrue the rest of their ninety days that year of California non-residency.

Fine and well, but what about this fellow Chris Holmes?

Leave it to Hayes Perkins. Holmes was related to Max Fleischmann, the wealthy yeast king of Santa Barbara and, like Hearst, a man who was interested in exotic animals, as Holmes also was.

Perkins touched on these subjects in his diary. All the same, we can let sleeping hyenas lie. The Holmes part appears in the late-twenties portion of the often bizarre compilation by Perkins, and we're almost ready now to move into 1938.

Before Hearst and Marion headed east, rather than far to the west, they stopped in Los Angeles (in turn, they soon flew to Ensenada, Mexico, as a photo in *The Times We Had* shows, though only to add a day or two's worth of out-of-state credits to their final tally). On November 19, 1937, Hedda Hopper, poised at last to become a full-fledged gossip columnist after years as a minor actress, checked in with her good friends:

My dear W. R.:

Can't tell you how sorry I was not to be able to come up to Winton [sic]. But I've been on a sort of merry-go-round. I've signed up to do a Daily Column on Hollywood for ESQUIRE FEATURES, and am about to ask a very great favor of you.

Would it be too much trouble for you to write me a note wishing me well in my coming venture? I need hardly tell you what I want it for, but I remember how kind you were when I wrote those pieces for the Washington paper [at Cissy Patterson's urging], which prompts me to impose on your good nature again.

So happy that you and Marion are home again [at the Beach House, however briefly]. Now maybe we'll have the pleasure of seeing you.

She signed off "with the greatest admiration and love."

Hopper seemed well positioned now to do battle with the likes of Jimmie Fidler and especially that Hearst mainstay, Louella Parsons. There was one hitch. She'd be appearing in Hearst's arch-rival paper in the Southland, the Chandler family's *Los Angeles Times*.

THE FINAL ACT for Julia Morgan at the Beach House—identifiable as the "Garden Terraces" job—officially began on December 1, 1937, with

this simple entry: “Blue Prints.” Their cost was a mere \$1.10, an amount followed on January 1, 1938, by more blueprints, these to the tune of sixty cents. The largest cost entries on this job were her travel dates in 1938: March 12 (\$10), April 13 (\$15), and May 21 (\$20). The evenly stepped increases were apparently coincidental. Also, \$55 in drafting-room time got entered under April 30.

Otherwise, it was a small job, a minuscule job, good for \$178.29 in total office costs against \$198.44 in Hearst’s payments through August 1938, whereupon the account was closed. This time, in other words, Morgan made only a shade more than \$20 profit.

For old-school interpreters of the Hearst-Morgan phenomenon—those still stuck in the thinking of the 1960s or 1970s who insist on pointing to Morgan’s habit of working for paltry sums—here’s delectable grist for their unattuned mills. The newer, bigger picture has it that Morgan’s Beach House costs in 1938 were \$177.19 (if carried forward, the \$1.10 from December 1937 increases this amount to the \$178.29 just cited). Either way—\$177.19 or \$178.29—those figures represent a mere 1% of her total operating costs in 1938. Wyntoon at \$5,560 in costs (rounded to the nearest whole dollar) was poised to be her biggest income-producer. San Simeon followed at \$2,805 in operating costs. The Allan Starr residence in Piedmont was next in line at \$2,384.

All such costs when subtracted from Morgan’s commission payments yielded her basic profit on a given job. On San Simeon, for instance, she collected \$6,600 from Hearst in 1938. It would be simplistic to say that she therefore earned \$3,795 that year on San Simeon (\$6,600 less \$2,805); and yet a full auditing of her ledgers would surely take us in that direction. So the Garden Terraces job in Santa Monica, comprising 1% of her total costs in 1938 and a profit of just \$20, was decidedly small. However, that name alone—Garden Terraces—will soon have significance for us, as we’ll see several pages

from now. As far as the man who stood behind this new Beach House job: same old, same old. "Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles." It was same old, same old also in that nary a peep was made about Marion.

Meanwhile, the new year found George Loorz having established a more secure home base for himself in Pacific Grove, next to Monterey and Carmel. His plan, approved by Hearst and Morgan, was to run the lingering work at San Simeon from there; the new Big Sur coast highway invited scenic commuting, and Loorz liked to drive fast. Mudslides permitting, he could make weekly trips from Pacific Grove to San Simeon, just as Morgan had so often done from even farther-removed San Francisco, another two hours up the line. Morgan kept a modest second home in Monterey, a mile or two from where the Loorz family landed on its well-paid feet, thanks to the big salary Hearst had provided George Loorz since 1932. On top of that, Loorz the unstoppable go-getter had done almost land-office business as a private building contractor in the greater area around San Simeon and elsewhere in San Luis Obispo County, again with Hearst and Morgan's approval. They both knew a man with bold and relentless vision when they saw one. Besides, Loorz was now almost forty. Yet he acted as if he were fifty or even older. Such was the legacy of the Great War veterans (he was among them) who grew up fast in the late 1910s, who left their rural boyhoods behind forever more, and who seldom looked back or slowed down for a single minute once they got home from the trenches or, for some, from the bordellos in Paris.

An old friend of Loorz's wrote to him on January 4, 1938. "From various sources I have heard that 'Hearst Construction ain't what she used to be.'" The man's letter went to Loorz in Pacific Grove from 1209 N. La Brea Avenue in Los Angeles:

I presume that contracting in the San Luis Obispo area is taking more of your time than ever now. It's a good thing you worked up that field, when you did [as of 1935].

Oh, mercy. A good thing indeed. Loorz answered his friend in Los Angeles on January 18:

Yes, I have managed to get quite a lot of work [besides that for Hearst and Morgan]. At present we [the F. C. Stolte Co., in which Loorz held a half interest] are completing the King City Grammar School, [are] ready for the plaster on the San Benito Co[unty] Hospital [in Hollister, near Salinas and Gilroy], [are] pouring concrete on the City Hall at Santa Cruz, [are] framing a good-sized gym at Campbell [near San Jose], [and are] beginning operations on a large school in Alameda, besides odds and ends.

Loorz lived and thrived in an era that knew not the expression "conflict of interest." What on earth would Hearst or Morgan have thought if they'd known?

In fact they did know, as indicated a moment ago. Here's what Hearst thought about it. Loorz had asked him for a letter of recommendation, just as Hedda Hopper had a couple of months earlier. Hearst complied on February 4, 1938:

I shall be very happy to have you refer anyone to me regarding the high quality of your construction work at San Simeon.

I have had the most complete satisfaction with everything that you have supervised and executed.

You have been most careful, not only about the quality of the construction, but about the cost.

And now the kicker, Hearst's final paragraph, choice words all of them:

I cannot imagine it possible for anyone to be more competent and conscientious, and I am glad to testify to that effect.

Coming from Hearst, who could be so hard to please, Loorz got more than he asked for. He surely didn't need those words to get ahead; it was a formality only. He left the letter in its original envelope, as any of us might also treat a precious family keepsake. His sons discovered it long after their father died in 1978; Loorz's widow had kept it close at hand until her death in 1989. If only the Beach House papers that George Loorz salted away in the late twenties had turned up in the same way. This book would be unimaginably different.

Julia Morgan had work to do at San Simeon early in 1938; the period belonged to far more, that is, than the Garden Terraces in Santa Monica. She brought Loorz up to date on February 8, soon after her latest trip to the rain-drenched hilltop (a stormy, even violent winter was 1937–38, with the more-placid Santa Monica coastal area being especially hard hit). "We are no longer a part of 'Sunical,' but are to work directly under Mr. Hearst as employer." So went Morgan's explanation to Loorz. Translation: no more corporate largesse, no more shell games of bills getting sent to the *Los Angeles Examiner* or God knows where else for auditing and, oftentimes, for excruciatingly slow payment. Hearst still had an income, albeit a much-reduced one through arrangements he and his advisors and executives made in 1937. It was through that personal rather than anonymous corporate income that San Simeon, Wyntoon, and, running a distant third, the Beach House would get renewed attention now that Hearst was back in California. He and Marion had done their mandatory three-months penance, albeit by the piecemeal approach—almost good at one point for a voyage to Hawaii, of all the amazing things.

IN THE FIRST PART of 1938 Hearst and Marion were back at San Simeon mostly, from early in January through the last week of April; it was a stay for them nearly equaling the almost unbroken one they'd logged in 1934–35. What was Hearst up to in that part of 1938? Some

examples, starting with January 18; Willicombe to all Hearst editors around the country (there were still plenty of them, even after the financial bloodletting of the previous summer and fall):

Chief asks that you give some publicity to remarks of James Cromwell [husband of Doris Duke] before House Ways and Means Committee this afternoon advocating reduction of income and other capital taxes to 1929 levels.

Ah, so taxes concerned the Chief. Of course they did. The new “wealth taxes” cooked up by FDR and his Washington bean counters would have concerned anyone in Hearst or Marion’s position.

Another example; this message on Wednesday, January 19, was one sent to Willicombe from the main Hearst office in Los Angeles:

Mr. and Mrs. [Raoul] Walsh on *Daylight Limited* arriving [San Luis Obispo] 12:51 [p.m.].

Yes, the principals kept surrounding themselves with good company (for them that meant lively, upbeat, positive, amusing people, like the swashbuckling Walshes of Beverly Hills, proponents of the new Hollywood Park Racetrack, a hotbed of wickedness as far as Hearst was privately concerned). He and Marion still had dealings with Warner Bros. on a range of levels. January 20 (Julia Morgan’s sixty-sixth birthday) brought the equivalent for 1938 of today’s rapid-fire, ephemeral e-mail, courtesy of Ella Williams in Hollywood:

Shipping tonight [Busby Berkeley’s] *Hollywood Hotel*; must be returned Warner Studio Saturday morning [the 22nd].

Ella Williams (Bill Williams to insiders) served as Ed Hatrick’s assistant whenever Hat was on the coast. She was also part social secretary, part all-around gofer for the greater good of Marion and at times for the Chief. Hat wired Hearst from Miami, Florida, on January 20:

[Bill] Williams has advised me regarding letter you sent her. I plan to leave here next Thursday [January 27] but think it most important that I talk to Harry [Warner] before leaving for [the] coast. He arrives in New York today and will be there three weeks. In the event he is not interested in renewing agreement [with Warner Bros.] then will take it up with [Nicholas] Schenck [of Loew's-MGM]. It will also be necessary to extend Cosmopolitan agreement with [news]papers which expires next year. Is this program satisfactory?

These longer messages often require lots of interpretation and expounding to grasp their full meaning. If all we gain in casual passing is that Hearst's business life in the entertainment industry was far from over in 1938, that may be enough. Willicombe to two of Hearst's editors in New York; these words on January 21:

The Radio City Music Hall in New York has asked that the time for showing of *Gold is Where You Find It*, a Cosmopolitan motion picture in color [through Warner Bros.], be moved up so that it may be shown soon.

They are eager to get it, Chief says it is really a wonderful picture, and he would like the New York papers to give it the good publicity that its excellence merits.

Papers outside of New York are requested by him to do likewise when the picture is shown in their respective sections. All the papers should give this picture special attention as they did with *Submarine D-1* [a Cosmopolitan-Warners production late in 1937].

Hearst himself weighed in on January 26 by wiring Jack Malloy, one of his all-time favorite editors, who was currently working in Boston:

I don't know a thing about contents or quality of story but I think late Jean Harlow's unpublished novel *Today is Tonight* properly promoted would be circulation builder for your afternoon papers. I understand Metro [MGM] has just bought movie rights from Mrs. Bello [Jean's mother, Jean having died in 1937].

Hearst had his sights set higher all the while, as in this directive through Willicombe on January 30, dispatched through King Features Syndicate in New York:

Referring to the Lillian Hellman column on war in Spain which Walter Winchell wants to run, Chief says:

“I must ask all columnists to keep off these highly controversial subjects.

“There is no occasion to go to Spain to project ourselves into a war between Communists and Fascists.

“Let us pay attention to our own democracy here in America.”

It is important that all columnists understand Chief’s wishes in this matter. Will you kindly see that they do.

And as for Lillian Hellman selling her column elsewhere, Chief says:

“Let her sell it.”

On the same day that Hearst wrote his praiseworthy letter of recommendation to George Loorz, February 4, 1938, he had these two matters on his mind as well:

Let us have strong editorials calling for Nicaragua Canal. We have fought for this for forty years. Maybe [it could be] an editorial for Sunday. . . .

[Also an] editorial supporting Mr. [Joseph P.] Kennedy’s demand for [a] government-owned merchant marine.

A further matter he addressed on February 4 had more local implications; this to the two men who headed up round-the-clock efforts at the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Please make strong editorial supporting [Buron] Fitts [for his re-election as District Attorney of Los Angeles County]. Let us also align ourselves with the churches and religious bodies in fight against vice, crime and graft.

The follow-through on this came as soon as February 6; Willicombe to Hearst’s main editors at the “two *Examiners*,” those in Los Angeles and in San Francisco:

Confirming telephone message, Chief wishes the papers to align themselves with the church federation and other religious and civic bodies in the crusade against vice and crime and graft.

"The state and cities need a thorough house cleaning," Chief said, "primarily of corrupt politicians."

Chief liked very much the editorial a few days ago in *Los Angeles Examiner* commending District Attorney Fitts in his efforts to cleanse the community.

And then this on Tuesday, February 15, from Hearst to some renowned Hollywood insiders:

To Messrs. Joseph M. Schenck, Charles R. Rogers, Harry Cohn and Jack L. Warner:

Louis B. Mayer has always made an admirable success of every activity he has engaged in. His life is full of splendid achievements.

I would always be happy to join in any testimonial to his exceptional ability and vision, and would take much pleasure in attending the dinner in his honor on February twenty-fourth if it were possible for me to do so.

Unfortunately I will not be in Los Angeles the latter part of February and cannot, therefore, accept your kind invitation personally to attend the dinner.

Nevertheless, I will be with you in spirit in all enthusiasm.

Had Hearst and Marion attended that dinner, three lives may have been saved. On that very date—Thursday the 24th—Lord and Lady Plunket and their pilot crashed near the San Simeon airstrip, killing the three of them and casting a far worse pall over the place than the death of Bernard Douras had cast upon the Beach House in 1935 or than young Margaret Ehrlich's death had imparted in 1936. Life went on, regardless; and Hearst's view of both the nearby and the distant world continued apace. Two days before the fatal Plunket crash, Willicombe had alerted all editors in the Hearst service:

Chief calls your attention to subtitle quoting Hitler under his picture on first page yesterday. It is not an exact quotation. Chief instructs to tell

all papers to ask their copy readers to be absolutely accurate in every word when quotations are made.

Three days after the Plunkets' death, Willicombe reminded us why major parts of this book about the Beach House have been possible at all. Willicombe to his main clerk in Los Angeles, Helen Baldwin, stationed at the *Examiner* on South Broadway:

Sending you the files tonight [Sunday] by express. We will be down there Tuesday morning [March 1]. Do not send any more mail [to San Simeon], of course. Please get busy on files immediately, putting them in our regular folders. It is important to have this done promptly and accurately, so please be extremely careful as well as diligent. Thank you.

Also on Sunday the 27th, Willicombe alerted Tom White, one of Hearst's top lieutenants, of the latest news:

Chief going on noon train Monday to Los Angeles probably for few days.

What a demotion! Hearst would be taking the *train*, not flying to Burbank or to Grand Central in Glendale or to Clover Field in Santa Monica, as had been his wont for the past decade or more. (Indeed, it wouldn't be long before he'd be selling the Vultee airplane he bought less than a year before.) Regardless, nearly three weeks was more like it for Hearst's stint in Los Angeles, not just the few days that Willicombe predicted. The party hunkered down at the Beach House throughout that period, returning to San Simeon by the weekend of March 19-20.

HEARST AND MARION arrived in Santa Monica just in time for some of Southern California's most ruinous flooding in years. The worst moments were on Sunday and Monday, February 27 and 28, continuing into Tuesday, March 1. There was no sign of Miss Morgan during that touch-and-go stretch. San Simeon was equally hard hit; the entire southern half of the state got a violent dousing. Morgan finally appeared in Santa Monica on March 23, after a stop at the ranch to see

the newly returned Hearst. Her stop at the Beach House coincided with a message from Willicombe to the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Chief says Singapore-Siam-Japan map is okay except for color of Siam. He instructs since we have no good color for Siam we might leave it white or nearly so—then we could give the heavy green to the Dutch. Returning map tonight by express.

2. Have asked butler at Beach House (Geo Eckert) to bring you in the highways map which Chief left there with notations on your letter and on map.

The next day, March 24, Hearst heard from Joe Connolly, head of King Features Syndicate in New York:

In accordance with your wishes we shall try to get [Sidney] Skolsky to release us now from our agreement which expires in October. I want to say in all sincerity, however, that Erskine Johnson is dull and is not likely to attract circulation for any paper outside of California. His rewrites of press agent hand-outs are no more interesting than any of the other material coming out of Hollywood.

In my judgment he is neither a good writer nor entertaining. Non-Hearst editors to whom we tried to sell the column regarded it as an unimportant feature.

Hearst heard again from Joe Connolly of King Features Syndicate on March 25:

Mr. [Ed] Hatrick wired on March 14th "I wired [C. B.] Stratton [of Cosmopolitan Productions, New York] today to tell you it was okay to go ahead with the *Blondie* deal from Columbia [Pictures] as far as I am concerned."

Your telegram asking us to hold up this proposition was received on March 23rd. We have not signed the contract for *Blondie*. We do not own *Blondie* but we have a fifty-percent interest in it.

[Nate] Spingold [vice-president] of Columbia who agreed to all terms of our contract now demands signature on our personal assurance that deal was okay after receipt of Hatrick telegram.

If Hatrick can improve deal would appreciate he act quickly because we have other deals with Columbia depending upon this one.

Dagwood Bumstead would be played by the former radio Dagwood, Arthur Lake, who was “family” now with Hearst and Marion, inasmuch as he’d married Marion’s niece, Pat Van Cleve (at San Simeon, in fact) in 1937. The Lakes will assume some prominence in later pages of this book.

For now, though, a Santa Monica question. Willicombe to the *Los Angeles Examiner* on this same date, March 25:

How many breakwaters are there in Santa Monica and where are they located?

A great deal of sand had been swept away in the floods three weeks before, hence the question, which was posed by Hearst; and thus this later query from Willicombe on the 25th as well:

It develops that when Chief said “breakwater” he was referring not to the breakwater but to the jetty that extends out near the Thalberg house [707 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, south of 415 and 321 Ocean Front], the purpose of which is to prevent washing away beach to the northward. The idea is that this should be lengthened and strengthened. Kindly proceed [along] that line. Thanks.

Hearst had local matters in mind once more on April 2. He wired the *Los Angeles Examiner* as follows:

We can stop daily prods of [Sheriff Eugene] Biscailuz, but I still will have no confidence in him until he accomplishes something. I consider him just a palavering politician.

That wasn’t exactly what the biographers Lindley Bynum and Idwal Jones had in mind in 1950 with *Biscailuz: Sheriff of the New West*. To hear Hearst tell it, Biscailuz was just another lawman from the rough-and-tumble *Old West*.

More local matters on Monday, April 11; Willicombe to the *Examiner* on Hearst's behalf:

Chief appreciates the attention you have been giving to the Santa Monica jetty matter. He says OK and thanks regarding your letter of March 30th, which I showed him.

A week later (Julia Morgan had stopped at the Beach House in the meantime, right after conferring with Hearst at San Simeon), Willicombe had another Santa Monica matter to pursue; he did so through his main clerical assistant, Helen Baldwin, on April 18:

Please telephone Miss [Ella] Williams and ask her if she has any prices on tents, etc., for party, and send them over printer.

The party he meant was of course Hearst's birthday celebration, his milestone seventy-fifth, slated to be held at the Beach House on Saturday, April 30. By Monday the 25th, the time was drawing near for the Hearst-Davies entourage to relocate in Santa Monica for the historic occasion. Willicombe to "Cobbie" (the editor-publisher Edmond D. Coblentz), whom Hearst had sent on temporary assignment to Boston:

Please airmail copies of morning and evening for few days [the *Boston Daily Record* and the *Boston Evening American*]. Going to Los Angeles tonight and returning to ranch in about week.

The last of the grand costume parties for a Hearst birthday in the 1936–1938 period (there was one more at San Simeon in 1940) brought Hollywood out in droves. The moment is well recalled through photographs of Hearst, who went as President James Madison, plus many other images of those in the inner circle, Hearst's five sons included. Ouida Rathbone's feature of 1972 in *Esquire* treats of the subject; so does Ken Murray's book *The Golden Days of San Simeon*, dating from 1971; and of course *The Times We Had*, dating from 1975.

In an undated exchange between Hearst and Willicombe, assigned to April 1938 by John F. Dunlap in his book, *The Hearst Saga*, Hearst's reference to "the new garden" calls to mind Morgan's last job at 415 Ocean Front, the one identified as Garden Terraces. As Hearst put it:

The beach house party should be done economically, I think \$2,500 should do for construction—the tent, an Indian village on the new garden—maybe a couple of canoes on the pool—maybe a carrousel Indian style in the village—a tepee with a fortune teller. \$2,500 should also be enough for [the] actual party—\$1,000 for food. \$1,000 for liquor and \$500 for music. Talk it over with Miss [Ella] Williams and see that we do not exceed this amount—if possible keep under it. Tell George [Eckert, the butler] he must go easy—don't do expensive things. Give 'em [the guests] plenty of simple fare—with beer and highballs—and but little wine—not an expensive cake. It must be done this way or we will not have it.

Willicombe tendered a lengthy response, questioning how realistic it would be to meet Hearst's expectations at those prices. The Colonel concluded:

It would be best, I think for you or Marion to indicate the limit on these items—and then we will simply have to run the party within those limits.

"Back came Hearst's terse hand-written edict," as John Dunlap phrased his lead-in in *The Hearst Saga*:

We are only going to have \$5,000 [to spend] and will cut our cloth accordingly.

I suggest	\$1,000 food
	\$1,000 liquor
	\$1,000 tent, etc.
	\$1,000 construction, etc.
	\$1,000 help, etc.

And so the party went forth on that Sunday eve. A grand time was had by all, never mind that Norma Shearer's portrayal of Marie Antoinette conflicted with the Americana theme.

Ray Van Gorden, a longtime employee at San Simeon under Julia Morgan, had these details for George Loorz on May 4, the Wednesday following the big party:

Mr. Hearst and Miss Davies arrived at 5 p.m. yesterday and Bill & Randolph & wives [Lorelle and Catherine] at about noon. They are all that are here for the present. That surely was some party they had at Santa Monica. 300 guests in all—it seemed [that] about all the picture colony of Hollywood [attended] besides his newspaper men.

Four days later, May 8, in writing to the draftsman Warren McClure, Loorz was less forgiving in speaking of Hearst. He told Mac the following about the Chief:

Frankly he did not look to[o] happy and well to me. Perhaps the reaction from an exciting party on his birthday, together with the various and sundry ramifications that always accompany such parties.

Alice Head would soon be arriving from overseas and would offer her dependably unique view of things. As Willicombe informed the Los Angeles office on May 11:

Miss Head of London arrives in Los Angeles next Saturday morning [May 14] on the Union Pacific streamliner *City of Los Angeles*. The train is due in the Southern Pacific station at eight o'clock in the morning. Chief would like her immediately to get on the *Daylight* for the ranch. . . .

Get a reservation T O D A Y for her on the *Daylight* Saturday. Those reservations, especially on Saturday, are not easy—that is why I want you to get it T O D A Y.

Please meet Miss Head with the reservation and RR ticket Saturday morning and see that she and her bags get safely on the *Daylight*. Then confirm over [tele]printer.

Willicombe said in addition, in a separate message to the same underling in Los Angeles:

Have told Miss Head that if she prefers, Chief says OK for her to go to Beach House and rest for day before coming to ranch.

But get the reservation and meet her just the same.

When you meet her ask her what she wants to do. If she wants to go to beach, take her there and arrange [adjust] reservation, etc., whenever she wants it.

Miss Head's version, as recounted in her memoir of 1939, went like this:

One more night in the train [from Chicago], and at eight a.m. the next morning we slowly drew into Los Angeles. I had been awake since dawn watching the familiar orange groves and plum and peach orchards. The train for San Luis Obispo left in fifteen minutes. I had only just time to hurry aboard, leaving my luggage to be looked after in the usual competent American manner, which ensures its safe delivery at your destination. . . .

The train on the South[ern] Pacific Railway from Los Angeles to San Francisco, known as the "Daylight," provides another example of exceptionally comfortable travel.

She said nothing of going "to beach," as Willicombe had tersely put it. She went straight up the coast instead. She soon found that "Mr. Hearst was his usual kind and delightful self." Not a single contrary word to corroborate what Loorz had said a week earlier. Of course, a week can be a long time for anyone, not the least for a man as resilient as Hearst. As Miss Head recounted things:

Because I missed being present at his birthday party, he gave me a photograph of himself which I shall always treasure on account of the inscription.

It probably showed him playing James Madison. Alas, she didn't say what President Hearst had written for her.

7

Playing It Fast and Luce

1938–1939

FIVE YEARS PASSED BETWEEN Hearst's birthday party in 1938 and the next one held for him at the Beach House. By then it was April 1943 and he was eighty (Marion was an enviable forty-six). World War II was approaching its mid-point then, at least for the United States. If any other costume parties or festive events took place in Santa Monica during that half-decade, they've gone unrecorded, unremembered. (This is not to neglect Joe Kennedy and his son John's presence in November 1940; they stayed at the Beach House while Hearst and Marion, whom they'd recently seen at Wyntoon, remained in residence at that northern estate.) True, no more diary entries from Hayes Perkins are at hand to guide us further, however questionably. Hearst and Julia Morgan continued to correspond through the second half of 1938 and into 1939, as we'll be seeing. As for Alice Head, she absented herself as her memoir ended:

I am going to leave the events of 1937 and 1938 for further consideration at a later date. They are too recent for me to be able to regard them from a true perspective. These two years were periods of exceptional difficulty [for the Hearst empire] and, with world conditions changing so suddenly and political crises following one another with such rapidity, it has not been possible to live more than a day at a time.

In the year or so following Miss Head's 1937–38, the recent zenith of which was Hearst's seventy-fifth birthday, the man still had his daily newspaper work to keep abreast of. For example, on May 30, a Monday

in 1938, he set the tone for the week ahead when he cued the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Cockfighting is backed largely by socialites and the idle wealthy who have little to do that is useful and much that is selfish and injurious. The Mexicans that were caught in the recent raid were merely a few unimportant rascals who had not had enough influence to be tipped off to stay away on this particular occasion.

We hope Sheriff [Eugene] Biscailuz will some day stage a raid where the cockfighting socialites will not be warned either in the newspapers or by special deputy to stay away.

There should be no discrimination towards law breakers. Socialite rascals should be captured along with the roughnecks.

The socialites are the more to blame because their opportunities for decent behavior are better and their necessities less.

Hearst didn't have the time or the patience to write an editorial on the subject. Someone at the *Examiner* could raise headline hell in his place. This was how he operated every day, his minions knowing that they were at full liberty to incorporate words and clauses suggested by his pronouncements.

Joe Willicombe reinforced what Hearst had offered up, likewise on May 30:

Chief says he is glad there was a cockfight raid by Sheriff Biscailuz but he does not think it was "a very good one, and possibly not a very sincere one."

"I do not know who the watchman was who warned all the socialite patrons of this vicious sport to stay away on this occasion," he says; "I hope it was not one of Biscailuz's people. He warned them publicly in the newspapers before, so there is no utter impossibility that he warned them this time."

Hearst had no fear, no compunction when it came to prodding the "socialites" in Los Angeles. He tended to go easy on the Hollywood crowd since he was part of the tribe. Anyone else, though? Watch out.

He always fired with both barrels; and in his somewhat embittered state these days, he was getting less and less lighthearted in his approach. It would all come back to haunt him in 1941 with *Citizen Kane*, yet that was still three long years away. He could dig a mighty deep grave for himself in the meantime, and in many ways he did so with his finger-pointing and sniping around greater Los Angeles.

He remained big minded, big hearted all the while, seldom a poor loser, at least not socially; nor was Marion the heartless type. Norma Shearer was at San Simeon in this period. On June 2, she received the following message from Tyrone Power, courtesy of the hilltop telegraph office:

Dear Marie: The tremendous success of last evening brings tears of joy for you to the eyes of your adoring Count Ferson.

Power's Count Axel de Fersen (the full and correct spelling) played opposite Miss Shearer's Marie Antoinette in the new MGM movie of the same name.

The MGM publicist Howard Strickling wired Miss Shearer at San Simeon on the 2nd as well:

Marie Antoinette colossal. You are sensational and I have a hang-over as a result of it all. Congratulations.

Hunt Stromberg, a producer at MGM who twenty years later would make out handsomely in buying surplus items from the San Simeon warehouses, had kind words as well for Norma Shearer—this again on June 2, 1938:

Will telephone you about 11 o'clock. Preview [of *Marie Antoinette*] was most magnificent occasion I have ever attended.

You have to wonder what Hearst or Marion knew about Norma's accolades, arriving one after the other right under their hilltop noses. Hearst could be snide, he could be withering, although he seldom lacked grace or stooped to pettiness; and Marion had long been trained

by his example to act similarly, keeping a game face even when adversity threatened to stymie her. Two of Hearst's outgoing messages from that same date of June 2 went like this, the first through Willicombe to the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Chief calls attention to Junior Chamber of Commerce banquet at Hotel Huntington [in Pasadena] Friday night to raise funds for Boys' Club Foundation. He instructs to have editorial of approval Friday morning, and says it need not be submitted to him.

The other message went to New York—to Victor Watson, an old-line Hearst editor who killed himself five months later (not because of the following; but every bit of pressure, every dropped ball or failed expectation added to Watson's long-smoldering agony):

Chief has ordered from [Edmond D.] Coblentz cartoon on Flag Day under which will be printed appropriate editorial, for issue of Monday, June 13th.

Under circumstances, and especially as we have Anita Louise in color cinema page as Betsy Ross, would it not be better to send papers substitute for your Sunday June 12 Flag Day feature?

Yes, it would surely be better to make the proposed substitution. Hearst and Willicombe had spoken once more as a single voice. As to Norma Shearer's rousing success, there was nothing better to do now than applaud it; Hearst was no fool that way, and, again, neither was Marion.

Both of them still had a serious stake in the film industry, even though she'd not worked in more than a year, not after *Ever Since Eve* wrapped at Warners in 1937. Her Cosmopolitan films and the novels, plays, or stories behind them, to which Hearst usually held the rights, were potential assets, however large or small. His coffers were running nearly on empty now, 1938 being far the worst of the three great crisis years for him: 1937, 1938, 1939. On June 3, 1938, Hearst heard from Ed Hatrick of the main Cosmopolitan Productions office in New York:

Talked to Porter [unidentified] and he has no offer from anyone on Florodora [*The Floradora Girl*, a Davies talkie of 1930] but said in response to an inquiry from [George] Van Cleve [that] he told him he thought it was worth fifty thousand. Will see what rights are to be cleared up for and advise you. Told Porter would give him revised list of our stories and if he sold anything he would get his agent's commission.

Hearst and Marion may recently have enjoyed a pre-release showing of George Cukor's *Holiday* at San Simeon, a Columbia production with Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant. "MD would like to have *Holiday* sent back soon," Ella Williams was told on June 3 in a message she received in Los Angeles, sent by the San Simeon command post. It either meant that "the folks" (as Williams called the Hearst-Davies entourage) had missed seeing the picture when it was first sent to the ranch or that they had in fact seen it and wanted to see it again.

Miss Williams had to act fast. Two days later—on Sunday, June 5—Willicombe alerted Helen Baldwin, his main clerk at the *Examiner* downtown:

We expect to go down to Los Angeles tomorrow—so do not send up anything more to [the] ranch, by mail or express. Send telegrams, etc., as usual Monday over the printer; but on Tuesday, give [Garner] Lovell the telegrams, editorials, etc., the same as on my day off, to bring to the Beach House. He should be there at half-past eleven Tuesday morning [for Hearst to begin his work day].

On Monday the 6th, Willicombe alerted someone much more highly placed than Helen Baldwin of what was afoot, namely, Martin Huberth in New York:

Chief leaving Wednesday [June 8] for Chicago on *California Limited* and leaving Chicago Saturday night for New York. Will you tell Ritz Tower, as presume he will have [will use] apartment there. And kindly ask Warwick [Hotel] I would like my favorite suite. Don't forget office space [for me] near Chief at Ritz Tower. Many thanks.

The groundwork was being laid in 1938 for the merger late in 1939 of Hearst's morning and evening papers in Chicago (the *Herald-Examiner* and the *American*), on par with what had already been done in New York with the *Journal-American* and in Washington with the *Times-Herald*. Six months later, in December 1938, Willicombe summarized the itinerary of that trip taken by Hearst and others in the late spring:

Mr. Hearst went East last June eighth arrived New York morning June twelfth left evening same day, arrived Baltimore early next morning June thirteenth, left next day for Philadelphia arrived that evening June fourteenth, left following day fifteenth arrived Chicago June sixteenth left that night arriving San Francisco June nineteenth.

Why the stop in Philadelphia? It's hard to say. The place had never been a "Hearst city" except for some secondary art- and book-collecting purposes whereas all the other cities Willicombe named were Hearst cities, each having two papers potentially ripe for merging. Baltimore underwent the process that New York and Chicago did; however, San Francisco's morning *Examiner* and the evening *Call-Bulletin* never did. Nor for many years (not till 1962) did Los Angeles see its morning and evening papers merged, the powerful *Examiner* and the noisy *Herald-Express*.

THE HEARST PARTY reached Wyntoon from San Francisco on Thursday morning, June 23, 1938. Excerpts from George Loorz's letters in *Building for Hearst and Morgan* are crucial at this point; without them, the party's whereabouts through mid-September are hard to trace. The Beach House, almost needless to say, lay quiet, moribund, mostly unused throughout this period, though by no means was it abandoned or shuttered. Bill Newton was always there, and so was Connie, as Newton's assistant Constantine Fox was called.

Hearst, presumably with Marion's concurrence, was still aligned with Warner Bros. in 1938, the fourth year of the pact they'd made with Jack Warner in 1934, despite hints as early as 1935 of a falling out. Consider what follows, in any case: Willicombe, dispatching word from Hearst on July 13, 1938, to his editors in all cites as well as to Ed Hatrick in New York:

The next Cosmopolitan Productions picture is *Racket Busters* [with Humphrey Bogart] which will be released about the middle of August.

This picture has the endorsement of the Commercial Crime Commission, which is headed by Colonel Ralph Tobin in New York.

The commission is composed of leading corporations throughout the country for the purpose of publicizing the widespread rackets and securing cooperation of national, state and local authorities for the suppression of these rackets.

I am mailing you some data regarding the rackets now in existence.

Chief instructs: "This is very important for promotion and public service—story and picture—and the papers should get fine interviews in support.

"The story should be used as a serial (in one of our papers in each city of course) with good still pictures and PROMOTED WITH THE ENDORSEMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL CRIME COMMISSION AS A PUBLIC SERVICE STORY AND PICTURE."

Documentation is sorely lacking through the summer of 1938. There may have been a short trip made by the Hearst-Davies party to Santa Monica at this juncture; we can therefore skip ahead at this mid-summer moment to August 22, when Hearst complained to Tom White (next to Willicombe, his top lieutenant) about the feature on himself slated for publication on August 27 in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Hearst said, "Now that I have seen the *Post* article [in advance, as written by Forrest Davis], fantastic as it is, I still think that it is not as objectionable as it is ridiculous."

Hearst was probably right. What he didn't realize, though, is that with this kind of publicity, he was already on the road to *Citizen Kane*, the film that Orson Welles and Herman Mankiewicz would start diabolically devising within the next two years, by then drawing from even more objectionable and ridiculous portrayals. Hearst further told Tom White of the imminent *Post* feature:

It is a threshed out heap of inaccurate propagandist stuff culled from various Communistic publications not noted for their reliability or respectability.

It is taken mainly from the book of that eminent Bolshevik, Ferdinand Lundberg, titled *Imperial Hearst* [published in 1936].

If the *Post* wants to align itself with such outlaws of literature, that, I think, is its funeral, not mine.

Unfortunately, it would be Hearst's funeral, not the *Post's*—not theirs even for a minute. Hearst had much more to say:

You ask me what to do about the *Saturday Evening Post's* Communistic collection of misstatements.

I would say just tell the truth. That is always easy, honorable, and effective.

The *Post* says that I have been pro-Ally only since the war [of 1914–1918].

I have not been pro-Ally since the war. I have never been pro-Ally or pro-German,—either before, or during, or since the war.

I have been and am plainly and positively pro-American.

I have always been that, and always will be.

All this kind of Communist falsification is what anyone has to sustain for being pro-American these days. Witness the defamation of Daniel J. Doherty, the distinguished Commander of the American Legion. . . .

The *Post* says that I interviewed Mr. Hitler and sold him the International News Services for four hundred thousand dollars a year.

I did interview Mr. Hitler, as I interview all public men as often as opportunity offers. That is part of my business.

I published the Hitler interview, and it was a very interesting one, I am happy to say. Many papers printed it.

Mr. Roy Howard [of the Scripps-Howard newspapers], for whom Mr. [Forrest] Davis formerly worked, also interviewed Mr. Hitler.

Did Mr. Howard sell Mr. Hitler any news or feature services?

No.

Neither did I. Neither did anybody.

As a matter of simple fact, the income from the Hearst syndicates in Germany is NOT \$400,000 per year. It is approximately \$20,000 per year, and the income has been less SINCE Mr. Hitler came into power than it was BEFORE.

Then in reference to purely personal matters, the *Post* repeats the silly Communistic statement that my construction at San Simeon cost over thirty-six million dollars.

You know, Tom, that the whole two hundred thousand acres of farm land and grazing land on the ranch, plus all the cattle and horses thereon, plus all the ranch houses, added to my own construction, did not cost one-third of that sum.

Furthermore, the *Post's* article, with the exaggeration characteristic of Communistic propaganda, solemnly states that I have a private railroad, and that I transport visitors to my ranch over a private railroad in a private train composed of an engine, two sleeping cars, and a dining car.

There is an elaborate description of privacy and luxury presented in this article which simply do not exist.

I have no private railroad. Indeed, there is no railroad, public or private, between San Luis Obispo and San Simeon. . . .

As far as "Mr. Hearst stepping down" from his newspaper activity is concerned, there need only be said that I am over seventy-five years of age; that I have worked hard for over fifty years; and that I have the right to step down and to delegate some of my work to my associates. Furthermore, that I should in the exercise of the most elemental intelligence and judgment get my estate in the best possible order to transmit to my family.

However, it is hardly worth while to analyze all this Communistic hooey in serious detail.

But it was worth analyzing, it was worth contesting in some way. Hearst let it go, though, let it be what it was, not realizing, it seems, that posterity would cling to the words and passages Forrest Davis wrote as if God himself had delivered them to Moses, inscribed on stone tablets for all eternity.

HEARST HAD A SOFT SIDE, an almost non-confrontational side that ran counter to his fearlessness and his instinctive love of a fight. Part of this stemmed from his Victorian upbringing, from his innate sense of propriety and private sanctity; beyond that, another part of it stemmed from a deep place in his being that we're surely not the ones to discern or expound upon. Suffice it to say, he could be amazingly mum when he chose to be. A former brother-in-law of Marion's, George Lederer, a renowned show-business impresario in his day, died on October 8 (he'd been briefly married years before to Reine Davies, who coincidentally had died in April 1938). In the obituary submitted by the *New York Journal-American*, Hearst deleted its final sentence: "A daughter, Pepi, died three years ago." It's true; Pepi had died by suicide in Los Angeles in 1935. Hearst may well have deleted the sentence anyway had she died by normal means. That was the soft, gentlemanly side of him at work, avoiding the stigma of a tortured death. It poses many difficult challenges for us scavengers in these after-years who insist on prodding, snooping, digging.

A message of Hearst's the next day, October 9, sent from San Simeon (the entourage had finally left Wyntoon) to Richard Berlin of Hearst Magazines in New York, is squarely on the same point, very much in the same spirit as the downplaying of Pepi Lederer's sad demise:

I do not think Elsa Maxwell should attack Nina Mdivani. Nina is refined, retiring lady, and if she sues we cannot prove Elsa's statements.

No indeed. Not a good idea. Nina had married Denis Conan Doyle, son of the famous writer Arthur Conan Doyle, in 1936. One of Nina's brothers was David Mdivani, ex-husband of the dancer-actress Mae Murray and now allied romantically with another of the Davies sisters, Rose, whose daughter, Patricia, has been implausibly, nay, absurdly identified as Hearst and Marion's child—a tale for which no adjectives or adverbs exist on anyone's part to contradict fully. What a tangled mess Hearstiana can be. Furthermore, the late Reine Davies had a son, not just an ill-fated daughter. He was Charlie Lederer, a member of the Hearst-Davies inner circle without whom *Citizen Kane* may never have got off the ground.

Whatever was going on between Hearst and Warner Bros. at this relatively late date, it wasn't sorting itself out smoothly. On October 12, Ella Williams forwarded Hearst a message that Ed Hatrick of *Cosmopolitan* had received in New York from a Warners operative, Charles Einfeld:

Dear Ed: Cannot understand why really important news breaks supplied daily to [Louella] Parsons are not used. She takes this news from us but nothing happens. There has been noticeable depreciation [of] Warners' in her column for past ten days. I would like reason for it. After all we give Hearst papers preferential treatment in placing advertising and news and I would like to know if [the] failure to break into Parson's column is organization's attitude or because we have offended Louella in any way. This is serious situation in our present negotiations [with the Hearst interests] and I hope you will advise me by return wire. Kindest personal regards.

Hearst's plate was full indeed, as it always had been, as it always would be.

On October 13, 1938, Ella Williams had more for Hearst in the Warners situation; she passed along the latest to her from Ed Hatrick, by way of relay to the Chief:

Have not answered yesterday's message [from Charles Einfeld] but it is important that I give some answer on this situation. Producers names are always mentioned in connection with their pictures and I cannot understand why Warner Brothers should be any exception. If this is a policy I think it can only result in harm. We still have two months to go on our contract with considerable money due and in addition to that these people give a great deal of advertising to us. Please instruct me what answer to give.

Miss Parsons herself had this update for Willicombe on that same date, Thursday, October 13:

Confidentially *The Sisters* [a Warners picture with Errol Flynn and Bette Davis, though not a Cosmopolitan Production] opens today. Praised it highly in preview. They [Warners] are advertising extensively. Can you send instructions in confidential wire soon as possible to 619 North Maple Drive [Beverly Hills] so I will do exactly what the Chief wants.

Lots of filmland action was "about" at San Simeon in the fall of 1938, as old Hayes Perkins might have put it; it regarded other studios and players, not just Warners. The glamorous young Dorothy Lamour was a guest during the third week of the month. She heard from a friend in Hollywood on Wednesday, October 19:

Paramount advises retakes [for *St. Louis Blues*] must be made tomorrow Thursday. They desire you at studio ten a.m. I explained to Paramount that you did not intend to return until tomorrow night or Friday morning. They state however it will be a great expense to the studio and they feel they must shoot retakes tomorrow. Please wire reply. Love.

Raoul Walsh directed *St. Louis Blues*. Any friend of his (he was known as "Uncle") or of his wife, Lorraine (she was "Peenzie"), was a friend of Hearst's—and of Marion's too. So it had been ever since Walsh directed *Going Hollywood* in 1933, made during these very weeks late in that year. The rapport and friendship between the

Walshes and Hearst and Marion would long continue, on into the 1940s.

Dorothy Lamour heard from Hollywood again the next day, October 20:

Paramount asked us to notify you they are going to make retakes requiring your presence at ten o'clock Saturday morning [the 22nd] rain or shine sick or well. Please confirm either to us or Paramount before Friday noon. Love.

Meanwhile, on the 20th as well, Hearst had larger concerns in mind than film-studio retakes. He and Marion had hosted the Churchill party at San Simeon, yes, and then at the Beach House in the halcyon days before the stock market crash of 1929, almost to the month. Nine years later, Hearst mounted a strong attack on Winston Churchill, all old bets being off. Herewith some highlights from a signed editorial, a lengthy dispatch from San Simeon for the front pages of all Hearst Sunday papers on October 23:

The right honorable Winston Churchill formerly First Lord of the English Admiralty has broadcasted an address to the United States the reason for which and the purport and purpose of which should be clearly understood.

England is in a disturbed state of mind over the consequences of the Czechoslovakian situation.

England wanted peace, but the Versailles Treaty was not a peace treaty.

It was definitely and deliberately a war treaty. Permanent peace was not possible in Europe under its oppressive provisions. . . .

England is now afraid that the domination which she and France have exercised over Europe since the execution of the Versailles Treaty will be jeopardized.

England is also disturbed about her great interests in the Orient. Singapore is not safe. Japan is menacing Hongkong.

England's navy cannot be in several places at once. England's army cannot be both at home and abroad.

England wants other navies and other armies [to get involved].

In a word, England needs help; and where should she turn for help except to good old Uncle Sam, so sought after when needed—so scoffed at and scorned in all intervening times.

English propaganda is again flooding the United States. . . .

Says Winston Churchill, one of their able statesmen, over his radio hook-up to America and Americans:

We are left no doubt as to where American convictions and sympathies lie, but will you wait until British freedom and independence succumb and then take up the cause, when it is three-quarters ruined, yourselves alone?

I hear they are saying in the United States that because England and France failed to do their duty, therefore the American people can wash their hands of the whole business.

This may be a passing mood of many people, but there is no sense in it.

Mr. Churchill is very wrong in his estimate of American ideas and interests, the mood and attitude of the majority of Americans. . . .

Mr. Churchill, continuing, says:

If ever there was a time when men and women who cherish the ideals of the founders of the British and American constitutions should take earnest counsel with one another, that time is now.

Mr. Churchill is wrong here again in assuming and implying that the fundamental character of the various so-called democracies is the same.

France is Communist in its character—and where not Communist is Socialist.

England is monarchical. It is democratic in degree, but more aristocratic than democratic. . . .

The principles, policies, and purposes of all European nations, no matter what their forms of government, are essentially different from ours. We tried with earnest, sincere and costly effort to make democracy safe for the world in the Great War [1914–1918]. . . .

Mr. Churchill, continuing further, says:

A swift and resolute gathering of forces to confront not only military but moral aggression, resolute and sober acceptance of their duty by the ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES and all nations great and

small who wish to walk with them, in their FAITHFUL AND ZEALOUS COMRADESHIP, would almost between night and morning clear the path of progress and banish from all our lives the fear which already darkens the sunlight to hundreds of millions of men.

Mr. Churchill, sad to say, is wrong once more.

It is no part of the duty of this English speaking nation, the United States of America, to support the British Empire in her ambitious schemes to dominate Europe, absorb Africa, and control the Orient.

The United States is not merely a collection of disloyal colonies.

America is no longer a land to be exploited like India and Africa.

Mr. Churchill, daring and willing as he may be, is not a Raleigh or a Drake, to capture heavy-laden galleons from these golden shores and spread their plundered wealth at the feet of his imperial majesty, to be used for the further extension of the British Empire and the greater aggrandisement of England. . . .

Mr. Churchill for once, however, says truthfully:

All the world wishes for peace and security. It is their heart's desire. But have we gained it? That is what we ask. Have we gained it by the sacrifice of the Czechoslovak Republic?

Mr. Churchill is right in this.

All the world wishes for peace and security, truly enough. . . .

Says Mr. Churchill in conclusion:

Like the Communists, the Nazis tolerate no opinion but their own; like the Communists they feed on hatred; like the Communists they must seek from time to time, and always at shorter intervals, a new target, a new prize, a new victim.

Truly like the Communists and like the imperialists as well, Mr. Churchill might accurately have added.

Nazis, Communists, Fascists, imperialists are all of the same ilk—all cut from the same cloth—all striving for power and territory—all seeking from time to time a new prize, a new victim as Mr. Churchill picturesquely phrases it.

They are all ready to go to war, and all eager to get us to go to war, to add to their imperial conquests.

America must not succumb to the purely selfish propaganda of foreign nations.

America must not be drawn by unwarranted sentiment into the disasters of another foreign war.

We should not in the words of [George] Washington unduly sympathize with any foreign nation.

We should not encourage any foreign war, or participate in any foreign war, or finance any foreign war.

Our firm policy should be to hope and work for peace and true democracy throughout the world, but to save our strength to protect and preserve peace and true democracy in the United States of America, our beloved home land.

Kristallnacht in Munich, Germany, lay less than three weeks away. Until then there was no need for Hearst to soften or relent. Did he and Churchill ever correspond again, ever communicate at all? The question awaits answering. Hearst's isolationist position ("anti-interventionist" or "non-interventionist" were more to his and his compatriots' liking) was by no means an uncommon or extreme stance in October 1938. Tensions in Europe had a long way to go still before their boil-over in September 1939; Hearst, too, and Hiram Johnson and Charles Lindberg and Robert R. McCormick and Eleanor Patterson and John Flynn and many others had an equally long way to go before anything like one-mindedness would exist. Pearl Harbor, of course, more than two years away still, would be imperative for that to happen convincingly. For now, Hearst and Marion could burrow in and hunker down at San Simeon for the rest of 1938.

On Friday, November 18, in the week after the loathsome Kristallnacht episode in Munich, Willicombe contacted Helen Baldwin, his main clerk at the *Examiner* in Los Angeles; he told her to get busy with the following:

Please get out file copy of editorial or interview Chief gave to *Frankfort* [Kentucky] *Journal* in 1930 which was also republished in our papers, predicting the Versailles Treaty would cause eventual uprising and dictatorship etc.

Also find copy of interview Chief gave to *Manchester Guardian* or some other English paper after he met Hitler. They may have these in the [*Examiner*] library. Mr. Crocker was in Europe with Chief when he met Hitler [in September 1934]—I was not—and Mr. Crocker may remember name of English paper. He may have copy of interview. Check files, also library and Mr. Crocker.

This was no laughing matter, even if the usually jovial, fun-loving Harry Crocker had been involved. Hearst was gearing up to give a radio address from San Simeon about the Jews of Europe on Saturday, November 19. The film industry was indeed, to a great extent, *The Empire of Their Own* that Neal Gabler would call it fifty years later. Hearst had always employed Jews in high places; their skills in the arts and letters were indispensable; Cobbie, for example (Edmond D. Coblentz, who later compiled *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words*), was Jewish; so was Benjamin DeCasseres, one of Hearst's best editorial writers in New York. Still, this was very tricky, very treacherous ground for Hearst or anyone in his position to be treading on. He could make points or he could make enemies—lots of them, right in Southern California.

Word got out that he'd be giving the talk. A Jew in Los Angeles wired him on November 19:

Permit me to suggest in relation to your talk on Jews tonight that many Jews in the world do not advocate campaign of hate against Germany. This type of thought has injured the Jews en mass[e]. The fires of persecution will burn themselves out if not fanned into blaze by hatred. I commend you for your interest and sympathies.

Hearst was well known in show business for his liberal social views—his liaison with the much younger Marion had been an open secret since the late 1910s. He was easily classifiable as a libertine, whether deserved or not. On November 20 he not surprisingly or

atypically heard from Bill Robinson, a black stage and film actor in New York:

Am personally arranging benefit 46th St. Theatre Sunday night Dec. 11th. to raise funds for emergency relief Negro Actor's Guild of which I am president. Reserving boxes for special patrons. Would appreciate you taking one for \$100. Will deliver it to anyone you instruct.

Following his radio address on Saturday, November 19, Hearst heard on the 21st from Maurice H. Spiegelman, who wired on behalf of the Culver City-Palms Jewish Men's Club:

You are creating a heritage for your family they can never spend. You are a beacon light to our oppressed race in this hour of need. Your balanced mind combined with the power of your press for helping and leading the way cannot be measured. May your masterful editorial open the hearts and minds and the pockets of those that can help. And in closing may that almighty God that created you a Christian and us Jews bless you with many many years of life with us is the wish and hope of each and every member.

Norman Taurog, a film director at MGM who, unlike Louis B. Mayer, was more than a weekend, assimilated Jew and who was more a card-carrying member who took serious albeit simple pride in his heritage, also wired Hearst on Monday the 21st:

Dear Mr. Hearst: Cannot tell you how much I enjoyed your talk on the air and what you are doing for the Jews in the world. Sincerely.

Taurog had directed the recent movie *Boys Town*, with Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the troubled Whitey Marsh; that achievement alone was enough to keep Taurog in Hearst's good graces for a long while to come (even though he'd directed *The Phantom President* in 1932, a film Hearst found lacking).

Hearst went to bat again on November 25 for Nina Mdivani, whom he'd already vouched for in early October; he told Dick Berlin of Hearst Magazines:

I have repeatedly protested the Maxwell Mdivani articles in *Cosmopolitan* [Elsa Maxwell on Nina Mdivani]. They are cheap, trashy, false and in every way unworthy of *Cosmopolitan*. I have explained that Maxwell is an offensive and unreliable little social parasite with no real social standing or knowledge and is writing scandalous articles on hearsay or rather merely on imagination. I do not see why a great dignified magazine like *Cosmopolitan* should enter the field of the defunct *Town Topics*.

You have sent me in reply to my protest a brief statement that the articles are good for circulation and that your lawyers say that *Cosmopolitan* cannot be sued.

I do not think that such articles are good for circulation among the good people to whom the *Cosmopolitan* has been accustomed to appeal and furthermore I told you I do not think your lawyers are right and that *Cosmopolitan* can be sued both here and in England. There is however a deeper question involved and that is whether *Cosmo* ought to be sued—whether it ought to be mulcted [fined] in damages. It can at least be impeached and impaired in reputation in reliability in good taste and good judgment even in decency Dick because it is really not decent to attack falsely dead men and live women.

My recent communications and suggestions for correction remain unanswered, but I repeat that I think these articles should be contradicted and that *Cosmopolitan* should stop printing slanderous articles of the Mdivani-Hutton kind from cheap sensational writers of the Maxwell kind.

There is nothing but loss of *Cosmopolitan* character in such procedure.

The Hutton part of “Mdivani-Hutton” refers to Barbara Hutton, who was originally married to Nina Mdivani’s brother Alexis, still a young man when his reckless driving on a mountain road in Spain caused his death in 1935.

Sure enough, Nina’s husband, Denis Conan Doyle, found it necessary to confront Hearst the next day, November 26; he did so from the Hotel Meurice in Paris:

We thank you for your cable. We beg you to advise managers of *Cosmopolitan* that we demand the publication of a complete retraction of the untrue defamatory statements of [Elsa] Maxwell against Madame Conan Doyle [Nina Mdivani] and Madame Sert [Nina's sister, Isabelle Mdivani] and against deceased parents and brothers whom we must also protect [Alexis and Serge Mdivani had both died; David Mdivani was the only surviving brother].

We are certain you understand our viewpoint as you yourself and any gentleman would act in same way in the circumstances.

The proposal made by *Cosmopolitan* in a cable of [November] 22nd to publish an article appears to us wholly inappropriate [*sic*] and we accordingly suggest that you submit for our consideration the text of a suitable withdrawal and apology to be published by *Cosmopolitan* in same position as Maxwell articles.

We are convinced that with your great authority you will obtain from *Cosmopolitan* this justified retraction that we request.

At same time we must point out that Madame Conan Doyle and Madame Sert reserved to themselves full liberty of action unless a settlement satisfactory to all concerned is reached through your kind intervention. Please receive our cordial greetings.

There are several other items like this, scattered through Hearst archives of one kind or another. Partly it was the nature of the business: the legacy of yellow journalism, you might almost say. Partly as well—maybe more so—it stemmed from the impossibility for Hearst of staffing every one of his newspapers and magazines with journalists as brilliant as he was, as uniquely cultured and as worldly as he'd been able to be. Those traits simply couldn't be broadcast or dispensed. There were only so many of Damon Runyon or Gene Fowler or Adela Rogers St. Johns to go around. Besides, Hearst's infrastructure was getting as old as he was. His presses were overworked, some of them even dilapidated, making it increasingly hard for his staffs to compete with other publishers, whether of the mom-and-pop kind or on the big-city national scale, as epitomized, say, by the Scripps-Howard chain.

Roy Howard didn't spend huge sums on collecting, entertaining, building, traveling. Hearst did. Therein lay a profound difference in what he and other titans could lay at the public's feet and how they went about doing it, day in and day out. Hearst was painfully aware of this paradox in his approach—probably more than any of his own lieutenants like Tom White or Richard Berlin were. The truth was staring him in the face more and more, and he damn well knew it.

He wired Dick Berlin in New York on November 28:

We could not print what [Denis Conan] Doyle sent you, as you state in your letter, but we could print a modified version. Anyhow we should print a thoroughly complete and conclusively satisfactory retraction [of what Elsa Maxwell wrote] and get rid of this whole mess.

Hearst and his people got rid of the mess, after all. It cluttered up several desks late in 1938 before its sticky details were fully laid to rest. This was the same Elsa Maxwell, of course, who spoke so glowingly of Millicent Hearst (see Chapter 1).

IT COMES AS A RELIEF to encounter a simple, basic message like the one sent by Joe Willicombe to Julia Morgan's secretary in San Francisco on December 8, 1938; Miss Morgan had gone to Europe in September and was still abroad:

Please send to Miss Ella Williams, address,—“Cosmopolitan Productions, Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California,”—the ground plans for the Cosmopolitan bungalow etcetera at the Warner Bros. Studio. She requires them for some purpose. These should be gotten off to her promptly when you receive this telegram.

Morgan had written to Hearst on August 30 while he was still at Wynton:

The lure of the ocean wave is always strong, and conditions in the office [the Hearst projects had slowed to nothing finally] such that it seems a good time to yield to it.

I have a reservation on the only suitable craft going from San Francisco through the [Panama] canal direct to Europe before too late in the year to think pleasant. It is on a fruit boat as it is to be an ocean vagabondage from port to port in the general direction of Sicily as boats are available. I have never been there, but as you know, am familiar with her inheritances.

Hearst answered Morgan the next day, August 31, from Wyntoon, saying, "I hope you have a grand time. I am sure you will":

Certainly I would like to make such a trip myself, but I guess I will have to stay here and try to make enough money to put up another house—or to finish those already begun.

Hearst would be chipping away through Mac McClure as Morgan's de facto replacement, an arrangement that would become fairly set in stone before much longer and would remain that way for the next decade of on-again, off-again efforts at Wyntoon, San Simeon, and, ultimately, at the old Milton Getz estate in Beverly Hills. The Hearst-McClure duo, however, seems never to have done anything in Santa Monica from now until Hearst and Marion sold the Beach House early in 1947.

In a letter Morgan sent Hearst on September 7 at Wyntoon right before her departure, she addressed the matter of "Mt. Olive," the code name from back in 1931 for the Spanish monastery Hearst had acquired through Arthur Byne in Spain, with Morgan and the architect-engineer Walter Steilberg acting as intermediaries. The colossal, ultra-Hearstian idea of re-erecting the ensemble as a museum at Wyntoon had never reached fruition. But plenty of hours had gone into sketches and working drawings, especially in 1933, the first big summer of activity at Wyntoon following the fire that ravaged part of that estate in 1930. Appropriately, Morgan hoped to recover some

payment for her office's efforts in behalf of Mount Olive—should Hearst succeed in selling the rubble of old stones, warehoused in San Francisco. It was a subject the two people had obviously discussed recently:

There is also a personal interest in Mt. Olive for at the time we started on the working drawings [1931] you told me that the cost of them could come out of that year's building funds so that the cost of the plans would be largely behind [taken care of] when actual work was begun the following year [1932], neither of which good ideas worked out.

We'll have to assume that 1931 and 1932 are the correct dates here, inasmuch as Morgan's Distribution of Expenses sheet for 1931 lists a substantial \$2,758 (think of \$41,800 today) for "Mount Olive" and then nothing afterwards. This takes some mental adjustment since the George Loorz Papers contain so little about Wyntoon in 1932; instead, 1933 figures as the first year of major effort on the McCloud River in the Wyntoon chronology that's become accepted since 1990, when the Loorz Papers were initially published.

That said, Morgan had a much more arresting thing to tell Hearst in completing her paragraph. She was not the careful writer that he or Willicombe or even Loorz were—such was not her stock in trade, and she tended to crowd a lot of meaning into short clauses and groups of words, which for her purposes managed to speak volumes. And therefore:

I have always hoped the castle [the Spanish monastery] would some day go up on that lovely coast Point you showed me above Santa Monica—and drew Mr. [Alexander] Sokolow's attention to the condition [of] from time to time.

This is not to ask anything, except that in case of sale of Mt. Olive the cost of the working drawings [the \$2,758] be taken care of.

"Judge" Sokolow, now deceased, had been Hearst's controller in Los Angeles in the early 1930s; Morgan had often received her monthly

budget for San Simeon through him. This still leaves her reference to Sokolow unclear, except as an allusion to him as the source of funds that a Santa Monica angle on Mount Olive would require.

These are the words of Morgan's to dwell on: *that lovely coast Point you showed me above Santa Monica*. This could only be Hearst's sublime acreage high up in Tuna Canyon, one canyon west of Topanga Canyon, nearly 2,000 acres of it at a height comparable to the San Simeon hilltop, with panoramic views—complete with “Catalina on a clear day,” as Alice Head would have put it—and a salubrious climate to match. One quick look at the site (now owned by the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy) and another Hearst Castle comes as easily to mind as it did to Morgan when she thought back and dictated her letter to Lil Forney. What a setting the Tuna Canyon property would have made! Alas, there's no water there, or at least very little of it, some trickles at best that might be caught in a steel tank that remains at the site today. San Simeon, we mustn't forget, was made possible from the very start by the near-torrent of pure, cold water that gushes dependably from Pine Mountain, an artesian phenomenon that the much drier Santa Monica Mountains could never match. Not even for William Randolph Hearst when he was going full throttle.

Through Willicombe, Hearst agreed on September 10 that Morgan “should have the cost of drawings” if the old stones were sold.

Nearly two months later, while Morgan was very much out of the country, traveling thousands of miles away, she had the monastery in mind just the same. As her secretary, Mrs. Forney, told Willicombe on November 1, 1938:

Miss Morgan has written [from Europe] that if you have possible purchaser for the Wyntoon Mt. Olive, and you need explanations of material and its use, etc., she will gladly return upon receipt of a cable, any time.

Mrs. Forney's letter began with a reference to the "Sacramenia Monastery." Sacramenia was entirely different, entirely separate from Mount Olive; Hearst had acquired the cloister portion of Santa Maria de Sacramenia in 1926 through his and Morgan's same source in Spain, Arthur Byne—their first foray through him into ancient buildings on the grand scale. One has only to see the re-erected Sacramenia cloister today in North Miami Beach, Florida, to understand how Morgan could have felt so duty-bound toward Mount Olive, technically the *third* monastery she and Hearst got through Byne (the second one, whose acquisition mostly fell through, was known as Alcantara). The achievement in North Miami is stunning, especially in its having been done in the 1950s, when concepts of historical architecture, stylistic integrity, and similar lofty ideals were supposedly lacking. The re-assemblage of Sacramenia was done with great finesse and skill. It makes it eminently possible, in turn, to visualize what Hearst—and perhaps Morgan, too—foresaw at Tuna Canyon with the much larger ensemble called Mount Olive. It would have been awesome, a landmark (and, again, museum ultimately) like no other in Southern California, quietly and nobly commanding its elysian setting, complete with an airstrip nearby—a perfect plateau being at hand—for Hearst's kingly comings and goings.

Oh, but back to reality. When Wyntoon closed down in the fall of 1938 and when even Mac McClure found it time to leave, he wrote to George Loorz from 11758 San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, Mac's off-season address on the Westside. He told Loorz at that time:

When I passed through San Francisco a month ago, I gave Fred [Stolte] a call and he told me briefly of the plan to be carried out at Palo Alto [a spec building project that might interest Mac]. At that time I told him of the proposed remodeling of the [Cosmopolitan] Studio bungalow here [last seen in Burbank], which was to be carried out this Winter.

I promised J. M. [Julia Morgan] I would do this before she left [for Europe] and it looked fairly certain at that time. Nothing has developed

on it, however, and according to Frank Hellenthal it is more or less shelved.

Morgan's Distribution of Expenses sheets are so minutely detailed (Mrs. Forney took special pride in compiling them) that the sheet for 1938 can be checked to see what the Cosmopolitan Bungalow job was all about then—that along with the job ledger sheets allotted to the new project, starting as far back as the middle of 1938. Morgan had gone to Burbank in late June that year, as the ledger indicates. Her trip, plus a smidgen of drafting-room time, overhead, and blueprints expenses, produced a grand total of \$66.48 for 1938. The rest of the job would take place in 1939, after Hearst and Marion had parted company with Warner Bros. "Miss Marion Douras, Cosmopolitan Bungalow, 910 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, California," says the ledger's cover sheet; further on, the client figured as "Miss Davies" on the three sheets bearing the itemized expenses. Either way, there was no mention of Hearst anywhere. The first of the itemized sheets also bears this notation, which must have been made later, since June 1938 would have been too early for it: "Moved to 910 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif."

CAREY BALDWIN, whom the diarist Hayes Perkins insisted on calling The Cuckoo, pulled himself up by his bootstraps as a zookeeper almost as much as George Loorz did as a builder. From San Simeon, after the Hearst situation played out completely in the 1940s, Baldwin moved north and became the director of the San Francisco Zoological Gardens. His memoir of 1964, *My Life with Animals*, was published the same year that Perkins died at age eighty-six. In fairness to Baldwin, who was no saint any more than these other mortals were, we can be sure he knew his business regarding animals. The year 1939 at San Simeon opened with a message from him to Paramount Studios in Hollywood; this on January 2:

Can let you have most of our camels if certain details can be worked out. For this would like to see you some time latter part of this week or sooner if necessary for you. Please wire appointment time convenient for you.

Whether Paramount hoped to rent the camels or buy them is unclear. The Hearst Zoo, in any case, fielded periodic requests from Hollywood filmmakers who looked to it as a good source of exotic creatures for Tarzan pictures and the like. The zoo provided Paramount with some water buffalo, in fact, as late as 1941. Thus the zoo was slow to be phased out, just as the other changes in Hearst's life during these years often took many weeks or months, not merely days to be realized. The tendency to look back on history and to compress events is always tempting. With Hearst, the man lived so long that the impulse by 1938 or 1939 has been to rush through his final ten or twelve years, (Swanberg did this and even Nasaw too, probably harried by a frantic publisher's deadline). To which the rallying cry could well be: slow down, slow down. It ain't over till it's over, as Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees used to say; and with Hearst, and with Marion too, the end was scarcely in immediate sight in 1939. The war in Europe was nine months away, Pearl Harbor almost two *years* away.

The Hearst party spent most of January 1939 at the Beach House. This wasn't for any particular reason that the annals divulge—no birthday celebration or costume ball or anything of that kind, and surely no film to make, two years almost after Marion's role in *Ever Since Eve*. Maybe they simply needed a break from San Simeon, where the winters can be fiercely beset with rain and howling winds and leaks all over (even palaces and castle get their miserable share). The arrangement with Warner Bros. expired at the end of 1938. For 1939, Hearst and Marion embarked on their third such pact in Hollywood, this time with their Ocean Front neighbor Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox. It all came down to "labeling" and publicity: that is,

which films in the Fox stable for 1939 would be called Cosmopolitan Productions, warranting special attention in Hearst's papers and magazines. The first would be *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, starring Don Ameche and Loretta Young, a good friend of Hearst's second son, Bill, and his wife, Lorelle. Production began as soon as January 5, as sure an indicator as anyone should need that, at this stage of the game, "production" to Hearst and Ed Hatrick and Ella Williams did not mean hands-on efforts such as providing lunch for the crew; Fox took care of that. Production meant publicity, first and foremost, perhaps even exclusively. At that time, two years before *Citizen Kane*, the name Hearst still commanded substantial respect. The public bought stock in Hearst Consolidated Publications (it's no longer a publicly traded company). Also, the public took mental stock in the brand name Cosmopolitan. The appearance of the Cosmopolitan logo on a lobby card or movie poster meant something; it had prestige and clout, the cinematic equivalent of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Good Practice, likewise a Hearst promotion of many years' standing.

Hearst was about to get sucker-punched far worse than he was through the brainless article by Forrest Davis in *Saturday Evening Post* in the summer of 1938. *Time* magazine was a nemesis of his, the cutting-edge mouthpiece of Henry Luce, with whom Hearst was seldom on civil terms, or vice versa (despite the adulation that Luce's *Fortune* had given San Simeon in 1931 and Wyntoon in 1935 and despite Hearst and Marion's friendship with Luce's wife, Clare Boothe Luce). Hearst was told what follows by the *Time* office on January 30, 1939. He essentially fell for it, probably on the strength of how well he'd fared twice with *Fortune* (although his cover-story outing with *Time* in 1933 had burned him and his family thoroughly):

Time magazine planning press story on history Hearst organization.

Would like to take color photograph of you to run on front cover.

Could we send photographer sometime this week at your convenience?

Hearst had an innate weakness for publicity. Maybe by 1939 he thought it would benefit his empire in some broad-based way, promote sales of Hearst stock, stimulate advertising, spit shine his tarnished image. He quickly complied.

Dick Berlin wired Willicombe several weeks later. By now it was March 10 and the *Time* issue of March 13 had gone to press for its regular Monday release, leaving the Hearst interests stunned by what they'd seen in advance. Berlin proposed damage control, fast:

Would like permission to give press [nationwide] our magazine earning figures for year Nineteen Thirty-eight and first quarter Nineteen Thirty-nine. Believe this highly beneficial and offsetting *Time's* unfriendly publicity.

Hearst answered Berlin on March 12, the day before the issue hit the newsstands:

Stuff in *Time* is malicious and ridiculously false. I see no objection to your mentioning profits of magazines but better consult Judge Shearn.

Shearn was the bald-headed little martinet who held the biggest reins at present in Hearst's domain, watching over expenses, dickering with Canadian newsprint suppliers, and all too often sticking his nose into Hearst's editorial affairs. In 1939 it was too soon to know that Shearn would be shown the door in 1943, by way of a contentious lawsuit brought by Hearst in corporate self-defense. At any rate, Clare Shearn green-lighted Berlin's proposal.

It made no difference on Monday, March 13, that Hearst heard from Eddie Cantor in West Hollywood, who respectfully told the Chief:

My dear WR: Inspired by your radio broadcast and editorials I am doing something on my radio show tonight KNX seven-thirty which I have reason to believe will please you. If you can kindly listen. Kindest regards.

The front-cover feature in *Time* that Monday made Hearst out to be a worn and weary old fool, haggard and jowly in appearance, a man quoted as saying on the very cover itself, “At my time of life, you just sit here . . .”

“Dusk at Santa Monica,” the feature was entitled. It was read by hundreds of thousands, a far larger audience quite likely than have seen *Citizen Kane* to this day. As bad as Forrest Davis’s piece in the *Post* was, and as riddled with error and innuendo as the *Time* feature of 1933 had been, “Dusk at Santa Monica” was even worse. It began with a left hook disguised as a novel claim, grist for the mill of all Hearst-haters, whose numbers were either legion or soon to be:

One of the many little-known facts about William Randolph Hearst’s fantastically tangled affairs is that his rival Los Angeles publisher, Harry Chandler of the [*Los Angeles*] *Times*, holds a mortgage on San Simeon. Last month in Los Angeles, rather than embarrass his strapped debtor, Mr. Chandler agreed to extend the mortgage. But it was not Mr. Hearst who made the request. Mr. Hearst was not in Los Angeles or San Simeon. . . .

Mr. Hearst was with Marion Davies, at her Santa Monica Beach house. The Hearst who mortgaged San Simeon to get \$600,000 for spending money has for the past two years been employed as editorial director of his own newspapers, and last year [actually in 1937] his salary from the Hearst Consolidated papers was cut from \$500,000 to \$100,000. No longer ruler of the empire he built, Hearst has only two desires concerning it: 1) to have some of it survive him; 2) to keep his job. Nearing 76, the man who was the most spectacular publisher and spendthrift of his time wants to die a newspaperman. . . .

Four years ago Hearst said of himself: “At my time of life you just sit here and people bring you final decisions to make.” But for nearly two years he has just sat there, no longer absolute boss even of his paper’s policies. He still owns fabulous Wynton and San Simeon (subject to Mr. Chandler’s mortgage), still dines celebrities from silver plate in medieval splendor (on his allowance from Judge Shearn); but at 75 the

bad boy of U.S. journalism is just a hired editorial writer who has taken a salary cut.

Hayes Perkins would have given his eye teeth to write those paragraphs. The sheer invention of the Chandler fairy tale ranks alongside oceans of booze, the rapes of innocent starlets, and all the brazen indiscretions among the guests that Perkins alone seemed privy to. Probably no piece of anti-Hearst publicity of the late Depression years—with the sole exception of the rediscovered, resurrected, and sometimes overrated film *Citizen Kane* of 1941—ever had the lasting impact that the article “Dusk at Santa Monica” has had. That may go for its comparison with other eras, too, not just with the years right before World War II. Why? How? Because *Time* was a mass-circulation magazine, one that Hearst would love to have owned. It got seen and read by thousands, even millions; it got preserved in libraries in thick musty buckram bindings for decades to come, a source still consulted, still photocopied today by researchers of term papers and theses. A quick check of eBay shows that vintage copies of *Time*, like those of Luce’s prestige magazines of the day, *Life* and *Fortune*, haven’t flagged a bit in their appeal more than half a century later. When *Time* spoke, even in its queerly backward style of Luceian prose, people listened. And remembered. The Perkinsian tale of the \$600,000 mortgage has, of course, been picked up and handed down and repeated by several writers, historians, and biographers. It’s simply too good to pass up. Yet it’s mostly nonsense, mostly Hollywood hokum.

The real Hearst—more the reeling Hearst by now—heard from Sam Goldwyn on March 22, nine days after *Time* hit the stands and the nation’s coffee tables; Goldwyn’s message offered more customary, suitable fare:

I am previewing *Wuthering Heights* Friday night at Warners Hollywood Theatre. If you are in town I would be delighted to have you and your party attend the preview. Affectionately.

But Hearst wasn't in town. He and Marion had gone back to San Simeon to lick their wounds. "Thank you, Sam," Hearst replied the same day:

I do not think I can make the preview although I would greatly like to. I have people coming for the week end [March 25–26].

In the meantime, the entourage saw Darryl Zanuck's *Story of Alexander Graham Bell* on Thursday, the 23rd, as Hearst reported:

Our audience enjoyed *Alexander Graham Bell* immeasurably. They were enthralled in interest from the beginning to the end.

Many tearful eyes testified to the strong emotional appeal of the story.

You have a great picture, Mr. Zanuck, and a most valuable and creditable one.

It is educational in the highest degree, and stimulating to youthful ambitions.

It fulfills the finest functions of the screen.

The detached, disinterested role of Cosmopolitan Productions is obvious from Hearst's language. *The Return of the Cisco Kid*, with Warner Baxter, would be next up for special treatment in the Hearst press.

All who know *Citizen Kane* can hear Orson Welles intoning in his basso profundo voice, "There will be no war." Hearst said those very words more than once (as early as 1936, and then again here in 1939). With that bit of dead-wrong soothsaying, Welles and Mankiewicz had all the ammunition they needed. Hearst dispatched a front-page "Letter of Advice and Instructions to the Editors of the Hearst Papers" for Thursday, April 13, headed, "THERE WILL BE NO WAR." Full of pontifications, it was the very kind of pseudo-royalizing that Henry Luce detested about Hearst. The well-meaning yet incurable elitist on his San Simeon hilltop kept playing into the trap.

Hearst cozied up to the American Legion as well, which won him no points among highbrows and the intelligentsia. As Willicombe was told by the *Los Angeles Examiner* on April 13:

American Legion County Council with one hundred seventy-five posts and thirty-five thousand members will sponsor and organize huge "Stand by America" mass meeting and parade Hollywood Bowl provided *Examiner* will pay about six hundred dollars expenses as Legion has no funds this purpose.

Bowl will be donated to Legion but money needed for transportation of topflight speaker from east such as Martin Dies or Tom Dewey and for trophies to be awarded winning floats and units in parade and so forth.

In addition to principal speaker will have local Catholic, Jewish and Protestant orators and other features like [in] Baltimore.

Mr. Carrington [publisher of the *Examiner*] says Chief's okay necessary on expense as will increase budget. Please wire Chief's wishes.

The departure that 1939 represents from the past three years is epitomized by what Hearst and Marion did for his birthday. Rather than celebrate it at San Simeon or in Santa Monica, even with a small group now to keep expenses down, they found themselves in Washington, D.C., at the home of Cissy Patterson on Dupont Circle. She had bought the *Times-Herald* in January 1939 through her option clause. The Hearst entourage's presence in Washington in late April had some probable tie-in, although Hearst, Marion, Willicombe, and those with them returned to California quickly. It's enough today merely to identify the photo of the event properly. Two of the leading books on Hearstiana assigned it too early a date (one of them 1937, the other one, *The Times We Had*, 1938); of course Hearst's presence in Santa Monica for the famous costume parties in those two years is beyond any doubt, erasing any chance that he was then in the East instead.

The end of April marked more than just Hearst's seventy-sixth birthday. "Now, also for the first time," as the biographer John Dunlap put it in *The Hearst Saga*, "it was necessary to get a handle on Hearst's personal obligations by way of a budget":

The seven-page document, dated April 28, 1939, and signed by Colonel Willicombe and attorneys [Geoffrey] Konta and McKay [Henry S. MacKay Jr.], had been prepared at a conference held on January 17. . . .

Fixed expenses such as Hearst's personal bank loans amortization, rentals on Wynton, San Simeon and [the] Beach House—as well as [the] expense for mothballing the latter—were included along with Hearst's own salary of \$75,000 for the remainder of the year.

Make that a relative or comparative mothballing of the Beach House, for the place surely saw some use, albeit noticeably sporadic, through the rest of 1939, 1940, and on into the early forties decade.

JULIA MORGAN didn't have to leave Europe for the sake of Hearst's monastery after all. Her trip to Sicily and thereabouts ran its natural course, and by March 1939 she was back in California—and likewise back at Hearst's beck and call though on a sharply reduced level, so limited was his budget, stemming as it did now from personal rather than corporate funds. Her San Simeon costs for 1939 (\$1,641: a good \$25,000 in 2010 terms) were a mixture of travel, drafting-room time, and inventory work on portions of the Hearst Collection. Virtually no construction took place. The Darbee Mausoleum in the cemetery city of Colma, just south of San Francisco, was another "paper project" for her in 1939 (\$1,533). The Cosmopolitan Bungalow, recently removed from Burbank to a storage lot at the Fox Hills unit of Twentieth Century-Fox near Westwood, finished a close third at \$1,480. A goodly portion of that figure accrued through travel alone: Morgan checked up on the job at 910 Benedict Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills (where portions of the

Bungalow were put to new purposes) more than a dozen times in the half-year from May through November 1939.

Meanwhile, the bad boy of U.S. journalism, as *Time* had convincingly portrayed Hearst, kept making noise and trouble, whenever and however he saw fit. Willicombe to all Hearst editors around the country, May 9, 1939:

Chief instructs Please play up and continue to play up the Duke of Windsor's statement about poisonous propaganda until everybody in the United States who reads our papers anyhow knows that we are being subjected to poisonous propaganda. If we keep driving this thing home we will get everybody to understand that propaganda is poisonous and that the Duke of Windsor was right when he said so,— and we are getting saturated with it here in America.

Hearst was staying involved in motion pictures, too, through his new arrangement with Darryl Zanuck at Fox. The following came in to Willicombe on May 10, 1939, from one of Hearst's favorite editors, Jack Malloy, who was now at the *Chicago Evening American* (the Chicago morning and evening papers would remain separate for a while longer before being merged as the *Herald-American*):

We will run [serialize] *Young Mr. Lincoln* and I am trying to be helpful to [Ed] Hatrick and Twentieth Century [-Fox] in making arrangements for premiere of picture scheduled for Decoration Day [Memorial Day] in Springfield Illinois.

A subject like Lincoln was a natural for the nostalgic, patriotic Hearst. In contrast, the plight of the Okies and migrant workers was not. Nineteen thirty-nine was likewise the year of John Steinbeck's immortal novel *The Grapes of Wrath*, in which Hearst was savagely lampooned as having a pucker-lipped mouth that looked more rectal than spectral, as one of the book's characters bluntly put it in coarser language. Zanuck wanted to make a film of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Louella Parsons got wind of it. The *Los Angeles Examiner* alerted

Willicombe on May 15, several days before the Parsons story was slated to run on Sunday, May 21. Louella's copy read as follows:

You couldn't believe any one book would bring in the number of letters that have descended upon Darryl Zanuck since he paid \$70,000 for *The Grapes of Wrath*. Not even *Gone with the Wind* in its controversy over a cast, caused the letter writers to dip their pens in the ink with more bitterness than has the John Steinbeck novel.

Bets have been made in Hollywood that Zanuck will never dare film the book as is without diluting some of the socially significant things. I asked Dar[r]yl if he really intended to produce *Grapes of Wrath*.

"I certainly do" was his answer. "I see it as a great motion picture. I am certainly no Communist and I am not even a flamingo pink. And I am no land baron. Nobody knows better than you that anything I have earned for myself I have earned through hard work and that I started as far down the scale as anybody can.

"Therefore I intend to treat *Grapes of Wrath* like I treated *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* [from 1932, when Zanuck was at Warner Bros.]. I don't intend it to be propaganda for or against anything. I intend to tell the frank, honest story that Steinbeck wrote and I refuse to be intimidated by either side.

"I expect a lot of opposition but I intend to go through with it the same as I went through with the *Chain Gang* picture with the Solid South opposing me. *The Grapes of Wrath* to me is the simple story of a family on a westward trek going through hardships that parallel the early pioneers experiences when they came west in covered wagons."

Interestingly enough, Zanuck is being bombarded on two sides, the eastern writers are overwhelming him with editorials pleading that he film the book exactly as it was written. Western writers are saying that the novel is a lot of poppycock and exaggeration. Bakersfield, Fresno, Sacramento and San Francisco are particularly vehement in their demands that California be treated right. Some of the eastern writers, among them Howard Barnes and Whitney Boulton, have addressed open letters to Zanuck urging him not to whitewash the Steinbeck novel. So you see he is between the devil and the deep blue sea.

If you are among the few who haven't read the book, you may want to know that the story deals with the Joad family who lose their small farm in Oklahoma when the oil interests move in. They pile their all into an old truck and start for the promised land of California where peaches hang heavy on the trees and where oranges and grapes make life worth living.

Their inability to find work in California or to be allowed to live in the state continues to work hardships on the unfortunate family. As Steinbeck writes it, many people feel it has a Communistic flavor. Others argue it is not so much Communistic as much as it is Socialistic. Some of the Californians feel it is a blot on her fair name. Others hold that with so many now in our state it is wrong for jobless folk to flock here for work that rightly belongs to the people who have already made this state their home and therefore have a prior right. There is much to be said for and against.

Certainly it takes a man of courage and intelligence, one who does not fear the powerful financial interests that are arguing that it is paid propaganda. Zanuck holds that it isn't even propaganda. So there you are. All I know is that it should be a great picture.

If Zanuck had read the whole book, he had to have caught the reference to Hearst's anatomy; it's hard to miss. Increasingly, Hearst was getting kicked around, being misunderstood, taking flak from within his own ranks as well. He and Willicombe jumped on the Louella Parsons story the same day it crossed their desks at San Simeon, May 15:

Chief instructs to kill that Parsons lead you sent up [regarding *The Grapes of Wrath*]. "The book is vile and untruthful in its theme," he says. "I say this not as a land owner but as a conscientious American."

The matter didn't die on the spot. Either through a crossing of signals or for some other reason, a separate paragraph got submitted to San Simeon in this vicinity. As the *Examiner* put it in querying Willicombe:

Have held up following paragraph in Louella Parsons' column for tonight. Please advise.

"*The Grapes of Wrath* isn't one of those indefinite and nebulous affairs discussed as a long distance happening. It's immediate and will be produced as soon as Nunnally Johnson can write the screen treatment. Nunnally has also been appointed by Darryl Zanuck to act as associate producer. I'll be surprised if Henry Fonda doesn't play Tom Joad and John Ford direct. Who better than Fonda could play the unfortunate Tom and who better than Ford could direct him. This is one of those earthy stories that John handles so admirably. The difficulty now is getting a story that is not so much written description. Three hundred letters protesting against the filming of this novel (principally rich ranch owners who feel they are shown in an unpleasant light) received on one day are making no difference in Darryl Zanuck's production plans."

It's unclear whether this one got approved or killed. There's no follow-through or response in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft, whence this item comes. Printed editions of the Hearst newspapers in mid-May 1939 will have to be combed to see which columns by Louella Parsons ran that month and which did not.

As usual, Hearst had bigger fish to fry at any given moment, thus allowing many an insult or bit of foolishness like a Parsons gaffe to slip by unnoticed, unchecked. He wired Cobbie (E. D. Coblentz), for example, on May 16 at the *New York Journal-American*:

Do you not think, now that the English have come out with their Palestine plan practically abandoned, it would be good idea to revive advocacy of former German colonies as refuge for dispossessed Jews? I think there is a lot to it and it has not received attention it deserves. Now that Palestine plan has been abandoned and nothing else has been proposed of any real value, why not revive that and crusade for it?

Cobbie (who was a Jew) replied on May 17:

Think now is appropriate time to revive your advocacy of Jewish African homeland. Do you want [Charles] Ryckman to write editorial? Papers can then follow with interviews here and abroad.

Next to Hearst himself, Charlie Ryckman was the best editorialist in the Hearst service. He'd mastered the style of short, punchy paragraphing, which Hearst had learned from the English tabloids and had sought to instill in all his newspapers from the mid-thirties onward. Ryck, as he was known, could also alternate brevity with more developed, full-length paragraphs in arresting imitation of the Chief's mature style. Cobbie was going with his best pitch in asking if Ryck should do the job.

(Willicombe fielded a message from Ella Williams on that same day—Wednesday, May 17, 1939: "Shipping tonight *Juarez* [with Bette Davis] return Warner Studio Friday.")

An item from May 20 is a perfect example of how Hearst, Charlie Ryckman, and others got the daily job done. Ryck (who mostly worked in his hotel room in San Francisco, his preferred method) got his assignments from Cobbie, who submitted the results to Hearst at San Simeon. Willicombe dispatched the revisions to all the papers, as in this instance on the Jewish resettlement theme:

Editorial beginning "There is no less obligation" is released with following changes.

Kill 13th 14th and 15th pghs [paragraphs] beginning "Why not in the" and ending "and civilized" and substitute following:

"Why not in the former German colonies and the Belgian and Portuguese colonies of the African continent, as Mr. William Randolph Hearst suggested in a radio address last November?

"Here are vast, fertile and potentially rich regions.

"Let the oppressed and persecuted Jewish peoples of Central Europe through cession and purchase occupy these undeveloped but rich, largely unpopulated but highly livable, lands and they will create a new garden spot in the world, democratic and civilized."

There were Jews, though, who took unkindly to Hearst's paternalism, to his "do as I say" condescensions in passages like the foregoing. Fascism, they called it, propagandist mind control, plain and simple, with more than a tinge of totalitarian heavy-handedness clinging fulsomely to it. Hearst was aware that he couldn't please everyone and that he might dig his own grave deeper in the process. He kept at it nonetheless. Come Friday, May 26, 1939, Cobbie had gone to San Simeon at Hearst's request and was directly reachable there by the *Los Angeles Examiner*, whose night-shift editor informed him:

Am sending with the papers tonight [the current newspaper editions that Hearst pored over] for your scrutiny copy of Chief's radio speech as it was edited down for reprinting Sunday [May 28]. Have eliminated all discussion of the Baja California and the Brazilian proposals. This leaves about 1500 words.

A follow-up message to Cobbie from the same editor at the *Examiner* said:

Reprint of Chief's radio speech for Sunday runs slightly more than 1000 words instead of 1500 as previously reported.

On a less urgent note, Hearst heard that same day, May 26, from Ed Hatrick in New York:

Saw *Young Mr. Lincoln* our second Cosmopolitan picture [through the new Fox arrangement] yesterday. Think we have a winner and would like to get your reaction when you see it. Regards.

We'll have to think back now to what Julia Morgan was getting at late in 1938 when she mentioned "Mt. Olive," the huge Spanish monastery that she knew Hearst would be selling if he could find a buyer—this on the same day, May 26, as the messages about Hearst's radio speech and the new picture *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Tom White in New York to Joe Willicombe at San Simeon:

Letter twenty-third re Mt Olive. We doing nothing. [Geoffrey] Konta in charge. [Martin] Huberth now there [California] planning discuss with

[L. J.] Burrud. Prospect never was Eastern. Plan was entirely Western but nothing materialized because [Frank] Barham [of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*] never took up with Mrs. [Estelle] Doheny. Suggest telephoning Huberth.

What a juicy, delectable lead. All in just forty or fifty words. Estelle Doheny, the widow of the Los Angeles oil man Edward L. Doheny (d. 1935) was the closest thing in the Southland to a major collector of the old-school type—this side of Hearst, that is, now that Henry Huntington had been dead since 1927. Estelle Doheny was also a devout Catholic. By 1939 she was planning to build the Edward L. Doheny Memorial Library at St. John's Seminary outside of Camarillo, working through the architect Wallace Neff.

Could Mrs. Doheny have toyed with the idea of re-erecting Hearst's monastery as part of her plans? Why not. The setting near Camarillo, though not as breathtaking or as purely Hearstian as the one in Tuna Canyon along the Malibu coast, is lovely and serene. Again, one need only look at what was done in the 1950s in North Miami Beach, Florida, with the Santa Maria de Sacramenia cloister to realize that such a prospect isn't fantastic or farfetched.

Hearst to Darryl Zanuck on May 29, brief and to the point:

I enjoyed your Lincoln picture greatly. I hope it meets with a splendid success.

Young Mr. Lincoln was slated for general release on June 9.

Hearst remained an active, vital part of the film industry, in every way that he could. Joe Willicombe to Joe Connolly of King Features Syndicate, New York, on June 1, 1939:

Chief instructed yesterday [to] telephone you message below—New York said you in Chicago—Chicago said you in New York—so telegraphing [instead].

“I feel that with Jimmy Fidler [Jimmie Fidler] added to other cinema features of opposition our paper now inferior. This is important in cinema town. Please get Fidler [a gossip columnist] for our papers. We will give up some other things. WR.”

The allusion here could be to one thing only: the *Los Angeles Times*, which now also had Hedda Hopper, who’d long been part of the Hearst-Davies circle during the film career she’d finally outgrown. That and the stature of Jimmie Fidler were further examples of how Hearst was losing his grip somewhat in the “cinema town” that he’d done his part to build.

He’d been at least a part-time Angeleno, remember, from way back, counting from 1903 when he established the *Examiner* as the alternative morning daily, a municipal voice that could shout as loudly as Harrison Gray Otis did through the *Times*, but with a different agenda (read: often a lot more liberal) behind all the noise and clamor that the press lords could stir up.

The Angeleno in Hearst is evident from something that Willicombe told the *Examiner* that same day, June 1, 1939:

Thanks for message on sour dough French bread. Will let you know how Chief likes samples and his further wishes.

He asked tonight that you send up samples also from Chasen’s [Restaurant] on Beverly Boulevard, and from the “Old French Bakery” which he says is located in the French Quarter of Los Angeles.

The old French Quarter in Los Angeles . . . Hearst was really dating himself with that one, turning the clocks back to an earlier day. But he was right. There *had* been such a neighborhood, near the intersection of Alameda and Commercial streets, just south of the area that by 1939 was being displaced by Union Station.

The screenwriter John Farrow, better known to most today (insofar as he’s remembered at all) as the father of Mia Farrow, wired Hearst at San Simeon on Sunday, June 4:

Permit me to thank you for the appearance in today's *Examiner* of Father [Arthur D.] Spearman's timely and much needed article in which he reviews the Communistically tinged *Grapes of Wrath*.

So Hearst wasn't alone. The genius named John Steinbeck was ahead of his time or behind his time—or something. He was no mainstreamer, in any case, in 1939, especially not to a man like Hearst in his late seventies. John Farrow, however, was only thirty-five, seven years younger than Marion even, a man the same age as Hearst's oldest son, George. Toadyism on Farrow's part? Perhaps. You'll have to decide, so numerous, so intricate are the connections, the parallels, the contrasts throughout these archival glimpses.

Joe Connolly of King Features got back to Hearst on June 6 about Jimmie Fidler:

You can get Fidler for Detroit, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Albany, San Antonio, Syracuse and Milwaukee. Detroit at fifty dollars [per week], Pittsburgh forty. Prices generally too high.

My objection to Fidler is same as that voice[d] by Warners, Columbia and other motion picture companies who have complained to me about Fidler in *[New York Daily] Mirror* on ground that his material damaging to movie industry considering the amount of movie advertising.

Our editors have not felt it advisable to use the column, which frequently knocks movie producers and stars and industry. Of course this can be edited out if you want Fidler for your papers.

Hearst replied to Connolly later the same day:

Those producers [like Warners] complained bitterly about [Sidney] Skolsky too. However, do not want to antagonize them. Will try to ginger up Erskine Johnson. Never mind Fidler.

On Saturday, June 10, Willicombe dispatched to all the papers an editorial that Hearst and Charlie Ryckman had collaborated on:

An excellent motion picture, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, has been made from one of the early chapters of the beautiful American story of the beloved Lincoln.

The story of Abraham Lincoln, while the subject of a thousand books, seems never to be fully told.

Whatever act of Lincoln is recalled, whatever word of Lincoln is remembered, whatever incident of his living is recited, we are incalculably enriched.

To tap this inestimable source of wealth is a fine American service.

This country, rich in legend, rich in history, rich in romantic and patriotic lives spent in its service, has many inexhaustible sources of inspiration and tradition.

But the Lincoln story, in whatever part of it a pen is dipped, unfailingly imparts understanding of this humble man of the ages and inevitably improves and inspires those privileged to look into his life.

The picture, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, deals with the period of Lincoln's early manhood during which he grounded himself in the study of the law, encountering and overcoming the difficulties which beset all his endeavors throughout his life, and culminates in the famous murder trial of the Clay brothers.

It is a good, patriotic subject, patriotically handled.

It is good propaganda FOR AMERICANISM.

It is very different from the pictures which so many studios produce that are propaganda NOT for Americanism but for one alienism and against another alienism.

The motion picture industry has spent entirely too much time and effort carrying on foreign propaganda and imposing bitter alien antagonisms on our peaceful people.

They have sought by the very violence of their treatment of specific foreign philosophies to appear to be American, and have fallen into the habit of condemning one alienism by supporting another—which of course is NOT AMERICANISM.

Americanism does not consist of merely opposing some foreignism.

American is a positive, not a negative, ism.

The mask of Americanism is being worn by too many
PRETENDERS.

Fascists are pretending to be Americans by being against Communism, while advocating and suggesting utterly un-American philosophies of their own.

Communists similarly masquerade as Americans by the violence of their opposition to Fascism, while promoting and fostering and nourishing their own un-American creed.

These pretenders merely select one alienism to support and another to oppose, and they are equally dangerous to America and equally UNAMERICAN.

Americans do not have to look abroad for inspiration and example.

They have their own century and a half of American experience with democracy and tolerance and justice and true Americanism from which to draw inspiration.

They have their own glorious history upon which to base their pride and appreciation.

They have their own patriotic lives, spent in unselfish and devoted loyalty to the cause of American freedom, process and prosperity, to expound and expand in legend and story.

It is like going from a garden into the barren wilderness in search of beauty, to overlook the splendid American history and traditions and seek foreign principles, philosophies and institutions for Americans to emulate.

Let us have more AMERICAN motion pictures, and more American historical themes patriotically presented, and more inspiring American lives and heroes and patriots and statesmen glorified and held as examples before our people.

We are infinitely rich in American example and achievement.

We are fabulously endowed with wholesome American history and tradition.

We are singularly blessed with American heritage and opportunity.

Let us not squander heritage or dissipate opportunity by ignoring or neglecting them, while foolishly giving our attention and allegiance to alienisms which are wholly incapable of increasing human happiness, and which can only reduce and eventually extinguish the American chance for peace and happiness and security.

Hearst got a welcome dose of patriotism on Flag Day, June 14 (which he thought should be declared a national holiday)—this from Jack Lait of his *New York Daily Mirror*:

Just completed highly impressive Flag Day broadcast running 45 minutes under *Mirror* auspices with notable singers and speakers. This is first of series of four on the following two Wednesdays [the 21st and the 28th] and reaching a climax on July 4.

Next Wednesday we have Kate Smith singing “God Bless America” as she did at the White House, together with patriotic speakers and entertainers. The following Wednesday Sophie Tucker and patriotic speakers.

July 4 we will have a theatre for broadcast, admission by coupon, and will have public officials and all-star patriotic entertainment, including George M. Cohan, Harry Richman and an opera star to sing “The Star Spangled Banner.”

This will originate over WOR, biggest local [radio] station in the country, and be piped into other outlets along the eastern seaboard. This is our contribution to the patriotic significance of this period, in addition to supporting strongly from the first day the [*New York*] *Journal-American’s* citizenship rally.

Likewise on June 14 but on the local front—we needn’t lose sight of Santa Monica through this stretch—Willicombe got word from the Los Angeles office, as follows:

At Connie’s instruction [that of Constantine Fox, caretaker at the Beach House] a Beverly Hills employment agency wants me to furnish transportation for a butler to the ranch tomorrow. Presume this is O.K.

And from Ella Williams that same day, June 14, a surprising message by Hearst’s usual standards:

Shipping tonight *Son of Frankenstein* return Universal Studio.

On June 19, Hearst could tell Dick Berlin something that *Time* magazine wouldn’t have cared to hear, not after its “Dusk at Santa Monica” smear back in March:

The magazine profits are immensely gratifying. Thanks.

Let's not forget the monastery at this juncture either—Santa Maria de Ovila, the so-called Mount Olive ensemble that, were history writ differently, might yet be standing as a museum high in Tuna Canyon, near Malibu, or possibly on a pleasant knoll in the Camarillo area. This from Louella Parsons to Joe Willicombe on June 21:

Am doing everything I can about monastery. Would be better if you could give me idea of price best to you.

Willicombe had the following to tell Hearst's editors that same day, the Chief being broad-minded and thick skinned about Warner Bros. in that studio's better moments, never mind that he and Marion had moved on—and had taken their Cosmopolitan Bungalow with them:

Chief instructs to give good notices and print some pictures about Warner Brothers production, *The Man Who Dared* [better known as *City in Terror*].

"Commend it," Chief says—"say that it is a good American picture and a relief from the Communist propaganda that we see on the screen."

It was nearly time for Hearst, Marion, and the entire party to relocate to Wyntoon for the summer, as Willicombe informed one and all on Tuesday, June 28:

Mr. Hearst plans to be at his place,—“Wyntoon,” McCloud, Siskiyou County, California, next Sunday [July 2].

Will you therefore change the address on the [news]papers you send him immediately to McCloud, Siskiyou County, California, sending no more to San Simeon until further requested.

Have not included Los Angeles and San Francisco, as I have communicated with Mr. [Charles] Mayer and Mr. [Richard] Carrington regarding the San Francisco and Los Angeles papers respectively.

Except for a week-long trip to Chicago in early September, the Hearst-Davies entourage would spend the second half of 1939 at Wyntoon. They wouldn't leave the place until right after Christmas, with the plan of spending New Year's at the Beach House in Santa Monica, there to celebrate Marion's forty-third birthday.

8

Absentee Hollywoodians

1939

RIGHT BEFORE THE Hearst-Davies entourage left San Simeon in favor of Wyntoon, Hearst and Julia Morgan had some correspondence very much worth our looking at. Hearst had ordered the so-called Bear Fountain that's still at Wyntoon today, the work of a female sculptor in Germany named Hanna Gaertner, who happened also to be Jewish. Morgan alluded to that when, based on her recent trip to Sicily and environs, she told Hearst on June 7, 1939:

While in Italy, I came across a number of such cruel instances of similar treatment of her co-religionists—people of such fine quality, that the cruelty of it all makes one unhappy to think of it, particularly when there is so little a person like myself could possibly do.

Morgan referred to Miss Gaertner's work for Hearst; the artist would soon be completing the commission:

I like the fountain very much and think that it is ideal for Wyntoon. It would be very interesting if the sculptress could have the opportunity to see it erected as well as to “unveil” it.

In fact, Miss Gaertner would have that opportunity in 1940. This sort of correspondence is a refreshing departure from the letters in which Morgan had to be chasing payments from Hearst. Enough of those exist to give the impression—as they have many people—that monetary troubles were chronic in her relationship with him. In reality, it was all just part of the “architecting” business, as Morgan herself might have said. The Morgan-Forney Collection discloses some non-Hearst situations where Morgan had to tangle with slow-paying or

obstinate or even untrustworthy customers, quite over and above the problems that Hearst sometimes posed. The larger view like that is important to have. Morgan took it all in stride, the same as he did; such bumps along the road were not enough to topple either of them.

Morgan finished her short letter of June 7, 1939, by telling Hearst, "If there is anything you can think of that I can do, I would appreciate your letting me know." You have to wonder if either of them paused to reflect that the twentieth anniversary of their work on San Simeon was nearly at hand.

Morgan touched on similar themes when she wrote to Hearst again two days later, on June 9:

Anything at all that I can do personally, or attend to personally, I will be only too happy to do, as always.

However, there is with me in my small way, as with you in your large one, a necessity of keeping track of expenses.

It might be well to say that you have been asked to pay for no unexecuted work for many years back, in fact [from] before we made the working drawings for Mount Olive at Wyntoon [starting in 1931]. You realize thinking back the many projects we have developed together, that I could have had no profit in these years and I have not wanted it.

What Morgan meant is that she had had no profit in those situations, which were in the minority, where work had never been carried out. In 1931 the unexecuted, unpaid-for drawings for Mount Olive represented 4.5% of her office expenses for the year, whose total stood at \$61,780. A full thirty percent of that amount had been generated by San Simeon alone—all of which had been paid for and obviously would have to have been for Morgan to stay solvent, not to mention if she were to remain ensconced in the prestigious Merchants Exchange in San Francisco, a building whose office rent was far from cheap. (Walter Steilberg did without an office in the city for that very

reason: he found it much more prudent to display his architect-engineer shingle in Berkeley instead.)

This bears being pointed out now, this one clause of Morgan's from a letter that represents a few minutes dictation to Lil Forney, her secretary, this innocuous letter about Morgan's having had no profit; it's pertinent because here is a letter that's been seized upon by students, aficionados, scholars, and others as proof of Morgan's self-effacing ways, as though she were a mendicant who wore a sign saying "Abuse Me, For I Am Unworthy." The Morgan-Forney financial data punctures the balloon, dispels the fallacy, the "Morgan myth" as *Building for Hearst and Morgan* elucidates it.

For now, in this book about the Santa Monica connection, our setting the Hearst-Morgan record straight remains to be done for a new audience. Namely, Morgan got paid by Hearst, and she got paid well. She could never have traveled if she hadn't, could never have had a second home in Monterey, could never have taken on many a small or medium job on which she didn't mind making little, when such was her wont, as indeed it sometimes was. She could never have done any of these things without Hearst's largesse, without the trickle-down from his level.

So, yes, Morgan wanted to get compensated for unpaid work on the Mount Olive drawings. A loose end, a technicality between her and Hearst. That's all that her third paragraph in her letter of June 9 meant. Her fourth and final paragraph went like this:

As regards Mr. [Mac] McClure—on my return this Spring [from Europe] he told me that he wished to remain with the office but would like an arrangement allowing him to come and go at our convenience so that he could try out his shop experiment. I know him well enough to realize that he does not like too long [of a] confinement to our city office and so use him on outside work as [much as] is possible.

Mac's "shop experiment" brings his address on the Westside to mind: 11759 San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, a small commercial office space to this day. What he contemplated was evidently the buying and selling of antiques, a venture that never got off the ground for him until the mid-1950s in Santa Barbara, a few years after Hearst died. Until then, Mac proved to be too invaluable to Hearst and Marion. Except during the worst months of World War II, they almost always had things for him to do, first at Wyntoon, later at San Simeon, and, as stated in the previous chapter, ultimately in Beverly Hills.

Hearst answered Morgan on June 10 from San Simeon:

I realize fully that everything has been most delightful and most liberal [between us over these past twenty years], and I of course would, if it were possible, prefer to have it continue on the same basis.

But circumstances demand the most limited possible expenditure on my part.

In fact, for the rest of the year I must not contemplate anything of consequence.

Obviously, that meant not only at Wyntoon but also at San Simeon and in Santa Monica.

Morgan kept the exchange going. She wrote to Hearst again on June 12:

It will be perfectly all right with us, as I have explained to Mr. McClure, if you will pay him for as long as you need him—or I will do so and you can reimburse [me] exactly so as to keep his office insurances, employment records, etc., here clear.

Thus did Hearst and Morgan facilitate the transition of Mac McClure from what had technically been his status as a draftsman in the Morgan office to that of an independent contractor (still a draftsman) on Hearst's private payroll—akin to what William Flannery's status had been in 1926 when work began in Santa Monica.

THERE WAS NO QUESTION in Hearst's mind what the cash-flow problem was all about, both for him and for many others: taxes, pernicious, pervasive, confiscatory taxes, courtesy of the New Deal in Washington. He was undoubtedly right. A shift of five or ten percent in his favor would have allowed for modest budgets on his three beloved jobs, San Simeon, Wyntoon, and Santa Monica (Jolon was being eliminated altogether, since the Hearst Corporation would soon be selling that acreage to the federal government, complete with the Milpitas Hacienda as its centerpiece).

The Southland cropped up for Hearst periodically, aside from his newspaper work and despite his pleasant exile hundreds of miles north at Wyntoon; this on July 16 from a man whose wire address was given as Pasadena:

Naturally as one of California's leading citizens we are reserving boxes for you at the Call To The Nations For Moral Rearmament at the Hollywood Bowl on Wednesday July nineteenth at eight p.m. How many boxes would you like reserved for you and your friends on that evening? Please wire me at 1131 North Highland Ave Hollywood.

Wherever Hearst and Marion were, the business of the Hearst newspapers and other companies followed them; the duo wasn't merely on vacation. Hearst consequently heard from Larry Mitchell, a Los Angeles attorney for him and Marion, on July 19:

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the Board of Directors of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc. will be held at Wyntoon, McCloud, California Tuesday, July Twenty-fifth, Nineteen Thirty-nine at ten o'clock pm. For the following purposes: One to consider and act upon the proposed Chicago merger [the *Herald-Examiner* and *Evening American*]; Two to receive and act upon reports of committees and company representatives; Three to elect of [f]icers and appoint committeemen; Four to arrange for company offices; Five to consider

and act upon matters of management; Six to fill vacancies in personnel if any; Seven to consider and act upon contracts; Eight to consider and act upon such other and further business as may be presented to the meeting for the consideration of the Board.

Larry Mitchell was virtual “family” in that he and Ethel Davies, the next to oldest of Marion’s three sisters (Marion was the baby of the foursome) had been romantically linked for the past several years. In 1935, Larry and Ethel had enjoyed two months at St. Donat’s Castle in Wales, with Hearst and Marion having provided enough funds to insure a long, successful stay. Larry and Ethel were the bearers, in fact, of the sad news that summer to Alice Head in London about Pepi Lederer’s suicide in June.

The Jewish question remained at the forefront in the summer of 1939. Willicombe to Cobbie and to E. F. Tompkins, an editorial writer, both of them at the *New York Journal-American*; the date was July 21:

See INS [International News Service] despatch from London July twentieth British Parliament approves ban on Jewish immigration into Palestine. Chief instructs:

“Let us keep agitating for the African colonies. England is unwilling to give up the German colonies to the Jews. Let us see if the Belgian and Portuguese colonies cannot be had.”

Kindly give copy of this message to [Seymour] Berkson of INS for news coverage.

The movie industry continued to be of concern, fully two years now after Marion’s last picture. Ed Hatrick of Cosmopolitan Productions wired Bill Curley at Wyntoon on July 26; Curley was the editor of the *New York Journal-American*, Hearst’s flagship paper in the East, on which Bill Hearst, the Chief’s second son, held the post of publisher:

Dear Bill [Curley]: We have a good serial story on the next Cosmopolitan picture *Hotel For Women*, an original by Elsa Maxwell. It is now running in several of the papers including the *Los Angeles*

Herald [Express]. Your paper could start it about August tenth when the present serial finishes. Understand a copy of it was sent to you. Have you read it? Or to whom would you refer me in New York? Hope you are having a swell time. Kind regards.

Yes, it was the same Elsa Maxwell whom Hearst was so displeased with in 1938; she was now redeeming herself, one can only conclude.

A very big-minded figure of the twentieth century whom Hearst steadily admired and whom he usually saw eye to eye with was George Bernard Shaw, the great British playwright. Shaw, born in 1856, was seven years older than Hearst—at this stage a rarity since Hearst was almost always the grand old man in the society he kept, in large part because he ran with a crowd more his mistress's age and that of his sons. This message went to Willicombe from the Los Angeles office on July 26, 1939:

George Bernard Shaw interviewed by Thomas Watson on his 83rd birthday. Says in message to world "There will be no war." He adds that if he is wrong, and there is war, neither Hitler nor democracies will come out on top but at bottom of any trouble they start.

Shaw took those words right out of Hearst's mouth, or vice versa; it matters not who should get the credit, for as we all know, there very much *would* be a war.

The theme of taxes was back at the forefront on July 29, not through the pep-style editorialist Hearst but through his rival the *Los Angeles Times*—under a heading of "Actress Asks Cut in Levy on Home":

Hearing of the application of Marion Davies, motion-picture actress, for a reduction in the amount of the assessed valuation of her beach home as fixed for 1939–40 by the County Assessor's office, was set for 11 a.m. Monday [the 31st] before the Board of Supervisors sitting as a county board of equalization.

The home is at 415 Palisades Beach Road, Santa Monica. The Assessor has set a valuation of \$220,000 on the house and \$90,000 on the land. There is no protest to the land value, but Miss Davies asks that the one on the home be reduced to \$50,000.

The assessment on the house had been made at a fraction of its full value. But how large or how small a fraction? The question awaits probing, properly done in the context of Santa Monica beachfront real-estate values in 1939 (in turn converted to the dollars of the twenty-first century). A follow-up article in 1939 in the *Times* of August 1 was headed “Marion Davies Tax Assessment Stands”:

Marion Davies, motion-picture actress, must pay taxes on her beach home near Santa Monica on an assessed valuation of \$220,000 on the house and \$90,000 on the land on which it stands.

This was the ruling late yesterday of the Board of Supervisors, sitting as a County Board of Equalization, when the application of Miss Davies for a reduction in assessed valuation to \$50,000 on her home was heard. She made no protest to the valuation fixed by the County Assessor’s office on the land.

A film matter involving Darryl Zanuck and Fox cropped up on August 2, though not in the public press. Willicombe to Ella Williams, who was regularly addressed now as being at the “Cosmopolitan Corporation, 20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills”:

Returning Stanley-Livingstone [*Stanley and Livingstone*, with Spencer Tracy and Nancy Kelly] air express tonight. Will remind Chief about message on reaction after he sees it. He says:

“I often want to send congratulatory telegram but suppose Mr. Zanuck is fed up with that kind of thing. *The Rose of Washington Square* for instance was wonderful picture. Al Jolson and Alice Fay[e] were marvelous in it—in fact everybody was good.”

You may tell that to Mr. Zanuck.

Hearst himself wired Miss Williams the next day, August 3, on the same subject:

Stanley and Livingstone is a glorious picture with an inspiring and emotional theme. It is splendidly done. I wish Cosmo had it because it is such a fine tribute to a great journalist [Stanley].

That same day, Willicombe had the latest word for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, Elsa Maxwell having come out of the Mdivani scrape of the previous year in fine fettle:

Chief requests you have nice Cinema page made up for *Hotel for Women*, a Cosmopolitan Production.

On August 5, Willicombe had more to dispatch along these lines; first, he alerted the editors of all the Hearst evening papers as follows:

As requested, Chief would like you to give special attention in your motion picture columns to the Cosmopolitan film *Hotel for Women*. He recommends this particularly in your Saturday Cinema Flare, where he asks that you parade this film in big illustrations, with good text and typographical display.

And then he alerted the editors of all the Hearst morning papers, whose needs and standards differed somewhat from the evening papers:

Chief requests that morning and evening papers with Sunday editions—BUT WHICH DO NOT RUN A COLOR CINEMA PAGE—kindly have striking picture layouts in weekday issues on the moving picture *Hotel for Women*, (a Cosmopolitan Production).

Willicombe subsequently wired Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner*, who was Hearst's most-contacted editor of all, the *Examiner* serving all through the 1930s and 1940s as a home-base, clearing-house paper for Hearst more than any of the others—New York, Chicago, and San Francisco not excepted:

As you have had two-third[s] of Sunday Cinema color page for *Hotel for Women* on July twenty-third and whole page on *Stanley-Livingstone* July 30th, kindly disregard previous message regarding Cinema page in relation to these two pictures.

Instead, Chief would like the papers without Sunday Cinema color page to have striking layouts on *Hotel for Women*, a Cosmopolitan Production, in weekday issues; also some pictures and puffs for the *Stanley-Livingstone* film. I am notifying the papers.

A message from Hearst to Joe Connolly at King Features Syndicate, New York, went like this on Monday, August 7:

Have asked [Ed] Hatrick for full information concerning *Hotel for Women* and will contact [Louis] Sobol, [Maury] Paul and other writers to boost it.

This sort of intensive media blitz was probably typical of all the promotions run by the Hearst interests in behalf of some movie or other; the unique thing here in 1939 is that the coverage of these efforts is much more complete than nearly anywhere else.

HEARST HAD STRONG OPINIONS about art, a subject that for obvious reasons he professed to know well. Willicombe to all editors on August 8:

In connection with our campaign against modern so-called art, Chief calls your attention to reproductions in *Los Angeles Examiner* August seventh, and says:

"These are good examples of the hideous ugliness and absolute fraud of modern art. It preys on the ignorance and stupidity of pretended connoisseurs,—the unintelligentsia."

Ray Van Ettisch at the *L.A. Examiner* knew Hearst and Willicombe well—knew when to alert them that Louella Parsons, for instance, might need some reining in; this to Willicombe on August 9:

I have held out of Louella's column this paragraph on Norma Shearer. Please advise:

"In great excitement Norma Shearer telephoned Russell Birdwell from the liner *Paris* saying that she had received a cable from Noel Coward asking her to fly to London to see him about his new play. He

wants her to play opposite him and Norma is seriously considering accepting his offer. The only provision she makes is that he take the play to some small town and try it out until she is sure she will be acceptable to the London audiences. She will also discuss with Coward his *Tonight at 8:30* series [of short plays], which we told you a long time ago Metro [MGM] had bought for her.”

Willicombe got back to Ray Van Ettisch later the same day,
August 9:

Chief says thanks for cutting that [Parsons-Shearer] stuff out as it is nothing but press agent junk and even very poor junk. Also says she [Louella Parsons] has item on that young lady [Norma Shearer] in almost every day and is not improving her status by using paper to boost her friends and disparaging her enemies.

Be sure it is cut out of other papers.

Part of Van Ettisch's job was to make sure the entire Hearst service, not just the six West Coast papers—two apiece in Los Angeles and San Francisco, plus one in Oakland and one in Seattle—got such orders and messages. Hearst and Willicombe didn't have time to notify everyone in every instance.

Hearst was busy on August 10, for example, revising an editorial by Charlie Ryckman on modern art, one that Willicombe dispatched to all the papers, with special attention to Van Ettisch at the *L.A.*

Examiner:

It is a noteworthy fact that all children love to draw and paint, and that, as they learn to observe and better handle their tools, their drawings tend to acquire precision and objectivity, to correspond with natural shapes, forms and arrangements.

The so-called modern school of painting, however, proceeds in the opposite direction until we see adult and presumably skilful “artists” carefully cultivating infantilism. In other words, instead of cultivating maturity of thought and workmanship, they go back to the meaningless and fantastic scribbling of fumbling babies.

This is, of course, a deliberate fraud, persuaded by the mumbo-jumbo of certain dealers and critics.

People who are ignorant of true values in art are influenced to buy these phoney pictures, to invent and spread excuses, apologies and explanations for them.

Thus, the pretenders to culture, the dilettanti, the ignoranti, the unintelligentsia, create a market for the meaningless and utterly infantile product of frauds and fakers.

Not long ago, a Virginian writer who had never painted, decided to see whether he could fool the people who are thus fooling the people. He painted a deliberate daub and offered it for exhibition under the name of "Pavel Jordanovich, a little-known Russian master."

The daub was acclaimed, gravely commented upon, and "Jordanovich" pictures seemed in a fair way to establish a new vogue. There was nonplussed silence when "Jordanovich" identified himself as Paul Jordan Smith, a non-painting essayist who was merely having a little innocent fun.

In the same way, it is quite possible to present the hasty smears from a child's brush and mumble solemn critical nonsense about it.

But grownups who cunningly and deliberately paint, exhibit and actually sell the same trash, are simply obtaining money under false pretenses.

They should be prosecuted like anyone else who commits that offense.

Willicombe had one more thing for Van Ettisch before calling it a night on August 10:

Referring to story this morning, "Nudist Camps Debated by Police Board," Chief says:

"*Examiner* should join fight against nudist camps. They are festering sores of indecency."

Hearst heard from plenty of people who were down on their luck, whether because of the Depression or for any number of other reasons. One such person was E. Mason Hopper, a film director of yore who wired from Los Angeles on August 13:

Dear Mr. Hearst: Along the way which frankly has been a little unkind during the past year and a half the most hardening, encouraging and sustaining lift I have had was the recent word [that] you had inquired concerning my welfare and had remembered and spoken of our happy associations during *Janice Meredith* [1924] and *The Great White Way* [also 1924].

In the midst of your busy and important world I am grateful, sir, for the gracious thoughts you gave me. May I presume to ask for one additional moment of your time, so much of which has been given in making for the happiness of others? If the occasion should arise would you say a word in my behalf so that I can make a living in the film industry to which I have given more than twenty years of my life?

If so, sir, I shall be eternally grateful and shall fulfill the trust with all of my ability and sincerity always. Respectfully yours.

Babe Meigs, as Merrill C. Meigs of Chicago was known, was one who understandably tried to cash in a Hearst chip or two but failed, in this instance acting in some friends' behalf. He queried Willicombe on August 18:

Charles Glore and wife are in California. He is head of big financial house here. Close personal friend of mine and friendly to [Hearst] organization. They would like privilege of seeing Wynton and meeting Mister Hearst. Told him thought it was not practical but would contact you. Glore and wife delightful people and would not be boresome if Chief not available. Please wire.

Back came Willicombe's reply the same day:

Sorry, Babe, cannot arrange for your friends. Place will be full of people shortly for business conference, and after that Chief plans taking trip north; so that it is hardly possible to arrange for visitors.

In reality, the annals disclose no such trip on Hearst's part.

The next day, August 19, the mercurial Hearst had these words for Louella Parsons, care of the *L.A. Examiner*:

Leon Errol, the best comedian on stage or screen, does great job in *[The] Girl from Mexico*. Lupe Velez is equally good and the result is genuine spontaneous comedy in a most delightful picture. Please give them some good notices.

RKO Radio Pictures had released *The Girl from Mexico* on June 2, 1939. Miss Parsons had long been prominent on the radio as well, not just as a windbag gossip columnist. Hearst still owned four radio stations, despite the cutbacks and house-cleanings in 1937 and 1938. He had strong views on a certain aspect of the subject, akin to today's tug-of-war between bricks-and-mortar print media and the Internet. Joe Connolly at King Features and others in the East heard him expound on August 28:

I protest vigorously against allowing [William] Hillman and the other stars of our services and our newspapers [like Louella Parsons] to go on the radio.

What have the newspapers left to offer if the radio presents not only the news but the features and the contributors which the public buys the newspapers to read?

There has been nothing as great done in building up the radio and giving it competitive value over the newspapers as allowing the radio to exploit our stars as well as our news, and to get these to the public before we can issue.

I cannot understand upon what principle or policy or conception of journalism we allow this.

This program not only affects newspaper circulation and prestige, but newspaper advertising; because the radios can say that they have everything that the newspapers have and plus; and there is consequently no need of advertising in publications, but only in the radio.

The decline of advertising in all kinds of publications shows that this is not an empty fear.

And the decrease in income affects not only the income of owners but the ability of the publication to pay salaries.

It is well worth the close attention of all of us, therefore, and a complete reversal of policy should be adopted.

At present we not only give the radio all we have got, but we allow them to advertise it free in our columns.

It is an entirely new and most effective form of suicide.

The time was drawing near for the Hearst party to head to Chicago. Some of the New York executives would be meeting them there. Willicombe alerted Martin Huberth on Wednesday, August 30:

Chief arrives Chicago Sunday [September 3], Drake Hotel, suggests maybe you can arrive before Wednesday [the 6th], thinks you should. Best wishes.

By all indications, Huberth complied. And on Friday, September 1, while Hearst, Marion, and those with them were leaving Los Angeles, Hitler invaded Poland, setting off World War II.

IN LATE AUGUST 1939, Joe Willicombe compiled a lengthy memo about the Beach House in Santa Monica. He filed it away for future reference, much as he did dozens of other memos that his widow, the remarried Jean Willicombe Bissantz, would allow the biographer John F. Dunlap to copy in the 1960s, thus adding to the wealth of primary material on which Dunlap based his book, *The Hearst Saga: The Way It Really Was*, and to which all other Hearst researchers are deeply indebted. The mice were safely playing in Santa Monica while the cats were away at Wyntoon, as Ella Williams alerted Willicombe on Monday, August 28:

Marion told Ethel [Davies] to go down to Beach House. She was joined by Rose [Davies] and Charlie [Lederer] and Arthur and Pat [Mr. & Mrs. Lake] and that terrible friend of Arthur's [possibly Chuck Shuey].

They brought their own food and drink,—also the cook from [1700] Lexington Road [Beverly Hills]. Miss Rose's chauffeur acted as butler. So there is no expense, excepting laundry— they used 21 bath towels

yesterday— they are back again to-day and some of them were overheard stating they would be there 3 or 4 weeks.

The serious part is that someone burned a hole as big as half a dollar in one of the newly covered chairs, also a hole in the hall rug (as if someone put out cigarette), stained table with glasses, broke one good glass, made quite a nick in table as if with a knife.

They have been using breakfast room— not large dining room. On the telephone was [a] notice that it was to be used only for business and not personal calls (intended for help primarily). Pat saw it and said “To hell with Willicombe (whose name was on the notice) what right has he got to tell us what numbers to put down.” (The notice asked that numbers called be put down, to be able to check bills.)

Also Pat raised the shades in the room where we had the rugs rolled up in moth-proofing and shades pulled down to keep out the sun. And that terrible friend of Arthur’s god-damned the maid for being slow in opening the gate.

I would be better pleased if someone else took over the supervision of the Beach House.

Willicombe replied to Ella Williams with a memo of his own, containing telephoned orders that quoted Hearst as saying:

“The Beach House belongs to Miss Davies but is leased by me at \$2500 a month.

“And I have full authority over the house and responsibility for it; and I pay for all the servants, and all the watchmen, and all the cost of running it and taking care of it; and I am not going to allow anybody in it.

“Make this clear to everyone, and if necessary get Larry Mitchell to get out an injunction.

“If Marion wants to take the house back I will cancel the lease of course; but I do not think she does.

“And while I have the lease, the house must be run as I say.”

The memo is another one of those archival items to which we can only say . . . *wow!* None of us rank-and-file people knew of such arrangements; W. A. Swanberg and David Nasaw and all the rest of us

who've prodded this side of Hearst and Marion's private life simply never had a clue. It does raise the question which lease Hearst was on in 1939. The same one as back in 1935, merely renewed or rolled over? Or an entirely new arrangement? About all we can say is, thank God for dear old Jean Bissantz and for John Dunlap, both of whom died in the early 2000s. We may never have run across such an in-depth, realistic account by any other means.

HEARST HAD TO LAY DOWN the law in other matters about this same time. For anyone heading up to Wynton from Los Angeles—movie personality, newspaperman, family friend, it mattered not whom—there had to be guidelines. Hence this from Willicombe to his office staff in Los Angeles, September 19, 1939:

Chief's instructions are, without exception, that we will take care of fare and reservations for any invited guest coming through by railroad from Los Angeles. Anyone else will have to take care of and pay for own reservations and tickets. Am sending this same message to Miss [Ella] Williams. Wire me what time anyone will arrive, if morning at Mt. Shasta [City], if evening at Dunsuir.

Not quite a week later, the *Los Angeles Examiner* editorialized about the industry that Hearst and Marion had left behind for the summer and fall but that they were keeping a close eye on; Hearst's approval was sought by the *Los Angeles Examiner* on September 23:

There is an old and timely adage that boats should not be rocked in stormy seas.

The motion picture industry is encountering heavy seas. The war in Europe has drastically reduced its foreign market. An immediate result has been the necessity of curtailing production costs.

Spokesmen for studio employees are demanding unreasonable pay increases under threat of an immediate nationwide strike if their demands are not granted.

That is rocking the boat. To grant the demand, producers declare, would mean laying off many workers, for it is impossible to increase payroll costs at this time. Moreover, the industry has always paid higher wages than most other lines of work, and still does.

Now is the time for motion picture employees to sit down and discuss the situation calmly and constructively and TRY TO HELP THE PRODUCERS STAY IN BUSINESS instead of trying to put them out of business.

This is not merely for the benefit of the producers, but FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE EMPLOYEES AND THE COUNTRY GENERALLY.

A strike would not have and would not deserve public approval. Aside from the fact that it would deprive millions of Americans of their best and certainly their least expensive form of entertainment, it would come with especially bad grace when the world is in misery and the industry [is] least able to do anything about it.

Employees who have jobs at good pay should consider themselves fortunate and the last thing they should do is cause fellow workers to lose their jobs just to get more money for themselves.

Certainly the unions involved in the pay increase demands can see the wisdom of taking stock of conditions in friendly and honest conference with the employers. Unions that pride themselves on operating the American way should realize that is the American way.

Most Americans dislike anything that has the appearance of taking advantage of misfortune. And that is what the public would think the unions were doing in their inopportune demands for wage increases that could come only at the expense of jobs to other workers.

This is certainly not the time to create disorder in an industry that has always stood so notably for order, which has given the world so much happiness for its money and which has already taken smilingly severe reverses through no fault of its own.

The editorial is a better than average example of the craft. It had to have been written by Hearst or, if not by him, by Jose Rodriguez, a man second only to Charlie Ryckman on the West Coast in having mastered the Hearst “pep” style that traced back to Lord Beaverbrook and the English tabloids of the early and mid-1930s, observed

firsthand by Hearst when he was abroad, especially in the years 1928, 1930, 1931, and 1934.

Warden Woolard, Ray Van Ettisch's relief editor at the *Examiner*, queried Willicombe on September 28 about a timely matter that he knew would be of great interest to Hearst:

We have been asked by Loew's State Theater [Los Angeles] to have an editorial commenting on the fiftieth anniversary of the start of moving photographic pictures by Edison. The golden jubilee is next week. Also next week is the world premiere of Twentieth Century-Fox's picture *Hollywood Cavalcade*. This, of course, is the theater's interest.

Would you kindly let me know whether Mr. Hearst cares to have [Jose] Rodriguez prepare an editorial on the industry's anniversary and whether *Hollywood Cavalcade* should be mentioned.

What Woolard meant is that the fall of 1889 had witnessed the construction of the "photographic building" at the Edison laboratory in New Jersey.

With the war entering its second month overseas, new things were happening stateside. Willicombe to Bill Wren, editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, on October 3:

Chief requests that all the California papers cooperate in formation of a "National Legion of the Mothers of America," along the lines proposed to *L-A Examiner* by Mary Ireland in a letter and prospectus, copies of which are being mailed to you tonight.

The object of the Legion is to keep the United States and the boys of the United States out of foreign wars.

Chief suggests that if developed by our papers successfully here in California, it can be extended to other sections of the country and become an organization of tremendous national importance.

Hearst himself heard from Mary Ireland of the Mothers group in Los Angeles on October 6:

I returned from San Diego late today [Thursday, October 5] to learn incredible good news [of] your favorable response to my open letter requesting aid in organizing National Legion [of] Women of America.

Signatures of twenty thousand Los Angeles women have been obtained and await only requisite incorporation and assignment to precinct and district units.

Will you authorize full page advertisement Sunday edition necessary to accomplish this basic first step of what may be historic enterprise? Will submit copy articles of incorporation also organization layout to Mr. [Warden] Woolard or Mr. [James] Richardson [both of the *Los Angeles Examiner*] tomorrow Friday.

[S.S.] *Iroquois* incident [of October 4] one more proof there is no time to lose. With your help we still have chance to aid Senate defenders of embargo. Confidently yours.

The *Iroquois* was a U.S. passenger liner that the Germans had threatened to sink, sparking an international furor. All was not grim and serious, though, at this point in the fall of 1939. On the same day that Hearst heard from Mary Ireland, October 6, he heard from Jimmie Manos at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles:

Winter season at Cocoanut Grove opens with exciting triple bill welcoming back Morton Downey, Russell Swann and introducing for the first time on coast Enric Madriguera with his great rhythm tango and rhumba band this Tuesday, October tenth. Please phone or wire your reservation as I am trying to hold good table for you.

Back to more serious matters. On October 13, Warden Woolard inquired of Hearst on behalf of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

I do not wish to send out the following information from the Mothers of America until the Chief passes on it. If it is okeh please let me or Mr. [James J.] Packman know.

The National Legion of the Mothers of America have authorized us to ask you to select in your city one or more women who will take charge temporarily of the registration of members. The founders of the Mothers of America ask that this woman be not only of good standing

but also unidentified with political or partisan activities that would arouse criticism. They are anxious to keep out of the organization professional promoters, solicitors and commercial tie-ups.

The Mothers of America hope some printed literature describing the plan of organization will be ready for distribution in a few days. Meanwhile the registrars can enroll names of members. The three founders [Mary Ireland, Mary M. Sheldon, and Frances Sherrill], all of whom were unknown to us until they started the movement to arouse the mothers of the country against war, have provided their own headquarters at No. 1577, Cross Roads of the World, 6671 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles.

They would like to know the names and addresses of any women who may be selected to carry on registration in your city.

A letter containing additional information concerning the purpose of the organization, and also clippings of the material published in the Los Angeles Examiner, went airmail to you Saturday [October 7].

H. O. Hunter was at the helm to receive Woolard's query, Joe Willicombe and his lady love, the young Jean Henry, having gone to Reno to get married (their age difference was about the same as Hearst and Marion's). Hunter, disliking his first name of Horace, went by "Bill" among his friends. He replied to Woolard later on October 13:

Chief says "okay" on your message to the editors on National Legion of Mothers of America.

On Saturday the 14th, Bill Hunter had more to tell Woolard in Los Angeles:

Chief looked over the general organization outline of the National Legion of the Mothers of America and said: "It all seems extremely good and entirely unobjectionable to me." He also asked if you solicited any criticisms of it.

Another Willicombe memo, this one on file in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library, is dated October 20 (a Tuesday) and partly concerns the Beach House:

NICK YOST, who brought up the [Venus] statue from San Simeon [which arrived at Wyntoon on Monday, October 19], is the best man to handle the unloading and unpacking of the Hispanos at San Simeon.

MR. [W. R.] WILLIAMS HAS ASKED THAT HE GET BACK THERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

Also the truck he has will be needed for this work.

Hearst made notations on the memo for Willicombe to work from; he scrawled a quick “OK” next to this first part of the typewritten text. The “Hispanos” were the superb collection of Hispano-Moresque pottery that Hearst had spent decades assembling and that he’d snatched away from those lieutenants of his in New York who were bent on selling the pottery—all part of the ownership tug-of-war between W. R. Hearst Personal and non-personal entities such as American Newspapers, Inc.

Willicombe’s memo of October 20 continued:

WE HAD PLANNED TO SEND HIM [NICK YOST] DIRECTLY TO LOS ANGELES WITH THE FURNITURE FOR THE BEACH HOUSE—ALSO HE IS EXPERT AT CRATING THE FURNITURE.

“That can be done later,” scrawled Hearst.

“Will it be OK to delay shipment to Beach House until end of week,” Willicombe further asked, “and let Yost go down to San Simeon with truck? HE MUST BE THERE BY MONDAY [THE 16th] FOR THE HISPANO OPERATION.”

Between the lines, Willicombe indicated why the furniture was being shipped to the Beach House in the first place:

Of course the things will not be required at [the] Beach House until the things there have been packed and shipped [for transit to New York, there to be dispersed].

Willicombe finished with another all-caps sentence, seemingly an incomplete one, something rarely seen in his writings:

SO THAT [THEREFORE] IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO HAVE YOST RETURN [TO SAN SIMEON] AND PACK AND SHIP THE FURNITURE TO BEACH HOUSE ON TRUCK, AVOIDING RISK OF BREAKAGE IN LOADING, UNLOADING, AND RELOADING,—IF HE STOPPED AT SAN SIMEON ON WAY TO BEACH HOUSE.

Hearst made no comment on this second half of the memo, from the paragraph containing “Will it be OK to delay shipment” right on through the incomplete sentence.

An item from not quite two years later in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft throws a good deal of light on this Beach House matter—on this arrangement whereby Hearst would restock rooms in Santa Monica as much as needed, following the removal from there of eighteenth-century English and Early American items that were earmarked for public auctions or private dispersals. C. C. Rounds of the Bronx warehouse wrote to Willicombe on June 2, 1941, “to clarify the situation in connection with the nine pieces of American furniture at the Beach House, which Chief had previously agreed to ship [to Rounds in New York] providing suitable substitutions could be made”:

Approximately 100 pieces of American furniture located at the Beach House were included in Schedule “A,” with a value of approximately \$43,000. When Mr. [Geoffrey] Konta was in California in the summer of 1939 Mr. Hearst and he went through the House and Mr. Hearst selected the nine pieces which could be shipped providing he could get something [owned by W. R. Hearst Personal] to replace them. These nine pieces were valued at \$12,620.

Geoff Konta was at San Simeon from the middle of June 1939 until Hearst and Marion left there for a quick stop in Santa Monica before doubling back northward to Wyntoon in early July, where, as we’ve been seeing, they would spend the rest of the year, with some minor exceptions.

THE NEWLY REMARRIED Joe Willicombe was back from Reno in time to field another of Warden Woolard's queries from Los Angeles, this one dated October 23, 1939:

Mr. [Richard] Carrington [publisher of the *Examiner*, for whom Bill Hunter was his regular secretary] directs me to refer to Chief a paragraph in Louella's column for the morning relating to Jimmy Roosevelt. We are holding out of early edition pending decision by Mr. Hearst. Mr. Carrington recommended caution in dealing with Jimmy's marital troubles because he is the President's son. Hedda Hopper had an exclusive interview in late Sunday [*Los Angeles*] *Times* in which Jimmy declined to deny he was separated. Louella says she had been given promise of [Samuel] Goldwyn and others that she would be first to get any news of the separation.

The questioned paragraph reads:

"Now that James Roosevelt, insurance-selling son of F. D. R. and more recently a part of our movie industry, no longer denies the rift in his domestic lute we see no reason why we should keep the promise we made to him to say nothing. Mr. R[oosevelt] has had his nurse, Romelle Schneider, by his side ever since he came here from the Mayo Hospital. Her brother was the mate on his yacht all summer, until school started; her sister is his secretary and her mother frequently cooks dinner for him. All of this we knew—also that his wife preferred to live in the east, while Miss Schneider loves Hollywood. Every one of us who met Mrs. Jimmie, the daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing, famed surgeon who died only last week, liked her, but she never gave herself a chance to like us—she came here too seldom. It doesn't take a fortune teller to know that Mr. R.'s future domestic plans are made and were finally settled when he went east to his father-in-law's funeral."

Hearst took swift action, as Willicombe told those awaiting word in Los Angeles:

Jimmy Roosevelt killed out of Parsons column to all papers.

The Beach House may have stood empty on or about Hearst's birthday of April 29 in a year like 1939, yet the Hearst-Davies

entourage still knew how to have fun. They'd thrown a memorable Halloween party at Wyntoon in 1937 and were gearing up for another one two years later. Willicombe to Prudence Penny at the *Los Angeles Examiner* on October 24:

Dear Prudence Penny:

Would you mind sending me a few suggestions for decorations—table and otherwise—for Chief's Halloween dinner.

He has suggested that there might be something new, and I am having someone do a little shopping.

But it occurred to me that you might have some original ideas that could be adapted to the occasion and which of course would be better than any of the Halloween stock stuff obtainable in the stores.

I am sending this over the INS printer to save time,—and for the same reason, would you mind sending your reply down to Mr. [Bill] Wootten who will shoot it back to me over the printer.

Prudence Penny sent some detailed "Halloween suggestions" later on October 24. They included a recipe for a steaming hot punch that she told Willicombe was "exceptionally good." On October 25, he received nearly as many details from Marion McEniry, Prudence Penny's counterpart at the *San Francisco Examiner*.

Halloween came and went. On November 6, Willicombe heard from Bill Curley, the editor of the main Hearst paper in New York, the *Journal-American* (the not-so-main paper these days was the *Daily Mirror* tabloid):

Any truth in rumor given me that Benjamin Gaylor[d] Hauser will be married to Greta Garbo at San Simeon ranch during Christmas holidays?

No, no truth at all—not unless Hayes Perkins was telling the story or Henry Luce's *Time* magazine was doing so. Willicombe got back to Curley promptly that day:

Not the slightest truth in Garbo rumor. Regards.

With Hearst being the lessee of the Beach House, he had to wrangle with New York over what items inside it should be liquidated, a process that had been under way since the summer of 1937 with regard to San Simeon, Wyntoon, and various warehouses and even certain museums holding Hearst items. Geoff Konta of the legal firm of Konta, Kirchwey & Engel in New York had charge of the jockeying and juggling. Willicombe to Konta on November 7, 1939:

Chief tonight instructed me to notify Bill Williams [Ella Williams] not to ship east the three-part mahogany table from Beach House Breakfast Room, being item number twenty-eight on your list. Have written her to that effect, sending you copy of letter.

Hayes Perkins would have hit the roof over what happened next, toothless teetotaler that he was. It was November 13, and Hearst wired Bellows & Company on Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood:

If wine ordered [for] account [of] Hotel Warwick New York for delivery to me at San Simeon has not been shipped kindly hold for instructions and telegraph me collect, McCloud, California.

Bellows & Company got back to Hearst on November 14 with the following:

Retel [re telegram]. Portion order already shipped. Balance arriving from New York about twentieth. Please wire instructions on it.

Hearst told Bellows & Company that same day, November 14:

Kindly deliver balance of order for me to 415 Ocean Front Santa Monica, in care of William Newton, and telegraph me when so delivered.

Willicombe, in turn, apprised Bill Newton of what was going on:

Chief has ordered number cases wine delivered at Beach House in your care. Please telegraph number of cases delivered and then write letter indicating from outside of cases the contents of each. Do not open. Ask [H. O.] Hunter come down and store in vault.

Well, at least we know for sure now that there was a vault at the Beach House, maybe more than one. San Simeon has several, as is well known.

JULIA MORGAN'S WORK on 910 Benedict Cañon Drive had ended in late October, allowing the ledger sheets on that job to be marked "Closed." A month later, on November 20, Willicombe wired Ella Williams at the Cosmopolitan Corporation, care of Twentieth Century-Fox:

Chief says he thinks the statue should face the living room as there are more windows for it to be seen from.

It's a bit of a needle-in-a-haystack matter to determine which setting Hearst meant. But he almost certainly meant 910 Benedict Cañon. Over on the Fox lot, a couple of miles away, the Bungalow sat in storage, propped up on wooden blocks. When Frank Hellenthal or Mac McClure or Morgan needed window frames or doorways or anything else from the multi-room ensemble, they carried them away from Fox and took them to the jobsite, just around the corner on one side from the Beverly Hills Hotel and on the other side from 1700 Lexington Road, where Hearst and Marion had got their start with local building projects in the mid-1920s.

In a departure from the all-Wyntoon diet that the party had been on that fall, a quick trip to San Francisco materialized. Willicombe to his Los Angeles office on Saturday, November 25, the weekend before Thanksgiving:

We are going San Francisco tonight. Returning Wednesday night [the 29th]. Will be at Fairmont Hotel, and kindly see that [news]papers are sent up for delivery to Chief there. Thanks.

Willicombe alerted Bill Wootten, the International News Service telegrapher in Los Angeles, with more specific details:

We are going to San Francisco tonight returning to Wyntoon Wednesday night.

You can reach me at Fairmont Hotel through *Examiner* or INS in SF Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday up to eight-thirty Wednesday night.

He also got in touch with Bill Wren, editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*; this was likewise on November 25:

Have just wired [Clarence] Lindner [publisher of the *Examiner*] get two additional nice rooms and baths at Fairmont for people added to party; also to have additional car at Sixteenth Street [Station] Oakland to meet us, making four cars and paper [delivery] truck for baggage.

Will you please make sure he got message and [that] these additional arrangements are made and oblige.

The party got back to Wyntoon on Wednesday night, as planned, in time for Thanksgiving dinner the next day, November 30.

HEARST WAS A GREAT ADMIRER of David Lloyd George, who was his same age (b. 1863), though not as admiring of him as he was of Bernard Shaw. On December 3, the Sunday after Thanksgiving in that era (before the date got changed by FDR to the fourth Thursday in November rather than the last Thursday), Hearst wired Bill Curley and Cobbie at the *New York Journal-American*:

Please do not print any more Lloyd George articles without my okay.

We stopped him previously because he was feeding us Communism.

He is beginning again.

His apologies for Stalin and Communism this morning are ridiculous.

Perhaps we should give notice of termination of contract.

Be sure to forward his articles in time [for me to see them] and if not obtainable early do not accept them.

Willicombe had an unrelated message for Martin Huberth in New York that same day, December 3:

Louella Parsons is making personal appearances around the country as you probably know and presume she will be in New York soon. How about her and her troupe staying at our [Warwick] hotel? Thought you might like to get after her.

Yes, why not; business was business. People's lives were very much Hearst's business, no question about it. The next day, December 4, Hearst wired Abe Merritt, the mad-scientist man of letters behind *The American Weekly*, a big money-maker for the Hearst service and often a scurrilous one at that:

How about Mdivani-Murray [child custody] story and Bill Hart and other Hollywood stories?

I think we can get first class cinema stories of *American Weekly* character every week, and I believe if we could we would get strong line of cinema advertising, what think?

He was referring to Koran Mdivani (b. 1927), the fought-over son of David Mdivani of the Hearst-Davies circle and Mae Murray, a girlish cougar nearly twenty years Mdivani's senior (neither had since remarried). Bill Hart, of course, was better known to his many fans as William S. Hart, the silent-screen cowboy.

On the civic front in Los Angeles, Hearst had long been an advocate of municipal ownership, contrary to the views of Henry Huntington or Harrison Gray Otis of the *Times*. The mayoralty of New York City had been stolen from Hearst in 1905 when he ran on that semi-socialist plank. The *Examiner's* Warden Woolard, knowing Hearst well that way, made sure that Willicombe was kept informed; this on Thursday, December 7:

On next Tuesday's ballot is Proposition No. 1 which would establish a municipally owned and operated bus system. It calls for the issuance of ten million dollars in bonds to finance establishment of the system and

operation of a commission of three members to be paid five thousand annually each. They are to hold office for four years after which commissioners would be appointed by the mayor.

Supporters of the proposition say the bonds would be strictly revenue bonds and the issue would be self-liquidating. They insist board must be named in the proposition to insure that friends of municipal ownership are enabled to launch the project.

Mayor [Fletcher] Bowron has the leadership in opposition. He does not hold any brief [support] for the Los Angeles Railway Company, but he says this is NOT municipal ownership. He argues it would put ten million dollars at the mercy of three men over whom the city government would have no control. He also doubts the wisdom of paralleling the existing line which might serve to congest rather than relieve traffic. The Chamber of Commerce is among the big organizations here opposing the measure.

Willicombe got into the matter deeper when he wired Woolard at the *Examiner* that same day, December 7:

Chief has received following telegram signed Mrs. Sarah McBride and Will H. Anderson, neither of whom he knows, dated Los Angeles, Dec. 7 and instructs me to ask you about it:

"A dangerous and destructive proposal disguised as a municipal measure is on the ballot of the special election to be held in Los Angeles next Tuesday at a cost to the taxpayers of more than \$100,000. It is known as Proposition #1, and grants autocratic powers and unlimited financial resources of the city to three self-selected and self-qualified political promoters who designate themselves under the proposed ordinance as the Transportation Commissioners for a term of four years.

"We appeal to you as the outstanding friend and supporter for more than half a century of every true progressive and helpful reform in America, to expose this vicious, undemocratic, and politically dishonest attempt to raid the public treasury. The mayor, city council, and practically every legitimate and liberal organization in Los Angeles are opposed to Proposition #1 because it will raise taxes, plunge the city into debt, and hinder development of transportation systems now

undergoing modernization without benefiting anyone except the promoters.

“Your Los Angeles publishers and editors have the necessary material to expose to the people the true character of this proposal. Throughout your long and distinguished public career you have always placed measures and principles above individuals. Can we not expect your help now when it is so urgently needed?”

For any who question that Hearst’s *Examiner* stood head and shoulders above the *Times* throughout the 1930s, they need merely read this next message, which Dick Carrington, publisher of the *Examiner*, proudly sent to Willicombe on December 9:

Here is a pre-Christmas Christmas present. Tomorrow Sunday the *Los Angeles Examiner* will publish one hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred [118,500] lines of retail display advertising. This is the greatest volume of retail advertising ever published by the *Examiner* in a single issue daily or Sunday and according to all available r[e]cords represents the greatest volume of retail advertising ever published in a single issue by any Los Angeles newspaper daily or Sunday. Kind regards.

Kind regards indeed. What came next wasn’t quite as kind, though; but again, business was business, as Hearst knew all too well. Willicombe to Joe Connolly at King Features Syndicate, New York, on December 12:

Referring to New York despatch printed here dated December seventh, in which Mrs. [Eleanor] Roosevelt is quoted as saying [John] Steinbeck’s *Grapes of Wrath* is accurate and contribution to our national knowledge in an address at People’s Institute [New York],—Chief instructs to ask you if we can get an article from Mrs. Roosevelt on the migrants to California and the book *Grapes of Wrath*.

He says we want a careful article for the March [of] Events section [in all the Hearst newspapers] and will pay for it of course.

Connolly wired back on Wednesday, December 13, that he would “have decision on Mrs. Roosevelt’s idea Friday.” He added for

Willicombe, "I think her agent will want more details on what is wanted."

Hearst himself wired Connolly the same day, December 13:

Mrs. Roosevelt spoke at women's luncheon about California migrants. She said book *Grapes of Wrath* was right. The papers did not have very good account.

I would like her to elaborate her speech in article. If she does not however want to write article, will she give us careful transcript of her speech?

We are very interested in migrant problem and want to see them made good citizens of California and believe they can be if we do not have too many.

A short message from Ella Williams came in on December 14, addressed to Willicombe:

Have not received sketches for lighting fixtures submitted to folks. Very important that we have them.

These words most likely alluded to the modest house (often miscalled a mansion in Hollywood lore) at 910 Benedict Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills; portions of the Cosmopolitan Bungalow were being reused there through Julia Morgan and Mac McClure, with Frank Hellenthal doing his usual contractor turn.

More had to be said about how guests should come and go at Wyntoon, what with the Christmas holiday on the near horizon. Willicombe to Carlie Layne of his Los Angeles office on December 15:

Anyone Miss Williams requests for remainder of year okey on reservations, any way they want them, excepting if they come by plane to San Francisco they pay plane fare and reservation as heretofore, but check with me on them to be sure. All railroad trips are okey without checking. But wire me when and how they are coming and arrival time and where.

That was Ella Williams, of course, or Bill Williams, the woman who'd asked about the light fixtures. Miss Williams wired Willicombe the next day, December 16:

Those flying Wednesday morning [the 20th] Harry Crocker, Louise Stanley, Mary Cassiday and Matt Moore. [The Jimmy] Swinnertons did not want to fly so are leaving on *West Coast [Limited]* Tuesday. Things sent up last night should arrive Dunsmuir tonight six o'clock from Robinsons, Magnins, Bullocks Wilshire and May [Co.] Wilshire stores. These are sent up on approval [as prospective Christmas gifts] for folks to look over. Stores would appreciate their return as soon as possible.

Stripped of his epaulets—or was he?—Hearst, and Marion too, we're living fairly high off the hog again, as they probably had been all along, all along, all along, scarcely missing a beat. By this late part of 1939, the misery of 1937 and especially of 1938 were well in the past. Don't tell any of the Hearst biographers, though, who were hurriedly racing to the end of Hearst's impossibly long, over-eventful life.

December 16 offered a good one on Louella Parsons, the columnist who, according to sacred Hollywood texts, had been awarded a life contract for keeping quiet about Thomas Ince's strange death in 1924, the episode called "William Randolph's Hearse" around town, at least according to Kenneth Angier's ribald book *Hollywood Babylon*. Joe Connolly of King Features wired Hearst with a type of message seen every two or three years in The Bancroft annals:

Louella Parsons contract expires on December 31, 1939.

We wish to offer a new contract for a period of two years beginning January first 1940 for her exclusive services, for which she will be paid \$500 per week plus \$100 per week expenses and \$35 per week for a secretary.

She is in New York and I propose to see her.

One clause of her contract provides that she will have to obtain our consent to make personall [*sic*] appearances on stage, radio broadcasts

and motion pictures and that we shall receive one-third of the monies paid to her.

I believe there will be no trouble about her contract except with regard to latter clause and therefore ask your wishes with regard to it.

Good money in 1939, yes. But was it enough to keep her quiet, as brazenly noisy and tasteless as she could be? Hardly. The upshot, of course, is that Miss Parsons was never on the *Oneida* in the first place in November 1924, the date of Tom Ince's death, even though some old Hollywoodians like to swear she was.

While Hearst and Connolly were mulling over Louella's new contract, Bill Wootten, the INS telegrapher in Los Angeles got word to Willicombe; the date was still December 16:

Is it OK to send out following item in Louella Parsons column for Tuesday:

"I was so delighted to run into Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and his pretty wife between acts of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. I had a nice talk with him and he is just as affable and scintillating as he was when he used to be one of our best known film producers. He told me that he and Mrs. Kennedy are on their way to Florida to spend Christmas and that he is very happy to be home again although he thinks England is a great country. I was happy to be able to give him first hand news on my boss, William Randolph Hearst, for whom he asked [lined out: and for whom he expressed admiration]. I told him I had just talked over the long distance telephone with Mr. Hearst and that he was well and happy."

Before Willicombe could reply, Hearst was on the transom to Joe Connolly in New York; it was now Monday, December 18:

I think we should keep Louella. She is so far superior to all others. She is surely worth contract offered her.

There seems to be no message from Willicombe to Bill Wootten regarding the latter's question of December 16. Nonetheless, Wootten had another Parsons matter to air with the Colonel on December 19:

Louella Parsons lead for Sunday Dec. 24 is interview with Mayor [Fiorello] LaGuardia on plan to build motion picture studios and make pictures in New York.

In one place he says "Good pictures have been made in New York. William Randolph Hearst made plenty of good ones at the Cosmopolitan Studios; and climate didn't bother him."

No, and the lousy weather didn't bother lots of other filmmakers, either—such as those in England, France, Germany, even New Jersey, and still other places where the sun didn't shine three hundred or more days a year. The whole climatic theory of the film industry having established itself in Hollywood (to use the term to mean greater Los Angeles) is questionable in the extreme. Just ask the urban geographer Allen J. Scott of UCLA, an Englishman who wrote *On Hollywood: The Place, The Industry*. Balderdash, says Scott.

Hearst queried Dick Berlin at Hearst Magazines in New York the same day, December 19, with the latest on Eleanor Roosevelt and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Mrs. Roosevelt willing to write on *Grapes of Wrath* and migrants for *Cosmopolitan*. I think this would be important article.

Furthermore, you could follow it with some notable writer like Gertrude Atherton or maybe Elsie Robinson or Kathleen Norris, who would take somewhat different view of California attitude.

I believe this would make valuable pair of articles.

Willicombe had word for Bill Wootten at INS in Los Angeles, regarding the second Parsons matter Wootten had raised earlier that day, Tuesday, December 19:

The quotation from Louella Parson's [*sic*] Sunday lead mentioning Chief's name is OK.

The war in Europe was becoming the major issue of the day, for perfectly good reason. Hearst received a long telegram on December 19

from a group of which Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, and two others were members:

Dear Mr. Hearst: Committee of Four, Ronald Colman chairman Organization Committee, Alan Mowbray, president British War Relief Assn. of Southern California, Charles Boyer, French War Relief Inc., F. Stuart Roussel, chairman Organization and Entertainment Committee French War Relief, Inc. arranging great Franco-British War Relief Dinner Dance for Wednesday evening January seventeenth in the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove at which some of America's greatest stars will entertain.

Complete committees not formed but assurance[s] of cooperation already come from Claudett[e] Colbert, Madeleine Carroll, Pat Patterson, Herbert Marshall, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Edgar Bergen, Adolph[e] Menjou, Basil Rathbone, Sir Cedric Hardwick, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitley, Robert Montgomery, Brian Aherne, Nigel Bruce, Jeannette McDonald, and other names to follow.

George Fusenot president of French War Relief Inc. and the above would appreciate that cooperation from the press which you have always accorded such charitable movements.

Here's one reason (among many others) that Hearst wasn't hurting quite as badly as his biographers have told us; Irving Engel of the legal firm Konta, Kirchwey & Engel, New York, to Willicombe on December 21:

Data just received on Campeche [Mexico] operations indicates possibility of \$29,000 increase in Chief's taxable income. Suggest additional donation of \$5,000 making total for year \$20,000 to be on safe side in event of disallowance antique [capital] losses.

There was no rest for the wicked. On December 25, known to the remainder of the world as Christmas Day, Bill Wootten at INS had another matter to air with Willicombe:

[Twentieth Century-Fox] Studio asking for out-of-town publicity for *Grapes of Wrath*. Harry Friedman's story, passed by [Warden] Woolard

and printed in Sunday's [*Los Angeles*] *Examiner* was sent to San Francisco, Detroit and Chicago Sunday papers but not to other Hearst Sunday papers, which stopped this special service several months ago.

Dick Berlin, meanwhile, was incredulous. My God, didn't Hearst know he'd been crudely lampooned by John Steinbeck? He wired the Chief from Hearst Magazines in New York on December 26:

We feel that an article by Mrs. [Eleanor] Roosevelt on *Grapes of Wrath* even though presented with a rebuttal would only tend to increase the sale of this sordid obscene book. We cannot feel you would wish your *Cosmopolitan* [magazine] to run even a remote chance of promoting [John] Steinbeck's social misstatements and wacky underdog philosophies. Aside from his nasty veiled references to you personally do we want to give any sort of assist to this dirty stuff?

Maybe it would all get lost in the shuffle or whatever the image ought to have been when profanity was the issue. Hearst seemed to keep thinking that if he perched high enough on a mountain or disappeared deeply enough into a forest that it would all go away on its own. Joe Willicombe had told Tom White on Christmas Day:

Chief decided today to close up at Wyntoon before the first of the year. He says you better go to Los Angeles where he will look forward to seeing you.

That would be at the Beach House, of course. Willicombe gave Bill Hunter, his second in command, the details on Wednesday, December 27:

Chief and all of party leaving here 11:45 tonight, arriving Los Angeles 7:35 Thursday night [the 28th]. There is possibility that I will not go down on train with them on account of things to be done here. Will you kindly get any editorials or messages from Miss [Carlie] Layne and Bill Wootten that come in during Thursday and meet train at 7:35 and give them to Chief if I am not with him.

Also will you kindly take care of the job Friday [the 29th] and in fact until I get back, which should be day or two after Chief—Monday [January 1] at latest.

Willicombe didn't wish Hunter a "Happy New Year" for 1940. He did say thanks, though, as anyone as busy as he was would surely have done. Actually, the Hearst party stopped briefly at San Simeon on the way south, despite what Willicombe told Hunter. As Alice Head had recounted in her memoir, one always had to be ready for last-minute changes with Hearst. To fail at that could cost a person his job, as it did Williams at San Simeon—W. R. Williams, that is, the warehouse manager who'd taken over the hilltop household operation in 1937. When the Hearst party dropped in at San Simeon on December 28, 1939, possibly on short notice or perhaps even on none at all, Williams learned he was being terminated. Sandy Yost (Nick Yost's nickname) would be replacing him in the warehouses. The enchanted hilltop would be overseen by others, still a skeleton crew.

Whether anyone knew it at the time, Hearst, Marion, and their whole entourage would soon be returning from the Beach House for a very lengthy stay at San Simeon.

9

Better Gone with the Wind

1940

LOUELLA PARSONS wanted more money. That was the word from Joe Connolly at King Features Syndicate in New York. He wired Hearst at San Simeon on January 3, 1940, a Wednesday coinciding with the forty-third birthday of still-youthful Marion, who'd just got back from a few days at the Beach House, the same as Hearst had. Dr. Harry Martin, Louella's husband, had done the bargaining, as Connolly explained:

I have talked again to Dr. Martin who says she will not accept seven hundred fifty plus one hundred for expenses. The best I could do with him was to get him down to one thousand without one hundred a week expense. We pay her secretary thirty-five per week. This would be equivalent to [a] raise of four hundred per week. However she insists on right to do outside work and to keep all of the proceeds.

I am to give Dr. Martin our decision tomorrow. I would appreciate your further views. Happy New Year.

Hearst gave his "further views" that very day, without hesitation, the Thomas Ince affair of 1924 notwithstanding (myth-makers claimed that Miss Parsons had a lifetime contract in exchange for her cover-up of the purported murder):

I think we should kiss Louella an affectionate goodbye. If we pay her one thousand a week and let her do outside work she will draw the thousand from us and do the work for somebody else.

Hearst had more to say that same day (that evening, actually):

[Louis] Sobol should be splendid Hollywood commentator. His stuff from there before attracted much attention. . . .

Louella always prevented our getting other good people. The new arrangement should enable us to get lots of them for what we would have paid her.

The very next day, January 4, Hearst got an unexpected offer from the Jones Syndicate in New York:

Would you consider blanket deal Hedda Hopper's Hollywood column for your chain?

Miss Hopper had gone into writing and reportage late in her working life, full-time since 1938; locally, the *Los Angeles Times* carried her column, "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood."

On January 5 the news went like this—Connolly from King Features in New York to Hearst at San Simeon:

Parsons okay and will sign on satisfactory terms. . . . I am sure that your talk with her did the trick.

Hearst replied to Connolly the same day, Friday the 5th:

I am glad about Louella. We better make the three-year contract with her which she wants, or we will have another situation soon. I will take the responsibility for the contract.

Meanwhile, some Beach House news. On Thursday the 4th, in the midst of the Parsons crisis, Bill Hunter wired Joe Willicombe at San Simeon:

Miss [Ella] Williams phoned that there were some bags left here [at the Beach House] that Connie [Constantine Fox] could not take, also some groceries and fowl sent down from the ranch, and a sewing machine; that if the truck is coming down with the rugs she will send all this stuff back by the truck.

Any instructions?

The items had gotten left behind over the New Year's holiday. The mention of rugs brings the Philibosian matter of 1937 to mind: maybe Hearst had some of those rugs on hand or enough rugs from other sources to supply the Beach House with whatever it needed.

With regard to Louella Parsons, the outcome of recent dickerings bore a surprising twist:

New York INS has killed to all clients the story about Louella Parsons signing new contract.

That was the word received by Willicombe on January 10, indicating that Hearst had ordered such an action and that it was being complied with. Louella was in Chicago then. She wired Hearst from there on January 11:

Dear Boss: Well you will have to put up with me for another three years but I hope you are just half as happy as I am. Love.

THE WAR IN EUROPE took center stage when Cobbie (Edmond D. Coblentz) wired Hearst from New York on January 26:

Welles [H. G. Wells] article in *Liberty* advocates bombing Berlin. Says its [it's] misfortune not bombed in 1918, that bombing town [and] wrecking [it] would be chastening experience for them. He thinks it would be better for them to have regions like devastated France and Belgium in their own homeland to meditate upon. Article largely pleads for collectivization and totalitarianism which he says inevitable in this world. Says "Collectivism in form of New Deal struggling to take possession of America." We have permission to reprint 300 words. Please instruct.

Hearst jumped right on Cobbie's message, answering him at the *New York Journal-American* later that day:

Quotations from Wells can be used for editorial.

The extracts you mention are doubtless the best.

If three hundred words not enough, ask for five hundred.

Extreme radicals are illogical and consequently unstable and never consistent.

Radicals constitute a valuable critical and opposition element but as an authority they are always failures.

That is the trouble with the present Administration.

Their program reminds me of a line in Xenophon [the Greek historian],—"The idea was good but the execution was impossible."

Wells, a man nearly the same age as Hearst, had been a guest at Simeon half a decade earlier, appearing there in the company of a glamorous young friend of his, Paulette Goddard.

On a different show-business note, Hearst heard again from Jimmie Manos at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles; the following came through on February 2, 1940:

This is to remind you of the opening of Guy Lombardo and Fred Stone's dancing daughter Dorothy [Stone], with her partner, Charles Collins in the Cocanut Grove next Tuesday evening [the 6th]. Don't want to disappoint you so am holding choice table for your party. Please call telling me number to expect.

Warden Woolard of the *L.A. Examiner* wired Willicombe that same day, Friday the 2nd:

Ingrid Bergman will arrive in New York Saturday where she will stay for a month. If you wish to have someone there interview her along lines Chief outlined she can be reached through her representative, [telephone] Bryant 9-8312.

The connection between show business and politics in Hollywood becomes clearer in this message of February 8, from Woolard of the *Examiner* to Hearst at San Simeon:

Liberty [magazine] gives permission to reprint 500 words [Martin] Dies article. Have prepared story embodying Dies' allegations about Communism in Hollywood and [Sam] Goldwyn's denial he attended conference. Am putting story on wire for use in tomorrow's issue.

For your information I learn conference was held with five or six leading executives just before luncheon to which Goldwyn refers. Goldwyn was too late for private conference, hence his denial. However, Dies did meet with several others.

Hearst got back to Woolard on still another show-business note, yet it was mostly an unrelated one; it was still February 8, a Thursday:

Use Maureen O'Hara interview with at least two of pictures selected by me—the large head and one fireplace picture this next Sunday.

Louella's recent interview with Ingrid Bergman sufficient for the time [being].

And then a corker of a movie-industry editorial, written by Jose Rodriguez of the *Examiner*, as dispatched to one and all by Willicombe on February 8 after Hearst had revised it, according to his usual habit:

The Los Angeles City Council should waste no time nor argument in passing the ordinance proposed by Police Commissioner [Henry G.] Bodkin, which would provide powers of censorship over obscene motion pictures imported from abroad and shown in Los Angeles theaters.

Masquerading as art, these films pander to pruriency [lasciviousness]. They are mere translations into the screen of the traffic in lewd postcards so familiar to the American traveler in Europe.

That they are contemptible as "art," that they tend toward perverting public morals, that they are dangerous to our social health, is transparently clear to any intelligent person. . . .

Indecent films should be banned. If it is not done nationally, at least Los Angeles can start the ball rolling.

Propagandist films should also be banned. They are definitely designed to get us into war to our injury. . . .

As Mr. Dodkin points out, the intent is not to establish the Los Angeles Police Commission "as a board of censorship over films produced in Los Angeles. The Hays Organization is keeping local films clean and wholesome. What we want is power to control bootleg films

and those made in foreign countries which come in uncensored and sometimes smell to high heaven.”

The movie industry likewise figured in some comments Hearst made on February 14—on a subject that by 1940 was already a grand Hollywood tradition. Willicombe speaking to the editors of ten of Hearst’s seventeen newspapers:

Chief calls your attention to interesting page of moving picture Academy Award candidates in *LA Examiner* last Monday [the 12th], and says:

“Here is a page for all papers to use just as it is. Interest in this selection is not limited to Los Angeles. Every movie fan will have opinions.”

The award will not be made until the Academy annual dinner February 29th, two weeks away.

The *LA Examiner* is sending you a mat [a pressman’s matrix] of the page to be printed in your paper.

No longer free to fly back and forth by expensive private aircraft, Hearst still had trains and automobiles at his disposal. Joe Willicombe could therefore tell Warden Woolard on Friday, February 23: “Chief planning to drive down to Los Angeles tomorrow and remain there for [a] few days.”

Yes, the Chief and Marion would be staying at the Beach House—staying in town long enough to attend the Academy Awards on Thursday, February 29, at an old stamping ground of theirs, the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard. The invincible couple was back at San Simeon by the weekend of March 2–3. Marion claimed in *The Times We Had* that she never attended the ceremony after 1934, but on this score she was mistaken, as she so often could be in her reminiscences of 1951/1975.

“IN THE NEWS” began innocently enough. Hearst’s front-page column first appeared anonymously in his home-base *Los Angeles Examiner* in late February 1940 and soon after that in the *San Francisco Examiner* as well; it took some of its initial inspiration from the Academy Awards ceremony of February 29. No one, almost least of all Hearst, had much of an idea where “In the News” would be heading, how long it would be published, or what impact it would have. Something like a million hand-scrawled words lay ahead (it would take him well into 1942 to accomplish this). For now, based at San Simeon, he was just getting started, experimentally, almost on a lark; the far left column of the front page, where Arthur Brisbane’s “Today” had run for years, was the space he eyed.

Soon, when editors throughout the Hearst service saw a long incoming message from Willicombe marked “In the News,” they knew it was time to jump, time to get the typesetters rattling their linotypes and the pressmen on the alert for last-minute copy. With the West Coast running two to three hours behind Hearst’s Midwest and Eastern papers, the column typically reached those cities in the darkest hours; he still expected to see “In the News” in the morning’s editions (he received copies of even his most distant papers within twenty-four hours).

For the Monday papers of March 4, 1940, Willicombe shot the following over the transom late on Sunday the 3rd, one of the first “In the News” columns of Hearst’s seen by anyone outside Los Angeles or San Francisco. The name of the column, we should note, was a play on newspaper parlance. The front page of a Hearst paper or any other big-city sheet was “the news,” as were the other pages that carried non-editorial copy. To put a column, a sidebar, a photo, or anything else “in the news” meant to incorporate it within the layout of those news-dominated sections. In Hearst’s case, backward glancer that he often was, “In the News” didn’t mean current events so much, although he

could get current when he wished to be. The wordplay of “in (or amid) the news” was a signal that Hearst meant to be literary and, in the best sense, clever—that he meant to wax eloquent with impressive regularity. He hit for a high average; only a small number of the columns were dogs. He quickly got into fighting trim, staying ahead of and on top of the six-day grind (there was no Sunday column at first). He devoted hours to the new project, staying up till dawn if need be yet never shirking his accustomed editorial duties (he normally started each work day by noon). There was a very good reason for what he was doing, beyond giving Communists a hard time; we’ll come back later to that important point, to that very crucial point.

Hearst’s column for Monday, March 4, went partly as follows:

The motion picture people, at the annual meeting of their society for mutual cooperation and congratulation, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, voted *Gone with the Wind* the best picture of the past year and distributed awards to many who participated in its production.

Certainly Mr. David [O.] Selznick deserved his award for his courage as well as his genius.

Certainly the able director deserved his award because many were called and only one was chosen,—and that one wisely.

The others mentioned deserved their distinction. Assuredly Miss Vivien Leigh earned her recognition fully [as best actress for 1939] by doing exceedingly well a historic American role which no American woman was considered competent to do.

But there was an American woman [Margaret Mitchell] who was competent to write the best selling novel of the century [published in 1936] and make the picture possible. She might have received some consideration or courtesy or compliment. She created the plot, and the characters, and the conception and description which others rendered or employed or portrayed. . . .

The Moving Picture Arts and Sciences is a valuable institution. It was born one beautiful evening on the porch of a star’s residence by the

sea in Santa Monica. Several eminent producers assembled there, and a journalist and his attorney were asked to attend as advisers. . . .

"We will assemble all the newspaper representatives publicly and we will announce the plan dramatically," said one eminent producer.

"We will do nothing of the kind," said the newspaper adviser. "If you want something printed that badly the newspapers will print it briefly, guardedly and suspiciously, and present you with a copy of their advertising rates.

"Go back to your meeting place in Los Angeles, assemble your serene selves as secretly and mysteriously as you can, refuse any information to the press, and the papers will print such news as you allow to leak out at length, and on the first page."

Thus and so the institution was launched and very successfully too.

The first reactions to Hearst's new column came in from his own people. A few respondents were in on the game. Other observers were fooled outright by his masterful wit and prose. But his valet, Gus Wahlberg, was anything but fooled; Wahlberg wrote to Nellie Shewmaker at Wyntoon on March 6; Mrs. Shewmaker and her husband, Cal, were assistant caretakers at that northern estate. Under a heading of "La Cuesta Encantada, San Simeon," Wahlberg began by saying, "Well, I suppose, that you know by now, that letterwriting isn't exactly my favorite pastime." Favorite or not, his letter is one of the high spots in the privately held Shewmaker Collection. Wahlberg continued:

Besides, I'm kept pretty busy, seeing that the Chief does his daily literary contribution to a world, eagerly awaiting his expert (?) comments on current and past events. You know, of course, that he is the instigator of the "In the News" column, that appears in the *S. F. Examiner* and other Hearst papers. He is not only the instigator, but he actually writes it, at the loss of some much needed sleep to everybody concerned, and that sad situation is usually accompanied by some very grouchy and unappreciative grimaces, when yours truly has to wake the

now famous columnist in the morning, in order to see, that he doesn't play hookey from his job [as editor-in-chief of all the newspapers].

The red-eyed Hearst stuck with show business, a subject he knew well, in preparing his column for the Los Angeles and San Francisco papers of March 7; his innate fearlessness, being almost a frontier trait, showed in what he wrote then, somewhat unconsciously perhaps:

One of the most successful methods of publicity, as well as productivity, is to "say nothing and saw wood."

The beautiful and talented Greta Garbo is an adept at this kind of promotion. The oftener she appears behind dark glasses, the more the public wants to see her,—the less she is willing to say to reporters, the more the public wants to hear her.

Recently, however, Greta was travelling in Italy and really wanted "to be alone." She cabled a friend—another moving picture star—who had had experience in such matters and said:

"What shall I do to be free from these kindly but persistent newspaper men who are following me and asking me questions morning, noon and night?"

The friend cabled back laconically and said:

"Answer their questions."

So the gracious Greta assembled the newspaper men at a luncheon, told them everything they wanted to know, and thereafter continued her trip in the midst of a quiet so profound, a silence so intense, that it was almost audible.

Mr. Roosevelt, one of the cleverest publicity prestidigitators that this country has ever seen, knows perfectly well how to excite curiosity and also how to allay it.

In the matter of the third term he has adopted the Garbo publicity technique. . . .

If he takes refuge in dark corners, it is because that is the surest way of attracting the limelight.

If, and when, he wants the third term agitation to STOP, he will assemble the representatives of the press and "answer their questions."

But if he does not do that we may be certain that he wants to run again for President, and has every intention of running and will positively accept the nomination which will be handed him by acclamation at the Democratic Convention.

Who but Hearst could speak so brashly of his friends and acquaintances? There are instances where he went further overboard than in this example concerning Greta Garbo, who couldn't have been pleased. Hearst was quickly forming a plan, though; and part of it was to call in old bets backed by the largesse he and Marion had bestowed on such people through San Simeon and at the Beach House.

Let's pause briefly for a Santa Monica-Beverly Hills item, under the date of March 7, 1940. Hunter in Los Angeles to Willicombe at San Simeon:

[Bill] Newton [of the Beach House staff] phones that the tapestry formerly at the studio [the Cosmopolitan Bungalow] is 10 feet four inches by fourteen feet.

Willicombe asked Hunter for clarification. "Fourteen feet high or long?" The latter, said Hunter. "It is locked up at [the] Beach House," he added. The tapestry, being personally rather than corporately owned by Hearst, was available for him to use elsewhere. Thus when Hunter asked if he should send it up, the answer was yes. It's been at San Simeon in Casa Grande pretty much ever since (in the Della Robbia Room on the second floor).

If the Bungalow could have had a tapestry, why not the Beach House? Except for rustic, ruggedly Germanic Wyntoon, Hearst's other kingly surroundings were enriched with tapestries, weren't they, that most royal of art forms? Indeed they were: San Simeon, St. Donat's Castle, the Clarendon in Manhattan, the Ritz Tower in the same city, Mrs. Hearst's place at Sands Point, Long Island. Tapestries galore in these settings, if they were all added up. A mere two of them at Santa Monica, though, each of them small. It's yet another of those points

that gives pause, and elicits not a little wonder. The Beach House surely had wall coverings. The place was a virtual museum of wallpaper, room upon room of it, very much in keeping with the eighteenth-century colonial theme.

Moses Annenberg, publisher of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*—without whose granddaughter Wallis Annenberg there would be no Annenberg Community Beach House in Santa Monica today, an entity that's much the inspiration behind this book—wired Hearst personally on Sunday, March 10:

Dear Mr. Hearst: I want to be amongst the first to congratulate you on your column, "In the News" appearing in your newspapers. I earnestly hope the American public will learn to appreciate your very able and very timely opinions of our present troublesome world affairs. Please keep it up and may your newspapers continue, as in the past, to be a force for the best interests of our American people.

Hearst got right back to Hollywood themes with his column filed for Monday, March 11:

The Westmore Brothers, maker-uppers in ordinary to the kings and queens of Hollywood, are modest and retiring folk. Yet most of Hollywood's distinguished over-actors and actresses owe the bases of their reputation largely to these knights of the kohl pot and the cosmetic pencil.

In former times accomplished actors applied their own make-up and considered make-up an important part of their qualifications as portrayers of character.

Lon Chaney, who leapt to fame as the pretended cripple in *The Miracle Man* [1919], and who originated the grotesque and gruesome make-up of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* [1923], went to such extremes in facial and physical distortion that he made himself lame and almost blind and invited an early death. . . .

Indeed a good make-up is a fundamental in character acting and requires thought, imagination, taste, and knowledge.

With those supplied most of the Hollywood actors are able to nibble at the scenery with some effect and creditably perform their parts.

So much for the actors; and of course it is no trick at all to make the Hollywood lovelies look lovely. Nature has attended to that.

But sometimes it is a notable achievement to make them look anything else.

A Hearst insider who, along with Charlie Lederer, Marion's beloved nephew, would soon be going too far (for her sake and Hearst's well being, that is) to help Orson Welles with *Citizen Kane* was Ashton Stevens, the man behind Joseph Cotten's role of Jed Leland. Hearst and Stevens had known each other for a good fifty years or more, since their upstart days on the *San Francisco Examiner*; Hearst wrote about his friend in his "In the News" column for March 14:

Mr. Ashton Stevens, brilliant columnist of the *Chicago Herald-American*, lately related in his column an amusing anecdote of his happy relation with his own dear father and asked readers of his column to contribute recollections of sympathetic association similar to his.

The editor-in-chief of Mr. Stevens' paper begs to submit the following:

Dear Ashton:

When I was a youngster of collegiate age I was sent to Harvard.

I do not know that I got much advantage out of my attendance there, but I have no doubt that the college benefitted considerably by the contact, as I understand it has been doing very well ever since.

At that time my father was the only person in the world who in my modest opinion knew more than I did. Although I have learned since, to my consternation, that quite a number of other people in this surprising world are gifted with thought reservoirs of a more spectacular order than my own.

My father liked a good cigar, so I believed that I did, and I asked him if Mr. Moses Gunst, who was a friend of my father's, and whose shop [in San Francisco] supplied the cigars, could send me a box monthly with which to regale myself and my friends at college. . . .

All went well until my father got the bill. Then when he recovered his breath he saw Mr. Gunst and said:

“Moses, that youngster does not know a good cigar from a piece of hay rope.

“Cut down on the cost—gradually you know, so he will not notice.” . . .

So I wrote a letter to Mr. Gunst to the general effect that something must have happened to the tobacco crop in Cuba, as I noticed that the cigars he was sending me were getting to be as poor as my standing with the college faculty.

Mr. Gunst showed the letter; and my father said:

“Well, if the boy really knows the difference you had better send him the good ones. Cut down on mine.”

And my father might have been reduced to smoking stogies like another later idol of mine, Calvin Coolidge, if a fellow who had been suspended from Oxford had not come over to Harvard and made pipes popular.

I have always, however, felt the bitter pang of remorse in after years about the several weeks that my father smoked cigars with only one Corona to their name.

Hearst heard from Stevens the next day:

Delighted with first columnist's first letter in today's "In the News" not only because it is addressed to his grateful old friend but because it shows several million readers that our editor in chief can outwrite his whole staff humorously as well as seriously. I hope you are as happy today as you have made me.

Hearst was keeping his eye on Presidential candidates and hopefuls in both parties. They, in turn, were keeping a finger to his pulsebeat as much as possible. Wendell Willkie to Hearst on Saturday, March 16, sent from San Francisco:

I would like very much to have a chat with you. I am in California hoping to arouse some interest in the very serious situation confronting all of us. My plans take me to Los Angeles tonight to fill engagements

there Sunday and Monday. It would give me great pleasure to call upon you any time after that. I shall be at the St. Francis Hotel [San Francisco] until this evening and at the Ambassador [Hotel] in Los Angeles.

Hearst told Willkie in reply later that day, wiring him at the St. Francis:

I shall be very delighted to see you. Am at San Simeon and will welcome you there any time if you can find it convenient to come.

Since Hearst was still leasing the Beach House and therefore regarded it as his and Marion's, not just hers, he kept in periodic touch with the attorney Geoff Konta in New York, as this example from March 19 shows; some firm language was called for:

While you were still engaged in supervising antique arrangements you negotiated exchanges which offset Schedule A items against me [and the W. R. Hearst Personal Account].

These included Beach House material, but also embraced other exchanges.

Now entirely different proposals are made.

Will you kindly see that your original agreements are carried out and greatly oblige [send confirming messages to Hearst, as needed].

Schedule A pertained to American Newspapers Inc. or some other non-personal, corporate entity that owned a certain portion of Hearst's art objects and furnishings. Such tax-wary designations had been on the books since at least 1937.

HAVING GOT HIS FEET WET and with his sea legs fully under him in 1940 with "In the News," Hearst could begin to get more serious in his efforts—and not infrequently more sardonic and at times cynical. He was absolutely fearless about prospects of slander or libel; no one that he might see fit to single out or, frankly, attack was immune or exempt—not Churchill, not President Roosevelt, surely not some

hoodlum or gangster like Willie Bioff, no one. On March 22 he went after James H. R. Cromwell, the playboy husband of Doris Duke, a woman who along with her “Jimmy” had orbited occasionally around Hearst and Marion; it seems somewhat doubtful, though, if they would do so any more after Hearst had his caustic say (but see Appendix V and its reference of March 1951 to Miss Duke):

The honorable James H. R. Cromwell was lately appointed Minister to Canada by President Roosevelt.

The honorable James H. R., familiarly known as Jimmy, is a very amiable and agreeable young man AND the proud possessor of circulating medium to the value of much mazuma.

When Jimmy was appointed to Canada he promptly went, saw, and was conquered.

He found the Canadians royally good fellows. He liked them. He fraternized with them. And then, by golly, he was going to get us into their war overseas even if he had to fight it himself. . . .

The immediate thing to consider is that Jimmy, and folks like him, have always had their own way and may be going to try to have it now.

Anyway, Jimmy’s remarks have created a political sensation. . . .

Mr. Cromwell’s remarks do not in essence differ materially from the opinions expressed by Mr. Roosevelt on his visit to Canada in 1938, and from Mr. Roosevelt’s precept and example as President.

Often assumed to be anti-British because his Americanism could be so fanatical, Hearst addressed the matter toward the end of his finger-pointing at Cromwell and Roosevelt; this from the same column of March 22:

The writer of this column is not prejudiced against England—but is in fact very attached to that country and favorably disposed to the Anglo-Saxon races.

Indeed, he obtained his honorary LL.D. degree [at Ogelthorpe University in Atlanta in 1927] by a thesis advocating “Cooperation for Peace Among English-speaking Peoples.” . . .

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cromwell, as representatives of the American people, "the vast majority of whom believe in neutrality," can, we hope, express the affection and admiration which the people of America entertain for their good friends in Canada, without involving the United States in the complications and conflicts of Europe.

As wise and farsighted yet also as bitter as Hearst could be, he retained an uproarious sense of mirth and humor; such traits would have to have been well-developed for him to keep in step with his darling Marion; here, an excerpt from his "In the News" column for March 26:

The Associated Press announces on the authority of an Egyptian diplomat that the high cost of polygamy in Egypt has abolished the historic harem. . . .

And furthermore, freedom of marriage and divorce is so great in Egypt that multiple marriage would not seem to be in the least appealing.

Your columnist was voyaging upon the Nile at one time and the Dahaseeyah tied up along the bank for the night beside a small mud village.

From one of the outlying huts near the river came a tremendous racket.

An Egyptian gentleman was shouting at the top of his voice and a lady was weeping softly.

"What is going on?" was asked of our dragoman.

"Oh, the man he divorce his wife" was the reply.

"Do they hold court in those little shacks?" was the next question.

"They no hold court," said the dragoman. "The man he tell his wife what he think of her and when he get through they divorced."

Simple and effective, but under such easy circumstances why bother with polygamy or bigamy?

Monogamy would seem to be liberal enough to suit even Professor Bertrand Russell.

Did you ever hear the story of the young boy at the question-asking age who said to his father:

“Pa, what is having a lot of wives called?”

“Oh,” answered Pa, “that’s polygamy—from the Greek poly, you know—anyhow that’s polygamy.”

“And what is having two wives, Pa?” asked the boy.

“That,” said Pa, “is bigamy—from the Latin bi or something—that’s bigamy.”

“And what is having one wife, Pa?” continued the boy. “That,” said Pa, “that’s MONOTONY,—I mean MONOGAMY. Doggone it, why do you ask so many questions?”

On March 26, Hearst received further word through Willicombe from Wendell Willkie in San Francisco:

Tried to make arrangement about a private plane to fly to San Simeon but Mrs. Willkie became disturbed about weather. Very sorry business requires me to be in NY hence am leaving in about an hour. Please present my regrets to Mr. Hearst & tell him I expect to be back in few weeks at which time I hope he will give me the great pleasure of paying my respects to him as I think he [is] doing a magnificent job in maintaining those principles that are indispensable for the preservation of our liberties.

It was Willkie’s potential loss, not Hearst’s

The world of show business and entertainment media of all kinds remained central to Hearst, radio included. On March 28 he heard from Louella Parsons, who wired from Hollywood:

Dear Mr. Hearst: Kate Smith wants me as her guest on broadcast in New York April 15. All my expenses are paid and I would fly each way. I’d like very much to do it since she has a listening public of seventeen million and I would mention the column in all the Hearst papers. May I have your permission for one broadcast with her? I would only be gone long enough to fly there and back. Could you let me know immediately to 619 N. Maple [Drive] Beverly Hills since they want to announce it?

A BRIEF BUT VERY KEY MESSAGE from Willicombe to Mac McClure is dated April 4, 1940:

Chief would like you do detailed drawings and supervise Beverly Hills house [1700 Lexington Road] as per your letter. Assume this will be on present salary basis. Kindly wire confirmation.

The book *Building for Hearst and Morgan* theorizes that Julia Morgan may have had a bearing on this remodeling job in 1940. That idea no longer seems likely—not in the wake of further work by its author (yours truly) in the Morgan-Forney Collection. If Morgan had been active in any kind of Hearst or Davies work in 1940, her records would reflect it. But they don't; and that's not excepting the occasional "umbrella" situations, where a smaller job would be entered underneath a larger one, witness Morgan's otherwise untraceable work in 1929 on the Douras Mausoleum in Hollywood. The logical thing in 1940 would have been for her to designate the small Beverly Hills effort (had she made it) as the "1940 Scheme," taking up where she'd left off with the "1929 scheme," the one that marked Mac McClure's first efforts on a Hearst-Morgan job (or really on a Hearst-Davies-Morgan job). No such thing happened in 1940, though.

Nor was Frank Hellenthal involved. He overbid the job, causing Hearst and Marion to seek George Loorz instead; they did so from San Simeon. So it was McClure-Loorz at 1700 Lexington Road in the first part of 1940, not Morgan-Hellenthal. Excerpts from a letter that Loorz sent Pete Petersen, a carpenter who'd stayed active at Wyntoon even during the much slower pace of work in recent years, is sufficient to fill us in on several details at this juncture; this item dates from March 16 of 1940:

I am figuring [bidding on] a job for Mr. Hearst in Los Angeles. If I get it I would like to have you run it for me [as foreman or construction superintendent]. I would give you Otto [Olson] and other good men you might want. . . .

Suppose you heard that the Bridge at Wyntoon washed out [in a heavy storm]. Logs got in front of the bridge and the whole flat [the Bavarian Village] was covered with two foot of water. A good deal of damage was done but mostly mud.

Mac went up to look things over. He said he didn't think Mr. Hearst could afford to go to Wyntoon this year. That sounds funny.

But Hearst couldn't afford to stay put at San Simeon, either. The place was the most expensive of his properties to operate. He and Marion would remain on the hilltop until Wyntoon got cleaned up and dried out; they'd be heading there by mid-summer and would spend the rest of 1940 in those sylvan surroundings. In the meantime, they would see to some minor work in Beverly Hills, where Mac had been eleven years before. Next to Miss Morgan, Mac racked up the longest stretch for any draftsman, designer, or architect in the Hearst service.

In the meantime as well, Hearst stayed busy at San Simeon with the daily grind of being editor-in-chief of the seventeen Hearst newspapers, a group stabilized at that number since 1939 and a group that would remain intact until after he died in 1951. He'd had that level of editorial work to do all along even before he began "In the News" in February.

The world of film remained its usual priority for him; Willicombe to the *Los Angeles Examiner* on April 6, 1940:

The cinema page of yesterday prompted the general instruction to editors to get attractive pictures on cinema page, and not box office junk. Thought you ought to know.

Hearst's columnists were quick to praise him for "In the News." In late March, Adela Rogers St. Johns had applauded his new efforts when she said, "Please let me tell you what I felt when I knew you had licked us all as usual." Now it was time for Louella Parsons to do some heartfelt brown-nosing, this on April 17:

Thank you for this morning's column. It gave me best analysis of European situation I've had. Wish you would write more on this subject for those of us who find it difficult [to] get true picture from contradictory reports. Doctor [Harry Martin, Louella's husband] joins me in appreciation of the *Examiner's* best column.

With encouragement like that, Hearst indeed began to go deeper and longer with his new forum, his often riveting new mouthpiece. As of April 1940 he still had more than two years to go with it, virtually day in, day out.

HEARST'S BIRTHDAY IN 1940 (he'd be seventy-seven on Monday, April 29) would be held at San Simeon for the first time since 1934. The celebration was not part of Ouida Rathbone's spread in *Esquire* in 1972; in fact, the party has barely been mentioned anywhere. The first indication that fun and festiveness were underfoot came on Saturday, April 20, a week before the event, when Bill Hunter wired Joe Willicombe from Los Angeles:

Miss [Ella] Williams says a 60-foot tent will cost \$54.50 for one week, provided you transport it up and back. If the owners transport it, it will cost \$240 for one week.

In addition one man to supervise putting up the tent will cost \$7.50 a day and expenses up and back. They figure he will only have to be there one day. It will not be necessary to have him supervise taking the tent down.

With the party less than a week ahead, Willicombe answered Hunter the next day, Sunday the 21st:

Chief says OK for sixty foot tent costing \$54.50 for one day's use. We will send truck for it. Can we get it Thursday [the 25th], so that we can put it up Friday, for Saturday's festivities, and get it back to them by Monday at this price?

Also OK for man at \$7.50 a day to erect tent.

Hunter gave Willicombe further details on the party plans as the big day approached; this on Monday, April 22:

It will be O.K. to pick the tent up Thursday morning at Downie Bros., 640 South San Pedro St. The man to supervise erecting it will ride up with the truck.

There is no rush about getting the tent back. You get it a week at that price, so if it is back by Wednesday evening [May 1] that will be O.K.

Downie Bros. was a circus company based in downtown Los Angeles. Bill Wootten, the loyal old telegrapher for INS in Los Angeles also got in on the act; he wired Willicombe on Wednesday, April 24:

Miss Williams foned in following message for you: "Do you want me to report to you list of people coming, how and when? Also Mrs. [Lorraine] Walsh and Mrs. [Carmen] Considine are sending their bags by train tonight. Will you please have them picked up."

Wootten said in addition the same day, in a later message:

Miss Williams fones:

"Spanish orchestra 8 men and girl entertainer, singers and dancers, will cost \$235.50. Will play all night if necessary for same amount. Eliminating the girl would save \$30."

Willicombe had also been working the phones and the teleprinter, having told Young's Market in Los Angeles on Tuesday the 23rd to "ship Mr. Hearst here tomorrow Wednesday six cases of Johnnie Walker Black Label [Scotch whiskey]." And to Clarence Lindner of the *San Francisco Examiner*, Willicombe had said:

Okey car will meet four of you Friday afternoon San Luis Obispo.

You should know that it will be western costume party, cowboy stuff, boots, overalls, etc.

Not quite as glamorous an affair as in the past, when many of the guests would have flown in. But a rip-roarin' San Simeon party just the same. The amazing thing is that so little trace of the event seems to

exist nowadays. The birthday party of April 1940? Nope, never heard of it till now, many readers will be saying. In truth, what has happened in part is that the event's been misdated—moved back by a year, to 1939. However, Hearst and Marion and their usual entourage were in Washington, D.C. in 1939 on the weekend of April 29–30 (at the home of Cissy Patterson), after which they returned to San Simeon. No birthday party for Hearst was held anywhere in California that spring.

And thus on Thursday, April 25, 1940, Bill Hunter had the latest news for Willicombe:

Following are arriving times of people for whom I made reservations:

Morning *Daylight* Friday, Carl Hosier and Nick Condos, waiters.

Noon *Daylight* Friday, Princess Pignatelli and two daughters.

Morning *Daylight* Saturday, H. E. Stutz and Benny Young, waiters.

Noon *Daylight* Saturday, Louella Parsons.

Friday, April 26, was the day before the celebration. Hunter to Willicombe:

The ice cream molds will leave here on the seven o'clock train tonight, arriving San Louis [Luis] Obispo at 12:51 a.m.

Ten minutes before using is time enough to take them out of the dry ice. The Arden people said: "They are very small and will soften rapidly."

Another of Hunter's messages to the Colonel went like so on the 26th:

Louella Parsons is not coming on the train tomorrow, but is motoring up.

2. Orchestra of nine people will be on noon *Daylight* Saturday.

3. Truck with back drops, bar, etc., left at 1:30 p.m.

Sometime during the weekend, probably on Sunday the 28th, Harry Crocker filed a message with the home office at the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Tell [Ray] Van Ettisch party story okay but please change “dancing to two orchestras” to “dancing to marvelous Spanish orchestra.” Returning Tuesday.

Overlooked event or not, Hearst and Marion and their friends still knew how to have a good time in 1940, even on a tighter budget.

HEARST KEPT AFTER the *L.A. Examiner* constantly—lest it be as lackluster and often dismissible as the *Los Angeles Times*. He told Warden Woolard on Monday, May 6:

We must get more vital Hollywood stuff for *American Weekly*. Please ask proposals every week from best members of staff for such pages. Avoid press agent stuff, also run of news ideas as latter exhausted in daily issues. Would welcome vivid pictures too.

The American Weekly was a Sunday supplement in the Hearst papers and in many non-Hearst papers as well, akin by 1940 standards to the Sunday insertion of *Parade* magazine that we’re all familiar with today. Hearst had wired Abe Merritt, editor of the *Weekly*, that same day, May 6:

Hollywood article [for] this Sunday [May 5] merely press agent plug for Dorothy Lamour. Will you kindly consult me about Hollywood and western material? Am sure I can help you get better. In fact have done so.

On Monday, May 13, Hunter told Willicombe who the latest distinguished guest at San Simeon would be:

L[ouis] B. Mayer and two others will be on the morning *Daylight* Wednesday, arriving San Luis Obispo at noon.

Mr. Mayer asks that you have a car meet them. They will be leaving again Wednesday night on the 1 o’clock [Thursday a.m. train].

The Los Angeles office wired Willicombe on Tuesday, May 14, updating the news regarding Louis B. Mayer:

Original telegram signed H. O. Hunter dated May 13 was killed because Mr. Mayer and two others decided to come to ranch on Wednesday instead of today, Tuesday. Telegram you received was dictated over telephone to Mr. Wootten by Miss [Ella] Williams. I telephoned Miss Williams and she advised that Mr. Mayer will return to Los Angeles tomorrow, Wednesday, night at about 1 o'clock [a.m.], and that she was advised by Miss [Ida] Koverman that they have their reservations.

A recent "In the News" column of Hearst's about Shirley Temple prompted a lengthy follow-up by him on May 21 about Miss Temple; Louella Parsons, David O. Selznick, and Greta Garbo, among others, were also mentioned. The one part that will soon concerns us is this:

Take Mr. David [O.] Selznick, for example.

Does anyone doubt that he is responsible for the supreme success of *Gone with the Wind*?

He bought the story for fifty thousand dollars, although other producers told him that they had rejected it at thirty-five thousand, and although it was claimed that no Civil War picture had been a success except Mr. [D. W.] Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*.

He carefully selected the cast.

He insisted upon making the story as it was written, and not as this or that director thought it ought to have been written.

He dismissed one director after another who wanted to make *Sunk in the Sea* or *Lost in the Snow* or until he found one who was willing to make *Gone with the Wind*.

Then Mr. Selznick produced the picture and scored the outstanding success of the moving picture business.

The other day Mr. Louis B. Mayer, the amazingly able manager of Metro Goldwyn Mayer, visited your columnist at San Simeon.

Bill Hunter had exciting news for Willicombe on a closely related note on Friday, May 24 (Mayer being Selznick's father-in-law):

Miss Williams asked me to tell you—

Louis Mayer told the Chief when he was at the ranch that he could get *Gone with the Wind* and *Rebecca* for showing up there. Miss

Williams contacted Mr. Mayer and it required a phone call by him to New York asking for a release and a phone call from New York to him with the O.K. She thought the Chief should know the trouble Mr. Mayer went to [to] get the pictures.

The world premiere of *Gone with the Wind* had been in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 15, 1939, followed by premieres in New York on December 19 and in Los Angeles on December 28. The film had gone into general release in the U.S. on January 17, 1940.

Alas, the showing at San Simeon of *Gone with the Wind* was somewhat less than perfect on the technical side. Hunter to Willicombe on Tuesday, May 28, right after what was evidently a big weekend event:

Selznick Studio phoned that they bought a set of new reels to protect the print of *Gone with the Wind*, but when the picture was returned from the ranch there were six old reels returned instead of all the new ones. They ask to have the six new reels returned and they will send the old reels back to you.

Willicombe did as asked, but there was still a hitch, as Hunter indicated on May 29:

Selznick Studio advises only five of the new reels for *Gone with the Wind* were returned. There is still one new reel missing.

About all Willicombe could do was tell Hunter what the projectionist had said when confronted:

Operator here insists there were only five of Selznick Studio's reels held here and they have been returned.

So much for that. We now know the film was seen at San Simeon. That's all that counts today, some seventy years after the fact and following nearly as many years of rumor, myth, and uncertainty about *Gone with the Wind* on Hearst's Enchanted Hill. The very thought of the Confederate soldier's screams of "Don't cut! Don't cuh-ut!"

reverberating through San Simeon's plush private theater—what an image that we've long been kept from visualizing with any certainty.

On the last day of May 1940, Hearst received word from Larry Mitchell, one of his and Marion's attorneys in Los Angeles (the man mentioned in an earlier chapter who was romantically linked to Ethel Davies):

Meetings Hearst Consolidated [Publications] and Hearst Publications scheduled for June fifth at Chicago have been postponed to Wednesday, June twelfth, at Drake Hotel, Chicago, at three and four o'clock p.m. respectively. New waivers being sent you today.

The Hearst party's trip east had been planned for some time. Yet as Alice Head once commented, people had to be ready for all manner of last-minute changes with Hearst, a rule of thumb in his businesses as well as in his pursuit of pleasure. The entourage was now slated to arrive in Chicago on June 11 instead.

That detail and others about his itinerary aside, Hearst's short trip east marks the last time he ever went out of state. Two significant exceptions: his sojourns in Mexico early in 1941 and late in 1942; also, he and Marion went to Las Vegas, Nevada, right after World War II, a virtual day trip by airplane that's barely detectable on the radar. Otherwise, they never left California again after going to Chicago in June 1940, a trip that may have included a quick jaunt to New York while they were at it.

ON RETURNING FROM THE EAST in June, the party went back to San Simeon. Wyntoon had some drying out to do still before the winter floods would recede in people's memories. The hilltop could get blazing hot in June and July, so the best bet would have been to use the Beach House, with its dependably cool climate and its afternoon sea breezes. But never again, as we'll be seeing, would Hearst and Marion stay there

lengthily. A day or two or a few days now and then: that would be the extent of their Beach House intervals after the decision made the year before to “mothball” the place, as noted in Chapter 7 that John Dunlap said in his life of Hearst—a relative though not absolute shutting down of the Santa Monica property, as likewise noted.

Wendell Willkie had won the Republican nomination by late June, causing the ranks to get busy. Charlie Ryckman had an editorial ready for Hearst’s approval on June 28:

The nomination of Wendell Willkie as a Presidential candidate by the Republican Party came from the very grass roots of this free country. . . .

Mr. Willkie was not the choice of the politicians, and in fact the politicians opposed him as long as they could and dared.

Mr. Willkie was not even the first choice of the delegates.

But he was the overwhelming choice of THE PEOPLE, and the ground swell of public approval of Mr. Willkie had been rumbling from end to end of the country, and finally broke over the convention like a tidal wave. . . .

Wendell Willkie was not a nationally known figure until quite recently, and in fact was not even a Republican until recently.

But somehow, millions of people suddenly and almost spontaneously became intensely interested in him, and realized he represented something very necessary and valuable to the country.

They liked everything about the man, his looks, manner, voice and the friendly and determined cut of his jaw.

But particularly they liked his solid, matter-of-fact, mind-your-own-business AMERICANISM.

It’s quite wrong to say, as most who’ve sketchily written about these later years in Hearst’s life have done, that the 1940 election garnered little enthusiasm or support in the Hearst ranks. True, Hearst preferred Thomas Dewey. That said, however, once Willkie got the nomination, Hearst chimed in; and thus it behooves us to see how he played the Willkie card right up until the election in November.

Not to forget for a minute about Los Angeles, Hollywood, Southern California, and the film industry, Hearst fielded a rich brew on July 1 from Jose Rodriguez, his top editorial writer at what in many ways was the foremost Hearst paper anywhere in the chain, the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

A theater manager of Ontario[,] California, has been acquitted of showing an indecent motion picture, the subject of which was delivery of a child. The jury's decision was proper inasmuch as the charges were based on a statutory definition of misdemeanor, but if he had been tried on charges of showing bad judgment, he might well have been convicted.

There is great value in such pictures when shown to selected audiences at the proper time and place. Hospitals and physicians show them to prospective mothers, to nurses and students. They are screened in private projection rooms not open to the public, and the reason for showing them is purely educational.

But to show the same film in a theater which anyone may enter on the payment of ticket price, in a theater which is patently a place of entertainment, and where the purpose of showing the film is decidedly not instructive, is to demonstrate bad taste and worse judgment. . . .

Physicians know this very well, and never allow spectators in operating rooms or laboratories unless there is a good scientific reason for it. The theater manager in question should follow this procedure and thus avoid a loss of time, of money and of business good will.

With the Republican Convention now over, Hearst began to formulate a platform of his own, which he laid out for Cobbie (E. D. Coblentz) in New York; the date was still Monday, July 1:

I propose to run an independent editorial page during this campaign.

We may incline to Willkie but we will not be partisan.

The Third Ticket, if it occurs, will be an important factor in the campaign.

It should draw from Roosevelt and probably help Willkie to that extent, but it will merit attention on its own importance.

[Sen. Burton] Wheeler is too radical, but he is consistently and soundly radical, and much less dangerous than Roosevelt.

I think we should give him adequate attention. . . .

That perhaps would be more proportionate to the Third Party importance at this moment.

A third-party, dark-horse prospect in Hearst's mind on the Democratic side was Joe Kennedy, ambassador since 1938 to the Court of St. James's, whom he paused to speak in behalf of on July 2; this to Alice Head in London:

If St. Donat's [Castle] not being used by government maybe Ambassador Kennedy would like to occupy it. I would be happy to have him do so.

Despite Hearst's absence from Hollywood and his and Marion's lack of presence in recent months, even in recent years, at the Beach House in Santa Monica, the entertainment community hadn't forgotten about them. On July 6, a wire from a man named W. Jefferson Davis reached him at San Simeon:

Academy of Public Affairs Hollywood including Rupert Hughes, Irvin Cobb and leading professional men desire bestow its Award of Merit on you for being first newspaper publisher in America to realize and stress importance aviation as element of national defense. Annual meeting Tuesday July ninth seven p.m. Hollywood Athletic Club. Attendance over three hundred expected. Can you be present for this award?

Hollywood reached out again through Y. Frank Freeman, the head of Paramount Pictures, with this wire to Hearst at San Simeon on July 9:

Paramount has been anxious for you to see *The Great McGinty* prior to its release because it is probably the most daring and at the same time amusing political satire the movies have yet turned out. Due to the unusual and even unorthodox handling by Preston Sturges, who wrote the screen play as well as directing it, the picture combines entertainment with satire in a manner which is unique. We have

therefore arranged for a print to be sent to you to be shown at your convenience, and sincerely hope you will be amused by it. Cordially.

Wyntoon was finally ready for re-occupancy by July 11; and thus Willicombe's message to all the Hearst dailies around the country:

Please send papers to Mr. Hearst at McCloud, Calif [Wyntoon], instead of to Los Angeles [for forwarding to San Simeon]. Do not send any more papers to Los Angeles. Send them to McCloud.

And send them they did.

PETE PETERSEN, who once lived across the street from the Loorz family in San Simeon village and who had followed the course of Hearst-Davies movements in recent years to Wyntoon, had sprung loose from there long enough to do what George Loorz had requested—namely, to run the so-called Marion Davies job in Beverly Hills. On July 2, 1940, Loorz wrote to Pete at 1700 Lexington Road:

Sorry not to have come down before this [from Pacific Grove] but I see no reason to be there [in person].

Now that we have the approved detail of the mantel you can go ahead with that and keep ahead of the painters as much as possible. I hope everything else is in order. Hope the painters aren't stalling too much.

As per my wire Miss Davies O.K.'d the extra painting on the exterior walls and Patio Walls. Also the bleaching of the hallway, which I think was a mistake.

She will not go ahead with the kitchen alteration or the stairway from #3 [room] to #4 [room] etc. May get some more work in the garden but not at this time. I think she will go ahead with the signal [security] system at the other house [910 Benedict Cañon Drive, around the corner] but not at 1700 [Lexington]. . . .

As I said by phone, remove and carefully crate the fine mantel and have it stored at the Beach House. Order your materials and construct the new mantel as soon as possible. Tell the painter to go ahead with the

painting of the Patio and exterior garden walls clear around. Try to do it with the one-coat job if possible.

Loorz was glad to have had the Hearst-Davies job when it came up. "We haven't much work right now," he told some relatives in San Francisco, "just finishing up about five jobs." He also told them, "We have been rushed like the devil, could hardly get men."

No sooner had Hearst and Marion dug in at Wyntoon than alarming news reached them from Beverly Hills—from 910 Benedict Cañon Drive—a hop, skip, and a jump from 1700 Lexington Road, which was still being worked on by Mac McClure and Pete Petersen. On Thursday, July 18, Ethel Davies supposedly choked to death during a meal, a piece of steak being the culprit. So said Fred Lawrence Guiles in his biography of Marion. The *Los Angeles Times* gave a very different account the next morning under "Marion Davies' Sister Found Dead; Friend Discovers Body in Bedroom":

Apparently the victim of a cerebral hemorrhage, Miss Ethel Davies, 35 [46 as of March 21, 1940], sister of Marion Davies, film actress, last night was found dead in the bedroom of her home at 910 N. Benedict Canyon Road.

Miss Davies [Ethel Davies], who had been visited by several guests, including members of the film colony, had been ill for a month. She had dinner in her bedroom. Later her body was found by her companion, Miss Kay English, lying on the floor.

Beverly Hills police and a pulmotor [respiratory] squad tried for 45 minutes to revive Miss Davies. . . . Rose Davies, another sister, was in the house at the time.

Hearst and Marion flew to Los Angeles; they soon returned to Wyntoon. As for San Simeon in 1940, they wouldn't be back there again during the current year, with one minor exception. Nor would they be back in Santa Monica, in whose case there'd be no exceptions whatsoever.

On August 4, Jose Rodriguez at the *Examiner* had an editorial for Hearst's approval on Walter Wanger, the independent film producer. It got nixed; but Rodriguez's next submission, dated August 6, passed muster with the Chief. It, too, was on an aspect of the industry that Hearst kept watching like a hawk:

That motion pictures be deliberately employed to further domestic and international political proposals has recently been suggested and recommended by some American producers of films.

This, of course, is a euphemism. In plain language, the proposal means using the screen for propaganda.

It means a miscalculation of the purposes and the strength of the motion picture. It means a radical departure from the sound principles that caused films to be a great art and a great industry.

After all, the first purpose of films is entertainment.

The second purpose, accuracy of information.

The third purpose, education.

There is no place for propaganda in the films. Propaganda not only offends the public, but weakens public respect for and confidence in the screen.

Propaganda is neither entertainment, information nor education. . . .

Why not stick to the policy which made moving pictures give entertainment and accurate information, uncolored and undistorted by propaganda?

Let the makers of movies go back to first principles, to the relief and benefit of the screen itself, [of] the people who want good pictures and—as all intelligent producers should realize—of the producers themselves.

WITH BOTH POLITICAL CONVENTIONS out of the way, the Hearst forces began thumping for Wendell Willkie, their only hope against the unprecedented third term that FDR's probable re-election posed. Hearst would be playing the field as much as he still could, now that the candidates had been decided. He would also keep playing the field

in the film industry, as his message to Harry Cohn at Columbia Pictures on August 21 indicates:

Dear Mr. Cohn: We greatly enjoyed *He Stayed for Breakfast*. Good comedies are the hardest things to make but they certainly are the most delightful things to see. Many thanks for your thoughtfulness and kindness in sending the picture.

The San Simeon hilltop sat mostly empty (except for its caretakers) throughout this period. Exceptions cropped up now and then. This next item should leave us wondering what the reaction would have been when Hearst's arrangements were carried out; they were made through Herbert Fleischhacker, whom Joe Willicombe wired in San Francisco on August 25:

Mr. Hearst glad to have Dr. Alfred Frankfurter [of *Art News* magazine] see San Simeon on trip south, but kindly explain that place really closed in Chief's absence, and no domestic staff or any other provision for guests. Ask him inquire for superintendent Randolph Apperson at Ranch House foot of hill who will take care of him. Best regards.

What we *don't* see, in contrast, during this period is the occasional viewing of the Beach House by anyone, an ironic thing considering its accessibility. As the grandest of all Hearst's properties, San Simeon spoke majestically for itself; Santa Monica did not; the latter, having been built more for entertaining and less so as a showplace-museum, needed people in large numbers to animate it and give it context and meaning.

As an extension of a corporate meeting held at Wyntoon in the final days of August, Hearst and one of his top executives, Tom White, flew to San Simeon for a brief check-up on matters there; hence this message to White, who was coming into Oakland by train from Chicago. Willicombe did the honors on August 30:

Chief will meet you when you arrive Oakland Pier at eight fifty-five Saturday morning [August 31] and take you by plane to San Simeon. Kindly acknowledge.

The Bancroft files are too patchy through this late-summer stretch to know what Hearst and White were up to; in any event, they weren't at San Simeon long; Hearst was soon back at Wyntoon.

He kept an eye on the Southland all the while, as in this example from a month later—Thursday, September 26; Willicombe to Ray Van Ettisch at the morning *Examiner* and Jack Campbell at the evening *Herald-Express*, Hearst's two papers in Los Angeles:

Chief would like both the *Examiner* and the *Herald-Express* to give special prominence and publicity to the centenary celebration of the coming of the first bishop to California, beginning immediately (Sunday). Chief says:

"Archbishop Cantwell has called our attention to this celebration, and I am anxious to give every evidence of our good feeling."

The election in November began to heat up for Hearst and his support network, aimed at the Republican standard-bearer, Wendell Willkie. Charlie Ryckman, who along with Jose Rodriguez formed the one-two punch on the West Coast for Hearst that E. F. Tompkins and Ben DeCasseres did on the East Coast, came forth with an editorial from San Francisco about Willkie; this was on October 3, a month before the public cast its votes:

The American people should read Wendell Willkie's important speech in Cleveland on the subject of national defense, so far as it is humanly possible to do so, without consideration of its political elements.

Mr. Willkie analyzed the present defensive situation of the United States as accurately and honestly as any statesman has so far attempted or dared to do.

He recognized the imminence of war.

But he also recognized our complete UNPREPAREDNESS for war.

And that, good people of the United States, is something we should get very clear in our minds BEFORE we let ourselves get into war. . . .

When THEODORE Roosevelt was President of the United States, he said in effect that a wise policy for this country was to speak softly and hold a big stick.

Wendell Willkie, in his Cleveland speech, said the same thing in this fashion:

“What the American people want above everything else is a defense system so strong that none of these nations (Germany, Italy, Japan) will dare to strike at us, for whatever motives.”

That is what Teddy Roosevelt called the BIG STICK.

E. F. Tompkins sent an editorial from New York on October 3 that recalled the brass-knuckles contests that Hearst himself had taken part in thirty and forty years before:

Of course, it is unfortunate for everybody—and most unfortunate for the third-term party—that ROWDYISM has made its appearance in the Presidential campaign.

We refer to those incidents in which a woman RFC [Reconstruction Finance Corporation] employe[e] tossed heavy articles at a Willkie crowd from an eighteenth-floor window, severely injuring another young woman; in which a newspaper correspondent was gashed when a stone was hurled through a window of a Willkie campaign train; in which objects were thrown at Wendell L. Willkie himself; and in which the wife of the Republican nominee for President had her clothes spattered with egg.

There can be no question that Hearst’s support of Willkie had become far more than just a perfunctory thing, no matter what biographers have hastily said in the past. The sheer volume of complimentary and rah-rah material amounts to an endorsement by any standard, and not by means of auto-pilot either.

On October 9, Joe Willicombe received a long submission from Ray Van Ettisch of the *L.A. Examiner*:

Following [Jose] Rodriguez editorial on film extras, for Los Angeles only, is for Chief's approval.

Following a prolonged study of employment conditions in the film industry, studio heads have announced a plan of drastic changes in the hiring of extra players. The chief recommendation is that preference be given to extras who during the year have worked 11 days or more.

This would eliminate the 4,564 extras who worked 10 days or less during 1939. It would also mean more work for those who worked 10 days or more.

After establishing that in 1939 the average extra worked 28.89 days and earned \$317.26, the producers concluded that "the continued employment of extras who worked less than ten days is unfortunate for both the producers and the extras." . . .

Nevertheless, film studios need extras, both for the work they do, and as a reservoir of talent deserving promotion into higher ranks. This reservoir must be continually freshened to meet changing demands of public taste and the specialties of production. . . .

Producers and guild alike may not have found the ultimate solution. But it is time that unwarranted optimism or self-delusions of ability be protected from the folly of competing with experienced talent, and be turned toward more profitable, equally honorable and interesting work that has better rewards.

BILL HUNTER in Los Angeles had a message for Willicombe at Wyntoon on Thursday, October 10, that bespoke a new trend among those in the Hearst-Davies circle—that of flying to Medford, Oregon, northwest of Wyntoon by a good 100 miles or more and then getting transportation to the isolated, ultra-private Hearst place from there:

Sam Goldwyn phoned me that he is leaving by plane tomorrow, arriving Medford at 3:45 p.m. He asks that you have a car meet him.

Willicombe responded to Hunter later that same day, confirming the details:

Telephone Mr. Goldwyn that car will meet him and Mrs. Goldwyn when plane arrives 3:45 tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at Medford.

Another Hollywood matter, we can call it, came up on October 10 as well; Hunter to Willicombe once more:

Bill Hebert, of Paramount Studio, says he would like to have Susan Foster go up to Wyntoon and sing for the Chief some time. She would have to bring an accompanist and somebody from the publicity department

Either Hebert or some girl with her. She is fifteen years old.

Please advise.

Hebert has arranged to let the Chief have her latest picture, *There's Magic in Music*, for Sunday night [the 13th]. Allan Jones and Margaret Lindsay are in the cast.

Willicombe's reply to Hunter was much longer in the Foster situation:

Tell Mr. Hebert Chief appreciates his suggestion regarding Susanna Foster coming up to sing for him, and would be delighted to have her come, with her accompanist and someone from the publicity department—either Hebert or some girl—three in all.

Sometime the end of month is best—how about Halloween?

Also thank him for sending her latest picture for Sunday night.

Let me know if Halloween OK for Susanna.

Bill Hunter was back on the teleprinter the next day, October 15, telling Willicombe:

It is O.K. on Susanna Foster for Hallowe'en.

Her contract with the studio provides that when she travels she must be accompanied by a teacher; so there will be four in the party,—Susanna, an accompanist, a teacher and somebody from the publicity department.

Their tentative plans are to leave here on the *West Coast [Limited]* Tuesday night, October 29, arriving Dunsmuir the night of the 30[th].

Hearst's "In the News" column ran Monday through Friday, followed by a "Saturday Symposium" comprising letters to the editor. These were normally published full length, and for further authenticity they also bore the address the sender used—addresses ranging from San Simeon and Wyntoon to those of newspapers offices hither and yon. Buron Fitts, the District Attorney of Los Angeles County, knew that Hearst was at Wyntoon and addressed him accordingly on October 10, a letter that Hearst put in the Saturday Symposium of October 19:

Like so many thousands of your readers, I am a great admirer of your "In The News" column.

Aside from its other many appealing discussions, I particularly want to commend you for your clear, unalterable stand on the principles and doctrines of true Americanism. Many years ago [probably in 1935], you stated among other things:

"The serious aspect of the Communistic agent in this country is not that he can accomplish the success of Communism; but that he may accomplish the destruction of democracy itself. The danger is that the despotism of Nazism is only too frequently raised up to combat the despotism of Communism. Then, liberty and democracy, crushed between the upper and the nether millstones is ground to dust and desolation."

How true that prediction made by you years ago is today!

Those of us who have been active in the American Legion and other veterans' organizations for the past twenty-two years [since 1918] have fought for an adequate national defense as you have done. . . .

We all know that you will continue to fight, and you may rest assured, Mr. Hearst, that I will do likewise in my public capacity and as a private citizen and a war veteran.

Yet another editorial taking issue with the prospect of a third term came in from New York on October 19:

One of the arguments advanced for a third term of President Roosevelt is that he is "experienced" and that Mr. Willkie "has no experience." . . .

. . . Wendell L. Willkie has had years of tried and proven experience.

He has had many years of experience in the only thing that counts at present—EXPERIENCE IN BUSINESS.

The United States is a BUSINESS INSTITUTION.

It should be managed by BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Willkie is practical. His experience is built on RESULTS, not on theories.

His is the sort of “experience” the people of this country have been seeking.

President Roosevelt’s so-called “experience” has accomplished very little.

Mr. Willkie’s experience has brought concrete results in the industrial field and in business management.

Four more years of the kind of “experience” that Mr. Roosevelt has acquired will land us in chaos.

The plans for a festive Halloween continued apace; Hunter to Willicombe on October 19:

There is a complication about Susanna Foster for Hallowe’en.

She now has a broadcast on Nov. 1st and has to be here at 1:00 p.m. that day for rehearsal. If she stays for the Hallowe’en dinner she will have to take the midnight plane from Medford and they hate to have her do that the day before a broadcast.

Hebert asks if it will be all right for her to sing the evening of Oct. 30th, which will give her plenty of time to get back for the rehearsal.

Hearst remained flexible in the matter. “Chief says certainly,” was Willicombe’s reply to Hunter on October 20. “Tell Susanna to come anytime at her pleasure.”

Charlie Ryckman submitted one more pro-Willkie editorial from San Francisco before it was too late, this on October 30, six days before the election:

Wendell Louis Willkie has ably completed the arduous task of conducting a campaign for the Presidency of the United States.

Essentially this has been a ONE ISSUE campaign, since the one thing uppermost in every mind is the THIRD TERM.

The American people must now decide if a President in office can utilize the vast powers of that office to retain it for whatever period his own ambition persuades him is justifiable.

That decision overshadows all else in this campaign.

OCTOBER 30, 1940, likewise marked the moment when Hearst embarked on a new path, one that would become an obsession and not just another crusade. It began with a message from Ray Van Ettisch in Los Angeles to Willicombe at Wyntoon:,

Warner Bros. were shooting *Charge of Light Brigade* on location near Sonora [California] when, in June of 1938 [actually 1936], Los Angeles SPCA [Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals] advised SPCA office in San Francisco to watch operations. Officer Al Girola was sent to scene, found that several horses were tripped by device called "flying" and so badly crippled that they had to be killed.

Van Ettisch sent Willicombe more information that same day, October 30, all of which he knew stood a good chance of getting kicked upstairs from Willicombe's level to the Chief's:

The local SPCA has one humane officer. It does not handle movie cases any more. They state this work is being done by Richard Craven, western regional director of the American Humane Association, Albany, N.Y.; to which about 600 cities throughout the country belong.

According to the SPCA, they investigate complaints (mostly received by phone) of animal cruelty, but film cruelty is referred to Craven for investigation. They have had no recent complaints.

As far as Los Angeles city is concerned, its humane department officers rarely handle any film cases because hardly ever are any animal shots made within the city limits; most of the ranches and locations are in unincorporated areas.

Hearst shifted into high gear with his crusade against cruelty to horses and other animals in motion pictures on Monday, November 4, the day before the election. He had a new cause, a new axe to grind,

and he'd spent a goodly part of the weekend no doubt gearing up for this salvo:

Fellow members of the great unconsidered, unheeded public, have you noticed how the maltreatment of animals in moving pictures has steadily increased until it has become a horror to many theatre goers?

Doubtless you, gentle reader, have like many others become almost afraid to see your favorite westerns for fear that you would have to look at unhappy horses tumbled headlong down steep hills—hurled from high cliffs—or else to view with anger teams of the helpless animals forced down slides into deep waters with heavy coaches piling up on top of them all supposedly to create thrills for people who like brutal sensations. . . .

Westerns are good wholesome pictures in the main.

They are enjoyed by decent healthy people who like the “great outdoors,” and believe in rude justice, and who admire courage and manliness, and who LOVE ANIMALS.

Why make westerns repulsive to the very people to whom they ought to appeal?

Why let stupid unimaginative directors spoil a product which has so much of legitimate popular appeal?

Why make a wholesome picture unwholesome by cruelty and coarse grained brutality?

There is no excuse for the cruelty.

There is nothing clever, nothing new in forcing horses down a precipice into a stream with a heavy coach piled on top of them, or in pitching a hog tied horse head over heels down a steep hill to land at the bottom bruised and bleeding if not maimed and broken in bone, and having to be shot to put it out of its misery.

What kind of intellect (if you can call it intellect) is it that thinks cruelty of this kind is a fit thrill for decent pictures and for decent people?

What kind of dumb directorial brains (if you can call them brains) are they that can think of nothing else but this worn-out sensation, which was offensive to begin with because of its brutality, and is doubly offensive now because of its antiquity and stupidity?

This maltreatment of animals, moreover, is not only an offense against the decencies and proprieties, not only an affront to the sensibilities and a blight upon an otherwise worthy class of pictures, but it is a violation of the law. . . .

Often again [film] companies which plot cruelty and law evasion sneak off on location to shoot when the officers are not around.

It is admittedly difficult, therefore, for humane societies to be wholly effective without the complete authority, without proper appropriation of funds for law enforcement by the state, and without officers directly representing the state. . . .

Doubtless the public, if it would avoid the debasing influence on itself and on its children of wanton brutality, will have to take steps to censor or boycott brutal pictures or to secure from its legislatures more effective and official law enforcement.

There were other important issues that day, right before the nation went to the polls. Yet Hearst had a new hook now, a new mission; and the Presidential race was already almost old news, with Roosevelt's victory all but assured. *Look* magazine contacted Hearst at Wyntoon the same day that he'd unlimbered his guns against Hollywood and its abuses of animals; what followed was brief but likewise urgent; *Look* told Hearst (who already knew the score on this one):

West Coast extremely vulnerable to Japanese attack says Major Leonard Mason in article to be published in *Look* magazine tomorrow Tuesday, November 5. Rushing you advance copy under separate cover.

JOE KENNEDY would soon be in the neighborhood and would be visiting Hearst and Marion at Wyntoon; his second son, John, the future President, would be included. Kennedy wired Hearst from New York on Thursday, November 7, two days after the election:

Arriving San Francisco Monday morning [the 11th] twelve o'clock noon. Would like to bring my son Jack along with me.

Hearst replied later that same day, telling Kennedy, "Most certainly bring Jack and anyone you please."

With regard to his new crusade against cruelty, Hearst soon heard from two supporters. On November 9, it was the former dancer Irene Castle McLaughlin, who wired from Lake Forest, Illinois, near Chicago:

Congratulations and heartfelt gratitude for wonderful editorial ["In the News" column] on unnecessary cruelty.

The other congratulations came from William Boyd in North Hollywood, a movie cowboy better known as Hopalong Cassidy:

As one connected with western pictures your editorial Friday [November 8] naturally interested me. I whole heartedly agree there should be no cruelty to animals on the screen. However it must be said constructive reforms have been made in this direction recently. One of these is the California law which requires an officer of the Humane Society on the set whenever animals are used. As you say the people who patronize westerns and that means just about everybody instinctly demand fair play and that applies to a horse just as well as its master. It's up to us to live up to the rules.

On November 11, Bill Hunter in Los Angeles wired Willicombe about a film matter that fell outside the mainstream:

Blake McVeigh, of the Charlie Chaplin Studio, asks if the Chief would like to see "The Dictator" [*The Great Dictator*].

Yes, said Willicombe to Hunter, the Chief would like to see the new Chaplin film.

Hearst got an update from Joe Kennedy, who'd been delayed in heading west; this was on Tuesday, November 12:

Weather permitting will leave New York tonight. Plan to stay Beverly Wilshire Hotel Los Angeles Wednesday [November 13]. Must talk with motion picture people regarding renewal British exchange agreement. Will leave Los Angeles Thursday morning arrive San Francisco noon.

Willicombe heard from Warden Woolard at the *L.A. Examiner* on Wednesday the 13th:

In the course of an interview here today Joseph P. Kennedy said he is going to visit Mr. Hearst.

[*Los Angeles*] *Times* publishes following: "He is scheduled to leave this morning on a United Airlines plane for San Francisco. Next he will visit William Randolph Hearst."

Asked if the visit is of a professional nature such as the planning [of] any writing for the Hearst papers, he said it is not.

"Mr. Hearst is a good friend of mine," he said.

Will appreciate advice whether this matter should be included in our interview.

Charlie Ryckman got busy in San Francisco; thus this submission to Hearst on November 14, made through Cobbie at the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*:

Herewith is Ryckman editorial for your approval on Kennedy statement in Los Angeles.

Joseph P. Kennedy, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, is doing his country immeasurable service in arousing the sentiments of the American people against war.

Mr. Kennedy's interview in Los Angeles, for instance, contained one of the most forthright declarations of American policy that it has been the privilege of our people to read.

"The most important thing confronting the people of the United States at this time of world crisis," he said, "is the essential, national duty of KEEPING OUT of any overseas war.

"I say with all sincerity that THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO NECESSITY FOR THIS COUNTRY TO ENTER THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

"I am stressing that conviction in every conversation I hold.

"And I will do everything I can, in every way possible, to KEEP THE UNITED STATES OUT OF ANY WAR, ANYWHERE."

For his “In the News” column of Friday, November 15, Hearst opted for a Saturday Symposium a day early—for a cluster, that is, of letters to the editor that were increasingly piling up. He was busy with the Kennedy visit then and needed to rest on his laurels for the moment. The old silent-screen cowboy William S. Hart had sent a letter from San Bernardino, California, a week earlier:

Thanks a million for your grand article on the wanton brutality of those now in power of the making of western pictures.

It is one of the crimes of the age and should cause every American citizen to get red behind the ears with shame.

Our creator did not give dumb animals a brain.

Our creator expected human beings to whom he gave brains to protect the dumb creatures.

It is up to real human beings to do so in spite of those who control the picture industry.

The cruel part of it is, it is all unnecessary.

This writer made many western pictures covering a long period of years.

A dumb brute was never injured in one of them, unless this writer be classed as one [a brute], to which this writer would not object in the least.

Joe Kennedy and his son Jack went to Los Angeles after seeing Hearst and Marion, who remained at Wyntoon but who arranged for the Kennedys to stay at the Beach House in Santa Monica for two nights, November 17 and 18.

ON NOVEMBER 26, two days before Thanksgiving at Wyntoon, Joe Willicombe heard from Bill Hunter in Los Angeles:

Found the following correspondence in the 1925 files—

May 26, 1925, [Harry or Martin] Huberth wrote Chief at New York.

June 4 [Roy] Keehn wrote Chief at New York.

June 6 [Frank] Barham wired Chief at New York.

June 12 [Roy] Keehn wrote Chief at New York.
June 15 You wired Chief at Chicago from New York.
June 17 [Clarence] Shearn wrote Chief at Los Angeles.
June 24 [Arthur] Brisbane wired Chief at Los Angeles.
June 25 [Harry or Martin] Huberth wired Chief at Los Angeles.
June 25 You wired Chief at Los Angeles.
June 27 and 28 [Florenz] Ziegfeld wired Chief at Los Angeles.
June 29 [John Francis] Neylan wired Chief at Los Angeles.
All of the above dates were in 1925.

This message is included here because of what it tells us, as commented hundreds of pages ago in Chapter 1—namely, that a date like 1925 is an early one for the West Coast side of Hearstiana. Willicombe seemed keenly frustrated over the difficulty of finding certain records of fifteen years prior. As he told Hunter on the same date in late November of 1940:

Thanks for file data for June 1925, but while it indicates Chief in New York early part of month and in Los Angeles latter part, all the communications are address[ed] T O him. If you can find some letters throughout the month F R O M him, it would be conclusive. Please try.

Hunter tried. This is what he came up with, as he informed Willicombe on November 27:

There is not one letter from the Chief in the whole 1925 file here. The carbon copies of his letters would of course be in the office and would all be sent to New York for [the master] file. The [1925] letters and telegrams to him which are now here were probably in the desk at the ranch or the Beach House or the [Cosmopolitan] studio and thus missed the shipment of file stuff east.

Hearst stuck with his new theme and crusade, devoting several “In the News” columns to it as the year waned. In their midst, a simple, typical directive that he sent out through Willicombe to all parties on December 7 could easily be misconstrued:

Chief thinks unnecessarily offensive cartoons of Mussolini or even of Hitler are not desirable. There are a great many Italians in this country whom such cartoons needlessly offend, and besides they are on too low a plane.

Hearst wanted his papers to look and feel a certain way; that's all the more that need be read into the foregoing words; Marion herself said as much in *The Times We Had*, more than once.

Again, the thing that Hearst was sticking to the most steadily at this juncture, now that he was no longer actively in film production, was his cruelty crusade, mostly through his "In the News" column. On Thursday, December 12, Willicombe dispatched the contents of the next Saturday Symposium, slated for publication on the 14th; the first letter was from a woman named Mary McAllister:

2245 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.
Nov. 28, 1940.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst,
San Simeon, California.
My dear Mr. Hearst:

I am following with the deepest interest your articles appearing in the *News-Post* of Baltimore, on the cruelty to animals as shown in the movies, and I want to congratulate you on your courageous persistency in showing up this barbarity of the enormously rich filming companies who are appealing, in these animal pictures, only to the degraded taste of that section of our citizens who find pleasure in thrills of cruelty and daring gangsters.

Your efforts in behalf of the animal world could not appear at a more opportune time.

Apart from the content of a letter like Mary McAllister's, its erroneous use of San Simeon for Hearst's mailing address in December 1940 (a common detail, oft-seen in many such submissions) led scholars and laymen alike to assume years later that Hearst was living

at San Simeon at the moments specified. He wasn't, of course, but his policy of "following copy" with the headings and greetings in these letters surely gave that impression.

Horses and cowboys weren't far apart in the interest they generated among readers. The daughter of Louella Parsons, Harriet Parsons, had become a writer also. On December 17, Ray Van Ettisch asked Willicombe about her work:

Harriet Parsons' Keyhole feature for next Sunday is on Gene Autry, with a picture. Is there any change in previous instructions about him?

Hearst had views in the matter, as Van Ettisch and others found out; Willicombe in reply later that same day:

Chief says regarding Harriet Parsons story on Gene Autry (WITHOUT PICTURE) this is to be an exception to the rule.

"We were overloaded with Gene Autry," Chief says, "for a long time as if he were the only western star. There are others as good or better. William Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy and Roy Rogers are better and have better pictures. I advise using the article as long as Harriet Parsons has written it, but omit the picture."

Hearst, Marion, their extended families, and various other people were hunkered down at Wyntoon now for the winter. Hearst had indicated through Willicombe in late November that he'd be leaving Wyntoon in favor of San Simeon during December.

It didn't happen.

For the first time ever, he and Marion and company wouldn't be pulling up stakes and heading there or going down to Santa Monica. They were poised now to turn the corner into 1941, one of the most unusual years in all the annals of Hearstiana.

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 mischievous 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 Wynton 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 Williams:

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 Wynton; 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 Wynton] 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.

11

Queen of the State Guard

1942

WHEN THE JAPANESE HIT Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, it was like 1898 all over again for Hearst—as though the battleship *Maine* had just exploded in Havana harbor and the freedom of Cuba was more at stake than ever before. Only now, nearly forty-four years later, it was the freedom of the entire United States that concerned him.

Hearst switched from peacetime to wartime in a flash on that historic Sunday morning. He was at Wyntoon, where he'd been living for the past several months; he didn't waste a step in having to move or relocate there, as most have mistakenly thought for too long (Marion's faulty recollection that she and Hearst were told to vacate San Simeon has greatly magnified the error). Except for their quick trips to San Francisco in May and to Los Angeles in November, the two had been safely tucked away in that forested setting along the McCloud River since late April. Hearst had his established mouthpiece through "In the News," one that he could use now for the nation's benefit in rallying his millions of readers to the noble cause of defeating all comers, all opponents of the superior American way. Concurrently, Marion had her Children's Clinic in West Los Angeles, soon to become her War Work Hospital in a generous, pragmatic gesture.

And yet, and yet, and yet . . . Marion's account of what happened late in 1941 must surely be aired here in full, for she did more than merely fib, as her father might have done in his day. No, she came forth with a king-sized whopper, as tall a tale as any to be found in her

memoir of 1951/1975. It provides the opener in Chapter 12 of *The Times We Had*.

“We hadn’t been to Wyntoon for a long time,” she began, “until the war started,” meaning the American involvement as of December 8, the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed. As for her and Hearst’s use of Wyntoon, 1941 marked the fifth consecutive year that their stays there had been protracted, measurable in months-long periods on and off since 1937. Marion’s highly fictive account continued:

San Simeon [the hilltop compound] looked like a birthday cake, and it was a target. I didn’t want to go and W. R. didn’t want to go, but somebody, the federal government or the state, told us to get out. W. R. said, “If they blow it up, I want to stay with it.”

“But I don’t,” I said. “I don’t want to be blown up just for a castle.”

W. R. said, “We can go down in the cellar and hide.”

“No thanks. Close it all up and let’s get to Wyntoon.”

W. R. said, “Well, I’m not evading the war.”

I said, “I don’t want to be shot for no reason. It would have been perfectly okay if I’d had a gun and could fight somebody—which I couldn’t, because I’d wiggle [be cowardly]. But I didn’t see why we should stay right in the line of fire. They could see us from miles away, and W. R. had been the one who first started to write about the yellow peril.

I said, “If they’re after anybody, they’re after you. They’re going to look for San Simeon, and we’ll all go up in a blow of smoke.” Then we went to Wyntoon.

It makes for a plausible story, one told and retold on Hearst Castle tours thousands of times since 1975. What, we have to ask ourselves, was Marion’s motive in spinning such a yarn? What if anything did she feel needed hiding or whitewashing? The alleged incident took place a mere ten years before she reminisced in 1951; her memory should have been sharp on such a vital point. Just as everyone of sufficient age nowadays can recall where they were when John F.

Kennedy was shot in 1963, people of earlier generations can distinctly recall their whereabouts, their circumstances on December 7, 1941. What an odd thing to lie about. There's little more that any of us can say before giving the matter a shrug and moving on. We should at least be grateful that *The Times We Had* contains few other anecdotes as contrived as this one. Almost childlike tract that much of the book is, we nonetheless yearn for its credibility, yearn for it to make enough sense to warrant our perusing it, as we endlessly read between its innocent, meandering lines. As with the Hayes Perkins diary, there's often little else to go on, little else to turn to besides Marion's recollections, no matter their integrity or, sadly at times, their lack of it.

JANUARY 1, 1942, may have been a holiday for most people, but for Hearst it was yet another day of writing in the wee hours, in the cold, snowbound hours at wintry Wyntoon. He went after a man who'd become a nemesis of his in recent years:

Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of England, made a magnificent speech before the United States Congress [on December 26].

He extolled the United States for sending its war equipment to England.

He besought the continued protection of England.

He gloried in the conquest of the Libyan sand hills by England and exulted in the restoration of the Abyssinian Haile Selassie to his ancestral throne by England. . . .

However, it might interest Mr. Churchill to know that the average American does not care one tinker's dam[n] about Haile Selassie and his Abyssinian throne, and does not think that it makes a lot of difference in the eventual issue of this war who owns the sand dunes of the Libyan desert.

Hearst was in his element. The war would be good for him, good for business, good for plying his rapier-wit trade. He didn't forget,

though, to be civil toward those he knew and loved, one of them being Louis B. Mayer, whom he wired at 625 Ocean Front in Santa Monica on that New Year's Day:

Dear Louis: Marion and I wish you many joys and many great achievements during the coming year.

And we wish you perfect health along with perfect happiness.

We feel you can accomplish all the fine things you wish to do without working yourself to death.

So we include in our wishes a little bit of advice not [to] work too hard.

We want you to live long and be our good and valued friend for many years.

On Marion's birthday in 1942—Saturday, January 3; she was now forty-five—Ray Van Ettisch notified all the Hearst Sunday editors as follows:

By direction of the Chief, *Los Angeles Examiner* is preparing and will send you for publication in *Pictorial Review* section of Sunday, Jan. 11 mats [printing matrices] for a double truck [two-page spread] on Marion Davies War Hospital and Marion Davies War Committee.

Larry Mitchell, the Hearst-Davies attorney in Los Angeles, wired Joe Willicombe along those lines on Sunday the 4th:

Please tell Mr. Hearst following have accepted membership on Marion Davies' War Work Committee:

Mrs. Jack Warner

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck

Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn

Mrs. Frank Barham

Mrs. R. A. Carrington Jr.

Countess Barbara Hutton Reventlow

Miss Claudette Colbert

Miss Louella O. Parsons

Mrs. Ernest Glendenning

Miss Ella Williams

Mrs. Clarence Moore

Mrs. Louis B. Mayer

Princess [Conchita] Pignatelli

Miss Carole Lombard

Mrs. Fletcher Bowron

Balance of committee out of town but will contact [them] when they return tomorrow. Best regards.

Pearl Harbor had been bombed four weeks earlier to the day. Obviously, Hearst and Marion had been busy since then, hadn't skipped a beat in adapting to wartime mode. Preparedness was a big part of it. As Bill Hunter in Los Angeles told Willicombe on January 5 concerning a close friend of Marion's in the Inglewood area:

Sister Ernesta asked me to inform the Chief that she has arranged to evacuate the sisters [the nuns in her charge] to Madera [near Fresno] if the necessity arises.

Why was it usually *Hearst* who got informed of such matters? He must have been regarded as Marion's protector, even as her spokesman in those male-dominated times. He was indeed that in addition to the man who wrote "In the News" for the Hearst papers; this for his column of Tuesday, January 6:

Gentlemen of the Congress, stop explaining and apologizing and get to work on a comprehensive program for United States defense.

Senator Tom Connolly of Texas says:

"We are a peaceful people. We were not expecting war and we were not prepared for war."

To be sure Mr. Connolly. "We ARE a peaceful people" and we do not want war.

But we are also an intelligent people and it is inaccurate to say that we have not been expecting war.

We have been expecting it for a long time.

We have been warned of war with the Japanese.

Our governors and our generals in the Philippines have continually warned us of the menace of Japan.

The greatest of those generals was Douglas MacArthur, whom Hearst was supporting vociferously.

Hearst and Marion would be making no fewer than three trips to Los Angeles in the first part of 1942, starting with the one Marion mentioned to her nephew Charlie Lederer on January 7:

Did not want to telephone as I know you are busy [at MGM]. Arriving LA Sunday night [the 11th] for few days & will telephone.

Willicombe brought Bill Hunter up to speed the next day, Thursday, January 8:

Chief is going down to Los Angeles Saturday night [the 10th] on the same train he took last time [in November 1941], and will be at [the] Beach House the same time Sunday night.

Will you kindly take care of him Sunday night the same time as before—at Beach House—getting there around 7 p.m.

Also will you get to Beach House at 11 Monday morning [the 12th] to hold the fort until I get there about noon. Thanks.

Willicombe made the usual arrangements beforehand, as in these words for the *San Francisco Examiner* on Thursday the 8th:

Chief going to Los Angeles Saturday night for about [a] week. Meantime, send Sunday papers and succeeding dailies until further notice to Chief at Santa Monica as usual.

Ella Williams got a more detailed briefing at her home address in Westwood—from Willicombe:

Chief and Marion are going down Saturday night arriving at Beach House Sunday night shortly after seven o'clock. They expect to be down about a week.

Please have three Tanner cars meet train [at] Glendale seven-twenty Sunday night.

And please notify Connie [Constantine Fox]. They will want dinner of course Sunday night as on last trip.

Rose [Davies], Mr. [Victor] Erwin and Kay English in party.

Also will you kindly arrange for opening of the switchboard. Mrs. [Estelle] Forsythe and Mrs. [Hazel] Woodland are coming down to operate it.

And will you kindly arrange for them to stay at Beach House. The room that [the Al] Bergers had near telephone room would be fine. Al not coming.

Mrs. Forsythe and Mrs. Woodland will come down on train with us and one of them will go direct to Beach House to take care of Sunday night service, then they will divide the days, beginning Monday, as before.

Hunter will be on job Sunday night. I will be there Monday.

By the way, we are sending check tonight for that old telephone bill, so that company will have no kick. Thanks.

Hearst and Marion heard from Carole Lombard in Van Nuys on Friday the 9th, right before they left Wyntoon to head south:

Dear Marion and W. R.: Regret terribly cannot appear at Hospital this time as I am leaving for Indiana on government defense rally. Please call on me anytime as I should love to serve.

That same day, January 9, Ray Van Ettisch of the *Examiner* had for Willicombe a “copy of [the] letter Gov. [Culbert] Olson sent yesterday to Miss Davies”:

“I have just been advised by Brigadier General Joseph O. Donovan, the Adjutant General of the State of California, that you have turned over the Marion Davies’ Foundation Hospital in Southern California to the First Medical Battalion, California State Guard.

“I understand that you have also made available all of the facilities and equipment so that we can use these facilities as a State Guard war base hospital.

“As Governor of the State of California and on behalf of the people, I want to thank you for this splendid contribution in making this hospital available to the Guardsmen whose sole goal and main objective is to aid and protect life and property during our present war emergency.”

On January 9 as well, an editorial by Jose Rodriguez in Los Angeles touched on what was afoot with the State Guard campaign that Hearst and Marion were promoting:

The California legislature faces the urgent obligation of decisive promptness in making up its mind in one way or another to support the California State Guard.

The Japs themselves will not hesitate at all about THEIR decision to bomb coast cities, coast industrial plants and coast objectives generally. . . .

We do not want to have to add to our "Remember Pearl Harbor" slogan another about "Remember Los Angeles," or any one whatever, based on the destruction of life and property on our coast, destruction which might have been largely prevented if California had been PROPERLY PREPARED.

Certainly, protection of the Pacific Coast is not going to receive any very great attention from the East.

The hasty, and more or less futile trip of Mayor [Fiorello] La Guardia to California and back to New York, is an indication of what we may expect in the way of aid and comfort from the Atlantic Coast. . . .

The California State Guard should be manned, equipped and officered to perform its function immediately.

Hearst's own words shed light on what his and Marion's imminent trip was all about—this from him to John Boettiger, publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, the sole Hearst paper in the Pacific Northwest:

We are compelled to go to Los Angeles for a ceremony but will be back here Thursday [the 15th].

More preparations were made that same Friday, January 9, before Hearst and Marion's departure; Willicombe to Hunter in Los Angeles:

Please tell whoever handles the matter to send Chief's [news]papers to [the] Beach House beginning with the Sunday paper [of the 11th] and continue until further notice.

Still more helpful on January 9 is this letter from Marion to the actress Seena Owen in Westwood that day:

I feel wonderful. So does W. R. We will be in L.A. soon for war work. I shall call you.

A bit of strategic news came along on January 15, with Marion's new role in mind; Hunter to Willicombe:

Please tell Chief that Major Nolan [of the State Guard] approved the designs and the materials for the two uniforms and the coat [cape] for Miss Davies.

In turn, Hunter had this question for Willicombe the next day, Friday the 16th:

Do you know where the Chief and Miss Davies want the two uniforms and the cape made?

A Saturday Symposium letter that Hearst published on January 17 captured the volatile passions of the day; its writer, named John Howard, was an Angeleno:

You have no doubt read the dispatches where the Japs intend to intern all white people in Manila. . . .

Ironically, it is strange to note that within a stone's throw of every airplane plant [in the Los Angeles area], there are acres of land under cultivation by Japanese, who are permitted to work days, nights and Sundays. Any one of them could toss a hand grenade far enough to hit one of these plants. Now isn't that just ducky?

The Mexican government has taken the necessary precautions to move the Japs away from the coast. What are we going to do about it? Ever since I was a boy, I have read in your columns of the "yellow peril" and your prediction has come to pass. Now is the time to put on the real pressure in your column. The leading papers carry the caption

“Remember Pearl Harbor.” The next [caption] will be “Forget Los Angeles—It Was Our Fault.”

Someone should sound a warning through the press and over the radio so that the local and federal authorities will do something about it before it is too late.

Hearst, of course, was the perfect man for the job in California. Other powerful publishers, such as Col. Robert McCormick in Chicago, could sound the alarm elsewhere in the country.

An undated item from January 1942 pertains to the few days at mid-month that W. R. and Marion spent in Santa Monica; she wired Constantine Fox upon their return to Wyntoon:

I left my hair band at the Beach House either in Mr. Hearst's room or mine. Would you please find it and send it up immediately.

“CHIEF INSTRUCTS ALL PAPERS to continue whatever is printable in pictures and text about Carole Lombard” (Willicombe to all editors on Sunday, January 18, 1942). Miss Lombard and her mother were among twenty-two people on a DC-3 that crashed near Las Vegas, Nevada, early on Friday the 16th; everyone on board had perished:

“Do not drop it at all [Chief further says]. She is not only immensely popular moving picture idol but she is popular heroine now, pronounced by the government as the first woman casualty in the war.”

The tragedy prompted a note of condolence from “Marion & W. R.,” a message sent over the teleprinter to Clark Gable in Encino:

Dearest Clark: I don't know what to say. I wish we could be of some help to you. Please try to bear up over this horrible tragedy. You have all our love & sympathy.

Bureaucracy and the need for a strong California State Guard mixed about as well as oil and water, as far as Hearst was concerned.

Charlie Ryckman weighed in editorially from San Francisco on Monday, January 19:

The deplorable stalemate in the State legislature over the California State Guard Bill should be dissolved by enactment of the measure designated as Senate Bill Number Two.

This measure was passed by the Senate nearly two weeks ago.

It would provide ten million dollars for the immediate support of the State Guard. . . .

The Assembly should refrain from further political machinations, and follow the simple, practical and patriotic example of the Senate by approving the measure.

That same day, January 19, Ray Van Ettisch expressed professional concern on behalf of the *Los Angeles Examiner*; this to Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon:

Chief said yesterday he thought some "outside papers" had made bigger and better play on Carole Lombard story than us. Would appreciate knowing which papers he meant, as we walloped all opposition here and in San Francisco pictorially and textually, with full pages of pictures every night and two pages of pictures-plus today. Sunday [the 18th] alone we devoted 21 columns to the story with a full page of pages-plus.

Van Ettisch was right. Willicombe got back to him the same day with a quick explanation:

Replying your message regarding play on Carole Lombard story, Chief says:

"O.K. Guess I was mistaken. The handling of story in coast papers has been great."

When Hearst and Marion were in Los Angeles a week earlier, she'd visited Charlie Lederer's set at MGM. *Fingers At the Window* was his directorial debut at age thirty, after ten years of screenwriting; *Fingers* was a mystery starring Lew Ayres, Laraine Day, and Basil Rathbone. Hearst knew that some photographs had been taken of Marion while she was on Charlie's set. He therefore asked Ray Van

Ettisch at the *Examiner*, "Can you print the best one in the *Pictorial Review* some Sunday?" Van Ettisch said he would. Hearst's promotion of Marion continued, even in wartime.

Bill Hunter had a follow-up question for Willicombe on Tuesday, January 20; old business now from the week before:

Am I supposed to do anything about the two uniforms and cape for Miss Davies? Am still holding the sketches.

It was Hearst himself who answered Hunter's query, likewise on the 20th:

Miss Davies wants her uniform and cape made. Possibly at [J. W.] Robinson's. Consult Miss [Marie] Pepi there. Size 20.

If Robinson's do not do uniforms Miss Pepi will recommend someone.

With regard to young Lederer's progress at MGM, Hearst sent Van Ettisch a detailed message at this juncture—the date was still Tuesday, January 20:

Pictures taken on Charlie Lederer's set received.

Kindly select photograph with all five [people] included.

Build story on Charlie Lederer.

This is his first job as director.

He has written wonderful scenarios for many successful pictures.

His dialogue is sure to be the finest and the studio is confident that his direction will be equally good.

He is the youthful nephew of Marion Davies, and she is immensely proud of him.

She visited his set recently and beamed upon him.

She informed Miss Laraine Day and Mr. Lew Ayres that she considered Charlie a positive genius.

The lovely little lady on the left of the photograph smiling so gaily is Miss Day.

The genial gentleman to the right is Mr. Ayres, who has done so much to make the Dr. Kildare series of pictures famous.

The young lady looking forward from this photograph is Pat Van Cleve, married to Arthur Lake, who renders Dagwood on the screen.

“Pat” is Marion’s niece.

“Charlie” is making a futile effort to repress Marion.

It can’t be done, Charles.

One of Marion’s best friends—if not her very best friend—was Carmen Considine Pantages of the old vaudeville family of theater owners (she’d married the son of her father’s main rival). From Beverly Hills, Carmen wired Marion at Wyntoon on January 21:

Marion darling, would have left tonight but developed a bad head cold. If it is better will leave Friday morning or evening [the 23rd] if the doctor gives his OK and there is no danger of giving it to anyone else. What luck when I am dying to get there. Love to you, Lorraine [Walsh] and Mr. Hearst.

Marion heard from another resident of Beverly Hills on Wednesday the 21st, namely, Gloria Vanderbilt:

I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you lend your name as patroness to Society of Motion Picture Artists and Illustrators who are presenting the first Hollywood Beaux-Arts Ball at Earl Carroll’s on Friday the 13th no less of February? All profits going to the American Red Cross. I and all our friends have accepted and we would be very proud to have you among us.

Marion soon said she’d be “very happy to accept.” A story slated for the *Examiner* that Van Ettisch ran by Willicombe for approval gives more insight into Marion’s resilience and charm at age forty-five. “Is this story by Bill Wickersham for Sunday Smart Set Hollywood page OK?” Van Ettisch asked:

“That’s easy,” grinned Joel McCrea when, on Paramount’s set for *The Palm Beach Story* [released November 1942], we questioned him anent [about] his most memorable Hollywood party. “It was one of Marion Davies’ parties and I shall never forget it as long as I live.

“At the time I was still in college and working as a lowly extra in Marion’s hit picture, *The Fair Co-Ed* [released October 1927]. I had heard of the party but, as a mere extra, never dreamed I’d be invited. However, I figured without Marion’s gracious compassion and democratic spirit.

“Always marvelous to everyone, she saw that I received an invitation. Needless to say, I was practically speechless. Immediately, however, a very serious problem arose. For I neither owned a suit nor had I ever worn one. I was about to rent one when, magnanimously enough, Charlie Farrell offered to loan me his.

“As an extra, I had seen a few film stars, but never so many at one time. In that most unforgettable party were Charles Chaplin, Marilyn Miller, Mary Pickford, William S. Hart and a hundred other top-notch stars. And reigning, like such a little queen, was Marion herself.”

Most likely the party McCrea recalled was at 1700 Lexington Road in Beverly Hills. The Beach House, despite what Louella Parsons said about it in September 1926 (see Chapter 2), wasn’t far enough along in 1927 to host such a function, even in the improvised way that Hearst was famous for. As to the clearance Van Ettisch sought (out of long habit in such matters), Hearst gave his permission the same day as the query, January 21, 1942.

As to Carmen Considine’s concern about less-than-shining health at the moment, Marion had a welcome reply for her, this on the 21st as well:

Just got your wire. Come on up as we all have colds. Would love to have you up as soon as possible.

Thursday, January 22, brought the question of Marion’s uniform for the California State Guard back to the forefront; Hunter to Willicombe:

Just a thought—does Miss Davies want Orry-Kelly [of Warner Bros.] to design the cape or let the man at Robinson’s do it?

2. Robinson's say measurements for uniforms are not taken the same as for an ordinary lady's suit, but are taken the same as for a man's uniform. Therefore they hesitate to make uniforms in size twenty and submitted two uniforms which they would like her to try for size. Am sending these with the pictures [the films for Wyntoon] to her at Dunsmuir tonight.

Hearst has been called a micro-manager. He surely was that where the sanctity of Marion's image and her welfare went; for Larry Mitchell, the Los Angeles attorney who'd been the paramour of Ethel Davies before she died suddenly in 1940, Willicombe had the following on Thursday, January 22, 1942:

Chief says remarks of announcer about Marion and Clinic [in Sawtelle, West Los Angeles] over KFI Friday evening [slated for the 23rd], received in your letter of 20th, are OK.

The Children's Clinic had already been converted to the Marion Davies War Work Hospital, less than two months after Pearl Harbor. Willicombe gave Ella Williams an update on that score the same day as his message to Larry Mitchell, January 22:

Our truck taking down to hospital tomorrow from San Simeon Friday 20 tents, 40 cots, 20 tables, 20 chairs and 40 pillows. Chief understands you have enough blankets. Truck should arrive about 5 o'clock.

Have told driver to see Lieutenant Brown.

Marion fibbed lightly on the 22nd in wiring Clark Gable in Encino when she encouraged him to go up to Wyntoon, saying, "There is no one here but W. R. and myself." For in wiring the minor actress Kay English at 321 Ocean Front that same afternoon, she had these words to say:

I am so happy that Rose [Davies] is pleased with the house. Nothing new [going on] except that Anna Boettiger and her husband [John] is here and Lorraine [Walsh], Pat & Arthur [Lake]. We miss you and Rose very much. Tried to get you on the phone but apparently you were not in.

Ray Van Ettisch at the *Examiner* provided more details on the 23rd about the radio broadcast that Larry Mitchell had written about earlier in the week; Van Ettisch told Willicombe:

Station KFI has a regular program nightly called "Nothing But Praise." Some person or institution worthy of a bow for humanitarian or other notable work is singled out and mentioned. Tonight Miss Davies and her Clinic are to be mentioned. It is KFI, 10:53 p.m., in case Chief or Miss Davies wish to tune in.

It developed on the 23rd also that Marion would, in fact, like to have Orry-Kelly design the cape that would accentuate her State Guard uniform. She wired the renowned designer that evening in Hollywood:

I want to thank you for the lovely sketches. Do you want them back? [Of] course I want to have some photographs made. Thank you very much. Lots of love.

The Friday night radio program on KFI led Van Ettisch to ask Willicombe about its suitability: "Please wire if this story for Sunday [the 25th] about Miss Davies' Clinic is OK to print and if we shall send to other papers":

Singled out for noteworthy recognition of her clinic for needy children, Marion Davies, film star, was honored Friday night on the "Nothing But Praise" program heard by the radio audience of K.F.I.

The tribute, given by the program's announcer David Starling, was the outgrowth of a study that had been made by Peter de Lima, the program's writer, of the Marion Davies Foundation Clinic at 11672 Mississippi Avenue, West Los Angeles.

Starling told his listeners at the outset—

"We spend these nights talking about people who are helping to make the Southland a better place in which to live—people and institutions doing things of which we can all be proud—which make us want to throw our hats up in the air with enthusiasm—which give us a little lump in the throat to think about."

He explained that it was just one of the many activities of Miss Davies that had drawn his attention, an activity that has resulted in her Foundation Clinic becoming recognized as “one of the country’s truly great clinics for children.”

His audience was told how Miss Davies started the Clinic 14 years ago [1928] to provide medical attention for the children of war veterans who otherwise could not get the care they needed, and how through the years more than 100,000 children have received treatment in a beautifully equipped building housing the finest laboratory and technical equipment that money can buy.

Starling continued:

“In 1940 alone, twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-six [12,586] children, from homes whose parents could not afford to pay for treatment elsewhere, received much-needed medical, surgical and dental care. These children, up to sixteen years of age, came from West Los Angeles, Palms, Santa Monica and areas in that vicinity.

“Here, at the Marion Davies Foundation Clinic, they received skilled, sympathetic attention from a staff of specialists—each one of whom volunteers a great deal of his time to this fine humanitarian organization. The Clinic’s chief of staff is the newly appointed Dr. Ned Miller, long associated with the work of the Clinic. Dr. Miller is one of those doctors whose competence and knowledge stands out all over him—one of those doctors it makes you feel better merely to look at, when you’re sick.

“And the men of his staff are all like that—all intensely interested in the work of the clinic, all whole-heartedly in accord with the aims and ideals of Marion Davies, who, after fourteen years of thoroughly unselfish and enthusiastic leadership and support, still actively participates in all that the clinic does.

“These are the doctors who take care of nutritional disorders among many of the underprivileged, provide general medical care for hundreds of others, special orthopedic treatments for those requiring them, who maintain the eye, ear, nose and throat and the x-ray departments—and the all-important cooperative home visits.”

Describing the success of the Clinic in saving children's lives Starling described one letter a grateful mother wrote Dr. Miller, and said:

"She wrote pages to show she realized there was nothing she could say—until finally it was plain to anyone who could read that she was not saying thanks with words but with tears of gratitude. . . .

"I can't think of a finer service to one's fellow men than the service that the Marion Davies Foundation Clinic has been rendering to children throughout these years. And so, tonight, I'd like to present one of this program's biggest and rarest bouquets, made up of the flowers of appreciation and praise, to Marion Davies, with a special salute to her for many fine and generous deeds."

JOSE RODRIGUEZ AND CHARLIE RYCKMAN kept editorializing about the matter of "the greatest urgency" that the California State Guard amounted to. Hearst himself aimed higher with the proselytizing he did through his daily column, "In the News." He was now publishing the column in the Sunday papers as well as the regular Monday through Saturday editions. For Sunday, January 24, he led off with "The War in the Pacific is not only the most serious situation that confronts the Allies, but it is the only phase of the war which is now vital":

Hong Kong of course has fallen to the Japanese.

Singapore is being more menaced every day.

The Malayan Peninsula is being absorbed by the constant advance of the Japanese armies, even as the prey of an anaconda is steadily drawn into the python's distended jaws. . . .

The Japanese flood has reached the very doors of Australia.

The Japanese advance toward the complete conquest of the Pacific is proceeding not only on schedule, but ahead of schedule. . . .

Hidiki Tojo, Premier of Japan, lately addressing the Japanese Diet, declared that Japan intends to fight until the United States and the British Empire are "brought to their knees."

Perhaps, friends and fellow citizens, we would better prevent that happening by realizing the importance of the Pacific situation before it is too late.

The Hearst attorney Henry S. MacKay Jr.—known as Heinie MacKay—wired Joe Willicombe on January 26:

Please tell Chief [that] at his request place of meeting has been changed from San Francisco to Los Angeles for February twenty-fifth Board [of Directors] meeting, at same hours. New notices being air mailed by [Larry] Mitchell.

Evidently Hearst and Marion were killing two birds with one stone: they had more “war work” to do in Los Angeles, and thus they’d be staying briefly at the Beach House again for the second time in the winter of 1942. Before they left for the long trip south, Marion heard from Louella Parsons, who wrote on Tuesday, January 27:

Marion darling:

I am enclosing a letter from Tom Geraghty [the screenwriter]. It is such a sweet note that I am passing it on to you. I would have sent it a long time ago but getting out a column and reviewing pictures has been just about all I can do. I am feeling wonderful again. I am as good as new—I hope.

I have thought of you many times and hope to see you very, very soon. I am going to call you up one of these evenings and have a talk.

I don’t know any news. We are all just jogging along trying to do our part.

Love to you and W. R.

Marion scrawled a heartfelt reply at the bottom of Louella’s letter: “I adore Tom Geraghty,” she said. “Give him my best love when you write to him. Please come up soon. We miss you.”

Geraghty’s letter to Miss Parsons was merely dated “Sunday”:

Obviously, this is not for publication or repetition:

Last night I saw for the first time *Citizen Kane*. Frankly, the entire conceit was like a nasty little urchin enviously throwing wet snowballs

at an illustrious philanthropist in top hat . . . technically, it was loud, screaming radio stuff.

But today [Sunday, January 25?] I read that lovely story of Marion Davies . . . another unselfish, magnanimous contribution to humanity . . . so typical of her.

And today I received a cheerful, thrilling night wire from *one* Lieut. [Douglas] Fairbanks [Jr.], who gave up an enviable career and brand new family . . . without being drafted.

And tonight, I was wondering to what army or naval station I could address a letter to 26 year-old Orson Wells [Welles], to pass him a left-handed compliment and wish him well.

That's how I feel at the moment.

All the best, always, to you and your favorite "Doc" [Louella's husband, Dr. Harry Martin].

A year after the *Citizen Kane* affair had boiled over in Hearstdom, the matter was still touchy when it came up, however rarely that may have been. Ella Williams queried Willicombe at Wyntoon on Thursday, January 29:

The *March of Time* feature [Time Inc. newsreel] is released through R.K.O. Is it okay to ask them for it, and if so, may I also ask them for features [movies]?

No, the ban still applied; and you'd have to think that Willicombe was surprised that Bill Williams had raised the question at all; he let her down gently:

Thanks for message regarding feature [the newsreel]. Never mind it. Do not see how we can ask anything from that outfit. Kindly forget it.

Hearst's column for Sunday, February 1, was dedicated to the late screen star who'd been killed two weeks earlier:

The death of Carole Lombard was not the only great loss that the country sustained when the T.W.A. plane crashed into Double Up Mountain on the 16th of January.

There were fifteen capable and highly skilled transport pilots of the ferry command on board the ill-fated—or the ill-managed—plane, in addition to the plane pilot and his co-pilot. . . .

There are some half dozen committees investigating the causes of the accident—although the immediate causes of the accident can in the nature of things never be definitely known, and the general and actual cause of all the accidents, since the government took over the management of the air lines, will not be investigated and will not even be mentioned in whispers at any meeting of any investigating committee.

Why?

Of course, folks, you do not have to be told.

Because the politicians are doing the investigating, and the politicians are not going to besmirch THEMSELVES.

Did you ever hear of a verdict rendered by politicians AGAINST politicians? . . .

So, folks, we must not look for any report from any political committee in regard to the T.W.A. airplane disaster which blames the politicians.

Probably the pilots will be blamed.

They make good scapegoats—and besides that, they are not here to defend themselves. . . .

No, there will be nothing that reflects on the politicians in the report of the investigating committees.

There will be a scapegoat found, and it will probably be the pilot in charge of the plane, who had only had some 13,000 hours of faultless flying to his credit—probably the longest and best record of any flyer in the airline service of the nation.

It is safe to blacken his name now.

He is dead.

Hearst appended a long letter from David L. Behncke, president of the Air Line Pilots Association, with whom he'd corresponded periodically for several years. Behncke's assessment was similar to Hearst's:

So far as the cause of the accident on January sixteenth is concerned, it will in all probability never be known, for the only people who actually know what happened are the pilots of the ill-fated craft, and they are dead and all their aboard-plane records are destroyed. . . .

Merely blaming the pilot will not solve air line accidents nor increase air safety. Thorough and scientific independent studies of accidents, free from all influence whatsoever, by a strictly independent air safety board might not solve them all, but it will solve all which are humanly possible to solve.

Behncke's wire also said, "The pilots would certainly be in a bad spot when the going really gets tough without a friend like you." He added:

You have stood in there and battled with us for years, taking the good with the bad, the happiness with the disappointments, and you are still in there pitching without a letup.

Behncke concluded by saying, "My only hope is that when the war ends, if not sooner, it will be possible to re-establish the Air Safety Board."

The subject was a sensitive one for Hearst and especially for Marion. They'd done a lot of private flying in previous years; Hearst's oldest son, George, was still a pilot; and the Lord and Lady Plunket tragedy at San Simeon had occurred just four years earlier, almost to the month.

THE TURNAROUND—the resurrection, really—that the Hearst empire experienced during the war years came earlier than later. Stability (measured by the number of papers the company owned and maintained) had been achieved by the end of 1939. Nineteen forty was a good year; so was 1941; the current year would be even better; and so the trend would continue: upward, with increased financial soundness.

Hearst's message of February 4, 1942, to Gorty (J. D. Gortatowsky), his head of operations in New York, bespeaks wartime privation and rationing but also the prospect of success and prosperity:

We should not sell the Chicago-Pittsburgh color press [which served both cities], or any color press or any possible usable equipment, because our papers are growing and need always more equipment and some of this can certainly be utilized. Especially when no other equipment is obtainable. Moreover the use of color is growing and the use of color inserts is growing. We may need some sort of Sunday booklet at any time. Let us exercise our mind[s] in employing all equipment, not in disposing of it.

Meanwhile, the California State Guard crisis remained unresolved, as a Rodriquez editorial pointed out on February 8:

The most fantastic satire of comic opera cannot match the incredible jumble in[to] which the California Legislature has thrown the entire problem of managing the State's internal defense. . . .

California is a theater of war, officially so designated. Industrially and economically, and geographically, it is a front trench in the Pacific war.

California cannot depend on the parliamentary debate in the Legislature for protection.

California needs an adequately trained, fully equipped, properly commanded, mobile, ever-present and hard-hitting State Guard.

Marion heard from Gloria Vanderbilt's sister on February 9—from a woman named Thelma Furness (who'd once been the mistress of the Duke of Windsor):

Dear Marion: You are an angel to be a patroness for the Beaux-Art ball at Earl Carroll's on Friday the thirteenth for the American Red Cross. So disappointed you are not in town to attend. It's our loss but you can help us this way. Would you be guest hostess for a group of U.S. privates? Do you prefer soldiers, gobs [sailors] or marines? The tickets are \$10.94 each.

Jose Rodriguez editorialized about the State Guard yet again, this time on February 11, a submission that won Hearst's large-scrawled "OK" in the upper right corner of the cover page and that was meant for both *Examiners*, Los Angeles and San Francisco:

California is the advanced base of democracy on the Pacific.

California is highly vulnerable to espionage and sabotage of all kinds. Its internal defenses are slight, inadequately trained or equipped.

California's State Guard, properly organized and armed and in sufficient numbers, would guarantee the peace and safety of industry and civilian life.

Give us this Guard, you debaters in Sacramento, if only to safeguard and prolong your leisurely enjoyment of parliamentary polemics while this country fights for its life.

Hearst kept abreast of the film industry at the same time that he produced his daily column, maintained his editor-in-chief role, and attended to numerous other responsibilities. The teenaged actress Susanna Foster, who'd gone to Wynton in 1940 to sing for Hearst and Marion, had starred opposite Jackie Cooper in a Paramount production late in 1941; she earned kudos from the Chief on February 13 after he and Marion saw her latest effort:

Your picture, *Glamour Boy*, is delightful and you are wonderful in it.

The whole cast is excellent and the direction admirable. A director [Ralph Murphy] with a fine sense of comedy is rare.

The picture is a perfect example of wholesome, cheerful entertainment, especially valuable in these troublous times.

Hearst wired Ray Van Ettisch at the *Examiner* the same day, February 13, about the new film he'd seen:

Can we give Paramount *Glamour Boy* a color page? It is good and wholesome.

It has Susanna Foster and Jackie Cooper in it, also a clever boy actor, and some good comedy.

Van Ettisch's reply on February 14 showed what a well-oiled machine the Wyntoon-Los Angeles connection could be, all for the perpetuation of the morning *Examiner* as the leading daily in Southern California in a year like 1942:

Preparing color page on Paramount's *Glamour Boy* for your approval as directed.

Two days later—on Monday, February 16—Hearst went after Winston Churchill again; this in his "In the News" column for Tuesday the 17th:

Mr. Winston Churchill has made his speech to the [House of] Commons [on February 2].

He has talked himself into power, but he cannot talk himself into victory.

Mr. Churchill's whole record is one of retreat—and defeat.

The defeat at Gallipoli [Turkey] is his outstanding achievement in the last war [in 1915–16], and his retreats and defeats in this war are too numerous and too well known to need enumeration. . . .

Mr. Churchill is being retained in power by the English, notwithstanding his incompetence, because he has succeeded in dragging the United States into England's European entanglements and in making the United States the buffer, the "solid foundation," in a world conflict, and the victim of England's and Mr. Churchill's individual "mistakes" and "misfortunes."

Hearst's fearlessness and brazen outspokenness was not only habitual and ingrained, it stemmed also from his financial success, which was gaining steam from the minute the forties decade dawned. He heard rousingly from Bill Baskervill of the Hearst Baltimore papers on February 17:

Your *Baltimore Sunday American* [is] first newspaper in [the] South to achieve quarter million of circulation.

Net sale Sunday [the 15th] was two hundred fifty thousand one hundred twenty-six [250,126].

When Hearst replied, he said challengingly and encouragingly to Baskervill: "Quarter of a million circulation Sunday is fine but it is nothing to what you are going to get with such a fine paper." The Monday through Saturday version of the Baltimore paper was called the *News-Post*, one that Hearst was focusing on with the "Buy a Bomber" campaign he'd started soon after Pearl Harbor. Even in 1942 dollars, the figures he was aiming at were blinding, as conveyed by Willicombe on February 17:

Supplementing earlier message today to publishers and editors, Chief instructs:

"I wish the following five papers would set their goals in the 'Buy a Bomber' campaigns each one at \$20,000,000, and thereby make certain our raising the grand total of at least \$100,000,000 for bombers, namely, *New York Journal-American*, *Chicago Herald-American*, *Baltimore News-Post*, *Los Angeles Examiner* and *San Francisco Examiner*."

Hearst was paying equal attention, as always, to the film industry, making it a daily part of his newspapers' style and format; thus the following message from Ray Van Ettisch at the *L.A. Examiner* to Willicombe on Wednesday, February 18:

We have already made but unused these cinema color pages approved by the Chief:

The Jungle Book—a Korda production.

Reap the Wild Wind—a Cecil B. De Mille production.

Because the *Pictorial Review* color Sunday, March 8, will be on California defense, a special for San Francisco and Los Angeles, will the Chief indicate which of the above cinema pages we should send to Sunday papers outside of California for March 8?

We have in hand but not yet made these cinema color pages:

Twin Beds—an Edward Small production.

Brooklyn Orchid—a Hal Roach production.

Dudes are Pretty People—a Hal Roach production.

Willicombe got back to Van Ettisch in Los Angeles the same day, February 18:

Replying to your message about cinema color pages Chief says you may send either *The Jungle Book* or *Reap the Wild Wind* to papers outside California for March 8th—whichever one you choose.

He further instructs to use *Brooklyn Orchid* as soon as possible.

Chief says further:

“We are not going to use as many cinema color pages hereafter. We find that big pictorial pictures like [Douglas] MacArthur are more promotable and beneficial—whenever we can get them.”

MacArthur was indeed high on Hearst’s list as 1942 got fully under way. William Wren of the *San Francisco Examiner* wired Willicombe on Thursday the 19th about that very subject:

INS [Hearst’s International News Service] offers what it describes as excellent biography of General MacArthur by Bob Considine. This runs about twenty installments. *Los Angeles Examiner* plans to use it and so do we if Chief approves.

The Chief approved right away, as Willicombe told the troops across the country that same day, February 19:

Chief says biography of General MacArthur entitled “MacArthur the Magnificent” released by INS in 20 installments is OK for any paper that wants it.

The recent mention of MacArthur must have influenced the “In the News” column filed by Hearst on the 19th for Friday morning the 20th:

Why in the name of Valhalla, the heaven of heroes, do we Americans NOT support General MacArthur?

Why do we not reinforce him with ships and planes and men?

Surely, not all of our Navy was destroyed at Pearl Harbor.

One battered cruiser—survivor of the Pearl Harbor wreck—has straggled into San Francisco.

Send that, if nothing better, to the aid of MacArthur [in the Philippines].

And so on through a full-length piece devoted to the general that Hearst saw fit to deify, as many did in 1942. He concluded with “We have not a George Washington to bring us through our modern experiences of Valley Forge—but we have a Douglas MacArthur.”

HEARST’S SATURDAY SYMPOSIUM for February 21 included a letter addressed to him at San Simeon, an assumption of his whereabouts still seen after Pearl Harbor, not just before that event; the writer’s error aside, his letter made its point succinctly:

Ever since I was a little boy, I have read editorials in your papers warning the United States of the “yellow peril.” I learned to read about 1898 and if memory serves me correctly, you have been warning the people of America that some day the “Japs” were going to cause us trouble. They have done it.

If you were to adopt the tactics of some of your columnists, it would be only human for you to say: “I told you so.”

War was good for business; a fact of newspaper life. Hearst had known as much since at least 1898. Willicombe to the *New York Journal-American* on February 19:

Chief has noted contents of both your day letters [telegrams] this date regarding Pearl Harbor feature, and says:

“I think the full feature should be run and fully promoted. These features, if properly promoted, make circulation.”

Circulation, in turn, made revenue through increased advertising rates; another fact of newspaper life, a crucial one, a vital one.

The next day, February 20, Hearst’s sporadic role as a Hollywood impresario was at the forefront again. John Considine Jr., a producer at MGM, wired the Chief from Beverly Hills:

Dear W. R.: Deeply appreciate your consideration. Believe Clark Gable ideal man for role we discussed. Would appreciate your opinion. Informed my cousin Bob [Considine] of your compliments [about "MacArthur the Magnificent"]. Naturally he was delighted. Carmen joins me in love to Marion and yourself.

Clark Gable's only role during the early wartime years was the Jonny Davis he played to Lana Turner's Paula Lane in the drama *Somewhere I'll Find You*, released in September 1942, a month after Gable enlisted in the Army.

The names MacArthur and Considine came up again that day, February 20, when Joe Willicombe wired Joe Connolly at King Features Syndicate in New York:

Chief asks if you can get permission through War Department to make moving picture of life of General MacArthur, stated portion of proceeds to go to MacArthur family or to anything he desires, scenario to follow [Bob] Considine's story very largely. Chief, of course, has no financial interest.

Hearst and Marion would soon be making their second trip in as many months to the Beach House; Willicombe to Bill Hunter in Los Angeles on the 20th:

We are leaving Sunday night [the 22nd] for Santa Monica. Will you kindly be there when Chief arrives early Monday night same time as before [in January] with any accumulated editorials, telegrams, etc.

Also, please be there at eleven Tuesday morning [the 24th] until I arrive. We will work on same basis as before as much as possible.

We will be there only four days, Chief says.

2. Please remind Bill Williams [Ella Williams] last picture show here will be Saturday night [the 21st], also to have picture and operator at Beach Monday night, etc.

3. Tell Connie [Constantine Fox] Mr. [Henry S.] MacKay and Mr. [Martin] Huberth will be there at seven-thirty Monday night by appointment and probably for dinner.

The striking thing about such messages—of which the annals contain many—is the orderly, methodical way in which these short trips were planned, at least from Willicombe's standpoint. The degree to which Hearst made such movements spontaneously or off the cuff seems limited; again, on Willicombe's part it was all done like clockwork, with a crisp and precise air about it, almost as if he were making good on being the Colonel (an honorary title only).

Another noteworthy point: the speed with which the party could move from Glendale, through the low divide at Los Feliz, and out to the shoreline at Santa Monica—it could be done in a matter of minutes in those days of minimal traffic; Willicombe to Hunter once more on February 20:

Better have couple of Tanner cars meet party at Glendale seven-twenty Monday night. Check with [Ella] Williams to be sure not to duplicate order.

The ease of someone's getting across town in 1942 is more apparent in Willicombe's message to Heinie MacKay in Los Angeles, likewise on the 20th:

Train is scheduled to arrive Glendale seven-twenty Monday night so that party should reach Beach House if we are on time shortly before eight.

That kind of timing would be hard to match today, except in the utmost dead of night.

Willicombe's arrangements are always fascinating to track; they make it distinctly possible to visualize the Hearst party in motion and Hearst himself at work; Willicombe to the *San Francisco Examiner*:

We leave for Santa Monica Sunday night February 22. Please switch papers and everything there beginning with issue of Monday the 23rd. Sunday papers should come here [to Wyntoon]. Will let you know when we return.

A similar message went to Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Further insight into Hearst's working style and methods can be gained from yet another message of Willicombe's dated February 20, this one to the attorney and trustee Clarence J. Shearn in New York:

Chief says he will see you and Martin [Huberth] Tuesday in Los Angeles [at the Beach House]. He had planned to leave here Monday but has changed it to Sunday night so that he will be able to meet you Tuesday, and is sorry he cannot get away earlier.

Still more arrangements and details: Hunter reminded Willicombe on Saturday, February 21, that since Monday was a holiday (Washington's birthday, observed on the 23rd in 1942), "the picture [movie] operator will cost \$22.20 for that night." Hunter added, "You will recall when Chief was down here last [in January] he said, 'We would better omit Sundays and holidays.'"

Willicombe wired his agreement to Hunter that same day, the 21st, "to omit the moving picture Monday night." He also wired Martin Huberth, who was westbound on the Santa Fe *Superchief* from Chicago, that "Marion and Chief would like you and anyone with you to stay at Beach House" while Huberth was on the coast.

The latest Rodriguez editorial on the California State Guard (intended only for the *Examiners* in Los Angeles and San Francisco) didn't have far to go for approval; Ray Van Ettisch produced a print-out that could literally be walked to Willicombe's desk in the L.A. Railway Building, catty corner to the Examiner Building at 11th and South Broadway; the date was Tuesday, February 24:

The latest move to rescue the California State Guard from the fumbling and paralyzing clutch of the Legislature's politicians will take the form of an initiative measure. . . .

If all goes well, and the required 212,000 signatures [are] collected, the issue will be placed before the voters at the Aug. 25 primary.

That much downtime invited a good dose of Hearstian sarcasm, which Rodriguez knew how to deliver:

It is fervently to be hoped that enemy agents, spies and saboteurs will be sporting enough to dissolve their own organizations and cancel their plans until Aug. 25, when the new State Guard may be authorized by the people. . . .

The obvious benefits of the proposed State Guard measure are, nevertheless, considerable.

Paranoia and near-hysteria were standard then. A typical headline, this one dated February 21, announced "State Must Expect Jap Invasion Try, Olson Says." The Governor (a Democrat) was quoted as saying:

Any one who believes that the Japanese will not attempt to seize, or destroy, or at least cripple our coastal cities and defense industry areas is totally blind to realities.

Lying close ahead was the federal order to remove all persons of Japanese ancestry from the western parts of California, Oregon, and Washington.

By the sheerest coincidence, the wee hours of Wednesday, February 25, while Hearst and Marion were in Santa Monica for the second time in 1942, found the couple experiencing the so-called Battle of Los Angeles, which no one, layman or historian, has adequately explained to this day. Marion's animated recollection of the event in 1951/1975 can scarcely be missed: her words serve as a chapter opener near the end of *The Times We Had*:

I was at the beach house when we had the raid. We thought it was the Japanese, and the guns were going like mad. I was having a dinner party. All the lights in the house went out, and I jumped under the table. I crawled on all fours and tried to turn on the lights, and my own watchman rushed in and said, "Turn out those lights!" He brutalized me. "There's a raid going on—the Japanese are attacking us."

W. R. was up on the upper top balcony of the beach house watching the raid. Bullets were going over his head, shells were flashing like mad, and you never heard so many guns in your life. It lasted for half an hour. People were fainting.

There was firing all up and down the whole coast. I heard that two Japanese planes were shot down.

Well, it was terrible.

Marion's paragraphs partly explain the erroneous belief that she and Hearst were in Santa Monica or at San Simeon when Pearl Harbor was attacked, eleven weeks earlier. A related belief has it that they quit the Beach House in February 1942 in favor of San Simeon briefly and then went from there to Wyntoon.

The couple did nothing of the sort, of course, as we've seen from recent chapters.

There'd be no such beliefs if not for the Battle of Los Angeles; moreover, there'd be no such beliefs if not for Swanberg and of course Marion herself having placed the couple at San Simeon on December 7, 1941. It gets confusing, even baffling. Several well-meaning people, armed especially with *The Times We Had* and its histrionics of February 25, have inferred that Santa Monica-San Simeon-Wyntoon was the sequence of the couple's movements at this point. Or that San Simeon-Santa Monica-San Simeon-Wyntoon was the sequence. Either way, though, not so, unquestionably not so; the sequences from late in 1941 through this first part of 1942 were simply Wyntoon-Santa Monica-Wyntoon, on a total of three occasions thus far. A fourth instance lay a few weeks ahead, in mid-April.

HEARST AND MARION stopped at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco on their latest return to Wyntoon, bypassing San Simeon of course in the process. War was very much the subject of the moment when Hearst received the latest word at the Fairmont from the *New York*

Journal-American, pertaining to Douglas MacArthur; the date by now was nearly a week after the Battle of Los Angeles—Tuesday, March 3:

Have the complete testimony of General MacArthur before the House and Senate Committee while he was Chief of Staff [1930–1937]. It contains material which I think you would want us to develop especially if General MacArthur is made Commander in Chief of Pacific as it gives his idea of how the nation should have been prepared and how war should be fought.

Hearst devoted some of his front-page columns to Japanese history and similar subjects during these early months of 1942. His audience followed suit, as in this wire from a man in West Hollywood on March 6:

Dear Mr. Hearst: As an interested reader of your “In the News” may I urge you to recommend that the federal government along with the State of California employ the Japanese evacuees in raising guayule rubber substitute on our arid lands in California and in [the] Antelope Valley? Japanese are skilled agriculturalists and could raise rubber on a quota basis with penalties provided for falling under quota. Let them supply what they have taken away from us.

Douglas MacArthur became more and more of concern to Hearst as March unfolded; Willicombe to all publishers and editors on Friday the 6th:

Chief requests that you make a strong, sustained crusade Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9–10–11, to have help sent to General MacArthur [in the Philippines].

It sounded like a replay of the Spanish-American War as Willicombe elaborated upon Hearst’s ideas:

He asks that you use color on the first and the last pages of the first section, varying it each day—maybe flags the first day, eagles the next, and so on.

Further details were set forth, all of them aimed at comprising “sufficient variation to make the display effective.”

On its own militant note, the Hearst papers’ “Buy a Bomber” campaign was making tremendous headway. Hearst told Tom White, one of his top lieutenants, that he did “not want to give up getting money for the Treasury Department,” and he did “not see why they [the Treasury] should want to give up getting the money”:

We get nothing out of it except the consciousness of being of real help.

Nothing has awakened so much enthusiasm as the idea that the people are contributing their money for the purpose of building bombers.

I think if we are given further encouragement by the Department, we can raise in this way at least half a billion dollars, maybe a billion dollars.

That ought to be worth while, and we would like to do it.

If any contrary words or thoughts intervened in that first week of March, they were dispelled by the emphatic statement Willicombe made for Warden Woolard at the *Los Angeles Examiner* on the 6th, the same day that he provided all the other papers with “general instructions” in the MacArthur situation:

Under all the circumstances, Chief has decided to run the MacArthur crusade Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

But as Alice Head once recounted so tellingly of Hearst’s way with travel, we have to be ready for last-minute changes on the journalistic front too; Willicombe on March 7, a message sent to the editors of all the Hearst papers (mostly mornings) that were poised to launch the MacArthur crusade on Monday, March 9:

Chief is postponing for day or so the aid to MacArthur crusade which was instructed to start Monday. Hold for release.

Willicombe got everyone attuned on Sunday, March 8, to the latest strategy:

It has been decided to confine the aid MacArthur feature to one issue instead of three issues as originally planned in message of the sixth.

Therefore Chief instructs to print in issue of Tuesday, March tenth, on back page of first section, the following editorial under the headline "Aid for MacArthur," and with red-white-and-blue patriotic decoration, consisting of eagle spread across top of the page and American flags on cross standards draped on both sides of page.

The unsigned editorial, either written by Hearst or at least bearing his trademark revisions, began with "Send ships to MacArthur now" and continued with dozens of short, punchy paragraphs written in the English pep style that Hearst had adopted in the early thirties, a style ranging from the platitudinous to the profound, depending on the sentence (most pep paragraphs were single sentences, although some were surprisingly long). "Write, telegraph, go to Washington," the editorial concluded:

The soul of Valley Forge, the soul of Gettysburg call to all American from the fox-holes of Bataan—and that call is:
"Send ships to aid MacArthur now."

COULD HEARST REALLY have been building in 1942, even on a tightly reduced scale? He may have been—tinkering, at any rate—although Mac McClure would be spending the summer as an F. C. Stolte Co. draftsman on a job near Susanville, California, leaving Hearst in the lurch so far as new ideas and plans went. There were plenty of existing sketches and drawings to go on, though; and having an old-time woodcarver like Romolo Rizzio of San Francisco on the job no doubt helped to keep Hearst, soon to be seventy-nine, feeling engaged, vital, creative, productive. On March 9, he heard from Charlie Rounds of the Bronx warehouse:

Replying telegram am sending all available photographs of mantels and other item[s] [of] similar nature in storage in 1938 or subsequently

shipped to Wyntoon as I have no information covering recent installations.

“Recent” could be as recent as 1941; and on a minor scale, some other work along these lines would soon be as recent as 1942, although a clear picture of what Hearst was currently up to—and of how much he was able to accomplish without Mac McClure at his beck and call—is hard to come by for this first part of the wartime years at Wyntoon. In contrast, in 1943, with the return of McClure and based on some input of Julia Morgan’s that carried over from the later part of 1942, a better glimpse of Hearst the incessant builder is possible.

In Beverly Hills, the Benedict Cañon house (around the corner from the larger house at 1700 Lexington Road), remodeled in 1939 by Morgan and Frank Hellenthal, was now part of the Hearst-Davies toehold in greater Los Angeles.

(It was also the house where Ethel Davies had died in 1940.) The Benedict place was modest in the extreme, seemingly unfit for either king or queen, yet its place in the pantheon was secure. In 1942 there may already have been an idea at work that would reach fruition early in 1943: that of using 910 Benedict as a more manageable, more affordable alternative to the cavernous Beach House, much as Wyntoon offered similar advantages when compared with San Simeon. No residence, not even a temporary one, could fill the bill for Hearst and Marion without a provision for showing movies; and thus Ella Williams to Joe Willicombe on March 10, 1942:

The Breck people advise [that] the machines at 910 Benedict Canyon are in pretty bad shape. Will cost roughly about \$80 each to put them in first-class condition.

They need new gears, some case parts, all the sprockets and movement parts and lens holders.

They are not the latest type machines. However all the equipment that has been added to this type of machine since it was made can be put on these machines for about \$175 each.

Breck advises that with the \$80 overhaul job on each machine they should run two or three years without further repair, but to make the latest type machine out of them would cost an additional \$175 each.

The Benedict Cañon house was the one that, during the remodel of 1939, had absorbed parts of the Cosmopolitan Bungalow after its removal from Warner Bros. in Burbank and its return through Cahuenga Pass to the Westside, this time coming to roost on the Fox Hills lot at Twentieth Century-Fox, two miles south of 910 Benedict. Morgan and Hellenthal had added a screening room to the Bungalow in 1934, right before it was uprooted from MGM in Culver City; the old projection equipment that Bill Williams was describing may have come from that room.

That's an easy assumption to make. It's a good deal harder to decipher a message from Hearst to Charlie Rounds in New York during this period in 1942; it reads as follows:

Very anxious to conclude exchange of furniture with Miss Davies. Everything was selected to make an equal exchange and I would like the transaction completed promptly. Please answer.

2. Another matter I would like completed is the exchange of Oriental material and such from the ranch for mantels which we need at Wyntoon. This was all settled in detail but the mantels have never arrived. Kindly speed this up.

The "Oriental material" equates with the Oriental Collection in Julia Morgan's Pacific Coast Register, an unitemized group of Chinese, Japanese, and other Asian works that Hearst's mother had owned. The significance here is that Hearst foresaw exchanging the Oriental Collection at its appraised value for that of antique mantelpieces—an exchange made possible through the mantels' classification as W. R.

Hearst Personal versus, say, American Newspapers Inc. Beyond that, the details defy unraveling in the absence of further records.

It's easier to tangle with something like the following instead. Hearst's Pittsburgh paper, the *Sun-Telegraph*, reported back to Willicombe regarding the current MacArthur campaign; it did so on Thursday, March 12:

[The rival] *Pittsburgh Press* carrying today front-page, two-column measure editorial answering Chief's editorial "Aid for MacArthur." It has earmarks of being Scripps-Howard national release but am informed by New York it's not in early editions of *World Telegraph* [the evening *New York World-Telegram*]. Therefore it may be local to Pittsburgh. Do you wish me to air mail it [to Wyntoon] or put it on telegraph [teleprinter] wire? Makes about eight hundred words.

With his hackles well raised, Hearst shot back an impassioned reply, later on March 12:

No, I do not want [*Pittsburgh*] *Press* editorial. *Press* is not mad about our helping MacArthur. It is mad about our general progress. Please make it madder.

Hearst and Marion weren't alone in cultivating a martial spirit at this juncture in 1942; from Beverly Hills, Lorraine Walsh wired her good friend on March 14:

Dearest Marion: Am taking first aid and have three more lessons before my examination. Then I'll come up and cure all ails. Also have lost ten pounds so I can regain it at Wyntoon. It is certainly dull here and [I] will come up soon. Love to you and Mr. Hearst.

It's by fragments and snippets like the foregoing that a sense of the period and the people within it can be gained; Ella Williams in Los Angeles to Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon on March 16:

This is just to remind you that there is no one cleaning the Beach House.

Fair enough. What next? Warden Woolard, second in command in Los Angeles, alerted all Hearst editors on Tuesday, March 17, as follows—a good example of the *Examiner's* expediting role for the seventeen newspapers around the country:

Mr. Hearst instructs editors to play up the MacArthur story in all its phases, also making the biggest possible pictorial spread.

He wants the papers to go overboard on the story even if it takes three or four extra pages.

He says he doesn't care what the editors do so long as they make a big display of the story and pictures.

Half a notch higher than Woolard at the *Examiner* in Los Angeles was Ray Van Ettisch, whom Hearst had word for on the 17th as well, addressing what by now was a familiar subject:

Illustrated State Guard features should run in the news pages [toward the front of the paper] and they need not be full pages but just strong features.

Hearst killed two birds with one stone in his column for Thursday, March 19—he used the Pacific Theater as his backdrop and, along with that, provided words to the greater benefit of Douglas MacArthur:

The transfer of General MacArthur to Australia is the most intelligent and the most universally satisfactory thing that the Federal Administration has done in the whole course of the war. . . .

The transfer of General MacArthur from the Philippines was made in response to insistent popular demand and the enthusiastic reception of the General's promotion to a more important, although not more patriotic, duty.

It must reveal to Mr. Roosevelt the advisability of heeding the public judgment rather than that of Secretaries [Frank] Knox and [Henry] Stimson, or the other courtiers of his cabinet.

Acting on his own judgment, Mr. Roosevelt promoted Admiral [Husband] Kimmel to Hawaii over the heads of 40 other officers

superior in rank and service—and the result was the Pearl Harbor disaster.

Hearst lightened up in other work he did that same day, March 18; this to Abe Merritt at *The American Weekly*, the equivalent in 1942 of today's *Parade* magazine in our Sunday papers, yet often with a risqué kick to it:

Juliette Compton is well known screen actress, began as [Ziegfeld] Follies girl, and has had quite [a] career on stage.

Her divorce case is very interesting and amusing—now being conducted in Los Angeles.

Her husband, James Bartram, wealthy Englishman, is eccentric to say the least.

He has passion for appearing in women's clothes, and some of the photographs in evidence are amusing. . . .

I think the case would make [a] good feature.

Was there a difference between the Hearst of the 1940s and that of the 1880s or 1890s? No, just the passage of fifty or more years, that's all; same man, same sentiments, repeatedly, predictably—and often effectively.

Louella Parsons wired Marion from Beverly Hills on Thursday, March 19:

I will be at meeting next Tuesday [the 24th] with my hair in a braid and do all I can to help. Just tell me General Davies what you want me to do and I will carry out your orders to the letter. I am yours to command. Am taking a table at [the California State Guard] Military Ball [in Hollywood] April 15. Love to you and W. R.

Below her friend's signature, Marion scrawled a reply for the telegrapher to send:

Dearest Louella: You are a peach. I'll try to make the meeting if I am better. I have been ill with [an] infected tooth & the other old trouble. Lots of love.

Hearst heard back from Abe Merritt at *The American Weekly* the same day as the Parsons-Davies exchange, March 19:

[Juliette] Compton case funniest I have seen for years. Been working on it with eye to double page.

THE STATE GUARD retained its place in Hearst's editorial pages as March progressed. Jose Rodriguez in Los Angeles addressed the subject for his home-base *Examiner* and its counterpart in San Francisco:

The frivolous and purblind attitude of the California Legislature toward the State Guard is producing the inevitable reaction.

At first it was adverse opinion and well-founded criticism that condemned a deliberate diminution and dilution of the State's internal defense.

Now it is FACTS and EVENTS that reveal and emphasize the Legislature's capricious toying with a vital matter.

The facts are exceedingly simple and beyond question:

California is a theater of war, in an advanced and exposed position. . . .

This points to the immediate and pressing necessity to resurrect our abused State Guard, give it the arms and the training and the mobility to look out for California, while the Army and Navy take care of the enemy and the police departments take care of crime.

Then, and only then, can California look forward to events with a reasonable degree of confidence and security.

That same day—Friday, March 20—Marion wired Florence Carrington, whose husband, Dick, was the publisher of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

My dear Florence:

Will you be so kind as to preside as vice-chairman for me at the Executive Committee meeting at the State Guard Hospital Tuesday?

I am in the hands of the doctors.

Indeed, if I could get to Los Angeles and could come to the Guard Hospital [the former Marion Davies Children's Clinic in Sawtelle], it would probably be as an inmate.

I have an infection of the jaw which is distressingly inconvenient and incapacitating, and which seriously interferes with my usual volubility [ease of speech].

I would not be able to address the meeting nor verbally to thank the Committee for its interest and attendance.

Will you kindly, therefore, do this in my behalf?

And I know you will do it better than I could.

Please ask them to inspect the added facilities we have provided for the Hospital, and kindly beseech them to exert their utmost efforts to make the Military Ball of the First Medical Corps of the California National Guard a great success [on April 15], as the useful work of the Hospital is increasing every day and further facilities are urgently needed.

Florence Carrington replied to Marion the next day, Saturday, March 21:

Dearest Marion: So sorry to hear that you have an infected jaw and hope that you are feeling much better by now. I will be very happy to preside for you as vice-chairman at the meeting on Tuesday, although it is impossible for any one to take your place. I know all the Committee members will be extremely sorry that you cannot be with us.

In accordance with your wire we will inspect the added facilities that have been provided for the Hospital and I will be most happy to tell the Committee of your great desire that everything possible be done toward making the Military Ball a huge success.

Robinson's have promised to have my uniform ready for Tuesday and I will be very proud to wear it. Love and best wishes for your speedy recovery.

Hearst's other publisher in Los Angeles was Dr. Frank Barham, who had charge to the evening paper, the mostly blue-collar yet highly lucrative *Herald-Express*; Barham's wife, Arline, wired Hearst directly on March 22, expressing sentiments that were widely held at the time:

Dear W. R.: Do you like this Japanese situation? Do you see why they should not be in [a] concentration camp? Why let them run loose? Can't you do something about this? Kindest regards.

With regard to California matters, Hearst kept his main focus on the State Guard; on March 23 he prepared an outline for yet another editorial, sending it to Ray Van Ettisch in Los Angeles and to Van Ettisch's counterpart, Bill Wren, in San Francisco:

I think this State Guard matter ought to be straightened out and can be.

At present each party is using it politically, and probably both the Legislature and the Governor think they are getting some benefit out of the situation; but the State is getting no benefit. . . .

The war situation has developed to a point where the need for a State Guard, and a competent State Guard, is very obvious. . . .

The situation is simple.

All that is needed for its solution is sincerity.

Following the meeting in Sawtelle on March 24 that Marion couldn't attend, she heard from some of those on the Executive Committee; Conchita Pignatelli was among them:

We all missed you very much at the meeting today. It went off beautifully. Distressed to hear about your illness. Take care of yourself. Let me know how you are getting along. . . . Remember me to W. R.

Both Jose Rodriguez and Charlie Ryckman took a crack at an editorial Hearst outlined on the 24th; Rodriguez's submission was quickly approved and ordered to the first page, possibly for the next morning's editions:

The State does need a proper Guard.

The State can get it, if the Governor and the Legislature will only get together on a basis of right and reason.

It seems totally unnecessary to point out that patriotic considerations ought to be predominant at this time.

If the Governor sincerely wants an efficient State Guard, and does not merely want to play politics in regard to it, he should at once call the Legislature into session and clearly state his position.

Marion's condition during late March resulted in several get-well messages from friends in Los Angeles; Ann Sullivan in Beverly Hills was one of them; she wired Wyntoon on Wednesday the 25th:

Dear Marion: So disappointed not seeing you [at the War Work Executive Committee meeting]. Get rid of the bug and come down for the good of the Army and your pals who love you. Regards to W. R.

Lorraine Walsh also wired on March 25:

Dear Marion: The meeting went off grand. Everyone missed you. Am selling tickets for the benefit [the Military Ball on April 15]. Will you be here for it? Hope you are feeling well by now. Love.

Marion thanked Mrs. Walsh on the 26th for her "lovely wire" and assured her, "I certainly will be at the benefit even if I am on crutches."

The next day, March 27, Bill Hunter sent word to Wyntoon about Hearst and Marion's preferred dentist:

Dr. Brownson leaves Los Angeles 7:00 o'clock Saturday morning [the 28th] by plane arriving Medford [Oregon] 12:18 noon.

He asks that you arrange for Miss Davies to meet him in McCloud on his way to Wyntoon; also that he may want to use the gas machine at the hospital and suggests that you have the doctor at the hospital there Saturday afternoon. He will not know until he gets there whether or not he will give her gas.

More about Douglas MacArthur on the 27th; this from the *New York Journal-American* to Hearst:

George Rothwell Brown [in Washington, D.C.] is working to make MacArthur Day a national holiday. He suggests June thirteenth which is forty-third anniversary of MacArthur's appointment to West Point from Wisconsin. Also that we start national holiday campaign with editorial

in *Milwaukee Sentinel* pointing to MacArthur as a native son and asking recognition of heroism by Wisconsin Congressmen.

The prospect of a film about MacArthur had come up earlier in the year, on February 20; now it was back on Hearst's radar, with Willicombe mentioning the subject anew to Joe Connolly of King Features Syndicate in New York; this on Sunday, March 29:

Chief asks would it be OK to submit MGM propositions to make General MacArthur's life in picture? No action required from him [the General] except permission to proceed, \$250,000 to go to his family or to any purpose he desires. Chief has no financial interest or personal interest.

MacArthur's name came up in another capacity the next day, March 30, in a message from Van Ettisch of the *L.A. Examiner* to Willicombe:

When date is decided for national MacArthur Day our plan is to have Westlake Park renamed MacArthur Park by [the Los Angeles] City Council. Originally there were Eastlake Park and Westlake Park. Eastlake was renamed Lincoln Park and now Westlake can and should be renamed for an American hero, as there is no longer a Westlake district—it's now Wilshire—and the name Westlake means nothing.

Since the prospect of the MacArthur movie had already come up, Joe Connolly at King Features sought clarification, which Willicombe provided on the 30th:

Replying your day letter [telegram] this date, Chief says:

"This is the same picture [as first mentioned on February 20]. The payment to MacArthur would be \$250,000. That should be stated [in any dealings with him], don't you think?"

The whole episode recalls what happened in the wake of Charles Lindbergh's historic flight in 1927. Hearst, backed in part by MGM, made a generous offer to the young aviator—a film contract worth half a million dollars. Lindbergh politely yet firmly rejected the offer.

Would MacArthur do the same, fifteen years later? That was a question of the moment, one left dangling for us by the archives containing these fragments and clues.

A long message from Wyntoon to the attorney Larry Mitchell is dated March 30, 1942, and is signed (in teleprinter text) "Marion Davies"; the wording and phraseology is Hearst's, however; very likely, he composed the message and sent it to Mitchell on her behalf:

The two hundred young people whom you have selected will be fine as a "Cooperative Committee."

They should have a chairman and two vice-chairmen and a secretary and a treasurer and a board of directors, the board composed of not more than twelve.

The two hundred should be divided up into companies of about twenty-five, and each company allowed to select an officer who would rank as a lieutenant.

These selections must be more or less permanent, as the girls should not be called upon to get uniforms for purely temporary positions.

The Cooperative Committee of two hundred will of course be permanent and should be very valuable.

I do not think specific tasks should be assigned to each company, because sometimes the whole Cooperative Committee will want to be working on some specific thing like the ball [the Military Ball of April 15], or the securing of ambulances, or the providing of hospital equipment or hospital supplies, according to situations that may develop.

There may, however, be occasions when one company will be assigned to one task and another company to another.

Meetings can be held at the Hospital, I suppose.

If not, facilities will be provided.

Larry Mitchell had a related matter to run by Hearst the next day, Tuesday, March 31:

Mrs. [Florence] Carrington said that Mrs. Lawrence Tibbetts was at the Hospital today and evinced considerable interest. Would Miss Davies

consider her as a member of the Executive Committee? Mrs. Carrington says she thinks she would be a good worker.

The annals contain no answer—a common situation in this historical realm of bits and pieces and fragments. Still, a few words can often say much, as these do from Hearst to Louella Parsons on March 31:

Please help us get stars at the State Guard Ball [on April 15], and please give Marion's efforts some help in your column.

Other institutions seem to get help, and we feel neglected.

Miss Parsons answered Hearst the next day, April 1:

Please don't feel neglected. We are all working hard. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck is bringing a list of stars [that] I am publishing tomorrow. Thought it better not to mention stars all at once. I have bought a table [at the Ball] and if necessary will take another one. Have been on the telephone all morning. Harry Crocker, Harrison Carroll, Lynn Spencer and I are trying to get Glenn Miller's band and if we do the \$1.00 tickets, which are harder to sell than the more expensive ones [for \$3.00], will go like hot cakes.

A related message from Parsons went to Marion at Wyntoon the next day, April 2, a Thursday:

Marion dear: Talked to Mrs. [Louis B.] Mayer and she is inviting Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Lana Turner. Will break [the news] Tuesday morning [the 7th] at her request. Think it would be nice if you would wire Virginia Zanuck 546 Ocean Front and Mrs. Mayer 625 Ocean Front. They have both been so wonderful about getting stars for us. Love.

With Easter Sunday approaching (April 5 in 1942), Parsons had another message for Marion on Good Friday, the 3rd:

Happy Easter darling. Will you and W. R. be our guests April 15 [at our table at the Military Ball]? We have asked about 15 movie stars. Sorry I cannot send you an Easter lily but you are too far away. Much love.

Parsons had more to tell on April 7 about the Military Ball, which was now just eight days away:

Dear Marion: Claudette Colbert, Sonja Heinie [Sonja Henie], Dan Topping [and] Judy Canova lined up for your table. I [also] have Hedy Lamarr, George Montgomery, the Robert Youngs, Gracie Allen, George Burns, Sally Eilers, Cesar Romero and possibly the Jack Bennys, Dorothy Lamour and Randolph Scott. Better let me know just how many other people you have so that we will have room.

Altogether you and I have 40 places. Will put most important stars with you. Have asked our guests to come to 619 North Maple Drive [the Parsons home in Beverly Hills] first. It is nearer Hollywood Pal[l]adium. Love.

Marion herself was getting out the word on April 7 about the big event of the coming week; she wired John and Anna Boettiger in Seattle that day:

Dear John and Anna—We are having a big Military Ball in Los Angeles on April fifteenth. Your presence would give distinction and grace to the occasion. Will you attend as our guests? I am going to make a speech. That alone should be worth the long trip.

Marion also wired Dick Carrington and his wife in Los Angeles:

I would greatly like to have you both as my guests at my table at the State Guard Ball. You know, Florence, we have to carry the colors over the ramparts together. We better be giving each other courage.

In addition, she wired Cary Grant at 1018 Ocean Front in Santa Monica:

May I invite you to be my guest at my table at the Military Ball at the [Hollywood] Palladium the evening [of] April fifteenth? I have asked Barbara [Hutton] and hope you will bring her.

For Joe Willicombe, April 7, 1942, found him getting the word out about Hearst and Marion's fourth trip to Los Angeles since the fall of 1941; these lines went to Bill Hunter:

Chief and party leaving Saturday night [the 11th] same train [as in January and February] arriving Glendale Sunday night seven-forty.

Please have same number Tanner cars meet them.

And will you take care of Chief at Beach House Sunday night. . . .

Have asked Miss [Ella] Williams notify Connie [Constantine Fox] and arrange Beach House staff, etcetera. Please check with her.

Willicombe checked with Miss Williams himself on the 7th, wiring details to her about the pending arrival:

Chief and M.D. party same as last time leaving Saturday night same train, arriving Glendale Sunday night seven-forty. Have asked Hunter for cars at station. Please notify Connie they will arrive Beach House shortly after eight o'clock, and arrange cook, maid, etcetera. Will let you know if Mrs. [Estelle] Forsythe or any other telephone operator going down.

Willicombe had more for Bill Hunter about Santa Monica, whose film-screening capacities were evidently as deficient as those at 910 Benedict Cañon in Beverly Hills:

Replying to your message about movie projection equipment etc at Beach House Chief said tonight—

“Let us get along with the equipment we have—repaired and renovated.”

This means the \$80 and \$50 in original message and eliminates the modernization idea for \$225—that is out definitely. Total cost now \$130.

In the meantime, pending Hearst's departure, more on the State Guard through Jose Rodriguez, editorializing on April 7 both for the *Los Angeles Examiner* and its sister paper in San Francisco:

The now familiar but yet unheeded cry for an adequate State Guard in California is being taken up by American Legion Posts with every indication that the Legion as a whole will soon swing its weight into the movement.

Los Angeles Post No. 8 has resolved, and the County Council approved, that the Governor and Legislature take immediate action to set up a proper Guard "without delay or bickering," and has petitioned the California Department of the Legion "strongly to reaffirm its stand for an adequate Guard."

Hunter had a question for Willicombe on April 8, sent from Los Angeles to Wyntoon:

The last time the Chief came in [February] we had three cars at the train, one for the Chief, one for the bags and the rest of the folks came down [to Santa Monica] in the third car.

Is this arrangement O.K. for Sunday night [the 12th]?

Willicombe's take on things was as follows—a reply he sent Hunter that same day, April 8:

I should think one car for Chief and Miss Davies and Miss [Mame] Edwards—and one car for valet, maid and secretary with bags should be sufficient. They could hire taxi additional if necessary for extra baggage.

Louis B. Mayer's sister, Ida Mayer Cummings, wired Marion at Wyntoon, likewise on the 8th:

Learned that you will be in Los Angeles April 15 for the Military Ball, we hope you will honor us by appearing if only for a few minutes, at an important meeting of our auxil[i]ary which takes place that same afternoon.

On April 9, Cary Grant got back to Marion about the Ball the following week:

Dear Marion: Thanks so much for your kind invitation for the fifteenth but I expect to be out of town on a similar benefit that night and though I know Barbara would have loved to come her little boy returns home that very evening after a three months' absence. We both regret we cannot join you but it was very kind of you Marion and we do hope to see you soon, with love to you and good wishes to Mr. Hearst.

With Hearst and Marion's departure drawing near, Willicombe took care of the usual details a day or two in advance; this to the *San Francisco Examiner* on April 9:

Chief going to Los Angeles Saturday night [the 11th], planning to return next Thursday night [the 16th]. Please divert papers to Los Angeles.

Will not require the papers at Wyntoon from Sunday to Thursday inclusive; but they should be resumed Thursday night [for delivery on Friday].

Marion also had a message to get out on April 9; this to Larry Mitchell in Los Angeles:

Please appoint Mrs. David Hearst to head of the Hospitalization Committee made vacant by resignation of Mrs. Doctor [Clarence] Moore.

Ida Mayer Cummings had further word for Marion on April 10; the two had obviously communicated over the past couple of days:

Regret so much unable to change date of luncheon meeting for Wednesday, April 15th. It is regular luncheon meeting. Expect 500 persons. Bulletins and publicity already out. Meeting begins at 1:30, closes at 3:30. Can you not come early enough to make appearance if only for five minutes? You will make us all so happy.

Hearst filed his "In the News" column for Monday, April 13, on the 11th, before he and Marion left Wyntoon:

The cold, hard logic of events is beginning to bring home to even the most unimaginative mind the plain fact that the vital issues of this war are going to be fought out and decided on the seas and shores of the Pacific Ocean. . . .

The onslaught of the Japanese upon Occidental civilization will not wait.

It must be met and stopped in the Pacific.

It must be met and stopped now.

At this juncture, some further words from Marion's memoir can be cited, although she took liberties with the timeline in saying that what follows occurred during "the last part of the war," what with "In the News" not extending past the middle of 1942:

I started staying up most of the nights, and sleeping most of the days. W. R. was working on his column, and practically the whole night long he'd be up in his rooms [in the Brown Bear house at Wyntoon], writing.

It would be broad daylight when he finished working, and we'd go look at the [McCloud] river. It was a beautiful place.

We didn't talk about his column. I never knew what he was writing from one minute to another. I don't think he knew either until he got himself closeted up.

No less when Hearst was in Los Angeles in mid-April than when he'd been at Wyntoon, the issue of the State Guard was put before him; another editorial by Jose Rodriguez began as follows on April 14, the day before the Military Ball at the Hollywood Palladium:

The powerful voice of California's American Legion has been added to the popular demand that Governor Olson call a special session of the Legislature to settle once and for all the dangerous and now disgraceful controversy over the State Guard.

"The American Legion's demand is just and proper," Rodriguez concluded. "It is not based on political influence of any kind":

In fact, it is an eloquent plea to adjourn petty politics, to get down to cases, to do away with petty quibbling and meet the emergency with selfless, constructive energy.

AFTER THE HEARST PARTY returned to Wyntoon, Ella Williams wired Marion there on Monday, April 20, with news of the previous week's success:

I thought you might like to get the gross and net figures on the Military Ball.

The gross to date is \$11,968.29. Out of this they have paid the Palladium \$3,194.70, leaving a net gross of \$8,773.59. Still about \$400 to come in.

That's not all that was still to come in. Rita Hayworth, photographed with Hearst at the Military Ball in what's believed to have been the Chief's last public appearance, had got raked over the coals in *The American Weekly*. Miss Hayworth endeavored to play nice in confronting the matter directly on April 20:

Dear Mr. Hearst—I wish Adela Rogers St. Johns had talked with me before she wrote the story. Louella Parsons knows the truth. Unfortunately my case has yet to come up. Kindest regards to Miss Davies.

Miss Parsons had strong feelings in the matter. She spoke her mind to Marion the same day—at virtually the same hour—as Rita Hayworth's message to Hearst:

The story about Rita is entirely untrue, believe me. I will tell her what you said. She is not to blame in any of her matrimonial troubles. I know both sides. It is too bad that that and other things have appeared in *The American Weekly* about our friends. Love.

Parsons was sticking her neck out. *The American Weekly* was dear to Hearst editorially and financially, a pet property of his and a strong performer on the corporate P & L sheets. But what to do about its scurrilous tendencies, its trend toward *National Enquirer* bodice-ripping, long before such publications proliferated? Hearst, ever the optimist (and perennially wide-eyed in such matters, not remembering that mortals rather than geniuses worked for him), had addressed the matter in general with Abe Merritt, editor of *The American Weekly* on April 19, the day before Miss Hayworth's gentle protest came in. Hearst had told Merritt:

After talking to Mr. [Mortimer] Berkowitz believe we can print interesting articles on Hollywood leading figures in *American Weekly*

which will be agreeable and in no way offensive. This plan should help circulation and also advertising.

While if we print scandals merely we must arouse considerable antagonism. Am going to try to offer you some pages [ideas] that have high order of interest and story value without any disagreeable reaction.

The machinery was in motion promptly. The next day, April 20 (coinciding with the Hayworth and Parsons messages), Ray Van Ettisch was on the alert at the *Examiner* in Los Angeles; he told Willicombe then:

American Weekly magazine has scheduled for Sunday, May 3, a page feature on divorce troubles of Errol Flynn and Lili Damita. In view of Chief's phone call to Woolard last night with new instructions regarding such Hollywood features, Chief may wish to have [Abe] Merritt sub[stitute] page if possible.

Hearst had to eat crow in replying to Rita Hayworth on the 20th; his chivalrous streak made him truly regret having offended her:

Am distressed to have anything printed which is displeasing to you. I did not see the page before publication but the best preventive is to ban all such articles, which I will try to do.

On the prospect of the Flynn-Damita page coming up in *The American Weekly*, Hearst opted for the substitute page that Van Ettisch suggested. Hearst elaborated on the situation on April 21 for Abe Merritt in New York:

We are killing Errol Flynn page in Los Angeles. You can run it elsewhere if necessary. We have to live with these people in Los Angeles and it is difficult to do so if displeasing features are run. They handicap us, not only personally and individually, but in access to studio news and in studio friendliness, which sometimes means advertising.

I realize that pleasing features or at least inoffensive features are more difficult to secure, and depend more on the ability of the writer than [the] faculty of human understanding, but I think that the lives and deeds of Hollywood people are so interesting to the public, and

their personalities so glamorous that stories about them of an agreeable character can be obtained which will be not sloppily interesting but vitally interesting.

It made a good mission statement, surely. Now, if only Hearst could straighten out Governor Olson on the State Guard and, while he was at it, FDR on General MacArthur's progress in the Pacific Theater—that plus a hundred other things he could think of accomplishing before sunrise.

12

The Way to Solvency

1942–1944

HEARST AND MARION weren't in Los Angeles or Santa Monica again until December 1942, and then only briefly while en route to Mexico. Hearst's birthday, April 29, fell on a Wednesday, exactly two weeks after the Military Ball; they observed it at Wyntoon, evidently without much fanfare. Except for a quick trip to San Francisco in September, the couple stayed put at Wyntoon throughout the second half of 1942. San Simeon remained quiet during that stretch, as did the Beach House, with each place being cared for by the smallest of staffs.

The year as a whole was scarcely uneventful in Hearst and Marion's lives. Yet so the months ahead could easily be portrayed, there being little to say about Santa Monica or its grander counterpart, San Simeon, some 200 miles up the coast. Consequently, the secondary, the tangential, at times even the wholly unexpected needn't be avoided here, any more than in previous chapters. It's so often all we have to go on, about all we can delve into for the next two and a half years in our chronology. Which is to say it was late in 1944 that Hearst and Marion called San Simeon home again for the first time after April 1941, as recounted in Chapter 10. We've since moved a few more months along the timeline in Chapter 11. The present chapter will cover a much longer stretch—the two and a half years just mentioned—the ones lying between April 1942, with its Military Ball in Hollywood, and November 1944, when the entourage returned to San Simeon during the holiday season. At least for our purposes it was a move that put

Hearst and Marion geographically closer to Santa Monica (in fact, they would never be at Wyntoon again, from the end of 1944 onward).

Back to the spring of 1942. The Military Ball, three weeks in the history books as of May 6, was the subject of a long wire to Hearst at Wyntoon from Harry Crocker on that date; Crocker's message was sent from Los Angeles:

It was repeatedly explained to [Major] Nolan [of the State Guard] that Glenn Miller came to coast to make pictures only and had National Union permit only to do so. Union here demanded that if he play at Military Ball we engage local band also. This we got waived. Miller's fee for a single appearance is twenty-five hundred dollars. This he gave up for Miss Davies.

The sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was explained to Nolan as the local union tax on Miller's performance and cannot be rebated.

Understand Andrews Sisters and manager back in town. When they return their check [for nine hundred dollars] it will prove that Military Ball received thirty-four hundred dollars worth of entertainment for two hundred and fifty dollars.

When Andrews check received will wire you as I feel personally responsible for entertainment end of Ball as well as for other arrangements but have found it exceedingly difficult to make Nolan understand theatrical end of things.

Hearst had passed the two-year mark with "In the News" earlier in 1942. At the time of the Military Ball in April, followed by his birthday the same month, he showed few signs of slowing down or of changing direction. By May and June all such bets were off: a third year of the daily column simply was not to be. He could still editorialize (and did) through his papers. And yet to keep cranking out a column every day (or more often every night or very early in the morning) was unquestionably too much. Besides, what may well have been his foremost purpose—that of rallying his troops and spit-shining them into better performances than they'd ever thought possible—had

sufficiently served its purpose. The momentum he generated before the U.S. entered the war was now fully in gear through the war's unfolding on its own; Hearst could sit back and go for the ride, at least in part, at least more than he had all through 1940, 1941, and the early months of the current year.

Word got out that he was laying down his pen (or thick pencil, in his accustomed case). *Editor & Publisher* magazine in New York heard from Hearst on June 8, 1942:

Thanks for the inquiry.

It is gratifying to know that you have realized that the column is now filled with good news instead of my conventional comment.

No, I have not permanently discontinued the column.

At least, I do not think I have.

In fact he *had* discontinued "In the News" or very soon would, within a matter of days. As he further told *Editor & Publisher* in that same message of June 8:

But there is so much editorial and general executive work to be done on the various publications during the war period, that it is difficult for me to find time to write a regular column.

Tell the folks not to indulge in any premature rejoicing however.

I might resume any day.

Not quite a week later, orders from Joe Willicombe to all editors put the matter in more definite terms; the word went forth on Saturday, June 13:

This is modification of the instruction regarding handling of commendatory messages on MacArthur Day celebration, to be exchanged with other papers and carried in issue of Monday the 15th.

As Chief's "In the News" column has been discontinued, of course the messages cannot be printed in exactly [the] same manner as the "I Am an American" Day similar messages [that appeared in "In the News"].

So Chief instructs to print [the MacArthur items] in the regular news columns with adequate display.

Ten days later, on June 23, Hearst was coming off a stay-at-home vacation, an absolute rarity for him. Joe Willicombe gave some key details in wiring E. D. Coblentz at the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*:

Chief appreciates your kind off[er] to take care of editorials while on vacation.

He says however that he will take over the editorials again, starting at once.

So will you kindly tell the INS and the people in the East to send editorials to Chief beginning Wednesday [the 24th] in the same way as before matter was diverted to you.

WHILE HEARST BUSIED HIMSELF with editorial matters, Marion focused on fund-raising for her former Children's Clinic in Sawtelle, now renamed the Marion Davies War Work Hospital, whose direct beneficiary was the California State Guard. The first outdoor event held in its behalf during the war was slated to take place in Sawtelle; but then the event was moved to the Hearst-Davies house at 910 Benedict Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills instead. Either way, things were summarized by Marion's old friend Marie Glendenning (spelled Glendinning in *The Times We Had*), who wired on Monday, August 10, 1942:

The Garden Party was marvelous. A great tribute to a great little lady. All love darling.

Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner* had more specific details for Willicombe that same day, August 10:

Stars at Garden Revel were Dorothy Lamour, Rita Hayworth, Anne Shirley and Marsha Hunt, Eddie Cantor, Gene Autry and Bob Hope. Does Chief wish men used in Sunday movie sections, or just the women? We plan to use: Lamour next Sunday [the 16th]; Hayworth,

August 23rd; Shirley, September 6th; and Hunt, September 13th. Is this program O.K. with Chief and does he wish us to send to other Sunday papers?

Hearst, rather than Willicombe, answered Van Ettisch later on the 10th:

Proposed layouts for women in the Sunday papers OK as per your telegram today.

Please make pictures striking and beautiful and ask that they be used in all cities.

Picture the men in the immediate daily papers—

Eddie Cantor Wednesday [the 12th], Bob Hope Thursday, Gene Autry Friday. Articles brief but highly flattering.

The prestige these events could command seemed almost boundless. On August 26, Marion heard from a man in Beverly Hills with a proposal:

Believe can arrange giant benefit [for] your Hospital Foundation with Benny Goodman [and] Lionel Hampton orchestras at Casa Manna. 100 percent box office proceeds to Foundation. Should net three to five thousand dollars. May I phone to discuss matter with you?

Another instance of fund-raising—stemming from the new Fox movie *The Pied Piper* that starred Roddy McDowell and Anne Baxter—led to Marion's wiring Darryl Zanuck's wife, Virginia, on August 29; Mrs. Zanuck's address was 546 Ocean Front, a few doors south of the Beach House in Santa Monica:

I will present the check here [at Wyntoon] to any authorized agent and the incident can be photographed. I am planning a connection of special importance to the nursery [at the War Work Hospital] and if successful the plan should be worthy of great promotion.

There's ultimately no separating Marion from Hearst in such matters as these. What she got interested in, he took interest in, with the opposite also being true; Marion confirmed this trait several times

in her memoir. Thus when Louella Parsons wired Wyntoon on September 3, 1942, she addressed Hearst directly:

Pied Piper opening great success. Miss [Ella] Williams has check for Marion's Hospital twelve hundred fifty [\$1,250]. Twentieth [Century-Fox] added extra two hundred fifty because of your cooperation. Meeting this afternoon with Commander Bolton and Mrs. Zanuck to arrange Wyntoon visit [to] get Marion's picture accepting check for nurseries . Glad everything worked out so well. Love to Marion.

Virginia Zanuck also wired Wyntoon about *The Pied Piper*, likewise on September 3; her message went directly to Marion:

Just wanted to report that the premiere was a huge success due mainly to the support of the *Examiner* and [the] *Herald-Express* which you made possible. In behalf of our organization [the War Work Committee] I want to thank you and Mr. Hearst.

In regard to your telegram I have gone into the matter completely with your representative Mr. Larry Mitchell who is following through with Commander Bolton and who will no doubt report to you direct.

We can discuss this matter further when Louella and I take advantage of your kind invitation in about two weeks. We would like to come sooner but my plans are being held in abeyance until I know what Darryl's plans will be. Love.

In the midst of these August–September messages, Marion received word from her sister Rose indicating that all such efforts by the War Work Committee were truly a family affair. They were efforts that wouldn't have existed in quite the same way in 1942 had there never been a Marion Davies Children's Clinic in Sawtelle for the past decade and more. As Rose told Marion:

Mr. Stone of May Company Wilshire Boulevard has called me to relay the message to you that he would like to offer you and your committee workers a room with running water and conveniences for making bandages accommodating 150 persons at the May Company Wilshire. He prefers you to Red Cross. Will you let us know. Love.

OCTOBER 1, 1942, brought a bit of discouraging news about the Santa Monica property; Bill Hunter in Los Angeles to Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon:

[Bill] Newton says Weddle, the gardener at the Beach House is quitting and going to work at the Douglas [Aircraft] plant [at Clover Field in Santa Monica] Monday.

He will put in a few hours a day at the Beach House until you can get somebody else.

The Douglas facility cropped up coincidentally in a message of October 20 to Hearst, sent to Wyntoon by a man in Santa Monica:

The fire now raging at Malibu beach might with a change of wind sweep Santa Monica and the aircraft plant. It is the height of folly to use antiquated methods of fire fighting with thin little streams of water playing on blazing mountains. We must have a pumping station in the [Santa Monica] Bay area that can pour the water of the Pacific at any disastrous fire that threatens our war plant.

Will you use the offices of your great chain of papers to further this project and will you remind the American people that twenty years ago General William Mitchell [Billy Mitchell] showed us how to fight forest fires by planes. We must follow him in spirit and enterprise. Yours for victory.

Unbeknownst to the sender no doubt, Hearst still had some minor real-estate holdings close to the fire area. Not in Tuna Canyon, where he'd once thought of rebuilding the "Mount Olive" monastery and which acreage he'd sold to the Los Angeles Athletic Club in recent years, but rather along the Las Flores beach frontage, at the east end of Malibu along the main coast highway.

BILL HUNTER, in running a question past Joe Willicombe on October 29, 1942, used what must have been the casual or shorthand name for the War Work Hospital in Sawtelle (the former Children's Clinic):

The State Guard Hospital asks when the thirty-six surgical gowns were sent down—[they say] that they have no record of receiving gowns from Miss Davies recently but may be able to locate them when they know the date shipped.

A message from Willicombe to Larry Mitchell in Los Angeles, sent from Wyntoon on November 1, also touched on a hospital matter:

Chief wishes to get an iron lung for the Clinic from proceeds of last benefit. He thinks they cost around two thousand dollars.

2. Also he reminds me that you are to have a public accountant keep track of the funds from benefits and other sources and their expenditure.

3. And he wishes you to arrange with *Examiner* and *Herald-Express* [the publishing of] articles telling about treatment of children of Navy personnel at Marion's Clinic. He says the papers have not made enough of that important development.

On a related point, Larry Mitchell heard from Hearst himself on November 2:

Your letter of [October] thirtieth with report of income from Venice Pier benefit for the Foundation has been received.

Please publish the report and say the amount will be devoted to the purchase of an iron lung.

A week later, on November 9, Louella Parsons was in a snit over the handling of these recent fund-raising events in 1942; she wired Hearst at Wyntoon:

How can a lady help when she isn't told anything about a benefit? No one ever telephoned or mentioned the Venice [Pier] party to me. I was glad to help on the [Military] Ball [in April] and the Garden Party [in August]. You know I always want to do everything I can but I had an

idea that only the big [news] breaks and the pictures [movies reviewed] in the *Examiner* were all that were wanted.

November 11 yielded a matter that would have been more down Miss Parsons' usual alley—once more, had she known about it. It involved the silent-screen idol Pola Negri, who wired Hearst from New York in a plaintive tone:

Will you kindly grant me the courtesy of a reply to my letter. Anxiously awaiting.

Something was brewing about a Pola Negri feature in *The American Weekly*. The magazine's main editor, Abe Merritt, wired Willicombe on November 16:

Please assure Chief that I will do everything possible in the Negri matter and will talk with her for Chief's information. We got under the wire and slipped her \$5,000 before proceedings. Amount now involved is remaining \$1,500 of which she is only interested in \$500 as \$250 goes to her agent and \$750 to ghost writer.

Merritt had more for Willicombe two days later, on November 18:

Dear Joe: I have managed to get released to Pola \$250 of the \$1,500 still owing her and am making arrangements so she can satisfy creditors and also pay agent and ghost writer whom she forgot in the \$5,000 we gave her. [She can] also probably get more for herself. Pola has vanished and if you hear from her will you please ask her to communicate with me.

Willicombe heard further from Merritt later that same afternoon:

Dear Joe: Never mind sending me Pola's address. We have now adjusted satisfactorily to her at least temporarily but I hope permanently [in] the whole matter.

In the midst of the Negri situation, some of Marion's earliest films were of great concern to Hearst; he'd wired his Cosmopolitan man, Ed Hatrick, in Colorado Springs, where Hat was convalescing; this was back on November 15:

As I remember, we bought *[The] Belle of New York* from George Lederer, all rights, theatrical, music, dialogue, everything.

It is now revived in London, very successful.

Do not our rights cover foreign performances, and also American stage performances, and also any motion picture performances?

I think they are complete.

[Carl] Zittel, I believe, bought the rights but perhaps you were party to the purchase.

Do you know where the contract is?

Possibly Zittel has the contracts for *[The] Belle of New York* [1919], *Cecilia of the Pink Roses* [1918], *Getting Mary Married* [1919], and *The Dark Star* [1919].

If so, let us get out a mandamus [a writ] compelling their surrender, as they were bought by the firm [Cosmopolitan Productions].

HEARST'S LARGER THOUGHTS were devoted during this part of 1942 to Mexico, where he and Marion and a few others were about to go, though not entirely for pleasure. As he told two of his Boston newsmen, Hap Kern and Walter Howey, on November 25:

In ten days I am going to Mexico to get mahogany out for the Navy.

I am also going to wind up [to] the ranches and mining properties for required [war] materials.

I do not know how long this will take.

If you folks want to see me before I go, I hope you can come soon.

I do not want to miss you.

Hearst had been briefed as early as June 23 on the mahogany situation by William Murray of Hearst Sunical and by Jose Navarro, a Hearst representative in Mexico, both of whom had gone east in the matter:

After method of approach decided in New York we spent today in Washington [D.C.] in conference with several [of] Navy's procurement heads. This lead arranged by Bill [Hearst] Junior most helpful. They are extremely interested in our product for ships as well as aviation branch.

The are now compiling stockpile figures [of mahogany on hand for war uses] and have requested us be present [this] coming Thursday [June 25] for further conference. We believe more concrete proposition will materialize then. Will wire you results.

A month later, Hearst answered an inquiry from New York concerning his probable whereabouts in the early fall:

Hope to be here [at Wyntoon] in October but am not quite sure as might have to go to Mexico.

His motives appear to have been both humanitarian and commercial: the government needed mahogany, which it could no longer procure from Asia during wartime, and Hearst had a good source of it in Mexico. Bill Murray of Hearst Sunical was at Wyntoon on October 20 when the following message came in from Washington, D.C.:

Otis report, which must come in diplomatic pouch and then clear State Department, still not received by Foster who has only fine samples of Campeche mahogany which were shipped to him direct. Foster says definitely we can get contract within week after Otis report comes in. Mahogany import plan reported your letter October 15 does not affect us because we will sell it at [Ciudad del] Carmen [Campeche] and not import it. Hope some information about [Jose] Navarro organization plans and machinery needs can reach me before discussion of contract per your instructions.

That same day, October 20, 1942, a message from Willicombe to Ed Ardoin, the Hearst man in El Paso, Texas, gave some idea of the degree of traveling that was being planned:

Chief will have two or three trunks. Will it be OK to send them to you at above address and hold until he leaves El Paso and take them on the special train? Please wire collect and oblige.

Hearst, Marion, and their party would be in Mexico City for part of the trip, as indicated by another local representative, Arthur Constantine, who wired Willicombe on November 22:

Elguero house [on] San Angel available. Seven bedrooms, four baths, beautifully furnished, completely equipped with linen [and] silver, fully staffed. Senora Elguero asks guarantee two thousand dollars for two months. Also available penthouse four bedrooms [and] additional suites [at] Hotel Maria Christina. Trying also get option Shaw house [on] Avenida Durango. Finely furnished [and] equipped, fully staffed, [has] six bedrooms. Elguero house first choice.

Bill Murray of Hearst Sunical was in El Paso at the moment. Willicombe wired him there on November 23 with some important details:

Birthplace of Chief San Francisco and Marion Brooklyn, George Hearst Washington [D.C.] and Sally [his wife] San Diego, [Harry] Crocker San Francisco, Raoul [Walsh] New York City and Mrs. Walsh St. Louis, Missouri, [Jud] Smelser [Hearst's valet] Emporia, Kansas and Monteski Minto [Marion's maid], North Dakota.

Willicombe had further details for Murray that same day, November 23:

Miss Julia Morgan has been added to the party for Mexico. Following is the necessary information for permit:

Date of birth, January 1872.

Home address: 2229 Divisadero St., San Francisco, Calif.

Occupation, architect.

Citizenship, American.

Born, San Francisco.

It was two days later, on November 25, that Hearst told the two Boston newspapermen that he was soon going to Mexico "to get mahogany out for the Navy." Not surprisingly, the arrangements Willicombe made for the trip required some last-minute changes, as in this message he sent the *San Francisco Examiner* on the 27th:

Chief leaving here Monday night [November 30] instead of Sunday. Please have car meet him at Oakland Pier Tuesday morning instead of Monday.

Also kindly notify Fairmont [Hotel] he will arrive Tuesday morning and leave Tuesday night on [Southern Pacific] *Lark* for Los Angeles, being in San Francisco for only that one day.

2. Of course send up the papers to Wyntoon Monday morning as usual.

Thanks for all your trouble.

On November 30, before the Hearst-Davies party left Wyntoon, Willicombe wired Bill Murray at Hearst Sunical in San Francisco:

Replying your message today Chief says OK. He asks that you prepare document giving Miss Davies one-third of profits for financing this [mahogany] enterprise.

While Hearst and Marion were at the Beach House, pending a corporate meeting to be held there on December 2, 1942, an editorial by Benjamin DeCasseres came in from New York for his approval:

Prime Minister Winston Churchill in his recent radio address said that after the united nations [the Allies] had cleaned up Hitler and Mussolini, England would come to our help in the Pacific.

Let us hope that it will not be TOO LATE.

Just at present things do not look particularly encouraging for us in the Pacific area.

The Japs remain almost unmolested in the Aleutians, which is American territory.

In spite of the unquestioned damage done to Japan's fleets and her air force [as in the Battle of Midway], those forces still remain PRACTICALLY INTACT and are now planning for another all-out attack on Guadalcanal.

General MacArthur has not yet driven the enemy out of New Guinea—far from it.

It is nearly a year now since the dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor. Since then we have not got very far on our way to Tokio. . . .

The greatest threat to the United States is JAPAN.

So what will it profit us if Hitler is defeated in a year or two and the Japs are on our Pacific Coast?

Hearst approved the editorial for release the next day, December 2. Its content was a good indicator of what his sentiments were as well as those of many others in the U.S. when 1942 drew to a close.

UPON RETURNING FROM MEXICO at New Year's in 1943, Hearst and Marion spent nearly five months in Los Angeles. Or more precisely, on the Westside; but it's imprecise how they divided their time between the Beach House in Santa Monica and the much smaller house at 910 Benedict Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills. The usual scattered clues have them making use of both places; again, though, the ratio of Santa Monica stays to Beverly Hills stays for the couple through May 1943 is unclear; it awaits further research in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library or through other sources that may yet materialize. A Bancroft item from January 13 brings out the ambiguity, the uncertainty; Willicombe to Randy Apperson, manager of the San Simeon Ranch:

Chief asks that you kindly send him a young male white deer, which he would like you to kill and dress. . . .

You will not have to hang the deer [to cure the meat], as he has a big enough refrigerator to take care of that.

He would like you kindly to ship this to him as soon as you can, addressed:

W. R. Hearst,
415 Ocean Front,
Santa Monica, California.

2. Will you kindly ask Nick Yost to pack up the bathing suits on the Hilltop and send them to Chief at 910 Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills.

A similar message, Willicombe to Apperson on January 22, 1943, gave the edge to the smaller house:

Please send Chief as quickly as possible to 910 Benedict Canyon Road, Beverly Hills, four turkeys.

Chief also asks that you send him a list of the poultry available at San Simeon.

Two months later, the Beach House was the specified address in another Willicombe-to-Apperson item, dated March 22:

Our meat supply will be exhausted by the end of next week. Chief would like you to ship another half beef, so that it will arrive at 415 Ocean Front (Santa Monica) first part of next week—say Monday the 29th.

Between these two dates—"the second week of February," as John Dunlap defined the moment in his biography, *The Hearst Saga*—"Marion went on a totally out-of-control alcoholic bender," possibly brought on by the death of her beloved dachshund, Gandhi. The drinking binge was "deeply humiliating" to Hearst, "who was obliged to commit her to hospitalization." Thus the following memorandum to Rose Davies from Hearst, dated Sunday, February 21, 1943:

I did not go with Marion to the hospital as the doctor asked me to stay away for the time being.

In view of your uneasiness, however, I went down last evening—at 12 o'clock midnight.

I had to wait three hours, as Marion was sleeping and the nurse naturally wanted her to get all the rest she could. When she awoke I saw her and talked with her. She was relaxed and in a good mood, considering.

I talked with her and she asked why [she'd been hospitalized], and I told her that nobody could control her outside of a hospital,—neither doctors nor nurses nor priests nor those who loved her best. She seemed to accept this statement.

She had been given a hypodermic and complained of soreness in her arm. I told the nurse it was not to be repeated under any circumstances, and to communicate that word to the doctor.

I stayed about half an hour [more], but Marion was tired and needed some rest, so I did not keep her awake longer.

The nurse said the doctor's orders were that she was to be kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed for another twenty-four hours.

Charlie [Lederer] was up here last night and made a good suggestion about the employment of a psychiatrist, and the use of analytical and persuasive methods.

I am going to see Dr. Moore Monday [February 22] and make this suggestion. I am sure he will concur.

Marion's cold, she says, is much better; and I think it is, as she did not cough very badly, and certainly looked less ill and less harassed.

Apart from these jarring details, which cast deep shadows on Marion's future credibility as a memoirist—or do they?—the dates skip along briskly in these early weeks of 1943. They do so for the most part because there's no George & Rosalie Hearst Collection for this period: all messages over the local teleprinter, whether incoming or outgoing, accumulated in Los Angeles and stayed there; they were never among what accrued at Wyntoon or San Simeon during the early forties; nor were they ever sent to San Simeon at some later date, as were numerous Wyntoon items of the 1930s and 1940s.

And thus straight to April 23, 1943, we can go, with the advantage belonging to the Beach House again, as it did earlier in the year; Willicombe to Apperson at San Simeon:

Chief would like you to ship IMMEDIATELY to him at 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, California, the following poultry:

- 12 Pheasants
- 12 Mallards
- 8 Guineas
- 8 Jungle Fowl
- 4 Roasting chickens
- 3 Turkeys
- 6 Soup chickens

I telephoned to save time, as they must arrive NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28th—CHIEF'S BIRTHDAY, AS YOU KNOW, BEING ON THE 29th.

Obviously “a gathering of the clans,” as Hearst himself might have said, was in the works. We have Louella Parsons to thank for a firsthand account of the occasion in her memoir of 1944, *The Gay Illiterate*, in which she began with a good description of Wyntoon:

Wyntoon was the favorite spot of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, mother of the Chief. It is set in a grove of huge pine trees, towering over the rippling McCloud River, so clear that the trout play in transparent splendor for all the world like a fisherman’s dream come true.

The whole effect of Wyntoon is that of a complete Tyrolean village straight out of the old world. The cottage [The Gables] housing the dining room is so far removed from the other buildings that it is necessary for guests to motor to meals. . . .

Since the war San Simeon is officially closed, and Mr. Hearst divides his time between Los Angeles and Wyntoon. His eightieth birthday, April 29, 1943, was celebrated in Los Angeles.

There were just a few of us, his sons and their wives, his editors, his official family, gathered around the table at the beach house in Santa Monica. Outside, the dimmed-out beach towns along the shore were barely discernible in outline. Inside, tall, tapering, silver candlesticks on the table lent a warmth and cheer that was reflected in every heart as we listened to Mr. Hearst return our greeting toasts. I will always remember what he said:

“I shall not pretend that I am happy to be eighty. I would gladly exchange that marker for two lifetimes at forty—just as a woman, reaching forty, would gladly exchange that milestone for two at the twenty mark. Yet, I am thankful and grateful that I find so much in life that is fresh, stimulating, and dear to me.”

It’s significant that Miss Parsons didn’t speak of “Marion’s beach house,” for she knew the score, the same as Jack Warner did when he looked back twenty years later, from the mid-1960s. In peacetime and in wartime both, the Beach House was *theirs*—Hearst and Marion’s, through and through.

Time magazine published an account of the birthday gathering almost two weeks later in its issue of May 10, 1943, under “Hearst is 80”:

William Randolph Hearst, monarch of a communications dynasty (16 newspapers [actually 17], eight magazines, four radio stations, one news service, one feature syndicate, one photo service), art collector, exponent of yellow journalism, worshiper at circulation’s shrine, reporter, reformer, politico, columnist and multimillionaire, was 80 last week.

For a man of his means and mightiness he celebrated modestly. At the lavish, enormous Santa Monica, Calif, beach house of ex-film star Marion Davies he talked with friends, read congratulatory messages, played his daily hour of tennis. (Hearst tennis compares unfavorably with that of Octogenarian King Gustaf V of Sweden: no one ever keeps score; Hearst covers the court only to arm’s length each way and it is taken for granted that the ball must be hit within his reach.) Birthday dinner guests were Marion Davies, four Hearst sons and their wives, a handful of Hearst publishers, movie columnist Louella Parsons, ex-Georgian Prince David Mdivani, film actor Arthur (Dagwood Bumstead) Lake, [and] several others. They nibbled a red and white cake (16 candles).

Despite his age, Tycoon Hearst has not shriveled. Grey, jowled like a coon dog, no longer nimble, he still stands impressively erect to his full 6 ft. 2, is remarkably healthy. He still bubbles with new ideas for his publications, over which he maintains the vigilance of a whimsical despot. His newspapers are still wild-eyed, red-inked, impulsive, dogmatic, often inaccurate, and littered with grade-A, boob-catching circulation features. Currently Hearstpapers are making lurid attacks against “Stalin’s Monstrous Double-Dealing,” and are promoting “Total Warfare Against Japan . . . NOW.” But Hearst personally has mellowed in his declining years, if his press has not. A recent edict of “advice to reporters and editors” said: “Be courteous and considerate. Make newspapers and newspapermen popular.”

Commented Hearst’s Los Angeles competitor, the *Times*, in a birthday editorial: “. . . Even those who have not always agreed with

him can wish him well at this milestone in a career which will be long remembered.”

As for Hearst’s dividing his time between the Southland and Wyntoon, he and Marion weren’t moving back and forth between those distant points in this first part of 1943. They may have been going back and forth between 415 Ocean Front and 910 Benedict Cañon, but that was the extent of it. They hadn’t been to Wyntoon since November, right before their trip to Mexico. As soon as they returned to Wyntoon in late May, it would be for as long and as uninterrupted a stay as they’d ever devoted to the place—fully a year and a half between then and their return to San Simeon late in 1944.

Before pulling up their 1943 stakes in Los Angeles (to use the safe, catch-all geographical term, good for both Santa Monica and Beverly Hills), Hearst wrote to E. D. Coblentz (“Cobbie”) at the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* on May 6:

I have a strong feeling that the Japanese will raid our coast cities soon—maybe any day, and I think the Coast papers [Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, and Seattle] should take very exceptional measures to extinguish fires in the building [Cobbie’s building in San Francisco] and in the neighborhood of the building, and should have some fire drills and regulations to go into effect if the raid occurs.

The chances that our building would be actually struck are small, but the chances that it would be caught in a general conflagration are very large, and it is time we were making complete preparations for such a catastrophe.

I wish you would let me know what you are doing to meet the situation.

Alarmist notions? Perhaps they were, in view of the “Miracle at Midway” that had begun turning the war in the Allies’ favor nearly a year earlier. But in contrast the unexplained Battle of Los Angeles still stuck in Hearst’s craw no doubt from February 1942. The man always leaned toward the histrionic, of course; there was nothing new in that.

Deeply behind the scenes, however, the Japanese may indeed have had a diabolically ambitious plan, although Hearst, short of being clairvoyant, would have had no way of knowing what would be divulged forty years later by an American scholar, John J. Stephan, in *Hawaii Under the Rising Sun: Japan's Plan for Conquest After Pearl Harbor*:

But the idea of assaulting the American mainland was not merely a literary diversion, nor was it confined to writers during the twilight of Imperial Japan.

According to the distinguished military historian Ikuhito Hata, late in 1944 a group of naval officers led by Lieutenant Commander Daiji Yamaoka seriously entertained the prospect of launching a suicide strike in California. Some three-hundred chosen men of the “Yamaoka Parachute Brigade” were to be transported across the Pacific on several mammoth submarines and landed in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. They were then to shoot their way into Los Angeles via Santa Monica, wrecking havoc with the Douglas and Lockheed aircraft factories and taking as many lives as possible before their own annihilation. Training for this operation began in December 1944 but was halted in May 1945 with the selection of a new target, the Mariana Islands.

It was a scenario that even Abe Merritt's *American Weekly* would have been hard pressed to invent for Hearst.

Charlie Ryckman editorialized on the subject in late May, soon after Hearst and Marion moved back to Wyntoon from Los Angeles; Ryck's effort on the “Japanese invasion menace” was dated May 29, 1943:

Agents of the [Martin] Dies Committee, a special investigating group of the House of Representatives, report that the Japanese in the Relocation Center in Rivers, Arizona, anticipate that “something terrible is going to happen on the West Coast by October 1.”

Obviously it is anticipated that Japanese forces will either invade or raid the West Coast. . . .

The reliance to be placed in information from such a source is of course insubstantial. . . .

The Japanese have every intention of raiding the United States and of invading the United States and of occupying the Pacific Coast of the United States.

They have planned such operations with utmost care for many years.

They unquestionably have formidable forces in readiness for them.

Pearl Harbor was attacked as a preliminary to this purpose. . . .

The Japanese in the Relocation Centers may not be right that invasion will be attempted this year. They are tragically right that “something terrible” is going to happen, if the time remaining to us for averting it is not utilized in better fashion than all our wasted time in the past.

Alarmism aside, Hearst and Marion’s recent use of the Beach House was to be virtually their last, what with blacked-out nights to contend with in Los Angeles. After May 1943, they scarcely set foot on the property again before they put it on the market in 1946 and concluded its sale in 1947. As for newspaper accounts that portray Marion as having used the Beach House for fifteen years, starting in 1930, and then selling the property in 1945, they can be given little or no credence (see Appendix V). Marion herself, it bears noting, never made any such claim in her memoir, soberly or not.

AS A JOURNALIST AND PUBLISHER, Hearst retained a strong interest in the film industry. One way or another, it was good for business. As he told Abe Merritt at *The American Weekly* on June 9, 1943:

Do you not think Rita Hayworth’s alimony husband [Edward C. Judson] and Mary Cunningham Reed’s would make good story?

Lionel Atwill, English actor on American screen, is another alimony baby [soon to be divorced from Louise Atwill] hanging on to mama’s apron strings.

The trouble with some of our features like Lya Lala, or whatever her name is, [is] that nobody ever heard of them. I think personality pages should be IMPORTANT personalities.

Insofar as, say, the California State Guard went, there were few important personalities in it besides Marion. Yet a recounting of their recent activities had strong local appeal. Ray Van Ettisch of the *Los Angeles Examiner* wired Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon on June 22, leading off with “We are using following story about Miss Davies starting with early edition tonight and layout of pictures on picture page, including one of the approved photos of Miss Davies.” He asked if Hearst wanted the “story and art sent to other papers”:

Chino [near Pomona], June 22.—Due to Marion Davies, through whose generosity in transforming a portion of the Clinic that bears her name into the Marion Davies War Work Hospital, 25,000 members of the California State Guard have been given hospital care.

This was revealed at the farewell banquet of the active duty personnel, southern section, for which the First Battalion, First Quartermaster Regiment, was host at the Pomona Valley Country Club at Chino last night.

“Miss Davies gave us the finest military hospital in the State, outside Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco,” said General Junius Pierce, former State Adjutant General.

“We owe her a great debt of gratitude for turning over to us this hospital at a time when civilian hospitals were filled. She did it without a thought of recompense and was always ready when we needed further aid.” . . .

With the State Guard about to be inactivated, a task to be completed by June 30, Colonel John French; Colonel Rupert Hughes, the toastmaster; General J. O. Donovan, former Adjutant General; and others paid high tribute to the organization.

“They formed the only organization which paid to serve their country and gave their time to do it,” said Colonel Pierce. . . .

Pointing out that the Guard had difficulty in keeping recruited to full strength of 7,000 because of continuous drafting of its members

into the Army, Captain [Edward F.] Hayes said that the value of Guard training has been indicated by the rapid promotion of former Guardsmen in the regular [federal] service.

Women members of the Guard shared in the farewell banquet, headed by their ranking woman officer, Lieutenant Imogene Meredith.

On a completely unrelated note (typical again of how archival items can skip almost wildly from one subject to the next), more than two years had passed since the *Citizen Kane* episode in 1941. As of 1943, the Hearst organization's ban on RKO seems to have moderated—or perhaps to have been lifted altogether. H. O. Hunter (Bill Hunter) had the following for Willicombe on July 8:

Bill Williams [Ella Williams] asks—

Did the folks see the Disney feature, *Victory Through Air Power*, and the two shorts?

RKO anxious to know what Chief thought of *Behind the Rising Sun*.

The Hearst correspondent James Young had published the book of the same title in 1941; perhaps that had a bearing on Hearst's current stance (Young soon told Hearst that RKO had a new president who was an "exceptionally fine man"). Consider this also: Hearst was now making use of material by John Steinbeck, an equally surprising stance. A query on July 9, 1943, from Ray Van Ettisch of the *Examiner* in Los Angeles to Willicombe at Wynton tells the tale:

Will it be OK now to take [move] Steinbeck articles to page-opposite-editorial to feature [Conchita] Pignatelli stories in news columns?

A snippet from greater Los Angeles allows us to visualize what Hearst or Marion or Willicombe could have thought upon hearing what follows, sent by Bill Hunter on July 26:

Connie phoned at 5:20 that James A. Farley [the prominent Democrat] called at the Beach House looking for the Chief, and left his card.

Farley, the Postmaster General under FDR from 1933 to 1940, made his gesture to no avail of course, for in a year like 1943 Hearst and Marion wouldn't be heading south anytime soon.

OF FAR GREATER CONCERN to Hearst (and through him to Marion) was the Clarence Shearn case, a poorly known episode in Hearstiana of the early forties. Shearn has managed to be portrayed as a shrewd or even enlightened trustee of the new Hearst financial organization that was formed in 1937. He had been that in part only; more so, he had been manipulative and intrusive, yet Hearst and Dick Berlin and others close to the Chief had withstood Shearn until now, six years and counting. Hearst set the tone in wiring Berlin and Martin Huberth in New York on Tuesday, July 27:

Friend of ours [an informant] says we have excellent legitimate case without malice against Mr. Judge [Shearn] for exceeding proper function and compelling action contrary to the opinion and advice of responsible officers which resulted in great damage and loss.

I am inclined to concur.

Associated Press ran the following story, as Willicombe learned on August 1, 1943:

On last Friday [July 30] it was reported that the publisher [Hearst] had been denied authority to terminate the voting trust agreement he made in 1937 with American Newspapers, Inc. Hearst had filed suit against the corporation and Clarence J. Shearn, voting trustee, to break the trust.

In stating that no final decision had been made upon the merits of the case, [James R.] Morford [Hearst's attorney] said Hearst served notice of termination of the trust on March 16, 1942, and that the "first aspect" of the case was the right of the publisher to terminate it by notice on that date. . . .

"Hearst then served new notice of termination of the voting trust dated May 3, 1943, and asked leave of the court to file an amended and

supplemental complaint showing payment of the Chase [National Bank] loan,” Morford continued.

The new notice of termination and of specific complaints concerning Shearn as a voting trustee, the attorney said, justified termination of the trust and Shearn’s removal.

Good riddance, said Hearst and those truly loyal to him, one of whom was not Clare Shearn. Now the Hearst empire, revitalized by the war and no less so by the two-plus years that “In the News” was on the front page, could fully reinvent itself. Large debts still remained to be paid, but the P & L statements were looking better and better—enough to keep Hearst feeling young. And thus Willicombe to Hunter on August 4, 1943:

OK, gave Chief the pep pills. Kindly thank Mr. [Dick] Carrington for thoughtfulness, but if there is anyone who does not need pep pills it is the Chief.

Hearst remained open-minded and we can assume clear-headed—enough so that Louella Parsons could wire Willicombe about a new movie; this on August 9:

Warners have a great picture in *This Is The Army*. Jack [Warner] would like have Chief bid. It is as good as [*Mission To*] *Moscow* was bad. Would you care to see it? Best to you.

Mission to Moscow, as Parsons well knew, had caused a deep rift between Hearst and Warner earlier in 1943—far too propagandist and Communistic, felt the Chief. Now on August 10, Hearst showed his big-heartedness by answering Parsons directly with “Would be delighted to see *This Is The Army*.” He also told her to “Thank Mr. Warner.”

How forgiving he was, though, toward Orson Welles, not just toward the studio behind *Citizen Kane*, warrants our consideration. On September 7, Warden Woolard at the *Los Angeles Examiner* wired Wyntoon:

You may wish to inform Chief that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles took out marriage license at Santa Monica today. Kindly advise me if there are any instructions.

Whether of lenient or rigid disposition toward Welles, Hearst was unrelenting toward Winston Churchill. “I think Churchill’s speech is an impudent utterance,” he told his two best editorial writers, Ryckman and DeCasseres, on September 7:

In perfectly plain words, it will be acceptable to Britain to have America continue to contribute billions of dollars to England that we never even asked to be repaid.

When E. F. Tompkins, the second-tier editorialist in New York asked for clarification the next day, Hearst exhibited a seeming change of mood that the diarist Hayes Perkins would quickly have seized upon:

I have no objection to laudatory review of Churchill’s book [of war speeches] if it deserves it. I merely did not like his speech. I agree with DeCasseres [who said] “Snap out of it you Yankee Doodle dandies.”
Let’s be American.

Let’s also be generous, Hearst and Marion could rightly have said of themselves; for generous they were, dependably so. When Marion heard from a servicemen’s group in Arizona on September 24, 1943, the message was one of many grateful ones like it to be seen in these annals:

The Masquers Servicemen’s Morale Corps deeply appreciates your gracious gesture permitting our guests personnel of the 748th Tank Battalion, Camp Bouse, Arizona, to use your pool and beach on Ocean Front, Santa Monica, California, this coming Sunday, Sept 26th. Such an event will doubtless leave a lifelong impression in the minds of these grand boys. Our sincere thanks.

With regard to Marion’s financial status, she had indeed lent Hearst money in the late thirties—the details are unclear—although

what *is* clear is that she was being reimbursed regularly; Martin Huberth to Hearst on the same date as the Morale Corps message, September 24:

I am proceeding with closing deal with Mutual and National City [banks, in the wake of the Shearn case]. Have so arranged that funds will not be required until end of December, when the same will be paid regardless of whether or not deal is consummated with people in north [the Canadian pulp-paper suppliers]. Meantime Marion might as well enjoy the approximate[ly] \$3,000 monthly interest payments until I require funds.

LOUELLA PARSONS, while staying at Wyntoon in November 1943, wired her book publisher in New York, Doubleday Doran & Co., about her new memoir, *The Gay Illiterate*, whose portrayal of Hearst's eightieth birthday at the Beach House proved useful to us several pages back. Next to Alice Head's *It Could Never Have Happened* of 1939, the Parsons memoir, though unpolished in many places (its printing on "war paper" accentuates that effect), gets as close to Hearst and Marion as any other book ever has by a member of their circle. Parsons had these corrections for her publisher:

Page 28 please add after paragraph ending "wild horses" this insertion: "Ella Williams known to all Marion Davies friend as Bill, and I used to amuse ourselves guessing what animal Madame [Elinor] Glyn would call certain stars she had not yet named [as she had Clara Bow, making her the "It Girl"]. Bill has been with Marion for many many years and is one of her most loyal friends and one of my best friends."

On page 21 chapter four, sentence reading "The first glimpse I had of Marion Davies" should read "was when she appeared as a very young girl in the *Follies* with Justine Johnson, Ann Pennington and other girls who were later to become famous" instead of ["was as] Miss 1917 Weber and Fields."

Parsons closed with an immortal line for her publisher: “I promise there will be no more changes.” Famous last words . . .

The very Williams that Parsons mentioned—Ella Williams, better known as Bill—wired Willicombe at Wyntoon on Thursday, November 18, 1943, with a surprising message:

Howard Strickling [of MGM] phoned—

Mr. [Louis B.] Mayer, Clark Gable, Howard Strickling and a Mr. Friedman are leaving on the *West Coast [Limited]* tomorrow—Friday—night, arriving Saturday night.

They plan to stay until Monday morning.

Please advise Mr. Hearst.

For their part, the quarterly corporate meetings had in the past resulted in some quick trips by Hearst and Marion to the Beach House. Not so any longer as of 1943; Wyntoon was now the place, rain or shine, regimentally or recreationally. With regard to the meeting to be held in late November, Willicombe told Clarence Lindner at the *San Francisco Examiner*:

Car will meet you Monday morning [the 29th] at Dunsmuir. Have asked Miss Davies to put you and Cobbie up at [The] Gables. No doubt she will comply.

Whether Hearst’s revised stance toward RKO was in any way a business decision is hard to say; it may have been purely personal. At any rate, Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner* had this to tell Bill Hunter on December 10 (Hunter was subbing for Willicombe):

RKO says [Frank] Sinatra’s picture *Higher and Higher* opens locally December 29 or January 5. It already is playing Boston only and will have New York and other Eastern openings New Year’s Day.

Does Chief wish his instructions about this picture sent to other paper[s]?

We plan to use art layout in cinema section Sunday, December 26.

Warner Bros. says *Saratoga Trunk* with Ingrid Bergman will not open anywhere until some undetermined date next spring.

Hearst's forgiving, liberalized views—if that's indeed what they were rather than simply pragmatic views—also embraced John Steinbeck, as we saw earlier. Ray Van Ettisch had the following for Hunter on December 13:

Herald-Tribune Syndicate announces Steinbeck war stories conclude with release for Dec. 18. Steinbeck planning to continue as Herald-Tribune correspondent going to New Orleans to look over Higgins Boat Works and write about it and then plans trip to Mexico to see what he can find to write about. Does Chief think we should continue Steinbeck after Dec. 18?

Hunter answered Van Ettisch that same day:

Replying to your telegram in regard to continuing Steinbeck after Dec. 18th, Chief said:

“No, I would be afraid of his Mexican stories.”

One of those Steinbeck stories became the novella entitled *The Pearl*, published in 1947 and made the basis of a Mexican film, *La Perla*, that same year.

Dick Berlin had good financial news for Hearst the day before Christmas in 1943—the best gift possible next to a lifetime of vigorous health:

My magazine budgets which have always been conservatively accurate indicate 4-3/4 million [dollars] for the first six months of 1944 against 3-2/4 million for the same period in 1943 before taxes. The net after taxes for 1943 for the magazines will be five million. The above figures indicate that [Serge] Semenenko's new six [year] loan will be quickly [re]paid. A wassail cup to you.

There'd been other good news during 1943. In late July, Gimbel Brothers, the New York department store, reported having sold 4.2 million dollars in Hearst items through the 1942–43 season—“the

second highest total in the three years since the company began selling art.” Dick Berlin was the bearer of other financial news on December 27, 1943, much of it dauntingly complex; and yet the essentially positive spirit of things is clearly conveyed here all the same:

Four years steady application on the financial problems of the institution have reduced the overall debt to \$15,000,000 excluding well-funded mortgages on [newspaper] plant properties.

The terms of the new bank loan are extremely fair. Amortization is no more than the magazines have paid in the past.

The [new] bank loan is necessary: 1) in order to replenish working capital expended in settlement of the debts above mentioned and also expended in Shearn and Brisbane settlements; 2) because we want to be 100 percent reserved [prepared] for taxes; 3) we want to give Hearst Consolidated [Publications] 30 days time on the payment of their [print] paper bill whereas they now are paying cash: in effect this increases Consolidated’s cash balance by \$1,000,000; 4) we want to pay off Marion’s loan immediately.

The only reason the Canadian [pulp suppliers] are willing to fund the debt over the ten-year period is that we have been able to reduce the debts of your company by some \$6,000,000 [since the late 1930s] which obviously makes their notes [that they’re holding] much more secure. . . .

As explained to you over the telephone it is necessary to close [retire] the bank loan prior to December 31st because only if the money is received and dividends declared this year, can \$360,000 in dividend taxes be avoided.

Berlin’s message is three or four times longer than the parts quoted here, most of which no one short of a banker or economist could do justice to. Suffice it to say the Hearst organization had ways of making money in the present wartime conditions, provided it allied itself with the best advisers, men whose loyalty and competence (unlike Clare Shearn’s) was unquestionable. Suffice it also to say, the familiar,

biographical, oft-repeated figure of \$126 million in indebtedness for the Hearst organization as of 1937 is greatly overblown.

THE COMPLEXITY OF HEARST CORPORATE affairs is further conveyed by a message Hearst received at Wynton on January 23, 1944, sent by two of his lieutenants, Martin Huberth and Harry Bitner, both of whose loyalty matched that of Dick Berlin:

Federal Communications Commission has ruled that it will grant no more the six FM applications to any common owner. We tried to find [a] way to get six for [Hearst] Consolidated cities and six for Hearst Corporation cities but without success thus far. Therefore we recommend applying for the four radio stations we now have plus two more. May we have your advice? We suggest two selections from coast *Examiners* [Los Angeles and San Francisco], Chicago and Boston. As Commission will not grant licenses until after war we suggest [we] file for six other cities in several months in hope that rule may be changed.

The distinction between six cities whose Hearst newspapers operated under the Consolidated banner versus six others that did so under the Corporation banner is a challenge to unravel. By late 1939, following various sales and mergers, the Hearst chain had stabilized at seventeen daily papers (fewer on Sunday) in thirteen cities, a number that remained unchanged until after Hearst's death in 1951. From East Coast to West, the thirteen cities were:

Boston (two papers)
Albany
New York (two papers)
Baltimore
Pittsburgh
Detroit
Chicago
Milwaukee
San Antonio

Los Angeles (two papers)
San Francisco (two papers)
Oakland
Seattle

Ed Hatrick of Cosmopolitan Productions was back in Colorado Springs for his health when Hearst heard from him on February 8, 1944; film interests and ownership remained of concern to Hearst and Marion, as Hat's wire showed:

We own silent rights to [*The*] *Pride of Palomar*, a Peter Kyne story [a full-length novel] that you produced [as a non-Davies picture] in the early twenties [1922]. We are offered twenty-five hundred dollars by Republic Pictures for our rights and I understand Kyne is selling sound rights for [the] same price.

These negotiations have been going on for three months and I would recommend closing at this price. There is no agent's commission but there will be small charge for drawing papers.

Hearst's opinion still mattered. His continued stature in the film industry, albeit an absentee one, is apparent from a message that Bill Hunter sent Willicombe on the same date as Hatrick's message, February 8:

Miss [Ella] Williams said Sam Goldwyn told her he would appreciate very much hearing what Chief thought of his picture *Up In Arms* [slated for a premiere in New York on February 17].

Earlier in February 1944 Hearst had heard from Damon Runyon, who was working as a screenwriter for Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century-Fox:

In a studio projection room last night I saw what in my opinion is the most powerful presentation of the case against the Japs ever conceived. . . .

It is a picture made by Colonel Zanuck called *The Purple Heart*, and is based on the trial by the Japanese of the American aviators who bombed Tokyo [in April 1942]. I have urged him to send you as soon as

possible a print of the picture [released February 23] because I believe it will serve to arouse our people against the barbarian foe as nothing has yet done. It truly carried a terrific punch. If I sound like a publicity man, it is only because I am still deeply moved.

I trust this letter finds you in the best of health. I was quite ill for some weeks with influenza and a throat infection, but seem to be all right now. As you are aware, the California climate cures all ailments if you give it a chance.

Hearst got back to Runyon promptly, on February 9, 1944:

Please devote one of your fine columns ["The Brighter Side"] to *The Purple Heart*.

It must be great [the movie] but I do not have to wait to see it.

I know your profound patriotism, and I am carried away by the enthusiasm of your letter.

I am looking forward to seeing the picture, and I have asked the papers for impressive reviews of it.

Sorry you had the Flu. I had it, too. Am glad we are well again.

We can't afford to lose us.

The latest Board of Directors meeting at Wyntoon, slated for late February, cast Marion in the role of social secretary and hostess, as was prevalent; Willicombe to the attorney Heinie MacKay in Los Angeles on Friday the 11th:

Marion inquiring who will be here for meeting so that rooms may be assigned. Will you please wire me names Saturday? Thanks.

The bad feelings between Hearst and Jack Warner the year before over the film *Mission to Moscow* must have been patched up by this early part of 1944. On February 28, Hearst heard from Warner as follows:

Dear W. R.: Received your wire about [the screenwriter] Mark Hellinger being permitted to leave our studio for a period of time to cover an important assignment for your papers. Am very happy to be able to be of service to you and have approved Mr. Hellinger leaving at the

appointed time. I know he will do a great job for you. With every good wish to Marion and yourself.

The situation that Ed Hatrick had aired with Hearst earlier in the month reappeared on the Wyntoon teleprinter on March 1, 1944, this time addressed directly to Marion by the Los Angeles attorney Larry Mitchell:

Have not received check for sale of Peter Kyne story [*The Pride of Palomar*]. Queried [C. B.] Stratton [of Cosmopolitan Productions in New York] and he wires, "Due to absence of buyer's attorneys have not been able to secure approval of papers covering sale Kyne's story which will embrace assignments from Hearst Magazines [Inc.] and Chief. Deal is for twenty-five hundred dollars less attorney's fees and hope have matter cleaned up within next two weeks."

Marion also heard from Cissy Patterson in early March in an unrelated but fascinating matter; the latter's message came from Sarasota, Florida:

Dearest Marion: Just received your telegram on return from trip to Everglades. Yes we [at the *Washington Times-Herald*] certainly will get right behind the dog exemption bill. Have you any new data on subject? Could we use any of your stories? Have forwarded your wire to office and will telephone instructions this morning.

Thank you so much darling for the magnificent box of chocolates. Candies of that quality are no longer to be had around here. We all dipped in and had a wonderful time and practically have been on the wagon ever since in consequence.

This is the most wonderful winter climate I have ever struck anywhere. W. R. and I both knew Miss Potter Palmer [Mrs. Bertha Honore Palmer, 1849–1918], a beautiful lady with a keen eye for real estate. She bought up most of this part of the west coast of Florida about forty years ago. Love to you both always. My address [care of] Kimlira, Sarasota, Florida.

Hearst is only sketchily associated with Palm Beach or other places in Florida; Mrs. Patterson's reference is therefore welcome—and

suggests yet another avenue of research, in this case into the man's middle years when he and Marion were first acquainted (probably as of 1914, a good deal earlier than Marion's memoir and most other sources claim).

An item from Willicombe on behalf of Hearst to Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner*, dated March 7, is along more familiar lines:

Chief asks that you give some promotion to Arthur Lake [Dagwood Bumstead in the *Blondie* movies].

And will you kindly tell Jack Campbell [of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*] the same thing.

The idea is that such promotion might help to keep *Blondie* on the screen, so that it will be beneficial not only to Lake but to our comic strip "Blondie."

"Do what you can without going to extremes in the matter," Chief says.

On March 18, Hearst himself sent Van Ettisch a suggestion:

Why not revive the idea of a Marion Davies Victory Garden on the Clinic lot [in Sawtelle] and get cinema people to help? Maybe have tickets of entrance; maybe have auctions or a county fair. Receipts to go to disabled veterans or to taking care of their children.

Cinematically and otherwise, an acclaimed yet notorious actor of the day was still of potential concern to Hearst; Bill Wren of the *San Francisco Examiner* wired Bill Hunter, who was on duty at Wynton temporarily in late March 1944:

Any answer on my previous letter to Willicombe asking if Chief has any instructions on treatment of Orson Welles' new picture *Jane Eyre* which opens here soon?

Wren got an answer later that same afternoon, March 24, one that made him realize he was on his own and would have to exercise his own best judgment:

Chief received your letter twenty-first regarding *Jane Eyre* and made no comment.

Hearst had a comment to make, though, regarding the Peter Kyne situation; this on March 30, Hunter at Wyntoon to Larry Mitchell in Los Angeles:

Re *Pride of Palomar* Chief instructs to hold up “signed documents and cooperate with Mr. Kyne.” Regards.

Likewise film-related and evocative of the past was the message that C. B. Stratton at the Cosmopolitan headquarters in New York sent to Willicombe at Wyntoon on April 10:

Office of War Information requesting permission use certain *Janice Meredith* scenes for film of France solely for military purposes similar [to] that furnished Major Briskin’s office year ago. Please wire authorization [to] permit use.

Later that day, Hearst granted the permission Stratton sought.

MARION GRANTED PERMISSION as well on April 13—to the Seabees at Camp Rousseau at Port Hueneme, some thirty-five miles up the coast from Santa Monica in Ventura County:

I would be happy to have you use the beach at my house and the pool. We will provide luncheon for you. Please get in telephone touch with Ella Williams, 10736 Ashton Ave., West Los Angeles [Westwood], telephone Arizona 33180.

Naturally Marion didn’t say *our* house in allusion to Hearst. She was too well trained, as was he. Simple episodes like this could have gone far toward reinforcing the public view that the Beach House was Marion’s or that it constituted the Marion Davies Estate, however the outside world cared to put it.

Hearst's birthday—his eighty-first—would be coming up in two more weeks. By April 17, preparations were in the making; Bill Hunter (back in Los Angeles by now) to Willicombe at Wyntoon:

The Southern Pacific have secured permission to handle the special car on the 27th, from Los Angeles to Fresno on the *Owl* and then [to Dunsmuir] on the *West Coast [Limited]*.

The following have planned to go—

David Hearst, wife and child.

John Hearst and wife.

Arthur Lake, wife and baby.

Louella Parsons and Dr. Martin [her husband].

Harry Crocker.

Billy Mayer and wife.

Lorelle Hearst.

Princess Pignatelli and Stefanella. The other two [Pignatelli] girls cannot go.

Rose Davies and somebody—she thought probably Kay English, as she did not think Mrs. [Marie] Glendenning could go.

Four minutes later on April 17, Hunter had an update for Willicombe:

John Hearst is not bringing the children.

2. Louella Parsons and Dr. Martin have to return to Los Angeles Sunday Morning April 30.

3. Billy Mayer and his wife would like to return Monday morning, May 1.

Will you please see if you can get these reservations [for the return to Los Angeles]? We do not have much luck from this end on reservations from there.

Rose Davies was living at the Beach House during this period (1700 Lexington Road in Beverly Hills was still being rented by Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures). Kay English and Marie Glendenning were also living at the Beach House in the mid-forties, and so was a man named Eli Robbins. A question that Ella Williams had to raise with

Marion on April 18 pertained to one of the outlying units in the Ocean Front compound, immediately south of the main building:

Geraldine Fitzgerald has made an offer to lease 451 Palisades Road [synonymous with Ocean Front] for one year for \$400 per month. Would like to have an answer today.

The files contain no response from Marion, else it would surely be included here. What they do contain for the next day, April 19, is a message from Marion to Lorelle Hearst at the Beverly Hills Hotel:

I hate to bother you but if you have time would you pick me out an evening dress that I could wear at W. R.'s birthday party? Have them sent up from Magnin's on approval. Miss Williams will know of other places that I have charge accounts at. I know you have very good taste and know just what will suit me.

Lots of love.

Bill Hunter was still tangling with train reservations on April 21, as he told Willicombe that afternoon:

Have not been able to line up the people to return on the same day.

I understand you have reservations for the Dr. Martins and Harry Crocker Sunday [the 30th] and the Billie [Billy] Mayers Monday.

Arthur Lake says he must return Sunday for his broadcast Monday, but Pat will stay over.

If you can't do anything else, maybe Harry Crocker will stay until Monday and let Arthur Lake use the space you have for Crocker, as he does not have to return until Monday.

Princess Pignatelli and Stefanella have to return Sunday.

Lorelle Hearst says her grandmother is in the hospital [in Los Angeles] and she wants to get back as soon as she can, but does not want to offend the Chief by leaving too soon. She asks for a reservation for Sunday and one for Monday also.

Rose Davies says she will stay "a week or two."

Estelle Forsythe, who along with Hunter would succeed Willicombe as the main secretary in a year's time, had a request for Hunter in Los Angeles on that same date of April 21:

Miss Davies wants to get some crossword puzzle books for Mr. Hearst's birthday. Will you please see what you can find? Try to get something out of the ordinary if possible i.e. not the usual run. They should have either leather bindings or good stiff cover bindings, and [be] the very latest editions.

Later that day Mrs. Forsythe had a related message for Nick Yost at the San Simeon warehouses:

Miss Davies wants you to send twelve of those jigsaw puzzles to Mrs. Harry Rubey [Eileen Percy Ruby], eight naught five [805] North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

She suggests two of the large ones and ten of the small ones. They are for use in one of the hospitals.

On April 24, five days before the birthday party, Marion heard from Larry Mitchell in Los Angeles; he had various things to report:

[Miss] Williams says 1) Seabee party was very successful. There was 22 present from Port Hueneme and they were exceptionally well behaved and very appreciative. Arrived about 10 a.m. and were gone by 4:30 p.m. 2) That rugs and room [in the Beach House] have been fumigated once a month with parabichlor benzene crystals and that [Bill] Newton reports no moths there. 3) That special [railroad] car is filled and Joe Willicombe has list. 4) That Lorelle has Sealsealyham [a dog] with her. 5) That Rose has invited Kay English to accompany her and Kay has accepted if Rose goes.

Mitchell's wire was dispatched to Wyntoon at 4:39 p.m. That evening at 9:22—still well before quitting time on the normal Hearst swing shift—Willicombe had the latest for Hunter in Los Angeles:

Miss Davies has assigned the [train] rooms as follows—

Compartment D—Billy Mayer and wife.

Compartment E—John Hearst and wife.

Compartment F—Conchita & Stefanella Pignatelli.

Compartment G—Rose Davies and Kay English.

Drawingroom A—Arthur Lake, wife and baby.

Drawingroom B—David Hearst, wife and Millicent.

Compartment H—Lorelle Hearst.

Compartment I—Harry Crocker.

Drawingroom C—Doctor Martin and Louella Parsons.

Please advise whether or not there is any question about compartment H and I with single occupancy.

The Wyntoon of 1944 had become the center of Hearst and Marion's life more than ever in the past and would remain so for several months to come. A message she sent to the painter-illustrator Henry Clive in West Hollywood on April 25 reinforces that fact:

Will you please finish my picture the best you can and send it to the Beach House? I don't know when I shall ever be in Los Angeles again to pose for it. If there is anything wrong with the picture, you can touch it up when I do get down. Lots of love.

For what would prove to be Hearst's last birthday party at Wyntoon, the couple was pulling out all the stops; Hunter to Willicombe on April 26:

Glenn Miller is leaving on *West Coast [Limited]* tonight, arriving Dunsmuir 6:30 Thursday evening.

Bigger events were constantly at hand for Hearst all the while; he heard from Dick Berlin in New York on April 27 with a suggestion that he may have found irresistible:

Possibly you would like to use DeCasseres [*New York Daily*] *Mirror* editorial submitted to you April 26th [and] Eric Johnston article in *Cosmopolitan* [magazine] in your other papers. The editorials on Churchill's arrogance and impudence are excellent. Now that we are finished with our friends [the Canadians, who were pro-British] I say hear hear.

Berlin was unable to attend the birthday party, but Martin Huberth was already at Wyntoon on April 28 when Dick Burrud of Hearst Sunical's Hollywood office wired him there. The Los Angeles Herald Building (again, not to be confused with the older, more renowned Los Angeles Examiner Building that Julia Morgan designed, half a mile east) had evidently been leased by the Hearst interests from its inception in 1924; hence Burrud's message to Huberth, the company's main real-estate man:

Have spent considerable time with [G. O.] Markusson past three days. He favors purchasing Express Building per my letter but is awaiting arrival [of] Dick Berlin Sunday to discuss proposal and then they will consult you for final decision.

This was a sure sign of increased and renewed prosperity in Hearst business activities: the rolling over of a lease into full-fledged ownership of a key building.

On the 29th itself, Hearst received the usual wealth of greetings and good cheer from friends and employees. Ed Hatrick's wire from New York was one of the best:

Dear Chief: Would enjoy attending one of those old-time costume parties tonight at San Simeon or Santa Monica but as this is not possible will be with you in spirit if not in person at Wyntoon. Kindest regards.

Another item was a description of the Chief released by King Features Syndicate to some of the Eastern papers for the feature "Today's Birthday," which said in part:

He became proprietor of the largest group of publications ever owned by an individual, an outgrowth of his enterprise and his genius for the development of new techniques. He is a trail-blazer in every branch of modern, high-speed journalism and a writer of English prose none of his many authors can match for clarity and force. William Randolph

Hearst was born eighty-one years ago today. Those eight decades comprise the greatest continuous advance in the history of journalism.

That evening, probably while the festivities were getting under way at Wyntoon, Willicombe wired the *San Francisco Examiner*, which knew all about fielding unusual requests on short notice:

Chief instructs to send up with papers as soon as possible six complete sets of fishing tackle,—rods, reels, lines, sinkers, fish hooks, etc.— and two or three baskets.

There's always the homespun and the ordinary in these annals to offset the more complex and the profound, a trait that adds a welcome dimension to biographical details that are seldom dull, whether amplified or not.

THE TRAIL-BLAZING SIDE of Hearst's activities, however, was hampered by a flawed infrastructure. Ted Shea, who had charge of the mechanical needs of Hearst's seventeen papers, filed a disturbing report with the Chief on May 17, 1944:

Chicago and Los Angeles have identical press equipment for *Pictorial [Review]*. San Francisco press differs slightly but can deliver same combinations. New York has entirely different press layout and can run only eight four-color pages plus four additional pages in one color and black.

The present limit for Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Milwaukee and Seattle is eight four-color pages. In doing this we are running full color on some presses not attempted before. Full color in Pittsburgh is definitely out because of inadequate press equipment. . . .

We are working with presses that range from 20 to 57 years old [dating from 1887 to 1924] and of many type and designs. I shall see you one week from today and have a complete press survey for you.

It's startling to think that the Hearst papers could have functioned at all, much less competed seriously, when even their

newest presses were partly antiquated; those from as far back as 1887, the year Hearst broke into publishing with the *San Francisco Examiner*, must have been more fit for a museum by 1944 than still suited for the hard, daily use they were subjected to. Hearst obviously should have been folding more of his profits back into the business than he had been since year one.

He countered that same day, May 17, by asking Shea:

Can we have New York presses altered to equal production of Chicago—also changes made in other cities? Is it a matter of additional cylinders? We might demolish old presses to secure them.

The negotiations that had gone on with the author Peter Kyne earlier in 1944 reached a simple climax on May 21, one showing that, as usual, Hearst was as much a part of Marion's life in any such matter as he was in things more intricate and involved. Marion wired Larry Mitchell in Los Angeles on May 21:

Mr. Hearst says if we cannot do any better on the *Palomar* deal, let it go through as it is.

The old-time actress Pola Negri, who'd barely worked since the late 1930s, appealed to Marion—and to Hearst—on May 25:

As you know [I] have received extremely unfavorable publicity lately due to unfair attitude of lawyers representing parties who are persecuting me. On advice of my lawyer am contemplating certain move to protect my future and permit me to earn a living. Darling can you and the Chief assist me with a favorable attitude by the newspapers? All my love.

The George & Rosalie Hearst Collection of teleprinter communications ends in June 1944. Before it runs out, Hearst left us with a memorable item on June 8, sent to Abe Merritt at *The American Weekly*:

I would rather not publicize Orson Welles. If we print anything bad about him it will be attributed to hostility, and if we print anything good about him, it will be a lie. So we better omit him.

On June 13, Ray Van Ettisch at the *Los Angeles Examiner* queried Willicombe:

Please wire if following story on wedding of Rose Davies is OK for immediate use, with pictures of Rose and Adlon:

By Louella Parsons

Motion Picture Editor International News Service

With the blessing and good wishes of her famous actress sister, Marion Davies, Rose Davies yesterday became the bride of Louis Adlon, screen and radio actor. They were married in Las Vegas by Judge O'Malley and returned to Santa Monica [the Beach House] immediately after the ceremony.

Accompanying the bride were her close friend, Mrs. Marie Glendenning and Eli Robbins, as well as several friends of the groom, all of whom acted as witnesses.

Miss Davies, who is the daughter of the late judge [Bernard Douras] and Mrs. Douras, is a talented composer. Her recent song hit "Wherever You Are" was introduced over the air by Dick Haymes, and another song composition, "Unnamed Waltz" was played by the [Los Angeles] Symphony Orchestra last spring.

The bridegroom is a member of a family well known in Berlin in the pre-Hitler days. His father owned the famous Adlon Hotel before the Nazis took it over, and it was well known to many Americans who visited the German capital before the war. Adlon, himself, is an American citizen and has been in this country twenty years. He has two brothers in Uncle Sam's service.

The bride and bridegroom are living in her home in Santa Monica. When she telephoned me from Las Vegas, to tell me the news, she said: "I have known Louis for a long time and I feel we will be very happy."

The bride's daughter, Mrs. Arthur Lake (Patricia Van Cleve) and Arthur, "Dagwood," to his many fans, were on hand to offer their congratulations when the bridal pair returned from Las Vegas.

Rose Davies had a way of going through men. There'd been David Mdivani and the bandleader Vic Erwin in recent years and, before them, Ned McLean of former *Washington Post* fame—and that was just counting those she'd known in the 1930s and early 1940s. McLean left her a small fortune when he died in 1941, but his estate was deemed bankrupt; the thought alone counted. Even then Hearst had to approve what could or couldn't be printed about McLean and Rose lest it reflect poorly on Marion and maybe also on Hearst himself.

The Chief may no longer have had "In the News" to make his views known, but he still had the editorial pages. Here it was an election year again—1944, with the prospect of Roosevelt's gunning for an unheard-of fourth term. That wouldn't be until July, though; the Republicans were convening first, during the last days of June. Hearst had an axe to grind, one he'd been keeping sharpened since the last Presidential race in 1940; Willicombe to the editorial writers Charlie Ryckman in San Francisco and E. F. Tompkins in New York on June 26, the day the Republican convention opened:

Chief requests you kindly write an editorial and rush to papers marked hold for Chief's release, based on [Wendell] Willkie's criticism of the foreign policy plank of the proposed Republican platform, as per INS story tonight out of New York.

Chief says to dress Willkie down thoroughly and tell the Republican Party not to pay any attention to the policies which defeated it last time,—the Willkie policies,—that the Willkie policies are the Roosevelt policies and if the people want the Roosevelt policies they want Roosevelt; if they do not want Roosevelt they want something different, something truly American, and that is what the Republican Party is supposed to offer them.

Hearst said in conclusion through Willicombe, "If it does not offer them that, it has no right or reason to exist."

CONSTRUCTION AT WYNTOON seemingly had no right or reason to exist either, not in years like 1943 and 1944. And yet work went on there, albeit mostly at a crawl. Mac McClure had served the greater good of the F. C. Stolte Co. in 1942 only; at this juncture in 1944, he'd been back on the job at Wyntoon for a full season and a half. Julia Morgan had been briefly active in 1942 at Wyntoon in Mac's absence; by now, though, her efforts for Hearst were focused on the Babicora Ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico (none of what she did for him then—or for other clients—appears in her Distribution of Expenses sheets, confined to the years 1924 through 1940). She was also keeping an eye on, and her heart devoted to, prospects for the re-erection of "Mount Olive," the Spanish monastery of Santa Maria de Ovila in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. From the time Hearst gave the monastery to that city in 1941, she'd been active in planning its rebirth as a medieval museum from the countless crates it filled; but now in July 1944, she made her final entry in the ledger sheets that, up till then, had been called the "Park Museum" account.

In that sense, with the mothballing of Morgan's dream for Mount Olive, August 1944 was a fitting moment for what befell Hearst and Marion and their entourage at Wyntoon: an unmistakable instance of ways and fortunes changed forever more. The catastrophic fire that ruined The Gables late that month meant that everyone's days at Wyntoon were numbered. Hearst and Marion hung on for three months before taking decisive action, but once they left that estate for San Simeon in November 1944, they never went back. With their presence farther south, and with their whereabouts well known from then on (they were embarking on their final two and a half years at San Simeon, through the middle of 1947), their relation to the Beach House in Santa Monica is easier to visualize. Hearst had told a friend in Berkeley on October 20, 1944, when asked by her if he could be seen at Wyntoon:

It is impossible for us to have visitors. We are burnt out. We have insufficient help and insufficient accommodations and are planning to leave here ourselves.

As we well know by now, no such intimation or suggestion of what *might* be done can be trusted without convincing evidence that Hearst's daily pile of newspapers, the constant stuff of his working life, had been switched from one address to another.

Word came through on November 27, the Monday after Thanksgiving in 1944. Ray Van Ettisch of the *Los Angeles Examiner* wired Bill Hunter at San Simeon, telling him, "Have issued instructions changing Chief's mailing address on newspapers to San Simeon in place of Wyntoon."

It mattered not that it was still wartime and that it would continue to be for several months to come. San Simeon it was, from then until longer than anyone could presently foresee.

13

Buyer's Market

1945–1947

JANUARY 1945 TO JANUARY 1947 were the last two years that Hearst and Marion had any interest, legally or otherwise, in the Beach House. It's a period whose salient details can be quickly summed up. But first it should be emphasized that the couple's use of their Santa Monica property was minimal then. They no longer called Wyntoon home but rather San Simeon, despite the war's continuation until the summer of 1945. Also in 1945, they sent certain items to Wyntoon from the Beach House. More important, they sent a larger number of furnishings and decorative items from Santa Monica to New York to be sold at public auction. The dispersal took place at Parke-Bernet Galleries in December 1945. Then in 1946, the couple bought property in Beverly Hills and put the Beach House on the market. They soon got some serious offers, leading to a successful sale to Joseph Drown at the outset of 1947. In the meantime, at some point in 1946, a change of title took place in Santa Monica, with the Hearst interests—specifically the entity called Hearst Magazines—buying the Beach House from Marion in a shell game that recalled Hearst's leasehold status, the one that may well have applied through most of the thirties decade as well as through the forties up till 1946.

Everything else is a matter of filling in details wherever the records can. And of course a matter of correcting erroneous dates and the like whenever possible, such as the belief that 1945 marked Marion's final use of the Beach House as well as her sale of the place. Another instance looms at the very start of the 1945–1947 period,

namely, the greatly mistaken idea that Hearst and Marion didn't move back to San Simeon from Wyntoon until the war ended. It's of little importance to explain whence the idea comes. The Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library are more than equal to the task of defining Hearst and Marion's whereabouts in the final months of World War II.

The latter collection contains an item from January 9, 1945, sent from San Simeon by Bill Hunter to Mac McClure in Long Beach, California, where Mac was waiting out the winter shutdown of the latest season at Wyntoon, that of 1944 (he'd also been Hearst's designer there in 1943, a year that likewise saw construction inch along despite the war). The Hunter-to-McClure item from early 1945 reads as follows:

Chief instructs that you please get in touch with Colonel Willicombe, who is now at Beach House, Santa Monica, regarding the things to go to Wyntoon, and to see that we have shelves, cabinets, etc., to receive the things when they reach Wyntoon. Otherwise Chief will have them sent to San Simeon.

San Simeon proved to be the recipient in 1946 of numerous floor lamps and table lamps from the Beach House, possibly traceable to this episode in 1945.

Hunter's message to Mac McClure in January 1945 also said that Hearst "would discuss plans and specifications" with Mac when he returned to San Simeon. For the moment, those words pertained to Wyntoon, where the wartime work would resume at its usual limited pace once the winter weather eased; San Simeon's renewal of construction would come later, not until the war had fully ended.

Willicombe was in Santa Monica to receive a message that Hunter sent there from San Simeon on February 7, 1945:

Chief instructs to have [Bill] Newton make inventory of all table silver at Beach House, knives, forks, spoons, oyster forks, etc., and state whether it is solid silver or plated, and whether all one design.

Two months later, Hunter was still acting as Hearst's principal secretary at San Simeon and Willicombe was still acting in his new capacity as liaison in Santa Monica when Larry Mitchell wired Hearst on April 2:

Willicombe talked with [Charlie] Rounds and he [Rounds] is preparing list of antiques at Beach House from data in his possession. Willicombe will send list to you when he receives it.

How such a list would compare with the inventory of 1938 (Appendix III) is hard to say—indeed, impossible to say without having the inventory of seven years later in hand.

In the absence of such a document, a message like this one from April 6, 1945, is more the standard for the period we're now amidst; Estelle Forsythe (who backed up Bill Hunter as Willicombe's secretarial replacement) to Bill Newton at 415 Ocean Front:

Will you please send up two dozen tamales and tortillas but only one jar of the sauce from Castillo's soon as they can make them up special for us? Thanks.

A similar message from Mrs. Forsythe at San Simeon went to Newt in Santa Monica on April 25:

Will you please send up two dozen tamales and tortillas from Castillo's. Thanks.

Two days later, Mrs. Forsythe heard from the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Six dozen ears corn with [news]papers tonight.

Checked Farmer's Market [in the Fairfax district], Von's Santa Monica, Prudence Penny's sources, all say no fresh lobsters available, season October 1st to March 15th.

There's little to be gained in citing more messages of this kind—except to point out that in 1945 Hearst still worked on his newspapers every day and that, so far as Mexican food went, Castillo's was a preferred source for him and Marion and others on the hilltop (or the Hacienda, as its dateline went in many teleprinter items of the period).

Seymour Berkson, who ran Hearst's International News Service in New York, was a guest at San Simeon in July 1945. He left a memorable account of his stay on the hilltop, a letter (unpublished till now) that we can treat ourselves to despite its having no direct bearing on Santa Monica. Yet it very much *does* have a bearing on the two principals in our story, Hearst and Marion; and thus it provides a welcome interlude at this otherwise quiet juncture along our timeline. Earlier, in 1938, a book by Seymour Berkson on European royalty entitled *Their Majesties!* had appeared. The man could write. He did so in this case in longhand to his wife, who'd remained behind in the east:

I'm writing this en route from San Luis Obispo to San Francisco. We left San Simeon bathed in golden sunshine and drove early this morning [Tuesday, July 10] to San Luis Obispo where I boarded this train while the others [in Berkson's party] went back to Los Angeles.

This train is making its way through the most beautiful mountain country in California. I will probably have a stiff neck by the time I reach Frisco—from turning left and right to catch as much of the scenic panorama as possible. . . .

Mr. Hearst made a terrific impression on me. He really is the most astonishing personality I've ever met. We sat together for hours on each of three afternoons—Saturday, Sunday, Monday [July 7–9]. He went into the most minute details of [newspaper] syndicate and news service operations. His judgment is sharp, swift, incisive—but it's exercised in a mild, gentle manner. . . .

I had an occasion to see and hear him mediating some of the warfare among his key newspaper executives—and I realize now how the empire hangs together despite those constant internal quarrels and bickering.

Mr. Hearst simply holds the empire together by the power of his intellect & his expert statesmanship.

We seemed to hit it off well—all of us [in the Berkson party]—with him. Gorty [J. D. Gortatowsky, head of Hearst Newspapers, Inc.] said he spent more time with us, ate more meals with us than he usually does when other executives are there. He was as comfortable as an old shoe as we sat together in the living room (they call it the assembly room). When a problem involved an intricate decision Mr. H. would pause and stare out into nowhere for an instant, his steel blue eyes clouded and half closed. Then he would open his eyes with a wide piercing look and snap out the decision—and you knew when you heard it that it was an uncanny & often totally unorthodox one.

As you know I had come armed with facts and figures on INS [International News Service] and with the aim of getting more revenue from the [individual] Hearst papers for our service.

He grasped the situation with a glance at the chart of rates I had brought & then he analyzed each paper's assessment. He wanted us to soak the papers even more than we had even dared to contemplate. We hope for \$3000 a week more revenue. He authorized changes that will net us over \$4200 a week—and then he turned to us with a glint in his eyes and blithely declared that he didn't think even that was enough of an increase.

"You ought to get more," he said—but there were other reasons for not wishing to overdo it so we stuck to the figures.

He initialed my chart of new figures as revised by him—and then he took a little stub of a red pencil out of his coat pocket and scrawled "O.K. WRH" on the chart.

He did the same on a form letter I drafted to break the "sad news" to the individual papers.

It seems much like robbing Peter to pay Paul. After all, both INS and the seventeen Hearst newspapers came under the same wing—ultimately. But between and among these entities there were budgets and, as Berkson put it, assessments to be juggled and jostled. In any event, so much for Hearst's indifference toward financial matters, as

alleged repeatedly by Marion in *The Times We Had*, not just by *Time* magazine and hostile biographers.

Berkson's letter to his wife continued:

When we finished our business, he took a great delight in showing us around the castle—explaining the antiques and tapestries etc. Gorty says he never saw him show anyone around before—

Hearst is very fond of the dachshunds and they have a luxurious red pillow under the dining table where they eat at meal times with the guests & Mr. H. slips them little extra tidbits from his own plate.

It is wonderful to watch him with Marion. He worships her, laughs loudly at all her quips & jokes. They always walk in together for lunch and dinner & at their heels are their favorite dachshunds. One is Marion's & the other is Hearst's—a pair, male & female.

When they leave the assembly room for their own quarters in an adjoining villa [Casa del Mar]—they leave together and the dogs follow. They generally stay in the castle from lunch time (2:30 pm) until 6:30 pm. And from dinner time (10 pm) until 1 am.

He keeps no office for his own work but there is a complete office and phone switchboard in a little frame building adjoining the castle.

He does all his own work on the fly in the castle assembly room. One of his secretaries [mainly H. O. Hunter] brings him papers & editorials for his OK. He usually sits on a sofa, reads them & scrawls OK or other comments with his little red pencil.

There's a phone in every nook and corner so wherever he is he can pick one up & issue orders to his papers or other properties & executives—He seems to like to do business by phone & there are scores of them throughout the castle.

The other afternoon after Hearst & Marion had left I had to go down to the office. It was a beautiful day & as I walked down the steps I ran smack into the two of them walking arm in arm through the gardens in what seemed to be an animated conversation.

The gardens are in bloom & very beautiful—especially the roses which fill the air with perfume. There are magnolia trees with magnolias the size of cantelopes [*sic*].

We toured the castle suites yesterday—there's a Della Robbia suite, a Doge's suite, etc. but the one I liked best of all & which I know you'd adore is the suite in the cupolas atop the castle overlooking the entire estate & the mountains & sea. It is called the Celestial Suite & it is! There are two bedrooms—not very large but octagonal shaped. The drapes & furnishings are all gold-colored & the paneling & ceilings brightly hued and gay—like the castles in the south of Spain—Little verandahs on each side of the bedrooms overlook the grounds & the tower bells are visible on each side.

As we drove away today I thought I had been dreaming. It just doesn't seem possible to have seen so many beautiful things in 3 short days. On the way out some new animals we hadn't seen showed up along the road—giant American bison!

Hearst was eighty-two at the time of Berkson's visit. Marion was finally catching up, slowly but surely: she was forty-eight now.

THE RESUMPTION OF WORK at San Simeon later in 1945, both on the hilltop and elsewhere on the Hearst Ranch, has been well enough recounted in the book of 2003 called *Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Loorz Papers* and in books by other writers. Little has changed since then in what we know about the efforts of Hearst, Mac McClure, George Loorz, and Stolte Inc., not only at San Simeon but also at Wyntoon for the years from 1945 to 1948.

And thus there's no need to repeat what was said in 2003, with the exception of what follows—inasmuch as it has a crucial bearing on what happened in Santa Monica right after the war. Loorz wrote to his eldest son, Don, on April 29, 1946, a Monday coinciding with Hearst's birthday, as Loorz rightly noted:

I am flying to San Simeon in the morning. Mr. Hearst and Marion bought three fine estates in Beverly Hills, one \$250,000, one \$110,000 and one \$63,000. They now want us to start remodeling same but I fear C.P.A. [the Civilian Production Administration] will not permit it and I

hate to tell him so. He celebrated his 83rd birthday today. I do hope he enjoyed it and that he is in [a] fine mood tomorrow.

As mentioned in 2003, by allusion to W. A. Swanberg's and Fred Guiles's biographies, the well-known explanation has Marion acting independently of Hearst in buying two houses in Beverly Hills in 1946, though surely not *three* houses. Tradition also has it that with Hearst's health declining, he vetoed the first of the two places as an urban refuge from San Simeon's remoteness. The more prominent of the two—or the most prominent of the three that Loorz mentioned, if we adopt his insider's account—was the former Milton Getz residence on North Beverly Drive, high on a knoll near Coldwater Canyon. Never mind that the 1920s Spanish or, to use the broader term Mediterranean, was an architectural style largely forgotten or even scorned by 1946, the decadent stuff that Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* would soon be made of (and that San Simeon had always been made of). Whether Hearst and Marion paid \$250,000 or less than half that amount (Guiles specified \$120,000 to Loorz's \$110,000 for the second-ranked acquisition), they made out like bandits in what was plainly a buyer's market. No wonder they were eager to start remodeling. There'd be money to spare at this rate—especially if a good price could be had for the Beach House.

The deal struck by Hearst Magazines with Joseph Drown later in 1946 was allegedly for \$600,000—about 6.6 million (minus appreciation) in the dollars of 2010. The same conditions of a buyer's market prevailed at that point in 1946, not quite a year after the two- or three-property windfall for Hearst and Marion in Beverly Hills. If Loorz and Guiles were close to the mark with the prices they cited, why would the Santa Monica sale have commanded so much? The amount was more than twice the larger (or largest) amount spent in Beverly Hills. Before getting too carried away, and before recalling that \$600,000 was a figure gleaned by Swanberg in 1960 from a Rhode

Island newspaper (the *Providence Journal*, part of Appendix V), we should remind ourselves in all seriousness that beachfront property commands the utmost value, even in a downbeat or distressed market. Without location, location, location to recommend it, the Beach House could easily have gone for half or less of what it's said to have sold for.

Let's go back to the documents post haste to see how plausible the \$600,000 sounds and to see what else we might gain from those who were directly involved in the sale of the Beach House compound, starting on December 11, 1946. On that day, Hal Roach's secretary wrote to Dick Burrud of Hearst Magazines on Wilshire Boulevard, headquartered near the affluent Windsor Square district of Los Angeles:

Regarding your request for an appointment with Mr. Hal Roach, he advises me that he has no interest in the purchase of the Santa Monica beach property at this particular time.

Right after Christmas—on December 27, 1946—Martin Huberth wrote at length to Hearst at San Simeon. He did so from the main offices of the Hearst Corporation in New York:

Further in relation to your telegram regarding the Santa Monica beach property sale.

You will no doubt remember when I visited with you at Beverly Hills we discussed the sale of the Santa Monica properties and I told you that I thought it would be best not to sell the various houses separately unless we first succeeded in selling the big house because I thought that was the key to the situation, and if we succeeded in selling the big house then we could proceed to dispose of the smaller houses. You agreed with this policy.

At that time Miss [Ella] Williams mentioned that Hal Roach was interested in purchasing the big house and had intimated a cash offer of \$500,000. This I discussed with you and it was agreeable that such an offer would be acceptable. I told Miss Williams to get a firm bid and I

would do the rest. During my visit Miss Williams was unable to get in touch with Mr. Roach.

When the Drown offer came through and we were considering it I telephoned to Dick Burrud and told him that before we would come to any definite conclusion I wanted him to follow up [with] Roach and also the Douglas Aircraft people, and that I would not give him a definite answer on Drown until we had heard from Mr. Roach as to whether or not he was interested.

It was only after I received from Burrud the letter addressed to him by Mr. Roach's secretary [transcribed in full above] and after I received word from Donald Douglas of the Douglas [Aircraft] Company that the Santa Monica big house was too rich for their blood as they were now in a period of retrenchment and pulling back after their heavy war contracts, and after having explored all possibilities of selling the big house separately that I brought the matter of the Drown offer before our Finance Committee. I, personally, was not in favor of all the terms of the Drown contract. However, the Finance Committee stated [that] if certain changes were made in the terms Drown had exacted, they would be in favor of entering into a contract. These changes were agreed to by Mr. Drown.

It was then I telephoned and cleared with you and after that notified Burrud and told him to have Heinie MacKay's office draw the contract and attend to the legal end. This was done the beginning of last week.

Several days passed before Hearst tendered a response. By then it was January 9 of the new year, 1947. He wired Huberth with a brief statement, one indicating that the sale date should indeed be assigned to 1947, not to 1946 (and surely not to 1945):

Your letter Dec. 27th re sale of Santa Monica Beach property, I am sufficiently satisfied with the terms.

On that simple, straightforward note, the main life of the Beach House can be said to have ended. It was a life that, above all, Hearst and Marion had known, a life that Julia Morgan and William Flannery and George Loorz and Frank Hellenthal had known, a life that Alice

Head had known, and that Louella Parsons had also known. The same could be said of all the others who'd seen the place or who'd stayed there between the twenties and forties, all the famous and celebrated and envied people, of whatever names or identities. That was the grand mansion that was—and in many ways that wasn't. Regardless, everything afterward, after 1947, was a memory, a recollection, and not infrequently the stuff of myth or of outright fabrication. True, the physical body of the place lived on for now. Yet its internal spirit was gone and had been absent for a long time, since before the war, really.

It makes you wonder if Hearst and Marion ever went back, if they ever drove on PCH past the Beach House during the four years of his convalescence in Beverly Hills that ended with his death in 1951. A passage in Marion's memoir indicates that indeed they did. ("I didn't even recognize it," she said in reference to changes made during Joseph Drown's ownership, "I dreaded to go by.") All the same, would she and Hearst have been nostalgic? Would they have spoken of times past, of the magic days of ten or twenty years before? Or would they have been quietly sad, saying little as they beheld a relic of a bygone era, one that even Hearst with all his wealth and power had had to leave behind, as he soon would do of this earthly life itself. "It had been so beautiful inside," Marion recalled in 1951/1975 of the main building, "and when I last saw it, it needed paint."

AS A FOOTNOTE to the sale of the Beach House in 1947, the memoirs of William R. Valentiner can be cited. He was the renowned scholar and museum director who we initially heard from in 1931 and who came to Los Angeles in 1946 to take charge of what has since become LACMA, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art on Wilshire Boulevard. His memoirs, written in German, were translated by Margaret Sterne in the 1970s for *The Passionate Eye*, her biography of

Valentiner that appeared in 1980 and that's now a decidedly scarce, very much out-of-print book.

Passages that concern us from Valentiner's writings start with a description of what in 1946 was simply called the Los Angeles Museum:

The unfinished façade of the museum, an enormous block-like building opposite the house I lived in, was not very inviting, although the park surrounding it [Exposition Park] and the large rose gardens next to it were enchanting.

Valentiner was less than enchanted, however, by the interiors he encountered:

The art collections were deplorable. . . .

There were, besides, two galleries containing loan exhibitions, one of the Barnsdall collection of French Impressionists, the other the Marion Davies collection of French eighteenth-century masters, which were shown under glass and so badly hung that one could understand why some students believed them to be forgeries. . . .

I proposed to start a permanent collection which would survey all ages from prehistoric times to modern art, in such a manner that if the visitor began his walk through the museum at the entrance on one side he would end on the other side, having been visually instructed in the entire development of art. . . .

Aid toward building a museum collection came soon after I had taken over my position, from William Randolph Hearst, whom I knew from a visit I had paid some years ago in San Simeon [in 1931]. When I called on him at Marion Davies' house in Beverly Hills, he was exceedingly kind, and although he hardly ever left the house he was still amazingly active [mentally] and shared a rare interest in what was going on in the art world.

Valentiner wrote these lines in the early 1950s. He conflated some dates. The preceding passage, for example, strongly suggests 1947 at the earliest, following Hearst and Marion's final departure from San

Simeon. It remains a challenge for any reader of this translated material to distinguish 1946 from 1947 and, along with that, to get the four years from 1947 until Hearst's death in 1951 in sufficient balance. Valentiner's account continues:

I saw him regularly during the last five years of his life, at intervals of course, the communications often taking place through his secretary, if he was not well enough to see anyone. He could never go to the museum, since his health was slowly failing, but I frequently showed him photographs of the installation of objects he had given and sent him reports on the progress of the museum. In his last years, when he was no longer able to spend large sums of money, he was still interested in the public auctions in London and New York, and acquired many smaller objects for us after his secretary had inquired whether the objects he was bidding for would fit into our collections. His nurse told me once that his constant interest in these sales and in the development of our museum actually kept him alive.

There were other motivating forces in Hearst's life in the late 1940s that fueled his longevity. The remodeling of the Beverly House through Mac McClure (too much of it blithely assigned by posterity to Julia Morgan) was surely as great a factor, if not a surpassing one. We can take Valentiner at face value nonetheless, pending more research through the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library and the records held at LACMA and elsewhere. Valentiner's memoir continues:

During my first visit [to Beverly Hills], he asked me whether I had anything in mind that I would like to acquire for the museum. I was astounded, as no wealthy collector had ever asked me such a question before. Thinking fast, I told him that we had on loan a marvelous *Annuciation* by Andrea della Robbia. . . . While saying goodbye at the door Mr. Hearst said he would try to find the money for it.

I did not hear anything from him for a week. Then unexpectedly the president of the Hearst Corporation arrived and wanted to see the museum. . . .

A week later, Hearst's son David came to see me and handed me a check for \$50,000 for the acquisition of the *Annuciation* relief, which is still perhaps the finest single object we have in the museum. Soon Mr. Hearst added \$100,000 for museum acquisitions.

From then on [1946 or 1947] we received regularly, every year, a selection from his vast collection, the value of which amounted during the last six years [1946 through 1951 inclusive] to more than \$2 million. The selection was made with an understanding between Mr. Hearst, his art representative, C. Rounds [C. C. Rounds or Charlie Rounds], and myself in such a way that the objects fitted into the scheme of the museum. No cash for purchases was provided after the first years since Mr. Hearst explained that his income prevented him from doing so.

Valentiner's biographer, Margaret Sterne, moved on to excerpts from a diary kept by Valentiner in the late forties; some of its passages contradict what he said a few years later in a more retrospective, memoiristic format, parts of which have just been quoted. At any rate, Dr. Sterne presents the following from 1947, a year that seems conflated with 1946 either in Valentiner's memory or in her presentation of the man's output:

The next entry in Valentiner's diary is for May 26, 1947, when Valentiner described an exciting day at the museum. Hundreds of antagonists of modern art inside and outside the building were protesting Valentiner's first major exhibition of California art. Disgruntled painters had placed their rejected paintings on the museum steps, distributed pamphlets in the galleries accusing the museum staff of communism and subversive activities, and made speeches everywhere denouncing the exhibition. The only fear aroused in the staff, however, was that William Randolph Hearst would hear that the museum was supporting modern art and would stop contributing funds for the acquisition of old masters.

But on the morning of May 26 [1947] Valentiner received a telephone call from Mr. Hearst's lawyer in San Simeon telling him that he would soon receive a letter informing him that the museum would be presented with Marion Davies' collection of nineteen works of French

and English eighteenth-century painters, valued at \$800,000, the sum which Hearst had paid for the collection. Now, the lawyer wrote, he would give Valentiner \$850,000 to buy this collection for the museum. Valentiner was overjoyed; he had asked Hearst for \$50,000 about three weeks earlier, when he heard rumors that the Davies collection might be sold. The extra money was to be used for the installation of the paintings and the furnishing of a new room for the collection.

Contradictions and the prospects of still more shell games aside, the paintings in question had once hung in the Beach House—the “really wonderful collection of pictures” that Alice Head described in her memoir of 1939 but that few paid attention to, as Ilka Chase claimed in 1942.

Not all nineteen paintings are at LACMA today. One that’s still there is Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portrait of Arthur Atherley, acquired by Hearst and Marion from the London branch of Duveen Brothers in 1928 and mentioned in *The Times We Had*. It’s a work that points up better than anything at LACMA or among the myriad things at San Simeon and Wyntoon the inseparability of Hearst and Marion as collectors, to say nothing of their inseparability as a devoted couple, bound together in what was tantamount to a common-law marriage through most of the years covered in this book about them that’s now ending.

The message quoted below is from earlier in the forties, from 1941, a year that found Hearst mostly disposing of paintings and art objects rather than acquiring them—and rather than giving them to museums. He couldn’t afford to be as generous on the Depression side of World War II. And because he couldn’t, neither could Marion, to all intents and purposes. “Cannot sell the Lawrence [the Arthur Atherley portrait],” she had wired a friend in April 1941 who’d inquired hopefully, knowing that Hearst and Marion were selling certain items on a highly selective basis. “It is too precious to W. R. & me,” she had

further said. "Have other paintings of equal value. Let me know if party is interested."

Marion didn't sign off with her trademark "Millions of thanks." But she did say "Love" to her friend who'd asked about the painting.

We're the ones who should be offering millions of thanks. For historically Hearst and Marion have long been imparting love to all of us who look back over the decades. They've been enriching us not through a building in Santa Monica that's been gone for more than half a century now but through the written word, above all—through telegrams and other records that have stood the test of time, rare documents that warrant our preserving and savoring them for years to come.

Appendix I

Julia Morgan's Distribution of Expenses Sheets

1924–1940

The seventeen Distribution of Expenses sheets that begin on the next page are noteworthy for their comprehensiveness. Seemingly no stone was left unturned in their compilation for each of the years in question, 1924 through 1940. Theoretically, every telephone call that was chargeable to the Morgan office is reflected here; so is every telegram sent, along with every hour of time logged in the drafting room by Morgan herself or one of her staff; and so on with every other expense, however large or small, however active or inactive a client's status (many small follow-ups on old jobs are apparent in these sheets).

But as we saw in Chapter 4, the expenses stemming in 1929 from the Douras Mausoleum and the Marion Davies Clinic aren't specified in the sheet for that year; and there may be other minor exceptions for 1924 through 1940 besides those two instances.

Be that as it may, the great majority of the entries on all the sheets are in dollars and cents, such as the \$2.98 for Wyntoon in 1924. Whole-dollar amounts like the \$30.00 for the San Pedro YWCA, also in 1924, are much less common. This trend reflects exactness of accounting on the one hand; on the other hand it reflects the clout that even the smallest denominations had in those years, as seen in several of the itemized entries in Appendix II for blueprints and the like. The 1920s dollar should be multiplied by a factor of 10 or 12 to yield a present-day equivalence; the factor for a 1930s dollar is closer to 15; all such factors are likely to keep increasing over time.

Lilian Forney, secretary to Julia Morgan from 1923 until the latter's death in 1957, made the intricate annual compilations during seventeen of her years on the job; if she did the same for 1923 or for 1941 through 1947, which were Morgan's last years of active practice, those sheets are missing from the Morgan-Forney Collection. The seventeen known compilations may therefore be survivors from what was once a larger body of such records; and thus the rarity of the existing sheets can't be emphasized enough.

Finally, a spreadsheet audit of the seventeen sheets, conducted by Joanne Aasen in 2010, has revealed that about half the sheets have discrepancies between their stated totals and their actual totals. Although one of these errant sheets is off by a mere seven cents (1935), three of the years in question—1928, 1929, and 1930—are at wide enough variance to give serious pause. Why, for example, would 1928 be off the mark by nearly five thousand dollars? For comparative purposes, all the job ledgers in the Morgan-Forney Collection would have to be individually checked, a procedure lying far beyond the scope of Appendix I. Therefore, the seventeen sheets in the pages that follow must be taken for now at face value.

January 1 to December 31, 1924

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Am[erican] Legion [Marysville]	\$1,420.13
Mrs. [W. T.] Beatty [Pebble Beach]	100.19
[California] Crematorium [Oakland]	185.38
Delta Zeta [Sorority, Berkeley]	1,743.20
Hearst Hall [Phoebe Hearst Women's Gym, Berkeley]	3,236.58
San Simeon	10,310.23
Main Bldg. [San Simeon]	10,018.94
Farm Group [San Simeon]	1,414.49
Kappa Alpha [Theta Sorority, Berkeley]	144.20
King's Daughters [Home for Incurables, Oakland]	142.51
Los Angeles Ex[aminer]	702.43
Marysville School	200.20
[S. H.] Martin [Cordelia, Solano County]	5.26
Montezuma School [Los Gatos]	8.11
[H. H.] North [Apartments, Oakland]	1,571.59
Potrero Hill [Community House, San Francisco]	14.77
Tooker [Memorial] School [San Francisco]	3,416.03
[Mrs. Ben W.] Reed [Oakland]	57.72
[A.] Rosenberg Apts [Apartments, San Francisco]	45.40
[San Francisco County] Nurses Association	445.33
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner	575.39
Ladies Protection & Relief [Society, S.F.]	3,984.83
Santa Barbara [Margaret Baylor Inn]	83.13
Jules Suppo [San Francisco]	361.20
[Mr. & Mrs.] Paul Thelen [Berkeley]	1,181.02
1000 Oaks [Thousand Oaks Church, Berkeley]	1,199.53
Mrs. [Frank H.] Varney [San Francisco]	1.58
Mrs. Weed [Miss Mabel Weed, Berkeley]	48.07

Wyntoon	\$2.98
YWCA New York	2.61
YWCA Asilomar	271.44
" Hollywood [Studio Club]	1,241.72
Honolulu [YWCA]	172.37
Long Beach "	7,517.17
Phoenix "	435.99
S.F. [San Francisco] YWCA	121.16
Sacramento YWCA	16.29
San Pedro "	30.00
Emanuel [Emanu-El Sisterhood, San Francisco]	516.05
Fresno YWCA	489.62
[Mrs. L. H.] Glide [Berkeley (for Sacramento)]	139.88
[Mrs. D. B.] Gamble [Pasadena]	92.73
[C. M.] Goethe [Sacramento]	54.64
Pasadena YWCA	111.12
[Mrs. Clara H(untington)] Perkins [Los Gatos]	26.83
<hr/>	
TOTAL	\$53,860.04
Disbursement Register to date—	\$53,863.70

January 1 to December 31, 1925

CLIENT	AMOUNT
<hr/>	
Am[erican] Legion [Marysville]	\$359.70
[California] Crematorium [Oakland]	1,789.08
Miss [Agnes G.] Culver [Berkeley]	59.74
Mrs. [W. M.] Hart [Berkeley]	44.13
Hearst Hall [Phoebe Hearst Women's Gym, Berkeley]	7,589.06
" Beverly Hills [Davies House, 1700 Lexington]	996.02

San Simeon:

San Simeon general	\$8,305.88
Main Building	5,387.48
Chicken Houses	845.99
Men's Quarters	60.93
Swimming Pool	249.22
[SS subtotal]	14,849.50
Milpitas Ranch House [Jolon]	23.62
[Dr.] W. L. Jepson [Berkeley]	154.90
Kappa Alpha Theta [Sorority, Berkeley]	144.20
Los Angeles Examiner	39.28
S. H. Martin [Cordelia, Solano County]	149.92
[Mr. & Mrs. Giulio] Minetti [San Francisco]	151.11
Ransome & Bridges [School, Piedmont]	8.68
Chamberlain (S.B.) [Santa Barbara?]	4.28
[Dunning] Rideout [Marysville]	61.67
[H. H.] North [Apartments, Oakland]	32.49
Peixotto Apartments [Oakland?]	318.77
Miss Pettinger	220.76
Tooker [Memorial] School [San Francisco]	2,037.80
[Mrs. Ben W.] Reed [Oakland]	1,423.08
S.F. Co. [San Francisco County] Nurses Assn.	974.41
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner	4,184.94
S.F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief Soc[iety]	626.48
Santa Barbara Gymnasium Rec[reation] Center	1,474.47
Margaret Baylor Inn [Santa Barbara]	5,900.29
Santa Barbara Hospital	462.15
Santa Maria [Minerva Club]	121.92
H. C. Scrutton [Petaluma]	699.28
Misses [Irene and Inez] Smith [Alameda]	320.16
Mrs. [Walter] Starr [Piedmont]	63.00
J[ules] Suppo [San Francisco]	572.52
[First] Swedish [Baptist] Church [Oakland]	731.83

YWCA General	\$11.28
Asilomar [Pacific Grove]	27.21
" Lodge	636.67
Hollywood Studio Club	6,566.57
YW[CA] Honolulu	8,110.58
YW[CA] Long Beach	4,942.01
[YWCA] Pasadena	15.00
[YWCA] San Pedro	574.63
C. M. Goethe [Sacramento]	10.21
Mrs. Clara [Huntington] Perkins [Los Gatos]	66.19
Saratoga Church	47.90
Thousand Oaks Church [Berkeley]	0.64
<hr/>	
TOTAL	\$67,515.96
Disbursement Register to date—	\$67,515.07

January 1 to December 31, 1926

CLIENT	AMOUNT
<hr/>	
Dr. H. H. Alvarez [San Francisco]	\$929.37
Berkeley Baptist Church [Thousand Oaks Church]	27.61
Calvary Presbyterian [Church, Berkeley]	6.00
Calif. Crematorium [Oakland]	3,515.38
M. N. Clarke [Oakland]	371.64
Agnes G. Culver [Berkeley]	1,066.63
F. C. Carlton	6.10
Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille [Hollywood-Los Feliz]	786.38
[Mr. & Mrs.] R[obert] E. Easton [Santa Barbara]	44.11
Emanu-El Sisterhood [San Francisco]	60.48
Julia Frazier [Oakland]	62.37

C. M. Goethe [Sacramento]	\$13.30
Commander [and Mrs. John S.] Graham [Saratoga]	10.35
[Miss] Hamlin[']s School [San Francisco]	2,696.45
Hearst Hall [Phoebe Hearst Women's Gym, Berkeley]	4,307.51
San Simeon	10,862.41
Main Building [San Simeon]	7,940.05
Chicken House [San Simeon]	355.47
Milpitas Ranch [Jolon]	61.99
Servants Quarters [San Simeon]	267.50
House "D" [San Simeon]	29.19
Marion Davies [1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills]	2,539.38
Beach House, Santa Monica [415 Ocean Front]	3,937.04
Lehman	1.00
S. H. Martin [Cordelia, Solano County]	0.25
Mrs. C. B. Morse	51.86
Ming Quong Nursery [Oakland]	396.24
Monterey Church [San Carlos Borromeo Church]	929.16
[Mr. & Mrs.] Giulio Minetti [San Francisco]	31.83
Native Daughters [of the Golden West, San Francisco]	5.81
Mrs. C[lara] H[untington] Perkins [Los Gatos]	305.40
Ransome & Bridges [School, Piedmont]	109.31
[Mrs.] B[en] W. Reed [Oakland]	189.93
[A.] Rosenberg [Apartments, San Francisco]	3.59
San Francisco Examiner	960.37
Oakland Times	129.79
San Francisco Call [newspaper]	296.61
Strobridge	0.90
Misses Irene & I[nez] Smith [Alameda]	11.27
H. C. Scrutton [Petaluma]	3.10
Jules Suppo [San Francisco]	350.09
S.F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief [Society]	34.25
Mrs. S[ig] Stern	0.25
Mrs. [Walter] Starr [Piedmont]	8.77

Margaret Baylor Inn [Santa Barbara]	\$7,024.58
Santa Barbara Gymnasium	354.31
" " Hospital	9.92
Shortledge	279.74
Swedish Church [Oakland]	190.00
Thousand Oaks Church [Berkeley]	5.71
Minerva Club, Santa Maria	786.82
YWCA General	4.80
" Asilomar Lodge	316.41
" Director's Cottage]	174.62
" Fresno	0.80
" Hollywood [Studio Club]	1,286.06
" Honolulu	13,306.32
" Oakland	52.53
" Pasadena Pool	3.25
" Riverside	35.00
" San Pedro	153.08
" Tokyo	18.86
<hr/>	
Total expense jobs	\$67,719.30
Check Register	\$71,580.67
Less deductions	3,860.75
	[adjusted total] 67,719.92
	Difference [surplus] \$0.62
Deductions:	
Special Adv. Refund	\$1,323.75
Loan [J. L.] Divet	400.00
Office Reserve	1,000.00
Voided checks	137.00
Brewer refund	1,000.00
<hr/>	
	\$3,860.75

January 1 to December 31, 1927

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Dr. [H. H.] Alvarez [San Francisco]	\$9.73
L[ouis] Bartlett [Berkeley?]	106.04
Miss Burke's School [San Francisco]	41.53
Calif. Crematorium [Oakland]	9,481.70
Mrs. H. P. B. Carden [Marysville]	6.51
Miss [Agnes G.] Culver [Berkeley]	9.44
Miss [Newell] Drown [Berkeley?]	1,187.80
[Mr. & Mrs.] R[obert] E. Easton [Santa Barbara]	10.00
Commander [and Mrs. John S.] Graham [Saratoga]	293.30
[Miss] Hamlin['s] School [San Francisco]	210.02
UC Auditorium [Berkeley]	108.60
UC Museum [Berkeley]	227.15
Hearst Hall [Phoebe Hearst Women's Gym, Berkeley]	313.22
San Simeon	23,927.09
Main Building [San Simeon]	8,658.10
Marion Davies [1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills]	26.74
Beach House [415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica]	1,563.85
Ming Quong Nursery [Oakland]	74.17
" " Babies Cottage [Oakland]	178.00
Mr. Tashiera [George Tasheira, Berkeley]	0.25
R[ichard] A. Clark house [San Francisco]	0.60
Mrs. [W. M.] Hart [Berkeley]	0.10
Ransome & Bridges [School, Piedmont]	0.23
Berkeley YW[CA]	0.10
Monterey Church [San Carlos Borromeo Church]	867.92
Native Daughters [of the Golden West, S.F.]	2,029.29
Paraiso Springs [Soledad, Monterey County]	30.00
Miss C[harlotte] Playter [Piedmont]	28.68
[Oakland] Post Enquirer Pub[lishing] Co.	3,735.36

Presbyterian Chinese Miss[io]n [Oakland]	\$20.66
Principia [College; St. Louis, Missouri]	1,009.80
Mrs. B[en] W. Reed [Oakland]	7.00
S.F.[San Francisco] Examiner	269.35
[San Francisco] Call-Examiner Bldg.	14.79
Margaret Baylor Inn [Santa Barbara]	1,926.29
Santa Barbara Gym[nasium]	50.00
Santa Maria Women's Club [Minerva Club]	66.56
Saratoga Church	24.17
Miss [Margaret] Stewart [Garberville]	433.56
[Mrs.] F. C. Turner [Oakland]	151.86
Mrs. Chester Williams	46.67
[Mr. & Mrs.] S[elden] R. Williams [Clarksburg]	1,662.87
Asilomar Auditorium [Pacific Grove]	1,031.22
" Director's Cottage	54.85
" Pool	198.71
YW[CA] Fresno	1.16
[YWCA] Hollywood Studio Club	300.88
YW[CA] Honolulu	5,777.04
YW[CA] Oakland	138.49
YW[CA] Riverside	1,928.14
YW[CA] San Francisco	168.17
C. M. Goethe [Sacramento]	3.60
Dr. [W. L.] Jepson [Berkeley]	27.00
S.F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief [Society]	59.43
Mrs. Walter Starr [Piedmont]	12.37
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Total expense jobs	\$68,510.16
Check register	\$72,491.44
Less deductions	3,983.40
[adjusted total]	68,508.04
Difference [deficit]	2.12
Deductions:	

Special Adv. Refund	\$170.20
Loan [James] LeF[eaver]	700.00
Returned carfares, etc.	165.07
Office reserve	2,948.13
	<hr/>
	\$3,983.40

January 1 to December 31, 1928

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Miss Beaver	\$10.65
Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church [Fresno?]	70.05
Berkeley Women's City Club	169.34
Miss Burke's School [San Francisco]	22.34
California Crematorium [Oakland]	7,228.61
Tomb Drawing, Mr. [Lawrence?] Moore [Honolulu]	58.42
[Mrs.] H. P. B. Carden [Marysville]	6.51
Marysville Club	31.84
R[ichard] A. Clark house [San Francisco]	6.02
Emanu-El Sisterhood [San Francisco]	40.00
Mrs. Jos[eph] Friedlander [San Francisco]	271.38
Prof. & Mrs. [W. M.] Hart [Berkeley]	744.98
Mrs. [Clara] Huntington [Perkins, Los Gatos]	17.95
UC Auditorium [Berkeley]	0.83
UC Museum [Berkeley]	148.05
Hearst Hall [Phoebe Hearst Women's Gym, Berkeley]	4.36
San Simeon	31,043.35
Main Building [San Simeon]	5,409.70
Old Santa Monica, 415 O[cean] F[ront]	687.67
New " " " " "	3,024.40
321 Ocean Front, S[anta] Monica	16.82

Santa Monica Apartments	\$54.08
Wyntoon	1,234.11
Mathis Residence [Arizona]	304.92
[Mr. & Mrs. Willis] Minium [Alameda]	79.29
Ming Quong [Babies Cottage, Oakland]	100.00
Mrs. [Lawrence?] Moore [Piedmont]	0.30
Mrs. F. W. Morse	0.10
Monterey Church [San Carlos Borromeo Church]	36.88
Native Daughters [of the Golden West, S.F.]	5,011.31
Paraiso Springs [Soledad, Monterey County]	162.15
[Oakland] Post Enquirer [Publishing Co.]	2,261.23
Potrero Hill [Neighborhood House, San Francisco]	40.05
Presby[terian] Church, Sausalito	75.61
" Orphanage, San Anselmo	822.84
Ransome & Bridges [School, Piedmont]	17.64
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner (new bldg.)	1,306.63
S.F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief [Society]	195.61
Santa Maria Minerva Club	425.91
Mrs. W[alter] Starr [Piedmont]	508.49
Miss [Margaret] Stewart [Garberville]	0.78
Mrs. Chester Williams	46.67
[Mr. & Mrs.] Selden R. Williams [Clarksburg]	1,662.87
YW[CA] General	25.00
Asilomar Merrill Hall	1,103.88
[YWCA] Hollywood Studio Club	2.41
YWCA Oakland	138.49
YWCA Riverside	1,928.14
YWCA San Francisco	168.17
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Total expense jobs	\$71,671.22
Check register	\$79,126.01
Less deductions	7,454.95
[adjusted total]	71,671.06

Difference [deficit] \$0.16

Deductions:

Loan [J. L.] Divet	171.00
Office Reserve	6,952.09
Returned carfares, etc.	331.86

 \$7,454.95
January 1 to December 31, 1929

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Dr. [H. H.] Alvarez [San Francisco]	\$101.89
David Atkins [San Francisco]	50.57
Berkeley Women's City Club	7,838.39
Miss Burke's School [San Francisco]	22.34
Calif. Crematorium [Oakland]	7,228.61
Emanu-El Sisterhood [San Francisco]	51.20
[Mrs.] Jos[eph] Friedlander [San Francisco]	8.20
J. H[arry] Gwinn [Petaluma]	950.41
[Mr. & Mrs.] George Hearst [Hillsborough]	727.14
[Mr. & Mrs.] A. F. Hockenbeamer [Berkeley]	52.99
UC Museum [Berkeley]	1,041.48
San Simeon	25,061.80
Marion Douras [1700 Lexington], Bev[erly] Hills	418.32
Santa Monica, 415 [Ocean Front] etc. (refunded)	(2,359.51)
" " " " "	(2,022.92)
" " 321 O[cean] F[ront]	3,739.49
Milpitas Ranch [Jolon]	2,676.57
Wyntoon	2,810.58
St. Donat's Castle [Wales]	133.99
Wyntoon (for Hearst Est[ate])	549.27

Wyntoon Castle (new)	\$825.29
Dr. [W. L.] Jepson [Berkeley]	533.93
Rev. Matthews [Margaret L. Matthew, Berkeley?]	35.88
Ming Quong [Babies Cottage?] [Oakland]	19.03
[Mr. & Mrs. Willis] Minium [Alameda]	31.83
Alexander Sanitarium	15.54
Derby House [Berkeley]	5.66
North Apts. [Mr. & Mrs. H. H. North, Oakland]	2.86
Goodrich	12.38
Zackay	5.23
Griffin	6.69
Divisadero 2209 [Julia Morgan residence, S.F.]	19.96
Huntington [Mrs. Clara Perkins, Los Gatos]	41.68
Potrero [Hill, San Francisco]	0.20
Mrs. E[mma] Morgan [Mrs. H. H. North, Berkeley]	373.99
Native Daughters of G[olden] W[est] [San Francisco]	84.36
Oakland Forum	162.98
[Oakland] Post Enquirer [Publishing Co.]	1.36
Presbyterian Orphanage [San Anselmo]	3.90
Mrs. [A.?] Rosenberg [San Francisco]	23.46
Dr. Annie Ross	34.75
Mrs. [Walter] Starr [Piedmont]	113.93
[Mrs.] S[elden] R. Williams [Berkeley]	917.76
Asilomar General	20.36
Asilomar, Merrill Hall	0.58
Oakland YWCA	6.98
Riverside YWCA	6,007.60
San Francisco YWCA	113.81
" " Hotel Bldg [The Residence]	1.54
<hr/>	
Total expense jobs	\$62,154.85
Check register	\$84,699.75
Less deductions	22,544.90

[adjusted total] \$62,154.85

Deductions:

Bonuses	\$14,919.90
Loan [Elizabeth] Boyter	250.00
Office Reserve	6,875.00
Transfer	500.00

 \$22,544.90
January 1 to December 31, 1930**CLIENT****AMOUNT**

Dr. [H. H.] Alvarez [San Francisco]	\$22.05
Berkeley Baptist Church	7.39
" Women's City Club	11,367.86
Miss Burke's School [San Francisco]	1,277.14
Cal[ifornia] Crematorium [Oakland]	112.39
Mrs. [Joseph] Friedlander [San Francisco]	26.41
J. H[arry] Gwinn [Petaluma]	141.29
[Mr. & Mrs.] George Hearst [Hillsborough]	727.14
UC Museum [Berkeley]	5.37
San Simeon	18,956.77
415 Ocean Front [Santa Monica]	781.74
321 Ocean Front [Santa Monica]	10.44
Milpitas [Ranch, Jolon]	1,335.52
Wyntoon, pool, court	407.33
" alterations	1,149.23
" Castle, new	2,723.36
Dr. [W. L.] Jepson [Berkeley]	533.93
L.A. [Los Angeles] Examiner	301.07

Rev. Matthews [Margaret L. Matthew, Berkeley?]	\$14.87
Merchants Exchange [San Francisco]	960.98
St. John's Presbyterian [Church, Berkeley]	3.04
1st Baptist [Church], Rdwd. [Redwood] City	5.18
Miss Channon	4.32
Potrero Hill [Neighborhood Kindergarten, S.F.]	277.29
Principia [College; St. Louis, Missouri]	3,151.10
Mrs. [Walter] Starr [Piedmont]	46.39
[Mrs.] S[elden] R. Williams [Berkeley]	15.35
Asilomar, general	10.00
Univ[ersity of] Hawaii [Honolulu]	1,200.00
YW[CA] Riverside	15.00
YW[CA] San Francisco	2.24
<hr/>	
Total expense jobs	\$49,557.31
Check register	\$66,992.34
Less deductions	17,435.03
[adjusted total]	49,557.31
Deductions:	
Bonuses	\$9,171.00
Loan [unnamed]	100.00
Transfer to JMP	164.03
Office reserve	8,000.00
<hr/>	
	\$17,435.03

January 1 to December 31, 1931

CLIENT	AMOUNT
<hr/>	
Mrs. R. B. Ayer [Piedmont]	\$90.18
Berkeley Women's City Club	1,115.81

Miss Burke's School [San Francisco]	\$14.84
" " " (new site) [San Francisco]	9.80
California Crematorium [Oakland]	14.80
[Mr. & Mrs.] George Hearst [Hillsborough]	825.44
San Simeon	18,811.08
San Simeon Reservoir	907.30
Marion Davies Hospital[Clinic; Sawtelle, West L.A.]	2,172.24
Marion Davies Greenhouse [Santa Monica]	253.47
Milpitas Ranch [Jolon]	139.89
Wyntoon Gables	607.80
Wyntoon Castle	3,517.26
Mount Olive [Santa Maria de Ovila monastery]	2,757.83
Dr. [W. L.] Jepson [Berkeley]	149.76
Los Angeles Examiner	951.25
Mr. [Russell] Selfridge [San Francisco?]	1.44
[Mrs.] Selden Williams [Berkeley]	5.16
[Abraham] Rosenberg Memorial [San Francisco?]	60.53
Native Daughters [of the Golden West, S.F.]	72.00
Potrero Hill Neighborhood [House, S.F.]	0.75
Monterey Church [San Carlos Borromeo Church]	9.05
Dr. Clifton Price [Berkeley]	30.77
Principia [College; St. Louis, Missouri]	15,434.56
A[ugust] Schilling [Woodside]	13.22
Town & Gown Club [Berkeley]	53.33
Young Men's Home Club	73.74
Hollywood [Studio Club] YWCA	1.04
S.F. [San Francisco] YWCA Residence Bld[g].	11,968.11
Chinese YWCA	1,356.07
Japanese YWCA	321.37
Riverside YWCA	20.00
Santa Barbara [Margaret Baylor Inn?]	20.00

Total expense jobs	\$61,779.89
Check register	\$83,503.21
Less deductions	21,723.32
	[adjusted total] 61,779.89
Deductions:	
Bonuses	\$10,223.32
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	11,300.00
Loan [unnamed]	200.00
	<hr/>
	\$21,723.32

January 1 to December 31, 1932

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Louis Bartlett, [Lake] Tahoe	\$37.19
[Miss] Burke's School wall [San Francisco]	14.84
Cal[ifornia] Crematorium [Oakland]	187.34
Cal[ifornia] Fed[erated] Women's Clubs [Scotia]	943.37
[Mr. & Mrs.] J. H. Gwinn alterations [Petaluma]	71.60
Phoebe A. Hearst School aquarium [Washington DC]	120.03
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst res. [Hillsborough]	262.44
San Simeon	19,502.30
Beach House grilles [415 Ocean Front, S.M.]	96.41
Beach House painting [415 Ocean Front, S.M.]	67.24
321 Ocean Front " [Santa Monica]	78.39
Marion Davies Foundation [Clinic, Sawtelle]	3,178.62
Wyntoon Castle	882.94
" Waterhouse bldgs.	141.60
Dr. [W. L.] Jepson [Berkeley]	0.20

Dr. [D. C.] Kok ([Mr. F. E.] Lloyd)	\$137.26
Mrs. H. P. Livermore [San Francisco]	98.09
Mrs. Clara Huntington [Perkins, Los Gatos]	1.33
[Mrs.] Selden R. Williams [Berkeley]	1.73
Mrs. Rosenberg	0.25
Mrs. Franklyn	1.90
Saratoga Church	74.58
Marysville [Grammar School]	55.43
T. Knowles [Alameda]	4.10
Sarah Oddie [Monterey?]	0.60
Principia [College; St. Louis, Missouri]	3,135.63
S.L.O. [San Luis Obispo] Monday Club	730.79
Thousand Oak Church [Berkeley]	0.84
UC [Women's] Dormitory [Berkeley]	7.29
Univ[ersity] of Hawaii	532.42
Geo[rge] F. Volkmann [San Francisco]	670.45
San Francisco YWCA	7,120.49
Chinese YWCA [San Francisco]	1,205.34
Japanese YWCA [San Francisco]	1,999.25
Riverside YWCA	100.00

Total expense jobs	\$41,474.87
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Check register	\$49,274.87
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Less deductions	7,800.00
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[adjusted total]	41,474.87
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Deductions:

Transfer to

Office Reserve	7,800.00
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[\$7,800.00]

January 1 to December 31, 1933

CLIENT	AMOUNT
Berkeley Women's City Club	\$158.55
Miss Burke's School [wall, San Francisco]	128.71
California Crematorium [Oakland]	1,411.70
C[alif.] Federation of Women's Clubs [Scotia]	1.75
[Mr. & Mrs.] J. H. Gwinn alterations [Petaluma]	253.30
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst res. [Hillsborough]	55.00
[Mr. & Mrs.] A. F. Hockenbeamer [Berkeley]	35.79
San Simeon	11,191.80
Grand View Hotel [Grand Canyon, Arizona]	0.27
415 Ocean Front painting [Santa Monica]	22.26
Marion Davies Foundation [Clinic, Sawtelle]	276.00
Waterhouse and New Wyntoon	8,819.09
Cosmopolitan Studio [Bungalow, Culver City]	32.00
Mrs. H. P. Livermore [San Francisco]	804.54
Los Angeles Examiner	182.74
Asilomar [Pacific Grove]	43.57
Honolulu YWCA	0.25
S.F. Ladies Protection & Relief [Society]	10.55
2814 Derby St. [Berkeley]	0.59
Prof. W. [M.] Hart [Berkeley]	0.30
Monday Club S.L.O. [San Luis Obispo]	369.26
UC Women's Dormitory [Berkeley]	7.29
S.F. YW[CA] Residence Bldg. [San Francisco]	57.59
Valmonte [Bellshire Housing Project, S.F.]	2,240.40
Total expense jobs	\$26,099.77
Check register	\$30,099.77
Less deductions	4,000.00

[adjusted total] \$26,099.77

Deductions:

Transfer to

Office Reserve

4,000.00

[\$4,000.00]**January 1 to December 31, 1934****CLIENT****AMOUNT**

Berkeley Women's City Club	\$19.43
Miss Burke's School [wall, San Francisco]	22.50
California Crematorium [Oakland]	1,769.59
Hilo Crematorium [Homelani Columbarium, Hawaii]	127.65
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst [Hillsborough]	73.15
" " " [Holmby Hills, L.A.]	418.13
[Mr. &] Mrs. A. F. Hockenbeamer [Berkeley]	76.07
Cosmopolitan Studios Projection Room [Culver City]	891.52
415 Ocean Front sun rooms [Santa Monica]	138.61
Marion Davies Foundation [Clinic, Sawtelle]	300.00
San Simeon	11,912.99
Wyntoon, Waterhouse, etc.	6,170.68
Century Club [San Francisco]	25.41
Potrero Hill Neighborhood House	7.02
Monday Club [San Luis Obispo]	94.76
San Francisco Examiner	25.00
Else Schilling [San Francisco]	333.60
Mrs. A. A. Stull [San Francisco]	44.05
Native Daughters of the Golden West [S.F.]	29.38
King's Daughters Home [for Incurables, Oakland]	15.11

Valmonte [Bellshire Housing Project, S.F.]	\$0.72
J[ohanna] Volkmann [San Francisco]	195.15
Mrs. Selden [R.] Williams [Berkeley]	220.32
S.F. YW[CA] Residence Bldg. [San Francisco]	77.60

Total expense jobs	\$22,988.44
Check register	\$36,538.44
Less deductions	13,550.00
[adjusted total]	22,988.44

Deductions:

Transfer to	
Office Reserve	4,350.00
Bonuses	9,200.00

[\$13,550.00]

January 1 to December 31, 1935**CLIENT****AMOUNT**

Berkeley Women's City Club	\$0.52
Dr. Edward C. Bull [San Francisco]	280.50
Cal[ifornia] Crematorium [Oakland]	304.40
Homelani [Columbarium; Hilo, Hawaii]	1,097.01
Emanu-El Sisterhood [San Francisco]	77.27
J. H. Gwinn [Petaluma]	72.26
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst Hillsborough	38.67
San Simeon	7,001.45
Beach House 1935 [415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica]	955.86
Wyntoon	10,495.17
Milpitas Ranch Jolon	64.57

King's Daughters [Home for Incurables, Oakland]	\$455.51
Hearst Radio old [KUP, Redwood City and San Mateo]	989.10
Hearst Radio new [" " " "]	498.28
[Mr. & Mrs.] Henry C. Marcus [San Francisco]	549.82
Long Beach YWCA	15.34
Century Club [San Francisco]	85.42
Cary Cook [San Rafael]	3.61
Potrero Hill Neighborhood Hs [House, S.F.]	118.15
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner presses	1,250.57
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner melting pots	52.57
Mrs. A. A. Stull [San Francisco]	5.00
Richard Strong [Berkeley]	73.38
E[lsie] L[ee] Turner	762.73
Valmonte [Bellshire Housing Project, S.F.]	2.75
G[eorge] F. Volkmann [San Francisco]	220.67
Residence Bldg. YWCA [San Francisco]	6.07
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Total expense jobs	\$25,476.58
Check register	\$29,881.27
Less deductions	4,404.69
[adjusted total]	25,476.58
Deductions:	
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	500.00
Coupons for JMP a/c	52.50
Purchases for Clients	502.19
Salaries	3,350.00
<hr/>	
	[\$4,404.69]

January 1 to December 31, 1936

CLIENT	AMOUNT
A. Agius [Petaluma]	\$536.70
R. N. Burgess [Walnut Creek]	361.06
Calif[ornia] Crematorium [Oakland]	235.78
Santa Rosa "	73.67
Homelani Columbarium [Hilo, Hawaii]	399.91
Cal. Federation Women's Clubs [Scotia]	0.26
Emanu-El Sisterhood [San Francisco]	104.78
Globe Wireless, Ltd. [San Francisco]	488.13
J. H. Gwinn [Petaluma]	5.37
Dr. [and Mrs.] David Hadden [Berkeley]	262.92
Professor W. [M.] Hart [Berkeley]	81.39
Hockenbeamer Memorial [Oakland]	101.14
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst Hillsborough	26.72
San Simeon	13,842.01
Beach House [415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica]	1,510.10
Wyntoon Castle	500.00
Waterhouse, Wyntoon	6,463.14
Milpitas Ranch, Jolon	500.03
Grand Canyon [Arizona]	732.46
King's Daughters Laundry [Oakland]	84.97
" Men's Bldg. [Oakland]	228.58
Hearst Radio KUP [Redwood City-San Mateo]	343.75
" KYA [San Francisco]	690.14
Century Club [San Francisco]	33.11
S. Hall	0.65
United Presbyterian Church	0.93
H. H. North [Oakland]	32.37
Monterey [Franklin Street?]	39.27
[Mr. & Mrs.] L[awrence] F. Moore [Piedmont]	38.23

[Mr. & Mrs.] W. R. Moorehead [Lake Tahoe]	\$379.11
Potrero Hill Neighborhood Hs [House, S.F.]	7.81
St. Peter's [Church, Oakland]	42.37
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner inst. Presses	56.59
" " " " melt. Pots	109.73
Hearst Bldg. [San Francisco]	85.53
S. F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief [Society]	96.93
Saratoga Foothill Club	40.09
Dr. [and Mrs.] Walter Schilling [San Francisco]	20.45
[Mr. & Mrs.] Clarence Shuey [Berkeley]	74.25
Al[l]an Starr [Mission San Jose]	40.24
Richard Strong [Berkeley]	0.88
Jules Suppo [San Francisco]	271.67
Edythe Tate Thompson [Pasadena]	408.57
F. C. Turner [Berkeley]	1,064.36
Gertrude Turner Huberty [Berkeley]	661.59
Geo[rge] F. Volkmann [San Francisco]	146.35
International Institute	
S.F. YWCA Res[idence] Bldg. [San Francisco]	71.88
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Total expense jobs	\$31,253.17
Check register	\$46,618.17
Less deductions	15,365.00
[adjusted total]	31,253.17
Deductions:	
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	7,750.00
Coupons for JMP a/c	35.00
Salaries	7,580.00
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	[\$15,365.00]

January 1 to December 31, 1937

CLIENT	AMOUNT
California Crematorium [Oakland]	\$116.35
Santa Rosa Columbarium	0.52
Homelani Cemetery [Columbarium; Hilo, Hawaii]	1.35
Dr. D. Rodney Hadden	117.74
Dr. [and Mrs.] David Hadden [Berkeley]	18.16
Hockenbeamer Memorial [Oakland]	10.47
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst Hillsborough	80.54
Hearst Building [San Francisco]	2,295.05
San Simeon	4,283.98
" " Men's Quarters	1,639.83
Wyntoon, Waterhouse	6,763.76
Beach House alterations [Santa Monica]	226.10
" " terraces [Santa Monica]	1.10
Milpitas Ranch, Jolon	398.87
" " Me's Quarters	292.01
Courtland[t] T. Hill [Beverly Hills]	90.55
Dr. [and Mrs.] A. R. Kilgore [San Francisco]	166.25
King's Daughters Laundry [Oakland]	102.42
KYA Transmitting Station [San Francisco]	1,000.52
KYA Studios [San Francisco]	438.43
Los Angeles Examiner	10.00
[Mr. & Mrs.] Lawrence F. Moore [Piedmont]	0.87
W. R. Moorehead [Lake Tahoe]	27.04
H. H. North [Oakland]	18.07
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner presses	299.69
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner repairs	151.68
S.F. Ladies Pro[tection] & Relief [Society]	116.92
St. Johns Presby[terian] Church [Berkeley]	75.55

Dr. [and Mrs.] Walter Schilling [San Francisco]	\$1,859.99
[Mrs.] Walter Starr [Piedmont]	31.67
Allan Starr [Mission San Jose]	127.33
Jules Suppo [San Francisco]	0.52
Geo[rge] Tasheira [Berkeley]	36.06
Chinese YWCA [San Francisco]	42.03
Hollywood Studio Club	10.00
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Total expense jobs	\$20,851.42
Check register	\$39,747.84
Less deductions	18,896.42
[adjusted total]	20,851.42
Deductions:	
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	8,896.42
Salaries	10,000.00
<hr/>	
	\$18,896.42

January 1 to December 31, 1938

CLIENT	AMOUNT
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Cosmopolitan Bungalow [Burbank]	\$66.48
Harvey Hart ([Else] Schilling) [San Mateo]	1,158.80
Hearst Building [San Francisco]	4,134.50
[Mr. & Mrs.] Geo[rge] Hearst Hillsborough	2.61
San Simeon	2,804.65
San Simeon Men's Quarters	44.67
Beach House [Santa Monica]	177.19
Wyntoon, Waterhouse	5,559.74

King's Daughters Home [for Incurables, Oakland]	\$11.24
KYA Transmitting Station [San Francisco]	17.05
Mrs. Henry Marcus [San Francisco]	236.72
Sausalito Women's Club	0.52
J.M. [Julia Morgan] Monterey	1.08
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner press	127.58
" " " " repairs	0.77
Else Schilling [San Francisco]	18.64
Dr. [and Mrs.] Walter Schilling [San Francisco]	0.26
[Mr. & Mrs.] Allan M. Starr [Piedmont]	2,383.73
F. C. Turner [Berkeley]	464.70
Pasadena YWCA	12.00
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Total expense jobs	\$17,222.93
Check register	\$19,847.34
Less	
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	2,624.41
<hr/>	
	\$17,222.93

January 1 to December 31, 1939

CLIENT	AMOUNT
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Berkeley Women's City Club	\$5.00
Cosmopolitan Bungalow [Beverly Hills]	1,479.39
Darbee Mausoleum [Colma]	1,533.11
Hearst Building [San Francisco]	80.95
San Simeon	1,641.12

MORGAN'S DISTRIBUTION OF EXPENSES, 1924-1940

561

Wyntoon	\$0.52
Mrs. Henry Marcus [San Francisco]	21.56
Mr. & Mrs. Jas[James] N. Parsons [Monterey]	296.64
Else Schilling, [Lake] Tahoe	812.62
Dr. Walter Schilling, Ross [Marin County]	11.38
[Mr. & Mrs.] Allan M. Starr [Piedmont]	1,319.49
Jules Suppo [San Francisco]	203.13
F. C. Turner [Berkeley]	847.32
[San Francisco YWCA] Residence Club storeroom	143.81
Chinese YWCA [San Francisco]	55.75
Riverside YWCA	94.03
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Total expense jobs	\$8,545.82
Check register	\$11,569.95
Less	
Transfer to	
Office Reserve	3,024.13
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	\$8,545.82

January 1 to December 31, 1940

CLIENT	AMOUNT
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Darbee Mausoleum [Colma]	\$411.39
Merchants Exchange [San Francisco]	162.79
Park Museum [Monastery; Golden Gate Park, S.F.]	417.41
S[arah] Oddie [Monterey?]	166.89
Dr. Emma W[ightman] Pope [Carmel]	404.71
Saratoga Church	0.72

Else Schilling [Lake Tahoe]	\$735.90
F. C. Turner, stores [Berkeley]	2,983.12
" " Medical Bldg. [Berkeley]	132.62
Geo[rge] F. Volkmann [San Francisco]	151.25
Mrs. Randburg (Oakland YWCA)	495.43
San Simeon	27.27
S.F. [San Francisco] Examiner	350.00
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Total expense jobs	\$6,439.50
Check register	\$8,288.38
Less	
Transfers	722.07
Office expense	
not distributed	1,126.81
[total deductions]	1,848.88
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	\$6,439.50

Appendix II

Julia Morgan's Ledgers for the Beach House and Other Hearst-related Jobs in Greater Los Angeles 1925–1939

In using “job ledgers” and similar terms in this book, I should be more precise. The Morgan-Forney Collection has three loose-leaf binders that are separate from the Distribution of Expenses sheets; the binders’ three-holed, lined pages measure 8-1/2” high by 5-1/2” wide. Consider the jobs listed in Appendix I for the earliest year, 1924. If we think of a cluster of pages for most of those jobs, we’ll be closer to visualizing the three binders from which Appendix II is selectively drawn.

With regard to the years following 1924—for 1925, 1926, and so on—we would find that an established cluster gains more entries, if applicable, for the current year. But a newly launched job would require an equally new cluster for its purposes. Thus my description of 2003 in *Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Loorz Papers*:

The three account ledgers in the Morgan-Forney Collection contain hundreds of loose-leaf pages, all of which are unnumbered and many of which have entries on both sides. More than a thousand sides exist, comprising a varied assortment of fronts and backs of pages. The smallest jobs command a single, front-sided page only. But many of the jobs have a separate title page, whose back gives a typewritten record of commissions or other payments. One or more pages of itemized entries follow, governed by the size of the job. The main San Simeon account has about 120 pages, the main Wyntoon account about twenty-five, and nearly all the non-Hearst accounts fewer still. No matter their range, though, the pages following the title-recap page are handwritten (true of so many pages in the ledgers, whether a given account has a title page or not).

The largest of the Santa Monica Beach House accounts (or page clusters) consists of a title-recap sheet and five front-and-back page units (or ten sides, to describe things differently). The next largest account consists of the title-recap and four fronts-and-backs (eight sides); all the other Beach House accounts or clusters are smaller.

In addition, the Beverly Hills accounts and other Hearst-Morgan efforts in greater Los Angeles during these years are included here.

NOTE: The ledger numbers 1 through 19 have been devised for this appendix only (the original Morgan-Forney ledgers are unnumbered).

Ledger #1 1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills

1925-1928

1925

Sept.	29	Blue Prints	\$13.00	
	18	Travel Miss M.	4.75	
	28	"	15.50	
	28	"	13.00	
		[monthly total]	46.25	
Oct.	3	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	7.70	
	10	"	53.84	
	17	"	67.30	
	2	Refund T[haddeus] Joy	1.48	
		Travel "	38.52	
	15	Travel [unnamed]	75.00	
	31	Overhead	109.25	
		[monthly total]	[353.09]	
		[total to date 46.25 + 353.09]		399.34
Dec.	5	D. R. Time	53.84	
	12	"	32.70	
	19	"	59.60	
Jan.	2	"	53.84	
Dec.	15	Travel T. Joy	66.80	
	15	" (refund [reimbursed])	8.20	
	31	" Miss Morgan	14.00	
Dec.		Overhead	307.70	
		[monthly total]	[596.68]	
		[total to date 399.34 + 596.68]		996.02
		Total 1925		996.02
1926		Total Cost to Date		996.02

Jan.	9	D. R. Time	\$43.59	
	16	"	98.08	
	23	"	65.38	
	30	"	62.28	
	4	Travel T. Joy	46.40	
	20	" Miss Morgan	5.00	
	22	" T. Joy	75.00	
	31	Overhead	158.36	
		[monthly total]	554.09	
		[total to date 996.02 + 554.09]		1,550.11
Feb.	6	D. R. Time	79.49	
	13	"	145.30	
	20	"	38.47	
	1	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	
	15	"	20.00	
	28	Overhead	161.64	
		[monthly total]	464.90	
		[total to date 1,550.11 + 464.90]		2,015.01
Mar.	27	D. R. Time	10.90	
	31	Overhead	5.51	
		[monthly total]	16.41	
		[total to date 2,015.01 + 16.41]		2,031.42
Apr.	3	D. R. Time	50.00	
	10	"	50.00	
	17	"	44.87	
	24	"	26.93	
		Blue Prints	1.78	
		Telegrams	0.83	
	30	Overhead	229.00	
		[monthly total]	403.41	
		[total to date 2,031.42 + 403.41]		2,434.83
May	1	D. R. Time	52.56	
	8	"	67.31	
	29	"	13.46	
	31	Overhead	58.23	
		[monthly total]	191.56	
		[total to date 2,434.83 + 191.56]		2,626.39
June	5	D. R. Time	7.70	
	12	"	65.36	

June	17	D. R. Time	\$40.03	
	26	"	3.85	
	12	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	30	Overhead	77.53	
		[monthly total]	204.47	
		[total to date 2,626.39 + 204.47]		2,830.86
July	30	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
		[total to date 2,830.86 + 25.00]		2,855.86
Aug.	21	D. R. Time	92.70	
	28	"	21.55	
	31	Overhead	69.58	
		[monthly total]	183.83	
		[total to date 2,855.86 + 183.83]		3,039.69
Sept.	4	D. R. Time	18.82	
	30	Blue Prints	0.36	
	30	Overhead	14.91	
		[monthly total]	34.09	
		[total to date 3,039.69 + 34.09]		3,073.38
Nov.	20	D. R. Time	58.85	
	27	"	29.25	
	18	Blue Prints	29.02	
	18	"	0.25	
	30	"	5.56	
	19	[or Nov. 9] Taxi	0.45	
	3[0]	Overhead	95.15	
		[monthly total]	218.53	
		[total to date 3,073.78 + 218.53]		3,292.31
Dec.	4	D. R. Time	30.78	
	18	"	27.30	
	31	" [or Dec. 21]	32.30	
		Prints—Dietzgen [?]	2.64	
		Blue Prints	0.85	
	31	W[alter] L[eroy] Huber retaining wall	17.00	
	31	Overhead (based on salaries for year)	132.22	
		[monthly total]	243.09	
		[total to date 3,292.31 + 243.09]		3,535.40
1926		Total Cost for year		2,539.38
1927		Total Cost to Date		3,535.40

Jan.	Overhead on D. R. Time Dec. 31	26.74
	Cost 1927	26.74
1928	Total Cost to Date	\$3,562.14
	(Bonuses 132.22)	
– Closed –		

The cover sheet for Ledger #1 is marked “Miss Marion Davies.” Two of the four entries sheets are headed “W. R. Hearst”; three of the four also refer to Marion Davies. The recap sheet contains few details for a job of this size; it notes merely that \$2,000 was received on account from Hearst on November 19, 1926; the balance of \$1,562.14 is left unmentioned (but see the notes for Ledger #2, pertaining to the Beach House: the \$2,000 here was part of \$5,000 unevenly divided between the Beverly Hills job and the Beach House job).

Ledger #2 Beach House, 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1926-1929

1926

June	19	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$48.85
		Blue Prints	0.25
		"	20.51
		Petty cash	16.60
	26	D. R. Time	181.78
	12	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00
	30	Overhead	152.91
		[monthly total]	445.90
July	3	D. R. Time	197.06
	10	"	137.31
	17	"	105.00
	24	"	105.00
		Blue Prints	39.54
		"	13.83
		Petty Cash	4.75
	31	D. R. Time	105.00
July	1	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00
	9	"	37.00
	22	"	60.00

July	20	I[srael] Sack hardware sample	\$5.00	
	24	Travel Miss Morgan	45.00	
	31	Overhead	605.98	
		[monthly total]	1,490.47	
		[total to date 445.90 + 1,490.47]		1,936.37
Aug.	4	Blue Prints	23.22	
	10	"	3.60	
	11	"	36.72	
	7	D. R. Time	105.00	
	14	"	105.00	
	21	"	35.77	
	17	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
		Blue Prints	3.96	
	10	[Walter] Steilberg services on pool and bridge	75.00	
	28	D. R. Time	6.15	
		Blue Prints	1.10	
	24	Travel Miss Morgan	40.00	
	31	Overhead	153.21	
		[monthly total]	603.73	
		[total to date 1,936.37 + 603.73]		2,540.10
Sept.	14	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	3	Travel [Lazar] Nusbaum	42.00	
	4	D. R. Time	88.10	
	15	Blue Prints	0.97	
	11	D. R. Time	31.54	
	18	"	45.00	
	20	Blue Prints	1.08	
	22	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	25	D. R. Time	45.00	
	30	Blue Prints	2.08	
	30	Overhead	166.03	
		[monthly total]	476.80	
		[total to date 2,540.10 + 476.80]		3,016.90
Oct.	2	D. R. Time	40.38	
	9	"	3.60	
		Blue Prints	3.35	
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	16	" Mr. Nusbaum	41.00	
	11	Carpenter Bros. Inc.	11.50	
	23	D. R. Time	38.47	

Oct.		Prints	\$0.40	
		Blue Prints	6.02	
	1	Phone	3.85	
		Blue Prints	0.85	
		Telegrams	2.16	
	31	Petty Cash	1.00	
	31	Travel T. Joy	10.00	
	30	D. R. Time	107.46	
	31	Overhead	78.43	
		[monthly total]	378.47	
		[total to date 3,016.90 + 378.47]		3,395.37
Nov.	1	Phone	3.85	
	6	D. R. Time	70.00	
	13	"	25.01	
	20	"	16.53	
	3	Travel T. Joy	22.00	
	9	"	33.00	
	18	Blue Prints	2.63	
	30	"	0.78	
	30	Travel T. Joy (marble)	5.00	
	30	Overhead	120.46	
		[monthly total]	299.26	
		[total to date 3,395.37 + 299.26]		3,694.63
Dec.	11	D. R. Time	13.46	
	18	"	30.40	
		Telegrams	1.80	
	9	Travel T. Joy	20.00	
		Overhead (based on salaries for year)	176.75	
		[monthly total]	242.41	
		[total to date 3,694.63 + 242.41]		[3,937.04]
1926		Total for year		3,937.04
1927		Total cost for job to date		3,937.04
Jan.	22	D. R. Time	10.74	
	31	Blue Prints	0.90	
	31	Overhead	8.89	
		[monthly total]	20.53	
		[total to date 3,937.04 + 20.53]		3,957.57
July	6	Travel LeF [James LeFeaver]	44.00	

July	16	Travel Miss Morgan	\$65.00	
		[monthly total]	109.00	
		[total to date 3,957.57 + 109.00]		4,066.57
Aug		Telephone	1.50	
		Telegrams	2.94	
	6	D. R. Time Travel?	34.62	
	13	"	3.85	
	20	"	21.15	
	27	"	21.15	
	18	Travel LeF	73.82	
	29	"	45.40	
	26	[George] Loorz bursar fund	100.00	
	29	Expense LeF	2.20	
	31	Overhead	90.86	
	31	Bonus distribution	100.28	
		[monthly total]	497.77	
		[total to date 4,066.57 + 497.77]		4,564.34
Sept.	5	D. R. Time	17.31	
	10	"	26.92	
		Telephones	0.60	
		Telegrams	3.45	
		Blue prints	4.92	
	17	D. R. Time	13.46	
	24	"	1.92	
	12	Travel LeF	53.54	
	15	"	48.75	
	24	"	42.51	
	30	Petty cash	0.22	
	30	Overhead	46.70	
		[monthly total]	260.30	
		[total to date 4,564.34 + 260.30]		4,824.64
Oct.	3	D. R. Time	15.38	
	10	"	3.85	
	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	15	D. R. Time	17.30	
	22	"	15.38	
	29	"	3.85	
	9-11	Travel LeF	42.13	
	20	"	42.40	
		Supplies sent BHo. [Beach House]	0.90	
	31	Overhead	23.42	

Oct.		[monthly total]	\$165.09	
		[total to date 4,824.64 + 165.09]		4,989.73
Nov.	1	Telephones 6.75 & Telegrams 1.62	8.37	
	5	D. R. Time	28.84	
	12	"	3.85	
	19	"	13.46	
	2-5	Travel LeF	51.73	
	14-16	"	47.75	
	23	" Miss Morgan	50.00	
	30	Overhead	25.94	
		[monthly total]	229.94	
		[total to date 4,989.73 + 229.94]		5,219.67
Dec.	3	D. R. Time	7.05	
	10	"	13.46	
	1	Telephone	7.65	
		Telegrams	3.78	
	1	Blue Prints	0.25	
	17	D. R. Time	3.84	
	24	"	17.31	
	5-7	Travel LeF	41.65	
	18-20	"	44.48	
	31	Overhead	29.95	
		[monthly total]	169.42	
		[total to date 5219.67 + 169.42]		5,389.09
	31	Bonus distrib. Nov. & Dec.	111.80	
		1927 Total [5,389.09 + 111.80 - 3,937.04]		1,563.85
1928		Jan. 1 Total Cost to Date [5,389.09 + 111.80]		5,500.89
Jan.	7	D. R. Time	17.30	
	14	"	5.77	
	21	"	3.85	
	28	"	3.85	
		Telegrams	0.55	
	3	Travel LeF	37.45	
	1	Telephone	2.90	
	30	Travel LeF	42.50	
	31	Overhead	31.08	
		[monthly total]	145.25	
		[total to date 5,500.89 + 145.25]		5,646.14

Feb.	4	D. R. Time	\$15.38	
	11	"	3.84	
	18	"	11.53	
	25	"	5.77	
	17	Travel LeF	42.25	
	29	Overhead	28.95	
		[monthly total]	107.72	
		[total to date 5,646.14 + 107.72]		5,753.86
Mar.	3	D. R. Time	1.92	
	10	"	3.85	
	17	"	15.38	
	24	"	3.84	
	12	Travel LeF	40.35	
	30	"	42.10	
	31	Overhead	16.17	
		[monthly total]	123.61	
		[total to date 5,753.86 + 123.61]		5,877.47
Apr.	7	D. R. Time	30.77	
	14	"	5.77	
	21	Expense G. Loorz	175.63	
	30	Overhead	20.11	
		[monthly total]	232.28	
		[total to date 5,877.47 + 232.28]		6,109.75
May	1	Telephone	4.45	
		May Bonus	24.64	
		[monthly total]	[29.09]	
		[total to date 6,109.75 + 29.09]		6,138.84
		Dec. Bonus General	21.54	
		JM 28.18 [+ 21.54]	49.72	
		Cost to date incl. bonuses		6,188.56
		(1928 Cost not incl. bonus 613.31)		
		(" Bonuses 74.36)		
		(" Cost 687.67)		
1929		Total Cost to Date		6,188.56
		(Bonuses 286.44)		
		[6,188.56 - 286.44]		\$5,902.12

– Closed –

Hearst's name appears on the cover sheet for Ledger #2 and on each of the eight entries sheets; Marion Davies isn't mentioned anywhere in the ledger. A penciled note in Morgan's hand appears at the top of the first entry sheet: "5% of working drawings & what help needed."

The recap sheet, which unlike the one for the first ledger is as detailed as any to be found in the Morgan-Forney Collection, confirms the five-percent commission and indicates that \$21,458.12 was the total billed on this job; the last two portions of it (\$10,000 and \$8,458.12) were paid in December 1928 and June 1929. The combined \$18,458.12 was in addition to \$3,000 received on account from Hearst on November 19, 1926—the same date that \$2,000 was paid on the Beverly Hills job (Ledger #1).

On the recap sheet in Ledger #2, \$795.50 was earmarked for "1700 Lexington Ave." And thus the dangling \$1,562.14 in Ledger #1 was reduced to \$766.64, an amount not addressed or reconciled elsewhere in these records.

Ledger #3 New Santa Monica, 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1928-1931

1928

Aug.	28	Travel Miss Morgan	\$35.00	
		[monthly total]	35.00	
Sept.	22	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	5.77	
	6	Travel Miss Morgan	18.00	
	15	Salary H. H. Benedict	70.00	
	22	"	70.00	
	18	Travel Miss Morgan	38.50	
	24	" Mr. [James] LeFeaver	41.45	
	10/1	" Miss Morgan	35.00	
	29	D. R. Time	19.24	
	30	Overhead	13.00	
		[monthly total]	310.96	
		[total to date 35.00 + 310.96]		345.96
Oct.	6	D. R. Time	1.92	
	13	"	17.32	
	20	"	7.69	
	27	"	17.31	
	1	Bl[ue] Telegrams	4.67	

Oct.	1	Telephone	\$3.50	
1-8-15-22		Salary H. H. Benedict @ 70.00	280.00	
	4	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	43.95	
	17	"	37.30	
Nov.	1	" Miss Morgan	5.00	
Oct.	15	"	35.00	
	31	Overhead	231.54	
		Oct. Bonus	42.88	
		[monthly total with 11/1 @ 5.00]	[728.08]	
		[total to date 345.96 + 728.08]		1,074.04
Nov.	1	Blue Telegrams	0.48	
	3	D. R. Time	9.62	
	17	Blue Prints ([Frank] Hellenthal)	16.70	
	17	D. R. Time	5.77	
	24	"	15.38	
	10/29	Salary H. H. Benedict @ 70.00		
& 11/3		"	140.00	
	12	"	70.00	
	19	"	70.00	
	26	"	70.00	
	20	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	45.75	
	12/3	" Miss Morgan	5.00	
	30	Overhead	172.78	
		[monthly total with 12/3 @ 5.00]	621.48	
		[total to date 1,074.04 + 621.48]		1,695.52
Dec.	1	D. R. Time	3.84	
	1	Telegrams	1.28	
	8	D. R. Time	3.84	
	15	"	3.85	
	22	"	7.70	
	29	"	19.23	
	3-10	H. H. Benedict 2 weeks @ 70.00	140.00	
	17	"	70.00	
	22	"	70.00	
	29	" tennis ct. [court] & garden	41.29	
	29	" Clinic sal[ary] 7.18 travel 8.00	15.18	
	11	Pacific Blue Print Co.	13.78	
	18	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	44.45	
	1/1/29	"	43.85	
	30	Salary O. U. Ott	225.00	
	1	Telephone	13.45	
	11/1	"	5.80	

Dec.	31	Overhead	\$211.83	
		[monthly total with all entries]	934.37	
		[total to date 1,695.52 + 934.37]		2,629.89
		Bonuses (General 126.74)		
		(J. M. 267.77)	394.51	
		Total 1928 Cost incl. bonuses		3,024.40
		(" " Bonuses 437.39)		
1929		Total Cost to Date		3,024.40
Jan.	5	D. R. Time	30.77	
	15	"	5.77	
	1	Telegrams	1.21	
	1	Telephones	22.10	
	5	H. H. Benedict Tennis & garden	48.47	
	12	"	61.03	
	19	D. R. Time	7.70	
	26	"	9.61	
	22	Travel Miss Morgan	35.00	
	19	H. H. Benedict Fence & Garden	64.62	
	26	"	61.03	
		Travel	3.20	
		Salary Mausoleum	3.60	
		Travel & Clinic Salary	5.37	
		Travel	0.90	
Jan.	31	Overhead	178.33	
		[monthly total]	538.71	
		[total to date 3,024.40 + 538.71]		3,563.11
Feb.	8	Pacific Blue Print Co.	19.46	
	[?]	H. H. Benedict Clinic	3.60	
		" car	1.00	
Feb.	[?]	H. H. Benedict Garden		
		& T[ennis] Ct. [Court]	174.11	
Feb.	[?]	H. H. Benedict Mausoleum	10.75	
Feb.	23	D. R. Time	9.61	
	2	"	7.70	
	9	"	5.77	
	16	"	5.77	
	1	Telephone	19.20	
	28	Overhead	125.06	
		[monthly total]	382.03	
		[total to date 3,563.11 + 382.03]		3,945.14

Mar.	2	D. R. Time	\$13.46	
	9	"	9.62	
	1	Telephone	3.85	
	23	D. R. Time	11.54	
	30	"	5.77	
		Travel Miss Morgan Apr. 2 & 3	30.00	
	12	Travel Miss Morgan Mausoleum	10.00	
	12	"	30.00	
		[Mar. 12 total mistakenly added]	40.00	
	19	"	30.00	
		Car expense Douras Mausoleum	0.77	
		H. H. Benedict Garden & Court	177.70	
		" Mausoleum	34.09	
		" Pool	61.03	
		" car Mausoleum	6.00	
	31	Overhead	143.38	
		[monthly total]	607.21	
		[total to date 3,945.14 + 607.21]		4,552.35
Apr.	5/4	T. Joy D. R. Time	75.00	
	6	D. R. Time	5.77	
	13	"	5.77	
	20	"	9.61	
	27	"	88.47	
	1	Telegrams	6.10	
	1	Telephone	3.16	
	1	Blue Prints	1.84	
	11	" Pac. Blue Print Co.	9.15	
	15	Travel Miss Morgan	35.00	
	13	Salary H. H. Benedict Mausoleum	25.12	
		" Pool	132.83	
		" Ct. [Court] & Garden	52.05	
		Travel " Mausoleum	5.00	
		" Miss Morgan	35.00	
	30	Overhead	341.69	
		[monthly total]	831.56	
		[total to date 4,552.35 + 831.56]		5,383.91
		Above billed May 6/29		5,383.91
		(Bonuses 440.18) 6/22 Received		5,383.91
		(May 4 T. J. Salary above)		
May	18	D. R. Time	8.67	
	25	"	[blank]	

May	3	Travel Miss Morgan	\$20.00	
	17	"	12.50	
	14	Salary W. T. Steilberg	20.00	
	31	Overhead	4.30	
		[monthly total]	65.47	
		[total to date as of May 1928]		65.47
June	22	D. R. Time	15.78	
	29	"	21.53	
	1	Blue Prints	0.68	
	1	" Mausoleum	0.25	
	3	W. L. Huber	20.00	
	13-15	Travel Miss Morgan	47.00	
	22	" T. Joy	75.00	
	7/1	" Miss Morgan	5.00	
		" Miss Morgan	15.00	
		Pac. Blue Print Co.	2.15	
	30	Overhead	19.53	
		[monthly total]	221.92	
		[total to date 65.47 + 221.92]		287.39
July	18	Pac Blue Print Co.	24.17	
	6	D. R. Time	21.15	
	13	"	67.57	
	20	"	101.13	
	27	"	30.88	
	1	Blue Prints	4.44	
	1	Telegrams	0.62	
	1	Telephone	7.35	
	2	Travel T. Joy	65.90	
	2	Salary Mr. [Warren] McClure	18.35	
	3	W.L. Huber	40.00	
	11	Travel F. Lloyd	10.00	
	31	Overhead	144.14	
		[monthly total]	535.70	
		[total to date 287.39 + 535.70]		823.09
Aug.	3	D. R. Time	58.48	
	10	"	23.08	
	10	" Guest Hs.[House]	55.00	
	17	"	28.69	
	24	"	27.29	
	31	"	26.93	
	20	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	

Aug.	9/3	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	\$27.60	
	1	Telephone	2.90	
	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	19	Pac. Blue Prints	23.60	
	8	Travel T. Joy 12.90 exp. 13.85	26.75	
	8	Pd. By T. J. to Zebold (salary)	55.00	
	31	Overhead	100.86	
		[monthly total]	486.66	
		[total to date 823.09 + 486.66]		1,309.75
Sept.	7	D. R. Time	5.77	
	7	" Guest Hs.	31.75	
	14	"	26.54	
	1	Telegrams	0.73	
		Blue Prints [Guest Hs.]	1.76	
	21	D. R. Time	5.77	
	21	"	58.50	
	13-15	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	2.20	
		"	13.75	
	8	Pac. Blue Print Co.	10.90	
	30	Travel F. Lloyd	10.00	
	28	D. R. Time	7.19	
	10/8	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	1	Telephone	2.90	
	30	Overhead 415 [Ocean Front]	15.04	
	30	" Guest Hs.	93.90	
		[monthly total]	301.70	
		[total to date 1,309.75 + 301.70]		1,611.45
Oct.	5	D. R. Time	20.76	
	1	Telephone	2.90	
	12	D. R. Time	5.78	
	19	"	41.43	
	26	"	26.84	
	8	Travel Miss Morgan	17.00	
	9	Blue Prints Pac. Blue P. Co.	2.60	
	4	Express chgs. office records	6.00	
	31	Overhead	59.20	
		[monthly total]	182.51	
		[total to date 1,611.45 + 182.51]		1,793.96
Nov.	2	D. R. Time	1.93	
	9	"	3.85	
	16	"	1.92	

Nov.	23	D. R. Time	\$5.77	
	30	"	3.85	
	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	1	Blue Prints	0.78	
	25	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	
	18	T. Joy travel (rent) July & Aug	165.00	
	30	Overhead	9.82	
		[monthly total]	213.40	
		[total to date 1,793.96 + 213.40]		2,007.36
Dec.	1	Telegrams	0.69	
		Blue Prints	0.34	
	7	D. R. Time	3.85	
	14	"	1.91	
	31	Overhead	8.77	
		[monthly total]	15.56	
		[total to date 2,007.36 + 15.56]		2,022.92
1929		Cost (2,395.51 refunded [reimbursed])		(2,022.92)
1930				
Jan.	1	Total Cost to Date		7,406.83
		[1929: Jan-Apr 5,383.91 + May-Dec 2,022.92]		
Jan.	11	D. R. Time	3.85	
	31	Overhead	3.30	
		[monthly total]	7.15	
		[total to date 2,022.92 + 7.15]		2,030.07
Feb.	8	D. R. Time	9.61	
	15	"	3.85	
	22	"	1.92	
	7-9	Travel Mr. LeFeaver 30.00 + 10.25	40.25	
	28	Overhead	8.18	
		[monthly total]	63.81	
		[total to date 2,030.07 + 63.81]		2,093.88
Mar.	1	D. R. Time	3.85	
	8	"	5.77	
	15	"	5.75	
	22	"	5.77	
	29	"	5.77	
	1	Telegrams	0.96	

Mar.	31	Overhead	\$15.07	
		[monthly total]	42.94	
		[total to date 2,093.88 + 42.94]		2,136.82
Apr.	5	D. R. Time	5.77	
	12	"	7.70	
	19	"	62.97	
	26	"	69.22	
	1	Telephone	8.65	
	1	Blue Prints	0.10	
	14-18	Travel T. Joy	52.45	
	24	" Miss Morgan	40.00	
	30	Overhead	105.53	
		[monthly total]	352.39	
		[total to date 2,136.82 + 352.39]		2,489.21
May	10	D. R. Time	3.85	
	1	Telephone	2.90	
	1	Telegrams	0.96	
	1	Blue Prints	0.94	
	17	D. R. Time	3.85	
	24	"	5.77	
	30	Travel T. Joy 5.00 + 8.88	13.88	
	31	Overhead	7.31	
		[monthly total]	39.46	
		[total to date 2,489.21 + 39.46]		2,528.67
June	7	D. R. Time	3.84	
	14	"	3.85	
	21	"	1.92	
	28	"	1.93	
		Telephone	2.90	
		Telegrams	0.48	
		Blue Prints	1.64	
	21	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	30	Overhead	8.61	
		[monthly total]	50.17	
		[total to date 2,528.67 + 50.17]		2,578.84
July	5	D. R. Time	1.92	
	12	"	3.84	
	19	"	1.92	
	26	"	1.92	
	9	Travel Miss Morgan	40.00	

July	23	Travel Miss Morgan	\$25.00	
	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	31	Overhead	7.47	
		[monthly total]	82.55	
		[total to date 2,578.84 + 82.55]		2,661.39
Aug.	16	D. R. Time	3.84	
	23	"	1.92	
	15	Travel Miss Morgan	40.00	
	9/2	"	40.00	
	30	D. R. Time	3.84	
	31	Overhead	5.68	
		[monthly total]	95.28	
		[total to date 2,661.39 + 95.28]		2,756.67
Sept.	1	Telegram	0.76	
	13	D. R. Time	1.92	
	20	"	1.92	
	19	W. T. Steilberg engr. Services	10.00	
	22	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	30	Overhead	3.25	
		[monthly total]	42.85	
		[total to date 2,756.67 + 42.85]		2,799.52
Oct.	1	Telegrams	2.24	
		[total to date 2,799.52 + 2.24]		2,801.76
Nov.	1	Telephone	2.90	
		1930 Cost 781.74		2,804.66
1931		Total Cost to Date	\$8,188.57	
		[1928: 5,383.91 + 1929: 2,022.92 + 1930: 781.74]		

– Closed –

Ledger #3 includes two small jobs that aren't itemized in Morgan's annual Distribution of Expenses—the Douras Mausoleum in Hollywood and a precursor to the Marion Davies Clinic in Sawtelle. Both jobs crop up in 1929 only.

Neither Hearst's nor Marion's names appear on the cover sheet or anywhere else amid the ten entries sheets of New Santa Monica, the largest ledger in the Hearst-Davies-Morgan greater Los Angeles group.

Hearst paid \$10,871.55 on New Santa Monica against \$8,188.57 in Morgan's expenses (the difference in her favor was \$2,682.98, yet the last two payments came in as late as December 1932 and May 1933). Overall, he paid

a further \$5,383.91 (for a grand total of \$16,255.46) on New Santa Monica, with the \$5,383.91 no doubt pertaining to Ledger #4, for which no recap sheet exists; see the note there for additional details.

Ledger #4 321 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1928-1931

1928

Dec.	29	H. H. Benedict Fence & sea wall	\$8.97	
	31	Overhead	5.06	
		[monthly total]	14.03	
		Bonus (General 0.83)		
		" (J. M. 1.96)	2.79	
1928		Cost incl. bonuses		16.82
		Total Cost to Date		16.82

1929

Jan.	5	H. H. Benedict bulkhead & fence covering	8.97	
	12	"	8.97	
	31	Overhead	10.74	
		[monthly total]	28.68	
		[total to date 16.82 + 28.68]		45.50
Feb.	[?]	H. H. Benedict	64.62	
	28	Overhead	36.96	
		[monthly total]	101.58	
		[total to date 45.50 + 101.58]		147.08
May	4	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	3.85	
	11	"	99.35	
		"	3.85	
	18	"	117.30	
	25	"	147.58	
	1	Telephone	20.30	
	1	Telegrams	4.88	
	1	Blue Prints	1.20	
	3	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	

May	17	Travel Miss Morgan	\$12.50	
	14	Pac. Blue Print Co.	1.90	
		T. Joy Travel, rent etc.	250.00	
	31	Salary W[arren] A. McClure	55.00	
	31	Overhead	184.66	
		[monthly total]	922.37	
		[total to date 147.08 + 922.37]		1,069.45
June	1	Telegrams	2.76	
	1	D. R. Time	84.25	
	8	"	79.36	
	15	"	66.12	
	22	"	109.61	
	29	"	96.03	
	1	Telephone	3.70	
	1	Blue Prints	14.00	
	7/1	Travel Miss Morgan	5.00	
	24	Pac. Blue Print Co.	8.45	
	26	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	40.75	
	3	Pac. Blue Print Co.	23.25	
	30	Overhead	223.90	
		[monthly total]	757.18	
		[total to date 1,069.45 + 757.18]		1,826.63
July	6	D. R. Time	56.02	
	13	"	57.59	
	20	"	105.41	
	27	"	107.84	
	1	Blue Prints	0.60	
	12	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	40.00	
	18	Pac. Blue Print Co.	24.00	
	11	Travel F. Lloyd	11.00	
	31	Overhead	213.35	
		[monthly total]	615.81	
		[total to date 1,826.63 + 615.81]		2,442.44
Aug.	3	D. R. Time	94.79	
	10	"	138.07	
	17	"	68.99	
	24	"	126.17	
	31	"	91.92	
	5-7	Travel Mr. LeFeaver	40.50	
	8	Stringer Storage Co.	1.41	
	19	Pac. Blue Print Co.	22.00	

Aug.	31	Overhead	\$237.27	
		[monthly total]	821.12	
		[total to date 2,442.44 + 821.12]		3,263.56
Sept.	7	D. R. Time	29.30	
	14	"	61.54	
	21	"	5.77	
	28	"	3.84	
	8	Pac. Blue Print Co.	15.00	
	10	T. Joy Travel	31.86	
	30	F. Lloyd	10.00	
	10/8	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	30	F. Lloyd Travel	5.00	
	30	Overhead	80.76	
		[monthly total]	258.07	
		[total to date 3,263.56 + 258.07]		3,521.63
Oct.	5	D. R. Time	14.10	
	1	Telegrams	1.44	
	12	D. R. Time	5.78	
	19	"	3.85	
	26	"	5.77	
	22	Travel F. Lloyd	45.00	
	9/11	" to L.A.	1.44	
	9/14	" to S.F.	22.54	
	9/31	"	24.40	
	31	Overhead	18.73	
		[monthly total]	143.05	
		[total to date 3,521.63 + 143.05]		3,664.68
Nov.	2	D. R. Time	5.77	
	9	"	5.77	
	16	"	5.77	
	23	"	5.77	
	30	"	3.85	
	30	Overhead	15.28	
		[monthly total]	42.21	
		[total to date 3,664.68 + 42.21]		3,706.89
Dec.	7	D. R. Time	3.85	
	14	"	3.85	
	18	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	31	Overhead	11.72	
		[monthly total]	49.42	

		[total to date 3,706.89 + 49.42]	\$3,756.31
1929		Total 3,739.49	
1930			
Jan.	1	Total Cost to Date	3,756.31
Jan.	18	D. R. Time	1.92
	1	Telegram	0.48
	31	Overhead	1.65
		[monthly total]	4.05
		[total to date 3,756.31 + 4.05]	3,760.36
Feb.	8	D. R. Time	1.66
	28	Overhead	0.88
		[monthly total]	2.54
		[total to date 3,760.36 + 2.54]	3,762.90
Mar.	1	D. R. Time	3.85
		1930 [total to date 3,762.90 + 3.85]	3,766.75
		1930 Cost 10.44	
1931		Cost to Date	\$3,766.75
		[1928: 16.82 + 1929: 3,739.49 + 1930: 10.44]	

– Closed –

Ledger #4 contains no cover sheet. Since the versos of these were often used as recap sheets, the lack of the latter in this case may thus be explained. Were the cover-recap sheet extant, it would most likely show that Hearst's surplus of \$5,383.91 on Ledger #3 was applicable to the final cost on Ledger #4 of \$3,766.75 (leaving \$1,617.16 in Morgan's favor).

The combined figures for Ledgers #3 and #4 are \$16,255.46 paid against \$11,955.32 in Morgan's expenses, leaving her with \$4,300.14 above costs.

As with Ledger #3, Hearst and Marion's names appear nowhere amid the four entries sheets of Ledger #4.

Ledger #5 1700 Lexington Road, Beverly Hills

1929

1929

Apr.	25	Travel T. Joy	\$75.00	
		[monthly total]	75.00	
May	2	Travel T. Joy	25.00	
		[total to date 75.00 + 25.00]		100.00
June	8	D. R. Time	50.64	
	22	"	8.46	
	29	"	23.97	
	3	Pac[ific] Blue Print Co.	4.55	
	30	Overhead	43.58	
		[monthly total]	131.20	
		[total to date 100.00 + 131.20]		231.20
July	6	D. R. Time	62.44	
	13	"	31.02	
	27	"	19.74	
	31	Overhead	73.92	
		[monthly total]	187.12	
		Total 1929 [231.20 + 187.12]		418.32

1930

Jan.	1	Total Cost to Date	\$418.32	
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– Closed –

Ledger #5 consists of a single entry sheet headed "Marion Douras, Beverly Hills (1929 Scheme)"; there is no cover or recap sheet. The \$418.32 may have been charged against the eventual overage of \$4,300.14 on Ledgers #3 and #4.

**Ledger #6 Los Angeles Examiner Building 1101 S.
Broadway, Los Angeles**

1930-1932

1930

Sept.	30	Travel Miss Morgan	\$60.00	
		[monthly total]	60.00	
Nov.	1	Telegram	0.48	
		D[rafting] R[oom] Time	1.80	
	29	"	3.59	
	10	Travel Miss Morgan	58.00	
	30	Overhead	2.80	
		[monthly total]	66.67	
		[total to date 60.00 + 66.67]		126.67
Dec.	1	Blue Prints	0.12	
	20	D. R. Time	44.87	
	27	"	44.87	
	31	Overhead	84.54	
		[monthly total]	174.40	
		[total to date 126.67 + 174.40]		301.07
		Cost 1930		[301.07]
1931		Total Cost to Date		301.07

1931

Jan.	1	Blue Prints	15.55	
	1	Telegrams	0.62	
	17	D. R. Time	37.70	
	24	"	7.18	
	31	"	30.50	
	11	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	20	Berth "	4.50	
	20	Travel "	50.00	
	27	Griffin & Benedict engrs.	79.90	
		Petty cash	2.91	
	31	Overhead	47.48	
		[monthly total]	326.34	

		[total to date 301.07 + 326.34]	\$627.41
Feb.	24	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00
	16	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00
	9	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00
		Blue Prints Denny	4.08
	1	Telegrams	2.90
	1	Telephone	8.70
	1	Blue Prints	25.38
	28	D. R. Time	12.31
Mar.	2	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00
Feb.	28	Overhead	5.70
		[monthly total]	169.07
		[total to date 627.41 + 169.07]	796.48
Mar.	9	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00
	16	"	10.00
	30	"	15.00
	1	Blue Prints	0.24
		[monthly total]	35.24
		[total to date 796.48 + 35.24]	831.72
Apr.	23	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00
	13	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00
	3	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00
	4	D. R. Time	4.61
		Telephone	0.48
	30	Overhead	2.06
		[monthly total]	62.15
		[total to date 831.72 + 62.15]	893.87
May	4	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00
	20	F. Foley extra marble for mantel	11.75
		[monthly total]	[26.75]
		[total to date 893.87 + 26.75]	920.62
Jul.	14	W[alter] L[eroy] Huber engr. serv.	316.50
		[total to date 920.62 + 316.50]	1,237.12
Aug.	22	D. R. Time	6.15
	31	Overhead	3.51
		[monthly total]	9.66
		[total to date 1,237.12 + 9.66]	1,246.78

Oct.	1	Telephone	\$2.90	
	1	Blue Prints	2.64	
		[monthly total]	5.54	
		[total to date 1,246.78 + 5.54]		1,252.32
		Cost to Date		[1,252.32]
		1931 Cost	951.25	
1932		Total Cost [1930: 301.07 + 1931: 951.25]		\$1,252.32

– Closed –

The Los Angeles Examiner Building, as distinct from the Los Angeles Herald Building half a mile to its west, is the one that Julia Morgan initially worked on from 1912 to 1915. Decades later—in 1962, when Hearst’s two Los Angeles papers merged as the *Herald-Examiner*—the older building on South Broadway was renamed accordingly. Hence some confusion can arise in our noting that an architect besides Morgan designed the Herald Building of the early 1920s on South Trenton, which street no longer exists and which area the Staples Center now occupies.

The Morgan-Forney Collection contains three ledgers on the Examiner Building. The largest dates from 1922 through 1925, with most of its entries preceding the 17-year span of Morgan’s Distribution of Expenses sheets.

Our concern here is with the second ledger, the one beginning in September 1930 and continuing to the late part of 1931. Its recap sheet refers to “alterations and additions” to the Examiner Building, with “charges being 6% of an approximate cost of \$25,000”—in other words, \$1,500. When Hearst paid that amount in July 1931, it led to Morgan’s being \$247.68 in the black against her eventual \$1,252.32 in total expenses. There’s no indication, though, of whether the job went over the projected \$25,000.

Ledger #7 Marion Davies Children’s Clinic Sawtelle, West Los Angeles

1931-1934

1931

Mar.	7	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$60.00
	14	"	60.00
	21	"	60.00

Mar.	30	D. R. Time	\$60.00	
	9	Travel Miss Morgan	17.00	
	16	"	10.00	
	30	"	20.00	
	31	Overhead	105.84	
		[monthly total]	392.84	
Apr.	4	D. R. Time	33.08	
	11	"	63.84	
	18	"	84.59	
	25	"	123.21	
	14	Edw. Denny prints	4.80	
	16	"	12.62	
	1	Strecker prints	3.42	
	1	Edw. Denny prints	3.46	
	4	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	
	13	"	20.00	
	23	"	30.00	
	30	Overhead	136.20	
		[monthly total]	535.22	
		[total to date 392.84 + 535.22]		928.06
May	2	D. R. Time	90.50	
	9	"	60.00	
	16	"	55.35	
	23	"	61.92	
	30	"	43.09	
	1	Telegrams	0.95	
	1	Blue Prints	2.92	
	19	" Denny	17.64	
	1	Petty cash April	4.43	
	4	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	
	18	"	30.00	
	26	"	35.00	
	31	Overhead	124.34	
		[monthly total]	546.14	
		[total to date 928.06 + 546.14]		1,474.20
June	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	1	Blue Prints	2.94	
	6	D. R. Time	32.68	
	18	Travel Miss Morgan	27.00	
	30	Overhead	22.22	
		[monthly total]	85.32	

		[total to date 1,474.20 + 85.32]	\$1,559.52
July	11	D. R. Time	46.14
	18	"	60.00
	25	"	60.00
	31	Overhead	110.48
		[monthly total]	276.62
		[total to date 1,559.52 + 276.62]	1,836.14
Aug.	1	D. R. Time	60.00
	1	Blue Prints	0.51
	11	Miss Morgan Travel	40.00
	31	Overhead	34.20
		[monthly total]	134.71
		[total to date 1,836.14 + 134.71]	1,970.85
Sept.	1	Blue Prints	7.08
		[total to date 1,970.85 + 7.08]	1,977.93
Oct.	31	Postage etc.	1.76
		[total to date 1,977.93 + 1.76]	1,979.69
Nov.	24	Travel Miss Morgan	35.00
	1	Blue Prints	17.33
		Telegram	0.52
		[monthly total]	52.85
		[total to date 1,979.69 + 52.85]	2,032.54
Dec.	1	Blue Prints	0.20
	1	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00
	15	"	35.00
	23	C[harles] Langlais layout & B. P. electric	54.50
		[monthly total]	139.70
		[total to date 2,032.54 + 139.70]	2,172.24
1931		Cost	2,172.24
1932			
Jan.	1	Total Cost to Date	2,172.24
	1	Telegrams	0.48
	1	Blue Prints	19.60
		[monthly total]	20.08
		[total to date 2,172.24 + 20.08]	2,192.32

Mar.	12	D. R. Time	\$8.97	
	19	"	50.00	
	26	"	53.85	
		Telegrams	1.41	
		Blue Prints	9.27	
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	14	"	30.00	
	20	"	30.00	
	28	"	35.00	
		Postage	0.17	
	31	Overhead	66.78	
		[monthly total]	315.45	
		[total to date 2,192.32 + 315.45]		2,507.77
Apr.	2	D. R. Time	50.00	
	9	"	57.70	
	16	"	55.77	
	23	"	53.85	
	30	"	53.59	
	14	Douglas Honnold, inspector		
		39 hours [@] 1.363	53.16	
	21	" to Apr. 16	16.36	
	29	" 23	30.00	
	18	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	26	"	30.00	
	30	Overhead	144.29	
		[monthly total]	574.72	
		[total to date 2,507.77 + 574.72]		3,082.49
May	1	Blue Prints	13.05	
		Telegrams	1.84	
	7	D. R. Time	53.84	
	14	"	16.16	
	21	"	51.92	
	5	Salary Douglas Honnold	40.90	
	10	"	42.27	
	17	"	16.36	
	27	"	43.63	
	19	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	28	"	35.00	
	28	D. R. Time	5.77	
	6/8	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	30	Overhead	82.98	
		[monthly total]	433.72	

		[total to date 3,082.49 + 433.72]	\$3,516.21
June	1	Telegrams	0.52
	1	Telephone	5.80
	4	D. R. Time	3.84
	11	"	3.84
	18	"	9.99
	25	"	46.51
	1	Blue Prints	13.08
	1	Douglas Honnold Salary 5/28	42.27
	8	" 6/4	27.27
	15	" 6/11	25.91
	23	" 6/18	46.36
	27	" 6/25	50.45
	8	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00
	24	Miss Morgan Travel	45.00
	30	Overhead	227.14
		[monthly total]	567.98
		[total to date 3,516.21 + 567.98]	4,084.19
July	1	Blue Prints	2.13
		Telegrams	0.69
	9	D. R. Time	46.94
	16	"	6.15
	23	"	3.85
	7	Douglas Honnold Salary 7/2	35.45
	13	" 7/9	32.72
	20	" 7/16	34.09
	25	" 7/23	30.00
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	45.00
	8/1	"	25.00
	18	"	20.00
	30	D. R. Time	9.98
	31	Overhead	193.22
		[monthly total]	485.22
		[total to date 4,084.19 + 485.22]	4,569.41
Aug.	1	Blue Prints	1.08
	6	D. R. Time	3.07
	13	"	4.62
	20	"	3.07
	27	"	4.62
	5	D. Honnold Salary 7/30	25.91
	9	" 8/6	24.54

Aug.	13	D. Honnold Salary	8/13		
	20	"	8/20	\$46.36	
	27	"	8/27	27.27	
	31	Overhead		172.65	
		[monthly total]		313.19	
		[total to date 4,569.41 + 313.19]			4,882.60
	8/5	Less Refund D. Honnold part salary		515.31	
		[total to date 4,882.60 - 515.31]			4,367.29
Sept.	3	D. R. Time		3.07	
	10	"		3.07	
	17	"		3.07	
	24	"		1.54	
	1	Telegrams		0.48	
		Blue Prints		0.18	
	8	D. Honnold wk[week]	9/3	20.45	
	12	"	9/10	19.09	
	22	"	9/17	27.27	
	26	"	9/24	21.82	
	30	Overhead		87.65	
		[monthly total]		187.69	
		[total to date 4,367.29 + 187.69]			4,554.98
Oct.	17	Travel Miss Morgan		10.00	
	23	"		10.00	
	1	D. R. Time		3.07	
	8	"		4.61	
	15	"		1.53	
	29	"		4.61	
	11	Douglas Honnold	10/8 24 hrs	32.72	
	27	"	10/15 17 "		
		"	10/22 14 "	42.27	
	8	"	10/1 14 "	19.09	
	31	Overhead		127.54	
		[monthly total]		255.44	
		[total to date 4,554.98 + 255.44]			4,810.42
Nov.	5	D. R. Time		3.07	
	12	"		3.07	
	19	"		4.61	
	1	Telegrams		1.80	
	30	Overhead		12.58	
		[monthly total]		25.13	

		[total to date 4,810.42 + 25.13]	\$4,835.55
		Total Cost 1932 [4,835.55 - 2,172.24 + 515.31]	3,178.62
		Refund "	515.31
1932		Total Cost to Date	4,835.55
1933		Cost to Date	4,833.55
May	17	W. L. Huber a/c engr. services	276.00
		Cost to Date	5,111.55
1933		Cost 276.00	
1934			5,111.55
Feb.	6	W. L. Huber bal. engr. serv. 5/13/31	300.00
1934		Cost 300.00	
		Total Cost to Date [5,111.55 + 300.00]	\$5,411.55

– Closed –

The cover sheet for Ledger #7 is marked "Marion Davies Foundation." Similar wording appears at the head of the recap sheet and each of the seven entries sheets. The term "Hospital Unit" appears in five places; there's no use of the term "Children's Clinic." Hearst's name doesn't appear in the ledger.

The job was done at 6% through Frank Hellenthal as contractor. Morgan would have to have been allotted closer to 8% to break even, for the amount she billed and received was \$4,203.65—this falling short by \$1,207.90 of her total expenses of \$5,411.55.

Douglas Honnold practiced architecture in Los Angeles under his own name from 1929 to 1952. He'd been a draftsman for George Washington Smith in Santa Barbara from 1924 to 1926; earlier still, 1922 to 1923, he'd studied at UC Berkeley, where he may have met George Looz, who was three years older but who was enrolled in the College of Engineering at the same time. The guidebook Honnold later wrote for the American Institute of Architects, *Southern California Architecture 1769-1956*, has long been out of print and is quite scarce.

Under July 29, 1932, on the Marion Davies Foundation recap sheet, this entry appears: "Reimburse actual wages [\$515.31] paid D. Honnold, concrete inspector during structural operations, as required by [Los Angeles] city ordinances, from Apr. 14 to Jul. 12, inc."

**Ledger #8 Marion Davies Greenhouse, 415 Ocean Front,
Santa Monica**

1931

1931

Apr.	24	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$55.00	
	27	Travel W. McClure	57.50	
	30	Overhead	24.58	
		[monthly total]	137.08	
		[total to date]		137.08
May	16	D. R. Time	4.65	
	31	Overhead	1.86	
		[monthly total]	6.51	
		[total to date 137.08 + 6.51]		143.59
June	1	Blue Prints	6.52	
	1	Telegrams	0.96	
	6	Blue Prints Pac. Blue Print [Co.]	5.60	
	6	D. R. Time	1.53	
	13	"	35.26	
	8	Warren McClure Travel	35.00	
	30	Overhead	25.01	
		[monthly total]	109.88	
		[total to date 143.59 + 109.88]		[253.47]
		1931 Cost		253.47

1932

Jan.	1	Total Cost to Date	\$253.47
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– Closed –

The greenhouse recap sheet is headed "Miss Marion Douras, c/o Mr. A[lexander] T. Sokolow, 702 Standard Oil Bld[g]. L.A." Sokolow was Hearst's controller.

The same sheet shows that Morgan's 7% on this small job (whose total cost was \$6,168.63) equated with \$431.80, this against her expenses of \$253.47. The difference in her favor was \$178.33.

Frank Hellenthal was mentioned again. Another name also figures, that of Clyde Robinson, a house painter from Santa Monica who was active at Wynton on and off through the later 1930s and into the 1940s.

An elevation drawing of the greenhouse, dated 1931, appears in the second of two volumes by Sam Watters, *Houses of Los Angeles: 1920-1935*, p. 261.

Ledger #9 Grilles at #415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1932

1932

Jan.	23	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$22.58	
	30	"	18.44	
	31	Overhead	24.57	
		[monthly total]	65.59	
		[total to date]		65.59
Feb.	6	D. R. Time	7.18	
	1	Blue Prints	1.02	
	20	D. R. Time	7.17	
	29	Overhead	9.26	
		[monthly total]	24.63	
		[total to date 65.59 + 24.63]		90.22
Mar.	1	Blue Prints	1.39	
	1	Telephone	4.80	
		[monthly total]	6.19	
		[total to date 90.22 + 6.19]		[96.41]
1932		Total Cost		\$96.41

– Closed –

The recap sheet for ledger #9 is simple and to the point. It refers to “actual expense incurred by us in connection with design and erection of iron grilles for residence at 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica.” Morgan billed Hearst for the \$96.41 on July 21, 1932. She received payment four weeks later, on August 18.

Ledger #10 Painting 321 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1932

1932

May	3	Travel Miss Morgan	\$50.00	
	19	"	20.00	
		[monthly total]	70.00	
		[total to date]		70.00
June	1	Telephone	7.70	
	1	Telegrams	0.69	
		[monthly total]	[8.39]	
		[total to date 70.00 + 8.39]		[78.39]
		Total Cost		\$78.39

– Closed –

Ledger #10 is another small one whose recap sheet is straight to the point; it refers to “actual expense incurred by us in connection with spec[ifications] and letting of contracts for and supervision of painting of residence at #321 Ocean Front.” The amount at stake was the \$78.39 shown above.

The term “residence” may have a bearing on whether the 321 part of the Beach House compound was a service building or, in contrast, the guest quarters that some visualize.

Ledger #11 Painting 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1932-1933

1932

Oct.	15	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$3.07	
	22	"	1.53	
	29	"	3.07	
	3	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	
	17	"	10.00	
	23	"	10.00	
		[60. added to last three entries]		
	31	Overhead	9.07	
		[monthly total, excluding 60.00]	49.24	

		[total to date]	\$49.24
Nov.	5	D. R. Time	3.07
		Telegrams	4.05
	30	Overhead	3.59
		[monthly total]	10.71
		[total to date 49.24 + 10.71]	59.95
Dec.	31	D. R. Time	3.07
	31	Overhead	4.22
		[monthly total]	7.29
		[total to date 59.95 + 7.29]	67.24
1932		Cost	[67.24]
1933		Total Cost to Date	67.24
Jan.	1	Blue Prints	0.50
		[total to date 67.24 + 0.50]	67.74
Feb.	4	D. R. Time	9.23
	28	Overhead	11.44
		[monthly total]	20.67
		[total to date 67.74 + 20.67]	88.41
		Pantry	
Sept.	1	Blue Prints	1.09
		[total to date 88.41 + 1.09]	[89.50]
		1933 Cost 22.26 Overhead 28.32	
		Cost to Date [1933 Overhead not charged]	\$89.50

– Closed –

The wording on the recap sheet for ledger #11 is almost identical to that for Ledger #10; the number on Ocean Front of 321 has been adjusted to read 415. The amount billed in February 1934 and received two months later was \$149.50, exactly \$60 more than the \$89.50 indicated above. The \$149.50 no doubt reflects the \$60 that was written in the margin next to the three travel entries for October 1932.

Another departure from Ledger #10 is that the cover sheet and recap sheet for Ledger #11 mention “Miss Marion Douras.” Neither of these two ledgers mentions Hearst.

Ledger #12 Los Angeles Examiner Building

1933, 1934

1933

Feb.	2	Mr. LeFeaver travel warehouse	\$18.75	
		[monthly total]	18.75	
Apr.	29	D[rafting] R[oom] Time whse	10.76	
	27	Travel Mr. LeFeaver "	31.85	
	30	Overhead "	12.62	
		[monthly total]	55.23	
		[total to date 18.75 + 55.23]		73.98
June	1	Blue Prints [whse]	0.25	
		[total to date 73.93 + 0.25]		74.23
Aug.	19	D. R. Time [whse]	10.80	
	19	Travel Mr. LeFeaver "	32.51	
	31	Overhead "	8.11	
		[monthly total]	51.42	
		[total to date 74.23 + 51.42]		125.65
Sept.	23	D. R. Time (counter)	13.50	
	30	Overhead	9.32	
		[monthly total]	22.82	
		[total to date 125.65 + 22.82]		148.47
Oct.	1	Blue Prints	0.51	
	14	D. R. Time	17.23	
	31	Overhead	16.00	
		[monthly total]	33.74	
		[total to date 148.47 + 33.74]		182.21
Nov.	1	Blue Prints	0.53	
		[total to date 182.21 + 0.53]		[182.74]

1933 Cost 182.74

1934	Cost to Date		\$182.74
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– Closed –

In 2003, in *Building for Hearst and Morgan*, I alluded on p. 95, note 70, to Hearst's art collecting, prompted by this small ledger in the Morgan-Forney material. I'm more inclined now to think that the warehouses in question were for the storage of newsprint and the like.

The brief recap sheet for ledger # 12 merely says under October 5, 1933: "Portion of expenses of 3 trips to Los Angeles for inspection of warehouses." It was Jim LeFeaver who made each of these trips.

The amount billed in early October was an even \$75.00, which was the amount received at the end of that same month—\$107.74 less than the \$182.74 shown above at the closing of this minor account.

Ledger #13 Cosmopolitan Bungalow Projection Room, Culver City

1933-1934

1933

Dec.	27	Travel Miss Morgan to meet Mr. [Frank] Hellenthal	\$32.00	
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1933		Cost		32.00
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1934		Cost to Date		32.00
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Jan.	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	6	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	5.74	
	13	"	35.90	
	20	"	56.00	
	27	"	56.00	
	25	Travel Miss Morgan	45.00	
		Postage	0.42	
	31	Overhead	179.76	
		[monthly total]	379.30	
		[total to date 32.00 + 379.30]		411.30

Feb.	1	Telephone	3.10	
	1	Telegrams	0.72	
	1	Blue Prints	16.96	
	3	D. R. Time	28.80	
	10	"	56.00	
	17	"	24.41	
	19	Travel Miss Morgan	40.00	

Feb.	3/2	Travel Miss Morgan	\$10.00	
		"	25.75	
	28	Overhead	92.39	
		[monthly total]	298.13	
		[total to date 411.30 + 298.13]		709.43
Mar.	1	Telegrams	0.72	
	1	Blue Prints	0.51	
	19	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	26	"	10.00	
		[monthly total]	26.23	
		[total to date 709.43 + 26.23]		735.66
Apr.	1	Blue Prints	0.51	
	2	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	8	"	12.50	
	16	"	12.50	
		Blue Prints Hellenthal	9.67	
		[monthly total]	45.18	
		[total to date 735.66 + 45.18]		780.84
May	2	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	17	"	12.50	
	6/1	"	10.00	
		[monthly total]	32.50	
		[total to date 780.84 + 32.50]		813.34
June	15	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	
	27	"	12.50	
	1	Telegrams	0.66	
		[monthly total]	25.66	
		[total to date 813.34 + 25.66]		839.00
July	1	Telegrams	[blank]	
	10	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	19	"	10.00	
		[monthly total]	20.00	
		[total to date 839.00 + 20.00]		859.00
Aug.	1	Telegram	0.52	
	2	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	
	14	"	10.00	
	23	"	12.50	
	9/3	"	12.50	

Aug.	31	Overhead	[blank]	
		[monthly total]	\$48.02	
		[total to date 859.00 + 48.02]		907.02
Sept.	13	Travel Miss Morgan	7.50	
	10/1	"	9.00	
		[monthly total]	16.50	
		[total to date 907.02 + 16.50]		[923.52]
		1934 Cost 891.52		
1934		Cost to Date [1933: 32.00 + 1934: 891.52]		\$923.52

– Closed –

Ledger #13 is densely detailed and is headed "Mr. W. R. Hearst, c/o Mr. A[lexander] T. Sokolow," the controller also mentioned in Ledger #8. The first sheet of itemized entries is headed "Cosmopolitan Studio, Hollywood."

Morgan pursued the job through Frank Hellenthal at a straight 6% commission, which yielded \$1,197.32 for her office against the \$923.52 in expenses shown above. The total cost of the job was \$19,955.25, although the figures on the page-long recap sheet are hard to follow in two places. Regardless, Morgan made out satisfactorily on this first of two Bungalow jobs (to the modest tune of \$273.80). See Ledger #19 for the other Bungalow job.

Ledger #14 Beach House Sun Rooms 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1934, 1935

1934

Mar.	24	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$32.83	
	31	"	7.18	
	26	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	31	Overhead	32.57	
		[monthly total]	82.58	
		[total to date]		82.58
Apr.	2	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	8	"	12.50	
	1	Telegrams	1.03	
	16	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	

		[monthly total]	\$36.03	
		[total to date 82.58 + 36.03]		118.61
May	2	Travel Miss Morgan	7.50	
	6/1	"	7.50	
		[monthly total]	15.00	
		[total to date 118.61 + 15.00]		133.61
Aug.	15	Travel Miss Morgan	5.00	
		[total to date 133.61 + 5.00]		138.61
		1934 Cost		138.61
1935		Total Cost to Date		\$138.61

– Closed –

The recap sheet for the sun rooms is headed in part, "Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles," the address of Hearst's office in the Los Angeles Railway Building, catty-corner to the Examiner Building. The single sheet of entries includes this line at the top: "Alterations—2nd & 3rd Floor Sun Rooms."

The recap itself says "In full for services in connection with alterations to Sun Rooms at 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, in 1934, 7% of cost (\$3,286.67)," which equals \$230.06, the amount Morgan billed on January 10, 1935. She received payment four months later, on May 21, a sum exceeding her costs of \$138.61 by \$91.45.

Ledger #15 George Hearst House, Holmby Hills

1934, 1935

1934

May	2	Travel Miss Morgan	\$7.50	
	17	"	12.50	
	6/1	"	7.50	
		[monthly total]	27.50	
		[total to date]		27.50
June	9	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	35.90	
	16	"	20.10	
	23	"	20.10	
	15	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	

June	27	Travel Miss Morgan	\$12.50	
	30	D. R. Time	4.30	
	30	Overhead	50.58	
		[monthly total]	155.98	
		[total to date 27.50 + 155.98]		183.48
July	7	D. R. Time	46.00	
	14	"	25.80	
	28	"	18.48	
	10	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	19	"	10.00	
	31	Overhead	55.25	
		[monthly total]	165.53	
		[total to date 183.48 + 165.53]		349.01
Aug.	1	Blue Prints	0.92	
	2	Travel Miss Morgan	12.50	
	15	"	10.00	
	23	"	12.50	
	9/3	"	12.50	
Sept.	1	Blue Prints	4.20	
		[monthly total]	52.62	
		[total to date 349.01 + 52.62]		401.63
Sept.	13	Travel Miss Morgan	7.50	
	10/1	"	9.00	
		[monthly total]	16.50	
		[total to date 401.63 + 16.50]		418.13
1934		Expenses [to date]		418.13
1935		Expense to Date		\$418.13

– Closed –

The cover sheet is marked "Mr. George Hearst c/o Business Management Corporation, California Bank Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal." The first of two entries sheets is headed the same; it also refers to "Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst, 10353 Strathmore Dr., Holmby Hills."

The recap sheet is similarly headed. It names Frank Hellenthal as the contractor; then under January 10, 1935, it refers to "Actual expense incurred in connection with alterations to and furnishing of residence" at the address on Strathmore Drive, as above. The amount billed on that date was the same \$418.13 as in the accrued expenses.

If ledger #15 can be trusted (if an odd typographical error wasn't made), the \$418.13 was not received by Morgan until June 23, 1939, more than four years later. Penciled next to that entry is "Lorna Hearst a/c Mitchell office." By 1939, Lorna Hearst was George Hearst's second ex-wife; the name Mitchell undoubtedly pertains to Larry Mitchell, an attorney for the Hearst-Davies interests who's mentioned periodically in the main part of this book.

Ledger #16 Beach House 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1935, 1936

1935

Apr.	4	Travel Miss Morgan	\$15.00	
	21	"	22.00	
		[monthly total]	37.00	
		[total to date]		37.00
May	4	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	78.14	
	11	"	90.44	
	18	"	60.65	
	25	"	45.25	
	1	Travel Miss Morgan	55.00	
	21	"	26.15	
		F[rank] A. Hellenthal blue prints	1.47	
	31	Travel Miss Morgan	40.00	
	31	Overhead	207.08	
		[monthly total]	604.18	
		[total to date 37.00 + 604.18]		641.18
June	1	Telegrams	1.62	
	1	D. R. Time	56.00	
	8	"	24.44	
	22	"	30.10	
	30	Overhead	51.80	
		[monthly total]	163.96	
		[total to date 641.18 + 163.96]		805.14
July	1	Blue Prints	1.69	
		Telephone	5.95	
		Telegrams	0.48	
	6	Travel Miss Morgan	55.00	

July	28	Travel Miss Morgan	\$25.00	
		[monthly total]	88.12	
		[total to date 805.14 + 88.12]		893.26
Aug.		June 8 Travel Miss Morgan		
		(refunded S[teve] Zegar for advance)	21.60	
	13	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	21	"	16.00	
		[monthly total]	62.60	
		[total to date 893.26 + 62.60]		955.86
		1935 Cost	955.86	
1936		Total Cost to Date		\$955.86

– Closed –

The cover sheet for ledger #16 concludes with "Service Wing," a term used on the recap sheet also: "Beach House service wing alterations 415 Ocean Fr[ont]; Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles." In contrast, the two sheets of entries refer simply to "Alterations 1935."

The recap summary says: "On a/c for services in connection with Service Wing additions and alterations at #415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica, charges being 7% of payments as follows." All told, the job comprised \$35,347.40 in construction costs; 7% of that figure came to \$2,474.32 for the Morgan office, a substantial increase of \$1,518.46 over its travel and other expenses of \$955.86.

Nonetheless, the smaller building at 321 Ocean Front goes unmentioned in this ledger, leaving unclear the domestic or utility (versus guest-house) status of that smaller building that still stands today at the north end of the Beach House compound.

Ledger #17 Beach House Alterations 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica

1936-1937, 1938

1936

Jan.	18	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$48.00	
	31	Overhead	51.84	
		[monthly total]	99.84	
		[total to date]		99.84

Mar.	29-30	Travel Miss Morgan [total to date 99.84 + 40.00]	\$40.00	139.84
Apr.	1	Blue Prints	0.42	
	4	D. R. Time	40.20	
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	20	"	25.00	
	29	"	10.00	
	30	Overhead	20.54	
		[monthly total]	121.16	
		[total to date 139.84 + 121.16]		261.00
May	1	Telegram	0.48	
		Blue Prints	3.72	
		Telephone	3.10	
	11	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	29	"	15.00	
	13	W. L. Huber engr. design Apr/36	20.00	
		[monthly total]	57.30	
		[total to date 261.00 + 57.30]		318.30
June	27	D. R. Time	4.95	
	25	Travel Miss Morgan	30.00	
	30	Overhead	3.06	
		[monthly total]	38.01	
		[total to date 318.30 + 38.01]		356.31
July	12	Travel Miss Morgan	10.00	
	4	D. R. Time	20.10	
	11	"	47.42	
	18	"	20.10	
	31	Overhead	80.17	
		[monthly total]	177.79	
		[total to date 356.31 + 177.79]		534.10
Aug.	1	Blue Prints	1.08	
	8	D. R. Time	58.00	
	15	D. R. Time	88.00	
	22	"	84.00	
	16	Travel Miss Morgan [or Aug. 10]	25.00	
	25	"	25.00	
	31	Overhead	145.82	
		[monthly total]	426.90	
		[total to date 534.10 + 426.90]		961.00

THE BEACH HOUSE AND RELATED JOBS, 1925–1939

609

Sept.	12	D. R. Time	\$25.75	
	19	"	30.15	
	26	"	20.10	
	1	Telegrams	0.72	
	1	Blue Prints	26.49	
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	30	"	25.00	
		Petty cash	0.22	
	30	Overhead	57.00	
		[monthly total]	235.43	
		[total to date 961.00 + 235.43]		1,196.43
Oct.	3	D. R. Time	20.10	
	10	"	15.80	
	31	"	6.15	
	14	Travel Miss Morgan	55.00	
	24	"	25.00	
	1	Telegrams	0.59	
		Blue Prints	3.84	
	31	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	31	Overhead	15.60	
		[monthly total]	167.08	
		[total to date 1,196.43 + 167.08]		1,363.51
Nov.	7	D. R. Time	4.61	
	14	"	4.61	
	21	"	4.61	
	1	Telegrams	0.76	
	1	Blue Prints	1.73	
	10	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	30	Overhead	10.79	
		[monthly total]	52.11	
		[total to date 1,363.51 + 52.11]		1,415.62
Dec.	1	Telegrams	0.48	
	1/3	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	21	"	25.00	
	3	"	25.00	
	18	W. L. Huber (reconstruction) engr. sers. [engineering services]	10.00	
		[monthly total]	85.48	
		[total to date 1,415.62 + 85.48]		[1,501.10]
1936		Expense [to date]		1,501.10

1937		Total Expense		\$1,501.10
Jan.	9	D. R. Time	9.22	
	16	"	7.72	
	23	"	4.61	
	30	"	6.15	
	19	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	31	Overhead	47.92	
		[monthly total]	100.62	
		[total to date 1,501.10 + 100.62]		1,601.72
Feb.	6	D. R. Time	4.61	
	13	"	6.15	
	20	"	6.15	
	24	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
	3/3	"	10.00	
	28	Overhead	18.14	
		[monthly total]	70.05	
		[total to date 1,601.72 + 70.05]		1,671.77
Mar.	26	Travel Miss Morgan	25.00	
		[total to date 1,671.77 + 25.00]		1,696.77
Apr.	10	D. R. Time	15.51	
	30	Overhead	14.92	
		[monthly total]	30.43	
		[total to date 1,696.77 + 30.43]		1,727.20
		1937 Cost 226.10		
1938		Cost to date [1936: 1,501.10 + 1937: 226.10]		\$1,727.20

– Closed –

“Alterations, etc.” is the only way the cover sheet of Ledger #17 can be distinguished from that of Ledger #16’s “Service Wing.” The “Alterations” ledger contains the usual references to “Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles” on the two recap sheets. The first three entries sheets are headed “1936 Alterations”; the fourth and final sheet is headed “1936-7 Alterations.”

More so than most other ledgers in the Hearst-Davies-Morgan greater Los Angeles group, the recaps for Ledger #17 indicate a staccato of eleven billings from May 1936 through March 1937, paid in ten varied installments over the same period (the second payment covered two of the billings). Morgan’s fee was 7% (5,781.21) of the nearly \$82,600 that Hearst spent on

construction—a substantial increase for her of \$4,054.01 over her itemized costs of \$1,727.20.

All of the work in Ledger #17 appears to have been for the sake of 415 Ocean Front, not for the smaller 321 building that may in fact have been the main subject of Ledger #16.

Ledger #18 Beach House 415 Ocean Front, Santa Monica Garden Terraces

1937-1938, 1939, 1942

1937

Dec.	1	Blue Prints [monthly total]	\$1.10 1.10	
1937		Cost		1.10
1938		Cost to Date		1.10
Jan.	1	Blue Prints [total to date 1.10 + 0.60]	0.60	1.70
Feb.	8	F. A. Hellenthal blue prints [total to date 1.70 + 0.60]	0.60	2.30
Mar.	26	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	9.88	
	23	Miss Morgan travel	10.00	
	31	Overhead [monthly total]	13.03 32.91	
		[total to date 2.30 + 32.91]		35.21
Apr.	13	Travel Miss Morgan	15.00	
	30	D. R. Time	55.00	
	30	Overhead [monthly total]	46.55 116.55	
		[total to date 35.21 + 116.55]		151.76
May	1	Blue Prints	0.52	
	21	Travel Miss Morgan	20.00	
	28	D. R. Time	4.23	
	31	Overhead [monthly total]	1.10 25.85	

		[total to date 151.76 + 25.85]	\$177.61
June	1	Blue Prints	0.68
		[total to date 177.61 + 0.68]	178.29
		1938 Cost 177.19	
1939		Cost to Date [1937: 1.10 + 1938: 177.19]	\$178.29

– Closed –

1942

Apr.	13	Blue Prints to Mr. Burrud	\$4.18
		Postage	1.18
		[monthly total]	5.36

The familiar “Mr. W. R. Hearst, 1060 So. Broadway, Los Angeles” appears at the head of the recap sheet for Ledger #18; the same sheet refers to “work on garden terrace,” whereas the single entries sheet speaks of “Garden Terraces” in the plural.

Morgan charged 7% on the first \$196.67 worth of work but only 2% on the remaining \$9,725.26. A bit of mathematical juggling later, she billed a total of \$198.44 for \$9,921.93 in construction costs—still a twenty-dollar increase over her itemized costs of \$178.29, despite the low commission involved.

As for the activity in 1942, open space at the foot of the recap sheet, along with Ledger #18 having been the last one among the Beach House subjects, probably explains why the following recap was made on the Garden Terraces sheet: “To expense incurred in furnishing blue prints of Beach House, etc.” The costs, as listed above were as little as \$5.36. What doesn’t show above (but does on the recap sheet) is that an additional \$15.00 was tacked on for “Office expense,” bringing the total amount billed on April 20, 1942, to \$20.36, a sum received on May 8 of that year.

Ledger #19 Cosmopolitan Bungalow 910 Benedict Cañon Drive Beverly Hills

1938-1939, 1940

1938

June	11	D[rafting] R[oom] Time	\$28.21
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THE BEACH HOUSE AND RELATED JOBS, 1925–1939

613

June	18	D. R. Time	\$2.83	
	22	Travel Miss Morgan	22.00	
	30	Overhead	5.91	
		[monthly total]	58.95	
		[total to date]		58.95
Aug.	1	Blue Prints	7.53	
		Total Cost [to Date]		66.48
1939		Brought Forward		66.48
Feb.	1	Blue Prints	1.60	
		[total to date 66.48 + 1.60]		68.08
May	20	D. R. Time	19.75	
	27	"	29.61	
	31	Expenses (postage)	0.20	
14&16		Travel Miss Morgan—to S.S., to L.A., back to S.S. & S.F.	55.00	
	31	Overhead	27.79	
		[monthly total]	132.35	
		[total to date 68.08 + 132.35]		200.43
June	3	D. R. Time	33.84	
	1	Blue Prints	1.15	
	10	D. R. Time	18.33	
	17	"	46.53	
	24	"	23.55	
	19	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	7/10	"	25.00	
	6/26	"	40.00	
	30	Overhead	123.41	
		[monthly total]	361.81	
		[total to date 200.43 + 361.81]		562.24
July	11	Spanish Tile ([Frank] Pellando)	15.00	
	1	Blue Prints	15.43	
	1	D. R. Time	22.00	
	8	"	22.00	
	15	"	9.87	
	22	"	5.65	
	16	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	24	"	50.00	
	31	"	50.00	

July	31	Overhead	\$81.54	
		[monthly total]	321.49	
		[total to date 562.24 + 321.49]		883.73
Aug.	5	D. R. Time	11.28	
		Blue Prints	0.67	
	19	D. R. Time	5.64	
	26	"	22.56	
	7	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	14	"	50.00	
	21	"	50.00	
	28	"	50.00	
	31	Overhead	36.42	
		[monthly total]	276.57	
		[total to date 883.73 + 276.57]		1,160.30
Sept.	1	Telegrams	0.78	
	16	D. R. Time	55.00	
	30	"	35.25	
	11	Travel Miss Morgan	50.00	
	15	" (Wyntoon) re Bungalow	30.00	
	18	" Miss Morgan	50.00	
	10/2	"	50.00	
	30	Overhead	50.69	
		[monthly total]	321.72	
		[total to date 1,160.30 + 321.72]		1,482.02
Oct.	1	Blue Prints	7.21	
	1	Telegrams	0.43	
		Postage	1.49	
		Telegram	0.50	
		Blue Prints	0.20	
	9	Travel Miss Morgan	28.90	
	10	messenger	0.15	
		[monthly total]	38.85	[38.88]
		[total to date 1,482.02 + 38.85]		1,520.87
Nov.		Travel Miss Morgan 10/28	25.00	
		Total Cost to Date		1,545.87
		1939 Cost 1,479.39		
1940		Brought forward [1938: 66.48 + 1939: 1,479.39]	\$1,545.87	

– Closed –

“Miss Marion Douras” the cover sheet for Ledger #19 is partly marked—that along with including the address in Beverly Hills on Benedict Cañon Drive. The top of the first entries sheet (there are three altogether) is marked “Cosmopolitian Bungalow—Miss Davies,” followed by “moved to 910 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.” The tops of the two other entries sheets are marked “Miss Davies” also.

The brief recap sheet is headed “Miss Marion Douras, c/o Ella Williams, Cosmopolitan Productions, LA; F. A. Hellenthal, contractor.” The recap summary merely says “On a/c prof. serv. in connection with alterations and additions to Bungalow,” followed by a penciled notation of “total 1500.”

Morgan billed \$700 on August 10, 1939, and received that amount on September 13. Her itemized costs were already in the \$1,200- to \$1,300-range by then. No explanation appears as to how these discrepant amounts were reconciled, if at all.

Nineteen forty figures only in that Morgan's final expenses of \$1,545.87 were “Brought forward” at some unspecified date in that year. Nothing whatsoever appears in Ledger #19 that relates to the work done in 1940 around the corner at 1700 Lexington Road, a job that Morgan evidently had as little to do with as Frank Hellenthal did (the latter having been underbid by George Looorz).

A detailed audit of Ledgers #1 through #19, conducted by Joanne Aasen in 2010, disclosed that only one discrepancy (of three cents) exists in any of the ledgers—this in the October 1939 section of Ledger #19, where the monthly total of \$38.85 should have been \$38.88.

Appendix III

Inventory of 415 Palisades Beach Road, Santa Monica 1938

An important group of documents, left behind in a home once owned by Marion Davies, was given to the Margaret Herrick Library in 1992 by the new owner who found them. The Marion Davies Papers, as they're called, aren't the same as the private Marion Davies Collection that Fred Lawrence Guiles used in his biography *Marion Davies*, published in 1972. The papers in the Herrick Library date mainly from the 1950s, but several items are from the 1930s and 1940s. One such item is the inventory of 1938 that concerns us here.

The formal name of the Beach House appears in the title of the item—"Inventory, 415 Palisades Beach Road"—a document consisting of sixty-six pages; the document is a carbon version of an original typescript whose whereabouts are unknown. The inventory was "taken May 11, 1938 to June 10, 1938," according to words accompanying the title.

Furnishings and moveable art objects are the substance of its pages, but architectural elements ("built-ins" in Hearst parlance) are excluded. An itemized listing is beyond the scope of Appendix III; the subject headings plus their page numbers must suffice here. Compared with inventories of the San Simeon collection, the Beach House compilation has a homemade air about it. There are no inventory numbers. Nor does provenance information accompany the entries, as it often does for San Simeon.

The main value of the document is what it tells us about room names—that along with the number of rooms that existed (for instance, the third floor had five bedrooms). The document is complete within its sixty-six pages. It may have contained further pages, but we'd be hard-pressed to say what those pages encompassed. At least two prominent rooms in the Beach House are absent from the inventory—the Marine Room and the Rathskeller.

Another discrepancy is the repetition on p. 19 of the heading that already appears on p. 17 (Second Floor, West Bedroom).

Armed with this information, which seems plausible and trustworthy in its simple, storybook way, we can look at exterior photos of the Beach House with new eyes. The rooms behind those many windows must have been spacious; and those bedrooms that had sitting rooms (the third floor again) were laid out as commodious suites. The description by Marion Davies from 1951 comes to mind; it appeared in 1975 in *The Times We Had: Life with William Randolph Hearst*: "We had ten guest rooms and a living room with each, so that was twenty rooms." Hearst had also spoken of ten bedrooms in a letter to Julia Morgan on June 15, 1926.

INVENTORY

PAGES	HEADING
1–3	Third Floor West Bedroom
4	Third Floor West Bedroom Bath
5	Third Floor West Bedroom Sitting Room
6	Third Floor West Center Bedroom
7	Third Floor Center Bedroom Sitting Room
8–9	Third Floor Center Bedroom
10	Third Floor Center Bedroom Baths
11	Third Floor East Center Bedroom

PAGES	HEADING
12	Third Floor East Bedroom
13	Third Floor East Bedroom Bath
14	Third Floor East Bedroom Sitting Room
15	Third Floor Hall
16	Third Floor Sun Porch
17	Second Floor West Bedroom
18	Second Floor West Bedroom Bath
19	Second Floor West Bedroom
20–22	Second Floor West Center Bedroom
23	Second Floor West Bathroom Off From West Center Bedroom
23	East Bathroom Off From West Center Bedroom
24	Second Floor East Center Bedroom
24	Second Floor Bath Room—East Center Bedroom
25–26	Second Floor East Room
26	Bathroom—East Room

PAGES	HEADING
27	Second Floor Outer East Room
28	Second Floor Hall
29	First Floor Smoking Room—West End
30–32	First Floor New Library
33–34	First Floor Old Library
35–36	First Floor Gold Room
37	First Floor Reception Room
38	First Floor Main Hall
39	First Floor Small Telephone Room Off Main Hall
39	Powder Room Next To Telephone Room
40–41	First Floor Dining Room
42	First Floor Breakfast Room
43–52	Dishes
53–57	Glassware
58–66	Silver

Appendix IV

Santa Monica City Directory for Palisades Beach Road 1947–1948

Amid the incomplete set of Santa Monica city directories in the Santa Monica Public Library, the volume dated 1947–48 falls the closest to the change of ownership at 415 Ocean Front from Hearst and Marion Davies to Joseph Drown. The full title of the volume has an antique, Dickensian air about it:

Los Angeles Directory Co's Santa Monica (California) City Directory 1947–48: Including Brentwood Heights, Ocean Park and West Los Angeles: Containing an Alphabetical Directory of Business Concerns and Private Citizens, A Street and Avenue Guide and Directory of Householders, a Numerical Telephone Guide and Much Information of a Miscellaneous Character.

Marion Davies appears twice in the pages of alphabetical name entries, first at 1137 3rd Street in Santa Monica and then in conjunction with her Foundation Clinic on Mississippi Avenue in West Los Angeles. Hearst, not surprisingly, has no name listings in the directory.

The back portion of the directory is cross-referenced by street names, with the applicable numbers appearing in standard order. No fewer than eight beach clubs existed in the late 1940s between Chautauqua Boulevard and the south end of Palisades Beach Road. Today, the fifteen addresses south of the Jonathan Swimming Club's 850 (the ones between 850 and 1200) no longer exist.

In perusing the list, the greatest surprise is to encounter the name Orson Welles. The man was a tenant in the 1947–48 period in the Ocean House compound that was newly owned by Joseph Drown.

PALISADES BEACH ROAD

(Santa Monica)—South
 from city limits to Municipal Pier,
 1 [block] w[est] of Ocean Av[e]

195	Santa Monica Swimming Club
201	Beach Club
237	Harvey L M
265	Salt Air Club
270	Getty J P
	Lynch Theo
273	Palisades Beach Club
415	Ocean House
	Drown J W
	Welles Orson
443	Boocock Kenyon
445	Vacant
451	Lederer Chas
506	Emerson John
514	Lewin Albt
522	Goetz Wm
546	Zanuck D F
602	Vacant
605	Vacant
607	Vacant
609	Warner H L
625	Mayer Barbara Mrs
637	Slagerman S L
643	Frankel Cecil
653	Reid W S
705	Fairbanks Sylvia Mrs
707	Arrouge Martin
723–25	Neeny's Bath House & Restr
803	Weismuller John
	parking lot

850	Jonathan Swimming Club
905	Vacant
918	Le Bus R H
924	Rudnick Oscar
932	Adamson D P
944	McDonald Frazier
964	Sugerman J J
966	Vacant
972	Jessel Geo
978	Bancroft Geo
1018	Vacant
1020	Netcher Townsend
1022	Daniels Phyllis Mrs
	Lyon Ben
1024	Venable R S H
1038	Scott Randolph
1150	Miramar Biltmore Beach Club
1200	Drew John
	Variety Beach Club

Appendix V

The Beach House-Ocean House and the Press

1947–1960

During the nearly ten years that the former Hearst-Davies Beach House went by the name Ocean House under its new owner, Joseph Drown, the *Hollywood Citizen-News* and Hearst's own *Los Angeles Examiner* published five of the six articles that appear here. With their contents handed down over the years to come, the articles were influential among Hearst biographers and others who had cause to mention the Santa Monica property, a prime instance being W. A. Swanberg in *Citizen Hearst* in 1961.

It was in one of these or a similar article that Marion Davies was first quoted as saying (erroneously) that she had lived in the Beach House from 1930 to 1945.

The first article, from March 1947, indicates that the ownership of the Beach House had yet to pass from Hearst Magazines to Drown; presumably, it soon did. The claim that the mansion was “stripped of its art treasures and left unoccupied during the war” was mostly false; the only factual aspect of the claim was its allusion to the Marion Davies sale at Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York, late in 1945 and the preparations leading up to that event.

Howard Heyn's article from October 1949 is more to be reckoned with. The paradox he mentioned—that “through all these years almost nothing descriptive was written” about the place—was offset by the details Heyn included. He was a reputable writer for Associated Press who would have had no reason to exaggerate or invent willfully. And yet the sources of his information remain elusive and mostly impossible to fact-check this many years afterward.

Sebastian Flyte, a fictitious name, stems from a character in Evelyn Waugh's novel of 1945, *Brideshead Revisited*. Despite being nearly eighty-eight when the article of March 4, 1951, appeared in Hearst's morning *Examiner*, Hearst alone could have been its author. His description of the Beach House as having “more columns across the back than the Supreme

Court in Washington” is one that several writers have repeated, probably without knowing whence it originally came.

The prolific Bob Thomas, though only in his mid-thirties in June 1956, had a dozen years to his credit already as the Hollywood correspondent for Associated Press. His two-part series on Ocean House has had as much or more influence than the previous three articles combined. Thomas went on to write many biographies and other books about Hollywood; he also wrote a novel that was a takeoff on Hearst and San Simeon entitled *Weekend '33*.

An unexpected item is the feature from Rhode Island's *Providence Sunday Journal* that appeared on the sixty-third birthday of Marion Davies (January 3, 1960). Historically and textually akin to its predecessors of the 1947 to 1956 range, the 1960 item says nothing whatever of William Randolph Hearst. Neither do any of the preceding items.

Hollywood Citizen-News Anonymous

Thursday, March 6, 1947, p. 2

HEARING SET ON CONVERTING MARION DAVIES HOME TO CLUB

A hearing on an application for rezoning the ornate Santa Monica beach home of Marion Davies into a private club will be conducted Monday [March 10], it was announced today [by the City of Santa Monica].

Richard Gandy, attorney for Hearst Magazines, Inc., owner of the mansion, will present the case for the applicants, who include Joseph W. Drown.

The Davies place was stripped of its art treasures and left unoccupied during the war. Hotel-size, the house was once a gathering place for motion picture and world notables.

The main drawing room glitters under a 22-carat gold-leaf [*sic*] finish. Other evidence of the structure's magnificence include rooms lined with marble and delicately-carved alabaster figures, murals of historic origin in corridors, thickly-carpeted bedroom suites, cedar-lined closets and marble fireplaces.

The main building ranks as one of the finest examples of Georgian [Revival] architecture in the United States.

Recommendation on the rezoning plea must be approved by the [Santa Monica] City Council.

Los Angeles Examiner by Howard C. Heyn
Sunday, October 16, 1949; p. 11

MARION DAVIES' BEACH HOUSE BECOMES HOTEL; Rare Carvings and Antiques Grace Modern 'Versailles'

SANTA MONICA, Oct. 15.—Marion Davies' former beach residence of 110 rooms has become a hotel.

If you have the price (\$45 double), you can spend the night in the main suite of this architectural fantasy which boasts the wide Pacific as its front yard.

Ocean House, it's called now. In a sense, it always was a hotel. The really important celebrities who visited Hollywood while Miss Davies was a reigning film star almost always stayed there.

Counts, princesses, dukes, ambassadors and assorted tycoons enjoyed her hospitality.

PARADOX —

As a beach house, this sprawling establishment is a complete paradox. It might better be called Hollywood's Versailles. There are 56 bathrooms and 37 fireplaces.

Twenty years ago, when Ocean House was growing, rare mantelpieces were imported by the dozen. Entire rooms from famous British mansions were shipped intact—paneling, doors and sometimes ceilings, too.

Strangely enough, through all these years almost nothing descriptive was written about one of the world's most fabulous estates until a recent guest, formerly associated with Miss Davies, took this correspondent around the premises.

FIVE HOUSES —

The establishment consists of five colonial houses, strung along the beach. In 1930, when Santa Monica was still a quiet resort town, these nestled remotely between beach and palisades. Now their rear walls are sooted by the exhaust of heavy traffic on a major highway which passes immediately behind them.

Miss Davies lived in the three-story main house, a vast U-shaped structure, for fifteen years, until 1945. Adjacent were the homes of her father, her sisters, and the building housing the family's 32 servants. Gardens filled with rare plants, tennis courts, and two swimming pools completed the layout.

110-FOOT POOL —

The 110-foot [long] pool in front of the main terraces is lined with Italian marble. The building's façade is Vermont marble.

Beyond the impressive fan-lighted entry, an open stairwell with hanging staircases on either side rises two full stories.

Seventy-five wood carvers worked more than a year on the balustrades alone.

In the moldings around the hall ceiling are 2300 little wooden buttons, each individually bored and glued in place.

The dining room, reception room and drawing room, each 60 feet long, came from Burton Hall, County Clare, Ireland. General Burton built his castle in 1749.

Dining room doorways are from Beckington Abbey, and the carvings in this room are originals by Grindling [Grinling] Gibbons from Cassiobury Park, the country home of the Earl of Essex, in Hartfordshire.

ABBEY DOORWAYS —

Gibbons (1648–1721), England's famous wood carver, decorated Windsor Castle and St. Paul's Cathedral, in association with Sir Christopher Wren.

Ceilings are exact reproductions and chandeliers are hand-cut crystal from Tiffany's. The drawing room ceiling is embellished with 18-karat gold leaf, untarnishable even from sea air.

Scenic wallpaper in the second and third-floor hallways is from the old Zuber works in Alsace-Lorraine, hand-printed from blocks saved from the bombings of World War I.

The second-floor papering consists of American landscapes; that of the third floor depicts the history of horse racing in Europe.

Miss Davies' suite on the third floor has an antique English marble mantelpiece from a 1760 Georgian mansion at Sutton, Surrey. Insets are of tan striped marble, and the carved center plaque shows bacchantes pulling a barrel and drinking wine.

PRINCE'S MANTEL —

Two bathrooms adjoin the huge bedchamber. An equally expansive solarium-sitting room and balcony overlook the sea.

All the main suites have two closets as large as the average hotel room, cedar-lined and equipped with vaults for fur storage.

The baths of the Davies suite are colored marbles, the walls ringed with mirrors. Bathing pools are reminiscent of Roman days.

The Green room, or reception lounge, on the main floor is paneled in honey-colored pine. Its 18th Century fresco ceiling was imported from an old London town house.

New York artisans worked six months applying its gleaming gold leaf. The Georgian mantelpiece of carved marble is from 18th Century Hatton Hall, home of Oscar Wilde's mother.

Grecian columns outlined in gold leaf and a white marble mantelpiece dominate the Gold room, now the hotel bar-lounge. The mantelpiece came from the library of the home occupied by George V while Prince of Wales [1901–1910].

A vast projection room has a full-size screen that rises out of the floor. The paneled walls are carved deal [fir or pine], from Cassiobury Park.

Adjoining is the banquet room, or marine great library, paneled in carved deal wood. Once this was a sitting room in the Georgian country house of Eleanor, Duchess of Northumberland.

Below the main floor level, flanking the swimming pool, are a dozen bath dressing rooms and the rathskeller.

The latter was once an inn in Surrey, dating from 1560. Its three small rooms were cojoined at Ocean House. Paneling is Tudor, and the mantelpiece is the oldest in the house (1642).

Bar, back-bar and door trims are hand carved, dated 1560, and came from Charles of London [an art dealer in London and New York].

In one second-floor suite is a green and white marble mantel with oval Wedgwood medallions, from Admiral Batey's London town house. The East suite has a mantelpiece of green marble, from the Duke of Windsor's country house.

UNCOMMON —

How Ocean House grew is a story itself.

In 1926 beach houses were not yet common among film players. Miss Davies chose two remotely situated and identical houses at the base of the Palisades, and proceeded to build a center section between them.

William Flannery was engaged as architect.

The resulting two-story U-shaped structure was not considered adequate, however, and several partitions were removed. This elongation of the rooms caused ceilings to appear too low, so Miss Davies decided to jack up the second story. Then she changed her mind.

"Look," she said, "as long as we have gone this far, let's start all over and build a real house."

When sold in 1947, Ocean House served briefly as an exclusive private club. Some months ago the property became a hotel.

Thus for the first time, anyone may now enjoy the antiquities that remain at Ocean House, symbols which also mark a bygone era of movie splendor. Anyone, that is, who can pay the tariff [the room rate].

Los Angeles Examiner Sebastian Flyte
Sunday, March 4, 1951, Section III, p. 3.

INVITATION TO PERSONALITIES

Fifth of a Series

MARION DAVIES

Hollywood, Mar. 3.—Nowadays, the studios give out toned-down publicity about their actresses, so that we think they're just plain, ordinary wives, who have children, and little houses, and could cook if they didn't work so hard every day. They may not think so, but they're killing the star system.

We are interested in these extraordinary products of our time only because they are supposed to be more temperamental, more beautiful, more extravagant, than women in ordinary life.

LEGENDARY —

The word “star” itself defines some luminary body, shining brightly in the heavens. It is disappointing to be told that, nowadays, all they think about are skillets, and mop, and Christmas shopping, when not so long ago we read about Pola Negri’s leopard, Gloria Swanson’s Marquis, and Garbo’s tragic loneliness.

There were movie stars enshrouded in legends of Rolls Royces, gold bathrooms and mystery. In the public fancy they lived up to the dream of being a movie star.

There are very few actresses today, with any sort of legend at all, and if they do manage to create any illusions, there is little chance that they could touch the legend of Marion Davies.

A SYMBOL —

Her beach house in Santa Monica, which was the largest house of the Hollywood notables, was a colonial type structure, with more columns across the back than the Supreme Court in Washington.

These columns reflect into a marble swimming pool, not more than 30 yards from the ocean.

Five guards and 15 servants were required to run the place, and every Sunday Marion Davies held open house for the celebrated from all over the world.

The beach house is sold now [to Joseph Drown], turned into a small hotel, but people will tell you there is nothing like it in Hollywood today. There probably never will be again.

Marion Douras, which is her real name, was born in New York, and was the daughter of a well known magistrate fondly nicknamed “Judge Douras and Justice.” William O’Dwyer, later Mayor of New York [1946–1950], got his start in Judge Douras’ office. Her mother [Rose Douras], whose portrait now hangs in Marion’s dining room [in Beverly Hills], was a great beauty of her time.

The Bon Homme Richard, the famous ship of John Paul Jones, was originally named after the family of Marion Davies, which had figured for centuries in the history of France. It was later changed to the Bon Homme Richard after the fictional creation of Benjamin Franklin.

DOURAS CHATEAU —

Sometime ago, Marion Davies received a letter from Victor Hugo Douras, a cousin who was secretary of the French Embassy in Washington. This letter told her that the Douras chateau in Bordeaux was unoccupied. He told Marion that if she claimed and restored it she would be entitled to the title that went with the castle.

Marion loves America far too much to think of living in France. But she still looks forward to visiting this chateau, when she goes to Europe again [this side of 1936].

Marion Davies, often called one of the most beautiful [actresses], got her start in the Ziegfeld Follies. As she will tell you, she was in the chorus, and not at all a star.

From the Follies she came to Hollywood, where she played in two movies that made her a star.

She remained a star in every sense of the word until she retired [in 1937]. During that period she became a symbol in Hollywood of all that was fabulous and extraordinary.

G. B. SHAW —

Her jewels were incomparable with any jewels on the West Coast. Her beach house was the real capital of society out there.

George Bernard Shaw stayed there [in 1933], and General MacArthur, and the Duke of Kent and innumerable others. At her costume parties two and three orchestras played until dawn, and 50 for Sunday lunch was nothing unusual.

Her dressing room at M-G-M was as large as a house, and at luncheon there you met Senators and Governors as well as famous playwrights and actors.

EXCITEMENT —

One M-G-M executive remembers that Marion Davies' luncheons caused more excitement on the lot than the pictures shooting.

(The only time Bernard Shaw ventured to a studio, was to one of these luncheons [also in 1933], at which his wit is supposed to have so strongly offended Mr. John Barrymore that he stalked out in a memorable scene [while making *Dinner At Eight*].)

Once a band was called in to provide music, and actors were kept away from work for hours. Guests received wonderful favors by their plates and drank vintage champagne.

On trips to Europe Marion Davies is always entertained by notable personages and nobility. In the past she has been feted by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Kent and too many others to mention.

She visits in New York with the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Dukes and others who in turn visit her in California. Doris Duke is one of her best friends.

It was quite the most extraordinary life led by any actress in the history of the movies. It has never been equaled.

When the beach house was sold [in 1947], she bought a large Spanish style house in Beverly Hills, where she lives today [off N. Beverly Drive], comparatively quiet, if you consider how life used to be.

The house is furnished with many fine antiques; and the spacious gardens are beautiful surrounding a lovely pool and fountains. The whole world, in a way, still comes to her. Bernard Shaw, a few months ago, sent her a little picture of himself, showing how he had changed [d. November 2, 1950].

General and Mrs. MacArthur, before the Korean War, wrote her long letters about life in Japan.

You probably ask yourself how has Marion Davies remained after leading the most fabulous existence of all the movie stars?

I can only tell you that she has founded a clinic, The Marion Davies Foundation Clinic for children; that and the longest list of people to give presents to of any woman in Hollywood; that she has been a fairy godmother to her friends.

TRIBUTES —

The generosity of actresses is well known (you only have to see “All About Eve” [with Bette Davis] to know that). But Marion Davies’ generosity tops them all.

And I can only tell you what three people said about her. Pola Negri told me Marion Davies is the only woman in Hollywood you never hear anything ugly about.

Mary Sanford said when I first arrived in Hollywood, “Don’t tell Marion you don’t have a car. She’ll give you one.”

And Tennessee Williams, who had never met her before said after leaving her house, after dinner: “She makes up for all the rest of Hollywood.”

More than anyone else I know, Marion Davies exemplifies that saying: “God knows whom to give the breaks to.” More than anyone else, she stands for what a movie star ought to be like.

Hollywood Citizen-News Bob Thomas

Monday, June 18, 1956 Part 1 of 2

MARION DAVIES’ HOME**FAMED BEACH HOUSE TO BECOME MOTEL**

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Ocean House will soon be no more. Thus will pass the most notable reminder of Hollywood’s splendiferous era.

That was the roaring ‘20s, when the booming film industry made millionaires out of movie stars. That was when you could live like a millionaire, too, as did Marion Davies. She poured \$3,250,000 into a beach home that has been called the Versailles of Hollywood, after the lavish palace of French kings.

ANOTHER MOTEL

Now the huge manor is to be torn down. It will be replaced by a more up-to-date feature of American culture: a motel.

What a place it was. Fifty-five bathrooms and 37 fireplaces. Entire rooms from famous English mansions. A 110-foot swimming pool lined with Italian marble.

These were the surroundings in which the blonde actress entertained the movie greats and visiting royalty. The place consisted of five colonial houses nestled between the Santa Monica Palisades and the Pacific sands. The present owner, Joseph Drown, plans to tear down the main house and two others [of the five buildings] to make room for a drive-in hotel. The other two buildings and the pool will remain as a beach club.

Recently I paid a visit to the Davies mansion. It was a grey day and no one was around the huge swimming pool, which operates as part of the Sand and Sea Club nowadays. Manager Thomas Huber said this will be the third summer that Ocean House has been closed.

"We had only 30 rooms [available or occupied]," he explained. "It was just too expensive to run the place. It took too much to open and close it every season."

IMPORTED ROOMS

He handed me the keys to the main house, and I wandered through the darkened halls. First stop was the rathskeller on the lower level. Now dusty and worn, it had been a favorite gathering place for more intimate parties—say, 50 or less. Originally it had been an inn in Surrey, dating back to 1560. The mantelpiece was the oldest in the house; it was marked 1642.

On the main floor I found one ornate room after another . . . the dining room, reception room and drawing room came from Burton Hall, County Clare, Ireland, and each of them is 60 feet long.

The feature of the upstairs is the Marion Davies Suite. The marble mantel, carved with wine-drinking cherubs, was from a 1760 Georgian mansion at Sutton, Surrey. The mural wallpaper cost \$7,500. The suite has twin bathrooms of colored marble.

Yes, it's quite a place.

Tomorrow: The fabulous history of the Marion Davies' Home.

Hollywood Citizen-News Bob Thomas

Tuesday, June 19, 1956 Part 2 of 2

LITTLE ACORNS

DAVIES' COTTAGE GREW AND GREW

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—In 1926, Marion Davies decided to create a beach home.

Before she was finished, the screen star poured millions into what became the most lavish showplace in the film colony.

MODEST HOME

It all started in the era when the film famous were going in for beach houses. Miss Davies wanted one and chose a couple of identical buildings on the Santa Monica shore. She wired architect William Flannery to hurry westward to design a 15-foot hallway to connect the two buildings. The job was to cost \$7,500.

But one thing seemed to lead to another. The rooms seemed to be too small, so they had to be enlarged. The new hallway made the ceilings seem too low. Someone suggested jacking up the second floor.

The blonde actress concluded, "Look, as long as you've gone this far, let's start fresh and do a real house."

When the main house was finished in 1930, the bill came to \$1-3/4 million.

How could a single house cost that much? It was easy in those free-spending days. Agents shopped all over the British Isles to find rooms in ancient manors that could be transported wholly to the Davies home. Many of the 37 fireplaces were 200 to 300 years old. The chandeliers were hand-cut crystal from Tiffany's.

The balustrades alone took the efforts of 75 craftsmen carving for a year.

COST \$3 MILLION

By the time Miss Davies completed the whole project, there were five buildings, including those to house her father, sisters and the 32 servants who

staffed the place. The construction was reported to have cost over \$3 million and the furnishing to have added another \$4 million.

For 15 years [1930 to 1945], the Davies mansion was one of the centers of Hollywood society.

In 1945, the actress tired of the huge home and moved to a more modest mansion in Beverly Hills. After auctioning off the furnishings [at Parke-Bernet in New York, December 1945], she sold the place in 1947 for \$600,000. Observers estimated [that] that was about what the fireplaces had cost her.

Promoters tried to run the place as a private club, but soon met financial failure. In 1949, it was done over as a lavish hotel called Ocean House.

The hotel proved too costly to maintain. It closed down two years ago, with part of the property continuing as a beach club. The white paint began to peel from the once spotless exterior.

PROJECT FOUGHT

Last month owner Joseph Drown asked permission to tear down the main building and two others to erect a 20-unit motel. His request was fought by nearby residents [along Ocean Front] Harold Lloyd and Darryl Zanuck, who claimed it would lead to deterioration of the beach front property. But the city of Santa Monica granted the hotelman's application.

Demolition is expected to begin at the end of summer, thus erasing a glorious remnant of Hollywood's past.

Providence Sunday Journal (Providence, Rhode Island) James Bacon
January 3, 1960, p. W-12

SALE RECALLS GOLDEN ERA

Hollywood—(AP)—The site that once held Marion Davies' seven-million-dollar beach house soon will be a parking lot.

And that just about tells the whole story of what income tax has done to the mode of living among movie stars.

Miss Davies, who now lives in a Beverly Hills mansion that is still fabulous by today's standards, thinks it a shame that her house is no longer.

"It should never have been torn down," she told a reporter. "It could have been kept open for the public to see. It was an artistic and historic masterpiece."

Real estate man J. W. Drown, present owner of the land, is selling it to the state of California for use in its master beach plan for the Santa Monica waterfront. A state source reports that Mr. Drown's selling price was "relatively low" considering the market value of the land, which is near expensive beach homes owned by Darryl Zanuck and Harold Lloyd.

But a condition of sale for the Davies property was that Mr. Drown be able to lease back the land for \$20,000 a year for use as a 900-car parking lot.

Twenty thousand is a paltry sum compared with the millions that Miss Davies poured into the place to make it literally the Versailles of Hollywood.

Back about the time of the 1929 stock crash, movie stars were making so much money that it was frustrating finding ways to spend it. [Harold] Lloyd, who was earning a reported \$60,000 a week with most of it take-home pay, built a magnificent estate [in Beverly Hills] with [an] 18-hole-golf course and a Yosemite-like waterfall. Other stars put thousands into beach houses that were more like hotels than ocean hideaways.

Miss Davies, then a reigning queen of Hollywood, decided she must have an ocean home and bought two buildings for a price she has long forgotten.

She does recall ordering a \$7,500 hallway to connect the two buildings. Somehow the hallway made the ceilings in the houses too low and the rooms too small.

"Let's start over and build a new house from the ground up," Marion decreed.

And what a house. When it was finished in 1930, the price tag was \$1,750,000—and building materials didn't cost as much then. But that was only the start.

Miss Davies had agents scour Europe to find rooms in ancient manors of impoverished nobility. Whole rooms were transported intact to Santa Monica. Chandeliers were hand-cut crystal from Tiffany's. A downstairs rathskeller with room for 50 persons had once been an inn in Surrey, England, dating back to 1560.

In the 15 years that Miss Davies lived there she estimates she put three millions in the house and four millions more in furnishings. When she sold the place in 1945, she got \$600,000, almost to the dollar what the 37 fireplaces, many of them 300 years old, had cost her.

For awhile the place was run as a private club and later as a hotel. But the main house had only 30 rooms and it just didn't pay off. A few years ago the main building was demolished and art collectors bought up the expensive paneling and fixtures for a song. Many movie studios were among the lucky bidders and now some of Marion Davies' period rooms are being used to give authentic background to movies.

Still standing on the land are several guest houses and buildings which once housed servants. These buildings, mansions by today's standards, are now used as a private beach club. State officials say they probably will continue on that basis with the site of the main house [becoming] the public parking area.

Mr. Drown also has asked permission to build a cafeteria style restaurant on the land as part of the deal.

Marion has spent lots of money on herself but she has spent millions more on others. When a star finishes a picture nowadays, he gives each member of the crew a gift [of] a wrist watch or a bottle of liquor.

But Marion's idea of a gift was to give a crew member's son a four-year scholarship to a medical school or pay off a staggering hospital debt. She still hands out plenty of money. Associates estimate she has given away more than 10 million dollars in a 26-year war [since 1933] against childhood diseases.

Construction will start this spring on the new Marion Davies Children's Clinic at the Medical Center of the University of California at Los Angeles. It was made possible by a bequest of \$1,900,000 from Miss Davies.

"I'll probably be remembered more for the parties I gave at the beach house," says Miss Davies, "but the clinic is the real joy of my life."

Marion doesn't think Hollywood will ever see [again] the kind of social life that she once dominated.

"They don't have the colorful people any more," she concludes sadly.

Appendix VI

George S. Merritt to W. A. Swanberg, 1959

(from *Citizen Hearst*, 1961)

The biographer W. A. Swanberg was hard at work on *Citizen Hearst* when James Bacon's feature on the Beach House appeared in the *Providence Sunday Journal* in January 1960. Swanberg's book would be published the following year, in September 1961. Part of its strength lies in the correspondence he had with Hearst family members and with Hearst employees beginning in 1958; many of those people were long gone by the time David Nasaw began researching *The Chief: The Life of William Randolph Hearst* in the 1990s. The letters Swanberg received, plus transcripts of the interviews he conducted with some of these old-timers, are now part of the W. A. Swanberg Papers at Columbia University, New York.

One man that Bill Swanberg heard from was George S. Merritt, a "Brentwood realtor," he was called in *Citizen Hearst*, who lived in Santa Monica, according to city directories of the 1920s. The letter that Merritt wrote Swanberg on October 29, 1959, contains some details about the Beach House's beginnings that are very much worth quoting. How veracious they are is impossible to say; at our distant remove, a good half a century later, we can take them at face value at least. Or we can doubt them and dismiss them, although that seems an unnecessarily harsh position. A letter like Merritt's brought out the best in Swanberg the biographer, the adeptly interpretive historian, as the following passages from *Citizen Hearst* show.

Appearing as they did a year and a half after James Bacon's feature of 1960, five years after Bob Thomas's two articles of 1956, and a little more than ten years after the "Sebastian Flyte" piece that Hearst himself wrote in 1951, the passages bring these appendices and the rest of *Hearst and Marion* full circle. In so doing, they place us on the edge of the modern interpretive era regarding the Beach House. The rest is ours as we look ahead from there through the 1960s and beyond, toward the delving into the lives of Hearst, Julia Morgan, Marion Davies, and many others that my colleagues and I embarked on in the 1970s.

From *Citizen Hearst: A Biography of William Randolph Hearst*,
by W. A. Swanberg (New York, 1961), pp. 390, 409–410

It was no wonder that Hearst speedily became a Hollywood legend, as he had long been a newspaper and political legend. This was as he willed it, for it seems likely that he consciously sought to make himself a legend. Like an adolescent, he loved to surprise and impress people. There was no longer any concealment of his love for Miss Davies—another sign of his waning political hopes—and the frankness of their attachment amazed even the blasé film colony.

But San Simeon was a good 200 miles from Hollywood, too far for daily commuting, so Hearst planned another castle convenient to Culver City. [Louis B.] Mayer, Will Rogers, Joseph Schenck, Harold Lloyd and others of the elect had built mansions along the beach at Santa Monica, making it the gold coast of filmland. Hearst consulted a Brentwood realtor, George S. Merritt, who showed him a large plot of beach land that was available. Merritt was then angered to discover that Hearst's agents were trying to buy the land direct from its owner in an effort to avoid paying the realtor's commission. In his annoyance, Merritt quickly sold the land to another prospect who had been interested. Hearst later called on Merritt.

"I see that land is sold," he said. "Fess up. Didn't you buy it yourself so you could resell it to me?"

Merritt, incensed at the implication that he was trying to "hold up" Hearst, told him the facts. "I don't like the way you do business," he said. "I showed you the property, then you tried to freeze me out."

Hearst's gaze was piercing. "When I try to buy anything," he snapped, "the price has a habit of going up and up."

"Mr. Hearst," Merritt said, "there's only one kind of deal I know how to make—an honest one."

Hearst relaxed and smiled. After that the two got along famously. Merritt began buying beach land, keeping it a close secret that Hearst was his client. . . .

In California [upon returning from Europe in 1928], Hearst found both of his local castles [San Simeon and Santa Monica] progressing well. Until he built in Santa Monica, the beach homes of Joseph Schenck and others had

been considered the ultimate in splendor. Perhaps he derived a puckish glee out of erecting a pile that made his neighbors' places seem like summer cottages. . . .

It happened that Will Rogers owned a small piece of adjacent land [north of the Beach House compound] that Hearst wanted for a tennis court. Hearst, who had known Rogers since the [*Ziegfeld*] *Follies* days, sent Realtor Merritt to ask the price. It was impossible in this instance to conceal the fact that Hearst was the one interested. Rogers said he did not want to sell, and backed this up by putting an outrageous \$25,000 price on it. Merritt told Hearst of this. "Well, offer him \$20,000," Hearst said.

Merritt did so, whereupon Rogers raised the price to \$35,000. Hearst then made a bid for \$30,000. The humorist went up to \$45,000. One wonders whether Rogers was annoyed with Hearst for some reason, but at any rate it was apparent to Merritt that Rogers was having a game at Hearst's expense and he urged Hearst to do without the land. But Hearst was determined to have it. He kept making bids until at length he got the plot for \$105,000.

"Pleasure is worth what you can afford to pay for it," he said philosophically to Merritt.

IT'S ONE THING TO LEARN that 415 Ocean Front, a name no longer used, was synonymous in the 1920s and 1930s with what William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies called the Beach House (not Ocean House, as the place was later renamed). But was the Beach House his or hers—or jointly theirs? In turn, should the 415 Ocean Front property of decades ago be thought of as the Hearst-Davies mansion or rather as the Marion Davies Estate? Both terms and still others have been used.

These and many more questions are what these PDF files about the “Santa Monica connection” in Hearst and Marion’s lives seek to answer. Taylor Coffman began steeping himself in the lore surrounding Hearst Castle, San Simeon, in the 1970s; he remains the leading scholar of “Hearstiana,” and he draws here upon his knowledge of William Randolph Hearst, Marion Davies, and Julia Morgan, the San Francisco architect without whom such places as San Simeon, Wyntoon, and the Beach House would have remained figments of the imagination—of Hearst’s imagination, above all.

Morgan’s job ledgers include the ones she devoted to her work for Hearst and Marion in Santa Monica from 1926 to 1938. Privately held by Morgan’s goddaughter Lynn Forney McMurray, the ledgers have been brought to editorial heel by Coffman in the appendices he’s prepared for this digital presentation. Its PDF files also contain numerous excerpts from both archival and printed sources, passages that throw much more light than has been seen before on 415 Ocean Front, the grand mansion that once was but that is no more. The excerpts are equally illuminating where Hearst and Marion’s personal lives are concerned from the mid-1920s to the late 1940s. Indeed, this presentation is often more biographical than it is architectural.

The main part of the Beach House compound, razed in 1956, can't be rebuilt as it originally looked. Reconstructing parts of its history—for they are only parts—is a daunting enough task, one that Coffman's work accomplishes with rare skill, finesse, and many surprising twists.

TAYLOR COFFMAN was a tour guide at San Simeon from 1972 to 1983. By 1976 he began concentrating on research and, inevitably, on writing. As an archivist, he has processed and catalogued thousands of historical documents stemming from the lives of William Randolph Hearst, Marion Davies, Julia Morgan, and others in their circle. The Beach House in Santa Monica is a subject he has long had in mind, one for which his knowledge of Hearst's most renowned projects, San Simeon and Wyntoon, and his familiarity with greater Los Angeles and Southern California has equipped him uniquely.