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The Ziegfeld Girl

A fire in Brooklyn. Early days. The man who owned
Campbell's Studio. A bicycle ride in Palm Beach.
Carl Fisher calls from Miami. The Ziegfeld girl.
Mr. Hearst signs a contract. A stop at Cartier's.

MD: I was born in 1905.

PP/KSM: *Marion was born at six in the morning, Sunday, January 3, 1897.*

TC: Pfau and Marx, the original editors of *The Times We Had*, gleaned this detail from *Marion Davies: A Biography*, by Fred Lawrence Guiles (New York 1972), p. 19. They were indebted to that book for certain dates and other details of Marion's early years, as am I—this despite many fundamental weaknesses in *Marion Davies* and despite the "scrupulous care" that Guiles took (or too often *didn't* take) "to avoid printing invention [on Marion's part] as fact" (p. 21). In any event, in doing his research, Guiles was able to listen to the tapes in their entirety that Marion and Stanley Flink had made in 1951. Well after 1972, of course, Internet sites like IMDb (Internet Movie Database) and IBDB (Internet Broadway Database) have added considerably to the historical pool.

MD: I was born in Brooklyn, at home. My mother had a great enormous house at Prospect Park.

One night when she and my father came back from the theatre, the house had burned to the ground. I had just been born. My mother wondered where Rose [one of Marion's three sisters] and I were, and she fainted dead away when she saw the ashes. My brother Charlie had set the house on fire with a box of matches.

After that, my father decided that if he didn't get us out of Brooklyn, Brooklyn would go to pieces. So I never lived in Brooklyn. As I say, I was born in Brooklyn, but I woke up in New York [City], at Gramercy Place [or rather Gramercy Park].

I saw my brother Charles only once—in his coffin. I was very young when he died [in 1906, when Marion was nine]. It was after his holy communion. He had taken a rowboat with another little boy when he was told not to. The rowboat overturned. It took four weeks of poling the lake to find him.

When I got a bit older, my mother decided that I was kind of a problem. Because I stuttered, no school wanted me. When I'd get up to recite, all the kids would laugh at me. So my mother decided to put me in a convent [in 1910]—Sacred Heart [near Albany, New York], on the Hudson River.

But that didn't work out, so then my mother took me to France and put me into a convent there. It was near Tours [southwest of Paris], in the Chateaux district. When my mother came there to see me, all the nuns and the mother superior would spy on us. They wouldn't like me to say this, but there were peek holes.

My mother would say, "How are you?"

I said, "Fine."

She asked, "Like it here?"

I said, "Love it."

But when I squeezed her hand, she said, "I want to talk to the mother superior."

So the mother superior came down. She said, "What's wrong, Mrs. Douras?"

"I don't think my child is a very good influence in this convent, because she doesn't like it."

TC: Guiles disputes that Marion was ever in such a convent in France—that she was ever in Europe before 1922, at age twenty-five; *Marion Davies*, pp. 30, 107. "Marion's [family] background was the one area where she would lie shamelessly"; p. 21.

MD: My mother was instinctively a very fine woman. She took me back to New York [from "France"], and I was the happiest person in the world.

Then it was the Riverside Drive houses at 103rd Street [on the Upper West Side of Manhattan], and then Chicago, and back and forth.

My father was then a city magistrate and my grandfather a district attorney. My grandfather owned two blocks from 12th to 14th Streets [in Manhattan]. He also had an enormous place at Saratoga [Springs, north of Albany], where he had race horses, and my grandmother owned an enormous estate in Upper Montclair [in northern New Jersey].

I was living in Gramercy Park in 1907. My parents went to Chicago to see my sister Reine, and I was left in the care of a janitress, Mrs. Mower, who lived in the basement. I used to call her the cockeyed janitress. She didn't like that.

Over the basement was a living room and a dining room, and then over that was my mother and father's room, and over that was my room.

TC: Guiles specifies that the Douras residence was immediately "south of Gramercy Park," not within that exclusive enclave itself. *Marion Davies,* pp. 22, 23.

MD: The [Dourases'] house, sort of a gray stone, was right on the park and quite near Stanford White's house [which occupied the northwest corner of E. 21st Street and Lexington Avenue]. My parents knew Mr. White, and they both had a great deal of respect for him. They thought he was a very nice man, that the stories told later on were absolutely untrue—about the cake and the naked girl dancing out of it, who was supposed to be Evelyn Nesbit.

PP/KSM: *Stanford White, the architect who designed the original Madison Square Garden and many other noted New York City structures, was shot and killed in 1906 in a dispute over actress Evelyn Nesbit. Her irate husband, the young Pittsburgh millionaire Harry K. Thaw, shot him three times during a performance of the comedy show MAMSELLE CHAMPAGNE at the Roof of the Garden. Evelyn Nesbit did not appear in the show, and it would only be much later, at a party given by Earl Carroll, that she would rise nude from great quantities of cake and prohibition champagne.*

TC: Stanford White and Marion's father, Bernard Douras, were born in the same year, 1853. White designed the second Madison Square Garden of 1889, not the first version of 1879. With regard to the Broadway producer Earl Carroll, the nude in question was a young showgirl named Joyce Hawley, not the tragic Miss Nesbit (1884–1967); see Chapter 9, pp. 7-8, in this newer compilation.

MD: Well, Mrs. Mower had quite a job cleaning the whole house [in Gramercy Park], so she'd say, "Here's the key. Go over in the park and play, then come right back." This was after school.

I was not supposed to be left on my own at that age [ten in 1907]. I think they suspected me already. But she'd say, "Here's ten cents for you: five cents for a can of sardines and five cents for a bottle of sarsaparilla." She thought that was enough for my luncheon at school. Of course I was little, so I didn't require much, but the combination of sardines and sarsaparilla—I think she believed in the two S's instead of the three R's.

TC: Ten cents in 1907 was like 27 cents in 1951 (the year Marion made the tapes), 57 cents in 1975 (when *The Times We Had* was published), or as much as $2.40 in 2013 (the present date). These and other price conversions in *The Annotated Marion* are derived from John J. McCusker's *How Much is That In Real Money? A Historical Commodity Price Index for Use as a Deflator of Money Values in the Economy of the United States* (Worcester, Massachusetts; 2001, with figures after 2001 extrapolated here), Table A-I, pp. 49-60.

MD: At school I had a great precedent over the other children. I was the only one who was in the dunce seat all the time. I always had to sit in the corner with that thing [a dunce cap] on my head.

When I got home from school I'd look for Mrs. Mower. She'd be busy, so she'd give me the key and say, "Go into the park."

Outside the park, there'd be raggedy-looking little boys and girls. They were all screaming and throwing stones at the kids and nurses inside, and it seemed to me they were having more fun than we were—than I was, anyway, because I was always locked in. So I decided to join up with the outside forces, and since I had the key, I just went out

and joined them. Nobody pays attention to youngsters who don't belong to them.

It happened to be Hallowe'en, and the kids had stockings filled with flour. Some of them had bricks in them, too. Well, they said, "You won't do what we do."

"I bet I will."

"We're going to Lexington Avenue, and on the way up we're going to steal some vegetables."

I was all in favor of that. I thought, Why shouldn't I? They were having fun, and I wanted to be in their set, which I thought was very, very elegant. My set was dull—the social set. So I went with them all the way to 26th Street. Imagine how far that was from the park [Gramercy Park] at 19th Street [not quite half a mile].

We went to this big brownstone house and they said, "One of us will run up and ring the bell, then run down. Whoever answers the door, we throw at him." Well, a big fat butler opened the door. We gave it to him, all the vegetables, and then we started running. But the butler had a police whistle in his hand, and he blew it.

I thought I could run fast, but a policeman grabbed me by the pants. As he hung me up in the air he said, "Who are you? Where do you live? Where's your mother? What are you doing out at this time of night?"

I said, "It's Hallowe'en—just fun."

"Fun? All right, that's fine." He had a big Irish accent. "I'll tell you what we're going to do with you. We're going to put you in jail with all the other criminals."

"I didn't do anything."

"We caught you with the others." So he took me to the jailhouse. I was so frightened I wouldn't say a word.

It was the first time I'd ever been arrested.

They let me loose, but they wanted to see where I lived. I had the key, and when I went into the house they said, "Where's your [house]keeper?"

"She's asleep downstairs."

Well, the door shut, and I went into the dining room and put the key on the table. I looked over in the corner, and there was a big rat. Because I was so little, he seemed really big, sitting up, looking at me with big black eyes.

I ran outside, slammed the door—and locked myself out of the house. I slept underneath the staircase all night long. Nobody found me.

Then my mother sent for me to come to Chicago. I guess the police had called them and said, "Your daughter's molesting an important citizen's house." That's how I found out that it was Mr. Hearst's house at 123 Lexington, at 26th Street.

TC: The 123 address is on the east side of Lexington Avenue, between 28th and 29th streets.

MD: It was just a coincidence that the kids picked his house that night.

Ten years later [in Florida in 1916] I ran into Mr. Hearst's car on my bicycle. I never believed in fate, but I think that was it.

PP/KSM: *Marion was envious of the exciting and glamorous life of a New York showgirl. Her elder sisters were then on stage—as was her friend Marie Glendinning. And Marion was able to talk her mother into sending her to Theodore Kosloff's ballet school.*

TC: Glendinning (Marie's married name) is usually spelled *Glendenning* in the Hearst archives. See my compilation of 2008, *The Unknown Hearst: 1941* (San Marino and Los Angeles), p. 122. Ernest Glendenning appeared in one of Marion's films, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* (1922); otherwise, he was much more prolific as a stage actor, starting in 1903. His wife's maiden name may have been Horne. Years later (mostly in the early 1940s), the widowed Marie lived in the Beach House compound, Santa Monica, during Hearst and Marion's protracted absences, as did Rose Davies and one or two other close friends.

MD: Dancing is a rather different thing from school.

There's a huge mirror and there's music and you feel that you're doing something. You have on your toe slippers and you go up and down and you can see yourself with a hundred other kids. To me, that was life. But school wasn't. School was dull.

But my mother insisted that I go to school. Well, it didn't work out. She finally decided she had had enough. She asked me what I wanted to do. I said, "I want to go on the stage."

Then I went to Kosloff's school.

TC: First mentioned in *The Times We Had* by the editors Pfau and Marx (directly above), the Russian dancer, choreographer, and actor Theodore Kosloff reappears in Chapter 4, p. 1, of *The Annotated Marion* regarding "The Thomas Ince affair"—as a guest on the *Oneida* but one who went unmentioned by Marion. Brian Taves includes Kosloff among the "twenty guests" who sailed on the Hearst yacht at that moment in 1924, this in *Thomas Ince: Hollywood's Independent Pioneer* (Lexington, Kentucky 2012), p. 5. Taves cites Guiles and two other authors. The latter is Samantha Barbas, whose *First Lady of Hollywood: A Biography of Louella Parsons* (Berkeley 2005) doesn't list Kosloff on p. 87 in her book (although cited as such by Taves) or on p. 88 in Barbas, where her list continues.

MD: My father didn't like it [Marion's training under Kosloff], and my mother liked it even less. She stayed with me every second, but she was really heartbroken. She just didn't like the idea of anybody going on the stage so young.

I thought it was very good training for me. I believe people should get out and really start working when they are young. If you don't get started young, you get into a sort of lazy mental condition.

My mother still regarded Rose [b. 1895] and me as kids. She couldn't figure out why we wanted to go on the stage. The reason was that our sisters Reine [b. 1886] and Ethel [b. 1889] were on the stage. We just wanted to ape our elder sisters. Rosie and I even wore their clothes when they weren't looking.

My sister Reine wanted to have a stage name. One day, while driving from her place on Long Island, she saw a real estate sign: DAVIES REAL ESTATE. She thought, "That's me."

We all took on the name automatically.

PP/KSM: *Real estate agent J. Clarence Davies had emigrated from the Netherlands, changing his name from Davries. His business is still evidenced by nameplates seen on buildings in Manhattan and by a collection of historical prints and photographs displayed at the Museum of the City of New York.*

His son, Valentine Davies, went to California, wrote many motion picture scripts, became president of the Screen Writers Guild, and won an Academy Award [in 1948] for MIRACLE ON 34th STREET [1947].

MD: My first job on the stage was the one that Marie Glendinning got for us. I was not quite fourteen [in 1910] when we went to Lee Herrick's Agency, and we got the job and the contract. My mother said, "I'm going to frame this contract, because every time I look at it, it's going to break my heart." I was in the pony ballet and Rose was a showgirl.

The showgirls were tops. The pony ballet not only had to shine the chorus girls' shoes, but they had to wait on the showgirls too.

TC: A year before he died in 1971, an old-time film director and early Broadway actor, Joseph Santley, shed some knowing light on the term "pony ballet." He told a well-known show-business biographer, "In those days [1909–1910] there were three sets of girls. They had show girls, who wore clothes and stood around. Then you had the mediums, who were there for their voices. They could sing. And then you had the ponies. The little ones that danced. In a show [like Santley was describing], there would probably be eight, eight and eight. With eight chorus men." George Eells, *Hedda and Louella* (New York 1972), p. 66.

MD: They [the showgirls] would just run around and say, "Hey, come here, kid. Come here, now. How would you like to lace my shoes? How would you like to help me on with my costume?"

No matter what work we were doing, we had to stop to help them. I mean, behind the scenes. That was the routine that always went on in the pony ballet. But we didn't mind. Youngsters always have adoration for elders, even when they are only older girls. We used to think, "Oh, how glamorous they are." If the chorus girls were

glamorous, the showgirls were super glamorous. "Can we do anything for you?"

They'd say, "Yes. How would you like to go and get me a glass of water?" Something like that. So we were constantly waiting on them.

I never got tired, because I loved it. I loved the theatre, the smells, the greasepaint. When they'd say, "Half an hour! Fifteen minutes! Overture!" then you'd run like mad down the stairs to get on the stage.

My first show was [Maurice] Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird*. It opened in Washington [D.C.]. My family was there in the audience.

PP/KSM: *In 1910, when Marion was only thirteen.*

MD: On opening night, mothers are not allowed backstage at all; they make the kids nervous. So Reine and my mother and Ethel and my father were in a box watching my maneuvers. They had to have a spyglass to see me, because I was way in the back.

When you were in the pony ballet, you were not mentioned at all; the programs just said *Ballet*. But I got this big batch of telegrams from Calvin Coolidge, Senator [Philander C.] Knox, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Mellon and others.

It was very exciting. Thinking I'd make myself a big shot with the big showgirls, I said, "I have a lot of telegrams."

When they looked at them they said, "Hmmmm—get a load of her." And then they started laughing. I didn't know what they were laughing about.

I thought, "There's something rotten in Denmark here."

They said, "Isn't it funny that they all came from the same place?" From Claridge's Hotel, New York.

My sister Reine had sent all the telegrams.

TC: Regarding the identities of the "senders" Marion named, Knox was a Senator from Pennsylvania in 1904–1909 and in 1917–1921. Coolidge was the mayor of Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1910–1911. Wilson was the president of Princeton University in 1910 and the Governor of New Jersey in

1911–1913. Mellon held no office in 1910 or 1911 and thus falls well outside the bounds that Reine was evidently drawing from.

MD: My first real admirer while I was on the stage was called the "Boston Millionaire." That's how it is when you're on the stage; you get admirers and proposals of marriage or something. It doesn't matter what your face looks like; it's all how you look from across the footlights. And every girl in a show looks glamorous to the audience. Now this one was a bachelor. He sat in the first row and was very elegant. But he had to have an introduction, through my mother.

[Florenz] Ziegfeld would always insist that the stage-door-Johnnies had to be introduced properly. And there were so many, and all with proposals. It was preposterous, in a way, because they were looking over the footlights. When we looked the other way, into the audience, no matter how well dressed a man was, it wasn't as exciting as the stage. And I hated to leave the stage after a performance.

What restaurant, even the Ritz-Carlton, could give the glamour that the stage did? I wanted to just go home at night, because everything else looked dark. Nothing was interesting.

When I got out of the pony ballet, I became a Ziegfeld Girl [in 1916]. Some were dancers and some were showgirls. I was one of the dancers, but they picked out little special things for me to do. I failed in every one of them.

I had long curls, practically to my waist, and Ziegfeld thought I looked like the *Spirit of Spring*. I was supposed to walk down a staircase in a gorgeous costume of blue tulle with sparkles on it and a marabou hat and say, "I am the spirit of spring."

PP/KSM: *[*Spirit of Spring *was] the final production number of a Ziegfeld show*.

MD: I said to my mother, "I don't think I can say that line. Because I st-st-stutter."

"You stammer."

"What difference does it make? Stut-ter, stammer, it's the same th-th-thing."

But she said, “I think you can make it.”

On opening night she gave me a glass of champagne. It tasted kind of bitter. Mother said, “I know you don’t like it, but it’ll help you. You can do it.”

The big music started, and I was supposed to come down in that gorgeous costume that Ziegfeld had spent a thousand dollars on.

But they had picked the wrong girl.

When I got down the stairs—this was the curtain, the finale—I looked around and I started, “I-I-I-I-I-I-I . . .” So they pulled the curtain.

The next day at rehearsal they chose somebody else. My heart was broken, not because of that line, but because they had taken the costume away from me. I was back in the back line again. Opening night, I was in front; second night, I’m in the back row.

There are lots of tragedies in the theatre, but I really did love it.

I never liked young men, which was the funny part of it. The stage-door-Johnnies I didn’t like. Especially those who came from Yale. Princeton wasn’t too bad; Harvard was a little bit on the boring side.

Once, a show I was in [*Words and Music*] was playing New Haven [Connecticut], and the Yale boys took a dislike to the play, and especially to the leading lady, Gaby Deslys.

We were there for two weeks. On the last night the Yale boys brought all the vegetables they could think of—rotten tomatoes, eggs and everything—and started throwing. Gaby Deslys got a tomato in her face, and all the ponies were spottsy. We were lucky to be in the back row that night.

Then they started dragging up the seats, and they had to get the fire hose on them to get them out of the theatre.

TC: In the final chapter of *The Times We Had* (Chapter 15, p. 5, in this newer compilation), Marion recounts, “When I was about seventeen, I got the second lead in a play that only lasted a week. I think it was called *Words and Music.*” According to IBDB—the Internet Broadway Database—*Words and Music* ran from December 24, 1917, to January 12, 1918, at the Fulton

Theatre. In all, Marion's stage credits from 1914 to 1920, as listed in IBDB, are as follows:

Chin Chin Globe Theatre October 20, 1914, to July 3, 1915

Nobody Home Princess Theatre April 20, 1915, to June 1915; also, Maxine Elliott's Theatre June 7, 1915, to c. August 7, 1915

Miss Information George M. Cohan's Theatre October 5, 1915, to November 13, 1915

Stop! Look! Listen! Globe Theatre December 25, 1915, to March 25, 1916

Ziegfeld Follies of 1916 New Amsterdam Theatre June 12, 1916, to September 16, 1916

Betty Globe Theatre October 3, 1916, to November 25, 1916

Oh, Boy Princess Theatre February 20, 1917 to c. November 1917; also Casino Theatre November 19, 1917, to March 30, 1918

Miss 1917 Century Theatre November 15, 1917, to January 5, 1918

Words and Music Fulton Theatre December 24, 1917, to January 12, 1918

Ed Wynn's Carnival New Amsterdam Theatre April 5, 1920 to c. June 1920

MD: I didn't know Mr. Hearst then, but he always sat in the front row at the *[Ziegfeld] Follies*. The girls in the show told me who he was. They said, "Look out for him—he's looking at you. He's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

PP/KSM: *[Staged at] the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York.*

TC: The near-consensus in recent years has been that Marion first came to Hearst's attention through *Stop! Look! Listen!*, which opened on Christmas Day in 1915. But Louis Pizzitola in *Hearst Over Hollywood: Power, Passion, and Propaganda in the Movies* (New York 2002), p. 130, cites the second of Hedda Hopper's memoirs as partial evidence that the couple may have met as early as 1914. In *The Whole Truth and Nothing But* (New York 1963), p. 185, Miss Hopper and her co-author, James Brough, refer to "Flo Ziegfeld's *Follies of 1917*" as the origin of the Hearst-Davies affair. However: "Truth is," Hopper and Brough go on to say, "it happened

some years earlier." The authors' next paragraph about the couple is the key one:

"He was fifty years old [as of April 1913], with a long, pale face and piercing blue eyes when he sat in the Globe Theatre and saw her dancing in the chorus of *[The] Queen of the Movies,* directed by Julian Mitchell [January 12 to April 11, 1914: 104 performances]. She was then fourteen years old [if born in 1900, an incorrect date sometimes given]. It was January 1914."

Despite the errors in the foregoing, Pizzitola concludes that "Hopper may be essentially correct about their first meeting." I've long been inclined to agree. I've seen enough other instances, mainly archival, that bespeak Miss Hopper's keen memory. True, she erred in certain details regarding this early period; but a wider reading of her two memoirs alone, the other one being *From Under My Hat* (New York 1952), argues that Hedda Hopper is not to be glibly dismissed, the obvious "secondary" nature of her books and the limitations of the memoir approach nothwithstanding.

And yet a more recent, academic work by Jennifer Frost casts some different light on these matters; she's the author of *Hedda Hopper's Hollywood: Celebrity Gossip and American Conservatism* (New York 2011). By e-mail on February 14, 2013 (in response to my asking about her subject's mental acuity), Dr. Frost said that Hedda's memory was "really hit or miss—sometimes dead on, other times not."

MD: That was so ridiculous [calling Hearst a wolf], because he wouldn't have hurt a fly, but I didn't know him then. He sent me flowers and little gifts, like silver boxes or gloves or candy. I wasn't the only one he sent gifts to, but all the girls thought he was particularly looking at me, and the older ones would say, "Look out . . ."

The next thing that happened—I was asked to have some special photographs made at Campbell's Studio. I was elated by the idea, but my first thought was, "What am I going to wear?" My mother said, "You've got to ask the dresser if you can borrow some clothes from the show [the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1916*].

PP/KSM: *[Campbell's was] at 530 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

MD: I got the clothes, and we went to Campbell's Studio. My mother fixed my hair, and the photographer knocked on the door and asked, "Are you ready?" So I went out and he told me where to stand.

I had two or three pictures taken before I saw Mr. Hearst. It was hard to see past the bright lights, and he was sitting right under the camera. He was dressed very conservatively, in a dark blue suit. If his suit had been in any other kind of color, I might have seen him sooner.

I ran into the dressing room because this was the man I had been warned not to talk to. I said to my mother, "Lock the door—the wolf is here!"

"What wolf?" she said. Then Mr. Campbell knocked on the door and said, "Aren't you ready?"

"She's a little nervous," said my mother.

When we got out in the studio, Mr. Hearst had left. He hadn't meant any harm, and he owned Campbell's Studio. But he had the most penetrating eyes—honest, but penetrating eyes. He didn't have a harmful bone in his body. He just liked to be by himself and just look at the girls on the stage while they were dancing.

TC: Campbell's Studio seems an unlikely business for Hearst to have owned. But maybe he owned the building itself as income property (much as he did certain other buildings in Manhattan).

MD: I think he was a very lonesome man. But that was not my first meeting with him, because I didn't [actually] meet him.

The next time I saw Mr. Hearst was down in Florida at Jim Deering's house, after the show had closed [in September of 1916, when Marion was nineteen].

TC: The industrialist James Deering (1859–1925) was an early developer of Miami, Florida. Guiles says that the trip to Deering's house occurred during "Easter of 1916" and that Deering was "an old family friend of Mama Rose's and Reine's" (Marion's mother and oldest sister). *Marion Davies,* p. 49.

MD: His place was called Vizcaya Villa. It was in Miami, on the bay—Biscayne Bay, I think.

PP/KSM: *An interesting coincidence of names was that W.R. had played a strong, if insupportable, role in demanding war when the American ship* Maine *was sunk in Havana harbor. At the time of the*

sinking [1898], a Spanish warship, paying a courtesy call on New York, was anchored off the Battery. In the wake of public indignation, courtesies were scuttled, and the ship, the Vizcaya, *sailed for the open seas.*

MD: Vizcaya was an enormous white marble house that looked like a Venetian palace. Outside, there was a sort of canal with Venetian poles and a big marble ship [a carved stone breakwater]. There was a huge garden on one side, and the swimming pool was half indoors and half outside. On the other side was a sand beach—just an imitation beach, not a real one.

The floors inside were all black marble. There was an enormous dining room and a big patio where we used to look at movies. It was very formal. Inside was Empire [style], outside was Venetian. It was a beautiful place.

We often went there in the winter—Ethel and Rose and I. Never Reine, because Reine was always busy doing something else. I had a strange room, but very nice. It was all black marble, pink satin, and ostrich feathers. Can you imagine anything like that! It was called the *Little Princess* room. Jim Deering used to reserve it for the younger degeneration.

PP/KSM: *In 1975 a communication from Vizcaya, now the Dade County Art Museum in Miami, noted, "There has never been such a room as the* Little Princess *room at Vizcaya."*

TC: The same year that *The Times We Had* appeared (1975) marked the publication of a book with many insightful details about Vizcaya—James T. Maher's *Twilight of Splendor: Chronicles of the Age of American Palaces* (Boston and Toronto), pp. 143-214. Hearst got passing mention in that long section—in an architectural context—but nothing was said about Marion or anyone else in the Davies family.

MD: Everything had to be ver-ry, very dignified with Jim. He was absolutely proper; nothing out of order. Nobody would ever say anything that was wrong—not the slightest bit off-key.

Jim was very austere; much, much too formal. After dinner we'd see a picture on the patio; after that we'd go swimming; after that, breakfast in the morning. And everbody should be on time.

The routine was really annoying. It made me want to break jail. That sort of behavior ruins your indigestion.

I said to my mother, "I'm terribly bored here. What a lot of grumpy people." Well, I won't mention any names, but this was no place for anybody who wanted to have fun. Jim Deering's ruling was that anybody who was his house guest had to be his house guest. And if they didn't like it, they could . . . you know. So I jumped over the wall one night.

PP/KSM: *Marion was presumably bound for the amusements of Palm Beach [sixty miles north of Miami], probably to meet her friend from Philadelphia, socialite Ella Widener [Mrs. Joseph Widener], who would take her to Bradley's Beach Club and Casino.*

Colonel Edward Riley Bradley ran the club from 1898 to 1946. The location [in Palm Beach], by the Flagler Bridge, is now called Bradley Park, in his memory.

The small house of games is gone, the fixtures drowned in the Atlantic Ocean by the terms of the will of Bradley, who was also an artist, civic leader and philanthropist. Later, Joseph P. Kennedy would eulogize, "When Bradley's went, this place lost its zipperoo."

TC: Guiles, in *Marion Davies,* pp. 51-53, misidentifies the woman in the first of three paragraphs right above as Mrs. Jules Widener.

MD: Well, of course, I had to go back [to Miami]. My mother said, "Jim is furious. There's a car down there for you. You had better get back here." So I went back to the same dull people.

Bertie McCormick was there. He was married [since 1915 to Amy Irwin Adams], but I can't think of how many times he had been married [only once until he remarried in 1944]. At that time I think he was in the procedure of divorce. I'm not positive.

PP/KSM: *Colonel Robert McCormick [1880–1955] was the publisher of the* Chicago Tribune *and a partner in Deering Harvester, the farm*

equipment manufacturing company later to be be split into the John Deere Company and the International Harvester Company.

TC: McCormick didn't become a colonel until 1918.

MD: He was a rather husky man, rather on the heavy side, with a white mustache. He was very nice: jovial and amusing. I didn't appreciate his humor at that time because I was a brat. But he had everybody at the table laughing all the time.

He must have been a middle-aged man [thirty-six in 1916 to W.R.'s fifty-three], because at that time he looked older than W.R.

Ruth Bryan Owen, who was the Ambassador to Sweden or Norway or something, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Winston were there, too. Jim was very fond of Mrs. Winston. As for the rest of the people, although it was a very small group, I didn't even know their names. I wasn't interested in them one bit. But I knew that they were supposed to be the social elite of Miami.

PP/KSM: *Ms. Owen would become a United States Congresswoman from Florida in 1928. The Winstons were jewelers.*

MD: Whenever I'd make a wrong move, W.R.'d always come to the rescue. But I'd never see him. I mean you don't speak to someone unless you're properly introduced. He was always a shadow. But it didn't do any harm. He helped me many times when I unsuspectingly got myself into some kind of jam.

Like the time I went to Bradley's [in Palm Beach]. I was there with Mrs. Widener. She always used to gamble a lot—ten thousand on the black, twenty thousand on the red.

Suddenly I got a note—kind of a thick note. I opened the envelope. There was fifteen hundred dollars in it. That was a fortune to me [akin to $31,281 in 2013]. The place was all very alive, everybody gambling, and Mrs. Widener said, "What have you got there?"

I looked around, and behind one of the red curtains was W.R. I thought, Oh, I can't accept it. But Mrs. Widener said, "Give it to me. I'll put it on—Where did you get that?"

I said, "My mother gave it to me." Well, she put it all on zero and lost.

I still didn't know W.R. It was still to be a long, long time—too long. I wish I had that time to live over—it might have been sooner. I saw him many times, but there was no conversation. It was like Svengali [the evil hypnotist], or Pygmalion and Galatea.

The first time I really officially met W.R. was in Palm Beach. I had gone bicycling at the country club one day. Gene Buck was with me.

PP/KSM: *Gene Buck wrote the music for the 1915* Ziegfeld Follies, *which Marion played in.*

TC: Ethel Davies was in the *Follies of 1915;* Marion (but not Ethel) appeared in the next year's cast.

MD: It was very hilly there. We started going downhill, and I lost control of the brake. Lickety-split I went up in the air—my panties showing—and then I was lying flat. I still have the wound [the scar] from that morning. I just missed a car by inches. The car stopped, and W.R. got out. He said, "May I help you?"

"Noooo . . . I can make it."

In the meantime Gene Buck had gone in the other direction and fallen on his can, too.

W.R. said, "Your bicycle's broken." It was practically split in half. He picked up the bicycle and tied it on the back of his car. Then he told the driver to take me to the Royal Poinciana.

PP/KSM: *Said to be the largest resort hotel in the world in the 1920s. It had a Cocoanut Grove Restaurant and a Palm Beach railroad stop. It was also the largest wooden building in the world.*

MD: Now he recognized me. He'd seen me at Campbell's Studio in New York. But all he [said was], "Mrs. Hearst, will you kindly get out and walk?" And they just walked off, after he'd fastened the bicycle on.

And that was really our first meeting.

I tried to talk to the chauffeur. I said, "Nice day, isn't it?"

He said, "The usual procedure."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Everybody says it's a nice day. But it isn't, really." And he took me back to the hotel.

MD: Another time I was supposed to be selling something at a bazaar. And Mr. Hearst was sitting there with his family.

He came up to me and said, "I'll pay five thousand dollars for your watch." It wasn't worth it—it was just a black band—but W.R. bought it.

TC: Five thousand dollars in 1916 would be equivalent to $11,923 in 1951, $24,731 in 1975, and $104,269 in 2013. If extrapolated from 1917, the equivalents would be smaller because of inflation during World War I (the 2013 figure, for example, would fall to $88,595). McCusker, *How Much Is That In Real Money,* pp. 49-60.

MD: At times W.R. would telephone Jim Deering's house. Or his valet [George Thompson] would call to ask if Miss Douras was there.

Then Jim Deering's valet would say that a man had called and asked for me. At dinner one evening Jim said, "Someone has called and asked for a character at the table here whom I don't wish to mention."

Everybody looked at each other, because Jim was very austere. He said, "Marion, do you know a Mr. Carl Fisher?" I said no.

TC: In Chapter 11 of this compilation, p. 24, Marion refers to W.R. as "very, very austere."

MD: And Jim said to the others, "Well, somebody here does, because he keeps calling all the time."

The next day Jim pulled the same routine on the patio. He said, "Mr. Carl Fisher called up again."

I said, "Who did he ask for?"

"He asked for you."

"But James. I don't know any Carl Fisher. Where did he call from?"

"He said Palm Beach."

"I know someone in Miami" [Marion said].

"Well, it could have been that he was at Palm Beach at the time."

"I don't know," I said.

Then Jim said to my mother, "Why don't you tell her to keep quiet? She talks too much." He wouldn't let anyone talk on the phone.

PP/KSM: *Carl Fisher was a Miami real estate tycoon. People used to call him Mr. Miami. Hearst would often use his name as a joke.*

MD: When we went back to New York, I saw W.R. at a party given at the Beaux Arts Building on 42nd Street, where the artists lived and had their offices. There was an enormous restaurant down below which was supposed to be very exclusive.

That was where the party was held. I was with Angie Duke, Doris's cousin, and quite a number of people were there. W.R. was in white tie and evening dress. It was a society-charity party—I forget which charity.

PP/KSM: *Angier Biddle Duke, a society figure and one of Marion's beaux, had just returned, wounded, from World War I.*

TC: The man in question was Angier Buchanan Duke (1884–1923), one of whose two sons was Angier Biddle Duke (b. 1915). The older Duke was indeed a first cousin of Doris Duke. Guiles, p. 42, identifies the man simply as Angier Duke.

MD: I couldn't stay very late because I had to work the following morning. When it was time to go, Angie asked for my wrap. While we were waiting, a voice behind me said, "May I say good night?" I turned around and it was W.R. He said, "May I shake your hand?"

"Certainly," I said.

We shook hands and he said, "Good night, Miss Douras." I felt something in my hand. I thought, What the heck is this? Then he left, and Angie took me home.

I didn't open my palm until I got home.

It was a diamond wristwatch.

The next night I had to go to Boston for the rehearsals of a new show, which turned out to be a flop. But after rehearsal at the theatre that night it was snowing like mad, and we went down the street, all of us laughing, and I lost the wristwatch.

I was staying in Boston with a friend, Pickles St. Clair, and another girl, and they said, "We'll look for it." And starting from the theatre we looked all over, picking up all the snow, trying to find the wristwatch.

PP/KSM: *Pickles St. Clair [Eleanor St. Clair] was a showgirl with Marion in the revue, STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! [Globe Theatre, Broadway, December 25, 1915, to March 25, 1916].*

MD: Well, I was crying because I'd lost my wristwatch. I shouldn't ever have accepted it—I knew that; I was in the wrong. But when I lost it, I was digging up the snow, retracing my steps back from the Copley Plaza to the theatre. Finally, Pickles said, "You'd better call up Mr. Hearst."

"I wouldn't dare do that. It doesn't sound right to me. I can't possibly do it."

Pickles said, "Then I'll call him."

"Don't you dare!"

But she did, and—I think it was the next day—I got another one. Not a note, not a word, just another diamond wristwatch.

But this one wasn't as pretty.

I said, "Look, Pickles, you keep it. I don't want it. But when I told you not to call him, why did you? It looks like I'm cheating—and I'm not a cheater."

MD: After the *Follies [of 1916]*, I was in a show playing in Wilmington, Delaware. The manager of the show was Charles

Dillingham, and the show was called, I think, *Misinformation*. I had a very big part in that show. I held up the backdrop.

TC: On Broadway, *Miss Information* had been staged at George M. Cohan's Theatre from October 5, 1915, to November 13, 1915. Marion is credited by IBDB as having been in the chorus.

MD: Well, on the train coming back from Wilmington, Dillingham walked out and said to us, "What punks know how to play cards here?" That time we weren't called ponies. And none of us knew how to play cards. But he picked me out, and another girl. We went into the drawing room, and there was old Colonel Dupont [Henry A. du Pont, b. 1838]—or maybe he was a general. He was very tall, with a mustache. We said we didn't know how to play poker, but he said, "I'll take you on for just one game."

I said, "All right, but what are the stakes?"

He said that, just to be kind, we'd make it a dollar. When we got through, he said, "You lost."

"How much?" I asked.

He said, "Twenty-five dollars." Now that was a fortune to me [equal to $521 today]. I was making eighteen dollars a week, and I had with me about thirty dollars. Part was my salary from the last week, which I was going to take home.

Well, I gave it to him. And that was that.

But the story he told to various friends was that he felt so sorry for me and was so ashamed that, as he was getting off the train at Grand Central, he was looking for me. He said, "That poor little girl, who doesn't have any money . . . and I had to take twenty-five dollars from her." As he was walking to his Ford car, which was waiting for him, he saw me, the poor little pony, getting into a Rolls-Royce. "Then I didn't feel sorry," he told them.

Well, it so happened that my sister Reine owned that Rolls-Royce. She had come to the station to meet me.

I never saw Dillingham again, but I heard the story from various people. Even Mr. Hearst heard the story, and he told it as a funny story. But I didn't think it was.

PP/KSM: *Florenz Ziegfeld was always looking for the most beautiful and the most fascinating [girls], to be in his FOLLIES. These productions became more and more elaborate with the addition of special effects.*

MD: Ziegfeld had discovered something red and green and new and tried it out just before intermission at the *Follies [of 1916].* But we first saw it at dress rehearsal.

It was an experiment—a motion picture shown on a big screen after the first act of the show. Everyone wore glasses with one red and one green lens [made of paper].

The film showed animals having a big fight, and a gorilla looked right into the camera, bared his fangs and went "GGGRRRRrrrr . . ." right up to your face. Every night the audience would scream.

When we saw it, we nearly killed each other trying to get backstage. I don't know who screamed the loudest—I think I did. We all ran like mad. I know I was the first back in the dressing room.

Now they call them three-dimensional [3-D] films, but no one can say they are new. Ziegfeld had them then. But W.R. never got into that setup. He did become interested in making motion pictures a short time before I came on the scene. He got more into it afterwards.

PP/KSM: *Marion already had spent several years on the stage—first as a FOLLIES girl and later as a showgirl in roadshows. Contrary to her modest remarks, Marion was a very successful showgirl, not always the star, but a featured performer and a singer and dancer.*

She worked in several films before she signed the first contract with W.R. And she even wrote the story for the first film in which she starred, RUNAWAY ROMANY, produced in 1917 by her brother-in-law's [George Lederer's] Ardsley Art Film Company.

MD: I had my first actual conversation with W.R. when I was called to the International Studios at 127th Street in New York, where they were making motion pictures.

I still didn't know him at all except to say, "How do you do"—that was all.

At the studio I had to wait in the office, as everybody else did, until I finally got to see Carl Zittel, the studio manager. He said, "I've seen your picture. It rather stinks."

"Yes, it does . . . I guess."

"But I want to make a test of you and see if you're worthy," he said. "I know you can't act, but I'm going to give you a chance."

"What sort of test?" I asked.

"What did you get for *Runaway Romany*."

"I got fifty dollars."

He said, "I might give you a contract for about, say, five hundred dollars a week."

"Well, I don't think I'm worth that."

"Think it over," he said. "Now go—I'm busy."

Later, I went back to look at the tests I had made. I was sitting in the darkened projection room, waiting for the projectionist, when a little man came in with a briefcase and sat down next to me. My tests were flashed on the screen, and I was awful. I said, "I'm ashamed of it; let's shut it off."

He said, "Oh, it's all right."

When it was over he said, "I've come here with a wonderful contract for you. Also, Mr. Hearst has rented the Harlem Park Casino [at 124th Street and Seventh Avenue in Manhattan]. He rented it from a widow for five hundred dollars a week for ninety years.

I said, "It looks like he's going into production." Then the man was called in to see Mr. Zittel, and I sat there while they ran my tests over again. I didn't like seeing them, and I thought, I'd better get out of here.

When I got to the elevator, W.R. was there. He said, "How do you do?"

And I said, "How do you do?"

Then he said, "I'm buying a new studio—or renting it for a thousand dollars a week—to make pictures. We'd be very happy to have you among the stars."

"A thousand dollars a week?"

"Yes. I'm going now to sign the contract."

"Look," I said. "I don't know you very well, Mr. Hearst, but it isn't a thousand, it's five hundred. I talked to the lawyer in there, and he said five hundred, for ninety years."

"Did he say that?"

"Pardon me if I'm out of turn, but he told me he was very happy about the widow getting five hundred a week for ninety years. She can't live that long."

"Would you mind waiting here for a minute?" he said.

"No, I'm sorry, I can't. I've got to go."

"Have you got a car?"

"Certainly I have a car. I don't walk all the time."

We went down in the elevator, and he saw me to my car. Then he called Zittel.

Well, Zittel got fired. I didn't mean to do anything, but it happened accidentally, and I thought, How can people be so crooked? Five hundred dollars a week for ninety years! He couldn't live that long either. But he [Zittel] had two contracts. Five hundred dollars a week for the widow and five hundred for himself.

Mr. Hearst always placed his faith in people who had no faith.

TC: If Hearst fired Zittel, he must have rehired him, as sometimes occurred; the two seemed to remain on good terms; Zittel's son Carl, Jr., also had connections with Hearst and Marion. See Lou Pizzitola's *Hearst Over Hollywood*, p. 525 (index listings). As late as 1941, Hearst thanked "Charles F. Zittel" (no doubt Carl Sr. or Jr.) for birthday greetings sent to Wyntoon; he also received birthday greetings from "Zit" in 1942. (George & Rosalie Hearst Collection; hereinafter G&RH)

MD: I waited, and finally W.R. rang up my father and said, "I would like to start some productions with your daughter at any amount of money."

And my father said, "Well, I don't know. Did you see her first picture? She really was no good on the screen."

That was my dad. And I agreed with him, but apparently the answer was yes. W.R. sent a contract to the house for me to sign for five hundred dollars a week for one year with an option. I signed it, because on the stage I was only getting forty-five or fifty dollars a week.

We went into production immediately.

I did I don't know how many pictures. In those days they made them in a hurry. Eleven days was about it. And Mr. Hearst always used to look at the rushes, and then he would express an opinion, or send a note. Occasionally he did come on the set.

He used to call up my mother and ask if he could come to dinner. And we'd sit around afterwards and listen to the radio or play cards or something silly like that. It got to be a very friendly affiliation.

TC: Commercial radio broadcasts were unknown in this country until 1920.

MD: He told my father that he was in love with me, and my father said, "It's up to her. She went on the stage of her own volition, and her life is in her own hands. Her career, whatever she wants to do, whatever my daughter decides—it's all right with me."

And my mother felt the same way.

W.R. said he would try to get a divorce, and he did try. He spent hundreds and thousands of dollars trying. But there was the Catholic religion [his wife's], and I think his wife felt that it said, "I will not accept a divorce." But instead it says, "If you are divorced, you cannot get married again in the Catholic Church."

[Sidebar, p. 19 in *The Times We Had* of 1975: a detailed list of "Marion Davies's Jewelry Collection at the Time of Her Death"]

In New York there were no grounds for divorce except adultery, and since her cousin was the chief of police, he would let her know if she was being watched. Naturally, she was very cautious.

They were estranged before I met him— W.R. was fifty-eight when we met—and he was lonely. That was why he'd go to the shows, and the girls would think he was a wolf. But he was not.

TC: W.R. didn't turn fifty-eight until 1921, the year Marion turned twenty-four. Regarding a divorce, see my online book of 2010, *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection,* pp. 9-11; it contains an agonized letter of W.R.'s to John Francis Neylan, c. 1931, quoted from John F. Dunlap's book, *The Hearst Saga: The Way It* Really *Was* (Privately Published 2002), pp. 580-581.

MD: Of all the innocent people, he was the kindest, most innocent, naïve person you'd ever want to meet. He wouldn't have harmed anybody, ever.

I remember that once W.R.'s valet [George Thompson in the 1910s and early 1920s], talking to one of the maids, said, "Mr. Hearst is the cleanest man I've ever seen. Or smelt. He doesn't have to take a shower; he's just—clean." And he was clean mentally as well as physically.

W.R. would say, "I'm in love with you. What am I going to do about it?"

I'd say, "Well, let it ride. It's all right with me."

You can tell by a person's look whether he's in love with you or not. Definitely, he was. And he said, "I don't like it this way." But he was always hoping.

And he never, never once said anything wrong, and he never made any passes—but I could tell by his eyes that he loved me.

My father liked W.R. He said he was an honest man. My parents thought he was honest because ours was purely a friendship. It *was* just a friendship for quite a long time. And it was a very nice sort of friendship to have.

He would come maybe once a week for dinner. Maybe a month would go by. But always he'd bring Guy Barham [d. 1922] or Frank Barham or Orrin Peck [d. 1921]. He was never alone. Maybe he was just protecting himself; I don't know. He was fifty-eight when I was sixteen [Marion's age in 1913, the year Hearst turned fifty].

PP/KSM: *[The Barhams] were close friends of W.R., and they would soon work for him as publishers of the* Los Angeles Herald. *Orrin Peck was a celebrated portrait painter.*

TC: Hearst acquired the *Los Angeles Herald* in 1911; Guy Barham may have been its publisher from that early a date; after his death in 1922, his younger brother, Dr. Frank Barham, filled that position into the 1940s.

PP/KSM: *And so their love affair began [Hearst and Marion's]. Times were different then. It was not acceptable to be seen in public with another woman's husband . . .*

MD: We'd go to a restaurant, and as long as another man was along, no one could accuse Mr. Hearst of being indiscreet. But we could always sit in a corner and talk. I was in love, and I know he was, too.

I think W.R. was a little jealous of my leading men. But I told him, "That's silly. Everyone has to do a little embrace in pictures, just for the audience's sake."

But he used to cut out all those scenes, and the pictures would end up with no embrace. No kissing at all, even though it was supposed to be a happy ending. He said, "Mary Pickford's always made very fine, clean pictures. And I want you to do the same."

It was the same way when I was on the stage.

Once Henry Bull called up my mother and said, "The Prince of Wales [Edward] is in New York, and we're giving a party tomorrow night for him." And at that time everybody was excited about the Prince, and I wanted to go to the party after I left the theatre.

When I came out of the matinee, W.R. was waiting, and he said, "May I drive you home?" It was snowing, and my mother wasn't there,

so I went with him. We drove up Fifth Avenue, and he stopped at Cartier's [on 52nd Street].

He went in, and in no time he came out with two things in his pocket. Of course I didn't know what they were at the time. Then he asked me, "Are you going to that party tonight that General [Cornelius] Vanderbilt's giving?"

I said I was.

"Would you rather have some jewelry than go to the party?"

"What?"

He showed me a diamond and pearl bracelet and a pearl and diamond ring. He said, "If you don't go to the party, these are yours."

Now what was I supposed to do? Bird in the hand, you know.

He was afraid I might fall in love with the Prince of Wales. I had to make a quick decision. I said, "I won't go." In other words, "Gimme, gimmee, gimmeee."

He let me out at the house, and I decided I'd really pull a double-double. I'd keep the jewelry and still go to the party. But he had detectives outside of the house, watching, and I couldn't get out. I called Henry Bull and said, "I'm awfully sorry—I have a headache and I can't go." So I missed the Prince of Wales's party.

W.R. admitted that he was jealous, and then I was trapped. I thought, No, I don't want to meet him [the Prince], but I really did. Everybody in New York wanted to meet him.

Later [1922] I met the Prince when we were down at Sunnydale at his house outside London. He was then going around with Lady Dudley Ward. It was just before he met Wally Simpson.

PP/KSM: *Henry Bull [three paragraphs above] was a partner of General Vanderbilt. The Prince of Wales did have a romance, not with Lady Dudley Ward, so far as is known, but with Gloria Vanderbilt's aunt, Lady Thelma Furness.*

TC: The Prince of Wales did, in fact, have a romance with Lady Dudley Ward in the early 1920s, before his affair with Lady Thelma Furness (a marginal member of the Hearst-Davies circle in the 1930s) and long before he

met Wallis Simpson. The names and dates have been conflated in Marion's recollection here.

Regarding Henry Bull, he heard from Marion nearly twenty years after these events of the 1910s; from San Simeon, she wired him at 11 Broadway, New York, on March 8, 1935: "Dear Henry: Thanks for letter. W.R. was pleased you liked his editorial. Your niece is charming. When can we hope for a visit from you? Love, Marion." (G&RH)

MD: I was hoping that someday W.R. and I would marry, but, as I said to him, "Love is not always created at the altar. Love doesn't need a wedding ring."

For years he tried to get a divorce, and because he couldn't, he was miserable. I knew what he was trying to do, but he wasn't getting anywhere.

Not only did he have the detectives working, but he tried to put a law through that any married couple who had not lived together for the past ten years was automatically divorced. In his case, he could have made it twenty years, but the Catholic Church barged in and killed that.

But I was very happy the way we were. I had great respect for him and he had respect for me. We were together, and that was all that mattered.

There was his work and there was my work. He was interested in my work; he was on the sets, he went over the dialogue, and he even used to direct some of the scenes.

I was interested in his work, but there was a little difference. He had more intelligence about my work than I had about his, and that was really true.

We were going along just the way I wanted it to be. I wanted to be Marion Davies, having the great privilege of knowing Mr. William Randolph Hearst. That was all I wanted. [And that was really true.]

I might have accepted marriage, had it been possible; I might not have. I had seen enough of marriage, and to me it didn't mean anything at all. It was just based on a ring, and suppose the ring breaks? You don't base everything from God on a wedding ring.

W.R. didn't think so. He wanted to make me an honest woman, which was rather ridiculous. But he felt very deeply on the subject. I didn't. I would dodge it all the time, as a matter of fact. When people get married, they get into a lapse of indifference. The husband thinks he can go out and do what he wants, and so does the wife. I used to see that all the time. Why should I run after a streetcar when I was already aboard?