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Wyntoon

Wyntoon. The world goes to war. Maureen O'Hara's
big decision. Terrified by a bear. Cash and Cary.
Young Kennedy swims the McCloud River. To Gandhi,
with love and a tired back. The young man who flew in.

MD: We hadn't been to Wyntoon for a long time, until the war started. We were told to get out of San Simeon, so we went.

TC: W.R. and Marion's use of Wyntoon needs elaborating. They were there late in 1929, their first known use of that estate. They spent part of the summer of 1933 there; likewise, part of the summer of 1935. They next stayed there at length in the latter part of 1937. They made months-long stays in 1938 and 1939 as well. If not for a disastrous flood at Wyntoon in the winter of 1940, they would probably have spent more time "up north" than they did; as it was, they were at Wyntoon through most of the second half of that year. In 1941 they were there in January and February before leaving for Mexico. After their return to California in March, they hunkered down at Wyntoon from late April 1941 right on through Pearl Harbor and the end of the year; they made brief trips to San Francisco and Los Angeles during 1941, measurable in days only, not in weeks.

Thus Marion's statement that they hadn't been to Wyntoon for "a long time" is inexplicable. It stands, along with her next few paragraphs below, as one of the most glaring errors—or fabrications, really—in all of her memoir. Lest it be left unsaid, on the strategic Sunday of December 7, 1941, W.R. and Marion were very much in residence at snowy, secluded Wyntoon.

MD: San Simeon 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. 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.

TC: The term "yellow peril" can be traced back to the late nineteenth century. To say that Hearst invented it is as untrue as saying that he started the Spanish-American War: in other words, there's much more to the matter than meets the popular eye. But as a newspaper publisher he may have made more noise about the yellow peril than did McCormick, Howard, or any of his other rivals.

MD: 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.

W.R. ran the papers from there with a wireless and the ticker. We knew when the Japanese got loose one night. They had an internment camp about thirty miles away.

PP/KSM: *The camp was not for prisoners of war [but rather was an internment camp]. In a hysterical, now regrettable moment of fear, the government suspended the civil rights of the Nisei communities [second generation, native-born Japanese Californians]. Though some efforts were made to repair the damages, many lives were ruined, businesses destroyed and homes seized in the wake of the forced evacuations. There were several camps in California [two of which were internment centers]; one of them was near Wyntoon.*

TC: Tule Lake, opened in May 1942, was about sixty miles northeast of Wyntoon. The other internment camp in California was the more renowned (or infamous) Manzanar.

MD: One [Japanese detainee] was electrocuted in the electric wire. The rest were headed our way. We had extra guards out; the Japanese hated W.R. at the time. They couldn't have gotten in, but if they had, you know what would have happened to us.

I didn't know what they were complaining about, because they had lovely menus in their camps; I had a copy of the menu. They had the most wonderful breakfasts, and chicken for luncheon, and anything they wanted at night. But still they were dissatisfied. They created a furor all the time, and it was a constant strain all during the war.

The castle at Wyntoon was a wonderful place. W.R. loved it because it had belonged to his mother, but up to that time [the early 1940s] we had been there only one or two weeks a year. There were watchmen on duty, but one night in 1935 [or rather in 1930] one of them had fallen asleep, and the main house, the Gables, had burned down. We weren't there at the time.

TC: Phoebe Hearst's Wyntoon Castle, adjoining The Gables, is what burned in January 1930.

MD: W.R. had rebuilt the whole thing [starting in 1933]. He should have been an architect. It was simply magnificent. It was like a whole city—half city and half country.

There was the Cinderella House, the Bear House, the Sleeping Beauty House [renamed Angel House], the River House, the Cottage House, the Honeymoon Cottage, the [Servants'] Chalet, and the Bend. There were nine houses in all, plus the manager's and staff housing.

TC: The Bear House was—and still is—more properly Brown Bear (minus the "House"); but it will be identified from here on by the name Marion used for it.

MD: It was more or less German architecture, but not all Bavarian. And the Bend House was very early American. From there a bridge went over to the main house, the one that had burned down [in The Gables area].

Wyntoon was much more beautiful that San Simeon, as far as natural scenery goes. There was a wonderful falls where the McCloud River came right down from the mountains and flowed past each house. Mr. Hearst wrote a poem about it [in 1941], the "Song of the River"; I think it was the most beautiful thing ever written.

If you wanted to go fishing, you just took a rod and put it out your window and went to sleep. The river was right underneath every window. But there was no boating, because the river was too swift. I loved the sound of the rushing water and the wind in the tall pine trees.

The nights were wonderful for sleeping, with the fireplace[s] blazing. There was a calmness about it that really appealed to me.

The deer were beautiful; they'd dance all around the place. But they would eat the flowers, and of course the gardeners didn't like that.

Our happiest times, I think, were at Wyntoon. It was less formal than San Simeon, and there was more life to it. There were two swimming pools and two tennis courts; a motion picture theatre, and ping-pong and croquet. And the hills were marvelous for riding.

Winter I liked best. The snow came down in white flakes, just like little quarters. But I tried skiing one day and almost broke my leg, so I said, "Nothing doing!"

One night I was sleeping in my room [in Bear House]. I had a Dutch [tile] fireplace which was run by electricity. Suddenly I heard a bang—smash—bang—smash. The room filled with smoke, and flames were coming out of the stove. I thought I couldn't get out. If I jumped out the window, I'd be in the river and get taken down to Weehawken [New Jersey] or someplace at ninety miles an hour.

The flames were getting worse, and I ran into the closet, but I thought I'd better not open the window, because that would create a draft.

I thought I'd get on the balcony if I could, but then I still couldn't jump into the river. Everything was made of wood. I just stayed and trusted fate, and finally the door broke open. It was W.R. He said, "Get out—quickly!"

He had a blanket, and he put it over me and dragged me out. The moment he got me out, there was an explosion. I didn't have any clothes, but I didn't care. I was awfully glad I was out. I'd have stayed there, because I didn't know what to do. W.R. saved my life.

It was a short circuit from that stove. The wardrobe caught fire, and it went through to the attic.

The fire at the Bear House turned out to be inconsequential. The big fire was at the main house, the Gables, and that was about two or three months later [August 1944]. It began at about five-thirty one afternoon. I was in the Bear House, reading, per usual. Reading doesn't do me any good, because it does not improve my mentality—whatsoever. When I get into a book I just want to go on turning the pages. I just don't want to get [more] out of it.

I was wondering if W.R. was awake, so I sent for his valet [Jud Smelser]. I wanted something to eat. I had not had any luncheon yet, though I had had breakfast early in the morning.

We had to go way over to the Gables, about a mile away [across the river]. W.R. was awake, but he didn't want to eat. He thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to wait until dinner. Dinner was at nine, so I said no. "I'd prefer to get something. I'll go in the kitchen and get it myself."

I rang up Joe Willicombe and said, "Look, I'm hungry."

"You can't go near the Gables—it's on fire" [he said].

"You're kidding!"

"Don't go near the place—it's crumbling."

"Didn't you notify Mr. Hearst?" I asked.

He said, "Why should I bother him?"

I said, "Oh, Lord . . ."

He really said, "Why should I bother him about a little fire?" And W.R. had all those antiques in the place! I went into W.R.'s room, where he was writing.

We couldn't hear the fire engines, because it was a mile away. I said, "There's a fire at the Gables."

He tried to get Willicombe, but there was no answer. I thought we would take a car and go, but there was no car outside. I had to take it on the run, and it's quite a long run.

Half a mile away you could see the place going up. When I got to the bridge [from The Bend], there was a terrible explosion, and the whole front blew out. Two of the firemen were very badly hurt.

The most fantastic thing was that Walter Howey was asleep at the time, and the smell of the smoke woke him. His door was closed, and he got up, opened the door and got the smoke in his face. He sat on the windowsill and went backwards, and landed in the top of a tree and had to be pulled down.

W.R. gave him his own clothes but they hung on him. W.R. was very tall, about six feet two, I think. So with every fire, there's always a laugh.

Carmen Pantages must have lost a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, but she just thought about a sweater for her daughter [Erin]. She was only out for two seconds before the whole thing exploded.

One of the guests was the man who owned the New York *Inquirer* [William Griffin]. He was in the shower when it happened. He couldn't smell the smoke in the shower, and when he got out and opened the door, it was blazing. He had to run out practically stark naked.

The fire started from an electrical shortage. Right underneath Walter Howey's room, right over the living room. From there, it went up.

That night we had dinner in the kitchenette [in Bear House]. W.R. cooked. When somebody wanted something else, they cooked. All we wanted was something to drink, and we got that from the town [McCloud, about fifteen miles away]. Just a little wine, but it helped a bit.

Everyone was sort of depressed.

W.R. was awfully sorry about the guests losing all their belongings, and he got them outfitted immediately. He sent to San Francisco for tailors and dressmakers to come up. And [I.] Magnin's sent dresses and suits to replace everything that the guests had lost.

The guests were telling stories, anything to get our minds off the fire. W.R. didn't appear to take it too badly, but I knew he felt bad about it. The only thing left was the big iron chandelier [now in The Bend] that had belonged to his mother and had been saved from the first fire [in 1930], in the Castle. All the antiques, all his pottery and silver were gone.

They had tried to get the piano out the window when the fire first started. Instead of thinking about the beautiful paintings and the chinaware and silverware, they had worried about the lousy piano, which didn't amount to anything at all.

W.R. said, "I'll build a better house."

TC: Three months later, in November 1944, W.R., Marion, and the rest of their entourage had reached their limit of privation. They returned to San Simeon, despite the war's continuance, and never saw Wyntoon again. W.R. resumed building on a large scale there after the war, but all of it (focused mainly on The Bend) was done *in absentia*. The Gables was never rebuilt or replaced in his lifetime.

MD: "Next time, make it fireproof," I said, "and don't put in any antiques, and no piano."

The Bear House was the smallest house [of the similar three in the Bavarian Village]. It had [exterior] paintings by Willy Pogany, a great artist. He had painted all those gorgeous paintings of Cinderella on the concrete [the plaster finish] outside the house.

TC: The Cinderella paintings were on the exterior of the adjoining house in the Bavarian trio, called Cinderella House.

MD: The Sleeping Beauty House [later Angel House] was not yet completed, and the other house was the River House [remodeled in 1940–1941], with all the lovely antiques of the Colonial period.

The guests had the Cottage House on the river, between the river and the road.

The Swiss Chalet was on the right [the east side of the river]; the staff lived there. That was a beautiful building.

About a mile away from the [Bavarian] village was the main house [referring to The Gables before it burned], where we used to have our food. A mile from there [across the river] was where we watched the motion pictures [The Bend]. That was a very find old home made of stone and built in 1876.

During the war we used to take the first aid courses, and we'd go to the theatre and bandage someone up. Once we used all our bandages practicing on a very fat man.

We did that for two hours a day, and then we'd do respiration. The women were the nurses, and the men were the specimens we'd practice on.

I think there were more rooms at Wyntoon than there were at San Simeon. We could have a hundred people there; there was plenty of room. The dining hall [in The Gables, before the fire] was not as big, though. It was very simple.

Of course we had a lot of guests all the time. When there weren't too many, we used to sit and play the game the Navy invented, acey-deucey. W.R. always used to win, and I'd get so mad I'd throw the whole thing on the floor and say, "I won't play with you. You cheat."

He would say, "If to win is to cheat, you'd better learn how to cheat." I used to get furious.

The Lindberghs were at Wyntoon during the war. They were charming, but we were pestered by the villagers [in McCloud and possibly other nearby towns]. They kept calling up, asking if they could have autographs. Knowing how reticent the Colonel was about giving autographs, I thought I'd approach him through Anne [Morrow Lindbergh].

TC: Charles Lindbergh and his wife were at Wyntoon in June 1941, as recounted in his *Wartime Journals* (1970), in Mrs. Lindbergh's *War Within and Without* (1980), and in many Hearst archival documents. Marion's reference to "during the war" has led to the mistaken belief that the Lindberghs paid a second visit during that era, but they didn't.

MD: I said, "There are so many people who adore Colonel Lindbergh—they want his autograph. And yours, too. They're mostly children."

She said, "Children? Well, I'd be delighted."

I told the phone operator to tell the mothers to bring the children out—but for the mothers and fathers not to ask for autographs. I thought there'd only be a few, but there were hundreds.

Anne and the Colonel sat the whole afternoon—both of them—autographing. They had wanted to talk to W.R. about some important thing, but they spent almost the whole afternoon with the children. It was the sweetest thing I ever saw.

I didn't know what he was talking to Mr. Hearst about. Anytime anybody wanted to have any conversation with him, I'd go out [of the room]. I think it was something about Russian planes; he wanted to go into active service, but he was disqualified.

He thought that perhaps Mr. Hearst could help him out that way. Roosevelt had turned him down [in April 1941]. W.R. did work on it, I think, but there was a peculiar feeling there.

TC: Because of the "insult from Roosevelt," Lindbergh had resigned as Colonel in the U.S. Army Air Corps Reserve, two months before visiting Wyntoon. A. Scott Berg, *Lindbergh,* pp. 418-419.

MD: He [Lindbergh] wanted just to go and fly, like any G.I. boy does. Eventually I think he did, and that was what he wanted.

Anne Lindberg and Jean MacArthur [the General's wife] looked so much alike, and they had that same sweetness. I would say, if anybody asked me, that they are the two greatest women in the world. No doubt about it.

TC: Douglas MacArthur married his second wife, Jean, in 1937. His first wife had been Louise Cromwell, who figures further on in these pages (Chapter 14).

MD: For all the suffering and tragedy that they [probably the Lindberghs] had gone through, they were still so pleasant. The theory

is that a man is only as good as his wife, or the woman who inspires him.

I believe it to be true.

MD: We had two tennis courts [at Wyntoon, near The Gables].

We used to have Elizabeth Ryan and Alice Marble and the Englishman that Lorraine Walsh [Mrs. Raoul Walsh] married, Fred Perry, and Frank Shields come in. We'd have contests.

PP/KSM: *All were world-famous tournament tennis players in the 1940s.*

MD: One champion would take a lousy player, like me, and it was vice versa on the other side. The only thing you could do when you were on the side of a great tennis player was yell for a chair. You just sat and watched the action going on.

W.R. played in those tournaments. He didn't ask for a chair. He didn't have to. He had the most wonderful forehand drive.

He usually played with Alice Marble, or he played singles. That was awfully hard, and I wouldn't say they were entirely kind to the host, but he did all right.

Of course there were the bridge games and the arguments that went with them. Back and forth. You know how everybody argues over bridge. I figured out that a husband and wife should never play together as partners, because they can have signals. God help the wife or the husband who missed the signal. There were so many fights I decided that we should split partners.

We played a lot of bridge in the afternoon, after the tennis and swimming, when there was nothing else to do.

We never played for money. Sometimes I wish we had, because it would have taught people a lesson. You should not get up against very good players unless you know the game. But gambling was not allowed. You could gamble under the table if nobody caught you.

W.R. was against gambling. He said it was bad for the morale and also for the pocketbook.

MD: Maureen O'Hara was up. She made a big decision while she was there. We said to her, "You know, you're a very, very beautiful girl, and you have a great career. But which do you like better? Marriage or a career?"

We were at the big table one afternoon and everybody was needling everybody else. Maureen said, "Nothing in the world will stop me from love. Marriage comes first. I'm not a bit concerned about a career. When you're in love, you don't think about a career."

Well, she got both; she was lucky. And Bill Price hadn't asked her then, but she had decided to marry him [in 1941].

Barbara Hutton was up there with Cary Grant [in 1940] just before they got married [in 1942]. She was very much in love with him, and I'm positive that he was in love with her. He was very sweet with her. He would say, "How about a walk?"

Barbara doesn't like any exercise at any time. I'm the same way. My exercise is going from chair to chair. She said, "I don't feel like a walk."

Cary said, "Well, let's just go a little way." They'd go off, and the next thing I'd see, he was carrying her in his arms.

PP/KSM: *It led to the long-standing Hollywood gag about Grant and the dimestore millionaires: Cash and Cary.*

TC: Most of this footnote about Cary Grant was Bobbs-Merrill's doing.

MD: Wyntoon was a romantic place; that was where the romances ripened. You could always see the moon at night. Cary was always gracious and charming to women. He put women on a pedestal, and some women don't belong on pedestals. I never worked with him [in the movies], though I wish I had. I knew him a long time. He was a very fine person, with a warmth that was not put on; it came

straight from his heart. When he said, "I'm glad to see you," you'd know that he meant it.

He told wonderful stories, mostly Cockney. He had a great sense of humor, and I knew him for quite a long while, and he was always the same.

Barbara always had been the quiet type. I don't think she was feeling well. She went on a long diet and lost her vitality. I don't think she weighed more than ninety pounds. Very little, she was, and very thin, but very nice. He was crazy about her, and very cute, and they got married right after they left us.

I was sorry when that marriage broke up [in 1945]. But you can't tell whose fault it was.

MD: Joe Kennedy was up to Wyntoon one night [in November 1940]. He had just come back from Europe, where he'd been an Ambassador. He was in a corner with John Boettiger [publisher of Hearst's *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*], who was married to Anna Roosevelt [eldest child of FDR].

PP/KSM: *[Kennedy had been the U.S. Ambassador] to England's Court of St. James[']s].*

MD: John Boettiger said to Joe Kennedy, "What right have you to go against the principles of my father-in-law?"

Joe Kennedy said, "Now, wait a minute. I have not in any way said I'm not in accord with what your father-in-law says. Let's not argue now."

Now Anna was getting very uncomfortable. Joe said, "I'm not going to stoop to argue with you."

I said, "Let's have a drink."

Joe Kennedy said, "No, thanks."

He was squaring off with this guy, and it got so hot that Anna said, "Do you mind if we go to the powder room?" We let them fight it out.

In other words, John Boettiger was trying to prove to Anna that he was sticking up for her father, when he was really against him. He was double-twisted, and I could sense it, and I think Anna could, too.

I wasn't quite crazy about John [whom Anna had married in 1936]. He was too belligerent. He'd lord it over Anna all the time, acting like a Prussian. She went through hell with him, and he gave her an awful life [they divorced in 1949]. He always wanted him martini and a whole Roquefort cheese and all the beer and whiskey, in his room, just for himself.

Joe Kennedy was a very good friend of W.R.'s, and I always liked him. He was a good Irishman.

Two of his sons were with him one time. There was a sort of discussion about how fast the river ran and how cold it was. Nobody could swim it, but I think it was Joe, Jr., or Jack who said, "I'll swim across it."

TC: A conflation: Joe, Jr., was at Wyntoon in the summer of 1940, right after the Democratic National Convention; it was Jack (JFK) who accompanied his father a few months later. These separate visits were the only times any of the Kennedys can be confidently placed at Wyntoon. A possible third visit was implied by the draftsman Warren McClure (better known as "Mac"); see *Building for Hearst and Morgan,* p. 526, note 56.

MD: We said, "It's impossible—it can't be done," but he did it. He did it even though it was freezing and the current was going like mad.

We were all watching him. I don't think W.R. was there, because he was writing or he was busy, but all the guests went to watch. He went like mad, and he made it just like a little Trojan. It was ice cold there, and very wide, but he did it.

MD: Hamilton Lewis was a visitor at Wyntoon. He said he was suffering very badly with asthma. I think he was a senator.

I don't know where he was a senator from, but he had a toupee and a little red beard mixed with gray.

PP/KSM: *James Hamilton Lewis, a resident of Chicago, was U.S. Senator from Illinois, 1931–1937.*

TC: Lewis's dates as a Democratic Senator were 1913–1919 and 1931–1939. He died in office in 1939.

MD: I said [to Lewis], "I'll have this infra-red light put in your room, and you just stay under it five minutes, and do the same tomorrow."

He fell asleep, and the light was on for twenty-five minutes. He was almost burned to a crisp. The rang me up at the Gables and said the Senator was very sick and asked for a car. He wanted to leave immediately. I went over [to the Bavarian Village] and said, "What's wrong?"

He said, "I've got to get out of here. I'm all burned." I think he thought I had a plot against him, but he was just burned a little. I never saw him again.

Ina Claire arrived [in 1939]. She had married what's-his-name—the one eligible bachelor in San Francisco. She had copped him off. They came to Wyntoon, where we were having luncheon. I said, "Let's go see the falls."

PP/KSM: *Ina Claire had been a Ziegfeld girl, also a film and stage actress. She was divorced from actor John Gilbert [married 1929–1931] before her marriage in March 1939 to Harvard-educated San Francisco lawyer William R. Wallace.*

MD: The falls is a place to get lost in. You have to drive over to the River House [in the Bavarian Village], and from there on, you walk. You go up a narrow path to a gorgeous falls. I thought I knew the way, because I'd been there so many times.

There were about eight of us. I led the way. They should have known better than to follow me, because I'm no leader. I don't know how to lead myself, much less anyone else.

We were lost for four hours. If I'd known as much then as they told me afterwards, we'd have been all right. The said follow the river

and see which way the river goes—then you can get back to where you started. I should have known that theory, but I didn't.

We went over branches and logs. Hope Hearst's [Mrs. David Hearst's] legs were scratched. All of our legs were. I broke a toe. Ina Claire said, "I came from San Francisco to have a good time. And look—my shoes and my only suit are ruined."

By then it was getting dark and we couldn't go any further. We might have landed in Oregon for all I knew. Ina said, "You don't know anything, you stupe."

I said, "That's right."

That's right.

We sat down and waited for help. Hope said, "Supposing a bear comes around?"

I said, "All you have to do is hug the bear—don't let the bear hug you first." We sat there and Ina worried about her suit.

Everybody was looking for us with flashlights. Eventually we got back all right. I was so tired I went to my room, and after a bath to get the sand out, I went to sleep.

Ina was so furious she left that night. And W.R. didn't get her a new suit and new shoes. He said that we were out on our own that time. He said, "Don't ever do that again unless you know exactly which way the river's running."

TC: Ina Claire Wallace wired Joe Willicombe on August 31, 1939, from San Francisco: "I am one of those people who leaves things. I left jacket to my navy green suit either in entrance hall or ladies room. Would you please return it to me care my husband, Suite 1111, Three Hundred Ten Sansome St., San Francisco." (Hearst San Simeon Papers; hereinafter HSSP)

MD: I had to give Gandhi a bath and wash his eyes out. I was more concerned about Gandhi than [about] anyone else.

I promised I wouldn't ever do it again. Until the next time.

MD: Two babies were born at Wyntoon. Not that it's of any interest. One was Al Berger's [in 1941], who was a driver for us; and

Lillian, one of the maids, had a child which I'm the godmother of. She called the baby Marion. She had married the butler [Delmer Robinson].

A doctor was up there all the time, a Dr. Dickerman, a surgeon from the Mayo Clinic. One night [in 1935] Harry Ruby's wife, Eileen Percy, got violently ill and was in awful pain. The doctor came and operated. If he hadn't, she'd be dead. Her intestines were all twisted up.

TC: Miss Percy didn't marry her second husband, Harry Ruby, until 1936. On September 5, 1935, Ann Sullivan wired "Perc" at Wyntoon from Beverly Hills: "Eileen dear: I can't tell you how upset I was on being told of your sudden attack. It certainly is filthy luck but am happy to know you are now on the road to recovery. Can I cheer some of Cubby's days by having him over with the children?" (HSSP) Cubby was Miss Percy's young son, Cubby Busch, by her first marriage.

Another of several get-well messages to her came from the publisher Paul Block, who wired her from New York on September 10, 1935. "My dear Eileen: It is with the greatest joy that I have learned that you have left the hospital and are resting at Mr. Hearst's wonderful camp [Wyntoon]. I hope within a very short time you will have entirely recovered. I know of course you have been under expense and it would be just like Mr. Hearst to wish to pay for all this but I feel that I should do it as you are associated with us [as a society columnist for the *Toledo Blade* and other Block newspapers]. So when you know send me the bills. With continued good wishes from all of us believe me, sincerely." (HSSP)

MD: There was a hospital in the town [McCloud], only fifteen minutes away. They needed it for the mill people.

Bill Lundigan came up, and in the middle of the night I got the call—he was sick. He was screaming in pain, and I called for Dr. Dickerman. He operated on him for acute appendicitis.

TC: Mabel Draper, an insider in the Hearst-Davies circle, wired from Wyntoon on Saturday, July 30, 1938; her message went to a fellow insider, Dr. W.L. Marxer in Beverly Hills: "Bill had an attack of appendicitis Tuesday night [July 26]. Taken to hospital and operated on Wednesday morning. If operation hadn't been performed would have ruptured within two days.

Willie [Bill] asked me to wire and explain. He is doing very well. Love to you and Lenore from us both." (HSSP) Lenore Marxer was a daughter of the silent-screen idol Francis X. Bushman.

MD: We had three very sad burials there.

The first one was Gandhi, and I never forgot that night. Gandhi was about fifteen [b. 1931], and he'd promised me he'd live to be fifty. He didn't feel well, so I had a nurse take care of him. Gandhi was over at her quarters and he was lonesome for me. And I was lonesome for him, too. He used to stay in bed and warm my feet. That night I'd lost my hot-water bag.

The next day I phone and asked Marsha, the nurse, to bring Gandhi back. She said, "He's sick."

I went over and found him standing in a little bit of a wicker basket with his head nodding. She said, "All last night he kept walking around and looking and smelling."

"He was looking for me," [Marion said]. "Why didn't you bring him over?"

"I just had the vet here, and the vet says he's dying."

"Dying?" I said. "Oh no—not Gandhi." I looked at Gandhi and said, "Come here, fellow." He looked at me, as much as to say, "You left me flat, you bitch."

I said, "Ho w would you like to come back to my house? Providing that you don't do naughties on the floor?" Which he always did. I had to wipe them up, but it was good exercise for me.

The nurse said, "You better wait until the vet comes again."

The vet came and said that Gandhi was pretty sick. He thought he might have eaten something, but Marsha said he hadn't eaten a thing all day. I said, "Take him over to my room—immediately." He couldn't walk. They wrapped him in a blanket and brought him over, and I put him in bed with me.

W.R. said, "Aren't you going for dinner?"

I said no, "I'm going to stay here and Gandhi. Gandhi's not feeling well."

"Of all the absurd things I've heard!"

"Look, he's my baby. He's not feeling good, so I'm going to stay."

I fell asleep, and when I woke up and moved my feet, there was crap. Gandhi was at the bottom of the bed, and he had crapped in it.

I took Gandhi, put him on the floor and took the sheet and cleaned it off and washed my feet and got the bed all fixed and got in again.

Gandhi was insulted because he was on the floor, and he kept looking at me. The vet came in, with the nurse and W.R.

In the meantime, Gandhi had crapped again, and they saw it. I wish they hadn't. Everybody gets diarrhea, and it doesn't mean you're going to die. If it did I'd have been dead ten years ago.

They had a conference, and then W.R. took me in the bathroom and said, "Now, this is one time I want you to be brave."

"What's the matter?"

"They have to put him out."

"Over my dead body," I said. I saw Gandhi looking up with those two appealing eyes.

The nurse gave him a shot and he went.

I tore the place apart. I broke everything I could lay my hands on. I almost killed everybody, I was so furious.

If they'd left him to me, I could have taken care of him. You always feel that way about your own dogs. You don't want anybody else to make the decision.

It wasn't W.R.'s fault. It was the nurse's. She said he was dying. How did she know?

Well, Gandhi was buried at Wyntoon, across the long [grassy] court, up on the hill.

There are three gravestones. One is for Gandhi, one for Helen [d. 1942], the dog that he whelped [sired], and the third was for Heinie [d. 1942], the prize dog that we bought in England [in 1934] that went to his death by running right in front of an automobile.

They were all dachshunds.

Gandhi I named after Mahatma. I used to call him Mahatma Coatma Collar Gandhi. Helen was named for Helen of Troy, and Heinie [who was Lee Wenzlick's dog] was named for Heinz Variety 57. I used to call him 57.

TC: In July 1942, Miss Wenzlick wired Norman Johnson at San Simeon, where he had charge of the kennels there: "Heinie was killed by car and [lies] beside Helen under the pines. I loved him so." (G&RH)

MD: When Gandhi died we had the Irish priest from McCloud [Father McTague] conduct the services. The whole staff was up there. It sounds silly, but it's so heartbreaking when they go. You feel that not only have you lost your best friend, but a part of your life has gone.

I was very upset about Gandhi. I didn't think I'd ever get over it. When we buried him, everyone expected I would have hysterics. But I didn't. I just held it I inside.

Helen had gotten ill, and the vet said that she'd been eating too many bones. They were not chicken bones but beef bones, and that should be a lesson to anybody who owns a dog. Too many bones are not good.

When Helen died [in April 1942], Mr. Hearst just had her in his arms. He cried and cried. He wrote a beautiful article about Helen in his column "In the News" [for publication on April 29, coincidentally his seventy-ninth birthday].

We'd go up the hill every once in a while just to say a silent prayer at their graves. And we put flowers up there all the time.

TC: The odd thing about Gandhi's purported death in the early 1940s is that the George and Rosalie Hearst Collection contains nothing about it. Helen's death in 1942 is replete with condolences; and as we've just seen from Lee Wenzlick's brief message, Heinie lay next to Helen—without any mention being made of Gandhi as an occupant of the same cemetery. And yet there he lies, evidently having died close to the time that Helen and Heinie did (for example, Fred Guiles says that "Gandhi's difficulty began that same year that Helen died," *Marion Davies,* p. 325).

Gandhi may in fact have died early in 1943—in Los Angeles. See *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection,* pp. 484-485 (a prospect

indebted to John F. Dunlap's book, *The Hearst Saga: The Way It* Really *Was,* pp. 811-812).

MD: One time [in 1935] there was a porcupine fight. We had at that time two dachshunds named Fritz and Hans. You couldn't keep them in a room. They were wandering all around the place, and one night we got a message from the manager [Eugene Kower] that he had found the dogs and had to take them to the hospital.

TC: *Building for Hearst and Morgan,* p. 207.

MD: It was terrible. Quills through their ears, their nostrils, right through the stomach and everything. Every place but the eyes. We couldn't get the doctor at that time of the night, so the foreman [Kower] said he'd take the quills out.

I had to hold them and he just had to wrench them out. They were bleeding like mad, but they survived. And the next night they tried to find that porcupine to start the fight all over again. We had to chain them up.

I didn't think dachshunds were fighting dogs; I thought they were only gopher hunters. But they were wild with rage and furious to realize that they didn't win the battle.

We had to lock them up for about two weeks to calm them down.

MD: One night a bear broke into the pantry [in The Gables]. Mrs. [Signe] Engstrom, who was the cook, used to go outside and hand the bears sandwiches. So they always use to hand around the kitchen.

I said, "Don't encourage them. Don't go near them. One time and you're all through." She said she would stop. We had the yard fenced in, but one morning I went over to the pantry, and the ice box was wrecked.

TC: Mrs. Engstrom must have had to watch herself, not just where bears were concerned. In April 1941, Marion wrote to Joe Willicombe: "Mrs. Enkstrom [*sic*] has worked for me [for] years. She has been very fine. I am very fond of her. But as you know W.R. has never been satisfied with her

cooking. That is difficult to do anything about." Coffman, ed., *The Unknown Hearst: 1941*, p. 91.

MD: A bear had gotten in from one of the little windows and had sat on top of the ice box and tried to open it. He broke it open, took everything out and threw the plates around. Then he went out the window and left. I guess he was hungry and felt that he wasn't going to get anything from the outside.

I saw him running when I got there. I just missed him, thank goodness. He looked about seven feet tall, and don't let anybody tell you that he was harmless. I don't think any animal is, if you come right down to it.

W.R. didn't mind the bears, but he said, "I wouldn't advise any of the guests to go too near to them. They are not to be trusted." But he wouldn't allow anyone to shoot anything there."

MD: One night, almost at the end of the war [on September 24, 1943], we were unusually late for dinner because W.R. had some work to do, and we had just sat down at about quarter to ten.

We were outside [near The Gables], over by the swimming pool and near the lights. At eleven o'clock I heard something, like a plane in trouble. Then, in just two split seconds, there was the most awful explosion, and the windows blew right right out of the main living room.

A plane just missed the house and the office and went right on through and hit the mountain and exploded. I could see the flames, but you couldn't get there because of the river. It was a long way, and we started trekking.

Carmen Pantages got the first aids and blankets and all the necessary things. There was Walter Howey and Carmen and myself and a chauffeur [possibly Al Berger], and we walked and walked. We ran, but we still couldn't see what was going on, because the plane landed on the other side of the mountain [east of the Wyntoon compound]. We had been going for three hours when we heard the

horses. It was the Boy Scouts and the Army. They said, "Don't bother going any father—you can't make it. You can't get across the river."

They had gotten through because they had horses. We gave them our first aid things and started home. We didn't get back until nine in the morning, and we were exhausted.

The black velvet dress I had on that night was torn to shreds. W.R. was waiting for us, and he said, "Now, relax. You look a mess."

"I'd just like to have a cup of coffee. Do you know what happened? We tried to get there, but we couldn't."

"I tried to tell you [W.R. said] that you couldn't possibly cross the river."

"You ought to have a plane here for an emergency."

"There is a plane, but it couldn't get in there."

Just then I saw a little character limping across the bridge. I said, "Is that one of the workmen?"

He said no. We saw that it was a boy. We took him to the River House. W.R. said, "That was the pilot. He jumped."

He had been lying in the river all night and was suffering from shock. His only explanation was that he had given word to the other boys to jump. All he could remember was that there was a stowaway on the plane. He [the pilot] landed in a tree with a parachute and then fell out of the tree and lay in the river all night. He was only seventeen years old, and I said we'd just have to keep him quiet and let him rest.

One of the men walked up and said, "Mr. Hearst, I'm sorry to tell you, but we have to take this boy to the hospital. He has to be questioned."

They insisted on taking him to the hospital. We found out that the plane had exploded, and it was a good thing I didn't get to the scene. It took two days for the fire to burn out. All that was left were fingers in the trees and toes all over the place and halves of legs.

I kept thinking about it, the bodies all split and burning, and I thought it was horrible. I think it was an Army transport, and this

seventeen-year-old kid was the pilot. Eight boys and the stowaway were killed.

The next day I got up courage enough to go see him. He was shaking like a leaf. I had a box of candy for him. I thought that might make him feel better.

I heard the Army men say, "Did you give any word?" He said yes.

They said, "You had no right to jump, without giving them orders."

"I did. I did."

"You jumped first. Who was going to control the plane when you had jumped?"

He said, "I—I told them to jump."

One of them said, "You jumped and left the plane to crash, and it killed all eight boys. Possibly a ninth.["]

"All right. You're either up for a court martial, or you're going to fly right back to Washington. I give you two days to get on your feet and fly back to Washington. Explain it there."

I thought it was pretty cruel. They didn't see me and the left. I went in and said, "Don't cry."

"I'm not crying. I just don't want to go up again."

"It wasn't your fault—those things happen so quickly. Here's some candy for you."

"I didn't mean to do anything."

"Shhh—don't tell me," I said. "Keep it a secret. Take a piece of candy. You'll get strength enough to go to Washington.

"Do I have to go?"

"Look—I'm not the President of the United States. I can't tell you not to go. If the Army tells you to go, you have to. You'll have to prove to them that you have the courage to get in a plane. It's tough. I wouldn't do it myself. What are you going to do—hide in a corner?"

"I did."

I said, “Don’t try it the second time—it’s no good.” And, honest to God, I never saw such a suffering little boy in my life. He was shaking like a leaf.

I made him eat the candy. I said, “You know, it’s kind of nice here. Don’t think you have to go if you don’t want to. You can rest. All you have to do is just hide. That’s the true American spirit, isn’t it?”

“No,” he said. “I’ll go.”

“I’m not telling you to go. I’m just suggesting something.” I said, “Are you married?”

He said yes.

I said, “How long have you been married?”

“About two months.”

“Then you have something to look forward to. Where’s your wife?”

“She’s in Chicago.”

“So you can fly east and see your wife. Isn’t that a happy thought? You want to see her, don’t you?”

“She won’t want to see me when she knows I’m a coward.”

“Who said you were a coward? Shame on you. She’ll be so happy to see you; just think of the love in her eyes when she sees you.” He ate some more candy and got over the shakes after I talked to him awhile. That night I brought him some food.

He couldn’t sleep. His eyes were wild, and I thought he was going crazy. I said, “It’s a very funny thing—I just love the smell of a hamburger. Nothing in life like food to make you feel good and give you strength and make you think that nothing matters. You know, I do many bad things in my life that I really hate, but when I eat food I think, It’s not so bad, after all.” I said, “Now look—all you have to do is just to say, “I’m as good as anybody else—I can do it. I’m not afraid.”

“But I’m supposed to go alone.”

“That’s right. You’re on your own. If anything happens, you have only yourself to blame.”

“I wish you hadn’t said that.”

"Forget about this. It was a bad dream, and you're going to be happy. Your wife is waiting for you. That's your incentive to be brave."

He went. He was guilty, but they gave him a break because he was a kid and because Mr. Hearst intervened. They dismissed the charges. He flew east by himself and he made it; that was his test.

I got a letter from him about six months afterwards and it said how happy he was. His wife was going to have a baby. He was all fine and fit and ready to go into the service again.

After all, self-preservation is the main thing in life.

He had lost his bearings [on that September night] and couldn't find the airport. When he looked down at the swimming pool, he thought it was a landing field because there was a whole square of lights in the trees.

When he saw it wasn't the field, he tried to get up. He went through the [Bavarian] village and over the mountain, and he hit. I said to W.R., "Keep those lights out of that pool. Don't ever put them on again."

TC: Mac McClure described the crash in a letter to Julia Morgan, written on Wednesday, September 29, five days afterwards in 1943. He spoke of four deaths, without mentioning the fifth death represented by the stowaway, as some reports indicated. *Building for Hearst and Morgan*, pp. 490-491.