

## *Acknowledgments*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— TAYLOR COFFMAN  
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