

7

Playing It Fast and Luce

1938–1939

FIVE YEARS PASSED BETWEEN Hearst's birthday party in 1938 and the next one held for him at the Beach House. By then it was April 1943 and he was eighty (Marion was an enviable forty-six). World War II was approaching its mid-point then, at least for the United States. If any other costume parties or festive events took place in Santa Monica during that half-decade, they've gone unrecorded, unremembered. (This is not to neglect Joe Kennedy and his son John's presence in November 1940; they stayed at the Beach House while Hearst and Marion, whom they'd recently seen at Wynton, remained in residence at that northern estate.) True, no more diary entries from Hayes Perkins are at hand to guide us further, however questionably. Hearst and Julia Morgan continued to correspond through the second half of 1938 and into 1939, as we'll be seeing. As for Alice Head, she absented herself as her memoir ended:

I am going to leave the events of 1937 and 1938 for further consideration at a later date. They are too recent for me to be able to regard them from a true perspective. These two years were periods of exceptional difficulty [for the Hearst empire] and, with world conditions changing so suddenly and political crises following one another with such rapidity, it has not been possible to live more than a day at a time.

In the year or so following Miss Head's 1937–38, the recent zenith of which was Hearst's seventy-fifth birthday, the man still had his daily newspaper work to keep abreast of. For example, on May 30, a Monday

in 1938, he set the tone for the week ahead when he cued the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Cockfighting is backed largely by socialites and the idle wealthy who have little to do that is useful and much that is selfish and injurious. The Mexicans that were caught in the recent raid were merely a few unimportant rascals who had not had enough influence to be tipped off to stay away on this particular occasion.

We hope Sheriff [Eugene] Biscailuz will some day stage a raid where the cockfighting socialites will not be warned either in the newspapers or by special deputy to stay away.

There should be no discrimination towards law breakers. Socialite rascals should be captured along with the roughnecks.

The socialites are the more to blame because their opportunities for decent behavior are better and their necessities less.

Hearst didn't have the time or the patience to write an editorial on the subject. Someone at the *Examiner* could raise headline hell in his place. This was how he operated every day, his minions knowing that they were at full liberty to incorporate words and clauses suggested by his pronouncements.

Joe Willicombe reinforced what Hearst had offered up, likewise on May 30:

Chief says he is glad there was a cockfight raid by Sheriff Biscailuz but he does not think it was "a very good one, and possibly not a very sincere one."

"I do not know who the watchman was who warned all the socialite patrons of this vicious sport to stay away on this occasion," he says; "I hope it was not one of Biscailuz's people. He warned them publicly in the newspapers before, so there is no utter impossibility that he warned them this time."

Hearst had no fear, no compunction when it came to prodding the "socialites" in Los Angeles. He tended to go easy on the Hollywood crowd since he was part of the tribe. Anyone else, though? Watch out.

He always fired with both barrels; and in his somewhat embittered state these days, he was getting less and less lighthearted in his approach. It would all come back to haunt him in 1941 with *Citizen Kane*, yet that was still three long years away. He could dig a mighty deep grave for himself in the meantime, and in many ways he did so with his finger-pointing and sniping around greater Los Angeles.

He remained big minded, big hearted all the while, seldom a poor loser, at least not socially; nor was Marion the heartless type. Norma Shearer was at San Simeon in this period. On June 2, she received the following message from Tyrone Power, courtesy of the hilltop telegraph office:

Dear Marie: The tremendous success of last evening brings tears of joy for you to the eyes of your adoring Count Ferson.

Power's Count Axel de Fersen (the full and correct spelling) played opposite Miss Shearer's Marie Antoinette in the new MGM movie of the same name.

The MGM publicist Howard Strickling wired Miss Shearer at San Simeon on the 2nd as well:

Marie Antoinette colossal. You are sensational and I have a hang-over as a result of it all. Congratulations.

Hunt Stromberg, a producer at MGM who twenty years later would make out handsomely in buying surplus items from the San Simeon warehouses, had kind words as well for Norma Shearer—this again on June 2, 1938:

Will telephone you about 11 o'clock. Preview [of *Marie Antoinette*] was most magnificent occasion I have ever attended.

You have to wonder what Hearst or Marion knew about Norma's accolades, arriving one after the other right under their hilltop noses. Hearst could be snide, he could be withering, although he seldom lacked grace or stooped to pettiness; and Marion had long been trained

by his example to act similarly, keeping a game face even when adversity threatened to stymie her. Two of Hearst's outgoing messages from that same date of June 2 went like this, the first through Willicombe to the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

Chief calls attention to Junior Chamber of Commerce banquet at Hotel Huntington [in Pasadena] Friday night to raise funds for Boys' Club Foundation. He instructs to have editorial of approval Friday morning, and says it need not be submitted to him.

The other message went to New York—to Victor Watson, an old-line Hearst editor who killed himself five months later (not because of the following; but every bit of pressure, every dropped ball or failed expectation added to Watson's long-smoldering agony):

Chief has ordered from [Edmond D.] Coblentz cartoon on Flag Day under which will be printed appropriate editorial, for issue of Monday, June 13th.

Under circumstances, and especially as we have Anita Louise in color cinema page as Betsy Ross, would it not be better to send papers substitute for your Sunday June 12 Flag Day feature?

Yes, it would surely be better to make the proposed substitution. Hearst and Willicombe had spoken once more as a single voice. As to Norma Shearer's rousing success, there was nothing better to do now than applaud it; Hearst was no fool that way, and, again, neither was Marion.

Both of them still had a serious stake in the film industry, even though she'd not worked in more than a year, not after *Ever Since Eve* wrapped at Warners in 1937. Her Cosmopolitan films and the novels, plays, or stories behind them, to which Hearst usually held the rights, were potential assets, however large or small. His coffers were running nearly on empty now, 1938 being far the worst of the three great crisis years for him: 1937, 1938, 1939. On June 3, 1938, Hearst heard from Ed Hatrick of the main Cosmopolitan Productions office in New York:

Talked to Porter [unidentified] and he has no offer from anyone on Florodora [*The Floradora Girl*, a Davies talkie of 1930] but said in response to an inquiry from [George] Van Cleve [that] he told him he thought it was worth fifty thousand. Will see what rights are to be cleared up for and advise you. Told Porter would give him revised list of our stories and if he sold anything he would get his agent's commission.

Hearst and Marion may recently have enjoyed a pre-release showing of George Cukor's *Holiday* at San Simeon, a Columbia production with Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant. "MD would like to have *Holiday* sent back soon," Ella Williams was told on June 3 in a message she received in Los Angeles, sent by the San Simeon command post. It either meant that "the folks" (as Williams called the Hearst-Davies entourage) had missed seeing the picture when it was first sent to the ranch or that they had in fact seen it and wanted to see it again.

Miss Williams had to act fast. Two days later—on Sunday, June 5—Willicombe alerted Helen Baldwin, his main clerk at the *Examiner* downtown:

We expect to go down to Los Angeles tomorrow—so do not send up anything more to [the] ranch, by mail or express. Send telegrams, etc., as usual Monday over the printer; but on Tuesday, give [Garner] Lovell the telegrams, editorials, etc., the same as on my day off, to bring to the Beach House. He should be there at half-past eleven Tuesday morning [for Hearst to begin his work day].

On Monday the 6th, Willicombe alerted someone much more highly placed than Helen Baldwin of what was afoot, namely, Martin Huberth in New York:

Chief leaving Wednesday [June 8] for Chicago on *California Limited* and leaving Chicago Saturday night for New York. Will you tell Ritz Tower, as presume he will have [will use] apartment there. And kindly ask Warwick [Hotel] I would like my favorite suite. Don't forget office space [for me] near Chief at Ritz Tower. Many thanks.

The groundwork was being laid in 1938 for the merger late in 1939 of Hearst's morning and evening papers in Chicago (the *Herald-Examiner* and the *American*), on par with what had already been done in New York with the *Journal-American* and in Washington with the *Times-Herald*. Six months later, in December 1938, Willicombe summarized the itinerary of that trip taken by Hearst and others in the late spring:

Mr. Hearst went East last June eighth arrived New York morning June twelfth left evening same day, arrived Baltimore early next morning June thirteenth, left next day for Philadelphia arrived that evening June fourteenth, left following day fifteenth arrived Chicago June sixteenth left that night arriving San Francisco June nineteenth.

Why the stop in Philadelphia? It's hard to say. The place had never been a "Hearst city" except for some secondary art- and book-collecting purposes whereas all the other cities Willicombe named were Hearst cities, each having two papers potentially ripe for merging. Baltimore underwent the process that New York and Chicago did; however, San Francisco's morning *Examiner* and the evening *Call-Bulletin* never did. Nor for many years (not till 1962) did Los Angeles see its morning and evening papers merged, the powerful *Examiner* and the noisy *Herald-Express*.

THE HEARST PARTY reached Wynton from San Francisco on Thursday morning, June 23, 1938. Excerpts from George Looz's letters in *Building for Hearst and Morgan* are crucial at this point; without them, the party's whereabouts through mid-September are hard to trace. The Beach House, almost needless to say, lay quiet, moribund, mostly unused throughout this period, though by no means was it abandoned or shuttered. Bill Newton was always there, and so was Connie, as Newton's assistant Constantine Fox was called.

Hearst, presumably with Marion's concurrence, was still aligned with Warner Bros. in 1938, the fourth year of the pact they'd made with Jack Warner in 1934, despite hints as early as 1935 of a falling out. Consider what follows, in any case: Willicombe, dispatching word from Hearst on July 13, 1938, to his editors in all cities as well as to Ed Hatrick in New York:

The next Cosmopolitan Productions picture is *Racket Busters* [with Humphrey Bogart] which will be released about the middle of August.

This picture has the endorsement of the Commercial Crime Commission, which is headed by Colonel Ralph Tobin in New York.

The commission is composed of leading corporations throughout the country for the purpose of publicizing the widespread rackets and securing cooperation of national, state and local authorities for the suppression of these rackets.

I am mailing you some data regarding the rackets now in existence.

Chief instructs: "This is very important for promotion and public service—story and picture—and the papers should get fine interviews in support.

"The story should be used as a serial (in one of our papers in each city of course) with good still pictures and PROMOTED WITH THE ENDORSEMENT OF THE COMMERCIAL CRIME COMMISSION AS A PUBLIC SERVICE STORY AND PICTURE."

Documentation is sorely lacking through the summer of 1938. There may have been a short trip made by the Hearst-Davies party to Santa Monica at this juncture; we can therefore skip ahead at this mid-summer moment to August 22, when Hearst complained to Tom White (next to Willicombe, his top lieutenant) about the feature on himself slated for publication on August 27 in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Hearst said, "Now that I have seen the *Post* article [in advance, as written by Forrest Davis], fantastic as it is, I still think that it is not as objectionable as it is ridiculous."

Hearst was probably right. What he didn't realize, though, is that with this kind of publicity, he was already on the road to *Citizen Kane*, the film that Orson Welles and Herman Mankiewicz would start diabolically devising within the next two years, by then drawing from even more objectionable and ridiculous portrayals. Hearst further told Tom White of the imminent *Post* feature:

It is a threshed out heap of inaccurate propagandist stuff culled from various Communistic publications not noted for their reliability or respectability.

It is taken mainly from the book of that eminent Bolshevik, Ferdinand Lundberg, titled *Imperial Hearst* [published in 1936].

If the *Post* wants to align itself with such outlaws of literature, that, I think, is its funeral, not mine.

Unfortunately, it would be Hearst's funeral, not the *Post's*—not theirs even for a minute. Hearst had much more to say:

You ask me what to do about the *Saturday Evening Post's* Communistic collection of misstatements.

I would say just tell the truth. That is always easy, honorable, and effective.

The *Post* says that I have been pro-Ally only since the war [of 1914–1918].

I have not been pro-Ally since the war. I have never been pro-Ally or pro-German,—either before, or during, or since the war.

I have been and am plainly and positively pro-American.

I have always been that, and always will be.

All this kind of Communist falsification is what anyone has to sustain for being pro-American these days. Witness the defamation of Daniel J. Doherty, the distinguished Commander of the American Legion. . . .

The *Post* says that I interviewed Mr. Hitler and sold him the International News Services for four hundred thousand dollars a year.

I did interview Mr. Hitler, as I interview all public men as often as opportunity offers. That is part of my business.

I published the Hitler interview, and it was a very interesting one, I am happy to say. Many papers printed it.

Mr. Roy Howard [of the Scripps-Howard newspapers], for whom Mr. [Forrest] Davis formerly worked, also interviewed Mr. Hitler.

Did Mr. Howard sell Mr. Hitler any news or feature services?

No.

Neither did I. Neither did anybody.

As a matter of simple fact, the income from the Hearst syndicates in Germany is NOT \$400,000 per year. It is approximately \$20,000 per year, and the income has been less SINCE Mr. Hitler came into power than it was BEFORE.

Then in reference to purely personal matters, the *Post* repeats the silly Communistic statement that my construction at San Simeon cost over thirty-six million dollars.

You know, Tom, that the whole two hundred thousand acres of farm land and grazing land on the ranch, plus all the cattle and horses thereon, plus all the ranch houses, added to my own construction, did not cost one-third of that sum.

Furthermore, the *Post's* article, with the exaggeration characteristic of Communistic propaganda, solemnly states that I have a private railroad, and that I transport visitors to my ranch over a private railroad in a private train composed of an engine, two sleeping cars, and a dining car.

There is an elaborate description of privacy and luxury presented in this article which simply do not exist.

I have no private railroad. Indeed, there is no railroad, public or private, between San Luis Obispo and San Simeon. . . .

As far as "Mr. Hearst stepping down" from his newspaper activity is concerned, there need only be said that I am over seventy-five years of age; that I have worked hard for over fifty years; and that I have the right to step down and to delegate some of my work to my associates. Furthermore, that I should in the exercise of the most elemental intelligence and judgment get my estate in the best possible order to transmit to my family.

However, it is hardly worth while to analyze all this Communistic hooley in serious detail.

But it *was* worth analyzing, it *was* worth contesting in some way. Hearst let it go, though, let it be what it was, not realizing, it seems, that posterity would cling to the words and passages Forrest Davis wrote as if God himself had delivered them to Moses, inscribed on stone tablets for all eternity.

HEARST HAD A SOFT SIDE, an almost non-confrontational side that ran counter to his fearlessness and his instinctive love of a fight. Part of this stemmed from his Victorian upbringing, from his innate sense of propriety and private sanctity; beyond that, another part of it stemmed from a deep place in his being that we're surely not the ones to discern or expound upon. Suffice it to say, he could be amazingly mum when he chose to be. A former brother-in-law of Marion's, George Lederer, a renowned show-business impresario in his day, died on October 8 (he'd been briefly married years before to Reine Davies, who coincidentally had died in April 1938). In the obituary submitted by the *New York Journal-American*, Hearst deleted its final sentence: "A daughter, Pepi, died three years ago." It's true; Pepi had died by suicide in Los Angeles in 1935. Hearst may well have deleted the sentence anyway had she died by normal means. That was the soft, gentlemanly side of him at work, avoiding the stigma of a tortured death. It poses many difficult challenges for us scavengers in these after-years who insist on prodding, snooping, digging.

A message of Hearst's the next day, October 9, sent from San Simeon (the entourage had finally left Wynton) to Richard Berlin of Hearst Magazines in New York, is squarely on the same point, very much in the same spirit as the downplaying of Pepi Lederer's sad demise:

I do not think Elsa Maxwell should attack Nina Mdivani. Nina is refined, retiring lady, and if she sues we cannot prove Elsa's statements.

No indeed. Not a good idea. Nina had married Denis Conan Doyle, son of the famous writer Arthur Conan Doyle, in 1936. One of Nina's brothers was David Mdivani, ex-husband of the dancer-actress Mae Murray and now allied romantically with another of the Davies sisters, Rose, whose daughter, Patricia, has been implausibly, nay, absurdly identified as Hearst and Marion's child—a tale for which no adjectives or adverbs exist on anyone's part to contradict fully. What a tangled mess Hearstiana can be. Furthermore, the late Reine Davies had a son, not just an ill-fated daughter. He was Charlie Lederer, a member of the Hearst-Davies inner circle without whom *Citizen Kane* may never have got off the ground.

Whatever was going on between Hearst and Warner Bros. at this relatively late date, it wasn't sorting itself out smoothly. On October 12, Ella Williams forwarded Hearst a message that Ed Hatrick of *Cosmopolitan* had received in New York from a Warners operative, Charles Einfeld:

Dear Ed: Cannot understand why really important news breaks supplied daily to [Louella] Parsons are not used. She takes this news from us but nothing happens. There has been noticeable depreciation [of] Warners' in her column for past ten days. I would like reason for it. After all we give Hearst papers preferential treatment in placing advertising and news and I would like to know if [the] failure to break into Parson's column is organization's attitude or because we have offended Louella in any way. This is serious situation in our present negotiations [with the Hearst interests] and I hope you will advise me by return wire. Kindest personal regards.

Hearst's plate was full indeed, as it always had been, as it always would be.

On October 13, 1938, Ella Williams had more for Hearst in the Warners situation; she passed along the latest to her from Ed Hatrick, by way of relay to the Chief:

Have not answered yesterday's message [from Charles Einfeld] but it is important that I give some answer on this situation. Producers names are always mentioned in connection with their pictures and I cannot understand why Warner Brothers should be any exception. If this is a policy I think it can only result in harm. We still have two months to go on our contract with considerable money due and in addition to that these people give a great deal of advertising to us. Please instruct me what answer to give.

Miss Parsons herself had this update for Willicombe on that same date, Thursday, October 13:

Confidentially *The Sisters* [a Warners picture with Errol Flynn and Bette Davis, though not a Cosmopolitan Production] opens today. Praised it highly in preview. They [Warners] are advertising extensively. Can you send instructions in confidential wire soon as possible to 619 North Maple Drive [Beverly Hills] so I will do exactly what the Chief wants.

Lots of filmland action was "about" at San Simeon in the fall of 1938, as old Hayes Perkins might have put it; it regarded other studios and players, not just Warners. The glamorous young Dorothy Lamour was a guest during the third week of the month. She heard from a friend in Hollywood on Wednesday, October 19:

Paramount advises retakes [for *St. Louis Blues*] must be made tomorrow Thursday. They desire you at studio ten a.m. I explained to Paramount that you did not intend to return until tomorrow night or Friday morning. They state however it will be a great expense to the studio and they feel they must shoot retakes tomorrow. Please wire reply. Love.

Raoul Walsh directed *St. Louis Blues*. Any friend of his (he was known as "Uncle") or of his wife, Lorraine (she was "Peenzie"), was a friend of Hearst's—and of Marion's too. So it had been ever since Walsh directed *Going Hollywood* in 1933, made during these very weeks late in that year. The rapport and friendship between the

Walshes and Hearst and Marion would long continue, on into the 1940s.

Dorothy Lamour heard from Hollywood again the next day, October 20:

Paramount asked us to notify you they are going to make retakes requiring your presence at ten o'clock Saturday morning [the 22nd] rain or shine sick or well. Please confirm either to us or Paramount before Friday noon. Love.

Meanwhile, on the 20th as well, Hearst had larger concerns in mind than film-studio retakes. He and Marion had hosted the Churchill party at San Simeon, yes, and then at the Beach House in the halcyon days before the stock market crash of 1929, almost to the month. Nine years later, Hearst mounted a strong attack on Winston Churchill, all old bets being off. Herewith some highlights from a signed editorial, a lengthy dispatch from San Simeon for the front pages of all Hearst Sunday papers on October 23:

The right honorable Winston Churchill formerly First Lord of the English Admiralty has broadcasted an address to the United States the reason for which and the purport and purpose of which should be clearly understood.

England is in a disturbed state of mind over the consequences of the Czechoslovakian situation.

England wanted peace, but the Versailles Treaty was not a peace treaty.

It was definitely and deliberately a war treaty. Permanent peace was not possible in Europe under its oppressive provisions. . . .

England is now afraid that the domination which she and France have exercised over Europe since the execution of the Versailles Treaty will be jeopardized.

England is also disturbed about her great interests in the Orient. Singapore is not safe. Japan is menacing Hongkong.

England's navy cannot be in several places at once. England's army cannot be both at home and abroad.

England wants other navies and other armies [to get involved].

In a word, England needs help; and where should she turn for help except to good old Uncle Sam, so sought after when needed—so scoffed at and scorned in all intervening times.

English propaganda is again flooding the United States. . . .

Says Winston Churchill, one of their able statesmen, over his radio hook-up to America and Americans:

We are left no doubt as to where American convictions and sympathies lie, but will you wait until British freedom and independence succumb and then take up the cause, when it is three-quarters ruined, yourselves alone?

I hear they are saying in the United States that because England and France failed to do their duty, therefore the American people can wash their hands of the whole business.

This may be a passing mood of many people, but there is no sense in it.

Mr. Churchill is very wrong in his estimate of American ideas and interests, the mood and attitude of the majority of Americans. . . .

Mr. Churchill, continuing, says:

If ever there was a time when men and women who cherish the ideals of the founders of the British and American constitutions should take earnest counsel with one another, that time is now.

Mr. Churchill is wrong here again in assuming and implying that the fundamental character of the various so-called democracies is the same.

France is Communist in its character—and where not Communist is Socialist.

England is monarchical. It is democratic in degree, but more aristocratic than democratic. . . .

The principles, policies, and purposes of all European nations, no matter what their forms of government, are essentially different from ours. We tried with earnest, sincere and costly effort to make democracy safe for the world in the Great War [1914–1918]. . . .

Mr. Churchill, continuing further, says:

A swift and resolute gathering of forces to confront not only military but moral aggression, resolute and sober acceptance of their duty by the ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES and all nations great and

small who wish to walk with them, in their FAITHFUL AND ZEALOUS COMRADESHIP, would almost between night and morning clear the path of progress and banish from all our lives the fear which already darkens the sunlight to hundreds of millions of men.

Mr. Churchill, sad to say, is wrong once more.

It is no part of the duty of this English speaking nation, the United States of America, to support the British Empire in her ambitious schemes to dominate Europe, absorb Africa, and control the Orient.

The United States is not merely a collection of disloyal colonies.

America is no longer a land to be exploited like India and Africa.

Mr. Churchill, daring and willing as he may be, is not a Raleigh or a Drake, to capture heavy-laden galleons from these golden shores and spread their plundered wealth at the feet of his imperial majesty, to be used for the further extension of the British Empire and the greater aggrandisement of England. . . .

Mr. Churchill for once, however, says truthfully:

All the world wishes for peace and security. It is their heart's desire. But have we gained it? That is what we ask. Have we gained it by the sacrifice of the Czechoslovak Republic?

Mr. Churchill is right in this.

All the world wishes for peace and security, truly enough. . . .

Says Mr. Churchill in conclusion:

Like the Communists, the Nazis tolerate no opinion but their own; like the Communists they feed on hatred; like the Communists they must seek from time to time, and always at shorter intervals, a new target, a new prize, a new victim.

Truly like the Communists and like the imperialists as well, Mr. Churchill might accurately have added.

Nazis, Communists, Fascists, imperialists are all of the same ilk—all cut from the same cloth—all striving for power and territory—all seeking from time to time a new prize, a new victim as Mr. Churchill picturesquely phrases it.

They are all ready to go to war, and all eager to get us to go to war, to add to their imperial conquests.

America must not succumb to the purely selfish propaganda of foreign nations.

America must not be drawn by unwarranted sentiment into the disasters of another foreign war.

We should not in the words of [George] Washington unduly sympathize with any foreign nation.

We should not encourage any foreign war, or participate in any foreign war, or finance any foreign war.

Our firm policy should be to hope and work for peace and true democracy throughout the world, but to save our strength to protect and preserve peace and true democracy in the United States of America, our beloved home land.

Kristallnacht in Munich, Germany, lay less than three weeks away. Until then there was no need for Hearst to soften or relent. Did he and Churchill ever correspond again, ever communicate at all? The question awaits answering. Hearst's isolationist position ("anti-interventionist" or "non-interventionist" were more to his and his compatriots' liking) was by no means an uncommon or extreme stance in October 1938. Tensions in Europe had a long way to go still before their boil-over in September 1939; Hearst, too, and Hiram Johnson and Charles Lindberg and Robert R. McCormick and Eleanor Patterson and John Flynn and many others had an equally long way to go before anything like one-mindedness would exist. Pearl Harbor, of course, more than two years away still, would be imperative for that to happen convincingly. For now, Hearst and Marion could burrow in and hunker down at San Simeon for the rest of 1938.

On Friday, November 18, in the week after the loathsome Kristallnacht episode in Munich, Willicombe contacted Helen Baldwin, his main clerk at the *Examiner* in Los Angeles; he told her to get busy with the following:

Please get out file copy of editorial or interview Chief gave to *Frankfort* [Kentucky] *Journal* in 1930 which was also republished in our papers, predicting the Versailles Treaty would cause eventual uprising and dictatorship etc.

Also find copy of interview Chief gave to *Manchester Guardian* or some other English paper after he met Hitler. They may have these in the [*Examiner*] library. Mr. Crocker was in Europe with Chief when he met Hitler [in September 1934]—I was not—and Mr. Crocker may remember name of English paper. He may have copy of interview. Check files, also library and Mr. Crocker.

This was no laughing matter, even if the usually jovial, fun-loving Harry Crocker had been involved. Hearst was gearing up to give a radio address from San Simeon about the Jews of Europe on Saturday, November 19. The film industry was indeed, to a great extent, *The Empire of Their Own* that Neal Gabler would call it fifty years later. Hearst had always employed Jews in high places; their skills in the arts and letters were indispensable; Cobbie, for example (Edmond D. Coblentz, who later compiled *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words*), was Jewish; so was Benjamin DeCasseres, one of Hearst's best editorial writers in New York. Still, this was very tricky, very treacherous ground for Hearst or anyone in his position to be treading on. He could make points or he could make enemies—lots of them, right in Southern California.

Word got out that he'd be giving the talk. A Jew in Los Angeles wired him on November 19:

Permit me to suggest in relation to your talk on Jews tonight that many Jews in the world do not advocate campaign of hate against Germany. This type of thought has injured the Jews en mass[e]. The fires of persecution will burn themselves out if not fanned into blaze by hatred. I commend you for your interest and sympathies.

Hearst was well known in show business for his liberal social views—his liaison with the much younger Marion had been an open secret since the late 1910s. He was easily classifiable as a libertine, whether deserved or not. On November 20 he not surprisingly or

atypically heard from Bill Robinson, a black stage and film actor in New York:

Am personally arranging benefit 46th St. Theatre Sunday night Dec. 11th. to raise funds for emergency relief Negro Actor's Guild of which I am president. Reserving boxes for special patrons. Would appreciate you taking one for \$100. Will deliver it to anyone you instruct.

Following his radio address on Saturday, November 19, Hearst heard on the 21st from Maurice H. Spiegelman, who wired on behalf of the Culver City-Palms Jewish Men's Club:

You are creating a heritage for your family they can never spend. You are a beacon light to our oppressed race in this hour of need. Your balanced mind combined with the power of your press for helping and leading the way cannot be measured. May your masterful editorial open the hearts and minds and the pockets of those that can help. And in closing may that almighty God that created you a Christian and us Jews bless you with many many years of life with us is the wish and hope of each and every member.

Norman Taurog, a film director at MGM who, unlike Louis B. Mayer, was more than a weekend, assimilated Jew and who was more a card-carrying member who took serious albeit simple pride in his heritage, also wired Hearst on Monday the 21st:

Dear Mr. Hearst: Cannot tell you how much I enjoyed your talk on the air and what you are doing for the Jews in the world. Sincerely.

Taurog had directed the recent movie *Boys Town*, with Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the troubled Whitey Marsh; that achievement alone was enough to keep Taurog in Hearst's good graces for a long while to come (even though he'd directed *The Phantom President* in 1932, a film Hearst found lacking).

Hearst went to bat again on November 25 for Nina Mdivani, whom he'd already vouched for in early October; he told Dick Berlin of Hearst Magazines:

I have repeatedly protested the Maxwell Mdivani articles in *Cosmopolitan* [Elsa Maxwell on Nina Mdivani]. They are cheap, trashy, false and in every way unworthy of *Cosmopolitan*. I have explained that Maxwell is an offensive and unreliable little social parasite with no real social standing or knowledge and is writing scandalous articles on hearsay or rather merely on imagination. I do not see why a great dignified magazine like *Cosmopolitan* should enter the field of the defunct *Town Topics*.

You have sent me in reply to my protest a brief statement that the articles are good for circulation and that your lawyers say that *Cosmopolitan* cannot be sued.

I do not think that such articles are good for circulation among the good people to whom the *Cosmopolitan* has been accustomed to appeal and furthermore I told you I do not think your lawyers are right and that *Cosmopolitan* can be sued both here and in England. There is however a deeper question involved and that is whether *Cosmo* ought to be sued—whether it ought to be mulcted [fined] in damages. It can at least be impeached and impaired in reputation in reliability in good taste and good judgment even in decency Dick because it is really not decent to attack falsely dead men and live women.

My recent communications and suggestions for correction remain unanswered, but I repeat that I think these articles should be contradicted and that *Cosmopolitan* should stop printing slanderous articles of the Mdivani-Hutton kind from cheap sensational writers of the Maxwell kind.

There is nothing but loss of *Cosmopolitan* character in such procedure.

The Hutton part of “Mdivani-Hutton” refers to Barbara Hutton, who was originally married to Nina Mdivani’s brother Alexis, still a young man when his reckless driving on a mountain road in Spain caused his death in 1935.

Sure enough, Nina’s husband, Denis Conan Doyle, found it necessary to confront Hearst the next day, November 26; he did so from the Hotel Meurice in Paris:

We thank you for your cable. We beg you to advise managers of *Cosmopolitan* that we demand the publication of a complete retraction of the untrue defamatory statements of [Elsa] Maxwell against Madame Conan Doyle [Nina Mdivani] and Madame Sert [Nina's sister, Isabelle Mdivani] and against deceased parents and brothers whom we must also protect [Alexis and Serge Mdivani had both died; David Mdivani was the only surviving brother].

We are certain you understand our viewpoint as you yourself and any gentleman would act in same way in the circumstances.

The proposal made by *Cosmopolitan* in a cable of [November] 22nd to publish an article appears to us wholly inappropriate [*sic*] and we accordingly suggest that you submit for our consideration the text of a suitable withdrawal and apology to be published by *Cosmopolitan* in same position as Maxwell articles.

We are convinced that with your great authority you will obtain from *Cosmopolitan* this justified retraction that we request.

At same time we must point out that Madame Conan Doyle and Madame Sert reserved to themselves full liberty of action unless a settlement satisfactory to all concerned is reached through your kind intervention. Please receive our cordial greetings.

There are several other items like this, scattered through Hearst archives of one kind or another. Partly it was the nature of the business: the legacy of yellow journalism, you might almost say. Partly as well—maybe more so—it stemmed from the impossibility for Hearst of staffing every one of his newspapers and magazines with journalists as brilliant as he was, as uniquely cultured and as worldly as he'd been able to be. Those traits simply couldn't be broadcast or dispensed. There were only so many of Damon Runyon or Gene Fowler or Adela Rogers St. Johns to go around. Besides, Hearst's infrastructure was getting as old as he was. His presses were overworked, some of them even dilapidated, making it increasingly hard for his staffs to compete with other publishers, whether of the mom-and-pop kind or on the big-city national scale, as epitomized, say, by the Scripps-Howard chain.

Roy Howard didn't spend huge sums on collecting, entertaining, building, traveling. Hearst did. Therein lay a profound difference in what he and other titans could lay at the public's feet and how they went about doing it, day in and day out. Hearst was painfully aware of this paradox in his approach—probably more than any of his own lieutenants like Tom White or Richard Berlin were. The truth was staring him in the face more and more, and he damn well knew it.

He wired Dick Berlin in New York on November 28:

We could not print what [Denis Conan] Doyle sent you, as you state in your letter, but we could print a modified version. Anyhow we should print a thoroughly complete and conclusively satisfactory retraction [of what Elsa Maxwell wrote] and get rid of this whole mess.

Hearst and his people got rid of the mess, after all. It cluttered up several desks late in 1938 before its sticky details were fully laid to rest. This was the same Elsa Maxwell, of course, who spoke so glowingly of Millicent Hearst (see Chapter 1).

IT COMES AS A RELIEF to encounter a simple, basic message like the one sent by Joe Willicombe to Julia Morgan's secretary in San Francisco on December 8, 1938; Miss Morgan had gone to Europe in September and was still abroad:

Please send to Miss Ella Williams, address,—“Cosmopolitan Productions, Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California,”—the ground plans for the Cosmopolitan bungalow etcetera at the Warner Bros. Studio. She requires them for some purpose. These should be gotten off to her promptly when you receive this telegram.

Morgan had written to Hearst on August 30 while he was still at Wyntoon:

The lure of the ocean wave is always strong, and conditions in the office [the Hearst projects had slowed to nothing finally] such that it seems a good time to yield to it.

I have a reservation on the only suitable craft going from San Francisco through the [Panama] canal direct to Europe before too late in the year to think pleasant. It is on a fruit boat as it is to be an ocean vagabondage from port to port in the general direction of Sicily as boats are available. I have never been there, but as you know, am familiar with her inheritances.

Hearst answered Morgan the next day, August 31, from Wyntoon, saying, “I hope you have a grand time. I am sure you will”:

Certainly I would like to make such a trip myself, but I guess I will have to stay here and try to make enough money to put up another house—or to finish those already begun.

Hearst would be chipping away through Mac McClure as Morgan’s de facto replacement, an arrangement that would become fairly set in stone before much longer and would remain that way for the next decade of on-again, off-again efforts at Wyntoon, San Simeon, and, ultimately, at the old Milton Getz estate in Beverly Hills. The Hearst-McClure duo, however, seems never to have done anything in Santa Monica from now until Hearst and Marion sold the Beach House early in 1947.

In a letter Morgan sent Hearst on September 7 at Wyntoon right before her departure, she addressed the matter of “Mt. Olive,” the code name from back in 1931 for the Spanish monastery Hearst had acquired through Arthur Byne in Spain, with Morgan and the architect-engineer Walter Steilberg acting as intermediaries. The colossal, ultra-Hearstian idea of re-erecting the ensemble as a museum at Wyntoon had never reached fruition. But plenty of hours had gone into sketches and working drawings, especially in 1933, the first big summer of activity at Wyntoon following the fire that ravaged part of that estate in 1930. Appropriately, Morgan hoped to recover some

payment for her office's efforts in behalf of Mount Olive—should Hearst succeed in selling the rubble of old stones, warehoused in San Francisco. It was a subject the two people had obviously discussed recently:

There is also a personal interest in Mt. Olive for at the time we started on the working drawings [1931] you told me that the cost of them could come out of that year's building funds so that the cost of the plans would be largely behind [taken care of] when actual work was begun the following year [1932], neither of which good ideas worked out.

We'll have to assume that 1931 and 1932 are the correct dates here, inasmuch as Morgan's Distribution of Expenses sheet for 1931 lists a substantial \$2,758 (think of \$41,800 today) for "Mount Olive" and then nothing afterwards. This takes some mental adjustment since the George Loorz Papers contain so little about Wyntoon in 1932; instead, 1933 figures as the first year of major effort on the McCloud River in the Wyntoon chronology that's become accepted since 1990, when the Loorz Papers were initially published.

That said, Morgan had a much more arresting thing to tell Hearst in completing her paragraph. She was not the careful writer that he or Willicombe or even Loorz were—such was not her stock in trade, and she tended to crowd a lot of meaning into short clauses and groups of words, which for her purposes managed to speak volumes. And therefore:

I have always hoped the castle [the Spanish monastery] would some day go up on that lovely coast Point you showed me above Santa Monica—and drew Mr. [Alexander] Sokolow's attention to the condition [of] from time to time.

This is not to ask anything, except that in case of sale of Mt. Olive the cost of the working drawings [the \$2,758] be taken care of.

"Judge" Sokolow, now deceased, had been Hearst's controller in Los Angeles in the early 1930s; Morgan had often received her monthly

budget for San Simeon through him. This still leaves her reference to Sokolow unclear, except as an allusion to him as the source of funds that a Santa Monica angle on Mount Olive would require.

These are the words of Morgan's to dwell on: *that lovely coast Point you showed me above Santa Monica*. This could only be Hearst's sublime acreage high up in Tuna Canyon, one canyon west of Topanga Canyon, nearly 2,000 acres of it at a height comparable to the San Simeon hilltop, with panoramic views—complete with “Catalina on a clear day,” as Alice Head would have put it—and a salubrious climate to match. One quick look at the site (now owned by the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy) and another Hearst Castle comes as easily to mind as it did to Morgan when she thought back and dictated her letter to Lil Forney. What a setting the Tuna Canyon property would have made! Alas, there's no water there, or at least very little of it, some trickles at best that might be caught in a steel tank that remains at the site today. San Simeon, we mustn't forget, was made possible from the very start by the near-torrent of pure, cold water that gushes dependably from Pine Mountain, an artesian phenomenon that the much drier Santa Monica Mountains could never match. Not even for William Randolph Hearst when he was going full throttle.

Through Willicombe, Hearst agreed on September 10 that Morgan “should have the cost of drawings” if the old stones were sold.

Nearly two months later, while Morgan was very much out of the country, traveling thousands of miles away, she had the monastery in mind just the same. As her secretary, Mrs. Forney, told Willicombe on November 1, 1938:

Miss Morgan has written [from Europe] that if you have possible purchaser for the Wyntoon Mt. Olive, and you need explanations of material and its use, etc., she will gladly return upon receipt of a cable, any time.

Mrs. Forney's letter began with a reference to the "Sacramenia Monastery." Sacramenia was entirely different, entirely separate from Mount Olive; Hearst had acquired the cloister portion of Santa Maria de Sacramenia in 1926 through his and Morgan's same source in Spain, Arthur Byne—their first foray through him into ancient buildings on the grand scale. One has only to see the re-erected Sacramenia cloister today in North Miami Beach, Florida, to understand how Morgan could have felt so duty-bound toward Mount Olive, technically the *third* monastery she and Hearst got through Byne (the second one, whose acquisition mostly fell through, was known as Alcantara). The achievement in North Miami is stunning, especially in its having been done in the 1950s, when concepts of historical architecture, stylistic integrity, and similar lofty ideals were supposedly lacking. The re-assembly of Sacramenia was done with great finesse and skill. It makes it eminently possible, in turn, to visualize what Hearst—and perhaps Morgan, too—foresaw at Tuna Canyon with the much larger ensemble called Mount Olive. It would have been awesome, a landmark (and, again, museum ultimately) like no other in Southern California, quietly and nobly commanding its elysian setting, complete with an airstrip nearby—a perfect plateau being at hand—for Hearst's kingly comings and goings.

Oh, but back to reality. When Wyntoon closed down in the fall of 1938 and when even Mac McClure found it time to leave, he wrote to George Lorz from 11758 San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, Mac's off-season address on the Westside. He told Lorz at that time:

When I passed through San Francisco a month ago, I gave Fred [Stolte] a call and he told me briefly of the plan to be carried out at Palo Alto [a spec building project that might interest Mac]. At that time I told him of the proposed remodeling of the [Cosmopolitan] Studio bungalow here [last seen in Burbank], which was to be carried out this Winter.

I promised J. M. [Julia Morgan] I would do this before she left [for Europe] and it looked fairly certain at that time. Nothing has developed

on it, however, and according to Frank Hellenthal it is more or less shelved.

Morgan's Distribution of Expenses sheets are so minutely detailed (Mrs. Forney took special pride in compiling them) that the sheet for 1938 can be checked to see what the Cosmopolitan Bungalow job was all about then—that along with the job ledger sheets allotted to the new project, starting as far back as the middle of 1938. Morgan had gone to Burbank in late June that year, as the ledger indicates. Her trip, plus a smidgen of drafting-room time, overhead, and blueprints expenses, produced a grand total of \$66.48 for 1938. The rest of the job would take place in 1939, after Hearst and Marion had parted company with Warner Bros. "Miss Marion Douras, Cosmopolitan Bungalow, 910 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, California," says the ledger's cover sheet; further on, the client figured as "Miss Davies" on the three sheets bearing the itemized expenses. Either way, there was no mention of Hearst anywhere. The first of the itemized sheets also bears this notation, which must have been made later, since June 1938 would have been too early for it: "Moved to 910 Benedict Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif."

CAREY BALDWIN, whom the diarist Hayes Perkins insisted on calling The Cuckoo, pulled himself up by his bootstraps as a zookeeper almost as much as George Looz did as a builder. From San Simeon, after the Hearst situation played out completely in the 1940s, Baldwin moved north and became the director of the San Francisco Zoological Gardens. His memoir of 1964, *My Life with Animals*, was published the same year that Perkins died at age eighty-six. In fairness to Baldwin, who was no saint any more than these other mortals were, we can be sure he knew his business regarding animals. The year 1939 at San Simeon opened with a message from him to Paramount Studios in Hollywood; this on January 2:

Can let you have most of our camels if certain details can be worked out. For this would like to see you some time latter part of this week or sooner if necessary for you. Please wire appointment time convenient for you.

Whether Paramount hoped to rent the camels or buy them is unclear. The Hearst Zoo, in any case, fielded periodic requests from Hollywood filmmakers who looked to it as a good source of exotic creatures for Tarzan pictures and the like. The zoo provided Paramount with some water buffalo, in fact, as late as 1941. Thus the zoo was slow to be phased out, just as the other changes in Hearst's life during these years often took many weeks or months, not merely days to be realized. The tendency to look back on history and to compress events is always tempting. With Hearst, the man lived so long that the impulse by 1938 or 1939 has been to rush through his final ten or twelve years, (Swanberg did this and even Nasaw too, probably harried by a frantic publisher's deadline). To which the rallying cry could well be: slow down, slow down. It ain't over till it's over, as Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees used to say; and with Hearst, and with Marion too, the end was scarcely in immediate sight in 1939. The war in Europe was nine months away, Pearl Harbor almost two *years* away.

The Hearst party spent most of January 1939 at the Beach House. This wasn't for any particular reason that the annals divulge—no birthday celebration or costume ball or anything of that kind, and surely no film to make, two years almost after Marion's role in *Ever Since Eve*. Maybe they simply needed a break from San Simeon, where the winters can be fiercely beset with rain and howling winds and leaks all over (even palaces and castle get their miserable share). The arrangement with Warner Bros. expired at the end of 1938. For 1939, Hearst and Marion embarked on their third such pact in Hollywood, this time with their Ocean Front neighbor Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox. It all came down to "labeling" and publicity: that is,

which films in the Fox stable for 1939 would be called Cosmopolitan Productions, warranting special attention in Hearst's papers and magazines. The first would be *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, starring Don Ameche and Loretta Young, a good friend of Hearst's second son, Bill, and his wife, Lorelle. Production began as soon as January 5, as sure an indicator as anyone should need that, at this stage of the game, "production" to Hearst and Ed Hatrick and Ella Williams did not mean hands-on efforts such as providing lunch for the crew; Fox took care of that. Production meant publicity, first and foremost, perhaps even exclusively. At that time, two years before *Citizen Kane*, the name Hearst still commanded substantial respect. The public bought stock in Hearst Consolidated Publications (it's no longer a publicly traded company). Also, the public took mental stock in the brand name Cosmopolitan. The appearance of the Cosmopolitan logo on a lobby card or movie poster meant something; it had prestige and clout, the cinematic equivalent of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Good Practice, likewise a Hearst promotion of many years' standing.

Hearst was about to get sucker-punched far worse than he was through the brainless article by Forrest Davis in *Saturday Evening Post* in the summer of 1938. *Time* magazine was a nemesis of his, the cutting-edge mouthpiece of Henry Luce, with whom Hearst was seldom on civil terms, or vice versa (despite the adulation that Luce's *Fortune* had given San Simeon in 1931 and Wynton in 1935 and despite Hearst and Marion's friendship with Luce's wife, Clare Boothe Luce). Hearst was told what follows by the *Time* office on January 30, 1939. He essentially fell for it, probably on the strength of how well he'd fared twice with *Fortune* (although his cover-story outing with *Time* in 1933 had burned him and his family thoroughly):

Time magazine planning press story on history Hearst organization.

Would like to take color photograph of you to run on front cover.

Could we send photographer sometime this week at your convenience?

Hearst had an innate weakness for publicity. Maybe by 1939 he thought it would benefit his empire in some broad-based way, promote sales of Hearst stock, stimulate advertising, spit shine his tarnished image. He quickly complied.

Dick Berlin wired Willicombe several weeks later. By now it was March 10 and the *Time* issue of March 13 had gone to press for its regular Monday release, leaving the Hearst interests stunned by what they'd seen in advance. Berlin proposed damage control, fast:

Would like permission to give press [nationwide] our magazine earning figures for year Nineteen Thirty-eight and first quarter Nineteen Thirty-nine. Believe this highly beneficial and offsetting *Time's* unfriendly publicity.

Hearst answered Berlin on March 12, the day before the issue hit the newsstands:

Stuff in *Time* is malicious and ridiculously false. I see no objection to your mentioning profits of magazines but better consult Judge Shearn.

Shearn was the bald-headed little martinet who held the biggest reins at present in Hearst's domain, watching over expenses, dickering with Canadian newsprint suppliers, and all too often sticking his nose into Hearst's editorial affairs. In 1939 it was too soon to know that Shearn would be shown the door in 1943, by way of a contentious lawsuit brought by Hearst in corporate self-defense. At any rate, Clare Shearn green-lighted Berlin's proposal.

It made no difference on Monday, March 13, that Hearst heard from Eddie Cantor in West Hollywood, who respectfully told the Chief:

My dear WR: Inspired by your radio broadcast and editorials I am doing something on my radio show tonight KNX seven-thirty which I have reason to believe will please you. If you can kindly listen. Kindest regards.

The front-cover feature in *Time* that Monday made Hearst out to be a worn and weary old fool, haggard and jowly in appearance, a man quoted as saying on the very cover itself, “At my time of life, you just sit here . . .”

“Dusk at Santa Monica,” the feature was entitled. It was read by hundreds of thousands, a far larger audience quite likely than have seen *Citizen Kane* to this day. As bad as Forrest Davis’s piece in the *Post* was, and as riddled with error and innuendo as the *Time* feature of 1933 had been, “Dusk at Santa Monica” was even worse. It began with a left hook disguised as a novel claim, grist for the mill of all Hearst-haters, whose numbers were either legion or soon to be:

One of the many little-known facts about William Randolph Hearst’s fantastically tangled affairs is that his rival Los Angeles publisher, Harry Chandler of the [*Los Angeles*] *Times*, holds a mortgage on San Simeon. Last month in Los Angeles, rather than embarrass his strapped debtor, Mr. Chandler agreed to extend the mortgage. But it was not Mr. Hearst who made the request. Mr. Hearst was not in Los Angeles or San Simeon. . . .

Mr. Hearst was with Marion Davies, at her Santa Monica Beach house. The Hearst who mortgaged San Simeon to get \$600,000 for spending money has for the past two years been employed as editorial director of his own newspapers, and last year [actually in 1937] his salary from the Hearst Consolidated papers was cut from \$500,000 to \$100,000. No longer ruler of the empire he built, Hearst has only two desires concerning it: 1) to have some of it survive him; 2) to keep his job. Nearing 76, the man who was the most spectacular publisher and spendthrift of his time wants to die a newspaperman. . . .

Four years ago Hearst said of himself: “At my time of life you just sit here and people bring you final decisions to make.” But for nearly two years he has just sat there, no longer absolute boss even of his paper’s policies. He still owns fabulous Wynton and San Simeon (subject to Mr. Chandler’s mortgage), still dines celebrities from silver plate in medieval splendor (on his allowance from Judge Shearn); but at 75 the

bad boy of U.S. journalism is just a hired editorial writer who has taken a salary cut.

Hayes Perkins would have given his eye teeth to write those paragraphs. The sheer invention of the Chandler fairy tale ranks alongside oceans of booze, the rapes of innocent starlets, and all the brazen indiscretions among the guests that Perkins alone seemed privy to. Probably no piece of anti-Hearst publicity of the late Depression years—with the sole exception of the rediscovered, resurrected, and sometimes overrated film *Citizen Kane* of 1941—ever had the lasting impact that the article “Dusk at Santa Monica” has had. That may go for its comparison with other eras, too, not just with the years right before World War II. Why? How? Because *Time* was a mass-circulation magazine, one that Hearst would love to have owned. It got seen and read by thousands, even millions; it got preserved in libraries in thick musty buckram bindings for decades to come, a source still consulted, still photocopied today by researchers of term papers and theses. A quick check of eBay shows that vintage copies of *Time*, like those of Luce’s prestige magazines of the day, *Life* and *Fortune*, haven’t flagged a bit in their appeal more than half a century later. When *Time* spoke, even in its queerly backward style of Luceian prose, people listened. And remembered. The Perkinsian tale of the \$600,000 mortgage has, of course, been picked up and handed down and repeated by several writers, historians, and biographers. It’s simply too good to pass up. Yet it’s mostly nonsense, mostly Hollywood hokum.

The real Hearst—more the reeling Hearst by now—heard from Sam Goldwyn on March 22, nine days after *Time* hit the stands and the nation’s coffee tables; Goldwyn’s message offered more customary, suitable fare:

I am previewing *Wuthering Heights* Friday night at Warners Hollywood Theatre. If you are in town I would be delighted to have you and your party attend the preview. Affectionately.

But Hearst wasn't in town. He and Marion had gone back to San Simeon to lick their wounds. "Thank you, Sam," Hearst replied the same day:

I do not think I can make the preview although I would greatly like to. I have people coming for the week end [March 25–26].

In the meantime, the entourage saw Darryl Zanuck's *Story of Alexander Graham Bell* on Thursday, the 23rd, as Hearst reported:

Our audience enjoyed *Alexander Graham Bell* immeasurably. They were enthralled in interest from the beginning to the end.

Many tearful eyes testified to the strong emotional appeal of the story.

You have a great picture, Mr. Zanuck, and a most valuable and creditable one.

It is educational in the highest degree, and stimulating to youthful ambitions.

It fulfills the finest functions of the screen.

The detached, disinterested role of Cosmopolitan Productions is obvious from Hearst's language. *The Return of the Cisco Kid*, with Warner Baxter, would be next up for special treatment in the Hearst press.

All who know *Citizen Kane* can hear Orson Welles intoning in his basso profundo voice, "There will be no war." Hearst said those very words more than once (as early as 1936, and then again here in 1939). With that bit of dead-wrong soothsaying, Welles and Mankiewicz had all the ammunition they needed. Hearst dispatched a front-page "Letter of Advice and Instructions to the Editors of the Hearst Papers" for Thursday, April 13, headed, "THERE WILL BE NO WAR." Full of pontifications, it was the very kind of pseudo-royalizing that Henry Luce detested about Hearst. The well-meaning yet incurable elitist on his San Simeon hilltop kept playing into the trap.

Hearst cozied up to the American Legion as well, which won him no points among highbrows and the intelligentsia. As Willicombe was told by the *Los Angeles Examiner* on April 13:

American Legion County Council with one hundred seventy-five posts and thirty-five thousand members will sponsor and organize huge "Stand by America" mass meeting and parade Hollywood Bowl provided *Examiner* will pay about six hundred dollars expenses as Legion has no funds this purpose.

Bowl will be donated to Legion but money needed for transportation of topflight speaker from east such as Martin Dies or Tom Dewey and for trophies to be awarded winning floats and units in parade and so forth.

In addition to principal speaker will have local Catholic, Jewish and Protestant orators and other features like [in] Baltimore.

Mr. Carrington [publisher of the *Examiner*] says Chief's okay necessary on expense as will increase budget. Please wire Chief's wishes.

The departure that 1939 represents from the past three years is epitomized by what Hearst and Marion did for his birthday. Rather than celebrate it at San Simeon or in Santa Monica, even with a small group now to keep expenses down, they found themselves in Washington, D.C., at the home of Cissy Patterson on Dupont Circle. She had bought the *Times-Herald* in January 1939 through her option clause. The Hearst entourage's presence in Washington in late April had some probable tie-in, although Hearst, Marion, Willicombe, and those with them returned to California quickly. It's enough today merely to identify the photo of the event properly. Two of the leading books on Hearstiana assigned it too early a date (one of them 1937, the other one, *The Times We Had*, 1938); of course Hearst's presence in Santa Monica for the famous costume parties in those two years is beyond any doubt, erasing any chance that he was then in the East instead.

The end of April marked more than just Hearst's seventy-sixth birthday. "Now, also for the first time," as the biographer John Dunlap put it in *The Hearst Saga*, "it was necessary to get a handle on Hearst's personal obligations by way of a budget":

The seven-page document, dated April 28, 1939, and signed by Colonel Willicombe and attorneys [Geoffrey] Konta and McKay [Henry S. MacKay Jr.], had been prepared at a conference held on January 17. . . .

Fixed expenses such as Hearst's personal bank loans amortization, rentals on Wynton, San Simeon and [the] Beach House—as well as [the] expense for mothballing the latter—were included along with Hearst's own salary of \$75,000 for the remainder of the year.

Make that a relative or comparative mothballing of the Beach House, for the place surely saw some use, albeit noticeably sporadic, through the rest of 1939, 1940, and on into the early forties decade.

JULIA MORGAN didn't have to leave Europe for the sake of Hearst's monastery after all. Her trip to Sicily and thereabouts ran its natural course, and by March 1939 she was back in California—and likewise back at Hearst's beck and call though on a sharply reduced level, so limited was his budget, stemming as it did now from personal rather than corporate funds. Her San Simeon costs for 1939 (\$1,641: a good \$25,000 in 2010 terms) were a mixture of travel, drafting-room time, and inventory work on portions of the Hearst Collection. Virtually no construction took place. The Darbee Mausoleum in the cemetery city of Colma, just south of San Francisco, was another "paper project" for her in 1939 (\$1,533). The Cosmopolitan Bungalow, recently removed from Burbank to a storage lot at the Fox Hills unit of Twentieth Century-Fox near Westwood, finished a close third at \$1,480. A goodly portion of that figure accrued through travel alone: Morgan checked up on the job at 910 Benedict Cañon Drive in Beverly Hills (where portions of the

Bungalow were put to new purposes) more than a dozen times in the half-year from May through November 1939.

Meanwhile, the bad boy of U.S. journalism, as *Time* had convincingly portrayed Hearst, kept making noise and trouble, whenever and however he saw fit. Willicombe to all Hearst editors around the country, May 9, 1939:

Chief instructs Please play up and continue to play up the Duke of Windsor's statement about poisonous propaganda until everybody in the United States who reads our papers anyhow knows that we are being subjected to poisonous propaganda. If we keep driving this thing home we will get everybody to understand that propaganda is poisonous and that the Duke of Windsor was right when he said so,— and we are getting saturated with it here in America.

Hearst was staying involved in motion pictures, too, through his new arrangement with Darryl Zanuck at Fox. The following came in to Willicombe on May 10, 1939, from one of Hearst's favorite editors, Jack Malloy, who was now at the *Chicago Evening American* (the Chicago morning and evening papers would remain separate for a while longer before being merged as the *Herald-American*):

We will run [serialize] *Young Mr. Lincoln* and I am trying to be helpful to [Ed] Hatrick and Twentieth Century [-Fox] in making arrangements for premiere of picture scheduled for Decoration Day [Memorial Day] in Springfield Illinois.

A subject like Lincoln was a natural for the nostalgic, patriotic Hearst. In contrast, the plight of the Okies and migrant workers was not. Nineteen thirty-nine was likewise the year of John Steinbeck's immortal novel *The Grapes of Wrath*, in which Hearst was savagely lampooned as having a pucker-lipped mouth that looked more rectal than spectral, as one of the book's characters bluntly put it in coarser language. Zanuck wanted to make a film of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Louella Parsons got wind of it. The *Los Angeles Examiner* alerted

Willicombe on May 15, several days before the Parsons story was slated to run on Sunday, May 21. Louella's copy read as follows:

You couldn't believe any one book would bring in the number of letters that have descended upon Darryl Zanuck since he paid \$70,000 for *The Grapes of Wrath*. Not even *Gone with the Wind* in its controversy over a cast, caused the letter writers to dip their pens in the ink with more bitterness than has the John Steinbeck novel.

Bets have been made in Hollywood that Zanuck will never dare film the book as is without diluting some of the socially significant things. I asked Dar[r]yl if he really intended to produce *Grapes of Wrath*.

"I certainly do" was his answer. "I see it as a great motion picture. I am certainly no Communist and I am not even a flamingo pink. And I am no land baron. Nobody knows better than you that anything I have earned for myself I have earned through hard work and that I started as far down the scale as anybody can.

"Therefore I intend to treat *Grapes of Wrath* like I treated *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* [from 1932, when Zanuck was at Warner Bros.]. I don't intend it to be propaganda for or against anything. I intend to tell the frank, honest story that Steinbeck wrote and I refuse to be intimidated by either side.

"I expect a lot of opposition but I intend to go through with it the same as I went through with the *Chain Gang* picture with the Solid South opposing me. *The Grapes of Wrath* to me is the simple story of a family on a westward trek going through hardships that parallel the early pioneers experiences when they came west in covered wagons."

Interestingly enough, Zanuck is being bombarded on two sides, the eastern writers are overwhelming him with editorials pleading that he film the book exactly as it was written. Western writers are saying that the novel is a lot of poppycock and exaggeration. Bakersfield, Fresno, Sacramento and San Francisco are particularly vehement in their demands that California be treated right. Some of the eastern writers, among them Howard Barnes and Whitney Boulton, have addressed open letters to Zanuck urging him not to whitewash the Steinbeck novel. So you see he is between the devil and the deep blue sea.

If you are among the few who haven't read the book, you may want to know that the story deals with the Joad family who lose their small farm in Oklahoma when the oil interests move in. They pile their all into an old truck and start for the promised land of California where peaches hang heavy on the trees and where oranges and grapes make life worth living.

Their inability to find work in California or to be allowed to live in the state continues to work hardships on the unfortunate family. As Steinbeck writes it, many people feel it has a Communistic flavor. Others argue it is not so much Communistic as much as it is Socialistic. Some of the Californians feel it is a blot on her fair name. Others hold that with so many now in our state it is wrong for jobless folk to flock here for work that rightly belongs to the people who have already made this state their home and therefore have a prior right. There is much to be said for and against.

Certainly it takes a man of courage and intelligence, one who does not fear the powerful financial interests that are arguing that it is paid propaganda. Zanuck holds that it isn't even propaganda. So there you are. All I know is that it should be a great picture.

If Zanuck had read the whole book, he had to have caught the reference to Hearst's anatomy; it's hard to miss. Increasingly, Hearst was getting kicked around, being misunderstood, taking flak from within his own ranks as well. He and Willicombe jumped on the Louella Parsons story the same day it crossed their desks at San Simeon, May 15:

Chief instructs to kill that Parsons lead you sent up [regarding *The Grapes of Wrath*]. "The book is vile and untruthful in its theme," he says. "I say this not as a land owner but as a conscientious American."

The matter didn't die on the spot. Either through a crossing of signals or for some other reason, a separate paragraph got submitted to San Simeon in this vicinity. As the *Examiner* put it in querying Willicombe:

Have held up following paragraph in Louella Parsons' column for tonight. Please advise.

“*The Grapes of Wrath* isn't one of those indefinite and nebulous affairs discussed as a long distance happening. It's immediate and will be produced as soon as Nunnally Johnson can write the screen treatment. Nunnally has also been appointed by Darryl Zanuck to act as associate producer. I'll be surprised if Henry Fonda doesn't play Tom Joad and John Ford direct. Who better than Fonda could play the unfortunate Tom and who better than Ford could direct him. This is one of those earthy stories that John handles so admirably. The difficulty now is getting a story that is not so much written description. Three hundred letters protesting against the filming of this novel (principally rich ranch owners who feel they are shown in an unpleasant light) received on one day are making no difference in Darryl Zanuck's production plans.”

It's unclear whether this one got approved or killed. There's no follow-through or response in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft, whence this item comes. Printed editions of the Hearst newspapers in mid-May 1939 will have to be combed to see which columns by Louella Parsons ran that month and which did not.

As usual, Hearst had bigger fish to fry at any given moment, thus allowing many an insult or bit of foolishness like a Parsons gaffe to slip by unnoticed, unchecked. He wired Cobbie (E. D. Coblentz), for example, on May 16 at the *New York Journal-American*:

Do you not think, now that the English have come out with their Palestine plan practically abandoned, it would be good idea to revive advocacy of former German colonies as refuge for dispossessed Jews? I think there is a lot to it and it has not received attention it deserves. Now that Palestine plan has been abandoned and nothing else has been proposed of any real value, why not revive that and crusade for it?

Cobbie (who was a Jew) replied on May 17:

Think now is appropriate time to revive your advocacy of Jewish African homeland. Do you want [Charles] Ryckman to write editorial? Papers can then follow with interviews here and abroad.

Next to Hearst himself, Charlie Ryckman was the best editorialist in the Hearst service. He'd mastered the style of short, punchy paragraphing, which Hearst had learned from the English tabloids and had sought to instill in all his newspapers from the mid-thirties onward. Ryck, as he was known, could also alternate brevity with more developed, full-length paragraphs in arresting imitation of the Chief's mature style. Cobbie was going with his best pitch in asking if Ryck should do the job.

(Willicombe fielded a message from Ella Williams on that same day—Wednesday, May 17, 1939: "Shipping tonight *Juarez* [with Bette Davis] return Warner Studio Friday.")

An item from May 20 is a perfect example of how Hearst, Charlie Ryckman, and others got the daily job done. Ryck (who mostly worked in his hotel room in San Francisco, his preferred method) got his assignments from Cobbie, who submitted the results to Hearst at San Simeon. Willicombe dispatched the revisions to all the papers, as in this instance on the Jewish resettlement theme:

Editorial beginning "There is no less obligation" is released with following changes.

Kill 13th 14th and 15th pghs [paragraphs] beginning "Why not in the" and ending "and civilized" and substitute following:

"Why not in the former German colonies and the Belgian and Portuguese colonies of the African continent, as Mr. William Randolph Hearst suggested in a radio address last November?

"Here are vast, fertile and potentially rich regions.

"Let the oppressed and persecuted Jewish peoples of Central Europe through cession and purchase occupy these undeveloped but rich, largely unpopulated but highly livable, lands and they will create a new garden spot in the world, democratic and civilized."

There were Jews, though, who took unkindly to Hearst's paternalism, to his "do as I say" condescensions in passages like the foregoing. Fascism, they called it, propagandist mind control, plain and simple, with more than a tinge of totalitarian heavy-handedness clinging fulsomely to it. Hearst was aware that he couldn't please everyone and that he might dig his own grave deeper in the process. He kept at it nonetheless. Come Friday, May 26, 1939, Cobbie had gone to San Simeon at Hearst's request and was directly reachable there by the *Los Angeles Examiner*, whose night-shift editor informed him:

Am sending with the papers tonight [the current newspaper editions that Hearst pored over] for your scrutiny copy of Chief's radio speech as it was edited down for reprinting Sunday [May 28]. Have eliminated all discussion of the Baja California and the Brazilian proposals. This leaves about 1500 words.

A follow-up message to Cobbie from the same editor at the *Examiner* said:

Reprint of Chief's radio speech for Sunday runs slightly more than 1000 words instead of 1500 as previously reported.

On a less urgent note, Hearst heard that same day, May 26, from Ed Hatrick in New York:

Saw *Young Mr. Lincoln* our second Cosmopolitan picture [through the new Fox arrangement] yesterday. Think we have a winner and would like to get your reaction when you see it. Regards.

We'll have to think back now to what Julia Morgan was getting at late in 1938 when she mentioned "Mt. Olive," the huge Spanish monastery that she knew Hearst would be selling if he could find a buyer—this on the same day, May 26, as the messages about Hearst's radio speech and the new picture *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Tom White in New York to Joe Willicombe at San Simeon:

Letter twenty-third re Mt Olive. We doing nothing. [Geoffrey] Konta in charge. [Martin] Huberth now there [California] planning discuss with

[L. J.] Burrud. Prospect never was Eastern. Plan was entirely Western but nothing materialized because [Frank] Barham [of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*] never took up with Mrs. [Estelle] Doheny. Suggest telephoning Huberth.

What a juicy, delectable lead. All in just forty or fifty words. Estelle Doheny, the widow of the Los Angeles oil man Edward L. Doheny (d. 1935) was the closest thing in the Southland to a major collector of the old-school type—this side of Hearst, that is, now that Henry Huntington had been dead since 1927. Estelle Doheny was also a devout Catholic. By 1939 she was planning to build the Edward L. Doheny Memorial Library at St. John's Seminary outside of Camarillo, working through the architect Wallace Neff.

Could Mrs. Doheny have toyed with the idea of re-erecting Hearst's monastery as part of her plans? Why not. The setting near Camarillo, though not as breathtaking or as purely Hearstian as the one in Tuna Canyon along the Malibu coast, is lovely and serene. Again, one need only look at what was done in the 1950s in North Miami Beach, Florida, with the Santa Maria de Sacramenia cloister to realize that such a prospect isn't fantastic or farfetched.

Hearst to Darryl Zanuck on May 29, brief and to the point:

I enjoyed your Lincoln picture greatly. I hope it meets with a splendid success.

Young Mr. Lincoln was slated for general release on June 9.

Hearst remained an active, vital part of the film industry, in every way that he could. Joe Willicombe to Joe Connolly of King Features Syndicate, New York, on June 1, 1939:

Chief instructed yesterday [to] telephone you message below—New York said you in Chicago—Chicago said you in New York—so telegraphing [instead].

“I feel that with Jimmy Fidler [Jimmie Fidler] added to other cinema features of opposition our paper now inferior. This is important in cinema town. Please get Fidler [a gossip columnist] for our papers. We will give up some other things. WR.”

The allusion here could be to one thing only: the *Los Angeles Times*, which now also had Hedda Hopper, who’d long been part of the Hearst-Davies circle during the film career she’d finally outgrown. That and the stature of Jimmie Fidler were further examples of how Hearst was losing his grip somewhat in the “cinema town” that he’d done his part to build.

He’d been at least a part-time Angeleno, remember, from way back, counting from 1903 when he established the *Examiner* as the alternative morning daily, a municipal voice that could shout as loudly as Harrison Gray Otis did through the *Times*, but with a different agenda (read: often a lot more liberal) behind all the noise and clamor that the press lords could stir up.

The Angeleno in Hearst is evident from something that Willicombe told the *Examiner* that same day, June 1, 1939:

Thanks for message on sour dough French bread. Will let you know how Chief likes samples and his further wishes.

He asked tonight that you send up samples also from Chasen’s [Restaurant] on Beverly Boulevard, and from the “Old French Bakery” which he says is located in the French Quarter of Los Angeles.

The old French Quarter in Los Angeles . . . Hearst was really dating himself with that one, turning the clocks back to an earlier day. But he was right. There *had* been such a neighborhood, near the intersection of Alameda and Commercial streets, just south of the area that by 1939 was being displaced by Union Station.

The screenwriter John Farrow, better known to most today (insofar as he’s remembered at all) as the father of Mia Farrow, wired Hearst at San Simeon on Sunday, June 4:

Permit me to thank you for the appearance in today's *Examiner* of Father [Arthur D.] Spearman's timely and much needed article in which he reviews the Communistically tinged *Grapes of Wrath*.

So Hearst wasn't alone. The genius named John Steinbeck was ahead of his time or behind his time—or something. He was no mainstreamer, in any case, in 1939, especially not to a man like Hearst in his late seventies. John Farrow, however, was only thirty-five, seven years younger than Marion even, a man the same age as Hearst's oldest son, George. Toadyism on Farrow's part? Perhaps. You'll have to decide, so numerous, so intricate are the connections, the parallels, the contrasts throughout these archival glimpses.

Joe Connolly of King Features got back to Hearst on June 6 about Jimmie Fidler:

You can get Fidler for Detroit, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Albany, San Antonio, Syracuse and Milwaukee. Detroit at fifty dollars [per week], Pittsburgh forty. Prices generally too high.

My objection to Fidler is same as that voice[d] by Warners, Columbia and other motion picture companies who have complained to me about Fidler in [*New York Daily*] *Mirror* on ground that his material damaging to movie industry considering the amount of movie advertising.

Our editors have not felt it advisable to use the column, which frequently knocks movie producers and stars and industry. Of course this can be edited out if you want Fidler for your papers.

Hearst replied to Connolly later the same day:

Those producers [like Warners] complained bitterly about [Sidney] Skolsky too. However, do not want to antagonize them. Will try to ginger up Erskine Johnson. Never mind Fidler.

On Saturday, June 10, Willicombe dispatched to all the papers an editorial that Hearst and Charlie Ryckman had collaborated on:

An excellent motion picture, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, has been made from one of the early chapters of the beautiful American story of the beloved Lincoln.

The story of Abraham Lincoln, while the subject of a thousand books, seems never to be fully told.

Whatever act of Lincoln is recalled, whatever word of Lincoln is remembered, whatever incident of his living is recited, we are incalculably enriched.

To tap this inestimable source of wealth is a fine American service.

This country, rich in legend, rich in history, rich in romantic and patriotic lives spent in its service, has many inexhaustible sources of inspiration and tradition.

But the Lincoln story, in whatever part of it a pen is dipped, unfailingly imparts understanding of this humble man of the ages and inevitably improves and inspires those privileged to look into his life.

The picture, *Young Mr. Lincoln*, deals with the period of Lincoln's early manhood during which he grounded himself in the study of the law, encountering and overcoming the difficulties which beset all his endeavors throughout his life, and culminates in the famous murder trial of the Clay brothers.

It is a good, patriotic subject, patriotically handled.

It is good propaganda FOR AMERICANISM.

It is very different from the pictures which so many studios produce that are propaganda NOT for Americanism but for one alienism and against another alienism.

The motion picture industry has spent entirely too much time and effort carrying on foreign propaganda and imposing bitter alien antagonisms on our peaceful people.

They have sought by the very violence of their treatment of specific foreign philosophies to appear to be American, and have fallen into the habit of condemning one alienism by supporting another—which of course is NOT AMERICANISM.

Americanism does not consist of merely opposing some foreignism.

American is a positive, not a negative, ism.

The mask of Americanism is being worn by too many
PRETENDERS.

Fascists are pretending to be Americans by being against Communism, while advocating and suggesting utterly un-American philosophies of their own.

Communists similarly masquerade as Americans by the violence of their opposition to Fascism, while promoting and fostering and nourishing their own un-American creed.

These pretenders merely select one alienism to support and another to oppose, and they are equally dangerous to America and equally UNAMERICAN.

Americans do not have to look abroad for inspiration and example.

They have their own century and a half of American experience with democracy and tolerance and justice and true Americanism from which to draw inspiration.

They have their own glorious history upon which to base their pride and appreciation.

They have their own patriotic lives, spent in unselfish and devoted loyalty to the cause of American freedom, process and prosperity, to expound and expand in legend and story.

It is like going from a garden into the barren wilderness in search of beauty, to overlook the splendid American history and traditions and seek foreign principles, philosophies and institutions for Americans to emulate.

Let us have more AMERICAN motion pictures, and more American historical themes patriotically presented, and more inspiring American lives and heroes and patriots and statesmen glorified and held as examples before our people.

We are infinitely rich in American example and achievement.

We are fabulously endowed with wholesome American history and tradition.

We are singularly blessed with American heritage and opportunity.

Let us not squander heritage or dissipate opportunity by ignoring or neglecting them, while foolishly giving our attention and allegiance to alienisms which are wholly incapable of increasing human happiness, and which can only reduce and eventually extinguish the American chance for peace and happiness and security.

Hearst got a welcome dose of patriotism on Flag Day, June 14 (which he thought should be declared a national holiday)— this from Jack Lait of his *New York Daily Mirror*:

Just completed highly impressive Flag Day broadcast running 45 minutes under *Mirror* auspices with notable singers and speakers. This is first of series of four on the following two Wednesdays [the 21st and the 28th] and reaching a climax on July 4.

Next Wednesday we have Kate Smith singing “God Bless America” as she did at the White House, together with patriotic speakers and entertainers. The following Wednesday Sophie Tucker and patriotic speakers.

July 4 we will have a theatre for broadcast, admission by coupon, and will have public officials and all-star patriotic entertainment, including George M. Cohan, Harry Richman and an opera star to sing “The Star Spangled Banner.”

This will originate over WOR, biggest local [radio] station in the country, and be piped into other outlets along the eastern seaboard. This is our contribution to the patriotic significance of this period, in addition to supporting strongly from the first day the *[New York] Journal-American’s* citizenship rally.

Likewise on June 14 but on the local front—we needn’t lose sight of Santa Monica through this stretch—Willicombe got word from the Los Angeles office, as follows:

At Connie’s instruction [that of Constantine Fox, caretaker at the Beach House] a Beverly Hills employment agency wants me to furnish transportation for a butler to the ranch tomorrow. Presume this is O.K.

And from Ella Williams that same day, June 14, a surprising message by Hearst’s usual standards:

Shipping tonight *Son of Frankenstein* return Universal Studio.

On June 19, Hearst could tell Dick Berlin something that *Time* magazine wouldn’t have cared to hear, not after its “Dusk at Santa Monica” smear back in March:

The magazine profits are immensely gratifying. Thanks.

Let's not forget the monastery at this juncture either—Santa Maria de Ovila, the so-called Mount Olive ensemble that, were history writ differently, might yet be standing as a museum high in Tuna Canyon, near Malibu, or possibly on a pleasant knoll in the Camarillo area. This from Louella Parsons to Joe Willicombe on June 21:

Am doing everything I can about monastery. Would be better if you could give me idea of price best to you.

Willicombe had the following to tell Hearst's editors that same day, the Chief being broad-minded and thick skinned about Warner Bros. in that studio's better moments, never mind that he and Marion had moved on—and had taken their Cosmopolitan Bungalow with them:

Chief instructs to give good notices and print some pictures about Warner Brothers production, *The Man Who Dared* [better known as *City in Terror*].

“Commend it,” Chief says—“say that it is a good American picture and a relief from the Communist propaganda that we see on the screen.”

It was nearly time for Hearst, Marion, and the entire party to relocate to Wyntoon for the summer, as Willicombe informed one and all on Tuesday, June 28:

Mr. Hearst plans to be at his place,—“Wyntoon,” McCloud, Siskiyou County, California, next Sunday [July 2].

Will you therefore change the address on the [news]papers you send him immediately to McCloud, Siskiyou County, California, sending no more to San Simeon until further requested.

Have not included Los Angeles and San Francisco, as I have communicated with Mr. [Charles] Mayer and Mr. [Richard] Carrington regarding the San Francisco and Los Angeles papers respectively.

Except for a week-long trip to Chicago in early September, the Hearst-Davies entourage would spend the second half of 1939 at Wyntoon. They wouldn't leave the place until right after Christmas, with the plan of spending New Year's at the Beach House in Santa Monica, there to celebrate Marion's forty-third birthday.