Hearst and Pearl Harbor
A Memoir in 41 Parts

by Taylor Coffman

Part 1 DAILY NEWSPAPERS routinely include a corrections box. This journalistic tradition goes way back; in fact, it originated more than a century ago in the better media. Never mind how the *National Enquirer* goes about its strange business. From *The New York Times* down to hundreds of other mainstream papers in this country, misspelled names or erroneous dates get corrected quickly, very often the next day. Freedom of the press is a basic American right, to be sure—but it's also a serious matter of public trust, not to be lightly invoked.

Magazines handle such matters differently. By appearing once a week or, in many instances, just once a month, their corrections tend to be stale when they finally appear. They do get published, though, if only "for the record."

With books it's another story. In the realm of nonfiction a given edition of a biography or a historical work may have one appearance only, extending over many years before its backlog "sells through." A good while ago my book about San Simeon called *Hearst's Dream* was denounced by a nervous bureaucrat; and thus its lengthy ban in the Hearst Castle gift shop. Denied its main market, the first printing of 5,000 copies took 17 years to deplete, from 1989 to 2006. There was no feasible way to make updates to all those shrink-wrapped bundles, each comprising 10 copies. Not until about 2005 was it realistic to make any factual repairs before a second printing would finally be ordered. Other books sell much faster, of course, than the original

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Hearst's Dream. The more successful titles go into later printings and, if enough changes or improvements are made en route, into updated versions that can rightly be called new editions. Ideally, that's how the history game works: an author learns of discrepancies, finds ways to rectify them, and sets about righting the ship before it can do any more sinking.

Daily newspapers and periodical magazines aren't my focus here. Both of those media will keep making their errors—and their corrections—with reasonable speed. It's the sluggish and obdurate realm of nonfiction books that affects me more.

Waiting 17 years to mend fences may be atypical. But what about those instances where corrections that *could* have been made and *should* have been made at shorter intervals are simply ignored? In other words, where the reprint presses are allowed to run with little if anything new having been done? This is frankly more the norm than the exception. Revisions and adjustments take time, as many a harried author will attest. Some of those changes are a relief to make. Yet too often they're a burden, a troublesome bore. In such cases it helps to have the publisher hold a gun to the writer's head: by no lesser means is the new work apt to be done.

In the field of Hearstiana—my longtime specialty—the greatest error lodged in the final 30 years of William Randolph Hearst's life stems from Pearl Harbor in 1941. (He'll figure as W. R. Hearst or simply as Hearst from here on.) Previously, the nature and timing of the man's art collecting, and its bearing on his progress at San Simeon through Julia Morgan, was a huge challenge, replete with the most glaring discrepancies. But those matters have long since been resolved to nearly everyone's satisfaction; I know, having been at the center of what my longtime editor, John Porter, a Castle guide since 1971, endearingly regards as "the Coffman revolution." Primary documentation was our manifesto. No end of secondary sources—biographies, history books, and the like—could have carried the day as firmly. Plus we had

the Castle compound itself as a major witness. Architecturally and in other ways, the grand old buildings provided endless clues the closer we looked. It reminded me of what a famous photographer and wordsmith, Minor White, said years ago about his riveting work:

> For technical data—the camera was faithfully used.

Two days before I started writing *Hearst and Pearl Harbor* in October 2012, I heard from a close colleague named Dennis Judd. We go back a good ways—to 1975, when I was a young guide at Hearst Castle and Dennis, younger still and brand new to the job, gave his first tours, partly under my tutelage (a case of the blind leading the blind). Dennis has since gone on to teach U.S. History at Cuesta College, San Luis Obispo. Together, we produced an unprecedented Hearst Symposium in 2005 at Cuesta, a day-long event sponsored by Will Hearst III. A man my age (born in 1949), Will is a grandson of W. R. Hearst and someone whose name will crop up again in these numbered parts. When I told Dennis what I was planning to write—an essay on historical veracity, not knowing then how far I'd be going with it—he offered a short but telling reply:

> Accuracy is at the root of what we do. I am amazed, in fact very upset, at how often major textbooks get basic facts wrong.

I don't read textbooks. I get my history by other means. Yet I'm as amazed as Dennis is at how some writers who ought to know better are so often prone to error—and to doing nothing about it. No revisions, no updates, no methodical rewrites. On such a note as that, I should dedicate the remaining 40 parts in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor* to Dennis Judd and also to Will Hearst, two people of lasting importance to me. The names of several other people will appear as we continue.

There surely remain hills to climb in clarifying the Hearstian details connected with the Pearl Harbor attack in 1941 and its aftermath—hence this new book, one that's no longer the mere essay it originally was. A major point is that, in writing biography (despite its

chronic limitations), authors ideally need to know where their subjects were at every crucial turn. Yet a day-to-day recounting of someone's life can be impossible. Nonetheless, with the more salient events of the 1920s, when Hearst got going at San Simeon, and up to his death in 1951, his whereabouts need to be determined almost minutely. Where was he, for instance, when the Great Crash occurred on Wall Street in October 1929? Or in July 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt captured the Democratic nomination in Chicago?

Above all for these three decades following World War I, where was Hearst on the morning of December 7, 1941? Why is this famous date of surpassing concern? In part it's because the Hearst fortune wasn't overly dependent on the stock market and, more so (with a passing nod to the kingly FDR), because Pearl Harbor is arguably much larger by American historical standards—larger, that is, than those two other events I've just mentioned. We should want to know what Hearst was up on that "date which will live in infamy," much as we should want to know what President George W. Bush was doing on the morning of 9/11 in 2001. In between 1941 and 2001 falls November 22, 1963. Everyone of sufficient age recalls certain details of that shocking Friday in Dallas.

Part 2 THE PEARL HARBOR QUESTION might be of only passing importance were it not for the account given by Marion Davies in her often boozy memoirs, tape-recorded in 1951 starting shortly before Hearst died. Frivolous one minute yet surprisingly insightful the next, Marion's words have been cited in many books, as though an oracle had spoken. And yet a careful study of *The Times We Had: Life with William Randolph Hearst,* a hardcover expensively published in 1975, discloses that part of Marion's famous "bubbly" style stemmed from her tendency to fib and tell fanciful tales. Or to put it less politely, her occasional tendency to be a brazen liar. She admitted as much in her recording sessions. It seems she'd always been loose with facts, a trait handed down by her father, Bernard Douras (who still managed to serve as a New York City magistrate in the 1920s). Marion's recounting in Chapter 4, for example, of Charles Lindbergh's presence in New York in 1927, right after his famous flight, is beyond merely coy and absurd. It's almost inane when measured against the well-established details of what Lindy did during the week of June 12-18 that year, a period when Hearst and Marion (as the couple is now well known) were also in Manhattan.

Marion further said in her memoirs that she and Hearst had been at San Simeon in 1941, on the very day that Pearl Harbor was hit. Those weren't her exact words; she was usually more roundabout and allusive. What she recounted in her typical style appeared as the opening of Chapter 12, toward the end of *The Times We Had,* published not quite 15 years after she died in 1961. "We hadn't been to Wyntoon for a long time," began the most influential passage in her book, "until the war started." She meant World War II, of course:

> We were told to get out of San Simeon, so we went.

It all sounded plausible enough. Few if any questioned her when her testimonial of the early 1950s appeared between two covers in 1975 and soon became a bestseller in the Hearst Castle gift shop. In reality,

though, Hearst and Marion had been staying at Wyntoon extensively since 1937, when Hearst's media empire almost came crashing down. That northern California estate was cheaper to staff and operate than San Simeon. Also, Wyntoon was harder for process servers to find or encroach upon, the Chief (as Hearst was often called) being embroiled in awkward legalities by the late 1930s. As Marion herself wrote to Bing Crosby later in December 1941, soon after Pearl Harbor, "Please come and stay with us in a haven of safety. The Japs don't know this place." No, the Japanese didn't know about Wyntoon and its picturesque Bavarian Village, and neither did most others that the Chief was successfully eluding.

But the Davies-Crosby message didn't surface until the early 2000s, when Will Hearst III acquired the archive that it's part of, a historical trove unsuspected by the outside world until 2008. Its debut was linked to a second symposium, held that year at the esteemed Huntington Library ("Moguls, Millionaires & Movie Stars" was its theme). Will and I produced a limited-edition keepsake called *The Unknown Hearst: 1941;* however, its pages cover the first half only of 1941—the period that saw the RKO movie *Citizen Kane* being quietly released (its cultish fame lay well ahead yet).

As for the new archive now in Will's care, it's formally called the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection. The George so-named was the oldest son of W. R. Hearst and his wife, Millicent; Rosalie was George's last wife and long-awaited true love. George and Rosalie acquired the material (then in a raw state) in the early 1960s. The couple retrieved the telegrams and other papers from the San Simeon warehouses and took them home to Palm Springs. Still mostly untouched, the material passed into the hands of Will Hearst III a good 40 years later. Will had me process and catalog the archive; we went on to digitize it in 2004 and 2005. The telecommunications alone—the historical heart and soul of "G. & R. Hearst"—comprise roughly 50,000 images, an imposing body of information by any standard.

Part 3 PRECEDING PEARL HARBOR in 1941, W. R. Hearst and Marion Davies had been at Wyntoon since April that year, having moved there from San Simeon more than seven months before the attack in Hawaii. Going backward along the time line from spring 1941, we now know, thanks especially to G. & R. Hearst, that they'd been in Mexico in March that winter and, right beforehand, at Wyntoon in January and February, despite the snowy weather. Again, San Simeon's over-the-top expenses and the prospect of disruptive legal action had kept them increasingly away from the Central Coast, ever since the near-implosion in 1937. The only reason they'd spent as much time as they had at San Simeon in the first half of 1940 is that the McCloud River had flooded, much to Wyntoon's soggy grief. Otherwise, from late in 1937 through the Pearl Harbor attack four years later, that sylvan retreat had increasingly been the couple's home. It would continue to be so through most of 1942, much of 1943, and almost all of 1944.

Why all the fuss, though, over where Hearst was at a given moment during these years, late in the Great Depression and well into World War II? Simply because the Chief is a major biographical subject. His comings and goings over as many as seven years—1937 through 1944—can't be overlooked or remain misunderstood without doing his life story a good deal of injustice. And if certain facts and details are wrong, they greatly need to be corrected, as was once true of his poorly explained art collecting. So goes history according to the Western canon that Dennis Judd and I and many others believe in. Moreover, well-aligned and established facts precede thoughtful interpretation. You can't have the latter without the former.

A prime example dates from December 23, 1941, some two weeks after Pearl Harbor. A domestic oil tanker named the *Montebello* was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine, not far off the coast of San Simeon. Hearst, vaguely thought for the longest time to be tarrying at San Simeon, finally decided he'd better quit the coast—pronto. And thus up to Wyntoon did he and Marion go.

Of course they did no such thing. They were already there, had been since back in April (except for a short trip to San Francisco in May and another to Santa Monica in November). So goes the story, at any rate, with the *Montebello* episode having gained belated prominence in Hearstiana in recent years. Alas, that ship and its misfortune are mostly tangential with regard to Hearst and Marion. Only once in the G. & R. Hearst Collection is its sinking mentioned, in very quick passing (and not by name at that). Undoubtedly, in being at Wyntoon already, Hearst and Marion, plus their entourage (collectively "the folks"—from Hearst's level on down), weren't about to head back to San Simeon after December 7. The prospect of further Japanese aggression along the coast would obviously have been a reinforcing device: proof positive that Hearst and his lady love had made a providential choice by digging in at Wyntoon earlier in 1941. We can say that much at least.

In Hearstian terms, however, a virtual non-event like the *Montebello* doesn't clarify the record. Instead, it clouds things unduly. It hasn't much business being mentioned in a biographical context, the gravity of that December episode aside. Hearst and Marion were at Wyntoon then, period. They'd been there for a good while and wouldn't be returning to the Central Coast anytime soon. In fact, they didn't reappear there until November 1944. That moment in the mid-1940s is better understood by those who've written about San Simeon and its creator—much better, that is, than events of December 1941. But by no means is late 1944 unanimously in focus. We'll be returning several times to the period of that key juncture, to the months right before World War II finally ended.

Meanwhile, the anatomy of 1941 and the early wartime period—vis-à-vis Hearst and Marion—begs for a careful physical to be performed on its historical corpus.

Part 4 LATE IN 1952, the year after Hearst died, a biography by the prolific John Tebbel appeared. This was the same author who, from 1972 to 1981, would produce *A History of Book Publishing in the United States* in four stout volumes, no minor feat. During his long career Tebbel would also write, among many other books, *The Media in America* (1974); *The Press and the Presidency* (1985); and *Turning the World Upside Down* (1993), his swan-song take on the American Revolution. Much earlier, again in 1952, Tebbel's book *The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst*—his ninth effort, said his publisher, E. P. Dutton & Co. (for whom Tebbel had formerly been an associate editor)—was a lively read yet in many ways a frustrating one. Its chapters were laid out thematically, not chronologically.

Nonetheless, the discerning Frank Luther Mott, a renowned media scholar credited with coining the term "photojournalism," offered glowing words while discussing *The Life and Good Times* as a newly published title, his forum being the magazine *Saturday Review:*

> The Tebbel book must be recognized at once as the best of the several biographies of Hearst. It is extremely readable, it is comprehensive, and it presents the assets and liabilities in the balance-sheet of WRH, his life and character, with apparent candor.

Mott was alluding to four books in citing the previous full-length portrayals of Hearst's life. First there'd been the one in 1928 by the happy-go-lucky John K. Winkler. Then in 1936 no fewer than three biographies had appeared, all in that same year that saw Hearst turning 73: the left-leaning work by Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates; the indulgent, authorized number by Mrs. Fremont Older; and the scowling dismissal by Ferdinand Lundberg. The titles and certain other details of those books will be mentioned later; for now, the moment still belongs to Frank Luther Mott. A paragraph earlier in his review of Tebbel's book in 1952, he'd called it "a full-rounded biography" and had also said:

> It has not been whipped up in the fifteen months since Hearst's death [August 1951], for the author had been working on it for several years before his subject laid himself down to die in Marion Davies's Beverly Hills mansion.

Mott had more to say. His review is a key piece of Hearstiana from the fifties decade. Today, though, some 60 years later, the fact remains that anyone looking for helpful footnotes needn't consult Tebbel: his biography of Hearst never had any. However, Tebbel did include a brief but useful bibliographical essay. It confirmed the author's seriousness, foreshadowing his four volumes on book publishing (Mott himself had already published a multi-volume history of American magazines). "The facts have been checked as carefully as is humanly possible," Tebbel said in *The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst;* but then he added, "the Hearst organization refused any cooperation in this respect."

If documents like the future George & Rosalie Hearst Collection had been at his disposal, Tebbel surely wouldn't have written what follows, found in his opening pages. He was speaking of the Chief with regard to the 1930s and '40s—and evidently nothing he said there seemed off kilter to Frank Luther Mott. There's no reason it should have. Mott was a Midwesterner who, we can safely assume, had seen none of Hearst's business or personal papers. Here, at any rate, is what Tebbel had to say about his biographical subject in a key passage that virtually launched the book:

> It was natural he should have sought peace there [at Wyntoon] in his old age, after the financial alarums of the thirties and the patriotic excursions of that decade and the next. In those turbulent years he had no opportunity to visit Wyntoon until sometime during the war, when it was suggested that San Simeon would be in easy range of a Japanese warship standing off the California coast.

> Whether it was this consideration or others which prompted the action, Hearst left the Enchanted Hill and spent a good part of his time at Wyntoon for the duration [of World War II] and a few months after.

Tebbel may thus have sealed Hearst's historical fate for a long time to come—or at least for the next several years (with W. A. Swanberg's reinforcing and mostly superseding help as of 1961). As we'll be seeing, some Hearstiana specialists who should have been better attuned were still, to a great degree, replaying some of these lines from *The Life and Good Times* early in the next century, long after that immediately post-mortem biography was published.

Part 5 FRANK LUTHER MOTT'S *Saturday Review* assessment of John Tebbel's new book appeared under "Treacherous Titan," a heading that applied to another work bearing the same publication date, 1952. The result was "rapidly accumulating Hearstiana," as Mott described it. "These are interesting books," he rousingly said at the outset, "if you are at all curious about William Randolph Hearst and what made him tick." Mott assured his readers that they "ought to be curious" because of the great power Hearst had wielded.

The flip side of Tebbel in this two-part case was a compilation by Edmond D. Coblentz, a Hearst insider of long standing who knew uniquely of what he spoke. As for the impetus behind this other book of 1952, Mott played off of Coblentz's foreword in saying:

> It occurred to him that he could put together some of the letters he had received from the man he delighted to call "the Chief." . . . This he has done with restraint and good judgment.

Tastefully entitled *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words,* the Coblentz volume can be as challenging to use as Tebbel's book; it likewise contains no source notes per se. But many of its excerpts are either dated or, with the help of latter-day archives, readily datable. Cobbie, as the *Portrait's* editor was widely known, was a Californian (born in the Central Coast town of Santa Maria); he'd worked for Hearst since 1900. During the years that concern us, he was supervising editor of all the Hearst newspapers (1937–1940). Then he was publisher of the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin,* the Hearst evening paper in that city (1940–1950). Finally, from 1950 until his death in 1959, Cobbie bore the elder-statesman title of Editorial Consultant to the Hearst Papers.

And thus E. D. Coblentz was someone who in a year like 1941 knew where Hearst was every day. As the Chief's constant sounding board and troubleshooter, it was incumbent upon him to stay fully informed. When Hearst, Marion, and the folks visited Mexico in March

1941, Cobbie was left in charge of all Hearst newspaper operations, nationwide. As for his take on Pearl Harbor and what it meant to the Chief, he didn't bother to say where his man was that morning. Maybe he thought it didn't matter much or perhaps even that it went without saying. Instead, what Cobbie did was to make the debacle in Hawaii the subject of his latest Hearstian excerpt in Chapter 19 of *A Portrait in His Own Words*, the one headed "Preparedness and Peace." He thereby wrote:

> The day following Pearl Harbor, Mr. Hearst abruptly ended his fight against foreign involvement and urged an all-out effort to win the war.

In fact, it was on December 7 itself that Hearst made his about-face; after all, he had his next day's editions—17 papers from East Coast to West—tensely awaiting word from on high. The Chief had been writing a column of late called "In the News." ITN (the in-house shorthand) appeared several days every week, with intermittent relief provided by various contributors. One of these was Charles Ryckman, Hearst's favorite editorial writer since 1936. Ryck (it rhymed with Rick) worked directly under E. D. Coblentz in San Francisco. Together, Cobbie and Ryck were at Hearst's beck and call; in fact, Hearst had moved both men out from New York in 1940 for his home-turf benefit.

So it wasn't only Cobbie who would have known implicitly where the Chief was on any given day. Ryckman also knew. At times Ryck connected directly with the head man, without having to go through Cobbie, so trusted were his editorial skills (Ryckman had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1931 while working on a paper in Nebraska).

As the weekend of December 6-7 approached, Hearst was slowing his daily pace somewhat; he could resume his ITN rigors soon enough, thanks to having Charlie Ryckman and others as pinch hitters. And thus for Monday morning, December 8, what Hearst called a "wonderful article" by Ryck on "the continued observance of Bible Week in America" was slated to run placidly on page one, far left, where the

Chief's own words routinely appeared. The Monday in question, as forecasted earlier in the month, would no doubt be of little moment. Of far greater concern all the while was the situation in Chicago. There, on Thursday, December 4, Marshall Field had finally launched his new daily newspaper, a daringly left-wing broadsheet named the *Sun.* The other papers in the Windy City—Hearst's *Herald-American* among them—had been nervously waiting and watching. Field had millions to spend and wasn't about to be silenced, not by Robert McCormick of the mighty *Tribune* or by anyone else in that lakeside town.

And then came the startling news from Hawaii. All bets favoring a leisurely Sunday were off. The Chief and his dynamo of a secretary, Joe Willicombe, snapped to attention and got right to work. Had Hearst been anywhere else but at Wyntoon then, and especially had he been at San Simeon, nervously eyeing the wide Pacific, his actions that day may well have been different. There's no point in visualizing or speculating along those lines—beyond imagining the man hunched over his desk, probably in the house called Brown Bear in Wyntoon's Bavarian Village, thick pencil in hand. Chances are, he wrote for much of the midday and into the late afternoon. Ryck was busy as well in San Francisco, holed up in the hotel room where he normally worked. So much for Bible Week: the Chief needed a mainstream editorial now for the Monday papers, not just his own ITN take on Pearl Harbor.

By early that Sunday evening, Hearst and Willicombe were ready to make the teleprinter hum, its dateline of "Wyntoon, Cal., Dec 7, 1941" appearing at the head of each message they sent. The Colonel (as Willicombe was honorarily known) alerted all the papers around the country at 6:03 p.m. with WX1, as the first outgoing item was coded:

> Chief instructs to print the editorial by Ryckman which is now going to you on the back page of the first section with plenty of patriotic color—eagle, shield, and flags.

> THE EDITORIAL IS TO BE PRINTED IN EXTRA LARGE TYPE AND EASILY READ MEASURE [COLUMN WIDTH] TO FILL THE WHOLE PAGE.

As for Hearst's own part in the urgent preparations, Colonel Willicombe had these words to add:

> Chief has written special "In the News" column on the Japanese war situation which is to be printed on first page in the usual first-column position.
>
> It is to be signed WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.
>
> It will be on the wire shortly.

"Shortly" may have been within 10 or 12 minutes. Come 6:17 p.m., the Colonel was dispatching WX5, his fifth communication in that evening's series. Its content is surprising:

> Chief instructs to kill George Rothwell Brown and [Benjamin] Decasseres columns sent you [in recent days] for issue of Monday—also to kill any and all controversial material relating to Japan and the war situation.

This is when being a Hearst publisher or managing editor could be acutely challenging, not to mention agonizing. The Chief was telling his charges to use their best judgment with "controversial material." Where exactly to draw the line? Some operatives had the magic touch more than others; indeed, some of the less-gifted ones could never get such orders right. And now it was a full-scale *war* that the Lord of Wyntoon was concerned about. Everyone had to think fast and hope for the best.

Hearst kept writing. Willicombe kept dispatching. Hearst normally worked alone; the Colonel shuttled back and forth as the Chief's personal courier, each providing the other with the newest details. It was no different at a glance from any other afternoon-evening session; this was how they'd worked together for many years, since 1916 in

Willicombe's case. The latter's message coded WX10 went forth from the banks of the McCloud at 8:55 p.m.:

> Chief would like to carry the eagle and flags in color across the vignette on first page for about a week more—also would like you to be prepared to use color after that when an occasion of victory or something of the kind justifies.

"Vignette" was an old newspaper term. Also called a nameplate, the words "Monarch of the Dailies," accompanied by their artwork in the masthead of Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner,* were one example. "Equal Rights—Liberty Under the Law—True Industrial Freedom" stood as another example, used years earlier by Hearst's Southland nemesis, the *Los Angeles Times.*

As for Cobbie's recounting of what happened on Sunday the 7th, he quoted the Chief's ITN column for the papers of December 8. Its staccato of short paragraphs, each a "pep" sentence in the best London tabloid style, was destined for fame in Hearstian terms. The column began with:

> Well, fellow Americans, we are in the war and we have got to win it.
>
> There may have been some difference of opinion among good Americans about getting into the war, but there is no difference about how we should come out of it.
>
> We must come out victorious and with the largest V in the alphabet.

With his rat-a-tat-tat approach, a good 30 or more of these discrete sentences followed suit in putting Hearst's statement across. Despite their simplistic appearance, the Chief worked hard to compose those lines, as many a surviving draft of ITN columns attest, full of cross-outs, rewrites, and other changes. Cobbie's version of 1952 in his *William Randolph Hearst* compilation should be compared with the G. & R. Hearst version of 1941. It should also be compared with what The Bancroft Library has had in its William Randolph Hearst Papers since

1977 and, likewise, what The Bancroft's Edmond D. Coblentz Papers have been enriched with even longer. On top of that, the 1952 wording should be compared with the printed column as it ran in the more prominent Hearst newspapers, the *Los Angeles Examiner* often being the gauge, the barometer. This is nitpicking textual criticism on the one hand. But consider this: the following paragraphic, stand-alone sentence appears halfway through the G. & R. Hearst version, as dispatched from Wyntoon on December 7. However, it's not included in the Coblentz book:

> And that means that as soon as we swing into action we will wash up the war.

Did the Chief call for its excision before his Sunday session ended? He may have. He often made nerve-racking changes right up until deadline with his ITN submissions; he may have done so in this case, although G. & R. Hearst contains no such evidence. All these archives are fragmentary, even spotty in places (the last hope of naysayers and Doubting Thomases). Those codings mentioned above—WX1, WX5, and WX10—aren't accompanied by WX2 or other intervening numbers; at least seven such coded messages (or portions of messages) are missing, maybe more. So who can say? No one can be entirely sure without also checking the Hearst Papers and the Coblentz Papers at The Bancroft and, once more, the Monday newspapers themselves, dated December 8, 1941.

One other place to check is the Blue Bible. That's the inside, Hearstian term for *Selections from the Writings and Speeches of William Randolph Hearst,* a compilation privately published by the Hearst interests through the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1948. A counterpart of Charlie Ryckman's in New York named E. F. Tompkins had charge of that project, which involved a nightmarish ordeal of transcription, done by typists pounding away at manual keyboards for hours on end. Less gifted than Ryck, Tompkins had been writing

editorials since the 1930s; they appeared in the *New York Journal-American* and, quite often, in all 16 Hearst papers beyond that Manhattan flagship (the reduced lineup from 1939 on through the 1940s).

Tompkins was still going at it in the 1950s; Jim Tuck, for instance, mentioned him several times in his hard-hitting *McCarthyism and New York's Hearst Press: A Study of Roles in the Witch Hunt* (1995). Tompkins, long before that, was the only man of his calling mentioned by Marion Davies in *The Times We Had.* Her memoir's Chapter 9, "Merry-Go-Round," includes these words:

> Mr. Hearst had an editorial writer in New York who wrote the general editorials. He was called Mr. Tompkins.
>
> Any extra ones that were in the papers were written by W.R. He would notify Mr. Tompkins to write about such and such a thing, just as a suggestion, and Mr. Tompkins would write it and send it to W.R., who would okay it or make some changes. You couldn't tell the difference from his own editorials. Mr. Tompkins was very used to W.R.'s style of writing.
>
> The editorials were never signed, so you never knew which was written by whom.

In fact, certain editorials and "letters" *were* signed by Hearst. In general, though, Marion was right this time. The challenge of telling Ryck's uncredited work from that of the master is especially pointed; it's less the case with the sometimes flat-footed but serviceable Tompkins. Be that as it may, the *Selections* take of 1948 through Tompkins on Hearst's Pearl Harbor column *does* include the paragraphic sentence about washing up the war. And thus why Cobbie left it out in 1952 is hard to say. It may have been a simple transcriptional error, any of those constantly short, staccato paragraphs being easy to skip.

Ever worried about the British, Hearst included this economical sentence in his dispatch of December 7:

Our main concern now is about England.

That's because what Japan had deviously done at Pearl Harbor that morning was "largely to create a diversion." The U.S., if it weren't careful, could be distracted from what still needed to be accomplished in Europe. Hearst therefore penciled this next sentence for ITN in the Monday editions of December 8:

> We will do our best to help England now, and after we have washed up Japan we can concentrate on Europe and straighten things out there.

World War II didn't play out quite like that, of course. Nonetheless, Hearst had abandoned his isolationist position with speed and conviction on Sunday the 7th, the same as Charles Lindbergh and members of the America First Committee had. E. F. Tompkins, a peculiar man in some ways, identified the Chief's pronouncement of that historic date as "England and America," this in compiling the massive *Selections* book of 1948. At least he put it in the chapter called "World War II," theoretically making it easy to find. To locate it, one merely had to have the British in mind instead of the Japanese.

These and still other points, some of them obscure, are what beg to be addressed where Hearst and Pearl Harbor Day are concerned—not whether he and Marion were at San Simeon or somewhere else then besides Wyntoon. Their whereabouts at that decisive moment are beyond any doubt, incomplete WX codings aside. No amount of handed-down, erroneous narrative, traceable from at least John Tebbel's book of 1952 and from later books by others, can reinvent the human geography that applies.

Part 6 E. D. COBLENTZ came out with a second book soon after his *Portrait* compilation. Less familiar and seldom cited, *Newsmen Speak: Journalists on Their Craft* was dated 1954, published by what was then the prim but always capable University of California Press. Hearst was naturally one of the journalists included. So were Joseph Pulitzer, E. W. Scripps, Arthur Brisbane and about 30 others, with Bill Hearst (W. R., Jr., the Chief's second son) being profiled as well. Not surprisingly, nothing was said about Pearl Harbor in 1954. Cobbie made some key points in his preface, though, that were equally applicable to his better-known volume of 1952, the one just touched upon:

> My own experience in newspaper work covers more than half a century, all of it under the Hearst flag. During this time I have had complete access to William Randolph Hearst's communications and instructions to his editors and publishers, and, as a result, the Hearst material [in *Newsmen Speak*] may seem to bulk large.

With regard to the Chief—the elder Hearst in the *Newsmen* compilation—Cobbie featured him twice. The first excerpt identified him as "founder, Hearst newspaper empire" (although the passage contained nothing highly quotable). The second excerpt, in which the Chief figured merely as "publisher" was a good deal livelier. Some of it, under "Newspaper Writing," is germane to what we've already seen of his writing style in December 1941 and will be seeing more of in the pages to come:

> I have asked a number of times [wrote Hearst] to have the reporters and correspondents on our papers use short sentences.
>
> The fault in most newspaper writing is that the reporter tries to tell everything he knows in one sentence.
>
> The result is hard reading and often hard understanding of what is written.

There were two more sentences in that passage that Cobbie selected, reinforcing Hearst's pep-style approach (which he'd brought

home from England, especially after the time he logged there in the summer of 1934).

For Bill Hearst—that "chip off the old block," as the dour Ferdinand Lundberg called him in *Imperial Hearst: A Social Biography* (1936)—Cobbie identified the Chief's most accomplished of five sons simply as "editor." The *Newsmen* excerpt begins with a credo of Bill's:

> I believe the primary function of a newspaper has been and always will be basically the same: namely, to report the news of the day; to interpret if for further enlightenment, if necessary; and, finally, for the editor to comment on it for his readers' guidance.

This single paragraph and Bill's several others in *Newsmen Speak* aren't dated. They stem, in any case, from the period after Bill Hearst switched (at his own choosing) from the business side of newspapering to the editorial side; in the former ranks, he'd been publisher of his father's *New York American* as early as age 28 in 1936; by the end of World War II he'd made the full transition to the editorial realm; in fact, after his father died in 1951, Bill became editor-in-chief of all the Hearst newspapers. These details about the long career of Bill Hearst will have greater significance for us later on in the pages of *Hearst and Pearl Harbor.*

A perusal of the Edmond D. Coblentz Papers in The Bancroft Library—an archive preceding the 1941-friendly William Randolph Hearst Papers in the same repository—shows what Cobbie meant earlier in Part 6 by "complete access," as mentioned in *Newsmen Speak.* He surely had it. A researcher who relied heavily on that choice material, before the Hearst Papers first entered The Bancroft in 1977 and much longer still before anyone knew of George and Rosalie Hearst's holdings, was Rodney P. Carlisle. There'll be more about Carlisle farther on (in Part 19) and his book of 1979, *Hearst and the*

New Deal: The Progressive as Reactionary, stemming from his history dissertation of 1965, a UC Berkeley effort.

Part 7 IN 1955, exactly ten years before Rod Carlisle earned his doctorate and right after Cobbie's *Newsmen Speak* made its quiet debut, John K. Winkler came forth with *William Randolph Hearst: A New Appraisal.* Johnnie Winkler, as many knew him, had written the first Hearst biography, published in 1928 as *W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon.* Preceded by magazine installments in *The New Yorker* in 1927, Winkler's earlier book was the one that Hearst himself, then in his mid-sixties, shrugged off with "If it doesn't tell the truth it will make me mad, and if it tells the truth it will make me sad."

Now midway through the fifties decade, come reassessment time, Winkler's second biography of the Chief was more learned, more insightful. It was partly reminiscent, however, of John Tebbel's *Life and Good Times* of 1952 in being thin on notes and in its tendency to be more thematic than chronological.

The *Saturday Review* profiled the Winkler book. Stanley Walker, late of the *New York Herald Tribune,* did the honors under "San Simeon's Great Enigma." He began by saying that the first book of 1928 was "by no means a bad job." Winkler's *New Appraisal,* he further remarked, was "an even better piece of work" about Hearst:

> Again we see the great innovator fomenting the war with Spain [in 1898], building circulation, inventing new approaches for the beguilement of the mass mind, trying desperately with uneven success to become a political power, and finally developing into a sort of sinister folk hero.

Walker had much else to add. He also mentioned Marion Davies, as Frank Luther Mott had done in 1952, calling her Hearst's "one really close friend." Nothing about Pearl Harbor or 1941, though, Walker's review being no place for those specifics. He concluded with:

> Mr. Winkler gives us, if not definitive biography or cosmic appraisal, a gaudy, star-spangled show.

One thing Walker didn't cite was what the book itself said on its jacket, which bore a reference to "letters, confidential documents, and other sources of facts not hitherto available." The book had much to recommend it, in other words.

Nonetheless, the passage of time has been unkind to Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955. It may be doomed to lasting disparagement. So thinks Daniel S. Burt in his commanding reference work of 2001, *The Biography Book: A Reader's Guide to Nonfiction, Fictional, and Film Biographies of More Than 500 of the Most Fascinating Individuals of All Time.* Burt said that both of Winkler's efforts, not just his first attempt in the 1920s at decoding Hearst, "lack sufficient critical objectivity to be trusted." This was so, Burt added, even with Winkler's reliance in 1955 on "the confidential files made available to him by the Hearst trustees and corporation."

Regardless, had W. A. Swanberg not done his skillful turn in 1961, just six years later, Winkler may have led the Hearstiana pack for quite a while, especially had his second book been updated. His *New Appraisal* went out of print instead and, where our 1941 theme is concerned, left posterity with the following passage in 1955, the heart of which anticipated the thumbs-down that Daniel Burt would eventually give Johnnie Winkler:

> With Pearl Harbor, Hearst threw himself wholeheartedly into supporting all-out war against both Germany and Japan.

Fair enough for starters, but then came this mostly farfetched portrayal by Winkler in his very next paragraph, again in 1955:

> The excitement and the action seemed to rejuvenate him. Once again Wyntoon and San Simeon throbbed with life. The master often joined his guests at his favorite pastime, croquet, and was again seen occasionally on horseback. As his financial reports assumed a rosier hue, he became more absorbed in the art catalogues which poured in from all over the world, and indulged in an occasional purchase.

The part about croquet could pass, provided Wyntoon was the setting. But Winkler was getting far ahead of himself in mentioning San Simeon the way he did. And as for Hearst's resumption of collecting in what the author implied was 1942—forget it, with the most trifling exceptions. Winkler meant to be chronological at this juncture. He cited the date November 8, 1942, in his next paragraph and, two paragraphs later, May 27, 1943. Then he spoke of July 22, 1943 and, three lines after that, January 1944. So, yes, he literally meant 1942 in saying "Wyntoon and San Simeon throbbed with life."

It matters little how he got off track. What matters is the impression John Winkler gave his readers, those who were keen on learning as much as they could about the mysterious Hearst. Here was a biography that, in its best moments, contained convincing and reliable details, presented with an insider's unique perspective; Stanley Walker's review had defensibly said as much. But surely not when it came to Hearst's life in the immediate wake of Pearl Harbor. The odd pattern, the newly established trend of making a hash of that episode—with John Tebbel most likely in the lead—was hereby reinforced three years later, albeit with a twist all its own. It's surprising in Winkler's case, "the lively oldtime Hearst reporter who turned biographer," as Stanley Walker described him. In 1941 itself, on the Chief's 78th birthday (switching now to the G. & R. Hearst archives), Winkler had sent greetings from New York:

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

True, Winkler probably didn't know that Hearst and Marion had briefly been at San Simeon after returning from Mexico in that prewar spring. Right before the Chief's birthday—on April 29, 1941—the couple had gone up to Wyntoon, evidently with the thought of staying there indefinitely (again, except for what proved to be short trips to San Francisco and Santa Monica in the months ahead). Winkler, not being

privy to Hearst's current address the way Cobbie or Charlie Ryckman were, sent the man's birthday message to Los Angeles on April 28. From there it was relayed to Wyntoon in time for the next day's festivities. These minor details come out handily in the historical wash. But not Winkler's biographical take on what typified 1942, not by a long stretch.

To whom would such a gaffe have mattered? How about the early tour guides at Hearst Castle, a new State Park facility that went public in 1958? Those pioneers had some biographies of Hearst on hand, from Winkler's first book of 1928 on through the trio of 1936 (Carlson and Bates; Mrs. Fremont Older; Ferdinand Lundberg) and of course the Tebbel and Coblentz books of 1952. They also had Winkler's second go-round and a few other key items, any of which could well seem authoritative, depending on the reader. Bob Doyle, a first-year, seasonal guide in 1958 who worked at the Castle into the early 2000s, was a Tebbel man from way back. He grazed on the two Winkler books as well and on anything else he could get. *Fortune* magazine, for instance, had run lavish spreads on Hearst in 1931 and 1935. Neither of those had any bearing on the Pearl Harbor question. Nor, obviously, did the three biographies of 1936 or, more recently, the *Life* magazine spread of 1957. But Tebbel and the reappraising Winkler had gazed toward Hawaii, as we've seen, albeit in the most indirect way. As for the ill-fated *Montebello* of late December 1941, few remembered it or even knew about it.

Hearstiana was, in large part, a backwater of California and American history as the Eisenhower fifties unfolded. Through much of that period San Simeon's remoteness sounded an unexpectant tone. The old telegrams gathering dust in the beachfront warehouses—the core of the future George & Rosalie Hearst Collection—were far from most minds, if not virtually every mind.

Part 8 ABOUT THE TIME Winkler was writing his *New Appraisal*, a bohemian painter up the coast in Big Sur named Emil White was busy exploiting a new angle: that of publicizing “the Hearst Castle” that people were increasingly hearing about, the somnolence of the local area notwithstanding. Word of the Castle’s future as a public attraction kept spreading. Today the prospect of such a venture seems almost fantastic. W. R. Hearst had died as recently as 1951. To open an ultra-private compound like San Simeon to the masses by 1958, just seven years later, would defy repetition now, with all the studies and preliminaries that would no doubt be ordered. But the 1950s were an almost bucolic time in this micro-region’s history.

Calculating and urbanely creative for such a rural man, Emil White (a native of Austria) was ready to roll as soon as 1954. That’s when he published *The Monterey Peninsula and Big Sur,* subtitled the *First Edition of The Big Sur Guide.* Later titles and edition numbers are hard to find and collate, White’s early productions being highly collectible, sought-after rarities. Suffice it to say the 1955 version of *The Monterey Peninsula and Big Sur* was called the Second Edition and included a single page on “Hearst Castle at San Simeon”:

> Plans are now underway to open this “eighth wonder of the world” to the public.
>
> According to authoritative sources, the California Division of Beaches and Parks, which will be in charge, will erect a large parking area at the highway entrance and run conducted tours by bus through the “Hearst Memorial Park.”

White added, “We hope to be able to announce the Grand Opening and further details in our next edition.” Sticking to his annual approach, he produced another deluxe, magazine-size number in 1956. Come 1957 he was calling it *The Circle of Enchantment: 3rd Annual Edition of The Big Sur Guide.* “The Fabulous Hearst Castle” now warranted 13 well-illustrated pages. The text mentioned four books for “further reading,” the most recent being John Tebbel’s *Life and Good*

Times of 1952. Winkler's first book from 1928 was included but not his new edition of 1955. Emil White himself, a jaunty, dashing figure, was shown standing bow-tied at the Neptune Pool, half-puffed cigarette aloft in hand.

By 1958 White was calling his cash cow *The Big Sur Guide to the Hearst Castle;* the words "4th Annual" appeared on the front cover (befitting future librarians and book hounds). More important, the 1958 *Guide* featured a good 30 pages on San Simeon. These included a special feature by Bill Hearst, the popular namesake son. Also, Emil White's friend Henry Miller of Big Sur got in on the act. He and White were shown standing near Casa Grande, the main building, wearing pensive looks—as though they were pondering, "What's it all *mean,* this Castle thing?" White was frankly too busy banking pages' worth of ad revenue to seek answers. If anything he was branching out. He included a full page in his 1958 edition announcing more focused coverage "In Story and Pictures" called *The Hearst Castle,* available later that year. White's address seemed quaint: "Anderson Creek, Big Sur, California." That's where he was collecting orders, priced at a dollar apiece, to be "mailed postfree."

Bill Hearst's five pages were headed "Farewell to My Father's Castle." He'd written the article in 1957, discernible from his second paragraph:

> I am writing this, sitting at my father's desk in his study on the third floor of his big castle at San Simeon. Out of the window I can look over the brown hills rolling down to the Pacific—1,500 feet below. . . .
>
> My heart is heavy and aching and the beautiful panorama gets blurry once in a while, as I know this is the last time we shall ever come here as our home. Later this year the Castle and all its treasures will be given to the State of California, and from next summer on it will be open to the public to come and see and admire.

Guides and other Castle experts were quick to notice that Bill may well have meant the Gothic Sitting Room, not the Gothic Study on the

same floor. And he should have added another 100 feet or so to his vantage point. But those were minor details. He and his wife, Austine, and their two sons would in fact keep visiting the Enchanted Hill for many more years, the smaller Casa del Mar—one of three outlying buildings near the Castle itself—being their exclusive vacation retreat until 1976. Meanwhile, back in 1957–58, Bill Hearst had more to recount for Emil White's growing audience:

> It all started some 40 years ago during the First World War. As children, my brother Jack and I—with barely two years difference in our ages—used to be sent out to my grandmother's home further north in the hills bordering the Livermore Valley.

Bill had it right. Born in 1908 to John Hearst's 1909, he and Jack (plus their older brother, George) had fond childhood memories of the Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, the grand country estate owned by Phoebe Apperson Hearst near Pleasanton, just inland from the San Francisco Bay Area. Their youngest brothers, twins born in 1915, had less to recall of the Pleasanton days Bill was speaking of. His "Farewell" to San Simeon continued:

> About 1917, Father had set up a half a dozen brown canvas tents up here on the hill. Each had a bedroom at either end and a little sitting room in between. A much larger tent, perhaps 60 x 20 feet, served as a combination dining room and central living room.

Bill went on to tell more, his nostalgic memoir being the work of a man who would soon turn 50. His mind was sharp and practiced then, his recollections abundant and often spot-on. True, he said nothing about the late 1930s and his father's move to Wyntoon—or about anything as off-key for the moment as Pearl Harbor. The point here is that he would touch on such things much later, his book *The Hearsts: Father and Son* being a product of 1991, when Bill was 83. We'll be seeing what a difference the passage of more than 30 years could make.

Emil White himself took pen in hand for the 1958 edition of his *Big Sur Guide to the Hearst Castle.* He'd done the same for the '57 edition, but this time his essay "The Fabulous Hearst Castle" was longer and more richly detailed. A section from what he'd first offered in 1957 carried over as follows:

> Incidentally, it may be apropos to relate here that George Bernard Shaw, who disdained "materialistic America" and swore never to step on its "gold paved streets," once had to fly through the country. San Simeon was his only overnight stop on this country's soil. Mr. Hearst sent one of his own planes to pick him up and bring him to the Enchanted Hill.

The date, unmentioned by White, was March 1933; Hearst's oldest son, George, was the pilot; he flew Shaw and his wife from San Francisco to San Simeon—"through the country," as White strangely put it (perhaps reflecting his Austrian heritage).

White's "apropos" story continued on this eye-catching note; again, it had first appeared in 1957 and was recycled in 1958:

> Of Marion Davies, whose photographs Mr. Shaw took home, he remarked, "Marion is by far the most attractive of the stars who are not really eighteen."

Shaw's visit early in 1933 had been pending for a while. The G. & R. Hearst Collection contains a short but very telling wire from Shaw to Hearst, sent by the famous playwright from London to San Simeon on November 29, 1932:

> Accept most joyfully. We like flying. Letter follows.

Shaw, in his more serious moments (he could be grandly facetious), thought Hearst should be President of the United States, a sentiment not lost for a second on the Chief. The Englishman had most recently said as much in 1931. But with regard to Marion in Emil White's early numbers, the two excerpts just above are the extent of it. She'd warranted several mentions by John Tebbel in his *Life and Good*

Times biography of 1952, nothing at all in the Coblentz *Portrait* the same year, followed by a reasonably fair hearing in Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955. Hearst Castle, at any rate, was poised by 1958 to yield good returns for anyone who got in on the ground floor. Questions of where Hearst had been when Pearl Harbor was hit, and likewise what befell the tanker *Montebello* in 1941, were surely far from people's minds during the heyday of Emil White.

Part 9 IN 1958 AS WELL, in time for that first summer's tours, the California Historical Society took what amounted to big-city action. A painter like the bohemian White—in Big Sur, of all places—shouldn't be allowed to steal the show. The new State Monument could use a small book, a quality souvenir. Thus did the respected Society rise to the occasion. A renowned historian, Oscar Lewis, was recruited; so was a master printer in San Francisco named Lawton Kennedy. They both had years of good books to their credit. If William Randolph Hearst seemed to any Bay Area patricians a questionable subject, a man mired in lasting controversy well beyond the grave, those people could look the other way for now while Lewis and Kennedy did their unprejudiced turn, the same as Emil White was shrewdly doing. Besides, the artist Mallette Dean was on board in San Francisco, and so was a good photographer, Philip Negus Frasse.

Fabulous San Simeon: A History of the Hearst Castle appeared in paperback and sold for $1.50, the equivalent of $11 or $12 today. It was a serious, well-meaning book, despite its clumsy reference (much like White) to "the" Hearst Castle. People everywhere were still feeling their way with this rare subject in 1958.

Oscar Lewis had been writing regional books since the late 1920s; more recently, *Bay Window Bohemia* had appeared in 1956. He remained best known for *The Big Four: The Story of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker, and of the Building of the Central Pacific.* First published in 1938, that Lewis classic is still in print today. Here was an author who was eminently suited to write about the "Treacherous Titan" delved into by Frank Luther Mott in 1952. The congenial Lewis played it safe. He stuck to the high road throughout the book; no robber-baron hijinks for him. In his brief foreword he said:

> The purpose of this publication is to acquaint prospective visitors with the historical background of the spot and the manner of life lived there during its owner's lifetime, and also to serve as a guide to the more

> noteworthy of the scores of artistic and historical treasures to be seen there.

Those words and his first line in Chapter 1 set the stage: "San Simeon's story is a long and colorful one." Fine and well. The book was meant to be an appealing keepsake. It was designed in a narrow trim size, ideal for a traveler's glove compartment. But what about its historical makeup—and did it touch at all on world events of the late 1930s, culminating for this country in Pearl Harbor? The closest the book came was in saying that "for more than twenty years" (following the first part of the 1920s), San Simeon was Hearst's "favorite dwelling place."

As Lewis went on to relate:

> It was not until Hearst was well past seventy [his age in 1933] that there began to appear signs that his San Simeon period was drawing to a close. . . . Nonetheless, evidence that the estate had, so to speak, passed its heyday, began to accumulate. One such indication was the sale, at the outbreak of World War II, of 140,000 acres of the ranch—more than half its total area—to the United States Government as a training ground for troops; this became the Hunter Liggett Military Reservation.

The Hunter Liggett sale is well known, an event dating from 1940, however, not from 1941 or 1942. As for the fireworks on December 7, 1941, nary a word. Lewis skipped right ahead in his summary of Hearst's life. He'd already mentioned Wyntoon in quick passing. Now, though, in recounting the heart attack "in the spring of 1946" that forced Hearst to leave his Enchanted Hill (the date was in fact 1947, as has long been known), Lewis threw a roundhouse curve:

> The ailing publisher followed that advice [of moving to "a less isolated spot"], going first to Wyntoon and then—the altitude of that mountain retreat having proved bad for his condition—he moved to Southern California.

Whence came Lewis's garbled information? Probably (above all) from John Tebbel's *Life and Good Times* of 1952. The lore, at any rate, has long been that it was San Simeon's 1,600-foot elevation that set Hearst's heart to palpitating. And after November 1944, the Chief never again saw Wyntoon, high indeed at almost 2,800 feet.

Someone besides Tebbel may also have misled Lewis on the errant itinerary. In Lewis's foreword he acknowledged nearly 20 people, those to whom "special thanks" were due, well within the authorial tradition. Among the Hearst family insiders, two of the Chief's sons figured: first Randolph Hearst (Patricia Hearst's father) and then Randy's older brother George (of future archival fame); Lewis also thanked William W. Murray, the longtime overseer of the Wyntoon and San Simeon properties. Beyond the Tebbel account, either of those Hearst sons or Bill Murray would have been enough to guide Lewis in his research, historically for better or for worse.

The Oscar Lewis book conveyed a decidedly light touch. A faulty detail or two—or three—would scarcely make a serious difference. However, three years still lay between the debut of *Fabulous San Simeon* in 1958 and the appearance of W. A. Swanberg's house-cleaning *Citizen Hearst* in 1961. Three years of wandering, lighthearted history, of which Lewis proved himself a past master, was bound to sink in with Bob Doyle and his first-generation colleagues at the Castle. They hadn't a lot else to go on this side of the latest Hearst biography, namely, John Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955.

The red-letter date of 1958 had even more going for it, although this next example isn't widely known or frequently cited. Yet it's a key item, courtesy of the Siskiyou County Historical Society, up in Wyntoon country. The Society's third volume of *The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook,* dated both 1957 and 1958 on the cover (but more clearly 1958 inside), includes "Wyntoon," an eight-page article by W. W. Murray, the same Bill Murray mentioned a moment ago. A man long in charge of "western real estate, livestock, timber, mines, etc." for the

Hearst interests, Murray preceded Jack Cooke and, in turn, today's Stephen T. Hearst as the head of Hearst Sunical in San Francisco. He was furthermore a "first cousin to Mrs. William Randolph Hearst," said the *Siskiyou Pioneer.* Known to everyone as Bill, the Chief himself posed an exception. He called the man "Willie." Perhaps the latter's wife, Grace, did the same. In any case, Bill Murray knew quite well of what he wrote; however, his article of 1958 contains at least one error about the original Wyntoon Castle, built by Phoebe Hearst through Bernard Maybeck, a mistake that's proved enduring:

> In 1929, shortly after Mr. William Randolph Hearst purchased Wyntoon from the [Charles S.] Wheeler estate, some necessary electric repairs and improvements were being made to the Castle when late in the dead of night . . . a fire broke out in the very top of the building, burning it to the ground.

The date was a little off the mark. It wasn't in 1929 but rather early in 1930 that the fire occurred. Murray's 1929 has cropped up several times this side of 1958, usually without a given writer's knowledge whence it comes. Murray was correct, though, in saying a moment later in his article:

> This was not the only building to burn at Wyntoon. In 1944 "The Gables," which stood near the Castle, was also destroyed through faulty wiring.

This happened in the summer of 1944—in August—and it's an easy date to verify. The event made the newspapers. Willicombe and others also touched on the fire, as the Hearst archives at The Bancroft Library disclose. But John Tebbel got it wrong in 1952 (he said 1943) and Sara Holmes Boutelle also erred in 1988 (she said 1945 in her biography of Julia Morgan). The Gables fire figures importantly in tracing Hearst's whereabouts. It was in direct response to that disaster, which destroyed the dining room at Wyntoon, that the Chief and the

folks left three months later in favor of San Simeon, where they hadn't been since the first part of 1941.

Bill Murray would seem to have been the perfect person to recount where Hearst was on Pearl Harbor Day. He skipped that subject, though, and moved on to this one instead:

> Mr. Hearst spent many summers at Wyntoon, and on one occasion he stayed for a full year through a very heavy winter.

Murray was alluding to 1943–44, each of the six previous winters having been interrupted at least once by a trip to some other place, usually in California. All things considered, the Murray article is of lasting importance. The shame is that its author didn't say more. He was an insider for sure, as a trifling message that Hearst sent Charles Mayer, business manager at the *San Francisco Examiner,* plainly shows. This went forth from the Chief at Wyntoon on December 29, 1941:

> Willie Murray sent me a grand sweater made by a Norwegian refugee working for Bullock and Jones. Please order me another in different design or different colors. It might be an inch longer. Thanks.

Part 10 ENOUGH CHRONOLOGY has been established that we can digress now without causing undue harm. Following Emil White's *Big Sur Guides,* Oscar Lewis's *Fabulous San Simeon,* and Bill Murray's "Wyntoon," W. A. Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* lies closely ahead. That landmark book dates from 1961. But first let's go back 20 years before the triumph of Bill Swanberg (as that author was widely known)—back, that is, to 1941 and the aftermath of Pearl Harbor. On Monday the 8th, President Roosevelt asked Congress for a declaration of war against Japan. Likewise on Monday, December 8, Hearst resumed his afternoon-evening pace (it was Colonel Willicombe's usual day off, which the Chief upheld).

Had Hearst *not* been at Wyntoon then, and had he truly needed to make new plans after the attack in Hawaii, the G. & R. Hearst Collection (and the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft) would most likely be different. They could easily reflect the involved preparations made by underlings like Charlie Mayer in San Francisco when the Chief changed addresses. (Mayer's job at such times was to make sure the *Examiner,* the *Call-Bulletin,* and even some non-Hearst papers in the city, were redirected for prompt delivery to the Chief—wherever he might be going.) The Hearst party had last been away early in November 1941, preceded by Willicombe's instructions to the Los Angeles office, dispatched on Friday, October 31. H. O. Hunter was the Colonel's recipient of that Halloween message:

> Will you kindly be at the Beach House Sunday night [November 2] to meet Chief.
>
> We are coming down on the train from Dunsmuir [near Wyntoon] Saturday night and Chief should be at the Beach House before eight o'clock Sunday night. Please be there waiting for him at seven-thirty.
>
> I will not be with him, but I will be on the job at usual time Monday.
>
> I just want him to be taken care of when he gets to Beach House Sunday night in case he wants something done.

It bears saying that Willicombe liked to save a word whenever he could: each of them had its telegraphic price. And thus in his last sentence, his phrasing of “when he gets to Beach House” mustn’t be taken literally. The Santa Monica mansion was “the Beach House” (as previously rendered in this same Wyntoon dispatch), not the more abrupt “Beach House,” minus its article. Several latter-day writers and others have erred accordingly.

In any event, Hearst, Marion, and company took the train to Los Angeles (Glendale, to be exact), a long trip preceding a 10-day stay in Santa Monica. There the Chief did his daily work, relying on the *Los Angeles Examiner,* his favorite paper (even more so than its San Francisco counterpart), to keep him abreast of incoming word from New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. In turn, Hearst’s outgoing messages were dispatched from the main office in downtown L.A. There was no direct Western Union or teleprinter service operating in 1941 at the Beach House. Much courier traffic went back and forth. Alas, the majority of the records from those first several days of November 1941 are badly fragmented, almost to the point of being nonexistent.

It all changed once the folks settled back in at Wyntoon on November 12, with no apparent thought of going anywhere else until after the holidays (they would make some quick trips to the Southland early in 1942). Among other plans for the remainder of 1941, Hearst’s oldest son, George, would be married at Wyntoon in late December, his third visit to the altar. Before that, there’d be major activity along the McCloud River. The Hearst publishers and executives would convene for intensive meetings around Thanksgiving, these for the sake of Hearst Consolidated Publications and other corporate entities. Meanwhile, little was said about lonely San Simeon. In one instance, Hearst’s valet asked that plain white shirts for domestic help be sent to Wyntoon from the Castle basement. Not much occurred besides that.

As for Monday, December 8, a wire from New York was signed "Dick Berlin," a longtime magazine man who'd be running the Hearst Corporation as of 1943, when the receivership dominated by Clarence J. Shearn was finally abolished after its six-year reign of economic terror. Berlin told Hearst on the 8th:

> As usual your ["In the News"] piece today on the Japanese invasion was superb, and topped them all. Our Canadian friends indicated warm appreciation by phone this evening. Regards.

The Canadians were newsprint suppliers, holding notes payable by the Hearst interests amounting to thousands of dollars, even millions. Richard Berlin was in charge of keeping the peace and assuring the continued flow of raw material from across the border. That evening, even the frankly despised Shearn offered "warm congratulations" to Hearst on his latest column.

In San Francisco, Charlie Ryckman had his hands full, predictably. Hearst had ordered an editorial on Roosevelt's war-making address to Congress. E. D. Coblentz forwarded Ryck's lines to the Chief, who scribbled a few changes and then applied his trademark "OK." Moments later it was one dispatch down, assorted others to go.

In Colonel Willicombe's day-off absence, Hearst's penciled messages went straight to the telegrapher. A few lines got sent to Royal Daniel, managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph,* a Hearst paper since 1927:

> Do not be discouraged yet. Try other ink makers first. We have not really got blue ink yet. When we get it we can see whether we like it.

Hearst signed off by asking whether they could "print three colors." A technical question, the kind he frequently dwelled on. All a matter of routine daily business, even this soon after the crisis in Hawaii.

The Chief's message coded WX3 went forth at 5:10 p.m. Addressed to "Publishers All Hearst Papers," it was presented in paragraphic style, much like many of his ITN writings:

> Do not run unnecessarily large papers.
>
> We have enough space to tell all the news.
>
> Tell it vividly, patriotically, comprehensively, briefly.
>
> Print comparatively small papers, and get wide distribution.
>
> Give big space to sensational pictures.
>
> Double picture truck sometimes desirable even possibly double truck across front and back pages.

That was the complete statement. Had Willicombe been on duty, he may well have added a comma to the last sentence before the telegrapher saw it. Regardless, the publishers of the 17 Hearst papers would have known what the Chief meant.

Sometime earlier in December (the message is undated), Lorraine Walsh wired Marion Davies at length, her words coming from Beverly Hills. Her husband, the eye-patched director Raoul Walsh, had recently completed a movie about George Armstrong Custer, starring Errol Flynn and, as Custer's wife, Olivia de Havilland of *Gone with the Wind* fame. *They Died with Their Boots On* was made by Warner Bros., a studio Hearst and Marion knew well from their Cosmopolitan Productions tie-in with Warners, 1935 through 1938. They also knew the Walshes well.

Happy and Uncle, as that couple was fondly called, had gone to Mexico with the Hearst party in March 1941; they would join the folks again for a long trip south of the border in December 1942. At this moment late in 1941, Peenzie (as Mrs. Walsh was also known) was concerned about the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Hearst had made a lot of noise about Hollywood's abuse of horses, especially in 1940; Peenzie was worried that he might look askance at Raoul's latest picture. She assured Marion that the Custer movie wasn't

“half as bad as it looks,” not a single horse having been “killed or even injured.”

Hearst and Marion may well have watched the Walsh production on Sunday evening, December 7, a typical pre-release offering from down south. G. & R. Hearst contains a typewritten message dated “Dec. 8, 1941.” Its effusive wording is much in Marion’s style:

> Dear Raoul and Lorraine:
>
> The picture was one of the greatest we have ever seen. Everybody thought it was about the best ever. Do you think we could have it back again as we are having company from Washington and I know they would like to see it. Congratulations and best wishes.

What a relief, the Walshes must have thought! The typewritten signature said “Marion and W. R.” The telegrapher marked the outgoing item “830p”—too early for the Wyntoon couple to have seen the movie on that Monday evening. Regarding the “company from Washington,” there’s no telling who that was: the files don’t say. The Walshes must have regarded Marion as the sole author of the good tidings. Together, Hap and Unk (their shorter nicknames) began their incoming wire of December 10 with “Dear Marion”:

> We are so happy you and Mr. Hearst liked the picture and thanks for the nice wire. You most certainly may have the picture again. Am also sending two short features you will like. We both miss you all. Love.

It’s no surprise that they referred to “Mr. Hearst” rather than opting for “W. R.,” despite the casual wording from Wyntoon on Monday the 8th. Everyone was in constant awe of the man, even when he strained to put them at ease.

Part 11 LEAVE IT TO HEARST to do the unpredictable, the unexpected. In between his and Marion's upbeat message to the Walshes on December 8, 1941, and the latters' grateful reply on the 10th, it was newspaper business as usual at Wyntoon. From the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* on Tuesday evening, December 9, E. D. Coblentz forwarded Charlie Ryckman's latest work to the Chief. Not just one but two editorials came over the wire. The first was aimed at the current crisis. Its shrill tone seemed tailor-made for the Hearst papers. It began with:

> Air raid alarms along the entire Pacific Coast of the United States have made it painfully evident what the American people must expect in this war.

No wonder Ryck was Hearst's favorite editorialist; no wonder the Chief had brought him out to the coast with Cobbie the year before. But with William Randolph Hearst, second-guessing often proves futile. The Chief set that thumping prospect by Ryckman aside and turned to the other tract from San Francisco, equally hot off the wire. This one was aimed at a later date; and thus went Cobbie's lead-in right before 7:30 on Tuesday the 9th:

> Herewith is Ryckman editorial for your approval on Bill of Rights Day, suggested for use Monday, December 15.

Hearst started reading; he knew Ryck's style as well as his own; the younger man was almost like another son (on top of the Chief's five as it was):

> This anniversary of the American Bill of Rights finds the United States in the second week of a great war, which even in so short a time has been made plain to us as a desperate struggle not merely for our American rights but our American freedom.
>
> It was just 150 years ago today that the Bill of Rights, comprising the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States, became effective.

> The loss of the terrible war in which we are now engaged would WIPE OUT those 150 years of American liberty and progress.
>
> It would destroy the Bill of Rights and the Constitution in its entirety.
>
> It would nullify the American Declaration of Independence.
>
> It would not simply return us to the status of dependency which existed prior to the time when America became a free nation, but would subject us to a degree of servility and enslavement which Americans have never known.

Ryck had a good 20 paragraphs to go in his London subway style. But no matter: Hearst had heard enough. The teleprinter left a wide space after these first six stand-alone sentences, enough room for some inspired pencil work by the Chief:

> I don't like this hysterical editorial.
>
> Perhaps we better write about the weather until we regain our composure. There is nothing happening in this war that is unusual in wars.

He penciled one more sentence (beginning with "There is no immediate likelihood"). A heavy scrawl by Willicombe blotted out the rest, making it illegible. The Colonel's note said "WRH phoned Ryckman." Meaning, the big boss and his scribe in San Francisco had a little talk. Ryck could roll with the punches, of course: that had been part of his claim to fame since 1936 and would continue to be until 1947. In this case, in 1941, Ryck prepared a "substitute editorial," which Hearst had "requested on the Bill of Rights anniversary." Those were Cobbie's words for Hearst on December 11. This time the Chief gave his unstinting approval, marking "OK Monday" in the upper right corner, in reference to the same December 15 event that these newsmen had originally been eyeing.

Meanwhile, back on December 9—the same date as Ryck's twin submission—Willicombe had a terse message for all Hearst editors,

reinforcing what had been said on Pearl Harbor Day itself. This single sentence was coded WX2 and dispatched at 5:14 p.m. on that Tuesday:

> Chief advises strongly against printing any contributor columns of a controversial nature relating to the war.

That, coupled with Hearst's scolding of Charlie Ryckman the same day would leave anyone wondering what the man's true position was. His acceptance of Ryck's revision on December 11 (the Bill of Rights number) suggests a change of tune. On the 11th as well, an editorial came in from down south. There, at the *Los Angeles Examiner,* Hearst had a Ryckman counterpart on duty, a well-read Hispanic named Jose Rodriguez (a good enough writer, but not quite on Ryck's level). Rodriguez recounted that yet another Hearst editorialist, Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, had recently addressed "a group of advertising men" in Los Angeles. Rukeyser had done so, yes. In fact, Rukey had recently spent some quality time with Hearst at Wyntoon, a detail properly omitted by Rodriguez. At any rate, the Rodriguez piece surely honored the latest order that all war-related controversy should be avoided.

Hearst came down on his *L.A. Examiner* man just the same:

> *NO*—This is no time to be writing editorials about advertising.

As to editorial content and the bigger picture, the country was at war now. The files naturally have more in them that can be gleaned from December 1941. Charlie Ryckman's other submission of the 9th (the one starting with "Air raid alarms along the entire Pacific Coast") still had promise; surely Hearst could make good use of it in his papers; the need for suitable "copy" was constant in his brand of publishing. Therefore, on December 12, Willicombe told Cobbie in San Francisco that Hearst politely thought Ryck's air-raid number could stand being "modified."

Updated it was, and back to Wyntoon it came a good deal later—but not until December 22, fully two weeks after Pearl Harbor. By

sheer coincidence, this was the evening before the *Montebello* was torpedoed and sunk by the Japanese, early the next morning, Tuesday the 23rd. Ryck's new editorial included some carryover from its former guise. How could another day's delay cause any harm? Might not the occurrence on the Central Coast (which Hearst heard about, his news-service alerts and stringers being current) be worth still more modifying by Ryckman before his latest effort went to press? Something about the *Montebello* attack would be timely and strategic, without question. Ryck could have things ready to go in a quickstep.

As we'll be seeing later, someone at Ryck and Cobbie's paper, the *Call-Bulletin,* did indeed write about the *Montebello*—but as reportage, not editorially.

What happened in the meantime is that Hearst approved Ryck's new submission, setting it aside for another purpose. Gone was its "Air raid" beginning. The editorial now opened with:

> The American people must not be discouraged by events which have made it painfully evident what must be expected in the early stages of this war.

Ryck could be vague and imprecise when he sensed indecision or even indifference on Hearst's part. This may have been such a time. The former Pulitzer Prize winner was not averse to platitudes like "America is unafraid and indestructible"—a maudlin paragraph comprising all of five words, well into his replacement text. Some of his other sentences on December 22 were peppier. They better invoked the London subway, tabloid tradition that Hearst swore by.

Christmas would fall on Thursday that week, triggering what in future years would be a four-day weekend for certain people. Hearst and Marion had a swelling guest list by now, and his son George was going to be married on the weekend itself. But there was that nagging thing of ITN to consider. Hearst still had to cover that daily base; besides, he'd recently gone to a seven-day run of the column, thanks to

the new “Readers’ Review” having become a Sunday version of ITN—this on top of the longer-established “Saturday Symposium,” a helpful space-eater likewise consisting of letters to the editor. For Thursday and Friday of the Christmas week, an editorial or two by Charlie Ryckman could go far; Hearst had called upon him to fill in before; a precedent existed.

That’s what became of Ryck’s latest editorial, traceable clear back to December 9. It ran in place of the Chief’s own ITN copy on Friday, December 26. In fact, a second item by Ryck, a yawner regarding the Utah Taxpayer’s Association, ran in tandem with it. Nowhere in this holiday format did the *Montebello* incident get a moment’s play.

Part 12 LET'S RETURN TO THE POINT, 20 years later, when *Citizen Hearst: A Biography of William Randolph Hearst,* made its acclaimed appearance. The date once more was 1961. We can pause en route in 1958, coincidentally the year Hearst Castle opened. For it was then that W. A. Swanberg began his research on what, in many ways, remains the best one-volume coverage of Hearst's complex life. Bill Swanberg wasn't an academic. He was a journalist and what today is often called an independent scholar. In his prime he was very good in both capacities. He had two books to his credit by 1958—*Sickles the Incredible* (1956) and, soon after that, *First Blood: The Story of Fort Sumter* (1957). By 1959 he would have a third book, *Jim Fisk: The Career of an Improbable Rascal.* And thus *Citizen Hearst* would be his fourth outing, courtesy (as were all its precursors) of the venerable New York house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Swanberg, right from the start, had not only got himself published, he'd got himself published *well,* as literary agents like to say. The jacket copy on his Daniel Sickles book of 1956 is eminently quotable:

> W. A. Swanberg was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1907. He was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1930 and came East in 1935. He has edited numerous pulp magazines, adventure, detective and picture [magazines], and currently produces several annual and quarterly magazines on a free-lance basis. During the war he spent 18 months in England, France and Scandinavia getting out publications for the Office of War Information.
>
> Mr. Swanberg lives in Connecticut with his wife and two teen-aged children. SICKLES THE INCREDIBLE, which is his first book, occupied him for more than three years.

So Bill Swanberg was a man who took his time, a journeyman who liked to do a thorough job. He was also, the jacket said, a man whose "recreations are reading about the Civil War and chopping wood." The latter can be the perfect way to clear the mind and vent frustrations.

We'll be seeing later how that very activity played a key role in my own progress in Hearstiana.

Swanberg not only lived in Connecticut, he did so for many years in New Haven. He was thus something of a Yale man in his footloose way, a writer with the Yale University Library and other good resources at his ready disposal—plus he wasn't terribly far from New York City (his papers are on file at Columbia University). A friend of his was Dr. Henry Wexler, not cited in the Sickles book but named in some of Swanberg's later works. In *Citizen Hearst,* for example, Dr. Wexler, appears in the fine print: "a psychiatrist of New Haven," who "generously gave his time and skill in discussions of the complexities of the Hearst personality."

Bill Swanberg liked to probe as much as he could, liked to perform Sunday psychoanalysis on his subjects, Hearst no doubt being as challenging a case as he'd ever tackled. This was in the Freudian late fifties, we should note, that Bill and the good doctor did their brainstorming. At times they must have worn pensive, even quizzical looks, much as Emil White and Henry Miller recently had in being photographed at San Simeon.

Swanberg kept things in clear perspective. He began his lengthy "Author's Note and Acknowledgments" in *Citizen Hearst* with these words:

> This does not pretend to be a definitive biography. Because of the amazing extent of Hearst's activities over so many decades in so many different fields, even a moderately complete story of his life would fill a half-dozen thick volumes. This writer, being unable to devote his lifetime to such a work, has sought to give an honest, though incomplete, picture by concentrating on the outstanding events in Hearst's career.

He had much else to say. Yet these first few lines speak volumes, almost as much as the "half-dozen" tomes he referred to. Meanwhile, so imbued have we San Simeon devotees been with *Citizen Hearst* that,

to this day in 2013, if Swanberg failed to touch on a certain detail or, especially, if he glossed over or at times too lightly explained something important, many are still left rudderless, unable or unwilling to bridge the gap. This surely amounts to staying power for his book, if not to virtual hero-worship of the man who wrote it.

To trot out the tale of how *Citizen Hearst* was received in 1961—how it was deemed worthy of a Pulitzer Prize by some yet savagely denounced by others—exceeds the scope of what I'm recounting. Suffice it to say, the Swanberg biography set the world on fire all those years ago and has never gone out of print. On the one hand, the Hearst Castle gift shop has seen to that; but the book would probably have a life on its own just the same, apart from San Simeon, much as *The Big Four* that Oscar Lewis wrote in 1938 has been perennial. Nonetheless, we can pause at least briefly to touch on some of the comments about *Citizen Hearst* late in 1961 (its debut was in September). Stanley Walker, the same reviewer of Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955, wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* book section:

> Swanberg's study of Hearst is by all odds the most competent yet produced. The attitude is level-headed, unflustered. There is a scrupulous attempt to be fair. . . . Mr. Swanberg has done a splendid research job, and it was not easy. Working under a Guggenheim Fellowship, he combed through mountains of material and talked to dozens of persons.

Swanberg did indeed talk to many people, noteworthy people, often through old-style correspondence that can be perused today at Columbia. However (speaking of such documents), Stanley Walker further noted that the biographer had been "unable to see certain letters pertaining to the Hearst family affairs." True, so very true. It would be nearly 20 years before the William Randolph Hearst Papers reached The Bancroft Library, more than 40 years before the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection would come fully to light. There was only so

much that one man, even a researcher of Swanberg's diligence, could learn all those decades ago.

Bill Swanberg wasn't one to dwell on the past. He had a career to pursue, other books to research and write. He got a Pulitzer finally—for his biography of Henry Luce of Time Inc., published in 1972. That lessened the sting of what happened ten years prior, when *Citizen Hearst* was shouted down, William Randolph Hearst *surely* being unworthy of such recognition in times as chaste and prudent as the early sixties. So went the snobbism, courtesy of stodgy culture brokers in Manhattan who ruled the insular world of book publishing then, with their prim bow ties, pesky lap dogs, and scotch-and-soda habits.

But back to Swanberg himself in 1961 and his frank admission that he hadn't been definitive, that he couldn't possibly deal with every byway and backwater of Hearstiana. What, for instance, had he skipped? Anyone who's read this far in 2013 can easily guess. He skipped Pearl Harbor. He made oblique reference to it, as we'll soon see. He did so according to a method used by all biographers and historians in a pinch. Namely, he "wrote around" it; he soft-pedaled it, glossed over it. He'd evidently been thin on facts come page 500 in what was already a big book and, if Swanberg and his publisher weren't careful, a book bordering on the overly complex and unwieldy. The time to wrap up his story and get on with the finalities was at hand.

Committed to his chronological approach—the greatest strength of *Citizen Hearst*—Swanberg had gone into excessive detail on Hearst's earlier years, the Spanish-American War having been covered *ad nauseam,* to the point of exhaustion: TMI, as we would now say. What it meant is that when Swanberg got to 1941 (with Hearst living on until 1951), the man from New Haven had to conclude things in fewer than 30 pages, a mere twentieth of his overall text. How much got left on the cutting-room floor is hard to say; the Columbia holdings may provide answers. Swanberg was indeed moving fast by 1941, so far as what the never-revised *Citizen Hearst* discloses. Even something as momentous

as Pearl Harbor had to be touched on lightly, quickly. Any wood-chopping he was doing then would call for the sharpest axe.

Here's how Swanberg handled the events of 1941. In a sub-chapter headed "Gimbel's Easy Payment Plan," he gave sufficient play to the big Hearst art sale in New York, the department-store epic starting early that year. Next, he fast-forwarded to the end of 1941, preceded by his comment that "San Simeon could get hot in the summer," and thus "ordinarily Hearst used Wyntoon only as his summer palace." Not bad for a brisk summary. And now 1942 was looming in what was no longer a full-scale biography but more a virtual magazine profile of the kind Swanberg knew very well how to write:

> Early in the war, however [matters of climate aside], he closed San Simeon and moved to Wyntoon for two years, winter and summer. This was done for two reasons—to save money, and because there was a feeling that the Japanese, angered at the long campaign against them, might appear in submarines and shell San Simeon, which made a fine target from the bay.

Swanberg didn't say much else that needs emphasizing. By now he was on page 501; he switched quickly to words about Wyntoon. He allotted enough space to note that Marion disliked the place, calling it "Spittoon" (a highly debatable claim). He stayed on rapid course, and within a few more pages he'd laid World War II entirely to rest.

By Swanberg's earlier standards in the same book, this was a lot of history—important history—to polish off with so little fanfare. Pearl Harbor wasn't the only detail he skimped on. Charles Lindberg's visit to Wyntoon in June 1941 got no play at all. Neither did Lindbergh's intemperate, frankly anti-Semitic speech in Iowa three months later, an event that Hearst and every other publisher had to face head-on, like it or not. Swanberg must surely have known about *that*. But too depleted was his time now, too frowning quite possibly was Charles Scribner, Jr., his steadfast publisher in New York.

Before moving past *Citizen Hearst's* debut in 1961, another book published that year warrants passing mention. Part of Swanberg's approach was to interview insiders and old-timers while he could, in certain cases before it was too late. One such person was a widow named Cora Older—a writer better known professionally as Mrs. Fremont Older (her fearless and at times reviled husband had been "the fighting editor of the West" before his death in 1935). Swanberg and Mrs. Older met in Cupertino, California, near San Jose, as early as 1958. She had much to tell him about her rare experience in the mid-1930s, that of writing an authorized biography called *William Randolph Hearst: American.* Chronically dismissed as an apologist or worse, the then-elderly Mrs. Older, who turned 80 in 1955, took the promising Swanberg under her wing. Whether she was simply fair-minded and congenial, or whether she sensed that he'd be accomplishing more than Tebbel or Winkler had and that it behooved her to help, it's hard to say without digging deeper.

At any rate, Swanberg was sharp enough to see through the anti-Older hype; the bad press on her had been around ever since her Hearst biography got into print in 1936, more than two decades prior. Thus did Swanberg thank Mrs. Older genuinely in his book, a woman who "gave not only her counsel and recollections but also supplied notes and copies of Hearst letters" from her files on the Hearst project.

And now, in 1961, when Mrs. Fremont Older was 86 (she lived to be 93), her last of several books appeared, *San Francisco: Magic City.* Anyone who sneers at her or doubts her character and ability should read it. The woman could write! Chapter 23 is headed "War-Time San Francisco" and deals not only with World War II but also with the Great War that preceded it. Alas, nothing Hearstian about the infamous Sunday that concerns us or about life that year at Wyntoon. But Mrs. Older did say in that chapter:

> When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, World War II became inevitable. The "blow in the dark," wholly unexpected, brought blame to the officers in charge of the fleet. Even the President was criticized for not having foreseen the Japanese attack.

Fairly standard words, true. Sufficiently spirited, though, and written by the same woman whose *California Missions and Their Romances* remains in print from as long ago as 1938. And yet her *San Francisco: Magic City* was no doubt being read by many fewer people in 1961 or '62 than were staying up late with *Citizen Hearst.* The greater shame is that this woman who outlived the opening of Hearst Castle by a full decade was never called upon, was never sounded out. The Castle's renowned oral-history program lay well ahead, with the rarest exceptions. Cora Older wasn't one of those rarities.

Had Bill Swanberg been in charge back then, things would no doubt have been different. I've recently doffed my cap to her with "Mrs. Fremont Older: The Pink Lady," a long essay on my website playing off the name she was fondly known by for her rose garden at Woodhills Ranch, where she and her renowned husband held a memorable court back in their prime.

Part 13 COMPARED WITH THE HEARSTIANA of the 1950s, the sixties decade was in many ways uneventful, counting from 1961 and the new world order stemming from *Citizen Hearst.* No one was about to match book-length wits with W. A. Swanberg for a long time to come. Emil White was still producing new editions of his Big Sur and Hearst Castle books. But these couldn't hold a candle to what Swanberg had achieved, no matter how imperfectly. John Tebbel's *The Inheritors: A Study of America's Great Fortunes and What Happened to Them* came out as soon afterward as 1962. Despite its enticing pages on Hearst, the book never attained much stature in its chosen field.

So it was with certain other books of that decade, both biographies and general histories, in which Hearst or San Simeon were mentioned. Merrill Folsom's *Great American Mansions and Their Stories* (1963) included 11 pages on "La Cuesta Encantada," predictably enough. Along with a conventional heading, each of Folsom's chapters bore an opening vignette: in this case "The Shelter of the Publisher and the Show Girl." *Great American Mansions* was well-meaning and competent enough, but it was in no sense a landmark like *Citizen Hearst* (on which it obviously leaned). No one was plugging it for a Pulitzer Prize.

With any such book or article post-dating 1961, the matter of what I call "textual descent" can be handily measured. How much information percolated down, and in what form? How much was a subsequent work like *Great American Mansions* beholden to *Citizen Hearst* versus other sources? That soon became a proverbial question. Swanberg was naturally far in the lead and would long remain so. He'd skimped on the forties decade, to be sure. Yet he'd done a great deal of good overall. Too bad about Pearl Harbor, perhaps; there was much else to empower and sustain the book, however, well beyond that one example.

Part of Swanberg's success reflected the house style of Charles Scribner, Jr., who'd been running his family's company since 1952.

Nonfiction books published by Charles Scribner's Sons were among the best "trade" editions that New York could offer. They were typically well organized and a pleasure to read. They usually had helpful indexes. And with *Citizen Hearst* as a paradigm, they handled matters of notation the old-fashioned way: at the bottom of the page, saving readers the trouble of continually flipping back and forth, from endnotes to chapter text (with those same readers too often giving up on the bothersome back matter altogether).

Indeed, the Swanberg book, always strong on chronology—badly needed after what Tebbel and Winkler had wrought—can be navigated from one lower margin to the next, almost all the way through its 500-plus pages. Usually no more than a page or two needs to be turned for the book's time line to be apparent. The notes themselves are mostly short, seldom the ponderous outpourings seen in so many works of years gone by. Based on a date stemming from, say, *The New York Times,* one could readily tell what moment Swanberg was talking about. More often than not, these notations were (and still are today) logical, sequential, free of jargon or obscurities. Their presence may not have won any design awards, but collectively those brief running notes kept the book moving dynamically on its useful course.

Regarding textual descent per se, its post-1961 form consists of exact quotations one minute (sometimes plagiarized) and looser paraphrases the next. The Swanberg passage in which Hearst "closed San Simeon and moved to Wyntoon for two years, winter and summer" was ripe for descent, precisely or otherwise. Obviously, it's the content, the gist of things, that counted for decades to come—and that still counts today, more than a half-century later. There's no telling how many writers, from 1961 down to the present, have consulted Swanberg directly on this single point (not to mention on several more). Or have consulted him indirectly through some other book, thus keeping the process of textual descent alive and well, consciously or not. Of course,

unconscious conveyance or transmittal is more the norm, the standard, the prevailing and widely accepted mode.

Part 14 LEST WE STRAY too far from 1941, Pearl Harbor, and the *Montebello,* the further unfolding of Hearstiana—post-*Citizen Hearst*—is again called for. Those events of 20 years earlier can be recounted and interwoven still more, on and off as chances arise. In 1964 a young professor of history from Duke University named Clark G. Reynolds wrote a rousing paper; it appeared in the *Pacific Historical Review.* "Submarine Attacks on the Pacific Coast, 1942" spoke initially of a "brisk February day" in that first full year of war for the American side. The setting was the outer Santa Barbara coast—the Goleta area west of that city—where the Japanese shelled the Ellwood Oil Field. Reynolds had done his undergraduate work nearby, at UCSB; the subject was no doubt of special appeal to him. He recounted that in 1941, submarine I-17 and eight others in Japan's Imperial Navy were positioning themselves from Cape Flattery, Washington, down to San Diego. "Their mission was to bombard American national soil," he said, "the first foreign power to do so since the Mexican War."

Of course one of those subs, I-21, had taken out the *Montebello* in December that year; however, Reynolds didn't touch on that incident or mention the ship by name.

By then, with the Goleta attack, it was February 23, 1942, fully two months after the *Montebello's* demise. Hearst and Marion had been away from Wyntoon briefly in the interim. They'd gone to Santa Monica toward mid-January on "war work," the former Marion Davies Children's Clinic in that area having become a California State Guard hospital soon after Pearl Harbor. They made a second trip in 1942 to Santa Monica in late February, arriving on Monday the 23rd, the very day of the Japanese shelling in Goleta (a place their train had run abreast of a few hours earlier). They were ensconced in the Beach House on the night of February 24-25. And thus they were eye witnesses to the strange and still poorly explained episode that regional historians call the Battle of Los Angeles. Hearst was "up on the upper top balcony of the beach house watching the raid." So went Marion's

recollection in 1951 (and so went her two editors' lowercasing of "beach house" in 1975 in *The Times We Had*). As Marion also said in 1951-become-'75:

> Bullets were going over his head, shells were flashing like mad, and you never heard so many guns in your life. It lasted for half an hour. People were fainting.
>
> There was firing all up and down the whole coast. I heard that two Japanese planes were shot down.

Unlike her farfetched account of Pearl Harbor, some 11 weeks earlier, her words about this bizarre event early in 1942 make for high-grade memoir. Would that more of what got recorded by her in 1951 had been as credible, as historical.

But we've resumed going forward too quickly. There's more to be said regarding December 1941. With the *Montebello* having gone down on the 23rd, the G. & R. Hearst Collection warrants a careful look at that date and those right after it; so do both the Hearst Papers and the Coblentz Papers at The Bancroft. For now, though, G. & R. Hearst can suffice. Amidst its telegrams and kindred documents, words like *Japan* and *Japanese* (not to mention *Jap,* which Hearst formerly deplored) crop up often. The Chief's ITN column that ran on Wednesday, December 3, four days before Pearl Harbor, is a choice instance. Therein he said much about Japan—and at least as much about China.

And yet by running a digital search on the thousands of words these G. & R. messages comprise, I find that *submarine* proves nonexistent in 1941 until December 27. True, G. & R. Hearst isn't exhaustive, isn't by any means complete; few collections of its kind ever are. It's impossible to say offhand what might be missing. In any case, among the outgoing items on that wintry Saturday the 27th, these words from Joe Willicombe to all Hearst editors were coded WX2, as dispatched at 6:04 p.m., two days after Christmas:

> Chief instructs to run through all editions the midget submarine feature "Secrets of Japs' New 'Suicide'" which appears on the first page of the *Baltimore [Sunday] American* predate issue of December 28.

The Sunday in question—the very next day—was fast approaching: it was already nine o'clock in the East, where several of the 17 Hearst papers were published. Typical, typical, these urgent directives. A minute later at Wyntoon (6:05 p.m.), Colonel Willicombe sent out WX3. This one also went nationwide; it was further marked "attention Lee Ettelson, *SF Call-Bulletin,"* regarding the managing editor at that evening paper, the same paper whose publisher (read: the man overseeing the business side) was the E. D. Coblentz we've come to know well:

> Chief is requesting Mr. Ettelson to send you copy of the *Call-Bulletin*, issue of December 24th, with pictures of the rescue of the survivors of the submarine attack. Chief says "The pictures were wonderfully displayed. It is a good example."

Finally—an oblique reference to the *Montebello,* an allusion at least. We'll gladly take it. How best to know that, indeed, Hearst meant what had recently happened near Cambria and San Simeon? If we skip ahead for a moment to 1991, to the local book *War Comes to the Middle Kingdom* (edited by Stan Harth, Liz Krieger, and her husband, Dan Krieger of Cal Poly), we'll find that Dr. Krieger himself contributed "Civilian Heroics Saved Oil Tanker's Crewmen" to that compilation. First published in the *San Luis Obispo County Telegram-Tribune,* the Krieger article noted:

> Among the rescuers was Austin Waltz, editor of *The Cambrian*. Waltz also was a "stringer" [a reporter-at-large or correspondent] for the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*, the only major newspaper to feature the story.
>
> Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, commander of the Western Defense Command, were unable to prevent the publication of the *Call-Bulletin's* article, although the

> censors eliminated many specific details. Later, the "official position" of the Navy was that the submarine raid never happened.

What a delectable can of worms *this* opens! Not only was the *Call-Bulletin* a Hearst paper—once the bully pulpit of Fremont Older, no less—but Frank Knox was an ex-Hearst executive who was now a major rival of the Chief's, thanks to the former's role as a newspaper owner in Chicago (the *Daily News*). Plus Colonel Knox, as he was also called, had been in FDR's Cabinet since 1940. It's thereby tempting to go off in several new directions here. Among other possibilities, at least three other big-city papers in California (one of them Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner*) also ran the *Montebello* story on December 24, 1941, not just the *Call-Bulletin* that Dan Krieger specified.

But let's stick with the "midget submarine feature" Hearst was considering on a late-December evening that year. In an uncoded, untimed dispatch, yet undoubtedly a follow-up, Joe Willicombe gave the papers the latest instructions on Saturday the 27th, marked "rush rush":

> Supplementing earlier message on midget submarine feature appearing in Baltimore predate [a special pre-printed insert]— Chief says "Please use little Japan[ese] submarine next Sunday. Perhaps Mr. Wiley can build it into a *Pictorial Review* page. If not just run Baltimore story and illustration."

Translation: a week from Sunday—January 4, 1942—was the new target date, confirmed by other messages in this range. And thus the panic of doing a press run for that feature's sake within hours, even within minutes, had been nixed for now. Mr. Wiley was Robert Wiley of the *New York Journal-American.* His job was to prepare layouts for the weekly *Pictorial Review,* a Hearst Sunday-newspaper equivalent of today's *Parade* insert (a non-Hearst predate from way back) or, fancier still, a gilt-edged supplement like *The New York Times Magazine.* The midget-submarine feature can be further traced through G. & R.

Hearst. Lest there be any doubt, the Chief, Colonel Willicombe, Bob Wiley, and others weren't talking about the *Montebello.* That was old news. They had a different submarine in mind, possibly a type used by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor on December 7. But it was a subject almost better suited, perhaps, for Hearst's *American Weekly,* a Sunday vehicle since the 1890s whose pseudo-science was second to none.

That same Saturday in 1941, December 27, the Chief had to absent himself from such concerns long enough to partake of a family ceremony. George Hearst, his oldest son, now 37, was getting married again. And as Marion said in an outgoing wire to Gloria Vanderbilt's mother—whose young daughter was also tying the knot, a teenager who much later would give birth to Anderson Cooper—the current holiday weekend at Wyntoon found the secluded place very cozily "snowed in."

To trace the ins and outs of the midget submarine beyond December 27 takes some doing. It seems to have had its moment soon in "the news section" (the main pages of the papers, toward the front) rather than in one of Bob Wiley's future weekend numbers. As Hearst himself told Wiley on Monday, December 29:

> Looks like general publication of Japanese midget submarine has killed the *Pictorial Review* feature on that subject.

Not a problem; such shifts and changes were a routine thing. Hearst, Wiley, and others of their calling were seldom at a loss for new ideas to work with.

Part 15 SO COMMANDINGLY DID Bill Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* dominate the 1960s, plus many a year beyond, that a recounting of books and articles from the middle of that decade, about when the Clark Reynolds piece appeared, to the eve of the 1970s can go quickly. There was Swanberg and there were his followers, his imitators. Those were the main parameters. John Tebbel was tackling his usual trove of projects. Johnnie Winkler, however, had died in 1958. Emil White, meanwhile, was still playing his Hearst Castle cards from the idyllic remove of Big Sur. As a rule, Swanberg and one or two others had the market cornered. A partly ivory-tower essay by Frank MacShane appeared the same year as the Reynolds piece, 1964, but it had little impact. The Castle gift shop never stocked any copies of what was augustly named *The Centennial Review,* the sponsoring journal published at Michigan State University.

All the same, MacShane's fourteen pages, entitled "The Romantic World of William Randolph Hearst," were vividly written. The author took issue with the Swanberg book, not quite three years in print, while he was at it:

> That Hearst himself had in fact a unified character has of course frequently been questioned. Indeed, by many he was considered so contradictory that the legend of the Hearst enigma came into being. Hearst's latest biographer, Mr. W. A. Swanberg, perpetuates this interpretation in *Citizen Hearst* by frequently emphasizing his duality. He even calls Hearst a Dr. Jekyl[l] and Mr. Hyde.

Citizen Hearst boasts six large sections, Book One through Book Six. Each of these, in turn, comprises multiple chapters and subchapters. Summing up all these components, the five Contents pages are a marvel of nonfiction book design, an instance of the Scribner's house style at its lucid best—all to the greater good of W. A. Swanberg as the master of his vast subject, whether seemingly or genuinely. It's impossible not to be impressed. Frank MacShane, in citing "the legend of the Hearst enigma," was alluding to Book Five, Chapter 1, in *Citizen*

Hearst. There, Swanberg gave nine pages not to his historical, steadily chronological narrative but rather to musings and reflections on Hearst at age 60, as in the year 1923—some of the author's views no doubt being based on his discussions with the psychiatrist he liked to confer with in New Haven. It was in this part of Book Five ("The Medievalist") that Swanberg did his Jekyll-and-Hyde turn, with which Frank MacShane chose to differ:

> Such an interpretation, though understandable, really dodges the issue, for although there are conflicting elements in Hearst's character, there is an essential unity which can best be appreciated by considering him primarily in terms of his native state of California and of the events early in his life which shaped his career.

San Simeon itself, "despite the contrast of the grotesque with the delicate and of the tasteless with the exquisite"—what a rare and knowing assessment in 1964—was nonetheless "unified through the personality of its builder." So true, so very true. If only Frank MacShane, like Bill Murray back in 1958 in dealing with Wyntoon, had written more than 14 pages. One of MacShane's best lines said that, ultimately, "the Hearstian mixture was too rich for the American people at large." There were many other quotable passages in his "Romantic World of William Randolph Hearst." The Chief and his spellbinding Castle might indeed be ripe for further academic treatment in a spirit this learned and urbane, if only at distant intervals. For its little-known part, the MacShane essay still resonates deeply almost half a century later.

In 1968 a UC Berkeley scholar named Walton Bean came out with *California: An Interpretive History.* With the name Hearst being prominent on the East Bay campus and thereabouts, Bean could scarcely leave out W. R. and his parents, George and Phoebe. He saw fit to cover that trio in good detail. Interspersed in his *Interpretive*

History were bibliographical essays—with the "Hearst" he named in the following example being William Randolph:

> Of the several biographies of Hearst, those by Cora B. Older (1936) and John K. Winkler (1928, 1955), were almost as indulgent toward their subject as were his own parents; Edmond D. Coblentz, *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words* (1952), is a useful anthology; the best general treatment to date is W. A. Swanberg, *Citizen Hearst* (1961), its title suggested by Orson Welles's remarkable film, "Citizen Kane" (1940 [or rather 1941]).

Interesting that Tebbel wasn't included. Did it matter? Probably not. Elsewhere in Bean's *Interpretive History,* his chapter "Cultural Trends"—in which he profiled San Simeon and also mentioned Marion Davies—he began another "Selected Bibliography" section by saying in no uncertain terms, "W. A. Swanberg, *Citizen Hearst* (1961), is the best biography."

A Swanbergian consensus, or nearly so, prevailed by the late sixties, when Dr. Bean's enduring book came out (it's now in its 10th edition through a later co-author, James Rawls). *Citizen Hearst* had gone into paperback soon after 1961. The Castle gift shop became its primary outlet. That holds true today, more than 50 years later.

There was a minor chink in Swanberg's armor, though, one dating from midway between Clark Reynolds and Walton Bean. It was in 1966 that Walter Steilberg, then 79 and a former colleague of Julia Morgan's, spoke to the Historical Guide Association of California—that is, to those State employees who led the daily tours of Hearst Castle, a highly successful program marking its eighth year. The guides were a good audience with a long memory. They hung on Steilberg's every word, as well they should have. When I started working at San Simeon in 1972, his talk of 1966—six years prior—was already the stuff of legend. The spry old fellow was still living in '72; in fact, I got to meet him once at the Castle before he died in 1974. The guides had been steeping themselves in *Citizen Hearst* for nearly five years when Steilberg

addressed them. It was in August of '66, to be exact—high tide for the first-generation Castle staff—with seasonal out-of-towners like Bob Doyle on hand, right along with the year-round locals. Steilberg told the eager group:

> You might like to know something about Miss Morgan as a person. I just took some notes from this *Citizen Hearst* by Swanberg, I guess it is, and then proceeded to correct them. "Excepting Miss Davies and Mrs. Hearst [recited Steilberg from p. 414], the most important woman in his life was a quaint, school-marmish little thing of uncertain age who wore Queen Mary hats, horn-rimmed glasses and old-fashioned rustling clothing." Now, it seems to me that any man who writes that about a lady is no gentleman! I think that is about as snide a remark as I've ever heard.

Swanberg had been walking on water thus far. He'd stayed well afloat while writing his life of the daring, headstrong novelist Theodore Dreiser (Scribner's as usual, 1965). Next up, his biography of the Hearst nemesis Joseph Pulitzer would soon be in print (1967). *Citizen Hearst,* meanwhile, was not only recommended reading for new Castle guides, it was also required. Such would long be the case. Walter Steilberg managed to bring its author back to earth a bit. Not that the wise old man from Berkeley induced deep skepticism or sparked a revolt. But amidst the cultural upheaval of the late sixties, which finally touched even remote, isolated San Simeon, a few of the guides were becoming free-thinkers. Encouraged by Steilberg they began sizing up Hearst, Julia Morgan, the Castle, and many related details in new ways. They began to find further holes in what the wood-chopping Sunday psychologist from New Haven had written.

Overall, though, Bill Swanberg was still virtually sacrosanct come 1972 and my arrival on the scene. By 1976 "the Coffman revolution" I spoke of many pages ago (mainly concerned with Hearst's art collecting) included a radical break with certain Swanbergian tenets. To this day, however, I've never rejected his book categorically; far

from it. (I'll rush ahead here to agree with Daniel Burt, who in 2001 said *Citizen Hearst* "remains the best full-length study available," even though Burt was also touching on David Nasaw's recent biography, *The Chief.*) Nonetheless, I learned to be discerning about *Citizen Hearst*—to be "critical" in the best sense. Third-year college dropout that I was, with a constant yen for self-improvement, I felt driven to dig deeper and ask more questions than any of my fellows. Eventually (to stay on point here), I would learn that Swanberg's fleeting portrayal of 1941 and Pearl Harbor simply wouldn't cut it. That came later, getting well into the 1980s and beyond.

I wasn't the only one with questions or concerns. In 1969—halfway between Steilberg's address and my signing-on at the Castle—an Englishman named Ronald Bryden weighed in. The Environmental Design Archives at UC Berkeley has a letter of Bryden's, sent to Steilberg that year on stationery of *The Observer,* the world's oldest Sunday newspaper, based in London and a publisher of Bryden's book reviews and theater columns. Bryden sought Steilberg's help with a piece he was writing "about the building of William Randolph Hearst's castle at San Simeon, as part of a book about the 1930s." Bryden didn't say so, but his book *The Unfinished Hero and Other Essays* would be out by the end of 1969, the same year as his letter to Walter Steilberg. Long afterward Bryden produced two volumes on the plays of George Bernard Shaw. I can't find anything, though, about W. R. Hearst—or about San Simeon—by that long-admired drama critic known to friends and family as Ron.

In any case, Bryden's visit to the Castle took place in March 1969. While there, he'd read the transcript of Steilberg's "fascinating talk to the guides" in 1966. One question after another had occurred to Ron Bryden. He'd soon come to realize that Walter Steilberg was probably one of the few people who might have answers.

"For instance," Bryden's letter to Steilberg continued, there was this important matter that yearned to be resolved:

> No one at the castle seemed very clear about the actual chronology of the building. Apart from the dates of completion for the three guest houses, the first use of Casa Grande in 1925 and of the Neptune pool in 1933 [*sic*], all details appeared to have been swallowed up in [a] vague continuum of building and unbuilding.

The Londoner was surely on to something, a man far ahead of the San Simeon curve by most standards in the late 1960s. He was quite aware of Swanberg and *Citizen Hearst,* having caught Steilberg's impassioned words, one of them of course being "snide." Bryden had other concerns as well, other questions. He went on to say:

> Finally, I wondered whether you might be able to tell me anything of a major building of hers which, for obvious reasons, I could not see [while in California]—Hearst's other castle at Wyntoon. No one at San Simeon had ever been there or was able to tell me much of it, but several people said to me, when I tried to pin them down about Hearst's personal taste, that I must remember that San Simeon was only his Mediterranean collection, so to speak; that at his other homes he pursued other styles and schools of art.

Such pronouncements were already common on Castle tours by 1969 and still have some stature today. Whether Steilberg ever replied to Bryden or gave him any help, his papers at EDA don't say. Wyntoon remained the great unknown, the mystery place, right up until the George Loorz Papers went public in San Luis Obispo in 1990, joined by my hastily compiled book of that same date, *The Builders Behind the Castles*. All through the 1970s and most of the '80s—despite the arrival of the Julia Morgan Collection at Cal Poly in 1980 and the debut of Sara Boutelle's book on Morgan in 1988—Wyntoon kept proving elusive, a tough nut to crack in any number of ways. If not for the imposing feature in *Fortune* magazine in 1935 (simply entitled "Hearst"), the subject would have been even harder to rein in than Ron Bryden was finding it. Again, though, this is getting far off track from Pearl Harbor. It's ironic, at any rate, that the very kind of information Bryden sought,

with 1969 being far too early to obtain it, would have—if delved into enough—made a mockery of what the Tebbel-Winkler-Swanberg triumvirate had said about Hearst and Marion's whereabouts in 1941. Still, that would only have been a footnote to larger issues regarding design, architecture and construction, the complex chronology involved, and so much more. And yet such a footnote is surely called for, hence the present book-length version of an old literary device, arranged here in 41 parts.

Part 16 CLOSE AHEAD LIES 1972, a salient date in this sweeping view that, in the last analysis, will probably mean little to the larger world. Be that as it may, it was in 1972—while the Vietnam War was lingering in the news—that Bill and Austine Hearst made their first gifts on behalf of their greater family to The Bancroft Library. In this early instance they were focusing on the Phoebe Apperson Hearst Papers. The core of the W. R. Hearst material would start arriving in Berkeley later, as of 1977, again through the good offices of Bill and his wife. Also in 1972, Fred Lawrence Guiles came out with *Marion Davies: A Biography,* a book that on the strength of its appendix alone has never been fully surpassed. Furthermore, 1972 was the year in which Sara Boutelle was taken to Hearst Castle—almost kicking and screaming all the way there—by well-meaning family members who thought she'd be impressed. She most assuredly was, and life was never the same for her again. Nor was it ever the same for me and my wife, Janis.

We were a young couple then—I was 22 to Janis's 23—and Castle employment as of 1972 meant a promising future we both badly needed, holed up in Cambria in a small, creekside cottage that cost $70 a month. We didn't have our first checking account until 1973 (as Bank of America still reminds us). In other words, these were very different times, quaintly so, almost as historical in their own right as the Hearst decades I would soon be steeped in.

I've gone a year too far, though, in dwelling on 1972. Right before that, in 1971, Ken Murray's book *The Golden Days of San Simeon* appeared through Doubleday in New York. Lightweight and corny at a glance (Governor Reagan's brief foreword set the tone), the Murray book proved more enduring than most could foresee. The old vaudevillian who wrote it was also a serious film buff, a patron saint to people like two of today's leading collectors of vintage photographs, Marc Wanamaker and Michael Peter Yakaitis. Murray's home movies, bearing the same title as his book, were shown on Tour I at the Castle for the next several years; I can still fondly hear the nostalgic sound

track. As for textual descent in the Swanberg canon—or in the Tebbel-Winkler-Swanberg canon, to be more encompassing, more sequential—Murray's book can be spot-quoted the same as any other derivative efforts that postdate 1952, 1955, and 1961. Obviously, the words of those three authors, from Tebbel through Swanberg (the latter especially), kept percolating down through newer works, whether long or short. If there's anything to be gained from reading Ken Murray's take on Pearl Harbor, it's mostly just a head shake or a grin: a matter of comparing his unknowing account with whoever was next in line, for a good while to come.

In reality, Murray skipped Pearl Harbor altogether, as befit a cheerful book like his. (The point being: if he *had* mentioned it, he almost certainly would have got it wrong.) Instead, he came to roost briefly in a later wartime context; he did so in his chapter "Mr. Hearst Gives a Party," in which the Beach House in Santa Monica got major play. In tackling that subject, Murray fumbled some basics—he conflated Hearst's birthday parties of 1937 and 1938, plus he skewed other details—and then he jumped well ahead:

> By contrast, the festivities for Mr. Hearst's eightieth birthday [April 29, 1943] were simple, celebrated on his beloved Enchanted Hill, attended only by his sons, their wives, and a very few Hollywood friends. As he stood up in his favorite room, the Refectory, in response to the toasts from members of the party clustered in the center of the long table, with rows of unoccupied chairs on each side, it was apparent he was not overjoyed at touching the fourscore mark, and he made a graceful little speech telling why.

More suitably quoted by Louella Parsons in *The Gay Illiterate* (1945), Hearst gave his impromptu talk at the blacked-out Beach House, surely not at shuttered San Simeon. His milestone birthday in Santa Monica was also mentioned by *Time* magazine, back in 1943 itself. Hearst and Marion had been in the Southland since January that year, after returning from their latest (and last) trip to Mexico. They

would finally be back at Wyntoon in May, preceding their "full year through a very heavy winter" that Bill Murray recalled in 1958. Shame on the other Murray—the one named Ken—for his bit of balderdash in 1971. Even the speeding Swanberg, in racing to the finish line, had been accurate while giving Hearst's 80th birthday a quarter page; he'd relied on the Parsons book, said the tiny footnote in *Citizen Hearst*. Exactly 20 years after Ken Murray, no less an insider than Bill Hearst would likewise trip over that birthday detail. In his memoir, *The Hearsts: Father and Son*—a book strategically reissued in 2013—Bill recounted his father's special gathering of 1943 but named Wyntoon as the setting.

For that estate's little-known sake, Murray redeemed himself somewhat in 1971 through his *Golden Days of San Simeon*—indirectly, that is—by including five photographs of Wyntoon, none of them sufficiently captioned. The one of Hearst and Charles Lindbergh came from footage in Murray's *Golden Days* film. It was taken when Lindy and his wife were guests "up north" in June 1941; a bit of research would have placed Hearst et al. along the McCloud at that key moment. Lindbergh's extensive *Wartime Journals* had recently appeared, in 1970, containing some rich details about his Wyntoon visit.

This one, however, got by the Castle regulars for the longest time. It was thought quite enough to say on Tour I (often as a voice-over while the Murray film was running) that the footage of the Chief and Lindy showed Wyntoon, not San Simeon. No one seemed to put two and two together: that here was a historic glimpse of 1941 and that it might connect with Hearst's whereabouts of a few months later. None of this, after all, was in biblical Swanberg, should anyone be wondering.

Diametrically opposed to *The Golden Days of San Simeon* was another title dated 1971, as in *The Citizen Kane Book.* Preceded by Pauline Kael's "Raising Kane," a long feature appearing in *The New Yorker* the same year, that famous film critic moved almost Hearstian

mountains with what she wrought. Among other results, her effort greatly helped revitalize the career of the cinematic bad boy named Orson Welles, then a portly man in his mid-fifties. For the Castle crowd (those who caught this one at all), Kael's revelation that Ferdinand Lundberg, the gloomy author of *Imperial Hearst* in 1936, had successfully sued the makers of *Citizen Kane*—for plagiarism, no less—was a statement sure to turn a few heads. Enough so, that is, to make some of the guides consult a book they'd long ignored. Maybe someone besides Swanberg had useful things to say. And yet as Jack Smith, one of the top Castle guides in the 1960s and '70s told me several years later in his booming voice: "I don't do Kane." Neither did most others in our circle.

The light, breezy tone of Ken Murray proved more widely appealing, both in-house and with the touring public. His *Golden Days* went through several reprints by Doubleday before the author's heirs got hold of the book and self-published it in paperback. By then it was the 1990s; Murray had died in 1988.

But back to the early seventies now—to that noteworthy year 1972. Hearst had been dead since 1951, Marion since '61. High time she got her due, alongside the recognition the Chief had garnered over the past two decades. Of course Swanberg had devoted plenty of words to that rare chatelaine, that world-famous paramour. Ken Murray had also portrayed Marion. No full-length biography had appeared, though. It was Fred Lawrence Guiles who filled the void. Thus far he had a single book to his credit, *Norma Jean: The Life of Marilyn Monroe,* a McGraw-Hill title from 1969. That same publisher liked his work and backed Guiles on a second filmland biography. The densely packed copyright page of *Marion Davies,* plus the author's introduction, warrant a careful reading to see how Guiles went about his business. The man had relied partly on Tebbel and Swanberg. Winkler, however, wasn't mentioned. More important, Guiles had gained much from old Hollywoodians like Anita Loos, Charles Lederer, and even Horace

Brown, whom Marion had married soon after Hearst died. Lederer was Marion's nephew, an insider *par excellence.* Without Charlie's help, Fred Guiles would never have gone far.

Looking back on it all from four decades later, we can sum up a complex situation by saying that Guiles had entrée to the Marion Davies Collection, as it's now known, an archival holding of uncertain extent that seems mostly to have been dispersed since 1972, often piecemeal through eBay and the like. The actress Julie Payne, who was Lederer's stepdaughter, minces few words in recounting what happened, at least in part: Charlie was a drug addict in his later years (he died in 1976), and he often needed money. This mostly predates eBay, properly speaking. But such was the nature of the Davies Collection and its sporadic disposition: an archive broken up and bought and sold, eventually through the Internet, with many of its components being scattered to the four winds. Back when Guiles worked on Marion's biography, things were still intact enough for him to benefit greatly.

Did he succeed? How credible and attuned a job did he do under his privileged conditions? To hear the book-review media tell it, dating from 1972 and '73, Guiles performed less than brilliantly on many a point. "Well meaning though it is," began one assessment, *Marion Davies* was "unsuccessful in the essential task of developing a character out of the biographical material, and so ploddingly written that it is difficult to read." This same reviewer (appearing in *Library Journal*) considered Marion herself "a show-business biographer's dream," and yet Guiles had made things "all rather tedious":

> There are some interesting details here . . . but on the whole [the book] is just a lengthy, banal treatment of an extraordinary subject.

Kinder words cropped up elsewhere. Still, the Guiles book never got off to a proper start. There may have been, quite possibly, a "Hearst curse" behind the negative press, a carryover from the dark and

sinister mood of *Citizen Kane.* The best part by far of what Guiles had accomplished was the intensive, 30-page appendix he compiled on "The Films of Marion Davies." No one has gone it a step better since 1972, and no one now studying Marion's career would ever want to forego it.

The part about the book being "difficult to read" is worth a beer-swilling argument or two. In reality, McGraw-Hill—although not a publisher known for enduring or collectible books—did a first-rate job in composing and typesetting *Marion Davies.* The ink is crisply black throughout (Hearst would have loved it). If anything, Guiles-as-writer was made to look persuasive, commanding.

One must eventually move past that impressive, purely visual factor and focus on the content itself, the biographical-historical turn that Guiles was taking. This is where the man kept falling down. The American panorama was no strong suit for him; his shortcomings were frequently evident, on and off through the book. He seems not to have known his way around California very well at all. Years later, in his biography of Joan Crawford (1995), he spoke of San Simeon as "Hearst's castle in the Santa Ynez mountains." He'd been just as wobbly much of the time in 1972. At that point, in his book about Marion, he'd foolishly relied on Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's memoir of 1936, *Without Prejudice.* Its harebrained description of San Simeon bears no repetition here. Suffice it to say, Guiles lamely took it hook, line, and sinker.

At the Castle, the guides got their fill of this tripe in no time. Fred Lawrence Guiles became a Dangerfieldian character, a man who could get no respect. Indeed, he hadn't earned it. He never went to San Simeon to address that group, à la Walter Steilberg in 1966. No book signings were ever held in the local area.

And thus in 1975, when the *The Times We Had* appeared, several eyes rolled upon reading (in the editors' introduction) that *Citizen Hearst* and *Marion Davies* were "certainly the standard reference

works on their subjects." That was fine in Swanberg's case. With regard to Marion, though, not so fast. Still, nothing book-length was at hand to take its place until *The Times We Had* caught on. It was another instance—seen before and since repeated—of history being rendered by default: the Guiles book had surely been better than nothing. Concerning 1941, Pearl Harbor, and the first part of 1942, its author got so far off base as to seem demented. Some of this assessment by me rests on hindsight, true. Yet even as long ago as 1972, the Guiles version of what Hearst and Marion experienced 30 years before was almost too silly to abide. Swanberg or even Tebbel couldn't possibly have led him as far astray as what's about to be quoted below.

First, however, a basic setting of the stage.

Guiles had it that Hearst and Marion were in Santa Monica on a certain Sunday late in 1941 (or so he *seemed* to be saying). Also, he typically referred to Ocean House, wrongly using the name bestowed on that building after Hearst and Marion sold it in 1947 (although at times he spoke of "the beach house" in lowercase, at least having the good sense to include the article). In this apparent Santa Monica context, Guiles switched from discussing RKO's new Orson Welles movie that debuted earlier in 1941 to what follows:

> Pearl Harbor created shock waves on December 7, 1941, beside which *Kane* was a rather small ripple.

No great harm done just yet. But *seemingly* once more, Guiles kept the couple in residence in Santa Monica for the next several weeks. He was alluding to the so-called Battle of Los Angeles with these further details:

> One night early in 1942 [February 25], Marion said that a Japanese plane was shot down before her "very eyes" a few miles north of Ocean House. Actually, the incident involved a plane of unknown origin, which set off a barrage of anti-aircraft artillery between Santa Monica and Malibu. Hearst climbed to the topmost balcony of the beach house to

> watch the excitement, while Marion shivered under a table. . . . But when the incident was over, he was concerned for Marion's safety, and preparations were made to leave Ocean House.

We've heard some of this already, courtesy of *The Times We Had.* Guiles had naturally availed himself of Marion's taped sessions (before any of them were published). On that score he was doing his job. Alas, he didn't remain long on good historical behavior. These wishful paragraphs came next:

> They went to San Simeon, its air of remoteness giving them a sense of security, which proved to be fleeting. They had been there only a few weeks when Hearst called her into his study one evening and, in anxious tones, informed her that the government was urging him to leave the castle, that it was a "sitting duck" for bombardment by the Japanese artillery—presumably affixed to their submarines, and that San Simeon would be singled out by the enemy for such an attack because of his long campaign of vituperation against them—a barrage of propaganda that had begun as early as the Wilson administration. . . .
>
> . . . The Japanese, called "Japs" by Marion and others at the castle, were a far greater threat to life and limb than Hearst's earlier (and later rediscovered) bogeyman, the Bolsheviks.
>
> But unlike Marion's experience during World War I when the war was so remote and invisible to her, this one threatened them rather directly. San Simeon, with its myriad interior lights and its spotlights illuminating its treasures out-of-doors, looked like a Hearstian birthday cake at night. It is entirely possible that the government was fearful that it might be bombarded.

Guiles finished this last segment with excerpts from Marion's tapes, those rare items he'd been privy to, pre-publication. He may also have gleaned part of his tale from Tebbel's *Life and Good Times* of 1952. In addition, he may have been partly beholden to Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955, but the credits in the McGraw-Hill book give no such hint. He almost certainly didn't read Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* incorrectly on this San Simeon score; Swanberg, in a moment of

"writing around" things, had said very little about the place in this post-Pearl regard.

Guiles kept bravely going, future questions of textual descent well aside. He was on his own for now. And then he concocted a scenario that presumably belonged to the late winter or early spring of 1942 (a time when, in reality, Hearst and Marion were making their third short trip from Wyntoon to Santa Monica since the first of the new year):

> There was still snow on the ground when Hearst's convoy of mistress, staff, and assorted friends—mostly Marion's—reached Wyntoon. But, nestled among its tall pines, with its dozens of cheery fireplaces, it proved a safe haven from the war.

Yes it did: the same "safe haven" that Marion had described to Bing Crosby back in late December, when the folks were already ensconced at Wyntoon, as they mainly had been since the spring of 1941, almost a year before the period Guiles was imagining.

That wayward biographer had a reliable date to work with for this part of 1942: April 29—Hearst's 79th birthday. That's when the Chief's ITN column mourned the recent death of Helen, his beloved dachshund. Guiles could have gleaned this from the *Selections* "Blue Bible," as compiled by E. F. Tompkins in 1948. Or from Cobbie's *Portrait* of Hearst, dated 1952. Neither book figures in the credits, though, as listed in *Marion Davies.* If nothing else, the Helen episode can help date the Guiles tale about Wyntoon and its snowy ground.

But is there any reason to trace what else that author had to say about Hearst, Marion, and World War II? Not without doing so in a spirit of extreme caution. The celebrity biographer named Fred Guiles impugned himself in 1972, never went back and made any changes (regarding the war or anything else), and left little besides his filmography of Marion's career to remember him by—although he's warmly revered today, and long has been, by certain Hearst-and-Marion buffs in the Southland.

Part 17 HISTORY 101, as intoned by Fred Lawrence Guiles, begs for some archival relief, as provided by the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection. The clearer the picture of what W. R. Hearst and Marion Davies were really up to in the month of December 1941, obviously so much the better.

We've already seen how, coincidentally, the eve of the *Montebello's* sinking early on Tuesday the 23rd played host to a rewritten number by Charlie Ryckman, an editorial Hearst chose to hold for the sake of "In the News." By similar coincidence December 23 was when another submission—likewise destined for ITN (for December 31 in this case)—came over the wire; it did so from faraway New York. There, at Hearst's tabloid called the *Daily Mirror*—his answer to Manhattan's more successful *Daily News*—poems and lyrics by Nick Kenny often appeared.

Kenny had been a Navy man during World War I, a veteran for whom Pearl Harbor hit squarely home. He got mightily inspired by the events of Sunday the 7th and composed these stirring words for the Chief:

> When the snake-eyed little yellow men of Nippon torpedoed the battleship *Arizona* they hit the heart of every Navy man, and especially the hearts of us x-Navy men who served on the *Arizona* [years before]. The face they lost is nothing to the face they'll have when our Navy catches up with them. They'll wish they had confined their activities to opium smuggling and poaching on other nations' fish preserves. . . .
>
> There was real *esprit de corps* on the *Arizona* and you'd make a lot of sailors happy if you could start a movement to build another *Arizona* as an answer to the foul blow dealt us by the faceless little monkey-men of Japan. I think my poem "Taps" speaks the sentiment of the entire U.S. Navy.

Besides wishing Hearst a Merry Christmas, Kenny tacked on his new work, much as we might attach a document by e-mail today. His poem went like this:

TAPS

(Dedicated to the *U.S.S. Arizona*, lying on the bottom of Pearl Harbor)

We put her in commission down in Brooklyn long ago,
We knew her every plank and bolt, for we had watched her grow.
Oh, she was young and we were young—the way it ought to
Be when little fellows run away to serve a hitch at sea.

For fighting hearts are lonely hearts, wherever they may roam,
And sailors, when they love a ship, will tell you "It's a home."
Oh, such a "home" was our old ship—a source of endless
Pride—a thing of thrilling beauty that enchanted every
Tide.

And now she lies beneath the waves, the ship we loved so well,
No more to thrill to bugler's "Taps"—all silent is her Bell . . .
She frets beneath the rolling sea, our brave old man o'
War, for she won't sleep until she knows the world is free
Once more.

Kenny had more to contribute to the files for December 1941. The next day—Wednesday the 24th—he applauded Hearst for the latter's ITN column of the 23rd, calling it "a classic." The Chief had included rhymes of his own, one of which said:

Then when the flames reflecting shine
On golden goblets rare and fine
Drink deeply of that draught divine
Good Californian wine.

Thus did Kenny tell him: "It must have made Omar Khayam [Khayyam], in Never-Never Land, roll his eyes in ecstasy." Hearst tendered his thanks. Yet he also told Kenny (this on the 24th as well, as dispatched that evening):

I do not think highly of my verse but it gives some variety to the column.

Variety was a sacred word in the Hearstian lexicon. The Chief counted on it in all areas of his life. His 17 newspapers reflected that—

theoretically (some did a much more effective job of being vivid and dynamic than others). Hearst had started his feel-good ITN piece of December 23rd on a warm, cordial note. It ran as follows in his usual staccato:

> Midwinter is upon us, friends.
>
> The shortest day in the year is come—and gone.
>
> Here in the forests of Wyntoon the light arrives late in the morning.
>
> The shadows of the evening fall swiftly.
>
> The nights are long—and darkness deep.
>
> The air is biting cold.
>
> The snow lies heavy on the trees.
>
> The banks of the rushing river are fringed with lacy borders of ice.
>
> Now and again a heavy storm sweeps through the forest and here and there, caught in the wind, a great pine crashes to the ground.
>
> Some stand, some fall.
>
> It is the law and lot of nature.
>
> Those that live are beautiful to see.
>
> And those that fall perform a useful function too.
>
> The saw and axe transform them into logs to feed the hearths and keep the home fires burning.
>
> So while all is bleak and chill without the house, all is warm within.
>
> The holidays are here with Christmas cheer and the bright promise of another year.

Amidst the subway simplism were some key words. Hearst's mention of Wyntoon made perfect sense. And keeping "the home fires burning" in 1941 was literally the case. It had long been true, ever since he and Marion and the folks had gotten home from Santa Monica in November, and probably for a while before that, as the October weather would also have dictated. One can go much deeper on dissecting the Hearst persona than what someone like Nick Kenny added to the files. What emerges, in part, is that Hearst seemed mostly

to look beyond his hidden retreat: he kept New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other strategic centers in focus, not to mention points more distant. An episode like the sinking of the *Montebello* wasn't to be ignored, certainly; yet it seemed to be minor business by his normal standards. He alluded to it in quick passing on December 24, as we've already seen—and that may have been the extent of it, pending further research in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft and perhaps in the Coblentz Papers as well.

Part 18 HOLLYWOOD RUMOR has it that, while working on *Marion Davies*, Fred Guiles made cassette copies of the original reel-to-reel recordings from 1951. Whereas the old tapes have long since vanished (supposedly burglarized), the cassettes may still be extant. Guiles died in 2000, but his copies are believed to exist. If they are indeed among the living, they may well amount to the only accessible form of Marion's autobiographical sessions. Much more material than what got into *The Times We Had* may well be imbedded in those cassettes. The sound alone of her voice would be telling. Had she in fact "felt compelled to lubricate her memory with large drafts of vodka," as Guiles claimed?

Also, he spoke of "those weeks in 1952" (a typo or other error?) as part of the recording sessions, 1951 perhaps having marked the first efforts only—*after* Hearst died in August that year. Come 1975 and the publication of *The Times We Had,* its husband-and-wife editors, Kenneth S. Marx and Pamela Pfau, long since divorced, spun things differently (although their manuscript originally cited the date 1953). They launched their corrected Introduction that got into print by saying:

> Marion Davies recorded the notes for this book on magnetic tapes in her Beverly Hills home. With the assistance of Stanley Flink, a Time-Life correspondent, she began work in the summer of 1951. On August 14 of that year, William Randolph Hearst died, ending their thirty-two-year affair.

I infer from this that the recording sessions began *before* Hearst died. Maybe the Guiles cassettes could clarify such details. In any event, *The Times We Had* is a story all its own, inclusive of the Marx-and-Pfau and still other roles, one worthy of as much attention as *Citizen Hearst* or any other books have received thus far in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor*.

For me, Marion's *Times We Had* angle goes back to the fall of 1975. I had a Post Office box inside Sebastian's, the old cracker-barrel store in San Simeon village. I stopped by one afternoon, after a Castle guiding session, to get my mail. Bob Buddell, the proprietor, kept a stock of Hearstiana on hand—Emil White, Ken Murray, Swanberg of course, and some other things. My eyes fell on an item I'd never seen before, one that I had no inkling of whatsoever. I'd become a serious book collector by then; I fancied I knew quality when I saw it. On that score, *The Times We Had* didn't measure up. It seemed cheap, even tacky and ephemeral. I couldn't imagine it would be going anywhere or would ever amount to anything. Little did I know that bestseller status awaited it (once it went into mass-market paper), right across Highway I at the Castle gift shop. For now, I took a copy from Bob's stack, turned it over and flipped through its pages, and set it back down.

I can't recall when I finally relented and bought one to take home. Maybe someone on the hill shamed me into acting; I can't quite remember, 1975 having been long ago; besides, our first daughter was about to be born and my mind was largely elsewhere. And remember, this was eons before Amazon and the prospect of getting new books like this at discounted, loss-leader prices. In 1975 you paid full retail—if you could find a desired item at all. Except for Sebastian's, or the tiny Castle gift shop back then or maybe a souvenir shop down the road, a book like this could best be had in San Luis Obispo at the old Gabby Bookstore or even farther away. Meanwhile, the publisher's price on *The Times We Had* was a chest-thumping $12.50, even without a lick of color. Think $52 in our inflated latter-day money.

The publisher, so far as that went, was a far cry from, say, Bill Swanberg's perennial house in New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Bobbs-Merrill also had roots in New York, but along with that came its Indianapolis heritage. Once a promoter of edgy, spirited titles, Bobbs-Merrill was likelier by 1975 to be offering *Understanding Pregnancy and Childbirth* or dull prospects like *Shrubs and Decorative Ever-*

greens. True, in 1974 that house had issued Edwin Newman's *Strictly Speaking: Will American Be the Death of English?* Most of its current list, though, was humdrum fare compared with the Bobbs-Merrill of yore. Whatever happened to gritty titles like Oliver Carlson's book of 1941, *A Mirror for Californians?* Or Irvin S. Cobb's *Exit Laughing,* likewise from 1941? Carlson had previously written a biography of Arthur Brisbane (published in 1937); he'd also co-authored *Hearst: Lord of San Simeon* in 1936, renowned for its octopus image of the Chief on its bright yellow dust jacket. Though not a Bobbs-Merrill title, the Hearst biography by Carlson could easily have been one from that player (Viking got it instead).

The point, in part, is that books like the Carlson and Cobb titles of 1941 had been shopped among big-name publishers and even fought over at times. The Bobbs-Merrill of *The Times We Had* era was no longer that kind of house. By 1975 it was mostly picking up leftovers and cast-offs. Or to put it differently: mainstream houses like Scribner's and Knopf and Random House may well have rejected the Marion memoir as too lacking, too frivolous or insubstantial. Better for the book to find a home with a somewhat tired, lower-tier publisher like Bobbs-Merrill, a house that wouldn't fuss unduly over editorial fine points or other minutiae.

And thus in sizing up *The Times We Had,* we have to do more than assess its content, its textual nuts-and-bolts and pictorial aspects. We also have to consider the sponsoring source itself, the parent that brought this new child into the world.

Which is to say, getting published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1975 fell short of getting published *well,* on anything like the Scribner's-Swanbergian level. *The Times We Had* had got itself into somewhat overpriced print. Period. End of story by certain time-honored standards. And yet the book wasn't about to roll over and play dead. No, it went into mass-market paperback, and there it remains today, a steady seller at the Castle gift shop. The public has never been able to

get enough of it. "The Publishing Czar and the Hollywood Star," blares the front cover of the Ballantine Books edition, already in its 13th printing by 1990 (one of the versions I have). Few celebrity bios or tell-alls have ever been as enduring.

That said, what can be learned from the book? What salient or important message does it send across the years? There are the trips to Europe, the Thomas Ince yacht mystery, the Lindbergh parade in New York, the Battle of Los Angeles, and quite a bit more. Hands down, though, Marion's take on Pearl Harbor and its aftermath is what stands out the most. In the original Bobbs-Merrill edition, her allusive yet unmistakable recounting of that episode fills a page, a chapter opener in oversized type, couched in words as legible and convincing as any could be. They bear repeating here in full, no matter how familiar they are to a few Hearstiana buffs (her words are less emphatic, of course, in the pocket-sized paperback, but they're fairly effective just the same):

> We hadn't been to Wyntoon for a long time, until the war started. We were told to get out of San Simeon, so we went.
>
> San Simeon looked like a birthday cake, and it was a target. I didn't want to go and W.R. didn't want to go, but somebody, the federal government or the state, told us to get out. W.R. said, "If they blow it up, I want to stay with it."
>
> "But I don't," I said. "I don't want to be blown up just for a castle."
>
> W.R. said, "We can go down to the cellar and hide."
>
> "No thanks. Close it all up and let's get to Wyntoon."
>
> W.R. said, "Well, I'm not evading the war."
>
> I said, "I don't want to be shot for no reason." It would have been perfectly okay if I'd had a gun and could fight somebody—which I couldn't, because I'd wiggle [have an unsteady hand]. But I didn't see why we should stay right in the line of fire. They could see us from miles away, and W.R. had been the one who first started to write about the yellow peril.

> I said, "If they're after anybody, they're after you. They're going to look for San Simeon, and we'll all go up in a blow of smoke." Then we went to Wyntoon.

If only it were true. If only those 220 words of Marion's could hold even a teaspoon of water. It would make the tracing of their lives through the war years—which Swanberg, the de facto guru, had so lightly handled—a great deal easier, a gloss of details tidily packaged for posterity. As I said at the outset of *Hearst and Pearl Harbor*, few people questioned Marion's story when it appeared in 1975. It seemed plausible to the point of invincibility. Besides, there were Tebbel, Winkler, and Swanberg (those three writers' discrepancies aside) to bolster *The Times We Had*, to lend it any extra credence it might need.

We shouldn't despair. We should take immediate solace in G. & R. Hearst. There's little to be gained in believing Marion's words. They never were true, and they never will be. They were wholly concocted, vodka-induced or not. Her turn as a scenarist and raconteur is what should be scrutinized here, not that of a historian. Archivally, the day after Pearl Harbor is a good place to start (the 7th itself having been dominated by Hearst's ITN efforts, plus Charlie Ryckman's work). Sometime on Monday, December 8, 1941, a Western Union telegram—wired "collect" from Cambria—reached Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon. It's coding near the dateline is hard to decipher, and the time isn't indicated. This is what its sender, the plainspoken Nick Yost, told the Colonel just the same:

> Need lumber for shelves. Fifteen hundred feet one-by-twelve, fifty per thousand. One thousand feet two-by-fours, sixty-two dollars per thousand. Need this in the morning. May need some more later.

Yost had overseen the San Simeon warehouses since the first of 1940. Whether the lumber he needed was for those buildings or, perhaps, for the Castle basement is hard to say, based on these five sentences alone. Either way, he seemed to be in a hurry. Did the attack

in Hawaii the day before prompt his request? It's unclear without more information. Once the war got fully under way, Hearst had Yost move many a San Simeon rarity from the Castle into the vaults beneath its main floor. There the items remained for three years. Yost's wire on December 8 may have reflected that plan of action, even this soon after Pearl Harbor.

It's fair to say that Hearst had art on his mind at the moment, along with plenty of other concerns. On the evening of Monday the 8th, Willicombe sent a short message to Henry S. MacKay, Jr., in downtown Los Angeles; Heinie MacKay was an attorney with especially close ties to the Chief, someone with a deep understanding of what made the great man tick and what his priorities were. The latest word from the Colonel at Wyntoon took this form:

> Chief instructs me to ask if he should give anything to museums or public institutions other than monastery given San Francisco—or shall he wait until next year? Only few days left to do anything if necessary. Kindly wire reply.

We can note here (as well as in several other places) that Willicombe seldom if ever began his messages with "The Chief says," despite many claims that he did. Why use an extraneous word? Efficiency was the Colonel's middle name. "Chief says" (or "Chief instructs") was much crisper and more direct, much more that master secretary's style. The monastery, at any rate, was Santa Maria de Ovila, the huge Spanish rock pile that had passed from Hearst ownership to the city by the bay in May 1941, half a year earlier. Its history is far too complex to recount here; nonetheless, the monastery (or at least part of it), had once been slated for re-erection at Wyntoon. Those days now seemed far in the past.

Willicombe heard back from Heinie MacKay the next afternoon, on December 9. What follows is delectably complex:

> Re your wire of yesterday regarding gifts. Took matter up with [Martin] Huberth and [Richard J.] Donahue [of the main Hearst office in New York]. Following is wire just received from Donahue:
>
> "Discussed your telegram with Huberth. We feel that in view of what might be called potential loss deductions for this year such as Florida real estate and antique losses it would be better to postpone making donations until next year when tax rates will be higher and no great amount of potential losses are anticipated. If Chief feels able to make contributions both year[s], donation of twenty-five thousand dollars this year would be advantageous in case potential losses were not allowed."

Some interpretation is called for with messages like this (a fair number exist in G. & R. Hearst). "Antique losses," for example, refers to imbalances in the disposition of Hearst art works (plus books and manuscripts), a subject of ongoing liquidations in the Chief's behalf since 1937. More precisely, such "losses" could refer to those items whose ownership was classified as W. R. Hearst Personal versus items assigned to entities like American Newspapers, Inc.—all such matters being highly convoluted for an outsider to unravel.

A reply of Willicombe's that evening to MacKay (there may have been more than one), bore the current date, December 9, and said in part:

> Chief says "I want to give my Indian blankets to the Los Angeles Museum. Please find out if they want them. They are the best collection extant."

MacKay's answer didn't come through for two more days, not until Thursday the 11th. He told Willicombe by "dayletter" at that juncture:

> Los Angeles Museum will be delighted to accept gift of Indian blankets but must have complete list and full description of same so that it can be presented to museum board at their next meeting on December

> eighteenth and they will vote as to formal acceptance. [Richard] Carrington helping on this through Board of Supervisors.

Dick Carrington was Cobbie's counterpart at the *Los Angeles Examiner*—in other words, the publisher. His role was to be an effective gentleman about town, all for the greater good of advertising accounts in that pulsating city. Looking well ahead, the blankets, as originally catalogued by Nick Yost, were the subject of Nancy J. Blomberg's impressive book *Navajo Textiles: The William Randolph Hearst Collection* (1988). Some items had been acquired by Hearst's mother, Phoebe; but most of the blankets and other weavings were directly from the Chief's collection. Many were indeed the best of their kind. Hearst had been on solid ground with what he asserted back in December 1941.

Other messages along these lines could be cited—if these pages I'm writing in 2013 were some kind of museum treatise. But they're not. The examples are included here to make a point, one that should be self-evident from the last few excerpts. Namely, Hearst was pursuing a part of his life at this moment, right after December 7, with calmness and rationality. No one was running about, pulling up stakes at San Simeon or heading down to the Beach House or doing Lord knows what else. Marion and a few others would have us believe that, would have us visualize any number of almost ludicrous motions.

It's time, indeed high time, that people parted ways with these bankrupt ideas—selectively, at the very least, in the case of *The Times We Had.* And even, with all due respect, regarding certain aspects of *Citizen Hearst* and its brethren before 1975. We'll deal with publications from later dates as we come to them. Much still lies ahead.

Part 19 SO IMPLICITLY WAS *The Times We Had* accepted that its allusive account of Pearl Harbor became deeply set in stone, quickly and thoroughly. Just as there'd been the deification of Bill Swanberg's book since 1961, now there was Marion's offbeat memoir to uphold as well. The latter mostly eclipsed the shaky Fred Guiles outing of 1972. After all, these pages contained *her very words.* Boobs-Merrill (as some were lampooning the hardcover version) was considered a well-meaning, reputable publishing house by enough of the Castle guides. Their opinions surely mattered. Alienate them, as Guiles had unwittingly done, and it could long be regretted. Kind remarks on the hilltop tours led to further sales "down below," where the gift shop did year-round business.

Before fast-forwarding to 1980—there being little new in the immediate wake of the Swanberg-Davies tidal wave—we can pause for the sake of Rodney Carlisle, a man cited back in Part 6 (holder of a Berkeley history doctorate since 1965). Come 1979, Carlisle's dissertation had been "rewritten and expanded" as a monograph for Garland Publishing; it bore a new title: *Hearst and the New Deal: The Progressive as Reactionary.* Garland sold its books to college libraries and to devoted academics; the general public in those days, long before Amazon, would have had little inkling that a work this specialized even existed. Carlisle had gone Hearstian in recent years through scholarly forums, not just once but as many as three times. First, in 1969, *Labor History* had carried his "William Randolph Hearst's Reaction to the American Newspaper Guild: A Challenge to New Deal Labor Legislation." Four years later, in 1973, his article "William Randolph Hearst: A Fascist Reputation Reconsidered" had appeared in *Journalism Quarterly.* Then in 1974 he'd followed with "The Foreign Policy Views of an Isolationist Press Lord: W. R. Hearst and the International Crisis, 1936–41"; the *Journal of Contemporary History* did the honors for that round.

At a glance, the subtitle of this last item came the closest to touching on Pearl Harbor. But Carlisle went no farther down that road (nor did he with his *Hearst and the New Deal* book) than to cite the *San Francisco Examiner* of December 8, 1941. From that Monday morning paper he quoted some of Hearst's well-known lines written the day before at Wyntoon, the Chief's ITN column starting with "Well, fellow Americans, we are in the war and we have got to win it." Carlisle, however, didn't indicate where Hearst was at that strategic moment. That wasn't his concern, neither for his article in 1974 nor for the Garland retrospective book dated 1979.

Years later—in 2006—Rod Carlisle served as general editor on a substantial book called *December 7, 1941,* part of the HarperCollins-Smithsonian series "One Day In History: The Days That Changed the World." Two pages were allotted to "Isolationist Press," with Hearst getting ample play. It was Eric Fettmann who did the write-up, not Dr. Carlisle. The editor himself, who's long been broadly diverse and prolific, has done nothing more current on Hearst than his three articles of 1969 through 1974, followed by his book for Garland.

Carlisle and I spoke at length by phone in 2010. He's a good back-burner colleague, someone I should stay in further touch with. The same goes for Ian Mugridge, an Englishman long based in Canada who came out with an unusual book in 1995: *The View from Xanadu: William Randolph Hearst and United States Foreign Policy.* Ian and I corresponded for a while in 2010 but then let things go fallow—a dialogue we can easily resume and probably should.

Back to my chronology: midway through the 1970s—in fact, sharing the date 1975 with *The Times We Had*—a book with no bearing whatever on Pearl Harbor is ripe for passing notice regardless. *The Twilight of Splendor: Chronicles of the Age of American Palaces* mentions Hearst and San Simeon, briefly but enticingly so. And thus what James T. Maher wrote, with flair and command and impeccable taste, is too good to bypass in any survey like this present one in its

seventies phase. Besides, Maher (said the jacket blurb) was "completing the companion volume to *The Twilight of Splendor,* entitled *A Season of Splendor."* In that forthcoming book:

> [The author would] chronicle five of the most spectacular palaces of the Vanderbilt era, including The Breakers and Marble House in Newport, Rhode Island, and William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon, the timeless imperial estate.

Never mind San Simeon's post-dating those other mansions by a generation or more. Hearst's hilltop creation was "timeless" and therefore suited for backward or forward motion in linear terms. It remains a grievous shame that Maher never finished *A Season of Splendor*. He was surely off to a good start, at least in Hearst's case. He'd befriended Lilian Forney, long the secretary of Julia Morgan. Mrs. Forney was the same woman who, especially with input from her daughter, Lynn, made my breakthrough in the late 1970s all the more possible (those efforts focused on Hearst's collecting). In that sense I got to take up where James Maher left off. I'm overdue in saluting him again, having first done so in 2003.

Maher was a man after my heart in another way: he believed in revision. In 1975—the same year that saw his *Twilight of Splendor*—Oxford University Press issued a paperback edition of *American Popular Song: The Great Innovators, 1900–1950.* James Maher had edited and introduced the book for its debut in 1972. Then for the paperback three years later, he added this special note:

> We are especially grateful to Mr. Miles Kreuger, the president of The Institute of the American Musical, Inc., and a meticulous researcher and historian, for undertaking to reread the text and compile a list of the errors that fell to his exacting eye. These errors have been corrected in subsequent printings of the book.

Maher died in 2007, too soon to observe my efforts through the current *Hearst and Pearl Harbor,* efforts constantly aimed at the same

level of heightened quality bestowed on *American Popular Song* nearly 40 years ago.

We mustn't bid the 1970s adieu without repeating from earlier pages that, in 1977, the William Randolph Hearst Papers came into the good hands of The Bancroft Library. In theory, the great changes that these documents could bestow should have taken hold as quickly as those insights conveyed by the Julia Morgan Collection as of 1980, when Cal Poly was enriched with that exceptional archive. A revolution of sorts had been well under way at San Simeon since 1976 and '77, thanks greatly to Lilian and Lynn Forney; the arrival of the Morgan Collection readily provided all the corroboration that any open-minded person could want.

Not so, though, with the Hearst Papers in Berkeley. No comparable movement was afoot in the greater Bay Area: there was no San Simeon nearby to give it heated impetus, no puzzle already in the midst of being solved, the more so now with new archival help. For whatever reason (or reasons), the W. R. Hearst material was sluggishly tapped. Little was gleaned from it until the 1980s or even later. The entire 1941-Pearl Harbor matter probably could have been decoded, despite the need for archival processing that slowed the use of the Hearst Papers in their early years at The Bancroft. What this presupposes, though, is that some industrious person—or more than one—would have been doggedly on the prowl for such answers that long ago. Few if any seemed to be. The clock ticked on, and the secrets lodged in those thousands of documents lay mostly unsuspected, undiscovered, unrevealed.

Part 20 AN OLD FRIEND of mine, a woman well-read in Hearstiana, has a good grasp of the subject. Yet it's one falling short of the archival. In other words, she's tackled many biographies and other works but has never sifted through the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library. Nor has she seen any of the G. & R. Hearst material beyond the keepsake book I produced through Will Hearst about his grandfather, dated 2008—namely, *The Unknown Hearst: 1941.* Understandably, my friend's never been privy to the Bunkhouse Collection, still held by the Hearst Corporation; only two or three scholars that I know of have gotten to see those papers after my archiving of them in the 1980s.

Historical falsehoods being cancerous—with their habit of growing and multiplying at everyone's expense—I guess I shouldn't have been surprised when my friend appealed to me. What she sought was proof that Hearst, Marion, and the folks had indeed been at Wyntoon on December 7, 1941, not somewhere else (whether at San Simeon, Santa Monica, or perhaps at still another place). I thought her request odd at first hearing. Hadn't I addressed the question adequately in 2008 in *The Unknown Hearst?* I'd also previewed a reference book that I still need to finish, a thick volume slated to be called *Life after San Simeon: William Randolph Hearst, Marion Davies, and Their Circle At Wyntoon.* The glimpse I'd given was a short article by that main title, published in San Luis Obispo in July 2012. I'd been thinking—I suppose naively—that my colleagues both recent and former would have read my magazine piece "Life after San Simeon," that they would have come away convinced that the Hearst party had already been at Wyntoon well ahead of the Pearl Harbor attack (and that, for them, the *Montebello* incident really hadn't mattered much). Evidently not. My work was only beginning, I now realized. I had a lot of explaining and persuading yet to do.

I must say, though, that I liked the challenge. My instincts ran toward the tutorial as it was. My 11 years of tour guiding, 1972 through 1983, had instilled that in me. Then I'd taught a few years' worth of

Elderhostel classes, surprisingly demanding, intensive sessions on Hearst and local history that kept me hopping every bit as much as the Castle tours had. Following that I put in three seasons with the Santa Barbara Writers Conference, late 1990s, memoir and biography being my niche. I much enjoyed helping people find their writerly voices, along with other results we instructors strived to impart.

But from about 2000 down to the present I'd been more reclusive, working on my own and often finding that, except through my very intermittent books, I knew few people whom I could enrich with the knowledge I kept gaining. And thus the chance to go deeper than I had before on this Pearl Harbor theme or on any others was something that got my juices flowing—even if now and then it also got my blood a-boiling. What I found self-evident had to be made equally clear to the skeptical friend I mentioned. Those were my marching orders.

With the photographer Minor White in mind from long ago, the man who'd artfully said, "For technical data—the camera was faithfully used," I reasoned that some undeniable Wyntoon data would be good to corral. Aside from abundant datelines and other tell-tale devices, there weren't all that many occurrences of "Wyntoon" or related names *within* the messages. The examples, however, when they did crop up, were thoroughly convincing. I cobbled some together, focusing on the few weeks before Pearl Harbor—in other words, mostly on November 1941. If I could show that Hearst et al. were living at Wyntoon then, maybe I could follow their trail as far as Sunday, December 7.

We've seen already (in Part 10) how the folks made a 10-day trip to Santa Monica in early November that year. Right before they left, the Wyntoon switchboard and telegraph office stayed open on Saturday, November 1, the group not leaving until Sunday the 2nd. And thus this next message is a fitting one for starters, sent on the 1st by Marion herself to Vincent Astor (address unstated); Astor figures as a "businessman and philanthropist" in his *Wikipedia* listing:

> Dearest Vincent: Have just learned that you have been ill but W. R. and I were most happy to hear today that you are on a speedy road to recovery. We are delighted. We now hope and pray that you will be well enough to come and stay with us at Wyntoon for a rest cure. We would be delighted to see you and Mrs. Astor. Lots of love.

Typical Marion. The woman truly had class when she kept her head clear and her flask at bay. Her specifying "Wyntoon" is why this example is earmarked. Ironically, five weeks later, Mr. Astor's name cropped up in these same annals in a different capacity. The day before Pearl Harbor in 1941, Joe Willicombe—well ensconced on the banks of the McCloud, as was Hearst—heard from the *Los Angeles Examiner.* The Chief's favorite paper was seeking approval to print a local wire-service item:

> Pasadena, Dec. 6.—Praise was given last night to the *Examiner* and other Hearst newspapers for their Americanism by Charles S. Cobb, chairman of the local unit of the America First Committee. . . .
>
> The Committee passed a resolution urging the immediate ouster of what was referred to as the President's "Play-Boy Cabinet." Named as members were Marshall Field, III [of the *Chicago Sun*]; W. Averill Harriman, William C. Bullitt, Nelson Rockefeller, Anthony J. D. Biddle, James H. R. Cromwell, and Vincent Astor.

Field's paper was the new broadsheet in the Windy City, mentioned earlier, a serious rival launched as recently as December 4. Among the other people, Cromwell's name stands out; he was currently married to Doris Duke, a second-tier insider in the Hearst-and-Marion orbit. And then there was Vincent Astor—undoubtedly the same man invited by Marion to Wyntoon the month before. With the Hearst press, few were automatically above reproach or safe from a sudden boxing of the ears. But whether this news release gained the Chief's "OK" is unknown. The daily print runs themselves await a careful checking on that score.

After the Hearst party's stay in Santa Monica, the group left Glendale by train on Tuesday, November 11, a long overnight journey to Dunsmuir, a town about 20 miles from the Wyntoon complex. Joe Willicombe traveled separately by automobile. From Sacramento, mid-morning on Wednesday the 12th, he wired the telegrapher at Wyntoon:

> Will need four cars and truck at Dunsmuir tonight.

The folks had some serious baggage, to put it mildly. Any trip to or from Wyntoon (the same went for San Simeon) was frankly an ordeal, one requiring a lot of preparation and, future archives permitting, one leaving scattered messages behind as evidence. Willicombe sent further word from the field just before 2 p.m. that same day, November 12; this one originated in the little town of Gerber, farther up the line near Red Bluff:

> Tell Gables housekeeper move Clive into Number Three. Judge and Mrs. Shearn will have Number Two. They arrive six o'clock tonight.

In order of their appearance here: The Gables was one of several far-flung buildings at Wyntoon. This one included the dining room where everyone convened at mealtime; many of the folks—Hearst and Marion among them—had to travel a half-mile or so to get there. Henry Clive was an illustrator whose work Hearst often showcased in his old Sunday standby called *The American Weekly.* The Judge was Clarence J. Shearn, sole trustee since 1938 of the virtual receivership that monitored Hearst's business affairs and that would remain unpleasantly in force for two more years, until the end of 1943; the Judge and his wife, Sandra, had been part of the entourage in Santa Monica. Numbers Three and Two, humbly named, were bedrooms in The Gables.

Within an hour of the folks' return to Wyntoon, a message went forth to Los Angeles. Its sender was Mame Edwards, a woman who's little known, someone who's mostly fallen between the historical cracks. Yet she was prominent for a few years in the Hearst-Davies

circle, serving as a lady-in-waiting to Marion. Mame was wiring Ella Williams. An indispensable "gofer" not only at Marion's disposal but also for Hearst and Willicombe's sake, Miss Williams went by the nickname "Bill." Mame told Bill what follows on the evening of November 12:

> Arrived home OK. M. D. fine but very tired. M. D. ask[s] that you take the dog and care for it. Mr. Hearst advised JW [Willicombe] to notify you too, but I am following MD's instruction—
>
> Check with Rose as to whether M. D. brought new red & blue bag & scarf back with her yesterday [to the Beach House, before leaving]. Did not find it.

Rose was Marion's older sister—her sole surviving sister, two others (likewise older) having died in recent years. Along with Rose, a few other inner-circle people lived at the Beach House in Hearst and Marion's protracted absences. Very much a mankiller type, Rose's latest conquest was a bandleader named Victor Erwin (she herself was an aspiring singer). Rose and Vic had sent a short wire from Santa Monica early in the afternoon of November 12, evidently to be handed to the youngest Davies sister upon her return. Simply addressed to "Miss Marion," it also said "Care Hearst Ranch Wyntoon McCloud Calif":

> Carloads of love to our little darling. We miss you very much.

That was the extent of the message. Still, even these short items sometimes speak volumes, as does this next one, dispatched by Willicombe late on November 12 to an inquiring lawyer in New York:

> Judge Shearn is here at Wyntoon, McCloud, California.

November 13, 1941, contributed several messages to the G. & R. Hearst Collection. An incoming one to Hearst, sent by Tom White of the Chief's *Herald-American* in Chicago, pertained to Jack Malloy, the

vibrant managing editor of that paper. White's telegraphic style was often brusque and choppy, as in this passage:

> Presume Malloy will have Sunday editor's report promptly and will communicate his recommendations to you in event undesirable await his arrival Wyntoon.

Malloy would soon be there. A heavy drinker, he was somehow in Hearst's good graces (thanks to his newspaper skills) and had been encouraged to dry out along the McCloud—if such were a realistic prospect, especially with the holidays close ahead. Malloy would stay almost until New Year's. He'd be much preoccupied with Chicago affairs the whole time, the new Marshall Field *Sun* being a constant worry and concern.

On November 13 as well, Willicombe heard from Heinie MacKay, the Los Angeles attorney whose involvement in some of Hearst's art activities has already been noted. MacKay told the Colonel:

> Am leaving today for parts unknown with my family for ten days' rest. Will arrive at Wyntoon on *West Coast Limited* Monday evening November twenty-fourth for [Board of Directors] meeting to be held at eleven a.m. on twenty-fifth. Please tell Chief I think it very necessary that [Clarence] Shearn give definite tenure of office for at least one year to Directors of American Newspapers and [of] the Hearst Corporation.

MacKay had clout. He not only stood his ground against the New York contingent, ruled by Judge Shearn, he would also remain close to Hearst through some stormy moments still to come. Eventually, Hearst would name MacKay one of his estate trustees—this after Shearn was belatedly ousted (in December 1943). For the time being, though, Clare Shearn was treated royally by Hearst and Marion, despite the latter's extreme dislike of him, a sentiment possibly exceeding Hearst's own misgivings. Marion's wire to Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bendinck, sent to Beverly Hills on the same evening that Willicombe heard from Heinie

MacKay, showed that she was more than capable of enlightened behavior:

> Would like to have you come and visit us. Sandra [Shearn] and I would love to see you.

By Saturday, November 15—roughly three weeks before Pearl Harbor—the folks were comfortably settled back in at Wyntoon. Willicombe received a long dayletter from Harry Bitner, publisher of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.* It was all business:

> Advertising linage figures represent classified only. Mr. [Stuart] List responding to Mr. Hearst's request for classified figures gave them in letter which did not specify they referred to classified only. . . .
>
> . . . While classified has not been satisfactory and we are constantly attacking this problem, our total advertising including classified for first ten months of 1941 has shown [an unstated] percentage of field improvement.
>
> I will be glad to discuss this situation with you when I am in Wyntoon next week [for the Board meetings].

There's more to extract from Bitner's message than his plan of seeing Hearst and others soon. Willicombe ranks in an administrative capacity here, as he periodically does elsewhere. He'd been Hearst's secretary since 1916, and he surely knew how the company ran its businesses, especially the newspapers.

The meetings that both Harry Bitner and Heinie MacKay would be attending were major events. Hearst publishers from around the country were there (as opposed to editors, few of whom ever took part in such gatherings). Certain family members, such as Bill Hearst, were also there. He'd been a publisher as well for several years: he'd held that important post at the *New York Journal-American* mostly solo after Cobbie (a notch above him) headed west in 1940. Another higher-up in the Hearst pantheon was W. E. Anderman of the *Detroit Times.* While in the Chief's company for the meetings, the publishers and

other executives used the telegraphic service, thus leaving messages like this next one for us to mull over. In this instance Bill Anderman was contacting his managing editor back in Detroit; the date was November 24, 1941—further marked 4:20 in the afternoon:

> Please phone me Wyntoon 8 o'clock Pacific Time.

Short but sweet. Where else could Anderman have been in sending those words? One or two messages might not be enough to convince a naysayer. But how about a handful of such dispatches or even more, many more? The evidence becomes irrefutable, although some observers catch on faster than others. Either way, consensus looms. Seeing is believing.

Thanksgiving in some circles (Hearst's among them) was celebrated twice in 1941. FDR had seen to that—hence the derisive term "Franksgiving" that was going around. November 20 marked the first observance. The 27th was the second one, falling on a traditional date that the folks at Wyntoon more heartily recognized. The teleprinter was active as usual on the true Thanksgiving Day. Willicombe heard from H. O. Hunter in Los Angeles. "Bill," as the latter was known (reminiscent of the girl Friday called Bill Williams), had two questions needing quick attention:

> Has Henry Clive's car left Wyntoon? If not, will he let me know where to send it, as he says he is leaving the Beach House today.
>
> 2. The Santa Fe [railroad] ask[s] if Judge Shearn wants the drawing room they are holding for him on the *Super-Chief* Friday night [tomorrow]. Is the Judge at Wyntoon, and if so, can you find out?

Willicombe answered Bill Hunter with two messages, one per question. The first one (also sent on Thursday the 27th) consisted of a single line:

> Ask Henry Clive at Beach House or Hillside 5824 where he wants his car delivered, and let me know over printer.

The separate dispatch from Willicombe regarded Clare Shearn; it indicates that the holiday table in The Gables was lighter that evening by at least two guests:

> Judge Shearn left here last night, arrive Los Angeles 9:20 [p.m.]. Presume he will go to Town House [on Wilshire Boulevard], I don't know.

Another guest fell noticeably short of being famous or renowned—Don Lewis, a man yet to be identified. He wired Hearst from Carmel on Friday, November 28:

> Again many thanks for your gracious hospitality and my delightful visit at Wyntoon.

Lewis sent separate tidings to Marion as well, another message originating in Carmel on the 28th:

> Am so lonesome for Wyntoon and the happy time I spent there. Again many many thanks and my greetings.

Rather ho-hum stuff—except that our purposes lie elsewhere: squarely within the realm of historical occurrence and plausibility, no matter how ordinary the wording of fleeting, ephemeral messages that, today, might readily be texted on a hand-held device.

One of Hearst's youngest sons, David (a twin), stayed on at Wyntoon past the "second Thanksgiving." Born in 1915, his 26th birthday fell on Tuesday, December 2. Greetings reached him from his mother, Millicent, wired from New York. David also heard from the third son, John, and from Bill Hearst and his wife at that time, Lorelle; that popular couple had returned East by then after the meetings the week before. Bill and Lorelle told David:

> Happy Birthday. Hope we will be seeing you Christmas at Wyntoon. Love.

That message by itself doesn't *prove,* as the November 1941 selections more convincingly do, that its addressee took delivery at

Wyntoon. By now, though, the blend of direct and circumstantial evidence should be close to overwhelming. Another short item, this one from Bill Hunter in Los Angeles to Willicombe, is more within a familiar pattern—so far as its local shading goes. Hunter had news regarding a minor purchase Hearst had made while in Santa Monica a few weeks earlier:

> Newton is sending the silverware from Barker Bros. by express to Dunsmuir tonight.

Newton was yet another Bill—as in William Newton, the butler-houseman at the Beach House, still on regular duty despite the party's absence. That same day—December 2, 1941—Rose Davies wired her new flame, Vic Erwin. Rose had gone to Wyntoon without him for Thanksgiving, his work having detained him in the Southland. She addressed her message "care of Rudy Vallee Presents, 8820 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood"; she was alluding to the Christmas period that lay ahead:

> Did you receive telegrams? What are your plans about coming up here? Love.

One could analyze what "up" meant, if not Wyntoon. But why bother? The penciled coding of "415P" (as in 4:15 p.m.) on Rose's handwritten draft is recognizably Art Ringwood's doing. "Artie" had been the main telegrapher at Wyntoon throughout the weeks in question (his colleague was "Heck"—for Hector—nicknames being common in these annals).

Another Dunsmuir reference cropped up on December 3, courtesy of Bill Hunter in Los Angeles. In fact, Hunter mentioned Dunsmuir twice, once in a message to the office assistant Estelle Forsythe, the second time in a briefer item he sent Willicombe. A more mainstream message citing that same town near Wyntoon came through on Friday, December 5. Willicombe was again its recipient. The sender was Fred

Archibald, publisher of the Hearst paper in Albany, New York—the *Times-Union* (still Hearst-owned today):

> Appreciate invitation very much. Plan to arrive Dunsmuir six five [6:05] next Tuesday evening [the 9th] if agreeable. If not please let me know at Ambassador Hotel [on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles].

Archibald had missed the meetings at Wyntoon in late November. Hearst was therefore urging him to stop by for some personal sessions. The Albany man did so, spending several days at that estate. His words of gratitude came through as late as Tuesday, December 16, more than a week after Pearl Harbor. What Archibald said is telling nonetheless; he sent his message from Albany directly to his charismatic host, the Chief himself:

> Arrived home yesterday and hasten to sincerely thank you for a most pleasant visit at Wyntoon. Cordial best wishes for the holidays.

By this time, of course, Japanese bombs had already dropped on the *Arizona* and other unsuspecting targets near Honolulu. It remains for us—and I hope my once-skeptical friend will also be on hand—to resume our latter-day journey, taking up where we left off as the 1970s drew to a close.

Part 21 CARLETON M. WINSLOW, JR., was born in 1919, the same year that saw Hearst and Julia Morgan getting under way at San Simeon. Winslow's father went by the longer form: Carleton Monroe Winslow. The latter was a major architect in his day, at one point an associate of the even more renowned Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Together, Goodhue and the elder Winslow had flourished in designing buildings for the Panama California International Exposition, held in San Diego a few years before San Simeon got going. The younger Winslow would also become an architect; and in 1976 he completed a master's degree on the San Diego fair that his father had worked on. Carleton (he had no nickname) began teaching at Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo. In turn, he discovered Hearst Castle—an oddity and laughing stock to him at first but soon a subject of reverential awe. He couldn't get enough of Mr. Hearst, Miss Morgan, and all that the Castle embodied.

Woody Yost, a guide steeped in art history, joined forces with Carleton Winslow in teaching a seminar on San Simeon through Cal Poly. Soon Carleton was gearing up to create a book, one he hoped would be unlike any other (with Emil White, W. A. Swanberg, and Ken Murray being the main authors in his rearview mirror).

Carleton wasn't much of a writer, though. But now he had a young accomplice named Nickola Frye who could help capture her mentor's ideas. By 1980 this imminent publication was being touted as "the first modern book on Hearst Castle." Fine and well, yet the co-authors were adrift on several details, enough so that Carleton invited the guides to have input—inspired input, he sincerely hoped. The working manuscript was left in plain view in the guides' break area; a few (myself among them) condescended to take a look. I state it that way because Carleton was almost as disregarded as Fred Lawrence Guiles: he was a Dangerfieldian character at times, for whom respect or admiration were hard to come by.

Carleton was an outsider, often a loopy one at that. Evidently he was much more esteemed on his home turf at Cal Poly. Meanwhile, the

Castle regulars expected him to jump through hoops he could barely negotiate. Nearly everyone who saw the manuscript declared it wanting, even hopeless; my old friend Dennis Judd, a five-year trooper by then, was among those who looked askance. I was different, perhaps brashly so. I took the whole prospect seriously, instinctively keen on seeing where it would lead. I had nothing to lose, no degree or credential to protect.

Soon I was recruited as consultant, caption writer, even ghost writer. I was still somewhat green. But I was armed with the Smith-Corona portable I'd bought in 1976 (when I sold my 8 x 10 view camera and bid photography adieu); besides, I had plenty of native confidence. And I was keen on branching out as fast as I could. I knew I could smell a book prospect, knew I could apply some much-needed polish, knew I could go beyond what was apt to result if Carleton and Nicky had their uncertain way. Time was of the essence. The publisher, Don Ackland of Rosebud Books, Los Angeles, was hoping to catch some of the high-season summer trade in the gift shop. We had to churn out new copy fast, throughout the book, and get the whole batch of pre-digital "mechanicals" to the printer nearly as fast—in Japan, no less.

In thumbing today through the Winslow-Frye product of 1980, *The Enchanted Hill: The Story of Hearst Castle at San Simeon,* I'm amazed at its mixture of the sufficiently competent and what, in contrast, amounts to the diametric opposite. The book has both—and plenty of elements scattered in between. Carleton and Nicky weren't widely read in Hearstiana. I wasn't much better equipped as of 1980. Decades later, my veteran eyes fell on page 47 in the full-length, hardcover edition, the one distributed by the crafty Ackland through Celestial Arts in the Bay Area (the Castle itself sold the shorter paperback version by the thousands, which omitted what follows):

> The fifty-seat theater is reputed to be the first place to show the newly completed, soon-to-be legendary *Gone With The Wind*, possibly six months before its premiere on December 14, 1939.

I have no recollection, none whatever, of my part in that fanciful statement. I was going after poor usage one minute, specific content the next. I only recall that in 1980 this bit of celluloid lore was standard fare at the Castle. Today, with my antennae pointed toward 1941 and Pearl Harbor, I can newly savor a bit of textual descent gone innocently awry. The Selznickian story, as Winslow and Frye told it, went back to Ken Murray's *Golden Days of San Simeon* of 1971, from which they'd taken many a cue. Murray, in turn, seems to have gotten his *Gone with the Wind* details (the preferred spelling) from Johnnie Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955. Bill Swanberg, perhaps smelling a rat, had skipped the prospect altogether in 1961. That mostly leaves John Tebbel, who made no use of the story in 1952.

As to Hearst and Marion's whereabouts on or about June 14, 1939, they were in fact at San Simeon then. Not until the first of July did they head to Wyntoon that year. So the timing is feasible at a hasty glance. However, it was in May 1940, not anytime in 1939, that the epic movie was shown at San Simeon (and apparently shown at that juncture only). I've recounted the details in Chapter 9 of my online book, *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection* (2010).

With regard to Pearl Harbor and the like, I saw nothing pertinent in the main part of *The Enchanted Hill.* I was about to set the book aside, planning to move further along my time line in the current memoir, when I remembered to check the eight-page section bearing my own name, a hurriedly written filler piece in 1980 entitled "How to Visit the Castle." It began with my saying:

> Every year during the 1930s, the heyday of Hearst Castle, toward the end of September or the early part of October, William Randolph Hearst moved south from Wyntoon, his summertime Northern California retreat, to his coastal barony at San Simeon. There he stayed, except for an occasional trip to Los Angeles or New York, until sometime in late spring. Hearst, not a man to confine himself to a rigid

routine, had nevertheless established a comfortable pattern for his palace-dwelling life in California.

Oh, me. I truly *had* meant well back then. Part of the revolution I'd led since 1976, much of it old hat by 1980, had included some pronounced offshoots, some pointed departures from my art-historical emphasis, my informational comfort zone. One of them had been to convince certain peers that San Simeon had become more a winter place in Hearst's time than a warm-weather, summer abode. Norman Rotanzi, the age-old head of the hilltop grounds department, had drilled that into me (along with much else, for which I'll always be grateful). Ironically, I had yet to see the Julia Morgan Papers: they wouldn't be on file at Cal Poly until later in 1980. And of course they could only be cautiously viewed at first. Soon, though, we San Simeon devotees of all things Hearstian and Morganesque would be noting that Hearst himself, in an unmistakable instance in February 1938, had spoken of San Simeon as being mainly a "winter residence."

In general, therefore, I wasn't terribly far off the mark in *The Enchanted Hill.* But without question I had a long way to go with my grasp of the bigger picture, concerning the Hearstian itinerary and other points. I'd done little archival work come 1980 beyond mastering the art- and book-collecting records that Lilian Forney and her daughter had provided in 1977. What I'm referring to more broadly are Hearst newspaper and business records, the kind of hardcore, daily material in which G. & R. Hearst abounds, as do the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft (and the Bunkhouse Collection also). All of that lay ahead of me still, those 30-plus years ago.

Concurrently, while *The Enchanted Hill* was being rushed into print, another book was well under way. This one dated from 1978 or '79, yet its actual debut got postponed until 1981. An architect was likewise writing it, a man named Thomas Aidala, active in his profession in San Francisco. Aidala was joined by Curtis Bruce, a gifted

photographer from New York who'd hit his artistic stride. The delay in bringing out *Hearst Castle: San Simeon* stemmed from the switching of commercial horses mid-stream. Methuen, the original publisher, pulled out unexpectedly in 1980 (by then I'd written dozens of lengthy captions, as specifically requested).

I well recall hearing by phone from Don Ackland: "The Methuen book has been derailed!" He was ecstatic, thinking he'd now have the Castle market almost to himself, Ken Murray and other old buzzards be damned. Luckily for Tom Aidala and Curt Bruce, they connected with a new publisher, and a good one at that—Paul Anbinder of the newly established Hudson Hills Books in New York, a prestigious house for the next several years. Deluxe museum catalogues and historic-house monographs became Anbinder's specialty. This augured well at first for the Aidala-Bruce book of 1981.

Yet *Hearst Castle: San Simeon* proved an indifferent performer, even with its foreword by Bill Hearst (penned at age 73) and its introduction by David Niven. Paul Anbinder's jacket price of $40 resembled $98 today. He soon sold the rights to a cheaper reprint publisher and quit the local market, its "captive" gift-shop trade notwithstanding.

Cutting to the chase on Pearl Harbor and related themes, here's what Tom Aidala wrote; he caused few if any eyelashes to bat a moment's surprise, my own included:

> Hearst and Marion Davies had spent some of the war years, 1942 through 1944, at his Northern California retreat, Wyntoon. They moved to the 67,000-acre estate from San Simeon to save money and to avoid the possibility of a coastal shelling by Japanese submarines.

Not a word was said about the sinking of the *Montebello.* Aidala was unquestionably bright and capable, despite that obscure point he left unmentioned. I got to know his photographer, Curt Bruce, even better, a man a bit older than me from whom I learned much about the

publishing game. Strange to say, Curt vanished from the face of the earth shortly after *Hearst Castle* came out late in 1981. He remains a missing person, his mysterious case wholly unsolved. It's one of the more unsettling memories that Tom Aidala and I have carried forward in our lives.

Part 22 ON THAT SAME PAGE in *Hearst Castle: San Simeon,* my retrospective eye caught Tom Aidala's next paragraph, which began with these words:

> Sometime in the winter of 1944–45 they returned to San Simeon.

I'll be darned, I said inwardly: I'd long thought *I* owned that historical nugget, that choice detail fumbled by most Hearstians nearly as much as the Pearl Harbor episode. If Aidala knew that date—never mind his vague "sometime"—I stood belatedly corrected. He certainly hadn't heard about 1944–45 from me. Instead, he must have seen some pertinent Hearst items at The Bancroft. I recalled now that he'd gone there. For that matter, even Carleton Winslow had taken a peek. Both authors had sparingly used Bancroft excerpts from correspondence between Hearst and Julia Morgan. Locally, though, none of us San Simeon rustics had a clear idea whence the items came; we merely took them in undiscerning stride, gladly accepting the quoted lines at face value.

With respect to Tom's "sometime," he would have known the date precisely (November 1944) had he dug a little deeper; I suppose he was in a rush, though; certain fine points would simply have to wait. It was no doubt the same in Carleton's case, given his light grazing amid the Hearst Papers.

To someone of my emerging archival bent (well known to my colleagues from my art-historical work), I thought it odd in retrospect that neither Tom Aidala nor Carleton Winslow had sung the praises of what The Bancroft could yield. Neither one of them had urged me or others to hasten to Berkeley, there to find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. With the arrival late in 1980 of the Morgan Collection at Cal Poly, the Berkeley prospect quickly faded for me. I didn't partake of that material for another 20 years. Talk about culture lag! Here was as prime an example of a squandered chance as one could ever cite. My alibi—mostly inept and inexcusable—was that Berkeley stood for the

Big City; it was overly urban and imposing, a place too daunting to approach. What a grand delusion. As many a Californiana and Western Americana researcher knows, The Bancroft is about as user-friendly a facility as any could be. The minute I started working there in the spring of 2000, I realized how much I'd denied myself, both to my detriment and to that of whoever had read my former books.

A jovial Texan named Ben Procter was an early user of the William Randolph Hearst Papers, the archival trove that dated from 1977 in Berkeley. I met Ben and his wife, Phoebe, for dinner in 1984 when they stopped in Cambria; we became good friends. Ben was full of praise for what by then had been on file at The Bancroft for seven years. He encouraged me to head north at my first opportunity. But I languished. Virtual country boy that I'd become (in contrast to my upbringing in greater Los Angeles), I figured that Ben and others were more suited to burrow through that material. Besides, I was knee-deep in the Bunkhouse Collection by 1984, having been entrusted with it by the Hearst Corporation since the year before. I'd already learned, for instance, that Hearst had left Wyntoon in favor of San Simeon late in 1944, not well into 1945, as a long-established guide belief had it.

Meanwhile, I'd forgotten that Tom Aidala knew almost as much in that regard, even back in pre-historic 1981. I'd be ashamed today to admit to Ben (were he still alive: he died in 2012) that my grasp of the whole Hearstiana puzzle was as shaky—and in some ways as deeply flawed—as it frankly was in the early eighties. Neither of us mentioned Pearl Harbor, for instance, when we met in 1984. If we had, we both would have gotten it wrong, I'm sure (this despite Ben's Harvard history doctorate and his professorship at Texas Christian University).

Ben would go on to write two volumes of biography on his favorite subject. The preface to the first one, published in 1998 as *William Randolph Hearst: The Early Years, 1863–1910,* bears a careful re-reading. I wish I could double-check some dates and other details with

Ben, but it's too late for that. At any rate, possible discrepancies aside, he recounted things as follows:

> In the fall of 1966 I noticed in the American Historical Association Bulletin that the Bancroft Library (at Cal-Berkeley) had received several hundred letters and other manuscript materials concerning William Randolph Hearst—and that more were expected from the family. Although W. A. Swanberg had written *Citizen Hearst* in 1961, I decided that this new information might warrant an updated biography.

Ben's preface also said he'd discussed such a prospect early in 1967 "with Professor Robert E. Burke of the University of Washington, who in 1950 had been the Purchasing Director for the Bancroft in England." Ben was going back-and-forth with his time line; he also said nothing further about Bob Burke's credentials. A youthful Burke, for instance, had written *Olson's New Deal for California*, published by the University of California Press in 1953. Culbert Olson and Hearst had had their share of go-rounds after the former became the single-term Democratic governor of the Golden State in 1938. Nonetheless, Ben Procter had more to say about Bob Burke while writing in 1998 (the same year the latter died):

> He doused my excitement for this project by stating that papers from the Hearst warehouse in New York City had been trickling in yearly to the Bancroft, but not in sufficient quantity—or quality—for me to anticipate a biography. Thus the matter rested for the time being.

Proud Texan that he was, Ben described himself as being "like an 'ole dog' with a bone." He dwelled intently on the enticing Hearst prospect but kept hearing from Burke that there wasn't "enough quantity or quality in the manuscript collection":

> In the summer of 1976, however, I decided to check for myself and, after spending a week at the Bancroft, I excitedly called Burke, stating that considerable amounts of information in the Hearst papers of the past fifteen years [evidently those reaching Berkeley since 1961] conflicted

> with Swanberg's book and that a new assessment of Hearst might now be in order.

It's unclear to me how all this balances with 1977 as the official date assigned by the Bancroft to the William Randolph Hearst Papers. Let it suffice for now to say that Bob Burke finally encouraged Ben to proceed. And thus Ben further recounted:

> As a consequence, during a sabbatical in 1981, I committed myself to this enterprise.

That year, of course, was the same one that saw the Aidala-Bruce book, *Hearst Castle,* finding its way after a disruptive transition. In addition, I'll bet Ben was quick to read another book that appeared late in 1981: Lindsay Chaney and Michael Cieply's investigative turn, *The Hearsts: Family & Empire—The Later Years.* Cieply especially remains a journalist to reckon with; he often writes these days for *The New York Times.* In the meantime, over a span of more than three decades, *The Hearsts* has been frowned upon by many insiders, whether actual Hearst family members or corporate employees. The book simply goes too far, tells too much. It contains its share of errors all the same; any exercise in Hearstiana of that vintage, no matter its slant, would unavoidably have failings. The Chaney-Cieply take on 1941 and afterward goes like this:

> The golden days wound down when the corporation teetered on the brink of bankruptcy at the end of the 1930s. Then, during World War II, Hearst abandoned San Simeon in favor of his Wyntoon retreat, fearing the Japanese might try to shell his castle in retaliation for the Hearst newspapers' anti-Oriental editorial slant.

Enough said by that pair of intrepid reporters. How much they owed their version to *Citizen Hearst* or some other book (or books) is beside the point; the question is rhetorical, purely academic. As for the mid-1940s detail that Tom Aidala aced, Chaney-Cieply predictably wrote that Hearst "returned to his beloved San Simeon after the war."

The value of *The Hearsts* is substantial, yet its usefulness lies elsewhere in its often stirring pages.

With Aidala and Bruce's *Hearst Castle* newly in print (Chaney-Cieply was almost too hot to handle), the focus in Hearstiana shifted locally by 1982 toward heighted use of the Julia Morgan Collection. Up north, for anyone who could see the larger picture, that "ole dog" Ben Procter was now hard at work, as much as his teaching schedule allowed. No one had any new insights, however, on Hearst's whereabouts in 1941 or on what happened at Wyntoon around the Pearl Harbor period. The unraveling of such details, arcane or commonplace, lay well ahead yet.

Part 23 A REVISED PAPERBACK edition of *The Enchanted Hill* bore the date 1983. In reality, the book wasn't newly in hand until early in 1984. This time my name appeared on the front cover, as in Winslow-Frye-Coffman. I'd made several changes (in the usual hurry) before the presses rolled in our joint behalf. But the original hardcover's *Gone with the Wind* story still lay on the cutting-room floor from 1980, and no other electrifying departures had been made from earlier reprints, this one technically the fourth.

Don Ackland, in the interim, had gone from Rosebud Books to a new venture called Sequoia Communications. Despite his blatantly commercial ways, Ackland was a true bookman. Earlier, he'd helped produce the big Ansel Adams dazzler—*Images, 1923–1974*—for the New York Graphic Society. Now with his new Sequoia venture, he was keeping one eye constantly trained on San Simeon, poised to act in what literally became award-winning style. Ackland's masterwork was called *Hearst Castle: The Story of William Randolph Hearst and San Simeon.* It appeared during the summer high season of 1985, bearing my name as sole author. The book had a few layout glitches, yet for the most part it deserved the design awards it soon garnered. Don had outdone himself all the way through. Plus he'd given me lots of free rein. I was especially pleased with how excerpts from the Morgan Collection at Cal Poly made for dynamic captions. I was also pleased with some of the historical details I steered into print. This one right below, a mere six words long, stood out as a novelty (or so I wrongly thought for the longest time, having forgotten what Tom Aidala had written a few years before):

> San Simeon reopened late in 1944.

Despite that minor triumph, no matter how original or unoriginal it actually was, I still had enough rope to hang myself. I had meant so well in my work for Don Ackland in 1985, and yet it wouldn't prove lasting:

> The heyday flourished despite the Depression and the near break-up of the Hearst empire in 1937. W. R. Hearst coolly maintained his regal bearing during these precarious, trying times; with the aplomb befitting this most accomplished of hosts, he continued to enthrall his guests until the debacle of Pearl Harbor prompted him to close San Simeon and repair to the mountain fastness of Wyntoon.

I suppose I could wriggle free by saying that, in 1985, I didn't mention precisely *where* Hearst was when Pearl Harbor got hit. There's no need for that, though. I figured he was at San Simeon on December 7, 1941. I assumed everyone else believed the same. The only cure, I would soon be realizing, was to revise that part of the new *Hearst Castle* book—that and lots of other parts, too. Haste so often makes regrettable waste, and I'd been hastening ever since I'd tackled the Winslow-Frey challenge of 1980 called *The Enchanted Hill*. But *of course* I got Pearl Harbor wrong. I'd been destined to do so even longer, had been deeply programmed that way, ever since I'd started guiding at the Castle in 1972.

Much later, I could take some solace (come the day of backward glances) in knowing that *The Horses of San Simeon,* the ultra-deluxe book by Austine Hearst—published right after my Ackland *Hearst Castle* number—hadn't handled Pearl Harbor or its aftermath much better than I had. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr. (she was always "Mrs. Hearst" to me, never Austine or Bootsie), was the same as Bill Hearst's wife, his third to be exact and the mother of their two sons; the older one is the Will Hearst III who's already figured in what I'm writing here, the man who wisely acquired the G. & R. Hearst Collection in Palm Springs in 2003. Here's what Will's mother recounted in her sprightly *Horses* book of 1985, with "He" being her father-in-law:

> He and his lady love, Marion Davies, had spent the war years hidden away at Wyntoon, a sort of Grimm's fairy-tale village in the dark mountains of northern California. (The government had convinced them that San Simeon was a sitting duck for prowling Japanese

> submarines, and its prominent situation above all that rolling real estate did lend credence to the idea. Fortunately nobody ever took a shot at it.)

So far as my speaking matter-of-factly about Mrs. Hearst's book, and also about her husband and her older son, I can take further solace in recalling how Bill's father—the Chief himself—reacted when his liaison with Marion was exposed for the first time, back in 1924 in New York. A nervous editor at the Hearst morning paper in that city phoned the Chief at San Simeon, alerting him "of the coming storm." To which Hearst replied nonchalantly:

> "Well then, you won't be in doubt as to what your headline will be for tomorrow's paper."

Those two excerpts come from Winkler's *New Appraisal* of 1955. The longer, indented one recalls very much how Austine Hearst was: a straightforward and wryly humorous woman whom I knew from 1982 until she died in 1991. I once meekly apologized for what I imagined was a misleading caption I'd written for the Winslow-Frye-Coffman reprint. She stopped me cold. "You're looking for fly specks in pepper," she countered in her strong Virginia accent, an emphatic voice quite like no other (in which pepper figured as "peppuh"). Austine was dependably clear and spot-on about things. I have the fondest memories of the congenial Bill Hearst as well—always a stately and well-deserved "Mr. Hearst" to me, one on one.

Part 24 THERE'S A GOOD REASON—a very good reason—that many believe San Simeon was where Hearst and Marion were living shortly before Pearl Harbor (as well as on the historic day itself). At a glance, the Blue Bible of 1948 indicates as much. Or at least it *implies* as much. Again, the book so-known is the thick volume that E. F. Tompkins and his helpers compiled, a grueling in-house production called *Selections from the Writings and Speeches of William Randolph Hearst.* All Hearst biographers and other specialists this side of 1948 have seen it: Tebbel, Winkler, Swanberg, and everyone else down to the present, with few exceptions. It's good that we aspirants should consult it.

Short of having full access to The Bancroft's holdings—plus the Bunkhouse Collection and G. & R. Hearst—the Tompkins volume is indispensable, despite its simplism and uncritical tone that make it a quasi-primary source at best. And yet quasi-primary is still to be savored in this case, still to be embraced provided the book is carefully used.

Tompkins, devoted journalist and editor that he was, believed strongly in "following copy." So did Hearst, as we'll soon be seeing. What this means for the Blue Bible is that if a letter was addressed a certain way, Tompkins stuck with that form, no matter how manifestly incorrect it might be. For example (surely germane to our quest), he introduced an item dated September 4, 1941, in the highly graphic, beetle-browed mode that typifies the entire book:

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST,
San Simeon, California.
Dear Mr. Hearst:

Whereupon Tompkins presented four paragraphs written by Messmore Kendall, president of the New York Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution. Beginning with "As an American who knows no greater love than that of country," Kendall went on to sing Hearst's patriotic praises. This was stock-in-trade puffery, the kind that surly

biographers like Oliver Carlson and Ferdinand Lundberg had pounced on back in 1936. Tompkins, for his loyal, Hearstophile part, had no qualms about including Kendall under "Commendations," one of the longest sections in his book. What Tompkins didn't say is that Kendall's words also appeared in Hearst's "In the News" column on Sunday, September 14, 1941—in the new Readers' Review format comprising letters to the editor. The Kendall item had been promptly forwarded to Wyntoon by then. Its San Simeon address was retained, as was true of all such submissions, whether knowing or wayward.

On the very next page in the Blue Bible, Tompkins alighted on September 15, 1941, eleven days after the Kendall entry. The addressee was again "**MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST**" in all-caps boldface. The second line said "**San Simeon, Calif.,**" the same as before. This newer letter originated closer to home, in Los Angeles. But the sender—Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, former President of Nicaragua—had probably guessed at how to reach Hearst. So it went with numerous letter writers and senders of telegrams; the annals show that these people steered things toward San Simeon quite often, occasionally toward Wyntoon, and now and then toward the *Los Angeles Examiner* or other Hearst papers. For E. F. Tompkins, these were all addresses to be preserved and conveyed, no matter how wishful.

Next came an item dated September 19, once more as in 1941. This time it was a retired Rear Admiral of the Navy, writing from Los Angeles to Hearst at the imagined receiving point of San Simeon. According to whatever plan Tompkins had adopted, this part of the Blue Bible contains these three San Simeon-bound items in a pure, unbroken sequence; no other entries intervene on pages 711-712 of the *Selections* volume. So emphatic is the typography that, together, the trio makes for a forceful presentation, an implicitly believable one.

The same pattern is true of Hearst's "In the News" column—his editorial idea of following copy in every last detail. The ITN Saturday Symposium had been expanded by this late part of 1941 to include the

Readers' Review on Sunday, done in the same format as the longer-running Saturday approach. Two examples from mid-November 1941 should suffice. On Friday the 14th that month, Joe Willicombe dispatched a bounty of material, enough for the next day's Symposium plus an equal amount for its Sunday counterpart. There were seven letters for Saturday, only one of them addressed to Hearst at San Simeon (a detail faithfully preserved, of course, in the layout hailing from Wyntoon). Meanwhile, for the Sunday ITN, as many as three of seven submissions bore the San Simeon address. The other addresses for both the Saturday and the Sunday letters dispatched by Willicombe (14 total) were almost wildly various. "San Simeon" was the only one with any consistency to it. Surely a few readers of Hearst newspapers—perhaps numerous readers—would have assumed that such was where the legendary Chief himself could be found (or reached, if anyone wanted to send him yet another letter).

However, with regard again to September 1941 (to pick up our trail of two paragraphs ago), where exactly were Hearst and Marion as that month unfolded? It happened to be the very period of Charles Lindbergh's jarring, anti-Semitic rant in Des Moines, Iowa. On September 2—let's start early in the month—the folks were at Wyntoon. The Chief himself wired Louis B. Mayer that day in Santa Monica; it was a Tuesday:

> If you leave on eleven o'clock plane Thursday morning you will get to Medford [in southern Oregon] by four o'clock Thursday afternoon. We will meet you with an auto and trundle you down to Wyntoon in ample time for dinner.
>
> That is really the best way, but if Mrs. Mayer does not like to fly, you can leave Wednesday night and get here Thursday night by train. Telegraph how you will come.
>
> Am very delighted that you and Mrs. Mayer are coming.

Hearst and Marion had parted company with Mayer and MGM nearly seven years prior, late in 1934. That episode specifically re-

garded the couple's Cosmopolitan Productions, the film-making arm of the Hearst-Davies stake in Hollywood. Hearst and Mayer themselves, meanwhile, were still connected come 1941 through *News of the Day,* the newsreel formerly called *Hearst Metrotone News.* Hearst had changed the name to remove himself from a derided screen presence, this during the ultra-controversial passage he'd somehow survived in the mid- to late thirties. He and Mayer had more to do at Wyntoon than just chat and reminisce.

That same day, September 2, Hearst wired a friend named Phoebe Hearst Brown, one of his mother's several "wards" from years gone by. Miss Brown was hoping to visit the Enchanted Hill. Hearst thereby informed her:

> Have telegraphed Mr. [Randolph] Apperson, Superintendent of San Simeon Ranch, to permit you to drive up the hill and see place on your motor trip.

A week later the delighted woman would write to Hearst at Wyntoon, telling him that the Castle "was in beautiful order & fun" and that it was "a great privilege to see it again." He must have been pleased to hear that.

There's still more regarding September 2, 1941. Marion heard that day from a silent-film star who'd retired when talkies took hold. Connie Talmadge was now on her fourth marriage (effective since 1939, formally making her Constance Talmadge Giblin). She was wiring from New York:

> I just found out that you were at Wyntoon and I sent you a letter by air to Santa Monica [to the Beach House] saying I would be delighted to come out. I am very excited at the prospect of seeing you again.

Connie wired further news from New York on September 9. She'd be arriving in San Francisco a week later, she said; and though she didn't mention Wyntoon by name this time, she almost certainly would be heading that way; so her message implies. Standard fare, such

items. The annals contain them by the score. Also on Tuesday the 9th, midway between the Messmore Kendall and Juan B. Sacasa letters of 1941 that Tompkins included, Joe Willicombe received a message from Bill Hunter down south, one also having a minor film-industry ring to it (compared, that is, with something on the titanic Louis B. Mayer level):

> Hal Roach asks if it would be O.K. for him to motor to Wyntoon for the weekend—and bring Phil Kellogg along for company—leaving here Thursday and leaving there about Tuesday [the 16th].

Roach was a well-known producer, of course, a man with his own film studio; Kellogg was a young talent agent (he died as recently as 2012, when he was nearly 100). Roach and Kellogg's plans changed somewhat. For Hunter had an update the next day—on Wednesday, September 10. At that point he told Willicombe:

> Hal Roach will fly to San Francisco tomorrow and motor from there to Wyntoon, arriving Friday afternoon.
>
> Not sure whether Kellogg will be able to go with him. Will let you know definitely tomorrow.

Again, this was all very routine, very common in future archival terms. Hearst and Marion's whereabouts are the main concern here. As for Roach himself, he heard from an associate in Culver City soon after arriving; this was on Saturday, September 13:

> Army training picture about one day ahead [of] schedule. Everything else seems okay. Hope you are catching a lot of fish and enjoying yourself.

The sender meant the McCloud River, it's quite safe to say, not the blue Pacific fronting the Hearst property at San Simeon. The Roach film was *Military Training.* It also went by the prosaic name *Training Film No. A-3;* the film came out in November 1941. Roach and others in Hollywood were already doing their civic and patriotic part, well before December 7.

The next day in September 1941—Sunday the 14th, while the Lindbergh hubbub was at its height (he'd blundered on Thursday the 11th)—a brief but most unusual message went forth from Hearst's northern California compound. The artist Willy Pogany, who in the 1930s had painted storybook murals on buildings in the Bavarian Village, had evidently been asked to do some touch ups. Signing himself "Bill" (an unsuspected name in his case), Pogany sent word to his wife in Norwalk, Connecticut:

> Mr. Hearst and Marion want you to come. Will see how long work takes. Wyntoon lovely. Writing tomorrow. Love.

"Writing" meant he'd be putting pen to paper, presumably with a good many more details. These hastier messages, as transmitted by the telegraphers Artie and Heck, were typically on the short side—much like today's texting—with each word adding to the bill (which Hearst wished his guests would pay: yet they didn't always).

Pogany's wire, despite its brevity, is one that invites close scrutiny and analysis. Was Hearst actually building and decorating at Wyntoon then—in 1941? Yes he was. That pipsqueak Clare Shearn could go jump in a lake. The remodeling of River House was the main thing for now. A stylish Chinese Chippendale mode was the chosen effect. Julia Morgan was no longer on the job, but Warren McClure—simply known as Mac—was dependably there. Mac had been Hearst's live-in, de facto architect since 1938 (and had been working for Hearst, Marion, and Miss Morgan, sans license, ever since the late 1920s as it was). Mac's efforts would soon lead to Joe Willicombe's sounding out the man in charge of Hearst's famous Bronx warehouse in the East:

> We need a pair of crystal chandeliers of the colonial or corresponding period for the River House at Wyntoon, which has just been redecorated. As you know they are difficult to get and Chief suggests you might have a pair in New York. Will you kindly check and let me

> know by wire. If you have not, will you kindly watch the [auction] sales for a pair that you think might be obtained at reasonable cost.

The recipient, Charlie Rounds, must have raised his eyebrows. He was supposed to be *selling* Hearst's backlog of art objects, not *buying* more things. Rounds knew much better, though, than to question such a request: he surely knew how persistent and unquenchable Hearst could be, despite the company's current priorities. And to think that the big Hearst Collection department-store sale at Gimbel's was going like gang busters at that very moment, still in its first year!

Rounds answered on October 3, saying there were no such chandeliers to be had. He assured Willicombe he'd keep looking—would try to find a pair at a "reasonable price." A week later, Rounds reported that things were still in limbo. Then in an undated wire from later in October 1941, Willicombe had these words for Charlie:

> Please purchase the Number Four pair of crystal chandeliers offered by Mitchell Samuels in his letter to you October eighth at $435 for the pair. He [the Chief] likes them the best and fortunately they are cheapest. They are apparently two and one-half feet wide and three and one-half feet high. Better let me know if they are not before purchasing.

This was vintage collecting for W. R. Hearst, the back-and-forth aspect of it—late in 1941, of all times. Samuels presided over French & Company, the New York dealership that had provided millions of dollars in tapestries, furniture, and works of art for San Simeon and other Hearst mansions in decades past. French & Company sold to the best museums as well. And thus Wyntoon would be home to another pedigree it could long count on.

Returning now to September 1941, we can learn from the G. & R. Hearst archives that guests of all kinds kept coming and going along the banks of the McCloud, much as they did during other periods. One of the recent visits produced a happy result. On Thursday the 18th that

month, Colonel Willicombe heard the following from Bill Hunter in Los Angeles:

> Hal Roach asks for the size of the frame around the picture screen at Wyntoon. Miss Williams says he wants to give the Chief a new one.

That was Bill Williams, of course, as Ella Wenstrom was better known (her married name). Lest it seem that Hearst, all the while, was taking life easy and perhaps losing himself in the pleasures of new construction (no matter how modest, given the circumstances and timing), a methodical sifting through G. & R. Hearst and also through the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft shows that he was still very much on the editorial-managerial job. His “In the News” column demanded his constant attention. A good many other concerns kept crossing his desk. With ITN, he sometimes called upon Charlie Ryckman, as we’ve seen before, plus writers like Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, to help ease the daily burden.

Another ploy was to recycle older writings that Colonel Willicombe kept on file, with the maintenance of a master set being the special charge of the *Los Angeles Examiner.* For his ITN column of September 24, 1941, Hearst unlimbered some former guns; it shows what must have been a vital to him as the country leaned more and more toward global conflict. “Airplanes” was now the preferred spelling, yet he didn’t shy from being antiquated in his recognizable way:

> On March 27, 1938, your columnist wrote in a signed editorial [dispatched from San Simeon]:
>
> "The way to defend the United States of America from attack in any form by any hostile power is with aeroplanes.
>
> "The way to halt and hamper an invading army is with aeroplanes.
>
> "The way to destroy an attacking fleet is with aeroplanes.
>
> "The way to defend our coasts and our interior cities, too, from the most destructive hostile armament of all,—a force of bombing

> aeroplanes,—is by a force of defensive aeroplanes, larger and better and more effective than that of the invaders.
>
> "The next war will be fought in the air and won in the air.
>
> "Of course, auxiliary defense forces will be necessary.
>
> "It is not contended here that aeroplanes alone could completely defend this widely extended and varied country and coast line to the best and fullest advantage.
>
> "But aeroplanes will be, and must be, the main arm of defense, and the immediate arm of defense, and the determining arm of defense.
>
> "They are the modern arm of defense and of destructive offense.
>
> "They are the quickest to build, and the cheapest to provide, and the easiest to operate."
>
> [Resuming in 1941]: Of course your columnist does not possess the knowledge of a military expert.
>
> All he has is a little common sense, and not overmuch of that—reminding one of the irate husband who said to his sweet and gentle spouse:
>
> "All I want out of you is silence, and mighty little of that."
>
> And mighty little of it is what he got.
>
> However, this is a digression.
>
> Let us return to our muttons.
>
> It is agreed that your columnist is not a military expert.
>
> But Lt. Col. Thomas R. Phillips is a most distinguished expert.
>
> He is a member of the general staff of the United States army,—a military expert in the service of the army.
>
> Mention has already been made in this column of an article by Col. Phillips published in the current issue of *Army Ordnance*, a military journal.

E. F. Tompkins ran the full text of Hearst's 1938 editorial in the Blue Bible. He did so under the heading "The First Line" (as in a line of defense); in turn, the Tompkins version appeared in the section "National Defense." Hearst was big on defense and preparedness, most assuredly. Such themes can be explored through the main archives of this period, G. & R. Hearst and The Bancroft (the Bunkhouse telecom-

munications skip the year 1941). But that's not the emphasis here. Human geography is much more the battle cry. Hearst and Marion were at Wyntoon in September 1941, had been there (with one short interruption) since late April, and would still be there right through October. Then, after their trip to Santa Monica in early November, they'd be there again through Thanksgiving and on till Christmas and New Year's before leaving for another trip south, a quick one in January 1942.

In the meantime fell the December "date which will live in infamy"—infamously for us as well, for those of us whose search for the authentic, fully historical Hearst will long continue.

Part 25 WE SAW MANY PAGES ago, first in Part 12, that Bill Swanberg was one to swing an axe—in the act of chopping wood, that is. No doubt the brisk winter climate in Connecticut kept his fireplace burning brightly. The same went for me in milder but still chilly Cambria, right down the coast from San Simeon. In 1984, my second year as archivist on the Bunkhouse project for the Hearst Corporation, Janis and I enlarged our house on Lodge Hill, deep within the Cambria forest. Our main source of heat was a newly installed Vermont Castings wood stove, one destined to consume a cord or more of local pine every season. Whenever a tree went down, I recruited help and got the chain saws buzzing. Then on my own, I busied myself with hours of hands-on wood splitting.

The alternative—the luxury approach—was to use a commercial-grade splitter. A neighbor of ours, Bill Avery, worked in the maintenance department of the local high school; his daughter, Shannon, was a longtime Castle guide. Bill's maintenance sidekick was an old-timer, a North Coast native named Eddie Shaug. Bill and Eddie jointly owned a heavy, oversized splitter. They used to haul it around town on a truck hitch; they'd go to friends' houses in Cambria who needed help with their winter heating.

One Sunday morning in 1986 (or maybe in 1987: I still need to pin it down), Bill and Eddie showed up for a serious round of splitting. A big tree had blown down and had been cut into 15-inch sections, ideal for a stove my size. With three men going at it, we could churn out a full cord in no time.

All the while I knew that Eddie Shaug had worked in the San Simeon warehouses in the 1930s when he was a young buck; I'd first met him back in 1973 and, later, had seen his name in the old files I was archiving for the Hearsts. Many of the documents from the 1940s and '50s stemmed from Nick Yost's tenure as warehouse manager. It would be many more years before I would realized that Eddie and Nick (the latter died young in 1956) had been brothers-in-law. Despite my

dimness on that detail in the late eighties, I at least knew that Eddie would be a good one to sound out on some history questions. That was my style of interviewing a person like him. I didn't carry a tape recorder or get technical. Instead, I talked and listened and relied on my good memory. I'd had success that way with certain others of Eddie's generation. I went for quality over quantity, for the effect and theme of things, seldom writing anything down in direct response to what got said.

I can't recall how it came up while we lifted and sweated and tossed aside one piece of wood after another. But somehow the subject turned to 1941 and W. R. Hearst—whom I made sure to call "Mr. Hearst" within Eddie's hearing: he and other oldsters were religious in their devotion to that fondly remembered man. And thus I said, in so many words, "Well, when Pearl Harbor came along and Mr. Hearst had to head up to Wyntoon"—whereupon Eddie (a small, wizened man) stood up from his bent-over labors and stopped me in my tracks.

"Oh, no, no, young fella," he calmly said. "Mr. Hearst was at Wyntoon that day. I was there too."

Eddie meant Sunday, December 7, of course. I'm fudging a quotation here in the absence of his exact words. Yet my paraphrase is very close to his startling revelation.

He elaborated a bit, even though he wasn't a gabby type. Eddie told how he'd been driving a truck that morning in 1941, out on the main road near the small town of McCloud, a few miles from Wyntoon itself. He was on some kind of Hearst assignment—just what it was I've forgotten. In any case, he had the radio going and was listening to a favorite morning program while he drove. All of a sudden a news flash interrupted the air waves: Hawaii had been bombed! Draft-age man that he was then, Eddie keenly remembered where he was when *that* happened.

I only wish I'd drawn him out more, had apprised him fully of how biographers had recounted what they had (myself recently

included). I also wish I'd related how the Castle guides were way off the mark. That seemed too conceptual, though, in 1986 or '87. All I knew, while standing there in my wood-splitting garb, was that my formulaic take on Pearl Harbor wasn't just a mental notion. It was now in print, right there in my book *Hearst Castle* that I'd thought was so innovative, so truly "long life" in its prospects, as Don Ackland and I liked to gloat.

Too many years have passed for me to recall precisely what came next. My best guess is that when I got back to the Bunkhouse on Monday, I went straight to the Nick Yost files and started checking them with a new pair of eyes. Nick hadn't been much of a writer, but he'd kept scads of notes and letters and other items. If I read carefully between the lines, I might pick up something tell-tale that I'd missed in 1984 when I'd processed his papers. I didn't find anything specific. But I knew Eddie Shaug's story must be valid, and I changed my tune immediately on the whole 1941 situation from that moment on, effective the previous day.

In 2012, while starting this new book, I knew the time had finally come to pull out the daily log I kept from 1983 through 1989, my six years at the Bunkhouse. I hadn't looked at it in more than two decades, not since I'd finished my once-in-a-lifetime stint with the Hearst Corporation. I found the following entry I'd made on July 10, 1986:

> Studied Nick Yost correspondence through 1943.

What that must mean is that I'd started with January 1940, the month Nick became the full-fledged warehouse manager. I assume I'd been looking for other things, though, besides Pearl Harbor clues: probably something more to do with Nick's work on the "care and feeding" of the stockpiled art objects (as Bill Hearst used to put it), a job that kept Nick steadily engaged. I'm assuming this because under July 14—likewise in 1986—I made a similar entry:

> Worked through more of Nick Yost correspondence (to end of 1949).

No, I was on the hunt for something else in the summer of ’86. I’d started my revision of *Hearst Castle* by then (several errors having spurred my efforts), although Pearl Harbor wasn’t on the list just yet. It remained for that wood-splitting session later in the year, or possibly in the winter of 1987—the one that endeared Eddie Shaug to me forever more—to bring 1941 into focus in a wholly unexpected way. I suppose I went back and reread a page or two of *Citizen Hearst* by the old New Haven wood-splitter himself; of course I didn’t find much, neither there nor in any other standard source I could think of.

I’d love today to go back into the Yost Papers, still in the Corporation’s hands. It always amazes me how much one can miss key details if the mind is pre-programmed a certain way. Mine in 1984, when I spent the most time with the Yost material, had long been off in another realm. If Nick Yost had been more evocative or expressive—more a writer like George Loorz, let’s say—it may well have been different.

All I know now as I look back is that if Eddie and Bill Avery and I hadn’t split wood one Sunday morning in the late eighties, I would have remained in the dark until I belatedly tapped The Bancroft’s Hearst holdings, starting in far-removed 2000. Even my intensive work on the Loorz Papers that began in 1988 wouldn’t have been, by itself, enough to realign me on Pearl Harbor. After all, Loorz’s bearing on matters Hearstian was greatly reduced come 1941 (although he also did some work then for Jean and Joe Willicombe in Carmel Valley). No, I owed what I knew about Hearst’s whereabouts late that year to Eddie Shaug, first and foremost.

Part 26 ABOUT THE SAME TIME that Bill Avery and Eddie and I had our wood-splitting session, two books were newly under way. Both were local productions, and both involved me. The first one was my full-scale revision of *Hearst Castle,* a book no older than 1985. I felt I'd been rushed in writing it (typical, typical). I wanted to take my time now and get things right, once and for all. Thus did *Hearst's Dream* get its start, a book I would massage for the next three years, until it finally saw print late in 1989.

Ironically, it wasn't the 1941-Pearl Harbor bugaboo that got me in such a tizzy, hell bent on doing a more credible job. It was the older, more local history that I was almost frantic to fix. In 1985, for instance, Austine Hearst and I had gone head to head on the question of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. Here was an early explorer, the Columbus of California history, whose itinerary was a constant challenge. Had he really anchored in San Simeon Bay in 1542? I was sure he hadn't. And now a new book that remains the best single-volume source today—Harry Kelsey's *Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo,* published by The Huntington Library—was finally in hand, late in 1986. I wrote *Hearst's Dream* for the sake of righting the Cabrillo ship as much as anything else. I also put the Englishman named George Vancouver on the local map, far more than anyone else had.

While I was at it, I had some new things to say about Hearst, subjects that figured in the last two thirds of what would be a book comprising three parts. Here's how I worded a passage that, by implication, included Pearl Harbor, though surprisingly not by name (given my later head of steam on that point):

> Hearst also had to trim his living expenses. Wyntoon, the Tyrolean summer retreat he had been developing near Mount Shasta throughout the 1930s, provided a more economical alternative to San Simeon. Despite its snowbound winters, Wyntoon became a virtual year-round residence for Hearst and his entourage from about 1940 until nearly the end of the Second World War.

That was much better than in 1985, though still not perfect even four years later. I hadn't done much yet with the George Loorz Papers when I revised that passage for the last time, before the whistle blew on *Hearst's Dream* in 1989. And I still hadn't seen the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library, much less the future G. & R. Hearst Collection. But in alluding to the period 1940 through 1944 (inclusive of 1941), I was on a fresh tack, one that hadn't been proposed by anyone before—except by Eddie Shaug in priceless verbal terms. As for that other time-line bugaboo, pertaining to the mid-1940s, I put it this way in the new *Dream* book:

> The Hearst empire recovered substantially during the war, fueled by the strong economy. By 1944 Hearst was able to resume construction at Wyntoon, even to resume collecting on a modest scale. And with better days in sight, his dream once more was of San Simeon; he returned there late that year.

Some minor bugs still remained from olden times. But for the most part I was on solid footing with my reference to late 1944. *Hearst's Dream* was always meant to be a general work, aimed at travelers who wanted an easy evening's read, perhaps before touring the Castle the next day. It had all of two brief footnotes and, except for its bibliography and index, was never meant to be a weighty thing—it barely exceeded an eighth of an inch's thickness. This, however, was the little book that could, the harmless little thing that got itself shut out of the Hearst Castle gift shop for several years, until Will Hearst III made a phone call that finally rescued it.

While continuing to stew long afterward about the book's unloving treatment, I was touched by something Emil White disclosed, something I'd overlooked (as is so easy to do) until I was writing these very pages in 2012 and '13. His book *The Fabulous Hearst Castle* (it still included the clumsy "the") appeared as late as 1967, in a "New and

Revised Edition." More precisely, White's latest issue was the third edition; so said the fine print. And as he noted in his updated preface:

> Many readers falsely assume that I am somehow connected with the Administration of the Castle . . . .
>
> But the fact of the matter is that not only have I no connections with the Castle, but I haven't been able to get permission to take a new photograph of the above mentioned bedroom [in the Celestial Suite] and what's more my book IS NOT SOLD THERE.

As White further explained, that was because "the concessionaires" had an "exclusive and monopolistic deal with the State Agency in charge of the Monument." The bohemian from Big Sur was someone they wanted no part of. It was sobering to read that. I knew of certain other authors who'd had their moments with the gift-shop powers. But I'd long thought of *Hearst's Dream* as having been in an unhappy class all its own. It helped, as it always does, to focus on the bigger picture.

The other book launched in the 1986–87 period involved me as well, as I've said. So pleased was Aramark, the gift-shop concessionaire, with *Hearst Castle*—which sold briskly from the first day it appeared—that within months of its debut in August 1985 I was asked to write a companion volume, a general-audience biography of William Randolph Hearst. The book was to be produced once more through the native shrewdness of Don Ackland. Bill and Austine Hearst had been pleased with *Hearst Castle.* The higher-ups on the hilltop were also pleased. Indeed, *everyone* was pleased; and as I noted earlier, the book was garnering its share of design awards in Santa Barbara and beyond. Plus Ackland was signing up no end of new jobs on the strength of that book. All he had to do was wave it in the face of some park or museum or similar facility and the response was the same: "We want that for *our* place too!" We were all on a roll, riding on a flood of incoming money.

Someone forgot, though, about the big men back east—representing the mighty Hearst Corporation. I never got to the bottom of it,

never learned how or why it all played out as it did. But the company went thumbs down on the idea of Taylor Coffman as the author of a new book about Mr. Hearst. Never mind that I was a thoroughly trained partisan, a seasoned apologist whenever I had to be. There wasn't a contrary word in *Hearst Castle* and surely wouldn't be any in the proposed biography, slated to be done in a matching, 96-page format, with the usual Acklandian flourishes. Instead, I was ordered to stop regarding the whole prospect and to stick with my work at the Bunkhouse; there was still plenty to do in this third of the eventual six years I would serve as archivist.

Other names were proposed, other authors who might be suitable. Maurice Hudkins, a much older man in Santa Barbara who'd been studying the Hearst tapestries for many years, was sounded out and considered. He was soon told "no" (much to his chagrin). It was just as well: I'd known Maurice since 1979 yet couldn't imagine him tackling the biography job and getting good results.

With Maurice out of the running, and myself as well, there weren't many prospects left: the kind of person who knew some Hearstiana, who'd be free to act (meaning: no direct State Parks connection), and, above all, who could crank out a manuscript within a few months or less, time being of the usual essence. The assignment soon went to Nancy Loe, Head of Special Collections at Cal Poly, a woman who'd had charge of the Julia Morgan Collection for the past few years. Locally, we knew Nancy had plenty of ideas and ambitions. Apart from the likely conflict of interest (soon realized), she'd already proved that she could tackle such a job.

Fast forward, though, from 1986 to 1988: the book slated to be called *William Randolph Hearst: An Illustrated Biography* still wasn't in print. There'd been one delay after another. Only later did we learn why. Nancy had gone at her work in ivory-tower dissertation style, complete with intricate footnotes and other scholarly devices—as though she were writing for *The Centennial Review* that published

Frank MacShane's ambitious essay on Hearst in 1964. Mind you, this was meant to be a coffee-table companion to my user-friendly *Hearst Castle*. I stayed out of Nancy's way (as did everyone else: she was no one to wrangle with). But the local gift-shop manager still had to ride herd on her efforts. While checking my 1983–89 log for possible references to Eddie Shaug's comments about Wyntoon, I ran across the following under September 25, 1987:

> Met with Jim Anders here at the Bunkhouse re problems with Nancy Loe's pictorial biography of Hearst.

Jim was that local Aramark manager I just mentioned. He and I had become good friends. The success of *Hearst Castle* had endeared me to him, and he always regretted that I'd been made to sit out what he'd hoped would be a second Ackland-Coffman volume. Besides my surprise in 2012 in seeing that Jim had come to the Bunkhouse—a fairly daring act on my part, protocol meaning much on the Hearst Ranch—I was especially curious about the "problems" there'd been. After checking for further log entries (and finding none that applied), at least one thing finally came to mind. Nancy, armed with a cheerless style, had taken some bold swipes at Hearst. In particular, she'd written a scurrilous footnote about his estranged wife, Millicent, a note that had no place in a book of this kind; it may have had no place in a book of *any* kind. Jim Anders had caught it and wondered what to do.

It brought back my ghost-writing days on behalf of Carleton Winslow and Nicky Frye. In this case, though, I didn't advise a silent revision. I voted for complete excision, which Anders seconded.

Enough said about the book's awkward birthing, an event finally consummated in 1988. Had I done the job, Aramark would have had its new volume much sooner. But I wouldn't have been as brave about it as Nancy had been. She defied the deadline pressure and stuck to her humorless guns, with her pit-bull intensity. The book remains in print today. I'm not aware of any revisions, yet I could be wrong. At any rate,

the 1941-Pearl Harbor theme is still our main concern here. Here's how Nancy handled it in her *Illustrated Biography* of Hearst:

> During World War II, Hearst spent a great deal of his time at Wyntoon because it was generally believed that San Simeon was vulnerable to Japanese attack.

However worded, and no matter its general tenor, the passage was same old, same old: there was nothing new here, no pronounced departure from what had textually descended to this latest author's level. As for the mid-forties question and how Nancy handled that, she wrote a predictable "After the war he returned to San Simeon." Obviously, she hadn't countenanced Tom Aidala's words of 1981 or my own of 1985. There was no reason she should have: she was too prone to keep her own counsel. You have to wonder whether she ever read those fairly recent works (mine and Tom's) to any extent at all. Trees fall in the woods, often with no one to hear them; hence their soundlessness. Just ask the ghost of Eddie Shaug, a man who lived near the Cambria forest much of the time—when he wasn't on duty for Hearst up at Wyntoon.

A third book can be added to the present cluster, one that like Nancy Loe's gift-shop biography appeared in 1988. This was Sara Boutelle's *Julia Morgan: Architect.* I'd known Sara since 1976. I'd been at a special event earlier—in March 1975 in Berkeley—when she was introduced to a packed house as the up-and-coming Morgan scholar. Sara first came to my home in Cambria to see my San Simeon photographs; I had yet to sell my big camera and buy my Smith-Corona manual typewriter instead—with hopes of a new life in research and writing. I'll not trot out details here about her own life as I knew it, nor those about her book's difficult, protracted birth (its author was long in labor). I'll only say that Sara was nearly 80 when *Julia Morgan* emerged. She wasn't about to go back to the drawing board; indeed, she never did. The so-called "Revised and Expanded Edition" of 1995

differs from the original book in one way only: its appendix of "Buildings by Julia Morgan." True, that key section was somewhat improved, somewhat strengthened and made to comprise 14 pages. The appendix remains largely a hash, often marred by erroneous dates and other shoddy details. Lynn Forney McMurray had some useful input in redoing it.

Overall, though, the main part of the book, plus its appendix (whether the 1988 or '95 version), should be ascribed to Sara; no one else should be blamed for the numerous shortcomings. The book begs to be revamped and redone, reinvented from top to bottom. Mark Wilson's *Julia Morgan: Architect of Beauty* (2007) was a hopeful step in that direction, yet much more is still needed. The baton has since been passed to Karen McNeill, whose book about Morgan is forthcoming; it promises to be far better than the Boutelle or Wilson volumes.

With regard to Sara's droll take on Pearl Harbor, Japanese submarines, and the like—told allusively, with a more novel twist than usual—she left this for posterity in her chapter on Wyntoon:

> The most interesting of the three [houses in the Bavarian Village] and the one most used is Bear House, where Hearst had his own living quarters. He and Marion Davies lived there during one winter of World War II because San Simeon was considered vulnerable to attack from sea and air; the cold winters were too much for their old dogs, as the pet cemetery attests.

The part about "one winter" recalls Bill Murray's article of 1958; perhaps Sara believed the couple was somewhere else during the other wartime winters; it hardly matters. At least her reference to an air attack was a new angle: I don't recall seeing that one before, either in biographical or historical texts. Logically, Sara should soon have said something in the same chapter about Hearst's return to San Simeon, whether in 1944 or '45 by her reckoning. I'd have to reread much of her main text and endnotes to find it, so variable was the time line she

presented (there might be a smidgen somewhere). With all due respect to my dear old friend, who died at age 90 in 1999, we greatly need the much younger Karen McNeill to set several records straight concerning Julia Morgan—and W. R. Hearst as well.

Part 27 TEXTUAL DESCENT, involving words and phrases and still more, has its counterpart in workaday terms. One person talks to another. That person talks to someone else, and that one in turn to yet another. Eventually, the second person and perhaps a fourth or fifth person connect more deeply, often with little or no awareness of who the third person was—not to mention their overlooking Number One himself, who put the whole sequence into motion.

While recalling that such zigzagging is normal, I realized that Bill Loorz came into my life by that very means, a process tracing back to Carleton Winslow, of all people. Bill, born in 1928, is the second son of George Loorz; George had been the affable, highly effective construction boss at San Simeon through much of the 1930s. I heard by phone from Bill, quite out of the blue, in April 1988. But first back to Carleton before I tell more. In working on *The Enchanted Hill* in 1980, Carleton made some good local contacts. He was an outgoing man, although at times inept, who nonetheless had a knack for gladhanding. One person he met was Fran Souza, the daughter of Frank Souza, labor foreman at the Castle under George Loorz (and under Camille Rossi before Loorz's arrival in 1932). Fran lent Carleton some heirloom photos. At least one of them—a rare shot of the bells being installed in the Castle towers—had greatly enriched the book.

In 1983 Fran tracked me down, knowing that I was freelancing on the side as a private bookseller, right before I began my stint at the Bunkhouse. She was hoping to find the reprint of Myron Angel's *History of San Luis Obispo County, California.* It was the pre-Amazon era, and books could be hard to get if they weren't already stocked by, say, Gabby Bookstore on Higuera Street in San Luis. I got the Angel book for Fran; and in the course of our new rapport, I learned that she and Carleton were good friends and that she admired him. I'd fallen out of touch with him by then: the Winslow-Frye-Coffman reprint of that period had been done without his direct involvement. In any case, Carleton was an important link, a bridge between me and Fran Souza.

She and I stayed in touch over the next few years. Come 1986 she called to say she'd like me to visit her in Harmony, the rural ranch district just south of Cambria where she lived. An old-timer was heading her way and she wanted us to meet. He proved to be Maurice McClure (a man of 80 then, unrelated to Mac McClure, Julia Morgan's successor on the Hearst work).

This other McClure was younger than Mac and a successor as well—namely, he'd been the next construction superintendent at San Simeon after George Loorz, with Maurice's tenure falling in the postwar period, 1945 to 1948. George had been Maurice's hero (everything in 1986 was on a first-name basis). In fact, Maurice—who pronounced his first name "Morris"—had gone on after the Hearst postwar job to work for George and his longtime partner, Fred Stolte. Through my Bunkhouse work I'd been getting well-schooled enough to recognize, as Maurice and Fran and I talked, that this was a key connection for me, an unexpected one that I'd best savor and treat wisely.

The call I got one Saturday from Bill Loorz, two years later, stemmed directly from that meeting with Maurice and Fran in Harmony. He'd spoken well of me to Bill—precisely when Bill, on behalf of the greater Loorz family, was focusing more than ever before on what to do with his father's thousands of papers. Bill and I met at his home in Los Angeles two months later. Then and there he entrusted the first boxes of Loorz Papers to me. They went into the trunk of my car; and thus I was off to the archival races in Loorzian terms. The serendipity of it all was that, if it hadn't been for Carleton Winslow, I very likely wouldn't have been put to work part-time by Bill Loorz in 1988.

I had still had my regular work to do for the Hearsts at the Bunkhouse. I was there until the fall of 1989. Meanwhile, I kept going on the Loorz project in my spare time, spreading out the papers and starting their cataloguing within the friendly confines of my home in

Cambria. It got to be close quarters, what with Bill feeding me further material. The results were surely worth the trouble. I was learning more about Hearst and Julia Morgan—and of course George Loorz—than I'd ever thought I would. And there was more to come, Bill assured me. I was able to squeeze some new details into *Hearst's Dream,* still waiting to be published and lending itself to last-minute updating right until press time.

When the Hearst Corporation ended my contract with them (my original one year had swollen to six, so theoretically I couldn't complain), I had Bill Loorz as a safety net. I knew he wanted to complete the processing of the Loorz Papers. Thank God he could actually afford the venture! I've rarely landed on my feet quite as luckily as I did in November 1989. Before my severance with the Hearsts expired on December 31, Bill and I had shifted into high gear: I was now on full-time status, albeit month to month. Right before getting under way, we'd met in Oakland and had cleared all the remaining boxes of Loorz Papers out of the old Stolte warehouse in that city; by some miracle the papers had sat there untouched, in a deep freeze for years and even decades. I drove home to Cambria with my Honda Accord packed to the gills. It's a wonder I didn't get a ticket for obstructed windows.

Accustomed to keeping a daily log during my six Bunkhouse years, I began a new Loorz log on December 1, 1989. The first entry includes these lines:

> Bill Loorz called at 9:00 a.m.; said to go ahead with the processing of the papers through December and January—as we agreed last Monday in Oakland. We will give further thought to the book over these next two months (as we also agreed last Monday). Was cleaning off my desk when Bill called—was of a mind to get started whether he called or not, in hopes that his word would be to proceed, and it was. . . . Got in eight hours by working into mid-evening; started "officially" just before ten a.m. this morning.

I could wax eloquently here on other details of what happened over the next several months, right into the summer of 1990. I got all the papers processed and catalogued; and at some juncture (my log no doubt says, but I've not checked it in more than 20 years), we agreed to go full bore on a book about the Loorz Papers. Thus was conceived and made to gestate—with a timely birth in mind, for Bill was a man of action, not a foot-dragger—the book I referred to earlier, the one I said in Part 15 had been "hastily compiled." It *was* hasty. That almost seemed my repeated fate, my stock in trade. There'd be no three-year massage period on this one, true of *Hearst's Dream* before it saw print late in 1989. We had to act quickly and decisively: that was Bill Loorz's proven way.

And thus took shape, concurrent with my further work on the papers, the book called *The Builders Behind the Castles: George Loorz & the F. C. Stolte Co.* My wife suggested the main title; I coined the subtitle. A dance instructor by calling, Janis has never counted editing among her stronger suits. I should have foreseen that the *Castles* part would too often get misspelled *Castle.* This mattered little at the moment; Bill and I had far more pressing things to resolve. Where to install the Loorz Papers? With what repository, what institution? That was the biggest question. Nancy Loe of Cal Poly, Special Collections, assumed she was in line to take delivery. Bill was having none of that, however. Nancy had demeaned him (as she chronically had several people), Bill's thick skin and good humor aside. There was simply no way the Loorz Papers would be given to Cal Poly—not as long as Bill was still kicking (he turned 62 in June 1990, making him younger than I am now). I proposed the San Luis Obispo County Historical Museum—today's History Center by name—and we quickly made a binding deal. We remain delighted to this day that we did. The History Center, under its promising young CAO, Erin Wighton, is doing thoroughly right by the Loorz Papers, a crown jewel of the Center's archival holdings.

But what about the *Builders* book itself, published in September 1990? What was I poised to say by then about the 1941-Pearl Harbor matter? Despite my obvious yen for the truth (post-Eddie Shaug and post-*Hearst's Dream*), I had to state my case quickly and move on. I was in the epilogue of *The Builders Behind the Castles,* rapidly summarizing George Loorz's career after the big slowdown at San Simeon in 1938. By then he'd moved to Pacific Grove, next to Monterey, and was keeping in touch with Hearst and Morgan much less as the decade wound down. Loorz did some minor work for the Willicombes, though, as I mentioned in Part 25; that was in 1941, in Carmel Valley, where the Colonel and his wife had what they hoped would be an affordable retirement home. Loorz had stunned them with his report of what a more serious job would entail. And thus went my wrap-up in the closing moments of the *Builders* book:

> "That $17,000 settles it," said Willicombe on August 25, "and we have decided to wait until prices come down." He said he hoped that when conditions changed they could take up where they were leaving off with their plans.

The Colonel surely had a point. Loorz's estimated amount in 1941 resembles as much as $262,000 today (in 2013). My narrative continued with:

> Conditions soon changed, of course—more than Willicombe or anyone else could have foreseen, of course—come Sunday, December 7, and the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

And then I took a simple, declarative stance for the first time, one I blithely assumed would be sure to get noticed and make a lasting difference:

> Hearst was at Wyntoon on that fateful day.

I said those words in an end-of-discussion spirit, my sense of confidence through Bill Loorz being at full pitch in 1990, given our new

pact with the San Luis Obispo Historical Museum and all the other upbeat pacing. I figured this succinct assertion of mine would fill everyone's ears, loud and clear. Maybe if I'd gone on to do enough book signings and talks (I didn't), and maybe if reviewers had dwelled on that new point about December 7, it would have had some genuine impact. As it was, no one paid much attention.

I suppose certain guides and other locals who read those words (I'm sure at least some did) thought it odd that I'd gone the way I had. I could hear the mantra: My God, doesn't he know his *Citizen Hearst*? Yet no one ever said anything or sought a speck of clarification. We all had lives to lead, other things to fill our minds. The world according to Coffman was nothing but an opinion—an "interpretation," as seasoned Castle people like the old-time guide supervisor Metta Hake liked to say.

I, too, had other things to contend with historically. I was swiftly reduced to near peonage late in 1990 in my post-Bunkhouse and now post-Loorzian life.

Next up as far as books go—in sharp contrast to my newly impoverished status—was the Friends of Hearst Castle reprint of *The Life and Personality of Phoebe Apperson Hearst,* originally dated 1928. The Friends version would include a "prefatory note" by Bill Hearst. Despite their brevity, Bill's words that reached me and Woody Frey of Cal Poly (a man who'd long hoped to do the Phoebe Hearst project) were in need of touching up; they frankly called for some skillful ghosting. The job naturally fell to me. In my weaker moments I could almost hear the hammer clicking on a Hearst Ranch six-gun, pointed straight at my head.

Part 28 BILL HEARST turned 83 early in 1991. Austine was a good deal younger, yet both of them were old for their ages by then; in fact, she had only a few more months to live. It was ultimately a minor thing for me to tinker with Bill's piece for the Phoebe Hearst reprint. Meanwhile, he'd rolled up his sleeves on what would appear later in 1991 as *The Hearsts: Father and Son.* Bill would have been the first to admit, I'm sure—given his age and health—that he couldn't write a book that demanding by himself. A seasoned journalist named Jack Casserly was brought on board, and so was Jack's wife, Joy; they were based in Arizona to Bill and Austine's New York. The job wasn't a ghosting prospect. Jack (but not Joy) was given full credit on the front cover and title page, as was only fitting.

My phone started ringing early in 1991; it was Joy Casserly that I would hear from, several times, never Jack. Nor did I hear directly from Bill or Austine. I gave Joy all the information I could. At one point arrangements were made for me to visit the Bunkhouse—that ultra-private archives still deep in a time warp, unchanged since I'd last worked there in 1989. My assignment was to glean passages between W. R. Hearst and Winston Churchill. I was glad to be part of the Hearst-Casserly project. I got standard alphabetical credit in the book; and I could take greater pleasure in noting that several lines in *Hearst's Dream* had been drawn upon, in some cases almost verbatim. That was a kind of textual descent I could easily live with; after all, Bill and Austine had been parental to me from 1982, when I first met them, on through 1989, when my Bunkhouse days ended. True, we'd mostly lost touch since then, but I didn't hold that against them. They'd both gotten visibly older, as I've already said.

We should get right to the business of how Bill—and Jack and Joy—treated those historical episodes that affect every page I'm writing now. To those inclined to read a book like *The Hearsts: Father and Son*, this was the best-known son of William Randolph Hearst speaking. Bill's words, assisted or not, should count for much, should

constitute a virtual primary source, perhaps second to none. The book contains three pertinent references for my *Hearst and Pearl Harbor* memoir. The first one appears on Bill's page 61 and recalls what several writers had previously said:

> My father lived with Marion Davies for two years at Wyntoon, located on the Oregon-California border, during the war.

Bill followed with a brief reference to the mid-forties return to San Simeon. "After the conflict," it began—as in 1945, not what by 1991 was the late-1944 date I'd given in three books thus far (and as Tom Aidala had done even earlier). Ten pages further on in *The Hearsts,* Bill—or the Casserlys more likely—went with a familiar portrayal:

> For several years during World War II, my father and Marion Davies moved from San Simeon and lived at Wyntoon (Marion called it "Spitoon" [their 1991 spelling]). He had been warned that Japanese submarines might try to shell the castle. It was of course a false alarm, but there was a lot of wartime hysteria about the Japanese.

No mention, at any rate, of possible air attacks, à la Sara Boutelle; Miss Morgan's biographer had that one all to herself still, current as of 1991. Bill's words were vintage Swanbergian for starters, along with the newer submarine factor that was becoming entrenched. Harder to sort out was Bill's account, elsewhere in his book, of things right after Pearl Harbor:

> As publisher of the *[New York] Journal-American*, I was in an "essential" civilian category and deferred from the draft. I would be thirty-four in about two months [January 27, 1942], and there was some doubt about my passing a military physical. . . .
>
> I tried the Air Force because I was an experienced pilot. They turned me down for medical reasons. The Navy was next. No dice, same reason. In desperation, I went to Washington and spoke to a few friends. . . .
>
> That took more than a year [the foregoing efforts]. Finally, I made up my mind and flew out to see Pop at San Simeon. He had already

> guessed what I was about to propose. I told him that I wanted to go to Europe as a war correspondent for our newspapers.

Bill was speaking in the context of 1943, a date he soon cited in that same paragraph. The G. & R. Hearst Collection covers most of 1942 and also 1943 (as of late May). Bill's father and Marion had been in Santa Monica and Beverly Hills during the first part of '43, before returning to Wyntoon for an especially long stay. San Simeon was shuttered all through that period; no one of any importance—the Chief, Marion, Bill himself, or others of that rank—were ever there then. Rather than delve into 1942 and 1943, though, let's go back to 1941 itself, back to the period immediately after Pearl Harbor to get a clearer sense of what things were like for Bill Hearst. Not with the thought of contradicting what he or the Casserlys said—more to recall some details that Bill could easily have forgotten years later, as anyone might while reminiscing at that much remove.

We've already seen how Bill (then married to his second wife, Lorelle McCarver, not Austine McDonnell) sent birthday greetings to his brother David on December 2, 1941; David had remained at Wyntoon after Thanksgiving while Bill and Lorelle went back to New York. That eastern Hearst couple was on the McCloud again by December 22; they both received holiday greetings that day from Hal Roach in Culver City. Bill's name crops up solo on the 26th in an outgoing message to Santa Monica, where he and Lorelle had evidently stopped before heading north. He sent the following "c/o Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, 705 Ocean Front," just down the street from the Beach House:

> Please air mail the large brown envelope in brown suit case containing papers brought from New York to me at Wyntoon, McCloud, California.

The Fairbanks name alone is a matter of great interest; Bill and Lorelle Hearst were renowned socialites on both coasts, immensely popular. Back in New York their late-evening stops at places like The

Stork Club were part of their job descriptions. New accounts and advertising dollars were constantly at stake.

Next, on December 27, 1941, that whirlwind couple heard from Hap and Unk—better known as Raoul and Lorraine Walsh, who were wiring from Beverly Hills:

> Dear Lorelle and Bill: Can't get up for New Years but will be there right after. Will you be there? If not let us know. Love and kisses.

That same day—Saturday the 27th—was when Bill's older brother, George, got married at Wyntoon (his third attempt, with two more to go before the heaven-sent Rosalie came along as number six). Then on Monday the 29th, Bill received a stirring message from New York. Simply signed "Rod," it was probably from a freelance sales broker named Rodney Boone:

> Here's some good news for you. A few more days in December to go but to date the *Journal-American* already shows a December gain of 150 columns in national [advertising]. No matter what we run for balance of month you are assured of a national gain for the year. This means, Bill, the third successive year that we have gone over the top in national.
>
> Happy New Year to all.

That's surely an eye-catcher: the third successive year. This must have meant 1939, 1940, and the current 1941 as well. The Hearst businesses were unquestionably on the upswing, even before the much-touted wartime economy became such a rousing factor. Bill would no doubt have passed the good tidings from New York on to his father. And might they also have taken a moment or more to weigh Bill's latest prospects?

On December 29 as well, Lorelle Hearst dispatched word to the *Journal-American*—addressed to an underling named Dana Jenney:

> What are you doing and why don't I hear from you? Even though I'm not there I am a little curious and interested in what might be

> happening in the office. Please call Tuesday [December 30] between three and six your time.

By "Tuesday" she meant the following day. Bill himself heard at that juncture from Tom White, managing director of the Hearst paper in Chicago, the *Herald-American.* White wore a pair of Texas-size hats, his other being director in the same capacity of Bill's paper in Manhattan. No other publishing executive in the Chief's employ was entrusted with that much grinding responsibility, not even Cobbie in San Francisco. As Tom White told Bill:

> I hope that the year concluded entirely to your happiness and I believe that next year will give you and Lorelle even greater cause for mental comfort. My heartfelt wishes to you both for all that is fine throughout this coming year.

Bill received further messages on December 31. His longtime secretary in New York, Julia Ruman, wired him at 3:20 that afternoon, a few hours shy of New Year's Eve:

> Air mailing letter to you Wyntoon with confirmation of same via first class to you care Dick Carrington [at the *Los Angeles Examiner*] in order make sure one reaches you. It concerns your contacting coast people prior your departure regarding history of stock acquired from grandmother's estate [that of Phoebe Apperson Hearst]. Thought it better this be done while there than from such long distance.
>
> Happy New Year to you, Mrs. Hearst and your Pappy.

Obviously, messages like these have no direct bearing on the Pearl Harbor theme. The attack of December 7 was old news by this time, more than three weeks having passed, an eternity by daily newspaper standards of the kind Pappy Hearst and his son lived by. Here's hoping that enough perspective on the father's whereabouts that infamous Sunday is by now in focus—thus leaving us free to enjoy some *real* history, which takes so many forms in these annals, these short items regarding Bill and Lorelle Hearst being the merest sampling.

As for Bill's mix-up over 1943 (his belief that his father was at San Simeon then and, as we saw earlier, his recounting that the Chief's 80th birthday took place at Wyntoon), what can we say? That whatever notes Bill was going by were too sketchy? Or that he had no reliable notes to begin with at all? Perhaps the Casserlys are to blame.

I can't be judge and jury in every instance; I would readily make new errors on top of theirs, that being the nature so often of speculation and guesswork in the historical realm. The erroneous grows and multiplies, amoeba-like, cancer-like, almost unstoppably. It has always been so, and Hearstiana is no doubt far from unique.

Part 29 THE WHOLE QUESTION of Japanese submarines sticks in my craw. It cropped up again a few moments ago in Part 28; it did so in a short passage from *The Hearsts: Father and Son,* the Bill Hearst-Jack Casserly book of 1991. The name *Montebello* last appeared many pages earlier in my write-up: in my remarks about Tom Aidala's *Hearst Castle* of 1981. Not that Tom identified that stricken submarine by name. He didn't.

Who, then, was the first member of our Hearstiana tribe to do so? I also wondered who was the first to have written the word itself: *submarines.* Thanks to the genius of Bill Gates and others at Microsoft, I can run a quick search of my pages. Bingo: it was W. A. Swanberg. He was the first to speak of submarines, in reference to the Japanese and Hearst's unkind treatment of them over the years. Thence comes this shred of textuality: it descends from the often-seminal *Citizen Hearst* of 1961. John Tebbel hadn't said anything in 1952. Nor had John Winkler in 1955.

And thus Bill Swanberg was the original submarine scribe. Clark Reynolds dates from 1964, although we've seen how he didn't cite the *Montebello* specifically; he also didn't say anything about Hearst or San Simeon. Fred Lawrence Guiles, the Marion Davies biographer of 1972, was next in line. He produced what, in comparative terms, amounts to a good deal of verbiage on the Japanese and their warring methods. Marion herself didn't say the sought-after word in *The Times We Had,* vodka or no. All that's needed is to run a file search of my recent book *The Annotated Marion* to make sure. This means the next person to say *submarines* was Tom Aidala, already cited. He was followed by Austine Hearst in 1985, in her *Horses of San Simeon.* Sara Boutelle never said the word in 1988 (although she came close); so we can keep going. That takes us straight to Bill Hearst in 1991. Austine and Bill's books were fairly close in sequence and content, blood being thicker than water. I may have left someone out; yet I'd rather include

them. I've aimed for reasonable completeness in these pages. Advocate of revision that I am, I'll gladly make additions once I learn more.

I still need to pin down Dan Krieger on this subject. I've known Dan since 1975, when as a new Cal Poly professor he brought his first guide-training class to Hearst Castle. Dennis Judd was in the group and has long since become the Cuesta College history instructor I've mentioned. Even more prominently, Paul Israel started with Dan Krieger in 1975 and soon went for his master's and a doctorate. He got the latter at Rutger's University in New Jersey. Paul's still there as director of the Thomas Edison Papers.

Meanwhile, Dan and I go back a good ways; I was pleased to see how often his name crops up in my Bunkhouse log of 1983–1989; we'd had a number of interactions that I'd mostly forgotten about. In 1988 Dan and Mark Hall-Patton came out with *Looking Backward into the Middle Kingdom: San Luis Obispo County.* Ed Zolkoski of EZ Nature Books (also the publisher of *Hearst's Dream*) reprinted the *Middle Kingdom* in 1990. That's the copy I've got. Hearst and San Simeon are naturally included, although I can't find anything on Pearl Harbor or the *Montebello* in that context. However, within a year of that reprint, in 1991, Stan Harth—plus Dan Krieger and his wife, Liz—teamed up on *War Comes to the Middle Kingdom: Vol. I—1939–1942.* This was another of Ed Zolkoski's local numbers. Ed was a good man (a retired engineer, now deceased) who eventually built a noteworthy list of history books and other titles. The last page of the Harth-Krieger book said "Stand by for Volume II," which was "scheduled for release during late 1992." Unfortunately, that second volume, aimed at 1942 through 1945, never appeared.

At any rate, the first volume of *War Comes to the Middle Kingdom* is the one I first cited in Part 14. Despite its origin in 1991, I referred to it in that part along with one of my G. & R. Hearst excerpts about Wyntoon of decades past—the one detailing the "midget submarine feature" that the Chief and others were working on in 1941, soon

after December 7. Dr. Krieger, as I noted, had originally published an article in the *San Luis Obispo County Telegram-Tribune.* And thus there was some of his own textual descent in motion: a simple matter of recycling, his newspaper piece having preceded his chapter in 1991 on "Civilian Heroics Saved Oil Tanker's Crewmen."

Knowing as we do now, based on these present pages of 2012–2013, that the *Montebello* was tangential to Hearst's actions in December 1941—and that its sinking was (for his and Marion's domestic purposes) a non-event—I was still watching for the first stab anyone took at connecting the *Montebello* and Hearst's imagined presence at or near San Simeon. Certainly a consensus existed, at least since Swanberg's time in 1961, that Hearst was either at the Castle on Sunday the 7th or had been there recently. That's what I was seeking: I wanted to find that link, that assumption, that clear-cut fallacy. I didn't plan to demean or belittle anyone. That wasn't my purpose. It was much more like Jack Webb in the old *Dragnet* TV series: "Just the facts, ma'am." That's what I was after.

I may still be missing something (again, I'm always game for updating my work), but I think Dan handled the Hearst-*Montebello*-San Simeon-Wyntoon montage by merely saying a few words in his introduction to *War Comes to the Middle Kingdom.* He led into his comment by mentioning Steve Zegar, "San Luis Obispo's longtime cabby" who'd driven for Hearst from way back in 1919, when the work at San Simeon was about to start. I'd met Zegar while a Castle rookie in 1972, when he was old yet still full of great memories. Steve's Taxi (as his business was called) had shuttled a lot of people—many of them quite famous—between San Luis and San Simeon. Thanks, though, to Pearl Harbor and the outbreak of war (if I've caught the spirit of Dan's text of 1991 correctly), things were different for Steve Zegar come 1941:

> The downside for Steve was that Mr. Hearst and his guests wouldn't be taking many trips to San Simeon for the duration.

“For the duration” was of course a wartime expression, widely used, one meaning for however long the war lasted, now that this country was involved. The point is that the last time Steve’s Taxi shuttled anyone to the Castle may have been as long before the war started as April 1941. When Phoebe Hearst Brown visited the place in September that year, she drove her own car. That we’ve already seen. When James Rorimer of the Metropolitan Museum got to see the Castle in the summer of ’41 (through the absentee Hearst’s arrangements, likewise wired from Wyntoon), Rorimer drove himself to the hilltop, the same as Miss Brown would soon be doing. Very few knew these details, however, when Dan Krieger was writing in 1991 (or even a bit earlier, when his initial newspaper piece appeared on the “Civilian Heroics” in the *Montebello* crisis). I say “very few” in favor of Ben Procter—or anyone else who was using the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft by the early nineties. Any of those researchers may have seen Phoebe Brown’s letter: it had been on file since 1977 (or maybe longer, to hear Ben tell it). Meanwhile, the G. & R. Hearst Collection was still a secret cache, sequestered in Palm Springs.

But let’s say those “desert papers” never came to light, never got processed, catalogued, digitized. Would we know very much about events of late 1941 by some other means? Conceivably, yes. The Bancroft’s Hearst holdings would eventually have carried the day all by themselves, given enough patience, enough digging and squinting. G. & R. Hearst corroborates and confirms those files on a great many details. To think, though, that the world had to wait until 2008, when G. & R. was first aired in my compilation *The Unknown Hearst: 1941*—thus to learn more about Pearl Harbor and the like—falls short of the truth. In G. & R. Hearst’s case it’s more often a matter of marvelous convenience, of adding texture and shading through further brushwork. The basic Bancroft canvas was already nicely painted. Provided one looked (many hadn’t yet), such had been the golden opportunity for several years, right there in Berkeley.

Concurrently with Dan Krieger's book in 1991, a woman named Suzanne Dewberry wrote "Perils At Sea: The Sinking of the S. S. *Montebello."* Her forum was the government journal *Prologue,* six of whose pages carried her detailed article. A colleague of mine in San Luis Obispo, Robert C. Pavlik of Caltrans—formerly the State Parks Historian, San Simeon Region—assured me that although I'd not yet seen "Perils at Sea," it contained little or nothing I needed to include in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor* (I soon got hold of the Dewberry article and confirmed what Bob said). Back in 1992 and partly following Krieger's lead, Bob Pavlik had alluded to Steve's Taxi when he wrote:

> The era of chauffeur-driven limousines winding their way to the Hearst Ranch (temporarily) came to an end.

This appeared in Bob's unpublished article "San Simeon: The Years Without the Chief." He further said in that piece from 1992:

> In 1942 William Randolph Hearst left his prominent hilltop estate to a handful of watchmen and gardeners and retreated to the relative safety of Los Angeles or Wyntoon. The windows of the guest houses and Casa Grande hung with blackout curtains, and, of course, the outdoor lighting remained unlit.

Sticking with his helpful chronology, Bob offered the next statement as well, a few paragraphs later in his "Years Without the Chief" article:

> Following American victories in the Philippines and the Marianas Islands in 1944, William Randolph Hearst returned to San Simeon and again took up residence, as the Japanese threat subsided.

Bob Pavlik may well have seen what Tom Aidala wrote in 1981. And I'd been referring to 1944 ever since my sole-authored *Hearst Castle* appeared in 1985, reinforced—again, if anyone was truly noticing (besides the Castle's own Sandra Heinemann)—in my books dated 1989 and 1990. Those bygone details aside in 2012 and '13, I'm finding that no one except Bob has advanced the Philippines-and-

Marianas idea, as put forth by him in 1992. I'd long had my hands full getting the destruction of The Gables at Wyntoon in proper focus—that turning point for Hearst tied to August 1944. Might there in fact have been more to the Chief's decision to head back, at long last, to San Simeon three months later? More, that is, than the great disruption the fire had caused? I could only turn to the Bunkhouse Collection in this case. G. & R. Hearst stops abruptly on June 30, 1944; plus I still have yet to check The Bancroft's Hearst holdings in this regard. The Bunkhouse, for its part, has a lot on file. I began by checking the thick index of "teles" I compiled in 1984 and 1985, an invaluable source despite its pre-digital format. First I looked up "Marianas." However, my index skips from 1939's "Marcus, Dr. Samuel M." to 1937's "Marianne (San Simeon elephant)." I had nothing on the Marianas per se. Then I went alphabetically to "Pacific theater (World War II)." Those listings start with an editorial by Charlie Ryckman dated August 12, 1944; eight other entries follow under "Pacific theater," extending through early December 1944 (by then Hearst and Marion were newly back at San Simeon).

I also checked some other likely headings. I finally turned to "Philippines," bearing in mind the later-1944 phase of the war. There I found three good items, plus another one from early in 1945.

Overall, the Ryckman editorial from August 1944 seemed the best place to delve deeper into Bob Pavlik's statement about American victories and how that progress affected Hearst's return to San Simeon, if indeed it did. Ryck himself (not Cobbie) wired Hearst directly at Wyntoon on August 12 that year. His lead-in said, "Herewith is editorial you requested on the President's tour." At this point the fire that ruined The Gables lay 10 days ahead:

> President Roosevelt's tour of inspection in the Pacific theater of war, which took him to Hawaii and the Aleutians, should give new impetus to the Pacific war. . . .

> The event that is most applauded, and from which the most encouragement is derived, is the thrilling and satisfying re-conquest of the strategic American island of Guam.

Guam is part of the Marianas archipelago, as Pavlik well knows. Ryckman, of course, was talking about very recent developments in the war. His editorial continued in the classic Hearstian, short paragraphic style:

> Guam is militarily important, beyond a possibility of over-estimation. It affords naval and air bases from which the inner defences of Japan may be attacked and reduced.
>
> Guam is also spiritually important, for it represents our first re-taking of conquered and despoiled and desecrated and humiliated American territory.
>
> It was on Guam that Japanese occupation of American territory was first completed, and that the American flag was first trampled.
>
> Now Guam is the first of our conquered American possessions to be regained.
>
> And Guam is a stepping stone back to the Philippines, our richest possession conquered by the Japanese and still held by the Japanese and [the island] most despoiled and desecrated by the Japanese.

Among later references to the Philippines in the Bunkhouse material, another editorial (its authorship unclear) is dated October 20, 1944. It's a key item. In this case Bill Hunter, subbing for Colonel Willicombe, alerted all Hearst editors nationwide:

> Chief instructs to "RUN PROMPTLY" the editorial sent you Oct. 19 headed "The Philippines Invasion."

The version Hunter was dispatching (in tersely well-schooled "Chief instructs" format) included three revisions by Hearst. The Chief himself sent a related message that same day, October 20, to William Wren, managing editor of the *San Francisco Examiner:*

> I do not think we should have an editorial on Roosevelt's statement regarding [Douglas] MacArthur and the return to the Philippines. It is

> well not to be too critical towards the end of the campaign. We should calm down and be more and more judicial and impartial.

Bill Wren followed a week later—on October 27—with what's below, directed to Bill Hunter at Wyntoon (Willicombe must have been on vacation):

> Roosevelt in speech tonight says:
>
> "And speaking of the glorious operations in the Philippines I wonder whatever became of the suggestion made a few weeks ago, that I had failed for political reasons to send enough forces or supplies to General MacArthur?"
>
> Suggest again that Ryckman write editorial pointing out that MacArthur was starved of men and supplies until he disavowed his candidacy [for President] in the strongest possible terms. His previous disavowals of political ambition were not enough for the slick politician in the White House. He virtually forced MacArthur to swear on the Bible before he would give him more than a handful of men, planes and ships.

There was more to what Bill Wren said. And there's more on the Philippines in this fall 1944 portion of the Bunkhouse items. Bob Pavlik, of course, never knew of these documents 20-odd years ago when he was writing "The Years Without the Chief." Except for indexing those telegraphic items in the mid-eighties, I'd never worked with them either until I was compiling this latest part—Part 29—of *Hearst and Pearl Harbor.* As to connections, directly or indirectly, with Hearst's moving south from Wyntoon a month later, that prospect awaits further research. The Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library may well be the best hope on that score.

Pavlik spoke on the same "Years Without" subject he'd written about. That was early in 1992, before the San Luis Obispo Historical Society, not quite two years after the George Loorz Papers had been given by Bill Loorz and his two brothers to what's now the History Center downtown. To my mind, it typifies how we're all in this stew

together, we Hearstians. I can't fault Dan Kreiger or Bob Pavlik for not adopting years ago what I'd said most recently in *The Builders Behind the Castles,* late in 1990. New ideas and new information take time to gain a footing—often a long time.

For its part the "Coffman revolution" of the late seventies moved with stunning speed; it was a historical coup d'état focused on Hearst's collecting and its role in the work at San Simeon, a breakthrough greatly overdue. John Porter coined the "revolution" term decades afterward. Now he's speaking of the "second revolution," once more in my name. Yet things have been moving much slower this time around. Too much Tebbel-Winkler-Swanberg and all their descendants to wrestle with, or so it seems.

Part 30 GETTING INTO THE mid-1990s, the pace slowed for me in Hearst studies. Anything like my future 1941-Pearl Harbor quest was still far ahead. I remained miles away from going down that road. As for new books, the only title I can think of from this period was Nancy Loe's latest turn, dated 1994. *Hearst Castle: An Interpretive History of W. R. Hearst's San Simeon Estate* was supposed to have been mine, a freshening-up of my highly successful *Hearst Castle* that had been selling well ever since 1985. Jim Anders, still the manager of the gift shop, discussed its prospects with me. I was fully in his and Aramark's good graces. I'd even been asked by them to write a book about Mesa Verde National Park, again through Don Ackland as producer and middleman. I assured Aramark that, despite the kind gesture, they were missing the point: they needed to find my equivalent in Cortez, Colorado, or someplace like that. I was a Hearstian—and essentially that alone.

The down side of things come 1991, when Jim and I first considered a new Castle book, is that my status with the hilltop powers had reached a low ebb. Nancy Loe was well aware that Jim and I had made backroom changes in her *Illustrated Biography* of Hearst in 1987. She'd retaliated by getting me dismissed from the Bunkhouse in 1989 by the Hearst Corporation—a matter of dark intrigue that I'll not recount here. Such was the real reason I'd suddenly left that job (barely touched on in Part 27), never mind the work that remained to be done. Plus Nancy had been shamed by her loss of the George Loorz Papers in 1990. With the Castle powers on her side, I didn't stand a chance. A new 96-page book in the Ackland mold was allotted to her. But insofar as Don Ackland himself went, he was quickly passing from the scene. His Madoff-like finances were a mess (he still owes me royalties, and other writers as well). Ackland had more or less gone bankrupt. Jane Freeburg, a woman groomed in his overly royal Santa Barbara office, launched her own company, called Companion Press. Jane first met with me late in 1991 about a new Castle book. However, once she got

wind that I was *persona non grata,* she made a pact with Nancy instead.

All's fair in love and war. I was on the outs, and Nancy Loe was at complete liberty to do another of her pit-bull numbers on Hearst, Marion, and the Castle. She took her sweet time. No one was about to rush her or make her get sloppy. For those who like her high-toned approach, *Hearst Castle* (the same title, yet again) is a worthy book. For the general public, though, it's very much overwrought. I would never have gone at things that way, neither through Don Ackland nor Jane Freeburg, yet my views no longer counted.

Let's move right on to what Nancy did with 1941 and closely related points. Her wording in 1994 differed a bit from what she'd written in 1988. However, it was still a matter of same old, same old, predictably:

> During the war, Hearst and Davies spent a great deal of time at Wyntoon because it was believed that San Simeon was vulnerable to Japanese attack.

Before, in her Hearst biography of 1988, she hadn't mentioned Marion; now she did. In contrast, on the mid-forties question—as to when the couple left Wyntoon in favor of the Central Coast—Nancy broke some new ground for a much wider audience than Bob Pavlik had done in 1992. This single sentence of hers was a welcome departure from the prevalent, always derivative account:

> As World War II drew to a close, they returned to San Simeon.

Whether she'd heeded Tom Aidala or Pavlik or even me, who knows? Maybe she'd been to The Bancroft and had seen the evidence herself. Though much too given to fine-print notes and scholarly ploys in a book meant for the general trade (I hesitate to say *tourist* trade, yet that was in fact the market), Nancy's *Hearst Castle* sold like the proverbial hotcakes to the captive gift-shop public, the book's icy tone aside. William Randolph Hearst and Hearst Castle surely deserved

better. They would never be getting it from her. In the mid-1990s, however, and for a good while to come, Nancy Loe (a Cal Poly librarian and dean who had no ethical business holding local, non-academic sway as boldly as she did, as defiantly as she did) was a potent force to reckon with.

Part 31 EARLY IN 1993 I taught my last Elderhostel class on the Castle. Our meeting place was in Morro Bay, a dismal backdrop for that sunny a subject. I was well out to pasture by then; I couldn't imagine I had any future in Hearstiana. Indeed, for the next three years, right into 1996, I busied myself—in what time I gave to book efforts—with producing *The Cambria Forest,* a self-published venture through my new Coastal Heritage Press. My mind was full of natural history and geology during those years. Toward the end of that stretch, in 1995, we moved from Cambria to Santa Barbara, where we'd gone to college at UCSB. We embarked on a whole new life in '95, free of anything Hearstian. I recall being in Earthling Bookstore on State Street and seeing Sara Boutelle's *Julia Morgan,* the current reprint edition. I glanced at it and could readily tell that its "Revised and Updated" claim was overblown. It didn't matter. I was done with those things. My petite forest book was paramount at the moment.

Nonetheless, Bill Loorz and I connected soon after we Coffmans moved south. He and I had done a second printing of *The Builders Behind the Castles* in 1992; we'd made some small improvements, though not enough to warrant calling the book a new edition. Bill wasn't the fussbudget or grinding perfectionist that I could be: he simply wanted to have enough copies on hand for family and friends. By 1995 he was running low. Should we opt for a third printing? Should we do something else with *Builders*? Maybe take more time and get more daring? Those were some questions we tossed back and forth. Another year passed before we met again, late in 1996. Bill was getting still lower on his *Builders* inventory and we needed a firm plan of action.

Meanwhile, I had had an epiphany. I had seen the light. Hearstiana was my proper calling, my long-range destiny. Midway through 1996—in the wake of *The Cambria Forest*—I'd begun reworking a book I'd last attempted in 1991 and, before that, in 1989. Slated to be *Hearst as Collector,* the subject relied on my strongest suit by far. When Bill

Loorz and I met in 1996 I was up to my elbows in the renewed *Collector* project and was determined to see it through. My alma mater of two years' enrollment, UCSB, was close by and I'd begun using the library there, especially the separate Arts Library; I was always treated royally, as though I were a full-fledged graduate. My memory is dim, however, on how and what Bill and I decided to do, effective the summer of 1997. I have no Bunkhouse log or Loorz log from that period, and I lost much of my correspondence up till then in a flooded garage in 2004.

I have no choice (for the sake of what I'm now writing) but to look ahead, to see what got into print in 2003 in the imposing book that Bill and I, and later Will Hearst III, brought to full fruition—*Building for Hearst and Morgan: Voices from the George Loorz Papers.* Therein, in my second of two prefaces explaining many details, I recounted some key points from what was then the recent past:

> Fortunately, an unquenchable optimist, a steadfast believer, a perennial patron was still at hand in Bill Loorz. (The former book [*The Builders Behind the Castles*], though nominally published by the San Luis Obispo Historical Society, owed its existence to Bill Loorz above all.) Late in 1996, Bill and I agreed to resume efforts. We made no wasteful haste, set ourselves no frantic deadlines. Eight months passed before I started revising and expanding the former book (a work not only written but also designed and printed in as little time).

I went on to name Patrick O'Dowd, who lived in Santa Barbara and with whom I'd begun conferring. What my preface didn't say is that Patrick had co-published Bill Hearst's memoir of 1991, *The Hearsts: Father and Son.* I was calling in an old bet by getting Patrick involved. Through him I got to know Kevin Starr—helpful serendipity once more, on par with the Carleton Winslow-Fran Souza-Maurice McClure connection that put me and Bill Loorz together back in 1988.

I can't remember exactly who said what and when, but Bill and I agreed to make the new "Loorz book" (as I've always called it) a brand

new, truly epic volume, far beyond what we'd swiftly produced in 1990. And to think I still hadn't been to The Bancroft Library to use the William Randolph Hearst Papers! I wouldn't be appearing there for another three years from when Bill and I resumed efforts, not until the spring of 2000. Pending that we firmly chose to go upscale. Wilsted & Taylor, premier book designers in Oakland, got involved; plus I met in person with Kevin Starr, first in San Francisco (at the Palace Hotel, no less) and then in Sacramento, where he was serving as State Librarian (and what a private trove of books he had, lining his office walls—exceptional and unsurpassed!).

By 1999 Bill and I had opted for full-length "bound galleys" at Wilsted & Taylor's urging. That is, we produced an interim, paper-bound book that closely showed what the final product would be like (text only, minus photographs). A few copies are still in my hands of what soon became obsolete: too much new information flooded in from 1999 through 2001. So far as the 1941-Pearl Harbor theme goes, it was my own case in 1999 of same old, same old. I was still saying succinctly then, "Hearst was at Wyntoon on that fateful day." Surprisingly, I didn't say a thing about Hearst's return to San Simeon in November 1944. I hadn't said anything in the old *Builders Behind the Castles* book, either. Maybe I'd thought it was a well-enough established fact by 1990, when I rushed my way through *Builders*; I may have thought the same in 1999 with this first version of *Building for Hearst and Morgan.* That's how unconcerned I must have been then with the frequent bungling of that point by my various peers.

In my new preface in 1999, I addressed some matters regarding Sara Boutelle, details withheld from the all-out, fully reinvented Loorz book of 2003. Their omission stemmed partly from factors of space and layout; at least as much, they stemmed from feedback I'd gotten on the galleys: in short, I'd been told I was too hard on Sara, too pent up and angry. Perhaps I was. Those words I wrote are nowhere to be

found today, except in the few bound galleys in scattered hands. What I said in '99 about Sara was lengthy; it began as follows:

> Although her account of San Simeon was sound enough, she groped through her chapter on Wyntoon, as anyone else would have before 1990 [and the debut of my *Builders Behind the Castles*]. More than any other source, the Loorz Papers held the key to Wyntoon (not to mention its keys to San Simeon). In 1995 the "revised and updated" edition of Sara's book appeared; in reality, the only changes she got to make were to the appendix, "Buildings by Julia Morgan." Come 1997, she drew partly from my *Builders* volume in writing her chapter for Robert Winter's *Toward a Simpler Way of Life*, a book on California architecture produced by the same John Tucker I mentioned above [a consultant on the new Loorz book].
>
> This stream of events posed a challenge for me: to honor an old friendship while striving for historical accuracy. In *Building for Hearst and Morgan*, I've therefore addressed certain discrepancies in Sara Boutelle's book—and I hope I've done so as fairly as possible. After all, *Julia Morgan, Architect* has had a national audience for many years now and is held by libraries far and wide; were I not to speak up, readers could be misled by what, frankly, are some conflicting details in the two books. I know Sara didn't want that. I also believe she would have revised her book extensively if she truly had had the chance.

Apart from any frustration that may have existed (there admittedly was some), I was being highly confident once more, in the best Loorzian tradition, just like George Loorz himself. Which is to say, I was assuming that the new book, *Building for Hearst and Morgan,* would be attracting a wide readership, a national one at that. And thus all the bother and expense we'd gone to in bringing John Tucker on board, plus Wilsted & Taylor and Kevin Starr. Besides, the galleys, even with their fearless words about Sara Boutelle, would soon gain favor with Will Hearst III and his wife, Margaret, neither of whom I'd seen in several years. I was on a roll as 1999 drew to a close. For the moment, there was a little more to what I said about Sara:

> Two weeks before she died [in May 1999], she called to say that some last-minute items I had sent her about the project were quite to her liking; in fact, as she reassuringly put it, I needn't have felt beholden to seek her opinion. My wife, Janis, took the call. I was away then, and I greatly regret that I missed talking to Sara one last time.

Those doomed paragraphs aside, the bound galleys of 1999 not only got me back on track with Will Hearst, they also did so with Lynn Forney McMurray. Both connections proved to be game changers, starting with Lynn. She and I were overdue for getting more current. We went back as far as 1977, and we'd sporadically stayed in touch with Christmas greetings. However, Lynn had never liked Sara. Nor had Lynn's mother, Lilian, who died in 1993. In fact, I'd long done a toe dance: balancing my friendship with Sara and that with Lynn and her mother, key contacts all the way around. At any rate Lynn and I updated our friendship and talked about the forthcoming Loorz book. From our renewal came something I'd never known about before. Namely, the "drafting books," as Lynn still calls them, the detailed data kept by Lilian Forney for Julia Morgan's sake. I'm speaking of the records that are partly showcased now in the appendixes of *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection,* my online book of 2010. The Cosmopolitan Bungalow, which Hearst and Marion had in Culver City and later in Burbank and even Beverly Hills, is what put me and Lynn back together in this novel way in 1999. I told her I was seeking information on the Cosmopolitan job. She said she had it—in the drafting books.

And then I learned she had still more, roughly 1,500 pages of intricate notations, mostly made by her mother as early as the 1920s. A trip to Point Richmond, Lynn and Mike McMurray's home near Berkeley (with its view of San Francisco to die for), was plainly in order. I made two trips in 1999 and would make two more in 2000. The reincarnated Loorz project would never be the same again. Nor

would anything else I've done since then on W. R. Hearst and Julia Morgan.

I had to act smart because all the while I was working for the U.S. Postal Service. My home office was in Carpinteria, just down the coast from Santa Barbara. I couldn't merely saunter up to the Bay Area. I had to plan carefully, had to make my leave time count. I made my first trip in 1999 on Veteran's Day, for example: I flew up and back on that Thursday. And finally—*finally*—I realized the time had come regarding The Bancroft Library. If I was to be in Lynn's neighborhood again, I should see what those much-touted Hearst Papers were all about. Ben Procter's first biography of Hearst had come out in 1998, its preface telling about the "ole dog" who'd been plying his trade in Berkeley since 1981. The time for me to get with the Bancroft program was long overdue.

Nonetheless, I felt I needed help to get started. Carpinteria was more than 300 miles from Berkeley, and I was still largely a rustic, a provincial—having lived in the rural Cambria area for too many years. I still thought The Bancroft would chew me up and spit me out, without my getting any decent information. That's when I recruited Judith Robinson, author in 1991 of *The Hearsts: An American Dynasty.* I knew that Judy freelanced as a "reader" at The Bancroft and that for a modest fee she could start scouting prospects. We connected on that basis and began making headway early in 2000, before I went to The Bancroft on my own.

Judy started with two research requests. I wanted to learn what happened in December 1937. Hearst and Marion had supposedly sailed to Honolulu then on the luxury liner the *Lurline.* Something had changed, though, and the trip had fallen through. Besides getting to the bottom of that, I wanted to confirm—once and for all—that Eddie Shaug had truly been on the level years before with his Wyntoon memories.

Both subjects proved easy to handle. The Hearst Papers had yet to be as fully processed as they are now, but they were still readily accessible. Each year's items included folders marked "Samples." That was The Bancroft's term for miscellaneous letters and telegrams. Among the 1937 Samples, some good information about the proposed *Lurline* trip cropped up (brand new to me): Hearst and Marion had cancelled their sailing and had gone to New York instead; they'd needed to vacate California one way or the other that month for tax reasons. Then, on the late-1941 prospect, Judy found several documents, items making it perfectly clear that Wyntoon had indeed been the couple's home all through that fall period. One didn't need to be a Hearst expert to see which way the historical wind was blowing; it certainly helped, though, that I recognized many names and felt fully at home, taking up where my intensive Bunkhouse work of the 1980s had left off. Exactly which documents were Judy's findings in the winter of 2000 versus those I found later that spring, I can't easily recall; either way the photocopies began piling up, and I soon had a priceless stack.

I went back to Berkeley on my own a second time in the summer of 2000. I was also at The Bancroft for three or four days in the summer of 2011.

By then, further armed with a good deal more from Lynn Forney McMurray (I stayed with her and her husband, Mike, each time I was up there), I was ready to put the new Loorz book into a condition far superseding not only the old *Builders* volume of 1990 but also the bound-galleys update of 1999. The revised title remained the same from the late nineties—*Building for Hearst and Morgan.* But the book now wore a wholly new suit of documentary clothes. It was soon dressed in footnotes galore. One of them constituted my new way of handling the 1941 situation. I prefaced that note by saying in the main text, with regard to Hearst's "life at isolated, fairytale Wyntoon," the words that follow:

> People living near the coastline itself felt especially vulnerable after Pearl Harbor. Hearst didn't have to fear for his safety in that sense; he'd been sequestered deep in the forest for a good six months or more.

I must emphasize that I still hadn't seen the G. & R. Hearst Collection when I wrote those words in 2001. And I hadn't seen the Bunkhouse Collection in more than a decade (and yet its thousands of telecommunications contain nothing on 1941, as I said before). The point is that when I wrote those sentences about Hearst's being "deep in the forest," I was being entirely dependent on the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library—backed, of course, by Eddie Shaug's statements, now richly confirmed. When G. & R. Hearst came along a little later, its December 1941 items would be equally confirming. The Bancroft, however, could have carried all that weight alone. Those items were all I had to go on, archivally speaking, when I finished writing *Building for Hearst and Morgan* (dated 2003 but printed late in 2002).

And thus ran this substantial footnote, preceded by the excerpted text just above. It was a note for which I had the highest hopes. In my best moments I foresaw its being marveled at far and wide, so unprecedented was it:

> There can be no question of Hearst's whereabouts on the "date which will live in infamy" [quoting FDR]. The Hearst Papers provide hard evidence throughout late November and early December in registered postmarks, "Wyntoon" letterheads that Hearst and Willicombe used, telegram and teletype datelines, and many kindred details; moreover, the circumstantial evidence is abundant. Ideally, they all bear noting, since tradition has too often placed Hearst at San Simeon on December 7. A few examples must suffice.

Whereupon my examples named a letter from Heinie MacKay dated December 1, 1941, plus another from Richard Berlin, dated December 4. I summarized that first part of the footnote by saying, "And so on [with more such messages] over the next few days, Sunday the seventh included." Then I cited an item concerning Heinie MacKay

again, dated December 9—reproduced earlier in this 2012 compilation (in Part 18)—in which Hearst announced his hope of giving his Indian blankets to the Los Angeles Museum, "the best collection extant," as he rightly described it. Those words appear both in the Hearst Papers and in G. & R. Hearst. Overlaps and duplications like that are often worth their weight in gold, so far as textual collation goes, an intricate, confirming process well known to archival scholars.

A further example in *Building for Hearst and Morgan* that shows I was working solely from the Hearst Papers is the following line; it's in the main text and, like the "deep in the forest" passage above, pertains to Hearst and Wyntoon in the Pearl Harbor spirit:

> When he finally emerged for the first time about two months later [February 1942], he did so in favor of a brief stay at the Beach House, not at San Simeon.

I was wrong this time. I didn't have enough Bancroft material from 2000 and 2001 to guide me through January 1942, when Hearst and Marion also went to the Beach House. The January trip was their first of three to the Southland during the winter and spring that year. Someday—soon I hope—I'll revise that sentence in a newer edition of *Building for Hearst and Morgan*. It won't take long to do. G & R. Hearst has already gone to bat for me in my writing of *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection.* In that online book I've got the couple's January, February, and April trips properly accounted for. The precedent has already been set.

Part 32 A BRIEF INTERLUDE now, slightly digressive, before continuing. April 23, 2000, was a Sunday—Easter Sunday at that. Janis and I were in Honolulu, our first and only trip to the storied islands. We'd flown over from Los Angeles the previous Thursday for a special gathering and would have to head back on Tuesday the 25th, giving us less than a week in paradise. I'd been recruited by an author in Honolulu, Mary Richards, an annual devotee of the Santa Barbara Writers Conference, held every June. I'd taught biography and memoir there, as I noted before in Part 20, starting in 1997.

Mary left a short speaking assignment entirely up to me: for a cool $500 (good money for such easy work), she merely wanted me and Janis to appear at her Oahu writers' event on Saturday morning, April 22. I ad-libbed for half an hour about "Hearst and the Pacific"—my interest in the cancelled *Lurline* voyage of December 1937 (as I would soon be learning) being all the more inspiration I needed.

The day before, Friday, we'd driven from Honolulu to the North Shore. Former surfer that I was (mostly active in the 1960s), I had deep tribute to pay to Haleiwa, Waimea Bay, and of course Sunset Beach, where we got out and walked along the shore. Then on Saturday, after Mary's conference, we walked around much of downtown Honolulu, favoring the Iolani Palace and, across the street, Julia Morgan's YWCA building of the 1920s. I'd hoped to get over to the University of Hawaii as well, where Morgan had done some additional work back then. We never made it: too much of a time crunch.

But we were at full liberty on Easter the 23rd. We drove out to Pearl Harbor, to the museum next to where the *Arizona* lies submerged in its haunting grave. I had yet to hear of Nick Kenny and his poem "Taps," the one he sent Hearst at Wyntoon in 1941. A nondenominational service was held at the museum, a well-attended yet serenely quiet affair. Not a breath of wind was blowing that spring morning. The harbor waters were as placid as a lake. All I remember of the service—much geared toward memories of Sunday, December 7—is

that in looking around at our fellow tourists and others, I didn't see a dry eye anywhere.

We got a last glimpse of the sunken *Arizona* hulk and drove back to Waikiki, where our hotel was, close to the historic Royal Hawaiian. That afternoon I rented a surfboard and paddled out into the famous lineup, the same one seen in so many old photos and known to surfers around the world. I was amazed at how brisk and quick the three-foot waves were, not at all the lazy Waikiki surf I'd always imagined. You had to know the ways of the ocean to ride what kept rolling in.

The next morning, Monday the 24th, we flew to the big island, to Hilo. There we rented a car and drove a little ways out of town, to Julia Morgan's Homelani Columbarium. Images of that hillside building and especially of her YWCA in Honolulu are deeply lodged in my memory still, a dozen years later, as though I'd just been to both sites. We devoted the rest of Monday to the hours-long drive around the southern end of the island and over to Kona. The Captain Cook memorial lay en route on the western edge. My deep interest in George Vancouver, gained through working on the local-history portion of *Hearst's Dream*, was more what my pilgrimage was about. Vancouver, while still quite young, had originally shipped out to the remote Pacific under James Cook, the great mariner who met his tragic doom not far from Kona.

Tuesday, April 25, was upon us before we knew it. It was time to head back to the mainland, back to southern California (we were living in Ventura then). More important, it was time for me to pack my bags anew and head north, past Santa Barbara, past San Luis Obispo and Salinas and all the way up to the Bay Area. Lynn and Mike McMurray were expecting me. Finally, at long last, early in May 2000, I had my first appointment to work in person with the William Randolph Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library.

Part 33 ERRORS OF ONE KIND or another are the curse of historical writing. All of us in this field are wont to make them. My own books have their fair share, as I've indicated. Some years ago I coined the term EQ, meaning Error Quotient. It stems from the once faddishly popular IQ, as in Intelligence Quotient. Accordingly, all biographies or other historical works (magazine pieces also) have their EQ. Seldom if ever is any nonfiction writer flawless, thus earning an EQ of zero, akin to a perfect golf score.

We should all hope to keep our EQ down in the 5 or 10 or even 20 range, surely not up in the 30s or higher—or, heaven forbid, higher still. If there were some magic way to know what the EQ of, say, *Citizen Hearst* is, I'm sure we would be astounded. A book like Marion's *The Times We Had* would certainly have a pronounced EQ, how high it's hard to guess. Again, my own *Building for Hearst and Morgan* has an EQ expressly its own, despite the great trouble I went to in reinventing that book. From 1997 to 2002, when I finally compiled its index, *Building* was a five-year job, on which I averaged a good 20 hours a week or more up to April 2001, when I left the Post Office and went full-time at home. From then until the presses ran late in 2002, I worked on *Building* nearly nonstop, both with Bill Loorz's support and then that of Will Hearst, my new patron who backed me through the final stages.

My errors in that book are mostly routine. They won't be hard to fix when the day finally comes. But one situation poses a special challenge. I'm speaking of a footnote toward the bottom of page 392, composed of two paragraphs. The first paragraph needs to be recast and a new version squeezed into place. The old version has about 95 words. Its replacement could probably run as high as a hundred words and still fit. Those are the toe-dance parameters—and it's for such reasons that most book publishers have stopped using old-style footnotes. They're simply too much trouble to adjust and tangle with when the need arises.

I was gliding along merrily—assuming that *Building for Hearst and Morgan* was truly a long-life book—when I received an e-mail in April 2010. It came from Sandra Heinemann, a guide since 1985 at the Castle and a leading expert on numerous Hearstiana details. Sandy had helped me greatly in 2008 when I was rushing *The Unknown Hearst: 1941* into decent shape, readying it for a debut at The Huntington Library (however, Will Hearst and I decided instead to issue that keepsake after our "Moguls" symposium, the event I first mentioned back in Part 2).

Sandy's message in 2010 was fully within the realm of new business:

> In *Building for Hearst and Morgan*, p. 392, n. 70, you write:
>
> > In this part of 1938 [the fall] or perhaps a few months earlier, Aldous Huxley and his wife were guests at San Simeon; Huxley's novel *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, a keenly satirical takeoff on Hearst's life, appeared in October 1939. The exact timing of the Huxley visit is unclear in accounts of the subject; see, for example, Frank Baldanza's article "Huxley and Hearst" in the *Journal of Modern Literature* (September 1979, pp. 441-55), which, to thicken the plot a bit more, relates that the Huxleys "spent at least one weekend at San Simeon."

Sandy's e-mail continued:

> However, in a doctoral dissertation written by James Allen Myatt, the author says that in a letter to him (July 14, 1958), Aldous Huxley says he never even met Hearst. The 1960 dissertation is "William Randolph Hearst and the Progressive Era, 1900–1912" (University of Florida).

She asked whether I'd rejected Myatt's findings—or if I even knew about them at all; she could readily sense that I might not. "Any thoughts?" went Sandy's closing words.

I replied promptly the same day, still in that early part of 2010:

> No, I don't know anything about the Myatt dissertation. Never heard of it till now. What's the further context and content of the letter from Huxley to Myatt? Sounds mighty interesting.

> I latched onto the purported Baldanza connection through the book *Huxley in Hollywood* [1989], by David King Dunaway. I followed Dunaway's trail from there, one that includes some biographical details on Huxley and, more specifically, Grover Smith's *Letters of Aldous Huxley*, 1969. Maybe I should have phrased my note to read "were evidently guests at San Simeon," or something like that.
>
> Someone (you'd be a good candidate) should collate the Myatt, Baldanza, Dunaway, Smith, and any other references of this kind. It might yield results akin to those regarding [Charles] Lindbergh and his purported visits to San Simeon [in 1927 and 1933].

It was Pandora's box or maybe can-of-worms time for us, the sort of complex thing that Sandy and I thrived on. She sent me key pages from James Myatt's doctoral work on Hearst, and we went from there. We were still going at it intermittently into the summer of 2010. All manner of new information had been aired by then, details neither of us had much worked with before. As to including Lindbergh in the mix, I took the lead on that. I began smelling another book, at least a short one, which I started calling "Huxley and Lindbergh." I was soon ready to have Fausset Printing in Ventura—the mom-and-pop outfit that produced *The Unknown Hearst* in 2008—lay out some pages, with bound galleys in mind. I'll jump ahead here to say that Fausset and I never got past the first-stage roughs. When I saw those pages—in August 2010—I realized I had far more to do still than I'd bargained for. I winced a bit, shelved the project, and moved on. I never showed the layouts to Sandy or to Will Hearst, whom I'd told by phone what was brewing.

I'm only now coming back to all this two and three years later—in the spirit of adding some perspective, I hope, to *Hearst and Pearl Harbor.* The core of my preface to the stillborn Huxley-Lindbergh book appears below. We can better let it tell the story:

> Aldous Huxley (1894–1963) and Charles A. Lindbergh (1902–1974) are the two historical figures scrutinized in this small publication. That

said, *Huxley and Lindbergh* began unexpectedly. I had no idea on April 14, 2010, that a longtime Hearst Castle guide named Sandra Heinemann and I would pursue matters as far as we did, entirely by e-mail. Hence these modest fifty-plus pages of printed text, beholden to the Hearstian tradition of pamphleteering. At that juncture in mid-April, five months ago, I was rusty on the Huxley side of my Hearstiana, not having dealt with Aldous and Maria Huxley's purported visit of 1938 to San Simeon since 1999, when I wrote the footnote for *Building for Hearst and Morgan* that would later start my dialogue with Sandy.

I was more current on the Lindbergh side of things, having spent a goodly part of the winter of 2009–2010 working on what I called "The Annotated Marion," a rereading and new edition of the Marion Davies memoir of 1975, *The Times We Had: Life with William Randolph Hearst*. In working on "TAM," as Hearst Castle's Joanne Aasen and I were calling the project, I'd delved into matters relating to Charles Lindbergh in considerable depth. I'd learned, for instance, that Marion's recounting of his hero's parade in New York in May 1927 was replete with balderdash. I'd also read far enough in books previously unfamiliar to me to find that Ken Murray placed Lindbergh at San Simeon in 1933 [not just in 1927, as lore had it]—in the company of the ribald theatrical impresario Earl Carroll, no less.

All these bibliographical details are in the pages that follow. Suffice it to say, I saw a parallel between the purported Huxley visit to San Simeon and the equally purported ones made by Lindbergh, possibly with his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, along for the ride in 1933.

I wanted to pursue that parallel, which Sandy saw as somewhat arbitrary. That was all right. Our friendly disagreements over what to consider in the Huxley matter (or the Huxley-Lindbergh, as the case may be) enlivened our e-mails. We're both devoted writers to begin with. And thus statements like hers on July 21 that the Huxley-Lindbergh situation amounted to "two completely different issues" and that the data concerning the purported visits were "completely separate" weren't about to stymie me. As I said by way of friendly rebuttal to her a few days later, "I've been burned twice now in these situations, and so for me personally there's quite a big connection."

> Our weighing of all such matters led us on bibliographically. I've always been bookish as a historian, disposed to track down obscure texts in search of who said what, and of who said it first. We accomplished a lot that way in our electronic dialogue. We both came away convinced beyond much reasonable doubt that Aldous Huxley was never at San Simeon. The Charles Lindbergh side of things leaves a wee bit more room for similar doubt, but not much. In his case, there's still his youngest child, Reeve Lindbergh (born in 1945), to sound out. And in the case of Huxley, who started this whole inquiry, there's still the chance that letters of his or of his first wife's will turn up and will prove worth airing.
>
> Sandy and I didn't go quite that far with our e-mails, yet we surely went far enough to warrant the production of this pamphlet, with all its bibliographical spinoffs.

More than two years having passed since 2010, I had to pause to recall what the "burned twice" wording meant. I soon remembered. The first time actually predated the Huxley matter of 1938; the latter was technically the second burning. Before that, in 1927, there'd been the purported flight of Charles Lindberg to San Simeon, allegedly part of his hero's tour around the country. I'd gleaned that item long ago—not very wisely—from Fred Lawrence Guiles in *Marion Davies.* Thus it had gone into my book *Hearst's Dream* in 1989 (mostly unchanged from its original appearance in 1985 in *Hearst Castle,* the full-color jewel that briefly made Don Ackland heroic). So that was the first incident; I corrected it in *Building for Hearst and Morgan,* in footnote mode. And now there was a new burning of my fingertips—or perhaps even more of me—through the same book of 2003, again involving a footnote, in this case a boner despite its best intentions.

In my substantial revision of *Hearst's Dream* done in 2010 (yet to see print), I left out Lindbergh altogether. I'd had enough of him in the errant context of San Simeon in 1927 (never mind 1933), especially in a book that innocent, that basic. Lindy's trip to Wyntoon in 1941, already

mentioned in these pages of *Hearst and Pearl Harbor,* is an entirely different matter.

Part 34 WITH THE PARTLY tongue-in-cheek idea of EQ in mind, several Hearstiana books of the early 21st century await our view—besides my big one on the Loorz Papers dated 2003. That one's been given a fair shake already. Let's move on to David Nasaw and his book of spring 2000, *The Chief: The Life of William Randolph Hearst.* If we can bend the time line slightly, things shouldn't be problematic. We're post-Bill Hearst 1991, post-Nancy Loe 1994, post-Ben Procter 1998; everyone should be well grounded as we return to the early 2000s that I touched on in Parts 31 and 33, having skipped ahead twice with the full-scale Loorz book.

Now let's backtrack to Dr. Nasaw, a major historian of our era, a professor of high academic standing. I'll call him David, having met closely with him in Santa Barbara in 2001 and also having secured by then his glowing endorsement, intended for the back cover of my *magnum opus* on George Loorz. Also, I'd sent David the bound galleys of *Building for Hearst and Morgan* in 1999. He'd made some last-minute use of them in *The Chief.*

But I said much earlier that I prefer Bill Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* over David Nasaw's counterpart. How so with nearly 40 years separating those works? Am I a kook, some kind of incurable Luddite? After all, David's not only a good writer, in his better moments he's a terrific writer. He loves word cadence and sentence flow as much as I do; I'm sure he must be a frequent reviser, honing his Word files to make them trill as gracefully as they can. I do the same—and yet I try to stay accurate through the whole process, hoping always to keep my EQ within bounds. My reluctance in declaring *The Chief* the Number One of all such books has less to do with David himself than with his hardcover publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company. My first-edition copy from 2000 is all but disbound. I'm not one to be hard on any of my books; I always handle them carefully; I've always been a good one for "book worship," as H. G. Wells called it. All the same, my copy of *The Chief* is in near tatters. The pages aren't sewn, merely glued.

They've cracked into thick clumps, barely clinging together within the flimsy cloth binding. Maybe the paperback reprint is different; I've never checked. David was signing a copy or two of that version when I saw him in Santa Barbara. It was exactly a day and a half before the 9/11 debacle in New York. And thus I remember that Sunday evening quite well when he sat at his card table and we talked at length. Maybe he does too. It would have been a dull session for him if I hadn't shown up.

Apart from the dismal quality of the original hardcover, and apart from the need to flip back and forth from its text to its endnotes, I'll merely say that for all his methodical research, David made some odd mistakes. He insured that his EQ would go up a notch on many a point, despite his learning and ability. How, you have to ask, after he'd done his homework in the Hearst Papers in Berkeley (with help from his mother, Beatrice—a skilled researcher—and also from some grad students), could he have written what follows, this in the context of December 1941:

> Fearful of invasion, air attack, or sabotage—and compelled by the government to observe the blackout along the coastline and turn off all the lights at night—Hearst decided to close down San Simeon altogether and move to Wyntoon which, deep in the forest and away from the coast, was more secure.

The single endnote he gave cited Marion's *Times We Had.* The note also cited an interview David had gleaned from the Oral History Project at Hearst Castle, an important archive still being added to by hilltop personnel. The interviewee in this instance was William Apperson—I know him as Bill Apperson—a man born in 1924 who once lived on the San Simeon Ranch; in 2001 Bill and I talked at his home in Pleasanton, California (though not about 1941). David took great stock in the Castle interviews while compiling *The Chief.* In fact, he regarded them as a rare scoop, a historical gold mine. Still, a scholar of his

training should have known better, plain and simple, regardless of what he got from Marion's book or from Bill Apperson's testimony. (Bill's father had been Randy Apperson, a first cousin of Hearst's and the manager of the San Simeon Ranch for nearly 30 years.) David, all the while, was well steeped in the Hearst Papers. How he could have missed the simple, obvious truth about Hearst's whereabouts in the latter part of 1941 is beyond me. It's a great enough blunder that it makes me question David on other points, things I might have glossed over but instead have to scrutinize more carefully now.

On the mid-forties question—the one I've cited several times as a follow-up to the 1941 theme—David touched on it twice (unlike anyone before him). First he said in predictable, derivative style:

> Hearst celebrated the nation's victory over Japan by returning from Wyntoon with Marion to take up residence at San Simeon.

That could only have been well into 1945, not a moment like November 1944. Then he threw a curve two pages later, while talking about "the spring of 1945." Marion had to be flown to the hospital in San Francisco (it's true: and it was from San Simeon that she and Hearst went there). In any case:

> Marion's illness was not as bad as had been feared and two weeks after their emergency flight to San Francisco, she and W. R. were back at San Simeon again.

How this got by a Houghton Mifflin editor—there no doubt was one, with a house of its stature—is hard to fathom. Was David thinking that Hearst and Marion went back and forth between Wyntoon and San Simeon in the first part of 1945—or what? (The couple was never at Wyntoon again, once they left there late in 1944.) It's not worth puzzling over. David got these things wrong, and he no doubt got several other things wrong. *The Chief* has a distinct EQ, as do all nonfiction books, sure as the sun sets in the west. Exactly how high that quotient goes is hard to say without doing a lot of work—on a level

that the Nasaw team should have done before the book got printed. Whether we'll ever be seeing any revisions by the esteemed professor himself (or any helper of his) is another matter. My hunch is we won't. The book has won too much acclaim, has garnered too many awards, has advanced David's career too dramatically. He's gone on to other biographies, most recently *The Patriarch: The Remarkable Life and Turbulent Times of Joseph P. Kennedy* (2012)—a book with, distressingly, too much of an EQ.

Next up is Victoria Kastner, whose first of two in-house books about the Castle was published in 2000, a few months after the Nasaw biography. *Hearst Castle: The Biography of a Country House,* may be the only mainstream Hearstiana number up to that point to have embraced the *Montebello* sinking—vis-à-vis Hearst—as fully as it does. The book may in fact be the one I've been watching for, a textual missing link. Vicki, as she's locally known—a long-haul Castle guide, class of 1979—no doubt meant well when she wrote the following (in her endnote she cited Suzanne Dewberry's article "Perils of Sea" from 1991, the item Bob Pavlik and I later discussed):

> In the early days of World War II, there was some fear of coastal invasion, particularly after the Union Oil tanker SS *Montebello* was sunk by a Japanese submarine four miles off Point Piedras Blancas on December 23, 1941. Hearst moved from San Simeon to Wyntoon, and hilltop building ceased.

A much more obscure, off-market book by Rose McKeen from back in 1988 can also be cited here. It has some details foreshadowing Vicki's *Country House* of 2000—with regard, for instance, to the *Montebello*-Hearst idea. In the earlier book, *Parade Along the Creek: San Luis Obispo Memories of the 1920s through '60s,* Mrs. McKeen (whom I slightly knew) had a chapter called "War Comes to San Luis Obispo." In the apparent context of 1942—"apparent" being my best guess—that elderly local author recounted:

> [Richard] Willett had alerted the City Council and other county supervisors when the SS Montebello was attacked, and he had contacted Washington, D.C., directly. Washington officials told him to inform William Randolph Hearst who would arrive by plane at the county airport.

Hearst, that is, needed to be informed that San Simeon was vulnerable—presumably. Mrs. McKeen included a footnote: "Information verified by Donald J. ("Dutch") Van Harreveld, Willett's brother, after Dorian Willett's death"—referring to the widow of Richard Willett. It makes little difference. Hearst wasn't flying into San Luis Obispo anytime during 1942. In fact, he hadn't been flying privately since the late 1930s, thanks to his financial retrenchment. The less-glamorous train was the main vehicle for him and Marion and the rest of the folks for any longer trips they made during this period.

In further regard to the Kastner book of 2000, we've seen enough words like Vicki's about Hearst, 1941, and the *Montebello* that no further comment is called for. Moving right on to the mid-forties question, she took this course:

> Hearst returned to the hilltop [from Wyntoon] in September of 1945, bringing a large crew of workers to recommence construction.

Bearing in mind the author's EQ in these two instances, I double-checked her *Biography of a Country House*—for clues about the Bancroft work she did. Vicki's bibliography and acknowledgments are extensive. In the former, under "Manuscript and Documentary Sources," she listed the William Randolph Hearst Papers as 82/68c and 87/232c, in reference to Hearst archival deposits made in 1982 and 1987. The main Hearst Papers I know well of firsthand are those of 1977, the much more extensive core of the overall holdings under W. R. Hearst's name at The Bancroft. David Nasaw's book spells out the intricacies better. In *The Chief* he named four collections as I'm summarizing them here:

W. R. Hearst correspondence (1977).
William Randolph Hearst papers (1982).
Hearst Family Papers (1985).
William Randolph Hearst letters: to Phoebe Apperson Hearst (1987).

In addition, David cited the "William Randolph Hearst, Jr. Papers (1991)." These are items I'd seen, either all or in part, through Bill Hearst himself late in my Bunkhouse days (he'd sent them to me for some preliminary archiving). As for the overall Hearst holdings in Berkeley, the 1977 group was the one I most extensively worked with—the one that had set me straight on the *Lurline* in 1937 and on the specifics of December 1941, among many other details.

Vicki Kastner may have done without this mainstream data. How else could she have erred so greatly? She'd been led to take the non-event bait on the *Montebello.* And in foregoing the late-1944 angle, she was in no position to focus on Hearst's life at San Simeon in the first part of 1945. Such matters of textual descent and faulty interpretation aside, her book of 2000—never revised or updated—remains a leading title in the Castle gift shop, an official house organ on behalf of State Parks and the Hearst interests as well. It's long been required reading for incoming guides.

Likewise in the fall of 2000, concurrent with Vicki's first book-length outing, The Historical Society of Southern California published Glen E. Julian's article on *"The SS* Montebello: *Past Tragedy, Future Disaster."* It's notable that this venerable Southland group was offering Julian's work: many would argue that the "central coast," as he lowercased it, falls outside southern California as normally defined. I've argued elsewhere that "southern California" more broadly applies to that part of the Central Coast within San Luis Obispo County—at least as far northwest as San Simeon. That's a different matter. For now, Glen Julian's recounting of the *Montebello* incident is what counts. The *Future Disaster* in his subtitle pertains to the oil that's still trapped in that sunken ship: it may yet leak out and play havoc with

local beaches. With regard to Hearst or San Simeon or anything closely related, there's nary a word on this author's part. There was nothing for Julian to say in that vein if he was going about things carefully. He seemed to be doing so throughout.

We can move on to the end of 2001, when I was wrapping up my much-revamped *Building for Hearst and Morgan*—my far cry from what its bound-galleys version had comprised just two years before. Louis Pizzitola sent me a preview copy of his new book, *Hearst Over Hollywood: Power, Passion, and Propaganda in the Movies* (2002). Lou and I had been in sporadic touch since the 1980s. Bill Hearst had been our initial go-between. Lou was a died-in-the-wool Manhattanite whereas I was an Angeleno, a native of Los Angeles; we had much to share with each other, although to this day we still politely disagree quite often. That's always been our style.

I went through Lou's new book closely, glad that I still had time to make adjustments in my new Loorz effort that was still months from going to press. Lou had done his homework. He'd been to The Bancroft and, among other results, he and Ben Procter had become good friends. Lou ultimately kept his own counsel to an uncommon degree; his Hearst-as-Hollywood-propagandist theme was far removed from what I or anyone else had done thus far. My copy of his book has my notations of 2001 throughout. On page 400—in the chapter called "Hollywood Isolationist"—I penciled "good" in the margin next to these two sentences:

> Throughout most of 1941, Hearst and Davies were in residence at Wyntoon. Their most prominent guests during this period were Charles Lindbergh and his wife, Anne, who arrived for a three-day visit it late June.

Lou could be very exact in his best moments. He'd done a lot of work before putting those 35 words into proper balance. There was no textual descent to speak of (unless he'd been swayed by my *Builders*

Behind the Castles or something else I'd written). He and I still agree—one of our consensus points, offsetting our contrasts—that Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst,* for all its faults, is the best of the biographical lot. Lou calls it "artful." He's also done some serious work in the Swanberg Papers at Columbia University, whose press published *Hearst Over Hollywood* as part of its Film and Culture series.

That book by Lou Pizzitola says nothing about Hearst and Marion's return to San Simeon at the end of 1944. My guess is that if Lou had touched on that point, for whatever reason, he'd have got it right. We remain divided, though, on certain details regarding Charles Lindbergh. Lou told how in "the winter of 1943–44" the great aviator was "once again a guest at Wyntoon." I hold that this is false—that the Hearst Papers include a long guest list for that period with "Lindeman" entered on it (a newspaperman), a name that someone wishfully mis-read. Lindbergh's *Wartime Journals* skip the months in question, making it hard to tell for sure where Lindy was then. A. Scott Berg, the highly esteemed biographer (a cut above David Nasaw even), would very likely know; he went through two thousand boxes of Lindy's papers in writing the book simply called *Lindbergh* (1998). I've never asked Scott Berg, though I've wanted to; we have friends and col-leagues in common in Los Angeles; in fact, Scott and I are exactly the same age (we were both born in December 1949).

There, as I've joked, the similarity ends: Scott graduated from Princeton and went directly to major fame with his first biography, the one on the New York editor Maxwell Perkins. I surfed and partied at UCSB, left early in my junior year in 1969, and never went back. I briefly tried Brooks Institute of Photography in 1970 but got nowhere. By the end of that year I'd made my way up to Cambria, mostly on a lark, and soon after that to the Castle.

Surely one of the most unusual members of the Hearstiana tribe is (or was, he's now dead) a man named John F. Dunlap. I met him briefly in 1990 at a hotel in San Simeon Acres. John lived in southern

Oregon, not far from the Wyntoon-Mt. Shasta area. He became a devoted researcher and collector of all things bearing on the Chief, Marion, Joe Willicombe, and so on. John's decades-long dream was to write the definitive book, come hell or high water. He didn't live long enough. His son and daughter-in-law (John, Jr., and Joanne) self-published his work "as is" in 2002. They produced a thick volume in time for their father to hold a copy in his hands before the end came. The last I heard from Joanne and the younger John, most copies of *The Hearst Saga: The Way It* Really *Was* were mainly unsold, mainly undistributed (however, I checked Amazon recently and saw some copies posted at a low price). The book boasts a whopping 923 pages. The foremost excuse for its extreme unevenness is that John Dunlap was dying; his family had to act fast. In perusing the book, I note that my *Builders Behind the Castles* of 1990 is named in the bibliography (with *Castles* spelled correctly, perhaps typifying the Dunlapian urge to get things right). But David Nasaw's book of 2000, *The Chief,* isn't listed; neither is Vicki Kastner's first book, issued the same year.

The 1990s was as far as the elder Dunlap got. In regard to its unevenness, it could scarcely be more pronounced in many places, more yielding of a high EQ. Whereas—given scrupulous selectivity—I've gained much from *The Hearst Saga* (as in my sporadic citing of it in *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection*), I've had to bypass it on many other points (although, as we'll soon be seeing, his reference to Eileen Percy in the context of 1932 is a highlight of the utmost importance). But on the 1941-Pearl Harbor theme, John performed poorly, erratically. He headed down that road well enough at first, making a knowing statement much like Lou Pizzitola's (whose book he certainly never saw):

> Hearst and Marion spent more time at Wyntoon during 1941 than in any year previously.

Very true, and yet John soon lost his way. Actually, in rereading his dense paragraphs, I'm reminded that he had Hearst and his young lady love properly in residence at Wyntoon on December 7. That biographer followed, however, with a surprising claim:

> With the oncoming winter weather and their anxiety concerning conditions at the ranch, Hearst and Marion left Wyntoon in mid-December, going directly to Beach House.

Both San Simeon and Wyntoon were called "the ranch," especially the former. A person has to do much reading and rereading to catch John Dunlap's exact meaning here. Suffice it to say, John's use of "Beach House" (minus "the") is not only tone deaf, it's also off base historically. We know all too well by now that Hearst and Marion did no such thing as to leave Wyntoon when John says they did. It's arresting, anyway, that he spoke of "Hearst and Marion," using the same formal-informal blend that I've favored in doing my Santa Monica work; David Nasaw did likewise in *The Chief.* However, John Dunlap kept getting disoriented, by what means it's hard to say in such a relentless book as his *Hearst Saga*. He began his next chapter, devoted to events of 1942, with what amounts to the Battle of Los Angeles early that year, though he didn't call that rare episode by any such name:

> One evening not long after their return to Santa Monica, Hearst and Marion were startled by the sound of an anti-aircraft artillery battery firing at unidentified aircraft a few miles up the coast from Beach House.

John's nails-on-the-chalkboard "Beach House" aside, he was recounting what happened in the wee hours of February 25, 1942—fully two months after the couple's alleged (and ostensibly binding) departure from Wyntoon. He cited Fred Guiles, betraying poor judgment, a willingness to take stock in one of Hearstiana's worst practitioners. Next, John had Hearst and Marion moving to San

Simeon, in the wake of the "Battle" in Santa Monica. His chronology was badly askew and convoluted at this point. A few paragraphs later, he told those few readers who would ever get this far—to page 800, that is:

> Hearst and Marion had been back at San Simeon for but a few weeks when, during the early evening of February 23, in their first military action against the continental United States, a Japanese submarine surfaced a mile off the coast of Ellwood, north of Santa Barbara, and pumped sixteen shells a the rich tidewater oil fields there.

It's all too much to disentangle and reconcile with what John had said on page 799 (the chapter opener about the Battle of Los Angeles). Moreover, he'd overlooked the *Montebello* incident completely (and others like it) in speaking of the "first military action"—unless "continental" (as in dry land) had some special meaning. This was a man of that wartime generation, someone who may well have seen service in the early or mid-forties. *The Hearst Saga,* with its portrayal of how things *really* were, has an EQ that's too often clear off the charts, tragically so for a dogged researcher who'd worked as long and hard as John Dunlap had.

Ben Procter—bless his heart, a good friend of mine and Lou Pizzitola's—had one more book in him before it was too late, this time his follow-up biography of Hearst, the one subtitled *The Later Years* on the dust jacket but *Final Edition* on the title page, a discrepancy sure to frustrate librarians and other bookish types. It was 2007 when Ben's second go-round with Hearst appeared. The front matter had more on Bob Burke, last heard about in 1998 and now dead nearly a decade; it also told about Ben's research methods. The dedicated Texan had gone the limit in studying the Hearst newspapers, virtually page by page. Sadly, this was a poor method of nailing down certain facts. Ben gave a competent enough recounting of Pearl Harbor Day; however, he had Hearst and Marion at San Simeon then, not at Wyntoon, as even

the confused John Dunlap had accomplished. Ben went on to write, regarding the period right after December 7 (and the Chief's stirring "In the News" column for Monday the 8th):

> Within the next few months Hearst proceeded to back up his words with action. Since San Simeon might be a tempting target for shelling by a Japanese submarine, he abandoned his castle on the enchanted hill for the forested wilds at Wyntoon in northern California. And from there he directed his own personal attack on the Japanese.

Ben wrote endnotes by the score, spread over more than 60 small-print pages in his back matter. Prompted by the statement above about Hearst's itinerary, he elaborated:

> Concerning the move to Wyntoon, see Swanberg, *Citizen Hearst*, p. 500. By December 22, 1941, Hearst was at Wyntoon; see "In the News," *Los Angeles Examiner*, December 23, 1941, pp. 1-2.

The self-described old dog was much disposed to tell his readers what to "see"—this book, that newspaper column, a certain magazine article, and whatnot. He must have left himself no time for the Hearst Papers themselves (the Bancroft archival variety, that is). For him to have relied on Swanberg's book all these years later—when both Lou Pizzitola and I had set the record straight quite recently—was all too baffling, indeed too disappointing. What a way for Ben to bow out. As for his take on the mid-forties situation that we've also been tracking, it went as follows, predictably:

> Hearst tried to recapture those glorious days prior to Pearl Harbor. In September [1945] he eagerly returned to San Simeon.

Ben had been Swanbergian in another way: he'd positively raced through the early 1940s, devoting no more than a few pages to the three years from 1942 through 1944. He didn't touch on Hearst's 80th birthday in 1943; if he had, he ran the risk of fumbling it unless he stuck close to Swanberg again. Jonathan Yardley of *The Washington Post* said a pitiful yet spot-on thing about Ben's first biography of

Hearst, the one dated 1998. Yardley's view was that the book was too lightweight, too insubstantial to bear up under the rigors of normal reviewing. That's surely true of this 1940s part of Ben's second book. I've never read enough of either volume to confirm or deny what Yardley observed. I can't help having my suspicions, though.

Soon after the Procter *Later Years-Final Edition* appeared, Mary Levkoff of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art staged her long-gestating exhibition that opened late in 2008, "Hearst the Collector." She prepared a lavish catalogue to go with it. The book contains a good many biographical details. Regarding 1941 and the like (broadly speaking), Mary opted for:

> When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Hearst feared that the coastline of California would be next. He and Davies moved to Wyntoon.

I'm sure she meant they went thither from San Simeon. There's a lot of fine print in her catalogue; if Mary said anything about the subsequent 1944–45 question, I could be missing it. This was a brilliant woman, hands down, one who took her doctorate at Princeton (where the equally brilliant Scott Berg settled for a bachelor's). And thus the public was allotted her inventive rewording of the otherwise derivative, always predictable business of let's-get-ourselves-up-to-Wyntoon. In turn, Mary's words were every bit as inaccurate as so many others we've surveyed. She'd long had a personalized copy of my *Building for Hearst and Morgan;* in fact, she had *two* copies of my ultra-rare *Hearst as Collector* (with its title much like that of her catalogue). But in the former's case—the big book of 2003—it evidently had done no good at all. I was starting to wonder whether anyone was actually *reading* the thing. If they weren't, did that mean its contents didn't count—that it was like the unseen tree in the forest, destined to fall noiselessly?

The year after Mary's book, another Castle exclusive by her close colleague Vicki Kastner came out, called *Hearst's San Simeon: The*

Gardens and the Land. Despite its emphasis on new subjects, Vicki's second outing—nine years after her first—replayed some of what she'd written about Hearst et al. in her *Biography of a Country House.* This time, in 2009, she went with:

> He spent the war years with Marion at his picturesque northern California estate. Wyntoon, which was considered safer, especially after the Union Oil tanker S.S. *Montebello* was sunk by a Japanese submarine on December 23, 1941, just six miles off the coast of San Simeon.

Vicki had her marine coordinates in better alignment this time. But she didn't part any new waves (she again cited Suzanne Dewberry's "Perils at Sea" from 1991—and she again cited the 1982 and 1987 portions of the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft, but not the main holdings dated 1977). Everyone at least agreed that Wyntoon was in "northern California." Beyond that, it remains a crap shoot with books like *Hearst's San Simeon* of 2009 to see what gets said—with or without a *Montebello* or a submarine reference. On the mid-forties question, it was mostly the same with Vicki this time compared to what she'd produced back in 2000. Her second version of nearly a decade later was no more attuned or informed than its predecessor:

> Hearst returned to San Simeon in September 1945, at the end of the war.

If she'd read my *Building for Hearst and Morgan*—in its full-dress mode of 2003—it hadn't made a whit of difference, any more than it had for Mary Levkoff. A year before Vicki's second book appeared in 2009, she and Mary attended a symposium at The Huntington Library, a two-day event underwritten by Will Hearst; he and I and Dennis Judd had staged a one-day symposium at Cuesta College in 2005, likewise attended by those two women. With both of them publishing their books through Abrams in New York, their lead time before the presses rolled amounted to several months. I'll thus give them both a pass on the *The Unknown Hearst: 1941,* which

appeared too late for their benefit. That book stemmed from the symposium of 2008; confined to 100 copies, it was sent to most people who'd attended. Will Hearst's office did the mailing from San Francisco; I assume that both Vicki and Mary have the book, though I can't say for sure. It was another of my rush jobs, produced in almost Acklandian style and hastened through a local print shop.

At any rate the summer of 2008 found me clarifying in the preface to *The Unknown Hearst* that, for the sake of "manageable length," the book pertained to "the first half of 1941 only"; however, as I also said:

> I can assure its readers that the papers [those of G. & R. Hearst] from the second half of the year refute the belief that Hearst was still stubbornly, or almost foolishly, holding down the fort at San Simeon on Sunday, December 7, 1941 (he'd been safely ensconced at Wyntoon since April 1941 and was never at San Simeon again until November 1944, more than three years later).

This was a new approach for me: to combine the 1941 and 1944 details in a single statement, should anyone be noticing. Vicki sat quietly in the audience through the Huntington symposium of 2008, never saying a word. Mary Levkoff was part of two panels I was on, alongside Pat Broeske (a Howard Hughes biographer), Cari Beauchamp (who talked about Joe Kennedy), and Janet Fireman (of *California History* magazine, newly versed in Marion Davies and the Beach House). I knew Cari from years past, somewhat better than I did Mary; Janet was a new colleague, one I'd not yet met in person. Overall, Mary and Janet were weak on the Beach House details they covered, their learning replete with EQ gaffes; it reminded me of pre-revolution Hearst Castle, back in my first years there when Hearstian art history was all the rage. I decided on the spot at The Huntington to write a book about Santa Monica and the Beach House, starting right after the "Moguls" conference at The Huntington.

And thus came about what I originally called *415 Ocean Front: The Grand Mansion That Was,* which I privately published as bound galleys (25 copies only) in 2009. From that sprung my vastly improved online version of 2010, *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection,* still posted today on the Internet and amenable to small changes and corrections: I make them now and then through Joanne Aasen, the original designer of the site. *Hearst and Marion* currently recounts the 1941-Pearl Harbor theme in this way (I'd decided that abundant, frankly overstated detail was the crying need):

> Hearst switched from peacetime to wartime in a flash on that historic Sunday morning. He was at Wyntoon, where he'd been living for the past several months; he didn't waste a step in having to move or relocate there, as most have mistakenly thought for too long (Marion's faulty recollection that she and Hearst were told to vacate San Simeon has greatly magnified the error). Except for their quick trips to San Francisco in May and to Los Angeles in November, the two had been safely tucked away in that forested setting along the McCloud River since late April. Hearst had his established mouthpiece through "In the News," one that he could use now for the nation's benefit in rallying his millions of readers to the noble cause of defeating all comers, all opponents of the superior American way.

I said a good deal more yet won't replay it here, with the exception of these next three paragraphs. These were written in the context of early 1942; I clearly, purposely, deliberately trumpeted these details, blaring my case to an excess. I knew full well (and still feel so disposed) that too many of my colleagues had yet to see the light (or perhaps I should say hear the music):

> Marion's paragraphs [in *The Times We Had*, 1975] partly explain the erroneous belief that she and Hearst were in Santa Monica or at San Simeon when Pearl Harbor was attacked, eleven weeks earlier. A related belief has it that they quit the Beach House in February 1942 in favor of San Simeon briefly and then went from there to Wyntoon.

> The couple did nothing of the sort, of course, as we've seen from recent chapters.
>
> There'd be no such beliefs if not for the Battle of Los Angeles; moreover, there'd be no such beliefs if not for Swanberg and of course Marion herself having placed the couple at San Simeon on December 7, 1941. It gets confusing, even baffling. Several well-meaning people, armed especially with *The Times We Had* and its histrionics of February 25, have inferred that Santa Monica-San Simeon-Wyntoon was the sequence of the couple's movements at this point. Or that San Simeon-Santa Monica-San Simeon-Wyntoon was the sequence. Either way, though, not so, unquestionably not so; the sequences from late in 1941 through this first part of 1942 were simply Wyntoon-Santa Monica-Wyntoon, on a total of three occasions thus far. A fourth instance lay a few weeks ahead, in mid-April.

I need to massage that last paragraph still more, need to bring it fully up to speed, now that I've reread (for my purposes here in 2012 and '13) parts of Guiles, John Dunlap, and other sources. The haunting specter of EQ examples is always close by: so easy for any of us to do their bidding, to insure their long life, those damnable cockroaches that refuse to be stamped out. We *all* need to work on our Error Quotients, every last one of us—no matter what author's name appears on a title page. There are no exceptions in our ranks. I'll gladly be the first to act, the one to cast the first stone, for now and for as long as I'm part of the Hearstiana tribe.

Part 35 NO LESS AN AUTHORITY than E. D. Coblentz—more often Cobbie to us—had an Error Quotient to his distinguished name. The vehicle was his book dated 1952, *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words.* We can turn to Cobbie's last chapter, the one headed "Religion." He noted that "on the day before Christmas, 1941" Hearst laid down the following words through his ITN column (which, though Cobbie didn't say so, began in this case with "The Holy Christmas Day"):

> Christian people have always observed Christmas ESPECIALLY in circumstances of trial and ordeal, because it is in such circumstances that strength and courage, and comfort and solace, are most amply and most surely provided by faith in good things hoped for.
>
> We would have only religion and faith of convenience, if every appearance and seeming triumph of evil in the world raised terrible doubt in our minds about the utility of religion and faith.
>
> We should not profess and practice religious faith merely as a pursuit of favors, and adhere to it only so long as the favors are forthcoming and renounce it when the favors are NOT forthcoming.
>
> We do not have less loyalty to our beloved country in its peril, or less determination to preserve it or less courage and fortitude in defending it; but have infinitely greater patriotism and higher resolve to retain freedom and restore peace and security.
>
> Let us not, therefore, have less faith in religion; but emulate our American fathers who overcame adversity because their faith was strong, and find our own strength in their example.
>
> Let us not, particularly, permit our American Christmas to lose any of its beauty and inspiration, any of its boundless capacity for love and brotherhood.
>
> This war will end in complete fulfillment of our American faith.
>
> Let us surely hope it will end quickly.

If all but the last two paragraphs seem long for the Chief's "pep" style, they are. That's because he didn't write them. Nor did he write any of the other paragraphs that go with the eight excerpted ones

stacked above. No, all these lines came over the Wyntoon wire on December 19, 1941, sent by Cobbie in his standard way from the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin,* preceded by a familiar lead-in:

> Herewith is Ryckman editorial on Christmas for your approval, suggested for use Thursday, December 25.

Indeed, Charlie Ryckman had done his usual turn at the Chief's request. No one, it should be emphasized, intended to pass off the item as Hearst's work. Ryck was its author; he got fully credited when the piece appeared in the newspapers. It takes an undated message from Art Ringwood, the main Wyntoon telegrapher, to help pin things down (short of doing the intensive microfilm reading of newsprint that Ben Procter favored). As Artie told Frank Goodman, his counterpart in Los Angeles:

> The Ryckman editorial on Christmas beginning "The Holy Christmas Day" etc is released as the "In the News" column for Thursday, Christmas Day.

A dated message from the much higher-ranking Joe Willicombe clarifies the matter still more; the Colonel sent the following to all Hearst editors nationwide, this at 5:22 on the afternoon of Monday, December 22 (a date Ben Procter cited in imagining Hearst's recent arrival at Wyntoon from points south):

> The Ryckman editorial on Christmas beginning "The Holy Christmas Day" is released as the "In the News" column for Thursday, Christmas Day.
>
> There is no date or salutation---just sign it "Charles S. Ryckman."

Thereby was everyone squarely on board. Ryck's submission was entirely routine and was going through the usual paces. As for the Procterian belief in Part 34 that "by December 22" the Hearst party was newly at Wyntoon, Ben didn't follow by noting that the Chief had thereby beat the *Montebello* to the punch. Ben and his wife, Phoebe, sounded me out on various points while the "ole dog" was writing his

second Hearst biography. There was ample time for me to get them realigned on December 1941, with plenty of good details; besides, G. & R. Hearst was now fully in hand, recently processed and digitized. But no 1941 questions ever came up. It may not have done much good if they had, to judge from Ben's handling of his final draft—regarding any number of matters belonging to the 1930s and '40s, my best Hearstian period as the Procters well knew.

December 22, 1941, at Wyntoon was more like what follows—Ella Williams in West Los Angeles to Joe Willicombe:

> Warner Bros. inquiring about *Maltese Falcon*, which we sent for Friday showing [December 19]. Promised it would be back this morning because of having extra day to travel.
>
> Understand this morning's train [coming overnight from points north] will not be in until three-thirty this afternoon.
>
> *Tarzan's Secret Treasure* due last Friday did not arrive until this morning. Understand from railroad express that print did not leave Dunsmuir until Friday night.

The Colonel got back to "Bill" Williams that evening, putting as cheerful a spin on things as he could:

> Sorry about delayed pictures. Will not happen again as far as we are concerned, but wish we could guarantee the railroad. Merry Christmas.

Some further probing of G. & R. Hearst reveals that *The Maltese Falcon* had been on tap for the folks to see in early November, when they were at the Beach House in Santa Monica. Hearst and Marion seem to have gone out on the town, though, on the designated night; and they hadn't seen the movie. Thus did this constitute a make-up event the following month, a repeat booking for the party's sake. All such details had to be carefully managed; they didn't take simple care of themselves. Both "Bills" down south—H. O. Hunter and Ella Williams—were typically involved.

Getting back to E. D. Coblentz now, what befell him when he began his *Portrait* book soon after Hearst died—in regard to the Ryckman mix-up? Did Cobbie lose his way for a moment? Maybe that's all there is to it: an error that anyone could easily have made. Cobbie got help on the book from Jean Willicombe, the Colonel's widow (he died in 1948); Jean, however, was never credited, by her own choosing perhaps. A humble, forthright woman, I had the pleasure of knowing her briefly in Santa Barbara in her final years. She liked to be called Jean Bissantz, stemming from her marriage after the one to Joe Willicombe (which produced a daughter named Joan, born in 1943).

In any case, someone made a mistake in 1951 or '52 and it got into print in *William Randolph Hearst: A Portrait in His Own Words*. The error was never adjusted, never corrected. Cobbie's book went through no later printings. When "first edition only" status holds sway (I well know the drill), the EQ bug can stay alive forever more, for as long as anyone consults a book that's a relic of bygone times.

Elsewhere in Cobbie's *Portrait,* there's some more EQ. This next example takes us back nearly a decade before the 1941-Pearl theme I've been harping on. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "arguably the most powerful and charismatic figure of the twentieth century," is the man of the hour—and so is W. R. Hearst. The setting was Chicago, early summer of 1932. Governor Roosevelt was a serious prospect for the Democratic nomination, yet it wasn't going to be a cake walk for him to get the nod. Hearst, so often a political failure in previous years, had got himself into an enviable position as power broker, right before the convention. He was part of a coalition that controlled the California Democrats. He'd even taken the unusual step—truly an uncommon one in his daily affairs—of sending Joe Willicombe to Chicago to act as proxy, liaison, enforcer, and more.

The story of how all sorts of maneuverings on the convention floor and in smoke-filled back rooms led to FDR's capturing his party's nomination has been told and retold. The potential for falsehood and

even poppycock is immense. The textual-descent factor leads to dozens of books and other writings if one digs deeply enough; I can't begin to attempt that anytime soon, not with Hearst to contend with in so many other guises. I'll merely start for now with Hearst's authorized biographer, Mrs. Fremont Older, who on certain points was "absolutely reliable," as John Tebbel acknowledged in 1952. She was often that indeed—her own EQ notwithstanding. The Pink Lady of Cupertino recounted in *William Randolph Hearst: American* (1936):

> [James] Farley realized that the moment was crucial. He telephoned John Francis Neylan of San Francisco, brilliant counsel for all the Hearst papers and second only to the publisher in their direction.
>
> Neylan is Hearst's political representative in California. He is a dark, tall, handsome, burly, swift man of action. He telephoned Hearst who was in Los Angeles, "Roosevelt must have California and Texas now." . . .
>
> Hearst gave the word to the California delegation. From Los Angeles he called [John Nance] Garner on the telephone and asked him to release Texas to Roosevelt. Garner agreed. Illinois, Texas and California swung to Roosevelt. For the first time Hearst named a President.

It was all so simple and direct in Mrs. Older's telling. Try as I might, I can seldom produce the short, punchy sentences she had a gift for writing—a technique she may well have learned from her husband, Fremont, a man still living vigorously in 1932 and chewing on his trademark cigar butts. Be all that as it may, the tales of who called whom, who buttonholed whom and then released which delegates in what order—plus all the other details of Chicago that summer—will probably never get completely ironed out. Another Hearst biography of 1936, the one by Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates, *Hearst: Lord of San Simeon,* gave a similar version:

> The arrangements were made in advance with Roosevelt's manager, James Farley. . . .

> . . . Farley telephoned Neylan in San Francisco that the hour had come. Neylan telephoned Hearst in Los Angeles: "Roosevelt must have California and Texas now." Hearst telephoned [William Gibbs] McAdoo and Garner, and the deed was done. Just like that. It was an instructive example of the way in which American presidents are made.

In this deal-making regard, McAdoo's name had cropped up as soon after the event as 1933 (and even sooner in still other writings). Willis J. Abbot, a former Hearst editor whose *Watching the World Go By* is Americana (and in places Hearstiana) at its autobiographical best, told how McAdoo "at the critical moment" in Chicago "swung the nomination to Roosevelt." But Abbot didn't include Hearst in that context. Hence my citing of Mrs. Fremont Older, and of Carlson and Bates, as more familiar, more accessible starting points concerning Hearst-as-President-maker.

Either way—and pending more research to identify that first Hearstian moment, that wellspring of textual decent for what soon follows—the Chief in short order was being portrayed as having placed his call (or calls) from San Simeon. In fact, the Gothic Study on the third floor of the Castle was declared the inner sanctum where his potent word was spoken. And yet as all students of Hearst and Julia Morgan and George Loorz now know, there *was* no Gothic Study in 1932 (except for its rough concrete framing). The room's completion lay a ways ahead, more in the mid-thirties. Hearst, meanwhile, was in fact in the Southland at the historic Rooseveltian moment in 1932. With the Morgan Collection and the Loorz Papers as reinforcement, the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft (more than just the 1977 batch is required in this case) are up to the challenge of placing the Chief in the right neighborhood—"in Los Angeles," as Mrs. Older wrote. San Simeon, however, was soon poised for special recognition, no matter how undeserved on this point.

Was the episode as stirring or as important as, say, Pearl Harbor? That can be hotly debated. That's where interpretation takes over, the

analysis of and informed commentary on established facts—facts such as having the Hearstian geography in proper register.

Returning to the Coblentz book of 1952, here's what that editor did with the FDR matter. He included a full-bodied, 17-page chapter on "The 1932 Convention." Cobbie began by telling in his own voice:

> Colonel Joseph Willicombe, Mr. Hearst's confidential secretary, went with the California Garner delegation to the Democratic Convention in Chicago. Joe was to report back to Mr. Hearst at San Simeon.

At that point in his career—1927 through 1934—Cobbie was managing editor of the *New York American,* a Hearst morning paper (later merged with the *New York Evening Journal*). He may thus have had less immediate knowledge in 1932 of Hearst's whereabouts, unlike the daily awareness he had as of 1940, when he went back to California for the Chief's special benefit.

But that's probably not why Cobbie got the part about San Simeon wrong. I assume it's because he devoted his 1932 convention chapter to George Rothwell Brown, "political analyst for the Hearst newspapers." Plus there were the emphatic words of a leading Democrat, James A. Farley, found in his books of 1938 and 1948. But I'll focus here on 1952, as in Coblentz and Brown. We saw Brown's name many pages ago (in Part 5), mentioned by Willicombe in 1941 on December 7 itself (columns by Brown and Ben Decasseres had been suddenly killed on that crucial evening). Brown, at any rate, had been headquartered in Washington, D.C., in 1941; he'd also been there in 1932. While Cobbie was working on his *Portrait* book in September 1951—just a few weeks after Hearst died—he heard from Brown:

> I am enclosing herewith the inside story of how Mr. Hearst initiated the plan by which Garner's delegates at the Chicago convention of 1932 were released, as Mr. Hearst had proposed, and Roosevelt's nomination made possible.
>
> Nothing but this could have saved F.D.R.

> The facts as I have written them are accurate, and are written for the first time. I have never previously spoken one single word of this incident to any human being.

It all sounded enticing, perhaps even tinged with mysterious intrigue. Brown's write-up for Cobbie bore a formal heading and sub-heading:

How William Randolph Hearst Made
Franklin D. Roosevelt's Nomination
Possible for President

At the Democratic National Convention
Chicago, 1932

by George Rothwell Brown

The ensuing paragraphs are too numerous to recount here, Brown's story being too complex for me to unravel or sort out. It would take a bona fide specialist to do it. About the best I can muster is to zero in on what Brown did to bring San Simeon into play; thereby did he *not* confirm the Los Angeles detail, à la Mrs. Older or for that matter Carlson and Bates. In one instance Brown related how Willicombe called him from Chicago; this was while Brown was holding down the Hearstian fort in Washington. The Colonel told him:

> Mr. Hearst has a request to make of you. I have been talking to him at San Simeon.

If Brown had simply said "Los Angeles" instead, history would have been writ differently through Cobbie's *Portrait* of the Chief. Brown went on to tell—at great length—how certain calls were made and, in turn, how certain maneuvers were carried out with the Chicago stakes running high. Of course, Roosevelt triumphed and "Cactus Jack" (John Nance Garner, something of an old Hearst crony) was named FDR's running mate. On that note, and also in regard to other convention details, Brown referred to "a decision that had been made

at San Simeon and in Washington." His mention of the nation's capital alluded to George Rothwell Brown himself and the part he played in that city.

That makes three instances all told of "San Simeon" in Cobbie's chapter on the 1932 convention: first his own; followed by Willicombe's; topped off with these latest words from Brown. It was more than enough to etch in stone the Chief-at-San-Simeon story for all time to come. When a Berkeley Ph.D. named Russell M. Posner wrote on the subject in 1960—under "California's Role in the Nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt"—he spoke as follows:

> Hearst, at his home in San Simeon, became convinced after the third ballot that Garner didn't stand a chance; that if the convention continued, a compromise candidate would emerge out of a deadlock.

Dr. Posner could scarcely be blamed for citing San Simeon; his endnotes show, not surprisingly, that he'd followed the Coblentz *Portrait* of 1952 on this point, as certain other writers would likewise be doing subsequently.

The situation calls for a simple textual collation. What follows, however, is by no means exhaustive. Many entries (all from Hearst biographies or similar historical books and periodicals—with further details later amid the forthcoming endnotes in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor*) are mere sentence fragments. But the information thus conveyed for now is easy to follow and allows for a good deal of reading between the lines. Eight decades are covered—from 1932 (*Time* magazine), 1933 (Willis Abbot's *Watching the World Go By*), 1935 (*Time* and *Fortune*), 1936 (the biographies by Mrs. Fremont Older and by Carlson and Bates), all the way to 2011 (Amanda Smith's biography of Cissy Patterson) and 2012 (David Nasaw's new book on Joe Kennedy plus Thomas Brown's equally new book, *The Illustrated History of Hearst Castle*):

Johnson 1932	"At Chicago, every crooked interest was trying to break [FDR]"
Time 1932	"Hearst, listening to the convention from his California home"
Lippmann 1932	"[FDR] owes his nomination to the living influence of Hearst"
Time 1932	"Hearst was as responsible for the shift at Chicago as McAdoo"
Abbot 1933	"McAdoo . . . swung the nomination to Roosevelt"
Time 1935	"[Neylan] is reputed to have persuaded [Hearst in favor of FDR]"
Fortune 1935	"[Hearst] swings Garner-Roosevelt nomination" [no place stated]
Older 1936	"Neylan . . . telephoned Hearst who was in Los Angeles"
Carlson 1936	"Neylan telephoned Hearst in Los Angeles"
Carlson 1937	"Neylan telephoned Hearst in Los Angeles"
Johnson 1938	"I heard some of those fateful phone conferences—and I know"
Farley 1938	"Together we called the Hearst ranch at San Simeon"
Moley 1939	"Rayburn, Storke, and Mullen won over Garner [for FDR's sake]
Michelson 1944	"They wooed Hearst over the long-distance phone to San Simeon"
Willkie 1944	"Garner, McAdoo, Hearst, Kennedy, Farley [nominated FDR]"
Beard 1946	"Mr. Moley [1939] leaves Mr. Hearst out of account [re Chicago]"
Creel 1947	"Smith and Roosevelt let the McAdoo-Hearst ticket slip through"
Flynn 1947	"[All involved] are going to claim credit for the decisive change"
Farley 1948	"A phone call to Hearst at his San Simeon, California, ranch"
Timmons 1948	"McAdoo announced that Garner had released his delegates"

Tebbel 1952	“Hearst himself remained at San Simeon”
Coblentz 1952	“[Willicombe] was to report back to Mr. Hearst at San Simeon”
Connally 1954	“[McAdoo] made it appear that he’d caused the swell [for FDR]”
Winkler 1955	“I [Willicombe] have been talking to him at San Simeon”
Freidel 1956	“As for Hearst, the Roosevelt leaders phoned him at San Simeon”
Warner 1956	“Smith and McAdoo agreed to confer again [but did not]”
Curley 1957	“I called Hearst in San Simeon . . . two or three times”
Handlin 1958	“The decision thus rested in the hands of McAdoo and Hearst”
Leuchtenburg ’58	“There is a persistent belief that it was based on . . . Hearst”
Storke 1958	“Hearst, out in San Simeon, had given up Garner as a lost cause”
Posner 1960	“Hearst, at his home at San Simeon [lost hope in Garner]”
Cramer 1961	“[Kennedy] called Hearst at five o’clock in the morning”
Swanberg 1961	“[Hearst] stayed at his little hideaway on his little hilltop”
Bowers 1962	“McAdoo had urged the choice of someone else [besides FDR]”
Dorough 1962	“[Sam] Rayburn stated that he had a release from Garner”
McPhaul 1962	“Hearst . . . swung the convention to FDR” [no place]
Storke 1962	“Hearst, out in San Simeon, had given up Garner as a lost cause”
Leuchtenburg ’63	“Some have stressed the influence of Hearst [in FDR’s behalf]”
Martin 1964	“Back in San Simeon, Hearst was kept completely informed”

Adler 1965	"Garner, pressured by Hearst's rep at Chicago, withdrew"
G. Murray 1965	"The Chief decreed that Roosevelt should win [no place]"
Warner 1965	"At the convention Hearst had . . . swung the balance to F.D.R."
Burner 1968	"But Garner and Hearst conceded the prize to F.D.R."
Krock 1968	"Kennedy's intervention by telephone with Hearst at San Simeon"
Delmatier 1970	"Hearst consulted Neylan; gave word to the California delegation"
O'Connor 1970	"Hearst, pulling wires from his California retreat, turned the key"
Krock 1971	"Warned by Kennedy through Neylan, Hearst released to FDR"
Oulahan 1971	"McAdoo telephoned Hearst in California with an alternate plan"
Guiles 1972	"Hearst telephoned Chicago [no place]"
Roosevelt 1973	"Telephone calls went to Hearst at San Simeon"
Patenaude 1975	"The committee instructed McAdoo to cast the vote for Roosevelt"
R. Murray 1976	"California, willing to go to FDR if McAdoo could be satisfied"
Carlisle 1979	"The image of Hearst sitting in San Simeon"
Beschloss 1980	"Telephone calls descended on San Simeon . . . urging Hearst"
Aidala 1981	"By phone and telegraph from [Hearst's] perch at San Simeon"
Graham 1985	"Hearst, an old man hiding away in his mountaintop mansion"
Morgan 1985	"[Joe] Kennedy . . . reached Hearst at his ranch"
Loe 1988	"The crucial call was placed from the Gothic Library"
Badger 1989	"It is still not clear what swung the result Roosevelt's way"
Coffman 1990	"It was from Los Angeles that [Hearst] played that card"

Hearst, Jr. 1991	"Joseph P. Kennedy . . . phoned my father [no place]"
Beatty 1992	"Curley arranged the shift by calling Hearst at San Simeon"
Loe 1994	[no mention of Chicago 1932]
Quirk 1996	"[Kennedy] persuaded his friend Hearst to switch to Roosevelt"
Coffman 1999	"It was from Los Angeles that [Hearst] played his hand"
Nasaw 2000	"[Kennedy] tried to reach Hearst by telephone [no place]"
Brown 2000	"Hearst, through George Rothwell Brown [advocated switching]"
Kastner 2000	"Releasing the delegate votes [Hearst] had controlled [no place]"
Brady 2001	"[Hearst] never left his San Simeon castle in California to do it"
Houck 2001	[Hoover on FDR]: "Our salvation lies largely in his nomination"
Smith 2001	"[Kennedy] secured the pivotal support from Hearst [of FDR]"
Slayton 2001	"Hearst followed events from his San Simeon castle"
Pizzitola 2002	"From San Simeon [Hearst] instructed Millicent [July 3, 1932]"
Dunlap 2002	"[Hearst] from the Davies bungalow at M-G-M [in Culver City]"
Finan 2002	"Roosevelt sent his emissaries to Hearst once again [July 1, 1932]"
Coffman 2003	"It was from Los Angeles that [Hearst] played his hand"
Neal 2004	"Kennedy's call was put through to Hearst at San Simeon"
Procter 2007	"[Farley] therefore telephoned Hearst at San Simeon"
Ritchie 2007	"Joseph P. Kennedy placed a call to Hearst at San Simeon"
Beauchamp '09	"Kennedy's phone call that many credited with swinging Hearst"

Coffman 2009	"[Hearst] was most likely in Santa Monica or Culver City"
Kastner 2009	[no mention]
Coffman 2010	"[Hearst] was most likely in Santa Monica or Culver City"
Smith 2011	"[Kennedy] managed to persuade the publisher [in favor of FDR]"
Nasaw 2012	"[Kennedy] tried to reach Hearst at San Simeon by telephone"
Brown 2012	[no mention: "I didn't delve too much into those types of events"]

Parallels can readily be drawn between these entries pertaining to Chicago in 1932 and the many details I've compiled regarding Pearl Harbor in 1941. The most arresting entry, by far, is the one from John Dunlap's book of 2002. His footnote says he interviewed Eileen Percy—a Hearst-Davies insider of A-list stature—on October 12, 1966. It was Miss Percy (Mrs. Harry Ruby) who at age 66 evidently painted a picture for Dunlap of the Cosmopolitan Bungalow as the place where Hearst did his convention dickering in 1932. This makes a lot of sense and invites much more probing (as to the timing of phone calls and the like).

In any event the Percy testimony is entirely plausible—an instance of Dunlap at his scrupulous best. Would that he'd been that informed and methodical with more consistency in his *Hearst Saga.* Too often he wasn't. Nonetheless, we Hearstians are in John Dunlap's lasting debt on this one regarding 1932.

Back in that election year itself, a madcap diarist named Hayes Perkins, who worked at San Simeon and would thus have known that Hearst wasn't anywhere nearby when Roosevelt got the nod in Chicago, gave his own version of the famous episode:

> The Democrats have nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt for president. I don't like him. Hearst had the fate of the nomination in his hands, for he was behind Garner, a Texan. He made a dicker with the Roosevelt

> forces whereby the latter agreed to meet Marion in return for the electoral votes of California and Texas. . . .
>
> All are maligning [Herbert] Hoover, unfairly smearing his reputation in every way to advance the cause of Roosevelt.

In more mainstream archival terms, neither the Bunkhouse Collection nor G. & R. Hearst are of much help in a geographical sense. The former's items skip from June 22 to August 4, 1932, with the decisive move in Chicago having been made on Friday, July 1. G. & R. Hearst is similar. Its items skip from as far back as April 13 to July 12, three months later, when Hearst reappeared at San Simeon.

Where had Hearst actually been—and doing what—during the key moments in question? I spoke earlier of the symposium at The Huntington Library, the one in 2008 sponsored by Will Hearst III. We called it "Moguls, Millionaires & Movie Stars: Hollywood Between the Wars, 1920–1940." The year 1941 would better have rounded out our theme. We would thus have harmonized more with all the attention our group gave *Citizen Kane* (released in '41) and with the book issued afterwards, *The Unknown Hearst: 1941.* Those points aside, Will generously allotted me more than a year to prepare for the two-day gathering. I delved thoroughly into the newly digitized G. & R. Hearst Collection; we had also digitized the Bunkhouse telegrams and teletypes, all of which I combed in equal detail. I studied theater history, vaudeville, early 20th-century Los Angeles (vis-à-vis Hearst, or course), plus a great many kindred things, with plenty of Hollywood history included.

Among the archival highlights I compiled in 2007 was the file "1932: Film & Related Subjects." For the period close to the Democratic Convention that year, I included a message sent by Joe Willicombe to Edgar Hatrick of Hearst Metrotone News (and also of Cosmopolitan Productions). The date was April 26, 1932. Colonel Willicombe was wiring what follows from San Simeon:

> Contracts received. Chief says he would like to talk with you on telephone tomorrow to verify that they are same terms we have been proceeding under. Will you kindly call him at Beach House or Studio [the Cosmopolitan Bungalow at MGM] between twelve and one tomorrow Wednesday. They go down tonight.

I annotated this message with lines of my own, composed without Chicago or Pearl Harbor in mind:

> Willicombe spoke of the Beach House as if it were Hearst's home base in Los Angeles. Indeed it was, as many such passages in these files indicate; there he and Miss Davies held court as dually, as jointly as they did at San Simeon. Their Cosmopolitan headquarters at MGM were drawing them to the Southland now for the sake of *Blondie of the Follies*, whose production was soon to begin [the movie was released in September 1932].

It's eye-catching for me to review my efforts of a few years past. When I wrote that note in 2007 I had yet to adopt my more informal "Marion" usage. I would do so by 2008, after the Huntington "Moguls" conference ended and I got my Beach House book going—the long, very detailed presentation posted online since 2010 as *Hearst and Marion: The Santa Monica Connection*.

Part 36 PEARL HARBOR DAY in 2012 fell on a Friday, not on a Sunday as it did in 1941. Seventy-one years had passed since that historic morning, that "date which will live in infamy" (FDR's immortal words are often bungled as a *day,* a fine point likewise destined for shame). I marked the occasion some seven decades later by completing the part just above on Cobbie and his *Portrait* of 1952. Then I spoke with a person in Santa Monica, a city employee in charge of the new Annenberg facility at 415 Pacific Coast Highway; that's where the Hearst-Davies three-story, Georgian Revival mansion stood many years ago. By e-mail an hour later—still on December 7, 2012—I sent news to Joanne Aasen about her masterful website that carries the *Hearst and Marion* digital book:

> The head person at the Annenberg Community Beach House had *no knowledge* of our site—had never seen it or heard about it. She finally clicked it on while I walked her through the paces by phone. . . .
>
> . . . Janis was right there, overhearing this astounding conversation, which lasted several minutes. As I said to JC afterwards, you would think I was calling from the big city and that this Beach House person was out in the sticks somewhere, needing guidance on why a *book* (of all things) might be just the thing for what she and her colleagues are doing (docents et al.).
>
> Hard to believe, I know. I need to sleep on all this and come up with some new angles, some new plans. . . .
>
> Should I invest in a billboard or what?

Joanne's response the next day included an insightful line, one that could save me from going broke while paying for dozens of neon signs:

> Sometimes a person needs to be caressed into an appreciation of something they simply can't live without.

Just the same, I'd been fretting about how little my standard printed books were being read, like the high-octane *Building for Hearst and Morgan* of 2003. And now to find that my *Hearst and*

Marion website not only wasn't garnering much attention, its existence wasn't even *known* by a key player in the very neighborhood it portrayed. It was all a bit hard to take. Another tree had fallen in a lonesome forest. No one had been around to hear it: once more, it had made no sound.

I paused to reflect on recent turns in my life. I'd put in five intensive weeks thus far on the present book, *Hearst and Pearl Harbor.* I hadn't gone to the subject so much as the subject had come to me, almost begging to be fleshed out and put into lasting text. In September 2012 I was working on a wholly different project, *Malibu 90265* (a book, however, with some surprising Hearstian twists to it). Then on October 5, through the same Joanne Aasen, I'd learned that the statewide Julia Morgan 2012 Festival would be partly hosted by Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, with a lecture about that architect. The Poly information contained some errors. It got me stirred up: You mean people still *believe* that stuff? So there was another subject that came to me. I hadn't gone looking for it. I had plenty else to do. More important, though, much more far-reaching were Pearl Harbor, the *Montebello* sinking, and still other things I'd been writing about through all of November and now December. Those subjects were the ones knocking the loudest at my door.

I mostly owe it to Thomas Brown of Atascadero. I'd been working with Tom since the spring of 2012 on his new book, *The Illustrated History of Hearst Castle.* Tom's situation was different from all the others I'd dealt with regarding Castle books, going clear back to Carleton Winslow in 1980 and even a bit before. Tom had trained as a tour guide on the hill in 2009. He hadn't hired on, though, not for a summer stint or anything else. In other words, no down-in-the trenches boot camp for him, no on-the-job training beyond the orientation and practice rounds he'd been through. Usually this was the kiss of death. We insiders had seen its like before. A classic instance was that of Nancy Loe, who for all her higher learning and aptitude had

never quite got the hang of the Castle and all that goes with it, historically and in other ways. She'd come very close, yet she remained somewhat foreign, unacclimated; the vaccination never fully took in her case, despite her queenly lording over the Julia Morgan Collection at Cal Poly (she retired in 2009, a mercifully early exit at age 55).

Tom Brown, in contrast, proved himself unique, a man cut from his own bolt of cloth, and one fiercely determined to understand Hearst and the Castle. The best part of Tom's potential, which he's still developing, is that he knows revisions lie ahead for his book to have lasting merit. He's not merely going to dump his print runs on the local market and then take his leave. He'll be around for the long haul. I could see this the more we worked together; we became close colleagues, holding some deep values in common. His book came out during the first week of December 2012 and in most respects is a winner. I had counseled Tom doggedly on certain points. I simply couldn't abide the Pearl Harbor and *Montebello* errors any longer. And thus I implored him not to pay any more than passing attention to Bill Swanberg, David Nasaw, Vicki Kastner, John Dunlap, or whomever it might be on some of those "facts" I've been wrangling with. Also, I coached him on the late-1944 situation, the one involving Hearst and Marion's return to San Simeon after their absence of more than three years.

Tom heard me out, checked as many sources as he could, and decided I must be right. He, too, wanted to be right, passionately so. That was the key to the breakthrough he made, the superiority his book has on certain points over so much else that's been published in the past. One of his long captions (in which his book abounds) states it this way:

> During the war, until their return to *La Cuesta Encantada* in November 1944, Hearst and Marion Davies lived a life of mostly quiet solitude at Wyntoon.

His book has a second passage that's similarly worded. So simple in their factuality and yet, with few exceptions (my own books among them: perhaps mostly unread), such a long time coming! I was greatly pleased to see those words in a proof state when Tom was e-mailing me his drafts. To see those key passages and certain others in full-blown print was especially gratifying.

We'd butted heads (I can't mince words) on the Pearl Harbor-*Montebello* theme. I assured him, to the point of exhaustion, that the oil tanker's sinking on December 23, 1941, had been a non-event for Hearst and Marion's purposes. Tom kept including those details in his drafts of Chapter 6, "From Dormancy to Resurgence, 1937–1958." He hung tough right into November. And then one day soon after that, with his deadline looming, he relented. He never fully explained what his epiphany had been; I was just glad, extremely glad, that he was making real sense, however he chose to do it. I'd likewise told him about "writing around" a testy or awkward subject when such was called for. That's what he did in this case:

> Among the many properties owned by Hearst was Wyntoon, a large estate in the forests of northern California. . . . As the financial woes of 1937 took hold, Wyntoon was where Hearst and Marion Davies began to spend increasing amounts of their time, heralding a transition in their lives towards fewer, and smaller, social gatherings.

That was it. Nothing specific about December 7 or anything like it. Tom placed Hearst and Marion at Wyntoon primarily for the greater period in question. He left it at that. Ideally, I'd like to see him mention Pearl Harbor, at least in quick passing and obviously in the correct Hearstian mode, free of any old-school tripe. Tom may well do so in his later printings; I can easily visualize his taking the needed action, requiring little more than a rewritten sentence or two. Let's see if other authors act similarly in the years ahead. Perhaps they'll even add further details that I can readily provide, either in-print in my existing

books or through my newer online forum. Tom will be equipped to pitch in too.

As to the smaller groups of guests at Wyntoon (versus San Simeon in its heyday), I have some further perspective to share with Tom that we didn't have time for, not if his book was to be ready on schedule. Here's an example from November 19, 1941, sent by Hearst to Ella Williams in West Los Angeles. The Chief told Bill:

> We have important meetings here this coming week [the one starting Sunday, November 23]. We then have family Thanksgiving [on the 27th]. We then have lawyers for consultation [the] following week.
>
> Please do not send anybody up for those two weeks. Indeed at the end of them we will probably be so worn out and will want either to go away for awhile or to have [a] week of relaxation before Christmas.

Sure enough, the folks had some fairly easygoing times before the big December holiday and on toward New Year's as well, complete with George Hearst's wedding on the 27th (also, Marion's January 3rd birthday was typically observed on New Year's Day: she'd be 45 at the dawn of 1942). This is partly why "In the News" carried as much of Charlie Ryckman's work as it did during the late part of 1941. But so far as leaving Wyntoon "for awhile," that didn't happen in Hearst and Marion's lives during these weeks. Things intervened—especially December 7, that date which indeed will always live in infamy.

Part 37 HEARST'S MESSAGE of November 19 (the one to Bill Williams of a page ago) recalls an obscurity that warrants airing. If I could devise EQ, as in Error Quotient (Part 33), why not coin another droll expression? This one figures as the Presumption of Weighed Evidence. With that concept we can even get away from 1941 and Pearl Harbor. We can also, if need be, get away from Hearstiana entirely (and yet that remains my realm of choice: and there I'll stay, still beholden to dates like December 7).

Nearly all fields and disciplines lend themselves to the presumption I'm spelling out, no doubt some more than others. The wire that Bill Williams received from Hearst, telling her to ease up on the guest influx to Wyntoon, is a perfect example, a handy place to start. Until now, in this present book, those words of November 19, 1941, have never been transcribed, never quoted, never paraphrased. No one has had a chance to do any presuming about them—yay, nay, or otherwise.

It's different with a long-established source, a historical fountainhead like *Citizen Hearst.* We can dwell on Bill Swanberg's best-known book for this "presumption" purpose. That biography is widely known, has been steadily in print since 1961, and is just as widely respected. This isn't to single out its author for a dressing down. That's not the point. It's more to use his book to show how presumption works. A simple instance is *Gone with the Wind*—its purported preview at San Simeon in 1939. John Winkler told that story in 1955 in his *New Appraisal.* Swanberg, however, gave *GWTW* no play whatsoever in 1961. Was that later biographer fully attuned? He undoubtedly was. He'd done his homework thoroughly in writing *Citizen Hearst.* Indeed, Swanberg had necessarily relied on past writers—good, bad, or indifferent—in the approach he took. There were too few archives at hand in the late 1950s and early '60s for him to have functioned without his predecessors' works. He had no choice but to internalize what they'd said and, quite often, to cite those sources in his text—always in those

little footnotes (true bottom-of-the-pagers) that the House of Scribner's was so good at including.

We can safely *presume* that Swanberg knew about *Gone with the Wind*, à la Winkler's book; he may also have seen the story trotted out somewhere else. Regardless, he chose not to use it (it wasn't credible, wasn't important enough, would have required too much space—much can be conjectured). At any rate, this San Simeon aspect of *GWTW* was arguably minor, not a deal breaker by any means in Swanberg's larger treatment of W. R. Hearst. It's safe to think that the wood-chopping author from New Haven knew the drill on the immortal Selznick movie. So much for that anecdote from Winkler 1955 (the same one later used by Ken Murray in 1971 and also by Carleton Winslow in 1980).

Other events that likewise aren't touched on in *Citizen Hearst*—or that were touched on very lightly, once more such as Pearl Harbor—belong in a different league. Did truly historical moments like that one get glossed over because Swanberg had seen the evidence (maybe even hard-hitting documents) but had decided not to go that way? That's the presumption example, the errant fallacy at work: the belief that such details *were* in fact weighed yet were deemed too lacking, too secondary or tangential—too *something*—to warrant more attention. As the fallacy goes, a given authority had done a judge-and-jury turn before we ever saw that person's book. Come press time, certain details had been left on the cutting-room floor.

With a biographer (or journalist or historian)—be it Swanberg or whomever—we presumers should therefore read between the author's printed lines. This might be productive, went the wishful thought. Let's say the writer had done little regarding point X or even nothing about it. Maybe, though, some work had been done beforehand on that score, akin to other points dealt with directly by the author. Lots of possibilities could be visualized.

The preceding is just one wayward bit of presumptive theory (there are others). The one described here runs deep at the Castle. It has done so practically since the first public tours were conducted in 1958, even before *Citizen Hearst* appeared, back when John Tebbel and Winkler were still the fresh voices. The 1970s revolution (I'm alluding again to John Porter's term) got the guides nicely squared away on several facts. But that was a more narrowly art-historical issue. The larger realm of American history, in its Hearstian dress above all, kept right on suffering.

What would the more adept W. A. Swanberg have done if he'd seen the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library? Or the Bunkhouse Collection? Or the G. & R. Hearst Collection? Would he have regarded those items casually? That's hard to imagine. More likely, he'd have been entreating Charles Scribner, Jr., to allot him more time, more space—maybe even to retain him for a follow-up volume (despite Swanberg's disclaimer that he couldn't "devote his lifetime to such a work" about Hearst). Nonetheless, that's what a man of Bill Swanberg's age and integrity would very likely have done—or at least would have *wished* he could do (he was 54 when *Citizen Hearst* appeared, a writer in his professional prime, in full fighting trim).

For anyone to assume that Swanberg really *knew* where Hearst was on December 7, 1941, but that his judge-and-jury assessment had already taken place—and that his approach, his "writing around" the subject, could be regarded on par with, say, the tens of pages he'd allotted the Spanish-American War . . . it simply makes no sense, can't be countenanced for a minute. The fallacy applies as well, of course, to certain other episodes in Hearstiana (in fact, to several of them), not just to that old saw called Pearl Harbor.

Part 38 BACK TO OUR CHRONOLOGY, to our span of years, decades, and noteworthy events within them. I've made much of November 1944 (I even touched on it in *Hearst as Collector,* offered as bound-galleys-only in 2003). That late-1944 date was the moment of Hearst and Marion's return to San Simeon from Wyntoon, a transition preceding by several months the almost set-in-stone belief that 1945, well past the time of FDR's death on April 12, was in fact when our two principals made such a change.

Why all the fuss about the couple's true itinerary? What's up with *that?* I've said in quick passing that anyone subscribing to the 1945 idea (usually as in the summer or fall of that year) is missing the boat, ultimately in several ways. Six or eight months in Hearst's life is too long a stretch to leave unglimpsed. David Nasaw's reference in *The Chief* to "the spring of 1945" is significant, indicating that author's willingness (despite contradicting himself in the same book) to put Hearst and Marion back on the San Simeon map, sooner than most others have seen fit to do.

What it all means—to cite a prominent instance—is that one of the finest anecdotal moments in all of Hearstiana has been mostly overlooked, all but left to languish. I cited this special occurrence in *Building for Hearst and Morgan* in 2003. But we already know how little noise that falling tree made when it crashed in the forest. I put it as follows, in any case, buried in what's no doubt a seldom-seen footnote on page 508:

> Among books in the Hearstiana field, a rare portrait of the man and his castle—in fact, better than rare, more like priceless—stems from a trip to the hill by Ludwig Bemelmans right before the war ended, back in March 1945. The result was his satirical yet humane and perceptive "Visit to San Simeon," a chapter in *To the One I Love the Best* (New York, 1955), pp. 151-72.

Here again I thought I'd set the world on fire. In reality, I'd done nothing of the kind. At least three Hearstiana books postdate that note

about the renowned artist and author that Ludwig Bemelmans was. The three I mean (Procter 2007, Kastner 2009, Brown 2012) had enough lead time for their authors to take stock of what I'd said in 2003. Ben Procter, not surprisingly, had no clue in his second Hearst biography. Vicki Kastner was safely noncommittal in her *Gardens and the Land;* she mentioned the "1940s visit" made by Bemelmans. In Tom Brown's case, he properly connected that charismatic guest with the Celestial Suite, where Bemelmans indeed stayed. Yet Tom didn't cite the pertinent date I'd pointed out to him: March 1945. However, as I've said about this newest author, we can count on him to make good revisions in future printings of his *Illustrated History of Hearst Castle.* If not, I'll be singing the Bemelmans tune mostly alone—at least with regard to its proper timing.

When I wrote my footnote for the *Building* book I was going in large part from memory. I'd left the Bunkhouse years earlier, in 1989; yet I recalled perfectly that those papers had important details on the visit in question. Now that Will Hearst and I have digitized those telegrams, I can readily check back. The Bemelmans items are extensive enough, given their many leads and cross-references, to warrant a chapter all its own someday. I'll repeat that what I had to go on in the early 2000s when I was finishing my big Loorz volume was memory; but I also had a catalogue of books, 320 pages strong that I'd compiled for the Hearst Corporation in 1987, an inventory rich in out-of-print and antiquarian titles still in those private hands. The catalogue contains 2,156 entries, several of them multi-volume works. I worded a typical entry this way:

> Bemelmans, Ludwig. THE BLUE DANUBE. Illustrated by the Author. New York: The Viking Press, 1945. 8-1/2" x 6"; 153 pages; decorative endpapers; blue cloth binding in dust jacket. Very good copy. Inscribed on front free endpaper: "To William Randolph Hearst from Ludwig Bemelmans March 1945."

Granted, this snippet doesn't prove by its disembodied self that the Bemelmans visit took place when that author signed his book; after all, he could have sent *The Blue Danube* to the Chief from Lord only knows where. But let's dispense with ifs and maybes: there's a cache of primary Bemelmans material in the Bunkhouse Collection. The G. & R. Hearst coverage ends in 1944, and I've never checked The Bancroft's holdings in this regard. Therefore, it's the Bunkhouse coverage that counts here exclusively; it starts with a message to Bemelmans from "Mother" (whom he spoke of in his San Simeon chapter of 1955):

> Miss you very much. Delighted about Saturday night. Boomers dining here Sunday night. Hope you will surely be here for dinner. Love.

That first Bunkhouse item is dated March 1, 1945, two days before the Saturday just cited. Mother, as she'd signed herself, was wiring Bemelmans (soon to turn 47) from Beverly Hills. At least two other messages—to or from the same man—were dispatched on the Thursday in question or on Friday, March 2. Bemelmans may have been at San Simeon no longer than that, for those two days only. On March 1 as well, Harry Crocker, a Hearst-Davies insider also mentioned by Bemelmans in 1955, was likewise staying at San Simeon. Crocker heard from a sender in Beverly Hills named Elsie Mendl (synonymous with Mother, as above).

That woman—Mrs. Mendl—is who the Bemelmans book *To the One I Love the Best* (the one dated 1955) is mainly about. This is a fascinating detail, mildly put. In 1913, when Hearst was 50, the sender had published *The House in Good Taste.* That's what this famous woman stood for: good taste, good manners, though not prudishly so. She was highly liberated, long before that became common. Nonetheless, a man of Hearst's often rebellious, almost quixotic ways was from the wrong side of the tracks by her standards. Or so it might seem. G. & R. Hearst comes fully to the fore on this. On Friday, December 19, 1941 (the very evening the folks were slated to see *The Maltese Falcon* at

Wyntoon), Hearst received a nightletter from New York, signed by the same Elsie Mendl as above. Her short wire said:

> Dear W. R.: I send you my sincerest congratulations on the magnificent clarion call sent out to America last week [his acclaimed "In the News" column of Monday, December 8]. I felt I must tell you how much we all were thrilled by it. May we meet when I am again west in April? Remembrance.

To which Hearst replied that same evening, keeping it even shorter but oh so effective for posterity's sake:

> Thank you. Will be delighted to see you. And hope soon.

The note I wrote a few years ago for these entries appears right below. I mentioned a German tapestry in the process, in pointed reference to a collecting matter Hearst had haggled over earlier in 1941. The Bronx warehouse had hoped to sell that weaving cheaply, a sacrificial move Hearst refused to make; he well recalled that the tapestry had "cost the original purchaser, Mr. [Henry G.] Marquand, a great collector, ten thousand dollars," and thus Hearst wouldn't budge for "less than five thousand." Shortly thereafter, still in 1941, Hearst had said: "There is no use in buyer of German tapestry making any offer less than four thousand dollars."

Hence my comments on the Mendl message of December 19 that year:

> The sender is better known as Elsie de Wolfe (b. 1865), the famous decorator and tastemaker. Many would be surprised to learn that, for all her refinement, she and Hearst were good friends, never mind his tendencies at times toward the gauche and noisy. Obviously there was a side of the man (the one that once bought a German tapestry worth $10,000—a huge amount in the early 1900s) that was right down her rarefied alley.

Exactly when Hearst met Elsie Mendl is hard to nail down. As early as 1920, while still named Elsie de Wolfe, she'd consigned a sale

of French and English furniture to Clarke's, an auction house in New York that counted Hearst as a regular; he must surely have known of that large dispersal (500 lots), but it's uncertain whether he partook of it. In any event, in 1935—on December 12—while he and Marion were at San Simeon, the latter heard from a friend in Beverly Hills:

> We do hope you can come for cocktails between 5 and 8 Sunday December 22nd to meet Lady Mendl. 1003 Benedict Canyon Drive R.S.V.P.

Marion replied that she didn't know if she could make it to town then. If she could, she would "certainly be there," she said. A similar message in 1935, from Marion's friend Kay Francis, reached San Simeon ten days later—on December 22 itself. There may have been a change of plans, or maybe a wholly separate function was in the works:

> Do hope you and Mr. Hearst can come for cocktails to meet Lady Mendl Friday December 27 between 5 and 8.

The sender gave an address in Hollywood. There's no reply on file. Whether the gist of these two messages from 1935 is that Hearst or Marion (had they gone south) would be meeting Elsie Mendl for the first time—that's hard to say without more data. In *The Times We Had,* Marion told of having seen Mrs. Mendl in London, at a "tea party at the Chelsea Embankment." The details make it almost impossible—without lots of analysis—to date the event Marion was recalling. She *seemed* to mean the trip she and Hearst made in the summer of 1934, the one that found the Chief (but not his paramour) meeting with Adolf Hitler in Berlin. With regard to Mrs. Mendl, Marion said in the London tea-party context:

> Elsie Mendl had just been married and was still on her honeymoon when she arrived with white hair and a purple suit and scarlet shoes and her old husband—no, I think she was older than her husband.

Sir Charles Mendl was the groom; however, he and his bride had been married in 1926; this tidbit can thus be put on hold, pending further work. The Mendls next appear in the Hearst-Davies annals in 1940—in late December again—this time through a pair of messages sent in quick sequence to Joe Willicombe at Wyntoon. Both came from the managing editor at the *Los Angeles Examiner,* starting with:

> Elsie de Wolfe is now the wife of Sir Charles Mendl. He was attached at the British Embassy in Paris before capture of that city. Sir Charles and Lady Mendl arrived in New York July 3, 1940, according to our references which stop at that point. Have asked the East for detailed information concerning the plundering and present address.

Minutes later, the same editor in Los Angeles had further details for Willicombe (the first message bore the incoming code WX11, this second one WX12):

> Following received from East:
>
> "Lady Mendl is at Hotel St. Regis, New York. Just talked to her in person. She says whole lower floor of her villa, including all paintings, tapestries her famous bar and everything was stripped and carted away by the Nazis, not the French, according to her latest information. Friend who visited her villa informed her that upper stories are inhabited by members of the German high command, and she has no definite information as to what has taken place above the ground floor."

And so the war had reached the banks of the McCloud, if it hadn't already, a year to the month before Pearl Harbor. If it weren't for Ludwig Bemelmans and his trip to San Simeon—in the winter of 1945, a little more than three years after the debacle in Hawaii—we may never have gone down this related path concerning Elsie de Wolfe Mendl, aka Mother. That's the beauty of facts over falsehoods. The former can yield so much. The latter are never as satisfying, not unless some fictional portrayal is their aim. We can better leave that to novelists or the movies.

It's for reasons like the Mendl tie-in that the Bemelmans visit warrants a chapter all its own—several pages in a book besides the present one. For anyone to keep believing, in any case, that Hearst and Marion weren't in residence early in 1945 on the Enchanted Hill is (name a good adjective: perhaps "tragic"). It's that thought at least, to a surpassing degree. Tom Brown and a new generation of Hearstians may be the best hope for setting the record straight. I've tried, repeatedly, and will keep doing so, both in conventional print and online.

Will many be reading? Or listening? Or acting?

Part 39 THE TERRITORY AHEAD includes a stop in 1947. That's when Hearst and Marion were at San Simeon for the last time. My recent section (Part 37) on the Presumption of Weighed Evidence will come into play here, importantly so. It may well be tempting to think, with regard to what soon follows, that even though Bill Swanberg never knew the Bunkhouse Collection, it was different for David Nasaw roughly 40 years later. As David noted in his acknowledgments, he got to see certain items "previously unavailable to researchers," both in "William Randolph Hearst's Bronx warehouse and in the bunkhouse at the San Simeon Ranch." And thus one could *presume* that David saw what's featured here in Part 39—that he went through the documents in question and drew wisdom from them (with regard to 1947), whether his book *The Chief* reflects this fact directly, allusively, or not at all.

My guess is that this didn't happen. David's time at the Bunkhouse was limited. I learned as much by meeting with him in Santa Barbara in 2001. There were only so many files he'd been able to go through. The main archival series in the Bunkhouse telecommunications is "Newspaper Business, etc." For Dr. Nasaw to have perused the 1947 part of that crucial data, he would have had nearly a hundred folders—numbers 1550 through 1645—to contend with. I'll bet he'd had his fill long before he got that far. I can't say for sure that he didn't sample *some* 1947 items in that essential business range. But nothing that got into print in *The Chief* suggests he did.

Swanberg, in recounting Hearst and Marion's final departure from San Simeon, relied on John Tebbel's *Life and Good Times* biography of 1952. Tebbel's book began with the chapter "Down from the Mountain"; it identified the moment of the couple's departure for Beverly Hills no more closely than "the spring of 1947." Meanwhile, Tebbel got himself (and his readers) good and confused by saying it was actually the Wyntoon "mountain" that witnessed Hearst's sad farewell, not the San Simeon hilltop. Nine years after the Tebbel

account, in 1961, Swanberg knew better—knew not to say it had been Wyntoon. And yet *Citizen Hearst* didn't give an exact date either. By 2000, though, when David Nasaw gave his version of things, the moment was firmly in place:

> On May 2, 1947, as Hearst and Marion were driven down the winding, five-mile roadway from San Simeon's hilltop to the landing strip below for the flight to Los Angeles and the house on Beverly Drive, Marion noticed that tears were streaming down the Chief's face. She leaned over the wipe them away. "We'll come back, W. R., you'll see." They never did.
>
> On May 21 and 22, large shipments of beef were sent to Beverly Hills from San Simeon. It was clear that Hearst was not going to return to the ranch any time soon.

In fact, it's not clear at all. Not if one checks the Bunkhouse Collection for David's dates and adjacent ones in 1947. The messages extend for 82 days—almost 12 weeks—beyond May 2 that year. They keep going until July 23. Then, and only then, do they stop.

The pattern with this material, which starts in 1931, is that hookups like Western Union and the teleprinter machines went inactive when Hearst and Marion changed addresses, almost the minute the couple flew out or drove away. Not until they were back at San Simeon or Wyntoon would the local messaging resume. (The Bunkhouse items combine those two provenances of place, true also of the G. & R. Hearst Collection up to its cutoff point in 1944.) For the two paragraphs quoted above, David Nasaw cited a "1947 Datebook" in the Castle archives, plus two other sources—one of them Bill Hearst's memoir of 1991, the other being the dismissible Fred Lawrence Guiles volume of 1972. Be that as it may, I never saw the Datebook before I left the Castle in 1983 in favor of the Bunkhouse. It's those latter documents that I saw and indexed in great detail; those are the ones I'll be relying on below (besides, I've done little in the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft Library for the year 1947). Unfortunately—or happily,

depending on one's view—the Bunkhouse coverage of May through July 1947 is sometimes erratic, often challenging in the extreme. Knowing how the teleprinter system worked, plus having a solid familiarity with the names of senders and recipients, are imperative to make sense of what's on file for those three months. Even then, the questions that linger are many.

The list that follows is reflective of datelines and the like. May 1, 1947, is my starting point. Everyone agrees that Hearst and Marion were still at San Simeon on that Thursday. It was the next day—Friday the 2nd—that supposedly saw them leaving the Enchanted Hill forever more. My list dwells on W. R. Hearst alone. He's shown as an addressee both at San Simeon and in Los Angeles; sometimes those two places were specified in separate messages on the same day. This could happen even with first-tier senders—such as E. D. Coblentz, Charlie Ryckman, and Ray Van Ettisch—all three of them California insiders who would have known the Chief's whereabouts as currently as anyone in their circle, almost by the hour. The senders also included H. O. Hunter (Bill Hunter), Hearst's main secretary now that Joe Willicombe had retired.

Meanwhile, E. F. Tompkins in New York (of Blue Bible fame, published in 1948) figured as a periodic sender; and yet for many years Tompkins had often been behind the curve on Hearst's daily movements. Another New York sender was a new editor—William H. White—whose name first appears in the Bunkhouse business annals as of March 1947.

Multiple messages to the same addressee, and of the same date, are indicated below in parentheses. Omitted dates mean the files contain nothing incoming to Hearst (although they often contain other items that arrived that day). No outgoing messages in this three-month stretch bear his name as sender. The decidedly fragmented nature of the 1947 files is thereby emphasized, even exaggerated. Also, the numerical codings indicate that many an item in a given sequence no

longer exists in what became the Bunkhouse Collection. The missing-in-action factor is par for the course, repeatedly seen when such elements are studied across the board—from back when the files begin in 1931. All of that said, the nearly three-month stretch running from May 1 to July 23, 1947, can be briefly summarized in this way:

May 1 WRH San Simeon (2)
May 4 WRH San Simeon (2)
May 7 WRH San Simeon
May 8 WRH Los Angeles
May 8 WRH San Simeon (3)
May 9 WRH San Simeon (2)
May 10 WRH Los Angeles
May 10 WRH San Simeon
May 11 WRH Los Angeles (2)
May 12 WRH Los Angeles
May 13 WRH Los Angeles
May 13 WRH San Simeon
May 15 WRH Los Angeles (2)
May 15 WRH San Simeon (3)
May 16 WRH Los Angeles (2)
May 16 WRH San Simeon
May 18 WRH Los Angeles
May 19 WRH Los Angeles
May 19 WRH San Simeon
May 20 WRH Los Angeles
May 20 WRH San Simeon
May 21 WRH Los Angeles (2)
May 22 WRH Los Angeles
May 22 WRH San Simeon
May 23 WRH Los Angeles
May 24 WRH Los Angeles
May 25 WRH Los Angeles
May 26 WRH Los Angeles (3)

May 26 WRH San Simeon
May 27 WRH Los Angeles
May 28 WRH Los Angeles
May 28 WRH San Simeon (2)
May 29 WRH Los Angeles
May 30 WRH Los Angeles
May 30 WRH San Simeon
May 31 WRH Los Angeles

June 1 WRH Los Angeles (3)
June 3 WRH Los Angeles
June 4 WRH Los Angeles (2)
June 5 WRH Los Angeles
June 5 WRH San Simeon
June 6 WRH Los Angeles
June 8 WRH Los Angeles
June 9 WRH Los Angeles (2)
June 9 WRH San Simeon (3)
June 10 WRH Los Angeles (3)
June 10 WRH San Simeon
June 11 WRH Los Angeles
June 12 WRH Los Angeles (3)
June 13 WRH Los Angeles (2)
June 15 WRH Los Angeles
June 16 WRH Los Angeles (2)
June 17 WRH Los Angeles
June 17 WRH San Simeon
June 18 WRH San Simeon
June 20 WRH Los Angeles
June 21 WRH Los Angeles (4)
June 23 WRH Los Angeles
June 23 WRH San Simeon
June 24 WRH Los Angeles
June 24 WRH San Simeon

June 26	WRH Los Angeles
June 26	WRH San Simeon
June 27	WRH Los Angeles
June 28	WRH Los Angeles
June 30	WRH Los Angeles
July 1	WRH Los Angeles
July 3	WRH Los Angeles
July 4	WRH Los Angeles
July 8	WRH Los Angeles
July 10	WRH Los Angeles
July 11	WRH Los Angeles (2)
July 12	WRH Los Angeles
July 16	WRH Los Angeles (2)
July 17	WRH Los Angeles (2)
July 18	WRH Los Angeles (2)
July 18	WRH San Simeon (3)
July 19	WRH Los Angeles (2)
July 19	WRH San Simeon
July 21	WRH San Simeon
July 22	WRH Los Angeles
July 22	WRH San Simeon
July 23	WRH Los Angeles
July 23	WRH San Simeon

Amazing! How best to wrap our minds around this provocative data? The trip made by Ludwig Bemelmans to San Simeon in 1945 warrants a chapter all its own. But these 84 entries from 1947 will be needing an *entire book* to explain them—a painstakingly researched one at that. I've double-checked the entries in compiling this basic list. They could easily do with triple-checking or more. I can only say from having studied the Bunkhouse Collection (dated 1931–1947) and the G. & R. Hearst Collection (dated 1931–1944) that the 22 Los Angeles-and-San Simeon same-date occurrences from 1947 are *not* typical; in fact,

I'm unaware of anything else like those dual addresses in the greater Hearst annals.

There's no end of close analysis to be performed on the Bunkhouse documents conveying these unusual details—intensive work calling for footnotes (or endnotes) exceeding anything Bill Swanberg or David Nasaw ever devised. The textual criticism and other minutiae that beg to be performed are potentially great, exceeding anything I've done before in my years of Hearst studies. As to one of the key dates David cited in *The Chief*—May 22, 1947—the list shows that one incoming item that day was addressed to Hearst in Los Angeles. The sender was William H. White in New York. Concurrently on the 22nd, Hearst heard from Charlie Ryckman in San Francisco; the message was prefaced "W. R. Hearst, San Simeon, Calif.," a familiar line. Ryck was making yet another editorial submission; he was writing about the recent "Wallace tour" (as in Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President under FDR in the early forties). Wallace was nothing but "a frustrated politician," went Ryck's very Hearstian portrayal. That's far more what the Chief was up to on May 22, it would seem, than the minor decision-making that some shipments of beef to Beverly Hills must have entailed.

I've noted already that the incoming messages I've listed for the May-June-July period are those aimed at Hearst only. The files contain much else. Likewise for May 22 there's an item addressed to "H. O. Hunter, San Simeon." Bill Hunter was doing his chain-smoking best to fill the huge shoes left behind by Joe Willicombe. He'd had plenty of training, years of practice as secretary to the publisher of the *Los Angeles Examiner* (George Young followed by Dick Carrington for the era that concerns us). Currently, in 1947, Carrington's opposite on the editorial side at the *Examiner* was Ray Van Ettisch, a Hearstian of high competence, one of the Chief's favorites. "Van" wired Bill Hunter at San Simeon on May 22. He included letters to Hearst stemming from a recent event, held on May 18 at the Hollywood Bowl:

> Following communications from leading Los Angeles participants in I Am [an] American Day ceremonies are for Chief's release.

Van transmitted 11 letters, an assortment akin to the old weekend format of "In the News" (Hearst had shelved his column in 1942, never to be resumed). The first letter was from Fletcher Bowron, mayor of Los Angeles. The eighth one was from Ronald Reagan, who'd been master of ceremonies for the patriotic gathering at the Bowl. Fine and well historically, these details. Yet certain other details aren't nearly as kind to historians who might tackle them. The same Bunkhouse file for May 22, 1947, includes an outgoing message from Bill Hunter, timed 6:02 that evening. Its dateline shows it was sent from Los Angeles. Had Hearst, Marion, and the folks made a quick flight back to the Southland from San Simeon that same day? I suppose it's possible. Whether it's accurate, though, is very hard to say. The best hope—in the absence of any corroborating G. & R. Hearst material for 1947—may be imbedded in the Hearst holdings at The Bancroft. Maybe some documents are on file there that will solve this mystery, one of many posed by the May-through-July group of Bunkhouse items.

In the meantime, pending input from Berkeley, all members of the Hearstian tribe need to raise their bars—in hopes of bettering their EQs, in some cases distinctly. As I said earlier, no exceptions exist. Not Nasaw, not Kastner, not Coffman, not Brown; nary a one of us. The purportedly binding departure of Hearst and Marion from San Simeon early in May 1947 should be impetus enough, sufficient cause to rethink and learn anew any number of details we may have smugly thought we could take to the bank.

As complex as Pearl Harbor and the *Montebello* and even the 1944–45 question can be, there's still much else in Hearstiana that awaits a fuller airing, this early postwar matter being a classic case. The process of correcting things "for the record" will probably never end.

Part 40 THE "MOGULS" SYMPOSIUM at The Huntington Library (May 30-31, 2008), the second such event sponsored by Will Hearst III, drew some big names. There was plenty of other talent to match. A man I met then was a writer named Sam Watters. The top-drawer California historian William Deverell, my co-producer of "Moguls," had put us in touch shortly beforehand, in time for Sam and me to compare notes on some Hearstian matters of joint concern. The previous fall, in 2007, Sam won great acclaim for his new two-volume *Houses of Los Angeles.* Through the same publisher—Acanthus Press in New York—he'd offered an equally fine book in 2006, *American Gardens, 1890–1930: Northeast, Mid-Atlantic, and Midwest Regions.*

This was one very prolific writer, Sam Watters, a virtual force of nature in historical terms, always with an architectural twist. His pair of Los Angeles volumes included a chapter on the Beach House. I shared some thoughts with Sam, some potential corrections that would be easy to make. He assured me he was devoted to keeping his books as current as he could. He wouldn't have to wait 17 years, as I'd once done with *Hearst's Dream,* to make basic repairs. Sam was my kind of colleague!

Come our presentation time in the symposium, Sam stayed to one side, away from the head table where three of us sat (I moderated the panel "Park Avenue Gone West: Hollywood Builds and Collects," which had me rubbing elbows with Mary Levkoff and Janet Fireman). When it was Sam's turn to speak, he wowed the audience with a PowerPoint slide show. It was Saturday, the second day of our gathering. His was the premiere act, one that wouldn't be surpassed by anyone else as the event wound down. We had lunch right after his performance; I found as I worked the room that Sam was the talk of every table. Speakers as renowned as the British film historian David Thomson were among the headliners in the afternoon, along with the indispensable Kevin Starr for a keynote wrap-up. But no one aroused the group quite like Sam Watters had.

Sam and I stayed in touch for a while. E-mails went back and forth and then, typically, we both turned to other pursuits before 2008 ended. By then I'd started my book on the Beach House (the eventual *Hearst and Marion* number that's now online). I also steered *The Unknown Hearst: 1941* to a quick completion. Otherwise, I did nothing special in Sam's case, nor he in mine. And then on May 19, 2012, I tracked him down through an updated e-address, courtesy of our mutual friend Bill Deverell (still the director of The Huntington-USC Institute on California and the West, as he had been in 2008). What I told Sam was:

> A couple of days ago, I got a routine message from the Acanthus marketing department, mentioning some new books. I noticed right off your book about Frances Benjamin Johnston, an old flame of mine, historically speaking. Bully for you! It's great that you've done such a volume.

I was speaking of Sam's *Gardens for a Beautiful America, 1895–1935: Photographs by Frances Benjamin Johnston.* I'd known of Miss Johnston since 1979, when Maurice Hudkins (the Hearst tapestry expert) first told me about her; many decades before, the Hearst family mansion in Washington, D.C., had been one of her photographic triumphs. This new volume from Acanthus Press was yet another deluxe outing, retailing at $79. I was reminded in seeing this publisher's latest posting that in 2005 another impressive book had borne its imprint, *Elsie de Wolfe: The Birth of Modern Interior Decoration,* by Penny Sparke—priced a bit higher than Sam's latest title ($85 in her case). It was old-home week for me, minus the pun. Moreover, Sam had done a co-author turn in 2009 for Acanthus called *Dream House: The White House as an American Home.* On this note I could have been an editorial nitpicker, telling Sam that having *House* in the main title and *House* repeated in the subtitle was discordant. That was scarcely my purpose, though, in e-mailing him after nearly four years. My message

of May 19, 2012, continued with two questions; plus I wrote another paragraph after that:

> Are you still teaching at USC? How goes the literary life in general for you?
>
> I've got a new website, under www.coffmanbooks.com. I'll be adding photos soon to what, for now, is a text-only presentation of my much-updated Beach House book, originally done in 2009 but now greatly improved and bearing a new title.

I had one last thing to tell Sam for the moment, hoping he'd be reading this far in my message and would keep going:

> I'm also attaching, below, a Word file for you. It consists of a short article I wrote recently for a local magazine here in San Luis. They tell me my piece will be published this summer—the first of a series of such items by me in the "Hearstiana" realm, my strongest suit (and the subject I keep returning to).

The article I meant was "Life after San Simeon." It went on to appear in the July 2012 issue of *Journal PLUS: Magazine of the Central Coast.* I didn't elaborate for Sam, didn't say I'd nearly finished a book-length version of "Life after," a project waiting in the wings with a longer title. If he downloaded the article and read it in full (a brisk thousand words), he'd be learning as much. He'd be seeing that I had a "forthcoming book," as *Journal PLUS* announced, slated to be called *Life after San Simeon: William Randolph Hearst, Marion Davies, and Their Circle at Wyntoon*—a book "based primarily on rare historical documents gathered by William R. Hearst III, a grandson born in 1949." That line alluded, of course, to the G. & R. Hearst Collection, the main source (more so than the Bunkhouse Collection) of the archival excerpts I've been relying on in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor.*

Sam, to my delight, got back to me the next day. It was May 20, not quite the half-year mark in 2012—about the time I started working with Tom Brown on his new illustrated book about Hearst Castle. It

was a year that had stayed highly productive for me throughout (I was finessing this 40th part of *Hearst and Pearl*—my shorthand name for the book—in mid-December of '12). As Sam recounted for me back in May:

> I am not teaching any more and have been a full-time writer for the past few years. The Johnston project was a vast undertaking that got completely out of control. I have a year of lectures ahead of me, and then I am not certain what I do next. But I feel the publishing world for my interests is rapidly diminishing.

I was discouraged to hear that. If Sam Watters or other good writers couldn't make it with specialized books, who on earth could? At any rate, he concluded on this vivid note:

> I will take a look at your new website . . . but wanted to write before I head off again in a few days, to say I thought the piece on post-San Simeon [the "Life after" article] was terrific and adds such a dimension to a story that is so romanticized. I was fascinated that Marion Davies just made up where they were on Pearl Harbor Day. How can you just re-write such a historic moment, as if no one was ever going to find out? Throws into relief the rest of what she writes.

Yes it does, it does indeed. And yet we historians, both freelancers and academics, need to be careful about denouncing a book because of a certain passage (or passages) that we're uniquely fit to critique. No one really knows what Marion's overall EQ amounts to.

I answered Sam promptly, half an hour after his words of May 20 arrived:

> I greatly appreciated your insightful remarks about Marion Davies, consummate fibber that she was. I guess she really *did* drink too damned much. When she made the tape recordings in 1951 (on which the book of 1975 is based), she was very boozy. She spoke with a slurred, drawling voice [or so I've been assured by a friend in Santa Monica].
>
> Two years ago, 2010, I embarked on a new project. I called it "The Annotated Marion." What I did was, I went through her book with a

> fine-toothed comb. I transcribed the whole thing, word for word, and then I interspersed comments and footnotes along the way. Some of her passages required a great deal of explaining. Some of them couldn't be explained at all, which was terribly frustrating.
>
> I pretty much completed my job. But then I shelved the whole thing and turned to other work. I was just plain disgusted with all the fibbing and the improbabilities, stemming from her rotten memory. I realized I had much more satisfying work to do, focused on truthful material rather than lies. . . .
>
> On the Pearl Harbor thing, I knew from way back, from years ago (about 1986), that Hearst, Marion, and "the folks" had been at Wyntoon then. I hadn't had much luck, though, in convincing my colleagues of it. They thought maybe I was theorizing excessively. Lots of solid proof cropped up for me in 2000 and 2001, when I first worked with the Hearst Papers at the Bancroft Library. But there was still skepticism all around me: Marion's account of things in the 1975 book was too deeply imbedded—and universally accepted, of course.
>
> So I built a whole research theme around that detail. I figured, in Hearst's case, here's this guy who was such a big part of American history then, for better or for worse: if you didn't know exactly *where* he was on Pearl Harbor Day and *what* he was doing then, you really didn't know much at all. It'd be like not knowing where you were when JFK was shot or where you were when 9/11 occurred. Inexcusable! I've got a whole book now [the nearly completed one] that's built around the Hearst-Davies scene in late 1941. My little article I sent you hints at the details. There'll be a lot more on that popular level (more monthly articles, that is) and especially a lot more in the big book that stands behind it.
>
> Enough said on all that.

Enough said—to be sure. I've not been in further touch with Sam, not since our exchange in May 2012. Yet he's someone I'll be getting back to, without a doubt. I hope he'll have time to read these new literary-archival reflections I've compiled. I'll make a deal with him:

"Sam, I'll read your new Frances Benjamin Johnston book if you'll read what I've recently done with *Hearst and Pearl Harbor*."

I'll also tell him that I've come up with a fantasy, thanks to this whole effort. I see myself working on cord wood; I'm joined by two men who've passed on. One is Eddie Shaug, full of memories of Wyntoon on a historic Sunday back in 1941. The other man is the slightly older Bill Swanberg, who performed well enough in *Citizen Hearst* but who wasn't around to see the difference that G. & R. Hearst and other records could make. I'm sure he'd have been profoundly affected. Not much of an EQ or a presumption of weighed evidence would apply any longer in his case, not if his renewed outlook had encompassed the more crucial points I've been airing (and some lesser ones too, like the sinking of the *Montebello*).

While hoisting the 15-inch logs onto Eddie's splitter, our ears would suddenly have straightened. A venerable Monterey pine—that rare species dominating the Cambria forest—would have caught too much wind and stood its last. Those trees are relatively short-lived as it is, no matter their ancient lineage. In crashing to the ground, the noble giant would have made an unmistakable, almost thunder-clap noise. All three of us would have heard it, loud and clear throughout Strawberry Canyon, the verdant area I once called home.

Part 41 I KEEP THINKING of that big tree in the forest, the one that recently fell. Let's suppose it made enough racket to reach past the ears I mentioned—producing a sound audible to tens of people, or to hundreds or more. Would such an event make a difference? If subjects like 1941 and Pearl Harbor, plus Ludwig Bemelmans and 1947, were among the messages conveyed, would their broadcasting change how we view Hearstiana? Possibly. Perhaps even probably. Seeing is what leads to believing. In this case the same might apply to hearing. I'm not much given to metaphors, but this one tempts me to get poetic.

A decade ago, in my big Loorz book of 2003, *Building for Hearst and Morgan,* I offered a "literary-historical call to arms," way back on page 529 where I later realized my comments were apt to attract few readers. I addressed the call to "my fellow editors, researchers, and aficionados," saying in part:

> Make use of as many sources as possible, for together the Loorz Papers and all similar holdings, well known or obscure, are unrivaled in their field.

"We'll be the better for it today," I also said in my credo—and obviously in the future as well. "Today" now figures as 2013. If we are in fact the better for things, it's mostly through local publications like Tom Brown's *Illustrated History of Hearst Castle.* But on the broader and ultimately higher level, we're not much past Bill Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* of 1961 or David Nasaw's biography *The Chief,* dated 2000. The first of those titles is now a half-century old and counting. Even the Nasaw book already has a dozen-plus years to its name. Swanberg, as we've seen, never worked with the Hearst Papers at The Bancroft, nor with the Bunkhouse Collection or the George Loorz Papers or the still-newer G. & R. Hearst Collection. That's four major archives right there; we could name further ones he missed, like the Julia Morgan Collection. David Nasaw had much greater access for his purposes all those years later, and yet even he came along too soon to

do a truly thorough job (I'm especially alluding to G. & R. Hearst). Moreover, David's EQ with the papers he *did* consult may have been as high at times as Swanberg's non-archival score.

In short, it's time for all of us Hearstians to reinvent ourselves, here in the second decade of the 21st century. We can still glean much from Swanberg and Nasaw. For that matter we can keep gleaning fair amounts from Tebbel, Coblentz, Winkler, and—given keen selectivity—from the risky Guiles and certain others. Nonetheless, we have to reconnoiter and realign ourselves. It's one thing to get 1941 and Pearl Harbor and related details on proper track. But there's much more pending besides those subjects. Some of them I've hinted at. I've touched on others in passing: the 1932 Democratic Convention, for example. The list is far from exhausted in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor,* even for people who might be carefully reading between the lines of this new book's 41 parts.

It sounds easy enough. Yet in many respects it's not. Egos and reputations are at stake, sometimes mightily so. Those who've died—whether Swanberg himself or Sara Boutelle or John Dunlap or Ben Procter—pose fewer problems at a rapid glance. Consider, though, the Christmas card I received from Ben's widow, Phoebe, sent from Fort Worth, Texas—"Mrs. Ben H. Procter," her return label proudly calls her—with her envelope postmarked in Dallas on December 11, 2012:

> Thank you for your thoughtful words about Ben. I never tire [of] hearing others' memories of him.

Phoebe meant the consoling letter I'd sent her the previous April, right after I learned of Ben's passing. I retain a perfectly clear image of her, having last seen her in 2005 at the Hearst Symposium at Cuesta College. She was still the tall, strikingly handsome woman I'd first met in Cambria in 1984—a little younger back then than I am now—the ol' Lone Star gal with the beehive hairdo, a Jane Russell look-alike in a

Texan way. For Ben's sake, his wife always felt blessed to have the same name as W. R. Hearst's mother.

Had the time come for me to break the news to this latter-day Phoebe—that her late husband wasn't nearly the historian that he and certain others thought he'd been? That his EQ (perish the damnable term) was too high? Hardly. I could only hope that if my words ever got into bricks-and-mortar print, Phoebe herself would be gone by then or at least wouldn't be reading this far in my Hearstiana memoir. Ben's name would be in the index, though, and that could be awkward. Besides, their son Ben, Jr.—a capable attorney—had also attended the all-day symposium at Cuesta in 2005.

I've gotten too far off point in fretting like this. From back in Part 1 and on each page thereafter, I've wanted to clarify above all what the salient date of December 7, 1941, meant for the lives of Hearst and Marion at Wyntoon, plus for some of the other folks who were with them that year. That was the main thing, the rallying cry, which has proved to be quite enough.

And thus I'll close now and finally rest my case—at long last.

Afterword

One of the benefits—indeed the joys—of historical work lies in hearing about other writers and what they've done on related subjects or, for that matter, on things wholly unrelated. *Hearst and Pearl Harbor* led me to Eric Fettmann. He's the man who wrote "Isolationist Press" for Rod Carlisle's compilation *December 7, 1941,* part of the HarperCollins series "One Day in History." I touched on this in Part 19.

Fettmann proved alluring enough for me to run Google and Amazon checks. I learned about his book *FDR's Deadly Secret,* co-written with Steven Lomazow, M.D., a "board-certified neurologist" to Fettmann's being an "associate editorial-page editor of the *New York Post."* Both descriptions are from the dust jacket of their FDR biography of 2009. I had a new copy on hand as 2012 drew to a close; I productively read all 16 of its chapters. That famous President's "deadly secret," as the jacket also tells, stemmed from FDR's "health during his third and fourth terms of office [1941–1945]," a highly serious matter preceding the "continuing deception that followed his death" for many years thereafter.

I found Lomazow-Fettmann (the doctor's name comes first) to be a credible, convincing duo, collaborators who went to much trouble in writing a spellbinding yet calm and rational book. I've read other things about Franklin Roosevelt. I don't know enough, though, as I do about W. R. Hearst, to offer more than a best-guess judgment of *FDR's Deadly Secret.* That said, the Lomazow-Fettmann book appears to be first-rate history. Naturally it has at least a small amount of EQ to its name, as any nonfiction work of nearly 300 pages is sure to have. Page 199, for instance, speaks of "the Hearst-owned *Boston Herald"* in the context of 1951. I knew right off that this was wrong; I knew that the Hearst Corporation wasn't connected with that old Boston newspaper until 1972, fully 21 years after the Chief died. But this was certainly no deal breaker. It was a slip that those two authors or anyone else could easily make. ("Any

mistakes or faults," the FDR duo rightly admitted, "lie solely with the authors.") I spotted a few other errors, mostly minor typos, elsewhere in the book. Again, these were nothing to ruin my day or make me cast the book aside. I learned a great deal from *FDR's Deadly Secret.* In fact, before I was even halfway through it, I ordered another copy. I sent it to Will Hearst, knowing of his deep interest in his grandfather's heart condition in old age, as monitored by the renowned cardiologist Myron Prinzmetal.

I read the back matter in the FDR book just as carefully. In the main text, Lomazow and Fettmann had mentioned Geoffrey C. Ward, a Roosevelt scholar whose name sounded familiar but whose work I'd never seen. The co-authors of *FDR's Deadly Secret* had this to say in their acknowledgments:

> Special thanks are due to Geoffrey C. Ward, historian extraordinaire, who over more than three years patiently responded to our every question and suggestion, no matter how seemingly outrageous, and, though not convinced of our thesis, helped steer us away from several wrong paths.

Although I didn't like the tone of "outrageous" (too youthful, too trendy for authors close to my age), I was deeply struck by the part about Ward's not having adopted the premise behind the book. That premise—or "thesis"—was that FDR's health had been shaky at best and that he'd long been on the road to sudden fatality at the nation's expense, and perhaps even that of the larger world. I suppose Dr. Lomazow and Eric Fettmann could have done a better job of summarizing their thesis. At any rate, even after all the effort they'd expended in presenting and arguing their case, a Roosevelt specialist like Geoffrey Ward had yet to come round.

The situation made me think of W. R. Hearst. What exactly was *my* thesis in *Hearst and Pearl Harbor?* John Porter, my perennial editor, had hoped I'd be clear about it from the very start. I shrugged him off, saying I'd have to write the book to find out just what my thesis was. Only then would I know. As for Lomazow and Fettmann, their thesis wasn't anything

as simple as saying that FDR was President of the United States; that wouldn't have surprised anyone or have made for historical revisionism. No, FDR's years in the White House are very well known, his tenure firmly established. It's what went on behind the scenes that was secretive—thus resulting in the authors' thesis of deadliness and its outcome.

In turn, in Hearst's case, my thesis wasn't so much that the Chief was at Wyntoon on December 7, 1941, rather than at San Simeon or someplace else. His real whereabouts are more than evident through two fundamental archives, the William Randolph Hearst Papers and the George & Rosalie Hearst Collection. True, I had to tap those primary sources enough to put Hearst convincingly at Wyntoon at the crucial moment. But never did I tell my readers that I *thought* that's where he was or that I *believed* such was the case. I didn't have to. The records themselves convey those details clearly; I served as their shepherd, their conduit, their spokesman. My putting forth of opinion or theory or interpretation—as distinct from my aligning the facts—was comparatively limited, at all times. Moreover, there was Eddie Shaug's vital testament of the late 1980s to bolster things, should it be necessary to go that far.

What, then, does that leave for a Hearstian thesis to consist of? Simply this, as Tom Brown likes to say: it's the story behind the story. That's what really counts—the story of how people vaguely thought for the longest time that Hearst was somewhere else on that infamous Sunday and that, possibly, he was doing things for which no important documents exist, evidently none whatever (San Simeon, for example, being stony silent—for perfectly good reason). The distortions and misinterpretations and erroneous assumptions get us much closer to a thesis, if such a literary-historical device must in fact be had.

Steven Lomazow and Eric Fettmann have other experts (no doubt of varied quality) to confer with besides Geoffrey Ward. Alas, the numbers of those specialists are decreasing, not increasing, nor even holding the line. The same is true in Hearstiana. Frank Freidel and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., are dead now in the FDR camp. W. A. Swanberg, John Dunlap, and Ben

Procter are deceased on the Hearstian side. Who's left to step forward and speak commandingly for the sake of historical truth? I can't begin to know with regard to FDR and that "deadly secret" within the Lomazow-Fettmann book; I've got to leave that to those two authors, with hopes that they'll make further headway with their thesis, be it Ward-friendly or not.

In my realm about the only figure of convincing authority (quite beyond myself, rest assured) is David Nasaw. A man of 68 come 2013, Dr. Nasaw is potentially the Great White Hope of Hearstian rationality. A follow-up article by him in a mainstream magazine (it needn't be lengthy), explaining that he got certain details wrong back in 2000—but better knows now how to correct them—could accomplish much. He could do the job in two or three thousand insightful words.

In the meantime, pending the Nasaw oracle or its equivalent, should such materialize for us, we Hearstians can keep telling the story behind the story—or even the story behind the story behind the story, *ad infinitum.* That can be our thesis, our new mantra, our devoted call to arms for as long as we need to sound its enlightened ring.