

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

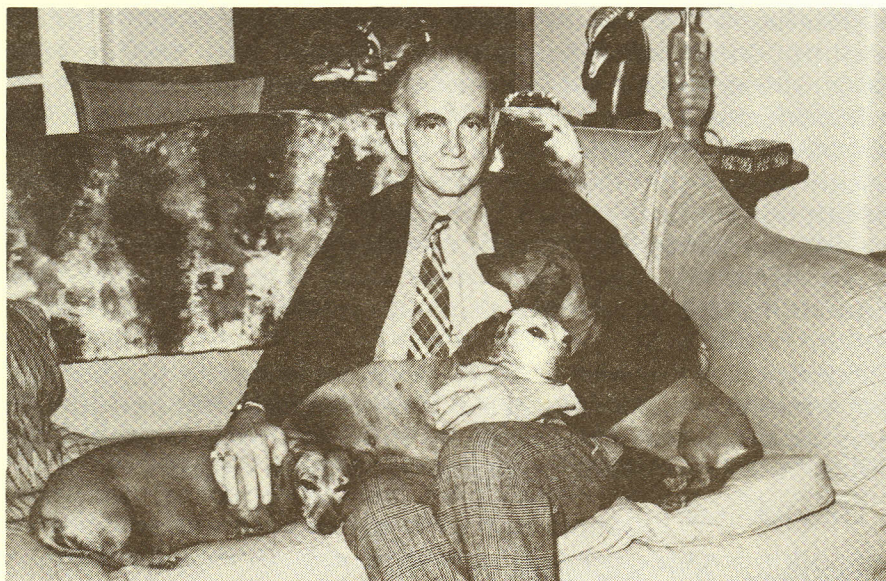
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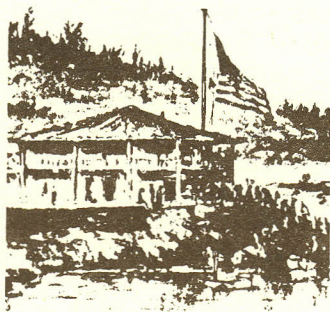
Noel Sullivan relaxes at home with a lapful of dachshunds

Photo by George Robinson, courtesy Mrs. Beth Robinson

In this issue:

**The Ubiquitous
William P. Toler page 2
Midshipman Raises the Flag**

**The Master
of Hollow Hills page 9
Friends Remember Noel Sullivan**



The flag flies over the Custom House

The Ubiquitous William P. Toler

"Sunday, June 7, 1846. Variable winds and pleasant.

H.B.M. Brigantine Spy went to sea.

At 10 a.m., read the Articles of War. Mustered crew. Performed Divine service."

Thus did 20-year-old Midshipman William Pinkney Toler log the events of the day aboard the USS Savannah, flagship of the Pacific Squadron, at anchor off Mazatlan, Mexico.

What Toler probably did not know was that Commodore John Drake Sloat, commanding the fleet, had received information the same day that two battles involving Mexican and American troops had taken place near the Texas border, although neither side had issued a formal declaration of war.

This information came from Fleet Surgeon William Maxwell Wood, who was making his way across Mexico in civilian clothes despite the constant danger of being captured and executed as a spy. The same information had apparently been received by officers of the British Navy aboard the aptly named Spy and Sloat surmised that that ship's abrupt departure meant that it was on its way to San Blas, eighty miles further south, to give news of Mexican-American hostilities to Admiral Seymour, commanding the British fleet in the Western Pacific.

Incredible as it may seem today, Sloat was acting under orders that were then over seven-and-a-half months old. The dispatches had been relayed by the American ship Leland, which caught up with Sloat's forces in Honolulu on October 2, 1845, as recorded by Toler in the Savannah's logbook.

The orders read:

"Washington, D.C., June 24, 1845

"SIR:

"Your attention is still particularly directed to the present aspect of the relations between this country and Mexico. It is the earnest desire of the President to pursue the policy of peace, and he is anxious that you and every part of your Squadron should be assiduously careful to avoid any act which could be construed as an act of aggression.

"Should Mexico, however, be resolutely bent on hostilities, you will be mindful to protect the persons and interests of the citizens of the United States near your station; and should you ascertain beyond a doubt that the Mexican Government has declared war against us, you will at once employ the force under your command to the best advantage. The Mexican ports on the Pacific are said to be open and defenseless. If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco and blockade or occupy such other ports as your force may permit.

"Yet, even if you should find yourself called upon by the certainty of a declaration of war . . . you will be careful to preserve, if possible, the most friendly relations with the inhabitants (of California) and where you can do so, you will encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality.

"The great distance of your squadron, and the difficulty of communicating with you are the reasons for issuing this order. . . . The object of the instructions is to possess you of the views of the government in the event of a declaration of war against the United States--an event you are enjoined to do everything consistent with national honor on your part to avoid." ¹

Soon after receiving this dispatch, Sloat set sail for the Pacific Coast and took up station off the port of Mazatlan, where he was to play a game of hide-and-seek with the British forces for almost two-thirds of a year.

"Monday...Winds light and variable. Received water as per (third) cutter. Hoisted her (the anchor) in. Ends with light winds from the W. Clear and pleasant weather."

The Savannah was underway for Monterey.

This was not William Toler's first trip to Alta California. Almost four years before, the young midshipman had accompanied Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones on a similar mission. Toler was born in Venezuela of an American father and a Venezuelan mother who died when he was three years old. His father was later appointed U.S. Consul in Puerto Rico and some years later returned to Washington D.C., where young Toler began his career as a clerk in the office of Attorney General John J. Crittenden. Not wishing to become a lawyer, Toler attempted to get an appointment to the Navy, but found the quota for Virginia, his father's home state, was filled. On his father's advice he called on Henry Clay, then representing Kentucky in Congress.

Clay reportedly told him:

"Young man, your father is a Virginian, and so am I by birth, but I am now a Kentuckian; and as we have no salt water excepting for deer licks, and no place for naval operations and nobody just now who wants to go to sea, I will make a Kentuckian of you by adoption and send you to sea." ²

Toler was thus made a midshipman at the age of sixteen and, because of his fluency with the Spanish language, was assigned as aide-de-camp to Commodore Jones, accompanying him to the Pacific in 1841.

The American fleet was then stationed in Callao, Peru, and even at that time American officials were nervous about what course the British might take in the event of a conflict between the United States and Mexico.

Misinterpreting a dispatch indicating that the two countries were already at war and seeing a large portion of the British fleet leave the harbor, Jones sailed directly to Monterey on his flagship United States, arriving October 18, 1842. He announced to the flabbergasted governor, Juan Alvarado, that because of the hostilities between the two countries, he was taking possession of Monterey. Not having heard of any hostilities and having few men at his disposal, Alvarado could do nothing but send a message reporting the invasion to Manuel Micheltorena, then en route north to assume the position of governor of Alta California.

The next day a party of 400 U.S. sailors and marines landed, including Toler, and the American flag was run up. If Toler did not actually raise the flag, he was in the party of those who did.

Later, the young midshipman, in the company of a Mr. Larraintree, Commodore Jones' secretary, found a bundle of dusty papers in a corner of the of-

fice of the Collector of Customs. On opening them, it was found that they were recent dispatches and made no mention of war between Mexico and the United States. After the commodore inspected the documents, along with Thomas O. Larkin, the American consul in Monterey, Toler and other members of the ship's company were ordered to go ashore, lower the American flag, and again raise the Mexican standard. This was done and Jones acknowledged the action with a twenty-one gun salute.

Jones then set sail for San Pedro, where Micheltorena had halted. The commodore apologized for the misunderstanding and after some reflection, the incoming Mexican governor said he would be satisfied with a reparation of 50 infantry uniforms, some musical instruments and \$15,000 in cash. Further discussion ensued and it was finally agreed that the problems of proper redress should be left to the two governments to work out. A gala ball was then thrown by Micheltorena to show that there were no hard feelings. Jones was recalled to Washington to stand court martial, but this was apparently only to satisfy the Mexican authorities, for he was cleared of all charges.

Toler remained on the Pacific station, where, over three years later, he once again found himself on the way to Monterey as aide-de-camp to the commander of the Pacific fleet, in this case Sloat, and, once again, there was a distinct feeling that the American squadron was in a race with the British to see whose flag would fly next over Alta California.

Toler's log was closed at sea on June 27 by order of Sloat, who affixed his signature to it, and the young midshipman was put to work helping prepare documents in preparation for the fleet's arrival in Monterey. On July 2, 1846, the following entry was recorded in the log of the Savannah:

From 4 to 6 moderate breezes and pleasant. Standing in the bay of Monterey. At 4 p.m. let go starboard anchor in nine fathoms of water...Point Pinos bearing per compass, N. W. by N. Custom House S. S. W...."

Sloat's flagship had made the passage in 24 days, proving her to be one of the fastest ships afloat at that time. Already in the harbor were the American sloops of war Cyane and Levant which had been dispatched to Monterey earlier.

Sloat's next action--or lack of action--became a subject of fierce controversy for years afterwards. Having driven the Savannah hard to make the passage from Mazatlan, Sloat delayed actually occupying Monterey for five days.

It has been argued that he was wary of repeating Jones' mistake of raising the American flag when there no proof that war existed between Mexico and the United States. Others believe that he thought Fremont, who had taken part in the 'Bear Flag' revolt and had more recently spiked the Spanish cannon guarding San Francisco Bay, might have more recent orders than his own; still others feel he was influenced by Larkin, who was trying to implement a plan to have local authorities put the territory under the protection of the United States, thus avoiding possible bloodshed.³

Whatever the reason for the delay, it was not in Sloat's nature to divulge his thinking. In an interview nearly a half century later, Toler described Sloat as ". . . a man of extreme reticence and uncommunicative with his officers, a strict disciplinarian, who kept his own council, and his words were few even to

his son, Midshipman Warren Sloat, his private secretary, (and me), his aide-de-camp and signal officer, also (acting as) his interpreter and translator, being but boys comparatively in age while the Commodore was then sixty-five years old, with sea and war experience of half a century.”⁴

Sloat then began work on a proclamation, addressed to the residents of Monterey and translated into Spanish by Toler.

The events that followed are in the words of Major Edwin A. Sherman, a feisty soldier, writer and politician, and are based on an interview with Toler nearly fifty years later:⁵

“While the (proclamation) was being prepared the people on shore were becoming clamorous and impatient, and were disappointed at the flag not being hoisted on the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American independence. At the same time the small colony of Americans were fearful of the British arriving to complicate matters or seize the prize. To a certain extent this spirit of impatience imparted itself among the officers and crews, who having mingled with the Americans on shore, and partaking of the same ardent feeling and sentiment, there were some murmurings which, however, did not seem to disturb the Commodore....

“On the morning of July 7th, 1846, the surrender of Monterey was demanded, but it was evaded by the Mexican commander, who with his few troops retired. About 9 o’clock a.m. the order was given, the detachments of marines and crews of the ships, under the command of Capt. Mervine, were ready, and at the signal given, promptly started for the shore and quickly landed without opposition or bloodshed, being covered by the guns of the ship. The line was immediately formed and drawn up a few yards in front of the north end of the custom house facing it and the rest of Monterey.

“...as signal officer, Toler was in charge of the flag to be hoisted...The petty officer or quartermaster bent on the flag to the halyards, which had been done up in a bunt in seamanlike form, and when ready, Toler ordered him to hoist it and he did so half-way, but the halyards got jammed in the top so it could go no farther. Toler then impatiently seized the halyards to raise the flag himself, but met with no better success. Midshipman Higgens, seeing the difficulty, immediately pulled off his coat and shoes, climbed the flagstaff, cleared the rope and sang out, ‘Hoist away, Toler!’ and Toler did so, raising the flag to the masthead. The proclamation was then read in English by Purser Rodman M. Price; salutes were fired by the Savannah and Cyane; the proclamation posted in three places, and the formal taking of possession of California was accomplished.”

Little did Sloat--who must have watched the scene from the deck of the Savannah--realize that the young signal officer he had sent ashore would help defend his honor almost a half-century later

In a letter to Secretary of State James Buchanan, Larkin described the American occupation:

“The Custom House is now fitted up with beds, tables etc., etc. Over one hundred marines with music paraded the town this day. An orderly and strict guard patrol the streets. The citizens at night are not hailed . . . For a few days the stores that sell spirits are closed. It is impossible to foretell how the present state of affairs may terminate. I am of the opinion the inhabitants unawed by the chiefs will soon be contented.”

July 16, nine days after the American flag had been raised, Admiral Seymour, aboard the HMS Collingwood arrived in Monterey. Sherman reports the following incident, as told by Toler:⁷

“Immediately after the arrival of the British flagship Collingwood, Commodore Sloat with his aides-de-camp, paid the customary official visit to Admiral Seymour on board of that ship. . . Toler remained in the commodore’s gig with the coxswain and boat crew. After a little, one of the British officers, who had known Toler before, and with whom he was on the most friendly terms, invited him to come aboard the ship, and he did so, where he was agreeably entertained.

“While sitting by the mess-table and chatting, a group of British officers nearby were indulging in jolly conversation with considerable laughter, which was rather boisterous and which attracted Toler’s attention, and he asked his British friend what was the cause of it, who replied, confidentially, that it was ‘a joke at the Admiral’s expense,’ ‘You see, that when we were near Point Pinos, the Admiral came on deck and manifested a great deal of anxiety, and gave orders to the quartermaster, who carried the spyglass, to keep a sharp lookout when rounding the Point. As the Collingwood made the turn and was sailing in, the Admiral, in sharp tones said, ‘Quartermaster, do you see a flag flying on shore?’ The latter replied ‘Yes, sir; but I cannot make it out, sir.’ The Admiral, becoming more excited, kept repeating the question sharply, and received the same answer. At last . . . the quartermaster, shading his eyes, and stooping a little and getting a clearer view under the fog, replied ‘Yes, sir, I see a flag very clearly, sir.’ ‘What flag is it?’ asked the Admiral. The quartermaster replied, ‘It is the American flag, sir.’ Upon which the British Admiral slapped his thigh, stamped his foot and passionately exclaimed in disappointment, ‘Then, by God, I am too late!’”

It will probably never be known whether the British would have actually occupied Monterey in the absence of the American squadron, but relations between the two naval forces were conducted with the greatest courtesy during Seymour’s stay.

Sloat later reported to Congress:

“The visit of the Admiral was very serviceable to our cause in California, as the inhabitants fully believed he would take part with them, and that we would be obliged to abandon our conquest; but when they saw the friendly intercourse subsisting between us, and found that he could not interfere in their behalf, they abandoned all hope of ever seeing the Mexican flag fly in California again.”⁸

Seymour was furnished with a set of top-gallant masts and other spars for his ship and on July 23 sailed for Hawaii. Sloat, in ill health, turned his command over to Commodore Stockton, who had arrived on the ship Congress and headed for the United States via Panama.

Young Toler, who remained with the occupying force, was ordered on shore to help with the construction of earthworks and blockhouse, which was named Fort Mervine after Captain William Mervine, now in command of the Savannah. The blockhouse was two stories high and equipped with three 42-pound cannon, commanding the approach to Monterey Harbor. When the fortifications were completed, Toler was put in command, but when off duty, he would roam the countryside and because of his fluency in Spanish, made friends with a number of native Californians.

During one of his rides, he learned that plans had been made to capture the

fort and he rushed back to prepare for the attack. Being inexperienced, as he later said, he forgot to tell the sentries to allow the attackers to get close enough so they could bring the cannons to bear. The would-be surprisers approached the fort as planned, but when they were first observed, the sentries opened fire with muskets, driving them off without harm.

Toler was later assigned to a post in Washington, D.C., but decided to resign and return to California. Because of his service and in order to save him great expense, it was recommended that he be released from the service close to his intended home. He came around the horn again in the sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, which anchored in Sausalito. Just as the ship came to anchor, he went below, and divided his uniform, sword, belt and other equipment with his fellow officers and, plopping a plug hat on his head, asked the ship's captain for a boat to convey him to San Francisco. Arriving there, the boat crew took his trunk to the house where he was to stop and left him to his reflections.

In 1852 he married Maria Antonia Peralta and subsequently settled down in a yellow, two-story house near Oakland with his wife and son. After working as a custom broker and as a translator in San Francisco, ill health forced him to retire in 1876 and his story might have ended there but for Major Sherman.

Forty years after the flag was raised in Monterey, Sherman conceived the idea of having a monument erected to Sloat, overlooking Monterey Bay, to be dedicated on the fiftieth anniversary of the day that California was joined to the Union.

Sherman persuaded Senator George C. Perkins to introduce a bill into Congress, appropriating \$10,000 for such a monument, but the bill ran into trouble when a number of historians, notably the influential H. H. Bancroft, who questioned Sloat's five-day delay in occupying Monterey, insinuating that it perhaps jeopardized the acquisition of California by the United States.

In defense of his hero, Sherman went to work researching old government documents and seeking out those who had been present before and during the raising of the flag. Toler, with whom Sherman was acquainted, was called upon to air his recollections of those momentous days. It was partially because of his statements and Sherman's thunderous attacks on Sloat's critics that the commodore's name was cleared sufficiently for the celebration plans to proceed.

On the big day, July 7, 1896, Toler was again asked to raise the flag at the Monterey Custom House. Sherman, who had fought and toiled for ten years to make the celebration a reality, might be excused for his lack of restraint in describing the scene:

" . . . a quartermaster of the (battleship) *Philadelphia* bent the American flag on the halyards which were placed in Mr. Toler's hands. Major Sherman called for three cheers for the American flag, and as it was hoisted by Mr. Toler with a vim and energy of a half century before, and his eyes sparkling with pride and pleasure, everybody cheered as the Stars and Stripes began to unfold, but, as fifty years before, the halyards were cramped and had to be cleared; but when it reached the masthead and spread out full to the breeze, then occurred a scene the like of which is but seldom witnessed. People went fairly wild with patriotic enthusiasm. Hats and handkerchiefs were flung into the air; military reserve was forgotten in this wild bust of applause....

"But the flag would not spread out. It hung obstinately--lazily it seemed--by the mast. A sailor climbed the pole, scrambled on the verandah roof and released the Stars and Stripes.

" 'Put Toler up here where we can see him,' cried a number and after a while Mr. Toler was placed on a chair within sight of all. He was again and again cheered and requested to make a speech.

"He bowed and appeared to be deeply affected.

" 'Fellow citizens,' said he, evidently stirred with strong emotions... 'It is the second time I have raised the flag and it will be the last time. Owing to my physical inability, I am prevented from delivering a (lengthy) speech. I will now take my farewell. I wish you and your families every happiness and not only you but all the people of our beloved and united country.'

"Mr. Toler then withdrew amid loud huzzas."¹⁰

William Pinkney Toler was not one of the larger figures of his time, but he seems to epitomize the thousands of young men who helped piece together the disparate parts of the Union in the nineteenth century. In some uncanny way, he also had a hand (literally) in some of the most significant episodes of California history.

He died January 24, 1899. When word of his death reached Monterey, it was ordered that the flag at the custom house be lowered to half-mast in a gesture of respect.

DLW

FOOTNOTES:

*The 'Ap' (sometimes spelled 'ap') in Jones' name is a contraction for the Welsh word 'Map' and means 'son of', similar to the Scottish word 'Mac'. Though never seen, the correct spelling of the commodore's name might be: Thomas 'apCatesby Jones.

**Larkin sent this account of the taking of Monterey to Secretary of State Buchanan a few days later:

"On the 7th instant at 7 O clock in the morning, the Commodore sent to the house of Don Mariano Silva (the highest Military Commandant at the time in town) Captain Mervine . . . accompanied by Lieutenant Higgins, Purser Price, and Midshipman Tollar (sic) demanding the surrender of the town and country. By 8 O clock Senor Silva contested the letter, saying he had no orders nor anything to give up, property, soldiers or flag (the Comandancia of this port has had no flag these two months). At ten O clock the forces were landed and they hoisted the flag of the United States." - from The Larkin Papers, Vol.5, p. 126, University of California Press.

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The Master of Hollow Hills

BY VIRGINIA W. STONE

Biographical details sketch in the facts. Anecdotes help to flesh out the details. Yet how does one capture the spirit? Look at the portraits of Noel Sullivan, both photographic and artistic, and they may help you get in touch with the special spirit of this man. The specific details merge but the central image remains the same. There is the gentle smile, both amused and tolerant. Yet his dark eyes reflect his feeling against the cruelty and injustice in the world. In his life Noel Sullivan tried to atone for man's inhumanity to man. Noel's role was that of a missionary bringing comfort and beauty to the world. A saint, perhaps. Saintry he surely was.

There is the tender little portrait to the right of the Virgin Mary, Anne, and the Holy Child painted above the altar in the shadowy silence of the Carmelite Monastery. The story is told that one of the cherubim, the solemn dark-eyed child with the widow's peak, was a portrait of Noel as a young boy. After all, the plaque to the left of the altar commemorates Noel's father, Francis Sullivan, the man who gave this lovely building to the world and to God. Here, too, Noel's sister, Ada Sullivan, later Mother Agnes of Jesus, is honored as the founder of the monastery.

Then there is the portrait of Noel Sullivan which hangs in the little book-lined library of Robinson Jeffers' Tor House. Dressed in formal attire, he looks urbane and almost supercilious, despite the dachshund cuddled on his lap. Not at all like Uncle Noel, wrote one of his nieces, who said his clothing was always casual and well-worn. Connie Palms, a close friend, remembers his wearing comfortable tweed jackets, often threadbare at the elbows.

The sheaf of photographs the late George Robinson took of Noel show him seated at the organ, at table, and holding a contented lapful of his precious dachshunds. There are pictures, too, of Hollow Hills, his estate on Carmel Valley Road. They show the sunny open rooms and wide verandas covered with flowering vines. It was a gracious setting for many of the famous in the world of music and the arts who shared the splendid meals and crystal conversation. There is a picture, too, of the tiny chapel with its holy images and candles welcoming the world-weary into its cool, dim recess. (It is the only building that survives since the house itself burned to the ground not long after the Carmel Valley Manor bought the property from Noel's heirs in 1960.)

Noel Sullivan was born into a wealthy and devout Catholic family in 1890. His grandfather, John Sullivan, was a California pioneer, founder, and first president of the Hibernia Bank. His mother was a Phelan, daughter of the pioneer San Francisco merchandising family and sister to James D. Phelan, former San Francisco mayor and U.S. Senator. Phelan's elegant estate, Montalvo, in Saratoga, no doubt opened up a heady world of art, music, and letters to young Noel, that was to influence the rest of his life.

Senator Phelan was famous for his hospitality and Montalvo proved to be a

rich training-ground for the sensitive young man. Later he would leave the Bay Area, spending most of his time in Paris, where his love for music and the arts would be nourished. It is not surprising that when he moved to the Carmel area in 1934, his name was preeminent in the early years of the Bach Festival where he sang in the chorus and gave his festive luncheon for all the participants every year.

His first home at Carmelo and Sixth was called Innisfree after the poem by Yeats. Three years later he purchased 18 acres on the sunny slopes of Carmel Valley which he called Hollow Hills Farm. He expanded the existing house, filled it with beautiful furnishings, and began to collect the animals that made some people call Hollow Hills Noel's Ark. Horses, goats, pigs, wild fawns, and, of course, the dogs, who even had their private burial ground beside the chapel. If Noel had a patron saint, it must have been St. Francis.

Like his uncle, he played host to the leading artists of the day, especially in the world of music: guests such as Roland Hayes, Paul Robson, Gregor Piatigorsky, Lotte Lehman, Langston Hughes, Dame Myra Hess, Marian Anderson, Bishop Fulton Sheehan, Judith Anderson, and his close friends, Una and Robinson Jeffers. Kraig Weston's mother, Marie Short, often acted as hostess. Lively and vivacious, she would spark the dinnertable conversation while Noel sat back and enjoyed the pyrotechnics.

Noel Sullivan loved birthdays. His friend, Lee Crowe, remembers that he always had a store of presents wrapped and ready to give to those who came to his home. Connie Palms recalls one special birthday party for Noel himself when all the guests were to write poems in the celebrant's honor to be read at table after dinner. Seeing Robinson Jeffers standing alone by the fireplace, she voiced her trepidation to him about reading her poem. Jeffers looked at her gravely for a moment and then, whispered, 'Why don't we trade poems?' It was done and both went in to dinner. After dessert it was time to read the tributes. Connie stood up, took a deep breath, and read Jeffers' poem without betraying its authorship. 'How sweet, Connie.' 'Don't worry, dear. Poetry isn't everyone's thing,' etc. The remarks were condescending indeed.

It was Jeffers' turn. He stood up and slowly read Connie's poem in his usual laconic style. 'Superb.' 'Genius will always tell.' 'The master's touch.' Noel was convulsed. Only he had guessed correctly that a deal had been struck in the poetry department, and the comments of the guests only highlighted the humor of the situation.

Music was the anthem of his life, and his dedication touched everyone around him. His speaking voice was soft and gentle, and his friends would be startled when they first heard the dark rich tone of his bass voice as he sang in the Mission choir. The organ was one of his favorite instruments. Connie Palms tells of the time when she was in a San Francisco music store, and she saw Noel come in. He tried out several of the organs on the floor and after a few minutes said to the salesman,

"I'll take this one." The salesman beamed. Then Noel continued, "And I'll take this one, too." The salesman's smile turned to a look of horror. Who was this man who wanted to buy not one, but two organs all within the space of a few minutes' time? Only with Connie's reassurance that, indeed, the gentleman was of irreproachable character was he mollified and the sale

transacted.

Long before civil rights became a popular cause in this country, Noel Sullivan had broadened his artistic horizons by inviting some of the leading black artists in the country to Hollow Hills. Many of the guests remember the rollcall of famous black names. Kraig Weston thought that sitting next to Roland Hayes at luncheon one day was one of the highlights of her girlhood. Noel's love and respect for all mankind, nay creation, is perhaps best exemplified in the charming story told by the late Father Farrell and printed in *The Carmel Pine Cone*, March 17, 1983:

"He told me that many years ago on a cold and rainy night he picked up a young hitchhiker on Highway 101 outside San Francisco, who was bound for Los Angeles. Noel usually turned off at Prunedale but he drove to Salinas and bought the young man a bus ticket to Los Angeles.

"During the drive, the young man told Noel that all the evils of America were caused by Catholics, Jews, and blacks and that he was going to join the Ku Klux Klan. On parting, Noel said: "The man who gave you a lift and bought your bus ticket is a Catholic; my father is a Jew and my mother, a black--God Bless you."

There are several versions of this story, and so in its telling and retelling, it has nearly reached the status of a legend.

When Noel Sullivan was stricken at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, dying shortly thereafter in late September, 1956, his friends sought solace from each other. Their gentle friend was gone. Hollow Hills would no longer be the warm and glowing center of their universe. The music and the gay talk and laughter of many candlelit hours were only memories. Hollow Hills was almost silent. There was only the plaintive barking of Noel's dogs as they heard an occasional car drive in and then discovered that it was not the one they sought.

Eulah Pharr, Noel's housekeeper for many years, tells how she went to Noel's room and slept there to comfort the dogs. They nestled around her on the bed and beside it, anxiously waiting for the man who would never return. One midnight after she had calmed the restless animals down, she was awakened by their frantic barking. Several looked up at the ceiling, and others ran out onto the balcony that opened to the starlit darkness of Carmel Valley. Then, in concert, other dogs all over the valley took up the chorus. Suddenly all was still. Not a sound anywhere. After a long, breathless moment, the dogs returned to Eulah's bed, settled down and slept peacefully the rest of the night. Never again did they jump up anxiously when a rare visitor turned into the drive at Hollow Hills.

My thanks go to Lee Crowe, Lee Jeffers, Margaret Lial, Marjorie Lloyd, Nancy Morrow, Connie Palms, Kraig Weston and Beth Robinson. Also to Betty Hoag McGlynn who made various materials on Noel Sullivan available to me. Also to the Tor House Foundation whose files include material relating to Noel Sullivan and his friendship with Robin and Una Jeffers.

**THE EDITORS
MONTEREY HISTORY
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Post Office Box 805
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Mrs. C. Tod Singleton, Mr. Ted Durein, and Rear Admiral Earl E. Stone.

1986 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

June 7	Merienda
July 5	Sloat Landing Ceremonies
August 16	New Members Meeting
September	Annual Meeting