

YOU CAN'T TELL THE PLAYERS WITHOUT A PROGRAM

A Hollywood Glossary

by

William Dozier

About the Author

Born and reared in Omaha, Nebraska, William Dozier was educated there in a Jesuit high school and university, studied law for two years, entered the entertainment business as a writer's agent in 1935 after a brief and disastrous fling at real estate; six years thereafter headed the story and writing department at Paramount; five years later became executive assistant to the late Charles Koerner, then head of production at RKO; after three years went to Universal as vice president and associate head of production; produced pictures at Columbia for two years; assisted Samuel Goldwyn for a year and a half; went to New York as executive producer of dramatic programs for CBS-TV in 1951; returned to Hollywood as director of programs for CBS-TV in 1955; returned to RKO as vice president in charge of production in 1956; returned to CBS-TV as vice president in charge of Hollywood programming in 1957; went to Screen Gems as a director and vice president in charge of production in 1959; formed his own company, Greenway Productions, in 1964 and among other output produced and co-owned the legendary television series, BATMAN, the biggest instant hit in the history of the tube. Presently in what he characterizes as "semi-voluntary

semi-retirement," he is a member of the faculty of Mt. St. Mary's College in West Los Angeles and divides his time among a home in Beverly Hills, another in Malibu, and a casa in Acapulco.

Married three times, once to Joan Fontaine by whom he has a daughter, Deborah, now an actress in her twenties; earlier to a college days sweetheart by whom he has a son, Robert, a successful motion picture and television writer; and since 1953 to Ann Rutherford, of "Andy Hardy" fame, he says, "everyone should be married at least three times," and believes his finest training for life in the Hollywood jungle was one year of preparation for the Catholic priesthood in a Jesuit novitiate in his teens and two years in a Federal prison in his early twenties. Regarding the latter, he wishes when his "friends" circulate the story, they would include his having been granted a full and unconditional pardon by President Truman in 1949. From this broad and colorful background, during which he has known most, if not all, the "great, near-great, and wish-they-were great," he has fashioned this objective peek behind the celluloid curtain. "I'm not mad at anyone," he says, "nor am I bitter about anything. I simply think now and then it's

healthy to draw a perspective bead on the players in the game,
and it is indeed a game."

FOREWORD

These pages contain a comment on almost everyone of interest in Hollywood, living or dead, including some who are dead but simply won't lie down; also on several of Hollywood's institutions and better known shrines.

Being a firm disbeliever in the Latin maxim, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, I have carefully not overlooked several deceased Hollywoodsmen and woodswomen. I believe if there is anything worth saying about the mortuis, it should be said, be it bonum or otherwise. The omission of any persons, institutions, or shrines is either because they were not considered colorful enough, or simply because I had nothing to say about them, good or otherwise. In many instances I have included non-residents of the Hollywood community but chaps and chapesses whose spheres of activity often encompass the Eternal City of the West.

So here lies Hollywood, in alphabetical order, from Adams to Zanuck.

William Dozier

ADAMS, EDIE -- Few are familiar with her valiant struggles, financial and otherwise, following the instant death of Ernie Kovacs. If Oscars were given for such performances, her mantel would resemble the parade ground of a golden Army. And she has done more for cigars than Groucho Marx!

ALBERT, EDDIE -- A bright, capable, wholly rounded human being, as well as an eternally reliable performer. Also one of the forerunners and real leaders in the ecology parade.

ALLEN, STEVE -- Many talents, all considerable, but somehow getting in one another's way.

ALLYSON, JUNE -- Free haircuts did not a husband make, but "Junie" will survive, and should.

ANDREWS, DANA -- Unspectacular but dependable as an actor, but a thoroughly decent and honest man who has overcome his share of personal handicaps, notably a longtime excessive lust for the grape.

ANDREWS, JULIE -- Carrying a rider much too heavy for her and whom she would do well to dump as soon as possible.

ANN-MARGRET --An inescapable commonness worked well for her in "Carnal Knowledge" and may work again, but which will always severely limit her screen scope. *NO ONE SHOULD BE EXPECTED TO HAVE A BREAK AS BAD AS HER TRAGIC ACCIDENT IN NEVADA.*

ARKIN, ALAN --Should have made his long overdue break-through in "Catch 22" but the picture itself failed him. He needs only "the big one" to go to the heights as a star. He's already there as a performer.

ARNAZ, DESI -- Lazy by heritage, "Amigo" is an actor of limited range, but a producer and entrepreneur of unlimited range, truly one of the early major creative forces in television and for whom there should always be a place in the spectrum.

ARNAZ, DESI, Jr. -- A smashingly attractive young man, hugely talented, who handles himself with style and dignity both on and off the screen.

ARNESS, JAMES -- "Gunsmoke's" big, hulking Matt Dillon came within an eyelash of "blowing" the role and its concomitant millions by "deciding," the day before he was to report to shoot the pilot film in 1955, that "he didn't think he wanted to give up features and go into television." Prior thereto he had made all of two or three totally forgettable features and fortunately for him and his heirs, for CBS-TV and trillions of viewers, he was persuaded to change his mind that night after several hours of painstaking explanation and cajoling at my home in Beverly Hills. Long on brawn, short on brain, an undisputed television champ.

ASTAIRE, FRED -- A dear, wonderful man. Extraordinarily talented, shy, self-effacing almost to the point of disbelief. In 1947 I importuned him to become a director, starting with "Up in Central Park," starring Deanna Durbin and Dick Haymes. He declined, saying, "My God, I couldn't spend so much time talking to actors!" Too bad, he would have made a great director.

AUBREY, JAMES T. -- Since being maneuvered into the presidency of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer by the master puppeteer and sometime lawyer, Greg Bautzer, the former "Smiling Cobra" has become the "Lugubrious Lion." Diamond hard, vindictive, he nevertheless commands respect for having "turned the company around." He secretly relished all the nonsense about being the prototype of Robin Stone in that woeful novel and infinitely more woeful film, "The Love Machine," but Robin Stone was a pussycat compared to the Cheetah of Culver City.

AXELROD, GEORGE -- King of the "one-liners," wrote one good play, "The Seven Year Itch," never came close again. His book, "Where Am I Now When I Need Me," was better than it had any right to be for the first half, then fell apart completely, not unlike its author.

BACALL, LAUREN -- Could have sat back and been just Bogart's wife, then widow. Her friends and public are richer for her not having done so. Beautiful, lusty, smoky, vintage lady.

BALL, LUCILLE -- Fully deserves every accolade ever heaped upon her, not only for supremacy as a comedienne, but more important for her majesty as a mother and human being.

BANCROFT, ANNE -- Mrs. Robinson can do any or all of it, whenever she wants to. Right on, every step of the way.

BARDOT, BRIGITTE -- Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, but there can't have been more than a tiny fraction thereof, can there, Brigitte?

BARRETT, RONA -- Once a roly-poly little fan mag writer, she has masterfully diminished her girth while gloriously expanding her scope and effectiveness as a dispenser of usually accurate Hollywood news. Viva Rona!

BARRYMORE, ETHEL -- The distaff side of the fabled triangle of greats. Lionel was indefatigable, John incorrigible, Ethel just plain indefinable. A lady to her toetips, an unsurpassed actress, she was also a rabid Giant fan before they fled the Polo Grounds and moved to San Francisco. Mel Ott was her favorite player,

and Carl Hubbell her pet pitcher; but she knew them all, their batting averages, stolen base totals, the works. She was the complete fan. I shall always remember the Academy Awards ceremony of 1948, of which I was General Director. Ethel was backstage, standing in the wings waiting to go on to present the final award for best picture of 1947. Ahead of her, presenting other awards, had trouped a parade of young, beautiful girls-- Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Kathryn Grayson, Arlene Dahl, Jeanne Crain--all of whom had sailed through the routine without a quiver. I was holding Ethel's arm, ready to give her the cue to go on when Johnny Green's baton signaled the downbeat of "Beautiful Lady, How Do You Do." She was shaking like an understudy about to replace a star for the first time. I was amused and said, "Ethel, you, nervous, after all these years? None of those girls even fluttered." To which she replied sagely, "When they've gone on as often as I have, they'll be nervous too." That was the year Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" won the best picture award, and it was an electric moment when Ethel opened the envelope, announced the winning film, and tried to blot from her mind the memory of brother John's immortal performances as the Dane.

Privately, and without malice, she later referred to Olivier's portrayal in his blond curls as "Gorgeous George!" Ethel was too much, strictly indefinable.

BAXTER, ANNE -- A lady of enormous stature, who deserved "Applause" and always has.

BEATTY, WARREN -- Attractive and likeable off screen, and getting much better on. Maturity is helping on both levels.

BENNETT, JOAN -- "Desirable" was a monicker hung on her many years ago. It still hangs, and she still is.

BENNY, JACK -- Venerable showman, known well by only a few. Will do almost anything or go almost anywhere to get out of the house.

BERGEN, CANDICE -- Serenely and chillingly beautiful, she has become a worthy actress, and writes so well she may need to decide one day which way to go-----as an artiste.

BERGMAN, INGRID -- A living statue of liberty; beauty, decorum, style, and talent, but not necessarily in that order.

On the set one day at RKO while the cherubic Alfred Hitchcock was shooting "Notorious" with Ingrid and Cary Grant (will anyone ever forget that 360 degree kiss shot?), Hitch and Ingrid were arguing about how a scene should be played. Their differences became unusually verbal. Finally Ingrid capitulated, saying, with thinly veiled acidity, "Very well, Hitch, we shall do it your way." To which the rotund and lovable director stentoriously replied, "It's not my way, Ingrid, it's the right way."

BERLE, MILTON -- One wonders whether he makes those "jokes" all the time. If so, poor Ruth.

BISSET, JACQUELINE -- Plagued by some unfortunate roles in mediocre films, or by walk-ons in good ones--"Bullit," for example, she nevertheless has all the equipment necessary to become an important star. All she needs is a chance to put it all together, just once.

BISTRO, The -- Hollywood's most professionally "in" bo^uite, particularly for luncheon. Since most of its patrons are understandably content to see and be seen, the quality of the provender doesn't always equate with the altitude of the prices, and its most appealing item is the indisputable acumen, charm, and integrity of its majority owner and proprietor, Kurt Niklas.

BLONDELL, JOAN -- Never has ^{lost} and one hopes never will, lose her unparalleled bounce and vitality.

BOGART, HUMPHREY -- Salty, incredibly real, richly talented, he left a deep and unfilled canyon in Hollywood. "The Brain," as he jauntily called himself, simply can never be replaced. One evening in 1947, at a large party at the home of Joan (Bennett) and Walter Wanger, Bogie and Annie Sheridan shared a small table with me and three or four others. Well into dinner and into their cups, Bogie roguishly turned to Ann and said, "Annie, looking around this room, I'll bet I can count more dames I have made it with than you can guys." Challenged but undismayed, the matchless Ann did a 360 degree observance

and rejoined, "Now just a goddamn minute! Can you top six?" To which Bogie, with his unparalleled candor and lack of need to impress, sheepishly replied, "You win. The best I can do is five."

BOONE, RICHARD -- Narrow gauge actor, bumbling sometime director, and blustering know-it-all. When his personally dominated television series was cancelled in infancy a few seasons back, he bellowed his outrage all over the air and in the press, insisting the cancellation was the capricious act of "idiotic" NBC-TV executives rather than the verdict of the public, which simply didn't like the show and wouldn't be misled by the star's plainly condescending and ego-maniacal approach to his job.

BOOTH, SHIRLEY -- "Hazel" gave her belated financial security, but she has always had the security of knowing she can give points to most of the ladies who dab on greasepaint.

BORGNINE, ERNEST --

Whadda you wanna do, Marty?

I dunno, whadda you wanna do?

I dunno, Marty, whadda you wanna do?

I know one ting I don't wanna do. I don't wanna marry Ete1
Moiman!

BOYER, CHARLES -- The classic Gallic, gentle, human, humorful.
When we were casting "Frenchman's Creek" at Paramount, he met
with production boss Buddy DeSylva and me to discuss the
likelihood of his portraying the romantic pirate of the bounding
main. He declined, explaining, "Zhentlemen, I am a bedroom
pirate, not a seagoing pirate."

BRANDO, MARLON -- Towering actor, almost destroyed by his own
ego and lust for power. Thank God for "Godfather." He deserved
another hot hand and now has it.

BRIDGES, LLOYD -- Head of the clan, and a hardy and commercial
clan it is. With Beau and Jeff long off his back and very
much their own men, he can hang up his wet suit forever.
One of the hardest working and most professional actors in the
business.

BRONSON, CHARLES -- The old "prophet without honor" label was tailor-made for Charlie. A fine actor and stern self-disciplinarian, he never scored heavily in Hollywood but had the good fortune and good sense to shake its dust, go to Europe, make good pictures, and emerge an international star of very wide dimension.

BRYNNER, YUL -- A very good live television director before becoming pretender to the throne of Siam, and he's been pretending ever since.

BURNETT, CAROL -- Tireless perfectionist, currently at the peak of her game, and who finds ample time for husband, children, friends, causes, and does uncommonly well by them all. One evening at a small dinner party, she told me she had always cherished a secret desire to play "Wonder Woman." She doesn't have to play her, she is!

BURNS, GEORGE -- Funnier than Jack Benny without writers, but has never professionally overcome the loss of Gracie Allen. Once when the late Chico Marx opened a solo act in London,

George cabled him, "You won't need Groucho any more than I need Gracie." Sardonic, but true.

BURR, RAYMOND -- "Ironside" is an iron man, inside and out. Having clawed his way from obscurity, and with all the appurtenances of stardom, he sometimes forgets how close he came not to becoming Perry Mason and forever languishing in shadows. He should say a little prayer every night to Erle Stanley Gardner, and to Gail and Corney Jackson.

BURTON, RICHARD -- Buys exquisite jewelry, but never quietly. When he wants to, which isn't always, he can dispense acting pills to the best of them.

BUTTONS, RED -- Red never rallied fully from the dismal failure of his live television series in the mid-fifties. The "Sayonara" Oscar helped, but it's too bad he hasn't been able to follow with the sweeping success he deserves. He's one of the nicest men around. I know you can't take that to the bank, Red, but cling tightly to it; it's rare, particularly among comedians.

CAAN, JAMES -- He really should have made it big after "Eldorado," but it has taken "Godfather" and "Brain's Song" (on TV) to bring it off. A solid leading man, with balls.

CAGNEY, JAMES -- The Gene Tunney of the acting profession; retired undefeated, unmarked, and rich. Very good show.

CAINE, MICHAEL -- If he ever decides to forsake acting, he can keep very busy as a bird watcher, having watched, stalked, and bagged more "birds" than the Audubon society has members.

CANNON, DYAN -- Grant-ed a head start, she exploded in "Bob and Carol, et al" and then hung in there to become a solid personality, a mature and intelligent sex symbol and devoted mother.

CAPRA, FRANK -- A sensitive, brilliant director, and not half as conceited as the impression given in his first-rate autobiography, "The Name Above the Title."

CARSON, JOHNNY -- Also from Omaha (via Lincoln), and we have something else in common, a common affection for a very uncommon lady. Go ahead and guess who! A giant showman who pulled himself up out of the pack the hard way.

CASSAVETES, JOHN -- Director or actor, John? Make up your mind before it's too late. Mixing both helps the budgets, I know, but it's not giving the proper thrust to your career.

CHAMBERLAIN, RICHARD -- Oh, how they laughed when he sat down to play Hamlet, Richard III et al, but he has achieved the last laugh on them all. Now an acknowledged Shakespearean actor of distinction, he has not only buried Dr. Kildare's stethoscope forever but has also given dozens of his fellow actors something over which to green themselves with envy.

CHRISTIE, JULIE -- Warren Beatty's current "Darling" can do very little wrong on the screen and anything she wants off.

COBB, LEE J. -- As though being a gifted performer weren't enough, he's also a master poker player. What he wants most is to direct, and should, having much more than enough of what it takes.

COBURN, JAMES -- Fair actor, whose bubble reached maximum expansion with "Our Man Flint" and deflated slowly but steadily thereafter. One must wonder, however, about an actor who insists the word "efficacy" is correctly pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.

COHN, HARRY -- A 24-carat monster; selfish, arrogant, devious, but not without a high quotient of shrewdness and an even higher quotient of luck. Too much has already been written about him, but one story sums up his character better than countless others. As the boss of Columbia Pictures, he once had a publicity department head named Lou Smith, a quiet, competent, hard-working gentleman. Lou was very hard of hearing and wore a hearing aid, which he took no vain pains to disguise. One evening I was sitting with Cohn in the latter's office when Lou came in to make a report on routine publicity matters. Cohn was obliged to raise his voice to be heard. After Lou went out, Cohn turned to me and complained, "This guy is deaf and I have to shout. It makes it very difficult for me!"

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE -- Elegant female, elegant actress, elegant taste in having withdrawn from the squirrel cage while still on top and unscathed.

COLMAN, RONALD -- An invitation to dine at the Colman's in the 40's and 50's was like a bid to Buckingham Palace. Ronny and Benita were King and Queen of the Hollywood British set, and warm, gracious, and hospitable royalty they were.

CONNERY, SEAN -- Bonded James Bond.

CONNERS, MIKE -- Lightning struck for Mike in "Tightrope," which should have stayed on the air, then a losing struggle with features, then the jackpot with "Mannix," which fits him like Bardot's bikini. Clean living, ultra-decent, hard working, rabidly professional, he is entitled to every ounce of success attending him.

COOPER, GARY -- "Coop" was a giant, on and off the screen. Fun-loving, professional--they just don't make 'em like him anymore.

COSBY, BILL - Intelligent, sensitive performer, dealt badly with by some of his business associates. His "that's go-o-od pussy" routine is still one of the greatest stand-up numbers of all time, unfortunately only usable at private functions.

CRAWFORD, JOAN -- Wow! That could be all, just wow! A combination of verve, nerve, diffidence, chutzpah, down pillow and granite unmatched in all christendom.

CRONYN, HUME -- Has made some bad pictures for inferior directors but has never delivered a bad performance and is one of the most director-proof members of the Screen Actors Guild.

CROSBY, BING -- Dour, dyspeptic, lonely, mean as hell beneath that Santa Claus disguise. An American institution, and deservedly so, but so is United States Steel.

CUKOR, GEORGE -- Unique gentleman and supremely talented director who has never quite received the acclaim he deserves, largely because of a lovable lack of self-promotion.

CURTIS, TONY -- Once stood in my bedroom when I was ill, accompanied by our mutual friend, Herbert Maass, and uttered the following immortal line, "If an actor can make his own decisions, as to script, writer, director, casting, etc., there is no excuse for his ever making a bad picture." He had just started making his own unfortunate decisions and apparently has been ever since, not only as to pictures, but also television and what to pack on a trip to England!

DARNELL, LINDA -- That tragic fire in Chicago snuffed out the life of a delicate and delicious lady. We saw a good bit of each other when both were between marriages in the early 50's, and she filled me in on a fragment of Howard Hughes lore which has never fully surfaced. At the time of Howard's well-recorded crackup in his own plane in Beverly Hills in 1947, Linda was under contract to 20th Century-Fox and shooting a picture on location in Arizona. She was married to a cameraman, Peverell Marley. Howard had made his customary moves in her direction, and of course wanted to "marry her." Through intermediaries, he had offered Pev Marley a tidy sum to unfasten his leash. While matters were pending, Linda considered herself "engaged"

to the heir to the magic tool. When news of the plane accident was flashed to Arizona, Linda was distraught. Her "fiance's" life was in grave danger. She wangled permission from her studio to fly in from Arizona, rushed down to the Good Samaritan hospital, rushed up to the floor where Howard lay hovering between life and death, rushed to the room of her "betrothed," and, waiting anxiously outside the room, and there for precisely the same reason, were Lana Turner and Ava Gardner!

DAVIS, BETTE -- Honest, up-front broad, even before these attributes became popular, and than whom a finer actress has never walked or staggered.

DAVIS, SAMMY, Jr. -- A truly great entertainer. It was once said that if Sammy were white, he would be as popular as Danny Kaye. Now it's the other way around.

DAY, DORIS -- Eternal virgin, on the screen.

DEE, SANDRA -- Was more than once right up there with the top ten stars. What happened? Somehow she couldn't unload that

bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, blonde Polly Benedict image. Too bad, she deserves a solid shot as a mature woman.

DeHAVILLAND, JOAN (FONTAINE)
DeHAVILLAND, OLIVIA

Impossible not to deal with them in tandem, although they have seldom functioned so. One evening years ago, during one of their infrequent speaking-to-each-other periods, and when both were at the height of their fame, four of us were ringside in the Persian Room at New York's Plaza Hotel when the perennial Hildegarde was dispensing her chanteuserie and red roses.

Approaching our table, she waxed appropriately expansive and exclaimed, "Oh, it's the DeHavilland sisters! Or is it the Fontaine sisters? I never can remember which."

Born in Tokyo only fifteen months apart of English parents, both ladies, particularly Joan, never quite forgave their parents for not arranging that they be English born. In a moment of some inebriation, Olivia once poignantly remarked to me, "You don't know what it's like to have a baby sister who does everything before you do." Sadly true. Although Olivia became an actress first, Joan became a major star first, *earned*

big money first, married first, divorced first, won an Academy Award first, and eventually begot a child first. And shortly after begetting that child, her mother, a more truly formidable lady than either of her illustrious daughters, quietly but prophetically observed, "Well, Joan has had her child now and will place her on the mantel alongside her Oscar where she will look upon her admiringly and proudly from time to time." Much has been gossiped about the alleged "feud" between the two sisters, and all sorts of reasons have been ascribed for it. It's there all right, but there was never any single or definable cause, only a natural rivalry between two beautiful, gifted, and ambitious siblings. Joan cryptically refers to Olivia as "my dear sister," and Olivia to Joan as "my mother's other daughter." I believe they secretly admire and love each other, as they should, so why they persist in zinging each other to their mutual friends and acquaintances has always mystified me.

DENEUVE, CATHERINE -- Definitely should come to town more often. Radiant beauty, super cool actress, and with enough moxie to have told Vadim to peddle his little French papers. And Marcello, too?

DICKINSON, ANGIE -- Knows more about the fine points of baseball than most men who think they know it all. A terrific fan, a sprightly gal, and a good enough actress to hold her own with her husband, Burt Bacharach, who would probably rather act than do what he does better than almost anyone, write beautiful music. Keep the raindrops falling, Burt baby, and leave the acting to mother.

DILLER, PHYLLIS -- I don't know about you, but I am becoming very weary of that routine about how unattractive she is.

DOMINICK'S -- Hollywood's most unprofessionally "in" [^]boîte, for dinner only; intimate, personal, warm, casual, but don't embarrass yourself by trying to push by "Dom" unless you are a "regular," or referred by one.

DOUGLAS, KIRK -- A self-consciously dimpled chin in search of a character to match.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN -- One hopes he will somehow go on forever.

DUKE, PATTY -- Walks an emotional very high wire without a parasol or net, and often with the inevitable results.

DUNAWAY, FAYE -- Whatever else you do, dear lady, please stay a blonde. When I saw you at Jennifer and Norton Simon's one evening, and we occupied the same table, I didn't recognize you for a long time because you were doing your "plain Jane" number. It's not the real you, and the real you is too good to disguise.

DUNCAN, SANDY --A shiny new blip on the radar screen, and a shiny new star on the television screen. The eye catastrophe which befell her would have felled most young ladies, but she's on the network which has done very well with one eye.

DUNNE, IRENE -- A durable and elegant lady remains of a once sprightly and lovely comedienne.

DURBIN, DEANNA -- A dim memory of a once dazzling star, extinguished by over protection and too little judgment, plus her own thirst for Dom Perignon. When Leo Spitz and Bill Goetz took over Universal in 1946, and I was associate production head, Deanna had been signed by the previous management to a

new ten-picture contract at \$150,000 per film, a tidy sum in those days. She had already been damaged by one or two bad pictures, with roles and leading men much too old for her. The new regime first cast her in "Up in Central Park," a two million dollar musical based on the hit Broadway show. We held the sneak preview at the Academy theatre in Inglewood, and I shall never forget the embarrassment. Every time a music cue crept under a scene, and Deanna would begin to sing, and that was what she did best, members of the audience would rise in clusters, like grapes, and depart the theatre. The picture was a financial disaster. We then tried a very inexpensive comedy called "Washington Girl," in which Deanna played a switchboard operator at the White House. It was a charming film, smoothly directed by Fred deCordova (today producing Johnny Carson's TONIGHT show), and it also proved a financial fiasco. What to do? We had been saddled with a contract for eight more films at 1-5-0 per copy. A "think meeting" was held, at which all the studio brass contributed possible ways to salvage Deanna. Karl Tunberg, who had scripted and produced "Up in Central Park," came up with what will forever stick in my memory as the saddest commentary ever made about a falling

star, though he made it sardonically. He said, "I've got it! Why don't we change her name?" Instead, we "retired" Deanna, who went off to live in Paris, and was paid fully for the eight films she never made. I am told she is now living a life of contentment with her third husband. I hope so. She was a big talent and a warm, tractable girl, and what befell her in Hollywood was only slightly her fault.

EASTWOOD, CLINT -- A raw youngster when we cast him in the RAWHIDE series at CBS in 1955, he parlayed that success into a string of Italian-made westerns which clicked, then went on to the top of the ladder of male box office attractions--all the time retaining the constraint and simplicity which he originally brought to Rowdy Yates. To coin a phrase, it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

EDWARDS, VINCE -- Ben Casey glowered his way to some fame and more fortune when it was easier than it is now.

EGAN, RICHARD -- If honesty, integrity, loyalty, and sheer goodness were enough to become and remain a very big star, "Rich" would be blinking down on them all.

EGGAR, SAMANTHA -- Got bogged down somehow after a running start in "The Collector." A fractured and costly marriage didn't help, and maybe "The King and I" on television will put it all back together for her. Let us pray.

FALK, PETER -- Can keep one in paroxysms of laughter with stories of his glass eye, and enthralled by the brilliance of his performances.

FARENTINO, JAMES -- Something went wrong somewhere along the line, or he would be a top flight leading man today. Maybe it will still happen. I hope so.

FARROW, MIA -- A sparrow grown wings, and often flying in strange directions. Now that she has two babies, she needs another "Rosemary," which she will and deserves to find. When her father, director John Farrow, died suddenly, Mia declined to go to Los Angeles from New York for his last rites. Not as callous a stand as some thought at the time, but rather an honest post-humous reaction to her father's legendary hypocrisy. Deeply in love with Frank Sinatra prior to their mismatch, I recall

lunching with her one day in the 20th Century-Fox cafe when she looked at her watch and fervently told me it would be exactly two weeks, three days and six and one-half hours until "he" returned to her. She sighed, I sighed, but for different reasons.

FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION -- Conceived long before television came of age, it is so bogged down in a mire of regulatory functions it has neither the time, budget, nor capability to deal effectively with the greatest and most overwhelming communications medium of them all. Except for Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, it is a toothless, ineffectual blob.

FIELDS, FREDDIE -- President of Creative Management Associates, self-declared No. 2 Hollywood talent agency. One would think anyone ever married to Polly Bergen couldn't be all bad, but he gives it one hell of a try.

FIELDS, POLLY BERGEN -- One would think anyone ever married to Freddie Fields couldn't be all good, but she gives it one hell of a try.

FLYNN, ERROL -- The town has never known a more rakish, roughish, thoroughly delightful libertine.

FONDA, HENRY -- Solid, stoical, taciturn as all hell, but very real in his art and equally real in his heart.

FONDA, JANE -- A maverick in search of a corral, but with ample time to find it and abundant talent to finance the search. Bless her for the quiet restraint with which she accepted the Oscar for "Klute."

FONDA, PETER -- An almost ex-maverick who has found his corral and will go far if he can only shake off the influence of Dennis Hopper.

FORD, GLENN -- Read Frank Capra's "Name Above the Title." That tells it all.

FORD, JOHN -- The Irish "Godfather," regrettably slowed without a chance to direct one more great film and thereby give additional lessons to his fellow Guild members.

FULLER, SAMUEL -- One of Hollywood's great unsung directorial monarchs. A volcano of talent and energy, he produced and directed "Steel Helmet" at a cost of \$125,000, and it grossed \$3,000,000, but he didn't have a grain of it. He then went on to glory under Darryl Zanuck at 20th Century-Fox where he directed "Hell and High Water," "Pickup on South Street," "Park Row," "House of Bamboo," and others, and then into independent production where he made a spate of low-cost but high-quality films, including "Shock Corridor," "Crimson Kimono," and then was allowed to slip quietly into relative obscurity and unemployment. There is no doubt he hurt himself greatly by trying to "do it all," write, produce, direct, which has eclipsed more than one conspicuous Hollywood talent, but Sammy has more real directorial genius in his left little toe than many directors can muster in all ten. Today his films are honored in festivals throughout Europe, and many of his peers are quick to acknowledge his superiority. Yet he remains unsung in Hollywood. True, a familiar story; but he will rise again, and should.

GABLE, CLARK -- The one and only King, despite recent pretenders. Every inch a man's man, he managed also to be one of the great ladies' men of all time.

GABOR, EVA -- The vanguard of the clan, and by all odds the nicest.

GABOR, ZSA ZSA -- A beached barracuda, by now almost a caricature of herself.

GARBO, GRETA -- Long withdrawn from the Hollywood scene, but that angelic face and those gigantic feet have left a mark no amount of time can erase.

GARDNER, AVA -- A truly great broad, who has had more than her share of bad luck romantically, but has also contrived to salt her life with exciting and fulfilling lodes. In her best days there was no one more beautiful, and even now she can cause heads to spin. A few weeks after her marriage to Frank Sinatra we chatted at a party at Marian and Joe Fields' home on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. I asked was she happy. Her

reply, "The guy wanted to get married. What was I going to do?"
Blueprint for a happy marriage.

GARLAND, JUDY -- One and only, whom no one could halt in her
plunge into the history books.

GARNER, JAMES -- Slick actor, very nice guy, led down the
primrose path to disaster on his truncated television series,
"Nichols," particularly by his executive producer, who showed
her talons early and refused to heed the counsel of network
nabobs and effect a few modifications in the show before it was
too late. Too bad, Jim, after "Maverick" you should have had
a better shot the next time out on TV, but it wasn't your fault.
Stick to movies like "Skin Game." It was great, you were
great.

GARSON, GREER -- Her graciousness, ebullience, professionalism--
plus her second husband's abundant funds, have made her the
reigning grande dame of upper Hollywood. One of her favorite
pastimes in former years was "putting down" la belle Fontaine,
whom she doubtless regarded as an ersatz Englishwoman. La belle

owned an exquisite and expensive Sophie evening gown, purple velvet with appliqued flowers and ecru lace bodice, which she wore about once a year, if that. One evening at a party at the home of the late, beloved Atwater Kent, la belle, resplendent in the Sophie creation, encountered Greer as we entered the foyer. "Oh, Joan, you're wearing my favorite dress," purred Greer. It was a crushing entrance. On another occasion, at a typically raucous party at Errol Flynn's, we again came upon Greer and her then husband, Richard Ney. In a recent Lux Radio Theatre broadcast, la belle had played the role Greer had created on the screen in "Random Harvest." By way of naive conversation, la belle murmured, "Greer, I just did your 'Random Harvest' part for Lux Radio." To which her elegance replied, "Oh, yes, they wouldn't pay my price!" The cream had overflowed the saucer.

GODDARD, PAULETTE -- A handful at Paramount in the 40's, she kept things lively wherever she was--on the set, at home, in her dressing room, or dining at Ciro's with Anatole Litvak! "Tola" made "under the table" a household phrase long before Las Vegas immortalized it.

GOETZ, WILLIAM -- "Billy" Goetz was one of the best liked executives in Hollywood. Married to L. B. Mayer's daughter, Edie, he originally guided production at 20th Century-Fox, then in partnership with Leo Spitz formed International Pictures, which later merged with Universal and became Universal-International. When that union dissolved, Billy went into independent production, where he flourished until his widely mourned death.

Without denigrating his professional contributions to the community, his greater contribution was in the more rarefied areas of humor, warmth, and friendship. A mischievous man, he could be outrageous in his humor and get away with it. The memories of his friends are replete with such displays. One occupies a singular place in my recollection. To cheer his widow and hopefully give her a laugh not too long after his death, I recalled it for her. To her credit, and his, it accomplished both.

The occasion of the incident was one of those large Hollywood parties, the kind which, thank God, have more or less gone out of style. Billy and I happened to approach the bar simultaneously for our first drink. Tending bar was everybody's favorite extra

help, bartender, caterer, Theodore Franzman. Theodore usually knew more people at a party than any single guest. As we approached the bar Theodore inquired, "What's your pleasure, Mr. Goetz?" Without as much as a casual glance to see who might be within earshot, and obviously not caring, Billy replied, "My pleasure is having my cock sucked, but I'll have a Scotch and water." That was Billy Goetz-----outrageous, endearing, and beloved.

GOLDWYN, SAMUEL -- A hollow shell of greatness lingering on the Hollywood beach; in his prime so far ahead of most of his peers all they could do was make fun of him and his "Goldwynisms" while eating their hearts out with envy.

GORSHIN, FRANK -- Almost totally unrecognized before creating the unforgettable "Riddler" in BATMAN, he has pyramided that success into a flourishing career in every entertainment medium. The talent was always there, needing only the thrust of one big break. A not unfamiliar Hollywood story.

GOULD, ELLIOTT -- Young man in much too big a hurry, lost early in the fog of Santa "Barbra."

GRABLE, BETTY -- Those fabled gams will forever twirl in the memories of millions, but whenever she planted them beneath a poker table, she became a total basket case. Curiosity filled her life, but drained her bank account.

GRAHAM, SHEILAH -- Out of print, out of circulation, out.

GRANT, CARY -- Genial, charming, urbane, tight as the proverbial wax, and probably the most surprised and adoring father in the world. A lady once confided to me that Cary was the greatest lover she had ever encountered, and she had come from a long and noble line of encounters. A very 'thrustworthy' gentleman, with a heart as big as all indoors.

GRANT, LEE -- Even in less than triumphant pictures, such as one she made for me, she rises to the top like Devonshire cream.

GREEN, JOHN -- Bon vivant, astonishingly able and versatile musicologist, the stars must have counselled him to drop the "Johnny," but his ubiquitous white carnation by any other name would emit no less a mellow fragrance.

GRIFFITH, ANDY -- Strictly Johnny-One-Note, but a pretty good note it is, and when he sticks to it he makes it work.

HABER, JOYCE -- Never really wanted to be a gossip columnist and can write much better than her format allows.

HACKETT, BUDDY -- One of the funniest story tellers on either coast. Now if he would only jettison that ridiculous paper mache or stone elephant on his front lawn in Beverly Hills.

HACKMAN, GENE -- Solid performer, should make many more "Connections," in French or any language.

HALLIDAY, JUDY -- One of the immortals, and one who should have been permitted to shine on, and on, and on. A few years before her death she told me the priceless story of her interview with Darryl Zanuck when he was the all-powerful potentate at 20th Century-Fox and she trying to get a foothold in pictures, prior to her big hit on Broadway in "Born Yesterday," which then enabled her to start in Hollywood at the top. Before going for the interview her agent counselled her that Zanuck was a

"big tit man" and since she was less than normally endowed in that area perhaps she should acquire some accoutrements, to close the gap, so to speak. She did so, and arrived at the great man's gymnasium-size office complete with ample padding. "DZ" soon made his customary lecherous moves, and after two or three exhausting laps around the elephant head, Judy collapsed on a sofa. Whereupon the diminutive Don Juan leapt to her side and began to grope lustfully for her "big tits." Hot, tired, disgusted, and itchy, Judy reached into her bosom, withdrew one of the wooly falsies and handed it to Zanuck, saying, "Here, you want these so much, take one." End of interview, end of Judy's pre-Broadway thrust at pictures, and the birth of her determination to make Hollywood want her, tits or no tits.

HAMILTON, GEORGE -- Beau Brummel updated, but with his own special brand of only thinly crusted warmth and genuineness.

HARRIS, RICHARD -- Maybe all Irishmen are arrogant and drink a lot, but only a few are also top-flight actors.

HARVEY, LAURENCE -- A kiss for Cinderella, or for Cinderfella.

HAWN, GOLDIE -- A fluke. Cute, frothy, but lightweight and shallow and a fleeting flash in a rapidly disappearing pan. The best supporting actress award for "Cactus Flower" must have surprised her more than anyone else, and that couldn't have been easy. Remember Marie Wilson? "Butterflies Are Free" will be only a temporary halt on her way to sequestration.

HAYDEN, STERLING -- Successfully eluded the clutches of the aggressive left-wingers and became a very strong actor. Also wrote a fine book, largely autobiographical, "The Wanderer," in which he put the finger on that former female agent and latter day "producer" who first enticed him along the path to the left. Now definitely his own man, all the way.

HAYES, HELEN -- Hot actress, warm lady, great mother, staunch friend.

HAYWARD, LELAND -- The smoothest, most gracious, smartest and most genial agent Hollywood ever had, who made being outfoxed by him a genuine pleasure. Later a successful Broadway producer, he was one of those rare and delightful gents who should have been allowed to live forever.

HAYWARD, SUSAN -- An Oscar, plus tons of personal heartache; but a resolute spirit and wellspring of inner resources have made for her the balance.

HAYWORTH, RITA -- No one can remain looking young and radiant forever, Rita, so please don't try so frantically that you louse yourself up completely and dim the memory of the dazzling creature you once were and spoil the opportunity to be the queen of mature elegance you can be.

HEATHERTON, JOEY -- A breathtakingly sexy-looking young lady, who has had more than her share of personal trials and has survived them with admirable aplomb.

HEFLIN, VAN -- Probably should have been allowed to give just one bad performance before he died, if only to prove there is no such thing as the perfect actor. But even if allowed, he couldn't have done it.

HEPBURN, AUDREY -- Cares more for small dogs, anyone's, than for stardom, I hope Rome and her doctor husband compensate for the delight she is denying her fans by remaining off the screen.

HEPBURN, KATHARINE -- Those tapered fingers and unlacquered nails have set a style unmatched by Revlon, Lauder, or Rubinstein.

HESTON, CHARLTON -- The spunky little actress, Peggy Ann Garner, put it much better than anyone on a plane one time en route to New York to do a Hallmark Playhouse show. When I asked who was to play the lead, she replied, "Mount Rushmore!"

HOFFMAN, DUSTIN -- Much too self-effacing for Hollywood, if not also too talented.

HOLDEN, WILLIAM -- Clean living, wholesome, highly professional performer until the sauce and the sorceress dulled his reflexes and diminished his skills.

HOPE, BOB -- A truly jovial and tireless gentleman, a titanic talent who has permitted himself in recent years to become more involved politically than his skill and popularity can handle, but all in all a delightful guy.

HOPPER, DENNIS -- Before he is much older, he must make up his mind whether he wants to be a very good actor or a very bad director.

HOPPER, HEDDA -- Frustrated actress rather than news-paper-woman, she was nonetheless a matchless firehorse whose lash, while often erratic, seared the backsides and brightened the morning coffee of thousands.

HUDSON, ROCK -- Is it true what they say about Dixie? Friends and neighbors who know Dixie say it is!

HUGHES, HOWARD -- Now that Clifford Irving and Noah Dietrich have opened their cans of worms, I can add my story of the reluctant recluse. In 1949, when I thought I was still married to my daughter's mother, Howard was brought to our home in Brentwood one Sunday afternoon by Walter Kane, ~~than~~ his close personal functionary. The announced reason for their coming was so Howard, who had recently purchased RKO Studio from the Atlas Corporation, could talk with me about returning to RKO from Universal to head production. In what was probably

his first "business" discussion outside either his battered Chevrolet or private plane, we talked for two hours about how the studio should be run, what kinds of films should be made, etc., etc. My wife was out for the afternoon.

A few evenings later, said wife announced to me that she would like a divorce in order to "marry" Howard Hughes, and that he wished to buy our house as part of the deal. Obviously, the real reason for his previous unprecedented visit was to appear to be "casing" the house as its prospective purchaser, only so he could convince my dear wife that he was on the level about the marriage bit. Naturally, the marriage never came off, any more than a few dozen of Howard's other aborted matrimonial fantasies, including one a few years earlier with sister Olivia. A miserable, lonely, frightened man, whose billions provide no personal solace.

HUNTER, ROSS -- The fastidious and tasteful producer of "Thoroughly Modern Millie," "Madame X," "Pillow Talk," the vastly commercial "Airport," et. al., may break his pick on the musicalization of "Lost Horizon," but a whole nest of railbirds thought he would do just that with "Airport," so don't count on it.

Ross has the rare ability to "force feed" a film into being a hit, and enjoys life and his many friends betimes.

HUTTON, BETTY -- A tragically burned-out rocket, but forever the "Blonde Bombshell."

HYER, MARTHA -- Took a pile of whispered abuse from a galaxy of holier-than-thou matrons during several years prior to becoming Mrs. Hal Wallis. Actually, I think they were all envious as hell of her cool, among other assets, and never properly evaluated her extreme worthiness as a lady of taste, refinement, and total lack of pretense.

JANSSEN, DAVID -- "The Fuge" is a very quiet, personal man, hardly destined for major stardom but near the head of the line in the human parade.

JESSEL, GEORGE -- Am I wrong, or has last decade's "toast-master general" become this decade's male Zsa Zsa Gabor?

JONES, JENNIFER -- David Selznick's would be a tough act to follow, but Norton Simon seems to have done it in Jennifer's life, and the glow of their marriage casts its warming rays upon the Picassos, Monets, Manets, Van Goghs, Renoirs, and the rest of their inexhaustible gallery of close friends and relatives.

JONES, SHIRLEY -- Tried very hard to bury the wholesome, goodie-two-shoes image with the hooker role in "Elmer Gantry," but it didn't stick. Somehow that image has continued to shine through Mother Partridge and everything else she does. So don't fight it, Shirley. What's wrong with it, just so long as it doesn't interfere with your private life?

KAYE, DANNY -- Behind that well-molded façade of love for children on an international scale there beats a heart of colossal narcissism. UNICEF is misspelled. It should be UNISELF.

KEITH, BRIAN -- Somehow missed the big brass ring, but has always delivered solid performances and often supported much less able thespians.

KELLERMAN, SALLY -- Needs another M.A.S.H. more than another husband, and should have no trouble finding both.

KELLY, GENE -- Song and dance man, actor, director--take your choice. Gene's far out with all three, but now and then the individually superior talents seem to have stumbled over one another.

KELLY, GRACE -- There was a time, in her live television days in New York, when the Princess was a very "busy" chick, and every inch royalty even then.

KENNEDY, GEORGE -- Is rapidly becoming everybody's favorite character actor. Whoever dreamed up that television series for you, George, about the priest turned cop, should have been arrested. Not it, not anything, can keep you from a steady climb as high as you want to go. There are a dozen Luke's with cool hands in your future.

KERR, DEBORAH -- Quintessential lady and actress, winner hands down in the Peter Viertel marital sweepstakes, and over a by no means shabby field.

LADD, ALAN -- When we saw the "rushes" on his test for "This Gun for Hire" at Paramount, there wasn't one in the projection room who didn't realize he was watching the incubation of a super star. And that he was, for many years, and a sweet, simple, gentle man for many more.

LAKE, VERONICA -- Peaked too soon, but an earthy, straight-out, mildly talented, mischievous, lovable little lady.

LA MARR, HEDY -- There was never a more beautiful face and perhaps never a more vacant head in Hollywood.

LANCASTER, BURT -- In 1948, while he was making "All My Sons" at Universal, I overheard him declaiming to an interviewer in the studio cafe, "Any actor worth his salt should be able to do the whole job--produce, direct, and act--like Laurence Olivier. And that's what I intend to do." He should live so long.

LANGE, HOPE -- What can one say about a lady who has everything except a current husband, and in that area is clearly entitled to the pick of the litter?

LANSBURY, ANGELA -- "Angie" was great on the stage as "Mame" and has turned in a dozen or more superlative screen renditions. She is another who should be a much bigger star than she is.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES -- A naughty boy who never quite believed he had grown into one of the world's finest and most revered actors.

LAWFORD, PETER -- He overplayed his hand while President Kennedy's brother-in-law, and must have thought it would last forever.

LEACHMAN, CLORIS -- When she stepped up to accept the Oscar for the best performance by an actress in a supporting role in "Last Picture Show," millions of television viewers witnessed the culmination of over twenty years of hard work, struggle, dedication, and purposefulness. An actresses' actress, if there ever was one.

LEIGH, JANET -- Inexpert agenting when she was getting started could be the only credible reason why she never made it to the very top.

LEIGH, VIVIEN -- I know the story is not apocryphal, because David Selznick told it to me himself. She accompanied him to Atlanta for the premiere of "Gone With the Wind" and as they alighted from the train, a band struck up "Dixie." Vivien clapped her hands with joy and exclaimed, "Oh, David, listen, they're playing the music from the picture!" Ingenuous, delightful, immensely gifted, she left us all much too soon.

LEMMON, JACK -- Has come a long way from his old "Studio One" days in live television in New York, but is beginning to risk spreading himself and his massive talent in too many directions.

LeROY, MERVYN -- With a well-publicized record of long past directorial hits, with the undisputed record for promising screen tests, he has caused to be written not one, but two "autobiographies." A veritable Everest of insincerity, saved by an incomparable second wife.

LEWIS, JERRY -- Never recovered from the disaster of his television series and has finally given up trying futilely to match the success of his former partner, Dean Martin.

LIBERACE -- A liltng wardrobe department. When he reported to play a "Special Guest Villain" on BATMAN, he brought his own dazzling costumes and personal concert grand piano, which incidentally, he can play hell out of. A showman to his lustrous fingertips, he has parried all the jokes and proceeded, in his unquiet way, to gladden the hearts of the IRS.

LORD, JACK -- When Jack Ryan married a Jewish girl, his professional Irish family disgracefully disowned him so he became Jack Lord. To his credit this never fazed him and didn't prevent him from learning his craft, doing his homework, and finally crescendoing into the enormous success of "Hawaii 5-0." Good Irishman, good wife, good story.

LOREN, SOPHIA -- This lady never comes to town. Too bad, the town could use her cool, and her artistry.

LOY, MYRNA -- There will never be another Nora Charles, and no one should ever try. Someone did try once, on television, and look what happened. Myrna is an original, a mold, a prototype.

LYNDE, PAUL -- One of the funniest men alive in short doses, but if he ever makes it big as a top banana I shall be one of the most surprised, as well as one of the happiest people in town.

LYNN, DIANA -- A rare and lovely creature, who left the stage long before her applause.

MacLAINE, SHIRLEY -- May yet prove to be a better writer than actress, if she just doesn't let politics neutralize her.

MacMURRAY, FRED -- Dependable actor, dependable husband, dependable friend, dependable father, dependable golfer, dependable miser.

McDOWALL, RODDY -- Bouncy, bubbling over with talent in several directions, lovable raconteur.

McDOWELL, MALCOLM -- Superb in what I like to call "Cockwork Orange," but not likely to develop into a serious contender as a leading man.

McGRAW, ALI -- Maturity, grace, style, wisdom, and then stardom. A rare chronology, but unbeatable.

McGUIRE, DOROTHY -- Seen now too seldom, at a greater loss to films than to herself.

McQUEEN, STEVE -- Would rather drive a motorbike or racing car than act, except neither pays enough.

MALDEN, KARL -- A cornerstone for any cast in any picture.

MALONE, DOROTHY -- An Academy award for support in "Written on the Wind," television immortality as Mia Farrow's mom in "Peyton Place," two enchanting daughters by Jacques Bergerac, the bounding Basque cum cosmetician, but where has it all led? To quiet serenity married to a Texas tycoon? I hope so, she deserves it.

MANNERS, DOROTHY -- For many years the unsung workhorse for Louella Parsons, who has done a masterful job of filling the latter's pumps, despite a ridiculously handicapping deadline.

MARCH, FREDRIC -- When one dwells on his list of great performances, their depth, their range, it is positively mind-blowing. And through it all a splendid gentleman, loyal husband, and devoted friend.

MARTIN, DEAN -- "Cool" and "smooth" were coined for Deano, and if he ever drank within miles of his reputation, he could float the Queen Mary right out of Long Beach harbor.

MARVIN, LEE -- Unlike many of his peers who rise from obscurity to stardom, he has remained loyal to Meyer Mishkin, the little agent who struggled for him when. In my mind anyone who will do that can win all the awards and drink all the booze in the world.

MARX, GROUCHO -- One of the town's readiest wits, without writers. One evening at a party at Eddie and Jane Robinson's, Groucho's then young wife was dancing with an attractive stud. I nudged Groucho next to me on a sofa and observed, "Groucho, that's a good way to lose a wife." To which the man with the permanent cigar tartly replied, "Any way is a good way to lose a wife!"

MASTROIANNI, MARCELLO -- A runaway from Dunaway, Italian style.

MATTHAU, WALTER -- Has been a superb actor since long before John Frankenheimer tested him at RKO in 1956 for "The Young Stranger," but we all thought him too cosmetically unattractive to play Jimmy MacArthur's father. Yes, Walter was testing in those days, and also playing the four-legged runners. He has outgrown testing.

MAYER, LOUIS B. -- The legendary "L. B.," a legend in his own time; but, unlike Irving Thalberg, not too long thereafter.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE -- It's true, he did play golf in knickers years after they had been universally discarded, and he did drive his limousine to pick up unemployment checks between engagements. What a spry and stylish gent! Where has his like gone? Could George Hamilton possibly be his only successor?

MILLAND, RAY -- Old Reginald Truscott-Jones has always been "Trusc" to me. A reliable actor, sometime unreliable husband, he has now settled into a solid career with or without his "rug,"

and into a solid marriage with his ever staunch and singularly beautiful wife of long standing. Full life, full success, full circle.

MILLER, ANN -- A pair of sturdy tap shoes, supporting an ageless Kewpie doll.

MIMIEUX, YVETTE -- Travels a great deal, seldom alone. Just missed being a star and probably now will never make it. Friends in high places don't always make stars, Yvette.

MINNELLI, LIZA -- Spilling over with artistry, but probably predestined to a precarious personal life.

MITCHUM, ROBERT -- We go way back to the mid-forties at RKO together, his days of "The Story of G. I. Joe," "Rachel and the Stranger," "The Lodger," et. al., plus his joust with the law as one of the forerunners of the grass pack. Since then, solid performance after solid performance, picture after picture, not all hits, but Ty Cobb managed only 400, and "Mitch" hasn't changed one whit. Older, a bit paunchier, richer, wiser, and fully entitled to his aisle seat in the hall of fame.

MONROE, MARILYN -- Even Xerox could never have duplicated her. Impish, spoiled, exploited, exciting--a blinding light extinguished prematurely by what most insiders believe was a massive overdose of Vitamin "K."

MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETH -- The utterly bewitching star of "Bewitched" was obliged to work harder at overcoming a deeply ingrained hostility toward her actor, director, producer, husband-of-rich-wife father than anything else. When she announced to Papa on long distance that she was planning to marry for the second time, his heart-warming reply was, "Fine, dear, to anyone you know?"

MOORE, MARY TYLER -- Whether television's Mary Richards, or Grant Tinker's wife, Mary, this lady goes to the head of any class, and with a huge capital C. Smile, Mary, it's for Pepsodent!

MOORE, THOMAS W. -- Pound for pound, the most inept president ABC-TV or any other network has ever had. Given enough time, he will supply General Electric with the biggest short circuit in ~~the~~ entertainment history.

MOOREHEAD, AGNES -- When I called her long distance to ask whether she would like to play the mother witch in "Bewitched" for Screen Gems, her ready answer was, "Why not, my darling; it's type casting!" Tall lady, very tall talent.

MOSTEL, ZERO -- Fine actor, but a gigantic bowl of jelly when the human chips are down.

MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES -- Has always taken itself too seriously yet not seriously enough, and will forever fight a losing battle trying to convince both insiders and outsiders that it performs any real function other than conducting Hollywood's annual auction, the Awards ceremony.

NEAL, PATRICIA -- Deserves another Academy Award for sheer guts, as does her husband, the illustrious writer, Roald Dahl.

NEWMAN, PAUL -- Supreme actor, quiet, unostentatious, gentle man. Those baby blues are not deceiving.

NICHOLSON, JACK -- A hippie trying to grow up, but fighting it every step of the way. Iconoclast, non-conformist, a very unique talent which may very well blow itself right up the pipe.

NIVEN, DAVID -- Wrote his own book, and a damned entertaining one, as is its author.

NOVAK, KIM -- It seems inordinately soon to ask, Whatever happened to Kim Novak?, but it's a pretty good question.

OBERON, MERLE -- Much has been written and more gossiped about Lady Merle, neé Queenie Thompson, but she stands very high among great ladies, on and off the screen. We spent four enchanting though damnably decorous days together in Paris in April, 1949. In London on business, I flew over to Paris to escape one of those endless English holiday weekends. It was my first visit to Paris. I knew two people there, the delightful director, Rene Clair, and Merle. Diner with Rene and wife the first evening, and thereafter Merle. I was still totally in love with my wife, Joan, (pre-Hughes) and Merle was in the

stratosphere of romance with the incredibly handsome Italian, Count Cini, who was in Venice at the time. So we lunched, we drove, we wined, we dined, we danced, we talked, and often articulated, "What a waste!"

Her romance with Cini, headed toward marriage, was handed a sudden and devastating finale when, shortly after our Paris idyll, Merle was waving goodbye to him at the Nice airport as he took off for Venice flying his own plane. He circled the field, dipped his wing to her, and turned in the direction of Venice. While Merle watched, the plane burst into flames and crashed. Few ladies could survive that kind of zapper. Merle did, and beautifully. She is more than one lady. She is two or three of the great ones, blended into one.

O'BRIAN, HUGH -- Passionately in love with his own image of himself and sometimes seems to wish he were Hugh Hefner, and maybe "Hef" sometimes wishes he were Hugh O'Brian. Are you truly eager to marry, Hugh, but "just can't find the right girl?"

O'NEAL, RYAN -- Total "jock," could have been a great guy, but gave up trying after that fluke Academy nomination for "Love Story."

O'NEILL, JENNIFER -- Another lady who needs "the big one."
"Summer of '42" was a splendid start, but its immediate successors didn't follow through for her. Possessing sexuality in abundance and refinement to the same degree, she presents a combination all too rare among leading ladies.

O'TOOLE, PETER -- Consummate actor, but will never join Gable, Tracy, Bogart, Brando, Newman, McQueen in the galaxy of stars.

PALANCE, JACK -- Polished performer, sincere man.

PALEY, WILLIAM S. -- Chairman of the Board of Columbia Broadcasting System, and my runaway choice for man of any year in broadcasting. Taste, intelligence, flair, and a capacity for geniality and good manners which some of his top echelon minions would do well to study.

PALMER, LILLI -- Should never be forgotten, if for no other reason than her unequalled performance when she flew to Los Angeles from Europe to stand alongside her errant husband, Rex Harrison, at the darkling funeral of Carole Landis. Jackie KO couldn't have done it better.

PARSONS, LOUELLA -- Now pathetically vegetating in a sanitarium, the once potent scrivener was the most professional newspaper-woman and instinctive reporter ever to tap a Smith-Corona.

PECK, GREGORY -- Stalwart pillar, and somewhere inside there must be some flesh and blood.

PEPPARD, GEORGE -- Had a very good shot at stardom and for a time appeared to be making it, but after the big buildup in "Carpetbaggers" fell flat because the picture itself was so bad, he never seemed to be able to make another strong start.

PIDGEON, WALTER -- "Pidge" is an institution, beloved and respected, and can render from memory more obscene but hilarious limericks than the Kremlin has jewels.

PLESHETTE, SUZANNE -- Other than luck and timing, there is no reason why she has never made it big. She has everything else going for her.

PLUMMER, CHRISTOPHER -- His best performance was co-starring with puckish Tammy Grimes in the production of their daughter, Amanda.

POITIER, SIDNEY -- Made black beautiful before it became the national anthem. Superlative actor, deserved the Oscar for "~~Heat~~^{LILIES} of the ~~Night~~^{FIELD}," deserved it a few years earlier for "Defiant Ones," but the voters' judgment was colored in those days. He also deserves a kick in the ass for refusing to play anything but everybody's Good Shepherd on the screen. Why not a heavy, even a killer? Whitey doesn't have an exclusive on violence and evil. Come on, Sidney, darken your image, so to speak.

POWELL, DICK -- Deserved to live much longer, and Hollywood was a big loser when he stopped.

POWELL, WILLIAM -- Arch villain, arch comedian, arch intellect, arch gentleman, he could have been an Arch-bishop if he had chosen to. Very much alive, and living in Palm Springs.

POWER, TYRONE -- The words gentleness, civility, modulation, expertise were all coined for Ty who seemed by far happiest when married to Annabella.

PREMINGER, OTTO -- Charming, erudite, witty, sophisticated, endearing socially; and a holy terror professionally. An unbelievable paradox. When casting "The Cardinal," he was eager to have Natalie Wood play the girl. Natalie was interested, but sought to use her leverage to coerce Otto into casting Warren Beatty, her then great and good friend, in the title role. Otto listened to her pitch on the telephone and tersely answered, "Natalie, I am interested in you as an actress, not as a casting director!" As it turned out, Natalie may have been a better caster than Otto!

PRENTISS, PAULA -- She and her husband, Richard Benjamin, look enough alike to be twins. They are indeed twin talents of sizeable proportions.

PRESLEY, ELVIS -- Did more for the pelvis than Venus de Milo.

PRICE, VINCENT -- Gourmet, chef, artist, actor, lecturer, raconteur--and has managed to keep all in orbit without any serious collisions.

QUINN, ANTHONY -- Every role he plays seems to come out Zorba.

RAFT, GEORGE -- Has often danced nimbly on the edge of disaster but deserves a better hand than Hollywood has dealt him.

RANDALL, TONY -- Wit, charm, intellect, capability--acres and acres of them, and they all belong to Tony.

REAGAN, RONALD -- When your acting career has dwindled to "Death Valley Days," the logical step, in California, is to the Governorship, what else? And where else?

REDFORD, ROBERT -- Made a capricious but wise choice when he stopped hanging around "The Saint" in Boulder, Colorado, and opted to make a run for the movies.

REDGRAVE, VANESSA -- Ultimate actress, misguided causist, and plucky romanticist. When I came close to producing a film

a few years ago based on Radclyffe Hall's immortal novel, "The Well of Loneliness," I had Vanessa uppermost in mind for the elder girl. When in London I asked her agent to ask her whether she had any objection to playing a lesbian on the screen. Her reported reply, "Oh, dear no; I'm not sure I'm not one!"

REED, DONNA -- Seems to have hung up her acting gloves, not of necessity but of choice. Too bad, there have never been enough like her, and the causes' gain is the films' loss.

REMICK, LEE -- Exudes more mature sex than six Ann-Margrets, plus intelligence, refinement, and style.

REYNOLDS, DEBBIE -- A powerhouse executive in actress' clothing; tough, calculating, purposeful, organizational; if she were a man she could be Harry Cohn or L. B. Mayer, and the way women are libbing, she may be yet!

ROBARDS, JASON, Jr. -- Fine actor, but never made it as Bogart's successor, on or off the screen, particularly the latter.

ROBERTSON, CLIFF -- Is there hardly a man now alive who remembers him in the title role of ROD BROWN, ROCKET RANGER on CBS-TV, live, on Saturday mornings, in 1953-54? He was paid \$150 per show for that, and glad to get it. Now enriched and enshrined by "Charly," he is struggling to overcome the pitfalls of trying to do it all by himself; produce, act, write, direct or direct the director, edit, sell, promote--and he is too fine an actor and person to let happen to him what has happened to so many others who have sought to travel the monolithic route.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G. -- One of the most intelligent, cultured, and totally professional actors in the business, as well as one of the finest gentlemen in Hollywood.

ROBINSON, HUBBELL -- Known to few outside broadcasting circles, he was the dean of program administrators during the so-called "Golden Age" of television when he guided the creative destinies of CBS-TV, then the unchallenged leader among networks. Unmatched since in erudition, taste, and integrity, he "fell among robbers," and the medium lost much of its message. Unhappily, in his

sparkling wake has splashed a whole school of pygmies, and for every Hubbell Robinson there have been a dozen Mike Danns and Leonard Golbergs.

ROGERS, GINGER -- Doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, doesn't use foul language, but compensates with a healthy list of do's.

ROMANOFF, MIKE -- I always called him "Imperial." To some he was "Your Highness," to others "Little Prince," to many "Mike," and to Gloria, his matchless wife, "Michael." To everyone who knew him well he was the essence of generosity, kindness, friendship, intelligence, and wit. He never had a real crown while alive, but he surely must have one now, in that great multi-throned kingdom in the sky.

Mike loathed Philadelphia, and one of his own most amusing tales of his pre-prosperity years had to do with his spending a few days in the Philadelphia municipal slammer on a vagrancy charge. Upon his release he was given twenty dollars, "to make a fresh start." With the twenty he bought himself a five-minute flight over the city in a two-seat open-cockpit plane, common and cheap in those days. While aloft over the city, Mike stood, withdrew

his imperial codpiece, and disdainfully urinated over his erst-while hosts. Beautiful? You know it.

ROMERO, CESAR -- Every pretty lady's favorite escort and one of everyone's favorite people. As the "Joker" in BATMAN, he had more fun than the millions of viewers who loved him in the role.

ROONEY, MICKEY -- A half-dozen major talents caught in an Osterizer of ego and bad judgment.

ROSS, KATHARINE -- After "The Graduate" she should have been on her way with nothing to stop her, but apparently some decision makers thought she would make a great Indian on the screen, so they ran it, and her, right into the ground.

RUSSELL, JANE -- Made "Outlaw" a household word, and participated in the first male-female roll in the hay in movie history. For that reason, if not for many others, particularly two, she will never be totally forgotten.

RUSSELL, ROSALIND -- Only vestigial remnants linger of a towering talent and delightful artiste. Fighting valiantly against the ravages of arthritis, she seems to be accepting relative retirement with customary grace.

RUTHERFORD, ANN -- Polly Benedict's long black curls have disappeared and her hair has begun to turn a stunning and blessedly untinted grey, but the lustrous brown eyes and bouncing vivacity remain undulled. What else can one say about a lovely lady who has rolled with the punches for nineteen years, and some uncommonly hefty wallops they sometimes were?

RYAN, ROBERT -- It's been a long time since "The Set-Up," one of his and anyone's best films, but Bob continues to walk very tall in the jungle.

ST. JOHN, JILL -- Playgirl extraordinaire, total enchantress, beleaguered by insidious and sinister pressures few could stand off.

SCANDIA RESTAURANT -- The very best food available in southern California, and at sensible tariffs. Those Hansens have the magic touch.

SCHARY, DORE -- Involuntary fugitive from Hollywood who, while there, worked much too hard at being all things to all people.

SCOTT, GEORGE C. -- If he makes two pictures per year, one should be good enough to win him the Academy Award for best actor. He's that anyway, even in the bad ones.

SCOTT, LIZABETH -- Salty, throaty, undecided about some of the basics, shabbily treated by that big-time producer, unlucky as hell financially when that alleged millionaire died suddenly without an airtight will, but lucky as hell he didn't live and marry her. She was too good for him, too good for the big-time producer, and endures today as one of the lustiest, nicest, most enjoyable ladies in town! Yes, Scranton, Pa., did well when it spawned Emma Mazos.

SEGAL, GEORGE -- Heralded as the successor to John Garfield, he didn't need that phony propulsion and might have made it even bigger without it. No more "tushie" scenes though, George, please.

SELF, WILLIAM -- President of 20th Century-Fox television, whose greatest asset is his knack for making it so very pleasant and honorable to do business with him.

SELLERS, PETER -- Suffers greatly from overexposure and undercomposure. A few years ago, while in production on "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas" at Warner's, he called from his dressing room and gave me a tremendous pitch on his co-star and rumored cozy friend, Leigh Taylor-Young, to play the femme lead in a film I was about to produce and wish I never had called "The Big Bounce." Thereafter the eager Leigh came way across town to my office, which was then at 20th Century-Fox, to tell me personally how right she was for the role. The picture was made, and badly, co-starring Peter Sellers' alleged great and good friend and her husband, Ryan O'Neal. It was the latter's first feature film, after television stardom in

"Peyton Place." I learned years later that throughout the shooting of the film, the enchanting lady with the triparte name, who had been so determined to play the role, repeatedly needled her husband with the venom that she had hated the script from the outset, loathed doing the film, and was doing it only to enable him to get into a feature. As though that weren't enough to throw and keep her callow and insecure spouse off balance for the duration of production, she also tossed him the sure-fire bromidic zinger that the producer had tried to "make it" with her, which by some chance happened to be a total canard. Cute lady, bad picture, and thank you, Peter Sellers.

SELZNICK, DAVID O. -- One of Hollywood's two or three authentic geniuses, who died too soon of heartbreak, not heart attack. Never able to match the artistry or success of "Gone With the Wind," he lived his last several years in frantic frustration. Roguish, yes, a hard bargainer when holding the cards, yes, but a gifted, articulate and humorful gentleman of vast culture and cerebral endowments. Hollywood has never seen and doubtless never shall see his twin.

SERLING, ROD -- Would rather act or narrate than write, but became very facile and commercial at the last in order to accomplish the first two. Never could pronounce "Zone" on "Twilight Zone." Somehow it always came out "Zun." Withal, a delightful, if acquisitive ex-paratrooper.

SHARIF, OMAR -- What happened after "Lawrence of Arabia" and "Doctor Zhivago," Omar? No more David Lean to lean on? Did close-ups with those passionately burning wet eyes wear a bit thin? Have you been playing too much tournament bridge? Something has happened, because you're certainly not the hot item you were, particularly after "Zhivago." And that's too bad, because you did wonders with a thankless part in "Funny Girl" and you deserve to be better. John Frankenheimer let you down horribly in his third-rate film "The Horsemen," but why did you do it? Did you think John has Lean's talent? John's talent is for promoting himself, and somehow being allowed to make one unsuccessful film after another, spending a fortune on each. "Grand Prix" was a mechanical and financial success, but the story, and the characterizations! And even that was a long time ago. Too bad, because John once had, and doubtless still

has real talent. He simply has become the victim of his own ambition to be a big-time and glamorous director, regardless of the quality of his work.

So beware of such traps, Omar. Be more careful of your roles, your characterizations, your stories, and your directors. That is, unless you'd rather be just a professional bridge player.

SHORE, DINAH -- Hard working, machine-like, yet every inch a woman and a star. And Burt Reynolds wrap seems to cloak her warmly.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA -- I fell unabashedly in love with her when that little face turned up in "Street Scene," eyes almost closed in what had to be the most loving smile ever filmed. Others fell in love with her, before and after, many others. Her prime misalliance was with Bennett Cerf. The wedding was hyper-romantic, the honeymoon hyper-hypnotic, the marriage hyper-brief. Needlepoint will never replace sex, Sylvia, but the needles don't jab back, so hang in there.

SILLIPHANT, STIRLING -- A one-man fiction factory, having written about 60 per cent of the "Naked City" and 90 per cent of the "Route 66" scripts, with a feature script thrown in now and then just for Variety and the Hollywood Reporter.

SINATRA, FRANK -- Would probably much prefer being an important hood to being an important actor-entertainer, or "retired" actor-entertainer. Excessive in all areas, always needing and often deserving to be loved.

SINATRA, FRANK, Jr. -- Without the "Junior" he doubtless would never have risen from the launching pad, but with it there are the inevitable comparisons which must be a frightful psychological load. And the kingsize pity is that no one will ever really know how far he might have risen, if at all, without the booster. When will parents learn to submerge their own egos and desires for self-perpetuated image sufficiently to drop that "Junior" bullshit?

SINATRA, NANCY, Jr. -- "Big Nancy" is a sensible, wonderful woman and would probably not have hung the "Junior" sobriquet

around Nancy's pretty neck if the decision had been entirely hers. However, junior misses somehow suffer less from the albatross, because they are mercifully rarer, and in Nancy Jr's. case it has been handled with uncommon grace coupled with a sultry talent that would have emerged if her name had been Ruth or Helen.

SKELTON, RED -- Skillful clown, perennial success, should never have allowed himself to be "conned" into doing that half-hour television series for NBC; an unworthy period to an exalted television career.

SPIEGEL, SAM -- Even when alternately S. P. Eagle or E. A. Gull, and long before the beginning of his lengthy hit parade, "African Queen," "On the Waterfront," "Lawrence of Arabia," "Nicholas and Alexandra," etc., Sam oozed enough warmth, erudition, culture, and charm to compensate for the absence thereof on the part of many of his peers who didn't hesitate to attend his parties but did hesitate to invite him to theirs until after he struck the mother lode.

STACK, ROBERT -- Inherited the Elliot Ness bonanza in "The Untouchables" after Van Johnson unwisely eschewed it. Inherited style and grace elsewhere and developed both to a lofty level.

STANTON, FRANK -- Vice Chairman of the Board of the Columbia Braodcasting System; statesman, spokesman; iceman.

STANWYCK, BARBARA -- Superb actress, deeply sensitive and lonely lady. Robert Taylor was her greatest love, and his death, long after their divorce, shattered her immeasurably. We lunched shortly after Bob lost his valiant fight against the Big C. and her grief was painfully evident.

STEIGER, ROD -- Slice away enough of Stanislavsky and there remains an immensely facile actor whose performances inevitably reflect the strength of his directors.

STEVENS, INGER -- One of the straightest and least phony ladies ever on the Hollywood scene; cut down in her second blossoming by too rich a mixture.

STEWART, JAMES -- Has booted more merde than Man of War or Ack Ack; knows how to use that contrived drawl to gain silence and attention; and has been luckier in marriage than anyone I know.

STREISAND, BARBRA -- Shortly before starting film production on "Funny Girl," she came two hours late to a party given in her honor by her producer, Ray Stark, and then proceeded to sequester herself in a shadowed corner for the duration. Times have changed. She now comes on much stronger.

SULLAVAN, MARGARET -- This pixyish, beguiling lady and definitive actress has doubtless been forgotten by many, but most certainly not by me.

While making "No Sad Songs for Me" at Columbia, that avuncular vulgarian, Harry Cohn, attempted to draw her down to his level of sexual intimacy by tossing at her one evening in his office the following: "Willy (her ex-husband, director William Wyler) tells me you are fantastic in bed." Whereupon Maggie rose from her chair, walked slowly and wordlessly to the door, turned, and responded, "Willy didn't tell you that. Willy wouldn't say a

thing like that, but I am!", slammed the door and exited, never to see bossman again.

After three great husbands, Hank Fonda, Willy Wyler, and Leland Hayward, and three painful divorces, she whispered to me one evening in 1950 that she was contemplating marrying again but would positively never have another divorce. "I simply will not have four divorces. My fourth husband can do or be anything he likes; I will not have a fourth divorce." She did marry again, and a few years later while opening a new play in New Haven, Maggie ended it all for herself. A tragic and heavy loss, for her children, her friends, and for others who loved her.

SUSSKIND, DAVID -- David is supposed to mean "beloved" in Hebrew. If true, then either some ancient Hebraic Webster made a gigantic gaffe, or David's parents didn't understand their native tongue. Napoleonic in stature, but only in stature, our David is a tower of conceit blended with undeniable charm, sharp mind, and trenchant wit. If only he had been blessed with a larger quotient of integrity, he would stand taller than his five feet some odd inches. Once fired by a large New York

corporation when caught copulating after hours in one of the company's offices with the wife of one of his best friends and co-workers, "beloved" completely absolved himself, but remained irrationally hostile toward the corporation and has blasted it regularly on his overtalk show ever since. A handy fellow to have around the office.

SUTHERLAND, DONALD -- The best thing that has ever happened or will happen to him is Jane Fonda. If his name were Pierre, he would be Lucky Pierre.

TAYLOR, ROBERT -- A real Nebraska square, but deservedly respected, loved, and remembered.

TELEVISION -- Once the scourge and then the savior of Hollywood, it has never lived down Frank Lloyd Wright's unforgettable description, "chewing gum for the eyes." Hundreds of little and a few big men scrambling and falling all over one another trying desperately to pretend their primary purpose is something other than to sell merchandise.

TELEVISION ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES -- Oscar's little cousin, Emmy, has never truly been in contention, due to splintered management, vacillation, lack of cohesion, and an idiotic east coast vs. west coast rivalry. Given time and support, the recently installed full-time national president, Bob Lewine, should be able to right the wrongs, gather the fragments, and make Emmy a contender for Miss Universe. ✓

TEMPLE, SHIRLEY -- Reached her peak when they named that kiddie drink after her.

THOMAS, DANNY -- Professional benefactor, professional jokester, professional enthusiast, professional husband, professional father, professional Catholic.

THOMAS, MARLO -- What be those rounded objects dangling from her ears, shoulders, elbows, and knees? Be they jeweled baubles, or be they the dismembered remnants of assorted leading men, lawyers, boy friends, network executives, agents, business managers, press representatives, et al?

TIERNEY, GENE -- Exquisite beauty and patrician presence. Has there ever been another "Laura?" Now happily married and living in Texas, I hope she has forgotten the many unhappinesses which marred her finest years and knows millions of us will never forget her warmth and loveliness.

TONE, FRANCHOT -- A gentleman and an actor, who managed to survive marriage to Joan Crawford but never totally recovered from the beating at the unworthy hands of Tom Neal over an even less worthy female, Barbara Peyton. When at the peak of his stardom, and a lofty peak it was, he made a film at Columbia for Frank Capra. One day after rehearsing a scene at some length, Franchot seemed unhappy. Frank asked why. Franchot ventured he thought the scene should be staged differently. Frank invited him to restage it as he thought it should go. Franchot eagerly accepted, moving the other actors about, rearranging entrances and positions as he saw fit. When he had finished, Frank asked, "Is that the way you see the scene played now, Franchot? Are you completely happy with it that way?" "Yes, yes," from the delighted actor turned director.

The scene was then shot exactly as Franchot had planned it. Again Frank asked, "Did that seem right to you, Franchot?" Another "Yes, yes, fine" from Franchot. Whereupon Capra quietly instructed his script clerk, "Okay, print that, send the print to Mr. Tone's home, and now we'll shoot it my way." It was Franchot's last sally behind the camera.

TRACY, SPENCER --What can I add to Gar Kanin's summation? Perhaps only to strip it of its frippery and leave the leanness of a true Gibraltar of a man and an Eiffel of an actor. I was at Mike Romanoff's restaurant one evening when a comedian, newly arrived in Hollywood, went to Spence's table, knelt, and kissed his hand in fawning adoration. Tracy turned witheringly toward him and growled, "Get up off the floor and stop making a goddamn fool of yourself." The newly arrived comedian? Jerry Lewis.

TURNER, LANA -- Has always seemed like a little Italian girl playing "dress up" in her mother's clothes.

USTINOV, PETER -- Comes very close to doing well and successfully what Burt Lancaster set as his unattainable goal.

VAN DYKE, DICK -- An escaped missionary masquerading as a comedian and getting away with it.

VOIGHT, JON -- The jury is still out as to whether that midnight cowboy was or was not just a ghost rider from the sky.

WAGNER, ROBERT -- "R. J." is a very warm, friendly, decent chap, who probably should have stayed married to Natalie Wood, an error which he seems recently to have corrected.

WALLIS, HAL B. -- Minna's little brother and protege; a monument of production skill and showmanship.

WANGER, WALTER -- Had everything going for him, breeding, education, background; parlayed it into a phase of glittering success, but blew it all and wound up a well-dressed loser, only partially abetted by his uncanny marksmanship.

WARNER, JACK -- Truly the last tycoon. A tower of bad taste trying desparately to compensate by laudable acts of charity, yet even these seem always tainted by a quid pro quo.

WAYNE, JOHN -- Eternally tall in the saddle, sincere but one-dimensional in his political beliefs, but enduring beyond all comprehension.

WEAVER, SYLVESTER J. "PAT" -- Another giant from television's "Golden Age," originator of the "Tonight" and "Today" shows on NBC, a great innovator, felled by the envy of his superiors and at a huge loss to the medium.

WELCH, RACQUEL -- This decade's Jayne Mansfield; will be forgotten in ten years or less.

WELD, TUESDAY -- Never has been taken as seriously as should be as an actress because of a hippie image acquired very early. She possesses only partially plumbed histrionic depths, and one hopes she will eventually be given the opportunity to let them all hang out.

WELLES, ORSON -- Vast. Vast acting ability, vast directing ability, but greatly limited by an equally vast lack of self-discipline. Vast. Yes, Orson is vast!

WEST, MAE -- Could teach them all how to endure. Very short in stature, but very tall when standing on her money.

WIDMARK, RICHARD -- Has never been bad and often great. A hit television series or one showy film role could do it for him. There is no reason why he can't be a Tracy or Bogart successor, and just as big.

WILDER, BILLY -- Regarded as a directorial genius by some, but by less and less as his last hit fades more and more into the distant past. Regarded as a master wit by others, but real wit isn't that easy to come by, and ad hominem jokes are a cinch for anyone.

WINTERS, JONATHAN -- One of the most deft comedians on the screen or tube, but hasn't he always allowed his lofty and varied talents to be spread too thin?

WINTERS, SHELLEY -- An amiable and not untalented slob, but nonetheless a slob.

WOOD, NATALIE -- Fragile, sensitive, beautiful, precocious in every facet of her being, probably programmed for a lifetime of personal disappointments.

WOODWARD, JOANNE -- If there can be a quiet dynamo, she is it. Energy and artistry to spare, she does it all, and regally.

WYMAN, JANE -- She should have become Governor of California and her former husband should have stood in Death Valley.
(See page 64).

YOUNG, GIG -- Has survived early classification as "A young Robert Montgomery," and that couldn't have been easy.

YOUNG, LORETTA -- Decorous and decorative lady who maintained an unmatched dignity throughout a long and successful career, unaccompanied by her rightful share of personal happiness.

YOUNG, ROBERT -- Dr. Welby stands very tall in two professions, theatrical and medical.

ZANUCK, DARRYL -- Regrettably, one of those defanged tigers who won't lie down. Able to sacrifice his only begotten son on the altar of survival, a once proud and worthy warrior now clutching vainly at a limp lance.

ZANUCK, RICHARD -- Inherited all his father's reputation, some of his cunning, a modicum of his talent, but who never deserved the supreme doublecross dealt him by père.