

MAKING A MAN'S

"MAYBE," said Director Henry Hathaway, with just a tinge of irony in his voice, "we had better call this picture 'Wives of a Bengal Lancer'!"

And tearing into shreds a sign reading, "No Women Allowed," which he had just jerked down from a tree trunk, he resigned himself to the gloom of his thoughts.

You see, the reason for Director Hathaway's inward struggle was the fact that the dust from Gary Cooper's retreating car was still sifting up his nostrils. And the reason that Gary Cooper's car was bedusting the serene shores of Malibu Lake was that Gary was deserting camp in a hurry to meet his wife, Sandra Shaw Cooper—

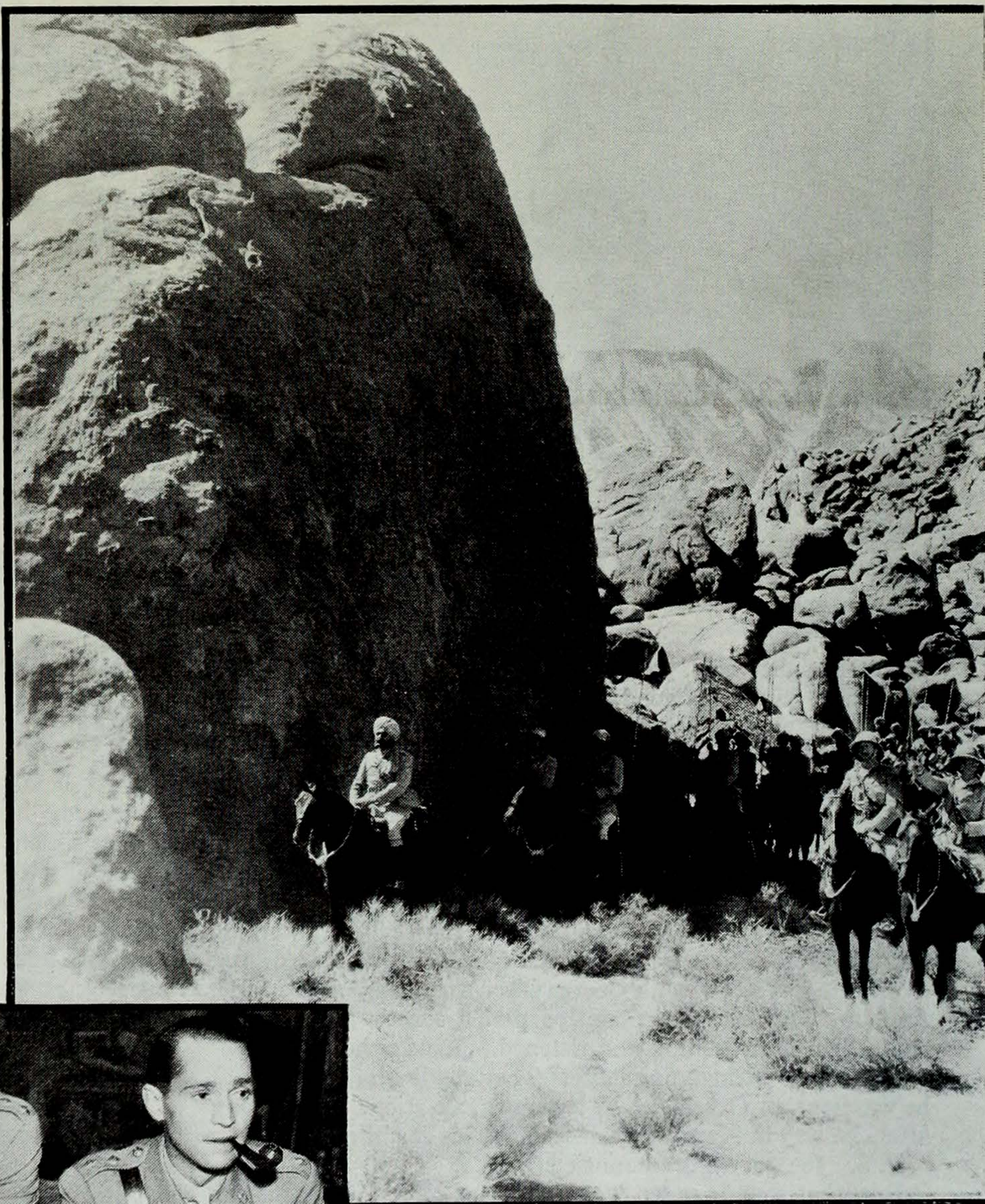
And all this was very much against the rules.

The setting for this bit of dramatics is the greatest excursion of modern movie times—Paramount's rugged (and partly ragged) expedition of some four hundred masculine souls into the wilds to make "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." You probably read the book by Francis Yeats-Brown, and if you did you'll know that it's pretty exclusively a male affair. No women. Well—there *is* to be *one* in the movie—Kathleen Burke—but she'll step in and out inside of two hundred feet of film.

Incidentally, this is not the only picture planned or in the making, in which the males are an overwhelming majority. On the M-G-M list, there's "Mutiny on the Bounty," also with a lone woman. Fox is going in strong for masculinity. "Hell in the Heavens" is a one-woman film, she being Conchita Montenegro; "East River" has just two, Marjorie Rambeau and Grace Bradley, and in the same studio's "Lottery Lover," three-fourths of the cast are men. It's something for the ladies of Hollywood to worry about!

Hathaway was to have with him four hundred hairy-chested gentlemen, including some hundred and fifty Hindu olive

pickers from the Napa Valley, a troop of a hundred mustang-bitten cowboys (made up as lancers), and such two-fisted fellows as Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue, Richard Cromwell, Douglas Dumbrille and Colin Tapley. There also were to be a host of daredevil war veterans from all over the world, including Russian generals, Cossack cavalry commanders, Australian light-horse officers, and even a former member of Pershing's staff. So, with these stiff-whiskered gentlemen filling the woods, Director



Sir Guy Standing, Gary Cooper, and Franchot Tone were all lured away from location by undaunted ladies. Director Hathaway posted a sign, "No Women Allowed," but Gary's wife crashed into the camp

Hathaway decided that members of the weaker sex would seem a bit out of place on this particular expedition. Oh, there'd be a production staff member or two, but those business-like girls wouldn't interfere with plans. So he determined to make the whole affair a he-man's holiday. Hence the sign—

"No Women Allowed."

It was the very next day after the monastic edict that up to the forbidden spot

PICTURE

The "Bengal Lancers" director hid his masculine cast in the mountain wilderness, but women still pursued them

By Kirtley Baskette



Watch out for your head! Monte Blue, made up as *Hamzulla Khan*, means business! Director Hathaway should have assigned Monte to the job of scaring the girls away with his sword

in camp. So Gary discovered a rattlesnake in his tent, and found it entirely necessary to move at once to the lodge, where his health would be beyond danger.

Hence Mr. Hathaway's full measure of chagrin.

Of course, it had been in the course of evolution for several days—this chagrin. And not all because of Gary. Why, the very day before, a beguiling honk had penetrated the sanctity of the camp, and that perennial charmer, Sir Guy Standing, laden with flies, and rods and reels, had bundled hurriedly but withal furtively out of his tent. Down to the road he went, and was seen to greet a mysterious brunette. She was in a roadster, and away they whirled, to the boat-landing. While the perturbed Mr. Hathaway spied upon them, Sir Guy fished and the mysterious lady of the lake rowed the boat or netted the trout he caught.

Too, a series of long distance messages from Joan Crawford, calling Franchot Tone away from his womanless surroundings at odd times during the day, had further proved the resolve of the feminine invasion which threatened the "Lancers."

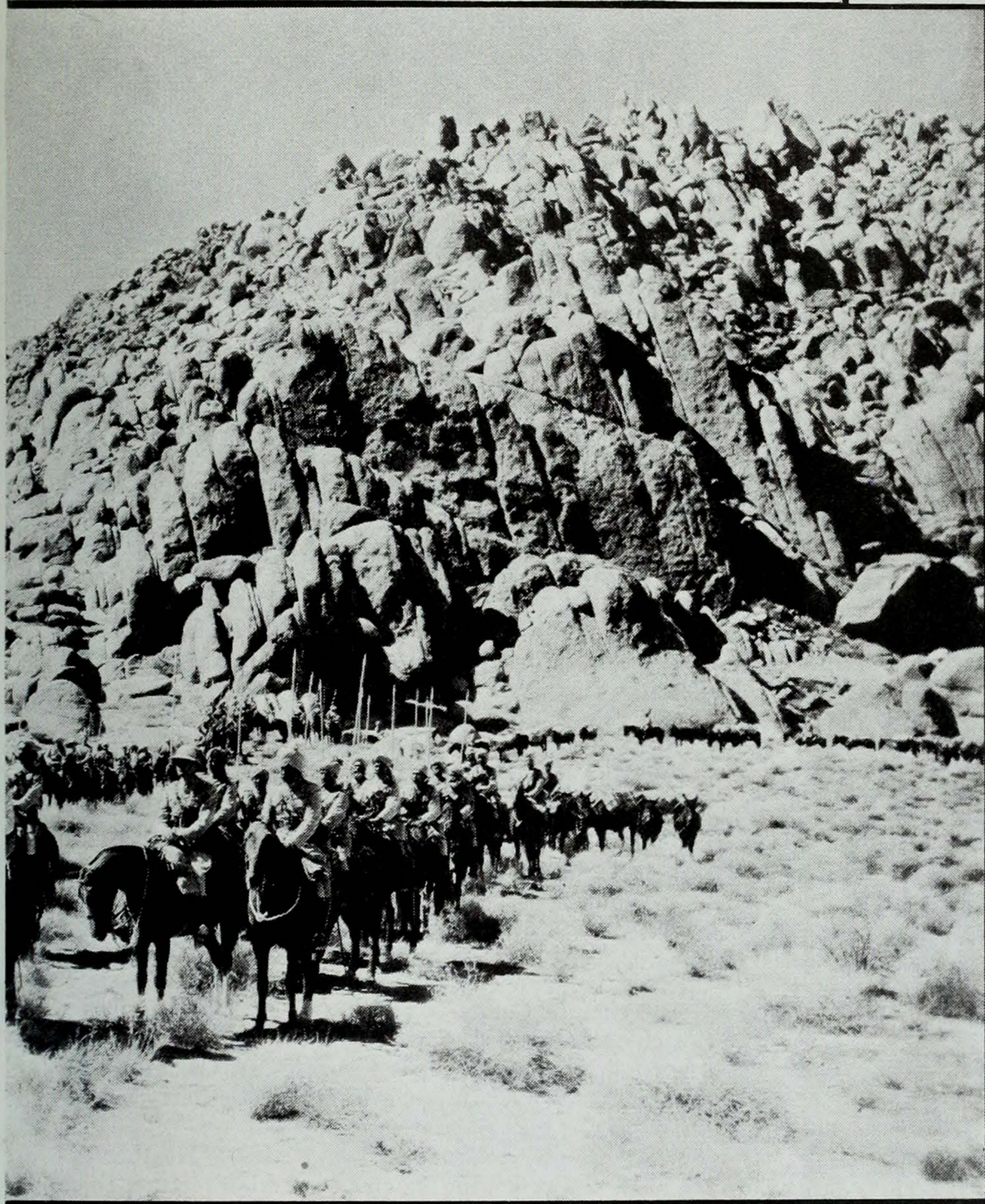
Women, women, women! How could you ever get away from them and make a man's picture?

"Never mind," Hathaway now muttered into his beard, as Gary's big motor rumbled off Sandra-wards in the distance, "wait'll I get 'em at Lone Pine."

Because the whole "Lancer" company, after completing the two weeks' term at Malibu Lake, only forty-five miles from

Hollywood, and therefore within convenient feminine siege-distance, was due to pack into the bare and rocky slopes of Mount Whitney—three hundred miles from anywhere, to film the Khyber Pass excitement of the picture.

Getting into the location at Lone Pine, Mr. Hathaway reflected with satisfaction, would be something of a feat for a lady who had no business with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Four hundred hardy men invaded the wilderness around Mount Whitney, to make the exciting Khyber Pass sequences of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount. Among them were many cowboys, war veterans, and Hindus

boiled Sandra Shaw Cooper in her roadster and registered at the nearby Malibu lodge. Immediately she dispatched a messenger to the forbidden precincts with a note. And whatever she wrote, her words had more authority for Gary than military orders.

Gary said he thought he should go over to the lodge, but Director Hathaway said he wanted the entire company to stay

Making a Man's Picture

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the company. There, at last, lay the promise of a man's world for ten days. A chance for his cast to lead real "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Riding and roughing, and hot sun and harsh winds and (this would appeal to the primitive instincts of Messrs. Cooper, Tone, Standing, et al.) hunting! Women, wives, sweethearts? Tush—in the thrill of the chase, they'd forget all about 'em!

So they left Malibu Lake for Lone Pine—all these rough and hardy, keen-eyed Nimrods. Gary, with his two big African game rifles, well oiled. Franchot, proudly bearing a complete hunting outfit and a very super-special

timidated by miles of mountain roads, find lodging?

Gallantly Sir Guy moved out of his room with Gary—and there were bunk replacements and crowding of quarters all down the line—clear to the cook's quarters.

"I thought Gary might be lonesome," said Mrs. Cooper. Mr. Hathaway waved a white flag and admitted defeat.

And that's how Sandra, by force of circumstance, was made an unofficial member of the Bengal Lancers—"But don't you mind me," she admonished Gary, "you go right on with your hunting plans with Franchot."

from the rolling kitchen, and deposited about the nearby crags and peaks by "Cracker" Henderson, Gary's faithful retainer.

Of course, Gary almost had a real buffalo to add to his collection as a souvenir of the "Bengal Lancers" safari. He and Hathaway, seeking good location sites, came upon a herd of fourteen American bison roaming a valley. What's more, they're still there, because neither Gary nor anyone else had the heart to shoot!

Nor was Gary the only one with a soft heart in camp. There was Serevan Singh, who had been a fortune teller on the Strand in Long Beach, near Hollywood. He heard that Paramount wanted Hindus, and being a high-caste Hindu himself, journeyed to Hollywood.

Serevan was asked to leave his telephone number at the casting office, so the story goes.

"No phone number," said the Hindu. "Just think of me, and I'll report for work."

Later, Hathaway and his assistant director decided they would need several Hindus in the next day's shooting. Jokingly, Hathaway said, "Come on, you Serevan! Come elerevan—tomorrow morning."

And the next morning at eleven o'clock sharp, Serevan Singh was on hand!

"I heard you call me last night," he said simply.

Gary and Franchot and Sir Guy and Monte and all the gang heard of this wondrous seer, and wanted their fortunes told. And Serevan, in the fastnesses of Lone Pine, obliged—until he came to Gary.

"I am too soft-hearted," he said. "What I have to tell you, you would not like to hear."

GARY doesn't know what terrible fate lies ahead for him—although Franchot Tone thought surely Serevan had got his signals mixed and meant him, after he had been in the altitudinous location a few days. Every few steps he took, Franchot had to sit down and rest.

A newspaperman along with the outfit wrote a squib about Franchot's height-susceptible heart, and a Los Angeles paper printed it.

The next day a messenger dashed frantically into the scene.

"There's an important long distance call from Miss Crawford at Lone Pine for Mr. Tone," he panted.

Shooting was abandoned and the company twiddled thumbs while Franchot made the three-mile hike back to the telephone.

When he returned, the face of Mister Tone wore an expression of perturbation—a sort of sheepish look mingled with wounded pride. An eyebrow was arched dangerously.

"She was worried about my *health!*" confessed Franchot. "She wanted me to watch out and not overdo!"

Not *overdo*—those words seared a lancer's soul. "Come on," said Lancer Tone, with grim lips, "let's get to work!"

And Director Hathaway, raising heavenwards a prayer of thanks for the final defeat of woman, grabbed his opportunity like a short-stop grabs an infield drive.

"Let's go on that cavalry charge scene," he cried. "Come on, Cooper, Standing, Cromwell, Blue—let's make this a *man's* picture!"

And that's just what they've done with "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—made it a real man's picture—in spite of the women.



After waiting two years for a honeymoon, Harry Edington and his wife, Barbara Kent, are at last in Europe. Harry is Greta Garbo's agent, and is planning a real screen future for the talented Barbara

30-30 rifle, on which he had recklessly blown the weekly pay check. Sir Guy laden with a new set of flies.

Now, Lone Pine is not one of the elaborate hotel centers, and stars' quarters, on trips like this, are not always done up in modern finery. Gary bunked with Sir Guy; Franchot with Dick Cromwell, and so on down the list.

Every available bed, cot and hammock in the little town was accounted for—not a spot to spare.

And then, just as everyone was shoe-horned into his quarters, an automobile horn tootled without and a prop boy came running into Gary's room—

"Mrs. Cooper's outside," he announced.

Director Hathaway fainted.

And, well—you can imagine the havoc. Where could the undefeatable Sandra, unin-

"We'll go tonight," said Gary, "at two A.M."

"Right," said Franchot. "Stout fellow!"

Now the details of that hunting expedition remain a little vague. But this much is known: That Gary and Franchot set out at two o'clock in the still of the morning, and returned to Lone Pine at about five-thirty A.M., with scuffed boots and weary legs, but with nary a buck—nor even jack-rabbit for that matter. They got all of one hour's sleep before a bugle blasted down the hotel halls to shatter their dreams, and they were very, very tired lancers when that first day's fight with the Khyber Pass Afridi tribesmen was over and Director Hathaway signaled "cut."

"From now on," wisely decreed Nimrods Cooper and Tone, "our hunting will take place within easy walking distance of our bunks."

So they shot at tin cans and bottles discarded