

# Making a Million

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heeled boots asked me what I was a-doin' with the picture company. "Young feller," says I, "I'm a actor."

So far as I can look back an' remember that's the only time in my entire picture career that I've ever made such a claim, or even tried to pretend that I was a actor. I'm anythin' else but. Nowadays, when asked my business, I explain that I'm makin' pictures. "Ain't you a actor?" I've been asked, an' I always tell 'em no, that we hires gents an' other ladies to do the actin'.

In this here picture, "Back to the Primitive," "Dad" Turner got me to help write the story. "Dad," says I, "there ain't a-goin' to be no sufferin' Osage squaw with a meat-eatin' baby in this here picture, at least with my help." So the story was written 'bout a young English gent a-bein' shipwrecked on a lonely island with the leadin' lady, who was Miss Williams, an' while this young feller was a wonderful waltzer an' knew the right kind of perfume to use an' which fork to pick up at the right time, when it come to bu'ldin' shacks to protect the girl, an' hustlin' 'round to get a little food to keep 'em both from starvin', he was just no count an' didn't know nothin'.

WHEN it come to goin' back to the primitive he had no idea what it was all about. It was an easy part for this young London gent to play for he didn't know what it was all about anyway. An' so far as I know he ain't learned yet.

Finally I come along as the brother. I'd been one of these here young fellers who had to

get out an' hustle a bit an' it wasn't much of a trick for me knowin' outdoor life to build shacks, snare game, catch fish an' provide ways an' means of keepin' the family a-livin' until we got rescued.

It turned out to be a great picture, so Colonel Selig of the old Selig Polyscope Company afterward told me, an' in it my old friends, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, who are livin' right here today in Hollywood, did some mighty fine actin'. I've seen 'em both in many pictures since but don't recall anythin' better than they did then. We had a lot of ups and downs in this here picture an' about a week before we finished 'long comes Big Otto an' his animals—lions, tigers, leopards an' elephants.

Finally come a day when "Lost in the Jungle" got started. We didn't know nothin' then about enclosin' the sets with fine wire screen and hide 'em so the animals couldn't get away, an' still the audience couldn't see what was a-keepin' 'em in. In those days we just turned them loose an' the actors took the long chance of gettin' in the way.

Of course, Miss Williams was the gal lost in the jungle an' we was a-rescuin' of her. This jungle, as I remember it, was supposed to be somewhere in Burmah, between Rangoon an' Mandalay. Incidental, about that time I read the poem a feller named Kipling wrote about "The Road to Mandalay." He says, "On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play." Comin' back from the Boer War I stopped in Rangoon, Burmah, an' I discovered that Mandalay is more'n a hundred miles from

the sea coast an' if any flyin' fish flew that far he was sure a aviator. The "road to Mandalay" I might add in passin', is a long, windin' narrow dirt trail an' traveled most by ox an' water buffalo teams, an' no place for any self-respectin' flyin' fish, Mr. Kiplin's opinion to the contrary.

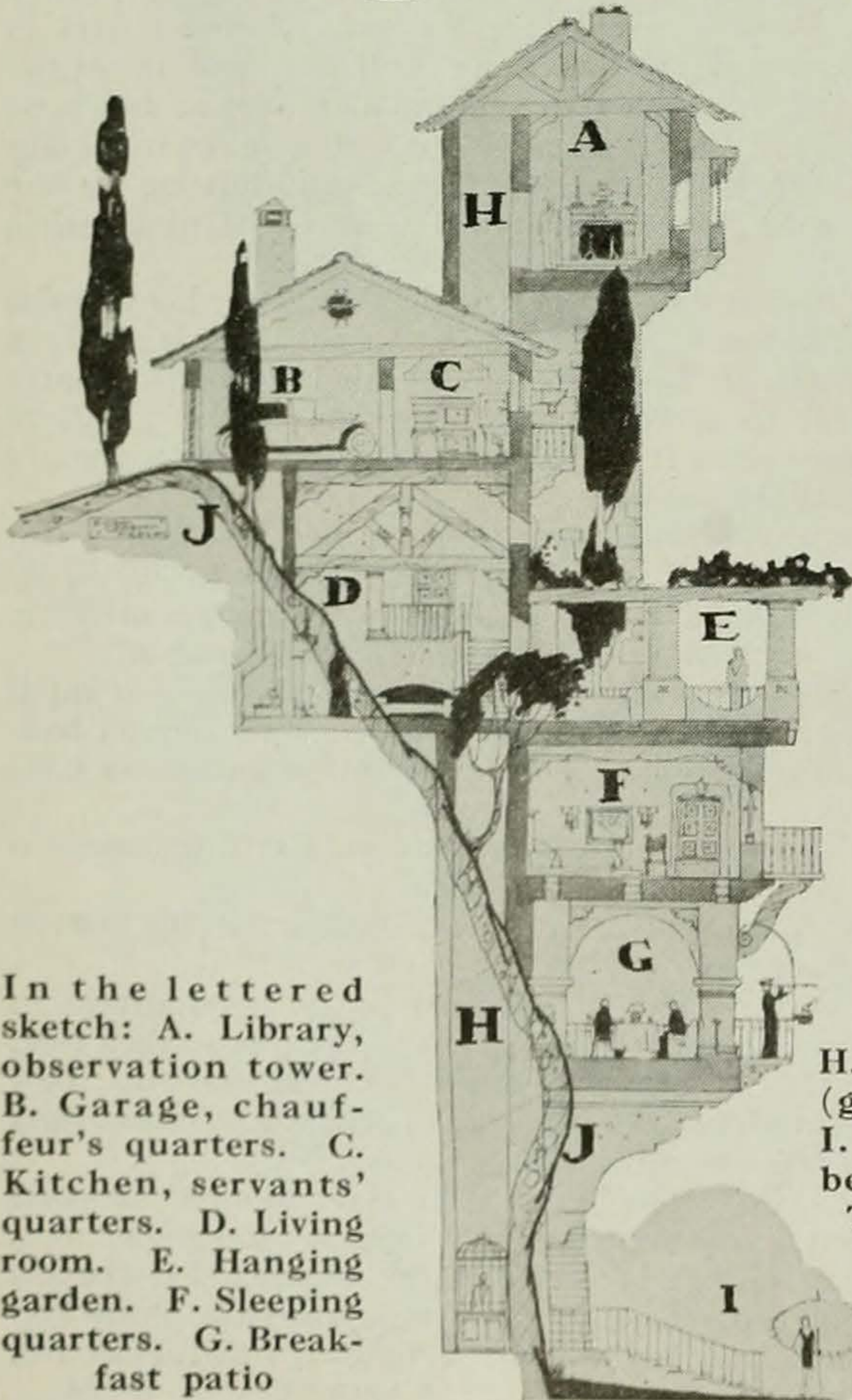
WHAT I knew about "cats" was confined to pumas, mountain lions, bobcats an' catamounts, with a triflin' knowledge throwed in of wolves an' coyotes; but about lions, tigers an' leopards I had a heap to learn.

My first experience in this picture that amounted to much was when old Toddles, the elephant, got a hankerin' to go a-visitin' an' me an' another feller chased him six or eight miles down the Atlantic coast an' was unable to turn him back until we'd prodded him with pitchforks for an hour or two. Every week Toddles used to bust out, an' him an' me had many a session. I followed him once into a swamp until nigh onto daylight. Me an' him got to be pretty good friends at that. Still he'd look at me once in a while out of one of his little funny pea-shaped eyes with a peculiar squint an' that told me he was a-preparin' for one of his nightly jaunts, an' I arranged my affairs accordin'.

I must say Kathryn Williams had a lot of nerve an' she made scenes with them animals that no livin' woman today in movin' pictures would dare follow. She just wasn't afraid of nothin'.

"Lost in the Jungle" was a great picture but [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 110 ]

## Doug Trusts California's Cliffs



In the lettered sketch: A. Library, observation tower. B. Garage, chauffeur's quarters. C. Kitchen, servants' quarters. D. Living room. E. Hanging garden. F. Sleeping quarters. G. Breakfast patio

H. Elevator (goody!). I. Bathing beach. J. The Cliff

HERE is a mountain-climbing house guaranteed to keep the occupants slender by giving them more exercise than a New York walk-up flat. It was designed by William Cameron Menzies as a beach home for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

The house will cling—we hope—to the side of a cliff at Solana Beach, Calif. It's a cantilever structure, which means that Doug prays it will support itself by its own weight. You enter by the chimney or by boat during high tide.

