

"MOON OVER BURMA"—Lamour rides Jumbo.



"HER JUNGLE LOVE"—Lamour holds that tiger. He loves it.



"SPAWN OF THE NORTH"—Lamour is pensive over a sad seal.

By Dee Lowrance
HOLLYWOOD
Y ARNS about animals are relatively rare on the screen. And so, when one starring animals as well as humans, comes along and is made into a picture—that's news out Hollywood way.

Down the years, Hollywood has become responsible for more strange animal tales than Frank Buck. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, P. T. Barnum and Theodore Roosevelt combined.

Some of the yarns are hush-hushed, some are eized upon avidly by the horde of frenetic folk whose job it is to see that such things are not hush-hushed.

But there is one studio which has, in its time, housed more animals than the Bronx Zoo. It has beaten all other studios in this matter—and still stays in the lead. Perhaps one of the explanations for this is that Paramount has made all the Dorothy Lamour pictures—and a very few of those indeed have been sans animal life of some sort.

They say that stories are told around the Paramount sound stages that would make even the huskiest grip quail and run for cover. That's what they say—but there's no proof available. Perhaps the stories are kept only for insiders.

TAKE the recent case of the experience Bob Hope just had with some 500 pounds of Russian brown bear steak on the hoof while shooting a scene in "Road to Utopia."

The bear had been trained to come into a cabin where the wide-awake Hope was allegedly sleeping. It was to deposit its chassis beside Hope and he, in the darkness, was to believe it was Dorothy Lamour. The mistake was natural as, in the film, Dottie was sarong-ing it for the nonce in a bearskin coat.

But, however simple it might have seemed to screen, Bob Hope wanted no part of that bear. He had taken a quick look at its claws, and also its teeth. In fact, Bob was heard to insist that, if the bear would permit its teeth to be pulled, Bob would take his out, too!

No amount of urging on the star's part, however, would persuade the director, Hal Walker, to cut the scene. And, being the trouper that he is, Hope remained on the set, his teeth chattering with extreme fright.

Once he was heard to mutter, in a stage-whisper that reached Hollywood Cemetery (next door) that there should be simpler ways of dropping his option than this! He also suggested a direct line should be put through to Uter-McKinley, famed funeral parlor, and remarked that Paramount certainly picked weird ways to prune its contract list.

Despite his oft-repeated protests, the scene was shot—but Hope aged considerably in the making. Not so, Bing Crosby. He slept through the affair!

The varied bears who play star roles in "Road to Utopia" represent a considerable cash outlay. Their appearance on the set also proves once again the scope of the duties of the Property Department at any studio.

For bears are the prop department's business. They have a file of pictures of available bears, and can turn one up at very short notice—thanks to a bear-entrepreneur named Stanley Beebe, a well-known animal trainer.

Their home base is New York, and so four of them were shipped to the film capital, in a baggage car. One of them drove the baggageman utterly, completely nuts when she delivered herself of twins en route.

A contract, entered into by Beebe and the studio, forbids his using any of his bears in any other film for a year after "Utopia" appears. So one can hazard that Mr. Beebe saw to it that he was well rewarded for his

Animals Act Up

These Stars Turn Studios Into Three-Ring Circuses ---Thereby Hangs a Tale

Temperament is a tradition in Hollywood. The latest flare-ups of the top stars are rushed into print in all their fiery details. Fans read avidly, shrug. One expects such capers from artists. . . .

But for sheer, cussed unpredictability, the animal actors make human stars seem like shrinking violets. They shed their hair at the wrong time, have blessed events on the sets, form instant likes and dislikes for the humans they work with, and generally cause producers, directors and prop men to moan. "What next?"

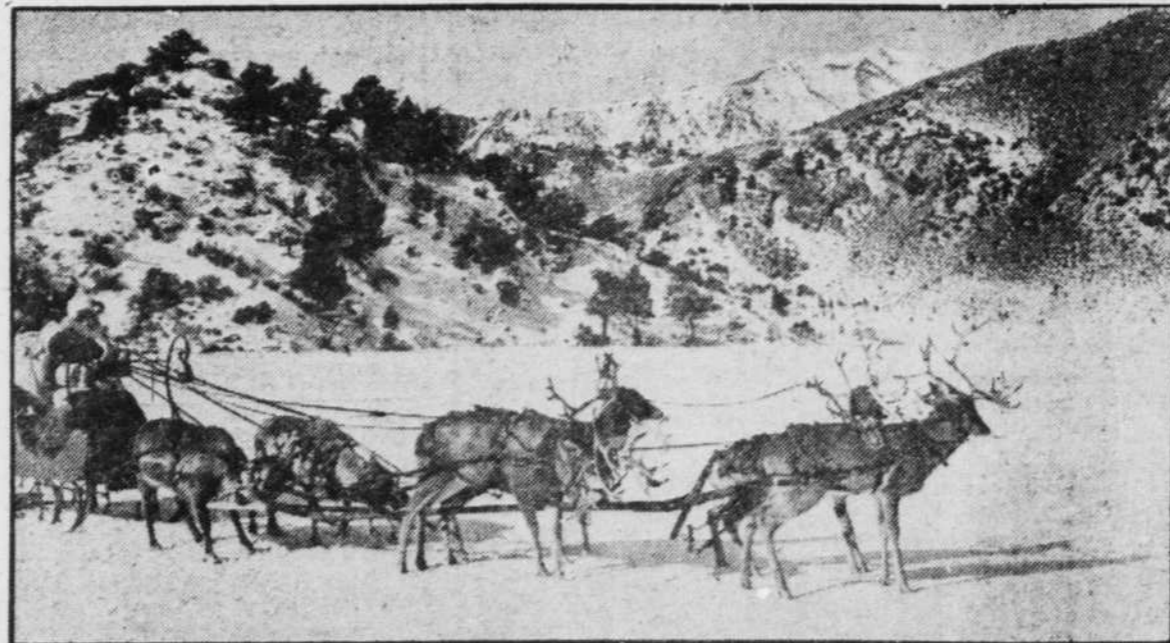
With new scripts calling for all kinds of animal oddities, fans may expect anything in the future. Bears, chimps and reindeer already have played roles; comes now a talking bird, with rumors of trained fish and snakes. Truly—what next?



SHAGGY STAR who'll bear watching is Bruin.



NO CHUMP, THIS CHIMP, who loves his film roles with the Sarong Girl.



PITY THE PRODUCER who had to send to Canada for these reindeer.



TALKING BIRD plays a role in "Rainbow Island."

time and that of his bears!

FOR the same picture, which uses more animals than a circus, the poor prop department did double nip-ups in their search for reindeer. It seems that reindeer have a way of disappearing when winter comes. Since the studio was loath to keep Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour waiting around

idly until summer, an SOS for reindeer was sent around the country.

The SOS finally reached the ears of the Canadian government. They volunteered to deliver the reindeer. At a cost of \$27,000 to the studio, the reindeer arrived. To make matters worse, they only turned up seven reindeer—at least that's one story. Now all children know

that Santa Claus uses eight reindeer on his sleigh (yes, he's the central figure in the scene with said reindeer), so the question was what to do?

And here is where reports diverge. One report says that they hitched the seven reindeer to the sleigh and rewrote the script to say that the eighth was off waiting for a date with Lamour.

But the other report, substantiated by photographs, says that they cut Santa's team down to six—and added, as a reason, that "this is war!"

The reindeer caused additional trouble when it was discovered that they had lost their traditional horns. Since no reindeer seems authentic without antlers, some spare sets were unearthed and wired on to the

beasts. The reindeer resented such treatment—physically. And once again the prop man bore the brunt of the abuse!

Also at the same studio, and with the same beautiful Lamour, comes another animal story, although it deals with a strange and rather rare fowl.

For her starring film, "Rainbow Island," a talking bird who was supposed to have got out of

the Malay Peninsula two jumps and 10 epithets ahead of the Nips, made his screen debut. Quite a famous character, he answers to the name of Raffles and is known to naturalists as a Mynah.

Raffles brought a neat sum of \$3500 to Mr. and Mrs. Carveth Wells, who are explorers and the owners of the bird. And the prop department had only one complaint about Raffles—he always wanted the last word and, after all, Dottie was the star of the film.

THEY had some other trouble of an animalistic nature in the same film when some of the very earliest sequences were made featuring a six-week-old Arkansas razorback hog, progeny of one of the herd that DeMille brought to the studio for "The Story of Dr. Wassell." When the small porcine actor was needed for additional scenes later on, it was discovered that he had grown almost large enough to take on a Nazi panzer division. So a new baby pig, along with its mother, was shipped from the Ozarks.

Out of the past come some stories about Dorothy Lamour, whose films have, by and large, been crammed with animals, so many of them being jungle sagas to let her wear her sarong. A famed one concerns her adventures with a chimpanzee, named Muk, who appeared with her in "Aloma of the South Seas."

During the filming of the picture, Muk developed a great affection for the dark-haired siren. He followed her wherever she went. Then, one evening, he eluded his trainer and followed her home. But nobody paid any attention—Hollywood is used to strange sights!

To revert to bears once more, there is the story extant—also somewhat dated—about a film that Jack Benny was making on the lot. Unexpectedly, a giant polar bear was introduced into the script. Carmichael, for that was his name, came to work only to prove to the harassed prop men that once again their timetable was askew—for it was summer, and Carmichael lost his hair in the summertime.

IN fact, Carmichael looked positively moth-eaten. His fur came off in chunks. Finally, a man had to be hired to do nothing but glue hair onto Carmichael's bald spots and see to it that the glued-on pieces matched the rest of his coat!

The latest wild shambles to occur at Paramount, stems from the next Lamour-Hope-Crosby film, and this time it is a canine shambles, for fair.

The director demanded, at proverbially short notice, 50 huskies for some sled-pulling scenes. Only 20 could be found in the vicinity of Hollywood—and these were owned by a studio-animal-supplier nearby.

But 50 malemutes were needed. Another 20 were unearthed in Sun Valley and rented for the show by the untiring prop department. But the director held out for 10 more. And the studio had to buy them—getting them from Edmonton, Alaska.

Now Paramount has 10 hungry huskies on its hands, eating an average of 50 pounds of horsemeat daily—and no sale for the dogs in sight!

Other animals in "Utopia" include a talking fish and a trained monkey—but the script has an elastic quality, and they may add anything from here on, so watch out and get your final count when the film reaches your home town.

Before leaving the subject of the attacks of animal-itis to which Paramount is addicted, let us tell you the story of the huge dog, half St. Bernard, half Goodness-knows-what, who was supposed to have its long hair brushed over to hide one eye and to be called Veronica. But the dog refused flatly—so it now has a crew haircut and answers to the name of Sam!

Anything can happen with animal stars—and usually does.