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By WILLIAM BOEHNEI.

THE main fact first. "The Lost Patrol," at the Rialto, is almost a great film and certainly one of the finest that have come out of Hollywood. It has depth, remarkably complete characterizations, moments of strong animal excitement, picturesque figures of enlisted men, banded but helpless against death and excitement that will cause you to hold your breath.

There, that's done with, and we can now get to the film's background. For this "The Lost Patrol" is a film of singular history. It was first shown hereabouts at the Cameo Theatre about five years ago as a silent offering from England, with Cyril McLaglen playing the principal part. A vigorous, gripping, heart-tearing film, it had only a modest suc-

cess, in spite of its high quality and the fact that a number of us cheered lustily for it. Then it disappeared from view.

Now, it turns up again in talkie form, with Victor McLaglen playing the role created by his brother Cyril, and playing it superbly. Perhaps the most amazing thing about the film is that it succeeds in repeating its greatness in its new form. But, then, upon reflection that is understandable.

For one thing, it was made into a screen play from Philip McDonald's story, "Patrol," by Dudley Nichols, one of Hollywood's best; secondly, it was directed by John Ford. And this couple, if you know your cinema history, was responsi-

"The Lost Patrol."

RKO-Radio Pictures present a screen drama based on the story, "Patrol," by Philip McDonald. Screen play and adaptation by Dudley Nichols and Garrett Fort. Directed by John Ford.

CAST.

Sergeant	Victor McLaglen
Sanders	Boris Karloff
Marshall	Wallace Ford
Brown	Reginald Denny
Quincannon	J. M. Kerrigan
Hale	Billy Bevan
Cook	Allen Hale
Ed	Brandon Hurst
Pearson	Douglas Walton
Abelson	Sammy Stein
Ariator	Howard Wilson
Mackay	Paul Hanson

At the Rialto Theatre.

N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM

ple for the graphic and thrilling "Men Without Women."

And, like "Men Without Women," this "The Lost Patrol" is a film without a heroine. What the author, Mr. McDonald, did was to write a story not of the trim, dapper officer but of the man in the ranks—rawdy, ill-mannered, natural. And this he has succeeded in doing admirably, and his intentions have been admirably recaptured on the screen.

Gathered here are ten totally different British troops, trapped in a desert oasis and held together by their own fear of danger and death. That danger is invisible. They cannot see their enemy—a band of Arabs hidden in the desert sands—and they are helpless to fight back.

Gradually they are picked off by the enemy snipers until there is but one—the sergeant in command, who by the sheer force of his personality has held them together. He alone survives the terrible ordeal, for, unlike the ending of the silent film, when he dropped in his tracks with a bullet in his heart after killing the last Arab, he is rescued by a troop of cavalry.

There isn't a bore among these men, and there isn't a boring moment in the film. That is to say, there isn't unless you are bored by violent happenings, magnificently reproduced on the screen with mad terror and ferocity.

You will not see better impersonations hereabouts than those of Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny, Wallace Ford, J. M. Kerrigan and the others in the cast of "The Lost Patrol," or better direction than that of Mr. Ford.

MAR 31 1934