



Through Hollywood With Gun and Camera

LOS ANGELES, California (*By Wire*). After all, Hollywood is a vastly overrated place. Although I have been observing it for as much as ten days, I have attended no orgies (and as heaven is my witness I have spared no effort in trying to locate them), I have seen no murders and I have been offered no cocaine, hasheesh or bhang. Someone told me that he had a friend who knew a man who made fairly good beer in his kitchen, but that is the only sign of lawlessness that I have observed.

However, I have not lost hope. Before long I expect to be able to announce that I have found the man who makes the beer.

SUPERFICIALLY, Hollywood has somewhat the appearance of a quiet college town. The studios take the place of the university buildings and the picture people take the place of the students. All the stores are catering to this one group and display their wares accordingly.

Behind the town is Mount Hollywood, with a tremendous "H" engraved near its summit. This, too, carries out the collegiate atmosphere, as though the letter had been carved there to commemorate some notable football victory like "Hollywood 28—Culver City 3."

I believe that there is something of the kind on the cliff above New Haven, Conn.

THE movie people themselves—the actors, directors, camera men, stage hands, et al—are in no way extraordinary. They do not seem to take themselves or their work very seriously. They are perfectly willing to admit that many of their pictures contain a certain element of hokum. One particularly attractive young star informed me that she is hungry for New York because she wants "the chance to see a regular show."

They all work hard when they are on duty in the studios (and it seems to be peculiarly dull, tiresome work), but out of office hours they are for the

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most part casual and easy-going, and no one seems to worry very much whether school keeps or not.

OF the various studios, Universal City is unquestionably the largest, but at the time of my visit there was little activity there and I saw nothing much except some left-over sets and properties from Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

In the Ince Studio I saw a scene of the interior of Westminster Abbey being converted into a Bowery cabaret. This studio, by the way, is the most beautiful of all, resembling from the front a stately Southern mansion, with an imposing, green-liveried Negro butler at the door. There were no mint juleps, however.

I PAID a formal call at the home of young Jackie Coogan and was treated to a recital that included poetry, riddles and impersonations. It is not difficult to understand the tremendous success that this seven-year-old child has suddenly achieved, for in spite of all the attention that has been showered on him, and all the praise, he is singularly naïve and unspoiled.

Much of this same quality was evident in the delightful personality of Harold Lloyd, who is actually as comic as he seems. I went out on location with him and watched him do a scene, laughing immeasurably at his antics.

AT the Paramount Studio I saw four companies at work, two of which were filming what appeared to be death-bed scenes. It was horribly realistic. The patients may have recovered after I left, but it seemed to me at the time that there was little hope.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS showed me the settings of his huge new picture—in which he is to be Robin Hood—and gave a remarkable exhibition of archery. He also persuaded me to sit down on his trick sofa, which is electrically wired and gives one a terrific shock. We all had a hearty laugh at this.

THERE have been other studios visited, including Christie's, Charles Ray's, Buster Keaton's, Rex Ingram's, Goldwyn's, Norma Talmadge's and Charlie Chaplin's, and these will be described next week. In the meantime,

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the committee on investigation of iniquitous Hollywood is hard at it, and if we don't find anything sensational it won't be our fault.

And by the way, I attended a ball given by the inhabitants of this notorious community themselves. In all the vast crowd, which included everyone of any note in Hollywood, I observed only two people who were degraded enough to carry flasks.

The other one was Mr. Arthur James, who is also in the magazine business in New York.

Robert E. Sherwood.

