

The Hollywood Story

By NEA SERVICE Inc. by ERNEST LYNN

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dan Rorimer, former New York newspaper man, who is now writing scenarios for Continental Pictures in Hollywood, gets a letter from an old friend in New York, Ziggy Young, telling him to look up a girl named Anne Winter, who has come from Tulsa, Okla., to "crash the pictures."

Dan complies reluctantly, as he is distrustful of Ziggy, but Anne proves to be charming. She has had stage experience—in stock companies, which Dan tells her is the best foundation for an extra to have. Anne gathers that he is a little dissatisfied with things at Continental. For one thing, he thinks they have miscast the star whom they select to play in the picture that is to be made from a story he had written before coming to Hollywood.

Rorimer tells Anne about some of the discouraging phases of extra work, but he really believes she will "make the grade," and he thus assures her. They go to the Roosevelt hotel to dance, and Dan, before the evening is over, is quite smitten with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV.

It was Monday morning. Rehearsals were to start that day for "Grim Holiday." Dan Rorimer, settling down at the desk in his tiny office and staring out of the window at a drizzle of rain, looked back on two weeks of idleness and fervently hoped there would be work for him in the forthcoming production. Even if a lot of changes in the script were necessary, he wouldn't mind—not unless they changed the framework of his story.

It would at least make him feel like an essential part of the machinery of this organization instead of a human fifth wheel, forgotten in a little coop of an office with a typewriter, a desk and a couple of chairs, and a window that looked out upon numerous parked automobiles.

When Continental Pictures had bought his story the executive at the New York office had informed him that the studio contemplated immediate production. Rorimer had thought "immediate production" meant just that, and was surprised to find on his arrival that nothing had been done beyond the preparation of the scenario. He had read that, had been impressed by its technical chartmanship.

Looking back over those two weeks, Rorimer smiled a little bitterly at the recollection of his reception at the Continental lot. He had been introduced to the producer, no less, and that important and busy individual had ordered that Rorimer be shown the sights. The studio manager had invited him to lunch, introduced him to various directors and scenario writers at the table, who had greeted him pleasantly, pausing long enough in their game of throwing dice to see who should be stuck for the meal checks to bid him welcome to Hollywood.

One of the directors said, "If you're not doing anything this afternoon, come over on Stage Five. We're shooting some interesting stuff."

Photography in natural color. Standing beside the director, Rorimer, who never had been inside a moving picture studio before, watched with keen interest, and was informed by the director that the lights used in color photography were several times as strong as those for black and white.

"Hotter than the very devil, too. I understand they're working on a cold light now. It'll be great if they perfect it. This morning I was shooting a restaurant scene,

and an extra girl playing a waitress was supposed to come on and pick up a tray. Well, the table had been under the lights for a little while—and did she drop that tray! It was hotter than fire. She said a few things, too."

What caused Dan Rorimer to smile now was the fact that after three or four days of being treated like a visiting celebrity he had been abruptly forgotten. The scenario chief, showing him to the little office, had said, "Well, Rorimer, this is yours. I'm sending in a bunch of scripts, you can study them to see how it's done. We'll be making you work pretty soon—and this is a fine little place to sweat."

Rorimer now looked about him. A fine place to sit and wonder if they ever expected to use you! Four plain walls, adorned with a few framed pictures of movie celebrities. A door at one end, a window at the other; beside the window, his desk.

Someone now stuck his head in at the door. It was Gregg, the scenario chief.

He said, "I suppose you're ready to give them a hand—you know that Murray was sick?"

"Yes," said Rorimer. "I'm darned glad to get to work."

Gregg smiled. He was gray and well groomed, with a lined cheek and a perpetually worried look in his eyes, from frequent tilts with the studio manager. "You may get more than you're looking for," he said. "I just wanted to warn you about one thing; don't get sore if they ask you to make changes in your story. Maybe I don't need to tell you that."

"I hope not," said Rorimer.

"Well, it's not pretty to write a nice magazine story, or a book, and have somebody kick it all around for you. But try to remember that the production of a talking picture is an expensive

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proposition; this one will run more than \$6000 a day—and it'll probably exceed its budget at that. . . . Collins is the director."

"So I heard," said Dan. Collins was the director who had been so pleasant to him his first day at Continental.

"When he makes a suggestion," Gregg said, "it's usually a sound one."

"I've heard he's very good," said Dan. "I've got only one kick; why—"

Gregg interrupted with a patient smile. "Why did they give your story to Atwood? Between the two of us, even Collins squawked a little when Adamson did that. But Atwood's got a constant, and we've got to keep him busy. Besides, he won't be as bad as you think; he's a trooper, whatever they say about him."

By mid-afternoon Rorimer had reason to think even more highly of Collins' ability. Several times during rehearsals the director had stopped everything and turning to Dan, had shown where the changing of a line here and there would improve the dialogue. Once it had added a laugh to a scene in which a laugh was needed greatly. It had relieved the tension of a long, nerve-wracking sequence.

Collins said he delivered in long and thorough rehearsals. "It cuts down the retakes," he explained. "He prided himself a little on his reputation for quick productions.

Dan made his changes right on the sets. Collins remarking that he was quick and intelligent, and facile, once voiced his approval. "You seem to know what it's all about," he said. "Good dialogue's the thing. Ever write anything for the stage?"

"The stage doesn't know it yet," Dan smiled. "I wrote a play, but that's as far as it got."

Collins nodded. "Maybe it helped you more than you know."

When Dan met Frederick Atwood, the famous screen idol entirely disarmed Rorimer with the warmth of his greeting. He shook hands cordially, said he had read Rorimer's story, "Grim Holiday," and liked it.

"Good story. Good writing." His words were clipped, precise, his accent British.

Rorimer felt a little ashamed; but studying the almost feminine beauty of Atwood's perfect features, yet persisted in the conviction that the man had been miscast.

He went back to his hotel that evening, tired but elated. He had not realized the tension he had been working under until he had been driving back in his car. Now he lay stretched out on his bed, relaxing cramped muscles, resting the large number of cigarettes he had consumed. They had dulled his appetite—and Paul Collier would be calling for him at seven to take him to the Wampas dinner downstairs.

He smiled, thinking of the pleasure he would take in telling Collier about Anne Winter. "So you were out of town in case she had a friend, eh?"

But Anne didn't have a girl friend; she lived alone. This he had learned upon taking her home Saturday night. She had a tiny and uncheerful apartment—one room and kitchen—and was dis-

satisfied with it. She wanted something better but couldn't afford it alone; she expected sooner or later to find a congenial girl to share something nicer with her.

Yesterday—Rorimer had taken her out driving Sunday afternoon—she had confided that she expected to live strictly within the limits of her own funds. He learned that she had saved most of her stage earnings and those were her stake.

"Father told me I'd be writing home for him to pay the rent, but I told him he didn't know his own daughter."

Rorimer, propped up on a pillow whence he could gaze out on a myriad of yellow lights, was willing to wager that Mr. Winter not only knew his own daughter pretty well, but was proud of her.

He reached for the telephone. Anne Winter was one swell girl.

On Sunday, August 3rd, a picnic will be held at Lake of the Woods. All Masonic bodies, visiting Masons, Eastern Star, DeMolay, Job's Daughters and house guests of the above, are invited. Ice cream, lemonade, coffee, cream and sugar served free. Bring your basket and come. Prizes for sports contests.

MASONIC BASKET PICNIC

C. W. Stanley, W. M.

"RABBIT'S" FATHER DIES

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 1. (AP)—Five days after he had attended a baseball celebration honoring his son, Ward E. Maraville, 72, died suddenly at his home.

The father of Rabbit Maraville, shortstop of the Boston Braves, retired from active service in the police department a month ago, the second oldest member. Last Saturday he attended festivities at Boston honoring his son at the Braves-Cardinals doubleheader.

SCHRAMM RETURNS

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 1. (AP)—A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks, has returned from Boston where he attended a national meeting of state bank supervisors.

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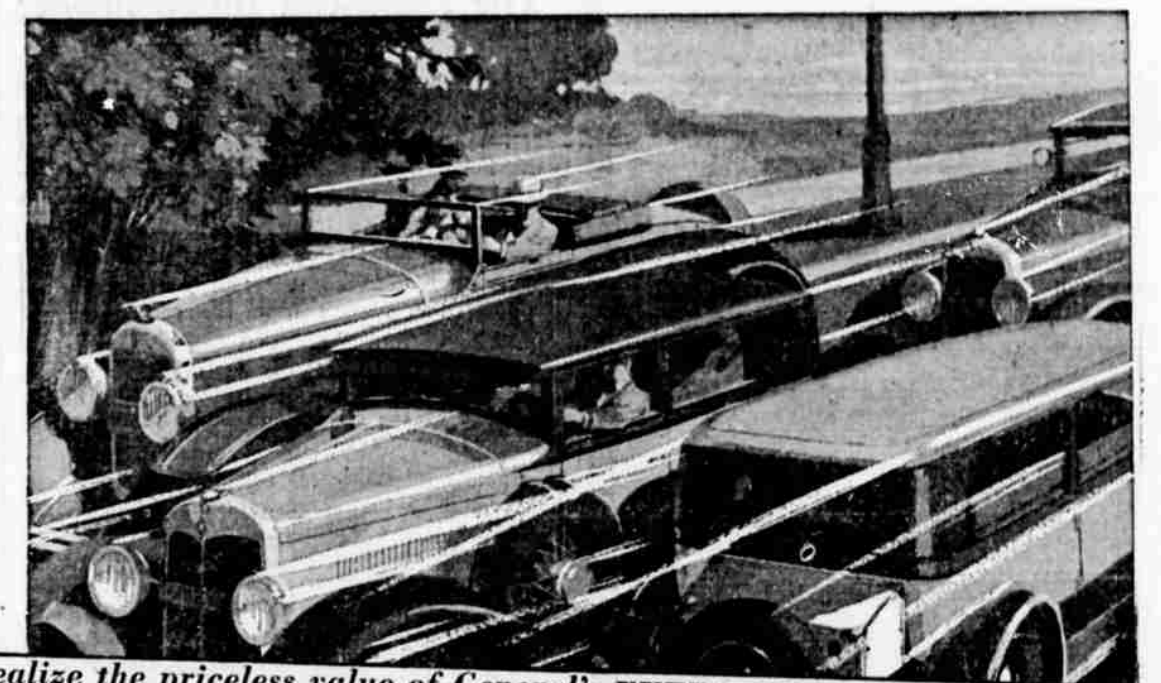
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