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CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Harold Lloyd may have a good night's sleep now, the first perhaps, in many months.

Presuming, of course, that their slumbers have been disturbed by evil dreams wherein they saw Harry Langdon, the newest contender to the honors of chief comedian of the screen, wrest from their brows the hard-earned crowns of artistry and box-office appeal respectively.

And it will be a long time before Langdon will develop into an object of honest alarm for the pair, if we can take his first full-length comedy "Tramp Tramp Tramp," presented at the T. & D. yesterday, as a fair sample of what he can do. Just now he is simply a two-reel fellow in a seven-reel town.

In justice to the star, however, it must be said that the failure of "Tramp Tramp Tramp" to get a rating with the outstanding comedies of the year is more the fault of the scenario writer and the director than Langdon. He has an excellent sense of comic values, a pliable countenance and a thoughtful delivery, but he had little or no opportunity to display his wares.

"Tramp Tramp Tramp" lacks both directness of appeal and continuity of thought and resembled in its composition more the short subject than the feature. The story concerns, briefly, the attempt of a cobbler's son to make some easy money by participating in a cross-country walking contest arranged by his father's wealthy rival. He wins, of course, after some difficulties and in winning the prize gets the girl.



Throughout the film are little touches, typically Langdon as we knew him on the stage, but not of sufficient moment to evoke the hearty laughter that is needed for success. The more carefully schemed laugh situations were arranged with the carelessness of the honky-tonk comedy producer and became ridiculous to spectators accustomed to more thoughtful contrivance by Chaplin and Lloyd.

"Tramp Tramp Tramp" is entertaining, though, and while it may not be fair to Langdon to compare him directly with Chaplin or Lloyd, the comparison is one that the producers have been harping on for so long that the spectator unwittingly falls in the habit with disastrous outcome for the contender.

The outstanding entertainment on the T. & D. bill is furnished by Rube Wolf, the new orchestra leader, who is a lively and versatile individual, able to conduct with skill, dance with agility and play the cornet. Wolf uses the community singing idea in putting over his numbers and Fanchon and Marco have provided him with an acceptable routine of variety entertainers, featuring Nell Kelly.