Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screenplay by John Huston and W.R. Burnett
Cinematography by Tony Gaudio

Ida Lupino...Marie
Humphrey Bogart...Roy Earle
Alan Curtis...‘Babe’
Arthur Kennedy...‘Red’
Joan Leslie...Velma
Henry Hull...‘Doc’ Banton
Henry Travers...Pa
Jerome Cowan...Healy
Minna Gombell...Mrs. Baughman
Barton MacLane...Jake Kranmer
Elisabeth Risdon...Ma
Cornel Wilde...Louis Mendoza
George Meeker...Pfiffer
Zero the Dog...Pard

RAOUL WALSH (11 March 1887, NYC—31 December 1980, Simi Valley, CA), directed 136 films, the last of which was A Distant Trumpet (1964). Some of the others were The Naked and the Dead (1958), Band of Angels (1957), The King and Four Queens (1956), Battle Cry (1955), Blackbeard, the Pirate (1952), Along the Great Divide (1951), Captain Horatio Hornblower R.N. (1951), White Heat (1949), Cheyenne (1947), The Horn Blows at Midnight (1945), They Died with Their Boots On (1941), High Sierra (1941), They Drive by Night (1940), The Roaring Twenties (1939), Sadie Thompson (1928), What Price Glory (1926), Thief of Bagdad (1924), Evangeline (1919), Blue Blood and Red (1916), The Fatal Black Bean (1915), Who Shot Bud Walton? (1914) and Life of Villa (1912). Between 1913 and 1915 Walsh acted in at least 35 films, including the role of John Wilkes Booth in D.W. Griffith’s The Birth of a Nation (1915).

JOHN HUSTON [John Marcellus Huston, 5 August 1906, Nevada, Missouri – 28 August 1987, Middletown, RI, emphysema] was a writer, painter, boxer, actor and, most famously, director. He directed 46 films, acted in 45 and wrote 36 screenplays. His first film is the classic The Maltese Falcon 1941. Soon after finishing it, he was in the army, making documentaries for the Department of War. One of those films – San Pietro 1945 – is one of the two or three best documentaries made by the US military during WW II. Another – Let There Be Light 1946 – so frightened military officials they kept it under lock and key for 25 years because they were convinced that if the American public saw Huston’s scenes of American soldiers crying and suffering what in those days was called “shellshock” and “battle fatigue” they would have an even more difficult time getting Americans to go off and get themselves killed in future wars. One military official accused Huston of being “anti-war,” to which he replied, “If I ever make a pro-war film I hope they take me out and shoot me.” During his long career he made a number of real dogs e.g. Annie 1982, Victory 1981, Phobia 1980, and The Macintosh Man 1973, part of the price of being a director in the studio system. He also made films that regularly turn up on all major critics’ lists of classics. Probably no director anywhere made so many films of major works of literature. Some of his fine films are The Dead 1987 based on James Joyce’s short story, Prizzi’s Honor 1985, Under the Volcano 1984, Wise Blood 1979, The Man Who Would Be King 1975, The Misfits 1961, Moby Dick 1956, Moulin Rouge 1952, The African Queen 1951, The Red Badge of Courage 1951, The Asphalt Jungle 1950, The Treasure of the Sierra Madre 1948 and The Maltese Falcon 1941. Huston directed both his father and his daughter to Academy Awards: Walter for Treasure of the Sierra Madre and Angelica for The Dead. Huston was nominated for 14 Academy Awards: best


Humphrey Bogart (25 December 1899, New York City, New York, USA-- 14 January 1957, Los Angeles, California, USA, throat cancer) The Harder They Fall (1956), The Desperate Hours (1955), The Left Hand of God (1955), We're No Angels (1955), The Barefoot Contessa (1954), Sabrina (1954), The Caine Mutiny (1954), Beat the Devil (1953), Deadline - U.S.A. (1952), The African Queen (1951), Sirocco (1951), In a Lonely Place (1950), Tokyo Joe (1949), Knock on Any Door (1949), Key Largo (1948), The Treasure of the Sierra Madre (1948), Dark Passage (1947), The Big Sleep (1946), To Have and Have Not (1944), Sahara (1943), Action in the North Atlantic (1943), Casablanca (1942), Across the Pacific (1942), The Maltese Falcon (1941), High Sierra (1941), They Drive by Night (1940), Virginia City (1940), The Roaring Twenties (1939), Dark Victory (1939), Angels with Dirty Faces (1938), Crime School (1938), Dead End (1937), San Quentin (1937), Kid Galahad (1937), China Clipper (1936), Bullets or Ballots (1936), The Petrified Forest (1936), Midnight (1934), Three on a Match (1932), Body and Soul (1931), Up the River (1930), Broadway's Like That (1930), The Dancing Town (1928). Won Oscar: Best Actor in a Leading Role- The African Queen (1952); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Leading Role- Casablanca (1944); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Leading Role- The Caine Mutiny (1955).


Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Supporting Role - Champion (1950); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Leading Role - Bright Victory (1952); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Supporting Role - Trial (1956); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Supporting Role - Peyton Place (1958); Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Supporting Role - Some Came Running (1959).

Joan Leslie (26 January 1925, Detroit, Michigan, USA)-- Fire in the Dark (1991), Turn Back the Clock (1989), "Murder, She Wrote" (1 episode, 1988), "The Incredible Hulk" (1 episode, 1979), "Charlie's Angels" (1 episode, 1978), "Police Story" (1 episode, 1975), The Revolt of Mamie Stover (1956), "Lux Video Theatre" (1 episode, 1954), Flight Nurse (1953), Toughest Man in Arizona (1952), Hellgate (1952), Born to Be Bad (1950), Northwest Stampede (1948), Repeat Performance (1947), Two Guys from Milwaukee (1946), Cinderella Jones (1946), Rhapsody in Blue (1945), This Is the Army (1943), The Sky's the Limit (1943), Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942), The Male Animal (1942), Sergeant York (1941), Thieves Fall Out (1941), The Wagon Roll at Night (1941), The Great Mr. Nobody (1941), High Sierra (1941), Alice in Wonderlandland (1940), Foreign Correspondent (1940), Military Academy (1940), Nancy Drew... Reporter (1939), Camille (1936).


Henry Travers (5 March 1874, Berwick-Upon-Tweed, Northumberland, England, UK-- 18 October 1965, Hollywood, California, USA) arteriosclerosis) The Girl from Jones Beach (1949), It's a Wonderful Life (1946), The Yearling (1946), The Bells of St. Mary's (1945), Dragon Seed (1944), Madame Curie (1943), Random Harvest (1942), Mrs. Miniver (1942), A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob (1941), High Sierra (1941), Wyoming (1940), Stanley and Livingstone (1939), Dark Victory (1939), Dodge City (1939), Seven Keys to Baldpate (1935), Captain Hurricane (1935), Born to Be Bad (1934), The Invisible Man (1933) Nominated Oscar: Best Actor in a Supporting Role - Mrs. Miniver (1943).

Jerome Cowan (6 October 1897, New York City, New York, USA-- 24 January 1972, Encino, California, USA) "Alias Smith and Jones" (1 episode, 1971), "Here's Lucy" (1 episode, 1970), "The Munsters" (1 episode, 1966), "Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C." (1 episode, 1966), "Bonanza" (1 episode, 1964), "My Favorite Martian" (1 episode, 1963), "Naked City" (1 episode, 1961), Visit to a Small Planet (1960), "The Dinah Shore Chevy Show" (1 episode, 1960), "Perry Mason" (2 episodes, 1959), "The Twilight Zone" (1 episode, 1959), "The Thin Man" (1 episode, 1959), "Studio One" (3 episodes, 1951-1957), "The Alcoa Hour" (1 episode, 1956), "The Philco Television Playhouse" (1 episode, 1951), Criminal Lawyer (1951), The Fat Man (1951), Dallas (1950), The West Point Story (1950), Young Man with a Horn (1950), Always Leave Them Laughing (1949), Blondie Hits the Jackpot (1949), The Fountainhead (1949), Blondie's Secret (1948), Night Has a Thousand Eyes (1948), Blondie in the Dough (1947), Mirror on 34th Street (1947), Blondie Knows Best (1946), The Kid from Brooklyn (1946), Divorce (1945), Mr. Skeffington (1944), The Song of Bernadette (1943), Joan of Ozark (1942), Mr. and Mrs. North (1942), The Maltese Falcon (1941), Out of the Fog (1941), High Sierra (1941), The Great Victor Herbert (1939), St. Louis Blues (1939), New Faces of 1937 (1937), Beloved Enemy (1936).


Tony Gaudio (20 November 1883, Rome, Italy-- 10 August 1951, Burlingame, California, USA) The Red Pony (1949), Love from a Stranger (1947), I've Always Loved You (1946), The Bandit of Sherwood Forest (1946), A Song to Remember (1945), I'll Be Seeing You (1944), Corvette K-225 (1943), Larceny, Inc. (1942), The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942), High Sierra (1941), The Letter (1940), Knute Rockne All American (1940), 'Til We Meet Again (1940), The Fighting 69th (1940), Juarez (1939), The Dawn Patrol (1938), The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938), The Life of Emile Zola (1937), Kid Galahad (1937), Anthony Adverse (1936), The Story of Louis Pasteur (1935), Oil for the Lamps of China (1935), Fog Over Frisco (1934), Mandalay (1934), Folotaire (1933), The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932), The Front Page (1931), Little Caesar (1931), Hell's Angels (1930), The Gauche (1927), The Gay Deceiver (1926), Husbands and Lovers (1924), The Other Woman (1921), Kismet (1920), In Old Kentucky (1919), The River of Romance (1916), The Masked Rider (1916), The Secret of the Palm (1911), The Message in the Bottle (1911), Tracked (1911), A Manly Man (1911), Artful Kate (1911), Pictureland (1911), The Mirror (1911), Their First Misunderstanding (1911), Princess Nicotine; or, The Smoke Fairy (1909). Won Oscar: Best Cinematography- Anthony Adverse (1937); Nominated Oscar: Best Cinematography- Hell's Angels (1930); Nominated Oscar: Best Cinematography, Black-and-White- Juarez (1940); Nominated Oscar: Best Cinematography, Black-and-White- The Letter (1941); Nominated Oscar: Best Cinematography, Black-and-White- Corvette K-225 (1944); Nominated Oscar: Best Cinematography, Color- A Song to Remember (1946).


“Raoul” (Albert Edward) Walsh, American director, scenarist, producer, and actor, was born in Manhattan, the second of four children. His father, Thomas Walsh. Was one of four brothers who had emigrated from Ireland via Spain, having at least according to his son’s account—helped their rebel father break out of Dublin jail. Once he had arrived in New York, Thomas Walsh resumed his profession as a men’s clothing designer and married Elizabeth Brough, a strikingly attractive woman of mixed Irish-Spanish blood. The family was prosperous and sociable; Walsh grew up in a large brownstone on East 48th Street and later in a palatial mansion on Riverside Drive, both of which were constantly filled with visitors. Among those whom he recalled meeting during his boyhood were Edwin Booth, Buffalo Bill Cody, Enrico Caruso, Mark Twain, the artist Frederic Remington, and the heavyweight boxing champion Gentleman Jim Corbett.

After graduating from Public School 93 on Amsterdam Avenue, Walsh enrolled at the Jesuit-run Seton College. About this time, though, his mother died of cancer, aged only forty-two. Deeply affected by her death and finding his home unbearable, he decided to interrupt his education and leave New York for a while. Accounts of the next few years in Walsh’s life differ considerably. His own version, as given in his autobiography, is the most colorful and provided him in later life with a rich store of anecdotes that he retailed with gusto.

Invited by his uncle Matthew, owner of a cargo schooner, to sail with him for Havana, Walsh readily accepted, so enjoying the outward trip that he resolved to become a sailor. On the way home, however, the ship was hit by a hurricane in the Caribbean and drifted for three days before being towed into Veracruz. Disenchanted with seafaring, Walsh learned to ride and rope steers and joined a trail herd heading north for Texas: “Looking back on that drive, I still wonder why more cow men did not lose their reason.” After a torrid entanglement with the mistress of a Mexican general, he crossed the Rio Grande two jumps ahead of both the lady and the rurales and surfaced at a ranch in southern Texas. From there, in 1905, he was sent up to Butte Montana with a trainload of horses.

In Butte, having lost all his cash in a poker game, Walsh took on a job as an undertaker’s assistant. Since the undertaker never paid him any wages, he soon quit and went to work instead for the local doctor, Rene Echinelle, who claimed that his father had been personal physician to Napoleon. Acting as an operating assistant and chief anesthesiologist, Walsh succeeded in killing at least one patient. (“He had no chance anyhow,” observed Echinelle.) When the doctor himself expired of a lung hemorrhage, Walsh quit Butte and made his way back to Texas, where he found work in San Antonio breaking horses for the US Cavalry. Recuperating after a horse had fallen on him and injured his knee, he was noticed by the manager of an itinerant theatrical troupe who needed someone to ride a horse on stage. The play was The Clansman (later adapted by D.W. Griffith as Birth of a Nation; Walsh’s role required him to dress up in Ku Klux Klan gear and ride across the stage on a treadmill, waving a fiery cross. His pay was $30 a week: “I said, ‘Oh gee, this is great….No more cowboys for me.’”

The tour wound up in St. Louios. Along with a fellow actor, Walsh decided to try his luck with the New York theatrical agencies. Back in his home town in 1909, he discovered that stage work was harder to come by than jobs in the newfangled movies, scorned by most self-respecting thespians. Walsh had no such prejudices and soon found himself playing juvenile leads for the Pathé brothers in New Jersey. Tall, fearless, and ruggedly handsome, he was physically well-equipped for the work, though he later insisted that he had been hopelessly untalented. For a while
he alternated stage and film acting, and also studied playwriting with Paul Armstrong, a family friend and author of several successful plays. It was apparently at Armstrong’s suggestion that Walsh adopted the more exotic “Raoul” in place of his own given names, though he later claimed that Raoul was his baptismal name.

The Pathé films in which Walsh appeared were mostly, as he put it, “dreadful clunkers.” One of them, Paul Revere’s Ride, involved his galloping hell-for-leather down a street furnished with trolley tracks, He pointed out the anachronism to the director, Emile Couteau (sic?—this may have been the emigre Frenchman, Emile Chautard, later Sternberg’s mentor). “I said, ‘Say, they didn’t have any trolley tracks in — .’ He said ‘Who the hell is directing this picture, you or me?’ That’s about when I decided I’d have to become a director.”

Meanwhile Walsh’s riding skill had been noticed by the director Christy Cabanne, who was working with D.W. Griffith at Biograph. Walsh, who had seen some Biograph pictures (“Not as god-awful as the stuff Pathé was making”), accepted the offer of a job and appeared in a number of one and two-reelers with such actors as Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, and Lionel Barrymore. When, in 1913, Griffith left Biograph to join Mutual in California, he invited Walsh along with him. “Griffith said: ‘Someday I’ll make you a director.’ I don’t know why he said that, maybe because I was a lousy actor.”

At Griffith’s new Fine Art studios in Hollywood, Walsh was soon working as assistant director as well as actor, taking every opportunity to watch the boss at work. “I admired everything he did...He really was a master to me.” His first independent assignment came when, on the strength of his knowledge of Mexico, he was sent to El Paso to shoot scenes for a film about Pancho Villa with—it was hoped—the General himself playing the lead. Through a shrewd combination of bribery and flattery, Walsh secured Villa’s cooperation, even persuading him to restage the battle of Durango for the camera’s benefit, and took part in a triumphal entry into Mexico City. To Walsh’s footage were added some highly romanticized episodes (directed by Cabanne) from the life of the young Villa (played by Walsh) to complete The Life of General Villa (1914).

Walsh returned from Mexico with a suitcase full of pesos given him by the grateful Villa (they turned out to be worthless) in time to act as assistant director on Griffith’s Civil War epic, The Birth of a Nation (1915), handling most of the battle sequences. “Mr. Walsh,” observed Griffith, “if you had been a Confederate general, the South would never have lost the war. Walsh was now judged ready to direct films of his own and was assigned to a string of two-reelers. These were the usual cheerfully eclectic mixture of the period—mainly Westerns, comedies, and melodramas. He attacked them all with lively enthusiasm, often playing lead roles and, most likely, scripting as well. Other lead players often included his brother George, then just starting out on his acting career, and Miriam Cooper, a dark, soulfully pretty actress whom Walsh married in 1916.

Just how many of these quickies Walsh directed under the banner of Reliance-Majestic, Mutual’s associate company, would be hard to determine—a dozen or so for certain, though he himself reckoned more like forty. His last work for the company was his first full-length feature, Pillars of Society (1916), an adaptation of Ibsen’s play that he took over and completed, under Griffith’s supervision, after the original director, “poor devil, had hit the laughing water.” (Griffith made a few minor changes to the completed film and released it some months after Walsh had moved on.)

Walsh’s direction had already attracted some favorable reviews, as well as the attention of other film companies. In June 1915 he was offered a job by Winfred Sheehan of the newly found Fox studio in New York, at the then munificent salary of $400 a week. Walsh would work for Fox, on and off, for the next twenty years; his first picture for the company was The Regeneration (1915), which may well be also the first feature-length gangster film ever made. One scene called for a crowded riverboat on the Hudson to catch fire: Walsh shot it with such realism that three fireboats and a police launch showed up, and the rising young director was hauled off to the station house. The studio was delighted by the free publicity and equally pleased by the laudatory notices, which suggest that Walsh’s sentimentally robust style of filmmaking was evident from the outset. “There is a grim sort of humor in many of the scenes,” wrote Lynde Denig in Motion Picture Weekly; “there is an abundance of excitement in others, and throughout the picture carries a genuine heart interest.”

Learning that Cecil B. DeMille was planning a film of Carmen with Geraldine Farrar, Walsh quickly came up with his own Theda Bara version. DeMille got the better reviews, but Walsh’s film took in more at the box office, and Fox raised his salary to $1,000 a week. He followed with The Serpent (1916), a Russian melodrama (originally planned as The Siren of Seville), but it snowed in New Jersey before returning to the West Coast, where Fox was just installing itself. Walsh’s first picture there was an energetic Western, Blue Blood and Red (1916) which launched his brother George as an athletic star in the Fairbanks style.

Opinions of Walsh’s early films have to be taken on trust, since few of them have survived. Among those missing is The Honor System (1917), which John Ford once named as one of the ten best movies he had ever seen. Set—and largely filmed—in the Arizona State Penitentiary, it hinged on a system of penal reform espoused by the state governor, whereby selected felons were released to visit their families, on their word to return at a set time. To enhance the authenticity of his script, Walsh even spent a few
nights in the jail as an ordinary prisoner. For the New York premiere, the gratified governor volunteered to send along a genuine convict to address the audience, on honor release. The con duly arrived and made a heartfelt speech affirming his contrition and lively sense of honor, after which he lit out for the Canadian border and was never seen again.

A hit with both reviewers and public, The Honor System established Walsh as a major director. That same year he released six more films, including The Conqueror, an ambitious biography of General Sam Houston starring William Farnum, and said to have cost $500,000.

In November 1917 Walsh was offered a long-term deal by Sam Goldwyn. However, Fox had cannily included an option clause in its contract and, to Walsh’s annoyance, refused to release him. As his contribution to the war effort he directed The Pride of New York (1917), in which an ex-construction worker becomes a hero on the battlefield, and The Prussian Cut (1918), a propaganda piece that overshot its mark. A scene reminiscent of Birth of a Nation, in which the Ku Klux Klan exercise Lynch law against a group of pro-German “traitors,” was widely condemned, even at the time.

Evangeline (1919), based on Longfellow’s narrative poem, marks a rare foray by Walsh into art movies. Miriam Cooper played the title role of a French Canadian girl finally reunited with her lost lover, only to have him expire of the plague. Much praised for its pictorial beauty, the film—Walsh later recalled—“got the most wonderful write-ups of any picture I ever made. But it didn’t make a quarter. So I decided then to play to Main Street and to hell with art.”

In 1920, having finally worked out his Fox contract, Walsh set up his own production company, the Mayflower Photoplay Corporation.

Walsh always preferred to shoot on location whenever possible—partly for the sake of realism but also to indulge his lifelong passion for travel.

Perhaps the finest of his silent period and, in the opinion of some critics the best film he ever directed, The Thief of Bagdad (1924), was made for Douglas Fairbanks Pictures, and remains (wrote Julian Fox in Films and Filming, June 1973) “probably the most truly magical entertainment of the silent era.” Fairbanks took the title role and (as “Elton John”) wrote the story, loosely derived from The Thousand and One Nights. The film deployed a dazzling battery of special effects, several of them purloined from Fritz Lang’s Der Mude Tod, to which Fairbanks held the US rights, and whose release he delayed until after his own film had appeared. The Thief conveys an infectious sense of delight in its own visual wizardry. Fairbanks, at the height of his athletic prowess, gracefully swashbuckles his way through a fairytale plot of monsters, marvels, exotic villains, flying carpets, winged horses, mermaids, and dragons before finally rescuing the beautiful princess whom he loves. William Cameron Menzies’ sets, luminously photographed by Arthur Edeson, created a fantastical world whose structures, as a studio handout put it, seemed to be “hanging from the clouds rather than...set firmly upon earth.”

Walsh enjoyed switching “from the rough stuff I’d been doing to this dreamy kind of epic,” and he got on well with Fairbanks, whose dynamic acting style accorded perfectly with his own energetic approach to filmmaking. The Thief of Bagdad, which cost a million dollars, was shot in only thirty-five days. Walsh intended it to be “the best picture I had ever directed. And was gratified by the reviews, even if inevitably Fairbanks attracted most of the attention. “Here is magic, here is beauty,” enthused Photoplay. “Here is all the colour and phantasy of the greatest works of imaginative literature.” Other views called it “the greatest conjuring trick ever performed” and “a feat of motion picture art which will never be equalled.”

Sixty years later, at the 1984 London Film Festival, the film was re-released in a fresh print with live musical accompaniment and proved to have lost little of its appeal.

[Walsh’s other successes include What Price Glory? (1926), Sadie Thompson. (1928)]

Reacting with characteristic insouciance to the coming of sound, Walsh commandeered a Fox Movietone van and set off for Utah to shoot the first Western talkie on location. In Old Arizona (1929), based on an O. Henry story, was to have been only two reels, but when the Fox executives saw the rushes they asked for five. In the leading role of the Cisco Kid, Walsh cast himself, complete with Pancho Villa moustache and accent to match. The film was nearly finished when the sound van broke down, and it was decided to go home and shoot the final scenes on the Fox back lot. The company drove back through the desert at night, with Walsh riding in the first car. A startled jackrabbit jumped straight through the windshield, hitting him in the face and cutting him badly. He was rushed to the hospital in Salt Lake City, but his right eye was beyond saving. Rejecting the offer of a glass substitute (“No, I’d get drunk and lose it”), Walsh adopted a black eye patch, which he wore thereafter with buccaneering panache.

The films Walsh directed in the 1930s, prior to joining Warners at the end of the decade, represent on the whole a low point in his creative output. With his very first film for Warner, The Roaring Twenties (1939), Walsh recouped his reputation, creating a box-office smash and a key masterpiece of the gangster genre.

Both Walsh and Lupino were luckier [than in They Drive By Night (1940)] with High Sierra (1941), which inaugurated a new style of gangster movie. Where the hoods of the 1930s had
been young, dynamic, ambitious, reveling in their sharp suits and newly acquired power, their counterparts in the 1940s were a breed of weary, disillusioned antiheroes, looking to pull “one last good job” before retiring. From the moment Roy Earle gets out of an Illinois jail and heads west, an unmistakable air of existential doom hangs over him—“just rushin’ towards death,” observes a fellow gangster, quoting Dillinger. *High Sierra*, as David Thompson noted, “is the first clear statement of the inevitable destruction of the self-sufficient outsider.”

The role of Earle had been intended for George Raft; when he ill-advisedly turned it down, it went instead to Bogart, who at last achieved star billing. His playing could hardly be bettered—even if the mind boggles at the idea of the quintessentially urban Bogey yearning to settle down on “a little Indiana farm”—and was well matched by Lupino’s taut performance as the battered moll how loves him. Apart from a maudlin subplot involving a crippled girl whose operation Earle finances, the film’s pace rarely slackens; Walsh drives relentlessly toward the inevitable showdown in the mountains, at one point throwing in an effortless 360-degree pan. (*High Sierra* also gave John Huston, who wrote the script from W.R. Burnett’s novel, a lift to the director’s chair for *The Maltese Falcon*.)

Nineteen forty-one was an exceptional year for Walsh. Besides *High Sierra*, he directed three more pictures, all good in their very different ways—*The Strawberry Blonde, Manpower, They Died With Their Boots On* (the first of seven he would make with Errol Flynn).

...Throughout his career, Walsh felt hampered and frustrated by the narrow constrictions of Hollywood censorship. “If we could be working today,” he remarked after his retirement, “the theaters would catch fire with the scenes we would put on. I’ve sometimes had a whole reel thrown out of a picture.” Another heavily mutilated work was *The Naked and the Dead* (1958), taken from Norman Mailer’s celebrated best-seller of the war in the Pacific. Except in France, where it was highly regarded (Michel Marmin referred to its “marvelous dramatic richness”), most critics saw the film version as a sadly bowdlerized and diminished version of the novel. Walsh concurred: “The censors cut out all the naked and left the dead.”

Walsh’s long career wound down in an assorted handful of minor films. . . .

The traditional assessment of Raoul Walsh casts him as an ultra-professional studio workhorse, a supreme director of fast-paced outdoor action movies filmed with a robust lack of pretension—one of the greatest primitives of the screen,” in Ephraim Katz’s words. As such, he has often been compared with such directors as Ford and Hawks, slightly to his detriment. In Andrew Sarris’s formulation: “If the heroes of Ford are sustained by tradition, and the heroes of Hawks by professionalism, the heroes of Walsh are sustained by nothing more than a feeling for adventure, The Fordian hero knows why he is doing something even if he doesn’t know how. The Hawksian hero knows how to do what he is doing even if he doesn’t know why. The Walshian hero is less interested in the why or the how than in the what. He is always plunging into the unknown, and he is never too sure what he will find there.” . . . Walsh himself never gave such speculation any encouragement: “I just did my job. I let others make up the theories.” His views on directorial technique were equally terse: “Action, action, action...Let the screen be filled ceaselessly with events. Logical things in a logical sequence. That’s always been my rule—a rule I’ve never had to change.”

During most of his career Walsh rarely attracted “serious” critical notice, but toward the end of the 1950s he was discovered and taken up in a France as a great neglected master.... The 1970s saw several major retrospectives of Walsh’s work, including one at the Edinburgh Festival and another the same year at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the latter lasting three months and comprising sixty-seven movies.
You would think the interior world of Ingmar Bergman and the rugged world of Raoul Walsh would be poles apart, but the Swedish auteur wrote in Bergman on Bergman that the film noir directors were his gods, and he singled out Walsh for his ability to tell a story “quite clearly, simply and straightforwardly.” …

What about the casting of High Sierra?

Well I liked the script when I first read it, and Jack Warner sent the script to Raft, and he read it and turned it down. So Warner said to me, “Raoul, you’re a good friend of George’s. See what the hell he turned it down for. It’s a good script.” So I went over to see him. George refused to play in it because he did not want to die at the end. I said, “Well, look, George, the censors will demand, after you kill a couple of people, that you pay the penalty.” He said, “I don’t give a damn about the censors. I don’t want to do it.” So I went back to Warner and told him, “I can’t talk him into it, Jack.” He said, “Well, we’ve got to get started. Who the hell can we use? I said, “Well, you’ve got a guy here under contract called Bogart. I’ll take a chance with him.” So he said, “All right, go ahead.” And Bogart got the part. That was his first big one?

Yes. They doubled—even tripled—his salary, and also signed Ida Lupino for seven years for her performance on it.

Why did you remake High Sierra as Colorado Territory?

They were stuck for a release. Everybody had turned down scripts, and nothing had come up. I spoke with Warner and said, “Make this a Western.” He said, “Well, you’ve got to get started. Who is the best young star out there?” I said, “Well, you’ve got a guy here under contract called Bogart. I’ll take a chance with him.” So he said, “All right, go ahead.” And Bogart got the part.

Did you feel you learned a lot from your work with D.W. Griffith?

Oh yes—cutting and continuity and progression.

I’d like to ask you about the death of James Cagney on the steps of the cathedral in The Roaring Twenties. He takes a long time to die and runs through most of New York.

Well, it’s pretty hard to kill an actor. In those days Cagney and Bogart were the only two stars you could kill in a picture. You couldn’t kill Flynn, you couldn’t kill Gable, you couldn’t kill Cooper or any of those fellows. The exhibitor wouldn’t even play the picture. But with Cagney and Bogart they accepted it. So I thought, as long as they accepted it, we’d give them a good load of it.

Do you have any particular methods for shooting a chase sequence, in particular the one in High Sierra?

No, chase sequences are very easy to shoot. Just keep going, keep going, keep going. Get on top of the mountain, turn around, bring them down again, and just hope there’s nobody on the road.


After Raft, Warner Bros. hoped Paul Muni would play Roy “Mad Dog” Earle, the Dillinger-based main character in Burnett’s novel, who gets out of prison to prepare a hotel robbery but is assisted by two novices who bring along a girl and thereby violate the criminal code of professionalism by which Earle lived. Whatever can go wrong, does, and Earle gets killed in the end.

With Muni out they offered the part to James Cagney, who didn’t want to be third-fiddle to Raft and Muni, then to Eddie Robinson, who didn’t like the idea of following behind Cagney, and to John Garfield. With their “A”-list of gangster types depleted, Warner’s turned to Humphrey Bogart, who had told Hal Wallis in a note in April that he was interested in the part.

In May, Hal Wallis declared the Huston-Burnett script a final draft. Burnett remembered fighting with the Motion Picture...
Code officials, who were on the set practically every day asking for changes. “We had twenty-seven pages of objections from the Johnston office,” Burnett said. “We had to rewrite the script and send it to them. But we got most of ’em through. We had a girl living with two guys and we got away with it...in 1940!”

That girl was Ida Lupino, who was the subject of a Hal Wallis memo to Jack Warner in September. “Don’t you think we ought to reverse the billing on High Sierra, and instead of billing Bogart first, bill Lupino first?”

“Lupino has had a great deal of publicity on the strength of They Drive by Night, whereas Bogart has been playing the leads in a lot of ‘B’ pictures, and this fact might mitigate against the success of High Sierra.”

The billing was reversed, Lupino was first...but it was Bogart who was mobbed by adoring fans after the film was released.

“High Sierra marked a turning point in his career,” Huston said. “It established him.”

We’d seen bad guys, hundreds, maybe thousands of them, before, but the bad guy Bogart played was a decent man. He had a sense of loyalty, a code of ethics. He could feel sorry for a neglected dog or a crippled girl and go out of his way to help them. He was essentially a loner, a man up against a system, and even though he knew how to use a machine gun and was on the wrong side of the law, he was likable. The way Bogart played him, you couldn’t help rooting for Roy Earle. In the end, when he got shot and Ida Lupino mumbled he was free, you hoped through your tears that she was right.

Raft, Robinson, Muni, and all the others would have to take a step back—a new kind of tough guy had appeared on the screen. As Otto Friedrich pointed out in his City of Nets, Bogart must have instinctively realized, as he was shot down over and over again during the late 1930s...[that] every snarling death [was] just another snarling death, until, in High Sierra, he saw his first chance at playing a fugitive convict who could become a romantic hero.”

All Bogart needed to cross over into the hearts of moviegoers was to take that tough, no-nonsense fugitive with a heart of gold and put him on the right side of the law. Make him, for instance, a private detective. And support him with a cast of actors trained on the stage and polished to perfection.

“My standing at Warner’s was quite high as a writer,” Huston said. His option had come up and that clause Paul Kohner had inserted into his contract about his being allowed to direct a film was now an issue. “They didn’t want me to direct, particularly, and I didn’t think they’d take up my option, because it was so difficult for a writer to become a director. Preston Sturges had just directed his first picture. It had never happened before. But then Henry Blanke said, ‘What would you like to direct?’

“The Maltese Falcon,’ I said.

**Who The Devil Made It? Peter Bogdanovitch, Ballantine Book NY, 1997.**

If ever there were adventurers in the movies, Walsh certainly heads the list. Many of his wildest escapades can be found in the autobiography he published in 1974, *Each Man in His Time* (Farrar Straus & Giroux) which is often as good as a Walsh movie—filled with boundless vitality and an infectious sense of adventure. Think of all the Walsh heroes: Doug Fairbanks in *The Thief of Bagdad*; Walsh himself with Gloria Swanson in the original *Sadie*

*Thompson; Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in the first What Price Glory? and its sequel The Cock-Eyed World; James Cagney in The Roaring Twenties, The Strawberry Blonde, and White Heat (“Top of the world, Ma!”); Humphrey Bogart in High Sierra—the picture that made Bogie a star leading man; Errol Flynn’s best picture, Gentleman Jim, plus three others; Clark Gable in The Tall Men and Band of Angels (with Sidney Poitier as his illegitimate son), and so many others....


If Bogart’s life-style was essentially immutable, his career was, like all others in show business, amenable to a change in luck....Walsh was set to do the adaptation of a novel by W.R. Burnett, one of the best, and still one of the least critically attended, of the hard-boiled crime writers (one of his novels formed the basis for Little Caesar). From the start of his work on the script Huston had insisted that there was a spirit in Burnett that most previous film versions of his novels had not caught. Take out “the strange sense of inevitability that comes with our deepening understanding of his characters and the forces that motivate them,” he wrote in a memo to production chief Hal Wallis, “and only the conventional husk of a story remains....” He would successfully strive to keep that shadow of fatefulness in his script, and the result was for the most part austere and affecting, the epitaph for the profitable gangster hero that the movies have been trying to write during the waning days of the 1930’s—still romantic, of course, but wearier and bleaker than, say, Angels with Dirty Faces or The Roaring Twenties, which both coppered more sentimental pleas for Cagney as he expired.

Walsh was the ideal director for a project like this, a man who at his best trusted the subtexts to speak for themselves, while
he banged the action along efficiently, unsentimentally, contrapuntally. And the central role of the aging gangster growing vulnerable through the diminution of his formerly pure selfishness (he is undone by sentimental gestures toward a crippled girl and a winsome dog) was one any actor might have coveted—any actor, that is, but the ones the studio approached. Paul Muni turned it down because, he said, he didn’t want to play another gangster, although in fact, he had only played one. George Raft, in Walsh’s account, rejected it because he did not want to die in the end, although other accounts suggest Bogart slyly put that idea in his rival’s egocentric head. In any event, Bogart, who was friends with everyone significantly involved in creating the picture (Hellinger, Huston, and Walsh), actively campaigned for the part, and the studio finally gave it to him—though he was forced to take second billing to his costar Ida Lupino, to whom he was so unpleasant during shooting that she refused to work with him again.

The seriousness with which he took the part of Roy Earle is signaled by his haircut, Up to the crown it is virtually shaved, strictly prison barbershop work, which is realistically correct for a man who has been behind bars for eight years, and very un-Hollywood. As is his psychology, for Roy Earle finds himself suddenly free in a world in which he begins to see—as the result of a bungled robbery—that crime as he once practiced it is an anachronism, that he himself is an anachronism. That feeling was one Bogart knew something about. And the air of puzzled distaste for his new world was something the reluctant actor and citizen of Tinseltown could understand as well, for his own reasons, in his own way. There is about his Roy Earle the air of a man straining to pick out the melody in a new kind of music that grates harshly on his ears, an air, too, of a man who would just as soon die as try to adjust to a world that thinks this stuff is worth listening to. Bogart had not reached that point yet, never would reach it, but he could easily imagine it. As a result, for the first time in a movie he gave a full performance. And a touching one.

High Sierra was a hit. So was Bogart.

COMING UP IN BUFFALO FILM SEMINARS XIX:
Sept 15 Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger Black Narcissus 1947
Sept 22 Jules Dassin Du rififi chez les homes/Rififi 1955
Sept 29 Kenji Misoguchi Akasen chitai/Street of Shame 1956
Oct 6 Richard Brooks Elmer Gantry 1960
Oct 13 Roman Polanski Nóż w wodzie/Knife in the Water 1962
Oct 20 Stanley Kubrick Lolita 1962
Oct 27 Carl Theodor Dreyer Gertrud 1964
Nov 3 Eric Rohmer Ma nuit chez Maude/My Night at Maude’s 1969
Nov 10 Andrei Tarkovsky Solaris 1972
Nov 17 Arthur Penn Night Moves 1975
Dec 1 Bela Tarr Werckmeister harmóniák/Werckmeister Harmonies 2000
Dec 8 Mike Leigh Topsy-Turvy 1999

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The Buffalo Film Seminars are presented by the Market Arcade Film & Arts Center and State University of New York at Buffalo with support from the Robert and Patricia Colby Foundation and the Buffalo News