

# The Bad Samaritan

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

His eyes were those of a maniac. His words were thick and blurred. "I'm going to kill yuh for that!" he panted. "Kill yuh—kill—"

*The hermit passed for a very meek man. He fooled a lot of people that way. He even fooled himself. So now his conscience bothers him*

HERMAN talked to his dog. Mountains reared serenely toward the sky on four sides. There was no other human habitation within forty miles. Herman lived separated from the world, according to his faith. And he sat before his cabin and talked to his dog. The dog's name was Erik, and he lay on Herman's own blankets with bandages about his body. They covered raking wounds a mountain lion had given him as he fought to protect Herman's lambs. He looked unblinkingly up at Herman as the man's voice went on. Sometimes his tail wagged gently. He liked to hear Herman talk.

There was silence everywhere. The trees were still. Wind blew overhead among the mountain peaks, but in the valley there was utter calm. Small noises came from the lambs in Herman's raised-up fold. A jackrabbit bolted in bobbing panic from one small clump of brush and dived headlong into another.

Then the stranger appeared abruptly, snarling.

His approach must have been noiseless indeed. Even Erik, the dog, had not heard him. He stepped around the corner of the cabin and light glittered upon something deadly that he held ready in his hand. He was a small man, and his eyes were beady and hate-filled. There was a sheriff's badge pinned to the breast of his shirt and he wore the high-heeled boots of a horseman, but there had been no sound of a horse's hoofs. His boots were stained and muddy. By the look of them, he should have been footsore and limping.

The gun bore upon Herman's heart. The stranger stood catlike, alert, threatening. No word. Nothing but the sudden, noiseless appearance, and the lined-up gun, and the beady, hating eyes, and something like a noiseless snarl.

ERIK, the dog, growled suddenly and tried to struggle erect. But he was very weak. Herman held him still with gentle fingers the while he turned his head and regarded the stranger.

One glance at the weapon and Herman's eyes rose calmly to the pinched and snarling face above it. He said nothing. He did not pale. He held the feebly struggling dog and murmured soothingly:

"Quiet, Erik. Quiet. It iss a friend."

Then to the stranger he said gently:

"Put down der gun. You are hungry. I giff you food. You are tired. I giff you a place to rest. There iss no need for money or for der gun either."

The beady eyes swept over Herman. No holster, either at hip or shoulder. Merely a heavily built, muscular, squat-framed man with a heavy beard and very blue eyes and an expression of habitual calm. The stranger sneered. It was not easy for him or anyone like

him to understand an expression like Herman's, atop a frame fit for battle.

"You'll give me grub, eh?" said a thin voice. "I'll take it! D'you know who I am?"

Herman soothed the feebly struggling dog.

"No. You are hungry and tired. It iss enough."

The stranger pointed with his free hand to the sheriff's badge pinned to his shirt. The shirt was puckered beneath the clasp.

"See what that badge says? Sheriff! I hadda tip on you, fella! I come up here to look over y'place! I know what you been doin'! An' you can talk or not, I'm goin' to get the evidence! An' then there'll be a nice ride back to jail for you, with the pen afterward!"

Herman said gently:

"But I know der sheriff. You are not him."

THE thin man tensed. His eyes flared. The pistol stirred. Herman soothed the dog Erik. He made no move. He did not flinch. The stranger's thin voice raged suddenly:

"Well? What of it? If y'want to know, I bumped him! Shot him! An' I'll do th' same to you if y'get fresh! Where's y'gun?"

"I haff no gun," said Herman.

"Y'lie! Where is it?"

"I haff no gun," said Herman calmly. "And I do not lie. I liff separate from der world, and it is not necessary for me to lie."

The snarling man stepped forward until he looked down upon Herman, where he sat beside the wounded dog. Erik showed his teeth and a growl came from his throat. But he was very weak. One of Herman's muscular hands held him quite still. The stranger looked suspiciously at the tableau, his gun ready.

"What's this you' doin'?" he demanded.

"This iss Erik, my dog," said Herman. "Der shepherders sometimes come to me with small lambs that maybe haff lost their mothers, or maybe they are sick. They giff them to me. And I make them well. But there has been a mountain lion which has been killing them. Erik fought to protect them, and he was badly hurt. So I am making him well also."

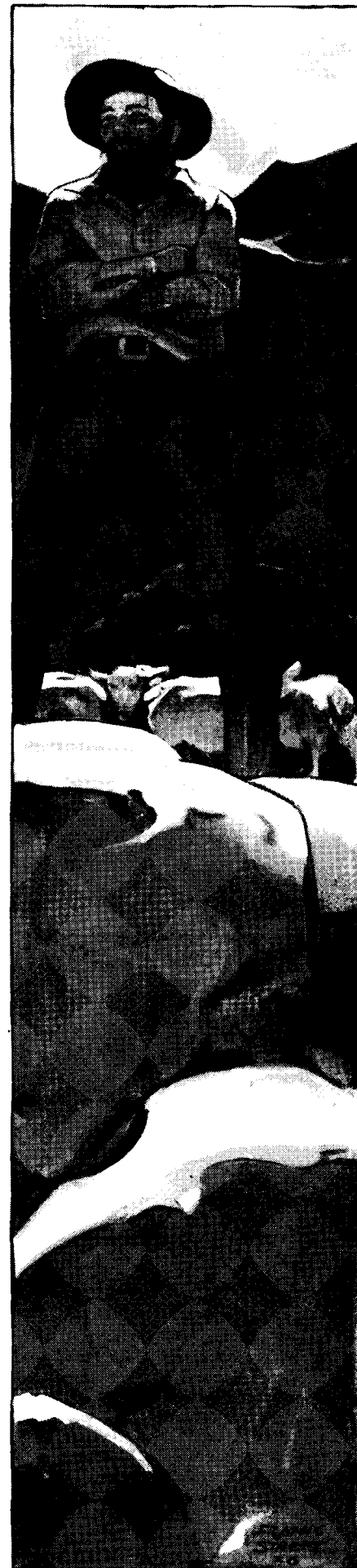
The stranger uttered a sound which was at once suspicious and derisive. He pushed open the door and went into the cabin. He was extremely alert. Herman spoke soothingly to the dog before he rose and followed.

As he entered the door the stranger whirled swiftly, the gun muzzle again raised.

"Well?" he rasped.

"I came to tell you," said Herman

(Continued on page 46)



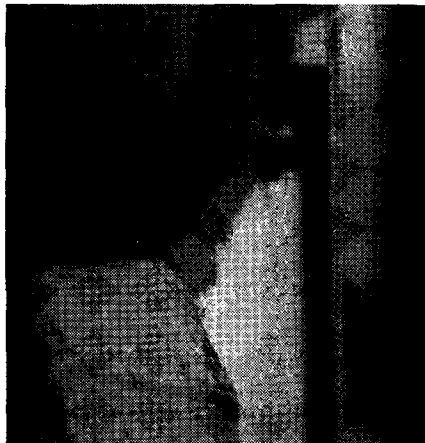
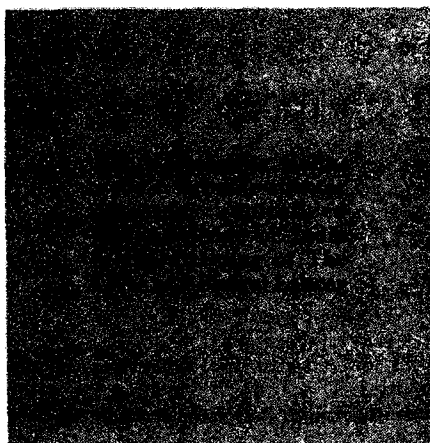
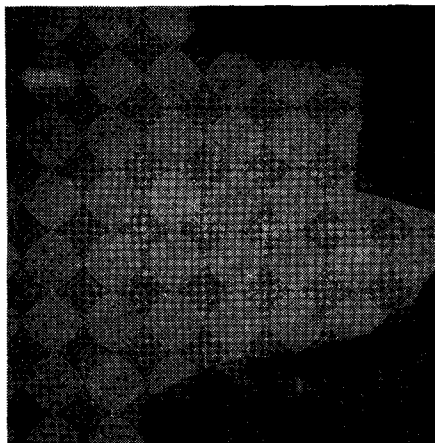
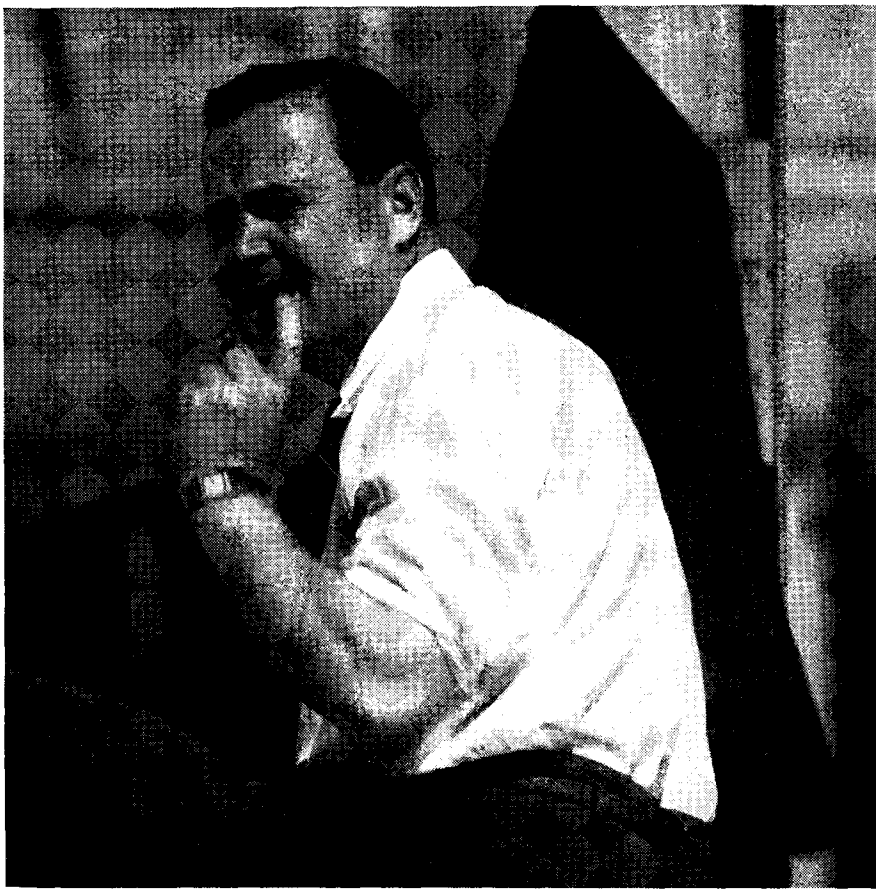
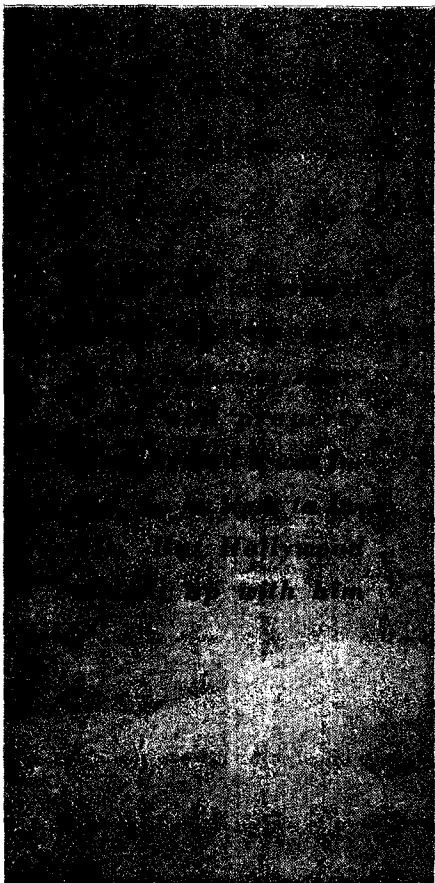
"And you will die," said Herman soberly, "of starvation. I warned you to take care. And now you cannot get out of der trap"





# Lives of a Hollywood Director

By Kyle Crichton



**A**FTER fifteen years in Hollywood as stagehand, sweep-up and property man, Henry Hathaway decided that if he ever wanted to be a director he would have to make somebody take notice of him. So every week for two years he walked into the front office at Paramount and gave them an idea. At the end of a year they were calling him Henry and at the end of the second year, he knew his reward had come. He had a phone call asking him to see Mr. Upswitch in the front office at once.

"Henry," said Mr. Upswitch or whoever it was, "we've been watching your work and that's why I called you in. You look like a young man who has the interest of the company at heart and we want you to be the first to hear about something we have in mind here. Business has not been good and we are going to ask the minor employees to take a cut. We feel that you will want to go along with any policy which will help the firm, and I'd like to have your opinion on the matter."

To which Mr. Hathaway replied that he did indeed have the interest of the company at heart and while he could not speak for the others, he felt so moved by

the plight of the firm that he would relieve it entirely of the burden of his salary. In short, he would quit.

Quitting the movies was not easy for Hathaway because he had been connected with them ever since that day in Prescott, Arizona, in 1908, when his father and mother, stranded actors, had wangled a job with a motion-picture company then working in La Mesa, California.

## One of the Cinema's Pioneers

In that company Henry was the kid who was stolen by the Indians in the first reel but is later found to be white and marries the girl. He played only the kid, being aged eight at the time. So young Hathaway came as close to being a pioneer in movies as anybody alive.

When he gave up his job in Hollywood he cashed in on everything he had (\$1,500 in all), considered all possible places calculated to get him farthest away from Sunset Boulevard and finally decided on India. He went directly to London, took a freighter to Calcutta (thirty days en route), bought a car with what was still left of his cash and spent a year seeing the country. This

made him a natural choice for the direction of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which established Hathaway as an important director when he finally got back to Hollywood.

But the early days were tough. The family stayed with the American Film Company at La Mesa until 1911 and then went up to Inceville, where they stayed until 1914. It was during this period that Henry got his only schooling, three years at Venice, California. He was playing kid parts with Bobby Vernon, Mildred Harris and Cyril Gardner.

"One buck a day and lunch," says Henry. "Pay your own carfare."

Then his mother got sick and he had to get regular work. He was fourteen at the time and went over to Universal as property man, twelve dollars a week. The boss over there was Lee Lawson and an important cog in the machine was a certain Grover Jones, who was a sign painter and was later to become one of Hollywood's most famous writers. Hathaway swept the sets, helped build the scenery and ran errands. The proudest achievement was the scenery for *Damon and Pythias*.

"We built Rome in a day," says Hathaway.

He was at Universal for four years, leaving it to go to war. He fought the Battle of San Francisco at Fort Winfield Scott, ending as master gunner in the artillery school. What he really got from the war, however, was his education. He reached the point where he could teach mechanical drawing and when he was mustered out he started on the road for an auditing company, looking after the books of retail grocery stores. After a year of it he got tired of traveling and went back to Hollywood, working for Hal Christie as assistant director, prop man and set dresser in two-reel comedies, salary twenty-five dollars a week. It was the school which produced Frank Capra and Norman Taurog.

"That's where you learn nothing is impossible," says Hathaway. "If they want a car to go off a cliff or an actor to jump from a ten-story building, you learn how to fake it. If they want China, you got to give them China . . . in about two hours' time."

## Education of a Director

From there he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as prop man for Frank Lloyd at sixty-five dollars a week. He was there about eighteen months when the union went on strike for a forty-five-dollar wage scale. When it was over the grips and electricians had won and he was out on his ear. Next seen he is at Paramount at twenty-seven-fifty a week on the swing gang, which means he was carrying furniture for the prop man.

"A little discouraged, right along about this time," says Henry.

He was on the swing gang for three years, but he had one good break when Paul Bern took an interest in him. Hathaway thinks Bern was the greatest man who ever lived and it is certain that he was a godsend to Hathaway.

"I wasn't exactly dumb," says Hathaway, "but I didn't know anything. I read the movie columns and the sport pages. Those years at school in Venice didn't extend much beyond the fourth grade and that wasn't helping me much in adult society."

So Bern started giving him books, which was sound enough except that Henry couldn't understand them. Then Bern began pushing him into the company of educated people, even exposing him to H. L. Mencken.

On the set things were even worse because Hathaway stuttered so badly he knew he would never be able to handle a group of extras. Henry went to a doctor who told him his stuttering was all psychological and all he had to do was make his speech regular. So for a year he spoke like a metronome. I—don't—know. Yes—sir. I—think—I'll—go—down—town.

So Henry was finally cured and has little trouble now. In the meantime he was taking the Bern prescription for culture—first biographies and then histories and then even heavier works.

By the time sound films reached Hollywood, Hathaway was an assistant director and the theory was that the chance for the new boys had come at last. The studios began to fire their old silent directors and hire Broadway gentlemen who knew how to handle dialog. They kept the assistant directors—all low-paid—to instruct the newcomers in the use of the camera. Hathaway got his chance on a picture almost immediately.

(Continued on page 48)