

THE GANGSTER TYPE

By R. K. WILKINSON
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"THE only way," said Producer Howard Heyward, "to inject realism into a picture is to cast the players true to type. By this I mean only real mothers should play the part of screen mothers, war veterans the part of soldiers, cultured men the part of gentlemen—"

"And gangsters the part of gangsters!"

"Exactly. That's the meat in the coconut. Here we have a picture on which we are ready to begin production. The feature role is that of a gang leader, a suave, crafty, intelligent, ruthless sort of person, who lives by his wits and holds the fate of a hundred henchmen in his hand, who is a menace to society—hated, feared, scorned. And who, may I ask, have you cast to play the role? Who?"

A grin, edging on a sarcastic grimace, twisted the corners of Producer Heyward's mouth.

"Donald Fairweather! Of all people, he certainly comes the farthest from being a gangster type! A good actor, yes. But—if you'll excuse my saying so—a rather effeminate sort of person. A master of love scenes. Sentimental, romantic, a direct appeal to the sympathetic instincts of women!"

"Rot!"

Director Tod Phillion rapped the table top and glared.

"Now Heyward, you listen to me. I've been in the movie making game a long time. It's my business. I can't do anything else. And if you'll forgive my immodesty, I've made some pretty good pictures. If I hadn't been able to cast my roles correctly, those pictures would have been flops."

"I'm not saying this to make an impression. They're facts that can't be ignored. You're a banker. You've been out here only two weeks, and at that only because your bank sent you to take charge until the company's stock was disposed of. It's senseless to think you can tell me how to make a picture. It isn't in your line. I happen to have discovered Donald Fairweather. He's versatile. He can play any part, if I direct him!"

Producer Heyward's face was a dull red.

A sneer was on his lips.

"You're quite a guy, eh, Phillion? Well, get this, either you get a real gangster type to play the role of 'Brick' Lagoon, or you're fired! There's plenty of 'em around, go pick one out."

Director Phillion stared through a window and chewed his cigar.

He could not afford to lose his job. Jobs were scarce.

Besides, he loved the work.

Moreover, this young upstart of a banking man was only a temporary fixture.

Within six months old man Levine, who knew pictures and appreciated Director Phillion's abilities, would be back on the job.

Presently Director Phillion turned.

"I'd like to make you a sporting proposition. I'll get a gangster, a real one, true to type, and, with your approval, I'll cast him in the role of Brick Lagoon. I'll do my best to build him up and if, as you predict, he comes through, injects realism into the film, we'll use him. If he falls down, we'll play Don Fairweather!"

"Done!"

Heyward slapped the table.

He knew Phillion well enough to be assured that the director would try in all sincerity to make an actor out of the gangster.

And it was with no little feeling of triumph and relief that he agreed to the proposition.

He felt certain that his own ideas on the matter were correct, and that Director Phillion had a surprise coming to him.

He stood up.

"Just one thing more, Phillion. When selecting your man, remember that this film is actually a character sketch of the well-known gang leader, Tony Scarbo. Pick some one who at least resembles Scarbo in appearance."

"I'll bear it in mind," Phillion agreed.

Two days later Director Phillion entered Producer Heyward's private office in company with a tall, black-haired, olive-skinned youth, who smiled almost whimsically at the producer, but kept his hand in his coat pocket.

"Meet 'Silver' Johnson, Heyward. He's your gangster type, all right."

"I'm not so sure. Acts like one, but looks like a gigolo. Had any experience, Silver?"

"Experience?"

"I mean have you been in the racketeering game long? Know any real gangsters? Ever taken part in a gunfight?"

"I getcha. The answer is 'yes.' I usta work with Scarbo."

Heyward looked pleased, then suspicious.

"Uh, huh. Where's Scarbo now?"

"On the lam. Hid'n out till the Hennessy killing blows over. They're tryin' to pin it on him. Mob's scattered till Tony sends out word for us to join him some place."

Heyward pursed his lips, thought a moment.

Then: "O. K., Silver. We need an actor. Gangster type. One who can give us the real thing. You ought to qualify if you've worked for Scarbo."

We know you can't act, but Phillion will take care of that. That's his business."

Tony Scarbo, the gang leader, had become a national hero.

He was front page news.

Big stuff.

Glamorous.

A murderer.

It was Phillion's plan to commercialize the idea.

Build a picture around Scarbo.

Sell him to the theater-going public.

Even Heyward could see the possibilities.

But Heyward insisted on realism.

And you couldn't have realism without having things real.

That's why Silver Johnson was cast in the leading role.

But Silver didn't make good.

Phillion knew he wouldn't, even though he did his best to make an actor of the youth.

At the end of a month even Heyward could see that the picture would be a flop, with Silver playing the lead.

Heyward blamed it on to Phillion.

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"He isn't a gangster, that's what's the trouble. He's a dud. Put one over on us. If he was the real thing he could play the part."

Heyward spat and chewed his cigar.

"You can't tell me that dumb cluck is a gangster. Gangsters are gorillas. This bird's a sissy. I was doubtful from the start."

"Listen, Heyward, I'm telling you Silver's a member of the Scarbo mob. I know it. That's the trouble with him. He's a racketeer, not an actor. Acting isn't in his line, no more than making pictures is in yours. Now, take Don Fairweather. Don's an actor. I can make a gangster out of him. It's his line, and it's my line."

"Nuts! We gotta have realism. We gotta have a real gangster. We gotta have some one who looks and acts and talks like Scarbo. It's Scarbo we're selling, isn't it? Well, use your head!"

Phillion got purple.

He was a little tired of being told what an idiot he was.

"Listen, Heyward, we made a deal. If your gangster didn't make good, I could use Fairweather in the picture? How about it?"

"It's O. K. and it stands. But first you gotta give a real gangster a try-out. This Silver bird is a dud, a joke. He looks about as much like a gangster as I, and acts less like one."

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Phillion smiled, triumph and contentment lighting his eyes.

"Listen, Heyward, you're the one who's nuts. Try usin' your noodle for once. Do you think for a second I could get one of Scarbo's mob up here when they're all on the lam? You must be crazy. Say, if the cops knew we had a Scarbo man here they'd be up and thir'd-degree him so quick you wouldn't know what it's all about. Scarbo's wanted by the police and wanted bad. He knows it, too. And he's having a tough time keeping out of sight. So what? So he hears about this picture of ours and comes browsing around. He drops in at my office the day after you and I have our talk. I make a deal with him. I show him to you. We sign him on. Fine! He couldn't be in a safer spot. Then you grab his act by saying he doesn't look like a real gangster. He's gotta get out and start dodging the police again. So what? Well, Heyward, I guess you gotta admit I'm right. Acting isn't in Scarbo's line. He's a gangster. A killer, Heyward, and he doesn't like you at all."

Heyward's face was pale.

He sputtered, choked.

"Say, look here, Phillion. Now, listen, you better keep him on the pay roll awhile. Sure, that's it, keep him on. Pick your own lead, but keep Scarbo on. I'll leave it to your judgment. I gotta be getting back to New York, anyhow. Leaving tonight. You take things over here, but keep Scarbo on the pay roll—"

Phillion wiped his forehead and sat down in the chair vacated by Producer Heyward and grinned.

Some day, he told himself, he'd have to look up this Scarbo guy and see what he looked like.

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Mistake at Big Convention

Ohio was represented at the Republican national convention in 1884 by the big four—Foraker, McKinley, Hanna and William H. West. As he spoke, West, a blind lawyer of Bellefontaine, sat in a chair. An orator of unusual ability, he was known throughout the state as "Blind Man Eloquent." When he came to the climax, the time at which he meant to shout the name of James G. Blaine, he half rose from his chair and shouted by mistake the name of James A. Garfield. West immediately realized his mistake, and again half rising from his chair he shouted the name of James G. Blaine, but in the confusion few heard him. Ohio's Garfield had been dead three years.

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Words With Double Meanings

In Northumberland the word "canny" has a meaning different to that which is inseparably connected with Scotland—prudent, careful, crafty, etc. On Tyneside "canny" is an embodiment of all that is kindly, good and gentle. The highest compliment that can be paid to any person by a true Northumberlander is to say that he or she is "canny." As "home" expresses the English love of the fireside, so on Tyneside does "canny" express every home virtue. All that is good and lovable in a man or woman is covered by the expression, "Eh, what a canny body." Thus also the word "homely"—which in England means restful, homelike—Canadians use the word to indicate ugliness—an ill-favored person.

THE WHISKEY REBELLION



WHISKEY REBELS TAR AND FEATHER, AN EXCISE COLLECTOR

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



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IN THE historic Episcopal church, St. Luke's of Chartiers, in the little town of Woodville, Pa., is a stone that is rich in historic association. It was brought to the United States from Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire, England, the ancestral home of the Washington family. How this relic from across the Atlantic happens to be in a church in western Pennsylvania is explained by a memorial tablet which is attached to it and which bears this inscription: "George Washington and John Neville, united in their ideals of an orderly government, co-workers in suppressing the whiskey insurrection, the only armed conflict of which occurred on a hill adjacent to this church on July 17, 1794."

Thus is recalled to visitors to the church of today an all-but-forgotten chapter in American history, the story of what has been called "the first American civil war" which was running its course 140 years ago. The reason for placing the memorial tablet in St. Luke's of Chartiers is that this church, which is the oldest west of the Allegheny mountains, was only a log cabin when it was founded in 1765 by General Neville, who was its first senior warden, and it was burned to the ground by the insurrectionists during the Whiskey rebellion.

The Whiskey rebellion had its genesis in the passage of a law by congress in 1791 placing a small tax on whiskey to help pay off debts incurred during the Revolution and to provide funds for the costs of the federal government. The law was suggested by Alexander Hamilton, then secretary of the treasury, and in presenting his plan for an excise tax on liquor he argued that such a tax was not new but that it had been levied by various states before that time. What he neglected to tell congress, however, was that the states had found it virtually impossible to collect such a tax and that this would be a severe test imposed upon the power of the new, and none-too-strong, federal government. They were soon to find out just how unpopular such legislation would be generally and more particularly in the counties of Washington, Westmoreland, Allegheny and Fayette in western Pennsylvania where the hardy frontiersmen had long been accustomed to making all the whiskey they wanted and to using it at stores and trading posts in lieu of money.

When the bill levying the tax, which was passed in March, 1791, was up for consideration in congress, the state legislature of Pennsylvania, then in session, went on record in very strong terms opposing the tax, and urging Pennsylvania senators and representatives to vote against it. The two congressmen from Western Pennsylvania voted against the bill and denounced it at every opportunity and such a notable as Albert Gallatin, then a resident of Fayette county and later secretary of the treasury under Jefferson and Madison, advocated opposition to the law by all constitutional methods.

The last of the public meetings in protest of the law was held in August, 1792; the insurrection did not break out until 1794, but in the intervening time "there were five or six unconnected riots, or assaults on collectors, in different parts of the western country, on account of the excise."

In some cases federal revenue officers were tarred and feathered, their commissions torn up, their records seized, and by threats compelled to print their resignations in the Pittsburgh Gazette. If a law-abiding farmer gave information as to the location of stills his barn would be burned.

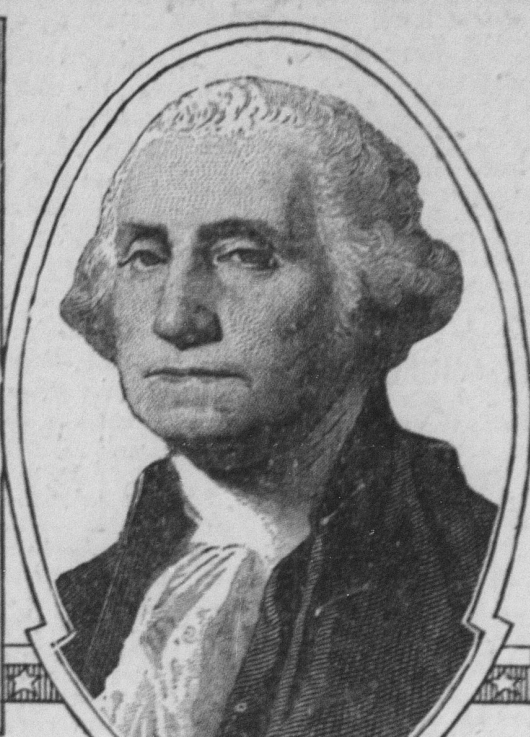
Early in the disturbances President Washington issued a proclamation condemning lawless acts and warning all the malcontents to "return to their allegiance" and assuring them that it was his intention to enforce the law "at all hazards." This was without effect. In fact, it seemed only to fan the flames, and organized rebellion began to be talked about.

An insurgent leader, David Bradford, sprang to the front and called upon the free whiskey forces to organize and defend their cause with force of arms, if necessary. Although congress had indorsed Washington's proclamation, the whiskey forces began to arm themselves here and there. Congress tried to allay the bitterness by reducing the tax and providing for monthly payments but there seemed to be no abatement of the fury.

In July, 1794, an armed detachment of the insurgents attacked the home of General Neville, who was an inspector in Westmoreland county. He had called to his aid a small detachment from the garrison at Fort Pitt, which then consisted of but 11 men under the command of Maj. Abraham Kirkpatrick. The major refused to allow the insurgents to search the home of Neville for papers, and the insurgents then withdrew to cover and opened a brisk fire upon the house, which was returned by the troops.

Bradford, determined to aggravate the disturbance, stopped the mail at Greensburg, on the road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and robbed it of letters, some of which he published.

On July 28 a circular signed by Bradford and one or two others was sent out summoning to personal service the militia of the county and calling for volunteers to rendezvous at Bradford's field, eight miles south of Pittsburgh,



GEN. DANIEL MORGAN



GEN. DANIEL MORGAN

August 1. It ended with these words: "Here is an expedition proposed in which you will have an opportunity for displaying your military talents and of rendering service to your country." Nothing less was contemplated than an attack upon Fort Pitt and the sack of Pittsburgh.

On the appointed day there assembled at Braddock's field a motley throng of several thousand backwoodsmen. There was much haranguing but little positive action. The next day the meeting broke up. "About one-third dispersed to their homes, and the remainder marching to Pittsburgh, paraded through the streets and, finally crossing the river in their turn, scattered. They did no damage to the town beyond the burning of a farm belonging to Major Kirkpatrick of the garrison."

By this time Washington had completely lost patience with the rebels and he resolved to smash their power once and for all and restore the authority and prestige of the federal government. First he issued a proclamation on August 7 summoning all persons involved in the rebellion to lay down their arms and return to their homes by September 1. He issued regulations on the governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey for 15,000 men and the troops thus raised were called out on September 25.

While the troops were being organized Washington made a final effort to bring the lawless element to their senses and to prevent bloodshed if possible. He appointed a committee composed of James Ross, Jasper Yeates, and William Bradford to go to the scene of rebellion "in order to quiet and extinguish the insurrection." In the meantime many of the calm and decent element realized it was high time to take some action. Accordingly a convention was called which was attended by 200 delegates from the rebellious counties.

Gallatin, who was secretary of the meeting, was the outstanding figure of the gathering. He impressively explained the folly of past resistance and pointed out the ruinous consequences to the country of the continuance of the rebellion. In unmistakable language he told them that President Washington was bound to vindicate the laws of the land and would surely send an overwhelming force against them. A committee was appointed to confer with the state and federal committees. This conference, however, made but little headway. The bulk of the population still remained stubborn and mean.

Washington now ordered the troops to move forward. Gen. Henry Lee, governor of Virginia, was placed in chief command. Gov. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania, Gov. Richard Howell of New Jersey, Gov. Thomas S. Lee of Maryland, and Gen. Daniel Morgan of Virginia commanded the volunteers from the respective states. President Washington, accompanied by Gen. Henry Knox, secretary of war; Gen. Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury; and Judge Richard Peters of the United States District court, mounted their horses and set out for Western Pennsylvania.

At Carlisle, Pa., they joined the main body of the army. At this place Washington was called upon by a committee from the outlaw area and assured that a change of heart had come over the people; that the majority were remaining quietly at home, and that organizations were being formed to enforce the law. Washington told them the army was now on its way and marching orders would not be countermanded. He assured the committee violence would not be used unless necessary, and all that was desired was to have the inhabitants come back to their allegiance. Washington then returned to the Capitol at Philadelphia, and General Lee said: "Forward, march!"

By this time the rebels were convinced that the President meant business and they began to weaken. A committee called upon General Lee and assured him that the majority of the people in the region wanted peace, to which he replied that no peaceable inhabitant or his property would be harmed. He then issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of the four western counties, recommending the subscribing of "an oath to support the Constitution and obey the laws, and to enter into an association to protect and aid all the officers of the government in the execution of their respective duties."

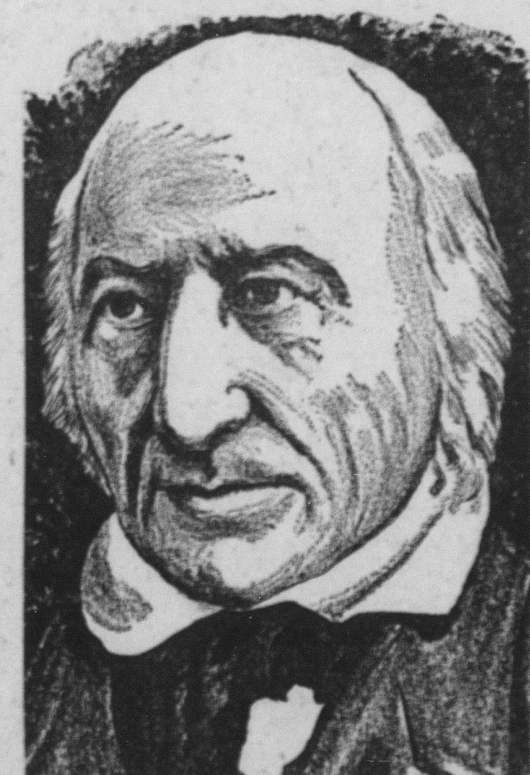
The collapse of the rebellion was swift. Bradford, the principal leader, fled to New Orleans, then Spanish territory. On the eighth of November, Hamilton, who had remained with the army, wrote to President Washington that General Lee had concluded to take and hold all who were worth the trouble and then deliver them to the disposition of the judiciary. The night of November 13, 1794, was appointed for the arrests. At eight o'clock the cavalry sallied forth, and before daylight arrested in their beds about 200 men. The seizures were made in the Mingo Creek settlement, the hotbed of the insurrection and the scene of the early excesses. The prisoners were taken to Pittsburgh, and thence mounted on horses, and guarded by the Philadelphia Gentlemen corps, to Philadelphia. Against some 22 of these, indictments for treason were returned but in the trials only two were convicted and condemned to death and these two were later pardoned by Washington.

Meanwhile out in Western Pennsylvania the troops, with the exception of a small detachment commanded by General Morgan, were ordered home. It was considered wise to keep a few troops at Pittsburgh during the winter. But they were not needed. From that time on the excise collectors had no difficulty in collecting the taxes.

Thus at the cost of nearly a million dollars in money, and a minimum of bloodshed, the federal government demonstrated its right to interfere within the state for the enforcement of its laws. So the Whiskey rebellion, minor affair though it was, takes its place among the significant events in our history—significant because it marked one of the first steps toward the establishment of a strong central government.



GEN. HENRY LEE



ALBERT GALLATIN

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