

# Short Skyride

A Story of Golden Days  
In ROCHESTER..

*Elbert Angevine*



# SHORT SKYRIDE



A STORY OF GOLDEN DAYS  
IN ROCHESTER . . .

by ELBERT ANGEVINE

PRINTED BY  
GEORGE P. BURNS PRESS, INC.



DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS who must have suffered untold tortures while this little book was being written. . . . Dedicated especially to those faithful souls who were present at the birth of the idea, helped with the baby's formula and stayed on through the colic, measles, mumps and finally — the christening.

## *Foreword*

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS were at a peak in Rochester back in 1910, '11 and '12.

It was the day of vaudeville, thriving lake resorts, glittering parades, big convention fanfare and boiling enthusiasm for home-town athletic teams.

Short Skyride is the story of this colorful era—of three fun-loving young people and their short, care-free frolic in the clouds.

It is fiction and history. The leading characters are the creation of the author but the places they visit and the people and things they see are real.

# Short Skyride

## The Trolley Rolls . . .



A BREATHLESS MITE OF A GIRL, loaded down with too much to carry—a hatbox, suitcase and a bundle—her big plumed hat jostled far down over a lustrous brown cushion of turban braids, scrambled like a fumbling juggler from a Lake trolley a stone's throw from the beach at Charlotte.

There were smiles on the faces of most of the bustling people who piled out of the jammed street car with her. They had to look at this girl again for she was unusually pretty—a shapely little thing with flashing eyes, beaming face and an over-all vivaciousness that won you instantly.

She was almost home—back from her second year at Syracuse University—back for the summer with her family at Dad Glendon's cottage at Crescent Beach.

She scurried along the walk opposite the high fence of Ontario Beach Park as fast as new button shoes could take her to the little station where the open-sided Manitou trolley cars made the connection.

It was there, at the height of her struggle with the luggage that she spied Buster, sprawled on a bench in the little waiting shelter. He saw her, too, and they both shouted at the same time.

Bus leaped toward the figure in shoe-top skirts. He would have hugged her then and there if it had not been for the intervening luggage. He had known her all his life. He was the inseparable pal of her brother, Brooks, and he was headed for the same destination three miles up the line of the ponds to the Glendon summer home—her home where he was just like one of the family.

This was June 1910. The song of the moment was "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." The weather was fine. The

fishing was good and although Bus never would admit it, everything then was just about perfect now that she was back.

A girl like Twink Glendon, a pal like her brother, and the lake and the ponds and the summer were all a boy of 21 like Bus could ask.

"It's great to see you again," bubbled Twink. "Had a wonderful time at college this year but, oh, it's so nice to be home! How's the new job? Gee, you look swell!"

There were those quick exchanges of greetings and questions and answers that neither really heard, then the trolley was there and ready to pull out—the open car with seats straight across and the catwalk along the side for the conductor.

They were past the Infants' Summer Hospital in a minute or two and were screeching along toward Round Pond and Island Cottage before Twink really had time to catch her breath, calm down and fix her hat which had tilted far to the southeast in the crowd for the lack of a free hand to poke it back where it belonged.

After the wheels had clicked off the familiar "tick-tack, tick-tacker" for a spell, the conductor came along and they called him Ben. He seemed pleased to see Twink. Summer jobs on the Manitou Railway had a particular lure for lads of her age and they grabbed them off.

Twink was anxious to know what some of the others were doing for the summer months. Bus informed her.

"Frank is a life guard at South Park Swimming Pool . . . Walt is seeing the Middle West for Mandeville & King . . . and Butch and Wally and Ted and Pudge are working in the brickyard out Monroe Avenue, toughening up for football."

"It won't do Butch and Ted any good," Twink teased. "We have a couple of dozen unshorn Samsons down at Syracuse and they'll roll your Rochester Dandelions flat next fall without half trying."

"Without calling out the faculty?" asked Bus.

"Without," nodded Twink with the air of conviction and an impish smile that made Bus feel his ears getting very warm. At that moment their trolley rounded a bend and there was Round Pond, gold and silver in the late afternoon sun.

There were a lot of jibes about people who are not much at writing or answering letters, some comment on spring doings on the Syracuse University campus and a remark or two to the effect that Twink's brother, Brooks, still didn't appear to be very interested in girls.

Then Bus, who had recovered from the fluster set off by his first glimpse of Twink in a long time, poured himself into the subject of Brooks with words flowing as smoothly as the water that lapped at the beach close to their speeding electric steed.

"Brooks has not yet been bitten by the bug—but the bug bites all," he explained. "He does not know a June moon from a wall-eyed pike. But he will! He will someday go over the precipice from which all young men must fall. And when he does there will be an awful thud—there will be a strange light in his eyes, Dossenbach will play 'Hearts and Flowers' and folks will say: 'There goes Brooksie!'"

Twink's rippling laugh interrupted the orator. Bus had to laugh too.

Yes, Buster was delightfully amusing to Twink. He could find words that made a mere request for a second slice of bread sound like a ceremony for the launching of a battleship.

There was a toot from the car whistle and Conductor Ben grinned at them. Around a line of tall poplars was their stop. There was a scramble for the luggage.

Just ahead for Twink were the glad embraces of her father and mother, a happy grin from Brooks, the noisy homecoming chatter and something real special for supper.

## Old Cronies Talk It Over . . .



TWINK'S FAT, BALDISH FATHER sat back in a heavily-cushioned rocker on the porch facing the lake, his collar on the magazine table, his shirt open at the neck and a palm-leaf fan in his hand.

Beside him on a big green couch was his choice crony, Harvey Smith, a man whose graying head bobbed to punctuate each sentence as he talked.

He was a seasoned traveling salesman. Pep was his long suit. He had done well with it for years along the route of the Erie Railroad—Avon, Geneseo, Mt. Morris, Dansville and Hornell. Stationery, greeting cards and novelties were his line. You couldn't forget that. He wouldn't let you.

There was no end to what he could tell you about the big poker pots he won from the other drummers up in that country. He had another old favorite, too—the one about the 40-inch snowfall that marooned them in the little hotel for two days. The food ran out but the spirits lasted and he had them all under the table when it was over.

Dad Glendon was saying how swell it was to have his daughter back from college. He had a bundle of substantial stocks, his business was going along well, he said, and he was going to spend plenty of time at the lake that summer instead of "working his head off" at the office.

This was good for a chuckle from old Harvey. Things always had been fairly easy for Web Glendon. He had a little money to start with and had managed to make a couple of very good guesses in business.

They were in the middle of a whiskey and soda when Harvey, who never could resist the urge to start something, tossed this one:

"Web, I never could figure out how a practical man like you could go overboard for this college stuff—especial-

ly for women folks. Twink's a fine girl and smart as they come—but what's the sense of spending a lot of money sending a girl to college to learn Latin and chemistry when like as not she's going to marry the first good guy that comes along?

"How's she going to use all that classical education bathing babies and standing over the sink with a pile of dirty dishes in front of her?"

Web fanned a fly from his perspiring forehead and smiled.

"Twink's a bright girl," he said. "She wanted to go to college and that was enough for me. If she never puts any of the stuff she learns into practical use, it doesn't matter. As long as she's happy, I'm satisfied."

"But I can't see why," Harvey went on, "if you HAD to send her to college, she couldn't have gone right here in town? What's the matter with the U. of R.? We got a couple of their kids with our company right now—and much as I hate to admit it, they're moving right up the ladder."

Web had a ready answer.

"Well," he said, "I thought about it but Twink told me that the men never liked the idea of coeds out there and the feeling isn't right. Down in Syracuse the coeds get along fine with the men. I'd rather have my daughter feel at home where she goes to school. I don't want her snubbed on Prince Street—or anywhere else."

Harvey thought about it.

"Can't say I blame you for that," he said. "Maybe you got the right idea. But it costs a pile of cash to give a girl an education away from home. I still can't see any sense in sending women to college. Home is where they belong."

Mother Glendon came out onto the porch, winked at her rotund mate and gathered up the empty glasses. Then she spied the littered ash tray with the glassed-in pattern of matched cigar bands and picked that up too.

Nodding toward Harvey, Web Glendon addressed his wife.

"Harvey thinks a girl should be brought up to know more about cooking up a nice batch of scalloped potatoes with pork chops on top than Shakespeare and Chaucer and those other big guns Twink talks about."

"Well, replied the Mrs., "what does Harvey know

about Shakespeare's and Chaucer's cooking?" And she smiled and left the men to their argument.

Another whiskey and soda appeared mysteriously.

"Maybe it's all right for Twink to go to college if you say so," Harvey began, raising an eyebrow. "But suppose she comes out with some of those new-fangled woman suffrage ideas and begins preaching 'Votes for Women?' What does a woman know about politics? What does Twink know about it?"

Web Glendon grinned. He put down his cigar and with quite an effort straightened up and plunked a pudgy finger down on the arm of his rocker.

"Harvey," he said slowly, "I think Twink right now would make a better voter than a helluva lot of men! And if you don't believe it, look at the panhandlers and broken-downs we're always so anxious to get out to the polls!"

"Yeah," drawled Harvey with sincerity. "I never thought of that!"

Web sat back, his point won. But Harvey was at him again.

"What if Twink happened to turn up Democrat? What then?"

"She wouldn't. She's too smart."

"I guess she wouldn't at that," interrupted Harvey. A Glendon would vote Republican even if a wooden Indian headed the ticket!"

Then Web put down his fan. He aimed a friendly broadside at his old companion and fired.

"You, Harvey Smith, are a fine example of sour grapes. You Democrats finished yourselves with Grover Cleveland. The voters will never forget the panic. You're all done!"

The disciple of the donkey came right back at that one.

"You Republicans have got something to worry about this year," he said. "You're going to have a job on your hands keeping your governor in office next November. Better dig your dude suits out of mothballs and get busy with your torchlight parades."

Web grinned. "You Democrats like our parades pretty well," he said. "You've seen a lot of them yourself."

"Sure I have," Harvey shot back. "How could I pass up a chance for a laugh like that—watching you with your

bay window trying to march in a pair of red tights three sizes too small. and 10 pounds of gold braid?"

Father Web's dreams of Link's Fife and Drum Corps, Hebing's Band, the 12th Ward Grenadiers, Company A, Boys in Blue and a thousand bobbing torchlights were suddenly interrupted. So was Harvey's kidding.

There was a din at the back door. It opened and slammed with a bang. And then came the music:

"Oh Amherst, brave Amherst  
Was a name known to fame in days of yore  
May it ever be glorious  
Till the sun shall roam the heavens no more."

"Amherst? That's funny—," said Harvey with a look of surprise.

"Nothing at all," replied Dad Glendon. "All college boys sing each other's songs if the words and music happen to hit them right. I've even heard Purdue football songs here in this house!"

## A Fish Isn't -- Always . . .



BUS LET GO THE OARS, cocked his head and spit ceremoniously over the side.

He had been rowing his pal, Brooks, over a considerable stretch of Buck Pond, and his companion, dragging a trolling line in the wake of the heavy flat-bottomed boat, hadn't reported even as much as a telegraph message from the big pike he so firmly believed were waiting in the shelter of the lily pads and pickerel weed for his whirling Buffalo spoon.

"It may be great stuff to row for Pop Courtney with fair damsels waving bright red banners and shrieking," spoke Bus with great dignity, "but to collapse at the oars of an old tub like this while you drag seaweed from the bottom of that musty pond, is not for me.

"Pull in that foolish piece of hardware, dump over the anchor and we'll see if there is a rock bass or a bullhead in this fished-out drink that's hungry enough to bite on an honest worm."

Brooks laughed and started hauling in, and while his eloquent partner wiped his brow and made faces, he tossed over the anchor.

"This," remarked Bus when they had gone over to light steel rods, baited and flipped their lines at last into the water, "is solid comfort. It is easy on the muscles and restful to the mind. A man told me once that a black gill as big as a soup plate was caught here. But that was before the sand plugged up the outlet."

They were silent for a few minutes. Brooks never talked a lot anyway. He preferred to listen to the whimsical commentary of his friend and egg him on now and then with a jibe or a question. Brooks always had been the audience—Bus the actor.

A red-winged blackbird dipped into the nearby rushes. There was a chattering of birds on the shore.

"Happiest guy in the world!" said Brooks, looking straight at his friend.

"Who?" asked Bus just as if he didn't know.

"You!"

"Me?" said Bus, pointing to himself. "So you've got me chinning myself on a cloud. How do you figure that? Look at me. I am unrevealing. I have a poker face. I might be figuring at this moment on a great engineering idea to finish the Panama Canal. Or I might be in prayer—for the Giants and the Tigers. You'd never know."

"You couldn't hide a thing, Bus," his friend said. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you have a very open face?"

"It is open only for breakfast, dinner and supper—and a snack in between," Buster replied.

"And for speeches," added Brooks.

They grinned at each other and Brooks continued.

"You have the contented look of a custard pie. And the reason is simple—Twink is home."

Then Buster confessed he was a very tickled guy. The world looked pretty good to him.

"Only one thing wrong," he said. "I'm afraid that Twink figures me as a sort of pleasing idiot to amuse her when Jingle Pants isn't around to show off his flexible feet on the dance floor and tack fancy French names on corned-beef hash and pea soup to impress the waiter."

Brooks was amused but he was serious when he said:

"Twink likes you, Bus. She thinks a lot of you. She always has fun when she's with you."

"Yes, she's fond of me—sure, ever since we were little kids. But I'm crazy over her and I'm unlucky enough to be just another guy plugging away at an office job. And she's halfway through college. And me? Went one year and then had to go to work. But I won't be slaving the rest of my life for 12 dollars a week!"

"Bus, I don't know anyone Twink likes as well as you," Brooks replied. "I know she isn't going to get serious with anyone until she's finished school. Twink's full of fun but she's dead serious inside and she's set a goal for herself.

"Which couldn't be adoring me," interrupted Buster. He shook himself like a spaniel after a bath and yawned. They both laughed.

The sun slipped behind a cloud and in the dark green shadow it cast on the pond, something happened. The tip of Brooks' pole disappeared in the water. And both lads yelled.

"That's no sunfish!" barked Brooks. "Feels like a ton of bricks."

"Go easy," warned Bus, "you've got a light line and that's a perch hook you're finishing with!"

The line cut circles in the water. Whatever it was on the other end kept boring down.

Brooks played his fish like an expert. But it never came near the top or broke water like a bass or pike. It stayed down, tugging heavily and moving in slow circles. The battle wore into minutes.

"This is funny—can't figure it out," Brooks kept saying. "Damned funny!"

Bus, for a change, was quiet, wrapped up in watching the tussle of an angler who tried every trick of the trade and a hooked-fish which didn't behave like one.

Neither of the boys noticed that the breeze had died down—that a thick gray curtain of cloud was closing in fast from the West.

Another three or four minutes went by.

"I'm going to get a look at this fellow," Brooks snapped impatiently. "This could go on all day." And he began taking in line with his left hand, the other clamped tightly to the rod.

Strange as it may seem, the fish didn't fight the move, but lumbered along, still deep down, toward the boat.

"Tired!" was Brooks' verdict.

He took in more line and Bus leaned over the gunwale to grab the fish back of the gills once it appeared.

But no fish appeared. A big pancake turtle, with a smooth rubbery back and a hissing, pointed snout broke the surface, all four feet paddling like mad.

"Nuts!" snorted Brooks in disgust as he hauled the turtle over the side.

"Nuts!" growled Bus as the storm broke and the rain came down in buckets.

They were drenched when they reached the cottage.

"Everything happens to me," Bus complained, his face dripping wet, his unruly hair stringing down his forehead. But he was grinning.

"Turtle snatcher," he grunted at his pal as they raced into the kitchen where Mother Glendon halted them just inside the door and made them stand in one spot while towels and old newspapers were brought up.

They paid no attention to her protests of their invasion of freshly-mopped linoleum. They were too interested in the aroma of a big kettle of stew on the oil stove.

## The Glorious Fourth . . .



IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER BREAKFAST on the Fourth of July when the resounding blast of a giant firecracker close to the back porch of the Glendon cottage announced the arrival of Buster.

He was standing in the middle of the little yard with a large paper bag at his feet when Brooks came to the door.

"Wipe the oatmeal off your chin and come out here!" he commanded. "I have presents for you."

"Fireworks," said Brooks in mock disgust as he peered into the bag. "When are you going to grow up?"

"I make it a point each year," replied Buster, "to devote some small part of the Glorious Fourth to paying proper tribute to our forefathers — the gallant men who founded this great nation. Let me demonstrate. . . ."

He reached into the bag, took out a vicious-looking cannon cracker that was all of eight inches long, lit the fuse carefully and tossed the thing into the vacant lot next door. There was another wicked blast.

"That," said Buster with great dignity, "represents 20 cents. It was the finest and most potent specimen in my assortment of pyrotechnics. I wanted you to hear it."

"Thank you very much," replied Brooks. "But if you're determined to lose a hand or an ear this morning, would you mind doing it farther down the beach? I can't stand seeing anyone maimed."

Buster raised an eyebrow at his pal. He dipped into the bag again.

"I have a string of small firecrackers for you which are comparatively harmless—and some sparklers," he said. "I had a cap pistol to give you, too, but I left it home on

the piano. Fortunately, however, the caps are here and you can set them off by stamping on them—if you can find a sidewalk.”

Brooks laughed. And so did his father and mother who by now were standing in the doorway watching it all.

“If you stand well back from your firecrackers,” said Buster, “you—”

“I know,” Brooks interrupted, “I won’t get hurt.”

“That’s it,” Buster replied. “And be careful not to burn yourself with that punk!”

Brooks edged closer to the bag.

“As for the heavier explosives,” Buster continued, “I’ll fire them off myself. I’m experienced.”

“I’m glad of that,” his chum returned.

“If you do all right today then next year I’ll let you try some of the three-for-a-nickel stuff,” Buster promised.

Brooks, however, wasn’t willing to wait that long. During the next few minutes he got his hand in the bag as often as Buster. The bombardment was loud and lively—but it was short. Soon the bag was empty. It was all over.

“A dollar and a half doesn’t go far these days,” grunted Buster when the last Baby Salute had barked and burst its seams. There was no sound but the sighing of the breeze in the poplars.

Mrs. Glendon called to them from the porch. “Now if you two overgrown children have finished with that awful racket, perhaps Buster would like to come in and have a cup of coffee. There’s lemon pie, too, if it isn’t too early in the day for you.”

“Time and I are strangers when it comes to eating,” Buster answered. “I was just this instant thinking how nice it would be to have a piece of lemon pie and a cup of coffee.”

It was a matter of seconds and Buster was at the kitchen table with a great slab of his favorite pie in front of him.

“Twink left early, didn’t she?” Buster asked, half hoping she hadn’t yet departed for the long-arranged date with Cyrille—or Jingle Pants as Bus preferred to call him.

“Yes, Cyrille called for her about an hour ago,” Mrs. Glendon said. “He said something about a day’s boat trip on the bay.”

"Well," replied Buster, just as if it didn't matter, "I've got a few plans for Brooks and me. There'll be plenty doing over at Charlotte this afternoon."

A lusty forkful of pie vanished.

"Twink's going to meet you tomorrow after you're through work, isn't she?" Mother Glendon asked.

"Sure," said Buster trying to appear nonchalant. "After a day with that patent-leather egotist, she'll probably enjoy the quiet and peacefulness of my company."

"Why, Buster, I believe you're jealous!" exclaimed Mrs. Glendon.

He halted another forkful halfway to his mouth.

"Me?" said Buster with an effort at astonishment. "No, not at all. I'm using Jingle Pants for contrast."

Twink's mother laughed heartily and Mr. Glendon edged into the kitchen with a big smile on his face. He didn't want to miss any of this.

"Jingle Pants will take Twink to the Newport House today," Buster continued. "After he's ordered the best food in the house and bored her to distraction telling her what a great guy he is, he'll call the waiter and ask for the check.

"'Waiter,' he'll say, 'the lobster was delicious—but the swordfish was just a trifle too flakey. Now, my good man, if you'll just tell the chef next time to pour the melted butter on just before the . . . and add the . . . while it's still sizzling . . . then he'll have a dish that's perfect. But tell him not to forget to add a pinch of celery salt and a dash of nutmeg. Here's a dollar for your very fine service—buy some little thing for the Mrs.'"

"Well I declare!" said Mrs. Glendon.

"Now after all that," Buster went on, "Twink will be glad to get back to honest simplicity."

"'Gus,' I'll say, 'We'd like two ham sandwiches and coffee. And don't spare the mustard!'"

But for all his acting, Buster knew the Glendons were well aware he was burning a little. He didn't mind. It made him feel better.

Brooks wanted to hear more.

"When are you going to challenge Cyrille to that duel you've been talking about?" he asked.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," was the answer as the last tiny piece of pie crust disappeared from Buster's

plate. "I'd like to fight him with apple turnover or prune whip at 20 paces but after tasting wonderful food like this, I couldn't bring myself to waste one bit of it on a guy like Jingle Pants!"

Mrs. Glendon beamed. She was glad her son had a chum who was a walking testimonial to her cooking ability.

"How about banana stalks at 40 paces?" Brooks asked.

"Dueling in this country carries a penalty of 10 years in prison or \$5,000 fine or both," Buster replied soberly. "Jingle Pants isn't worth it. I'd like to get him up at the top of a Ferris Wheel, throw a monkey wrench into the machinery and keep him stranded up there all summer."

"Well," Brooks ventured, "you could let him go on just the way he is and talk himself to death."

"No!" Buster shot back, "he'd enjoy that too much. That would be a beautiful death for him."

"Well," said Mrs. Glendon, "Cyrille isn't as bad as all that and, Buster, I think you're doing too much worrying."

"Yes," Brooks remarked as he got up from the table, "let's get over to Ontario Beach Park now and maybe watching the girl on the high wire will help you forget that you haven't got a date with Twink until tomorrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

IT WAS A BIG DAY at Rochester's Little Coney Island. The two boys watched the Weitzmans in their breath-taking act high over the heads of the great holiday crowd. They listened to the laughing, shrieking young folks zooming above the harbor in speeding roller coaster cars. Then it was time to telephone the Democrat & Chronicle and find out about the fight.

The Fourth didn't seem quite so glorious a few minutes after Brooks had made the call and learned that Jack Johnson, the black ring warrior with the golden smile, had belted out Jim Jeffries in the big battle at Reno, Nev., to become the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world.

"Jeffries lost! They stopped the fight in the 15th round!" was the sad news Brooks passed to his pal as he hung up the receiver. It was a minor tragedy to both boys—and to many in the great throng at the lakeside as the news spread.

"Jeffries shouldn't have tried to come back," Brooks said grimly. "He was too old."

They went back into the crowd where many thousands were waiting for the big night fireworks display. Brooks and Buster eyed the picnic lunches that were spread out before hundreds of families. Buster was still thinking about the fight and he said he didn't feel hungry.

But not long after, he managed to down four plump hots and two immense mugs of root beer. The latter, he told the man at the soft drink stand, was "imagination."

"It is 90 per cent bubbles and 10 per cent root beer," he said. "Once I took a mug of it home with me and just for curiosity I let it stand on the dining room table for 10 minutes. When I returned, there was only about an inch of actual liquid in the whole glass."

"That," said Brooks with a wink at the man behind the counter, "was because I came in while you had your back turned and drank the rest of it."

## Bargain? Or No Bargain . . .



THE MORNING PAPERS told all about Jack Johnson's victory over Jim Jeffries and how Big Jawn Ganzel's Rochester Hustlers had taken the holiday double bill from Montreal, thanks to the lusty bats of Herbie Moran and "Heinie" Batch and the smooth pitching of Long George McConnell and "Ducky" Holmes.

Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller was dead and President Taft was "shocked." The paper said that the Glorious Fourth in Rochester, despite all of its high-powered fireworks, had been the safest in years—the most serious mishaps "involving only the loss of fingers."

There was some more news about flying machines and Dad Glendon stormed over his poached eggs. He had no faith in aeroplanes. Too many aviators were being killed in test flights.

"Isn't worth it!" he grumbled as he dunked a cruller in his coffee.

Mother Glendon remarked that she was glad her son hadn't taking a notion to become an aviator and Brooks grinned. Only a few days before at Crittenden Field, the first heavier-than-air flight in Rochester had wound up in a mess. A Voison biplane, piloted by Dr. William Greene, had reached an altitude of 100 feet when a gust a wind drove it into the branches of a tall elm tree. Fortunately the aviator came out of the wreckage unhurt. No, Web Glendon wasn't sold on flying machines!

Twink came down late for breakfast and didn't seem to be the least bit worried or elated over any of the news. She spied a beauty advertisement about cluster puffs and decided she'd have to look into that.

That afternoon she slipped into something pale blue and especially becoming.

"I'm going uptown and look around the stores before I meet Buster," she told her mother as she stood before the mirror and anchored her copious hat.

"Will you be home for supper?" Mrs. Glendon asked. "Tell Buster I have some of that lemon pie left."

"Can't tell, Mother," Twink replied. "You know Buster. He might have plans."

She smiled and the dimples showed in her cheeks.

"If it looks like he's leading me to the Bijou Dream," she went on, "then I'll tell him about the pie. I'm tired of cowboys and Indians and stage coaches."

"I can't see why people go to moving picture shows in the hot summer anyway," Mrs. Glendon concluded with a chuckle.

She stood by the screen door and watched her daughter hoist her smart parasol and walk down the path to the trolley stop.

"What a pretty little thing she is," she said to herself for the thousandth time.

\* \* \* \* \*

TWINK MADE GOOD CONNECTIONS and arrived uptown about half-past three. She had to struggle through a throng of men standing at the Four Corners watching the baseball scoreboard next to the Wilder Building. She wondered how a mere game could be such a life or death matter to Brooks and Buster and so many grown men.

She stopped in at Eastwood's and looked at white pumps—some with bows and some with covered buckles. At Duffy's there was a fascinating display of flower hats but she already had two. Still, a girl could always use a new one. There were some tremendous hats with plumes. She wondered what Brooks and Buster would say if she bought the one on the stand. They'd probably tell her it looked like a coal scuttle with wings, she thought.

"Just looking," she told the clerk who approached her.

The Rajah suits, selling at Edwards' for \$15, were really quite nice. Twink wondered why it was that when a girl

could buy a suit at a big saving it somehow never was quite her style. It was at McCurdy's that she made her only purchase. She fished into her bag and counted out \$1.20 for a pair of pure silk lace hose. Then it occurred to her that she had been walking for a long time and was getting a little tired.

She crossed over to Sibley's and saw some ties that looked smart. She pondered on getting one for Dad. But he's so darned particular, she thought. He'd probably think her selection was just a little loud.

"Better not," she said to herself. "He'd never wear it."

She looked at the big clock and it was almost time to meet Buster. She was really tired now and her feet hurt. Thank goodness, she didn't have far to walk now! The meeting place was just outside the door.

There is nothing worse than standing and waiting for someone, Twink thought as she watched a dozen trolley cars load up and pull away. The screech of wheels and the clatter of hoofbeats mingled with the chanting of the newsboys competing in the rush-hour sale of the Evening Times, the Post Express and the Union & Advertiser.

She was getting impatient and she was hungry. The crowd thinned out. The store doors were locked. Still no Buster. Where could he be?

When Twink discovered that he was more than a half-hour late, she decided she'd go on home.

"Irresponsible Buster!" she muttered. "I should have known better!"

For a minute she was a little disturbed. Then she happened to think that maybe something had turned up so that he couldn't make it. Yes, she'd go home. But she'd pretend she was angry when she saw him again.

\* \* \* \*

BUSTER HAD LEFT WORK a few minutes early and had made the mistake of trying to rush up to his home on the West Side to change clothes and get back downtown in time to meet Twink. He was late when he left his house but that wasn't too bad. It was curtains, however, when his street car halted on Main Street West just past the General Hospital.

A string of canal boats was going through and the Main Street Bridge — Old Calamity — was up! Buster was helpless. He was just one insignificant figure in a lineup that included numerous hacks and delivery wagons, street cars, bicycles, a few automobiles and a motorcycle or two.

He looked at his watch. He was 20 minutes late then. Twink would never wait, he thought.

Of course he could explain it all when he got to the lake but then maybe that wouldn't go over with Twink. No, he'd have to try something different. He'd stay away that night. He'd figure out some flowery apology, maybe a letter that would make Twink laugh. Yep, that was it! That would fix it for Friday!

But Buster was a little sick at the prospect of not seeing her that evening. And later when the canal boats had gone through, at the height of his sadness he slipped into Holloran's.

He watched Roast Beef Charlie slice off a sliver of tempting meat with one, deft matchless stroke. And when the bartender confronted him, Buster had to make a quick choice between Maltop, Bartholomay Rienzi, Moerlbach and Genesee Liebotschaner.

"Too bad about Moran, wasn't it?" said the man behind the bar. "Broke his ankle sliding home today!"

"Is that right?" Buster stammered.

"Yeah," the man replied. "He's out for the season. That's going to hurt the Hustlers plenty!"

"And right when they were going swell," Buster said, shaking his head. He looked down at his beer.

"Who won?" he asked when he had finished thinking about it.

"We did," the bartender answered. "Ten to one. Pat Ragan pitched a great game — but it's too bad about Moran!"

## Alibi That Worked . . .



Twink wasn't much of a mermaid but she liked the new bathing suit pictured in the morning paper.

"Listen to this," she said to her mother as they sat down for mid-morning coffee. She began reading:

"The new bathing sweater allows free play of the arms. Complete with collar, bow skirt, stockings, shoes and bloomers—"

"Now, Twink, I don't want you to go in the water unless there's someone with you—" her mother interrupted.

"Don't worry, Mother, I won't," Twink reassured. "I haven't bought the suit yet—in fact I don't even know how I'd look in it."

"Buster and Brooks don't want to be bothered with girls when they go swimming and I wouldn't trust you in the water with anyone else," Mrs. Glendon said fretfully.

"I know," her daughter sighed. "Don't give it another thought."

There was silence for a moment save for the sound of the waves washing on the beach in front of the cottage.

"What happened to Buster that he didn't meet you Tuesday night," the mother asked.

"I don't know," Twink replied. "I sort of expected him down last night but unless I miss my guess, he'll be showing up very soon—and he'll have a good excuse."

She got up from the table and went over to the phonograph. She looked over three or four records and played "I've Got Rings on My Fingers."

It was only a matter of minutes when she had Buster's "excuse." Brooks came in with the mail and there was a letter in the familiar hurried scrawl.

"Now we'll see," said Twink as she tore open the envelope.

She had read only a few lines when she began chuckling. She was laughing hard when she finished.

"He's going to buy wings," she said as she handed the letter to her mother.

"What is it this time?" asked Brooks.

Mrs. Glendon began reading:

I'm sorry, Twink, that I was late  
I failed because of wicked fate  
Across my path the Erie lay  
And someone took the bridge away.

Canal boats came in endless parade  
The slowest things God ever made  
And barred us from our chosen courses—  
Me and the trolley cars and horses.

Believe me, I am buying wings!  
They're very necessary things  
And when the bridge is up, my dearie  
I'll FLY to you across the Erie.

"He needs wings!" was Brooks' laughing comment.

"How cute," Mrs. Glendon said.

"How could anyone stay peeved at a fellow like that?" Twink added rather thoughtfully.

## Enchantment On The River . . .



BUSTER HAD A LOT IN HIS HEART that he wanted to say to Twink. He wanted to pour it out to her before the handsome, polished Cyrille swept her off her feet—as Buster feared he might—with glamorous boat rides on the Bay, dinners at the best places and waltzes in the moonlight on the deck of the Steamer J. D. Scott that plied between Charlotte and Sea Breeze.

But eloquent as Buster could be on occasions that called for levity, he found himself tongue-tied when it came to telling Twink how much he thought of her.

He wanted to tell her that he wasn't just a happy-go-lucky clown—that he wasn't really irresponsible, and that he was in love with her.

Buster wasn't at all sure how Twink felt. Being very fond of him since childhood didn't necessarily mean she could be serious about him, he knew. But Cyrille was bobbing into the picture more and more and Buster was convinced that it was time for him to let Twink know of his feelings for her.

He felt that the stage was set for him late in the afternoon of July 9 when he squeezed out of an overloaded trolley car at South Park and helped the adorable Twink out behind him.

"Here tonight," he said with a great flourish, "will be Fairyland — old Venice — only more beautiful! Gondolas with beautiful lights and beautiful ladies, romantic voices and music on the water . . ."

"It will be lovely," Twink interrupted, with a bewitching smile.

"The River Carnival — the festival of ten-thousand lights!" Buster babbled on.

Mocking his own romantic heart, he was visioning the scene-to-be at the city's always-gorgeous water pageant a few hours later that evening on the beautiful Genesee.

Already many thousands were lining the river above Elmwood Avenue Bridge. Twink and Buster picked their spot just above the sprawling boat livery and stayed there. Within an hour, the street cars had disgorged many thousands more and as dusk settled in, the lower stretches of the park were packed.

"It was on a night like this when Leander first swam the Hellespont to see his lover," cracked Buster with a dreamy look in his eyes.

"It was not!" Twink shot back teasingly. "It was raining."

"All right, it was!" replied Buster scornfully. "Maybe it wasn't Leander at all. Perhaps it was C. M. Daniels or Annette Kellerman or—er Rumpelstiltskin!"

"Seeing that you seem to know so much about swimming," taunted Twink, "maybe you wouldn't mind swimming through the crowd to the refectory and bringing back a couple of bags of popcorn. I can smell it from here—and it smells delicious!"

"That," said Buster very seriously, "would be suicide. I might be gone for days. You might be an old lady when I returned—"

"There goes the band!" Twink interrupted, and they both forgot all about the popcorn.

The Park Band, clad in white uniforms, whipped into a lively tune with the handsome leader, Theodore Dossenbach, smiling and nodding at the skippers of the gayly-decorated boats putting out from shore for their assigned places in the water parade.

Now it was nearly dark and from every tree and bush as far as they could see, Chinese lanterns glowed. It was Dreamland—on shore and on the river. The illusion was disturbed only when a gray-helmeted policeman edged up through the crowd and warned Twink to take the little gold watch she was wearing pinned to her blouse and put it in her bag. He told her to hang onto that, too.

Hundreds of canoes and launches were out on the river now, the reflection of their red, blue and green lights splashing the gentle ripples of the river with dancing streaks of color. Over the water came the faint sound of mandolin and banjo music.

It was well that Twink and Buster had arrived early for they had a vantage point in the front line of the crowd where, seated on the grass at the very edge of the river, they enjoyed an unobstructed view of this great spectacle. The band float was not more than 50 yards to their left and the music came to them with mellow clearness.

Twink's eyes were dancing, Buster watched her as she drank in the scene before her. He slipped his arm around her waist and closed her hand over hers. How he longed to take her in his arms and kiss her! But then there were all those people. Suddenly there was a cheer and the throng pressed forward behind them.

"Here it comes!" Buster announced excitedly.

The band broke into the "Stars and Stripes Forever" and two illuminated launches carrying police and officials came into sight. Behind them moved a hundred or more canoes adorned with strings of lights and patterns fashioned with Chinese lanterns.

The music, the bursts of applause and the shrill whistling of the countless youngsters in the crowd added to the thrill of the moment.

Then came dozens of motorboats with multi-colored lighting. Across the river in the soft glow, Twink and Buster could see swarms of people lining the bank and the slopes rolling down to it.

The crowd had quieted down a little. Buster squeezed Twink's hand and started to recite:

"A book of verse, a jug of wine  
"Beneath the bough—," he said haltingly.  
"A couple of hots and thou  
"Beside me in the wilderness—  
"Paradise—"

That was as far as he got. Twink broke in.

"Beauty, sentiment—and hots," she said in a sarcastic tone.

"There's a whole loaf of bread in the original of that poem," Buster replied. "I merely settled for a couple of hots."

Twink pretended to be annoyed.

"You can't live on roses and lilacs," Buster reminded her.

"You can if there's poetry in your soul," Twink shot back.

"All right," said Buster, "the next time Cyrille takes you to the Glen Haven Hotel or the Newport House—just tell him you don't want steak or lake trout. Tell him you'd like a small portion of daffodils with a side dish of geraniums!"

"That will be enough, Buster!" Twink said with finality. "Besides, you couldn't get hots now even if you wanted them."

Another roar from the crowd set them gazing downstream. In a few seconds, a tremendous float, bathed in white light, appeared. It was an elaborate creation featuring heroic statuary. There was a mighty figure holding the world on his shoulders—and he was supported by eight muscular athletes in pure white tights. Just above the waterline were the familiar red letters of the Rochester Athletic Club. It was very impressive.

"Atlas!" said Buster.

"Really!" Twink exclaimed. "I wouldn't have known."

"You could use that guy down at Syracuse this fall to bolster up your would-be football team," Buster remarked.

"We don't need him," Twink replied.

"Walter Camp picked him on the All-American 3,000 years ago," Buster argued.

"Then he's too old," Twink answered. "Besides, what could we do with anybody who needs eight men to hold him up?"

Next came a monstrous stork, all of 30 feet high and brightly lighted. Another float featured the familiar "Spirit of 1776" tableau. Another represented "My Old Kentucky Home" and Dossenbach led his band in the well-known tune.

Creations of lesser magnitude moved slowly by, followed by more small craft, all elaborately lighted.

A man made his way through the crowd and spoke to a friend sitting near them.

"There's an awful crowd on the bridge," he said. "I just came up from there. The police were afraid it would collapse and they've been making some of them get off."

"Is that so?" the other man exclaimed. "How many do you figure there are in the park altogether?"

"Well, I heard Chief Quigley telling one of the park officials—the one that always has the cigar—that there's 50,000 here if there's a dozen!"

"What a crowd!" was the answer. "And what a show!"

Many of the craft filed back before the judges' stand again. Winners were being selected. It took quite a little time. Then Buster noticed that some of the crowd was leaving. But Twink and her companion wanted to avoid the mad rush for the trolley cars. So they stayed until long after the band played the "Star Spangled Banner."

They watched the scattering boats on the river. One by one they saw many of the lights in the trees go out as park workmen began the almost endless task of taking in the thousands of paper lanterns. Then, arm in arm, they walked slowly toward Elmwood Avenue.

"No use trying to get popcorn," Buster said as he pointed to the crowd around the refectory.

"It's a wonder they're not sold out," Twink remarked.

They walked on a half-mile or so down Plymouth Avenue past the old Rapids Hotel, watching the homeward trek of tired, perspiring humans—fathers carrying exhausted, sleeping tots and mothers pushing baby carriages and herding along the five and six-year-olds who dragged on weary little feet.

It made Twink sleepy to watch them.

Soon the trolleys were less crowded and they boarded one. They chatted for a while about the carnival then Twink smothered a yawn.

"Excuse me, Buster," she said with a little smile, "but I'm afraid I'm getting awfully tired."

"You don't realize it until once the excitement's over," Buster answered, trying to think of something to say.

There wasn't much conversation the rest of the way home. On the Manitou trolley, Twink rested her head on Buster's shoulder and closed her eyes.

Buster was thinking. He was thinking how he hadn't had a real chance all through that delightful evening to tell Twink what he wanted to tell her.

## On The J. D. Scott . . .



A GIRL doesn't have to be crazy about a fellow because he's handsome, dresses in the best of taste and has perfect manners. She may go with him merely because she likes to be seen with someone attractive enough to make people look twice.

That was pretty much the case with Twink. She liked being with Cyrille because he took her to the best places. And, quite naturally, she enjoyed the envious glances of the other girls when she was in Cyrille's company.

But, strangely, the fact that Twink wasn't crazy over Cyrille didn't keep her from responding when he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her as the Steamer J. D. Scott headed toward the blinking lighthouses of Charlotte Harbor that balmy mid-summer evening.

The sea gulls were gliding low over the gray and silver of the lake and the countless lights of Ontario Beach Park fashioned a beautiful pattern against the background of dusk.

The kiss filled Twink with tingling warmth and all she could say as she stepped back after Cyrille's arms had gently released her was:

"You shouldn't have done that."

"I'm sorry," Cyrille replied softly, "but you have no business being so very, very pretty."

There wasn't a word spoken for a moment. Over the water came the faint music of the amusement park and the muffled roar of the roller coaster cars sweeping down the steep inclines that were silhouetted dimly against the revolving lights of the Ferris Wheel.

Twink was confused. She was aglow. . . . She was a little glad . . . and a little ashamed. But Cyrille, who always knew the right thing to say at the right time, relieved the situation.

"Let's forget it," he said. "Let's go back and dance. That's a Viennese waltz they're playing — and you like them."

And so they joined the others in the waist of the little steamer and Cyrille was saying those nice little things and dancing as only Cyrille could dance.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUSTER WOULD HAVE BLOWN A FUSE if he had known about it. But he was a long way from the lake and the J. D. Scott. He was very busy watching a couple of sleek reptiles in a glass cage at Rattlesnake Pete's place. Brooks, of course, was with him. They had just come back downtown from the Bay Street Ball Park where a crowd of 18,552 had set a new Eastern League attendance record only to sit by glumly and watch Ganzel's Hustlers drop one game to Newark and come off with no better than a tie in the other.

Newark had sent those old masters—Rube Waddell, the Peck's Bad Boy of Baseball, and "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity to the mound to stall Rochester's pennant march. But Brooks and Buster weren't worried.

"We've got the best pitching staff in the league and we've got good hitting," said Buster. "We'll be all right."

They talked about the swell job "Goat" Anderson was doing in left field and how "Heinie" Batch was a very handy man to have with a ball club. They waited around a few minutes in hopes that Rattlesnake Pete would decide to take one of his poisonous pets out of the case and fondle it—but he didn't. Then Buster got the bright idea of going to Lafe Heidel's place. Brooks had never been there. Buster wanted him to have a glimpse of the famous little drinkery in South Water Street with its grotto-like atmosphere. But Brooks had heard it was a favorite spot with stage celebrities and that it sometimes could be expensive.

"We'd be all right if some big actor didn't pop in there," he said. "But if that happened the champagne would start flowing—and where would we be with our thin bankroll?"

They walked up to the Four Corners and Brooks told Buster he might as well go along to the lake and bunk with him for the night. He'd have a clean shirt for him to wear to work in the morning. Buster didn't need any coaxing.

On the way they talked about motor cars—the new Stoddard 40, the Warren and the Seven-Passenger Speedwell. The conversation switched to auto racing and both said they were sorry they hadn't gone to Crittenden Park a few days before and seen Ned Crane break Barney Oldfield's record on the Rochester dirt track. And they chatted about the world's altitude mark of 6,000 feet that had just been established by Walter Brookins in a Wright biplane at Atlantic City.

Buster had another idea when they reached Charlotte. He enticed Brooks into the Bartholomay Pavilion for "just one beer" that neither really wanted. They listened to two white-haired men in a friendly argument about the merits of the Irondequoit melon.

"It's not what it used to be," one of the men said. "Besides, it's never been any good for shipping any distance."

"May be so," his companion replied, "but it's brought more conventions to Rochester than the Chamber of Commerce!"

Buster looked out of the window. The Manitou trolley was pulling in. They gulped the rest of their beer and raced out to the little station. And when they looked up, there stood Twink and Cyrille watching them and laughing.

"Hello-o-o-o!" said Twink, smiling mischievously and pointing an accusing finger at them. "So you had a drink and didn't think anyone would know about it?"

"It was lemonade," Brother Brooks replied with a guilty grin.

The boys tipped their straw hats. Cyrille beamed graciously. Buster forced a half-smile—and then the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

When Buster saw Twink and Cyrille headed for the middle of the car, he hauled Brooks in beside him far to the back and lighted a Sweet Caporel as an excuse for sitting there.

"That guy has ALL the luck," grumbled Buster, nodding in the direction of Cyrille. Brooks grinned.

"I go into a place and have ONE measly beer—and WHO has to see me coming out but Twink and that shiny-haired polecat!" Buster complained.

"Aw, I wouldn't worry about it," Brooks said consolingly. But Buster really was worrying.

"I don't think she liked it very well," he said to himself.

## On Pins And Needles . . .



UNTIL THAT NIGHT when Cyrille kissed her Twink had regarded him merely as a friend.

He was a nice boy. He was a congenial escort for the round of summer fun. She had never thought of him as anything more. But now she wondered and it bothered her.

And a few nights later when she had gone up to her room to dress for dinner at the Newport House with Cyrille, she found herself taking just a little more time than usual to select the dress she would wear. And certainly she was spending extra minutes in front of the mirror. And when she realized all this, she felt a little foolish.

When she came downstairs, her mother told her that Brooks and Buster had gone fishing, that Dad had brought home a basket of the nicest tomatoes she had ever seen and that Mrs. Smith, who lived three cottages away, had called her over to see the new fireless cooker she had bought. But Twink's mind was miles away.

At seven o'clock, when Cyrille was due, he had not arrived. Seven-thirty—and no Cyrille. And this was strange.

"It's funny," Twink said to her mother. "He's always been on time. I wonder what's keeping him."

"Now if that was Buster," Mrs. Glendon replied with a smile, "you could understand it."

Twink didn't answer because she was quite disturbed.

An hour went by with an annoyed young lady trying to pretend she wasn't as anxious as she looked.

"Well, he isn't coming," she said finally. "Something must have come up and I shouldn't be too angry about it because there really isn't any way he could let me know."

She went out on the back porch of the cottage. The warm breeze from the pond caressed her hair. She watched the tiny moths circling around the light. It was quiet but for

the whispering of the poplars and the tinkling of the Japanese wind-bells that hung overhead. And, alone with her thoughts, Twink realized she was a very disappointed girl.

Buster and Brooks came in a little later with two northern pike and a bass that Buster swore would weigh three pounds. Both boys were noisy as they searched through the cupboard for the scales with Mrs. Glendon remonstrating through it all for fear they would upset some of the dishes.

When the scales at length were produced and the weight of the bass established at  $2\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, Brooks poked fun at his friend. But the antics of Brooks and Buster didn't seem quite as amusing to Twink as usual. She was rather quiet the remainder of the evening and it took some coaxing to get her to make fudge—with walnuts on top.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY of Cyrille's non-appearance came abruptly the following morning. Twink went to the little grocery store down the beach to get some things for her mother. As she entered, a white-haired woman was talking to the man behind the counter. He was listening intently. As Twink drew nearer, she saw that it was Mrs. Weldon. Cyrille was her boarder.

"They came just at supper time last night," she was saying. "They told me they were detectives and showed their badges. He was in his room and they went on up. When they came down, he said he was going uptown with them to explain something."

"He's in a serious fix," the man behind the counter commented.

Mrs. Weldon turned and saw Twink.

"You know Cyrille, DON'T you?" she said. "He's been arrested and I found out this morning they're taking him to Cincinnati. He's in hot water—spending money that didn't belong to him, they said."

Twink was astonished. She tried to say something but the words wouldn't come out.

"I'm disgraced! I'm mortified!" Mrs. Weldon went on with mournful dramatics. "What will people think? I've been harboring a common crook!"

The grocery man squinted and tapping his fat finger on the counter, he made a remark that sounded like something Brooks once had said.

“That Cyrille LOOKED like a decent enough fellow,” he said, “but I never could feel right about him—something about him that wasn’t on the level, but you couldn’t seem to put your finger on it!”

## Not Worth Worrying About . . .



TWINK FELT BADLY about Cyrille's trouble but the more she learned about it the more disgusted she became. Everyone at Crescent Beach was talking about it and it was embarrassing.

Dad Glendon would have been willing to help the young man if it had been some minor scrape but when he got the real story from Cincinnati he grunted. For a long time Cyrille had been dipping into funds that were not his and it had run into quite a considerable amount. He was in a real jam and he wasn't likely to wiggle out of it.

"He's not worth worrying about," Twink's father told her. "Too bad you ever went out with him."

Twink felt that way too. She was thinking of the money Cyrille had spent so freely that summer—on her.

Buster came down to the cottage as usual and acted as if nothing at all had happened. He wanted to say a thunderous "I told you so!" but he was a gentleman—and he was smart.

The following Sunday he took her over to Ontario Beach Park to watch Frisbie's advertised flight over the lake. A driving gale was blowing but the aviator didn't want to disappoint the big crowd. He decided to make a try at it in spite of the weather. The band played "Take Me Up in Your Airship" as the machine took off, rose slowly over the sandy beach and then plunged into the shallow water 50 feet from shore. Frisbie climbed out and the show was over.

They went to the Bay Street Ball Park and Buster tore his straw hat to shreds for sheer joy when Long George McConnell smacked the ball over the fence in left-center, some 25 feet to the right of the Bull Durham sign. Buster

put his hat band back on his head and announced to the fans around him that it was the longest hit ever made in the park. But Twink didn't share his enthusiasm. She wanted to hide.

The next night they rode the Ferryboat Windsor over to Summerville for clam chowder. And the next morning, Twink began the three-day task of getting her clothes ready for college.

The summer, like Halley's Comet, had come and gone and Twink was due back at Syracuse University. It was a glum-faced Buster who accompanied her to the Central Station, lugging the suitcases. And when it came time for the train to pull out, for once he didn't boot the opportunity. He kissed her and it wasn't exactly Platonic. And he felt pretty good about it when he walked out of the station and headed home.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUSTER HELPED THE GLENDONS move back from the lake the next weekend and that fall he bobbed in at their Troup Street home as often as he had popped up on their back porch at Crescent Beach. A letter a week was about what Buster could expect from Twink but he always could get all the news of her when he was with the Glendons.

Brooks and Buster were jubilant the day Ganzel's Hustlers clinched their second Eastern League pennant in two years. They saw Blanche Ring in "Yankee Girl" at the Shubert but passed up Robert Mantell in "Hamlet." They took in the Rochester Exposition at Convention Hall, heard the U. S. Marine Band and saw a parade of 300 industrial floats. Victor's Royal Venetian Band and the Pittsburgh Festival Chorus were on the program too. Twink should be here, Buster thought.

They were downtown with the crowd on Election Night but they weren't celebrating because the Republicans had lost. And John A. Dix, first Democratic nominee elected in 18 years, would be governor after the first of the year. How old Harvey Smith gloated over Dad Glendon the day after election!

They saw Colgate's gridiron warriors shade the University of Rochester in a stubborn battle on the U. of R. Campus, 6 to 5, and figured it a great moral victory for the

Yellow. They sung the praises of Graydon Long, "Duke" Koegler, Bill Dunn, Ray Brown and Jack Forsyth all the way home.

And with the minstrel band playing outside The Powers at high noon, how could Brooks and Buster miss Lew Dockstader's famous blackface show that night at the Shubert? Then there was that burlesque show at the Corinthian—the one they DIDN'T talk about at home.

Yes, Buster missed Twink. But things that fall weren't turning out to be too dull.

## Under The Mistletoe . . . .



TWINK CAME HOME FOR THANKSGIVING and Buster, of course, was invited over for the holiday feast. It was a marvelous dinner with turkey and all the right things to go with it—and Mother Glendon's very best mince pie.

There was unmistakable excitement in the eyes of Buster and Brooks and Twink as they sat down to the table but it wasn't prompted half as much by the elegant spread before them as by the prospect of the Holy Cross-Rochester football game an hour later that afternoon.

To Mrs. Glendon's great dismay, they hurried through the meal—they gobbled it and ran.

"Now did you ever see anything like that in all your life?" said Mrs. Glendon, shaking her head as she stood before the window and watched them run for the street car. "If the three of them don't have indigestion, it won't be their fault!"

Dad Glendon chuckled and helped himself to some more of the white meat.

"Now, Mother," he said consolingly, "you can't expect youngsters their age to appreciate a wonderful dinner like this when there's a competing attraction like a big football game."

"They could play that old game just as well on Saturday without spoiling the whole holiday," Mother Glendon complained, returning to the table and reaching for the cranberry sauce. "I spent all morning getting this dinner ready and they gulped it down and ran as if their lives depended on it!"

"You should join up with those people around the country who think football is too rough and are trying to get it abolished," her husband ventured.

"I ought to!" Mrs. Glendon replied, forcing a smile.

"Yeah, football's pretty rough on you mothers," Dad Glendon added with a smirk that showed he was quite proud of his remark. "But never mind, the kids will be back after the game, hungry as wolves, and they'll eat plenty then."

Out at the Ball Park, where pennants waved in the crowded stands and yellow armbands and chrysanthemums added color to the scene, Twink and Brooks and Buster saw a memorable battle that afternoon. The huskies from Holy Cross, highly-touted in the newspapers and heavier than their Rochester rivals, were outfought by the Yellow.

There was a hushed moment when Rochester's Markham held the ball to the ground on the 28-yard line and Ray Brown swung his cleated shoe against it as the purple-sweatered linemen from New England fought to break through and block the kick. But the ball sailed end over end above their heads and squarely between the goal posts. The stands went wild.

Three points! Three to nothing! And that was Rochester's margin of victory at the final whistle.

Two days later Twink had returned to Syracuse and Buster was bemoaning the fact that he had so little time with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE EVERGREENS were in the stores, the windows were decked with bright red and tinsel and the downtown section was filled with busy Christmas shoppers. Twink soon would be home again, this time for an entire week and Buster was very happy. Writing to her about it one night, he got a bright idea. The last time he had resorted to poetry, it had been a huge success. Twink got a big kick out of it. Why not a Christmas poem?

"No better time for a Christmas poem than Christmas time," he said to himself as he picked up his pencil.

It was quite a job. It ran into hours—writing a line, scratching it out, writing another and trying to find something to rhyme with it. But he stuck to his guns and when the midnight oil had been properly burned, he had finished and gone to bed satisfied with the result. This was it:

I've sent a note to Santa Claus  
Expressing all my wishes  
And I am being extra good  
And helping with the dishes.

I just can't wait 'til Christmas Day  
To see what he will bring  
I've told him that I've grown up  
And want ONE special thing.

Some guys get ties for Christmas  
Some get long underwear  
But I'M looking in my stocking  
Hoping that I'll find YOU there.

I've got some toys and other gifts  
Left over from last year  
The only thing I REALLY need  
You see, is YOU my dear.

Some folks prefer a Christmas white  
While others like it GREEN  
But I don't care—It can't be BLUE  
If you are near, my Queen.

The oranges and figs and nuts  
The turkey, pie and candy  
Just wouldn't mean a thing, my love  
Unless I had YOU handy.

I'll light the candles on the tree  
And sing a Christmas carol  
Accompanied by your brother  
As he taps another barrel.

I'll lead you gently, if I can,  
Beneath the mistletoe  
For there the custom dictates  
That you CANNOT answer "no."

With all his flair for clowning Buster really meant what he had written. It would have been better to tell her how he felt in a few earnest words but somehow he always lacked the courage. The twinkle in her eyes, the amused little smile that played about the corners of her mouth disarmed him.

"I'm not so sure that Twink would ever take me seriously," Buster confided to Brooks once.

"You'll never know unless you give her the chance," her brother answered dryly.

Then Buster had gone on to say that everytime he was alone with Twink and was about to become sentimental, something always happened.

"The cat gets in the goldfish bowl. The door bell rings. The neighbor's kid breaks a window. Somebody shouts 'FIRE' . . . . The stew boils over on the stove or Rover gets hit by a street car! What chance have I got?"

But Buster's version was greatly exaggerated — and Brooks knew it.

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THE BIG MOMENT arrived at last. It was Christmas Eve. Dad Glendon and his good wife were in the kitchen and he was giving her his views on the amount of brandy that should go into the plum pudding—rather hopefully, she thought.

Brooks had gone to the store for some raisins. And there was Twink arranging the gay-ribboned packages under the tree and looking prettier than ever in the soft light of the candles that glowed among the strings of popcorn and shiny, gold stars on the fragrant balsam branches.

Buster stood looking at her silently and adoringly. This was the hour and the minute—if ever. This was the setting. It could never be better.

He was going to come right out and tell her that he loved her and that he wanted her to promise she would marry him — when she finished college — or in the fall, maybe. He would be doing pretty well by then and he'd do everything to make her happy.

Buster did not realize it but directly above his head hung the mistletoe that he had written about. The mistletoe had been only a figure of speech. It had no part in his plans.

"Twink," he said softly and she looked up and smiled. Then a mischievous look stole into her eyes. She put down the package she had in her hands, hurried to her feet and swept quickly toward him.

"Twink," he said. "I - - - - -"

Before he could manage another word, she put her arms around him and kissed him gently—on one cheek, then on the other. Then on the forehead. They were soft little kisses like a mother gives her tiny baby.

Buster was speechless. It was not at all as he had planned it. And before he could untangle the confusion in his mind, Twink spoke again.

"Merry Christmas, Buster," she said. "I think you're very sweet. Now come out from under that mistletoe like a good boy and help me wrap Brooks' present so he won't know what it is the minute he comes into the room."

She turned away and like a little boy, Buster followed. And it was with quite an effort that he succeeded in hiding his disappointment.

## So Much Going On . . .



THE HOLIDAY WEEK was a busy one. Twink, Brooks and Buster saw Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare" on the Shubert stage and Buster said he enjoyed the antics of the plump comedienne more than the dramatic artistry of the great Sarah Bernhardt he had rushed the gallery to see at the Lyceum against his will the month before.

And for that remark, Twink called him "Lowbrow."

There was a sleighride party and a night at home with friends and an Ouija board with a pencil tied to the foreleg. Then, on New Year's Eve, they went to the Alumni Gymnasium and saw Yale down the U. of R. basketball team in a thriller, 19 to 18, despite the brilliant work of "Dutch" Schoen and Captain Edwards.

On the way home, Brooks and Buster agreed that the varsity's team of the previous season was a shade better than the Yellow's current edition and that the New York sports writers were crazy to rate Columbia ahead of Rochester's wonder team of 1909-10 for the mythical Eastern college championship.

Twink went back to college and time dragged again for Buster—but he managed to get around. He saw Mort Henderson, the Rochester "Butcher Boy," win two falls from Francesco Turriciano, the Italian wrestling champ, at Germania Hall and followed Walter Keegan, the home town lightweight pride, on his growing string of triumphs. He swallowed a bitter pill when the Buffalo Germans—with Rohde, Schell, Heerdt and the Millers—trimmed the Armory A. A. basketball team, led by George and Tom Lanni, 26 to 19.

Mrs. Glendon felt badly when the papers announced that Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher, had suffered a nervous collapse at Eureka Springs, Ark., and told the newsmen

she feared her active days were over. And Dad Glendon grunted when the story of the marriage of Frank Gotch appeared on the sports pages and revealed that he had earned about \$200,000 in the wrestling game. There was an article, too, to the effect that Bill Klem, the Rochester umpire, had won his battle for retention on the National League staff despite two of the big guns who were after his scalp.

Both Brooks and Buster were with the crowd on the ice at Premier Park when Ed Lamy, the world's champion speed skater, put on a sensational exhibition, leaping over 10 barrels placed in a row. And they cheered Joe Klehr and Ed and Bert Boehmer, three local skaters, in the open mile race.

Old Harvey Smith took great pride in telling his pal, Web, about the 3,371 score that Rudy Hufeland, Otto Kallusch, Charlie Buonomo, Major Tyser and Bernie McNeill rolled for the Rochester Libertys in a State Ten Pin League match at Syracuse. The papers said that their performance was just one pin short of a world's record.

Dad Glendon couldn't resist the temptation to accompany the boys when they went to see John L. Sullivan in a personal appearance on the vaudeville stage at the Colonial. It was booked as John L's farewell tour and they liked the old fighter's famous monologue.

They saw Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters at the Temple and went back a couple of weeks later for the novel Western act of Will Rogers and his company. They were at the Armory when East High romped off with the honors in the big Western New York interscholastic track meet and Alex Beebee won the hurdles and the pole vault and took a second in the high jump.

Brooks and Buster joined in the youthful chorus of "I Told You So!" when East High's undefeated basketball wonders—Doane, Bloom, Murphy, Clem Lanni, Doyle and Doron—handed the Centrals a 25-to-13 licking at the Alumni Gym in a game marked by continual wrangling and rough play. It was a surprise indeed for the Messrs. Cohen, Freedman, Melen and Rapp.

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TWINK WAS HOME at Easter time and Buster took her to the Lyceum for the Ziegfeld Follies featuring 75 gor-

geous girls. The evening left him broke and they had to pass up Billie Burke in "Suzanne." But Twink didn't mind sitting home. She had some letters to write—one in particular.

Spring came along and Eddie Keiber, a home town boy who had trained with the Giants the year before, shouldered the baseball coaching job at the U. of R. The J.Y.M.A. minstrels took over the Lyceum for one night with Haskell Marks as interlocutor and Harry Rosenberg and Abe and Harry Freedman as end men. There was music from the "Chocolate Soldier" and "Madame Sherry" but the JY boys gave Rosenberg much more applause for his vocal rendition of "Constantly."

From Kansas City came the news that Ned Crane, who had made a hit with Rochester auto racing fans the previous summer, met his death when a tire blew during a test run. And the papers were telling about the coming appearance of Mary Garden, the Bernhardt of the Opera, at Convention Hall. That was one for Dad and Mrs. Glendon to appreciate. Brooks and Buster were far more interested in the high runs of 30, 23, 20, 18 and 18 made by Rochester's Jerome Keogh, the former world's champion, in a pool match with Alfred De Oro in New York City.

Life brightened up for Buster when the Hustlers opened the Eastern League season at Jersey City with a 10-to-1 win over the Skeeters. He was anxious for the team to come home so he could look over the new men in the Ganzel livery—Eddie Foster, Joe Ward, Dan Moeller, "Whitey" Alperman, and Fred Mitchell.

But like other rabid followers of the Hustlers, Buster went to Genesee Hall every chance he got when the club was on the road and watched the movements of the little white ball on Fred Blum's animated score board that carried out the play-by-play story.

## The Shriners Take Over . . .



IT WAS QUITE A JOLT for Buster when a hastily-penned note from Twink informed the family that she was going to stay on for summer school. She came home for a couple of days, flew through the stores buying this and that—with Buster at her heels lugging the bundles. And then, as Buster said, before he had a chance to catch his breath, she was back in Syracuse.

“Summer school—six weeks!” he grumbled. “The whole summer shot!”

The papers were full of news about the coming national convention of the Shriners. . . . There was a blistering heat wave and the temperature hit 105 degrees four times in one day. Alexander Graham Bell came to town for a conference on teaching speech to the deaf. And when the reporters asked him about aviation he spoke hopefully. He ventured that the aeroplane could be useful in warfare and that when greater safety had been developed it might even be used for carrying the mails.

Twink wasn't home to see the splendor of the Shriners' convention visit and share in the excitement that swept Rochester during their four-day stay. Buster wrote her that she really was missing something. He and Brooks were downtown a lot that week. They had never seen any fanfare like it.

They watched the arrival of the nobles of Al Malaikah Temple from Los Angeles and squeezed their way into the Powers Hotel lobby to listen to the thunderous music of their crack band.

They watched Mayor Edgerton greeting the red-fezzed visitors from one city after another. They were in the Duffy-McInerney Restaurant when the great Lu Lu Temple Band from Philadelphia played stirring march tunes and with the crowd at Main and Clinton when the Shriners of Aad Temple from Duluth fired off the cannon they had brought along with them until they ran out of ammunition.

And what a sight it was at night! There was something doing every minute under the big bell-shaped canopies of electric lights that hung over the street intersections. The familiar signs—"Feel to Hum" and "Glad You Kum"—were everywhere and half of Rochester's populace, it seemed, was out to make the welcome bigger.

There was band music at every turn and parades in every direction but none like the gorgeous procession of all uniformed marching units at the peak of the convention. It was a pageant of color.

The Kismet Temple delegation from Brooklyn had an elephant and a minstrel troupe. And the men of El Maida Patrol from El Paso Tex., wore Mexican regalia and rode on little burros to the delight of the crowd that jammed 10-deep at the curb.

Brooks chuckled when he thought how Dad Glendon would look on one of those.

The Philadelphians had a camel with them and a float featuring a replica of the Liberty Bell. Buffalo's Ismalia Temple marchers came along with a dazzling float—a white bison covered with 1,500 electric lights. There were two bands of bagpipers and other colorful units. But none drew a more thunderous applause from the crowd than Rochester's own Damascus Temple nobles marching in perfect step with Capt. George F. Loder in command.

A man in the crowd nudged Buster and pointed to the leader of an approaching division.

"He came all the way from Honolulu for this," he said. "Brought along six others with 'em."

Buster nodded and wondered what that meant in dollars and cents.

He would like to have seen the doings in front of the reviewing stand in East Avenue, where there was a great display of pomp for Dr. Smith, Esten Fletcher and other Shrine notables, but he couldn't get anywhere near it.

The parade, it seemed, was hours in passing. The street cars were packed and it was late when Brooks and Buster reached home.

The Shriners had treated Rochesterians to glittering pageantry — from breath-taking drill competition to the musical might of massed bands. And now it was the city's turn. Next evening the visiting nobles witnessed the famous river carnival and marveled at the enchantment of the Genesee in kaleidoscope. The newspapers said 100,000 people were there. It looked like a million to Brooks and Buster. Things seemed quiet when the last red fez had vanished.

Buster had another letter to write to Twink when Frisbie made that first successful flight over the city. Buster didn't see it and he scoffed when someone told him that a biplane had gone over.

"Couldn't be Frisbie," he laughed. "Must have been Halley's Comet in a return engagement."

But it was true, nevertheless, and the newspapers confirmed it.

Dad Glendon's only comment was that he supposed that would encourage a lot of other fools to break their necks.

Time dragged on for Buster. Then suddenly into his life came Amelia. It was a short but furious interlude.

He took her for a moonlight ride up the river in a canoe and she tipped it over and drenched them both. He took her to Ontario Beach Park but he couldn't get her off the merry-go-round. She had other faults, too. She was a little noisy and she was always hungry.

Brooks never had the chance to meet her. It was over too soon.

Buster told him she was a nice girl and all that—but the kind that likes to climb trees to get close to the birds—or go up on the roof and read books. She was a beautiful creature, he said, but powerful as an ox—which is much too powerful for a young lady. He called her "Hackenschmidt."

"You never could tell when she would clap a half-Nelson on you, break off your arm and hand it to you," Buster confided to Brooks.

"You had to keep a close watch on her so she wouldn't hurl you to the floor and jam you under the piano."

He said that taking her out to dinner was the same as signing bankruptcy papers and that the rest of the time all you could get her to say was:

"Chocolate walnut dessert."

"If I didn't keep grinning like a Chessy cat," Buster told Brooks, "she'd think something was the matter and every time I was quiet for a few minutes she'd always say 'A penny for your thoughts'—and that drove me crazy!"

"So that's what did it!" Brooks chided.

Hackenschmidt was a poor substitute for Twink and Buster was beginning to think that he'd never find a good one.

"It is far better to be lonely," said Buster, clearing his throat and straightening his shoulders, "than to go around with a girl who keeps you broke feeding her and throws you around like a rag doll just for exercise."

"Yes." agreed Brooks, "I can see that."

## The Grand Army Marches Again . . .



MAIN STREET was bright with flags again when the old soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic came to town in August for their national encampment.

The downtown buildings were splashed with red, white and blue bunting and some displayed GAR shields and huge pictures of Lincoln.

At night when these were illuminated and nearby electrical flags were switched on, it was a spectacle to warm the hearts of the silver-haired heroes of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

Buster set a hot pace for Brooks that week—there was so much to see. They hunted all over town for the man the papers said was the “exact duplicate of Lincoln”—Colonel Loomis from Kansas. They finally found him in the Seneca lobby and he looked for all the world just like the pictures of the Great Emancipator.

“More like Lincoln than Honest Abe, himself!” was Buster’s comment.

They were surprised that so many of the veterans looked so young. The night before, the two of them had figured it all out—even the youngest would have to be at least 63 and that seemed quite ancient to Brooks and Buster. There were lots of them, however, who were bent with age, who walked with shuffling feet or hobbled feebly on heavy canes.

Sentimental Buster was fascinated watching these men—on the street and in the stores and restaurants. It was amusing to Brooks to see Buster craning his neck in a vain effort to hear the stories four very wrinkled veterans were

telling each other at a nearby table in the Manhattan. But with the clattering of the dishes, Buster couldn't get much of it.

"Never mind," Brooks said consolingly, "it couldn't be as good as the stuff old Mr. Johnson used to tell the kids up at the corner."

"He was a great old guy," Buster replied with a nod as he crammed a big chunk of cake into his mouth and reached for his coffee.

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THEY WERE OUT EARLY the morning of the parade. They hurried to Fitzhugh and Church streets to get a close glimpse of President Taft and the 29th U. S. Infantry unit that had come to Rochester as his special escort.

Taft looked like a big, handsome Santa Claus. He smiled warmly at the crowd as the column headed into Main Street and proceeded to the reviewing stand.

With the president were Maj. Archibald Butt, his military aide; Mayor Edgerton and Maj. Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, son of the great Union commander.

Behind the official delegation came Rochester's famed 54th Regiment Band headed by Fred Zeitler, and detachments of the 3d Infantry Regiment and the 6th Naval Battalion.

Stationed along the line of march were young men of the Emergency Relief Corps, ready to carry cups of water to the ageing marchers. Physicians waited in automobiles to aid any of the veterans who might find the exertion too strenuous.

The newspapers had said that of the 25,000 veterans in town for the convention, about 20,000 would march. And there were estimates that close to 150,000 men, women and children would watch the parade. The stores, factories and most of the business places were closed. The downtown section was jam-packed that morning.

Not long after the president's party had taken places in the stand, the procession got under way. In the van were Col. Henry S. Redman and Col. Samuel C. Pierce and members of the arrangements committee. Then came the Park Band in spotless white uniforms and the GAR's commander-in-chief, John E. Gilman, and his staff.

Buster was not the only one who watched that great procession with misty eyes. The music of the famous old campaign songs "Rally 'Round the Flag," "Just Before the Battle" and "My Maryland" had a more deliberate tempo than usual. The spring was gone from the step of these men who nearly a half-century before had marched triumphantly back from the war in the flush of youth. The snap and precision was gone and the lines were wavering. But the grand old soldiers marched proudly and there was applause and cheering all along the way.

There were torn and tattered battle flags and here and there in the long column were faded uniforms that had been worn in the assault on Richmond and on Sherman's march to the sea.

When Rochester's own veterans came along there were smiles on the faces of the grandfathers in campaign hats as children darted out from the crowd but none of the policemen had the courage to send them back when they took the gnarled hands of the marchers and walked along a few steps with them.

That day, at Convention Hall, President Taft addressed the veterans and called for approval of the arbitration treaties that were before the Senate.

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THE DAY after most of the GAR visitors had departed, the headlines shieked with the news of a railroad wreck at Manchester where a broken rail had hurled several cars into the bed of Canandaigua Lake outlet, killing 26 and injuring scores including some of the veterans. . . . The sports pages said that Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion for whom Buster had nicknamed the lass of his July romance, wasn't afraid of the terrible toe hold Champion Frank Gotch no doubt would apply in their Labor Day wrestling bout. . . . Chester Kaufman, operating a biplane he called "Belle of Rochester" had made a record 21½ mile flight toward Fairport before a gasoline leak had forced him down.

And people were talking about the successful flight of another Rochester aviator, Walter Johnson, over the Village of Savona.

Then came the news that Frisbie had plunged to his death in an exhibition over the fairgrounds at Norton, Kas.

His aeroplane had been damaged the day before, the papers said, and he had called off his scheduled flight. But the taunts and jeers of the crowd and the shouts of "Faker" were too much for him to stand. His flight was brief and the crowd was silent as Frisbie's battered, lifeless body was removed from the wreckage.

Buster was sorry to hear about Frisbie and sorry that he had been one of those who laughed at the aviator's fizzes in Rochester before he made that pioneer flight over the city just a few weeks before.

Dad Glendon won his bet—and a box of cigars—from Harvey Smith which Gotch bested Hackenschmidt in the big holiday match. . . . Twink was home for a few days and Buster took her to the Shubert to see Bert Lytell in "Billy"—but that was a mistake. She was altogether too impressed by the matinee idol to suit Buster.

The fourth annual Rochester Exposition opened on its new home grounds where the old State Industrial School had been and everybody was singing "On Mobile Bay" and "What's the Matter With Father."

Harry Irwin, Edward Doyle and Fred Bloom of East High athletic fame were leaving for Mercer College in Georgia where Dr. C. C. Stroud, the former University of Rochester physical director, had enticed them—and Twink once more was leaving for Syracuse.

Buster was "alone in the world" again.

## Another Pennant For Ganzel . . .



THE SUPERB PITCHING of "Kaiser" Wilhelm and Vernon Manser had given the Hustlers a double win over Toronto and Ganzel's men had clinched their third pennant in a row. Ed Fisher's Premiers, behind the slants of Bernie McNeil, had bested Rutz's Libertys, 5 to 1, at Sheehan's Field and the city semi-pro crown had gone to O'Leary, Gilboe, Wiltse, La Palm, Flynn and Company.

"The Pink Lady" was playing at the Lyceum and everyone was humming or whistling the show's catchy tunes. Harry Lauder brought his Scotch br-rr and dry humor to the Shubert.

There was an aviator named Lincoln Beachey flying around Rochester.

A mistake by the referee had cost the U. of R. football braves their game with Bucknell, 5 to 0, and the glittering work of "Rip" Benzoni, Ed Long and Ben and Jack Forsyth had gone for naught. Houdini displayed his magic at the Temple and Lillian Russell was the following week's attraction.

Ray Brown booted four field goals to give Rochester a 12-to-0 victory over Union and Jack Forsyth had distinguished himself again.

"Those two would make the All-American if they were with a bigger college," Buster told Brooks.

There was some agitation for the rowing sport in the city high schools and Jim Ten Eyck, the great Syracuse coach, had volunteered to help get things started if promoters of the idea were really serious. . . . Hiram H. Edgerton was elected mayor of Rochester for the third time.

Twink wrote a glowing letter to Brooks and Buster telling how Big Bill Orange had upset Jim Thorpe and the Carlisle Indians in the mud of Archbold Stadium, 12 to 11,

and held mighty Michigan to a 6-to-6 tie. And about all the boys could say in reply was that Syracuse didn't have a kicker like Brown who had put another one over to beat Hobart, 3 to 0.

Gallagher and Shean came through with their Big Banner Show and Colgate's football machine won a battle with the U. of R. in the snow at Baseball Park but Story had tossed a pass to Long for a Rochester touchdown. Clem Lanni, a former East High boy, was with the Maroon.

Bus and Brooks watched the Scalpers and the Oxfords battle to a scoreless draw on the Premier Park gridiron but their sympathies were all with the Scalpers. Andy Schell, Joe Maid, Billy Bauer, Tarbox and Ray Gordinier, whom they affectionately called "Piano Legs," were their favorites. Oxford stalwarts such as Biracree, Haag, Heinlein and Klehr would have to perform miracles to get any credit from them.

Old Reid's Field out Lyell Avenue where the crowd swarmed in and encircled the rival teams in the waning moments of most every close game, was a treasured spot for Brooks and Buster. They enjoyed watching "Bud" Major doff his derby and make his always-eloquent appeal in behalf of the collection between the halves.

There was nobody quite like "Bud" to puncture the crisp autumn air with the familiar salutation:

"Ladees and gentle-menn!!!"

They got a kick out of being in the back room of the little hotel near the railroad tracks where the Scalpers dressed for battle and returned later to nurse their wounds and grumble about the afternoon's mistakes.

Yes, Brooks and Buster were Scalper fans. The exploits of the Jeffersons, whose home diggings were close to their own bailiwick and who boasted such doughty warriors as Scrappy Jack Slattery, Cam and Bill Doane, Leo Lyons, "Pop" Morrison and "Ray" Rice couldn't budge them from their allegiance.

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ANOTHER CHRISTMAS came and Twink had a dozen American Beauty roses from someone in Syracuse. But she wore Buster's gardenias when he went to Epiphany Church with her that morning. They sang the joyous old hymns

together from the same book and Twink seemed quite proud of him.

He uttered no word of his feelings for her and he clowned a lot as they romped through the gay vacation week. And when she packed to return to college the day after New Year's, she told him she couldn't remember when she ever had so much fun. Buster had enjoyed every minute of it, too, but he was doing a little worrying about the roses.

The papers told about the death of Rear Admiral Robley D. "Fighting Bob" Evans, the most popular high officer in the Navy, and how Bush Lyons had outpointed Joe Goldberg in an Olympic A. C. bout at Germania Hall. Lyons greatly surprised Goldberg and Joe had to cover up after some slam-bang moments in the sixth round.

The fans knew that East High had another good basketball team in the making when Gibbs, Attridge, Harmon, Aylesworth, Doron and Hale beat the Syracuse Frosh, 24 to 21. And the University of Rochester was starting out all right, too, with Allie Neary, Benzoni, Schoen, Carey and "Stub" Kaiser working smoothly.

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IT WAS A BLUSTRY NIGHT and the snow swirled against the windows as Brooks waited in Hyde's for the arrival of Buster. The wait, he knew, could be anything from five minutes to a half-hour.

Four fellows, not much older than Brooks, were arguing at a nearby table over the merits of some athletic favorites of an earlier vintage—Acton Langslow, Carl Paul, Walker Lee, Ward Ball, "Punk" Hagaman, "Midge" Carroll, "Fat" Smith, Bob Bernhard, Ward Pryor, Herb Ward and George Sullivan.

The name Langslow bobbed up frequently. It was Langslow, one of them said, who scored the first touchdown the U. of R. ever made against big Cornell—the same young idol for whom Hyde's once had named its most tempting ice cream concoction . . . the 'Langslow Special.'

Somebody spoke of the dash and ferocity of the "pony backs" who had come along a little later—Jack Corcoran, "Middy" Schroth and Mort Howard. They were little fellows but the Tough Tonawandas and the Mighty Mastens held no terror for them.

Lee, they agreed, was as good a track man as he was a football player and had few equals as a hurdler, if any. And on the subject of track, they mentioned the speedster, Art Chamberlain—and Horace McDowell, Alan MacDonald, Ray Robinson, Gus Zimmerman, Dick Finucane, Charlie Heath and “Pink” Morgan. They talked about the phenomenal mile Cornell’s John Paul Jones had run in 4 minutes, 15 2-5 seconds and one of them said that figure was just about the limit of human possibility.

The chatter drifted to the Forsyths roaring to school on their motorcycles. . . . Frank Niven shooting a winning basket while seated on the floor. . . . Billy Brooks riding a pony into the assembly hall at West High . . . and the burlesque tournament of hop-scotch, marbles and ring-around-the-roses the boys put on in protest over the abolition of football from the school sports calendar.

Then there were some choice remarks about the Board of Education. One of them said that the school officials took advantage of the tide of criticism from cranks in other parts of the country over football’s toll of casualties and dropped the game to “get in solid” with the parents in Rochester.

“It wasn’t that,” another said, shaking his head, “it was the gang of outsiders that was following the school teams. There was too much gambling and hell-raising. The thing was getting out of control!”

They argued on for several minutes. One of them said that football wasn’t as rough as lacrosse or hockey and some of the others agreed. Then he went on and said that nearly all of the Rochester Lacrosse Club players were gashed and battered when they left the field after beating the great Crescent Athletic Club in a gory game down in Brooklyn two years before—and the Crescents were pretty well banged up, too.

Rochester won, 3 to 2, and he told what a whale of a team that was with Frank Miles, Charlie Clark, Doc. Buck, George Wright, Doc. Burns, George Swazey, Wesley Angle and Selby Guenett.

Someone said that Guenett was a tough goalie to get by in either lacrosse or hockey and they were buzzing away about “Rube” Lynch, Crewford Bagley, Toby Taylor and other home town hockey stars when Brooks felt someone tugging at his arm and there was Buster.

"Sorry I'm late," he said grinning. "I was detained. A man was telling me the difference between a cockatoo, a toucan and an ordinary parrot."

There was a peculiar look in Buster's eyes. Brooks studied him and smiled.

"My friend," he said slowly, "I believe you are slightly intoxicated."

"Extremely so, extremely so!" replied Buster. "The man bought me three highballs. He would not hear of my having beer."

"And where did all this take place?" Brooks asked.

"At the Mighty Dollar—a very remarkable place." said Buster with another grin. "I love to go there! It gives me the feeling that money is like dirt under my feet."

"Yeah?" commented Brooks. "Well you're not kidding me. You're not as lit up as you'd like to have me think—and if we're going to get to the fights tonight we better get started."

He turned up his coat collar and they headed for the door.

"What IS the difference between a cockatoo and a toucan?" he asked Buster when they were outside.

"I KNEW that would get you," came the reply. "But to tell you the truth, I don't know. I wasn't listening to the man."

Their street car was coming and they ran for it with Buster trailing along behind, singing "Oh You Beautiful Doll, YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL!"

## Guns Blaze In Scottsville . . .



A FEW DAYS LATER the newsboys were shouting about the big Scottsville murder story. Bill Twiman, a Negro hunter and trapper, had slain his aged father and barricaded himself in an old brick and stone house.

When the authorities came to get him, he met them with withering fire. Deputy Sheriff Simon Bermingham was killed. Deputy Herbert Abbott and Wallace Vokes, a farmer, were wounded. And Sheriff Harley Hamil was grazed by a bullet.

Then began a six-hour siege in which Twiman, from his deadly arsenal, stood off an angry crowd of several hundred men—Rochester police officers, farmers from miles around and even business men from the city who had dropped work and rushed to the scene when they heard the news.

It was late that chill, winter afternoon when Twiman surrendered. Shots were still being fired at the house. National Guardsmen and a Naval Militia squad with a one-pound cannon were arriving on the scene.

Then came a dramatic moment. John Alexander, an old Negro farmer, strode bravely across the snow-covered ground in front of the house and called to Twiman.

He told the slayer that if he surrendered he would be taken to Rochester in safe custody—that if he did not, the cannon would batter down the walls of his fortress.

The crowd was still. All eyes were on the house. Then Twiman appeared in the doorway. He was holding a rifle across his chest. At the command of the officers he dropped it. They were on him in a flash.

Handcuffs were clapped on the slayer and he was whisked away in an automobile. It was a sullen crowd that watched the departure.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT tossed his hat in the ring. . . . Fire swept through old No. 3 School in Tremont Street and left it in ruins but every child and teacher escaped. . . . The U. of R. basketball team downed mighty Pennsylvania, 17 to 12, at the Alumni Gym and Carey and Benzoni held the Penn forwards to a solitary field basket. Guy Bloom, a former East High athlete, was in the visitors' lineup. . . .

Word came up from Georgia that Roy Cook, Ed Doyle, Fred Bloom and Harry Irwin—those Rochester boys—had given Mercer College some real basketball recognition with 15 victories in 19 games. . . . Rochester's Libertys clinched the State Ten-Pin League championship and John Ganzel and Fred Blum announced that they were going into business together with a pool and billiards emporium in the Glenny Building.

In mid-April the world was shocked by the news of the Titanic disaster. The papers reported that more than 1,200 were believed to have lost their lives when the great ship went down after colliding with an iceberg on its first voyage. And there was anxiety over some Rochesterians believed to have been aboard.

SPRING ARRIVED with all its beauty and Buster was tickled when Ganzel's Hustlers won their opening home game with Providence before 14,500 fans, "Ducky" Holmes turning in a nice pitching job and Tommy McMillan, the new shortstop, stealing two bases.

But Buster was a bit downcast the night Brooks met him after work and tried to talk him into hopping the trolley for Sodus Bay the following Sunday for the rock bass fishing.

"You can get a basketful in less than an hour," he said. "Two at a time just as fast as you can pull them in!"

The apple blossoms were at their best and that, Brooks said, was an unfailing signal for the Sodus rockies. They practically jumped into the boat—you had to fight them off with the oars, he said.

Buster didn't appear to be too interested.

"Loneliness is a terrible thing," he said with a comical grimace.

Brooks knew that he would get no decision on the fishing invitation until he had listened patiently to Buster's lamentations, so he spooned up the dregs of his chocolate soda and sat back to hear it through.

"Just what is the trouble this time?" he asked, eyeing his friend suspiciously.

"I am lonely," Buster growled. "There is a vacuum in my life."

"Well, if that's all it is, I'm not going to worry about it," Brooks replied. "Anyway, whatever it is that's bothering you will be forgotten in a couple of weeks when Twink comes home."

"I wish I could be sure of that," said Buster, flattening his nose with his forefinger. The dramatics were on again.

"When the young lady returns I may know nothing more than that she has returned," Buster said. "I can't be sure of anything else."

Brooks laughed.

"You're worrying too much," he said.

"Maybe so," Buster answered. "But there's a guy in Syracuse who sent roses . . . and that's the guy, I'm afraid, she's always writing letters to when she's home."

"I couldn't swear to that," Brooks said.

Then Buster went on to say that he had tried to forget about the fellow who sent the roses—that he had even tried to forget about Twink.

Brooks was greatly amused. Aunce again he was enjoying the show.

"I had a drink at Harry Bullock's but that didn't help," Buster rambled on. "Then a man told me to get a hobby."

"What did you do about it?" Brooks asked just to see what was coming next.

"I took up research," Buster explained. "I went to a moving picture show—I wanted to find out how the girl that plays the piano can talk to the usher for an hour at a time and still never miss a note."

"And what conclusion did you reach?" Brooks asked.

"None," said Buster. "I fell asleep and when I woke up the theater was dark, the place was locked and I had to hammer on the front door to get a policeman to let me out

—and I had to get your father to convince Chief Quigley that I wasn't a burglar."

"I tried nature study," Buster continued. "I went to Seneca Park and observed the animals. I always talk to the animals. There was a big black crow in one of the cages and I said 'hello' to him. He said 'hello' right back at me. And I thought I was losing my mind."

"You probably were," said Brooks. "Because if you aren't bughouse I don't know who is."

"On the contrary," said Buster in an offended tone. "I found out that I was perfectly sane. I consulted an ornithologist and he explained to me that a crow with a split tongue can speak as fluently as a parrot."

"What else did you do?" asked Brooks.

"I took a ride on the swan boat to think things over. It was a beautiful moonlight night. But there were two couples sitting in front of me and it made me lonesome to watch them. There was nobody for me to talk to but the man working the pedals that make the boat go. I asked him if his legs ever got tired. He nodded his head but I guess he didn't want to talk. I couldn't get another word out of him."

"You're in a bad way," said Brooks, smiling.

"I am," Buster admitted. "I have run out of hobbies."

"You might try out with the Swiss bell-ringers," Brooks suggested. "Or you could start a collection of battleship pennants. . . . You get one with every loaf of the new bread, you know."

"Yeah, I know," said Buster. He pretended to think about it. There was a brief pause. Brooks seized the opportunity. He popped the idea of going to the Knickerbocker picture house to see Mable Normand and the Keystone cops.

Buster said he was tired of the Keystone cops.

"They're always the same," Buster said. "They chase the bad man, fall all over themselves, lose the wheels off the patrol wagon and wind up falling in the lake. You see one of those pictures and you've seen them all. Can't we do something else?"

"For instance what?" asked Brooks.

"We could shoot pool," came the prompt suggestion.

Brooks produced a quarter from his pocket.

"Heads we go to the picture show — tails we shoot pool," he said as he flipped the coin. It came up tails.

They went out onto the street and had walked only a few steps when Buster hauled Brooks into a tobacco store. He bought a pack of Sovereigns. And breaking open the wrapper as they left, he was hailed by a freckled youngster stationed just outside the door.

"Can I have the picture, mister?" the boy asked anxiously.

Buster fished into the pack and produced a small, colored picture of a baseball player.

"Christy Mathewson," he said, recognizing the likeness of John McGraw's great pitcher. "Have you got this one in your collection?"

"No. Gee! This is one I needed!" the kid replied as he took it from Buster. And he said "thanks."

Buster smiled as he and Brooks sauntered away.

"The kids are certainly crazy about those cigarette pictures," he remarked.

They played pool and Brooks won. Buster, as usual, was continually behind the eight ball.

They dropped in at a little restaurant for sandwiches and they commented that the ham was sliced pretty thin.

And Buster remarked that he hadn't had a square meal downtown since he was in the boys' department at the South Avenue YMCA where a fellow could get a whopping plate of beans for a dime. And they chatted a while about Fred Messing and Ed Smith and Frank Gugelman.

That reminded them of Earl Newman and some of the other "Y" boys who were ushering at the Lyceum. They chuckled when they thought of the usher's eternal struggle to make a starched shirt-front last out a full week.

Somehow the conversation drifted to parties and masquerades—and Wackerman's in Spring Street where you could get anything in the line of costumes from a knight's armor to the finery of a Prussian general or devil's garb, barbed tail and all.

They talked about baseball and the people hanging on the backs of the street cars to get to the ball park and the smell of hots under the grandstand—for they were still hungry.

On the way home, they passed a magnolia tree in full bloom and Buster remarked how swell one of those would look in Twink's hair and that he would be glad when she was home from college for good.

## The Trolley Rolls Again . . .



DAD AND MOTHER GLENDON went to Syracuse for Twink's graduation and they were very proud of her in her cap and gown. It was hard to believe that this shining-eyed little girl of theirs was now quite grown up.

They were much impressed when they met Eddie, the young man she had mentioned frequently in recent letters. He had just received his degree, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Glendon saw a lot in the few minutes they talked with them at the close of the commencement exercises. There was something revealing about the way these young people looked at each other. And throughout that hurried, excited conversation Twink clung to Eddie's hand without seeming to be the least bit aware of it.

When the Glendons got the chance, they gave each other a knowing look.

Dad Glendon planted a big kiss on the cheek of his smiling daughter when it was time to take the train back home. Twink had to stay on in Syracuse until the weekend, she said, to pack her things. Besides, she wanted to linger a little while on the campus and say a few very special goodbyes before leaving it all for the last time.

So home came Dad and Mother Glendon. They told Brooks how radiant Twink was and how proud they were when she walked up to get her diploma. They told him about Eddie and how nice he was—and added a little regretfully that it looked serious.

They found out they were right just two days later. A telegram arrived and it was opened with feverish haste.

It had a Niagara Falls date line. The message was this:  
**EDDIE AND I SEND OUR LOVE. WE WERE MARRIED**

THIS MORNING. PLEASE DO NOT BE ANGRY. VERY HAPPY. SEE YOU ALL NEXT WEEK—TWINK.

For a few seconds the silence in the little cottage was profound. There was only the sound of the waves washing against the beach outside.

Mother Glendon cried a little. Brooks was dumbfounded. Web Glendon dabbed clumsily at his eyes and looked a little foolish. Then he forced a smile and called on all his old bluster to manage, rather haltingly, these reassuring words:

"Well, WHAT'S the matter with all of us? If Twink thinks that much of him, he must be all right! What are we standing around here blubbing for? We ought to be happy about it!"

"Yes, I know," the mother said, with tears still on her cheeks. "But why couldn't she have come home and had a church wedding?"

She stopped and smiled through her tears.

"She'd have been so lovely in a wedding gown," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, I give her credit!" Web Glendon thundered. "She's smart! She saved herself a lot of useless fuss and bother—with a bunch of women falling all over her and pestering her for days!"

But all the same it was a very glum little group.

The job of telling Buster was left for Brooks.

Late that afternoon Buster arrived at the lake with his usual exuberance. Brooks met him in the yard behind the cottage. He let Buster tell him about the painted woman he'd seen brazenly smoking in the sitting room of an up-town cafe—and how the proprietor told her she'd have to put the cigarette out or leave.

Then Brooks solemnly handed him the telegram.

"You won't like this," he said.

Buster read it and a look of astonishment came over his face. He stared at the telegram for some time before he handed it back.

They stood there for a moment without a word.

"Well, I suppose I might as well see if I can get transferred to the New York office," Buster finally said. "There's nothing for me to stay in this town for now."

He looked at the ground. Quietly he recited his garbled version of two significant lines from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam:

“There was a door to which I found no key—  
There was a veil through which I could not see. . .”

With a familiar screech of wheels, the Manitou trolley pulled up at the nearby stop.

A well-dressed man of middle age stepped down. He had a suitcase in each hand. Behind him was a comely, gray-haired woman—and a girl in a big flowered hat.

When she looked up, Brooks and Buster saw that she was very blond and strikingly attractive. She had a face that most people would call beautiful and the figure of a fairy princess.

She followed the others up the path to the cottage next door.

Then Brooks noticed that Buster was watching her intently. He was still gazing dreamily after her when she had crossed the porch and gone inside.

“They’re rented the place for the summer,” Brooks explained.

Buster turned and Brooks saw the sparkle of excitement in his eyes.

The breeze sighed in the poplars. There was a mocking toot from the distant trolley.

And Brooks was looking knowingly at Buster and grinning.

THE END

## Added Jottings:



Many readers of *Short Skyride* may not be familiar with some of the places, events and people mentioned. The following notes will throw a little additional light on the historical side of the story.

BEN FORSYTH, John Remington and Raymond Elliott were among the students who had summer jobs on the Manitou Railway. . . . Theodore Dossenbach was the first of two brothers to serve as director of Rochester's Park Band. Herman, the other brother, died in 1946. . . . Women finally had the vote in 1920. . . . Torchlight parades by uniformed political clubs were a colorful part of the presidential campaigns until after the Wilson-Hughes race of 1916.

"Pop" Courtney was a famous Cornell rowing coach and the James Ten Eyck, mentioned later in the story, was the great Syracuse crew mentor. . . . Anglers still complain that sand-plugged outlets at the lakeside ponds have spoiled the fishing. . . . As for Fourth of July fireworks, a cannon cracker was really something! A Baby Salute was much smaller but it packed quite a punch. The fireworks ban has been on now for many years. . . . At one time, baseball fans could get an inning score by simply picking up the telephone and asking "Central. . . . Crittenden Park was on or near the site of Strong Memorial Hospital and Bay Street Ball Park was just southeast of the Bay Street-Webster Avenue intersection. . . . Rochester had three evening newspapers and two morning papers at the time of this story.

"Old Calamity," the Main Street bridge over the Erie Canal, was always kicking up. It was a steady excuse for showing up late on the job. . . . C. M. Daniels, world-famous swimmer, set a record in exhibition at Trout Lake, Seneca Park, in 1909. . . . Annette Kellerman was the fancy diving wonder of the stage. . . . Rochester's River Carnival was a glorious event. It was abandoned in the mid-1920s. . . . Joseph M. Quigley was Rochester's chief of police and William S. Riley was park commissioner.

The Ferryboat Windsor ran between Charlotte and Summerville until 1927. . . . Halley's Comet was visible on clear nights during part of May and June of 1910. There was great speculation as to what would happen when the earth passed through the "gases" of the comet's tail. . . . Nothing happened except that a lot of young people had an excuse for staying out late at night to see. . . . The Rochester Exposition, once heralded for its horse show and musical attractions, expired after the 1938 show. . . . Football was under fire nationally for several years because of its toll of casualties. . . . The game was opened up and it survived. . . . Rochester high schools abandoned football after the 1909 season and the game wasn't restored until recent years.

As for the controversy over the mythical Eastern college basketball championship at the close of the 1909-10 season, the University of Rochester—with Park Harman, Ben Ramaker, Walter and Harry Edwards, Bert Woodams, "Stub" Kaiser, Francis Cassidy and Teall Cox—won 17 games and lost two. Those were dropped to Colgate and NYU which the U. of R. also defeated that season. . . . Columbia disputed Rochester's claim to the title and the New York papers backed the Light Blue.

"Rip" Benzoni played basketball and football at the U. of R. then transferred to Colgate where he captained the basketball team. . . . Clem Lanni played in the same two sports at Colgate then came to U. of R. where he was a star. . . . Ben and Jack Forsyth were teammates in football at West High and the U. of R. Then Ben shifted to Syracuse University and came back as acting captain of the Orange team that downed the U. of R. in 1913 with Brother Jack captaining the Yellow.

Esten A. Fletcher was potentate of Damascus Temple when the Shrine had its national convention in Rochester in July 1911. Later he was imperial potentate as was Dr. Frederick R. Smith, also of Damascus.

Fred Zeitler long was the leader of the 54th Regiment Band, mentioned in the chapter about the Grand Army's 1911 national encampment. . . . Sheehan's Field was off Monroe Avenue at Twelve Corners. . . . Premier Park was on North Street at Avenue D. . . . The mighty Dollar at the Four Corners had silver dollars set into the tile floor.

The Twiman siege in Scottsville took place on January 10, 1912. Permission to send National Guardsmen to the scene was granted by Supreme Court Justice George A. Benton on application by Assistant District Attorney William F. Love.

The No. 3 School fire occurred on February 15, 1912 and the newspapers had the Titanic disaster story on April 15, 1912. . . . The Libertys, mentioned for piling up big bowling scores, won five state titles for Rochester in seven years.



