

*Life in a small town--this humorous novel could be written about any small town in America and the different personalities of the inhabitants*

## **The Saga of Riley Robinson** by Fred Plavney

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*The  
Saga of  
Riley  
Robinson*

**At one time he had it all.**

FRED M. PLAVNEY



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## Chapter One

Riley came to the small Pa community of Newbie town from someplace in Southern Indiana, no one is quite sure from where in S. Indiana and no one knows exactly why. Rumor has it that Riley was escaping the wrath of several husbands because of his intimacy with their wives, included in the rumors was that a very prominent member of the city council caught Riley and his wife in a compromising situation that can only best be described as an uncontrolled passionate encounter.

Whatever the reason, Riley got out of town fast. Riley's eyes seemed to always twinkle and when he spoke, he stuttered. Some would call that an impediment but to Riley, it only added to his charm. *He has been described as the lovable rogue.*

Riley's method of transportation was a 1936 Chevy 4 door, not much to look, rust eating out at the wheel wells, the front bumper missing and the front window had a crack from pillar to pillar.

All one could say about that car was that in spite of the suffocating eye irritating blue smoke coming from the exhaust pipe, once he got it started, it runs.

Now Riley needed a place to stay and Ellie's was one of two hotels in town. The hotel was a combination 10 room hotel and honkey tonk. The hotel was rather seedy looking but, never was the cleanliness ever in doubt, as

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Ellie proudly proclaimed, "*Cleanliness is next to Godliness.*" The other hotel in Newbie town was considered "*high end*" their standard room rate was three times higher than Ellie's

The other hotel in town was a rather snobbish place dealing with mostly travelers who could afford their significantly higher prices.

In the summer time the hotel guests gathered on the wrap around veranda at about 2 PM for afternoon tea and cocktails. The women all decked out in their finest linens and the men wouldn't be caught dead without the requisite white linen shirt and the Brooks brother's expensive tie. The men probably spent the afternoon discussing the financial mess down in D.C. while the snobbish women would be making caustic comments about the local yokels walking on by.

The lobby even had a sign in the foyer that read "*the only respectable lodging in town*". Ellie when informed about the sign simply smiled sweetly and took the high road with the remark, "*I would be willing to compare their bottom line to mine anytime*".

## Chapter Five

Following WW11 the American G.I. returned home eager to build a new life, to expand on those dreams that had previously occupied their minds almost every night. Piped throughout the camps, the music of the Andrew sisters singing "don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" was a constant reminder of home sweet home and the girls they left behind, and-- "build they did."

They become known as "*the greatest generation*", the pent up demand for consumer goods, new homes, automobiles, businesses large and small thrived. The factory's of this great nation hummed 24 hours a day Seven days a week turning out every consumer goods imaginable.

Everyone who wanted a job had one, millionaires were literally created overnight. Investments were at an all-time high--- returning G.I.s drove the stock markets to new highs-----and of course the entertainment industry flourished as never before---it was the days of Frank Sinatra-Dean Martin--the rat pack--Rosemary Clooney---Doris Day--Patti Page (the singing rage)--Bill Haley's (rock around the clock recorded in 1954) -- some say that with that song the rock and roll age was born and lasted thru the sixties.

## Chapter Eight

The rowdy ruckus started early on Friday night.

It seemed that everyone had an opinion on someone and everything. Arguments almost always broke out but they seldom got to the point that the local cops had to be brought in. Just you usual small town ruckus with bruised knuckles and an occasional fat lip. Some say that because of Ellie's contribution to the policeman benevolent fund (*meaning the cops drinking fund*), the friendly two person police department almost always looked the other way.

Ellie hired two local brothers, the Sutter boys, as *bouncers*- who for what they lacked in smarts more than made up for it in brawn. They both stood over 6 ft. tall. One was considered the smallest brother, he only weighed 290. They occasionally knocked heads together.

The pool tables adjacent to the bar always had some hustler looking for an easy mark (*a chronic loser*).

Frustrated lonely housewives sometimes frequented Ellie's looking for a connection. Donna Johnson sat over in the corner swilling draft beer mentally stripping naked the young studs surrounding the pool table. In due time, one of the young studs would leave Donna's bed staggering from a night he would later describe to one of his buddies as a lesson in sex that existed only in his dreams.

In another corner sat her pal the big busted Cheryl Wolfe sipping straight Kentucky bourbon whiskey, idly surveying the field of the handsome young studs (*she liked*

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*them really young) (the young ones got her juices flowing).* When she did make her move, which was just a wink and subtle nod of her head, the excited lucky guy was in for an unforgettable night of sexual delights.

Did Donna or Cheryl ever worry about getting caught up in a scandal?

Heck no, their husbands were over at the Vets club playing cards and losing part of their weekly paycheck. Fortunately for them, the women recognized their husbands as chronic losers and insisted they turn over their pay checks from which they doled out a weekly allowance knowing full well that they eventually would come home broke, drunk and happy.

Dignitaries also sometimes could be seen in Ellies wetting their whistle while plotting the next scam on the innocent people of this small western Pa. town.

Ellie's rooms were almost always in use, it has been suggested that a couple of the town's lovelies used the rooms to supplement their weekly stipend. Men have been seen leaving an occasional room with a well satisfied, dreamy eyed, worn out but well pleased look on their faces.



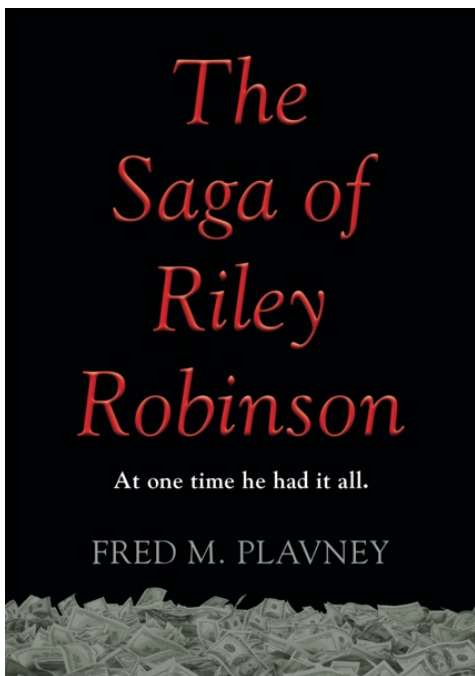
## **Chapter One Hundred and Twenty Six**

The regulars at Mabel's diner came to the conclusion that something dark and mysterious happened to Riley which caused his disappearance. They opined that Riley's life style had something to do with his disappearance. Perhaps a cuckholed husband of one of Riley's women had something to do with his disappearance. Maybe his shady business dealings have finally caught up with him. The consensus of opinions from the men getting their weekly haircut at Banjo's barber shop were, that Riley double crossed some very powerful people and they did him in.

Whatever the reasons, the memory of Riley Robinson will fade into the dust bins of history.

Newbie town, that sleepy little town on the banks of Red Rockcreek will continue to have its collective trials and tribulations.

Life will go on and every once in a while some regular at Mabel's diner will ask the question----do you remember Riley Robinson, I wonder what ever happened to him?



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