

# The Bus Travelers

W. E. Hill

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"And now if you will take up your pencil and paper I will give you my recipe for Peach Fluff: One cup of milk, white of one egg," etc. This gay bunch of waiting travelers is being entertained by the radio in the terminus waiting room pending the arrival of the bus.

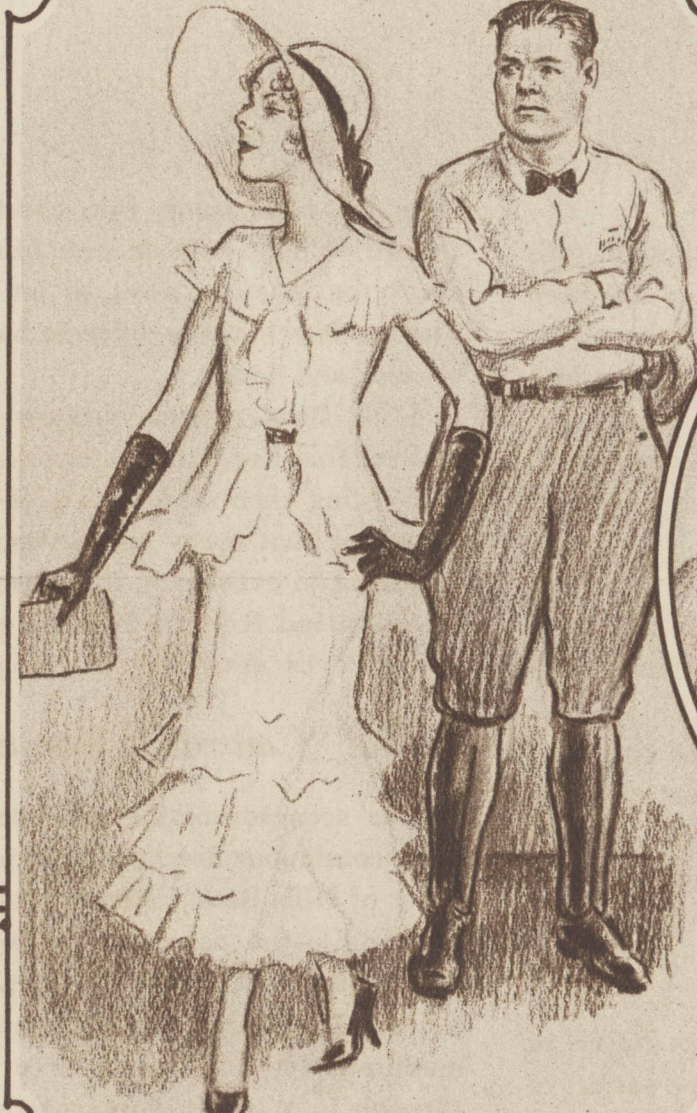


These ladies have not said a word to each other all day, but a passing thunder shower has broken the ice. It seems they both feel the same way about thunder and lightning. "I always get under something at home," says lady number one. "I do wish I could get under something right now," says lady number two. One thing will lead to another, and they will discover before long that they both know the Routier family in Devil's Lake. Just imagine!



Just a very bored girl in a front seat with nothing to do but watch the back of the driver's neck. Just all worn out looking at the passing scenery. At the moment she's wondering whether the barber used the clippers or the comb and shears.

"If it's my suitcase it's got three Bartlett pears and a nut bar in the left hand corner!" There are so many black bags aboard that Mrs. Wowner just can't tell at sight which belongs to her.



The lady who is always late getting back to the bus. The driver is giving her a dirty look, but she won't care one bit!

And then, of course, there's the scenery along the bus route. (This is an average mental impression of the scenic beauties which the tired but happy traveler will carry home after a day of bus travel.)



A bride and groom holding hands. (They're watching to see if you think they are newlyweds, so don't stare.)



Twenty minutes and no more for lunch, showing a busy lunch counter in full swing.