

STATE ROAD STUFF

By W. E. Hill

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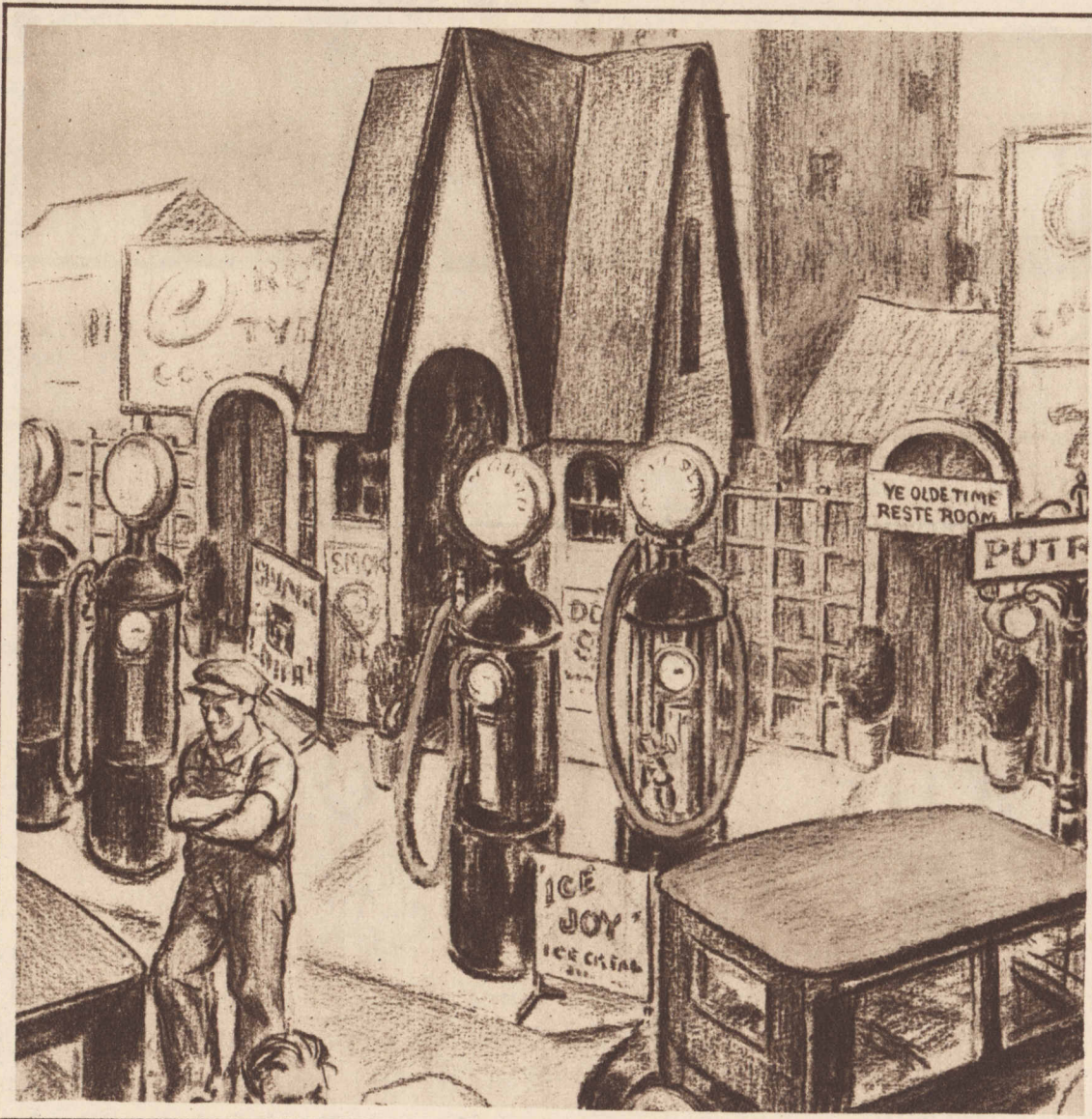
Mike, the genial road mender, is exerting great personal charm for the benefit of a lady motorist who probably won't return the compliment.



A general exodus at the end of the bus route, with the local ball team and two village shebas in the foreground. Ralph, the second baseman, has gone over big with Leola, the jazzy brunette. "I wouldn't have believed a ball player could be so gentlemanly and refined," says she to her pal, Jewel.



When there's a crowd there's always the rumble seat, unless, like Dottie here, you bruise easily. Dottie and the baggage are getting a terrible shaking up.



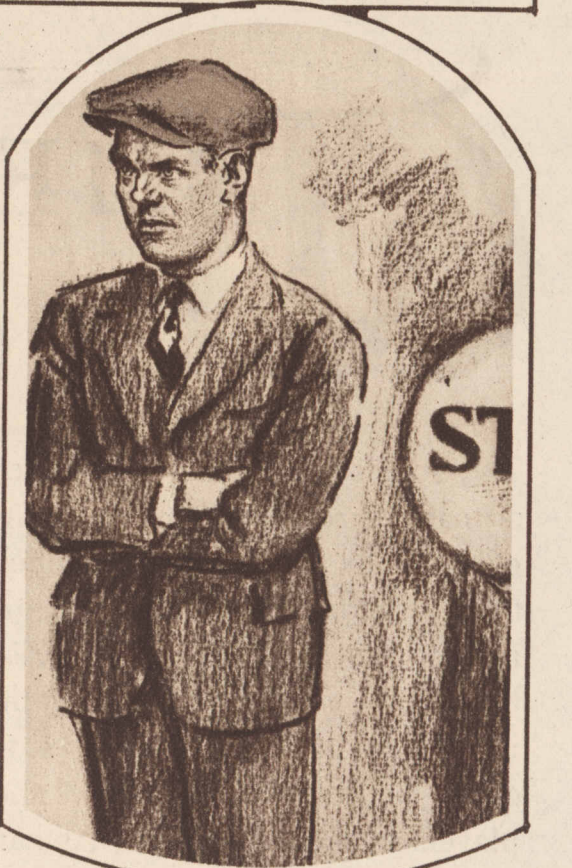
Service stations are getting quainter and quainter. The boys who deliver the gas are just as undecorative as ever, which is a pity, considering the fancy settings around them.



Meet handsome Herbert Lather, the greeting card salesman, rolling along from one hick town to another, thinking how much prettier the little scenes on the greeting cards are, taking them by and large, than the natural scenery one sees nowadays.



Benny, the snappy traffic cop, is doing very plain clothes duty this afternoon. They need a few fines down at head quarters and Benny is just the boy to pounce on unwary speeders.



Rooms for tourists. Anybody and everybody along a state highway aims "to live in a house by the side of a road and be a friend to man" at, of course, a slight remuneration.



Here is none other than Miss Binks, the district school teacher, taking home the report cards to fill out. She's waiting for a bus and wishing a big limousine would drive up, with Adolphe Menjou or Ramon Novarro in it, and give her a lift.



The rollicking tourists and the southern chicken and waffle dinner served on the bumpy lawn of "Ye Olde Blue Buzzard." Aunt Gracie and Aunt Mamie are afraid the cow will come out of the pasture and snap at them.