

# "CUPID RIDES A BUS" by POLAN BANKS

## CHAPTER XI

very dear friend—is trying to be funny. He's going to be laughing on the other side of his mouth, when I get my hands on him, but in the meantime—

"Maybe so, but—"

"Am I not telling the truth, Ginger darling?"

Ginger gulped, then thought of Miami.

"That's right officer. We're going to Miami to be married—really we are." She put on her most appealing look. "Please don't be an old meanie, Officer—and spoil our plans!"

"If that's true," said the officer, "why don't you two get married, and drive down there like respectable folks?"

Tony and Ginger looked at each other, taken aback.

"But our friends are waiting there for the wedding," said Ginger, faintly. "Our relatives—"

"Sure," said Tony. "My father is down there right now, in Palm Beach."

The officer stroked his stubble, and spat reflectively.

"If it wasn't for that New York alarm, I might say 'go ahead.' But tell you what I'll do though; and I know the Judge'll agree with me, he's my brother-in-law. Come on over to his office and get married like decent folks—and we'll let you go on, and forget we ever saw you. If anyone else stops you—you'll have your marriage certificate."

The two were stunned. The look they exchanged was so full of unwillingness and consternation that the immediate arbiter of their destinies was immediately suspicious. He was the type of man who had been born suspicious, anyway. His jaw hardened, as he remembered that it was up to him to uphold the moral tone and dignity of his community.

"What's it to be?" he asked, coldly. "A honeymoon, or a stretch in the jug?"

Ginger opened her mouth—and shut it again.

"Under the circumstances," said Tony grinning weakly, "I think this young lady will have to make an honest man of me now, instead of waiting until we get to Florida. But if our union goes on the rocks, officer, the blame rests upon your commonwealth's head. You know what they say about jumping into matrimony—"

"Let's get going," said the Law shortly. And started his motorcycle. Tony followed suit.

They started off down the road, the motorcycle just behind.

"Why did you do that?" asked Ginger.

"What else was there to do?"

"But—marriage! He wasn't joking."

"He wasn't joking about jail, either. And you have to get to Miami by Monday, don't you?"

are traveling alone, ain't we're not. We're traveling two other couples."

"There are they?"

"They're arrested—" Tony caught himself and gulped. "They—er—this morning. But only temporarily. We're going to meet on the road again later."

"You said you were going to meet me," said the Law with a smile. "Lying ain't going to get you none, brother. So don't slip on the judge. Now, just get down the road a piece to the judge, and don't try any tricks, because I'm right behind you. And if I do say so my—"

Ginger grabbed Tony's arm. "What are we going to do?"

"Don't worry," Tony told her. He was annoyed. "We'll keep this on the papers, somehow."

"What about Monday noon—"

"I looked at her and took in her dress on her face; he thought suddenly he grinned, and her a faint wink. He turned the impatient officer.

"Look here, officer—you look like understanding man. And you a romantic soul—you must be a married man," said the officer.

"You're married! Then you've been in love yourself, haven't you?"

"Of course you have! Then you'll help us!"

"It's bribery you're thinking of?"

"You flatter me," said Tony. "No something else."

"All the world loves a lover. And at the moment, you're all the world to me." He sighed. "It was a secret. Miss Drake is my fiancée. We're on our way to Florida to be married. See?"

"When you did New York send the alarm to pick you up on the act charge?"

"It was a gag," said Tony. "Just see. A friend of ours—a"

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of the late Robena Bishop, deceased, late of the county of Haywood, North Carolina, I am hereby notified all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to me, at my office, at Clyde, N. C., Rt 1, before the 26th day of April, 1942, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate please make immediate payment on or before the 26th day of March, 1942.

R. C. BISHOP,  
Administrator of Robena Bishop.  
No. 1168—Mar. 16-April 2-9-16-20.

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## Suds up and Rave!



Because Swan suds are baby-mild They are perfect for a child. Another reason folks are raving is that Swan's so penny-saving:

• Raving? Sure! Swan's baby-gentle—mild as imported castles. No soap is purer!

## Swan up and Save!



Doing dishes? Swan suds fast... Suds that save because they last! Also, Swan is mild as May—Grand for hands, the gals all say.

• Swan suds last longer than old-style floating soaps, do more dishes!

**Swan** THE BABY-GENTLE FLOATING SOAP THAT'S A SUDSIN' WHIZ!

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

TURN IN: GRACE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS PAUL WHITEMAN

See your local paper for time and station

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"That's a job—but getting married—"

"I'm sorry I'm not the millionaire you're looking forward to, for a husband," said Tony. "But don't worry—we'll just get a Florida divorce, that's all. You can get one in ninety days down there. For desertion, non-support, cruelty—why not cruelty? You can say I eat crackers in bed and don't like your hats."

She refused to be amused.

"I'm not thinking of myself, Tony. I'm thinking of you. It's sweet of you to want to do this for me, but I can't let you sac—"

He gave her a wry look.

"Don't start knitting me a laurel wreath, my girl—I'm not as noble as you think. If we don't do this, we're in a jam, and we're bound to get into the papers—particularly if those cops after the diamond thieves catch up to us while we're held in the bastille. After getting thrown out of college on my ear. I'm not anxious to make my Dad any angrier at me than he already is." He grinned. "Anyway, you ought to be glad of this opportunity? What chance has a girl got for a career nowadays, without a divorce or two behind her?"

Ginger thought of many things, in kaleidoscopic succession, and all of them were definitely upsetting.

"It's all Ronny's fault!" she said, bitterly. "Oh, how I hate men!"

"Since when is a crooner a man?" Tony asked innocently, and chuckled. "Think of Rockaby's face when he hears about this!"

Unwillingly, she smiled despite herself, at the thought. Her smile grew wry.

"When I answered your share-expense ad, I didn't expect I was going to share your name, too, before the trip was over!"

"Gas and oil, and now my name," he observed. "I really ought to charge you extra."

Ginger flushed. She had never in her wildest dreams imagined being married this way. She said so.

"That's nothing," said Tony Haylor. "I never in my wildest dreams thought I'd be married at all."

Neither said anything more. They were both sober as a pair of condemned criminals walking the last mile as the bus drew up at last before the little office with the sign "Justice of the Peace" upon its window.

Ginger Drake and Tony Taylor were married in the dingy little office of the Justice of the Peace, with the latter's wife, and her brother, who had arrested them, as witnesses. Casanova, the cat, was also an interested spectator.

They made an attractive, if none too enthusiastic-looking, couple. Tony placed his class ring upon Ginger's proper finger, and before either of them quite realized it, the ceremony was over.

"Now pronounce you man and wife," said the Justice, and looked

at them over his spectacles. "Two dollars please."

Tony paid him, and reflected that the exchequer was that much lower. He did not kiss the bride.

Their droopy-mustached Cupid in uniform shook hands with the groom.

You're going to thank me for this some day," he told Tony earnestly.

"I thank you, and my wife thanks you, and our whole darned family thanks you, right now," said Tony. "By the way, I wish you'd tell the Governor of North Carolina to tip off the Governor of South Carolina about this military ceremony of ours. I don't want my honeymoon spoiled by having to have another shotgun wedding, so soon."

"Don't worry, it's legal now," said the other. "You can cross all the State lines you want."

"Thank you so much," said Tony. "Thank you so very much," added Ginger.

Unsmiling, the bride and groom collected the Thomas-cat, Casanova, and re-boarded their bus, waiting at the curb.

They did not know it, then, but their erstwhile captor, who was a sentimentalist, had tied an old shoe to their bus's tail-light. . . .

(To be Continued)

Regardless of what we think of the social theories of the Bolsheviks, the Red army is doing the world a great service.

### NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, in a special proceeding entitled T. L. Green, administrator of J. H. Rogers, deceased, and Carl C. Rogers, only heir at law-exparte, the same being No. 227, Special Proceeding docket of said court, the undersigned commissioner will, on Monday, the 27th day of April, 1942, at 11 o'clock a. m., on the premises 3-4 mile north east of Clyde, N. C., in Haywood County, sell to the highest bidder, the following described land and premises, to wit:

One lot described as follows: BEGINNING at an iron pin in the center of the highway leading from Thompson Cove to the town of Clyde, N. C., and running thence with center of said highway N. 12°30' W. 74 feet to an iron pin, the S. W. corner of Claude Thompson lot; thence with his line N. 89° E. 309 1/2 feet to a fence post in the D. I. L. Smathers line; thence with his line S. 8° W. 76 feet to a post in a fence; thence with Hoyt Carr's line S. 89° W. 279 feet to the beginning, containing one-half acre, more or less.

Also one lot adjoining the above, bounded as follows: BEGINNING on an iron pin in the center of highway leading from Thompson Cove to the town of Clyde, the same being the northeast corner of the Marvin Snyder lot, and runs thence with the center of said highway and D. M. Cagle line N. 8° 30' W. 87.9 feet to an iron pin, J. H. Rogers' southwest corner; thence with his line N. 89° E. 279 feet to an iron pin or stake in line of D. I. L. Smathers; thence with said line about 8° W. 76 feet to a stake; thence S. 88° 25' W. 254 feet to the beginning, containing one half acre, more or less.

Said land also has on it a small two-room and basement dwelling, and will be sold at public outcry to the highest bidder, either for cash or one half cash and the balance on 6 and 12 months time to suit the purchaser, and separate as lots or as a whole, as deemed best by the commissioner. There are also some minor articles of personal and household goods which will be sold at the same time, for cash.

This 27th day of March, 1942.

T. L. GREEN,  
Commissioner.

No. 1170 April 2-9-16-23.

## 4-H Club Award for Wickard



C. P. Phonophoto  
This picture shows Doty Rensberg (left), and Sarah Jenkins (right), members of the 4-H Club, as they pin the first Victory Pin on Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, in Washington.

What Made News Years Ago

(Continued from page 2)

trophy by fire.

Jack Messer is re-elected superintendent of education in Haywood county.

J. M. Long reports Golf course at Country Club in good condition for playing.

TEN YEAR AGO 1932

Eric H. Louw, of Capertown, South Africa, ambassador from Africa, praises Waynesville and North Carolina and would like to make his home here, "next to Africa."

Prisoner at Hazelwood State camp is pulled off fence by other convicts while trying to escape.

Veterans to hold special meeting here to vote on bonus question.

Clean-up campaign to be put on by business firms in Waynesville.

Commencement exercises to be held in township high school begin on April 24th, with 66 graduates.

Average pay of teachers in state now \$551 per year.

350 boys sign up for 4-H club work in Haywood county.

Governor Gardner continues to hammer away at the live-at-home

## Commissioners Draw Jury For May Civil Court

The county board of commissioners in session here Monday drew the jurors for the May term of civil court which will convene here on Monday, May 4th, with Judge Allen Gwyn, of Reidsville, presiding.

Those drawn for the first week include the following: Jarvis Palmer, Jonathan Creek; Will E. Pruett, Waynesville; Sam F. Ferguson, Fines Creek; Verlin Evans, Ivy Hill; G. R. Underwood, Waynesville; G. B. Burnett, Beaverdam; Jarvis T. Morrow, Waynesville; Harry Howell, Clyde; Paul Ferguson, Jonathan Creek; Spurgeon Grogan, East Fork.

Also, Chas. E. Briggs, Clyde; C. P. Singleton, Beaverdam; John E. Rhinehart, Clyde; W. A. Moore, Pigeon; J. E. Paxton, Beaverdam; E. J. Schulhoffer, Waynesville; M. P. Blanton, Waynesville; E. J. Hyatt, Waynesville; H. W. Caldwell, Waynesville; J. B. James, Crabtree; Allen Davis, White Oak; Hiram Leatherwood, Cataloochee; Will Bryson, Iron Duff; Ned Moody, Cecil.

For the second week: Hardy Limer, Jr., Ivy Hill; John A. Henson, East Fork; V. A. Campbell, Ivy Hill; Alex Shamolis, Beaverdam; Charlie Gaddis, Waynesville; Gurley Robinson, Clyde; Paul R. Robinson, Beaverdam; T. E. Wilson, Beaverdam; Jeff Jaynes, Ivy Hill; S. B. McCracken, Beaverdam; J. R. Ratcliff Medford, Waynesville; L. N. Davis, Waynesville; J. Vance Mehaffey, Pigeon; John F. Harrell, Jonathan Creek; Hugh C. Best, Crabtree; J. M. Garrison, Waynesville; Robert Mease, Pigeon.

## Health is an asset to everyone but the doctors.

Is it going to be a source of pleasure to you or a source of anxiety? Adequate automobile insurance will do much to guarantee your pleasure in driving.

Liability and property damage insurance, fire and theft insurance, collision insurance—all are obtainable at this agency.

## MARRIAGES

John Roy McDowell, of Clyde, to Clara Craig, of Waynesville.

James F. Buell to Edna Hendrix, both of Canton.

Robert Neal Crawford, of Waynesville, to Esta Pauline Ledford, of Shooting Creek.

Accidents on the highways are just as fatal as enemy bullets if you happen to be a victim but, why worry about being killed on the highway

hammer away at the live-at-home campaign.

## L. N. Davis & Co.

Real Estate—Rentals—Insurance

"Satisfaction With Safety"

Phone 77 Main Street



"Gee whiz, Mr. Jessup, a DOUBLE-DECKER!"

You can see and smile at Billy's nickel double-decker. But there's another kind of double-decker you can't see—though you enjoy it every month.

It's in your electric bill—the fact that the average price of household electricity is about half of what it was 15 years ago.

"Wait a minute!" you say. "If the rates have been reduced that much, why hasn't my bill been cut in half?"

The answer is, of course, that you use more electricity than you used to. While

the price was going down, you were adding useful new electric appliances.

Right now, for a nickel a day, about 1/3 of all American families light their homes, play their radios, run their vacuum cleaners.

For two nickels a day, about 2/3 of all American families operate lights, radio, cleaner, toaster, percolator, clocks and washer.

That makes the electric nickel just about the world's biggest double-decker!

How was it done? By good business management of the nation's electric companies. By the same planned production of power that is turning the wheels that turn out the guns to keep America free!

**CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS