

"Gram Says"

The first of the New Year, with a robin in the yard and here I am surrounded with new pamphlets beaming with those gorgeous 1953 "All America Award Winning" flowers. Do you suppose it means spring?

We just arrived home from the deep south, where poinsettias and camellias are making beautiful patterns in color on the lawns of those old Southern homes and the gardens are alive with collard, mustard and turnip greens. (You folks know how with a little piece of pork we like them too.) These with the fishermen (who do get the fish) are what a few hundred miles can make in climate and vegetation.

After watching those little boats with their white sails come into the bay loaded with shrimp I had more respect for the song writer.

The eating houses' favorite menus are fried chicken and sea foods with all the biscuits and corn sticks you can eat.

I really enjoyed a lunch at the Friendship House at Gulf Port, Miss., where I was served a plate filled with several kinds of sea foods deliciously cooked. But the coffee, to me, was spoiled with the chicory which the southern folks like mixed with, or roasted with, the coffee.

At New Orleans we visited the docks where the ships were unloading bananas and it was interesting to watch the man, who graded them as they passed along on a long conveyor. These were carried by colored boys to refrigerator cars and trucks to be shipped up north. None but the green were sent. Those ripening were kept for local consumption.

I always enjoyed watching those crazy clouds float into the bay from the gulf bulging with moisture, which without any ceremony, pours it like a cloud burst which floods the sandy soil but soon sinks out of sight. Then on evenings, when the sun leaves the horizon and sinks, it seems, into the ocean, the skies become a picture of reds, blended with purples and surrounded by blues. Each evening brings new beauty as you watch the tide roll in.

There in the south every other person is attached to the army air force, navy or some branch of the government which reminds you there is a war going on.

I hope to again go back and enjoy more of the sunshine and hospitality. It is a nice place in the winter time.

Gram S. E. B.