



For twenty long years he had remembered

When the Rob't E. Lee stopped at Aunt Jemima's cabin



This, they say, is how her pancakes became famous

HIGBEE'S Landing! To most of the passengers on the Rob't E. Lee it meant simply a stop. To the old Confederate General aboard, it meant the goal of a twenty-year purpose.

The low whistle of the old side-wheeler broke into the stillness of the morning—and into the reverie of the former soldier. It seemed to be a signal for his story, and a group of fellow travelers gathered close as he spoke.

"Back in '64 when things wuh hot in this section, Ah happened heah," he said.

"In one of those sudden tuhms in the tide of battle Ah found mahself separated from mah men. Just mah awdlerly was with me. An' we sho' wuh in a fix.

"Theah was one chance—to play possum on the enemy. Rolling into the thicker of a gully right neah, we lay still as death. An' luck was with us. When night came 'twas fatahly peaceful chah 'houms and we reckoned we'd bettah move. Must have made a couple o' miles or so that night though we kept right close to the ground, not takin' any moah chances than we could help. And all next day we lay quiet 'mong some bushes right close to the rival.

"Long toahrd evening it seemed like ouah men wuh gainin' back, judgin' by the noise. But we knew we wuh back of the enemy line. Things wuh pretty 'bluc.'

"That second night, keeping close to the rival, we made bettah progress; got along right well. But we did have a couple o' narrow ones—a sentry, Ah recollect, took a whack at us. Good guessah, he was, too; just a triffe high on his elevation. An' once we wuh headed right fo' a group

of 'em asleep, when one of 'em coughed. That sho' was fo'tunate.

"WELL, mawnin' was comin' again, and the lack of food was tellin' on ouah strength. Just at the break o' day when we thought we'd drop from riahthness, we came across a little path from the rival. It led to that cabin, gentlemen." He pointed it out on the Louisiana shore.

"Fine place foah a seo' of guerillas to be stoppin', Ah thought. But mah awdlerly reckoned we'd find friends in the old cabin if any one was theah. So we crep' close on yondah side an' hid.

"Gentlemen, Ah can't express mah feelings of that mawnin' when out o' that cabin came the sound of a mammy's voice and we heahd 'er say somerthin' about huh 'chillions havin' an evah-lastin' appetite fo' pancakes.' We could hardly believe ouah cahrs; it seemed too good to be true. But we wuh no time at all in gettin' to that doahway.

"The mammy seemed to guess ouah story and hardly befoah we knew it she had us down at the table with big stacks o' pancakes in front of us. Just pancakes—that's all she had—but such pancakes they wuh! Nevah befoah had I tasted theah equal—and nevah since.

"We leashed afrahwards that the mammy was Aunt Jemima; befoah the wah cook in the family of one Cum'l Higbee who owned a fine plantation heah and that she was, in those old days, known all ovah the South fo' huh cookin' skill, specially fo' huh pancakes.

"Gentlemen, Ah've always wanted to pay mah respects to that kind mammy and Ah took this boat pulpously, fo' it stops heah. It may be that she's still alive. Ah'm goin' to see."

WHEN the boat was tied to the landing, the old General and his newly-made acquaintances were first off.

Sure enough, Aunt Jemima was still living in the little old cabin and she willingly, at the old General's request, whisked up a batch of her pancakes.

With bright pieces of gold coin he expressed, in a way, his appreciation of her kindness—and the visit was ended all too soon by the summoning bell of the Rob't E. Lee.

Later, so the story goes, one of the party, a representative of a large Missouri flour mill, returned. He persuaded the mammy to sell him the recipe, and it was agreed that she should go to the mill and oversee its preparation in a ready-mixed form.

THUS, according to the records, were Aunt Jemima's Pancakes made known to the North.

Today they're America's favorite breakfast! So easy to make—you just add water to the Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour you can get in any grocery. And they're so fine-flavored, so rich, so wholesome and good—*always* that.

Try them tomorrow—and you'll know why the old General remembered them all those years.

Aunt Jemima *Buckwheat* Flour is ready-mixed, too. Makes fine breakfasts for these winter mornings!

"It's in town, Honey!"

How to Get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top of our package of Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour. You'll see a picture of a funny rag doll. Write your name and address on a card and send it to the Aunt Jemima Flour Company, 111 North 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Copyright 1930 Aunt Jemima Mills Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



SWT Domestic Advertisement Collection Quaker-Pan 1930