

LAF-A-LOT CLUB HOLDS MEETING

POEM EXTOLLING CHARMS OF ST.
PETERSBURG IS ONE OF
THE FEATURES.

St. Petersburg has a new club with an odd name. It is called "Laf-a-Lot" and is composed mainly of Michigan visitors who have been here all winter. The club held a meeting this week at the home of Miss Gussie Turner and the following poem, written by Mrs. Nellie I. Thomas, was read:

We love our own fair Michigan,
With stately trees and sun-kissed hills,
The winding rivers, crystal lakes,
Its great broad acres where man tills
With modern helps or ways that's crude
The soil that gives its children food.

We're charmed with nature's varied hues,
The green of spring, blue skies of June,
The smiling clovers, yellow grains,
And autumn, following on so soon,
That sheds with all its colors fair
A golden radiance everywhere.

But when the cold and snow comes on
And spreads its mantle o'er the earth,
We're prone to seek the corners warm,
Or gather round the fire-lit hearth
And feel, when "Jack Frost" paints the pane
That old King Winter's come again.

'Tis then our thoughts will drift away,
And linger there in sweet content,
To where the Sunny Southland lies
With all its store of riches sent
To make glad hearts, with comforts rare,
With room for all, and some to spare.

We're fascinated with the thought,
And as we dream the lure grows stronger,
Until we find our fate is fixed,
We can content ourselves no longer,
For down there where the grapefruit grows,
Is where the "Winter Tourist" goes.

And that, you see, is why we're here,
Although for others there might be
Some different motive they would give,
But I'm sure all agree with me