

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ROAD TRIP

**THANK YOU  
PLEASE  
COME AGAIN**

HOW GAS STATIONS FEED & FUEL THE AMERICAN SOUTH

**BY KATE MEDLEY**

FOREWORD BY KIESE LAYMON



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**THANK YOU PLEASE COME AGAIN:  
HOW GAS STATIONS FEED & FUEL  
THE AMERICAN SOUTH**

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**“THE STATIONS I STOPPED AT COMPELLED ME TO  
DIG DEEPER AND TO WONDER: WHO LIVES HERE?  
WHAT DO THEY DO FOR WORK? WHAT DO THEY  
EAT? WHAT DO THEY BELIEVE? WHAT IS THE  
PACE OF THE DAY? WHAT IS IMPORTANT IN THEIR  
AMERICA? THEIR SOUTH?”**

**— KATE MEDLEY**



Bruce Store  
Ponce de Leon, Florida

## IT STARTED WITH JR. FOOD MART

# K I E S E L A Y M O N

It started on date night and in Jr. Food Mart, my obsession with Mississippi restaurants that served gas.

This was date night in 1984.

Ofa D, my grandmama's boyfriend, would come over Friday nights in the summer. Ofa D wore head-to-toe camouflage decades before it was in style, then out of style, then back in style to wear head-to-toe camouflage. He smelled like tobacco and, most importantly to everyone in Forest, Mississippi, Ofa D had an actual Coke machine in the front yard of his trailer. Not the goofy plastic kind, either. The kind where you had to pull out the ice-cold bottle. As quiet as it was kept, Ofa D was the sexiest man in Forest off of that fact alone. Ofa D would pick Grandmama and me up maybe 20 minutes before "The Dukes of Hazzard" came on Friday evening.

They'd sit in the front cab of a raggedy Ford listening to a Tina Turner tape. I'd sit in the back, next to burnt orange

pine needles, a few broken lawnmowers, and all forms of rust. Friday nights smelled like dead chickens, piney woods, browning water, burning yard, and the insecticide that the mosquito man sprayed over every mile of Forest.

Grandmama didn't wear her Sunday best, or even her Friday best, to Jr. Food Mart on date night with Ofa D. She'd drape herself in this baby blue velour jogging suit sent down from Mama Rose in Milwaukee. Grandmama was the best chef, cook, food conjurer, and gardener in Scott County. Hence, she hated on all food, and all food stories, that she did not make.

But Grandmama never, ever hated on the cuisine at Jr. Food Mart, our favorite restaurant that served gas.

I have no idea what I wore any of those Friday nights. I just knew that there was no more regal way to move through space in Forest, Mississippi, at 8 years old, no matter how you were dressed, than the back of a pickup truck near dusk.

At this time of evening, even on a Friday, or maybe especially on a Friday, there were more gangs of TGIF dogs roaming the roads than people walking to and from work. But I swear, even the gang of TGIF dogs were jealous of how we looked going where we were going on Friday night.

I loved everything about where we were going. I loved the smell of friedness. I loved the way the red popped in the sign. I loved how the yellow flirted with the red. I loved that the name of the restaurant started with Jr. instead of ending in Jr. Like, Food Mart Jr.

I loved that we could get batteries and gizzards. I loved that we could get biscuits and Super Glue. I loved that we could get dishwashing soap, which was also bubble bath, which was also the soap we used to wash Grandmama’s Impala, and the good hot sauce in the same aisle. I was 8 years old. I never knew, or cared, that my favorite restaurant served gas. My Grandmama and Ofa D were deep into their 50s. They seemed to never know or care that our favorite restaurant served gas, either.

I suppose there were choices of where you’d eat out in Forest. There was a Pizza Inn. There was a McDonald’s. There was Penn’s Fish House. There was Kentucky Fried Chicken. But there were no choices in what we’d eat on Friday. Ofa D would order a box of dark meat, a Styrofoam container of fried fish, and a brown bag filled with ’tato logs. Grandmama would grab a box of a dozen donuts. Grandmama and Ofa D would let me pick my own cold drank. I picked the six-pack Nehi Peach or RC Cola every single time.

Maybe 35 minutes later, I’d eat myself into a lightweight coma while Grandmama and Ofa D lightly petted and pecked each other on the couch with the week’s greasiest lips. This was our practice. This was their romance.

I would have to get kicked out of college in Mississippi, then transfer to a school in Oberlin, Ohio, then go to graduate school in Bloomington, Indiana, then get a job in Poughkeepsie, New York, at 26 before I really understood that my favorite restaurant served gas, and this discovery didn’t happen at a gas station or restaurant in any of the places I went to school or worked.

I was driving back to Mississippi with my partner, a Black woman raised in the Northeast, when she commented how there were so many more McDonald’s and Subway restaurants connected to gas stations on I-81 South. “Isn’t it just so American that we will eat anything right next to literal oil and gas.”

The sentence shocked me. I’d never, ever thought about what it meant that so many restaurants on the way down to Mississippi from New York were parts of gas stations. That revelation tasted like crude oil. It didn’t taste fried at all. I remember saying, “Gotdamn. That’s so foul.”

And I’m still sure it is.

But I’d never really thought about the fact that my favorite restaurants, as a child, as a teenager, as an adult returning to Mississippi, nearly all served gas. And I never, ever thought of

them as gas stations that served food. That is, until I moved back to Mississippi to teach and write in 2015.

Oxford, Mississippi, was, in many ways, as far from home as one could imagine. That’s where I came back to Mississippi to teach. But there were three restaurants that served gas between Batesville and Oxford that honestly gave my memory of Jr. Food Mart a run.

This is where the story gets a bit shameful, because though my favorite restaurants serve gas, and a staple of restaurants that serve gas is fried chicken and fried fish, I haven’t eaten meat in 30 years. Granny worked the line at the chicken plant my entire childhood and I saw enough the few times I visited her at work to feel some kind of way about those little chickens, and the way the humans paid to kill, clean, slice, and wrap the chickens were paid.

Still, the restaurant that serves gas leading to the square has the best chicken-on-a-stick ever, I’ve been told. They definitely have the best fried potatoes, I know. The restaurant that serves gas on the other side of the square has the best banana pudding I’ve had anywhere other than Grandmama’s kitchen.

And the restaurant right off 1-55, at the first Batesville exit, where Highway 6 takes you to Oxford, has the best pecan pie and sweet potato pie on earth. They only sell it by the slice, though, and on my worst days — which were also my best days in Oxford — I’d drive down to Batesville, pick out two pieces of each, look over at all the fish, chicken, potato salad,

macaroni and cheese, greens, and green beans and just feel so happy to be home, in a place where brutality leaves bruises, and a place that truly expects incredible restaurants to serve gas.

I missed that up North.

Yet it is the experience of eating food from restaurants that serve gas that really elucidates our American, or our deeply Southern American, conundrum. Our practices are literally poisonous. Mississippi charges me a tax for driving a hybrid car. It literally charges me for not wanting to fuck up our environment more. And. But. The friendships we make while experimenting and/or surviving the poisonous parts of Mississippi are what make our lives and definitely our childhoods — if we are willing to mine them — heavier, and actually most wonderfully Southern.

I missed that up North.

My grandmother had her 94th birthday last week. It was the first birthday we’ve had for her where the only people left (alive) were family, except for one woman who was slightly younger than Grandmama. This woman knew me and thought I should have known her. She introduced herself as Ms. Joyce. Ms. Joyce made all the food for my Grandmama’s birthday, and apparently, she was the person I’d paid to cook for granny before she had to move in with my Auntie Sue. Ms. Joyce, I learned that day, also was a head cook at Jr. Food Mart all those decades ago.

Nancy Valentine  
Little Blue Store  
Falcon, Mississippi

I found a time to tell Ms. Joyce thank you for the birthday food and for the food she made at Jr. Food Mart. I asked her if she thought of Jr. Food Mart as a restaurant that served gas or a gas station that served food. Ms. Joyce said she thought of Jr. Food Mart as "my damn job."

She said she was the cook, the custodian, the shopper, the manager, the security guard, and the server. All for minimum wage. She said the job was actually the worst job of her life in terms of pay and labor, but she never had a better time at work because she got to love on her people every Friday night. Ms. Joyce compared Friday nights at Jr. Food Mart to Saturday evenings when the bus from Jackson would arrive in Forest and all these parents and grandparents would see kids who'd moved to Jackson.

I told her I understood, and said that my favorite restaurant still serves gas. Ms. Joyce looked at me and said, "Oh, OK," then hugged Grandmama's neck and said, "I miss my job. But I'm shole glad not to be washing them damn dishes and fooling with them gizzards no more."

My favorite restaurant served gas.  
My favorite restaurant served gas.

My favorite restaurant paid its most important asset, a human we called Ms. Joyce, as little as one could get paid to work in any restaurant. She was paid as little as one could get paid while smelling, and sometimes pumping, gas for folks unable to pump until her shift ended at 11 p.m.

This, now, is part of my favorite restaurant memory, too. And while I smell the memory as deeply as I've smelled anything in my life, I'm shole glad Ms. Joyce ain't cooking, cleaning, or washing no more damn dishes in any restaurant on Earth that serves gas.

I do miss her 'tato logs, though. I can't even lie about that. I miss our date night.





Cooper's Country Store  
Salters, South Carolina

## THE FILLING STATIONS OF OUR TIME

### K A T E M E D L E Y

Ten miles or so past the last stoplight in Hillsborough, North Carolina, a panoply of hand-painted signs dotted the roadside for the Farm & Garden Center: VEGETABLES, JELLY, LIVE PLANTS, LOCAL LAMB, BEER, BAIT. So I pulled off to gas up and was greeted by a shop dog named Parker, alongside the promised vegetables, bait, and beer.

Inside, an older Black woman donned a plastic hair covering in case of rain. A young Latinx couple purchased last-minute party provisions. Two white farmers seemingly shopped only for conversation. Peach hand pies, Bojangles biscuits pirated from an intown location, and organic beef came home with me that day in 2008. Four years later, I began documenting gas stations across the South — interviewing and photographing the people who run the shops, cook the food, and buy the goods. There is an egalitarian nature to the gas station, integral to the lives of people in every socioeconomic bracket if you live in the South, especially in rural areas. Working as a photojournalist, it became my way of studying this complex region, the people who live here, and how the populations and priorities are shifting.

New Yorkers have bodega culture. In the South, we have gas stations.

These one-stops were created with a single purpose in mind: to provide fuel for people as they moved their cars and farm equipment across land. In those early days, folks typically built gas stations onto existing general stores and pharmacies located in the middle of town. As cars became more affordable and commonplace by the 1930s, drive-in filling stations appeared along highways and bypasses, places with more space to accommodate the evolving infrastructure — underground tanks, multiple bays, and elaborate awnings.

Gas station amenities have since shifted. Up until the 1980s, you could get your car fully serviced in the garages of gas stations; now the garages are largely gone, and in their place are stores filled with fried chicken, taquitos, and Monster Energy drinks.

Today, industry insiders dispute the very term “gas station.” Do gas stations even exist anymore? Jeff Lenard of the



National Association of Convenience Stores would say no — we have convenience stores that sell gas. “The idea is to have a very competitive gas price, and when customers go into the store, you can make money off that transaction,” Lenard told NBC News. A recent survey by the association found that almost 60 percent of people buying gas also go inside the store.

And while gas stations have changed, so have we. Our politics may be polarized, our economics stratified, our neighborhoods segregated, and our rhetoric strained, but still nearly everyone regularly passes through these same commercial spaces. We fill up the tank. We relieve our bladders. We grab a cold one on the way home from work. We take advantage of Friday night’s “prime rib special.” We may rub elbows as we pass the ketchup. In an increasingly atomized world of mediated interactions, we have fewer and fewer communal spaces that unite us.

When I first set out on this journey, I wanted to explore not only these shared and seemingly sacred corridors, but also the types of cooking that might be happening in the backs

of gas stations. I took to the long road, both figuratively and literally, logging thousands of highway miles across 11 states in the Deep South. People sent recommendations along the way, but most of my approximately 150 stops were impromptu.

Preliminary research told me there are more than 145,000 gas stations in the U.S. Of those, 61 percent are owned by immigrants. The stations I stopped at compelled me to dig deeper and to wonder: Who lives here? What do they do for work? What do they eat? What do they believe? What is the pace of the day? What is important in their America? Their South?

I found gas station grills featuring emerging immigrant foodways. Others fuel the region’s farmworkers with hot plate lunches. Predawn biscuits for hunters. Young chefs getting their career start. Easily portable meals for laborers and travelers. Basic groceries in towns without a Kroger or Publix.





Memphis, Tennessee

I prioritized independently run establishments and places that sell gas, or did at one time. Some of these places are now closed or no longer standing, and others have since morphed into other forms — it's the nature of this type of business to constantly be evolving. And though I visited interstate-adjacent megastations, too, I did not photograph them. Instead, I trained my attention on the businesses that provided a portrait of a place. That quality is hard to define — more a vibe than a formula. But when you feel it, you know in your gut.

This is not a book about gas, nor a guidebook. I'm not reviewing these restaurants, or making any claim that they represent the best gas station food across the region. It's a book about work, culture, and survival.

So roll down the window and put the car in drive. We're taking a trip across the contemporary American South to meet the people who make these places so much more than what they appear to be: the fry cooks, mechanics, customers, road trippers and everyone in between.

## FORGOING THE PUMPS

When I first hit the road in the Mississippi Delta, I did not find bright-eyed gas station cooks filled with hope. I found service station owners struggling to get by, most of them serving a similar menu. Fried chicken. Burgers. Potato logs. In many instances they were the only commercial outlet for miles, so they couldn't afford not to sell food that is inexpensive, portable, and almost universally liked.

When I met Jeff Poynor, he was sitting outside his family's original gas station on the side of Highway 9 West in the no-stoptlight town of Banner, Mississippi. Inside were original wooden mailboxes from the days when the gas station doubled as the post office in the 1980s. Way in the back sat a dusty upright piano — a vestige of the time when the space transformed into a dance hall in the evenings during the '90s. Today, it's a tire shop.

Poynor walked me across the street to show off his newly constructed and more modern gas station, a 76 called Pop's. Clad in corrugated steel, Pop's serves a plate lunch, and customers

Amanda Simonson  
Old Town Grocery & Tackle  
Elaine, Arkansas

can sit at large round tables anchored by condiment-heavy lazy Susans. He introduced me to the five men who comprise what Poynor called “the 2 o’clock crowd.”

“You see that guy over there? He delivered packages for UPS for 40 years. Since his wife died last year, he eats at Pop’s for breakfast, lunch, and dinner,” said Poynor. “Every piece of food that goes into his body comes from this gas station.”

I traveled across the Mississippi River to Elaine, Arkansas, a town isolated both by the curvature of the river and its own troubled civil rights history — namely the Elaine Massacre of 1919, in which hundreds of Black people were killed after organizing to get more money for their cotton crops. Most of the commercial establishments in Elaine have closed. All of the gas is gone.

Gas is an expensive business. It requires significant upfront capital to build the under- and aboveground infrastructures, adhere to environmental regulations, and fill the tanks. For this reason, some gas station owners I visited had chosen to forgo

the pumps — either letting them run dry or ripping them out altogether — and focus their efforts instead on inside sales: snacks, beer, soda, cigarettes. And for some, hot food.

Empty pump columns remain outside of Old Town Grocery & Tackle near Elaine, where the slogan reads proudly: “We like our tea like we like our farmers — sweet and strong.”

Amanda Simonson was operating as the cook, cashier, and general manager when I stopped in. “The closest gas is 30 miles away,” said Simonson, “but I can offer you smothered pork chops.”

When Old Town Grocery & Tackle went up for sale several years ago, a local farmer took interest, because without the restaurant inside — the only hot food for miles — his farmhands would not have had anywhere to eat. “We serve a plate lunch for the farm crew each day, and that’s open to town folks, too,” said Simonson. “Except today, we’re serving a plate lunch for dinner because it’s planting season. They’ll be planting corn ‘til midnight.”





Gina Nguyen  
Banh Mi Boys  
Metairie, Louisiana

## NEW FOODWAYS IN OLD PLACES

In the suburbs of New Orleans, Peter Nguyen earned his culinary chops from afternoons spent binge-watching Food Network in high school. In 2016, Nguyen opened Banh Mi Boys. Located in the vacant space next to his family's Texaco in Metairie, Nguyen offers a counter-service menu that blends the culinary roots of his Vietnamese heritage with his Louisiana upbringing. In particular, diners queue up for Nguyen's garlic butter shrimp banh mi, a sandwich served on New Orleans-style French bread and anchored by Cajun garlic butter flash-fried shrimp, dressed with cucumber, jalapeno, cilantro, and pickled carrots and daikon. "This sandwich merges the feeling of a Louisiana crawfish boil with the taste of a traditional banh mi," Nguyen said. "Together, it warms your soul and feels so comforting."

Nguyen is part of a long tradition of immigrant populations entering the United States workforce by way of feeding people. Partly because of constraints within the traditional labor market — language barriers, racial discrimination, bureaucratic red tape

— many foreign-born entrepreneurs have turned to food-centric businesses requiring relatively low capital investment. We see examples of this all over the country: halal food trucks in New York City, taco stands on the West Coast, and Chinese corner stores in the Mississippi Delta. In the South, gas station food is an integral part of this economy.

In Uptown New Orleans, Abbas Alsherees, an Iraqi refugee who first came to Louisiana in the 1990s, and his wife, Shannon, opened Shawarma On-The-Go inside a Jetgo station on Magazine Street. The two met while he was working the register at another gas station. "She would stop in for coffee every morning, and I finally asked her out," said Alsherees. "We got married one week later."

They purchased the Jetgo station in 2002, but it wasn't until 2016 that Shawarma-On-The-Go opened. The centerpiece here is three vertical rotisseries, spinning with cylinders of meat, all cooked in-house. Perhaps most known for his chicken shawarma, Alsherees is particularly proud of the traditional Iraqi-style lula kebab (a blend of ground beef and lamb).

Gurjeet Singh  
Punjabi Dhaba  
Hammond, Louisiana

Across Lake Pontchartrain at an Icebox gas station in Hammond, Louisiana, I visited Gurjeet Singh, a partner in Punjabi Dhaba. Originally from Chandigarh, India, Singh took note of the increasing number of drivers in the American trucking industry from the northern Indian region of Punjab. "They travel across the country driving these trucks, and they have nowhere to eat," Singh told me.

In 2018, with the help of a few business partners, Singh bought this former Shell station because of its strategic location — at the intersection of interstates 55 and 12 — and opened his North Indian restaurant. Along the back wall emblazoned with local favorite Community Coffee advertising, Singh instead serves Punjabi chai. The aromas of meat, saag, and paneer offerings emanate from a cascade of steam tables in the middle of the dining room. Punjabi Dhaba is among an estimated 40 dhabas that have opened on interstate exits across the U.S. in response to the growing number of Punjabi drivers in the long-haul trucking industry.

While originally catering exclusively to these drivers, Singh's restaurant became a destination for people across the South

seeking great Indian food. Soon he will remove the commercial kitchen, steam tables, and fine linens at Punjabi Dhaba and replace them with racks of Corn Nuts, Takis, and Fritos. The Punjabi restaurant will move into a dedicated space across town, and Icebox will revert back to a regular convenience store selling gas. "Because rich people," Singh said, "don't eat at gas stations."

## FULL SERVICE

Fred Eaton, along with six of his brothers and their father, opened Fred Eaton Service Station in Prichard, Alabama, in the early 1960s. It remains a full-service, cash-only enterprise. And it is one of less than 50 Black-owned gas stations in the country.

In addition to the fuel, oil changes, and tire repair, Eaton's has become a gathering place for folks in this tight-knit South Alabama community. "When people retire, they come sit around out front," said Eaton. "Take the preacher, for instance. He's retired. He'll sit around and we'll talk church





Betty Campbell  
Betty's Place  
Indianola, Mississippi

stuff. It's not real church, but it's a lot like real church. Right here at my own service station."

Even after the Civil Rights Act passed in 1964, traveling in the South was a perilous undertaking for Black people. As racist attitudes persisted at many white-owned businesses, travelers of color had to exercise caution when choosing a restaurant or gas station to patronize. Because of this, Black-owned gas stations, though few and far between, served as one-stop shops for travelers, offering fuel, restroom services, and restaurant-quality food. For many of these stations, food became the primary profit driver. An emphasis was placed on portable foods that could travel easily — fried chicken, sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and sliced cake.

When Betty Campbell was a child growing up in Indianola, Mississippi, in the 1950s, her family did not patronize the Way's Chevron on Main Street. It was located just north of the tracks, which meant it was on the white side of town, in

a place that had recently birthed the White Citizens' Council. "Black people did not trade there," said Campbell. Her family — a Black family — got their gas out on the highway instead.

In 2008, after becoming a private chef for notable clients such as B.B. King, Campbell and her husband decided to open a restaurant. The old Way's gas station on Main Street came up for sale, and Betty's Place opened. Campbell found it to be the perfect spot, in the heart of downtown and a stone's throw from the new B.B. King Museum, which sees some 30,000 visitors annually from all over the world. "They tell all the tourists about Betty's Place," said Campbell's brother, Otha.

"Not only do Black travelers see Betty's as a safe place to stop for lunch, white travelers see it as a safe place, too," he said. "White [folks] that may be visiting Mississippi and have ideas about racism down here, they walk into Betty's and I greet them with 'Welcome,' and they know I mean it. Everyone is welcome here at Betty's Place."

Servicio

WE RENT

CHARLES &  
MAYERS

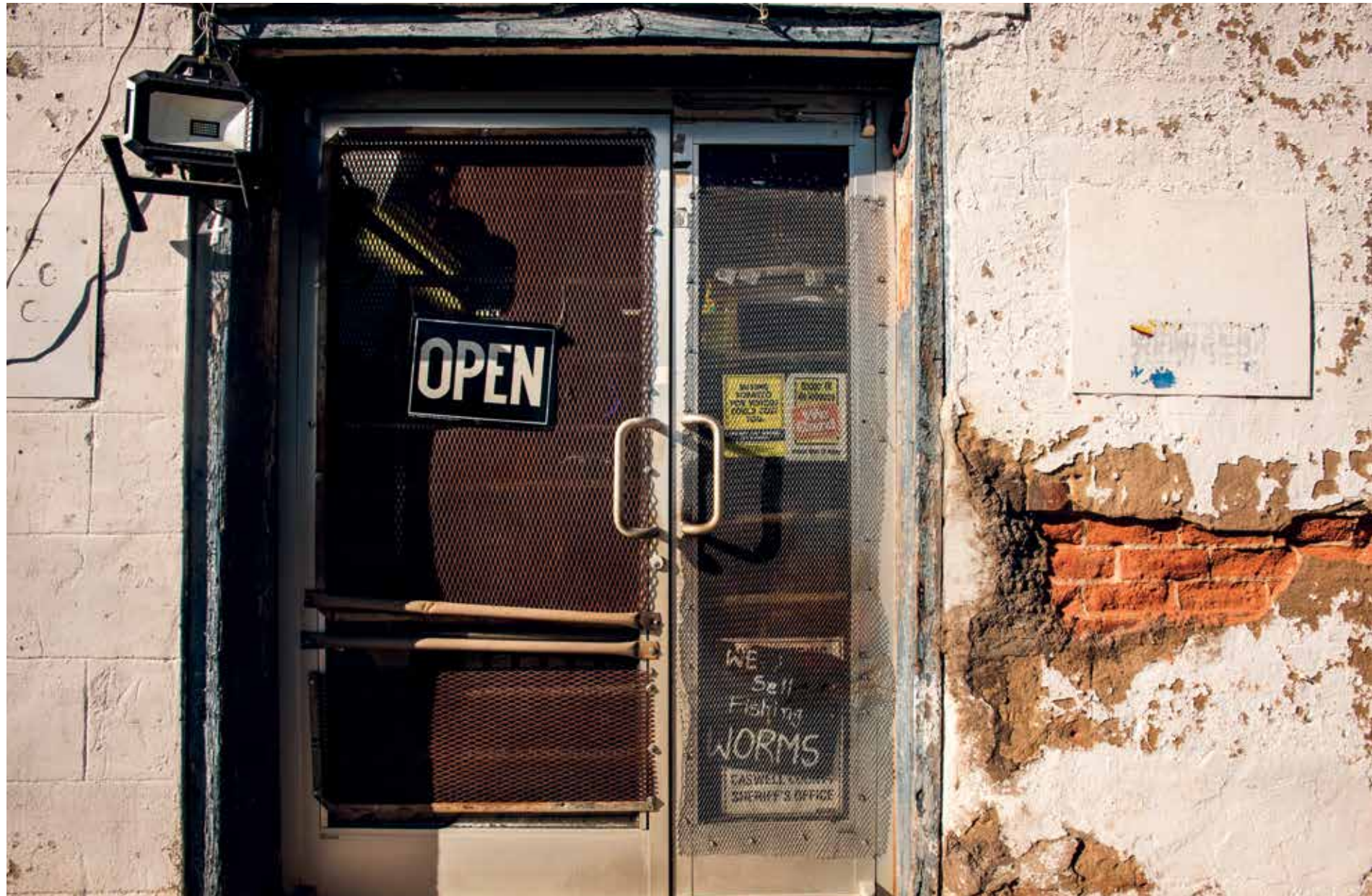
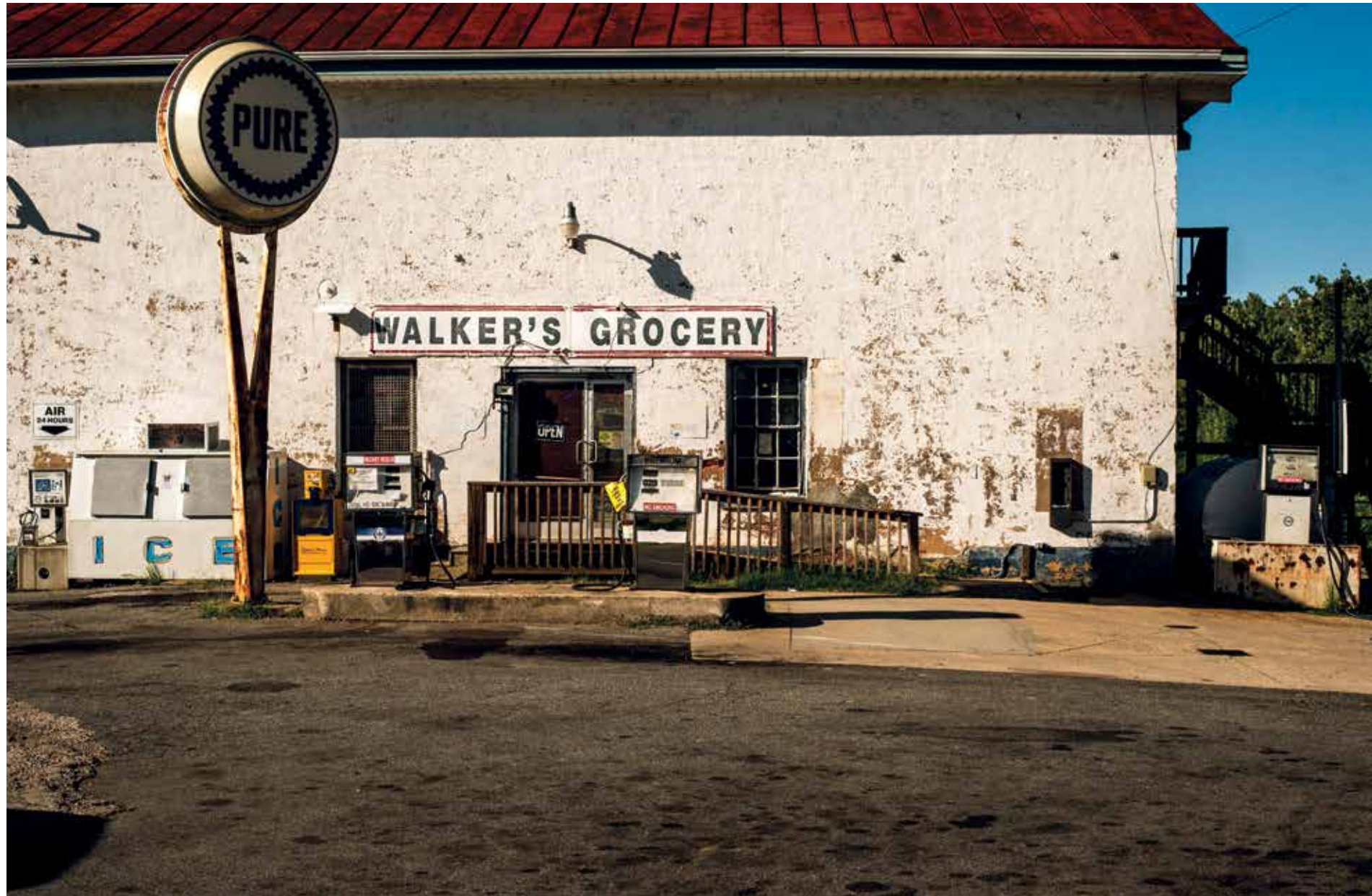
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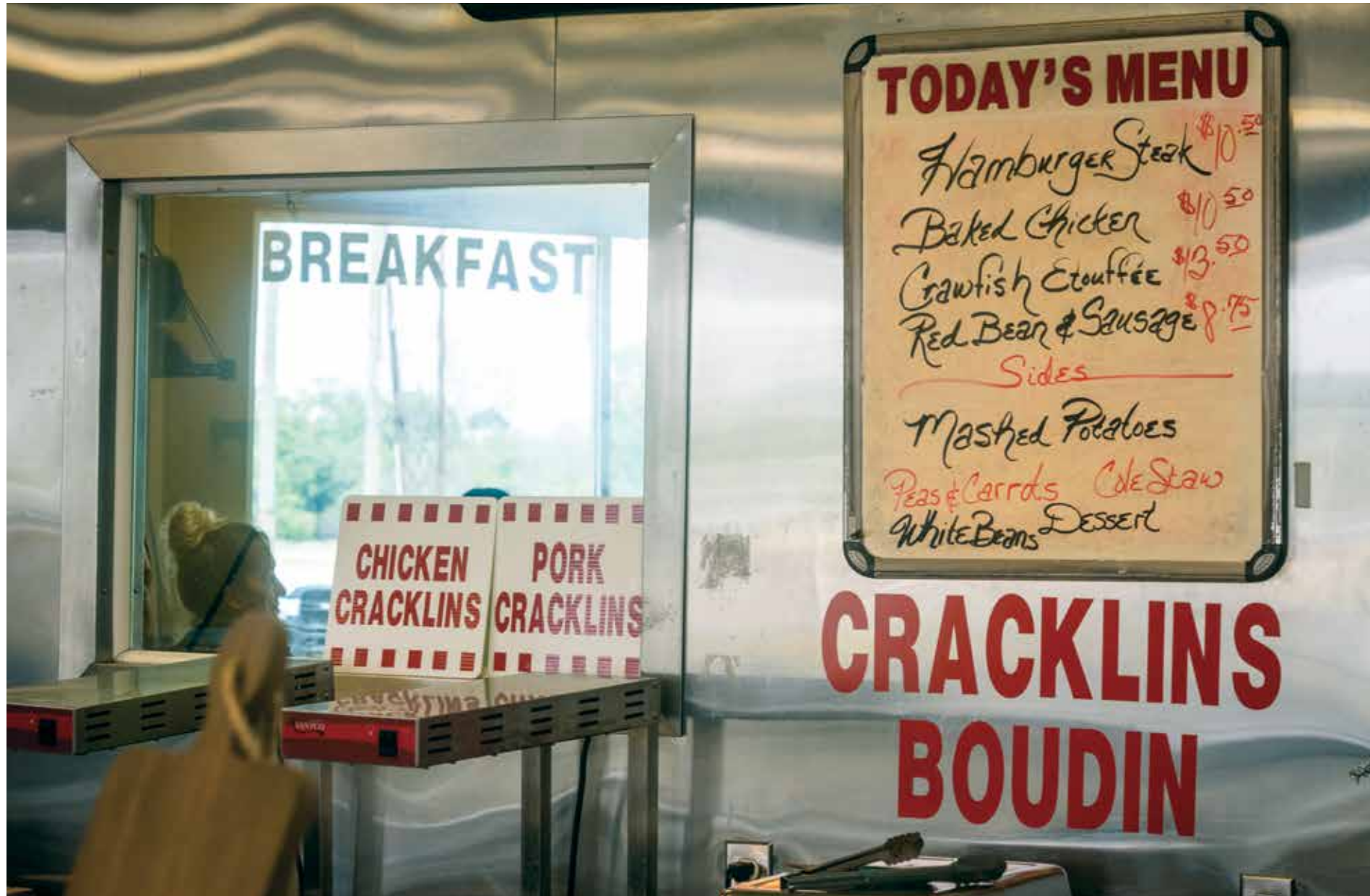


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Walker's Grocery & Service Station  
Caswell County, North Carolina







Five Points Grocery & Gas  
Clayton, Georgia



No. 1 Tire Center  
Jackson, Mississippi



Calvander Food Mart  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina



Destiny McCrory  
Buckhorn Cafe  
Lottie, Louisiana







Big White  
Starch Down  
Prichard, Alabama



Fisherman's Choice  
Eastpoint, Florida



Green Sea, South Carolina



Farm & Garden Center  
Hillsborough, North Carolina



Hurdle Mills Market & Butcher Shop  
Hurdle Mills, North Carolina





BMW Pit Stop  
Moon Lake, Mississippi



Kwik Chek  
Memphis, Tennessee



Hurdle Mills Market & Butcher Shop  
Hurdle Mills, North Carolina



Yvonne Mires  
Buckhorn Cafe  
Lottie, Louisiana





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SER REQUERIDA PARA COMPRARLAS

Alex Reyna  
Kwik Chek  
Memphis, Tennessee



Dunia Siles  
Key's Fuel Mart  
New Orleans, Louisiana



Key's Fuel Mart  
New Orleans, Louisiana





Mr. Bunky's Market  
Eastover, South Carolina

Frazier's Store  
Wake Forest, North Carolina









Heritage Grill  
Durham, North Carolina



Fred Eaton  
Fred Eaton Service Station  
Prichard, Alabama



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Rockville, Maryland





Eva Martinez  
La Cabana Taqueria  
Raleigh, North Carolina



La Cabana Taqueria  
Raleigh, North Carolina



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Avon, Mississippi



Chiappini's  
Melrose, Florida





Hurdle Mills Market & Butcher Shop  
Hurdle Mills, North Carolina



Whaleaner Verbal  
Cozart Fruit and Produce  
Durham, North Carolina





Marta Miranda  
Quik Shoppe  
Charlotte, North Carolina



Paul Cozart  
Cozart Fruit and Produce  
Durham, North Carolina





Nina Patel  
Tasty Tikka  
Irmo, South Carolina









Joel Baldree  
JR's Aucilla River Store  
Lamont, Florida



Fisherman's Choice  
Eastpoint, Florida



Ken Abumsa  
The Original Brown Derby No. 3  
New Orleans, Louisiana



The Original Brown Derby No. 3  
New Orleans, Louisiana





Bruce Store  
Ponce de Leon, Florida



Farm & Garden Center  
Hillsborough, North Carolina



Shannon and Abbas Alsherees  
Shawarma On-The-Go  
New Orleans, Louisiana



Mike Moatts  
Elberta Grocery  
Elberta, Alabama





Key's Fuel Mart  
New Orleans, Louisiana



Brenda Jones  
Mr. Bunky's Market  
Eastover, South Carolina





Great River Road Country Store  
Rena Lara, Mississippi

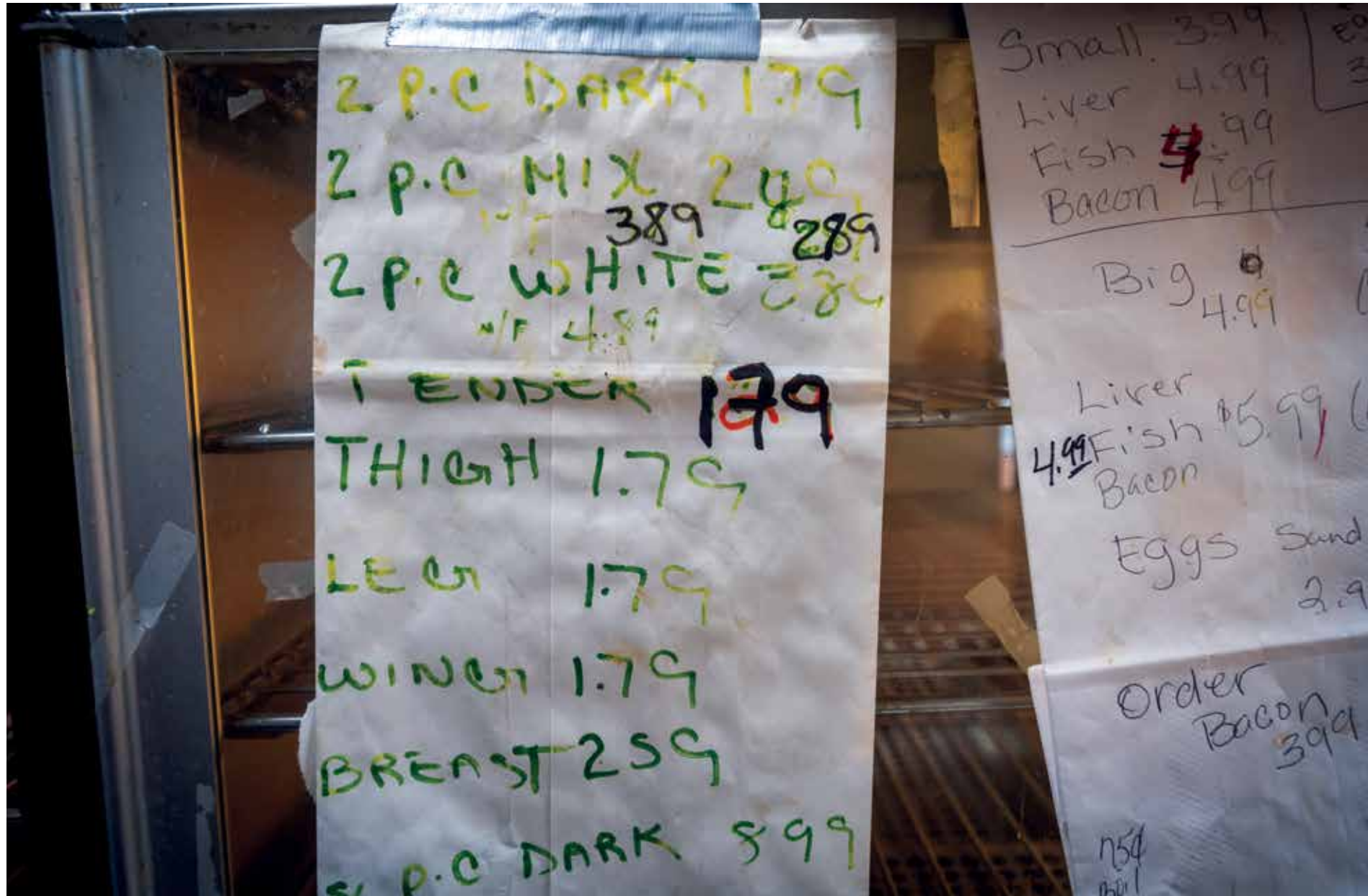


Cajun Corner  
Krotz Springs, Louisiana





Tony Young  
Heritage Grill  
Durham, North Carolina



The Original Brown Derby No. 3  
New Orleans, Louisiana



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Gentle Lee Rainey  
Delta Fast Food  
Cleveland, Mississippi



Buckhorn Cafe  
Lottie, Louisiana

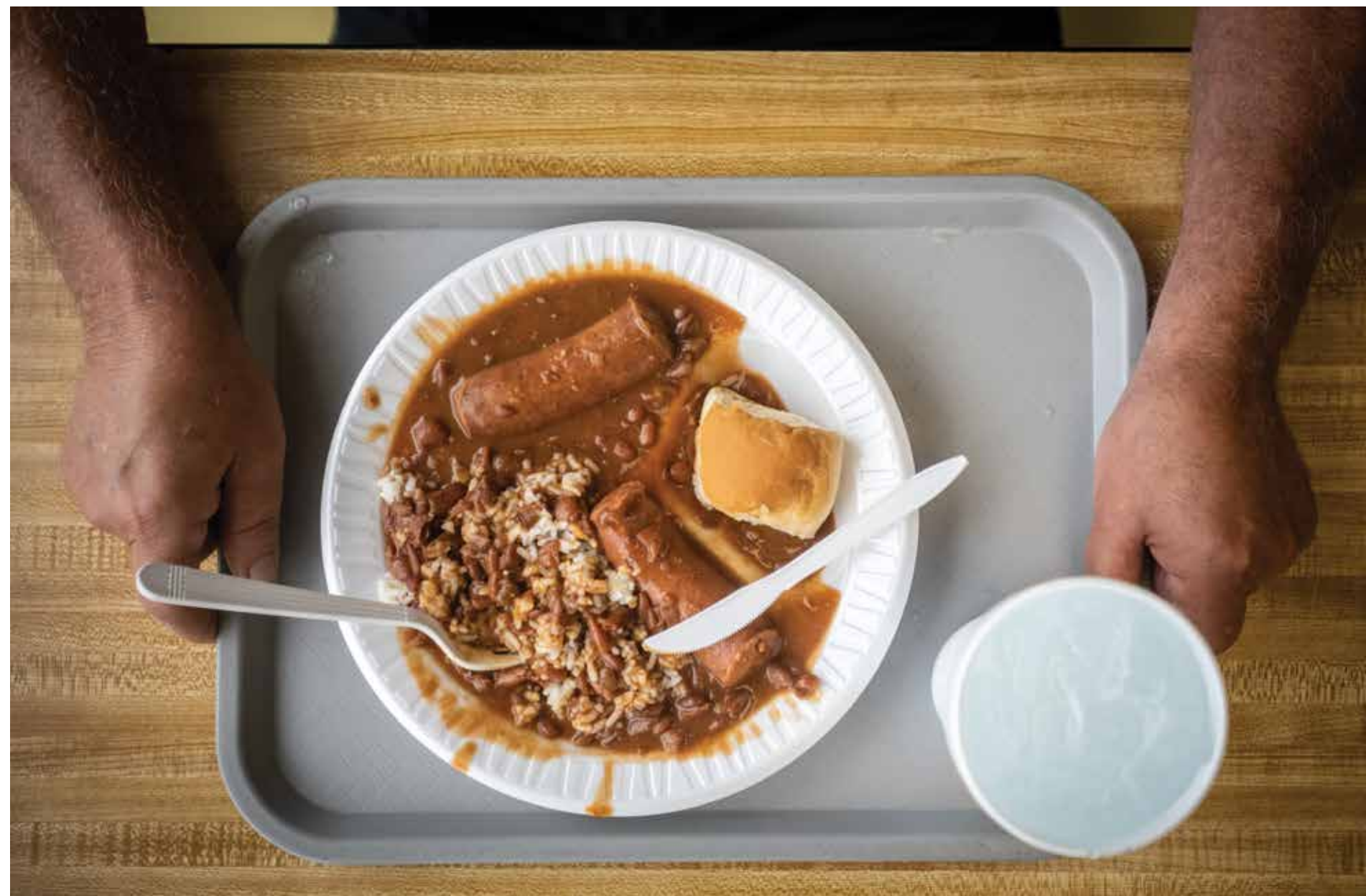




The Original Brown Derby No. 3  
New Orleans, Louisiana







Billeaud's Too  
New Iberia, Louisiana



Alba Padillia  
4 Corners Chevron  
Oxford, Mississippi



Ray Rupani  
4 Corners Chevron  
Oxford, Mississippi



Shayla Westmoreland  
Buck's One Stop  
Calhoun City, Mississippi





Nana's Fastfood & Seafood  
Charlotte, North Carolina



Betty's Place  
Indianola, Mississippi

Betty Campbell  
Betty's Place  
Indianola, Mississippi







Fratesi Grocery and Service Station  
Leland, Mississippi





Bassie Service Station  
Gunnison, Mississippi





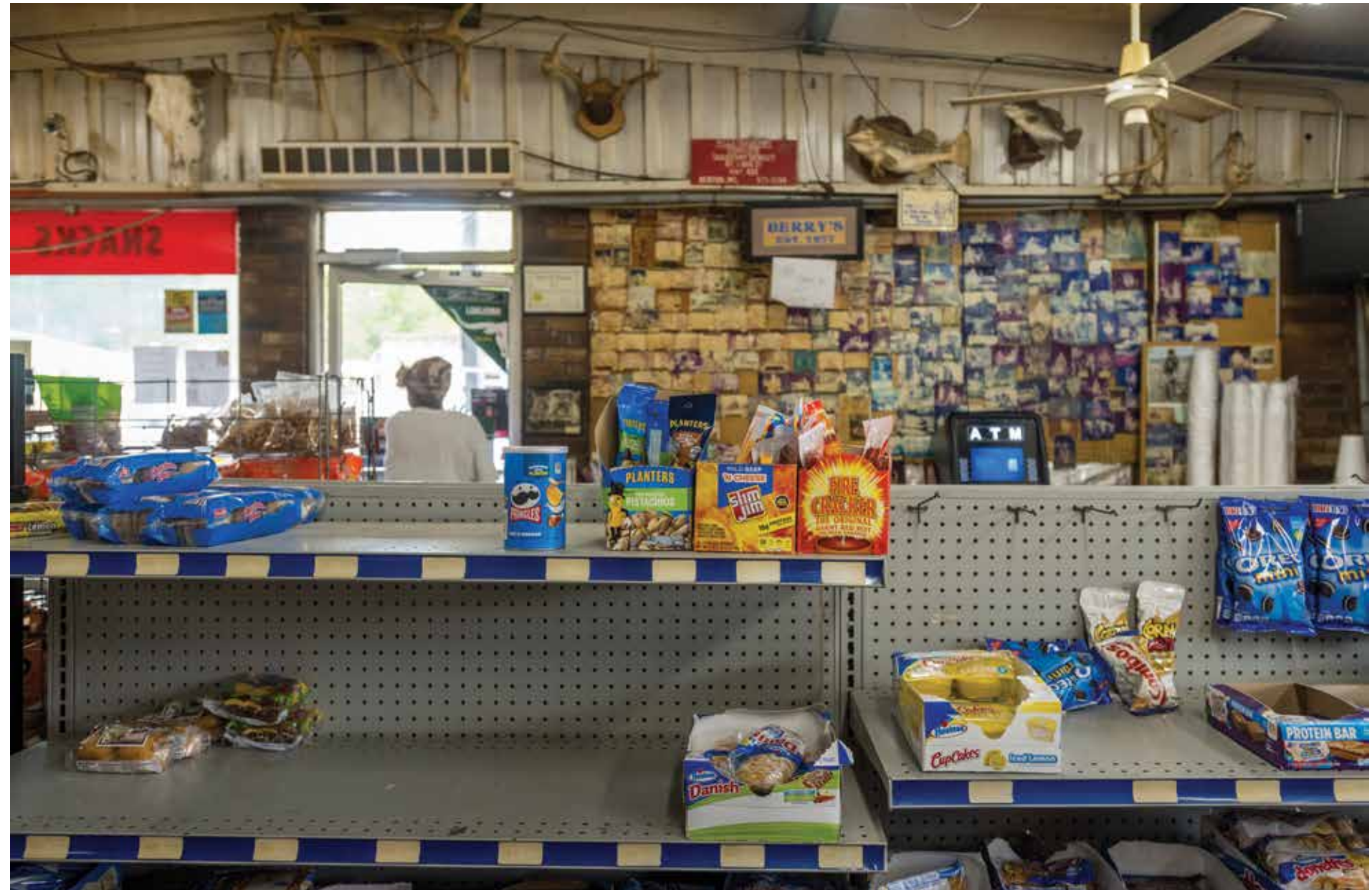
Ketchup:  
*At least*  
French Fries - 3 packs  
Chicken Strips - 2 packs / Strip  
Tator Tots, etc. - 3 packs  
\* Add 2 salt packs for All fries tots



A.J. Henderson and Deon Henderson  
Old Town Grocery & Tackle  
Elaine, Arkansas











Dhinal Patel  
Elberta Grocery  
Elberta, Alabama





Farm & Garden Center  
Hillsborough, North Carolina



South of the Border  
Dillon, South Carolina



Cozart Fruit and Produce  
Durham, North Carolina

Eric Anderson  
Harold's Auto Center  
Spring Hill, Florida





Liberty Food Mart  
Charlotte, North Carolina



Cooper's Country Store  
Salters, South Carolina



Hansel Carter (aka Mr. Bunky)  
Mr. Bunky's Market  
Eastover, South Carolina





Calvander Food Mart  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina



Cedar Key General Store  
Cedar Key, Florida



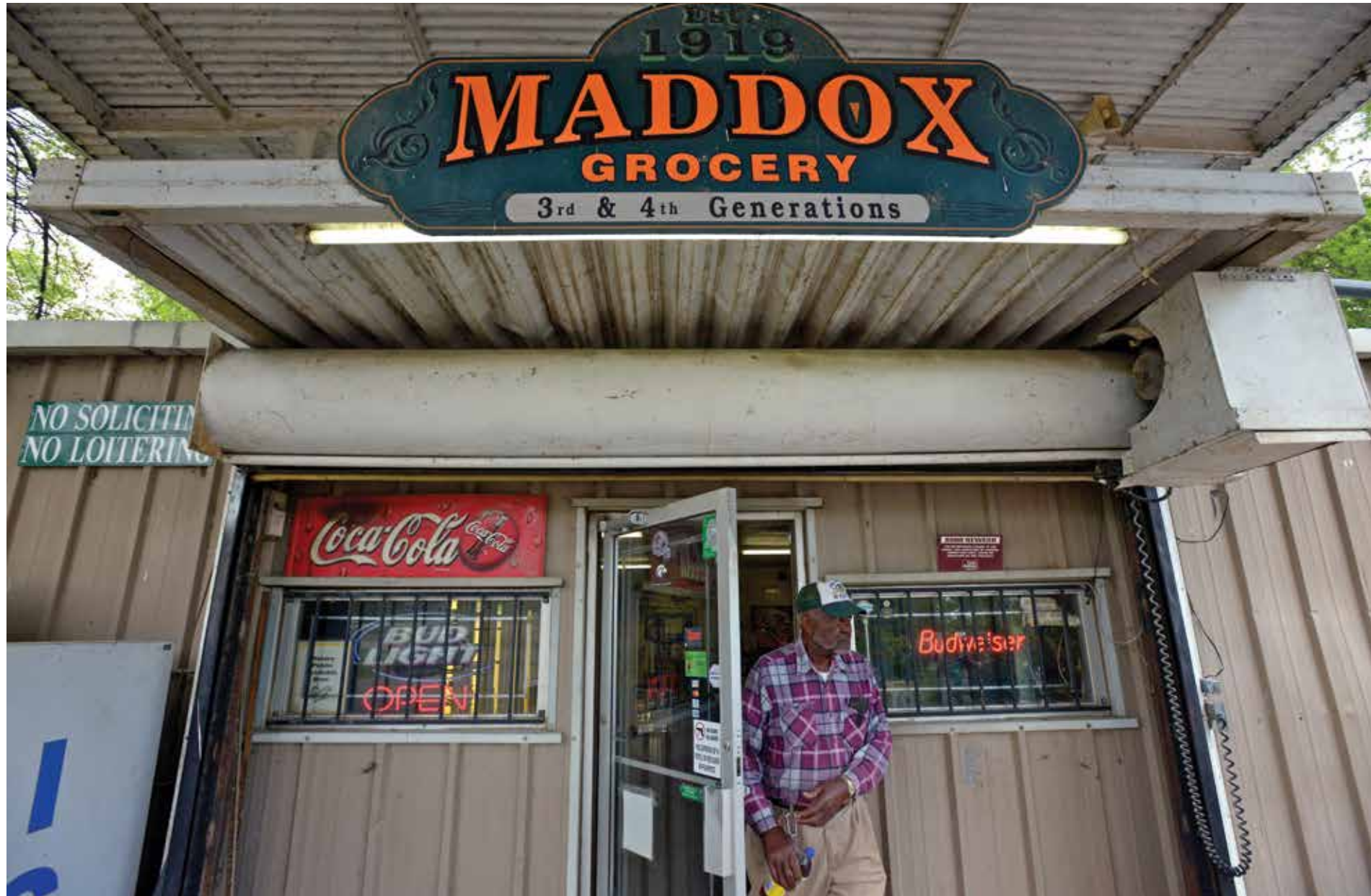
Chiappini's  
Melrose, Florida



Beverly Boddie  
Eastend Grocery  
Cleveland, Mississippi



Cooper's Country Store  
Salters, South Carolina



Maddox Grocery  
Avon, Mississippi







fresher **CAKES** == *Bost's* == fresher **BREAD**







Obama Gas Station  
Columbia, South Carolina



Raj Rupapara  
Obama Gas Station  
Columbia, South Carolina

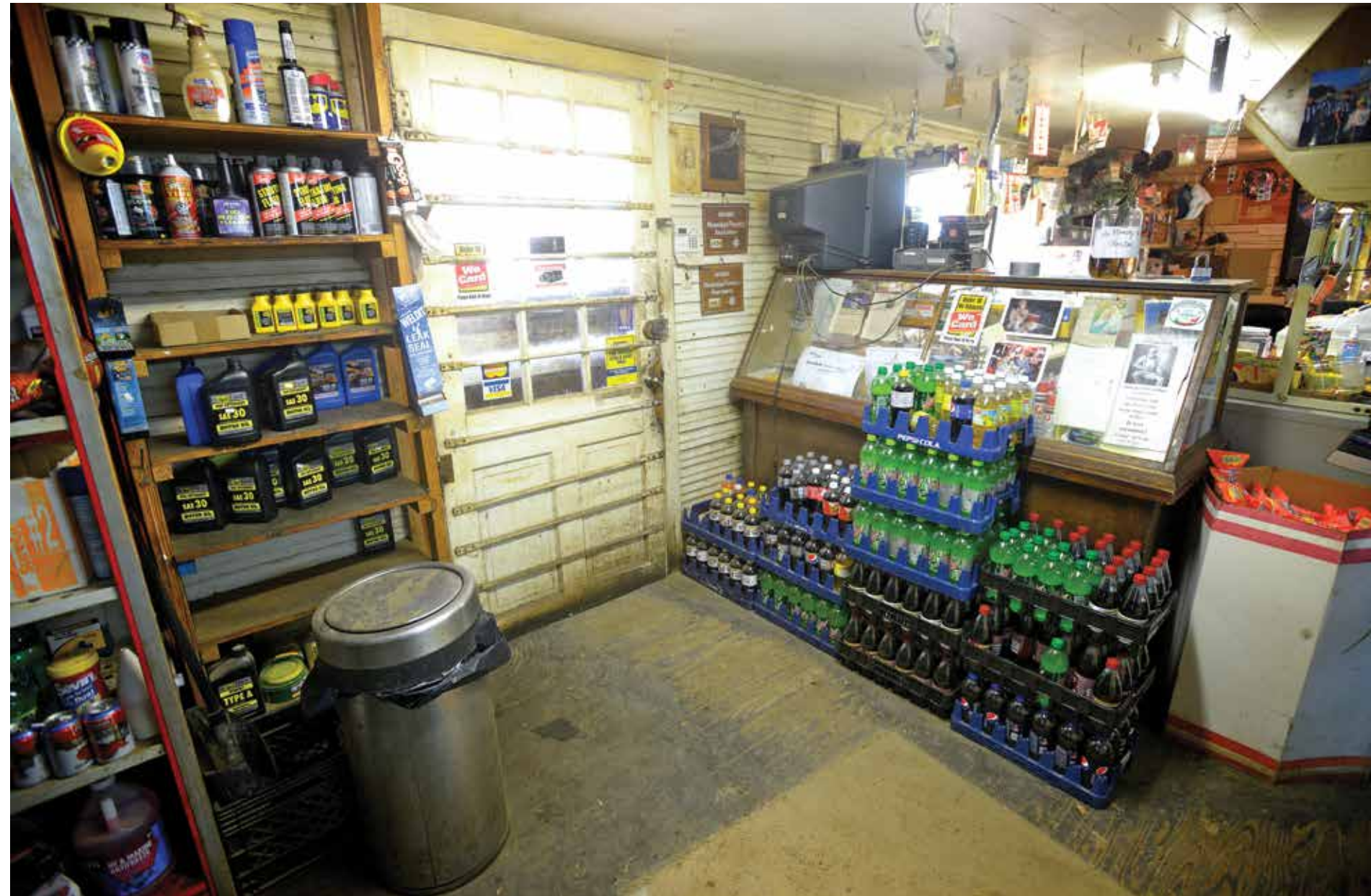




Yazoo County, Mississippi



Satartia Grocery  
Satartia, Mississippi



Satartia Grocery  
Satartia, Mississippi



Jeff Poynor  
Pop's Tire and Lube  
Banner, Mississippi





L&D Grocery and Grill  
Durham, North Carolina



Kwik Chek  
Memphis, Tennessee



The St. Matthew 25th Church  
Stony Creek, Virginia



Minnie Mart  
Memphis, Tennessee





The Original Brown Derby No. 3  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Tony  
No. 1 Tire Center  
Jackson, Mississippi





Otha Campbell  
Betty's Place  
Indianola, Mississippi





An Luu and Lu Xuyng  
Nana's Fastfood & Seafood  
Charlotte, North Carolina





The Gizzards and Livers Store  
Wilson, North Carolina



Cooper's Country Store  
Salters, South Carolina



Hansel Carter (aka Mr. Bunky)  
Mr. Bunky's Market  
Eastover, South Carolina



The Church of God No. 1 at Grady  
Grady, Arkansas







Bird Owatragool  
Akami Sushi Bar  
Apex, North Carolina





Mouhamadou and Bator Cisse  
Saint Louis Saveurs  
Greensboro, North Carolina



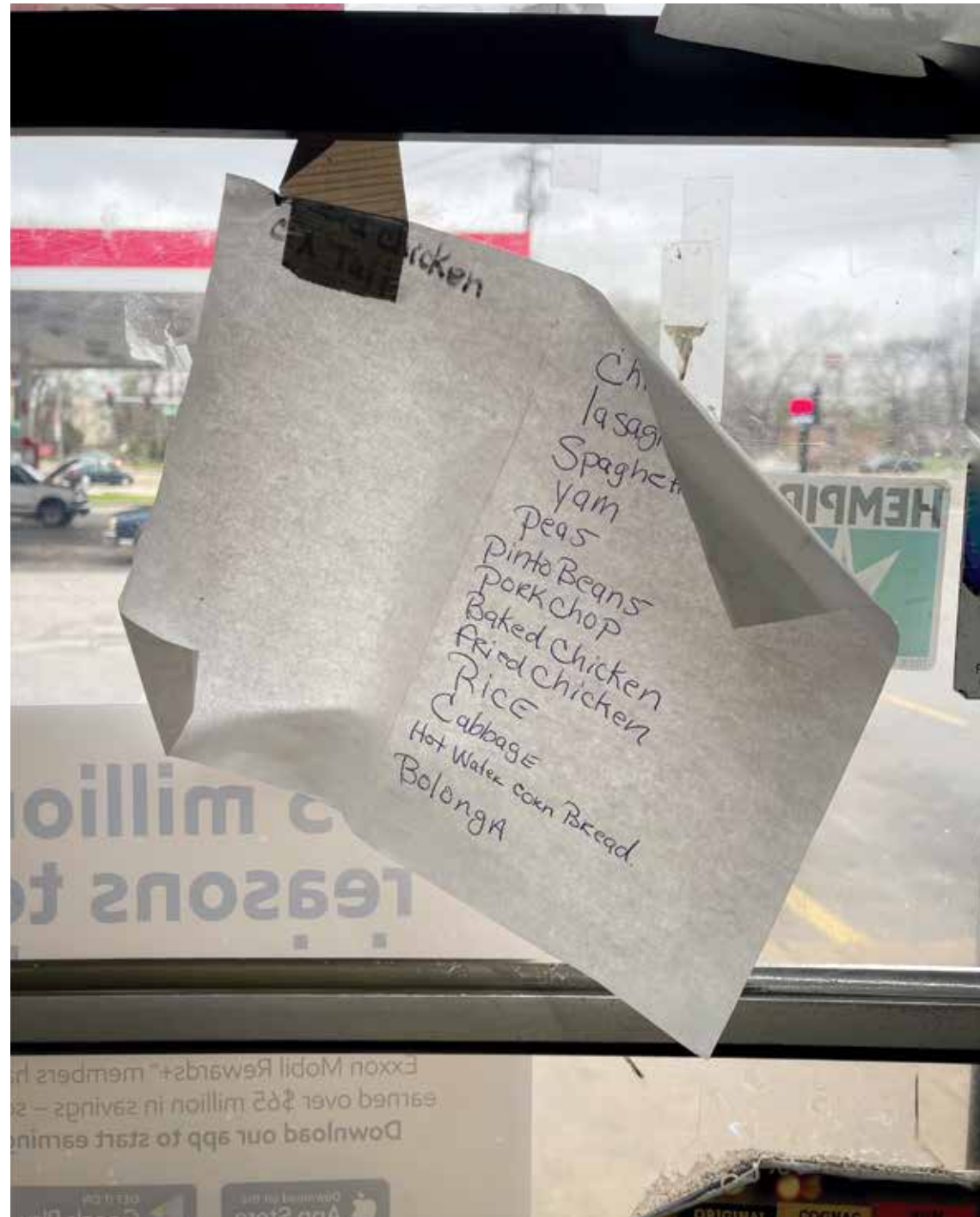


# WES • Hot Dog's • CORN





Graystone Variety Mart  
Henderson, North Carolina



Chelsea Express  
Memphis, Tennessee



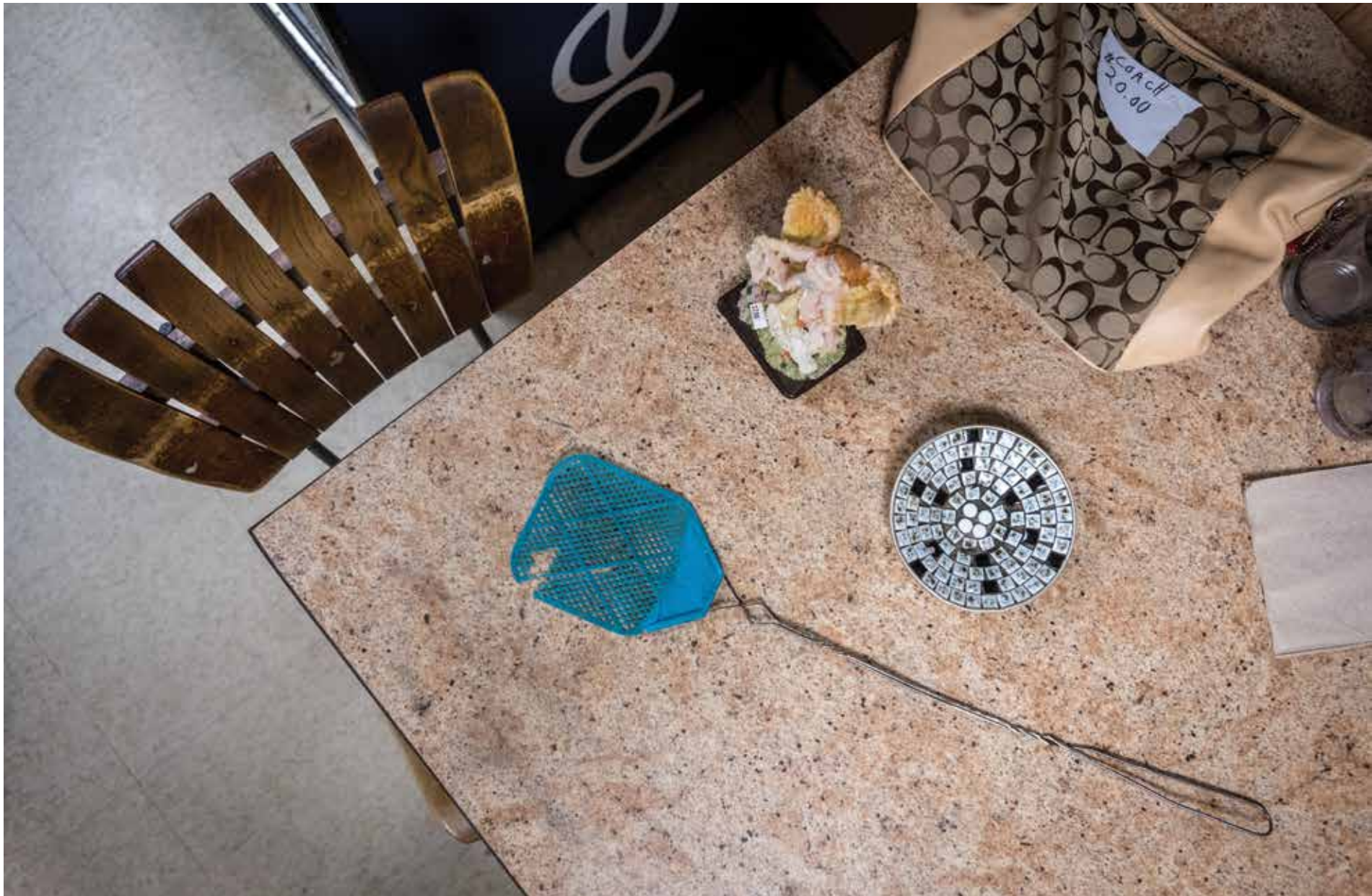
Walker's Grocery & Service Station  
Caswell County, North Carolina



Clarksdale, Mississippi



Betty's Place  
Indianola, Mississippi





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Satartia Grocery  
Satartia, Mississippi

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