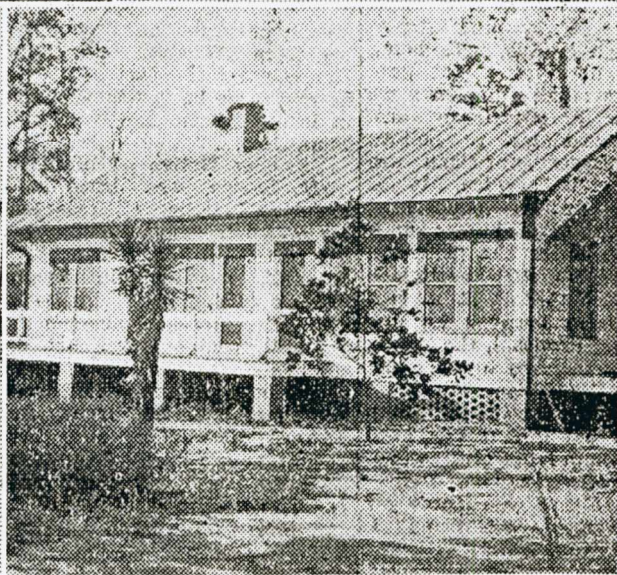
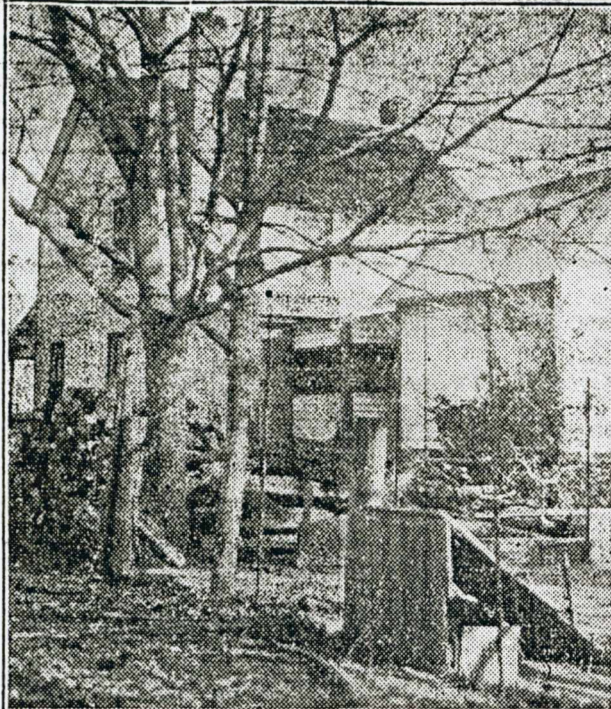


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Scenes at "Possum Poke" in "Possum Lane," unique winter home in Georgia of former Governor Chase Osborn, of Michigan. Top, left "Big Poke" where guests are entertained; right, Governor Osborn ready for the hunting field; bottom, left, Mrs. Frank W. Pennell and "Mam mee," who presides over the "Possum Poke" kitchen; right, "Little Poke," where Governor Osborn spends most of his indoor hours.

Suggests Making "Possum Poke" in "Possum Lane"
Lasting Shrine to Genius of Governor Osborn

Rare Word Picture of Life at "Possum Poke" Painted By Former Michigan Newspaperman.

By Frank W. Pennell for the Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution.

Mid-winter in north Michigan. A train is spending eastward from Trout Lake Junction to the Soo. At a dimly lighted station, four men, long unshaven, shaking the snow from their rough woodsmen's clothes, enter the crowded smoker—blending in with other woodsmen, similarly dressed.

"More lumberjacks," explained my father to me, "heading for town and a big drunk."

Just then one of the new arrivals glanced in our direction, shoved out his big hand in welcome, smiled in an infectious way, and said cheerily to my dad: "Helloa, Jim, glad to see you!"

Thus was my first introduction to Chase S. Osborn, destined in a few

sparsely settled forests of pine, here and there decimated by fire, now and then interrupted by some little saw mill town clinging to the banks of a stream, or sprawling itself about a railroad line laid unevenly across the flat expanse of country.

We reached Poulan about mid-afternoon and received final directions from the first person we talked to in the tiny town.

"Governor Osborn's place? Sure thing—down this road 'you all' will see a schoolhouse. Back of the schoolhouse two roads come together and if you will just follow down the lane that bears to the right, you will be right 'thar'."

And in a few moments "we were right 'thar'"—at the gateway of the quaint little retreat that has been the governor's winter home for over 40 years; to be greeted by Chris, his faithful chauffeur, and all-around man; by "Mam mee," a delightful, aged colored woman who presides over the kitchen, and by a whole army of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys,

necklaces of scintillating diamonds, from afar came drifting in the fragrance of newly turned furrows, quietude reigned in the poultry yard except for the raucous cries of guinea hens secreted under the hedge, supper, long since prepared, cooled itself in the kitchen—and still no return of the hunters.

Finally, a hearty voice in the yard, and the appearance in the lodge of the governor—wet from foot to eyebrows from a fall in the creek, and cold from a seven-mile drive back home through the freezing weather.

"Well, anyway," he said, in apology for delaying the meal, "I guess my eye is still good. Only had three shots and I made all of them—two rabbits and a snipe, but the quail were flushing far ahead of the dogs, and I guess I'll have to hustle tomorrow if I am to round out the season's bag to an even hundred."

To have the privilege of hearing the governor ask the blessing is a soul-satisfying experience far richer than the services of the finest cathedral in