

'POSSUM HUNTIN'

TYRO FOLLOWS SWAMPY TRAILS
IN LONG SEARCH.

It is the open season for hunting possums and likewise for breaking a soldier lad from "up north" into the hardships which go with the bagging of that rare piece of game.

I have been taken in on a possum hunt already, and the quarantine lifted but a week. The best part of the occasion was the abundant meal which my congenial host set out before the chase started.

Eight well trained dogs accompanied our little hunting party. We used three lanterns to aid our way and to make the more ghostly the surroundings of bush and tree. Now and then a part of the party stumbled over a log.

It appeared miles, to one who has known only the easy way of marching route step when on a journey, before we reached the dense haunt of our prey. The dogs scattered in all directions when we were in the thicket. We could hear the pattering of their rapid feet among the dry leaves.

We members of the scouting party who were free handed kept in advance of the lantern carriers but the grotesque shadows often led us to stumble over darkened rocks and to be caught among thick branches.

Twice we thought a scent was

found because of the eagerness of the dogs but the animals soon swooped on their way and panted as they ran. We crossed stream after stream and wandered across two cotton fields in the hunt for the wiley possum.

Finally there came a glad bark from the leader of the dog pack. Soon there was a chorus of canine voices. None could mistake the meaning. A trail had been picked up. The barking changed to a sort of growl. Finally all the dogs seemed to assemble a few rods ahead of us. The possum was treed.

We fought our way through the underbrush to the spot. The dogs were in a circle about the base of a stately pine. Out on one of the top branches clung our prey—a sure enough, 'Ole Black Joe kind of possum. His eyes shone in the darkness like balls of fire. His mouth was open showing needle like teeth, which appeared to be ready for action.

The youngest member of our party climbed the tree. The dogs were wild with excitement. The efforts of the youthful climber were ended when he reached out and gathered in the animal.

That was our first catch of the evening and although we tramped for several hours it proved the only good luck. When we wended our way home there was one member of the party who was almost too tired for utterance and that fellow was a soldier. We reposed before the fire place for some time and talked about the fun we had

JOINS THE BASE.

Bernard A. Stocking, late of the Reconstruction wards, has been transferred to the medical detachment of the base hospital and is now busily employed in the detachment office. Bernard hails from "the land of the snows," Alaska, so some of the boys are led to believe that he will not be real seriously affected by the cold winter weather of this climate.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Sir: A cullud lady presented and recommended herself as domestic help to a Mrs. Lieutenant in Washington; but she asked \$10 the week, and Mrs. Lieutenant said that, considering Mr. Lieutenant's salary, \$10 was too much.

"Oh, I understand how that is," consoled the Lady Dinger, "because my husband is a lieutenant, too, and we can't live on his salary, so I work."

—From B. L. T.

GET FURLONGS.

With the resumption of the old furlough scale of 5 per cent, Corporal Albert Williams and Harry Matthews

enjoyed. You know—it was worth a thousand dollars and all that but once is enough.

No man's land has nothing on possum hunting.

By Dudley M. Sarfaty.

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