

SIDELIGHTS ON HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST AT SHRINE CONVENTION

THERE'S no place like Oregon I'm going to sell out my sheep ranch in Montana and move out here as soon as I can," declared H. M. Sibbert, visiting noble from Algeria...

"Hot dogs" I sold a million of them," said Commissioner Bigelow. "Those Shrinerers are a hungry bunch. I stood on the corner of Fifth and Morrison in the American Legion booth and sold hot dogs out of boiling water for an hour and had to work as fast as I could—and that's going some—to keep 'em supplied. My fingers are ached yet."

There was a reason why Osman drum corps from St. Paul drew a big hand during the morning parade and that reason was Eddie Graemer, wielder of the husky nickel bat that marked time. Eddie, it seems, has considerable talent as a juggler and he just naturally couldn't keep the bat down to earth. If it wasn't turning whirligigs all around him it was somersaulting up in the air about 50 feet.

More than one gymnastic musician was in that parade. Cary sent a little band and the man who played the bass drum just naturally picked the thing up and turned it over between every two or three blows. At that he couldn't attract half the attention that his contemporary from Victoria, B. C. received in his monkey skin shirt. Head and claws of the beast fastened it together in the back.

"Just like dad—their my sentiments," a proud youngster must have been thinking as he trotted up the street at the head of the Lu Lu chanters. Joseph Hunter Smith from Philadelphia is five years old. He's rather small but Pop Smith says he's like six foot two. The two marched together all togged up in duplicate uniforms of white tunic and serge with a fine blue pin stripe—regular grown up clothes for the "little feller."

Almost without looking at their banners one could pick out on the map the places many of the temples that marched came from. For instance, the Aloha folks from Honolulu brought their leis, or bright orange paper necklaces along, and the Kansans all have their sunflowers. You can locate the Texans by the steers outlined on their tunics and the Arizona patrol has a cactus emblem woven into the jackets. Wild west performers and Indians with stone hatchets and rattles distinguished the Pendleton round-up people and the group from Albuquerque, New Mexico. Montana had a bear and an Indian chief, as well as a wild west band that was amply armed with revolvers. Then there were those suspicious looking little bottles labeled "Let the moon shine on North Carolina" and that Iowa corn song. Some of the Iowa delegates had their hands full of Iowa souvenirs in the form of grains of corn. "Soak this overnight," they advise, "and you'll find the morning drink the results. They'll have a kick that will knock you over."

Trailing along behind Morocco temple in the parade was a patient colored porter with a bucket and four tin cups. "Hey, bruddah, wot you got there?" someone asked. "Wot I got?" the porter mumbled. "I got alligator paint."

El Paso claims the only Shrine daily in this or any other world. It is called El Maita and was first printed and published on the El Paso special trains going to each annual convention. Norman Walker is editor and the special Portland edition was distributed on the El Paso special train arriving in Portland Monday afternoon. The El Paso edition contains special dispatches from El Paso and a bulletin under the title "Where's Where in Portland," giving directions where to see and where to see it. Today will be the Oregonian edition of the Tiger Claws, with an editorial about the Oregonian.

Chickens, rogs,orgette crepe "lingere" and Wichita, Kan., shared equal honors in an impromptu prologue given Monday afternoon, much to the delight of the several hundred persons attending the Liberty theater matinee. Just at the close of the matinee, a copious soupage marvelous from points of costume and elaborated dignity arose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked to make an announcement," he said. "This afternoon I am to address the club women of Portland on 'Why Georgette Lingere for Our Women and Girls.' Thereupon the Median noble proceeded to give his lecture argument in full. He closed his remarks with the declaration that the 30 Median Shrinerers would now sing the national Wichita song and immediately his brothers lustily struck up 'How Dry I Am.'"

A geographical thesis followed: "Kansas is the greatest state in the Union. Wichita is the greatest city in Kansas and I am the greatest chicken in Wichita. Kansas gives to the world the finest hogs and grain and the best dressed chickens in existence."

Sam Treloar is leader of the Bagdad band of Butte, Mont., which is composed of professional musicians, most of them products of the best instrumental masters of the old world. For years the band has been in the habit of taking first prizes in the big band contests of the country in which the copper camp is represented. In the old days the band was organized as the Boston-Montana band, then when changes brought the Anaconda Copper company into being as the corporation in which was merged the copper concerns of the rich region. It was known as the A-C-M band. But it was as the musical organization of Bagdad that its music has thrilled the throats of the imperial council sessions, and it will be heard in Portland this week. Its members wear their fes which are accepted pride their leader, for it is said there is not room enough on Sam Treloar's coat to carry all the medals he has received.

Last summer, during the Rotary convention in Salt Lake City, Treloar conducted a band comprising about 300 musicians, a consolidation of all of the bands playing in the Utah metropolis during the Rotary gathering, and authorities declare he "pulled" music that believe the players themselves can't believe themselves capable of playing.

Among those who accompanied the Alkad temple of Tulsa, Okla., contingent is Major Lilly, who for a few

years with William F. Cody in a tour of the country with a wild west show. Major Lilly is known as Pawnee Bill and is a crack shot. He has a large ranch in Oklahoma, on which he has a small herd of buffalo. Plans will be made here whereby Imperial Potentate Kendrick will be the guest of honor at a ceremonial to be held on Major Lilly's ranch next October.

Frank Ira White, who wears the red fes of Hillah temple, performed like a veteran Monday when called upon to serve as a wet nurse for a cub bear the nobles of Algeria temple, Helena, Mont., brought down with them.

This particular little baby still feeds on milk and out of a bottle. As the train was nearing the yards, the bottle fell out of the window and was broken. As soon as the Montanans sighted the yelled for assistance for the cub bear.

It took Frank Ira but a few moments to rush to a drug store for a bottle and nipple, and he came back and served as nurse maid like a veteran.

The railroad traffic officials have handled the accommodation of the Shrinerers of North America to their Mecca with satisfaction to the pilgrims, but there are still some little problems to be worked out in connection with the return journey. A lot of the pilgrims were uncertain just how long they would loiter in the shade of the date palms of Al Kadra and whether they would tarry in the allurements of the resting places of others of their brethren of the Pacific coast.

Unexpected incidents occurred en route. For instance, when Yaara temple of Atlanta reached Denver it was found that for operating reasons the baggage car of the Georgia Central railroad could not be brought over the Denver & Rio Grande and the mascot and personal belongings of some of the nobles were transferred to another. Also temple of Savannah experienced a like situation at Minneapolis. John W. Blount of Minneapolis, assistant general passenger agent of the Georgia Central, says he has developed skill as a baseball smasher and can make a car-load transfer in quicker time than any other noble in the city.

"I owe you \$400," said a visiting noble of the Myatic Shrine to C. A. Finley of Council Crest park Sunday, after climbing the observation tower at "the top of the town." The visitor continued: "I would gladly pay that amount rather than miss this view, which surpasses by far anything I have seen in Portland or any other city."

Portland's guests have been invited to visit the free amusement park on the top of the mountain. The five pointed snow-capped mountain peaks of the northwest—Hood, St. Helens, Adams, Rainier and Jefferson—are plainly visible on reasonably clear days.

An Oregon Electric train, north bound, ploughed through street after street crowded with machines until it came to a final standstill against an impenetrable wall of automobiles and human beings at Tenth and Burnside. "No chance, sighed the brakie and the passengers thereupon set out to make the best of their opportunities and secured reserved seats on the roof of the baggage car.

Have you noticed the variegated styles in cheese knives that have come to Portland? There is the long, thin one carried over the shoulder and there is the medium short one, sheathed and used to hold hands on. Then you've seen the great flat ones and their little brothers with humps on their backs. They don't seem to have any particular use except when band leaders wave them around in the air. Trouble is, there's always something to the edge off their ferocity—for instance, the great vicious looking scimitar the leader of Alkad band carries, which has the dents in it where tacks are holding the tin together.

If any bunch of Shrinerers temporizing around this oasis has a "shimmie" dancer who can excel Carlin C. Flather of Alma temple, Washington, D. C., the exhibit is yet to be produced in public. No, rents, he isn't exactly lady-like in proportions or grace, and you couldn't guess his ordinary compensation yielding job between now and the next imperial council session. His friends refuse to shield him longer—at home he's captain of police of the

first district, Washington, D. C. The first district, mind you, includes numerous interesting spots, such as a White House, capitol building, etc. There is a restroom for women and a trained nurse and a first-aid hospital room fixed up for emergencies. From time to time concerts are given and there is nearly always music and dancing going on.

It was discovered yesterday that there are 1000 general admission seats still unsold for the grandstand at Nineteenth and Washington streets for the Wednesday and Friday night parades. All other stands are sold out.

Oregon City is making a bid for the nobles to look the town over. They advertise it as the oldest and best city in the Pacific northwest and the home of the oldest Masonic lodge west of the Missouri river.

Miniature emblems of the Shrine, used as beauty spots, are becoming popular, not only with women but with the men. The women are not so fastidious as to where they stick their beauty spots and wear them anywhere from the left ear to the nose or Adam's apple. The entire Shrine of Arifi is decorated with the things.

Nobles from North Carolina were welcomed yesterday as each man was a human oasis, loaded with camel's milk. These bottles were worn around the waist and were handed out with a hospitable hand. When the nobles discovered the exhilarating qualities of camel's milk they spread the word near and far, and the North Carolinians ran out of moon—pardon, camel's milk.

Hotels are no place for sleep these nights, or days, either. Every hotel in town is headquarters for some temple or other, and the lobbies are so congested that it is impossible to move through them with freedom. Nobles in their gay costumes form a spectacular and striking picture and tend more than a touch of color to the scenery. Every few minutes some band comes along and plays in front of the hotel and then moves on to the next hotel. These Shrine musicians take a keen delight in playing. They are the most willing performers that Portland has ever heard. They are content to play continuously and steadily with only a few minutes for a change of music.

Through the kindly interest and forethought of the claim agent of the Southern Pacific, two of the persons who received serious injuries in the wreck at Beira, May 9, were afforded an opportunity to see the parade yesterday. Clarence R. Smith, brakeman, who is now able to sit up, was provided with an automobile for himself and family, and they saw the marching bands and patrols from the Ambulance Service company was provided for Miss Florence Hatch to enable her to have unobstructed view of the spectacle.

There are localities that capitalize sunshine, but Morocco temple, Jacksonville, Fla., is the one that has most spot on earth for moonshine. According to John B. Taylor of Morocco temple, timid lovers simply become loquacious and make the vows of terrestrial devotion unto death and celestial joys this side the mysterious veil under the potent influence of moon magic. And just to prove it Morocco placed a barrel of liquid moonshine on an automobile and permitted the favored faithful to receive inspiration through a siphon. They all shouted for Morocco.

Some idea of the expense the Shrinerers assume in staging a conclave such as is held in Portland can be gained from the statement of L. C. Baldwin of Marietta, Ga. He says that it is costing Yaara temple of Atlanta \$2,100,000 to make this trip with 12 cars. This does not include the incidental expenses, and Yaara is only one of the temples coming from Georgia. By a rough estimate, the Shrinerers of the country are spending \$4,000,000 to visit Portland, and in return Portland is getting about \$10,000,000 worth of advertising.

Newport, Or., Shrinerers are on hand 100 per cent strong. Every noble at Newport belongs to Al Kadra of Portland, and not one of them remained at home while the big doin's were on. They bring word that Newport will stage a three-day celebration, July 3, 4 and 5, and that a fund has been raised which represents \$3 for every man, woman and child in the town.

How many thousands of visitors have been at Al Kadra headquarters in the basement of the Hotel Port-

land no one can tell. Al Kadra is holding open house and invites every visitor to drop in and rest his hot feet and have a drink of loganberry punch. There is a restroom for women and a trained nurse and a first-aid hospital room fixed up for emergencies. From time to time concerts are given and there is nearly always music and dancing going on.

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painted up with the colors of the Shrine and presented him with a pair of handkerchiefs and a "cat" and sent him out to assist in preserving the peace and dignity of the fair city.

A "busted" knee or two isn't anything in the busy life of George L. Baker, mayor of Portland. Great clusters of gloom hung over the Baker household a short week ago, when the city's chief executive got his knee all twisted up just on the eve of the big Shrine session. The doctor said he'd be on his back for at least six weeks—but he was a hum grunter.

The mayor is very much on the job, both so far as the Shrine and the city administration are concerned. He's running the city on wheels—from an invalid's wheel chair—but he's getting by in big style.

He moved his mayor's office down to the Multnomah hotel, where he and Mrs. Baker are holding forth during the week. All official city business is transacted from the hotel room, when he isn't out hobnobbing around with visiting nobles. Miss Lorene Dinsmore, assistant commissioner and confidential secretary to the mayor, is also at the temporary office and running the affairs of the city during the time the mayor's out in one of the constant stream of parades.

"Where's the poker dice?" queried Sol Heppner, portly sheik of Algeria temple, Helena, Mont., about ten minutes after he arrived at the oasis. Sol has on a number of occasions made cigar store history up in Helena with the little cubes by gathering in enough checks to buy out the store a couple of times. Except for the fact that he's been city attorney of the Montana capitol on one or two occasions, this is his only vice.

"Zeb" Melhorn—he's the fat guy of Algeria's nifty Arab patrol—has the distinction of operating the best eating house in the Rocky mountain states. His little cafe down in Grizzly Gulch is known from coast to coast, and many tourists detour by way of Helena just so they can say they've partaken of the food that "Zeb" puts out. When he isn't busy fighting the chef and watching the cashier he's playing billiards, and has repeatedly won honors as the "champion" amateur billiardist of the Treasure state.

"Pancho Villa is dead!" No, Arabella, this isn't another one of those headlines which are born of bum news from Mexico, but this is the truth, and El Maida nobles are in tears.

The little burro, Pancho Villa, official mascot, which the temple planned on presenting to the city of Portland, died just before the delegation left home. Burros are not as plentiful on the Mexican border now as they once

were, because the Mexican armies better than none at all, and they've been eating these long-eared song-birds on the recent campaigns against Villa.

He was wearing a fez, but he was looking gloomy. His wife was about two feet behind him, and she wore a fez. The couple were evidently at outs over something and were far from having a good time. A group of nobles coming along espied the couple and, surrounding the man, pointed a finger of reproach at him and chanted: "Ah-ha, you would bring your wife along."

Here's a police story the police reporters all missed, but exacting city editors won't chink up little black marks because—oh, well, read on and see.

Edwin S. Mershon, one of the big Arabs of Lu Lu temple, Philadelphia, has a genuine commission and appointment as assistant chief of police of Portland during Shrine week. And he arrived in town with a classy uniform that looked like a couple of million dollars.

The assistant chief got into action down on Broadway when the crowds began getting dense and began to order people around like a hard-boiled police sergeant.

Chief Jenkins, Lieutenant Thatcher and several other temple officials have into view. They collared Assistant Chief Mershon and shot out those musical words: "Ah-ha, you would bring your wife along."

The Philadelphia noble for a moment was nonplussed. "What—what's the charge?" he demanded. "Impersonating an officer."

And while they were there arguing the police patrol rounded the corner. They bundled him into it and then took him for a ride about the city. Then they took him to police headquarters and marched him under the "welcome" arch.

But they didn't book him; neither did they search him or give him a taste of the third degree. But they did dig up a huge baseball bat, all

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Among those who accompanied the Alkad temple of Tulsa, Okla., contingent is Major Lilly, who for a few