

OREGON GUARD DOES ITS PART

186th Infantry Band to
Come Here for Two
Public Concerts

The Oregon National Guard, headquarters of which are located in the Bligh building in Salem, has lent a helping hand to the Legion in helping make the Salem convention the biggest and best, and anyone who doubts that ought to have dropped into guard headquarters any day in the past two weeks and heard members of the brigadier general's staff talk convention. Every staff officer is doing something to help put the convention over, but that is not all.

The guard has loaned and transported from Portland at its own expense, 3,500 bleachers which materially help to swell the seating capacity at Olinger field where some of the big Legion events, including the drum corps contest, will be held.

Infantry Band Coming
Through the offices of the guard, the crack military band of the 186th Infantry, Portland, will be here Saturday, the last of the convalescence, to give a band concert and to march in the parade. The band is under command of Captain William Beveridge. Between 50 and 75 members will make the trip here. Guard headquarters has sent invitation to guardsmen over the state to form a mixed battalion to be in the line of march for the colorful convention parade. It is expected between 200 and 300 members of the state troops will be here to participate in the parade, the group to march in uniform of course. Most of this number will come from Willamette valley points and from Portland and many who are ex-service men will be in attendance at the convention for the entire three days.

As for the cooperation of the headquarters personnel, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas E. Riley is grand marshal for the parade Saturday afternoon and is in general charge of all parades. Major Elmer V. Wootton is on the transportation committee and chief of staff of the Saturday parade. Major Jos. V. Schur is working as assistant chief of staff for the big parade, is serving on the entertainment committee and is chairman of the reviewing stand.

Captain Willis E. Vincent has been working for weeks as a member of the convention commission, in charge of registration. Major C. A. W. Dawson and Captain Alexander McGee, regular army officers attached to the O. N. G. for instructional purposes, are also doing convention work, the former being on the staff of the grand marshal and one of the judges of the drum corps contest. Captain McGee has the military police detail.

Auxiliary CHIT-CHAT

And as convention time is here again—Anybody here seen Kelly?

Conventions come, conventions go. Work piles on the table. But why the worry when we've got Our Mabel.

They tell this one in Medford: neighbor telling her of the intention of going to Salem to convention, ending with—
"It's the nearest to Heaven I'll get you see."
"How's that?" asked the neighbor.
"Oh, there'll be no night there," said Mary.

Friend of mine was telling me a story about the old swimming hole today and it just made me wonder if Avis would attend meetings regularly this year.

Did you hear about the two little girls in glee club uniforms who got through all the pay gates last convention on the strength of said uniforms—yeh, said they were champions and were supposed to go in free—Know anything about it, Boss?

But after all I think Maybelle Burch still holds the record for all night out during conventions.

Well, Polly, there aren't any horn toads around here near, but couldn't you hunt earwigs? Yes, we're listening. What was the story you were going to tell?

Conventions come but once a year. As only good things can. But the joy will last forevermore. When Jenny gets Herman.

Anyone ever hear Grace Zosol laugh without catching the spirit?

Page the girl with the accordion—there's a meeting in the hotel lobby.

Get Mrs. Horstall to tell you about the time she took the bath on the train going to Texas.

Now to your left there stands the state hospital, and to your right the penitentiary and over there the feeble minded school—and, well, the geography of our little city has made everything as handy as possible for the conventionites.

What about those dresses for the McMinnville glee club? Ask Mildred Smith how long it takes one dressmaker to make 18 dresses.

Don't overfertilize your flowers. One good application at the time of planting will last during the blooming season. Too much of one kind of fertilizer will result in too much stalk making it harder to keep the boxes and beds tidy.

General Committee Head



Mrs. King Bartlett, general chairman for the committees who have planned and arranged auxiliary events for the convention.

Rufe's Ramblings

Composed especially for legionnaires attending the 11th annual state convention.

After ten years of waiting Salem wakes up and finds a Legion convention on its doorstep. And such a convention!

There are all kinds of conventions. Everybody has 'em—from false teeth makers to tripe picklers. But, somehow, a Legion convention is different. Composed, as the Legion is, of men who 11 years ago were undergoing a common experience, there is a comradeship atmosphere that is not found in gatherings of other organizations—unless it be other veterans' conventions.

Having attended most of the Legion conventions in Oregon and with a national convention under my belt, I lay modest claim to being somewhat of a hardened fan. The convention that gets a raise out of me has gotta be GOOD. And, believe me, I'm goin' to get plenty kick out of this Salem convalescence.

You Salem folk who have never witnessed a Legion convention in action will think that a flock of cyclones and a couple typhoons have struck the village. Lock your doors and pull down the blinds. Don't let little Willie step out of the yard. And if you are the least sensitive about noise and racket, you'd better choose this time to make that long-anticipated visit to dear old Aunt Sebatia back in Oskaloosa.

Yep, it's goin' to be terrible. But remember please, the men you see cavorting around and acting like a bunch of young steers in grass time are the same "boys" you cheered yourself hoarse at 11 years ago. They only do this once a year. The rest of the time they are busy keeping the wolf away from the ol' shack and filling their places in the business and industrial life of the community in which they live. So join in the fun and make whoopee with 'em. You'll like it.

Judge Brazier Small, than which there is no whither when it comes to Legion politics, will be seen in action right here on the home grounds. I don't know what the judge's pet project is this year but you can lay a bet that every piece of legislation will be minutely scrutinized by the doughty judge and if he decides he's "agin" a certain measure, that measure is doomed to tough sledging on the convention floor.

Bert Bates, former Roseburg newspaper man and now living in Hollywood, Cal., may attend the convention. Bert is the chief joy-spreader at every Legion gathering. He goes in to action at the start of convention and never stops a moment, day or night, until its all over. He is inimitable, tireless, and screamingly funny. Here's hoping Bert comes to Salem, without him the convention will lack a part of the usual hilarity. LATER . . . Bert's here.

Hal Grady is here from Sacramento or some other California seaport. Hal is a member of Capital post and former resident of Salem, and Legion conventions are his special delight. Mighty happy to have Hal with us for this occasion if for no other reason than to hear him tell his piccolo story.

A lot of us Salemites who are accustomed to strutting our stuff in other convention cities are going to act mighty subdued during this affair. It would never do to let the homefolks see what a bunch of gash-durned cut-ups their boys can be on occasion. Be that as it may, I rather expect some of them to let out a few discreet whoops before its over.

THIS IS ME



Sober Rufus White who on some occasions is very funny.

Out at the airport they're going to fry a lot of cows and give the meat away free gratis to the visitors. Cy Bingham, colorful sheriff of Grant county is doing the cookin'. Having partaken of some of Cy's "barbecore" at the Princerville convention, I can say without fear of successful contradiction, that he puts out a mighty, m-i-g-h-t-y, tasty chunk of beef-stake.

Now about this drum corps business. You folks all know what an awful racket the Salem aggregation makes when they march down the street. Well, there's going to be ten or a dozen organizations of tom-tom beaters here for the convention. And when they all get going at once you can prepare yourselves for a lot of noise. Drums, drums! You'll hear 'em day and night, singly and in groups, impromptu concerts by bands of players made up from a half-dozen different corps. A dozen or more bass drummers only will be heard in "concert." But watch 'em strut Friday night at the contest. Dolled up in their slickest uniforms, every man on his toes, marching with snap and precision. Its a colorful sight well worth seeing. Don't miss it!

Carl Gabrielson, indefatigable general chairman of the convention, is one Legionnaire who is going to have a mighty sigh of relief when the party's over. Carl has been busier than a one-armed Scotchman at a pie social and anybody who says "convention" to him after August 10 is taking his life in his hands.

Jerry Owen, editor of the Oregon Legionnaire and president of the American Legion Press Association, will be seen packing his camera about and making notes of all the happenings. Jerry has made several mighty mean cracks about me in recent issues of his publication and I plan on having revenge during this meeting. If you read about me being in the hospital with concussion of the think tank and a couple busted ribs, you'll know that I've had said revenge.

After the debacle is over folks will be flocking in to view the ruins. Old timers will point out the place where the courthouse once stood and souvenir hunters will be fighting over bits of wood and iron that once formed a part of the Hotel Marion.

Jim Madly, Capital post's most "colorful" member is all set for the big doings. Jim has his pet pair of galloping dominos all polished and ready for action and visiting buddies who run afoul of Jim's prowess with the agitated cubes are liable to go home sans their shirts.

Right over the entrance to the police station is a banner saying, "Welcome Legionnaires." Now just what the heck do they mean by that?

It's going to be a most auspicious occasion.

Legion Barbecue Today to Be Great Event; Tons of Food Cooked by Bingham

Guardian of Law in Grant County Has Been on
Hand for Three Days Preparing Free
Feed for Legionnaires

"Hot groceries" of an excellence that will assure this "feed" of being remembered when all other meals have faded into the limbo of interminable "three squares a day," are to be handed out to all comers at the barbecue this afternoon at 5 o'clock at the airport.

To back up this promise, it is sufficient merely to mention that Sheriff "Cy" Bingham, barbecuer extraordinaire who hails from Canyon City, where he maintains law and order in Grant county.

"Cy" has been perfecting the art of barbecue for 40 years, and when he puts out the finished article—well, there just isn't any food quite so good that has ever been invented.

A reputation such as that, isn't easy to acquire nor to maintain, and Sheriff Bingham is careful—likewise particular. The convention commission found that out.

Huge Oven Built
Bingham requisitioned an oven The boys, Carl Gabrielson et al, such as nobody in Salem had ever

imagined; ten feet long, seven and a half wide, four and a half high; the walls of such thickness that it took 1500 fire brick and 4000 common brick to construct them, and the whole covered with five feet of dirt, which meant 15 cubic yards.

All these things were done as he commanded them, and now for three days Bingham has been keeping a fire in the huge oven, building a bed of coals that will just roast those five whole beves to perfection. He has been spending the intervening time camped at the airport, H. L. Kuhs of Newport, who is himself one of the most noted barbecuers in the state, is his assistant.

300 Gallons of Coffee
But of course the barbecued meat isn't all. Three hundred gallons of coffee are being prepared—likewise three bushels of beans are being converted into pork and beans, through the mixing in of 20 pounds of beans, five pounds of pepper and possibly other things. All this will be served, as has already been stated, at 5 o'clock this afternoon near the farmhouse on the east side of the airport—come one, come all! Tables will be so arranged that ten persons can be served at once, cafeteria style. Paper plates and cups will be used.

Legionnaires of Carl B. Fenton

post, Dallas, volunteered for K. P. duty, as their way of exhibiting a brotherly spirit toward their neighbors of Capital post.

The committee in charge of arrangements includes King Bartlett, John Gram and Moss Parmetier.

And after the thousands are fed, this extraordinary oven which Capital post built, will be turned over to the city as a part of the airport equipment. Of course, barbecuing hasn't any special connection with aviation, but there will be times enough in the future when civic projects involving the need of a barbecue oven will be planned.

Never apply commercial fertilizers to the lawn in the summer unless you soak it thoroughly and immediately.

Lawn weeds must not get a start in the lawn. If they are allowed to thrive unhampered, your lawn will soon become a mass of weeds. The weeds in the flower beds must not be neglected. If they are let go to seed, there will be additional labor later.

WHOOPEE---

Championship Drum Corps Contest

See the Spectacular Review of

ALL STATE LEGION DRUM CORPS

Competing for State Honors

Added Attraction \$1000 Fire-Works Display

Friday, 7 P. M., Olinger Field

Admission \$1.00

Championship Baseball

Finals of the American Junior League of the Entire State

Friday, 2:30 P. M., Olinger Field

Admission 50c

DANCING

Dreamland, Armory, Crystal Gardens

Thurs., Friday, Saturday Nights

**11th Annual Department Convention
American Legion---Legion Auxiliary**