

Weary But Jolly Old Murat Camel Pads Back From West With Memory Book

Dick Ring, at Next Shrine Meeting, Will Read Story of Pilgrimage to Imperial Council Session at Portland, Ore.

326 WERE ON TRIP

By WALTER D. HICKMAN.

The Shriner's Memory Book has a new chapter.

It concerns the little journey of 326 members of Murat temple with their wives and members of their families to Portland, Ore., for the Imperial meet.

The memory book will be opened wide at the next regular business meeting of Murat temple when the pilgrims will relate the story of their journey to the western coast for the benefit of those who remained at home.

To brighten up the pages of the Shriner's memory book this story has been written from the experiences told by Doc Holmes and others who made the historical journey on a special Monon train leaving Indianapolis June 13 and returning safely July 6.

With a shrill steamboat whistle letting loose, the big special pulled out of the Union depot here for the first stop on the trip which was Chicago.

The engine made a beautiful picture, all dressed up in its gay attire with Moosa on the front of the big headlight.

Streamers of the shrine colors, red, green and yellow, floated gaily in the breeze while the name of the temple blazed out in big white letters under the windows of the engine cab.

The barge was completely done over for the trip with huge pictures of the pyramids, the fair lady of the sphinx, and a gigantic camel strutting merrily past a "Palace in the Desert," painted on the sides of the car.

SCENE OF CHERY MOMENTS.

This car was the scene of many of the most pleasant moments of the trip, and it was here that Doc Holmes, the dean of "The Little Cafe," presided over the impromptu cabaret and other stunts.

It was hot but the loyal steam boat whistle invited a big thunder shower just as the special approached Chicago.

The shower saved the day as the special was switched around and through the Chicago stockyards.

The special was backed into the Soo Line depot and the train was made. The next stop was a postal card racks, where John Sautler, Frank Kamp and Doc Mayhall, Edinburg, Ind., bought several hundred postal cards to mail back to their Indianapolis friends whom they had left only a few hours before.

While postal cards and eats were being bought the big special was switched around and became look as though special, sample, cafe and all the rest of the mass of tracks, but soon Moosa appeared on the headlight and all was well.

It was then about the hour of 9 at night when the porters began making up the berths and Bill Rummel, drum major, let it be known that the "bay" was the safest place in the world.

While Bill was trying to sleep the "poor hooligans" were abiding in their own peculiar way while the chips clicked merrily and knowingly.

CALLS MIDNIGHT DRUM REHEARSALS.

Bill stood it as long as he could and around the midnight hour served notice that if he could not sleep he would call a drum practice.

Four drums, a bass drum, a fife and snare and cymbals answered the call, and Bill, who was dressed, even to his suspenders, led the noisy crew through three coaches.

The noise caused Grifer of the Gat-Hug Gun club to wake up in his upper berth.

Grifer, dreaming of the Darwin theory, jumped up, grabbed a rail and was soon climbing and flinging himself from one side of the coach to the other in perfect support of old man Darwin's theory that our ancestors first lived in trees.

Grifer was dressed only in a night gown and this sight inspired Bob Wulster to sing a rather little ballad about the little birdies.

And all the time the big special and Moosa was speeding over the rails toward St. Paul and Minneapolis.

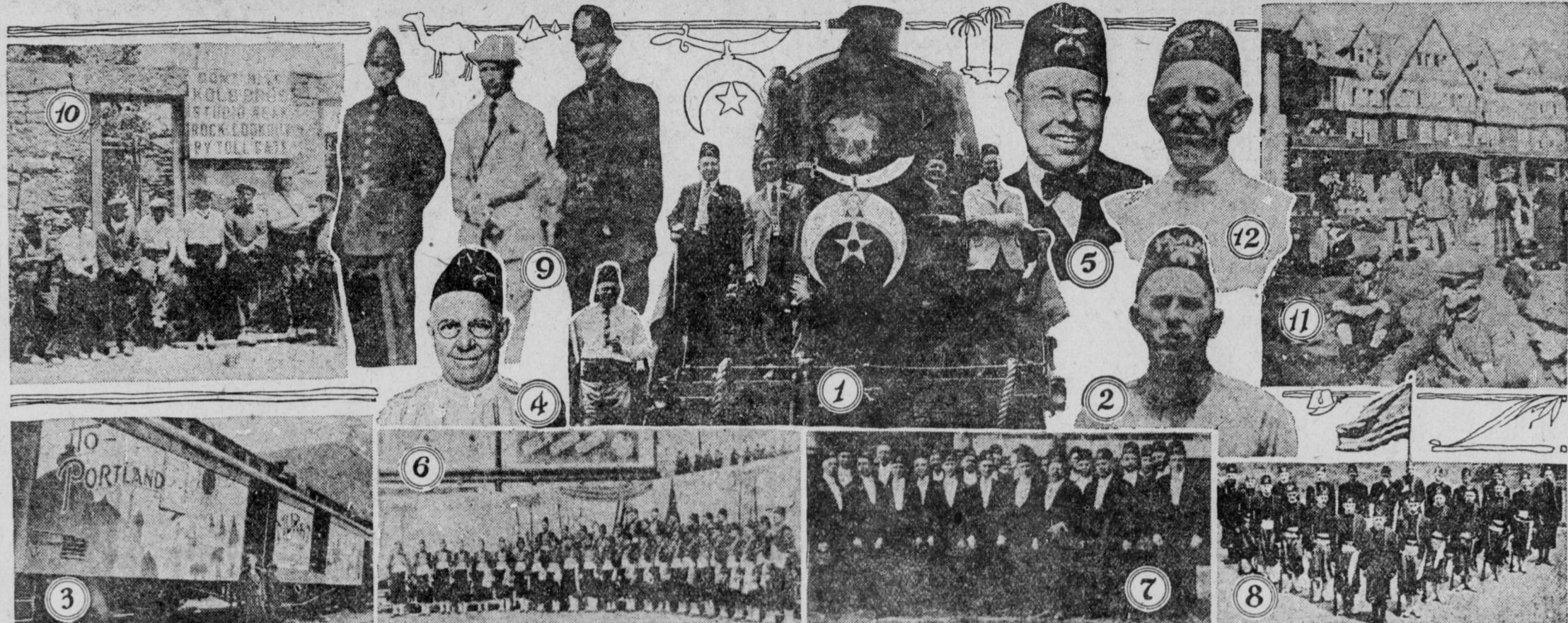
At St. Paul a parade was staged to the Masonic temple, where, after the boys had sampled Dinty Moore's "Scotch Broth," the shriners were to be soap placed on toothpicks and frankfurters or American sausage stuffed with sawdust, a real for show banquet was given by the St. Paul temple.

Too, too, and then the special stopped in Minneapolis.

WHAT'S HOLDING UP SPECIAL?

Then the "Fots" got hungry; oh, gosh darned hungry, and Frank B. Humston, traffic manager, went into the depot and began to eat, while the special was held up during a search for the honorable gentlemen.

Then the special got under way through the Dakotas, where ducks, prairie



The following is the key to the above page from Murat Temple's Memory Book of the little journey to Portland, Ore., to attend the Imperial meet:

No. 1. Four delegates to the Imperial meet, Ed. Schoonover, Elmer Gay, Potentate of Murat Temple;

White Deacon Jackson, and his gang

were becoming learned on Canadian law, the special landed in Port, which is the frontier city on the line between the United States and Canada.

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dogs and jack rabbits were so numerous the Shriner could not count 'em.

When the word was whispered around that the special was never to return and the days were beginning to be longer,

Charlie Crawford, Doc Holmes, Kiser and George Jackson began studying time tables and tipped lavishly the dusky porter for knowledge regarding Canadian law regarding something which is no longer sold in the states.

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