

BLACK CAT WILL SPREAD ITS CLAWS

National Convention of Hoo Hoo Will Assemble in Portland.

MYSTIC NUMBER IS NINE

Concentration Will Open on Ninth Day of Ninth Month—Inman Is Boomed for "Snark of Universe."

"One, 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9. By the tail of the great sacred black cat, Hoo Hoo. Who? Who? Why, Hoo Hoo the lumberman and good fellows of the United States, who are to be well represented in Portland in national convention assembled exactly as the finger of time points to the ninth second of the ninth minute of the ninth hour of the ninth day of the ninth month of 1905.

The great and sacred black cat, emblem of the lumbermen, which will spread its claws over the city from September 3 to 12, inclusive, will reach from the Portland Hotel and the Elks' Hall to the Trail at the Exposition, and all the time the dome of heaven will ring with its mystic cry, for so it is written in the book of the law.

The concatenated order of Hoo Hoo, whose symbol is the black cat and whose mystic number is nine, is the great organization of the lumbermen of the United States. While in the outward appearance perhaps, in the shows made and the pomp displayed in announcement and pageant by the order at its meetings, all is not frolic and folly, but out of the meetings emerge resultant benefits to timber and lumber conditions throughout the country. It is the agent of good used by the lumbermen in dealing with the many problems of the lumber and timber business. It works for better rates, promotes the harmony and fellow-feeling of the timber interests throughout the United States, brings the business into closer touch throughout the country, as well as furnishes a source of enjoyment and fraternity to the many men who are classed among its membership.

Called to Order Sept. 9.

The convention which will be called in Portland on September 9 at 9:30 in the morning will, then, be one of the important meetings to be held here during the year. It will bring to the city lumbermen from every district of the United States who up to this time have known nothing from personal experience of the wonders of the Northwest as a timber-producing country.

The opening exercises which have been provided for the morning session at the Marquam are public, and at this time Governor Chamberlain will make the opening address, welcoming the members of Hoo Hoo to the state, the city and to the Exposition. Response to this address will be made by C. D. Rouke, of Illinois, snark of the universe, the chief officer of the National Order of Hoo Hoo.

Mayor Lane will also welcome the visitors, and H. B. Baird, scriventer, of Nashville, Tenn., and the editor of the Bulletin; President William D. Wheelwright, of the Chamber of Commerce, will welcome the guests on behalf of the business interests and the Pacific Coast lumbermen. There are more than 20,000 members of the order of Hoo Hoo scattered over the United States and in 1905 of this number are upon the Pacific Coast. It is estimated that there will be an attendance of more than 150 Hoo Hoo upon the convention, though the guests of the delegates, their families and friends, will bring more than 4000 people to Portland to attend the several days of pleasure to be provided for them.

Portland, as the place for the 1905 meeting, was selected only after a hard fight at the last convention, Oklahoma being the hard and consistent rival. Portland secured the prize, however, and pledged her efforts for the rival for the next meeting to come. This will be one of the important points of business to be settled by the convention when it meets.

Inman Boomed for Snark.

Portland will to all appearances be given the honor of retaining the head office of the national order, that of "Snark of the Universe," H. D. Inman, the senior member of the Inman-Poulsen Lumber Company, is the leading candidate for the office, and it is practically conceded that he will be elected at the coming session.

The local committee on arrangements, of which R. D. Inman is chairman, has secured the Elks' Hall as the official business headquarters of the order during the days of its sessions here. All of the business meetings will be held in that place. The Knights of Pythias Hall has been retained as the social headquarters for the delegates, and here can be found refreshments and comfort from the worries of the business meetings or the toll of sightseeing.

The headquarters of the Supreme Nine, the head officers of the order, will be placed at the Portland, where they will be convenient and comfortable in the transaction of their business. The first intimation officially given that the Hoo Hoo have arrived in town will be evidenced by the banquet given on Friday evening, September 8, at the American Inn, to the members of the Hoo Hoo and their ladies. The first business meeting however, will be on the following morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Session on the Roof.

Saturday evening will begin to see the fire fly, however, when the order gives its convention, or "session on the roof," at the Armory. At this time more than 100 new members will be initiated, each member about to attend having been urged to "bring a kitten." Over \$1000 will be expended in this evening for fireworks and other means of display. This meeting has been recognized as a record-breaker.

Sunday, September 10, will be given over to the Hoo Hoo as a day of rest, nothing of any particular moment having been planned.

Monday evening will be spent at the Oaks, which place the order has practically bought for that night. Tuesday evening a moonlight excursion has been planned by the members here for the visitors from the East.

Wednesday will be given over to final visiting at the Exposition, and on that night the members of the order will hit the Trail, and, if expectations are worked out, the trail mentioned will be badly marked with footprints on the morning following.

The Ladies' Auxiliary, appointed from among the families of the local members of the order, will contribute to the success of the occasion, and has provided noverent spoons to be given to the delegates. Several different entertainments have been provided for the enjoyment of the ladies during the time the visitors



SUPREME NINE OF THE ORDER OF HOO HOO

are here. On Saturday night a banquet will be held by the ladies alone at the American Inn.

When the Hoo Hoo Hits the "Trail."

George W. Hoag, who is a Hoo Hoo, has been dreaming of his prospective visit to Portland until an eruption of poetry has taken place, which eruption has been kindly garnered and deposited for perpetuation in the public mind. In order that the people of the city may be able to see clearly just about what is going to happen, the poem is herewith printed in full:

WHEN THE HOO HOO HITS THE TRAIL.

You've read of old Vesuvius when she went upon a spree,
And there a burning, smoking hell into the fragrant air;
And breathed upon a happy land, a hot and scorching breath,
That hurled away all trace of life and left despair and death;

You've read of that disaster, of that crust that burst and smote the earth in that ancient century,
But the horrors of Pompeii's fate will positively pale
The worst that ever smote the earth in that ancient century.

Mr. Alexander lived a long, long time ago,
He conquered the world for pasture, then he went because the times were slow,
He was a retired lieutenant, and the world was small, you see,
When he had no words to conquer he suffered from ennu.

Frederick was another man whom the people said was great,
For when he chose to "hand it out" the nations read their fate,
But both great men together, and their soldiers, all would fall
To make a good impression, when the Hoo Hoo hits the "Trail."

Napoleon was another man who made history every day,
He'd fight the nations dodging to keep out of his way,
He tackled the Italians, and the Dutch from Amsterdam,
At the Pyramids and the Basins he took a little Siam.

But he had his little troubles, and he met his Waterloo,
But he thanked the Lord he never met a train-load of Hoo Hoo.
He would fight men by the millions, but Cate he'd like for St. Helena if the Hoo Hoo hit the "Trail."

Last Summer in Manchuria there was an awful row,
The little Japs from Tokio fought the Cossacks over the Moscow.
The Cossacks swore in Russian and the Japs got mad as well
You know how mad they got much better than I can tell.

They fought like the beasts of the forest, and on each other prey
Until they'd killed a million men to pass the time away.
The world was agitated with horror as the papers told the tale,
But 'twas like a Sunday picnic against the Hoo Hoo on the "Trail."

They're going by the railroads, with their babies and their wives,
Oh, Heaven pity Portland when that bunch of Cate arrives,
They'll fall upon that quiet town like a cloud-burst from the sky,
And the panic-stricken Portlandites will pray for a chance to die.

For there's no simile on earth, like the Hoo Hoo's ostentatious,
It's the one unsightly noise that's like the Judgment call,
And when they howl together, Oh, the sound would make you quail,
Yet such will be the music when the Hoo Hoo hits the "Trail."

From North and South and East and West they're coming Loyal and True,
They'll come to elect a snark, a Chief of Great Hoo Hoo.
They're going to choose a noble man, a product of the West,
And in his care for one short year the powers of Snark invest.

Bob Inman is the only man; we want him, friends, we do,
And when you know him as we do, you'll want Bob Inman, too,
Let "Inman" be the "Snark" as you speed along the rail,
And long remember that glad day when Hoo Hoo hit the "Trail."

GEO. W. HOAG.

LOW EXCURSION RATES EAST.

On September 15, 17, the Great Northern Railway will sell excursion tickets to Chicago and return, \$7.50; St. Louis and return, \$7.50; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth and return, \$10.00; tickets good for going passage for 10 days; final return limit 30 days; good going via Great Northern Railway, returning same or any direct route; stop-overs allowed going and returning.

For tickets and additional information call on or address H. D. Inman, C. P. & G. A. Great Northern Railway, 22 Third Street, Portland.

WIND TOO HIGH FOR THE AIRSHIP

Aeronaut Is Forced to Look for a Landing Near Albina.

IS BLOWN INTO A TREE

Hole Ten Feet Long Torn in the City of Portland, but the Framework Is Saved From Injury.

The City of Portland, manned by Lindo Beechey, made a valiant attempt yesterday to add to its hitherto broken string of victories, but the elements proved to be the master and the ship, but a sudden gust of wind carried the ship on and dragged with it the man at the rope. The wind took the airship into a clump of trees where a branch caught and snagged the balloon. This incident served to bring out a display of Beechey's skill and coolness, for in spite of the 10-foot gash in the bag and the rapid escape of the gas, he handled the machine in such a way as to land in the open without even a jar to the framework or engine. The kindly stranger, however, learned through the medium of burned and blistered hands, that the attempt to hold an airship by means of a half-inch rope is not to be counted on with success.

The collapsed balloon and framework were brought back to the aerodrome by wagon, and the work of re-

pairing the torn silk begun yesterday afternoon. The repairs will be completed this morning and today Captain Baldwin will manufacture the gas for the refilling of the balloon. Under the present plans the first of the airship races will take place tomorrow at 11 o'clock, with the City of Portland and the Gelatine as the contestants.

Tomlinson now has the Gelatine in what he considers first-class shape, and will himself take charge of the motor and rudder in the races.

When Beechey, in the City of Portland, made his ascent, he had no difficulty in handling the airship within the height of 200 feet. Starting from the Aerodrome Concourse he skimmed over the Trail and headed toward the Government building, where he began to make a further ascent. This brought him directly into the path of the wind currents formed by the water-way of the Willamette, and here, although the motor worked perfectly, no headway could be made against the wind and the airship was carried against its own force across the river and over Albina.

Looks for Landing Place.

Beechey realized that the combat was useless and at this time began to look for a landing place. When North Albina was reached he picked out a vacant block and attempted to make his landing. As the drapery touched the ground a man ran up and caught it, attempting to hold the ship, but a sudden gust of wind carried the ship on and dragged with it the man at the rope. The wind took the airship into a clump of trees where a branch caught and snagged the balloon. This incident served to bring out a display of Beechey's skill and coolness, for in spite of the 10-foot gash in the bag and the rapid escape of the gas, he handled the machine in such a way as to land in the open without even a jar to the framework or engine. The kindly stranger, however, learned through the medium of burned and blistered hands, that the attempt to hold an airship by means of a half-inch rope is not to be counted on with success.

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and with only a moderate breeze over the ground it seemed that the much-talked-of race would be pulled off.

Makes Attempt Alone.

Upon calling on the Weather Bureau, however, for reports, it was found that the upper currents showed a velocity of 15 miles, and in the face of this it was decided, since the Gelatine is still an unknown quantity, that the City of Portland would make the first attempt. The Gelatine was held in readiness to make the start upon a favorable showing by Beechey, but when it was seen that no headway could be made against the wind, Tomlinson gave up all idea of a race and returned his ship to the aerodrome.

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When Beechey, in the City of Portland, made his ascent, he had no difficulty in handling the airship within the height of 200 feet. Starting from the Aerodrome Concourse he skimmed over the Trail and headed toward the Government building, where he began to make a further ascent. This brought him directly into the path of the wind currents formed by the water-way of the Willamette, and here, although the motor worked perfectly, no headway could be made against the wind and the airship was carried against its own force across the river and over Albina.

Looks for Landing Place.

Beechey realized that the combat was useless and at this time began to look for a landing place. When North Albina was reached he picked out a vacant block and attempted to make his landing. As the drapery touched the ground a man ran up and caught it, attempting to hold the ship, but a sudden gust of wind carried the ship on and dragged with it the man at the rope. The wind took the airship into a clump of trees where a branch caught and snagged the balloon. This incident served to bring out a display of Beechey's skill and coolness, for in spite of the 10-foot gash in the bag and the rapid escape of the gas, he handled the machine in such a way as to land in the open without even a jar to the framework or engine. The kindly stranger, however, learned through the medium of burned and blistered hands, that the attempt to hold an airship by means of a half-inch rope is not to be counted