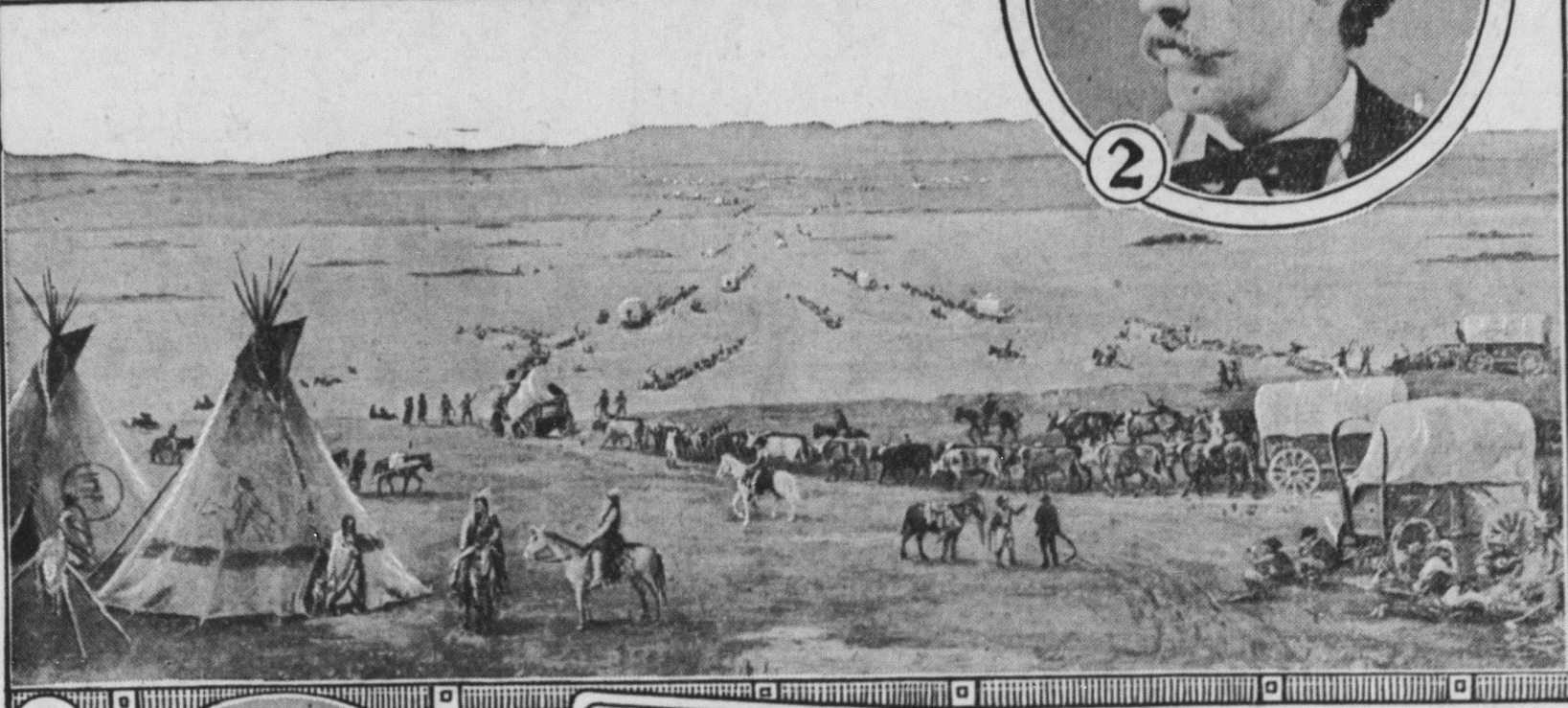


BACK-TRACKING an OLD TRAIL



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SOME time this summer a gray-haired New Yorker will be setting out upon a romantic journey. For William H. Jackson, eighty-nine-year-old "pioneer photographer" and at present research secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial association, is going to back-track on the trail of youth. Here is the way he told about it recently in announcing his plans:

"About the end of June the snows of the Rocky mountains will subside for another season and the roads will again be passable. Then I will start out on my annual trek over the Old Trail. You know, I first went over the trail back in the days of the Indians and the covered wagons with my little mule, 'Hypo,' for company. I'll use an auto this trip. It won't be much like an ox-cart for seeing the country, but it's a bit better than the train. And I guess a man who could 'bullwhack' can handle a steering wheel on the Old Trail, even if he is close to four-score and ten. This time I shall go alone. But I probably will pick up various friends along the way. . . . folk we have interested in our project of placing monuments and markers at the historic spots on the Trail. Last year we placed 100 from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, and 60 more on the pony express trail of '61."

Indebted as the posterity of America will be to this association and its active gray-haired research secretary for their work in marking historic spots on the famous "highway of a westward-faring nation," the Oregon Trail, posterity is even more indebted to the work which William H. Jackson did many years ago with his camera in preserving scenes which soon passed away forever and for the work which he is still doing in preserving more of those scenes through another medium—that of brush and canvas.

Various kinds of picture making occupied my time for a while," says Mr. Jackson. "I made family portraits; I painted landscapes on window screens, a fashion in those early days; and I painted a row of big jars as part of the scenery for a play about 'The Forty Thieves' of the Old Arabian Nights. The chief scenic artist for the local theaters gave me an approving slap on the back for my good drawing in this first attempt at scene painting.

"None of these beginnings brought in much money but they were good practice. To this hit-and-miss art training was added a few months work in the studio of a portrait painter which improved my technique somewhat."

But the opening of the Civil war put an end to this work and when Lincoln issued his call for "300,000 more" Jackson joined the Rutland Light Guards, later entering Company K, Twelfth Vermont Infantry with other troops became the Second Vermont Brigade. As soon as Jackson's command discovered his talent for drawing he was detailed to sketch maps of picket lines along Bull Run so at the age of nineteen he held an important and dangerous post in the Union army. After the war was over, Jackson returned to his home in the Adirondacks where for some time he was busy making photographs of the local heroes home from the war. At that time he earned what was considered a munificent sum, \$25 a week. But soon the wonder-just asserted itself again and he decided to go

west. He headed for Detroit but got only as far as Chicago and then worked his way on to Detroit by painting signs, teaching the art of coloring photographs and picking up other odd jobs. Eventually he got as far west as St. Joseph, Mo.

Here he secured a job of driving ox teams from Nebraska to Montana, "bull whacking" as it was called, for the wages of \$20 a month. For a year, 1865 to 1867, he was engaged in this work, freighting from Nebraska City on the Missouri via Fort Kearney, Julesburg, Fort Laramie and South Pass and to the valley of the Great Salt lake.

The following quotation from a letter which young Jackson wrote to his parents dated "Great Salt Lake City, October 30, 1866," is a graphic pen picture of the life of a bullwhacker in those days. "The program of a day's work will give you some idea of the kind of a life we have been leading. In the morning, just as day is breaking and when sleep lies heaviest upon us, the night watch makes the rounds, pounding on the wagons and shouting 'Roll out! Roll out! The bulls are coming.'"

"Shouldering one of the heavy yokes I begin looking for my old off-wheeler. It is hardly light enough yet to distinguish objects clearly and I have some difficulty at first in telling one ox from another. But I finally get my last pointer yoked and having previously put the wheels onto the tongue I drive around the other five yoke, connected with chains, and hitch them on ahead. I am ready to pull out, usually just as the sun is appearing above the horizon. . . ."

"About ten o'clock the train is corralled, un-yoking quickly done, and the cattle turned out to graze in charge of herders, and we proceed at once to get breakfast. The train is divided into four messes, the men taking turns at the various duties. This is frequently accompanied by a good deal of contentious wrangling because there are always shirkers that always fail to do their share of the work. The details bring the wood and water. The cooks for the time being bake bread in the big dutch oven, make two or three gallons of coffee, slice up half a side of bacon, find it hardly necessary to shout 'Grub pile!' for the whole mess is right there, impatiently waiting. Each one helps himself with tin cup and plate and retiring to the shady side of a wagon experiences for a brief half hour complete satisfaction.

"The afternoon drive sometimes brings us into camp so that it is quite late by the time we get supper. One of the greatest difficulties in cooking is the matter of providing fuel. Wood is scarce and along most of our route entirely lacking. The only substitute available is buffalo chips. It makes an excellent fire for cooking purposes when entirely dry, but when wet is the meanest stuff imaginable to get along with, trying the patience of the cooks to the utmost. . . ."

"My heavy suppers with the great quantities of strong coffee that I drink just before going to bed frequently result in dreams that verge on nightmares. At first, when the novelty of my adventure with its attendant work and worry was uppermost in my mind I had lurid dreams almost every night and invariably they related to my team of bulls. Sometimes I imagined them out of control and about to plunge over a great precipice. Wild with terror I would tumble out of my wagon in my desperate attempt to head them off from destruction, only to be yanked back by my bed fellow or brought to my senses by the night watchman. Billy and I slept on a buffalo robe with long shaggy hair. On one occasion I began tugging at this robe so violently that I nearly threw Billy out of the wagon. Of course he was in a high dudgeon and wanted to know what I thought I was doing; dreaming still, I replied 'I can't get my confounded leaders' heads around!'"

After a year of this work, young Jackson decided he wanted to start up in the business which he knew best so he went to Omaha and in 1868 he and his brother, who had come on from the East, set up a shop with a shingle over the door which read "Jackson Brothers, Photographers." This was the period when Omaha was booming with activities connected

1. Crossing the South Fork of the Platte river near Julesburg, Colo. From a sketch made by W. H. Jackson in 1866.
2. W. H. Jackson in the days of his youth.
3. W. H. Jackson (left), eighty-nine years old, "the pioneer photographer," greets another notable, Daniel Carter Beard (right), veteran Boy Scout leader, when they met at the National Pioneer dinner given by the Oregon Trail Memorial association in tribute to the western pioneers on December 29, 1930, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ezra Meeker, founder of the association.
4. West from Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater. From a photograph made by W. H. Jackson in 1870.

with the building of the Union Pacific railroad. Young Mr. Jackson saw in the starting of the railroad a wonderful chance for pictures. So he left the business in the hands of his brother and started out to record what was happening.

"In those days," says Mr. Jackson, "photography was different than it is today. The pioneer photographer of that time had to be something of a chemist, artist and mechanic all put together. When he wanted to take pictures on the road he had to carry chemicals, trays, glasses and what not, for each plate had to be prepared on the spot for every exposure. So when I started out from Omaha in 1868 I was equipped with a complete portable outfit for developing pictures en route."

Dr. F. V. Hayden head of the United States geological survey of the territories, organized to obtain definite information about those vast regions opened to the settlers by the new railroad, saw the pictures which Mr. Jackson took on that trip. He liked them so much he decided he must have Jackson along on his own surveying trip which he was slated to take along the old Oregon Trail, across Wyoming and back by the Overland Stage route. Thus it came about that William H. Jackson was the first man to make photographs of the marvels of the old Oregon Trail country.

Although he was appointed official photographer of the Hayden survey, he received no salary, but his equipment was provided and he was permitted to keep all negatives he made, for his own use. Most of his photographic supplies he carried in the ambulance which accompanied the party, but he also was provided with a little donkey which he named "Hypo." "Hypo" carried his working kit.

This survey of Doctor Hayden's started in August, 1870, and from Independence Rock followed the old Oregon Mormon trail along the Sweetwater river. Returning, it followed the old Overland Stage route across southern Wyoming and at Fort Saunders disbanded for the season.

So pleased were Washington officials with the pictures taken on this first survey that they appointed Jackson to accompany future surveys as photographer and for ten years he remained with Doctor Hayden in this capacity. In 1871, he took pictures of Yellowstone. He was the first to make photographs of the marvels of this country and his pictures, as well as the discoveries of, and specimens collected, by Doctor Hayden and his party, played an important part in the creation of the Yellowstone National park in 1872. The last expedition of the Hayden Geological survey to the Rocky mountain region was made in 1878, the present United States geological survey then being instituted. Mr. Jackson accompanied this final expedition.

Having completed his work as a pioneer photographer, Mr. Jackson eventually settled in Detroit and took up photography as a business. For 25 years he was connected with the Detroit Publishing company, retiring from that company a few years ago. Since that time he has been busy writing about his experiences in the old days, making paintings from his notes and sketches and promoting the work of the Oregon Trail Memorial association. And this summer he will climax his career by one more trip over that historic route where he was once a bullwhacker and the first and outstanding member of his profession—that of photographer of the Wild West.

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

When Husbands Slip

THIS woman's husband was run down, irritable, unhappy. She didn't know what was the matter with him. It worried her. She was afraid he would lose his job.
Her mother-in-law suggested she buy Fellows' Syrup and see that her husband took it regularly every day.
She saw it build up his vitality, ease the nerve strain, pep up vigor and appetite. She recommends it now to all her friends.
Ask for genuine Fellows' Syrup at your druggist.



FELLOWS' SYRUP

Outlines Six Steps for Land Use Plan

"Much lower prices for what he sells, higher prices for what he buys, and higher taxes—these are the upper and nether millstones which are slowly grinding the life out of rural America," said Prof. M. L. Wilson of Montana State College in a radio address, over an NBC network in the program of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. "Fortunately, there is a way out," Wilson stated, "but the way demands a reversal of the basic land policy of the nation."

The speaker presented six steps in a program for land utilization. First in the list of six fundamentals suggested by Professor Wilson is the repeal of the Homestead Act and the enactment of a new national land policy bill which, he pointed out, is essential because there is no more land in the public domain suitable for farming and home building. "Secondly, each state should classify its lands, develop a state-wide land use plan and institute a program of action," Professor Wilson advised. The third step is that poor land, as determined by land utilization studies, should be taken out of production.

Additional steps in the plan presented by Professor Wilson include the modification of land taxes and reorganization of local government; the withdrawal of poor lands from production to solve the surplus problem. Suggesting how this might be carried out, he explained the "Domestic Allotment Plan" which calls for the issuance of certain allotments to farmers to grow the kinds of crops they have been growing, the farmer to receive tariff protection on the allotted acres. Finally, Wilson recommended part time farming and the decentralization of industry.

To prevent men who are farming unsuitable land from joining the ranks of the unemployed, Professor Wilson stated that industry must adopt a new policy coupling industry with small farm agriculture. Small farms, located near industrial plants, he said, would not produce the great food staples of which there is a surplus.

Watchful Waiting

"If you've spotted the man who stole your car, why don't you get it back?"

"I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

Can you hold your neighbor in high regard if he supports a law intended to reform you? He!

No one fears an opportunity as a timid man does.

Odd Type of Frog
A frog that never goes near the water is one of the curiosities noted by Arthur Loveridge, of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology on a trip through East Africa. He found this type of frog in an exceedingly dry and sandy region.

Done With It!

Street Orator—We must get rid of radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, and Anarchism.
Voice From the Crowd—And while we're about it, why not throw in rheumatism?

On the Fence

Skjold—Why don't you vote?
Bjor—I've never been sold on the proposition.

Heard at a Party
"How old would you say Madge Decolity is?"
"She says she's twenty-six, but I imagine the age she gives is like her gowns, cut as low as possible."

Excuse It, Please
Voice Over Telephone—Is Mike Howe there?
Answer—What do you think this is, a stock yard?

Most of the wisecracks previous to the last half of the Nineteenth century lack sparkle. Nowadays, we'd call them duds.

As Usual
"How did Joe make out with bee farming?"
"He got stung."

It doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers.

A good man is rarely mistaken for a bad one.

Mule on Snowshoes
To help him carry pack for his owner who is a trapper 600 miles north of the northern mining town of Sherridon, Man., a mule owned by W. Klonwick has been taught to use snowshoes. The snowshoes are about eighteen inches in diameter and the mule refuses to walk in snow without them.

Covered Bridges Going
The covered bridge is fast disappearing from Vermont roads, and it is estimated at least 1,000 of the picturesque old wooden structures have been supplanted by other bridges within the past four years. Much of the reconstruction was necessitated by the floods of 1927.

WOULD you spend a few cents to save several dollars?

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A single fortunate purchase saves you more than the price of a year's subscription. And buys you better things—for the table, for the house, for yourself. Smarter clothes, extra convenience, increased comfort. All sorts of new satisfactions.

Form the good habit of reading the advertisements with care. The news they contain is valuable and practical. News that's good. News that means better living.