

The SHORTHORN WORLD

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Builders of the Breed

A Man Who Worked for and Earned High Promotion in The Business World Greatly Enjoys His Shorthorns

WORK and worth will win. To be able to smile when you feel like swearing, helps you to keep control of your forces and use the reasoning faculties when most needed and win many a battle that a hot head would lose. Indulgence in hate, anger and resentment casts the ability of clear thinking to the winds. It shuts out the inflow of power that every human being has at command. It fills the mind with petty annoyances and disappointments of the hour and creates a barrier against every creative, constructive thought. It keeps one in a turmoil and tangle of little things and dims the vision and clouds the understanding. It brings bodily breakdowns and mental weakness. It magnifies troubles, enlarges obstacles and puts one in the frame of mind to curse his "luck" and his "lack of opportunity," instead of profiting by errors, recounting his good fortune and being thankful for his blessings.

Not one of these negative and dwarfing qualities can be charged against Thomas E. Wilson. He is positive and keeps his mind and body healthy and strong by vigorous action. Always a hard worker, never a clock watcher (except when keeping an appointment), he has worked his way from the bottom to the top in his chosen business in a manner to give courage and hope to every American boy and girl, no matter how meagre the early advantages.

Tom Wilson was born on a farm near London, Ontario, in 1868, so his early days were spent where Shorthorns were dominant. His folks brought him to the States in the centennial year 1876, when he was eight years of age. At sixteen he entered the Chicago offices of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, where after two years' work he was earning \$40 per month. A chance came in 1881 to keep tab on the refrigerator and other cars for Morris & Company at the stock yards at \$100 a month, and he grabbed it after an associate had turned it down. The other young man, who did not like the stock yard odors, said, "If they offered me the whole stock yards I would not go there to work," picked up his pen and resumed his clerical work.

Young Wilson did not enjoy the stench of those early days, nor the plank walks laid in much that oozed up and occasionally squirted up a fellow's trouser leg as he jumped from one board to another. He did not like the crowded disagreeable working quarters as well as he had the sumptuous offices of the railroad, but he was not going to let small discomforts stand in the way

of his opportunity. There might have come to his mind the thought,

"In the muck and slime of things
Something always, always sings."

Anyway he was not looking for little things to bother but for big things to do. He rose step by step to the presidency of the great packing plant. He had no "pull" of any kind and won his way by hard, faithful, loyal work. In the summer of 1916 the public was astonished to see the name of Wilson & Company displacing that of Sulzberger & Sons Company. Bankers who had taken over the property set their minds on getting Mr. Wilson to run it and by giving him a big block of stock and a princely salary they secured the use of his name and his vast personal ability.

While with Morris, he breakfasted at 5:30 and caught the six o'clock "dummy" for the yards, seldom leaving before nine at night. The first fifteen years he refused to take a vacation and rarely failed to spend a part of each Sunday and holiday at the plant. He studied the whole business from every angle, construction, buying, selling, establishing of branches, refrigeration and what not. He declares that the long hours he put in daily were not laborious at all. There were always changes and improvements to make, always some new and interesting development. As soon as he mastered the details of one branch he would break in a good man to carry it on, and he would turn to something else. He loved his work and therefore it was a fascinating game to him and never a drudgery. He was not afraid to tackle anything and constantly prepared himself to take on added responsibilities. In the 35 years he was with Morris he only missed five days on account of sickness. He has always worked as hard as he could and he plays in the same spirit.

Lack of wealth he says is no handicap to a boy who has pluck, perseverance and determination to win. He feels that it largely rests with ourselves whether we wish to succeed and how much. He considers a start without money more of an advantage than a handicap.

When it was possible to gratify his long cherished desire to own and operate a farm, he bought 300 acres north of Chicago near Lake Forest. He wanted horses, pigs, cattle and lots of other things on it. There was never a moment's hesitation as to the kind of cattle. Quite fittingly his first purchase was a Canadian Shorthorn cow with quality and a good udder, and breeding back of her to insure reliable produce. She cost

only \$250. Probably no fancier would now pick her out as the one animal that has done most toward paying for the farm. She is assured of a nice place to spend her declining years, but in the meantime she is busy raising another corking Kingwood calf. Even the keenest judge cannot always tell the animal as a youngster that may mean the most in the herd. The first great sire used at Edellyn Farm was Kingwood, imported by Mr. Wilson from England. This bull has been a source of great profit. His calves are now found in conspicuous positions in numerous noted herds in the States and some of them have been sent with great success to the Argentine.

Mr. Wilson, at the age of 31, married Miss Elizabeth Foss of Chicago, and he has enjoyed the greatest blessing that fate can bestow, a congenial life companion. Two children, Helen and Edward, came to gladden the home further, and both of them enter into the spirit of the country home and its purebred live stock with as much zest as the justly proud parents could desire.

No man is more willing than Mr. Wilson to pay homage to the wonderful achievements in live stock breeding in Great Britain, but he is firmly of the opinion that blind following of even the greatest leadership is not becoming in a people with such resources and opportunities as are enjoyed by the people of the western hemisphere. Quite all right he considers it to give highest credit to the famous breeders of the old world, but there is a duty as well as a privilege to push the work of breed development to the point where the term American Shorthorn will signify the highest usefulness and greatest bovine excellence in the world.

The bargain at the J. W. Kennedy sale held at the farm near Sioux City, Ia., was the three-year-old herd bull Clipper Chieftain, a grandson of Villager and Fair Knight 2d, which went to T. A. Wright, Volin, S. D., at \$385. Mr. Wright purchased a dozen head, including some heifers not catalogued. Frank Rodwig & Son of Sioux City, Frank Small & Son of Leeds, Martin Swanson of Sioux City, and Wm. Geerstma of Sioux City purchased several lots each.

The Vincennes Interstate District Association picnic will be held August 6, at the farm of Buchanan & England, Bridgeport, Ind. Visitors are asked to go to Vincennes where they will be met by cars.



THOMAS E. WILSON

Head of the great packing concern of Wilson & Company and owner of the Edellyn Farm Shorthorns. The farm is a happy blending of the names of his son and daughter, Edward and Helen, who take a genuine interest in the Kingwood calves and especially in the progeny of the first cow in the herd, that cost \$250 in Canada. Mr. Wilson sees no reason why in time there should not be plenty of cattle in the herds of members of the Chicago Shorthorn Cattle Club as superb as those that made famous such names as Bates, Cruickshank, Duthie, Marr, Durno, Willis, Anderson and the rest of the old world galaxy of stars