

PACKER'S SON STARTS IN AT BOTTOM RUNG

Ed Wilson, 22, Princeton
Graduate, Now Punching
Calves and Cows.

Tom Wilson's boy, they say out in the stockyards, is going to be a packer. Tom Wilson's boy, Edward Foss Wilson, recently out of Princeton, isn't exactly sure about the matter, so he is practicing at it every day—getting up long before the February dawn to punch the calves and cows around—trying to learn exactly what is underneath the hide of veal and beef animals. He had no books at Princeton that tell about how much fat, how much bone, what kind of meat, how many porterhouse steaks and how much chuck can be found beneath the hide, nor how much the hide itself will be worth.

So Ed Wilson is attending the interesting school of experience, starting at the very beginning, in order to fit himself for the mantle that some day may fall on his shoulders should he succeed to the family's interest in Wilson & Co. Meat being the principle product of the packing house, the first thing the youth must do is to learn about meat. They start the ambitious boys on calves—because calves are not so expensive, relatively, as other meat animals. They weigh less and a mistake is less grievous when it is made in calf buying.

Mastering First Task.

The first thing that young Wilson had to do the other day when he started his "within-the-yard" education was to learn how to ride a more or less fractious cow pony up to the big gates and open and close them while astride the pony without permitting any calves to dash out on a hunt for their mammas and breakfast. One doesn't learn that trick in a day or

[Continued on Fifth Page.]

LEARNING PACKING BUSINESS FROM BOTTOM UP



TWO PICTURES OF EDWARD FOSS WILSON MADE AT STOCKYARDS.
[By a staff photographer.]

FINDS STUDENT DEAD;
ONE STABS HIMSELF

High School Boy Stumbles
Over Chum's Body; Another
Admits Suicide Attempt.

One high school student in a Palatine, Ill., hospital suffering from three stab wounds inflicted in an attempt to end his life and the body of another, self slain, in a local morgue accentuated to-day the drift toward student suicides.

Harold Marks, 17 years old, a senior at the Lindblom high school, was found shot to death in the garage at the rear of his home at 8517 South Hermitage avenue, an old family rifle across his chest. Andrew Westin, 17 years old, a student in the Crane Junior college who lives upstairs of the Marks' stumbled across the body as he was putting his motorcycle away. A preliminary investigation convinced the police that the death was accidental, but a coroner's inquest was ordered to determine the matter finally.

Found Staggering in Road.

The other youth, John Brasel, 18 years old, a senior student in the Barrington high school, drove his father's car to the depths of the forest preserve near the town and stabbed himself three times with a hunting knife. He was found bleeding profusely and staggering along the highway at Rand road and Northwest highway by four fellow students. They took him to his home in Barrington and later he was removed to a hospital at Palatine where physicians said that although weak from loss of blood he would probably recover. Before lapsing into unconsciousness, when he was picked up the youth is said to have admitted that he stabbed himself.

The Brasel car was found in the woods nearly a mile from where he

PACKER'S SON LEARNING
BUSINESS FROM BOTTOM
[Continued from First Page.]

three months or even a year, sometimes. So Ed, as they call him in the pens, is still low-class freshman at it, though he is making progress.

Yesterday at noon an inquisitive reporter dropped around to see just how the process of educating a packer's son to be a packer really works. And he found the young red-headed Wilson being "bawled out"—to use the technical term—for having misjudged the weight of a pen of calves by three pounds to the hundredweight. And it didn't seem to worry the veteran buyer delivering the "bawling out" that his pupil was the son of the president of the company for which he was buying.

"Nine cents a pound," said the old-timer, but less articulately. "Twenty-seven cents a hundred we lose. Armour or Swift don't buy that way and they get the edge on our salesmen by just that amount. You got to figure it closer than that, Ed. Learn to dress 'em out in your mind's eye right down to the pound."

By "dressing out" was meant to slaughter, skin, trim and make each calf ready for the market, in the buyer's mind—just as is done actually on the killing floor and in the coolers at the plant.

But beneath the roughness of the veteran young Wilson could read the desire to teach and teach right and he was an apt pupil.

Father's Record an Incentive.

"All my life," said he, at lunch, "people have been telling me, 'your father is a wonderful man with a wonderful record and you'll have to go far to equal him' and that is a great incentive to me," and there was a glint of determination in the blue eyes of this 22-year-old young man in an old slouch hat, a sheep-lined jacket, greasy corduroy pants and high-laced, muddy boots.

So, after Ed returned from a European tour, conducted in second hand French automobiles and on a bike in England, he started in his father's business lower down on the ladder than his father had.

WASHINGTON

Chicago

John
the
State
cong
by J
aven
whom
no v
Geor
is be
son,
ance
stud
Mr
facts
chief
figur
real

Pr
of C
"I
an u
land
tersc
pres
gres
N"

Eliz
Mar
ment
mise
obtal
acce
erati
sent
"A
"Joh
tiner
presi
held
year,
died
Mr
and
Hans

Cy
The
"Joh
tory
Mr. F
was
gress
States
man
ized
Gen.
York

FUN

Boyl
opened
town
James
Negro,
diana
robbery
from a
Wheele
ing the