PACKER'S SON STARTS IN AT BOTTOM RUNG

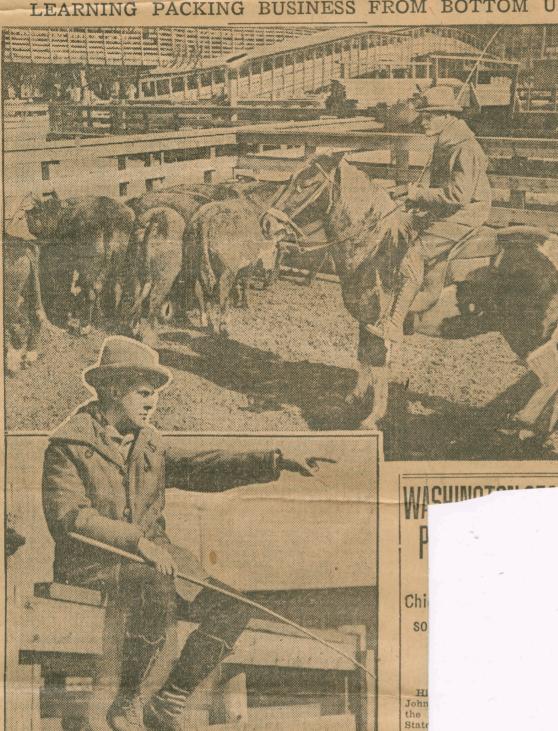
Ed Wilson, 22, Princeton Graduate, Now Punching Calves and Cows.

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 aroundtrying to learn exactly what is underthe hide of veal and beef anineath mals. 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 be neath 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



TWO PICTURES OF EDWARD FOSS WILSON MADE AT STOCKYARDS.

[By a staff photographer.]

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

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 the Marks' stumbled across the body as he was putting his motorcycle A preliminary investigation awav. 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 senior student in the 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 He was found bleeding profusely and staggering along the high-way 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 lepsing into unconsciousnes, when he was picked up the youth is said to have admitted that he stabbed himself. The Brasel car was found in the

PACKER'S SON LEARNING BUSINESS FROM BOTTOM

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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 ogress.

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. be found the young red-headed Wilson being "bawled out"—to use the techniweight of a pen of calves by three pounds to the hundredweight. And it didn't seem to worry he veteran buy-er delivering the "bawling out" that his pupil was the son of the president of the company for which he was

'Nine cents a pound," said the oldtimer, but less articulately seven cents a hundred we lose. Armour or Swift don't buy that way and they get the edge on our sales men 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 buy er'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 ather is a wonderful man with a won derful 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 yes 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

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