

12-1915

The Prospector, December 1915

UTEP Student Publications

The
PROSPECTOR

TEXAS SCHOOL OF MINES

DECEMBER
1915

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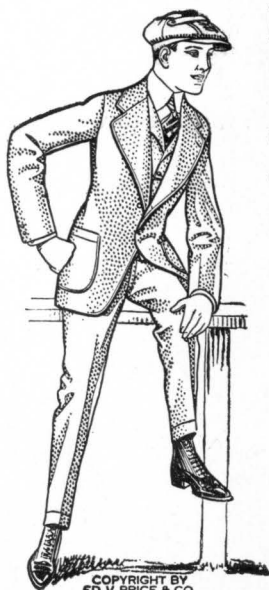
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Feb. 23, 1952 Vancouver

The Prospector

VOL. 2

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 2

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Ft. Bliss, Texas

One dollar per year

EDITORIALS

About this time last year, just before the Miner-Hi. football game, we were favored by a talk on School Spirit by Mr. Eugene Harris. Mr. Harris succeeded in instilling enough spirit and "pep" into the school to last the remainder of the football season and for sometime after.

However, there is always a tendency for the student to drift toward the individual instead of the aggregate. Unless this tendency is corrected once in awhile there appears a condition or state of affairs which can be expressed by the old saying, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

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The student body of the Texas School of Mines is small, as we well know; no more than are found at a club or fraternity at some of the larger schools. This is both a handicap and a benefit. There is not the necessity to break up into small groups, clubs or fraternities for the sake of social intercourse, that there is in the large schools, but there is the absolute need to pull together and with the spirit that "has the kick," to bring the small school to the front and win recognition along any line.

Show your spirit by standing up for the school at all times, and in athletics or student organizations come out and do what is expected of you even if you do not take an active part.

This school is without a design or seal that is emblematic of the institution, unless we use that of the University at Austin. However the seal used there is not very appropriate for a mining school. Also it is customary for any department of a university that is not located at the same place as the main institution to have a seal or emblem of its own.

In order that we may have a seal of our own, an emblem that will stand for this school, the following offer is made to members of the Mining Club:

It is desired that designs of a seal or emblem be submitted to the management of this paper, which will be turned over to a faculty committee to select one to become the official seal of the institution and used as such in the future.

As an incentive to secure a sufficient number of designs, there will be awarded to the member who submits the design chosen, a gold pin bearing the emblem.

A meeting of the upper classmen was held Friday morning, November 12, for the purpose of organizing the Mining Club. About sixteen students assembled.

Prof. Pallister gave a brief talk outlining the purpose of the club, the benefits to be derived from such an organization, and also named some of the important schools that have clubs of a like nature which have become affiliated with the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Following the talk by Prof. Pallister an election of officers was held with the following elected to office: President, V. L. Leasure; Vice-President, L. A. Nelson; Secretary, L. L. Pomeroy; Treasurer, J. C. Ronan; Sergeant-at-Arms, O. P. Walker.

A committee was appointed to draw up the by-laws of the club, decide who is eligible for membership, and also to arrange the details for the first meeting of the club.

"GASSY" UNWATERS A MINE

It was about three weeks after "Gassy" had finished driving the famous "Snow Tunnel" upon the side of Baldy Mountain, that he drifted back into the camp dead broke, and just recovering from the effects of the two weeks drunk that he and a dozen of his companions had indulged in.

What! you have never heard of the Gassy Thompson Snow Tunnel? Well! Well! That was about as nervy a piece of Gassy's work as I have ever seen him pull off, and it made one of the big railroads the laughing stock of the entire state, one spring.

I'll have to tell you about that some time.

As I was saying, "Gassy" came back to camp, dead broke but ready to tackle anything from pushing suds over the O. K. Bar, to superintending the Gold Nugget Mine on the hill, and "Gassy" could handle either job in a perfectly capable manner when—, but then I have told you what his failing was.

"Gassy" had been hanging around the camp a week before anything of interest happened. He had spent the time doing little odd jobs that might come his way, tinkering with his old gasoline engine, but mostly waiting for something to turn up whereby he could make a killing and go out with the gang for another glorious drunk, at his expense. For "Gassy" was a liberal spender, and a free giver too, and at times made many a poor "kiddie" happy with a carelessly flipped dollar in his or her direction.

One morning as he was crossing the tracks in front of the Manhattan Mine Office, Harris, the manager of the Manhattan, stepped out of his office door, and called "Gassy" over to his office.

"Thompson," he said, "You know that shaft of ours over on the Eagle Claim?"

"Well I guess," "Gassy" replied. "Didn't I sink eighty feet of it for you people, and the best timbered shaft in the camp, only to have Blain take the contract away from me, for laying off a couple of days while sick, and give it to that fool nephew of his?"

Well now Thompson, I know that was a raw deal you got but Blain is not in charge here any more, so don't hold that little affair against me or the company."

"I'll not," said "Gassy," but what is it you want with me and the Eagle Shaft?"

"Why the company has decided to unwater the shaft and do the annual assessment work for the Eagle claim this year by driving a crosscut east from the bottom of the shaft, and attempt to cut the vein that we are now working on."

"You are not doing anything now Thompson, so how would you like to take the contract to pull the water for us?"

"Well, Harris, I'll tackle most anything in the mining game you know, so what kind of a deal are you going to offer me?"

THE PROSPECTOR

The next morning the "Finn" was at the shaft again and ready for work, but still "Gassy" wasn't there. He waited around there half the morning and then went back to town, cussing the man that caused him to lose so much time with no pay.

At the O. K. that evening the "Finn" was on hand again and made the same remark as he had on the previous evening about "Gassy's" not coming to work that day. Again the bartender overheard the remark and again he questioned the crowd in regard to "Gassy's" whereabouts and again no one had seen "Gassy" that day.

This caused some little excitement and men began to question one another as to who had seen him last and where. Two of them had seen "Gassy" on Sunday afternoon headed for the Eagle shaft with the windlass rope on his shoulder but none remembered of seeing him afterwards.

Interest in "Gassy's" disappearance grew with each moment of time passed. The "Finn" was questioned closely about the matter, but he could tell them little or nothing. The rope was on the windlass, he said, and the buckets, "of two mans size," as he put it, were close by the collar of the shaft. He had not even looked down the shaft to see where the water level was, something that any American miner in the camp would have done.

For "Gassy" not to show up at the O. K. at night, and for him to miss two nights in succession, when he was in camp, was something unusual indeed. And for him to fail to start his work was even more strange, because "Gassy" wasn't one that loafed on a contract job.

At last the bartender, who was always the spokesman of the crowd, said, "Boys, I'm afraid that something has happened to 'Gassy.' This 'Finn' tells me that 'Gassy' has not been at the bunk house or the restaurant since Sunday morning. Let's go over to the Eagle and see if we can find out anything. Some of you fellows get a couple of lanterns and let's go."

Well, the lanterns were brought in a hurry and everybody started for the Eagle shaft. Men stopped us along the road to inquire what was up, and on being told fell in behind, until when we reached the shaft nearly a hundred were in the crowd.

Nothing seemed unusual at the collar of the shaft and everything was as the "Finn" had said. The bartender took one of the lanterns and lowered it with the windlass rope to the surface of the water, the men crowding around the shaft, each trying to get a chance to look. There on the side of the lagging just above the water level, by the dim light of the lantern, our straining eyes saw dark splotches of dried blood and a few torn fragments of a grey coat caught on the rough timbers.

"Boys," said the bartender, "that's a part of 'Gassy's' coat. There's either been an accident or some dirty work, and poor old 'Gassy's' body is at the bottom of the shaft."

Well, the crowd split up into crews of two men each, and each crew working a fifteen minute shift on the windlass at full speed, then

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"There is seventy feet of water in the shaft, and I will give you fifty dollars to have it all out by next Saturday night. You can rig up the windlass to-morrow and be ready to start early Monday morning to pull water."

"That's pretty fair, only you know there is a five-foot offset in the shaft about ten feet from the bottom, where that kid nephew of Blain's thought he could side step into some soft ground, and it is going to be tough work on that last ten feet. I think that ought to be worth about ten dollars more."

"I can't quite see it Thompson, but I'll split the difference with you and call it fifty-five."

That night when "Gassy" met the gang at the O. K. Bar, he told them of his contract with Harris, and on the strength of the contract he was able to stand the bartender off for the drinks to the crowd.

To help him with his contract "Gassy" hired the services of a big husky "Finn" that had come into the camp a day or two before looking for work, and told him to report for work early Monday morning at the Eagle shaft.

The next day, Sunday, in the afternoon, "Gassy" went over to the Eagle, taking along a new windlass rope, a hammer and some nails, with which to fix up the old windlass and nail the drain trough up tight, so everything would be ready to go to work the next morning.

Early the next day the "Finn" was at the shaft to go to work. "Gassy" was not there when the "Finn" arrived. The "Finn", who was to work by the day, had no objections to "Gassy's" non appearance on time however, so he sat down to smoke his pipe and wait.

Eight o'clock came and still no "Gassy" showed up. The "Finn" waited half an hour longer and decided he might as well go back to town and come back after dinner, thinking probably that "Gassy" was busy at something else for the morning, and would not start work until the afternoon.

Back to the shaft after dinner, went the "Finn" and "Gassy" was still absent. He waited an hour for "Gassy" to come, then decided to go back to town and see if he could find him. He looked in at the O. K. Bar and over at the bunk-house; into the company store and thru the restaurant, but nowhere was "Gassy" to be found.

That night the "Finn" told one of the regular evening crowd at the O. K. that he had gone to work at the Eagle that morning but his boss hadn't showed up all day.

The bartender, overhearing the remark, said to the line of men in front of the bar, "Have any of you fellows seen 'Gassy' to-day?"

No one had seen him, but each one at once made his suggestion of where "Gassy" might have been, only to have his guess disproved by some one else that had been to that particular place during the day.

"Gassy's" absence from the O. K. in the evening and his failure to show up at the Eagle, caused only a few comments from the crowd and the incident was forgotten for the evening.

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giving way to a fresh crew. Some few went back to camp and told others, but the most of us stayed, so with more people constantly arriving there was soon a good-sized crowd and plenty to take the places of those played out by the strenuous fifteen minutes of hoisting.

All night long we bailed water as fast as we could make the windlass work. A few went home when morning dawned, but these came back later, bringing with them many more, until it looked as if the entire town was taking a holiday. Women and children crowded around with the men, each awaiting with morbid interest the gruesome find that would come with the completion of the work.

Thru the morning the toilers worked without a stop and by noon had reached the offset that was near the bottom of the shaft. Here it became necessary that someone go down to help get the bucket past the place during hoisting, and the bartender, always first on the job, was the one to go.

Shouting encouragement from the shaft, and calling out from time to time the depth of water left to pull, he urged us into a faster pace.

At last the water was low enough that the bartender could hear the bucket strike something soft with a sickening thud, as it tipped to fill with water. Shouting out the news to the crowd he went on down to the bottom of the shaft in the next bucket to bring up the body.

As the bartender's head appeared above the ground a sickly grin spread over his face. In answer to our excited questions, he merely stepped out of the bucket, and those nearest saw reposing in the bottom of the bucket, the carcass of a spotted dog with a heavy stone tied about its neck.

You ask were we sore? Well, rather, for awhile, but the next day "Gassy" came out of hiding, collected his contract money, and set up the treats to the crowd, and it was hard to stay mad very long at the clever old scoundrel.

V. L. and J. W. W.

By The Way

Our enrollment has now reached 41, which is not so bad when you consider that this is a technical institution and only one year old at that.

The mill crew has had one more member added to it's force with the enrollment of Mr. Nafe in the Ore Dressing class.

The Assay Laboratory is now fitted up and the class in assaying, has started work. A trip was made by the class the first of the month thru the sampling department of the El Paso Smelter.

Our much desired game with Arizona failed to materialize. This certainly was not any fault on our part, as we tried hard to get the game. It rather looks as if something had been "slipped over on us" by one of our neighboring colleges.

The class in Field Geology has nearly completed its work of making a Geological Map of a section of the Franklin Mts.

Prof. Pallister's family arrived the last of October from Cleveland, Ohio, to spend the winter in El Paso. They are living at 2927 Altura Boulevard.

Credit, for the lines entitled, "Why We Didn't Play Hi," printed in the November edition of the Prospector, is due W. S.(Soc)Race.

The management wishes to thank the "Borderland Sage" for his contribution this month.

For you who feel like you are receiving more than your share of the knocks and roasts, allow us to observe in the most delicate manner in the world that the other fellow's time is coming soon. However, we cannot heed all requests for roasts, and we reserve the right to reject any or all received. Some one has expressed our sentiments exactly in the following lines;

Says Smith, "Roast Jones;"

Says Jones, "Roast Smith."

Says Freshman, "Roast the Sophs."

The Juniors wish the Seniors scored.

And all say "Roast the Profs."

We cannot heed requests for roasts

From all our friends who call.

Go to the devil, dearest friend,

For he will roast you all.

THE PROSPECTOR

We wish to verify any reports that may have been made to the effect that this school does not turn out gentlemen. It allows them to go right on and graduate.

Can You Imagine?

Dormitory breakfast without hot
cakes,

“Pug” not having a date.

Bailey understanding a joke.

“Soc” not enjoying a rough house.

“Topics” winning a bet.

Becker not knowing all about ev-
erything.

Goodale over his freshness.

Foster leading a prayer meeting.

“Mac” running 80 yards for a
touchdown.

“Bruno” beating anyone’s time.

“Buster” being serious.

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Horse Power

An Echo from Last Year

Time; about 8:47 1-2 A. M. Enter: Cap. with a stately tread and one chubby finger stuck between the leaves of his five cent roll-book. Flopping this down on his table he rapidly calls off the roll and learns, much to his surprise, that all are present.

"Something is sure going to happen, everybody is here this morning. Well, we'll see what some of you fellows know about the lesson. I'll just let you tell me about it to-day."

(Here Jack Ivy "butts in") "Cap, I couldn't get anything out of the lesson to-day; I don't believe there is anything in it. I read the whole thing thru in five minutes."

At this, Cap looks up with a peculiar smile.

"That so? Alright, Mr. Ivy, then maybe you can tell me what horse power is?"

"Why, I didn't see that in there Cap. Was that in the book?"

"Well, I guess you better stay home from the 'movie' to-night Ivy, and spend about five-minutes more on the lesson."

"Mr. Kelly" (Cap says this with such force that the entire six feet, two inches, of that lanky individual, comes to life at once.)

"Yes Sir?"

"What's a horse power?"

"Why, why, er--"

At this moment low talking is heard over in the other corner of the room. Cap glares in that direction, while silence falls on the class. Jerking his thumb toward the door, he signifies without words, to the disturbers of the peace, for them to "beat it," which they quickly do.

"Now Mr. Kelly, you may tell us what horse power is."

"Why, horse power is, is-- Cap I don't remember just what it is. but I know that they have it in automobiles and steam engines and those kind of things."

"Well, now I'm learning something, but that doesn't hardly describe what horse power is, Mr. Kelly."

At this point Topics wildly waves his hand in the air showing his desire to answer the question. To humor him Prof. turns to him and says.

"Well Sarrels, do you think that you can tell us what horse power is?"

THE PROSPECTOR

"Sure I can," Topics replies in all confidence, "Horse power is how far a horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

And class breaks up, while Cap calls out the lesson for the next day, which is mostly review, as the fellows hurry out thru the door.

T. S. M. Football Song

By F. S. R.

Tune: "My Life Belongs to My Uncle Sam."

We're the Engineers from old Texas Mines,
We'll give them hell to-day.
Down the field our team goes marching,
They are sure to win the fray.
They'll carve her name in the hall of fame,
Where it's been many times;
For the bunch will fight for the Orange and White,
And the Texas School of Mines.

Who Got The Tiger's Skin?

Old Ballad

New Edition

Who Got The Tiger's Skin, boys,
Who got the Tiger's Skin?
Why the School of Mines,
Were there ten times,
Oh! they got the Tiger's Skin.

HONK! HONK!

Prof. Seamon runs an Overland,
Cap. Kidd, he drives a Hup.
The Dean sails 'round in an E. M. F.,
His car should win the cup.
McQuatters has a Cadillac,
While "Bruno" owns a "Fliver;"
But Pallister rides the Ft. Bliss Car,
And tries walking for his liver.

Athletics and Society

By G. E. Routledge

With an ideal day and a good sized crowd of rooters in the bleachers, the School of Mines and the High School met on Saturday afternoon, Nov., 20, at Rio Grande Park, for their second annual football battle. By a score of 10 to 0 the High School team lost to the Miners in a fast, clean cut contest, that was full of interest, to all present, from start to finish.

The game was won by a drop kick, from the forty-five yard line, by Wm. Race with one of the prettiest kicked goals that has ever been or probably will be seen on the local field, and by a completed forward pass with a run of fifteen yards by Scott Walker for a touch-down. Goal kicked by Biggs.

Many forward passes were tried by both teams, but not more than three were made complete by both teams. Both teams punted repeatedly, many long kicks being made by both sides. The Miners made the most consistent gains by end runs from a shift formation, fine interference being given to the runner in nearly every case.

The Mines received on the kick off and the ball was put in play on their 30 yd. line. By a series of three shift plays, no signals called, the Miners gained twenty-five yards in the first few seconds of play. High held the Mines on the next three attempts with but a few yards gain and Race punted to Hi's 8 yd. line. Fox punted back to center of field. Mines gain about twenty yds. by end runs and line bucks. A fumble by each team left the ball in the Miner's possession. Frazier tried a place kick but failed for goal. Hi put ball in play on their 20 yd. line. Ten yds. gained by Hi then they punted to Mine's 30 yd. line. Two line bucks gave Mines 5 yds. and an end run by O. Walker was good for 30 yds. more. Five yds more gained on end run and Race stepped back to kick a perfect goal from the 45 yd. line. Score 3--0.

Mines kicked off to High School and ball was returned to 30 yd. line. Hi failed to gain in three downs and punted to Mines' 30 yd. line. End of Quarter.

Second Quarter.

Mines ball on 30 yd. line. O. Walker gains 20 yds, by end run. S. Walker repeats the run for 20 more. Briggs goes thru line for 5. Forward pass failed. High was penalized off side and then punted. Mines' ball on 25 yd. line. Gained 5yds. by line buck. Race punted

THE PROSPECTOR

Hi makes 20 yds. on end runs and bucks and 15 yds. on a forward pass Worthington intercepted their next pass and carried it back for 8 yds. Mines fumbled the ball. Hi tried a place kick but failed.

Third Quarter

High received the kick off, and put ball in play on their 40 yd. line. Hi gains 2 yds. on line buck then fumbles ball, which was recovered by Mines. Orb around end for 5 yds. Forward pass incomplete. Drop kick by Race was blocked by Hi. Mines failed to gain on end run and line buck and were penalized 5 yds. for off side. Two forward passes incomplete. Mines punted but Hi fumbled the ball and it was recovered by Black. End run by Rus and Race thru center gained 12 yds. Both sides tried several forward passes and punting, and quarter ended with ball in Mines' possession.

Fourth Quarter.

Miners tried an end run and a line buck with no gain. Forward pass nets 15 yds. Another forward pass incomplete. Hi's ball on downs. Hi made no gain on an end run and three line bucks. Mines punts to Hi's 3 yd. line. Hi punts to Mines. Mines ball on Hi's 30 yd. line. 6 yds. gained by line buck. Forward pass to S. Walker, which he carried over for a touchdown. Biggs kicked goal. Score 10-0.

Hi received on kick off. End runs and bucks give 30 yds. to Hi but they were penalized 5 yds. for slugging. During the remainder of the quarter both teams punted repeatedly. The ball was held near the center of the field, neither side making any material gains. Game ended with the ball in possession of High School on their 20 yd. line.

Line-up at Start of Game

Mines		High School
Black	Center	McPherson
McQuatters	R. Guard	Casey
Foster	L. Guard	Schwartz
Pomeroy	R. Tackle	Tatum
Frazier	L. Tackle	Bryant
S. Walker	R. End	Lochhausen
Raney	L. End	McKemy
Worthington	R. Half	Boyd
Biggs	L. Half	Schumaker
O. Walker(Cap)	Full Back	Fox(Cap)
Race	Quarter	Shea

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Race		Shea

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THE PROSPECTOR

On Saturday night following the Mines-Hi game a very delightful dance was given in honor of the two teams, by Mrs. A. J. McQuatters, at the West Ysleta Country Club. A most enjoyable time was spent by all. One of the features of the dance was the hanging up of the score of the game by the team's captains, Walker and Fox.

USE **SPALDING ATHLETIC GOODS**

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EXCHANGE

By R. S. SAMPLE



The following publications have come to our exchange table during the past month:

“The Arizona Wildcat”—The students and faculty of Arizona University plan to construct a big emblem of the university. This will be a huge “A” made of whitewashed rock, and over one hundred feet long. It is to be erected on the hill west of Tucson.

What’s the matter with an “M” on Mt. Franklin? Plenty of rocks there.

“The Dalhi Journal”—This publication is issued once a month by the Dallas High School. The Dalhi is trying to instill a little “Pep” into the life and spirit of the school, this year. Dallas Hi has a big bunch of students this year but seems to need to be roused up.

School Spirit is a good dose for any institution.

“The Round Up,” from A. & M., at Mesilla—The farmers seem to have won the “Championship” this fall. They all pulled together and worked hard for it, students, faculty and team. That shows what concentrated effort in the right place will do.

“The Corral”, published monthly, by the students of Simmons College, Abilene, Texas—The Oct. issue contains a clever little story, and some well written lines “To the Man Who Fails.” We would suggest that the paper wouldn’t suffer if a little more spice were put into it

“The Zonian” comes to us from quite a distance. It is published by the students of the Balboa High School, Balboa, Canal Zone. The copy received was the Graduation Edition. It was well written and contained many good cuts.

“The Tatler,” from El Paso Hi, is welcomed with interest each month. Not that we don’t know what is going on at Hi, but we like to see what they say about it.

THE PROSPECTOR

FUN

By J. C. Ronan

Mrs. Worrell—"Goodness! Does our auto make this much racket all the time?"

Dean Worrell—"No, only when it is running."

Van Surdam (soon after arriving)—"Can a fellow shoot any small game around here?"

Davey—"Go up to 'Pug's' room and he'll shoot you some craps for a nickel."

Prof. Seamon—"Mr. Walker, are you sleeping?"

"Orb"—"No, just hitting the hay, Prof."

Smith (to Con. on Ft. Bliss line)—"Say, 'Fat,' how long have you been conductor on this line?"

"Fat" Jones—"About twenty-five years, young lad."

Smith—"You must be making about your second trip now."

"Kelly"—"Is hydrogen a reducer?"

"Tip"—"Why do you ask 'Fats' and I."

And now we know why Quilliam keeps his door locked all the time. He says the flies are so bad.

Mrs. Worrell—"Wake up, Steve, there's a burglar in the pantry eating up all my cake."

Mr. Worrell—"I don't care, just so he doesn't die in the house."

(Joke Ed, in a hurry to get out copy)—"Say, Rus, tell me some new stuff to put in for jokes."

"Oh! Just put in Topics' face; that will do."

Buster, on being tackled near the side line falls into a pile of rocks and stickers head first. Getting up and staggering around with a wandering imagination, and a bump the size of a soup bowl over his left ear, he pulls one lonely sticker out of his hand and exclaims: "My goodness! They ought to clean the stickers off this field."

HIGH SCHOOL'S YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Is my hat on straight?

Lend me your powder rag,

Cherry Phosphate.

Son-of-a-gun—One, Two, Three,

Aren't we tough,

L-i-z-z-i-e

WISE OR OTHERWISE

By The Bordeland Sage

Did you ever notice that the fellows who are always yelling about "goin' down and takin' Mexico" are either undersized or are equipped with flat feet? There's a reason!

Hip-Hip-Hooray for the new fashions! These high skirts make you women look shorter. (And us men look longer.)

Perhaps a short skirt is a woman's long suit. Quien Sabe?

We learn from reliable authority, that the big guns used by the French can shoot 23 miles. Golly, about all they will need will be a feller's name and address.

We might mention now, that if you can't own the school, don't disown it.

Some clever rouge has said, "Germany spells Kultur with a K because England controls all the SEAS." True enough, but did it ever occur to you that they might just naturally prefer de-CAY?

Visitors to the great southwest will be impressed by bigger cows,- and no milk; bigger rivers,- and no water; and being able to see farther,- and see nothing, than most any place in the world.

Did you ever stop to think that the T. S. M. is:

The biggest mining school, in the
The biggest city, in
The biggest county, in
The biggest state, in
The greatest country, in
The world?

The Prospector offers as prizes, the current July and August Issues to the intelligent undergraduates who will find the mistake in the following sentence:

"is them sheeps yourn?"

All answers must be in by February 26.

They say, "Gold is where it is." A friend adds, "And that is usually where I aint." So say we all of us.

We recently read that, up to date some 2,400 books have been printed in Esperanto, the universal language. Guess it won't be long before we can talk that stuff like a native.

THE PROSPECTOR

Anyway, we can say this for Prof. Pallister, "he keeps his feet on the earth and his head in the clouds."

The mother of one of the youthful E. P. H. S. Cadets in recounting to us how her son had been bruised up in drill, alluded most sadly to the refrain, "I didn't raise my boy to be a sol-ger."

Having seen the above mentioned corps, we told her, "Fear not madam, you're not."

What if a man shaves his neck? A man's a man for a' tha'.

This ain't a
Pome. It was
Just written
This way to
Fool you.

We always did pride ourselves on our Spanish. One day while we were running a little mine in Mexico, we were giving one of the Mexicans a very scientific bit of dope on how to load holes. After we had finished, he shrugged his shoulders, opened his hands and replied, "Me no sabe Engleis."

The services were simple.

Students of mining will bear in mind, that while it is alright to look for gold, there are a lot of things it won't buy.

Funny isn't it, but suicide and cyanide even sound alike.

A friend woman-hater asked us the other day where he could go and not see a "skirt." We advised him to visit a Burlesque.

Ney, our village philosopher was heard to remark some time since, "This humidity wouldn't be so bad, were it not for the moisture in the atmosphere."

Outside of painting targets for the Swiss navy; being a deck hand on a submarine; or keeping out of Mexico, the softest job we know of is that game with the Hi School.

The Mexican, in interpreting "United States" in his tongue says, "Estados Unidos," pronounced: "Estados You Need Us." Quite a tender bit of political sentiment,--No?

ODE TO CAPT. KIDD

Oh! the tintinnabulation
Of your lingual adjunct,
May prevent your students
Becoming hydraulically defunct.

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A Cabinet of Our Beautiful New Stationery
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Where you are certain to find your friends

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EL PASO, TEXAS

THE PROPER SLOGAN

By Berton Braley

This business of diggin' the copper
Is risky, at best, an' that's straight,
Which makes it exceedin' improper
To take extra chances with fate.
The man who with danger is flirtin'
Is lightin' a mighty short fuse.
Don't gamble with death, for it's certain
That sooner or later you'll lose!

Up at the collar or down in the stope,
"Safety First" is the wisest dope!

If timbers seem doubtful an' quaky
Don't "guess they will do for the day,"
If ground up above you is shaky
Don't reckon it "maybe will stay."
You want to watch out what you're doin'
In manway or crosscut or drift,
Or else you may totally ruin
Yourself-- or the feller next shift.

Out at the station or in at the stope,
"Safety First" is the wisest dope!

There's many a widow in mournin'
There's many a sweetheart who cries,
Because of a man who was scornin'
The rules an' precautions that's wise.
So listen, you boys, to my carol,
So I won't be wastin' my breath,
Don't monkey with danger an' peril,
Don't gamble so reckless with death!

For up in the smelter or down in the stope
"Safety First" is the proper dope!

—Extract from E. and M. J.

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