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We carry a Complete line of DRAWING MATERIALS, TECH-
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E. R. Richard, Training Camp??
A. Quillan??
Harold Coldwell, U. S. Naval Academy.
THE PROSPECTOR
TEXAS SCHOOL OF MINES
AND
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF EL PASO

Vol. 4 No. 2

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EDITORIALS

The second edition of the "Prospector" goes to press in the midst of many happenings. Investigation of all state institutions are being made, and that of the School of Mines has just been favorably completed.

All of the buildings with the exception of the Power Plant may be called practically finished, and it is well under way.

Engineering Drawing under Mr. Farenwald is already taking an active part in the curriculum and Chemistry laboratories will commence as soon as necessary apparatus and chemicals can be arranged.

Mechanics laboratory including "Heat Engines," "Air Compression," and Hydraulics will begin just as soon as the power plant is finished, which we hope will not be long.

On account of the non-completion of the school, we have been set at quite a disadvantage this year, but with the new year we intend to be in full blast and next year we look forward to with much pride and anxiety for with five new buildings, including the mill, and with all new apparatus we may say it will be the commencement of one of the largest School of Mines in the United States.
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With a steady thud the sound of the march of Coronado's men came on. Up the course of the Rio Grande they came, eager in their search for gold and careless in their way of getting it. The butchery of Indians was to them only a means to an end, for perchance luck would favor them and some tortured Indian would reveal to them the secret of some hidden gold or show them the way of obtaining it.

At last luck did favor them and a timid Indian maiden Bright Eyes told one of the men of a mine where the bright gold could be dug and where people lived in plenty and were very happy. Coronado made his men go faster and, arriving at the village of Socorro forced Bright Eyes to lead them to the wonderful mine. Through the town they went and Bright Eyes led them up into the mountains, which were blue from a distance. As Coronado paused a moment he too noticed the beauty of the country and murmured "Que naturaliza" then with an impatient gesture went on.

After climbing for half an hour Bright Eyes suddenly stopped, "Stay here a minute" she told them and was gone down the canon. She came upon the mine suddenly and rushing in turned to wait for someone to come. As a young brave came down the tunnel she grabbed him by the arm and told him to come with her. Just as they stepped outside the mine a Spaniard from Coronado's forces stepped forward. Bright Eyes had been followed. Quickly she stepped in front of the man and told him that this was the mine. His dagger was ready but thinking of the possibilities of the young fellow for service in the main, let him go.

Coronado came up to view the mine with its busy workers and greed uppermost spared nothing to get the precious metal.

When he had the mine going under his supervision he left a small body of Spaniards over the Indians and went on his search for wealth.

Six months passed. In the town of Socorro everything was discontent and to Bright Eyes the sun seemed to have quit shining altogether. The brave whom she defended at the mine would be gradually killed by the cruelties of the Spaniards if something didn't happen pretty soon. She went down to the river to try to fathom the mys-
teries of these strange men who had taken away the happiness of her people. How nice it had been before they came. In the summer the people had raised maize and beans and in the winter the men had killed deer and other game. They were not anxious to fight and everthing had gone along peacefully. Then without warning the oppressors had come. Why should they care so much for the bright metal in the main? The Indians used it only for ornaments and would much rather have pretty red blankets. These Spaniards were indeed strange.

As Bright Eyes sat there she did not notice the change in the atmosphere. The sky was yellow looking and a strange stillness prevailed. Bright Eyes looked and wondered. Suddenly it began to rain, not silently but with sudden rushes of water. Where had the sun gone? A great fear came into the heart of Bright Eyes, perhaps the brave at the mine could help her. Quickly she ran up the mountain and, as it had quit raining she did not feel so worried. But she went on anyway and although it was but three o'clock the sky was getting dark and faster she went over canyons and hills, to the mine. Just as she reached the mine there was a roar and as Bright Eyes flung on the ground there was a crash and everything went black. The next morning the people of the town went to find their loved ones. As they approached the mountain they noticed that something was wrong. The mountain was changed over night. There was no mine and there were no Indians. Even the hated Spaniards had disappeared from the face of the earth. And to this day men are looking for the lost mine in the Old Socorro.

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
What, oh what do we care?
What, oh what do we care?
Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
What, oh, what do we care now?
We're off to the Hamburg show,
To see the lion and the wild kangaroo, kangaroo;
We'll all stick together, in rain or shiny wheather;
We'll all see the whole show through, well, well, well,
Hail, hail, etc.
"Dont tell me anything about pioneers." "I know all about them," remarked Geraldine, slamming down her books and ungraciously interrupting her friends best wild west story, as she flung herself into a chair dead-tired after the long walk from school.

"How do you know about Texas pioneers, you have only been in the West a few years," said Mirian.

"Behold, before you stands a real live, flesh and blood, 1917 model pioneer. The march of civilization maybe always forward but even with the aid of high powered autos, and aeroplanes, it has not overtaken the pioneer trudging along the ever beckoning path of adventure with the unknown. Therefore while the rest of El Paso rushes around in antiquated street-cars and high powered motors, we poor School of Mines students must scramble over the interesting landscape or ride in that queer old bus, a real, genuine, antique stage coach. "The only one in captivity," quoth her friend.

"But I thought you liked T. S. M.'" said Mirian encouragingly. In spite of her apparent sympathy, she secretly enjoyed hearing her voluble chum "hold forth" on any subject.

"I do and those queer boys that look like heroes of western movies too; but dont feel so envious when your father starts spinning one of those 'in 73 when I first came to Texas' yarns. Don't listen to him with such regretful envy, thinking that the days of real hardship and adventure are past, for lo, pioneers are with you always."

"We are not inclined to give an undue amount of praise to those sturdy, courageous souls who are first to enter unexplored fields as I well realize since I became a pioneer."

When the School of Mines and College of El Paso consolidated and moved to the new School of Mines Buildings, the poor misplaced girls took our places as educational pioneer.

"This institution hither too sacred to the masculine students of our community had not been invaded by the ever increasing flood of co-educational thought and modern feminist ideas."

"And our hardships are not greatly unlike those experienced by the early settlers of our country."

"To begin with, there's the long, hard journey into an alien
land, and that walk is a full grown cross-country hike.

"On the way out you will probably meet one of the mining students. He will politely relieve you of your books, reluctantly dispose of his beloved pipe and assist you over the most gigantic of numerous boulders. For some unknown reason those boys all walk at the rate of sixty per. They take steps about five times as long as the average man and when they slow down to a pace which they consider suitable for walking with a mere girl it is still necessary to trot to keep up. Keeping step is a physical impossibility. By some sub­
temoral current you know that their toleration of your slowness is only the result of chivalry."

"Any conversation with a future mining engineer will eventually drift into shop talk involving such mystifying terms as Thermodynamics, Hydraulics, Petrology, etc."

"Once in this dilemma you have your choice of two courses, either of which you are certain to regret if you allow the conversa­tion to continue, having not the slightest idea of the subject under dis­cussion, you will in all probability make some totally irrelevant remark and an inquiry about those words brings forth such pitying amazement at your ignorance and stupidity that you spend the re­mainder of the day trying to regain some small portion of your self respect."

"In class you meet the same urbane toleration, which is in reali­ty suppressed disgust and resentment."

"The appearance of powder puff, vanity case or other singular feminine article is greeted with looks of open scorn, curiosity; or just overlooked as a girl's whim."

"Just when you think you have succeeded in asking a poser, a question which is really remarkable for its intelligence and understand­ing, some of the boys will say, 'Of course some of you girls don't understand.'"

"We are an ever present restraint of the good fellowship of the miners, who constrained to wear out there parlor manners by ever­day use, refer frequently and longingly to the good old days when they attended class in bath robes and were blissfully unaware of girls' existence."

"I feel a genuine regret for the rapid deterioration in the gen-
eral art of artistic swearing which one invasion has caused, is well as partially stopping those beloved games of "craps" and "poker."

"Having never before considered girls except as an abstract subject, or just as amusements of an idle evening, the miners find our continued presence and very human behavior both irritating and bewildering. Of course this attitude varies according to the individuals but all agree that we're a nuisance, which since it is unavoidable must be tolerated. Some regard us as natural curiosities or rather freaks of nature and never get beyond their wonder as to how we 'wad hair up that way,' why our finger nails shine and how we walk on high heels."

"However, most of them are practically unconscious of our existence."

"In classroom they regard us with that pitying surprise, contempt, which I have come to dread more than all the promised punishment of purgatory. Outside of school as such amusing little creature that any sensible or serious remark from such a source must be regarded as a joke."

"Oh they aren't so bad," said Mirian, believing that Gerry was beginning to relent.

"Have you ever been in smelling distance of those atrocious pipes they smoke," shouted the aggrieved pioneer. "They smell like a combination of hydrogen sulphide, garlic and cabbage."

"You're wanted at the telephone Gerry," called her sister.

"In a few minutes Gerry returned, her eyes radiant, checks flushed."

"Oh Mirian," She cried, "The Miners" are going to give a dance. Jack just called up to make a date for it. He is so good looking and a wonderful dancer, Maybe I didn't give the boys a square deal just now, anyway pioneering is just great."
The Miners' Lament

By F. W. Bailey

Last night as I lay slumbering
I dream't of bygone days
I saw the Old old buildings
In the midst of a sandy haze.

Seven o'clock in the morning
The bell would toll its sound
And we would stroll down to breakfast
In our bathrobes and our gowns.

We did not dress in classy clothes
We wore most anything
And many times we all would meet
And mining songs we'd sing.

And that was in the good old days
We were regular miners then
People called us roughnecks
But roughneck gentlemen.

And as my dreams continued
I dream't of present days
The old time gang has scattered far
From the Texas School of Mines.

No longer do we meet in class
In shirt sleeves and with our pipes
For girls now sit among us
And we must treat the females right.

We wear our collars and neckties
And coats most everyday
We do it just to please the girls
For politeness must have its way.

But do not worry mining friends
For school days will soon be spent
And once again in mining camps
We'll pursue our natural bent.
Josephine March — "Why Fred, what do you mean by making Herbert eat that yeast cake?"

Fred Bailey — "Well he swallowed my fifty-cent piece and I'm trying to raise the dough."

"It's the little things in life that tell," said Evelyn, as she pulled her younger brother out from under the sofa.

Ray G. — "But I don't see that you need be so heart broken because your girl jilted you."

Frank W. — "It isn't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked "GLASS, HANDLE WITH CARE."

Dorothy Clark. — "Kelly is the most absent minded chap I ever saw."

Elizabeth Pritchett. — "What's he been doing now?"

D. C. — "This morn he thought he'd left his watch at home, and then proceeded to take it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it."

Fred Bailey. — "Father says that the ruination of young men is wine, women, and song. So I guess I'll have to give up the singing."

"I'm introducing a brand new invention a combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent stepping briskly into the office.

"Got one already," answered Dean Worrell. "I'm married."

"Praise a wife but remain a bachelor."

Ralston — "Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

Schaffer — "Yes, but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing it."

Miss Augur — "What's that odor?"

Capt Kidd — "Fertilizer."

Miss A — "For land's sake."

Capt Kidd — "Yes mam."
Frank W.—"I am Busted."
Ray G.—"Let's make some money."
F. W.—"Alright, you swallow a dime and the doctor will make you cough up three dollars."
Mary H.—"Boys will be boys."
James C.—"What about girls?"
Mary H.—"Oh they have to be what ever fashion dictates."
Phillis W.—"Let's go to church."
Shaffer.—"It's raining too hard."
P. W.—"Well let's go to the movies; it's only four blocks farther."
E. Kipp.—"Why do you call your fliver the true love?"
H. Keach.—"Because it never runs smooth."
Francis O.—"I am worried about my complexion. Look at my face."
Sarah B.—"You ought to diet."
F.—"I never thought of that. What color would suit me best do you think?"
Keach.—"What is the meaning of a shower bouquet for brides?"
Prettyman.—"I guess it indicates the beginning of a reign."
Francis.—"I am afraid these Louis XV heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones; say about Louis X would do I think."
Vacher.—"I see you don't write to your girl anymore."
Prettyman.—No I wrote her five letters and she didn't answer them—so I broke off the correspondence."
Scott Walker.—"Speaking of electricity makes me think."
E. Ellison.—"Another marvel of electricity."
"See here sir, "cried Phillis' father, "Didn't I tell you never to enter my house again."
"No sir, you didn't," replied Ralston. "You said not to cross your threshold, so I climbed into the window."
From T. S. M. Students at the Front

Headquarters Co., 315th Am. Tr. H. S., Camp Travis, Tex.

Dear Dr. Worrell:

Everything goes along just the same here. I am now holding classes in the evening, trying to teach the company topographical mapping and surveying. One or two can hardly read or write, so you can imagine the fun it is and envy me my job. Here is a funny thing that happened the other day. We were walking down to the stables, when Maj. Gen. Allen rode by a fellow and the private didn’t salute. The General turned his horse and shouted, “Halt,” and then rode up to the private and the following conversation took place.

Gen.—“How long have you been here?”
Private.—“Four days. How long you been here, mister?”

The General just laughed and rode off. Now that private was either too green or too wise to be true, if I hadn’t heard it myself.

We have moved into our new barracks. Why I almost feel as though I had a little privacy in now sleeping with only 19 men, instead of 250.

Our barracks are just like the Officers’ quarters, and are very pleasant. Only two small companies have them, so we feel almost elevated over the “common herd.”

But you should see my horse! He is the biggest, ugliest, meanest, fastest and highest jumping thing in the stables. Nobody will touch him but me. He ripped the blacksmith’s arm yesterday and the poor fellow had to go to the hospital. That horse can outfight any horse in the bunch, but we get along splendidly; he is as gentle as a kitten with me. Once in a while he tries to buck a little, but quits pretty soon. I have him now so he will follow me and will let me fool around his feet all I want to. He is so darned ugly that I like him and wouldn’t trade him for any officers’ horse.

Wishing you all good things in this world,

Respectfully,

WILSON.
THE PROSPECTOR

Somewhere in France.

Dear Dr. Worrell,

Sorry, but as the censors will allow nothing but Somewhere in France to be used as an address I shall have to use it. We are not allowed to say in our letters home whether we are happy, well, or just medium.

How many of the fellows are in now? I know several were contemplating taking the step.

Are you in all of your new buildings by now? How did the football season come out? Hope you beat A. & M. There's one of their bunch over here and it would give me great pleasure to bear the news that the T. S. M. had again beaten the "Aggies."

Could you give me Wilson's address if he's not with you this year and also Tom Dwyer's. I would like very much to get in touch with them both.

Please pardon the number of questions I ask, but we over here are simply starved for news. I myself, have not had the least bit of news since leaving El Paso.

Are you publishing a magazine of any kind relating to the school work? I should like to get one if I could.

One could write reams on the surroundings we are in but it would not be worth while without mentioning names of places and as that is not allowed either, I'll have to close as "Taps" was blown hours ago.

Give my regards to the faculty and Mr. Kidd, Cap., hoping you have the best scholastic year the school has ever had, or will ever have, I am

Yours respectfully,

WALTON H. SARRELS.

My address is

Field Artillery School of Instruction,

American Expeditionary Forces.

Par. B. C. M.

Via New York, Paris, France.
The night before Thanksgiving, the School of Mines is entertaining its Alumni, the students of the College of El Paso and a few of its particular friends. Dancing will be the attraction for the evening with a six piece orchestra making this possible. The blue print invitations are very unique and show how very artistic the School of Mines boys are. Ray Gilbert, James Crenshaw, Fred Bailey in charge of arrangement, and T. M. Prettyman and John Schaffer in charge of the invitations.

Two of the School of Mines’ Alumni appeared on the campus several days ago. They were Alfred Black and Orban Walker. They had just returned from Fierro, New Mexico where they had been doing some engineering. They left because someone higher up had become disagreeable. We admire their independence. Messrs. Black and Walker were welcomed with many smiles as they motored up to the school. Alfred has acquired the most adorable mustache and looks like Beau Brummel himself. Enough to say of Orb is that he is a football hero.

Last week the co-eds were the promoters of what turned out to be a most enjoyable weiner roast. The men brought weiner and pickles, the girls rolls and sweets. Ewald Kipp was chief roaster while Thomas Kelly was chief eater. Ray Gilbert held a business meeting which came to nothing and Prof. Henry burnt every marshmallow he put in the fire. The hilly campus was covered with life.
The School of Mines has organized its Basket Ball team and at the end of the season will find the School far from the bottom.

The team this year is composed of Reinhheimer, Schaffer and Bailey, together with the new members Woodyard, Gilbert, Kelly, Kipp, Tighe and others.

On account of it being so late in the season, and our own court not being completed we practice at the Y. M. C. A. "Gym."

Games will probably be scheduled with New Mexico A. & M., University of Arizona, Roswell Military Academy, and local teams.
Say Fred, we overheard a stage manager remark the other day he could use your voice to good advantage in a fire scene. Why not see him? You might make good.

We surely admire the press Mr. Henry has had on his trousers of late.

Say Schaffer, why don't you try smoking something other than cabbage leaves in your notorious pipe? It would please the girls very much.

Trying to keep up with Tom Kelly by walking is like running a cross-country race. Why don't you challenge Mr. Henry, Tom?

Don't let the girls kid you Vach-er. They don't mean what they say.

Where does Cooper go with Schaffer on Saturday Night?

If people ask you where you came from, tell them that it is none of their business. If they seem very much interested, invite them to climb into the odd looking bus and find out for themselves.

The fact that Bailey had Limburger cheese in his lunch the other day accounts for the peculiar odor which has existed about the school for several days.

"What is the trouble with your tin-lizzie, Cap? "We haven't seen it for several days. Did some Army Tank run over it while you had it tied outside?"

If Mann is a Prettyman is Frank a Woodyard?
CONDENSED REPORT OF CONDITION, SEPT. 11, 1917
OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
EL PASO, TEXAS

RESOURCES
Loans and Investments $6,486,568.02
United States Bonds  $1,172,000.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank 30,000.00
Cash on hand and due from other banks 3,743,013.40

LIABILITIES
Capital Stock $800,000.00
Surplus and Profits 263,575.53
Circulation 700,500.00

DEPOSITS:
Bank  $1,788,083.29
Individual 7,291,567.76
United States 136,837.60
Special Account County Funds 441,017.24

$11,431,581.42

FRED J. FELDMAN COMPANY
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EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY
Suitable Gifts for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, The Wife, The Husband and the little tots.
TOYLAND in our Basement is alive with dolls and toys. See it.
THE WHITE HOUSE
“THE STORE OF SERVICE”
The Prospector Editors have received copies of some excellent college papers this month, such good ones that we can only say complimentary things about them.

Men of Massachusetts Institute of Technology are making a drive for ten thousand dollars as their contribution to the Y. M. C. A. War Work Fund. If all colleges would do as well in proportion, their students could well feel proud of themselves and the Y. M. C. A. work could push right ahead. "The Tech" is certainly a representative paper of the fine school everyone knows Boston Tech to be.

From items and pictures in "The Missouri Miner" published by the Missouri School of Mines, her men seem to be doing their bit for this country too. This is a fine, all-around paper full of news of interest to outsiders as well as containing a great deal of local news.

For genuine wit and real jokes, read a copy of "The Chaparral," published by Leland-Stanford. They're rich. "The Illustrated Review," also a Stanford paper, gives news in a sensible and rather serious style, but is a splendid college paper.
Delicious
Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream and Cake . . . . 15c Two for 25c
Hot Tamales with Chili Sauce and Wafers . 20c

A full line of hot drinks

The Elite Confectionery

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No. 2 319 N. Oregon
No. 4 201 Martin Bldg.

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Shave 15c

Toltec Shaving Parlors
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State National Bank
Established April 1881
Capital, Surplus and Profits $200,000.00

C. N. Bassett, V-Pres. Geo. D. Flory, Cashier
L. J. Gilchrist, Asst. Cashier

Interest paid on savings accounts

BOYS —-

Tell Santa Claus to bring you a Safety Razor and a Fountain Pen.
Tell him to get them at

Scott White & Company

Mills Building 314 San Francisco St. Roberts Banner Bldg.
Every Man

Who Has for His Motto
I Will Succeed

must bear in mind that personal appearance has much to do with the accomplishments of this goal. We can help you to succeed by keeping your clothes nicely cleaned, pressed and repaired.

The cost will amount to little as compared with the satisfaction of feeling that a good appearance goes a good long way in the struggle to succeed.

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