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EDITORIALS

We must with deep regret accept the resignation of our last editor-in-chief. This not only to him, but we find it necessary to include this deep regret to those who found it compulsory to make an exit with him. To say the least, the ingenuity and forceful way by which they expressed our thoughts, our student body will miss the talent heretofore executed in doing the same. But, becoming to the pride of some of the Prospector Staff, it is noteworthy that if any one student or set of students think they can demolish the spirit of having a publication in the School of Mines, it is a far fetched idea.

The present editor extends his sympathy to you. He feels also the genius that has been accepted and lost. Also considering that the terrible amount of work would probably be the cause of worry for your delicate constitution, he begs to submit some few words of consolation, mainly as—a real miner can never be a quitter.

As we are wondering just what the vacation will bring to us, we also wonder how many of the Senior class will succeed in passing the boundaries of their classrooms. The showing made by the first semester reports indicated a 100 per cent success. Those whom will graduate are seven in number, ah—that sacred number, may it not be diminished. They are Barbarena, Becker, Black, Johnston, Pomeroy, Ronan and Walker. All have attended the School of Mines since their freshman days.

Needless to say they have watched the growth of the School of Mines with eagerness. Our attendance has more than doubled. Next year will bring us within new school buildings and laboratories. The new site lies between Globe Mills and Curran Place, the location being most desirable for all concerned. Trost and Trost are now working on the plans. It is with envy the Seniors look upon the advantages that the students will there enjoy.

Incurable weakness of the voluntary system of enlistment is that the most patriotic citizens get shot first.

Wall Street Journal.

Another good way to keep the Germans from sinking our ships might be to paint the picture of a beefsteak on them.—Dallas News.

Germany evidently misses her American notes.—Newark News.

There is no dust so binding as gold dust.

This month the School of Mines has been exceedingly fortunate in having lectures delivered to the student body. The first was given by Dr. Vinson, president of the Main University at Austin. The second was given by Dr. J. A. Udden, director of the Bureau of the Economic Geology and Technology of the State of Texas. Both lectures proved to be intensely interesting and beneficial.
The Lecture by Dr. Vinson

The first lecture of the new term was given by Dr. Vinson, president of the Texas University, on February. It was not a real lecture, but was more on the order of a friendly talk, and according to Cap, it was absolutely new.

The main idea emphasized by Dr. Vinson was specializing. His belief is that one should choose his future occupation, or have it chosen for him in grammar school, and that from there he should work steadily on, fitting himself for that certain thing, choosing the proper subjects in high school, and then in college, and deviating for no reason. If this is done, there will be turned out men and women who, although knowing but one profession, are nevertheless, masters of it.

Another advantage of specializing is that it means a fairer division of labor. This was brought out by the doctor in relating an experience of his own. When in Austin, he drives a flivver (like unto some of our own esteemed profs) and it happened one day that it would not run (which is also somewhat similar to those of some of our esteemed profs). He took it to an automobile repair shop, and the repair man, after looking at it, said that there was nothing the matter with it, but that merely a stop-cock or some such thing had been turned, and added that he (the doctor) should take a few lessons and find out how to fix his machine. Dr. Vinson, however, answered that that was the mechanic’s work; and asked where, if he learned all about the machine, would the mechanics get their living. He took the flivver, when something was wrong with it, to the man whose business it was to fix it, and expected that man to go to him when he was not all right, and so, both made their livings.

He also spoke of another thing; one’s love of the work. He emphasized this strongly, and told of a teacher whom he knew, who refused a certain position at a much higher salary than he was then getting, because it would take him from work that he liked, into work that would be distasteful.

The doctor’s time was short and he did not get to talk as long as we would have liked, but we all got the profit of his talk, to specialize. For, as goes the old saying, which he repeated: “Jack of all trades, but master of none.”
Southwestern Society of Engineers

There has been recently organized in the Southwest an organization called the Southwestern Society of Engineers. The constitution was adopted by the members on Friday, March 9, at El Paso. Due to the fact that El Paso is a logical engineering center the permanent officers of the society will be located here.

As the constitution states the object of the society is as follows: The professional improvement of its members; the encouragement of social intercourse among engineers; the advancement of engineering knowledge, education and practice, and the maintenance of a high professional standard among its members.

The members are composed of engineers from civil, mechanical, mining, electrical, chemical and architectural life. They must be twenty-seven years of age and followed their profession not less than six years.

The officers elected were Dean Barnes of N. M. A. C., president, Dean Butler of U. of Ariz., and Dean Worrell of the Texas School of Mines, vice presidents; Mr. Baker of El Paso, secretary; Professor Goddard of N. M. A. C., treasurer.

The membership is now near the hundred mark, which will increase with surprising rapidity. The next regular meeting will be held in the fall.

There appeared in the Normalite, (the student publication of the New Mexico State Normal School), in a recent issue, the following:

"A course in cookery for boys has been organized to extend through the present semester. The class is an innovation for this school, but judging from its popularity and the enthusiasm with which the boys are taking up the work, it will most likely become a permanent feature in the Home Economics Department. More boys have already applied for admission than can be accommodated in one class.

"The course aims to give the boys practical training in the preparation of such foods as can be prepared on camping trips and to give instruction in carving meats and poultry. Lessons in table etiquette and serving will also be included in the course."

We would like to ask if the above is domestic science for the benefit of a man suffrage?
THE PROSPECTOR

WISE OR OTHERWISE

(By the Borderland Sage.)

Sentiment being so strong with Villa, we predict he will not lose any ground until he bathes. Just why the inspired typesetter didn't spell it "sediment" we know not.)

The idol worshippers of yesterday and the idle war-shippers of today unfortunately have little in common. The former prayed while the latter are preyed upon.

Bearing in mind what Sherman said of war, and also that there is a revolution in Cuba—we shout gloriously, "To Cuba with the Cubists."

To be the least bit sacrilegious, although paraphrasing in truth, "Sufficient unto the mine are the lies thereof."

Among the more prominent locals who should accept membership in the Mineralogical division of the Immortals, are: Messrs. Cole, Ruby, Silver-sparre, T. R. Moline, and last but not least, Carmen Cupelli.

Funny, but you never see the old Latin motto, "Non quis, sed quid" on the coat-of-arms of any of the "first families."

On every side we hear "Get behind the President." Let's be careful not to get so far behind we'll never catch up.

Now a clock with a phonograph attachment which speaks the time has been invented. Why not? Time is money, and money talks.

Paradoxically, investment and divestment sound alike.

The government is building a super-dreadnaught costing $20,000,000. It will take 3 years to build, and could be sunk in 3 minutes. Not wishing to appear at all "Bryanistic" yet that same amount would send ten thousand bright young men comfortably through the T. S. M., or—as you are more apt to consider it, buy a beer a day for every man, woman and child in the western hemisphere for a year. War??

Is it consistent to blame your parents for your failure and not credit them with your success?

Old Malthus proved that when the demand exceeded the supply war was an economic necessity. Congress in appropriating $500,000,000 proved it isn't necessarily economical.

PATRONIZE PROSPECTOR ADVERTISERS!
A Feeling We Sometimes Have

(Fred Bailey.)

There have been times in all our lives I like to think of John Paul Jones,
When things did not go just right, Whose ship was split from truck to
And then we'd cuss and jump around fender,
And rave about it all night. The British asked in blawsted tones,
We'd think the school was "rotten" If he was ready to surrender.
And that the Profs were punk, The Yankee mariner proudly replied,
And the apparatus in the school "Our ship is sinking at this writing,
Was good for a pile of junk. But don't begin to put on side,
We'd be dissatisfied with everything, For we have just begun the fight-
Discouraged, sad and blue, ing."
And everything that happened A good motto is that to paste in your
Was just a torment to you. hat,
We've all been there, both you and I And when that feeling starts biting,
And we all know how it feels. Just gird up your loins and say
When everything seems to be against "I just begun my fighting."
you, And fight and fight with all your
Even the "Highest Courts of might,
Appeals." Until that feeling is dead,
When that feeling has conquered you For the man who won't admit he's
Your chance of success has slipped, whipped,
Because everytime that happens Is the man who gets ahead.
You've got to admit you're whipped.
The Bee Hive Bonanza

Charles Zeiger, of El Paso, owner of the Zeiger hotel, has formed a company under the laws of Arizona, called the Bee Hive Gold company, to hold and operate his group of gold claims, called the Zeiger mines, situated in the Weaver mining district, in the southern part of Yavapai county, Arizona. In the heart of probably the richest gold belts of that state. The property is twelve miles east of Congress Junction and the famous Congress gold mine and is the extension on the northeast of the equally famous Octave mine, and contains nine patented claims on the same lode, all of which are owned by Mr. Zeiger.

For the last five years he has been developing the properties and has done between 2,500 and 3,000 feet of work, running tunnels and drifts on the vein with numerous upraises in ore, driven from the Weaver creek, on the east side of Rich Hill. There are two tunnels, one 200 feet above the other. The lower tunnel will drain the property 900 feet below the surface, giving 900 feet of “back” for stoping ore above it. At present he is working on the upper tunnel level, following the rich ore along the hanging wall of the vein. The vein averages over five feet wide, and the rich ore occurs in successive lenses in a soft talc vein matter along the smooth granite hanging wall. It is a contact vein with granite hanging and Yavapai schist foot wall. The latter is a great dike over 100 feet wide that runs from southwest to northeast through the country, probably over 100 miles, forming the great gold contact vein of the country, in which are mines that have produced many millions in the past.

Within a radius of 12 to 15 miles of Zeiger's Bee Hive gold mines are several old gold bonanzas, such as the Congress mine to the west with a past production of about $29,000,000 in gold.

The Weaver district is one of the richest gold districts in Arizona. Mr. Weaver went there in 1861 and began placer mining, and untold wealth was extracted. Even today there is considerable placer mining going on in the Weaver creek. On Gold Hill near the Zeiger claims a nugget was taken out worth $600.

The ore of Zeiger's mines contains free gold and gold in tellurium, being a sylvanite ore, similar to that of Cripple Creek, Colo. From a winze 100 feet deep, Mr. Zeiger took out, without stoping, ore that he shipped

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to the El Paso smelter, netting $5,000. In another winze, 50 feet deep, in the upper tunnel he is now following a lense of ore six feet wide which assays an ounce and a half gold, of $30 per ton. Some very rich samples from this winze of the upper tunnel assayed by D. W. Reckhart, ran as high as 740 ounces gold, or $14,800 per ton. The amount of ore already blocked out in this property has not been figured out, but runs up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, is the opinion of those who have been through this rich property. Mr. Zeiger has samples of the ore that are literally full of gold tellurides, showing also free gold.

He has lately erected buildings in his camp to accommodate fifty people, a commissary, carpenter shop, offices, blacksmith shop, and is preparing to erect a first class assay office. The mine is equipped with a 45 H. P. engine 4-drill compressor, hoist, engines, blowers, air pipes and machinery and battery for a 10-stamp mill. He is preparing to install the machinery and drills and jack hammers, and prosecute work more rapidly. Mr. Zeiger will sell some stock in the company for working capital for operating on a large scale.

Why should I feel so sad tonight,
When the world is bright and gay?
A memory creeps into my heart,
That drives all mirth away.

For once I had, not long ago,
A chum I loved full well;
I trusted her; she trusted me,
So far as I could tell.

One day when I had left her side,
Another took my place.
Her heart had met another love;
Had found a prettier face.

The memories still linger on,
For my heart is just as near,
And warm as when my chum was true,
And she called me oft her dear.

I still am waiting sorrowfully,
But my heart is rent in twain.
The empty place is open yet,
Will she ever come back again.
Overheard to the accompaniment of poker chips from Red's room.
"You'll have to come again."
"I'll trot."
"Here too."
"Cards?"
"Five."
"Five? Where in the h—I do you get that stuff?"
"These'll do me."
"Just the top one."
"That's all, just us two, pretty soft, no, Red?"
"Mine are all the color of my hair."
Red.
"Thirty days and a pair of typewriters," Dad.

Sherry (Fat's McQ.)
She. "Why do they call Fats sherry?"
He. "Go down and look in the side board and see."
She, looking into the side board and looking over the assortment of bottles read on the label of a sherry bottle: "Pale, soft and nutty."

Mamma calling to Johnny, upon hearing the baby crying.
"Johnny, what is baby crying about?"
Johnny. "A fly lit on baby's head and I hit it with my new shovel."

Prettyman, coming in while Ronan is writing up jokes.
"Ronan always waits till the last minute before he writes up his jokes, then scribbles a bunch off."
Harris. "Yes, he comes in here and asks me for some, and when I do give them to him, he changes them and they lose all their sense of humor."
Mick. "Yes, but if I don't change them the darn fools won't understand them."

Dad. "I don't think I deserve zero on this geology exam."
Prof. Pallister. "No, I don't either, but that was the lowest I could give you."
MUMPS

Oh! Jumping, jimming crickets,
And sweetness by the lumps,
Jimmy? Kissed his sweetheart
And then he caught the mumps.

Of course he brought "them" to the school
And all around they flew,
In and out of all the bedrooms
Visiting one by one.

A student whose name is pretty,
Attracted them to his room,
They accepted the invitation
And soon he was in gloom.

Seeing him in his sadness
And his jaws plumb full of bumps
A generous student happened by
And relieved him of the mumps.

I guess he now is sorry,
Because he is in bed.
The mumps have quite a hold on him
And he wishes he was dead.

But cheer up, my boy, and don't be sad
Nor to the mumps hold on,
Somebody passed them up to you
So pass them right along.

—F. W. Bailey.
Scientific Club

The Scientific Club of the Texas School of Mines had its annual banquet at the Sheldon hotel February, the nineteenth. The menu proved to be worthy of the occasion, while the "smokes" afterwards added an air of prosperity to the young group of prospective engineers.

Mr. P. O. Nafe, one of our former students, acted as toastmaster. His introductions gave the affair a final set off. Mr. F. H. Todd, of the Todd Espy consulting offices, next gave a very interesting talk on the air lift, showing its application especially to mining. Mr. R. F. Compton, of the El Paso Smelting Works gave a talk on Safety First, citing instances in which it proved valuable to the laborer and a saving for the company, to say nothing of the greater efficiency therefrom. Mr. L. L. Pomeroy, president, of the club, told of the progress of the club and the help it offered students. Captain J. W. Kidd gave an impromptu which concerned engineering in general.

The meeting proved a complete success, giving to the students a broader view as to the possibilities of engineers, to say nothing of bringing us together again in a common cause.

The Seniors and Student Body wish to take this opportunity of extending their deepest sympathy to the wife and sons of the late Mr. G. P. Walker who gave his life to save the life of his friends.
At last baseball season has commenced. Saturday, March 10th a meeting was held and Scott Walker was elected captain and Roline Tipton manager. Monday March 12th the coach and some of the players put up a backstop and laid off the diamond. Most of the old players are back, including Sorrells, Scott Walker, Orb Walker, McQuatters, Bailey, Pomeroy, Ronan, Barbenia. Some of the new ones include Madden, Clements, Hanson, Tipton, Harris, Crenshaw, Rheinheimer. From the old men we have for first base Sorrells, Ronan for second base, and Pomeroy for third. McQuatters is back at his old stand as catcher. Orb's strong arm will probably hurl the pill over the home plate. Those who will participate in fielding are Bailey, and Scott Walker.

We expect much competition for positions this year.

Competition is activity and activity is the basis of success.

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Page Seventeen
When the “Spirits” are with us out here in this desolate wilderness of Militia Camps they seem very conducive to song. Why sometimes even at two o’clock in the morning wonderful harmony due to perfect rendering of old time melodies can be heard. It is certainly marvelous the way the “Spirits” affect our souls.

Another important discovery has been made and we can now safely say that we can grow hair on a billiard ball. Apply to El Senior Weary Wilden Woodrow Wilson, he knows.

Mr. Madden, otherwise known as “Dad”, owing to a recent loss sustained by a visit to a neighboring city is looking for ye old game of dice, better known as “Craps.” Dividen is assured. Ask Dad.

Poor old Fat Mac. We are all afraid he is a goner. It certainly is wonderful the way a small girl can make him a great big boob.

John Schaffer, our best hero owns a Maxwell now and is becoming too fresh. I am afraid some one will have to introduce him to a new Marathon or we will all have to quit school.

The Doc’s flivver, that tub of ancient vintage seems to have gone astray. Maybe we started it, we don’t know but we would at least like to have one long lingering look at it before it is discarded.

Mirandy, the school cat is once again growing rotound and lazy. “Raul, we wonder if you have again gone astray.”
Below is a partial list of our late exchanges.

Voice, Owensboro, Kentucky.
The Lowell, San Francisco, Calif.
St. Angela’s Echo, Dallas, Texas.
School of Mines Gold Pan, Socorro, N. M.
Arizona Wildcat, Tucson, Arizona.
Maroon and Gray, Dallas, Texas.
The Round-Up, State College, N. M.
The Normalite, Silver City, N. M.
The Big Noise, Cullom, Illinois.
The Spectator, Duluth, Minnesota.
The Tatler, E. P. H. S. El Paso, Texas.

Voice comments on our paper thus: “The Prospector,” Texas School of Mines, Fort Bliss, Texas. We like your paper immensely. It certainly is full of news and school spirit. Come again.

—Thank you. We appreciate your kind commendation. Your February issue is a good one. Athletics seems to have your strong support.

St. Angela’s Echo is a very attractive paper. The stories and poems show unusual talent, and the arrangement is very neat.

The Big Noise evidently represents a live school. We notice they tell of a lyceum course, some Greek letter societies, and an orchestra. Pretty good for a school that is not accredited.

The Round-Up always seems to have plenty of news to fill its columns. It is a fine record of school happenings.

The Spectator, one of our new exchanges, is fine. The cover and general appearance show care and good taste, and the paper as a whole leaves a good impression on the reader. The only criticism we have to offer is about the position of the editorial department. We think that ought to come first.

NEWS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS.

The Lowell High School plays Rugby instead of the American game, holding that Rugby is more suitable for High Schools.

Special editions of the Arizona Wildcat are edited by the different departments of the school. One week the miners have charge, the next week the sophomores, and so on until each organization has had a try at it. This looks like a good idea.
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ANNOUNCEMENT

The School of Mines plans to be in a new location near Mount Franklin before the opening of the next college year. It will have ample new buildings, including a dormitory and a new laboratory equipment entirely. The new location will give better street car facilities.

The present mill will be removed to the new location and will be enlarged to provide for more machinery. A practice mine will also be equipped and started on the new location.

In addition to the regular course in mining, the school offers a number of elective subjects that may be taken for credit toward advanced standing in the University.

Tuition is free. Expenses are moderate.

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