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## Interview no. 764

John Paul Savage

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

INSTITUTE OF ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEWEE:	John Paul Savage (1898- )
INTERVIEWER:	- - -
PROJECT:	
DATE OF INTERVIEW:	October 9, 1979
TERMS OF USE:	Unrestricted
TAPE NO.:	764
TRANSCRIPT NO.:	764
TRANSCRIBER:	Rebecca Craver

BIOGRAPHICAL SYNOPSIS OF INTERVIEWEE:

Born in Socorro, New Mexico in 1898; grew up in El Paso and attended Texas School of Mines from 1917 to 1921. Career as mining engineer in Mexico until retirement in 1964.

SUMMARY OF INTERVIEW:

This is not an interview, but rather well-organized reminiscences. Biographical information includes much about early Socorro and El Paso. Describes his years as a student at Texas School of Mines 1917-1921, student activities and faculty stories. Much information about mines in the Southwest and general info on mining industry.

Length of Interview: 2 hours Length of Transcript 34 pages

John Paul Savage (1898 - )  
October 9, 1979

S: My name is John Paul Savage. Our dear friend and good neighbor Mrs. Leona Baker who is also a member of the El Paso Historical Association, has asked me to tape a few words regarding the early days of the Texas School of Mines which later became the College of Mines and Metallurgy here in El Paso. Today being October 9, 1979; just five days ago I was 81 years old. I was the youngest child of four born to P. J. Savage and Christina Savage in the town of Socorro, New Mexico. My oldest brother was 6 years older than I was; my next brother was 4; and my sister was 2. As I say, we were all born in Socorro. My dad was a conductor on the branch line of the Santa Fe that ran between Socorro and Magdalena. In those days this was a very important branch as it was the only means of transportation for the large cattle shipments, the sheep shipments, including large herds from the sheep tycoon Sol Luna. It was a small spur from Magdalena to the foothills of the Kelly mines. It was an important haulage for the ores of the mines at Kelly. Now Socorro was a small town. It was composed of the old families, the Spanish families that dated back from the time when the Spaniards took over New Mexico. Such families [were] the Abeytas, the Bacas including [chuckles] our famous Alfigo, and many other of the Spanish old timers. Of so-called Americans were like ? Daugherty, like famous criminal lawyer of New Mexico Bursons whose father and son later became governors, C. T. Brown, the consulting engineer of the Empire Zinc Company and a strong supporter of the Socorro School of Mines, and Tom Hilton, father of our well-known Conrad Hilton, the jolly and wonderful politician Billy Martin. In

Magdalena my dad knew all the people you might say in that whole area. More so in Magdalena he knew the Tavishes, Beckers, rancher called Relson, the Craig brothers, Sol Luna, John McDonald. He was interested in the mines at Kelly. My dad with his associates Harry Daugherty and Bill Thompson and a couple of others took a lease on the Juanita mine and did very well. And with the results of that they later established the McDonald Mercantile Company in Kelly. My dad also had several claims in the Kelly area, however none of 'em ever did amount to anything.

In Socorro, my dad being conductor on that branch line, [and] living in Socorro for a period of some 25 years, of course, knew everybody and was well liked. He was appointed regent by the then governor Otero who was territorial governor at the time. This appointment ran from September of 1905 to February of 1909. He was also general manager of the county fair. I believe this must have been either 1907 or 1908, and it was quite an affair because in those days a Socorro County Fair was the main fair of the area. As a special guest for this occasion, the then governor Curry who had been a Rough Rider with Teddy Roosevelt was a special guest at the fair.

An interesting sidelight on that might be the story that, as he was a special guest and my dad was the general manager of the fair, my mother of course had to pull off a big dinner party. Mrs. Martin, the lovely wife of Billy Martin, had a Negro woman cook [whose] husband Bob handled the stable and other activities of Billy Martin's place. Well, Mrs. Martin generously offered my mother the use of her good cook to help her. One of the questions my mother first brought up was the question as to whether she had enough chickens because she intended to serve chickens as part of the course or something. Anyway, this cook says, "Don't worry

about that. I'll get them." So they had chicken at this dinner and I can remember just peeking in and seeing them all gathered around this big table with all the glassware and all that fancy stuff. But the next morning for some reason Billy Martin happened to notice there was a lot of stray feathers around the garbage pile and he began to investigate and he found out he was missing a lot of his game chickens. He was one of these [who] liked to fight game cocks. [Laughs] So it developed that the Negro cook persuaded her husband to kill some of Billy's game cocks and give to my mother to serve at this dinner. And of course Billy I think at that time was state senator and was at the dinner and it was a big joke going around about Billy going to an outside dinner and having his own chickens served him.

My dad also, being that he had quite a bit of spare time being that the train run was short and he'd get back early in the afternoon, started an assay office in our backyard. There was a big shed there that he converted into an assay office. Together with a couple of his associates, young fellows there, they messed around assaying. I think that was the first time I really began to get interested in anything pertaining to mine because when they were working, I'd often sneak in and the smell of all those acid fumes and the hiss of that gasoline furnace was something out of this world. So I believe that's one of the reasons that I decided later on to becoming a mining engineer.

My mother was a very intelligent and serious person and a deeply religious person. And she was a strong believer in education. As I recall all us kids started to read when we were 5 or 6 years old, and I even remember reading not only the children's stories but also the latest books out at that time such as The Leopards Spots and The Clan and also

she had a whole set of - what were they? - the Stoddard's Lectures. They were wonderful books. She kept after my dad to move to El Paso, that is for him to take the passenger run from Albuquerque to El Paso. He'd been entitled to that run for many years due to his many years with the Santa Fe. So finally I think it must have been the early part of 1909 he was persuaded. And sometime that early summer we moved to El Paso. My oldest brother at that time was in Santa Fe at the Christian Brothers' college, St. Michael's College they called it. So only three of us, my brother, sister, and myself, went to El Paso.

When we first moved to El Paso we resided at a big, two-story brick house at 1019 East San Antone [Antonio]. The backyard, as I recall, went all the way to Olive Street. On one side we had a great big vacant lot. On the Olive side was Joe Magoffin's home. We used to play baseball in that vacant lot and I can remember Ann Magoffin. She was a beautiful redhead kid. She'd come out and pitch and she was sure a good pitcher. Anyway in that summer the things that are outstanding as far as I can recall were the Haley Comet. We had a porch up on the second story up on the east side of the house which had a free view to the east and we'd drag a mattress out there and just watch that Haley Comet until we fell asleep. Another time during that summer, sometime about that time, was the meeting between President Taft and President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. I remember we were on the east side. Our school, we were all taken down and we were on the east side of the Plaza facing the Orndorff Hotel and saw them very clearly as they passed.

When the time came for school, my mother took my brother, sister, and myself within a block to St. Mary's School which was on Myrtle Street, I believe in the 800 block. Anyway when we got to the point

where we could see the school, she pointed it out and said, "There it is. That's your school." And from then on, we were on our own. Well, my sister and I completed grade schools. I don't think my brother did because he wasn't interested in education at all. All he wanted to do was be a railroad man and follow my dad's career. I've forgotten just how far he went. Anyway, we finished grade schools, St. Mary's, and then when I went up to register at high school, the only high school we had in that day was what later became the Morehouse School and now is known as the University of Texas nursery ? school. Harrison Hughey was the principal of the school at that time. We always called him Pop Hughey. [Chuckles] Pop Hughey was in the office when I came in to register and he asked me what I wanted to be. And I told him, I said I want to be a mining engineer. He says, "Fine. I'll fix that up." So he outlined my entire course with four years at high school and I only made one change and that was a class in public speaking instead of some other minor. Pop Hughey, I think about the second year I was there, asked me and a couple of my companions to form a debating club. This was more or less to give a little bit of competition to the old-time Sam Houston Debating Club. At the end of our third year, the new, million-dollar so-called high school was completed. I believe it was up on St. Vrain. Anyway, it's the El Paso High School now. It was certainly a beautiful building. So the last year I attended high school, in the beginning in the fall of 1916, the building was simply beautiful. We had that nice auditorium, wide halls, and gymnasiums for the boys and girls, and lavatories. It was out of this world. Our faculty at that school was equally as good. I remember especially, of course, Jeannie Frank the English teacher. She knew how to handle kids and did. That wonderful math teacher, Rebecca Goldstein,

and you could start an argument without any trouble with her. And then R. R. Jones, a wonderful man, and I can remember the Flynn sisters that taught Latin. And they'd corral you in the hall and try and get you to take Latin. I was always sorry I never took Latin because I missed much in my later life.

I believe in the mid-term, around February, there was a small class that graduated. And among the ones to be remembered in El Paso are George Matkin who still lives [here], the chairman of the board of directors of the State National Bank, ? Warney who rose to high position at the El Paso National Bank. Our class graduated as the first year class coming out of the then only El Paso High in 1917. Among those who will be remembered by many El Pasoans are Chris Fox, now known of course as Mr. El Paso; Jack Vowell, who is quite a builder and contractor; Eugene Thurston who became quite an artist of the Southwest; and I guess you could name quite a few more that continued to build our great city.

Now the summer before my junior year I was working in an iron place down on Durango Street, Durango and San Antone I think it was. I didn't like that kind of work. He was making fire escapes and fences and that kind of business and it didn't interest me. So I was lucky to be in my dad's office one Saturday afternoon when C. T. Brown, selling engineer with the Empire Zinc of Socorro, was in town hunting... He told Prof Drake who was also in the office - Drake was a partner of my dad's at that time - he was hunting for a young man to take the job of loading concentrates at Kelly. And Prof Drake looked at me and he says, "Well," he says, "Why not take him?" So C.T. Brown says, "Fine. Do you want it." I says, "Sure." So [laughs] I left the next day for Kelly, New



Mexico.

I landed in Magdalena the next morning. Took the night train out of here and landed in Magdalena the next morning and caught the McDonald wagon going up to Kelly. I arrived in Kelly and Bill Dobson who was a friend of my brother's and our family took me in hand and took care of me for a couple of days till I got organized. I started to work for the Empire Zinc Company loading their concentrates, lead and zinc concentrates, down at the spur which was located about a mile and a half below Kelly proper. After first getting located in Kelly, there was a place right opposite where the loading and hauling of the concentrates was located, just a tin shack. And it was occupied by one of his drivers. Well, I moved in. I just had an old broken down bed and a mattress and couple of blankets, but that was fine. That tin shack that summer was beautiful for the simple reason that at nighttime when we'd get those showers the drumming of that rain on the tin roof would put you sound asleep. I'd get early in the morning and I ate at this contractor's house which was right across the road and boy, did they feed. His wife was a Southern lady and I've forgotten just how many biscuits I could consume, biscuit with ham gravy, and after that I'd walk down in the cool of the morning, enjoying life, to where the spur was and where I was taking charge.

The whole thing was the contractor hauling these concentrates would have the concentrates weighed and when the wagon got down to the spur where I had my little office, I would tell 'em which car to put it in because it was very important that loading these cars, you did not overload. 'Cause if you did, when the car got to Belen, near Mexico, they'd weigh it and if it was overloaded they'd just take your

concentrates and throw them out on the ground. So there'd been trouble with that once before so I was very careful to watch that. But I passed the summer doing that and oh, another thing that got me interested in mining about that time was a friend of mine that was the son of the mine superintendent at Empire Zinc also worked somewhere around the Empire Zinc office and it was his duty about once or twice a week to go and pump out the sump in a shaft. He inveigled me to go in with him and the whole idea was he'd run the hoist and I'd get on a bucket and go down the shaft and prime the pump, get it started, and after we decided the sump was about dry, we'd shut off the pump and go home. So that's the way it went. But I had a wonderful time that summer, as it was my first job you might say connected with mines. It was certainly wonderful.

In the summer of my senior year in high school I also worked in Kelly but that time there was no position open at the mine except mucking and my dad wouldn't let me muck. So I worked at the McDonald Mercantile Company as warehouse man and that was also quite an experience because I'd get to see some ... we had a large ... Johnny McDonald was well-known all over the country and the old-time ranchers would drive up in their big wagons and outfit for the year. And boy, I never hoisted so many bales of hay, alfalfa, and sacks of flour and beans. When they loaded up, they really loaded up. So the store was open early in the morning, around 7. That was one of my jobs to open up and often times we'd work until 7. Saturday night it would be about 10 o'clock or maybe later before all our buyers were out. So then Bill Dobson, who was the cashier and secretary of the company, had an old automobile that he'd bought from the estate of Harry Daugherty and we'd get in that and we'd go down to Magdalena 'cause on Saturday night Magdalena was a town.

All the cowpunchers came in, sheepherders if they were around, and all the miners from Kelly went to Magdalena. There was a deputy sheriff by the name of Bob Lewis who ran the town and he certainly knew how to run it. Anyway, this one Saturday night Bill Dobson and I arrived downtown and decided to go around and investigate and see how things were going. And just before we got to this saloon which was our favorite watering spot what had happened but the swinging doors - I think they called 'em butterfly doors - swung open and a mass of men came tumbling out like you'd thought they'd been shot out of a cannon. Well, after it quieted down and they dispersed, Bill and I sneaked up and looked through the top of the window and we could still see Bob Lewis. He had a great big billiard cue just swinging around and around. He sure cleaned the joint out. Now that's just a little story to tell you how things were in those days.

This is after my senior year. Anyway, it was time to enter Texas School of Mines that fall. My dad, when I came back from Kelly, he said, "All right." He says, "I'll give you your board and room" he says, "and that's it. If you want an education, you'll work for it." So I'd saved quite a bit of money from my summer wages up in Kelly, so I had plenty of money to enroll, buy books, and get started.

The history of the School of Mines has been well [documented] in other places, so I'll just mention a couple of items. In 1964 a book titled Frontier College, Texas Western at El Paso, the First Fifty Years was published by the Texas Western Press. The author Francis L. Fugate told in detail the trials and tribulations of the founding and the starting of the school and its progress. For several years efforts had been made to have the legislature to establish a Texas School of Mines at

El Paso. Finally in 1913 I think it was the 33rd. Legislature passed a law establishing the school but provided that the citizens of El Paso would furnish the land and buildings. ? of the defunct El Paso Military Institute made a strong speech to the Chamber of Commerce and through his efforts there was \$50,000 in notes signed by the business people of El Paso. With the 50,000 they offered to buy the old El Paso Military Institute buildings and land. These consisted of the Main Building, dormitory, small power plant. So then the Legislature agreed to start the school and S. L. Worrell was named Dean of the school.

In the early part of 1914 Dean Worrell came to El Paso and started organizing and classes were started as I recall in the fall of 1914. The school was located beyond Ft. Bliss and [chuckles] the only way to get there in those days was by streetcar to Ft. Bliss and then crossing the parade ground at Ft. Bliss to the old buildings. Disaster hit the school in late October, 1916 with the burning of the Main Building. Well, that created quite a stir but they figured they'd continue to operate through classrooms in the dormitory and so therefore classes continued. Then through strong efforts they had the legislature appropriate \$100,000 for new buildings and through the efforts of several business people in El Paso including V. E. Ware and I think the Mundy Estates gave a large tract of land which was and is the location of the present university. V.E. Ware was made the contractor and he started to build on the first of January, 1917. Believe it or not, part of the Main Building, the Chemistry Building, and most of the dormitory were ready for use the following November of 1917. Now I returned from my summer work in Kelly and I went to register at the school.

At that time, September of '17, classes were being held in the

school rooms of Mt. Sinai Synagogue located at Oregon and Montana. We had quite a ... I believe we had around 46 or 48 freshmen students. Of course, there were a few of the older students from the school out at Ft. Bliss. Things went along and we did the best we could but in the latter part of November we moved the classes to the present location. Now that required quite a job for the students as there was no complete road on the westside, which would be the east side of the school. What we used to do, we'd walk up Mesa Avenue and clear up to where the Mesa streetcar'd turn to go to Kern Place, cut across there and then went down the arroyo and up the other side and then across to the school. Dick Tye was my compadre and also a student. We registered together, as well as Austin Cooper. The way we'd work it, Dick Tye would live down on Montana, about three blocks before I lived. I was living at 1028 East Rio Grande and he'd pick me up. We'd go up to Arizona and I forget, I think it was Octavia, and we'd pick up Evelyn Ellison and then travel up a half a block, pick up Vernell, and then go and pick up Cooper who lived on Rio Grande across, catty-corner to the old Mesa school. Then we'd amble up to the Mines. They did have a road from the Globe Mills to the school, an old dirt road. When they first started out they had one of these old fashioned hacks that would bring students that would take the smelter streetcar. That didn't last very long.

The first year, 1917, the first part of '18, was more or less confined to getting settled, getting things started. So as near as I can say about all that, was: it was kind of a mixed up affair. The war had been going on since April of '17 and of course we were all interested about getting tied up in it. So this being the beginning of the fall term, I remember they had a recruiting outfit for chemical warfare in El

Paso. I went and talked with 'em about it, and then I discussed it with Captain Kidd. Well, Captain Kidd told me that the best thing for us, all us students to do was to join the SATC which was being formed at the school. Now the purpose of this SATC was a preparatory training for Officers' Training School. Cap Kidd, of course, knew how things were going and he said the war was going to be over shortly. So we decided to follow his ideas.

We were all registered and went to school. I think in September we had a surveying class and Cap Kidd had charge of that. And he made us survey the entire campus of the school, that is the location of the Main Building, the Power House, and the dormitory and all that area in front of the Main Building. He also had us outline survey for the cotton field of what later became known as Kidd Field, the first athletic field established. We entered the SATC, which was regular army, October 6 I believe it was. Our first lieutenant was a Lieutenant Bayer. If I'm not mistaken he had certain training at West Point and perhaps might have been a graduate. I don't recall. Then we had two Second Lieutenants: a man by the name of Larsen, another by the name of Kruger. Well, Bayer was gonna run the place like West Point and he sure did. We were all located in the dormitory which we called Keno Hall. It was named Kelly for C.E. Kelly, mayor of El Paso and a regent of the University. But Bayer didn't think much of the studying part of it so I might say that we did very little studying but we sure did a lot of drilling and pertaining to military affairs.

Now this was during the flu epidemic of '18, and one of the orders was for fresh air. Well, there'd be 3 of us in a room, sleeping on army cots and I think we had one blanket under us and one above us and as I

recall they took out the windows. Well, I'm telling you the latter part of October and November were getting cold. In my room there was Johnny Shaeffer, Dick Tye, and myself. Well, Dick Tye took the flu, and he was pretty sick and they shot him out to the Ft. Bliss hospital. Well, he pretty near died out there because they say they had the red tag on his big toe. But after he begged for ice water, the nurse gave him a big pitcher of ice water and he drank the whole thing and as a consequence started to sweat and came out of it. And our Lieutenant Bayer, he got it and the same thing happened to him. He pretty near passed out. And so that was the way things were going around that early part of 1918. Now when armistice was declared on November 11 we were told to get out and drill. We could hear all the noise going on downtown and the armistice had been signed, we knew that. But that didn't make any difference to Lieutenant Bayer. He said nobody had told him anything about armistice and get out there and drill. And we did. Well, anyway I think it was December 11, they discharged us from the army and we started back going to school.

While we were in SACT Cap Kidd wanted a football team as well as the lieutenants, so we got a scrub team up. I think there's 13 or 14 playing. We'd practice out there beyond the road in front of the Main Building. All I can remember about that wonderful practice field was grass burrs and rocks. Anyway, we played several games with the army. One game our scrub football team played in 1918 was with the Fifth Cavalry. It was played on the parade ground of Ft. Bliss. I remember Dick Tye was still in the hospital at Ft. Bliss, but he came out in his bathrobe to greet us and urge us on. We received the ball on the kick off and as I ran down the field, some big bozo cracked me across the

snout and I bled like a stuck hog. Cap Kidd came running out to see if I was killed but after wet towel application, it stopped so we continued playing.

When they had the ball, they were composed of big, big fellows - great big husky line, and they played straight football. That is, grab the ball, run through the line. Well, they [laughs] were kind of a dirty bunch. I was playing tackle. They'd throw sand in your face. If you weren't watching, they'd spit in your eye tobacco juice. And the only way we could figure when the ball was down was count eleven. That's when everybody was down. [laughs] Well, we were a light team. We were fast and we knew how to pass, which they didn't. So we had the advantage of 'em over that. Now to counteract all the big, heavy, beer-bellied linesmen we figured a scheme of just coming up with a right-hand fist and hitting 'em in the belly. That put the quietus on quite a number of 'em. [laughs] And as I recall, I think we won the game. We played the Fourth Artillery a couple of times. When you got through with those games, you were ready for the hospital. Took you at least a week in order to be able to walk straight again.

Well, Thanksgiving Day we were invited by the El Paso High School to play the first game of a double-header. This was played in the El Paso Stadium and we played El Paso High. The game was tied within a few minutes of the end of the game. We had the ball very close to our goal line, that is their goal line. So we were a long way from our goal line. Well, the play was to go to Johnny Shaeffer, for him to pass. Instead of passing he just took off and run down the sidelines for a touchdown. I believe the score finally wound up 14-7. The second game was played by the Cody All-Stars of Deming and the Ft. Bliss All-Stars. It was a



beautiful game. I remember the outstanding player in that game was man by the name of Nieland. I believe he was a West Point graduate. He played left-end or right-end, one of the ends, but he could run like a deer and was just as graceful. It was lovely to watch him. Afterwards I believe he went to Tennessee and became a coach and a famous coach of that city. Well, that ended our football season for 1918.

Now let me get to our faculty. We had one of the best and most wonderful faculties of any mining school not only in the States, but I guess anywhere. The Dean, of course, was S. H. Worrell. He was a graduate of the University of Texas, 1901. He worked in several of the largest mining companies in Mexico and the States in milling and smelting. When he took the job he said one of his theories was to form a faculty that had the ability not only in theory but in practice. And as a result that's the way he selected his faculty.

John W. Kidd was a professor of engineering. He was a Bachelor of Science, Oklahoma, and electrical engineering degree from Texas A&M. He had wide experience in practical work of engineering. Not only that, he was a wonderful teacher. Now we always called Kidd "Cap Kidd" and he was known by that name to all of the students and everybody else. He was really the architect or author of the future campus of the College of Mines because it was through his planning and dreams that the campus was outlined. And no doubt he's looking down somewhere and seeing the beautiful result of that dream in the modern campus, the one that's now the University of Texas at El Paso. I was pretty well acquainted with Cap because I had to deal with him regarding student relations. I'd go into his office and the first thing he'd [do]: he'd twitch his thumb and finger and that meant hand out the chewing tobacco. So I'd get my plug

of tobacco and he'd cut off a chunk and start chewing and then we'd discuss the various matters. He was the ideal professor for our type of school. He taught mathematics, thermo, compressed airs, as well as the practical end of all those things. I remember one class we used to have about 7:30 in the morning. And sometimes Cap would come out all steamed up about what he used to call "what the city fathers were doing that day." And other times he'd get started on some practical thing that happened or that he was connected with. Result is the whole class period was taken up with his dissertation as to what happened. Well, about the end, when the bell rang to end the class, he'd just announce, "Well, boys, we'll have a test tomorrow." We all loved Cap Kidd and we respected Cap Kidd. He was one of the few that really meant much in our lives.

W. H. Seamon was our professor of mining and geology. He was Bachelor of Science, University of Virginia. He had wide experience in Mexico working with mining companies and also with his own mines. He also taught at the Colorado School of Mines and let's see, [pause while reading notes] and became, as I recall, president of the faculty at Colorado School of Mines. Well, W. H. was a fine fellow. He was down to the earth kind of man. He knew mining, minerology, metallurgy, and he knew how to teach it. He had a lot of experience to tell us from the practical standpoint including his trek to the Klondike in the 1898 rush. So we had a wonderful experience having W. H. as a teacher. As I say, he was a down to earth man. He'd come into our student coop store to see what was going on and he always smoked a stub pipe and he'd light it with sulphur matches. I guess very few people remember or even know about what the sulphur matches were. They came in little blocks and you'd tear

off one match and [when] you'd strike it, you'd get sulphur dioxide fumes all over the place. Well, I guess in those days that student coop with all the hot air going around needed a fumigation. But as I say, we sure had a good professor in W. H. Seamon.

Frank Seamon was our professor of chemistry. He was a brother of W. H. But he was a different type than W. H. He was more serious and he spent many years with ASARCO as their chemist in Mexico and became their head chemist in Mexico. He wrote a manual in assaying and qualitative analysis for all the laboratories in Mexico of the ASARCO. While I was his laboratory assistant my junior and senior year he was kind enough to let me copy that manual. I kept the manual for a good many years but not following that line of work, chemistry in the mining business, I eventually disposed of it. My job as laboratory assistant, I got to know Frank Seamon very well. It was my job to handle the freshman laboratory class, see that they didn't blow up the joint or kill themselves by drinking cyanide or something as well as checking in and out of all the laboratory utensils in the beginning and end of the semesters. We liked Frank very well. He was a fine, excellent teacher and all he thought of was chemistry. I can remember him coming back from faculty budget meetings being mad as a hornet because they wouldn't give him more money for his chemistry department. He figured all the rest of the departments were of no use. It should only be chemistry. [Chuckles] He told an interesting story about his wife had a beautiful rose bush, but a bunch of ants, an ant nest got into it. And she wanted to get rid of 'em so she asked her husband Frank to get rid of 'em. So he took home some cyanide and sure put the kibosh on the ants. Also killed the rose bush. She was mad and Frank said, "You didn't say anything about killing the rose

bush." He said, "You just said, 'kill the ants'. So I did." I mean that's the way things were going on in those places.

We had a good associate professor of English named Howard Taylor and also an adjunct professor of engineering Tommy Dwyer. In 1919 he was also the coach. He later became quite famous in the oil fields. Ruth Monroe Auger was registrar and secretary to the dean. She ran the main office and kept everything under control. Alice Morris was librarian.

When I come to E.A. Drake I have to backtrack a little because he was one of my favorite professors and one of my good friends. What I really mean to say is I admired him very much and I liked him very much. Drake was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, an A.B. and also a Master. When he finished his university work I think he had a fight with his sweetheart. Anyway he told me he went to New York and got a windjammer and went around as a deckhand around the Horn and landed up in San Diego. And then he started out there and taught in various places, I think in Rolla, Missouri, School of Mines and wound up in Socorro, New Mexico and becoming president of the faculty. He was retired, was fired you might say, from that position when they had a change of politics in New Mexico. He came to El Paso and with my father, they opened an office in the old ? Building on the second floor facing San Francisco Street. They dealt in real estate and other ventures, but purely from the standpoint of their own investment or investments from their friends. One of the deal they got into was when Pancho Villa had control of Chihuahua and had a commissary in Juarez, my dad got acquainted through a friend with the chief clerk. And through him became commission buyer for all of the commissary. And I can remember going down to the bridge with several long, flat bed wagons loaded with flour and wheat, sago, and all

the staples you could think of, ...rice, sugar and so on. And later Pancho Villa had taken over the Parral mines and also the Rosalia smelter. That was being run by a German firm. That German was O.K. He sure hated Hitler. Well anyway, Dad and Prof Drake handled the bullion as it came across the border and sold it I think up in Chicago someplace. Well, anyway I used to go over and sample the bullion. In those days Pancho Villa currency wasn't worth anything. For ten cents our money you could buy a peso of Villa's. So with about thirty cents I'd go over there and hire a couple of men and with a hand drill go down and sample the bars. Bars came in boxcars. A lot of the boxcars were burnt and holes in 'em and the thing to do was: you had to drill a hole a certain depth into each end of the bar and turn it over and do the same thing. Pick the number of the bar. And the purpose of that was for Custom Assay, U.S. Custom. Well, one day I guess I was out of town or something, Prof Drake went over and did the sampling. When he came back, got on Lerdo Street on the streetcar, he had both hands filled of these two small sacks of drillings and a pick-pocket got hold of him and took his dad's gold watch, which his dad had given him. Well, that sure hurt Prof Drake. We tried to investigate it back but we never could.

Another incident of Prof Drake's was, I think it was my senior year, he'd gone from his office for his walk about 3 or 4 o'clock. He was crossing Rio Grande and Stanton and was hit by a car and broke his leg. Hospital Dieu, Hotel Dieu was right across the road. They put him in there. I used to go up and he'd take me, dictate letters to me and I'd type them and bring 'em back to him. Most of his letters were to his old girl friend who'd become a widow and lived in California and incidentally I think it was that same year, he went to California and

married her and brought her back to El Paso. Well, that hospital room of his was headquarters for all the nurses. They'd come in and smoke cigarettes and gossip and have a good time. The nuns came in to see how he was getting along and for a long time afterwards after he got out of the hospital, he'd always make it a point once or twice a week to go up and call on the nuns and the nurses. The sequel to that is: sometime later, one or two years later, darned if the same thing didn't happen when he was crossing [laughs] Rio Grande and Stanton. So he had the twice of that. As I say, I used to come down to the office after school and also of an evening to study down at the office where it was quiet. And I got to know Prof Drake very well. He was a very intelligent man, a very knowledgable man. He kept up with all the world's interest. You could just sit and listen to him hour after hour and he was one of our real A-1 professors.

As proof of the wonderful faculty that we had, there wasn't a Texas School of Mines student or a student of the College of Mines and Metallurgy while it was a primary engineering institution that wasn't grabbed by a mining company at the time of his graduation. They went to Africa, the Philippines, Cuba, South America, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Mexico, and many places here in the States. The entire credit for the success of these graduates and their rise in their career was due entirely to the wonderful faculty that Dean Worrell put together.

Now may I ramble around a little bit and tell a few of the student activities, things going on during my session there. In early spring, maybe February of '19, Cap Kidd said he wanted some money, needed money for the athletic department. And the way we figured to get it was to start the student association, which we did. We had a small nucleus of

engineering students and we formed more or less into a political gang and we put through the student association and one of the big factors in that when we wrote the constitution and bill of rights or whatever they called it, we installed a \$10 fee for every student that entered the school. Well this created quite a hullabaloo but we put it through and it went through. I had the honor to be the first president of that student association. That same spring we started, renewed the publishing of the Prospector. Now most of that was done in our cooperative store which was started by Tye, Cooper, and myself in the room to the right as you entered the administration building. We had some candies and the main thing was we had no student building so it was a hang out for all the students during their classes. It was just a general playground. Our big score on that, we had these cards, poker hands we called it. Cooper, he was the boss of that. When he found out the cards were pretty near gone and nobody had won the big prize, he just would withdraw the cards and start a new one. Well, I think it was that fall we started to get the books, the textbooks for the bunch, that is the upper grades. Norton Brothers had been buying those books for us, but it wasn't a big adventure for them, so they consented that we'd go ahead and do it, so we started that. So we had a good business with that. And also we sent away and got what they called a Miner belt, which was a belt buckle with Miners across it, and had Miner pennants and coming back to the Prospector, we wanted a logo for the paper, the top of the paper. Mrs. Ruth Monroe Auger, who was also quite an artist, designed the logo which was on the face of a shovel of a prospector's burro, fully packed showing his pack saddle and his pan and his shovel and his pick. And that was adopted more or less as an insignia for the Miners. The mold, the

plastic mold she made of this, she gave to me and I still have it. She also painted the face of the shovel insignia. I had that and I hung that in the hallway of the administration building and when I graduated I took it, kept it several years, and finally gave it to Gene Thomas. I don't know whether he still has it or not. But that was the Prospector scene, the insignia for the Prospector.

We also reactivated the Scientific Club which was a student chapter of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. And this quite flourished under Professor W. H. Seamon, who was our faculty advisor. We had the information regarding St. Pat's celebration from Colorado School of Mines and we started that in the St. Pat's Day of '19. That was carried on and I think has been for many years. All the engineers took off for that day and had a good time. The first year we had a big weinie roast right there on the campus. Later on I think the initiation of the freshmen to the St. Pat's was at the old tin mine. I believe it was, I'm not sure but it might have been that same ... no, it was later on which I'll cover in another statement ...

The muckers, as we were known to all El Paso, didn't have a very good reputation. It wasn't because they were mean or violent; they were just wild. The general citizens of El Paso couldn't quite take them. In the dormitories you could always find a slough game going on. Now that was called Slough or ?. It was quite a mining game played all over Arizona and I guess all over the world. In Mexico we played it in every camp I was ever in. But you could always go to the dormitory, Keno Hall or Burges, and you'd always find a Slough game going. It would cost you all of fifteen cents to get in, which was 120 chips. If you were lucky, you might play for a couple of hours on that, but if you weren't lucky,



you might be wiped out in one hand. It's quite a game, and one of the games in which every man is supposed to be the best player in the world but still you can play it all your life and never know all about the game.

Another stunt that bunch in the dormitory used to pull was Saturday night they'd all go to Juarez and catch the last car home. In those days that Mesa car line was one of these one-man outfits, motorman and conductor at the same time, small car. When they got up to where the Mesa car hit Mesa Avenue they'd all get out, pull the trolley wire off, and then get on the sides of the car and just put it on the side of the road. This got to be quite a habit 'til finally the faculty put the kibosh on it. But there was a lot of fun going on in those dormitories. They'd catch some guy and shave his head, paint it with iodine, but gradually things kind of calmed down. They got better outfit.

It was in the fall of '19 that we started to practice mine. The first thing we had to do, under the directions of Cap Kidd, was install the compressor. Now this compressor was being installed in the power house and was run off the jack shaft that was powered by a beautiful, little coreless steam engine. We had to mix the concrete on tin roofing, mix that and pour the foundation, get the anchor bolts right, lined up with the jack shaft and get the compressor running. Then it was taken over by W. H. who, with his direction, we installed a pipe line to the receiver on the outside, from the receiver to where the practice mine was gonna be started. Now this is the only practice mine on any mining campus, I guess in the world. And as I recall it went on for quite a number of years. But it was our class, the fall of 1919, that started that practice mine. When we were ready to drill, we found out that the

steel they'd bought for us hadn't been tempered. Now boy that delayed things. That required another practical experience of sharpening the steel and tempering. All this was under the supervision and direction of Prof W. H. Seamon. Finally we got all that straightened out and drilled. Now we all had experience in the mines, that is those in that upper class. So there was Dutch Reinheimer, Dick Tye, Jimmy Crenshaw, Cooper, myself, and several others that knew a little bit about mining so we had no trouble in getting it drilled around and getting it drilled like it should be.

When it was all drilled we had a case of 50 pounds of 40% dynamite and we decided we were going to make a good blast out of it. So we loaded the prime right up to the hilt. 'Course, had the fuses in, cut 'em that way they should be with the cut holes and so on. And then we sent a guard down the arroyo and up the other side and sent others to all sides including toward the main power plant and the building. This practice mine was located as I recall, I guess you'd say north of where the mill was located. Well, W. H. happened to be in a faculty meeting at the time but that didn't make any difference. So we fired the blast. Well, I'm telling you it was some blast. We didn't have to do any mucking after that because it cleaned out the whole face. Rocks were flying all over the place and the boy that went across - I think his name was Bret, I can't think of his last name, he was the one sent across the arroyo and up the other side - he pretty near got hit by a rock and he took off. Well, found out then that it shattered a bunch of windows in the Chemistry Building [laughs] and the Administration Building [laughs]. Prof W. H. came over to see what was going on. And he said, "How was it?" And we said, "It was fine." He says, "All right." He says, "Nobody

hurt?" And we said, "No. Everything's fine." We didn't know what happened to this kid that went across the arroyo. So we were all sitting out there in front of the Administration Building congratulating ourselves on what a wonderful opening of the practice mine and here he come up from way down at the Globe Mills. Well, while all this was going on after the blast there was rumors all over El Paso that the smelter blew up, the Globe Mills blew up. We had the police out there, the sheriff out there, and of course we had big headlines in the paper about those crazy muckers again.

That fall or the next spring we had milling class. The mill had been completed and it was a complete mill. We had a rock crusher, stamps, ? mill, tables, chili mill, and saw and the purpose of the mill was to test ores from small mine releases? to see how best to be treated. And I'm sure it worked out pretty good for everybody concerned. One afternoon, however, we got out of class I imagine around 11 o'clock in the morning and sitting out in front of the Administration Building waiting until the start of the milling class at 1 o'clock and somebody suggested we send out and get a white tube. In those bootleg days a white tube meant a bottle of tequila. Well, we rustled around ... 5 cents here and 10 cents there ... and sent down and a chauffeur brought out a bottle of tequila. Then I think we had another one. Anyway, they were all pretty happy when we went down to the mill and started it up. And as Rolene Tipton said afterwards - he was a student assistant to Cap Kidd and also Dean Worrell on the mill and ? - he says that's the only time that old mill went full blast. Well, Dean Worrell was in charge of the milling class at that time and I was working on the crusher. That was just outside the mill entrance. Putting the ore through the crusher

to feed to the stamps. And he could hear a lot of yelling and hollering and laughing going on, and he kind of took one look around the place and he said, "I don't think you need my presence here today." So he left. But that was another instance of that wild bunch of muckers. They were working but also they were playing.

In the summer of '18 yes, I'd had a appendix operation and [couldn't] go to the mines to muck so I worked in the smelter here. And I worked out there in the roasting ovens and also in the reverberatories and the job was easy. All I had to do was read the meters every hour. That gave me a good chance to look all over the smelter, and more so on the second and third shifts when none of the big bosses were around. I used to love to watch the old glass furnace when they were retorting and monkeying around the lead furnaces and those big reverberatory furnaces, look through the windows at the flames. It was a very interesting experience but it taught me one thing: that I don't think I'd like that smelting business as a career. But I did get to know enough about it. One interesting thing about that was those roasters, they gave off a terrible sulphur dioxide fumes. And, of course, an oldtimer in El Paso will remember how thick they were on some heavy, atmospheric conditions. Well, that was the year of the flu epidemic. And as I recall there was not one on that entire smelter crew that got the flu. Well, no doubt due to the fumigation of those sulphur fumes 'cause in those days after an illness in the house.

End of Tape 1, Side B

I was saying at the end of tape two, in the olden days we used to use sulphur candles to fumigate a sick room after an illness. So I guess it helped

us out a whole lot by working in the smelter in those days.

In the summer of '18, Dick Tye, Cooper, Cluncha, and I think Fred Fox, they worked in the Old Dominion Mine at Globe, mucking. In the summer of '19 I joined Dick, Coop, and Fred Fox, and I worked at the Old Dominion. We boarded at what we called Ma Brown's Rooming House, that is where we roomed. But we boarded at Clyde Ney's mother-in-law's house where Clyde and his wife lived. And she sure served good meals. Now Clyde was a companion of Speedy Nelson and Vere Leisure who were students at the School of Mines at Socorro when Drake resigned or was fired, as I mentioned, and came to El Paso. They came to El Paso at the same time and went to the Texas School of Mines. They knew that my family was from Socorro so we became acquainted. They'd usually spend their Sunday afternoons at our place 'cause like all students in those days, they were broke. They didn't have any money. But my sister would always make a cake or candy and gather other young people around and we'd sing and my sister would play the piano. And that would break the monotony of their ways way out there at Ft. Bliss. They graduated in the spring of '16. Now Speedy, of course, became a teacher there at the school and finally doctor of geology and was head of the geological department. Vere Leisure went to Mexico for Asarco and when he retired, was manager of the Chihuahua smelters. Clyde Ney was engineer at the Old Dominion Mine when I worked there. And the following summer when Dick and I were working at the Inspiration Mine, we received words, belated words, about 4 days after it happened, that Clyde Ney had been killed in the Old Dominion Mine by a blast. Well, that was sure a sad thing for us. Of course we went over to give our condolence to Mrs. Ney but we were very sorry that we weren't told about it sooner so we could have attended his funeral.

Our experiences mucking and mining in the Old Dominion Mine was part of the practical part of the course in mining that was being followed by the school. We learned how to muck, use our knees instead of just our shoulders and arms. Learned how to drill, timber. And I worked in stopes, what they call slashing. It was a rich ore body but it caved so we had to work on the level below. We'd climb up about 100 feet where we'd opened up the ore body with square sets and after the ore body had been mined out with sets, we'd put 8 X 8 stulls across the floor and cover them with boards, then blast out all the posts and allow the ore body to drop down and then we'd repeat the process. I remember that particular stope was sure wet. Gosh, from the time you went on shift until you got off into the change room, you were wet. Sometimes we'd do tramming too and that was a change. But when once in a while when an absent mucker on a drift, contracted drift didn't show up, you were tossed in there. And that wasn't easy. I only weighed around 150 pounds but that mucking in the drift sure got you down. But the experience was wonderful. It was O.K.

In the summer of '20 we worked in the Inspiration Mine, that is Dick and I did. And we measured the raises. The way that worked they had the big main transportation level way down below and above that what they called sub-levels. On the sub-levels, they'd run these raises up and fingers out from the main raise. We had to measure any raises that [were] worked the shift before. Well, that only took a short time, maybe two or three hours of an eight hour shift so gave us plenty of time to roam around. If you didn't want to roam around, you'd go back to the office and go to sleep. Anyway, I used to love to go down to the haulage level where they had a system of ... everything, the engines, the motors

that were hauling the cars. They were 10 ton cars as I recall. Hauled by compressed air locomotive, using 1000 pounds pressure. I think there were about 10 cars to the train. But they'd come up to the unloading place and they had a trammel there in effect and they'd just turn the cars over and dump the whole business. Then I go down below where the hoisting was, and that was really a sight. There was these big skips, 13 ton skips; they were tandem. That is, when one was loaded going up, the other empty was coming down. They had so many seconds. When they came down, they'd trip the lever which started the [chute] to fill the skip and had so many seconds and then went up again. It was sure something to watch that hoisting.

When Dick and I first went into the engineering office, when we hired out, the engineer gave us a pass for the surface. And I remember going over to the hoist house and walking into the hoisting room and here was this great, big double drum hoist, 20 foot diameter drums, just working away and not a soul in sight. It was some sight. Another interesting point was going to the mill. We had 20 units, 1000 tons a day per unit. They consisted of crusher, the other forms of crushing, the barrel crusher they called 'em, and cables, but to see it all working, 20 units, it was another sight.

We lived up at what they called the Eagle's Nest. There was accommodations for bachelors, for 1,000 men. The mine as a whole occupied, or hired 3,000 men, 1,000 men a shift. A thousand stayed up at the Eagle's Nest. Well, Dick and I had a room together and we slept on just spring beds with a light mattress. It was so damned hot we didn't need any blankets. Dick was bitten all over and we couldn't find out at first what happened. And then, by gosh we looked in the seams of the

mattress and you couldn't put a pin point between the bedbugs. The only way you could get rid of the bedbugs was by sunlight. So we'd take the mattress and throw 'em out in the sun, but they'd soon come back. And poor old Dick sure suffered all that summer. Well those were the experiences we had during our summer, so called "vacations." The main purpose of it was to teach us practical things and for us to get some money so we could pay our way through school.

Not wishing to bore you too much further, may I say a few more items. I think it was in the spring of '20 our small group of engineers found out that some of the townies and even some of the engineers were getting ready to start a fraternity. Well, we had a compadre that transferred from New Mexico who was a fraternity man at New Mexico U. So with his help we organized what we called a straight engineer fraternity. We called it the Alpha Phi Omega. Well we had our pins made here locally, whereas the so-called townies ... I think they called theirs Sigma Nu, I think it was. Well, they didn't get their pins until a few days later. So we were the first fraternity. But it was confined straight to engineers, and a very limited number. I don't believe we ever had over eight or ten in it. Well, when they had the Homecoming in '71, that was 50 years after we graduated, Alpha Phi Omega fraternity was still going and they gave me a certificate showing I'd been a charter member of that fraternity. I don't know if it's still going now.

In the fall of '20 we had quite a hassle there due to the fact that one morning after the football season one of these townies ... most of them came out to play football and mess around ... came down the hall with a gray sweater with an orange T. Well, we soon got the word that the athletic department was gonna give that letter T on that gray sweater



as the letter for the football players. Well, of course, all the engineers, we got riled up plenty on anything like that. So, as I mentioned before, we got our political gang together and called a meeting of the student association and passed a resolution to form a committee to appear before the faculty and tell 'em what we thought of the T and what we were going to do about it. Well, I happened to be on the committee too, so I know what happened. We formally addressed the faculty, a meeting with them, and they gave it to us, and we told them that it was all right with us, that they could give their football players or their athletic players a T, orange T and a gray sweater, but we weren't going to pay for it. Well, it was the whole idea of organizing I think I mentioned the Student Association was raising money for the athletic committee and they couldn't do much about it. So that was the last we ever heard about any change giving the M to the athletic players, and I note that still today the Miners, or the University of Texas at El Paso, is called the Miners as a result of our strong objection that fall of 1920.

In the spring of '21 we had a St. Pat's celebration. We had a big banquet down in the bottom, in the basement of the Hilton Hotel and, of course, it was organized and primarily attended by the Scientific Club. So that was during Prohibition, of course, so we appointed Rosson Cooper to tend to the punch and he arranges with W. H. Seamon, professor in charge of the club, faculty advisor, and they concocted the punch. And boy, it was some punch. I think old Coop made a mistake and got mescal instead of tequila, but anyway we had a bunch of toasts and we had a grand celebration.

As guest of honor we had Dean Worrell and Mayor C. E. Kelly who was also regent of the School of Mines, at that time the College of Mines. Well, after the party was over, Cooper and Dick Tye and myself figured that, well, the evening was kind of early so we went across to Juarez. And of course, we always went to the Lobby Bar. That was where they served the best drinks. Well, we walked in and who should we see lined up at the bar [but] Dean Worrell and Regent C. E. Kelly. [Laughs] Well, Dean Worrell just looks at us and says, "Good evening, gentlemen." We said, "Good evening." We had our drink and we beat it. [Laughs] So that was another one of the wild muckers of those days.

The Colorado School of Mines -I'm pretty sure [it was either] Colorado or Rolla, Missouri - bunch came down with their senior class, what they called the visiting mining class, to visit the smelters and mines of the area. We put them up in the dormitory and then we took them all over to Juarez. Well, we took them to the Big Kid Saloon. In those days they had what they called the McGinty. It was a great, big beer that you'd get for 10 cents. Well, we got the whole bunch lined out on the street, right across the street, the main street there, I think it was Lerdo, and took a picture of them with all these Coloradoans and our gang holding a glass of beer. I rode back with Dean Worrell because he came along more or less to chaperone the outfit. Coming up to the bridge, he asked me - he always called you Mister - he said, "Mr. Savage," he says, "do you know what is really meant by a good engineer?" And I said, "No." He said, "Well," he said, "he has to be a good poker player and a good judge of whiskey." Well I figured that was a pretty good model to follow. I know before I stop this or finish this, whatever you want to say, I want again to thank Mrs. Leona Baker for giving me an opportunity to observe these words.

Now our graduating class was the first graduating class to graduate from the Woman's Club building. As I mentioned before, the early days of the Miners they had a reputation of being wild and all that but they were all good kids, so I guess you might figure that the Woman's Club allowing us to hold our commencement there was more or less admitting that the College of Mines students had become members of civilized society. Now there was only I think seven of the eight graduates in my class that entered in 1917. There was Johnny O'Keefe, Ernest Kennedy, Ramon Concha, Leopoldo Maldonado, Cooper, Tye, and myself. I think that's seven. The eighth was Crenshaw who was delayed one year because he had to work, but he finished with our class. Now my class: Johnny O'Keefe worked a while in the mines, went to California and became finally the consulting electrical engineer of the Pacific Electric Company. Ernest Kennedy, I believe, worked for the government for a long time, more so during World War II, [and] was, the last I heard a year or so ago, a professor at the University of Texas at Arlington. Concha worked in the mines in Mexico for several years and one day, oh way back I guess in the 40's or something like that, I was in Parral and ran across him on the street. And he was mayor of the city of Parral, Durango. He had married a rich widow and living the life of O'Reilly. I tried to get in touch with him for our 1971 reunion but I never did hear from him. Leopoldo Maldonado went to work for the Asarco and continued to work for them until he retired. But I tried to get ahold of him and I had a sweet letter from his wife saying he'd passed away a few years before. Now Dick [Tye] worked at Guadalupe Hidalgo?, Mexico, and then came and worked with me in Guatemala when we were down there for American Metal. Cooper worked at Kinnanayah all his time and I believe was the general foreman for Kinnanayah Copper. He passed away in San Francisco after an illness.

My first job was at the Refugio unit of the Asarco in Mexico close to Zacatecas. In 1921 there was a depression on and there was very few jobs open. But my brother knew the labor man down here in the El Paso office and there was one opening called the Mexican shift boss at this very small unit. There were not producing; they were just doing some development. Well, I took the job. As I recall it paid me \$87 a month. Sixty dollars of that had to go for board and room. Anyway, I had plenty of money. But according to the chart, company chart, I was Mexican shift boss but I really did the engineering and I had a wonderful compadre. He was foreman and he taught me a whole lot about mining, everything pertaining to mine. Well, the point I'd like to make is about this Refugio mine, Providencia mine of the Pinales. Now Pinales was the second biggest mining operation in Mexico, subsidiary of American Metal. Well, the foreman at Refugio, his name was George Littlejohn, quit Refugio and went to the Ajuela unit of Pinales with the superintendent of the Providencia mine who'd been transferred to Ajuela. I took the job as foreman there at Refugio, but unfortunately the day he left - I went down to the station with him and on my return - they found out I'd had typhoid fever, the first and only case they ever had. Well, I had a hard time with that but snapped out of it, but now when I retired in '64 from operating mines, I retired as manager of the Providencia Mine of Pinales. Pinales I worked with for, oh, thirty or forty years of my mining experience. They did call me back a year later after insisting quite a bit and I worked for them for three months while they were opening up a new mine, but then I told them nothing doing. It was quits. But if I had to do it over again I would sure follow the same career 'cause I had a wonderful time and enjoyed every bit of it.

End of interview