



30 Nov 1918

The Missouri Miner, November 30, 1918

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THE MISSOURI MINER.

Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Missouri.

Vol. 5, No. 13.

Saturday, November 30, 1918.

Price 5 Cents.

Miners Beat Rose Poly 13-6.

MUDDY FIELD HINDERS MINERS.

The Miners won a deserved victory over the heavy Rose Poly team on a wet muddy field Thanksgiving day. The slowness of the field was undoubtedly a big advantage to Rose, as in this case they were able to use their "beef" to more effect. Altho on a slow field, the game was highly interesting and quite peppy from start to finish.

It would indeed be difficult to pick out any outstanding stars on the Miners, since every man seemed to put all the vim and strength he had into the game. However, the work of Cairns and Bohn in the back-field, and Larsh at end, was quite noticeable at all times. The game was exceedingly clean throuout, as is shown by the fact that during the entire game only two penalties of five yards each, were levied, and these against Rose, the Miners being entirely free of penalites.

Mr. Salisbury, Missouri U., of Warrensburg, was referee.

Following is the game given by quarters:

Game called 3:10. 12 minute quarters.

First Quarter.

Miners win the toss, and choose the west goal. Cairns catches the ball from the kick-off, and advances 20 yards.

Continued on Page Eight.

BENJAMIN HARRISON DOSENBACH.

Benjamin Harrison Dosenbach, Metallurgical Engineer for the Butte and Superior Copper Co., died November 26, 1918, at Butte, Mont., of pneumonia, following influenza. He graduated from the Missouri School of Mines in the class of 1910, and was one of the eminent flotation experts of this country.

Dosenbach was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, and was an "M" man in baseball, receiving an "M" in that branch of athletics three of his four years at M. S. M. It was once said of him that if he could slide into a good job as easily as he could into second base he had a brilliant future ahead. His position with the Butte and Superior Copper Co., and his nation-wide reputation as an expert on flotation certainly showed that he was making rapid strides to that goal of the brilliant future.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT M. S. M.

On Wednesday of this week the following distinguished men paid a visit to M. S. M.:

Congressman Thos. L. Rubey, of Lebanon; Congressman Walter Hensley, of Farmington; and Hon. Geo. Williams, of Farmington.

Walter C. Richards, '01, of Grand Valley, Colo., is getting back into the mining game.

THE S. A. T. C. DANCE.

The dance was given by the S. A. T. C. at Jackling Gymnasium on Thanksgiving eve, and if the present information regarding the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. is correct, the dance will be the last one under the auspices of the military regime.

At nine-twenty, after a fair representation of the expected guests had arrived, the doors to the Gymnasium were opened and the guests escorted within. The Gymnasium was dark, and some little speculation was developed in the minds of the guests as to what was going to happen. After all of the guests present had passed within, and were obtaining a maximum degree of curiosity, something happened! Why, of course, the dance started, but perhaps as not many dances have started in Jackling Gymnasium. Simultaneously with the opening march of Reodemich's orchestra, imported from St. Louis, the lower part of the Gym became illuminated with Japanese lanterns, while above four fingers of dazzling light played hide and seek amid a thousand streams of gently wavering crepe paper. Then again, and as suddenly, the still higher regions burst into luminosity flooding the entire Gym with a glow of suppressed light and as suddenly was displaced by darkness penetrated by beams of light that piloted the followers of terpsichore while

they glided here and there. As has been said, the dance started. The Grand March was brief, but well led by Mrs. Shuttleworth and Col. Woods. The program followed.

Due to the courtesy and kindness of Lt. Owens, a charming little girl and boy, entertainers of marked ability and talent, were presented to the audience. They soon captured the admiration of the guests with their charm and grace, their popularity growing until it seemed that encores would be applauded for indefinitely. Their entertainment was unique, and rounded out the occasion to the point of success.

The dance was indeed very similar to the St. Pat's occasion and with a fair promise of what may occur this year when the Patron Saint of the Engineers arrives. Since the majority of the crowd remained until nearly four o'clock the following morning it would seem conservative to pronounce the occasion a success.

Not cheap, but swell! Just what you want to mail to your friends. Personal Christmas Cards. Full supply of samples from which to select, at the Herald Office. Make your order early.

Clarence Woods, M. S. M. '04, who has been in the employ of a large mining company at Narrows, Virginia, spent the past week in Rolla with children, Lee and Irene Woods, who make their home with their aunt, Mrs. A. D. Robinson. Mr. Woods has resigned his position with the Virginia Company, to accept a position with a large mining company in Arizona. He left Rolla Sunday night for Arizona.

The new address of T. P. Walsh, '17, is now 2d Lt. Headquarters Co., 48th Artillery, C. A. C., A. E. F.

MUSKETRY.

She: "And do the boys have to wear those big heavy army shoes to the dance?"

He: "They are supposed to wear shoes of the same type, tho not necessarily the issue shoes."

She: "Do you think we ought to go?"

When a Freshman does not know how to kow tow it bespeaks badly for existing conditions, or the laxity of the Sophomore Class. But the Sophomores are right there.

It is hard luck when a "frosh" unloads four squads of iron men for an O. D. uniform, and then gets his discharge. It would be nice of us to stay in the army so said person could sport the gay attire.

Gauntlet.

- a, Glove.
- b, Accelerator.
- c, Who's next?

There was much confusion the other night when some one misplaced Salmon's night shirt.

Guard at football game: Halt! Who goes there?

Answer: Man with a bottle.

Guard: Pass Man! Halt Bottle!

St. Pat said in a recent wire that he would be here with bells on next spring. Prepare!

A letter received this week by Mr. and Mrs. L. Heimberger from their son, Lieut. Carl Heimberger, declared that he was feeling fine. His company is among those chosen to go with the army of occupation to Germany.

P. B. Shotwell, ex-'17, is 1st Lt. in N Co. Section, Cavalry Training Camp, Camp Stanley, Texas.

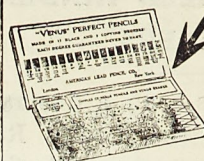
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The following men who are now in some branch of the service have written that they will return to M. S. M. the second semester if they receive their discharges by then: Stevens, Duga, Marston, McCarthy, Triefenbach, Millar, White, Davidson, Schleisinger, Hughes, Leonard and Stubbs. It might be added that any man desiring to return to M. S. M. might receive his discharge individually if he will state his reasons to the War Department.

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FRESHMAN COLUMN.

Every one who wants to remain in the army answer "I."

NOTICE! All those wishing double portions of meat on the day when ham or pork is served, will please see us at once, as the number of servings is limited to the number of "Irishmen" in school

Jacobs, Isaacs, Cohen & Co.,
Brakers in Pork Products.

Freshman Williams' father was here on Wednesday.

If we ever have occasion to use napkins in the mess hall there will probably have to be a cure instituted for that, as there was for "sword swallowing." Some few will probably attempt to fill up that space due to an oversized collar, with one corner of the napkin.

As a generous favor to the fair sex of Rolla, will two men (one of them to dress as a girl) take Frey into the South Barracks, start the music, and let him "cut in" to his heart's content for the duration of the next dance? And it wouldn't be a bad idea if a certain well known Senior (who is also blessed with the ability to tap a girl on the shoulder as if she were so much sawdust) were there to help Frey do the "cutting."

Kjelberg, just after running the gauntlet: "Boys, if there is anybody in that line who didn't hit me, speak up, and I'll buy the ice cream." No one answered. At least they're a truthful bunch.

Ridley has been sick the past few days.

Nagle and Nichols spent last week-end at their homes.

Frey has been called home on account of the death of his grandfather.

Did you understand the words in Karlson's song the night he performed for the Sophs? Neither did we.

The source of Kjelberg's wit

is to be found in a little book, "Jokes in Khaki," which is earnestly perused by him each evening between "call to quarters" and "taps."

The Freshmen were well represented in the force of M. P.'s at Thursday's game.

"Kow-Towing" for the Sophs Thursday will save the Frosh the trouble of learning the art on March 17th.

After slight persuasion on the part of the Sophs, Reed kindly kow-towed, even though as he said, he had on his "only" clothes.

NOTICE.

The following telegram has been received:

President Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Commanding officers of all units of S. A. T. C., both sections A and B, have been directed to demobilize and discharge the men, commencing week of December first, with a view to completion of discharges by December twenty-one. Secretary of War has directed this committee to arrange adjustment under contracts between institutions and War Department concerning which you will be advised. Letter follows
COMMITTEE EDUCATION, REES.

H. H. Nowlan, '13, 1st Lt. 20th F. A., writes interestingly to Dr. Barley of a chance meeting with Sergt. "Hank" Leavitt, ex-M. S. M., instrument man of Battery F, 340th F. A. Harry says: "The Yanks want no cessation of hostilities until they have beaten hell out of the Kaiser's troops." Speaking of his meeting with "Hank," he says: If you ever saw two kids tickled to death it was "Hank" and I, and I spent a pleasant half an hour in the middle of that bridge in the ruined village, and believe me, it was the best half hour I have spent in France.

THE MISSOURI MINER.

A weekly paper published by the Students, in the interest of the Alumni, Students and Faculty of the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Mo.

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TALES AND TAILINGS.

The season's best joke:

The Captain of the good ship Helene.

It Comes Off.

This is a grouchy world. Ah, me!

A fellow seldom laughs,
Why don't we wear the smile
that we

Use in our photographs?

A Proper Retort.

This story is from London:
A young woman in khaki uniform and cap met a Scotch kilted. She saluted. He curtsied.

The Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifle range.

He tried them on the 500-yard range, but none of them

could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300-yard, the 200-yard, and the 100-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range, he looked around in despair. Then he straightened.

"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Cha-r-ge the target!"

A Calculating Cuss called the kaiser

Who was given to Kultur and Budweiser

Got a kink in his knot,
That he and Friend Gott
Would lick the whole world—
and surprz'er.

So he called out his army of Huns,

Loaded down with munitions
and guns.

"Ach, Gott," cried he,
"Christmas day in Paree
I'll dine with my six handsome
sons."

Now this rummy C. Cuss called
the kaiser

Is very much worried and wis-
er.

His friend Gott ran away
Joined oud U. S. A.

And they licked him like hell—
Aye, aye, sir!

—Daily Kansan.

Extracts From a Future Novel.

Their eyes metski.

With a great sobovitch she
sank into his armski.

"Cursakoc youski!" he cried-
ovitch.

He kissigaced her againski
and againski.

"Ahaski!" she sneeredski,
"at lasterovitch we have meter-
offski!"

"Gawdski," he exclaimed,
"all my life I have beenovitch a
dampoolski!"

— Westminster Fortnightly.

"My sister's feller kicked my
dog yesterday," said Willie,
"but I'll get even with him all

right."

"How'll you get even?" asked Willie's friend.

"I'm going to mix quinine with my sister's lip rouge," said Willie.

Some Arms.

The captain had the company of recruits lined up for their first drill.

Captain—Inspection arms!

One big recruit put his rifle between his knees, rolled up his sleeves, held out his arms and asked:

"How does them look, Captain?"

—Pass in Review.

"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?"

"One man did, but he didn't say much."

"What did he say?"

"All he said was fifty dollars and costs."

Ripened Judgment.

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And I am the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, dear; but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

The following guests from out of town attended the S. A. T. C. dance at Jackling Gymnasium on last Thursday evening: Misses Mabel Regensburg, of St. Louis; Evelyn and Laura Freeman, of Newburg; Helen Hughes, of Springfield; Mildred Flanigan, of Springfield; Laura Bennett, Marie Bennett, Mary Jane Foulter and Florence Martin, of Salem, Mo; Florence Warren, of Richland; Margaret Martin, of Lebanon; and Fiorene McComb, of St. James.

C. C. Cushwa, '14, is spending a few days here en route from an eastern army camp to Salt Lake City.

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Across From The Post Office

Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Dickerson received the sad intelligence Monday of the death of their niece, Miss Vera E. Clark, who died as a victim of influenza, followed by pneumonia, at her home at Victor, Colorado. The young lady was just eighteen years old. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Clark.

Dr. Geo. E. Ladd, now an economic geologist for the Federal Good Roads Department, and formerly Director of M. S. M., has presented the library of M. S. M. with some one thousand volumes of books, chiefly on geology. Many of these books are rare, and even at the time they were printed some cost as much as twenty-five dollars per volume.

**SULPHURIC ACID A
MARTIAL INDICATOR.**

High school chemistry textbooks of twenty-five and thirty years ago contained a statement regarding sulphuric acid that always held the attention of the student even though it was beyond his comprehension. This was to the effect that the consumption of sulphuric acid is an index of the degree of civilization of a people. The reader probably will recall earlier or later statements to the same effect, having reference, of course, to the peaceful pursuits and industries of a nation. But what of sulphuric acid in war? Of what is its consumption then an index? Perhaps a terse answer would be: Of the intensity and magnitude of the military operations.

In 1917 our production was over 7,000,000 tons, nearly twice that of 1913, which may be taken as a normal pre-war year. Plainly the consumption of sulphuric acid is an index of something more than the civilization of a people.

Additional information of unusual interest is contained in the report of the U. S. Geological Survey on the production of sulphuric acid in 1917. Compared with 1913, the last normal year prior to the war, the production for 1917 was nearly twice as great, the increase occurring in the acids of strengths higher than 66 degrees Baume. The significance of this is, of course, that acid of high strength enters into the manufacture of munitions of war, and with the nations of the world straining every resource at their command for the production of munitions at a high rate of speed and in hitherto unheard-of quantities, sulphuric acid production increased out of all proportion to peace-time outputs.

The dislocation of world trade and commerce by the war had

its effect on sulphuric acid production and for a time the uncertainty of a ready supply was disquieting. Wholly unmindful of the machinations of the Potsdam gang, our sulphuric acid industry had been built up largely on the use of pyrites imported from Spain. Thus in 1912 we imported 970,785 long tons of pyrites containing more than 25 per cent of sulphur; in 1913, 850,592 tons; in 1914, 1,026,17. This high mark was followed by a slump in 1915 to 964,634 tons; and this, in turn, by a rise to 1,244,662 tons. In 1917 the imports fell off to the level of 1912 and 1915, amounting to only 967,340 tons.

With these disturbances it became necessary to readjust our industry to the use of domestic sulphur-bearing materials and in some cases to remodel plants to burn native sulphur in place of pyrites. There was a wide search for sulphur-bearing ores throughout the United States, and while it can be said that we have ample supplies of sulphur-bearing ores, this does not easily solve the problem of acid production. There has been reluctance to use certain ores, notably pyrrhotite, on account of the changes in practice which would be involved. Regardless of these difficulties, however, and the further problems of labor shortage and transportation, the industry is serving the warring nations with remarkable ability.—Met. and Chem. Eng.

RECEIVED**A NEW SHIPMENT**

OF

Christmas Moulding**BAUMGARDNER STUDIO.**

DR. LADD'S FAMILY HAS MADE FINE RECORD IN GREAT WAR.

Male Members Have Averaged 100 Per Cent in Their Service for Uncle Sam.

The following item taken from the Washington, D. C., Star of November 17th, 1918, will prove interesting to many of our readers:

The male members of the family of Dr. George E. Ladd, 6109 Brookville road, Cherry Chase, Md., average an even 100 per cent so far as their service with Uncle Sam is concerned. Every member is at work for the government. Four sons and one adopted son are in military or naval uniform.

The oldest son, Hammond Ladd, is engaged in the purchasing of supplies for construction camps. He tried to get into military service, but proved unavailable because of physical disability.

Captain of Marines.

Shaler Ladd, the second son, is a captain in the 6th Regiment of Marines, now overseas, the regiment that took such a prominent part in the Chateau-Thierry operations which started the victorious drive. This regiment suffered very heavily, and Capt. Ladd has recently ended his third stay in the hospital, rejoining his company October 19. He was in all the big battles of the drive, and was wounded severely at Chateau-Thierry. He went to the hospital again after Soissons, but got out in time for the St. Mihiel salient operations. He wrote he was all right after that salient had been wiped out. The family has not yet learned the cause of his third hospital visit.

Paul Revere Ladd, the third son, is an ensign in the Navy. He has recently been transferred from one of the big trans-

ports to serve as executive officer and aid to the commandant of the naval unit at the University of Florida.

George E. Ladd, Jr., is with the Marine Officers' Training Corps at Quantico, Va.

Previous Military Training.

John Gardner Ladd is a member of the Student Army Training Corps at George Washington University here. He had five years' previous military training, and holds the rank of sergeant with his unit.

Hawes Harris, a young man, who is an orphan, and who for the past six years has made his home with Dr. Ladd's family, is a non-commissioned officer in the Army Medical Corps, and is now overseas. He had four years' previous military training.

Dr. Ladd saw to it that, at the proper age, all his sons engaged in some sort of military training. George, for instance, had two years with the Harvard University regiment. The first and fourth sons are married. All enlisted from Washington. Among their ancestors were no fewer than twenty-one participants in the war of the revolution, not to mention Hannah Dustin, the New England heroine who, single-handed, cleaned out an entire Indian encampment.

Not to overlook the father of this creditable group of American boys, he is doing war work also in a civilian way. Previous to coming here he was president of three different colleges in the west and middle west.

Carper, Ross & Co., and James M. Clave have organized The Western Research Corporation, at Denver, Colo., to handle the growing demand for industrial research investigation. Beauregard Ross, '82, is business manager of the new corporation.

J. A. ALLISON

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FROM BOB SMART.

Somewhere in France, October 26, 1918.

Dear Thorny:

Expect that this will be somewhat of a surprise to you, but I just received a copy of the old Miner. You may be sure that I was certainly glad to have the opportunity of reading it again. Also glad to hear that the school is making some soldiers, aside from mining engineers.

There are a great many M. S. M. men around here some place but we are all too busy to go visiting. There may be another reason, at least it is mine, that we do not care to stray too far away from our dugouts. Now, believe me, they are the most comfortable dwellings in the world when Mr. Fritz sends a few 15 cm. over. I have also learned to love old mother earth more than I ever did before, because it is there that we escape the fragments of flying shells. It does not matter how wet or sloppy the ground is, you flop, and think it is a feather bed.

Had a letter from Skeen the other day, and he is getting along fine with his work. He is a Second Lieutenant in the 104th Engineers, and has aspirations to go higher. Ran into Fleming the other day, and he is certainly a tough looking bird. Looks as if he could eat about twenty Germans and carry two around with him for reserve rations. "Spike" Dennie and his outfit were near here, but did not get to see him, or any of the boys in the Engineers. Thory, old Ebmeyer tried to make a shave-tail out of himself, but could not keep a chew out of his face long enough to answer the roll call.

I will have about a month in an Officers' Training School when this reaches you. They do not care who becomes an officer now. If the war lasts long enough I may become a Major. What do you think? The school

is to be held at Saumur, France and things are sure lovely down there.

Thorny, it is no wonder that the war has lasted so long. It seems that the French and Germans had regular times to fight and in between times visited one another. When the Germans shelled us the other night a Frenchman said: Well, it was you that started it. One of those frogs (name for a pouli) pulled a good one on me the other night. I said that we sure had the Germans now, and he said, yes, we have them, and cannot get rid of them.

Guess this will be all for this time, as this is all the personal news I have. Would like to hear from you when you have a few minutes that are not working.

With best regards to yourself and family, I remain,

Your friend,

BOB SMART,

1st Sergt. Hdqr Co. 342, Field Artillery, A. E. F., France.

HE NEEDED AN ALARM CLOCK.

During a heavy barrage one night in the St. Miheil scrap an officer passed a rolling kitchen drawn out at the side of the road up near the front. In the glow of a little camp-fire he could see the cook carefully winding an alarm clock, and holding the dial down to the fire to set the alarm bell. The gun-chorus was in full tongue and sleep seemed impossible.

"What's the big idea?" shouted the officer.

"I wants to be sure of waking up when the boys go over in the morning," grinned the cook "I used to work in an all night restaurant in the railroad yard in Chicago, and a little noise like this doesn't disturb me."

Ted Dickerson, ex-'20, of Salem, attended the S. A. T. C. dance Thursday evening.

This morning was an eventful one, characterized by things "different." Inspection was held in the Gym, contrary to the usual custom, after which the Company passed in review twice, the third platoon, or "Boy Scouts," showing the others up each time, according to the Commanding Officer. (This last was not "different," though quite a usual thing, in fact.)

The first platoon, under Sergeants Gettler and Webb, was then sent out south of town to hide themselves, and to try to surprise the second and third platoons, which were to follow within a few minutes.

The searching party traveled southwest through the golf-links, coming out to the railroad track near the fair ground. Here, high in a tree, was Rackett, an outpost of the "enemy," who was captured, but would give no information of military value.

The searching party had two squads out as advance guards, and these men finally located the "enemy" on the top of a hill about a quarter of a mile from the student mine.

After some skirmishing, which seemed very realistic indeed, the two lines met, each side, of course, claiming victory.

The Company was then formed and marched to town a muddy but singing bunch, very ready for the large dinner which was waiting.

George Williams, of Farmington, Mo., visited his son, who is a member of the S. A. T. C. at the School of Mines, last Monday. Mr. Williams was accompanied to Rolla by Congressman Walter Hensley, of Farmington.

H. Smith Clark, '18, has just received his discharge from E. O. T. C. at Camp Humphreys, and is now paying a visit to his Alma Mater.

MUDDY FIELD HINDERS MINERS.

Continued from Page One.

Forward pass Cairns to Schaeffer, incomplete. Cairns punts on second down, and Rose recovers ball on her 18-yard line. Rose punts on fourth down. Bohn catches the ball, and advances 30 yards to Rose's 10-yard line. A forward pass by Cairns to Hoppock nets the first touchdown. Bohn kicks goal. Score 7-0.

Rose catches kick-off, and advances 8 yards. Rose fumbles, and loses 5 yards on first down. Rose fumbles again, but recovers the ball. Rose punts, and recover their own punt. Rose makes downs second time in succession. "Kitty" Morris makes a sensational tackle. Quarter ends with ball on Miner's 30-yard line. Rose 10 yards to go, and fourth down. Score 7-0.

Second Quarter.

Rose makes forward pass, netting them 15 yards. Rose makes downs. Rose penalized 5 yards for having back field in motion. Rose completes a forward pass, but it fails to make her the necessary 10 yards. Miners' ball on their own 8-yard line. Cairns punts, and Rose man is downed in his tracks. Petsch touched a Rose man; time out. Rose makes forward pass, netting them 20 yards. Then by a succession of line plunges Rose makes touchdown. Rose fails to kick goal. Score 7-6. Taggart goes in for Schaeffer. Miners kick to Rose Poly. Rose man tackled in his tracks. Rose completes forward pass, and makes downs. Rose penalized 5 yards on account of backfield in motion. Fourth down and 15 yards to go. Miners intercept forward pass. Miners make down. Hoppock makes 5 yards in a line plunge. Miners punt, and Rose advances ball 3 yards. Ball on

Rose's 10-yard line in Rose's possession. Rose punts, Miners catching ball and advancing 5 yards. Time called for first half, with ball in Miner's possession on Rose's 30-yard line. Score 6-7.

During intermission Frosh make a snake line in front of bleachers and perform for spectators.

Third Quarter.

Miners kick to Rose. Rose advances 5 yards. Rose kicks. Cairns catches and advances 3 yards. Bohn goes thru line for 8 yards. Cairns goes thru for 5 yards more. Taggart makes 8 yards. Miners make downs. Cairns makes an incomplete pass. Miners punt. Rose recovers and are downed in their tracks. Rose makes a 40-yard punt. Miners recover. Miners kick. Rose makes pass but Miners intercept, making 5 yards. Miners punt and recover, due to Rose fumbling the ball. Miners' ball on their own 30-yard line. Miners punt and tackle Rose man in his tracks. "Mort" Wilson makes a wonderful tackle. Rose makes forward pass, and Miners intercept. Rose falls on forward pass. Fourth down, 7 yards to go. Rose punts and recovers. Quarter ends. Rose's ball on Miners' 45-yard line. Score 6-7.

Fourth Quarter.

Rose makes pass. Taggart intercepts, and is tackled in his tracks. Miners punt. Rose's ball on their own 10-yard line. Rose punts, and Taggart receives ball, getting a good mud bath. Ohnsorg replaces Taggart. Rose's ball on their own 30-yard line. Rose loses 20 yards on bad pass from center. Rose punts. Miners' ball on Rose's 20-yard line. Slover replaces Hoppock. Miners fail on a forward pass. On a second trial a forward pass of Miners fails again. Miners fail in third forward pass, Rose intercepting

it. Rose kicks. Miners' ball on Rose's 15-yard line. Swayze replaces Uthoff. Cairns makes a 40-yard punt. Rose man downed in his tracks. Bohn intercepts pass, and goes 30 yards for a touchdown. Miners fail to kick goal. Score 13-6. Miners kick. Rose man downed in his tracks. Rose punts. Miners recover, and advance 15 yards. Miners punt. Rose comes back 5 yards. Miners recover Rose fumble. Miners ball on Rose 30-yard line. Whistle blows. Score 13-6.

Following is the line-up:

| Miners. | | Rose Poly. |
|---------------|-------|---------------|
| Larsh | r. e. | Burns |
| Kroenlein | r. t. | Barnes, Capt. |
| Uthoff | r. g. | King, Jas. |
| Petsh | c. | Floyd |
| Oyler, Capt. | l. g. | Stimson |
| Morris, T. C. | l. t. | Newberne |
| Wilson, J. M. | l. e. | Self |
| Cairns | q. | Motz |
| Hoppock | f. b. | Andrews |
| Bohn | l. h. | Rienhard |
| Schaeffer | r. h. | Nouss |

Subs:—Miners; Taggart for Schaeffer
Ohnsorg for Toggart, Slover for Hoppock, Swayze for Uthoff.

It's the soles of the people I keep in view,
For I am a doctor of boot and shoe.
I serve the living and not the dead
With the best leather, wax, nails and t read.
I can sew on a sole or nail it fast
And do a good job and make it last.
There is nothing snide about what I do,
Doubt not my statement, my work proves it true.
I can give you a lift, too, in this life,
Not only you, but your family and wife.
A great many patients at my door rap
Worn out and run down and needing a tap.
Though I don't use quinine nor castorol,
I cure all sick shoes, with thread, nails and Viscol.
If taken in time, before there is a hole,
Viscol prolongs the life of your soul.
M. DAVIDSON is the Doctor, at
THE ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING CO.

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