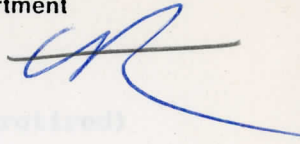


**ASARCO**

Southwestern Ore Purchasing Department

Tucson, Arizona



October 18, 1976

Mr. G. W. Anderson, Manager  
Ore Department  
NEW YORK OFFICE

Dear Sir:


The Rime of the Ancient  
Prospector

Add this to the Ore Buyer's Handbook!

Yours very truly,

ORIGINAL SIGNED BY  
A. J. KROHA

A. J. Kroha

cc: L. G. Cahill  
W. R. Kelly  
A. L. Labbe, Jr.   
S. M. Lane

OCT 21 1976

ARIZONA  
EXTRACT FROM "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT PROSPECTOR"

Verses written by Geoffrey Gilbert (Ex Cominco Geologist, now retired)  
as a contribution to a pre-Christmas party at Trail.

....., and I found my way  
To the place where they purchase ore,  
And I asked them about my high-grade car  
And what they would settle for.  
It ran about an ounce in gold  
And a hundred silver, they said,  
With one percent copper and ten of zinc  
And fifty-five of lead.

It was a wonderful stuff, as of course I knew.  
Why, that single car alone  
Was a tidy fortune for any man,  
And I'd mined it all on my own.  
I was certainly glad to hear the news  
And, feeling mighty brash,  
I said, "Show me the place where they pay the bills  
And I'll take it all in cash."

"Just hold your horses," they told me then,  
And following their instructions,  
I took a look at an oversize sheet  
Marked "Charges and Deductions."

There was first of all, so I was told,  
The little matter of freight,  
And my ore was so very, very good  
That it carried the highest rate.  
I couldn't object to a thing like that  
And I didn't lose my courage  
When I saw that they'd added a little more  
For spillage and demurrage.

But the switching charge, and the thawing charge,  
And the charges for unloading,  
And the sampling charge, and the assaying charge,  
They filled me with deep foreboding.  
I didn't mind the crushing charge,  
But I almost ceased from smiling  
When I saw the size of the stockpiling charge  
And the charge for un-stockpiling.

...

The smelting charges were pretty high,  
But they didn't make me flinch,  
For I'd read about them in the printed words  
Of Mr. Harold Winch.

There had to be losses in silver and gold,  
But I thought it was rather officious  
To complain that my car of solid lead  
Was hardly at all siliceous.

They had to deduct for the lead in my zinc,  
And of course for the zinc in my lead,  
And the one percent copper I sent to Trail  
Should have gone to Tacoma instead.  
But these are the things you have got to learn.  
And it didn't spoil my enjoyment  
When I saw the silicosis charge  
And the charge for unemployment.

But the non-refundable E.P.T.  
Was a painful circumstance,  
And "loaded labour" (15 percent)  
Was a definite kick in the pants.  
And after "proportion of overhead"  
And marketing and refining,  
The proceeds were minus forty bucks  
To pay for my cost of mining,

They lead me gently down the hall  
To "Accounts Receive-a-bull."  
They took my watch, and my shirt and pants,  
And they marked me "Paid in full."  
So I'm going back to my wonderful mine,  
And, come next feast of Stephen,  
I'll ship them a car of solid gold,  
And, by God, I may break even!