

Oct 57

T H E



J A S P I L I T E

Affiliated with the Midwest Federation
of Mineralogical and Geological Societies

THE PAPER TRAVEL

Ten thousand miles and two months time; twenty one states and Mexico; four thousand feet of movie film and five hundred color slides; are the prerequisites of the most extensive and enjoyable field trip that Bob and Lydia Pape have undertaken. Bob's collecting previously has been limited to the Upper Peninsula and to the Minnesota shores of Lake Superior, so a lifetime ambition was realized by the Pape's this past Spring.

National Parks visited by our friends were the Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Glacier, and the Badlands.

Highlights of rock-collecting for Bob took place when a Mormon farmer in Utah, dropped his chores to guide Bob to a veritable mountain of Obsidian. This farmer drove Bob over 40 miles of mountainous roads to reach this collectors paradise and then refused pay for rendering such kind and unusual service.

The second windfall came when Bob accidentally stumbled onto a freshly ploughed 80 acre field strewn with fine jaspers. Though he could have easily collected a 1000 pounds or more, Bob found that this was to be the scene of a field trip of a Western Rock & Mineral Club on the next day so he contented himself with a few choice pieces from that area.

All in all the 10,000 miles yielded the Papes about 200 # of Obsidian, 100 # of Petrified wood, Chalcedony (moonstone), Bloodstone, Agate and Jasper. Many of Bob's friends have already dipped into his finds. Including the Markerts.

Next time Bob and Lydia, you might have some stow-a-ways tagging along.

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"My son is majoring in psycho-ceramics"
"You mean he's got to study to be a crackpot?"

MARQUETTE CO. HISTORICAL MEETING

Attending the Annual meeting of the Marquette Co. Historical Society in November, were R.K. RICHARDS, CLARENCE THOREN, MRS. A.B. ROBERTS, MARIAN AND BOB MARKERT. Programing dwelt almost entirely on Archeological discoveries in the Upper Peninsula. If one closed his eyes it wasn't hard to imagine that you were anywhere else but at a mineral club meeting. Such items as the MYSTERIOUS ALTAR STONE of the Huron Mountains, INDIAN CARVINGS of the Huron Island and the SKELETONS of Big Bay, and LIMESTONE SLABS with carvings (apparently NORSE) found in the Escanaba River area, were the main topics discussed. Beautiful colored slides of native flowers were shown by Mrs. Roberts' daughter, Mrs. Mary DeRoche. A very interesting meeting from beginning to the end.

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OVERHEARD

Bob: "Say Bud, do you have an alphabetical list of the Ishpeming Rock and Mineral Club members?"

Bud; (after a moments silence)
"Yes, but they're not in their proper order yet."

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PROFESSOR: "Oxygen is essential to all animal existence. Life would be impossible without it. Yet, oxygen was discovered only one hundred years ago".

STUDENT: "What did people do before it was discovered?"

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Then there was the guy who fell into the lens-grinding machine and made a spectacle of himself.

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PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!

There is a pleasant small motel called "The Prospector" some dozen miles out on the plains south-east of Denver. What with the convention of the National Musician's Union, graduation week at a dozen schools and colleges, June weddings, and the National Rock and Mineral Show all going on at once in the city, and with unprecedented drizzle, fog and drip just to make it harder, we two roving Rock-hounds were lucky to find any place to roost. The Prospector was a welcome haven indeed.

For two rainy days we haunted the Rock show diligently, it was well worth a couple of looks. But when the third day dawned clear and cloudless, and the gorgeous backdrop of the Rockies, glittering with fresh snow, sparkled along the western horizon from North to South, the Prospector infection took a good hold and burst into a heavy attack of rock fever; and completely forgetting a solemn luncheon date, I said, waving a glad hand towards the south-west,—"See Pike's Peak down there?--Let's go and see what we can find." We were on our way at once, and as the great mountain loomed higher and higher before us, we got more and more excited, and when we slid over its mighty north shoulder, we were ready to strike gold at least on the far side.

What we did strike was a wide place in the road called Florissant. It was dimly connected in my mind with blue barite from Lakeside Mine, and some fossil beds "closed for the season" seen on a former trip.

We stopped for gas and information, but apparently nobody in town had been there more than two weeks, had ever heard of barite, or knew what a fossil was.

As it was noon, we decided to patronize the hot-dog stand that was the other building opposite the gas station. The specialty of the day was a super-de-luxe hot turkey sandwich, and there were a few rocks displayed on a shelf by the door.

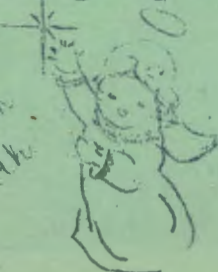
"I don't know what they are," the proprietress told us. "But the fellow who put them there lunches here. He's just coming in, he'll tell you about them."

Tell us he did. Seems he owns eight hundred and fifty acres on the huge shoulder of Pikes Peak we had just come over, where he personally was prospecting for a copper vein. He gave me a chunk of the copper ore he found in pockets, he was hunting for the main lode. Poking around with a bulldozer he had found other minerals, and he was willing to let any rockhound prospect on his own for a small fee. In fact, he had a standing offer of a cabinet specimen to anyone failing to find one, but to discourage pigginess, he asked to be paid for more than a pound of loot per person.

We followed him up five miles of unmarked dirt road to an Armstrong gate, (you open it yourself, and it's heavy!) and paid our fee. He also handed us a light pick, for a dollar. "Cost me just a dollar. Bring it back or not as you wish. There's fair picking at pits one, six and seven, and down the road by the bridge there are smoky quartz crystals right in the litter among the tree roots. I'm going over to my dig, so have a good time."



Go on
Earth



Good Will
towards
men



For more about
Pike's Peak
follow me to
the next page



BACK TO THE COPPER COUNTRY

The "Copper Country" was the scene of the Club field trip on July 6 & 7. While the turn-out was quite small, we had a very nice time. Stops were made at all the popular collecting areas and also a few new ones. Most notable among the new areas visited was the dump where Godfrey Samuelson has been getting his mine agates. This has long been a spot that every agate-lover would like to find, as the agates are usually large, beautiful and unlike the agates usually found as beach pebbles. Godfrey was kind enough to divulge this location and we found quite a few. I found one large one which I'm not going to cut, because if it turns out to be a "dud", which happens occasionally, I'll be very disappointed. This way I'll always wonder what's inside and of course, in my minds eye, it is very beautiful.

The only thing that marred our trip was the fact that all the C&H mines were closed down for vacations and we couldn't get permission to visit any active properties. The collecting was good never-the-less with everyone getting nice specimens of Copper and associated minerals.

Incidentally, it was on this trip that yours truly, got slightly lost--but Bob Markert will probably have more to say about that.

Bernard Dooley

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ABLERTA FIELDTRIP

August 18th found our group on another fieldtrip, and this time it was the popular Pyrolusite area near Alberta. I blew out a tire on the way up there, so was late and by the time Mickey and I got there everyone was pounding away at the rock to get at the elusive honor-mineral. Some very nice specimens were obtained and a successful day was had by all. (ED. note, by some.)

Bernard Dooley

OPAL

dorothy boyer

The Lord made a beautiful sunset,
and was very well pleased with His
skill.

He broke a small piece from the
bottom

And buried it in a clay hill.

A family who called themselves
Rockhounds

Were walking the desert one day
When father espied a slight glimmer
in a clay hill near their way.

"It's opal," the father shouted,
"Fire opal," the good mother cried,
But the Child looked at them in
wonder,
"It's Sunset", he said, "Pettrified".

from the South Bay Agatizer

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ISLE ROYALE, MICH.

Your writer and son, Dudley spent 5 days on Isle Royale as members of Scout Troop 326, Ish. Rain and inclement weather interfered with programming on the Island. Highlights of the trip were the catching of some nice Northern Pike, and Siskiwit Trout. Four Moose were seen, one Indian bead and one Indian Arrow Head were found, as well as many nice agates and one perfect Thompsonite. It rained on the day we were to look for Greenstones. Collecting agates was an enjoyable passtime for all, that is, between rainfalls and trying to dry out.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

of a Rockhound

I

"Thou shalt be considerate of the property rights of others."

II

"Thou shalt remember not to be a litterbug."

III

"Thou shalt be on the alert for fellow rockhounds in distress."

IV

"Thou shalt remember not to be greedy."

V

"Thou shalt remember to do thy part in preventing forest fires."

VI

"Thou shalt welcome newcomers to thy fellowship."

VII

"Thou shalt share thy rock specimens with fellow rockhounds if you have an excess."

VIII

"Thou shalt share thy knowledge of this business with other rockhounds."

IX

"Thou shalt remember to acknowledge the hospitality shown by a host or hostess."

X

"Thou shalt remember to be cheerful and helpful at all times."

by Dale Johnson in
GEMS AND MINERALS magazine via
ROCK AND GEM

We read in the September issue of the Trilobite that there is a supply of Wasau Moonstone available for trade. Mexican and Montana Agate is desired. If interested one may contact Mrs. Arthur Miller, 407 Frenzel Street, Wasau, Wis.Wonder if Mrs. Miller's first name could possibly be Marilyn?



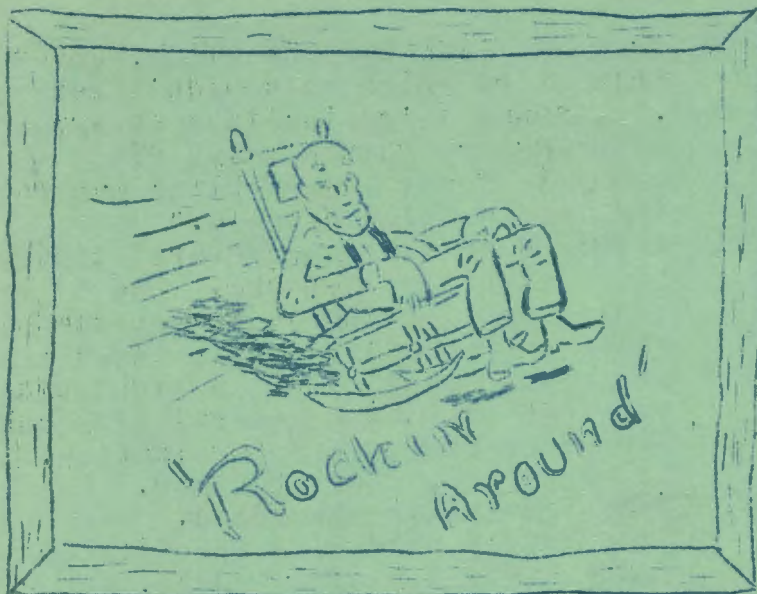
From THE PICK AND DOP STICK, comes this story which we couldn't pass upthough we're inclined to agree with Eggbert when he says "This story is funny like a blind man falling into an open manhole." A friend was showing several ladies his collection of rocks. One of the ladies was looking at the specimens quite hungrily. She pointed to one specimen which was a light blue, two-inch cube with several tiny cubes formed on one corner termination. It was a very fine specimen. "What is that?" she asked. He politely said it was halite or table salt in your language. Whereupon the lady picked off the smaller crystals and put them in her mouth. This really happened to O.A. Reese of Colorado Springs; as told to Reo N. Pickens

From the September issue of GEMROCK comes this Gem. Homer Miller, well known Ellensburg, Washington rockhound has found petrified worms in petrified bark and wood in the Park District. He says the worms were killed instantly in the distant ages, probably by volcanic gas, and petrification followed immediately. The wood, bark worms and larvae are all preserved in such a manner as to be easily recognized. He is sending some samples to Eastern universities, as he states that he has never heard of petrified worms being found in such an excellent state of preservation.

-A. G. Riley, Reporter

TEACHER: "Where do we get nitrogen?"

STUDENT: "Well, not from Ireland, that's for sure. The book says its never found in a Free State."



Member WALTER GRIES has been hospitalized recently and it is our wishes that he enjoys a very speedy recovery.

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Member GODFREY SAMUELSON OF THE AGATE SHOP of Houghton has been on the sick list. Get well quick Godfrey, so you'll be able to join the club on our 1958 field trips to the Copper Co. OUR HEARTFELT THANKS to you also GODFREY for showing us where to dig for MINE AGATES. Some very nice ones were found by field trip members.

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And speaking of recoveries, we certainly wish Charles HAYES a very speedy one. We miss both he, and Hettie at our meetings. Get well quick CHARLES.

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Member JOE COLLICK is back from the VETERANS HOSPITAL at Iron Mountain and it is our hopes that all is well with you again, JOE.

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ISHPeming ROCK & MINERAL CLUB met at 7:00 pm on Friday November 29, 1957 at the NATIONAL SKI MUSEUM. Slides on field trips were shown.

Members MRS. SUSAN MAC BRIAR and son TOM, (and of course, the other half of the family) have moved to Milwaukee, Wis., where Mac will be employed by the State of Wis., in doing T.V. shows for the Milwaukee Museum. You shall be right in the midst of a large group of collectors Susan, and you shouldn't lose any time in looking them up.

Their address is:

W.N.MAC BRIAR
2902 N. Prospect Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.

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ATTENTION "AGATE LOVERS"!!!

A late release from JARL KIVELA;-- A lake Superior agate was found by Mr. Fred Balz at LINDBERGS' GRAVEL PIT. The lucky find was a carnelian with beautiful banding and was about the size of a twenty five cent piece. There should be more so how about you agate pickers reporting your results to the Jaspilite.

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Members from out of town visiting Ishpeming were CHARLES AND IRENE KREBS of Saginaw. Their visit was short and sweet, but it is always a happy occasion to see them. FLOYD AND HELEN MORTENSON of Pontiac popped in for a few days. A very enjoyable field trip was made for Millerite, as well as some nice visiting with the Mortensons. Helen was recuperating from a very serious operation at that time and we hope everything is back to normal by now.

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It's a trip around the world for CARL AND HARRIET DUNN. We shall anxiously await news from them and hope that we can get an account of such a wonderful field trip, for the Jaspilite.

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RANDVILLE-FELCH AREA Field Trip.

Our field trip to the Randville Felch area on July 27 was one which no one should have missed. One of our main objectives on this trip was BERYL and we very definitely were not disappointed. The large yellow xls were so plentiful that everyone got all they wanted. Besides the golden BERYL xls, Mica was abundant in large books and Jarl Kivela made a find of large dark-red garnets. While the garnets were not plentiful, they were an unexpected dividend, as they hadn't been reported from this area previously.

After leaving this area we visited the Metro-nite quarry at Felch. The day being extremely warm, we were grateful to be down in the cool depth of the quarry. Tremolite, Actinolite and Dolomite in various colors was plentiful and one of Jarl's 4H boys found a lovely group of xls tentatively identified as Wollastonite.

Our next collecting was at the soda fountain in Felch where everyone collected at least two bottles of Pop and one little boy was observed with an ice cream cone in each hand. This stop put new life in everyone and in high spirits we headed for Felch Mountain where we got very nice Dolomite xls. This was supposed to be our last stop, but everyone was having such a wonderful time that we decided to keep right on going. Some one suggested the Florence open-pit mine, so off we went again.

We found some beautiful pink Siderite, Calcite xls and Quartz xls. The Quartz xls line small vugs in the lean ore and while not large, are very showy. Most of them are smoky and some are clear with smoky tips. Again, one of Jarl's 4H boys made a spectacular find. It was a vug-lined with clear quartz xls with smoky terminations and each xl had an inclusion of brilliant red Hematite. Very definitely a specimen worthy of gracing anyone's cabinet.

We stayed in Florence until it got too dark to do anymore collecting and then separated to wend our

separate ways home. This was truly a day that will be long remembered by all who attended.

Bernard Dooley
Fieldtrip Chairman.

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ROCK HOUND'S LAMENT by P.F. FRISSON, Sundande, Wyo.

Gather round me, hear my story,
I'm a rock-hound in distress
I'm a rock-hound bathed in trouble
I'm an outcast more or less.

I have fossils in the kitchen
I have crystals in the hall
I have minerals in the bath tub
I have relics on the wall.

I have tin oxide on the carpet
I have oil upon the floor,
I have black light in the parlor
I have bones behind the door.

Attic rooms are fairly sagging
Rocks pave the cellar floor
Pockets bulge with gemmy pieces
All this and millions more.

Wifey thinks that I am goofy---
I don't know, she may be right;
She insists I have silicosis,
Or some contagious form of---ite.

Says my head is lined with agate,
(A freak replacement of the bone)
Says my brain is just a nodule,
Says my heart has turned to stone.

Threatens me with separation,
Storms about our rock-bound home,
Says life to me is just a geode,
Or a hunk of mammal bone.

Are you noted as a fossil?
Are you obliged to live alone?
How do you maintain a hobby
And still maintain a happy home.

Reprinted from "The Trilobite"
January 1957.

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ROCKIN AROUND cont.

Past President, MR. STEPHEN TARCZA of the HEART OF AMERICA GEOLOGY CLUB was a visitor in Ishpeming during June month.

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MICHIGAN MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY members BOB & LYDIA PAPE, the MORTENSONS, WOLF, SEREGOWS, and BELANGERS were visitors in town this past summer and fall.

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MRS. FERN WHITE of Marquette traveled to Texas this fall. Did you pick any Texas Agates while you were down that-a-way, FERN?

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The November issue of "ARIZONA HIGHWAYS" carries an interesting article by A.L.FLAGG, titled "Petite Minerals" and "Photographing Mineral Micromounts" by FLOYD GETSINGER.

Your Editor has an application blank for subscriptions to "ARIZONA HIGHWAYS" which was sent to him by a former Ish. resident, ANDY PASANDER, 256½ S. Mesa Dr., Mesa, Ariz.----- Andy, as you know is confined to a wheelchair, a situation which has been his misfortune for the past 10 or 15 years or so. Any subscription to this magazine at \$3.50 a year (12 issues) would be of great help to Andy. Contact your Editor if interested.

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REV. DICK MC CARTHY and 44 Presbyterians from Presbyterian Point on Lake Michigan were guided on a field trip to the garnet and tourmaline areas by Min and Bob Markert and Jim Crawford. Many nice specimens were found by a very interested group of collectors.

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FLOYD MORTENSON sent along a copy of the "Iron Horizons". We plan to use some of this material in our next issue. Thanks for all of this material, FLOYD.

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A very interesting article appeared in your child's "Weekly Reader", on "Getting Oil in a new way". It goes on to tell how Oil is being mined from Mountains in Colo., in the form of Oil Shale. The shale is crushed then boiled and from 15 to 30 gal. of oil are drained from each ton of shale.

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FLASH----LOST----One fieldtrip Chairman. A cry that could be heard round the Copper Country in June month. After telling the group of collectors what pile to collect off and arranging to meet us at the same pile in an hour or so, we drove up to said pile, got out and collected in earnest. The chairman (no names mentioned) came back to this huge pile, but could not see a single soul. Somebody tell Bernie (oops it slipped) that there is more than one side to a stockpile, PLEASE!

The story had a happy ending though--as we found our lost guide some 2 or 3 hours later.

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A TIMELY WARNING!

If your nose is close to the grind-
stone rough,
And you hold it down there long
enough
In time you'll say, "There's no such
thing
As brooks that babble and birds
that sing.
These three will all your world
compose
Just you, the stone, and your poor
old nose.

Anonymous



Pike's Peak Or Bust--(Cont.)

Then we were strictly on our own, and for the next three hours we surely did have us a good time. He was quite right about the quartz crystals. We found them among the dead leaves, some about pencil size, some thumb size, shiny black and translucent. Then on to pit seven, - one look and we were sunk. A wide vein of beautiful green amazonite and smoky quartz was partly uncovered, gopher mining was indicated. We stood on our heads. We bent double or lay on the rough piles of broken rock to pick out great blocks of microcline crystals big as half a brick, any amount of small squarish crystals in clusters, and one four inch crystal springing out of a mass of smokey quartz. The deeper we dug the more we could see, - what we couldn't have done with a little stick of dynamite to loosen up the three foot overburden! Once in a while we would straighten up to breathe and get a glimpse of Pike's Peak thro the spruces, but it never occurred to either of us to stop collecting long enough to take a photograph.

About the time the snow on the mountain was beginning to flush pink in the sunset, - and all the hinges in our tired bodies were squeaking and protesting, - we remembered that Denver was a good ninety miles away, and we had a dinner date. So with great reluctance we drove to the shack where we had paid our fee, wondering how much more he would want for the trunk full of loot. And there wasn't a soul around, so we opened the gate and drove down the dirt road to the highway, and so back to the Prospector.

At dinner we learned that the Rock Show folks had scheduled a field trip to the place we had stumbled on, for the day after the show, - Boy, we saw it first! Our neglected luncheon hosts were justifiably miffed not only by our non-appearance but also by our lack of sack-cloth and ashes. Certainly we made polite apologies, but a sort of insincerity was only too apparent. We weren't one bit repentant, - we'd had a miraculous time and had plenty to show for it. I ask you, - what could compare with the joy of doing honest to goodness prospecting on Pike's Peak, huh?

Abby Roberts.

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The staff of the JASPILITE are very pleased with the many wonderful compliments that were extended to the Jaspilite, "DE RE METALLICA" issue of June 15, however full credit for the work on AGRICOLA's book must fall on the shoulders of the person responsible for the same, none other than our President, R.K. RICHARDS. This editor found the material most pleasing and it was indeed an enjoyable issue to put out, and it is our hopes also that more of the same material will be forthcoming in future issues. Thanks a lot Bob, for your most wonderful contribution. We also thank Mrs Roberts and Bernie Dooley

for the very interesting articles appearing in this bulletin.

Our apologies are being offered for the late publishing of the Oct. 15, 1957 issue of the Jaspilite. Examinations and Highway Post Office committee work and planning has kept us just too busy.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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