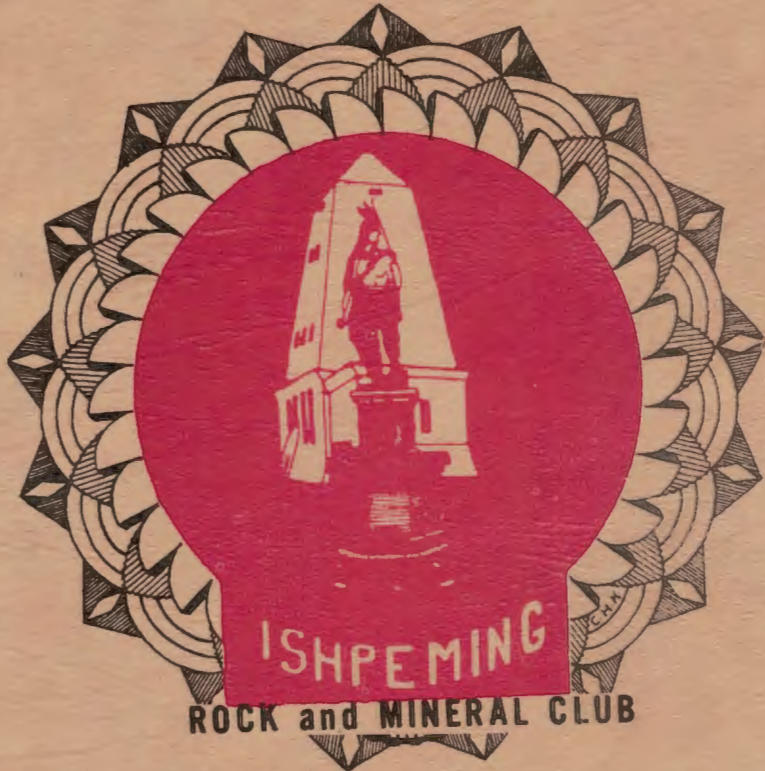


Sept 59

THE



JASPILITE

Affiliated with the Midwest Federation  
of Mineralogical and Geological Societies



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

of the

ISHPEMING ROCK & MINERAL CLUB

Published quarterly

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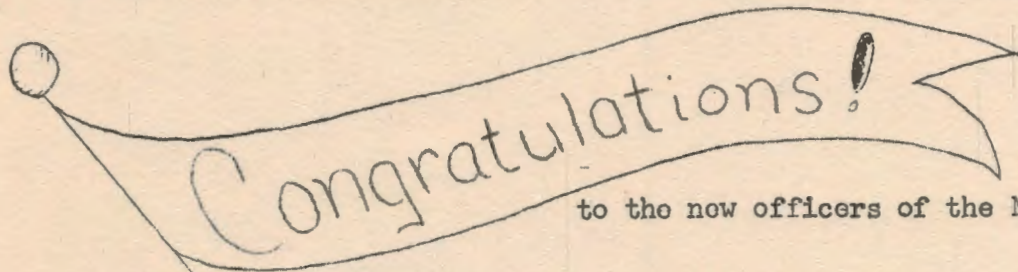
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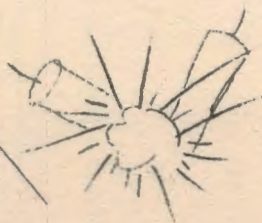
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to the now officers of the Midwest Federation...

- Bob Markert — President
- Harry Sprague — Vice-President
- Bernice Rexin — Secretary
- Orval Fether — Treasurer
- Ben Hur Wilson — Historian





# Field Trip Convention

Midwest Federation - 20<sup>th</sup> Annual Convention  
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 1960  
4 Days of Continuous

Ishpeming, Michigan

Fun Galore - Chuck Wagon Lunches

Barber Shop & Community Singing

Outdoor Bonfire & Barbeque  
Evening Programs to your Liking

Trading and Swapping Encouraged!  
Bring Lots of Materials!

Special Collecting Trips to —

## Iron Mountain - Iron River Area

Rhodochrosite XLS

Hausmannite XLS

Dolomite Marble

Feldspar with Mica

Hematite XLS

## Copper Country

datulite

SILVER

agate

chlorastrolites

COPPER

prehnite

Sausserite

## Ironwood

Manganite XLS

Manganite Massive

Aragonite

Goethite

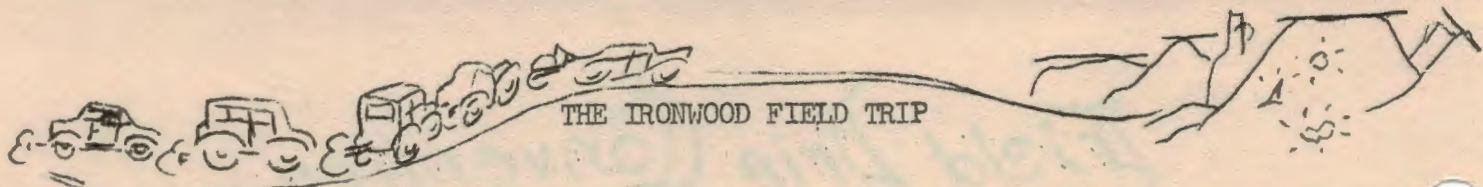
Calcite

NEEDLE ORE

Reservation & Small Fee Required

This is it! Your chance for loads of  
ROCKS & FUN!

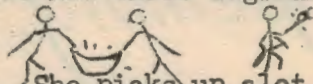




## THE IRONWOOD FIELD TRIP

On Sunday, July 12, our club went on a field trip to Ironwood. I've belonged to the club now for almost a year and this was definitely our finest trip for this period of time. Here's why:

Anyone who's ever been on the same field trip as us has seen the sight of the Kokko's struggling along with a big bag of rocks no matter how poor the pickings. Mom has a policy of taking something, even if it's nothing, just to keep the trip from being a failure. Everyone else in the club saunters by with empty bags and their picks, carrying one or two smaller rocks in their hands. They are still trying to decide whether or not the rocks are worthwhile carrying. This time, everyone had at least a bagful. As for us, naturally we have to keep up the proportion to some extent; we had three bagsful and for once the rocks were something really good.



Mom joined the club in February this year. She picks up a lot of what I term "junk". I've gotten into the habit of going over what she's picked and trying to throw away the "junk". Sometimes she doesn't see me and I succeed.

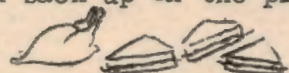
At the first place we stopped, the Penokee, the pickings weren't too good. Mom kept up her policy and filled our packsack.

A short distance away was our next stop, the Carey. I couldn't go through the packsack to discard the junk because we were in a nice parking lot and because Mom was right there. I grabbed my pick and figured this wouldn't be much better—I wouldn't need any bag. Onnie Hutander figured I might need one though, so he gave me one of his.

The glorious Carey was a real mine. First a little aragonite and calcite, then Mike (Mickey) Dooley on top of a pile found needle ore! I was up by him in record time, followed by Keith Carlyon. It doesn't take much to get me excited, so you can guess what a piece of needle ore did to me when I found it. Tom Rosemeyer, Dan Newman, and Scott Markert joined us. Soon Ed Carlyon, Bernie Dooley, and Mom wandered around and stayed. Such fun we had! Excitedly I dug, pushed up my glasses on my nose, grabbed rock, slid down and scrambled up the pile, and brushed my, by-now, messy hair out of my eyes. Everyone was finding needle ore except Bernie, so he took off for parts unknown around the mine.

The people of the Carey Mine had even stocked a pile of needle ore for us. A few days before, it had been ransacked however; but some pieces still remained. Catherine Lemin suggested making little piles and drawing numbers for the piles. When all was ready, the rest of the club assembled.

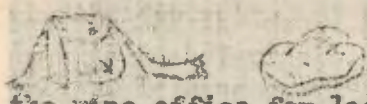
Bob Richards got the shock of his life! His secretary was dirty - as dirty as could be! My face was well smeared with red dirt, my hair was red, my shirt and pants were caked and smeared, my white boots were red, and my hands were a beautiful glossy iron ore red. I hadn't realized it until then, but I'd really gotten excited about all that needle ore. I was a mess. After the drawing, we had ten minutes left, so we climbed back up on the piles and I got more needle ore into my pockets and more dirt on all of me.



It was time to leave the Carey, so we began to assemble once again. The rest of the club left to go and eat in a little park near the Montreal, our next stop. Scott had been telling me about the fried chicken he was going to enjoy, but horrors upon horrors!...the Markerts had brought their lunch along, but forgotten all their sandwiches and the fried chicken at home on the table. Luckily the other members had plenty, so all was fine anyway.

Meanwhile Onnie and we were with the Carlyons in their beautiful Cadillac. We drove to Ironwood and got pasties. They sure were good. We got to the park just as the others were leaving, so we followed. At the mine we grabbed our pasties and followed the rest into

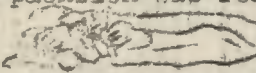




the mine office for last minute checkings. The Montreal was a gorgeous place. The buildings and just everything were well-planned and built. It was even described as neat; the stockpiles were laid very systematically. We were welcomed by four mine officials who explained different things to us, who showed us around, and who were a big help to us all. We were really given a stylish treatment by the Montreal people.

The bag Omie had given was full and I couldn't discard the junk out of the packsack as Mom was still around, so I took off without a bag. What we found at the first pile, Mom piled on a plank. It wasn't too much to carry by hand. But at the second pile to which the officials brought us, everyone had another hayday. Mom and I piled and piled and piled. She told Nin Markert that the only reason she was finding something was because we didn't have a bag along. She really was finding something too, because not once did I tell her to "throw it away it's no good."

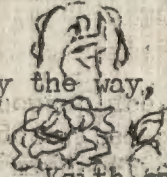
Finally I went back to the car and grabbed the packsack. I walked to a pile on the side and dumped out the junk. I checked it over to make sure it was junk and then went to our piles of rocks. The packsack was really loaded and so was another big bag which the Lemin's loaned to Mom.



I didn't go up on the piles with the rest as they were more dangerous (or so I figured) Mike found a beauty. Scott loaded up his bag (really a big leather handbag of Nin's) and when he picked it up, the strap broke. The others on top were doing well also, but so were we at the bottom.

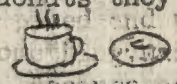
It was almost time to leave again so we began to assemble. Now we were invited to use the dry. Most of us made good use of that offer. I didn't make much headway with all the dirt I had on me, but it did help a little. I buttoned on another shirt over my filthy one so I wouldn't disgrace our club as much, and we left.

We visited Joe Alliva's grotto. It was a real work of art. By the way, did anyone else besides Dominic Carlyon and I notice those beautiful roses?



Then the club went to "Doc" Eddy's place to see his collection. Keith saw a piece of needle ore there and that was all he needed for his collection as far as he was concerned. He gazed over a collection that represented 30 years of collecting. I hope that 30 years from now, I'll have one half as well.

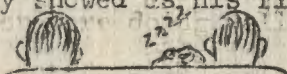
From there we went to our meeting place at a park. The Range Minerals Club was there to greet us. They did a royal job of entertaining us. The coffee and donuts they served us were delicious; they really hit the spot. Introductions followed.



Then Bob Markert signaled that the trading begin by hauling out his own box of specimens. Everybody crowded around to look. "Oh boy," Mom said. "Can we trade with you too?"

All we had was a little box of odds 'n ends. We were surprisingly successful with our trading. Mr. Eddy invited us back to trade at his house, so when everything was cleared away, we followed him back to his home. He was most generous. This time Keith got his piece of needle ore.

About five minutes after we'd arrived, the Markerts, Dooleys, and Tom Rosenbeyer arrived. We gabbed and looked around some more. Mr. Eddy showed us his fluorescent. Then it was time for us to leave.



We wedged ourselves once more into a well-loaded Cadillac and left. Everyone was exhausted from the day's adventures, and we all settled back to relax and gloat over our findings of the day. A good summing up was made of our trip. The Cadillac was well weighted with rocks, people, more rocks, and as Omie said, "heavy sleepers". Keith was fast asleep, leaning against Omie, clutching his precious piece of needle ore.



GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS...GEM SHOW RESULTS

One of the nice things to come out of the Gem and Mineral Show of our club may be seen by the below copied letters of thanks, which resulted from our donation of half of our net income from our Gem Show.

National Ski Association of America  
1330 Sixteenth Street  
Denver 2, Colorado

August 11, 1959

Dear Mr. Markort:

I have been informed of the generous gift of the R. & M. Club to the N. S. A.

This gift, which represents half of your net income from your recent show, and the display cases your club loaned the Ski Hall of Fame during its earlier years reflect to a high degree the generosity of your club members and the character of your organization.

As a recipient of your organizations friendship, I would like to express the thanks of our members for your consideration.

SIGNED: Cordially, Warren Taylor, Executive Secretary

NATIONAL SKI ASSOC. OF AMERICA  
DULUTH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
August 7, 1959

Dear Mr. Markort:

We have just received the deposit slip from our good friend, Burton Boyum, showing the contribution of your club to our Hall of Fame at Ishpeming and at the very outset I wish personally to express my very sincere thanks for not only this support, but the help we have continued to receive from your group.

The story of the Hall of Fame is now an old one and as we look back there have been many days of struggle but the air has continued to clear and this due to the fine cooperation of groups like yours.

There were times when I personally got down in the dumps because of the poor support we were receiving around the country and usually at such times there would be a check or a number of special contributions come in which would change our thinking and give us that needed pop to carry on.

I personally am very familiar with your Rock & Mineral group and the interest you have all taken in our project and Burton Boyum has continued to keep me posted.

In the main will you please be kind enough to say—thanks a million—to the members of the Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club for their continued fine support. I trust that the day may come when I may be in a position to personally say this to your club membership.

I know that Burton Boyum will join me in this expression which also speaks for our entire NSA Ski Historical Committee.

SIGNED: Very truly yours, Harold A. Grindon, Ch. &  
Historian, National Ski Hall of Fame Committee



Subject: Field Trip  
Locality: Copper Country  
Date: May 30, 1959  
Author: Jarl E. Kivela

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, with a bit of a brisk wind blowing, giving indication of a cool day on the agate beaches at the Copper Country which was our destination for the weekend.

As the departure hour of 6:00 a.m. neared, new-comers to our happy throng, Ray and Edith Anderson from Marquette arrived; and last, but not least, to comprise the ranks of rock-hounds making the early morning trek were Bud and Lena Bamford.

Although the group was fifteen minutes past the scheduled hour of leaving, very good driving conditions were experienced and the three-car caravan pulled into Ahnook at approximately 8:30 a.m., hoping to meet someone there, yet expecting to find no one. But, lo and behold, there were the real early birds, Taine and Carol Kokko. What a pleasant sight for our road-weary eyes.

So on we continued for the mouth of the Gratiot River where it empties into majestic and magnificent Lake Superior. After traversing three miles of very unpleasant road, which we are sure the Andersons will agree. Lake Superior seemed like a dream come true, for at last we had reached the treasured beach and our quest for the exquisite and delicate beauty of the Thompsonite would soon begin, along with the high hope of finding an Agate or two.

Much confusion and merriment was experienced in ferrying these people without boots across the river. And from what has been heard, the return trip was completely as hilarious and certainly will be remembered by those involved in an incident of such a nature.

Arriving back at the campground after combing three or four miles of beach, we greeted late-comers to the scene, Elmer Jarvi and family, the Schenks, and Balzs. Early evening found us replenishing ourselves with much needed nourishment and reviewing the loot (thompsonites mostly) gathered up during the day. Needless to say, we were well rewarded.

Having talked to Charlie Merkan during the day, we took his suggestions, packed our gear, and headed for the Arcadian mine dump. Saying farewell to those who could not stay overnight, we scouted the mine dump and found datolite much in evidence. It was then decided to return there Sunday morning and continue our search for the elusive datolite. Again we were well rewarded, so we thought we should direct our attention to places farther north, namely the Iroquois. (Editor's explanation. Why further north? Because we figured that because we were so well rewarded that we had gotten all that was to be gotten there.) But, to our dismay, we were refused admission. Better luck next time we said.

Knowing that the Central and Delaware are always open we continued north again. The Central proved to a bonanza for Elmer Jarvi, as he came up with a tremendous find -- a datolite nodule about three inches or more in diameter. The Central mine was the last stop for the remainder of the group with only the Jarvis moving on again -- north, of course. (How long did it take you to reach the pole, Elmer?) The Delaware also was a treasure storehouse for the Jarvis..more and more datolite.

Considering the rain, fog, and cold weather encountered, a most pleasant and profitable weekend was experienced by all, or so your writer hopes. And yours truly also wishes to thank the Jarvis for their most gracious hospitality.





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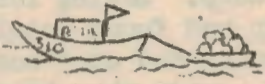
#### PUBLIC RELATIONS: India meets Negaunee.

Bob Richards, who is the Principal of the Negaunee High School, recently met a principal of a school in India, Chompa Marandih. Guess where? Why in the Markerts' basement of course. Chompa is going to attend college here in the States for two years in order to learn about our system of schools.

#### NEW YORKER PLEASES AUDIENCE

The members at the meeting were few and far between, but they were the ones who enjoyed a magnificent trip along the Atlantic Coast. We started in Florida and worked our way up the coast all the way to Maine. Joe Rothstein showed us some beautiful colored slides and gave us a very interesting talk along with them. He showed us some beautiful specimens which he had brought with him. He even left us some which we will see later on, if you come to the meetings. We thoroughly enjoyed that meeting.

#### SEA SCOUTS GO ROCKHOUNDING

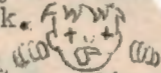


Bob Markert enjoyed a trip around Isle Royale and into Port Arthur and Ft. Williams with Sea Scout Skip 310 of Ishpeming. Many of the coves and bays and shores were explored. Bob found nice moonstone along the CPR RR in Ft. Williams and a few agates and prehnite from points here and there. While in Ft. Williams, he visited collector, Dr. Jeffrey, who has one of the most outstanding collections of Agates that Bob has ever seen. Dudley Markert enjoyed the same trip.

By the way, we are making tentative plans for a trip to Isle Royale next summer. Anyone who is interested, let us know. We would like to have an approximate number to plan

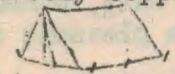
for. Also let us know what time would be best for you to take this trip.

We were talking about this in Doc Eddy's basement while on the Ironwood field trip. Bernard Dooley sadly informed us that he would be unable to go. Ed Carlyon washed his hands and Bernie got seasick.



Rev. Bostrom showed your editor a beautiful piece of Mary Ellen Jasper which he found at Nashawak area - worth looking into, hey fellows?

The Kivelas and Kokkos went on a trip to the Greenland-Maas area during the Labor Day weekend on Sunday and Monday. They had very good luck with Dato-lite, especially Jarl who found three large ones, two of them red, one of them with lovely copper inclusions.



They stayed overnight and the Kokkos got rained out of their borrowed tent. They assured us that that tent won't go to Isle Royale. But happily the weather cleared up by morning, and they had great hunting.

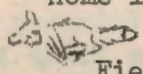
Champ Lemm and Joe Collick have recently remodeled their collections and anyone who hasn't seen them, has missed a very enjoyable treat. Champ has acquired some very beautiful specimens this summer.

Bud and Lena Bamford enjoyed a trip around the U.P. How about writing up the trip for us, Bud?



Bill, Sue, Cathy, and Peter Haiser of Ann Arbor were visiting in Ishpeming during August and enjoyed good picking for a few days. The Markerts and Carol Kokko joined them on a field trip to the Copper Country where datolite, copper, and thompsonites were found. A pleasant visit was had with the Bud Townsends of Hancock who owns a beautiful datolite collection.

Carl and Harriet Dunn have returned to Chicago after spending the summer at their home in the Northwoods Club in Ishpeming.



Field trip chairman Bernie Dooley is collecting bounties these days. On the way home to Stambaugh from the first general meeting of the 1960 Field Trip Committee, Bernie killed a large red fox just outside of Channing, Michigan. He is currently awaiting the payment of a \$5.00 bounty from the Michigan State Conservation Department.



Recent visitors to the U.P. were Jerry Ostrom, Vice-President of the Rocks and Minerals Club, and his family. Jerry had wonderful collecting while in the Copper Country and before that in the western part of the States. Jerry and family were in Jackson Hole when the earthquake struck--didn't even wake them up--must have slept like a rock. Jerry went fishing in Wyoming and came back with his creel full. They didn't even smell after they made the trip to Michigan from Wyoming. Funny, too, because they were a little older...about 650 million years or so.

The Kokkos are planning on building an addition to their home to house their collection of rocks. How about forming a house-building committee for next spring to see that the room gets built? (Off the cuff by ye Editor) I think that Carol will serve beer for the occasion...root beer, that is.

Speaking of the Kokkos, have you seen that little trilobite that they're breezing around in now-a-days?

Latest to be classified with the enjoyers of unusual mineral trips is a certain man who was riding on the back of a truck hauling mineral cases...Classify Bernard Dooley along with Ed Carlyon and Onnie Hutendor. It was my luck to be the driver of the truck and I had to keep my eyes on the road. Luck O' the Irish!

Keep October 11, 1959, free as the club plans on a one-day field trip to the Greenland-Mass area. Reports of good copper and datolite hunting in the area prompted this trip.

Save up your pennies  
'Cause dues are going up  
Two dollars for cronies  
One dollar for pups.

1960  
Dues  
Will  
Be

\$2 for head of family  
\$1 for each additional member  
with a \$5 maximum for each  
family.

Jarl Kivela is busy constructing a revolving stand on which to display stones for the Harvest Festival on October 15, 16, and 17 at the Marquette Armory. Jim White is going to have his polishing equipment there. On Thursday and Friday nights, Jim and Jarl will be demonstrating lapidary work. If interested,

be sure to drop in. There will be no admission. This should be good.

The Carlyons are getting quite a bit of bacon agate. How about letting us in on the location, Ed?

ATTENTION MEMBERS! We're tired of reading about ourselves. We need articles for future Jaspilites. We would like to know what you have done. Contribute in some way, please. Send your articles to Bob Markert or Carl Kokko.



Did you see anything like the ... just keep  
out W + Jim?

All who plan on attending the Fieldtrip on October 11th to the Greenland-Mass area are to meet at the Ishpaming Firehall at 6 a.m. This will be a one-day trip, so we will leave the Firehall promptly at 6 a.m. Bring your own food as we may not be near a lunch counter at nealtimes. We will re-assemble at the Junction of 26 and 35 at 8 a.m. to start our field trip. See you there!

HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL SUMMER FOR COLLECTING. Only a few more weeks of collecting left, so... "make rocks while the sun shines."



## AN INVITATION!

We have wondered what had happened to Al and Barbara Engstrom this summer. We found out! They have been busy as bees building a nest. All their rockhound friends are invited to open-house at their new home in Deer Lake Loc. Saturday, Sept 26 from 2-5 PM. The address is 2116 Jackson. See you all there!



"THE LETTER 'e'  
(author unknown)

"Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter 'e' is the most unfortunate character in the English alphabet. Because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time."

"For some reason he overlooked the fortunate of the letter, so we called his attention to the fact that 'e' is never in war, always in peace, is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble."

"Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect and, without it, there would be no editors and no devils."

Irene Krebs sent this article from the Saginaw News, and she added this by-line----

"Being rockhounds, we might add our thoughts to this; that without 'e' there would be no mineral, no gem, no apatite, no azurite, no barite or calcite; in fact, no ites at all and we might wonder, what would an emerald be without it's 'e's.'"



Irene also sent this from the Sag. News. We wonder if she is thinking of taking up skin-diving.

## OCEAN FLOOR HAS ORE IN VAST AMOUNT

The word "plankton" is used every now and then when people speak of the ocean, but we seldom hear about benthos (pronounced BEN-thos.)

Benthos might be called "the plankton of the bottom." The material is composed of tiny forms of plant and animal life, and is present chiefly in ocean "ooze".

There was a time when people spoke of little except ooze when they described the ocean bottom. Now we are growing better acquainted with that area. Diving spheres, with people inside, have gone to depths of more than 2½ miles. Many samples of the ocean bottom have been pulled up in places where the water is miles deep.

Recently there has been excitement over the discovery of lumps of ore on the floor of the ocean. This ore is scattered widely. Bottom-dwelling fish (even those with electric lights) may bump into the lumps once in a while.

Q. How large are the lumps?

A. Some are larger than basketballs, most are the size of oranges, or smaller. They are somewhat rounded, but have various shapes. Few of them come close to the roundness of an orange. They may have been produced by an electrochemical process in the ocean water.

Q. What do the lumps contain?

A. Those which have been analyzed contain an average of about 30% manganese, 1½% nickel, 1% cobalt and 2% copper.

The amount of ore on the ocean bottom has been estimated at a point somewhere between 500 billion tons and a trillion tons. It surely would be a long task to get it all out!