

JAN 61

0012500

THE



J A S P I L I T E

Affiliated with the Midwest Federation
of Mineralogical and Geological Societies

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

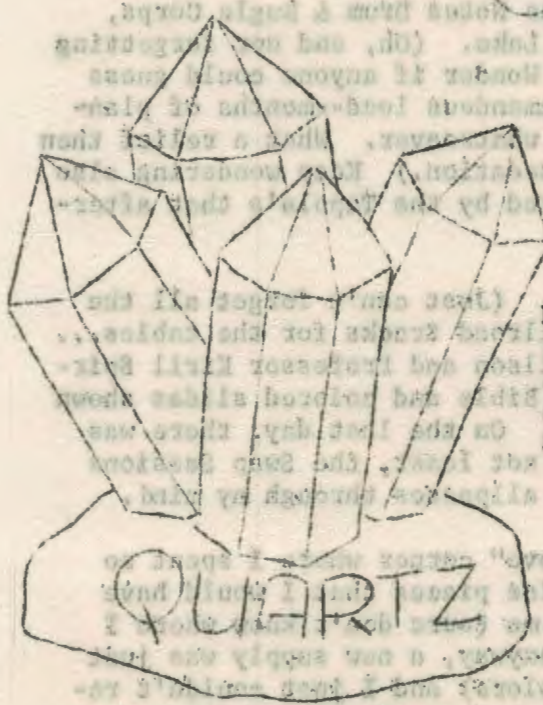
of the
ISHPEMING ROCK & MINERAL CLUB

Published Quarterly

OFFICERS

- President - Jarl E. Kivela, Route 1, Box 2080, Negaunee, Michigan.
- Vice-President - Robert C. Markert, 107 W. Ridge Street, Ishpeming, Michigan.
- Secretary - Marian Markert, 107 W. Ridge Street, Ishpeming, Michigan.
- Treasurer - George "Bud" Bamford, 437 Empire Street, Ishpeming, Michigan.
- Curator - Elmer Jarvi, 116 E. Division Street, Ishpeming, Michigan.
- Librarian - Elizabeth Rogers, 401 E. Vine Street, Ishpeming, Michigan.
- Liaison Officer - R. K. Richards, 205 E. Case Street, Negaunee, Michigan.
- Editor - Carol Kokko, P. O. Box 324, Negaunee, Michigan.
- Associate Editors - Marian Markert, Bob Markert, Taine Kokko.
- Publicity Chairman - Clyde Steele, 114 Palms Street, Marquette, Michigan.

Materials in this bulletin may be copied provided full credit is given to the author and bulletin.



Winter Greetings

Now is the time for all good Rockhounds to do all that work which you don't find time to do in the summer time including lapidary work, cleaning and sorting specimens, arranging displays, labeling, and visiting all your rockhound friends,

QUARTZ

1960

Taine Kokko

It's New Year's Eve, so peaceful and quiet, (except for the T.V. blating away 50 per) as I sit here reniniscing over this past year. It brings back fond memories of all the wonderful times we had with the best of friends.

The year began with meetings held in preparation for the big coming event--the 1960 Midwest Federation Convention to be held in Ishpeming. We made a trip with the Markerts to Iron River, with Bob, Bernie, Nin, Carol and I trying so hard to iron out all the flaws in the planned field trips. Then the feast set before us by Colleen which she had prepared in the meantime. Such a wonderful cook! Afterwards the ride home with some singing and a feeling of a day well spent.

This was followed by more meetings, more plans, and more work. The workbees putting up boxes and boxes and cards and cards of specimens, making out and mailing out registration blanks, and just can't forget the job of making out the convention brochure. The editor ended up running around the school in her barefeet (she could not stand having her shoes on after the long hour she put in).

Then we joined our dear rockhound friends on a field trip to the Ohio Mine. At first I had the hardest time learning what we were to look for, and then followed the hardest time finding it. Some of the members were very lucky. Me? Huh! I never come back from any field trip empty-handed. I carry arm loads of rocks into our Bug. Guess I love every other rock I see even if it isn't at all what the rest of them are looking for.

Then the Dawning of the Big Day. Rockhounds were arriving from all parts of our good ole U.S.A. plus a few from elsewhere even. The registrations were made and housings taken care of...came the North, South, East, and West-ward Ho! (guess what was blating away on T.V. just now?) field trip caravans taking off, each with guides to lead them for 4 full days of rock hunting. Friday night we enjoyed a talk; Saturday night ended with a barbeque (how good the chicken tasted) followed by a Silent Auction (a humdinger it was) next the Blue Notes Drum & Bugle Corps, then to the Bonfire and the Songfest Program at Teal Lake. (Oh, and nor forgetting all the anxiety over Bob Markert's over-exhaustion. Wonder if anyone could guess under what a strain he was under, carrying such a tremendous load--months of planning and worrying with very little rest and now none whatsoever. What a relief then to see him up again after a few hours of rest under sedation.) Keep wondering also how many had enjoyed the Old Timers' Social Hour hosted by the Tapola's that afternoon.

The next night was the Boulder Buster's Banquet. (Just can't forget all the lovely wild roses Ruth Kivela and I picked by the railroad tracks for the tables... Armloads of them.) The talks given by Dr. Ben Hur Wilson and Professor Kiril Spir-off. After that came the Smorgasborg and Gem of the Bible and colored slides shown and narrated by Jay Farr. Every hour was well spent. On the last day, there was the Silversmithing, an all-day Session and last, but not least, the Swap Sessions each evening and during the day too. How vividly it allpasses through my mind.

Of course, I could never forget the "Treasure Cove" corner where I spent so much of my time selling rocks. There were so many nice pieces that I would have loved to buy myself, if it weren't for the Scotch in me (sure don't know where I got that as I'm supposed to be a pure Finn!) Well, anyway, a new supply was just being put into the Cove of Bornite (such beautiful colors) And I just couldn't resist buying this one piece with all the colors of the rainbow in it and the nicest

crystals of pyrite in the sizes of cube sugar on it. Golly it was really something! I paid 3 bucks for it. As I was going out to the Bug with it, I met a man from Cincinnati, Ohio. (Having met the day before, we had agreed on doing some trading.) There I was so proudly holding up this rainbow specimen for everyone to see including him...well, he ended up not having eyes for any of my other rocks I had brought for trading. Gee Whizz! What a fix I was in. He even offered me \$\$ for it. Here was a chance to make a \$2 profit just like that, but I loved this rainbow with the pot-o-gold on it and told him my heart and soul would go with it were I to part with it. Then he starts showing me his collection he had brought along for trading. He was quite a smooth talker. He came out with a yarn about there being only one place in the world that you could get this specimen and it was getting rarer right along, etc. Well, maybe it wasn't too hard to convince me that I was getting a good bargain in return--me being a greenhorn to begin with. So I parted with my treasure that came from underground thinking that perhaps I'll come across another one like it someday. After all we haven't dug any where near to China yet--and this rock I got in return came from a cave and caves do have an ending in them. So as I sit here in my living room and look into our showcase and see the rare piece from the only one and only cave like it in the world, and all the other specimens he threw in in the bargain, I wonder if this Keith from Cincinnati treasures his rainbow colored bornite as much as I did.

All too soon the Convention was over. Then there was a committee meeting at the Markert's camp, Carol and I rode through the woods straight cup from our place with the jeep. It was nice to see Bob and Nin looking refreshed once again. Bob gave us an account of his trip to the California Convention which he attended right after ours ended. He had enjoyed it very much. It sounded very interesting, made me wish I could have been there. Nin served coffee, lunch, and ice cream afterwards. It was a very lovely evening spent with the nicest of friends at a very beautiful place. And how lucky Carol and I were to make it back home O.K. as to my surprise the next morning the jeep wouldn't start. After an inspection as to the cause, I found the acid had eaten the clamp from the battery cable. Wow! if we had ended up hoofing it home through all that bear country!

We made a visit to Jasper Knob Joe's. Now there is a collection of some 45 odd years plus then some (as he remarked that he has some of his Dad's, which he brought from across the ocean as a young man). He has them everywhere outside, and oddles of them when you step inside his basement. But you get your biggest surprise after you really enter the room that's fixed up just special for them. He has fluorescent lighting rigged up and it really is something to see. He knows just what each piece is and where it's from. That evening ended up with coffee and lunch served by Ellen. Carol ended up with a beautiful little specimen she'd been eyeing.

In September Hettie Hawes was hostess to our club meeting. Oh to see once again the remarkable Hawes collection. It's like seeing Fairyland. And to top it off delicious coffee and lunch was served afterwards. The highlights of the evening's discussions were a trip around Lake Superior along the Canadian border. Bill Locher, having just made the trip, gave us some ideas on what to expect. Ken DesMaires gave us the latest dope on skin diving, showing us one of his rewards--one of the nicest agates I've seen. Oh to be a skin diver! --but I can't even swim, so must be content with what can be found on dry land.

Which reminds me of the trips we made to the Copper Country later. The beautiful balmy days with the smell of autumn in the air. Dominica and I cooking coffee and roasting weiners on the beach (and me picking every colorful stone I set my eyes on, having plans on finding use for them). Later visiting friends and relatives of Ed's and Dominica's. Seeing the beautiful polished agates and datolites, and being told stormy weather is the best for agate hunting. The next time we went to the

Copper Country with the Carlyon's, Carol and I were soaking wet and oh so cold. Where were all these agate pickers? The Lake was a choppy as could be. The few Copper Countryites that were there disappeared, but fast! Perhaps they've had their fill of agates or could it be they were at another beach? Then we made a trip with the Kivela's in October with the weather so beautiful and nature having its last fling for the year with colors so vivid of red, yellow, orange, and russet, The Lake so blue. This time we took time off just to look the point over. We even drove to the top of Brockway Drive. Then, Jarl, Ruthie, Glenn, Anne, Carol and I spending a night in a cabin and getting up early the next morning (ask Ruthie about the surprise which Carol pulled on her before leaving) to find the agates at sunrise. And I really did find a few little ones. Later we dropped in at one of our club members at Hancock. We found him busy cutting kinadolomite. Seeing his beautiful collection of polished material. Then having coffee and lunch served by his wife before we left, which tasted so good although we had been lunching all day long.

In November we had a Smorgasborg at the Ski Museum, followed by a Silent Auction. This time Carol and * really went overboard in the bidding. Clem had donated a big celestite crystal specimen from Ohio, and as we had just fixed up a showcase in our living room a few weeks prior to this, well I just could not bear to see it anywheres else but in our showcase. Carol was interested in numerous other pieces. I guess there were quite a few of us interested in this bidding. Everyone was running around like mad, the tall ones like Bob Markert, Clyde Steele, and the Murrays having to duck every few feet in order to avoid being strangled by the crepe paper trimmings which were put up by two short people, Jarl and Carol, who forgot about the tall ones. It's a good thing the time ran out on this bidding as Carol and I ended up being "stone broke" moneywise, but we ended up going home with our treasures except for the one which Ron Murray managed to sneak off with just as the bell rang.

In December, there was a work project on the show cases at the Ski Museum. Carol spent part of the afternoon trying to help, and ending up getting Elmer a wee bit mad with her remarks. I had volunteered to help, but I was sorry to miss out on this one due to the flu bug. At least I caught up with it in time to shake it off for the following day when we had our Christmas Party. We went early, in time to help trim the tree with Bob, Nin, and Scottie. How lovely the cases looked after the work that had been done to it the day before. After a brief meeting, the presents each one had brought were exchanged. I got a lovely key chain with a polished stone on it made by Clyde Steele. Carol got a very beautiful polished agate brooch made by Bud Bamford. And I was lucky enough to win a door prize. It was a pan for screening agates furnished by Champ Lemin. Can't wait for summer to try it out. Afterwards Christmas Carols were sung lead by Ed Carlyon and with Clyde Steele accompanying on the piano. Keith had his new electric guitar along and gave us a few numbers. To my surprise, Chester Bignall popped up with a few harmonica solos. I didn't know we had so much talent in our group. Dominica was in charge of the coffee and delicious lunch. A wonderful time was had by all.

Today Carol and I spent our time binding all the other club's bulletins. Carol punched holes and I sorted them and attached the fasteners to them. The thicker ones I took to punching with the hammer and a 5 inch spike. It worked. Now they will be available to all club members to take home and browse through. They have very interesting articles in them that I'm sure you'll enjoy.

Yipes! It's time to hit the sack. So Happy New Year you all and the Best o Luck in Rock Hunting for the '61 just in.

Use a glass cutter on agate. It saves both time and a trim saw.

August 22, 1960

Most of you no doubt learned of the untimely passing of our fellow rockhound and editor of the Midwest Federation's "Letter-A-Month", Gus Brown. When it is possible Dency will continue this work that Gus started and so loved to do. Meantime, I have been asked by your Midwest Federation President, Floyd Mortenson, to carry on the job of getting the "Letter-A-Month" to you.

This September issue is coming to you later than usual, but we shall again get back on schedule and have them mailed to you earlier in the month in the future.

If any of you have any ideas or suggestions for subject matter for future "Letters", I would certainly appreciate your letting me know.

Sincerely,

Haydon Peterson

Acting Editor "Letter-A-Month", Route 5 - Box 229, Des Moines, Iowa.

Subject: CONSERVATION

September, 1960

Most of us as vacationists have enjoyed the opportunity to roam the great out-of-doors during this past summer. Camp ground facilities, forest, beaches, fishing sites, wild flowers, birds, animals, interesting mineralogical and geological features were there to the extent that the various local, state and national agencies were able to provide and maintain them.

Unfortunately, the number of people wanting to get out in the great out-of-doors is growing by leaps and bounds (and that includes us earth-science enthusiasts) while the land needed is relentlessly being gobbled up by private interests. No one realizes this situation more keenly than our "Conservation" people. Each state has an agency or department which is struggling with the problems of conserving our natural resources.

Considering our interest in the mineralogical and geological features of the great out-of-doors, I am of the opinion that we owe a vote of thanks to these conservation agencies for the effort they are making in their struggle to conserve our very important and essential natural resources for the benefit of the greatest number of people and prevent wasteful exploitation which gives no serious thought for the future. Many of our societies have enjoyed the willing cooperation of these Conservation Departments in the furnishing of speakers and films for programs and in making available at reasonable cost such aids as printed matter and maps. I am sure that we all appreciate their help and we should let them know it.

While mineral collecting is prohibited in National Parks, such rules are justified in order that their natural status be preserved. The geological features are usually outstanding enough to overwhelm us with their beauty and allow us to interpret and appreciate the story of their past. There are many other places where collecting is permitted and even at those places we should be mindful of our obligation to be considerate and thoughtful of the "other fellow" and leave some material for him to collect.

I am sure that most rock collectors are considerate and really appreciate the true meaning of the word "CONSERVATION". Demonstrate that you belong in this group by being considerate for those that follow and by letting your "Conservation" people know that you are behind them.

Sincerely,

Floyd N. Mortenson

President Midwest Federation of Mineralogical and Geological Societies, 69 West End Avenue, Pontiac 18, Michigan.

Subject: Collection Displaying

October 1960

A short time ago I was doing some reading and ran across the following: "Does Lapidary work include such activities as making cabochons, spheres, slabs and faceted specimens? Of course it does, we are all agreed on that. But there is one other activity associated with this work that seems to be regarded as a sort of stepchild or worse, lapidarily speaking. That is the provision and arranging of suitable displays, both momentarily at shows and continuously at home."

Continuing I read, "My feeling is that proper use of good display facilities is as important to the lapidist and as productive of pleasure and satisfaction as is the production of fine workmanship on good material...for what purpose is served by such workmanship and material if the end product is hidden or even partly obscured because of inadequate or indifferent display."

These, the words of Mr. W. H. deNeui, seems to bear out the thoughts of many rockhounds, both those with lapidary work to display and those with fine mineral specimens. It seems that we do a lot of work cutting and polishing our material... select many fine specimens from all over the world and then we fail to provide display cases for them.

Some who do have cases for their materials tend to "overload" them with the net result that nothing stands out, causing the case to look like jumbled confusion.

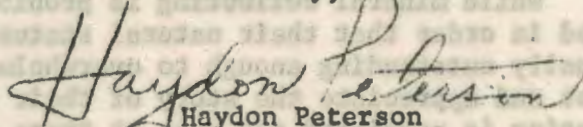
Display cases well arranged and labeled and lighted are a joy to see indeed. Such cases are found in some private displays but usually are found in museums and is probably the reason we like to spend considerable time looking over the material. If we should find the displays "overloaded", poorly lighted, and unlabeled we would without a doubt take a hurried look and leave.

How many times have you visited a friend's home and took a look at his collection and had to ask, "What's this?"..."Where did this come from?"...and have to strain your eyes because of poor lighting? How many times have you found specimens crowded into make-shift cases or on open shelves collecting dust? Many times I am sure!

I am wondering how many of the members of the Midwest Federation member clubs would be interested in having our Federation take the lead in promoting and encouraging attractive displays of our rocks and minerals. The Federation could provide information and ideas on display, arrangement, lighting, how to classify material, construction of cases, etc. The Federation could be a clearing house for all such information and ideas and have it passed on to the member clubs.

If you have individual members who would like such information, so advise your President, who can in turn advise our Midwest Federation officers of your interest. If enough interest is shown perhaps such a program can be worked out in the near future.

Sincerely,


Haydon Peterson

Subject: ROCKRAMAS ARE SUCCESSFUL

November, 1960

The two Rockramas scheduled for 1960 have now taken their place in Midwest Federation history. They were both very good shows and the Midwest Federation wishes to thank the Michigan Gem and Mineral Society of Jackson, Michigan, and the Central Illinois Rockhounds of Decatur, Illinois, for hosting the two Rockramas held this year.

Which society or club will hold the next Rockrama and where will it be held? We do not have the answers to these questions at this time as we are waiting to be contacted by clubs wishing to hold Rockramas in 1961. Consider the possibility of holding one of these shows at your next meeting and contact the Rockrama Division if you have an interest. We are ready to work with you and furnish you with information.

Those of you who exhibited or visited at either the Jackson or Decatur shows know that these were successful shows and that a great number of clubs and individuals benefited from them. The exhibits, programs, demonstrations were all superb,

and the dealers gave us a choice of exceptional materials.

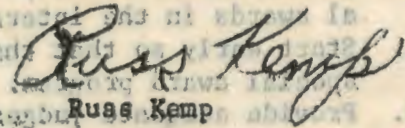
These shows will help to promote our hobby, your club, and the Midwest Federation. They will be continued, remember in 1961 there could be a Rockrama in three of our regions. The Eastern Region is not eligible as our annual Midwest Federation show and convention will be held in Saginaw, Michigan, on June 29 and 30, and July 1 and 2.

Mark your calendar now to attend and exhibit at Saginaw in 1961.

Contact the Rockrama Division if we can be of any help.

Have fun in your hobby.

Rockramally yours,



Russ Kemp

Rockrama Director, 19 E. 144th Street, Riverdale, Illinois.

Subject: EARTH SCIENCE MAGAZINE

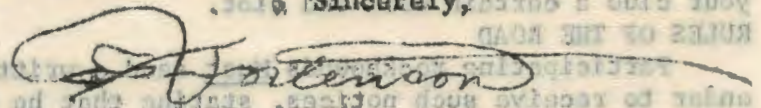
Special Bulletin

I have just received some good news from Mr. William H. Allaway, Associate Editor and Subscription Manager of the EARTH SCIENCE. Bill informed me that the December issue of the EARTH SCIENCE will have eight (8) more pages added because they have some very good articles which they feel simply must be published. This is, indeed, very good news to those of us who are now subscribing. The way that the EARTH SCIENCE Magazine is improving with each issue we are getting more and more for our money. We think that we should talk it up among the membership so that no person will be left out of having this excellent magazine delivered to his or her home for their enjoyment.

This effort to publish a "bigger and better" EARTH SCIENCE Magazine is a very commendable one and is worthy of our support throughout the entire Midwest Federation.

If each Society would make a positive effort to send in at least five (5) new subscriptions, I am sure that Bill Allaway and Editor Ben Hur Wilson would find the going a little smoother financially to overcome the increased cost of adding these 8 pages to this very progressive magazine. They are continually trying to improve the EARTH SCIENCE Magazine and make it more interesting and informative. Since they are always boosting our Midwest Federation activities, how about us giving them a little boost now by getting them some new subscribers. I would also like to suggest that all societies seriously consider the matter of placing donated subscriptions for their local school and public libraries.

Sincerely,



Floyd N. Mortenson

President, Midwest Federation of Mineralogical and Geological Societies

Subject: Your Club and the Local Science Fair December, 1960

Many of our clubs in the Midwest Federation are located in communities where, in the spring of the year, Science Fairs are held to display student science projects prepared in the schools. Many of these Science Fairs grant prizes each year donated by local and specialized interest groups, such as engineering groups, medical groups, etc. The prizes awarded are usually exceptional participation related to the donor's interest.

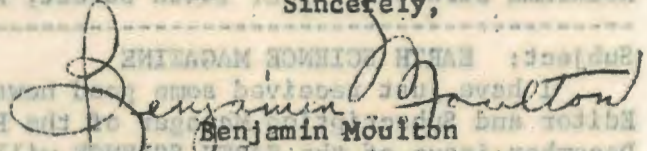
In our community here, several years ago the Flint Rock and Gem Club began the custom of offering two rewards in the fields of geology, mineralogy, paleontology, or related earth sciences. Especially, we planned to offer the prizes in the senior division of the fair, but if no projects were considered, consequently the junior exhibits were evaluated and the awards given there. Three members of the club served as judges in the determination of the winners of the awards. First prize consists of a \$25.00 savings bond, and second prize was a mineralogy book and hammer. At a

subsequent date, the winners of the club awards brought their exhibits to the club so that all members could see it.

It is apparent that the possibility of this award being given each year has stimulated more exhibits in the field of earth science. Therefore, your club, which doesn't already do so, might do the following:

1. Determine the status of the local fair.
2. Determine the ability of the club to provide and the need for the additional awards in the interests of the organization.
3. Start early so that the local science fair administration can plan for the special award program.
4. Provide adequate judges to evaluate exhibits.

Sincerely,


Benjamin Moulton
Director of Mineralogy.

Subject: CALENDAR OF EVENTS, 1961 January, 1961

As Field Trip Coordinator for the Midwest Federation for 1961, I am hereby starting something new in the Midwest and in order to fill up a complete calendar, I must have the sincere attention of each club president that reads this message. It is our goal to make the Midwest the most active Federation of America and publicize this fact so all may know about it.

The attached form is being sent to you in hopes that you will do something about it. In its present form, it is blank...but...how long it will stay blank depends on YOU.

Would you like visiting rockhounds to join your club on one of your week-end field trips?

Would you like to participate in a field trip being conducted by some other area rock and mineral club? Just imagine planning that next vacation so that it would include a guided field trip!

I know that your answer is "yes" to both questions, so help the Midwest in this good fellowship campaign by subscribing to at least one week-end in 1961. Please list three choices in order of preference so I may have some leeway in assigning your club a certain week-end slot.

RULES OF THE ROAD

Participating rockhounds Must send a written note to person designated on Calendar to receive such notices, stating that he plans on attending a certain field trip.

Participating rockhounds must arrange for own lodgings and food.

Participating rockhounds must be willing to sign any and all liability waivers. You will participate at YOUR OWN RISK.

Be a Good Sport...Leave some for the next guy. Wear safety goggles at all times...the eye that you save may be your own.

Fieldtrippingly yours,


Bob Markert

107 W. Ridge Street, Ishpeming, Michigan. P.S. Please list your Gem and Mineral Shows as well as we will place them on The Calendar. B. M.

This is a letter received by our Liaison Officer in which members of our Club may be interested:

WESTERN

West Rock and Gem Club

November 7, 1960

Mr. R. K. Richards
205 E. Case Street
Negaunee, Michigan

Dear Sir:

As you may or may not know, the publication **ROCKS AND MINERALS OF MICHIGAN**, written by Helen H. Martin, is now out of print again.

In a conversation with Mr. Robert Kelly of the Geological Survey, he tells me that they are still in doubt as to whether they can publish it again or not. I would, therefore, suggest that if you are interested in this publication, which has been used so widely by interested people in the state, encourage its being reprinted and that you encourage it by writing to Mr. William Daoust, Head of the Geological Survey, Michigan Department of Conservation, Mason Building, Lansing, Michigan.

It is only through active interest in this publication that we will be able to get it reprinted and I think that you would find it worthwhile to write to the state geologist.

Sincerely,

Benjamin Moulton
Liaison Officer

AN URGENT APPEAL for 35 mm. color slides to cover the 20th Annual Midwest Field-trip Convention pictorial report.

- We need slides of the:
1. Silent Auction
 2. Underground field trips.
 3. Banquets (we have enough of the smorgasbord)
 4. Bus trips
 5. First Aid station
 6. Visitation of collectors at homes
 7. Registration
 8. Song fest.

Contributors so far are Dr. John Uchiyama, Des Moines Lapidary Society; President Floyd Mortenson, M.W.F.; President Jarl Kivela, Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club; Mr. Owen Forsythe, Fort Wayne, Indiana; President Bert Heiser, Firelands Geological Club, Norwalk; Robert Markert; Charles Belanger. **PLEASE HELP US!**

THE EARTH SCIENCE --- Rockhounds' National Magazine. * **Chicago 90, Illinois.**
 Published 6 times a year - Feb., April, June, Aug., * **one year - \$2.50;**
 Oct., and Dec. * **three years - \$6.00;**
 Each issue filled with articles and illustrations of * **Name**
 unusual interest. Use the order blank opposite --- * **St. of Box**
SUBSCRIBE NOW! * **City & State**

WESTERN TRIP

Don and Lewis Larsen

(Editor's Note: I've had this article for quite a while--so I don't know if this was in 1959 or 1960.)

On June 19 our family started out on our trip out west, which included the following states South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, California, Nevada, and Utah.

The first stop of mineralogical importance was Waste, South Dakota, which, according to the Midwest Gem Trails, was supposed to have Golden Barite xls, the actual locality of which is not in the town of Wasta; it is on a farm on Elk Creek several miles out of town, and, furthermore, it is awful hard to give exact directions to the place. But, when coming into Wasta on Highway 16, you'll see a store displaying a sign reading "Tourist Information", ask here for specific directions. The geology of the locality is as follows: the concretions (in which the barite occurs) are imbedded in cliffs above the creek, and through the action of the elements the concretions are freed. The best place to look is in dry washes where new material is uncovered, and don't forget that there are some very nice lemon-yellow calcite xls occurring with the barite. Fossils are also found in great profusion, also watch out for rattlers.

Next stop was Custer, South Dakota, in which he had to bed down for the night the next day. That night while in Custer we happened to see "The Rock House", so being rockhounds, we decided to stop in and we did. We secured the directions to the Fairburn Agate Beds, but they're too complicated to repeat also, so we suggest making a stop in the "Rock House". Well, we woke up bright and early the next morning rarin' to go. We got to the town of Fairburn (which was really nothing more than a bunch of houses) and made it to the locality, but we hunted and hunted but alas, not a Fairburn was found, although we did find some nice prairie agates and jasper, but there was a consolation that night. Just out of Custer, we stopped at an old mine and managed to get a few specimens, so all was not lost.

After a few days we reached Weiser, Idaho, and in a publication we had there was supposed to be black agate here. We contacted the president of the local rock club and asked him about the location. We had lived there for quite a while and had never heard of the place! Well, after a while we got the directions to a location of Sagenite Agate. We saw the president's collection, Wow! Sagenite like you've never seen before. We just had to find some! At least we thought we would. The location is as follows: Ask one of the local residents how you get up the Beacon by a road, and after you reach that point, after passing through a couple of gates, you can see the diggings from there. But look out! There are scorpions here! The sagenite is found in nodules (which have to be broken out of a basalt) and remember don't break the nodules. In some cases the sagenite is found in a thin outer layer so tumble the nodules. Then if there are no results, cut them. Now to get to our experience in. We were going down this hill when wham! We started to hit rocks that we missed on the way up. Then the motor started acting funny, a sort of clunking noise started up. THEN we had to go through a gate (get out, open and close it) with some ugly looking cows all around. Scared stiff, but intact, we made it down to Weiser, although the car was the worst to suffer.

After a brief stay at some relatives home, we decided to take a side trip (this took place in Oregon) to the Friday Agate Beds. What a place! It is almost unbelievable, such a large place. The rates for digging agate are \$3.00 for the first 30 pounds, after that it is 15¢ per lb. There are 5 different kinds of agate; (these are called Thunder Eggs). You can dig Red Plume Agate among them. The geology is as follows: there is an extremely hard layer of rock about 6 to 8 feet

thick; just below this is a layer (fairly soft) where the agate is found, but because of the nature of this deposit the overhang is extremely dangerous, so watch out! On the way back that night we stopped in at Terrabonne, Oregon, where so-called "Terrabonne" diamonds could be found in the volcanic cinder. These diamonds are actually a form of Hyalite Opal and have a brilliant green fluorescence.

Later in the trip after having left Oregon, and passed California and Nevada, we started across the Salt flats of Utah. We stopped at a little salty pond where we got some nice Halite xls, and then continued on. And this so ends the itinerary of our trip.

One thing, bring along a lot of our local trading material. A lot of our western friends are eager to trade. Second, watch out for snakes and scorpions. Third, when on sidetrips bring along a couple gallons of water; you'll need every precious drop.

AND SO...ON

I don't see them...I did not take the wrong turn. There they are...Holy Smoke...How am I supposed to park there?...There's no room!..Park in the shade... What shade?...Where is it?...Up there?...You mean way up there?...HOLY SMOKES... I'll never make it...Puff...Puff...Puff...Isn't that pretty?...What is it? Poison Oak..Oh! Heh, heh...Just a little further...Gee! The road loakes far away...Well! ..Where's the rock?...Oh! I'm standing on it...Goodness...It all looks alike... This is kinda pretty...(Phutuie)...Gritty too...Hot isn't it?...Not as hot as last month...Did you go on that one?...Get anything?...What?...Sunstroke?...Oh...Al got a big one...He faceted it...Beautiful...That your rock?...The one by your foot...Looks pretty good...This what we're looking for?...Oh...OOPS...Look out below...Sorry... Jim coming today?...Why not?...Garage floor caved in...Oh, too many rocks...Boy, I'm dry...Where's my water?...Oh...At the bottom of the hill...I must have rocks in the head to do this...Never mind the wisecracks...Ow...Ow...Sat on one what...How's that for color?...Oh! Just stain, huh?...Hey, Jack...How you doing for spit... Spit on this one for me!..I'm all out...Hey, look at this...Looks kinda like feathers, doesn't it?...This ought to make a good one...It has?...I don't see any bugs on it...Oh! Vugs...Time to go...I haven't found much...(heh, heh)...Can't lift my sack...Guess I'll drag it down...Maybe I better carry it?...Guess I'll drag it down...Who's putting rocks in my sack?...It's getting heavier...Made it...Boy, what a climb...Where's my hammer???..Oh, no...Oh, No...OH, NO!

by Schleif

If your feet smell and your nose runs, you are built upside down.

From the Template, October, 1959.

When dopping your stones, place some of your ordinary mounting glue on your stone to be ground; over this place a piece of paper; then another layer of glue and then your dop stick. Allow this to dry and your stone will not fly off while grinding. To remove the stone, simply place it on the table and give it a light tap and it will come loose with the paper.

Glue 2 stones together with paper between and shape two in one grinding for identical shaped stones such as for earrings, cuff links, etc.

Dear Friends:

I must tell you of a trip I had two weeks ago. I coaxed my pal, who has a car, to go with me to the Champion Mine for a gander around that old rock pile. So up we go, found very little, just some pyrite, quartz, and one nice piece of siderite. We were about to call it quits when an old man who was picking black berries came along. He looked at the few pieces we had and said why don't you pick some nice ones. Where are they says we. Well he said pointing southwest, go thataway one-half mile and you'll find an old pit worked over many years ago. He said he had known the guys who worked it. There was an old road there nearly grown in with brush and jack pine, but the ruts were plain enough to follow, presumably made by the mule teams as they hauled supplies in and took the ore out. He said he had seen many beautiful specimens from there--crystals, grape ore and needle ore. Wow!

Well, the day was still long, so we went in there along the old mule trail, and, sure enough, we found the place easy enough. By a new fence around the opening we found the mine. It was more like a big well though about 8 feet square at the top and timbered with cribbing about 6 feet down to the ledge. We dropped some rocks down and figured it was about 25 feet deep.

There was nothing we could do then, so we decided to go home and make plans to explore the place. It took us three days to get together a roller 3 inches in diameter 4 feet long. We drilled a 1 inch hole 12 inches deep in the center of each end. We got some 1 inch round iron at the scrap dump and put a straight piece 2 feet long in one end and a piece in the other end bent like a big car crank. We got 50 feet of 3/4 inch rope and there we had our winch. We bound the ends of the roller with haywire to re-inforce it for safety. We got a 3/8 inch hole drilled thru the inside ends of the iron and then drove an 8 inch spike through the roller and through the hole in the iron to act as a safety key.

On the third day we set out carrying some spikes, a saw, a sharp hunting axe, hammer, etc. We carried out all the stuff from the Champion Mine. Wew! What a load! We cut 2 maple trees with a good stout crotch about 8 feet long and sunk these down kitty-corner across the pit mouth, then spiked them good to the cribbing. The crotches acted as bearings for the roller. Then we put the rope through the hole we drilled through the roller, tied a good knot in it and put a couple of staples in it too for good measure. Then we tied a big rock on the rope and lowered it down and found we had guessed right--the pit was 25 feet to the bottom.

We stopped, ate our lunch, and talked about the specimens we were going to get. Well, I'm about 50 lbs. heavier than my pal (he is my brother, Paul), so we decided he would go down first and look around and if anything was there I could lower down the tool bag to him. We made a double sling on the rope and he stuck a leg in each loop and hanging the flashlight around his neck, he swung out over the pit mouth as I manned the crank handle. I lowered him gently down and when the rope went slack I knew he had hit bottom.

Then, folks, I heard the queerest noise I ever heard, like a cross between a police car siren and the mating call of a she-wolf; and then a beller of "Hoist up, the Devil is down here, get me out, Oooooooo." I grabbed the winch by the tail and give it the gun. Up, up he came, still howling till his fingers, clutching the rope jammed in the roller so I had to give it half a turn back.

Paul's puss was a kind of creamy green color, the hair on his neck and head was sticking out like bristles and he eyes stuck out so you could have stood on one easily and knocked the other off with a piece of broom stock. I laughed until I nearly let go of the handle and that sure made him mad. Get me out and loose he

Hollered, the devil is after me and I gotta get out of here. I asked him why he didn't bring part of him up for a specimen and then he gave me a terrible look and grabbed the barbed wire fence. He swung himself in and over the fence real quick and grabbed the tool bag by the rope handle and began to swing it like the pendulum of a grandfathers clock. By the time he got enough momentum with it, I was heading for the tall timber 1/2 mile away.

Ahead of me there was an old type of rest room so to speak. The windows were all broken and the porcupines had raised havoc with the place. The door was even missing from it. I was putting distance between me and the bag-swinger fast and then the bag, tools and all, got me between the shoulder blades and knocked me through the doorless doorway of the single varrel shack where I hit the wall with a resounding crash, nearly knocking the whole building over. When I got my senses back, there was Paul, still madder than a wet hen. He was hollering at me to go down there and see if I had the nerve.

I didn't want him to beat me, so I went along with him. He told me there was something awful down there, a ghost or something. I tried to act calm and cool, but felt awful leary. I got my nerve back though and got into the harness and told him to lower down easy like I did for him. He grabbed the crank and I started down. The first few rounds were O.K., but I guess my 220 lbs. was too much for his 150 lbs. I started to go faster and faster, and I knew there was no one at the controls for the last 10 feet. It seems that the crank handle got to going so fast, he couldn't keep up with it, so he let go, and it came around so quick he couldn't duck and it hit him in the midriff and knocked him 20 feet or more where he stopped in a patch of blackberries.

As for me, well, I found myself all balled up with the skeleton of a big cow which must of accidentally wandered in there before the fence was put up. I shivered at first, but soon took in the situation. I flashed the light around--and nary a specimen was there to be found. I didn't want to come away from there without something, so I took the cows bell off the rotted strap and stuck the lower left jawbone in the top of my pants and grabbed the rope and bellered to be hoisted up. No sound from up above, so I yelled some more. Nothing doing, so I thought maybe something happened to the engineer. Well, I got 3 or 4 wraps of rope around my right leg and started up hand over hand, binding the rope with my left leg as I took a new hold. Pretty tough going, but after many stops, I got to the top and the old cow bell would jangle sadly out of tune from the rust at every move.

There was Paul waiting at the top with the hunting axe in his hands and a big spruce club leaning against a fence pole. He looked pretty sick. As I started to climb out, he told me to get back down into the pit and stay there, you *%#! I don't know what would have happened if a party of berry pickers hadn't happened along just then. I guess Paul didn't want them to know what was up, so he told me to come back up, which I did. They went on their way.

We gathered up our stuff and left, walking all the way back to the car in silence. Just as we got into the house, he yelled to me if I ever ask him to go rock hunting with me again, he'd leave and go to Alaska to be far away from people like me who belong in a bug house. With that he slammed the door to his room.

People sure are queer ain't they?

Hope to see you folks at the next club meeting. Meanwhile good hunting.

Jasper Joe

APPLICATION FOR SPACE ON "THE CALENDAR OF EVENTS, 1961"

Mr. Robert Markert, FTC
Midwest Federation
107 W. Ridge Street
Ishpeming, Michigan

Dear Bob:

Our club is planning a two-day field trip on the weekend of:

- _____ 1961 (1st choice)
- _____ 1961 (2nd choice)
- _____ 1961 (3rd choice)

and we are hereby issuing this invitation to all rockhounds to join us during this field trip.

We understand that lodgings and meals are to be arranged by the visiting collector, but it is necessary for this person to notify us in writing at least 5 days previous to our outing, that he intends on joining our group. Address such correspondence to:

(Mr. Mrs. Miss) _____ Secretary
 _____ Club
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Our field trip is scheduled to depart from _____
 _____ (meeting place)
 at _____ Be prompt as we leave right on time.
 (city) (time)

We expect to collect the following specimens: _____

 (please limit to 4 or 5 of the most important as my room will be limited)

Very Sincerely,

Comments:

President

Club

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
 In this great city that has no end;
 Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
 And before I know it a year is gone,
 And I never see my old friend's face,
 For Life is a swift and terrible race.
 He knows I like him just as well
 As in the days when I rang his bell
 And he rang mine. We were younger then,
 And now we are busy, tired men;
 Tired with playing a foolish game,
 Tired with trying to make a name.
 "Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
 Just to show that I'm thinking of him."

But tomorrow comes -- and tomorrow goes,
 And the distance between us grows and
 grows.
 Around the corner! -- yet miles away...
 "Here's a telegram, sir..."
 "Jim died today."
 And that's what we get, and deserve in
 the end;
 Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne, author.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The coming year is sure to be one of much activity for our incoming president, and I wish all the cooperation that was given me to him. Also my thanks to the many club members who helped to make this one of the best years in the history of the Ishpeming Rock and Mineral Club.

Rockhounding Regards,

J. E. Kivela, President

MINUTES

On January 11, a meeting of the Nominating Committee met at the home of the President to select a slate of officers for the 1961-62 year.

The committee was headed by chairman, Carol Kokko, with Elizabeth Rogers, Clem Newman, Audobon Jenkins, and Chester Bignall serving on the committee.

A difficult time was had by the members in selecting the proposed slate of officers. However, after much thought and discussion, the committee decided unanimously to have these members presented to the club:

- President - Elmer Jarvi
- Vice-President - Clyde Steele
- Secretary - Marion Markert
- Treasurer - Lena Bamford
- Liaison Officer - R. K. Richards
- Librarian - Elizabeth Rogers
- Curators - Ed Carlyon; Onni Hutander
- Publicity - Betty Hyry
- Editor - Bob Markert.

Lunch was served by Ruth Kivela following the meeting. This was followed by the usual talks held by rockhounds. A good time was had by all.

Ideas are sometime like children; your own are wonderful.

Mixed greens are good for you, especially those fives, tens, and twenties.

Hold on to your money -- they say its going to be valuable again someday.

Lights of the Aurora Borealis seldom occur less than 50 miles above the earth.



Dues are due. Don't forget, if you become delinquent, you'll have to pay an initiation fee.

We are happy to welcome our honorary members to our club, namely, Professor Kiril Spiroff, John Bowen, and Burton Boyum.

We are glad to hear that the Markerts have recovered from their recent illnesses.

We hear that Chester Bignall gave an underground concert on his harmonica one day. Did you play "Sixteen Ton", Chester?

Everyone heartily enjoyed watching Scott Markert trying to use the crutches which Clyde Steele had at the Christmas Party. He couldn't get over and up on them, even after a running jump. Clyde broke his ankle while deer hunting.

Sorry this was out late. Hope I'm forgiven. Tried to make this especially big to make up for it. Machine was broken.