

June 63

THE



ROCK and MINERAL CLUB

J A S P I L I T E

Affiliated with the Midwest Federation
of Mineralogical and Geological Societies

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Michigan State Parks and Adjacent
 Collecting Areas
 Minutes of Meetings
 Lapidary
 Miscellaneous

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THE 1963 MIDWEST FIELDTRIP CONVENTION

Tuesday, July 16 - Last minute reservations. Assignment of tailgating spot to early birds. Assignment of camping areas to early birds.

Wednesday, July 17 - 7:30 a.m., Executive Board meeting/breakfast at the Androy Hotel 9:30 a.m., Council meeting for official delegates at the Androy Hotel. 12:00 noon, recess for lunch. 5:00 p.m., adjournment (?). Registrations and reservations at the Fairgrounds headquarters all day. Tailgating at Fairgrounds area. Buyers admitted free. Sellers pay \$2 to set up in protected area. Room for full-sized truck. Treasure Trove and General Store in headquarters.

Thursday, July 18 - 6:30 a.m., busses load for Grand Marais. 6:45, buses load for Crosby-Ironton. 7:00, Ely buses load. 8:00, Duluth buses load. 9:00, Grand Rapids and other buses load. If you are planning on driving your own car, you must be ready to leave at these times since guides will be on buses and must be with each group visiting areas to comply with safety and insurance requirements. 5-8 p.m. Pasty supper at Wesley Methodist Church, 23rd St. & 3rd Ave., Hibbing. 8:30 p.m., Swap session at Chisholm Curling Club. Registration all day. Films, etc. at \$H bldg. in p.m.

Friday, July 19 - Same schedule from 6:30 to 9:00 a.m. 8:00 p.m., Fish/steak fry in Ely. 9:45 p.m., Ely swap session.

Saturday, July 20 - Same schedule from 6:30 to 9:00 a.m. 7:30 a.m., Editors' Breakfast in O'Neil Hotel, Chisholm. 4:30 to 6:30 p.m., Silent Auction in headquarters bldg., Fairgrounds, Hibbing. 8:30 p.m., Banquet, Hibbing Armory, Fairgrounds.

Sunday, July 21 - If there is still need for early buses to Grand Marais and Crosby-Ironton, Ely and Duluth, they will leave on same schedule as previous days. Tentative plans are being made for another silent auction starting at 1:30 p.m. in headquarters building. (This is condensed from information in Mesabi Media. If you want more, read the rest of the article.) Your reservation blank is the last page.

ROCKHOONDING IN THE SOUTHWEST

(Editor's note: This was a letter sent to me by one of our rockhound friends about their trip in the Southwest. I was to write an article from it. Instead, I am printing it almost verbatim--I can't improve it and still keep it as their trip. And...they said they couldn't write!)

We (Fern and I) thought that you might be interested in the rock hunting aspects of our trip.

We heard that there was a honey onyx mine somewhere in the Lopeze Mountains. Of course, we were interested in finding the mine. We inquired from a number of people the exact location of the mine. We were sure of one thing--that it was in the coastal range somewhere. So one afternoon, we took the old '52 Chev and went off towards the Lopeze Canyon. We had to go through some private cattle range country, and some of it was wild. There was a lot of bobcats in this range. In fact, we saw one and also the cowboy who was hunting it. We went up this canyon about thirty miles. Then we walked up an old dry creek and found some greenish agate and some chert, but no honey onyx. We fooled around until dusk and then we started home--hungry and tired, but not disappointed because of the beautiful scenery. On the way home, the cattle were coming out to the roads for their evening feeding. At one place we passed through a herd, and there were about six or seven big bulls that didn't look as if they appreciated our company. If anything had gone wrong with the car, I believe I would be there yet if those bulls didn't leave. Fern called it thrilling. True, it was, as long as we didn't get a flat tire.

True rockhounds never give up, so the next day we went back after getting more information. This trip was also a failure as far as honey onyx goes. So again we went home with some rocks we didn't know the name of (and still don't). This time we went to a rock shop and asked for information. This rockshop was called "Dad's." This man was a true rockhound, so he told us just how to get to the honey onyx mine.

The third day we started out early in the morning, and what a day this was. We headed South and drove to Santa Margarita which is situated at the head of the Salinas River. Then we circled over to

Pozo where we obtained a permit to go through the Los Padres National Forest. This was a very interesting trip up mountains, down hills, through river beds, opening and shutting gates. The mountains were like none that we had ever seen. It was wild and exciting. Along about three in the afternoon, we came to an old river bed that seemed to have a salty look to it. This was our clue. We had to walk up this old river bed for about a mile and a half, and then up another half-mile up the mountain side, which seemed to be more like three miles.

We eventually reached the top and were darned glad of it. Fern and Florence were almost bushed (so they said), so our son and I started to look for the mine. The girls were to stay there. (Women will be women, so you know how they stayed put!) Of course they didn't stay. While we fellows were looking and finding a few little pieces of onyx and bragging about it to ourselves, they went over the mountain opposite the way we went and came back all excited, saying that they had found a whole mountain side of honey onyx. We didn't believe it. So we went with them and sure enough--there was the mine and all the honey onyx you would want.

We couldn't decide what pieces we wanted. After picking over a lot and discarding a lot, we were ready to start home again. So down the mountain we went, which was much easier than going up. But being loaded, we traveled slowly. We got to the car in good shape, tired and hungry. We traveled about seventy miles that day and we never traversed a single step. Going home that night, we had a most interesting ride. Away up there in the mountains was a ranch which raised peacocks. We didn't know that there was such a place in the world. It was a beautiful sight. The sun was going down, and the big peacocks were spreading out their tails and strutting their stuff.

It was spring out there in this range country and time for the young to be born. There were cute little white-faced calves galore. All of the animals were having their young and most of the trees were in bloom. There is nothing so beautiful as the mountains in the spring in that country. May I make one exception--and that is the good chicken dinner that Florence cooked that night--Boy oh boy! was that good at this opportune time. So endeth our honey onyx trip.

Now you may be interested in another trip we took down to the ocean side to look for moon stones. Jim and Florence live right on the ocean and a very interesting place it is. We went to the beach every chance we got. Yes, you could get some moon stones along the shores or beaches, but the better places were hard to get to. So one afternoon the kids said that they knew a good place to go. I figured that there was a catch to it, but I didn't say anything. They seemed extremely interested in the going out and coming in of the tide. Anyway, we went down to the ocean and they took us up the coast where, to my knowledge, we hadn't been before. It was sort of a historical place. It was called Pirates Cove. We had to climb down a rocky cliff that looked dangerous to me. Do you suppose that either one of the women would chicken out? Of course not--so I had to go too! Even now at night when I close my eyes, I shudder to think what could have happened with one slip. I see it all over again.

Well, we got down safe and started down the beach, but the worst was yet to come. We came to a place where the cliffs went away out in the water. I thought here is where we stay. To make a long story short, it wasn't. They took us over to the water's edge and said to follow them. We all got down on our hands and knees and crawled through a tunnel with all kinds of marine life in it and out into another cove. It was well worth the trip. There was a lot of stones and shells in this little secluded place.

We were having a very good time when Jim said, "Let's get out of here." We, being curious, asked why. He informed us that the little tunnel was the only way out of this cove and if anyone were caught in it at high tide, they would drown. I am

afraid if the water gets too deep in the bathtub. We got some moonstones, got out of the cove through the tunnel--so endeth this episode.

Now you may be interested in our experience in lapidary classes. We were down on the ocean one afternoon and met a couple who were rockhounds and taking training in lapidary work or classes. They asked us if we were interested and we told them that we were. They said that the high school adult training programs were starting classes in lapidary and invited us to go along. Since Jim and Florence were fast becoming interested in rockhounding and lapidary, we all went.

We found that the full 6 months course cost \$1 entry fee and 50¢ a night when you attended. Jim and Florence took the course. We could not enter as we were only going to be there for 3 weeks. The instructor was very nice to us and said that if we wanted to go to the classes, we could do so by paying only 50¢ a night

Bob Johnson and his wife were charming people and made the classes extremely interesting and fun. Bob started his classes by showing the students how to pick out the pictures in the stones or slabs. He then taught the use of the template and the use of the trim saw. The shaping and sizing of the stone seemed like a game under his capable supervision. He took extremely lots of time in the fundamentals. Bob was careful about details, and generous with praise when deserved. He taught each student how to use the dop and dop stick in the right manner.

Bob's wife was a charming little woman. She was from Holland and hadn't been over in this country long enough to lose the little brogue. She made coffee and had rolls and donuts which she sold at 15¢. She also sold all kinds of settings and different kinds of rocks. She taught the setting of stones into the settings after they were finished.

We regreted to have to leave the school and all our new freinds. Our rockhounding began on one of these trips to Calif. That was when we met a man by the name of Bob Markert and his wife, Marion.

We remain your friends, Fern & L. E. White.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Your Committee on Budget and Finance, after meeting several times, came to the conclusion that something has to be done if we are not going to continue spending more money than we are taking in. Here is the first interim report.

Operating Expenses

Mimeo Paper	20 reams @ \$1.35		\$27.00
Stencils	6 quire @ 3.70		22.00
Covers	650 @ .038		25.00
Ink	4 tubes @ 3.00		12.00
Ink Pads	2 @ .50		1.00
Postage	1. Jaspilite - 650 @ .08	\$52.00	
	2. Treasurer - 100 @ .05	5.00	
	3. Secretary - 100 @ .05	5.00	62.00
Cards (4¢)	1. Exec Mtg. - 180 @ .04	7.20	
	2. Field Trip- 420 @ .04	16.80	
	3. Reg. Mtg. - 630 @ .04	25.20	
	4. Extras - 70 @ .04	2.80	52.00
Imprint Cards	100 @ .066		6.60
Stationery	1. Envelopes - 200 @ 2.90 C		11.60
	2. Letterheads 200 @ 2.90 C		25.00
Ski Museum Donation - annual			5.00
Charter renewal - annual			25.00
Federation dues - annual			10.00
Miscellaneous (typing paper, onion skin, carbon, pins, staples, etc.)			<u>\$284.20</u>

Special Expenses

Science Fair		\$50.00
Film rental		20.00
		<u>\$70.00</u>

Possible Expenses

Show fees	Visiting lecturer expenses
Transportation expenses	Expenses for fund-raising activities
Delegate expenses	Office machine repair and depreciation
New displays (cases, etc.)	Membership insignia, decals, car tags
Charities	Movie screen, projector
Telephone calls, etc.	Library, curator, liaison expenses
Addressograph	Social obligations (flowers, cards, etc.)
	\$100.00 - minimum

Summary of Expenses

Operating Expenses	\$284.20	
Special Expenses	<u>70.00</u>	\$354.20
Possible Expenses	<u>100.00</u>	<u>100.00</u>
		\$454.20

Receipts

Dues	\$210.00
Minimum shortage per year	- \$144.20
Possible shortage per year	244.20.

After considerable discussion and serious thinking, the Executive Committee decided that some fund-raising activities are in order. Carol Kokko suggested that we contact some other clubs and exchange minerals with them as a club, then put up the specimens received for silent auction. (Other clubs who read this and are interested, may write to Carol at Box 324, Negaunee, Mich.) Members of the I.R. & M.C. who have any ideas to raise funds are encouraged to contact the chairman or any members of the official board. But don't stop there--offer your help with some of the projects to make them work. Ideas won't work without people.

The I.R. & M.C. has long been one of the leading organizations in the Earth Science field. It didn't just grow that way--it was developed and groomed by hard work and

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL
(Cont.)

untiring effort of people--people who were, and are, proud to be members, and who often put their time and talents into club projects even at the expense of other activities.

Often, enthusiasm for a cause fails because of lack of direction. Here is the handwriting on the wall--the necessary direction for our efforts is all too evident. New and old members alike are challenged to tackle this perennial problem together. More members doing more together will build the spirit of fellowship and cooperation so necessary to the success of any organization.

Roy Hansen, Chairman
Budget & Finance Com.

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

Hundreds of years before the white man reached the American continent, pre-historic miners were at work with fire, water, and stone hammers cracking and breaking copper from what is now known as Michigan's Copper Country. We find their workings, their broken hammers and charcoal as proof that here labored hundreds of men beating from the earth the workable, malleable mineral, copper. Their pits are still visible, often over-worked by white men, but still traceable to these days of work by ancient Americans--Indian or Mound builders.

By diligent search and knowing what one is looking for, old scars on the earth are still found. The fragments of rock are generally small due to mining methods. Broken hammers are found in the spoil banks, discarded after serving their purpose. Little was left by these early men which can still be seen, for it was by following these ancient diggings that the early white miners found most of the paying copper mines in Michigan.

White miners destroyed most of the original mines by blasting them deeper and by covering them with their "poor rock" piles, paying little regard for the historical knowledge that might have been found. No maps were made of the old

diggings so one has to hunt for those still remaining traces. Thousands of the hammers both with grooves (for handles) and smooth hand stones have been found and added to collections throughout the country.

Would you like to add to your collection such a hammer, knowing something about its past history? There are still places to find them as there are thousands of them buried under the leaf mold and old rubble. The first clue in finding them are the mines of white men developed in the late 1800's. Nearly all of these mines were dug on old diggings and near them are ancient pits. Hammers are not found laying around on top of the ground--these were carted off as prized specimens. Depressions in the ground are clues; nearby rubble piles should be dug into, for here were thrown the discarded tools.

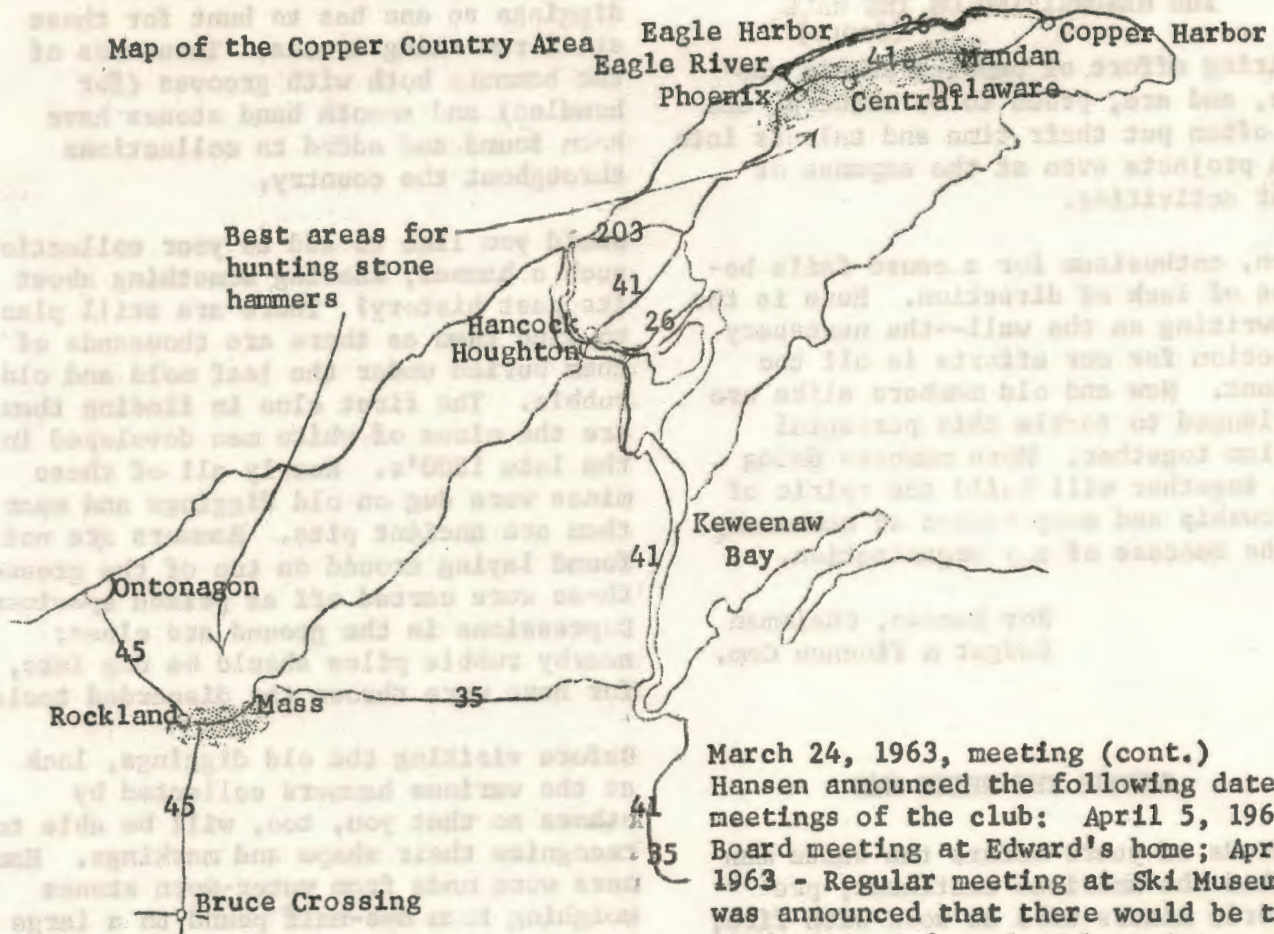
Before visiting the old diggings, look at the various hammers collected by others so that you, too, will be able to recognize their shape and markings. Hammers were made from water-worn stones weighing from one-half pound to a large one of about forty pounds. The stones for hammers were selected because of shape and hardness. Most of the hammers from Isle Royale were without grooves around their middle. The hammers found on the mainland were mostly of the grooved variety and some have been found with a double groove or crossed groove. These last are the most prized as they are the rarest. The groove was used to attach a handle for greater ease of use.

Do the ungrooved stones indicate an earlier miner and the grooved variety the advanced? We know not for sure as these men left little to guide us in writing their history. From the number of pits, carbon dating and estimating, it is figured that they mined for nearly 3000 years and removed thousands of tons of copper during this period. No wonder there are still hundreds of hammers if you want to search and dig for them.

Much has been written, many studies have been made concerning these early people. One of the most authoritative collections of papers and data is found in "Anthropological Papers, Museum of Anthropology, University of Michigan #17 - Title, Lake

BEFORE THE WHITE MAN (Cont.)

Map of the Copper Country Area



March 24, 1963, meeting (cont.)

Hansen announced the following dates for meetings of the club: April 5, 1963 - Board meeting at Edward's home; April 21, 1963 - Regular meeting at Ski Museum. It was announced that there would be two study groups formed. Those interested in lapidary would meet, after this meeting, with Jarl Kivela; and those interested in mineral identification would meet with Chester Bignall.

After the meeting there were movies on Iron and Copper Mining and Lapidary.

April 5, 1963

This meeting was held at the home of Jim and Mary Edwards in Marquette. After the regular secretary's and treasurer's reports a note was read from Ann Kivela thanking the club for the prize she won at the Science Fair. Jarl Kivela gave a complete report on the Science Fair.

Everyone agreed that the rock club received very poor news coverage in regards to its part in the Science Fair. After much discussion, it was decided that next year we will have an article written up and published previous to the Science Fair to familiarize people with what the Ishpeming Rock and Mineral Club is endeavoring to do in the educational field. After much discussion, it was decided to move the mineral

Superior Copper and The Indians, Miscellaneous Studies of Great Lakes Prehistory, edited by James B. Griffin.

It's fun just looking, and remember there are still the "poor rock" piles of modern mines to look over for the many minerals thrown aside. Here are a few to look for which are fairly easy to identify: copper, chalcocite, bornite, rock crystal quartz, chlorite, calcite, prehnite, epidote, chrysocolla, domeykite, datolite, thomsonite, and silver. These are the more common minerals--there are many others for the serious collector.

Glenn Gregg

MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS

March 24, 1963

This regular meeting of the IR&MC was called to order by Roy Hansen in the absence of our president. The secretary's report was read and accepted. The treasurer reported a balance of \$586.31. Roy

MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS (Cont.)

April 5, 1963 (Cont.)

displays to the New Mining Museum, if we could hold our meetings there.

Also discussed were field trips of the club on May 11 and 12 to the Rockland-Mass Area, and the M.W. Calendar-of-Events Field Trip on June 1 and 2 for local iron minerals.

April 21, 1963

This meeting was called to order just previous to the general meeting. There was a review of the aims of the Educational Committee of which Bob Richards is chairman. Then Bob Markert said that if he was assured by the club that cases will be ready by June 1, he would attempt to get the House of Mining Treasures to purchase 10 or 12 cases, similar to one on display. Roy Hansen made a motion that we would furnish minerals for the cases provided that they were purchased with the understanding that the IR&MC would have the use of the cases during the school year in its educational program.

It was suggested we may get the Creative Arts Group to donate their time and make appropriate backdrops for these cases.

It was also noted that this museum would be open during the summer months only, so it would not be available as a meeting hall at the present time.

April 21, 1963

A regular meeting was held at the Ski Museum, Glenn Gregg presiding. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted.

Jarl Kivela reported on the progress of the Michigan Week Committee. He requested the use of the two cases recently purchased from the M.W.F. Request approved. He also asked if a few specimens could be borrowed from club displays for Michigan Week. After discussion, Bob Weekley made a motion, supported by Bob Markert, that minerals may be borrowed provided they

cannot be obtained elsewhere. The loan is to be made through the curator, and, in the case of loaned specimens, with the owner's permission. A suggestion was made that the Michigan Week Committee could possibly borrow the two small cases which are part of our large exhibit of U.P. Minerals. This would involve getting the permission of all the loaners of specimens.

The Mather A Mine will be ready about May 15 to receive the club's two large cases of specimens. Bob Weekley, Chester Bignall, Elmer Jarvi, Bob Markert, Clem Newman, R. K. Richards, Roy Hansen, Frank Bogetto, Ruth and Leonard Lawson volunteered to help with the moving. Bob Markert will provide the equipment. The curators were requested to hold a meeting before the moving in order to bring all information up-to-date. Of necessity, this will be a weekend or evening proposition.

A general field trip will be held on May 11 and 12. It will be held in the Rockland-Mass-Ontonagon Area. Bob Markert will be in charge of the M.W. Calendar-of-Events Field Trip on June 1 and 2. Joe Collick, Chester Bignall, and Audobon Jenkins volunteered to help on Saturday. Jarl Kivela offered to help on Sunday.

Joe Collick furnished two door prizes for Juniors; won by Mike Morissete and Glen Kivela. Rufus Maynard, Taine Kokko, and Dick Miller won adult prizes.

May 1, 1963

A card of thanks was read from Peg Obremski of Bessemer, Mich. She also was a winner in the Science Fair awards by the club. Jarl Kivela made a motion to send a check for \$25 to the Ski Museum for the use of the hall. It was announced that the Creative Arts Group will do the background for the display cases.

Roy Hansen was appointed chairman of the Budget and Finance Committee. Carol Kokko, Frank Bogetto, and Chester Bignall are also on this committee. They are to make a study of what it is costing to put out the Jaspilite. Authorized Carol to purchase 5 reams paper, 1 tube ink, 3 quires stencils for next issue of Jaspilite.

MINUTES OF THE MEETINGS (Cont.)

May 1, 1963 (Cont.)

Revision of original constitution will be ready for presentation at the June Board meeting. Then it will be published in the next Jaspilite.

The meeting was adjourned. Mrs. Bignall served lunch. The next board meeting will be held on June 8, 1963, at Glenn Gregg's cottage.

* * * *

MIDWEST FEDERATION'S "LETTER-A-MONTH"

May, 1963 by June Culp Zeitner

Why Have State Rocks?

Judging from the number of letters I have received from all over since the subject of official state rocks was mentioned in the AFMS Bulletin, it seems likely that regardless of how we may feel about such measures, they are bound to be considered by most states in the near future. As an organized hobby in the earth science field we must be ready to use our influence to see that logical selections are made, that intra-club and intra-state differences are peacefully arbitrated, and that bills are accurately worded.

Since most states have official flowers, birds, and even trees, it is natural that in this rapidly mushrooming hobby, many people desire to see the mineral kingdom equally honored. We have a real opportunity to use this trend to further public knowledge of rocks and minerals, as well as to demonstrate that this hobby is fair, important, scientific, influential, and efficient--truly America's number one hobby. We should consider carefully the following points.

(1) The states will want a rock or mineral which may be used for publicity, official purposes, insignia, gifts to noted visitors, state museums, etc. (2) Scouts, 4H Clubs, science classes, and other groups, who have for years been bombarding museums, rocks shops, and public officials for samples of state rocks will want showy specimens which are readily available and not too expensive. (3) Hobbyists will

want a rock adaptable to jewelry, gem show exhibits, and other projects. (4) Field trippers will hope for state rocks they can have the pleasure of finding for themselves.

As varied as these points are, it will not be easy to choose a rock common enough to give or sell cheaply to children, beautiful enough for fine jewelry, and important enough for museum displays. The state rock should also be easily recognizable. It should be a rock or mineral unique to its state, most often associated with the state, discovered in the state, or named for a locality or resident of the state. In most cases, commercially mined minerals should be excluded, as what may be a big boost to one might prove unfair to the others. If commercial mine products are included we could conceivably wind up with many duplications. Alaska, California, and South Dakota would all have valid reasons to claim gold.

A bill to make rose quartz the official South Dakota rock was tabled half way through the State Legislature largely because of the inaccuracy of calling quartz a rock instead of a mineral, and partly because it caught by surprise most of the residents of the State interested in this subject either as professionals or hobbyists.

Obviously this whole thing could become very controversial. No matter how your club feels, they cannot stop this trend so it is best to give the matter some serious consideration at once. However, your group may feel that they would like to have a part in the selection of your state rock. If so, here is how to go about it. Refresh your knowledge of rocks and minerals of your state. Contact other clubs in the state as well as interested professional people. Choose a competent impartial group to poll the state clubs and others who would have a choice in the decision. In South Dakota, the State Geological Survey has volunteered to do this. Have a committee of qualified mineral and legal experts to double check the wording of your bill. Find an interested legislator to introduce your bill. Use the ensuing publicity to help your state and your hobby. Don't try to rush things. Do this job well.

MIDWEST FEDERATIONS'S "LETTER-A-MONTH"
(Cont.)

June, 1963

by Haydon Peterson

Midwest Federation Directories: The new 1963 Directory of the Midwest Federation lists the names and addresses of 140 Midwest Societies, officers and member federations of the American Federation, State Geological surveys in the Midwest, coming shows and field trips, and other interesting data.

Two copies have been mailed to each society. Members may purchase copies for 50¢ each plus 10¢ postage. Please order through your society so that Treasurer W. H. deNeui will not have to process many single orders from the same club.

Welcome: We welcome the following new members who have joined since the Directory came out:

Waterford Gem and Mineral Club
President and Liaison: Gerald Root of 6861 Desmond Driver, Waterford, Mich.
Meetings: Last Thursday of each month in the C.A.I. Bldg., Waterford, Mich.

Mequakie Rock Crafts Club
President: Merle Holland
Liaison Officer: Clarence Secrest of 2219 Hershey Ave., Muscatine, Iowa
Meetings: 2nd & 4th Thursdays of each month, Eagles Lodge Hall, Muscatine, I.

Duane Jorgenson, Personal Member, of 148 West Summit Street, Lead, S. D.

Rockrama News: A central Region Rockrama will be held Sept. 27-29 in Wauwatosa, Wis. (a suburb of Milwaukee). Host societies are the Kenosha Gem and Mineral Society, Kettle Moraine Geological Society, Racine Geological Society, and the Wisconsin Geological Society. It will be housed in the Wauwatosa Recreational Bldg., Hart Park, N.W. of State Street on 72nd St. (a continuation of Milwaukee). William Bode, 1601 S. Sherwood Drive, New Berlin, Wis. is general chairman. This will be a good show so mark your calendar now!

The Rockramas in Kansas City, Mo., and East Ohio have been cancelled for 1963. The Rockrama Chairman has a new address: Charles Mull, 5675 Winthrop Avenue, Indianapolis 20, Indiana.

Gift: A beautiful color slide program on the Lizzadro Museum has been donated to the Midwest by Joseph Lizzadro, founder of the Museum. Societies may avail themselves of this program and others in the Midwest slide library by writing Ellis Courter, Program Chairman, 26120 Rouge Court, Southfield, Mich. Make request well in advance of program date, and give a second and third choice of dates. Please include 50¢ for postage, insurance and handling.

Ho For Hibbing: The annual meeting of the Midwest Federation will be held on July 17, the day before the field trips start. Agendas and other details will be mailed to clubs in June. Each club is entitled to send two delegates to the meeting who vote as a unit. This is a built-in proxy, insuring a club full voting power should one of its delegates have to be absent from the meeting.

Help Eliminate Litter Please: The Midwest has endorsed the American Federation's H.E.L.P. project with the exception that it does not advise stopping along highways to clean up roadsides. This is not a safe practice, and additionally, each county in a state is required to keep public right-of-ways clean. Should a club find that a county is failing to do this, it can strike a much greater blow against litter by getting the county to take care of its responsibility than it can be occasional and hazardous roadside cleanup outings.

WHAT IS A ROCKHOUND?

My hair is of silver,
My head is of rock,
My eyes have a glint,
My nose has a "coal",
My teeth are of ivory,
My ears full of wax,
My arms are of iron,
My hands are of clay,
My neck is of rubber,
My feet are of lead,
My nerves are of steel,
My heart is of gold,
My senses are petrified
So I am told.

A Rockhound,
Julie Thompson

NEW LAPIDARY UNIT

April 9 and May 1 marked the first and second meetings of the newly formed lapidary unit within the Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club. Because of the increased interest shown along these channels, it was considered a necessary course of action, and certainly a step in the proper direction was far as the lapidarists are concerned.

The first meeting was held in the workshop of J. E. Kivela, with six members from the enrollment of 12 attending. Portable equipment was brought in by Al Murray, Sr., and Len Lawson, which helped considerably in keeping all busy. Again, at the second meeting which was held at Clem Newman's home, there were six members present.

In spite of the small attendance (although we consider this to be a favorable factor) a number of ideas were exchanged, and it has since been discovered, that as a direct result of these meetings, the ideas were put to practical use and proved to be of great value to the user. One of the most important objectives of the group is being realized: learning from the exchange of ideas.

In due time it is hoped that the program can be expanded to include the art of faceting, carving and silver work. It has also been mentioned that the ultimate goal of the Lapidary Unit would be to sponsor a Rock-O-Rama or a local Gem and Mineral Show. But, these are questions to be pondered and answered in the future.

All persons interested in this phase of the rockhound hobby, along with the experienced and amateur lapidarist, are invited to attend future meetings whenever they can.

Jarl E. Kivela

MINERAL IDENTIFICATION GROUP

An informal meeting was held at the home of Chester Bignall. Identification of minerals from the Champion Mine was the subject of discussion. Sight identification was set as the goal of the group; however, other types of identification were mentioned throughout the evening by the more experienced members.

Mineral displays were discussed and it was decided that a display of all the known mineral specimens found at the Champion Mine be put together by the group for the next field trip to aid those who are not familiar with the minerals of this area.

They also discussed the placing of show cases in the windows of downtown merchants in the local tri-city area. Selected to contact the merchants for the placement of cases were as follows: Marquette - Richard and Joyce Miller and Richard and Mary Mortagne, Ishpeming - Roy Hansen, and Negaunee - Jarl Kivela.

We decided to have a field trip to Grace Lake on April 27, 1963, to collect xl specimens. We will meet at the Crossroads Corner at 9 a.m. Those who do not know the location of the xls are urged to be there on time.

The meeting adjourned with everyone feeling they benefitted in the discussion.

Richard & Joyce Miller

GRACE LAKE

The Grace Lake field trip was attended by 14 adults plus some children. Our guides failed to arrive at the meeting place, so Leonard Lawson was drafted for the job. One near casualty slightly upset the day as the Edwards nearly lost their dog, Duchess. Some members used their time digging and some at boulder busting. Everyone got enough loot to call it a good day. Some very good clusters were found plus numerous single xls. A picnic lunch was eaten at the diggings.

Chester Bignall

MINERAL IDENTIFICATION GROUP (cont.)

A meeting of the group was arranged at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Terzaghi in Negaunee on May 24.

Nine persons were present including 3 juniors. Identification was attempted on a box of specimens that had been given to Louis Terzaghi. The material was reportedly taken from the old Lucy Mine about 50 years ago. Identification was made or attempted on specimens which other members had brought for discussion.

After about 2 1/2 hours of "round table" talk, the guests left for home in the rain. No plans were made for the immediate future.

Let me remind you that you do not "join" this group; any member may attend at any time. Meetings will be arranged whenever enough members indicate interest to warrant one. Just call 249-1308.

Chester Bignall

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THE LIZZADRO MUSEUM

Anyone traveling anywhere near Chicago should visit a suburb by the name of Elmhurst. There, in Wilder Park, is a beautiful new museum. For anyone interested in beautiful gems and minerals, this is the place for you; the Lizzadro Museum of Lapidary Art.

Now you will probably say, "but I'm not interested in lapidary; my interest is carving or just specimens". Well, you'll find those things there too.

This is a beautiful building, set in a lovely park. The displays are well lighted with simplicity being the keynote. Jade carvings of intricate designs are unbelievably beautiful. Mineral specimens of the best quality are displayed to their best advantage. The lapidary shop is complete. The fossil display is the most interesting and complete one I have ever seen.

You can't see everything in a half hour, so when you go there, plan on at least half a day.

The man who made all this possible is Mr. Joseph Lizzadro, a very sincere, warm, and generous man. We are very happy and proud to say, "We know Mr. Lizzadro". You will, too, when you have the privilege of meeting him.

Marian Markert

Editor's note: Bob, Marian, and Carol made the trip there a few months ago. It was well worth the time. I think those who saw just the slides at the club meeting will agree.

* * * *

MY HOBBY AS A ROCKHOUND

My hobby as a rockhound is very interesting. To be a rockhound you have to like the outdoors, like to rough it, and you have to be prepared to go in hills, mine piles and beaches.

Equipment needed to be a rockhound are safety glasses, hammer, chisel, and a rock bag. The safety glasses are to protect the eyes from flying pieces of rock. The hammer and chisel are used to crack stones and get specimens out of the rocks. The rock bag is for carrying the rocks that are collected. Other things needed are magnifying glass and a notebook so you can write down the name of the rock and where it was found. One more thing is newspapers to wrap the rocks in so they will not break.

I belong to the Ishpeming Rock & Mineral Club. In the winter we have meetings to make plans for future field trips to be held in the summer. We also learn about the rocks and minerals we have and will find on our field trips. During the meetings we see many movies and slides of caves and mine dumps.

This past summer we went on field trips to Alberta, Copper Harbor, Ishpeming, Escanaba, and Champion. In Alberta which is near L'Anse, we found Pyrolucite. Pyrolucite is a Manganese Oxide which forms in pretty, silver-colored crystals. In order to get the Pyrolucite, we have to pound it out of the hard rock with a sledge hammer and a chisel.

MY HOBBY AS A ROCKHOUND (cont.)

In Copper Harbor we found Datolite and Agate. All day Saturday we hunted for Datolite near Lake Fanny Hooe. Sunday, we had breakfast at Fort Wilkins and it was raining. My mother and Mrs. Markert were cooking the breakfast and the rain was running down the tent and down their backs. After breakfast we went out in the rain and chipped Agates out of the cliffs past the end of Highway 41. While we were looking for Agates, Mr. Markert showed us where he had found some Amethyst Crystals.

In Ishpeming we found Goethite and Talc. Goethite is an iron ore. Talc has magnesium in it. The talc is found at Ropes Gold Mine Quarry. Serpentine, which also contains magnesium, is found at the quarry too.

In Escanaba, we found Satin Spar which is a form of Gypsum. We also found some fossils in the Escanaba area. In Champion we found Tourmaline, Garnets, Mica, Specular Hematite, Iron Pyrite, and Magnetite.

Once you get your specimen, you should keep them in order. First you should get the name of the rock or specimen and put it down on a piece of paper or tape. Then you put the specimen over the paper and put them in a safe place where it will not break and people can see the collection.

by Jim Edwards, Jr.

* * * *

THE DUST SWALLOWERS

After attending a Board of Directors' meeting at Chester Bignall's one night, Carol came home brimming with joyous news of going on a rockhounds' jaunt to the Copper Country. All winter long we had dreamed of this, just waiting so anxiously for most of the winter's snow to disappear.

The alarm was set to go off at 3:30 a.m. We packed plenty of grub and duds along and arrived at the Jarvi's at 4:55 a.m. They were busy putting together all the last minute items for the trip. Then we were off. Elmer stopped to pick up Clem Newman as he was joining us also. Evelyn Jarvi rode with Carol and me in our Tribby,

Arriving at Calumet, we paused for gas, pop, and snacks to munch on. Then we rode to the end of U.S. 41 and took a dirt road from there. Up hill and down hill we went, Carol tailing so close behind Elmer's station wagon that you would have thought he was towing us. We sure swallowed the dust. Sometimes we'd stop to inspect the washouts in the gulleys to see if they were passable. After what seemed like miles and miles of dust and more dust, Elmer finally stops and says, "We've gone far enough. We'll turn around and try the side road we just passed." So--off we went after some more up hill and down hill with bumps and holes plus the everlasting dust. We reached a dead end at an inland lake. Not being the spot we were supposed to be looking for, we turned around again.

This time we got our wires crossed. Carol understood we were to pass the gate till we took another side road. We were in front this time. Carol made tracks and kept looking behind and no sign of the Jarvis behind us. Finally I said to Carol that we'd better stop and wait. So we nibbled on lunch and waited and waited. Then I said we'd better go back to look for them. We drove up to the next side road from the one we had been on, and it seemed like there were fresh tire tracks on it. Not having looked earlier what kind of treads the Jarvi's tires had, we couldn't have identified them anyways. Following the trail, we saw 2 deer and finally came to a bad mud hole--which didn't stop Carol. She went sailing rite into it and got hung up. We all climbed out to look. Mud was oozing all around us. After looking the situation over, I told Carol to get in and drive. Evelyn and I pushed. There was nothing to it. The bug jumped out of the mud hole and we climbed back in and in a few shakes of a lamb's tail we were on the shore of Lake Superior. We didn't know it then, but this was the spot Elmer had been looking for all along.

We walked the beach picking a few agates for a spell, then decided to go look for the others. As we passed a side road going down hill from the one we were on, we saw fresh tire tracks over our's turning on to the main road. Anyways, we weren't interested in trying that road, so we came back to the main road. We

decided we'd go pick ledge agates. It seemed like our dust had swallowed the Jarvis up. No signs of them did we see. But--wait--just before we reached our destination, we caught up with a cloud of dust--and by cracky it was Elmer's station wagon. After parking, they greeted us with "where have you been?" We answered, "Looking for you--where have you been?"

Sure enough those had been their tracks coming from the side road from below the hill. That's where we had passed each other. Catch it? Well Clem couldn't figure it out as he sat there eating lunch, so he said he'd never understand it unless we did it all over again! Then Mamie asked us if we saw those 2 deer, and we said we had. Then she asked us why we didn't ask them about us. They could have told us that they had seen the Jarvis.

After picking ledge agates for a spell we went back to this beach we had been to while looking for the Jarvis. Elmer left his station wagon this side of the mud hole. After crossing the hole with Trilby, Elmer, Mamie and Clem climbed in our bug and we drove to the beach. I think for the first time they realized what a great car our lil bug is.

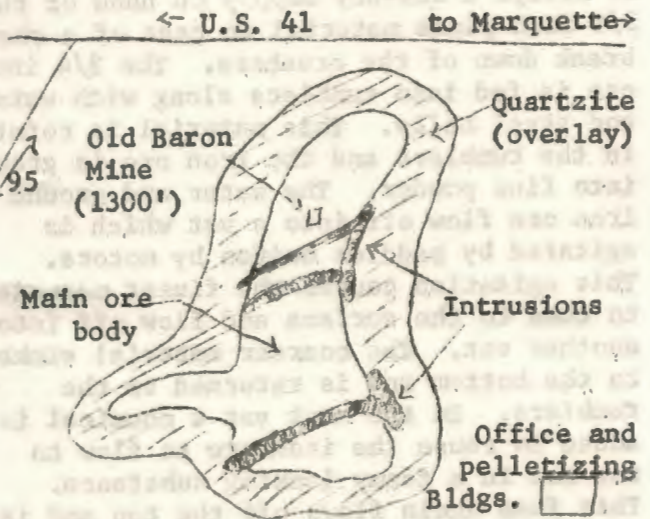
Everyone was scattered around different parts of the beach looking for agates (which had been picked earlier by the natives there). It was while I was cooking a pot of coffee by a smokey fire that I had four of the natives pass by me. They had beautiful agates to show. Bah! I tol myself--bet they didn't find those today. They're just carrying them around, agates found by old timers, just so they could make us green with envy.

Finally we left this High Rock Bay heading for home. The Jarvis got left at the Central Mine having hamburgers. We would have enjoyed staying with them, but I was thinking how much later we'd be back home if we stayed. So we bid them Goodbye and took to the highway. By the time we reached home, we were ready for the sack. The first whole day of real honest-to-goodness rockhounding for the year had left us pretty bushed.

by Taine Kokko

On February 21, 1963, a group of Western Electric Engineers went on a tour of the Humboldt Iron Mine near Humboldt, Mich. The tour was arranged in connection with Engineer's Week which was February 18-22.

We arrived at the Mine Office about 9 am and met our tour guide, Mr. Lukarri, the mine geologist. Mr. Lukarri started the tour by showing us a drawing which showed the location of the ore body which the Humboldt Iron Mine Co. is mining. A facsimile of the drawing is shown below.



From the office we went by truck to the pit area where the drilling was going on. There were two drills in operation in the pit. One of the drills was a rotary type drill which uses a steel bit to drill the holes. The other type drill was a Jet Piercer. The Jet Piercer operates by the use of a very hot flame which causes the ore to break away in small chips. The chips of ore are carried away by steam which forms a mud and forced to the surface by the pressure. The Jet Piercer was one of the inventions that made mining of the hard ores, such as the ore at the Humboldt Mine, possible.

The procedure used to mine the ore is to strip off a 35 foot layer at a time. To do this the drilling rigs drill many holes to a depth of 40 feet. After a hole was drilled to 40 feet, the drill is pulled up and an expanding drill is set down to a depth of 35 feet which drills a chamber for the charge to be put in. At the front edge of the blast area, the

HUMBOLDT IRON MINE (Cont.)

holes are drilled slightly deeper to insure a level bottom when the charge is set off.

First stop after the pit area was the primary crusher where the large chunks, which are hauled from the pit by huge trucks, are crushed to 6 inch pieces. The 6 inch pieces travel by conveyor belt to the secondary crusher where the pieces are crushed to 3 inch pieces. The 3 inch pieces then go, again by conveyor belt, to the tertiary crusher where the iron ore is broken into 3/4 inch pieces. There is always a one-day supply on hand of the 3/4 inch piece material in case of a short break down of the crushers. The 3/4 inch ore is fed into tumblers along with water and steel balls. This material is rotated in the tumblers and the iron ore is ground into fine powder. The water and ground iron ore flow off into a vat which is agitated by paddles driven by motors. This agitation causes the finest material to come to the surface and flow off into another vat. The coarser material sinks to the bottom and is returned to the tumblers. In the next vat a chemical is added to cause the iron ore to flow to the top in a foamy looking substance. This foam again flows off the top and is washed away by water. At this point the ore is about the consistency of face powder.

The next step in the operation is to separate the ore from the water. To do this large drums rotate through the vats containing the ore in suspension. A vacuum is applied to the portion of the drum that is submerged in the vats. As the drum rotates around about 270 degrees, the vacuum is released and the iron falls onto a conveyor belt which carries it to large hoppers in preparation for the beginning of the pelletizing process. The iron is drawn off at the bottom of the hoppers and fed by conveyor belt to large tumblers which form the pellets. On the way to the tumblers a clay material is added to cause the ore to ball up faster. As the pellets fall out of the tumblers, they pass over a vibrating screen and the pellets that are large enough pass on to the next operation while the smaller pellets fall through the screen and return to be made larger.

After the pellets are formed, they are spread out on a large belt to be fed through an oven which is at 2200 degrees F. After the oven process, the pellets go into a large kiln which is slowly rotating. The kiln is also at about 2200 degrees F., and is sloped slightly so the pellets roll and move down towards the bottom end. As the pellets come out of the kiln, they are hauled to a stock pile to await shipment to the smelters.

The finished pellets are 62.5% iron whereas the original ore was 30% iron. Two types of ores can be found at the Humboldt Mine. These are magnetite and hematite. The two ores can be distinguished from each other by inspection and also by the use of a magnet. A magnet will attract magnetite but not hematite. This is also true after the pellets have been formed. The pellets which contain more magnetite will be attracted by a magnet while the pellets which contain more hematite will not.

At the completion of the tour we returned to the office where we turned in our safety glasses and hard hats and thanked Mr. Lukkari for a very interesting tour.

J. T. Edwards

* * * *

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am an agate! If you have time to listen to my story, I will tell you about a most fantastic journey, which it was my fate to endure. I suppose you wonder how I, an agate, can communicate. I will endeavor to clear up this point, and you will realize how perfectly simple the whole thing is. When my master put me between two metal plates and started to squeeze my sides by using a thing called a wrench, I gave off electrical impulses. Being of an inquisitive nature, he connected a meter to me and the metal plate, and then he fooled around with some other electronic gadgets so that my electric current could register. Anyway, to make the story short, he wound up with me hooked up to a crystal detector radio set. Boy, did that cat whisker tickle! I was then able to pour out my story which was stored up in my electrons since my beginning.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Cont.)

It all started a couple of hundred million years ago when the lava flows, at the place where I had my beginning, started to cool off. There was much gas in the lava which caused many bubbles, and it was one of these bubbles which was to become my home for several eons. Life in my cavity was not as placid as you might imagine. I went through many earthquakes, some of which were of stupendous magnitude. Eventually the earth settled down, and then a new experience awaited me. The glaciers came! I and my cousins were rudely ripped from our homes in great blocks and urged along under a tremendous covering of ice and snow. The very rock in which I lived was gradually crushed to bits, but I resisted the pressure, although this took some doing. I received a number of fractures while I was thrust along by the glaciers. I was rolled and twisted and turned in every conceivable attitude. Finally I sensed that we had stopped. My prison of ice and snow was being melted away and I was liberated into a cascade of water, which carried me along to be deposited with all the other detritus as well as my cousins and we became a great esker where we lay in peace and quietude for a few hundred centuries.

I came to realize that a new and different vibration was rhythmically jarring the ground, but only during the daytime. You see, I could sense a temperature variation that repeated itself over and over, so I naturally concluded that it must be night and day. After a considerable period of time the cause of this disturbance was disclosed. It was a steam shovel chuffing away and digging a great trench which some months later became a railroad right-of-way. I was left exposed along the hillside overlooking the big ditch, and the following year I saw my first railroad train. It was pulled along by a great iron juggernaut, which huffed and puffed as it dragged along many dozens of huge boxes on wheels, all of which were loaded with merchandise. Besides trains, I saw every kind of wild-life and birds, and hundreds of different insects.

Life on my hillside was pleasant. I especially enjoyed the summer sun and the

cool invigorating rains. Winter was sort of dreary, but my hillside facing the sun the way it did was quickly melted free of snow in the spring.

I spent about three quarters of a century on my hillside before one of three men, who were climbing all over the place, picked me up and put me in his canvas bag with the comment that this one had some possibilities.

It was after the man dumped me out of his bag in the basement of his home that I came to be put in the clamp where I first demonstrated my piezoelectricity. The clamp that gripped me swung in an arc and I was brought to bear against a whirling disc, which had (of all things) diamond fragments embedded in the rim. Even though I was being drenched with oil I emitted sparks but that blade went right on through. I was left flat sided. The fractures that I had endured while the glaciers shoved me along now were really apparent, so my master turned me over and sawed off my other side. He commented on my fractures, and then tossed me in with a lot of other rock fragments, and I was doomed to the tumbler.

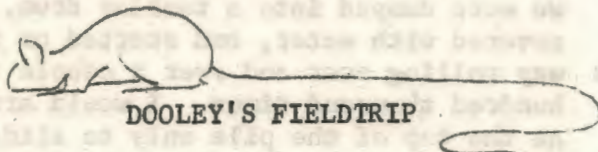
That tumbler was quite an experience. Along with some of my cousins and a lot of other rock and silicon carbide grit, we were dumped into a tumbler drum, covered with water, and started on our way rolling over and over a couple of hundred thousand times. I would arrive at the top of the pile only to slide down and then get buried and squeezed on my way around and down the hill again. Have you ever experienced monotony? I feel that my trip through this machine topped them all.

After a week we were all removed, washed, dried. No diet ever reduced anything the way my week in this overcrowded ferris wheel reduced me. However, I will be fair and grant that it made an improvement. I went in all wrinkled as a prune around my unsawn edge and I came out really slick. The next thing I knew, I was back in the tumbler again with all the others, but the grit was much finer this trip, and the scratches were gradually reduced. I was beginning to acquire a sort of glow. Another week and the same old story, back into the tumbler again with

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Cont.)

grit so fine it was as smooth as velvet, but this was not the last of it. Once more into the tumbler with oxide of tin and a lot of little wooden blocks. This trip was a breeze...only three days, and out we came to be followed by a half a day in detergent. Talk about clean! I came out of this trip positively brilliant. I could tell my master was pleased by his smile. Although I had gone around and down almost a million times, I never felt better. My banding which is a variety of colors was enhanced by my journey, and when my master turns out all the lights and turns on the black light, parts of me turn absolutely green. My electrons are so excitable that I not only fluoresce, but I phosphoresce as well when the black light is turned off. It is very gratifying to hear all the "ohh's and ahh's" from the many people who come to see me in my place of prominence where I am displayed on shelves that have rocks and minerals from all over the world. I owe a great deal to the insatiable curiosity of my master in being able to relate my agatography, so I will always be grateful to Big Al. Come and see me some time.

by Albert E. Murray



DOOLEY'S FIELDTRIP

Our five-car caravan arrived at the Minnesota Mine at about 10:00 a.m. Saturday, May 11. Many cars were there already. Practically the first objective was a search for the prehistoric hammers after Glenn Gregg showed us where to look for them. Leonard Lawson turned up quite a few fine examples, and at least two patches of charcoal were located. While digging, Bernie Dooley was discussing the history of the hammers with Bob Markert. Most of the hammers are broken and were probably discarded by their makers. Bernie suddenly observed the following rather ruefully, "Are we ever nuts! Here we spend the day digging our fool heads off looking for hammers that even the prehistoric men didn't want!"

Bernie, whom I was watching, came up with

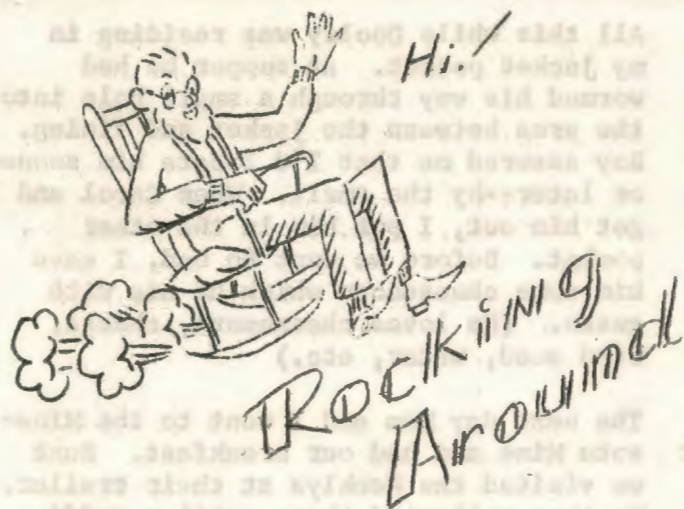
a hibernating kangaroo mouse which I promptly confiscated. After showing it to everyone, I put the mouse in the glove compartment of Trilby.

Half an hour later, I opened the compartment so I could display the new addition to Carol Fogle. Imagine the scramble that ensued trying to catch a jumping mouse, thoroughly bewildered regarding his new surroundings. At any rate, after capturing him, I put him in one of my woolen gloves and that into the zippered pocket of my jacket.

After our noon lunch, the group departed to the Michigan Mine where another known location of hammers is. I checked on the mouse and it got away from me again and jumped right into a water-filled pit. It swam right up to me (there was no place else for it to go) and I stuffed the little soggy creature back into the glove. Bernie wanted to use my "potu kuoka", so we went back to Trilby to get it. I put the glove on the running board and fixed up my camera. Then I picked up the glove, but the mouse (by now, named Dooley) had disappeared. I figured he had run off into the woods,

When Bernie and I got back to the diggings, the group decided to hunt datolite at another old mine nearby. Several miniature pieces were found there. To my horror, the biggest find was a batch of wood ticks! I had never seen them before, so my lively imagination took over and I could feel them crawling all over me, especially my back. I squirmed, slapped, scratched, and shuddered until the rest decided to leave. About the best find there was made by Domenica Carlyon when she wandered into a patch of morell mushrooms.

Back at our cars, everyone settled down to lunch again. I sat with Domenica, Marian, and Joyce Hansen in the Markert's car while we waited. I was still nervous and finally pulled up my pants' leg to find a wood tick crawling on me. I flicked him off, and now I was worse than ever. One big one seemed to be crawling up my arm, so I was going to rub my arm. Heavens to Betsy! There was a lump in my sleeve, which I realized, after the first frantic moments, must be Dooley. How he got into my jacket I'll never know. The



I wonder how many of our club members stopped in to see Ken Fulton's place at Pauling after our trip to the Rockland area. You were all invited, you know. He has a lovely place--a zoo, a private lake stocked with trout, a motel, some antiques, and a curio shop where he sells his driftwood masterpieces and his lapidary work. At present he is building a windmill. When completed it will house his shop on the first floor, lapidary and rock displays on the next floor, and antiques on the top. The windmill will "really work". The electricity generated will pump water and run his tumbling equipment.

Domenica Carlyon

Colleen Dooley had an operation recently. We hope she is doing well.

Erin Dooley fell off a swing and broke her arm. We hope the cast comes off soon, Erin.

The Rib Mountain Gem and Mineral Society, Inc., are holding a Swap-A-Rama for one day only--Saturday, July 27--from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at the Marathon County Park on Highway 29 in Wausau, Wisconsin. Slabs, rocks, cabs, specimens, findings, etc., will be swapped. This is not a dealer show, strictly swapping. Picnics and camping, and trailer parking on grounds. For more information write to Walter Kurth of 222 Morris Street, Schofield, Wisc.

I greatly enjoyed cutting this issue of the Jaspilite. I think you will enjoy reading it. For years we have been pleading for articles, and you finally came though! Please--now that you're on the right track^{!!} don't settle back to survey the results. Instead, lean forward and write an article on your last fieldtrip, a "do or don't" on polishing that you've discovered, some research you've done recently, something you've read that is interesting, or even some brainstorm you had. Then send any or all of these in to me in time for the next issue. Let's try to make the next issue even better.

This group put on a Rockrama last year which I attended. I enjoyed it very much and so I know that they will put on an equally excellent show. Don't miss this either.

Art and Thelma Powell of Findlay, Ohio, visited in our area several weeks ago.

The editor would like to answer the question regarding my last front-page illustration which Con Peterzen asked in his Rock Bulletin Reviews of the Mesabi Media. He asked, "How did that collector (?) get all that electric power in the wilds of Northern Michigan? Electric blankets, sun lamp, etc.?" I expected to get that question from my own fellow club members, but didn't. Well, this time I had a logical (?) answer ready. That collector (!) is our president, Glenn Gregg, and he's a real live wire! Thanks for asking, Con.

My hearty thanks for all the wonderful people who came through with the excellent articles which you just finished reading!

Don't forget to attend the 1963 Field Trip Convention on July 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1963. See you at Hibbing on those dates attending the many fieldtrips being hosted by the Mesabi Rock and Mineral Club.

"Rotsa Ruck" rounding up rocks! Hope you find that perfect specimen you've been looking for.

DOOLEY'S FIELDTRIP (Cont.)

last thing I had seen of that mouse was the tip of its tail when I put the glove on the running board several hours ago. So my imagination hadn't been so lively after all--that crawling up and down my back had been Dooley all the while.

My mother helped me take off my jacket, but Dooley was gone again. I could feel him in my clothes though and I fished him out from between the two blouses I was wearing, amid the uproarious laughter of everyone present. I was too relieved to be rid of the crawling sensation to be too much embarrassed at the moment though.

From there Mom and I went with the Hansens to collect at another place. Roy scared the daylights out of all of us by turning his VW bus around on a narrow bit of road above a high drop.

We had our evening meal with the Hansens at the Minnesota Mine. We shared our food and had potluck. Ours was all the luck through as the Hansens contributed steak!

We hunted up the motel-hotel at Ontonagon for our rooms for the night. To our surprise, the fellow who stood on the other side of the counter and took care of us was Glenn Gregg. He's such a good regular customer there that he can take over the business at any time.

We visited the Ontonagon County Historical Museum in town. There are many, many interesting exhibits there including a stone head found in the same area. An invitation was extended to us to attend a pancake breakfast put on by the Lions Club. Chester Bignall had noticed that Ontonagon is a rockhound's town. Note the names of the streets: Spar, Laumentite, Prehnite, Amygdaloid, Copper, Conglomerate, Trap, and Quartz.

Back at the motel, the rockhounds took over the lobby. Bob Weekley brought out his electric guitar and finally Roy Hansen was persuaded to play Bob's mandolin. Jay Weekley clapped in perfect time to the music. Everyone enjoyed the entertainment very much. Regretfully, those who could not stay, left for home, and we others "hit the sack."

All this while Dooley was residing in my jacket pocket. At supper he had wormed his way through a small hole into the area between the jacket and lining. Roy assured me that I'd locate him sooner or later--by the smell. When Carol and I got him out, I put him in the other pocket. Before we went to bed, I gave him some cheesecorn which he ate with gusto. (He loves cheesecorn, cheese, bird seed, water, etc.)

The next day Mom and I went to the Minnesota Mine and had our breakfast. Next we visited the Weeklys at their trailer. We then collected there until a sufficient group accumulated.

Glenn took us out to the old Nasau Mine. We walked in about a quarter mile. I was digging by Bob Weekley when he made his find. We decided to go fifty fifty on everything we got. We found quite a few pieces of datolite after excavating a large area. Around noon, my mother made the trek back to the car and came back to "grubstake" us. Bob, Glenn and I gobbled everything up in short order after our hard work. By the time we quit everyone had disappeared.

Our loot was divided and we dragged ourselves back to our cars. Mom and I called it a day. Trilby was pointed towards home; we sure were bushed.

At home we unloaded the car. Then I put Dooley in a temporary home. The next order of business was removing a wood tick from my mother's neck!--the finale to our weekend.

Now you are invited to visit us--our 2 geese, little red hen, 2 cats, a cockatiel, 2 parakeets, Dooley, Mom and I--and see our rock collection.

By Carol Kokko

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1963 FIELD TRIP CONVENTION
 St. Louis County Fairgrounds, Hibbing, Minn.

MIDWEST FEDERATION
 July 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1963

	Amount <u>Enclosed</u>	Committee <u>Audit</u>
Basic registration fee per person (age 15 & under free) (Souvenir booklet not included).....	\$4.00	_____
Thompsonite Collecting fee (per person).....	2.25	_____
MWF Council meeting, Hotel Coates, Virginia, Wed. 5 p.m. ?		_____
Pasty Supper, Hibbing, Minn., Thursday, 6-8p.m.....	1.25	_____
Fish/Steak Fry, Ely, Minn., Friday, 8:30 p.m.....	2.00	_____
Editors' Breakfast, Chisholm, Minn. Sat., 7:30 a.m.....	1.25	_____
Banquet, Hibbing, Minn., Armory, Sat., 8:30 p.m.....	2.50	_____
Camping facilities, St. Louis County Fairgrounds, Hibbing (fee covers full four-day stay).....	2.00	_____
Tailgate permit, designated area, fairgrounds.....	2.00	_____
Souvenir Booklet.....	1.00	_____
Total amount enclosed		_____

Trip reservation sheet enclosed _____
 Baby sitter required _____; Age of children _____

Note: Bus trips cannot be made mandatory, but certainly will make the long trip
 Please made your check or money order payable to: G. A. Ogden easier!
 Convention Treasurer
 Mesabi Rock & Mineral Club.

Send all reservations to C. B. Peterzen, General Chairman
 1963 Field Trip Convention
 2607 E. Third Avenue, Hibbing, Minn. Phone 263-9745.

(Please type or print plainly, list individual family members separately).

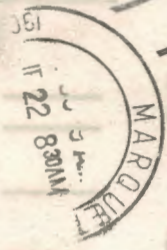
Name _____

Address _____

LAST DATE FOR RESERVATIONS - June 20, 1963

Emergency phone, Fairgrounds Headquarters (after July 17) 263-5116.

MINIMUM RESERVATION
July 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1953
Reserve Committee



Party Super, Hibbing, Minn., Thursday, 8:30 a.m. 1.25
 Hibbing, Minn., Friday, 8:30 a.m. 2.00
 Hibbing, Minn., Saturday, 8:30 a.m. 1.25
 Hibbing, Minn., Sunday, 8:30 a.m. 2.50
 Camping facilities, St. Louis County Parkgrounds, Hibbing
 (for covers full four-day stay) 2.00
 Hibbing, Minn., Sunday, 8:30 a.m. 2.00
 Hibbing, Minn., Monday, 8:30 a.m. 1.00
 Local meals enclosed

Trip reservation sheet enclosed
Baby stroller required

Notes: This trip cannot be made mandatory, but certainly will make the long trip
Please make your check or money order payable to: E. F. O'Brien
Send all reservations to E. F. O'Brien, General Chairman
1953 Trip Committee, 205 E. Case St., Hibbing, Minn. Phone 263-9745.

Mr. Robert K. Richards
205 E. Case St.

Marquette -
Michigan

Name _____
 Address _____

LAST DATE FOR RESERVATION - June 30, 1953

Emergency phone, Parkgrounds headquarters (after July 17) 263-2116.