

THE CAPITAL ROCKHOUNDER



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DECEMBER 2003

December Meeting and Auction

We will have our December meeting and auction at the Gateway Diner, 899 Central Avenue, Albany, NY. Dinner will be served at 7:00 pm but come early to check over the great assortment of items to be auctioned off. For reservations, call Betty Phillips at 518-399-1750 and pay at the door. The cost of dinner is \$16 per person. The buffet menu includes: tossed salad, sirloin and mushrooms, chicken oreganato, rice pilaf, green beans in tomato sauce, strawberry shortcake, rolls, tea, coffee, soda. If you would like a vegetarian meal, you may be able to order off the menu.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATION FOR THE DINNER. CALL BETTY PHILLIPS TODAY AT 518-399-1750.

December Dinner Meeting

Come one! Come all! Join in on the holiday season. Those who wish to participate in the gift exchange, please bring a wrapped gift. Gifts should be related to rockhounding (specimens, rockhounding guides, tools, etc.) and under five dollars. Exchange is simple, bring a wrapped gift and at the appointed time go up and pick up a gift for yourself.

Plans are being made for the semi-annual auction. Bring your checkbook or cash for items you have won during the bidding. You will be allowed to bring three items to enter into the auction. Items should be related to rockhounding (specimens, books, guides, tools, jewelry, etc.). 100% of the money will again be going to the club's treasury, so go crazy on the bidding. Everyone who will be bidding will be assigned a number and after the auction is over will have his/her total tallied. So make plans for an enjoyable night with all your rockhounding friends.

November Meeting

George Gearhardt made a presentation on what to do with specimens once we have collected them - minimum cleaning (special program later); labeling; display and storage; creating an

inventory to record what you collected, where, when, special details (size, crystals, etc.) and where you have it in your home. Things you can do in addition to displaying the specimens include: trim; tumble (rotary and vibrating); flat vibrating machines 10" to 15" in diameter; carving animals or other figures (soapstone carving).

Making cabochons and faceting gemstones will be dealt with at future meeting.

February Show Committee

Mike Hawkins, Collections Manager for Geological Survey at the NY State Museum in Albany, reported the dates for the annual show would be February 21-22, 2004. A committee will be formed to help publicize the event, distribute posters and flyers, and to collect admission fees at the museum during the show. This committee will meet in January, date to be announced at January meeting and in the newsletter. If interested, call Mark Kilmer (518-725-7629) for details.

Marketing Committee

The Marketing Committee will have a final meeting in December to finalize items to be reported to membership in January or February. A broad range of activities are being discussed and evaluated that should help spread the word that mineral and fossil collectors can be found at the Capital District Mineral Club.

November: Black and Blues

First reported by Anne Woods we learned that Gerald Boileau suffered an injury while collecting at a secret location in Ilion, NY. He confirmed he had a four-day stay at Memorial Hospital for the injury.

Another member has also been reported injured. Marie Osbenlitter also had a bad fall while visiting family in Tennessee. She broke both a hip and an arm. Her current address is 1317 D Green Pond Road, Soddy Daisy, TN 37379.

Dues are Due!!

Check the date following your name on the mailing label on the back page of this newsletter. If the date is circled in red, this will be your last newsletter. We have attached an application form for your convenience. Let us hear from you. If you have any questions, contact George Gearhardt at 518-355-0670 or ggear@atecone.net.

Name Change for NEFTA

N.E.F.T.A. is looking to change its name and we would like to ask you (plus other clubs) for a more improved name that will include all clubs throughout the eastern United States. One suggestion is the "East Coast Field Trip Alliance".

We are changing our name because we feel that the name "NEFTA (North East Field Trip Alliance) is restricting other clubs from joining if they are not located in the north east.

We are also looking at having two meetings next spring, the first one will be at the Albany show in February and the second one will be in March at the D.V.E.S.S. show to help move meetings closer to the clubs. Thank you all for making this year the best year ever for NEFTA/East Coast Field Trip Alliance. And we'll see you in the spring or late in the winter.

You can e-mail your suggestions to Bob Hartig at rockbob@nycap.rr.com.

We May Be the Enemy

by Don Kauffman

This past October the following story of chance discovery was posted on the Internet. The news release while interesting and informative had a much darker message imbedded within its paragraphs. The article combined sciences of paleontology, geology and mineralogy, and as subjects of great interest to all of us, we read the facts and evaluate them with great concern.

In what may be called a "significant find", a reported road construction project in Missouri was put on hold due to discovery of a cavern below the proposed roadbed. The location, one not registered among some 5000 "Show Me" state caves, was discovered by a chance dynamite blast over a year ago. The cavern has been said to contain pristine mineral formations, very large stalactites; beautiful mineral flows and unusual fossilized lifeforms; among them Ice Age "short-faced bears, extinct tortoises, and a pig-like animal."

Unfortunately, human greed and disregard for property showed its ugly face. In a very short time after announcement of the

discovery, person or persons unknown entered the location and created havoc by cutting into calcite columns. Most likely stalactites and other more delicate mineral structures were irreparably damaged. Scientifically priceless minerals were removed and some fossilized animal skeletons were destroyed in the cavern full of "infinite research possibilities."

Authorities found it necessary to secure and seal the location until experts could return to inventory and study the fabulous Ice Age era mineral and fossil materials. While this treasure trove was not officially recorded or protected by state or federal statutes, the unauthorized entry and vandalism of the location should be of great concern to all of us whether our interests are in the realm of minerals or fossils.

It is important to note that should fossils or minerals, discovered as in this instance, should be considered in immediate jurisdiction of "public domain". They should be respected as government or public property and protected. There should be no question as to ownership or stewardship of the land surrounding the area of discovery. Such priceless scientific paleontological and geological finds should be preserved and studied for the benefit of all.

Back in June, Massachusetts Congressman James P. McGovern gave testimony before a joint legislative hearing. His comments shed some disturbing light regarding the pillage occurring on public and private land. He noted that a study by the National Park Service documented over 700 cases of fossil theft or vandalism in a short period of three years. Equally alarming was reference to a report by the Forest Service which indicated no less than one-third of paleontological locations surveyed in one state's federally designated national grasslands showed evidence of illegal collecting by unauthorized persons or groups. He further alluded to a huge international black market which is "exploding" with the gains of illegally removed fossils. He concluded that resources on these public lands are owned by all and we must develop clear, consistent and unified policies to give our public servants authority to protect our heritage.

As responsible amateur mineral and fossil collectors, we are caretakers of the earth, monitors of our clubs and citizen ranks. As members of clubs promoting reasonable collecting of these earthen resources, we should all be mindful of the Code of Ethics advocated by the American Federation. Most important of those listed principles being: respect for private and public property, doing no collecting without permission, causing no willful damage to property or collecting material, and reporting to any federal officials any deposit which should be protected for the benefit of future generations for educational and scientific purposes.

The irresponsible assault on natural sites as discovered on state,

private or federal lands should be considered an affront to all that cherish the true scientific value of such finds. We should be aware of and support any reasonable efforts to legislate protection of our scientifically valuable fossil and mineral records.

Years ago, cartoonist, Walt Kelly, introduced a character name "Pogo". His character once said and has been quoted many times over, "We have met the enemy and he is us." Human nature being what it is, we must recognize there is a faceless enemy among us. That enemy may be an individual or a conspiring cast of individuals who would deliberately invade and steal from such priceless sites as the Missouri find.

For responsible mineral or fossil collectors to turn a blind eye to such action is blatantly wrong. We must not fail to do all we can to support a stand against these actions. If we read a clip from our newsletters about protection of fossils but do nothing to inform ourselves and take no action, then we may as well have committed the crime. We must look into the moral mirror and catch the reflection. We may be the enemy.

Mineral Theft

In an e-mail from the Eastern Federation, it was reported that Gene Rydall, past president of the Gem & Mineral Society of Syracuse had his home burgled the weekend before Halloween and lost most of his inventory of minerals. He trades under the name "Gem Hunter Minerals".

As you attend shows, be on the lookout for any individual attempting to sell minerals with the "Gem Hunter Minerals" label or someone who is not a dealer at the show you're attending trying to sell. If you should encounter such a situation, please notify the local police immediately.

Rocks - Cheers or Boos?

by Bert Ellison

*The Brampton Rockpile - reprinted with permission
Brampton, Ontario, Canada*

We members of our Brampton Club should occasionally remind ourselves that we have rock as well as mineral interests. And so, always in the interests of our editors, this space would like to offer some - hopefully - interesting information on this literal foundation of geology - rocks.

Even among elementary school children, granite is basically the most correctly identified favorite. For that matter, it is for adults also. The reason is more or less obvious - it's usually spotted with large "grains", hence the name.

There is a vast literature and equally vast disagreement about

granite, centering mostly on its origin. It certainly is "plutonic" - its large crystals attesting to slow cooling deep in the crust. But does it come from recycled sediments of uncertain source, or metamorphic material, or has it crystallized from certain kinds of magmas? The dispute rages, but with our better understanding of crystal-plate movement many scientists favor the idea that as the continents drift across ocean floors, the thick deep-sea sediments are scraped off and forced under the continents to great melting depths.

It is suggested that this now-buoyant liquid (magma), or mush, begins to rise as great balloons - remember the once-fashionable lava lamps? - melting and/or displacing overlying country rock as they head toward the surface of the crust. It appears significant that these great bodies of granite - batholiths - are found under mountain ranges. There, hoisted by mountain building (orogenesis) the overlying rocks are often removed, exposing these granite masses to view. For example, we have the Nevada, Idaho, Nelson and Coast Range batholiths (deep rocks) beautifully available for our inspection. Well, sort of. While surface exposures may be hundreds of kilometers wide by thousands long parallel to the Coast Ranges, there is no way of knowing how deeply they extend, their uniformity with depth or the mechanics of their formation. No technology in sight will be of use.

Even the definition of granite has been hugely corrupted, mostly by the building-stone industry where almost any rock with visible crystals may get plugged into the term. Presently, true granite is made up something like this "rubbery" analysis: quartz 20-60%; feldspar(s) 30-70%; and dark (mafic) minerals such as biotite and hornblende in small amounts. Granite forms the cores of all continents because its S.G. (specific gravity) of about 2.7 allows it to "float" on the heavier - S.G. 3.3 - basalt of the mantle. It's also lighter in color thanks to quartz and feldspars.

The sloppy definition of granite is largely due to the kinds and quantities of feldspars present. If you can hang in there long enough we'll try to sort out the feldspar mess another time.

Uses? Well, if we've lived the good life, perhaps caring survivors will plant a plain block or a handsomely carved monument over our bones - tombstones. A more conspicuous use is as facing on (bank!) towers and commercial buildings. We may be suspect that these were laboriously hacked into shape in prison quarries. Of course, we would be wrong.

As for comfort, have you ever walked or cycled over old European streets? Belgian blocks, maybe?

GEOTALES: A COLLECTION OF STORIES ABOUT EARTH SCIENTISTS

Stuart E. Jenness and Jean M. Spencer Jenness

CHAPTER SIX: ORE HUNTERS (continued)

Difficult Decision

In his early days in the East Tintic District, Utah, **Hal Tryon Morris** was working with Dr. T.S. Lovering on a detailed study of the metal deposits. Some bore holes had been made, and Lovering decided that they really ought to see what the temperature was at the bottom of the holes. He therefore dispatched Morris to the drugstore in the nearest town to buy a thermometer. In response to Morris' request for a thermometer, the druggist asked "Anal or oral?" Momentarily nonplussed, Morris paused, then happily answered, "Anal!"

(Brobst, D.A., 1992, personal communication.)

Handling an International Incident

Richard A.F. Penrose, Jr., the great benefactor of the Geological Society of America and the first Harvard Ph.D. in geology, has recounted his early experiences handling miners in a small phosphate mine near Ottawa, Canada. Fresh from completing his doctoral thesis on phosphate deposits in 1886, he was hired as superintendent of the Anglo-Canadian Phosphate Company's phosphate mines. The company's mines were in small deposits of apatite scattered along the valley of what is now the Lievre River, in the Precambrian Shield immediately north-northeast of Ottawa. The following year, he was promoted to General Manager of all of the company's mines along this river and also of their mines near Perth, roughly 100 miles to the southwest. Shortly afterwards he was confronted with some disgruntled miners in one of the mines near Perth. Here is how he handled the problem.

During the time I was at Perth there was quite an anti-American feeling on account of the absurd fear which existed at that time that the United States was attempting to annex Canada. Of course well informed people.... knew there was nothing in such reports, but the mass of ignorant people believed implicitly in them. The situation caused some trouble among the men in the mine and some antagonism towards what they called the 'yankee Manager', who had replaced their own particular Manager. I tried to appease this feeling as much as possible, but it nevertheless seemed to grow, and the principal way it was manifested was by the miners underground doing less and less real work. Of course this meant great injury to the Company, and one night I decided to try to stop it. I went down into the mine alone, about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the night shift was supposed to be active, and found every one of the men sitting around on the rocks smoking and gossiping and evidently oblivious to the passage of time. I then and there told them that they were all discharged, and gave them orders to come to the surface and get their pay checks. I expected this would cause some trouble, but it took them so suddenly that they all followed me up the ladder and came to my office, where, with the assistance of the superintendent, Barney Murphy, I made out the pay checks and he and I closed the mine. The men scattered and everything was quiet for a few days. I notified the Company at their headquarters in Montreal what I had done and they supported me in my position and told me to take whatever action I thought best.

In the course of a few days the men began to return — sometimes one, sometimes two at a time, and as I had already observed them all closely and knew their personal tendencies, I did not hesitate to take back into the employment of the Company the ones whom I knew to be least objectionable. A few men also came from the outside and filled the rest of the positions, so that within a week the night shift, as well as the day shift, was running as usual. After this episode there was a decided increase in the production of the mine, and there was no tendency to revert to the old condition of antagonism. Finally the first of the old employees returned for work, and we all shook hands and decided that we would let bygones be bygones. The 'Yankee Manager' who was once thought 'lazy' received an unexpected degree of respect. After all, Anglo-

Saxons the world over; respect a man who puts up a fair fight, particularly if he wins.

(Stanley-Brown, J., 1932, p. 76-77.)

Medical Problem

In 1937, a short while after **Franc R. Joubin** was employed by the Pioneer Gold Mines to work at their remote gold-rush town of Zeballos, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, the following incident took place.

One evening at dusk during the usual downpour, there was a loud banging on the door of the Pioneer office. At the door was Haywire Alex, the alcoholic poet-pro prospector:

“What’s up, Alex?” I asked.

“Black Angus,” he replied. “Cut himself with an axe. Blood everywhere!”

“Bring him in,” I said.

Black Angus was an almost entirely silent man, who, when he spoke, did so in a nervous staccato voice. He was called Black Angus because of his heavy black beard and bushy eyebrows. Haywire Alex followed Black Angus into the shack. Haywire peeled off his heavy, muddy slicker and kicked off his rubbers before helping Angus gingerly to remove the left sleeve of his slicker. Only then did I see Angus’s wound. His hand, held upright, was covered with blood streaming from his index finger. My stomach churned as I looked at the wound.

Angus had been splitting kindling in the rain. The axe had slipped and cut off half of his index finger on his left hand near the centre knuckle. Haywire Alex had heard Angus make a strange sound and rushed to him. Seeing the blood spurt from Angus’s finger, he had wrapped it with the woollen tam that Alex had had on his head. Now in the Pioneer shack, the blood-soaked tam was on the floor and I was holding Angus’s hand upright.

“Get the first-aid kit!” I shouted to one of my men who had been dozing on a bunk. “And bring a roll of bum-wipe! Someone find Dr. Kelly!” We applied a tourniquet to Black Angus’s forearm and wrapped his entire left hand in fresh toilet tissue to ‘clot’ the blood flow.

“I need some booze,” was Angus’s first comment. We sat him down and poured him a generous portion of rum.

“I need a drink too,” said Haywire. I frowned, but one of the other Pioneer men said, “Haywire should get one too,” and poured him a drink.

At this point the man I had sent for the doctor returned. “Kelly’s not in town, not in his shack, and not at Hollywood [the villa of the local ‘ladies of the night’]. The girls say he’s been at the sawmill down the inlet all day but will be back soon. They’re cooking his dinner.”

So we waited for Dr. Kelly and sipped our rum with hot water. Black Angus’s hand, wrapped in blood-soaked tissue, looked like a squashed pomegranate. But the bleeding gradually stopped, and we loosened the tourniquet.

Kelly soon arrived, hatless, disheveled, and drenched. He had rushed directly to our shack over the mud flats from the sawmill launch on which he had returned to Zeballos. Expertly, he removed the toilet paper from the injured hand.

“Not bad,” he said. “I think I can handle it okay.” Rather sheepishly he added, “I left my kit at the sawmill, but let’s get cracking.” Looking at me, he said, very professionally, “Need boiling water, sterilize a couple of new razor blades, a hacksaw blade, a big sewing needle, a pair of scissors, a sharp pocket knife. Get me some strong button thread, any color, clean gauze or cotton. Got iodine or boracic acid? Move that card table under the Coleman [lamp]. Cover it with a towel, a clean one. Just keep pouring the booze to Black Angus — wait, I’ll have a belt myself. Let’s go.”

Half an hour later the surgery was complete. The bone and the flesh of the finger were trimmed back neatly to the knuckle, with a skin flap sewn over. The rum bottle had been emptied and we’d had to send to the bootleggers for a second. Black Angus, at Kelly’s insistence, had to remain with us. He had been lifted to an upper bunk in an aura of rum, and was snoring loudly. The medical team — Kelly, my two companions, and I — sprawled comfortably on other bunks in relaxation, but not for long.

Another loud knock on the door. I rose to open it, flashlight in hand. The rain was still pouring down.

It was Haywire Alex. Somehow, during surgery, he had slipped away unnoticed. "Guess what I've found?" he asked, with obvious pride. Before I could answer he flicked open his hand, less than a foot from my face.

On his palm in the beam of the flashlight rested the severed portion of Black Angus's finger. Suddenly I felt dizzy. I grabbed the door jamb for support.

"Just bugger off," were the only words I found strength to say.

(Joubin, F.R. and Smyth, D.McC., 1986, p. 84-86.)

(Reprinted with permission by the author. This was originally published in *Northeastern Geology and Environmental Sciences* in volume 25, no. 3, 2003, September, p. 232-246. To be continued in future issues.)

The Eurypterid Tripped Me

Anne Woods

The day started a bit normal. I woke up at 9:30am. Gerry Boileau and I were going rock collecting in central New York state. He was supposed to arrive at 11am. He overslept and didn't show up until around noon. We began the trip as always, stopping at the rest stop to get our ceremonial Duncan Donuts breakfast. We stopped at the rest stop before that as well, but their coffee wasn't to Gerry's liking. We finally found the outcrop we were searching for after studying the topographic map vs. the map book (the greatest invention ever) for a while. We were really excited to find that the site wasn't posted, and Gerry had obtained permission from a young lad hoping to become a minister about 8 years prior, so as far as we knew, we were all set. Then after we were there for what seemed like about ten minutes, a blue pickup truck pulled up along side us and asked us who we got permission from to be on this land. Gerry of course then told the man about the young lad. This got the guy in the truck a bit peeved in which he told us that we were in a bit of trouble cause he said that he has owned this land for the past 18 years. The guy then started laughing and told us that he was amused by the stories he has heard over the years. So then as we were standing there, staring back and forth, we asked permission right then and there. Smiles were exchanged from both sides, and the guy gladly gave his permission but told us not to get hurt. We started looking through the rocks...not really finding anything we wanted, but finding things that gave evidence that what we wanted was definitely there.

So after being at the outcrop for what seemed like about a half hour, I looked over to see Gerry howling and rolling back and forth on the ground. I was weird because I missed what happened, but I had only looked away for about a minute and was standing about ten feet from him. I asked him if he was ok, thinking he wasn't, and he didn't answer. Then I asked him if he needed an ambulance. He wasn't really answering me. This concerned me. I got really scared...almost petrified. Then the adrenaline kicked into action, and my brain took over again. I ignored his moanings of pain (which wasn't an easy thing to

do). I asked him again if he wanted an ambulance. He told me it wasn't necessary and that it was just his elbow that was dislocated. I asked him if this has happened before. He said it happened to his shoulder twice, and they fixed it at the Latham Emergency Care facility. He wanted us to drive all the way to Latham. I figured there must be something closer, but I had no idea where, so it made no sense to drive around looking for something I might not find. Plus it would make a difference where his insurance was taken...and he seemed pretty stubborn in his decision, so I let him make it. I told him to get into the passenger side of the car. He told me he just wanted to rest a while. This wouldn't have been such a weird request except for the fact that it was 23 degrees Fahrenheit with the windchill and there was a dusting of snow on the ground. I told him he would get hypothermia if he rested there, and that he should get into the car. (Plus if there was a chance that he would pass out, I rather he did that in the car.) First he tried to go to the driver side of the car, but then I told him I would drive. I helped him put his seatbelt on. So here we were driving back away from the secret outcrop in central New York, toward the emergency center in Latham, NY. We passed a gas station, I asked him if he was sure he didn't want an ambulance. He said no, keep going. Then again we passed a rest stop on I-90, no, he wanted to keep going. It was a weird experience for me. Kind of like role reversal. I decided to keep him talking...which normally isn't hard to do, but in this case, it was a bit harder. I avoided all the potholes. We discussed the total lunar eclipse, which was taking place that night. And we saw the moon coming up over the horizon as the sun was going down at the opposite end. I may have been able to enjoy it more if I wasn't so worried about poor Gerry sitting in the seat next to me.

When we finally arrived at the Latham Emergency Care Facility, we went inside and waited. Then we got called inside the back room. The lady told me that I should come along so that I could help take Gerry's clothes off. I said, "What? I'm not taking his clothes off!". Gerry found this funny, and then the nurse assured me that I would only have to take the top half off. As we took the layers off of Gerry making sure to support his arm at all times (and mind you there were lots since we were in 23 degree Fahrenheit weather), we started to

notice just how huge his elbow had become. His one elbow was twice the size of his healthy one. When I first saw it, my thought was "that better be all muscle"...at which point Gerry pointed out, "well, I do have a fair amount of muscle in my arms". When asked how it happened, the answer was rockhounding. Gerry said that he was backing down the incline, thought that he had reached the bottom, and then sort of lost his footing and fell backwards on his arm. He said he saw it bend back past its natural angle. They took his blood pressure which was skyrocketing. Then the nurse mentioned that this was proof that Gerry was in pain. I looked at Gerry, and Gerry looked at me and we smiled. Then I said, "it's good to know you weren't faking it." He agreed. Then the doctor came in and inspected his swollen arm. The doctor's first thought was that it was both dislocated and fractured. He wanted an X-ray. So Gerry was taken off into another room somewhere in the back while I sat in the examination room and waited. They were gone for what seemed like forever (especially for a completely healthy person trapped in an exam room with who knows what kind of diseases lurking around). They finally came back with the X-ray. His arm was broken in such a way that it was thought that surgery would be necessary to put it back together, but we still had get an expert opinion on that. The bone was frayed out, and the break was separated by a sizable amount of space. They thought it required a pin of some sort. So then we were sent on our way to a hospital of our choice with the X-ray in hand. Gerry then requested to make a few phone calls. He called to cancel a formal Dutch tea for the next day, an eye appointment, and called in sick to work.

Gerry chose Albany Memorial cause he had heard good things about them. So off we went back in Gerry's car with me driving and Gerry giving directions. On the way there, Gerry asked me if we could take a detour to his house to pick up some tapes for his brother and then drop them off at his brother's house in Albany on the way over. I said no, and that maybe he should be worrying about himself right now. When we arrived at the hospital, Gerry walked in ahead of me while I searched the back seat of his car for his house key. I never found it (but later remembered where it was), so I walked back inside to join him in the waiting room. After a short wait, we were brought into the emergency section where we waited in a back room for a doctor to show up. They looked at the X-ray and made an executive decision that surgery would be necessary. They called the surgeon and figured out if the surgery would be the next morning, or next week. (The latter would have involved him going home with pain killers for a week). They decided on the next morning for the surgery. Gerry made a few telephone calls from the room. His biggest concern for the evening was that his mother's bull fight get recorded. He called two of his friends to do this. This ended up being his room for the first night. They finally gave him pain killers. Then they drew blood and put him in one of those skimpy

gowns while I was out in the hallway. This is about the time my mother and father came to pick me up. Gerry and I had decided to leave him with his car in the parking lot after discussing it with the nurse. So I went out to his car to transfer my stuff over to my parent's car, and then went back into the hospital to give him back his car keys and the ticket for the parking. I said goodnight, and went home.

I called Gerry today to find out how the operation and everything went. He had a four hour operation in which the doctors had inserted a metal screw in his arm to help hold his bone together to help it heal. He woke up as they were transferring him back into his transport bed to see that the doctor had his blood all over his operation gown. This made Gerry feel a bit uneasy. He seemed a bit tired when I called, but since the hospital policy is to wake you up every hour on the hour to see if you are still alive, this didn't shock me. Plus it is really noisy in between those wake up calls. He expects to be in the hospital for the next couple of days while they make sure his pain killers are working. Plus they want to make sure he can do things for himself since he lives alone. The official diagnosis was that he had "shattered" his bone, and had broken his elbow socket. He has a cast on that stretches from his fingers to half way up his upper arm. Our biggest concern at this point is how is Gerry going to get through airport security.

*(this article is being printed in this newsletter
with Gerry's blessing)*

Rock & Gem Magazine Feature for January

For those of you with continuing interest in the state of Maine Newry Mineral Park Project, rush out and buy January 2004 issue of *Rock & Gem* magazine. Contributing editor Steve Voynick has published a great article titled "Maine's Proposed Mineral Park", it runs about 3 full pages which includes some beautiful color pictures of minerals found there.

Also note, for those of your who are not aware, Central Pennsylvania Rock and Mineral Club became the only major Pennsylvania club to receive a Certificate of Appreciation for money contributed to the project headed by the Maine Geological Survey. This is an outstanding and noteworthy achievement.

To date, contributors of individuals and clubs from all over the country have raised \$26,254 toward purchase of a prime historical 100 acres of land. The \$300,000 goal is still a ways off but it can be achieved.

For information or an update on the Newry Park project, log onto <www.state.me.us> then click onto Geology and the Newry Mineral Park contributions.

Submitted by Don Kauffman (member from Reading, PA)