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November 1970



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SOCIETY

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The Grand Rapids Mineral Society is a Non-Profit Corporation affiliated with the Midwest Federation and the American Federation of Mineral Societies.

Meetings are held the second Wednesday of each month at 7:45 p.m. in the Multi-Purpose Room, East Building, Grand Rapids Public Museum. Summer meetings are at various parks as announced.

Membership dues are \$5. per year for a family, \$3. per year for a single adult, and \$1. per year for students under 18 years of age. Dues are payable to the treasurer. The year is from September 1 through August 31 of the following year.

Advertising in the GLACIAL DRIFTER is limited to a uniform size of one-third page at the rate of \$3. per issue, September through May only.

All material for publication shall be in the hands of the EDITOR no later than the Wednesday after the regular monthly BOARD OF CONTROL meeting which is the third week of the month.

Permission to reprint articles appearing in the GLACIAL DRIFTER is hereby granted, provided proper credit is given.

Member - National Bulletin Editors Association.

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EXCHANGE EDITORS - PLEASE NOTE: Address all exchange bulletins to:

Mr. Gordon Williams  
2038 Parade NW  
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505

# THE GLACIAL DRIFTER

## NOVEMBER 1970

### VOLUME 13

### NO. 3

#### NEXT MEETING

TIME - November 11, 1970

PLACE - East Building, Grand Rapids Public Museum

PROGRAM - Silent Auction

Let's each one dedicate himself to the task of providing the best material in its most attractive manner, and making this the best silent auction yet.

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Board of Control will meet at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Beauvais, 3308 Wilson SW, Grandville. The meeting date is November 16 at 7:30p.m.

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#### LOOKING AHEAD

December 9 - Annual Christmas Party. Report of the Conservation Camp Student.

January 13 - "Geology of the Far North" -Prof. Karl Bruder

November 13-15 - Central Michigan Mineral Show, National Guard Armory, 2500 S. Washington, Lansing, Michigan. (This is a good show. The editor went last year and was much impressed.)

November 14 - Field trip to Grand Rapids Natural Storage gypsum mine in search of those elusive selcnite crystals. Meet at 1200 Judd SW at 10 a.m. Price for club, \$1. per person. Be sure to have a good electric lantern or flashlight as well as your tools.

#### FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ROCK ROOM

The president and his wife spent a beautiful fall day Saturday, the 17th, at Sylvania quarry along with a good group of our members. We also saw the DeWitts from Indian Mounds Club there. We had invited their club to go along on the field trip. Along in the middle of the afternoon, someone suggested going down to Pugh Quarry as there had been a rumor of fresh blasting on Friday.

Several of us decided to make the trip of about 80 miles round trip. The Beauvais, Petersons, and Fergusons went down and there we

met the Hurds loading up their prizes. The pile had been pulled down exposing many fresh vugs even though there had been no blasting.

The Board of Control has decided to include the Midwest Bulletin in the Drifter each month. This will be soon as soon as the paper work can be processed. This will save our publishers and editor some work in copying items over.

The president and Board of Control have appointed Roger King to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Emily VanVuren.

Plans are about all set for our big annual silent auction on November 11. Everyone should have their goodies sorted out and bid sheets made out so that our chairman will not have too much to do on show night. We are also planning on a connoisseur's table. This table has slightly different rules than the rest. Specimens should have a value of \$3. or over and those not sold will be returned to the donor. This table also will not be closed as often as the others.

At Sylvania, several safety violations were noted. They were committed by people from other than our group.

1. Some juniors were not supervised and were too close to the quarry wall where they were under projecting rocks.
2. People too close to working machinery.
3. People climbing quarry walls.
4. People working too close to edge of ledges and on overhangs.

There are plenty of good rocks to work on in safe location.

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#### FROM THE EDITOR'S ROCK ROOM

The Silent Auction on November 11 has to be the uppermost thought in the minds of every GRLS member. There are so many reasons for us to make it successful.

In another part of the Drifter you will find a letter to President Art from the editor of the Illowa News Grinder, one of our exchange bulletins. Carrying on the magnificent work that "Les" Pearl started, and that Larry is now doing is reason enough to make our auction BIG.

But we have many other reasons to consider our one big financial effort something special. Not the least of these reasons has to be sharing. None of our members or others who come to our auction can go everywhere to hunt. The November event is an opportunity to acquire material and specimens we might never get otherwise. Sharing our fun and our finds has to help give purpose to our club.

For myself, I thoroughly enjoy the competitive fun and fellowship on auction night. Sometimes we win and sometimes we lose -- and it is all good fun with friends and fellow rockhounds.

Then, how many have watched a youngster bid on a specimen and run the bid up to where you just know he can not go another 5¢, then walk away without bidding, and hope he gets it. Listen, you adults, if there's something I really want, I'll bid you up right to closing time. But show me a pebble pup, or youngster just getting started and I push the "chicken button." Don't kid me, friend, you do, too.

Finally, though there are countless other reasons, we need to support the auction because it is a club function -- not someone else's club -- our club, the GRES. If it is worth anything at all, it is worth nothing but our finest effort in specimens for sale, work on the project, and our dollars.

Let's go first class on November 11!

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MANY OF YOU WILL RECALL the item we ran concerning the danger of cyanide in Polaroid film discards. We would like to print a statement made by Polaroid. "An animal death in a park or zoo is attributed to ingestion of Polaroid film discard. Such deaths do not result from any poisons in the Polaroid film but are due rather to a simple blockage of the animal's digestive tract, as could occur from ingestion of waste plastic, newspaper and other paper products or any other discarded rubbish."

In any event, it is litter! Enough said.

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THE FERGUSONS responded with two accounts of their summer wanderings. One is in this issue. If you other travelers don't get your material in to the editor, you'll soon have to put up with the account of the Williams wanderings. And if that doesn't frighten you into action -- nothing will.

(Publisher's note: Come on, Gordon, do you have to be coaxed?)

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MARIE DUPREY is home recuperating, following an operation. Get well soon, Marie.

We extend our sympathy to the family of WILLARD ITELM who passed away suddenly on Saturday, October 17.

Also our condolences to the family of JUNE SMITH whose mother passed away recently.

HENRY TCHOZESKI gave the October 5 program at the Kalamazoo Gem & Mineral Club. His lecture was on his favorite topics -- jade and ivory.

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FIELD TRIP NOTES - Our Field Trip Chairman, Rich VanBeek reports that the salt mine in Ontario is no longer open for field trips. Therefore the November field trip will be on Saturday, Nov. 14 to the Natural Cold Storage gypsum mine for selenite crystals. (Hopefully!)

Rich also reports that he needs a few more volunteers for basement field trips to start in January. These will be on Saturday afternoons. Let's join the fun and show off our prize rocks.

AUCTION NOTES - Anyone who can donate cookies for the auction, please call Faye King. She will also need some volunteers at the coffee table.

Roger King still needs a few helpers to restock the tables after they are closed.

Anyone wishing to donate to the Silent Auction and unable to attend can call any board member to pick the rocks up.

OCTOBER MEETING

The editor and his good wife arrived late, but apparently missed only the call to order by President Art and the door prize drawing.

Col. and Mrs. E. M. Miller were welcomed as guests. Col. Miller is retired, and with his wife is making a tour of the United States. Temporarily they were "residents" of Grand Rapids.

The club also welcomed former Junior Rockhound members, Paul, Joan, and Daniel Miller (no relatives of the colonel) and Earl and Gladys VanderWerf. Welcome aboard, friends, and may your association with GRLS be rewarding.

Roger King, Auction Chairman, reported that he needed help with the tables on November 11.

Rich VanBeek reported that he needed more volunteers for the basement field trips to start in January. He also reported that the State Dept. of Natural Resources has taken an active interest in the Indian Mounds and is pushing for a feasibility study that would hopefully lead to National Monument status.

The program was given by Karl DeBack. He showed slides taken at the International Gem Show in Baltimore and of the Midwest Federation displays in Minneapolis this past summer. As an extra treat he showed some slides loaned to him on the mining of emeralds in Colombia, South America.

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GLOSSARY OF ROCKHOUND TERMS

GEOLOGIST:	Person who learned about rocks in school.
ROCKHOUND:	Person who learned about rocks the hard way.
PEBBLE PUP:	Smartmouth kid who knows more about rocks than you.
FIELD TRIP:	Impossible trek to inaccessible place for non-existent specimens.
GEOLOGIST'S PICK:	Handy gadget that you always have with you when you don't need it and always leave home when you do.
FIELD POLISH:	Spit.
FIELD KIT:	Paper bag to put specimens in.
ROCK SHOW:	Bunch of people displaying their best specimens and 'nother bunch selling their worst.
SWAP:	Mutual swindle.
STATION WAGON:	Vehicle designed to accomodate colossal greed of rockhounds. (alternate vehicle: truck)
DOP STICK:	Tinkertoy stick to mount gemstones on for cutting when your fingers are reduced to bloody stumps.
LAPIDARY:	Rockhound with bloody stumps instead of fingers.
WADING BOOTS:	Garment for feet that fill with water and add ten extra pounds per foot.
TUMBLER:	Piece of equipment costing at least \$25. which makes \$250. worth of stones salable at 25¢.

-i. Prytyka from The Rock Licker, via Coral Geode, The Tumbler, Magic Valley Gem News, Boulder Gazette.

November 1970

5.

President Art got this letter dated Oct. 22, 1970, and asked that it be shared with the club via the Drifter:

Grand Rapids Mineral Society  
c/o Mr. Arthur Ferguson, President  
2748 Pohens NW  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Dear Mr. Ferguson:

As editor of the Illowa News Grinder I have the opportunity to read the bulletins from clubs on our exchange list. An item in the October issue of The Glacial Drifter has prompted this letter.

Miss Joan Afton's article "A Child's Here" is without a doubt the finest tribute that can be given to your club. Mr. Pearl must have been a warm and intensely sensitive person. And the many club members not mentioned by name, whose contacts with Miss Afton spanned many years apparently, must also have been out-going and generous people. They are the kind who if you compliment or praise them will answer "Oh Pshaw -- I didn't do anything special." Nevertheless, they typify the best that I have found in rockhounds met all over the country.

As I finished reading her moving tribute my eyes were misty and my throat choked up.

Again, I salute you and your club. I only hope that ours can be half as good and half as effective as yours. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Johannesen

1508 West 38th Street, Davenport, Iowa 52806

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GOODIES GLEANED FROM HERE & THERE... ..

When sawing geodes or agate filled nodules...first look for the largest dome on the specimen. This dome is the upright position when the specimen is forming. Saw through this dome and it's likely you will expose the best "picture" or surface. If the specimen is elongated or egg-shaped, saw lengthwise in order to get the best exposure.

From "Black Hills Prospector"

A CAMPING TIP

Here is an easy, quick and efficient method for complete privacy when sleeping in a car or station wagon. Take along a bar of Bon Ami wrapped in a washcloth. When you want to retire, dampen the cloth and apply a good coat of Bon Ami to the windows and windshield. It dries white and opaque. The next morning, wipe it away with a clean cloth and you have clean glass for safe driving.

-Thunder Bay Gems, The Rock Vein & Michigan Gem News

ROCK HUNTING THRU OHIO, INDIANA AND KENTUCKY

The last week in June found us headed south with our little red and white taggin' wagon firmly attached behind. We spent Saturday and Sunday at Sylvania looking for the elusive trilobite, with moderate success. While there we met a local resident who had real luck. Nearly every rock he broke contained something good. He found trilobites, and a rare jaw-bone with teeth that I can not remember the name of. At the trailer camp near Ottawa Lake, we met a couple from Middletown, Ohio, who were anxious to do some swapping. We spent a nice evening back and forth between the two trailers swapping and looking over each other's specimens. We also swapped directions to favorite hunting sites.

Leaving Toledo enroute to Brown County, Indiana, we went south on I-75, this is the best route although probably not the shortest. This took us very close to Fairborn, Ohio. So, it made a good excuse to stop and see the Air Force Museum and have lunch there. Then on to Brown County State Park. We had directions from some of the Grand Rapids members and our new friends from Middletown. Now I received new ones from the lady registrar at the campgrounds. We picked up in Bean Blossom Creek west of Beanblossom and in Bear Creek near Trevlak. In Bear Creek I found one geode with pale amethyst crystals and several fine specimens of chalcodony after horn coral.

Next, we camped near Corydon, Indiana, where Dupreys had reported finding dolomite crystals. We found the quarry north of town and vugs of dolomite, calcite, and to our surprise and delight, fluorite also. We found one large block covered with mixed crystals. We collected a good load of specimens. The campground was on the Blue River, so it was nice to spend a hot afternoon in the shade along the bank picking up a few rocks. We found some fossils, small geodes and a large clam shell for daughter Pat's collection of shells.

We camped at Fort Knox, Kentucky, right across from the gold vault for our son Jim's graduation from basic training. We picked up some gypsum along the shoulders. We had gone to Mammoth Cave and while there we picked up a little booklet on Kentucky rocks and minerals. It mentioned that gypsum was found in the area, but not in commercial quantities. Near the cave we visited a rock shop run by a Mrs. Ferguson (no relation) and bought a few specimens including a geode and a stalactite. We also saw her fine lifetime collection of cave specimens. So back home again via Sylvania.

-Art and Dorothy Ferguson

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President Art reported that he had the certificate designating us as a 100% club. Come on, you rockhounds, let's drink lots of coffee and keep eating those Betty Crocker products.

It was reported that Fay Reed was ill and that Jim DeZwaan was suffering from an inner ear infection. Gentlemen, get well soon. We can't afford to have you absent, especially for that reason. (Note: Jim was well enough to attend the Board meeting. Both Fay and Edith Reed have had the flu but are now recovering.)



Our Indian Mounds friends are running a series in their bulletin on "How I Became A Rockhound." Because we know so many of them, and because they are interesting, we are passing some of them on to you GRIIS readers:

#### HOW I BECAME A ROCKHOUND

Kenneth was the first one in our family to become interest<sup>ed</sup> in rocks. He frequented the mineral displays in the museum and in the shop there. Someone gave him a rock book for Christmas and he studied minerals. He asked the rest of us to bring him rocks from various states we visited. In doing so we gradually grew interested. I was invited to a couple of field trips and a club meeting and so another rock hound was born. As Kenneth said, we brought him specimens until he got us interested, and now what they find they keep themselves.

-Arline Duprey

About twelve years ago when I worked at Diesel Equipment, I was talking with Marie Spielmaker and she was telling Marion Carpenter and myself that she planned on going north that next week end to look for fossils at a quarry near Alpena. Marion and I kidded Marie about bringing us back a fossil but when we found out how old they were, we weren't too interested.

Anyway, to make a long story short, Marion, Sylvia Delacher, Marie and myself went to Alpena and that was when I started my collection. Marie and I have been on a lot of trips since then.

This summer Marie, Ruth Steele, my grandson and I went to Oregon for thunder eggs and carnelian and had a nice trip and a nice time collecting rocks even though it was hot.

Collecting rocks is a wonderful hobby -- getting out and communing with God and nature.

-Mildred Lynch

My experiences in becoming a rock hound are about the most unexciting anyone can imagine. Thirty-nine years ago I took a course in Beginning Geology. All that I actually learned was to determine the age of rivers -- whether they were in their youth, maturity or old age. The class took a trip to the old Sibley Quarry, and found shells in limestone. I thought they were fascinating and that was it.

The next thing I particularly remember was years later when Mary Peterson gave me a piece of Mississippian fossil (I was green--I thought it so called because she found it in the Mississippi River.) She also gave me a quartz geode. I looked this up in the dictionary and the encyclopedia.

Still at a later time, I took Geography of Michigan and during that course everything began to unfold. All the periods of time---what was left from each period that scientists studied and told the story from rocks and fossils; also in a course in Physical Science I learned about Carbon. I began teaching these things in school, bought numerous books and put in long hours of study. I joined the Grand Rapids Rock and Mineral Society, the Junior Geology group at the Museum under the guidance of Les Pearl.

My next course was a graduate course from the U. of M. on Historical  
(continued)

Geology and Paleontology and on to join the Indian Mounds Rock Club.

These experiences have been spread out over a number of years and through curiosity and education -- the magic combination whereby we learn -- I have slowly but surely become a rock hound.

-Dorothy Tyler

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BY Laurie Pascoc

STAUROLITES

VIA The Pseudomorph  
The Jaspilite  
The Conglomerate

There are many stories told of the origin of staurolites, but my favorite is the one that follows. It is an interesting one and can well be used when talking to groups of children or non-rock hounds. Those hearing it are likely to always remember the staurolite and to have a mental association with this geologic wonder.

Many many long years ago--even before the Indians roamed about the country in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia--good fairies gathered sunbeams in the daylight hours, and adorned themselves with moonbeams as they danced at night.

One day the fairies were at a fountain filling some jars with water when a tired and weary traveler stopped to rest. Being good fairies, they provided a bed of lily pads for this wayfarer and refreshed him with drink from the fountain.

After a while the strange and sorrowful man told them that he had traveled far--all the way from Calvary. Sitting with his back against a large tree and with the cool musical splash of the fountain in the background, he told them of the Crucifixion of Christ.

He told them of the Son of God who had come to save men and of His good works. He told them of the wicked king Caesar and of the weak Pilate; of Peter who denied Christ; and of Judas who betrayed him for 30 pieces of silver. He sorrowfully related to them the burden of the cross. And though he went on to tell them about the resurrection and the promise of Christ, the fairies wept throughout the story. As their tears fell to the ground, they were crystallized into small pebbles, and on each of them a beautiful cross was formed.

Three types of these crosses were later found in abundance. These are the Roman, the Maltese and the St. Andrews. Many are so perfect they appear to have been carved.

Today these fairy crosses are commonly found in New Mexico, and also in abundance in Virginia and Georgia. They have, however, been transported to all parts of the world, some as wenders of nature and many more as good luck charms.

Some officers of World War I were known to have carried them in to battle. It is even rumored that Woodrow Wilson wore one in his presidential campaign. Theodore Roosevelt carried one, and a popular opera singer sent one to the Pope for his blessing. Too, they are an important part of the John Fox novel "Trail of The Lonesome Pine." And within our own hobby, the Dona Ana County Club of Las Cruces, New Mexico--the city of crosses--has named their bulletin the Staurolite.

(continued)

## STAUROLITES (continued)

From a mineral viewpoint, the staurolite is a rather complex iron-aluminum hydroxyl silicate crystallized in the orthorhombic system. Often some of the iron is replaced by magnesium or manganese, and some of the aluminum by ferric iron. This abundance of the irons provides its rich reddish brown color. Though it has a hardness of 7, it has a tendency to be brittle. It breaks with an uneven or conchoidal fracture.

Staurolite had come by its name because of its unique habit of twinning in cross-like forms--and it was the Greeks who provided it. Stauros is Greek for cross, while lithos is Greek for stone--thus a stone cross.

Staurolites usually occur in micaschists and more rarely in gneisses and slates--but always in metamorphic rocks. Most of the staurolites from this country are opaque, but some from Switzerland are transparent. These occur as sharp single crystals and are considered valuable gems.

It might be said that a staurolite cross is the Siamese twin of the mineral world. It is a perfect example of the clear intergrowth of two prismatic crystals--at almost right angles to each other.

And the next time you go hunting for any of these fairy crosses--remember that it has also been said that the closer to heaven you climb, the more perfect crosses you find.

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THE MINERAL STUDY GROUP will meet at the home of Dorothy and Art Ferguson on Wednesday, November 18, at 7:30 p.m.

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### SEX LIFE OF ROCKS

-From The Geode via The Prospector

The sex life of rocks is a subject which, unaccountably, had been almost totally neglected by whatever branch of modern science would be interested in such a thing. I have rushed to fill this chasm in our knowledge because I, like Nature and housewives, abhor a vacuum.

The first thing I set out to discover was the difference between boy rocks and girl rocks. I found that, as is the case with penguins, nobody but other stones knows for sure. Considering the size of our current rock population, they seem eminently qualified to decide for themselves, so I abandoned further research in this area. After all, one must draw the line between scientific investigation and voyeurism somewhere.

The Life Cycle of rocks, however, is a most interesting phenomenon. The female rock, when her time of delivery comes, does not give birth as we know it. Nor does she even get larger as her time approaches. Rather, she gets softer, then she just sort of disintegrates into hundreds of thousands of tiny grains of sand, depending on her size. (In this context, you see, it is perfectly acceptable for a female rock to go to pieces. Such is not the case for female humans in this condition.)

Since rocks are very modest and self-effacing (it's a physical fact; there are no aggressive rocks--they have to be pushed) they always do...

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whatever it is they do...at night, when other rocks won't pry and people won't notice. Thus it is the case, that many times one goes to bed at night knowing full well there is a stone on the sidewalk, to awaken the next morning to find it mysteriously...pouf...gone. Now you know why! This particular characteristic of rocks has often caused gold miners, who had unknowingly filled their sacks with pregnant nuggets, to find nothing but gold dust the next day. The miners seem to have been subconsciously aware of what was going on, when they called veins of gold "mother loads", but this subconscious awareness did not keep a lot of them from going prematurely gray.

Once the mother rock has done her thing and disintegrated, the real drama of rocks begins. It is essential for their survival that the grains of sand, more properly called "infant rocks" in the light of our new knowledge, get down to the beach to survive. Beaches, you see, are no more than vast rock nurseries. This will no doubt cause some commotion in the scientific community which has until now, considered beaches the graveyards of stones beaten to pieces by wave action. Our extensive data proves this theory completely false, of course...I'm sorry about the commotion but the truth, as they say, will out.

But I digress, since all these so-called grains of sand have to get down to the beach, the great process of natural selection begins. They migrate any way they can--carried by the wind, bird's feet, car tires, pants cuffs, animals and so on. Some make it; a great many don't. (This migratory instinct, incidentally, helps explain why you can never keep a sand box full.) The next time you drive along the coast, keep all this in mind. You'll be amazed how many young rocks do make it. This says a lot for their preserverance and once again attests to the lofty genius of Mother Nature. It also says a lot for rocks as a race.

Those who don't make it to the beach eventually die and become the motes of dust you see in shafts of light. Since relatively few of the young rocks do get to the beach, this process of natural selection explains why there is so much more dust than sand. It also explains the presence in the Midwest (where there is a marked absence of beaches) of Dust Bowls.

Deserts, incidentally, contain an entirely different breed of young rocks, and one which I have not yet been able to investigate.

I might add here that if you're at all kindly disposed toward rocks, you will be careful to clean all the sand from your shoes, and pants and things the next time you come home from the beach. Unfortunately, for all their preserverance and instinct, young stones--and old rocks too--aren't really terribly bright, and often don't even realize they have arrived at their destinations.

As the rocks grow older and larger, they migrate inland again, some of them hoping for community life in a gravel pit or on a country road; some going the solitary route and ending up on lawns, or fields, or in shoes.

Since the rock, by nature, is a pretty sedentary creature, it is prone to stay in one place until, in the case of the female, she falls apart and the whole glorious cycle begins again. On the other hand, old male rocks never disintegrate, they just erode away.

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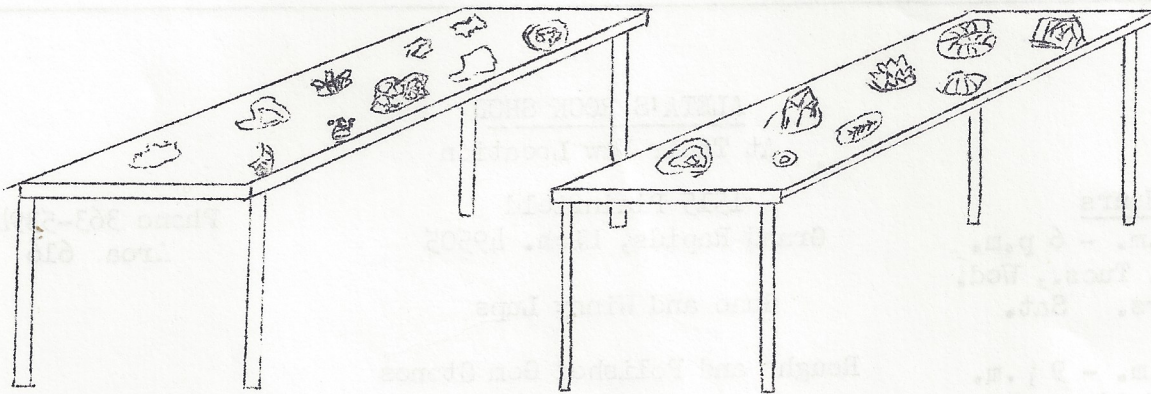
So that's how it is with rocks. Possibly you may consider this all pretty trivial and unimportant. In fact, your mouth may even be forming to utter the words, "So what?", at this very moment. If this is indeed the case, I would like to remind you of a few rocks that made the big time:

The Alps, The Andes, The Cascades, The Rockies.

from The Pegmatite, via The Rockette

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## !! SILENT AUCTION !!



YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS, DO YOU? YOU JUST MIGHT FIND THE SPECIMEN YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR! (AND YOU'LL HELP THE CLUB, TOO.)

WE'VE PUT A COUPLE OF BID SHEETS IN THIS ISSUE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, BUT THERE WILL BE MORE AVAILABLE WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 11, AT THE AUCTION. BRING ENOUGH SPECIMENS SO YOU'LL HAVE TO USE SOME OF THEM!

AGATES

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SILENT AUCTION BID SHEET

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GRANDVILLE, MISSOURI

SILENT AUCTION BID SHEET

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3308 S. Wilson  
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