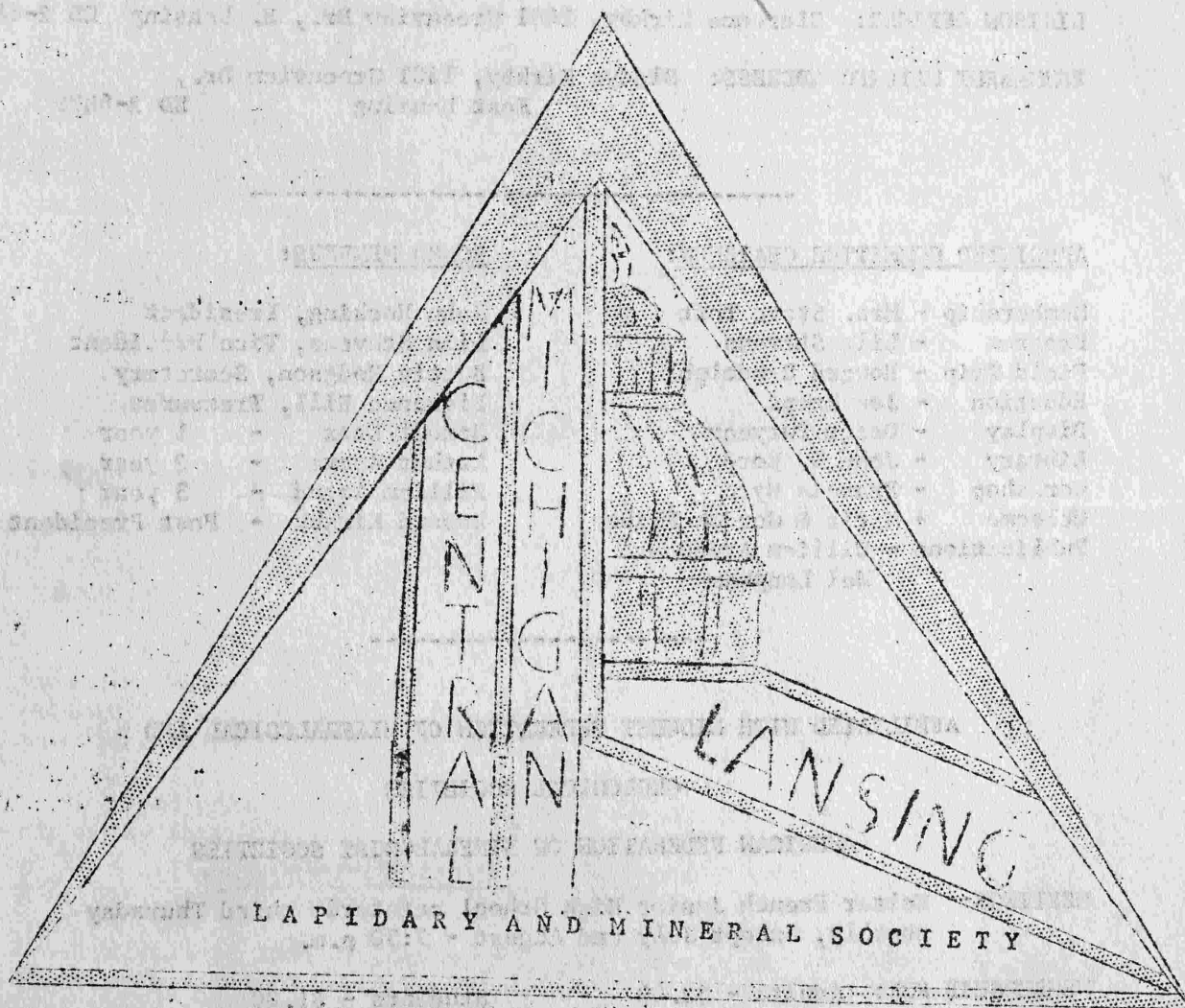


ROCKHOUND NEWS

VOLUME VIII

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Nov. 1964



AFFILIATED WITH MIDWEST FEDERATION OF MINERALOGICAL
AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETIES
AND

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MINERALOGIST SOCIETIES

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Membership - Mrs. Steve Taft
Program - Lila Stevens
Field Trip - Howard Randolph
Education - Joe Kreps
Display - Oscar Puryear
Library - John B. Lord
Workshop - Francis Hyde
Welcome - Marie & Gordon Fisher
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AFFILIATED WITH MIDWEST FEDERATION OF MINERALOGICAL AND
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETIES

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MINERALOGIST SOCIETIES

MEETINGS: Walter French Junior High School cafeteria third Thursday
monthly, except July and August - 7:30 p.m.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: Adults - \$2.00 Students - \$1.00

Dear Friends:

The November meeting promises to be an interesting one. "Doc" Langham will narrate a slide program on Utah's gem trails. I'm looking forward to it, I suppose because the mountain states are very exciting to me.

Your President (that's me!) is in his second childhood, or maybe it's the third. This is his wife's claim anyway. The reason is that he is currently driving around town in a sports car, a little English MG. He acts like an eighteen year old kid.

Is there some interest in the formation of some small (?) interest groups? That is, are there enough people interested in, say, fossils and fossil-exhibiting to form a monthly meeting group to study fossils? We would like to explore this possibility at the next meeting. So, if you have some ideas along these lines, maybe we can set up a couple at the meeting in November. Come prepared to contribute to the discussion, won't you?

Yours for the hobby,

(Signed) John G. Hocking

PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER 19.

This program will be a slide presentation from the Midwest Federation film library. "Doc" Langham will narrate the program, "Utah, trips and treasures".

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Malkin, who furnished us with the detailed and very interesting article of their trip to the West, including Utah, for this publication are bringing a display of their species to this meeting. They have been in many of the same areas shown on the slides.

Let's have something to talk about and look at. Bring in your gravel pit rocks that you have cut and polished or are planning to cut and polish. We have just had a trip to a gravel pit so bring them in, also a towel to put them on.

Thanks, Thanks, Thanks -- to all members who so generously donated their rocks for the Auction. Also, for the many small specimens for our grab bags. A special thanks to "Smitty" of the Owosso Rock shop who donated the coconuts for the auction.

FOR SALE -- A lighted rock case.

.Program Chairman, Lila Stevens.

New Members: Helen, Lynne Marie and Richard J. Nicolen of Mason. WELCOME!

FROM THE PROGRAM CHAIRMAN:

Fellow Rock-Hounds of the Central Michigan Lapidary and Mineral Society, at the October meeting, Joe Kreps, Education Chairman, displayed a case of Michigan rocks and minerals. Our official board has approved construction of five more cases like this. One to be filled with Michigan rocks and minerals, similar to the one displayed, two to be filled with fossil specimens and two to be filled with specimens of the three classes of rocks. Three of these cases will be presented to the Lansing Public Schools and three to the East Lansing Public Schools. It is hoped that in subsequent years, other similar cases can be made and presented to other schools in our immediate area.

Since this is a Club project we are asking our members to supply the specimens for these cases. The specimens should be typical of the mineral, the rock or the fossil represented. They should be identified and proper location specified. Except for gem stones, the specimens should be approximately 2 inches by 2 inches.

We need the following specimens. Will you please get them to Joe Kreps or bring them to the November meeting?

Education Chairmen, Joe Kreps.

List of specimens needed: Datolite, chlorastrolite, sulfur, prehnite, dolomite, chert, graphite, actinolite, tremolite, garnet, serpentine asbestos, satin spar, verde antique, selenite, pencil gypsum, gypsum, petoskey, chrysocolla, tenorite, chalcopyrite, bornite, malachite, mohawkite, chlorite, epidote, native copper, copper conglomerate, cuprite (any other copper formation), magnetite, red hematite, limonite, goethite, needle ore, micaceous hematite, mammillary ore, pyrite, marcasite pyrolusite, tourmaline, siderite.

Fossils of Michigan (two of each)

Cambrian fossils ? ? ? gastropod (Ophileta); Ordovician fossils ? ? ?

Silurian fossils: chain coral (Halysites), Horn coral (Dynophyllum), organ pipe coral (Syringopora), honeycomb (Favosites) tetracoral (Arachnophyllum), cephalopod (Huronian), brachiopod (Pentamerus)

Devonian fossils: crinoid, blastoid, Horn corals, cup corals, colony corals (Hexagonaria) (Parallelopoda) brachiopods, pelecypods, cephalopods, trilobites.

Mississippian fossils: brachiopods, bryozoa, clams, cephalopods, trilobite.

Pennsylvania fossils: lepidodendron, sigillaria, stigmara, fern fossils, cephalopods, gastropods, brachiopods.

Recent fossils: Mastodon, Mammoth.

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FIELD TRIP REPORT:

We were glad to see so many "Rock Hounds" turn out for the last two field trips of the season. There were 30 that attended the trip to Jeffrey Limestone Quarry at Parma and 36 attended the trip to American Aggregates Company at Brighton.

Some of our club members were informed by a guard at the Aggregates Co. pit that it is the largest and deepest operation of its kind in the world. At one place the gravel vein is about 300 feet deep and to keep the water down to a working level, they have two 20-inch pumps running constantly. Anyone thirsty?

Lots of nice specimens were found on both of the trips. It seemed all who went found good material and none were disappointed.

I hope you have enjoyed the field trips we have had this past season. If you have any suggestions for field trips for the coming season (Summer of 1965), please call and give me this information, or write it down on a slip of paper and give it to me at a club meeting. You may have some information and knowledge that our field trip committee does not have and we will attempt to put it to good use for the good of the Club. My phone number is NA 7-2462.

Field Trip Committee,
Howard Randolph, Chairman.

Howard Randolph, Chairman.

-/-

TOPAZ - The November Birthstone

Topaz is a mineral used as a gem stone. This mineral has a hardness of 8 on the Moh's scale. The prism faces are striated vertically instead of horizontally as is the case in quartz. The crystals ^{are} attached at one end to the matrix and break evenly along a flat surface from the rock to which they are formed.

These crystals are often perfectly colorless and water-clear but some may have colorings of red, yellow, brown or green; some of these colors are not stable. The fine brown crystals from pegmatite veins in Siberia and the smaller wine-yellow crystals appearing in rhyolite in Colorado and Utah fade on exposure to light. The sherry-yellow crystals from Brazil assume a fine pink color. The sherry-yellow crystals of topaz which have been used extensively in jewelry are from the area of Ouro Preto in Brazil. Good crystals of pale-blue and green colors have come from the Ural mountains and from Nerchansk in Siberia. Some crystals are large; one of transparent material, weighing almost 600 lbs. from a pegmatite in Brazil is on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

The Motor City Gem and Mineral Club had their Show November 7th and 8th. Several of our members attended. There were numerous cases with some very beautiful specimens.

HOLIDAY ROCKHUNTING

Mrs. Tom Malkin

The thermometer read zero, humidity 94% and the wind blew sharp from the Northwest piling up snow around our 24-ft Avion housetrailer; it was draped with icicles that hung to the ground. We checked our supplies, food for 18 days. Clothes warm enough for an Eskimo. Emergency gas, water, block and tackle, chains, ropes, rock tools, first-aid kit, camera, maps, etc. We weren't traveling light. Going this time of year, you go prepared for all emergencies.

I watched Tom as he hitched our 4-wheel-drive Jeep Wagoneer to the trailer, Rodney as he tied on his skis, Connie as she huddled our pet poodle "Cheerie." At this time, it dawned on me, what are we doing going camping, sightseeing and rock-hunting in this kind of weather -- over the Christmas holidays, but in the back of my mind I knew the answer, it was our only solution for the whole family to take a vacation together. Rodney was home from college, Connie from high school and the Oldsmobile could spare Tom a few days off. I being just a housewife, am available at all times for a vacation in a minute notice.

At 10 A.M., December 19, 1963, we started out from Haslet, heading south on I-94 for Chicago. We turned on our radio the weather report wasn't good. A northerner was coming down from Canada. Chicago was getting their share of the blizzard. At this time you think of turning back, but what for -- the weather can't get much worse and it's bound to get better if you go far enough south.

We weren't quite sure just where we were going. Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah. When you travel with the Malkin's you never know where you might end up. We have taken several vacations in the Southwest desert during the hot summer months and decided high temperatures, flash floods, and rattle snakes combined just don't make a good combination for rock hunting. We would much rather do it in cooler weather. You notice I use the word 'cooler' loosely.

The road to Chicago was packed with snow. Michigan had more snow places on the highways than cars, but there was plenty of them in the ditches. As we hit the Chicago toll road we got reports on road conditions. We then decided where we were headed for. We inquired about route 66 to Arizona. It was warmer, but with sleet and ice on highways through Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas. That was not for us. Route west to Utah? Cold! roads clear and dry. We headed west for Salt Lake City.

Snow was letting up, it was only about 8 inches deep as we pulled into Princeton, Illinois. We camped in their city park our first night out. We had traveled 350 cold miles. The thermometer read 7° below outside the trailer. I decided a bowl of hot stew would warm us up. Something hot was better as it was zero in the trailer. We had been told to turn off the heat while traveling, but from then on we left heat on and had warm quarters. I had a good excuse to leave our few supper dishes that night as my liquid detergent was frozen solid. Our canned goods were swelling. My sleeping bag looked inviting. Preparing for bed was a quick job. I only took off my down filled coat and insulated boots and put my dacron insulated underwear over all my clothes. I was warm as an Eskimo in heaven.

As I awoke the next morning, the trailer was warm -- 70°. My first thought was it must have warmed up a little. We got a big surprise as we stepped out of that warm trailer. The thermometer read 17° below zero. Tom's face looked a little worried as he stepped on the starter. It started instantly. Those plastic seat covers were cold!

The miles rolled by fast through Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. The roads were clear and dry. A few snow flurries made a pattern as it blew on across the pavement. All day we traveled through rich farm country. Now and then we would see a farmer feeding his cattle around the feeder lot. They looked fat and well kept. We saw several markers along the highway reminding us we were traveling the "Old Mormon Trail". I thought how things have changed since 1847. We were cruising along 65 miles an hour in a warm jeep. Lunching on oranges, listening to the radio to Christmas carols by the Mormon Tabernacle choir from Salt Lake City and hauling a somewhat deluxe covered wagon on a new divided highway, made us feel a little soft compared to my rugged pioneer ancestors who traveled 10 or 15 miles a day. We had traveled 586 miles when we pulled into Karney, Nebraska that night for gas. The station attendant said we could park by the station overnight. The temperature was warming up, it was about 7° above zero -- the weather report wasn't good.

The next morning, the snow was falling, road conditions were bad as we hit western Nebraska. At that time, we thought of turning south to Denver, Colorado but they had more of the same, so we decided to continue west into Cheyenne, Wyoming. As we approached the "Medicine Bow Mountains", the snow was falling fast. It was about a foot deep. We put our jeep in 4-wheel drive and headed for Summit Pass. Cars were in ditches, busses stalled but we had no difficulty making it to the 9000 foot pass. We stopped to take some pictures. The view was beautiful with its fresh coat of snow. The pine trees looked like they had been artificially sprayed for Christmas. A road patrol car stopped to see if we needed help. He looked relieved to see us take off down the other side of the pass out of the snow clouds, down to Laramie. We looked back but could not see the top of the mountains. We traveled on into Rawlins and decided to call it a day. We had traveled another 486 bad miles that day.

The next morning the sun was shining, 12° above zero and dry. This found us in good spirits as we drove into Wamsutter. The small population consists of mostly sheep herders. Most every old frame house had a sheep wagon in their yard. This is Red Desert country and the locality of turitella agate. We asked one of the natives about localities. He said it was about 30 miles out and most people couldn't find it in the summer-time, let alone in the winter. He thought we were nuts and I wasn't about to argue with him. He also went as far as to say anyone crazy enough to come this far in the dead of winter, he couldn't see where 30 miles more would make much difference. We agreed with him, unhooked the trailer and took off for the desert on a jeep trail. The snow was about a foot deep with some good-sized snow drifts. The only way we could tell where the trail went was to stay between the sage brush. We noticed there was not any snow on some of the buttes. We headed for a flat top mesa with just a trace of snow. Although it was 12° the ground wasn't frozen as it was so dry. We did some digging, looked over some buttes and ravines and soon filled our rock sacks. The well-known turitella agate is a unique conglomerate of fossil shell material, cemented with agate. It takes a good polish, much of the material shows the characteristic yellow-green fluorescence of uranium. I also found two small pieces of petrified wood. Happy with our find we started back. We saw three mule deer and several jack rabbits on the way back to the trailer.

We continued on to Fort Bridger. Many of the original buildings still stand. We camped there for the night. The next morning found us in Utah, traveling through Echo Canyon, over beautiful snow-clad Wahsaatch Mts. and down to Picturesque Ogden and the Great Salt Lake. As we continued on to Salt Lake City, we noticed the change in climate. There was just a trace of snow. The sky was inky blue and the sun was shining brightly. It was about 60° and felt like there was a heat wave on. Wahsatch Mounts and the Great Salt Lake surround Salt Lake City. We admired this city cleaved out of the desert by the Mormons, with its wide streets and beautiful "Temple Square". A guide gladly showed us through the grounds. We attended the Tabernacle Christmas Eve. They had it set up for nation-wide T.V. broadcasting of their Tabernacle choir. It was an outstanding occasion. We camped out by the southern shore of Salt Lake that night and watched hot slag from the Utah Smelter being dumped over the edge of the mountain. It looked like fireworks. This is the world's largest copper smelter.

The next morning, we went out to Bingham Canyon to the world's largest copper mine, "Kennecotts" -- Utah Copper Division. It was a spectacular view of the huge mining operation as the electric shovels move 15 tons of ore at a time. The entire mine is electrically operated. Mining of almost two billion tons of ore and waste has left a large amphitheater-like pit at the mine, the sides of which are cut in giant steps or benches. The 14 sub-levels average 50 ft. and the upper levels 70 ft. in height. Their maximum width is about 65 ft. There are 22 levels on the west side and 15 on the east side of the mine and 14 sub-levels covering an operation area of 1,042 acres. The ore body is a porphyry deposit. Copper minerals are scattered through the rock which is granite-like in composition. Copper is present chiefly in minerals chalcocite and chalcopyrite. The ore contains less than one percent copper, plus small amounts of molybdenum and minute amount of gold and silver. Only the large size and uniform mineralization of the ore body, allowing large-scale highly mechanized operation, make it economically possible to remove valuable metals from such a low-grade material. No rockhounds are allowed down in the pit and I can understand why with such a huge mining operation.

We met some hospitalbe rockhounds who belonged to the Mineralogical Society of Utah. They told us their society filed claims on Topaz Mountain for future rockhounds to enjoy. Seeing we were A.F.M.S. members we were welcome to hunt on their topaz diggings. They gave us directions on how to get there, providing the roads were passable that time of the year. We thanked them and were on our way.

We continued on south to Jericho, just a name on the map. We expected at least to find a gas station but nothing but a ranch house and stock pens, where the road crossed a railroad track. It was Christmas day and no one home. We unhooked the trailer and left it there with a note on the door that read, "Gone to Topaz Mt. with 4-wheel drive Jeep, if not back by Dec. 26, send for help", signed names and address. Believe me this is good advise as we were going out 70 miles in the desert. The trail wandered around buttes, in and out of snow and over mountains and through washes. It seemed like we were going nowhere. You could see a hundred miles. We checked our maps, thought we had found Topaz mountain, but after two hours of prospecting for Topaz-bearing rhyolite and no luck, we discovered we were on Keg Mountain. We scanned the mountain peaks with our field glasses and discovered it 12 miles away. We proceeded on for Topaz Mountain. As we approached the mountain, we stopped to take a picture and I found a beautiful clear topaz ctystal in the sand trail. We knew we were on the right track this time.

At the end of the trail we found a heavy steel box with claim papers asking us to please sign the register. All excavation done by us rockhounds could be counted toward assessment work for the Mineralogical Society of Utah. By this time we had an appetite that any good rockhound could appreciate. We ate our Christmas dinner of chicken sandwiches, potato chips, Christmas cake, and hot chocolate, on the tailgate of the jeep. Reminiscent of past turkey dinners back home and all the dirty dishes that go with it. We chucked our paper plates and cups in the trash can and took off on foot up the mountain.

If you want Topaz in the matrix you have to climb up the mountain a ways and do some hard hammering. Beautifully developed, sparkling clear crystals of colorless and sherry topaz are found here in gas cavities in gray, spongy rhyolite, the majority of them are small but some may furnish flawless gems. I found a beautiful sherry one $3/8$ inches wide and 1 inch long.

The days are short this time of the year and night came upon us fast. There was a full, bright moon and you could see Topaz sparkling like diamonds 50 feet away. What a marvelous sight Mother Nature displayed. Rodney brought me back from my dreamy world. He said, "listen". I answered, "I don't hear a thing." He replied that is the whole idea, did you ever hear anything so quiet? I listened for several silent moments. The a coyote let out a howl as if to say, "Its time for you to go home", we made our way back down the mountain to the jeep, picking up sparkling topaz by moonlight, a never to be forgotten experience.

On the road back, it seemed narrow and endless, going no where. The buttes cast their eerie shadows by moonlight. A little desert fox jumped in the path of our headlights. He and the coyote were the only life we encountered that day.

The next day we went down to Delta to get some gas, our emergency supply was running low as time and again we had to use it. Delta proved to be a friendly little town where one could get most any supplies he needed. We refueled our gas tanks, unhooked our trailer and left it there.

We were off to the desert again. This time for Dugway geodes. We noticed that there were several claims in the area so you just pick yourself out a likely looking spot out in the middle of no where and start digging in the white dobie clay. It hard working them out but rewarding. We found several different sizes from one inch up to a foot. Some are solid, some hollow, lined with blue chalcedony and quartz crystals. Some fluoresce beautifully. It was a 130-mile trip but worth it. We got back in Delta at 11 p.m. that night. The natives were worried we would get lost or fall in a wash. They were about to send a Jeep Posse out looking for us. In all our travels, we've never met more friendly people. We would have liked to stay longer but time was fleeing fast so we had to move on as we wanted to see and photograph some of our National Parks.

From here on through southern Utah most everywhere we stopped the Jeep, collecting was interesting. With a little effort one could find one or more semi-precious stones, we found agate, chalcedony, jasper, obsidian, petrified wood, wonderstone, etc.

The park ranger gave us a cherry welcome as we pulled into Capital Reef Monument Park. You have no tourist problems this time of the year. We were the only ones camped at the camp grounds. Great Sandstone cliffs towered above us, carved by water and wind in fantastic towers and pinnacles. The Monument

includes a section of the Waterpocket Fold, a great doubling up of the earth's crust. The surrounding area is Jeep country. Anyone planning on going in the back country is asked to notify the Ranger before and after each trip. We went out 75 miles into some of the most forbidden desert to take some pictures. At this time, one thinks just how many days would it take one to hike out. Impassable roads discourage visitors and the area remains practically unknown to the outside world.

From Capitol Reef we drove out 76 miles to Goblin Valley; a new road was being constructed that should be completed by now. Goblin Valley is a cliff-ringed basin, hidden from view by surrounding country but filled with literally thousands of strange, weird chocolate-colored formations by the thousands, and miles of fantastically eroded cliffs. Water and frost relentlessly perform their wonderful labors of erosion.

We took Jeep trails back to Capitol Reef through some of the most fantastic country. Jeep tour service is available here. I would truly recommend it to anyone who would like to get off the beaten path. We hated to leave this area as it has so much to offer the Jeep lover. As we left we said, "We'll be back some day."

We hooked our trailer on the wagoner and headed for Bryce Canyon National Park, through desert and over pine clad mountains to a 9000 ft. plateau. The air was crisp and nippy. We parked the Jeep and took a foot trail out to the plateau rim where one may challenge his imagination at miniature cities, cathedrals, spires, windowed walls and endless chessmen shaped by rain, frost and running water, working their alternate strata of harder and softer limestone. Fantastic colors of pink, red and orange blended with white, gray and cream, with a white topping of fresh snow. It looked like mother nature had been working overtime. I got real camera happy that day and used up all my film, so thought we had better move on to Zion National Park.

Night came upon us early so we camped in a pasture field on a ranch. The rancher was planting wheat over in the next field, unbelievable to us Michiganders at that time of the year.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly. It was 70° and felt like summer as we entered Zion National Park. The road skims past rock sentinels, in and out of several tunnels, past alcoves, broad amphitheatres, magnificent arches indent these majestic cliffs, slender pilasters stand everywhere. We took a hike up a gorge. In places only a few feet separate walls half a mile high. Here the Virgin River has a fall 90 feet to a mile. This is no place to be caught in a flash flood. We were glad it wasn't July or August as that is the season for them. It brought back memories of a flash flood we were caught in near Moab one summer. We found a few septerian nodules around the Zion area. The natives informed us they used to be plentiful but are more scarce each day.

Time was fleeing fast. It was New Year's Eve as we entered Arizona. We drove for miles through beautiful Kaibab Forest. We wanted to see the north rim of Grand Canyon but it was closed for the winter so had to travel on to the south rim. We camped on the Navajo Indian Reservation that night. New Year's morning found us up bright and early picking up agate and petrified wood near our trailer. I thought what a wonderful way for a rockhound to start out New Years. Tom laid on the horn and yelled, "Come on if you want to see Grand Canyon."

Hogan dotted the Painted Desert. Indian squaws in their native dress were working on their crude rug looms, out in the open, under make-shift roof shelters. We started shopping for a rug. It was to be my Christmas gift. We found just the one we were looking for -- a beautiful Navajo design. The Indian said it took the squaw three months to card and weave it from their native wool. It now graces our recreation room floor.

We followed the Colorado River to the mouth of the Grand Canyon. One stands with amazement when you think the hungry Colorado has known the Grand Canyon down to earth's primeval rock. It shows geology's layers of cake of sediments laid down eons ago. Rain, frost and thaws, and the probing roots of plants has widened the canyon as much as 18 miles. It averages 8 miles in width through its 217 miles length, the incredible mile-deep chasm staggers human senses. I took several pictures but no camera can capture such a massive display of mother nature's art. We opened a can of ham and had a most enjoyable New Year's dinner in our housetrailer. Overlooking some of the world's most outstanding scenery.

Time was running short, we checked our maps for best route to Petrified Forest National Park. We camped that night outside of Holbrook, near Petrified Forest. You may only visit the forest during daylight hours. As we entered the forest, the park ranger asked us if we had any petrified wood. We told him we did. We searched through the Jeep, gathered up our wood and put it in the trailer. Then he put tape on the trailer door and sealed it. We weren't to remove it until we got through the park. Thousands of jewel-like logs lay across the blistered desert like jackstraws. This is the world's biggest and brightest collection of petrified wood. Although geologists foresee more agate wood cropping up as the Chinle wears down, the law imposes severe penalties for removing any of our present heritage of petrified wood.

With vacation time nearly over, we started the long trek back home. The dust blew as we rolled down route 66. We camped at Albuquerque, New Mexico that night.

The weather was nice the next day and the miles rolled by. We stopped at Tucumcari and the kids bought a six-foot pair of Texas steer horns that are now hanging above our fireplace in the recreation room.

As we passed through the Texas Panhandle cattle were grazing in green pasture. That night we camped at Oklahoma City in their city park. The next day found us driving over more rolling hills. We stopped at Galena, Kansas, at the late Poodle Lanes' Rock Shop and bought a few choice specimens. There's still enough rocks left in the yard to keep rockhounds happy for quite some time. The weather was beautiful-65°.

We continued on through St. Louis, Mo. and camped in a roadside park the last night out. Our last day took us through Illinois and Indiana. We began to see patches of snow. As we drove across the Michigan line we knew it was winter, snow covered the ground but the roads were clear and dry all the way home. We pulled into the driveway at 7:30 p.m., January, 5. 5623.5 miles. Thankful we had no trouble. We got out of our trusty Jeep, gave her a pat on the hood, and named her the "Dinosaur". We could never have made this kind of trip without her.

See next page for finale.

There have been other holidays that are memorable, but none I will cherish more than these.

Christmas Eve at the Tabernacle
Christmas Day, a picnic at Topaz Mountain
New Year's Eve, Camping overnight on the Navajo Indian Reservation.
New Year's dinner, Overlooking the Grand Canyon.

I've been asked, "would I do it again?" As I've said before, I'm always available for a trip in a minute's notice.

Millie Malkin.

Many Thanks for the very interesting report of your trip. (Ye Ed.)

Please send exchange bulletins to
William Arend
Route 2
Melody Lane
Grand Ledge, Michigan



THIRD CLASS

Richard & Lila Stevens
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