



Ore-Cutts

Volume XLIII Number 7

July 2007

Come join us on 10 July for Ralph Bishop and Something Amazing, he always has something interesting, amazing and fascinating to share with us! We will also be finalizing preparations for the August Show. The display this month will be anything you would like to show on a 1 foot x 1-foot base. Dessert will be pies brought by *Jan Ferguson, Jeannie Lingerfelt, & Sandy Berthelot.*

Jewelers Unite!

Wayne Mills, Ore Cutts Staff

Please remember that all of our jewelers are invited to bring in three pieces of their best work to our July meeting (July 10) for show and tell. Members are requested to make sure their three pieces will fit on an 8-inch square. Who knows, you might even get an order or two!

Original Adult Articles.) **Joseph Martinez** (forth place, Junior Articles, Age 5-11.)

Five OMS members won awards from AFMS (covering the entire country.): **Deborah Hood** (ninth place, New Bulletin Editors,) **Wayne Mills** (8th place Adult Advanced Articles and 10th place Adult Poetry,) Sir **Paul Howard** (honorable mention, Advanced Adult Articles,) **Ralph Bishop** (honorable mention, Advanced Adult Articles,) and **Wes Lingerfelt** (honorable mention, Original Adult Articles.)

OMS won more CFMS awards that any other single club this year, and at least as many as any other single club in AFMS.



ATTENTION ALL CLUB MEMBERS

Sylvia Nasholm, Snack Bar Chairperson

August is show month. Please contact the committee chairperson/s of choice and sign up to help! (call me please, please!)

I am once again reminding you that I need a pie donated from each member to sell in the snack bar. Your donations mean revenue for the club and I really appreciate them. I will be passing sign up sheets at the July meeting, as will most of the chairpersons. If you are unable to attend the meeting, please call and volunteer. Thank you once again for your support. Without everyone's help, it just doesn't get done. A special reminder to our new members, *helping out at our annual Rainbow of Gems show is a great way to get to know all the members.* We want and need everyone's participation! See you at the meeting on July 10th!

DIGGING IN THE FOG OF TIME *continued*

By Ralph Bishop

All of a sudden it was upon me. The fog cascaded into the hole. I stood upright. The sky was clear, stars shown bright and the Sierras stood out in the night sky, their

OMS Strikes Again

Ore Cutts Staff

Seven OMS members were recognized at the June 17 Bulletin Editor's Breakfast at the CFMS (covering all of California and parts of Nevada and Arizona) show in Lancaster. The members and categories are: **Deborah Hood** (second place, New Bulletin editors, and fourth place, Original Adult Articles), **Wayne Mills** (first Place, Original Adult Articles,) **Wes Lingerfelt** (third place, Original Adult Articles), **Ralph Bishop** (second place, Original Adult Articles Advanced), and **Jeannie Lingerfelt** (sixth place, Original Adult Articles,) and **Sharon Duncan** (seventh place,



white snow pack shown bright. But around me the tide of fog engulfed the hole, rising in rapid fashion. At that moment, filled with anxiety, I knew just how that horse felt 12,000 years ago. One minute I could see my knees, the next they were gone. By the time that thought sank in, fog engulfed my chest and then there were no stars, no Sierras.... nothing but dank gloom. Dank bitter cold, and I was lost in the Tule Fog among the hills of Devil's Den. The fog was so thick that the new headlamp I had bought barely lit up the working face and I snapped on both of the large lamps I had brought along as backups. It was time to keep a level head and work the notches down to where the base met the blow sand. It was a long arduous task, but the chill of the night fog made it possible. The notches were progressing slow but sure, and it took 2 big lights and my headlamp to work the face. I have never seen fog this thick and cold. My bad knee was wrapped with 2 Ace bandages to maintain heat and still it throbbed. I'd asked for severe weather and now I got it. As I worked toward the face on the second side notch, I forgot an important rule. Always pick into the hill. When the axe fell on an outward swing another flake blew off the asphalt face. Again there was bone showing. This time a very large canine tooth, blunted with wear, and a lower jaw showed in the fresh break of the flake. Here was a Dire Wolf within feet of the horse. I didn't need eyes to hear the howls of the pack when they heard the panicked horse. They had arrived at the creek bank where the horse lay on its side in the water, mortally stuck in the tar seep. The pack paced the shore, too nervous to wade in after the meal. They had been to this spot before and watched young careless wolves go down with their prey. None would venture beyond the creek bank. Suddenly an old lobo ran through the pack. One of his legs had been broken a month or so back when he was stomped by a shrub Ox. At this point he was gaunt and starving so he leaped from shore onto the horses back snarling and biting. A struggle ensued causing the horse to sink faster and in one final attempt at freedom the horse lurched up and landed on the wolf. In a minute or two they both sank beneath the water. Hours went by and finally the 3-foot by 4-foot block was ready to be snapped loose from the back wall. It took considerable effort but I was finally able to roll it away from the face. It was heavier than I had thought, and I had to move a lot of dirt to make bench steps out of the hole and up to the tailings pile. They had to be so deep and so high to accommodate the roll of the rectangular tar block. It took at least an hour to get it to the top of the tailings pile. By the time it stood on the landing atop the tailing pile I was near all in and collapsed against the tar block. The moment I stopped moving the cold manifested itself. My bones ached and my bad knee was in full-tilt throb mode. And if that wasn't enough, I had worked up quite a sweat rolling that block of tar. I rolled back into the hole following the

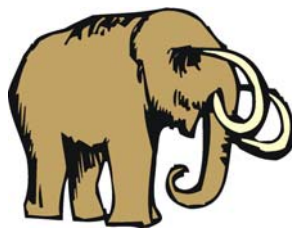


light to a spare coat but it didn't help a bit. I had never been so cold in my life, even in the week of 40 below weather I'd spent in Eastern Oregon. The lights had dimmed with use, so making it to the truck was "iffy". I decided to build a small fire in one end of the hole. There were 6 or 7 long 2x4's I'd brought in years back, so I broke a few of them up and lit a fire. By the time the fire got going my teeth were chattering uncontrollably. I hugged the fire as close as I could without getting burned. This small fire was a lifesaver. Next time I'll run a guideline from the truck to the hole. The fire felt so good I didn't really notice it gaining strength until it flamed out a couple of times. The tar wall in the corner had gotten hot enough so that large 3 to 4 inch bubbles of tar formed on the tar surface. They looked just like bubblegum bubbles, but when they burst, the gas belched flame. It didn't take long before the oozing molten tar started dripping directly on to the flames. I had defeated the cold all right. I think I uttered the words "OH Shinola!" as I scrambled out of the roaring hole. The 6 foot high wall, for about 6 feet, was going wild with flames shooting 10 feet into the air. The fog around the hole was gone, evaporated. I found a shovel in the firelight and tossed a load of dirt on the fire, but it was from the granulated tar area. So when it reached the heat of the fire in mid air it spontaneously combusted, knocking me on my butt. I had landed on an area of blow sand, so I got up and, with a Herculean effort, tossed one shovel full after another until the fire calmed. But when I took a breather the fire surged up again. I have no idea how long it took to smother the flames but my forearms were Charlie horsing. The black smoke boiled and occasionally a flame burst through the sand. I couldn't put them all out though as I was soaking wet with sweat at 3 or 4 in the morning, the coldest time of the night. It wasn't hard to get the fire going again. Just scrape some drift sand off an area and count to 5 and flames burst forth. So I would warm up by the fire and then take a 5-gallon bucket to the nearest blow sand to fill it and return to dump it. After an hour or so the nearest blow sand was 15 yards from the hole and I felt confident enough to sit down by a flame isolated in the corner of the hole. I took a deep breath. I looked toward the heavens knowing they were there but unable to see them. Mom's guardian angels, they'd worked overtime...again. I shook my head in disbelief when I thought what would have happened if I hadn't been able to put out the fire. I'd seen the movie with John Wayne, "Hell Fighters," a story about Red Adair who specialized in putting out oil well fires. Usually there is a wellhead under pressure, but this spot was simply a huge mound of tar on the surface and who knows what lay beneath the surface. If it had become fully involved I doubt anyone could have put it out. Although the locals wouldn't have seen it because of the fog, they would have heard it. Even the little flame out I

had created roared, snapped and popped. More than likely the pillar of flame and smoke would have towered close to 1,000 feet and people in Placerville would have seen it easily.

I was finally warm, having to constantly calm the fire down. Now that it was under control, I enjoyed watching the bubbles build and burst into flame. I crawled along the new tar face noticing that the zone of bones was a little over one foot thick and the white bones were quite dramatic in contrast to the black tar. At one point in the wall a good number of large but hollow bones were broken in cross section. These were bird bones, and considering their size, they must have been huge. Whether it was a bird of prey or a scavenger I could not tell. There were giant eagles during the Ice Age, some with wingspans of over 15 feet. One South American variety grew to a span of 25 feet. Then there were the vultures, Condors of immense size, and wingspans greater than the eagles. There were eleven varieties of Vulture to clean up the mortal remains of the vast herds of grazing animals that existed in the San Joaquin Valley during the Ice Age. There was one odd variety built like a heron with long legs and a can opener for a beak. After seeing the reconstructions of these birds at the Page Museum on the site of the La Brea Tar Pits, I could easily see where the Native Americans came by the legend of the Thunderbird. These birds would have been awe-inspiring, and at the same time terrifying, as they could have easily carried off a human child.

As I crawled along the new tar face, I could see the giant birds descending through the fog of time, wary, but drawn ever closer by a sure meal. With the orgy of death of the horse and the wolf, and the ensuing commotion, some of the birds no doubt landed to clean up the remnants and less-wary individuals were jostled into the water or landed on a waterlogged carcass. In the end, the death pool accommodated at one time or another every member of the mega fauna and by its representation gave us an unparalleled snap shot of a fauna so much different than that of today, but that existed a mere blink in time ago. I didn't have to get far from the fire for the fog to impose its painful chill. Like a moth to the flame, I returned to the fire that had been stabilized by a blanket of blow sand. Out of pain and cold I had made an unwise decision, and thanks to my guardian angels, I had the gumption to stand and neutralize what could have been an ecological disaster, let alone destroying the bones of the mega fauna. I had gotten one large tar block and I decided that if the morning brought any relief from the shroud of the fog, I would call well enough alone and bail out of this ominous environment. I was exhausted, more mentally than physically. I was covered with partially



combusted tar from head to foot, and in turn dusted with blow sand— similar to being tarred and feathered.

As a blush of sun backlit the fog, the temperature rose and I finished filling the pit with blow sand. Still, I could not see the truck only sixty feet away, so I spent time digging an area out to accommodate the truck when I would be able to back it up to the landing on top of the tailings pile. From that elevation I should be able to roll the tar block into the bed of the pickup and hopefully escape the dread of the fog. If not, there was always another block to carve out on the east side of the hole.

As I was digging, I happened to notice that I no longer had the cough that so plagued me just twenty-four hours before, not even a wheeze. I thought to myself, "This is an odd situation." I had been inhaling tar smoke for hours on end, and instead of worsening my respiratory condition; it seems to have completely alleviated it. I purposely took a deep breath, and although my chest was as sore as it was the day before, there was no rattle of congestion, and no gob of phlegm to spit.

The lights that I thought would be sufficient for the trip had dimmed, so I shut them off knowing I had a few more batteries in the truck, but probably not enough for another night like the one I'd just endured. In time I saw the shadows of the truck and was heartened when the 440 cc engine roared to life and brought the heater to life. After a few ill-guided runs up the tailings pile, I was able to run directly up to the landing. I knew I was on target when the tailgate slammed into the tar block almost knocking it back into the hole. I got out of the truck thinking the worst, but was gratified to find that I only had to re-roll the tar block up one step. Still it was difficult getting any purchase in the soft tailings pile, and the bar, though it worked, required a great deal of effort before the block was in a position to roll onto the tweaked tailgate and into the truck-bed. By the time I had accomplished that chore, it was broad daylight, but still a thick blur of gray. Hoping for the best, I packed the truck but left quite a contingent of materials and tools in the hole.

Rush came over the truck radio, so I knew it was at least 9:00 a.m., but the fog was still way too thick, so I got out and started to notch the second block. It looked like I'd gotten what I had wished for and I hoped that the next morning's blush would be brighter. I had plenty of food and gas, but all things considered, if the fog didn't diminish, I could be at this hole for days. One should always be careful what one wishes for. The notching was going better than I had thought it would and I was somewhat resigned to another twenty-four hours locked into the fog of time.

I cooked a can of beans on the intake manifold of the truck, taking care not to explode the can by overheating.

After downing a second can of gourmet delights, I continued my notching. As strange as it seemed, ground level began to clear up, but still no sun penetrated the blanket of fog. Then at about the same rate the fog crept in the day before, it started to rise en mass, with a defined bottom. Below, the ground level was clear but shaded by the dense layer of fog. "Was this the break I needed?" I thought.

I had about ten miles of two-track to travel before Highway 33, but I would be descending into the valley and could get caught if the base of the fog stabilized at headlight level lower in the valley. It was worth a try, I thought, if it got too confusing, I could always return to the hole and take my medicine. I made one last check of the hole, threw the ax into the cab, edged off the tailings pile and hightailed it toward the doglegged canyon down fault from the tar pit. This was difficult driving, although it was clear below the level of the lights, the fog was dense as ever at the height of the steering wheel. I opened the door of the truck and leaned out for a better view. This was extremely awkward, but got me through the faulted doglegs. I was able to follow my tracks from the day before, below the basement of fog, and before I knew it I bumped up on the black top of Highway 33. The bottom of the fog layer was still at headlight level, but I could make out the yellow centerline except where road patches covered it.

This part of the trip was spookier than being caught off the road. With the fog at headlight level, a dip in the road would allow the headlights to illuminate the road, and a rise would cause the lights to reflect off of the fog, confusing my vision of the road. This was the scourge of Valley Fog. When I came to the stop sign at Highway 41, I could see the white post but not the stop sign. Leaning out the door, I could see the asphalt of the westbound highway, and, not hearing any traffic, I made a quick turn following the yellow line. I gained elevation in short order and almost immediately I was driving in the midst of the thick fog layer that had risen above the valley floor. I was driving blind with the lights reflecting back at me. I dropped my speed and tried to maintain a straight course remembering that that section of the road was straight. It seemed like forever, but soon enough the cab of the truck broke through the top of the fog layer, and it was clear as a bell, but the road was still obscured. I maintained my slow speed until the roadway appeared through the fog as if by magic.

I turned out at the first pullout to regain my senses and to thank God I'd escaped from the fearsome shroud. There below me was a sea of fog; it's tendrils reaching up every canyon and draw. By the grace of God and my guardian angels, I had escaped that day from the fog of time with a piece of the Ice Age. But, as I turned to go, I heard their echoes through the fog in broad daylight. And

over the next few years I returned six more times with success, each time gaining more humility while discarding bravado, until the mortality strata was just too much for hand labor. And there the deposit sits until someday someone has the intestinal fortitude to start where I left off.

Upon my return to the house my family was relieved, but aghast at my appearance. It took a spit bath in kerosene to prove my Celtic lineage and for a week or more my wife shied away from close contact.

But despite all the toxic rhetoric about oil and its' detrimental qualities, I never coughed after that night of asphalt inhalation, and after one day of rest went back to work in perfect health, cured by partially combusted hydrocarbon inhalation.

Scholarship Awarded

Wayne Mills, Scholarship Chair

Thursday night,
May 24, Alan
Hancock College held
their 38th Annual
Scholarship Dinner.
This year, the Awards
dinner was handled
differently from
previous years. The
new format was quite
an improvement over
the former method, where every scholarship was
announced, and it took hours to get through the
naming of each scholarship and recipient ceremony.
This year the college awarded more money than ever
before (\$325,000) in scholarships to 211 students (an
average of about \$1540 per student.)



Christine Clason and I were honored to be able to sit with our student, Michelle Reed, and her parents, and chat about rocks and the society over a very tasty steak dinner prepared by the Elks Club of Santa Maria. Just before the keynote address delivered by Joe Dana, Principal of Ralph Dunlap elementary school in Santa Maria, (and an alumnus of Hancock) we presented Michelle with her award, and she received another scholarship from Santa Maria and Lompoc Retired Teacher's Association. Michelle was very enthusiastic about the society, and hopes to come to our July meeting. She appears to be a real go-getter, and hopes to be able to pass her love of geology onto her students (after she becomes a teacher, of course).

MEMBER PROFILES

Roger Lehman—Marching to the Beat of a Different Drum

Wayne Mills, Ore Cutts Profiler



At the recent OMS Semi-Annual Meeting in Pioneer Park, I had the pleasure of sitting with new member Roger Lehman and his lovely wife

Donna. OK, it was a bit of a set-up, because I had planned to interview Roger if he showed up, so I just moved down the bench to join them for lunch.

It constantly amazes me how life is interconnected. After a few minutes conversation, I find that Mr. Lehman is the Roger that our member Virginia Rogers has been telling me about who does such a fine job repairing watches for her. (Virginia is a long-time jeweler who has previously talked to our club about gemology).

Roger was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, within view of Pikes Peak, a prime collecting location for Amazonite and Smoky Quartz. Nearby were Cripple Creek, a classic gold mining location, and other collecting areas many rock folk only hope to visit one day. Roger was inspired to investigate his surroundings by his grandfather, an avid hiker.

Roger stayed in Colorado through his college years, graduating from Colorado State University in Fort Collins. He moved to Los Angeles in 1967, to work for RCA Computers at a time computers were in their infancy. Working in the mainframe division, Roger saw the company change hands two times. From RCA, the company became Univac, and later the company underwent a takeover by Burroughs, the business machine people.

In 1984, Roger's company sent him to Scottsdale, Arizona to help with the installation of a large computer system for that city. There he met a tall, well-spoken farm girl from the Nebraska flatlands who also happened to work for his company. Donna was an expert in office automation, and soon after their serendipitous meeting, they were married.

In 1992, while living in Burbank, California, Roger retired from the rapidly changing computer

industry. At that time, Donna was working for World-Vision, Inc., an international humanitarian organization based in Monrovia, (my former home town)

After his retirement, Roger decided to leave Los Angeles for more quiet surroundings, and he fortunately picked the Santa Maria area. Donna continued to work for World Vision for three years or so after Roger's retirement, and she commuted from Santa Maria to LA for her job. THAT's dedication!

Roger has always had an interest in rocks from his early days in Colorado. Yes, he DID collect the amazonite and smoky quartz from Pikes Peak, and he did find gold in Cripple Creek, and turquoise nearby. He was a member of the Lockheed Mining and Prospecting club while he was in Burbank, and learned the art of lost wax casting back in the 1960's, when gold was still \$35.00 per ounce (those days are gone forever). But his real interest is in rare gems. He has procured diamonds for friends, and has a personal collection of several unusual faceted gems. These include gems from Aquamarine to Zircon, and many in between.

In addition to watch repair and collecting unusual gems, Roger has been a member of the Hancock Concert Band for 14 years. There he plays Baritone Horn (Euphonium). And he plays piano for himself.

Roger was introduced to our club by his friend Lee Reyburn, an acquaintance from church, and through Bill Hood, whom he met at the Santa Maria Camera Club. We are happy they brought this soft-spoken, but knowledgeable member into our fold.

More Bud...

The June Ore Cutts got out before I could add the following to our June profile of Bud Burgess. Bud helped the Central Coast Cactus and Succulent Society (CCCSS) at the succulent show that was held the weekend of May 23-24 at the San Luis Obispo Library (I was on the show committee for that event too). Bud was a great help in helping us get the library community room cleaned-up in short order. And in getting our OMS tables back in Wes's truck. CCCSS rented 25 of OMS's tables for their event, and Wes's efforts at picking up the tables from the locker, delivering the tables Friday night, and picking up the tables (along with his son Marty), and taking them back to the locker, earned the Society \$100 for our treasury. Many thanks to Wes, Bud, and Marty for their help with the tables

What I wanted to add about Bud was a story he told me on the Porter Ranch trip. When he was a lineman for (Fresno) county in about 2005, one day he was inspecting power lines in the foothills of the Sierras. He came across a tired, hungry, and emaciated, part pit bull, and part who knows dog. He decided to feed her some of what he had in the truck, and wound up taking her home and nursing her back to health. Since that time, Phoebe has been his constant companion, and she is quite polite to others as those on the Porter Ranch trip can attest. Actually, I think they both found great companions.

Pioneer Park Scene of Rock Fight

Ore Cutts Staff



OMS met in Pioneer Park in southwest Santa Maria for their semi-annual meeting on Saturday, June 2. The weather was perfect, and as in the past, it was a

fun club event. We even had a few new faces (See this month's Member Profiles for two of them). Also as usual, Wes, Lucky, Sylvia and Don Nasholm among others worked hard to buy, season and cook the meat and organize the serving of the potluck dishes. There was a wonderful variety of food to choose from appetizers to desserts, and, to my knowledge, no one went home hungry.



Wes, Ralph, the Nasholms and several others donated two picnic tables (including benches)—full of rocks for the silent auction. The bidding was fierce on some rock piles, and the club made about \$150 off the donated materials. The event lasted from about 10 AM until shortly after the conclusion of the silent auction, about 2:30 PM. No one was harmed during the event

Raffle Thanks

Wayne Mills-Raffle Chair

Our May Raffle was quite a success, thanks largely to the generous donation of a jade sphere by Lucky Virgin. Some nice rock donated by Dee Dee Magri

also enhanced the event. We also sweetened the pot with a few pieces of dino-bone donated by Ralph Bishop

Rock Quiz

Ore Cutts Staff

Looks like the Berthelot's are the OMS rock whizzes. At our semi-annual meeting, Sandy mentioned that Paul had done some research and decided that the world's largest petrified forest might be on the Island of Lesvos in the Greek Isles. According to Wikipedia.com, that is the correct answer. The forest is about 150 kilometers (93 square miles) in size. The world's largest petrified trees probably come from Argentina (up to 10 feet in diameter and 100 feet long) while the ones on Lesvos only go up to 66 feet long.

So with this, the Rock Quiz is history so to speak. We tried to generate some discussion with this feature, but it seems to be mostly a one-sided one. We'll keep trying new ideas. We remain open to your suggestions.

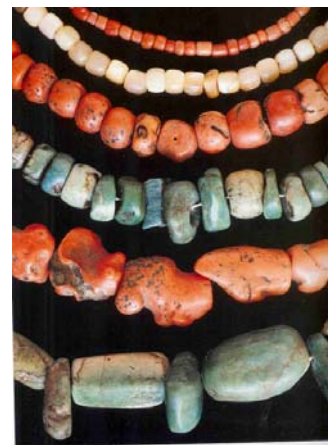
Let It Be(ad)

Wayne Mills, Ore Cutts Stringer

The earliest beads made by men are arguably shells with holes drilled in them that were found in Blombos Cave in South Africa. These beads date from about 75,000 years before present.

The ancient world was full of wonderful natural materials that could make lovely beads if our ancestors could figure out how to get a hole in them. Softer ones like coral and amber were relative easy because they could be drilled with sharpened chert, but harder materials like amazonite and quartz that were as hard as, or nearly as hard as the material in the drill presented more of a problem to our ancestors. The problem was obviously overcome a few thousand years ago by some diligent craftsman who produced these amazonite, coral and mother of pearl beads in Morocco.

One account, [A Universal Aesthetic-Collectible Beads](#) (Robert Liu, 1995) mentions that some hard stones were drilled by tapping a steel punch with a small steel hammer. One inch took three hours! That would make the finished product pretty valuable! *(That is once steel was*



developed, before that it was just patience that got the job done-Ed..)

Amazonite, coral, and nacre (Mother-of-Pearl) beads from Morocco. Picture from [A Universal Aesthetic- Collectible Beads](#)

Bits and Bytes

Ore Cutts Staff

An article in "USA Today" April 22, 2007, described the discovery of a rock containing the same components as a sample of kryptonite (Superman's Achilles Heel, so to speak) that was shown in the 2006 film *Superman Returns*. The chemical make up of the rock is sodium lithium boron silicate hydroxide. And no, it is not a green, glowing crystal, rather a benign looking white, powdery looking material. The rock was found in Siberia, Russia, and will be named Jaderite. I have no idea why.

<http://www.clearharmony.net/articles/200404/19340.html>

Orcutt Mineral Society Board Meeting Mussell Sr. Center, Santa Maria, CA 5 June 2007

The meeting was called to order at 7:05 p.m. by president, Debbie Hood.

Board members present were Bob Bullock, Sandy Berthelot, Mike Henson, Wayne Mills, Wes Lingerfelt, Debbie Hood and Elaine Von Achen. Guests included Bill Hood and Paul Berthelot.

Wes Lingerfelt read the treasurer's report. Wayne Mills noted that \$11.89, which was included in the raffle, was in fact for labels for the library. Wes will amend the report and it was accepted as amended.

Minutes of the previous board meeting were approved as published in the June 2007 newsletter.

Correspondence: Elaine Von Achen reported newsletters from South Bay Lapidary & Mineral Society and Capistrano Valley Rock & Mineral Club. A note was read from CFC Jewelry Supplies regarding a new company that designs and produces lapidary cutting templates and settings. They included brochures of their products for any members who might be interested. We also received a letter from Ray Meisenheimer, Chair CFMS Endowment Fund thanking us for our donation in memory of Jill Nellson.

Committees:

Education: Wayne Mills reported on the Dana Adobe Heritage Days where he was an "Ole Prospector". He said it was a good day and that we took in \$69.00.

CFMS: Wes & Jeannie Lingerfelt, Debbie & Bill Hood and Wayne Mills are planning to attend this

year's show and awards breakfast being held in Lancaster, CA.

Highway Cleanup: It was reported that at the last cleanup Bud Burgess was a real asset as he outshined everyone who attended.

Library: None

Scholarship: Wayne Mills and Christine Clason represented OMS at the 38th annual Hancock College awards presentation where Michele Reed was presented with an OMS scholarship in the amount of \$500.00. Her major was Earth Science. Wayne reported that this year the donor and the recipient of the scholarship were seated at the same table and that it made it nice because they could visit and get to know one another.

Annual Gem Show: Wes is waiting for applications to be returned. He has the master for the tickets ready for printing. Posters will be made tomorrow. We will be getting new banners this year.

Monthly Breakfast: The breakfast for June will be held on the 23rd at 9:00 a.m. at Pappy's restaurant.

Field Trips: June's field trip will be held on the 16th of June and we will be going to El Capitan and Refugio Beach to look for whalebone, fossils and concretions. We will be meeting at 8:00 a.m. at the Mussell Sr. Center parking lot.

OLD BUSINESS:

Debbie Hood once again requested job descriptions from anyone who has not yet turned theirs in.

She also addressed the awarding of the Australian Agates donated by Sir Paul Howard. Wayne Mills said that he would like to see them go to an "Outstanding Member of the Year" to be selected by the President. That individual would keep them for the year and then they would be turned over to the next "Outstanding Member" the following year. Elaine Von Achen said that she liked the idea of putting each paid members name into a hat and having a drawing. The winner would be the proud owner of the agates. Wes Lingerfelt felt that the agates should stay in the club and not be given away. It was decided that President Debbie Hood would list all of the suggestions and a vote would be taken at the next board meeting.

NEW BUSINESS:

Wes Lingerfelt said that he had been talking with a member of Saint Joseph's church regarding the possibility of keeping our club cases, past history, books, etc. in a "C Train" stored on church property. It could be less expensive than the \$155.00 per month

we are currently paying a storage facility to rent a locker, not to mention how handy it would be to have everything right there at the church.

It was also mentioned that anyone going in to the storage locker please be sure to put stuff back where it came from and to not leave anything haphazardly in the way and also please be sure to check the lock and spin the dial when done.

Debbie Hood reported that the Political Action Committee chairmanship is still open.

The program for the July General Meeting will be given by Ralph Bishop and is titled "Something Amazing". Display will be anything 1' x 1'. Refreshments for the evening will be pie.

A tentative date of June 7, 2008 has been set for the annual Bar-B-Q held at Pioneer Park.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:05 by President, Debbie Hood.

Respectfully submitted:

Elaine Von Achen, Secretary, OMS



A saw cutting a piece of stone was selected when the first bulletin, ORE-CUTTS (namesake, William Orcutt) was first published in 1966. Member Helen Azevedo was the first editor.

Orcutt Mineral Society was founded in 1958, and was named after William Orcutt, a geologist and Civil engineer who worked in the Santa Maria Valley as a District manager for Union oil Company in 1888. In 1989, William Orcutt discovered the mineral and fossil wealth of the La Brea Tar Pits on the property of Captain Alan Hancock. The La Brea Tar Pits are one of the most significant fossil finds in paleontological history. The OMS is a non-profit club dedicated to stimulating an interest in the earth sciences. The club offers educational programs, field trips, scholarships, and other opportunities for families and individuals to pursue an interest in collecting and treatment of lapidary materials, fossils, gems, minerals, and other facets of the Earth Sciences. In addition, another goal of this Society is to promote good fellowship, and proper ethics in pursuit of the Society's endeavors. Operating Rules have been set forth to guide the Officers and members of the Society in accomplishing these aims. Affiliations of the OMS include American Federation of Mineral Societies, and California Federation of Mineral Societies

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Display-1 foot x 1 foot display, anything goes • Refreshments-Pies
Saturday July 14, 2007 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.	Roadside Clean up After the cleanup, coffee and pastry at "Francisco's Country Kitchen" in Santa Maria.
Saturday, July 21, 2007 8:00a.m. to 5:00p.m.	Field Trip to Jalama Beach -Meet at Mussell Senior Center parking lot. Spend a summer day at the beach collecting agate, travertine and fossils. Bring a lunch, water, and sunscreen. Level walking over sand/gravel. Can be very windy. Good burgers at end of day! Contact Bob Bullock at 928-6372 for details
Saturday July 28, 2007 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.	OMS Monthly Breakfast-IHOP, 202 Nicholson, Santa Maria. Contact Gloria Dana at 929-6429 for details.

August 2007 Calendar

Tuesday August 7, 2007 7:00 p.m. – 8:00 p.m.	OMS Board Meeting Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
August 3-5, 2007 Rainbow Of Gems Show	
Wednesday August 1, 2007 8:00 a.m. to completion	Measure, lay out and mark the Show areas. Wes needs help with this.
Thursday August 2, 2007 8:00 a.m. till complete	Show set up at St Joseph's Church 298 S. Thompson Ave. Nipomo. We need some strong folks to move tables and cases, and everyone else to skirt the tables. Coffee and donuts will be there to reward the faithful. All members are cordially invited!
Thursday August 2, 2007 6:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.	Chicken Dinner for Vendors, Exhibitors and Club members who have helped to lay out and set up the show,
Friday, August 3, 2007 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.	Opening of the 40 th annual OMS Rainbow of Gems Show . Each family is requested to bring 2 pies for the snack bar. Volunteer: help is needed in the Country Store, Snack Bar, Hospitality Booth
Saturday, August 4, 2007 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.	Enjoy the displays, demonstrations and the vendor's many rocks & minerals for sale. Enjoy the great food in the snack bar. Volunteer: help is needed in the Country Store, Snack Bar, Hospitality Booth

July 2007 Calendar

Tuesday July 10, 2007 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.	OMS General Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Program-Ralph Bishop on "Something Amazing."
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Saturday August 4, 2007 6:30 p.m.	Best-darned BBQ on the Central Coast! Tickets are \$9.00 for Adults and \$4.50 for kids 12 and under. Don't miss it!
Sunday August 5, 2007 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.	Enjoy the displays, demonstrations and the vendor's many rocks & minerals for sale. Enjoy the great food in the snack bar. Volunteer: help is needed in the Country Store, Snack Bar, Hospitality Booth
Sunday August 5, 2007 7:00p.m. to 9:00p.m.	Post show victory dinner 7:00 p.m. at the Golden Dragon Restaurant, 151 Dana St. Nipomo
Tuesday August 7, 2007 7:00p.m. to 8:00p.m.	OMS Board Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
Tuesday August 14, 2007 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.	OMS General Meeting Elwin Mussell Senior Center. Program- Show wrap up Display- Show acquisitions & Foreign rocks. Refreshments- Cookies by Christine Clason, Don Nasholm, Debbie Hood, Truman Burgess

OMS Membership (dues) are \$18 per year. Junior memberships (under 18) are \$9 per year. Membership dues are due January 1, and are prorated for each month thereafter. Membership Chairperson is Elaine Von Achen (805) 929-1488

July 14-15 2007, Culver City, CA

Culver City Rock & Mineral Club
Culver City Veteran's Memorial Complex
Culver City Veteran's Memorial Auditorium
4117 Overland Avenue
Hours: Sat. 10 - 6; Sun. 10 - 5
Website: CulverCityRocks.org
Phone: (310) 836-4611

August 3-5 2007, Nipomo, CA

Orcutt Mineral Society
St. Joseph Church
298 S. Thompson Ave.
Wes Lingerfelt (805) 929-3788

August 4-5 2007, San Francisco, CA

San Francisco Gem & Mineral Society
San Francisco County Fair Bldg
Ninth Ave. & Lincoln Way
Hours: Sat. 10-6 Sun 10-5
Ellen Nott (415) 564-4230

August 31 - Sept. 3 2007, Fort Bragg, CA

Mendocino Coast Gem & Mineral Society
Town Hall, Main & Laural
Hours: Sat. & Sun 10-6; Mon. 10-4
Don McDonell (707) 964-3116

September 15-16 2007, Redwood City, CA

Sequoia Gem & Mineral Society
Community Activities Building
1400 Rosewood Ave.
Hours: 10-5 both days
Carol Corden (650) 248-7155
Email: ccorden@earthlink.net
Website: sqms.drifmine.com

September 22-23 2007, Downey, CA

Delvers Gem & Mineral Society
Woman's Club of Downey
9813 Paramount Blvd
Hours: Sat. 10 - 6; Sun. 10 - 4
Steve Miller (562) 633-0614
Email : guynellallen@sbcglobal.net

September 22 2007, Los Altos, CA

Peninsula Gem & Geology Society
Recreation with Rocks
Rancho Shopping Center
Foothill Expressway & Springer Road
Hours: Sat. 9:30am - 4:30pm
David Muster (408) 245-2180
Email: colleen.mcgann@hds.com

2007-OMS Officers

Pres.	Debbie Hood	(805) 481-6860
Pres. Elect	Wayne Mills	(805) 481-3495
Secretary	Elaine Von Achen	(805) 929-1488
Treasurer	Wes Lingerfelt	(805) 929-3788
Immed. Past Pres.	Bob Bullock	(805)928-6372
Federation. Rep.	Wes Lingerfelt	(805) 929-3788

2007-OMS Board Members

Geary Scheffer	(805) 925-8009
Sylvia Nasholm	(805) 481-0923
Sandy Berthelot	(805) 349-3977
Dee-Dee Magri	(805) 595-2755
Mike Henson	(805) 934-1308

Ore-Cutts Editors

Deborah Hood	(805) 481-6860
Wayne Mills	(805) 481-3495

OMS Webmaster - Wes Lingerfelt -929-3788
Check out our OMS web site at <http://omsinc.org> or send e-mail to info@omsinc.org.

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THE PARROT

Wanda's Genie quit working so she called the Genie repairman. Since she had a rock-collecting trip scheduled the next day, she told the repairman, "I'll leave the key under the mat. The Genie is in the workshop in the basement, fix the Genie, leave the bill on the counter and I'll mail you a check. Oh, by the way, don't worry about my bulldog. He won't bother you. But, whatever you do, do NOT, under ANY circumstances, talk to my parrot. I REPEAT, DO NOT TALK TO MY PARROT!!!" When the Genie repairman arrived at Wanda's house the following day, he discovered the biggest, meanest looking bulldog he had ever seen. But, just as she had said, the dog just laid thereon the floor watching the repairman go about his work. The parrot, however, drove him nuts the whole time with his incessant yelling, cursing and name-calling. Finally, the repairman couldn't contain himself any longer and yelled, "Shut up, you stupid ugly bird!", to which the parrot replied, "Get him Spike!!!" ~from Les Jones, *Sooner Rockologist* 11/03, via *The Roadrunner*, 12/03



Orcutt Mineral Society, Inc.
PO Box 106
Santa Maria, CA. 93456-0106

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

In memoriam

Sadly we announce the death of Mary Sausa, Sylvia Nasholm's mother and a longtime OMS member. Mary had been ill for a number of months, following the death of her husband, Frank Sausa last year. Our condolences go out to The Nasholm & Sausa families.

SOMEBODY ELSE

There's a clever young fellow named Somebody Else
There's nothing this fellow can't do.
He's always busy, from morning till night, just substituting
for you.
You are asked to do this, or asked to do that.
And what is your ready reply?
"Get Somebody Else, Mr. Chairman; He'll do it much
better than I."
So, next time you're asked to do something worthwhile,
Just give them an honest reply:
"If SOMEBODY ELSE can give time and support,
You can bet your last dime, so can I."
From Laphound News 12 / 89
This is an Oldie Goldie and needs to be repeated.

