



Ore-Cutts

Volume XLIII Number 11

November 2007

Come join us on November 13 at 7:00 p.m. at Mussell Senior Center for a program from the CFMS Library. Wayne hasn't made up his mind yet which one it will be, but they are all interesting, so come for the potluck program!

Display: Be There and Be Square

Please remember that the November display is our 1-foot x 1-foot Competition. There may be a prize. It is an open competition judged by the members. The only rules are that it must be rock, fossil or mineral oriented, and it must fit on a 1 foot by 1 foot piece of whatever material you desire.

Of course, we ALWAYS encourage you to bring in displays, and if you don't want to compete but still want to bring in your cool rocks, please do.

We will find room for them.

Refreshments will be cookies brought by Don Nasholm, Christine Clason, Debbie Hood & Truman Burgess.

Come Loaded for Bear, Because the November Raffle will Rock

Wayne Mills, Raffle Chair

The title might not make much sense, but the November Raffle should. As the last regular meeting of the year, we are bringing a lot of raffle goodies. The biggies will be a turquoise necklace and the Amethyst church I have been enjoying all year. We will also have rock eggs, fossils, crystals, one of our last stone birds, an orange calcite sphere, tools, a diamond burr set, several of the Condor Agates Ralph donated, and maybe a few more surprises.

We have done pretty well with the raffle this year, and shopping at Quartzite next January should be fun. If anyone would like to go with me to help spend all that money, and maybe help run the raffle while I am running the meetings next year, please contact me. (At our October Meeting, Linda Kolasinski said she might help with the

raffle, but she wouldn't go to Quartzite with me. I'm hurt!)

Our October Raffle was definitely improved by the addition of a lovely jade sphere donated by Lucky Virgin, and a handsome Chinese Scholar Stone donated by Jan and Stan Ferguson.

T'was Grace That Saved Me

By Ralph Bishop, Honorary member, OMS

In the realm of oral history, from the time of Homer to the present, for every Iliad there is an Odyssey. It has been exemplified in our generation by the radio icon Paul Harvey. Upon conclusion of the day's news, he took the time that made him famous to tell "the rest of the story." Always highly entertaining, with poignant moralistic overtones, he would complete the Iliad by documenting the Odyssey. While other newsmen would rail on an elderly industrialist for his uncompromising capitalist climb to wealth and leave the story there, Paul Harvey would complete the circle of the elder's life, relating that the surly old man had died penniless, with a heart of gold, having given his money to higher education and the advancement of the poorest in our society.

Very often my true-life adventures must, out of necessity, be edited for length for the newsletter format of our rock club. After reading "Amazing Grace" a couple of my dearest and oldest rock hunting friends, Lance and Belinda, said: "You left out the best part!" They felt the truth of my eccentricity was being compromised by omission. So I will bow to their time-honored opinions. Ladies and Gentlemen, far be it from me to omit "The rest of the story."

An Odyssey In Pink

As I mentioned toward the end of "Amazing Grace" (Ore Cutts, August 2007) the thrill and fulfillment I felt when the pink triangle landed at my feet was but a "...fleeting moment in comparison to the three years, off and on, of back-breaking labor to find the Rhodonite". I also mentioned "on a scale of 1 to 10 in difficulty, this was an 11". Lance and Belinda took exception to that

statement, so let me say that the Iliad was an 11 on the scale and the Odyssey was a test of endurance where—as time passed, the numbers of difficulties increased so that all my life’s experiences and my personal competence were run through a wringer. When the actual “mission” of recovery began, the 600 to 700 foot descent from Highway 1 down a “goat trail” carved into a mud and rubble slide had to be dug and constantly maintained from the first step to the last. Each step needed to be uniform in height for my upward stride and level so that I would not slip when I ascended the trail with a 60 to 80-pound load. A serpentine route had to be followed to circumvent, when possible, places where springs caused constant slumpage and slippery footing. There were numerous large clumps of Pampas Grass about half the way down to the beach that once grew above the road. There were springs at this point and the trail needed to be carved in such a way as to alleviate any possibility of slipping and falling.

A person’s first and immediate instinct in a slip or fall situation is to reach out and grab whatever is handy for stability. The 5 to 6 foot long “blades” of Pampas Grass are just that, “Blades.” Both sides of each “Blade” are finely serrated and rather stiff in nature. If a person were to grab a leafy blade to stabilize himself, his hands would be severely lacerated. To grab more than 1 blade would be to cut your hands to ribbons.

Once on the beach, a 50-yard traverse over large water-worn rocks was required to reach the south end of the beach. At that point, a 10-foot rock wall had to be scaled. This was fairly easy even at a moderate tide the first year. By the second year, however, the tides had swept much of the previous years’ slumpage out to sea, lowering the southern beach level. And after two mild winters toward the end of the “mission” in the third year, the jagged rocks of the south beach were washed clean of sand, and access was absolutely impossible even at a minus tide. Once the bench beyond the south beach was scaled, a 30-yard trail had to be established to the large rectangle of Rhodonite. Above the rock face, which accurately measured 5 feet by 10 feet, was a near vertical rubble slide of consolidated mud, rock and boulders from the cat push of the 1950’s. The term consolidated denotes a settling, over the years, of a chaotic mass of rock material, which in this case was lying on bedrock in a near vertical position. At road level the supporting pillars of a “hanging bridge” on the point of the Limekiln massif could clearly be seen. At this point the Highway 1 roadbed had been extended 12 or so feet seaward from its’ bedrock foundation. Above that was the 1000-foot vertical face of the massive rock headland above the road. So, as I stood on the 4-foot wide ledge on the first day of the “Mission” with a concave drop-off of 12 feet between the crashing surf of the vast Pacific Ocean below me, I was psychologically and spiritually struck by the “Imposing Majesty” of God’s creation.

I looked toward the heavens and gave thanks that the Lord allowed me the grace to fulfill the desire of two wonderful souls. To break the solemn mood, I said to my guardian angels, “Well boys and girls, I know you have got wings, but I hope you packed your parachutes; this one is going to be a bumpy ride. There are no OSHA rules here, don’t forget to put in for overtime.”

Now, for a dissertation concerning the disarticulation of a unit of stone that measured 10 feet by 12 feet by 5 feet, whose grain was moderate, whose hardness was a 6 on the Moh’s Scale (1 point harder than steel), and that was transected by a moderate number of fractures weakly resealed by a siliceous, black manganese oxide. With a clean, solid bench to perch on and a compliment of hammers, wedges and bars, the “mission” began with glowing success. Because the stone had very complimentary, near 90-degree angles to work on, the concussion dealt by the 10-pound sledge worked in an excellent manner. Starting on the top of the block, one foot back from the face on the north side, a “carry through” consistent strike of the hammer once every foot was made. With a repeat of this procedure, upon the last strike a 300 to 400-pound elongated triangle dropped on the rock ledge with a bang louder than the crash of the waves below, and almost ended up in the drink.

The face was one-third hematite-jasper, and two-thirds Rhodonite that faded from a flush of bright pink to a mottled pattern of green, yellowish, and red. The rock was transected by two blackened, resealed fractures that, with a moderate “passive” tap, separated the long piece into 3 easily manageable pieces. After rolling the three pieces to a wider area of the bench, I looked at the face of the black rectangle and the top 1 and one-half-feet was brilliant color instead of black. It screamed pink and red in all its’ glory, with the crashing sounds of the waves below as exclamation points. It was easy to cleave the solid red jasper away from the more desirable Rhodonite because of the cryptocrystalline nature of the rock, and it’s predictable conchoidal fracture.

I loaded up seventy or so pounds of the high-grade material and decided to make my maiden voyage to the truck. The first leg to the edge of the cliff at the south end of the beach was uneventful. But the load was too heavy to descend the cliff with, so the major pieces were tossed down and reloaded in preparation for carrying them across the next stretch of boulder-strewn beach.

I had not proceeded far when I found that hopping from one large, rounded rock to the next was rather difficult with a seventy-pound load on your back. Common sense told me that a twisted or broken ankle was imminent, so I unloaded half of the rock and found the going to the base of the goat trail much safer and nearly effortless. It took very little time to retrieve the other half of the load, and I

decided this would become my standard mode of operation over this section of my traverse.

At the base of the goat trail I built a stable ledge of large rocks upon which my pack could be set and reloaded. It was built in such a way that I could sit down just below the ledge, reach my arms back into the shoulder straps and, without lifting the load, simply lean forward and start my ascent. I set a full bottle of Gatorade, containing needed electrolytes in the cool shade of the ledge. The long climb up the trail was a simple, mindless discipline of one foot in front of the other up the steps cut into the slide. About half the way up, at the point where the zone of Pampas grass and springs began, there was a measurable vertical lip. I would turn around, sit down on the step, and lean my pack back onto the lip above me. I simply had to lean forward to disengage the burden of my pack.

The view from there was stupendous. The jutting rocky headlands to the north and south were constantly being battered by aggressive wave action. As every wave wall impacted the vertical cliff face, a backward arching arc of white sea-spray hung in the air and then rained down into the mottled blue and white backwash. The ocean close to the shore below me was light, milky-green due to the diffused lime washed into the shallows from Limekiln Creek. At 700 or 800-yards off shore, the color of the ocean changed dramatically to a deep azure blue in a very long, straight north-northwest trend. This marks the fault scarp of the Nacimiento Fault, where it enters the Pacific Ocean, creating a submarine drop-off equivalent to the vertical cliff face that juts skyward above Highway 1. The vastness of the Pacific lay beyond, and where it met the sky was oftentimes imperceptible. This point on earth was my "Tranquility Base," and became an important place in my life for years to come, a place for my muscles to re-oxygenate for the final physical ascent, and a place for personal introspection. The last 300-yards of the goat trail always seemed a breeze.

"Tranquility Base" was also, on occasion, front row center for drama and comedy. On one day, my productivity was cut short by what could only be called a comic opera, the hilarity of which riveted me to "Tranquility Base" for hours on end. There had floated into the near shoreline of green water a very long, large plank. My guess of its size was at least 50-feet in length, at least 4-feet wide and probably 4 or 5-inches thick. On my first load up from the beach, I stopped, as usual, to catch my breath at "Tranquility." There in front of me was the floating board, which became a "stage." On either end of the "stage" were the actors, two California sea otters. One seemed to be lolling on her end of the board, while the other made a graceful dive, reappearing about two-minutes later with a small abalone. He shot out of the water and onto the opposite end of the board with ease.

He proceeded to try to grasp the shellfish, but it either slipped out of his paws, or scooted along the board and ultimately back into the drink. He retrieved it in short order, and shot up onto the end of the board again. This time his girlfriend was half way down the board, watching! Again the shellfish slipped and scooted, and went overboard. Again it was retrieved in short order, and upon his return his girlfriend had closed the distance. This time when it slipped down on the board it turned into an abalone tennis match as his girl friend also was unable to get a purchase on the slippery shellfish. This went on for only a short time when they came together at the abalone, but without touching it they tumbled over and over down the length of the board together, and as if on cue dove off of the plank on opposite sides. The abalone was forgotten and they would erupt from the sea, roll over the board and dive again. While all this cavorting was going on a couple of gulls landed near the abalone and began fighting over it. The next time the otters surfaced it was at the abalone end of the board, throwing the gulls into a panicked flight. The otters would dive overboard and stay long enough for the gulls to return and...the antics would continue. I only made two loads that day. After that day I never saw the Opera stage or the actors again.

As wonderful as those days of lighthearted entertainment were, they were the exception and not the rule. It didn't take many days into the "mission" before a problem reared its ugly head. There came a beautiful morning when I arrived at the stone and had to solve yet another problem. Up until that time I had carried over one thousand pounds of rock up the hill, and probably not quite that much rubble had gone into the sea as one side of the exposure turned predominately into the red jasper. Now as I worked, that rubble wall had grown to 5-feet, and I always had to be aware of the possibility of its collapse while I was working the Rhodonite. At one point I ran out of fractures to take advantage of because I had 'rounded' the entire exposed surface of the Rhodonite boulder. Ladies and Gentlemen, I had a problem. I was faced with a massive stone one point harder than my steel. The rounded nature of the stone bedeviled me to no end, without an angle to work on; the concussion delivered through the ten-pound hammer was absorbed by the rock. Worse than that, on occasion, when the hammer landed dead center on a solid, fracture free zone, there occurred a phenomenon known as rebound. When the hammer dropped with a carry through blow, upon impact the steel would rebound off of the surface of the rock with a rapid vengeance instantly carrying the steel back over my shoulder. On two or three occasions the hammer, flew out of my hands and into the surf behind me. Time for a new hammer! In cases like this I had to find an area on the rock of low quality, and with a multitude of moderate blows, crush a foot or two of it into gravel to either locate

a crack or create an angle to work off of. Days like those were just horrible.

And then there were the surprises. The view from the roadside above was spectacular and it was commonplace during the day for tourists to stop, enjoy the view, take pictures, and let the folks who had gotten carsick on the winding road puke. These activities were not surprising. However, when parents let their children out of the car, especially male children like I once was...well...what do children like to do when they come to a steep cliff??? If you guessed, "throw a rock over the edge," you win. I always had to be aware of the sound "Tick" up slope, sometimes "Tick. Tick." Upon hearing that sound I had from between 5 and 7 seconds to sprint north over the speedway I had created out of the trail's end and duck behind a large boulder. The rocks thrown or rolled never came down alone, and sometimes 3 to 400-pounds followed the initial stone down, and the breeze off of the ocean carried an updraft of gray dust up to the road. I rationalized the situation as a karmic payback for every rock I ever rolled over a cliff. I no longer roll rocks over cliffs. Ever.

But how can I complain about divine providence? There was the day Wes Lingerfelt and I sat resting at "Tranquility" when we saw a major spout erupt from the dark azure water just beyond the line of the lime-green shallows, and within seconds a minor spout. It was a mother whale and her newborn calf on their migration north from Baja to Alaska. Usually they glide into your view at a casual pace on cruise control, and just as they glide into view they glide beyond view. Today would be different. The mother broke stride making a wide circle, then swam parallel to the contact of the blue and green water. The calf stalled and lay almost motionless at the surface, casting a very small shadow, and then with abbreviated spouts he circled a strand of kelp. Watching the calf, we lost track of the mother. As we scanned the blue surface for her, we instead saw a white patch appear at the surface and slowly it became circular in pattern. As we watched, the donut of white got larger and more robust until the surface was actually a circle of churning. Just as the surface seemed to explode, the gapping maw of the mother whale shot skyward. Her mouth was open and swollen nearly beyond capacity with water streaming out of either side of her jaws. She reached a certain elevation and seemed to hang motionless, water gushing, then in the same vertical manner she very slowly slipped back below the dark blue surface. She repeated this process one more time closer in and I was able to make out a multitude of small, dark spots gushing out with the water. I'd seen this method of feeding on TV before, but to see the whole process of the bubble ring from the "Tranquility" vantage point was beyond belief. I was especially struck by the vertical "hang time" the female suspended above the

surface while thousands of gallons of water poured out at the base of her jaws. Three or four minutes later she surfaced near the calf and they both slowly swam out of sight.

By the third year production was extremely difficult. The overburden of rubble was at least six feet deep. I'd moved eight feet back from the lip above the tide line. I took a wheelbarrow down, and that allowed for a clean bench, which for safety reasons was a must. The sand and gravel on the south beach was also disappearing fast and beach access would soon be too dangerous. Then on one trip, when I was barring overburden using the Rhodonite block as a fulcrum base, the Rhodonite block shifted. This was the beginning of the end, and quite honestly, I was relieved. I had just bought the Dryhead (northern Montana agate) Claim, and would soon have to shift most, if not all of my "rock time" to this substantial investment. With a little poking and prodding along the side, I found that there were only two more feet of Rhodonite left, shaped like a big, flat slab. There was very little rubble actually sitting on the Rhodonite, so I decided to try to kick the butt out and hope for the best. I was rewarded with the best. Very little, if any rubble dropped, but I knew within an hour or so the consolidated mass would start to peel off. Everything worked perfectly. Every drop of the hammer was properly rewarded, and I was able to roll or carry movable blocks to a safe "station" away from the eminent collapse of what was now an 8 or 9 foot vertical rubble wall. The tide was advancing and one look at the south beach, and I threw the best three pieces into my pack, left everything else as it was...everything...and made for the cliff.

I'd waited too long. The sweeping waves had left the beach a boulder field. I left my pack with the rocks set back from the cliff, and jumped down. I got three steps and was broadsided and carried forward by a big ole wave. I made a few more good jumps before the next wave hit me, but after that I could get behind a big boulder and wait out the next one. When it sucked out, I drug my soaked carcass up on the dry rocks and didn't stop till I hit the bottom of the goat trail. Moving up the goat trail was incredibly easy. It was the only time I'd gone up empty. I didn't even stop at "Tranquility Base," but pushed on to the truck and changed out of my wet clothes. Walking over to the hanging bridge, I looked down to see the flat bench below the talus wall. The wheelbarrow, bar, hammer and about seven hundred and fifty pounds of high grade were piled out of the way of any slide or slump.

I knew I had a dilemma. There was 700-plus-pounds of prime Rhodonite on the bench below the rubble slide. Access from the beach was suicidal. Access from the ocean was impossible. I had thousands of pounds of high grade at home...I wasn't greedy... but the "mission" wasn't complete, and the last two feet contained zones of

bright, pumpkin orange jasper with the normal pink, red and green colored stone. What to do? Well, I was brought up by the greatest “can do” generation of all time. “Hell bent for leather”, bailing wire and spit, but above all in the face of adversity, “can do.”

Much as I disliked the concept, the only way to retrieve the last of the Rhodonite was straight up the rubble slide. For three years the difficulty level (on a scale of 1 to 10) of this mission had increased from 11, to 12, to 13, and ultimately would be an 18. It would require two men and equipment. I guess it was time for my 13-year-old son to become a man.

The art of rappelling was second nature to me and my son had become very adept as well. Our 400-foot ropes could get us to a bench two-thirds of the way down, where a zigzag goat trail could start. This plan could not be aired to the Ladies of the family, it was just too “Hair Ball.” *To Be Continued...*

Adopt a Highway...Pin Up

Wayne Mills, *Adopt-A-Highway Coordinator*

We find a lot of “stuff” on our bi-monthly highway clean-ups. And often the “we” is a (hard) core group of folks prominent among which are the Lingerfelts’ and the Nasholms. On our most recent clean up I had what I think is a brilliant idea. Others at the table were not as enthusiastic, but you get to hear it anyhow.

I think the folks who give their time to clean up the highway should have a way of being recognized. So it occurred to me that our “brag-rag” (club vest) would be a good place for this recognition.



Here’s my idea.--Take an interesting bottle-cap that you found (I found a Budweiser cap for our Bud Burgess), and cut out a couple of pieces of cardboard (box) to fit snugly inside.

--find a small, thin nail (with a head) and cut-off to about 5/8 inch long. Put a new point on the nail. Cut some retention grooves near the point (to keep the washer from falling off).

--Put the nail through the approximate middle of both pieces of cardboard.

--Glue the cardboard pieces to each other and to the inside of the bottle-cap, (nail head toward the cap). I used 330 glue).

--Let the assembly dry, then find a solid rubber washer or similar material, and put a nail hole through its middle.

--Pin it on a prominent part of your vest, and let it remind you of how great the highway



looked when you were done with it last time...

Sunshine...Rockadelic

Wayne Mills & Debbie hood

My friend Kay is one of the venerable members of our club. She has a heart problem—she loves rocks, and really misses collecting them. She also has a memory problem, and recently, her doctor gave her a prescription for that, and has been pleased at her progress on that medication. Kay is pleased for another reason. The drug has an interesting side effect.

When I visited her in early October, she said, “I was collecting rocks with Sir Paul Howard, and I got some good ones!” “When was that?” I asked. “Last night, in my dreams” she replied. The Ariset® had given her vivid dreams, just like she was there in Agate Creek, Queensland, Australia. By way of clarification, Sir Paul Howard is an honorary member of Orcutt Mineral Society, and has given several presentations to our club on his travels. He won an award from CFMS for his stories about gem shows in Australia, and wrote an article about collecting in Agate Creek for our October Ore Cutts. That article apparently sparked Kay’s imagination. Sir Paul has also recently authored a book about collecting at Agate Creek (where he holds one of the only claims allowed), and I am wondering what kind of dreams Kay might have if she got hold of that!

Well, to paraphrase Will Smith in the movie Independence Day, I have GOT to get me some of that stuff, and when I do, I know what I’m going to read before I go to sleep...

When we took Kay for a test recently they gave her some “light” sedation. She came out of that test soooooo happy she was all but singing and dancing. We should all be as happy as she seems to be no matter what is going on!

Some of you will remember Richard & Karen Dry, members still, who now live in Florida. Richard recently had foot surgery to revise an old wound that would not heal and stay healed. Richard is doing well, but Karen will be happy to have him back on his feet!

Erika Erskine has found a lump in her neck, the biopsy was inconclusive and she is seeking a second opinion before deciding on a treatment plan.

Field Trip To The Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History

By Bob Bullock, Field Trip Chairman

Our planned field trip to Santa Barbara, on Sat. Oct. 13th, looked as if it was going to be a no go when I first arrived. Gazing across the Mussell center parking lot I spied a forlorn and hungry looking club member, Josh Simonson. Realizing he wasn't going to die from hunger, I decided to wait until zero hour. Shortly before the crunch time was up, Jeff Hardesty and Colleen Johnson arrived,

quickly we collected our food and, with Josh riding shotgun, we got into my car and drove off to Santa Barbara. Keeping ourselves occupied with small talk and rocking locations while en-route made the drive short. We arrived ready to explore the museum. Getting our game plan together (which consisted mostly of keeping Josh away from our food and directed towards his) while waiting for the others, we chatted with another group who was raising funds for their cause in Guatemala. Keith McKay arrived by himself, as Erica was ill. I was also awaiting the arrival of my wife, Rosie, who had our grandkids, Mikayla and Hunter, in tow. Upon getting us all lined up and ready at the museum office we entered, and the wondering began. Explaining to the young ones, what was what, was easy. As I wandered through the museum I was thinking WWRS (*what would Ralph say?*) at all times to questions posed. Luckily I made it through with nary a scratch from my grandkids. Lunch under the oaks in the rear area of the museum was enjoyable, Josh had figured how to form an eating instrument with what he had, something learned I guess. Heading home I took the group up the San Marcos pass route, stopping at the road cuts on the way up. We observed close-up the geological structure that makes up the mountains overlooking Santa Barbara. It appeared to be of numerous layers of volcanic cinders and ash with clay like material at intervals in layers of varying thickness. We were able to collect samples of gypsum that had set up in the intrusions that were plentiful at this spot along the roadway. Well, all in all we had a nice time and a nice drive and made it home safely.

School Talks

By Wes Lingerfelt

Wes Lingerfelt received a letter from Ann Elliott, a second grade teacher at Dorthea Lange Elementary school here in Nipomo. On October 19th I gave two sessions to 40 students each and the kids were really great. They had no idea how they use the minerals of the Earth every day and then they got to pick up and hold some of them at the end of the session.

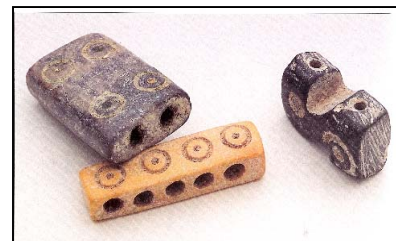
*Dear Mr. Lingerfelt,
Thank you for coming to Dorthea Lange and bringing your amazing collection of rocks. The kids were fascinated by all the ways we use rocks! They will never lick red rocks (though they were intrigued). They had fun telling their parents they're brushing their teeth with rocks and drinking rocks. You're just so interesting. I look forward to seeing you every year. Thank you,
Ann Elliott*

I also gave each one a bag of tumbled stones to start their own collection. I really emphasized the danger of letting their little siblings have access to the stones and they seemed to understand the problem completely.

Let it Be(ad)

Wayne Mills, Ore Cutts Stringer

So what IS a bead, anyhow? My American Heritage Dictionary (I love that book, great



pictures) defines a bead as “a small, ball-shaped piece of material for stringing or threading.” This definition implies that the “piece of material” has a hole in it. From what we have learned so far, this is an inaccurate description of a bead, at least it is incomplete. Beads range from near fist-sized, to almost microscopic-approaching 1 millimeter in size. And all beads are not round. Like Π (pi), some beads r^{square} (old math joke). They come in other shapes too. This leads to the two bead types I want to discuss this month—fetishes, and spacers.

Fetishes have been created for hundreds (or thousands) of years in attempt to invoke protection of the wearer by animal spirits. For this same reason perhaps, ancient peoples have worn animal claws and teeth as beads. These fetishes are made of terra cotta (clay) by the Mateno of Ecuador. They are dated at 500 to 1500 AD.



Spacers are a clever idea used to separate strands of beads so they hang better, (and look fancier). Made of

materials ranging from bone to soapstone to gold, spacers can add much elegance to multi bead stranded necklaces. These spacers dating to about 1000 A.D., are from Peru.

The last spacer is a gold cast modern version showing how spacers separate bead strands. Pretty fancy, huh?

The pictures in this article are from A Universal Aesthetic Collectible Beads,



Robert K. Liu, Ornament, Inc., 1995

Rock Breakfast

By Debbie Hood

The October breakfast was well attended on Oct 27 at the Pismo Beach Coco's. We were treated to Christine Clasen joining us, and to seeing Robert & Kevin Cochran who brought in several interesting rocks from their recent collecting. Kevin is selling Poinsettias to raise money for his participation in his school's entry into the Robotics program...so if you are planning to buy plants anyway this year, give Kevin the support. Jeannie Lingerfelt was

showing off her latest wire wrapped leaves, very nice! Erica Erskine told us she has a growth in her neck and she is seeking a second opinion regarding treatment for it. She and Keith could use your prayers. The door prizes this month were 3 cabs cut by Gloria Dana won by Jan Ferguson, and a \$10.00 gift certificate won by Bill Hood. Gloria has donated most of the door prizes this year, and we thank her, but how about some more donations from other members!

Rocks in His Head

Abigail Schreiber, Age 7, Lake Elsinore Gem and Mineral Society.
This article won Abigail first place in the 2006 CFMS Competition for her age group.

If you say someone has “rocks in his head”, that usually means you think he is crazy; but I learned after reading the book Rocks in His Head, by Carol Otis Hurst, that having rocks in your head is not such a bad thing. This is a true story about a man who really loved rocks.

I got the book because it reminded me of my brother, Daniel. Daniel had rocks in his head. He started collecting rocks when he was seven year old. He collected lots of different kinds of rocks and he studied them a lot.

In the book Rocks in His Head, the author talks about her father Leo Derwood Otis, who collected rocks. Lots of people had hobbies, but not many people collected rocks. He collected rocks starting when he was young. People said, “He has rocks in his pockets and rocks in his head.” When he grew up he opened a gas station. At the gas station he kept shelves of rocks. Lots of people looked at the rocks and some traded rocks, but most said, “You’ve got rocks in your head”.

Mr Leo Otis was a smart man, and he learned how to take apart a Model T and put it together again. His business was very good until the stock market fell; then, the customers stopped coming to get gas, fix their cars, play chess, and look at rocks. Soon he had to close the gas station. Instead of rocks in his head, he had rocks in boxes as he packed to move. He soon unpacked them in the attic of his home. He worked a lot of odd jobs, but work was hard to find. In his extra time, he collected rocks with his kids; he read about rocks; and on rainy days, he went to the science museum in Springfield Massachusetts.

It was at the museum that he met Grace Johnson, the director of the museum. She was very impressed with what he knew about rocks, and she visited his house to view his collection. She wanted to hire him as the mineralogist for the museum, but he hadn’t gone to college; so she hired him as the night Janitor.

Mr. Otis worked hard as the Janitor, and before he went home he cleaned the rocks on display. One day Mrs. Johnson found him writing a new label for one of the rocks, it was labeled wrong. She said, “I’ve been talking

to the board of directors. They know I need a person who knows as much about rocks as you do. I told them I need somebody with rocks in his head, and rocks in his pockets. Are you it?” He accepted the job. Mr. Otis was made Curator of Mineralogy and was sent to the American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts where he earned his college degree. Later he became the Director of the whole museum.

My brother, Daniel, forgot about rocks for awhile, but now he wants to go to college and study rocks. I guess he still has “rocks in his head”.



Mr. Leo Derwood Otis’ Gas Station and Model T’s. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Carol Otis Hurst.

Bibliography:

Otis Hurst, Carol. Rocks in His Head. Hong Kong: Greenwillow Books. 2001.

Otis Hurst, Carol. E-mail. June 20 2006.

Orcutt Mineral Society Board Meeting Elwin Mussell Sr. Center, Santa Maria CA October 2, 2007

The meeting was called to order at 7:00 p.m. by President Debbie Hood

Board members present were Bob Bullock, Sylvia Nasholm, Sandy Berthelot, Debbie Hood, Wayne Mills and Elaine Von Achen. Guests were Paul Berthelot and Bill Hood.

Minutes of the previous Board and General Meetings were read and approved as read with the exception of adding one word to the Board Meeting Minutes.

In the absence of our Treasurer, Wes Lingerfelt, Debbie Hood read the treasurer’s report. It was accepted as read.

Correspondence: None

Committee Reports:

Newsletter: Debbie Hood reported that the bulletin has been completed and sent to the printer. However, she needs to wait for Wes to return from vacation to get labels for mailing and to get the newsletter on the web.

Education: None

CFMS: None

Highway Clean up: None

Library: None

Scholarship: None

Show: None

Sunshine: Debbie Hood announced that Gary Sheffer has pulled a muscle in his back. She also noted that Kay Vollmer could use phone calls.

Abused Children: None

Political Action (Public Lands Access Committee): We are still looking for a chairman for this committee.

Monthly Breakfast: October's breakfast will be held on October 27th at 9:00 a.m. at Coco's Restaurant in Pismo Beach.

Membership: Elaine Von Achen read applications from future members, Jean McIlvanie and Ralph Larsen. She noted that they have completed requirements for membership. Wayne Mills made a motion that we accept both of these individuals for membership. Motion was seconded by Bob Bullock. Motion passed.

OLD BUSINESS: Debbie Hood reported that the vote members took at the September General Meeting regarding the disbursement of the Queensland Agates, donated by Sir Paul Howard, was in favor of having them held by the President and used in the club case at our annual show.

Bill Hood said the nominating committee has found a full board and the only elected position still to be worked on is President elect.

Bill Hood announced that Maria Del Sol (where we hold our annual December meeting and luncheon) has a new director. He has spoken with her and she will honor the \$14.50 per meal we paid last year. Next year that price will increase slightly. Members will pay \$10.00 with children under 12 paying \$5.00.

OLD BUSINESS:

Wayne Mills said reservations are in place for all meetings for next year with the exception of the January board meeting. Elaine Von Achen volunteered her home and Wayne said he might want to have it at his house. As the first Tuesday of January falls on the 1st there was some discussion as to having the meeting on Wednesday the 2nd.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:47 p.m. by President, Debbie Hood.

Respectfully Submitted:

Elaine Von Achen, Secretary, OMS

Orcutt Mineral Society General Meeting

Mussell Sr. Center, Santa Maria, Ca.

October 9, 2007

President Debbie Hood called the meeting to order at 7:05 p.m.

Debbie Hood gave the invocation.

Joseph Martinez led the flag salute.

Sharon Duncan reported 27 members and 6 guests. Guests included Jeff Hardesty, Daniel Limon, Steve Riegel, Ralph Larsen, Colleen Johnson and Joe Martines.

Elaine Von Achen read the minutes of the previous board meeting. Minutes were approved as read.

Wes Lingerfelt gave the treasurers report and it was accepted as read.

Correspondence: Elaine Von Achen reported receiving newsletters from Capistrano Valley Rock & Mineral Club, South Bay Lap & Mineral Club, Santa Cruz Mineral & Gem Society and San Gorgonio Mineral & Gem Society. We also received a postcard selling calendars for 2008 showing fine agates and jaspers for \$11.95.

Committee Reports:

Bulletin: Debbie Hood noted that everyone should have received his or her bulletins and the bulletin is on the web.

Abused Children: Jan Ferguson said that she had some Mt. Ida quartz and 2 mineral specimens for the evening's ACF raffle.

CFMS: Wes will be attending the November meeting in Visalia.

Sunshine: Gary Sheffer pulled a muscle and couldn't make it to the meeting.

Membership: Elaine Von Achen reported that the board had voted in two new members. She welcomed Jean McIlvanie and Ralph Larsen.

Scholarship: None

Field Trips: Bob Bullock announced that a field trip has been planned for Saturday, October 13, 2007 to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. The entry fee will be covered by OMS. We will be meeting at 9:00 a.m. at the Elwin Mussell Senior Center.

Property: None

Hospitality: Sylvia Nasholm announced the evening's refreshment would be pie donated by Gloria Dana, Jeannie Lingerfelt, Sharon Duncan, Janice Ferguson, Sylvia & Don Nasholm and Al Wilcox. Bob Bullock brought fruit.

Library: None

Monthly Breakfast: Gloria Dana said the next breakfast would be October 27, 2007 at 9:00 a.m. at Coco's in Pismo Beach.

Raffle: Wayne Mills reported donations from Jan Ferguson, Lucky Virgin and Maida Williams for the night's raffle as well as picture rock, a fossil plate, a rain forest jasper sphere, Mary Ellen jasper and much more.

Old Business: Debbie Hood again requested a chairman for the political action committee. She also noted she was short one or two job descriptions and would like to get that taken care of.

The nominating committee has nominated the following members for the 2008 board: President: Wayne Mills
President Elect:

Secretary: Elaine Von Achen

Treasurer: Wes Lingerfelt

Board Members: Sandy Berthelot, Mike Henson, Dee Dee Magri, Sylvia Nasholm and Gary Sheffer.

New Business: Wes Lingerfelt has some red vests donated by the "Hogenbosch's", and a couple donated by Linda Kolasinski that he wants to auction off. The

bidding will start at \$10.00 each and it will be a silent auction to be completed by the end of tonight's meeting.

Bill Hood reported that the annual December luncheon meeting would be Dec. 8 at 12:00 noon at Maria Del Sol. Entertainment will be a magic show by Gary Elam. Bill will be passing around a sign-up sheet for those planning on attending the luncheon.

The program for the evening will be presented by Wayne Mills and Wes Lingerfelt and will be a video presentation of pictures taken at previous field trips.

The meeting was adjourned by President, Debbie Hood at 9:00 p.m.

Respectfully submitted:

Elaine Von Achen, Secretary, OMS



A saw cutting a piece of stone was selected when the first ORE-CUTTS (named after, William Orcutt) was 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 1889, 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 the 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

Saturday Nov. 17 2007 8:00 to 10:00 a.m.	Roadside Clean up After the cleanup, coffee and pastry at "Francisco's Country Kitchen" in Santa Maria.
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Saturday Nov. 24, 2007 9:15 to 10:15 a.m.	OMS Monthly Breakfast, The Boy's Restaurant, 117 N College, SM 922-1515
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December 2007 Calendar

Tuesday Dec. 4, 2007 7:00 to 8:30 p.m.	OMS Board Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
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Saturday Dec 8, 2007 12:00 to 3:00p.m.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • OMS Annual Meeting • Please sign up & pay for dinner at November meeting.
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Saturday Dec. 15, 2007 8:00 a.m. to ?? p.m..	Field Trip to be announced
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Saturday Dec. 22, 2007 8:15 to 9:15 a.m.	OMS Monthly Breakfast, To be announced
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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.

Ore-Cutts Photo Credits: photographs used in this bulletin were taken by Wayne Mills except where noted.

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November 2007 Calendar

Tuesday Nov. 6, 2007 7:00 to 8:30 p.m.	OMS Board Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
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Saturday Nov. 10, 2007 8:00a.m. to 5:00pm	Field Trip to Leslie Enterprises, 18631 Central Valley Hwy, Shafter, CA. Meet at Mussell Senior Center parking lot. This is a Silver Picking trip
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Tuesday Nov.13, 2007 7:00 to 9:00 p.m.	OMS General Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Program-CFMS Program • Display-Best 1x1 Display • Refreshments-Cookies
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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 new members for each month thereafter. Membership Chairperson is Elaine Von Achen (805) 929-1488

Show Schedule

November 3-4 2007, Concord, CA

Contra Costa Mineral & Gem Society
Centre Concord - 5298 Clayton Rd.
Clayton Fair Shopping Center
Hours: 10 - 5 both days
Sam Woolsey (925) 837-3287

November 3-4 2007, Anaheim, CA

American Opal Society
Clarion Hotel Anaheim Resort
616 Convention Way (off Harbor Blvd.)
Hours: Sat. 10-6; Sun 10-5
Jim Lambert (714) 891-7171
Email: jlamb777@yahoo.com
Website: opal.society.org

November 3-4 2007, Lancaster, CA

Palmdale Gem & Mineral Society
2551 W. Ave. H, Hwy 14
Hours: 9 - 5 both days
Susan Chaisson-Walblom (661) 943-1861
Email: SLChaisson@yahoo.com

November 3-4 2007, Ridgecrest, CA

Indian Wells Gem & Mineral Society
Desert Empire Fairgrounds, Mesquite Hall
520 S. Richmond Rd.
Hours: 9-5 both days
John De Rosa (760) 375-7905

November 10-11 2007, Yuba City, CA

Sutter Buttes Gem & Mineral Society
"Festival of Gems"
Grace Franklin Hall
442 Franklin Avenue
Hours: Sat. 9 - 5; Sun. 9 - 4
Cliff Swenson (530) 272-3752

November 17-18 2007, Oxnard, CA

Oxnard Gem & Mineral Society
800 Hobson Way
Hours: Sat. 9 - 5, Sun. 10-4
Miriam Tetrault (805) 642-5779
Website: www.OGMS.net



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

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED