

**Place:**  
**Arden Community Hall**  
**636 Hall Rd**  
**Arden, WA**



### **Club Meetings:**

**Third Tuesday of The Month. In A Socially Distanced Format and The Wearing of Appropriate Face Coverings.**

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## **The Panorama Prospector**

November 2020

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### **Notes from The President**

*By Sheila Stratton*

Hello to Fellow Club Members: Well, here we are in fall or winter? A little colder than I anticipated for fall, but the snowfall was truly beautiful. We had a good meeting in October with 16 in attendance, but we sure miss all of you that were not able to attend. I truly understand with the virus still raising its ugly head!

We started the meeting with a report from our Vice President, Bob Bristow, sharing with us his rock hounding adventures he and Linda went on this summer. He is turning Linda into a rock hounder—it is contagious when you hang around Bob! Frank gave a Treasurer Report. The Nominating Committee, consisting of Johnnie, Barb, and Cindy, gave a report on their work as follows: President: Sheila Stratton; Vice President: Bob Bristow; Secretary: (Still Open); Treasurer: Frank Stratton; Trustees: Jim Peters, Gene Fisher, and Greg Cozza. This will be voted on in November.

There was a discussion regarding having the November auction. It was decided that due to having a lot of available material to auction off, it will be held in November. It was also discussed for the members to bring items to share in the auction. We are hoping for a good attendance and fund raiser for the club. Also, it was shared that Rick has made up patches for the club and will be auctioning them off in November. If you are interested in obtaining a patch like the one on the hats, please call Rick or come in November. A

handout from Anne Ott on “Trail Map Apps for Your Phone & Tablets” was passed out. Thank you, Anne, for the very informative information. Also, additions and changes for the phone book was handed out. If you want a copy of this, contact Frank and he can email it to you if you cannot attend in November.

We had a visitor, Dale Jensen, who shared that he is selling his collection of rocks. He is holding a sale at his home in Hunter on November 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>. For more information, contact me, Johnnie, or Greg.

I want to thank Betty for bringing wrapped refreshments for our meeting and for helping disinfect things after meeting.

We hope to see you in November for the voting of officers and the auction. Again, I remind you to wear a face mask, bring your own chair, and bring your money! Have a great month and stay well!

### **So, you Think You Know What It's Like to be a Lookout? (Part II)**

*Following is a reduced version of Chapter 4 in the book being written by Bob Bristow called “A Hobo's Son and an Orphan Girl.”*

*By Bob Bristow*

#### **Fireman's Duties**

We had an exciting lookout. We happened to be in an area with frequent thunderstorms (about three per week). With all this activity, Luci was bound to get into the act. This happened one afternoon when lightning hit a snag about four miles from the lookout. The Dispatcher told me to take care of it

and have Luci take over the lookout. I found the fire was burning in a big old ponderosa snag that had broken off about 70 feet up. The fire was in three locations. The biggest was where the top had broken off. The big limbs at the top were also burning. Another fire was burning about 1/3 of the way down. Falling limbs on fire had started a third fire at the base. I could see that I could put out the fire at the base. I could then get the old crosscut saw out of my firebox and cut the tree down. While I was thinking about this, a big limb burned off from near the top and landed with a swish and crash. There was no warning. It just suddenly came down. I said, "No way am I going to stand under those six-inch diameter burning limbs and cut that tree down. I would rather just stand here and let the fire burn it down."

I cleared an area of sagebrush for a bone yard and drug the burning limbs out from the snag where they would extinguish themselves. About dark, a pickup showed up with the Assistant Ranger and two Guards. They concluded my fire wasn't going anywhere and said, "Jump in! Another fire has been reported near here." We drove about a mile NE of my fire and all jumped out to find the second fire. About then, another fire truck arrived, so we had eight or nine people thrashing around in the dark looking for the fire.

I didn't know it, but Luci was helping direct our movements. She had spotted the fire and called it in to the Dispatcher. The Dispatcher could also see it from the top of Paulina Peak. With crossed lines-of-sight, it should have been a snap to locate the fire. The Assistant Ranger radioed the Dispatcher and told her it wasn't where she said it was and to recheck. The Dispatcher, in turn, called Luci and told her that she had made a mistake and to take another shot.

Out in the brush, we suddenly got the order to jump in one of the trucks. We raced off for about another mile and this time drove right to the fire. I asked the Assistant Ranger why we were off the first time, but he wouldn't answer me. Later, I pieced it together. The Dispatcher had kept telling Luci that she must be wrong because the fire was not where her coordinates said it should be. Luci, in turn, kept telling the Dispatcher that she knew she was right

and that the Dispatcher should do the rechecking. The Dispatcher finally did recheck and, surprise, she was the one making the error. The Assistant Ranger had not wanted to admit that one of his old-time experts had made the mistake and not the young girl taking her first shot on a fire.

After putting out the second fire, everyone went back to mine. They reached the same conclusion I had: it was too dangerous to try to cut down the snag while those big limbs were burning. The Assistant Ranger said he would stay with me until morning and picked two others to also stay. Everyone else was sent home. We all felt that the fire burning part way up the snag would burn through before morning and we wouldn't have to dodge falling limbs when we cut it down. The consensus was that the top would fall to the south. That meant we set up camp on the north. I thought it would fall south also, but I didn't want to stake my life on it. I objected when the others cleared an area to spend the night just north of the fire at the base of the snag. They didn't pay any attention to my objection and lay down in the mud to try to get some sleep. (It had rained heavily during the lighting storm and, since the ground didn't support grass, it had turned to mud.) One of the others joined me and we built a small fire far enough from the snag to be out of range if the top fell our way. We dug out some C-Rations from the fire pack and munched on stale cookies to pass the time. Around 4:00 AM, there was a swish and a big crash. The top fell south as predicted, but after looking at my mud-covered companions, I decided I would stay awake. As soon as it was light, we cut the snag down and quickly extinguished the fire. It was then back to the lookout for a day of sleep.

### ***Old's Overhaul***

Just before I married Luci, I traded my old Pontiac in on a newer Oldsmobile. It was a 1947 Olds 66 with six cylinders. It ran and looked good, so I purchased it for \$300 and received \$25 for my trade-in. Someone got rid of it just in time. It immediately started leaking and burning oil. I would take Luci from Corvallis to Redmond to see her mother, a round-trip distance of about 280 miles. I would start with a 2.5-gallon container of motor oil. When we returned home, the container would be empty. We

used to joke about going into a service station and saying, "Check the gas and fill it with oil."

I decided that while we were on the lookout, it would be a good time to overhaul that Olds. We needed a car while the Olds was being overhauled, so my father loaned me an old '41 Ford Coupe that he had traded for several rolls of woven wire fencing. A log had come off a logging truck and smashed the rear half of it in '42. A box had replaced the rumble seat, one of the side windows was out, it had no horn, and the fenders were falling off. Actually, the fender problem was my fault. While I was still living at home, I got the idea of converting the old Ford into a hot-rod. One of the changes I planned was to replace the existing fenders with little fenders that attach to each front wheel. Toward that end, I knocked the existing fenders off with a cold chisel.

Unfortunately, I never had the money to buy the hot-rod fenders. That meant, when I needed it for the lookout, it had no front fenders. No problem! I got out my father's welder and welded the fenders back on with bailing wire instead of standard rod. The welds held, but the fenders flapped almost like bird's wings when I got up to speed on the highway. The flapping broke headlights and pulled loose the headlight wiring. Luci's mother named it the "Green Dragon."

### ***The "Green Dragon"***

The worst of all the problems was the missing gas pedal. There was only a rod sticking up with a swivel joint where it went through the floor. To drive it, you had to put your foot on the end of the rod, raise it up off the floor, and then press. When you had to apply the brake, the rod fell back down, and you had to do the raise process all over again. At first, this was difficult and frustrating. However, after a while, you got used to it and did it without even thinking. That old Ford did have a good motor, however. It was a State law that all vehicles were to be insured. There was no way that the Ford could pass any kind of inspection. My father must have talked to the insurance man that went to the same church as my family. When I went in to try to get insurance, he didn't look at the car. Instead, he went down the list of requirements and would say something like, "I know all the glass is in place." Check. "I know the emergency brake works." Check. This continued and

I had insurance in about five minutes. Back at the lookout, I dug a grease pit near the lookout and ran the Olds over it. The overhaul took most of the summer.

## **How to Locate New "Old Rockhound Sites"**

*By Jim Retzer*

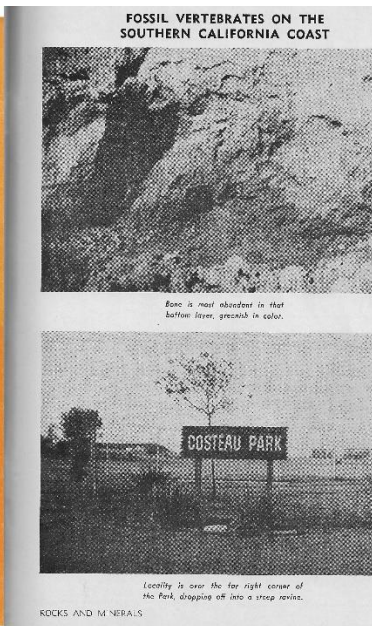
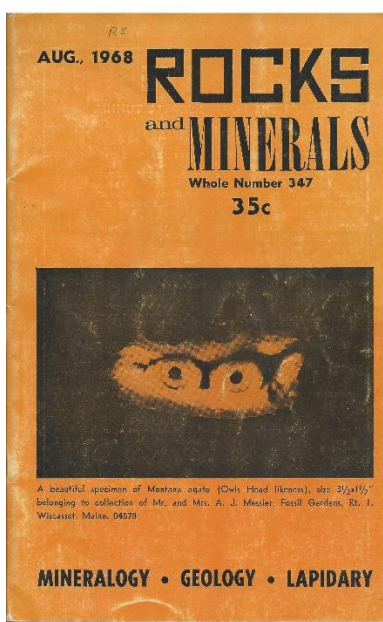
How many of you have taken pause and thought about the grand old days when rockhound and mineral collecting sites were abundant, easily located and had loads of material available. Books loaded with places to go, even giving detailed maps, were the standard. This makes one stop and think "what happened to those places, are they still there, is there anything left there to collect?"

I have researched some of the old sites I collected at many years ago and found that some are now housing developments and shopping centers. Some of the sites are now located in closed areas such as National preserves closed to collecting or collecting is regulated by government agencies. I found this in several of my best collecting areas such as Howlite site in southern California that is now a housing tract as well as an old copper mine that was good for Chrysocolla also being covered with houses. It was looking like most of the sites were gone. But then I started finding locations that were still open and the material was there to collect. It turned out they were forgotten in time with collectors not exploring them - thinking there must not be much there these days. It may take a little more work to find nice material, but it can be found.

In my case, most of my early collecting was in the southwest, California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and New Mexico. Now, visiting these locations in the winter gives me the opportunity to revisit these old areas. To help me find collecting areas I found a wealth of information in the old Desert Magazine that was published from November 1937 to Jun/Jul 1985. Desert magazine focused on the desert country of the Southwestern United States and Northwestern

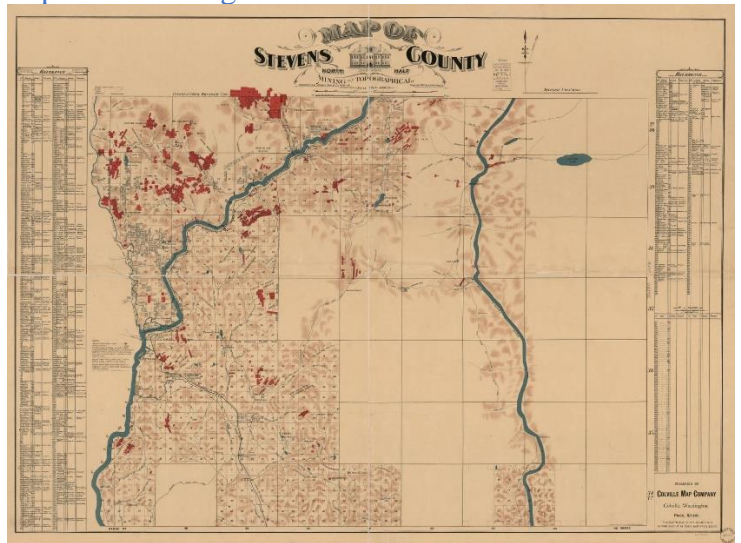
Mexico, primarily the Mojave Desert, Sonoran Desert, Painted Desert, Chihuahuan Desert, and Great Basin Desert. It covered a broad range of desert subjects including: regional travel and exploration; the visual arts of painting, drawing, and photography; prose and literature; cultural history; prospecting and mining; natural history including geology, wildlife, and flora; river running, and lifestyle–human interest stories. It also covered lost treasures and mines, ghost towns, and rockhounding locations. Finding older copies of the magazine can be hard as well as expensive but two websites have been developed for people interested in the desert southwest that are based on Desert magazine. The first is a WordPress blog, <https://desertmagazine.wordpress.com/>. The other is its sister site The Desert Magazine of the Southwest that has an archive of all the Desert Magazines in PDF format for free: <http://swdeserts.com/archive%20master%2037%2085.htm>.

Another source of old sites is older issues of Rock and Gem magazine as well as other early rock and mineral publications such as Rocks and Minerals. Rock and Gem is still published today and the older issues had great articles dedicated to collecting sites as well as maps to the locations.



While looking through old Magazines, do not disregard the advertisements as several of them pertain to books about collection locations. Here again these old books have some outstanding maps to the locations. You just need to adjust some to allow for new roads in many of the areas. Many of the writers of the rockhounding and mineral collecting books relating to the desert southwest also wrote articles about these sites for Desert magazine.

Another source of old locations is the Library of Congress. They have a large collection of old maps that can be extremely helpful. One that would be of interest to us in Stevens County, WA is the Map of Stevens County: north half: mining and topographical: <https://www.loc.gov/item/2012593139/>



When downloaded in the TIF version, you can zoom in on it to read all its detail showing mining claim locations and ownership data from 1900 as well as townsites.

With a little research utilizing older regional magazines, books and maps you can locate some of the old sites in your area this winter, giving you places to check out in the spring and summer. Always remember to verify present status of the land before you start collecting as some locations have become private land or there may be new government regulations.

## Identify the “Rock or Mineral”

### Last month’s rock or mineral:



**Chrysoprase - Chrysoprase**, is a gemstone variety of chalcedony (a cryptocrystalline form of silica) ( $\text{SiO}_2$ ) that contains small quantities of nickel. The unique, rich color of Chrysoprase is caused by impurities of nickel, as this gemstone most frequently originates in nickel-rich Serpentine deposits. Its color is normally apple-green but varies to deep green. The darker varieties of **chrysoprase** are also referred to as prase. The transparency of Chrysoprase ranges from translucent to nearly opaque. A universal color consistency increases the desirability and value of this gemstone.

The name "chrysoprase" is from the Greek words for "golden apple" or "golden leek." Today it is most often used for making beads and cabochons

It forms in a microcrystalline aggregate that is olive to apple-green in color and translucent to nearly opaque with a vitreous to waxy luster and a Mohs hardness of 6.0-7.0.

The color in some specimens of chrysoprase is unstable. Prolonged exposure to sunlight or exposure to heat can cause color fading. Cut stones and gem materials should not be stored or displayed where they will be exposed to direct sunlight or heat.

A word of warning to buyers of chrysoprase. A lot of ordinary chalcedony and agate are dyed green to look like chrysoprase. Many vendors call any green chalcedony “chrysoprase” even if it is dyed. Genuine chrysoprase usually exhibits some variation in color, saturation, or diaphaneity. It also often contains included materials.

### This month’s rock or mineral



The mineral to identify is the dark crystals in the matrix.

Hint: manganese-rich end member of the Wolframite series

## Membership Dues:

\$20.00 per household per year is due to the club Treasurer Frank Stratton on the third Tuesday of November for regular members. Dues can also be sent to: Panorama Gem and Mineral Club c/o Johnie Pitman, 701 B Williams Lake Rd, Colville, WA 991114.

**Webpage:** <http://panoramagem.com/>

**Contact:** Rick McDougald  
[pres-pgmc@hotmail.com](mailto:pres-pgmc@hotmail.com)

We, **The Panorama Gem and Mineral Club**, are a multi-faceted group of mineral-minded people. Our proud members include some real gems, a few fossils, and even some diamonds in the rough. A few have lost some of their marbles, but they know where to get more! A few need to polish their coordination because they are always tumbling! And some are miners who use the “silver pick” as their tool of choice! It should be crystal clear, that we all enjoy this unique conglomeration and above all else we strive to **HAVE FUN**. And we never throw stones (away).

## A Quick Note from The Editor

*The restrictions put in place because of the Corona Virus have interrupted and changed many of the plans of the club and its members.*

*This has resulted in the cancellation of the club’s activities until further notice. Meetings have somewhat started in a socially distanced format with all members wearing appropriate face coverings.*

*It is hoped we can resume a somewhat normal schedule of events soon, but until then stay healthy*

## Refreshment Schedule for 2020

**Last names that begin with the letters posted bring refreshments for that month**

**January – N, O, P**  
**February – Q, R, S, T**  
**March – W, A, B, C**  
**April – D, E, F, G**  
**May – H, I, J**  
**June – K, L, M**  
**July – N, O, P**  
**August – Club Picnic**  
**September – Q, R, S, T**  
**October – W, A, B, C**  
**November – D, E, F, G**  
**December – Christmas Party**

## Panorama Gem and Mineral Club: Organizational Chart

### Officers

President:	Sheila Stratton	skstratton@hotmail.com	509-207-8506
Vice-President:	Bob Bristow	Bristow@theofficenet.com	509-935-4375
Secretary:	Chana McD.	Red.begonia@hotmail.com	509-675-0237
Treasurer:	Frank Stratton	frstratton@outlook.com	509-207-8503
Trustee 1:	Jim Peters	jimNbetty17@gmail.com	509-999-9074
Trustee 2:	Gene Fisher	Efisher1@hughes.net	509-680-2487
Trustee 3:	Mark Danielson	mickeesmom.dd@gmail.com	509-207-0447

### Committee Chairs

Program Coordinator:	Sheila Stratton	skstratton@hotmail.com	509-207-8506
Hospitality:	Betty Peters	jimNbetty17@gmail.com	509-999-9074
Historian:			
Newsletter:	Jim Retzer	jimrocks@recycledhistory.com	509-738-2503
Show Chair	Johnie Pitman	jgpitman@outlook.com	509-684-8887