

Place:
Arden Community Hall
636 Hall Rd
Arden, WA



Club Meetings:

No in person meetings until further notice. We hope that meetings can resume in the near future.

The Panorama Prospector

February 2021

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

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

A Broken Arm

It was soon after this that Luci had started to take the Green Dragon in to Redmond to do the washing at her mother's. When I found her sitting in the road sobbing and holding her arm, I made a mistake that I am still paying for. Instead of asking if she was all right, I said, "Where is the car?" It turned out that my hound, Spud, had followed her down the butte. At the bottom, she got him in the cab and started back up to the lookout. At the point where I found her, she had tried to shift down and had killed the engine. It started to roll back down the steep road and she cranked the wheel hard to one side. The fenders were cracked and one of them turned in like a potato chip. The tire caught it and came to a stop. She didn't know what the matter was, but she knew it wouldn't move. She got out and saw the fender holding the tire. She gave the curled part of the fender a yank and it came loose from the tire. She then realized she had left the car in neutral and it started to accelerate backwards down the steep hill. She got the door open and tried to get in, but the car was gaining speed and it knocked her down and ran over her arm. That was why she was sitting there holding her arm when I found her.

After getting her up and trying to soothe the pain, I went looking for the car. It was easy to follow. The Forest Service road grader had just been up to the

lookout and left soft volcanic ash on the road surface. As the car rolled backward, the front wheels turned to one side and the car veered toward the drop-off. Just before it went over, a berm on the side of the road caused the wheels to turn the other way and it tried to climb the bank. The front wheels turned again, and the car veered the other way. It continued these "S" turns on around the butte until it came to a straightaway near the bottom. As I rounded the bend, I expected to see the car wrapped around one of the trees at the foot of the butte. What a surprise, the last time the front end had tried to climb the bank on the uphill side of the road it was successful. It would have eventually rolled over, but, as luck would have it, a small jack pine seedling had gone between the fender and the bumper. The bumper slid up that jack pine as it bent over until the wheel was off the ground and the car was hanging from the bumper. I reached in and put the car in gear, got the axe out of the firebox, and cut the pine down. It turned out that the only damage to the car was a small dent in the fender behind the bumper.

After shutting down the lookout, I took Luci into Redmond to get her arm set.

Dry Cells to Start the Car?

I finally finished overhauling the Olds and was ready to see if it would run. The Olds' battery was run down, so I took the battery from the Ford and hooked it up in the Olds. I tried turning the engine over by hand and found that it was very tight. Therefore, it was no surprise when I hooked up the battery and it would hardly move. There was no way to get it to the brink of the hill to start by coasting. I had to find another way. In the garage, there was a big pile of used one and a half volt dry cells. I

wondered if any of them had any charge left in them. To find out, I cut a piece of old hookup wire wadded up in the garage and put it across the terminals of a dry cell to see if it sparked. I don't know if it sparked or not. I was too busy trying to get rid of the wire in my hands that had instantly turned red hot. This was a bad way to find out that big dry cells may have very small voltage, but a very big current. I dropped the wire, but not before I had a severe burn on the thumb and first finger of both hands.

In order to use the dry cells to boost the car battery, I laid out 24 cells on the ground, eight cells in each of three rows. The eight cells would add up to 12 volts and the three rows would add up to more current. To carry the current with the small hook-up wires, I wrapped three wires together. I would have used more, but I ran out of wire in the garage. The added current did the trick. The car started.

The Car Explodes

We now had a decent car. The first trip to town, I drove to see if everything worked OK. The next trip was to wash clothes and Luci drove by herself. She was driving down Highway 97 between Bend and Redmond and suddenly a big bang was followed by smoke and steam from the engine compartment. She pulled off the highway and the car following her pulled off to see what the matter was. The engine was a wreck. The man who had stopped, took her to my folks place nearby and she called me at the lookout. I turned the lookout over to Mike, the local Guard, and drove the Green Dragon in to my folk's farm. My father had already towed the Olds home. I looked in the engine compartment and found the side of the engine was gone and the hot steam had cleaned out all the engine oil. I also saw a cylinder about an inch in diameter lying in the pan. When I lifted it out, I saw it was a section of the camshaft. It had one end with a nice clean break and the other with a break that had been greatly worn down. I didn't know it, but I had probably been driving with a broken camshaft since I purchased the car. Now it was back to the Green Dragon. We didn't have a car for the next two years at school. I borrowed my brother's bike and rode it everywhere.

A False Sighting

Luci and I were proud of our record on the lookout. We only turned in one smoke that wasn't a fire. It was right after we began our lookout duties. I looked to the SE early one morning and there was smoke coming up from about halfway up the last ridge we could see in that direction. I used the binoculars, and it was definitely smoke coming from the trees. I called it in, and the fire trucks left from several locations. A few minutes later, I looked and the whole view had changed. The smoke was now coming from behind the ridge and farther west. Where the smoke had been rising from the trees was now a cut in the ridge. The smoke was coming from the uranium smelter in Silver Lake and had just happened to line up perfectly with the cut in the ridge. I called in that it was a false alarm and to recall the trucks. I felt bad about the false call but later found that we still had the best record in the Deschutes National Forest that year.

More Caves

The land changed from ponderosa pine forest into a sagebrush desert about 20 miles east of the lookout. In the transition zone was an area of several square miles called the Devil's Garden. It was an area where flowing lava had hardened on top while still moving. This hard lava buckled into long ridges. Many of the ridges had a crack running down the top that would have made excellent fortresses. In other cases, the ridge buckled up and left a cave underneath. In between the ridges, sand filled the bottom of the gully and there was a sprinkling of juniper trees. I would go there at every opportunity to hunt and admire the scenery. It was below the winter snowline giving the mule deer a place to spend the winter. Antlers were laying everywhere. There was no place you could stand and not see at least one shed antler.

Some years later while working at Boeing, one of my fellow engineers said he had never seen a deer in the wild although he had gone hunting several times. I told him about the Devil's Garden and he really

wanted to see it. We put bedrolls in the back of my car and headed south. We made it to Skeleton Cave that night and slept like the Indians had for eons. We started a small fire that attracted another giant cricket that had entered the cave to spend the winter. Every time he got near the fire; we would move him some distance away. Finally, we took him clear outside the cave. About a half hour later he was back still headed for the fire. Like before, this time we let him go. He crawled in until he shriveled up. Even when he was beginning to burn, he still pushed further into the fire.



Photo 1 - Lava River Cave Entrance after Cave-In



Photo 2 - Lava River Cave

The next morning, we entered the Devil's Garden. My friend was fascinated, picking up a number of antlers to take home. For lunch, I shot a jackrabbit and cooked it over a fire. More great experience for my city friend. We were about ready to leave when I saw a trail leading to a hole under one of the ridges. It had fresh cougar tracks leading in. The cougar and other animals had been going down through cracks to the ice level to drink. Here was an opportunity I couldn't pass up. I had chased several cougars with my hound but could never tree one. I now had a cougar within a few feet of me. He had the advantage of being able to move faster in the cramped passageways under the ridge, but I had a .30-30 rifle and a flashlight. I couldn't resist and crawled in after that cat. I followed him down about 20 feet to where the crawlway became very narrow. At that point, I judged the cat to have the advantage and I backed out. I didn't get the cougar, but the chase was exciting while it lasted.

We headed for home in Seattle that evening. The first problem occurred just before we reached Bend. The heater quit. It was late fall and well below freezing. It was Sunday evening, so no automotive stores were open. We knew it was very dangerous, but we stopped in Redmond and got some Sterno. That at least kept my hands from freezing to the steering wheel. The next problem occurred out of Portland. I had a little four-cylinder car. One of those four suddenly quit. With three working cylinders, we were able to get up to about 45 on the level. It was a long four hours into Seattle. For some reason, my friend never asked me to take him on another adventure.

One of the caves I took Luci and others to was (and still is) a State Park. At that time, you could rent a gas lantern from the Ranger for five cents and go back for a mile and a half. This large lava tube was very pristine with no cave-ins. In some areas, this cave was 60 to 70 feet high and 30 to 40 feet wide. At one point, it split into two tubes for a short

distance with one directly over the other. On page 3, Photo 1 shows the entrance while Photo 2 is inside the tube. Right after I took Luci through it for the first time, 150 feet of the entrance caved in. There were people in the cave at the time, but no one was under the falling rocks. At least there were no missing person reports. (The rocks were too large to look for bodies!)



Photo 3 - Newberry Crater from Lookout

Visiting Paulina Peak

One day the Assistant Ranger called to invite us to go with him to the lookout on top of Paulina Peak. We met him the next morning at the intersection with the road leading to the trail up the mountain. He roared off in a cloud of dust and we waited a bit for the dust to settle. After a bit, we started following the dust. The dust hung in the air and we had to slam on the brakes when we suddenly saw his truck sitting in the middle of the road. He was heading back to the truck after hitting a coyote and knocking it about 75 feet into the brush. I asked if I could have the skin to make into a rug. He said, "Sure. I'm not going to do anything with it." I put it in the trunk of the car, and we went on.

When we reached the trailhead to the lookout, we found a small shack that the Assistant Ranger unlocked and pulled out a "trail goat." It was a three-wheeled cart with a small trailer. I helped him load groceries and other things for the lookout and he said, "Hop on." The trail goat was wider than the trail, so the ride was very rough. After several miles we were nearing the top when there was a snap and

the vehicle stopped. We all got off and the Assistant Ranger announced that we had broken an axle. We took the perishable groceries and hiked on up to the lookout. Sylvia had coffee waiting for us and we sat around and had a good time. Photo 3 is a view of the caldera from the lookout. The gray area to the right is a recent lava flow. (It is grey rather than black because the flow is rhyolite rather than basalt.) The near lake is Paulina Lake and the other is East Lake. As it was getting dark, we decided it was time to leave and we walked back down to the trail goat. The Assistant Ranger said he would come back the next day with a new axle and bring the goat down. Meanwhile, he said he wanted to get a part off the goat to take down and he would go back to the lookout and borrow a flashlight. He said to go ahead, and he would meet us down at the truck. We walked on down and as it continued to get dark, Luci began to worry that the Assistant Ranger had not caught up with us. I told her not to worry, he was a big boy. Finally, as we neared the vehicles, she insisted I go back up and make sure the Assistant Ranger had not fallen in the dark and was lying there hurt. I didn't like it, but she could be very insistent. It was two or three miles back to the lookout on a steep trail. Even so, it didn't take me long to get back to the lookout. I was surprised to see that it was dark, even though it was early evening. I knocked and told her the Assistant Ranger hadn't shown up and we were afraid he had missed the trail in the dark. She said he had gone down to the Guard Station on the crater side and we could just go on back to the lookout. I hurried back down and found Luci. We were getting ready to leave when the Assistant Ranger appeared. I said I thought he had gone to the Guard Station. He said, no, he had taken a shortcut down and had missed us. He said he was sure Sylvia had said he had gone the other way so we wouldn't be worried.

Luci and I were still very young and very naïve! Incidentally, I have heard that the trail to the lookout is no more. You can simply drive your car up.

Live Coyote in the Car

The next morning, I told Luci I was going down to skin out the dead coyote. She told me to take the gun because she had seen the trunk lid move. I told her I was sure he was dead and even if he wasn't, the trunk lid was latched down and couldn't move. She

insisted so I took the rifle down and opened the trunk. There sat the coyote, as live as could be. I yelled at Luci, "He *is* alive!" She said to turn him loose. I told her I shouldn't. He was undoubtedly all broken up inside after being knocked 75 feet. I went ahead and shot him and skinned him out. I bet not many people have shot a coyote while it is in the trunk of their car!

Identify the "Rock or Mineral"

Last month's rock or mineral:



Turrutella Agate is a type of Chalcedony-rich sedimentary rock found in the Green River Formation in Wyoming. It is characterized by the distinct snail-shell-like, creamy colored markings within a mainly dark brown /black base. It is composed of the silicified fossilized remains of the extinct freshwater snail, *Elimia Tenera*.

The original discoverers of this material mistakenly identified the snails as the genus, *Turrutella*. The original name caught on quick and by the time the error was discovered, it was too difficult to rectify the mistake and the original name stuck.

For at least the past fifty years, *Turrutella* agate has been utilized as a unique and beautiful lapidary material when found in a silicified state. When found, the material ranges from a shale to a sandstone.

2QO\ a small portion is silicified into the dense agate that serves as a gem material. The rest of the rock unit is only somewhat silicified, or unsilicified. When it is completely silicified, it forms a gem quality lapidary material.

This month's rock or mineral



I recently obtained these slabs at the Quartzsite, AZ rock show. They have gray, blue gray, brown, red and a metallic gold banding.

Cancellation of Clubs 2021 Rock Show

By Frank Stratton

Members have been curious on whether the club will be able to have our yearly Rock Show in March of this year. Our Show Chairman Johnie Pitman met with the Tri-County Health Department regarding the possibility of having it. It was determined the restrictions & conditions required by them on having the show was too great for us to obtain. Limiting attendance of building to 25% capacity and having no school participation of students would mean very low attendance. Not getting a lot of feedback from dealers on their participation isn't encouraging also. The executive board felt it would be in our best interest not to have the show, so it was cancelled for this year.

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
rick-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 Covid 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.

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

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 | bristow71@outlook.com | 509-935-4375 |
| Secretary: | (Open position) | | |
| Treasurer: | Frank Stratton | frstratton@outlook.com | 509-207-8503 |
| Trustee 1: | Jim Peters | jimnbetty17@gmail.com | 509-992-6921 |
| Trustee 2: | Gene Fisher | efisher1@hughes.net | 509-680-2487 |
| Trustee 3: | Greg Cozza | troller@hotmail.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 | jpgpitman@outlook.com | 509-684-8887 |