

REMINDER: CLUB DUES OWED!

If not paid, you will be dropped from newsletter and cannot use workshop!

WORKSHOP HOURS
November 2nd, 2016
The Workshop is open only to PG&MC members. Cost for a 3 hour Session is \$7.00.

OPEN SHOPS
Tuesday 6:30 – 9:30 PM
Wednesday 11:00 – 2:00 PM
Thursday 2:00 – 5:00 PM

METAL SMITHING
(no grinding)
Thursday 6:00 – 9:00 PM

FACETING CLASSES
For information on cost and dates for Faceting Classes; contact Bob Johnson at (760) 809-0152

OPEN FACETING
THIS IS NOT A CLASS. You must have taken Bob's two day Class or equivalent.
OPEN FACETING IS HELD ON THE SATURDAY AFTER OUR CLUB'S MONTHLY MEETING. (this meeting is held on the 3rd Wednesday each month, except August)
6 Hours - 9:00 – 3:00 PM
Saturday (after monthly meeting)
\$14.00 Shop Fee
www.palomargem.org

Palomar Gem and Mineral Club

VOLUME 60 - ISSUE #1
JANUARY 2019

January Meeting

January 16 | 7:00 pm
Dittus Hall | Redwood Terrace | 710 West 13th Ave,
Escondido

BOARD OFFICERS ELECTED	
President	Jef Wright
Vice President	John Raabe
Secretary	Fred Floyd
Treasurer	Toni Floyd
BOARD OF DIRECTORS (APPOINTED)	
CFMS Chairperson:	Toni Floyd
Field Trips:	Melissa Takagi
Parliamentarian:	Chris Toft
Shop Coordinator:	Alan Mazzola
Program Chair	vacant
Show Chair	Michele Shepard
Newsletter Editor	Carol Hiestand
Website:	Ian Burney
Membership Chair	Lori Goodman
STANDING COMMITTEES (APPOINTED)	
Facebook Page Coord	Jeff Fox
Ways & Means	Dawn Wright
Historian	Barbara Bury
Hospitality & Good Cheer	Judy Jessop
Meeting Displays	Barbara Bury
Picnic Coordinator	Moni Waiblinger
Refreshments	Carol Hiestand
Redwood Rep	Barbara Bury
Librarian	Chris Toft
Calendar	Justin Engelmeyer

NEW FOR 2019:

“CLUB STORE” where members can showcase, sell or advertise their artwork and expertise. Contact Ian (Webmaster) to place ads and photos on website.

“Dear Rocky” column for questions of general interest re: geology, minerals etc. Send questions to newsletter and we will get an answer from a professional!

Birthdays: We are going to celebrate you!!!

2019 Officers installed:



Christmas dinner meeting 12-19-2018:



7:00 pm

WEDNESDAY PROGRAM: Jan 16th
Dittus Hall, Redwood Terrace, 710 West 13th Avenue,
Escondido

Amber and Salt: Adventures in Poland

Denise Nelson, graduate gemologist, jewelry designer and owner of the jewelry enterprise, Inner Circle.

Denise Nelson is returning once again with another of her exciting talks! She will present a fascinating and amazing discussion of some of Poland's most famous geological and gemological assets.

Be sure to join us for a fun and fascinating evening as we welcome Denise back to our club!

Garnet: January's birthstone

Legend says Garnets light up the night and protect their owners from nightmares. Garnets have long been carried by travelers to protect against accidents far from home. Garnet is the birthstone for January but with its stunning variety of colors and its mystical powers it has been given as a gift for all occasions for centuries.



January is named for Janus (Ianuarius), the God of the doorway. The name has its beginnings in Roman mythology, where the Latin word for door (ianua) comes from.

The original Roman calendar consisted of 10 months, totaling 304 days. Winter was considered a monthless period. Around 713BC, the semi-mythical successor of Romulus, King Numa Pompilius, supposedly added the months of January and February, allowing the calendar to equal a standard lunar year (355 days).

March was originally the first month in the calendar, but January assumed that position in 153BC so the consuls could complete elections & ceremonies and still reach their armies to start campaigning!

Palomar Gem and Mineral Club

VOLUME 60 - ISSUE #1
JANUARY 2019

PALOMAR GEM AND MINERAL CLUB

The Palomar Gem and Mineral Club, a non-profit corporation open to all adults and young people, was organized to promote the study of rocks, minerals, gems, fossils and related subjects, such purpose to be developed through regular meetings with educational programs, field trips for the collection of geological specimens, and classes for teaching lapidary arts. The Palomar Gem and Mineral Club shares its knowledge of the earth sciences by sponsoring Gem and Mineral shows featuring exhibits, displays and demonstrations. The Club was founded March 20, 1954.

PGMC IS AFFILIATED WITH



REMINDERS:

1. PAY CLUB DUES, UPDATE EMAIL. Please add your birth date and month (optional)
2. VOLUNTEER; Offer your skills and expertise to make this club even better!
3. ANYONE SETTING UP CLASSES, EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT: JUSTIN ENGELMEYER (CALENDAR CHAIR): ENJU0901@GMAIL.COM
4. Get involved!!! This club is as great as us!

UPCOMING CLASSES

Lapidary & Silversmith Workshop

2120 W. Mission, Suite S., Escondido

Cabochon/Lapidary Class & Open Workshops

Tuesday 6:30 – 9:30 pm

Wednesday 11:00 am – 2:00 pm

Thursday 2:00-5:00pm

Learn to cut and polish a rock into a beautiful stone suitable for wire wrapping or fabricating in

metal. A fantastic assortment of material is available for purchase on site.

The workshop is also open for general use. No prior registration needed.

Thursday 6:00 pm – 9:00 pm **METAL SMITHING only - open for to those students who have had metal smithing instruction or experience and/or have instructor approval.** *Those students who have attended an introductory class may continue to work on improving their skills in this weekly workshop.* An experienced metalsmith will be available for consultation.

Cost: A \$7 shop fee will be collected for regular workshop. Club membership required.



Introduction to Faceting

An informative introduction and hands-on experience in the world of gem cutting. Learn how to

create a gem out of a piece of rough, during a weekend class. No machine required. Return

students welcome with or without their own machine. Each class can accommodate 3 new

students without machines and 3 returning students with their own machines.

Instructor: Bob Johnson

Location: Club Shop

Dates & times: Sat. January 12, and Sunday January 13, 2018 – 9am -5pm

Cost: \$80 New students. Club membership required. \$70 return students.

Contact Bob Johnson for more info or to register - 760-809-0152 or email Bob at N78532@yahoo.com

Faceting – Continuation Class

This is a class for continuing students who have completed the Introductory Class and is held once per month, from 9 to 5 on the Saturday following the general meeting, (which is always on the third Wed.)

Instructor: Bob Johnson

Location: Club Shop

Cost: \$35.

January workshop – January 19, 2019

Contact Bob Johnson for approval and to reserve a spot - 760-809-0152 or email Bob N78532@yahoo.com

Introduction to Silversmithing Class



Ring by Mike Mettelka

This is a 10-hour introductory silversmith class. The students will learn to develop their designs, use a jeweler's saw to cut out a pattern, solder a bezel to a backing and add a bale or a ring shank, creating a wearable piece of jewelry. Intermediate students can work on a project of their choosing with instructor approval. At the completion of this introduction the student can continue learning in the Thursday night workshop.

Instructors: Diane Hall & Annie Heffner

Dates & times: January 5 & 6, 2019, 10-4

Cost: \$60 (club membership required - \$25 fee for single membership)

Materials additional – (Approx. \$30) and please bring a cabochon to set in silver or let us know if you need one.

**Call Diane Hall at (760) 741-0433 (leave message for call back) or email dianehall213@gmail.com for more info or to register.

Forged Bracelet Class



In this class, we will forge a simple bangle bracelet with a soldered clasp from sterling silver wire.

Instructors: Diane Hall and

In this class, we will forge a simple bangle bracelet with a soldered clasp from sterling silver wire.

Instructors: Diane Hall and Annie Heffner

Date and time: March 19, 2019, 10am – 4pm

Location: Club shop

Cost: \$30, plus materials fee

**Call Diane Hall at (760) 741-0433 (leave message for call back) or email dianehall213@gmail.com for more info or to register.

INCIDENT AT MONTE CRISTO, NEVADA (part 2)

Previously, I wrote about the porphyry copper and molybdenum exploration program I supervised in 1965 for Dentin Mining Company and Shell Oil Company at Monte Cristo, Nevada. This is the final part of that tale.

Monte Cristo's two core-drilling rigs operate 24 hours a day seven days a week. Drilling conditions require diesel based drilling mud. I have to wear rubber gloves and use a wire brush and caustic-soda solution to wash the diesel mud from the core. The cleaned core is examined and geologic information is recorded on a core log chart. Next the core is split lengthwise using a core splitter with a chisel blade striking lengthwise along the cylindrical core segments. The chisel blade cleaves the core in half lengthwise and half the core is placed in canvas bags for assay. The other half is stored for future reference.

The trucking company, that ships the assay samples, is located on a dead-end street in Ely. Two brothels are located on this street. Going to the trucking company, I drive pass scantily clad girls lounging in front of the Big Four and Green Lantern brothels. The girls shout enticements, regarding their varied talents, to encourage my patronage. Goody-two-shoes Betty refuses to believe there are such women and establishments. She's convinced I'm making the whole story up. I convince Betty to crouch down in the truck's cab, so that the girls will not see her. Driving down the street, the girls are out in full force and as we slowly drive by Betty is shocked to encounter a unique element of Nevada culture.



"Skinny young" Gene is logging drill core with the orange core splitter on the ground

The brothels soon become a problem. The drillers left their wives at home in Salt Lake City. One driller has his wife living in Ely's trailer park, which is located smack dab between the two brothels. Occasionally, the drillers visit these establishments in their distinctive bright green and yellow company trucks (See picture above). The driller's nose wife sees them and telephones the wives in Salt Lake City to say, **"I just saw your husband going into the Big Four."** Within a few hours, angry wives are at the camp giving their husbands Hell. This occurs several times and the driller, with the meddlesome wife, is told she has to stop. She refuses and this problem now disrupts the job. Boyles Drilling fires the man and he is to be replaced by a new driller.

Boyles hires a driller in Texas, but the man does not arrive on schedule. Boyles' foreman goes into Ely to find him. The driller is not in those places where they are usually found, such as bars, brothels, and casinos. The foreman goes to the county jail to inquire if the new driller has been arrested for being drunk, and the following conversation occurs. (Foreman) **"I'm looking for a man named Dick Gillette, have you seen him?"** (Sheriff) **"He's locked up in back."** (Foreman)

"What's his fine? I'll pay it, we're short-handed, and I need to get him working." (Sheriff) "There is no bail. He's going to be with us for a long time." (Foreman) "What has he done?" (Sheriff) "Last week he left Midland, Texas after robbing a few stores and stealing a car. On the trip from Midland to Ely, he raped a woman, kidnapped and raped her 14-year-old daughter, and then pulled several more armed robberies in New Mexico and Arizona. There has been an interstate manhunt for him and I'm holding him until the FBI comes to pick him up. He's going to be an old man when he gets out." The foreman comes back with the story and I'm thinking, **"Just what we need, a rapist and Betty is the only woman for 100 miles in all directions."**

One morning Dexter, Ben, and Harry arrive to announce we are going to cut and measure a geophysical survey line. I assume it will be on the claim block where Dentin/Shell are drilling. They don't tell me the line will be at the White Pine Mountains' summit at 11,000 feet. Thus, I don't dress for that cold elevation. We drive Shell's Chevy suburban up the mountain on a switchback road Dexter built years earlier. The day's task is to cut and survey a line up the steep forest-covered slope. My job is to carry the axe, machete, and survey stakes while doing the line cutting and surveying a straight line. The Three Musketeers will follow behind measuring and setting a survey stake every 300 feet. They enjoy abundant leisure time complaining I'm not cutting trees and brush fast enough. These "gentlemen" are not about to get dirty helping. In Alaska, Ben and I worked together cutting line, but now Ben is "management". Men standing around should know not to criticize the man doing the work. It is a long cold day and more than once I contemplate planting an axe in their thick skulls. As the hours pass, the survey line climbs higher on the mountain where trees and brush become less dense, until the line is crossing open country above timberline. With no brush to cut, I walk far ahead, marking the line's route across open country. It begins to snow as evening approaches and I head back down the line. Snow is falling in big wet flakes that melt against my warm body. My clothes are wet when I arrive where

the Chevy was parked, but it is gone! At some point, The Three Musketeers decided to quit work and drive back to town. I'm miles from camp left to carry all the equipment back down the mountain in the dark. I'm in a snowstorm above 10,000 feet as darkness falls. The wind begins to blow and the temperature drops rapidly. Cold wind blowing across the wet clothes is drawing heat from my body. Walking for hours in the freezing cold, I'm succumbing to hyperthermia and can feel my body starting to fail. At last, I recognize a rock outcrop in the dark and know there is a quarter mile to go. Summoning my last remaining strength, I stumble onward and see the distant lantern light in our trailer's window. About 11:00 PM, I arrive at the trailer. Two days ago, the drillers left for a break. Betty saw The Three Musketeers drive by and assumes I went to Ely leaving her alone at Monte Cristo. She is scared being stranded alone. Arriving at the trailer, too cold and weak to talk or open the locked door, I can only bang against the trailer with my body. Betty hears the thumping and thinks it is a bear. Turning out the gas-lantern light, she peaks out the window to see me leaning against the trailer. She pulls me inside and all I can whisper is, **"Cold, so cold."** I can't move my hands or arms and stand there as Betty turns the heater up and quickly removes the frozen clothes. She wraps me in a blanket and I sit next to the heater drinking hot chocolate. Eventually, my body begins to shake and my teeth are chattering as I slowly warm up. That was a very close call.

I expect The Three Musketeers to return the next day, but they don't return. Eventually, I learn they are working on a new project in Idaho. I will never see Harry again and it will be 18-years before I briefly cross paths with Ben, when I'm on a geology fieldtrip. Sitting down on the fieldtrip bus, the fellow sitting across the aisle looks familiar, and then I realize it is Ben. I introduce myself, but he just mumbles hello and turns away. All day we sat across the aisle from one another and never spoke again. Thus ended a friendship that began when we worked in Alaska.

Dexter last visits the project on the July 4th weekend. It is 6:30 PM when Dexter drives up. I'm washing drill core as Betty cooks dinner. (Dexter) **"Where are the**

drillers?” (Gene) **“They are on a 10-day break to see their families.”** (Dexter) **“A Hell of a waste of time. Why are you still washing core? You should have the core washed and logged as fast as it is drilled.”** (Gene) **“Last year you had three geologists doing the work I’m now doing alone. I don’t just wash and log core. I keep all the records, write reports, split and store core, do geology, cut survey lines, do road repairs, build drill sites, and prepare core for assay. Two or three times a week, I drive to Ely to get supplies, mail reports, store core, move core from the office to the core-storage building, and ship samples. Each trip uses up an entire day. I work 16 hours a day and have not had a day off since I started in March.”** (Dexter) **“You need to work harder. Get the core logged and get to town. I’ve decided the core-storage building is not safe and my core could be stolen. You have plenty of spare time. I want all the core boxes moved out of the core-storage building and back upstairs to the office.”** Dexter drives away and that is the last time we will see him until we leave in September. After Dexter leaves, I tell Betty, **“The drillers will not be back for another week. We are going on vacation. Let’s drive over to Yosemite on a camping trip.”** The Three Musketeers are working in Idaho and ignore the Monte Cristo Project, which now runs smoothly without their interference.

Betty goes for a walk and finds an arrowhead on the hillside near the spring. Soon she finds another and is hooked on scouring the hillside for arrowheads. One day, a rattlesnake buzzes in front of her and there is dense brush on either side. Turning to retreat, her path is blocked by semi-wild open-range cattle. She doesn’t want to cross into the dense brush, because now she is rattlesnake spooked. She calls for me, but I’m far away at the drilling rig and cannot hear her over the rig’s noise. Eventually, the cattle move off and she makes a hasty retreat.

In my experience any liquid that crosses a driller’s lips is alcohol based. There are two rigs on the job. One rig has a crew of Mormon drillers and the other crew is not. After work they sit around and the Mormons drink

Kool Aid while the other crew drinks beer. I don’t drink Kool Aid.

Drill holes are always located on drill pads at the side or the end of an access road. At Monte Cristo, Dexter drills holes in the middle of access roads. These holes have black casing pipe sticking three feet above the ground. The metal casing pipes are a hazard to driving, especially at night. Brightly colored survey flagging is tied on the casing pipes to make them as visible as possible. Everyone is mystified as to why Dexter drills holes in the middle of the roads. A drilling-mud salesman visits the project and someone mentions Dexter’s middle of the road holes. The salesman knows Dexter and tells us the story. At one point in his career, Dexter was chief geologist for a zinc company’s operation in Missouri’s Tri-State Mining District. The zinc company decided to end their exploration program after failing to discover a lead and zinc deposit. That didn’t surprise me with Dexter as geologist. The zinc company turned over all their records and drill core to St. Joe Lead Company. St. Joe found Dexter’s last hole interesting and decided to drill a second hole across the road from Dexter’s hole. That second hole found a large lead and zinc deposit, which became a mine. Dexter missed the deposit by only a few feet and ever since, he drills holes in the center of the road, believing he will not miss anything on either side. This story may seem improbable, but if you knew Dexter, it is right in character.

Another of Dexter’s bright ideas is that the forest, covering the White Pine Mountains, obscures the geology. Dexter applies for a Forest Service permit to burn all the trees off the mountainside. Dexter’s permit application says there will be less hindrance to mining exploration if the trees are burned off. The Forest Service thinks Dexter is nuts and a ranger is sent to check on the Monte Cristo operation. The ranger asks, **“Do you know about Dexter’s application to burn the forest?”** (Gene) **“Yes, it is an idiotic idea.”** The Forest Service wisely keeps an eye on Dexter and periodically they visit Monte Cristo. Dexter belongs to the anti-Communist John Birch Society. He’s convinced the Forest Service’s denial for the burn permit is part of a Communist Plot to weaken America.

Dexter tries to get everyone to join the John Birch Society and when I'm not interested, he shouts, **"You're a College Communist Pinko."**

Drill holes don't go straight down. They twist and wander all over the place and the hole's bottom can be offset from the surface entry point. It is necessary to know the precise subsurface location where a sample is collected to understand the geology. Late at night, we are using a directional tool to survey a hole. The tool is lowered to a specific depth, where the hole's direction is measured. The tool is retrieved and read before being lowered 100-feet deeper for the next reading. There is no way to measure depth on the cable and red spray paint is used to mark 100-foot intervals on the cable. The crew counts the red marks to set the tool at the required depth for each measurement. At midnight, the nozzle breaks off a large spray-paint can while we are marking the cable. Red paint is spraying everywhere and I toss the can into the dark forest. At sunrise we are shocked to see the juniper trees painted bright red. Apparently, the discarded paint can landed in a tree and the spraying paint can flew in circles like a rocket painting everything red. The hole is adjacent to the main road and a Forest Ranger soon drives up. I'm waiting to get yelled at and fined for painting the trees, but the Ranger never says a word about the red trees. Vulcan, the sacred God of geologists, must have sent a color-blind Ranger.

With The Three Musketeers busy in Idaho, Betty and I now take the same breaks as the drillers. One day we visit the nearby ghost town of Hamilton, Nevada. We meet a couple prospecting for artifacts with a metal detector. Metal detectors are a relatively new "toy" and they show us how they work. I'm dubious, thinking all they are going to find is tin cans and other junk, until the woman says, **"let me show you what we found yesterday"**. She pulls out an old rusty woman's compact and slowly opens it up. Inside is an emerald ring that probably belonged to one of the "working girls". She probably died and they threw her belongings into the town's dump.



**The ghost town of Hamilton, Nevada site
of a very high grade native silver deposit**

In August, a driller buys a hot new Plymouth Barracuda. The next afternoon the drillers take a break and drive into Ely to pick up the car and get drunk. The drunks are racing the new car down Ely's main street after midnight, when the driver loses control and hits a telephone pole. The new car is totaled and they are hospitalized. Betty and I go to the hospital where the five guys are lying in a ward with multiple cuts and fractures. There are broken arms, legs, hands, feet, and faces. It will be a long time before they can return to work and it takes a week to assemble a new drilling crew. If Dexter had known, he would have been furious, but as far as I'm concerned, this is paid vacation time. Never once did my conscience tell me to drive around the mountain to dig Dexter's ditch or be a mule moving drill core back up to the third floor office.



Betty and Gene at Treasure Hill site of the Hamilton silver bonanza

The job finished in September and Dexter returns for the project records. Knowing Dexter, I wisely use the local bank account to reimburse my out-of-pocket expenses. My final paycheck arrived and was cashed at the same bank. (Dexter) **“How are you getting to Oregon?”** (Gene) **“We are flying from Ely to Reno and then on to Portland.”** (Dexter) **“Isn’t that expensive?”** (Gene) **“No, Dentin is paying for my ticket.”** (Dexter) **“I’m not buying you an airplane ticket.”** (Gene) **“My employment agreement was that you would pay my airfare to Oregon.”** (Dexter) **“Well I changed my mind. I’m not paying for your travel.”** (Gene) **“I already bought the airplane ticket.”** (Dexter) **“Well that’s your tough luck because I’m not paying for it.”** (Gene) **“You already did. It is listed on the expense account that I just handed you.”** (Dexter) **“It may be listed, but I’m not paying your expense account.”** (Gene) **“I thought that might be the case; so I wrote myself a check against the local account and cashed it. You will find everything is in order on the financial accounting.”** Dexter is furious and refuses to give us a ride to the local airport, several miles from town. A local merchant gives us a ride to the airport and is quite pleased to hear that I have outwitted Deadbeat Dexter, who is universally hated by Ely’s merchants.

EPILOGUE

In the late 1960s, exploration for porphyry copper and molybdenum deposits essentially ceases in the United States. There is a resurgence in gold mining when the government allows gold to sell at the world market price. Nevada becomes one of the world’s largest gold producing areas. Dexter now promotes the Monte Cristo property as a gold prospect. Shell’s mining division was terminated because Shell never found a copper mine.

Twenty-seven years pass and I’m at a mining convention in Reno drinking coffee with my good friend Leigh. An old man is walking toward us. Leigh says, **“Here comes your old friend.”** I don’t recognize the old man until Leigh shouts, **“Dexter come over here. There is someone I want you to meet. Dexter, this is Gene Ciancanelli do you remember him?”** Pointing a withered shaking hand in my face, Dexter begins to shout, **“I remember you, I remember you, I remember you!”** His face is flushed red with rage and I’m thinking he’s going to have a heart attack until Dexter turns and walks away. I laughingly reply, **“Dexter, it was nice to see you again.”** Dexter still carried a grudge, even though he made a lot of money promoting the Monte Cristo gold mine property.

Exploration at Monte Cristo was still underway in the 1980s. Today, no one is exploring Monte Cristo after Dexter died at age 100.

In the late 1980s, two friends and I are prospecting for gold mining properties. A friend at Barrick Resources read my write-up on Monte Cristo and that leads to a 1988 Monte Cristo field trip. Nothing comes from that trip and it is sad to see how badly Dexter’s mining exploration has torn up the area since 1965. In 2005, Betty and I return to Monte Cristo with our grandchildren and their parents. It is Betty’s first visit since 1965. There has been no activity at Monte Cristo for more than a decade and the forest is recovering from Dexter’s depredation. Betty and I locate the spot where our trailer was parked. It looks familiar, but someone burned down the outhouse. We suddenly feel old viewing those long ago traces from our youthful past.