



CEDAR VALLEY GEMS

CEDAR VALLEY ROCKS & MINERALS SOCIETY
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

CEDAR VALLEY GEMS

FEBRUARY 2011

VOL. 37, ISSUE 6, P.1

Cedar Valley Rocks & Minerals Society will meet on **Tuesday, January 18th** at 7:15pm @ **Rockwell Collins 35th St Plant, Cafeteria** - (Bldg 140) 855 35th St. NE, Cedar Rapids, IA. This month's hostess and host will be Bill and Karen Desmarais. Hey all, well Phil (the groundhog) did not see his shadow so only 6 more weeks of winter. To help us make it through the nasty's of this season and to ward off cabin fever come to the February meeting for a great program by Mark Anderson, a project archeologist from the University of Iowa. Mark was last to one of our meetings way back when we were at the Aegon building. His program will feature his lithic (stone tools) research and the on-line lithic raw materials assemblage and the NEW_Iowa projectile point poster as well as his developing microscopic research program. If you have any points (arrowheads) or other artifacts you want to know about this may be a great time to find out. **Also Mark has asked for any chert/flint cobbles that you can spare for his knapping work.** Please bring your donations to the meeting. This should be a lot of fun, please ignore the cold and snow and let's show Mark a good audience. Cheers, BILL VP-programs

The Board Meeting will be held on **Tuesday, March 1st** at 7:15pm at the home of Marv and Sue Houg.

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**"Treasures From Iowa's Ice Age: featuring Ice Age Fossils & Lake Superior Agates"**

**Please start looking around your rock and fossil collections for material that would be good for door prizes or silent auctions. Lots of material is needed. The Pebble-Pit always needs material for it too; even crystal bits from cracked geodes would be good. Anything the kids can scavenge through will help make their day.**

Did everyone know of the sign-up sheet that's passed around at the meeting pertaining to "things to be done" for the show? Please check it out at February's & March's club meetings. Any help you can give would be appreciated and would be a start of getting you involved in the club. No experience is necessary. And on that sheet is where you can sign up for a display box. Let's have a good turn-out this year of exhibits from club members who haven't done it before or haven't done it for a long time.

This year, we will **not** be giving away a door prize. Last year, it really created a bottle-neck at the entry door and we want to avoid that this year. And that leads to no display prizes for display cases but that's not why we display our wares, is it? Let's have really nice displays to show our guests what cool finds can be found in our hobby and recreation. And let's get the young people involved too! Let them help you to display items in your collection that **they** think is cool! What a wonderful way to create memories with your family.

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Dues were due in December!

T-Shirts:

We are going to go with the Club Logo on the T-shirts. I don't think we received any designs from members so we'll go with this. Dell James will get these ordered. We'll have different sizes and colors. These will be available for the March club meeting and the Show.

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Kudos goes to a few club members who came out on Saturday Feb 5<sup>th</sup> and helped to go through all our display cases and fix them up. It was held at Dean Young's garage near Palo. We stripped out the old innards and put in new lighting fixtures and new daylight bulbs. This way the display cases are all uniform in lighting. They will really enhance your beauties now! Members who helped were: Dean Young, Dale Stout, Jay Vavra, Tom Whitlatch, Bill Desmarais, Marv Houg and me, Bob Roper. Thanks to all!

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Dolores Slade is our Sunshine Chair and sends out cards from the club. If you know of anyone who should receive a sympathy card, a get well or a congratulations card, or if you know a significant event happening in the life of one of our club members, please call her (351-5559) to let her know.

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### Show reminders... THINGS TO DO AT SET-UP

Set chairs in the booths

Put ribbons on Name Tags

Clean glass inside and outside display cases.

Clean inside & outside of display cases

Straighten out cloth for case liners

Cover tables when set-up has been checked and electric cords laid out appropriately.

Use Wide Paper for skirt & Narrow for top OR the opposite - somebody try it and see which is best

Help carry stuff to pebble pit & silent auction areas.

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Anyone helping on Friday will be treated by Dell James with sandwiches and other tasty delights for lunch. There will also be a potluck dinner Friday night for club members and dealers so if you have a favorite recipe, here's your chance to share it. **Remember this is for everyone so please bring enough to share.** On Saturday night after the show there will be a catered dinner from Hy-Vee which will include beef \chicken, party potatoes, fruit salad & rolls. There will be a cost to this dinner. It will start around 6:30 and hopefully around 7 we will have a private showing \presentation from Michael Sincak. Everyone is welcome to both.

And now a real treat from one of our club members. A short story by Bruce Birkemeyer:

Grit

Forsyth, Montana - We heard a truck coming up the road from the creek bed below the hill. As it approached it slowed. The engine did not sound like it was slowing from the strain of the grade. It was still out of sight over the crest of the hill, but I gathered that we had been spotted. A rancher in an old pickup stopped in the middle of the road, rolled down his window and asked, "Something I can do for you boys?" He asked it kindly, but firmly, John Wayne style. Experience told me this was the landowner.

You see we had taken the off ramp from 1-94 to descend down to a gravel road running along side of a dry, creek bed. Once beyond the underpass to the left, the road turned to the right to ascend a sharp hill, a bluff on the Yellowstone River. At the summit we pulled off into a field road on the right and parked in front of a makeshift wire gate in a three wire fence. The gate was made of two strands of rusted barbed wire wrapped around thin poles on each end. The wires were held the proper distance apart by a rotted out stick in the middle of the gate. It lacked even a token of strength to keep a cow in, serving only as a symbolic reminder of which side cows and trespassers were to be.

This was an old county road, the type originally called a farm-to-market road. Once the Free Homestead Act of 1862 had successfully enticed Easterners to move west and plow up the prairie, the Dep't of Interior realized that farmers and ranchers needed a way to get their produce to the city. This was a road you would not expect traffic on, unless it was local.

My nephew and I were discussing whether we could get away with hunting on this land or not. It was not posted. In the State of Montana the rancher does not have to go to the county court house and get an official form to post every three hundred feet around his land to keep hunters out. Due to the size of the ranches this rule would be an impractical requirement. All he had to do is paint the top of the post red, on each side of the entrance, off of a public road into his property. The color red means this is private land and uninvited guest are not welcome. Like Texas, trespassers can be shot at first and questioned later. This no nonsense approach is a carry over from the Wild West days of cattle drives and rustlers, I suspect. Even today you rarely see a ranch pickup without a gun rack in the back window.

If the posts are painted yellow, it is Bureau of Land Management (BLM) land and open to public access. No fence post in front of us was painted. So should we go ahead and hunt on this land or not? We had to keep in mind that Montana ranchers are particular about strangers being on their land.

"Ah, no," I answered him, while walking calmly over to the passenger side of his truck, "my nephew and I pulled off the road to take a little break for lunch." It was about noon. The area we wanted to hunt would be over the hill and out of sight of passersby like him, but that had not accounted for our vehicle being parked in front of the gate.

In spite of the tension of the moment, part of my brain was enamored with his the truck. It was old. To say it looked well used would be disrespectful. It said to me, "I have stories to tell." I was wishing I was a professional photographer and had a camera. An amateur could not have done it justice. It reminded me of an old abandoned pickup in the corner of a fence with pheasants in the snow — like the painting by Terry Redlin. Only, this one ran.

The driver was an old man. His face was non-committal.

"I see from your license plate you boys are from out of state. I own the land on both sides of the road here," he said, "gesturing as far as the eye could see. I've got cattle on down a ways."

"You've probably noticed we are in a drought. This is the third year of it. I'm on my way to check the water tanks to see if the cattle have water. Been doing it for two weeks now; never had to do that before. We have artisan wells in this valley. They've always kept the tanks full, but they're starting to dry up. In all the years I've lived here, I've never seen those wells dry up before," he explained with worry.

While he was talking I was taking note of his truck with one eye while deciding if he was going to be friend or foe with the other. Faded and rusted you could more imagine than see what color it had been in its glory days. The windshield was cracked in a number of places, but since most of them were on the passenger side, he must

have felt it did not need replacing. I'm guessing this old boy had the same attitude about repairing broken parts on his pickup as an old farmer friend of mine did about fixing body parts.

One fall during corn harvest my friend got his hand caught in the corn picker. While trying to get it loose with the other hand, it got pulled in too. Both hands had to be amputated above the wrist. He went right on farming though; complained to nobody and required no assistance. In fact, he told me his mechanical hands helped when welding broken machinery. He could pick up a hot welded piece without burning himself.

There was no cattle dog in the truck — unusual. Was it also on the list of broken things he had learned to do without?

"Just how long would that be, that you've lived here," I asked him?

"Eighty-six years," he said. "Still live on the place my Dad had."

"My brother and I, this lad's dad," I said pointing to my nephew, "Still farm our Dad's place. Not because we have to. There isn't really any money in it. We'd just hate not to. Lots of memories there, a reminder of where we came from, a foundation under us you might say," I said, half to him and halfway to myself

"I know what you mean," he said, leaning toward the window on my side. "To a rancher, and I imagine in your case a farmer, the land is part of our being. When you put your life into it, it becomes you," he said. "Looking me in the eye," he said, "I'm glad to see you respect the land that raised you."

"And what about you young'n?" he asked my nephew, not expecting an answer. In the tone of a grandpa to a grandson he warned, "Remember, no matter how tall a tree may grow, or how wide its branches reach, its roots are still right there, where it was when it was a twig."

I'm not sure if my fifteen year old nephew caught the meaning of that. Leaning on the passenger window sill, I asked, "Say, can I ask you a question that's been bothering me?"

"Go ahead" he said.

"You ranchers have so much land you talk in sections, where as we farmers, deal in acres. I know you normally get about eleven inches of rain a year here. On our farm, we can expect to get about twenty-eight. How many acres does it take to support a cow," I asked?

"Well, when we are buying land we figure 14 acres. When selling, we figure 10," he said, with the smirk of a horse trader on his face. "But when we are at the stockyard buying cattle, we use 12 acres as the standard for figuring out how many cattle we can put on our range. Now, if we are talking horses, we figure it will take three bales of hay to support a horse compared to two bales to keep a cow happy," he explained.

"Why a third again as much for a horse," I naively asked? "At market level they are not going to weigh as much," I reasoned.

"Because a horse is a bundle of muscle that runs around a lot; where as a cow is more sedentary and is only there to get fat. It takes a lot more energy to build muscle than it does to support laze meat," he stated, as a matter of fact.

Looking down at the floor of the truck I noticed there was a clear view of the road below. The rusted out hole in the floor board was big enough, so that if you had picked up a watermelon in town, and had put it on the passenger seat, and for some reason had to apply the brakes causing it to roll onto the floor; it's doubtful it would be there when you got home.

I'm thinking, "Oh my God. My brother would love this truck." The older and the poorer the condition of a vehicle the more he loves it. For example, he brought a 49 Chev pickup one time that had a hydraulic lift on the box. That truck was airy. Once, he picked me up for company I think, to go along with him to get something. I don't remember what or where, but I do remember it was a cold day. The heater had given out years ago. A ways down the road, besides the abundance of fresh air, I noticed I was getting wet in the crotch. It had started to rain. I leaned forward to see what was happening and got hit in the face with water coming through the hole in the floorboard off of the right front tire. It was not a fun trip.

"Out here, it takes a lot of land to support a herd of cattle," the rancher continued. "I own an equal amount of land on both sides of the interstate. That's the problem you see. When they put in this superhighway they cut right through the middle of my land. I pointed out to them that they were surveying right through my best pasture

land. I wanted them to move it over some, but no, they couldn't do that. Had to go right here they said. Those engineers couldn't be budged."

Even now you could hear the ire in his voice. The highway would forever be a wound on his land — the asphalt, a scar.

"Well, how am I to get my cattle from one pasture to another," I asked? "Oh, they would build an underpass cattle walk for them," they said. "Well, what about me," I asked?

"You'll have to go around," they answered.

"Do you know that the next off ramp where I can get off to get to an on ramp coming back on this side is twenty miles up the interstate? That means I would have to drive eighty miles a day, on my own ranch, just to check on a bunch of cows. Now does that seem fair to you," he asked me without waiting for an answer?

"Well, I don't do that. You look over the top of the hill there and you will see a turn around for the highway patrol. Course, it's illegal to turn there. I've been illegal now some twenty years," he confessed, with the daring of a rebel in his eyes.

He wore no hat, nor was there any sign of having worn one. No dusty leather gloves lay on the dash board or protruded from his pockets. His hands were bigger than the frame of his body would suggest. The fingers were puffy. Not fat, just swollen from previous work. A guy once said to me, "Let me feel your hands and I will tell you what you do for a living." These hands told me they cut grass and baled hay, roped and branded cattle, and fixed fence. The palms were shoe leather thick with calluses from years of heavy labor. He had no need of store bought gloves. He carried his own.

It was a hot day. His flannel shirt matched the condition of his truck. He wore no glasses — no stand out Peter O'Toole eyes. It was important what they saw, not how they looked. He impressed me as a simple man, a man unconcerned with non-essentials. He did not need a costume to project a role. His character stood on its own.

The skin of his face was deeply furrowed, enhanced by a dark tan. The smooth, unblemished skin of youth, like the paint on his pickup, had been burned away by the sun. The sun rules the land here. The prairie grasses bow in the wind before it. Those who choose to ignore it, do so at their own peril.

He went on, "I think it was about three years ago now, I came down the highway one morning to check on the cows and, oh Lord, here I see two highway patrol cars sitting in that turn around, each facing the opposite way, talking to one another. What to do? Well, I'll be damned if I was going to go eighty miles out of my way, so I slowed down and as I approached I could see there was just enough room between them to squeeze through. So I pulled up between them, rolled down my windows and said, 'Hope you boys don't mind, but I've got cattle on this side that need watering.'"

"No, that's alright. You go right ahead. We understand," the one said.

"Well, I do it nearly everyday," I explained.

"That's alright. Just be careful when pulling into traffic over on this side," he said.

"I thank you," I said, and went about my business.

He looked at me to see if I was still interested in his story. My nephew pulled at my shirt tail a couple of times to remind me why we had come here — to hunt.

Seeing I was very much interested, the old man went on, "I hadn't got but a couple of miles down the freeway when I see cherries flashing behind me. Why that dirty s-o-b, I thought as I pulled over. He parked in front of me and came walking back with that "cock of the henhouse" strut they practice as my blood came to a boil. But then I realized it wasn't either of the boys I had just talked to. This one was tall, thin and young. Seeing that I hadn't been double-crossed settled me down a bit, but I wondered, where did this guy come from, so quick. I'm not used to being snuck up on, on my own land."

"Good morning, sir. You made an illegal turn back there my friend," he says to me.

"Yes, I did," I acknowledged.

"Well, you're old enough to know better than that. You do realize those signs on both sides with the X's on them, means no u-turn don't you," he asked?

"Yes, I do," I answered. And then I went on to explain that I did it almost every day. That got him riled! I explained the history of the interstate being built through the middle of my range land and my needing the ability to check on my pastured cattle and what an inconvenience the highway was..."

"Well," cutting me off and puffing up like the chest feathers of a prairie chicken on a cold day, he says, "I'm going to have to write you out a ticket."

"Well, you can do that, but I'm not paying it," I stated.

"What did you say," he asked?

"You can write me out a ticket if you want to, but I'm not going to pay it," I said a little stronger.

Stretching up to his full height he said, "Buster, if I write you a ticket, you're damn well going to pay it!"

Lying back in the seat, arm chair like, I said, "No, I don't think I will."

"Who the hell do you think you are? I'm writing you a ticket for an illegal turn and you're going to pay it," he said in a strong voice with lot of irritation!

"Well, you go ahead and do what you think you have to do and I'll do what I think I have to do. But now you look at me," I demanded. And right to his face, I said, "If you think you can find a judge in this county, hell, if you think you can find a judge anywhere in the state of Montana, after I explain my situation here with this damn highway intersecting my range land, that will make me pay that ticket, why you just go right ahead and write it!"

With this the rancher paused for dramatic effect, waiting on a response from me. "So what did he do after you said that," I asked?

"He stood there for awhile. I could see the wheels spinning around in his head. I guess what to do in a situation like this wasn't on any of the pages in his training manual. I was detecting chest deflation. He turned and walked back to his car, minus the strut. At his patrol car he hesitated; which caused me a little concern, then folded the ticket book and got in. I waited until he was out of sight before pulling back out into traffic," he answered, pausing again to play out his story.

This time I waited.

"Must have scared the shit out'a him," he said, rubbing his chin.

"Why's that," I asked?

"Cause I've never seen him again," he said, with triumph and a big smile.

With that he reached for the keys to his truck and shied, "Well, I'd better get on about my business. If I don't get back soon the misses will think I'm cheat'n on her. You boys can go ahead and hunt on the side you're parked on. If any of my boys come along and give you trouble, you just tell 'em, the old man said it was ok."

Cupping his big hand around the knob on top of a long shift lever coining up from the transmission, he pulled it toward himself, much like a wagoneer with a flip of the wrist, might slap the reins on a team of horses and they drove off. On one side of the truck, the rear bumper hung down, held up by a piece of baling wire — an on the spot fix that never got looked at again. The truck had no chance of ever passing a road safety test. It was a museum piece.

I began to think of the old man in the same light. He was a piece of work. Only now, I see the irony of it. At the time, I had gotten a kick out of the way he had so deftly handled the young patrolman. But he did the same to us. He knew from the beginning he had caught us about to trespass on his land. Engaging us in conversation had given him time to take our measure. I wonder if a lifetime of driving cattle had taught him their nature and; as well, that of man.

I've hunted on that land since. But I've never run into him again. I've wondered what it would be like to be snowed into a hunting cabin with him for the night. I suspect the time around a warm fire would be time well spent. He wore wisdom well.

I realize now, I hadn't taken notice of what kind of pickup it was. Just as well, I guess. The fact it ran had more to do with being a faithful servant than a corporate logo. I wonder if that is the way God thinks of us.

The old man had warmed up to us when he found out we were still farming our dad's place. I think because I said it was not for financial gain, but because it was the right thing to do; keeping faith with it I mean. Like his

keeping that old, beat up truck; not because he could not afford a new one, but because it had stayed loyal and had partnered with him in building a life.

He was keeping faith.

A brief comment from Bruce:

Several years after I wrote the story I found out this man had passed away. His daughter-in-law then told me how to get up to the watering hole he had told me about. High up in the hills surrounded by dry grasslands is this spring fed pool. You would never know it was there unless somebody told you how to get to it. Looking at the country around it, it is a total surprise to see it there. My hunting friends from Washington state and I lingered there, eating our noon lunch, enjoying the serenity of the place.

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**2011 Summer Fossil Expeditions**

**Make this a summer to remember!**

**Join our Corps of Discovery!**

**Fossil Lake Oregon • May 9 to 20 (Almost Full)**

Join Dr. James Martin and the Museum staff to collect Late Pleistocene (Ice Age) fossil vertebrates, at Fossil Lake, Oregon, one of the most prolific fossil sites in North America. This includes transportation in Oregon, and field supplies. Coordinated by and with permission of Dr. James Martin.

**Dinosaurs of the Judith River Formation • July 18 to 29**

This expedition takes you back in time to discover the small and large beasts that roamed the area during the Late Cretaceous. Join Late Cretaceous fossil expert, Mr. David Parris, in investigating the dinosaurs and other fossils from north central Wyoming. We plan to stay at the Yellowstone-Bighorn Research Association field station in Red Lodge, Montana. Lodging and meals will be covered by fees, the station is a comfortable facility with typical collegiate field camp food and cabins (pets may not be brought). Comparable accommodations also may be used for some projects that are at a substantial distance from the main base camp. Course costs: \$1,500 for registration, which includes handouts, lodging and meals. Coordinated by and with permission of Mr. Parris.

**Giant Fossil Sea Reptiles from the Late Cretaceous Western Interior Sea**

Dates: August 1-5; 8-12.

Join this expedition in South Dakota, to search for and help collect Cretaceous marine reptiles, particularly mosasaurs and plesiosaurs. Coordinated by and with permission of Dr. James Martin.

**Little Houston Quarry (5 days)**

Dates: July 11-15; 18-22; 25-29 & August 1-5.

Join this 5 day camp to work at a Jurassic quarry site near Sundance, Wyoming with paleontologists from the Museum of Geology to excavate bones of *Allosaurus*, *Apatosaurus*, *Camarasaurus*, and *Stegosaurus*. Coordinated by and with permission of Dr. Darrin Pagnac.

**Fossil Mammals of the Bighorn Basin, WY • June 20-29**

This expedition will focus on collecting fossils from the early Eocene, a time during which Wyoming was covered by rain forests and populated by dog-sized horses and lemur-like primates. Participants will camp in the scenic badlands of the Bighorn Basin, just west of Greybull, WY. Please contact Dr. Aaron Wood (Aaron.Wood@sdsmt.edu) for more information.

The cost for each camp is \$600 per person for five days or \$1200 for two weeks. Costs, unless specified, include field supplies, handouts, and daily transportation to the site. Activities include both leisurely and strenuous activity and all participants should be adults (18 or older) and in good physical condition. Children under the age of 18 MUST be accompanied by an adult.

**And Introducing Family Oriented Camps:****Family Paleontology Camp (2 Days)**

Dates: July 7-8; 14-15; 21-22; 28-29.

Join this 2 day camp to learn how to make fossil replicas at the Museum in Rapid City and a field trip. This camp is open to families with children ages 6 and up. Cost is \$150 for the 2 days. This includes supplies, handouts, and transportation to the site. Coordinated by and with permission of Museum of Geology Staff.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION ON ANY OF THESE CAMPS CONTACT:****MUSEUM OF GEOLOGY SOUTH DAKOTA SCHOOL OF MINES & TECHNOLOGY**

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1-800-544-8162 ext. 2467

[museum@sdsmt.edu](mailto:museum@sdsmt.edu)

**DID YOU KNOW...?****Arsenic Poisoning**

On May 5, 1821, Napoleon died in the drawing room at Longwood on the island of St. Helena after more than four years of illness. A lock of hair examined shortly after his death was found to contain arsenic. Recently, fragments of wallpaper supposedly from the walls of the drawing room and bedroom were analyzed. Both were dyed with a green pigment that contained arsenite. In the humidity, the wallpaper would have become damp, causing the arsenite to become a poisonous vapor form of arsenic.

**Thanks to the Smithsonian Institution.**

We (Stone Accents Plus) have become the upper Midwest dealer for the new Highland Park Lapidary Co. We have the last of there Tucson Show Special 24" Slab Saw available at \$ 3000. We also have a new HP Bull Wheel for \$1450. First come; first serve. We can also take deposits at Show Special Prices on 18" and 24" saws for the next 2 weeks.

So if anyone wants the best deal in years on a NEW slab saw WE got it. And for all of you who have not heard of the new Highland Park Lapidary Co. I have provided a link.

<http://hplapidary.com/>

Thanks  
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FOSSIL FOREST OF DANVILLE, IL by John Washburn

A DVD of the "Fossil Forest of Danville, Illinois" is now available to anyone wanting to have their very own personal copy. It is being offered as a premium for a nominal donation to the MWF Endowment Fund.

As many of you know, this program was presented at the MWF Convention and Show in Peoria, Illinois this past August. It was also given out as a favor to those attending the Awards Banquet. It will, of course, be available from the MWF library, but you can purchase one for yourself or your club with a mere \$20 donation to the MWF Endowment Fund, plus \$2 for postage. Send your request; along with a \$20 check made payable to the MWF Endowment Fund, plus \$2 in cash for postage, to

John R. Washburn,

107 Deer Creek Road, Rochester, Illinois 62563.

It runs about an hour in length, but if you know about the methods of coal mining, you can fast forward the first 15 minutes or so.

Reference: MWF News

November 2010, Issue No. 496

Purpose of the MWF

Contact the MWF

On the Internet at: <http://www.amfed.org/mwf/default.htm>

WHAT'S HAPPENING!

Event information included here is gathered from flyers, Exchange Bulletins, and the Internet.

Mar 11-14 **DEMING, NEW MEXICO: 46th annual show, "Rockhound Roundup Gem & Mineral Show";** Deming Gem & Mineral Society; SWNM State Fairgrounds, Raymond Reed Blvd.; free admission; more than 100 dealers, display cases, geode cutting, gold panning, spinning wheel, silent and live auctions, door prizes, raffle, guided field trips; contact Terry Dellinger, P.O. Box 1459, Deming, NM 88031, (936) 433-0108; e-mail: theDGMS@gmail.com; Web site: www.dgms.bravehost.com

Mar 12-13 **MACOMB, ILLINOIS: 31st annual show; Geodeland Earth Science Clubs; Western Illinois University Union Ballroom, Murray St.;** Sat., 10-6, Sun. 10-5; free admission; dealers, minerals, fossils, jewelry, equipment, displays, fluorescent minerals, geodes, meteorites, fossils, minerals, artifacts, demonstrators, shell engraving, fossil preparation, mineral identification, egg and rock painting, wire-wrapping, sphere-making, scrimshaw, geode cracking, flint knapping, glass bead making, lampwork, gemstone faceting, kids' activities; contact Regina Kapta (217) 433-9585; e-mail: cigmc@comcast.net; or Jim Travis; e-mail: boatnick@aol.com

Mar 19-20 **CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA: "Treasures of Iowa's Ice Age: featuring Ice Age animals and Lake Superior Agates"; Cedar Valley Rocks & Minerals Society; Hawkeye Downs 4400 6th st sw;** Sat. 8:30-6, Sun. 9:30-5; adults \$2; member exhibits, speakers, demonstrations, vendors; contact Marv Houg (319) 364-2868 or Sharon Sonnleitner (319) 396-4016; Web site: www.cedarvalleyrockclub.org

Mar 26-27 **MONROE, WISCONSIN: 41st annual show and sale; Badger Lapidary & Geological Society; Monroe Senior High School, 1600 26th St.;** Sat. 9-5, Sun. 9-5; free admission; 10 dealers, speakers, club displays, Earth Haven Museum display, fluorescent mineral tent, lapidary demonstrations, club sales, hourly door prizes, educational films, kids' fishpond, spinner game, treasure hunt, quarry quest, rock polishing, roving rock wizard; contact Teri Marche', (608)835-2653; e-mail: tmarche@education.wisc.edu

Apr 2-3 **LINCOLN, NEBRASKA: 53rd annual show, "Wonders of the Earth"; Lincoln Gem & Mineral Club, Nebraska Association of Earth Sciences Clubs; Lancaster Event Center, 84th and Havelock; Sat. 9-6, Sun. 10-5; adults \$5, children 11 and under free with adult; contact James Marburger, Box 64, Hickman, NE 68372; Web site: www.lincolngemmineralclub.org**

Apr 9-10 **CANTON, ILLINOIS: 51st annual show; Fulton County Rockhounds; Wallace Park; Sat. 10-5, Sun. 10-5; free admission; contact Steven Holley, (309) 231-8861; e?mail: ilfossil@hotmail.com; or Deb Coursey, (309) 368-8451; e-mail: courseyfarm@gmail.com**

Apr 17 **WATERLOO, IOWA: Show, "Geodes: Iowa's Rolling Stones"; Black Hawk Gem & Mineral Society; Waterloo Center For The Arts, 225 Commercial St.;** Sun. 12-5; free admission; demonstrations, silversmithing, rock tumbling, sphere making, faceting, cab making, silent auction, special displays, dealers, crystals, agates, geodes, fossils, handcrafted jewelry, minerals, fossil plaster casting, pebble pit, fish pond; contact Dave Malm, (319) 266-6433; e-mail: davidmalm@cfu.net

**If I am missing any upcoming shows, please email me the information!!
 What I would need is location (including directions), Dates, Hours, Admission, Activities!**

Cedar Valley Rocks & Minerals Society

Presents its

2011

GEM, MINERAL & FOSSIL SHOW

Saturday March 19 - 8:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
 Sunday, March 20 - 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Hawkeye Downs Expo Center
 4400 6th Street SW
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Change of Location

TREASURES FROM IOWA'S ICE AGE

FEATURING ICE AGE FOSSILS & LAKE SUPERIOR AGATES

FOSSILS ARE COURTESY OF MICHAEL & BARBARA SINCAK, TREASURES OF THE EARTH

PROGRAMS

Programs on Ice Age Animals,
 Lake Superior Agates
 and other aspects
 of the theme.

Call ahead or check our
 web site for Speakers & Times.

DEMONSTRATIONS

Tumbling, Faceting
 Glass Bead Making
 Cabbing, Beading
 Silversmithing
 Flint Knapping
 Geode Cracking

PEBBLE PIT FOR KIDS

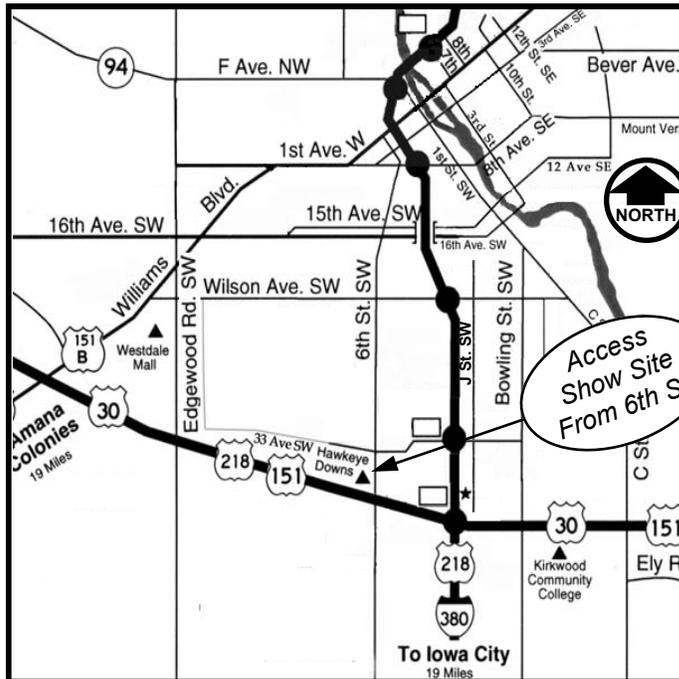
1¢, 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, & 50¢ Items
 50¢ Rock & Mineral Kits

SILENT AUCTION

Geodes, Minerals, Crystals, etc.

HOT FOOD

**PROFITS GO TO
 SCHOLARSHIPS**



DISPLAYS

Stegadon, Ground Sloth,
 Saber Tooth Cat,
 Woolly Rhino,
 Agates, Fossils,
 Minerals, Amethyst,
 Petrified Wood,
 Polished Stones,
 Artifacts,
 Spheres, Geodes

**NOT RESPONSIBLE
 FOR ACCIDENTS**

DONATIONS

Adults.....\$2.00
 Students\$1.00
 (12-18)
 Children Free
 (Under 12)
 Youth Groups Free
 (w/adult)

SLUICE FOR GEMS, DIG FOR BONES, PLUS MANY OTHER ITEMS FOR SALE, INCLUDING:

Books	Fossils	Jewelry	Minerals	Book Ends
Opal	Agates	Carvings	Seashells	Petrified Wood
Slabs	Geodes	Crystals	Tumblers	Lapidary Equip.
Gems	Beads	Spheres	Meteorites	Jewelry Findings

**CHILDREN MUST BE
 ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT**

For Additional Information. Contact:

Marvin Houg (319-364-2868, m_houg@yahoo.com);

Sharon Sonnleitner (319-396-4016, sonnba@aol.com); Tom Whitlatch (319-362-0684, whitlatcht@mchsi.com)

For program, dealer, and show updates, check: www.cedarvalleyrockclub.org

OFFICERS, DIRECTORS, AND COMMITTEE CHAIRS

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The Cedar Valley Rocks & Minerals Society was organized for the purpose of studying the sciences of mineralogy and geology and the arts of lapidary and gemology. We are members of the Midwest (MWF) and American (AFMS) Federations. Membership is open to anyone who professes an interest in rocks and minerals.

Dues are \$10.00 per family per calendar year and can be sent to Dale Stout, 2237 Meadowbrook Dr. SE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52403.

Visit us at:
www.cedarvalleyrockclub.org

The club meetings are held the 3rd Tuesday of each month from September through November and from January through May at 7:15pm at the Rockwell Collins 35th St Plant Cafeteria, Cedar Rapids, IA. The December meeting is a Christmas dinner held on the usual meeting night. June, July, and August meetings are potlucks held at 6:30pm at area parks on the 3rd Tuesday of each month.

BOB ROPER, EDITOR
 CEDAR VALLEY GEMS
 996 13TH ST
 MARION, IA 52302



It's Showtime!