



Central Dakota Gem and Mineral Society
Mrs. Blosser Campbell, Editor
1134 North 28th Street
Bismarck, North Dakota 58501

DIGGINS FROM DAKOTA

CENTRAL DAKOTA GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY

- AIM: 1. The study of Mineralogy and Geology.
2. To foster field trips to collect minerals, gems and fossils.
3. The improvement of its members in the art of cutting, polishing and mounting gem material.
4. To provide opportunity for the exchange, purchase and exhibition of specimens and material.

MEETINGS: First Sunday of each month in the Hospitality Room of Capitol Electric Building on Highway 83, north of Bismarck.

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!

OFFICERS:

President	Earle Campbell	1134 N. 28th St.	Bismarck	255-3658
Vice-President	William Buresh	1527 N. 19th St.	Bismarck	223-0611
Secretary	Stanley Waindizl	205 6th Ave. N. W.	Mandan	663-9712
Treasurer	DeLane Meier	RR 1, Mr. B's Est.	Bismarck	223-8579
Pub. Efficiency	John Doach	1425 N. 15th St.	Bismarck	255-1924
Parliamentarian	Mrs. William Buresh	1527 N. 19th St.	Bismarck	223-0611
Program Chairman	Dick Bargaentine	703 12th Ave. NW	Mandan	663-3419
Librarian	Owen O'Neill	906 1st Ave. NW	Mandan	663-3748
Field Trip Chairman	Harold Brady	1401 Sunny Road	Mandan	663-3904
Nominations	Ole Stavem		Wilton	734-6746
Refreshments	Mrs. Bob Randall	928 N. 16th	Bismarck	223-1625
Annual Show	John Doach	1425 N. 15th	Bismarck	255-1924
Historian	Mrs. Albert Anderson	RR # 2	Bismarck	673-4585
Doorman & Greeter	Allen Strom	212 Ave. F West	Bismarck	258-3646
Editor & Publicity	Mrs. Earle Campbell	1134 N. 28th St.	Bismarck	255-3658
Pebble Pup Leader	DeLane Meier	RR 1, Mr. B's Est.	Bismarck	223-8579

All contributions for this bulletin should be mailed to the Editor, Mrs. Earle Campbell, 1134 N. 28th Street, Bismarck, by the 10th of each month.

Other editors may reprint any article from this Bulletin. A credit line would be appreciated.

The Central Dakota Gem & Mineral Society is a member of The Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineralogical Societies and The American Federation of Mineralogical Societies.

Thanksgiving

Lord, behold our family here assembled. We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and for our friendly helpers in this foreign isle.

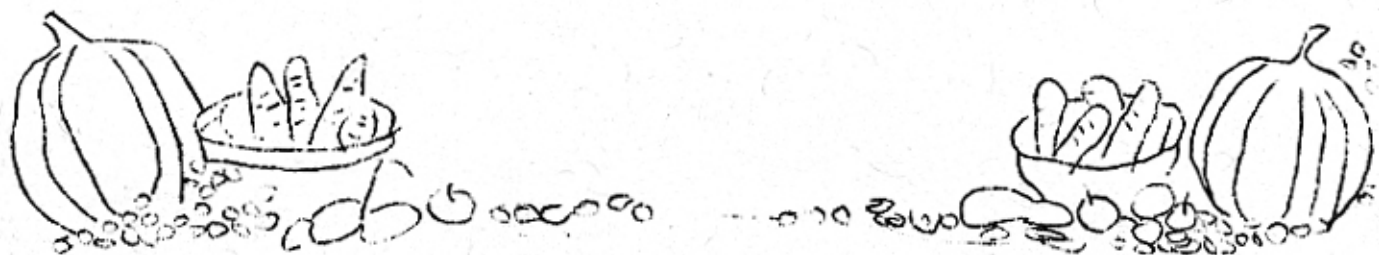
Let peace abound in our small company. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear the forgetfulness of others.

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.

As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as the children of their sire, we beseech of Thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake.

by Robert Louis Stevenson

The author of Treasure Island and many other unforgettable stories spent the last four years of his life in Samoa. There he fell in with the Samoan custom of ending every day with prayer, and wrote a number of original prayers for his own household. This is one of the most beautiful.



November Meeting

President Earle Campbell called the meeting to order on Sunday, November 3. The minutes were read and approved.

It was decided to have the December meeting start at 2:30 p.m. This will be a dinner meeting - also election of new officers.

There was some discussion about the sales tax from our September shows.

A letter of resignation from the editor of "Diggins" was read.

Guests for the November meeting were:

Gene Christianson, Karen & Greg -- 1914 Griffin, Bismarck
Mr. & Mrs. Jim Swanick -- 307 14th Ave. N.W., Mandan
Harold Michelson -- 511 West Turnpike, Bismarck

Duane Robey won the door prize - a piece of bornite donated by Frank Herr.

New members are Mr. & Mrs. Russ Batton, Dickinson, North Dakota

Ole Stavem, chairman of the nominating committee presented the following candidates for election at the December meeting:

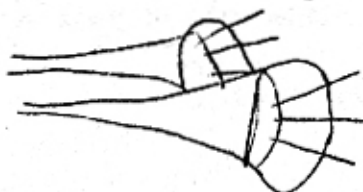
PresidentWilliam Buresh
Vice President.....Duane Robey
Secretary.....Vi Weisenburger
Treasurer.....Dick Bergantine

There will also be nominations from the floor. Attend the December meeting and let your vote be counted! (To the feminine members of our organization: Don't you think it is time to have one of us on the executive committee?????)

AN ODE TO THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

"Sometime, when you'r feeling important,
Sometime, when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room;
Sometime when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul.
Take a bucket and fill it with water
Put your hand in it, up to the wrist.
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.
You may splash all you please when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore,
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.
The moral in this quaint example
Is to do the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself, but remember --
There is no indispensable man."

A. Nony Mous
Borrowed from Lake Agassiz Rock Hound

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

It has been my pleasure to be editor of "Diggins From Dakota" for the past two years, five months.

At this time I am submitting my resignation effective with the mailing of the December issue.

It has been fun! It has been hard work, also! Your many kindnesses and much help from many is very much appreciated!

Best wishes and good luck to whomever takes this much needed task of keeping our members informed of our Society's business as well as informative articles about our rapidly growing hobby.

Blossomae Campbell

The above letter of resignation was read at the November meeting. If anyone would like to have the job as editor of this bulletin, see the new president-elect after the December meeting. This is a fun job but it is also work. I might even suggest that two, three, or even four persons form a committee to put out the bulletin. One could be editor, another could run the mimeograph or duplicator, and the third would be responsible for the mailing.

When I first started as editor, I was working part time and had some free time. Now I am working full time, taking an evening course at Bismarck Junior College, and trying to keep up with our rock shop and rock museum. Something had to give so I decided to let someone else be editor.

I would like to thank all the editors of the exchange bulletins who printed such interesting articles. I never had to go very far to find good items to print. I also want to thank each and every member who contributed to the "Diggins". Your help was very much appreciated.

We frequently hear the expression "heavy as lead", and we think of lead as one of the heavier metals. However, there are more than a dozen minerals that are heavier than lead, which weighs 710 pounds per cubic foot, and they are as follows:

Paladium	717 pounds per cubic foot
Thallium	740 pounds
Ruthenium	767 pounds
Rodium	776 pounds
Hafnium	830 pounds
Mercury	849 pounds
Tantalum	1,035 pounds
Uranium	1,166 pounds
Tungsten	1,174 pounds
Gold	1,204 pounds
Iridium	1,298 pounds
Platinum	1,533 pounds
Osmium	1,404 pounds

Therefore, Osmium is nearly twice as heavy as lead.

Gem Cutters News via The Geode
via Sooner Rockologist

CHRISTMAS DINNER

On Sunday, December 1, The Central Dakota Gem and Mineral Society will have its annual Christmas dinner. Members are asked to bring their own table service. Cups will be furnished by the club but bring your own plate, knife, fork, etc. If

If you have not been contacted and do not know what to bring in the way of food call Sue Randall, phone 223-1625. Time of meeting is 2:30 p.m.

'DIGGINS' GETS HONORABLE MENTION

At the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineralogical Societies Show in Cheyenne, Wyoming in June, Diggins from Dakota was awarded an honorable mention in the annual bulletin contest held in conjunction with the show. Believe it or not, I found out about this honor by reading other club bulletins! The lines of communication between our organization and the RMFMS seems to become plugged. I tried to find out just how we could improve the bulletin and how we were graded in the contest but to no avail. The letters I wrote to the RMFMS bulletin editor went unanswered. Perhaps the new editor will have better luck than I did.

THIS 'n THAT

Dr. Gordon Bell has been teaching a course in Geology at Bismarck Junior College this season. This is an evening course and is open to the public. The registrar at BJC informed me that this same course will be available again next year. Here is a chance for all enthusiastic rock hounds to learn more about our fascinating hobby from a very good instructor!

Dr. Bell also had a rock display at the recent Teacher's Convention. Sorry I did not learn about this in time for last month's Diggins.

Don't forget! Election of new officers at the December meeting.

NOVEMBER BIRTHSTONE - TOPAZ

The power of TOPAZ increases as moon increases, protects from epidemics, gives strength to intellect, banishes terrors of night, cures insanity, soothes wild passions!

from S.E.I.S. Club News

THE ONCE MIGHTY COLORADO:
TAMED BY MAN - OR RAPED?

A few miles west of the little desert town of Yuma is a small concrete dam, no more than 200 yards across, with a statue of a gentleman called Mexico Morelos standing on the control house staring sternly southward over the dry plain.

Above the Morelos Dam there is a small lake, reedy and dark, with water birds rustling about on the banks. Downstream is a different story. There is just a muddy trickle of water - and within a few miles even that fades, and the river course becomes a channel of cracked mud and broken bottles and the rusting hulks of abandoned cars. The casual traveller might be forgiven for dismissing this channel as just another flood wash of the great south-west desert, but it is not. It is the lower stretch of what was once one of America's mightiest rivers, the Colorado. Sitting in the heat beside this dreary stream and watching it meander to its muddy oblivion, it is difficult to recall the river's birth 1,400 miles to the north in a crystal-blue lake in the high Rocky Mountain snowfields. Between this desert and those mountains, 1,400 miles of human greed have tamed this wild river, to use the vague expression of the dam builders, into total abject submission.

Ruin

The taming has ruined hundreds of miles of once lovely wilderness. It has caused irreversible environmental damage. It has prompted people to come to this part of America in numbers far in excess of sanity. More water is now being used, or is planned to be used, than the Colorado and its tributaries can ever possibly supply. Bizarre new plans are being dreamed up to make up for the coming shortages. The epic of the Colorado River is a glorious tale only if you are a real estate developer. Ecologists will tell you that the river has been raped. Pointing to a decision taken in Washington a month ago, they contend that the rapists are still at work even though their victim is nearly dead.

This latest decision, which passed virtually unnoticed except by field officers of the Sierra Club, concerns the uniquely beautiful stone arch in southern Utah, the Rainbow Bridge. So spectacular is this massive arch of sandstone that it was long ago declared a national monument. Then came the Glen Canyon, completed in 1964, and the little canyons leading up to the bridge began to flood. The 700-foot tall dam could hold enough water, in theory, to flood the feet of the bridge - but 10 years ago the then Secretary of the Interior pledged that no water would ever be allowed to flood into any national monument site, including the bridge.

The Nixon administration, eager to provide more power from the turbines and more recreational facilities on the still-forming Lake Powell, told the dam controllers to raise the lake still higher.

Two years ago, environmentalists took the government to court to prevent it from reneging on its written pledge. The first court upheld their claim, but an appeals court in Washington reversed it. On January 22 ("a day of infamy", says one of the staff in the Sierra Club's Tucson office) the Supreme Court refused to hear the case again. So the sluice gates at the Glen Canyon Dam will soon bang down and the waters will begin to rise once more. In a year, waves will be lapping round the feet of the bridge. One day, not so far away perhaps, the soft sandstone will crumble away and the bridge will crash, piece by marvellous piece, down into the deep waters.

THE ONCE MIGHTY COLORADO (cont.)

Between Morelos here at Yuma and the Shadow Mountain Dam a few miles from the river's source, there are no fewer than 36 dams on the Colorado and its tributaries. Some, like the first built, the Hoover Dam, are admittedly structures of magnificence and engineering brilliance. Others, like the Laguna Dam a few miles upstream from Yuma, are scruffy little diversion dams that do no more than steal water and spread it on the fields for the cotton crops and the citrus and melon fields. The original plans for taking water out of the Colorado were put on paper back in 1922 as the famous Colorado River Compact. The states involved got together and decided that half the river's water should go to the north country - Utah, Colorado and Wyoming - and half to the southern states - Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and California. Any surplus water would go to Mexico, which has the river's lower 200 miles.

So the dams wet up - Hoover, Parker, Davis, Imperial, Glen Canyon, and many more. Some, like Hoover and Glen Canyon, were for storage and flood control and power generation. Others, like Parker, are truly mighty diversion dams. Still others, like Morelos, Palo Verde and Laguna, are simply for the fields nearby.

Travelling downstream by air one can see the vast amounts of water being consumed. At the Parker Dam the massive Colorado River aqueduct takes hundreds of millions of gallons daily over to Los Angeles. At the Imperial Dam the vast All-American Canal diverts millions of acre-feet to the agricultural valleys of the California southlands. At Lake Powell, 600,000 acre-feet are lost each year just through evaporation. By the time the river gets to the Mexican border here, less than a tenth of it is left, and that tenth is marched briskly to the fields west of Yuma at Morelos. One can hear it gurgling and splashing out into the irrigation channels.

Rising Demand for Water

As more and more Americans pour into the southwest, so the needs for water go up. The Colorado River is almost dead. An \$800 million project being funded this year by the Bureau of Reclamation - the Central Arizona Project - will extract the last few ounces of water for the fields and towns south of Phoenix. As the Colorado dies, fantastic schemes creep into the engineers' minds - schemes like bringing water down from the relatively unspoiled Columbia River to the north by digging huge 100-mile trenches right through the Rocky Mountains, or by laying thousand-mile pipelines under the sea in the Pacific.

What has been done to the Colorado has ruined the scenery and the wildlife. Once there were beavers in Tucson, but man has dried the local river. There was once steamboat traffic on the Lower Colorado, but no more. There was fantastic bird life on the river delta, now a total waste and salt desert. Eagles, mice, badgers, bobcats, tamarisks, hackberries, indigos, cottonwoods, bullrushes, primroses, stream orchids - all these and thousands of other animal and plant types were drowned or shifted by the Glen Canyon flooding. More than this is involved. International politics is an issue, too.

Mexican Problem

Mexico won agreement back in 1944 to have adequate water for its farm country just south of the border. The Americans were forced to promise that the Colorado, Rio Grande and Tijuana rivers would be shared by both countries. But the water which American farmers now deliver to Mexico is unacceptably salty.

?One orange grower....

THE ONCE MIGHTY COLORADO (cont)

One orange grower at San Luis, Arizona, admitted that he dumped all his salt waste waters either into the Lower Colorado or by pipeline right across the border. "It's not as bad as all that," he said; "Most Mexicans can grow things with it, but they do need more water to grow crops, I admit that".

The Mexicans have argued with the U. S. State Department for 10 years about the salty water America is passing on to them. The present Interior Secretary, Rogers C. B. Morton, eventually hammered out a solution last summer. The United States, he said, would build a massive desalination plant two miles from Yuma, at the cost of more than \$115 million, and would pump sweet Colorado River water south of the border. Congress has yet to approve the decision. Hearings begin later this month.

As if multi-million-dollar desalination plants, ruined canyons and collapsing monuments were not enough, the government is now trying desperately to get more water into the river at its source. It is experimenting with a cloud-feeding project to produce extra snow on the Rockies to give just that little bit more water to the Colorado.

The terrible and sad thing is that one knows perfectly well that 10 days or so of extra snow on the Rockies would make not one whit of difference down here in the dry heat of lower Arizona. The Colorado, thanks to man, will never again have the dignity of even reaching the sea.

From The Chicago Sun-Times, March 3, 1974
via Earth Science News, via The Rock Vein

Letter from John Anderson

I had a bad day last week. Katie and I were in Dickinson with our daughter and family. I took our two grandsons, ages 4 and 6, out to Fisher's gravel pit. That's getting to be a regular thing, every time we go to Dickinson the first thing I hear is, "Grandpa, can we go rock hunting?" Anyhow, on the way we saw a combine sitting in a summer fallowed field. The boys knew what combines are used for. The four year old says, "How come that combine is sitting out there?" And the six year old says, "they must have combined that field about three times."

And as if that wasn't enough for one day, when we got home Katie asked what I was going to do. I said I guessed I'd better go down and dig the root cellar a little deeper. Then she asked if I was going to throw the dirt out or dig a hole and bury it!

See ya at the meeting,

John Anderson

WARNING - This May be Dangerous to Your Health!

If you throw the Diggins in your wastebasket unread, a capsule inside will break, spilling into a dehydrated gorilla. HE will then jump out and HUG you to death!

Slightly edited, borrowed from Rocky Trails
via The Polished Slab, via The Rock Vein