

**“LOCATIONS,
MUSEUMS, &
MORE”**

FRIENDS OF MINERALOGY—PA CHAPTER, INC.

SYMPOSIUM — 1981

West Chester State College

West Chester, PA

November 6, 7, 8

PROGRAM:

Friday, November 6

- 7:00 p.m. Swap, Give-away table, refreshments
- 8:30 p.m. Whats New In Pennsylvania Minerals
Bryon Brookmyer — FM PA President — mineral collector
Martin L. Anné — FM PA Past President — mineral collector
- 9:00 p.m. Swap, visit give-away table
to ??

Saturday, November 7

- 7:30 a.m. Registration
- 8:30 a.m. Welcome to West Chester
Dr. Seymore S. Greenburg—Professor, Dept. of Earth Sciences
W.C.S.C.
- 8:45 a.m. Locations That Always Produce Minerals
Bryon Brookmyer — FM PA President — mineral collector
- 9:30 a.m. Break, refreshments
- 10:00 a.m. Obscure Pa. Mineral Locations — Part II
Jay Lininger, author "Cornwall Program" — mineral collector
- 10:45 a.m. Rand-Vaux Collection — Bryn Mawr College
Juliet Reed — author & assistant curator — Bryn Mawr College
- 11:30 a.m. Lunch
- 1:00 p.m. Locations of Western Pa. and Their Minerals
Delbert Oswald — Past President FM national — mineral
collector
- 1:45 p.m. Field Trips of the 1930's
Dr. Allen Heyl — U.S. Geological Survey, Denver, Colorado
- 2:15 p.m. Break, refreshments
- 2:45 p.m. A Preview of a FM Project, PA
Colonel Thomas Myers, Chairman
- 3:00 p.m. Mineral Auction (minerals not usually for sale)
- 4:00 p.m. Revisit give-away table, swap
- 7:00 p.m. Banquet—Pennsylvania Minerals at Harvard
Dr. Carl Francis — Curator of Minerals — Harvard University

Sunday, November 8

Field Trips

The following article describes a field trip made by members of the Philadelphia Mineralogical Society in September 1906. The paper was read before the group at a later meeting and submitted to *THE MINERAL COLLECTOR* for publication. It appeared in Vol. 13, No. 12 (February 1907) of the magazine and is presented here for your enjoyment. Things haven't changed much in seventy-five years.

THE P. M. C. EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF FRENCH CREEK

BY HOWARD R. GOODWIN

At last the long looked for, much talked of day arrived, and on the morning of September 1st three of the faithful stood on the ground floor of the Broad Street Station, eagerly scanning the crowd in the hope of seeing some familiar faces among the many arrivals.

The faithful three, MacFeeters, Binkley and Goodwin, were finally rewarded, as Wherry rushed up to explain that he could not accompany us then, but would take the 12:52 and join us at Trap Rock, though he said he didn't expect there would be anything left; but there was—tons of it.

The time for departure arrived, passed, and we were steaming out of the city; MacFeeters laden with two grips and his boy John, and already speculating on the possibility of shipping down a barrel or two of rocks.

We arrived at Birdsboro in due time and after posting some souvenir cards to the folks at home, started down the track towards the quarries at Trap Rock, only halting on the outskirts of the town to lunch and put on our old shoes, thereby causing much amusement to some of the natives who were repairing the road.

MacFeeter's load was much lighter after this, as most of it went into John's stomach!

Arriving at Trap Rock we were met by an anarchist bearing a red flag, so scenting danger we did not stop to collect the prehnite by the roadside, but marked the spot and hastened on to a place of safety in the wheelwright shop; we had not been there long when the air was rent by terrific explosions, the earth trembled, and we wondered if our last hour had come; John's jelly cake shook in his stomach, and I felt that the last cigar had been one too much for me.

When things had settled a bit, we took account of stock and finding ourselves all there, started out to get the prehnite; we got it; or rather Binkley did—we crawled under the cars on the siding and watched the blowout in quarry No. 2, which was great.

Now, we said, it is all over, let us collect. So we climbed over the tons of rock that had just been blown out, in hopes of getting some good prehnite, when Bang!

I took a mental snapshot of what happened then, you will see it reproduced on the screen later on. Well, we wandered about, got a few poor specimens. I stepped on a rattler in the high weeds, at least Mac said it was a rattler. I thought it a grasshopper myself, but then I am no authority.

We secured a few specimens of stilbite in one of the quarries, but nothing of consequence, and we were feeling rather disgusted when our drooping spirits were revived by the sight of Bernstein, Wherry and Law, who appeared on the scene laden with picture machines and collecting paraphernalia generally.

While waiting for the St. Peter's *limited*, Bernstein gave us an interesting and instructive exhibition of rock-trimming on the railroad track, the subject being a specimen of stilbite he had extracted from the guileless "guineas," and the aid of a dime.

By the time he was through the stilbite was nil and the train on hand, so we all got aboard and after exchanging greetings with Dietrich and his son Jerome, whom we found in the smoker, settled down for the run to St. Peter's and the Falls of French Creek, which we eventually reached.

Our genial host, Mr. Murphy, had supper awaiting us, and after registering, we attacked the eatables, which disappeared like snow before the summer sun, notwithstanding the fact that Bernstein worked the call-bell vigorously during the meal.

After supper we went up to view the old mine dump by moonlight, a full moon and clear sky making the experience one never to be forgotten. The Chester County hills bathed in the soft light of the moon, presented a sight worth travelling miles to see, while the aspect of the dump was most alluring. The moonlight glistening on cleavages of calcite and bright specks of pyrite, suggested great possibilities for collecting on the morrow, and MacFeeters had his barrels filled to overflowing—in his mind!

All good things come to an end, however, so we wended our way back to the hotel and got to bed, each one planning to get out at break of day, and make a scoop before breakfast.

Sunday, 5 A.M., the advance guard attacked the dump, and by 7:30 had worked up an appetite which swept the breakfast table clean in a few moments, then back to the dump to break rocks and the Sabbath till dinner time.

As the mine has not been operated for some years, specimens are not plentiful, and a deal of hard work was done during the morning, which resulted in the accumulation of quite a number of good specimens of chalcopyrite, pyrite, crystallized magnetite, byssolite and green calcite, the color being due to inclosed byssolite.

The thoughtfulness and generosity of the older members was marked, Binkley being the recipient of many choice specimens.

By noon we were all well loaded with specimens, so a charge on Mr. Murphy's dining room was ordered and executed, Bernstein leading as usual, and keeping it up till both kinds of dessert had been conquered, when we adjourned to the rocks for a short rest, and to allow Wherry to take a snapshot of the crowd.

The locality is a pretty one, the stream threading its way between the huge, rounded masses of trap, and here and there forming little pools, that should be the home of the speckled beauties Doc Brady loves to tell of, but, alas, too often the receptacle for tin cans and old bottles.

While we are preparing to return to the mine, the Knauertown Band assembled on the balcony to give a concert in our honor, but we showed little appreciation, though J. P. Sousa would have turned green with envy had he heard them. However the breeze bore snatches of the music toward us as we labored on the dump, and it really sounded fine at that distance.

Behold Bernstein and Goodwin at work on the dump, rocks of all sizes come down with a thump, but we got some good things just the same! During the afternoon Binkley was the recipient of more favors, and "Here you are Bink," got to be a familiar cry; a spirit of mischief pervaded the crowd, and many hand specimens found their way into grips that were carelessly left lying open, so that on returning to the hotel, their owners would say, I wonder what I ever brought that for?

The day came to a close and the dump looked as if a steam-shovel had been at work on it.

Tired and hungry we again stormed the dining room and swept all before us; then a walk and to bed, for we planned to leave for new fields on the early train.

We slept the sleep of the just till aroused by the most awful snoring on the part of Dietrich, who shared our room. Bernstein's foot saluted me, but he soon found I was not the guilty one, and with language more forceful than elegant he hurled a pillow at the unconscious Dietrich, who awoke in short order.

After breakfast Mr. Murphy produced a box of specimens which he said he could be induced

to part with, so we all selected a few to top off with.

Getting to the station was fierce, but it was finally accomplished with the aid of a wheelbarrow.

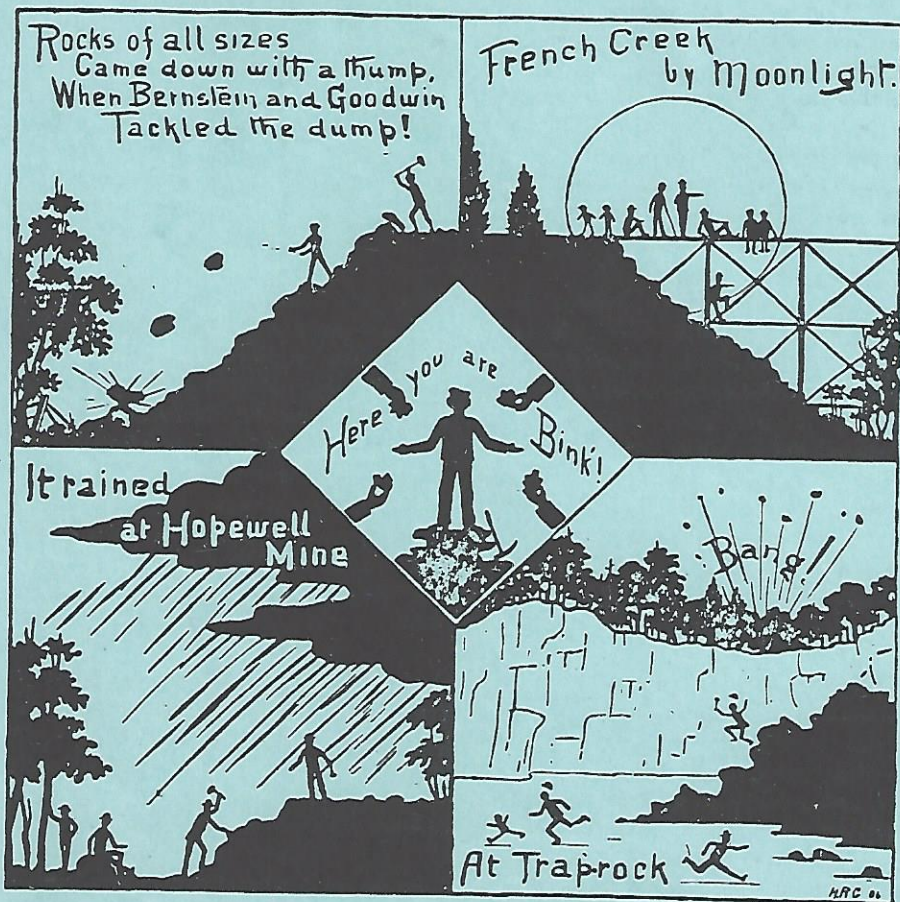
MacFeeters and Dietrich deciding to return home, we left them at Warwick and struck the trail for the Hopewell Mine, which we reached just as a heavy rain storm struck the county.

Maybe it didn't rain at the Hopewell Mine; we were simply soaked, but kept right on collecting, or trying to, as there was little worth taking.

We soon left this locality for St. Mary's village, where we halted for a lunch of Zu Zu's and Uneeda Biscuit, meanwhile conversing with the proprietor of the store, who gave us much information and some specimens.

We found nothing attractive at the Warwick Mines, but a few representative specimens were taken by Wherry "as evidence of the visit," after which we returned to the station.

The trip back to Birdsboro was made without any event worthy of notice, excepting that Law and Binkley got off at Trap Rock to see a collector from Reading carry off some prehnite, and to enjoy the walk back to Birdsboro, which they reached just in time to make the train. We reached home late Monday afternoon, well satisfied with the trip, the only regret being that more of the members were not with us.



THE PENNYPACKER PAPERS

Another frequent contributor to *THE MINERAL COLLECTOR* was West Chester's own Charles Pennypacker, whose flamboyant style of writing made him one of the better known mineral collectors of his day. Two selections (September 1905, October 1905) have been chosen. We will attempt to continue the series in future programs.

CLINOCHLORE

BY CHARLES H. PENNYPACKER



About four miles south of West Chester, Pennsylvania, is Brinton's Quarry. When I first knew the place (more than fifty years ago) it was Ingram's Quarry, and its seams in the rock had aforetime yielded Clinocllore, named and described by the New Haven group of mineralogists.

It was desirable to figure a crystal for Dana's new edition of his mineralogy. There were two candidates for the honor. One was a crystal elongated, decremented, doubly-terminated, and in the matrix, and which crystal now reposes in the cabinet of John Eyerman, at Easton, Pennsylvania.

The other was a large detached crystal, and was finally selected for the purpose from the Jefferis Collection.

There is no other locality except Brinton's Quarry. After an experience of half a century I have assembled one thousand crystals. My reasons for so doing are these: It is an interesting mineral. Its name signifies an angled chlorite. Its edges show a violet color by lamplight. It is a rare mineral. It presents many astonishing features in crystallization.

When it was first found, several groups or aggregations of crystals, imbedded in green talc, yielded excellent results when the talc was picked out.

In every town in the vicinity of mineral localities there are to be found spasmodic gatherers of specimens. A few things are placed together; and among these few may be one or two superlative examples.

One of these groups of Clinocllore crystals lodged in a West Chester drug store. After a few years the druggist passed from "works to rewards," and that Birmingham export found a snug corner in the Clinocllore drawer of the Jefferis collection.

This mineral is one of the outputs from serpentine about which we say so much and know so little.

In collecting minerals I like to delos among the paradoxes. That is why I have more than a thousand polished specimens of serpentine. The intermixes of the mineral world! How they confound us if we but tarry to think. All our fine spun theories are cast to the winds.

I have two crystals of smoky quartz coated with crystals of calcite. The heat required to make the quartz would destroy the calcite. How was the union effected?

But alas! there are paradoxes in humanity. We see people overdone, underdone, done out and done up, almost at the same moment. When the Professor of Natural Sciences in an Eastern College told his wife that a year's experience convinced him he had married "a pseudomorph."

She said her mother had doubts about Natural Science. It often led to insanity. And that stony-hearted husband had the nerve to remark: Delusion is the beginning of dementia.

And there is Diaspore, another child of serpentine. I have a "chunk" of Diaspore penetrated with needle-like crystals of green tourmaline. How did this pure alumina get hold of this tourmaline?

The best function of mineral collecting is the agitation of thought. Such agitation as will result in better support for *THE MINERAL COLLECTOR*. This publication is not so heavily charged with science that a dose of purgative medicine is required as soon as it has been read. It tastes of fresh air and clear running streams, spring water, buttermilk, and apple pie.

As I pen these lines some boys are waiting for me to walk with them down to Brinton's Quarry. That walk and that talk will banish cigarettes and Deadwood Dick stories, and sweet slumber will renew tired energies when home again is reached.

Fresh water and fresh air make life worth the living. Mineral collecting means length of days in the land which the Lord, thy God, hath given thee.

MORE REMARKS ABOUT BARITES, CALCITES AND FLUORITES

BY CHARLES H. PENNYPACKER

The years have slipped by since Charles M. Wheatley gave me a specimen of fluorite, found at his lead mine in Schuylkill Township, Chester Co., PA. Said he:

"Here is a scarce thing, and you will appreciate it if you have the sense of locality developed and an eye for differences and distinctions. Memory is an essential to a collector!"

Alas! poor Wheatley, the grass is waving over his grave! A more generous soul, a warmer heart, never existed. His eulogy of fluorite was magnificent.

"It has the tints of the sky. It has a fit companion for the metallic wealth of the world. It has the sheen of the pearl. Its green is as brilliant as that of a lawn in old England. Its amber color is rich as the sunsets along the Shenandoah Valley.

"Why don't mineralogists fill their cases with it? I tell you, Pennypacker, there is a poor, cross-eyed and wall-eyed generation of alleged scientists coming on and going on. Beauty! what do they know about color and the lights of the prism? Just look at that purple specimen which Captain Cocking gave to me. No artist can equal its tints.

"Jefferis knows a good thing when he sees it and he is passing the annexation act every week. The other day Brush of New Haven, came along. He exclaimed: 'Duplication! duplication!!' Then that keen-eyed bank cashier tackled the professor.

"Eyesight and insight confounded learning. A reason existed for every specimen. Whenever the Jefferis collection comes to be sold that enormous array of crystals will sell it!"

What a prophet was Charles M. Wheatley! He knew the influential power of color and form. As I look at the activities of fluoric acid in giving us from cryolite aluminum, I am surprised that we do not know more about it.

There was once a country scientist visited Philadelphia with a twenty dollar gold coin secreted about his person, designed to buy a suit of clothes. He went home in last year's "duds," escorting the grandest, finest, octahedral green fluorite which Cornwall had ever shipped to America. That Chestnut Street store window was too much for him. His kinsman said:

"Samuel, thee will have an eye for beauty all thy days. The clothing will wear out, but the mineral never will."

And it never did. It can now be seen in the Bement collection at Central Park.

The great factor of animal and vegetable life is lime. It is the dome of thought, the covering of the soul. A good, strong, hard, yet flexible trestle-work for the body means sound bones. "Bug juice" and tobacco smoke will weaken these structures of lime.

What is more beautiful than a calcite crystal? It is limpid. It is a mathematical figure. There is a rule in its formation. And yet some budding collectors want but few, so as to have room for gold ore or silver ore. There is too much ore in this world needing the smelter to find out what it is worth. Mining stock at ten cents a share tells the story. The iron mines of England have sent out the gems of lime and limelight.

A Picadilly (London) dealer said: "Oh my! there is such a profusion."

I replied: "I have seen the passing of many good minerals. Why was I not wise in the heyday of production? Wavellite, anglesite, cerussite, brucite, emerald nickel, green kyanite, clinocllore, have been abundant. Where are they now?"

"Where are you from and how old are you?" remarked the doubting Englishman. I explained. "Oh yes! you Americans take all our good minerals away from us."

The first barite specimen I obtained was a long tabular one from Cheshire, Conn. Then I got several from the copper mines on the Perkiomen.

Rev. Lewis Hamilton sent me some limpid crystals from Colorado. Freiberg, Felsobanya, St. Andreasberg, turned in some good ones—all different, all interesting. Frizington, England, just surpasses them all. The greens, the blues, the yellows, the mottled ones, raise the heart beats.

When a man's cabinet is deployed and displayed it holds the mirror up to his nature and exhibits him as he was and as he is. The skin-flint collector who is always boasting of bargains, shrinks into a mere bargain-counter-jumper as life goes on. The half-baked scientist who secures a specimen because some other person had a similar one, is an active member of the "me too" club. Be a crystal! Don't be a lump of ore! Soak your ideas (if you have any) into your collection. Let it be representative of your best, at your best! Avoid the commonplace! Strive for the finest! Assemble something that your executors won't be ashamed to execute!

NEW MINERALS TO THE SPECIES LIST

Because space didn't permit we are not publishing the entire species list included on the 1980 Program. The new species added to the list in 1981 include: CHALCANTHITE, CHALCONATRONITE, HISINGERITE, and SCOLECITE.