

# **“LOCATIONS, MUSEUMS, & MORE”**

**FRIENDS OF MINERALOGY—PA CHAPTER, INC.  
FALL SYMPOSIUM—1985  
West Chester State University  
West Chester, PA  
November 8, 9, 10, 1985**

## PROGRAM

### Friday, November 8—

7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Social Hour (Refreshments, "Show and Tell," Freebies—Also a Tradition—"What's New in Pennsylvania Minerals.")

### Saturday, November 9—

8:00 a.m. to 8:45 a.m. Registration

8:45 a.m. "Welcome to West Chester State University" by Dr. Sy Greenburg

9:00 a.m.—10:00 a.m. "Geology of the South Mountains" by Dr. John Fauth, Chairman of the Geology Dept., State University of New York.

10:00 a.m.—10:30 a.m. Coffee break

10:30 a.m.—11:30 a.m. "The Mineralogy of the South Mountains" by Jay Lininger

11:30 a.m.—1:00 p.m. Lunch

1:00 p.m.—2:00 p.m. "The Pre-Cambrian Mineralogy of the South Mountains" by Jay Lininger

2:00 p.m.—3:00 p.m. "The Cambrian Mineralogy of the South Mountains" by Nelson Jay

3:00 p.m.—3:30 p.m. Coffee break

3:30 p.m. Business Meeting—  
Mineral Auction

### Break for dinner

6:30 p.m. Banquet and Speaker: Mr. Lawrence Conklin of St. John's Place, Connecticut on "George F. Kunz—19th Century Gemologist and Mineralogist."

LAWRENCE CONKLIN of St. John's Place, Connecticut is a well known mineral dealer specializing in rare and historical mineral specimens of exceptional quality. His personal interest has been in mineralogical books and letters of 19th century vintage. Among his acquisitions, a large collection of correspondence authored by George F. Kunz the noted gemologist, for which the gem spodumene, Kunzite was named. Mr. Conklin is currently researching and compiling information for a soon to be released book on the Kunz letters.

Sunday, November 10—Field Trip: to be announced.



This year's program will once again serve as a vehicle to showcase historical and often obscure articles relating to Pennsylvania mineralogy. The first two articles were chosen because of their relevancy to the symposium subject matter. The first one was extracted from "The Mineralogist" magazine, July-Aug. 1949. Dr. Waldo Jones published a similar article in the *Lapidary Journal*, several years after the one featured here. The second article was acquired from the archives section of the Gettysburg College Library and was written by an unidentified student for "The Pennsylvania College Monthly" Volume VIII, published in 1884. Such articles supply details of localities long since gone. The third article, reproduced from "The Mineral Collector," Vol. XII no 12 (Feb. 1906) continues with the barbed pen of Charles Pennypacker.

## Some Old Pennsylvania Localities

DR, WALDO H. JONES  
The Institute of Science  
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

It may be of interest to present day mineral collectors to describe some of the old localities of Pennsylvania, visited by the writer some years ago. Good specimens can still be obtained at most of the localities referred to here.

In 1928, after a conference with Dr. Geo. W. Stose, one of the geologists who arranged the original Fairfield-Gettysburg Folio of the U. S. Geological Survey, and during which Dr. Stose showed me some startlingly interesting specimens from South Mountain, I decided to pay this region a visit.

My associates Henry Pirtle, and Dr. Earl V. Shannon, and myself left Washington, with the usual field trip equipment. Dr. Shannon was once our ace mineral collector, when associated with the department of mineralogy at the U.S. National Museum in Washington. Prior to becoming a professional mineralogist, Dr. Shannon resided in the Coeur d'Alene region of Idaho, where he made outstanding collections as an amateur. Later he wrote that superb book *Minerals of Idaho* (now out of print), which will stand as a monument to his work, for generations to come. Shannon also wrote a great host of valuable scientific papers on mineralogy.

We arrived in the hills about midnight and struck camp. I have always believed that the collector should live as well in the field as he does at home, so we arranged a comfortable camp and crawled under the blankets. Shannon slept in the car, and likely most uncomfortably.

Next morning, bright and early, while Dr. Shannon was still in the arms of Morpheus, we scouted around, and sure enough Shannon was correct. We were camped in the midst of a great field of red colored jasperized rocks, some weighing many tons, and within a few hundred yards of the National Copper Company property, called the Old Bingham mine. This property should be called an open cut, as a great gash has been excavated into the side of a high hill. These rocks are likely of the ancient volcanoes of the Algonkian formation. They are remarkable for their great age, and the many metamorphic changes they exhibit.

The Bingham Mine country rocks show the typical amygdaloidal steam bubble structure, these small cavities are usually filled with a limpid quartz, copper minerals and more rarely copper in the native metallic form. Some of this rock is quite colorful and suitable for fashioning into ornaments, like book ends, and the like. We collected a large amount of this material. The



best thing about the Old Bingham mine was the beauty of its ornamental stone, but as a copper mine of economic value it was a total failure.

Nearby the ancient folding and pressures have produced some attractive sericitic schists and breccias. At Maria Furnace, some two miles east of the South Mountain Sanatorium we found a colorful cemented breccia rock, suitable as an ornamental stone. This material had well silicified and will stand lapidary treatment.

Near the Sanatorium we found a beautiful deep green amygdaloidal basalt, with the vesicles filled with dark green epidote, along with filled vesicles of white and milky quartz. At the foot of Rocky Mountain, two miles south of Caledonia Furnace, we found a dense feldspathic rock, with dark purple and gray flow structure, with included nests of white and pink feldspar crystals. Very beautiful, not gemmy, however. During the entire trip, the finest specimens, however, were found in the vicinity of the Old Bingham mine.

The most interesting part of the trip to me, was the ruins and remains of the great charcoal-iron furnaces that used dolomitic limestone as a flux, to smelter and reduce the iron ores obtained nearby. These old furnaces obtained their fuel from charcoal made from the very forests that once surrounded the smelters. At one time these were great enterprises, operated by some four successive generations of local families, after the Indians had been driven out of South Mountain. Thousands of tons of ore were reduced to produce iron, for firearms, among them the once famous frontier rifles of the Pennsylvania Long Rifles, and the Kentucky Brown Bess Smooth bores.

The great Pine Grove Furnace was a marvel of industry at one time and today the entire site is a State Park. The old and colorful slag dumps were still there. We gathered some of this colorful slag, and later I cut cabochons from this material to present to friends in Washington and New York as historical souvenirs. Many of these chunks of old slag were supplied to Idar, Germany cutting center, where they were reduced to gems. These old furnaces operated from the time of the French and Indian wars to a period shortly after the end of the Civil War.

The smelters were shut down due to lack of local forests for fuel, along with improved methods (coke) of reducing iron ores. Today the local mountains are covered in places with dense growths of a second forest. Here and there one may still see the old charcoal pits. My sons and me plan to revisit this region shortly, and check over some of the areas with a Geiger counter, for there is some evidence of uranium ores, especially in the brecciated formations.

The visitor is urged to refrain from visiting this region during deer hunting season. During this time life is somewhat hazardous in the South Mountain country. Those city folks are likely to crack down on anything moving in the brush.

If you are historically inclined, you will find this part of Pennsylvania a paradise for the historian, as well as the collector of minerals and rocks. The Pennsylvania Dutch who predominate in this area are fine folks, and about as conservative and frugal as I have seen anywhere.

This brief paper is in no way a complete summary of the minerals available in this quadrangle. I suggest that you obtain George W. Stoses, book of mineral resources of Adams County, Pennsylvania, from the Pennsylvania Department of Internal Affairs, and the Geological Folio of the Gettysburg, Fairfield quadrangle, and study them before visiting the region.

We met a lot of interesting people and found the mountain inhabitants cooperative and pleasant. Even the apple jack makers were friendly when they were convinced we were interested only in rock, and not in their business, for our visit was during the time when the country was still experimenting with prohibition. In fact the best guide we had was the skilled operator at a still.

The readers from the west find our eastern mountains a vastly easier place to collect than the towering ranges of the Rockies and the coastal ranges.



## A MINERALOGICAL TRIP

The Senior class are not, for good reasons, to take their regular mineralogical trip until next Spring. This arrangement disappointed the boys; but they finally submitted to the seemingly inevitable, and consoled themselves with the anticipation of the trip to be.

However, a roving disposition, which yearly crops out in members of the Senior class, has of late become uncontrollable in ten men of '85. Professor Breidenbaugh, noticing this fact, and thinking that a little practical mineralogy would not be entirely fruitless to these discontented Seniors, consented to visit with them several copper mines in the mountains.

Accordingly, on Saturday, Oct 18th., at 10 A. M., we started. The pure October air, bright sunshine, pleasant motion of the carriages, genial companionship, and freedom from restraint,—all tended to put our little party in fine spirits, as we bowled along the Millerstown road towards the blue hills to the southward.

The Prof. was by the side of the driver in the larger carriage; and the boys behind him joked and laughed in true college style. Under such circumstances as these boys grow reckless. "Toughy" is no exception; and no one wondered when he ventured to take his first chew of "plug." Neither did we wonder when he turned pale, and grew dizzy. A happy thought struck him, even while in this unpleasant condition. Why not feed the horses tobacco, upon our arrival at the mountain; and make their consequent sickness a good excuse for extending our sojourn there. This, and other schemes of like nature, seemed impracticable. But meditation at this time was impossible.

We thus whiled away the time until 11 o'clock A. M. when we halted before the "Grand Central" in Fairfield. Here we ordered a large dinner—to be served when we returned. While the horses rested, the aesthetic portion of our little company went to purchase something at the store where they saw a pretty lady clerk. Our "Little Ed." was so infatuated by her charms that he took without asking for it, a "Wizard Oil" song book that lay on the counter. We suppose he took this as a souvenir of the occasion.

We left Fairfield, choosing what the driver thought the right one of a regular network of roads. The wind was blowing a steady gale, but jollily, noisily, thoughtlessly, we were carried along—not, however, so smoothly as before. The pikes and well-kept mud-roads were behind us: before us were crooked, narrow stony paths. When the way began to assume the aspect of a cow-path, Prof. B. "called time," and sent the driver to ascertain if we were on the right track. While the driver interviewed the farmer, "Billy R." jumped the orchard fence and "bagged" some splendid apples. Billy returned just in time to hear the driver say that we had gone two miles out of our course.

Notwithstanding delays, we arrived at the Musselman Mine in good time. After gathering specimens of all minerals in the vicinity, we "struck" across the mountain to the Russell Mine. We found the superintendent ready and willing to show us all possible kindness. He gave us old coats and candles before we descended. This mine is 160 feet deep; but most of our party could not get to the bottom because of the unsafe means of descent, and the damp, cold, atmosphere near the bottom.

After thorough examination, aided by Prof. B's lecture in one place, and by the superintendent's explanation in another, we felt repaid for all our trouble.

When we were about to ascend, "N. G." asked to go up the inclined plane on the "barrel." Permission was granted. The "barrel" was not well ballasted; and "N. G.," "barrel" and all rolled over to seek their equilibrium. The centre of gravity proved to be so low that "N. G." had to take the mud. This he did not bargain for; and so parted company with the "barrel," and was caught before he took a cold bath in the water at the bottom of the mine. "Fatty," seeing the "barrel"



going up without passengers, thought he would try his luck. So, holding, cigar-like, the unlit end of a tallow candle in his mouth, he mounted, kept his balance, and went up safely amid the shouts of "the brethren."

With the assurance from the superintendent that we had but one mile of bad road before we could go "sailing" along, we, tired and hungry, went hopefully on our way down the rugged mountain side. "Nordhausen Sammy," in his eager search after mineral specimens, as he drove along, struck a large specimen of igneous rock which came near overturning the carriage. Many a specimen of a similar kind formed the bed of the road, and the jolting motion of the carriage kept the tired, sleepy boys "as active as a button on a smoke-house door." "Little Ed," who suffered more than his leaner fellow-classmen, concluded that, in the estimation of the superintendent and the other natives consulted about the roads,—the road in all that part of the country was but two miles long—one mile on either side of the mountain.

At last we reached "bottom," and went "sailing" along, until we arrived at Fairfield. Soon after we began to discuss chicken, beefsteak and all the delicacies pertaining to a good dinner—in a manner that made the waiters look on in amazement.

Here, for the first time during the day, "Moze" made himself especially conspicuous. It was a caution to behold how he and "Billy B." did justice to that meal!

As soon as we could get these two to stop, we gave three cheers, and went singing on our way. We kept up singing and story-telling until we reached G.—and there gave final expression of our gratitude and good spirits in three rousing cheers for Prof. Breidenbaugh, for his kindness in affording us this short, sweet, and profitable trip.

## COLLECTION BY COMPARISON

*By Charles H. Pennypacker*

I HAVE a thousand polished serpentines, a thousand clinocllore crystals, five hundred barites, as many calcites. No two are alike. They all have points of interest.

The average specimen-seeker looks upon these goods as excessive "richness of sameness." One thousand mineral specimens will present just as many variations as one thousand people.

Show me the selection and I will know the strata of the selector. As you place beside you your companions in life, did you ever regard them as the collector does his mute associates, recalling the walks and talks and finds of the vanished years?

The collecting mineralogist wants comparative powers. He should possess a mathematical intellect. He should have exact knowledge. He must remember that values are indeterminate. What may appeal to one may be rejected by another.

It is just as easy to keep his specimens clean as it is himself. The man stands for the collection and the collection stands for the man. The comparative is the leading degree. The culprit whom the law compels me to punish whines about the wickedness of some other scamps, who roam the world unwhipt of justice.

The lights across the way always shine brighter. A few days ago a fastidious friend who talks science queried why I did so much writing for Chamberlain.

Said I: "It is the duty of the mineralogist to hold a conversation once in a while with folks who have been innoculated with the virus of mineral gathering. I admire the pluck of the editor and I am going to help him all I can."

Instruction in the Natural Science is needed quite as much as "University Extension." It may save us from a race of cigarette-suckers and gum-chewers.



If you choose to compare people why not compare mineral specimens? Why not collect by comparison, whereby the best survives? Keep everlastingly at it! If you can arouse interest, create thought, get people to talk, to write, to act, then you are of more account in the world and to the world than a scrap of calfskin.

Since my remarks about clinoclone a score of collectors have epitomized Ben Butler's definition of a widow:

"A woman who knows what's what!  
But desires further information on the subject."

They never saw the mineral. They never heard of it, although it has a full-page illustration in Dana. And the letters! Is it true that only the young and the old care for science? Are the activities of middle life extinguishers of scientific pursuits?

When I survey the herd who are alleged to teach science I am amazed by the outcrop. There are ejaculations in the comparative degree.

There is a cheering enthusiasm of Elmer Bengel and Thomas J. Lewis. They are seekers. No road is too long or too dusty. There are several unknown or unworked localities upon which they should be turned loose!

They have both been to see me lately and I was reminded of a half century ago when Lewis White Williams was a searcher of every watercourse and every ravine in Chester and Delaware Counties.

Does it pay? The man who is branded with the dollar-mark says "No!!"

The man who sees the morning sun and notes its promise, and sees the reflected rays of sunset and glories in their beauty, says "Yes!!"

The presence of able bodied mediocrity in the public service is disgusting to the working scientist. And the papers they publish and the books they print!! Headquarters near a subtreasury, where the paycheck "flies through the air." Hindquarters warming a chair in a steam-heated office! These be the pictures of scientific discovery!!!

Now, my friends, I have made a collection by comparisons. View them. Step out in the fresh air. Get the best results from the best living.

As my friend, John Bigelow (at 88), says: "Be careful what you put into your mouth!"

Remember too that your tongue is the lamp-post of your mind. Don't worry about what the world says. It is better to be a poverty-stricken freak with abounding health, than a millionaire skinflint without a stomach and sometimes without a soul. As you go through this vale of tears and taxation make friends and keep them.

When I was a boy of twelve (1857) I was exchanging specimens with Doctor Edward Swift, of Easton, Penna. Recently John Eyerman, of Easton, without note or comment sent me one of my labels of the vintage of that year.

I examined the forty-eight years ripening in handwriting with considerable interest. Alas! some of us have wearied of the rocks and have fled to antiques, such as old china, furniture, and implements and furnishings. They mingle with local history and geography, and teach us

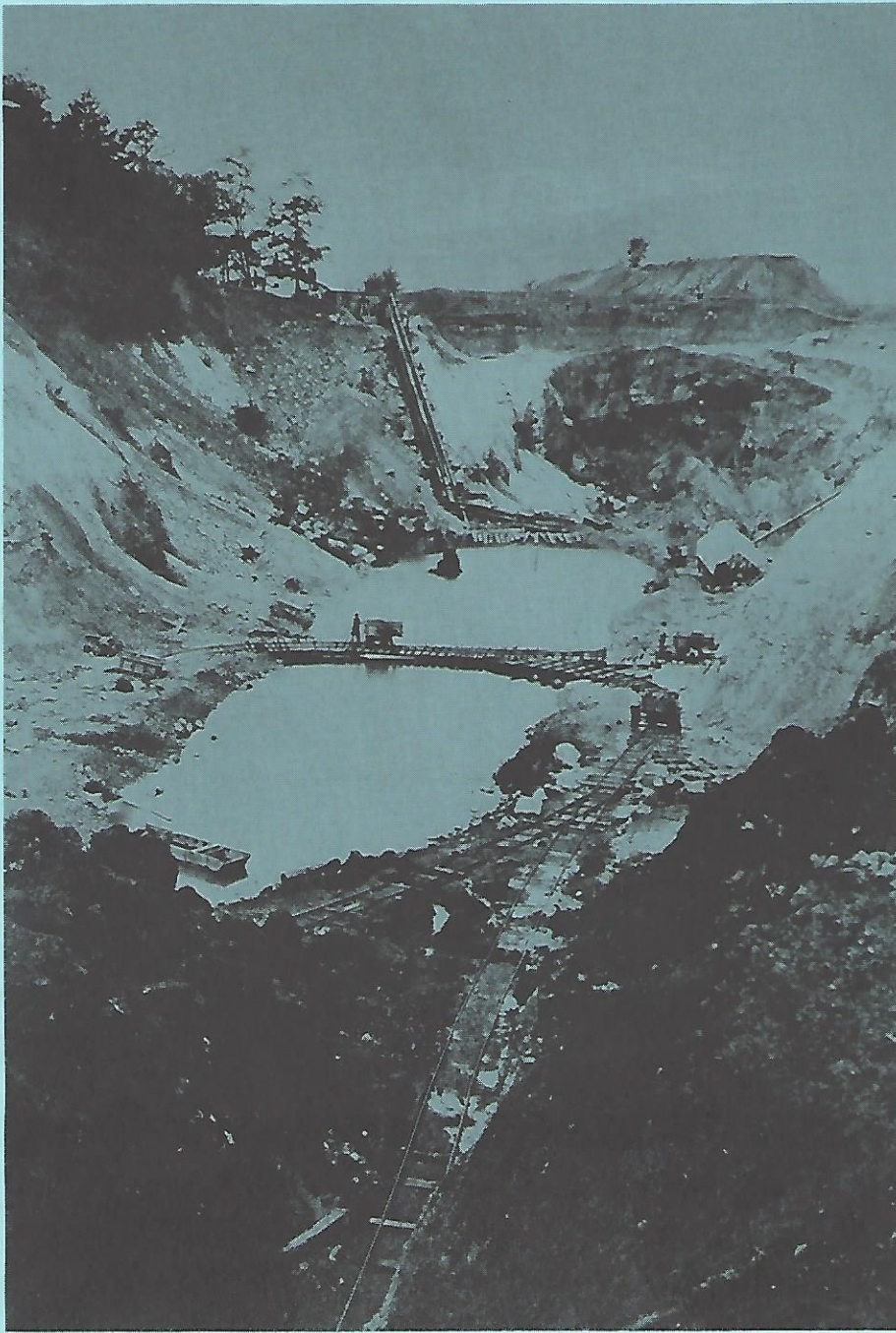
"There are no times like the old times,  
When you and I were young!"

The community in which I live has been "doing business at the old stand" more than two centuries, and there are several relics and antiques (including the writer) sticking about.

Our ancestors came over in "The Sunflower." We know everybody and everybody knows us.

Now, gentle reader and reflective thinker, step up and collect your comparisons at the beginning of the new year.





The Fuller Mine at Pine Grove Furnace, Cumberland County as it appeared in 1882. Photo: Lininger Collection