

NORTH SHORE ROCKHOUNDS CLUB

LAPLINE NEWSLETTER: **SAMPLE**



CLUB CONTACT ADDRESS:

**C/o The Secretary - Villa 68 /1 Squadron Drive,
Hobsonville, Auckland, 0616.**
Email ronanderson.nz@gmail.com

An example of the Club Magazine-Newsletter issued to members each month.

- Club Meeting:** Next meeting is on Wednesday dated X – Doors open at 7.15pm.
- Where:** Milford Senior Citizens Hall, Kitchener Road, Milford.
- Speaker:** Monthly guest speaker will be speaking on fossils.
- Interest Table:** An Item from your fossil collection.
- Supper:** By a club member.
- Workshop:** Open on Tuesday evenings from 6pm ~ 9pm and Saturday from 9am ~ 12 noon
- Field Trip:** To collect fossils and other minerals.

COMING EVENTS: NZ:

NSRC Club Meeting.

Coming soon - National Show, to be hosted by a NZ Rock & Mineral Club.

AUSTRALIA:

Gemboree 2024 ~ South Australia.

PRESIDENTS REPORT

Monthly information on the club's activities is presented here each month by the President.

Plus;

Microminerals events and activities are also displayed here.

The President



COMPETITION RESULTS

Each month the competition results appear in the next issue of the "Lapline".

Minerals and jewellery items can be displayed at the monthly meeting and professionally judged.

Awards are given out at the end of each year.

Typical monthly results shown here.

| | | | |
|-----------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Class 9. | Field trip Specimens. | 1 st | A. Member |
| Class 13. | Minerals NZ found. | 1 st | H. Highland |
| Class 14. | Minerals NZ/OS bought or swapped | 1 st | H. Highland |
| Class 17. | Carving hardness 5 or over | 1 st 2 nd | I.B. Smithers I.B. Smithers |



INTEREST TABLE. "CARNELIAN".

At each monthly meeting, members may show their items an interest.

H. Highland: A very nice specimen found at Colville.

R. Sanderson: A selection of carnelian collected over many years.



FIELD TRIP - NEXT MONTH

A weekend trip to some interesting location run by our specialists

Sample: - made up text only;

Field trip to the Rangī Valley

When: Sunday, on a date shown here.

Where: One of the tributaries of the Rangī River.

What are we looking for: Chert, banded rhyolite, jasper, petrified wood, chalcedony and carnelian,
(Mostly smaller pieces, but some larger chalcedony pieces can be found).

Transport: Own arrangements (private vehicles).

Team Leader:

WORKSHOP REPORT

Each month a report on our workshop operations will appear here along with any interesting photos.

The workshop will be opening soon on both Tuesday nights and Saturday mornings.

OPENING TIMES:

Tuesday evenings from 6pm till 9pm. Saturday mornings from 9am until 12 Noon.

Note for those coming to the workshop, there is a \$10 charge (\$5 for Children) each time to cover running costs.

Graham

FIELD TRIP REPORT

Each month a report on our recent "Field Trip" will appear here with photos.

Field trip to the Coromandel

Outing to the Coromandel.

Some club members chose to spend extra time in the region to fossick for more minerals.



Carnelian sample



Digging for Carnelian



Cabochon made of Carnelian

MACHINERY FOR SALE ~ TO MEMBERS ONLY

A lot of machinery and other club related items are made available through the club.



Sample images of recent sales items.

Items often are published which are of special interest such as this sample

"NOT ALL THE TEARS WERE APACHE"

Maratoto – the name means “dried blood”, and A. M. Isdale in his “History of the River Thames” tells the story of the origin of this sinister name for a smiling valley. High up the valley stands a steep volcanic peak; an old lava core, which, in pre – European times was used by the local Maoris as a look-out point. Six trees grew on top and gave shade to the little garrison on days of hot sunshine.

Not in sunshine but in the dark of night two members of an invading force scaled the peak to overpower the sleeping sentries before the main attack. Unhappily for them, the sentries were wide awake; the intruders were seized instead. Not being bound by the Hague Convention (or any other convention) the defenders promptly tossed their prisoners-of-war to their deaths on the rocks so far below. In the morning there was a good deal of dried blood about down there, - “dried blood”.

There was nothing sinister about the place on the morning of Sunday, 29th February, when our field trip party left the bus at the Maratoto Stream ford and headed up into the hills by the old clay roads. An hour and a half later we had come up beyond the bush to the shrub covered summit and we began casting about for those little knobbls of obsidian they call the “Apache Tears”.

Now, it was at once plain to an experienced and knowledgeable rockhound like myself, that nothing was to be gained by aimlessly scratching about in the shrub like an old hen. No, one must use one’s geological training and scientific method. It was clear to me that the Apache Tears had been deposited in a distinct layer, so all I had to do was to follow the contours of the hill down to where the layer out-cropped.

Following the contours of the hill through the scrub was like wading about in a spring mattress, and before long I caught my foot in one of the springs and toppled down the hill, base over apex, into a hole left behind by some earlier scientific expedition/ old hen. I lay on my back for some time like a cast beetle, with my foot waving feebly in the air. Having spiked my arm on a branch, there was soon more dried blood around. The presence of ladies precluded me from expressing myself about the situation in the terms I thought most fitting.

Right side up again at last I found I was well down the hill and began prospecting. The scientific approach now paid off, and I found not one, but two Apache Tears. Satisfied that I had proved my theory, I moved up the slope through more impenetrable Jungle to intercept the layer higher up. What I intercepted was one earth-worm the size of a boa-constrictor and two equally large and ferocious centipedes. Your dedicated rockhound always makes a careful note of what he finds and where he finds it, so I made a notation on my map “here be dragons!” and adjourned for lunch.

After lunch I scratched about aimlessly in the scrub like an old hen for a while (without signal success that way either) and then retreated to the road. To hell with the scientific approach. On the road I did rather better, apart from the natural hazard of having my fingers nipped under the wheels of the trail- bikes that went roaring up and down the highway every few minutes.

Staggering under the weight of 4 ounces of Apache Tears (perhaps it would sound better converted to milligrams, or centipedes, or something?). I commenced the long and dusty descent. The way down was longer and hotter than the way up had been, but I was drawn on by an irresistible magnet- the thought of plunging my feet into the ice-cold waters of the Maratoto Stream at the bottom. I made it without being carried, and that water was balm on my blister.

Now, does anyone wish to swap a 10” diamond saw blade or a couple of pounds of good quality carnelian, for 4 ounces of miniature Apache Tears?

By Mr Furniss, 1976.