

The Opal Express

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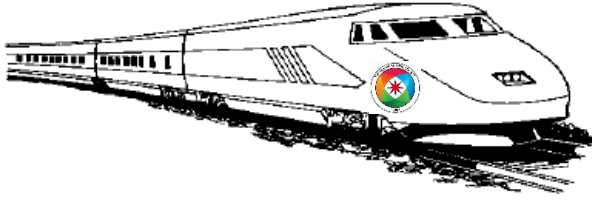


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President's Message

Greetings Opalholics!

Another opal show has come and gone and in spite of a smaller group of dealers, the show was a great success. A big thank you to all of our volunteer show staff who took time out of their busy schedules to spend two days helping man the front desk and take care of any other tasks that needed attending to. At times the front desk could be quite hectic, but our staff handled everything beautifully! And many thanks to all our dealers and demonstrators - without you we would not have a show!

There were some great raffle prizes donated by our wonderful dealers and we sold lots of tickets. Congratulations to all the winners! A very special congratulations to Jamie Cassidy-Curtis, who won the Grand Prize! Way to go Jamie!

As one show ends, we begin planning for the next year's show. In the coming months ahead, please think about how you can help out your club. Volunteers are always needed and welcome, as well as financial support. If you know of dealers who are a good fit for our show, please let us know!

The holidays are fast approaching! The American Opal Society wants to wish you and your loved ones a very Happy Thanksgiving!

Stan McCall
AOS President
Custom Creative Gem Cutting

BOARD MEETING

The next Board Meeting will be on Monday, November 18th at 7:00 p.m. at Pam's house in Huntington Beach. We will discuss the opal show and the upcoming Christmas Potluck

We had a good turnout at the 52nd Annual Opal Show. The numbers indicate that we are in the black financially, but just barely. We are looking forward to next year's show and an increase in dealers and attendance.

Below are pictures from the show taken by Veronica Purpura.



Miss Anaheim Beautiful Teen Ambassadors drawing tickets for the raffle prizes shown below.





Beautiful carved opal.



One of Stan McCall's gorgeous opals!



One of our many happy dealers.



Pete Goetz with Dr. Walter Johnson



Corey Kuepper demonstrating how to cut an opal.



Armando Pedroza cutting a geode for a customer.



Stunning Ethiopian opal necklace.



Check out of the color on this Ethiopian opal!



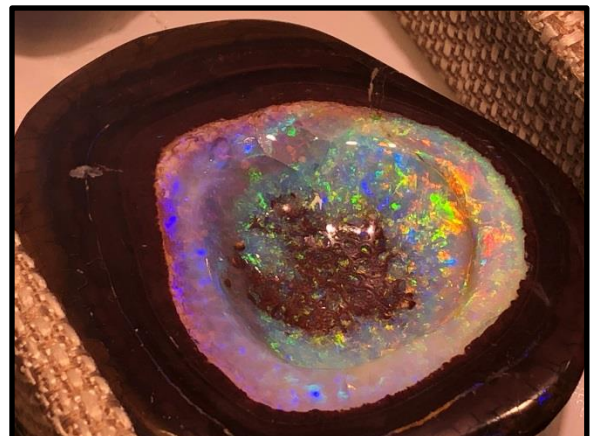
Gorgeous black opal cabochons..



Beautiful black opal necklace.



Opalized clam shells.



Beautiful Ethiopian specimen.

The Great 1902 White Cliffs Opal Robbery

By Len Cram



Mail Coach arriving at White Cliffs in the early 1900s

A large crowd mingled outside the courthouse waiting for the verdict. They didn't have long to wait. It took only one and a half hours for the jury to return and to find John Edward Burgess not guilty.

Burgess had been charged with robbing the White Cliffs – Wilcannia – Broken Hill coach of its opal treasure on 20 January 1902, after it had left Wilcannia for Broken Hill. He did this without stopping the coach. The driver, Alex Wilson, and Constable Riley, the armed escort, knew nothing about it.

Known locally as Moonlight, he and his friend in transgression Peters, were well liked, and it was rumoured they made a comfortable living from cattle duffing.

Some years back a friend of mine still had some opalised shells from the robbery, given by Burgess to his father while an employee of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, at Wilcannia. He was a close friend of Burgess and Peters, and at the time was living in Peters' sister's boarding house at Wilcannia.

It became common knowledge that Burgess had masterminded and carried out the daring robbery. My friend, whose family still had some of the opalised shells told me how the robbery was carried out. His account differs little from that which Tullie Wollaston in 1924 jokingly recorded in his famous book, *Opal, The Gem of the Never Never*.

According to my friend, Burgess robbed the coach using 19 station horses, on which he used only a bridle. Peters had strung them out in the bush at specific locations. After the robbery he rode each horse bareback, flat-out, arriving back in Broken Hill the following morning. He said Peters followed picking up the horses, returning them to their correct stations.

Burgess's trial lasted more than 12 months. The complete story is recorded in *A Journey With Colour: A History of White Cliffs Opal 1889-1999*, which I published in 2002.

Tullie Wollaston's humorous version of the mail coach robbery, although a little exaggerated in places gives a clearer picture as to how the deed was carried out. Having said that, I have taken the liberty of condensing and paraphrasing it without changing the meaning of his content.

Early in 1902 a big, solemn, ponderous policeman, known throughout the neighbouring country as the Thick-un, guarded the mail coach, which carried the opal from White Cliffs to Broken Hill. It was a description, which applied to his head as much as his girth. His real name was Riley.

The policeman's favourite saying, which he uttered with an impressive air of authority, was, "You be goided by me, man." The words were repeated behind his back with a mischievous and, indeed, a sarcastic inflection, as if there were some doubt as to where the constable might lead anyone willing to follow.

However, people were willing enough to have him watch over their opal, as the degree of lawlessness on the roads hardly warranted employing a razor-sharp intellect to escort the opal and mail. The days of the bushranger were long past, and with them had gone the old-time mail guards, whose carbines had been more than just another bit of baggage forever getting in the way of the driver.

For years there had been no escort on the mail. Then a youngster, with more boldness than cunning, held up the coach 8 miles from White Cliffs, throwing a scare into the honest, law-abiding members of the community. The young man was soon caught, but the opal miners demanded some sort of future protection for the fruits of their long and arduous digging.

The Thick-un was detailed to ride with the coach, and, although, the constable had a peat-bog somnolence about him, people assumed that his presence would be enough to frighten off anyone who might be tempted to make another raid on their opal. But they didn't reckon on Johnny Burgess, a colourful scallywag known locally as "Moonlight Burgess", whose practical joking was known far and wide. Charming, humorous, but with little regard for the law or surrounding properties, it was rumoured that both he and his offside, Silent Peters, made a comfortable living from duffing cleanskins. Johnny Burgess was an attractive man, with a tendency to plumpness. His blond hair, neatly trimmed curly beard and twinkling soft blue eyes stirred romantic flutters in the hearts of many a local girl. Everybody liked Johnny Burgess. Everybody, that is, except the Thick-un, who was a constant target of his teasing.

A feud between the two, which was to end in one of the most bizarre pieces of highway effrontery in the history of western New South Wales, began with an affair about some pigs, which disappeared from a nearby property. The Thick-un, with an Irishman's regard for the species, embarked on an elaborate and time-consuming search.

At the end of two days tracking and ferreting, to his delight, he caught Burgess red-handed with the missing pigs under his shanty. Burgess said, "Fair cop, but before you take me in, come in and have a pot of tea." Burgess was one step ahead of the Thick-un. While they boiled the billy, Silent Peters, Burgess' partner, removed the evidence.

The Thick-un was furious as he made his way back to the police station. He had caught the culprit red-handed, but lost the evidence. Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks, for, ahead of him, inside the police station gate and rooting up the garden, was the missing pigs. His face turned as red as a beetroot in a blaze of anger. Somewhere, or not far away, was Johnny Burgess bent over with laughter.

The case of the wandering pigs encouraged Burgess to look for better fun. He began to study the mail coach, which plied between White Cliffs and Broken Hill. He soon discovered that the valuable packets and registered parcels were always stowed in the boot with the rest of the mail. The load was held in by a canvas covering, which was strapped down and buckled at the bottom of the boot.

Burgess knew the coach's timetable. It left White Cliffs at 8 p.m., travelling all night reaching Wilcannia towards noon the following day. After lunch it set out again for the fast-growing silver town of Broken Hill, some 120 miles to the west.

About 10 o'clock on the second night after leaving White Cliffs, the coach came to a series of red sandy ridges, traversed by a narrow track and walled in on both sides with dense mulga scrub. By this stage, the driver and the escort had endured roughly 30 hours

continuous buffeting travel, and 36 without proper sleep, and so were not likely to be alert.

Knowing they would have fortified themselves at Wilcannia with a nobbler or two of rum and milk, Johnny Burgess had good reason to believe they would be snoring in chorus as the five-horse team laboured through the sand.

What better place for an ambush! Johnny Burgess, who knew every inch of the track, rode out from Broken Hill one afternoon ahead of the coach and reached the sand hills well before the mail was due to pass.

He lay down in a patch of mulga and, gazing up at the stars, mentally rehearsed what he was going to do. He was proud of his plan, which he had worked out down to the finest detail, even to the bleached emu's shank bone protruding from his saddle bag, and the 19 fresh horses tethered between there and Broken Hill, which Silent Peters would later return to their paddocks.

He had been lying there for more than an hour when he heard the creaking of harness, the rattle of trace chains and the slither of wheels through the sand. The coach had caught up with him.

As the lumbering vehicle drew near, Johnny Burgess saw two figures huddled together on the driver's seat. The driver's head was jogging on his chest, while the Thick-un's was rolling around like a sunflower too heavy for its stalk. But for the safety

of the strap around his waist the Thick-un would have had a rude awakening under the wheels of the coach.

When the coach had struggled by, Johnny Burgess stepped from his hiding place, walked up behind it and calmly began to slash the straps on the boot cover. It was like rifling a self-service store with the cashier asleep. As the coach swayed on, Johnny Burgess rolled back the cover and removed the mailbags; parcels and crates, letting them fall silently onto the soft sand. A few bundles could not be reached from the road, so he climbed onto the boot and threw them out.

Satisfied the boot was empty, he dropped off. Leisurely, he gathered up his spoils and carried them back to where his mount was hidden in the mulga. There was no need to hurry, for he knew the theft would not be discovered before the next change of horses at Topar, and that was two hours away.

After he had boiled a billy and rolled a smoke, he got down to sorting the mail. He wasn't interested in private letters, cheques or money orders. These he put aside, but rough opal and loose notes, which could not be traced, he transferred to his saddlebags. He carried the ransacked mailbags and parcels back to the track and placed them in a neat pile. In the middle of the pile, he stuck the emu shank.

The mischief wasn't discovered until the coach was about to leave Topar. The driver was hitching up again when he noticed the straps over the boot had been cut. News that the boot had been rifled drove everyone back to the pub, where the talk was digested

over three or four rounds of grog. The general opinion was that robbery had been committed.

Those who thought that the stuff had just fallen out were silenced when asked to explain how the ropes over the boot had been slashed. In a lower voice, in case the robber may be listening, the Thick-un advised all to "be goided" by him. He prophesied that the thief would soon be caught. Everyone immediately felt that the situation was under control. The driver collected the passengers and pushed on, leaving the Thick-un to solve the crime.

Leading a group of locals, he searched by lantern-light for the robber's trail in the sandy soil around the staging post. The only tracks they could find led back to the pub, where they had a couple of quick ones before resuming the hunt, but nowhere within a half a mile radius of the spot could they find a trace of the bandit.

As the new day dawned they were back in the bar, softening their disappointment with a few more rounds of grog. Nobody knew

what to do because no-one had the faintest suspicion that the robbery had been committed miles away from Topar.

"The nerve of the swine." The policeman kept mumbling. "So help him if I get on his trail."

After breakfast they had another look around, but in a half-hearted fashion. By 11 o'clock they were all back in the pub. They were on their fourth round when a traveller from Wilcannia drove up in a rig and reported having passed a peculiar



Johnny Burgess on the far right at Wilcannia in 1900

pile of mailbags and parcels about 20 miles back.

This announcement was greeted by a death-like silence, which was broken only by the sound of bursting froth bubbles from the beer. Then the Thick-un exploded. "That careless driver," he raved. "The cow ought to be horsewhipped."

But the traveller would not agree that the bags had fallen off the coach. They were arranged too neatly for that and, anyway, what about the big white bone sticking out of the top like a flagpole? The information was too much to be taken in as unadulterated dry fact. It had to be washed down with a little more alcohol. Finally, with a dramatic flourish, marred by a slight slurring of the speech, the Thick-un called for volunteers to ride to the scene of the crime.

Three managed to detach themselves from the bar. They mounted hastily and, with a wild banishing of carbines, set off like a weight for age field. But the fervour died a few miles up the road. One by one, the volunteers dropped out, and the Thick-un was riding alone when he came to the pile of mailbags.

Dismounting heavily, he plucked the emu shank from the top of the pile and saw that something had been written on it in pencil. Slowly he spelt out the words, which had a familiar ring: "You be goided by me, man." Blood rushed to the Thick-un's face like petrol mounting in the dome of an old petrol bowser. "It's that b-Burgess," he bellowed.

Violent emotion produced quicker action than was customary with the Thick-un. Leaving the mail by the road, he jumped back into

the saddle and set off through the mulga to follow the tracks of Johnny Burgess.

It was a perplexed policeman and a weary horse that drew up outside the police yards at Broken Hill the following evening. He had followed the robber's tracks all the way. He looked in the police yard and at once knew why this was the end of the trail. Standing there, fresh as a daisy, was Johnny Burgess's big chestnut gelding.

"Ah! At last I have got him." He conjured up rosy images of the townspeople watching in reverence as he led in the culprit by the scruff of the neck. But his dream of glory was soon lost, as this was part of Johnny Burgess's well-laid plan. Using all the fresh horses, Burgess had arrived in Broken Hill on the afternoon of the robbery and asked permission to paddock his horse in the police yard.

When the Thick-un insisted that Burgess was the culprit, the local police said it was laughable, dismissing the idea as impossible, because Burgess had ridden into Broken Hill on a fresh horse the previous afternoon. The Thick-un never did make an arrest in this case. In fact, he did his best to forget it. But he never could blot out the vision of the writing on the emu's shank. From that day on, he was never known to tell anyone, "You be goided by me, man."

Written by Len Cram especially for the American Opal Society.

Hints for Rock Collectors from the U.S. Geological Survey

1. Label specimens as they are collected. Identification can wait until later but the place where rocks were found should be recorded at once. Many collections have become mixed because the collector did not do this.
2. For displaying your specimens, trim rocks in the collection to a common size. Specimens about 3 by 4 by 2 inches in size are large enough to show rock features well. Other display sizes are 2 by 3 by 1 inch, or 3 by 3 by 2 inches.
3. Ask for permission to collect rocks on private property. The owners will appreciate this courtesy on your part.
4. Be careful when collecting rocks. Work with another person if possible and carry a first aid kit. Wear protective clothing, safety glasses, hard-toed shoes, hardhat and gloves when dislodging specimens. Avoid overhanging rock and edges of steep, natural or quarried walls.
5. Do not collect rocks in national parks or monuments, not in state parks; it is illegal. Similar rocks commonly crop out on land nearby.
6. Look for unusual rocks to study in large buildings or in cemeteries. Dimension stone blocks and monument stone are often transported long distances from where they are quarried. Polished stone sometimes looks different from unpolished rock. This provides good identification practice.
7. Join a mineral club or subscribe to a mineral magazine--a good place to discuss and learn about rocks.
8. Collecting rocks from each state or country has no scientific significance. The distribution of rocks is a natural phenomenon and is not related to political divisions.

Members Only Website Password

USER NAME: opalsociety
PASSWORD: colorplay

Australian Opals - A Primer

By Gary Hocking

What has attracted people to opals over the centuries? Colour, colour and more colour! Opals change colour when you look at them from different sides and angles. Sometimes there is little colour at all and you move your head and suddenly a breathtaking burst of brilliant colour flashes from the stone. There are very few natural gemstones which do that.

Unless you are lucky the more you pay the better the quality is. But you can still get the high flashy colours for a lower price if you buy doublets or triplets. These are opal pieces reinforced with a solid backing of colorless opal. A triplet has a clear dome of quartz or other material on top.

Opal starts off as a silica gel which seeps through sedimentary strata and gradually hardens over millions of years and the process of nature. As an opal miner I have occasionally seen opal in this early stage where it is soft. Opals contain a lot of water as much as between 3 and 10 percent. On the Moh's scale of hardness it comes in around 5.5 to 6.5 and that is relatively soft.

Australian opals are classified in several groups:

Black opals which come from the Lightning Ridge area in NSW.

White opals and light opals which come from the Coober Pedy region in South Australia. These types also come from notable areas such as Mintabie and Andamooka.

Boulder opals come from Queensland.

Then there are some other minor areas which produce smaller amounts of high quality opal.

Black opals have a dark base and white opals have a white base whereas Boulder has opal which is on top of or through an ironstone base.

Then you get various levels of blackness you might say. So you might get an opal from either Lightning Ridge or Coober Pedy which has a grey base. That means that the stone has flashes of perhaps bright red and blue or other colours mixed inside of a grey base colour. This grey base might be light grey or almost black. When it reaches a very dark colour we normally call that a black opal. It is like some children's' marbles that you see.

Then we have Crystal opal. Crystal is transparent but the colours can leap out at you from this clear, see through base. We also have varying degrees of crystal opal. When we cannot see clearly through the crystal then we would classify it as semi crystal.

What does it cost? It is very difficult to say what opal is worth. We can weigh it and measure it but that doesn't help until we can establish the quality. We look for the best pattern in the opal, the brightest colour and the most vibrant colour. Red is generally the most expensive colour. However, a small bight, vibrant green stone will command much more than a larger dark and dull red stone. Since every opal is so different to the next it is very much a personal opinion. Of course, people with experience will easily point out the major characteristics of a good or not so good opal

From http://EzineArticles.com/?expert=Gary_Hocking.



The Old Woman Meteorite

Currently located at the Desert Discovery Center (formerly the California Desert Information Center) 831 Barstow Road, Barstow, CA 92311, Phone: (760) 252-6060

The Old Woman Meteorite

The Old Woman Meteorite is the second largest meteorite in the United States. It is 38 inches (97 cm) long, 30 inches (76 cm) wide, and 34 inches (56 cm) high. It weighs 6,070 pounds (2,750 kg). It is composed mostly of iron, about 6% nickel, plus small amounts of cobalt, phosphorus, chromium, and sulfur.

In late 1975, three prospectors found the meteorite in the Old Woman Mountains of San Bernardino County, California. Several months later they took Dr. Roy Clarke, Curator of Meteorites for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C., to the site. He confirmed that it was a meteorite.

Since the meteorite was on public land administered by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), the prospectors filed a mining claim on the site. To their disappointment they learned that meteorites were not a locatable mineral as defined by the mining law. Instead, under the provisions of the Antiquities Act, meteorites found on public land were considered objects of scientific interest and therefore should go to the Smithsonian Institution.

Removing the meteorite from its resting place proved difficult because of the rugged terrain, the weight of the meteorite, and the desert's summer heat. It took the assistance of the U.S. Marine Corps to get the job done.

A rigging team from the first Marine Division Support Group climbed to the site and, using equipment lowered to them by helicopter, managed to get a double thickness of cargo net under the meteorite. A helicopter from Marine Heavy Helicopter Squadron 363 easily plucked the three ton meteorite from the mountain. They flew it to where it could be kept in California for a short period so people living in the state in which it was found could have a chance to view it.

The meteorite was placed on display at BLM buildings and museums in El Centro, Riverside, Redlands, Los Angeles, and Barstow. Public interest was intense and it was visited by thousands of people from all over the United States.

In March 1978, the meteorite was sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. for study and to be placed on exhibit. A 942 pound (427 kg) section was removed. The section was closely examined to determine its chemical composition, mineral distribution, and rare gas content. These examinations indicated that the Old Woman Meteorite may be rare because of an internal structure that appears to be transitional between two well-known types of metallic meteorites.

According to Dr. Clarke, meteorites are the oldest objects available for scientific study and are thought to be leftovers from the time of the solar system's formation. By studying the Old Woman Meteorite, scientists hope to learn more about the origin of the solar system as well as the environment in which the meteorite was formed and existed for about 4 1/2 billion years.

In September 1980, the Smithsonian Institution sent the meteorite minus 15% of its bulk (the 942 pound {427 kg} section) back to California to be placed on permanent display at the California Desert Information Center in Barstow. Interested people are invited to stop by and have a look at a truly unusual rock.

Origin of Meteorites

Stony materials compose over 92% of meteorites falling to Earth. Iron and nickel make up less than 6%, but are the ones most commonly found. This is because iron meteorites look different from surrounding rock and are more easily recognized. Stony meteorites blend in and resemble rocks on the ground. The remaining 2% are stony-iron composite meteorites.

A chunk of metal or rock tumbling through space is a meteoroid. Upon entering the Earth's atmosphere, it becomes a meteor as it heats to incandescence due to friction caused by the pull of gravity. If the object reaches the ground before it vaporizes, it becomes a meteorite. Most meteors never reach the Earth's surface and appear as a streak of light as they vaporize. The average weight of a meteorite is about .0005 of an ounce, not much larger than a grain of sand.

Most of the meteors you see in the sky are very fine, dust size particles of rock left behind by comets that cross the Earth's path. These particles are responsible for the meteor showers we see periodically throughout the year.

Larger meteors, like the one that became the Old Woman Meteorite, are not remnants of comets. They come from the Asteroid Belt located in an orbit around the Sun between Mars and Jupiter. These meteoroids are probably fragments produced from the collision of asteroids since their composition is similar to materials found in the asteroid belt.

Gravitational influences from Jupiter and Mars can send some of these meteoroids in the direction of the Earth. Earth's gravity can then attract the meteoroid and pull it into our atmosphere. If the meteor is large enough to withstand the heat of friction, it will fall to the ground as a meteorite.

Largest Known Iron Meteorite in the World - The HOBA WEST found near Grootfontein, S.W. Africa -60 metric tons.

Second Largest Iron Meteorite in the World - The AHNIGHTO (THE TENT) - from Greenland - Brought out by Admiral R.E. Perry in 1897 - 33.1 tons.

Largest Iron Meteorite Found in U.S.A. - The WILLAMETTE - From Oregon - Now at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City - 14.2 tons.

Second Largest Iron Meteorite found in the U.S.A. - THE OLD WOMAN - Old Woman Mtns., California - found in 1975 - original weight 6,070 pounds; after removal of sample, 5,128 pounds.

In Meteor Crater near Winslow, AZ - Largest specimen found was approximately 1,000 pounds.

From <http://www.blm.gov/ca/st/en/fo/barstow/meteorite.html>

Meteor Fun Fact

The word **meteor** comes from a Greek word that means suspended in the air. Meteors can become visible as high as 120 kilometers above Earth. Meteors can give off various colors when they burn which is associated with their composition. Meteors that burn brighter than usual are called fireballs.

From AP/ February 03, 2010

WASHINGTON -- An out-of-this world rock has become the center of a down-to-earth dispute over who its rightful owner should be.

"I'm the most likely person to be sitting in that place where it hit," Dr. Marc Gallini said. "It just wasn't my time, I guess."

The doctors are worried, though, that their longtime landlords plan to stake their own claim to the space rock; the collectors market for meteorites can be lucrative.

He wouldn't share the e-mail exchange with The Associated Press, but The Washington Post reported that Erol Mutlu wrote that "it's evident that ownership is tied to the landowner."

Deniz Mutlu later appeared to back away from the claim, saying the family was making no such demands and the meteorite is safe for now at the Smithsonian. He added, however, that he didn't know how long it would remain there.

The doctors hired their own lawyer and demanded the Smithsonian not release the meteorite until the ownership question was resolved. The lawyer plans to ask a court to rule.

The Smithsonian won't comment on ownership and said in a statement that it will "retain possession of the 'Lorton Meteorite' until a legal owner has been established."

It has a blackened outer surface from burning through the atmosphere, said Tim McCoy, a mineral sciences curator at the Smithsonian. Inside are flecks of metal and thousands of tiny rocks containing "the primitive stuff left over from the birth of the solar system," he said.

The last meteorite known to strike a building was in New Orleans in 2003, said Linda Welzenbach, the museum's meteorite



The meteorite that plummeted through the roof of a Virginia doctor's office is drawing meteor hunters from across the country to Washington's Virginia suburbs
Photo/Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History, Chip Clark

Space rocks can fetch thousands of dollars from collectors. Meteorite hunters descended on Washington's Virginia suburbs to look for other remnants of the Lorton meteorite.

Meteorites have been the subject of legal disputes before. In the early 1900s, the Oregon Supreme Court ruled a 15-ton meteorite belonged to the landowner on whose property it likely landed, not the person who found it.

As of Tuesday, the land owners had made no formal demands, but Miller said he would soon ask a court to decide "That's the fairest way to deal with things for everybody's sake," he said. *From <http://www.foxnews.com>*



American Opal Society Membership Application

FILL IN APPLICABLE INFORMATION		DUES / FEES)	AMOUNT PAID
DUES: SELECT ONE	RENEWING MEMBERS	\$35.00	
	NEW MEMBERS	\$45.00	
INTERNATIONAL MEMBERSHIP FEE (All addresses <u>outside</u> of USA)		\$15.00	
PRINTED NEWSLETTER FEE <u>(Paper copy postal mailed instead of PDF file by e-mail)</u>		\$10.00	
ADDITIONAL BADGES (Your First Badge is <u>free</u> when joining)		\$15.00	
TOTAL PAID DUES plus International, Print or Badge Fees if Applicable:			

Please make check or money order payable to "American Opal Society". Mail payment and application to:

American Opal Society; PO BOX 4875; Garden Grove, CA 92842-4875

An optional, quicker method of payment is via the Internet. To pay, just visit the membership page on our website at http://opalsociety.org/aos_application_by_web.htm and complete the form. You may pay with a Credit Card or via PayPal account. The transaction is completely secure and the AOS never sees your credit card number. The AOS PayPal account is membership@opalsociety.org.

NAME		
BUSINESS NAME		
ADDRESS		APT. # OR P.O. BOX
CITY		STATE
ZIP or POSTAL CODE		COUNTRY (IF OUTSIDE USA)
PHONE – Home ()	PHONE – Business ()	FAX ()
EMAIL		
WEBSITE		
OCCUPATION		HOBBIES AND INTERESTS

NAME BADGE ORDER FORM:

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AS YOU WISH IT TO APPEAR ON YOUR BADGE using up to two (2) lines of text for your name, nickname, or name of your opal related business.

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER: The AOS publishes a membership directory once per year in its Newsletter, the *Opal Express*. Your name will be included. Please check what additional personal information that you want listed for other members. If it is different from the information above, please note that on the application.

Address ☐	Phone ☐	E-mail ☐	Website ☐
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Please sign here: _____ Date _____

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Garden Grove, CA 92842-4875
E-mail: aos.01.editor@gmail.com

Are Your Dues Due Now?

PLEASE CHECK YOUR ADDRESS LABEL or NEWSLETTER E-MAIL. The date in the upper right corner shows the current month/year of your membership. If the date is older than the current date, your dues are overdue.

A Renewal Grace Period of two months will be provided.

Please note, if your renewal is not received you will be AUTOMATICALLY dropped from membership thereafter. It is your responsibility to assure your dues are current.

Thank you,
The Editor

(revised 08/29/19)

The Opal Express

American Opal Society
P.O. Box 4875
Garden Grove, CA 92842-4875

— GENERAL MEETINGS —

4th Wednesday of the Month
7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

Anaheim Community Center
250 E. Center Street
Anaheim, CA 92805

MEETING ACTIVITIES

Opal Cutting, Advice, Guest Speakers, Slide Shows, Videos, Other Activities

TO:

camaraderie

Due to the Thanksgiving holiday, there will be no General Meeting for November. Happy Thanksgiving everyone!



American Opal Society

General Meeting Location at:

Anaheim Downtown Community Center

250 E. Center Street
Anaheim, CA 92805

Website: <http://OpalSociety.org>
Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/opalsociety>
Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/AmericanOpalSociety>
Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/opalsociety>
YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCegTIH1IEyO7y8wdqvRfyUA?view_as=subscriber

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