

MADDY FRANK

EURYPTERID FRAGMENTS

Allan Langheinrich is selling eurypterid fossils. One will cost you between \$350 and \$2500, but if you're willing to fork over the cash, you can place an order through the phone or by email. Allan owns a quarry just southeast of Utica, New York, or, more specifically, just southwest of Herkimer, New York. The rocks there are from the Silurian period—the 435-million-year-old Fiddler's Green Formation. Allan's land used to be a not-for-profit, a "fossil preserve," but the funding ran out.

Eurypterids are dead. All of them. That's what scientists call "extinct."

My invertebrate paleontology class has come to Allan's quarry to learn about eurypterids. Allan has allowed us to come to his quarry for the cheap labor. If any one of us finds a full body fossil amongst a sea of fragments, Allan gets to keep it. He'll pay \$50 for the trouble.

Allan tells everyone a story about how he lost his ring finger. He was out there, in his quarry, flipping over rocks and such, when his hand got stuck. It wasn't until hours later, when he didn't come back in for dinner, that his wife went to look for him. I think this story is supposed to be a lecture about the dangers of fossil-hunting, but I am not alone like Allan was. If I get crushed between some eurypterids, I have my classmates and my professor to help me out. I am not like Allan.