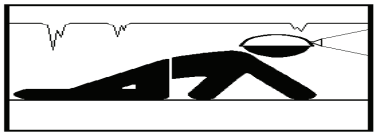
CENTRAL
OKLAHOMA
GROTTO
OF THE NATIONAL
SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY,INC

C.O.G.nizance

Inside this Issue

Announcements ……..……..……...2
Minutes……...……..……..……...……2
Treasurer's Report:
January and the 2008 yearly Treasury Report ……....3
Trip Reports
Broken Horn Cave; Jan. 17, 2009: by Steve Beleu
with additions from Anne and Lil ……..……4
Potpourri
I AM THE BAT; Poem by Steve Beleu……..…….….. 5
Disappearing Cave, Appearing Cave: Poem by Steve Beleu. …5

The February meeting of the Central Oklahoma Grotto will be held at the home of John Van Dyke at 8:00 p.m.



SW Oklahoma Bat count 2008: Duane DelVecchio standing in one of Jester's entrances.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

*Northwest trips are scheduled the third Saturday of every month. Contract Sue or John Bozeman for details.

*The 7:30 February meeting will be at the home of John VanDyke's,

MINUTES

CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO

Minutes of the meeting of January 9, 2009

Host: the home of John Talbot
Attendees: Dale Amlee, Anne Ault, John and Sue Bozeman, Duane Del Vecchio, John Talbot, Lil and Dale Town, Jon and Kelley Woltz

The Honorable Jon Woltz began the meeting at 8:17.

OLD BUSINESS

Duane verified that we will make our annual pilgrimage unto Carlsbad Caverns to work there on June 5-June 7. We will work in the cave on June 6, four of us working for the second year in the Music Room, and four of us working elsewhere. Those who work in the Music Room need to remember to bring a parachute with them.

We verified that BatCount 2009 will take place on February 21, except for the Washita Bat Caves bat count which will take place on February 28.

NEW BUSINESS

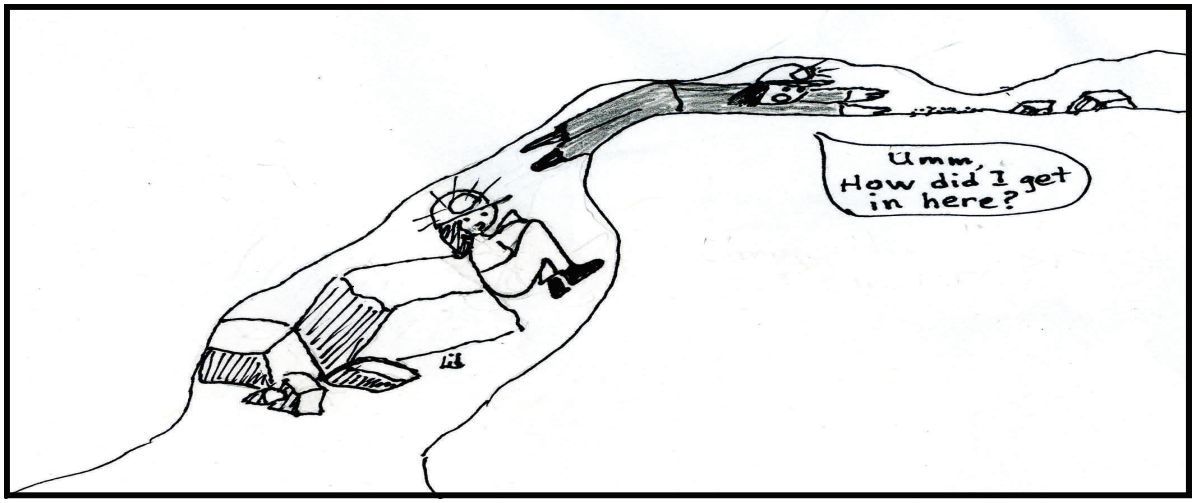
When we next go to Broken Horn Cave on January 17 one crew will enter the cave as usual, but the other crew, **"The DirtMonkies of Doom,"** will head toward the sinkholes that we've previously saved as GPS waypoints to attempt to dig a back entrance into the cave by choosing the most likely sinkhole. We'll need a lot of hard work and a lot of luck.

We voted to reduce the cost of annual membership from $15 (which has been the case for only a few months) back to $12 per year, with $6 charged to spouses of primary COG members, and $3 for children under age 18. Unborn children have free membership until their day of birth upon which they have to pay $3.

TREASURER'S REPORT

John Talbot gave his report.

We concluded the meeting at 9:06.



TREASURER'S REPORTS

INCOME

DIVIDEND	$	7.50
DUES	$	42.00
PATCH SALES	$	3.00
PUBLICATION SALES	$	10.00
POSTAGE	$	4.50
TOTAL	**$**	**59.50**
CASH ON HAND	**$**	**176.00**
CHECKING	**$**	**503.96**
SAVINGS	**$**	**2,684.49**

EXPENSES

NONE

TOTAL FUNDS $ 3,282.40
AS OF 1/9/2009

PREPARED BY TREASURER
JOHN TALBOT

CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO
2008
TREASURY REPORT

1/1/2008

BANK BALANCE		**3205.86**
CASH ON HAND	**$**	**76.54**
TOTAL	**$**	**3,282.40**

INCOME			**EXPENSES**		
DUES	$	207.00	POSTAGE	$	(34.42)
PUBLICATION SALES	$	69.16	PUBLICATION PRINTING	$	(174.41)
DIVIDENDS	$	22.98	NEWS LETTER PRINTING	$	(41.20)
CARBIDE SALES	$	4.00			
PATCH SALES	$	3.00			
POSTAGE CREDIT	$	14.80			
T-SHIRT SALES	$	10.00			
PRINTING REPAYMENT	$	5.94			
TOTAL	$	336.88		$	(250.03)

12/31/2008

BANK BALANCE	**$**	**3,194.29**
CASH ON HAND	**$**	**176.00**
TOTAL	**$**	**3,370.29**

PREPARED BY TREASURER JOHN TALBOT NSS # 30254

TRIP REPORTS

Broken Horn Cave (WD-079)
January 17, 2009
Dale Amlee, Anne Ault, Sue Bozeman, John Bozeman, Lil Town, Dale Town, Steve Beleu, and Jon Woltz
Report by Steve Beleu, but it's not my fault!

"A mind that's weak and a back that's strong" – Untrip report, Broken Horn Cave, January 17, 2009 For the last few months it's been taking us over an hour to get to the place in Broken Horn Cave where to need to begin surveying, and this isn't an easy cave to journey through, so we thought to ourselves: let's dig a back entrance in the cave so we'll save time and bodily stamina. So I loaded up my tools, The Weapons of War, and was joined by Jon Woltz and Dale Amlee to dig out the most likely entrance as determined by the Bozemans, Stick Entrance. We were also joined by three onlookers, Lil and Dale Town, and Anne Ault, who formed our Peanut Gallery, and whose mission was to make fun of us and offer us mock advice.

We only made our way to Stick Entrance after wandering around looking into other possible back entrances into the cave, so we arrived at our worksite in late afternoon. I told our Peanut Gallery when we had just begun work: "Remember, the phone number is 911". We spent about 1½ hours digging and moving between 500 and 600 pounds of stone and dirt, and were essentially digging out the partially collapsed middle section of a cliff face that towered above us. This means that the possibility existed of bringing the entire cliff down on us, burying us alive.

The Peanut Gallery was sitting safely for most of the time on the lip of the sinkhole where they wouldn't have been slaughtered if the worst had happened, offering many comments about our supposed sanity, how deep we'd be buried alive under rock and dirt, and whether we wanted to be buried or cremated if our corpses could be recovered. But they also offered us supposed good advice, such as "Throw the rock behind you". After awhile Dale and Anne both came down to the worksite to make fun of us right to our faces. There was also an incident in which a rock weighing several hundred pounds that Jon was sitting near collapsed and fell into a section of the cave that was blocked by large rocks, almost taking Jon with it.

The three of us who were demonstrating that sanity is not a qualification for becoming a caver were complaining and laughing too, with such comments as "I can taste my spleen," "Death comes for all," "If this does collapse, I hope it kills me rather than crippling me". Various of us--I must woefully confess myself most of all --were emitting curses of various depths of depravity. The Three of us eventually gave up on our digging and mining task as darkness approached, but everyone agreed that we had indeed found Three Great Voids.

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS OF THE MIGHTY WORK CREW

I have received no additional comments from the other Manly Men.I have received no additional comments from the other monkeys who belittled us that day.

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS OF THE PEANUT GALLERY WHO MADE FUN OF US BUT DID NO WORK

From Anne At-Fault Ault, the Chief Monkey in the Peanut Gallery—

Those of us in the "Peanut Gallery" as we are referred to with such disdain by the author of the above article, were so overcome by the show being put on by our macho men colleague's, we were loathe to interfere with the spectacle.

Ms. Ault and Mr. Town were, admittedly, lured down to the demolition derby site, but only from pure curiosity. We left our perch of relative safety to confirm our mutual opinion that the massive sledge hammering, levering, manual lifting of extremely large rock's, etc. was an exercise of colossal futility.

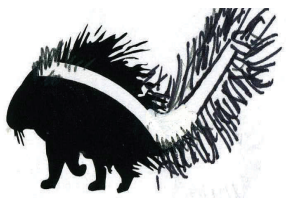
Nevertheless, the "Peanut Gallery" thanks the three manly men for the entertainment that let us stay outside on a beautiful day for January and cheerfully endured the hoots and wisecracks of their fellow cavers. We all know that our next trip to Broken Horn will be a long dreary survey through wet, muddy low crawls. However, there will probably still be lots of hoots and wisecracks. We're very accomplished in that respect

Comments from Lil:

I would like to mention, there were two objectives for the day. First, we were to check out the other possible exits again. This wasn't a problem because it was a beautiful day for a hike until the Oklahoma winds started, then it became a challenge to even stand! The second task was to break into teams, one to go inside and try to communicate with those who were at possible exits. Somehow plans were changed and this task was not completed.

While the men were trying to open up a collapsed entrance, (note, not cave demolition, we practice cave conservation); the rest of us lost track where everyone else went and just waited at a high spot until all reunited.

There was one mention from the manly men as to one possible entrance, but they backed out of it because it was occupied by a skunk.



Now isn't it odd that it was almost a year ago that the same was said by Anne and Lil within the same cave? Guys, are you sure it was a skunk, or was it a skunk-u-pine!

POTPOURRI

I AM THE BAT

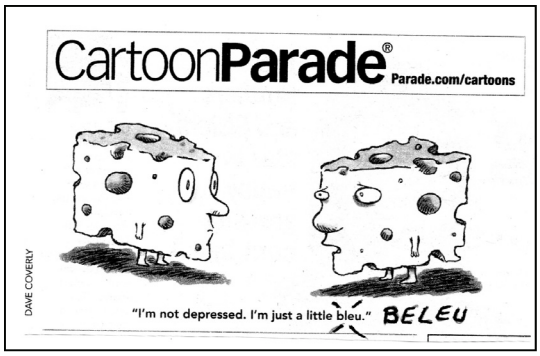
Written by Steve Beleu

I am the bat just beyond your human sight
Hid by the moonless night, but you hear me
Swoop past you as I pursue my food
That flees but not fast enough to escape
My wings that scoop and lift them up
Into my teeth and claws that rip them
Into small pieces I chew and swallow.

Eh! Why does this image turn your away!
As if you don't eat too, kill as I do,
Scooping your food up in your long arms
And pulling it into your mouth and teeth
Only slightly less sharp than mine!
Your hunt in the day--only at night
Do we bats hunt and feed--but with your guns
How many of your prey challenge you,
Fight you back, kill you if they can?
Eat you as you'd eat them?
For we bats it's enough to hunt at night
And leave you to the daylight
Which hurts our eyes as much as darkness
Shuts down your hunting senses.

Swoop through your days, human hunters,
And leave the night hours for us.
Between us we keep the population
Of herd animals low that would otherwise
Overgrow their food sources and starve.
We bats declare a truce between us,

Between we predators of night and day.
Let us divide the weak lifeforms between us:
You kill and eat by day; night is ours.



Disappearing Cave, Appearing Cave

Written by Steve Beleu

1 The cave just across the valley
We easily see, its jagged entrance
Promising cool darkness in this heat
That makes the leaves of the trees
Curl up to resemble straws.
But it would take days to hike there
Down the canyon, across its floor,
And up the steep slopes—and not days
But weeks of hard climbing
And dangerous at this altitude
Of 15,000 feet with nearby peaks
An extra 12,000 higher.
So we ignore it. But at night
It invades our dreams unwanted
And we awake from disturbed sleep
Anxious, looking all around us.
It forced itself into our dreams—
We blink our eyes—the cave's image
Appears and reappears.
One of our crew has left, footsteps
Heading toward that far distant cave.
But we're too fatigued to search
And abandon him to his fate.

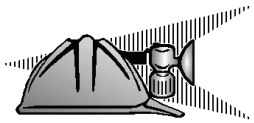
2 Entering the holy cave to meditate
The monk sat in the humid darkness.
One day friends went to see him,
Ask him for help in penetrating the veil
That surrounds and sorrows life,
But found only his food bowl.
He had gone, enlightened,
And no longer needs his body
Which blocks and contorts
The eternal, selfless soul.
They sat where he sat and hoped
But understanding nothing about
The black sunlight of the deep caves
That are dark as the moonless night
Became bored, stood up, and left,
Unfit for The Cave of Life Beyond Life.

3 They open, they close; appear and vanish
Like enlightenment opens and closes
And too easily can vanish forever
During the deadening days of minutes
That are not the minutes of life
But minutes that are lifeless
Soul-numbing rot and its habits.
When The Cave of the Heart opens next
Be ready and leap into it without fear
Rapidly as the sun reflects gold
Then that reflection is gone.

4 Caves of the heart and soul,
We've come to explore your depths,
We'll leave our families and lovers.
Here between these cool stone walls
We find unexplored passages
That lead us down and within.
Caves of the soul and heart,
We've come to live in your sunless art.

Central Oklahoma Grotto is a non-profit organization and a chapter of the NSS (National Speleological Society), Cave Avenue, Huntsville, AL., 35810. Dedicated to cave conservation and safety, C.O.G. published general information in a monthly newsletter ($6.00/year) and detailed cave surveys and related Speleological items in a yearly publication, *The Oklahoma Underground* ($3-$8/issue) Membership is by sponsor and is $12 per year for adults, $6 for spouses and students, and $3 if under 18. Central Oklahoma Grotto meets once a month on the second Friday of each month. For information, write 3208 Gettysburg Dr., Altus, Oklahoma, 73521. All submissions to the newsletter should be sent to the editor: Lil or Dale Town, 3208 Gettysburg Dr., Altus, OK 73521: Telephone: (580)477-4027: E-mail: oklmt@cableone.net. The deadline for submissions for any particular month's issue is the 20th day of the previous month. If you wish material returned. Please include a SASE with submission. All materials in this newsletter is available for reproduction, provided proper credit is given with the article when you print it. Trade publications are welcomed. *Cave softly and safely!*

The February meeting is at John Van Dyke's, Friday the 13th.



Central Oklahoma Grotto
C/o 3208 Gettysburg Drive
Altus, Oklahoma 73521