CENTRAL
OKLAHOMA
GROTTO
OF THE NATIONAL
SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY,INC

C.O.G.nizance

Inside this Issue

Announcements ……..……...……...…....2
Minutes……...…….……...……..……..…2
Treasurer's Report ……..…….…...2
Trip Reports
Mary Jo Fletcher Cave Trip Family Reunion
By Sue Bozeman, Duane DelVecchio, and Dale Amlee…….… 3-6
Potpourri
BAT COUNT (2006-2010) Central Oklahoma Grotto
Compiled by Sue Bozeman …….. 7

The April meeting of the Central Oklahoma Grotto will be held at the Town house at 8:00 p.m.

Friday, April 9, 2010

2010 Jester Bat Count: left; David McDermott, right; Cole Talbot, his first trip into a cave!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

*The 7:30 March meeting will be at The Town House, house, Friday, April 9th.

MINUTES

CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO

Minutes of the March 12, 2010 meeting

Host: the home of COG member Anne Ault, whose kitchen Anne had wonderfully repainted to a gleaming luster unseen elsewhere in this nation.

Attendees: Dale Amlee, John Bozeman, Duane Del Vecchio, Mary Hicks, John Talbot, Lil and Dale town, Jeremiah and John Van Dyke, and S. Beleu

The Honorable Dale Amlee began the meeting at 8:03

OLD BUSINESS

· Duane reported that we might possibly be able to make our service trip to Carlsbad Caverns in September or October. He will keep in touch with Carlsbad park staff.

· We discussed this summer's sure-to-be grueling "fun trip". At our last meeting Sue has nominated a trip to Utah; at this meeting John Talbot nominated Horseshoe Valley Cave. Duane asked that we table Sue's proposal to visit Timpanogos Cave in Utah until the summer of 2011 so that COG members can plan and save for it. We so voted to table it. Therefore our "fun trip" this summer will be to Horseshoe Valley Cave (be sure that you can swim with your full caving gear on).

· We talked about the events of the weekend before with Mary Jo Fletcher Cave. That no one got hurt or killed is remarkable.

NEW BUSINESS

· John Bozeman noted that everyone's batcount data had declined from last year save for the Myotis velifer count at Jester Cave.

TREASURER'S REPORT

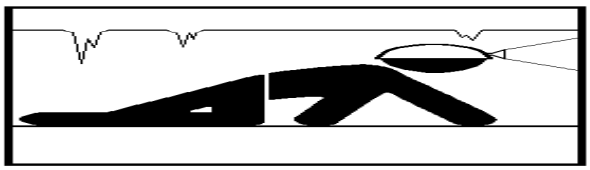
Treasurer-for-Life John Talbot gave his report.

We concluded the meeting at 9:05.

TREASURER'S REPORT

INCOME			EXPENSES		
Dividends	$	0.08	Gift and card	$	8.29
Dues	$	18.00	Printing	$	6.62
TOTAL	**$**	**18.08**	**TOTAL**	**$**	**14.91**
CASH ON HAND	**$**	**205.44**			
CHECKING	**$**	**458.85**			
SAVINGS	**$**	**2,703.86**			
TOTAL FUNDS AS OF 3/6/2010	**$**	**3,368.15**			

PREPARED BY TREASURER JOHN TALBOT



TRIP REPORTS

Trip Report: Mary Jo Fletcher Cave -- Major County, OK - Friday, March 5, 2010 -- Woodward, OK
COG Personnel: Steve Beleu, John and Sue Bozeman
Fletcher Family and Friends (some 40 in attendance), including organizer and benefactor Rhonda Roby and her able and hardworking assistant, Mary Jo's daughter, Shirley Shoemake.
by Sue Bozeman

Dinner began at 7:30 p.m. at K-Bob's, a steak house, where our meal came to us gratis the organizer, Mary Jo Fletcher's niece, Rhonda Roby. She spoke at some length of her aunt, who died of breast cancer, at the same age Rhonda is now.

Going caving was one of the things that Mary Jo wanted to do before her death. It was on her "Bucket List". John and I met Mary Jo as just another interested neophyte caver in 1974, our first year of Oklahoma caving. We were as new to Oklahoma caving as Mary Jo was to the sport. We remember her as intrepid, interested and engaging.

She had come in the car with Joe Looney and was introduced as a possible future grotto member. At that time, the NSS required that a person complete three trips with a grotto in good standing and have a bona fide NSS member sign off on the application for membership. She did not let us know that she was ill and did not evince tiredness or an unwillingness to pursue the roach- and snake-holes that we looked into that day.

Since we were new to the grotto and Oklahoma, we went where Joe led us. He had a 'new' area spotted and took us all there. We poked in every sinkhole that we came across and pursued each until it was impassable. One of the holes was that which Rhonda and Shirley had found on one of their solo cave-finding missions, a conspicuous hole high on a cliff overlooking Main Creek. At that time there was a pig sty corral right by the bridge, which today is a beautiful concrete and steel structure. Then, if memory serves, it was a rickety wooden bridge.

As we walked downstream along the cliff face, we found a monster entrance. Much like we had done during our recent February, 2010, refinding of the cave, we nearly walked off the cliff into the mouth of the cave -- voila! There it was. Glorious in its enormity, especially after all the garbage holes we'd spent all day in, the gypsum shelter entrance measures roughly 40 feet wide, 30 feet deep and 25 feet high with breakdown filling half the room.

We all busied ourselves trying to find the way into the upstream cave passages. Mary Jo found a hole and I joined her in checking it out. We soon were rewarded with a skylight and fetched the others. Exploration of the cave continued until we got to really nasty mud and water where we called it quits for that day. Plans were to return and survey the cave, which we called Pig Bridge Cave.

Unfortunately, Mary Jo was never able to join in the survey. She passed away later that year. In her honor, Joe suggested we rename the cave she helped discover and explore. We all agreed.

In briefer form, this is what Rhonda spoke of at the dinner.

They had several of the old grotto publications there as well as Mary Jo's blue caving helmet and autolite carbide lamp. All were in superior shape! In fact, the autolite just needed a new gasket (later provided by Anne Ault at the cave the next day), a bit of water and carbide, and it worked like a champ!

We spoke of safety and the 3 Rules of 3. Three people; three independent sources of light; and, three points of contact when going through the cave. We harped on the fact that this was not a commercial cave. Rocks move unexpectedly, and in the entrance, leaves hide holes between breakdown that can break a leg or arm if you step unwarily. We said, "We do NOT want an accident and children MUST be monitored at all times." Warnings ad nauseum, but we were looking at 40 non-cavers with permutations of disaster at every turn.

However, Rhonda had her bucket list, too, and to have a Fletcher Reunion at the cave that was named after her aunt was on it. We would try to make it a safe tour the next day.

Saturday, March 6, 2010
COG Personnel: Anne Ault, Steve Beleu, John Bozeman, Sue Bozeman, Duane Del Vecchio, Dale Town and Lil Town
By Sue Bozeman

We all met in Seiling at the military park with the artillery and bee-lined to the cave parking lot. John had the cave entrance GPS'd in and we walked a locked-gate oil lease road right to the cave. It was about a half mile walk and we all packed in our caving gear and the 10 helmets and lights for our guests, along with two lengths of rope for handlines down the steep slope to the cave mouth.

Since only John and I had ever been in the cave before, we had until 2:30 to explore and make the cave familiar to us. The oak leaves made the cliff descent quite slick and fast! Dale Amlee and I rigged a rope handrail, tying off to several uphill trees to aid with the 37 degree slope. It was well used all day long and well worth the time it took to rig.

Next, any who wished to try getting through the continuation hole -- Squeeze 1 -- did so. Some did not want to cave and just came to help with crowd control. Some couldn't make it -- the cave's self-regulation took hold: "too large, sorry -- you shall not pass." Dale Amlee shot through; I made it through, and after some effort and retryings, Dale Town eased through.

And that was it. The cave refused entry to Duane, Lil and Steve. They were consigned to remain outside and help Anne and John with helmets, warnings, crystal showings in the back part of the shelter opening and outside the cave activities for the kids who were too young to go through (under 10).

The two Dales and I explored the cave beyond the

(Continued on page 4)

Squeeze 1. We found clusters of Myotis velifer (cave bats) and a few Pipistrellus subflavus (pips) all bejeweled with condensation. We saw the two pits: Deer Skull Pit and Spiderhole Skylight, which had gotten a good bit larger in 36 years! Spiderhole had also been capped by a rancher with a large gyp slab, probably so his cattle wouldn't fall through - at a guess.

We got to another squeeze and this time after Dale A. shot through, Dale T. and I looked at it and said, "uhm....". I relooked and figured I'd make it and go exploring with Dale A., who we call Junior when both Dales are caving together. Mr. Town, however, was not so inclined to wait alone while we played on the other side of Squeeze 2 for who knew how long.

Junior came back through Squeeze 2, after tying a piece of my red DANGER marking tape on to a piece of breakdown and leaving it at the opening. All three of us left via Squeeze 1, determined to go in via the Ravine Entrance and find a through passage as shown on the old map.

John had reconned the Ravine Entrance and said the floor was a muddy, wall-to-wall water crawl. Not to be dissuaded, we went in and looked. Junior got through a contortion squeeze mid-level, thus avoiding the water and mud. Mr. T did not like the looks of this opening and said he'd meet us back at the big entrance (Pond Entrance on the map).

I warily crawled after Junior and got to a lovely standing room area with two patches of true gypsum sodastraws up to 4 inches long on opposite sides of the room! Lovely stuff. We continued downstream toward our Danger Tape connection point, hopefully, and walked through a 20 foot section of selenite tube that glistened all around as our headlamp lights glanced off them.

We passed another series of M. velifer and walked on large mounds of dirt with recent waterlines well up their slopes. This cave carries a huge volume of water during rains. It has a still-flow working its way to the retention pond in the valley below the cave -- not a spring, just retained runoff gently released over time.

Dale spotted the Danger tape on the left wall and I pointed out a patch of 9 inch long anastomoses. He had seen them on his explorations from the other side and thought them odd-looking soda straws. They are actually remnant bedrock gypsum formed when water moved very slowly at ceiling level, eating away the softer gyp and leaving behind interestingly shaped forms.

At the Danger tape squeeze, we both moved through easily and headed for Squeeze 1 and main entrance. There was no one there to applaud our through-trip, however -- everyone was topside, waiting for the Fletcher group to arrive.

We had a long time to wait. Things happen when large groups are coordinated. One of their group locked their keys in the room and everyone had to wait until the door was opened. Not knowing this, we wandered the area, looked at crystals and the two pits from the surface.

At 3:20, we spotted a line of eight cars crawling slowly down the county road. I had left a message on Rhonda's cell phone as to where to meet us and they drove directly there. Junior, John and Duane were there to meet and guide them to the cave. By 4, the slowly crawling caterpillar-like line of dots turned into humans as they met the rest of us lounging on the rocks above Pond Entrance.

Pictures were taken in the gorgeous sunlight that the early morning gloopy day had turned into. Not too hot; not too cold; not too windy -- couldn't have asked for more perfect weather. I put carbide and water in Mary Jo's lamp, and once Anne had provided a new gasket, fired it up! Worked like new.

We all headed carefully to the cave entrance. We lost some visitors at the top -- the slope looked just too nasty and caution prevailed. The majority made it down to the cave, using the rope and the seat of their pants if necessary. Duane had earlier done his 'Duane-plow', shoveling leaves and loose branches from the path with seat, feet and arms spread wide, for which he was rewarded with the first tick of the season.

Cavers stationed themselves along the path and down into the entrance, where the visitors were asked to find a seat on any of the very comfortable breakdown boulders that the shelter provided. Rhonda spoke to the assembled family and pointed out the hole (Squeeze 1) that people would have to go through to view any more of the cave. We lost more potential visitors at that point as well. It is not an inviting hole. A rose was left in memory of Mary Jo and photos of her lit lamp were taken with it and several family members.

John was busily putting batteries that Rhonda handed him into the 10 lamps that we had brought along. I went through Squeeze 1 followed by Junior. Dale Town manned the hole from the shelter side and helped willing visitors bellycrawl through to where I assisted them, mostly with handhold suggestions and light, to the floor below. Then he, too, came through.

Once we had the first four visitors through, we took them up a steep scree scramble to see Deer Skull Pit and Spiderhole Skylight. We answered questions and pointed out large roots coming down from the surface from trees seeking water. Then we slid down the slope and continued under a cluster of about 100 velifer to the second squeeze.

This is an area with many selenite boulders and popcorn everywhere. It makes a good place for taking photos. Once the interest wore off, we showed them the second squeeze. There was no question that they were going to go through after Junior. Dale Town, however, was unwilling to sit and wait for us so he agreed to go back through to the main cave and be the watchdog of that entrance so no others came through until this group was out.

Junior took the four visitors through to the soda straws and was then going to return. We decided that it was so late that a through trip was going to be impossible. It took 45 minutes for them to return to Squeeze 2. Why? They were taking tons of photographs! And enjoying every minute of this grand adventure.

(Continued on page 5)

Once we got them out to the main entrance, we had another group ready to do the squeeze. Five people came this time, Rhonda among them. She was pleased at the way the whole day had gone and had heard nothing but wonderful things about the cave and the whole experience from her family. She went through Squeeze 2 and into the careful guidance of Dale Amlee and saw all the gorgeous crystals and soda straws that her aunt, Mary Jo, had seen 36 years prior.

Everyone made it out safely, some with bruises, but otherwise just many smiles and thank yous for us. We have never had that many "Thank You's" from any group in all the years that we've done visitor trips.

The last group was out and the rope untied from the entrance slope by 7 p.m.

Duane's addition:

4:45 a.m. - Dark - Really Dark...What the heck am I doing up this early? (especially since I didn't get home until midnight (4 hours ago!) Sigh... So off in the car going to Altus to pickup the Town's and then on to Seiling to this mysterious Tank in the mysterious park to meet the gang that went up the day before. Got to Altus and picked up Dale and Lil and we started on our way. By the way.. google maps said a 3 1/2 hour drive...we made it in 2 3/4 hr! So we drove main street up and down - 3 pairs of eyes looking for a tank...drove out of town and back in looking for a tank... on way back in, Lil notes the nice murals on the 3 story buildings on a corner (two buildings across the street with walls painted facing north). We admired them and drove to the end of town again. They had a quickie stop and Subway combined so we just waited there for Dale A and Anne to show up to show us the tank too. Asked the lady behind the counter about a tank in military park or veterans part or where a tank was... she didn't know of one...but did come to us about a minute later saying one was about 6 blocks down on the right.. sigh... 3 pairs of eyes blind as a rock... sigh.. Dale and Anne showed up and we drove and found John and Sue and Steve waiting. It was next to the very walls that were painted with the mural... we were too busy looking up that we didn't see the ground! <grin> The first thing the guys said upon seeing the "Tank" was..."**that's not a tank - it's a self propelled howitzer!"** One of the best quotes of the day came when we got out of the car and said:

John: "That's not a tank... that's a self propelled artillery piece!"
Sue: "If that thing came down my street, I'd call it a F#####ng Tank!!!

So rather than face the wrath of Sue, we are petitioning the U.S. Army to rename a self propelled howitzer to a Tank and providing Sue's explanation. <grin>

Everyone got in the cars and we headed north to the cave. Upon arrival at the gate, we note signs of Private Property - No Trespassing.... so we all took pictures of the group standing by the sign. (We actually had permission from landowner to enter so we thought it was a good picture!) There was a nice LONG hilly road that lead to the area of the cave near a well head. Definitely got the legs burning and lungs working out winter congestion walking the hills. We were toting rope, bags containing helmets, and boxes of lights for the guests. Felt like we were actually on those expeditions where we were going to live in the cave like we read in the NSS pages! <grin>

We got to the top of the cave and brought ropes to make a hand line down the rather steep slope to help people down and back up again. I got to be the human rake and plowed down sideways to push the foot-and-a-half layer of leaves off the trail. (note to self in future: ticks sleep in those leaves!) Finally down to the cave which forms a great giant amphitheater opening and then in the very back of the cave continues with a foot high hole into the passages beyond. Known as "The Plug" already I knew I wouldn't make it though there! <grin> (It wouldn't be a pretty sight (but a memorable one) with me getting stuck in there and the guests arriving to see a fat butt wiggling in the back of the cave where I would have been wedged-ed!!) :)

The skinney's went on to explore the cave and to make sure it was still safe and passable for the guests. Since I had decided I'd be the kid activity person for those who may bring kids and who didn't go into the cave proper, I wanted to see what crystal collecting might provide. John went with me to show me the skylight and safety concerns above the cave were the well head was plowed and piled up on the side. There were 4 holes (one a massive skylight), one with a 10 ton boulder covering it but with sides still fall-in-able, and two tiny holes about ping pong size starting to form... stay away from those... don't know how thick the ceiling (or in our case the floor) is. Then we went cross country to see the exit to examine if it was unusable. We moved a big ol' limb from the climb out that fell during the ice storm and John went inside to see if the small part was passable. He yelled out but gyp being gyp...absorbed the yell and we heard no response from the team inside. We left and went back to the road. John went back to the cave and I went to make arrows in the gyp to show the people the way to the area (there was a fork in the road and various cattle guards). The fork could easily be taken (which lead to the Gypsum Quarry) so we didn't want anyone to fall into that! <grin> So I made arrows the entire length of the road from cave to parking lot just to be sure... (sure, I can do boring stuff all day long!) I went back the cave and we waited for a phone call from their leader telling us how many she was bringing. We're expecting 8 - 10 maybe a dozen. Dale A, John, and I walked back to the parking area to wait for them and guide them back. (so much for the arrows! <grin>) From the parking area we could see two hi-ways and kept guessing that those two cars are them... then we would see them appear further down the road....nope.. not them. Then coming from the Mooreland road we saw a caravan.. at least 6 cars!! Oops... wonder it that is them! As they came over the ridge, we counted 9 cars (all fully packed with people!)

(Continued on page 6)

I think 48 people showed up!! Wow! Surprise! All ages from a month old to late 80's I'm told. We got them going and had Dale lead, John in the middle of the group and D bringing up the rear. It was a big group at the top of the trail to go to the cave. And I'd say about 95% of them went down into the cave! It was an impressive site seeing all of them down there... it was also pretty impressive helping them all down the rope with us being the barriers in case they fell etc... Once down they 'explored' the amphitheater and a few looked into the crack and decided to go.. John had the helmets rigged and ready to go and we passed them to waiting participants who wanted to explore. Sue, Dale A, Dale T led groups into the darkness... after the first group left, I yelled out anyone wanting to find crystals (while looking at the kids) come with me... and led a bunch out of the cave. With Anne on top with a helping hand, Steve holding the rope steady, we got them up and out. The hillside with the rope had deteriorated pretty well by now with so many going down so that going up was a trip on it's own! They definitely had a little adventure just climbing out! We went on topside and near the skylight when a bat flew out and landed at our feet being disturbed inside the cave. It was a big brown and had his wings straight out so it was a great teaching moment for the families up on top. After a few minutes, he flew up and back toward the entrance of the cave where I later learned he buzzed a few still inside! <grin>

We found some excellent selenite crystals in the debris field of the plowed land and kids were happy to have shiny crystals. A little memorable keep sake from their "cave journey". Then as the day wore on the sun started setting and the non-cavers had to get back to Woodward for the reunion bowling night and started the long hilly hike back to the cars. We didn't escort them back as they knew the way now.. While the last group was touring, we hauled the bags and boxes of equipment we brought down back up and took them to the cars. (that was my 3rd trip to the cars that day!) We brought everything back (I really wanted to bring the rope and strand them down there but was voted against on that) and waited for the last group to walk back with our people from the cave.. It was just past sunset with dusk turning into night when we finally saw them coming our way. We obtained the rest of the grotto equipment they were using and got the cars packed and ready to go! What I thought was going to be not a fun day turned out to be extremely enjoyable and pleasant.

Dale Amlee's addition;

View from inside…

The large number of people who showed up to view the cave was rather intimidating at first. It can be a little scary watching people of unknown physical abilities pushing themselves to do new things on unfamiliar terrain. But, thankfully, my fears were completely unfounded. The people who quite literally pushed themselves into new areas had a great opportunity to see something that they may never get a chance to see again: a real wild cave in all of its mud-filled glory.

After the large group got a chance to view the grand entrance to the cave, the real fun began as the various people tried to determine who would be able to venture deeper into the cave. This cave has a quite snug fit into a small hole at the rear of the main entrance room. I popped through it first, with Sue and Dale Town feeding the newbies in through the hole, coaxing and coaching as they went. As each person succeeded in navigating the first squeeze, I took over guiding them into the first room. Each person seemed to be genuinely astonished and thrilled at the sights in this cave.

The first room had a couple of skylight openings way up in the ceiling out of reach that provided a soft illuminating glow to the room. This room also had a number of areas with attractive selenite crystal formations, some popcorn, and a good assortment of other cave formations. We collected four hardy tourists, and Sue and I proceeded to take them around through the first room, pointing out the features as we went. There were several mats of bats in torpid condition up on the ceiling, but the warmer spring weather was making them easy to agitate, so we took care to step easily around them.

After touring the first room, we came to the second squeeze. I popped through here as well, followed by the four tourists again. At this point, Sue told me she and Dale Town would return to the main entrance to collect a second batch of folks, and I proceeded to take my little intrepid group of adventurers deeper into the cave. This middle portion of the cave also had some great cave features, including a hard carved tunnel winding through nearly solid selenite crystal, some more popcorn, and also some of the only honest-to-god soda straw formations that I've ever seen in Oklahoma gypsum caves. The group took tons of photos of the cave as they wandered deeper in. I tried my best to point out all the interesting parts of the cave, but there were so many things for new people to see I'm sure I missed a few. It was exciting to me to hear the nearly continuous exclamations of ooohs and aahs from the people with me. I find caves to be quite thrilling, and it did my heart glad to be able to share this unique experience with others.

After going all the way into the cave as far as we dared, I returned back to the main entrance, and handed off this group of folks in exchange for a second batch. I then repeated the tour with this group as well, and was rewarded again with continuous claims of pleasure from the novice cavers at the sights they were seeing.

When we finally exited the cave with the last batch of tourists in tow, the afternoon sun was fading fast and we had to scurry a bit to gather up the remains of our gear and head up the long trail back to the cars. The Fletcher/Roby group was excitedly talking about going bowling, but as for me and the rest of my caver group, we pretty much just had our sights set on pizza and a long drive home to our warm beds.

ALL OF US FROM COG THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THE BEAUTY OF THE UNDERGROUND WE ALL ENJOY!

POTPOURRI

BAT COUNT (2006-2010)
CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO

MYOTIS VELIFER (Cave Bat)

CAVE NAME	CAVE NUMBER	2/11 2006	2/17 2007	2/9,23&3/1 2008	2/21&3/1 2009	2/13 & 2/20 2010
Jester	GR-011	15572	15660	8729	10236	12110
Selman: C.O.G.*	WD-041	72695	100380	60196	56947	55192
Selman: U.C.O.	WD-041	*	*	*	*	*
Washita Bat: North	WA-039	196	9377	120	127	49
Washita Bat: Center	WA-038	2798	198	610	1102	211
Washita Bat: South	WA-040	416	101	6057	691	822
TOTALS		91677	125716	75712	69103	68384

* Combined cave section count from 2006 forward

CORYNORHINUS TOWNSENDII PALESCENS (Big-eared)

CAVE NAME	CAVE NUMBER	2/11 2006	2/17 2007	2/9,23&3/1 2008	2/21&3/1 2009	2/13 & 2/20 2010
Jester	GR-011	2	4	4	0	1
Selman: C.O.G.	WD-041	0	0	0	0	0
Selman: U.C.O.	WD-041	0				
Washita Bat: North	WA-039	0	0	0	0	0
Washita Bat: Center	WA-038	0	0	0	0	0
Washita Bat: South	WA-040	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS		2	4	4	0	1

PIPISTRELLUS SUBFLAVUS (Pipistrel)

CAVE NAME	CAVE NUMBER	2/11 2006	2/17 2007	2/9,23&3/1 2008	2/21&3/1 2009	2/13 & 2/20 2010
Jester	GR-011	100	167	53	197	61
Selman: C.O.G. (area)	WD-041	62	33	37		48
Selman: U.C.O. (area)	WD-041					
Washita Bat: North	WA-039	1	0	0	1	45
Washita Bat: Center	WA-038	0	0	0	4	11
Washita Bat: South	WA-040	0	0	0	2	46
TOTALS		163	200	90	202	165

EPTESICUS FUSCUS (Big Brown)

CAVE NAME	CAVE NUMBER	2/11 2006	2/17 2007	2/9,23&3/1 2008	2/21&3/1 2009	2/13 & 2/20 2010
Jester	GR-011	0	0	0	0	0
Selman: C.O.G.	WD-041	1	2	0	1	1
Selman: U.C.O.	WD-041	0				
Washita Bat: North	WA-039	0	0	0	0	0
Washita Bat: Center	WA-038	0	0	0	0	0
Washita Bat: South	WA-040	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS		1	2	0	1	1

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!* Webpage: http://www.okcavers.com

Don't forget to come to the April meeting at The Town House, Friday, April 9.

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