CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO
OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY,INC

C.O.G.nizance

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The October meeting of the Central Oklahoma Grotto will be held Friday, October 10, 2014, at 7:00 p.m. The meeting will be at the home of Art Wallace.

Picture taken during the September cave trip.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

*The October meeting of the Central Oklahoma Grotto will be held in Art Wallace, Friday, October 10, 2014.

National White-Nose Syndrome Decontamination Protocol - Version 06.25.2012

The fungus *Geomyces destructans* (*G.d.*) is the cause of white-nose syndrome (WNS), a disease that has devastated populations of hibernating bats in eastern North America. Since its discovery in New York in 2007, WNS has spread rapidly through northeastern, mid-Atlantic, and Midwest states and eastern Canada. It continues to threaten bat populations across the continent. For the protection of bats and their habitats, comply with all current cave and mine closures, advisories, and regulations on the federal, state, tribal, and private lands you plan to visit. In the absence of cave and mine closure policy, or when planned activities involve close/direct contact with bats, their environments, and/or associated materials, the following decontamination procedures should be implemented to **reduce the risk of transmission** of the fungus to other bats and/or habitats. For the purposes of clarification, the use of the word "decontamination," or any similar root, in this document entails both the 1) cleaning and 2) treatment to disinfect exposed materials.

Under no circumstances should clothing, footwear, or equipment that was used in a confirmed or suspect WNS-affected state or region be used in a WNS-unaffected state or region. Some state/federal regulatory or land management agencies have supplemental documents1 that provide additional requirements or exemptions on lands under their jurisdiction.

I. TREATMENTS TO REDUCE RISK OF TRANSFERRING *GEOMYCES DESTRUCTANS*2:

Applications/Products: The most universally available option for treatment of submersible gear is:

Submersion in Hot Water: Effective at sustained temperatures ≥50ºC (122ºF) for 20 minutes

Secondary or non-submersible treatment options (for a minimum of 10 min.) include:

PRODUCTS: Clorox® (6% HOCl) Bleach : Lysol® IC Quaternary Disinfectant Cleaner; Professional Lysol® Antibacterial All-purpose Clean

MINUTES

CENTRAL OKLAHOMA GROTTO

Minutes of the September 12, 2014 meeting

Host: the wonderful new home of Kelley and Jon Woltz, a marvel of design.

Attendees: Dale Amlee, Sue and John Bozeman, Carol and Dale Town, John and JT Van Dyke, Steve Beleu

Jon Woltz opened the meeting at 8:09

OLD BUSINESS

We had hoped to finish Greene's Cathedral cave the next day by doing a smoke bomb trace, but it was not to be. See its trip report elsewhere in this issue. On the same day we had also hoped to begin work on Cherylsbad Cavern, but we couldn't find the cave. Our trip was 0 for 0.

NEW BUSINESS

We discussed certain requests about caves in the Arbuckle Mountains.

We still hope to get into Carlsbad Caverns this spring. But if not we will cry cry cry.

TREASURER'S REPORT

John Talbot gave his treasurer's report.

The meeting concluded itself at 8:48.

TREASURER'S REPORTS

INCOME			EXPENSES	
Dividends	$	0.04		
Dues	$	57.00		
TOTAL	**$**	**57.04**	**TOTAL**	**$ 0.00**
CASH ON HAND	**$**	**149.04**		
CHECKING	**$**	**549.77**		
SAVINGS	**$**	**2,136.08**		
TOTAL	**$**	**2,834.89**		

TOTAL FUNDS AS OF 9/8/2014

PREPARED BY TREASURER JOHN TALBOT NSS #30254RE

TRIP REPORT

Trip Report by Sue Bozeman:
Greene's Cathedral
Personnel: Dale Amlee, Steve Beleu, Sue Bozeman and Jon Woltz
Date: September 20, 2014

We had not been able to get a team to finish up the survey of Greene's since April. Rains and personal issues all contributed. Today was THE day to finish up the connection of the main cave to Water Strider Resurgence, with smoke, winds permitting.

We split up our team in to two sets of two: Dale and Sue to hit the Resurgence and set off a cherry smoke bomb. Enough smoke to make it through to Whitetail; not so much smoke as to kill the bats enroute. Whitetail Entrance was the lounging spot of Steve and Jon. The winds were from the south so this seemed to be the best opportunity for a swift smoke passage from entrance to entrance.

Dale and I got to the Resurgence only to have cave breezes in our face! That's not possible. On top of the cave, the winds are from the south. IN the Resurgence, the cave is blowing in our face. No way we need to set off a smoke bomb -- it will just choke us and exit the cave. So we accepted the facts and headed north to Whitetail, Steve and Jon.

When we got there, the cave was breathing out!

Seriously.

This is nuts. So, OK, we will check out Pincushion Entrance and Narthex Entrance. Pincushion is on the northern part of the system and Narthex is the farthest west entrance. In Pincushion, the cave was breathing out; in Narthex, nothing seemed to be moving in ANY direction! Pure stasis. Merd.

We gave up. The summer doldrums stopped us cold. Dog Days of Summer win again.

So, we acceded to the Fates and went for the secondary target: Cherylsbad Cave. Haven't been there in about 12 years, so most of us really don't remember it much. We know it has one nice room, but its infeeders are rocky crawls and the exit is a downstream bellycrawl over rocks. I remember distinctly how to get there and we headed confidently toward it. Everything tracked perfectly, except there was now an oil road to a gas well that presented itself instead of 'striking out across ranchland right along the fenceline'. So, we took that and parked at the wellhead. We geared up and headed for the fencline and south to the breaks. We checked all the sinks and entries and just found garbage caves -- remnants of a once extensive system that now just went in one ridge and out the next sinkhole, across the sinkhole bottom and in the other side, repeating this until it hit the creek.

We trooped up, over and down for about an hour and then just admitted defeat. We'll have to get a different perspective from the Cave Log and others who have been there.

One disappointing day. It was hot and not windy enough to benefit people dressed for underground! We'll be back.

About the only interesting thing we saw were what appeared to be beaver-chewed trees high on the ridge! Why cut them so far away from the creek? We saw no beaver to ask, so that also remains for the future.

POTPOURRI

Underside

by Sue Bozeman

Ah, Florida. Land of sunshine and a wonderful place for a childhood vacation. Left to personal devices, Morrow was just poking around Grandfather's new property. What came to sight was a crawley hole. Not much of a hole, it was still inviting to an inquisitive youth.

Not difficult to enter with dry pebbles and some leaf litter to kneel on, Morrow followed the entrance to a climb-down that was a bit darker than the entryway. From the pack that was always available, Morrow took out a 4 D-cell flashlight and determined that a safe descent was possible.After a not-too-difficult climbdown, Morrow followed a jagged path to a huge pit. Casting the light around the pit, Morrow estimated that it was way too wide and deep to descend without a rope and probably someone else along. But what was interesting was what appeared to be a peculiar ceiling pattern. Instead of rock, it looked very unnatural.

"What could be so flat?" Morrow wondered. "With lines?"

In an effort to get a different view of the ceiling, Morrow edged around on a body-wide ledge. Ooching along, carefully and very aware that every inch forward would have to be eventually retreated -- blind -- because there was no other out but the original entrance. Regardless, Morrow needed a different vantage point on the ceiling.

Inching around, the shelf looked relatively freshly cut. Morrow had been in caves before. Many caves. Most

(Continued on page 4)

had been commercial, but some had been wild caves. As a family, they had enjoyed many hours exploring well -known and well-behaved underground pathways.

Morrow was sure that this was a relatively new cave. How new was not something knowable, but that ceiling was really peculiar. As far as the depth of the pit, the 'drop a pebble and count the seconds' test indicated a mere 60 feet to first, and probably last, bounce. Not interested in bouncing, Morrow still needed to scoot a few feet further around the pit to gain a better vantage point to see the ceiling composition. A vague feeling of unease was beginning to mount as the ledge got smaller.

With one arm now over the ledge edge and further progress impossible, Morrow shined the flashlight up to the ceiling and came to one horrendous conclusion: that was wood, not rock. The only way to see a flat wooden ceiling is if the cave's overburden, it's 'ceiling', had collapsed ... UNDER a home.

A rumble from up passage gave purpose to a necessary retreat. Worried somewhat about the house without a firm foundation above, Morrow was more worried about the promised thundershowers that apparently had come earlier than predicted and what kind of difficulties would be encountered backing out of the cave.

With those concerns in mind, Morrow began a hasty retreat to the surface. However, hasty was not to be. In came a bit of water; in came a bit of debris; in fear came Morrow -- backwards against the flow.

Never one to worry because Morrow had told family of the intent to explore Grandfather's land and everyone knew how to negotiate caves; nevertheless the predicament was not the happiest Morrow could have imagined. Gone for just under four hours, there was every chance the family would come to look for a missing young'un. Morrow hoped.

Pushing toward the entrance, Morrow was ecstatic to hear a voice yelling, "Morrow, are you in there?" More than happily, she replied, "Yes. I'm coming!"

Efforting mightily against the incoming water, Morrow finally reached a place where she could turn around and boogie out to the grumpy gray of a stormy day and into waiting family arms.

Reporting of the wooden ceiling at the top of the pit, the search for a home that was next to collapse, being undermined by limestone sinkhole erosion began. Having only a general directional 'feeling', Morrow indicated the best guess direction in which to look for a structure that might be in peril.

They all trooped up the hill and found a home in the woods that no one knew existed. Well, not exactly a "home," rather a cabin. They knocked on the door and a man finally answered. He had no clue that his cabin was being undermined and was basically in disbelief as we told him of the underground examination by Morrow.

To prove us wrong ... or right ... the man, who introduced himself as Kerry, suggested that he remove a floorboard from his closet so as not to mess up his cabin unnecessarily. "Hmmm," thought Morrow. "Doesn't believe me. Would serve him right if his house collapsed under him. Phooey. Not a nice thought. We'll just see."

Taking a crowbar, Kerry pried up one, then another board in his closet ... and was greeted with an earthy wind ... and nothing below.

Morrow smiled.

CHAPTER 2
Written by Lil Town

Kerry burst into tears as he stared down to the eerie nothingness below.

“I’m so sorry for not believing you, who could ever imagine something like this happening here! You read about these things in the news happening to others, but here? There are no water lines around to cause erosion, what could have caused this?”

Morrow’s parents tried to comfort the man and offered to help him move out his possessions he wanted to keep. He was so shaken up they offered him a place to stay until he could find somewhere else to stay. Not knowing how fast the hole was growing they started immediately moving things out setting the belongings well away from the cabin.

The next step was to alert the authorities about the odd phenomenon. Kerry suggested getting in touch with the geology department at the nearest university to see if there were any other incidents of this type in the area. Then curiosity overwhelmed the group and they decided to call a local caving group to see if they would be interested in coming out to see this new cave and determine the safest way to start an exploration. Everyone was in agreement that the first order of business was to remove the cabin before it too plummeted to the bottom of the pit.

Once things were moved out and loaded on the truck that was brought out, the tired group returned to Morrow’s house and called it the day. The tired and recently fed group retired for the evening and Kerry was extremely grateful to be able to stay with the cheery group, thankful he had found some new friends.

Morrow snugged comfortably into her bed, but couldn’t put her mind to rest. Questions kept coming to her; how did this happen; what caused the earth to collapse under the house; and what could be at the bottom of the pit? Will she be able to help explore the pit? She knew she was just a kid but she was extremely bright for her age. After all, wasn’t she the one who found the pit? Would she be able to name it? It was time to go to sleep now, tomorrow would be another day. Right now she was glad everyone was safe. The wall of water in the passage really had her heart racing, she had seen her relatively short life flash before her eyes!

Her last thoughts before sleep finally settled in was how exciting it was going to be to meet the cavers her parents were going to invite over. She would dream what it would be like to explore caves and learn how they were made.

(DO YOU THINK THERE COULD BE A MONOSNORTH LURKING SOMEWHERE BELOW?)

Our Plastic Trash Is Turning Into These Bizarre Rocks

Reprint By Kristina Bravo

Even in paradise, trash can be found—and it's usually plastic debris. Kamilo Beach, located on Hawaii's Big Island, is one of the dirtiest beaches in the world. It recently became the discovery site of a new formation: a rock made of plastic, sediment, lava, and organic debris.

When oceanographer Charles Moore first saw it, he thought that lava had caused the plastic to melt and form a rock with surrounding debris. But scientists, who call the formation plastiglomerate, learned that lava hasn't flowed to that area since our pre-plastic years. They later concluded that local people who were camping or fishing have been unwittingly building the rocks by burning plastic.

"It's possible other people have found [the plastic conglomerates] at other locations before Captain Moore did, but nobody had thought to report it," Patricia Corcoran, a geologist from the University of Western Ontario, told *Live Science*.

"I would say that anywhere you have abundant plastic debris and humans, there will probably be plastiglomerates," said Corcoran. "It definitely shows how humans have interacted with Earth's biophysical system."

Just as alarming is that the plastiglomerates are denser than plastic-only materials. This means that the new rocks are more likely to sink and become preserved underground than regular plastic, therefore they could easily become our generation's geological legacy.

"One day in the future, people can look at this material and use it as a marker horizon to see that in around 2010, humans were polluting the planet with plastic," the geologist explained. "But that's not a legacy we really want."

'Citizen scientist' finds rare bat roost

http://www.ocala.com/article/20141003/APN/310039847

Published: Friday, October 3, 2014 at 8:42 a.m.

CORAL GABLES, Fla. (AP) — Weeks of searching for a roost for the rare Florida bonneted bat around a Coral Gables golf course, with scores of volunteers training smart phones and iPads to the night sky to detect high-frequency calls, ended quietly early one morning last month when a lone dog walker heard a call coming from a nearby house.

Tucked in between barrel tiles of the rundown vacant house a block from the greens, the roost is the first documented in Southeast Florida, according to wildlife officials.

"As soon as I saw it I knew right away how significant it was," said nurse Ingrid Navas, who discovered the roost on a routine walk with her three dogs and is part of the Bat Squad, a team of citizen scientists enlisted by Florida International University biologist Kirsten Bohn.

"It's like the greatest story ever," said Bohn, who has traveled the world studying bats and started researching the Gables colony after moving to the neighborhood in December 2012.

Once Bohn confirmed the bats zipping in and out of a gap in the tiles were indeed the trumpet-eared, endangered Eumops, which number in the hundreds, she alerted U.S. Fish and Wildlife officials. The agency has been trying to reach the house's owners to alert them of the rare find, said wildlife biologist Paula Halupa.

"The best scenario would be that the owner wouldn't mind having bats in their roof," she said.

The property owner did not respond to a message left with a business associate.

Finding the roost means Bohn and other scientists can study how the bats live in an urban setting and what steps they can take to better protect their habitat. Up until now, bonneted bat roosts have only been found in a handful of rural settings. In 1979, a small group was found roosting in a wildlife management area in Punta Gorda. Another colony lives in backyard bat houses in Lee County.

But in east Florida, where their native pine rockland habitat has dwindled to just two percent of its historical size, roosts have not been seen since the 1960s when some were thought to live in limestone outcroppings near the University of Miami. A 2011 search with trained dogs failed to find a single roost.

For years researchers knew the bats foraged around the Granada Golf Course, but never found a roost, said wildlife veterinarian Frank Ridgely, the research and conservation director at Zoo Miami, where bats search for food in the county's last large tract of rockland. The bats fly high and fast and roost in small groups of four to eight, making them harder to study than other bats that fly low and roost in great numbers.

"The population around the golf course just kind of baffles us," Ridgely said. "They're using the golf course, surrounded by urban sprawl and somehow they're existing there and persisting for a long time."

With the roost, researchers can study the bats' guano to determine what bugs they eat, which could help explain how they forage and whether they've changed their eating habits in city settings. Halupa said the roost also could help researchers study mating habits and how long juveniles nest.

The urban roost also might tell biologists what to look for in other developed areas.

"They love golf courses. But it may be that they love golf courses because that's the only (open) thing left," Halupa said. "They can't turn very easily so they need open spaces."

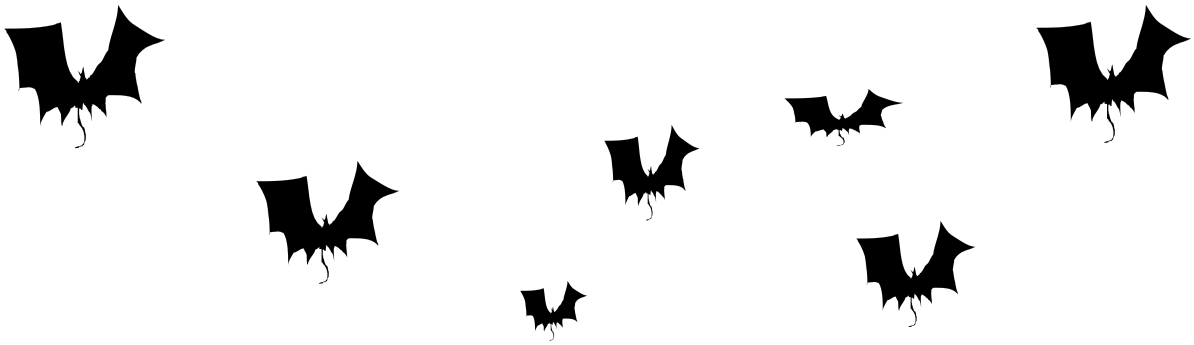
Coral Gables now is beginning to draft plans for improving the golf course. But city officials say they will consult with federal wildlife officials before making any changes.

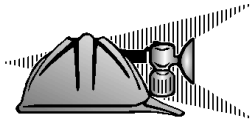
Bohn also hopes to expand her research with her growing corps of volunteers. Aided by Bacardi Rum, which has made a video and provided free refreshments at volunteer nights, the Bat Squad has increased from about 80 to more than 200 and received international attention. Bohn hopes to deploy them to Fairchild Tropical Garden and Kendall Indian Hammocks Park, where bats have been spotted, as well as Cutler Bay and possibly the Deering Estate. She's also working with another FIU professor to develop an app that would let volunteers record bat calls and locations to better compile data.

"It's an exciting time for the bonneted bat," Halupa said. "The fact that a volunteer found (the roost), that's just an amazing thing. We need more of that, more citizen scientists."

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 Lil Town, 25692 Mosier Circle, Conifer, CO 80433: All submissions to the newsletter should be sent to the editor: Lil Town, 25692 Mosier Circle, Conifer, CO 80433: Telephone: (580)471-1238: E-mail: cavemoose@gmail.com. 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!* Website: http://www.okcavers.com

The October meeting will be
At Art Wallace's
October 10, 2014.





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