



Cascade Caver

Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

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Cascade Caver

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Membership in the Cascade Grotto is \$10.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is free to regular members. Membership for each additional family member is \$2.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is \$10.00 per year.

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OCTOBER PROGRAM - GEOLOGY OF THE PUGET SOUND BASIN

Jim Minard will be our guest speaker at the October meeting. Mr. Minard is an expert on the glacial carving which had such a major impact on Puget Sound geology.

MEETINGS

Regular grotto meetings are held monthly at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month at the University of Washington, Room 6, in the basement of Johnson Hall. Please see the map on the back cover of this issue.

UPCOMING EVENTS

October 18	Grotto Meeting, 7:00 p.m.
November 15	Grotto Meeting at 7:00 p.m., Business Meeting following. Vote on dues increase.
December ??	Christmas Party. Date to be determined. No Grotto Meeting.

ANNOUNCEMENT

At the September meeting it was decided to continue meeting on the third Friday of the month. However the meeting location will soon change from room 6 to room 119 in Johnson Hall. Watch for further notices.

COVER

This month's cover shows Bill Bennett emerging from a small side passage in Goshute Cave, Nevada. Photos by Paul Ostby.

NOVEMBER BUSINESS MEETING VOTE ON DUES INCREASE

There will be a business meeting after the November general membership meeting. We will be voting on the proposed dues increase for 1997.

NEWTON TRIP-AUGUST 24TH by Bob Roel

Steve Hoefel, Wendel Pound, Scott Davis, Simon McClellan, John Wade, Bob Roel.

"What am I doing here?" That was the question I was asking myself in the middle of this hot August afternoon as I was standing a short way up the trail to Cave Ridge. Burdened with a heavy pack which was weighted down with camping and caving gear, I was looking upward and contemplating if I really wanted to follow through with this. The question I had asked myself was one that I would repeat several times over the course of the next twenty-four hours.

It had all started the year before, when I'd made a solo hike up the ridge to reconnoiter the entrances to some of the caves I'd heard about. I was particularly interested in Newton Cave, which I was able to locate on this initial trip. I'd even dropped down into the entrance room, but being by myself I realized discretion was the better part of valor, so I retreated back out of the cave. That experience did not in any way alleviate my curiosity, and I desired very much to see what lay beyond the entrance room. That's why I was excited when I saw in the Cascade Grotto newsletter that, on August 24th of this year, there was an expedition forming up with the intention of pushing Newton Cave's known depth limits. Even though that goal was a little beyond my particular interest, skill, or endurance level, I still reasoned that it would be a great opportunity to see, at least some of, Washington State's deepest, and greatest karst system.

After contacting the guys in the Cascade Grotto, I arranged to meet Steve Hoefel and Wendel Pound up on Cave Ridge on Friday, August 23rd. Simon McClellan and John Wade would go ahead of us and rig the first two pitches in the cave. They would meet us somewhere up on the ridge Friday night. Scott Davis would join us the next morning.

I had to break out and dust off my old backpack that I hadn't used since I was a Boy Scout, twenty-five years before, but by the designated Friday I was packed and ready to go. After dropping the wife and kids off at my Brother-in-Law's house in Wenatchee, I made it up to the Alpental parking area and was on the trail by 1:40 PM.

After a few minutes of toiling under the hot afternoon sun, and looking upwards, I could tell it was going to be a long journey. In my enthusiasm, I'd forgotten just how far up and steep this sucker really is. Sometimes I'd take ten or fifteen steps then rest five or ten minutes. After three hours of this, I finally emerged out of the trees and into the alpine meadow at the bottom of the hanging valley. I had been hoping that there would be some water in the creek bottom of the valley, but it was bone dry. I continued up the valley to the saddle between Snoqualmie Peak and Cave Ridge where I dropped my pack, and set out to re-reconnoiter the area.

I quickly re-located Newton Cave, and the ponds in the Valley, east of Cave Ridge. I was hoping to find John and Simon, but there was no sign of them anywhere. I then gathered my water bottles and filter pump and dropped down to the ponds to quench my thirst and replenish my water supply. I then set myself up on a flat grassy area which was strategically located in a place where I could watch the approach coming up the valley. I then commenced to gorge myself on blueberries until dark when I started a campfire and made dinner.

I was already thinking that maybe this was a cancelled trip, when sometime after 9:00 PM, I spotted what appeared to be flashlights shining in the dark forest area, down near the meadow at the bottom of the hanging valley from which I'd come earlier. At first I thought I was hallucinating, but after a while I could tell that whoever was using those lights was definitely coming my way. I signaled them with my flashlight, and in a short time, I was introducing myself to Steve and Wendel. I wasn't aware of it at the time, but they explained that there's an easier trail to our destination, than the one we had come up. They had inadvertently missed it, and instead came up, like me, through the Hanging Valley. Of course, their misfortune turned into a very fortunate event for me, as I would have otherwise been sitting out there in the dark, wondering if anyone else was going to show up.

After repacking my things, we continued by moonlight over Cave Ridge to see if we could locate John and Simon. After making a detour to obtain water, we found them, encamped on the flat next to Lookout Cave. We talked for a while, then set up, and went to bed. I hadn't bothered to bring a tent since the weather was so hot. It was a bright, clear, moonlit, and bug free night.

The next morning, I woke up early and went to look at the spectacular view from our campsite. Seeing Snoqualmie Pass below us, with the jagged peaks of the Cascades surrounding us, and Mt. Rainier in the distance, I almost forgot about the toil I had endured the day before in order to get here. After a while, everyone was up, and short time after that, Scott arrived.

In our morning discussion, we realized that because of circumstances, it was going to be unrealistic to achieve the goal of a new depth record on this trip. Nonetheless, as some of us had never really seen the cave, we still decided to make a go of it, and see what we could come up with. Scott had the most experience in this cave, so it naturally fell on him to explain some of the peculiarities that we would be facing. I must admit that his descriptions of Colin's and Lightening crawls, had my hair on my neck crawling.

Shortly after 11:00 AM, we dropped into the entrance room and the first thing I noticed was how the vapor from my breath obscured my vision in the cold, moist air. We continued downward through dripping passages, over several drop-offs, and under low lying passages until we came to the first major pitch, which had been rigged the day before by Simon and John. From where the rope was tied off, it angled down a few feet to where it was hooked up to a carabiner which was hanging from webbing attached to the ceiling. This in turn let the rope hang directly straight down into the pit. Simon explained how to hook up your descender and walk down to the carabiner. After arriving at the carabiner it was necessary to unhook it and rehook it above your descender, then continue down to the bottom of the pitch. When I arrived at the point passed the carabiner and peered down into the pit, I could see those who had gone before me, waiting down there. I'd guess that the pit was 40' or 50' deep and maybe 20' in diameter. I won't hesitate to say, that it's quite a thrill to descend down a shaft in a cave like this, and this was exactly the kind of caving I'd come here to experience.

At the bottom of the pit we continued on down deeper through narrow crawling passages until we came to the second pitch, which had also been rigged by John and Simon the day before. This one was a bit shorter than the previous one and looked to be only about 15' or 20' deep.

After descending pit #2 we continued ever deeper with Steve leading the way. Quite a ways further, at the end of a narrow passage Steve came to a halt, saying that he was at the edge of the third pitch. I was right behind him, and in the narrowness of the passage I had to let someone else come forward and help him rig it for descent. In the meantime, I noticed to my left, a passage angling upward, so to satisfy my curiosity and make room at the same time, I started up it. I climbed for a few minutes and found that it widened out as it went upward. At the top was some standup chamber, with leads going off in other directions. By this time I figured they'd have the pit rigged so I returned back down. As I recall, this was the pit where we had to drop to a ledge a few feet down, hook up to a bolt with a cowtail, and reattach the descender below another bolt which was re-

directing the rope directly into the shaft. After doing all that it was a straight shot down into the bottom of the pit. I don't remember how deep it was, but it wasn't as deep as the first one we'd done, but it was deeper than the second.

At the bottom of this pit, we passed a short ways though some narrow passage and over a short drop-off to the fourth pitch, which was being rigged for descent. This was the deepest of the drops that we were to do that day. My guess was that it was 60' deep, and that it was about the same width as the other pits we had previously dropped.

The passage that continued onward, sloped down towards the crawl spaces that Scott had described earlier. Here we discarded our climbing gear, since we knew we would not be doing anymore pits after this. Steve and Simon lead the way, with me and Scott following a short time later. By this time we had about four hours behind us, and Wendel and John elected to start back toward the entrance.

As I was catching up to Steve and Simon I followed them through a maze of horizontal and vertical passages. These were long corridors, just barely wide enough to fit through, sprinkled with debris and boulder sized objects which had to be negotiated to get through. I dragged my body through this vertical crack and over some of these obstacles, with the narrow crack falling away below me. I soon found myself above Steve and Simon, who were standing in a wide spot inside this maze.

They were contemplating their next move onward, since the vertical crack we were following, narrowed, though we could see open space beyond. A few feet above our heads a kind of keyhole passage widened a part of this narrow crack we wanted to go through, but it looked to be just barely big enough to admit a slender person. Steve had already made one attempt to drag himself through it and had turned back. Scott soon arrived and confirmed that this was the notorious "Colin's Crawl". He said the trick was to put your downward shoulder into the crack, and rest your body on the walls of the crack. Your upward shoulder and arm were suppose to be extended out in front and above you, and with that arm you were suppose to pull yourself along by grasping what was a sort of ledge above your head that paralleled your route. Steve made another go of it, but again returned. This time Scott attempted it, but he also failed. He decided to make another attempt, and this time decided to push his helmet along in front of him. We would help light the way. A short time later, I heard and watched as Scott's battery pack and helmet went crashing down into the crack below him. He made it to the other side, as Simon and I attempted to see if we could find a way into the crack where Scott had lost his helmet. We decided it was impossible from our side, but Simon decided to have

a go at the crack. He seemed to make it allright, then it was my turn. As I was dragging myself through this thing with my right arm, that same old initial question kept popping back into my head, "what am I doing here?" This particular passage was not necessarily a tight constriction in the strict sense of the word, but as Scott said "it's just bizarre".

We all reunited in the space beyond "Colin's Crawl" and found ourselves standing on the pointed edge of some boulders, beneath which, was the chamber that led to the notorious "Lightening Crawl". We descended down about ten feet and were standing on the chamber floor, one side of which was the "Lightening Passage". In another part, the bottom of the crack that had swallowed Scott's helmet emerged. Looking in we could see the helmet and battery pack, just a few feet inside, but there was some protruding rock which prevented us from immediately reaching it. Simon grasped a large rock, and began pounding the obstruction, knocking some of it off. Scott then attempted to reach inside, but the gear remained just out of reach. Being smaller than those guys, I tried it next and was able to recover both the battery pack and helmet.

We were now at a point, just a few feet away from the lip of the 90' pit, the bottom of which, Scott said is farthest known limit of the cave. We had all desired to at least make it to the top of this pit, but the "Lightening Crawl" was obstructing our progress. We looked into the space, which was only inches high. Luckily it was somewhat dry, as Scott had said that there's usually water running through it. I attempted the crawl which made a sharp zig to the right and I made it to the left turning zig without too much problem. Seeing the shape of this thing I now knew where it's name originated. The sharp protrusion which makes up the left turn was preventing me from making that turn. As I lay there on my stomach, I could see a few feet down the turn to a small constriction which looked makeable, but the problem was in getting past this protrusion to get there. Beyond the constriction, the cave appeared to open up. I tried to get my legs through, but it was a futile effort. I was able to get myself turned around and come back out head first to where Scott and Simon were waiting. Simon decided to try it, but he didn't get very far neither. Scott then took a look inside and noted that there appeared to be more gravel debris clogging it up than when he had been there last time. An E-tool probably would have been handy right then.

Well, now we were at the limits of this trip and we had a grueling four hour trip upwards back to the surface ahead of us. We immediately climbed upwards and re-negotiated the "Colin's Crawl". It was somewhat easier this time, now that we had the dragging technique down. We made it back to the bottom of the last pitch and started our ascent. Steve, had already gone on up ahead

of us. After arriving at the top, we de-rigged and continued upward. Every inch seemed to be a struggle as I could feel my endurance ebbing from me. At one point I told Scott that I had to stop and eat something in order to go on. Unfortunately, all my cheese and crackers in my pack had been turned into inedible, soggy mush from the banging, wet abuse my pack had gone through. Luckily, I still had a can of vienna sausages, and even though they tasted horrible, they gave me some strength to continue on. I won't ever laugh again about those funky tasting, high energy bars that people eat. Now I know what they're for. Right then I'd have given my next paycheck for just one.

At the next pitch, Simon ascended first, and was waiting when I got up there. I hadn't realized it on the way down, but on the top lip of this pitch, the rope passes through a slot in the rock, which is difficult to pass your ascender through. My first attempt to make it through failed, after I had almost pulled my entire body above the lip. At the last second, I wasn't able to get my left leg up and over, so I fell back to my original starting position. It was a little discouraging to expend so much valuable energy on a futile effort. I re-assessed the situation and decided that I was going have to get the ascender above the slot, and in order to do that, I was going to have to push up with my legs against the wall under the overhang. I did exactly that, and this time with another burst of effort I got the ascender past the slot and managed to pull my entire body over the lip. Simon told me to continue on to the next ascent, but I was too whacked with exhaustion to hear him. I did continue, and ended up struggling through a short, narrow drop-off. I ended up having to take off all my gear and try it again after I failed the first time.

We all made it up this pitch, which was short and de-rigged it. Simon continued on ahead and was at the top of the next pitch, when Scott and I got there. He continued on out of the cave with Steve, while Scott and I brought up the rear and de-rigged the last pitch. The last leg of this journey out was grueling, but with the end somewhat in sight, I began to pick up strength, knowing that this ordeal would soon be over. At last we made it up into the entrance room and took one last rest before attempting to climb up the log and up the sloping rock face to the entrance. After doing this, we finally emerged into the sunlight. It was just past 7:00 PM. We had been underground for eight hours.

Making our way back to camp, we found everyone there talking about the day's events. It was almost dark, so I set up my sleeping bag on the ground, and after a dinner of one bagel and a carrot, I fell asleep. I had originally intended to leave the mountain Saturday afternoon, but with the length and hardship of the day's work, I decided to get a good night's sleep first. At 6:00 AM the next

morning I got up, and arranged my pack. Everyone was still asleep, so I didn't get to say thanks or goodbye. At 6:30 I took off down the mountain. Even though I got off my intended route through the Guye peak trail, and ended up in the hanging valley, I still made it to the parking lot at 8:10. By 8:30 I was enjoying a breakfast of steak and eggs at the pancake house on Snoqualmie pass.

In the last twenty-four hours, during my many times of delirium, I had asked myself "what am I doing here?". Well, I never did answer that. Instead, on my way home I began to ask myself something else: "What am I going to do different, the next time I come here"? Once it's there, it seems we never can get it out of our system. Oh well, I guess we'll just have to keep coming back until I find the answer to all these questions.

THE SHOWER

By Mike Fraley

The trip took form one weekend when I had both Saturday and Sunday off from work. Dick Garnick wanted to make an overnight trip up to the Chilliwack Valley to check out an area he had found some years back and to possibly check out some new areas. One of the Fourth Corner Grotto members, Dave Hopf, was interested in going along, so we decided to meet him in the valley on Sunday when he could make it up.

The weather for this weekend was great! However, it was a little too great. The 85 plus degree weather made hiking with heavy packs excessively tiring and brought out some of the largest swarms of killer bugs the world has ever seen. I thought I was prepared for the bugs, I bought some back country bug repellent which sported a 100% active ingredient label. Little did I know that even this was not enough for these bugs! The heat and the bugs combined with the altitude to make for a thoroughly miserable time.

Our first stop on Saturday was an area known today as Pendulum Karst. The area got its name from an old tree that snapped off at its base, but became tangled in the branches of a nearby tree and was left hanging in mid-air. The trunk of the tree now hangs 4 feet off the ground next to a large sink hole. Pendulum Karst consists of an area of insurrections at the head of a long sunken valley, and the resurgence comes out three quarters of a mile down the sunken valley and 400 feet lower in elevation. The resurgence area is impressive. To reach it, you hike up the sunken valley, through marshes and meadows and over the cave system beneath. Eventually, you break out into a large meadow with small depressions in the ground that appear to have streams running into them. Once you approach them, you realize the depressions are actually steep sided sink holes, some

with rock walls. There are three major sinks taking water that I saw, and Dick said there were more higher on the hill. One of the largest sinks has a noticeable draft of cold air flowing out of the rocks at the bottom. It appears collapsed shut but could potentially be opened with the help of some digging, dynamiting and atomic bombing.

The largest of these sinks contains a small cave at its bottom. A rather steep climb down slippery limestone gets you to the point where you squeeze down a small hole with jagged points sticking you in the side and tearing at your skin. You can make your way down a short talus slope to the edge of a 10 foot pit. The lower end of the pit is where the water disappears down a long crawlway that neither of us had the clothes on to push. For a cave that was only 50 feet long at best, it was very interesting in the fact that you had to climb down further than you could crawl. We entered this cave more to escape the bugs than to see if it had opened up after the large November rains had cascaded down its entrance. When we exited the cave, the bugs knew they had us again, the temperature seemed to have climbed even higher, and I was hot and thirsty. Most of all, I needed a shower.

From our vantage point at Pendulum Karst, we could look out across a long valley that ran 10 miles almost exactly parallel to the U.S. border. The end of the valley is actually in U.S. territory. Quite a ways down the valley and on the other side, we could see a limestone area that Dick said no one had ever been to before to check out. The roads that access the area have gates on them. Luckily for us, Dick has the key! After some thinking, I said go for it and off we went. After making it back to the truck and being welcomed by the million degree heat inside the cab, we hoped in and sped off to what could turn into an entirely new caving area. We made it through the gate and started up the logging roads, and to our delight, the logging road ended about 1000 feet from the limestone and at the same elevation. We hiked all over this new area and found more sink holes than a man could count in a lifetime. A few of the sinks had active streams running into them as well. The area will definitely need further hiking to find the caves, if they are large enough for humans to enter.

We camped at the end of the same logging road that night. I don't think I closed my eyes for much more than about 2 seconds the whole night, but that is the way it goes when you are hot and dirty, and need a shower. We were greeted early the next morning by something I will not soon forget. The door of the tent was facing a very impressive mountain on the American side of the border which had a small glacier near its peak. When the sun rose that morning, it hit the rock and ice and began to loosen it. As Dick and I were talking and thinking about getting up, I heard a noise that sounded like a jet engine

with all the crackling and popping. I looked out the screen on the tent, and there before our eyes was an avalanche cascading down a shear, three thousand foot rock face from the summit to the valley floor below. I had heard avalanches at night before while camping near Mt. Shuksan, but I had never seen one, certainly not one on that scale.

We met Dave Hopf a little later that day. His small Volkswagen Rabbit made it up the logging roads despite my thoughts to the contrary. It was decided that we would enter Bog Creek Cave and go at least as far as the 40 foot pit. This was my first trip into this cave. I had been to the entrance once and was impressed by this huge pit with a large stream running down into it. On this day the stream was smaller, so the trip into the cave would be easier. After kicking the passage open, due to debris clogging it, we put on our gear and headed into the cave. We were immediately met by what I can only say is exactly what I envision hell as looking like. The passage was almost heart shaped and just tall enough to sit upright in. What was worse, it slanted steeply down into the earth at an uncomfortable angle and the stream, albeit small, was with us the whole way down. Not far into the cave, we had to climb down an 8 foot pit. Luckily, the stream is channeled out of the way by some grooves the water has cut along the side of the drop. Unless you drop the pit near the end, this is the only place you can stand up and escape the stream. After some more sloping, tight stream passage, the objective could be heard. The passage leads into a high dome pit, the height of which I don't know, but it is 40 feet from the stream passage to the bottom. Dave Hopf and Dick busied themselves with rigging the pit, so I put my vertical gear on from lack of anything better to do. I was raring to go when the rope was done being rigged.

Once Dave had the pit rigged, he proceeded to lower the rope down the pit. The only problem, he literally lowered the rope, putting it hand over hand down the drop thinking the water fall was pulling it all the way to the bottom. When I started my rappel, I immediately entered the waterfall and was glad I had my PVC suit on to keep from getting wet. Keeping my head pointed down the keep water out of my face, I made my way down as fast as I felt was safe. Before I got half way down, I looked down the drop and to my horror, I saw that the rope had not made it to the bottom and was in a huge jumbled mass and hanging from every conceivable piece of limestone that would hold it. The waterfall had not taken the rope to the bottom as Dave thought it would, and now it was beginning to find its way into my suit. I struggled and fought with the rope, kicking and pulling for what seemed like an eternity, trying to send it down the drop. Every time I would free it, it would tangle further down. In my struggles, water was running down my sleeves and neck literally filling my suit up

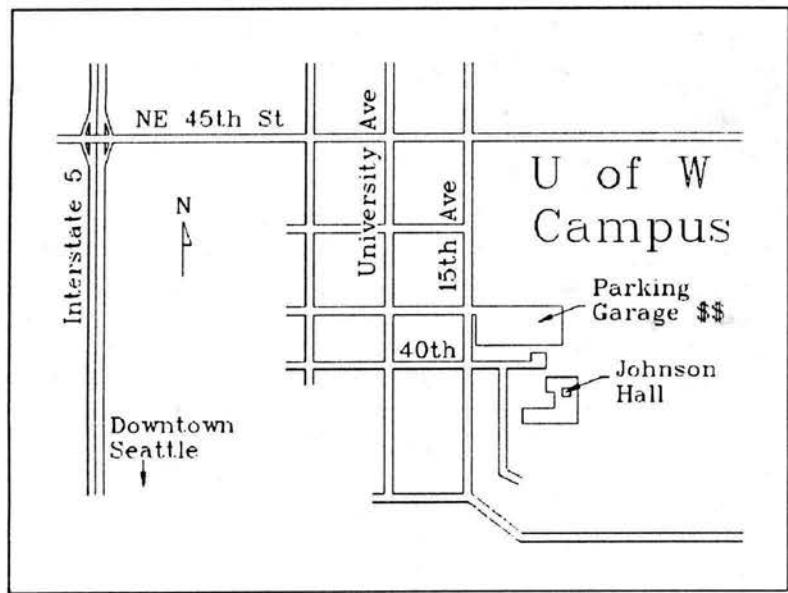
with water. My rubber boots completely filled and probably a little ways up my legs as well. I was soaked from head to toe at this point, and the water was spraying everywhere and reducing my visibility to the point where I couldn't see my feet any longer. After more kicking, I finally freed the rope and sent it the rest of the way down. I must say that feeling the jerk from the weight of the rope as it fell was probably the most relieving feeling I've ever felt; knowing I could proceed at reckless speed down the rope. After I crashed into the bottom of the pit due to my visibility being taken away from all the water crashing down over my glasses, I got up and out of the waterfall. I was in sorry shape by that point. Not one inch of my body was still dry, and the wool cloths under my suit had become water logged and heavy. I had to empty my boots 3 times because the water in my clothing slowly made its way down the inside of my suit to refill them. I yelled back up that I wasn't going to be able to do the rest of the cave because I was becoming colder and colder by the minute. Dave Hopf came down the pit after me, and made it down without a hitch, not even getting wet. I had him give me a bottom belay so I could climb fast and I'm pretty sure I set the world record for ascending 40 feet. Dick followed me to the 8 foot climb to make sure I made it out, and once I was up the drop, I was gone. The intense heat and even the bugs were welcome after I exited the cave.

What is ironic about the whole ordeal, is that I had been whining all weekend to that point that I wanted a shower and would be willing to bathe in one of the cold glacier streams if I had to. I got my wish in a rather rude way. About the only thing I can say to mother nature for granting my wish is; a little soap would have been nice.

We had a nice lunch after we all exited since Dave brought along his camp stove. We ate a nice brew of beef stew and chili, mixed together in the same pot. It was surprisingly good! We did some small checking of limestone deposits with binoculars on the way down, but didn't find any huge walk-in entrances. The weekend as a whole was good, but the real shower I took when I got home was the biggest and best one any human has probably ever taken.

FREE EMAIL!

Seattle Community Network and the Seattle Public Library both provide free Internet access. For those outside the Seattle area there is a new company called Juno which provides free email. Anyone interested in finding out more about this free email service should contact Larry McTigue or Michael Compton.



The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00 pm on the third Friday of each month in room 006 in the basement of Johnson Hall on the University of Washington campus.

We look forward to seeing you at one
of our meetings

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