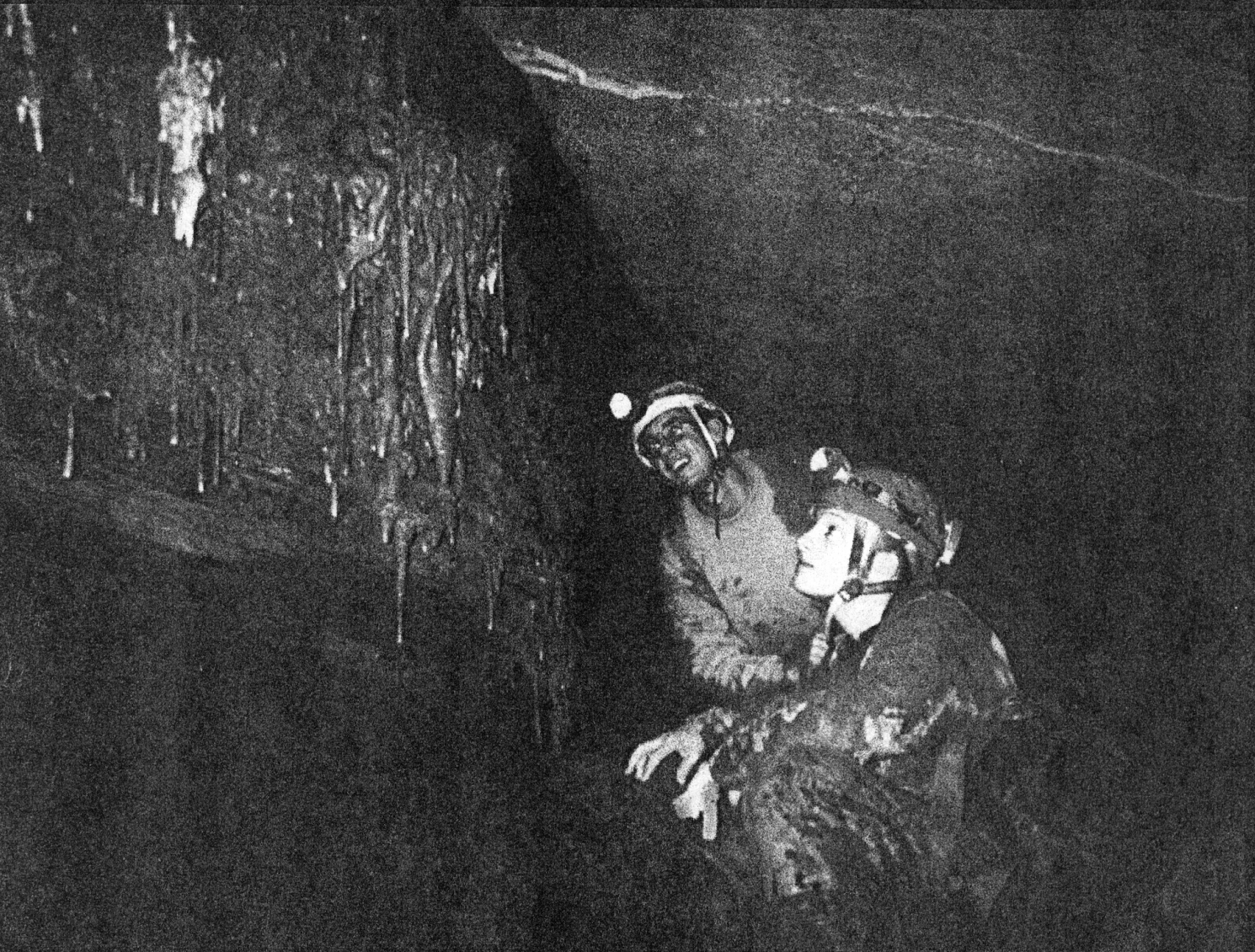


JMU Underground

20th Anniversary Edition



December 4, 1999

Vol. 6 Issue 2

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"Take nothing but pictures, Leave nothing but footprints, Kill nothing but time."

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*** Editors note: The next underground is scheduled to be published During early March... so that gives everyone a nice chunk of time to get pictures, articles, comics.. or jokes submitted. To send submissions or ask any questions contact me at:**

davisjc@jmu.edu
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aol im: Jiffy88

Front Cover: Corbett Cave Helictites with Rich Baily and Sargent Bray.

Statement of the Grotto Address

First of all I would like to welcome the return of MUSG's publication the JMU Underground. It has been a long break but it is back stronger than ever entering it's sixth volume. Another semester at James Madison is nearing a close as exams creep up on us. After looking back on all the journals and twenty years of history that MUSG has I compiled the following to highlight the memories and experiences. Hopefully as we all reflect on the past 20 years (or however long you have been a member) we will see room for improvement and new ideas. Once is that we should start the club surveying again. There has been a lot of alot of whispers throughout the club of wanting to learn how to survey and purchase equipment and supplies needed. Some have even talked of using computer software for 3D models once the data has been collected. Overall this semester has been a great one and I look forward to the millenium of caving this January. Happy Caving!

- Jennifer Davis

Grotto Officers 1999-00

PresidentPatrick Rodgers
Vice PresidentBrad Ricks
SecretaryJennifer Davis
Treasurer.....Susan Rilee
Webmaster.....Ben Madore
JMU Underground EditorJennifer Davis
Equipment Coordinator.....Rich Bailey
Events ChairmanKelly Leonard

Organize This!

About 90 years ago a group of women wen to a college in Harrisonburg. It suddenly occurred to these women several years later that without men, they are merely nothing but Wo. As a result, they recruited men. Many years later this unisex body created an outdoors club. That was pretty cool and all, but they sincerely missed out on something in life. That's right, a good time! So naturally one fine young man stood up at an outdoors meeting and said, "Hey Outdoors Club! Julio Eglasias is one of the sexiest men alive!!" Naturally a short time after this statement was made, another Outing guy decided to start a club that:

- a) had a good time
- b) went caving

So that's how this fine organization of ours got started that we now affectionately call the Madison University Student Grotto.



By: Brad Ricks



TOP TEN....

...rejected names for the Madison University Student Grotto

BY: BRAD RICKS

10.) Why the Outdoors Club Sucks (WOCS)

9.) James Madison University student Grotto (JMUSG) ...this was pretty cool name at first but the cavers had a difficult time pronouncing the abbreviation "jmusg", so it was shortened.

8.) Students Who Want Big Dirty Holes (SWWBDH)this option was first to be eliminated and the boy who came up with the idea has been locked up somewhere in the far reaches of Butler cave for the last 20 years.

7.) Virginia's Premiere Institution goes Underground (VPI Underground) ... this idea was sorta taken already, so it had to be dropped.

6.) Madison University's Sloppy Grotto (MUSG) ... they loved the abbreviation but changed the name after they found caves other than Glade and Blowing.

5.) Wealthy Cavers who think that the NSS is the Greatest Organization on Earth (WCTNSSGOE)a clever trick which gave MUSG official NSS status ...but when they got it, the name was immediately dropped.

4.) University Round-up of Educated Cavers (UREC) ...What would we now say at cave meetings instead of "Urec Sucks!"?

3.) Carl and the Boys (C&B)This was Carl's idea. He loved the name. He cried when it wasn't accepted.

2.) Where is all the Cave Gear? (WACG) We've obviously had this problem from the start.

And the NUMBER ONE most rejected name for the Madison University Student Grotto is:

1.) Natural Stalactite Stealers (NSS)

Fall Ball '99 Highlights...

It was a beautiful Friday, starting a beautiful weekend. A green Subaru Outback Sport started out for Aqua Campground.

Arriving there on time and without incident was achieved for most, but not all of us. In particular Kendall was hit by a Park Ranger!

Incidents resolved, we all settled in, began campfires, had some grub. Sing along ensued, and it wasn't long before nearly everyone was around one fire swapping stories and contemplating the next day (or next drink).

Rich, Pat, and John arrived around 9:30, as were starting to worry about them. They were safe and sound but very tired from their 70 mile bike ride.

Saturday brought the leaving of many people sadly. However, while waiting for a Breathing trip, which never got going, who was to show up but alumnus Ed Render. Ed, the most dedicated of us, spent three hundred dollars to come, and between noon and since, got his money's worth. He was out of commission all night.

Aqua came, and Aqua went; wet and cold. Patrick took a trip to Marshalls but returned shortly to ask Alex to show him how to get to the entrance of the cave. We had some Zip line action with Patrick's impressive rig, some swimming, and settled into another chill around the fire.

The Poe-liece came, and they were successfully avoided by Ian and his friends. The rope swing was visited frequently (mostly dry) and we had some interesting philosophical discussions before calling it a night.

And so, Sunday Morning, with heavy hearts, and tears in our eyes, we departed Aqua Campground once again....and passed out in our beds.

By: Ben Madore



Above: Carli and Susanna downing RC.

Left: Susan Rilee and friend.



Above: Kelly Leonard, Rich Bailey and Kendall Whiteway play 'circle of death'

Right: Meredith Stenberg and Jennifer Davis roast wieners.



Classic Cave Quotes...

1: Gretchen Daly on a Glade or Breathing trip: We were have lights out and trying to see our hands in front our faces. She came out with this: Is this me or am I just playing with myself??

2: You know how well Vonnie is with her English phrases at times... We had just done Devil's hole and we were getting out. Someone dropped a glove back into the pit. Vonnie repelled back in to get the glove and carried it back out. She then proceeded to almost fall into the cave in order not to drop it back into the cave. She then made some kind of comment about it was a good thing she didn't drop the glove because she would have to go back in for it. Jeff Good looked over her and saw her lamp was still running... he said... the lights are on... But nobody is home.

3: Lisa Holtz was a good caver but a bit excentric. She was known to take her makeup kit with her on some cave trips. She was especially dirty on one trip and she looked up and said... this cave smells like dirt.

Quotes 1-3 courtesy of Alan Staimen

4: Glade (circa 1980's) A rather heavy set first time caver climbing up the slide. The girl was having a time trying to get up the webbing with the loops. A freshman girl at the bottom of the slide says: "If you can get it up I can help you get it in!"

5: Glade (again) 1995, Maribeth and I were taking a nap up near the Maj Tahal (for those of you who don't know the Maj Tahal is a formation that looks like the Taj Mahal upside down.) MB reaches over and says: "I hope this hard thing is your helmet."

6: Diane and I are hiking at Dark Hollow Falls. I get onto the rocks out over the falls (more than a 200' drop). I say: "Hey, I'm pretty smart standing out here on this slippery rock." and She says: "That's O.K., I know CPR."

Quotes 4-6 courtesy of Chris Anthony

7: Alex and Liselle are hiking near Aqua and Liselle states: "I think north should be just northwest of us now."

-compliments of Alex Leaman

8: Brian Bailey's comment to Rich during a lights out in Key. "Just because I can't see you Rich, doesn't mean I can't kick your ass."

-requested publication by Brian Baily and John Doroshenk

9: In an uncanny observation, Liselle Batt commented that "It's really much quieter when the lights are out." - ah... ok...

-yours in disbelief, Chris Anthony

10: After 10 people had passed threw the 'nutcracker' aka "the butt pirate" - in Breathing Cave, John Doroshenk tried reasoning with his decision to avoid this hanus formation and cave the wetter alternative route. His exact words were - "Guys, there is absolutely no glory in getting raped by a rock!"

-submitted by Ed Render

11: Lights out.... Glade... cave art room... Brian Bailey says to me, "Chris, I'm gonna plug you with my big fat thumb!" I rudely interrupt the darkness out of say, curiosity, and I observe that Brian has constructed a giant mud thumb over his own biological one. I reply, "looks like you already did."

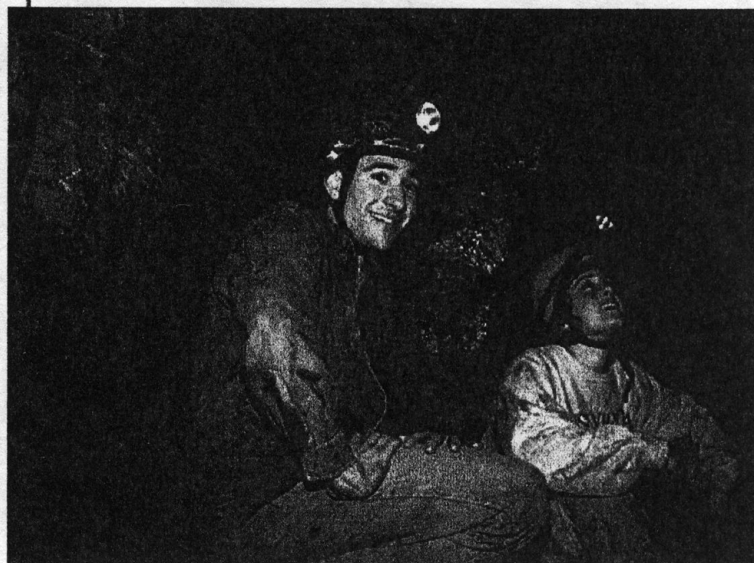
-Thanks Brian, love always, Chris Anthony

12: Susan Rilee in Clark's gave us the wonderful phrase "Wow, what phallic delights!"

-Observed by Ben Madore

13: I think we can all agree with Ben's "Back in Bedford...."

-submitted by MUSG



Alumnus and past president Ed Render in Key 1995.

Hamilton Cave Trip Report

October 17th 1999

The most laid back trip that we've ever had.

Round about 10:00 am or so, I pulled up behind Burruss to see Carl, Rich, Kendall and CC sittin' around ready to go caving. Rich backed out after dropping off a bit of gear, but we met up with him yet again on our Mr. J's run. After Kendall danced for joy over the fact that they have these pumpkin bagels that she talked about all morning, she discovered that you can buy three bagels for the price of one bagel with cream cheese! Kendall chose the cream cheese option and was kindly handed a pumpkin bagel with enough cream cheese to sculpt a life size cave rat. From there, it was off to West Virginia for a great day of drivin', cavin', sittin' around and eatin' BBQ.

After a great drive down 33 during peak foliage season we arrived at Trout Rocks to find that a big chunks of the rock is now missing due to road construction. Along with this was a sign that said not to go caving while they are blasting out more rock along with the road. With a slight uneasy feeling, we proceeded to Hamilton Cave hoping with our lives that the boys don't come alone to shake up the mountain a bit with us inside of it! This was an especially special trip for me as it was my first experience with my shiny, Bright Turquoise colored new cave suit! This suit wasn't just shiny... it was the kind of shiny that your Georgia in-laws have after a long day in the Greased-Pig tournament. I felt like a spaceman. When we got to the Hamilton entrance, we all sat down and chatted for about 20 minutes or so.

Inside the cave, we met a nice professor from Eastern Mennonite with his three little boys who just discovered that you can't see your hand in front of your face during lights out (Obviously

these kids learn far quicker than I do.. 'Clark's Cave trip report April '99). We sat and talked with them, while Carl and the EMU guy played "Do you know Dr. so and so?" for a while. We caved on for a little bit, then sat and talked for another 20 minutes or so. Had lights out for a bit, then went on. A few minutes later, and a few wrong turns later, we all sat down and had another lights out. Much to our delight, CC sang a bit too. We started caving again, to quickly fin the back of the cave, or at least as far as we wanted to go with it. Fatigued from that 1st 15 minutes of caving, we had a lights out. This was a good long one too...the kind that makes your butt go numb from the cold rocks, and when you start seeing things that you know really

aren't there such as the levitating head of John Doroschenk singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy".

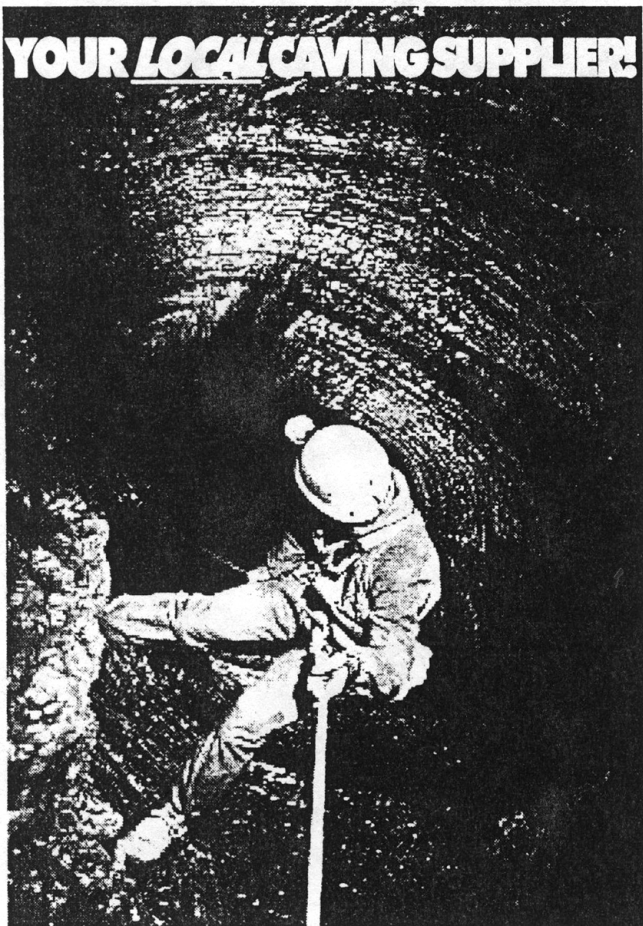
After that lights out, I found this cool indention in the wall that looked like a cave... crazy thinkin' that, huh? So I crawled into it and we had a lights out for a while. From there we went to a couple art rooms, and after finding a nice little one, we sat down and made some cool art. I made a turtle, CC made a pointing dog, Kendall made a Bull I think... and Carl had

another lights out. We finished our great afternoon of caving and made it back to the entrance, where we decided to rest and recuperate ourselves after such a strenuous day. Naturally we had a lights out 20 feet from the entrance, had some Twix and water. Feeling much better and ready to go to Fat Boys Pork Palace, we left the cave, to go sit down and talk just outside of the entrance for a while. Dinner at Fat Boys was nothing short of the highlight of my life. My new dream is to one day make it on the picture wall of Fat Boys Regulars.

By: Brad Ricks

This suit wasn't just shiny... it was the kind of shiny that your Georgia in-laws have after a long day in the Greased-Pig Tournament.

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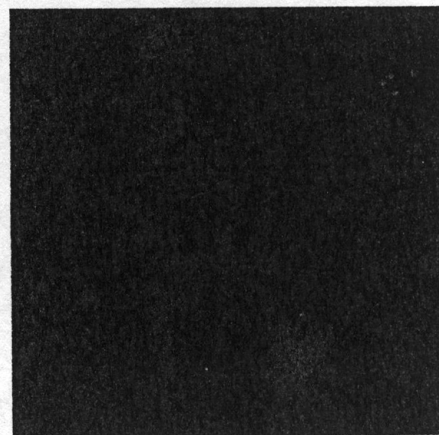


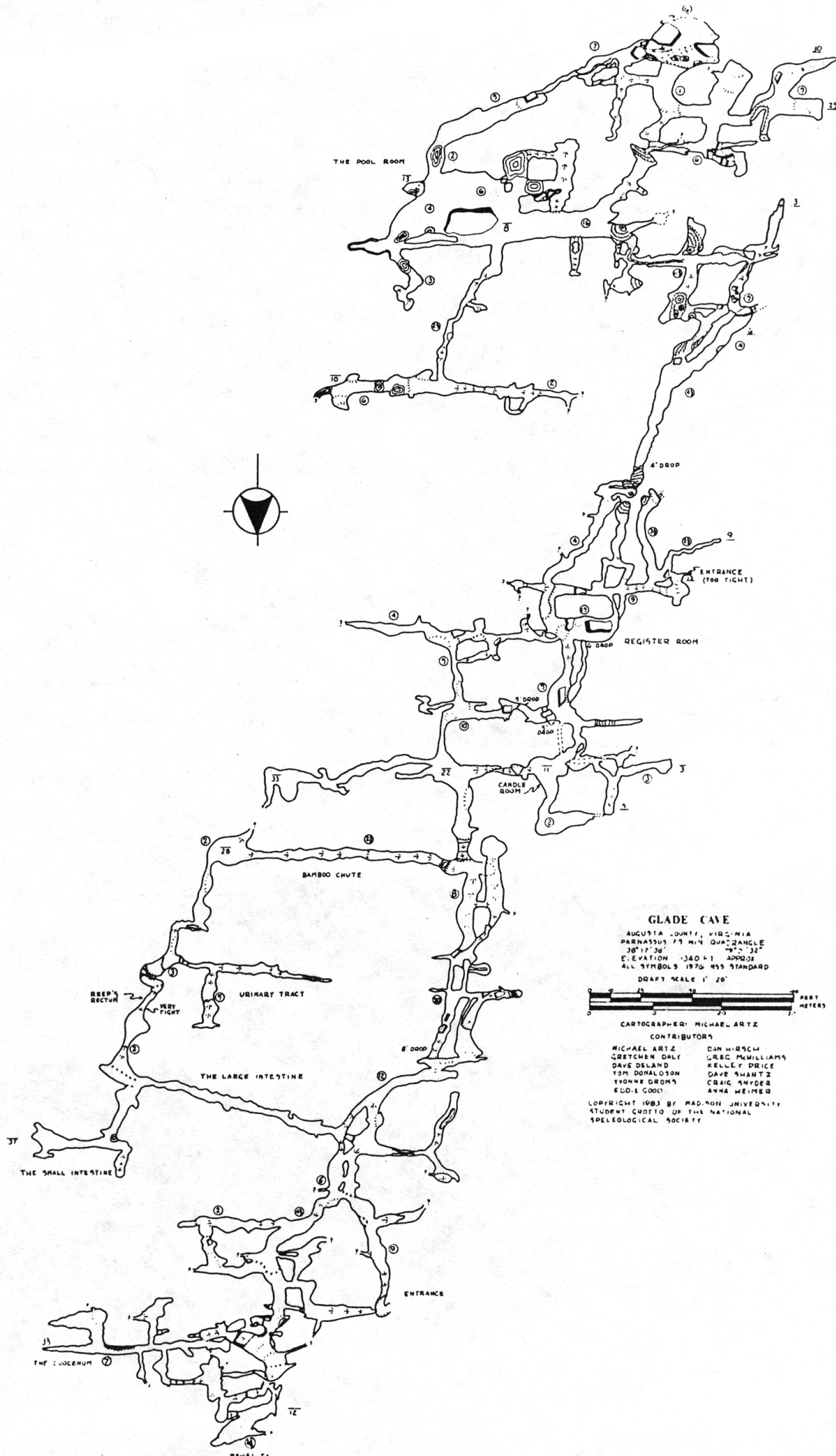
Rt. 1 Box 263, Greenville, VA 24440
Ph/Fax (540) 377-2690 imo@caves.org



Right: Marshalls crowd from 1997

A Caver fell in Marshalls the second week in December in 1999. Good thing it wasn't anything from our Grotto. Grady and the gang from NCRC took care of the scene.





GLADE CAVE

AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA
 PARNASSUS 1.5 MI. N. QUADRANGLE
 38° 17' 38" 79° 12' 32"
 ELEVATION 1340 ± 1 APPROX
 ALL SYMBOLS 1976 USS STANDARD

DRAFT SCALE 1" = 20'



CARTOGRAPHER: MICHAEL ARTZ

CONTRIBUTORS

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EUDIE GOOL	ANNA WEINER

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 SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

An Introduction to JMU Caving Mythology: The Heroes and Gods

The following article was published in January of 1982.

There is some dispute among scholars as to the origins of Madison caving gods and the legends that surround them. Some scholars say that legends are true and that these gods walk among us. Others hold that the gods do not exist at all, but are just a myth started by primitive JMU cavers who were attempting to give shape and meaning to the phenomena that surrounded them. A third school believes that the gods were actual men, whose deeds and exploits have slowly been exaggerated over the years until they attained their present mythic proportions. The controversy rages on.

By the time I joined the Cave Club (a year ago), the legends were already well-established. I am now well acquainted with most of them. But some of you new-comers may be unfamiliar with the gods or confused by garbled oral accounts of their exploits, so I shall herein attempt to set the record straight.

The oldest and probably most important of the gods is Bob Carts. Bob is the god of the underworld and his symbol is the most important in caving mythology, the mole. Legend has it that Bob's father was the cave Titan Stan who was actually in a cave when Bob was born. During the first years of his life, Bob is reported to have returned often to his mother's womb, not for comforting, but push the few remaining leads he had neglected during his fetal stage. Bob spent his youth in closets and under beds where he searched through layers of sedimentary dirty clothes for his virgin sneakers until as a full fledged god, he came to Madison and established the JMU Student Grotto. The other gods and heroes followed him as he fearlessly and flawlessly lead them deep into the bowels of the earth in a seemingly endless series of spectacular subterranean quests. But then he seemed to fade out of the picture. Recently, a man

claiming to be the god Bob had appeared at cave club meetings and parties but he hasn't done anything divine and some doubt the validity of his claims.

The second most important cave god is Mike Artz (rural scholars argue that Mike is as great as Bob, but they are generally scoffed at by the more numerous and sophisticated scholars). Mike is the god of the mountains and his symbol is the Goat. Mike is said to have been born on a farm in Woodstock, VA; where legend has it he amused himself by climbing the sheep walls of the grain silo and then repelled into it while his parents did all the chores. After rain storms, Mike climbs overhanging undersides of rainbows; and once, it is rumored, he climbed so high he reached the sky. A caver/climber who claims to be the god Mike is (was) the president of the James Madison Grotto. He says he can lead 5.9 and goes on 28 hour survey trips virgin cave. But these exploits invariably and unaccountably take place in the Gunks in New York or Roppel Cave in Kentucky: far away places no one has ever heard of or ever been to. Some skeptics say they exist only in "Mike's" head. They point out that three mortal grotto climbers climb as well as "Mike", which would not be possible were he a true god.

A lesser known and less powerful god is the god Paul Clifford. Paul is the god of passion and his sign is that of the Horse. He resides with the two major gods at Squire Hill (*editors note: the rest of this sentence does not reflect the present views of the club or JMU) it is said that a bevy of beautiful bouncing broads with big boobs and bountiful buns follow him everywhere, attending his every need. It is said that long ago, before he reached puberty and became distracted, he too went on long cave trips.

Another of the lesser gods is Bob-Bob Ebaugh. Bob-Bob is the god of Cave Gear. He is a great collector and his sign is the Pack Rat. Bob-Bob was once a great caver on eof the fearless five who endured the rigors of the epic 24 hour bivouac trip in Simmons-Mingo, where these great ones proved their manhood by penetrating almost half as deep in to the cave as Kelly Price managed to go in nine hours on her

Caving Mythology continued...

fourth trip. But then Bob-Bob fell in love with the beautiful nymph Elaine and gave up caving.

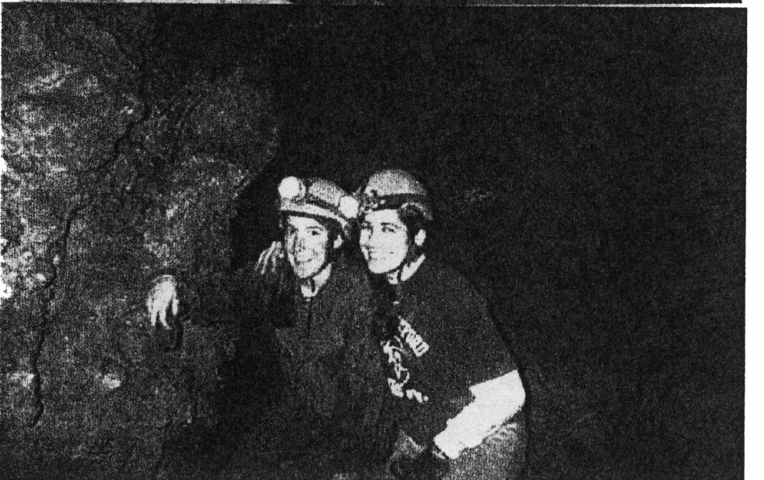
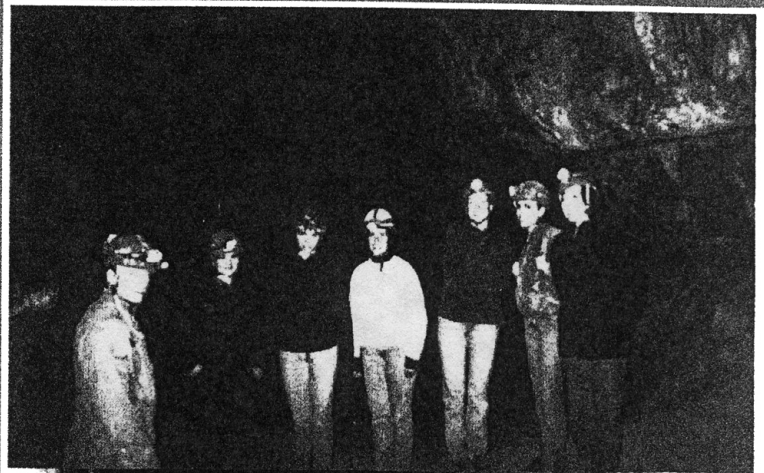
The last of the cave god is that god Jaime. Jaime is the god of Darkness and his sign is the Bat. Jaime is never seen in the light of day and only the fortunate can catch glimpses of him at night. He is entirely nocturnal! This is because like a bat itself, Jaime spends his days hanging upside down in a cave. (Some skeptics say that one never sees Jaime during the day because he stays up so late and gets so drunk that he always passes out and sleeps until dusk, but this claim is ridiculous. Not even a god could get drunk every night.)

These five gods share the divine rank with two goddesses. These are the goddesses Katy Kahle, and Barb Hoffman. They are the goddesses of Beauty and Generosity and share the sign of the Fox. Scholars disagree as to which is which and most agree that both of them have both of these and other virtues.

There are two other legendary deities—the heroes Gary Rodgers and Blaise Barry. Half god and half man, these heroes are reputed to be incredibly strong. Gary, the largest and strongest of the legendary figures, is said to resemble a great cave bear. Lately he's been hibernating. Blaise, another pillar of strength, is said to be able to enlarge tight passages by flexing his legendary muscles and it is said that, while climbing, he creates his own holds by punching holds in the rockface. But none have seen him cave or climb in a long time.

That is JMU Caving Mythology as I learned it. Perhaps it is true; perhaps. Perhaps someday these legendary figures may once again walk among us and lead us on long caving and intense climbing trips. Perhaps new gods will rise to take their place. And perhaps not. Only time will tell.

- Bruce Beard



Cave Conservation Law

**Editors note: This was addition to the code of Virginia in 1983 numbered 18.1-175.1 This way all you cavers can't plead ignorance!*

18.1-175.1, (a) It shall be unlawful for any person without the prior permission of the owner, to willfully or knowingly break, break off, mutilate, injure, deface, or mar or harm any natural material found within a cave or cavern, such as stalactites, flowstone, draperies, columns, or similar crystalline mineral formations or otherwise; to kill harm, or disturb plant or animal life found therein; to discard litter or refuse therein, or otherwise break, force, tamper with, remove, or otherwise disturb a lock, gate, door or other structure or obstruction designed to prevent entrance to a cave or cavern, with out the permission of the owner thereof, whether or not he entrance is gained.

(b) Violators of this section shall be guilty of misdemeanor. A misdemeanor is defined as fines up to 500 dollars and sentences up to one year in jail.

December Banquet 1999

The *JMU Underground* would like to thank Kelly Leonard for all the time she has spent preparing for December Banquet 1999 and the 20th anniversary of MUSG. Also MUSG thanks Steve Durkee and John Doroschenk for pre-dinner refreshments. Lil-Italia for accommodations and IMO for this edition of *JMU Underground* support. Also Carl Droms for supplying me with MUSG history, information and past journals.



The Cave Raven: a bat story

From July 1984:

Once upon a cavern dreary, while I pondered weak
and weary

Over a many curious volume of register room lore,
While I nodded, nearly freezing, suddenly there
came a wheezing, As if someone gently sneezing,
sneezing by the chamber door "Tis some caver", I
muttered, "Wheezing at the chamber door"

Only this and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no
longer;

"Sir", said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore."

"But the fact is I was freezing and so gently you
came a-wheezing, sneezing at the chamber door
That scarce I was sure I heard you" - here I shed
light upon the door:

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing

Reloading carbide swiftly as not mortal did before,
Curses I did start to mutter, then with dirt and flirt
and flutter

In flew a cave raven, the type I do Abhor!
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore!

Screw That, Thought I, Breaking for the door.

Making tracks with head lamp burning, through the
mazes,

twisting, turning

Beating feet like I never had before

Suddenly, an intersection, took the left without
inspection.

And behold the register room once more

It watched upon stalagmite perching, while my map
I was a 'searching, searching for a passage without
the circle tour

Quoth the Cave Raven, "Never more."

Is this some mad game It's playing, or, worse
yet, a trap it's laying

Ain't no way that I am staying, to find out
what's in store

Heedless of a major bruising from the passage I
was choosing

It was time for serious cruising, Again I bolted
for the door

Quoth the Cave Raven, "Never more."

Into a tube with cave pack dragging, eating dust
and choking, gagging

With hope that It was lagging, lagging far back
by the door.

Again another intersection, took what seemed
the right direction.

And again beheld the muddy register room floor
"Wretch", said I, "Thing of evil! Prophet still if
bat or devil" "when shall I leave this room and
behold the sun once more?"

Quoth the Cave Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bat or friend!"
I shrieked, upstarting:

"Get thee back into the cavern and to the
backrooms
blackest sphere.

Leave no sign of your calling, least you wish
your major mauling be history now and no more
stalling;

Quit your perch next to the door."

Quoth the Cave Raven, "Never more."

Passages I try still, without number each one
returns me here to wonder, with all my hopes
and dreams a-sunder

Oh, will I ever be in the sun once more?

Here I sit with carbide all out, waiting for final
call out

When my soul may be lifted from the register
room floor.

And that may happen - Never more.

*By: Lance Smith
(with apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)*

History of MUSG

According to Mike Artz

Once upon a time a group of fellows got together and went caving in Hellhole. Mass quantities of favorite substances were consumed, etc. and upon exit and while lying in an open field, one of the guys, Bob Carts, had a vision while staring glassy-eyed into the oscillating blue sky above him. A vision of a cohesive group of people, a group of people with common activities and goals, activities and goals that need to be shared with other people. On that day in 1978 our club was born. What a fairy tale it has been too.

In 1979 our club was chartered as a grotto of the NSS. For several years the Outing Club was chartered grotto and eventually lost its charter because of lack of interest. Bob Carts was our first President. Because of his contacts and congenial yet obscene (abrasive) personality he was able to get five NSS members out of the JMU population (the minimum for a grotto). Since I wasn't around in 1979 I don't know much about what happened... but here was a tight closely knit group of MUSGers caving at the time. Some of these people were Bob Carts, Jaime Reep, Blaise Barry, and Fred Heerbrandt. We used to have great parties in Bob's room in Gifford Hall.

In the fall of 1980, Meredith Hall, Paul Gifford, Mike Balenger, Brooks Bozman, Cindy Schroer and I came along (many others but I forgot names). the club membership was soon close to 20 active members. We had caving trips every weekend. Most notable were several trips to VPI to Clover Hollow, Newberry-Banes, and Pig Hole; a marathon 30 hour trip to Simmons-Mingo and countless other excursions to WVA caves. Everyone gathered at Jaime and Katie's place on New York Avenue for parties. We had a great time.

In 1981, I was elected president and held the position for two years. We were recognized by JMU and our membership grew to about 40 people. Somewhere in that time Bruce Beard, Gary Rodgers, Bob-Bob Ebaugh, Kelley Price, Anna Weimer, Dave Deland, Patti Barnes, Anne Durica, Susan Shaw,

Zach Krasner, Craig Snyder, Vicki Liddle, Tom Allin, and Art Kohn came into the scene. There were several trips to Kentucky to Roppel Cave (may we always remember it as Roppel) and Friars Hole. Spring Fling, Fall Ball, Banquet and Pig Roast became official club functions (they are great for seeing old friends). Who could forget Lee Sattler getting wasted on grain at Fall Ball. Or Mike Reep and his case of Jack at Spring Fling.

In 1982, MUSG hosted Fall VAR at Massanutten Caverns and it was a great success but a little cold. 1449E was the party spot for two years. When we moved out our deposit was kept because the rug was trashed from all the beer and cigarette stains.

In 1983 Dave Deland was elected President. Caving started moving into other states. Several of us helped PSC start resurveying Simmons-Mingo. Ellisons was invaded and we dropped the 586 foot pit. A few of us met in Yosemite National Park and did some intense rock climbing. In 1983, the club started its first major project — the survey of Glade Cave. That map was finished within 6 months and we began to survey 3D Maze and Mad Steer Cave.

In 1984, Kelley Price was elected President. That year was fairly active. 3D Maze and Better Forgotten Cave are current surveying projects. Membership requirements have become stricter. It's harder to join now but we can look forward to becoming more competent cavers. Several MUSGers lived in Yosemite for the summer while others went to the National Convention in Wyoming. It looks like this year will be another one to look back and say "Yeah, we really did accomplish something". We certainly have, may it continue!

Mike Artz
MUSG #10
NSS 19309

