

THE MAVERICK BULL

The Monthly Newsletter Of The Ft. Worth Maverick Grotto

Volume 12, Issue 12

The End of an Era

December 1998



And the Start of a New One

Copyright 1998. The Maverick Grotto.

The Maverick Bull is the monthly newsletter of The Maverick Grotto, an internal organization of The National Speleological Society (NSS G-322). The editor invites all individuals and other grottos to submit articles, news, maps, cartoons, art and photographs. If the material is to be returned, a self-addressed stamped envelope should accompany it.

Reprinting Articles: Internal organizations of The National Speleological Society may reprint any item (unless copyrights belong to the author as stated in the byline) first appearing in *The Maverick Bull* if proper credit is given and a complete copy of the publication is delivered to the editor at the time of publication. Other organizations should contact the editor of *The Maverick Bull* at the address herein.

Exchanges: The Maverick Grotto will exchange newsletters with other grottos. Contact the editor.

Complementary Newsletters: The Maverick Grotto will provide complementary newsletters to persons or organizations that provide cave access (i.e. landowners) or otherwise provide assistance to cavers. The

Maverick Grotto will provide one free issue to persons interested in becoming members.

Subscription Rates: Subscription rates are \$15.00 per year for non-members and free for members.

Membership Policy: Any individual with interests, beliefs and actions consistent with the purposes of The Maverick Grotto and The National Speleological Society is eligible for membership. Acceptance of new members is based on payment of dues and a mandatory three trip requirement with at least three different grotto members. These three members shall act as sponsors. At least one sponsor must attend the meeting at which the membership vote is taken. A two-thirds majority vote of the members present will be required for acceptance.

Meetings: Meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month at Smokey's Ribs, 5300 E. Lancaster, Fort Worth. It is located less than one mile west of Loop 820 and next to K-Mart. The time is 7 p.m., and the food is good.

Carbide: Grotto carbide is available at the meeting if prior arrangements are made. Carbide is free for the asking. Contact Russell Hill at 220-

7108 or Butch Fralia at 346-2039 for more information.

Library: Support your Grotto Library. Russell Hill will be accepting books and magazines on cave-related topics, copies of homemade cave videos, etc. for our library. We wish to thank Russell for his efforts each month to bring and set up the Grotto Library.

Chairman:

John Langevin
4700 Trail Lake Dr.
Fort Worth, TX. 76302
(817) 924-1919

Vice-Chairman:

Dave Milhollin
101 Hosack St. #3
Arlington TX 76010
(817) 459-3959

Secretary/Editor:

Chad Fenner
3700 Wayland
Ft. Worth, TX. 76133
(817) 292-7722

Treasurer:

Sharon Mastbrook
3412 Walton Ave.
Fort Worth, TX 76133
(817) 346-2039

Cave Rescue: Call collect: (512) 686-0234

Photo Credits

This month's cover is a collage of covers from the past five years.
Page 4, Maverick Anniversary Party, taken by Butch Fralia
Page 5, TCR River prior to the rise of the "River", taken by Butch Fralia
Page 6, TCR Crowd, taken by Butch Fralia

Other Credits

Editor for one more issue: Chad Fenner

Editor-in-charge-of-English: Lisa Fenner

Visit Our Web Site



The *Maverick Bull* is available as a World Wide Web site at:
<http://www.fwst.net/np/maverickgrotto>
Web space donated by Star-Telegram Online Services.

Minutes for the November Meeting

Minutes to the November 10, 1998, Grotto Meeting

The November meeting began at approximately 7 p.m. The business portion of the meeting was called to order at 7:30 by Grotto Chairman John Langevin.

First-time Visitors:

No new visitors

Announcements:

Butch thanked everyone for helping him get his Jeep and pop-up out of the muddy river bank at Texas Caver's Reunion in October.

Ed and Laura Goff helped collect and haul out 1,105 buckets, 19 tons of rock out of Sonora Cave during a recent restoration project.

One of the Maverick Grotto signs was lost during the evacuation at TCR. If anyone knows the whereabouts, please contact Butch Fralia.

FW Weekly called and wants info on the Maverick Grotto and contact phone numbers for an upcoming

edition. John Langevin is going to try to reach her again.

Mike Coulter's cave trip is in the **SUMMER** not spring. For further info, contact Mike at 940-433-2642, email: camelot@wf.net

It was brought up for discussion that the TSA web page show the Maverick Grotto under Fort Worth/Dallas not DFW.

Officers Reports

Treasurer: We have \$424.96.

Co-Chairman - Don Abercrombie will be doing the January program.

Old Business:

Library Catalogue Forms should be returned to Sharon Mastbrook.

New Business:

No Grotto meeting in December.

The DFW Christmas party is to be held in December. Maverick Grotto members are welcome to attend. Bring a white elephant gift.

The Grotto discussed the lack of recognition at past Christmas parties particularly with the "Achievement

Awards." Shannon Seals was appointed as Maverick Representative at the DFW meetings.

Elections were held. John Langevin, Chairman; R.D. (Dave) Milhollin, Co-Chairman; Ed Goff, Secretary/Editor; and Sharon Mastbrook, Treasurer. Shannon Seals retained his (unofficial; but worthy) position of Party Chairman.

Trip Reports:

Ed, Troy, Dave, & Wayne went to Powells, Alexander's Cave in Arkansas, and Sonora.

John Langevin went on an Arkansas cave trip.

R.D. (Dave) Milhollin went on a Recon Trip to Mexico and met with Dr. Gergio Amas, Local Cave Guide.

Program

Ed Goff did a great slide presentation of his caving adventures this past year.

The meeting closed at approximately 9:00 p.m.

Editor's Ramblings

Happy December.

Well, after saying that for 5 years and nearly 60 newsletters (OK, I skipped a few with guest editors and such), this is the last time you will read that from me on a regular basis. Starting next month, Ed Goff will be bringing you monthly greetings and salutations.

I have no doubt Ed will take the *Maverick Bull* to places far beyond where I could even dream of. Ed's skill and expertise in desktop publishing makes him perfect for the task.

But Ed will continue to need articles and trip reports. Even he can't make a newsletter out of nothing.

I have had a lot of fun doing the *Maverick Bull*, and I hope you've enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed putting it together, though I'll admit I won't miss the sorting, collating, stapling, folding, stapling, labeling, stamping routine each month.

Well, one last time,

December Meeting

As usual, there will be no December Meeting. Instead, we and the grotto down the Trinity, the D/FW

Grotto will be having our annual joint Christmas party (Not that kind of a joint!). See details inside. The

January meeting will be announced in the January newsletter by the new newsletter editor.

Christmas Party Location Settled

As reported in last months *Bull*, the location of the joint D/FW/Maverick Grotto Christmas Party was in flux. A site was chosen, then overturned. Now that the dust has settled, the location is Dave and Barbe's, 2909 Warren Cir, Irving, (972) 594-1183. All the usual details are the same, Saturday, December 12, a keg will be purchased, attendees should bring a side dish/snack/soft drink, and a gag gift for the white elephant give gift exchange. See map later in the newsletter.

Fall Party 1998

by Butch Fralia

Dates: September 25-27, 1998

Attendees: Bruce and Donna Anderson, Barbe Barker, Morgan Carnes, Connie Chaney, Butch Fralia, Ed and Laura Goff, Moriah Hill, Russell Hill, Jay Jordan, John Langevin, Sharon Mastbrook, Sharee Mayhan, Martha McArthur, Dave McClung, Don and Jeanette Metzner, Bobby Moore, Greg Mooty, Karen Perry, James Savage, Shanon Seals, Troy Shelton, Tag Swan, Mike Swinford, Bear (the Black Lab) and Moli (the Silver Snauzer), the Barker Maltese quartet, and a host of other dogs!

My granddaughter Morgan, Bear and I arrived at the Glen Rose party site Friday night to find Russell Hill and his daughter Moriah already there. When we got the Jeep and trailer parked, they were standing at my window asking if Moli was with me. Moriah was already looking for a playmate. I stepped out of the Jeep, opened the back door and said no but Bear is here. Bear came out of the Jeep and Moriah said "that's real good!" When Bear got out,

Morgan started climbing out and Moriah said, "Oh Goody! You brought a girl, that's even better!"

Both girls are about the same age and it was instant friendship. They took off together while I set up the tent trailer. When the trailer was set up, they proceeded to Morgan's end of the trailer and played there until 1:00 am! There's something magic about being eight years old and accompanying your family somewhere and learning there's someone your own age to play with. If I think about it really hard, I can almost remember those magic years!

With the tent trailer set up, Russell and I sat around a campfire discussing life, the universe and everything else, waiting to see if anyone else would arrive that night. Russell had already received the obligatory visit from the Sheriff's department and he warned them it was going to be tent city before the weekend was out. The deputy drove by several times while we were sitting out. For those who don't remember, we were visited by the law the first party we held there. There were people running naked around the hot tub as well as just sitting around soaking up the suds.

The deputy asked a little about who we were since it was obviously a group. I told him and he said how wonderful it was we were there. Glen Rose had been trying to get a better class of people to hang out at the park! The patrols are to assure we aren't hassled by rowdy locals!

The only other arrival Friday night was Mike Swinford and the hot tub. Mike put up his tent then joined us for beer and more discussion of life, the universe and everything. In fact Mike thought of things that Russell and I hadn't gotten around to yet so before long, we really had discussed most everything.

Saturday morning started a lot earlier than anyone expected or even hoped. Remember the two instant friends from the night before? They could hardly wait to start the day, beginning at 7:00 am. It's not like one got up and woke the other. Morgan was in the trailer and Moriah was in the tent she shared with her dad. There was a telepathic message traveling between them announcing it was time to get started. Moriah came to the trailer and ate breakfast with Morgan then they started out what was to them going to be a busy day. They spent the early hours entertaining Bear with tennis balls before going to the river for five hours of good dirty fun!

Not having much choice in the matter of waking up, the adults began their chores of preparing for the party. Russell set up his tables, grill and other paraphernalia while I set up lawn chairs and my own cooking gear. Mike went to the river to look for the ultimate location for the hot tub. I went down to check on the girls and helped him select a site. We picked a good site with the exception of garbage scattered all around. As if in answer to a prayer, people suddenly appeared all around us with trash bags and began to pick it all up. We learned later after a visit from the Johnson County probation officer they were all doing community service for 'mostly' alcohol related offenses, in lieu of serving jail time or



The Party Area

paying large fines. It seemed like a good deal to me, we got a clean camping area and they kept their freedom!

Mike Swinford deserves special mention for his efforts with the hot tub. He worked hard at setting it up by himself with only minimal supervision from Russell and myself. He deserves special mention for not hitting us after all the great advice we offered him. He worked hard and those who partook of the hot tub enjoyed it immensely.

There must have been a lookout stationed somewhere checking to see if everything was set up and ready. Just as the cooking area was set up, the hot tub set up and water heating, people started to arrive and it started to look like a real party. James Savage arrived late but everyone breathed a sigh of relief when he once again provided the portable outhouse. He's been doing this for a few years now and his outhouse has been a high point of more than one party.

The theme for this year's fall party was a chili cook-off. Russell Hill, Shanon Seals, Dave McClung, and James Savage brought samples of their finest culinary works. Russell of course cooked EMU Chili that was voted the best of the cook-off. The company where Don Metzner works had a training class on Friday with a catered Mexican dinner. Don appropriated all the leftovers including the sterno warmers and warming stands for the trays of food. Sharon Mastbrook made corn bread, there were plenty of other things to sample and pig out on. Karen Perry made a great salad. I made a Spanish fried rice concoction that wasn't one of my finest efforts, not even honorable mention. I used a wild grain rice and didn't realize it takes longer to cook than regular rice. What a mess!

For all the work that goes into it, the eating is over pretty quickly and the evening moved on to the real party. Some people headed for the hot tub while others enjoyed setting around

and talking. Bruce and Donna Anderson flew up for the weekend from McAllen. Tag Swan came from Sulfur Springs. Martha McArthur and Sheree Mayhan came from Wichita Falls. Greg Mooty came in from Austin. The only downside to the whole party was the heat. It was a particularly hot evening for the time of the year.

Sunday morning, as people dragged out of their tents, trailers, vans, cars or whatever they slept in, Dave McClung and Don Metzner with help from others, cooked up a mess of breakfast burritos, starting everyone off for the day with a full stomach. After breakfast, there wasn't much left to do but wade in the river for awhile then pack it all up. When everyone packed up and was leaving, one person was noted to comment about how clean the camping area was. "That's one of the things I like most about cavers, they can party and leave a place looking better than they found it." Another party done, and a good time was had by all!

The River

By Sharon Mastbrook

Each year during the month of October Texas Cavers join in a gathering to celebrate friendships and caving.

This was my 5th TCR and as usual I anticipated the same routine. T h e weekend is l i k e

experiencing live time-lapse-photography. The kind where you can see the break of dawn to the setting sun all in a few minutes. In this case it all happens over 4 days.

In past years we would arrive late Thursday afternoon and pick out a spot for the Maverick Grotto. We would take Bear (Lab) and Moli (Schnauzer) for a view of the campgrounds. A few people would be there. It was always a peaceful time. Little activity happened. It was a time to sit back and reflect on the upcoming events.

As evening arrived, we would welcome other cavers. They would start to trickle in from Thursday night to Friday afternoon. Little by little. As Friday's sun would descend upon the campground, we'd hear more vehicles arrive and set up camp. The friendly laughter and chatter would increase as cavers congregated around the Best Fish Fry in Texas held by the San Antonio Grotto.

All through the night, cavers would descend upon TCR.

Saturday would be a time to visit the vendors, watch the speleo games, take a dip in the river, and walk around seeing people we had not seen for a whole year.

Saturday evening was the time to taste the grand feast cooked by the TCR cooks. Following supper, the



The "River" prior to the eight foot rise.

awards and door prizes were given. Finally the night ended with a band and/or video slides.

Sunday was the day for organizational meetings and people packing their vehicles. Good-byes were said and slowly people drove away toward home. The campground became deserted once again awaiting the next year's celebration.

But this year was *different*.

We arrived approximately at 11 p. m. Thursday after driving 4 hours longer than usual. We had a popup trailer attached to the back of the Jeep. Maneuvering into a camping space was quite a feat for the driver, Butch. I was the director who waved to Butch with one hand; but, forgot I had a colume in the other hand waving it around without much thought. I directed Butch right into a tree. Ouch!!! Well, another light fixture to replace on the popup. It was quite a squeeze. We were 10-12 feet from the river bank.

Karen Perry was already there. She told us that the river was much narrower and the road was much wider before the Del Rio flood. The flood managed to consume a major part of the road alongside the

campground. It was still passable; but, only with caution. An hour later Mike Anderson and Meta arrived to set up camp.

Friday was a beautiful day. More friends and cavers arrived to claim their spot for the weekend. We tried to reserve 2 more popup spots for Donna & Bruce Anderson and Keith, Chris, & Ben Heuss. As the day progressed we had to move our territory markers (Maverick Grotto signs) closer together. By nightfall Friday, they arrived and claimed their spot.

Saturday it rained on and off most of the morning and early afternoon. Jim Kennedy's duties as TSS Vice-Chairman pulled him away from manning the TSS Book table. Butch and Keith set up 9 boxes of books and miscellaneous other periodicals by the campsite. Each time it rained the tarp was thrown over the table. Saturday night the books were loaded into the Jeep along with 8 folding lawn chairs - just in case it rained.

By mealtime, the sun was shining. The blue sky was clear with white clouds. As midnight approached, the clouds turned dark and it started to rain. We were safe and dry in the

popup. The sound of rain was soothing and produced nice sleeping weather.

Until.....we heard the pounding of someone at the trailer door at 4:15 a. m. yelling, "THE RIVER'S RISING - TIME TO EVACUATE." I jumped up startled. Butch started packing his computer and maps. We threw everything as fast as we could into the storage area of the trailer. I took the dogs and put them in the Jeep. They didn't question my actions. They knew better. As I turned to go back into the trailer, I heard a large sound. KAPLUNK. What was that? Did someone fall in? Oh my, I can't see since it's pitch black outside and raining. I look to the river. On Saturday the bank had a drop of about 10 feet before the water started. The water level increased 6 feet and raged fiercely. It reminded me of the movie "The River." Again I heard KAPLUNK. The road was being consumed in large clumps. The river rose another 2 feet when we had everything packed and ready to attach the popup to the Jeep. My heart was racing.

KAPLUNK. This time I look out to the river and see something reflecting. "Oh NO," I screamed, "Someone's fallen in!!!" Later I realized it was a road reflector attached to a barricade that had washed away.

Getting the popup out was harder than getting it in. The ground was saturated and made the tires to the trailer sink into the ground. We also had the back of the Jeep loaded down with boxes of books. There was talk of tying the popup to a tree and wait until daylight. With the help of Russell Hill, Dave McClung, Terry Holsinger, and numerous others they pushed the trailer out of the mud. They disconnected it from the Jeep and manually turned it around so that Butch could pull it out in a straight shot to higher ground.

It was 6 a.m. Everyone was safe. We talked about waiting until daylight to see the river and take pictures. We were soaking wet and decided



TCR crowd prior to the eight foot rise

to go to Uvalde to get some coffee and change clothes. In Uvalde we were told that all roads to the east were closed due to flooding. We chose to drive west towards Bracketteville, turning north past Alamo Village and Kickapoo Cavern to Rock Springs. Finally we hit 377N and made the drive back to Fort Worth.

It was quite an experience unlike the peaceful time-lapse beginning and ending of years' past. It was more like CNN reporting live with the riverbank breaking up and the sounds of KAPLUNK in the background. I'll never forget the sound. I'll never forget The River - The Nueces River.

Evolution of a Newsletter

by Chad Fenner in his last and final issue as the regular editor of the *Maverick Bull*

It was five years ago that Donna Anderson approached me about doing the Maverick grotto newsletter. She said that Ernie had been doing it a while and was ready to pass it along. I had no idea what I was saying. When Ernie handed the reins of the newsletter over to me five years ago, I got a few words of

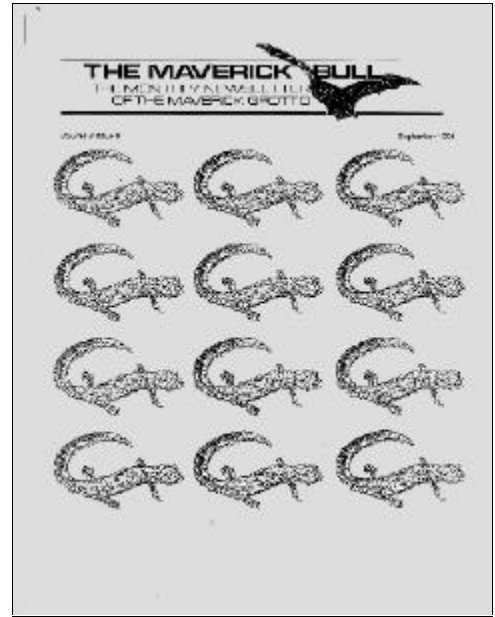
encouragement, some pieces of good advice, and a mailing list in Microsoft Works format. Little more. I was basically starting from scratch.

My wife, Lisa, and I had done a few newsletters before for various clubs and organizations we had been in, so I wasn't completely without a clue, but a lot closer to it than I thought it was.

Five years ago, I had a 66 Mhz 486, a Panasonic 24-pin printer, and nothing that resembled a scanner. I was extremely anti-Microsoft, so my only word processor was Lotus *Ami-Pro 2.0*. *Ami-Pro* was flexible enough to allow me to squeeze a document into a newsletter-like format. For those first few issues, I printed them on my Panasonic printer in high resolution mode, then took them to Office Max for copying. If any of you can remember the days of 24-pin printers, you'll remember two things. One, they are slow as heck. In the highest quality mode, a single page would take up to 15 minutes to print. Multiply that by 10 pages and it took a while. Second, they were loud. Mix that with the first thing to remember and you have better than 2 hours of loud printer noise. To make matter worse, I was always running "just in time", so I would finish late the night before they needed to be copied. That meant Lisa and I trying to sleep during this two hour noise fest.

It didn't take long to realize that I needed a new printer. I looked around and found an HP Laser Jet 4L on sale with one of those no interest, no payments for 6 months deals. What a relief that was. Not only was it much quieter and faster (4 pages per minute), it looked much better (300 dpi).

My next upgrade-I-can-blame-on-the-newsletter was a scanner. No newsletter is worth much without scanned images. Sure all the relevant information is there, meeting announcements, last months minutes, etc. But trip reports just aren't the same without those fantastic pictures that our grotto is so



The first of several non-photographic covers, September, 1994

capable of taking.

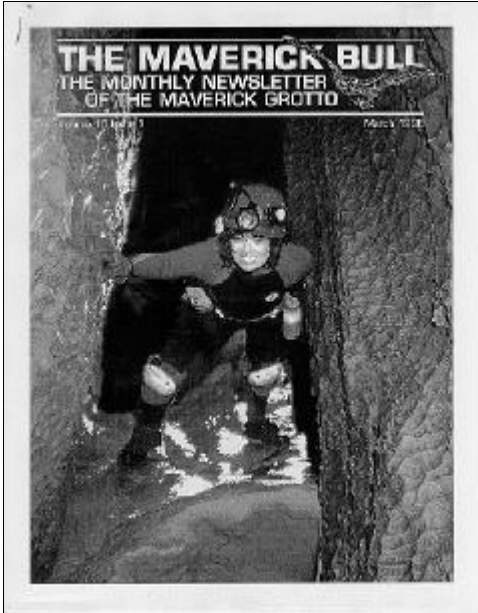
Butch had an HP 2C color scanner was really spiffy, and he was perfectly willing to scan images for me. But there was a logistics problem. Part of it was getting the scanned images from his house to mine. Often these scanned images were much larger than the size of a floppy. Also, since I was usually running "just in time" to get the newsletter out, I needed the scanning done at odd hours. That meant planning ahead and coordinating with Butch. Not an impossible task, but an added task.

Looking around, I noticed that I could get high quality B/W scanners for under \$300 (remember, this was four years ago!). For about \$150 more I could get a low-end color one. I could almost justify the B/W, (Lisa was doing two newsletters as well for clubs she was in) but if I was gonna spend that kind of money, I might as well kick in a little more for the color.

So I went and got a cheap color scanner, and I was shocked. It didn't look near as good as Butches \$1000 scanner. I hemmed and hawed and somehow that \$300 justification for a B/W scanner turned into nearly



My first newsletter, January, 1994



The first issue co-edited by next years editor, Ed Goff. A 1996 Blue Ribbon winner. March, 1996

\$1000 for a top-of-the-line HP 2CX, one model up from Butch's. (This story is actually much longer, but I'll spare you the details.)

But I was still getting it copied at Office Max. I picked them because they were cheap (about \$25 for 75 copies of a double sided 5 page newsletter), but cheap is not always the best quality (as I had already found out). On several occasions I would go to pick them up and on inspection find many copies completely hosed up with either misprints or poor quality. Unfortunately, since I was running "just in time", I often didn't have time to get them to re-do it. Not to mention that a copy is never as good as the original.

I mentioned this to Butch once and he stated that he could print the newsletter himself for \$25. It would be consistent from copy to copy and it would be just as good as the original (in fact, each one would be an original).

This made a huge quality difference in how our newsletter looked, especially the cover. If you flip back through some old issues, I'll

bet you can tell which issue we started this on.

This worked well for a while until Lotus decided to upgrade *Ami-Pro*. You would think that an upgrade would be an improvement, but it turned out that this upgrade was a major upgrade to compete with *Microsoft Word* called *Word Pro '95*. *Word Pro* added so many bells and whistles that it really made it a dog of a program. Even on the new Pentiums that Butch and I had it still ran slow as snail. The obvious choice would be to dump the upgrade and go back to *Ami-Pro*, but unfortunately, *Ami-Pro* wouldn't run under Windows '95 very well, another reason Lotus wanted to upgrade it.

So that left us out in the cold scrambling for a new editing tool to do the newsletter on. We did one issue using *Microsoft Word* before Butch discovered *Microsoft Publisher*. It was specifically designed for publishing various types of documents, including and especially newsletters. It certainly wasn't Quark or Adobe, the big names in software publishing tools, but it was a lot cheaper, and did what we needed.

In 1996, I decided that our newsletter had come a long way and was ready for some exposure. I decided to enter our covers in the NSS Graphics Arts Salon. The Graphics Arts Salon accepts the cover from any NSS publication from the last two years and judges it on quality and cover appeal. It does not review the entire publication or its contents, only the cover.

I had seen the judging of the Graphics Arts Salon at the NSS Convention when it was in Texas. Since I was planning on going to the 1997 NSS Convention in Missouri, I decided it was time for the *Maverick Bull* to be entered.

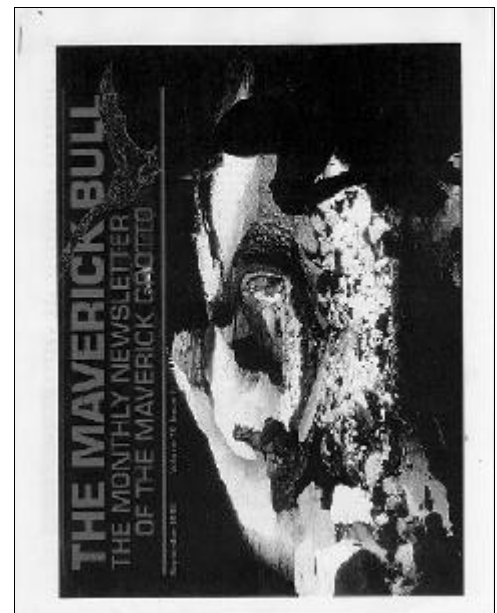
I submitted all 11 covers from 1996 (I didn't do a December issue that year). All 11 were accepted for show, and we got 1 green and 3 blue ribbons. One of the critiques

said that we almost got best of show! Not bad for a first time entrant. One of our covers even showed up on page 43 of 1998 NSS Members manual.

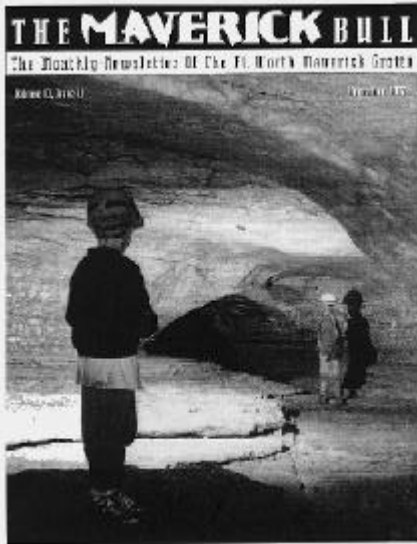
Unfortunately, in 1997, I messed up and didn't get the covers to the right person in time for judging. Since the Salon covers the last 2 years, the 1997 covers are still eligible for judging at the 1999 convention. Trust me, I won't make that same mistake again this year.

Also in 1996, we did our first full color cover. (OK, not really the first, Dale Ellison showed me a cover he did as newsletter editor that was in color, but he had to color it himself with a crayon!) Turns out, to do it up right is expensive. Normally, we pay \$25 to get the newsletter copied (OK, printed). The cover alone cost \$75 to get copied! Several of us pitched in to cover the costs, but the grotto elected to pay us back anyway. (BTW, that cover was the one that almost one the best of show!)

Through out the past five years, there have been some months



The first color cover issue, another 1996 Blue Ribbon winner. Points were deducted because it is sideways, just like last months NSS News. September 1996



The next generation of cavers. One of two covers featuring my son Christopher. November, 1997

where I was on vacation or out of town on newsletter weekend. On those occasions, Butch happily filled in for me and got the newsletter out. For each of the last three years, I have shang-haied the help from a guest editor for one issue each year. That guest editor has been Ed Goff. Ed has done professional desktop publishing for quite some time, and the issues he has done have looked far better than the usual. It's a bit embarrassing to realize that I'm probably not the most qualified

person in the grotto to do the newsletter, but I just wasn't quite ready to give it up until this year. Not that I don't still enjoy doing it, in fact, I have offered to be a guest editor for Ed anytime he's going to be out of town on newsletter weekend. No, I just felt that after five years it was time. Time to move on. Time to get back that one weekend a month. Time to let someone else have a turn.

My only unfulfilled goal was to outlast every current grotto newsletter editor in Texas. Of all the editors in Texas at the time I took over the *Bull*, only one is still editing her grotto's newsletter. I tip my helmet to Martha McArthur of the North Texas Speleological Society for her perseverance in doing the newsletter for her grotto.

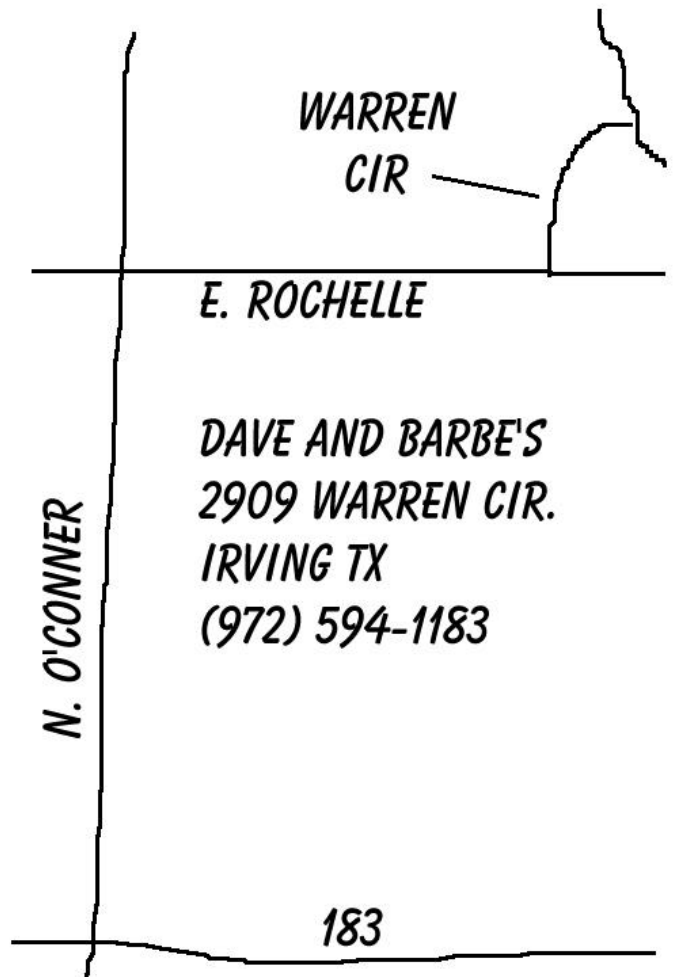
As this is my last issue on a regular basis, I'd like to thank a few people:

While I'm a geek and a half, my English skills are very poor. My wife Lisa has been a big help in this area.

Throughout the five years, there has been different

people who have done more their share of contributions: Early on it was Meta Huzarevich with her puzzles and other contributions. Next, Pamela Massey provided nearly a trip report every other month for quite a while. Also, Shannon and Angela Seals and Ed and Laura Goff (all with coaxing) provided a continuous stream of articles, and John Langevin has provided some fantastic photos (In fact, both color covers I did were from John). More recently, RD Milhollin and Karen Perry have provided more than their share of both trip reports and articles. It's not that others haven't contributed, but these people deserve a tip of the

**Map to Dave and Barbe's
December 12, 1998
Bring Snacks, Drinks,
White Elephant Gift, Hot Tub
apparel, General party Stuff**



Maverick Grotto
C/O Chad Fenner
3700 Wayland
Ft Worth TX. 76133

Calendar of Events

December 12, 1998 Grotto Christmas Party. See Details inside.

December 11-13, 1998, Colorado Bend SP Project. Contact: Terry Holsinger, (512)443-4241, thlii@sprynet.com

July 12-16, 1999, NSS Convention, Twin Falls County Fairground, Filer Idaho. Contact: David Kesner, (208)939-0979,

drdave@micron.net