

N E W S L E T T E R  
Tasmanian Cavernerring Club [sic]

22nd November, 1960.

There always seems to be a strange pause in our activities about this time of the year. Perhaps the University authorities could explain this! However, we are back again.

NOTICES:

1. Committee meeting Monday 28th November, Rein de Vries house.
2. General meeting 14th December, Geology Department - short meeting followed by more films.
3. Trip Florentine area, 3rd and 4th December. One large hole 1/2 hour from road - we can't miss it!
4. Christmas party. Barbecue party Saturday 17th December. Mystery location - assemble at Salamanca place 6.00 p.m. for the caverneers car trial.
5. Christmas trips - if you cannot go on one of the big trips contact the committee and see what can be arranged.

PERSONAL

1. Congratuations to Max and Doris Banks and Dick and Eleanor Dowden who have taken rather drastic steps to increase club membership. Of course Del Latham, Bob Geeves and David Elliott have been increasing our membership this way for several years!
2. Congratulations to Fay Peterson on her engagement. Another drastic way of increasing membership!
3. Mr. S.R. Lighton, a foundation member of the club and a good caver, is standing for election to the Hobart City Council. We urge all members to support him - the council chambers will make an excellent room for T.C.C. parties.

PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS:

We need some new members to swell our ranks. What are you doing towards our recruiting campaign? (See above).

CAVE FEVER

I must go down to the caves again, to the muddy caves, or the dry,  
And all I ask is a carbide lamp and a match to light her by,  
And the muddy kick of the trog ahead, and the pale teeth shaking,  
And the grey grit in the dark face, and the lunch bag breaking.  
I must go down to the caves again, for an entrance mean or wide,  
Is a mute but an insistent call that may not be denied,  
And all I ask is a deep hole with all noise dying,  
Save relentless crunch of hob-nailed boot, and black bat flying.  
I must go down to the caves again, to the spele-illogical life,  
To the worm's way and the ant's way, - with the earth in endless strife  
And all I ask is a cool drink, and some dehydrated clover,  
And a long sleep and a sweet dream when the night-mare's over.  
(Apologies have been graciously accepted from John Masefield.)