

The Official Journal of The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.



# THE MOUNTAINEER

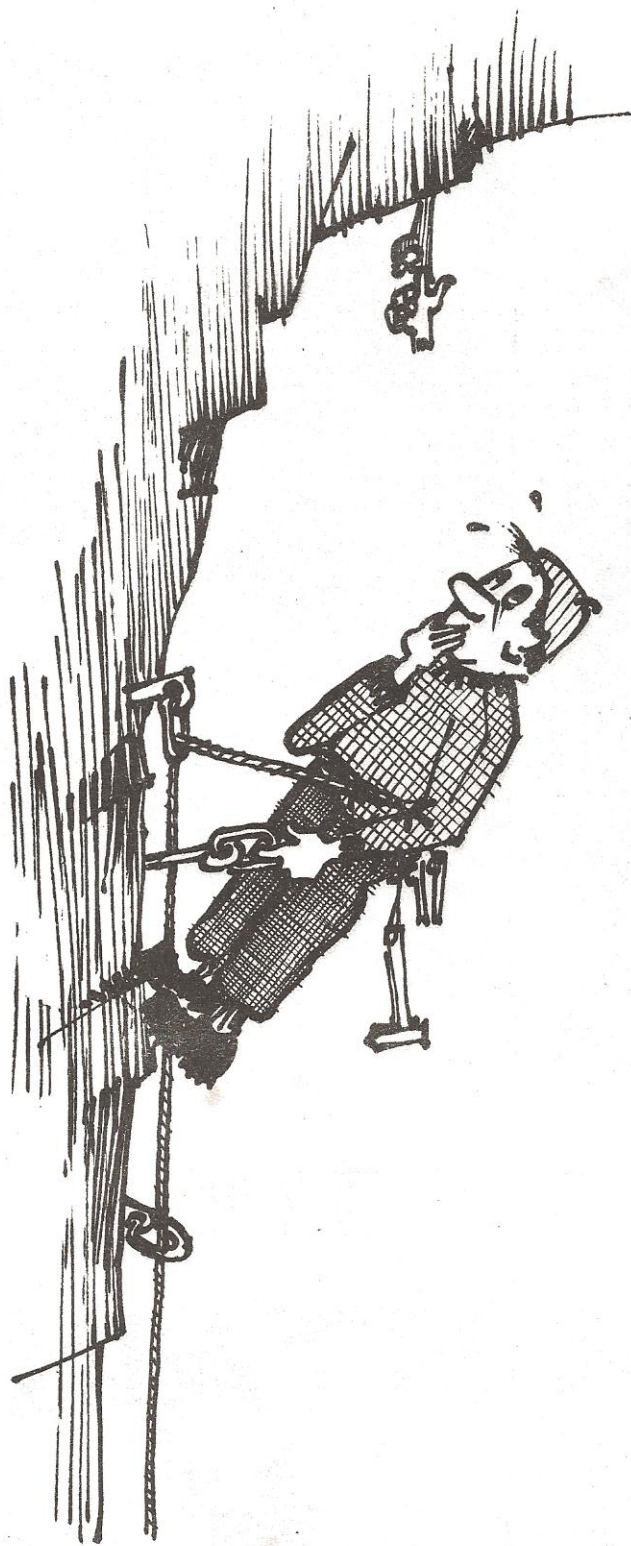
Number 3



1963

Registered at G.P.O. Melbourne for transmission by post as a periodical.







'THE MOUNTAINEER'

Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.

Correspondence: Union House, University of Melbourne, Parkville. N.2.

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No. 3, 1963

Price 6d

Every year has a middle in it; and with each middle comes the Club Dinner, the Twenty Four Hour Walk and the renewal of subscriptions.

Yes you gnasi-impecunious mountaineers, renewal of subscriptions is due. For those paying Sports Union fees this is a mere six bob which after all is less than two bottles, two large packets or a small part of any vice you may indulge in. If you don't pay sports union fees, then you owe us the royal sum of ten bob. If you are espoused, which looks like becoming the fashion among the older mountaineers, you and your better half can get away with paying twelve and six. Those who have joined the club this year are financial for another twelve months. You need pay only if the first page of this mountaineer has a red line across it. You can pay your subs in one of the following ways: personally to a committee member, by quietly putting it under Barry Smith's door, Room 121 Old Arts Building (i.e. don't knock) or if you can't do either way, well send a postal note or cheque made out to the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club and post to the Treasurer, M.U.M.C., C/- Union House, Melbourne University, Parkville. When paying subs, fill in the form on this page. Don't put money in the Club Box.

The Club Dinner is probably over before you receive this circular and any comment is therefore redundant.

Once again "The Twenty Four" is with us. This is an annual event held on the weekend of the full moon nearest the longest night of the year. (We give with one hand and take with the other). With the help of the Bureau of Meteorology we can make the first condition rather useless by means of rain, hail, fog, snow or a combination of the lot. For those of you who are fresh Oxo fans, we hasten to dispel any wrong impressions of this event. Many uninitiated people think that the idea of the twenty four is to run, walk and crawl (in chronological order) as far as possible in the brief period of twenty four hours. It is a fact that eccentrics do this, but most "competitors" are out for a good time. After all, what would you do on a full moon in the middle of the year? (Mixed couples get six miles start). For the mundane practical details see the Trips Secretary's contribution further on.

FULL NAME: .....

ADDRESS: Term: .....

Home: .....

Business (if any): .....

PHONE NUMBER(S): Home: .....

Business: .....



Those members who attended this year's annual general meeting, and the more astute readers of the previous edition of "The Mountaineer" will have noted that the Treasurer's and the Secretary's report indicate some loss of money on rope. The committee wish to bring to your notice that since its beginning there has not been a total loss of finance on rope. At present there is every indication that this won't happen as the whole affair is being very capably run by Pete Smith.

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#### PROGRAMME

- June 30th Kinglake - Jehosophat Valley - Bald Spur - Strathewen.  
Leader: Nick White. Phone: 85 9033. Van fare: 10/- to 15/-.  
Cancellation fee: 5/-. Standard: Moderately easy. Van leaves  
top of Batman Avenue at 9.00 a.m.
- July 5th 24 hour walk "pep talk". Men's Lounge, 7.45 p.m. A prominent  
club member will give hints for the "24" and the organiser will  
outline the rules for the event.
- July 6th - 7th 24 hour walk. (see separate article page 4). Note special  
booking arrangements.
- July 12th Meeting. Men's Lounge, 7.45 p.m. This will probably take the  
form of a Tasmanian slide night. Anyone with slides of  
Tasmania, especially of the less visited areas, and would be  
willing to show them, should let the Sec know as soon as  
possible.
- July 19th - 21st Snow trip. Details to be announced. This trip will be  
designed primarily for those with little or no experience in  
snow camping, although anyone is welcome to come along.
- July 26th Pie Night. Trophy Hall, Beaupaire Centre, 7.30 p.m.  
Informal social get-together before the August vac. Pies will  
be provided and a nominal charge will be made for admission.  
During the evening, Don Hutton will give a talk on snow  
technique and all those going on the Bogong snow trip will be  
required to attend.



July 28th

Mt. Slide - Brock's Spur - The Pinnacles - High Brow Hill - Yarra Glen. Leader: Sue Quilford. Van fare: 10/- to 15/-. Cancellation fee: 5/-. Standard: Moderately easy. Van leaves top of Batman Avenue at 9.00 a.m.

August 2nd - 5th

Bogong Snow Trip. Leader: Don Hutton. Van fare: £2/10/- to £3/10/-. Cancellation fee: £1. Limit: 34 persons. Van leaves Union at 6.30 p.m., Friday 2nd August.

This trip will be divided into 2 sections:-

1. Standard hard. Up Staircase Spur to Bogong Summit, down Quartz Nob Spur to Bogong Creek Saddle, return to Mountain Creek Road via Roper's track.
2. Standard medium. Up Staircase Spur to Bivouac Hut, climb Bogong without packs, return via Staircase.

In the event of bad weather, everyone will be required to go on the medium trip.

NOTE. All those going on this trip must have had previous experience in snow camping (Baw Baw trip last March not counted), and this can be obtained on the snow trip on July 19th - 21st.

The following equipment is essential for snow trips:-

Parka, Warm sleeping bag (not a Van Winkle), boots, 5 pairs of woollen socks, gloves or mittens, snow-goggles or sunglasses, fuel stove, lilo, balaclava.

NOTE

The Trips Secretary has the authority to refuse permission for anyone to go on any club trip if he thinks it necessary. On a limited club trip, the leader also has this right. This rule will be applied particularly to the Bogong snow trip.

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BOOKINGS

Bookings for all van trips (except the 24 hour walk - see note below) must be made with Fred Mitchell (Phone MY 1111, ext 44 (Day), JB 6270 (Evening), and only the trip leader or some other authorized person should enter the names on the trip list on the notice board.

Because of the large number expected to go on the "24", bookings should be made if possible at Aikman's Road any lunchtime and Fred should only be phoned in cases where the above arrangement is particularly inconvenient.



24 HOUR WALK

This big event will be held on the 6th - 7th July in an area which will be disclosed on the noticeboard on the 1st July.

The object is to be the furthest along a specified route at the end of a 24 hour period. Competitors must enter as teams consisting of two or more people. Teams are grouped as follows:-

- A. Scratch - All Male Teams
- B. 6 mile start - Mixed Teams
- C. 12 mile start - All Female Teams

Competitors will be automatically disqualified if they visit the check points out of order or fail to check in at any checkpoint, or if they are found travelling alone.

Competitors are expected to carry the following between them: compass, relevant map, matches, torch and watch.

Food will be provided along the route at hash houses placed 10 to 15 miles apart. Equipment, spare clothing etc. may be sent to any of the 4 hash houses via the van.

Total cost (includes transport, food and entrance fee, but does not include map, chocolate, glucose and the like,) is £2. If you book but don't turn up you are up for 15/- cancellation fee.

The actual route to be followed will be announced in the Men's Lounge on Saturday 6th July at 11.45 a.m., and the vans depart for the area an hour later.

Bookings should be made at Aikman's Road (see map on noticeboard for location) at lunchtime. Should this not be possible, bookings may be made with Fred Mitchell at MY 1111, ext 44, during the day and JB 5270 in the evening. Bookings close Wednesday 3rd July or earlier if the available transport is filled up.

The relevant map (price 5/-) will be on sale at Aikman's Road during the week before the 24 as also will chocolate, glucose etc. at reduced prices.

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MAP LIBRARY

A recent check of the maps revealed quite a few missing. Members who have any of the following maps are requested to return them to Aikman's Road where no questions will be asked.



Victoria

- 155 Grampians - Tourist Map  
159 Jamieson, 1" = 1 mile. Lands Department.  
173 A,B Juliet AB 2" = 1 mile. Lands Department.  
181 ABCD Glenmaggie ABCD. 2" = 1 mile. Lands Department.  
190 Snowy Plains. V.M.T.C.  
191 Ben Cruachan. V.M.T.C.  
192 Watersheds of King Howqua and Jamieson Rivers. V.M.T.C.  
208 Wellington ABCD. 2" = 1 mile. Lands Department.  
214 Glen Wills. 1" = 1 mile. T.C.V.  
257 CD Castlemaine CD. 2" = 1 mile. Lands Department.

Tasmania

- 243 Burnie. 1 : 250,000. Lands Department.

New Zealand

- 140 Mt. Aspiring Area.  
183 Dobson, Hopkins and Ahuriri Valleys. N.Z.A.C.  
184 Mt. Cook.

As the Club wishes to bring its map library up to date, replacement of the above maps will mean unwarranted additional expenditure. So how about it.

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Many enthusiastic initiates to the art of climbing have shown an interest in obtaining Pierre Allaine's climbing shoes. To purchase a pair of these all that is needed is fifty (50) New French Francs (a money order or its equivalent) and foot measurements taken with a pair of thick socks on. The address for these is:

Pierre Allaine,  
29 Rue St. Sulphice,  
Paris 6 E,  
France.

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TRIP REPORTS

Cherokee - Camel's Hump - Hanging Rock. 25th April.

Thirty-six mountaineers were given a short course in scrub bashing in the Macedon Area on Anzac Day. However when the rain arrived towards midday, the leader decided that everyone had passed with honours, and promptly found a road as a reward.

After lunching amongst those things called "tourists", a trip was made to the summit of Camel's Hump, where occasional glimpses of the magnificent panorama were had through the low-lying clouds. A two hour skipping and road bash brought us to Hanging Rock where the traditional summit flag-raising ceremony was performed before we departed heading for the "big smoke".

Thanks are due to Brother John Steel for guiding us through the wilderness.



End of Term Walk. The You Yangs. May 12th.

Undoubtedly, the busiest part of Melbourne at about 8.55 a.m. on Sunday, May 12th was the top end of Batman Avenue where two van loads of Mountaineers, one van load each of Bushwalkers and Youth Hostellers and a car load of "Tramps" were assembling for their respective day trips. Despite the confusion, everyone eventually boarded the right vans (I think)<sup>2</sup> and, as would be expected, the Mountaineers were the last to leave.

Once arrived, everyone stood in a circle, trying to remember their names, then the merry throng, displaying a wonderful selection of brightly coloured parkas, walked, ran and skipped across the paddocks towards the north end of the You Yangs.

The party swept southward down the range in a rather disorganised extended line, congregating at each small peak to admire the view, then fanning out again as the grassy hillsides rapidly became stripped bare of their mushrooms.

Flinders Peak was reached soon after lunch and the collection of tourists stood back with mixed feelings of terror and amazement as the party attempted to set a new record for cramming the most people on to the small lookout rock.

From the top, the true mountaineers headed off down the hillside to the van, steering clear of the tourist track, while the other discovered a picnicker who had over-catered somewhat, and helped him to dispose of nearly a full case of Fanta at sixpence a bottle.

Eventually, the whole party found its way back to the vans (but only just!) and once back in Melbourne, the trip ended with the traditional invasion by thirty-one Mountaineers, of a Little Bourke Street Chinese cafe.

\* After thought - Perhaps this accounts for the three Mountaineers who had still not appeared to have turned up when the vans left.

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Dave Hogg.  
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F.V.W.C. Search and Rescue Practice. 18th - 19th May, 1963

Our club was one of the eight represented at the practice which was held in the Sugarloaf Hill area north of Whittlesea. We were represented by Ron Abbott, Don Allison, John Bennett, Bill Bewsher, John Cole, Max Corry, Peter Druce, Peter Kneen, Joseph Lamb and Ian Thomas.

Representatives from our club played their part in the various phases of S & R. work over the weekend. Bill Bewsher as an adviser, John Cole as one of the field organisers, Max Corry as one of the group leaders and Ron Abbott as one of the "baits". Although Ron suffered "severe leach bites, hysteria and a broken left ankle", and was carried about one and a half miles on a stretcher he still managed a grin at the end of the practice.

At the 'crit' session at the end of the practice the following points were made:



- (1) Even newly issued ordinance survey maps are not necessarily up to date (e.g. Blair's Hut).
- (2) Any excess equipment may be left at Field Headquarters. (Luggage labels are available).
- (3) Leaders of neighbouring areas should confer on the treatment of common boundaries (especially where there is no geographic feature).
- (4) Points on the 'in line' search technique.
  - a) distance between members of party should not be too great.
  - b) check system using numbers with the 'OXO' call was found to be effective.
  - c) it is advisable for members to wear something which can be easily seen in the scrub, e.g. a coloured parka or a wide coloured hat band.
  - d) the group leader is probably best placed on one of the flanks as he can keep an eye on the rest of the party and blaze clearly the area searched.
- (5) When messages are sent to field headquarters, two people should be sent with a written message.

If an injured person has been found this written message should include:-

- a) Identity of search party.
- b) Name (if possible), sex, and condition of patient.
- c) Location and time found.
- d) Proposed plans.
- e) If carrying patient to road give estimated time of arrival and route to be followed.

Members of the section feel that they obtained valuable experience from the practice.

N.B. There are still vacancies in the M.U.M.C. Search and Rescue section. Application forms are available from Max Corry and John Cole.

Both Max and John may be contacted through the club box or at evenings:

John Cole on 83 8150

Max Corry on 34 5620

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From Benambra to Kosciusko. 20th - 25th May, 1963. Party: Bob Taylor, Dave Hogg.

After hitch-hiking to Benambra the previous day and walking 10 miles up the dirt road to spend the night in a hut a short way past the Brothers, we started the first "walking" day in the front of a utility. About 6 miles up the track, we bade farewell to our driver, who had come up to do general maintenance on the jeep track, and started on the real walk.



We had now, according to the map, about two miles to go to reach Marengo Hut, but after walking for an hour and a half and seeing no sign of the hut, although we had passed several landmarks which were marked on the map as being past the hut, we concluded that the hut either no longer existed or else was so far off the track that we did not notice it.

Continuing along the track, we crossed Limestone Creek, near which were several small huts. The drizzling rain resulted in our spending a rather uncomfortable (but nevertheless fairly dry) lunchtime cramped up inside a hollow tree trunk on the bank of another small creek. We had considered climbing Mt. Cobberas but the rain dampened our enthusiasm and we made straight for Quambatt Flat where a small Hut (?) made from the fuselage of a wrecked aircraft provided shelter for us while we cooked our tea.

From the jeep track the next day, we climbed Mt. Pilot, which is said to boast the best view in the area, only to find (and not unexpectedly), that the mist had reduced the view to a hundred yards or so down the mountainside. That night was spent at the Tin Mine Hut, once the home of the late Charles Carter, the legendary Hermit of the Tin Mine.

Next morning, following a heavy frost, the weather cleared beautifully for us - the first blue sky we had seen on the trip with hardly a cloud in sight. We followed the jeep track for a couple more miles then took to the bridle trail which would lead us to Dead Horse Gap. It was somewhat of a relief to be off the jeep track which has that certain sense of civilisation about it, and to be well and truly out in the bush. It was, therefore, rather a let down to find that after a short distance, the bridle track joined up with another jeep track (possibly a branch of the one we had just left). However, since this jeep track was going in the right direction, we followed it to Dead Horse Gap.

The following morning we made a comparatively early start (8 o'clock), again in glorious weather, to climb Mt. Kosciuszko, the climax of our trip. The track up from Dead Horse Gap became rather difficult to follow due to snow covering the ground and towards the top of the treeline, we lost it completely. Nevertheless, the way to the summit was fairly straight-forward and by 11.30 we were standing on the roof of Australia, madly taking photographs in all directions. Time did not permit us to stay long, however, and we hurried back to Dead Horse Gap to collect our packs and begin our tedious hitch-hiking journey back to Melbourne.

Dave Hogg

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Wilson's Promontory. 24th - 27th May, 1963

In the early hours of Saturday morning twenty seven of us invaded the Tidal River camping ground ("shh .. or the ranger'll hear and want his five bob each") to be ushered by a helpful tourist to a building labelled 'museum' where most of the party endured a night on the cold stone floor. The rest of us slept outside trying to ignore the clouding skies and the horrible noise coming from the museum ('Oh Sir Henry....').



The morning was fine and warm, the prospect of crossing to the other side of the mountains alluring, so twenty energetic bods turned up with their packs for the three day walk around the Prom (run in conjunction with a fixed camp at Tidal River). Farewelled by the bludgers, we set off up the road to Oberon Saddle. There was a certain waning of enthusiasm among many on their first trip (and others too I'm told) as we groaned our way to the start of the track to Sealers Cove.

A pleasant climb to the saddle below Mt. Ramsay was rewarded with views of Tidal to the west and Sealers to the east. As the more energetic half of the party appeared to have gone on without stopping we headed down out of the icy wind after a short scroggin break. From here the track is a very pleasant stroll around the spurs until the flat marshy land around Sealers is reached. Here we met the first leeches. It had been raining for a week previously and the last few miles to Sealers' was a hellish business of wading along the track, getting stuck in ankle deep mud, balancing on wet logs over swollen streams and generally behaving like ducks.

At Sealer's Cove we found the rest of the party finishing their lunch and relaxing at the thought of a pleasant afternoon's swim. They informed us that two bods had been seen fording the mouth of Sealers' Creek (which must be crossed here to pick up the track to Refuge) in chest high water. Full of dire thoughts we walked around the beach to find things every bit as bad as made out. It was cold and deep and, as one English gentleman remarked, he was not going to cross that jolly river - it wouldn't be decent!

However the girls manufactured most intriguing swimsuits out of parkas, skiing jackets (!) and I haven't the foggiest what else, and, packs balanced on our heads we ventured into the icy waters. We remembered the club secretary's parting words - "don't forget your aqualungs" with great bitterness. To make things worse there were sharp rocks on the other side and by the time everyone was across an hour and half a bottle of rum had gone.

By this time half the party had disappeared up the cliffs. A fairly exhausting climb found them scattered everywhere but on the right track. Fourteen eventually found themselves on the red-blazed trail; apparently our energetic friends had gone ahead again. We consigned them all to hell and hoped they were on the right track.

Fortified with glucose tablets the party left at about four o'clock for Refuge Cove. It was a good deal farther and steeper than we thought, and two very unpleasant climbs found us without the trail on the ridge above Refuge with the light fading fast. With much stumbling and cursing we found the track and set off down to the cove.

(Future club trips to this area should leave three to four hours of daylight for this stage - the rough track climbs very steeply in places and is difficult to follow on the ridge except in broad daylight).



The trip to the cove from here was nightmarishly slow, with a continual cry from the rear - "Help! I can't see a thing", but after a few hours of this our feeble OXO was answered by a horrible well fed one from below. An hour later we staggered up from a rest in the leech infested forest, walked for a minute and discovered our comrades finishing their supper; they assured us we had reached Refuge Cove, and there were still twenty of us in one place.

Wood was scarce so we sat around smoking little fires until it started raining then went to bed and listened to it falling.

Some early morning fishing supplied fresh rock cod for breakfast, and a very pleasant morning was spent bludging (it having been decided to abandon the original walk via Waterloo Bay and to return the way we came in two easy stages) except for those energetic people and one English gentleman - "Are we going to stand around here all day?" every five minutes.

Back to Sealers' in the afternoon was uneventful but the views were glorious. Lunch was enjoyed on a rock over the cove before descending to cook tea.

A snake (horrors!) had been seen at the campsite by one of the girls so three tents ended up pitched precariously on a hard high rock above the water (true mountaineers - a full pitch before they could go to bed, fortunately no sleep-walking).

Around a large fire on the beach that night we played "Pe-e-eter Rabbit has a cowld on hith nose" led by a fair biochemist and were told cheery stories ("... he reached into the coffin for the golden arm" .. "creep, creep, creep go the bobyars..") and beastly jokes.

Next morning the tide was out and the crossing was only ankle deep, so some hearty souls decided to go for an early morning swim. Two breakfasts were consumed and the party once more braved the leeches and swamps. The perfect weather we had enjoyed on the trip broke as we reached the saddle and the plan to climb Mt. Ramsay was dropped; here to the road was pouring rain, and for the next few hours Bill Abud and his mates were treated to the sight of weary and bedraggled objects straggling in in twos and threes.

Some of them behaved like utter tourists and had showers before going home; they will be referred to the committee for appropriate disciplinary action.

The Ranger (bless him) grabbed us on the way out of the park and painful extraction followed. Many hours later found us drinking coffee in a Swanston St. cafe while the maps were spread over the tables and we said what lovely fun it had all been ... and forgot the hills and the leeches and Sealers' Cove.

Bob Chappell

TRACK NOTES: Water on this route may be obtained : between Tidal and Sealers' - just beyond the saddle below Ramsay (good spot for lunch or morning tea); from Sealers' Creek at Sealers' Cove (picnic ground to the right of the track just after bridge over creek). Fairly good campsite by the beach on south side of creek, there is water in a brook entering Sealers' Creek just upstream from here. No water from here to Refuge Cove. Good campsite at south beach of Refuge Cove with water from creek but wood is scarce in immediate area - plenty if you walk back up the track a little way.



WILSONS' PROM

While the above members were trying to swim against the tide, the more sensible comfortable, civilized lazy members of the trip used the "Campers Lounge" for its prescribed purpose, viz. camping and lounging.

Having disposed of the rubbish (species homo sapiens) on Saturday morning, some climbed Oberon and went round to Squeaky Bay and Tongue Point while others did a morning trip to Little Oberon Bay.

Saturday night was a civilised social event complete with films. It's not everyone who has films shown for them in their bedroom.

Sunday witnessed a feat at endurance by several hardy individuals. Deciding the night before to leave about eight, they finally got away at about nine and walked to the lighthouse and back, arriving at the base camp resembling amphibious nocturnal creatures. Their return was celebrated accordingly.

Monday morning came and so did the rain, washing in semi upright bipeds who had migrated that morning from Sealers' Cove. After they had finally reached a semi dry condition (with respect to water) we piled into the van, paid the Ranger his dues (5/- a head) and returned to a slightly more civilised environment (only slightly) where one doesn't need sixpences for hot showers.

Bill Abud

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Yet another engagement! However we've not run out of our stores of congratulations, these going to the distinguished Troglodyte Phil and his bride to be Jenny.

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There have been rumours going around that there exists a creature known as "the big bald black bearded bulgarian beast of a baron". We deny this; there is no such creature.

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No doubt most of you have seen the press reports relating to the American Everest Expedition. This is the most expensive expedition to date. Below is an extract telling of the successful conclusion.

"Two U.S. Parties Conquer Everest".

Katmandu, May 23. Two American climbing parties made mountaineering history yesterday by reaching the 29,028 foot summit of Mt. Everest by different routes.

William Unsoeld and Thomas Hornbein went by the previously unclimbed western ridge.

Barry Bishop and Luther Jerstad reached the summit by the south-east ridge.



Radio messages received from the United States expedition's base camp today said Unsoeld and Hornbein reached the main peak at 6.30 p.m. after an 11½ hour climb.

They then made a traverse to the "second summit" and then came down towards the South Col.

They failed to link up as planned with Bishop and Jerstad, on the main summit.

Radio reports later said that all four men were now at the South Col.

The reports said all four men spent the night at an altitude of over 27,000 feet, without sleeping bags and oxygen. They were all well.

Another member of the U.S. expedition, James Whittaker, reached the summit with Sherpa Nwang Gombu on May 1.

Mountaineering circles in New Delhi today described the west ridge success as a "fantastic feat".

The American assault is the first time a double assault had been attempted on the world's highest mountain. A.A.P. - Reuters.

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A press report 4 days later related that Mr. Bishop and Mr. Unsoeld suffered from frostbite and were taken to hospital by helicopter.

For those who haven't seen it, there is an account of another American expedition to Everest in one of the latest editions of "Life". In contrast to the above attempt, this party consisted of only four men and no porters. They climbed by the North Ridge and attained a height over 23,000 feet.

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On the following page is an extract from "Collection and Care of Botanical Specimens" by D.B.O. Savile, Canada Department of Agriculture. Publication No. 1113. March 1962.

I am indebted to Lindsay Crawford who is responsible for the appearance of this article in "The Mountaineer".

It is suggested that this article be read in conjunction with Chapter One of "Equipment for Mountaineering" available from club stores if you've not already got a copy.



SPECIAL CLOTHING

Although clothing requirements for field work in temperate regions are usually settled by experience and common sense, there are some special conditions that are worth considering.

Boots: When collecting is to be done in a great variety of habitats, boots probably cause more trouble and argument than any other single piece of equipment. No one type of boot is well suited to all circumstances. If you are working continually in the humid forest of the Pacific Coast, with moss-grown logs lying everywhere, there is nothing to beat the logger's caulked boots of good solid leather. Leather boots without caulks are preferable for general work in warm regions, where rubber boots keep your feet perpetually wet with perspiration. Caulked boots are impractical in settled country, for you will be most unpopular if you wear them into restaurants, cabins, or people's homes. Keep leather boots well greased with a commercial leather dressing or a mixture of one part beeswax and three parts mutton tallow. If frequent trips are to be made into bogs or marshes, and time is at a premium, take along a pair of pull-on rubber boots to wear over your shoes. For collecting aquatic plants in fairly deep water waders are generally satisfactory; but if the water is warm, swimming trunks and canvas running shoes will serve. If the area is dry, ordinary low shoes may be practical for some conditions. But they are uncomfortable for rough ground; and in the dry range land of British Columbia, where Bromus tectorum is thick along the roadsides and its seeds riddle your socks each time you leave your car, you will soon abandon them. The type of boot with rubber below the ankle and leather above is a fair compromise when much bog or marsh collecting is involved. However, the leather uppers do not remain fully waterproof for long; and this type of boot is hard on the heels of socks unless thin leather "sock savers" are used. In cool conditions, when much wet ground is anticipated and perspiration is not a problem, laced rubber boots reaching nearly to the knees are satisfactory. They should be large enough to fit snugly over two pairs of thick wool socks. The double socks absorb most of a day's perspiration better than the traditional single socks and heavy insoles. They also creep less than insoles when you are walking all day. Such a boot proved much the best in the cool bog country of the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the colloidal material of the bogs quickly emulsified and washed out the grease from leather boots.

Water-repellent clothing: Some sort of water repellent clothing is necessary for the collector who is continually in the field in regions of high rainfall. Rubber or neoprene impregnated clothing is almost essential for wear in heavy rain. Its disadvantage is that it is water-vapour proof; and, if you are doing strenuous work or the weather is warm, the perspiration condensing inside it soon makes you wet. People who first experience this phenomenon often refuse to believe that the garments are not leaking. It seems to be impossible to ventilate either a full suit or a long coat of such material sufficiently to prevent this trouble without letting the rain in. Opening the neck and "pumping" at frequent intervals by moving the garment to and from your body helps to ventilate it. In a continual drizzle in the Queen Charlotte Islands we found that we stayed drier without such suits than with them, and generally wore field jackets and trousers of heavy cotton drill, which could be dried out at a campfire. I have used a neoprene-nylon suit with considerable success in cold arctic rains, when camping in small tents where



the drying of clothes was very difficult. Trousers or leggings of such material are also excellent for travel through brush or long grass in wet weather. Mere water repellent clothing is soaked in a few minutes under such conditions. If the trousers are worn with a jacket or coat that is water repellent but is pervious to water vapour it is possible to stay reasonably comfortable. Raincoats or jackets should have hoods; but if you wear glasses a cap with a long peak is also advisable.

Windproof clothing: Windproof clothing is often desirable for alpine collecting and is essential on most days in the less benign parts of the arctic. Arctic-alpine conditions are sufficiently variable to prevent any single type of clothing from being ideal. You will likely be warm enough while climbing a mountain to be comfortable in cotton shirt and slacks and hip-length unlined zippered jacket with a hood. Unless the weather is obviously warm and windless and your time above the treeline is to be short, you should also carry a sweater in your field press or a rucksack to put on just before leaving the shelter of the trees. The jacket should be worn open, for ventilation, until its full warmth is needed. Throwing up the hood, without drawing it tight, nearly doubles the warmth of such a jacket when you are working in a strong wind. Under conditions of variable temperature, but not extreme cold, the unlined windproof jacket with a good sweater or a mackinaw woollen shirt is better than a heavy parka because it gives you a greater range of protection.

In most parts of the arctic, wind is the botanist's chief enemy; it blurs vision, makes it difficult to handle collecting equipment, and causes considerable discomfort. The choice of clothing again depends on circumstances. On a sunny day with an air temperature of 50°F you may be perfectly comfortable in cotton shirt and slacks, or even without a shirt, as long as there is no wind. But even a moderate breeze makes at least an unlined parka necessary, and you should always carry one unless you are working close to camp. Two jackets can be used with benefit. A front-opening parka, either with a detachable lining or supplemented by a mackinaw shirt, is best for general use when working from a building in moderate weather or for short intervals. If it closes with a zipper there should be a supplementary buttoned flap to keep the wind out. For really strong winds (you may have to work in winds of 30 to 40 mph because you cannot afford to wait for improved conditions), and especially if you are going to be out for long periods, a true parka or anorak is preferable. This is a loose jacket of closely woven duck or other stout and windproof material, opening only at the throat with a short bellows insert that is closed by a zipper or lace. The hood is sewn on and should fit snugly, even without use of a drawstring, when the throat is closed. The jacket should be long enough so that a strap can be buttoned under the crotch. This last feature prevents the wind from whistling up your back each time you stoop. The anorak should be a slack fit even with heavy clothing under it, not only because of the extra warmth that results from a loose fit, but to make it easier to pull off without assistance. If you find you are getting too warm, open the throat and pump some air in and out; for if you let your clothes get damp with perspiration you may chill before you can get back to camp. All parks should have large side pockets, and they should also have extra pockets at chest level to hold objects that would be crushed in the lower pockets when you bend down.



Windproof trousers of heavy duck that pull on over regular trousers are nearly ideal for windy weather. Some are supplied with tapes to tie under the instep, which keeps them from working out of your boots.

What you wear under your windproofs is largely a matter of personal preference. If you must do your own laundry in camp with a minimum of hot water you are unlikely to favour long underwear. My own preference is for cotton shorts and a string undershirt, which are easily washed. The string undershirt holds your shirt away from you, making a layer of still air with good insulating value. A flannelette shirt with either a sweater or mackinaw shirt over it will provide enough warmth for most conditions; but on extremely bitter days both may be appreciated. The mackinaw shirt is better than a sweater because it hangs loose and is not as likely to ride up around your waist. Cotton slacks are usually adequate under the windproof trousers, but woollen ones may be preferred on exceptionally bad days.

New synthetic materials both for the covering and for the insulation of parkas have been appearing on market recently. Garments made from them are very light, yet warm. New closures, to improve windproofness, are also becoming available. You should check with all the suppliers in your area before making a choice.

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ON JULY 6<sup>TH</sup>. & 7<sup>TH</sup>. .....



YOU TOO CAN ENJOY  
THE 24-HOUR WALK !



