



I've got Bants
in my pants —

—and I carry them everywhere I go. Once I was caught without them — a sore throat the whole weekend! Never again. Bants go wherever I go.

BANTS

THROAT JUBES 1/1d.

Stacey Bros. Ltd., 385 Khyber Pass, Auckland. 15.9



WIND
affects eyes

Smarting, watering, and bloodshot, irritated by the wind and germ-laden dust, the muscles tired by squinting for protection, your eyes demand assistance on windy days. Bathe them with Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex gently floats away dirt and germs, relieves irritation and tones up tired muscles; helps to keep your eyes—and you—happy!

Optrex
the
eye lotion

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, England. 1.9



CANTERBURY winter sports enthusiasts and 3YA staff men around the tape-recorder used to cover the ski championships at Temple Basin last month

ABOVE THE SNOWLINE NZBS Tape-Recorder at Ski Championships

TWO hundred people went up to Arthur's Pass on Sunday, August 14, and among them on the excursion train from Christchurch were four members of the local staff of the NZBS, with a tape-recorder. That week-end representatives of various Canterbury Ski Clubs were competing for the Canterbury Ski Championships at Temple Basin. Skiing had been one of the few New Zealand sports which had received no direct attention from radio, and it seemed a good time to make a start.

The Christchurch Ski Club, whose headquarters are at Temple Basin, co-operated willingly with the NZBS staff, and it was more than vocal co-operation. To build their hut and ski-tow, club members have, over the past 15 years, packed nearly 20 tons of material on their backs from the road to the hut, a climb of 1,500 feet. Some of the individual loads have been as much as 120lb. So the transport of a few batteries for the tape-recorder was accepted as commonplace.

The tape-recorder and box weigh about 40lb. The technician in charge, who had had no previous experience of load-carrying in rough country, put on a bold aspect, put one foot in front of the other up the hill for an hour and a-half, and arrived in good order. He deserved all the compliments he received.

A one-time ski-ing companion and I had appointed ourselves honorary historical background consultants to the

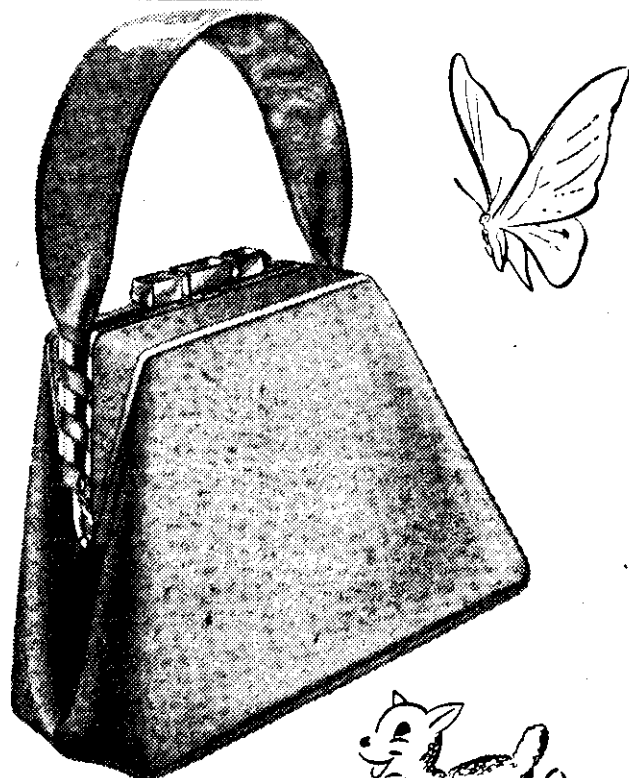
broadcasting party. We hadn't been up to Temple Basin for 11 years, during which period we had led, under different sets of circumstances, fairly sedentary lives. To put it baldly, we didn't know whether we still had enough wind for the climb.

WE got out of the car at the top of the Pass. It was sleeting. Patches of snow lay about, alternating with patches of mud; the wind searched our resurrected clothing, finding the moth holes and the long unmended tears. The Temple spur rose above us, disappearing into the mist, no skyline in sight at all. We broke it gently to the three members of the broadcasting party who didn't know the locality that we had to walk up there into the mist, over the skyline we couldn't see, to a hut and ski ground whose existence we were beginning to doubt. Eleven years is a long time.

The feet and knees and the long thigh muscles had their stored memories. They still knew how to accommodate themselves to hill walking, and after a while the breathing started to synchronize with their movements. It was much easier than we had feared. The track was practically a highroad, with fixed wire here and there on steep places. We strolled up quietly, unloaded, in an hour and twenty minutes, into sunshine and gentle snow showers at the hut level.

The hut was larger, but it still smelt the same; ski wax, kerosene, wet socks, wet wood, drying blankets. We were a

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Pamela
By Strand

STRAND BAG CO. LTD. - CHRISTCHURCH - SEPTEMBER, 1949.