

welcome

Welcome to the fourth edition of "The Fox View".

In order to keep our ratings up, in this issue we have gone for stories relating to sex, violence and with a touch of reality. Read on if you dare.

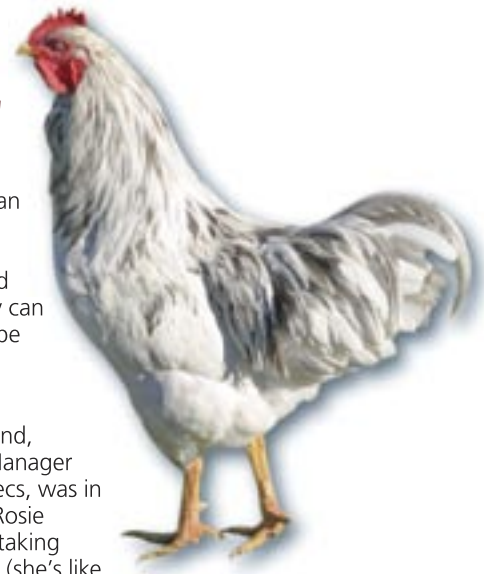
We will start off getting straight to the point with our sex story. Actually it is a sex change story, and it also fits into the reality and thriller categories. All up it is a fine tale and we are hoping it will be made into a movie.

It goes something like this ... and was written by Fox Retail Ops Manager Krissy Mitchell, who heard the story from Becs first hand, and at high volume, on her cell phone, whilst waiting for her appointment at the ophthalmologist. The other patients waiting also heard the story as it unfolded...

attack of the killer rooster!

Being rural folk around here, when owners Carrol and Mike are away, Alpine Guides staff can normally try their hand at helping out on the farm. (Editors note: please, don't anyone tell the Guides/Doris* Unions about this or C and M will be in grave trouble). Carrol and Mike acquired a lovely large rooster called Rosie, a strange name for a rooster we know, but lead guide Marius' three gorgeous "peas in a pod" children were the previous owners and they can be held entirely responsible for Rosie's name – after all Rosie was only a day old when to Lucas, Phobe and Libby, "Rosie" seemed appropriate.

**Doris in an affectionate name for a member of our sales team*



On this particular weekend, Marketing Operations Manager Rebecca Morgan, aka Becs, was in sole charge of minding Rosie and his 8 girlfriends. So taking her duties very seriously, (she's like that), she headed off down the paddock to the chook house feeling like a 'McLeod's Daughter.' So it started out relatively normally. She had all the chooks following her and was in the process of dishing out the chook food when suddenly – Rosie got wind of something that upset him and, to protect his girls, he attacked the hand that was busy feeding him. He leapt onto Becs back, (she identified him immediately when she turned her head to find him looking eye to beak with her). She squeaked with horror, threw some grain at Rosie and then the real chase was on.

Rebecca, a champion sprinter from her younger days, took off across the paddock with Rosie in hot pursuit. She slowed down to cast her eye around for any sign of Rosie and amazingly enough he/she was right on her heels, foaming at the beak. Rebecca remembered that she had something in her hand, the metal feeding bowl, so with brute force she propelled this through the air at break-neck speed, missing Rosie by only inches. So the chase continued and Rebecca ran all the way back to the homestead, got onto her ten speed, put on her skid lid and never looked back.

Becs is in therapy and coming along well. Don't mention eggs to her if you see her.

We have had so many mysteries/thrillers this year it is hard to know where to start. We have opted for "When Glaciers Go Bad" for our next story, again a tale of violence and horror, mercifully this time without the sex (we think).



when glaciers go bad

Who would think that our beautiful glacier could go so terribly wrong. Perhaps her mother treated her younger brother better than her. Perhaps her older sister got the best pet (not a rooster). Whatever it was, she went bad; very, very bad. Our poor beautiful glacier went ugly, ugly, ugly.

It all started as we were about to see the old year out and the new year in. Innocent enough really; fridges stocked, Auld Lang Syne rehearsed, New Years resolutions by the mile. Then Mother Nature, in her infinite wisdom, hurled 300 cm of rain in 24 hours at our poor little glacier. Shock, horror, flooding, mayhem. The route onto the glacier, as we knew it, was gone for ever.

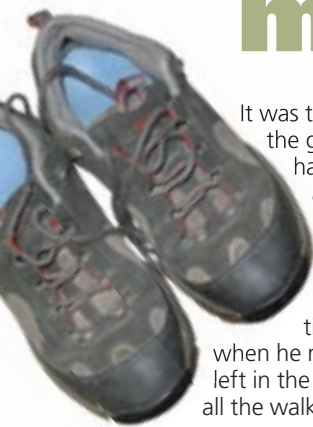
Enter (stage right and left and all spaces in between) guides of the highest order, route makers and stakers extraordinaire. "Take that, Mother Nature", they said. "We would like to work with you, not against you". So after 8 days (all in the rain) of moving moraine, ramming in rods, pummeling in planks, digging in dirt and several support group meetings – **A-ROUTE-WAS-THROUGH**. Forty feet down the rocky side and forty feet up the icy side. Diligence and determination prevailed and our walkers were able to walk on our beautiful glacier once more.

But still, moraine walls do not look so nice. Stones of all sizes, pressed deep by the weight of rock held in place over many centuries can still look nasty. Enter those magnificent men from "Abseil Access". Before you could say "a-b-s-e-i-l", they had acres of cyclone netting spread over the moraine wall. It looked good and we really felt we were working hand in hand with Mother Nature and maybe even foot in foot.

In deference to Ngaio Marsh, the New Zealand patron saint of mystery stories, we will continue along that line with "The Case of the Missing Shoes".

the case of the mystery shoes

by Cornelia Vervoorn



It was the end of another long summer's day on the glacier. All the happy smiling glacier walkers had been sent away with their certificates and all their photos to show the folks back home. Mike and Carrol had taken advantage of the fine weather to show a couple of friends around the glacier as well. One of the guides was doing a last tidy-up of the boot room before leaving, when he noticed that there was still a pair of shoes left in the boot room, lying there unclaimed, although all the walks had returned for the day.

Alarm bells immediately began ringing in guides' ears – could there possibly still be someone left on the glacier, separated from their group and now wandering lonely and afraid on the ice? All guides who had been on the glacier that day were asked whether they could possibly have left anyone behind, but all could remember counting every person they took out and brought back. Nevertheless, a crack team of guides was immediately assembled to conduct a search of the lower glacier in the gathering dark. Mike Browne was also briefed on the situation. At 10:30 that night the guides returned, having seen no sign of the mystery glacier walker.

Now, strange though it may seem, it is not unheard of for clients to wander off without their shoes after returning their borrowed boots. However, they do tend to realise that something is missing before too much time has gone by. The next day, the shoes were still lurking in the boot room. In accordance with standard procedure, the senior guides discussed whether to call the police and alert them to the possibility of a missing person. Before doing so, they decided to call Mike, and see whether he thought it was

necessary to call the police. The conversation went something like this:

Guide: Mike, those shoes have still not been claimed. Do you think we should call the police?

Mike: Well, I guess that's probably wise.

Guide: Right, we'll get right onto it.

Mike: ... Erhm. What, ah, what did these shoes look like again?

Guide: It's a pair of Salamon shoes.

Mike: Ahem. They wouldn't happen to be a pair of gray shoes with blue insoles, would they?

Guide: Yes, they are. Why's that, Mike?

Mike: Well, harumph, I think they might be mine, actually.

So, it all ended happily every after. The mystery was solved, Mike got his shoes back and the guides breathed a collective sigh of relief. And Mike bought quite a few beers for everyone involved, too!



Alpine Guides staff who are also founding members of the South Westland Search and Rescue Team participating in helicopter hover loading training on 16 April 2005.



lots of people have done lots of training this summer at **alpine guides**

Cornelia Vervoorn reports:

March and April were very busy months for guides' training, with at least half of the guides being involved in some kind of assessment and training during that time.

Level 1 NZMGA (New Zealand Mountain Guides Association) Glacier Guides

Eight guides who started work as glacier guides this summer season were assessed on the Level 1 NZMGA (New Zealand Mountain Guides Association) Glacier Guides course, in which they were assessed on their technical and personal skills for guiding and instructing on the lower, hard ice glacial areas. Well done to Ruth van Aalst, Nigel Reid, Jason Ridley (JR), Jason "Arlo" Kelman, Natalie van der Hulst, Martin Hess, James Griffiths and Steve Mackie for all passing!

NZMGA Mountain Skills

Martin Hess and Cornelia Vervoorn spent a week on the NZMGA Mountain Skills course, which is a prerequisite for the Level 2 Glacier Guides exam, learning all kinds of guiding tricks.



Level 2 NZMGA Glacier Guides

Six guides also completed the NZMGA Level 2 Glacier Guides assessment, which makes them fully qualified glacier guides. Congratulations to Gill Saker, Jason Watson, Jeff Richards, Grant Drummond, Karen Corcoran and Tracey Bean.

The course is considered to be a demanding week of assessment, and involved, among other things, ice climbing in the dark on the Franz Josef Glacier, navigating through whiteouts, and cooking

retrieving assessors from the crevasses into which they had thrown themselves, and cooking impressive meals at the end of a long day.

Summer 1 Guides Course:

Abel Roche and James Hamilton each spent a gruelling two weeks on NZMGA Summer 1 guides' courses, which assess course participants' skills as full mountain climbing guides. The courses were held in Arthurs Pass and Mt Cook National Parks. Abel and James were assessed at a very high level and had some very long days.

Abel has since guided Mts Cook and Sefton.

mt sefton climbed **by doris led team**



Well, actually, the idea of the climb came from Steph, the Doris, and it was "ably" led by Guide Abel Roche who writes...

"Such is the allure of this remote peak, an impossibly steep and icy mountain when viewed from Mt Cook village, that 4 other guides (Jaya, Gavin, Nigel and JR) jumped at the chance to join Steph's expedition.

Getting to Sefton is an adventure in itself, a helicopter flight to Welcome Pass and then a half day threading a line up the Douglas Glacier, crossing several bottomless crevasses via very thin looking snow bridges.

Steph showed immense courage on this part of the climb – selling a mountaineering trip is quite different to crossing a 100m deep crevasse full of hanging blue icicles. While a climbing rope keeps it safe, it takes individual courage to keep the legs moving." (Editors note: and a paper bag over your head helps).

Keep moving to the summit they did, abseiled off through the sunset and curled up under the shooting stars. Abel caught Steph eying up Mt Tasman on the flight home, so watch this space.

alpine guides triathletes **take the cup**

On the 10th of April Rebecca Morgan, Kaye Wilson and Kerie Uren, aka "Team Doris", took part in the South Westland Triathlon.

There were a few pre race concerns...Kerie had not paddled in the borrowed kayak before, Rebecca was experiencing pain in her gluteus maximus as her bike seat had not been touched for about 2 years and Kaye was suffering from knee problems. Despite these problems "Team Doris" decided to soldier on.

Kaye ran a great race despite searing heat and the team were off to a great start, but then disaster struck! Kerie's rudder broke and she was tipped out of the kayak and saw her life flash before her eyes! Like a true triathlete and not wanting to let her team down she paddled on rudderless! Once she finally reached the shore all other competitors had departed and Rebecca was in a bad position, miles out from the other competitors. She cycled as fast as possible and almost caught up to take second to last place instead of last.

"Team Doris" was awarded a trophy and took first, second and last placings. Go figure!!!



THE FOX VIEW

ALPINE GUIDES FOX GLACIER



ceo mistakes horse for mountain:

It does happen to anyone really. One minute you have your eye firmly on a daunting mountain summit and the next you are on a horse for three weeks. Alpine Guides Managing Director Mike Browne explains:

"In a vain attempt to recapture my lost youth, I set off with son Pete, Paddy Freaney from Arthurs Pass and horses Floss, Foxy, Lucy and Bess to go from Arthurs Pass to the mouth of the Clarence River north of Kaikoura. The route went up river valleys and over 5000 ft passes to the Lewis Pass and then followed the Clarence River for about ten days. Pete did the section from Arthurs Pass to the Lewis Pass and then Fiona Anderson – one of the guides replaced him for the second section. Twenty one days were spent in the saddle and by the end of it our group felt like a little nomadic tribe and the main things on our tiny minds were finding grazing for the horses, trying to shoot geese or rabbits for dinner and trying to estimate if the whiskey would last the distance."

guides memorial seat



This summer a Totara seat was built at the turn off to the Fox Glacier valley by Max Dorfliger – a master craftsman and a retired guide who did a lot of work for Alpine Guides in the 1980's. The seat was paid for by the New Zealand Mountain Guides Association and various Guiding Companies, including us. It is a memorial to the NZ Mountain, Glacier and Ski Guides of the past and sitting on it and looking at the marvelous view of Mt Tasman is a great way to remember the colleagues who have gone before.

pre hospital emergency care

Nine Alpine Guides staff took part in the Pre-Hospital Emergency Care (PHEC) Course run by the Auckland University of Technology. This six day course covered all manner of life saving procedures. The graduates of this course will be able to support St John's Ambulance volunteer service to the glacier region. Congratulations to Alpine Guides staff – Tracey Bean, Gill Saker, Jason Ridley, Susan Carrodus, Grant Drummond, Cornelia Vervoorn, Carrol Browne, Steve Mackie, Braden Currie for their success with this course.

So another busy season has come to an end. This one seems to have gone by even faster than the last one. Thank you to all who have given us business in one way or another. Without you we are nothing and neither is our bank account. And to all of the Alpine Guides staff – you have done good. This was a tough year and you have exceeded all expectations of what a great staff can do.

Mike and Carrol Browne



hanging up the hobnails

This May we finally phased out the use of hobnails for our boots. We have been using the last of our hobnailed boots on helihikes but now rubber soled boots, with various sorts of crampons, will be used on all our trips.

This is the end of an era. The first climbers in Victorian times used nailed boots and we are probably the last users of them in the world. Over the years our guides have re-soled leather boots and had heated discussions about the benefits of different nailing patterns. The sound of boots having nails hammered into them has been part of the background noise of Glacier Guiding for decades and it is sad to see tradition passing – such is the price of progress.

Watch out for the new Flights Gallery website
www.flightsgallery.co.nz

Check out the latest additions to our own Icefox label of clothing:



Welcome to new staff Brian Anderson and Tanja Grasser

ALPINE GUIDES
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