



# UCCCC

**University of Canterbury Canoe Club  
February 2013**



**The Heli Trip!!!**

**What:** Kayaking and rafting

**Where:** Taipo River

**When:** Late September

**How long:** 2 to 3 days

**How:** Helicopter up the river and get dropped off at various points

Thanks Dan Lewis for organising the trip






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Spoonfest

Editor's Column: Hello and  
welcome to the University of  
Canterbury Canoe Club. What an  
excellent choice you've just made .  
I have been kayaking for the last  
two years and have had an  
amazing and crazy time on every  
trip. I have paddled on some  
beautiful rivers, have tipped upside  
down many times and have  
subsequently been rescued many  
times. I have also hopefully finally  
kicked the habit of calling a paddle  
an oar. A massive thanks to last  
years committee who have done an  
awesome job. I used CoralDraw  
and Photoshop to create this  
magazine. It has been fun putting  
it all together. I hope you enjoy  
your copy.

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# Captain's Column

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2012 was pretty sweet year for the UCCC. Well over 200 members enjoyed organized river trips almost every weekend and the social side put many of the bigger clubs on campus to shame. Zero 2 Hero 1, organized by Jeeves saw a massive turnout for the first paddling trip of the year. A bunch of new members were quickly bought up to speed with the basics of water kayaking. This was smartly followed by Zero-2 Hero 2 (due to huge demand) and White Water Week (WWW). Murchison stayed sunny for the whole time, heaps of awesome paddling was achieved and the classic UCCC nighttime shenanigans ensued. Last year's WWW saw some very promising young paddlers really emerge for their first time. This passing on of knowledge from one 'generation' of paddlers to the next is something quite special about this club.

Somehow I missed the Brunner and Hollyford trips last year but by all accounts they were as ridiculous, scenic and awesome as ever; aside from a bout of sickness that made its way round the camp on Hollyford. The goon was probably to blame. The rest of the winter was filled with smaller weekend trips aimed at intermediate paddlers.

I don't think I had a single weekend in ChCh in the first few weeks of term four. Another crop of beginners picked up the sport at Zero-2-Hero 3, organized by Brian Thorne our outgoing President. Later, a pretty decent snowfall didn't stop us joining OUCC at Tekapo Spoonfest. The highlight for me though was the Taipo Heli Trip, organized by Dan Lewis. The flow might have been slightly low, but I cannot think of a better way to spend a weekend than on a two day river trip, down relatively friendly, crystal clear White Water with a fantastic group of people.

*“ The goon was probably to blame ”*



The UCCC has been fortunate to have been lead very competently in recent years. Nowhere has this been more evident than in the gear department. We are now able to kit out 30 people with all the gear they need to be on the water, along with another lot of people on our raft. This impressive asset base is the result of a lot of hard work by some very dedicated people.

DBS deserves singling out for his work as funding officer over the last two years. A bunch of kayaking gear might not be as glitzy as an old fire truck, but it's a hell of a lot more practical and proves that UCCC club membership brings real tangible benefits.

Euan has kept things firing on the social side with UCCC HQ being the place to be as ChCh town is still a pretty *not* happening place. HQ has moved for 2013 and is apparently being renamed - stay tuned!

On behalf of the rest of the club I'd like to welcome all the new members for 2013, and congratulate those returning. Learning to kayak teaches you a lot more than just how to paddle. You learn how to find that line between fun and recklessness, you learn how to paddle safely as a team without burdening the team with your safety and you learn the true value of our (too often threatened) rivers. The UCCC has so much to offer. A little effort put in at the start of the year to come along and meet some people will be rewarded tenfold with the good times you'll discover. Join us and become one of the New Zealanders who actually know what's hidden beyond their doorstep.

See you out there,  
Nick Wareing



# A few words from the president



**Y**ou, my friend, have joined the club in a very interesting year indeed; 2013 has been designated the 'International Year of Water Cooperation' by none other than the United Nations. You couldn't have picked a better time to learn to become one with the wild white water of the country.

Last year wasn't all that bad though We had not one, nor two, but three Z2H (Zero Hero) courses bringing first green, then un-clothed, and finally just normal guys & gals together en masse to have a go at a bit of kayaking. This was followed up with a fantastic week away kayaking building on those skills, countless weekend trips, and just lots of other trips. We also had Brian Thorne as president (this old grey haired fellow who you may meet during the year. It all culminated in term 4, which was madness with a big trip every weekend; I think I clocked a little over 3500km driving during those weekends. I didn't tally up the petrol...

I hope you had an enjoyable summer; the rivers were charging in the rain, and the surf was pretty sweet in the sun. I was that good in New Zealand that two of the three awesome paddlers who went to Chile to go kayaking cut their trip short and came back early! ;)



Well it can only get better this year. Global warming is in full swing which could mean warmer days out on the river and higher flows. Perhaps the raft won't get stuck on the Helicopter trip(s). I'm not sure when the organised events are for the near future, but knowing Captain Nick, there will be a lot happening in the first term so make sure you come along to everything/ something! Big ones are Zero2Hero and White-Water-Week, and if you've done some kayaking before we'd love you to come along and help or just float down.

Well before this becomes too much rambling/nonsense, I'll leave you with this; as president, I offer one pledge this year: Brunner will not be on the same dates as Twalk, so I'll catch ya on the bus :)

Tim Grunshaw



# Canoe Polo

UCCC Canoe Polo started back in 1987 by a keen group of paddlers including Steve Gurney. Since the closure of QEII pool in 2011 the sport took a bit of a hit in Christchurch. However, now with Lake Roto Kohatu kitted out for us and the league played in the spring and summer, we are ready to go again!

Canoe Polo is a great way to practise your kayak skills – how better to improve your rolling than with the encouragement of an opponent pushing you over?! (Although, if you can't roll the opponents do show mercy. Or you could come along to one of our rolling sessions to learn.)

For those of you unfamiliar with Canoe Polo, it is a ball game played five aside. Players aim to shoot a soccer sized ball into a net suspended a few metres above the pool, guarded by a paddle bearing goalie. For more information I recommend checking out some YouTube videos, but don't worry, we're not quite as intense as those guys.

The summer season runs coincident with the first university term. The first game kicks off on Wednesday night about 6pm. This is a social league with people of varying abilities. In the recently finished 2012 spring season players with little previous kayaking experience really got into it. Before the start of the season there a couple of 'turn up and play' games in the preceding weeks to give people a taster before they enter a team. During the fourth term the spring league will begin, so keep an eye out for that also. Information is on the UCCC Polo page and the UCCC Polo Facebook page.

If you're keen to enter as a team or an individual get in touch with the Polo Officer ASAP and come along to Lake Roto Kohatu (near the airport) on Wednesday night. It's an epic game; I look forward to playing with, or against, you!

Tom Logan



# Bigger Than DogLog

I was pretty nervous as I made my way down to the put-in for Roaring Meg with a kayak awkwardly perched on my shoulder. I'm used to paddling a canoe at least twice the size of this thing, and I'm honestly not really sure what I'm doing. After all, this is my second time in a kayak, ever. But hey, I'm a raft guide back home in the States and I take my canoe down whitewater all the time, so surely I'll pick up kayaking pretty quickly, right? And besides, everyone says this section is "cruisy grade III" so it shouldn't be a problem...right? Wrong.



First, kayaks do lots of things I'm not used to a boat doing anyway, like flip in an eddy or go end-over-end in giant holes, so my whole "picking kayaking up quickly" thing didn't go exactly as planned. Second, I'm not entirely convinced the word "cruisy" is applicable here even if I was a half decent kayaker.

In the end, my descent of Roaring Meg involved one very cold swim, one rapid I descended backwards while clinging onto Simon's kayak, and one "portage" where I accidentally chucked my boat into a river-wide hole (...oops?). It was only after I'd asked Tim and Emma something along the lines of "what the f%\$! am I doing?" that they finally admitted that, uh, maybe this wasn't a good beginner run after all. I'm still not exactly sure what motivated me to go paddling again the next day but I didn't regret it—Dog Leg ended up being the "cruisy grade III" I was looking for all along. (Hmm, maybe we should have done that first, eh?)

*Dylan Thomas*

# They were Early



After it was final decided what the plan would be for the next morning, a group headed off in the vans to Queenstown for the night while 5 of us stayed behind to camp on the bank of the Shotover river. With tents set up and the sun setting behind the mountains, we set up a fire and placed our kayaks around the edge as seats. A very relaxed night by UCCC standards followed with Tim being a loan wolf in drinking goon. As we headed to the comforts of our tents we made jokes about what time the Queenstown group would arrive in the morning, with most agreeing that they would arrive a lot later than the agreed 10am start in the morning. As the morning rolled round and we crawled out of

our tents to begin to make breakfast by the comfort of the fire, we were surprised to see a van appear in the distance. Not only had the Queenstown group actually arrived but they had also arrived early. As the Van pulled up in front of us, the team inside stumbled out of the van trying there best to walk in a straight line. It was fairly obvious they had had a big night in town and werent feeling the best at the moment. As we packed up camp, the others either slept on the ground or covered the people sleeping with rocks. Overall an entertaining morning after a relaxed night by the river.

*Jordan Pearson*



# S o c i a l Y a k i n g

Kia Ora folks,

Seeing as I've only had three days off work this summer, keen as beans to get stuck straight into all the fun with you lot. As always we will begin strong with the new members BBQ, boat racing and social spa-ing. To follow we have themed BYOs at the secret location, a relaxing Hamner weekend and the legendary Bullerfest.

Interclub activities are definitely on the go due to the great success last time, so hopefully we can ramp it up a notch with joint party bus trips and paintball matches. And yes, we did beat CUSCC in the keg race. Perhaps they might get another chance?

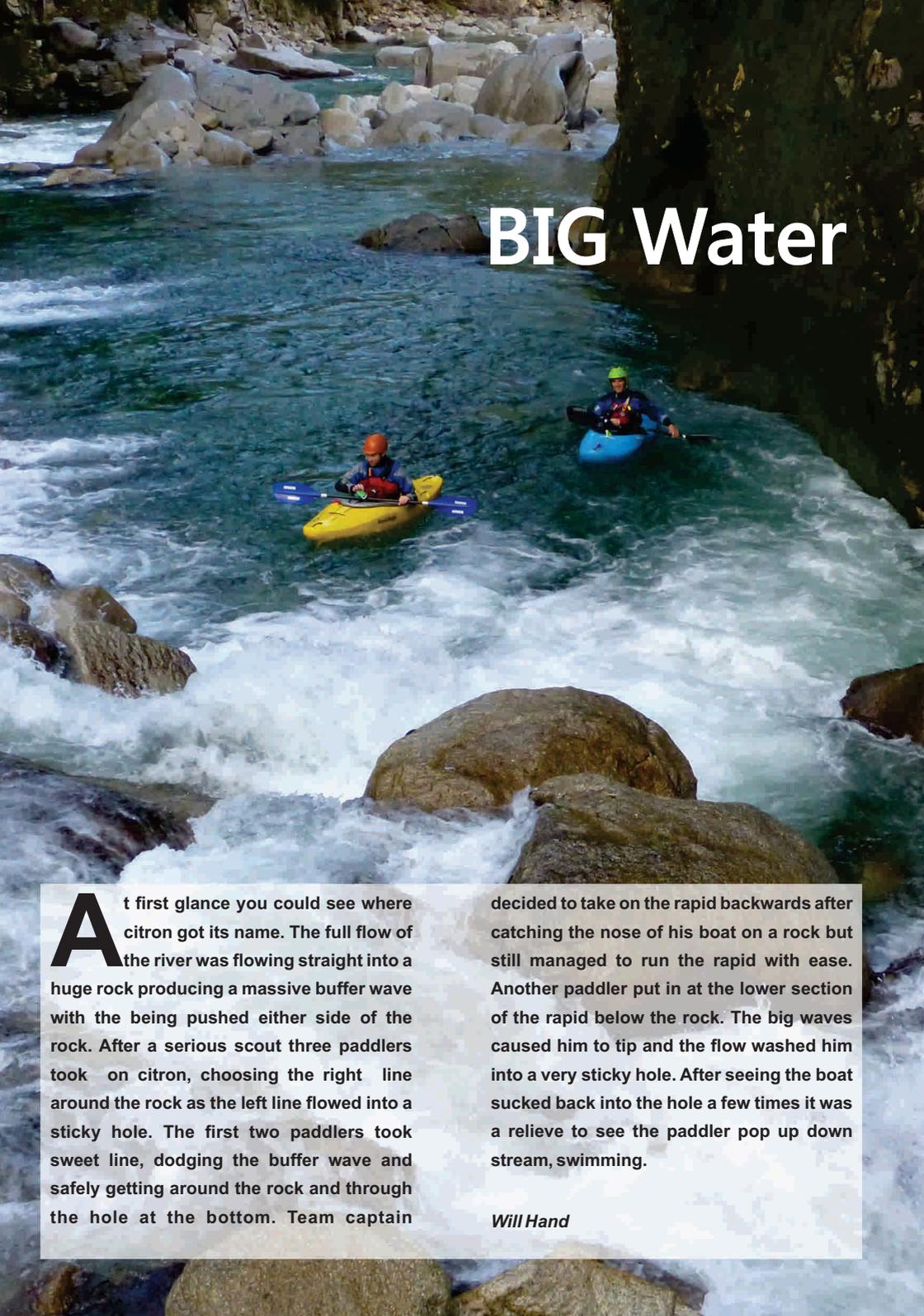
Middle of the year is the infamous Brunner. Get that epic costume sorted well in advance and put some money aside to book a seat on this crazy coast to coast bus trip!

I'm looking forward to socialising with all you new and returning members at the BBQ next week. Friends and goons are always welcome. Don't hesitate in signing up to the most active and wild club on campus.

Here's to another rowdy year with UCCC!

Euan, returning Sociable Officer



A photograph of two kayakers navigating a white-water rapid in a river. The water is turbulent and white with foam. Large, smooth, light-colored rocks are scattered throughout the riverbed. One kayaker in a yellow kayak is in the foreground, and another in a blue kayak is further back. The scene is set in a narrow, rocky gorge.

# BIG Water

**A**t first glance you could see where citron got its name. The full flow of the river was flowing straight into a huge rock producing a massive buffer wave with the being pushed either side of the rock. After a serious scout three paddlers took on citron, choosing the right line around the rock as the left line flowed into a sticky hole. The first two paddlers took sweet line, dodging the buffer wave and safely getting around the rock and through the hole at the bottom. Team captain

decided to take on the rapid backwards after catching the nose of his boat on a rock but still managed to run the rapid with ease. Another paddler put in at the lower section of the rapid below the rock. The big waves caused him to tip and the flow washed him into a very sticky hole. After seeing the boat sucked back into the hole a few times it was a relieve to see the paddler pop up down stream, swimming.

*Will Hand*



# I'm in a Hole

After the six hours or so of time needed for the more extreme members to tackle Nevis' Bluff and the salvage of them and their gear, a democratic discussion for the evening was made. As it was getting dark and rewards of beer from a boot ('booties') were being issued, the decision to exclude the stunningly scenic 4 hour drive in the dark to Mavora Lake was made. Instead, we would camp at Citron and have a fire on the edge of the river.

Half an hour of u turns and backtracking later, we found the designated camp site again. Subsequently, a 'what are the chances of this' moment occurred when the farmer owning the land appeared at 8pm, giving us a disgruntled 'you really shouldn't be here' before heading off again into the darkness.

Knowing that south island farmers aren't as stupid as they are made out to be and that he would return to check, we then headed off to Rum curries campsite. Here the fire and stars burned bright, the goon flowed freely and a couple of members displayed their amateur drinking habits.

Peaking during dinner time, Dylan went on a rampage of broken boxes and \$5 promises, to then prove that Americans cannot hold down the yellow nectar and crashed somewhere in the woods. A certain first year by the name of Will Hand then displayed some extremely vivid sleep kayaking on land, where he tackled almost every known obstacle known in kayaking.

*Tim Riddell*



# QT again and the drive back to the shotover

## The hangover

So after a day of pushing the rental vans up muddy roads only to paddle what was basically flat water, it was decided that a quick plan of what we would do on the last day needed to be formed to get more paddling in for the final day.

About an hour later, with the aid of a talking rock and the deadline of impending darkness, we decided to split in two groups. Those who would rather get cold by the river and be guaranteed paddling the next day, stayed and got cold by the river, while the rest of us drove to Queenstown, to have a warm night at a backpackers and a few casual (haha) drinks.

The backpackers was good, it was everything the previous nights camping wasn't. Warm beds instead of sleeping bags, a roof instead of a tent, a road instead of a river, and bars instead of a bunch of trees. But there wasn't time to take in the anti-scenery, there was warm food to be eaten and a night to be had.

The next morning we all piled into the vans, parked one at the takeout, then made the fun journey down the "ohshit" road to the campsite/put in. To our surprise we were early, the campers were stunned

by this and still had to have breakfast and pack up their campsite. We were still kinda drunk and guitar appeared by the breakfast campfire, good times all round...then I found my wetsuit had frozen last night.

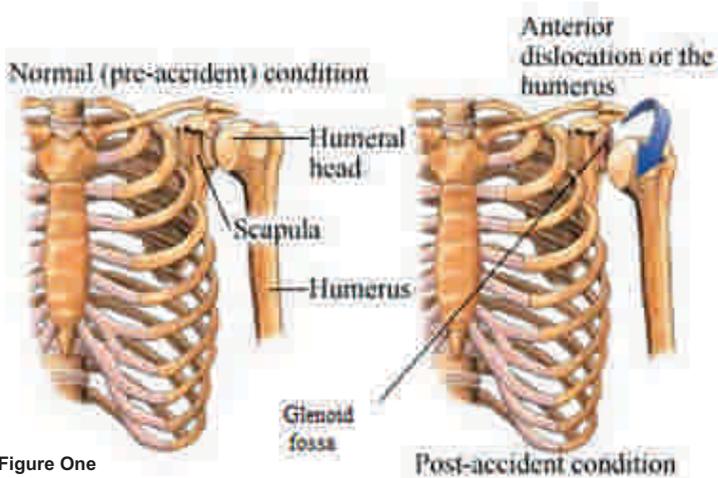
Sam Evans



# Shoulder Dislocation - A Kayaker's Guide

As I'm sure you're all quite aware, shoulder dislocation is one of the most feared - and unfortunately one of the most common – injuries faced by kayakers. For those of you who are interested in knowing more about recognising and managing this, read on.

**Disclaimer:** The following applies to situations where you are far from medical services. If you can get to a nearby hospital (i.e. you're up the Hurunui), do so. Clearly having a medical professional relocate a shoulder is preferable, but if you have little choice, it is likely worth trying the following techniques.



Medically, we talk about '**reducing**' a dislocation. This involves attempting to pop the **humeral head** back into the **glenoid fossa**. (Figure 1). There has been significant talk over the years as to whether so-called "blind" reduction (without prior X-ray to ascertain fracture status etc ) is safe to perform, and whether long-term outcomes are as satisfactory. A recent study suggests that it may be appropriate for kayakers to be shown how to reduce dislocated shoulders. So let's discuss the theory:

It's important to note that the only scenario in which it is of benefit to attempt reduction is when one can be confident a dislocation is present. In certain groups, fracture is a more likely outcome than dislocation, and management should be changed in these situations. The **main benefit in reducing shoulders is pain reduction**. Trust me: your mate will breathe a sigh of relief once that joint pops back in.

Let's take a look at how to assess whether we should attempt reduction:

## Patient/Paddler

At the two extremes of **age** (the young and the old), fracture is a more likely outcome than dislocation in the context of a shoulder injury. In children this is due to unfused growth plates present in their long bones (creating a weak area for the bone to fracture through), and osteoporotic change to bones in the elderly. Obviously the majority of us in the UCCC aren't at either of these extremes, but it's worth noting **not to attempt reduction in children or the elderly.**

## Mechanism/history:

It is important to ensure that the **mechanism of injury** is consistent with a suspected dislocation. If you see a paddler perform a bad high brace (See Figure 2), and suddenly scream in pain, you can be pretty confident that he will have dislocated his shoulder. If he has had **previous dislocations** of the previous shoulder, this would add to your clinical suspicion.



## Examination

A normal shoulder should look nicely **rounded**. Take a look at your deltoid in the mirror now. Now compare this to the following photos:



The patient's right shoulder is dislocated in both examples. Note how the shoulder now has a **shelf-like or step-down appearance**. This is typical of an **anterior dislocation**, which makes up 85% of dislocations (the humeral head pops out the front of the joint). Posterior dislocations tend to occur in electrical shock patients, and those who have experienced a seizure. Undress the paddler to confirm the appearance.

Lastly, to ensure that the problem is the joint and not the bone, externally rotate (Figure 3) the shoulder. If the patient complains of pain in the joint itself, this would support your diagnosis of shoulder dislocation. The paddler also shouldn't be able to move the shoulder as freely as normal. If any **crepitus** (grating of bone fragments) is heard or felt when moving the shoulder, **do not attempt** reduction.

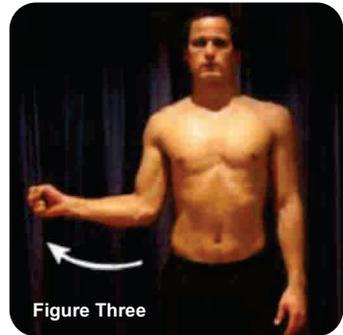


Figure Three

Now that you're confident the paddler has a dislocated shoulder, it's time for you to attempt reduction. Don't attempt it if you're not confident, so have someone who has experience with this show you before you do it yourself. Important, though, is to always **apply as little force as is possible**, and to **perform the reduction slowly and smoothly**. It's easy to rush in such a stressful scenario; I can vouch for that personally. If you apply a great deal of force, you run the risk of doing permanent damage to the shoulder. Performing the reduction slowly not only lowers this risk, but also helps quieten the muscle spasms around the dislocated joint. If the patient's deltoid is spasming, there's no way you'll be able to fight this and reduce the shoulder. Take it slow. Don't jerk the arm. While the paddler will be in pain, it's worth taking your time. Often, **painkillers prior to attempted reduction** are a good idea.

Various techniques exist for reduction, and it's a matter of picking one that works for you. If you see me on a trip sometime soon, I'll be more than happy to demonstrate. Personally, I am a fan of the **FARES method**. It's highly effective, and is the least painful of all the procedures if performed correctly. The FARES method is the first one demonstrated in the video with the following URL. Note how they perform all reductions slowly and with a small amount of traction:

<https://vimeo.com/8605660>

The simplest method, and perhaps most effective of all, however, is the **Stimson hanging arm technique**. This involves laying the patient on his front, and hanging his arm below him and perpendicular to his body with weight dangling from his wrist (Figure 4). 5 kg is usually sufficient, and the patient is allowed to lie in this position until reduction occurs spontaneously, within the time it takes for the muscles around the dislocated joint to relax. If you're on the side of the river and the patient has had no pain killers, don't expect this to work immediately. Give the paddler around 45 minutes with the weight hanging. A large rock in a helmet works well to strap to their hand, and a kayak provides a nice table to elevate their body. Just ensure that you keep him/her warm. We wouldn't want to complicate the situation further with hypothermia! If after 45 mins you have no luck, or the paddler is getting cold, raft up and get the hell out of there.

Indicators of a successful reduction are one or several of: an audible clunk; return of shoulder shape to normal; reduced pain; and return of normal range of movement.

If you manage to successfully reduce the shoulder, place the arm in a sling with the arm across the front of the body as shown (Figure 5). High fives at this point are suggested.



If any of you have pressing questions with regards to management of kayaking injuries, do let me know. I hope you all find this helpful!

Ben McLaughlin  
Safety Officer



# The Shotover road

"Steep cliffs, sharp corners" and a "narrow gravel road" is certainly one combination that will wake up before a spot of kayaking. As you turn off the coronet peak ski field road, there are plenty of warning signs, confirming that we are almost certainly not insured in our rental vehicle on here (and a little less certainly, but quite possibly, going to die); fortunately though, the UCCC comes prepared, with our two wheel drive, eight seater people movers. The drop offs were indeed large, and not really worth looking at when there's less than half a metre between you and it, this combined with sharp corners and a wide trailer did make this a very exciting trip. Creeping around the sides of massive cliffs doesn't come without its rewards though, the views were spectacular and a taste of the Shotover gorge to come, the reason behind this drive.

## *"Steep cliffs, sharp corners and a narrow gravel road"*

Perhaps the trailer with 12 kayaks was pushing the limit a little, but with as many people as there were kayaks we had no problem detaching it and pushing it up some of the steeper and muddier parts. There may have been the occasional moment when this trip seemed a bit questionable, like when the van fell into a rather deep rut and required lifting, pushing and some very careful driving to get it out; yet we got there in the end with no damage to report (well, let's just keep it at that).

Thanks to some awesome work by our drivers, and a team effort pushing the trailer up the hill we all made it to the put in eventually, a 4wd might be a little more appropriate if we ever do return though. It certainly was an exciting experience and the paddling later that day and the next did make it worthwhile.

*James McKay*



# Dogs Legs Lunch in the Sun

**N**ot that early on Wednesday morning we missioned over to the Dogsleg put in. Lost and confused as usual it was recognised only by the familiar outlook of the “poo with a view” long drop which overlooks a beautiful vineyard nestled above the Kawerau gorge.

After sliding down the steep sand banks the group began our second run of the week. This was expected to be much harder than Roaring Meg but turned out to be a relaxing cruise down a low and quiet grade III river on a beautiful day! Dogsleg run passes below the Kawerau Bungy Bridge and consists of 3 rapids and a whole lot of flat water.

The major excitement of this run was the final rapid which consisted of a few friendly holes and some epic waves. There was no carnage at all and we exited the Kawerau River at a scenic camp ground where we enjoyed our lunch in the sun.

No rest for the wicked however. Captain Tim noticed the “Warning, Extreme Danger Downstream” signs. Unsatisfied with this safe, relaxing paddling he, Simon and a Welsh paddler met on river began to toss up the idea of the Grade V Nevis Bluff rapid which lay in wait just down river.

*Emma Woods*





# Nevis Bluff Run

One of the highlights and also the most dramatic experiences for many of us on this year's UCCC Hollyford Kayak trip was the Nevis Bluff run. A bit of back story for you: Nevis Bluff is a 1 km long section of white-water on the Kawarau River near Queenstown that runs within 50 m of the highway. And even though it is one of the most easily accessed runs in NZ it wasn't until 1990 that the first person successfully kayaked it. In whitewater grading systems it's rated between a 5 and 6, with a 6 being the most gruesome whitewater possible. Nevis is one scary mother!

Two crazy members of our team of twelve decided to go for it. Of the rest we had 4 guys running safety on shore; their job would be to 'try' and throw a safety line to the kayakers if they ended up swimming the rapid. I say 'try' because in order to safely accomplish this role in fast/big water like Nevis, it is very similar to trying to throw a rugby ball 15 m to your teammate who is running at a dead sprint. And if you are skilled enough to hit him then you have to get low and secure very fast otherwise the force of the river will be similar to trying to stop the same full sized rugby player running downhill from pulling you into river as well. The rest of us decided to take the easy route and found a beautiful vantage point on the bluff overlooking the run 30 m above the river.

Tim and Simon were the paddlers running Nevis and with them a British paddler had joined up. The crew paddled as close as they dared to the top of the whitewater, pulled their boats on shore, and did a long scout of the rapid.

Slowly and carefully identifying each hazard, and trying to identify the safest and 'easiest' line possible. Not much to work with, especially at the top of the run. This is because it seemed all the water in the river was pouring into one gargantuan hole (A hole – is river talk for a spot that recirculates the water, in smaller runs these can be fun, a place people paddle toward in order to surf the whitewater, in Nevis it is a huge churning force to be avoided at all cost)! After the British paddler saw the river up close he had a change of heart and decided to carry his boat over the rocky shore. For our two UCCC paddlers, there was no backing down. They walked back their boats, strapped themselves in, and pushed off.

From our vantage point, we saw Simon and Tim paddle into the main flow of the river. I turned on the camera, and we all held our breath as first Simon then Tim paddled hard into Nevis's first wave. It all happened very quick, Simon paddled over the first wave and into the next, but with each consecutive wave he was dropping lower and lower into the bottom of the waves, by the last wave in the set he was completely out of view, and launched 1 m above the top of the last beastly wave. From our point of view getting launched was the last thing Simon wanted, when he hit river he skidded over into the main flow, heading directly towards that huge nasty hole. In a millisecond he was sucked in and we didn't see him or the boat. When he came out the boat was upside down and he was taking the brunt of the rivers force on his upper body.

While this bit of carnage was going on Tim had also paddled into the top of Nevis but he made his line, staying out of the full force of the wave train that launched Simon into the air, and skirted narrowly between the beastly hole that just ate up Simon and another one up river. Seeing Simon upside down though he knew there was nothing he could do for him while he was paddling for his life in his kayak. So he paddled directly for shore and ran down stream.

Simon on the other hand was trying to roll his boat back over but the force of the river wasn't making it easy. He decided it's no use and pulled his safety strap on the deck of the kayak. This let him get out of the boat, and begin what was the biggest swim of his life. One of the safety crew threw a rope but it wasn't nearly close enough and Simon was in no condition to swim for it. He had taken a mean hit on the jaw when he was upside down.

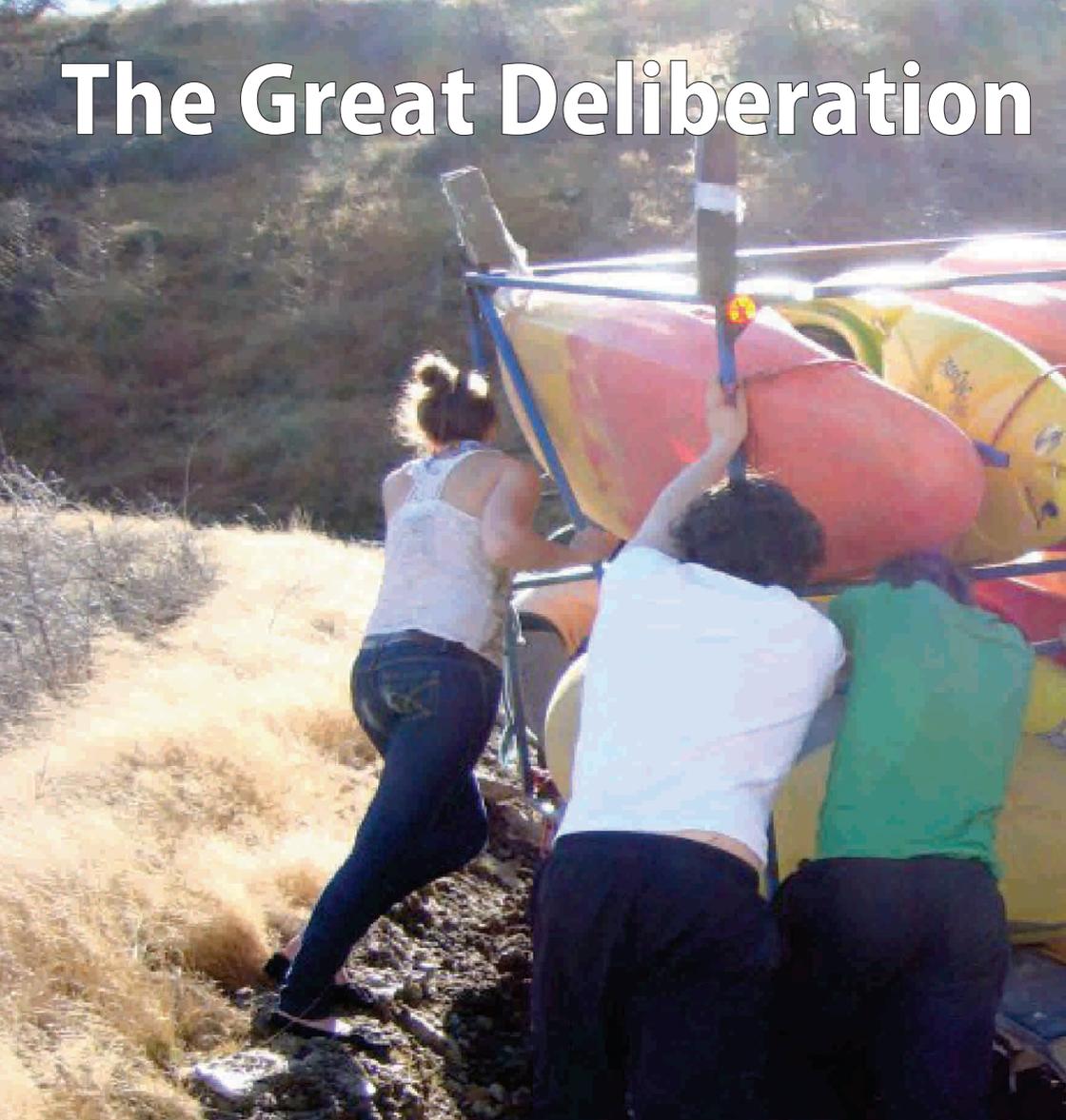
We watched in horror from up top as Simon got sucked over one drop after another, after the first 2 or 3 big drops we could see he was struggling to get back up and he was spending very long seconds underwater, getting churned by the river's force. By that time though, luckily the river was beginning to flatten out and he slowly swam to shore. The other kayakers ran down to check on his state. Simon gave a weary thumbs up and everyone had a sigh of relief.

The rest of the run was without carnage for both Tim and the Brit, who put their kayaks in and ran the lower half without incident. At the bottom they picked up Simon and dragged him down river as both his kayak and paddle had floated on down well before he did.

Another big day for UCCC.

Julien Stevens

# The Great Deliberation



**S**o we eventually made it along Skippers Canyon Road after fearing for our lives countless times, scraping cliff sides with our trailer and generally pushing the vans and gear further than we drove (did we miss the road and actually drive along a sheep track??? Quite possibly). The original plan was to hit up the Upper Shotover as it is renowned for its superb quality of playholes and generally fun kayaking. Unfortunately the access bridge was closed (it probably just collapsed at some point which would be no big deal this road surely must do things like

that all the time) and so we were forced to do an easier section of the Middle Shotover (Grade 1+). It was very scenic. Very scenic. (if you know what I mean). No but to be fair it was very scenic (we passed many old goldmining relics etc) and although the rapids were pretty tame we all still loved it. Interestingly the water temp was even colder than the Kawarau as the Shotover gets more snow melt. When we got to the 'get out' we had a decision to make. The "Great Deliberation"



we had was should we camp here and smash out the Lower Shotover early next morning before going home (Grade 4!) or should we all go the queenstown, get very very drunk, forget about kayaking the next day and try to hit on foreigners. I know which I chose. Well after an hour's discussion involving everyone getting totally confused we arrived at a plan. Half of us would drive both the vans out to queenstown, stay at a backpackers and go out at night. The other half would camp at here. We (people who went to queenstown) would drive back in early in

the morning and hopefully be able to meet the campers and all run the river. (One person didn't kayak and so could generously ferry our vans). To be honest it was a very simple plan and not one of us understood why it took us so long to realize it. Queenstown was fun and once again Emma didn't sleep in her own bed. (That's Emma Woods everyone - animal!!)

Owain John

# The Epic



**T**he epic started in the most unsuspecting way; three quarters of the group seriously hung-over from a night in Queenstown, one leader down due to a sickness, and an exploratory paddle down a 13km inescapable gorge. The Shotover Gorge was on the cards and while the G4 rating it had would mean some portages for most, we knew that most of it would just be cruisy float down the vertically walled gorge with a few rapids to break up an otherwise scenic trip. Local beta and a read of the guide had explained to us that there were 'obvious portages that the rafts use'. As the river was low the cruisy float was also a rather slow cruisy float, with one notable rapid for all to enjoy. No worries though, we had heaps of time and were moving at a reasonable rate. Until the sickness hit. Now every kayaker will know that

generally last night's hangover will gradually subside as you get into the rhythm of weaving between rocks, bouncing over waves and having the occasional surf. This was not the case; it was about a third of the way in when we started realising that some of our hangovers were not getting better, but instead progressively worse. Sam was the first to go, and he went downhill quickly. Gradually he was moving further out the back of the group, requiring more waiting.

At this point we came to the first grade 4 rapid. It had the resemblance of a hydroslide; a messy 2m drop led into a narrow 100m section of slide like water only requiring you to watch your rails. However, it came with a bit of a catch; just below the drop about a quarter of the flow led into a narrow slot like channel ending in a sieve. Two of us decided to run it, while the other situated themselves on live bait at the start of the this dodgy channel to grab any person or boat that found their way wondering into the channel. I bobbed through the rapid without issue getting past the first drop then just enjoying the ride; Julien unfortunately tipped on the drop and went down the main channel upside missing out on all of the fun!

With this rapid finished, a get together indicated that more people were now getting sick quickly and Sam was getting worse. The 'obvious' portage was not obvious, instead there was some steep climbing and occasional bush bashing. With three people no longer feeling able to paddle the rapids, we made the decision to have these three and Jordan walk themselves out while the other six of us paddled out.

The next section was a bunch of lovely gorge of continuous easy grade 3 drops and we made time quickly. As we emerged from this gorge we quickly noticed a massive valley that would stop the others from walking out. Knowing that we were ahead of them we quickly split into three groups: Emma & Will went a bit further to check out what the final gorge looked like, Owain & Richard backtracked on foot next to the river, and Julien & I went straight up the hill to ensure that between us we would intercept the walking group. After climbing a ridiculous height exhausting ourselves and filling my drysuit with sweat, we saw that the others were indeed right by the river. After a bit of regrouping and cooling ourselves down in the river, we decided to continue by river as it would be far faster and looked fine. Sam was still the sickest and unable to paddle at all, this meant two of us rafting up with him the rest of the way. I was gradually getting more and more tired as we bobbed and bounced through the next few easy rapids.

One of them required a portage, and the other some good rope work from Julien to pull our rafted up kayaks to the side; as I was swung into this eddy holding Sam I glanced around to see a huge hole in the cliff just downstream – we were near the takeout. This hole is actually a 170m tunnel built by some goldminers way back who wanted to divert water from the river for gold. Despite leaving not long after 10am, this '3 – 5 hour' run was taking us towards sunset time, as such we didn't have time to all scout the tunnel exit. I decided to paddle it to check it out and walk back along a track above it to let the other know; from the entrance it looked fairly simple, if not a bit dark.



Paddling towards the small semi-circle of light at the end of the tunnel in complete darkness was a surreal experience, I was loving it, and there were no rapids to speak of in the tunnel. However, as I neared the exit I heard a slowly increasing roar... Perhaps 20m past the end of the tunnel there was a sharp horizon line, looking for eddies I quickly realised that as it was artificially made it was just perfectly even at the edges, not a micro eddy to speak of. The only thing I notice was rope hanging obviously for a swimmer to hold onto then be hauled up. With a few hesitant back paddles I decided on the right line. Dropping off the edge it went into a smooth 5m slide into a buffer which propelled me at speed just to the right of a huge hole at the bottom. High on adrenaline I looked back up to see that pretty much every part of the rapid except where I went was sharp rocks and roosters tails sticking out – all leading into that big hole. A brief woop woop from the luck, excitement, and seeing the takeout and I was paddling over to meet Simon & Dylan.

We wondered back and told the rest to portage this, with most paddling the last of the rapid to the left of the tunnel and then back to the people movers. It was about this stage that the sickness hit me full on, several more were also just sitting down with weakness or trying to spew. Boats loaded in the darkness, a hurried packing of the van and we headed straight back to Christchurch, no one felt like fergburger. This went mainly without incident, until the people mover with the trailer ran out of fuel in Geraldine. Not a 24 hour petrol station in sight. This added a couple of hours delay carting some fuel back from Ashburton, before we carried on. It was 5am I finally got back to my flat, flicked an email to rental company letting them know we had returned the people movers and went to sleep.

Bit of a shit end to an otherwise amazing trip, but it can't all be perfect, hey?

Tim Grunshaw

# P e a n u t s

Being excited about going to Queenstown and kayaking I got to the gear shed 20 minutes early afraid I wouldn't be able to get my own gear on the trailer in time. To my own disappointment kayakers don't tend to get up early and I had to wait the 20 minutes for people to turn up and another 20 for the people running the trip to turn up. But they soon turned up and the trip was well underway with kayaks put on the trailer and the minivans picked up in which we were told that no rental vehicles insured for certain roads in Queenstown ( the shot over).

The trip started well with alternating drivers and the first petrol stop at Tekapo where we realised it was going to be an expensive trip and a look at the lake Pukaki which was extremely low. The alternating of the drivers soon stopped when we reached the Kawarau gorge where one van started on the goon.

During the Kawarau gorge we were looking for the Citrion rapid and instead found another called retrospect which for those that don't know is a great big hole or recirculating wave. After driving up and down the gorge road half a dozen times we finally found the Citrion rapid and a few people were keen to run it later in the trip.

But we had to continue that evening to the holiday house in arrow town that we were staying in and get really drunk on goon.

Much of that drinking session I remember little but our driver, Simon drove us to town where sam tried to barter for a bar tour that we decided to join. The sales girl must of hated us by the end of the night for it. The first bar we went was remembered as the nut bar where peanuts were found. Being a bunch of students we all went rushing over to the free food which later ended up into a food fight with peanuts. Thus fight continued a little outside until we were ushered into the next bar where Tim got Sam to steal part of the pool table in which he then threw down an alley way. By this time we were all very drunk and several of us had quit the tour group.

The rest soon followed with an argument with our tour hosts and our driver started to want to sleep so after a big night we decided to go home leaving behind Emma, Owen and a Tim as they thought they were going to hitch hike back to Arrow Town. So we went to bed after the first day in Queenstown ready to hear the stories of the 3 we left in Queenstown and excited about paddling the next day.

*Richard Williamson*





