

UCCC Magazine

2019



University Of Canterbury
Canoe Club

President's Word

By James Watson

Hi all, UCCC President James Watson here. Considering you are reading this already, kayaking must have sparked an interest. Let me convince you why UCCC is the best club.

Much like most of you I started out in UCCC as an absolute beginner. Over 7 years of amazing times with UCCC I am now the president and a leader in this amazing club. How I got to where I am is through the amazing support of the UCCC volunteers. The instructors in this club contribute countless hours towards your development as a kayaker and goon drinker. No other kayaking club in NZ offers the level of support to beginners as the UCCC.

In 2019 we saw unprecedented numbers of volunteer instructors, and the skill level of these instructors is the best I have seen in UCCC. This allowed us to host events almost every weekend, meaning if you miss one week, there is bound to be another opportunity in the next few weeks. We also have a serious party culture too, so don't miss these events, even though you won't remember much from them, just that you had a great time.

Most of the instructors love kayaking more than university, and if you ask us, we will take a day off and go kayaking instead. So, don't be afraid to say hi, slap a goon, and come kayak with us.

Can't wait to see everyone at the party, not remember you, and then reintroduce myself to you when we kayak.

Your UCCC President, James Watson



Captain's Word

By Ben Cudby

Hello and welcome to all of you wonderful stout styling, paddlers, swimmers and everything and everyone in between.

My name is Ben Cudby and I am beyond stoked to be able to call myself your captain this year. I am in my third year of engineering this year but have a love to be moist and wet out on the rivers whenever I can manage it. I have been paddling in one of these plastic machines for over a third of my life and can't say I have ever experienced the joy I get from kayaking in any other form of life!

I got involved with the wonderful UCCC in my first year of uni and it is hard to believe that this is my third year with the club. 2018 and 2019 were some awesome years due to the people I met from all over New Zealand as well as many other countries. So, I am hoping to get to know lots of you fantastic lot in the coming year at any of our wonderful events.

UCCC is a club for everyone so even if you haven't sat in a white-water boat before, join us and learn a skill that you will never forget as you fall in love with the sport and country with us.

Love,

Ben Cudby xx



UCCC Life

By Rocky Smith

UCCC doesn't just provide people with an exciting experience, it introduces them to a group of people and brilliant culture that exists in small pockets everywhere around the world: Whitewater kayakers.

Humble beginnings: From the start, people are invited to join our community with a New Members BBQ. A night where new meets old, and get a chance to see what they are in for on every trip to come.

Now for the Transition phase: where people's personalities, beliefs and comfort zones are tested, broken and stripped back. Also known as **Zero 2 Hero:** the first trip on your way to becoming a paddler. Starting with a pool session where people are tipped, flipped and taught to roll, beginning to rinse off their past selves. Then to the lake where we break their ego by showing them that they can't even paddle in a straight line. Next, to the river for a wet 'n' wild weekend. Here they learn that kayaking is an underwater sport, gain some control over their plastic bath tub and cement the foundations of some life long friendships.

The building process: A clean slate and some new found skills from the Transition phase set up these newly born paddlers to integrate in with other paddlers who have already begun mastering the art: **White Water Week.** New, current and old members come from near and far to share in the gem that is Murchison. Knowledge is passed down and stories are shared. Skills are developed amongst all paddlers both on and off the river.

Feed the addiction (Running Dinner): Kayaking is no good if you don't get to share stories with all your pals and have a proper meal instead of beans from a can. Designed kind of like speed dating orgies. In pairs you cook one meal and eat three with various other pairs at different houses for an hour at a time. A great way to be reminded of the name of that kayaking god who keeps



saving you when you're upside down.

Rivalry: Everybody knows that students like to party so here is a chance to prove that UCCC party harder than CUSSC. Two Clubs, three party buses, four bars and an unruly concoction of punch leads to a whirlwind that rips through Christchurch city stopping at bars and partying the whole way. Good luck remembering more than one bar...

On the Grind: Go to pool sessions!!! Learn to roll this will improve your confidence ten fold. After you have done a few club trips the leaders of UCCC are more than happy to take you out on the river, hit them up master your skills and you will climb the grades.

Holy grail (Hollyford): The trip all paddlers aspire to be good enough for. A nine day trip on some of the best class 3 - 5 whitewater around the south island. Showcasing New Zealand's natural beauty and unique landscapes, a trip that everyone talks about. A strong commitment in the other stages could see you ready for this trip in your first year.

Returning the Favour: Now that you can keep your kayak straight and demonstrate a perfect goon slap it's time to give back. Jump on Leaders and seconds at the start of the year and you will get taught how to teach and refresh your rescue skills, go to pool sessions learn to teach rolling. Remember when you started and those gods who taught and saved you? you're on your way to becoming one, and passing on your knowledge is how our culture survives.





Canoe Polo

By Katelyn Van der Gulik

2019 was another banger of a year for UCCC Canoe Polo. Once again the club entered a team into the Mainland Canoe Polo social league for a season of fun, excitement and learning. Players of all different abilities came along making it an awesome dynamic with the development of both polo specific and general kayaking skills. There were lots of laughs, plenty of fun and a few swims. The team improved steadily throughout the season, bringing the storm and the power of a good goon slap down on the Burnside teams to end up winning the competition!

Haven't heard of Canoe Polo before? Think basketball meets water polo in kayaks, in a game which combines canoeing with ball handling skills in a contact sport. There are two teams, each with five on the pitch having the aim of scoring by shooting the ball into a suspended net which is defended by a paddle. Throughout the game there's heaps of action, excitement and only a little bit of violence. It's an awesome way to give kayaking a go if you haven't been in a boat before, or want to improve your paddling skills without having to drive to a river. If you want to hear more, flick me an email, come have a cheeky chat on clubs day or give it a google - I promise it's not as intense as those guys though! If you're keen, Polo will be running again this year for both beginners and more experienced players so come on down to Lake Roto Kohatu on a Tuesday night and give it a go! It's an epic game and I promise I'm only a little bit biased, so I look forward to seeing you all down there.





Zero to Hero

By Brodie Greenfield (Leader)

I love beginners who can roll!!!

While paddling for the foolish and hardy doesn't stop for the winter, official beginners trips cease after White Water Week in Easter. The only paddling provided over the winter is rolling sessions. So, with this, the first official beginners trip of the 2019/20 "summer" season, we had an amazing crew of new paddlers, many of whom had been to multiple rolling sessions before we even got to the river.

So, with Prez James and soon-to-be Captain Ben leaving early to train new instructors for the trip, the rest of us gathered on a grey Saturday morning at the gear shed, early, though not so bright eyed. With boats already packed from the lake session on the Thursday, we were out and away from the shed in record time. UCCC Faff, you can kiss my ass.

After scouting Devils Fang Falls, an Orion Special safety briefing, and the standard game of "how many people can you fit in the back of the shuttle car", we got on the river, and the teaching started. It was fantastic to be able to jump straight into some of the more complex river learnings with some, safe in the knowledge that a roll or two would at least be attempted before a barrel-roll was needed.

After the standard 45 minutes or so of playing around at the Jolliebrook put-in, we set off down the river. About halfway down, (this being a summer activity of course) we were met with freezing rain, which then turned to sleet, and eventually full-on snow on the river. Any warm gear spare was handed out by the leaders and seconds, and as we descended the snow and rain eventually subsided. A cool experience, though it did limit the participants of our standard rock jump to just Ben in his drysuit, a freezing experience which caused instant regrets!



With the weather filling up the river, most of the beginners took out, and watched those brave enough to attempt the Devils Fang. At low flows, this can be quite exciting, but at the flow we had, there was more than enough water for there to be half a line. Not that that stopped some ending up upside down, providing entertainment to all watching.

From there we made our way to the takeout, with the only mishap being one of the beginners missing the take-out eddy, and heading down towards Maori Gully, the grade 3 section of the Hurunui. Fortunately, they made it to the side of the river, and safely back upstream to the waiting warmth of the car's heater.

Maori Gully at higher flows is a seriously fun time, and the leaders and seconds absolutely made the most of it, finding all of the play spots, surf waves, rock splats, and big boofs. No matter how many times I run the Gully, carrying my boat back out of it still remains no fun at all. Where was my playboat again?

Up to camp at Lake Taylor, where the standard UCCC party ensued, with plenty of BBQ food, and even some impromptu 4WD-ing, towing a kayak behind a ski rope. Lots of goon, plenty of banter, good chat, and a good night had by all. Whitewater kayaking fixes all hangovers.





Zero to hero

By Valerie Kornienko (Beginner)

Zero to Hero was the whole reason I joined UCCC. I heard some amazing things and it sounded like something I really wanted to be a part of. So, when I could finally make one of the trips, I signed myself right up for it.

Day one consisted of learning how to ferry glide, come in and out of an eddy, and figure out which way I needed to tilt my hips to carve the water. Going down all the little waves was really fun, and Brodie was fantastic at telling me which direction to go so that I wasn't caught on any rocks or unwelcoming places. Halfway down it started snowing which was hella cool. I never thought I'd be able to say I'd kayaked in the snow! Unfortunately, I did also tip in one of the easiest eddies on the river because I used the wrong hip. This makes for a very refreshing dip in the Hurunui, despite my determination to stay dry.

When we arrived at Lake Taylor, again we were surprised with snow that had settled at our site. Somehow Dan had some handlebars laying around, so of course the next thing to follow was some snow kayaking! I knew it was going to be a good night after that. A few plates of nachos later, the goon slapping begun. Of course this involved a lot of twisting, slapping, guzzling and grades of kayaker, and then the music played and the boogying took over. Luckily the only real casualty was the snowman which to this day I'm absolutely gutted about.

On the second day, the lovely Jess challenged me to go in and out of more eddies. It was a bit harder to kayak because I was tired from the previous day's kayaking and dancing, but we managed. I started getting the hang of everything a lot more and felt like day two was a bit more graceful than day one.



My favourite part was going down Devil's Fang. It felt like going down two massive waves and it was really awesome. Even though somehow I caught an eddy I didn't see and tipped, I'd be super keen to tackle it again. The whole trip inevitably consisted of being cold, tipping over, and hoping that someone would roll me over while I tapped away on my boat. But in saying that, I met some genuinely awesome people and had a swell time. It was such a fun trip where I got to kayak in the snow, go down Devil's Fang, and dance all night on that goon buzz. So do I feel like a hero? Heck no. But I'll see you at the next trip for sure!





Girls trip

By Heather Nicolls

We started this year with a banger girls trip in late March with some styly leaders dragging some not so styly beginners down the Hurunui, but trust me by the end we were all sending it. But sure, enough there was some girls that decided to make the most of the warm water and cool off.

However, this wasn't as pleasant as the 2nd girls' trip in term 4. Another early start, loading boats onto the trusty starlet, lead to beginners, paddling, floating and swimming to the devil's fang takeout, with all the gear but still no idea. Afterwards the girls glamped it up in the shearing headquarters with a warm fireplace and a potluck dinner. While many decided to save their energy for the day ahead tomorrow, a dedicated team of waihine sung their way through the night.

The girls trips are a great opportunity to get inspired by some boss paddling chicks(Shout out to Liv, Laura, Courtney, Sarah, Caitlyn, Em, Louise, Jess and many others for putting up with the American accents and minimising the faff) and get into paddling without the inspiring yelling of the boys. Cheers to all the exchange students for the banter and yarns ;) and see ya all on the river next year.

Over and out, your reliable swimmer

Heather





WhiteWater Week

By Toby McDonald

White water week is an iconic UCCC trip that occurs in the first mid-semester break of the year. This involves people of all skill levels travelling up to the white water utopia of Murchison for a week of paddling, goon, and questionable levels of clothing. I'll try to do my best with the recount but some of the stories are too dangerous to put into writing...

The trip started with the ritualistic meat hucking off Maruia falls, the classic 10-meter waterfall. Archer decided on the flashy option tossing his paddle however, it caught some wind and chose to take a detour behind the curtain of the falls. It was only to be spotted 15 minutes later in an island of driftwood where it was a mission in itself to retrieve. Regardless, everyone who ran it made it down safely and proceeded to the campground to get a night of party in before the real paddling began. Low water Lowers laps each morning saw some carnage amongst the more capable of the crew. A dislocated shoulder and a few pins were almost too much excitement for the mornings. Despite this eventfulness, stoke was high throughout the whole trip. Prime hours of the day had everyone hit the rivers together building up confidence and skills as the week progressed. The rapids got harder - from big water to more creek runs, there was plenty of white water for beginners to learn on.

Throughout the week beginners made huge improvements. Some went from never have sat in a kayak before to surviving and even styling grade 3 rapids. Granity, Earthquake, and O'Sulli's are some of the runs that saw our beginners shredding the white water. These runs had waves were comparable to the size of the hole Orion left in the kitchen wall after doofing a little too hard - that is to say they were pretty darn big. Those who took swims remained ecstatic and got back in their kayaks using the experience to push their paddling further. Credit must, of course, go to the capable leaders and seconds who made their beginners learning experience as smooth and fast as possible with their beta and guidance.



Chris Grammar in his infinite wisdom and perception made the voluntary call to swim nude down the main rapid of Granity just to show it who's boss, clearly conquering the rapid in a kayak was not enough for the man. Let's just say you could already see the bruises forming on his bare ass as he clung off the back of the kayak rescuing him at the bottom - love ya work mate! Lucky he and the rest of the crew know the best way to recover from the full-on day of paddling is obviously busting out a goon and giving it a good slap and a swig. OUCC rocked up a few days into the trip, bringing on river carnage but undoubtedly more carnage off river too. The normal friendly inter-club banter ensued, and good times were had by all. A joint UCCC/OUCC party involved a goon race and somehow led to a wedding between the club captains with our very own Robin Charlett-Green getting hitched to OUCC's Kelly Davenport - perhaps why he mysteriously disappeared in the latter half of the year (honeymooning?). A night only a few can remember followed with brief recollections of goon slapping, shirtless kitchen raves and Macky Gee being the sole memories for many.

Paddling and partying made the days go fast with a blast, real eddies and goon eddies alike contributed to another successful WWW in 2019. The memories made and photos taken will leave stories to be told for a lifetime. White water week 2020 is gonna be a trip that shouldn't be missed, so I'll see you all there!

Yours faithfully,
Toby "Beater" McDonald





Bus Party

By Jules Dallendoerfer

Battle of the Clubs – Punk vs. Monks As a new member of UCCC, this was my first bus party. The whole concept seemed strange, but nevertheless very fun to me. As a German international student, I asked myself how it is possibly legal to yeet a bunch of drunk people in a moving school bus with stripper poles through Christchurch while they get exponentially more drunk at every bar stop.

Under the topic **Punks vs. Monks**, (the punks completely overruled the CUSSC monks) everybody showed up in their finest ripped jeans to the pre-party at the home base of the Ilam bean packers. The punk spectrum was well represented from mohawks over studded belts to a massive amount of black makeup and eyeliner that would have made the Misfits proud. In a very punk manner, we proceeded to slap the goon and drink punch out of a split kayak. Special consideration to Ben Cudby who was drinking chocolate goon and showed us a magic trick on how to make it reappear.

Around 7:30pm the big orange school buses arrived and it was time to start our journey to the selected bars. Everybody seemed to be stoked by the installed stripper poles and I would be lying if I were to say that anyone didn't take at least one turn to release their inner stripper. The bus driver who was simultaneously our DJ whipped out all the classics to keep the mood up between bars. At the bars, everybody proceeded to show off their greatest dance moves and it didn't really calm down until we were way into the afterparty.

The bus party: a truly unique event where the mood was higher than the rivers after a week of constant rain. 12/10 would do again.





Rangitata Race

By Archer McLeay

The Rangitata Gorge holds a special place in all thrill seeking UCCC hearts. Every rumbling "UCCC eating feature" (as quoted by the guidebook) is a the top progression point for each beater wanting to cure a quick hangover. The chat down these gorges will, like a broken record, at some point mention "F-ck this would be a good place to do a race". Low and behold, in the ripe old year of 2019, we did.

After a week of partying around the south island in the yearly "Hollyford trip", two vans of weary UCCC kayakers turned up at the Rangitata rafts lodge hopeful, excited, and unprepared. OUCC sent up a few carloads of its more experienced drinkers. This consisted mostly of people who had just driven up to both watch the race and remind everyone to be better rested when they next decided to drink with them. NMIT had the smallest crew, but came fully prepared for what was to come.

There were 3 possible prizes. A men's trophy and a women's trophy for a timed race down the entire gorge. And finally, the Piggies huck fest trophy for the person who could provide the most entertaining show in the biggest hole in the river. Enders, downtime, style, and general sendyness were considered the key factors.

The race down the entire gorge is a brilliant feat. Two stunning grade 4s at either end provide both an exciting start and a somewhat gruelling finish to the incredible section of channelled Whitewater. Starting with "Roosters", the top part of the course provided plenty of entertainment. Hooting, smiling, sunburned, beer laden students lined the banks. They looked like a flat party with life jackets. A few grade 3 rapids and a section of flatwater lie before the last rapid. The temptation to expend all the best strokes in this section is almost irresistible. The rigid lactic and metallic breath gave each racer a sudden moment of appreciation, clarity, and "oh fuck"iness while



pummelling "the pinch", the final section of the course.

The day itself was a blast. A real show of how brilliant this event can be. The water was low. "Oh piggies is sticky, but it always spits you out if you swim". Those words left both my, the other organisers, and plenty of other experienced paddlers' mouths that morning. Turns out... Not true. Not when it's that low. This was proven by an incredible set of underwater acrobatics proven by one of the best kayakers to come to the event. Piggies huck fest was instead given for the best beater line down the left as a unanimous call was made that this might not be the best day for it. There was someone on livebait for the rest of the day.

Phillip Classens, one of the only non uni students to come to the race cleaned up the mens. After being the one to swim piggies he promptly got the only sub 3 minute time, closely followed by Orion Junkins (3:00), and Gabe Vink Wackernagel (3:05). The women's had three brilliant racers with the vice-cap and ruddy aussie Liv Walter winning at 3:15 followed by Emily McGimpsey (3:20) and the notorious LVG (3:31). Max Rayner raced naked (and borrowed a strangers boat), The Dans did not clean up, and god there were some good swims. The party itself was headed by DJ sith lord (Alex potter), and contained a serious amount of unspeakables and had three carloads of people rock up just for the carnage.

All in all. Seriously good event. Let's make it an annual!





Hollyford

By Liv Walter

How am I meant to write about UCCC's famed wettest, coldest, most badass and sexy kayaking trip of the year? It wasn't even wet or cold. Guess I'll just tell you how badass and sexy it was... The whole trip surprised everybody with its previously unheard-of good weather, good food, and bad naked AcroYoga.

Nearly every day we were treated with sunshine and the two times it rained we were in our waterproof vans (who wants to get wet on a kayaking trip anyway?). 2019 was the year that saw the premiere of Hollyford Bingo; a messy, confusing, and ultimately enjoyable way of gaining status amongst your peers. Points were tallied at the end of each day over a few goons in an impassioned discussion often revolving around who fuffed the hardest, whether it was a good or bad thing to have been the most drunk the night before, and whether Toby was king of the beaters or the master of beatdowns. Additional Bingo points were awarded to any paddler who 'exposed' themselves to the cold for a run - the Bare Balls Boaters.

After stacking the vans high with our chilly bins, sleeping bags, ponchos and barbecues, we made it to Tekapo in one piece, and met up with a trailer full of our river runners and playboats. Jake attempted a hand roll in the flatwater at the start of the course, eager to take the crown of 'First Swim'. Much to the onlookers' delight, Reuben spent an uncomfortable amount of time in a hole. Louise and Brodie were loath to let Jake have all the glory, and joined him in his royal moistness. Toby, after refusing to take the last of his clothes off in a vehicle full of sweaty headlight enthusiasts, was forced to suffer the consequences and gave the van an involuntary fresh coat of paint.

Nevis Bluff. An impressive rapid when viewed from above. Intimidating from the bank. Insane from the water. Scouting highly recommended for first-timers. Led by Orion, a crew of prospective personal first descenders scrambled down the side of the river, scoping out the best lines. Justifiably



spooked by the features in the top section, some of the paddlers opted to wait and look on, while the others shredded the upper gnar. Laura was particularly eager to congratulate the paddlers on their lines of the top section. So after stashing his boat under a 'solid looking' stick, Laura excitedly rushed over, stepped on said stick, and dropped Orion's boat down the second half of Nevis Bluff. In an eddy downriver, Dan heard the ensuing commotion, and without scouting proceeded to chase Francesca the Party Braaap down the second half of Nevis Bluff. This magnificent act of heroism and stoutery was soon undone when Dan missed many rolls down Citroen and preceeded to swim

That night James and Rocky pioneered the use of AcroYoga as a method of showing your genitals to everyone during dinner. The next morning, an anonymous couple caught the attention of some dusty breakfast eaters while 'just chilling' in their tent. They must have been pretty 'chilly' in there because their 'shivering' was making the tent shake.

On the way to Mavora Lakes, Jess, having apparently had enough of the Club, decided to use a wee stop as an escape opportunity, but was hauled out of a spiky bush and back into the van.

Everyone on the trip made their first descent of the beautiful Moraine Creek section of the Hollyford river, which was a different style of paddling than a lot of the crew were used to. We all ended up super stoked, styling a heap of challenging moves, while also collecting some good Instagram material.

Wanna see your name in this article next year and watch even more of these stories unfold? See you at Hollyford 2020.





Conservation

By Isaac Brown

As kayakers and we are lucky enough to travel the country doing the sport we are passionate about. UCCC visits some stunning areas of New Zealand. From our local Hurunui river to Milford sound and beyond. On our travels we are able to see first-hand how humans are damaging the environment. Whether it is damming for hydro power, spreading of didymo or simply littering, it all plays a part. Rivers provide a lot of entertainment for us as paddlers, but they are a vital part of the environment and many ecosystems. As conservation officer for 2020, a large part of my job will be to minimise the strain we put on the environment. As we are so reliant on nature to do the sport we love, we must do our part to protect it.

UCCC as a club has been up and running since for years, Slappin' it since '67 in fact. With hundreds of active members and over a thousand in our wider community. We have a big voice when it comes to issues around conservation and water use. Becky Clements was the conservation officer for 2018 and 2019. She has been actively involved in conservation issues, most notably the battle to stop more water being taken out of the Rangitata river to be used as irrigation. I am going to have big shoes to fill as Becky has done such an amazing job at representing the club in these issues.

As an environmental science and geography student, conservation is something that I am passionate about and I look forward to becoming your loving conservation officer for 2020. I will catch you all on the river.

So UCCC... remember to leave no trace and as a wise man named Rafa Ortiz once said "Fuck Dams."





Why Kayaking

By Orion Junkins

Kayaking is so much more than just a sport. It's an international community of dirtbag vandwellers, alcoholic students, working class adults and everything in between. It has pretty much consumed the last decade of my life, but it's the people not the sport itself that cements it at the core of my everyday. Regardless of ability, whitewater serves as a common thread connecting strangers on and off the water. Across the world it provides friends to connect and adventure with (not to mention party), opening doors to so many good things.

I grew up in Oregon, about 2 hours from the mecca of whitewater: Hood River. Across my high school years every possible weekend and holiday was spent here along with (thanks to the wonders of online education) the majority of my senior year. On an impulse I could load my gear and make the drive without any real plan. Without fail, I could show up at the river and find a group to jump on the water with. More often than not, these groups ended up being friends for the night, offering couches to sleep on or picking a spot nearby to camp together.

Very quickly, friendships were made and circles formed, as in the tiny paddling world everybody knows everybody. The community welcomed me in, and my closest friends became my boating crew.

After years on local rivers, I began to explore the international side of the community, as it extends far beyond the US. I first travelled alone to Chile, arriving with marginal spanish, no boat and not much of a plan. Through a kayaking hostel, everything fell into place, and I was able to find gear, groups and shuttles taking me up and down the country for three weeks.



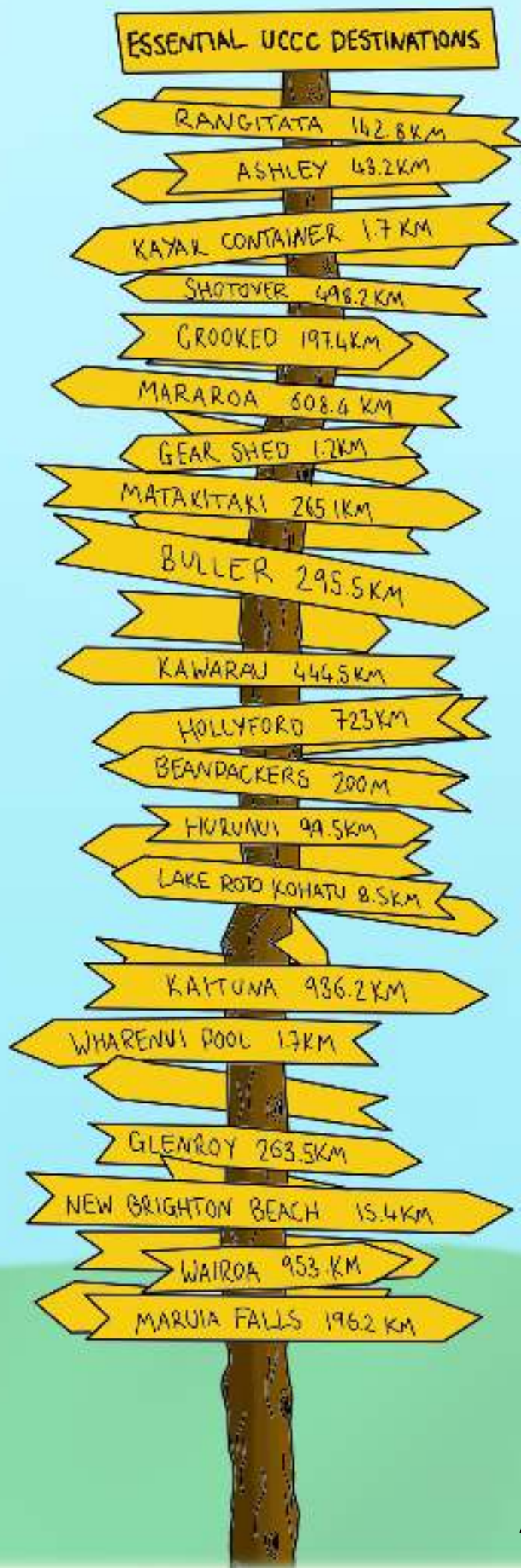
A year later (again thanks to the wonders of online education) I committed to a much longer trip in Mexico, with slightly improved spanish and a boat, but with even less of a plan. With two friends from the US, I again went through a boating hostel without much idea of how things would play out. And again everything fell perfectly into place, and what followed were three of the greatest months of my life chasing tequila, tacos and waterfalls with amazing people from all over the world.

Following high school, I began to realize I hated most of my options for university. Rather than biting the bullet and making a hard choice I solved my problem by running to the opposite end of the world to boat. I booked a one way ticket to NZ and ran far. The original plan was to work and travel for a year, but somehow stumbled my way into classes at UC knowing little more about Christchurch than the fact that a paddling club existed there. That paddling club - UCCC - pretty quickly became my core family in this hemisphere. The paddlers I met became my core friends and lay at the heart of most of my partying.

All in all get in a fucking boat. Kayaking finds you friends, lovers, drinking buddies, adventure mates and a worldwide family like no other. You won't look back.







- Lauren Cayford