

et TRIBULL

edinburgh triathletes

Nov 2013...2014



A Year in Purple

The Editor Says..

**Liz
Sim**

This is my first and last Tribull. Sorry its taken so long to get this published!

Thank you all for your articles and patience. I'll be handing the baton over to Heather now that I am in the sunny south.

A word from our President

**Gavin
Calder**

Massive thanks to all of those members who have contributed to this bumper edition of Tribull and, of course, to Liz for putting it all together. It makes for a great read and I hope you will agree with me that it is visually striking.

It has been a while since the last one and so I am aware that for many of you this will be your first copy of Tribull. If you are a new member of ET, I hope that you have been made to feel really welcome and that you are already planning an assault on some great races next year. If there is anything you feel we can do to make our club even better for new members please feel free to mention it to any of the coaches or committee members. Likewise please do not hesitate to ask if you want any advice about training, races or any other element of the sport: we were all new once and believe me no question is too daft!

As a coach as well as President I am aware that most of the sessions are very busy. This is great for the camaraderie in the club but means that sometimes things can be a bit cramped. We are actively seeking more pool space and I would hope that an announcement on this will be made shortly.

On a different note I was recently back on the radio discussing cycling safety and you may be aware that the 'round the world cyclist' Mark Beaumont has now backed the campaign for presumed liability for drivers in cases involving 'vulnerable road users'. I wear my ET kit with pride during my daily commute and would like to ask everyone to make sure that when they are

out on their bikes they obey the rules of the road and be visible and courteous at all times. That way we can be immune from attacks that '90% of cyclists have no lights and ride on the pavement' as a lorry driver tried to suggest when I was last on. If there is space, my talk from our last Vice President Andrew's funeral will be added to this copy of Tribull but if not I am happy to share it with anyone. In September the lorry driver involved was jailed for his involvement in this tragic event.

And finally- to next year! One of our two big events is the New Years Day Triathlon and it is crucial that as many of us as possible are there to support the event. NYD AND Gullane Beach are a big reason for our membership fees being so low but they are also great fun to be around.

Chicago seems to be a popular destination for would be GB age-groupers as a number of people have told me they are looking to qualify. If this is replicated in other clubs, as I think it will be, the battle for places will be fierce. Good luck to all in this venture. My hope for the club next year is that we will be a much more visible force at races in Scotland and if we are then I see no reason at all why we cannot regain the Scottish Club Championships for the first time in a few years.

Whatever your goals I hope that you enjoy the process of getting there as much as I do!

AGM Minutes

TUESDAY 26 NOVEMBER 2013,

THE EDINBURGH MINTO HOTEL, 2000 - 2130

Apologies and attendance

Present: Ian Gillon; Lisa Ellerbrock; Sharon Grimshaw; Nicola Dudley; Scott Balfour; Kirsten Ness; Peter Ness; Lynn Hanley; Keira Murray; Claire Hester; Mandy Whittaker; Fiona Milligan; David Harrison; David Forrester; Richard Foxley; Anna Henly; Phil Parr-Burman; Francesca Osowska; Gavin Calder; John Whittaker; Mike Brown; Liz Sim.

Apologies: Paul Graham; Karl Zeiner; Elizabeth Richardson; Vicki Stewart; James Gibson; Ciara Webb; Neil Chisholm; Paul Graham; Laura Forrester; Greg McDowall; Seonaid Hudson.

Minutes of last year's AGM

The minutes of last year's AGM (held Tuesday 13 November 2012) were agreed.

President's Address

Gavin Calder, Club President, highlighted the achievements of the club and its athletes during 2013:

The club had successfully revived the New Year's Day triathlon. This was due in large part to the work of John Whittaker and tribute was paid to him.

The club target races were a victim of early season cancellations. This was a shame as the first two races (Tranent and Midlothian) had had a large number of Edinburgh Triathletes due to compete. However, the club championship competition based on the target races ran on a revived schedule. Thanks to all those who took

part and promoted the target races. On the basis of the club championship, **Phil Parr-Burman** and **Nicola Dudley** were the new club champions.

Gullane was held later this year but the weather was very kind (calm sea and sunny) and once again the club put on a fantastic race. Many thanks to David Harrison and all those who helped with the race.

Congratulations to all who completed iron-distance races, in particular to Scott Balfour who raced again at the ironman world championships in Hawaii this year and Gary Fegan who has qualified for next year.

Also congratulations to our international athletes competing in ITU world or European championships: Keira Murray; Arnott Kidd; Phil Parr-Burman; and Richard Foxley.

Congratulations to the new parents in the club: Greg and Clare McDowall / Halpenny; Kirsten and Pete Sinclair / Ness; Rachel and Nick Todd. Let's hope that the babies grow up to be members of the future.

Many thanks to those who helped organise the club events: the Silverknowes Time Trial and hilly time trials. They were a great success.

An area that the committee will be focussing on next year is the website and Tribull. Liz Sim has recently taken over Tribull and has good ideas to revive it. We're also looking for some support for Richard Kirby, our webmaster, as the size of the task is probably beyond one person.

Unfortunately, 2013 will be remembered by Edinburgh Triathletes as one of sadness and tragedy with the deaths of active member and vice-president Andrew McMenigall, founder member Douglas Brown and long time supporter of Gullane Stephen Churcher. All were killed while cycling and the triathlon and cycling communities have been shocked by their deaths.

As a club, we have supported each other through this difficult time as well as ensuring that their memories live on.

- Andrew has been awarded the BTF coach of the year and ClubSport Edinburgh community coach of the year (this award will be named after him in future).
- Prizes for the novices at the New Year's Day triathlon will be named after Andrew and Douglas.
- We are investigating the installation of benches and planting of trees at Gullane to commemorate all three.
- Keira Murray has agreed to help organise a swim to raise money for the charities that Andrew was supporting on his fatal Lands End to John O'Groats ride.
- John Whittaker will form a small group to campaign on cycling safety.
- We're investigating as a club the possibility of completing the Lands End to John O'Groats ride next summer.
- Thanks are due to all on the committee for their work during 2013.
- Gavin closed his address by wishing everyone a successful season during 2014.

Membership Report

Mike Brown, membership secretary, reported that there were 145 members in 2013 so far compared to 127 for the whole 2012. The average age of members was 41 with the youngest age 20 (two members) and the oldest 79.

In discussion it was agreed that membership of the club would be promoted at New Year's Day. It was also agreed that people to contacted the club to find out more but did not join should be contacted to find out more. Furthermore, it was agreed that feedback should be sought from those who did not re-join after a year.

2012				2013			
Male		Female		Male		Female	
84		43		96		49	
Bronze	Silver	Gold		Bronze	Silver	Gold	
36	48	43		40	56	49	
New	1-2 yrs	3-5 yrs	5+ yrs	New	1-2 yrs	3-5 yrs	5+ yrs
35	32	25	35	51	35	24	35

Treasurer's Report (including setting of fees)

In Greg McDowall's, club treasurer, absence, John Whittaker and Francesca Osowska reported on the club accounts. The final accounts will be placed on the website. Finances were reported to be a good state with a surplus of over £9000. On this basis, it was recommended that the fees in 2013 should remain at 2012's level, i.e. £100 for gold, £65 for silver and £25 for bronze membership. The membership endorsed this decision. This would be the fifth year in a row that fees would be held at the same level.

Gullane Beach Triathlon

David Harrison, Gullane race director for the first year, gave an overview of the Gullane 2013 race. David thanked the race committee and all those who had supported the event, particularly: Siobhan, Mandy Whittaker and Liz Sim for registration; Steve Law for organising transition; Scott Balfour for overseeing the swim course; Andrew for overseeing the bike course; Lynn Hanley for overseeing the run course; and Richard Kirby who had been there both Friday and Saturday to set up and dismantle transition. A particular thanks was given to all the marshals without whom the race would not be possible. David noted that East Lothian Council had been a key supporter of the race for a number of years and Sue Broadway had been an invaluable contact there. Sue had retired this year and she will be missed at future races.

The Tri Centre, Run and Become and Wild Rover Food provided sponsorship of the race. The race had made a profit of £2078.83. Next year t

The race would be held on 6 September and the entry limit would be increased from 220 to 250.



New Year's Day Triathlon

In 2013 the New Year's Day triathlon returned to the Commonwealth Pool, directed by John Whittaker. Entries were 350 (under capacity), with 65 for the children's race. Because of the funding structure with Unique Events (promoter of Edinburgh's Hogmanay) the race almost made a loss. Nevertheless, it was a successful return to the Commonwealth Pool.

For 2014, the race has been decoupled from Unique Events. The race is almost full at 400 with a waiting list of 30. There will be a children's race again this year with entries on the day. John paid tribute to the behind the scenes work done by the Commonwealth Pool staff. Currently there are 21 people who have volunteered to marshal and 40 are required. John urged members who would be in the area at New Year's day in the area to volunteer to marshal.

Election of Office Bearers

President	Gavin Calder
Vice-president	Vacant
Secretary	Francesca Osowska
Membership Secretary	Mike Brown
Treasurer	Greg McDowall (possible transition to David Forrester or Laura Forrester)
Welfare officer	Lisa Ellerbrock
Club events coordinator	John Whittaker
Coaching coordinator	Anna Henly
Communications coordinator (incl Tribull editor)	Liz Sim
Webmaster	Richard Kirby (supported by Paul Graham)
Equipment coordinator	Gavin Calder (Phil Parr-Burman wetsuits and bike boxes)
Club kit organiser	Phil Parr-Burman
Social convenor	Liz Richardson

Edinburgh Triathletes Club Championship 2014

It was agreed that the format for the club championship should remain the same, i.e. a series of target races with club members being awarded points for racing and for their position. The best positions in four races would count for the club championship. The agreed races with provisional dates are: detailed on the next page —>

Phil Parr-Burman outlined a new point system to be used in 2014 to ensure that there was an incentive to compete in as many races as possible.

AOB

John Whittaker reminded members that the Celtman was a great race and was looking for volunteers. It would be held on 28 June 2014.

Club Championship 2014

Tranent Sprint: 29th March

Stirling Duathlon: (Scottish championships): 30th March

Strathclyde Standard (Scottish championships): 18th May

Knockburn Sprint (Scottish championships): 8th June

Lochore aquathlon (Scottish championships): 15th June

Bruce (Lochore) Sprint: 15th June

Aberfeldy Middle Distance (Scottish and British championships): 16th August

Haddington sprint: 31st August

Portobello Aquathlon : 21st September

****Congratulations to the 2014 Champions****

Keira Murray and Ian Gillon.

The championship was contested over the series of club target events by 48 of our members.

Snow Roads Audax 2013

Why do we do the things we do? More specifically, what is it about a particular event that draws us? I came across the Snow Roads Audax on a cycling forum a couple of years ago, around the time I did Ironman Austria, and for some reason thought “I want to do that”; even I’d ever cycled was a 118 mile training ride for the Ironman, I’d never done an Audax, in fact I barely knew what one was. I still knew that I had to do this event.

Fiona
Milligan



though at that time the furthest I'd ever cycled was a 118 mile training ride for the Ironman, I'd never done an Audax, in fact I barely knew what one was.

An Audax is a long distance cycling event. The event is defined by a series of points called controls (of which more later) and the official route is the shortest distance by road between them. As far as I can tell, distances start at 100km and go up – 200km seems to be normal for a “short” one, 300km, 400km, 600km all exist, and *then* you get to the really stupid distances... (Audax originated in France, and therefore very definitely works in kilometres.) The course is not marked, instead participants must navigate using a route sheet – a set of instructions telling you where to turn and what places to head for. There’s a minimum time (for shorter ones, it corresponds to 30km/h) and a maximum time (which also depends on the length of the ride, for the shorter ones it is 15km/h). That minimum time rule tells you that this is very definitely not a race – there are no published times, you either finished or you did not finish. Unofficially... well, there’s the joke about the difference between an Audax and a Sportive being that in a Sportive people pretend they are racing while in an Audax they pretend they are not racing...! I did my first Audax in the autumn of 2012; a 160km route called “The Three Glens Explorer”. This introduced me to two pleasant aspects of Audax – everyone is very friendly (I ended up cycling with a bunch of men I’d never met before, who decided to go a different way to the official route (this is allowed, the official route is merely the shortest route between the controls, if you wish to take a diversion in order to avoid Grangemouth, you may (and who would blame you?)).

The second fine and important aspect of Audax is the café stops. It being easier to send a text message from a café than from a moving bicycle, my reports to Karl from the course consisted mostly of “café stop here” “eating ice-cream there”. He thought I was enjoying myself far too much.

So to 2013 and the Snow Roads. I’d entered the London marathon having (to my surprise) run a Good For Age time in the Lochaber marathon the previous year. So my training for the early part of the year involved getting the running miles in to be able to run the marathon at the end of April, while not neglecting the bike. I entered a 200km Audax which I failed to finish because my gear cable broke, resulting in a limp across Fife to the nearest railway station. After that I entered another 200, which was then postponed due to an appalling weather forecast. Once I’d done the marathon, I tried to cram in as much cycling as I could. I ended up cycling around 1300km in a month, including 4 long rides – back-to-back 100 milers in a weekend to visit my parents, another at about 150km and another of 185km. It wasn’t ideal, because I would have liked to do a 200km, but it would have to do...

The route of the Snow Roads Audax is quite simple: from Kirriemuir over Cairn O’Mount to Banchoory, north to Dufftown, then south over The Lecht to Braemar and back to Kirriemuir via Glenshee. The webpage says 4800m of climbing... So on the Friday evening I arrived at the hall in Kirriemuir where some of the riders would be staying, sleeping on the floor. Food was provided, and I got a nice corner to myself. We were all up at 5am for breakfast, and off at 6am. Over 70 of us streamed out into the early morning sunshine – it was forecast to be a beautiful sunny day, and the forecast was right – wall-to-wall sunshine, hardly a cloud in the sky. I got dropped off the back fairly quickly, and did wish I’d tried to stay with the group for a bit longer. However I just went on at my own pace

which was probably a good thing. Soon we were on the first climb of the day – Cairn O'Mount. This is probably the hardest of the three in the sense that it has the longest stretches of steep stuff – if it does come early on in the ride, however! Over that, down through the first control at Strachan and on through Banchory. For a time I chatted to two men on a tandem – I was told that the older of the two is in his seventies...

The next section of the ride takes you through the Aberdeenshire countryside to a place called Oyne, where the next control was. This was a relatively easy section, rolling gently along, though you did need to keep an eye on your navigation. Somewhere on this section I ended up riding with a man called Aidan, and another man whose name I never got – this is quite usual in Audax, you just ride with whoever is around. The cafe at Oyne was great – they'd set aside one room for the cyclists, with jugs of water for us to refill our bottles, and were turning out soup and sandwiches as fast as they could. (Obviously they made money from all that soup, but I liked their attitude in terms of making sure we got our food as quickly as possible.) I had an interesting conversation with one of the ladies on the counter who remarked on the fact that I'm female and that there are very few women doing Audax – in fact, out of the 71 finishers there were only 3 women, a proportion of 4% which makes Ironman seem positively equitable....

From Oyne we headed for Dufftown – I carried on with Aidan for a bit and then decided that I couldn't quite keep up with him and let him go on ahead. The way you demonstrate that you've completed an Audax is by showing that you've visited all the controls. To do this you have a card which you have to get marked in some way. The first control (in Strachan) was two volunteers with a stamp. The cafe in Oyne also had a stamp (there's no absolute obligation to stop at such a control for food, just nearly everyone does and I think I got the impression that it was considered slightly "bad form" not to patronise a place such as the Oyne café that had put themselves out to allow the event to use them as a control). Between Oyne and Dufftown there was an "information control" at a place called Rhynie where you had to answer a question about a sign in a shop window. Then you had to get a receipt in Dufftown to prove you'd been there. I still had a lot of my own food left, so I decided to just buy some drink (water and coke) (and some chocolate) and keep moving. I rolled out of Dufftown on my own, feeling quite tired and

knowing that there was a long way to go. The section from Dufftown to Braemar was the hardest section of the ride. There's a long steady climb up to Tomintoul, where you turn off and head for The Lecht. I spotted a group of Audaxers sitting at a picnic table just at the turn-off but felt I really ought to keep going. The climb over The Lecht itself wasn't very bad (there's one very steep section which was hard, but the rest was OK). I was aware that riders were coming up behind me – some of the group I'd seen at the Tomintoul junction, I assumed. The descent off The Lecht was really rather steep, definitely the worst of the day. Just after that I was caught by the group, and it turned out that I'd spoken to some of them in the hall the night before – they suggested that I join them for a tea stop, and I accepted – we called into a very pleasant cafe and it was good to have a rest. The Lecht is followed by two more climbs which the old hands informed me are known as Bastard Hill 1 and Bastard Hill 2... then finally there's a descent to the Dee valley and then to Braemar. So we went on (over Hills 1 and 2, with some fine views over the high moorland to Lochnagar). The group split up somewhat, and I caught up with and chatted briefly to one of the other women participants. Finally we got down to the main road in the Dee valley and a very long 9 miles to Braemar. In Braemar beans on toast were being provided in the village hall at the final control. I decided not to hang around for my friendly group because at least some of them cycled faster than me and I thought they would catch me up. The Glenshee climb is relatively easy compared to the others (coming up from the south would be hard). I passed a few people going up it and they all passed me again on the descent! When I left Braemar I had it in my head that I had another 85km to go, but when I got to the turning off the Glenshee Road the sign said it was only 19 miles to Kirriemuir. The Dufftown to Braemar section was 85km – Braemar to Kirriemuir was only 65! Only 19 miles to go and yet I thought I might not make it, I'm not sure why. On and on, slowly and steadily through the gathering dusk – and I made it back before it got dark, much to my surprise. I was exhausted – I couldn't even summon up the energy to speak to Karl. I got my soup and briedie (for a £10 event there was quite a lot of free food...) and went to bed.

That's possibly the hardest thing I've ever done... there's no way I can see myself going for longer distances than that. I'd recommend Audax, though, if you are looking for a new challenge.

Highs and Lows of a Triathlete

**Barbara
Davis**

My personal low was the New Year's Day run along Portobello prom 2012 and wondering why I was doing it (daughter Francesca thought it would be a good idea and she ran really well) and if I would finish. I did manage to finish but only after a number of stops and a coughing fit at the end. Did I learn a lesson from that? Not really. I then entered Tranent and managed to complete it even though I had done very little training. Again I felt rubbish at the end. Hardly surprising!

About this time I found out that the World Championships were being held in Auckland. Now if there is one country I love its New Zealand. It was time to start dreaming and the dream went like this:

Ironman? Where did that come from? Well that's another story that involves a certain Doug Steele. But could I do it? Well certainly not on current practice. I definitely needed to do something about my training. Time to call in a professional who could take on an aging, unfit triathlete. Hello Mr Neal Doggett.

Chester was my qualifying event for the World Championship so Neal devised a training programme for me. Once the programme was in place my fitness and motivation increased. I started to enjoy the training and with a goal in sight I was going to give it my best shot.

Chester was a great event with a river swim. I managed to swim my best ever time for 1500m thanks to a strong current helping me downstream. The cycle was a fairly flat ride with only a couple of technical turns. The run went fine for me but this is my least favourite discipline. Happily I qualified by coming 1st in my age group. SO! it was on. Auckland here I come. This was a HIGH and it felt really good.

With Neal's training programme and support from my wonderful husband Tony, I continued to train hard. Come the Portobello Aquathlon I felt pretty good especially compared to the New Year's Day run. I love the Portobello Aquathlon as it was the first ever event I entered. I was 1st in my age group which I have to say was very satisfying. Another HIGH.

October in Auckland was wet, very wet. You will remember the elite men being completely soaked and the conditions absolutely dreadful. Fortunately the Age Groupers Day wasn't quite as bad but the conditions suited me as I was used to the cool and wind of training in Cumbria and competing in Scotland. The course for the Age Groupers was different to the elites. We had to swim out of the inner harbour into the open sea, which wasn't protected by the harbour walls. It was rough and tough. However, I managed to get on the feet of another swimmer and was quite pleased with my time. The bike route had everything: hills, fast technical descents, long straight stretches with head and tail wind. It was hard work. Unfortunately descents aren't my thing. No matter how much I practice I hang onto the brakes. In fact I think I ascend faster than I descend. The run was 2 laps round the harbour. I could feel blisters developing on my feet but just ignored them and carried on. I finished 6th in my age group and was delighted to have taken part and finish. Another HIGH.

SO now the training had to start in earnest for the Ironman. Tony and I were fortunate enough to be experiencing the hottest summer in New Zealand for the past 50 years. But that was a problem in itself. I often ran late in the day when it was a bit cooler as I found running when it was 30 degrees very difficult. I love swimming in the sea but the waves were great for surfing not distance swimming. Cycling was great in the warmth. Neal set me a great training programme and I could tell I was improving in all disciplines especially on the bike.

I joined a local cycling and swimming club which helped enormously in numerous ways e.g. advice

about Ironman Taupou, technique on descending (they noticed I was rubbish, also), stiff competition on the Saturday afternoon time trials, technique to dolphin dive and surf the waves – always useful in a sea swim triathlon, which Taupou isn't!! So as the NZ summer progressed I was gradually building my stamina in all areas. I was receiving lots of encouragement from all the family back home in the UK and March 2 was fast approaching. Unfortunately 6 – 7 weeks before the Ironman I had problems with my Achilles tendon so running was out of the question. Consultation with Neal, Francesca and Tony went something like this – “do what I could on the day and have a go, even if I walk the marathon I could still possibly get round in 17 hours.” So that was the PLAN. A bit of a LOW but injuries can happen.

It was wonderful that Neal and Francesca travelled to NZ to act as support crew along with Tony. Having a fabulous support crew is invaluable. They kept me calm and positive as well as giving me wonderful advice.

March 2nd was sunny and the lake was as smooth as a bald tyre. Perfect conditions. I was delighted and entered the lake with anticipation and trepidation. I had never swam 2.4 miles in one go and wondered if I could do it. I was so-o-o lucky that I managed to find a big guy with big feet who was swimming at my pace and I just hung in behind him the whole way. It was wonderful. He was my shining beacon in the water, well his feet were! The transition area was very well organised and the volunteers did a wonderful job of helping me into my cycling kit and I was off on the bike. The bike route was 2 loops that went out into the country as well as through the town of Taupou. The crowds were fantastic and helped to create a unique atmosphere. Tony did a sterling job of transporting Neal and Francesca to various points on the bike route where I could collect fresh drink bottles. I still can hear Francesca shouting “drink more Mam, drink more” and so I did; lots of it. At the start of the second lap I developed “hot foot” in my right foot which meant every time I pressed down on the peddle it was very painful. Only 60+ miles to go, great! Time to remind myself why I was doing this. Now why was I doing this????? It was a case of digging deep and sticking in. The Support Crew were unbelievable and kept popping up all over the course to encourage me. I certainly needed it.

I managed to complete the cycle course and find some legs for T2. Again the volunteers did a marvellous job of helping us in and out of T2. However, I couldn't think about running until I found some legs. After a couple of Km I managed to jog and find a steady rhythm. The route was 3 laps of undulating hills so I decided to walk up and jog down. As mentioned previously I don't enjoy running and not having ran for 6/7 weeks previously I was delighted I could actually run albeit slowly. Again my Support Crew were just unbelievable. Francesca was whipping the crowds up to cheer for me, Tony was shouting words of encouragement and Neal (+ big camera) was just so fantastic by running the last 7Km with me. And I FINISHED.

HIGH – Hearing, “Barbara. You are an Ironman.” Time - 13h 48m 41s

And I came 2nd in my age group. Another HIGH.

So I had lived my dream. But I only accomplished my dream thanks to Tony who always encouraged me, Neal who set me a training plan that suited me perfectly and Francesca who always believed in my when I doubted myself.

So at my age was it time to give up triathlons and just play golf (my other passion)? No. I was at the peak of fitness, wasn't I? Well I needed something to kick start me now I was back in the UK and the training weekend in Aberfeldy was just the thing. It was absolutely fantastic: well organised, great coaching and camaraderie. Many thanks to all those responsible for the organisation.

TIPs for those wanting to complete an Ironman

Have an understanding partner

Have a great coach

Have a fantastic Support Crew

The HIGHS certainly outweigh the LOWS

Mums Run Too

Julia
Cunningham

Dundonald 10k—Wednesday 7 August 2013

This was my third race of the year and as the first two, also 10k back in May, had gone so well there was no reason this shouldn't either. Like my previous two races this was also to be the first race of two in the same week with Haddington half marathon to follow on Saturday. I'd managed two 10k races in the same timescale so could see no problem with my following up a 10k with something more than twice as far, in the same week, on the bare minimum of training.

Dundonald was another evening race which presented some childcare challenges as both parents were racing, but Dundonald is very close to Troon where my parents live so they would be on hand to look after the gang while we raced. There was even a playground at the start/finish which would keep Isla amused.

I was feeling tired before the start of this race, it coincided with a period of Daniel waking twice or more during the night and I was starting to feel it. I felt more inclined to go to bed than race, but we'd pre-entered and perhaps I'd feel better when I got going. Sadly this wasn't the case. The route was undulating along back roads that I was well familiar with but unlike Troon, familiarity didn't aid enjoyment. It was sluggish, tough and included a Paulaesque visit to a hedge half way through. Things improved a bit after my Paula moment as I was determined to catch as many of the people that had gone past while I was inspecting the hedgerow as possible. Despite the last few kilometres being done at parkrun pace the finish time was 49 mins, nothing to get excited about but not terrible under the circumstances.

After two good races there was bound to be a less good one. Daniel added to this by showing his displeasure at being dragged out to a race instead of enjoying bath and bedtime by screaming all the way back to the car and all the way home. At least Isla had enjoyed the playground. Still, no more date night races until Daniel's a bit older.

Haddington Half Marathon Saturday 10 August 2013

Onto Haddington a few days later. I hadn't originally planned to do this race as I was gearing up for a 10 miler as the summit of my season. However, this was there the week-end before Aberfeldy, when Mike would be racing, so it was my turn. I'd managed comfortable training runs of about 9 miles in preparation for my target 10 miles, with one ridiculous long run in Liverpool of about 12 though that one included lots of getting lost, walking, shuffling and more hedgerow inspecting. So, totally adequate preparation then.

There was another playground near the start/finish so good news for Isla. I left the gang happily enjoying this while I went off to the start. I was feeling a bit less tired than before Dundonald and at least this race was earlier in the day at 2pm. There was a good atmosphere in the small field of around 200 and things were enjoyable until around 5 miles when either I slowed down drastically, or everyone else speeded up. I don't know which as didn't start looking at my watch till mile 7.

After most of the groups around me disappeared it became a bit boring and at times very lonely. The route was on very scenic rural roads and there were times it felt like I was out for a run on my own rather than in a race because there was nobody in sight at all. The water stations were good, handing out water in bottles not cups which meant I was able to keep running while drinking and having gels. I had two gels which I took at the first two water stations at miles 4 and 7. By third water station I was thinking a third gel was in order but I'd only brought two. Still, I was chugging along consistently at 9 minute miles, the same pace I'd managed on long runs, and I didn't feel the need to stop and walk, or examine the hedges. I never felt terrible or out of breath, but didn't feel I could go any faster either. The last mile was tough, I just wanted to finish by then, and there was still an awful long way to go even after I'd seen my supporters cheering me on by the wall round the playing field. Isla ran up

the finishing straight with me which was lovely, then abandoned me before the finish shouting "I can run faster than you Mummy" which wasn't so lovely.

I felt pretty awful afterwards, certainly not up for being dragged into the pavilion by Isla to look for cake. My aim had been to finish the distance so it was mission accomplished. The time was 1.57, a long way from "proper" running but reasonable enough for today.

Around Cumbrae 10 mille

Sunday 8 September 2013

This was the main race I'd been building up to, before I'd thrown Haddington in as an optional extra. At least I knew I'd have no problem completing 10 miles, in theory anyway. For those not from the West, Cumbrae is a small island just off Largs on the Clyde coast with one main road which just happens to be ten miles long. It has the added excitement of needing to get a ferry over which was another reason for wanting to do this race.

We stayed in Troon the night before then headed off in the morning, getting the ferry in time for some lunch and a wander around Millport, the main town, before the 2pm start. It seemed cold as we sat in a sunken garden enjoying our sandwiches, so we retreated to the museum for some post lunch shelter. Despite being the Scottish 10 mile championships, this was another low key race with very little information on things like route and location of the start and finish. However what more do you need to know other than you run round the island until you are back where you started, getting lost wasn't really an issue.

We'd both originally planned to do this race, but Mike was taking on gang sitting duties instead so it was just me. I left them at, yes another playground, and headed off to the start, passing some people cruelly having a barbecue which reminded me I was quite hungry and possibly hadn't had enough lunch. Never mind.

I had no idea how this race would go as my previous two hadn't been that great, so was prepared for about 90 minutes of running. Sometimes you just have a great race, close to perfect, and this was one of those times. I felt good right from the start and decided to take mile splits from the beginning to help keep myself on track. From early on I was running under 8 minute miles which I was delighted with, and this pace contin-

ued for the whole race. The route was windy at times but fairly flat and I was familiar with the first 4 miles having walked into town from the ferry on a previous visit. The water stations were good, again with bottles not cups so no stopping required to drink. It was a small field, less than 200, but unlike Haddington there was always someone in sight. There wasn't much overtaking after the first few miles as everyone settled into their own pace.

The rain came down heavily at about 7 miles for a heavy shower lasting about a mile but after that it dried off. When I reached the playground, I knew there wasn't far to go having jogged this part before the start. The gang had headed for cover during the rain so sadly, the playground was bereft of cheering fans. There were some hardy types supporting from the side of the road which was nice. I wasn't sure where the finish was, there was no sign or tape, just a huddle of people and some string. I didn't care though, this race was just great. I'd felt good, thoroughly enjoyed it and loved doing another local West coast race and something a bit unusual.

My time was 1 hr 18 mins which I was over the moon about. Pre-children I would have been happy with this time for 10 miles and only at my absolute peak had I managed any faster. I was really happy that it had all come together for my big target race. I was too quick for my supporters who I found rummaging around in the car as I went looking for them after the finish. They claimed to be just getting ready to come and watch me finish. After a quick change it was off to the ferry queue to make sure we got on the first available one to get a head start in on our journey back East.

One season, five races, two littlies and lots of juggling time, training, housework, sleep, childcare, etc etc. All in all a great success given that some days just getting out of the front door is a cause for celebration.

Andrew McMenigall

Gavin Calder

Spoken thoughts on Andrew McMenigall

by Gavin Calder, ET Club President at his funeral.

I have been abroad for a good bit of the last two weeks so it was only on Sunday past that I was out for a cycle with some of the usual faces from the triathlon club. Richard Thomas, Jim McGoldrick and I ended up, as we often do, in the Borders heading towards Peebles and then beyond- stopping at our fairly regular haunt of the Whistle Stop cafe in Innerleithen. From there we came back over the granites and Middleton Moor. It was a lovely morning requiring only shorts and a short sleeved cycling shirt. The coffee was good the pedalling was a pleasure. Jim took it too fast up a hill at one stage and Richard punished him for it at the next straight but there was something missing.

Last time we were there it was Andrew who bought the coffees. Last time we were there it was Andrew's knowing smile that said I've seen that happen before. Last time it was Andrew who provided the shelter against the seemingly omnipresent headwind when the pace had been too high earlier in the ride and some of us were feeling it.

Nothing would have given us more pleasure on Sunday than to have returned the favour in the cafe though of course as many will know it wouldn't have been much of a repayment- Andrew's favourite tipple of hot water was always cheaper than Jim and my fruit scone and double espresso and Richard's three bacon rolls and a coffee to get him up the hill!!

As a friend, as a training buddy, as a coach, as a membership secretary, as a Vice President; Andrew always appeared to give more than he could ever realistically expect to take out of the Edinburgh Triathletes.

There have been tributes to Andrew from current and past members throughout the world in recent weeks and they have all focussed on his huge warmth and his ability to relate to people and to watch out for them. Countless people have said that Andrew was the person who welcomed them openly into the club and made sure that when they first turned up they were acknowledged and put at their ease.

This is a contribution that cannot be understated. I came to triathlon from a swimming background but I would hazard a guess that in most cases the biggest fear that most new triathletes have is the swim as it is the thing that they are least confident about. Whether it was at Warrender, Dalkeith, the Commie Pool or just round the corner at Stewart's, Andrew had a great talent for encouraging, cajoling and building that confidence.

His sessions were fun but those of us who remember him when he first took up the sport know just how reflective he was. Coach John Whitaker reminded me last week about the time that Andrew would spend in the showers analysing his stroke and trying to work out what he had to try to im-

prove. Most of us were washing our hair at that time, of course, though as regular member Julia pointed out in remembering Andrew, he seemed to have waterproof, or at least self-drying, hair (never out of place), so he perhaps had more time than others to reflect.

In taking up coaching he passed this on to others and was good at never bombarding people with too much advice all at once and he always did it with a twinkle in his eye. Just like Bob Monkhouse with his ever present book of jokes Andrew clung to his book of sessions- reproduced on whiteboards around the city.

He had his signature sessions including one dedicated to another comedian of a certain vintage: his Ted Rodgers 3-2-1 session and I know that this was lovingly reproduced in his honour at a session in Switzerland on the day after his accident. Lots of us also enjoyed the acronyms he would often introduce for our deduction. It took us a while on Monday..... when he put the initials MTMS on the board at the Commie telling us that we would certainly have an opinion about the session- either loving it or hating it! It turned out to be the Margaret Thatcher Memorial Swim.

I could talk all day about his sessions but hopefully I have painted a picture Andrew- a swimming coach who could give those of us who have been swimming for years a challenging session whilst at the same time working with someone in another lane who has never managed a full length of front crawl.

I never really discussed with Andrew what it was that got him into coaching as I was working away for a couple of years when he did. Here was a family man who was heavily involved in many areas of Edinburgh life and employed in a very high status and no doubt stressful though satisfying job. I would never criticise those people who do their coaching courses with a view to setting themselves up as paid coaches and I have several friends who have done this very successfully but this never interested Andrew. As I said on the day that word came out of his death Andrew was the sort of clubman that any sports club in Scotland would want.

We recently had a training weekend in Aberfeldy. Not only did Andrew organise the accommodation and coach sessions but he also cycled up there on the Friday so that Anna Henley (training for her Ironman Austria debut) would have company. On Saturday he led the group doing the shorter bike route but turned round at one point as he was worried that the other group had got lost. As the person leading the other group I can confirm that this was the case. On Sunday Anna confirmed that she wanted to cycle back home again and you can guess who did it with her to make sure she got home safely.

This was Andrew. All those who cycled with him in big groups will remember the times when he would suddenly disappear from the bunch then you would turn round and realise that someone had dropped off the pace and he was with them.

As many people know, Andrew borrowed my touring bike for his trip and therefore I know how excited he was about his Land's End to John O'Groats trip and in preparing for this he showed the determination that some of us saw over the years.

He really enjoyed the training and also the banter recently when he turned up to the Saturday club rides on the tourer with pannier bags. I am paraphrasing slightly but the last time we did a hilly route the group stopped to break in to two just past Cousland. The choice given to the members was to join my group put the head down, hold on if you can and then pretend that you enjoyed it at the end or to join him for the picnic he claimed to be carrying in his bags.

He liked the banter but he was also determined. Whilst not a big drinker anyway, Andrew did not drink at all in the months leading up to his End to End and as a competitor he always wanted to push himself to do the best he possibly could. He coached several athletes who were quicker than him but they all recognised in him an honest performer and one who could be annoyed with himself if he felt he had come up short.

To give an example, at last year's Tranent Triathlon Andrew started in the swim heat before my own meaning that we did not start at the same time. Andrew had worked out that if we both swam and cycled as we should then he would be finished on the run before I was. In the event I caught him with about a mile to go and will never forget his reaction. That was Andrew- he had high expectations of himself.

Professionally I have spent a fair amount of time contemplating leadership and Andrew was a true leader of people. Of course he had the training of a soldier but his was a natural leadership. I mentioned Anna's Ironman training and I know that Andrew took genuine pleasure in hearing that she and several other club members had conquered the Ironman the Sunday before his tragic death. I know this because even though he was just about to begin his own adventure he took the time to call and wish me well at Ironman Frankfurt. He was gone by the time I completed it but I know just how much I personally owe him.

Lots of triathletes do extreme things- Ironman being one. Andrew recognised this, encouraged it and enjoyed supporting people's dreams.

Jim McGoldrick recently recommended that I read into the story of American war hero Richard 'Dick' Winters who died in 2011 at the age of 92. His heroic story was retold in the television show Band of Brothers and I recognised many of his qualities in Andrew. I would say that the words of 11 year old Jordan Brown who lived in his home town and raised \$99 000 dollars to erect a statue to him are apt in this case.

"He was always honest with his men, therefore they trusted him. He never thought of himself as anything special but he was."

Andrew's passing has left a big hole in many lives. In time the triathlon community will honour him in tribute. For today we remember a friend, a quality coach, a willing volunteer, a confidante, an organiser, a leader. Quite frankly a great guy who will never be forgotten.





IRONMAN®

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So as most of you will know a group of us headed out to Austria in 2013 to try the long distance thing. We all thought we'd write something brief on our experiences and rather than do identical race reports we all seem to have approached it from a different angle....

Mike's Tale..

Second time lucky, my first foray was Nice two years ago when I decided I wanted to do an IronMan before I was 50 unfortunately I had to retire due to stomach and cramp issues half way round the marathon course this time I was determined to succeed.

There was a group of us Dave, Anna, Lynn and Angela all IM virgins (also Aiden) who were being coached by Karl to compete at IM Austria in Klagenfurt, beautiful lakeside location on the 30/6. All my training had gone to plan no injury worries. Dave and I flew to Munich and picked up a hire car and drove to Klagenfurt the girls went with Novara. Dave had booked an apartment not too far outside Klagenfurt the girls were a wee bit further away (or should I say miles away as I found out one night when we gave them a lift back) in a hotel. Dave's fiancée Louise was arriving the next day. We had a very relaxed build up to the race with Dave wanting to buy as much IM tat as he could at the Expo I bought an IM mug.

Day of the race arrived perfect weather conditions Sunny 25C and lake was 19C so wetsuit swim thank goodness. We all met at the start except (except Angela) shuffled down to the lakeside with 2500 competitors fantastic sight cannon went and we were off.

Swim went well and finishing in the canal was unique only problem I had was in reaching the end I was pulled out of the water and immediately my left leg cramped however a medic rushed



across and gave me some massage and my cramp disappeared and I ran off to T1. I had a little boy who helped me in transition which was great and I headed off to collect my bike very relaxed. Swim time 1hr36mins about 10 mins. faster than Nice.

The first loop of the bike route was fantastic great crowds and the roads were so smooth I was flying (3hrs 5mins 90km), caught up and passed the girls and then I was chasing Dave. Now I had learnt from Nice I needed to take on more fluids and nutrition which I thought I had done however second loop my mojo had gone no energy the hills appeared steeper I started to get cramp in my stomach and Anna passed me however completed the bike but I knew the marathon was going to be

really tough. Into transition forgot about everything I was going to do so ended up forgetting my nutrition although I had organised a special bag on the course with additional drink and nutrition. Bike time 6hrs 45mins.

Onto the run course ran first km stomach getting worse met Aiden then Dave and Louise was running around the course seeing as many of us as possible. One-by-one the girls passed me giving me great encouragement as they went by couldn't face eating anything when I did came back up again had many stops but people were very encouraging and coming across to see how I was ended up fast walking the whole route although I did manage a jog through the main town where people were drinking and eating but this ended up with me tripping over the cobbles and rolling over nearly hitting a beer barrel people did run across and help me up thought won't do that again. Slowly but surely the km's went by I wasn't alone in walking but eventually darkness came, nearly home last Km could hear the crowd at the finishing line decided to run the last few hundred metres came into the chute and a woman was just in front with the camera on her I thought I've got to run in sol ran past her and I threw my arms in the air to cross the line what a feeling, medal round neck I'd completed my first IM. Shook a few people's hands and then col-

lapsed onto a stretcher and carted off to the medical tent to have a drip put into me. An hour later recovered and met up with Dave and Louise who saw me stretchered into the medical tent then picked up finishing Polo shirt. Run time (walk time) 6hrs 30mins a total time of 15hrs 30mins.

The whole event was fantastic, great company, location and a really enjoyable time bring on the next one although I'll need to get my stomach sorted out anybody any ideas.

Lynn's Tale..

After a few days of intense nerves in the run up to Ironman Austria I woke up at 4am on the morning of the race feeling very calm! Training done, tick. Nutrition organised, tick. Perfect weather conditions...Phew! All kit bagged and in transition, tick. So all I have to do is swim, cycle and run...perfect day out?

I loved it. My aim was to stay out of trouble in the swim and take Fiona's advice and enjoy the views. Be conservative on the bike and take on planned nutrition so I could enjoy my favourite bit, the run. All the hard work paid off, all the planning and Karls hand holding through his training plan (that man has the patience of a saint!). The great swim coaching at the club from John and of course Andrew meant my weakest part of triathlon became much stronger. One of the best things about having my family and friends tracking me online was that when things did get tough I kept thinking about them and when the timing chip mat buzzed as I went over I could hear my Mum breathing a sigh of relief and a big cheer from everyone else! Having David there too supporting and jumping out of bushes with his video camera was a great distraction. Watch out for Hanley Productions Ironman! Coming over the finish line was amazing, the razzmatazz, the 'You Are an Ironman' seeing my pals and David, all the things that had kept me going during hard training sessions in the Scottish Winter and Spring, dreaming about that finishing funnel, worth it all? Hell yes!

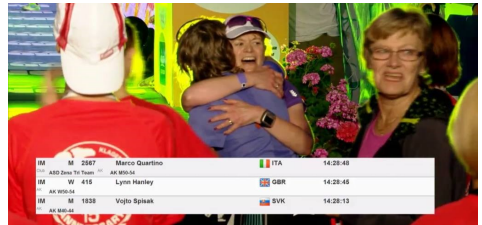
Will I do another one? Well.....

Davids Tale..

A little over a year ago some idle chat and a little mis-placed bravado after a Commie Pool session lead to me sitting at my laptop at a minute past midnight one evening, one hand holding the credit card, the other hovering over the "confirm & pay" button.

I wont lie, I found the training in the 6 months leading up to it sometimes quite soul destroying. I

feel like I know every inch of the road round the



Pentlands and I could swear the wind has a mind of its own: every time I turned expecting the headwind to disappear, there it was again. And after a weekend of hard sessions it was always with some trepidation I would log on to Dropbox and see what Karl had in store for the next week.

Fast forward to the event, I'm sitting in a huge tent with nearly 3,000 other competitors and the atmosphere is amazing. Everyone has their own way of preparing for the event itself and I'm no different so of the merchandise shop I went....

The start was a surreal experience: hot air balloons are rising in the distance,

it's sunny, it's warm, there are 3,000 other people there but it's strangely calm. Then the cannon goes off and all hell breaks loose. Disappointingly most of the event now feels like it went by in a blur but I enjoyed every moment of it. I'd definitely do it all again, although next year is out: I have another endurance event kicking off on 26 July (although my future wife hates me referring to it like that...)

If you want a flavour for how the day panned out, here's a short clip from the guys at SHED Tri club <http://vimeo.com/m/70559157>



Angelas Tale..

The 3 messages I took from Ironman was that 1) if you train and practise things properly – you WILL complete it 2) nutrition is personal – and you really need to give this some thought in advance if you want to get the best from the race and 3) anyone can do it. Even a 40 something, single mum with a demanding job!

Turning the corner onto the red carpet was unlike

anything you can experience anywhere else. The commentators are brilliant, the crowd at fever pitch and it is all for you! Was I euphoric? Yes – but I maintain that the best part of doing Ironman was the training. Thanks to Karl's invaluable advice, together with the company and support of other triathletes, the last 6 months have been a blast. The opportunity to learn about yourself, to push yourself, to become fit, to meet new people – and if you plan well – to travel.

With three minutes to spare – to the booms of Queens 'We will rock you' - and with not a dry eye in the house – the last runner crossed the finish line to yells of encouragement. Sometimes a bit of motivation from others goes a long way. And certainly – advice, training and mental preparation is key. But ultimately it is down to us to reach our goals.

So – if I can – you can. What are you waiting for! My Top Tips:

- In the days before – rest and accept that you will be nervous. You will probably also feel like your fitness has gone slightly off the boil but have faith that it hasn't. Don't let other people affect your energy levels or state of calm.
- Fuel – Plan and practise what you are going to eat. Everyone is different. Don't try something new on the day or copy others. Plan and practise.
- Mental prep – write down a list of all the things that might bother you or cause an issue during the race. Then write a solution next to each of them. So you will have an answer for just about anything.
- Break it down – don't think of the event as a whole. Break it down into chunks then deal with them one at a time. Particularly on the run. The thought of running a marathon after the swim and bike might seem huge. So just run one bit at a time then deal with the next segment.



Blenheim Sprint 2013 : Liz Sim

Operation Blenheim kicked in back in November 2012. After an evening or so digesting the Joe Friel training bible, I had the outline of a training plan to see me through until June. Nothing complex, but it was enough to get me on the turbo when snowing outside, to start running more, and to get into open water for the first time. The plan seemed to work. Somewhere between November and June I lost 3 stone, improved by 4 minutes per mile on a time 3.5mile run, bought a wetsuit and got in the reservoir.

June arrived faster than you could possibly imagine – and it was time to head down to Oxford. Mega thanks to Sharon Grimshaw who came down with me for the weekend and was team ET supporter on the day, and a supplier of her lovely

new energy bars. Unfortunately Sharon could not get a cancellation entry as it was just too busy, there were over 4500 competitors over the two days. We stayed over with friend of Sharon, who treated us like royalty while we were there. We had come down to a palace after all!

Setup

The car park was a long way from transition and was huge. As long as nobody cut down any trees, or moved the field of horses we were using as landmarks, Sharon and I were confident we'd be able to find the car again at the end of the day. Competitors and spectators had their own gate. Spectators had to pay £12.00. There were 15,000 spectators on the Sunday alone.

The Swim

The open water sessions at Thriepmuir were just what I needed as prep. I managed to fit in four OW sessions in May, just in time for the race. Thanks to the other ET ladies and gents who accompanied me on those sessions and convinced me to swim further. I found I actually enjoyed open water. One big issue though was a fear of jumping in – I can't do that even into shallow end of pool. It's a deep water start from a pontoon at Blenheim, so I was concerned. I turned to our trusted coaches John and Andrew for help, who both convinced me all would be fine, and that I could of course slither in as opposed to jumping. I also had a panic earlier in the year about not liking deep water, so went to some of the Commie pool sessions. The panic was clearly a figment of my imagination. Got in to the pool, somewhat stressed but under the watchful eye of John and Anna and was perfectly fine.

The swim at Blenheim starts with an intro by a compere. He reminded me of Scott Balfour giving his talk at Gullane, but was not nearly as amusing (no-one could be). After a few oggy-oggy-oggies, we were off down the jetty. I located a pole at one corner and slid into the lake gracefully as planned. After several minutes treading water, we were off. I've still not heard the hooter, but followed everyone else when they started. Sharon later advised we all seemed to start late. Hooter must have been defective. They should get a new one as I'm sure they can afford one.

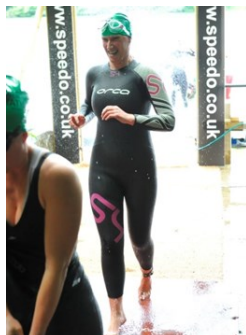
I had entered the ladies only heats. The wave I was in was one of the biggest on the Saturday, with about 250 of us. Despite the numbers, the start was not as hectic as I had imagined. I soon settled down reminding myself to enjoy it – I was doing what I'd watched on the telly all those years ago. I was towards the left side of course and noticed that there was a yellow rope between the smaller buoys marking the edge of the route, ideal to follow. After what seemed like hours, I reached the turn at the 600m mark. I was tres jolie on the way back to shore in the knowledge that the swim had gone well. Getting out was easy as swam on to pontoon. Very helpful folk were there to grab you, and in passing pulled down your wetsuit cord for you. Through the shower and then the long uphill run to T1 ensued (remembering to smile as didn't know where TV cameras were. Part way up I heard the next wave starting – this meant I'd finished the swim in under 20mins (and perhaps they had now located a working hooter). I made it to the

top of the hill and into the massive transition area, grinning like a Cheshire cat and waving like a lunatic to Sharon as I ran past half neoprene clad. T1 went without issue, and I was off on the bike.

The Cycle

The cycle is 3 laps of a closed single track road course. I'd read that there was one big hill, and rest fairly fast. By the time my heat went out, would have been ~750 women out on the course. Lap one I was a bit cautious. Had the hill to contend with, and signs for steep descents and tight corners. When I think hill I think Kelso, or the first section on the Midlothian route. By comparison, the Blenheim hill was not a hill, this was a hillock. Loop one also showed that the signage conveyed more risk than there was. Course was going to be fast and a LOT of fun.

John and Andrew had also run a cycle skills session a few weeks previously where we'd practiced our cornering etc. On a tightish loop this came in handy as I attempted to put into practice what we had learned, as my leaning skills leave a lot to be desired. On the downhill sections I also had a virtual John sitting on my shoulder telling me to get my hands off the brakes or else. I was over the moon with the ride as it felt great to be passing so many ladies (that was until the faster blokes came out in the next heat and started passing everyone). The one sore point of the cycle though was a mid-loop dismount on every lap. The pedestrian route at Blenheim to get to the palace and transition crosses the cycle route. There is a temporary bridge erected every year for the event. On the evening before the race, a tourist bus lodged itself under the bridge. End of bridge. A crossing point had to be added instead. You had to dismount at the crossing, run 10 feet, then mount your bike again. The 3 laps literally flew by, and were over far too early for my liking. Into T2 and tried to use same navigation skills as I had employed at T1. Unfortunately I could not find my position, because stupidly I was looking for my bike on the rack. Brain finally kicked in and I started looking for my kitbag and trainers instead. This was not so easy as all I could see was a sea of discarded wetsuits, black kit bags and miscellaneous footwear. After much swearing I found my kit and was off again. Note to self, leave something bright next time.



The Run

The run is 2 laps round the stunning palace grounds. On lap one I didn't really notice the view, until the ascent back up to transition. There's a long drag up towards the palace, but the view you get of the palace, and the vast crowds gathered at the top made it all worthwhile. Lap one, you head up and past transition and back out onto second lap. Going back to training, I had managed to go from a 51minute 3.5mile run down to 37mins since November. Now for most ETs, that's not fast, but for a slow plodder like me that was an incredible improvement. There were two simple reasons for the improvement - losing weight, and the lovely Anne Moore's Jog Scotland sessions at King Buildings. It was a glorious day, the atmosphere was great, and I pootled round with my newly found turn of speed, still grinning. After a few adjustments of clothing, hair and sunglasses (must remember tv cameras), I turned the last corner and headed down the final straight as fast as I could muster. I could hear the compere introducing me as Liz from Edinburgh as I approached the finish (don't think he could pronounce Penicuik). With a massive smile I levitated across the line in position 771 out of the 1245 ladies who had raced over the weekend. Delighted!



A Tale from Turkey : Keira Murray

After enjoying my trip to Israel for the European age-group championships in 2012, this year I was of to Turkey, with my brother and Martin for company. We were all racing the standard distance race.

Unlike last year with the stress of my wetsuit splitting the day before the race, the sea was a pleasant 25 degrees so no wetsuits were allowed. However there was uncertainty about race numbers, the course, and how we were to start. At the race briefing we were told that they'd forgotten to make bib numbers, and queuing up for transition check-in we were told to write our own helmet numbers using the blank sticky labels in our race pack! They had remembered to give us bike numbers though, and we got body marked on both legs and arms (with the help of a few willing spectators to make the queue move a bit quicker).

The swim course was the next issue, with the first buoy being about 50m from the starting pontoon and confusion over whether everyone had to bunch up and some people swim diagonally to get round it. But by race day morning these buoys had disappeared.

So we were starting from a pontoon and we'd been told that it was a deep water start, but the first

wave ended up diving in. Watching and getting ready to start we were beginning to think what else is going to change, (and worrying about losing our goggles diving in!) but then we found out they'd just forgotten to tell them to enter the water before sounding the hooter so the boys just dived in and we weren't going to be doing to same.

The swim was one big lap. The water was fairly calm and warm enough, and I was glad not to be in a wetsuit, so a fairly good start. Then on to four laps on the bike. It was a pretty flat course, except for the bumps in the road and half of it being paved. The most challenging part was trying to avoid the Turkish athletes cycling all over the road. There was a fair bit of undertaking and shouting going on but I managed to make it round the four laps without getting a penalty or riding into someone (and I even used my tri-bars!) so I was quite pleased.

The run was also four laps, with a hill, the heat, and thankfully also a bit of shade. The second time up the hill felt hard but the water station at the top made it slightly more manageable. And although I ended up with rather soggy feet, tipping a bottle of water over me each lap gave me a wee boost each time (and I went to alternate sides to get water which also helped me keep count – counting to 4 is hard for a statistician!).

I was relieved to cross the finishing line and go sit in the shade of the finishers tent. We were well looked after. There was lots of water, energy drinks, enough fresh fruit to fill a greengrocers and the best bit was an ice bath in a paddling pool! It was just what I needed. We all had great races. Martin was 9th, John was 27th and I was 2nd in my age group, so it was a successful trip.

The Turkish hospitality didn't stop when the race was over. At the medal ceremony I got a nice medal plus flowers and a crisp 100 euro note! And they'd made a real effort for the closing party too. There was an amazing buffet with plenty of nice Turkish food, the tables and chairs were set out in a park with ribbons as if for a wedding, and there was a screen with footage of the races during the meal, and then singers and a band later on. Everything was free, people were in good spirits (helped by the free drink), and it was a great end to our time in Alanya. It had been a great race, and great to watch the elites in action too and see how it should be done.

Taking on the first standard at St Marys - Andrew's Inspiration

Nicola Dudley, Doug MacDonald & Kirsten Cameron

After Gavin's plea for articles on new events from newer members and members taking on new distances; three ETs taking on their first Olympic distance event at the inaugural St Mary's Triathlon near Selkirk seemed to tick lots of boxes. With a twist on race reports, we decided to give the report from different perspectives and with our own memories/inspirations of the late, great, Andrew McMenigall.

Pre-race

So there we stood, huddled under the marquee, the rain hissing down outside, listening intently to the pre-race briefing, everyone's wetsuits already pulled up in an attempt to ward off the relentless borders midges (didn't work!). "So the water temperature is 20 degrees which means you don't have to wear a wetsuit but I strongly recommend you do...unless you're insane...which, given that you're here in the pouring rain is probably most of you!" He had a point, why were we here? After an agonising few minutes only one answer made sense...why not?

SWIM

Nicola: Fresh from a week's Swimtrek adventure in Croatia I approached the swim with rather more confidence than my first open water event at Lochore a few weeks previously when I had experienced complete panic in the mad dash into the water, having been hit on the head, gulped down water etc. and resorted to breaststroke. So the water temperature in St Mary's Loch was not quite the same as Croatia and the water rather murkier than the crystal clear sea water, but I kept my calm throughout the swim and definitely felt I had overcome my fear of open water. As the second wave started to pass me I knew I still have a long way to go with speed and technique, but I reminded myself that 12 months ago I could not swim a length of front crawl and that it is largely due to Andrew's coaching, support and encouragement at many early morning sessions that I am now able to complete an Olympic distance triathlon.

Doug: Like Nicola, I don't have a strong swimming background so it's been a lot of work to even be able to finish the swim section of a triathlon, much less race it. Also like Nicola I had made a bit of a hash of the start to Lochore, trying to start in the middle of the group and getting my head kicked in for the first 300 metres. So this time I decided to start on the far left and within 30 seconds I was in clear water and settled into a nice rhythm. I was really surprised to find myself somewhere in the middle of the second wave and even more surprised when I found myself passing some of the over-enthusiastic starters on the second lap.

Kirsten: A morning of torrential rain and mud did not make a good start to the day, however, after much deliberation I managed to eventually get my racing head on with thanks to Nicola! This was my first standard distance which I was aware would be much faster than the Half Outlaw I did in June plus it was a deep water start, so the focus for me was to try and get out the 'pack' where I have previously been caught up which had slowed me down. Once the horn sounded I managed to set off, find my space and succeeded in what I set out to achieve, but throughout the swim there were constant thoughts going through my head.....Scott's open water swim technique session in the pool, tips that people from the club had given me and of course Andrew's 'determined attitude' which had ridden me of that 'negativity' that tried to creep in.

BIKE

Nicola: Fortunately the heavy rain of earlier had subsided for the bike leg although the wet roads called for caution on the descents. It was not the most exciting cycle going twice out and back along the same stretch of road between St Mary's Loch and Grey Mare's Tail car park, but the original route had to be changed due to roadworks.

Doug: Heeding the race organisers warning about wearing 'appropriate' clothing for the bike, I tried out a trick I'd read online; stuffing a black bin bag down my trisuit to keep me warm. It was a lot less faff than trying to put a jacket or arm warmers on and definitely did the trick. The persistent rain on the first lap had created rivers on the sharp descent and led me to ride a tad cautiously and a fair few cyclists came past me. My caution was well-founded as I saw a rider peeling himself and his expensive TT bike off the road by the turn at the bottom. By the second lap the rain had mercifully paused and I picked up a few places on the second descent and climb. On the way in, my mind began to think about the run and for the first time I began to think that I might actually finish this...

Kirsten: Onto the bike. I found the change in the bike route mentally tough, knowing I had to do the loop all over again with a steep descent on wet roads and then a long hill back up. Hills have never been my strong point and throughout I remembered the valuable tips Andrew gave me as I hung on the back of club sessions!

RUN

Nicola: Onto the run and just as my energy was beginning to drop, just after the halfway point a fellow competitor drew alongside and, spotting ET kit, said 'This one's for Andrew'. That was all the encouragement I needed to keep my pace up and finish strong (despite agonising blisters on both feet).

Doug: Again trying to learn from Lochore, I gave my feet a good rub on my towel and took a precious few seconds to put on my ET socks (thanks Phil!) to avoid blisters this time. The run wasn't

quite what we expected and was more like a cross-country course, with the early sections involving lots of jumping over stiles, avoiding mud and trying not to fall in streams.

Having felt quite strong in the first half, as I began the second half my body and mind started to tire. This feeling wasn't helped by temporarily losing a trainer to the sticky mud! I needed some inspiration when three immortal letters came to me: B.A.G. I laughed, pushed on, busting a gut all the way home...thanks Andrew.

Kirsten: Initially the run. I had not realised how off-road the run was and the weather had made it very muddy, however, I really enjoyed it because I had to stay focused on every step so I didn't fall or slip!

Final thoughts

All the experienced ETs had described standards as being a fairly small step up from sprints, but we still had to remember that it is twice as far which means twice as much time for things to go wrong. And just when we thought that we had conquered the 'standard', we were faced with the greatest challenge of all...trying to drive out of the Glastonbury-esque field without having to be towed out!

We all finished in good times and good places and we owe an awful lot to Andrew for welcoming us into the Edinburgh Triathletes.

Member Profile : Ciara Webb

Describe yourself in 10 words likes knitting mittens, good at running away from difficult situations

What age group are you in? 30-34

What's your day job? Criminal Justice Social Worker

How long have you been an ET member and what do you like about the club? Just a year now – I love how supportive everyone has been (especially in my early 'drowning in the pool' days), and how welcoming and friendly everyone is. Also getting positive feedback from competitors in club-run races – makes it totally worth the work that goes in!

What are your ambitions in triathlon? To complete one! I have a couple of races in mind for this year – if I get through them I'll be happy. I keep saying I'll never do an Ironman but who knows...maybe one day...

What is your favourite club session? Friday mornings. Quiet pool, great start to the weekend, and they don't mind the use of pool toys either.

Did you come to triathlon from another sport? I've run for years and Irish danced since I was 2 so yes – I suppose so! I also play softball.

What's your favourite piece of kit? I have an old pair of shorts that I've had for about 10 years. They're the comfiest things but I'm pretty sure they're now see through. The search for a replacement begins...

What one thing would improve your performance? Moving my limbs faster (someone told me that was the best way to increase my speed)



What has been your best racing or training moment? The day I swam 25 metres of front crawl without drowning, choking, or crying. This was after a few weeks where I had seriously considered getting some therapy to help with my fear of front crawl, but instead had a lesson from the 'Swim Whisperer' aka Scott Balfour. I saw a few of the Saturday morning regulars notice it and got a thumbs up – that was a great moment. I still am a bit amazed at myself when I swim.

What has been your worst racing or training moment? I don't think there's been a 'worst' moment. I learn from all the moments.

What is your favourite post-race treat? A pint. Mmmmm.

Who or what inspires you? When I hear people tell me stories about things they've achieved that they never thought they could – that inspires me. I moan and groan about getting out of bed or running in the wind and rain or having to wash my hair and then I read a story about someone running across Canada unaided to raise money for charity and I think – ffs Ciara what are you moaning about?!

Men with shaved legs: yum, yuk or indifferent?
YUK

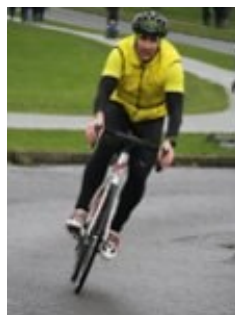
1st Jan - 1st TRI : Ian Gillon



I entered the 2014 New Years Day triathlon as I'd had an ankle operation at the start of 2013 so had only been allowed to swim and cycle for a loooong time, a friend suggested doing a triathlon as I was doing a lot of it anyway so I thought why not and entered the New Year's Day triathlon as it had a good reputation for beginners. And I was definitely a beginner. I then came along to the freebie club sessions at Dalkeith High School before joining and regularly attending the Saturday morning session.

So to the day itself, I turned up early to get myself organised - which translates as a peak at what everyone else was doing and see if I could pick up any tips. I'm generally pretty laid back so wasn't nervous and was just gonna take things as they came. I then bumped into an ex-flatmate who's been doing triathlons for a couple years so the competitiveness side in me started to come out.

My plan was to start the swim at a steady pace and see how I was doing halfway through then pick it up if I felt ok, I ended up getting caught in breast stroke traffic a couple times but was happy to finish 7 seconds over my predicted time of 10 minutes.



Though the rain stayed off, I decided to wimp out and spend a bit longer in T1 to make sure I stayed warm. The fella I'd been waiting with in line for the swim start told me afterwards he had put his gear in his locker but then couldn't find his locker after he'd come out of the swim so I was happy I'd left all my gear outside in transition.

The first two cycle laps went by quickly but I was definitely feeling the third lap up the hill. I

got a lot of encouragement from the ET marshals around the course and it was great to see the mix of newbies on all types of bikes competing with seasoned triathletes on their carbon flying machines.

I thought that T2 went pretty smoothly but not so as it was pointed out that I ran out of T2 with my helmet still on, something noticed by Gavin who took great delight in informing everyone over the PA system about my 're-entry' to T2, doh. I'd only done a couple of bike to run training sessions and the legs felt surprisingly ok running down the hill to St Margaret's Loch but it took a big effort to get the legs going up the hill but I did pass a penguin and a reindeer on their bikes.

I completed the course in an hour 22, which put me at the first Vet in the first timer group, yes, that's a bit of a stretch but I'm taking it. Oh and my ex-flatmate beat me by a couple of minutes so plenty room for improvement.

Looking to the future, I've already entered my next event - the Tranent Sprint in March. I've had a lot of friends asking about the NYD triathlon and a few will definitely enter next year (when I'm likely to be standing in the cold taking my turn marshalling). My 5 year old son who came to support me wants to enter the kids race next year but I've told him he's a few years to go, at least it's rekindled his interest in his swimming lessons again

I'd like to say thanks very much to all the coaches for their help and patience over the past few months, it's much appreciated.

Senial Dementia..or Ironman Fatigue

Anna
Henly

I figured that the tortuous Ironman training devised by coach Karl for IM Austria 2013 would fatigue my muscles. I **get** the concept of "pain means gain".



Karl sent me a weekly spreadsheet listing all the week's swim, bike, run sessions. Against each activity I had to assign a score out of 10 for perceived exertion, and another for general fatigue. This allowed Karl to adjust the plan to prevent overtraining.

I had experienced serious muscle fatigue. Following a week's skiing and a 12-hour marathon sightseeing trot around Paris on the way home, I woke up feeling "paralysed", unable to move a single limb. Scary.

I also had a light bulb moment during an ET group cycle ride regarding a definition of fatigue I had picked up. Your muscles are "fatigued" when your perceived exertion is high - but you are going nowhere.

But I didn't realise that IM training would result in mental fatigue too – and that wasn't as easy to detect.

The first time it happened I dismissed it as a weekend of unfortunate, crass stupidity – and as I had been studying for an impossible exam, I laughed it off.

At the ET cycle in Dalkeith I discovered my bike had a puncture. I kept calm, turned the bike upside down, and removed the wheel. I removed the tyre and prodded with tyre levers. Something was wrong – the tyre didn't seem so flat anymore. I stared at the tyre, puzzled, and **eventually** it dawned on me: I had removed the wrong wheel.....

That evening was the ET ten pin bowling night out. I didn't manage to hit many skittles, no matter, but suffered a "near miss" in the ladies' toilets. I dropped Robin's fancy car key down a toilet **while** it was flushing. With no one at home I had no option other than to grasp the key tightly until the torrent had stopped. Fortunately the wet key still worked, and no one has told Robin.....Shhhhhh.....

The next morning I expected to find a loaf of freshly baked bread in the breadmaker. Wrong: out tumbled a heap of flour. On excavation of the soggy mess I found the blade inside – and felt immense relief that I had cleverly remembered to insert the blade.....I wasn't cracking up.....and set off to buy a loaf instead.



But worse was to come....

I went over to Northern Ireland to meet my new grandchild (yikes!!) and had a very nice time sitting doing **absolutely nothing** beyond cooing over, and photographing the world's most beautiful infant. I felt like I had been run over.



All went swimmingly until I returned to the airport. Or more precisely - to the gate where I needed to hand over my boarding card and passport . Neither were to be found – the contents of my handbag, and Robin's pockets were soon all over the floor. Accusations and recriminations were flying.....

After a bit of radioing by the annoyed air hostess it turned out I had managed to leave BOTH passport and boarding card at check-in.

I mentally thanked Karl for turning me into an Ironwoman-in-training who could easily run a mile through the airport and retrieve the items before the take-off would be delayed. I arrived at the plane, rather flustered, and not at all comfortable with hundreds of seated passengers staring at me.....

Before I sat down I asked Robin if he had already stowed my rucksack with at least £3000 of camera equipment overhead. He said no, of course not, and I just about fainted. I had no recollection, whatsoever, of the location of my camera bag.

As we had been super early at the airport – I just don't do airport stress - I assumed I must have left it in the airport cafe. Nick Hewer from "The Apprentice" had been sitting next to us, so I had been distracted wondering how "an Apprentice" would successfully hand over a business card.

This time I wasn't allowed off the plane to go and ransack the airport – so the very annoyed air hostess, who was definitely no Ironwoman, huffed and puffed off to the cafe. About 20 minutes later she returned, scarlet, with my heavy rucksack.

OMG!!!! I had left it, not in the cafe next to Nick Hewer (she had searched all THREE), but at the X-ray machines.

I was in tears now – of relief that I was reunited with my bag – and of fear that this inexplicable behaviour was caused by senile dementia? Robin assured me it was simply fatigue, and I eventually believed him.

But next time someone tells me that I am running like a Granny I will just smile sweetly and point out That I am one :O)

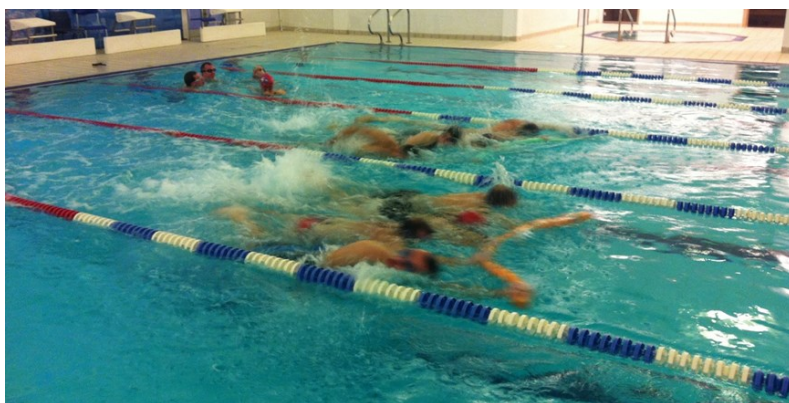


ET's Festivities 2013 : Liz Richardson

On December 7th 2013, we got into the festive spirit in style with our annual fun swim gala and Christmas night out. The gala at Dalkeith High School was well attended, and expertly organised by Scott Balfour. In part 1 the traditional races were fiercely contended, and everyone put in a major amount of effort. Winners and winning times were:

	Men	Women
50 m front crawl	Joe Tomaney (28.45)	Laura Forrester (34.63)
50 m breast stroke	Joe Tomaney (36.75)	Laura Forrester (46.01)
50 m back stroke	Phil Parr-Burman (39.27)	Kirsten Cameron (44.98)
25 m butterfly	Joe Tomaney (14.75)	Kirsten Cameron (16.95)
50 m butterfly	David Forrester (36.13)	Laura Forrester (time not known)
100 m IM	Joe Tomaney (1:18)	Laura Forrester (1:18)
100 m front crawl	Gavin Calder (1:13)	Laura Forrester (time not known)

In part 2 – the main event – four teams competed in increasingly silly relay races devised by Scott. These included the 10p relay, the hat relay, the chariot relay, and the noodle relay. See photo for an expert demonstration of noodle relay technique by Gavin's team and Phil's team, while Mike B's team seem to have lost their noodle (not for the first time, I've heard). The overall relay prizes went to Gavin's team, although the teams of Phil, Mike B and Ciara were not far behind.



In the evening 40 of us met in Stockbridge for pre-dinner drinks before heading to the Pizza Express. Surprisingly enough ET members scrub up very well when not lycra-clad or goggle-eyed. Who knew? After a good meal ET's president Gavin Calder made a speech and raised a toast to our absent friends. Andrew McMenigall had supported our Christmas social events for at least as long as I've been organising them, and was much missed at this one. Gavin also awarded prizes to our 2013 Club Champions – Nicola Dudley and Phil Parr-Burman – and to our Best Improvers for 2013 – Kirsten Cameron and Joe Tomaney. He also announced the Silverknowes Time Trial champion (Jane Stevenson, who couldn't be at the event) and the 2013 King of the Mountain (himself).

Everyone then set off on a rapid (26 minutes to be precise) Urban Explorer Challenge around Stockbridge. The challenge had three parts: a photographic scavenger hunt, a guess-the-logo round, and a dress-a-team-member-as-a-Christmas-tree round. The logo round is reproduced below: which logos have been used to spell Edinburgh Triathletes? Answers in the next edition of Tribull.



We all met up at a very crowded Hamilton's bar later to compare Christmas trees and work out the winners. See photos: Mike Brown and Lisa Ellerbrock making splendid Christmas trees, Joe man-handling a traffic cone, and Neil photo-bombing an otherwise lovely photo of the Stockbridge sign. The winners of the challenge were Mike B's team (2nd: John's team, 3rd: Karl's team, 4th: Kirsten C's team and 5th: Graham's team). Keira Murray won the spot prize of some Pearl Izumi Tri N1 running shoes (thanks to FootWorks).

All-in-all a splendid day of festive fun. Thanks to the sponsors of the events who provided prizes: Tri-Centre, Run4It, Footworks, LifesCycle, and ProActiv Physio, and also to Scott for gala expertise and to everyone who helped out at the gala. See you next December for the next one!

