

Photo Review of the Last chance to read Andy's inspirational
year ! Tribull in 2010 ! story !

et TRIBULL

edinburgh triathletes

December 2010



Scott Balfour tells it like it is

The Editor Says

Phil Parr-Burman



This Tribull could be breaking the record for the lowest word count ever (unless you use the equation word count = actual words + number of pictures x 1000). I've failed to get a profile out of you (must try harder) and even the AGM minutes can't be included, since the club Secretary tells me a prerequisite for that is to have actually held the AGM.

So thank you to Andy Strathdee for giving us at least some reading material.

Christmas is traditionally the time to write tribull articles of course, so I know that next time there will be a lot more. In the meantime enjoy a selection of pictures taken by you the members to remind you of the year gone by, and to inspire your training for next year. Thanks to all of you who contributed.

Phil

Quote of the Month

Santa Claus



"Merry Christmas!"

Bike Boxes

Phil Parr-Burman



There has been a revolution in bike box strategy at the club. Well maybe its just a slight tweak. After some years of looking after the club bike boxes and having defended, against overwhelming odds, their right to exist in his garage for all that time, Jim has passed the mantle to me.

It was also decided that since the old boxes were knackered we have scrapped them. Since I'm not as hard as Jim we replaced them with a different style which would take up less space in my garage. So the club now has two excellent Evocs rigidised bike bags. I saw a couple of these at the World Champs and the owners were delighted with them. Product reviews on Wiggle are also excellent.

By the way I did try to buy these locally but it seems that Evocs only deals with on-line suppli-

ers, and there was nothing else I, or the TriCentre found, that was as good.

These bags are available for members to borrow. Just contact me to reserve them.



Another Epic from Joel

Joel Sylvester



In September I did the Kielder100 Mountain Bike Race, followed the next weekend by the Tour de Ben Nevis mountain bike race. 150 miles of racing in one week. One was sunny. One pished with rain. I thoroughly recommend both. That is all.



Jim McPresident, July

The Road to Aberfeldy

Andy Stratheed



When you get hooked by something like triathlon you never really know where it is going to lead. In my first year I spent the winter training with another rookie, Gary Fegan, as he attempted to go from nowhere to Ironman finisher in 9 months. My target was Aberfeldy which I raced well and enjoyed, although this rather overshadowed by Gary's awesome sub eleven hour Ironman. Along the way I crashed at Gullane and decided to step up to the full distance in 2006. I loved Ironman Austria, and after a great result decided to focus on getting a Kona slot at Ironman Germany in 2007. 2007 was not such a success. I trained really well, and managed to go better, but poor race judgement and losing the contents of my stomach and my carefully prepared nutrition plan half way round the bike route led to my first disappointing result. Bad races are here to make you stronger and I came away from Germany with a plan. I'd spend the next year learning how to ride a bike properly and then come back to IM at Lanzarote in 2009 with the strength to qualify for Kona.

This plan worked out but my big break was to meet Lou Edmonston in the autumn of 2008 who looked at my core strength and made it clear that, really, I didn't have any. I was doing pretty well despite this but Lou put me on the straight and narrow with some exercises and pre-training drills. This made a phenomenal difference to my ability to hold form in the latter stages of the bike and throughout the run. I went to Lanzarote feeling strong and fitter than ever. I was almost caught out by a qualifying standard faster than any previous race at Lanza, but snuck in to Kona on the second roll down.

Just after Lanzarote Caroline Toshack invited me along to a session with Rob Gauld at Intelligent Movement. Yet again I was to find out the shortcomings of my endeavours. Rob's work focusses on efficient movement, doing everything as easily and efficiently as possible. Using millions of years of evolution to your advantage, rather than fighting against it. I was doing everything wrong: in the swim I was working hardest with my forearms; on the bike I was toeing

the pedals around (developing massive calf muscles but not that much power), and whilst running I was using the outside of my thighs, which explained the illiotibial bands that were tighter than the top octave strings of a piano.

We set about a crash program to get me in shape for October. The pay back was immediate and remarkable. I knocked 13 minutes off my previous PB at Aberfeldy and rode away from the peloton on the Bealach Mor Sportive. Kona was very hot (38°C), windy and hard. I was out for the count in T2 but the efficiency and belief that Rob had given me took me through to the end. I have a score to settle on the big island, but that will have to wait.

After 2 Ironman races in 2009 I struggled for motivation this year. I kept the training ticking over but haven't done anywhere near my usual volume, and to be honest haven't really pushed myself very hard. I swam pretty well through the spring but a disappointing swim at Knockburn knocked any enthusiasm I'd had out of me. Achilles tendonitis brought a halt to run training, which was the only proper training I was doing.

For the first time in a few years our annual holiday did not revolve around an endurance race. 2 weeks cycling with the kids in Burgundy in July was fantastically relaxing and enjoyable. But 30 miles a day at an average of 10 mph doesn't really count as training. By mid July I thought my chances at Aberfeldy, which had always been my A race this year, were pretty much blown.

Two nights before Aberfeldy I spent the night with my youngest who'd picked up the latest version of a stomach bug. So I didn't get much sleep. Never mind, Greg had arranged some quality accommodation in Aberfeldy so all would be well. Really? Despite total exhaustion a good night's sleep was not had: next time Jim organises the accommodation! Get up, try to eat some breakfast (not a core skill at the best of times) and head off for the start.

Now, I always dread the swim at Aberfeldy, because it is always freezing, and the depths are always very, very black. On the scale of Loch Tay swims though the water was actually quite warm: the wind was only knocked out of you for the first 3 times you put your face in, and after five minutes warm up I could still feel my feet, hands and other bits. Then the horn went and

we were off. With lots of space the field soon spread out and headed out to the first buoy. Calm conditions and some reasonable drafts took me through a pretty uneventful swim. I cruised in to the jetty and was amazed to find that my swim was faster than last year. I jogged up through transition beginning to relish getting on the bike.

It's easy to take it too slowly on the first section of the bike at Aberfeldy, as the fear of the hill and the high speeds on the downhill sections in the first couple of miles lull you into thinking you're going OK. I felt good straightaway and decided to go for it. I had a vague plan to keep my heart rate under 155 on the bike and found that to be an appropriate limiter. I started to pick people off. The long climb to the the Schehallion road is not as hard as many people would have you think. The gradient is actually pretty easy and even where it steepens up this is never sustained for that long. Soon I was passing riders in numbers. A few had obviously decided that the drafting laws didn't apply to them and were going up in little packs of half a dozen or so, which made overtaking difficult on the narrow road.

The climb was over quicker than I expected. On the rolling section across the top of the mountain I passed Ali Smith from ERC. Given how strong a swimmer he is relative to me I knew I must be going pretty well on the bike. I kept up the pressure, focussing on over-taking the next rider ahead. By the time I'd ridden through Rannoch the field was getting pretty spread out. Kevin Henderson of Fusion Tri was the only person I'd passed who'd made an attempt to stay with my pace, it was interesting to see him getting the advantage of using me as a paceman without breaching the 10m drafting limit. Some of the people I passed on the return leg back along the loch needed a polite reminder about some of the finer points of the triathlon rule book. A real shame to see this from such good athletes in a race where there is plenty of space for everyone to follow the letter of the rules.

The climb up from the loch to the mountain road is pretty steep but also quite short. I kept my effort under control then started building the effort along the top. One big guy passed me on the descent but I soon overtook him on the run in to Aberfeldy. I really couldn't believe how good I was feeling. I'd feared that the lack of training would mean that I'd just fall apart at some point. Coming into transition I was chuffed to see that I'd knocked a big chunk off of

my ride time from last year. Trying not to get over excited I knew that I should stay with my race plan of easy on the way out and then push the run back to Aberfeldy. I didn't want to go too fast and suffer for it later on. On the way out of town I passed Dave Edwards, who I had down as one of the danger men. At that point I thought I was first veteran on the road so when I caught the next runner and he sped up a bit I decided to stay with him to the turn. This was probably a bit of a mistake because he was quite a tall chap and had a lower cadence than me so I slipped out of my natural running rhythm. At the turn a team runner came past so I decided to try to hang on to them for as long as possible and was pleased to find that I was coping with the higher pace pretty well.

My brain however was starting to slow down. After a few kilometers I started to think, "where's that 30km mark, I must be halfway back by now". When it finally arrived and said 15km it took me about a minute to work out what was going. Right, 5km to go, i just pushed on for an all out effort to the finish. On the long straight back to the bridge I saw a couple of runners ahead of me and decided to see if I could catch them before the end. Lucky I did because the first I caught was Andy Burnan, who up until then had been leading vet. A final push up the hill took me past the next chap, and I almost caught the team runner I'd try to stay with from way back. For the first time ever I'd run negative splits on a run.

So there it was. First vet, third individual finisher behind Craig Dale and Catriona Morrison. Still can't really believe it, or understand where that race came from. From the start of the bike onwards I just felt fantastic. I was pretty relaxed all the way through, and simply executed my plan, not worrying about anything else. I probably carried a lot of the fitness from 2009 over into 2010 so that what little training I had done was at a pretty good level. I've also benefitted loads from improving my efficiency, working with Rob and Caroline at Intelligent Movement. Finally, spending a lot of time over the spring getting my bike set up on my new bling bike just right, meant that I am now able to spend a long time on the aero bars, in a really aerodynamic position without getting tightness in my legs or back. All these things added up to a great race. It was also a big reminder that you should never let a bad run in to a race make you think that you can't go well. My last week of prep before Aberfeldy was a complete disaster, yet I had the best race of my life.



Aidan Mullan and Mike take the pain. July



Angela Kidd flattens the Couple Challenge, Northumberland, July



Run, Mike Brown, run!, July



Callum Hendry smiles the smile of a man who's booked a long winter holiday in a warm place



Early bird Doug Steele gets an empty pool at Club La Santa April '10



ETs at East Fife



Jason Baggaley brings some colour to Lanzarote April '10



Kirsten Sinclair enjoys a last few days before becoming Kirsten Ness, July



Marco Capriglione shows Mike B his heels. July



Phil P-B checks focuses at Midlothian Sprint, May

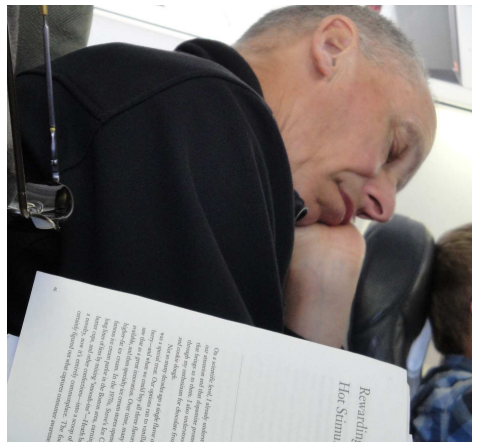




ET's finest



Suzanne Green between exams and results,
July



Rest is a vital part of training. Bonkers Balfour
at Arrecife Airport, April



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