



WHEELWORKS MULTISPORT NEWSLETTER

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July 31, 2006

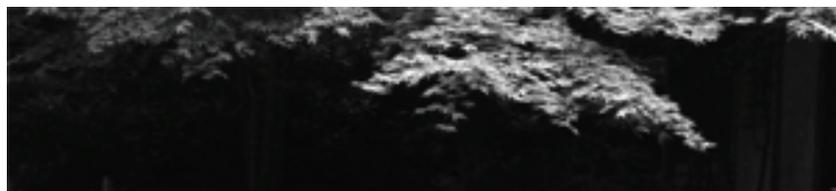
VOL. II ISSUE II

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

It's mid-season - perhaps the best time to reflect - to ask the question - WHY? Why do we race? Why do we train? Why _____? If the following articles do nothing else, it is my hope that they encourage you to ask the simple questions.

Be sure to check out Toby's Traffic report from Vietnam, PJ's pontifications, Liz's Sunapee swing, Josh's "Battle Scar", "Training Smart" from our friends at Tri-Hard, a short excerpt from time well spent in the Himalayas, a poem, and of course, a few more Tri Tips.

I would also like to extend thanks to Katherine McCanless Ruffin for editing the text. -JAMIE HUNT



TIPS FROM THE ELITES

Set your bike gearing correctly in T1: Before the race, take a look at the first 100 yards that you will be on your bike out of T1, & set the gear on your bike accordingly. Is there a hill? Rack your bike in a low gear so you don't fall over right after you hop on. Is there a long flat? Rack your bike set in a higher gear, so you can start cranking right after you mount.

(Cont. p.9)

TRAFFIC REPORT - VIETNAM

This past Tuesday I was standing in front of the Boston Public Library trying to cross Boylston Street faced with a thick and steady flow of Grade A large American automobiles. Isn't this normal for rush-hour traffic? -TOBY WELLS (Cont. p.7)



WAS IT WORTH IT?

We've all been amateur athletes. Most of us have seen the pros on television and marveled at their fortune in getting paid to play. A second tier pro golfer can pull down more in a weekend than I can in a month at my desk job. Manny can ask for \$20 million a year for just being Manny. And let's not even talk about how much pro bass fisherman make.

In the world of triathlon, only a handful of athletes can make ends meet by plying their aerobic fitness on the weekends. The second tier pros hold down day jobs that allow them to stay off their feet and keep the dream alive - be it Olympic Gold or Ali'i Drive.

Then there are the rest of us. Sporadically a race director will throw in a few cash prizes for the amateurs to make things interesting, but no one I know ever counts on these token payouts for anything other than some new shoes or an upgrade to a more expensive microbrew. -PJ DESCHENES (Cont. p.4)



BAR CLIF



PAGE 2



As I feel the sting of my wounds against my t-shirt, I sense this is only the beginning.

-PETER HULT, Contributor



BATTLE SCAR

I had many memorable moments in the Big Apple participating in my first Nautica New York City Triathlon. To name a few, there was getting lost for 2 hours trying to get my bike to transition the night before the race, there was the fact that they closed all of the West Side Highway and the Henry Hudson Parkway for the bike portion, and the final run through Central Park's record-breaking 90 degree humid day, not to mention the 3,200 athletes that competed in this event. However, it is the story behind my first "battle scar," literally, that claims first place as my No. 1 memory from New York.

My day began bright and early Sunday morning, July 16, 2006. Transition closed at 4:30 a.m. but my wave was not until 7:26 a.m. I got into transition around 4:15 and set everything up quicker than I liked and was made to bolt by the blast of foghorns clearing out the transition area because the pros were about to come through. There was a lot of stretching and waiting time before my wave where I befriended two "newbie's," one of whom innocently asked, "Do you think I will need goggles? I didn't bring them." I paid my debt to the sport and was able to provide him with an extra pair of mine. I couldn't bear the thought of him looking up to see where he was going and having the - uh hum - crystal clear water of the Hudson River pour into his eyes. There were four different waves for the 25-29 year-old age groups. They escorted us down onto a makeshift dock that jutted out perpendicular to the water. We were then instructed to grab the rope and hop in the water. Immediately the force from the rope went with the current and so did some of the swimmers, who then had to navigate their way back to the rope before the horn blew. After waiting in the water no longer than 30 seconds the horn blew, and we were off.

The swim was one of the fastest .93 miles I have ever swum - maybe it had to do with the fact that we were with the current. Who knows? However, in my defense, since my swim wave was not until 7:26 a.m., the current slows down considerably as the day goes on, something I still have yet to figure out. The swim wasn't so bad in the Hudson until my hands started to scrape the bottom of the river...a nice goopy mud. There was no exit for the swim on a nice sandy beach. We had to navigate our way onto three ramps out of the sludge. The race had handlers at the ramps so we did not sink into the quicksand of mud. After weaving through the maze of people trying to get up the ramp at the same time, I had to run a good half quarter of mile into transition, and there she was: my brand new bike that I would be racing for the only the second time. I had a quick transition and started pedaling. Man, was she fast. I got a good pace going along the closed off West Side Highway. Everything was there - nutrition, hydration and a good pedal stroke. I was feeling good coming into the huge crowd waiting at the last 100 feet of the race. It was not a sharp turn but a slight right-hand turn on a downhill. The officials were telling me to slow down which I did, but before I knew it my front tire stuck in what I have now determined to be a sink hole and BOOM! I went crashing over my handle bars. At the time it was all a blur to me. I had a helicopter hovering over that section of the course. I had two cameramen right up in my face while I was on the ground, and I had a race official shouting, "Stay Down! Stay Down!". In my head I replied to his request to stay down as, Yeah right, big guy, I am going to stay down and not finish this race.

I got up quickly, my adrenaline pumping. There was a good deal of blood streaming down my left shoulder and my left knee. Pieces of Manhattan's asphalt were protruding out of my palms. To be honest with you, I kept telling myself not to look at the bike because I had just dropped a good deal of money on it, and I couldn't deal with the fact that she might be all busted up. I did see one thing, though. My aero bars had been completely stripped from the stem and were hanging by the cables. The crowds of people that just seconds before had been cheering me on were silent as I was trying to pull myself together. As my bike was un-rideable, I un-strapped my shoes, placed them in one hand, grabbed my bike in the other hand, threw it over my shoulder and started jogging to transition. The crowd went absolutely nuts when I started to run. I fed off their energy to get me into transition. I arrived and was able to finish the race. Even with the crash I finished the 24.85 mile bike in 1:09:22.

My very first triathlon war story. -JOSH ROBERTS

WAS IT WORTH IT? (Cont.)

I showed up in White Lake, North Carolina, this year primed and ready to go. I'd been training hard since December, and after a full week of rest, I was ready to rip a fast half ironman. As part of USAT's new Grand Prix series, I figured White Lake would offer some serious competition and some worthwhile prizes. A PR and a first place finish later, I found that I'd only been correct on one of those assumptions. The winner of the whole race got the exact same prize as the 3rd place 60-65 year old woman who finished about four hours behind me: a T-shirt. I felt like the spoiled kid at Christmas who can't understand why he didn't get as many presents as he'd expected.

That brings me to the Musselman half-Ironman in Geneva, New York, another stop on the Grand Prix series. Not only did race director Jeff Henderson shut down the whole town and get just about every able-bodied citizen to volunteer for the race, but he also scared up a \$4,000 prize purse. I'd expected a crew of pros to show up for the loot, since \$1,000 is still a lot of money for a day of triathlon. Again, my judgment was flawed, and I drove back to Boston with a \$500 check in my race bag – a fine thing, but I had time during the six hour trip on the Pike to feel a bit conflicted. I remembered being in a post-race bar in Raynham, MA on frozen Sunday afternoon in February, having just finished the coldest 15k I've ever run. There was prize money to be had, and JB, the race director, prefaced the awards ceremony by saying that he'd match any donation given to the local boys and girls club. Each of the winners dutifully signed their checks over to the kiddies to meet JB's challenge. How could they not?

Why do we race? To challenge ourselves? To speed along the race course? For the competition and camaraderie? For bragging rights, or to make that post-race beer taste oh so sweet? There are a lot of reasons and they're all worthwhile, but the prize money definitely does not rank on the list. As soon as the standard that values our work-a-day lives starts to measure our recreation, we've lost touch with why we do what we do. Would I race just as hard for a T-shirt as for five bills? You better believe it.

– PJ DESCHENES



PAGE 4

FILA



FINDING OUR BALANCE

Day: 10,

Date: 4/15/06

Camp Location: Martoli, 13,000ft and on the way up...

Entry in group expedition journal, near the ancient Tibetan silk road in the heart of the Himalayas.

For some it is last night's glacial dip; for others it is the sensory heightening walk to and from our two bouldered world; for another a series of early morning OM's; perhaps for a few it is a satisfying 4 or 5 on the stool scale; or for one, opening up about his most significant other, Captain, and also mentioning his wife (Captain is his dog); for me it's a good night's sleep and the observation of diagonal snow passing in front of my face during our 10 minutes of meditation; but for us all, maybe it's just the expansive view of the mountaintops 80 degrees up from our typical horizons.

Today we are present.

The whistle of the White Caps and that of the Blue Whistling Thrush are just a little crisper. The brief fashion show, highlighted by Marcus's demonstration of complete convection, while still wearing his jacket, mark the extra bounce in our step.

We are guided by the river. Unquestioningly, it flows down the Pindari Valley around unexpected bends and over jagged rocks marking where we have been. We venture upward (in the direction of the river's source) attempting to surmount obstacles of our own with equal grace and "style".

Despite the occasional explosive bowel movement, we are settling in. My concern drifts to less critical issues, such as the possibility that we may return to our families and scare them with our preference for Indian style toilets and our complete lack of concern over running out of toilet paper for a week or two (you don't need it).

As we approach the glacier we are finding our strength; we are finding our stride; and we are finding our balance.

-JAMIE HUNT



PAGE 5



TRAIN SMART - AVOID THESE KEY TRAINING MISTAKES *(Excerpt)*

Mistake: Doing too many training races leading up to your peak race.

You have your big race for the year, an Olympic-distance triathlon, set for October. You decide that to get ready for it, it would be a good idea for you to do another Olympic-distance triathlon, 3-4 sprint-distance triathlons, and a few 5-K and 10-K runs in the 12 weeks leading up to the race. Your training goes well all summer and you are feeling great. You've done a few races and raced well. As you approach the last few months before your peak race, you start doing all of these training races. They start off going well and you are racing strong. By the second-to-last one, four weeks before your peak race, you have a really bad day—you just have nothing in your legs. You have another race scheduled for two weeks prior to your peak race that you now decide will help you get your legs back before your peak race. At that race, your legs are dead again. You figure you must just not be as “up” for these races and that you will be fine at your peak race. Your peak race comes and you have a terrible race. You race slower than you were the year before when you were not trained as well. What happened here is you raced too much leading up to your peak race. Races are much harder than training. The environment of a race causes you to push yourself to a level that you just don't get to in training, even when you are working very hard. And don't even give us the “I do my training races easy” line. We have a phrase for triathletes that tell us they are going to do a race easy: deluding themselves! Most triathletes are simply too driven to show up to a race, have competition around them, and not push themselves very hard.

Solution: Save your best race for the race that matters the most to you.

Use training races for what they do best. They help you to experience the aspects of racing that are impossible to fully replicate in a workout: swimming with several hundred people around you, doing transitions at full speed, and mentally managing a race. All other physical and mental abilities can be trained in your workouts. For example, don't rely on sprint-distance triathlons for high-intensity workouts. And don't rely on 1/2 Ironmans for your endurance-building workouts. You can get these and all desired workout effects from a well-designed training plan. Use training races leading up to your peak race, but know that a little goes a long way and know that racing can take a lot out of you. Save your best race effort for the race that matters to you the most.

Train smart and always keep your training fun and you will have great success!

Excerpt from “Train Smart—Avoid These Key Training Mistakes” - Jason Gootman, MS, CSCS & Will Kirousis, BS, CSCS

Jason & Will have coached many Wheelworks Multisport Team members in the last five years. As part of their sponsorship of the team, they offer team members a 20% discount on coaching. To learn more about Jason, Will, and Tri-Hard Endurance Sports Coaching, visit [HYPERLINK “http://www.tri-hard.com/”](http://www.tri-hard.com/) www.Tri-Hard.com.





The same evening I was riding down Beacon Street past Boston College getting honked at by the car behind me. Yes, I was avoiding the shitty road scars left by the fine utility contractors of our fair city. Mind you, I was riding on a wide road and not 20 seconds after the car pasted me he was forced to stop for the miles of backed up traffic ahead. The defensive biker that I am, I stopped, banged on his window and gave him a piece of my mind, asking if he was gonna keep honking while stuck in traffic, banged a few more times, and sped off dodging mirrors and car doors.

But for an instant in both instances I pictured myself back in Vietnam, where the constantly heavy traffic mostly consists of motorbikes (smaller than a motorcycle and larger than a Vespa/scooter) and bicycles. Two wheeled vehicles far out number less agile and gas gulping four wheeled behemoths. When stopped at a light, we're talking motorbikes bar to bar going five lanes wide and 20 to 30 bikes deep.

But in Vietnam the beauty of the traffic is the flow. The beauty is that it is intimidating to a western eye. The beauty is the level of anarchy. The beauty is that thousands of Vietnamese can bustle about and share the roads while constantly testing the endurance of their horns. Yet there are no traffic jams and no road rage. At an intersection with no lights and no stop signs (which are common), the traffic meshes and riders nimbly intertwine paths allowing one another to carry on with little braking and no stopping. You do have to watch the person in front of you but the person to your rear watches you. So you don't hit anyone, no one hits you, and everybody gets home in time for Pho Bo and spring rolls.

However crossing the street is a most exhilarating experience. The barrage of motorbikes is unrelenting but sympathetic. A pedestrian must step from the curb and walk at a slow and consistent pace through the traffic. Don't speed up and don't slow down. It's impressive to watch bike after bike anticipate your velocity and dip smoothly around you. A rush hour biker will evade you and the rider behind him acts accordingly and expectantly. There is little need for stopping, plenty of friendly honking, and an eerie absence of frivolous curb-side day-dreaming.

-TOBY WELLS





SUN IN SUNAPEE

For the first time since Training Weekend began (as far as I know), the weather gods were kind and blessed Wheelworks Multisport with two days of sunshine...

The troops arrived on the evening of Friday, the 19th of May, and everyone gathered in the Inn's great room for a welcome speech from Sunny Schettler. Since this year's attendees were approximately 50% WWMS newbies and 50% WWMS veterans, each person introduced his/herself and stated his/her goals for the season. The excitement was mounting for the weekend ahead.

Saturday started off with a wonderful breakfast cooked by the innkeepers, and then riding groups were formed based on the desired distance each person intended on pedaling. Ready or not, we were off to hit the hilly terrain of southwest New Hampshire. As the day progressed, WWMSers finishing their rides chose to run, rest, nap, or hang out and chat. Dinner was on the earlier side as we had plans that evening of taking over a local pub called One Mile West and having a beer (or two...or a shot of Jäger) while watching the Red Sox crush the Phillies 8-4. Several teammates tested their skills of shooting a gun on the arcade game "Extreme Hunter." By night's end, Beck Furniss had definitely won the sharp-shooter award.

Sunday began with another delicious breakfast, followed by several workout options for the team. A few chose to run long, a couple hit the roads for another ride, but most headed to Colby-Sawyer College for a swim workout. Cristin Brennan, Mike Kazarnowicz, and Jenny and Jason Eaddy offered their swim expertise to many teammates in the form of a small clinic. We are all much more streamline now...Thanks guys!

The weekend concluded as WWMSers packed up their cars and headed back to the big city filled with anticipation for the upcoming season. Another successful Training Weekend is now on the books, and in my opinion, it was the BEST ONE TO DATE!

-ELIZABETH WAGNER



TIPS FROM THE ELITES *(Cont.)*

3 Pre-race breakfast: Many race mornings involve calculating back from the time the race starts, to the time you need to show up to register and warm up, to the time you need to leave your house – about five minutes after you roll out of bed. For a long race – a marathon, a half-Ironman, an Ironman – you should make sure that you give yourself at least three hours from the start of the race to eat a good breakfast of at least 500 calories. Many studies have shown that athletes that eat a full meal at least three hours prior to the race outperform those who do not. The pro's in Kona are usually up at 3 am on race day. You're going to be exhausted at the end of the day anyway, and a good breakfast is more important than an extra hour of sleep.

Patience is a virtue: A competitor passes you on the bike. You take a gander at her left calf. No!! She's in your age group! You quickly pick up the pace, tailing her all the way into the bike transition. However you are so gassed by hammering the bike just to keep up with your competitor that you die on the run. Sound familiar? One thing I have learned from triathlons is the importance of patience. You need to have faith in your pacing, and you can't get caught up in battles in individual legs. It's a three-sport race! Relax and pace yourself in each leg and it will all come together in the end. I was about 200 yards behind a woman up at Mooseman during the first 6.5 mile lap of the run leg. For the first lap, I made up no distance on her. I knew that if I quickened my pace, I wouldn't be able to sustain it through to the finish. I just had to hope she faded. And lucky for me, she did!

Run, don't walk! I finally reach the beach after the dizzying swim leg of the race. I immediately take off my goggles and cap and start running into transition. I'm always astounded by the number of people who walk into transition after the swim leg of the race. It's a race, folks! You are fighting against the clock. Even a slow jog / trot will save you precious time in transition.

Hit the Track: My running times have already improved drastically this year, and I attribute a good deal of that improvement to workouts on the track.

Hit the track once a week and run hard for distances from 400m – 1600m. Recover from each interval with a 400m easy jog. If you are diligent with your track workouts, you will notice that you feel super strong on the run come race day.

-KIM COMEAU & PJ DESCHENES



ABOUT WWMS

Wheelworks Multisport (WWMS) is a Boston area based triathlon team with over 100 members, offering athletes a chance to train and race together, as well as participate in our many social events. The team focuses on triathlon (swim, bike and run), but members participate in a wide variety of competitive sports. WWMS won the USAT New England Triathlon Club Championship for the second consecutive year in 2005.

WWMS is comprised of athletes across all levels, from beginner to elite triathletes. Several have received special recognition in the USAT national rankings. We also have members who participate in Iron-distance events, including one Ironman World Championship participant in 2004.

WWMS is sponsored by many top-name sponsors, including Belmont and Ace Wheelworks, Specialized, PR Running, Fila, Mavic, Tri-Hard, Zoot, Vittoria, Oakley, and Clif Bar.

