

# SOUTHERN STARS<sup>Tri</sup>

Volume 1 Issue 1

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We're really sorry and a bit embarrassed but...

There's just too much has happened to fit in this newsletter. Do enjoy what we have and we'll have more for you soon.....

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## Club Clothing!

Winter vests and arm warmers are coming soon. Please make time to try samples for sizing so the order can be completed as soon as possible

## Coach's comment

We are now slap bang, in the middle of a racing season with some people trying desperately to better their previous times at the same races while other long course athletes are continuing to build up to their main race at Port Macquarie. No matter which category is relevant to you, fitness, strength and speed are not the most important ingredients to your success!

T.C...Q.E is what we all must master! Training sessions presently strive to improve your fitness and speed but YOU must strive for perfect technique in all disciplines. For when the pressure comes, and it will, to beat the clock this is the first thing that will suffer. As your technique disintegrates the PAIN will increase.

At this time you must have the presence of mind to recognise what is occurring and have the faith and the knowledge (built through training) that it is your technique that will take you to the finish line in the fastest time.

To be able to do this, you must push your limits in training to be able to implement this skill under the pressure of race conditions.

It is common for many athletes to "coast" in training and avoid the stress and pain required to reach their potential or set new boundaries.

Training is the time and place when we can assist you to find the right balance.... For if you have not done it in training you have no bloody hope of doing it on race day!

*Olivers Note:*

*"Wondered what time trials were for!!"*



Club members with cameras have done fantastic jobs of recording the efforts—both painful and successful—of those racing at a multitude of races in the last couple of months. Log into the Southern Stars Tri page on Facebook and check the photos out.

## CHALLENGE WANAKA Race report—Sue Prince

When we packed our gear bags and racked our bikes, we packed prepared for any weather. Hot or cold, raining or fine, windy or calm - as a result almost everything I owned was in transition on Friday afternoon.

Race morning arrived and it was beautiful. No wind and no rain. Race start was a leisurely 7am so Wazza and I met Daggy and we were in and out of transition in no time and back into a tent in the warmth to get into wet suits. Gear bags were dropped off and we headed across the road to the swim start. What a wonderful transition - no queuing for numbering, not a single queue for the porta loo, no stresses, no blaring music, no bright lights just a quiet orderly area with people doing their thing.

Across the road, 3 minutes to race start and so it was time for a cuddle from mum and a hug from Princey, I wished Wazza and Daggy all the best for their races and headed off to the start line. Nice small field (200 athletes approx.) so I picked a direct line to the first buoy and before I had time to get nervous the gun had gone and we were off. How simple is a swim when your sighting point is a snow capped mountain directly behind the turning buoy!

I had other swimmers around me for the swim to the first turning buoy and they thinned out as the swim progressed to the second turning buoy. About 1klm into the swim and there were no feet to swim on - I was on my own. The water was cold (13.6C) and I did feel like my legs got heavy and low in the water the longer the swim went, didn't feel overly cold but did feel alone in the water. The return to shore was difficult with the sun making the finish arch hard to see but headed in and was happy to be out of the water and heading into transition.

I spent a while in transition - worried about being in wet clothing and the temperature being cold, along with the extremely rough road surface - I had opted to change into cycle clothing for warmth and comfort. We all know that pulling lycra over wet skin is frustratingly difficult - add to that cold, numb and shaking fingers. Chose long socks for warmth and to assist the muscles with the road vibrations and, they were difficult and slow to put on. I'm sure I've managed hair and makeup and gown before a ball or gala event quicker than my transition effort was here! Eventually I was out of transition and on the bike. It was cool, almost cold, in the shade of the trees heading out of town to the first turn and I was glad I had dressed up. We girls are terribly embarrassed at being underdressed!!

The bike headed straight into hills, long steady hills and sweeping downhills. My legs were still cold and had I calf and hamstring cramps as soon as I tried to load the muscles so just had to spin and hope it wouldn't keep happening. The bike went 17klm out of town around the lake, the weather was glorious with no wind and the sun shining, which made the ride through this section stunning. 30 klms done! Back through town, a quick wave and hello to everyone and the ride headed down to Cromwell. Well, the "down" didn't seem to eventuate. It was windy - no correct that! - With my wheels catching every bit of wind, it was blowing a gale - head wind sometimes and cross wind others. I really struggled to the 90 klm point in Cromwell, working hard to stay aero and not overload my legs, 25 klms an hour was the fastest I could go. 90 klms done - half way! I pulled in and grabbed my special needs bag - ripped the tab of a "V" and downed it quickly, transferred the vegemite muffin into my back pocket and headed off with a sigh. The next 40 klms were a gradual uphill on the race profile and I certainly wasn't looking forward to this section, however out of Cromwell and heading back up the side of the Clutha river, the wind changed into every cyclists favourite - tailwind. I scarpered, ate half my muffin (which was delicious), drank a bottle of water, got into my aero bars while the road surface was reasonable and chugged up the road while I could. Felt fantastic to be making some time and covering some distance. Past the 120 and 140 markers and the cross winds started again. Into Lake Hawea and through the little village, across the river and out the other side there was a long slow climb. Just sat in my easiest gears and crawled my way up the climbs - the road surface was miserable - really chunky and rough and slow going. It seemed to strip any rolling momentum the moment you stopped peddling. Standing up to climb, my back wheel was bouncing around without weight on it and this was the surface for 175klms of the 180klm ride! Rolling hills from the 150 klm mark through the next little town of Alberton and we wound around the back of Wanaka before a hard right hand turn with 5klm to go. Hot mix bitumen and a downhill finish but only for the last 5klm - come on, people!

The roads were open to traffic for the entire ride and this was a good and bad. Bad in that the buses blew me around, bad in that traffic pushed me left of the smoothest road surface (the wheel tracks), good in that supporters could drive to spots and cheer as we went by. Honestly the roughest road surface I have ever ridden on - don't want to think about a bike seat again yet! The best aid station volunteers of any race I've done to date and also the loneliest race I've done. There were huge sections (60 klms) of the bike where I couldn't

## CHALLENGE WANAKA Cont.....

see other cyclists ahead or behind me (and they were plenty of straight roads).

Into transition - so, so, so glad to be off that bike seat, changed into running gear and headed out onto the run course. The weather was fine and hot. My legs felt ok, felt ok about slowing the bike to have some run legs, and just concentrated on getting in a rhythm and settling in. Chugged out of downtown and round the edge of the lake and at the 3klm mark my run world changed to misery. My legs were fine, my clothes were comfortable, the temperature was fine, but my belly was arguing fiercely. I had bad muscle cramps and they were taking my total attention. I walked a bit and Princey pulled up on the bike and told me "start running - you'll run through it". I jogged - it honestly was the best I could do - and continued around the lake edge on the track. At 8klm a lass passed me with a number close to mine, so I dug deep and ran on her heels though the narrow track along the side of the Clutha River. The track was smooth surface but there were some odd raised stones and tree roots and like all tracks it was lots of really short sharp ups and downs. I hung tough on her heels to the 12 klm point but once we cleared the track and crossed a field before joining the road she began to open up a gap. Killer hill (Gunn Rd) came next and she suffered as much as me, so I was able to stay with her, through the aid station and then a long and very gradual downhill back on gravel track. On this gravel track my belly won the battle we'd been fighting. I walked, jogged, ducked into the bushes for a toilet stop and then headed on down the track. There were some more hills (16 - 18klm markers) and I walked these feeling very sorry for myself. My legs still felt ok, the heat wasn't unbearable thanks to the sponges, sprinklers and hoses at aid stations and on the course, my feet were fine - everything was good but my belly. At this point, I gave up trying to eat or drink for a while to see if it helped. Into town, 21klm done and heading out again, I finally had emptied my tummy - not much came up but it felt a little better. Sips of water at the next aid station, then some gulps of the magic "V" and although I couldn't run fast, I could actually run without needing to walk. So out there, around the track, again with no one else around, I jogged around from aid station to aid station surviving. Princey met me at the 32klm point and told me Daggy wasn't far in front and was hurting a bit. I certainly felt his pain.

Finally 5klm left to run and it's all the hills! Looking across the road at other runners, a chick appeared who was in my age group so.... a grumble to myself, then a swift hard kick up the bum and I got on with running - not jogging - to the finish. I ran up the hills when I wanted to walk, I ignored screaming quads as I ran down the steep hills and didn't dare stop at the last aid station. I managed to stay in front of her to the finish but could feel her intent on the back of my neck for every step of that 5klm whilst wishing I'd pulled it together before 5klm to go.

A slow time (12hrs 45 mins) but what a fantastic feeling! Long day and a tough race!

I didn't feel so good when I got to the recovery tent so as I staggered off the scales I was dragged off to medical. They took good care of me, regulated my temperature, but my blood sugar was a little low and I didn't want to stay conscious so an ambulance ride was arranged and a visit to the local doctor. Typical girl and a swift sugar hit bounced me back to life. I was really disappointed to miss Wazza's finish and didn't even get to greet Daggy (who was waiting for me at the finish).

Challenge Wanaka was a beautiful race - it is as scenic as they say - they just forget to mention that your butt, the wind and on the odd day, the heat - override the scenery! The lake was a swimmers dream - perfectly clean and clear it made sighting off the ropes on the buoys possible so we hardly had to look up! The bike course was pretty, along the lake edge & following the mighty Clutha River, another lake edge, then through deer & sheep farming country & vineyards. The run had scenic sections too; the gravel & dirt paths following the lake/river edge & bush tracks along the river tho' I didn't appreciate them much on the day.



Yes that is exactly how I felt. I had no intention of signing up for the Raby Bay Enticer race on Saturday 13 December 2009 (a date that I will not forget very quickly) when I accompanied a friend of mind to the pre-race clinic. This was Tina, who was competing the next day. I introduced Tina to Sue who then together talked me into a late entry. But was I ready? The answer was no! However I went home and got my kit (--it?) together.

What a terrifying night! I packed my bike into the car, with a bag containing my kit for the transitions and enough water to drown in (more on this later). What about my Saturday night ice cream? Well Sue said that it was OK.

I set the alarm for 4.00am so that I could leave at 4.45am and collect Tina in her car so we could follow each other from Carina to Raby Bay. We parked at 5.15am just as the Transition area opened. We set up our transition areas. Then we walked around outside, drank water, and looked at the merchandise on display. My wave was at 7.19am after Tina at 7.12.

Everyone was extremely friendly as I stood on the pier in my group of 26 x 45+ years women. Then it was time to jump in the water and paddle over to the starting line. I still did not understand the route we were swimming, but as one of the friendly women said "don't worry about it you will not be in front".

That water was vile. It tasted of salt water and diesel. I know because I had a few mouthfuls!

I placed myself in the back line of about 5-7 others. The signal went off. Women were splashing, kicking and swimming over each other. Was this the friendly group of women I had been talking to a few moments earlier? Then it happened. I had a real panic attack. Not only could I not see the black line on the bottom but I could not get my breathing right. Well I breast stroked and back stroked and finally made it to shore with the next wave of young men pushing me out of the way. I beat one other woman from my group!

It was a real struggle getting out of the water and up to my transition area. I kept thinking shoes, helmet, glasses, shorts and a drink. All was ready. I walked/ran to the mounting area. Sue was there pushing me on. Lucky she could not hear what I was thinking but her ears must have been burning!

I took off. About 500 meters away I remembered that I did not put my shorts on. At this stage I did not really care. On the way back from the first lap I could not believe I had to do another lap. Believe it or not the second lap was easier until I had to dismount. The Official said "dismount".

I stopped but could not lift my leg over the bike. My muscles were in denial. I pushed and got both feet on one side of

the bike. I walked back to my transition area because I could not run. I had to remember bike up first, helmet off, drink, and cap on.

2.5 km does seem far to a runner but when you come off the bike those muscles do not want to work. However I was determined to run the whole distance, albeit at a very slow pace. I felt I was in slow motion even though I tried really hard to push it faster. My saving grace was that I could breath and I had remembered to put a T-shirt on over my swimmers at the last transition! The one drink station rated very highly in my estimation. One cup went over my head and the other was for drinking. On the return that wonderful haven of water appeared again like a mirage beckoning me towards it. I knew I could finish now. Around the bend and there was the finishing line. Yes I finished. Water, Gatorade and water melon were in plentiful supply.

It was a great day and I am extremely happy that I was talked (or conned) into competing. Thanks Sue. I learnt a lot from participating, but there is a hell of a lot more to learn and a hell of a lot more fitness to accomplish before the next one. Hopefully next time I will be more attuned to the details and more prepared. It was fun. I recommend to everyone to have a go. Do not push it. Take it easy. Prove to yourself that you can do it by just finishing.

Well, they say that some things are flawed from the beginning, and perhaps setting out for a 160 Km ride with tired athletes 2 days after an Ironman event qualifies for "what on earth were you thinking?"

Recommended time for this ride was 3-5 days, time enough to take in the charm of old gold fields & railway hotels, soak up the stunning vistas of the ever changing Canterbury Plains and taking time to enjoy the many obligatory side trips. So what did we do? We set out with the intention of doing the whole thing in two days!

Hard tail mountain bikes were hired from Racers Edge in Wanaka where we were staying for Sue, Wazza & Daggy and loaded into our trusty Toyota rental van. We then drove at night for about 240 Km to Middlemarch via Ranfurly where an old friend had kindly prepared dinner for us. We checked into a small cabin in a camping ground about 10 pm and settled down for the night.

Next morning, after buying Rail Trail Passports, we set off to downtown (tongue in cheek) Middlemarch for a scrumptious breakfast at the only open eatery next to the bike shop, which was called Cycle Surgery. Several other cyclists were observed setting out from Middlemarch around this time too and the large number of bikes stored in the large shed at the rear of the bike shop showed just how popular this route has become. The lady in the cafe had baked her first ever batch of savoury scones, and Oliver was the only one in the group to be offered a sample, how does that work?

After brekkie we headed out onto the trail for the day's ride back to Ranfurly. Our van was being collected by our dinner host from the previous evening and driven to our Motel so everything would be waiting for us when we arrived. 10 minutes into the ride, as I approached the back of the group, catching up again after one of my 10,000 stops for photographs (real reason for my name change), I happened to notice that Daggy had mud/dirt all over his butt. When questioned, he confessed that he and the 29" Gary Fisher had already parted company! Unfortunately this event was not witnessed by anyone with a camera.

First stop was the old historic hotel at Hyde,

after passing a monument to the 31 people tragically killed when a drunk train driver crashed a passenger & goods train in the early 1900's. As we were finishing our coffees on the pub veranda, our van driver went past and called in for a chat which extended our break. After Hyde we encountered our first tunnel, which for me was quite exciting as I had been anticipating riding the tunnels on the rail trail for so long. The tunnel was one of several built by hand, and it was fantastic to see the quality workmanship still preserved. Likewise several trestle type bridges still existed, some spanning quite large distances, and the stonework pillars were still in fantastic condition. A short beer stop was called at the Waipiata Hotel just outside of Ranfurly. We finally arrived into Ranfurly at around 2.00 pm and everyone was feeling pretty good. The Motel was a welcome sight though! It was showers all round, then a short drive into town to have a late lunch at the Ranfurly Hotel. Lunch was a good & hearty fare.

We then all went for a nap before meeting up with Craig, our host of the previous evening, who took us on a short trip out to Naseby, an old gold mining town and home of the NZ Olympic Curling Team. Several more beers were had at the Royal Hotel in Naseby. Our session came to an abrupt end when Craig & I went up to the bar and were unable to get served! We then paid a short visit to the curling rink which was just closing for the night. We then returned to Ranfurly for dinner. Dinner was an interesting affair to say the least. Oliver did not eat her salad that came with her steak, and the rather large round, short man that owned the joint was not going to let her have any dessert, but needless to say she came back to the table smiling and her dessert arrived soon after.... I managed a chicken burger, and carried home a curry roll, a piece of Wazza's chicken, and his left over chips in a box to have for my breakfast.

The second day we planned to start early as we were still not at the halfway point, and had an uphill run for about 15 Km to Wedderburn, which, according to the profile was the highest point of our ride. We passed through Wedderburn stopping only to stamp our passports as there was only a pub which did not open until lunchtime.

## Central Otago Rail Trail - cont...

A phone call to Wedderburn was made the previous evening to enquire about breakfast and our request was met with a refusal as they would only cater for their guests. So much for the much touted southern hospitality, it obviously does not extend to Wedderburn! We pushed on to finally stop for a welcome break at the historic Gilchrist's store at Oterehua which had been in operation since the early 1900's, and housed many museum exhibits from the olden days. The second day's riding was certainly the most scenic with several more tunnels and long bridges, although the gradient did appear to still go up in places.

Our next stop was Chatto Creek Hotel for a short break before pressing on to the finish of the ride at Clyde. Arrived in Clyde about 2.00 pm and to our disgust, could not manage to get any food, so had to settle for more beer at the Clyde Hotel. Clyde does not even have an ATM! We eventually headed off to Wanaka stopping at Cromwell for coffees and pies on the way.

In summary the Rail Trail was a really good experience although a little more riding/drinking training could be suggested. Ensure, like we did, you have good company and time to enjoy the whole trip at your pace.

## Race Calendar for February

### Sunday—7th February

Gatorade Tri Series Race 5 - Caloundra

### Sunday—14th February

Bribie Island Tri Race 3 - Bribie Island

### Sunday—21st February

Qld Sprint Championships - Redcliffe

Long Course Triathlon - Noosa

### Sunday—28th February

Gatorade Tri Series Race 6 - Raby Bay

### Sunday—7th March

Enticer & Almost Olympic Tri - Kingscliff

*Look at that! A race available every weekend. Something to test that training and with this many choices ....*

*There is no excuse for not being there!*



## Results

### Gatorade Tri Series—Race 4 at Robina.

Enticer	Swim	Bike	Run	Total
Sally Hills	06:35	29:50	14:46	51:13
Peta Shiels	08:27	29:01	17:04	54:35

### Race 4

Mark Jarvis	16:58	40:24	25:08	1:22:32
Josh Duff	18:10	43:55	21:36	1:23:42

Awesome work, folks. Great competition happened here in both races!

Check the next newsletter for Sally's race report on her first race. Well done, Sally.

## NEWSLETTER

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Dare to dream  
Live EVERY moment

A friendly club for people at all levels. Come and "TRI" a great Sport with a great Club

All triathlon sessions:  
Swim, Bike, Run and Transition training

All levels:  
Beginners, Sprint Distance, Olympic Distance, Half Ironman and Ironman

Training sessions held in:  
Mt Gravatt area  
Morning and afternoon training sessions.

## Goondiwindi–Hell of the West triathlon results

A big group of club members headed out into the wild west on Saturday morning. A convoy bravely travelling between McDonald stops to brave the dirty waters of the muddy McIntyre River, the unending and soul destroying wind on the bike course and the heat and flies of a 20klm sprint in the midday heat. Results (apart from some very tired athletes this week) were:....

	<i>Swim</i>	<i>Bike</i>	<i>Run</i>	<i>Total</i>
Darrin White	41:46	2:25:11	1:32:10	4:39:08
Jacqui, Princey & Karen	41:21	2:35:55	1:41:44	4:59:01
Adrian Pierce	41:54	2:34:54	1:43:07	4:59:55
Jason Littler	39:44	2:31:42	1:55:12	5:06:39
Sue Prince	40:40	2:43:07	1:56:42	5:20:30
Darryl Comerford	47:14	2:41:19	2:15:19	5:43:53
Mark Jarvis	47:47	3:03:54	1:56:51	5:48:33
David Bones	53:37	2:57:59	2:35:15	6:26:52
Sarah Lewis	48:23	3:22:59	3:04:47	7:16:10