



The Turn around



Winter 2006 (2)

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Mea Culpa

I said bi-monthly, didn't I? I meant bi-weekly, so sorry to everyone who thought that they weren't going to be hearing from us for another seven weeks! In this issue; AGM news, that new look TurnAround explained in full, a cut-out-and-keep 2006 race schedule, we continue the 2005 race season review with two reports from the Bluenose marathon and we launch two new sections asking "*what's your favourite bit of winter kit*" and "*what did you do last week?*".

Until next time

Enjoy



Annual General Meeting Report

Well the AGM never happened because of a winter storm, which thankfully wasn't as bad as it could have been. The AGM has been rescheduled for Sunday February 26th, 13:00 hrs at Sport Nova Scotia on Spring Garden Road in Halifax.

Before the snow came down, TNS held an officials clinic that that certified a dozen new officials. Thank-you to all who participated.

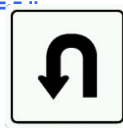
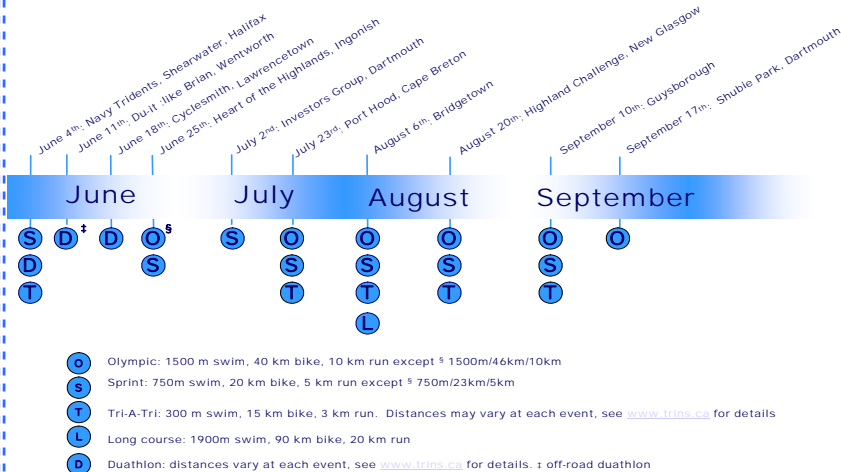


What's your favourite bit of winter kit?

Training in winter is a challenge, you have to be comfortable enough (read "not sweaty") to perform optimally but at the same time you have to keep various forms of solidifying water and just plain frigid temperatures off your ears, nose and other sundry extremities just to make being outside tolerable. My personal hell is cold fingers, for you it might be ears or toes. So write in and tell us, the tri community, what's your favourite bit of winter kit? *What* makes it so good and perhaps more importantly *Who* makes it, *Where* did you get it and *How* much did it cost? Don't be shy, [drop us a line](#) and tell us about those new gloves and why I should consider getting a pair. We'll publish a selection each issue.



Triathlon Nova Scotia 2006 race schedule





Winter 2006 (2)

What did you do last week?

We would like to follow a cross-section of TNS members as they prepare for their 'A' races throughout the season. We're looking for people who want to keep themselves "honest" by letting everyone know how their training is going. To get the ball rolling and show you how we think this will look we'll use ourselves for a few weeks, then onto you. We'd like to hear from you, especially if you're a newcomer or returnee to the sport and are preparing for the Investors Group (July 2nd). If you are interested [let us know](#) at the usual address.



What did you do last week...Andrew Dacanay?



'A' race/goal: Break 3 hrs at the Ottawa marathon (May 28th)

What did you do last week? About 8 km in the pool, just over 4 hrs on my Turbo trainer and 72 kms running. The running was mostly slow steady miles and included a 25 km long run and some mile repeats.

And what's on your iPod? Radio (The Ludes), Sodium Light Baby (The The), Pump It (Black Eyed Peas), Friday Night (The Darkness), If I Found Out (Tourist), Back on the Chain Gang (The Pretenders and the best cycling song not about cycling ever) and Extreme Ways (Moby)



What did you do last week...Meagan Timney?



'A' race/goal: Dalhousie Aquathlon, Dalplex, (March 26th). First race of the season!

What did you do last week? ~9.5km of swimming, ~50km of outside biking and 2 1/2 hours on my indoor trainer, ~35km of running.

And what's on your iPod? Harmageddon (Apocalyptica), Lateralus (Tool), Till I Collapse (Eminem), Roads (Portishead), Nobody (Skindred), Stricken (Disturbed), Weak and Powerless (A Perfect Circle), 10001110101 (Clutch), Thug'z Mansion (TuPac), Passenger (Deftones w/ Tool), Lying from You (Linkin Park), Nice to Know You (Incubus).



Tru Tri-ism.

You know you're a triathlete when you can blow your nose without a hankie.

The Turn round 2006

The TurnAround has undergone a bit of a revision. Physically, as you may have noticed, we have changed the overall look and it will evolve as the year goes on. We will also establish common-look-and-feel with our other communications tools such as the [website](#) and promotional posters to improve recognition of the TNS brand.

As well as the layout the other difference is going to be in frequency and content. Our vision is that you will get a TurnAround every two weeks or so. It will contain small, original and easily digested articles about a range of topics of interest to all our stakeholders, including you - the triathletes of Nova Scotia. You can look forward to TNS news, race reports, race results, photos, points series updates, equipment reviews, club news, race tips, training tips, humour and articles on health and fitness. It will be available both as a pdf and a text-only version.

Our first-most and foremost considerations are breadth and inclusivity. All of the TurnAround team are based in Halifax and we must be careful that The Turnaround does not become Meagan's blog (she already [has one](#) by the way, and its pretty good) nor must it become an extension of [HTC's](#) newsletter ("This week in Halifax..."). We are also all volunteers with real jobs, not a triathlon clippings service, so we have to rely on you to tell us what you are doing and where you have been. Have you just raced somewhere warm and sunny? Did you get together with three of your mates for a training camp? Let us know how it went down, who bonked and who got dropped! If I see you around Halifax I'll ask you for a couple of paragraphs but if you live in Sydney, Yarmouth, New Glasgow or Bridgewater I'm unlikely to bump into you on Spring Garden and ask you if you'd like to contribute. So don't wait for an engraved invitation, [just fire it off to us](#) and we'll get in it. Help us to make the TurnAround something you want to read!

Thanks

Andrew Dacanay (Ed.), Meagan Timney, Suzanne Ferrier.





The Turn round

Winter 2006 (2)

BLUENOSE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON May 22, 2005

The Duke of Wellington once said that you might as well try to write a history of a dance as a history of a battle. You could say the same about the history of a race. I'm sure as you read the race reports that we will publish oftentimes you will think to yourself "Huh, I don't remember that" or "That's not how I saw it happen". A case in point would be last year's Bluenose marathon. Here we have two accounts of the same race, told from different perspectives. Kurt Stevenson did the half, I did the full.

To set the scene, the inaugural Bluenose in 2004 was wet and cold. In the run-up to last year's marathon a lot of people consoled themselves that the weather couldn't possibly be any worse than it was the previous year and after a couple of dire, windy, wet weekends in the weeks preceding the race, by any sane law of averages surely we'd have sun, or at least not rain. Right? Well, a coin doesn't care how many times it's been tossed and May doesn't care how many wet windy weekends it's already served up, there's always room for another one.

BLUENOSE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON

Andrew Dacanay



Like many we turned up just past eight for a nine o'clock start. I got mightily worried when I glanced up Brunswick and couldn't see the timing mats, with fifty minutes to the anticipated off, surely not a good sign. The Metro Centre was a hive of rumour and counter-rumour; it's on, it's off, it's delayed, bridge is closed, we're staying on the peninsula, it's only going to be a half, we can do two Halifax loops for a full, the cops might call the whole thing off anyway, Shubie's a lake, the aid-stations have blown away. It was hard to keep up with all the permutations. Finally we got the scoop; it's on, it's going to be an hour late, it's starting in the Metro Centre, the bridge is indeed closed to all and sundry, we are staying on the peninsula and it's going to be two Halifax loops and yes, it's still a Boston qualifier. Done. Now all we had to do was stay hydrated and fed. After all, we'd all eaten breakfast counting on starting at nine, not ten. I was eating bananas like a demented chimp, and I still started the race hungry. They got the band to fire up early, a bit of audio caffeine. For pharmacological caffeine 'Java' Jim Diakos was brewing coffee like a man possessed, all the better to keep >2000 runners and assorted hangers on turned on, doped up and tuned out until the main event kicked off. The atmosphere was great, no bad vibes at all; everyone understood the organizers were making Herculean efforts to make this happen for us. The guest runner, Dick Beardsley, gave a pep talk at ten-to-nine about keeping our spirits up and, perhaps more importantly, about how we should just forget performance on this day and go out to enjoy ourselves as much as we could – sage advice which, as it turned out, I utterly ignored.

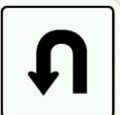
Plan A, conceived in warmer, drier times, was to stick in the pack and run a conservative first half then get stuck into the second half. Asides from running a conservative 90-minute first half (doing thru' and off with Darryl Longley down the wind-tunnels that were Barrington, Provo and Hollis) all other plans were out the window thanks to the weather and the distinct absence of a pack at my end of the race. Time for Contingency Plan Z - my personal philosophy, honed on many long bike rides, has always been to ignore the weather as best as I can. You can't do anything about it, it's the same for everybody; there isn't this one cloud chasing you around, it's dumping on everyone. So you might as well get out there and go full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes, *there* was

enough water after all! I won't say I was reveling in the conditions, but I wasn't overly pissed with the conditions either, mentally I think a lot of people switched off before the gun even went off. I was wearing long everything; bottoms, tops, gloves, even a touque; more March than May, and I was never warm. But compared to some I was downright conventionally dressed. More people were in shorts than I thought sensible and a fair few were in short sleeves. Brrr. Peaked hats were not the way to go either, I saw more than one person adding extra distance chasing their hat down the road. I hope Mark Campbell's Cookie Monster hat survived the trip. The Sartorial Elegance award surely goes to Kharim Schliewinsky from the Tridents, but for the "Most Appropriately Attired" or the "I'm a Space Alien" category? Kharim, you see, did the race in a swim-hat and goggles, and if you don't believe me check the start-line photo in the Chronic Herald (below) he's three rows back on the left dressed for the pool! I don't know why, I mean as a Navy diver surely he, of all people, is used to getting buckets of cold water in the face, or maybe that's why....



Where's Wally?

I didn't flog myself stupid into the block head-wind at the start of the second half and that meant I was able to open my stride on the homeward 10 km with the wind on my back, and reel a few folks in. Even had a bit of a ding-dong with a Murray Lowery-Simpson of New Brunswick along Gottingen and Brunswick for second. I'd had an inkling I was somewhat high in the pecking order, but maths was never my strong suit, especially at the end of a marathon, and with a PB on the cards both my remaining math-compatible brain cells were concerned with calculating time rather than placing. My eventual placing didn't really sink in until I made the turn onto Duke and the last-but-one course marshal said "Way to go buddy, you're second". Wha...? Then it all went a bit pear-shaped, but in the nicest way possible. After all what do you normally do at the end of a marathon? You collapse on the nearest chair whilst trying to stop your watch (yes it's chip timed but somehow you don't believe it unless it's on your Timex), the space-blanket lady gives you a space-blanket, the SportStat people fuss around your feet with scissors getting their chip back, a time-keeper might ask you for your number, someone shoves a cup of liquid at you and the first-aid person asininely asks you if you're OK 'cos you're looking a touch off-colour. Then you crawl into a corner, cough your lungs up, maybe have a couple of dry (or not so dry) heaves and think about going home. So far so good; I'm across the line, I've remembered (or managed) to stop my watch, I'm in the chair, I have the space-blanket, SportStat have their chip, I've told the time-keeper who I was, I have some water and yes, thank-you I'm fine, I've just finished a marathon, which might account for my moderately distressed demeanour. Then a nice lady came over and asks "You Andrew?" "Yup", "The guy in second?", "So they



tell me" I reply, really thinking about finding a nice quiet corner where I can examine my pleura. "Great, could you come over to the media centre? It's just over there, we need to interview you".

"Huh?".

This never happened at Guysborough!

So with the media fussing around I had fifteen minutes of feeling like a pro! I'll tell you one thing – it made me forget about my legs! The missus acted as a manager-cum-mother; "Yes he'll do your interview but let him get some dry clothes on first or he'll catch his death". A little late for such solicitousness I thought, seeing as I'd just spent three hours running around outside in the rain. Anyway, so the bloke from the Chronic stuck a mike under my nose and asked me a bunch of questions, then the people from Global stuck me in front of a camera and asked essentially the same questions. Not exactly in-depth journalism and if they were looking for negative sound-bites they weren't getting any from me. I'm pretty sure I didn't make the TV as I was deep in British vernacular, I told him I was "stoked¹ and chuffed²", the producer must have taken one look at the footage and thought hmm, subtitles.

For the record I got through six cups of Gatorade, three gels and a banana, but it wasn't exactly a sweating day was it? For my efforts I got a heavy Nova Scotia crystal plate engraved with Myles, sure Harry Neynens won and all but he was in the 40+ age-group, so I was first in the Open, or 20-40 category. Pure and utter fluke. I'm not under any illusions about what I did, I was lucky, damn lucky, to get the placing, won't happen again, off-hand I can think of a whole bunch of guys who can give me a right kicking over the distance on any given Sunday. Think about it; Harry was seven minutes in front of me and he must have been some ten to fifteen minutes in arrears with David MacLennan before the latter pulled over; he was only wearing shorts and a couple of short-sleeved T-shirts, I think his only concession to the day was a pair of gloves (see the photo, he's #191). Or put another way, when Harry finished I was still on Gottingen duking it out with Murray for the places of honour, and if David hadn't packed with cold-induced cramps I'd have likely still been on Oxford Street when he finished. Not even close is it? In Boston a 3:05 wouldn't have made anyone but myself sit up and notice. Really though, for me that's what I'm more stoked and chuffed about, any time you take 5 minutes off a PB is an occasion to remember.



BLUENOSE INTERNATIONAL HALF MARATHON

Kurt Stevenson

Well, talk about some nasty weather for a half marathon! The organizers had to delay the race start by 1 hour, and change the full marathon course because of flooding and high winds (the major bridge between the two cities making up the Halifax Regional Municipality, Halifax and Dartmouth, was closed to pedestrian traffic). The course wound around the city of Halifax, taking the runners through some of the older parts of the city. Being a port city and having one of the largest ice-free harbors in North America, Halifax was a strong-hold for the British Empire back in the 18th Century. It still has one of the largest navel fleets in the Canadian Armed Forces. Ultimately, with heavy rain (~80mm fell in the HRM between Saturday night and Monday morning), cool temperatures (5 Celsius, not including the wind chill) and strong winds (+65km/hr, strong enough to knock a number of runners off their feet!) made for an interesting day! The original goal of holding 4:25-4:30/km was going to be tough! It no longer became a day of "racing", but rather a day of survival, and most importantly, to have fun!

A fellow triathlete and training partner (*Ed. Jason Murphy*), who had originally registered to do the marathon opted to drop down to the half (due to the weather), so I knew I would have someone to run

with. So, at the start of the race, we set off together, reaching the 1k marker in 5:12...boy, we were surprised to see such a slow start! The wind was stronger than we had suspected. But we knew it was going to be a tough day, so we stayed steady, slightly increasing the pace. Once we headed south, back into the downtown core of the city, we were faced with the strongest head-wind I have ever experienced (much greater than the 65k/hr they had predicted). At times, everyone around us was forced straight up by the wind. Jason and I decided to take turns at the front, using a tactic similar to cycling, "pulling" the other along and effectively blocking the wind for the other. This tactic lasted for about 4k. However, each time check we were getting showed we were slowly making time, and getting closer to our goal pace.

We finally got the relief we were searching for at about 12k, when we finally got the tail wind on the back half of the course. Again, picking up the pace, we began to pull away from other runners, and pick off a few that had started out too quickly. Between 15k and 18k, there was a gradual incline, culminating with another change in direction of the race course, where we ran back into the wind for the final 3k to the finish line. With a slight push to the finish, I crossed the line in 1:34:26 (4:28/k pace), 32nd overall, and about 60" faster than last year (when the weather was slightly better!).

So, all in all, the day was a success. I was pleased with the result considering the conditions. The complete results can be found at <http://www.sportstats.ca/res2005/noseh.htm>.

Next up will be the Provincial Triathlon Championships in Ingonish, Cape Breton, on June 19th. I am really looking forward to returning to the race that was my first overall win ever! I can't wait! Thanks again to my sponsors, Rudy Project Sunglasses, Aerobics First and Asics.

Until next time, Kurt



¹ Adj. Pleased, delighted (Chiefly British)

² Adj. Excited, Pleased, thrilled (Chiefly British)