

Quick Transitions

Topics of Interest

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Next Meeting

Thurs, February 16th, 7pm
 JW Danforth, 2100 Colvin Blvd.
 Guest Speaker: Dr. Michael
 Lacivita, Podiatrist
 Bring your questions regarding
 your foot issues / problems



What are the Odds?

(Totally unscientific and not intended for gambling in Vegas)

- 2-5 The worst weather of the winter will arrive on the Saturday of the Y-10, just as Jeff Tracy likes it
- 3-5 The Shamrock Run will have strong winds causing the middle three miles to make us all question our sanity
- 100-1 John Pepke will convince someone other than Rich Clark to participate in an Ultra-distance triathlon (double+ IM) in 2006

Clydesdales Like Me - Glenn Speller

I used to wonder why a guy in my own age group, who had all of his body parts, who I beat by over a half hour at a half ironman race, should get an award. Now, I'm not one of those 135 lbs. guys who are just cresting five feet. I'm over six feet tall and had to put in a lot of miles to shed 15 lbs of muscle that I used to need to play full contact ice hockey. So when guys my own age got awards just because they weighed more than 200 lbs., and suggested that there should be "Clydesdale" Ironman slots, I used to get a little miffed. Hey, Vic Perini, a U.S. Pro Triathlete, beat Spencer Smith at Memphis In May Triathlon, and he's got to go 6'5", 210. I didn't see him lining up for a "Clydesdale" trophy. By my way of thinking, Clydesdales should just lose the weight, boost their VO2 Max and compete with the rest of us, spending less time at the all you can eat buffet and more at or beyond their aerobic threshold.

My pretentious, self-righteous opinion went right out the window early one March morning when I road

to Chestnut Ridge with 20 lbs. of gear on my back. Jim ("Chip and Clydesdale") Michaels, a burly ex-marine turned triathlete, who used to bench twice my weight, would meet me half way there, ride to the ridge with me, then run Omphalius / Behm with me once we got there.

Now Jim was probably still smarting from an 80 mile ride we took last Summer during which we played the "sign game" - where you sprint to each town or county sign. I would say to Jim, "The next sign is at the top of that hill", and then I'd pull away from him because although they can descend like rockets, Clydesdales have some difficulty when it comes to rapid elevation gains. So when Jim saw my backpack, he probably figured that it was time to teach me a lesson.

The route from Williamsville to OP is basically all up hill. Add in the over-passes, and the occasional town sign, and Jim had me dizzy just trying to stay with him by West Seneca. I was sweating like a pig, sucking wind,

and just acutely uncomfortable from the added weight, the heat (70 degrees) and the fact that this was my first outdoor ride of the year. Jim had reportedly put in 250 miles that week, outside.

I was trying so hard just to stay with him, that I didn't even figure out that he was whipping my butt at the sign game. When he got to the ridge, he asked me why I didn't try to take any signs, and I had to admit, with the added weight, I was happy just to get there. Now some of you might have done the math: even with 20 extra pounds, I was still below the Clydesdale minimum by at least 10 lbs. It didn't matter. The point was made abundantly clear to me that extra weight requires an exponential increase in effort. I don't think that they should just give Clydesdales awards, they should get special medals for finishing. Because after all, once they get off the bike they have to run too.

Funny, after we got to the ridge Jim chose not to run 18 miles with me up two of the steepest hills in the area.

Don't forget the Y-10 and the Polar Bear runs in February. The Buffalo Triathlon Club is once again sponsoring these two great races. The 10 miler in Lockport is on February 11th and the 5k in Olcott on Feb. 26th. Our own Jeff Tracy is the race director for both races, which benefit Camp Kenan. Either volunteer or race. Your choice.
http://www.active.com/event_detail.cfm?event_id=1279549

Cycling and Erectile Dysfunction - David B. Lillie, M.D.

Editor's note: This article was written by one of the BTC's members to discuss an issue that may affect us at some point in our lives.

There have been new reports in the medical literature further supporting the link between cycling and erectile dysfunction. The following review of this issue should be of interest to at least some of us waiting for the roads to clear. Although Dr. Irwin Goldstein (formerly of Boston University) is sometimes credited with being the first to address this issue in the medical literature, this honor most likely belongs to Hippocrates who wrote of sexual dysfunction in eastern European horsemen. However, Dr. Goldstein has raised awareness of this issue and sees many patients with it. As a result he has actually written that all riders will eventually have a problem with genital blood flow – including women. This is certainly an exaggeration.

Erectile dysfunction has been reported more often in cyclists than in the general population. A European study reported an incidence of 6 percent in 30-40 year old riders (versus 2.5 percent

baseline) and 25 percent in 50-59 year olds (versus 12.5 percent). A Cologne study of recreational cyclists reported an incidence of erectile dysfunction of 4 percent, versus 2 percent for swimmers. The problem does appear to be correlated to distance. A Norwegian study reported a 13 percent incidence after a 540K ride. This last study was interesting in that the dysfunction resolved within a week for only half of those affected. Ninety percent of those affected had reported penile numbness while cycling although only one-third of all those reporting numbness went on to develop erectile dysfunction.

The basis of the problem has been elucidated. In 2002 the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) measured saddle pressure. The average of 2.3 psi found at the nose of the saddle is enough to cause tissue death in five hours. It would take half this time at the highest readings of 4.6 psi. Studies of blood flow and oxygen delivery to penile tissue consistently show a drop to 30 percent of normal while cycling. There is a return back to normal with standing while riding and within 10 minutes of dis-

mounting. A German study looked at the effects of a 60 degree seat angle and a seat “grove”. Both improved blood flow rate independently but even together brought it up to at most only 80 percent of normal. They also actually studied pre-ride Viagra which brought the flow to near normal with a revised seat and to 50-80 percent of normal with a traditional seat.

So what to do? Short of taking Viagra, which I really can't recommend, the major issue is to avoid penile numbness as this is a clear precursor. Careful attention to your seat and periodic standing while riding would seem reasonable ways to avoid trouble. The best seats? Pressure studies indicate cutouts, splits or grooves don't help a lot. Gel helps, as does tilting the nose of the seat down. Best are seats with “eagle-beak” noses or two separate “cheek” pads. And yes, as a urologist I practice what I preach. My workout bike has a two-cheek seat. Those interested in learning more about this issue will find the best recent review article in the Journal of Sexual Medicine, vol. 2, pages 596-604, 2005.

QT Editor Wanted

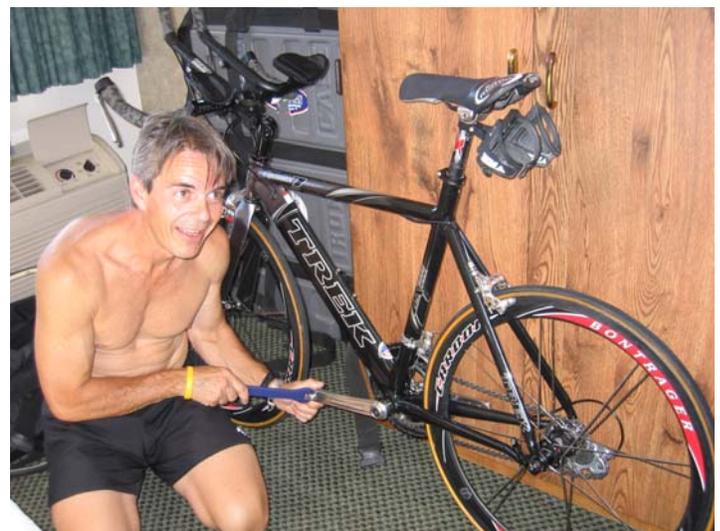
Have you ever wanted to help the Buffalo Triathlon Club spread it's message of personal achievement through athletics?

Now is your chance as we are looking for a new editor for the club's monthly newsletter, Quick Transitions. Our current editor, Mike Nowak, is moving on to other challenges and we need someone to take over for him.

We will provide the train-

ing and software, you provide the enthusiasm and time to put together the monthly newsletter for publication. If interested, please contact any of the club's executives for more details.

Bluelightning95@hotmail.com,
tpluvs2run@yahoo.com,
wdhale@adelphia.net,
jmpepke@yahoo.com



The pedals go where?

What Are We?

- Submitted by Karl Kozlowski

Reprinted from QT January 2003

Just one of those thoughtful runs...

Buffalo. What else can be said about our majestic city? Any one that was in the area from Christmas Eve until New Years knows exactly what I am talking about. 82.3". Not only was it snow, it was the first snow of the season. Just in time for little St. Nick. Aren't we the lucky ones? I'm here to say that we are.

I got out for a run on the 26th of December, in the snow, down Main Street. It was a forty-five minute bike on the trainer followed by a forty-five minute run brick workout. I had taken Christmas Eve and Christmas day off and felt anxious being that I was in my sixth week of triathlon preseason. I bundled up in my tights and jogging pants, threw on my turtleneck and wind-breaker. Last but not least I festooned my head with a wonderfully warm, ear-flapped BTC hat. Out the door I went.

Wind. Snow. Cold. Ice. This was what I met down my street as my feet blissfully carried me away. I trudged twenty-two and a half minutes away, turned and finished home. A nice run, alas pretty uneventful.

Then the real fun hit town. I spent the next two days besieged by Murphy's Law. The snow blower that worked just two weeks ago in a dry trial run now sat silent. My trusty metal shovel lay by the side of the house in a crumpled heap that the recyclers wouldn't even admit to. Shovel. Shovel. Shovel. Three hours. Two hours. Three and a half hours. Higher and higher the piles went until I was lifting snow above my head. These became my workouts for the day. Sad to say, the wind trainer sat motionless, my running shoes sat ready by the door.

Enough is enough I thought, this shoveling is more of a full body workout than even Coach Nancy could invent. (Note: This is not a challenge!) I slept well those nights.

Yet something was missing from my routine. All you type-A personalities can attest to this. My workouts no matter how tough were not what I needed. I missed the feel of the pedals, the lure of the street. Aero positions, rpms, sweat towels. Double knots, the feel of the tights, smell of pavement. These things are what I need.

Saturday the 29th was to be a great day! I could get out of my house for a little while. See what despair Western New York had been left in. Assess the situation first hand.

After a two-hour trainer ride to the sounds and sights of Jurassic Park III (A Christmas gift and my third favorite movie of all time to only Jurassic Park I and II) I went for a thirty minute run through my neighborhood. I bundled up again and went out the door. Piles of snow engulfed me like waves in the middle of the Pacific. The sound of my feet echoed of the surrounding buried vehicles. Time to think.

There are a lot of things that we as triathletes are left to ponder. I'm not talking about cadence, lactate threshold, intervals, or transitions here, I'm talking bigger.

First, The Last Race of the Year was cancelled. Duh! Of course it would be. I would have been pretty upset if Ring road had seen a plow before my street. The race being cancelled = bad. Yet there was some good out of it, those that showed up to help clean the Parkside Lodge know what I'm talking about. This building is truly a Buffalo landmark. Anyone with time should be

encouraged to check it out. It may not be in spectacular shape, but it will be. We moved, carried, piled, moved some more, carried, swept, wiped, carried, mopped and moved some more until it was barely recognizable from when we started. This is the good. Being able to put our athleticism to work to help a group in need. That is what we are about. The good we do for others. A Christmas gift that can't be taken back to any store.

Second, the city of good neighbors. As I was finishing my run this night one of my neighbors cars was stuck in the snow. (Imagine that...in Buffalo?) So I got behind, set my feet and...Heeya! Push, push, push, push, out! Down the street a little further another car in need of the Clydesdale Powers! Push, push, push, push, out. Not only was I helping, several of the people I live around were out there. Push, push, push, push, out! I met several people that night that simply knew me as the cyclist-runner guy. I now know more names and addresses and stories than I did two days prior. They know me as Karl, triathlete, BTC member, Ironman hopeful, and most important, neighbor. This was another one of life's special Christmas gifts.

So the next time you see those flakes falling from the sky and you sit there in despair, get up and do something. Not because it's on your training schedule, not because your mom, dad, significant other want you to, just because. Because we can all make a difference. We are Buffalonians, we are triathletes, we are people. Happy New Year, be safe and keep trainin', cause you know I am!

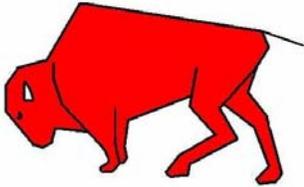
**Buffalo Triathlon Club—
Buffalo's Premier Multisport Club**

BTC Quick Transitions
c/o Chris Ankrum, **Temporary** Editor
2091 Meadow Lane
Grand Island, NY 14072

Phone: 716.773.6018
Email: newsletter@buffalotriathlonclub.com

The BTC wants to help you reach your potential through athletics.

We are on the Web!
www.buffalotriathlonclub.com



Your 2006 Memberships to the BTC were due last month. The form is at www.buffalotriathlonclub.com/documents/2006application.pdf or you can register online at www.active.com.

We Need Your Newsletter Articles. Help make this newsletter yours by contributing articles on your recent races, different training techniques, ambitions, etc... Send them to ankrums@sysr.com.

BTC Birthdays for February and March

**February: 6 Erin Mullaney; 9 Mark Casell; 10 John Bielinski
March: 2 Will Fisher; 4 Tracey Bernardoni; 6 Anthony Cantera; 7 Warren Elvers; 7 Karen Michaels; 7 John Vorrasi; 10 Quinn Ankrum; 13 Greg Drumm; 15 Rich Clark; 21 Jennifer Hale; 30 Scott Wilbur; 31 David Malinowski; 31 Kara Klaasesz**



I just wanted to personally thank everyone who stepped up to the plate & volunteered a few hours of their time to help support the BTC/Gold's Gym 24hr Spinathon. We met our Goal at raising over \$10,000 for the American Cancer Society this year, that's 2k over last year. It was nice to see a lot of friendly faces and meet a couple of new members. I'll see you all real soon. :) - *Karen Michaels*

BTC Volunteers: Jean Tocha, Tracey Bernardoni, Mary Bartlett, Anna Caci & her daughter Megan, Prudence Meads & Son Chandler, Carolyn Young, Joey Niezgoda, Joelle Mann, Joanne York



Buffalo Triathlon Club

c/o Chris Ankrum
2091 Meadow Lane
Grand Island, NY 14072