

## **Dean's Ironman Wisconsin Report**

### **September 9, 2007 - Madison, WI**

#### **Training**

I was extremely fortunate to have Michele to draw on for all kinds of advice through this experience. She was patient and encouraging through every bizarre and irrational question and concern. Very few Ironman wanna-be's are lucky enough to have an Iron Sherpa that is actually an Ironman. We started with three basic guidelines for my formal training plan. Early on, she recommended that I focus on quality workouts with a reasonable quantity each week – not just logging a bunch of miles. Secondly, I was keen to avoid the weekend warrior mentality of packing in hardcore, long workouts into both Saturday and Sunday – essentially putting 75-90% of your weekly workout time into 2 consecutive days. I really liked the Going Long (book by Friel & Byrn) philosophy of scheduling 3-4 evenly spaced "breakthrough" workouts each week and filling in with "recovery" or base workouts. The third principle was to incorporate functional strength component. Unsurprisingly, Pilates was the main focus of my strength training. I had planned on supplementing that with yoga, but after three early attempts with 3 different instructors, it wasn't doing it for me. Thankfully, I discovered Stretch & Strength class at PilateSpa and didn't feel like I needed yoga.

I settled on a six month formal plan, preceded by 3 months of "base" work. I had a VO2 assessment done to provide an accurate profile of heart rate zones for training. The base work was all done in my lowest training zone to really establish a strong cardiovascular foundation that I could continue to build on throughout the formal plan. I did a follow up assessment late in the summer at SBR Coaching to gauge my progress (I was right on track) and to set target heart rate parameters for my Ironman event. From the beginning of January through September, I averaged just over nine hours per week of working out. The lowest training week was 6 hours with a max of 18 hours (most of the big weeks were 12 to 14 hours). Both plans followed a periodization model of three progressively more intense weeks, followed by a "recovery" week of light workouts and a sports massage.

#### **The Big Day**

Unlike most people, heavy training has a negative effect on my sleep patterns. I spent most of the summer in a fog from sleep deprivation; the taper wasn't any better. I was not surprised that the night before IM only provided me with about 4 hours of quality sleep.

We left the house at 4:40 AM and headed downtown. There were quite a few people dropping off special needs bags by the time we got to The Square at 5:00 AM. Things seemed pretty calm and the weather looked promising (unlike the freakish 55 and raining conditions from 2006). Leading up to the event, I had been adamant about not obsessing with the weather conditions, even though many people wanted to discuss it and fret about it. My avoidance led to the point where

Michele noted my non-obsession had in fact become an obsession itself and prompted a weather related poster by the Iron Fans.

I put on the iPod for the walk down to the Terrace – I was in my own little zone as Rage belted out Sleep Now in the Fire. It was still quite dark except for the huge floodlights at the North end of transition for body marking. I headed into the bike area to load up my bike with supplies and check the tires and computer; my bike had been racked the previous day. Next, I found Michele and headed over for body marking. I got my age on the right calf and race number on each bicep. Michele went to claim a spot on the helix (spiral ramp on each end of the Terrace parking lot) and I went to put a couple more items in my transition bags and mentally walk through where to go for transitions. I had some time to kill and the upper deck of the Terrace was just a frenzy of activity that was kind of unsettling, so I walked down the helix to the swim start. On the way back I ran into Al & Sharon who were volunteering at the dry clothes bag drop near the swim start. They weren't busy yet so it was nice to hang out for several minutes and just talk – very relaxing. This was Al's first year of not doing Ironman in a while; he's been in it the previous four years.

Finally it was time for one last port-a-potty stop and get dressed. On the way out of the port-a-potty, I literally ran into Rocket. He was having some last minute tire issues with his bike and was scurrying off to get it taken care of. I found a spot near the top of the helix just inside the barricade and took my time putting on my wetsuit and taking in the controlled chaos of the scene. On my way to the helix I found Becca, JLauf, Rocket and a few other folks I knew as they were getting their wetsuits on. After a few well wishes from friends and family, I headed down the helix with the neoprene horde. At the bottom of the helix I spotted Mark, my swim coach from SWIMfast. After a hug and thanking him for his help, he gave me a couple of last minute things to focus on during the swim.

### **The Swim**

The temperature was a comfortable 64 degrees with 93% humidity – water temp was in the low 70's. Mike Riley (the race announcer, better known as the "Voice of Ironman") was encouraging athletes to get into the water and introduced the person singing the national anthem. The cattle call continued with trying to get 2200 people into the water through a 10' wide funnel – we had to cross the timing mat to activate our chip. After what seemed like an hour (probably only 10 minutes) I got to the water just before 6:45. I swam about halfway to where I wanted to position myself and stopped to check my goggles and make sure things were in order. After a few more minutes of warming up, I got to where Mark suggested I start. It's a mass start with all the swimmers in the water. The course is a long skinny rectangle with the start about 300 or so yards from shore. As I was treading water and just trying to relax, I looked up at the terrace and encountered Surreal Moment #1. *Holy Shit, look at all those people!* Every spot on the front of that facility was packed with bodies. The shore line and bike path on both sides of the terrace were brimming with people. There's the helicopter, more

Mike Riley cajoling athletes to get in the water, and an air horn signaling the start of the pro race at 6:50 - 28 males and 12 females. *Wow, I'm really going to do this.* At 6:59 Mike was still cracking the whip on the herd, lots of athletes still streaming through the chute. I rolled over on my back and got my watch ready for the start. Not sure what happened between then and when the cannon went off, but when I pushed start, my heart rate monitor watch was in a different mode. Oh well, better get moving before I'm thrashed to death. The surge of 2200 of well-conditioned athletes taking off simultaneously in open water is an interesting experience – certainly not for the faint of heart.

The first few minutes seem like you don't go anywhere – thunderous splashing water and elbows everywhere. You have no idea where you're really going but you're working pretty hard and taking a beating to get there. Thankfully, most of the contact was arms and hands hitting my lower legs and feet. To conserve energy and keep my heart rate down on long swims, I don't kick with my legs. Despite this, I quickly developed a "three strikes and you're kicked in the face" rule with some of the more aggressive drafters – this came in handy several times throughout the swim. I was most concerned with the initial long stretch and the first turn. I took my lumps but held my own in the initial stretch and came into the first turn much further inside than I'd planned (close enough to touch the buoy). Thankfully I remembered Laura M. telling me to just go with the flow around the corners and let it take you – excellent advice. Before I knew it I was staring into the sunrise on the short stretch. *Why I was sighting into the sunrise?* When I finally sighted the intermediate buoy before the next turn I realized along with all of my flailing friends that we had seriously overcompensated the first turn and were several yards *inside* the buoy line – this was not supposed to be a slalom course. We all seemed to get back on track just in time for the next turn and headed down the back stretch.

Swimmers were starting to thin a little bit, but I was having a terrible time staying on the buoy line, I kept drifting to my left towards the Terrace. The third turn was mostly uneventful along with the fourth turn that brought me back to the start. I decided to give the watch another try and amazingly I was able to start it. A woman next to me noticed and asked what the time was - Surreal Moment #2. I debated how I might explain the whole debacle and settled on "my watch isn't working". I didn't draft very well on the next out stretch and got smacked in the face hard enough to dislodge my goggles around turn five. I just rolled onto my back and kicked a bit while I drained and refitted them and was rolling again in a jiffy. Surreal swim moment #3 occurred on the next turn where some guy was basically sitting up treading water sideways in the middle of the turn and yelling "take it easy, take it easy, we're in a turn here folks" *No shit Sherlock, why don't you just shut your pie hole and swim?!* The back stretch was the same again with me veering to the left and not drafting efficiently. I got to the final turn feeling surprisingly good and headed for shore. Of the three events, I had been most concerned about the swim. Though I'm a pretty confident swimmer, you never know how you're going to do in those conditions until you actually get in there. I

had hoped for a 1:20 swim and though I felt really slow on the second lap, I was happy to end up with a 1:22:35 swim. Now its time for the strippers... How often do you have the opportunity to encounter dozens of people screaming to tear your clothes off? *God, I love Ironman!* Pretty amazing really: You run up to a "stripper" after having unzipped your wetsuit in the back. They grab the shoulders of the suit and you yank your arms out. They scream "sit down", you lay back and they rip it off your legs, then help you up, toss you the suit, and you are on your way into transition.

### **Transition 1 (T1)**

The run up the helix was amazing. People several bodies deep line the outside of the spiral ramp and they are all screaming and cheering. The ramp isn't terribly steep but by the time I got to the fourth floor transition area I thought I was going to have a heart attack – I hit 97% of my max heart rate. *I gotta seriously dial it back in T1.* We run into a conference room inside the convention center with our Swim-to-Bike bags laid out in numbered rows. You yell your number and run down the right row while a volunteer hands you you're bag and then off to a gender-specific changing room. I got in at a popular time and there were no chairs available. I toweled off a bit, applied some body glide and sunscreen (not in the same places), and got on my biking clothes. Thankfully a nearby chair opened up in the meantime so I could sit down to catch my breath and put on my shoes and socks. As I was stuffing everything into my bag I saw Doug who was volunteering. I thanked him for helping out and headed out to get my bike. After a quick stop at the port-a-potty that produced very little liquid results (expected), I saw Norm, Laurel, and the GDFB's strategically positioned on a planter right outside the bike rack area and gave them high fives on my way through. Yes, I used the hand sanitizer in the port-a-potty (as far as you know). A volunteer handed me my bike and I trotted down to the far end of the terrace to get on the bike. The 16:11 T1 time was a bit longer than I'd hoped but pretty insignificant in the big scheme of things.

### **The Bike**

As planned, I went ridiculously easy for the first several miles, then settled into an easy pace West out to Verona. The wind was starting to pick up a bit and was coming primarily out of the West and North. Outside of that, the weather was flawless - a couple of clouds in the sky and cool, but not cold, temperatures.

I wasn't expecting to see anyone until Mt Horeb, but Michele pleasantly surprised me in Verona. The stretch from Verona to Mt. Vernon was a bit rough but I just kept spinning at a high cadence (I averaged 87 RPM for the day) and tried to not let the wind bother me. I felt great going up the hill into Mt Horeb and got to see three groups of people I knew in fairly close succession. Mark, my swim coach was at the top of the first incline, the training gang with their arsenal of signs was at the curve and provided a much needed boost, and Michele & Bobby Z. met me at the aid station. I grabbed some water, gel, & banana, took a quick bio break (minimal liquid results). My neck was extremely sore – it must have been the

swim because I noticed it as soon as I got on the bike and my neck has rarely been sore even after a long ride. The ribs were holding up well, but I decided to pop two ibuprofen tablets for the neck and get back after it. Saw Kevin and Sebastian just out of Mt Horeb.

The section between Mt. Horeb and Cross Plains got me feeling good again – probably my favorite stretch on the bike. The Cross Plains aid station had a Wild West theme to it and all of the volunteers seemed to have gotten into it – it was very fun. As with every aid station, I topped off my aero drink bottle with water and rolled through, looking forward to the next hill section. Riders have raved about the crowds on Old Sauk Pass and Timber Lane and I was excited to experience it. It did not disappoint. As I rolled up to the base of OSP, I dropped into the lowest gear and just spun at a comfortable pace. The crowds all along it were great. I felt really strong and passed a lot of riders that didn't enjoy the hills as much as I did, but I started to develop a knot in my left hip flexor. Timber Lane was more of the same, except more people in a smaller space – very Tour de France like. I stayed in the seat the whole climb and wasn't afraid to get close to the crowd while I was going around slower bikers – awesome vibe. Midtown went just as well with less of a crowd. I tried to stretch the hip flexor a bit on the way to Verona with little luck.

Going through Verona was an amazing experience. I knew there would be a lot of people but there were many more than I'd imagined. What a rush going through town – just a tunnel of screaming people. I was so jacked up, I nearly missed the aid station. At the special needs area, I hopped off my bike and headed into the corn field for a quick bio break (virtually no liquid results). My nutrition intake was right on target and I was actually drinking more water (with electrolytes) than I planned to – I was taking in about 26-30 oz. an hour since the swim and was just over three hours into the bike. I grabbed the special needs bag and headed across the street. Michele, Kathleen, Jen, Jodi and Bobby Z. were there and I had Michele do a quick stretch on my hip flexor before restocking my bike, slamming more water, downing some Pringles, and heading back out.

The section back out to Mt. Horeb kicked my ass again. Though I didn't plan on stopping in Mt Horeb on the second lap, I did anyway to mentally regroup. A few minutes later I was looking forward to my favorite section ahead and nearly missed Andre and Norm on the way out of Mt Horeb. I didn't realize they were only two blocks further down from where I had just stopped or I'd have pulled over by them instead. They still provided a much needed boost and had some fun signs as well. Just a couple miles before Cross Plains, I finally caught up to Becca. It was nice to ride with her for a few miles and talk about the day thus far. Old Sauk Pass was great once again and I knew there would be lot's of friends and signs at the top – they did not disappoint. Those few hundred yards were definitely the highlight of the bike leg – including THE Sign: "Holy Fuck You're Doing Ironman"! Timber Lane went very well again and still lot's of spectators. I figured

it would thin dramatically after the first loop. Midtown was slightly harder the second time but I still felt very strong and the hip flexor cramp never came back.

I just had to make the short hop back into Verona and then to Madison. Once back in Verona before Main Street I saw Laura & Ned and just a bit down the road Doug and Laura. Roy was at Whalen Road cheering me out of town. Surreal Moment #4 occurred just after Verona with a young man playing drums on the side of the road. Initially I thought I was delirious, but I asked another rider and they saw/heard him as well. He had the whole kit out there and was jammin'! The ride back was mostly into the wind which was steadily out of the North at this point. Thankfully at this point I was feeling the best I had all day on the bike and just kicked it – I guess the ultra-conservative ride to this point must have helped. From about the Seminole Hwy intersection on Whalen to the Helix, I passed about 30 bikers. That was just the boost I needed to mentally prepare for the run. James and Alesha greeted me at the top of the helix and I was off into T2.

The first loop was 3:22 which was only about 7 minutes slower than where I wanted to be – I was ok with that. The second loop was considerably slower than I'd hoped for (3:29 – I'd planned to go slightly faster the 2<sup>nd</sup> loop, than the 1<sup>st</sup>) but I came off the bike feeling very good - much better than I expected to feel and I wasn't dreading the upcoming marathon. Total bike time of 6:51:34.

## **Transition 2 (T2)**

Me and a first-time IM athlete from Mexico sat down next to each other in T2. He wasn't feeling as good as I was and was second-guessing his choice of this course for his first Ironman. I was thankful once again for having the good fortune of being able to train on our tough bike course. I got the rest of my stuff ready, offered some encouragement, and was on my way. No port-a-potty stop, which continued to concern me so I grabbed some water on my way out the door. At that point I realized that I'd forgotten to turn off my bike computer as I came into T2 so I took a bit of a detour, since my bike was only the 4<sup>th</sup> rack in from the gate, to jog into the bike area and shut it off before crossing the timing mat to start the run. T2 time of 13:54.

## **The Run**

All through T2 I kept telling myself that I only had 26 miles to go to be an Ironman. My twisted logic somehow found "26 miles" more palatable than "a marathon". It's quite odd really. I have never enjoyed or been good at running. While I am pretty efficient in terms of heart rate, I'm also pretty damn slow. For my entire adult life, running a marathon seemed to be one of the most daunting challenges for me and I could literally not imagine ever doing one. Just stick a 2.4 mile swim and 112 mile bike ride in front of it and suddenly 26 miles of running doesn't seem so bad. Whatever.

I crossed the mat and Norm & Michele were yelling that my Mom was just up on the left. *Seriously?!* She had only seen me do one other triathlon (High Cliff ½ IM) and though I desperately wanted her to be there for IM, I had resigned myself early on in my training that it just was not feasible for her to get to Madison and get around on the course. She'll be 85 in October and its just hard for her to get around. What a great surprise and an incredible boost to my morale, of course I had to stop for a hug and a kiss! Lot's of other family and friends around that spot as well. As I approached MLK Blvd passing near the finish area, the crowd was in a frenzy. I was enjoying the love, and then realized that Maik Twelsiek was coming down the finishing chute en route to winning the race with a time of 8:52:49 – Surreal Moment #5. I would realize later that his bike split (4:47:27) was faster than my marathon time but that never crossed my mind at the time.

Running around The Square and down State St, was a blast with people cheering everywhere. I knew I needed to throttle back a bit to survive the run, after just a few miles I settled in very well on the run and felt very good. I had decided about six weeks earlier to do a run/walk cycle for the run portion of IM. Eight minutes of running followed by two minutes of brisk walking worked very well for me on my longer runs. I carried some of my nutrition with me and it worked well to take this in during the walk portion of my cycles. When I passed an aid station, I still grabbed water or coke and drank it on the run. Periodically, I'd grab a gel to stuff in my jersey pocket for later. The end of State St. near Campus was just crazy. Running the few blocks in to the 6.5 mile turn-around was inspiring. I had the bib number with my first name on it and it was bizarre having tons of people screaming my name – but what a rush! On the path along Mendota, Andy from swim class caught up with me - he'd started to cramp a bit on his second lap. Thankfully for me, that slowed him down enough to talk with me for a bit.

Michele and Bobby Z were waiting for me by Walnut St. and let me know that Joan and John (Michele's Mom & Grandfather) had made it from Milwaukee. As I continued on to the picnic Point turn-around, I saw an awesome sign Michele had made for me that was along the path – part of the "inspiration zone". James and Alesha were out at the turn-around for more moral support. Outside of a mildly upset stomach, I felt pretty good as I headed back towards downtown. At Camp Randall I thought I'd give the port-a-potty one more try - very little liquid results. At this point I feared the worst. I had been drinking as much water as I could without getting that sloshing feeling, I also started to drink a little coke to calm my stomach, but it still didn't seem like I was hydrated enough. After all this work and not being able to urinate virtually all day, I expected to seize up with cramps any minute because of dehydration. Thankfully I didn't feel crampy yet and I didn't plan on stopping until I did, so I was off again.

The Fleet Feet folks on Monroe were a great bunch to run past, I saw JLauf and Pete on University on their 2<sup>nd</sup> lap, and I was back on The Square before I knew it. As I grabbed my special needs bag, I spotted Bill and chatted with him a bit as I was getting my stuff together. I checked my watch and was pleasantly surprised

that my ½ marathon time was about 14 minutes faster than I'd expected. *Only one more lap and I'm going to be an Ironman!* Time to get back at it. Audrey passed me as I was leaving the Special needs area and I wished her well. The run back down State St. was almost as exciting as the first lap. The Dayton stretch was uneventful with the exception of the two screaming women banging on pots & pans with kitchen utensils – they were a riot! Kristi and Jodi were cheering outside of Camp Randall on the second loop and I saw Deb on her way back to the finish. While I was cruising down Breeze Terrace, Andre & Norm pulled up on their bikes and we talked a bit as they coasted near by. The family gang was waiting for me at Walnut St. this time. Mom, Michele, Karen, Joe, Laurel, the GDFB's as well as Bobby Z. I was still feeling ok heading back to State St. The stomach had settled but the quads were starting to hurt a bit. The crowd this time was more inspiring for me than on the first lap – perhaps it was the beer.

It was starting to get dark and the lakeshore path was kind of eerie and desolate – even with the flood lights every couple hundred meters. Sometime during mile 21-22 my quads decided they'd had way more than enough. Oddly they were not cramping, but it felt like a compression bandage filled with broken glass was being tightened around my thighs with every step. I started doing the mental calculations in my head regarding finishing time and realized that at this point my brisk walk pace was only about a minute slower per mile than my run pace and the walking didn't hurt. Wrecking myself didn't seem worth it to gain just a few minutes especially when I was still enjoying myself. I made the easy decision to walk the last four miles. As I came out of the darkness of the path, the whole family crew was there with signs and cheering – perfect timing. It seemed that all day long I never went very far without seeing someone I knew – that was certainly a major factor to me enjoying the day as much as I did.

After the Picnic Point turn-around I handed my long sleeve jersey and running belt to Michele – I wouldn't need either for the final stretch and I didn't want to carry anymore with me than I had to. By the time I got back to Camp Randall, I was anxious to finish. My brisk walk had turned into a Robo Cop march – I was pumping my arms and must have looked like the crazed T-1000 from Terminator 2. I didn't care and neither did the Pots & Pans ladies on Dayton. "Deeeeeeeaaan, you can do it!" - talk about the Aunt Jemima treatment... Turning back on to State St, the Capitol never looked so good. I could hear the crowd cheering several blocks away and tried to jog/run a bit. *Bad idea, better walk to The Square.* I kept plugging away until I got to the E. Wash intersection on Pinckney. Then, like a moth making its final orbit around the flame, nothing else mattered but that finish line - no pleasure, no pain, only transcendence. As I made the corner onto MLK Blvd, I was blinded by the lights and deafened by the crowd. *Holy Fuck, I just did an Ironman!* (Surreal Moment #6)

### **The Finish**

I had visualized and imagined running down the finishing chute hundreds of times. Those visions often kept me going during the hardest parts of my training –



knowing every hard mile I put in would payoff in getting me to that finish line on The Big Day. The experience was exponentially more powerful for me than I ever dreamed. The final two blocks was a great paradox for me. I felt the irresistible gravitational pull of the finish line; my body just wanting to be done working and to get there as fast as possible. My mind and spirit wanted those two blocks to last forever, to hear all the cheers, to soak in every volt of energy cascading down the street, to slap every person's hand, to thank every person that helped me get me to the start line and helped me throughout that incredible day. Before I could even blink, Mike Riley put it all into perspective...Dean Kesler, YOU ARE AN IRONMAN!

### Epilogue

Even though I walked the last 4 miles, the marathon (I can comfortably call it that now) most pleasantly surprised me of the three events. I ended up with a 5:19 run and a total time of 14:03:26. I had expected to encounter some very dark and troubling moments during the day, especially during the run; questioning my reasons for wanting to put myself through this and doubting whether or not I could really finish. Much to my surprise, those moments never came. I was always confident that I would finish. The bonus was that I felt so good all day and thoroughly enjoyed the event. I could not have asked for a more perfect day, it was everything I could have possibly hoped for in an Ironman experience. The volunteers were phenomenal. That we have almost 3500 volunteers (one of the highest numbers for *any* Ironman event) and the tens of thousands of spectators, speaks volumes about our community. Prior to being an IM athlete, I had no idea how much motivation enthusiastic spectators provide. To have so many friends and family all over the course, truly helped make it the perfect day. I am an incredibly fortunate individual to have had this opportunity and to be able to enjoy it as much as I have. Thank you all!

### Stats

Segment	Distance	Time
Swim	2.4 mi.	1:22:35
T1: Swim-to-Bike		16:11
Bike	112 mi.	6:51:34
T2: Bike-to-Run		13:54
Run	26.2 mi	5:19:12
Overall		14:03:26

### During the event:

- My heart beat about 117,000 times
- I burned approximately 10,800 calories
- Turned the pedals on my bike about 35,750 times
- Drank about 2 gallons of water (not including lake water during the swim) and about 12 oz of cola.

## Training (January-September 2007)

- Rode 1,933 miles on my bike (plus an additional 15 hours indoors on the bike trainer)
  - Longest ride: 120 miles
  - Hottest Ride: 8/12/2007, 91° F
- Ran 410 miles
  - Longest training run: 17 miles
  - Coldest Run: 2/10/07, -1° F with a -13° F wind chill
- Swam just over 83 miles (open water & pool combined)
  - Longest swim: 3 miles
- 54 hours of Pilates and Stretch & Strength
- Body weight decreased from 180 lbs to 172 lbs
- Body fat decreased from around 16% to 7.6%

## **Other Items of Note That May Interest Only Me**

- 2,205 athletes started, including 1,065 first time Ironman athletes
- Just under 23% of the field registered were women
- 95.2% of the starters completed the event.
- There were 22 countries represented and all 50 States. Next to the US, Mexico was the next-most-represented country with 318 athletes.
- The youngest competitor was 18 years old, youngest woman was 20.
- The oldest competitor was 78-year-old Frank Farrar from Britton, South Dakota. Florida's Babette Kulka, 64, was the oldest woman competing - both finished.
- Luis Alvarez finished his 50th Ironman - He's in the Guinness Book of World Records because he's finished every Ironman there is.
- Thanks to a record setting month of rain in July, Lake Monona was almost three feet higher than normal.
- The water in Lake Monona was warm enough that the pros were not allowed to wear wetsuits.
- The closing miles of the marathon were quite a battle in the men's division - after racing for over nine hours, just over three minutes separated third place from ninth.
- As the crowd partied away to the midnight cut off, the night was capped by the always-inspiring finish of Frank Farrar. A dozen-or-so years ago Farrar was told he had three months to live. He asked his doctor if he could do a half Ironman. The doctor said: "Why not, you're going to die anyway." He's 78-years-old and still works 50 hours a week as a lawyer. He flew himself to Sunday's race in his own plane. Frank Farrar finished Ford Ironman Wisconsin yet again with 16:56:35 on the race clock, to the raucous cheers of the crowd.
- Registration for 2008 filled in 23 minutes. They opened online registration at 11:00 AM CDT. In-person registration began at 9:00 local time.