

news from the Tallman Track Club



*"Where the road goes on forever and the party never ends."
-- Robert Earl Keen*

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Spring 2007

2007 Boston Marathon a wind, wind situation

By Jeff Morris

As I neared my dream of running the historic Boston Marathon, I knew there were plenty of booby traps that could keep me from crossing the finish line in Copley Square.

Cramps, dehydration, a stress fracture, a bad cold . . . any number of ugly possibilities could jump up and bite me during the rolling 26.2-mile journey from Hopkinton to Boston or halt me in my tracks before I made it to the starting line.

At about 5:30 a.m. April 16 on the day of the marathon, my friend and training partner, Glenn

Baldwin of South Charleston, and I glanced out the front door of the Back Bay Hilton in downtown Boston. We saw something much more menacing. Sheets of rain were pounding down and 40 mph to 50 mph winds were whipping through the streets in a



Glenn Baldwin



Jeff Morris



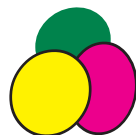
Tallman track club members Jeff Morris, left, and Glenn Baldwin take refuge under the tent before the start of the 2007 Boston Marathon.

scene that looked like hurricane footage on The Weather Channel.

A nor'easter had its sights on New England and the Boston area, and the forecast wasn't pretty – up to 3 to 5 inches of rain, a race starting temperature in the upper 30s and winds averaging 20 to 25 mph with gusts up to 50. Add it all together, and we were staring at a chill index of 25 to 30 degrees.

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Of course, we had been glued to forecasts since we left the Kanawha Valley, so the wacky weather wasn't a surprise. We held out hope, however, just like most of the 23,000 runners who registered to run the 111th edition of the marathon, that New England's unpredictable weather would show some mercy and change at the last second.

The Boston Athletic Association wasn't taking any chances. While it vowed the race would go on, alerts went out to all participants, warning about the weather and the dangers of hypothermia. The number of medical personnel and buses were increased along the course, plans called for pumping flooded streets and tents were added at the Athletes' Village – all in anticipation of possibly the worst conditions runners in the marathon had ever experienced. (Runners who baked in the 80-plus degree temperatures in 1996 are probably hopping up and down and shouting right about now).

But, hey, we were already registered and had this nice hotel, so we headed out the door into a monsoon. Runners were armed for battle. We were wearing

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2007 W.Va. Boston Marathon Finishers

Mark Cucuzzella, 40, Shepherdstown, 2:41:15 (6:09 pace) – 138th place
 Glenn Baldwin, 48, South Charleston, 2:56:39 (6:45 pace) – 657th place
 Chris Nance, 34, Morgantown, 2:58:16 (6:48 pace) – 787th place
 Heather Parks, 32, Bruceton Mills, 2:59:55 (6:52 pace) – 940th place
 Justin Bailey, 34, Charleston, 3:03:14 (7:00 pace) – 1,176th place
 Tim Deer, 42, Charleston, 3:05 (7:04 pace) – 1,331st place
 Jeffrey Morris, 46, Charleston, 3:05:57 (7:06 pace) – 1,424th place
 Eric Ford, 32, Hurricane, 3:07:56 (7:10 pace) – 1,642th place
 Amy Eddy, 40, Williamstown, 3:11:13 (7:18 pace) – 2,059th place
 Tony Tarantini, 42, Morgantown, 3:14:58 (7:26 pace) – 2,566th place
 Christopher Bennon, 30, Parkersburg, 3:22:31 (7:44 pace) – 3,835th place
 Kathy Timperman, 37, Morgantown, 3:25:35 (7:51 pace) – 4,430th place
 Walter Seamon, 66, Wheeling, 3:27:45 (7:56 pace) – 4,937th place
 Gary Pennington, 40, Parkersburg, 3:33:19 (8:09 pace) – 6,321th place
 Kenneth Lavicoire, 38, Clarksburg, 3:33:25 (8:09 pace) – 6,349th place
 Howard Scruggs, 48, Ronceverte, 3:37:21 (8:18 pace) – 7,311th place
 Tom Rownd, 55, Wheeling, 3:38:10 (8:20 pace) – 7,527th place
 Patricia Van Der Sloot, 40, Morgantown, 3:40:29 (8:25 pace) – 8,085th place
 John Jarvis, 57, Clarksburg, 3:44:12, (8:33 pace) – 9,041th place
 John Cuthbert, 55, Morgantown, 3:49:49, (8:46 pace) – 10,473th place
 Steven Shattls, 55, Huntington, 3:55:22, (8:59 pace) – 11,883th place
 Joseph Biola, 60, Elkins, 3:59:39, (9:09 pace) – 12,921th place
 Sharon Marks, 49, Parkersburg, 4:00:10, (9:10 pace) – 13,032th place
 Kyle McCammon, 47, Bridgeport, 4:05:17, (9:22 pace) – 13,900th place
 James Goetz, 42, Huntington, 4:14:59, (9:44 pace) – 15,323th place
 Rick Millen, 58, Huntington, 4:28:54, (10:16 pace) – 16,900th place
 Karen Mackay, 51, Morgantown, 4:35:08, (10:30 pace) – 17,425th place
 Richard Finney, 70, Charleston, 4:38:02 (10:37 pace) – 17,632th place
 Stephen Johns, 58, Buckhannon, 5:26:53, (12:29 pace) – 19,803rd place

news from the Tallman Track Club

Editor: Jeff Morris, tallmantrackclub@yahoo.com

Webmaster: W.K. Munsey

Contributors this issue: W.K. Munsey, Jeff Morris, Pam Anderson, Boston Athletic Association, Marathon Foto, Charleston Gazette, Sarah Lieu.

<http://www.tallmantrackclub.com>

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probably the most clothing we had ever donned for a road race. I had on a poncho, a windbreaker jacket and pants, a turtleneck, two T-shirts, a fleece facemask, a toboggan and gloves. And that was all on top of my racing outfit – long-sleeve and short-sleeve synthetic



Glenn Baldwin, left, and Jeff Morris ride the bus to the race's starting line in Hopkinton, Mass.

shirts, a pair of bicycle shorts and my regular running shorts. Trying to keep my feet dry, I also had forced my feet into some plastic bags that formerly held my newspapers. I attached the plastic guards to my ankles with rubber bands.

As we trudged toward the subway that would hook us up with the buses traveling to Hopkinton, a runner from Oregon joined us. We all shook our heads at the conditions and

agreed that today was all about survival, forget about trying to run a fast time.

On the bus trip to the Athletes' Village, we munched on bagels and energy bars and drank Gatorade that we stashed in our gear bags that were handed out at the runners' expo at the convention center. I snapped a few pictures on the bus with my disposable camera so I could document the moment and have a record of the runners who were being led to slaughter. Glenn and I glanced out the windows and watched the trees bow to the force of the wind.

In Hopkinton, we unloaded from the buses and found a spot under one of two tents that had been set up for the thousands of runners. The gym at the elementary school also had been opened for runners, but we figured that was already full. Under the tent, it looked like a refugee camp. Runners made do the best they could, using garbage bags and plastic as make-shift seats and beds. Meanwhile, it was raining so hard outside that we didn't even want to venture out to the portable toilets. Drinking so much fluid, we had to go, of course, so we took turns to protect the small space we had carved out in the mass of humanity attempting to run the marathon.

About 30 minutes before the race, a miracle happened. The rain backed off to more of a sprinkle, and the wind seemed to die down. The

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2007 Boston Marathon winner Robert Cheruiyot heads toward victory.

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announcer began to call for the various corrals to report to the starting line, and I found my bus and handed my gear through the window to a volunteer. The plastic bags on my shoes had some leaks, and the water had found its way inside my Asics DS trainers (so much for keeping dry before the start.) I joined other runners in a slow jog toward the corrals, the plastic bags on our feet making a strange slapping noise as they hit the wet pavement.

When I found the fifth corral where I was positioned, I noticed it was warmer than I anticipated, and I joined many runners in stripping off some layers of clothing before the gun started the marathon. The butterflies were rolling in my stomach as I began to realize the weather may have turned and the possibility of running a fast time was not completely lost. Right next to me, a TV crew interviewed a runner and asked him about the weather. His attitude seemed to be one shared by many of the runners who I lined up with – we were in the Boston Marathon, rain or shine, and the experience was worth it.

About 15 minutes after I arrived in my corral, the gun sounded, and initially the throng in front of me didn't move. Then it slowly surged forward, stopping once or twice before I was able to cross the starting line, about three minutes after the gun sounded. As I headed down the first mile, a sharp descent that would have been fast if not for the pack of 4,000 runners clogging the narrow country road in front of me, a big smile broke out on my face; I was running the Boston Marathon, a lifelong dream.

My first three miles were slow – 7:22, 7:01 and 6:58 – as I tried to maneuver through the pack. I quickly discovered that weather would not be as huge a factor as I thought. I took off my gloves and hat, and the long-sleeve shirt almost seemed too warm. Swirling winds along the way would still slow everyone, as the eventual winner of the men's race, Robert Cheruiyot, would prove by capturing the marathon in 2 hours and 14 minutes, the slowest

Rain pounds down before the marathon as Glenn Baldwin returns to the tent.



winning time since 1977 and seven minutes slower than his previous year's victory.

While the numbers of spectators on the course were down somewhat, I still experienced what makes the Boston Marathon so special – the tradition and the enthusiastic fan support. I heard the screams from Wellesley College a full half mile before I got there. I felt a swell of emotion as I passed the screaming co-eds, and I instinctively picked up my pace. I didn't pause to exchange the hugs, kisses or high-fives that were offered, and I crossed the half-marathon point in 1:31:56. I had taken off my sub-3 hour pace bracelet long before, judging from the times in the first three miles that it just wasn't going to happen. I was still feeling strong, though, and could produce a solid marathon. The wind that had been feared so much at the start proved to be more of a nuisance and simply encouraged you at times to tuck behind a competitor to break its force.

The energy gel packets I pinned to my shorts provided a needed boost up the series of the seven Newton Hills that began about mile 16. I had managed to squeeze them into my mouth and wash them down with water without choking myself at miles 10 and 18. Just past the 20-mile mark, I kept a steady pace up Heartbreak Hill with Glenn's words of advice ringing in my ears – try to hold it steady through the hills and run fast on the downhill

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Jeff Morris gives the thumbs up before the start of the marathon. Runners sought shelter under the tents before being called to their respective corrals.

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sections of the course as you crest each grade. The strategy seemed to be working, but I could tell the pounding was taking a toll on my body as my calf muscles were tighter than a drum and my quads were feeling hammered.

At mile 22 as we began to close on downtown Boston, the strangest thing happened. With 20,000-plus runners in the race, someone I knew from home came alongside me. Eric Ford of Hurricane and I shook hands and exchanged greetings. He said I looked strong. Our conversation seemed to motivate me, and I pulled ahead and clicked off two 7-minute miles.

The crowds started to get larger when I neared the city, and the volume of the cheers carried me along as the fatigue settled in to my tired legs. As promised, the Citgo sign (the signal that there were two miles left) was the most welcome sight I had ever witnessed.

At mile 25, the monkey jumped on my back, and he must have been carrying several truckloads of bananas. My pace slowed considerably, and I struggled toward the finish. But this was the Boston Marathon and quitting wasn't an option. Heading down the final stretch toward the finish at Copley Square, I was almost too tired to savor the moment. I crossed the electronic mats and the Boston

Marathon logo that was painted for the finish line. I stopped my watch and glanced at my time – 3:05:57 (a pace of 7:06 per mile). I had not met my goal, but I felt satisfied with a strong performance. I had finished in 1,424th place out of more than 20,300 runners and 4 minutes and 11 seconds faster than my qualifying time.

Volunteers removed the computer chip from my shoe, draped a shiny blanket around my shoulders and gave me my finisher's medal. I followed the other runners down the chute that stretched for blocks. Before me was a strange-looking parade of shivering figures who were being assaulted by a brutal wind that was cutting between the downtown buildings, I retrieved my gear from the bus and found my wife, Sarah, and Glenn and his wife, Robin. Glenn had turned in another strong performance in his amazing string of marathons, running the course in 2:56:39.

As we headed back to our hotel for a much needed warm shower, we could not be too disappointed. Sure, the swirling wind prevented Glenn from running closer to 2:50 and kept me from having a shot at breaking 3 hours. But we knew the truth; we had been given a gift. On this day, we dodged a nor'easter - a storm that threatened the greatest marathon in the world.

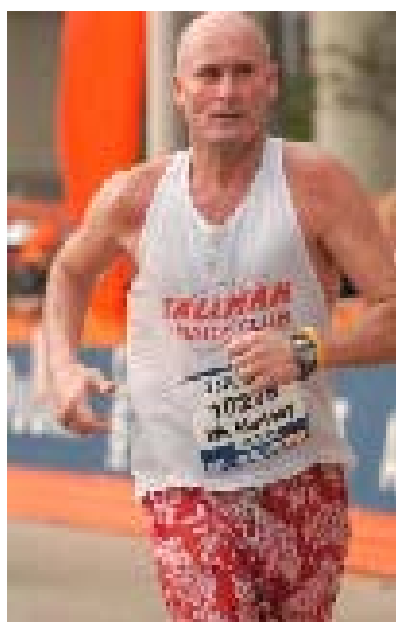
Tallman Tidbits

W . K . Munsey

The ING Miami Half Marathon; Why I don't like early morning races

I want to start off by saying, "I really hate early morning races!" So, here I am at 3:30 in the morning stumbling around my guest room at my friend Dave

Kroupa's house, trying to wake up and get all my stuff (I will not use the real S word) together to meet my ride at 4, yes that's right, 4 a.m. I finally get my stuff together making sure I have a chip, race number and my Tallman Track Club singlet, figuring if I forgot anything, I could still run



W.K. Munsey faced humid weather conditions in the ING Miami Half Marathon.

an official race. I am in Coral Springs, Fla., which is an hour away from Miami and the start of the race. Dave has arranged for me to catch a ride with his running partner, Craig, and Craig's wife, Lucy. Craig is running and hoping for a sub-1:30, Lucy also is a runner, but today she is our support crew. They are both chipper and wide awake, brimming with way too much energy for the time of the morning. It is warm and humid, even at the ungodly hour of 4 a.m., and I'm wondering if I should have boned up on my heat training. Oh wait! I train in

West Virginia and the temps have plunged below the 40-degree mark weeks ago. Too late to worry about that now as we head off in the darkness for the ride to the race start.

The ING Miami Marathon and Half Marathon is 5 years old and has grown into a world class event. This means when we get to the general area of the

"The people in the press tent did not take kindly to my invasion and asked me to vacate the area."

- W.K. Munsey

race start we have to hunt for a place to park. There is no safe place to park free, and we end up paying for a spot down a side street from the start. Even though I looked at the map for the start and finish relationship, the dark sky has me disoriented and I look at some landmarks in case I have to find my way back alone. Lucy has assured me they will be at the finish and since I have on my singlet and red Hawaiian shorts, she will be able to spot me. Did I mention the rain? It sprinkled on the way east toward the race and started to get harder as I jogged to the start line and the Port-a-Johns. There are approximately 10,000 entered in the half marathon and another 4,000 in the full marathon, and we're all waiting in line for the bathroom. When I get through my turn, the rain is starting to come down pretty hard. I am looking for shelter and spot

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a press tent near the start line and elbow my way into a corner. At that point, I was wishing I had been smart enough to wear a West Virginia tuxedo (a garbage bag to you elite runners) to this thing. The people in the press tent did not take kindly to my invasion and asked me to vacate the area. I stood my ground and said there was no way I would leave the dry tent for the monsoon it had turned into. It was 25 minutes to the 6:10 a.m. start, and the wheelchair athletes had been staged and caught the full force of the deluge with no shelter. I watched as the streets and gutters became small rivers as the rain fell, cursing my luck at having brand new shoes on for the race. The cheerful race announcer kept counting down the minutes and giving weather reports. They had finally given up the quest to throw me out of the tent, and I had a front row view of the wheelchair start. They left with a good round of applause from runners and spectators.

A funny thing happened just before I was about to head out into the rain and darkness, the rain started to let up. I had given up on jogging to get loose for the race and figured my jog to the Port-a-Johns would have to do. There is no rhyme

or reason to the start in Miami. The marathoners are on the right side of the road and half marathoners on the left. I was standing approximately 10 to 15 rows back and was with



W.K. Munsey is all smiles following his finish in Miami.



The rain cleared before the start, paving the way for W.K. Munsey to enjoy his 13.1-mile run through the mean streets of Miami.

waif-like racers and sumo-sized joggers with their MP3 players. The rain quit completely, and it was now just dark before the start. The announcer gave the last instructions to the elite, and they got a 5-minute head start on the unwashed as they headed into the warm darkness. The race started slowly for the rest of us, our start was hindered by having to squeeze into the narrow opening where the mats were to record our start and slowed most of us to a walk to the mats. I am not going give you a mile-by-mile replay of the race, but the first mile rises up over a bridge across the Intercostal Waterway making for shaky legs of those of us not warmed up. After that the course is mostly flat with a few grades up and down. You run out toward South Beach, which was dark and mostly silent because the rain had run all but the hardest spectators indoors. For me, it was warm and humid (68 degrees at the start and 75 at

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the finish), but I believe it did not affect me greatly. Mostly, I ran to the sound of feet slapping the pavement as most of the runners around me had on MP3 players and were in their own world. Coming back onto the mainland from South Beach, there was a great crowd to welcome us and by that time it was light and people shouted encouragement to any runner they could identify. I got a lot of attention because of my Tallman singlet and my name was on the bib I was wearing. It made for a nice experience and when we reached the 11-mile mark the sponsor ING had set up a cheering zone that made us all lengthen our stride a little. The last of the race brings you past the finish on one street and spectators can see you run past and then you turn onto another street and finish with a nice straight stretch to the line. By this time, the clouds were parting and the sun was coming out, and I pitied the runners who were going on for the full marathon.

True to her word, Lucy yelled at me as I ran by the finish, and she was waiting with Craig when I left the finish chute. Craig had missed his goal by a mere 17 seconds. He seemed all right with his run, though, and finished seventh in his age group and

91st overall. I had run below my goal of 1:40, finishing eighth in my age group and in the top 300 overall. There is one good thing about starting a race at oh-dark-thirty, you are done and have the whole day to nap and sit in the hot tub and work out the kinks. There will be other runs in the early mornings, and I will still not like them. I would recommend this event if you want to get out of the cold and snow for a couple of days. I just don't know if I'll be going back since I have been there and got the race shirt. The people manning the many water stops were very enthusiastic handing out refreshments. The crowds were down somewhat thanks to the weather, but the spectators made up for it with their animated cheering and yelling. I want to say a special thanks to Dave Kroupa, his wife, Jackie, and her son, Jordan, for being such gracious hosts, and Craig and Lucy Cotnior for looking out for me on the mean streets of Miami. As it turned out, we finished just a couple of blocks from the vehicle and that was welcome news to my legs as I followed along Biscayne Boulevard among the construction for the high dollar condos that look across the Intercoastal.

Tallman Elves Need Your Help

Newsletters need content, and that's where we need your help. If you have a story, photo or idea, call us at 345-8065 or e-mail us at *tallmantrackclub@yahoo.com*

Oh, what a Web we weave

Tallman website revamped with new goodies

**By W.K. Munsey
Tallman Webmaster**

The Tallman website was the creation of Jim Sturgeon and his daughter, Tory, in July 1998. There were originally just a couple of bare bones pages with a brief history and pictures of the Tallman Track Club. There was a Tallman news page that anyone could post weekend training schedules and questions on running - billboard-style. Unfortunately, the page was attacked by web spammers and had to be shut down due to



the constant barrage of spam that threatened to close down the site.

In 2004, the site started to be upgraded to what it is today. First came new pictures and simple pages to add some content to the site. Then the site really took off when Jeff Morris proposed creating a newsletter. When the first newsletter came out in 2006, there were about 20 people we had collected e-mail addresses from who received the inaugural edition. We went to races asking for e-mail addresses from runners who might be interested in getting a free newsletter on running in the Kanawha Valley. We have expanded our list to more than 120 addresses with a goal of 300 before 2008. Most of the addresses are local, but there are a number of out-of-state addresses that include a lot of the Tallman group who were there from the first.

With Jeff's articles, we expanded the History page to include stories from Tallman members who were there at the formation of the club. Thanks to Bob Fleming, the Tallman History section was greatly expanded when he contributed more than 200 articles and pictures. We continue to encourage everyone to submit any historical

information they have about running in the Kanawha Valley.

A newsletter page was created so a visitor could browse through all the newsletters that have been created by Jeff. The Poca River page was created when we took pictures and posted results for the 2006 race. In the spring and summer of 2006, a page with links to Tallman friends was added and it continues to expand as we find websites on the net we like and think our members find interesting or helpful in running. We used an article from The Gazz on running loops in the Kanawha Valley to kick off our page and to highlight the Tallman running loops from UC. We mapped them on the USATF site that provides maps in city street style or satellite view so a visitor could follow our loops with accurate descriptions on course difficulty and a printable map if needed. There are currently 10 links on the page along with the 10 loops Jennifer Ginsberg highlighted in her article, providing a visitor or someone looking for different running loops a wide variety of training runs.

In the summer of 2006, Gary Smith handed over more than 70 Kanawha Valley Road Runner newsletters that go back as far as 1975 and continue until the club dissolved in 1998. The articles were digitized and reside on our site, giving a look back to running in the Kanawha Valley. Quite a few articles were done by our own Tallman members, and the advice on training and racing in those old articles are as true today as when they were written.

The last page that was added is a race calendar highlighting local races in and around the Kanawha Valley. It is a simple calendar and provides links to race information, such as a race application up to race websites. It will expand and grow as race directors provide us with information on the races they are in charge of. The simple website that started back in July 1998 has undergone quite a few changes over the years it has been in existence. We continue to add content and features that we feel benefit the runners in the Tallman Track Club and the Kanawha Valley.

In case you missed it . . .

April 6, 2007 in the Charleston Gazette ...

It's a five o'clock world

For 30 years, Tallman Track Club members depart daily for their run

By Julie Robinson
Staff Writer

Ask not for whom the 5 p.m. bell tolls. It tolls for the runners who set out from the University of Charleston's campus every weekday as the tower clock strikes the hour. They are members of the Tallman Track Club, some of whom have been running with the group since its 1976 inception. Named for veteran runner Ken Tallman "because I was the oldest and the slowest," the club

was formed when Tallman, 68, Frank Lewis, 55, Leonard Hager, 53, and Mike Mayes, 61, competed in many of the same races. "One of the real reasons we started running together was that we wanted more chances to beat each other," Tallman said. Today, their paths loop through Kanawha City or along a scenic trek between the Patrick Street and 35th Street bridges. When they want a longer jaunt, they run to Dunbar. They test their uphill endurance on the Carriage Trail or up Mount Alpha. On the weekends, they often run in Kanawha State Forest. When Tallman started running near his West Side home, several



Photo courtesy of Charleston Gazette

Tallman Track Club runners take off from the University of Charleston for a climb up steep Mount Alpha Road. W.K. Munsey (from left), Chris Lambert Mike Mayes, Jeff Morris, Winston Gregory, Larry Lawrence, Roxanne Carter and Glen Morris set off at a brisk pace.

runners joined him and formed Tallman West. "There's no application or ceremony. Anyone is invited to show up at 5 o'clock," W.K. Munsey, 51, said. "If you're still there after a couple days, we figure you're probably going to stay around." They run in any weather, although their numbers swell on pretty days, said Munsey, who's been a regular since 1986. Rain, cold, sleet, snow, heat, humidity and fog won't stop them, but a tornado might. The runners make their way along sidewalks when possible and navigate through

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traffic when necessary, talking and joking as they go. They rib each other about sports rivalries and occasionally sit down together at Murad's or at each others' homes to watch football games. Once, they even attended a former member's art showing. "That was different," Munsey said. Tallman runners welcome new members, but they should have some running experience. The shortest route they run is 3 miles, and they usually take it at about an 8-minute-per-mile pace. Most members ran on their own before they joined the group. "We only have two rules. The first is that we leave at 5 p.m.," Munsey said. "The second is that if you get dropped off the back [left behind], don't complain. Don't ask the others to slow down." Some ran track in junior and high school, and others like Roxanne Carte took up running 20 years ago as a way to lose weight. Munsey joined after he kept coming up against stiff competition from the Tallman Track Club in races he entered. He still enjoys running on his own, also. "I like both. That's one good thing about running: you don't need anyone to play," he said. "You just need shoes and shorts." The group provides motivation on days members don't run well or don't feel like running, Munsey said. He doesn't want to disappoint anyone who expects him to show up. He also knows he's in for a little ribbing the next time he comes if he misses a session without a good reason. More than 100 people have run with Tallman through the years. They come and go with job transfers and demands, health limitations and schedule changes. Engineers, doctors, lawyers, truck drivers, bankers, track and cross-country coaches and even a rocket scientist are just a few of the careers



Photo courtesy of Charleston Gazette

Ken Tallman gestures toward original club member Mike Mayes. Frank Lewis (right) began running with Tallman and Mayes 30 years ago.

represented in the diverse group. Many people who leave stay in touch and return for local races. "I've made friends for life. You see them everyday and hear the grumbles and gripes, the triumphs and tragedies," Munsey said. "I don't think you can run beside somebody for years and not become friends." The races and marathons in which Tallman runners have won or placed in the top 10 percent include just about every notable competition in the nation, and many abroad. This year, two members will compete in the Boston Marathon, three are going to a marathon in Prague, Czech Republic, and two qualified for the New York City Marathon. In recent years, fewer Tallman members enter the races that used to occupy their weekends. Instead, they lend a helping hand for local competitions. They help organize races, time runners, mark courses and track results. "We're giving back to running," Munsey said. "Of course, we can never give back what it gives you. It teaches you discipline and to have goals and self-reliance."

Race Results Roundup

Joker Run

4-miler

March 31

Kanawha City

1	Larry Taylor	22:48.60	1	6	Kevin Kiefer	27:42.95
overall Male	40-49			2M	40-49	
2	Aaron Kaylor	24:53.31	2 overall	7	Bryan Rosen	27:45.68
Male	30-39			1M	30-39	
3	Duane Dombek	25:35.15		8	Matthew Young	28:04.42
1M	50-59			2M	30-39	
4	Steve Henry	25:42.64		9	Shane Lester	29:10.63
1M	40-49			1M	20-29	
5	Fred Jones	27:19.40		10	Mike Hunt	29:17.46
2M	50-59			3M	50-59	

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Runners prepare to take off in the 4-mile Joker Run in Kanawha City.



Upcoming Races

April 2007

28th **Bunny Hop 5K Run & Walk Kanawha State Forest**

May 2007

5th **Susan G. Komen Race for the Cure 5K & Walk, Charleston**
www.komenwv.org

12th **Poca River 15K Road Race, Cross Lanes**

19th **4th Annual Dirty Dog 15K Trail Run-MSTR Kanawha State Forest**
www.wvmtr.org/dirtydog15k/dirtydog15k.htm

June 2007

2nd **Covenant House 5K Run & 1 Mile Walk, Charleston**
<http://www.wvrainbowrun.com/>

9th **Run With A Cop 5K Run & Walk, Kanawha City**
Application & Details

July 2007

7th **Rattlesnake Trail 50K Ultrarun, Kanawha State Forest**
www.runningintheusa.com/rattlesnaketrail50k

7th **Putnam County Fair 10K Run & 3 Mile Walk, Eleanor**

21st **Great Teays 5K Run & 1 Mile Walk/Run, Teays Valley Wave Pool**

September 2007

2nd **Charleston Distance Run 15 Mile & 5K Run, Charleston**
<http://www.charlestdistancerun.com/>



**Check out www.tallmantrackclub.com for
 applications and details**

