

KENNETH TALLMAN PRESIDENT
TALLMAN TRACK CLUB
1976 TO PRESENT

I never met a soul who did not like Ken Tallman. I never heard a cross word sent in his direction, even on days when he, the "old man" was kicking our butts on long runs. In fact, if ever any one outside our group would dare any insult or word in his direction, the whole group would have descended on them like we did the beer cooler after a July 20 miler.

No matter the heat, the cold, the steepness of the hill, the pace on the track, if you looked at Kenny, he would flash that trademark grin, and say it's gonna be alright. More often than not, he would then add, "who brought the beer." It was just simply impossible to not do your best when running with him. From the very earliest days of 5 or 6 runners to most days the group would have 15 to 20. And the runs started at 5 p.m. God help you if you showed up at 5:01. Your warmup then consisted of all out race pace until if lucky, you caught up. Below zero, pouring rain, blow you over winds, ice and snow, we always showed up. Why? Because we did not want to let Kenny down, and secretly, many of us felt that just one time we might be able to beat him back. Training runs with the Tallman Track Club rarely started out slow. Recovery, and/or hangover days for some were race pace or better for others. So it was no surprise that after a few months with the Club, our members won, placed top three in age groups, and placed several in the top 20 of most races. From Charleston to Boston to Columbus to DC to New York to Pennsylvania to Virginia to Tennessee, you could usually find Kenny and others winning trophies and prizes.

From our earliest days at Morris Harvey College to the present, I am proud to still count Kenny as one of my best friends. Our members have come and gone with lifes changes, but I know that every year when the Charleston Distance Run comes around, there is not one member who doesn't recall a Tallman moment. And even though Kenny is older than me, I never had the pleasure of beating him one time. The last 15 mile race he was in, Bill Ripley and I ran with him, and at the finish line he tried to push us across first. Since it was 2 against 1, Bill and I pushed him across first. Oh, I forgot to add, he ran 15 with a bad leg!



Bob Fleming
First Shirt

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