

Checking the Runners From Officials' Chart

| | Kyriakides | Kelley | Cote | Gregory | Morton | Kernason | Evans | Robbins | Vogel | Young |
|-------------------|------------|--------|------|---------|--------|----------|-------|---------|-------|-------|
| Framingham .. | 8 | 13 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 11 | 4 | 40 | 24 |
| Natick | 4 | 9 | 6 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 11 | 6 | 36 | 22 |
| Wellesley | 5 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 1 | 10 | 3 | 34 | 17 |
| Woodland Pk. . . | 3 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 4 | 16 | 15 |
| Lake Street . . . | 2 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 11 |
| Coolidge Cor. . . | 2 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 9 | 10 |
| Finish | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |

berth, wound up a good sixth ahead of Lloyd Evans of Canada. National marathon champion Charlie Robbins was eighth, sailor Ted Vogel of Waltham ninth after hitch-hiking a ride from Natick to the start in the Herald car, and veteran Louis Young of North Medford 10th.

The list of stars was by no means exhausted. Tony Medeiros of North Medford was 11th and Tarzan Brown, winner in 1936 and '39, a good 12th after being ninth at Lake street. The West Indian champion, Myr Oswald Misoon, was 12th, old Clarence DeMar was 32d and a few minutes over his personal goal of three hours, and Britisher Ken Baily wound up a blistering 37th.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER OVER HILLS OF NEWTON

Ahead of all those big names, however, were Kyriakides and Kelley, whose shoulder-to-shoulder flight over the Newton hills and down into the crowded streets of Brookline and Boston had holidaying spectators literally jumping up and down with excitement.

They had run circumspectly in the early stages, Kyriakides in a third-place cluster with Cote and Robbins, Kelley about 50 yards behind with Bairstow. Johnny moved up to join the trio at about 10 miles and they ran so close to each other that they almost rubbed shoulders.

The quartet gradually pulled the second-place Kernason back, but Cote was beginning to show distress. He first rubbed his left side, then his right, then both together. Robbins was pouring water over the back of his legs, but Kelley and Kyri were dumping it over their heads and down their necks.

Gerry started to go back at Newton Hospital and thereafter was never in the contention, but Robbins stuck it out with the other two as they turned into the Commonwealth avenue hills about 100 yards behind Gregory. Up the first long hill they went in Indian file—Kelley, Kyri and Robbins—but Charlie started to fade at that juncture. On the downgrade from Brae Burn, Kelley and his foreign mate swept past Gregory and were away on their epic fight.

KELLEY OBLIGINGLY SIGNALS SHORT CUTS

Kelley obligingly signalled short cuts for the Greek as they approached the second hill, but Stylianos decided to do a little experimenting on his own hook and spurred into a 25-yard lead. Kelley met the challenge by pulling abreast again before the crest was reached, so the crowds at Boston College saw them back together.

They ran that way to Cleveland

Circle, where Kelley thought it was time to make his bid. Johnny went out to five, 10, 25, 40 yards as they threaded through Beacon street crowds that surged momentarily through the ropes—but even then the spectators looked at his agonized mouth and predicted that the implacable Greek would win.

Kyriakides for the first time took water internally. He seemed to be preparing for the final surge, almost like a high schooler primping in front of the mirror before setting out on his first date. Kyri was in no hurry, and Johnny became his usual worried self. Twice he looked back to see what was happening, so Kyri decided to make it a little easier.

He moved up slowly going through Coolidge Corner, was 20 yards behind with exactly two miles to go, and flew past Kelley at Carlton street. Johnny did not have anything left with which to fight him, so the Greek staged a triumphal rush through jam-packed Kenmore square and down Beacon street to the Exeter street turn.

Realizing the drama of the situation, the crowd gave Kyri tumultuous support, but not even the glimmer of a smile flickered over his face as he pulled steadily to the finish. Methodically he reached over and snapped the stop-watch on his left wrist just as he crossed the finish line.

"I try to do my best for Greece," he said as George Demeter crowned him with the victor's laurel wreath—and his best was good enough.

ALONG THE ROADS

Clarence DeMar sounded like an ad for a cash register. He had some loose change safely-pinned in his back pocket and jingled like Santa Claus.

Clayton Farrar, one of the better road racers, appeared in street clothes. He joined such other good marathoners as record-holder Joe Smith and runner-golfer McGlone in following the race in an official car.

Millrose won the team prize with 10 points (Gregory, Kernason and Louis Balg in 16th place). North Medford was second with 20, B. A. A. third, with 23, much to the disappointment of Capt. Jock Semple, who had hoped for team victory.

Semple did everything he could think of to get Bairstow in shape. His last resort was hot milk and flour, but even that binder didn't work and Lloyd was miserable.

Vogel almost didn't make the race at all. He stood on the train all the way from Camp Perry, Va., Friday night and when he arrived home yesterday morning he found that his brother had been injured and the family car demolished in an accident. Ted had to hitch-hike to the start and practically commandeered The Herald car at Natick square.