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## KYRIAKIDES WINS FOR GREECE

By JERRY NASON

(Editor's Note: Much has been written on the victory scored in Boston last week by Stylianos Kyriakides who won that city's famed Marathon. But nothing has stirred readers more than this brilliant piece by one of the Boston Globe's finest writers, Jerry Nason.)

The thin, dark man from Greece, who had known the pangs of hunger, feasted his eyes on the laurel wreath which he had wrested from Johnny Kelley in a savage tussle on the homestretch of the Marathon race.

He, the modern Pheidippides, had sped over 26 miles and 385 yards of American macadam to earn this herbiage which abounds in great profusion on the hillsides of Athens.

Ironic? No! Proudly he raised it. It represented 2 hours, 29 minutes, 27 seconds of blazing determination—for he was the man with a mission.

"This wreath," said Stylianos Kryiakides, 36, a bill collector for an Athens utilities company, "this I give to my little kid!"

Victory in a fairy-story Marathon on the golden anniversary of the Boston A. A. race, which in turn stems from the original Olympic contest in Athens, Kyriakides studied the wreath which George Demeter, his friend, had fashioned for the ultimate Marathon winner.

From it fluttered the brave blue and white ribbons, the Grecian national colors—for Demeter had a premonition that, at last, a Greek citizen would win the Boston cobblestone classic.

"All the time, like I tell you at the start," said Stylianos, "I have the feeling that I am going to win. Once, I think of my wife, and the two keedies. You don't believe it, but many times they have only peas—just a few peas—to eat."

Tears burst through the dam of happiness which had held back this grim-running Greek's true incentive for running, and winning—help for the destitute and hungry seven millions of Greece.

They were brave tears, and Kyriakides let them fall—unashamed. Johnny Kelley, the man he ran into the road in a stretch rush for which the script was snatched from Hollywood—well, Kelley's eyes filled up, too.

"Stanley," said John, with the grace of the vanquished for the victor, "nobody deserved to win today more than you!" John slipped his arm over the Greek's shoulder. Kyriakides brushed the tears away with his arm, gave Kelley a squeeze. "Johnny," he said, "you fine boy."

He pronounces it Keer-ee-ah-kee-dees, and he is a man in whose breast burns the fierce fires of national loyalty, and whose mission in this country was to win, if possible, and promote American assistance for his impoverished and hungry countrymen.

To Globe readers Stylianos is no stranger, for he first came here in 1938, when this writer first wrote of him... for, with Demeter at the wheel, he took Kyriakides over the Marathon course, introduced him to the Newton hills, explained every twist and turn of the long march to Boston.

He was a young man, then— young, and handsome, with a fine smile that made you open your heart to him. That was before the Germans came to Greece, and young men like Stylianos became hungry and cold, and sold all their fine clothes to get food for their starving families.

The history of those grim years are etched in the brown, travail-wrinkled features of this man with the mission.

At any rate, Kyriakides failed in 1938. Accustomed to running upon a soft dirt course, his underpinning became broken, smashed and bloody travesties of feet in the Marathon—and while he fought on, past the limits of ordinary men,



S. KYRIAKIDES

he finally retired from the contest at Lake St.

He returned to Greece, crestfallen, but with a promise on his lips. "Some day," he said, when he came in to say goodbye, "some day I come back—and maybe I win your Marathon!"

He never ran another step for three months, because his feet were badly beaten up.