

Monsieur From Quebec Very Good Bet to Win His Fourth Marathon

By JERRY NASON

The uncontested wearer of the diamond-studded championship belt as the Marathon selector least likely to succeed is the above signed purveyor of bunion onions.

Except for rare and incredible instances when the guy I named couldn't read English, or what passes for same in this space, the Marathon nomination of this corner curled up beside a hydrant somewhere along the course.



NASON

Having had our kiss of death parked upon his cheek of tan, he was no longer able to run for even a trolley car, or stagger to a cab.

And that is why the unhappiest monsieur of all Cana-dah at this moment will be Gerard Armand Cote, the blushing violet of St. Hyacinthe, Que. He is our candidate to trip lightly over the cobblestones in quest of the sprig of domestic laurel in tomorrow's footsy classic.

The fact he already has won the thing thrice will not lighten the terrific impost which we now fasten about his neck, like one of the Queen Mary's mud grapplers.

And if the Marathoning monsieur, wearing a scowl and a pair of cerise panties as he scuffles down the course, is heard muttering, "Curse Nason, curse Nason, curse Nason," do not misconstrue his remarks. What he actually will be doing is worrying aloud over the candidacy of John Kersnason, No. 6, of the Millrose A. C., New York city.

Why Cote? Well, the suspicion persists that since 1940 to date the chunky man with the sharp suits and the snowshoe shuffle has been the greatest Marathon runner in the world.

He is especially hot when he has suffered humiliation. He puffs savagely on his cigars, suddenly is not so garrulous as is his wont, and his black eyes shower sparks around the joint.

This happened after the contest in 1939. M'sieu Cote thought—O, he was as serious as a judge!—that he had that one in the palm of his hand. He'd flattened the boys in the North Medford race, and he was out to get 'em in the Marathon.

But the wild Indian, Tarzan Brown, came up with a record run in the rain and Cote was left back in eighth position, the gimp completely gone out of him.

For a long time the monsieur sat and thought his black thoughts, and puffed his black cigar, and said very little. He returned one year later, full of fight, and smashed the Indian's record.

So what? So last April 19 the heavy favorite, Gerard Cote, came to Boston. He chattered confidently, as the sparrows chattered. He spoke disparagingly of Joe Smith's record. He was, he said, about to run the greatest Marathon of his life—he who had raced many of them—and would promptly become a professional, indorsing cigars, beer, running shoes.

But Stylianos Kyriakides, a hungry Greek who wished only the indorsement of generous Americans for his impoverished country, stole the show from the monsieur.

Kyriakides and John Kelley. They left M'sieu Cote back up the pike, his velvety snowshoe shuffle unhinged and his side stabbing with cramps. His ego had been punctured. His pride injured.

Monsieur Cote disappeared from the clubhouse and Boston as if wiped with vanishing cream, and very, very little has been heard from him since. He slipped into town last evening with no blare from his trumpet.

And that is why your agent is overwhelmed by the thought that with all this fanfare about Greeks and Turks, Koreans and Finns, Kelley, Robbins and Vogel, the most dangerous man aboard is a natty little French-Canadian.

And if Gerard does not win, then Tarzan Brown will. There—that eliminates two names for the rival "experts."