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GREEK WINS OVER KELLEY IN MARATHON

I DID IT FOR MY COUNTRY

'It Was Win or Die,' Says Greek Marathoner

Continued from First Page

Greek yesterday, for this was strictly a two-man debate after the morning glories had retired and the hills of Newton had started unreeling, one on top of the other.

Up until then, Lou Gregory and John Kyrsanakis, both of the Moose A. A., had alternated in the lead with the chatty Gerrard Cote, Charley Robbins, Kelley and Kyriakides taking dead aim on them from the rear. The applause for the Greek at this point was on the polite and complimentary side with everybody visualizing another duel between Kelley and Cote and nobody, except the young man himself, figuring that he would long remain in such select circles.

But even before the first of the hills had been reached, the overconfident Cote and the plodding Robbins had been eliminated, and it was Kelley and the grim Greek who ran side by side up the long, tortuous Commonwealth av. When that small encounter was done, so was Gregory. They caught and passed him as if glued together, and now it was evident that out of a field of 101 starters only two remained who had the slightest chance for the laurel wreath.

On the second mountain, the stern Stylianos, his face seeming to portend out of supernatural tension, jumped into a lead of a few yards, but Kelley accepted the challenge and jumped right back into the lead. Two Olympic figures breasted the top of the hill side by side, in as gruesome a race as ever was run.

They were still shoulder to shoulder after 20 miles of it, when the third and the steepest of the hills loomed ahead. They were surrounded by bicycles, jeeps, motor-bikes, motor cops, and the largest flotilla of freelancers and amateur pacers that ever swept over the course in the drama-packed years.

Well, they took the last of the great hills, the one known as Heartbreak, and the lonesome miles of Boston College. Everybody else had been shattered. Kelley and Kyriakides were left. And the moment that came to them, in all probability, was the slapping of their feet on the dirt relief ways behind them.

Then, unexpectedly, those of us who were there, through the thick-neck of Cleveland Circle, and down Beacon st, Kelley got his way into a lead of almost 20 yards. It was then that he set up kissed the Greek good-by. He then, perhaps for the first time, realized that Kyriakides must certainly have been carrying the fighting flag of his nation. For it was then that he started to run as he never before, in a long career, has run.

SMILING CONFIDENTLY

Kelley, I think, thought that the victory was his at this point. He was running confidently and smiling broadly. But pretty soon the warning shouts of the crowd told him that the Greek was coming again: pretty soon he started to look around, and pretty soon the distance was absorbed—and pretty soon he knew the worst, for there was no hound for the hare.

He caught Kelley just before Lindhurst st is reached. He passed him, sauntered by the wings of his indomitable spirit. And that was all for the hard-fighting little Massachusetts boy, save for the blessing he had of running as well as he could. It was a shame that Kelley loitered or slowed down. It was that the visiting ambassador was trying literally to outpace Kenneore Square, past the Harvard Club, and home to the laurel wreath he had fought so valiantly to obtain.

That will come now, but the pale newspaper driver, that maybe he wasn't inspired at all! Why is he toward the route in 2:29:27 is a comment the most difficult the marathon course in the world. Let the record show that he was the first man to be over the top of Heartbreak hill. Then, when it was all over, he was the first man to be in the run of Pheidippides back to Athens B. C. and the city of Los Angeles at the first Olympic games in 1984. Then, he was the first obtained by the magnificos of his accumulations, broke down and wept with unrestrained emotion. And in that moment, too, his face was 3000 miles away in the land of his birth.

WONDERFUL RACE

There isn't much to be added. Yesterday, Kelley, who is not the man to beat, ran his typically wonderful race. He overcame the early lead by Cote, overhung the final hill line, though more from disappointment than from physical exhaustion, and he won the consolation of going to the mountain overbearing Gerrard Cote a sound and decisive beating. He could have been beaten by a bigger handful in more than five minutes behind his chief rival on this continent.

The others, in the first dozen, were Jos Gregory of New York, 15; Morton of Ontario, John Kennanson of New York, Lloyd Evans of Mount Charley Robbins, Ted Vogel, Louis Young, Thomas Fenton and Edward Brown.

Brown, even older friend, Clarence DeMar, spent a most enjoyable afternoon renewing acquaintanceship with his admirers along the line. He was 32d in the field of 101, which is not bad for a man who is 58. He is also the only man who has run in all, so he had a high old time for himself.

Babe Ruth Fined $15 for Speeding

YONKERS, N. Y., (AP)—George Herman "Babe" Ruth of baseball fame was fined $15 on a traffic count for speeding 40 miles an hour.

Patrolman Albert Charter 2 Wallace of Yonkers, said the Yankee slugger explained the former "King of Swat" was rushing to a chartered plane when he was stopped by the Saw Mill River pkwy March 29.

5-BATTLE STAR WINNER

AUBURN, Me., (AP)—Henry Sanders, Clemson College shortstop, won five battle stars during 39 months with the chemical warfare group in the ETO.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK—They supposedly open a restaurant but in this case, it's George Demetros, at extreme right, rushing with the laurel wreath to Stylianos Kyriakides who came all the way from Greece to register a stunning upset and win the B. A. A. marathon. That message spoken by Pheidippides when he ran from Marathon to Athens shouting "rejoice, we conquer" came to life again yesterday.

(UNP, by Frank McDermott)

Loses Shirt at Finish

Greek Victim of Autograph Seekers

Stylianos John Kyriakides, 30, a bill collector by profession who makes his home with Mrs. Kyriakides, daughter Helen, 6, and son Demetrios, 18 months, at No. 4 Koral st, Watertown, is a sensation.

This quiet and otherwise spectacular day for the Greeks, who celebrated 25 years of plenty (of pain) of an independent Greek republic at the present moment, was the biggest benefit in more than five minutes behind his chief rival on this continent.

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GOVERNOR TOBIN — STYLIANOS KYRIAKIDES
Greek Champion Congratulated by His Excellency

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George V. Brown fired the starting gun that saw the field unleashed from the original 116.

Shortly after the road plodders were away, ideal weather conditions were promised after the morning fog had lifted and that, in other years, caused confusion to the runners and spectators.

Besides Gerry Cote, the three-time Canadian champion from Montreal, was the pre-race favorite of the experts. Cote, who has faced outstanding threats in Tarzan Brown, the Rhode Island Red, Joe Smith, Tarzan Zorn and Lloyd Barrett in the past, was the class of the field.

Jim Peterkin, representing the White House, was the first official to report, getting his word position to space. He was followed by delay—a new addition to the famous A. A. marathon—at 10:32 Thursday.

The 58-year-old Clarence DeMar, the granddaddy of marathoners and a Boston favorite, was back for another try.

Lou Gregory, New York A. A. sporting the colors of the Middlesex A. A., was the first to be led by 5c yards at the 9-mile mark in Framingham. Gregory was 21 minutes, 27 seconds behind Tarzan Brown's record clocking of 50:23 3-5 set at that point.

John Kennanson, Gregory's running mate, was in third position behind George L. Dargie of the R. A. F. Dargie was 1:40 behind the pace set by Brown. Gerry Cote was close behind with Stylianos Kyriakides, Greek champion, in fifth position.

At the advance field reached Natick, Kennanson took over the lead with Gregory jogging behind. The time was 53 minutes, more than two minutes slower than the 10-year mark set by Brown at seven-mile checking station.

Kennanson was still ahead of the field at Wellesley sq., 12.5 miles from Hopkinton, the start of the 40 mile journey. Gregory was still in second place with Dargie, Cote and Brown moved up to fourth, closely followed by Cote and Robbins. Stylianos was seventh.

Before the start of the grind, the four former winners, who were entered, got together to wish one another luck and at the same time guess for the concession. They were Clarence DeMar, seven time winner; Gerry Cote, three times the winner; Johnny Kelley, winner last year and in 1935, and Tarzan Brown, a winner in 1936.

Cote took the honors in 1940 in his first victory and captured the event in 1941 and '44 before he went overseas. Brown was in 1936 and again in 1939.

Dan Wadsworth, former chairman of the board of the Red Cross reconstruction, was on hand to hearten] referee.

Walter Brown, general manager of the Boston Garden and president of the B. A. A., was at his usual spot at the finish line to greet the runners.

The girls from Wellesley College turned out en masse at Wellesley sq. to cheer the Greek and Lou Gregory, the English speedster from Bournemouth, England, as they trundled with a spot of ink.

Trailing in the rich uniform Nation, Ellison "Tarzan" Brown, the terse veteran of Narragansett Indian, started to step out and lead Lou Gregory in the 15-mile run for the Newton hills. He did it for a few minutes, gamely and doggedly as the field thundered by, but he was not built for the climb up the hills.

Kennanson apparently had shed his pace and disposed of Lou Gregory in the Newton hills. Gregory, then, took the lead shortly after Wellesley sq.

Runners leaving Wellesley behind Robbins took time out to scrape the tags which were on the soles of their sneakers squeezed sponges over their heads.

Kelley, who had been running a well-paced race all the way, made his first bid at Wellesley, when he passed the tiring Kennanson and started to shorten the gap between himself and Gregory. Cote moved up to fourth, closely behind, clung to John's heels, and appeared pleased to regulate his pace with that of the two-time champion.

Here it is again. Annual photo of marathon leaders passing Wellesley College (AP, by Louis Arbetter)

WORD FROM HOME AIDS VICTORY

By STYLIANOS KYRIAKIDES

As Told to Mike Gilhooly

I did my best for Greece but it was a victory for America as well as for my homeland. If it hadn't been for those American drinks, I'd probably never have held up to the finish. I've put on almost five pounds in the 10 days I've been here. That was the difference in defeat and victory for me.

There'll be a National Holiday throughout my homeland tomorrow because I won. At home, they would have celebrated for a week over a great sporting event.

I was a few years younger that I'm now the last time I had an opportunity to run in the Boston marathon, but I had no more confidence in myself than I have this morning. I received a letter from my daughter, Helen, a week ago. It was written by my wife and it was the word from home that I needed. It told me she wanted me to win so I had to, the gallant Greek marathoner knew that sincere tears as he thought of his daughter, homeland and wife, because of the lean years during the war against the Axis invasion.

When I left Greece (b- place to New York), I told my friends that I would bring the first Greek victory in the B. A. A. marathon. I was overlooked among those Hellenians who finished in the money in the first three. But I did even better than that. I finished first and all the way on my wristwatch and I was the first Greek home.

This time, I trained in the mountains where the big snow is at my home. You see, still we have snow in the mountains of Greece in the month of April.

But, Oh, wasn't they be happy when I come home! There will be all light up every square height. Even the little village where I was a little note to carry to my mother will be celebrating with the rest. Stylianos Kyriakides won! Win Or Die. Here it is now. I thought of my homeland during the long

RETURN INTO YEARS

At home, I work for the Athens Electric Light Co. Before I entered the war here for me. It cost $40,000 for overseas tuition and I have always worked for them. Before I left for the war, I had a good job, home (probably not a very welcome) and a wife and daughter. Now I have two.

I don't know what I'll do with the $1000 prize money. I think I will give it to my kids. And once I get back to Greece and look at my daughter, I'll wrestle with the problem of how I'll get her here. I have brought back (incidentally I was made up in shoddy).

I'll be here another month to run in the marathon at Yonkers, Niles in Geneva and Detroit. I'll be back in Greece for the 1948 Olympics.

Notre Dame Ace In 4 Drake Events

NOTRE DAME, Ind.—Bill Leonard, Notre Dame's star distance runner, will be in four events at the annual Drake Relays, April 26 and 27, Coach Elmer Layden announced today. Leonard will be the anchor man on the mile relay team and four-mile relay team.

Leonard will also run a mile in the four-mile relay, and will be entered in the mile and another half mile. Leonard says he will also probably run a mile in the Notre Dame-Army track meet here the morning a mile and a half before the Drake relays and will not have a chance for every day meet. Leonard turned in a 4:08.6 mile in the Notre Dame-Navy meet running third behind Tommy Quinn and Leo Nowicki, who finished in a dead heat.

Dutch Slaughter Cavaliers' Scout

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va. (AP)—A. B. Slaughter, Jr., of Americus, Georgia, baseball scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers, has been appointed baseball coach at the University of Virginia, it was announced by Dr. Colgate W. Darden, Jr., president. Slaughter succeeds Virginia Cavalier baseball coach in all sports since 1936. Slaughter's teams compiled the Virginia record for the eight years from 1938 to 1945.

SECOND
John A. Kelley (W. Acton)

THIRD
Gerard Cote (Montreal)

FOURTH
Louis P. Gregory (New York city)

FIFTH
Ali Nurmi (Canada)

SIXTH
John Kennanson (W. Y. C.)

SEVENTH
Lloyd Evans (Montreal)

DR. LELYVELD — KYRIAKIDES — GEORGE DEMETERS
Examine feet of marathon winner after race
(UNP, by Frank McDermott)