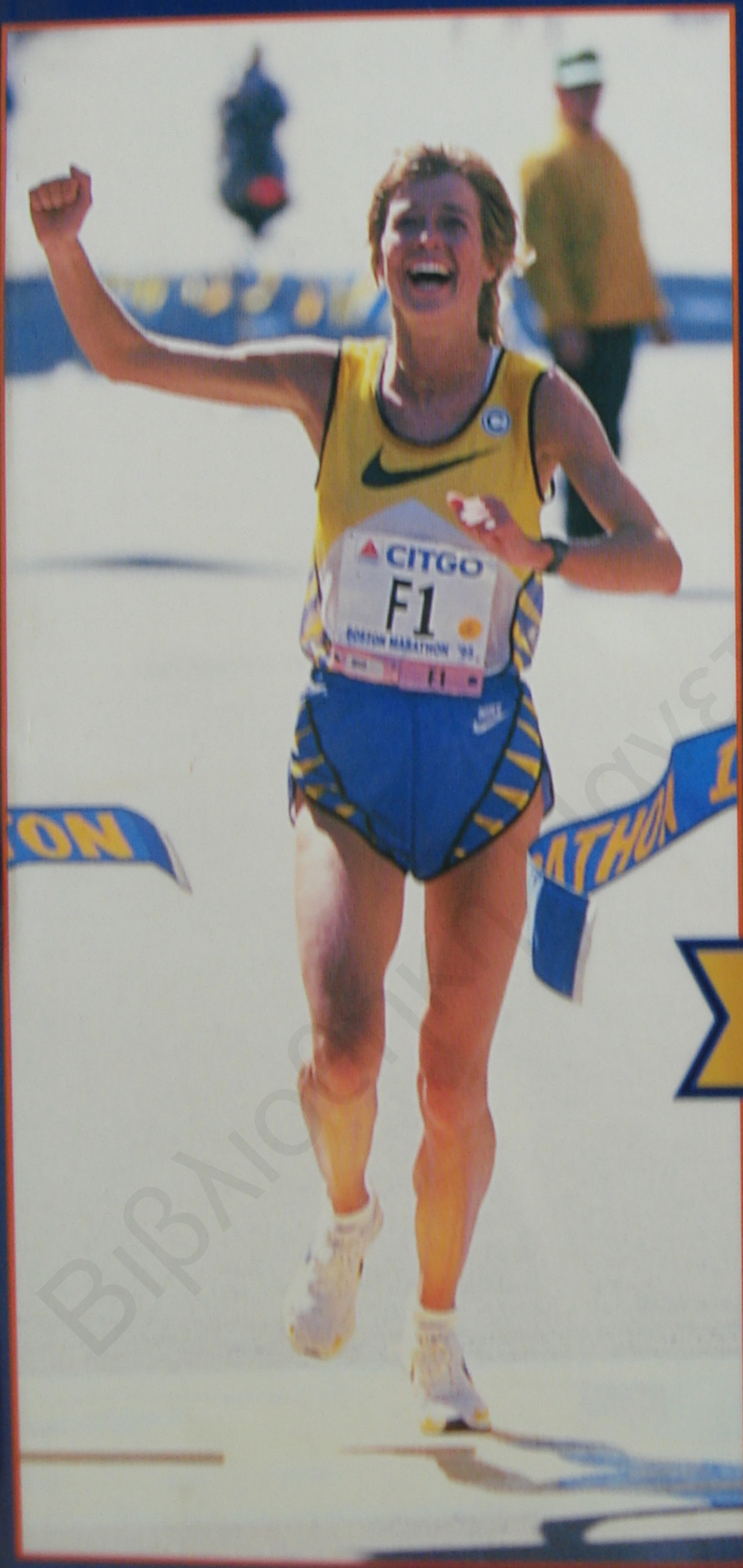


BOSTON MARATHON



**The First
Century of
the World's
Premier
Running
Event**

**CENTENNIAL
RACE EDITION**

Forewords by
Joan Benoit Samuelson
and Bill Rodgers

TOM DERDERIAN

DeMar noted that the smallest he'd ever seen. Many doubted that the marathon this year were the all these years, including through the Great Depression, would survive if the war continued any longer. DeMar wondered if it might bring more to the Patriots' Day holiday fun if he dropped a couple of typesetting jobs to run next year. The marathon needed something to survive. It was more than a sporting event, it was a celebration of spring, a lifting of public spirit after another dreary New England winter. But it would need a new hero and a new story, one that would touch the pathos of the public in a postwar world.

Many doubted that the Boston Marathon, after surviving all these years, including the Great Depression, would survive if the war continued.

1945 Results

1. J.A. Kelley, West Acton, MA	2:30:40*	9. J. Semple, U.S. Navy	2:47:36
2. L. Bairstow, USCG	2:32:50*	10. A. Morton, Toronto, ON	2:49:55
3. D. Heinicke, WHC, MD	2:36:28*	11. G. Daniels, NYMA	2:50:50
4. R. Rankine, ON	2:38:03	12. G. Dickson, MillAA	2:50:58
5. L. Evans, Montreal, PQ	2:39:43	13. C. Maroney, NMC	2:55:26
6. C. Robbins, U.S. Navy, MA	2:39:51	14. L. Jolin, Montreal, PQ	2:55:43
7. L. Young, NMC	2:40:22	15. M. O'Hara, U.S. Navy	2:56:57
8. T. Mederios, N. Medford, MA	2:41:04		

90 entrants, 67 starters.

*Fastest three times in the world in 1945.

STARVING GREEKS

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1946

50th Running of Classic Race

At last the war was over. But the suffering did not end. A *Boston Daily Globe* headline on April 17 proclaimed, "Truman [says] Eat Less Two Days a Week

for Starving People of the World." In Greece 7 million people left destitute by the war faced starvation. Communist guerillas in the country's north resolved in February to continue the civil war. This new war raged at a cruel cost to the rural population, who saw many of their children captured to be raised as future guerilla fighters in border states under Communist control. Refugees numbering 700,000 fled to the cities under government control. The cities could not handle the influx. There was not enough food. Stylianos Kyriakides came to Boston to tell the world about the plight of the people of his country. But first he had to win the marathon.

Before he left Athens, Kyriakides told his family and friends that he would win the Boston Marathon or die trying. Echoing the Greek adage, "with this or on this," by which mothers would admonish their sons to return victorious from battle either carrying their shield or being carried upon it, he reminded Americans of the warring origins of the marathon.

Kyriakides had been to Boston to run the marathon in 1938. A dark, wiry, craggy-faced man, he had arrived in 1938 with the credentials of his 2:43:20 marathon in the 1936 Berlin Olympics, where he placed 11th. But in Boston he had developed horrible blisters, so he had to drop out at 21 miles and take an expensive taxi to the finish. But 1938 was a world and a lifetime ago. In 1938 Kyriakides was a young man, well fed and fearless. But in April of 1941, as Leslie Pawson won his last Boston Marathon, Hitler's Twelfth Army and Mussolini's Ninth Army fought a whirlwind blitzkrieg down the Balkans to conquer and occupy Greece. Kyriakides found himself a prisoner in his own ruined country. There was little to eat and nothing to do but what you were told.

One night during the occupation a Nazi patrol caught Kyriakides out of the bounds set by the Nazis. The Germans usually took no chances with their non-German subjects. They responded to partisan activity with pitiless cruelty. Usually after a quick court-martial a Greek caught out of bounds would be shot. The commanding officer ordered Kyriakides to empty his pockets. The officer saw a card.

"What is this?"

"It is my Olympic pass for the 1936 Games at Berlin."

"Were you there?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"Marathon."

"Ah, marathon. An athlete. Why didn't you tell me that? Here, take your clothes. Go."

On another day a different group of German soldiers, bent on looting, visited the Kyriakides household. They saw a display case, which they ordered the family to empty. They saw a picture of Stylianos in his Olympic uniform. So great was the German respect for athletes that they replaced

everything in the case, issued profuse apologies, and left the family alone. On these occasions Stylianos Kyriakides's athletic prowess had saved his life and his property. Now he would use his athletic ability to help save all of Greece. The electricity company paid his way to Boston. They got him extra food rations so he could train. They asked him to thank America for defeating the Nazis. Kyriakides wanted to win the Boston Marathon so he could beg for shiploads of food to be sent to his homeland. His was an act of desperation driven by an utter lack of material resources. A lot of things had to go right for it to succeed.

George Demeter, owner of the Hotel Minerva, performed as the marathon host of the Boston Greek community. It was in Boston that Kyriakides had his first steak in 8 years. Demeter was the man who chased Boston Marathon winners over the finish line to crown them with a wreath of laurel leaves picked in Greece. Before the race he gave Kyriakides a note with a message written in Greek to inspire him. In rough translation the message said, "Win or Die."

The Boston Marathon had survived the war years. This was the 50th marathon. As former runners and potential runners got out of the service, the ranks of men competing in long-distance running increased. A lot of things had changed this year for the Boston Marathon. For one thing the number of entrants was up—112 runners entered, and 102 started. And the old Tebeau farm would no longer be the prerace headquarters. A hundred marathoners were too many for the family with four children who now lived in the Lucky Rock Manor farmhouse. The headquarters moved to the Hopkinton Community Center. And no longer would police escorts ride the course on motorcycles. They rode instead in brand-new squad cars, equipped with two-way radios and amplifiers, to manage the crowds and especially the herds of young bicyclists.

Another new feature greeted runners at the start. Race officials herded them into a fenced enclosure—a slat-and-wire snow fence kept the official, numbered runners separate from spectators and riff-raff. An official checked them in and out of the corral. The thinly clad runners, coated with liniment and reeking of its wintergreen scent, milled about, resting or chatting with each other.

Gerard Cote survived the war and said he was in the best shape of his life. He was afraid only of Don Heinicke. Cote did not know that Heinicke had become a father on Tuesday. DeMar at 58 had fatherhood well behind him, but he came to run. Narragansett Indian Ellison Brown came back too. He and his wife, and four children lived in a tarpaper shack by Narragansett Bay. No more defense plant job. Typifying the racist views about Indians, Jerry Nason of the *Globe* wrote that Brown lived as if the white man had never come to this country. He hunted and fished as well as did an odd job or two to make a living.

Lou Gregory, the second-place finisher to Joe Smith in 1942, took the early lead. He had run the second fastest of the only four sub-2:30 marathons in BAA history; Cote had run one of the others. Gregory had 50 yards on the field by Framingham. A brisk and cold tailwind helped the runners, but the time in Framingham was 2 minutes slower than the record. It was an odd thing for this field to go out so slowly on such a good running day. Were they all watching each other like cats and mice?

By Natick Gregory had drifted back into a big pack while John Kernason of the Millrose Athletic Association played a solo lead by 75 yards. A tall skinny man who wore thick glasses, Kernason worked as a stenographer for the postmaster of New York City. He had a penchant for extremely fast starts. The big pack contained a population including Charley Robbins, Cote, Heinicke, AB Morton, Lloyd Bairstow, Kyriakides, and Johnny Kelley. By Wellesley the stenographer had 150 yards on Gregory and 350 yards on Kelley, Cote, Kyriakides, Robbins, and Bairstow.

A terrific traffic jam followed the runners. The war effort had forced gasoline rationing, so people did not drive frivolously. Traffic had annoyed marathon runners during the war years, but now it menaced them. It seemed that everyone from the mayor to the governor to each reporter had to have a car and had to drive next to the leaders. The officials had cars. VIPs all had their own cars. People lined the streets. The politicians saw a parade and had to get in on it. The autos vied for position, and spectators leaned out of car windows and shouted at their favorites. Pedestrian spectators had trouble seeing the runners, and the little racers seemed secondary to the big machines. But the men ran with deadly seriousness. Lou Gregory had passed Kernason and led until the Newton hills, where Kyriakides and Kelley caught and passed him. Both looked fresh and full of running.

Kelley feared the jinx of second place would grab him again. He expected to win, of course, but worried nonetheless. But for Kyriakides, grimmer terms framed the race. For he had to do or die, as George Demeter had written on that little scrap of paper. His sponsors, his employers, his cause for the starving people of Greece insisted on his victory. He had taken extra food in a country of underfed people. For them he could do nothing less than win. This race was not recreation for Kyriakides. With the food he took the responsibility to come home like an ancient Greek warrior—either victorious with his shield or carried upon it, dead. The Americans thought marathon running was a sport. But for Kyriakides the race was life itself.

When the pursuers had disappeared, Kyriakides and Kelley settled down to a death sprint. Kyriakides's best marathon was his Olympic 2:43. Kelley had run 10 minutes faster, but in Berlin he had only run 2:49. Every race is a new race. The past may predict, but it doesn't dictate. Kyriakides had more to lose and more to win than Kelley.

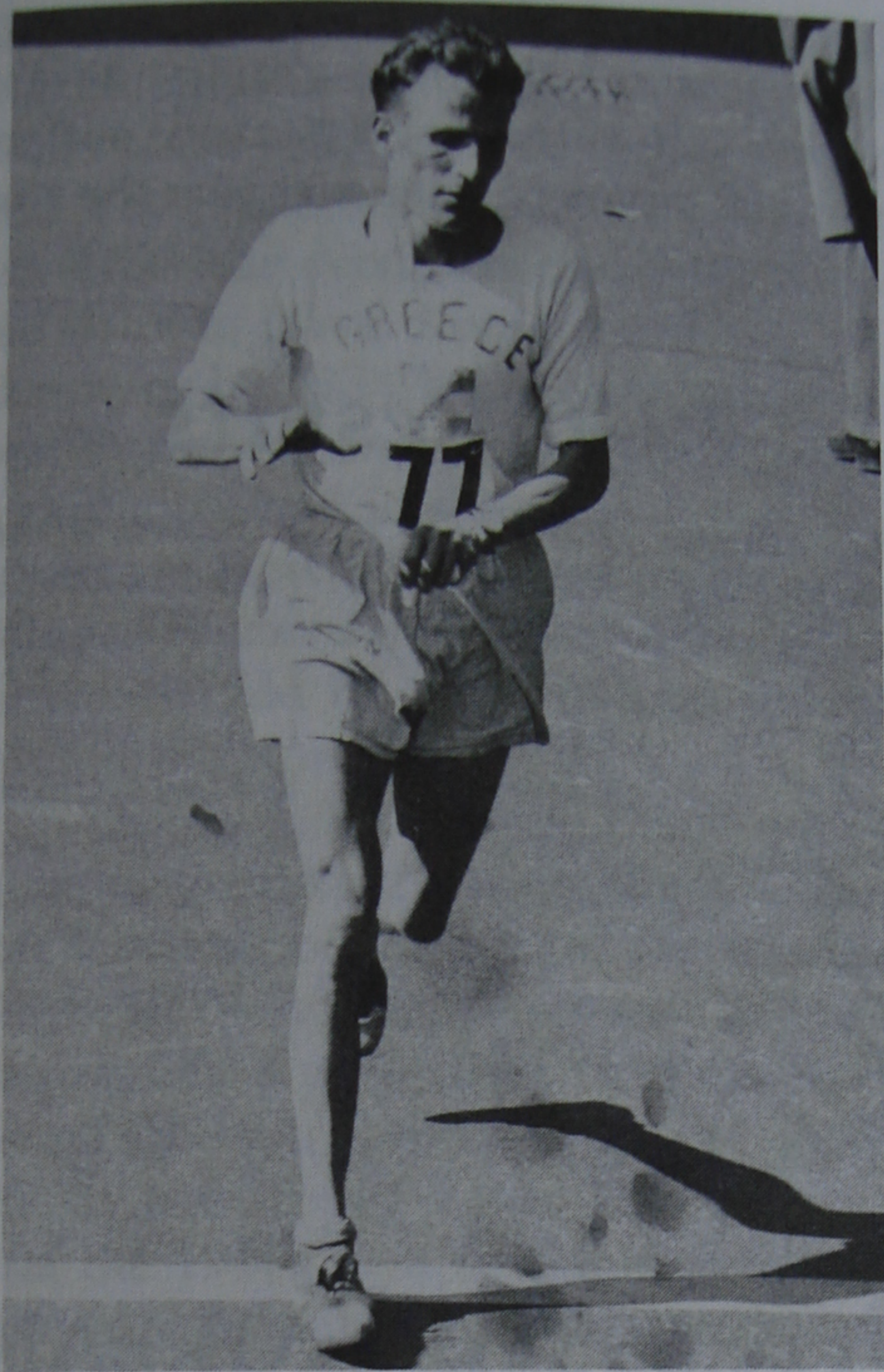
Kelley and Kyriakides slammed themselves into the hills. Kyriakides wore a shirt with "Greece" in a semicircle across his chest. Below it was a flag

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Stylianos Kyriakides came from war-ravaged Greece to carry a message; to deliver it he had to win the 1946 Boston Marathon. He did. Photo courtesy of the *Boston Herald*.

with a blue cross and the Greek initials of his home club. Kelley wore his Edison Employees' Club shirt. Kelley tried to run away, but Kyriakides stuck. For his country he had to crucify himself on Kelley and the course. From Lake Street to St. Mary's, Kelley and Kyriakides ran together.

In the last stages of the race Kyriakides broke from Kelley. As he did he thought of torches burning on the Acropolis. He thought of his two young children and his wife, Eugenia. Meals for them were often reduced to a few peas. Kyriakides drove his emaciated body to speeds and distances it had never reached. But Kelley found himself in a place he had been before—second place, now for the seventh time. Kyriakides felt the relief of a Christian let down off his cross.

After his glorious finish Kyriakides wept with joy as he talked to reporters. He said he planned to stay in the United States for a month and beg for Greece. He wanted a boatload of food, milk, and medicine for his country. Even Kelley, who was pushed back to second place again, gave up his disappointment as he was caught up in the Greek's emotions. He congratulated Kyriakides heartily: "It's great that you won, Stylianos. It's great for your country." Greece had indeed suffered under occupation during the

war, and Kyriakides's victory in Boston did raise money to send relief to his homeland. But his was not the only country devastated by war and occupation. On the other side of the world Koreans suffered under the cruel occupation of the imperial Japanese. The next year the Koreans would come to Boston to make their point.

1946 Results

1. S. Kyriakides, OAC, Athens	2:29:27*	12. E. Brown, RDAC	2:48:47
2. J.A. Kelley, West Acton, MA	2:31:27*	13. J. Anderson, AAC	2:49:33
3. G. Cote, NAC, Montreal, PQ	2:36:34	14. A. Lundberg, Dedham, MA	2:52:09
4. L. Gregory, MillAA	2:37:23	15. L. White, NYPC	2:52:29
5. A. Morton, Galt, ON	2:38:53	16. L. Bolg, MillAA	2:55:09
6. J. Kernason, MillAA	2:41:20	17. R. Meyer, Chicago, IL	2:55:54
7. L. Evans, Montreal, PQ	2:43:02	18. O. Kisson, GoodAC, ON	2:56:18
8. C. Robbins, Jr., NYMA	2:43:59	19. D. Mazzeo, Rockland, ME	2:57:07
9. T. Vogel, U.S. Navy, BAA	2:44:24	20. J. Semple, BAA	2:57:51
10. L. Young, NMC	2:44:38	32. C. DeMar, Reading, MA	3:09:55
11. T. Mederios, NMC	2:47:25		

112 entrants, 102 starters.

*Fastest two times in the world in 1946.

OPPRESSED KOREANS

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1947

Olympic Champion Comes to Boston

Results of the 1936 Olympic marathon list the winner as Kitei Son, a young Japanese student. But the man's name was not really Kitei Son, and he was not Japanese. He was rather a Korean named Ki Chung Sohn, forced by the Japanese administration that had ruled Korea since 1905 to take a Japanese name and run under the colors of Japan. After all, the Japanese reasoned, the nation of Korea did not exist. But patriotic Koreans thought they still had a country and would again as soon as they got rid of the Japanese. When photos of Kitei Son, born Ki Chung Sohn, had arrived in Korea, the local newspaper editors painted over the rising sun on his Japanese uniform with Korean colors and printed his Korean name in the caption. When the occupying Japanese authorities saw the newspaper, they exploded. They closed down the paper, jailed the editors, and banned Koreans from all competitive running from that day on. The imperial Japanese were harsh masters, racists who regarded Koreans as garlic- and cabbage-reeking sub-humans.