

Greek's Final Dash Enables Him to Capture Golden Marathon

In the earlier stages they had the company of Gerry Cote, who finished third in his last race before turning pro and of Charley Robbins, the American champion who was in eighth place ultimately.

When they hit the hill at Brae Burn, the first of Newton's fateful "baby mountains," the two K boys nailed Lou Gregory, who alternated with John Kersnason of New York in the leader's position almost from the very start.

Little Sprints Start in Newton

After that it was ding dong, daddy. Starting at Newton City Hall and on past Heartbreak Hill, where neither showed signs of cracking, they started testing each other with little sprints. Altogether the lead teetered back and forth five or six times.

Kelley was ahead at Lake st., but he was plainly concerned about Kyriakides, challenging dangerously about 20 yards in his wake. Johnny admitted after the race that he knew Kyriakides was fresh and full of running.

At Kent st., Kyriakides definitely put on steam, and Kelley looked back over his shoulder to observe his opponent threading his way through the super-abundant "official" cars.

Finally, in front of 1047 Beacon st. Kyriakides charged past the tiring Irishman from West Acton. It was still a mile and a half or so from the finish, but the issue was settled right there. It was evident to the crowd which had been dividing its cheers with "Go, Johnny," "Go on, Greek." It was evident to Kelley, too.

The Athenian pulled the throttle wide open then. Coming into Kenmore sq., he was 100 yards in front, and he increased that as they moved through the roaring human cavern toward the Soden Building.

After the traditional laurel wreath was placed on his head by his friend George Demeter, Kyriakides expressed his natural delight. The time was not important to him, although dyed-in-the-wool Marathon fans thought surely Smith's record would go, with a brisk wind behind the runners most of the way.

Cote, three times a winner here ('40, '43 and '44), was confident that he could win this time. The stylish Montreal stepper is cashing in on his record from here in, with commercial endorsements and the like. Gerry made a brave bid, but he faltered at Auburndale, where the two Ks were getting into their vendetta in earnest. As it was he made a fighting finish, to pull himself up from fifth at Woodland to third at the finish.

Blisters Annoy Gregory

Gregory, who had led the field very early, was in fourth place, with badly blistered feet and a lame knee, which went bad at Coolidge Corner, forcing him to walk part of the way in. Lou, now 40 years

old, has held 19 national championships at distances from 10,000 meters up to 30 kilometers. A former schoolteacher, he was released from the Navy in January as a lieutenant commander, and would like to make the service his career.

In fifth place was Albert ("Ab") Morton, 31-year-old protege of Scotty Rankin, from Galt, Ont. "Ab" was running in only his third Marathon. He's done very well, too. He was 10th here last year and fifth in the National at Workers.

Kersnason, who held the lead through Natick and the Welles eyes was sixth, finishing briskly in a dejected looking pair of sneakers. A 34-year-old father of two children, Kersnason is stenographer to the Postmaster of New York. The bespectacled New Yorker was something of a stranger to the curbstone viewers although he made an appearance in the B. A. A. race last year.

Lloyd Evans, the combination road racer and snowshoer from Toronto, was in seventh position, ahead of Robbins. The next in line and the first serviceman on the list was SCM 3 Ted Vogel, USNR, a Watertown boy now stationed at Camp Perry, near Washington. Ted did a handsome job when you consider he stood on the train coming up, from Washington to Providence, and didn't arrive in Boston until 7 o'clock yesterday morning. Rounding out the first 10 was Lou Young of North Medford Club, who was seventh in '45.

A Relief

When the kindhearted woman shut the door and turned, she found herself faced by her irate mate. "Why on earth must you feed every tramp who comes to the door?" he demanded, heatedly.

"You've no idea," she replied sweetly, "what a relief it is to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."—Clipping.