

Meantime, the stormy clouds of war rolled over Europe and, in time, enveloped the brave little land. I didn't hear from him again until Monday evening, April 8, 1946. I was sitting there at my typewriter when somebody came to the office door and said, somewhat apologetically, "Jerry Nason?"

It was Kyriakides. For a moment I didn't know him. But that smile I'd have identified had I been an American tourist gandering at the Acropolis.

He'd just arrived, he said—5000 miles by plane, 220 by train, and then he told me the story of his travails during the German occupation. He'd been hungry many times, this man with the brave, black eyes. His family had hungered. All his splendid clothes, stout shoes, silk shirts had been bartered for food. His house had gone, also to provide food for his wife and two small children.

"In Greece today," said he, "there is nothing—nothing! There are no roads no bridges no trams—no harbors.

"There is nothing—nothing except the soil of Greece and a people determined to survive and be great again."

He was running for those hungry people, Stylianos said. The Greek Athletic Federation was paying his expenses. Actually, the Athens-Piraeus Electricity Company, for which he has worked since 1936, was footing the bill.

"Last week, before I left," he remarked, "all the people—the poor and hungry people—say to me: 'Tell them in America, say to every American: Thanks!'

"You see we haven't much in Greece today. We haven't enough food, or clothing, or any of the necessities of living. But what we have we owe to Americans."

So his mission here was explain-

ed. Did he have the stamina for such a feat? Well, his company had managed to get him extra food rations. "I think I have the strength for it," he said. "If not in my legs, then maybe here—in my heart!" A big heart—and a small man (5-7, 134 pounds).

Kyriakides had punished himself, as only a Greek can punish himself when within him burns a bonfire of such intensity. He punished himself over the rough, rocky mountain roads outside Athens. This time, he promised himself, his feet should not falter, or crumble on the Boston Marathon course.

"Look at them," he grinned as he sat on a rubbing table, like a lark on a willow sprig. "Not a blister. Not anything!"

His company, footing the bills, did not demand that Stylianos win. They were satisfied if he finished one-two-three. Today, he knows, he is the national hero in all of Greece.

For himself he cares little. For Greece, and what this smashing 2:29.27 rush in the famous Boston Marathon may do to assist her, it means everything.

He was born in Cyprus, a British colony. He became a Greek citizen in 1936, and ran 11th in the Olympic Marathon in Berlin for Ellas. He is married, a second time, and has a little boy and a little girl.

And in his breathless run to glory yesterday, in his determined rush to overwhelm Kelley in the last two miles, he carried with him a small piece of paper.

On one side was written, in Greek (by George Demeter): "Dó or Die!" On the other, "We are victorious!"

Kyriakides read the first at Hopkinton. He read the second at Exeter St., Boston.

"We," meaning Kyriakides and the thought of Greece he carried high in his heart, were victorious!