

# DENGIS SIZES UP FIELD

## Marathoner Thinks Wellesley Girls Will Mob Cote, Kyriakides So-So, Durgin "Big If"

By JERRY NASON

The annual analytical and often vitriolic missive from Marathoner Pat Dengis has, at long last, reached its destination in yonder mail box. If we do say so, it exceeds in both its Boswellian composition and its unrestrained interpretations of life among the macadam maulers any of the similar critiques Mr. Dengis has been forwarding from Baltimore for several years.

Regular customers at this stand have come to know the literature and the culprit extraordinarily well. For those who just stopped by for a sandwich and a mug of beer this man Dengis is the All-American selection for 1935 and 1937, is most definitely Welsh, and has won every Marathon of consequence on the North American continent save one—the Boston A. A. race.

His yearly pre-race comments lack, perhaps, some of the tact which most of the professional scribes exercise, but his are gems of wisdom, fall where they may.

Pat's 12-page, closely-scribbled effort of next Tuesday's excursion so reeks with animation that we will print it by installments, the following comments and observations (all Mr. Dengis') constituting the first:

**In re: Gerald Cote, Canada**

"Now let's look at Monsieu Cote—the Oo-la-la gent from St. Hyacinthe," pens Pat. "This lad is on the wrong track. He's the answer to a maiden's prayer. You know the type—I keez ze hand, madame.' Boston is no place for him in the month of April. It should be 'Paris in the Spring.' At a dance in Yonkers last Fall after a race there I was nearly trampled to death by the moon-struck ladies trying to get a dance with this frog-eating Casanova. He is the greatest ladies' man to ever come down the pike. It's a two-to-one bet he won't get by Wellesley College, for the breathless gals out there will mob him.

"I managed to run him down with a stretch drive less than two miles from the finish at Yonkers last November, but my fair lady swears he started to make those big 'goo-goo' eyes at a pretty little blonde, taking his mind off the race, and that's why I beat him. O, Jerry, if he could only cook.

"He can sure travel, though, but

he has a worse finishing sprint than I have (which you know is lousy) and I feel I have his number in those last three miles."

**In re: Stylianos Kyriakides, Greece**

Dengis still speaking: "And this Mr. Kyriakides would find the most profitable thing he can do on this trip to U. S. A. would be to open up a quick-lunch restaurant down near the South Station. He is a fair-to-middling type of Marathoner, but is no sensation; claims he never walked in a race—and I say 'Nuts' to that. In July, 1935, in the British Marathon, A. J. Norris and Kyriakides both alternately ran and walked the last three miles, with Norris winning, 3h. 2m. 57s.

"I know my seconds, Jerry, and if our Grecian friend expects a victory in Boston, he will first have to dispose of a dozen men who have been gunning for this race for six months. I'll give him fifth and no better."

**In re: Leslie Pawson, Pawtucket**

Mr. Dengis still has the floor: "Les Pawson is as unpredictable as ever. He's either very good or equally bad, and I'm always expecting him to forget to stop and tear off a 2h. 25m. race. Still, in our last two meetings I was able to run him down in the last five miles. But win, lose or draw, Les stands alone (and I mean alone, Jerry) as the finest and best of the 'no alibi' runners."

**In re: George Durgin**

"George Durgin is another headache for those who view their chances through rose-colored glasses. Forget his Cathedral and Medford races—he was only running for 'Sweeney' both times. At Yonkers last year he tore the field apart for 23 miles and I was just able to nail him at 25 with a super-special stretch drive that I honestly feel I never can duplicate.

"The big 'if' is this: Can Durgin hold up in the last two miles with three or four of the 'stayers' on his heels fighting hard? I have a hunch he may not get by the last mile—not in 1938, anyway. Durgin is the big question mark of this race. (He has blonde hair, blue eyes, but that won't get him anything in the Marathon.)"

And that concludes those portions of Pat Dengis' missive we intend to print today. Drop around Wednesday afternoon and get a load of his Kelley and Donato analysis.

(Continued Wednesday)