

# Cote Finishes Third As Half Million Cheer Plodders Off Record

## Winner Goes Course In 2:29.27 in 50th BAA Classic

By DAVE EGAN

There must be a feeling of deep satisfaction throughout ancient Greece this Easter morn, for today they know in the hills of Attica that the human spirit is imperishable.

They knew it because yesterday, over the rugged roadway that leads from Hopkinton to Boston, one of their native sons accomplished the impossible, moved a mountain with faith, and won the classic B. A. A. marathon after an epic struggle with Johnny Kelley, the king of American road-racers.

### PICTURE OF FLAG

You know, and Greece knows, and all the world knows that his name his Stylianos Kyriakides of Athens. He flew 5000 miles to run a back-breaking 26, plus some small change of yards. Underweight and undernourished himself, he came here as a representative of a starving nation, in the hope that he might dramatize its plight and win it a hearing in this land of abundance. And yesterday, it is safe to say that he scored the most popular upset in all the history of the race as he stormed through thundering lines of thousands to beat Kelley by 1m. 33s after a spectacular struggle.

This little man—he is 36 and the father of two small children—looked like a refugee. There was not a pinch of meat on his lean, little body, nor the hint of a smile on his swarthy face. The Englishman who came over here—Kenneth H. H. Baily of Bournemouth—was a jolly soul, bowing and smiling finishing exactly nowhere, but the Greek was a man with a mission, and ran like one.

### ONLY TWO REMAIN

He said later that he had carried in his mind, throughout the race, a picture of the Greek flag. That was why he refused to quit when Kelley, just two miles from home and his third Marathon victory, had built up a lead of 15 yards. That's why he came reeling back, to cut down the lead inch by inch and foot by foot, to catch finally and then pass Kelley just before Audobon road was reached; and then to pile it on with desperate nervous energy and leave poor little Johnny far up the road. He won it for the honor of suffering Greece, and with it he must have won countless friends for that nation.

All the world loves an underdog who can rise to a great occasion, and there was mile after mile of proof that the world loved this scrawny, thin-legged, raven-haired

Continued on Page 26, Column 1