

Everybody There Saw Johnny!

BAA Victory Atones for Failure in Olympics

By JOHNNY KELLEY
(As Told to Pat Horne)

Trying to explain my victory in the B.A.A. marathon, or to thank the people who have made this tremendous day possible is virtually an impossible task. But, I can say that I will always remember this day.

The surging feeling of crossing the finish line as the winner and having Mayor Hynes put the laurel wreath on my head is one which I will never forget.

The physical exhaustion of having run the marathon course, the aching feet and tightening leg muscles all seem to leave at this particular moment.

Before the race started, while we were getting ready at the Hopkinton High school gym, George Terry, Rudy Mendez and myself figured that we would stick together for the first 13 miles and try to remain within striking distance of the foreign runner who was out front.

But in the back of my mind was that defeat which myself and the other American runners, suffered in Melbourne.

When I crossed the finish line my first thoughts were that this victory makes up for not winning the Olympic event.

I ran the race just as it had been planned, stayed with the leaders for the first 13 miles. Then I began to think about moving out.

With about 10 miles to go I was fortunate enough to be the first American so I figured that this was the time for me to make my bid. I thought for a second about what Mendez had said to me at the 13 mile mark.

"Johnny, you're running a good 1:20 race right now and I believe this will win it. So stay with it," Rudy urged me.

With this in mind, I moved ahead of Viikko Karvonen and he's the one we figured would be the guy to beat. We started up that long hill, the

one where the Newton-Wellesley Hospital is at the top, and I felt great. My lead expanded and I knew I was running well.

We went over hill No. 2 and then No. 3 and although I never looked around to see where Karvonen was, I knew that my edge was increasing.

When Heart-break Hill, as the newspapermen call it, came into sight and realized that this was the make or break point for me. It was here that Antti Viskari of Finland caught me last year. I kept my pace and moved up the hill very well.

I leveled off coming down past and saw that the crowds were getting bigger and bigger. As I ran past the people they all shouted words of encouragement and applause. This was a great lift and although there are only about five miles to go from this point, a race can still be lost here even though you have a good lead.

Never at any time did I feel as though I had it won.

When I got to Kenmore sq. the people were yelling that the next man was no where in sight. The confidence began to bubble inside of me and I slowed down just a little bit.

Everything inside of me began to pound when I made the turn off Commonwealth ave. onto Exeter st. and I could see the crowd gathered around the finish line.

I saw my wife, half smiling and half crying, as I crossed the finish line and I knew that I had reached my goal—I had won the B.A.A. marathon.

I will never be able to personally thank each person who has had a hand in this victory but I do want everyone to know that this was not a one-man job. I will be forever grateful to all who have had a hand in this conquest.

Last, but by no means least, I thank God for this great day!



FINNISH THREAT AS OLAVI MANNINEN (NO. 4) AND VEIKKO KARVONEN (NO. 3) FLANK JOHNNY KELLEY Wellesley College Co-Eds Spur Johnny Kelley and the Winner Starts to Pull Away Shortly After to Take the Big Event Going Away.

Young Kelley Wins Marathon

Continued from First Page

Marathons, the gold medal was taken out of the U.S.A. It went to Athens, Seoul, St. Hyacinthe, Ostersund, Hiroshima, Guatemala, Tokyo, Turku and such exotic places as Stylianos Kiriaides, Yun Bok Suh, Gerard Cote, Karle Costa, Leanderson, Kee Yong Ham, Shigeki Tanaka, Doroteo Flores, Keizo Yamada, Karvonen, Hideo Hamamura and Antti Viskari triumphed.

NO RELATION

Last American to win was still another Johnny Kelley, incredible as this may seem. He was John A. Kelley of West Acton, Mass., and, at 49, he ran again yesterday and finished 18th.

John A. Kelley, no relation to John J. Kelley, won in 1945 and since then the inscrutable faces of the mysterious Orient; or the expressionless physiognomies of Scandinavia or the stoic countenance of a Greek, running his heart out and his soles off for food for his embattled land, have been first into the B.A.A. dressing room and the corn doctors.

Interviewers were always a necessary evil, making a language shambles out of that dizzy clinic of a 50 cots and 50 heaving bodies and dogs that cried out in grievous pain like you near in a kennel.

Conditions were only somewhat better yesterday. For this Kelley, Boston University class of 1956 who now teaches English at a Groton junior high, talks grandiloquently. Such words, I, for one, confess to needing an interpreter as Kelley said:

"Yes, I felt quite elated at such an elongated advantage over Karvonen."

His coach, Jack Semple, kept jumping out of the press bus to tell Johnny that he was miles ahead but not to stop and smell the flowers.

INJURED ARCH

At no time did the carbon monoxide bother me and at no time did the metatarsal bruise give me trouble. Kelley had an angry-looking injury on the arch of his left foot, it was interpreted. "My compliments to the bootery," Kelley continued and this, they said was a tribute to the shoe company (Hyde) which had built him a special pair so the injury, suffered seven months ago, wouldn't sting.

"Oh yes, the weather opposed Karvonen. Twenty degrees cooler would have helped the Finns."

They need weather here to coincide with their natural climate." Exalted, elongated, monoxide, metatarsal, bootery? Quick, boy, the dictionary.

Schoolteacher Kelley, 5:6 and 128 pounds, gave the field of 140 starters a frightful rattaning as he restored the laurel wreath to an American brow. Quite often this race is a thriller, not settled until the last 100-or-so yards on Exeter st.

COMPARABLE TIME

A year ago, for instance, Kelley was second to Viskari by only 19 seconds. Viskari won in 2:14:14—time which demolished all previous winning Marathon clockings

anywhere on the planet. Kelley's time then was 2:14:33. Yesterday's time, 2:20:05—with 1187 yards added—was comparable. Kelley, the experts figured, might have been about 2:16 over the abbreviated course, even without being pushed, yesterday.

Before that heart-cracker a year ago, Kelley was seventh in 1954; fifth in 1953. Kelley made the Olympic team last year but was a flop at Melbourne. He led in Australia for a few miles but then the scorching heat almost melted this little blond man who loves to run large distances. He came home discouraged, just about decided to concentrate on teaching school and learning big-

ger words and spending his Saturdays off correcting papers—not making headlines for them.

Yesterday's headline-by-Kelley was started at the new line at Hopkinton Common at 12 noon. The temperature was 70 and there was a tail-wind. Kelley felt fine; conditions were propitious for him.

DOWN TO 7

Starter George Brown's gun sent this Easter underwear parade swirling off the mark—like recess in the schoolyard. At Framingham, 6.5 miles yonder, Kelley was in the first platoon—about a dozen of them. The only Americans in the bunch were Kelley and Rudolfo Mendez, who

finished a commendable ninth.

At Natick, 10.5 miles up the road, the group had been whittled down to seven in the front pack—Kelley and Mendez, two Japs, three Koreans, two Finns.

At Wellesley, 13.5 miles, four came along abreast in front—Kelley, Olavi Manninen, Karvonen, Sank Chul Han from Korea and of course, Kelley with the blue unicorn on his jersey.

At the next checking point, Woodland, Kelley has begun to turn it into a mono-Marathon. He was 25 yards in front of Karvonen. The big hills were now in view for the hill-and-gully racers but Kelley turned each of them into a plateau. He ran through them, practically, like they were tunneled. His steady, bouncy gait never changed.

Going by Boston College, down to Lake St., Kelley's lead went to 600 yards. Sometimes it's as difficult going down hill as up. You have to put on the brakes. There's a strain on the pins. Kelley didn't mind. At Lake St. he could have turned off and gone into the reservoir for a plunge. The 61st B.A.A. Marathon had been conceded to him.

SCORES TRIUMPH

But Johnny wished to savor this triumph. He's been an also-ran for four of these torturous trips. He bowed-and-scraped his way down Beacon st., through a jammed Kenmore sq. paying shouting salute to his conquest of the invaders, down clamoring Commonwealth ave.

At the finish his thin legs wouldn't stop churning. After Mayor Hynes had adorned him with the halo of a laurel wreath, Kelley was afflicted by cramps so Semple "cooled" him out by walking him back to Boylston st. and the roped-back through there got a tingle out of seeing the new champion. Indeed Kelley had finished his stroll with Semple before Karvonen came staggering along, like an over-tipped patron recently shoved through the swinging doors.

Everybody there saw Kelley. For his melodramatic efforts yesterday he deserves the Macadamy Award, indeed.

FOOTNOTES—Kelley's feet needed attention. He suffered three blisters and his dogs were kerry-blue from dye and dirt-brown from the dust of the journey. He looked like a little boy in need of a good Saturday night tubbing. He got one, when the photographers and interviewers—needing-Thesauruses were finished with him. Never was a more obliging, articulate Marathon winner. . . . Lynn Patrick and Milt Schmidt of the Bruins were among the B.A.A. officials. Someone told them this was a best-four-out-of-seven series for the Macadamy Award to be run Tuesday. They guffawed. . . . For relaxation, Bob Cummings of Granby played the bag-pipes before the grind. Must have used up too much wind, for Cummings wasn't in sight after the first 25 bars.

Asked if she had helped him in his training she smiled and said: "I wouldn't say so, except that I feed him. And he eats anything. He isn't a fussy eater. I do hope they are giving him a cup of tea in there, though. He likes tea."

With her watching and applauding the runners who followed Johnny in was the Australian bride of Dean Thackway, who ran with Kelley at Boston University and in many races. Dean was a classmate of Mrs. Kelley's, a graduate of the B.U. School of Music.

Johnny keeps in training his wife said, by running every day on the golf course near their home in Groton, Connecticut, where he is a teacher in the junior high school.



EVERYBODY'S SEEN KELLEY and proud they are, too. At left, BAA trainer Jock Semple walks blanket wrapped Johnny Kelley to cool him off and ease the tension after his mighty triumph. At right, Kelley grins as he lets calloused feet cool off after pounding on them for 26 miles plus 385 yars. It was all worthwhile, though—ask Kelley!



(AP Photos)

A Pleasant Surprise Mrs. Greets Kelley at Finish

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

"You'll have to move back, little girl. We have to clear this space," said a policeman to a girl in a blue coat, as word came that Johnny Kelley was out in front in the Marathon and approaching the finish.

The "little girl" started obediently to go back to the ropes. When City Greeter Jack Brown said:

"This is Mrs. Kelley, officer. We want her out here."

After Johnny had breaasted the tape . . . which is really only a red string . . . his dark-haired wife, who at 24 looks about 16 in her tiny flat slippers, gave him a hug and a kiss before he went blanket-wrapped into the shower room. Then she went out to cheer the remaining runners.

"Did I think he'd win? Honestly, no. I hoped he would, of course. But I thought the odds were against him. This is a great day for us."

Asked if she had helped him in his training she smiled and said: "I wouldn't say so, except that I feed him. And he eats anything. He isn't a fussy eater. I do hope they are giving him a cup of tea in there, though. He likes tea."

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ORDER OF FINISH

- 1—John J. Kelley, Conn., 2:20.05.
- 2—Veikko Karvonen, Finland, 2:23.54.
- 3—Chong Woo Lim, Korea, 2:24.59.
- 4—Olavi Manninen, Finland, 2:25.19.
- 5—Sung Chul Han, Korea, 2:26.14.
- 6—Keizo Yamada, Japan, 2:32.22.
- 7—Gordon Dickson, Ont., 2:32.04.
- 8—T. Sadanaga, Japan, 2:38.13.
- 9—R. Mendez, Brooklyn, 2:39.45.
- 10—Al Confalone, W'field, 2:47.51.
- 11—Theo. Corbitt, N. Y., 2:49.14.
- 12—Aldo Scandarra, L. I., 2:51.35.
- 13—J. A. Kelley, Boston, 2:52.08.
- 14—Luis Torres, Puerto Rico, 2:54.58.
- 15—Ted Suito, L. I., 2:55.45.
- 16—John Conway, N. Y., 2:56.15.
- 17—Don Fay, Quincy, 2:57.13.
- 18—L. Chisholm, Jr., Malden, 2:58.38.
- 19—M. O'Hara, L. I., 3:01.42.
- 20—H. Turcio, Mexico, 3:02.21.
- 21—R. Sawyer, Jam. Plain, 3:03.38.
- 22—P. Peralta, Mexico, 3:04.09.
- 23—V. Kern, L. I. C., N. Y., 3:05.49.
- 24—L. Tauber, Boston, 3:06.28.
- 25—James Borden, N. Y., 3:09.42.

Kent Crew Tips Lower Merion

KENT (AP)—Lower Merion School's varsity slammed out a length and a half victory over Kent School yesterday in a one-mile crew race. The winners were timed in 5:21.

Rowing under somewhat smoother conditions, Kent's seconds defeated Lower Merion's junior varsity by three quarters of a length.

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