

The coach got me on the shoulder here and pushed me back.. "Get out of there." And so I got in the back, in the back of the line. I got behind him where he couldn't see me. By golly, his gun shot off, man, I just run away from the whole bunch. Old John Levi, he just horayed at that coach. He said, "What has old Bill done to your best man?" The best man they had was a fella named Charles Shortneck. He was a boy from Watonga. Boy, I say he was pretty fast, but that time I outrun him. I had all my clothes on he had his track shoes, track suit on. The coach never said nothing, he rocked on for about a week, then he called me they called me to the office, they asked me, "Why is it Bill you don't want to take part for your school?" "Well, I said, "I can't do as I please. I can't go in there and demand that I want to be a track man, be on the baseball team, be on the football team. First of all you got to prove yourself." And I told them, "I proved myself on the track." The coach said to me, "Bill I sure regret that I didn't ever offer you a chance". "Well," I said, "Just forget about it. I don't feel hurt about it. Really I'm proud of it because I'd run your best man out there," "You sure did", they said. I used to run nine and three-quarters, 100 yards. That's pretty good speed. Then I had a brother, Frank, next to me me and him used to go out behind the fence, big old high timber, well it was a fence, all right, but it was made of this bois d'arc trees grow. We'd get behind them you know and practice running and one time I went to Arkansas City and went to the shoe shop. I didn't want to take it to the shoe shop at school because they might think I was making blackjack so I went to the shoe shop at Arkansas City and I had, oh, I'd say it was about four inches wide, sewn on that canvas, sewed in lines like that and we'd fill them with shots, lead shots, they was pretty heavy,