

We needed a president, so
The Woodlynne Athletic Club
could sign papers, and secure
a playing field for baseball
in spring, and football in fall.

I was the tallest kid at 6'2", and
the others thought my high
forehead made me look like
Shakespeare, therefore the smartest.

Joe Oxley had cast iron hands,
so we put him in right field. I was
the pitcher, left handed and wild,
but, the pitcher. We didn't like
each other, ever since I stopped
him from jay-walking.

I was a school traffic guard,
but he thought sending him back
across the street was chicken shit.
So, one day, he caught me with
a sucker punch, and put me on
my back-side, in front of everybody.

I didn't want to fight him,
as I said, he had cast iron
hands, and I didn't want to
report him, because we had
no one else to play right field.

I told him, this time, I would
let it go. He said, "it must be
jelly, cause jam don't shake
like that." We both said,

Oh yea, oh yea...my friends
said I did it for the team. We
had a Friday night dance to
collect money for bats and
balls. Every dance would
come to a halt, because Joe

would start a fight. So, one
night, I told Joe I wanted to
see him outside. A crowd
gathered to see the show. I
drew Joe aside, and told him
I knew he was drawn into

these fights by others, which
is why I wanted him to be
the clubs' official sergeant at
arms, to keep peace. He said,
"No Shit."

The crowd booed as we shook
hands, and someone yelled, "Ol
Shakespeare's Shakin." We all
moved back to the dance floor.

Copyright