

HE NEVER MADE IT TOO THE NEW YORK YANKEES, BUT HE COULD “FLAT FOOT” JUMP A FENCE. 10/3/2009

This is the story of a remarkable man, William Augustus Jones. One day in June 1941 I was 11 years old, my Dad and I were plowing some cotton in the “short rows “near our house. We turned our teams and noticed a brand new shiny black car parked in front of our house. My dad said, “let’s hurry that is probably a salesman and your mother will buy everything He’s got.” When I went in the living room there stood the best dressed man I had ever laid my eyes on. He was wearing a genuine two toned perforated brown and light tan shoes, a tie, and a Seersucker suit. Mama and Daddy had boarded teachers in the past but they were always women. Here was some body to go to the “Picture Show” with and my imagination ran wild. I had skinned my foot on a piece of metal plowing where there once a Sawmill and my Dad said to just let it soak up some dirt and turned to “blud” instead of mud. My mother had just bought a new 9 by 12 linoleum rug and told me put my bleeding toe on the fireplace hearth. My expectations fell some more when the man asked my mother to allow Him to pay two months board on August first because He had to be on the job by July first and had no money. What a blow!

Mr. Jones was an excellent athlete. He could stand next to belt high fence and broad jump it. He out ran the fastest horse in the community from in front of our house to the nearest road, about 75 yards. He had the rider face the horse in the opposite direction of the race and on the go command He would be halfway to the side road before the rider could turn the horse around. He never got to play with the New York Yankees\* but played baseball in the Northeast Louisiana Baseball League and Basketball with an Independent Team until a hurt knee forced him to quit.

I was taught Agriculture by Mr. Jones in High School and served on the faculty at Ogden High in 1961 and 62. After that I taught and worked in the Franklin Parish School System I was not very close to Him as in the past.

\*Mr. Jones received a contract and a uniform from the New York Yankees to play but His mother got the package, opened it and did not tell Mr. Jones until He had been teaching a few years. He never felt bad about it because His mother wanted him to go on and get His Certificate to teach. He had hurt his knee and would not have been able to satisfy the Yankees. I also refer you to the story, “Big Day at Ogden High”.

I would characterize Mr. Jones as a “Beautiful Man”, not for anything except His “Big Heart”.