MITCHELL, SALLY

The Life Story of Colonel William
Hayward
Spring, 1941

This is an interesting attempt to do a job for which there is a real demand. Not perfect as a biography, yet it has spirit and some insight. It would seem that some of the chronological items suggest have been better identified

A

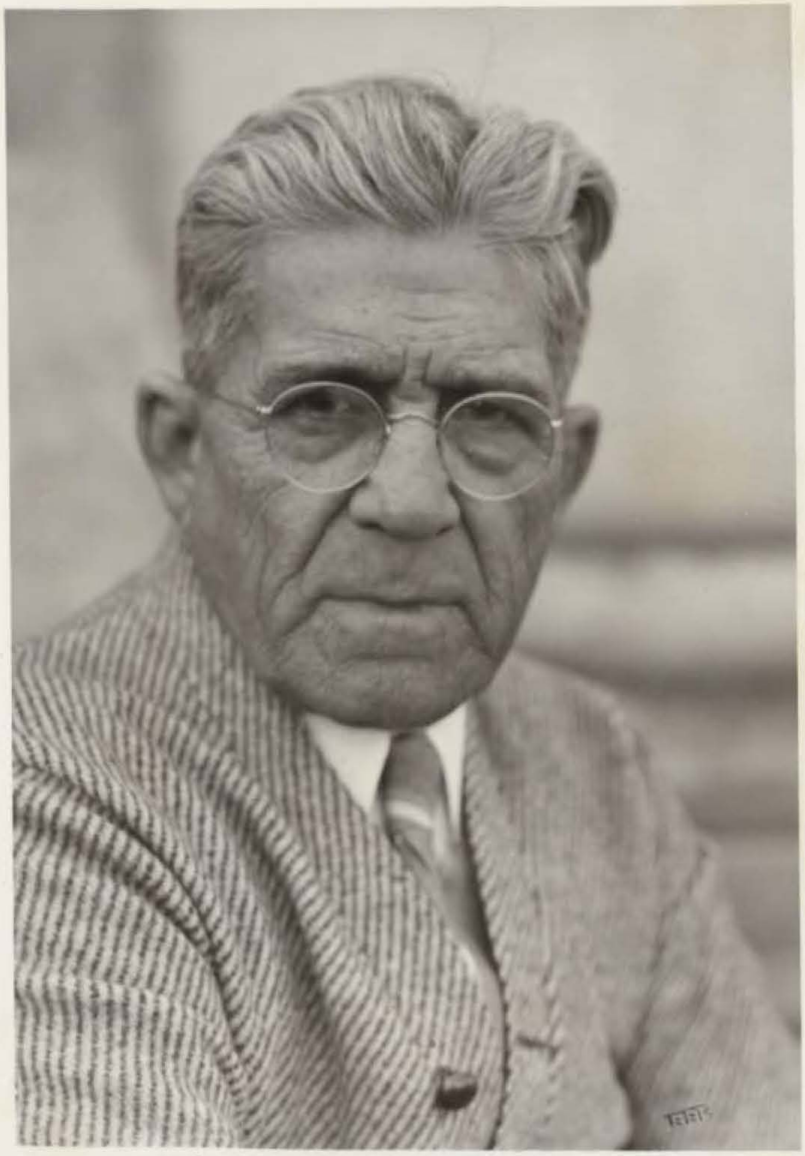
The Life Story of

Colonel William Hayward

Editing Thesis
Spring Term, 1941

Written and Typed by Sally Mitchell

To Bertina Hayward, Colonel Bill's devoted and understanding wife, who has prolonged his life by her tender care, and who has cheerfully assisted me in searching through family albums, records, and newspaper clippings for biographical data about her husband, this work is gratefully dedicated.



"Just call me Bill"

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

"He's tops," "The peer of all track coaches," "The best coach in the business," "The greatest all-around athlete of all time," "A molder of fine men and athletes."

These are a few of the tributes that friends of Colonel Bill Hayward pay him.

He's not really a colonel, and although he used to answer to Blackjack, Willy Hay, Tom Hayward's son, and just plain Bill, the title Colonel Hayward, which Captain John J. McEwan, Oregon football coach from 1926 to 1929, gave him has outlasted all the others.

"I call him Colonel," said Captain McEwan, "for he is my ideal of how a good colonel should look."

The story of Hayward's life, the stars he has coached, the interesting personalities he has met and known, and the very character of the man himself, can be woven into a colorful drama, rich with the humor of one who lived by his wit as well as by his athletic prowess.

Today Bill Hayward is not only a national figure--one of America's finest track coaches, but

"He's hope," "The year of all track wonders," "The best coach in the business," "The greatest all-around athlete of all time," "A master of time and athletes."

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Bill Hayward is not only a national figure--one of America's finest track wonders, but

he is also a man who has led a life as exciting and adventurous as that of Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Frank Buck in his tangles with wild creatures in the dense jungles of Africa.

Bill has much to tell. His story is exciting and packed with thrills, but all through his active life he has had rather a hobby of keeping folks guessing. Only in intimate conversations has he parted with facts about his early life, the exact date of his birth, and other personal incidents. Many of his closest friends are not sure of his age and consequently quite a legend has grown up about it. A fishing license states he's 109 years old, University records say he's 73, his insurance policy disagrees, and his friends volunteer many other guesses. However, the shroud of secrecy which envelopes him makes the revelation of his experiences even more dramatic.

Tucked away among his valuable possessions are over five thousand typewritten pages on which are written intimate incidents and details of Hayward's life, which he hopes to publish some day.

He is also a man who has had a life as exciting and adventurous as that of Patrick Hill; and the letters or items that is the results with which overcrowd the dense jungles of Africa.

Hill has been to tell. His story is exciting and packed with reality, but all through his entire life he has had rather a hobby of keeping this reason-ing. Only in instinct conversations has he parted with facts about his early life, the exact date of his birth, and other personal information. Many of his observations are not sure of his age and consequently quite a large had grown up about it. A fishing license states he's 105 years old, however recently say he's 90, his insurance policy disagrees, and his friends volunteer many other guesses. However, the shape of contract which envelopes his mere the revelation of his experiences even more dramatic.

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In this work the author merely attempts to portray the character of the man, hit the high spots of his brilliant career, and bring to light the psychology and philosophy of this picturesque old gentleman--the godfather of Oregon athletics.

Today Colonel Bill can glance backward on his long, illustrious career with pride. He is now 73 years old, but his career is not yet over--not by a jugful. Although he has been compelled to slacken his pace because of several heart attacks in the past three years, and has been advised by his physician to give up his work, Bill is still leading an active life and is still turning out champions.

"I won't quit until I hear myself knocking on the door of the great beyond," he says.

And he won't, either.

Background Bibliography

CHAPTER II

For several years Dick Strite, sports editor of the Register-Guard, and Lair Gregory, sports editor of the Oregonian admit they have tried to convince Colonel Bill Hayward that the entire nation, in fact, the world, should be told his remarkable life story. Eastern newspaper men and magazine writers have been sent to Oregon for the same purpose. In one case a woman correspondent came equipped with money enough to engage pack horses for a hunting trip up in the mountains with the Colonel and his wife. But in every case Hayward refused to talk.

"I want to keep my private life private until I die," he said.

When I first learned of all these unsuccessful attempts, two thoughts came to my mind. First, Hayward's life story must have tremendous reader appeal to warrant such interest among writers. Secondly, could it be that these writers were using the wrong approach? Would Bill be more inclined to pour forth his story into the ears of an

inexperienced schoolgirl.? I appointed myself a committee of one to investigate the matter and I was right. I won.

I began my investigation with a series of short, friendly interviews with Hayward. He gave me a lengthy list of names and addresses of his former friends and athletes to whom I wrote for intimate details about his life which were known only to some of his best friends. I also asked for outstanding incidents or stories in connection with Bill.

From this point I launched into a series of twelve interviews with various townspeople and oldtimers who knew Bill intimately.

I used the card catalog in the library but couldfind no references of any importance. I also searched through the readers' guide books from 1913 to the present but could find no information from that source.

I checked the Oregonian and Emerald files very carefully and naturally got much information about Bill as a coach from these sources.

One afternoon I had a conference with Mrs. Hayward and she brought out trunkfuls of newspaper

clippings, family albums, and scrapbooks, which gave me a good share of my material.

I talked to Dr. Rudolf Ernst, of the English department, to learn a little about the technique of the biography, and I also read an informal biography for my ideas on the subject.

In several instances I had to refer to the University records for dates and statistics that it was necessary for me to include.

I also went through Hayward's office files for the past six years to gather remarks from his friends, expressing their feelings toward him.

Following are my background references:

INTERVIEWS:

Earl, Dean Virgil, who as student manager, hired Bill in 1903.

Hayward, Bertina, Bill's wife.

Hummel, Walt, local sports equipment dealer who has hunted and fished with Bill.

Lindstrom, Orville, University official.

McClain, Marion, manager of the University Cooperative store.

Officer, Robert, Bill's understudy and present trainer at the University of Oregon.

Prescott, Bert, local real estate dealer who has known Hayward for over fifty years.

Parke, Robert, coach at Oregon City High School, Oregon City, Oregon, April 20, 1941

Richardson, James J., General Manager, Multnomah Athletic Club, Portland, Oregon, April 25, 1941

Robertson, Lawson, Track Coach, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Penn., April 29, 1941

LETTERS FROM HAYWARD'S FILES:

Barrett, Vince, March 10, 1941

Bowerman, Mrs. Bill, March 11, 1941

Bowerman, Bill, April 20, 1940

Holmes, W. H., September 29, 1939

Nivola, E. R., June 29, 1939

FROM LETTERS HAYWARD WROTE:

Holdman, O. E., Klickitat, Washington, August 14, 1939

Mautz, Robert T., Portland, Oregon, August 14, 1939

OREGONIAN:

Hayward Banquet, May 20, 1933
How to train, February 12, 1925
Story of Hayward's achievements, July 9, 1939, and July 16, 1939
Bill starts his 29th season, September 10, 1932
Colonel Bill's Hobbies, October 7, 1932
Colonel Bill to be Feted, May 14, 1933
How Hayward came to Oregon, May 22, 1933
Bill's injury "gadgets," October 14, 1934

REGISTER-GUARD:

Heart Attack, May 29, 1939
Hayward's Birthday, July 2, 1939
History of Hayward's track teams, May, 1933
(And a long list of other clippings which were not dated.)

Siefert, Edith, Prescott's sister, who has known Bill equally as long.

Steers, Lester, Bill's latest contribution to the list of world's champions.

Strite, Richard, sports editor, Register-Guard.

Travis, Ruth, Bill's secretary.

Wallace, "Oback", a Springfield merchant who has known Bill since 1903.

Waller, Dr. Orville, Bill's physician for the past twelve years.

LETTERS FROM BILL'S FRIENDS IN ANSWER TO THOSE I WROTE:

Cromwell, Dean, head track coach, University of Southern California, April 21, 1941

Crowley, Edward J., Jr., Asst. Mgr. Hull Hotels, Inc. Hollywood, California, April 28, 1941

Frank, Aaron M., Meier & Frank Company, Portland, Oregon, April 28, 1941

Gabrielson, Carl D., Manager Motor Vehicle Divison, Salem, Oregon, April 25, 1941

Gilbert, A.C., Owner A.C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Connecticut, May 2, 1941

Hillman, Harry, coach at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, May 2, 1941

Huston, Oliver B., State Department, Salem, Oregon, April 29, 1941

Johnson, F. P., Track Coach, Stanford, April 29, 1941

Mautz, Robert T., of Wilbur, Beckett, Howell, and Oppenheimer, Portland, Oregon, April 30, 1941

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:

As Bill Leiser sees Hayward, December 22, 1934

As Bill Leiser sees it, July 11, 1940

EMERALD:

Dedicating of Hayward Field,
November 15, 1919

Story of Bill Hayward, May 11, 1933

Hayward's banquet, May 18, 1933

Hayward Edition of the Emerald, May 19,1933

Oregon wins over Oregon State in track
meet, May 20, 1933

(And a long list of other clippings which
were not dated.)

BOOKS: Anne Shannon Monroe, "Feelin' Fine!"

Journalistic Bibliography

CHAPTER III

I didn't realize until I was nearly finished with my thesis that I had very little, if any, true journalistic bibliography. The reason for this is, undoubtedly, that in writing a biography, the author must get his information from publications way in the past, the farther back the better.

Naturally I got the bulk of my information from Bill Hayward, himself, but I can scarcely class this as journalistic bibliography for the data he gave me dealt with his very early life and continued on up to the present.

Although some of the newspaper articles I read in connection with my thesis were dated 1939, 1940, and 1941, they dealt in the most part with early histories about Hayward.

For these reasons I refer the reader to Chapter II for a complete, classified bibliography.

Evaluation of Background Authorities

CHAPTER IV

When I first began my interviews with Bill Hayward, he was quite reluctant to talk, and for several horrible days I found myself in an extremely uncomfortable position. Here I was, writing the biography of a man, who, as he told me himself, wanted to keep his private life private. I knew that I would have to be very tactful and diplomatic in my discussions with Bill, and all through the interviews I had to exercise extreme caution in order not to offend him in any way. This made my work much more exciting and I treasured every little jewel of conversation he parted with. In the course of time I learned to interpret his moods and whenever I felt he was in a bad humor, or was tired, or ill, I confined my investigation elsewhere. However, at certain times I could tell that Bill was feeling in fine spirits and at these times I got much valuable information from him.

His wife, Bertina Hayward, was a wonderful librarian for me. Her husband is her hobby and ever since their marriage in 1921, she has piled up data about him. She clips newspaper articles and accumulates them in large trunks. She was

always very willing to talk and gave me several good clues as to questions I should ask. She was also extremely helpful in rummaging through old trunks, albums, and photograph books with me.

I was very pleased with the replies I got to the letters I wrote to Hayward's friends. On the whole they were very informative and contained a wealth of humorous anecdotes and other little incidents which helped me portray the character of Colonel Bill.

Bruce Hamby, University athletic publicity director, was also an excellent source for information. During his college days he had written a series of stories about Bill's life and these were very helpful to me, giving me additional clues as to what I should ask the Colonel. Bruce also wrote a serial on the life of Hayward for the Oregonian, and naturally this was very helpful to me.

Anne Shannon Monroe's "Feelin' Fine!" was a biography about a prominent Oregon cattle man. It was written quite informally and from it I gained

a few ideas on the proper technique to be used in work of this kind.

I had a very enlightening conversation with Dr. Rudolf Ernst, of the English department, about the technique of the biography. Dr. Ernst gave me good advice on how to arrange my work and what sequence of chapters I should follow.

Ruth Travis, Bill's secretary, was a very accurate source of information. She knows Bill intimately, and allowed me to look through his personal files in her office. She also gave me accurate data about the Hayward Relays.

My interviews with Eugene residents were probably the most enjoyable part of my work. I spent many hours in very pleasant conversations with oldtimers who added to my collection of anecdotes with their interesting reminiscences. Although they were not often accurate in their statements, I had some sort of a guide and could check from other sources for verification.

Clippings from the Emerald, the Oregonian, and the Register-Guard were extremely helpful, and I had a large number of these which Mrs. Hayward

gave me. However, my difficulty here was that most of the clippings were just that, and did not have dates of their publication. I checked back on as many as possible in the files of the various newspapers. I did not use information from newspapers without checking with Colonel Bill to see if the statements were accurate.

Of course, in writing a biography, it is always questionable how accurate the memory of the source of information is. In most cases I wrote down the dates or stories as told to me and then checked and double-checked with other persons who might have the same information.

On the whole, writing the biography of Colonel Bill Hayward has been a delightful experience, for his friends are all anxious to see his memoirs in print and consequently were quite eager to tell all they knew about the man.

COLONEL WILLIAM HAYWARD--

His Early Life

CHAPTER V

I remember the first time I saw Colonel Bill Hayward. I remember it well, for as I looked out the window of his office in McArthur court onto the vast athletic fields, in the distance I was attracted by a panorama of athletes going through their paces on the track field. I fixed my attention on one figure--the centerpiece of the group--for I had been told that he was the greatest performer of them all. He stood there--like a ringmaster in a ten-ring circus, waving his arms and shouting orders. All about him boys were exercising. Some were hurling javelins, some pole vaulting, and others crouched low in preparation for short sprints.

Although I couldn't hear distinctly because of the distance between us, I knew he must be directing the activities of performers on all corners of the field. He would probably be saying in a clear, well-modulated voice: "Watch that left arm, there. Be careful of that knee. Now throw your hips into that hurl." And of course his boys would be listening for his advice, for they, too

realized that this man was capable of developing champions.

As I watched, I saw Colonel Bill remove his hat, and I imagined I could see beads of sweat on his brow. This business of coaching was no doubt a severe physical and mental exertion for this elderly gentleman of the track.

The early spring sun was beginning to lower, and soon athletes were running lightly in groups of three and four toward the building and to their showers. This meant another day's training was through.

Presently Colonel Bill started walking toward his office. I watched his even pace, which one of his friends aptly described "smooth as glass." As he approached, I was able to make out his physical features more clearly. Now I saw his large, well-built frame, his arms swinging easily at his sides. He was quite near now and I could distinguish his mass of wavy, grey hair, streaked with black. I noticed his rough, weather-tanned skin with its deep lines. His shirt, open at the neck, revealed the same tanned skin, the same rugged

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glow of health.

So this was Colonel William Hayward--the man, who in the 38 years that he had been at the University of Oregon here in Eugene, had put Oregon athletes and Oregon athletics on the map.

From that day back in 1938 to this, I have gathered many facts and interesting tales about Colonel Bill, his personality, character, and ability as a coach. The following pages tell his story--the story of Colonel William Hayward--Oregon's grand old man of athletics.

- - -

Many years ago before the city of Detroit, Michigan, was the industrial center that it is today, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heyward[1] became the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy, whom they christened William Louis Heyward. Although today rumors run that Bill is anywhere from 70 to 109 years old, as stated on one of his fishing licenses, the stately old gentleman confesses that he was born on July 2, 1868. He is now 73 years old, appears at least ten years younger, and has the spirit and determination of a boy in his teens.

Bill's parents, his brother, and three sisters, spelled their surname H-e-y-w-a-r-d, but when he came west Bill changed the spelling to H-a-y. . ., because, as he says, "you spell hay, h-a-y, don't you?"

All of Bill's relatives, except his mother, who died at 50 years of age, led exceedingly long lives. His grandfather died at 94, his grandmother at 92, and his father at 88. Although Bill

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1. Explanation for this spelling can be found in the second paragraph.

Many years ago before the city of Detroit, Michigan, was the industrial center that it is today, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dyrsen[1] became the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy, whom they christened William Louis Dyrsen. Although today records from that Bill is anywhere from 70 to 100 years old, as stated on one of his fishing licenses, the stately old gentleman contends that he was born on July 3, 1900. He is now 75 years old, appears at least ten years younger, and has the spirit and determination of a boy in his teens.

Bill's parents, his brother, and three sisters, spelled their surname K-a-y-s-e-r-s-t-e-d, but when he came west Bill changed the spelling to D-y-r-s-e-n, because, as he says, "you spell boy, B-o-y, don't you?"

All of Bill's relatives, except his mother, who died at 80 years of age, led exceedingly long lives. His grandfather died at 94, his grandmother at 92, and his father at 86. Although Bill

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1. Explanation for this spelling can be found in the second paragraph.

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is about six feet tall and weighs 190 pounds, he admits that he is the smallest member of his family. Two of his sisters, Louise, the youngest of the family, and Helen, and his older brother, John, are extremely tall, robust persons who have always enjoyed good health. Another sister, Laura, died of illness a few years ago.

Colonel Bill recalls very little of his early life, but he remembers that his family had an average income and enjoyed a few of the luxuries of that day. The Heywards were of French-Canadian descent, and of the Catholic religion.

In Detroit Bill lived in a large house on what was then the outskirts of the city. His memory goes back to when he was five years old and the pet of the neighborhood.

"I had nice, rosy cheeks, then," he smiled, "and all the pretty girls in the community used to bounce me around and make quite a fuss over me."

Bill went to the district grammar school near his home, and even from the start he was a natural

born competitor. "Near my home we formed two gangs," he said, "the upper and lower. We used to work up all sorts of athletic contests and feats of strength in order to compete against one another. I remember," he said, "I always had a great deal of pride in myself and I would try to outdo everybody. If a boy at school lifted some big weight, I'd try to lift a bigger one. I guess I was an ordinary youngster for I got a great bang out of robbing birds' nests and helping myself to other people's apples," he went on.

In grade school Bill was quite a bashful boy, but as he grew older and developed athletic skills, he lost his self-consciousness and became a regular fellow, popular with school children all over the city.

"Yes, three people made Detroit famous," he chuckled, "Henry Ford, Joe Louis, and I."

When Bill was about ten years old, his mother and father went to Peru to manage a rubber plantation there, leaving him and his sisters and brother

in the care of their grandparents, who reared them for the next ten years. With their grandparents the family moved to Toronto, Canada, and that is where Bill first became known as a great athlete.

He went to a secondary school in Toronto, and although he was quick to learn and understand his marks were none too good. At that time he thought more of athletics than he did of his school-work and oftentimes he would leave school early in the morning to spend his time on the track. He would take his lunch with him, all prepared to pass the day in perfecting his form in the various track events. If anyone happened along--no matter who--he would challenge them to anything they would agree to do.

One summer when he was about 17 as nearly as he can remember, he went down to the dock one Sunday to fish. He noticed a crowd of spectators watching the attempts of various young men to budge a huge 1500-pound anchor, which was leaning against a building. The hook was lying up, so Bill leaned the horn of the anchor against his back, took hold of the stock, got beneath and

moved it from the ground.

As he grew older Bill became skillful in lacrosse, wrestling, boxing, ice hockey, and rowing. In the 1890's he was known as one of the greatest track athletes and foot-racers of the day.

At that time track meets started early in the morning and lasted all day. The chief sporting event of the year, Hayward recalled, was the Caledonian sports, sponsored by the St. Andrews society, a Scotch-American organization. Groups of athletes would travel from city to city, putting on meets wherever there was a branch of the society. They usually started in Rochester, New York, and wound up in Halifax, Canada. The track meets would start early in the morning and the 22 or 23 events on schedule would continue throughout the day. Bill specialized in the running events, and in one meet he entered 22 events, winning in the 75-yard dash, the 135-yard run, the 300-yard, 400-yard and 600-yard runs. He also participated in the boat racing.

Prizes to the victors were very high and

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Prizes to the winners were very high and

sometimes Hayward's earnings would total as high as $4000 for the day. However, he always spent his money freely for he was proud of himself and always wanted to present as fine an appearance as possible. He knew he was admired wherever he ~~went~~ went and it pleased him a great deal to be dressed in the smartest cut of the day.

The rules governing athletes were very lax in Hayward's heyday, and even though he became a professional athlete by accepting money for his victories, the Canadian officials would quickly reinstate him in plenty of time for the lacrosse season. Lacrosse is one of Bill's favorite sports and when he was around 25 years old he played on a team, the Ottowa Capitals, for the championship of the world, and his team won.

In the days when professional athletes earned their living by defeating amateur competition, they worked out intricate systems to keep them in cash throughout the year. Because he was so versatile, Bill had very little trouble supporting himself. During the summer season he would play lacrosse, compete in rowing and in track events. Then in

the winter he would make his expenses by boxing, wrestling, and playing ice hockey.

When Bill was about 22, he had a tremendous longing to see a little more of the world, so he eagerly accepted an invitation to join a group of athletes who were going to Australia to race in the Australian Handicap. The party left New York for San Francisco where they were to catch a boat, but due to some delay en route, they missed the steamer and learned that another passenger boat did not sail for three weeks. Sam Fitzpatrick, their manager, chartered a small sailing vessel which was to take them to the Hawaiian Islands.

"It took 13 days to make the trip," Bill recalled, "and I was deathly sick for 12 of them." Naturally there were no doctors on board and he spent his time lying face downward on the dirty deck. Day after day he prayed for death to come to his rescue and finally as they neared the Honolulu harbor, the crew sighted natives on rafts coming out to take the party ashore. Bill was so sick of being seasick he decided to leave his

friends and return to the states on the quickest means of transportation--preferably a street car. He stayed on the Islands for three months, earning passage back. "If I had been there another month," he chuckled, "they would have made me king of the Islands."

When he finally got back to the United States Bill resumed his athletic career and concentrated his efforts along the Pacific coast. Oliver B. Huston, who was captain of the University track team in 1909, recalls a famous old story that Bill used to tell in connection with his wanderings.

Back in the 90's, Huston said, track shoes with spikes were quite unheard of and Hayward was very fortunate in having one of the first pairs to be manufactured in this country. It seems that he had cooked up a foot race with a professional near Spokane, Washington, and was certain of a win if he wore his spiked shoes, for his opponent did not have such shoes, and furthermore had probably never heard of them. Bill was a wary fellow, however, and was taking no chances. Townspeople were still placing bets so when he came out on the track to warm up for his race,

he hid his shoes by wearing a pair of gaily striped socks over them. Just before the starter's gun was fired, he took stock of himself, removed his outer socks, and won the race in a breeze. Yes, he knew all the tricks of the trade, and what is more, he used them.

It was these same track shoes that nearly landed Hayward in the Spokane jail, according to Virgil D. Earl, who as student manager at the University in 1903, hired Bill as track coach. At the same time that Bill won his race in a little village outside of Spokane, police were searching for roof robbers who gained admission into retail shops by climbing through skylights on the roofs of downtown buildings. Because of his tricky track shoes, Bill was held for questioming, but was immediately released.

Not a person in the crowd of sport fans that witnessed his athletic endeavors could blame Bill for his fine competitive spirit and his will to win. In spite of his wizardy innovations, he was always a gentleman and did nothing except what a professional racer would do to assure his winning

by his superior ability. Even today he teaches his track men to have the will to win and to strive for a spirit of competition, for these, he believes, are the victory twins.

Hayward liked boxing and wrestling and he had numerous opportunities to take part in exhibitions all over the country. He became acquainted with Gentleman Jim Corbett, who later battled with John L. Sullivan for the world's heavyweight title. Corbett invited Bill to accompany him and his troup of trainers and athletes which toured the country making vaudeville appearances. Bill entered the show with an Indian club swing act, and according to an Emerald article published in 1933, Corbett said: "Bill could really make those clubs whistle."

Bruce Hamby, athletic publicity director, recalls a story of one of Bill's impromptu skirmishes with Sailor Jack Sharkey, who was a contender for the world's heavyweight title.

Hamby's story is as follows: "Both Hayward and Sharkey were training for San Francisco

appearances at a warm springs resort not far from Vallejo. One afternoon Sharkey's sparring partners were not to be found, and the pugnacious sailor asked Hayward to put on the gloves with him.

"'Sharkey was a tough baby'" Hayward recalled, "'and I agreed only after getting his promise that he wouldn't start slugging.'"

The exhibition was staged on a broad lawn in front of the resort, and Hayward repeatedly warned him to 'lay off.'

"'Finally he really belted me one,'" Bill said. "'I told him again to cool off, but bang! he let me have it again. So I reached behind me with one hand, picked up a baseball bat that was in a corner and when he came after me a third time I cracked him over the head. . .and hard.

"'Sharkey stopped, all right, but not for long. He just shook his head and started swinging again. But I wasn't around by that time --I hit him and ducked out of the ring at the same time.'"

After Bill wrote finis to his career as a boxer, he came up to Oregon to engage in inter-

city athletic feuds. One of the finest forms of amusement was the hosecart competition between firemen of neighboring communities. Bill was hired by the Walla Walla fire department to bolster its chances against a powerful Bend aggregation. Bert Prescott, a Eugene real estate dealer, who was in his early teens at the time, remembered that Bend had the best athletes in that section of the country and the whole town and surrounding territory turned out for the contest. The Walla Walla fire crew came over to Bend on the day of the meet, very much excited over its new addition, "Blackjack"Hayward as he was called.

Bill performed marvelously in the hose cart and the foot races, and Mrs. Edith Siefert, another Eugene resident who lived in Bend at the time, recalls that Bill ran around the track twice in the time it took the fastest of the other contestants to make it around once.

"He was a splendid specimen of masculinity," she said. "Everybody's hero, and the most talked about athlete in the business."

Mrs. Siefert and Mr. Prescott were both impressed by Hayward's fine stature, his springy walk, and his wonderful physique. "He was the type of man that every mother hoped her boy would be," Prescott remarked.

Bill, or "Blackjack" as he was called, had a little difficulty on the train back to Walla Walla after the meet. A policeman on board insulted him, Prescott remembered, and it appeared as though the two would come to blows. The conductor blew his whistle, the train stopped, and the two stepped off the train, swinging their fists. The passengers all piled out of the day coach, hurrying to place their bets while the battle was still waging hot.

"Naturally 'Blackjack' won," Prescott said. "And that policeman really got licked within an inch of his life. Yep," he chuckled to himself, "'Blackjack' was a ringer!"

On to Oregon

CHAPTER VI

During his travel with the Caledonian sports stars, Bill became well acquainted with Walter Christie, a fellow athlete who was later going to play an important role in his life.[1] At the close of one of their tours, Christie was hired as track coach at Princeton University. He immediately offered Bill the position of assistant coach and the two worked together there for three seasons.

In 1899 Christie completed his contract at Princeton, and the University of California, in Berkeley, offered him a position there as track coach and trainer. Christie sent Bill to California to take charge of the track team until he could wind up his affairs in the east. And this was Bill's first opportunity to make his home on the Pacific coast, which he later learned to love so well.

Hayward and Christie made a fine coaching combination and California's sluggish track team s took on new life with their enthusiastic instruction. Christie was at one time the world's champion sprinter and Bill learned much of the

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1. This information was secured from Hayward, himself.

During his travel with the Galadonian sports team, Bill became well acquainted with Walter Durlette, a fellow athlete who was later going to play an important role in his life.[1] At the close of one of their games, Durlette was hired as track coach at Pittsburgh University. He immediately offered Bill the position of assistant coach and the two worked together there for three seasons.

In 1929 Durlette completed his contract at Pittsburgh, and the University of California, in Berkeley, offered him a position there as track coach and trainer. Durlette made bid to California to take charge of the track team until he could wind up his affairs in the east. And this was Bill's first opportunity to make his home on the Pacific coast, which he later learned to love so well.

Dayward and Durlette made a fine coaching combination and California's flagship track team a good an new life with their enthusiastic instruction. Durlette was at one time the world's champion sprinter and Bill learned much of the

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1. This information was received from Dayward, itself.

technique he used. According to Bill, Christie admitted that he, too, was learning a great deal from his associations with the versatile Hayward. Because the two men were full of ideas on how to improve the skills of their various athletes, the student body as well as the townspeople in Berkeley became very proud of their new coaches.

In 1901 Pacific University, at Forest Grove, Oregon, wrote to Benjamin I. Walker, the president of the Berkeley school, asking him for a man to coach athletics. Walker's first choice was Hayward, and he got the job.

Bill was attracted to the state from the first by the fine fishing and the glorious climate. He loved to hunt and fish, so this state was his paradise.

"I came to Oregon for a vacation," he said, and I caught what they call 'the Oregon spirit.' It's not a serious disease but it's contagious, so they kept me here. I like everything in the state and everything I like is in the state, so I stayed."

For two seasons Bill coached athletics at Pacific University, and in those two seasons he became a much respected character of the community. The students loved him as a friend and coach, they admired his physical beauty, his charming smile, and his apparent bashfulness. He was 33 years old at the time but was still as young and vigorous in his actions as his most enterprising athlete.

Very little information is available about Bill's married life up until 1921 when he married Bertina Orton, a Eugene girl, but his friends say before that time he was married to a lovely woman who was a decided asset to him in his work and in his social life. Bill, himself, was not inclined to talk of such things.

In 1903, William Coates, of Albany College, hired Hayward as the track coach there. It was in this little school of scarcely over a hundred students that he developed such fine track teams that they beat competition all over the state. His first season there, Bill challenged other state track teams to numerous meets, and he was victorious in them all.

Meanwhile down at the University of Oregon, young Virgil D. Earl, who is now dean of men, was enviously drinking in news of Hayward's marked achievements. Earl was student manager of the track team and he lost no time in getting Bill to sign his name to a contract. The deal was closed early in 1903, and although students in those days had a great deal to say about the hiring and firing of coaches, the administration called Earl on the carpet for assuming such responsibility without the advice of University officials.

"I had to get him," Earl told them, "for I couldn't let such a wonderful coach get away."

On the Oregonian sport page of May 14, 1933, Dean Earl was reported to have said: "Had it not been for the humiliation suffered by Oregon students in general, and myself in particular, Bill probably would never be at Oregon today. . .He used to bring his Albany College cinder artists to Eugene and humble the mighty Webfoot team. I was student manager, an underclassman, but had the duties held by the graduate manager now.

Imagine my surprise when Albany, a small college, won meets from us. We were considered among the top ranking schools although we had an enrollment of only 300."

Earl went on to say that it wasn't hard to draw Bill away from Albany, "for," he said, "wasn't Eugene nearer the McKenzie river, the greatest fishing stream in the world, and wasn't Hayward one of the best anglers in the world?"

Thus the University of Oregon hired a permanent coach--one who is today the second oldest mentor in the business in the entire United States.

"I didn't know then that I was going to spend the rest of my life in Oregon," he said, "but I know it now, and I'm glad of it."

It didn't take Bill long to become familiar with his surroundings, and he soon made friends with the students, faculty members, and University officials. At that time physical education courses were taught in a small gymanasium building and Hayward taught both men's and women's classes.

"Things were quite different, then," Mrs. Edith Siefert recalls. "The girls wore long sleeves,

full-length stockings, and baggy black gym pants."

Mrs. Siefert, who was one of Bill's first physical education students, was reminded that the coeds in those days just adored their instructor. "He taught us to run instead of just plain waddle from side to side," she said. "We always liked Bill for he was so cheerful and sunny at all times," she went on. "He was an excellent gym teacher but was always afraid that he'd hurt the girls if he gave them too strenuous exercises. He was certainly a handsome fellow, so polite, and such a gentleman," she said.

Although Bill is reluctant to mention it, Mrs. Siefert remembered incidents about the former Mrs. Hayward. "She was a charming and delicate women," she said. "And she was the mother of Bill's son, christened William Hayward, Jr." Mrs. Siefert recalled that every spring when the pollen from flowers began to circulate, Mrs. Hayward became afflicted with a serious sort of internal infection that would send her to bed for weeks. "Because she was so frail and delicate," Mrs. Siefert went on, "she died at a comparatively

early age."

Dean Earl and other Eugene people believe that the former Mrs. Hayward died and was buried here in Eugene, but the author was unable to get such information from the various funeral homes.

At any rate Bill continued his coaching career at the University and in 1921 he married Bertina Orton, a prominent Eugene girl.

"When Bill asked me to marry him," she said, "I remember looking him right in the eye and saying: 'Bill, who'd have either one of us?'"

COLONEL WILLIAM HAYWARD--

The Man

CHAPTER VII

Ella Wheeler Wilcox once wrote:

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worthwhile
Is one who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

And that is just what Bill Hayward can do. Ever since he piled off a musty day-coach which brought him to Eugene in 1903, and came up to the campus to start his work, his friends have marveled at his sparkling wit and his ability to smile in the face of disaster--even when death itself looms up between him and his career.

In the early part of May, 1939, Bill and his track men were working hard in preparation for a big dual meet with Oregon State College--the last one of the season. Bill sat up late into the night figuring out ways to outwit the traditional enemy with his small, inexperienced squad. The day of the meet came and Oregon won--a terrific upset victory that surprised sport writers all over the Northwest.

The following day, Bill, fatigued but happy, was fishing on the banks of the McKenzie, when

the severe strain and over-exertion which he had undergone caused a severe heart attack which sent him to bed for six weeks. A day or two after the attack when Bill was still wavering between life and death, he remarked jokingly to one of his friends: "I knew it was do or die against Oregon State, and I damn near died."

That little remark at such a tense time was typical of his lightheartedness even where the stakes are tremendous.

Because he carries this same ready wit onto his track field, Oregon athletes have collected a vast number of stories which are characteristic of the man.

Bob Parke, holder of the national inter-collegiate javelin record in 1934, recalls a day in that year when Bud Shoemake, of Modesto, California, first made his appearance on Hayward field. Bill had gone to much trouble to get Bud to enroll at Oregon (this was B.A.--before Atherton) for Bud was said to be a wonderful sprinter. The day he arrived in Eugene a crowd gathered on the track field to witness a few of the boy's trial

runs in a preview showing.

When the signal was given for Shoemake to start, he lunged forward in a driving start and fell flat on his face on the track. The crowd was nonplussed. Everyone was silent, and out of the hush came Bill's spirited remark: "My God, and I brought him all the way from California!"

It isn't necessary for Bill to go into a huddle with himself every time he feels a witty reply is in order. His humor is spontaneous and doubly funny because it is so. One day recently a representative of the American Automobile Association walked into the Colonel's office, and during the course of their conversation, he said: "Mr. Hayward, do you know that you are the second oldest member of our organization in Oregon?"

"Who's older?," was Bill's reply. "Christ died a long time ago."

One of Bill's priceless achievements is his ability to keep a straight face when he's really quite amused inside. One of his classic remarks to big, burly athletes, who would come up to

him complaining about a sore thumb, a sprained toe, or other physical ailments, was a curt, "Cut it off if it bothers you." Many times freshman athletes were given quite a start by this cold-blooded advice, coming from Bill in a serious, deep-throated voice. One day, however, the tables were turned when Bill, himself, came out to the track complaining of a terrific headache.

"Cut it off," advised one of the senior members of the squad. And Bill as well as his entire squad joined heartily in the uproarious laughter which followed.

Carl D. Gabrielson, manager of the state motor vehicle division in Salem, reminisced back to Bill's thirtieth anniversary banquet which was held in the Eugene hotel.

"The alumni presented Bill with a very fine hand-engraved bolt action hunting rifle," he said,"and after the banquet I asked Bill what he thought of it."

"'It's fine,'" Bill replied. "'But I shoot left-handed, and I'll have to be careful not to knock my nose off with the bolt.'"

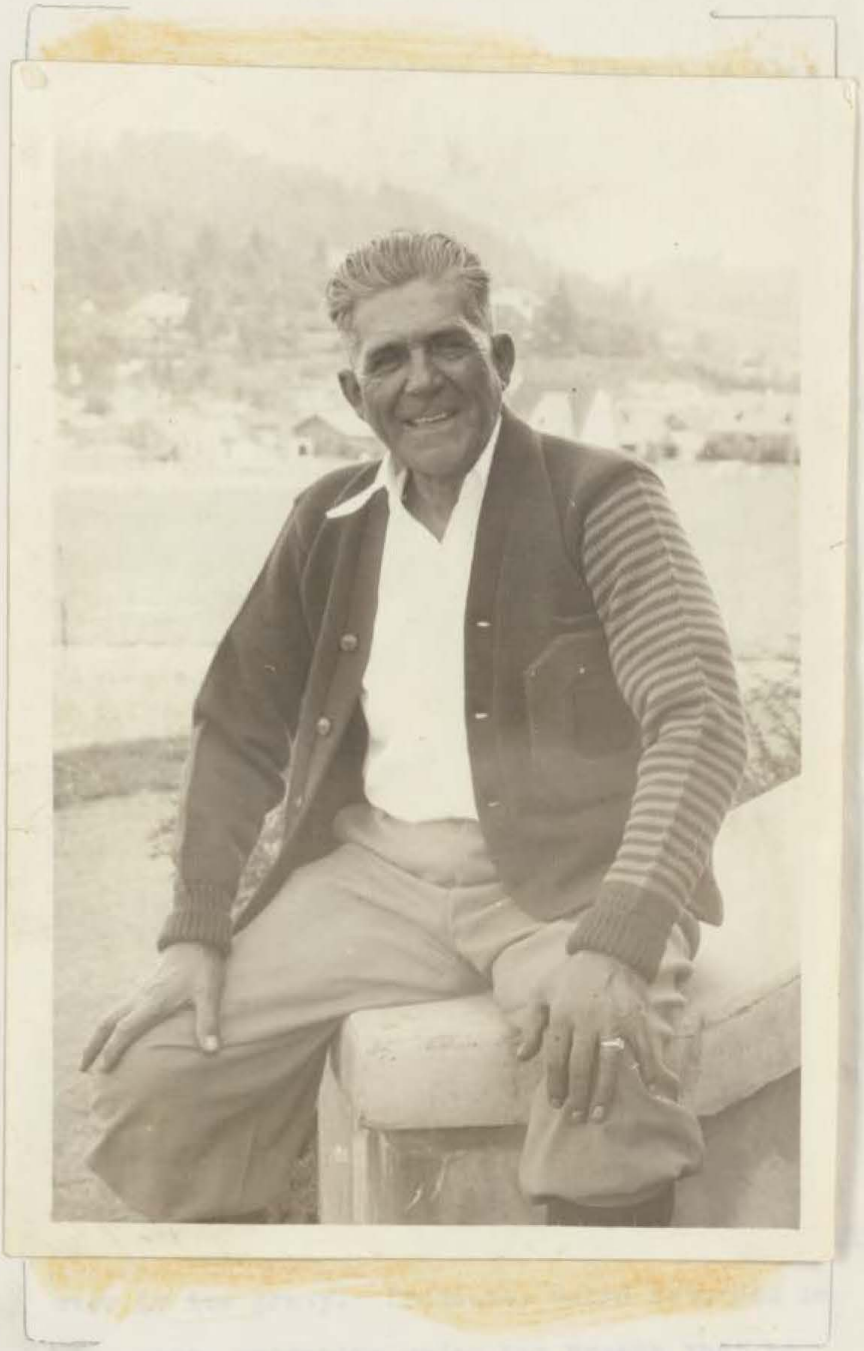
him complaining about a sore throat, a sprained toe, or other physical ailments, was a test, "Use it or lose it." Only three freedom athletes were given quite a start by this cold-blooded notion, coming from Bill in a serious, deep-throated voice. The day, however, the athletes were invited when Bill, already, came out in the black complaining of a terrible headache.

"Use it but," endured one of the maidens members of the squad. And Bill as well as his entire squad joined heartily in the approaches laughter which followed.

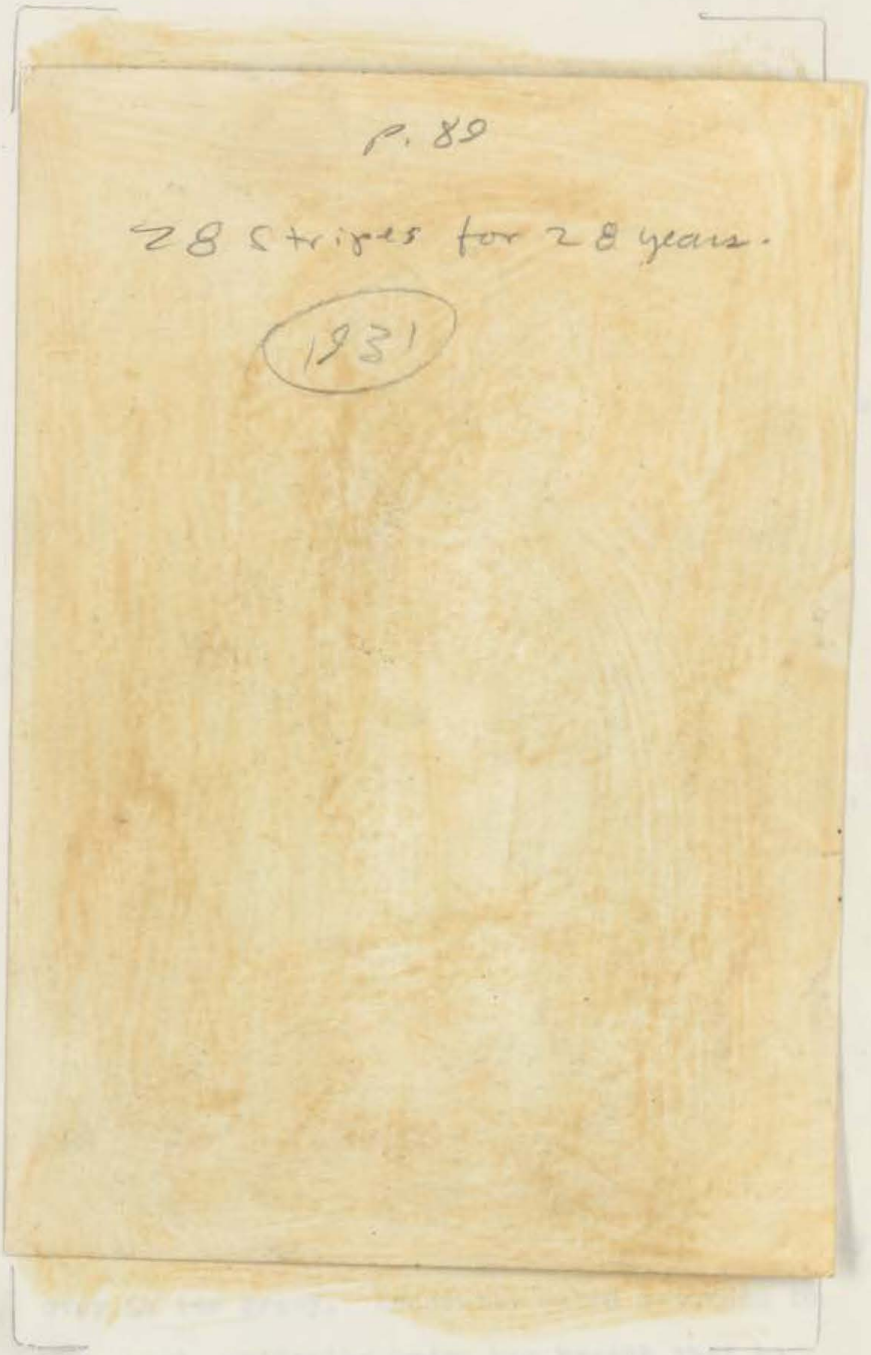
Yard 3. Gatelsion, manager of the state motor vehicle division in Salem, realized that to Bill's relentlessly unrelenting behavior which was held in the Eugene hotel.

"The almost unbearable bill with a very fine hand-engraved bolt action hunting rifle," he said, "and after the hunter I asked Bill what he thought of it."

"It's fine," Bill replied. "But I about lore-making, and I'll have to be careful not to shock my mom off with the bill."



This distinguished suth'n gen'l'mn is none other than C'n'l William Hayw'd as he appeared in one of Eugene's trail to rail pageants.



This distinguished suth'n gen'l'mn is none other than C'n'l William Hayw'd as he appeared in one of Eugene's trail to rail pageants.

Among his accomplishments, Hayward is also very adept at practical joking. His friends are all aware of this but even so he catches them off their guard long enough to "pull a fast one" on them, as he remarked. However, every so often one of his jokes backfires--"just like my first car," he said, and Bill is just as eager to mention such instances as he is to tell about when his mischiefs really worked.

When Eugene was in its infancy, Bill and his cronies used to frequent a restaurant called the Rainbow, which was located on Willamette street. One day Bill was dining with several of his gentleman friends, among them one Cliff Baird, who had a peculiar fondness for black pepper on everything that he ate. It happened that Baird was called to the telephone in the rear of the Rainbow just when the waitress served his steak. Sly old Bill decided once and for all to give him his fill of pepper, so while Baird was at the phone, he poured a generous quarter-inch coating of black pepper on the steak, turning it carefully over in its gravy. Presently Baird returned to his seat, muttering under his breath that he

didn't see why people couldn't leave him alone long enough to let him eat, and still grumbling he sat down to his dinner. Everyone watched as he picked up his knife and fork, cut his steak, and put the first bite into his mouth. He chewed rapidly, and then without a change in expression, said: "Pass the pepper, will you, Bill."

In 1932, Harry Hillman, who is now coaching at Dartmouth College, passed through Eugene on his way to California, and stopped at the Hayward home. He was delighted when Bill offered to take him fishing in the rapids of the McKenzie River. Not having the proper fishing clothes with him, Hillman wore white flannels and a very expensive, tailor-made, navy sport coat.

When the boat was swishing around in the rapids Bill advised Hillman to stand up in the boat, "for," he said, "that's the only way you can catch fish here." Unsuspecting Hillman started to rise, but luckily he remembered from his Olympic trips with Hayward, what a jokester the man was, and he sat down just in time to save himself from being thrown from the boat.

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In 1922, Harry Hillman, who is now assisting at Dartmouth College, passed through Eugene on his way to California, and stopped at the Howard home. He was delighted when Bill offered to take his fishing in the region of the Rogue River, for having the proper fishing clothes with him, Hillman wore white flannels and a very expensive, tailor-made, navy sport coat.

When the boat was anchoring around in the rapids Bill advised Hillman to stand up in the boat, "for," he said, "that's the only way you can catch fish here." Unsuspecting Hillman started to rise, but luckily he remembered from his Olympic trips with Hayward, what a jokester the man was, and he sat down just in time to save himself from being thrown from the boat.

Bill's favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage. All through his life he has nourished a tremendous appetite, and until a few years ago when his doctor ordered him to watch his diet, he would sit down to a bountiful meal of meat, potatoes, vegetables, bread, jam, and heavy desserts. Then later in the evening he would come back for more. He eats rapidly, just like he talks, a characteristic which he thinks he inherited from his father, but thus far his wonderful digestive system has taken care of all unmasticated foods.

Colonel Bill is not particularly fond of reading but he gets a great deal of enjoyment from his sport magazines, including Hunting and Fishing, Field and Stream, and from Life and the National Geographic.

"As for fiction," he said, "I usually read the last chapter of a book and if what I find there appeals to me, then I start from the front and finish it."

One of this man's characteristics that has followed him all through life is his desire to have nothing but the best. His clothes, his

Gill's favorite dish is canned beef and cabbage. All through his life he has nourished a tremendous appetite, and until a few years ago when his doctor ordered him to watch his diet, he would eat down to a substantial meal of roast, potatoes, vegetables, bread, jam, and heavy dessert. Even later in the evening he would down beer for beer. As with reality, just like he lives, a characteristic which he claims he inherited from his father, but here for his wonderful digestive system has taken more of all unassimilated foods.

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One of his merit characteristics that has followed him all through life is his desire to have nothing but the best. His children, his

cars, his sports equipment, are all the finest on the market. Even when he bought his first auto, back in the early 1900's, itwas the best car available. Along with this love of luxury he has also developed a taste for extreme and unusual things. His first car, a Ford, was painted a brilliant baby blue, and was equipped with the loudest horn, the biggest tires, and the brightest lights he could find.

On the top of the opposite page is a photograph of Bill leaning up against "Bluebird" as he called his auto. This was taken back in 1903 or '04.

Below is a photo of a one-time very expensive car, a Templer. This auto was custom built and cost around $3000.

At one time Bill's fondness for cars tempted him to purchase a Ford bug, which had been used as a racing car. He had it built over, repainted, and made into the noisiest, speediest, brightest colored car in town. Then he was happy. When he would park his car on Willamette street, crowds

cars, his sports equipment, are all the finest on the market. Everybody he bought his first auto, back in the early 1900's, lemon was best car available. Along with his love of luxury he has also developed a taste for extreme and unusual things. His first car, a Ford, was painted a brilliant shiny blue, and was equipped with the loudest horn, the lightest tires, and the hottest engine in entire Ohio.

On the top of the opposite page is a photograph of Bill leaning up against "Slugging" as he called his yacht. This was taken back in 1930 or '04.

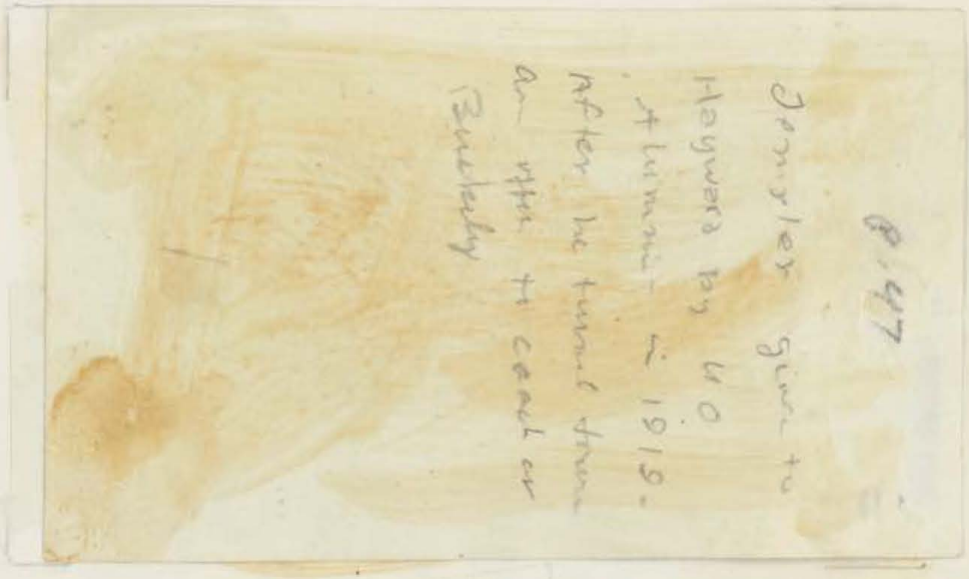
Below is a photo of a car--the very expensive car, a Cadillac. This auto was another Bill's coast around 1900.

At one time Bill's fondness for cars tempted him to purchase a Ford Model, which had been dubbed as a racing car. He had it built over, repainted, and made into the noisiest, speediest, brightest colored car in town. Then he met Roger. Then he would park his car on Williamsburg street, stands

Bill's first auto, christened "Bluebird". Note the spotlight and the fishing pole on the radiator.

Bill's famous Templer which was given to him by Oregon alumni in 1919, after it was learned that he had a lucrative offer from a southern school.

Bill's first auto, christened "Bluebird". Note the spotlight and the fishing pole on the radiator.



Bill's famous Templer which was given to him by Oregon alumni in 1919, after it was learned that he had a lucrative offer from a southern school.

would gather to examine it in every detail.

"Wow, what a car," they would say. "Bet it can go 50--even 60--miles an hour."

In his younger days when he traveled the country as a professional athlete, Bill learned to meet people well and to win their friendship and confidence in a hurry. The very straight, muscular build of the man prompts his acquaintances to admire and respect him, and thetwinkle in his eye, his ready wit,and his charming manner, make friends for him everywhere. Bill makes a good impression right at the start and it doesn't take long for one to learn that he has a marvelous sense of humor. Manford Vezie, who will take over Mike Mikulak's coaching duties at the University of Oregon next fall while Mike is on military leave, was only in Eugene for two weeks this spring, but it took him less than half the time to make up his mind about Bill. To one of his friends in the Sierra mountains of southern California he wrote:

"I have already met the most bewitching,

picturesque, old gentleman in the country. He's over seventy but his infectuous smile, his wonderful physical strength, and his remarkable sense of humor attracted me to him at the start. I'm going fishing up the McKenzie with him this Sunday and from what I hear, he knows every good fishing hole in the country, and I gather he even calls the fish by their first names."

On the other extreme are former athletes and acquaintances, who after years of friendship with Bill still hold him in the highest esteem. When they come back to the campus the Colonel is one of the first men they ask for.

On May 19, 1933, according to the Emerald of that date, the friends of Hayward's honored him by preparing a huge banquet in his honor. The University officials declared that weekend "Hayward Weekend," and he was gloriously feted for two days and profusely congratulated for his thirty years of service to the institution. A Hayward Edition of the Emerald was published, a special program planned for him, and friends from all over the United States attended or sent messages of congratulations. Over 500 people were

present at the affair, including such notables as George Hug, captain of his first Oregon track team, Dr. William J. Kerr, then chancellor of higher education, C. G. "Shrimp" Phillips, manager of radio station KIDO, in Boise, Idaho, and several members of the state board of higher education. The activities of the entire weekend were a grand tribute to Hayward and it showed in a small measure the esteem in which he was held by his friends and athletes.

Two years later, on May 25, 1935, Rex Sorenson, a former Oregon student and noted sculptor, presented him with a fine, bronze bust, as a token of admiration.

Throughout his life Bill has admired good sportsmanship and has always taught it to his boys. No matter how much it means to him to have his team win, he wants it to win in a good, clean sportsmanlike way. And he practices what he preaches, too. He's a game winner and a good loser, no matter what.

One time Bill accompanied George Kelly, a partner in the Booth-Kelly Lumber company, and some friends, up the Willamette river to Indigo creek, where Kelly had purchased some 90,000 acres

of timber land. Cars were very scarce in those days and the party made its way up into the mountains in a hack drawn by a single horse.

About this time everyone in the country was all excited about the approaching boxing match between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson. The fight scheduled to be held in Carson City, Nevada, was drawing wagers from sports fans in all sections of the United States.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Kelly told Bill. "I'll bet you that Johnson will win, and if I lose I'll lie in Indigo creek for five minutes."

That sounded all right to Bill for to him Indigo creek was just another mountain stream. Little did he realize that the narrow creek was filled with chunks of ice and that it remained so cold throughout the year that even thirsty horses would not drink from it.

Needless to say, Kelly won the bet and Hayward lost no time making his way to Indigo to pay his obligation. He took one look that

the miniature icebergs floating in the creek, clenched his teeth and lay down in the freezing water. After one minute he turned blue all over. At two minutes Kelly asked if he would like to come out and Bill shuddered a distinctive, no. Three minutes and he was still game. Four minutes passed and Kelly, quite alarmed at the sight of the human icicle in the stream, pleaded with him to come.out.

"I was shivering so I couldn't answer," Bill said.

Finally after five minutes he slowly and painfully pulled himself up the blank, blue and numb with cold but rather proud of himself for having done something that no one else would have dared to do.

Hayward teaches his athletes to try hard to win, but if they lose, to accept defeat gracefully and try even harder next time. With his athletes he maintains just the proper amount of dignity to merit their respect but he also assumes a very likeable, informal attitude both on and off the field. When freshman boys first turn out for track they usually make the mistake of referring to the Colonel as Mr. Hayward. "Mr. Hayward is my father's name," he says. "Just call me Bill."

Bill enjoys meeting and talking to people and likes to study human nature. In his several trips to Europe as an Olympic coach he has met royalty and high officers of state. During the 1912 games in Sweden, Bill met King Gustave and his court. "That rather destroyed my illusions of the grandeur of nobility," he said, for King Gustave was a tall, stooped man with a two-piece suit that looked like about $12 and a straw hat that couldn't have cost over $1.50.[1]

On board a ship to Europe he became well acquainted with Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Helen Wills Moody, and many other famous celebrities. On the opposite page is a picture of a group of Bill's shipmates. Notice Douglas Fairbanks fourth from the left.

Bill has prominent friends everywhere. When he used to make frequent trips to Los Angeles he was entertained by the late Marie Dressler, Harold Lloyd, Joan Crawford, and many other film stars. He enjoys his associations with people, and as he says: "I learn many things from my

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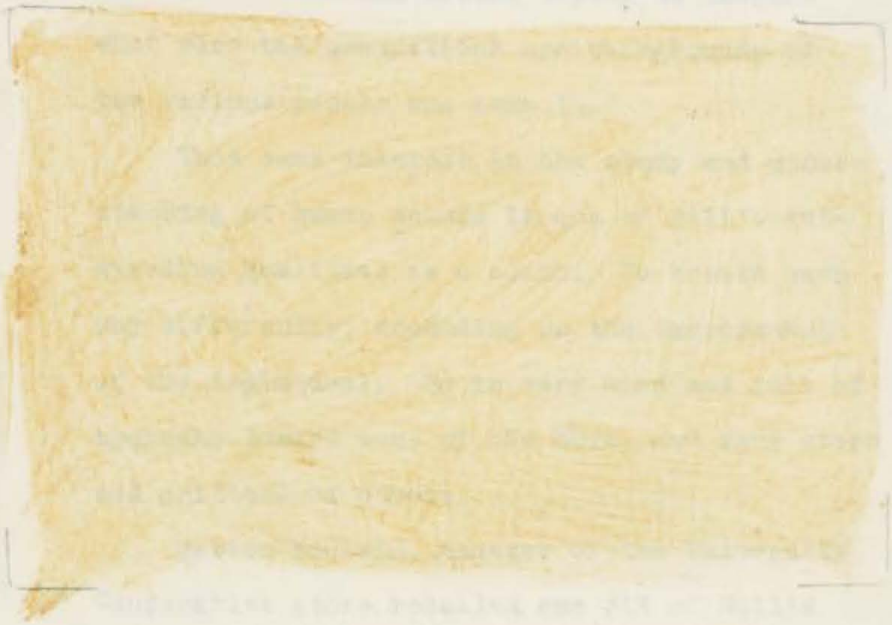
1. From an article by Bruce Hamby in the Emerald of May 12, 1933



A group of Bill's shipmates.

associates. I can even learn from a three-year-old child. I used to enjoy going to the post office and standing around trying to imagine what were the occupations and backgrounds of the various people who came in."

This same interest in the study and understanding of human nature is one of Bill's outstanding qualities as a coach. He treats each boy differently, depending on the temperament of the individual. He is very kind and full of sympathy toward some of his boys, and very stern and critical of others.

Marion McClain, manager of the University Cooperative store, recalled one bit of Bill's psychology that was successful, and it all revolved around a lad, Dick Sundeleaf, who was in school about 1918. Dick was a good quarter-miler but he had one terrible fault. He was very nervous and stirred himself up so before a track meet that he was absolutely worthless in competition.

Now at the time, the University was scheduled for a dual meet with the University of Washington, and plans for the trip to Seattle had already been

completed when late the night before the team was to leave, Hayward phoned McClain, who was then graduate manager, and asked permission to add another man to the traveling squad.

"You can't do that," McClain said. "We've already made arrangements with the ticket office and our budget for the trip is shot."

"But I have to take another man," Bill said, "if we expect to win the meet."

They took another athlete, Bob Cosgriff, who had turned out faithfully for track but who was not nearly as competent a runner as his teammate, worry wart Sundeleaf. When the team arrived in Seattle the night before the meet, Hayward called his performers around him and gave them their instructions for the night. He turned to Sundeleaf and asked: "Dick, have you any friends in Seattle with whom you could stay tonight?"

"Whhhyyy, yes," Dick stammered, "but. . ."

"Well, you just go out to visit with your friends and have a good time tonight," Bill said. "I'll see you at the meet tomorrow. And, say, you better wear your track clothes when you

come out to the field cause the officials are awfully strict about who they let on the field."

"But won't I get to run. . ."

"You see, Sundeleaf," I know you get all tied up before a meet and I just brought you along this time to get you used to the noise and excitement. Run along."

Dick spent the night with friends and when he arrived at the field the next day, Bill asked him to put on his warmup suit and sort of give Cosgriff a few tips. "Tell him about the fellows he's going to run against. You know all about it," Bill said.

Sundeleaf, dressed in his track suit covered by a warmup made his way out on the field and worked diligently giving his partner a few last minute bits of advice. Finally when the third call for the quarter-mile run was sounded, Hayward dashed up to Sundeleaf, saying: "Get off your warmup, Dick, you're going to run this race."

"Why. . .why. . .why. . ., stammered Dick. "I thought you said. . ."

"I just brought Cosgriff along to do your worrying," Bill explained. "Now get out there."

Sundeleaf crossed the finish line fully three yards ahead of his nearest competitor.

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"But wasn't I get to run. . ."

"You see, Dundalow," I know you got all tied up before a meet and - just brought you along this time so you need to the pride and excitement. Run along."

Dick spent the night with fellows and when he arrived at the field the next day, Bill asked him to put on his warmup suit and sort of give Doggett a few tips. "Tell him where the fellows he's going to run against. You know all about it," Bill said.

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"Why. . .why. . .why. . .", stammered Dick. "I thought you said. . ."

"I just brought Doggett along to do your warming," Bill explained. "Now get out there."

Dundalow crossed the finish line fully three yards ahead of his nearest competitor.

In connection with Hayward's personality, his study of human nature, andthe psychology he uses with his athletes, a little should be said about the philosophy of the man. He is quick to admit that he, himself, is a fatalist. "I believe that what is going to happen to me will happen," he said. And so he spends no time grieving over his own misfortunes. He takes his lot without grumbling and is happy with whatever comes to him. On the surface one would suppose that such an attitude would leave one without a worry in the world, but Hayward philosophizes very differently wherever his friends are concerned. If some bad fortune befalls any one of his friends, he is at once emotional and sympathetic. He worries about the troubles of his friends without giving his own a thought.

A few weeks ago when one of Bill's friends died suddenly, Bill grieved so deeply that he became ill and was forced to go to bed for several days. However, when he, himself, suffers a

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heart attack, the very same day or soon after he jokingly refers to his "ticker that can't take it."

And His Hobbies

CHAPTER VIII

There is nothing more natural for a man to do after a hard day's work than to come home, put on his slippers, light up his pipe, and relax in an easy chair for the rest of the evening. But not for Colonel Bill. Although his work as a coach, teaching new athletes the tedious fundamentals of their sports, requires both physical and mental exertion, he is never too fatigued to enjoy his hobbies--all four of them.

Ever since he was a youngster, fishing off the smelly dock of some waterfront town, Bill has always taken delight in his fishing. Although he doesn't like fish and only eatsit on Friday, he declares that angling is his favorite outdoor sport. His paradise is a sparkling stream back in the mountains, with slippery trout swimming lustily back and forth.

"I like fishing because I like to outguess the fish," he remarked. According to Dick Strite and other Lane county sportsmen, Hayward is one of the finest fly fishermen in the state.

"It makes me furious to see someone fishing with worms as bait," Bill pointed out, "because

I feel it's a very unsportsmanlike thing to do."

In his hobbies, just as in his private life, Bill likes to buy the best equipment on the market. He has approximately $2500 worth of fishing tackle, including 35 or 40 different types of rods, reels, and lines.

"I have rods weighing from 2½ ounces to some heavy enough for deep sea fishing," he said, "and I have reels and lines to go with them all."

As he talked, Bill reached into his pocket and brought forth a small green and gold fly with a hook attached.

"You see this fly," he said. I designed it and I plan to use it this summer to catch striped bass in the Coos Bay. At the present time the fishermen there catch them with plugs but I'm going to try to catch 35 or 40-pound bass with this type of bait."

And this incident is typical of the man--typical of the very competitive spirit which enabled him to lick his weight in wildcats when he was but a boy.

When Bill was in London for the 1908 Olympics, he brought back with him a pair of English waders

which are used for deep water fishing. Bill is wearing these waders in the photograph on the opposite page. Below is one of his fine catches taken from the McKenzie.

The waders, which are made of light-weight rubber, fasten under the arms, and are an envious part of any fishermen's equipment. W. R. Wallace, a Springfield merchant who used to fish and hunt with Bill, recalled one day that he and a party of fishermen were bank fishing up the McKenzie in a very swift section of the river.

"Bill had his English waders on," he said, "and he was wading out up to his chin." Wallace went on to tell that a little later the men on shore noticed that Bill had disappeared from the middle of the stream and everyone was quite alarmed, for the water was unusually treacherous at that point. A search was made immediately, and several hours later they discovered Bill across the river, fatigued from his battle with the current, but safe and sound.

"How in h--- did you get over there," they yelled.

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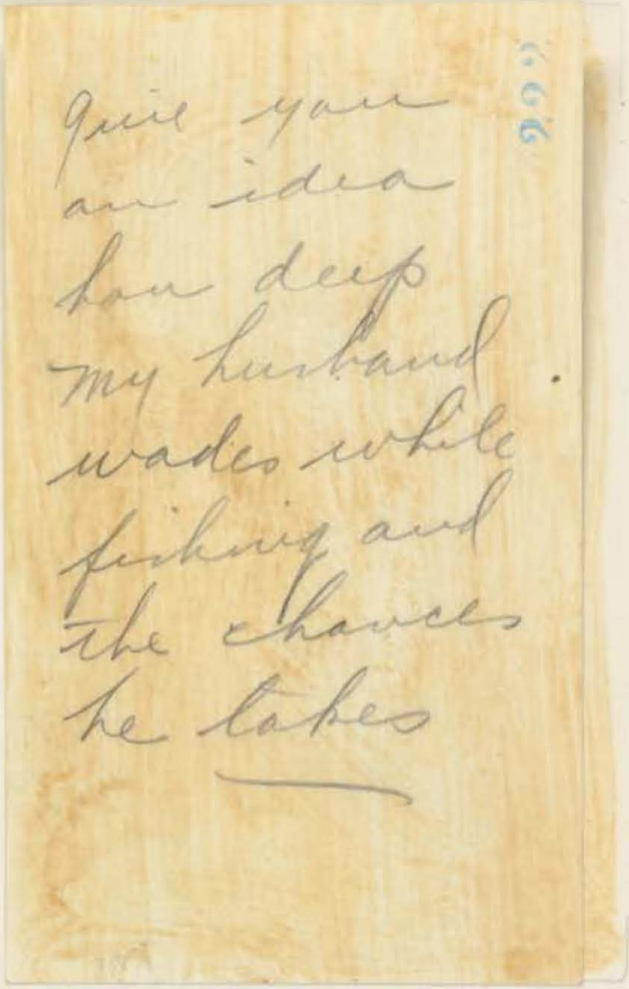

give you
an idea
how deep
my husband
wades while
fishing and
the chances
he takes

"Waded," he replied. I put my fishing rod between my teeth and fought my way across.

Now this was really quite a remarkable feat, for it would have been extremely dangerous to even swim across the stream without the handicap of cumbersome waders.

Later that same day, however, the joke was on Bill. He wanted to get out of his wet clothes and the only available costume was an 1890 bathing suit, of a ferocious shade of orange, trimmed in black. Bill never expects to live down the ribbing he got from a party of Oregon athletes, who saw him strutting up and down the bank of the river dressed in black and orange--the colors of Oregon State College, the University's traditional enemy.

"And there I was," Bill said, "wearing the enemies'colors and not a thing I could do about it and still be a gentleman."

Another time when Bill tried to prove his merit as a fisherman, everything worked out fine until he got messed up with some newspaper publicity.

It seems that the fishing dopesters around Eugene had predicted that angling along the south fork of the Willamette would be poor for three or four days, due to a full moon. Hayward and his bosom friend, W. R. Wallace, decided to prove to Eugeneans that the moon had nothing to do with their luck, so they set out one evening just after sundown when the moon was starting to rise and caught 35 beautiful fish.

Now Fred Guyon, who worked for the Eugene Daily News, published a story in his paper, telling of the fishermen's phenomenal luck. That was fine until Hayward and Wallace began receiving hundreds of letters from irate sportsmen and game wardens in Oregon, calling them any number of unconventional names for fishing illegally after sundown.

"We didn't realize we were breaking the law," Bill said. "We just thought we'd outguess the dopesters. And we did," he winked.

On the following page is a picture of Hayward dressed in his fishing clothes, holding a 14-pounder. In the opposite photo he is displaying some antlers.

Hunting has also been one of Bill's favorite sports. His wife, Bertina, is an excellent hunter and the two used to make frequent trips to the mountains during deer season, until Bill's physician advised that he give up this strenous sport. Both Bill and his wife are excellent shots and their collection of antlers and stuffed birds is evidence of their ability.

Along with his interest in athletics, Hayward has developed a hobby of picture-taking. He has four or five commodious trunks full of pictures that he has taken in Europe, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, and all over the United States. He has acquired several expensive cameras, among them two movie cameras with which he takes technicolor pictures of his athletes in action. He takes a great deal of pride in this collection, for some of the cameras are valued at nearly a hundred dollars each. Bill is also fond of thumbing through the thousands of snapshots that he took in his travels over the country.

"Your story in pictures leaves nothing untold," he smiled.

Another one of the Hayward hobbies is his interest in manufacturing braces, bandages, and oth er gadgets to hasten the healing of football or track injuries. Many a coach here at Oregon and in other schools in the Northwest has heaved a sigh of relief when Hayward has remarked to a wounded gridiron star: "I can fix that."

Mike Mikulak, Oregon' all-American fullback of the 1933 season, was given the title "Iron Mike" from a foam-rubber padded chestplate that Bill constructed for him to keep his "pidgeon breast" from being injured so easily in bodily contacts.

Years ago when the science of treating football injuries was not what it is today, Colonel Bill fashioned little air cushions in the shape of doughnuts, out of rubber inner tubes, to protect wounded parts of the body. An athlete nicknamed "Sap" Latourette, who is now a dignified Circuit Judge in Oregon City, was a star quarterback at the time, and because of a bad knee injury, it was feared that he would have to forget about football. Bill quickly came to the rescue with his "rubber doughnuts," and Latourette got to play. These pneumatic cushions have been a blessing to football coaches ever since.

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Dick Neuberger wrote the following in an Emerald editorial in 1933.

"Oldtimers recall it was a wonderful sight--one that brought lumps to the throats of the sport fans and tears to the eyes of the women to see Hayward run out on the football field to administer aid to a wounded gladiator. He cannot get to the injured player soon enough," Dick wrote. "His wrinkled hands are soft and gentle as he administers first aid. And there are 200-pound football giants who will tell you of tears in Bill Hayward's eyes for lads in pain with the temporary hurts of gridiron wounds."

If Bill says he can fix up an injury, then everyone can dry his tears. It can be done. Lair Gregory, in his column in the Oregonian of October 7, 1932 wrote:

"The colonel hammers out cunning devices, either in his own office--or in the many cases where he has to invent something new in the way of braces, at a blacksmith shop--with a hammer, an anvil, sheet of aluminum, a few rivets, plenty of foam rubber, a wonderful knowledge of anatomy and an instinctive sense of leverage mechanics."

Of course Bill's a patriotic Oregon fan, but if it means helping an athlete, he'll cater to every school in the nation.

"I once made a brace for Oregon State's Norman Franklin," he said. "He was straining a wounded collar bone and when Lon Stiner sent him over to me, I rigged up a device that took all the pressure off his collar bone and breastbone so that he could raise his right arm to pass a football."

Bill not only enjoys doing a good turn for an injured player and a frantic coach, but he also enjoys making the weird-looking contraptions. If the brace fits, if it takes the weight off the proper place, protects the injury, and makes the athlete as good as new, then Bill's work is done. It's an act of God to some distressed athlete, but it's just a hobby to Hayward.

The Champions he has Developed

CHAPTER IX

No story of Colonel Bill would be complete without an accounting of his coaching career and the champions he has produced. It wasn't long after he came to Oregon that coaches all over the United States turned their eyes toward the University to see what the wizardous Bill had up his sleeve for the approaching season.

All through his career as a college coach his greatest efforts have been to develop athletes who were worthy of representing the United States in the famous Olympic games.

"The Olympiad is a very impressive event for any athlete," he said, "and it is a wonderful sight to see the world's best athletes compete against each other."

Bill believes that all athletes should strive for a chance to compete in the Olympics, for he feels it is not only a wonderful experience, but it also gives the performers a chance to learn many things about the techniques of other nations.

"When I was in Stockholm for the 1912 Olympics," he said, "I went over to Finland and bought a number of javelins. The Finns have

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"When I was in Copenhagen for the 1952 Olympics," he said, "I went over to Finland and bought a number of javelins. The Finns have

long been the world's best javelin throwers, so I made a careful study of their technique. I believe it has helped me a great deal in my coaching."

Hayward has been to six different Olympic games and has acted as a coach for various American teams. He often glances through his Olympic game reports and he enjoys reading and re-reading passages about the early Greek and Roman athletic contests.

"It's interesting to notice how ideals have changed,"he remarked, and with this he began reading from a bound copy of the 1920 Olympic Committee report.

". . .The athlete's life was eating, drinking, cleansing the stomach and bowels, rolling in the dust and mud," he read. "They rose late from sleep. . .their breakfast was largely bread of a slightly fermented and half-baked variety. . .the entire time from breakfast to late dinner, lasting frequently until midnight, was devoted to severe exercise. They were absolutely forbidden to discuss at meals anything but the lightest topics--mental strain producing dyspepsia and headache.

But they must eat very much and very slowly at dinner, of meat principally, and for the most part of pork. Incredible tales are told, how Milo of Crotona ate a whole ox at one sitting. . . how Galen considered six-and-a-half pounds of meat a very small portion for any athlete, and how a certain Aegon ate eighty pastry cakes at a sitting."

With this Hayward closed the book, explaining how ideas have changed, how very careful athletes must be of their diets today and how discrete they must be in their other habits.

Bill believes the greatest tribute that can be paid to any young man or woman is an opportunity to represent his country in the Olympics. He does not believe, however, that the games will ever be resumed, even after the world crisis is over.

"The Olympics represent good sportsmanship, good fellowship, and good will among nations," he said, "and we don't have that now."

The fine spirit and sportsmanship of the competition in the Olympics, has prompted Bill to pattern some "little Olympics" right here in Eugene. Bill has always felt that youngsters of high school age were not getting enough of the right kind of competition in their small schools, so in 1937 he started what is now known as the Hayward Relays. Only six schools--Chemawa, Corvallis, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Springfield, and Eugene's University High School, were entered that first year for the joint track meet, but the next year this number doubled, in 1939 eighteen schools entered the competition, in 1940, 24, and in 1941 twenty-seven schools took part. The relays have grown so large it is now necessary to classify the schools, according to their size, into A, B, and C, classes. The Relays have created so much good feeling between the schools and have become so popular with the boys, it has been decided to make them an annual affair, to be alternated between Oregon and Oregon State. High School coaches all over the state have nothing but praise for these Relays, for they believe they give boys a chance to prove their merits in stiff competition.

The following pages are devoted to a year-by-year account of Hayward's track teams since 1904. In them will be mentioned the great champions he has developed and also his experiences at the Olympic games. Throughout this chapter the reader must bear in mind that Bill has had no favorites among his athletes. "I like them all," he said. "I hold a boy in high esteem who turns out for track faithfully even though he never makes the team."

The information below has been taken from a series of articles by Roy Craft, which appeared in the Register-Guard in 1933. All data has been verified by Hayward.

1904: Bill's first track season. There were no spectacular developments this year. The student body numbered nearly 300, and most of the boys turned out for athletics of one kind or another.

1905: The outstanding weight man of the season was George Hug. Fred Moulen was a versatile young fellow who pole vaulted, high jumped, and threw the discus and the shot. Clyde Payne was a great quarter-miler this year, and C. L. Poley was the best miler. Gordon Moores ran the

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The information below has been taken from a series of articles by Guy Crell, which appeared in the Bulletin-Times in 1922. All data has been verified by Harvard.

1906: Hill's first track season. There were no cross-country developments this year. The entire body numbered nearly 300, and most of the boys turned out for athletics of one kind or another.

1909: The outstanding weight man of the season was George Hay. Fred Merrin was a versatile young fellow who only wanted, high jumped, and threw the discus and the shot. Olympic figure was a great quarter-miler this year, and V. D. Foley was the best miler. Gordon Sowers was the

hurdles, and Dan Kelly was an outstanding sprinter. It took Hayward but a year to promote a greater interest in track.

1906: It was in this year that Dan Kelly, who held the world's 100-yard dash record for the ensuing ten years, made his bid for fame. Kelly ran the 100 in 9.6, the 220 in 21.2, and broad jumped as a sideline. Later he represented the United States in the 1908 Olympics as a broad jumper and placed second. This was a championship year for the University, for it won all its track meets, defeating Oregon State College in a dual meet by a score of 76 to 46.

This same year Henry McKinney, another of Bill's athletes, broke the coast record in the shot with a heave of 45 feet 2½ inches. Oregon took the northwest meet, made up of all Oregon schools, with 84 points. Frank Frissell was an excellent high jumper at that time.

1907: Henry McKinney, who is now a sheriff at Baker, Oregon, bettered his former shot put record with a 46-foot throw. Walter Winslow was the track manager and was also a pole vaulter of note.

Edward Bailey, now a Eugene attorney, was a great hammer-thrower at the time.

1908: This year Hayward made a trip to the Olympics in London, accompanied by Dan Kelly. Kelly placed second in the broad jump. Bill made the trip at his own expense but when he arrived in London he was pressed into service as an assistant coach.

The star of his 1908 team was Eberle Kuykendall, who died right after the war. Kuykendall ran both the hurdles, pole vaulted, high and broad jumped, and threw the shot. At that time Oliver Huston was the outstanding sprinter on the coast. He ran the 100 and 220 and sometimes the low hurdles and the relay. Oregon swept the Conference this year, beating Oregon State, Washington State, and winning the triangular meet against Idaho and Washington.

1909: Oregon again made a clean sweep of the Conference this year. Outstanding stars were Oliver Huston, again, Martin Hawkins, a hurdler, Bob Kellog, and Ben Williams, shot put men.

1910: This was a bad year for Oregon had an inexperienced team which lost the triangular meet for the first time. Bill Neil was the out-

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standing javelin thrower that year. Dave McDaniel and Jimmy Jones, of Pendleton, were star quarter-milers, and Ercel Kay, of Salem was a good sprinter, low hurdler, and broad jumper.

1911: According to Hayward, the thing he remembers best about his 1911 squad was the outstanding work of Graham McConnell, who was a fine quarter and half-miler. As usual, Oregon won most of its meets this year.

1912: Hayward and Lawson Robertson, of Pennsylvania, were officially chosen as Olympic coaches, and Bill took Martin Hawkins and Walter McClure with him to compete in the games which were held in Stockholm, Sweden, that year. The Germans were so impressed with Bill's work that they asked him to coach their track and field team for the 1916 games, according to an article by Bruce Hamby in the July 16 edition of the Oregonian. Hawkins took third in the high hurdles and McClure finished seventh in the 1500-meter run.

At Oregon that year Bill Neill broke the northwest record in the javelin with a toss of 165 feet.

1913: Walter McClure was captain of the track squad and Oregon won the Columbia meet, and also won out over the Multnomah club, in Portland. Verne Windnagle was the star half and quarter-miler that year. Chet Huggins, Ercel Kay, Johnny Parsons, Sam Cook, and Chet Fee, were also outstanding athletes. Up to 1914 Bill's teams held eleven of the Conference records. In recognition of this achievement, the 1915 and 1916 Oreganas were dedicated to him. The dedication read: "In appreciation of the eleven Northwest championships he has given the University in twelve years, of the high sportsmanship he has inspired and encouraged, and of his good influence over the state for better and squarer athletics, we respectfully dedicate this volume of the Oregana."

1914: Tommy Boylen, of Pendleton, a versatile star, who ran the 100, 200, and did the broad jump, took team honors this year. Again Oregon won the Conference meet with 34 points to Oregon State College's 27. Mose Payne broke the coast record for the two-mile run, making it in 9:35.

1915: This was rather a dull year for Oregon athletics. There were no outstanding stars and the track teamcarried on in the usual manner.

1916: Walter "Moose" Muirhead came to Oregon this year and starred in the hurdles, high jump, and broad jump. Lee Bostwick was a standout in the five-mile run and Tony Goreczky in the sprints. Ken Bartlett,who later represented Oregon on the Olympic team, was a fine discus thrower and played tackle on the football team as well.

1917: The war had hit the country this year and there were few good trackmen out that season. Schedules were cancelled and only a few small meets were held. The same conditions were true in 1918, and Hayward took advantage of the slump to undergo a stomach operation. He left his coaching duties in the hands of "Moose Muirhead.

1919: Hank Foster was the standout on the team. He was practically a one-man track team, competing in the sprints, low hurdles, broad jump, and relays.

1916: This was rather a dull year for Oregon athletics. There were no outstanding stars and the track team ended up in the usual manner.

1917: Walter "Moose" Muirhead came to Oregon this year and starred in the hurdles, high jump, and broad jump. Joe Hartman was a standout in the five-mile run and long distance in the sprints. Ken Bartlett, who later represented Oregon on the Olympic team, was a fine distance runner and played tackle on the football team as well.

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1920: Bill was again asked to resume his coaching duties at the Olympiad in Antwerp and this time he took Ken Bartlett, Oregon's discus star, and Art Tuck, javelin artist. This was a year of upsets at Oregon. It's track team led by the versatile Hank Foster, nosed out Washington in a dual meet, and came in last in the Pacific Coast conference meet in Palo Alto. Oregon State beat the Webfoots, also, and because Oregon had such a bad season it was picked to finish fourth or fifth in the Northwest meet. But Hayward fooled the prognosticators and Oregon won the meet with 36 points. Hank Foster and Leith Abbot starred for the Webfoots.

1921: This was another bad year for Oregon, but she finished fourth in the Northwest. At that time Glen Walkley, who ran the mile in 4:28, was Oregon's biggest hope.

1922: In this year the Webfoots staged a comeback and placed third in the Conference. Vic Risley was the team's best quarter-miler and he also ran in the relay. That year Ralph Spearow starred in the broad jump and pole vault, and in 1923 he

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1929: This was another bad year for Oregon. Jim Ohlmann finished fourth in the Northwest. At that time Glen Fielding, who ran the mile in 4:27, was Oregon's biggest hope.

1930: In this year the Webfoots staged a comeback and placed third in the Conference. Vic Hilary was the team's best quarter-miler and he also ran in the relay. That year Helge Ingerson starred in the broad jump and pole vault, and in 1931 he

leaped to fame under Hayward's coaching by pole vaulting 13 feet 1.8 inches for a new inter-collegiate record. He won a place on the Olympic team of 1924 and went to Paris with Hayward.

Harry Hillman, who accompanied Hayward to Paris that year, wrote of an incident that took place there at that time.

"Bill was living in Colombes, a village which housed the American team," he said. "One night while in Paris he engaged a taxi to take him out to the village, and when he arrived home he handed the driver a 20-franc note. The driver hopped in his cab and started to drive away without returning the change. Bill held the fellow but he pleaded ignorance of the English language. We were all looking out our windows," Hillman wrote, "and we were very much amused to see Bill reach into the cab with his cane, wrap the end of it around the cabman and pull him out of the car. But the driver turned out to be quite a gangster and he pulled a pistol out of his pocket. We all watched excitedly, nobody daring to move,"

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"Hill was living in Colombes, a village along Seine the American team," he said. "One night while in Paris he engaged a taxi to take him out to the village, and when he arrived home he handed the driver a 50-franc note. The driver hopped in his cab and started to drive away without returning the change. Hill held the fellow out as pleaded ignorance of the English language. We were all looking out our windows," Hillman wrote, "and we were very much amused to see Hill reach into the cab with his cane, wrap the end of it around the cabman and pull him out of the car. But the driver turned out to be quite a gamester and he pulled a pistol out of his pocket. We all watched excitedly, nobody daring to move."

Hillman continued. "Bill slowly raised his hands and in the quiet of the night we heard him remark in his calm, deep-throated voice: "Okay, guess you win, buddy buddy."

This easy bit of American colloquialism had just the right effect on the cab driver, for he put down his gun, threw Bill's change on the ground, and rode off in his car, Hillman concluded.

1924: Chances looked good for the Webfoots in 1924 with Spearow in the pole vaulting, Vic Risley, in the quarter-mile, Roland Eby, high jump, Francis Cleaver, hurdles, and Chick Rosenburg in the broad jump. Oregon won the Pacific Coast conference meet this year.

Although the years between 1924 and 1929 were comparatively poor for Oregon's track teams, each year Hayward succeeded in developing stars who upheld his wonderful coaching record. In 1925 Proctor Flannigan held the conference record in the broad jump and in 1926 he broke his own record. This year Oregon unexpectedly won over Oregon State when Vic Wetzel barely won the javelin event with a toss of 165 feet.

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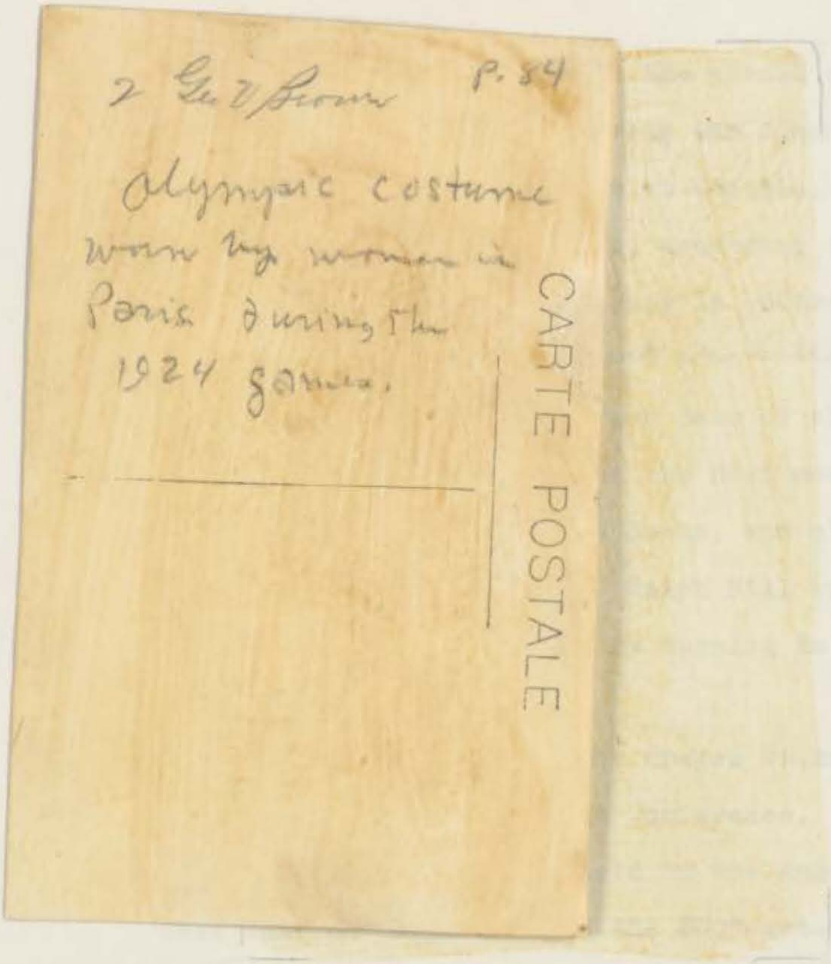
Although the years between 1924 and 1927 were comparatively poor for Oregon's track teams, each year Hayward succeeded in developing stars who upheld his wonderful coaching record. In 1925 Procter Flanagan held the conference record in the broad jump and in 1926 he broke his own record. This year Oregon unexpectedly won over Oregon State when Vic Heisel barely won the javelin event with a toss of 168 feet.

The Olympic costume worn by women in Paris during the 1924 games.



The Olympic costume worn by women in Paris during the 1924 games.

1929: Ed Moeller broke into the circle of national champions this year by throwing the discus 160 feet 7 inches in a dual meet at Seattle. Less than a month later, however, according to Bruce Hamby's story in the July 16 edition of the Oregonian, 1939, his mark was bettered.

1930: Oregon's greatest track team of all time went to work in 1930 and won the dual meet from Washington, won from Oregon State, and placed second in the Conference. Ralph Hill broke the world's record in the mile by turning in a time of 4:12.4.

1931: The Webfoots won over Oregon State and came in second again in the Conference.

1932: The Olympics were held in Los Angeles and Bill entered Ralph Hill in the 5000-meter race. Hill was running against Lehtinen, of Finland and it was believed that he was fouled twice by the Finnish runner. However, he refused to protest the decision and became a hero overnight for his great sportsmanship.

1934: There were no outstanding stars in 1934, but Bob Parke, a husky, young football player, threw the javelin 220 feet 11-5/8 inches in the

1984: Ed Moultier broke into the ranks of national competition this year by throwing the discus 180 feet 7 inches in a dual meet at Seattle. Less than a month later, however, according to Bruce Hanby's story in the July 16 edition of the Oregonian, 180 was record-area Kellogg.

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1931: The Ducks won over Oregon State and came in second again in the conference.

1932: The Olympics were held in Los Angeles and Hill entered Daily Hill in the 800-meter race. Hill was running against Lehmkuhl, of Indiana and it was believed that he was fouled twice by the Indian runner. However, he refused to protest the decision and became a hero overnight for his great sportsmanship.

1934: There were no outstanding stars in 1934, but Bob Fouse, a husky, young football player, threw the javelin 202 feet 11-5/8 inches in the

National Collegiate Athletic Association's meet in Los Angeles. Bill was grooming Parke for the 1936 Olympics, but because of an elbow injury the preceding spring, he was unable to compete.

~~From this time on~~, Bruce Hamby's University athletic publicity agent, wrote an interesting and accurate article in the July 16, 1939 edition of the Oregonian, about Bill's track stars and Hayward declared that the information ~~he~~ his story conveyed was authentic.

Wrote Hamby:

"George Varoff, the music-loving Russian pole vaulter, was the next Hayward-trained champion to reap worldwide fame. Ineligible for competition in his first year at Oregon, Varoff remained active in the spring and that summer went east for a try at the American Olympic team. In the national A.A.U. meet a week prior to the Olympic trials, Varoff scaled 14 feet 6½ inches to establish a new world's indoor record. His record immediately produced a constant round of banquets, personal appearances and radio engagements until the bewildered youth, in desperation, wired Hayward

National Collegiate Athletic Association's meet in Los Angeles. Gill was crossing ~~Pres~~ for the 1500 dynamite, but because of an elbow injury she practically crying, he was unable to compete.

~~Then late-stage~~, Irene Kemp's University Athletic publicity agent, wrote an interesting and exclusive article in the July 16, 1932 edition of the ~~Sporting~~, and appeared isolated that the information he [illegible] was authentic.

Merle Hoppe

"Merle Hoppe, the world-leading woman pole vaulter, who has made dizzyingly-fast strides to very worldwide fame. Initially for competition in his first year as "vogue", Hoppe's remained motive in the sports and that summer went away for a try at the American Olympic team. In the national A.A.U. meet a week prior to the Olympic trials, Hoppe scaled 14 feet 8½ inches to establish a new world's indoor record. His record immediately produced a dominant round of headlines, personal appearances and radio endorsements until the beautiful youth, in desperation, asked Hayward

that he was getting a fine case of the jitters as well as missing out on much-needed rest and quiet.

"Hayward at once dropped his summer vacation plans and took the first plane to New York. But even with his steadying influence and guidance Varoff failed to place among the first three and did not win a trip to Berlin for the Olympics."

Hayward recalled that Varoff returned to school the next fall and worked hard to perfect his form. He was invited to participate in two indoor meets in New York and Boston, and in the latter he established a new world's indoor mark of 14 feet 4-3/8 inches to become the world's best pole vaulter.

Later, Boyd Brown, a healthy, 190-pound Hubbard, Oregon athlete, came to Oregon, green and inexperienced but willing to learn. In spite of his handicap because of a missing thumb on his right hand, early in 1939 Brown threw the javelin 231-1/4 inches, the second longest distance ever recorded by a native American.[1]

1. Hamby's article in the July 16, 1939 Oregonian

Later in the season he hurled it to 224 feet 1½ inches, to defeat Bob Peoples, internationally famous javelin artist, and set a new Pacific Coast Conference record.

At the present time Les Steers, a lithe California youth, is attracting attention all over America by his remarkable high jumping.

Les said he was advised by his coach in Palo Alto, Dink Templeton, to study under Bill Hayward. "He recommended Bill to me above all other track coaches," Les said.

Recently Steers established a new world's outdoor high jump record when he sailed over the bar set at 6 feet 10 and 25/32 inches. He admits that Hayward has helped him perfect his technique and has taught him to time himself so that he rolls right straight across the bar.

Although he has only been at Oregon for one track season, Les is already fond of Hayward. "He stays awake at night thinking of things that might help me perfect my form," he said, "and the next day I try them. I think Bill knows as much, if not more, than any coach in the country."

later in the season he hurled it to 284 feet 1½ inches, to defeat Bob Tuegel, internationally famous javelin artist, and set a new Pacific Coast Conference record.

At the present time Lee Stearns, a lithe California youth, is attracting attention all over America by his remarkable high jumping.

Lee said he was advised by his coach in Palo Alto, Mike Templeton, to study under Bill Bayard. "He recommended Bill to me above all other track coaches," Lee said.

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Although he has only been at Oregon for one track season, Lee is already fond of Bayard. "Bo starts work at night thinking of things that might help me perfect my form," he said, "and the next day I try them. I think Bill knows as much, if not more, than any coach in the country."

And Les' mother, who lives in Palo Alto, California, likes Bill too. Recently she wrote him a letter, addressing him as"Mr. Hayward." "Les talks about you so much I feel as though I know you well enough to call you 'Bill!" she wrote.

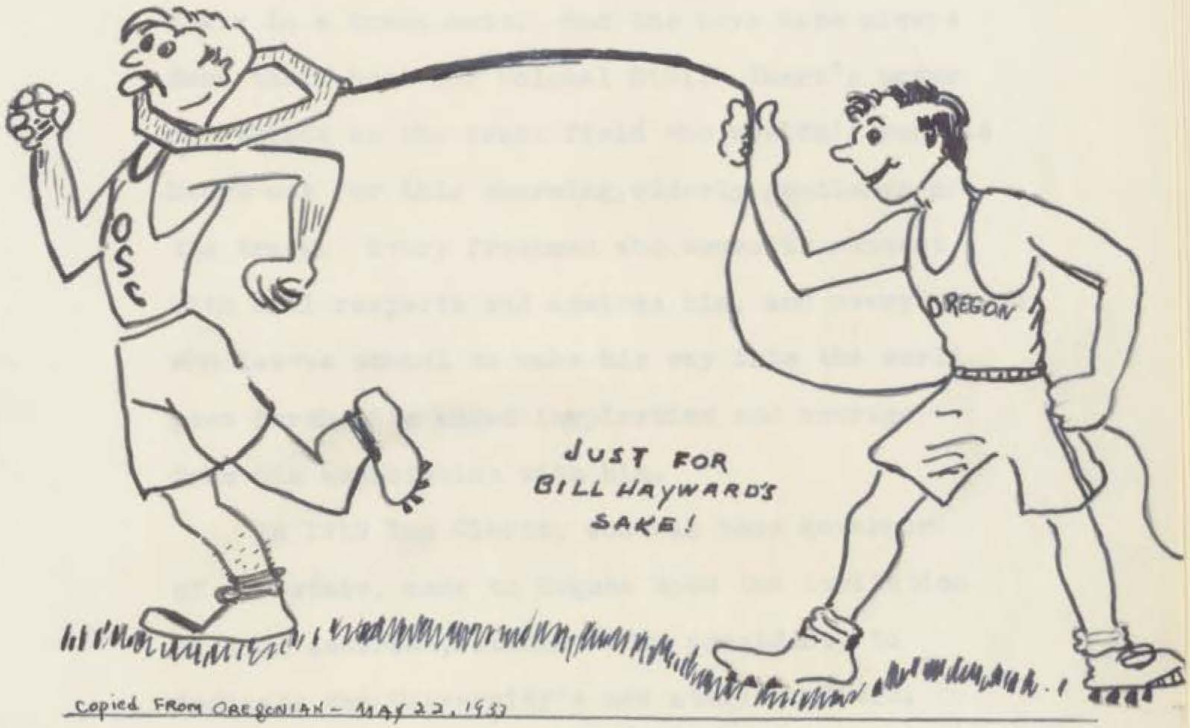
Hayward immediately answered, addressing Mrs. Steers as "Mom." "Les talks about you so much I almost feel as though I know you," he wrote. "And he calls you 'Mom.'"

And so we have followed Hayward's long list of track stars and their achievements at the University of Oregon. After 38 years of service to his school, Hayward is truly deserving of a remark made by an alumnus. "He's more than a coach--he's an institution."

Twenty-eight stripes and he's not out yet. This sweater was awarded to Bill by the Order of the O, and for 28 years he had a stripe added to the sleeve. He's been at Oregon 38 years now but has run out of sleeve space.

After 38 Years at Oregon

CHAPTER X



"We'll win for Colonel Bill" has been the war cry of Oregon athletes for many years.

"Oregon Swamps Orange for Colonel Bill," read a banner headline in the Emerald of May 20, 1933, the day after the Webfoots defeated Oregon State in a track meet. And the boys have always done their best for Colonel Bill. There's never an athlete on the track field who wouldn't run his heart out for this charming, elderly gentleman of the track. Every freshman who comes in contact with Bill respects and admires him, and every senior who leaves school to make his way into the world goes forth with added inspiration and courage from his association with him.

In 1919 Ben Olcott, who was then governor of the state, came to Eugene upon the invitation of Stan Anderson, student body president, to dedicate the University's new athletic field.[1] It was named Hayward field, in honor of Oregon's great track coach and trainer.

In 1933, the year that the student body and alumni prepared a sumptuous banquet to celebrate Bill's thirtieth year of service to the school,

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1. Emerald of November 15, 1919.

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In 1919 Ben Olcott, now the chief executive of the state, came to Eugene upon the invitation of Ben Anderson, student body president, to dedicate the University's new athletic field.[1] It was named Hayward Field, in honor of Oregon's great track coach and trainer.

In 1933, the year that the student body and alumni organized a surprise banquet to celebrate Bill's thirtieth year of service to the school,

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1. Imperial of November 15, 1919.

the thousands of letters and telegrams congratulating him on his anniversary are evidence enough of the high esteem in which he is held.

That same year the University purchased a streamlined water cart to carry water out on the football field to its fighting warriors. The students had not forgotten the many years before that Colonel Bill had rushed out on the field at the quarter carrying an old water bucket. To show their appreciation, they christened the new water wagon "Hayward Junior," much to the pleasure of Colonel Bill.

In the San Francisco Chronicle, of July 11, 1940, Bill Leiser made some very touching remarks about the Colonel. He wrote:

"Coaches come and coaches go, at most universities, but up in Eugene, Oregon, there's a coach who goes on forever. At least, he has been going since 1903, and is still in there pitching. He is Bill Hayward, track coach in the spring and man of all work the rest of the year.. . He's a mighty good track coach. The champions produced by Oregon prove this. He's not above being a trainer during

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In the San Francisco Chronicle, of July 11, 1940, Hill Lester made some very pleasing remarks about the Colonel. He wrote:

"Coaches come and coaches go, at most universities, but up in Eugene, Oregon, there's a coach who goes on forever. At least, he has been going since 1900, and is still in there pitching. He is Hill Harvard, track coach in the spring and man of all work the rest of the year. . He's a mighty good track coach. The champions produced by Oregon prove this. He's not above being a trainer during

football season, if the team happens to need a trainer. If something else is needed, then he'll do that.

"Many coaches lose ground fast if they stay beyond the five-year period on any campus. Not Hayward. All of Hitler's armies couldn't pry him from either Eugene or the University of Oregon. And one sure way to get poked on the nose--and hard--in Eugene, is to offer any suggestion or criticism of Old Bill. . . He's been 37 years in one place and they wouldn't let him get away if he wanted to."

Now every time that such an article appears in an out-of-state paper, fully 15 or 20 of Bill's friends clip it out and send it to him. Every day he gets letters in the mail from men and women all over the continent, seeking his advice about matters of coaching and training of athletes. On June 29, 1939, he got a letter from a good will messenger who was planning to run from Seaside, Oregon to New York, N.Y. E. R. Nivala, the runner's name, asked Bill's advice on what type of footgear he should wear for the trip.

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"Many coaches look ground fast if they stay beyond the five-year period on any campus. But Harvard. All of Stagg's strong coaches'i pry him from either Chicago or the University of Oregon. And one more way to get joked on the nose--and hard--is Stagg, is to offer any suggestion or criticism of Pop Warner. . . He's been 37 years in one place and they wouldn't let him get away if he wanted to."

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Very often he receives letters from high school coaches asking him to describe the technique of the high jump, or some other event, and also seeking his advice on the type of diet for high school athletes.

Among his mail there are very often letters from grateful mothers, thanking Bill for the training he has given their sons. One such typical letter came from Mrs. Bill Bowerman, mother of the Medford track coach. Wrote Mrs. Bowerman:

"I have asked my son which of his instructors he considered had done the most for him and without a moment's hesitation he named you. I am sure there are many boys who feel the same as Bill does, and I hope they have told you so. You are a teacher who is a friend and who imparts a spiritual development and inspiration."

From these few remarks, one thing is apparent. Bill Hayward is worthy of all the honors that have been given him and the high esteem in which he is held. He is truly an institution at the University of Oregon--one of the greatest. His splendid loyalty, his remarkable personality, and his undeniable ability are written in indelible ink in the annals of the history of the school. Every boy, no matter how

puny and "unathletic," should turn out for track during the course of his college career just to derive the benefit of his associations with the one and only Colonel Bill Hayward.

For the past three years Bill has been on a retirment status at the University. His retirement allowance is paid by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in part, and the remainder is divided between the physical education department of the University and the Associated Student Body.

Although it would be much simpler for Bill to pack up his belongings, get into his car, and move into his lovely cabin up the McKenzie to spend the remaining years of his life, folks can rest assured that as long as there's a drop of life blood in his body, he will probably spend his time standing out in the center of Hayward field, directing the activities of athletes all around him. Yes, he is truly the greatest performer of them all.

The End