

a chance to see in action in basketball togs many of the stellar football stars for both teams last season.

* * *

"Phog"—One time many years ago there was a young student of osteopathy, somewhat of a star town-lot baseball player up in Old Missouri. Item among his talents was a loud raucous voice with which he baited the umpires and opposing players. He lived through the years to become nationally famous but on neither account of his stentorian voice nor his skill as an osteopath, though excelling in both. However, vestigial to those early days was the nickname "Phog" which, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to be a slight corruption and shortening of the word "foghorn," reminiscent of the gentleman's talented vocal cords.

* * *

Be that as it may, as the poets say, the young Missourian's professional career got sidetracked largely when he became coach and athletic director at the State Teachers college, Warrensburg, Mo. History has it that he took up this chore as a sideline to his manipulation and necromancy on the many ills to which the human body is heir. In any event, "Phog" had phenomenal success with his football and basketball, particularly the last, teams at the Missouri school and soon had the rest of the members of the state conference taking to the tall uncut.

* * *

About twenty years ago or more, the Oracles of Mt. Oread at the University of Kansas cast their eyes on the crystal globe and saw that it needed "Phog" to come to Lawrence and lead the Jayhawkers out of the bullrushes in sports in general. It can't be said that "Phog" had much luck with grid teams, but it must be remembered that he was only definitely connected with this manly game the first year there and so can't be held responsible. As to how he took the faltering cagers out of the bullrushes and put them in the treetops is a

long, long story of national and sectional and conference successes nearly year after year. He is without doubt over a period of years the No. 1 cage coach on the campus of America, and incidentally, an eloquent and determined pulpiter for or against as the case may be, anything athletic that he espouses or condemns.

* * *

This brief thumbnail sketch is one of an old friend of ours, of many years ago. We have not laid eyes on "Phog" for centuries, it seems. But we recently chatted with an envoy from his sanctorum at Lawrence and find that this cage genius, formally known as Dr. Forrest Allen, is as he always was, a sparkling and colorful personality. The ambassador returned from Lawrence is none other than Big Tom Cordell, star grid and cage player for the Bartlesville Wildcats. Suffering from a persistent shoulder and leg ailment, both the result of athletic injuries, Tom, through Fred Pralle, Phillips 66 player and one time brilliant jewel in Phog's cage diadem, visited Allen for a few days last week. Among other things, said Tom, it was found that one leg was a half-inch shorter than the other. "But Mr. Allen worked on me with his skilled hands, and fixed me up in fine shape."

* * *

Cordell was enthusiastic about Allen's "bone-setting," for which among interested circles he is as famous as he is for his basketball master-minding.

"He's a grand fellow," continued Tom. "Had me work out with his varsity players every day until I got good and warmed up and then put me on the table and gave me treatments. And (in answer to a question) he never said one word or intimation about me casting eyes at K. U. after I am graduated from high school."

* * *

But perhaps "Phog" looking closely as he had the opportunity to at the big six-foot, husky Tom, might have thought along those lines.