

c

October 21, 1940

Dean L.A. Eubank  
Northeast Missouri  
State Teachers College  
Kirksville, Missouri

Dear Dean Eubank:

Your letter of the 17th addressed to my secretary came to my desk as I find myself in town today. I assure you that I am looking forward with pleasure to our visit at your Homecoming on October 26. Mrs. Allen will accompany me. I am not sure that you remember Mrs. Allen but I believe that after you and she meet you will remember each other. I know that I remember you very definitely.

We have six children; 3 boys and 3 girls. The boys are Forrest, Jr.; Milton; and Robert Earl. Robert Earl, our youngest boy, who is now 21, was named after Robert Clore and Earl Taylor, two of our athletes who died in the World War--Taylor at Cheppy in the Argonne and Clore at Chateau-Thierry in the drive when the Marines stopped the Heinies. We have three daughters, Mary Elizabeth, Jane and Eleanor. Eleanor, our baby, is a sophomore in the University. We lost our oldest son, Forrest, Jr., over 13 years ago. He was a mascot for the teams and I think you remember the boys all called him Busk. Bobby, our youngest son, is a senior, taking his A.B. Degree this year, and expects to go to Harvard for his medical work next year, if the war does not interfere with his plans.

I went to Warrensburg as Athletic Director and Coach of all sports in September, 1919, after seven years of our most happy existence, 1919, I came to the University here. This makes our 22nd consecutive year here. Previously I had coached basketball at the University of Kansas, 1908 and 1909, so this year will make my 24th year as basketball coach, but only 22 years as Director of Athletics, and later Director of Physical Education. Previously I had coached at Baker University and Haskell Institute.

I was formerly called "Foghorn" Allen because I used to call out the balls and strikes when umpiring baseball games (umpires in the early days called the balls aloud the same as they did strikes). A sports writer on the University Daily Kansan came up with "Phog" during my early years here. He was a very brilliant man because he carried the cognomen of "Pinhead" Coble. One time I said, "Pin, where in the world did you get this "Phog"? "Well," he said, "I tell you. 'Fog' is too plain. I wanted to doll it up a little." So now they call me anything from "Pffog", "Pfoag", to silent "P--hog".

In fact, ten years ago I got a letter addressed to me as Mr. Hog Allen, and it was from a concern that sole swimming pool cleanser. I had a lot of gun with the fellow that wrote that letter because I appeared to have had my professional modesty shocked--the idea of a firm selling swimming pool cleanser to a Hog Allen! I received a very abject apology, and I am sure that since the firm got no business they thought I held it against them; but I did not.