

I remember also that Bunn had a habit of walking forward as he kicked. Bunn had been getting the kicks away by the barest margin and I sent his substitute in to tell him to stand 3 yards further back on the kick. Apparently the center was not getting the ball back to him far enough, so he caught the ball and made an extra fatal step forward and Oklahoma blocked the kick, and in those days you could pick up the ball and run for a touchdown, which Oklahoma did.

We had a very light team, the outfit averaging 162 pounds, the lightest team that Kansas ever had on the field in the history of the sport. As I recall, this was the first team for Oklahoma in the Missouri Valley Conference, and most of Bennie's boys, or a great majority of them at least, were men playing their fourth year. It was a fine team and a well-deserved victory. I remember it was terribly windy that day.

I mentioned Dean Mechem. He was moving up and down the field and when some play situation came up I think he stood in our line of vision. I asked him to please sit down, or something to that effect, and he didn't take kindly to it, so we had one of those old-fashioned Kansas-Oklahoma friendly arguments. Bennie Owens waved his good arm and told us both to go on about our business, and I think that settled that affair. But I didn't know who he was, nor did I care, because as I saw it he was interfering with our vision and that didn't please us too much, especially as the way the score was going, I imagine.

Every man was on his own in those days, and although Bennie and I didn't follow the team up and down the field, both coaching staffs were on the same side and this gave opportunity for a lot of possibilities. I remember the day was terribly warm. In fact, much warmer than we had been accustomed to, and three of our boys passed out in the showerbaths. I remember Tad Reid, especially, one of our ends, passed completely out and we had quite a bit of difficulty reviving him.

Coming home from Norman on the Santa Fe I was aroused by someone knocking on my stateroom door. What really happened was that Jack Reaves, of Cherryvale, Kansas, one of Bill Hargiss and Art Schabinger Emporia Teachers tackles, had been injured on that Saturday at Emporia by a Washburn fullback named Wycoff. Reaves' dentate ligaments of his spine were torn loose and the boy was paralyzed, and later Sunday morning died. Bill and Schabie had been trying to get me on the train by wire but had failed, so when the train stopped at Emporia they broke into the pullman and banged on the door, saying, "Come on, Phog, get up quick! Jack Reaves is dying." In the haze I thought they said "Tad Reid is dying", and knowing that he had passed out after the game, I will never forget the sensation that I experienced in those few moments. They took me off the train half dressed and hurried me to the Emporia hospital where I stayed with the boy until he passed away about 9 o'clock Sunday morning. They erroneously supposed that I could help him, but that was impossible as he had a ruptured spinal cord.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to talk to Kirk Mechem, asking if that is the way he recalls the incident? Dean Mechem had been to Harvard and of course had played previously on Bennie's team, but I did not know who he was. If I had known he was a member of the coaching staff I would perhaps have been more polite.