

And then we had a very unfortunate experience with the Missouri State Life. I had a five thousand dollar policy, twenty-year endowment. Just a year before it matured Emmett O'Malley, the Pendergast robber lieutenant, was insurance commissioner and the Missouri State Life slapped a lien on our policy. George Nettels, my old football captain in 1920, also had a policy, but he had borrowed on his policy and they did nothing with his. But ours was clear. All dividends earned had been turned back by me to the company without drawing them out, and there was a good clear five thousand dollar policy due the next year. We lost \$1932.00. They really reached into the till and stole that amount from us on this Missouri insurance company steal. Not only that, but we were forced to pay six per cent interest for three years on that lien. And the worst part of it was they terminated the policy and did not give us any of the earnings of the company even in the future years to try to pay back the steal. You doubtless remember the situation.

That embittered Mrs. Allen further, and she has no use at all for insurance companies.

What you did for Bob and Jean you did as the Robert E. Allen family and I thought it was grand. But Mrs. Allen has worried tremendously about Bob. She thinks that he does not look well and with every physical strain on him her worry increases.

At the Kansas State and Missouri game in Kansas City, Bob and Jean came over to the game. Mrs. Allen did not go with me, staying in Lawrence. While we were eating together after the game at the Muehlebach Coffee Shop Jean said, "Dr. Allen, look at Bob's fingernails." I looked at them and apparently some acid stain had turned them dark. I asked if there was some acid stain, but they thought not. They were cyanotic and blue, and that to me meant he had no oxygen in his system, or else there was an ulcer, or a hemorrhage of some sort.

I was terribly worried when I came home, although I kept my fears within bounds. Mrs. Allen said, "Did you give Bob my love", and I said, "Yes, I did." Then she asked about his health, and trying to be honest with her, I said, "Frankly, I will tell you I think Bob does not look well at all." Then I told about the fingernails, and immediately she went up in the air. She made a trip down there to the apartment and wanted Bob to see Dr. Major. She had consulted me before going and I agreed I thought if Bob would get Dr. Major, the internal medicine man at the hospital, to look him over it would be a good thing. But Bob rather didn't like to see Dr. Major, thinking it might embarrass him, and he passed it up.

It turned out it was not a real illness, and Jean's fears were unwarranted, although when she mentioned it to me Bob did not way it was a stain, so you can see how little things like that get started and multiply.