

Chronicle Sporting Green

EDITED BY

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AND

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WILL CONNOLLY

SAYS

PHOG ALLEN WRITES
A BEAUTIFUL HAND
ABOARD U. P. TRAIN

The other day we supported the opinion of some basketball coaches who are agitating for lifting the basket from 10 feet, its present elevation above the floor, to 12 feet.

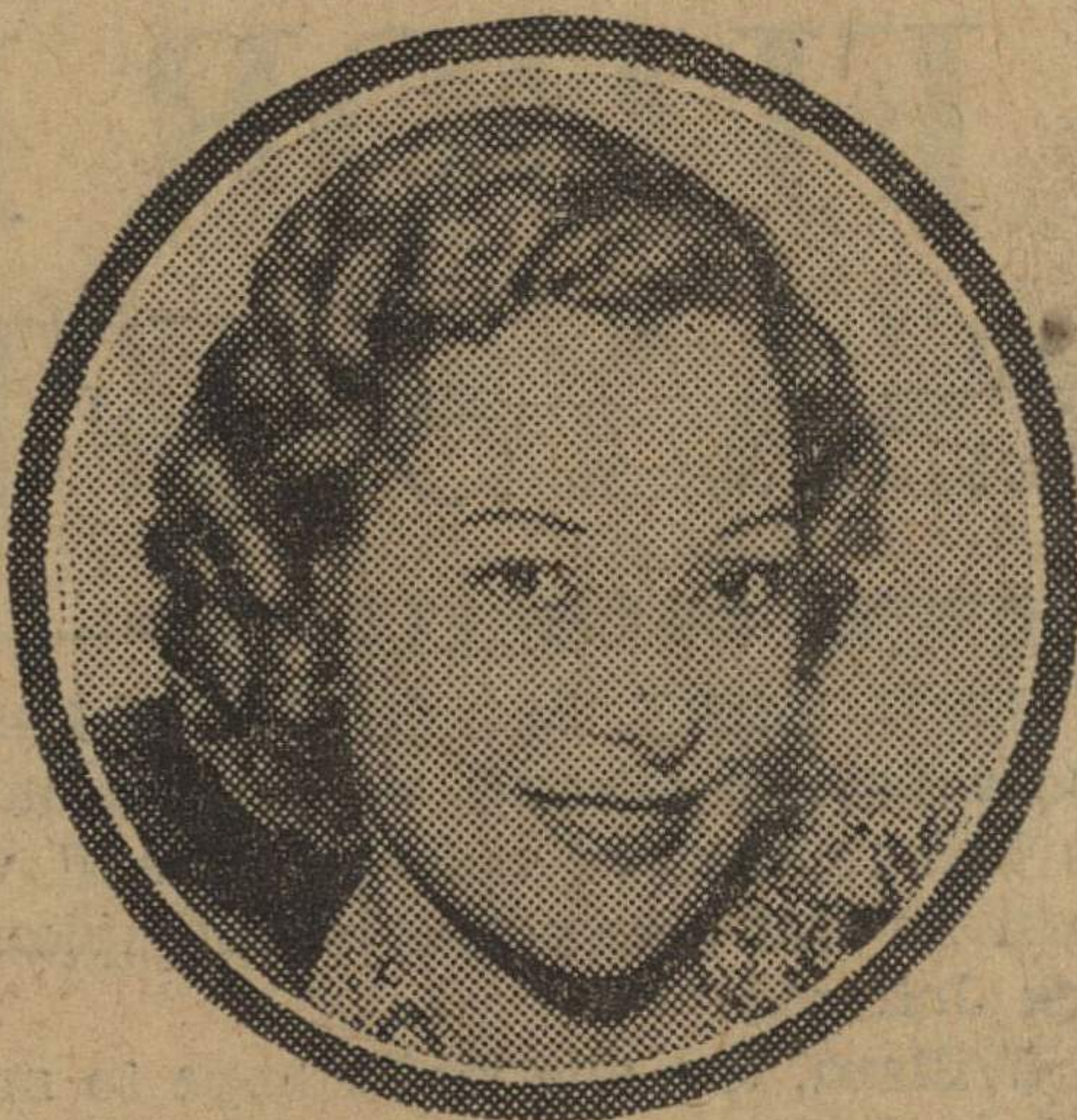
It was a labor of love, inasmuch as we are of medium height and long have suffered from the elbows of tall goons in sidewalk crushes. The object of elevating the basket is to reduce the physical advantage of 6 foot 6 guys whose only claim to athletic glory is their freakish ability to drop the ball through the hoop from close up.

Our humble piece won the eye of Dr. Forrest C. Allen of Kansas who, although he was not present at the birth of basketball in 1892, has long been considered the godfather and leading theorizer of the game.

"Phog" Allen was out here to see the regional playoffs of the N. C. A. A. on the Exposition grounds and upon his journey home, took pen in hand to scratch us a letter on the stationery of the Union Pacific club car between Ogden and Omaha, en route to Lawrence, Kas.

Although Dr. Allen got off some profound suggestions to improve the game, we were more impressed by the quality of his penmanship. The educator writes a beautiful Spencerian hand, the kind that illuminates high school diplomas, marriage licenses and baptismal certificates with mated doves and branches of palm trees around the border.

We expected the director of physical education of the University of Kansas to write a legible hand at his desk, but what amazes us is the steadiness of his penmanship aboard a train.



HELEN VINSON

NO CHICKEN TRACKS ON HIS LETTER

Dr. Allen's letter is free of hen's feet, blots and off-the-margin slips of the pen that characterize most letters written aboard a lurching train highballing through the steppes of Nebraska.

On our few excursions East we undertook to write letters home on railroad stationery but soon desisted when we learned our jerky scrawl, caused by the motion of the train, was interpreted as evidence that we were in our cups again.