

Kansas, outweighed 27 lb. to the man, was no match for the powerful Cornhuskers, who pounded their way thrice across the field for touchdowns in the first half, overpowering the hapless Jayhawkers, who fought doggedly to hold them to a 0 to 20 first half score.

Nebraska possessed a gang of stalwarts. Nineteen men on their squad averaged 189 lb. to the man. While the Kansas average for the starting line-up was 162 lb. to the man.

Governor Henry Allen of Kansas, as well as a great crowd of loyal Kansas followers, were astounded by the sheer driving power of this superhuman Nebraska Juggernaut.

Trooping exultantly off the field at the end of the first half, the happy Huskers shouted to the small boy who was marking up the scores (in those days, with crayon). "Say, sonny, you had better lay in a fresh supply of chalk. You are apt to run out during the second half." These remarks furnished a suggestion for some remarks to the team between halves, but to all appearances we let the challenge go unnoticed.

The Kansas players threw themselves upon the floor in their dressing room, heartbroken, many of them weeping openly. They felt that they had disgraced themselves and their school. Fear and depression possessed them. Dutch Lonborg was one of the men most troubled.

Between halves it was our custom for the players who had seen action to lie still and close their eyes, relaxed. All substitutes were to assume the role of trainers, sponging the faces and necks and hands of the players who had been in battle. As a mother sponges the hands and face of a fatigued and nervous child, so did these self-appointed trainers supervise the care of these worn and frayed athletes.

During these minutes of recuperation, I went quietly from man to man, patting them on their backs, whispering words of encouragement. In this way, I was endeavoring to drive out the fear and shame of their seemingly certain and overwhelming defeat. While I was about this task, an alumnus of earlier football fame broke into the dressing quarters, swearing, "Blankety, blank, blank, etc., you boys are a bunch of white-livered so-and-so's, and won't fight those blankety blank Nebraskans, like our oldtimers did."

I cut him short, with these words, "Shut up! No one except a fool or a mule can be cursed. I am running this team, and I am darned proud of these boys, even at this stage of the game."

Turning to my men I said, "Boys, I am not afraid of you or of this game. Governor Henry Allen, Chancellor Lindley, and ten thousand loyal Kansas rooters are out there praying for you to come through!"

"Did you hear those cocky Cornhuskers as they strode off that field after the first half, saying that the boy on the scoreboard would run out of chalk? They think that they have you down and out."

"We have just begun to fight. And I mean it. Dutch, I want you to play just two plays, this next half. Do you hear me? Play formation Y and formation X. Of course, you will use some decoy plays, but stick to these two forward-pass