

Kansas smashed the Husker line for a short gain. Had Dutch forgotten his mystic X formation? Johnnie Bunn was quickly sent into the line-up to call the favored play, with a pass to the left side of the field. The ball was snapped back to Bunn, who whirled back and ran laterally to the left, and, being protected by one lone pass defender, he shot a 35-yard pass to Frank Mandeville, who dashed over the goal line for the tying touchdown.

Pandemonium broke loose! A delirium of Kansas fans! They were weeping, shouting, and crying for sheer joy. Cursing, pummeling, and hugging! There was no reason manifest now. The score was Kansas, 20 - Nebraska, 20, and still the goal after touchdown to be kicked, and with it, the lingering possibility of a long-awaited victory over the redoubtable Cornhuskers. It was a courageous little team that this mad crowd was worshipping. A g: er one never wore the cleats.

But a bit too overanxious were these Kansans, and they missed the point in their kick after touchdown that would have meant victory. And, indeed, as the years have sped on, Kansas is still waiting for that extra point against the Cornhuskers that will bring a football victory.

Pall and gloom shrouded Nebraska's followers. Nonpartisan spectators, who came only to see the great Nebraska machine grind into fine bits the underdog, Kansas, now swung into great ovations for the boys who had done the impossible. Kansas had won a great 20 to 20 moral victory.

During this autumn of 1920, a World War Memorial Stadium Drive had been smoldering in prospect, awaiting only a propelling stimulus to set it into motion. This stadium to be was to immortalize the 129 Kansas men and women who had died in the war service of these United States. These Kansas football men were the spark igniting the fuse that exploded one of the greatest student demonstrations in the history of the school.

On the following Monday morning, at a great mass meeting, the students pledged \$160,000 to this splendid World War Memorial Stadium.

A few weeks later, at the end of the season, a school holiday was granted for the purpose of razing the old athletic plant on McCook Field. The men of the university, some two thousand strong, donned overalls and jackets and, with axes, hammers, and saws, razed the frail old wooden bleachers, while the women of the university, in equal numbers, put on aprons and went to the field of action to serve sandwiches and hot coffee to the working men.

This practical picture of university men and women at work strengthened one's faith in the rightness of things. But, over and above, like a majestic prelude to a powerful symphony, was the persisting picture of that fighting group of boys who were down and out and who had the indefatigable courage to come back and to prove that "a champ belongs."

We owe the beautiful \$660,000 Memorial Stadium, which nestles in the bosom of Mount Oread at the University of Kansas, largely to this valorous team.

Speaking of Nebraska games would not be complete without quoting a part of Alan Davidson's letter received on August 13, 1945. Alan was one of the outstanding guards on Kansas' football varsities of '21, '22, and '23. In our Jayhawk Rebound we paid a fine tribute to Dell Davidson, superintendent of the stadium, who has saved the Athletic Association more money than any other man. I had