

Johnson in our dressing rooms in time for the game.

Our team's pregame meal was a tense though drab affair. The group was on edge. The air was charged with mental static. Not one player mentioned the probability of Bill's coming. All day the press had announced for a certainty that Johnson was definitely out of the game. When I excused myself, presumably to step out for an instant, anxious and startled looks swept from one player to another. Actually, I had left them, intending to accompany Dr. A. J. Anderson, our Medical Adviser, to the local airport to meet and, if necessary, to administer to our expected and most welcome air passenger.

At the airport, minutes flew. Soon darkness came on and made a landing at our unlighted airport impossible. So anxious was our vigil and so intense our watch that at twilight I called to Dr. Anderson, "Here comes Bill from the southwest."

Fervently desiring his arrival, I had peered so intensely into the far-distant horizon that a piece of waving heavy tape had created an optical illusion which made me see the thing that I most desired to see--an airplane with Bill Johnson in it.

With pitch dark upon us, nonplused and confused and disappointed and minus our prized cargo, we hastily drove the 3 miles back to the gymnasium. I entered the team's quarters and found the boys, outwardly quiet, dressing for the game.

Minutes were precious now. Less than an hour remained. Eyes were anxious, muscles taut. My untimely absence was still a mystery to them. Yet I had not a word nor a sign from our precious argosy of the air!

Serious business this. All minds and hearts on the game just ahead. Suddenly, this ominous silence proved too much for one of our players. He rushed up and challenged me with a shout, "You know where Bill Johnson is! You know where he is! Even if he doesn't show up, I'll win that damn game myself."

"Quiet, you," I shouted. I did not know where Bill was and so stated in emphatic terms and ordered him to restrain and calm himself.

Suddenly, a summons came from the outside, "Telephone for you, Coach Allen." I rushed upstairs to the telephone and to my unrestrained delight over the wires came the voice of the argonaut of Kansas' hopes.

Long past nightfall, the ship had landed at a lighted airport some 30 miles away. Bill Johnson had taxied from there to our own city limits and had telephoned me to ask if he should eat before coming on to the gymnasium.

Three hours and a half by air and 30 minutes overland by taxi had left Bill groggy. He had but 30 minutes to come the remaining 5 miles, to dress, and to warm up before the whistle blasted the start of the game.

"Eat nothing," I shouted. "For heaven's sake jump in that taxi and tear up here with all your might."

Back downstairs I lunged. I fairly flew into the dressing room. I was treading on thin air. I whispered the good news to my assistant coach and told him to stay behind and help Bill and bring him to the field house as soon as possible. We had but 25 minutes left.

"Come on, gang!" I shouted, "Over and after those Oklahoma Sooners!"