

the Oklahomans off their feet. Kansas' attack was devastating. She was playing far over her head. There was fury in her charge and it seemed that she was fast paving her road to glory and to another Big Six crown. Bill Johnson, Ted O'Leary, Lee Page, Elmer Schaaake, and Dick Wells ripped and crashed through the Oklahoma defense, which was giving all it had to stem this withering assault that had piled up a 20 to 6 lead at the half.

At the end of the half, radio reports announced that Kansas State had won at Manhattan. So the next 30 minutes would see Kansas and Oklahoma fighting for an undisputed crown--with Kansas enjoying a 14-point lead.

So long as there are playing minutes left, Oklahoma is never defeated. Undaunted by their handicap, the Oklahoma Sooners swore that they would still make a game out of it. As Oklahoma unleashed an attack which whittled down the one-sided Kansas advantage, silence fell over the confident Kansas crowd. Oklahoma had scored 10 points in the first 4 minutes of the last half, without Kansas tallying. Score, Kansas 20--Oklahoma 16.

So the championship still remained disputed. But the tornado which struck in those early minutes of the game had devastated too much territory to be regained quickly. It was only the psychic stimulus generated by the rare circumstances preceding this game that stayed the desperate assaults of these superb and fighting Oklahomans. Unfortunately for them, they met Kansas on a night when a sensational climax to a season's play heightened Kansas' fighting morale.

Kansas won in a driving finish 31-27. After the game, Bill said, "Doc, I can still hear the droning of that plane in my ears." To this I replied, "Is there any wonder, Bill? After your two charging rides? One into the clouds and the other to victory."

I was wondering, too, although I didn't say it, if, over and above all the din and confusion of that great crowd and over and above that persistent droning of the plane in his ears, Bill, at times during the game, had not seen a stalwart though aged pioneer moving with him from place to place and whispering that all was well.

* J. Alan Coogan was a student reporter at K.U. for the Kansas City Journal-Post at that time. Early in the day he had confidentially wired Bill Johnson at his home asking if he were going to fly up. Alan was planning a scoop on the other papers, as the air was charged with rumors. Fortunately, Bill had the presence of mind to reply in the negative. Later, as a newspaper man, Alan Coogan scooped the entire newspaper world in the Huey Long assassination. He was on the spot when the firing took place. He is now Director in Brazil of the United Press Associations.

These stimulating athletic activities of college days are always enshrined in the hearts of loyal Jayhawker alumni, just as are the heroic and valorous acts of our fighting men of the armed forces imperishably enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen. And just to think, five or six years ago our people said that our youth are too soft. They are not tough enough. What a metamorphosis! Our youth have proved that they can take it, and they can dish it out! This is evidenced by the letters that I receive in every mail from our boys over there, and over there.

Big Otto Schnellbacher, Box 711, Amarillo, Texas, is in the B-29 training, and says that he has still about two months to go before he flies west and