

Teachers and against Mark Banks's Drake University Bulldogs. Iowa State, our next opponent, heavy and aggressive, had been highly touted. Our situation looked none too promising. In fact, the week's preparation was most disappointing.

In the earlier coaching days, I had formed the habit of taking a pencil and pad to bed with me, attaching them to the bedpost by a piece of string. Solutions to my knottiest problems seemed always to come to me in the eerie hours, during the meanderings of the subconscious. Invariably, they would vanish under the spell of daylight and the arduous duties accompanying it, unless I scribbled them down on this pad for reference in the morning.

I cannot explain the twilight zone between a dream and a hunch. In fact, I cannot logically explain either a dream or a hunch. The psychologist might roughly explain a dream as forces driven by nervous or mental currents that we do not understand; yet the incubation period might have been in previous reactions, occurring possibly months or years before. The currents or forces might have jelled for a period, and then might flow at a most unexpected time. This funding of all the years of experiences might gush out into a sudden perfect conclusion.

Possibly, out of the exhaustive dream theories of the psychologist, might come an explanation of this dream. However, whether apparition, vision, premonition, presentiment, or hunch, I shall relate the dream here as I told it on that day to the football team.

I saw an airplane with the faces of 11 Kansas gridiron warriors therein. Each face was set out in bas-relief in the fuselage of that ship, as it took off on old McCook Field. And five of those men, whom I saw in the fuselage that night, were not to have been in the anticipated starting line-up of the following day.

In this dream, the Iowa State team had kicked off to Kansas. The Kansas airship had sailed to the north and over the east goal. In despair, the Iowa State players had folded their hands on their hips and gasped. This dream alone was enough to convince me that the men that I saw in that ship would be in my starting line-up. Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg was the quarterback and field general.

Ten minutes before game time we were huddled in the dressing room for final instructions and line-up announcements. The announcement came as a blast.

"Boys, I had a dream last night. I believe in hunches. I saw a Kansas airplane with the faces of eleven of you taking off. Some of the faces in that ship have not been seen in a starting line-up this year. But today I'm going to play you just that way. Your ship swung from the west to the north and arose above that Iowa State team, as you continued eastward to the goal line.

"I saw Harley Little playing right half back. And with the ball tucked under his arm, he started from near our own goal line and I watched him as he crossed Iowa State's goal line, with the ball in his possession.

"Dutch, listen; if we win the toss, I want you to receive. And whoever receives the kick-off must carry it up to the right and center of the field, as far as possible. On the next formation, you call Harley Little's signal, 46 -- right half around left end. Do you year me, Dutch? I mean it." A surprised and eager Lonborg shouted, "Yes, sir!"

Kansas won the toss and chose to receive the kick-off, while Iowa State chose to defend the east goal. Things were working perfectly, and exactly as we had hoped. The referee's whistle shrilled the signal for the start. The Kansas fans were on their feet. The kick-off to Kansas! Kenny Welch, diminutive 133-lb. Kansas full back took the Iowa State kick-off on the Kansas goal line and ran it back to right and center for 15 yd.