

Dutch Lonborg and his team, vividly remembering their dressing-room instructions, lined up quickly, with Lonborg barking Harley Little's signal, "46" -- right half around left end. After the first play following the kick-off, the fans were still on their feet.

Quick as a flash the ball was snapped to Little, who lined up on a fake-kick formation, but instead swept around left end. The blocking was too perfect. Little, allowing time for the blockers to take an Iowa State tackler out, cut back from the sideline and on down the field. Now, only two defensive backs remained as obstacles to his mad dash to the goal. Kansas' offensive backs and guards bowled the opposition over, and Kansas' Harley Little went over the Iowa goal line, standing up and unhindered, for the only score of the game. Sandefur kicked goal. Score, Kansas, 7 -- Iowa State, 0.

A scintillating dash of 85 yd. was maneuvered over exactly the same terrain as that described to the team in the dream touchdown.

"Was it magic or hokum?" wondered the players as they left the field. Perhaps they still wonder. So do I. But the play had worked successfully, and Kansas had won the game. The game was the thing.

With the victory came many interesting angles of the analysis of the dream. Morale took a new high with the football team. This mystic something! This penetrable veil between the real and the unreal! The victory was real, yet it now, too, seemed like a dream to the men who had won it. Were they dreaming life or living dreams? They wondered.

"Lucky," proclaimed the Iowa State players and their followers. But those Kansas gridsters who had listened to the pre-game dressing-room instructions knew that Lady Luck had been flirting with metaphysical fantasies that day.

Or was it the unusual and mystic emphasis placed upon formation, number, 46, that caused the Kansas blockers to clear the opposition away? Was it more than a dream that left not one member of the Cyclone team standing to bar the way to Little's game-winning touchdown? Who knows? And, after all, what difference did it make just then to the winners who had carried out their individual assignments? It is the lystery of life that lures.

- - -

Many of you youngsters will not recognize the then young men of 1920. They may be your fathers or your uncles at the present time. But to renew old rivalries I will bring Iowa State back to the campus. Singularly, Iowa State plays Kansas at Lawrence this year on October 6.

The Iowa State game was played after we had met and defeated Kansas State at Manhattan, 13 to 0. Charlie Bachman, who is now coaching Michigan State, was coaching his first Kansas State Wildcat team. Bachman had come from Northwestern University where he had done right well with the Evanston Wildcats over a term of several years. There was one interesting sidelight to the Kansas State game that I think I should not fail to recount. Just before World War I, back about 1916, Johnny Bender of Nebraska football fame, who is now deceased, was coaching the Kansas Staters. Guy Lowman, who passed away year before last at the University of Wisconsin where he was head of the Department of Physical Education, was Athletic Director. These two strong men found life incompatible at Kansas State. So violently did they disagree with each other's policies that they were both asked to resign.

Johnny Bender came to Warrensburg where I was Director of Athletics and coach.