of all sports, and asked that I apply for the job at Kansas State. He had in mind a reciprocal trading wherein he would go to Tarrensburg. He of course painted a rosy picture for my chances at Manhattan. Dr. S. J. Waters was president of the institution, and Lr. Wm. H. Jardine, president later at Kansas State, was chairman of the athletic board. Mike Ahearn was professor of horticulture and not at that time connected with athletics.

I made the trip to Manhattan and met Dr. Jardine, Dr. H. H. King, who is now chairman of the authoric coard, and Nike Ahearn on the golf course. I applied, but did not get the job. Johnny Bender had unde the arrangement with C. G. Clevenger who is now Director of Athletics at Indiana University to take over Clevenger's job at the University of Tennessee, while Clevenger came to Kansas State as Director of Athletics in Bender's position.

So naturally whon I was neeting Kansas State with the first athletic team under my command. I was pretty nervous about the outtons of that football game. Especially so when our Kansas team averaged but 162 los. to the mam, a weight lighter than most high school teams in the State of Kansas. I said to Captain George Nettles, "George, I am seared to death of the Aggies." I will never forget his reply, because it sent cold chills shivering down my spane. He said, "Oh, heek, Doe, we can beat those Aggies any day in the week." I saw a but of over-confidence in that statement and it scared me stiff. Certainly I did not want to lose to the Aggies on the first game, and the fact that I didn't get the job has always prompted me to put a little extra twist on my coaching whom we meet the Aggies in any sport.

The old jinx in football was still holding with the Aggies back in those days and that was the reason for the remark that George gave me. I said, "George, that is the most dangerous statement that you have ever made. Those Aggies will be all fired up under Bachman, the new coach, and they will be hard to handle."

I will never forget the trip to Hanhattan and hownany years I aged in that one day. Rachman was, and still is, one of those dynamic, driving personalities. Of course they were using the Notre Dame shift as Bachman was one of the immortal stars at Notro Dame, The Aggie team came out on the field, followed by three or four other hustling olevens, and they fairly covered the field with purple jorseys. Those were the days of the Cowell boys, Brady and his brother, from Ottawa: University, who were transfers from Kansas State. How those few seconds at the start of the game seared my momory; I was still thinking of George Nettles' remark. We kicked off to the Aggies who, it seems to me, were defending their west goal. An Aggin back hustled the ball straight down the field 22 yards. Then the Aggies quickly lined up with their shift and they went off around our end for 25 yards. They lined up even more quickly the second time and around our end they came again for 35 yards. As I recall, they were on our 25 yard line after three plays. I had visions of a touchdown in less than two minutes that would be scored against us. Again they lined up with lightning-like rapidity. The ball was snapped back and it struck. Brady Cowell on his left shoulder and ricochoted high in the air. Arnie Boll, our not too speedy and, grabbed the ball in the air in its descent and run laboriously with the whole aggie team in pursuit. It was a nightmare watching Arnie run and watching the Aggies seemingly overtake him. But he fell across the goal line exhausted with half of the aggies piling on him. We made the goal from touchdown, and for a few moments we were safe. e deal eretes teer teen bessed one toned web teres before

We continued to punt, taking no chances until it was set up for a pass from Lonborg to Mandeville on the old formation X play which went for a touchdown, and we converted. From then on we were perfectly satisfied to hold our lead, and I went out of Manhattan ten years younger than when I had arrived.

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