

## THE DREAM TOUCHDOWN

A load of barrels was always good luck to the batting eyes of the New York Giants under "Muggsy" McGraw, but never have I looked over my left shoulder at the moon for good luck nor am I afraid of the so-called hoodoo number, 13. Even a black cat crossing my path has held no terrors for me.

However, I have always played "hunches" and do to this day. That is why the dream touchdown -- the only touchdown of the game -- materialized.

In the early fall of 1920, as Director of Athletics at the University of Kansas, I found myself confronted with the combined duties of Head Coach of football and Head Coach of basketball.

Our football team, averaging but 162 pounds to the man, was the lightest in our athletic history at Kansas. This team, relying entirely upon forward passing and place kicking, had won its first two preliminary games against the Emporia Kansas Teachers, and against Mark Bank'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 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 would scribble them down on this pad for references in the morning.