

"Boys, I had a dream last night. I believe in hunches. I saw a Kansas aeroplane 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 to-day 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, play 46, - right half around left end. Do you hear me, Dutch? I mean it!" A surprised and eager Lonberg 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 stands were on their feet. The kick-off to Kansas! "Kenny" Welch, diminutive one hundred thirty-three pound Kansas full back took the Iowa State kick-off on the Kansas goal-line and ran it back to right and center for fifteen yards.

"Dutch" Lonberg and his team, vividly remembering their dressing room instructions, lined up quickly, with Lonberg barking Harley Little's signal, "46" -- right half around left end. After the