

first play following the kick-off, the stands 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 side line and on down the field. Now, but 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. Kansas 7 -- Iowa State 0.

A scintillating dash of eighty-five yards was manoeuvred 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