

"The Dream Touchdown"

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

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

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

Our football team, averaging but 162 pounds per man, was the lightest in our athletic history at Kansas. Our team, relying entirely upon forward passing and place kicking, had won its first two preliminary games against Bill Hargiss' 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.