

In my early days of coaching I formed the habit of taking a pencil and pad of paper to bed with me, attaching them to the bedpost by a piece of string. My very best plays and numerous knotty solutions always came to me in the eerie morning hours, but invariably they vanished under the spell of daylight and the arduous duties accompanying it unless I scribbled them down on this pad for my deciphering the following morning.

I cannot explain the twilight zone between a dream and a hunch. In fact, I cannot logically explain either a dream or a hunch. The psychologist might roughly explain a dream as forces driven by nervous or mental currents that we do not understand, yet the incubation period might have been in previous reactions occurring possibly months or years before. The currents or forces might jell for a period, then might flow at a most unexpected time. This funding of all the years of experiences might gush out into a sudden perfect conclusion. This dream theory of the psychologist might possibly explain this dream. However, whether apparition, vision, premonition, presentiment, dream, or hunch, I shall relate the dream as I told it that day to the football team:

I saw a Kansas aeroplane with the faces of eleven Kansas gridiron warriors. Each face was set