

A Dealer in
Ghosts Quits

AN ITEM which, I think, was of interest and importance, failed to trickle this far west on the press wires out of New York.

The item announced the retirement of Mr. Christy Walsh from the remote control, or ghost, literary business, an activity which he can be said, with only slight deviation from fact, to have pioneered.

There were spirit writers outside the darkened ateliers of the madames and professors before Mr. Walsh's time. Indeed, ghosts labored in ages long gone. There are, I believe, those who hold that some of the gorgeous verse in the Old Testament is ascribed to parties who didn't author it, and almost every alumnus of a tenth grade English course knows about that die-hard school which maintains that a guy named Bacon did a lot of writing under the name of Shakespeare.

Garbage? Yes, But—

IT WAS Mr. Walsh, though, who made a big business of ghosting, or more specifically, ghost brokerage. Seldom did Mr. Walsh don the spook mantle himself. He owned a vast wardrobe of spook mantles, and he hired practicing journalists to wear them.

Westbrook Pegler once called Mr. Walsh a peddler of journalistic garbage, and while from the critic's viewpoint this appraisal can scarcely be challenged, it seems unduly harsh in the light of the pleasure it gave. It may have inculcated a sort of rudimentary culture, too, in spite of its obvious bogusness, for it made thousands upon thousands—maybe millions—read who otherwise never would have read at all. Even garbage has nutritional value.

They Ate 'Em Up

BUT I am thinking of the pleasure produced by the pulpy ectoplasms which issued from typewriters.

Those powerful essays that appeared chiefly in the Hearst papers under the names of Babe Ruth, Lefty Grove, Jack Kearns, Jack Dempsey, Miller Huggins, Dizzy Dean and scores of others whose fame was gained directly or indirectly by their muscles gave the people who read them by idolizing avidly a feeling of intimacy with their heroes. True enough, this feeling was established by deception, but it wasn't the sort of deception that one gets hot up about. There was, to the contrary, something kindly about it, something of that bringing-light-and-merit-and-happiness-into-dark-corners business.

Et Tu, Pegler!

BABE RUTH was by long odds Mr. Walsh's most profitable property. I suppose one could define him as a control—only in ghost writing, the less control the more diverting the product. In this connection, it seems incumbent upon the chronicler to set down the fact that Mr. Pegler himself, Mr. Walsh's severest critic, was old German Herman's first ghost. That was a pretty long time ago, but Mr. Ruth's literary style was never so powerful, so graceful, so infused with irony and satire as when Mr. Pegler wore his mantle. During the years that followed under Mr. Walsh's spooks, Babe's earnings were prodigiously greater, but his style never matched this early high.

Mighty Feats

IF BABE's more mature literary style never equaled that of the days of his spook apprenticeship, his literary feats, considered purely as such, far surpassed his accomplishments during his association with Mr. Pegler.

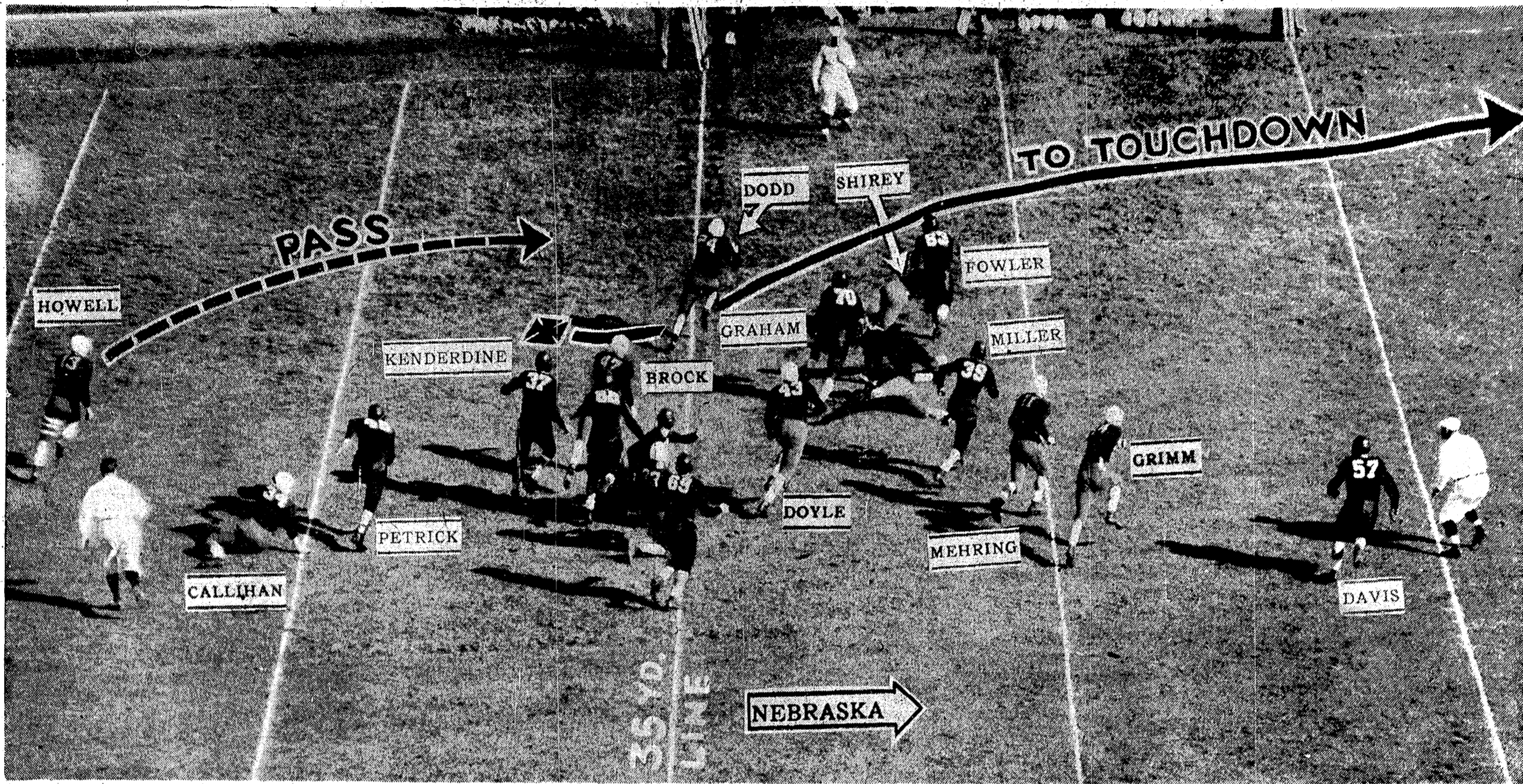
Once, under Mr. Walsh's aegis, he covered a world series in Chicago while shooting ducks in a remote marsh along Chesapeake bay. But, of course, for Mr. Walsh, this was nothing. Under him athletes who couldn't sign their names committed, in the course of producing powerful essays, no worse offenses than an occasional split infinitive.

Two Things

MR. WALSH insists that he has retired. Spirit-writing he covered a world series in Chicago while shooting ducks in a remote marsh along Chesapeake bay. But, of course, for Mr. Walsh, this was nothing. Under him athletes who couldn't sign their names committed, in the course of producing powerful essays, no worse offenses than an occasional split infinitive.

Frederick Ware,
Sports Editor.

Picture Story of 'Perfect Play,' Mr. Dodd Gallops to Touchdown and Victory Over the Hoosiers



Here's the start of the electrifying play which gave Nebraska its victory over Indiana, before 37 thousand at Lincoln yesterday, 7 to 0.

Jack Dodd, the rabbit back, has just taken a shovel pass from Quarterback Johnny Howell on the Nebraska 35 exactly 17 seconds after the opening kickoff.

Husker Tackle Shirey has Hoosier Fowler blocked out, and Dodd raced on down the far sidelines for the touchdown, with Husker's Mehring, Doyle and Brock moving

up to help pave the way for that breath-snatching victory run. But no Indiana player laid a hand on Dodd. World-Herald Photo by John Savage.

Notre Dame Tips
Minnesota, 7 to 6Andy Puplis
Leads Irish
in Close Win

He Scores on Sneak,
Kicks Vital Point;
64,100 See Game

By George Kirksey
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 30 (U.P.)—Handy Andy Puplis, Notre Dame's tiny quarterback, led the Fighting Irish to a shocking 7-6 triumph over Minnesota's highly favored giants in a bruising gridiron battle today before an overflow throng of 64,100.

Puplis, a pal of Andy Pilney, hero of Notre Dame's story-book triumph over Ohio State two years ago, was a midjet among giants. But it was his brilliant generalship, dashing running and talented toe which enabled the Irish to maintain their record of never having lost to Minnesota.

Puplis Sneaks Over
With the largest throng ever to see a game in the northwest looking on, Puplis, a stubby 165-pounder, sneaked through the Golden Gophers' huge line for four yards and a touchdown in the first 10 minutes.

With Halfback Joe McCarthy fellow on the team, placekicked the extra point. And the big red letters on the scoreboard read: Notre Dame 7, Minnesota 0.

From there on, Notre Dame, rated a 1-2 underdog in the betting, hung on for dear life and outlasted the heavier Gophers through three quarters of smashing play. Minnesota executed a breath-taking double lateral-forward pass to get its touchdown in the second period.

Gophers Get Fancy
With the ball on Notre Dame's 20, fourth down and two yards to go, Minnesota pulled its touchdown play. Halfback Wilbur Moore tossed a short lateral to Fullback Martin Christiansen, who in turn whizzed a long lateral to Halfback Harold Van Every.

While these maneuvers were going on, Captain Ray King, Minnesota's right end, had raced diagonally through the Notre Dame secondary and was out in the flat zone on the opposite side when Van Every pegged a rifle-shot pass to him. King raced over standing up.

Johnny Wins

Mexico City, Oct. 30 (U.P.)—Johnny Goodman of Omaha, United States amateur champion, opened his defense of the amateur golf championship of Mexico today by routing Morris Norton, Wichita, Falls, Tex., 6-5, in a first round match. Goodman, exempt from qualifying, was one under par for 13 holes, despite two sixes.

With one exception, other favorites followed Goodman into the second round. Percy J. Clifford, Mexico City, five-times national champion and co-holder with O'Hara Watts, Dallas, of the low qualifying score of 72 this year, beat H. O. Young, Houston, who qualified with an 82 on the second extra hole.

John Lawson, Chicago, rallied brilliantly to eliminate C. J. Pani, Mexico City, 8-6.

The only upset came when Elaine McNutt, El Paso, Tex., eliminated Ed Salas, Mexico City, one of the eight seeded players, 2-1.

Panthers Win
Over TartansGoldberg, Daddio Out
as Tech Bows

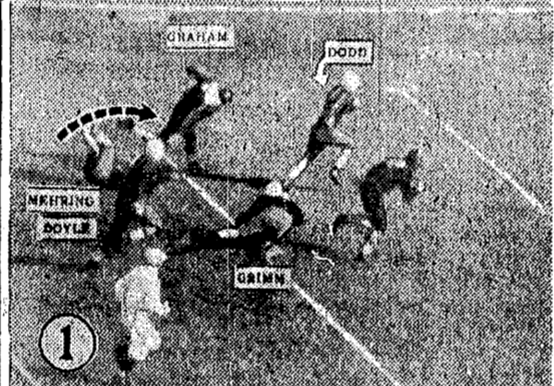
By Judson Bailey
Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 30 (U.P.)—The Panthers of Pitt, minus two big stars, rumbled their way to a 25-14 triumph today in their twenty-fourth annual "back-yard" tussle with Carnegie Tech.

The valiant Tartans, however, had their share of glory, crossing the hitherto unpassed Pitt goal line twice, while holding the Rose Bowl champions to three touchdowns before 37,500.

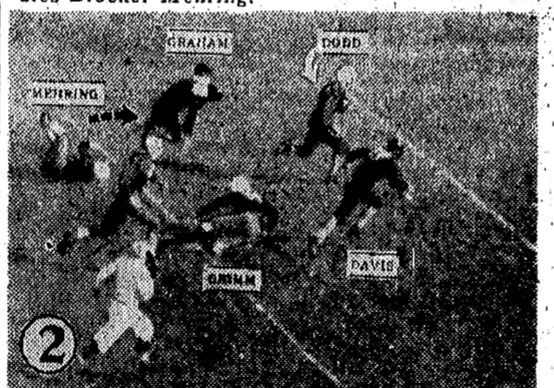
The Panthers played without Marshal Goldberg, star halfback and Bill Daddio, end, whom Coach Jock Sutherland decided to rest.

Kick Blocked
Al Lezowski, Pitt's big left guard, blocked a kick in the first, and Fabian Hoffman recovered on Carnegie's three. Frank Patrick crashed over left tackle for the score. His placement was wide.

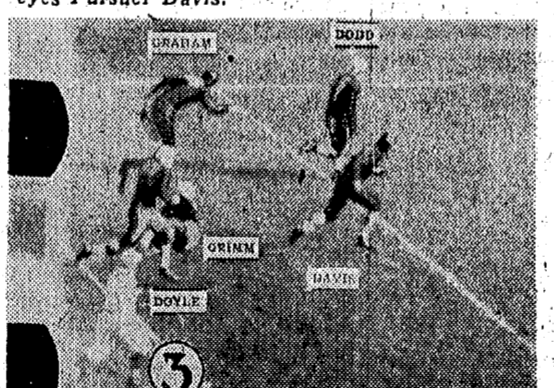
Harold Stebbins fumbled on his own 20 late in the period on the first play of the second, Pete Moroz and Bob Howarth, Tech subs, executed a looping pass into the end zone for a touchdown. Coleman Kopsak booted the point.



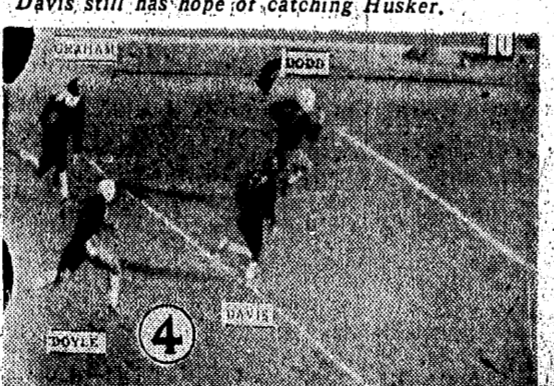
Dodd cuts away from Davis as Graham hurls blocker Mehring.



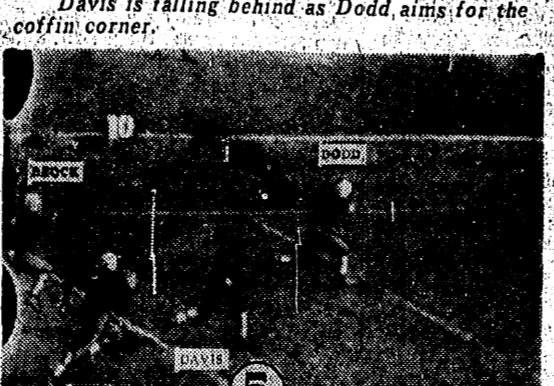
Graham leaps high, clears Mehring, as Dodd eyes Pursuer Davis.



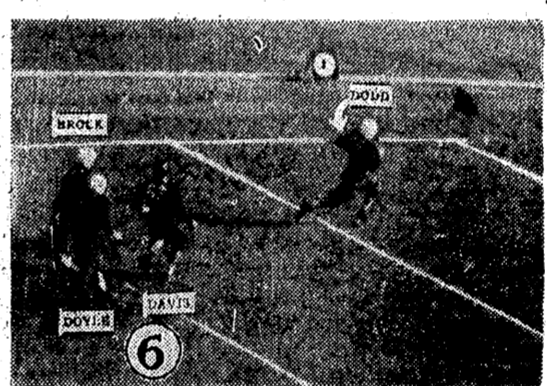
Graham regains balance, resumes chase, Davis still has hope of catching Husker.



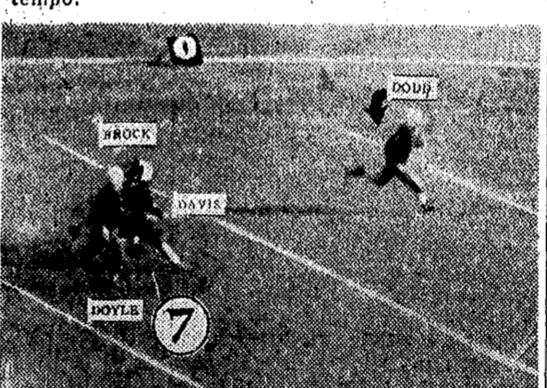
Davis is falling behind as Dodd aims for the coffin corner.



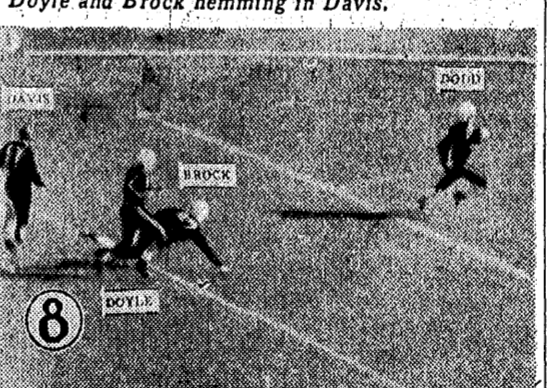
Charley Brock moves up to help Doyle as Dodd reaches 10-yard marker.



Davis gives up as Brock and Doyle step up tempo.



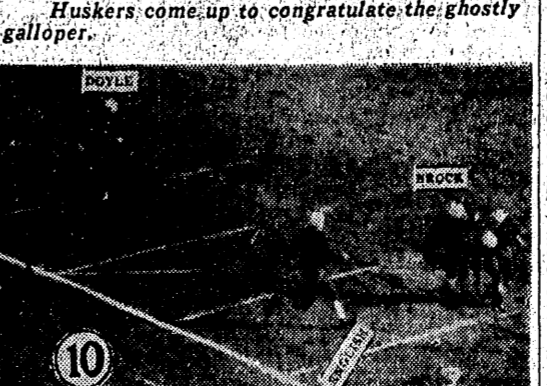
Touchdown land only one step away, with Doyle and Brock hemming in Davis.



Over the final white stripe he goes, and Brock slips, falls to one knee.



Huskers come up to congratulate the ghostly galloper.



The first reward, a good back thumping by Charley Brock.

(Magic Eye Photos by Eldon Langevin.)

Dodd's Long Dash
Wins for Huskers

Grid Scores

Nebraska 7, Indiana 0
Missouri 12, Iowa 0
Columbia 19, Kansas State 0
Michigan State 16, Kansas 0
Missouri "B" 26, Springfield Teachers 19

Notre Dame 7, Minnesota 6
Ohio State 38, Chicago 0
Michigan 7, Illinois 0
Purdue 13, Iowa 0
Northwestern 15, Wisconsin 6

Local High Schools
Texas Tech 14, Oklahoma A&M 6
Kansas Deaf 7, Iowa Deaf 0

North Central
North Dakota 27, North Dakota State 0
South Dakota 12, South Dakota State 2
Iowa State Teachers 13, Morningside 13

Missouri Valley
Boston U. 14, Washington 12
Texas Tech 14, Oklahoma A&M 6
Creighton Fresh 10, Drake Fresh 0

In the East
Yale 9, Dartmouth 9
Pittsburgh 26, Carnegie Tech 14
Villanova 7, Detroit 0
North Central State 12, Boston Col. 7
Cornell 9, Columbia 0
Randolph-Macon 25, Juniata 13
Temple 9, Navy Cross 7
New York U. 14, Colgate 7
Pennsylvania 14, Navy 6
Harvard 34, Princeton 6
St. Anselm 13, New Hampshire 6

(Continued on Page 7-B, Col. 2.)

Mates Clear
Smooth Path
in 17 Seconds

Howell Starts Play
with Short Pass;
Crowd Is 37,000

By Henry McLemore
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 30 (U.P.)—The game was only 17 seconds old, and the echo of the referee's starting whistle scarcely had died, when Nebraska's Cornhuskers shook loose a halfback on a long touchdown run today to defeat a favored Indiana eleven, 7-0.

Hundreds of the crowd which later swelled to 37 thousand—second largest in Nebraska history—still were hunting their seats when Jack Dodd broke off left tackle, and, with three blockers clearing his way, blazed 65 yards for a score. Lowell English booted the extra point to make it 7-0—and that was the ball game.

The victory, achieved in amazingly warm weather for this prairie section in late October, kept Nebraska riding along with the select group of major teams which have not been defeated this year, and revived the Rose bowl talk that flared after the Cornhuskers had opened their 1937 program with a win over mighty Minnesota.

Line Saves Game
It was Dodd's electrifying run, on a shovel pass from Quarterback John Howell, that won the game, but it was the magnificent play of the line that saved it. Saved it, not once, but half a dozen times as Indiana roared up and down the field.

But each time the Hoosiers, appearing sinister, indeed, in their pants and jerseys of midnight black, moved into the scoring zone the Cornhusker line reared up and hurled them back.

The big boys from the plains made their most stirring stand late in the second period when Indiana, passing and plunging, moved to within eight yards of a score. With four tries for a touchdown the Hoosiers found the enemy line invulnerable, and lost the ball without a touchdown.

(Continued on Page 2-B, Col. 6.)

Yale Rallies
to 9-9 DrawDartmouth Leads to
Final Seconds

By Alan Gould

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 30 (U.P.)—Yale hauled itself back from the brink of the Blues' first defeat today by tying Dartmouth, 9-9, with only three seconds to go in an electrifying finish witnessed by 72 thousand.

The Elis snatched a touchdown from the air, with a last-ditch flourish, after Dartmouth's rugged convalescents, getting better as the game progressed, appeared to have clinched a third straight conquest over Yale with a 90-yard touchdown by Bob McCleod and a field goal from the 30-yard line by Phil Dostal.

Al Hessberg took two long passes from Clint Frank, Yale's all-American back, to gain 65 of the 65 yards needed off in the Eli scoring thrust.

With the clock showing only three seconds remaining, Gil Humphrey, substitute fullback, placekicked the tying point, with Frank holding.

Dartmouth's powerful array not only manifested recovery from dysentery, which affected a dozen members night before last, but had the Elis on their heels most of the game.

Kicks 94 yards.

The favored Elis, out-rushed nearly two to one, were saved from defeat by the sensational punting of Fullback Dave Colwell. His longest "coffin corner" kick traveled 84 yards before caroming out on Dartmouth's six. It led to the Elis' first two points as Hutchinson, from kick formation, was tackled for a safety by Johnny Miller, Yale end.

This slim margin was wiped out when MacLeod intercepted one of

Villanova Stops
Detroit's Farkas

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 30 (U.P.)—Villanova blasted the University of Detroit from the ranks of the nation's undefeated, and untied football teams by sweeping to a 7-0 triumph over the Titans in a fierce battle today.

The victory, scored before a crowd of 25 thousand, left Villanova unbeaten, but had a scoreless tie with Auburn.

The hard-charging Villanova line checked "Anvil Andy" Farkas, Detroit halfback who topped the nation's college scorers last week, forcing Detroit to take to the air.