

# Yankees' "Murderers' Row" Smashes Way to 8 to 4 Victory Over Giants

## HUGGINS' MEN KNOCK TWO GIANT HURLERS FROM BOX AND SCORE 6 IN 1 INNING

By THOMAS COMMISKEY.  
Polo Grounds, New York, Oct. 13.—It is the last of the eighth and the Giants have scored the runs, making the score 8 to 3 against them, two men are out, three men are on the bases. Battling Bob Shawkey has made way for Herb Pennock in the box of the Yanks.

It is the time of the greatest thrill of the fourth game of the world series. The towering stands, in the bleachers, everywhere begins the thundering clap, clap, and the pound of stamping feet. It smashes at the emotions, the yells are incoherent, pleading, wild, exultant.

Every Giant fan is battling with Frankie Frisch, at the plate, drawing back and half-swinging forward with the willow. Pennock, frail looking, graceful, cool, is the hope of the Yanks. One ball, two balls, three balls, he throws. He breaks loose. "He'll pass you, Frankie," booms the crowd. And, mingling strongly: "Get him, Herb! Get him, Pennock!"

The next inning Pop Young hit a homer far out to right field wall where the horseshoe stand curves in. It was the homer that was too late. If it had come in the inning before—the big if.

John Scott, a cold in his chest, wasn't right today. Few athletes are with a cold in their chest. Rosy Ryan, who relieved him in that disastrous second inning for the Giants, the inning of might for the Yanks, hadn't warmed up sufficiently.

There is conjecture if Shawkey could have remained and won. But it was a most logical move to send in Pennock. Manager Huggins had him warming up for more than an inning. He hadn't beaten the Giants; he was the man.

A short bouncer by Young which Joe Dugan couldn't get to first in time despite a wonderful dash and grab and immediately another bouncer by Irish Meusel took second on a bunt. With a double play waiting, gave the Giants a break in the eighth. This upset Shawkey.

The fielding game was Joe Dugan's jump on the dead run—his well called Jumping Joe, though, for jumping the Athletics in other years—to snare what seemed a sure hit, perhaps a double. This took second on a bunt. With a double play waiting, gave the Giants a break in the eighth. This upset Shawkey.

First Inning.  
Yankees—Wit singled to center. Attempting to sacrifice, Dugan popped to Snyder. Ruth was called out on strikes, swinging at none. R. Meusel forced Witt, Bancroft to Frisch. No runs, one hit, no errors.

Giants—Bancroft flied to R. Meusel. Groh popped to Ward. Frisch singled to center. This took second on a bunt. With a double play waiting, gave the Giants a break in the eighth. This upset Shawkey.

Second Inning.  
Yankees—The limping Pipp singled to center. So did Ward. Pinner Scott fumbled Schang's bunt, delayed in throwing, and the bases were full. Scott's long single to left scored Pipp and Ward. Schang stopping at third. Ryan now pitching for the Giants. Shawkey's sacrifice fly, center field, scored Schang and Witt's double to left scored Scott. Dugan grounded to Groh, who touched Witt going to third. Ruth walked. R. Meusel's triple to left scored Dugan and Ruth. McQuillan now pitching for the Giants. Pipp flied to Stengel. Six runs, five hits, one error.

Giants—Stengel walked. Kelly's (Turn to Page Two, Column Five.)

Michigan Wins.  
Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 13.—Michigan rode a 3 to 0 victory over Vanderbilt on Jack Blott's toe today, his place kick from the 15-yard line being all that prevented a repetition of last year's scoreless tie. Blott was called back from center for the play only after Michigan, after the latter to Vanderbilt's Tyard line, had lost yardage in two pie-driving attempts to puncture the adamant Vanderbilt defense.

It was a narrow margin of victory, and indicative of the equality on which the teams battled so valiantly before 39,000 spectators. Both played crafty football, the fumbling that tended to mar the game being more than offset by swift, dashing interception of passes while the work of the linemen on both sides was at top form.

Gophers Win Again.  
Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 13.—Minnesota scored a victory out of its game with the Haskell Institution Indians here today, 13 to 12. The play was fierce but clean throughout. The Indians at times during the second half played the Gophers to a standstill and had them on the offensive in their own territory the greater part of the time.

Minnesota's two scores were made in the second period. Haskell scored in the third and last periods. The last Haskell score came just before the whistle that ended the game.

Another Record Set.  
Polo Grounds, New York, Oct. 13.—The official figures for attendance, receipts and the division of the game day follow:  
Attendance, 46,302.  
Receipts, \$181,620.  
Advisory council's share, \$27,243.80.  
Players' share, \$92,627.22.  
Each club's share, \$30,875.74.

## Pennock Is the Hero of Latest Yankee Victory

### Holds Giants Scoreless in Eleventh-Hour Rally That Threatens Lead.

By DAMON RUNYON.  
Polo Ground, N. Y., Oct. 13.—A spidery young fellow with a mammoth baseball brain and the heart of a lion was the "master mind" of the fourth game of the world series of 1923 today.

Herb Pennock, the thin lefthander of the Yankees, as fragile looking as a piece of china, came out of the haze of late afternoon that hung over the "bull pen" at the Polo Grounds, to hold the game for the American leaguers, at a moment when it looked as if they were about to lose a long lead.

He beat off a fierce rally of the Giants, fighting a desperate duel of baseball wits with Frank Frisch, one of the most dangerous hitters on McGraw's club. This duel was the big feature of the game which was finally won by the Yankees, 8 to 4, putting them on even terms with the Giants in the series.

The Yankees were leading 8 to 0 when the Giants went to bat in the last half of the eighth, and many of the 45,000 fans had already left the premises confident that the Yankees would keep the lead to the finish, and anxious to avoid the crush of the outgoing crowd.

Red Sleeves Bob Shawkey, sometimes called "Bob the God" because of his service in the navy during the war, was pitching well in front of that lead. Only one runner had reached third on him.

With only two innings to go, the most optimistic Giant fan could not see the possibility of a Giant rally of any service in the Yankees.

Situation Changes.  
But baseball is baseball, now and always. Suddenly the situation changed. Suddenly the Giants had three runs across the plate and the bases filled. Frisch, two were out, and the Yankees still had a five-run lead, but the last of the Giants to go to first had been sent by a base on balls by Shawkey.

Red Sleeves Bob seemed in trouble. Over on the Yankee bench little Miller Huggins, chief of the American League, began giving the American League (Turn to Page Two, Column Three.)

World Series Squibs  
By JOHN P. MEDBURY.  
Polo Grounds, New York, Oct. 13.—The Yankees went to bat this afternoon at 2 o'clock sharp. They would have started a little later only Babe Ruth said he was in a hurry to knock a home run but as soon as he got up to the plate he changed his mind and struck out.

But he hasn't forgotten how to circle those four canvas warts. He keeps in trim at night by riding on merry go rounds.

He says it doesn't do him any good any more to knock home runs because as soon as he does, the Giants come around after dark and move the fence back further.

In the second inning the Yankee batsmen began giving the Giants some lessons in arithmetic.

It was a lesson in subtraction. Huggins' men took six runs from McGraw and McGraw took two pitchers from the box.

In the next couple of innings Prosser Huggins gave his host a free course in addition. He proved to himself that he was right when the Yanks already had made eight.

For a while the bases were busier than a public bath tub on Saturday night.

McGraw began to get sore and said the visitors at his liven party were taking advantage of his hospitality.

Instead of that he should have said just yourself another run and make yourself at home.

The next time when the man who pays the bills for the Ruth family came in, the pitcher walked him. Babe kept trying to steal second. He took more chances than a burglar picking pockets in a police station.

He no sooner got his feet on second than his mind wandered to third. He made a couple attempts to come home, but he had lost the address.

Then just as the Yanks thought they had the game in cold storage, the Giants started taking some of the life out of the refrigerator.

## PAPYRUS AND THE FORM DOPE . . . . . By Ed Hughes



THE DUST HASN'T SETTLED FROM THAT ENGLISH RELAY TEAM OF 1920.

PAPYRUS, THE BEER-DRINKING COLT MAY FIND OUR STUFF THE LAST STRAW.

STRANGE! I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A MR. LICKA WOULD GIVE US A ROARING GOOD TIME AT THE ZOO.

NOT SO EARLY AND YET.

AMERICAN ATHLETES CAN HOLD THEIR FORM AROUND—THEY'RE WOLVES & OLYMPICS IN FOREIGN LANDS!

THEY TOLD ME TO ASK FOR A MR. FISH AT THE AQUARIUM.

ONE ENGLISH ATHLETE SAYS THEIR TRIPS ARE JUST JOLLY GOOD OUTINGS.

FRANK KRAMER WAS IN THE HOME-SICK FORM IN EUROPE.

YANK BOXERS ARE AT THEIR BEST IN EUROPE.

TELL THE PRINCE TO DROP AROUND AND SEE US SOMETIME.

SAY IS THERE ANY STEAMER LEAVING FOR ANYONE ROWING OVER?

WILL PAPYRUS show his best form at Belmont park when the English derby winner clashes with America's best 3-year-old? Will the change of climate, the trip on the rolling seas, have any appreciable effect on his running ability? It is an interesting question whether or not the American best displays his best form in international competition.

The writer talked to a prominent English athlete on the subject at the recent Wilco games. He had been a member of a team of English athletes who competed against American collegians in this country. He had his own ideas, and because of his firsthand knowledge of the subject they merited attention. The gist of his opinions was this:

"American athletes visiting England are rarely at their best. Too many complications enter into the thing to permit of it. The same goes for our men visiting your country for athletic tests. We're treated royally here and of course do our best to win. But perhaps as much as anything else we look upon it as a jolly good outing and if we're defeated there isn't an overdose of chagrin in our feelings."

There is doubtless something in what the visitor said. And yet records do not altogether bear out his theories. American collegians have been fairly successful abroad, and so

for that matter, have the English men here. In 1904 Harvard and Yale athletes journeyed to England and beat Oxford and Cambridge, also Yale beat Oxford in 1904. However, the American collegians were beaten in 1909, 1911 and this summer. Also the Pennsylvania relay team was beaten by Cambridge in London last year, although the Quakers were speedily enough to outdistance the Oxford runners.

English athletes have been beaten here more times than Yankees have suffered defeat in England. And for that matter, when the Britons have won their victories have been more sensational than those of our men abroad. No one will ever forget the great relay team John Bull sent to the Penn relays in 1914. This team was followed in 1920 by the marvelous quartet of Stallard, Milligan, Tatham and Rudd. It won the world college relay in 7 minutes 50.25 seconds, breaking a world's record.

The most overwhelming defeat in international competition was suffered by the London A. C. against the New York A. C. It was held in 1920 at Manhattan field and the Americans won all 11 events. The score might have indicated that the Britons were here for just a "jolly good outing."

Olympic performances appear to rob my British friend's opinion of considerable logic. Here the American athlete proves that he is with-

out a peer in retaining his form on foreign soil. America has won every Olympic in handy fashion, despite the fact that only one of the carnivals was held in this country (St. Louis, 1904). Twice in Athens, once in Paris, London, Stockholm and Antwerp the Americans have exhibited incomparable form, smashing world's and Olympic records by the carloads. There have been individual instances of an athlete's form going astray during these trips. Still, on the whole, the American has proved himself a sturdy athlete of travel. He performs not only as well but often better abroad than he does at home.

Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston are good examples of the kind. Both have journeyed to Wimbledon and won the English tennis title, symbolic proof of the world's title. Still it is not always fair to judge in foreign climes. Jess Sweetser failed lamentably in the British amateur championships, largely, perhaps, because he had never attempted to play on a course so cruelly wind-swept as that. Walter Hagen won the British open in 1922 and he made a game bid to retain his honors this year. But the usually iron-nerved Hagen, too, had been off his game in British play ever that.

In 1921, the year that Hagen performed so brilliantly in England, Abe Mitchell, one of England's greatest

colfers, went wrong over here. Abe picked up his ball, discouraged, in our open championship. It was the first time he had ever done that in a national competition.

The ability to show one's best in competition away from the family fireside depends largely on temperament. Frank Kramer, the greatest cyclist the world ever knew, made but one trip abroad. Europe was ever anxious to see this phenomenal rider in action, having heard so much of his prowess. Kramer had hundreds of offers to pedal abroad, although he accepted but one. And Kramer regretted ever making his one excursion across the pond.

Although he won his races and was banqueted by the president of France, Kramer cut short his tour. Later he admitted that he could not do his best in a foreign country. He had become homesick. We wonder how many athletes competing here and abroad have secretly struggled with the agonies of this torture, saying nothing about it to those around them?

American boxers have shown wonderful form abroad. In modern times only two Yankee champions have ever lost titles in British rings. Frankie Neill lost the bantam title to Joe Bowler in London in 1904, while Willie Ritchie lost his title to Freddy Welsh on a questionable point decision in London in 1914.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Rain, which began falling last night and continued throughout the day, caused the postponement today of the fourth game in the city series between the Chicago teams of the National and American leagues. The game will be played at Comiskey park, home of the White Sox, tomorrow, weather permitting.

The postponement was welcomed by Manager Killefer of the Cubs, as his pitching staff will be benefited thereby. It will give Grever Alexander, the veteran, another day's rest, and he probably will be able to go to the mound Sunday. He won the opening game, Mike Cvegens, a southpaw, was the probable twirler for the White Sox today and he looks up as the choice for tomorrow.

The National leaguers have won two games and the American leaguers one.

Fight in South Omaha.  
The Cudahy Athletic club is preparing to hold a boxing program in South Omaha on October 19. One bout already carded will see Frank Yankat in action against Kid Worley

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## Zev and Papyrus Are Both Rounding Into Form for Race

### An Argument Still Exists as to Whether or Not My Own and Not Zev Should Meet the Foreign Entry.

## Blue and White Lose Hard Fought Game With Aggies

### Slippery, Muddy Field Again Proves Downfall of Hilltop Clan.

By RALPH WAGNER.  
Aggie Wild, Manhattan, Kan., Oct. 13.—A short Creighton punt, a line smash and a forward pass, all in the dying minutes of the second quarter, and the Kansas Aggies won from Creighton here this afternoon, 6 to 0. Playing on a muddy field, the Blue and White of Creighton, like the Farmers of Kansas put up what old timers around these parts stamp as one of the best football games ever played by a Kansas Aggie eleven and its opponent.

Creighton got more glory out of its defeat in argument than it got out of Lawrence last Saturday. Trotting on the playing field with the reputation of being one of the strongest teams in the Missouri Valley conference this year and with a veteran backfield that has played together for three years, the Kansas Wildcats, as they are called, looked like sure winners over the Blue. They are husky men and fast foot. But—

When Creighton outplayed the Farmers in the first quarter, and at one time during the period advanced the ball in the shadows of the Farm-ers' goal posts, only to lose this advantage when the referee smacked a 15-yard penalty on their shoulders, the Blue and White made the 5,000 spectators sit up and take notice. Creighton came to town classed as just a practice game for the Wildcats. True, they had held Kansas university to a 6 to 0 score last Saturday, but they were playing the University, and not the Farmers. So today the Aggie fans and fannettes looked for a big Kansas Aggie victory.

They were surprised to see 11 Blue gridlers hold their husky and favorite Farmers for downs three times, once on Creighton's six-yard line and twice on their 29-yard line.

Kansas Good at Passing.  
Yes, Kansas can forward pass. It was this method of attack that cost Creighton the victory. Had it not been for the pass in the second quarter of the game, the score might have been 0 to 0. Only once did Kansas make anything through the Creighton line and that was in the final quarter, when Stark, the flash Kansas backfield player ripped through the Blue line. He fell to his knees. Everyone thought he was down and the ball was dead. But all of a sudden he leaped to his feet and reeled off 34 yards in the direction of the Creighton goal line before being nailed to the earth. This run of Stark's and the Kansas pass in the second quarter were the only real features of the 6 to 0 victory of the Farmers over Creighton of Omaha.

In the last quarter, with the ball on their own 33-yard line and in their possession, Creighton started a forward passing attack that worked like clock machinery. The Blue advanced their 33-yard line to Kansas' 38-yard line via the aerial route. They could go no farther. They tried pass after pass, but each time the man on the receiving end of the leather slipped, and finally the Aggies took the ball on downs.

Creighton tried passes earlier in the game, but were unsuccessful in their attempt. The slippery field handicapped both teams, but it seemed that when the Blue wanted to flip the pigskin through the air a Creighton player who was expected to complete the pass slipped. Kansas ruined Creighton passes the same as Creighton ruined Aggie passes.

Start Aerial Attack.  
Soon after the start of the second quarter the Aggies started their forward passing. The far-famed Aggie aerial attack started working.

After an exchange of punts Milder-trick kicked from his own 47-yard line. Creighton, Mahoney caught the ball on his own 10-yard line and started to return the oval. He slipped and at once a pile of red-jerseyed athletes were on his back. Fitzgib-bon skirted the end. He went three yards before being tackled. In their own territory, Creighton decided to kick. Fitzgibbons dropped back to kick the muddy ball out of danger. He booted the ball and it went out of bounds on Creighton's 29-yard line. It was the Aggie's ball and was a signal of Kansas' start for a touchdown. At this stage of the game A. A. Wilson and Stark, veteran back-field players, slipped out to take their positions in the lineup. A cheer went up as they reported to the referee. Wilson, Stark and Schwartz are the Aggie aerial generals.

Kansas lined up facing Creighton on the latter's 29-yard line. Schwartz hit the center of the Blue human wall and it gave way about a yard and a half. Then Schwartz dropped back on the next play and flipped the ball to Stark. It was a short pass and put the Farmers on the Creighton 19-yard line. Another pass failed and on their final down in which they got the goal line to make the 6 to 0 score over anxious and Kansas penalized for being off side. It was a minor penalty and didn't seem to make much difference with the crowd.

Kansas then started to make up for lost ground. Stark reeled off the line for two yards. Another time they netted Kansas more ground and soon the Farmers were on the Creighton five-yard line. Butcher hit the center

(Turn to Page Two, Column Two.)

Every day during the coming week both Zev and Papyrus may be seen "limbering up" on the Belmont park track. The big stake race is only one week away and the trainers of both thoroughbreds are anxious to keep their charge in the pink of condition.

Sam Hildreth, trainer of Zev, deserves a lot of credit for turning out the superb American entry. Zev has shown wonderful form ever since he first stepped on to the track as a two-year-old.

Whether or not he is a better horse than Admiral Grayson's My Own is a question that will have to be left to the expert turfmen to decide. Some say that he is—others say that he is not. The friends of Harry Sum-camp, owner of Zev, and Sam Hildreth make the one fact while the friends of the Admiral form the other faction.

Zev ran one mile and one-eighth in 1:52.5 the other day and immediately became the favorite with the rail birds. Then Papyrus, sedate Englishman that he is, stepped out a short time later and thrilled the track followers with the ease in which he stepped off one mile and one-eighth in 1:53.4. The sudden rush of money on Papyrus forced the odds down until now the horses stand at even money.

Papyrus is a wonderful race horse. That isn't to be mistaken for a mo-tif race and was the apple of England's racing eye. But that was in England, where he had soft turf tracks to run on. Here he will cur the distance of the race over a dirt track, and dirt tracks are notorious for causing racers to go lame.

When Papyrus was "let out" and covered the distance in his best time, he was reported as lame immediately after finishing. That, of course, is the usual report. Every time a big race is on the principals are always either just going lame or else just getting around. Somebody has to lose and the loser is the apple of the trainer's eye. Zev's trainer laid the foundation for his alibi when he reported his horse lame from the loss of a frog in his foot. Old turfmen declare that the frog is dead matter and that often a runner loses one during a race, but they show any signs of lameness from it.

If Zev had met My Own in an elimination race all argument over which horse should have met Papyrus would have been settled; but Zev did not meet My Own and there will always be those who love the apple of the trainer's eye. The choice of a 3-year-old of the day. That may be all too but the best advice to anyone so deeply interested in the race that they feel that it is absolutely essential to stake some of their shekels, is to take those same shekels and race on a fall circuit. The race will be too close for the "shorterders" to risk much.

Missouri Valley yesterday defeated Abraham Lincoln high in a slow game. Missouri Valley was completely outplayed by the first quarter. Missouri Valley forced their way inside the 10-yard line, one through the use of the aerial method when they completed a 40-yard pass. The second chance came through a poor punt by Walsh, which each time Lincoln broomed and gained possession of the field on downs. At the start of the second quarter Lincoln pepped up and carried the fight to the Valley squad. During this quarter the battle waned between the 20-yard lines, with Lincoln having a little the best of it.

In the third quarter, the Red and Blue twice started marches for the goal line, but fumbles halted them each time when a score looked certain. Near the end of the quarter Missouri took the ball and drove down the field to the 10