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Time Out for Talk

By OLIVER E. KUECHLE, Sports Editor

Why Not a Festival Instead of Dinner?

SINCE the baseball writers' annual dinner for fans in January may be the last here for some time, it might not be a bad idea to do something special—even get away from the dinner idea entirely and into something like a friendly

little festival with "booths." The idea does have possibilities, and if the Braves would only cooperate in a last gesture of farewell, everybody would have a good time. Atlanta might even send up Mayor Ivan Allen to participate.

—25c a fistful. But only one fistful at a time. It wouldn't necessarily have to be meringue, either. Custard would do anything soft and fluffy, for this would be all in fun and in the friendly spirit of the festival.

'Bartholomay's Bath'

THERE could be a water dunking booth, for instance, which might be called "Bartholomay's Bath." Bill would be perched on a chair above a tank of ice cold water, with the chair so triggered it would dump him into the tank whenever a small target was properly hit. Ice could be dumped into the water periodically to be sure the water was cold. Fans would pay 25c for three balls.

A fraternity paddling booth could be set up with a certain end in mind. For 25c, each fan would get one whack with a wooden paddle at the posterior of Mayor Allen of Atlanta. "Ivan the Terrible" the booth could be called.

There could be a booth known as "McHale's Meringue." John would stick his head through a hole in a sheet of canvas and better try to duck fistfuls of meringue

A booth, "Reynolds Rear," would have fine possibilities. It would be something like the "pin the tail on the donkey" which blindfolded children play. Tom could fill the role of donkey. Three tails and pins—hat pins—could be sold for 50c.

Troubadour Don

AS LITTLE side attractions, Don Davidson, dressed like a troubadour and leading his two pooches which now answer to the names of "Coca" and "Cola," could wander through the crowd and occasionally break into his skateless skating act.

Ernie Johnson could impersonate Warren Giles and with map and pointer explain how the distance between Milwaukee and Minneapolis is really only 240 miles, not 345, and the distance between Milwaukee and Chicago is really only 80, not 95.

Earl Yerxa could pass out old Braves programs — free — and when things got a little dull Austin Brown could shoot off those tiny lady crackers. John Mullen could sing "Hello, Dolly" with Bobby Bragan on the oboe.

Such a festival in place of a dinner would serve several purposes. It would raise the money to enable the baseball writers here to continue their scholarship fund. In fact, it might raise enough money to let the writers buy a college. It would give baseball fans here an outlet for their frustrations. And it would, as mentioned, allow the Chicago owners to make a worth while parting gesture to the city they have treated so "well."

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