

Joe Williams Says—

Saratoga's
Glory Is GoneFamous Spot Can Live
On Fables of Mauve Era

NEW YORK, Aug. 4—It's getting harder and harder to peddle the myth of Saratoga to horse players, and there does come a time in all things when nostalgia loses its dreamy charm. Even Monty Wooley in the flesh—which is considerable—has become preferable to the warmed over fables of the Lillian Russell era.

The aristocratic promoters who run the old place upstate dusted off Wooley, a native son who had parlayed an acidulous wit, a Yale degree and a G.A.R. beard into a high Hollywood rating, as an opening day come-on. As it turned out Wooley was good only for a name and a stand. Interest, as reflected in attendance and play, nose-dived sharply the next.

The Saratoga myth asks you to believe that something perfectly dreadful will happen to racing if the sport is discontinued up there. Those who subscribe most ecstatically to this chimera are the aristocratic stockholders who seem to enjoy a singularly close relationship with our racing commissioners—by the way—a scattering of genuine turkeys who simply like nice racing in a nice setting, as who doesn't.

SARATOGA HAS become an anachronism. It belonged to a way of life long since passed. That this was a delightful and desirable way of life—for those who could afford it—there can be no doubt. But Saratoga, like so many other shrines of luxury and privilege, has been caught in the swirling forces of social change with the inevitable results. It ain't what it used to be. The blunt fact is Saratoga has taken on the aspects of a racket. The stockholders couldn't even open the gates if they didn't do a shamless shakedown job on the big town. This takes the form of a two weeks' meeting at Jamaica where some of the most odious racing this side of the sun shine fair is offered.

It is a charity meeting, noted by and for the men who are commercially interested in Saratoga, and with the ardent blessing of our racing commissioners.

NOW WHAT happens when the action shifts to Saratoga? The sport, I grant you, is excellent. For the most part the best in the country. But only a comparatively few assemble to see it. Last year attendance averaged 14,000, but this year it was down to 10,000. At Belmont would double the activity and then some, even though the dollar is not as offensive to the touch as it was several years ago.

There is only one first cabin hotel up there and it is quite small. And unless you have top level credentials from Albany the room clerk looks down his nose at you, a performance of dubious artistic merit, though it may appeal to Jimmy Durante's special sized following. The one commodious hotel was blue printed at about the time of Burgoyne's surrender and the rates were evidently fixed by a wine steward.

Columbus Stops
Kansas City, 1-0

By United Press

Columbus shut out Kansas City, 1 to 0, Louisville beat Milwaukee 6 to 3 and Minneapolis and Toledo split a double-header in American Association games last night.

The Miller's won the first, 11 to 0, but Toledo's Hal White pitched a one-hitter to give the Mud Hens a 4-1 victory in the final.

Minneapolis grabbed a 1-0 first inning lead over Toledo, but added two more in the second, three more in the third and a Bob Brady homer and five more in the fifth.

The Miller's could have used some of those runs in the second game, which the Mud Hens and White dominated, scoring three in the third and once in the fifth on Aukin Knickerbocker's homer.

It was a tight right at Columbus, with the Red Birds' lone fifth inning run good enough for a win. Columbus' Kurt Krieger pitched four-hit ball and Blue Frank Hitter allowed only one run in the bottom of the ninth. The Brewers ran over four in the first and the Colonels got two in the second. Milwaukee added another in the top of the fourth, and the Colonels got two more in the bottom. The score remained 5-1 in favor of Milwaukee till the Colonels slipped over two in the final.

Fight Results

Montealegre, Lucien, Dasthutte, 154 lbs. Knocked out Johnny Greco, 154 lbs. (Joe Simmonds) — Ray Carter, 151 lbs. Stoppped Tommy Vernon, 151 lbs. Milwaukee, 151 lbs.

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Wash
Cards' Boss
Works Charm
On DimancheffLocal Halfback Joins
Chicago Pro Team
In Training Camp

By JIMMIE ANGELOPOLOUS

The Chicago Cardinals' professional football team wasn't sure until today whether it could claim Indianapolis' No. 1 professional gridiron contribution—swivel-hipped Halfback Boris (Babe) Dimancheff.

The elusive Mr. Dimancheff almost slipped from the grasp of the Cardinals' front office last week when he returned his latest contract unsigned. The former Washington High School star was seriously considering giving up the professional grid sport and had notified his employers to that effect.

He had indicated to the former world pro champions last fall that he was thinking of dropping out of the pro game but apparently the club "didn't believe me."

Three days ago Assistant Coach Buddy Parker talked to Dimancheff over the phone after the Cards received Babe's contract. Babe didn't give ground.

Tuesday morning Bossman Ray Bennigen, president of the Cardinals, called Dimancheff. The Cardinal prexy spread his charm, promised a little more money and Dimancheff promised to sign up again.

Babe Off for Camp
Babe left Indianapolis yesterday by train for Beaver Dam, Wis., where the Cardinals opened their first day of training. The ex-Butler hummer and former Purdue University All-American, weighing only 170 pounds, begins his fifth year with the Cardinals today.

He skyrocketed to fame on Dec. 14, 1947, when he electrified a throng of 48,832 fans at Wrigley Field by snagging a pass that covered 50 yards from scrimmage on the first play of the game.

Dimancheff, unable to rehearse the "surprise" play because Mrs. Dimancheff was in the hospital, was to have a child the week before the game, took a pass from Quarterback Paul Christman on the Bears' 49 and turned on the speed to elude the overhauled Bear secondary.

The surprise play broke the Bears' back at the outset and the Cards won 30 to 21. Dimancheff ran from the right halfback slot for the only time in 16 attempts that year. He has been Charlie Trippi's relief man at the tailback spot.

The TIME has come to put an end to the nonsense of the Saratoga myth. This is the greatest tourist town in the world and August is, I guess, our biggest tourist month, or close to it. It is conceivable a great number of visitors come here to take in, among other excitements, the races. Why should they be forced to go elsewhere?

And we try to keep the racket boys out and we don't put up with them. We shake them and shake them until the last quarter tinkles to the concrete.

Why should New York State sacrifice a considerable sum in tax returns each year simply because some very shrewd persons are doing a very slick job in selling old dream books.

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Taking Breather in Tourney

Wampler, Faltus Even-Up
After Champ's Triple Bogey3-Over-Par Score on Pesky 11th Hole
Wrecks Purdue Flash's Chance for Lead

By ANDY OLOFSON, Times Special Writer

KOKOMO, Aug. 4—A nasty little triple bogey on the No. 11 hole of the Kokomo Country Club kept Freddie Wampler, Hoosier amateur golf champion, from running away from the field in the second day of the State Open.

Entering the final 36 holes today, Wampler shared the lead with pro Chick Faltus of St. John, Ind., with a two-round total of 141 strokes.

But Freddie might well have been out to a three-stroke lead over the whole field if it were not for that pesky 11th hole, a 406-yarder rated the third toughest on the Kokomo layout, according to the club's handicap priority.

On this par 4 hole, Wampler scored a ghastly seven-three over par. He also ended Wednesday's round three over par.

Wampler's second shot on the 11th was into the sand trap. He tried blasting. The ball lit on the edge of the bunker. Then it trickled back into the same trap.

Wampler Comes Back
Freddie tried again, more successfully, but he was still lying four on the large roller-coaster green. From there it took the Purdue flash three putts to get down.

To a lesser golfer, this tragic break might have been fatal. But Wampler came back to match par on the next three holes, slip back another stroke on No. 15, but he birdied both No. 16 and No. 18 to end up with a 73 for the day.

Chick Faltus, meanwhile, paced the pro ranks by coming up with a two-over-par 72 to tie Wampler for the lead.

Mike Garback of South Bend matched three pros for third place with a 142 score. The others at this mark were Jim Scott of New Albany, Bill Heinlein of Noblesville and Jim McKeighan of Gary.

At 143 were John David of Indianapolis and Don, Fitchess, Connersville, pro. There were five knotted at 144 and five more at 145.

Generally speaking, however, scores on the second day soared. Weak on Approach

Dale Morey, first day leader with a sizzling 67, was out practicing a pro's approach shots late Wednesday afternoon after he had zoomed to a second-round 77. It was his approach game that was lacking.

Pro Chick Yarbrough of Oakland City also found the second-day going mighty rough. His Wednesday round was 11 strokes higher than his first day score of 69, but he still made the select group of finalists.

The payoff, however, was the case of Ted Lach Jr. of Indianapolis, a surprise newcomer who racked up a par 70 on the opening round. Lach withdrew on the 14th, where he was five over par.

Wednesday, ironically, he could have bogeyed all the remaining holes and still finished within the select 151-or-better group. The only sub-par round turned in during the second day's play was scored by Ellis Brown, Indianapolis amateur, who carded a 69 to go with his 78 of the first day.

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Tribe to Meet St. Paul in Final
Game of Series After Losing, 5-310,000 Fans Watch Visitors Win;
Indians' Lead Cut to 2½ Games

By EDDIE ASH, Times Sports Editor

Here's that old "rubber" game again. The Indians vs. the Saints in the third and finale of the American Association's "big" series of the week.

Jim Walsh is slated to toe the rubber for the league-leading Tribes in the crucial attraction at Victory Field tonight. Manager Walter Alston of the runner-up Apostles is expected to call upon Maurie Martin, left hander.

Walsh, who pitched Sunday, will be shooting for his 10th victory of the campaign. He has only three defeats.

It will be the Saints' final appearance of the season at Victory Field in regular season play.

At the start, the series figured to be close, with both clubs willing to settle for two out of three. The Indians won on Tuesday, 5 to 3, and a half game ahead.

Two Tribe Pitchers
The Indians used two pitchers, Bob Malloy and Forrest Main. Bob, who stepped aside for a pinch hitter in the seventh, was charged with the defense. He was behind, 2 to 1, at the time.

Dan O'Connell, the Saints' young third sacker, was a thorn to the Indians on defense. He had seven assists and some were on drives that had base hits written all over them. The youngster came up with more "impassable" stops than a big leaguer in the heat of a close fight.

The Indians simply could not get one by O'Connell regardless of how hard they smacked the ball.

Adds Spears One
Bob Addis, in right field, also came through with a running, onehanded catch on Bob Gans' drive in the ninth that looked good for two or three bases.

But the Saints collected 11 hits and had 11 runners stranded, and since they were on base in every inning except the ninth, they kept holding the upper-hand.

After seven innings, the Apostles were ahead by the slender margin of 2 to 1. In the eighth, with Main pitching, the "destruction" set in.

Main walked the hitter, Wayne Brantno, who drove in the winning run.

St. Paul at Bat
The Saints' lineup was: Addis, 1B; O'Connell, 2B; Gans, 3B; Main, 4B; Malloy, 5B; Martin, 6B; Walsh, 7B; Alston, 8B; Brantno, 9B.

Indians at Bat
The Indians' lineup was: Addis, 1B; O'Connell, 2B; Gans, 3B; Main, 4B; Malloy, 5B; Martin, 6B; Walsh, 7B; Alston, 8B; Brantno, 9B.

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Belard. O'Connell fanned but Belard stole second on a close play. The Indians yelped apently about that decision and there was a long argument.

Then Buddy Hicks was given an intentional pass, his third of the game. Main struck out Bahr for the second out, Jim Pendleton slapped a hit down the first base line, barely fair, scoring Belard and sending Hicks to third.

Up Goes the Kite
Ted Beard's throw from right field was ahead of Pendleton sliding into second but Jack Casini grounded to Jack Conway at short and Les Fleming muffed the throw at first and both Hicks and Pendleton scored. Bob Addis worked Main for a walk but Beard made a running catch on Eric Tipton's drive to the right field corner for the third out.

The Indians were overcome by the Saints' pitching.

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