To deny the full history of the franchise is shameful, inexcusable, patently fraudulent, a lie as big as the outdoors that one leaves for the over-chilled Telem marshmallow. So the nickname was changed. That's no excuse. Other franchises that have short stays in professional sportations. In the green and the New York Yankees, at least incorporate the statistics in the franchise records. Harmon Killabrow correctly laments his "lost" hits. He should sue. Admittedly, the current Baltimore Orioles have an enormous disparity between their steady past as the St. Louis Browns, and their successes in their current disguise. But even so, the descendants of George Sisler have as legitimate a gripe as the currently living Killabrow.

Keeping the nickname, and especially the uniform style, does seem tiresome. But it is a vehicle to retain the truth. Even with two moves, the Philadelphia Athletics, at the moment in the City Where There Is No There There (Gratitude Stein), admit to Lefty Grove and Connie Mack and the others, and have "rescued" (Scatch Palace) the White Elephant to adorn proudly the uniform sleeve. Whatever one may say about Ted Turner being the third most tasteful and class owner in MLB, he put his team in Boston uniforms for one night of their interleague return to the Hub, to the dismay of those that they borrowed for a World Series then it was bright and new (an image as difficult to conjure as imagining Don Zimmer as a slim infielder, but I say that). If Lefty Tyler came back from the grave, he would recognize that his home uniform.The corrupted, the Dodger, who abandoned me way back when, did call to re-create the Marvelous roundups of Charlie Ebbets, but they do count correctly their World Series appearances. Christie Mathewson's name remained more on the outfield fence in San Francisco than has the name of that winky misbegotten stadium.

BUT A GOOD POLICY ANALYST DOES NOT MERELY GRIPE! He lives by the rule that, one identifies a problem, one is obliged to come up with a workable solution. Now, a big-time policy analyst, one who could, say, both analyze and implement. The performing snack-food commercials in a hurried expulsion from office, should be able to solve two problems at once. And I shall, for we still need a retractable-roof stadium paid for by the taxpayers.

Here is what we will do.

Sell the intermittently-guided "Minnesota Twins" to a coalition of which the St. Paul Companies (insurance folks have lots of spare cash) are the chief investor; the reason for designating them as such is to be current. Since the Twins in its early glory years, but the nickname affectionately given to him by history is unknown to the young. Two of the neglected and forgotten both became player-managers at 27! One had 2825 career hits and a lifetime .301 average. He took the team to a World Series, and made Cooperstown in 1963. He later counterpart played for your team for twelve years, and managed them for seventeen of his twenty-nine years as a manager. Neither is anywhere to be seen. A fourth man, in simpler times, did what would be unthinkable today: he retired with 2987 career hits. He has a short, easy-to-remember name, and is the last obstacle one clinches over the remaining Robertson Clemente. He's not Share either. Worst of all, the indisputably greatest player in the history of the franchise has been erased as a momentary as if Stalin were re-writing history. Only Cy Young won more games than this man. When the franchise was in dire straits, he did year after year that Curtizian and Cloude can win a big percentage of his team's victories. It took prodigious efforts in changed times to break his long-standing records for career strikeouts and consecutive scoreless innings, but his career record for most wins has been recently challenged in the off-season.

The franchise reached six World Series, and won three. However, that it is in the same place it is today, in the most important building, as it doesn't matter. They can find another church.

We now have a nice big space with which to work, and we will begin at the southwest corner, and get NCR to make us a two-deck semi-replica of Washington's Griffith Stadium, with reasonable out-field distances, and a capacity of about 40,000. In the north in the center-field wall, we'll place replicas of the six row houses, and stadium employees will live there at low rents. We will have Gerten's find us the biggest transplantable tree they can, and plant it in the same place it is now, but it will be so beautiful, and it will be named Walter Johnson Field. The left-field lawn to the north, we will build a grand-novel Kirby Inn, and they will make lots of money in season, we'll put up a tail parking garage, but with terra-cotta cladding, and in the off-season, those legislators will have extra parking space for visitors.

You know, we'll even solve a third problem (before we mention the second one): the way in which St. Paul gets shorthanded in the national media. No more parodies of the State Capitol, or Moby Dick's Diner with the wrong city name on them. The insurance company won't allow a "Minnesota" designation. And we can fool part of the legislature into imagining can't use the term "thinking" with that group of people that we just named. We'll do that.

Yes, folks, how sweet it will be to see the retractable roof close over an April snowfall at Griffith Stadium-remesembles Walter Johnson Field, at the intersection of Joe Cronin Way and Sam Rice Street (area, one of the streets don't even have to be fully renamed), as a capacity crowd that parked in the Bucky Harris Garage cheers when Governor Norm Coleman throws out the first ball, and Bob Carey comes out of retirement to intone: Ladies and Gentlemen, here are you St. Paul Senators.