

ards gave him the card and said: "Tell Marsh he'll play second if Miranda can play and short if he can't. If Miranda's out, put Young at second."

As Harris walked out, the local reporters walked in. "Anything doing in the general-manager department?" one of them asked.

"No."

"Anything look promising in New York?"

"I couldn't even get to talk to the people I wanted to see."

"Well, then, do you have any plans to bring anybody up from San Antonio?"

"Nobody doing that well."

"What about Segrist?"

"Segrist isn't hitting his weight."

The questioning continued, but abruptly, unnoticed, it was being directed to him as manager.

"Who's pitching tomorrow?"

"Byrd."

"When's Miller going to get a start?"

"I don't know."

"Anything the matter with him?"

"Nothing except he hasn't looked too good."

"He's only pitched one inning."

"He didn't look too good that inning, either. . . ."

At this point, Whitey Diskin, the clubhouse man, came in with a bowl of mixed fruit. The questions stopped while Richards ate. When he finished, he looked up at the reporter who had been asking about Miller and said, without reviewing the topic: "He might get a shot soon."

When Dr. Erwin Mayer, the team physician, came into the office to report on the invalids, he didn't bother to review the bidding either. "Doc Bennett says if breaking balls are the only things that hurt him, he can fix it."

Richards, knowing that Mayer had consulted Dr. Bennett about Duane Pillette, was immediately interested. "If the fast ball hurts him," Dr. Mayer said, "that's something else again."

"He can throw the fast ball," Richards said.

"I've made an appointment for Pillette to have X-rays tomorrow. And he recommended a shortstop."

Richards stared at him. At last, he repeated: "He recommended a shortstop?"

"Doc Bennett," Dr. Mayer said. "He recommended a shortstop from Hampden-Sydney."

When Richards said nothing further, the subject was dropped.

Jack Dunn III, grandson of Jack Dunn of the old Orioles, and traveling secretary of the current Orioles, came in to tell Richards that the team was entraining for Detroit Monday morning. Richards told him that he personally might want to

fly out right after Sunday's game to talk to the Detroit front office about a possible trade.

The phone rang. Yes, Richards said, he did ask that the *Star Spangled Banner* be played as soon as the pitcher walked out to the mound. "Well," he said, "I don't see what's to be gained by waiting until he's warmed up, then letting him stand there cooling off for three minutes. . . . Thanks."

When he finally got a minute alone in the office, Paul pulled out a New York Times cross-word puzzle he had started on the train. He had hardly got going, though, before assistant general manager Art Ehlers, who handles the administrative end of the front office, came in. "I thought I was getting good," Richards said, putting the puzzle aside. "I finished it two days in a row when we were in New York."

After a brief exchange about cross-word puzzles, Ehlers pushed his hat to the back of his head, and said: "Shall we get to it?"

Ehlers closed the door, and until it was time for Richards to go out on the field, they sat there and talked over their personnel problems, the players to be cut at the approaching deadline, the players to be shifted, the possible trades. . . .

Washington got off to a three-run lead by scoring a couple of tainted runs off Jim Wilson, while the Orioles were leaving runners scattered all over the place. In the seventh, with Richards and Dressen playing the righty-lefty game, the Orioles made their move. Young Pyburn, pinch-hitting, drew a walk. Another pinch-hitter, Coan, lined to Vernon; Pyburn went diving back into the base, but he was doubled up. Cox singled, Kennedy walked and Evers singled over second to score the first Baltimore run. Abrams, pinch-hitting for Triandos, walked, loading the bases. When Dressen brought in his third pitcher of the inning, right-handed Ted Abernathy, Richards sent Woodling in to bat for Hal Smith. It was the move he had quite obviously been jockeying for—Woodling against a righthander, with the tying and leading runs on the bases. Woodling walked, forcing in the second run. Dressen came in with his fourth pitcher of the inning, Chuck Stobbs, who got Moss to ground out.

Pyburn went in at third, circled under a high foul, got too far in front of it, but refused to give up and caught it while falling over flat on his back. In the last half of the inning, he got his first major-league hit, a single down the left-field line.

In the ninth, Hoot Evers singled with one away. Although the book says that the tying run in the ninth should be considered a tender, frag-

ile thing, Richards called the hit-and-run. The percentage, when all other considerations evened off, was, he felt, that if Young grounded out, the tying run would have moved to second.

Young wasn't looking for anything, though, and he missed the sign. Evers was thrown out and that was the ball game. The Senators had won with only four hits. The Orioles had left 11 runners.

Back in his office, Richards was stripped down to his undershirt—black-sleeved and white-bodied—when the reporters arrived. They could almost see the flush of anger under his heavy tan. He declined to say for publication who had missed the sign, although it was obvious enough who had, but he couldn't hold back the blasts at the old retainers who hang on with second-division teams and just go through the motions to pick up their checks. "Take my word for it," he said, "they'll be gone before long. Even if we have to put kids who aren't ready on the field, they'll hustle or they'll go. This kid Pyburn," he said. "He doesn't know we're supposed to lose every time we step onto the field. We'll have more like that." He took a long draw on his cigarette. "He shouldn't have been doubled up on that line-drive, of course, but he'll learn. Hell, I've seen ten-year men doubled on that play."

After he had calmed down a little, Paul leaned back on his chair and swung his feet up on his desk. "Well, there were a few bright spots out there. There was the kid. Evers hit the ball well, Diering made some catches and Wilson and Johnson both looked good. If Coleman and McDonald come around, we might have some pitching here yet."

Letting his thin shanks drop off the table, he pushed himself up and started for the shower. It was close to midnight and he still had to eat a meal, get some sleep, and be back at ten in the morning. With all his talk about the bright spots, the flush of anger was still behind the tan, the lips were still tight, and his eyes had the distant, distracted look of a man whose mind is on something beyond his environments.

Just as Richards started toward the shower room, a young reporter came bursting in. "Whew," he said, his face creased by a big grin, "I've finally got the box-score straightened away."

Paul Richards, a man who had lost a tough game before, but had never become resigned to it, stopped short and fixed him with a glare. "Young man," he snapped. "This is not the place to come to laugh."

