

boy to Chicago when we get there and I'll talk to him." McLaughlin consulted the schedule and made a note. "After he graduates," Richards said, after a little thought, "maybe we can bring him to Baltimore to work out with us."

Upon leaving McLaughlin's office, Richards went through the corridor to the Orioles' locker room. Richards' office is off to the right, just off a small foyer.

After changing into his uniform (number 12), he went over the stuff that had been gathering on his desk; a bulletin from the Commissioner's office listing all the rosters and all the player changes; the latest batting and pitching figures on his own players, sent down by the public relations department; a couple of letters, both swearing undying allegiance to the Orioles' building program. There was also an advance copy of a book he had done for Prentice-Hall entitled *Modern Baseball Strategy*.

After he finished the paper work, he walked through the locker-room, down a small alley leading to the dugout, and out onto the field. Evers, Waitkus and Kennedy were out there with the pitchers for extra batting practice, but on the whole the place looked more like Vero Beach than a big-league ball park. Alongside the batting-cage, coach Al Vincent was giving batting instructions to bonus-boy Jim Pyburn. Behind the cage, Harry Byrd, closely watched by coach Harry Brecheen, was throwing to Les Moss. Just in front of the dugout, Don Ferrarese, a 26-year-old lefthander, was warming up with Lum Harris.

Ferrarese, who came to Baltimore from Chicago in the Courtney deal, was the youngest pitcher on the staff and Richards had worked hard with him during spring training. He had opened up his stance to enable him to keep on top of the ball—the secret of getting a good spin on the ball, Richards believes; he had shown him how to snap his curve off his ear to get the full swing of his weight into the pitch; he had made him speed up his motion to help him keep his pitches covered. Richards had also given him a slider—"the slip pitch," he calls it—to go with the curve and fast ball, and it has worked into Ferrarese's repertoire so well that he now uses it as his strike pitch on the 2-0 and 3-1 count. Of late, Richards had been trying to get him to develop a change of pace. This was what Don was working on when Richards came out on the field.

"You're not following through, Don," he told him.

Ferrarese threw about a dozen more change-ups, taking special care to follow through. "The entire

effectiveness of the pitch comes from the follow-through," Richards told him. "Watch."

With Ferrarese standing in front of Harris, his glove at his shoulder like a bat, Richards threw half-a-dozen change-ups.

"Now, here's what you're doing," he said. He threw another half-dozen change-ups, this time with an abbreviated follow-through. Then he began to alternate, first with the follow-through, then without.

"Yeah," Ferrarese said, in sudden recognition. "I see the difference."

The little pitcher went back to throw some more, and Richards wandered over behind Byrd and Brecheen. Byrd, a side-armed, has always been tough for righthanders, but lefthanders have usually hit him pretty good—particularly his slider, which they get a pretty good look at. To make life a little more miserable for the lefties, Brecheen had been trying to get Byrd to throw a slider from a three-quarter motion.

Brecheen watched carefully while Byrd threw the slider to spots. Finally, he said: "All right, Harry, move it around."

Hoot Evers, walking out of the batting cage, overheard him and shouted: "And if the slider doesn't break—move back, boy!"

Richards wandered over to the back of the cage to watch batting practice. As he leaned there, chin on hand, he could overhear Vincent tutoring Pyburn. An all-conference end at Auburn, Pyburn got \$48,000 to sign with Baltimore. He is an eager kid, who overstrides, over-swings, overdoes everything—and manages to look every inch a ball-player while he's doing it.

Vincent, trying to get Pyburn to cut down on the swing and the stride, pointed a bat at him, top end forward, and held it there out in front of the plate at the point where theory says the ball is supposed to be hit. "Just make believe you're driving stakes," Vincent told him. "Go ahead . . . drive . . . drive . . ."

With Vincent acting as a sort of coxswain, Pyburn kept hitting the end of the bat, putting on the power at the moment before contact, as you do when you're driving stakes.

"You see where your stride is?" Vincent said, holding him at the end of one of the swings. "That's all you need." He then pulled the front foot forward, and said: "You get out here and you're lunging for curves and change-ups."

In slow motion, Vincent imitated Pyburn's swing, letting his front arm collapse noticeably. "This is what you're doing. You see why you can't get any power that way?"

But as soon as Pyburn got into the batting cage, he fell right back into



UP  
Perhaps the only sports editor to leave his desk for a manager's job (he owned the paper), Paul joined the Sox in '51.

the old bad habits. "Just try meeting the ball and see if it won't go just as far," Vincent told him.

After the next pitch, Richards called out: "Don't dip down. Get under it."

Pyburn hit a little line-fly into left-center, and Vincent said: "That's the kind, if you can get on top of it, you can line right over the third-baseman's head."

When he got out of the cage, Pyburn grabbed his glove and ran down to third base (He runs, this kid. He is probably the only player in the league who runs back to the bench after he strikes out.) Bob Kuzava had been hitting the ground balls, but Richards took the bat almost immediately, and began to hit balls down to Pyburn himself. After Jim fielded the first grounder, Richards squatted down in the attitude of a fielder, legs wide apart, tail down, arms wide and ready. Pyburn immediately got his tail down and widened his stance. Richards hit grounders at him and Fred Marsh for about 15 minutes before he finally left the field.

Passing through the clubhouse he asked Cal Abrams whether Miranda had come in yet. Abrams told him he hadn't seen him. As soon as he sat down in his office, Richards made out a lineup card, leaving the 8th slot open. He put Freddie Marsh second in the batting order, but the position after his name was left open.

When Lum Harris came in, Rich-