

# Pappas Prime Candidate for 20-Win Year

By DOUG BROWN

MIAMI, Fla.

Hank Bauer suspects that it did not escape the attention of Milt Pappas when Steve Barber last year became the first 20-game winner in modern Oriole history.

This suspicion, plus the fact that Pappas had the best year of his career last season, despite an injury, led Bauer to make the following observation:

"This may be the year Miltie finally becomes a 20-game winner."

For years, Pappas has had a friendly rivalry with Barber. After one of them wins a game, there invariably is an exchange of insults, much to the amusement of clubhouse visitors.

Their mock contempt for each other is particularly noticeable after one spins a shutout. If Pappas has authored it, he'll point out that he has taken the lead over Barber in lifetime shutouts. Steve may retort, "Well, no wonder, you big donkey, you've been up here longer than me."

"I saw them kidding each other in the clubhouse last year after one of them pitched a good game," said Bauer. "I like that kind of competition."

## Milt Missed Three Starts

"I have a hunch that seeing Barber win 20 last year gnaws at Pappas a little bit. I think Miltie would have won 20 if he hadn't gotten hurt. He had missed three starts when he was spiked on the heel."

"Barring injury, he's got a good chance to win 20 this year."

Although nothing would please Pappas more than to make Bauer seem like a prophet, he wouldn't accept the suggestion that Barber's feat will serve as an added inspiration.

"I don't think that will have any bearing on it," said the usually brash and outspoken righthander. "Sure, I hope to win 20. But it'd be nice if Barber did, too, because it would give us a good shot at the pennant."

A veteran of six years in the majors at the age of 24, Pappas last year won more games (16), compiled a better won-loss percentage (.640), worked more innings (217) and registered a lower earned-run average (3.03) than he ever had before.

At the same time, he raised three of his club records: Wins as an Oriole (81), shutouts (16) and complete games (60).

## Novelty—No Spring Injuries

During spring training this year, Pappas has been almost free of injury, missing only a few days with a turned ankle. While this may have little bearing on whether he becomes a 20-game winner, it is at least novel.

Last year, he missed training time when he aggravated an old knee injury. In 1962, it was appendicitis; in 1961, it was infected molars, and, in 1960, it was a sore arm.

**Bird Seed:** Steve Barber was on crutches a few days after he was hit on the right foot by a ball off the bat of the Dodgers' Tommy Davis. It was only a bruise, however. . . . The Oriole squad was reduced to 40 players when pitcher John Papa and catcher Nate Smith were sent to Daytona Beach to train with Rochester (International). Earlier, pitchers Steve Caria and Pat McMahon and first baseman Mike Fiore were dispatched to the Birds' minor league training base at Thomasville, Ga. . . . It was thought at first that catcher John Orsino would be out only two weeks with his injured finger. A subsequent estimate placed his recovery period at three weeks. He'll still have a dozen exhibition games in which to prepare for the regular season, however. . . .

Chuck Estrada's first appearance since June 1 was a success. Chuck, who had an elbow operation in September, pitched two scoreless innings against the Tigers, March 21.

## Fast Computer Bauer Stops Bus Driver at Shaky Bridge

MIAMI, Fla. — The Oriole bus might have plunged into a creek the other day if Manager Hank Bauer hadn't done some quick mental arithmetic.

As the bus approached a wooden bridge, there was a sign saying vehicles over four tons should take the alternate route.

"How much does this thing weigh, bussie?" Bauer asked.

"Oh, 18 or 19 thousand pounds," the driver said.

After a pause, Bauer said, "Turn around. Let's take the other road."

Then he turned to his players and shouted: "If you guys don't get some hits today, I'm going to tell the bussie to go over the bridge on the way back."

The Orioles made only four hits in losing to the Dodgers, 3-1, but Bauer decided to spare the team. The bus again skirted the bridge.

## Blair Runs Like Hare, Catches Orioles' Fancy

By DOUG BROWN

MIAMI, Fla.

Paul Blair's stomach was growling. It was the thirteenth inning and the Orioles and the Dodgers had been playing for three and one-half hours. As Blair was selecting a bat from the rack, he remarked to Manager Hank Bauer:

"I'm going to nit this guy. I'm getting hungry."

With that, Blair stepped to the plate and whacked a double. Moments later, he streaked across the plate on Joe Pignatano's single to give the Orioles a 4-3 victory.

Blair is one of the fastest—and certainly the most exciting—prospects in the Oriole camp this year. He is an outfielder.

Only 20 years old, with a mere two years of pro seasoning, Blair can't be expected to make the leap from Class C Stockton (California), where he hit .324 and stole 60 bases last year, to the majors.

But, my, how Bauer is tempted to let the kid give it a try!

### Danger in Force-Feeding

He will, however, stifle the impulse to keep Blair this year, for he knows the danger of trying to push a kid through the minors too quickly. The progress of more than one bright prospect has been impeded by force-feeding.

Like everyone else in camp, Bauer is impressed by Blair's authority batting swing, his great speed and his grace and agility in the outfield.

"He's our best outfielder in going and getting the ball," Bauer said. "I know he's going to catch anything hit out there."

"If somebody would guarantee me he'd hit .250 for us this year, I'd play him up here. I like him, period."

Blair is ticketed for Triple-A Rochester (International) this year. Even that's a big jump and Rochester Manager Darrell Johnson says he'll be happy if Paul hits .250.

If Blair makes the majors, this or any other year, he'll be a real bargain. The Orioles drafted him in 1962 for \$8,000 from, of all team, the Mets.



Milt Pappas

# Chicky's a Cute Chick Who Hit 1.000 in Orioles' Camp



CATCHER JOHN ORSINO AND CHICKY . . . A Girl Never knows what to expect

By LOU HATTER  
In the Baltimore Sun

MIAMI, Fla.

Steve Barber, a 20-game winner for the Orioles last season, couldn't get a girl out the other day.

Of course, Eleanor Kruglinski, a feature writer for the Miami Herald, didn't hit the 25-year-old Bird left-hander's "Sunday pitch." After all, it was Monday.

But the first pitch that Barber delivered within striking range, Eleanor blooped off the end of her bat behind first base. It wasn't a tape-measure job, mind you, but it might have been a two-bagger. Eleanor was too surprised to run it out. A moment later, she quit while she was still ahead.

Miss Kruglinski, a pert little brown-eyed, brown-haired former Miami University co-ed, arrived at the Flock's Miami Stadium spring training grounds just as the Orioles were concluding an abbreviated one-hour, 20-minute workout.

In a recent Sunday Herald, a full-length profile on the Yankees' Mickey Mantle carried her byline. As her subject for a subsequent feature on baseball heroes training in Florida, Eleanor had chosen Steve Barber.

### Chicky Wanted to Bat

Miss Kruglinski, whose nickname is "Chicky," wanted to do something more than just interview the Oriole flame-thrower, however. She had a notion to stand up against the celebrated Barber fast ball to get the feel of it, first-hand.

As anyone can plainly see, Eleanor is not chicken. Roger Maris, who is Mantle's slugging twin in Murder, Inc., has hinted more often than once that he would prefer having the day off when Steve is pitching for Baltimore. If Chicky was game, though, so was Barber. Club secretary Bob Brown borrowed a 30-ounce bat, the smallest in camp, from Bob Saverine, one of the smallest Birds in camp.

Out of the dugout strode the barrel-chested Barber. Out of the dugout jogged John Orsino, looking like a big bear behind his backstop's cage. "Hi-ya, Chicky," he greeted the brave little red writing hood. "I'm John Orsino."

"Oh, you're the first-string catcher," exclaimed Eleanor, impressed. "Yeah, I've heard reports to that

# Weaker Sex? Why, This Babe Has Lots of Power!

By ELEANOR KRUGLINSKI  
In the Miami Herald

MIAMI, Fla.

Steve Barber doesn't look like a menace from the batter's box. He's a nice guy, I told myself, and he will try very hard not to hit me. And I will paste one right out of the park.

The prospect of striking out the terror of Crandon Park did not intrigue burly catcher John Orsino.

"You married?" he wanted to know.

"No. Are you?"

"Nope. Let's go write a story," Orsino suggested.

"Play ball," yelled the umpire.

Barber squinted down at me from the mound. "I, uh, don't always have good control—so stay a little lightfooted," he said happily.

Armed with the lightest bat in the park, I was almost ready when a thud sounded in Orsino's mitt.

"Striiike," said the umpire.

"Choke up on the bat, choke up," Orsino urged. "Don't hold it down so low. Hey, she thinks she's a long-ball hitter."

"This is a slider," Barber announced.

"It'll be breaking toward you."

Slap. I heard it before I saw it—in Orsino's glove.

"Here comes a fast one," said Orsino. "Watch it."

I watched it. I think I watched it.

Whop! Orsino, gesturing wildly, fell backwards. The menace grinned down from his perch on the mound.

"Maybe if I got off here, I could pitch to you better."

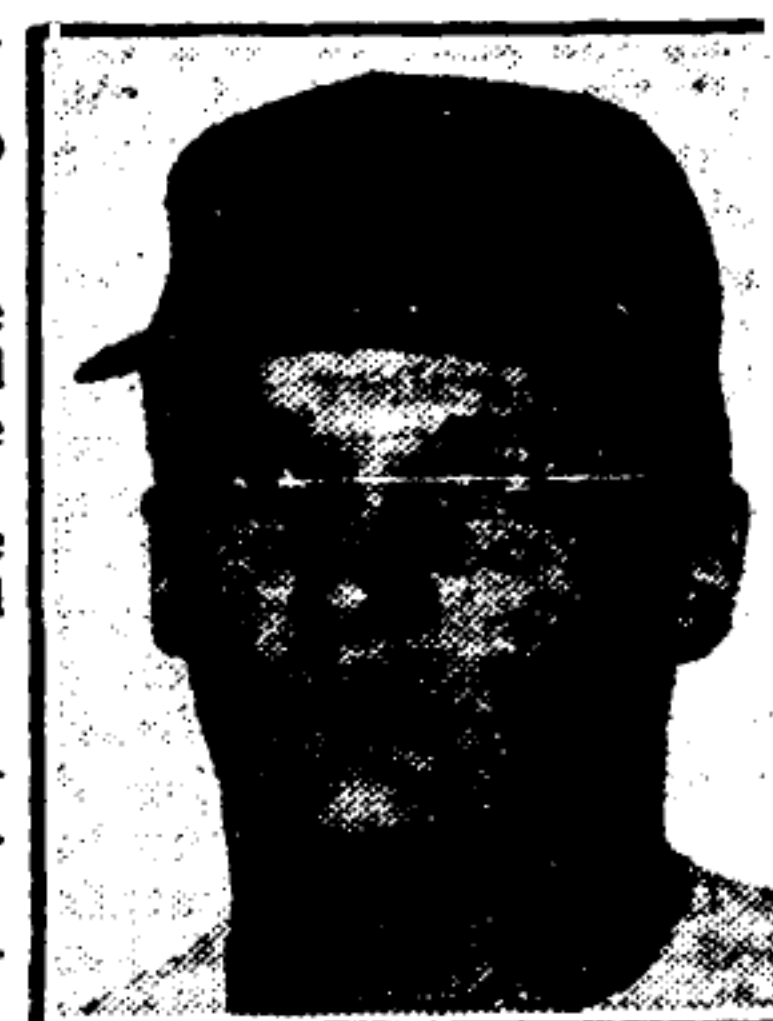
From the grass in front of the mound, he paused and fingered the ball. The big left arm raised, rared back . . . and lobbed the ball gently toward the plate.

And, boy, did I whack it—over first base and into right field grass.

"How d'ya like that?" Orsino cried. "Sign her up."

It was, as they say in the Big Time, a Texas League single.

It was also the only pitch I saw.



STEVE BARBER

effect," replied Orsino, a bachelor likewise impressed by the feminine volunteer clad in blue-jeans, a blue, open-neck shirt, white socks and sneakers. "Are you single?"

"Yes, I am," answered Eleanor prettily. "How about you?"

"Yeah, I'm single, too," blushed the 25-year-old Orsino, squatting behind

home plate. "Okay, Stevie ole' boy. Let's dust her off."

On his first four pitches, Barber obviously was afraid that he might. All were wide and high. Chicky took half-swings at them. A Baltimore journalist, drafted as "umpire," was

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