fade like old clippings from *The Sunday Times*. But this is America, where people change their names, recast themselves. Mr. & Mrs.

America live in the *Sporting News*, imitations recounting the endless games, with always yet another inning left to play. When the score is finalized the chatter in throwing the ball around the horn becomes gossip. This after all is a silent game, the inside dying, a bit at a time, lived in the presence of a perfect, infallible pastime.