


the double life of PAUL RICHARDS

Modern baseball's elaborate chain-of-command set-up may have been dealt a body blow when the man from Waxahachie became both manager and general manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Can one man run the works?

By Ed Linn



WHEN Paul Richards signed a three-year contract as general manager and field manager of the Baltimore Orioles, it marked a decided reversal in the relation-

ship between the executive suite and the dugout. Ever since the late Ed Barrow became master of the Yankees, the trend has been not toward expanding the horizons of the manager but toward limiting them, toward relegating him to little more than the tactical arm of the organization—a sort of glorified buck sergeant.

Casey Stengel, who has been known to complain that he was told about a deal after it was made, is quite obviously that. He is a superb tactician, but, as some of his detractors have been heard to mutter, it is not hard to be a tactician when you have the likes of Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Hank Bauer, Yogi Berra, Bob Turley, Gil McDougald and Elston Howard to play with.

Walter Alston, Fred Haney, Marty Marion, Mayo Smith and Pinky Higgins quite obviously fall into the same pattern; so, to a greater or lesser degree, does every other manager in the majors. Except Paul Richards.

It is no great secret that Clarence W. Miles the boss of the Orioles, agreed to give Richards the job as general manager only because he wanted him as manager. That makes the job of manager—in the eyes of the Baltimore organization, at least—more important than the job of general manager. Which job is more desirable, though? Well, if a manager loses—no matter how brilliantly—he's out of a job. The general manager? He's the guy who fires the manager!

Look at it another way. If we assume that the 16 major-league managers are the top baseball men in the country—hardly an unwarranted assumption—then why couldn't they all handle both jobs? And since it is acknowledged that managing a ball club is a full-time job—and a tough one—what does that make the

job of general manager? If Richards gets the frail-winged Orioles off the ground, there may be some uneasy shiftings in the front-office swivel chairs. You think men like Leo Durocher, Eddie Stanky, Charlie Dressen, Lou Boudreau, Bucky Harris, Casey Stengel and Birdie Tebbetts wouldn't like a greater voice in personnel matters?

It is impossible, let it be understood, to get Richards to make any such evaluation. He does not allow himself generalizations and he does not believe in making categorical statements. (In between those two horns there is not much bull.) "But," you say, trying to press it. "Theoretically, isn't it true that the big-league managers are the best baseball men in the country?"

But Richards, pausing to choose his words carefully, as he always does when he's talking baseball, says: "There is no such thing as 'theoretically.' There are only specific men and specific situations. I'd have to know each of them much better than I do before I could make

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