son he won the pennant and went on to sweep the Dixie Series in four straight, and yet, before the start of the fourth game, he ordered all his pitchers out to the outfield to chase fungoes—just as if they had a full season ahead of them instead of one game.

In later years, he punished a losing Atlanta team by forbidding the players to take a shower until after he had taken his.

While he was managing Buffalo, he once spent the intermission between games of a doubleheader hitting ground balls to the shortstop whose errors had lost the opener.

At Seattle, he once came into the clubhouse just in time to intercept a player whose inability to bunt had cost the ball game. "Change back to your uniform," Richards ordered. "We're going back out for some bunting practice."

Even when his White Sox were in the midst of a 14-game winning streak, he had them report to the park the morning after a night game for early batting practice.

Richards pushes aside questions about any of these incidents. "I don't say it didn't happen," he'll say with a shrug. "I just don't remember it. If I did do it, though, there must have been a reason. I have never punished a ballplayer out of spite." With the possible exception of the shower incident, spite was of course, never a consideration. Richards is a fierce competitor and a hard loser; in Atlanta he was put out of as many as 27 games in one season. Baseball is a business with him, not a game that little boys play in corner lots. He may be rough on his players but, in the end, all he is trying to do is help them improve themselves. In the words of Pete Thomassie, a player whom Richards had fined, suspended and traded away for nothing worse than trying to cover for an Atlanta roommate who had ignored curfew: "Richards was the toughest manager I ever played for. He was also the best."

What does Richards himself want each of his players to feel toward him? "That I'm getting the most out of him, personally, and the team collectively. That's all." He doesn't see why personalities should enter into the picture either from his end or theirs. After he had eaten out a big-league outfielder, the guy went on a hitting spree—but he also went out of his way to gripe to the writers. When it got back to Richards, he grinned and said: "If he gets sore enough at me to hit .300, that's just fine."

Dissension doesn't bother him, because he doesn't think of a ball club as an instrument of brotherhood. "Competitively speaking, nice guys *don't* win. In competition, a manager should take advantage of anything within the limits, not of sportsmanship, but of decency."

INP

It was headline news when Richards, here at press conference, reverted to old-time tradition. Like John McGraw, another Oriole manager, Paul runs the entire show.

Richards managed at Atlanta for five years, winning one more pennant and falling out of the first division only once. He not only had the reputation of being the best manager in the minors, but several major-league clubs approached Atlanta about buying him as a catcher. Since Paul had prospects of becoming a part owner of the team, he was more than content to stay in Atlanta.

At the end of the 1942 season, Earl Mann tipped him off that because of the war, the Southern Association stood a good chance of folding the following year. Richards immediately got in touch with Jack Zeller of the Detroit Tigers, one of the teams that had been after him, and signed on as a catcher-coach. When he went to the Tigers, he was 34 years old and his best days were behind him. In four seasons with Detroit, he never hit above .256. And yet Richards was not a bad hitter. In his first 11 seasons in the minors, he failed to bat .300 only once. His one regret is that he never got a chance to play regularly for a major-league team over a long period of time. If he had, he likes to think that he'd have had a much more attractive set of figures on the books.

He did get one big thrill at the plate, though. In the first inning of the seventh game of the 1945 World Series, he cleared the bases with a double and just about wrapped up the whole thing. Detroit won, 9-3.

At Detroit, Richards was made vice-president in charge of Hal Newhouser, then a very promising, very wild, very temperamental lefty who had never won more than nine games. Paul's reputation as a handler of pitchers had been established in the Southern Association. During his first season at Atlanta, before he became manager, one of the Crackers' pitchers had been Dutch Leonard, sent down by Brooklyn—a 26-year-old has-been—after a 2-9 season. "I could have won up there," Leonard told him, "if those Brooklyn catchers hadn't been afraid to call my knuckler."

"You want to throw a knuckler," Richards told him, "I'll call it." He did, and Leonard had a two-season record of 28-11, went back up with Washington and stayed in the majors for 16 more years, appearing in 527 games and getting 173 wins.

"There are some pitchers," Richards says, "who have to pitch their own games, and there are some pitchers who do better pitching the catcher's game. When you get one like Leonard who has to pitch his own way, you try to get in tune with his thinking, so that you're calling the pitch you feel he wants to throw. With Leonard it isn't tough. You just mix an occasional curve in with his knuckler."

Newhouser was a kid who needed a catcher to call his game. He had to be taught control from both ends—control of his temper as well as con-