

trol of his pitches. You couldn't have found a less likely counsellor of the placid, meditative life than Paul Richards, and yet he got Hal to realize that a couple of errors behind him did not mean there was a plot afoot to ease him out of the majors; that, in fact, when an infielder booted a grounder that cost his team a ball game, he felt just as bad—and probably worse—than the pitcher.

Newhouser had all the speed anybody needed and he had a big booming curve, but he couldn't control them, and he didn't really know what to do with them. Richards found that Hal's fast ball had a peculiar way of jumping in when he was throwing inside (to the right-handed batter) and jumping away when he was throwing outside. The result was that while his fast ball was live, it was always jumping out of the strike zone. It did not take too much experimentation to convince Paul that Newhouser had formed the habit of letting the inside fast ball fall off the outside of the index finger, and the outside fast ball fall off the outside of the middle finger. By working with him to throw the fast ball off a more balanced grip, Richards got him to develop a fast ball with an upward spin instead of the sideward spins; the fast ball was still live, but it now hopped rather than swerved. As his subsequent record shows, Hal didn't have too much more trouble. After an 8-17 season during Richards' first year with the Tigers, Newhouser had a three-year run of 29, 25, and 26 victories.

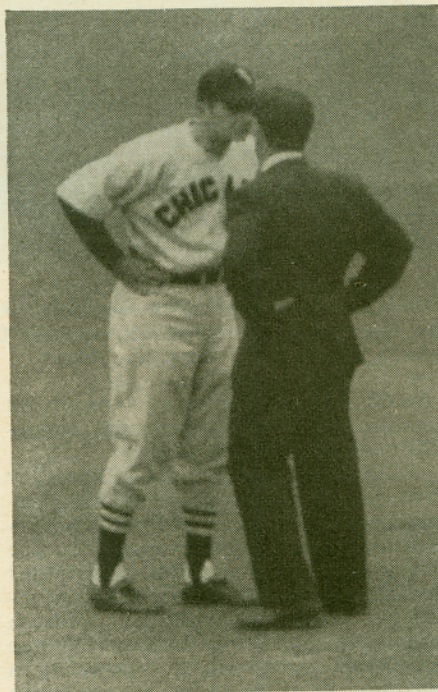
When the boys started to come home from the wars, Paul's days as an active catcher were done. He stayed on with the Detroit organization, however, in the dual jobs of manager and general manager of Buffalo in the International League. Let's not jump over that too quickly. At Buffalo, Richards held almost exactly the same job he now holds at Baltimore. The duties were the same, even though the personnel problems were far less extensive.

The parting with the Tigers came after he won the pennant for Buffalo with admittedly weak material. There are those who still think he left because Red Rolfe was doing so well that Richards seemed to have reached the end of the line; Paul insists he left because the Tigers, as a reward for his skill in winning the pennant, sent Leo Miller up to assume an undefined role in the Buffalo front-office. When he was unable to get a delineation of duties from Billy Evans, who had replaced Zeller at Detroit, Richards quit.

After one year at Seattle, he signed with the White Sox. Actually, he had been approached by Frank

Lane even before he had signed with Seattle. Lane couldn't get along with his sitting manager, Jack Onslow, and he had been a Richards admirer since the Atlanta days. Onslow's contract had a year to run, though, and when it came down to it, the Comiskeyes couldn't see paying him off.

As it was, Onslow only lasted a month into 1950, and coach John Corriden filled out the year. The story has always been that the Giants had feelers out to Richards when Leo Durocher got stuck in the second division during the better



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Known as a strategist and teacher, Paul can be a hothead on the field, too. He gets ejected as often as any manager.

part of the year, and that only a strong finish saved Leo's job. Richards denies it. He had feelers from a couple of big-league clubs, he admits, but the Giants weren't one of them. "If New York wanted to hire me, it was a well-kept secret," he says. "A well-kept secret from me."

The Sox finally signed him at the end of the season. It was announced for some reason that he had been signed to a two-year contract; actually, Richards worked on one-year contracts in 1951 and 1952, and didn't get a two-year contract until 1953.

The marriage of taciturn Paul Richards and wild Frankie Lane was patently made in heaven. Lane, who sat at the shrine of Larry MacPhail, is, like the master, a man of

eruptive enthusiasm and vigorous dissent. Where Richards always thinks long and carefully before he makes a move, Lane sometimes seems to act as if he has a morning deadline to make. Yet both men are alike in that they eat, sleep and dream baseball. (For many years Richards was a sleep-walker, undoubtedly having dreamt that he had just been thrown the fourth ball.) If Lane is not bashful about second-guessing his managers, Richards maintains that the second-guessing was always more constructive than critical. Not that the two men wept bitter tears when they parted; two such sharp personalities could not have been expected to rub against each other for four years without drawing blood.

At any rate, in the era of the farm club and the bonus baby, Lane built himself a ball club by means of some of the best flesh-swapping in the history of the game. In two trades, he got himself Nelson Fox and Minnie Minoso, then he caught Branch Rickey in a remarkably generous mood and bought Chico Carrasquel for \$50,000. With those three players, the White Sox got the heart of a ball club. Jim Busby came from Sacramento, and Al Zarilla, Ed Stewart, Bob Dillinger and Don Lenhardt were picked up here and there. Saul Rogovin came in a man-to-man trade for Bob Cain, Harry Dorish was picked up in the draft, and Joe Dobson was bought from the Red Sox. The rest of Richards' staff was Pierce, Gumpert, Holcombe, Kretlow, Judson and Rotblatt. Miraculously, Richards took this patchwork of castoffs and led the league until July 19.

The trades were almost always born in the fertile mind of Frank Lane, then taken to Richards for consultation—although there is reason to believe that the Minoso and Rogovin trades must have originated with Richards, since he had admired Minoso out on the Coast and had had Rogovin at Buffalo. The Minoso trade must have been the most satisfying of them all, because the Sox were originally thought to have got much the worse of a three-team shuffle. The Sox gave up Gus Zernial to the A's; the A's passed Lou Brissie on to Cleveland; and Cleveland sent Minoso—who had never played a major-league game—to the Sox.

The emergence of Nellie Fox was another source of satisfaction, for when Richards came to Chicago he was told that weak-armed, weak-hitting little Nellie just couldn't do it. To get the most out of the arm, Richards broke him of the bush habit of dropping to one knee to field grounders and also had him work on getting the ball away quickly on the