

Tervis Cup isn't just about riding horses

By Sam McManis, Sacramento Bee

A man named Potato needs a sense of humor. A thick skin, too.

He needs to do his name proud by being unconventional. Needs to abide the mockery, scorn, even jealousy spawned by his outsized behavior. Needs to thrive on the attention, live for the good times, good booze, good women, the unceasing quest for kicks.

And Potato must look the part: the leathery Old West sage, no buttoned-down Bob afraid to get his boots dirty. He must be part scoundrel, a lover of women and mares (not necessarily in that order), and know life in the saddle and in the hoosegow.

Robert Fordney "Potato" Richardson, 67 going on 13, is a throwback – "I could see him living in the 1800s," said friend Rho Bailey – yet too quirky to be a traditional Marlboro Man.

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