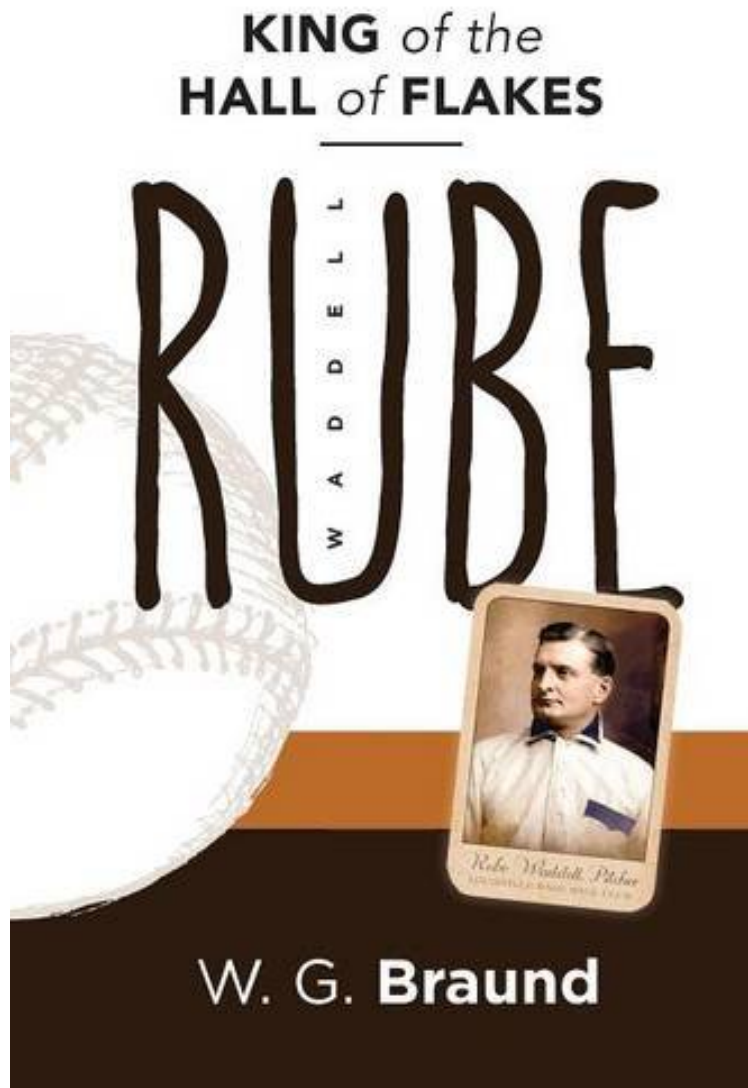


Rube Waddell: King of the Hall of Flakes

W. G. Braund

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W. G. Braund : Rube Waddell: King of the Hall of Flakes before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Rube Waddell: King of the Hall of Flakes:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A Big Disappointment By art martelli I was very disappointed in this book. It is written in a novel form. I feel the author made a big mistake in trying to sensationalize each event with dialogue that seemed forced and unnatural. There were several editing problems and one glaring misspelling. The card game pinochle is spelled "pea knuckle." I have trouble taking an author seriously when there is such a gaffe. One comment about the book itself. While turning pages on more than one occasion the pages would simply come out of

the binding.0 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Beat baseball read of all-timeBy Tracy AsburyAll of the shenanigans, statistics and bigger than life stories @ Rube Waddell draws a picture of life in post civil war sports in America. So much talent, so little discipline.4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Thoroughly enjoyable read!By Mick SaundersI don't read a lot of books (maybe one a year) but I found this one hard to put down. I enjoy sport, especially when there is a historical perspective. Rube was a man who lived life to the full, his exploits both on and off the baseball diamond make for engaging reading. I found it an easy read, the short concise chapters allowed me to pick the book up whenever I got a bit of spare time. Some of his escapades were hilarious, some sad, Rube was quite a player and quite a character.

You just got a raise to \$12.50 a week so you decide to splurge and shell out a dollar to sit in the grandstand behind home plate. You know you're in for a treat. Rube Waddell, the most exciting twirler in baseball, will be in the pitcher's box. It turns out you've wasted your money. The phenom doesn't pitch. In fact, he's not even in the stadium. You later learn that he chose to play sandlot ball with some kids he passed on his walk from the hotel to the ballpark. You're delighted the next time you go to see him and Rube takes the mound. He's a bit late so you ask the booster sitting beside you what might have been the holdup. He tells you that Rube often soaks his pitching arm in cold water before the game to take some of the speed out of it, otherwise Rube says his shoots will burn up the catcher's mitt. He is absolutely overpowering. You wonder why hitters even bother going up to the plate. "Is there anything he can't do out there?" you ask the cranks around you. A man with a red handlebar moustache says, "Ya. Rube can't throw at batters to keep them off the plate like other twirlers do. He's afraid of killing somebody. And he refuses to throw spitters. Says it ain't sanitary."