



Reminiscence of Rube Waddell

Connie Mack Discusses the Eccentric Twirler

There has been many a good story told on Rube Waddell. Among the many Connie Mack has told is this one:

“We used to put Rube in centerfield when we weren’t pitching him. He never wanted to sit on the bench, and we had to humor him or he wouldn’t have stayed on the lot. He was a bully fielder, too. One day we were having quite a battle with some team, and Rube was covering centerfield for us. We were being hard pressed. With only one out, the other team filled the bases in the fifth inning and a brace of good batters were up. We had two strikes on the next man up, and then something happened.

“A black cloud of smoke appeared in the sky back of centerfield fence, and a little later a blaze. Then came the clash and clanking of fire bells, and the clatter of horses’ hoofs. I happened to look in the direction of the blaze. High up on the centerfield fence I saw Rube perched, looking at the blaze, silhouetted against the red glare of the conflagration. I let out a blast that nearly woke the dead. Rube heard me and looked around. He seemed undecided as to his next move, but he wasn’t long in making up his mind. With a graceful salute of his hand, as if to say, ‘So long, fellows!’ he dropped from sight on the other side of the fence, and was on his way to the fire.”