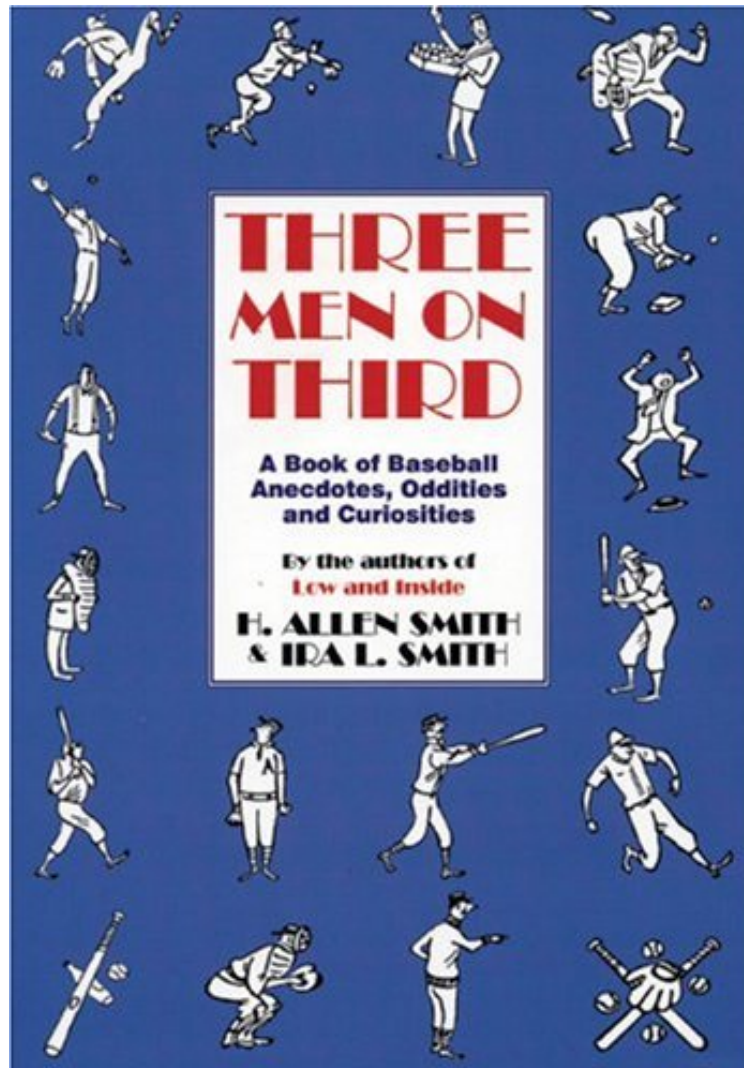


Three Men on Third: A Book of Baseball Anecdotes, Oddities and Curiosities

H. Allen Smith, Ira L. Smith

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H. Allen Smith, Ira L. Smith : Three Men on Third: A Book of Baseball Anecdotes, Oddities and Curiosities
before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Three Men on Third: A Book of Baseball Anecdotes, Oddities and Curiosities:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Funny baseball, funny authorBy Palmer McGrewThe first H Allen Smith book I read as a teenager was Three Men on Third. If you like baseball you will love this book. It was written about 60 years ago so a lot of more recent baseball history is not in it, but the old-timers seem to have had more fun

and they were generally less educated and less sophisticated and they traveled by train. That alone is fertile ground for humor. So far as I could tell, all the events described in this book really happened. It's very funny. But then, Smith is funny. His history is roughly that he started as a reporter but he saw the humor in situations that other reporters and editors would ignore, such as the man who collected his belly button lint. So, read *Three Men* and then get the rest of his books and read them. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By Joe Concialdi Great little stories about baseball history 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By K Warren It was a gift and he liked it

An excerpt from *Three Men on Third* The predicament of having three base runners ganged up on third is associated with the Dodgers, though it is not an attainment that belongs to them exclusively. The day that Brooklyn accumulated three runners on third was August 15, 1926, when the Dodgers were engaging the Braves at Ebbets Field. In case you don't remember it, here are the details: Brooklyn came to bat in the seventh. Johnny Butler singled. DeBerry hit a two-bagger, scoring Butler. Dazzy Vance singled and DeBerry went to third. Fewster was hit by the pitcher, filling the bases. Jacobson popped out. Babe Herman now took his place at the plate. The stage was all set for the drama. Herman belted a line drive to right field and DeBerry vacated third base and crossed the plate. Vance, who had been on second, thought Herman's drive was going to be caught, and held up until he was certain the outfielder had missed it; then Dazzy started for home. He rounded third, ran halfway to the plate, decided he wouldn't be able to beat the throw-in, reversed himself and started back to third. Meanwhile Fewster was tearing around the base paths from first, arriving at the third sack about the time Vance resumed to it. They stood and looked at each other in astonishment for a few moments and then switched their attention to an even more astonishing sight. Babe Herman figured he had a double, possibly a triple, and he preferred a triple of course, and was bent upon trying to stretch it. He had his head down and was running for all he was worth, with no suspicion in his mind that a traffic jam had already developed at third. He didn't raise his head until he was a few feet from third and then when he looked up, there stood Vance and Fewster, and the Boston third baseman was just taking the throw. This third baseman, Taylor, was understandably excited. He received the throw and started tagging people. He tagged every human within reach, including the third-base umpire. Herman, however, had got himself out of range and was heading back for second. Taylor fired the ball down to the shortstop, and Herman was tagged out before he could reach the bag. That episode became a sort of baseball classic, possibly because t

"A cheery and informative book." -- Rex Lardner, *The New York Times* "Highly recommended." -- Library Journal About the Author H. Allen Smith (1907-1976) was a famous humorist of the Fifties and Sixties. Ira L. Smith (no relation) was a newspaper editor and baseball trivia researcher. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. The predicament of having three base runners ganged up on third is associated with the Dodgers, though it is not an attainment that belongs to them exclusively. The day that Brooklyn accumulated three runners on third was August 15, 1926, when the Dodgers were engaging the Braves at Ebbets Field. In case you don't remember it, here are the details: Brooklyn came to bat in the seventh. Johnny Butler singled. DeBerry hit a two-bagger, scoring Butler. Dazzy Vance singled and DeBerry went to third. Fewster was hit by the pitcher, filling the bases. Jacobson popped out. Babe Herman now took his place at the plate. The stage was all set for the drama. Herman belted a line drive to right field and DeBerry vacated third base and crossed the plate. Vance, who had been on second, thought Herman's drive was going to be caught, and held up until he was certain the outfielder had missed it; then Dazzy started for home. He rounded third, ran halfway to the plate, decided he wouldn't be able to beat the throw-in, reversed himself and started back to third. Meanwhile Fewster was tearing around the base paths from first, arriving at the third sack about the time Vance resumed to it. They stood and looked at each other in astonishment for a few moments and then switched their attention to an even more astonishing sight. Babe Herman figured he had a double, possibly a triple, and he preferred a triple of course, and was bent upon trying to stretch it. He had his head down and was running for all he was worth, with no suspicion in his mind that a traffic jam had already developed at third. He didn't raise his head until he was a few feet from third and then when he looked up, there stood Vance and Fewster, and the Boston third baseman was just taking the throw. This third baseman, Taylor, was understandably excited. He received the throw and started tagging people. He tagged every human within reach, including the third-base umpire. Herman, however, had got himself out of range and was heading back for second. Taylor fired the ball down to the shortstop, and Herman was tagged out before he could reach the bag. That episode became a sort of baseball classic, possibly because the unpredictable Babe Herman was involved in the making of it. Bennett Cerf has told the story of the time, a few years later, when Quentin Reynolds was sitting in the last row of seats in the grandstand at Ebbets Field during the early innings of an important game. Chancing to look into the street outside the park, Reynolds saw a late-comer, a Brooklyn fan who was running along the pavement, puffing heavily as he headed for the entrance. "Better hurry up!" Reynolds yelled down to the man. "You're missing something big. The Dodgers have three men on base." "Yeh?" cried the fan. "Which base?" Other teams have put three men on third, or come pretty close to it. The impeccable Yankees of the early 1930s got so peccable one day in a game with Washington that they came within inches of

achieving it. Washington was ahead 6 to 4 and the Yankees were batting in the last of the ninth. Lou Gehrig was on second and Dixie Walker was on first with Tony Lazzeri at bat. Tony hit the first pitch far over Goslin's head in right center field and the fans in the stadium went wild. It looked like a cinch for two runs. As it had happened to Dazzy Vance, Gehrig on second thought that Goslin was going to catch the ball and was late getting started for home. Dixie Walker, however, was in a better position to see the ball, realized that it was uncatchable, and was off to a fast start. By the time Gehrig rounded third Walker was right at his heels. There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the two runners, because the ball, retrieved by Goslin, was on its way in to the plate. Both Gehrig and Walker, however, noted that Tony Lazzeri was steaming past second and headed for third. Perhaps the thought flashed through their minds that a horrible and disgraceful situation was brewing-that they were about to get three men on third the way it had happened in Brooklyn, and they simply couldn't let such a thing occur to the vaunted Yankees. In any event, Gehrig and Walker now turned on the steam and started for home. As they came down the third-base line, Walker looked as if he was about to run right up Gehrig's spine-they were that close. At the plate stood Luke Sewell, Washington's catcher, a nice fat baseball in his hand. He just stood there, like a statcha, and as the Yankee tandem arrived, ploppity-plop, he tagged them out and the victory belonged to the Senators.