

'Wildfire' Was Cubs' 'Mr. Reliable' in the Clutch

Schulte First to Hit 4 Grand-Slams in Season

Outfielder Played 13 Seasons With the Bruins

Seldom a .300 Man, Frank Was One of His League's Most Dangerous Swatters

By GUY McI. SMITH DANVILLE, Ill.

Frank M. Schulte, slugging outfielder with the Cubs from 1904 to 1916, who died at Oakland, Calif., October 2, was called "Wildfire" by his Chicago worshippers, but "Sure Shot" would have been just as appropriate. Although seldom hitting as much as .300, Schulte was for years one of the most dangerous batters in the National League in the clutch.

Manager Joe McCarthy of the Red Sox recently stated that the player with an average of .275, but who hit when hits were needed, was a far more valuable asset to a team than one who boasted a .350 figure and did most of his swatting with the score something like 15 to 2. Schulte was the type of batter who fulfilled McCarthy's requirements. His terrific line drives for extra bases broke up many a game. In addition to being a timely hitter, Frank was a meteor on the bases and, once on, he usually scored. His ability to get around earned Schulte the sobriquet of "Wildfire."

When Schulte packed his kit in July of 1917 and switched to Pittsburgh, there was an aching void in many hearts around the west side of Chicago, where the Cubs' park was located at that time. He roamed the outfield there for 13 seasons, longer than any other flychaser on the Cubs except Jimmy Ryan, who had 14 seasons to his credit during the '80s and '90s.

Hit Jackpots in '11

Schulte was the first major leaguer to hit four grand-slammers in one season, performing the feat in 1911, when he homered with the bases full, on June 3, July 4, July 18 and August 16. The record stood for eight years before Babe Ruth tied the mark in 1919. Lou Gehrig duplicated the feat in 1934, Rudy York in 1938, Vince DiMaggio in 1945, Tommy Henrich in 1948 and Ralph Kiner in 1949.

The first of Schulte's wallops with the bases loaded came in a game against the Giants, with Rube Marquard on the mound. Al Kaiser opened the eighth inning with a single. Kling struck out and then Marquard became wild and walked Ed Reulbach and Jimmy Sheppard, filling the bases. Schulte hit the first pitch served him for a homer over the scoreboard.

The second grand-slam was made in the third inning of the first game of a double-header against Cincinnati, July 4. Bob Keefe, the Reds' pitcher, walked Jimmy Archer, Emil Richter bunted safely and Jimmy Sheppard also walked. Schulte parked one of Keefe's offerings in his favorite spot behind the Chicago scoreboard.

George Tyler of the Braves was the third victim of a Schulte grand-slam, July 18. He walked three to set the stage for Wildfire, who slammed the ball over Boston's right field barrier. Batted Twice in Eight-Run Inning Boston also was the scene of Wildfire's fourth round-tripper with the bases loaded, August 16. Schulte batted twice in an eight-run fourth inning, getting a double his first time up and smashing the grand-slam on his next appearance. The two Browns—Mordecai for the Cubs and Charles Brown of the Braves—were the opposing pitchers. The inning was typical of how long the pitchers were allowed to toil in those days without relief, the Boston Brown not being taken out until the following frame. Schulte opened the round with a double, Joe Tinker walked and Al Bridwell let Heinie Zimmerman's grass-cutter go through him to fill the bases. Outfielder Bill Ingerton dropped Jim Doyle's fly. Schulte scored and the bases were still loaded. Art Hofman walked, forcing in Tinker. Vic Saier fanned and Jimmy Archer forced Hofman, but two runs counted when Bill Sweeney threw low to first on an attempted double play. Brown walked his namesake and Jimmy Sheppard beat out a slow roller to fill the bases again. Schulte then came up to set a record that has been tied, but never beaten. Schulte sent the ball into the right field bleachers. Tinker prolonged Brown's punishment by singling, but ended the big inning by being thrown out on an attempt to steal.

'Sure Shot'



Frank Schulte

Jackpot Jolts

AT CHICAGO—JUNE 3, 1911			
Chicago	AB	H	O.A.
Scheckard, lf.	5	3	0
SCHULTE, rf.	5	3	0
Hofman, lb.	4	0	0
Zimmerman, 2b.	0	0	0
J. Doyle, 3b.	4	2	4
Tinker, ss.	4	2	3
Kaiser, cf.	4	1	2
Kling, c.	4	0	7
Brown, p.	0	0	0
Reulbach, p.	2	1	0
Totals	32	10	27

AT CHICAGO—JULY 4, 1911—A. M.			
Chicago	AB	H	O.A.
Scheckard, lf.	2	0	3
SCHULTE, rf.	4	1	1
Hofman, lb.	4	1	7
Zimmerman, 2b.	4	1	3
J. Doyle, 3b.	4	1	4
Tinker, ss.	4	1	4
Kaiser, cf.	4	1	4
Kling, c.	2	1	7
Archer, p.	3	0	0
Richter, p.	3	0	0
Brown, p.	0	0	0
Totals	31	7	27

AT BOSTON—JULY 18, 1911			
Chicago	AB	H	O.A.
Sweeney, 2b.	5	1	2
Tenney, 1b.	3	2	1
Kaiser, lf.	3	0	2
Ingerton, 3b.	3	1	3
Kling, c.	4	0	5
Flaherty, rf.	4	2	4
Jones, cf.	4	1	2
Tyler, p.	3	0	0
Pfeffer, p.	1	0	1
Totals	34	9	27

AT BOSTON—AUGUST 16, 1911			
Chicago	AB	H	O.A.
Scheckard, lf.	2	0	2
SCHULTE, rf.	5	2	1
Tinker, ss.	5	2	3
Zimmerman, 2b.	2	1	0
Shepp, 3b.	1	1	1
Hofman, cf.	2	0	1
Saier, 1b.	5	1	14
Archer, p.	6	3	2
M. Brown, p.	4	1	1
Totals	33	13	27

AT BOSTON—AUGUST 16, 1911			
Chicago	AB	H	O.A.
Sweeney, 2b.	5	1	2
Tenney, 1b.	3	2	1
Kaiser, lf.	3	0	2
Ingerton, 3b.	3	1	3
Kling, c.	4	0	5
Flaherty, rf.	4	2	4
Jones, cf.	4	1	2
Tyler, p.	3	0	0
Pfeffer, p.	1	0	1
Totals	34	9	27

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Kaiser, lf.	3	0	2
Ingerton, 3b.	3	1	3
Kling, c.	4	0	5
Flaherty, rf.	4	2	4
Jones, cf.	4	1	2
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Pullman Pastimes by Ring Lardner

Wildfire Doused Defeat With Running Monologue

EDITOR'S NOTE: Early in the century, Ring Lardner was editor of THE SPORTING NEWS. In a series of articles relating his experiences when traveling with the Chicago Cubs, called Pullman Pastimes, he pictured the personalities and peculiarities of members of the Windy City club. The piece reprinted below dealing with Frank Schulte was published in the January 12, 1911, issue.

By RING LARDNER

Never an ardent devotee of poker, never much of a reader of magazines nor novels, and never a singer with enough confidence in himself to give the entire public the pleasure of his voice, Frank M. Schulte, alias Schlitz, alias Bud, alias Wildfire, alias Schultz, is thrown on his own resources when the Chicago Cubs are journeying hither and thither. And they certainly are some resources. Mr. Schulte careth not whether he has an audience. When he is in the mood to talk, he will talk and talk loud, and he isn't particular whom he criticizes nor who is listening to his monologue. Mr. Schulte is at his best after the Cubs have lost a hard game. He likes to win, all right, but he doesn't see why defeats should be the cause of tears or post mortems.

Aboard the sleeper, after one of these defeats, for which two or three slips were responsible, there are gathered various little knots of athletes telling each other how it happened, how the beating could have been avoided, and mourning and wailing over the unkindness of fate. In his seat, all alone or with a willing listener, sits Mr. Schulte.

"The boys seem to forget there'll be a game tomorrow to play. They act as if this is the last one they ever were going to get into. The pennant is lost now, and there isn't a chance for us to cop that World's Series money. Let's hope the White Sox don't finish first. A city series with them will net the boys enough to worry through the winter on. They didn't trim us today because they played better ball. Oh, no. There never was a day when any team played better ball than those ten-time champion Cubs. Rigler called everything wrong and the luck was dead against us from the start."

Murray's Hit an Accident

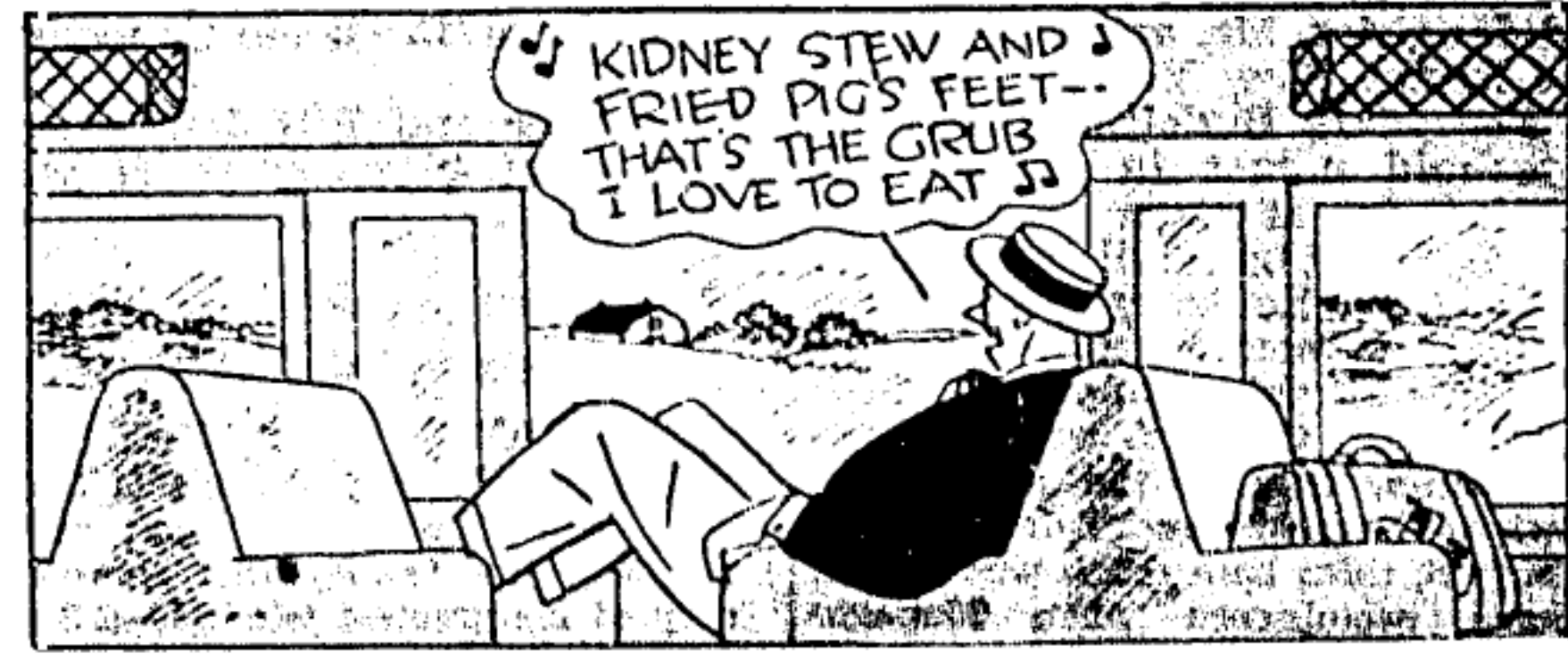
"You saw Jack Murray hit that one out of the ball yard? Well, that's no credit to Murray. He had his eyes shut or was talking to someone back in the grandstand when he let that one loose. He didn't meet the ball square. Oh, no. The ball hit his little finger nail and bounded off it over the fence. Besides, Edward (that's Reulbach) intended to get him to bite on his fall-away. Edward didn't want to get the ball over the plate. No. Edward was blinded by the dust and he pitched within Murray's reach when he really thought he was throwing to catch Doyle off second."

"Yes, and Schulte played that ball wrong, too. He ought to have left the park and stood on the approach to the elevated station. Then, you know there was a high wind blowing. Otherwise, that would have been a foul fly that Archer could have eaten up. But the pennant's gone now and we might as well arrange a barnstorming tour."

Then, if feeling pretty good, Mr. Schulte breaks into song, so softly that he can't be heard more than two seats away:

"Kidney stew and fried pig's feet— That's the grub I love to eat."

His Own Audience



with all the umpires in the league ordered to give us the worst of it, we haven't a chance to take a game, even from the Doves."

"Heard a lot of talk about the champagne wine. "But a great big stein of beer for mine."

"Here, boy, bring up that pair of cobs. Born and bred in the Rockies, mealy nose and black points, sound as a dollar, catch him around the collar, hit him with a bootjack and—sold for 40 dollars, to that gentleman right over there."

"Fancy foods I leave alone For they ain't the kid of grub I'm used to gettin' down home."

"Never mind, boys. There'll be another game tomorrow and Schulte will play right field and bat third. Three cheers for the nation's pastime."

Poetic Injustice

This is followed by a few moments of staring out the window into the dark night. Then, if he is in one of his poetic moods:

"This baseball season soon will end, Or else I am a liar; Then I'll go back to Syracuse And drive my old Wildfire. Against the fastest horses there My old Wildfire will go. And show his heels to all of them Upon the pure white snow. How glad I am the time is nigh When reins and whip I'll wield, 'Tis easier to drive a horse, Than run around right field."

"Lay Off Me"

Another five minutes of staring out into the gloom. Then:

"Kind of looks like the Athletics would cop that other piece of bunting. Well, if we can recover from today's hard luck and disaster and win a few more ball games on the field, and forget the ones in front of the hotels, we may still climb up to that old pennant pole."

"Just let Edward get that fall-away perfected, and teach Leonard (King Cole) that the plate is only a couple of yards wide, and the swatters are not all eight feet two, like himself; and let Harry McIntire slip that old spitter across a couple of times, and John Pfeister ease a few hooks over with that left soup-bone of his, and patch the bones of big Orrie's arm together and have Mordecai warming up back of the clubhouse all the time, and Rich rolling a ball around in the palm of his hand, and maybe we'll get there yet. Course, there's not much chance for us against all that hard luck, and with all the umpires leagued on the other side, but those old Cubs never quit."

"Say, if we should happen to win out against the umpires and score-keepers and the president of the league and the president of the United States and all the governors, that World's Series would be pretty soft for us, wouldn't it? The Athletics would probably forfeit the games when they knew we were going to play. I've heard a lot about this Eddie Collins. I've never seen

him, but I wouldn't be surprised to find out that both his legs were cut off below the waist and that he didn't have any arms and was stone blind. Harry's spitter will make him look sick. He's never seen any good spitball pitching.

"Talk about Coombs and Bender. What would they do with Artie or Joe or the P. L. or Frank Schul-tay up there? They've never seen any good batters, except guys like Cobb, Crawford, Spenger and Lajoie. No, I guess they'll refuse to play."

More looking out the window.

"Put on your old gray bonnet With the big 'C' upon it. And we'll board the Pennsylvania-lay. We will knock them silly. On that first World's Series day."

"But just to argue, suppose we did get into that World's Series, and the Athletics refused to run out of the park and Bender and Coombs didn't make any attempt to faint, and Thomas and Livingston didn't tell Mack their arms were broken, and suppose Harry's spitter wouldn't break and Orrie's arm was as badly broke as I am, and Collins should happen to catch hold, by accident, of course, of one of Leonard's fast ones and we should lose a game or two or three or four. I guess we'd go off and die then. There wouldn't be anything left in life. Of course, they'd offer us the loser's end of the money, but we wouldn't accept that. No. It would be much better to starve to death. What do you think about it, Kling?"

Mr. Kling is Mr. Schulte's roommate and each is so doubtful about the sincerity of any of the other's remarks that their conversation is a guarded affair.

"Lay off me," returns John. "Your job is to get out there in right field, catch 'em when you can reach 'em, chase 'em when they go past you, throw 'em when you get 'em, and hit 'em when they're over. You don't belong in the real mechanism of the team and you talk a lot too much for an outsider. You and Hofman and Scheckard ought to pay to get into the ball park."

"Yes," is Mr. Schulte's comeback, "and I guess you can lay off the rest of the season, too. You won't have anything to do if we should happen to get into that World's Series. Just as soon as O'Day says, 'Brown and Kling for Chicago,' the Athletics will tie their legs together for fear they might forget and try to steal a base or two. You can play pool with your right hand during the games, because it will be easy for you to do all the catching and throwing with that big mitt."

"Sing, sing. What shall I sing? I'll sing you a song about Johnny O. Kling: "When Collins starts stealing the bases on him, he "Will holler to Archer, 'Help, Jimmy! Help, Jimmy!'"

"I wish it would hurry up and be midnight, so I could go to bed."