

## ARTHUR B. SCHULTZ

In the passing or "Art" Schultz, soaring has lost one of its earliest and staunchest supporters. Art, in his quiet but effective way, did as much as any one man to carry the load during the formative years of the soaring movement in this country.

Graduating from the University of Michigan in 1927 with a B.S. degree in Aeronautical Engineering, he was one of the founder members and original directors of the Soaring Society of America and served for a number of years as its treasurer. Not only was he the sparkplug of gliding and soaring in the mid-west area, but also a contestant in most of the early National Soaring Contests.

Active in the glider design and construction field as well, his ABC Sailplane won the Warren Eaton Sailplane Design Competition in 1937. In this sailplane, Art attained his Silver "C" badge that same year. A later Schultz design, the Midwest Utility Glider received its CAA Approved Type Certificate in 1945.

During the World War II years and until 1947, Art was Chief Engineer of All American Aviation, Incorporated. Under his direction were designed and built the glider snatch pick-up units and the personnel snatch units which played an important role during the war.

While his work as Senior Mechanical Engineer and Group Leader with the Reactor Engine Division of the Argonne National Laboratory, Lemont, Illinois, kept him pretty fully occupied during the past few years, he maintained his interest in soaring and declared his intention of again taking a more active part in soaring. Only his automobile accident in January with the resultant heart attack prevented his attendance at the Soaring Society meeting in New York the latter part of that month.

In a recent letter to the Editor of SOARING he offered suggestions for its content, and stated "After a month of gradual rehabilitation, I'll be back in the harness." We were all looking forward to having Art active among us again—but this was not to be.

We shall miss him.



# Spiraling

with E. J.

"Whada ya mean—a soaring contest?"

After three days of pouring rain you hear talk like this from the boys around the bunk house—and especially from the old timers. "Now you take back there when we were shock-cording off'n east mountain..."

This being the season, now might be a good time to bat it around a bit. What really is a contest and what were the old contests really like? I suppose if you ask this question of a dozen contest pilots, you could have yourself a flat dozen different answers.

Truth of the business is, such queries as this are never put to those who have most actively participated. Answers to such things, in order to have an official ring, are developed altogether by sideliners who may possibly have competed in the dim distant past on an occasion, and most likely in some bush league contest at that. This truth makes the writer eminently qualified.

Leave us not argue why this is so—it just is. For example—expert commentators and dopesters, say on the game of baseball, probably never hit a loud foul in their lives.

I am not saying that contests and contestants are going soft—exactly, but I am convinced that, as the old timers say, it is not like the old days.

I am told (generally it is whispered to me back behind the hangar) by the old timers, that a two or three weeks' contest—they ran that long way back yonder—provided a magnificent opportunity to 'get away from it all,' and that contests were rough and tough in those days. Ralph Barnaby tells me of his exploits in one of the early contests from one of the hill sites there near Elmira. He had developed an exceptionally sturdy and dexterous crew, through whose efforts he was able to accomplish sixteen flights to the valley below in one single day.

One can imagine the tear-down and set-up exercises involved in such a day's contesting operation.

Just as well one can visualize just why the good wife, children, girl friend, or grandma had little inclination to come along to the contests as crew.

All of this is changed in modern day contesting. Crewing is a breeze. Now a pilot does an out-and-back flight, earning thereby a preposterous bonus which is awarded for such simple procedures, and at the same time leave crew, which is made up of Mama and the children, to picnic and tool about the countryside.

I know personally of a case—I seen him when he done it—where a contest pilot (I shall call no names but this chap is quite a distance flyer, now holding the world's record) embarked upon a series of flights in one of our local tour-type contests. By the simple procedure of hitting the goal each day, this pilot's crew was not called upon to assist with a single assembly during the entire time. This crew would amble unconcernedly along the highway below, quaffing cold sodas and no doubt whistling at the farmers' daughters as he cruised lazily along.

Shades of Ralph's old crew and the sixteen round trips.

But, as we are so accustomed to consoling ourselves in these soft days—maybe things have changed for the better. But I dunno. Like my Father used to say, "... why I tramped ten miles through ten feet of snow in zero weather, etc., etc.," when I complained bitterly of a ten block ride in an open touring car in order to reach my classes in the wintertime.

Maybe contesting is too easy, the crews and pilots too soft. I dunno. Whada ya think?

EJ