



May, 2001

Hangar Soaring

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WOMEN SOARING PILOTS ASSOC.

www.womensoaring.org

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Pilot's Briefing

Those of us who live in northern latitudes are finally experiencing the joy of springtime thermals, not to mention the fun of hanging out at the gliderport on a sunny day. This past weekend, we had a special treat as a pair of bald eagles circled in the house thermal before gliding downwind. Moments like that quickly brush aside the winter blahs and make me eager for another summer of soaring.

Luckily for you, while I've been pissin' and moanin' about the lousy weather we've had in Maryland, some WSPA members have been hard at work. Margerett Roy has completed arrangements for this year's seminar in Sugarbush, Vermont. Sugarbush is a fine soaring site and fun for flatland pilots, so be sure to sign up for a great week—the application form is inside this issue. Frauke Elber has updated our email mailing list and continues to do a great job on Hangar Soaring. And Webmaster Sharon Smith has our new WSPA website up and running. Check it out at www.womensoaring.org. Thank you, Margaret, Frauke, and Sharon.

Believe it or not, now is the time to look ahead to next year's seminar and even beyond. If you know of a site that may want to host us, please let me know so I can send them information on how to bid for the seminar. For 2002 we should be looking at a western site. For 2003 we'll be celebrating the 25th annual women's soaring seminar, if you can believe that, and probably should locate that one in the central part of the country. Then, in 2004, we should return to an eastern site.

As always, I look forward to receiving any suggestions you may have on how the WSPA can do more to make your soaring life more enjoyable. Please send your comments to me at pvaldata@dol.net, and have a great soaring summer.

Pat

BADGES & RECORDS

from Arleen Coleson

DIAMOND BADGE 891 (not officially published yet)
Cathy Williams (Larsen)

**DIAMOND BADGE LEG
ALTITUDE 5000m Gain**
Cathy Williams (Larsen)

SILVER BADGES
Sarah E. Anderson
Laura Sue Hohanshelt

SSA B BADGES
Eva S. Tashjian-Brown

SSA C BADGES
Eva S. Tashjian-Brown;

The WSPA offers two annual scholarships to assist WSPA members:

- The Frank Gross Sky Ghost Award is given to assist women pilots under the age of 25 achieve their soaring goals.
- The Anne Briegleb Scholarship to offset the cost of attending the annual WSPA seminar for a female student pilot of any age.

For information about applying for or making a contribution to or scholarship program, please contact:

Phyllis Wells Phone 719 372-04100
1938 15th St. e-mail:

RECORDS

U.S. National; Feminine Multi-place Motorglider; Out & Return Distance/Free Out & Return Distance/Speed Over an Out & Return Distance of 300 km; 306/05 km (190.17 sm)/309.41 km (192.26 sm)/117.45 km/h (72.98 mph); Deborah Kutch, pilot / Reba Coombs, passenger; Stemme S10VT; July 27, 2000; Ely, NV.

U.S. National; Feminine Singleplace Open; Free Out & Return Distance/Free Three Turnpoint Distance; 823.80

visit WSPA home page at its new address

www.womensoaring.org

Hangar Soaring
can be found under the same address
(in color)

Thank you to Mark Hawkins, webmaster of the Tidewater Soaring home page www.tidewatersoaring.org

note from the editor

the following e-mail addresses are being returned:

pick_chick@yahoo.com
mrmeline@connect.com

please send the updated or corrected address.

Frauke

THE WOMEN SOARING PILOTS ASSOCIATION (WSPA) WAS FOUNDED IN 1986 AND IS AFFILIATED WITH THE SOARING SOCIETY OF AMERICA

ANNUAL DUES (JULY-JUNE) ARE \$10. SEND TO GLORIA DALTON, 4826 WESTRIDGE DR. CHARLOTTE, NC 28208. ELECTIONS ARE HELD EVERY OTHER YEAR. THE 2001 BOARD IS;

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HANGAR SOARING IS PUBLISHED EACH FEBRUARY, MAY, AUG, NOV. PLEASE SEND STORIES, PHOTOGRAPHS, COMMENTS, ETC TO ELBER@CAVTEL.NET OR FRAUKE ELBER, EDITOR, 213 ANNE BURRAS LA., NEWPORT NEWS VA 23606-3637
VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.WOMENSOARING.ORG

The “Pilots of the Future” Trust Fund by Francois Pin



The Soaring community has puzzled for many years on how to increase involvement in our sport, retain newcomers, and where to look to recruit new members. Several studies in England and other European countries have shown that the entire decline in membership could be reversed if only a few percent of those leaving the sport a few years after entering it could be retained within the active rank. Would you agree that most of these “newcomers” probably are “entry level” pilots and that a very good way to retain them would be to foster and support activities tailored for these early levels? And how about helping and encouraging people who are seeing a low-cost, new FAI class, such as the World Class, as a means to get into the excitement of top competition (which the cost of other FAI classes may prevent them to do)?

Regarding a good reservoir for possible active members, would more than half of our US population (51% or so!) be large enough? You know, those close-to-150-million Americans who have Ms. or Mrs. in front of their name and who are extremely underrepresented in our sport. And would anyone argue that youth is the most important potential for our sport’s long-term survival and prosperity?

If you agree with the above, you would naturally think that these under-represented, promising, or growing groups would call for special programs and extra levels of help, encouragement, and support from our Soaring Society. SSA’s stated mission, after all, is “to foster and promote all aspects of the sport of soaring at all levels...”

There are many actions that each of us can take to help. I propose one of these possible actions:

The objective of the “Pilots of the Future” Trust Fund is to enhance membership growth in the Sport of Soaring and the Soaring Society of America (SSA) by supporting and retaining in the Sport pilots from the three groups -- youth, women, and the new FAI World Class -- that are currently under-represented in Soaring activities. The primary focus of the Trust Fund is to foster and support participation by intermediate level pilots from the three under-represented groups to cross-country activities and soaring

competitions with progression to top-level contests, including the US World Class National Championship.

The goal of the Trust Fund is to raise and preserve the capital of the fund, and to use the annual proceeds to:

- (1) Support the development, co-sponsorship, and basic operation of cross-country-oriented “Get-Together” events for World Class glider pilots, catering to all levels of cross-country skill and expertise, and incorporating activities ranging from cross-country camps to participation in SSA-sanctioned contests, including Regionals and US World Class National Championships. Specifically, the Trust Fund proceeds will be used to support participation of pilots flying in the World Class in these events, through contributing to registration fees of selected participants from the youth, women, and World Class pilots groups. The first such event has been planned to take place in June 2001 at Cordele, GA.
- (2) Support two youth, or more if proceeds allow it, by paying all or part of their registration fees, and possibly making gliders available to them, to fly in US World Class Nationals. One of these positions will be given in priority to a young woman, if one applies.
- (3) Establish four perpetual Cups, with possible financial incentives accompanying them (e.g., part or all of the registration fees for the following year contest) for award at the US World Class Nationals. These Cups will be referred to by the names of their donors and will be awarded to the top-placing youth, lady, Category 2 and Category 3 pilots participating in the US World Class Nationals. Donations to the trust fund can be of many types: monetary, of course, but also the Cups themselves (with maybe some capital money to provide annual proceeds for the associated prizes). Other donation options include owners making their PW-5 available for a youth to fly in the Nationals; donating (e.g., from an estate) a PW-5 (or other gliders) to the trust to generate proceeds through donations for their use during the year; donating or making available competition instruments (e.g., GPS FRs, computers) to equip the trust gliders; providing insurance for the trust gliders; and so on. Also, IAPs could offer to do the annuals of the trust gliders; Clubs could offer to host, manage and maintain the trust gliders, etc. Anything will help, and donors and contributors can specify what segment of the fund their donation is for.

To make a donation or obtain more information, contact: “Pilots of the Future” Trust Fund, c/o François Pin, 4917 West Summit Circle, Knoxville, TN. 37919. Tel: (865) 584-2810. E-mail: pinf@aol.com

(Francois Pin, a native of France, represented the US at the World Class World Championships in Poland in 1999. He is very interested getting youth and women flying in contests and he proposed to make aPW5 available at the Women Seminar in Sugarbush)

Ten Minutes in Rotor – A Lifetime

By
Eva Tashjian-Brown

Petersburg (West Virginia) Wave Camp beckoned, but the forecast was not great and the roundtrip was a very long drive. So we made a plan. On Saturday morning Mike Moses drove his truck to Waynesboro and met up with Bud Klaser. I flew up in the Cessna, picked them up and we flew on Petersburg. That (1) got us there quickly ($\frac{1}{2}$ vs. $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours), (2) gave us an opportunity to case the joint and maybe fly their Blanik, and (3) left us the option of going back for our 1-26 if things looked good for Sunday.

Petersburg was active, but not the madhouse I expected. There were all sorts of different gliders there, from antiques to a new discus. There was a long line for the Blanik, so that was out. However, there was a short line at the homemade buffet. And there was lots of hanger talk about the wave that morning. People had been launching at 6:30 - 7:00 a.m. to get the best ride - it was afternoon and some of them were still up there. Even if you don't fly, it is worth going to Petersburg just to see everything and listen to the pilots.

Encouraged to get the 1-26 for the next morning's wave, we flew back to Waynesboro, where I really impressed Bud and Mike with my inability to land powered aircraft anymore. Then, with the help of club members who had been flying the afternoon thermals, we loaded the 1-26 and Mike and I headed back to Petersburg.

Sunday morning the field was busy at the crack of dawn. Jayne and Frank Reid from Bermuda High helped us assemble the 1-26 and offered good advice. Jayne loaned me a barograph which I wrapped protectively in a fleece sweater and tucked securely behind the seatback.

Then came the tow. Everything anyone ever says about rotors is an understatement. Ten minutes in rotor *really is* a lifetime. Even with extra tight belts I slammed my head more than once on the canopy. The GPS that had been velcroed to my leg took flight. The wings made bad noises. The rope went slack and then jerked forward. The glider went on its side. I worried about pulling the tow plane's tail up too high - or too low - or just plain off.

Then - as suddenly and violently as it had started - it stopped. I released in wave.

That's when I found out neither vario was working.

I notched what I thought was a working barograph (it actually had gone unconscious from rotor trauma - so much for the gold). After that, since there was no vario, I watched the altimeter to see which way I was going vertically. At first, that was nowhere. Then slowly I regained the altitude and - again slowly - I went up. I knew the wave was supposed to be right over the runway. That's where the big lennie was. I headed there and turned into the wind. Again, slow but steady lift. The now recovered GPS showed a backward track. I lowered the nose to about 60 mph just to stand still. I swung the nose from about 200 to 360 degrees to see when the altimeter showed the greatest climb. (It was so smooth, I had to keep tapping the altimeter to make it move.) In the meantime, Jayne and Frank Reid were on the radio with their location, altitude and heading, all of which was helpful. They appeared to be climbing faster. Even circling though, I couldn't see where they were, so I stuck with my slow but steady lift. Mostly I just sat back and took in the incredible scenery - crisp blue sky, snow capped mountains in every direction. I climbed to seven, then eight, then nine - silver altitude - I thought this was pretty great stuff. I put on the oxygen at about nine thousand - early, but better safe, etc.

At about 16,000 msl, I gave thought to flying the glider back to Waynesboro and maybe getting a distance leg too. It would be so much easier than disassembling, trailering, and reassembling. As I pondered the possibilities, I upped the oxygen flow and thought more realistically about the headwind and the lack of landing fields in the mountains. I also remembered that Mike was on the ground waiting for his turn in the glider. I went back to thinking how beautiful the ice crystals were on the canopy - and how splendid the mountains were - and how glad I was that I had worn fleece long-johns.

About 17,000' msl (16,000' agl) the lift began to give out. I inched up another few hundred, but was mostly level. I savored it for a while and then began a slow spiral down, working my way upwind of the airport. I was just thinking what a wonderful day it was when KABAM - I hit the rotor again. I expected the rotor on tow. It never crossed my mind that it would be there on the way down too - only worse. I suddenly found myself going up again - then down - then the whole plane tried to flip over sideways. The wings were perpendicular to the ground for what seemed an eternity. I slowed down. I tried putting the brakes on to slow more, but they made such an awful noise - on top of the other awful noises - that I closed them again. That kept up from 5000' all the way down to the ground. I was sure the wings were going to fall off and swore I'd get a parachute if I lived long enough to order one.

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

I heard a radio call that the field had a crosswind of 20 gusting to 30. As I bumped and crabbed my way downwind, I was struck by the comforting thought that, without an engine, I would only crash instead of crashing *and* burning. I might live through that.

As it turned out, the landing was just fine. The plane stopped well before the other planes scattered in the grass. It was very quiet. I took a deep breath. I opened the canopy to the warmer air and rejoiced in being alive in the mountains of West Virginia on a wave day.

Eva is a member at the Shenandoah Valley Soaring Club, in Waynesboro, VA



Katie is congratulated by her instructor Peter Bacque

Katie Gribble (15) soloed on April 8 at Garner Glider Port in Orbit VA, two weeks after her dad. Instructor was Peter Bacque.



Susan Steinman & parents

Susan Steinmann and her parents are shown here after her first solo on December 23, 2000, her 14th birthday. Susan soloed in a 2-33 despite a bit of snow on the ground. She is the third Generation of her family to solo in a glider. Many friends were there to cheer her on. Susan has become a new WSPA member.

Anna Learns Flying (professionally)

by
Anna Oleen

Anna, as a high school sophomore began her glider training at the Tidewater Soaring Society, where her father was a member. A year before graduating from high school she received her PPL-G. Anna was the 1st female high school student and only the second ever in the Newport News system to receive her glider pilot certificate. She now attends Embry Riddle Air University in Daytona Beach, FL to become a professional pilot. This story was first published in FLYPAPER.



This is a report about my first semester at Embry-Riddle Air University. After my parents left and I had settled into the dorm I was happy to find that almost everyone was very nice and eager to make friends, just like me. That made going to my first day of classes a bit easier. My classes were pretty cool; English, math, aeronautics, weather, and my ground lab for my instrument rating.

When I first got there I was so close to my private pilot license I could spit on it, so I went over to a local FBO to finish up my rating.. The instructor I got stuck with was no Paul, (Ed note: Paul Lynch, her TSS instructor) he was a French guy named François. All we did was get at each others throats, and nothing I did was right, according to him at least. I ended up getting my single engine rating after about 10 hours with the French nightmare, but the DE said that I did a great job. That was a big load off my shoulders, now I could concentrate on how much fun (or not) Daytona is. Daytona Beach, spring break capital of the world, should be all fun, right? Nope. The only thing to do there is go to the club, which proved to get old after about a month. We are finally finding things to do in that dirty city, but nonetheless I've been having fun. My roommate is pretty cool (even though she doesn't clean) and my suite-mate has become one of my good friends. I have also made a lot of friends through the flight team, a club that competes in the NIFA competitions. How could I not with meetings 4 nights a week. I am in COMPACC, on the flight team, which is short for computer accuracy, we practice to be ridiculously good at our manual flight computers. We answer impossible questions where the winner of the national competition only gets about half of the questions right. I have learned a lot from flight team, from getting the scoop from all the seniors on how to get internships, airline jobs, and what teachers to avoid, to having a panel interview (just like the airlines do it) to get on the team. Despite all the practice we do have fun partying, going to Ruby's on Tuesdays, and getting free flight time by practicing landings.

The good thing going to a flying school, is that there is always someone willing to fly with you. Although I have just gotten an instructor and have not taken any Riddle flying lessons yet, I am already learning things the Riddle way (they have their way for everything) by flying with my friends and going on observation flights. The Cessnas they have are really nice, they are all 1998 172R's with moving map GPS and all the works. I am really looking forward to my lessons that are going to start as soon as I get back, so I can actually learn how to use the GPS and all the goodies in the plane. Our school also has Cadets (those are fun to fly), Mooneys, and Seminoles, and I think we have a Citation. So many planes, and so many people wanting to fly them, the airport is crazy. Sometimes you have to wait for 10 minutes to take off and once flying around you always have to be on a lookout because there are airplanes EVERYWHERE. That is kind of annoying, but it teaches you a good scanning technique, which is good.

Well I ended up doing good this semester, I got A's in all of my classes, except for English, of course, where I got a B, and a 92% on my instrument written (test). It was a fun semester, and I ended up learning a lot about responsibility and living on my own. I thank all of you guys very much for supporting me and sparking my interest in flying.

SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME OF SCHOOL CURRENTLY ATTENDING _____ GRADE _____

PILOT CERTIFICATE CURRENTLY HELD _____ CERTIFICATE# _____

RATINGS _____ DATE OF BIRTH _____

APPLICATION FOR: • ANN W. BRIEGLEB SCHOLARSHIP for WSPA members of any age
who are student pilots

• GROSS SKY GHOST YOUTH AWARD for WSPA members' (25 & under)
soaring education

**Please describe your current involvement in soaring, your flying goals,
And how this scholarship will assist in meeting your goal.**

SEND TO: Phyllis Wells, 1938 15th St., Penrose, CO 81240, by June 15, 2001

CINDY

A bright, almost breezy March Thursday and a gaggle of lookie-loos wander into the hangar and comment on the variety of gliders upended and interiorless, but the telltale sign of knowledge squeaked out, "Is that a Libelle?" Visiting glider pilots. They chit-chat with the mechanic, then a tallish young lady asks if there is any soaring to be had this afternoon. The mechanic responds positively and points to the desk in the corner. Another head pops up from a pile of paper and responds, "Let's look out the door."

The group troops around piles of seat pans and wing roots, out the door. "Look, cu-mmie puffs along the ridge line. I think the shearline should be working nicely.", from the short haired desk gal. "Well, if the guys will wait, maybe I could go. What would the costs be like?", from the longhaired blond. A fellow chimes in, "This is aviation. It is never too much money." Right attitude. "We can live within any budget amount you name, but we ought to get going promptly."

"Let's do it."

A quick, meaningful, positive-check-included preflight, a folded, well-used local chart, and a handheld and they were off. As they approached the line of scruffy cu, the back seat audio commentary began running.

"The average climb rate of the 182 and the K-21 is about 500 fpm. If we see more than that on the vario for about four seconds, we can hop off and the lift will be big enough to climb in."

"How do I decide it is big enough?"

"I count potatoes. If the vario shows lift, starting counting... one potatoe, two potatoe, check for traffic (and if the vario still shows lift), turn. Use a 45 degree bank and 50 knots for the ASK."

"How do I know how much is a 45 bank?"

"Well, every glider has instruments in the panel. Use a diagonal pair of instrument mounting screws.

Top right and bottom left for a right turn. If that line is parallel to the horizon, you've got a 45 bank. Only the Blanik hides the panel mounting screws."

"How much bank do we have now?"

"About 30."

"Right, keep it tighter! There we go, climbing at 6 knots now!"

"Wow, spikes of 8 knots ! I don't usually thermal this steep at home."

"Keep it tight." And the turns continue....

We got to about 7000 msl, and the focus changed.

"Where do you want to go? We can try Mojave airport. How far is it on the chart?"

"About 8 miles."

"Okay, to use a conservative slope we'll call the ASK a 20:1 glider, that's 300 fpm mile. How much is 300 times 8 miles?"

"Ummm.... 2400."

"Okay 2400 is glide altitude needed. How high do we need to arrive over Mojave?"

"About 1500 feet."

"Okay, add 1500 and field elevation, what do you get?"

"4000."

"Okay, what's 2400 and 4000?"

"Ummm.... 6400."

"Are we higher than that?"

JENNIFER

It was my first trip to Southern California.

Upon hearing of my travel plans, several TSS members encouraged me to get in a few flights while there. Their tales of the daily conditions seemed mythical and the hospitality of the desert dwellers was heralded. How could I resist? Thus, the official mission was *ski vacation*, but it was certain that I would not go home happy unless I experienced some desert soaring.

Upon arrival in the antelope valley, I discovered that my mere presence caused rain storms in the desert. You can imagine my displeasure after several days of the trip had passed and, while the skiing was great, there had yet to be suitable

soaring weather. On the fifth day, I woke up to find a beautiful blue sky, mild morning temperature, and light winds. AHA!!!!!! My pals and I headed out to find me a glider ride. We first headed to Tehachapi, where my pal is currently a student. A local pilot and I went up in an ASK-21. The scenery was outstanding. Mountains. Desert. Mountains. Nothing green in sight. Wow. Workable lift?..... none.

I was unwilling to resign to the fact that I went to a desert and it was too WET for thermal production. We left Tehachapi and headed back to Rosamond. As we left the wind generators in the rear-view mirror, I noticed a few cu in the sky and a sign for California City. Yes!!! "Let's hit Cal City...looks much better", I proclaimed. No one protested and so the truck made a veering left turn. We arrived at the Caracole hangar a moment later.

Inside folks were busy sprucing up the fleet. I felt as though I was intruding on spring cleaning, an awkward unannounced guest. Since it was already 1300, I wondered whether there had already been some flying. So, I inquired, "Is there any lift today? Think we can do some soaring?" I was directed to the instructor behind the desk who intercepted my group and led us out the door to peek at the sky. "Looks like the shear line is working", she replied. Shear line sounded good to me. After some negotiating, my pals agreed to sit in the sun while I went for a ride. After a preflight and positive control check, the instructor and I buckled into an ASK-21 and hooked up to the tow plane.

Now, I often find that flight instruction (and wisdom in general) gets poured out in buckets. It's a student's job to run around with a tea cup and fill, drink, and refill as many times as possible. All while trying not to let too much spill out on the floor.

As we rolled down the runway under tow, my instructor began dousing me with information, as good instructors do. Today, we'd do a little cross country work. We got off tow in lift at 2300 ft. From there, the next hour and fifteen minutes went something like this.

"How far....How high....GoGoGo....Speed-to-fly.

Where are we now? Where to go next? Altitude required? Thermals here and there. Why stop in 2 up. Wait for that good stuff. One potato.....Two.... "

Convection triggered off the desert floor. You call that a cu?

Follow the wisps. Watch them form. Lift or sink, upwind or down?

"How far....How high....GoGoGo.....Speed-to-Fly.

Where are we now? Where to go next? Altitude required?"

Mojave airport. Restricted just beyond. Turnpoint. Milky cold air displacing the warm. Moving right along.

Follow the shear line. Watch the cloud street. Lift or sink, which side?

"How far....How high.....GoGoGo....Speed-to-Fly.

Where are we now? Where to go next? Altitude required?"

Steeper bank.....Better, Best. Go to the west. Slow in lift. Fast in sink.

Two Women - One Story by Cindy Brickner and Jennifer Player

"Yep."

"Okay, let's get going. Speed to fly to Mojave. Zero sink equals 45 knots, 2 down we should fly 55 knots, 4 down at 65 knots."

And they were off to the races.... figuratively speaking. In the next hour, they flew about four legs, each time having to do a how-many-miles to target calc?

How high must we arrive? Are we above the calc plus arrival altitude?

Let's go!

How many miles were flown? About 40 nautical.

How much time? About an hour after tug release.

How many smiles? Probably three weeks worth, for after the fact!

How many decisions to be made, climbing, cruising, centering, speed changes? Only a couple hundred.

Enough to make a pilot's head spin.

And, we lived within the vacationing traveler's budget. It was much more fun than the pile of papers on the desk! I hope she comes in the door to ask again,

"Will there be lift out there?"

Cindy is a 3 Diamond glider pilot, flight instructor and owns and operates Carocole Soaring Operation in California City

Earth displacing the steady breeze. Stay aloft as long as you please.

Follow the ridge line. Look at the cloud street. Lift or sink in-between?

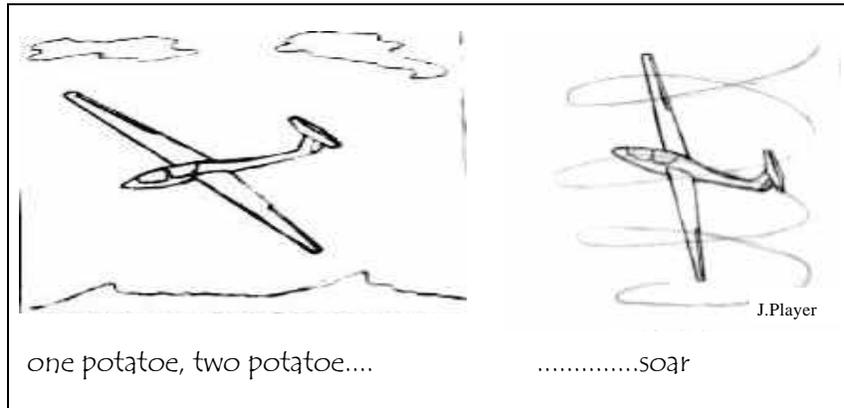
"How far.....How high.....GoGoGo.....Speed-to-Fly.

Where are we now? Where to go next? Altitude required?"

Time's up. Last leg with GAIN! Drop zone below. Pattern. Touchdown. Yeah. We tucked the ASK-21 away, went back to the hangar to debrief and settle up. I was definitely on my last tea cup and had had my fill for one day. Cross-country training like this.... actually going somewhere.....was an excellent experience for a fledgling like myself.

I have many local flights in Tidewater Virginia, but have yet to really leave the nest. Our weather conditions make bw-saves common. Airports are sparse and so landing in a farmer's field is a real possibility, even in a ship with long legs. We have a small window of time when you might actually get a comfortable 5000ft day to play with. I hope to see one of those days soon and I hope to get the chance to go back and ride the shear line again.

Jennifer is an Aeronautical Engineer and flies with the Tidewater Soaring Society



The Swedish Postal service honored the late Gunn-Britt Floden with a glider stamp. The stamp is one in a series of six dedicated to the Royal Swedish Aeroclub and features the DFS Weihe,SE-SCN that Mrs. Floden used to set a Swedish National Distance Record for Women on June 22, 1956. The record still stands.

Britt Floden, as she was known in this country, held the first Gold C issued to a woman in Scandinavia. She and her Husband Bjorn emigrated to the US a few years later. where she became one of two pilots representing the US in the International Women competition in the early seventies. (editor: the other woman was Hetty Freese)

Britt passed away after a long battle with cancer on May 14, 1997.

Jan Scott (Bungee Cord)

Meet a member of the 1000k Club

Dr. Angelika Machinek, an exceptional female athlete, flies since the age of 14. She made her first solo flight 1971 at Ith/Niedersachsen with a "Rhönlerche". Beside gliding she also feel at home in many other categories of airoports, i.e. motor-gliders, motor-planes, ultra-light-planes as well as ballooning.

Angelika is also active as an instructor in all these categories of airoports to pass her experiences on to others. She is the spokes-woman for the Female National Team of Germany, foundation member of the German section of the Ninety-Nines, chief-instructor at her flying-club Aero-Club Bad Nauheim and examination councilor for the state of Hessen.

At the turn of 1996/1997 Angelika made some headlines with a series of record flights in Bitterwasser /Namibia. She set 10 World Records in the category "singleseater motor-glders female". As first female gliderpilot in Germany she flew in January 1999 a FAI-triangular course of more than 1000 km and in addition to this three other World Records.

Other Achievement



1985 Participation at the first Gliding Aerobatics World-Championship in Mauterndorf/Austria

1994 German Champion 15m-class Female (Marpingen)

1995 Bronze Medal Women's European Championships in Marpingen/Germany

1997 Bronze Medal Women's European Championships in Prievidza/Slowakia

1998 German Champion 15m-class Female (Jena)

Winner of the Elly-Beinhorn-Rally (Motorflight) in Damme/Germany

1997 Bronze Medal Women's European Championships in Leszno/Poland

1998 German Champion 15m-class Female (Neresheim)

2. Winner 15m-class at the International Hahnweide-Competition

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Text :Fred Weinholtz, Photo: Klaus Luebke

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RATING(S) _____

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DUES \$10 / /YR. PLEASE MAKE YOUR CHECK PAYABLE TO WSPA

MAIL WITH FORM TO: WSPA
C/O GLORIA DALTON, TREASURER
4826 WESTRIDGE DRIVE
CHARLOTTE, NC 28208-1754