



September, 2005

Hangar Soaring

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WOMEN SOARING PILOTS ASSOC.
www.womensoaring.org

LOOK!

The 2006 Seminar will be held
at Chilhowee Gliderport, near Chattanooga, TN
Details in the November issue of Hangar Soaring

IN THIS ISSUE

Page 2

Badges
by Helen D'Couto

President's notes
by Lucy Anne Mc.Kosky

Scholarship Notes
By Phyllis Wells

Page 3

Winning Essays
By various authors

Page 4

The 2005 Seminar
By Colleen Koenig

Page 5

Treasurer's Report
By Arleen Coleson

Page 6

Off to see the Wizard, the beautiful Wizard of OZ
By Kathy Fosha

Page 7

Fall from Presumption
By Ursula Wiehl

Page 8

In Memoriam

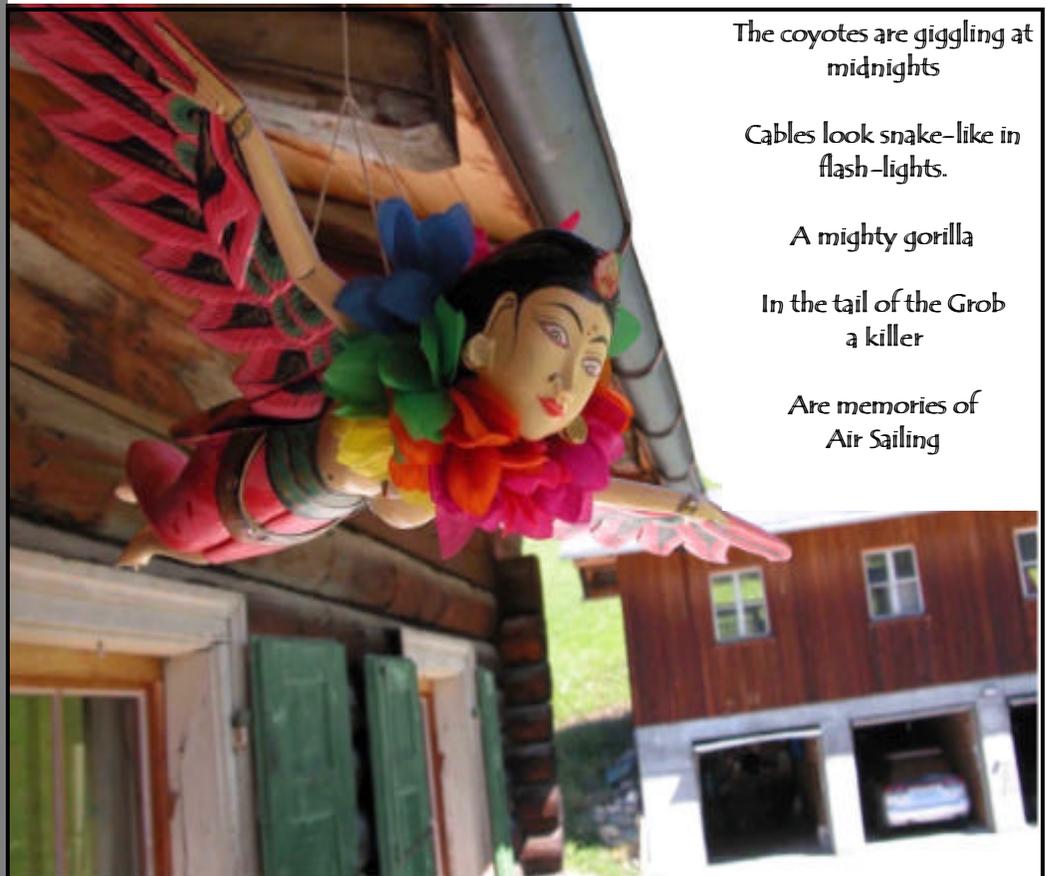
Page 9

Welcome new members
Congratulations
Letter to the editor
Raffle Winner

Page 10

The Kolstad Story
By Mid Kolstad

1st place limerick by Anna Dobrin Schippers



The coyotes are giggling at
midnights

Cables look snake-like in
flash-lights.

A mighty gorilla

In the tail of the Grob
a killer

Are memories of
Air Sailing

The flying goddess, arrived at the 300 year old, homely farmhouse in the mountains of Switzerland. Thanks to Mark and another airline pilot she found her way to my home via Frankfurt/Germany and Asmara/Eritrea/Africa.

I'm so proud to have her here for the year. Hope she feels well. She will return to Tennessee next year.

Anna

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 :

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Badges by Helen D'Couto

Silver Altitude

Sonja Flesberg; Ka-6; Hutchinson, KS

Bronze Badge

Sarah Kelly

C Badge

Krysna Stave
Sarah Kelly
Brooks Towns

B Badge

Jesse Almeida
Holly A. Georgell
Meghan K. Robbins
Sarah Kelly
Margot Taylor

A Badge

Jesse Almeida
Sarah Bailey
Patty Haley
Melissa K. Faler
Meghan K. Robbins
Sarah Kelly

STATE RECORDS APPROVED

Florida: Cristine Schmelzer; ASW-27; May 26, 2004; Kitty Hawk Airpark (state unspecified); four records: (1) & (2) 15 Meter Feminine; Triangle Distance; 187.2 sm; 300km Triangle Speed; 44.3 mph (3) & (4) Open Class Feminine; Triangle Distance; 187.2 sm; 300km Triangle Speed; 44.3 mph

Florida: Christine Schmelzer; ASW-27; May 24, 2004; Kittyhawk Estates, FL; 4 records: (1) & (2) 15-M Feminine & Open Feminine; Free O&R Distance; 190.9 sm (3) & (4) 15-M Feminine & Open Feminine; 300km O&R Speed

Florida: Christine Schmelzer; ASW-27; Kitty Hawk Airpark, FL; 24 May 05; two records: (1) 15M Class Feminine; Free 3TP Distance; 193.5sm (2) Open Class Feminine; Free 3 TP Distance; 193.5 sm



From the Scholarship Chairperson Phyllis Wells

We had 5 applicants for the Sky Ghost Scholarship.

Dianna Flemming was selected as recipient

We had only one applicant for each of the other scholarships, so they were chosen automatically. They were:

Juliana Hinz
Briegleb Scholarship

Neva Cole
Flying Montagues

Laura Hohanshelt
Competition Award

Laura competed in the Region 7 contest, her first experience competing.

Grace Higgins
The Billy Goat Hayes Cross Country Camp at Air Sailing in late July.

\$300 were sent to the National Soaring Museum for a scholarship for a girl to attend the Eileen Collins Space and Aviation Camp. The staff of the Museum selects the recipient

We have not made any changes in the scholarship process as it seems to work well as is. We ran an ad in the February Soaring Magazine, information appeared in two



President's Notes Lucy Anne McKosky

Being at the seminar at Air Sailing in July really brought home to me what I love most about WSPA: the sisterhood of women who soar. We encourage each other, we help each other, share our experiences, our joys, and our disappointments. Be sure to read Colleen Koenig's report of the seminar – she really captured the flavor of the experience.

This year we shared tragedy as well as triumph. A few days after the seminar, one of the participants, Maria Faber, was killed in an accident at Air Sailing. Though many of us had not known her before, we became good friends in our week together, and we feel her loss deeply. A tribute to Maria appears elsewhere in this issue of *Hangar Soaring*.

The annual meeting of the WSPA takes place at the seminar, as it's the only time all year when a larger number of WSPA members gather. Discussion at this year's annual meeting centered on a couple of topics. The first issue presented was proposed changes to the bylaws to improve the organizational structure and to bring the bylaws into conformance with current practice. The biggest change would reduce the number of regions the country is divided into from six to three by combining north and south regions. The new regions would be the East, Central, and West, and each region would elect two board members. This change was suggested because of the difficulty in finding people willing to serve on the board in some of the regions with relatively few members. Participants at the seminar also felt strongly that international members should be represented on the board, so the board is proposing

(President on page 9)

issues of Hangar Soaring and on our web page. Scholarship applications are sent to me by May 15, I screen them to be sure they meet the requirements. I type their essays and send them via e-mail, identified by code numbers, to the review committee. They make their selections based solely on the applicants essay. Once the selections have been made I notified all the applicants. I also notify the Treasurer so she can send out the checks.

The Review Committee consists of Kathy Taylor, Margarett Roy and Susan van Helens

Neva Cole's essay was the same as what she had submitted for the May *Hangar Soaring*.

Dianna Flemming's Essay

Who I am: A 20 year old student glider pilot, and of course, a member of WSPA! My intent is to restrict myself to half a page, so you will be getting the Mach 1 inside edition on me. By the way, this is the second time that I am applying for the Sky Ghost Scholarship, for the simple reason, that soaring has been a life long dream of mine and I am not willing to give up on it

Past & Present Experience: I first realized my dream of flying in May of 2003, when I was given an orientation flight at Chilhowee Gliderport. I was fascinated to say the least, but, unfortunately, the closest glider port (for lessons, rental, etc) is approximately 90 miles from my am currently working on my Bhome, in Dunlap, TN (LOTS of gas mileage, even with a fuel efficient vehicle) but little things like that, have never discouraged me before. I have soloed in a Ka-7, earning my A badge. Since that time, I am only able to fly as my finances permit. This makes for a rather sporadic flight schedule. I and C badges (Bronze and Diamond)

(Dianna Flemming page 8)

Laura Hohanshelt's Essay

My first flight in a sailplane occurred when Lyndon Johnson was president, the Beatles were still together and the LK10 sailplane I flew in was not yet considered "vintage". The sailplane was owned by my father and his glider partner, Tom Madigan. Dad and Tom were glider partners for 10 years, owned 3 sailplanes, (all at the same time, hence the famous family quote "You can't be a collector if you own only one"), and our two families were inseparable for a decade.

We were glider port kids; I, my brother, sister and Tom and Mickey's 3 children. We all could cross active runways as easily as the street, knew which clouds were lenuies, and were convinced by our parents that the glider port was a great place to spend your 8th birthday. To thi day the smell of fiberglass curing means "home" to me as much as cookies baking.

When I was 14 we moved from southern California to Arizona, and Dad and Tom dissolved the partnership. Luckily there were enough sailplanes to go around. Following of several years of shunning soaring, I found myself feeling a little lost and lonely as I moved from my college dorm, back into my parents house. It was May and the only way to get Mom & Dad's undivided attention was to sprawl across the back seat of the crew car and talk on the way out to the airport and the contest season. Well, you know what happened.

By the end of the contest season, I had taken lessons, soloed and was working full time at Estella Sailport. This was the late 70's early 80's, back when Estrella was owned by National Champion Les Horvath and his wife Betty. Working at Estrella wasn't a job, it was a lifestyle. We hosted a fiercely competitive Region 9 every year, the Arizona Soaring Association held weekend contests, we had huge sailplane air shows, Hitachi Championships were held, BBQs were frequent, soaring was constant and Les and Betty treated us as family. My parents were there the

most weekends, along with most of their friends, and I loved it. I would go up for a flight and upon landing, my Dad, his friends, Les & my instructor would critique. I'm not sure if it made me a better pilot or intimidated to land. Some of my best memories of those years are at Estrella. I remember taking off for my 5 hour duration attempt and my Dad delayed leaving the contest task to spot thermals for me. Or the time Dad and I made it to 12,000' agl in a 233A and flew with a red-tailed hawk. One December morning the whole weekend crew, at Les' insistence, had been towed to a wave, climbed to 16,000' agl, the landed, all before the work day began.

In 1983 Tom Madigan died in a sailplane crash at a Regional contest outside of Bishop, CA. It hit his family extremely hard. I don't think my Dad's heart was really ever again in soaring. It was years and years before I felt comfortable flying and more than a decade before I actually enjoyed soaring again. By that time I had moved to Minnesota, was engaged, and was trying hard to figure out what soaring meant to me, without Tom or Estrella, and Dad in an other state.

In 1993 I joined the Minnesota Soaring Club (MSC), a well established club located at an old-fashioned all grass airport south of Minneapolis. A sweet, laid back club, very different from Estrella. There are no contests, low high speed finishes are not allowed, and no one ever makes it to 12,000' agl. But the difference isn't bad, and MSC has its own charm.

In 1994 Dad and I bought a Ka-6E, that we agreed to base in Minnesota. I was ready, after my long hiatus to start cross-country soaring, but the 2 months later I was pregnant with my first child. Flew my "new" Ka-6E through my 7th month of pregnancy, but not cross-country. It was just too exhausting, never mind pilot relief. Between children I completed my Silver Badge, 20 years after my first solo. My second child arrived in 1999 with the temperament of a bear and permanently attached to me. The club joked that it took 4 people to put my plane together, 3 for the

sailplane, one to hold the baby. My husband, a non-pilot, but ever supportive, and five year old son would meet me at the airport at noon, pick up the baby and make me swear to be home by 6 PM, Soaring is just so much more complicated if your crew car has an infant car seat and the pilot is Mom.

And the finally, last year I flew Gold Distance/Diamond Goal. My fellow club members crewed, advised, let me take cuts in the tow line, did everything they could to help me to make this flight. When I finally made it home, late, they escorted me the last mile in a Super Cup and upon landing, circled the sailplane with a parade of golf carts. Truly, the club has its own charm.

And now, 20 years later than I ever imagined, I am ready to fly my first competition this spring. I had always dreamed of flying Region 9, beside my Dad at Estrella. In my mid 20's, flying a nice new ASW 20, perhaps with a Porsche as crew car. Well, here I am, 46, in Minnesota, flying a Ka-6E, entering Region 7 contest, thrilled to have Dad and Mom as crew. Life is like soaring that way, it often has more twists and turns, up and downs, than you expect or can imagine, but the journey is worth it all.

Jule Hinz: My Dream to Fly

I learned to fly gliders back home in Germany. I always loved to spend time with my friends on the airfield and enjoy the challenge of soaring. I soloed about a year ago.

For half a year I have been an exchange student in the States and I live in Lubbock, TX. My host dad, Thomas Pressley, is a glider pilot; he takes me to the airfields. I am so happy I came into this family and that I can complete my flight training here.

I am a member of the Per-

(Jule Hinz page 8)

I am sitting here in the clubhouse of Air Sailing, which is in the Reno/Tahoe area of Nevada, and it is Sunday July 17, 2005. The clubhouse still resonates with the activities of the past week. The Women's Soaring Seminar passed in a blur of activity. I can't help but reflect on the wonderful time I had with the amazing women of WSPA. For those of you who missed the seminar let me attempt to convey how special Air Sailing is. Driving into the valley, you see dry desert with sagebrush and jack rabbits that spent the past week dodging those terrible four wheeled monsters with women pilots at the wheel. The road leading to Air Sailing is bumpy and dusty, as can be expected for a dirt road in the desert. As you get closer, you will notice an oasis of green with wonderfully long runways on the north end of the valley. Upon arrival, the clubhouse is easy to spot, with its inviting porch providing shade to the seated pilots relaying their day's flight. Travel trailers are neatly parked under the trees, dwellings for short-term visitors as well as the seasonal and migratory aviators who may stay for a day, weekend, or summer. The clubhouse is a very nice facility on the inside as well, with a comfortable visiting area, kitchen, shower rooms, and of course rest rooms. Now forgive me for stopping here, as it looks nearly time to launch for my last flight of this visit...

With the Cirrus prepared for flight, I look down the runway and think of the many sessions Terry and the Air Sailing Crew worked so hard to arrange for the women of WSPA. There were safety briefings, badge work, physiological issues dealing with the desert and a wonderful lecture by Alan Silver on parachute use and care. XC guidance was a popular topic, and Terry Duncan and Cindy Donovan had some wonderful advice and great stories to share of their experiences. Preparing for my flight today, I think... am I prepared for the altitude? Duration? Changing conditions? Landing out? Jumping out? Am I ready psychologically?

Waiting for my turn to launch, I turn and watch yet another Air Sailing student land on his first solo. I watch the skilled tow pilots master their mighty Pawnees to free the sailplanes from their ground captivity. I can imagine seeing the women lined up on the runway for the flights of the day in the 1-26, 2-33, or 1-36, and Neva Cole coming in to land on her first solo. Oh, there on the runway - can you see? Monique Weil in the Grob 103 and Mighty Gorilla (Mike Green) in the Duo Discus lined up, ready for their daily cross country with a WSPA pilot in the front seat. How lucky these participants are to experience cross country with such skillful guides.

Now it is my turn to launch, so once again forgive me for a while...

I release at the Dog Skins and slowly climb to 12k (4 Km) MSL.

The Cu's are cycling above me but the sky is blue to my destination. Determined, I nose down to 70 knots, and I head across the valley for the Radar Domes. Once again I reflect on the seminar... Visiting with friends I met at previous seminars, meeting new friends. I will miss their company, a week is barely enough time to catch up on the previous year (or two) activities. It definitely is a nurturing environment, this special gathering of amazing women. A group of women brought together by a love difficult to explain, especially to those who have never experienced it.

The 2005 WSPA Seminar

By
Colleen Koenig

While making a run past the Tracy Power Plant, I admire the beautiful terrain. Pyramid Lake is a stark blue. Dry lakebeds stretch out as far as the eye can see. Mountains in every direction invite exploration, westward many are still spotted with snow. Knowing it is well over 100 degrees (38C) on the ground; I set the Cirrus for 50 knots, and enjoy the cool air at 14k (4.2 Km) wondering what the poor souls on the ground are doing. If only this flight could last forever.

Over the airport, spiraling down in the sinking air, I think about the evenings of the Seminar. Norma Burnette and Barbara Morgan worked hard to provide for the hungry women and crew each day, plying us with wonderful snacks, salads, dinners, and deserts. After our feast, people who flew relayed their experiences. Some were quite humorous, others a lesson for us all, but all were told with enthusiasm and warmly received. What a wonderful way to end the day! Terry would then present daily prizes for highest, longest, and shortest flights, as well as best story. Quite appropriately chosen gifts I might add.

Back on the ground I sadly put the Cirrus in the trailer and think of all the women of WSPA, who I will miss through out this next year, as I will miss Air Sailing. Until of course, when I return to fly once again in the captivating Nevada desert at a wonderful glider port called Air Sailing.

Hope to see you at the next seminar...

Life goes by so quickly when you think about it. Why are we here if not to experience all we can? Live. Love. It's all there is in the end, or all there should be.

In loving memory of Maria, whom I knew for only a few short days, but admired. My sincerest condolences to Maria's family and friends.

WOMEN SOARING PILOTS ASSN
BALANCE SHEET
As of June 30, 2005

ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Checking/Savings	
Checking Lea County State Bank	23,052.26
Total Checking/Savings	23,052.26
Total Current Assets	23,052.26
TOTAL ASSETS	23,052.26
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities	
Other Current Liabilities	
Briegleb Scholarship Fund	-230.32
Competition Scholarship Fund	138.00
Misc. Donations Fund	3,618.81
Flying Montague Scholarship Fund	340.00
Sky Ghost Scholarship Fund	7,983.33
Total Other Current Liabilities	11,849.82
Total Current Liabilities	11,849.82
Total Liabilities	11,849.82
Equity	
Net Income	1,122.01
Retained Earnings	10,080.43
Total Equity	11,202.44
TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY	<u>23,052.26</u>

WOMEN SOARING PILOTS ASSN
PROFIT AND LOSS
July 1, 2004 – June 30, 2005

INCOME	
Interest Income	129.89
Membership Dues	1,725.00
Merchandise Sales	785.21
Raffle Income	264.00
Seminar Income	791.75
Total Income	<u>3,695.85</u>
COST OF GOODS SOLD	
Merchandise - Expenses	636.34
Total Cost of Goods Sold	636.34
Gross Profit	<u>3,059.51</u>
EXPENSE	
Newsletter Expense	792.76
Office Supplies & Expense	292.90
Postage Expense	338.50
Seminar Expense	50.00
SSA Convention Expense	463.34
Total Expense	<u>1,937.50</u>
Net Income	<u>1,122.01</u>

**DONATIONS TO
WSPA FOR YEAR
2004-2005**

Monique Weil	Ingrid Kjenslie
Bill Batesole	Colleen Koenig
Cheryl Beckage	Betty Loufek
Lisabeth Boyce	Linda Mathias
Elizabeth Brock	Jeanne McDowell
Dick Butler	Brian Milner
Elaine Carlson	Neita & Mark Montague
Neva Cole	Valeria Paget
Diana & Bill Dade	Francois Pin
Frauke & Wolf Elber	Mary Rust
Beverly Ferrato	Tamara Scott
Carol Foy	Andrea Simpkins
Laura Hohanshelt	Jessica Stearns
Mitch Hudson	Kathleen Taylor
Bob Jackson	Paddy Welles
	Phyllis Wells
	Kathleen Winters

Did you guess right?

The flags on the May issue of *Hangar Soaring* represent the following countries:

On the left from top to bottom: Australia, Canada, Sweden, Italy

In the center: USA, Switzerland, Great Britain

On the right from top to bottom: Germany, Slovenia, Denmark, Russia

Our newest member country is Belgium



This past December I had the amazing opportunity to fly for over 2 weeks with 3-time Open Class world champion George Lee. The past summer season in Australia was the fifth year that George and his fantastic wife Maren have been running "Plain Soaring" from their flying ranch three hours inland from Brisbane.

While flying long haul flights from Honk Kong on Cathay Pacific Airlines, George envisioned a series of youth training courses as a way to give back to the soaring community from which he received so much. He sold Maren on the idea and a few years later, 40 students from England, Australia, America, Austria and South Africa have come to fly with the wizard (including 3 women). From the United States, these pilots include Liz Schwenkler, Dillon Krapes, Mike Riley, Mike Robison, Garret Willat, and me.

George set minimum requirements for the pilots that he wanted to instruct. Pilots should be over the age of 20, have 200 hours and have flown at least a 300km cross-country with competition experience preferred although not required. For the last season, there were 4 pilots that were qualified to attend from the United States. However, because I was in Germany taking a year off from school to work for BMW I did not have scheduling conflicts with school and was able to attend.

During the 18 day course, I was paired with James Doman from Australia. We arrived on a Sunday and were given the tour of the well-equipped and beautiful Plain Soaring Ranch. We were instructed as to how each day would operate and the field procedures. Pilots were to alternate days flying and on our off days we were to watch George's soaring video collection and read 25 various magazine articles and excerpts from books. The topics were heavily based on psychology and preparation. George focuses heavily on psychological and physical preparation as a way to fly faster. This includes being prepared on the ground before the contest or XC flight, having practiced enough to be confident in your skills and the aircraft and not getting psyched out by the competition, or when the going gets tough.

Each day started with breakfast at 8am, a pilot briefing including weather prognosis and task determination. Then, if the day was good, we would head directly to the flight line to prepare everything for the flight. Sometimes our start time would be a little later, and we could go back and work on some of the reading. Pilots flew on alternating days as to equally divide the flying as much as possible, and to prevent fatigue. (George doesn't suffer from fatigue). Everyday James and I had the same tasks in preparing the plane. I was to prepare the cockpit, making sure the cushions, parachutes, ballast, lunches, water and James took care of the tail ballast, removing the tail cover and preparing the vehicle and tow out bar. George did all of the take offs and landings, and we were allowed to fly everything else. Maren would prepare lunch with the pilot on the ground at promptly 1:00 pm. At the end of the day, the

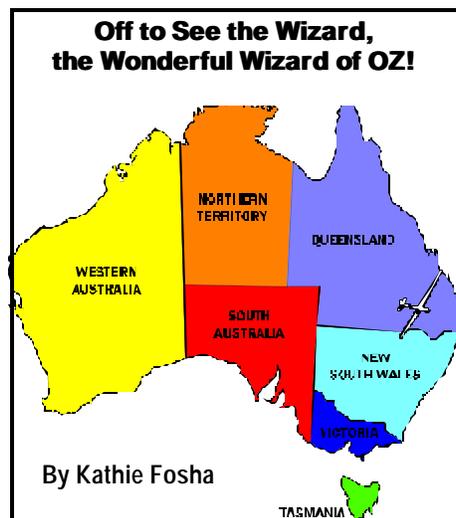
glider would be meticulously cleaned, inside and out (my club could learn a thing or two from this). We would go back to the guesthouse, get cleaned up for dinner which was prepared by Maren (a superb cook) at promptly 6:30pm. After dinner, the flight would be analyzed on SeeYou where all of our mistakes were painfully clear. By that time, James and I were so exhausted that we went back to the guesthouse, and fell into our beds, dreaming of flying the next day.

FLYING WITH GEORGE

For me, the initial learning curve was very steep. Prior to my Plain Soaring experience, I had never flown anything over 15m (excluding the likes of an ASK-21 or Grob 103), and had always flown in standard dass ships. I had a hard time coordinating at first, but then started to get the hang of it. I guess it is like riding a bicycle, once you learn, you never forget. However, the pitch sensitivity of the Nimbus 4DM caught me off guard occasionally too. It was much more sensitive than I had expected as it did not correlate with the roll rates at all. I must admit, George still had to chirp at me from the back seat, even on the last days, not to cruise in +1 flap, and I would still occasionally forget to set the flaps when thermalling.

Flying with George was an amazing experience. Never before had I seen it done so artfully, yet so meticulously as with George. Watching George fly, the most interesting thing that I saw was how far in advance he had everything planned. There was no uncertainty. His plans were set, with at least 2 viable alternatives at every moment. The concept of the plan so far ahead was new to me. I had heard other pilots speaking about it, but I was never able to put it into practice myself. As a relatively novice pilot, I always found myself milking thermals until the last drop, rolling out and asking myself "ok what next?" This is not ok with George, and this is not the way to fly fast. Before stopping to thermal, the next course line and thermal stop if not 2 should be decided. I knew I was in trouble when I would hear a low voice from the back seat with a pleasant English accent, "So what are you thinking now, Kathy?" Usually, this meant that I had no idea where I was going next, and he knew it. By the end of the course I prided myself in the fact that more often than not I had an answer for him.

George stresses cloud selection. Picking a good line (once I was thinking about it, rather than thinking about thermalling) was not so difficult. I found that I picked this up pretty quickly. However, we both began to see that I was missing the best parts of the clouds. I would select a strong working cloud, but pull up under moderate lift and have to spend 2-3 turns adjusting to get into the strong stuff. George likes to call this phase of flight "close in cloud selection." Just because you have the course chosen does not mean that you can stop thinking. You must always be thinking, adjusting and working on that plan, and that means for the next hour, half hour, 10 minutes AND 1 minute. George and I talked frequently



about cloud anatomy and determining not only the strongest clouds but the strongest parts of the strongest clouds.

We talked often about consistency. I found from time to time that I would find a nice thermal working at say 6 or 7 kts, and would hang on until 2 kts. This is a fairly common problem with pilots, and I was no exception. At the beginning I would stop for the wrong thermals. I would find a nice thermal cooking at 5kts, and I would take it, but then my next stop would be 2 kts. These two problems are related. We worked on setting a minimum thermal strength value that would be used to know when to stop and take a thermal. After flying for some time in the start gate, choose an average thermal strength value, which will be used to set your MacCready (at half this setting). Thermals below this value should not be used, unless you have made a mistake somewhere else on course and are desperate for height. Thermals should be left when they start to lose their strength. These values should always be reevaluated based upon what is seen ahead and what is actually experienced during the climbs.

Finally, we spoke often about consistency during cruise. I found that I was not keeping a consistent cruise speeds. Sometimes I would roll out from a 7 kt thermal at 70 kts, or push on a day that really wasn't that strong.

None of the things that we spoke about were really that ground breaking or revolutionary in terms of soaring technique. However, the most valuable thing was having someone who is successful at making good decisions sitting behind you reading the same conditions, and correcting your decisions. George is extremely consistent and is constantly reevaluating. When flying fast, there is no time for looking out the window and day dreaming, focus and concentration are extremely important.

At the end of the course, I had learned heaps and bounds about my flying. George and I flew 29.2 hours, 2047 km with the fastest flight at 133.1 km/h and the slowest at 64.3 km/h (During the course we had some pretty severe rains, and the ground was soaked this day)

George and Maren put on a wonderful course. It has to be the most fantastic soaring experience that I have had to this day. The soaring community is truly lucky to have such people.

About Kathy Fosha

Kathy flies with the Colorado Soaring Association north of Fort Collins, Colorado. A junior Mechanical Engineering Student at Colorado State University, she has approximately 220 hours in gliders, and flew in the 2003 Region 9 Sports Class and 2003 Standard Class Nationals.

The newsletter of the Wabash Valley Soaring where WSPA member Mary Cowie flies, featured the following article

Reprinted From the AOPA ePilot

Fall From Presumption By Ursula Wiehl (Switzerland)

After flying gliders for 13 years without any accidents or incidents – not even a scratch – I had the confidence of a seasoned veteran of the skies. I certainly knew my way around gliders, as well as around and over the mountains.

Until an average midsummer day in Switzerland, partly sunny with a few thermals and not too much wind. That Saturday as usual the glider pilots of our club I belonged were waiting in line to take off. I had chosen the well-known Schleicher Ka-8. A friend begged me to let him fly the Ka8, since he wasn't checked out in the new Ka-18, for which I which I was just cleared. I switched, well aware that I didn't have much experience with this glider and its strange propensity to turn sideways when flown too slowly. I was informed that this plane's dive brakes wouldn't lock shut automatically and that the radio was out of order. Well, who cares? We were taught years ago to fly without all of this. Who would drive all the way to the airport, wait in line for a glider, and give up flying only because of malfunctioning dive brakes and a radio I hardly used anyway?

I took off behind the towplane. We turned toward the steep Jura Mountains, and gained altitude. The airspeed indicator showed 100 kilometers per hour – fine so far. The towplane pilot was told that, since my glider lacked a working radio, wiggling my wings would mean that I wanted to get off the rope. Click, and I was off on my own. The airspeed indicator showed a stubborn 100 km/h. Fine with me. I was looking for a thermal: I turned and was surprised by the unchanged speed. I had the feeling I was flying much slower. Why worry – maybe the speedometer was gone too, but who needs it anyway? Senses are the glider pilot's backbone, and this makes him so special in comparison with all the engine-dependent pilots. Right?

I was gliding along a ridge back and forth, always in the within sight of the airport. Thanks to my flying as slow as possible and as low as I dared I found just enough updraft to stay right above the tree line of the highest mountains around. Back and forth I flew, in a long-drawn figure eight, smiling down at two hikers who waved at me whenever I flew over them. I was just happy to soar, never intending to fly anywhere in particular. Just soaring, enjoying the feeling of freedom, was all that ever counted for me as a glider pilot.

After about 45 minutes, a shattering sound, like a gunshot, shook me up, short and shrill, right behind me. I tried to turn my head to look back. Something must have hit me. Yet the glider flew on, showing a steady 100 km/h on its airspeed indicator. I decided to leave the ridge, and get more distance between the ground and me. I knew I needed at least 1,000 feet to be able to bail out. *"Turn away from the ridge now!"* a shrill voice screamed inside my head. The glider turned to the right – away from the mountains – but at the same time it began to dip strangely and sideways to the right. I tried to push the nose down to gain speed. Nothing happened. The glider raced toward the tree line. *Nose up!* was all I could think of. Again, nothing happened. The glider was out of control.

I will never forget the first pine tree I hit – huge, beautiful, and with an enormous number of cones on its uppermost branches. The top of the tree flew

(Continued on page 11)

(*Dianna Flemming from page 3*) mond are in the future). And studying for the FAA written, which I hope to take (and pass) this summer.

Future Goals: I would like to get my commercial rating, as well as go into cross country, motor gliding, sailplane aerobatics, and set a few Tennessee state records. I am a very motivated type of person, to say the least! So far, I have been able to fly in three different lift sources: ridge, thermal, and even wave! My long term goal (the commercial rating) is very important, as I would like to give others the same chance I had. The chance of a fun, peaceful flight, introducing them to the wonderful world of soaring.

Future Dreams: by the generosity of your gift, you will not only be helping me to my dreams, but through me, many others. In closing, my greatest desire is to see a stronger presence of women pilots, rise to the task for the advancement of our next generations. I can say from personal experience, that a lady instructor is a great encouragement and help in this area! I hope someday to follow her example and mentor fledgling glider pilots as they, like me, discover soaring!



(*Julie Hinz from page 3*)

mian Soaring Association in Odessa and I take lessons with an instructor every possible weekend.

I would like to apply for the Briegleb Scholarship, because I want to come to the WSPA Seminar 2005. I think I could get some very useful experiences at the seminar and I am very interested in meeting other women pilots. The scholarship would be a great relief for me to finance my tows.

I always dreamt about traveling around the world and I love to fly. I want to become a commercial pilot when I am older. A scholarship would be a great encouragement to approach me to my dream.

After receiving the Sky Ghost scholarship Rachel sent the following letter

Dear WSPA,

Thank you very much for selecting me to be the recipient of the Sky Ghost Scholarship! I am honored to be among the chosen few. I will do my best to use it to the best advantage. If it wasn't for this scholarship, I wouldn't have been able to fly for the next couple of months. They say that money can't buy happiness...but it can sure come close!!!

Thank for creating WSPA, and making all of the scholarships available. They provide the means for young women, like me, to be able to achieve our flying dreams that would otherwise be impossible. I will let you know in a few months how I am doing! In the meantime, thank you for selecting me, and please keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Rachel Dianna Fleming



Grace Nicole Higgins' Essay reads as follows:

My near term flying goals include earning my Gold out-and-return and goal badges, as well as earning Diamond altitude in the famous Minden Wave. I also plan on becoming a commercial glider pilot or CFG in order to continue soaring through my college years.

Currently I am working towards my private airplane rating with Linda Mae Draper in Minden

becoming qualified to fly the Blanik in the Civil Air; and training for cross country with my instructor at SOAR MINDEN.

I look forward to the camaraderie, competition, intensive training and the fantastic flying that the Woman Seminar has to offer. What an exciting opportunity.

IN MEMORIAM

MARIA FABER
1936 – 2005

WSPA lost an enthusiastic supporter and valued member with the untimely death of Maria Faber in a soaring accident at Air Sailing Gliderport in July. A native of the Netherlands, Maria lived in Portland, Oregon, and was a member of the Portland Soaring Club. She took up flying at age 60, when she and her husband decided it was time to give up mountain climbing! They flew power together, but soaring was Maria's solo adventure. She owned and flew a Russia and was an experienced cross-country pilot.

Maria faced life with courage and common sense. She was cautious as a pilot, but remained cheerful even in frustrating circumstances. She was a role model and an inspiration to those who knew her. Our condolences go to her husband, Job Faber, and their two grown children, as well as to her friends and fellow pilots.

The WSPA board has voted to establish a scholarship in her honor. The scholarship will be awarded to a WSPA member for advanced training without age restrictions. In this way, Maria will continue to inspire women to spread their wings and fly. WSPA members are encouraged to send contributions to the Maria Faber scholarship fund to Arleen Coleson, WSPA treasurer. Her address is 324 E. Yucca Drive, Hobbs, NM, 88240.

Lucy Anne McKosky

GILLIAN BRYCE-SMITH, Great Britain

In Gillian's hands, the British "Sailplane and Gliding" magazine became an international benchmark for gliding association journals. She also ran the first international English-language online magazine www.glidingmagazine.com from which she retired last September due to health reasons.

I frequently exchanged e-mails with her, the last one just before I left for Europe. The British team in Klix informed me about Gillian's untimely death. I learned a lot from her.

Frauke Elber

JANET HIDER SMITH, Australia

Janet Hider Smith, one of the great Australian pilots, passed away This summer.

Janet was introduced to soaring in the early 1980ies. In 1995 Janet competed in the World Championships in Omarama, New Zealand. In 1989 she also flew in the European Women Championship in Orel, USSR.

Later Janet married an Austrian glider pilot and future World Champion and she flew in Europe. After a divorce she returned to Australia but never got back into soaring although just last December she had an airstrip put on her property near Melbourne, Australia.

Keith Willis, Australia

DOROTHY ASDEL

Dorothy Asdel has been a long time WSPA member. She and husband George started flying in 1941 when they were already parents.. They took up soaring after the war in California where both got their Diamond badges and probably became the only Diamond-grandparents in the soaring world. Dorothy received US Diamond Badge #4. She passed away this past May.

President from page 2)

that an international representative be added, elected by the WSPA members living outside the United States. This change would expand the board from six to seven members, and all of these changes would be effective with the 2006 election cycle.

Other changes separate the positions of secretary and treasurer, which are combined into a single office in the current bylaws. In practice, the board has divided the position between two people for several years, so these changes would simply make the bylaws agree with what we are actually doing. The final change would remove a specific dollar figure for annual dues from the bylaws, giving the board the power to set the dues. Any changes in dues would be effective in July of 2006, when memberships are due for renewal.

The bylaw changes and a ballot for your approval will be included in the next issue of *Hangar Soaring*. If you would like to comment on the proposed changes before the vote, I would encourage you to use the WSPA e-mail exchange WSPA@womensoaring.org to share your ideas.

Another topic of discussion at the annual meeting was the WSPA scholarship program. The National Soaring Foundation has donated \$500 for a scholarship, so we have an opportunity to establish one or more new scholarships. The group identified two priorities for new scholarships: for initial training without any age restriction, and for advanced training, which could include training for advanced ratings (commercial or CFI-G) or for advanced skills, such as cross-country or aerobatics. Since the seminar, the board has voted to establish a scholarship in memory of Maria Faber. The scholarship will be for advanced training without age restrictions.

As the summer draws to a close, we're also starting to plan for the 2006 seminar. It will be held at Chilhowee Gliderport, near Chattanooga, Tennessee. I hope we'll see you there!

Welcome new members

Lena Dreher, Germany
(sponsored by Anna Dobrin Schippers)

Gaby Haberkern, Germany
Gaby is the Representative of the Women Glider Pilots within the German Women Pilots Organization. She is an accomplished cross country and contest pilot

Mr. Eike Moeller, Germany
Eike is Gaby's friend and experienced crew

Gill van den Broeck, Belgium
Gill was a Judge at the Worlds in Klix. She is an accomplished and highly decorated glider pilot and organizer.

Anna Laura Geusen, Germany
Anna Laura is the 15 year old daughter of Sylvia Sella-Geusen and a glider student

Mr. Hans "Hanno" Obermayer,
Germany

Hanno was the Contest Director at the World Championship in Klix and was a pilot in the 1991 World Championship in Uvalde, TX

Congratulations

On July 25, **Vesna Stergar**, Slovenia became the mother of a healthy baby boy. After some initial problems for Vesna, she, father Miha and Baby are doing fine.

Sylvia Szafarczyk, TX used her summer break from college to get her commercial and CFI-G rating. Sylvia is heading to South Africa to gain some medical experiences.

Hana Hollan, Slovenia finished her university studies and is heading to Papua New Guinea to also gain some new medical experiences

Michael Grave, TX flew 392 km straight distance. Pretty good for someone who at the convention in February did not know what soaring is.

Mary Cowie, MO finished her Silver C in her trusty, old ASK 18.

Liz Schwenkler, NY finished 4th in the 15m Nationals in Uvalde, TX after flying to first place on two days

Special congratulations to **Olga Klepikova**, the great Russian pilot who now lives in Ukraine, for her 90th birthday on Oct. 10, 2005. All pilots at the World Championship in Klix signed a card and it will be hand-delivered on her birthday.

PS: sorry when some accomplishments are missing in the line-up. Your editor lost all the WSPA files on the computer and had to work from her own memory :-((

Letter to the Editor

Hello, Elizabeth (Brock, Ed) and Frauke, I apologize that I kept silent for a long time. I have not checked my mailbox for eternity. Nastya told me once that her and my boxes are full of letters directed to WSPA. Do you need this letters or can I erase them?

We have problems with our aero club leaders. There is a conflict between them. One comes from the Federal Government and another - from the local government. We are supported by the local government. Our boss spends money suppose to develop air sports among youth on agricultural aviation. The situation has been the same for years but he let us fly. This summer he stopped work of the glider section. Nastya and I decided to do our best to save soaring in Magnitogorsk. We send letters everywhere: to local government, to region and federal government, to the president, to newspapers. We (sportsmen and instructors) decided to fight and win!

Our chief even took away our parachutes. But it didn't stop us. We gathered money and got other parachutes. The "federal" boss gave us some fuel. So on 27 of August we opened the flying season!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm so glad, so happy! I saw how eyes of beginners sparkled with excitement when they sat in the gliders after 8 months of waiting. Flights are planned until October to make beginners feel what soaring means and to make "old" pilots recollect their knowledge.

How are you? Where did you spend the summer? Are you going to visit Moscow? I believe it will be great! We wait for photos and a letter :)!

Best regards,
Natalie Zherebtsova
ztacy@mail.ru

Winner of the 2005 Raffle.

The beautiful, custom made, silver bracelet went to Sarah Loken, Midlothian, VA.

Ken and I started our interest in soaring in 1941.

We were both intrigued with flying in 1941, when we were newlyweds. I had been president of ACE, the Aviation Club of Erasmus (High School in Brooklyn). Ken had read "Flight Without Power" by Lewin Barringer. The AIRHOPPERS GLIDING AND SOARING CLUB (NYC) was mentioned in it.

So we contacted a member. Then, on weekends, we drove to the gliderport, a farm along the Hudson River in Wurtsboro, NY. We became members, and both of us learned to fly. In those days there were very few gliders that accommodated more than one person. R.E. Franklin of Arbor MI designer of a utility glider was at Wurtsboro and taught us both how to fly: soloing on the first flights. Of course the altitude was 5' then 15' or so, towed behind an old floorless Ford. Later we were towed to 80' by a winch. It was such fun to be with all those wonderful glider pilots - all special folks. Herman Kursaw donned a wool cap and spent the whole day soaring the ridge. Another student pilot, a bit ahead of us in training, was Ginny (now Schweizer) who married another member, Steve Bennis.

During the winter months, we hosted monthly meetings, for hangar flying, at our home. By that time we had two sons, so I was forced to drop out of soaring.



When we finally came to CO Springs, we looked around for a soaring operation. None. It took 5 years to find a group to meet at our house biweekly for establishing the PIKES PEAK GLIDING AND SOARING CLUB, to operate our of the acreage that David C. Johnson owned in Black Forest, 14 miles from Colorado Springs. Ken and I were very active in the establishment of the Black Forest Glider Port, which later split into the Black Forest Soaring Society, Kelly Airfield Elbert CO, and Colorado Soaring Association, Owl Canyon Gliderport, Fort Collins CO.

(Ben Kelly developed lots around the runway at Kelly Airfield in the early days. One of the roads was named KOLSTAD LOOP. That was quite an honor.)

Yes, all our children were with us when we spent every weekend there. Dave and Andy were college bound so missed much of the training them. Ralph and Paul soloed on their 14th birthdays. Marge waited till she was old (16) before she soloed. She mainly flew aerobatics above the gliderport. But both her brothers flew cross-country. Paul's longest flight was to Scottsbluff, NE, 208 miles.

About three weeks later he flew a glider from one end of the field to the other, where the hangar was. It's better to fly high and fast. He made the fatal mistake of forgetting that. That awful moment occurred at 5 pm on the 25th of August 1966. The Kolstad Youth Soaring Awards and College Scholarship Grant were established in 1968 by the BLACK FOREST GLIDER CLUB. The funds we saved for Paul's college were added to it. And now 48 are Kolstad winners, from all over the country. Since 1981, it has been administered by the Soaring Society of America. www.ssa.org

Since then, Dave has learned to fly gliders, built a VARI-EZE 2 place power plane which he has flown everywhere in the states, and Mexico. Andy has concentrated on his education and education statistics for the Department of Education in Washington DC and he is only barely interested in flying. Ralph joined the Navy, became a jet pilot, was awarded Top Gun twice. He resigned to become an airline pilot. He has now resigned from American Airlines. Marge has been taking power lessons lately, and visiting the gliderports on the Front Range. Ken flew (with a pilot up until recently). I had to quit as the best passenger when I could no longer climb out of the glider. My last flight was aerobatic, which delighted my pilot because I enjoyed it so obviously.

(Continued from page 7)

away and with it two-thirds of my glider's right wing. I stared at the remaining stump in amazement. For a split second the surroundings changed to an unbelievable environment of the brightest colors I have ever seen, a flash of brilliance. The dark trees were of the brightest green and the actually grayish sky shimmered in a turquoise blue out of this world. "That's it; the end," was all I could think of. The glider turned sharply on its right side and crashed into the next huge pine tree, where it sort of stuck and then slipped down on its right wing stump, cutting away all the heavy branches. An almost unbearable noise of shattering material and branches rang in my ears. I closed my eyes and cramped myself into a fetal position. My life was over and I knew it. There was no fear, no panic, no recall of the past, not even hope or sadness – just plain bewilderment. The glider crashed to the ground in a final shriek of crushing metal. Then silence.

I was sitting upright, quite a distance away from the wreckage. How I made it there I don't know. The first things that came to me were the singing of the birds and an almost unbearable headache. The birds could well be residents of heaven but what about the headache? "Life after death isn't that different, after all," was the first thought I could remember. Then the desperate screams of two men – the two hikers who had waved to me sometime ago – digging through the wreckage in search of victims brought me back to reality. Aware of the wreckage, I jumped up and ran uphill despite the completely mutilated muscles in both of my legs and the blood running down into my eyes, blinding me. The two hikers couldn't figure out where this screaming woman came from as she stumbled over rocks toward them. Who are you? Where is the pilot? I understood their questions surprisingly well, but I could not answer. I didn't even remember my name and had no idea where I came from or where I wanted to go. I just felt sheer and unexplainable panic, but absolutely no pain at all – even the headache had inexplicably disappeared. I only wanted to flee from the horrible scene. When the two well-trained hikers finally calmed me down, I collapsed, on top of the mountain. Nature indeed has a wonder drug in its store: adrenaline!

Down at the airport my husband, Herb, a glider pilot as well, was waiting to be towed up when he heard the agitated voice of another pilot high up over the mountain ridge. He had just spotted the wreckage that looked like the leftovers of a glider. All the glider pilots in the air were ordered to answer and to land immediately. Herb knew that my radio was not working. When all the other gliders came down, -all but one – he realized in a shocking instant that it was me up there on the steep rocky mountain ridge where there was no way for an ambulance to get to me.

Thanks to his experience as an officer in the Swiss Civil Defense Force, he knew what to do. He sent for a rescue helicopter, which found me right away and brought me down to the local hospital.

It took me a long time to get back to normal. My sight was impaired: I had to learn how to write again, to walk straight, and to speak in understandable sentences. Now after several years I'm almost whole. What did not come back was my former self-confidence. I have never flown a glider on my own again.

What can one learn from this accident? Never overestimate the value of your senses! You need a working airspeed indicator, even if you are an experienced pilot. Dive brakes that don't lock in properly are a no-go item for a glider. Do not neglect "little" things like certain malfunctions you think are not that important! Taken together, they are! Accidents often happen as a result of more than only one unlucky coincidence. And flying as slowly as possible just to stay up longer doesn't keep you up in any case, especially when you are too low to survive the slightest miscalculation. Check your pilot's Operating Handbook for best speed to fly.

(Ursula Wiehl is a glider pilot and a flight attendant living in Switzerland.)

Discussing this accident with Mary Cowie who owns and flies the only Ka18 in the US, Mary mentioned that she would like to know what caused the accident. I set out to find contact with Ursula and it was WSPA member Anna Dobrin Schippers who found the home page and therefore the e-mail address of Ursula's husband, a physicist I contacted Ursula and here is her response.

"thanks for your reply to my article. Well, even I would like and always wanted to know the reason for this shattering sound I described in my article. After the accident I had 2 meetings with a group of experts of the SWISS FAA in Bern. They tried to find the cause of the accident and the source of this strange noise I had heard. There were only guesses: Maybe the speed was so slow, that the rudder slammed from one side to the other due to a wind gust. It could have been a big bird that had hit the back of the plane and the sound of this could have distracted me. I remember that I tried to look back. Maybe by turning my head as far as possible and with it my back I might accidentally have pulled the stick backwards (nose up). Nobody was and will ever be sure. The final statement of the accident-report by the Swiss FAA said, " a series of "unhappy" coincidences lead to the crash. Remember the dive brakes that could not be properly locked, the speedometer that was stuck, and my lack of sufficient experience with this new airplane and its property of turning suddenly sidewise when flown too slowly. According to the final statement of the Swiss FAA there were no broken cables found.

I am still so very thankful that I survived this crash and I still feel sorry for one of my colleagues who was killed while flying the same type of airplane - not too far away from where I crashed. This poor man did not have the luck of two attentive hikers and a husband who organized help right on time. My colleague was found dead quite some days after the crash

I'm sorry not being able to give you the exact cause for my accident. What I wanted to tell my fellow glider pilots: Do not neglect details that seem to have no significance. Added up, they may lead to serious consequences. Do not hesitate to contact me if you have more questions. "

Our e-mail exchange didn't stop here. It was my husband who had a question after we discussed the accident: "How heavy and how tall is the pilot?". I told Ursula about a frightening experience in our Ka8 when I had changed my customary seating arrangement. Ursula answered:

"I think that you are right assuming that my weight and sitting position mattered a lot in my accident. At that time I weighed about 135 pounds (American pounds!) and my height is 5 feet 7 inches. What I had forgotten to mention was the lack of a lead cushion. I was told that I was just "borderline" weight-wise and to fly without so I flew nevertheless. I also remember that I had to put the seat as much forward as I could to reach the pedals, as my legs are not that long. Very interesting what you experienced! Nobody so far ever mentioned that the sitting position could have such a meaning. Not even the Swiss FAA ever questioned this. An aspect really worthwhile looking into! Thinking everything over I could have flown too slow all the time without knowing it as the speedometer line was blocked by dirt. Turning backwards and being distracted was probably all it needed to fly even slower what could explain the reason that there was no resistance on the rudders and therefore steering was not possible anymore..

Quite stunning that after some years an American lady glider pilot can answer questions I had had for a long time!!! Thank you for helping to solve this mystery that bothered me for years to the point that I gave up flying gliders. A fact that I still regret".



Although this brochure is too late for the '05 season, anybody interested can check if the tours are available in '06

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