



Hangar Soaring

Feb. 2019

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WOMEN SOARING
PILOTS ASSOC.

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for a Woman



Chet Gottfried

*Fly like an Eagle
and
have a safe
2019 Soaring Season*

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PILOTS ASSOCIATION
(WSPA) WAS FOUNDED IN
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WITH THE SOARING
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Badges

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President's Note



Winter greetings to all the WSPA members and associates! It is an honor, though somewhat of a surprise, to begin the 2019 soaring season as your new president. You have elected a dynamic, talented and experienced group of ladies to lead our organization. This is a team full of enthusiasm with great ideas for the future. However, all except Mary Rust (now volunteering for her 10th year!) are new to the board. We are incredibly grateful for her assistance as we learn our duties and begin the exciting work of making WSPA even better than it is already. Mary kindly agreed to return to the difficult and essential job of treasurer if I would take on the duties of President. Please be patient as we get up to speed.

Warm thanks to our outgoing Board members; Charlotte, Alexis, Joan, Laura, Lora and Elke; for their hard work. I would be remiss not to also thank Frauke for her continuing outstanding work with "Hanger Soaring", Phyllis for her work with scholarships, Charlotte for hosting the 2019 seminar, and the many other volunteers on committees who keep WSPA strong. We are eagerly anticipating this year's annual WSPA seminar hosted by the Saint Louis Soaring Association in Highland, Illinois over the first week of July.

Charlotte Taylor, our hostess, and Valerie Paget, our new VP, are busy ensuring another fantastic flying opportunity for all of us. This is a unique chance to network with other women who share your love of powerless flight while progressing in an atmosphere of enthusiastic mutual support. Pre solo instruction, work toward a glider rating, badge legs, or cross country challenges - it is amazing how much you can learn and grow in a short period of time. Plus, in case you have never attended before, this group really knows how to have fun! I will be there with my LS 8 hoping to entice others to venture out on Cross Country tasks with me; so consider bringing along your (or your Club's) glider. Details on the event are elsewhere in this newsletter. Sign-up will be available soon on the web site. Hope to see you there.

Remember to support our Women's World Glider Championship Team.

Sarah Arnold, Kathy Fosha and Sylvia Grandstaff will be representing the US at Lake Keepit, Australia in 2020. They have just returned from the pre worlds at that site. We have \$4000 in the fund so far. All donations to WSPA are tax deductible. Donations can be made by Pay Pal or mailed to:

treasurer@womensoaring.org; 26630 Garrett Ryan Ct, Hemet, CA 92544



From the editor

This column does not originate from this editor's pen. "What's the Point?" is a permanent feature of the Blue Ridge Soaring Society's (BRSS) newsletter UPS & DOWNS. The topic applies to any club, soaring organization and location.

Groups at NCI (New Castle International, home of BRSS) are a burden and a blessing. What's the point?

Periodically, organized groups come to New Castle for introductory glider flights. In recent weeks, a church youth group, a car club and the Tech aero-engineering academic fraternity, all from Blacksburg, were on the field for a day. In all, roughly forty flights were accomplished.

What a burden! The demand on members is not insignificant: specific arrangements must be made for tow pilots, glider pilots, relief pilots, two seat gliders, safety briefer, ground crew, releases, passenger sequencing, Blue Book logging and balancing the books at the end of the day. It takes a great deal of effort to make it all happen. What a blessing! It is an important element of our community involvement; the pilots get flight time without tow charges and the club gets an injection of income. (there are always more flights than would otherwise happen.) The overwhelming benefit, however, is the fact that so many people are exposed to the joy of soaring. Almost without exception, it is a thrill for the guest and everyone who flies is guaranteed to tell family and friends of the experience. For just the three recent groups, hundreds more now know about soaring and BRSS. This exposure is of inestimable benefit to our club and our sport. Support the group effort and enjoy HAPPY LANDINGS!

Frauke

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)

Good news- a team is working on a new and improved web site. There will be a more user-friendly mainframe with electronic scholarship applications and membership list. We will keep you posted on progress.

As I watch the snow falling on northern Pennsylvania, I contemplate how I will set and achieve my soaring goals for the new season. Fly my gliders more, learn more about my instruments, focus more in contests and improve my performance, plan more organized lessons for my students.

Now is the time for study, review, maintenance, and planning. Spring flying will be here before you know it! Set your goals now and let's be ready!

Cathy

Plan to Attend the 2019 Seminar

This year's Seminar will be held during 4th of July week in western Illinois, in grass field flying country - Illinois is called The Prairie State for a reason. The Seminar is hosted by St. Louis Soaring Association, which moved from its original Missouri home some 40 years ago to more open spaces. And, we still have plenty of those open spaces with both paved and grass fields scattered over the landscape every 10-15 miles. The nicest of these grass fields is the Howard Blossom Gliderport (H07), and if you haven't flown on grass, well, you really should try it.

I have been to a number of Seminars over the years, and it is amazing how different each flying site is not only in the land and conditions, but also in how the flying operation runs. Know before you come that St. Louis Soaring is a non-profit club and we take both of those words very seriously. Seminar attendees will be members of our club for the week, and that brings privilege and responsibility. Our club members do everything associated with the flying as volunteers, which means that you Seminar attendees will be helping alongside our regular members with ground crewing, moving planes in and out of the hangar, looking for a charged battery on the shelf, and anything else needed. We operate like this because we think the ground stuff is an integral part of glider flying, so everyone should know how to do it without stopping to remember what they read, and we believe, that if you are capable of flying a glider then you are smart and responsible enough to handle the ground work. We also do it because it reduces costs and you should find our flying charges reasonable. The privileges you get as a club member include flying our whole glider fleet, even the new K-21 delivered last August, at member costs. (But FYI: no, none of you can fly the tow planes, those are not available to our own members in general either.)

The soaring conditions in our area are flatland, Midwest air. Your stick and rudder skills are very important here, and if you haven't been using them carefully in dynamic conditions elsewhere, here is a good time to see how you are doing and tighten your touch. We do long XC's here too, no worries, and one of my goals for Seminar attendees who have not gone XC is to try it out here by going to the next grass field, 15 miles east, and landing and we will come and tow you out. The first time you land somewhere you haven't flown out of before is when you start to flex your wings, and this is [relatively] forgiving country for trying it out.

The Seminar dates are 1-5 July, 2019, and more information is up on the Seminar tab of our womensoaring.org web page. Registration forms will be coming soon, if you do not find them when you check. For questions, special requests, and additional information contact the organizers at Seminar2019@womensoaring.org, or me at Charlotte@womensoaring.org.

See you there then, Charlotte Taylor

In Memoriam

Wolf Elber 1941-2019

Wolf and his family came to the US in February 1970 and joined the Tidewater Soaring Society in May that same year.



Wolf had a distinguished career first with NASA and later with the US Army. His professional accolades are immortalized on the Internet and in technical publications.

Few know about his contributions to soaring. He, in conjunction with Steve Sliva, wrote the first display scoring program for the 1982 Nationals in Elmira, NY. For the first time, this program made it possible to see schematically the location of pilot's land-out places. It was a great hit with crews and the pilots who had already returned to Harris Hill.

A year later, he wrote the program for the ground start-clock that was used during the 1983 World Championships in Hobbs, NM. He also was one of the three scorers at these World Championships. He tinkered with home-calibrating variometers using the car manifold and home fridge. In the early eighties, he developed a thermal sniffing sensor that Helmut Reichmann in his plane and Frauke in their Ka8 test-flew. It worked, but too slowly for practical use then. It was about 20 years ahead of its time.

He was an avid supporter of Women Soaring (no wonder, it was a woman, who got him into soaring) and attended about 20 WSPA seminars together with his wife Frauke. At the seminars he was known as mister-fix-it all, especially non-functional toilets. For his efforts in this field, he was awarded the "Golden Plunger Award" (not mentioned on Google).

Over the years he owned a Ka 8, a Libelle, and an ASW 20 and was always willing to share the planes with others. For 10 years he flew in the Senior Championships at Seminole Lake Gliderport.

On January 12, 2019, three weeks before his and Frauke's 50th wedding anniversary, he took off for his last flight.

Good Finish, Whisky Echo

Donations in his honor may be made to the WSPA WWGC Fund. treasurer@womensoaring.org; 26630 Garrett Ryan Ct, Hemet, CA 92544

Coming Home Again

by Alice Palmer

I am first to arrive at the Black Forest Soaring Society hangars on this cold, but sunny late November Sunday morning. There had been a few inches of snow overnight, and the soft eight-inch drifts against the hangar doors give evidence of strong winds during the storm.

It was the day for my quarterly ground operations duty, a volunteer activity required by our club as a way of keeping operations going without hiring paid staff. I don't mind these days—it gets me out in the fresh air, pulling gliders around and getting them launched. I get to talk with friends and see our students as they progress toward solo or check out in a new type of ship.

Winter can be tough though. It's about 20 degrees this morning, with a gentle northwest wind. I am prepared with plenty of warm clothes in layers, something I learned from many mornings like this in my past.

I turn up the heat in the building before the other pilots and instructors arrive. It isn't long before Raul breezes through the door with his 14-year-old student pilot Dylan. After several days of strong crosswinds, today is looking promising for Dylan to get a few more solo flights under his belt.

Dylan is one of several young pilots in our club. Seeing his excitement as he soaks up knowledge at that age brings back my memories of learning to fly as a teenager. That led to my very first job, working at the gliderport reception desk and later working on the ground crew, essentially the same job I'm doing as a volunteer today. My first gliderport job is still, in some ways, the best job I've ever had.

From the front desk and ground crew I grew into other gliderport positions, including giving rides, instructing, and eventually managing the entire operation for the club. That was 30 years ago, when we had just moved north to Kelly Airpark from our long-time home at Black Forest Gliderport near Colorado Springs. We moved the operations building and the hangars from the old location. In a sense we carried the spirit of the original Black Forest Gliderport with us to the new site.

So this cold morning brings back a flood of memories of similar cold days, pulling gliders out of the same old hangars, with the same old creaky hangar doors that somehow stay together and function in spite of cold, age, and less TLC than they deserve.

With only one person working ground duty, it can be hectic on a busy day. Winter operations are much calmer. Although I stay busy all day, we have, at most, only two gliders flying at a time.

I have time to enjoy a few of the delights of the day: Dylan asking me to rate his landings from 1 to 10; newly licensed Vitaliy flying with Ingo to check out in the ASK-21 so he can give rides to friends in something other than the trainer; and watching one of the Airpark homeowners on his ATV pulling an inner tube around the snow with his little girl, angel-splayed on top, squealing with delight.

At the end of the day, towpilot Clay refuels the towplane in preparation for the next flying day, and I help the pilots put the gliders and towplane away. They are done and can head home, but I have a few tasks to finish up including collecting the trash and getting the building shut down.

As I get ready to leave, I linger a bit and think about the pilots from all over the world who spent time in this building over its 50 years, in both locations. I think of the struggles we went through during our move to this site and the challenges and successes the club has had over these many years. What we work hard to build endures. I feel grateful on this Thanksgiving weekend for the chance to be part of it all.

I lock the door and turn to head back to my truck as a strong sense of déjà vu sweeps over me. Looking out at Pikes Peak just at sunset, I am 30 years younger, again the last to leave after a fun and successful winter flying day.



DIAMOND FLIGHT!

Dave Bachler proposed to his girlfriend, Dr. K. LeAnn Yoda, on Saturday, November 3rd in the ASK. His proposal was a complete surprise!

Here are a few of Dave's words on their wonderful flight:

Wow! What a rush life can be...Saturday, 3 November 2018, was the day that my future bride, Dr K. LeAnn Yoda, officially accepted my proposal and said "Yes!" at 10,000 feet MSL while we slipped through the winter skies above Kelly Air Park in the club's ever-popular and capable ASK-21.

During the launch/tow phase, the air was brisk and refreshing, the winds were a bit gusty, but well within the runway direction and cross-wind limits of the glider and tow. As we went higher on tow, I shared a few poetic thoughts with LeAnn before releasing in a wide open area free of clouds, at 10,500 feet MSL. The clearing turn revealed a stunning view of the mountain vistas with just a dusting of snow to highlight their multiple facets.

I then executed a gentle negative-G, wings-level, "bunt." During those few exhilarating, precious moments, I floated the ribbon-decorated box forward to LeAnn in the front seat as she exclaimed delight in the view and the sensation of weightlessness.... I also called her by her full name and asked her if she would join me on a lifelong "diamond" flight and be my wife....happily, she said "Yes!" before even taking time to open the box. Whew!

As we approached the airfield, I amended the standard traffic advisory call by stating, "Black Forest Ground, Glider 77, Diamond Flight, mission success." A heartfelt "Congratulations" came in reply over the CTAF frequency....

I decelerated and stopped the beloved ASK precisely at the midfield cross-taxiway where we were greeted by a small but happy group of club members each clutching silver (plastic) champagne goblets and bottles ready to open.



After Flight Celebration



Dr. K. LeeAnn and Dave Bachler after the "Diamond Flight" (photos by Ed Anderson)_

WSPA members Sarah Arnold, Kathy Fosha and Sylvia Grandstaff participated in the Pre-World Championship in Lake Keepit, Australia. This practice run was held in conjunction with the 38th Australian Sports Class National competition. In 2020 the Women's World Championships will be held at the same site.

The following are snippets from John Good's on-line reports from this competition.

Day 1

The first competition day at the 38th Australian Club and Sports Class Nationals, doubling as pre-world competition for next year's WWGC, was slightly less hot than yesterday, but still offered strong lift to over 10,000'. Some blue areas offered challenges, but in general pilots found fine soaring conditions and achieved good speeds. Kathy Fosha and Sarah Arnold took 5th and 6th places; Sylvia got stuck for a while near the final turnpoint, but finally dug herself out and finished the task.

Australia holds its own in any competition for interesting place names. Most of the great ones originate with the aboriginal residents here (whose history goes back some 65,000 years). Here are some mellifluous samples from the Lake Keepit task area:

- Ghoolendaadi
- Coonabarabran
- Coomoo Coomoo
- Warrumbungles
- Coolaburragundy River

Moolun Moola Mountain

Kangaroos remain much in evidence at the airfield – hordes occupy the runway at dusk. Several mothers have appeared with sizable "joeys" (young of the year) in their pouches, which are a popular photo subject among first-time visitors here. (Australians are about as likely to chase photos of kangaroos as a New York city resident would chase photos of rats.) They seem entirely inoffensive apart from their inclination to block the runway, to leap into the path of cars, and to deposit their droppings everywhere.

Less benign are redback spiders and the eastern brown snake. The former – readily found in hangars here – is similar in size and markings to the black widow spider, except for a larger red mark on the female's back, and worse venom. (In general, dangerous animals in Australia are more dangerous than their counterparts elsewhere.) This is definitely the case for the eastern brown snake, whose venom is rated the world's second most deadly among land snakes. (Will it surprise you to hear that first place is taken by another Australian species – the inland taipan?) Eastern brown snakes are regularly seen here – I hope to get a picture of one.



With help from the intense New South Wales sun, I've discovered the concept of the inverse shower. Normally, you start your shower by turning on the hot water – but you don't jump into the water stream right away: the water will initially run cold, so you must wait until it warms up. During evenings in our cabin at the Lake Keepit Sport and Rec center, you invert this: the first step is to turn on the cold water – but you don't jump into the water stream right away: the water (trapped in pipes that run through a sun-baked wall) will initially run dangerously hot. It soon cools down just a bit, and you jump in. The water eventually becomes pleasantly cool, but never cold. A few minutes later you finish a refreshing shower, never having had



to touch the hot water tap.

Sarah finished 6th, (6th) Sylvia 11th (10th) and Kathy 5th, (8th) (cumulative score in parenthesis)

Day 2

Kathy Fosha had what was probably the most notable flight of the day, though unfortunately not the most successful. She made reasonable progress to the northern turnpoint, but like many found conditions there deteriorating. She got stuck low for quite some time, and for a while was looking at a likely landout. She finally climbed away and headed south, only to have both her batteries – and with them her flight recorder – fail when still 100km from home. Then began a long struggle to stay in the air and make progress using only her mechanical vario. In this she eventually prevailed, finally landing back at Lake Keepit not long before sunset.

Sailplanes are not the only craft currently engaged in motorless aviation in this part of the world. About 20 minutes drive northeast of Lake Keepit is the town of Manilla, near to Mt. Borah which is famous for paragliding. Each day we have seen paragliders working the same strong thermals that attract gliders. In late afternoon it's not strange to encounter a paraglider pilot by the side of the road, seeking a ride back toward Manilla. This apparently is standard procedure: launch and soar (downwind), then land (hopefully near a road where cars can be expected), hitchhike home, eat, sleep, repeat.

Manilla was the site of the 2007 world paragliding championships. The practice period for this contest saw one of the most amazing and miraculous events in the entire history of human flight. On one task, a pair of thunderstorm cells formed on course. A few pilots thought it might be possible to fly between them, but they merged, and a German pilot – Ewa Wisnierska – was sucked up into the resulting "supercell". She passed out due to oxygen deprivation and spent about an hour unconscious, during which she suffered bruises from huge hailstones and serious frostbite. Her flight computer recorded her altitude, which reached 32,600' – well above what is normally considered nonsurvivable. The temperature was around minus 50 F. The storm cell eventually spat her out, she regained consciousness at around 15,000' and was able to land. Though in rough shape, she was able to talk to her teammates by mobile phone and give her coordinates. After a quick rescue and a short time in hospital, she was discharged and on her way to a full recovery.

Sarah 7th (5th), Sylvia 11th (11th), Kathy 10th (9th)

Day 3

My discussion of airfield denizens covered snakes, spiders and kangaroos, but failed to mention the most prolific and annoying one: flies. These look like a housefly at half size, and apparently never bite. But they make a hobby of buzzing around your head and landing on your face. It's a serious matter to engage in any job that requires two hands for more than 5 seconds, as these critters must constantly be shooed away. Here at Lake Keepit they are less numerous and troubling than I've seen elsewhere in Australia, which is to say that they are a considerable nuisances.

Comment on the web page:

a solution to the fly problem: take a wide-rim hat, attach strings to the front of the rim reaching down to about your mouth. Put corks at the lower end of the strings, move your head frequently from side to side and bingo: you have your hands free and at the same time shoo away the flies.

(from someone who is married to a quasi Aussie)

Sarah 7th (6th), Sylvia 8th (9th), Kathy 11th (11th)

Day 4

Amongst the land-outs was Sarah, who after a fast flight couldn't get the altitude necessary for a penalty-free finish and ended up landing

about 15km out, in a huge & beautiful field – pretty much the last good landing choice between there and home (if you discount the shores of Lake Keepit). I soon had the trailer hooked up and ready to go and found local expert Ian Downes to show me the short way (via several semi-obscure gravel roads).

We soon reached Sarah and her Cirrus, who reported that much walking had not turned up any evidence of a gate. (This seems typical of Australian paddocks: huge, with limited access.) We guessed that the gate was probably on the far side, a couple of kilometers drive away. The wisdom of having Ian along then became apparent: he is a towpilot here, flying his own Cessna 180. The Lake Keepit Club towplanes are not authorized to do paddock retrieves, but Ian can – and volunteered to do so. We decided that it was too late to complete that mission in the remaining daylight, so made the plan to meet at 7:00 for an early morning retrieve.

Sylvia also outlanded (also after a good flight), a good deal further from home. Her initial report was that this might be a “carry out” retrieve, her paddock offering no evident access. Fortunately, in the time it took husband Hugh to drive there, she did manage to find a gate, and the retrieve proceeded normally. They were back on the airfield by 10 pm, and found that dinner had been saved for them.

Sarah 3rd (6th), Sylvia 10th (10th), Kathy 8th (9th)

Day 5

Update: The morning aerotow went smoothly. It was a 6-minute flight out in the C-180, and a 7-minute flight back in the Cirrus. The morning wind was ideal for the takeoff – though probably unnecessary, given a smooth surface, a light glider, a powerful towplane, and 4000' of runway. The only issue was a powerline, but this was close to the glider, so easy to stay underneath.

Due to a severe drought in the contest area, there is no Lake Keepit, just a river, which is good for the gliderpilots

Sarah 6th (6th), Sylvia 10th (10th), Kathy 7th (9th)

Day 6

Though the forecast was for light winds, in fact they were northerly and moderately strong. This made the turnpoint at the peak of the mountain (4800 ft) a serious challenge. A number of pilots got stuck there, low and downwind of the mountain. This led to a desperate struggle to climb high enough to penetrate upwind and reach the peak. For a couple of pilots, including Sylvia, it didn't work and they landed (safely) in the low ground south of the mountain. Sarah was among those who succeeded at last, at the cost of a good half hour.

About 300 km of flying remained, including a long upwind leg to return home from the south. Conditions were variable – all pilots had some good climbs and some worrisome low struggles. In the end, glider performance proved crucial on the upwind leg: none of the lower performance gliders were able to get home. Included were Kathy and Sarah, who landed west of Lake Keepit after long struggles to stay aloft. The key for most finishers was to connect with a convergence east of the course line that was the last place to find reasonable lift late in the day.

Sarah managed to reach the airport near the town of Gunnedah, and thus was eligible an aero retrieve. It was her second of the day, one at 7:30 am, the other at 7:30 pm.

Dinner was make-your-own pizza night at the home of Bob & Jan Dirks, just a few km from the airfield. If there were an Australian hall of fame for the mechanically adept, Bob would likely be a member. He is the go-to guy when something unusual needs to be fabricated or a difficult problem requires a clever solution. His house and elegant shaded yard (in this area, a yard needs shade to be elegant) is the perfect place for a pizza party for dozens of hungry glider pilots and crews – not least because of his self-designed, wood-fired, outdoor pizza oven.

This formidable construction is large enough to pass for part of a steam locomotive, but in fact was carefully designed and built to bake

bread – a dozen or so loaves at a time. For pizza duties, he has installed a sort of lazy susan made of thick steel, on which sit eight pizza stones that cook eight pizzas at once. Armed with a pizza peel, a flashlight, a thick oven-proof glove and much experience, Bob tended the oven all night, consistently turning out perfectly browned crusts. The oven requires 7 or 8 minutes to do this, which is a short time when Bob is the entertainment. (If you seek long periods of silence or dull stories, Bob is probably not the man you want nearby).

Sarah 7th (6th), Sylvia 10th (10th), Kathy 6 (8th)

Day 7

Lake Keepit has thus far delivered the kind of soaring conditions that the most optimistic would have hoped for: lots of heat, plenty of cumulus clouds with high bases (often reaching 9000' above valley elevations), strong lift and thus excellent cross-country speeds. This is largely attributable to a serious drought currently plaguing much of eastern Australia.

The local lake gives stark evidence of this: it's currently a huge, mostly dry depression filled with both grassy plains and extensive smooth dirt. At its lowest point lies a minor body of water, a few hundred acres in area and probably with a maximum depth not much more than 20 feet. Large number of pelicans are found here; presumably the remaining fish are still enough to keep them fed and are likely easier to catch than when dispersed throughout a much larger body of water.

Farmers, ranchers and probably many others are no doubt hoping this drought will soon come to an end. Glider pilots are (quietly) hoping it continues.

Sarah 3rd (6th), Sylvia 11th (10th), Kathy 8th (8th)



The once Lake Keepit

Day 8

Sarah had a good flight today. A brief wave climb gave her the chance to start 1000' higher than others, though earlier than she was planning to. The extra height was too tempting to resist, so she flew the task mostly alone, staying ahead of the pack and finishing second for the day.

Sarah 2nd (6th), Sylvia 8th (10th), Kathy 9th (9th)

Day 9

It was a really good day for Sarah – her first day win. She started after most of the Club Class gliders, picked a good line to the first turn area, and managed to stay well connected to strong conditions throughout the flight. Her choice to make good distance to the southwest proved to be the right one – pilots who cut this area short had to be content with weaker conditions later in the flight. Finishing third, second and then first on the past three tasks is a notable result, especially in view of the quality of the field here.

Lake Keepit is very much in the countryside – shops and restaurants

are not close by. To address this, the club has offered meals every evening, which have been extremely well received. We eat outdoors (evenings are always warm) with a pleasant view of the runway and its inevitable dozens of grazing kangaroos (who also find the Lake Keepit Soaring Club a pleasant choice for dinner).

Sarah 1st (6th), Sylvia 9th (10th), Kathy 11th (9th)

Day 10

Our US pilots collectively turned in an excellent performance, with Sarah second, Kathy fifth and Sylvia ninth, all with good speeds. Notably, they all got safely on the ground and had their gliders secured ahead of the problem winds (though not by much).

Sarah 2nd (6th), Sylvia 9th (10th), Kathy 5th (9th)

Day 11

The early start and short tasks proved to be good choices: the predicted afternoon weather problems threatened but held off until nearly everyone was home. Sadly, a dust devil wind event during a landing caused an incident (pilot okay, some damage to glider, including a broken canopy) that mars the previously damage-free record of this contest.

In general, lift was neither as strong nor as high as on most previous days, and speeds were down a bit. It was a very good day for Kathy, who achieved her best daily score of the contest (915 point from a speed just shy of 100 kph – very good going for a Libelle).

Sarah 6th (6th), Sylvia 8th (10th), Kathy 5th (9th)

It's the first time, that the US is fielding a team of three women competing in a World Championship. We can be very proud how well they performed on foreign soil and unfamiliar sailplanes.

Thanks go to John Good, Team Captain for his daily reports.

Please support our team by donating to the WSPA WWGC fund to ease their financial burden when they compete in next year's World Championships



Formula 1 Grand Prix Race

At the time Sarah, Sylvia, and Kathy were flying at Lake Keepit, NSW, Australia, WSPA member Tony Condon was competing at Leeton Airfield also in NSW, Australia in the Formula1 Grand Prix Race also known as f1gp race. His wife Leah was his crew.

Formula 1 is centered around the Club Class handicap of 1.0 which means, the pilots can buy competitive sailplanes for less than \$10,000. Hangar Soaring did not receive a report from this race but found a few pictures on Facebook.



At the recent held Tidewater Soaring Society's banquet Frauke and Wolf Elber were honored having the main club hangar named in their honor



A Woman at the Wind's Whim

By: Allendria Brunjes

The thing about being a journalist is that I have very little time and energy for anything but work, constantly interviewing, reading, writing, editing, taking complaints.

The thing about being a glider pilot is that it forces me to take time away from the office, physically and mentally.

The thing about being both a glider pilot and a journalist is that it combines two loves into one task when I get to write about flying like this.

From the first time I sat in the seat of a glider, I knew I wanted to be a pilot.

My first few flights were with a friend and colleague who was also Canada's Club Class gliding champion. I almost puked from excitement (and a few steep turns in thermals).

Nevertheless, I absolutely loved it. I just loved being near gliders.

Over the next year, I served as his crew at a couple competitions, one national and another international. From watching the SPOT and preparing in-flight meals to de-rigging and re-rigging after a landout, there was nothing I wouldn't do with gusto.

Finally, in March 2016, after years of watching that friend soar at elite levels, I joined the Edmonton Soaring Club (ESC).

I started with ground school, four eight-hour days of learning meteorology, safety, the theory of flight and the parts of a glider. At first, I was intimidated. I had no idea how I was supposed to learn everything.

Moreover, in those early days especially, I wished there were more female pilots on the field and in the instructor's seat. Despite the fact that I had lessons with about a dozen people, I never had a female instructor. I am often the only woman in the club house, and I sometimes felt out of place.

Despite those reservations on my part, the club members – instructors, pilots and other students – are incredibly helpful and kind. Over the course of the past three summers, I have taken flights with many of these people. Each person passes on their knowledge, anecdotes and, quite literally, teaches me to fly.

Jason Acker is ESC's chief flight instructor. A professor of laboratory medicine and pathology at the University of Alberta, he said his position with ESC is a volunteer role.

"I wouldn't put the hours in if I didn't enjoy it," he said. He said becoming a pilot is just one aspect of the club. "It's the camaraderie, the bringing together people with a shared interest," he said.

Westlock resident John Broomhall was in his 35th gliding season this year and is one of the club's tow pilots. He said he has always enjoyed the club atmosphere.

"You always have a group of people to run a gliding operation," he said, adding that a club house was built soon after he joined. "Which made all the difference, just in terms of the lifestyle out there. You could actually bring your families out and have social events out there."

Trevor Finney, an instructor at ESC, said he flies at our club

for proximity, but also because he finds "a great core group of pilots."

"I like the variety of personality," he said. "And the preparedness to look beyond, toward the broad outlook."

One competitive pilot, Bruce Friesen, even lent me his trailer on ESC's grounds when he wasn't around to use it himself. I am grateful not only for this kindness, but for the smiles and stories he shares easily, and for the instruction he so willingly gives to anyone looking for it.

Steve Godreau told me to get back up after a cruddy landing; Guy Blood has supported me on and off the flightline. Steve Chih-rin started a fan club for one of ESC's competitive pilots and invited me to help with the project, and I've loved doing it. Bill Mundy has been working behind the scenes to keep our location and gliders in tip-top shape. Bob Hagen signed the final paperwork for me to be a licensed pilot.

There are just so many good people doing such good work. With help from them (and so many more), I passed my flight test this summer and got my license.

Now I'm looking at improving my flight skills, getting a passenger check and starting on my way to help others learn about the sport as I did. As well, I have signed up to take lessons for powered flight, and one of my motives is to help fly our tow planes one day.

The thing about being a glider pilot is that it is nearly impossible to make it your profession.

One other thing about being a journalist is that we are rarely flush with cash.

The Mid Kolstad Scholarship helped me succeed in getting my license this past summer, letting me concentrate on getting into the sky physically rather than financially.

It made me feel OK coming down if I didn't catch the lift quite right, even though there would be an additional tow fee to get me back in the air.

It allowed me to stay in the air longer when I could, and I didn't have to do mid-flight calculations about how much money I would have left for gas in my car.

It let me concentrate on practicing and improving my soaring techniques, allowing me to study how to be a better pilot.

I really thank the Women Soaring Pilots Association for this fantastic opportunity, and I hope to help other women connect with it in the future.



First 1000 km Flight for a Woman

By Doris Grove

Ed. Note: Almost 40 years have past, since WSPA member Doris Grove made soaring history by breaking the 1000 km barrier for women. Many times this milestone has now been broken due to advanced sailplane technology and by flights in more suitable weather conditions. I hope our newer members will enjoy this reprint and see it as encouragement to strive for higher goals.

Late winter and early spring are ridge season along the Alleghenies, and I check the weather day and night. I also keep track of how many hours of daylight there are each day. I can't tell you how many times during December, January, and February I got up at three or four O' clock in the morning to call the Flight Service Station for the weather. Sometimes I came out, to the airport to see conditions for myself.

About the second week in February I had a slight setback -I slipped on the runway and had a mild concussion. It knocked me out briefly, and I remained dizzier than usual. I stayed down for a few days nursing my bruised brain, hoping the winds wouldn't blow. For a couple of weeks, I didn't fly at all. The third week I flew only with licensed pilots. The next week I started back with student training. I needed all the air time I could get to be strong enough to endure my cross-country flight when the time came.

In March, fronts started coming down from Canada again. During January and February before my fall, Karl Striedieck, who lives a few miles south of Ridge Soaring, had been away much of the time, and it was rumoured he was planning a record flight from Pennsylvania to Florida. I was hoping for a super-great day so I could take off for Florida and beat him. Wouldn't that have been something!

Then came March 11, 1980.

I got up at 4:00 a.m. Winds were strong out of the north-west. Just right for lift along the Bald Eagle Ridge. Out my bedroom window I could see stars and clouds that were moving fast.

I hurried to the gliderport, taking my daughter Rosalie along. I told her that instead of going to school she could come along to help me get ready and run my wing if she would like.

When I arrived at the gliderport at about 5:00 a.m., the winds were strong, about 25 knots. I had made up my mind that I wouldn't attempt the flight unless the winds were blowing hard.

The ASW 19 was assembled. Tom Knauff, my partner in Ridge Soaring, and Rosalie helped me roll the plane in front of the gliderport office. It was still dark, so we put the floodlights on. We put 10 gallons of water and 5 gallons of alcohol in the wings and got the barographs, declaration, cameras, myself, and my gear ready.

It was coming up on 6:00 a.m. All was going well until suddenly everything started going backward. The next 15 minutes turned into 30 minutes. I could have taken off in daylight 15 minutes sooner if I had been better organised. Tom had the towplane ready, but it took time to help me and all my paraphernalia into the sailplane.

Rosalie ran my wing. I towed off at 6:30 a.m., releasing at 6:32 and 1600 feet MSL. The next three minutes were frustrating. I couldn't get the gear up, and I was spending precious energy. I was worried. Would I

have the energy and stamina for the flight? I finally got it up, did a 180°, and started south down the ridge toward Maryland and West Virginia.

Passing Karl Striedieck's place I saw his ASW 20 out, but there was no one in sight.

I bombed down the ridge. It was working fine, though there were snow showers from Tyrone to Altoona, about 50 kilometers out from Ridge Soaring. I got into wave lift at Altoona to 5000 feet and crossed both gaps, Altoona and Bedford.

But Karl took to the air after I passed his place and by the time, I reached Cumberland he had caught up. Karl couldn't make it up to the wave, and I couldn't get any higher because the cloud tops were about 5500 feet. More snow, and visibility was bad.

My choice, rather than losing time trying to get above the clouds, was to put the nose down and head for Keyser, West Virginia, a landmark on the ridge about 190 kilometres out. By this time, I was thermaling. I pulled up in a big one only to go nose down the other side

completely stalled out.

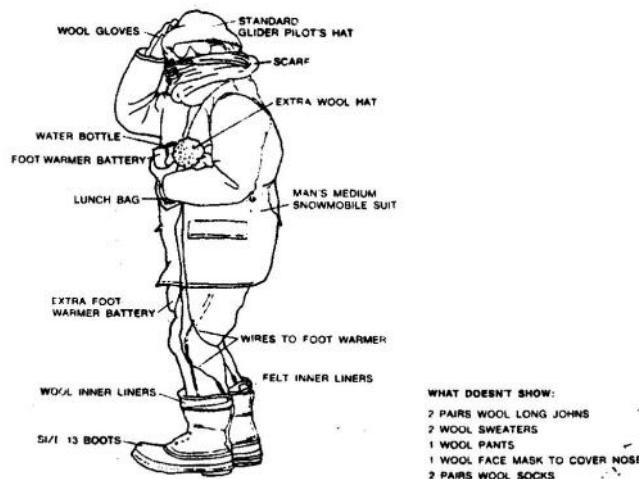
Karl said the same thing happened to him that day. It really felt funny.

I remained relatively high through the Knobblies where the ridge turns into a group of low hills. Below Keyser it was ridge running and then into wave again. This time Karl got into the wave, too. I went to 13,000 feet, my highest altitude of the flight. This was the same place I flew wave on my 454-mile record flight on April 9, 1979. At that height you have to watch closely so you don't lose sight of the ridge; up so high the ridge becomes small, and there are many running along together.

I didn't see Karl again until 360 kilometres out at Mountain Grove, West Virginia. He radioed the new dam had been filled with water. During most of the flight I hadn't paid much attention to where he was, but when I got down to this area, I saw him very low at the north side of the dam. From 6000 feet it was hard to estimate how low he was, but to me he looked precariously low. I was glad it was Karl and not me. He had always made me aware that I was on my own on our other flights, so I thought, *Karl, you're on your own!*

I had never soared the ridge past Mountain Grove, though I had flown in a Cessna with Tom Knauff and the Ridge Soaring gang. We had landed at the airport, eaten lunch, looked at the Fincastle Country Club, the 1000-kilometer tumpoint, and taken off again. That had been two years earlier and we had been flying higher -so the route ahead was quite unfamiliar.

George Vakkur, who made this same flight in 1977, gave me a copy of a detailed map of the Covington, Virginia, area. He had the useable ridges traced in red ink. On this flight I had this map plus my own ridge



Dressed for the occasion

map. This was the first time I had used my maps. At Mountain Grove I took a good look at both of them, especially George's, and decided where I was going. This is a difficult area with no ridge for about 25 kilometers - an area I have studied very much. It paid off.

Onward I went! I was concerned about what had happened to Karl but stayed off the radio in case he was struggling. It really bugs me if I'm low and someone calls me when I need to concentrate. I got through that area with flying colours and looked back to remember what it would look like going home.

I was on the ridge again. I had never been on this section before. It was incredible -about 110 kilometres of unbroken ridge. I put the nose down -120 to 130 knots -tightened my shoulder straps and slid down into my seat to keep my head from hitting the canopy.

Meanwhile, Karl had managed to climb out of his difficulties and was coming again,

About 450 kilometres out I recognised Narrows, Virginia, and the New River, Then I spotted a jog in the ridge called Jesse's Knob, followed by a straight stretch into Bluefield. My thoughts now were, *Gee! I don't have far to go to my turnpoint.*

WRONG!

This ridge went on and on. Finally, I recognized the look-out tower on the ridge right before Bluefield, WV which is a big town, lying long and narrow in the valley floor. You can't miss it.

I remember Karl radioing, "Here it is!"

"No, my turnpoint is farther down the ridge" I said.

"What's your turnpoint?" Karl asked,

"I'm going down to the other country club." I said.

And I kept bombing away at 120 knots. I loved it

I realized that I didn't know what Karl was really going to do here, nor did Karl know my turnpoint. I was aware now that Karl wasn't going to Florida; it wasn't good for him farther down south.

I had two barographs and two cameras along. I took my pictures with the first camera, then the second. The cameras were hand-held, because I'm known to be a lousy picture-taker with my cameras mounted. I pressed my mike button and said, "*Doris get the hell out of here and get home!*"

I put the nose down again, and as the ridge went flying by Karl said, "You sure *must* want to get home."

After this transmission, I couldn't make out Karl's comments anymore. His batteries were down, and his voice was garbled.

I was impressed with how fast I was going. With a quartering tailwind I was back at Covington before I knew it.

Over Covington I wasn't as high as I had been going down -about 4500 feet instead of 6000 feet. I took a few thermals and went up the Mountain Grove ridge. Familiar territory again!

I took the ridge back to Blue Grass, Virginia.

After Bolar Mountain, the ridge goes from a very low to a high ridge. This was my low point and, of course, the scariest. The winds came howling down around the mountain and took me down, too. I had my field picked out. Karl wasn't in sight. I got into an updraft and it took me up without thermaling just as fast as it had taken me down. What a sensation! It lifted me back onto the ridge and before long I was at Seneca Rock, about 250 kilometers out, where I caught wave again to 13,000 feet. This took me back to Cumberland before I went down on the ridge again at Hyndman, where Karl pulled up beside me.

I put the nose down and took the high ridge at Buffalo Mountain. Very garbled, Karl said, "Slow down, it's turbulent!" Then he disappeared down the ridge and went across the Bedford Gap. I had trouble here. Bedford Gap is 16 kilometres wide and every time I tried to cross, I had heavy sink. I got up to 5000 feet again but lost it. I remember looking at the clouds and thinking, *they look great, but they're not cloudstreets.*

Once more I got back to 5500 feet and tried again. This time I made it across the gap just about ridgetop. (I realize now I was getting tired and hadn't read the clouds right at Bedford, but I did know that I pretty much had the record in the bag. I was 100 kilometres from home.)

One more gap to go -Altoona!

The ridge was still working. I got high, left the ridge, took another thermal, and crossed the gap with altitude to spare. Now I was sure I had the record made. I was so happy, I composed a song. I rehearsed it, and when I was within hearing range of the gliderport, I pressed the mike button and sang my song for Tom and his Ridge Soaring crew.

Karl came up out of nowhere again, put up his hands and clapped. I thought he was applauding my song, but as I found out afterward, I wasn't transmitting. My radio was dead. No one heard my song! About 3 kilometres from home I saw the towplane following me. I thought it was Tom welcoming me back. Instead, it was my son Dave with our local newspaper photographer.

I dropped my water ballast and landed at 3:58 p.m. -about nine and a half hours after I took off. I had averaged 65.5 mph.

As I was landing, I saw Tom plus two of my daughters and all of my friends coming out of the office. Tom had been so sure I was going to do this record flight that he had sent out for champagne. Tom popped the cork, it went about 100 feet in the air, and he served my champagne while I was still sitting in the cockpit.

I had wanted this flight much more than any other flight. I was so happy for what I had done! I was the *first* woman to do 1000 kilometres. No one could take that away from me. Someone will probably take my distance record, and that will be good, but no other woman will be the first to do 1000 kilometres. (Doris flew 1000.86 km)



Doris in 2007

How I ever thought I could learn to fly, I will never know.

The morning Rosalie, my youngest of 6 children, left for kindergarten, I decided to do something for myself now, waved good bye, as she got on the school bus, ran into the house for the telephone book and looked up the telephone number for an airport across the mountain. It was a small airport with a little grass runway.

The instructor I talked with on the phone gave me information on learning to fly. I asked him to set me up an appointment to get started. He said, "Oh, I don't teach women to fly". I asked him what he would suggest for me to get started. He suggested that I go to the university (Penn State) which is nearby and take some courses in aerodynamics, meteorology, and aviation ground school. As I look back, he just wanted this "woman" to go away.

Twenty years after my first futile experience at learning to fly, the instructor who had brushed me off on the telephone walked into the office at the gliderport. He talked to Tom at the counter while I was while I was sitting with my back to both of them, filling out a student logbook. "You think I could add a glider rating to my license?" he asked Tom.

Tom recognized him, called me and gave me a wink. "What do you think Doris? Do you want this guy to fly?"

I looked at him and shook my head. "I'm sorry, but I don't teach men to fly!" We all got a big laugh, but I did fly with him, in fact, I spent most of the day with him and got him checked out to fly gliders.

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