



Hangar Soaring

May 2021

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WOMEN SOARING PILOTS
ASSOCIATION.

<https://womensoaring.org/>

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2021 Seniors at 1604 lbs.



This is not an April joke. See Editor's note on the x-
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<https://www.facebook.com/Aerodinv/videos/322971428935929>.

This film clip is from 1922

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

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NATIONAL RECORDS APPROVED

All of Cathy Fosha's previously listed National Record claims have been approved

All U.S. National Records, Female			
5/26/2020	Speed over an Out and Return Course of 300 km	97.16 kph	15 m & Std
All U.S. National Records, Female			
5/26/2020	Speed over an Out and Return Course of 300 km	97.16 kph	15 m & Std
5/28/2020	Speed over an Out and Return Course of 500 km	126.86 kph	15 m & Std
7/26/2020	Free Out and Return Distance	756.82 km	15 m & Std
	Free Three Turnpoint Distance	756.82 km	Std
	Out and Return Distance	756.82 km	15 m & Std
8/15/2020	Speed over an Out and Return Course of 750 km	106.72 kph	15 m, Std, & Open, Single-Place
	Free Triangle Distance	522.17 km	15 m & Std
8/16/2020	Triangle Distance	522.17 km	15 m & Std
	Speed over a Triangular Course of 300 km	105.79 kph	15 m & Std
8/16/2020	Speed over a Triangular Course of 500 km	123.75 kph	15 m, Std, & Open, Single-Place

President's notes



prolonged shutdowns, will make the season even more concerning.

Does everyone on your flight line remember and follow your safety procedures?. Are you current? Are you proficient? Do you know the difference? Do you feel comfortable and confident in the cockpit? How about in a crowded thermal or with a strong wind? How can we safely get through this risky season!?

Our soaring clubs should be leading the way. Most clubs start the season with a mandatory safety meeting to refresh our knowledge of the safety policies and procedures and to get us all thinking about safety. Usually that is a big meeting where members may or may not be listening. This year my club held mandatory small group online (or in person, masked and distanced) safety sessions. Each instructor facilitated a session for 8 to 10 members which included several scenario based safety discussions. Each participant was required to prepare and actively participate. All groups used the same scenarios, and the instructors had a list of topics that must come up in the discussions. The responses were very positive with many requests to continue the new meetings. We also require a dual flight before

(Continued on page 3)



From the Editor

This month's front page takes the word "sailplane" quite literally. And it is NOT an April joke. One of my LifeLongLearning classes at Christopher Newport University was about X-planes, planes that were strictly built as test vehicles incorporating new knowledge and trying out new technologies. Many never went into production but paved the way for many to come. The probably best known are the Bell X 1, the plane that first broke the sound barrier and the X 15 which brought aeronautics closer to space flight. A big surprise for me was when I learned that the Schweizer 2-32 sailplane (Sarah Arnold has one in her fleet) was originally a X-plane under the designation of X-26. For the uninitiated ones: the 2-32 is the only sailplane that can accommodate 3 persons -two thin ones in the back seat. Having now learned the glider's pedigree, I am proud to say: "I flew a x-plane" (the one the Schweizer School in Elmira owned in the late 70ies).

During a recent unexpected hospital stay, I was exposed to the new "Purewick"™ Urine Collection System. Gone were the bed pan, the catheters and diapers. Still in the Emergency Room, I had a Eureka moment. This system with minor modification could be easily adapted for women gliderpilots. During my six day stay, I experimented with the system (I had nothing better to do) and changed the bed position to a position simulating one in a modern glider to check for leakage. It worked great. On the "Purewick"™ web page was the following explanation.

PureWick was developed by Dr. Camille Newton who saw a need for improved continence management without the risks associated with absorbent pads, diapers or indwelling Foley catheters. PureWick is the result of a one

man's love for his wife and a doctor's passion for her patients that led to a new solution helping critically ill, bedridden, wheelchair bound and incontinent women across the country.

The following URL is an audio recording explaining the system. But browse through all the postings on the Internet. One comes with very detailed drawings how to apply the system

<https://www.purewickathome.com/how-it-works/?ReferralCategory=IP&i=1&invsrc=919082>

Here is a call to our engineering minded women to adapt this system for women glider pilots. And with the new soaring season upon us my shout-out is

SEE YOU AT THE AIRPORT

Frauke

Briegleb Scholarship Deadline June 15

It's time to think about attending the Women's Soaring Seminar in Vermont in August! Women glider students of any age, currently taking glider lessons, who want to attend the seminar should consider applying for the Briegleb Scholarship. This scholarship pays for seminar registration and flight charges accrued during the seminar up to \$750. Go to

www.womensoaring.org/scholarships.org for more details and the online application. The deadline for the Briegleb Scholarship is June 15. If you have . Hope to see you in Vermont!

Alice Palmer

(President's notes from page 2)

you get a tow if it has been more than 3 months since your last flight.

We all must work to safely regain our proficiency! Review the club Ops manual. Start the season with one or more dual flights - even if it is not mandatory. Take out those checklists and use them. Do not rush your preflight preparation. Avoid demanding flight conditions until your routines and flight skills are firmly re-established. Set, review and follow your personal limits for winds, minimum thermalling heights, fatigue, stress, etc.

I wish you all a safe and successful spring flying season. No silliness, please

Cathy

In the News

In the April Soaring **Kathy Fosha** writes::

The 2020 season truly was a spectacular soaring summer, setting 21 National and 55CA state records, starting with my 2nd flight in the Discus CS. I look forward to other women breaking the records that are now up on the board. Additionally, I am now part of a partnership in a DuoDiscus, and have my aims set on multiplace records. Goals for the next season.

Al and Susan Simmons finished 2nd place in the recent completed Senior Championship at Seminole Lake gliderport in FL. They won the last day. See Susan's story in this issue.



The x-26, AKA Schweizer 2-32

Women's Soaring Seminar 2021
Margaret Roy and Cathy Keller

Please continue to monitor the WSPA Seminar website page, found by clicking the "Seminar" tab under <https://www.womensoaring.org/>, for status and registration information. Here's hoping!



WSPA Life member **Tom Johnson** who sustained severe injuries in a ground accident at the Seniors is recovering at home now. Hangar Soaring wishes him speedy recovery.

Sarah Arnold has been prominently featured in the EAA Sport Flying magazine..

Team Arnold/Striedieck finished 2nd in the Region 5 South contest

Neita Montague reports

My student, Syd, who is finishing up her private glider with my partner Rob, just won a \$10,000 scholarship with AOPA! My recommendation!!!! So pleased, so excited, so happy for her!

Breaking News

The 2021 World Championship to be held in Germany in which team Striedieck/Arnold was suppose to participate has been CANCELED!



From Great Britain

We have just rebranded from WomenGlideUK to Women Gliding before the Womens World Gliding Championships here in the UK in 2022 at Husbands Bosworth.

"We came into this world as an idea by the British Team during the Women's World Gliding Championship in Germany in 2005. The aim was to encourage more women into gliding, and into competition gliding and the National Team. Since the idea was first conceived Women Gliding has helped several women progress with their gliding up to National Team level, we've organized coaching weeks, winter development day, weekend "compettes". We want to encourage women to take up gliding, and we're a community for anyone who identifies as a woman in gliding. We want to encourage you, support you, coach you, inform you, meet up and build a strong network!

www.womengliding.co.uk"

2021 WSPA Scholarship Recipients

Congratulations to the following WSPA members who have been awarded scholarship funds:



Maayan Shalev from Seattle, WA, has been awarded the \$1500 Mid Kolstad Scholarship. Maayan is an experienced seaplane instructor pilot and has begun her add-on Commercial glider rating. She has taken 11 out of the required 20 solo flights and hopes to move on to a CFIG after completing her Commercial. **Phyllis Wells** will be Maayan's mentor.



Melanie Paradis from the Edmonton Soaring Club in Alberta, Canada, has been awarded the \$1200 Maria Faber Scholarship. Melanie recently completed her Bronze Badge and got recurrent as a glider instructor at her club.

She has flown as one of the pilots on a multiplace Canadian altitude record flight. Melanie will use her scholarship for aerobatic training through her club. **Dani Cerne** will be Melanie's mentor.



Callie and her instructor
Shane Preston

Callie Edsall from the Oklahoma Soaring Association in Hinton, OK, is our \$1200 Sky Ghost Scholarship recipient. Callie has passed her FAA written test and has several solo flights. She will be working on her Private Pilot—Glider certificate this summer, with an ultimate goal of having a career as a commercial pilot. **Judith Galbraith** will be Callie's mentor.

I want to thank our WSPA Scholarship Committee members **Elaine Ernewein, Cathy Keller, Phyllis Wells, and Susan von Hellens**, along with our Scholarship Director and WSPA Board liaison, **Dani Cerne**, for their time and dedication to the scholarship evaluation process.

Alice Palmer
WSPA Scholarship Chair

New WSPA webpage up and running

We have set up our new membership section of our WSPA Webpage. It has been a long time coming, but we are extremely excited about it, since many members have been asking us to share information so that they can contact one another and network.

As a WSPA Member, you will now have your own profile page to login to, pay dues and make changes to your contact information.

Go to <https://womensoaring.org> and click the Login link in the upper blue bar menu.

Your username is: (your e-mail)

Your temporary password is: **will be send to you**

When you set your new profile page up, you will be asked, which information will be available to other members of WSPA only. You will be able to chose from the following options:

- I would like my name, e-mail, and state listed on the WSPA Association roster.
- I would like only my name listed on the roster.
- I would not like to have any information listed on the roster.

Youth under the age of 18 will not be listed on our roster without parental permission. In order for this to work well, we need your participation in this process. Please take a few minutes to set up your profile.

Thank you so much for your participation and cooperation!

WSPA Board of Directors

If you have questions about this process, please contact Ute Kaden at: membership@womensoaring.org

United States Soaring Hall of Fame CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations for election to the United States Soaring Hall of Fame are currently being accepted. The deadline for current year consideration is **June 30, 2021**.

Any member of the Soaring Society of America may submit an individual's name for consideration as a Hall of Fame candidate. Each nomination must be accompanied by a detailed statement setting out the achievements or contributions of the nominee justifying consideration for election to the Hall of Fame.

Please send nominating letters and support material to:

Trafford L. Doherty, Director
National Soaring Museum
51 Soaring Hill Drive
Elmira, NY 14903-9204



Questions? Please call (607) 734-3128.
Email: director@soaringmuseum.org

Nominations must be received by June 30, 2021.

Ed. Note: I found this article in an old SOARING magazine. Ducky McEwen was one of the early , probably even founding members. I don't remember when she left the group or what became of her

It Looks Like A Good Day Tomorrow

By Ducky McEwen



It all began on a Thursday night in September when the front door opened and my husband Dick announced, "I'm taking tomorrow off. It's suppose to be a good day tomorrow."

Now to any normal housewife this statement would have her pondering just what the heck "a good day tomorrow" had anything to do with her husband taking a day off. However, to a soaring couple it could mean only one thing. A good soaring day was in the making.

I'll admit to a silent moan upon hearing this news, as I had planned on golfing with some friends the next day. Although I was disappointed to have to cancel my golf date, my friends were very understanding because they knew I was torn between the two sports, golfing and soaring. They had often heard me say, "Gee, I'm playing lousy, I should have gone soaring." On the other hand, my soaring friends have heard the same thing when I have been "shot down". "Gee, I should have gone golfing".

Getting back to the day in question. After phoning to cancel my golf date, dinner, showering and throwing a couple of things in a bag, packing and gassing the van and after wondering again why we were going to drive for two hours at ten o'clock at night to our hangar in Ionia, we were on our way because "tomorrow looks like a good day".

So, tomorrow became today after a few short hours of sleep. One nice thing about soaring in Michigan is that the lift doesn't start at the crack of dawn so there is time to have breakfast, dress and assemble the ship without a lot of rushing around. At this time of year, with daylight savings still in effect, if we are to have any cu's for the day, we may see a bit of haziness developing around ten thirty or eleven o'clock and by noon, at the latest, we had better be in the air and ready to go if we plan any type of task.

Ours was a typical day! The cu's were beginning to pop and the wind was blowing our hangar doors back and forth. Everything loose was flying all

over the place. A decision was made to put water in our I-35 because of the twenty knot surface wind and it was only noon.

About this time, while we were arguing just who was going to fly and I was defending myself with the statement, "you know you should fly, Dick, because of the trouble I have going against the wind". Dave Nelson pulled up and asked, "who's flying today?" He just grinned and shook his head when I said "Dick" and Dick said "Ducky".

Now you must know that Dave flies the "Scheuman ASW-12" and will fly miles and miles away from the airport if he has at least zero sink.

While Dick was busy winding the barograph, installing it, getting new film in the lone camera we carry and finishing taping the ship, Dave and I were looking at all the streets forming and trying to keep our hats from blowing off our heads.

Dave declared he was going to try a 500 KM flight. I couldn't understand where he was going nor just what he was going to do with all the wind we had kicking up today. After he explained his plans, he said, "Ducky, why don't you do a down-wind dash? Just get in your ship and head out. See how far you can go. On a day like today you could go to Pennsylvania or even to Buffalo, New York". I laughed, called him crazy and went inside to look at the sectional. Dave followed me inside saying, "If you don't want to go that direction, why not just follow the streets and go to London, Ontario or St. Thomas in Canada". I knew then I was safe! I didn't have any charts for Canada, knew nothing of their aeronautical rules or laws and didn't have a clue as to the complications of their custom regulations.

All this didn't phase Dave one bit. He just went to his car and came back with his charts of Canada, saying, "here, use my charts. Here's London and there's St. Thomas. You're always trying to set state records. This should get you a good one". With that he left to go on his own 500 KM flight.

Dick came in and asked what was going on. After explaining Dave's idea to him, he started to pull out the declaration boards. There seemed to be no question then on who was going to be flying on this day! I'd fly but I'd be darn if I'd declare any place in Canada! Instead, I'd try a goal flight about 120 miles away which was a down-wind dash enough. Besides, how did I know if there was even any lift up there under all those streets!

Let's see, water, banana, candy, handkerchief, gum, candy, lipstick, comb, phone money, sunglasses, landing card. "Oh, there goes my hat again." Stop at the john. Drink of water. Tell the tow pilot I've got water on board. Is the rope a good one? Have him be over the airport at release altitude. Is the barograph on? Is the camera wound? Why do I have to take another picture? Oh, didn't I sign the board? I've got ten shots left, right? Help me with my shoulder straps. I'll call after I notch the barograph and after I see how the lift is to tell you if I'm really going to head out on course. Guess I'm ready. Let's close the canopy. Glad we tested the balance of the wings with the water. Positive control check, instruments set. Can't think of anything else to delay this flight, so thumbs up and I'm off, just look at that, it's only a little after one o'clock!

Thank goodness I'm at 800 feet. Plenty of time to dump the water if something does go wrong now. Carrying water always worries me in case I have a rope break on take-off. I takes about two minutes to empty our wings and we aren't suppose to land with water, so what do you do? Do what you have to do but do it very gently I've been told.

Release altitude and right over the airport. Pull, there goes the rope. Turn right. Let's get this notching over with and start exploring the conditions. My gosh, I'm flying straight and level under these clouds and gaining altitude. Great! Now, let's move over here on this side of the cloud and see what happens. Dummy, you've got a west northwest wind, why do you think moving over

here to downwind side of the cloud you'd be in lift? Get back over more to the upwind side. What happens when I go from this street to this one? Yep, like the book says, "sink but good lift under the next street". Okay, now what happens trying to go against all this wind? Right! If I slow up enough, I can fly backward but sure can't make much headway against the wind. It's a downwind flight or just don't leave the airport. Next, how about gaining some altitude. Hmmmm, no problem there at all. In fact, this is the best lift I've had all summer. What the heck, "Kilo Yankee to ground. I'm on my way to my declared goal, St. Clair County Airport". "Kilo Yankee Ground. Great! I'll pack up the trailer and close the hangar. Keep in touch".

Dave, already on course downwind, reports he is miles ahead of me and the streets are working all the way. Bob Krause, who had also decided "tomorrow looks like a good day" is flying ahead of me in his Vega and reports good conditions on course and wishes me good luck. He is keeping in touch with Kilo Yankee Ground (Dick) for me because I'm getting out of range for our car radio. At one point he sees Dick racing along the ground trying to keep up with me and even directs him by saying "okay, Dick, you can pull in now. You're past that car". Bob is on my course flying an out and return to Owosso. We pass one another about fifty miles from our home airport and it's a beautiful sight to see him streaking along so fast. I ask him why he is going so fast and he reports he isn't making much headway going into the wind and that I'm the one that's going so fast.

The towns do seem to be just flowing under my wings. I hardly have time to look at them because after a couple of circles, I'm up to cloud base and back cruising at seventy knots, losing very little altitude, and in fact, actually gaining altitude. I'm having a great time and feeling pretty cocky about this time. I have a slug of water, a piece of candy, open a stick of gum, look at my altimeter and wonder where I lost all that altitude all of a sudden.

I'm approaching the Flint Bishop Airport traffic control area and have to have at least three thousand feet which, naturally, I don't have that much altitude. "Come on, Ducky, you just have to find lift! You can't land at that Airport, and you surely can't turn back. Just look how much you're drifting downwind as it is. Your best bet is to go north of that control area. Darn, this wind must be about thirty knots now. The water ballast helps but it sure makes it harder to climb. Be calm, nice and easy. Wasn't that a bump? Don't look at that altimeter!

Let's just find that bump again. Had to get cocky, didn't you? If I get up again, you can bet I won't let myself get low. I'll hug those clouds'. I'll "Kilo Yankee, this Kilo Yankee Ground, do you read? Wouldn't you know, with all my other problems, I've got to find that mike and answer him! This Kilo Yankee. I read you but I don't want to talk now. I'm in a spot of trouble". Silence. Click, click.

"POW! Boy, there it is! Let's ride this baby to the top! Stop hunching over. This is a good thermal, don't lose it. You only have half of it. Move over a little more north. That's better but not quite it. There, got it! Up, up and away! This is a lot better. Go to the top, five thousand feet. Good enough. Get over the Flint control area and get back on course".

"Kilo Yankee Ground. Can you read?" "I'm fine now. Sorry I was so abrupt". "Read you loud and clear Kilo Yankee, but you're getting way ahead of me. Can you wait for me to catch up?" "Are you kidding? I'll wait for you on the ground at St. Clair County but not in the air". Click, click.

Just where is St. Clair County Airport? I should see Lapeer Airport if I'm back on course. There's that road, there's that drive-in. It should be right here, but I sure don't see it. Never mind, forget Lapeer. You've got a compass heading for St. Clair County Airport. I'm about halfway there but I have to go more south. You could use a bit more lift since you've been crossing streets. Circle now, and "oh my gosh, there's Lapeer Airport back there". You've past it! "Get going, Ducky, you still have to find your goal airport."

You're going the right way, crossing between the streets fast and pulling up in the next street. Circle if you must but keep going. You've been to St. Clair Airport before when you made your silver distance from an airport, which is now a general Motors plant. Just look for some tall towers, some white storage tanks some railroad tracks. You have to be getting close now. I see the towers.

"Hey, Ducky, this is Dave. How're you doing? I've made my turn point and I'm heading home. Are you going into Canada? The streets look real good to the north." "Hi Dave. I'm close to my goal, I think, but I don't think I'll go any farther. That's all virgin country for me over there. How are you doing against the wind?" "Not too good. I've been flying for fifteen minutes and the same town is underneath me. Looks like I'll have a struggle getting home." "Good luck, Dave. Call Dick for me and tell him I'm near my goal and will probably be landing there." Click, click.

I should be seeing that airport. There are the towers. The storage tanks are just

across the water east of the airport, or where the airport is suppose to be, but I'll be darn if I see it! I've plenty of altitude to search for it. This has been some flight. I've never flown in streets for such a long time, nor as far. Didn't spend much time circling like I usually have to do. I know I'm near my goal, but where is that airport? Oh, there it is, off my left wing. I've flown too far south. It doesn't matter. You're going to land anyway, and you'll have no trouble flying back to it. But wait a minute. It's not so late because you didn't take much time getting here. You didn't get lost. You're having too much fun to be tired. The streets are still good. Didn't it say somewhere in the rules that you can take a picture for a goal flight? You really don't have to land. You could take a picture, have your goal flight record, then go on over into Canada to London or St. Thomas.

"Kilo Yankee, this is Dave. Dick wants to know where you are." "I'm over St. Clair County Airport, Dave." "You're going into Canada?" "Think I'll try a picture here, Dave, and if I get back up to altitude tell Dick I'm thinking about going on." "Good, Ducky. I'll relay the message." Click, click.

How am I suppose to take this picture? All I need is a good picture from the right place to prove I was really here. It must be that I have to be on the other side of the airport looking back along the line from where I started. That's the way I'm going to take it anyway. Why must I always lose so much altitude when I take these damn pictures? Must be because I take so many shots just to be sure I get at least one good one. I'm not taking anymore! See if you can get back up to cloud base.

"Ducky, this is Dave. Be sure to look at the lakes while you're up. Never seen them look so pretty. How are you doing?" "Fine, Dave. I've taken my pictures and I'm climbing. Tell Dick I'm biting the bullet and crossing into Canada. You're right, the lakes are beautiful and so are the streets. How are you doing?" "As I said, it's a struggle. I'll tell Dick you're going on." Click, click.

Well, my dear, here you are in Canada! Dig out Dave's charts and try to find either London or St. Thomas. Lifts great, streets are great, speed is great, scenery is great, I'm having a ball! I will stay high under these clouds!

Look at all those lovely fields to land in if you can't find either airport. Just follow this road. It curves here. That little road comes into a funny angle right there. Take a circle or two now. Don't let yourself get low. Boy, what flat country all around. Just look at that lake over there, and, could it be? Is that it? Good gosh, it is. That's the London Airport.

Sure is big. I could just about final glide to it, I think. Hey, don't be dumb, stay high! Anyway, that airport has paved runways going in all directions. Looks like a commercial airport to me. I don't know what all these lines and colors mean from the chart. Think I'd better stay away from that place. St. Thomas Airport looks small, more my style. It's suppose to be south of this road somewhere.

Wait a minute. Straight ahead on this road is another airport. Looks like, maybe, twenty or thirty miles away. Bet I could make that one if I can't find St. Thomas. There's a town over there that should be St. Thomas, and the airport is suppose to be north, south, east, west; yeah, west of town. Oh, Ducky, you do have trouble spotting airports, don't you? Hmmm, lift isn't as strong but with a little work, maybe I could find that other airport up the road. Better circle here a bit. What's that? Hot damn! It is, it's the airport at St. Thomas, and it only has one paved runway. That's for me. I'm going over there now! "Dave, this is Kilo Yankee. Do you read? I'm going to be landing at St. Thomas. Will you tell Dick?" "Blur, blur, blur, you blur, blur, blur."

"St. Thomas. This a glider out of Michigan. Request an airport advisory, please." "This is St. Thomas. The active runway is two-seven, the winds are fifteen to twenty." Don't think I'll ask if that's miles per hour or knots. "Thank you. Is there a grass runway I can use?" "Yes, to the south of the active. What is your number?" "It's N 341, just a minute." My god, I can't remember. Dig out your registration papers and look, stupid. "St. Thomas, my number is N 34136." Read N 34136. Will you want to clear customs here?" Oh, lord, Customs yet! I guess I have to. "Yes, I'll clear customs there." "Can you be here before five o'clock because if you can't, you'll have to pay for overtime to keep the official on the field." "No, I can't make it by five but keep the person on the field for me. I should be there in about ten minutes after five." "What assistance will you require?" I really need all these questions right now! I've got some things to figure out before I land! "St. Thomas, I'll need a truck, or car, with a rope to pull me off your runway." Understand. We will have some standing by."

That takes care of that! Now, down to business. Open these valves and dump the water while you are flying straight and level. Remember what happened to you that time you opened them while you were circling and how heavy that lower wing got before you realized why it was happening. You sure had to stand on that rudder hard to get that wing up. Runway two-seven, which one is that?

Think, Ducky. The wind has been out of the west helping you fly east all day. You land into the wind, so it has to be the one where you land going west. Yeah, that has to be right. Now, the grass runway is south, he said, of the active paved runway, so — north, south — south is on the left side of the runway if I'm landing on two-seven heading west. North, south, east, west — yeah, now I've got that all figured out. They must fly the same pattern here as we do at home. Anyway, that's the way I'm going to do it.

"This is St. Thomas calling that glider. Are you sure you're at the right airport? We have an east-west runway and sort of pie shaped grass pattern with some buildings on the north side. We don't see you!" Will you listen to that! How does he know I have a hard time finding airports? "This is glider N 34136. I've been flying straight and level. but I'll circle and then you'll be able to spot me. I'm north of your airport at about twenty-five hundred feet losing altitude for an approach." Boy, am I trying to lose altitude! Naturally, without water I gained altitude. I've lowered my landing gear, put in thirty degree flaps, and am circling in sink. "Okay, we see you now. You are at St. Thomas." I'm not going to say a thing!

All you have to do now, Ducky, is get this thing on the ground. Make it a good one. Get your air speed right. Do everything by the book. Announce where you are in pattern when you get there. Check for traf — Hey, what's that guy doing over there? He's saying he's going into my airport. Okay, I can wait if I retract my landing gear and raise — "This is St. Thomas. We have a glider getting ready to land. Advise you go around. You are cleared to land after the glider." How about that! The same rules apply here in Canada. Let's go in and get out of that guy's way. "This is glider N 34136 entering a left downwind for runway two-seven on the grass. Glider turning left on final for two-seven on the grass." Looking good, Ducky. Airspeed good for

this wind; a little more flaps, push the stick forward a bit. Fine, but straighten up on that runway a bit more, time to flair, eyes looking ahead. OH DARN! No, forget it. The gear is down. There's the ground, and here's the air, and there's the ground again. Throw in those negative flaps and roll it straight. I'm down, stopped, and in Canada! Now what? Here comes a truck and I haven't even opened my canopy yet. Sure hope they didn't notice that small bounce. I could blame it on the rough runway but guess I'd better not. I'm a guest in this country. Let's just get out of this baby and stretch!

A young man gets out of a big flat-bed truck, reaches in back for a half inch thick rope, asks me where I flew in from, looks at the charts I show him, and says, "That was a nice flight". He's through fooling with his rope, turns, and as nearly as I can figure out, sees my ship for the first time because he says, "Hey, that thing doesn't have a motor!" I couldn't believe he really said that nor could I help laughing when I replied, "No, it's a glider." "I know that but I thought you had some sort of power assist on it somewhere. That was some sort of a flight, hey"

After hooking up to the truck, I warned the driver not to go fast because I had to walk the wing while we pulled the ship to a parking place. Yes, I ran all the way, hollering for him to slow down. He pulled me right up to the Administration Building and parked me behind a turbo-prop plane which was ready to fire the engines. I decided to sit on the wing while he did his thing and got out of there.

Meanwhile, a woman in a uniform walked out of the building, came over to the plane and was inspecting it inside and out and threw me a couple of glances while I was perched on the wing. When it was safe to leave the ship, she said rather sternly, "Follow me!" I grabbed the papers we are required to have in our ships; my license, my goody bag, my landing card, and followed,



YOUTH FLIGHT TRAINING SCHOLARSHIPS

JUNIOR SOARING

The SSA Youth/Junior Committee is now accepting applications for 2021 Flight Training Scholarships. These include pre-solo and post-solo opportunities. Visit <https://www.ssa.org/youth> for more information and applications and applicable deadlines.



THE APPLICATION DEADLINE FOR SSA YOUTH FLIGHT TRAINING SCHOLARSHIPS IS MARCH 31, 2021.



thinking, "Oh boy! Here comes trouble." Inside the Administration Building she turns and says, "We'd better talk in my office." Now I know I've got trouble! We need privacy?

She walks into her office, goes to her desk, puts both hands upon the desk, bows her head, and says, "Oh, let me take my shoes off. My feet are killing me!" I laughed and completely relaxed. I knew then I wasn't going to be in any trouble with this custom lady. As a matter of fact, she didn't know exactly how to fill out the papers she was required to keep, as I was the first glider pilot she had ever had to clear through customs. She was wondering what her supervisor would say about this incident tomorrow.

She admitted feeling a bit foolish, but she had to ask about luggage and firearms. I thought the only thing I had to declare was my banana, but she wasn't interested in that! She asked what happened now. I explained by husband was meeting me here with a trailer. We'd have dinner in Canada and drive back to the States tonight. She gave me a blue piece of paper to show to customs when we got back to the border to prove I had cleared customs earlier. While she was gathering up her papers and putting on her shoes, I came to my senses and asked her to sign my landing card to verify I was here today so that I could claim a Michigan feminine record for distance. After reading the card carefully, she signed it, returned it to me, and said, "Since this is your lucky day setting a state record, I won't charge you for waiting for you to land. I have a commercial flight waiting for me at another airport (London) so I'll just charge the overtime to them. Congratulations. Goodbye".

I was through with customs. I could make a much needed pit stop, wash my face and hands, comb my hair, put on some lipstick and find the airport manager to have him sign my landing card. I asked to use the phone. I didn't

know if Dave had received my last message to relay to Dick. I called St. Clair County airport and left a message for him in case he showed. After using the phone, I asked the only person left in the building, "Is there a wall chart around. I'd like to know how far I flew today?" "You belong to that glider?" "Yes". "It's about two hundred miles, hey." I thanked him then began to wonder how he knew where I had flown from. I hadn't told him. The man walked out and I was all alone in the building.

I dug a couple of quarters out of my goody bag for a cup of coffee. I found the machine took U.S. coins but gave change in Canadian money, so at the rate of exchange, that coffee cost about eighty cents. I sat down and remembered a story Dave told of his landing in Buffalo, New York, flying out of Ionia, and the big deal he had with the news people coming to interview him; men patting him on the back saying, "One helluva flight, fellow!" No motor huh! Can't believe it! Have a drink and come to dinner with us." Well, there I sat with my coffee, my signed landing card, my papers piled next to me, all alone waiting for Dick to find me. Looking out the window, however, there was a swarm of people around my 1-35. One day I may learn why men soaring pilots receive so much attention while whenever I have an out-landing, I have to flash a dollar bill just to get inside to use a telephone. About the only thing I ever get are directions!

"Lady, you looking for a guy with a trailer?" "Yes." "Well, he's outside, hey." My gosh, already? Dick had received my last transmission after all and wasn't at St. Clair County airport. Now I got the big grin, the whoopla, the hug, the pat on the back, the invitation to have a drink and dinner. I even got a big kiss and that is something I never hear the guys talking about when they have an out-landing!

Now I was grinning, talking, explaining and saying over and over, "I can't

believe I'm really in Canada! I can't believe I did it! Let's go outside and take a picture of the glider and me under that maple leaf flag. Did you get the flag? Are you sure you got the flag in the picture?"

When we walked up to the ship, the people around it gave a nod of their head and just walked away. There wasn't much left for us to do but put the ship in the trailer, wash up afterwards, ask for a good place to eat locally, and leave. But now I had a chance to ask Dick if he had any problems coming through the border with an empty trailer. "No, no problem. When the custom lady asked, "What have you got in the trailer." I said "Nothing. I'm just going over to pick up my wife. Her eyes got big and she said, "In that?" After Dick stopped laughing, he explained the situation to her and she said, "Okay, go on."

After dinner we started the trip back to our hangar in Ionia. We thought it would take about five hours. We were about right. At the border, incidentally, we were asked, "What have you got in the trailer?" "A glider." "How long you been in Canada?" "Only a few hours. I just flew over this afternoon." "Did you clear customs?" "Yes, here's my blue paper." "Did you buy anything?" "Only dinner". "Okay, go on". And I had worried about customs regulations!

On the long drive back to our airport, I kept saying how much faster it was to fly the distance than to drive it. Dick on the other hand, said, "Yeah, the trip chasing you was fun. Didn't seem as though it took me this long to drive after you this afternoon."

Very late that night, we pulled into our home airport, tired but happy. We blew our horn from the time we pulled on the field until we arrived at our hangar in a last celebration of the flight. Also, several pilots spend the night sleeping on the field either in mobile homes, trailers, tents, or as we do, in a hangar. We wanted everyone to know we were finally home!

As we were opening a beer and turning on the television to maybe catch the last news and weather report, in walks Dave and Bruce Bagley whom we had awakened. We opened a beer for them, handed a crying towel to Bruce who had to work today, and heard about Dave's flight. No, he didn't make his 500 KM. That west northwest wind that helped me get into Canada was too much even for Dave to buck coming back west. He landed about fifteen miles short of the airport which I think was remarkable! After Dave kidded Dick about taking the day off and then all he did was drive all over the countryside chasing me, we turned out attention to the weather report. It looks like a good day tomorrow!



Have you ever thought about doing a glider competition? Do you wonder what it is like? Well come along with me and I will tell you my story.

March 2020 was the first time I'd ever done a serious soaring competition. How did that happen? The stars, moon, sun must have magically aligned because it hadn't actually been in my life plans. Allow me to give you some background

My husband is the one who is addicted to competition. After we had both gotten our glider ratings in 2010 at age 62, we bought a low performance motor-glider, a used Dimona tail wheel. Then a couple of years later while at Chilhowee gliderport, we happened to meet competition glider pilot Ryszard Krolkowski

Ryszard enthusiastically encouraged Al to order a high-performance glider called an Arcus M so that Al could do competitions. Ryszard also agreed to mentor Al. Consequently, Al placed an order, and we took possession of a brand new 2014 Arcus M glider a couple of years later. I wondered what we were getting ourselves into.

Al and Ryszard began competing at some glider events and had some favorable outcomes: 2nd at Sport Nationals in Uvalde, TX in 2015, and 3rd at Senior Soaring Championship at Seminole Lake Gliderport near Clermont, FL in 2019

Meanwhile, I was content for us to do the annual low-key informal competitions at Parowan, Utah with the Auxiliary Powered Sailplane Association. There we never flew in gaggles of 10 or 15 sailplanes, something I was admittedly afraid of. Thus Al became the undisputed better thermal expert, surpassing my decidedly limited proficiency by leaps and bounds. Nonetheless, I was proud to see how quickly he progressed. I was fairly content to let him pursue the spotlight.

Beginning when we met at age 40, we'd spent more than two subsequent decades competing at numerous windsurfing regattas, working our way up the competition ladder, mostly in the One-Design class. This culminated with my winning the US Windsurfing National One-Design Championship Regatta in 2003 at Worthington, MN, - beating my very competitive husband Al by a mere 1/4 of a point for the national title. While I'd had a lot of fun over the years of windsurfing racing, I was ready to expand my horizons with other endeavors. In 2008, at age 60 I received my private pilot certificate. Al on the other hand had had his private pilot certificate since he was a teenager back in the 1960's. With my ASEL firmly in hand, this little old lady was now on a roll. I continued aviation pursuits by getting my complex/high performance endorsement. Next came my tail wheel endorsement along



2021 Seniors at 1604 lbs. By Susan Simmons

with some spin training in the cutest little red and white tailwheel Citabria that we owned at that time. This was followed by my instrument rating, glider rating, motor glider endorsement, multi engine rating, and seaplane rating. I also took the RVSM course (Aircraft and Operator Approval Documentation) and got training at SIMCOM (simulator training for airplane type) so that I could fly our Pilatus turboprop. I even once flew a Mustang jet and surprised myself with a perfect landing.

As the Senior Soaring Championship was approaching in 2020, Al found himself without his trusty copilot. Ryszard had planned to go to Asia with his wife during the event time. I knew Al preferred to have another pilot with him in the Arcus during competitions. He had never done a competition by himself. I was feeling badly for him and his predicament, not to mention a bit guilty for being a competition wimp because of my fear of large gaggles. I talked to myself and decided to face my fears: I asked Al if he would like me to be his copilot. In spite of my limited experience, Al was all too happy with this offer. For one thing he knew he would get to do 90+% of the soaring because he also knew that I considered him the better pilot. Flying with Ryszard he had to share stick time. I knew demanding stick time would only result in hurting our score. Flying together we'd won in Parowan, Utah in 2017. Therefore, he was familiar with my ability to be an asset rather than a hindrance in the cockpit. He also knew that I was good at being his cheerleader, keeping him focused, telling him to speed up, looking for good clouds, keeping him informed of other gliders I spotted, etc. My offer was accepted, and I was in for the 2020 Seniors.

At the close of the 2020 Seniors Soaring Championship, Al was so pleased that we were in 19th place. He felt more confident about his soaring competence. Finishing in the top 20 out of nearly 60 competitors boosted his confidence. I was happy too but secretly thought that we could have done better. I also was happy to realize that I had really enjoyed doing the event and hadn't freaked out flying in the gaggles. I was eager to try it again in 2021.

This year, the week before the 31st annual Seniors' competition, Grand Prix races took place. Al wanted to do that as a warmup practice since we had not flown the Arcus even once after the 2020 event.

To begin the 2021 saga, we flew on March 3rd from our home in Marathon, Florida to Columbia, SC where we keep our RV and glider/trailer. We then drove down to Seminole Lake Gliderport near Clermont, Florida.

I do not think I'd ever experienced a turf self-launch in the Arcus. I was used to self-launching in Parowan, Utah on the asphalt runway. Turf self-launch was a somewhat unnerving experience since the glider nosed over on the nose skid when Al applied full throttle. Being in the back seat, I felt like I was up in the air ready to cartwheel over as Al seemed to be heading for burial in the turf just ahead. Like most Arcus owners, he had removed the nose wheel long ago to improve glide performance. I sat there still like a mouse wondering if I was going to be dead in a few moments, or possibly injured. It seemed to take a long time for the nose to come off the ground and thus gaining speed rolling along only on our main wheel. Then lift off. Ok. I am still alive. Hmmm, that launch was an interesting experience. We flew several Grand Prix tasks and once knowing what this kind of competition encompasses, we did fairly well.

My happiest time of the Grand Prix racing days came on the last day when after crossing the finish line we stayed up in the air for about an extra hour to give this copilot a chance getting some practice and stick time herself. I found thermals, practiced centering thermals, did intentional stalls. Just had a good, relaxed time. How will I ever get better at this if I do not actually practice myself?!

Friday, March 12, was the official practice day for the prestigious Seniors Soaring Championship. This annual event is attended by American multi-time national champions as well as American world glider champions, the who is who in American soaring. There were 57 registered competitors for this event.

Things started off well for us as we were pleased to get 8th place on the first day.

Are you wondering what a typical race day is like? A lot goes on each day of the race. Early in morning, glider pilots (and their crews) attend to their gliders squeegee the dew and pollen off, untie wings and tail from their tie downs. Install the batteries making sure they were charged overnight. Attach the pull-out gear for pulling the glider to the runway. Return to your RV and get the day's task, instructions and weather sent to your iPhone on the Signal app. This replaced the customary early morning pilots' and later grid meetings to make sure that the COVID-19 social distancing guidelines were adhered to. Checking the weather forecast, Al, I and a couple of other pilots would strategize on the best time to start the race by

Your glider is now ready to be towed. You have studied the assigned task as well as the weather. Now, grab a bite to eat, put on your sunblock, take a bottle of water. Return to your glider and tow vehicle to tow the glider to the runway precisely at the Contest Director's designated time. Once in the proper position on the runway grid, take off the wing wheel and tail dolly. Load the day's task into your glider's Clear Nav. Set all three altimeters. Turn on your "Spot" or "InReach" so rescuers can locate you if things do not go as planned. Set the McCready. Stash your water and snacks. Put on your parachute. Get in the glider, strap yourself in, put on your soaring hat and headset and verify it is working properly with a short transmission.

The Senior competition is a "turn area" one class competition taking the handicap factor of the glider into account. The fastest person wins the day. Each day's task has a minimum time. Finish before that time and you are penalized. Each turn point of the task is a circle of designated radius. You can go anywhere within each circle that you want to go to complete the assigned task. If you think you might get back to the finish late, you can just cross the edge of the circle and turn to head for the next circle. If you think you will get back early, you may choose to go all the way to the far side of the circle to get more distance and thus try to lengthen your flight so that you do not finish under time. There is also a maximum start height and minimum finish altitude. A turn point might have a 5-mile radius and another turn point might have a 10-mile radius. A turn point database is entered into your glider's aviation equipment. After everybody is airborne, a start gate opening time is announced by the contest director over the radio. Important for the pilot/ copilot to spend attention. Coming through the start gate (an imaginary line) to early is penalized or can even make the flight invalid. Once the start gate is officially open it is the pilot's decision when to cross the line. The time is recorded on the flight recorder. If you think that lift will be better by starting 30 minutes later, you can delay your individual start. Or give it a second try. What matters is who is fastest over the course.

We raced a total of five days: March 13, 14, 15, 17, and 19. On the first official race day we got 5th place. Wow! How had we done that? We thought we had done ok after we landed but did not suspect that high a score. The next two race days we got 10th and 9th place. This put us in 5th place overall because the scores of a lot of competitors were not as consistent. In sailplane racing consistency counts. I drilled Al on that. Next race day was another 5th place. This bumped us up to 3rd place overall! How wonderful, how unexpected. I felt joyous - and figured I might as well enjoy the moment because one never knows what tomorrow, the final day had in store for us. Will the stars stay nicely aligned or will Murphy strike? Our good luck was sometimes simply the bad luck or mistakes of others: busted airspace, being under the minimum time, not finding lift, landing out and not completing the course, etc. It happens to the best of pilots. It could happen to us.

The final day we stayed close to duo Ryszard & Nico for most of the race. They were in First place overall and would likely do well this final day of racing. I was getting a bit frustrated thinking we were going too slow. "Speed up!" "Flaps." "Gaggle ahead 1:30." "Leave this thermal, now! There's a better one southeast 2 miles." Al did and it was the right call. A couple of times, "Turn!" Al obeyed and it was the right call. I sometimes felt like a drill sergeant. I was doing all I dared to get the best performance out of my horse by beating it to death.

About 20 miles from the finish line, we had gotten above and ahead of Ryszard/Nico. I felt a couple of times in this race that Al was holding back for them. I felt strongly at this point

that we needed to keep going. They would have to catch up. Al was dawdling. "Get out of here!" "Go!" Al was hesitant. "Get out of here, Al!" "You're fine" "Go!" Louder, "Go!" Al finally obeyed.

Back on the ground, I wondered how we actually had done. Still in the air, I did not want Al to blow our top 3 position in those final 20 miles to the finish. At least I wanted to feel like no matter how we placed that we had made some good choices. Hanging back would have been the wrong choice; that just was not going to get us anywhere good; it would have just hurt us.

Al downloaded the flight data from our Clear Nav. We had an hour after finishing to get it to the scorer. We disassembled the glider, with help we were thankful for, and put it in the trailer. Only the awards banquet in the hangar that night and it would all be over. Another Seniors under our belt. We had had a wonderful time - made even more so by learning that we got 1st place



The winners

I to r: Team Ryszard Krolioski, and Niko bennet 1st place;
Jake Alspaugh, 3rd place
Team Susan and Al Simmons, 2nd place

for the day. FIRST place for the day!!! We were just so ecstatic. I think we jumped up and down in our hearts. We hugged and kissed. Though Al was the one who had been front seat pilot with 99% control of the stick, he graciously acknowledged that he could not have done it without me. And I knew it was true. And I was especially happy, there had been a female in the cockpit of the 1st place glider that day.

Our final race even pulled us up to 2nd place overall for the event. Unbelievable! What a wonderful thrill to be called up at the awards banquet that night to get recognition for our 1st place for the day and for our 2nd place overall. The trophy is beautiful and will be sitting in our kitchen for a while so we can see it everyday. We are still aglow. I tell Al to enjoy that feeling. There are so many good glider competitors out there. The stars, the moon, the sun may never align so well for another 100 years. We will be long gone by then. I am relishing the joy of the here and now. 😊



Next Hangar Soaring deadline: July 31, 2021

WSPA DUES

WSPA Dues - Due Date: July 1st of each year (except for LIFE Members and Honorary Members)

Full Members (women) and Associate Members (men/ or women who are not pilots) = \$25/yr.

Youth (young women 18 yrs. and under) = \$10/yr.

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