WSPA Hangar Soaring

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https://womensoaring.org/

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BJ Norman, Red Wing, MN

This poster is available in 8 1/2" x11" and credit card size (as sticker)

Badges and Records Recorded through October 2025

Gold Distance
Elisabeth Pilney, TX

Gold Altitude
Sara Stearns, NV

Silver Badge
Emily Adair
Elisabeth Pilney
Isabel Ulland

Silver Altitude
Emily Adair, TX
Elisabeth Pilney, TX

Silver Distance
Isabel Ulland, OR
Sara Stearns, CA
Emily Adair, TX
Deborah Ings, NM
Elisabeth Pilney, TX

Silver Duration
Sara Stearns, NV
Emily Adair, TX
Isabel Ulland, WA
Elisabeth Pilney, TX

Bronze Badge
Isabel Ulland, OR
Elisabeth Pilney, Germany
Angeline Barber-Petroff, TX

C Badge
Deborah L. Ings, CO
Elisabeth Pilney, Germany
Angeline Barber- Petroff, TX

B Badge
Sophia Taylor, WA
Avery Martens, TN
Angeline Barber-Petroff,TX
Jessica Holland, CO

A Badge
Elisabeth Pilney, Germany
Sophia Westbrook, TX
Jacalyn M. Klinzing, MN
Azelea E. Oswald, FL
Hanna J. Swift, VA
Angeline Barber-Petroff, TX
Jessica Holland, CO

NATIONAL RECORD APPROVED
Alice Palmer

(Badges on page 12)

President's Note

Happy Halloween, Thanksgiving and Almost Christmas!!!

I want to begin with an enormous thank you from myself and the Board of WSPA to the Soaring Society of America (our "Mothership") for their gracious support through grant funding this year. We have had a wonderful, productive year of seminars, scholarships, state records, local, regional and international competition and camaraderie. Our membership continues to grow as do our interests in the sport of soaring.

This year we have added a new Youth Representative, Ishitha Arekapudi, and once again helped to support Sylvia Grandstaff in the 2025 World Glider Championships AND the 2025 Women's World Glider Championships in the Czech Republic. Our webpage has been improved and is replete with valuable information regarding all that WSPA has had to offer, past, present and in the future.

To all of those who applied and qualified for our scholarships, CONGRATULATIONS…on the beginning of a life changing experience of challenge, excitement and fellowship. We are so glad that you have looked to WSPA for assistance in achieving your goals.

I also want to give thanks to the many gentlemen who have supported the efforts of the women of WSPA. I look forward each weekend going to the airport to see our flying "family" and to offer and receive help from everyone. Memories of past contests, conventions, seminars and holiday get-togethers shared with everyone. We are indeed blessed to have the sky in which to share our friendships. The sky has room for us all, no matter how old you are, skilled you are or if you are an aviator or aviatrix.

If you are or know of someone aspiring to explore the passion of flight, give us a call or check us out at womensoaring.org . The hangar door is always open.

Lynda LaBerge

From The editor

With this Hangar Soaring issue, I am completing my 25th year at the helm of the newsletter. When the previous editor, Chris Schnier, retired and I was asked if I could take over, I wasn't so sure. My English at that time was still on shaky ground. The late Bertha Ryan encouraged me to go for it, and I will be always very grateful for this, since through this newsletter which is distributed to several countries, I made many international friends.

Now, 25 years later, I have outlived all newsletter and soaring magazine editors who were active when I came on board. Two very nice magazines, both based in New Zealand, ceased publication. I saw the birth of another one, the German SEGELFLIEGEN, which has grown into an international magazine und is now available online in English under SOARING INTERNATIONAL. I enjoyed and still enjoy digging into the history of women soaring. I have been to 5 World Championships (two of them Women World Championships), served in two of them as an "official". The others I visited as a tourist and cheerleader. But once there, either teams or organizers quickly found a job for the unexpecting visitor. It has been a lot of fun. Our Slovenia and Italy seminars were the result of the contacts I made at these contests.

I hope still to have a few productive years as editor ahead of me. But some of our younger members have to ask themselves, if they would like to do the job I have done now for 25 years.,

The following is my very first "from the Editor" column.

I would like to introduce myself to those WSPA members who haven't met me in the past at Women's Seminars

or at the Convention in Indianapolis. I am a Charter member of WSPA.

My Soaring career began in Germany in 1962.

In 1970, my husband Wolf (whom I introduced to soaring), my then 5-month-old son Dirk and I came to the United State and settled in Newport News, VA. We immediately joined the Tidewater Soaring Society and have been members ever since. For 25 years, a Ka8 has been a family sailplane and has been joined now by an ASW20.

Our son also became a glider pilot, and he now also flies an ASW20 at the Blue Ridge Soaring Society in New Castle, VA.

For 11 years, I held Virginia Female Altitude and Altitude Gain record, which now has been bettered twice. (Kate Landman (TSS) is holding the altitude and Cole Frantz (BRRS) the altitude gain record. I have been the editor of FLYPAPER, the newsletter of the Tidewater Soaring Society, for the past 20 years. My husband and I organized the 1999 Women's Soaring Seminar at Garner Airport, home of the Tidewater Soaring Society in Eastern Virginia.

With my contacts to the German soaring community (see Hangar Soaring Nov.2000), I hope to establish and maintain contact with our counterparts in the Old Country.

I will be very grateful for active participation of our members to keep Hangar Soaring an enjoyable and informative newsletter. I work in Microsoft Word 97 and I would appreciate e-mailed material in .doc format. I'm also able to download or scan pictures.

Frauke

Women's Soaring Pilots Association
Q4 - Summary
July 2024 - June 2025

	Total
evenue	
Donations- General Operating Fund	160.80
Membership Fees	3,116.22
Seminar fees	11,123.61
WSPA Store	363.00
otal Revenue	$ 14,763.63
xpenditures	
Advertising /PR / marketing	1,905.24
Contract & professional fees	2,013.71
Donations made	500.00
Office expenses	1,480.34
Seminar Hosting Costs	6,722.17
SSA Convention	108.00
otal Expenditures	$ 12,729.46
levenue over expenditures	$2,034.17
otal Investment Income/Loss	15,112.72
et Revenue	17,146.89

Scholarship & Fund Balances

	Beginning of Year**	Cur Year Donations/ Transfers	Cur Year Payouts/ Transfers	Year to date
/General Scholarship	18,025.08	3,151.65		21,176.73
Briegleb Scholarship	4,185.63	10.64		4,196.27
Glider Girl	7,748.23		3,016.00	4,732.23
Karl Striedieck Competition Scholarship	10,571.01	50.00		10,621.01
Maria Faber	17,638.75	14.20	3,157.52	14,495.43
Mid Kolstad	27,837.82		1,571.30	26,266.52
Monique CFI-G	28,607.66		975.00	27,632.66
Sky Ghost	12,333.29		2,090.02	10,243.27
TFM- The Flying Montagues	30,032.47			30,032.47
WWGC	0.00	8,146.62		8,146.62
Youth Camp Scholarship Payout	0.00			0.00
otal Scholarship	156,979.94	11,373.11	10,809.84	157,543.21
otal General Operating Fund	52,866.01	17,146.89	0.00	70,012.90
otal	209,845.95	28,520.00	10,809.84	227,556.11
ssets				
Bank and Paypal	$ 23,067.39			
nvestments	204,488.72			
	227,556.11			

* These amounts reflect previous year end balances plus allocation of investment income.

Correction

The author of the 2025 Seminar report was accidentally omitted. Credit goes to Frauke Elber.

The thank-you letter on page 12 was written by Isabel Ulland

Women's Soaring Pilot Association
Mission Statement

The Women's Soaring Pilot Association is a supportive, worldwide network of soaring pilots and enthusiasts dedicated to the advancement of women of all ages and skill levels in the sport of soaring.
WSPA is a non-profit division of the Soaring Society of America offering:

- Soaring related scholarships, mentoring and sponsorship.
- Annual 5-day seminars for flying cross country experience, education and training.
- Quarterly Newsletters for networking.
- Recognition for soaring achievements and service contributions.
- Support for women pilot participation in all levels of competition from local/regional competition to the Women's World Gliding Championships.

Our mission is to unite women all over the world fostering international camaraderie, education and understanding through the present and future challenges of soaring flight.

In Memoriam

Monique Weil

Ed. note)J just recently I learned that WSPA founding member Monique Weil passed away December 12, 2024 at age 96. There was no obituary or any notification. Over the years Hangar Soaring featured Monique several times. The following remembrance is compiled from these articles and personal recollections of conversations with Monique.

Monique was born in the late twenties into a Jewish family in Paris, France. Due to the hardship of the thirties and early forties, Monique's life was turbulent, and she lived in different places worldwide (England, Australia, US and Israel). In 1964, after working as a social worker in Israel for 6 years, she came to the Bay area in California to visit a friend. She got a job as a social worker there and decided to stay.

She had her first (power) flight on Oct. 16, 1965, and fell in love with flying. A few months later, landing at Sky Sailing glider field in Freemont, CA thinking that flying in a glider would be a good way to practice power-off landings prior to her check ride she took her first glider ride on June 5, 1966. And thus began an illustrious career as a glider pilot/ instructor which influenced the glider community for decades.

In 1985 she attended the women soaring seminar at Air Sailing, where the proposal to form the Women Soaring Pilots Association (WSPA) was made. (WSPA was incorporated in 1986).

Following that initiation into women soaring, Monique attended many seminars in the US and abroad. She flew in different countries always an ambassador for women soaring. Following the 2009 WSPA seminar in Slovenia, she became a good friend with the women there and visited a couple of times. In 2000, she flew in Australia at Lake Keepit (see the story in this Hangar Soaring) and over the French Alps out of St Auban. (20 years later Sarah Arnold won the Gold Medal in the Women's World Championships at Lake Keepit, Australia).

Monique had many ratings:

Instrument Rating, Commercial Rating, CFI, CFII, Multiple Engine, Complex aircraft, ATP (Airline Transport Pilot). She flew as mission pilot for the Civil Air Patrol. She received her glider rating in February 1968. As of August 2006, she had logged about 10 000 hours -in 49 years-, 3000 glider flights 2000 of them as glider instructor.

In 2014, Monique donated a sizeable amount of money to WSPA which was used to establish the Monique's Scholarship open to women working toward an Instructor Rating in gliders.

Frauke

Marge Brickey

On August 23, 2025, Marge Brickey passed away at age 70

Marge was not only a long-standing member, but a true advocate for what the Women Soaring Pilots Association (WSPA) stands for. It was with grace and enthusiasm that Marge always mentioned the WSPA's ability to empower women to become glider pilots through their scholarship program.

In the beginning of my aviation journey, she encouraged me to apply for such scholarships, which I was later awarded. Marge mentioned the WSPA to women who came out to the field for a commercial ride. She was proud of the WSPA's world outreach – and she was proud of me!

Marge was a member of Willamette Valley Soaring Club (WVSC) in North Plains, Oregon for many and the club's treasurer club's treasurer.

Marge taught ground operation, Ops duties and worked with various public programs that provided young kids and senior citizens with the experience of flying in a glider. The list of responsibilities she graciously volunteered and provided for our club extend far beyond what is mentioned above.

Marge is survived by husband Bill Brickey, two children and 7 grandchildren

~Terresa Morgan

1/2/2000 Lake Keepit NSW Australia was my 'Y 2 K' trip.

By Monique Weil

(from the archives of Frauke Elber)

You may remember the end of the last century, when many refused to fly, believing that computers would not function after the end of 1999. Well, being a pilot, I knew that flying did not depend on computers and reserved an inexpensive flight to Sydney Australia for 1st of January 2,000 – I was happy to be one of only a handful of passengers in this large 747 aircraft. The top level of the aircraft contained airline crew, dead heading to Sydney.

Every time we passed an inhabited island or landmark, a crew member would come by with New Year greetings and offer me a glass of Champagne!

By the time we reached Sydney, I had some difficulty in negotiating the exit….Customs confiscated most of the food items I had packed for my two week camping holiday in Lake Keepit glider club.

At Lake Keepit I helped out on the flight line during a long wait of several hours in the hot sun for my flight check out. I did not really clearly understand the instructor's 'language', in addition to all the idiosyncrasies of Aussie gliding – e.g. low tow from take-off, different pattern procedures, including the need to chase kangaroos 'roos', who may be lining up to watch whenever a glider was approaching the pattern. Then I was briefly shown a small map on the wall, identifying some landmarks etc, before being checked out in an LS4, with electronic 'bells and whistles'.

…I do not have any clear recollection of the details of these two weeks. I just remember that most of the days were rewarding, with good soaring conditions. Over the two weeks, we had a mix of weather – some rainy days, some low cloud days, and some thermal days. One evening, when I tried to download a long flight, it became clear that the electronics had malfunctioned ---apparently because of "Y2K"… Well, needless to say, that was less harmful than if "Y2K" had caused interference with the airline flight!

There was a large kitchen, with shelves for pilots to store our groceries and items needed for preparation of our evening meals. After the day's flying, I enjoyed socializing with a handful of guys of my 'vintage', who had 'vintage wooden gliders', and were preparing for a vintage glider competition.

I did have several good flights during my two-week stay, and also had a couple of events which led to an outlanding. On one occasion I got caught in rain showers and had to land 20 miles short of Keepit, , on a gravel field which had been noted on the map and from where an air retrieve was available without much wait.

The following day , a post-frontal day, I declared a gold distance task and enjoyed good conditions on the first leg; however this was not to last and I had to abbreviate the course when I faced a big patch of sinking air and had to land a little short of the goal, after 5hr 30min and 290km. Soaring flights have ups and downs, sometimes like a bi-polar situation, where the highs are exhilarating, followed by the lows when lift vanishes and sink takes over. Best is not to get too optimistic during the highs and also not too disappointed when the conditions change for the worse.

On my last day, a blue day, I also attempted a 300KM distance task but on the return, encountered some dead air and I had to cut short the flight. There were few visible good landing options and unfortunately the

'paddock' I chose to land on turned out not to be a good choice. The landing was quite rough, weeds were high and as I stepped out to move the glider, I saw that the wing leading edges were bloodied from the insects. I did manage to turn the glider around and get set up for a retrieve and before long a tow plane responded to my radio call and circled overhead briefly before landing without problems.

We hooked up and prepared for the downhill take-off. The terrain was rough and the take-off roll was very bumpy. I had difficulty in maintaining position behind the tow plane and the rope broke shortly after lift-off, flipping me 90deg to the right - I was back on the ground, breaking as hard as I could, while heading straight for the barbed-wire fence along the length of the field. The barbed wire did pierce the canopy, but thankfully it did not decapitate me! The canopy was only slightly pierced in a few places, just leaving room for the mosquitoes to enter. The glider body seemed not to have any damage. I had many lessons to learn on that flight

It was close to sunset and I could see no sign of any life or buildings anywhere. The mosquitoes had already managed to find me, so I decided that the best plan was to remain overnight in the glider, rather than risk falling or being stung by more mosquitoes if I tried to explore the area. I avoided using the radio to preserve the battery for the next morning radio calls.

The mosquitoes were buzzing around me in the cockpit and I did the best I could to cover my face at least. I had a water bottle and a candy bar, so did not worry about surviving the night.

The long night provided me with plenty of time to review the mistakes of the bad choice of landing in that field but mainly I was relieved not to be injured or to have damaged the glider, except for the canopy. I happily reviewed the satisfying flights that I had and did not dwell on the unfortunate last day's events.

Overnight I watched the beautiful sky – the Northern Lights – and passed the time recalling some poems. After sunrise, I made a few scattered radio calls but heard nothing. I found out later that the tow pilot who had come to try to retrieve me was a new tow pilot and actually had no idea where my location was.

Eventually I heard a reply to my radio call and the tow plane found me but was hesitant to land, making several circles before deciding how to approach the field. After a normal landing one of the pilots approached me and with help from the other pilot managed to raise the canopy so that I could exit the glider. I then asked them to turn with their backs to me, so that I could empty my full bladder.

They warned me that the radio was full of announcements of a lost woman U.S. glider pilot. (Actually: 'elderly American woman pilot' etc ----- and to expect the media waiting for me after landing.)

I was flown back to Lake Keepit field and rushed to hide in my room, refusing to open the door until the media had left!

The canopy repair was made easier by the fact that the glider owner had an extra canopy on hand.

The next day, I traveled to Armidale, a couple of hours north, to join my cousin and his family who were visiting relatives and expecting me. They regaled me with tales of regular news reports about the lost 'elderly American woman glider pilot, etc.

Monique at the 2003 WSPA seminar in Moriarty, NM

Our Scholarships at Work

My Experience at the World Gliding Championships in Tábor, Czech Republic

By Nika Cizerl (Slovenia)

Nika and Sylvia at the WGC

From June 14th to 20th, I had the incredible opportunity to assist Slovenian pilot Viktor Bečan at the World Gliding Championships (WGC) held in Tábor, Czech Republic. Together with Dejan Filipič, we joined as crew members for this amazing event.

We began our journey with a day in Prague, a stunning city full of history and architecture — truly worth visiting. On Sunday, we arrived at the Tábor airfield. Each day started with breakfast, followed by the morning briefing that covered weather, runway use, and daily safety information.

After the briefing, gliders were weighed and prepared for launch. With the help of 12 tow planes, 115 gliders were airborne in just over an hour! The airfield was well organized, with perfectly marked grid squares for each aircraft.

During the flights, we followed the competition via GlideAndSeek, enjoyed lunch, and relaxed — the airfield even offered a volleyball court and a small pool. After landing, we cleaned and secured the gliders for the next day.

One of the highlights was the International Evening, where each country presented its traditional food and drinks. It was a wonderful chance to meet people, share stories, and experience the global spirit of gliding beyond the competition itself.

I was thrilled to meet many inspiring pilots, including Sylvia Grandstaff, Vice President of WSPA, from whom I received this year's scholarship. I also met Leah and Tony Condon, who kindly gifted me an Kanas Soaring Association sticker. Thank you once again.

It was an unforgettable experience filled with learning, friendship, and passion for soaring. I would gladly return to such an event again in the future.

Crossing Boundaries – My First Alpine Soaring Experience in St. Auban

By Isabelle Zick, Germany

There are decisions that need time to mature before you dare to take them. For me, it was the decision to attend an Alpine soaring course in St. Auban, The French National Soaring Center in the Provence. The dream of conquering the mountains under my own power had been with me for years—but so had the doubts: Am I good enough? Do I really have what it takes?

The WSPA helped me make up my mind. Thanks to their Maria Faber Scholarship, I was finally able to turn that dream into reality. And so, one morning, I found myself standing on the airfield of the Centre National de Vol en Planeur, at the edge of the southern French Alps—surrounded by a landscape so breathtaking that it seemed almost unreal, even from the ground.

First Steps in the Mountains

The flight school in St. Auban is a truly special place. Glider pilots from all over the world come here—beginners and experts alike. My heart skipped a beat the moment I stepped into the hangar: Arcus, Duo Discus

(Continued on page 8)

Season of the Potato
(and Castles, too)
Part 1
By Sylvia Grandstaff

"Potato"
noun: a delicious, starchy, vegetable, generally included as standard in every Czech meal, to everyone's delight.
verb: to land out, to descend rapidly, to drop from the sky like a flightless tuber.

US Team l to r: Mike and Julie Brooks (crew), Sylvia Grandstaff (pilot). Leah Condon (crew), Tony Condon (Pilot)

In my closest circle of glider friends, "potato" is a verb. An ongoing inside joke with now-forgotten provenance, "to potato" means to land out. One can imagine the metaphor of a spud attempting to aviate- like the flightless kiwi bird, which at least has wings, the equally brown and round vegetable is hardly capable of soaring. Despite its best efforts at slipping the surly bonds, it falls from the sky and gently plops (ideally) in a not-too-soft, expansive, dirt field with an exasperated "humph."

Potato landouts aside (more on that later), this year's racing season was a unicorn-opportunity. In a unique alignment of timing and geography, I had qualified for the 2025 World Gliding Championship (WGC) in addition the Women's Worlds Gliding Championship (WWGC), both held in Czechia in different locations (Tábor and Zbraslavice, respectively). Rarely are the WGC and WWGC held in the same country, and this was my first year in qualifying for WGC. A single Worlds-level glider race is a tremendous logistical and financial effort, leagues beyond what is required to fly at the US Nationals-level, but, two? In the months leading up to the race, I gave myself space and time to see if I could coax the logistics into aligning. My focus would be attending WGC in Tábor with my wonderful teammate Tony Condon, and if I could figure out a rental glider, crew, logistics, and finances to support a second race, I'd go to WWGC in Zbraslavice, too, without a teammate.

As this would be my third attendance at WWGC and first at WGC, I was no stranger to the herculean effort of preparing the seemingly endless to-do list for participation. While European teams arrive at these races with dialed-in, race-ready gliders (and hundreds if not thousands of hours in them), familiar teammates (and hundreds if not thousands of hours flying alongside them), experienced team captains, sky-high radio antennas, their own cars and campers, robust funding, and just a few hours drive from their own homes, the US Teams rarely have even a miniscule fraction of these benefits. I'd do my best.

My preparation for the Czech races began last year in 2024 when Tony and I realized, based on ranking points, we were likely to be WGC teammates. Official US Team selection wouldn't occur until much later, but we embraced the opportunity to team-fly Region 10 in Waller, Texas at the Soaring Club of Houston (SCOH). We borrowed two gliders (thank you, Mike Westbrook and Chris Mancini!) and fumbled our way through trying to stay together over five challenging, low, hot, humid days of flying. Team flying, while ubiquitous in Europe, is rarely practiced in the US, and staying with a teammate in the sky is remarkably challenging without hundreds of hours of dedicated practice. Each day at SCOH we learned phrases or actions that worked (or didn't), got to know our own habits, preferences, weaknesses, and humor, and bonded in our shared rental house. We came up with a plan to do simulator flying over the winter, and in the cold dreary months that followed, flew old Worlds tasks on Condor once or twice a week, learning the Czech geography, airspace, borders, and airfields (thank you, Kirk Bittner for setup!). Soon, spring had arrived and Tony and I met up for one final training opportunity, flying as guests in the Senior Soaring Championship in Clermont, Florida (thank you, Rich Owen!). To reduce drive time from my home in Northern California, I rented another glider (thank you, Ryan and Steve Vihlen!). This time, we were able to stay and work together in flight, finish full tasks wing-to-wing, and felt ready to tackle both the joys and challenges of an upcoming trip to Czechia. When considering the feasibility of flying two Worlds in one year, I knew that my glider rental would be my most difficult problem to solve. Glider rentals, and particularly Club Class gliders, are notoriously hard to find and expensive, often with big unknowns in instrumentation, equipment, trailer quality, and overall readiness. Often, they aren't located in-country, requiring pickup and drop-off many hours away. With my previous rental experiences, it was common to replace instruments, do a full panel rebuild, and have unexpected and intensive fixes (like the time Kevin Anderson and I replaced the floor of my trailer in Spain, mid-WWGC, after the Standard Cirrus fuselage fell down through the rotted-out plywood one morning). Tony and I had settled on renting LS-4s, and I felt lucky when I found one that would be available for both WGC (May/June) and WWGC (July/August). The very-dated panel needed work, and the glider was far from race-ready, but I felt lucky to be able to rent a single glider for two races.

WGC was an early-season race (we'd have to leave at the end of May), so by the time Tony and I finished our March training in Florida, I scrambled to prep a panel and instrumentation for my rental glider. I'd fly to Czechia with a fully-assembled panel, hoping to minimize the effort of preparing the glider in the immediate days preceding WGC. I had just finished completely fine-tuning my own Discus 2a, "XP," but I reluctantly cannibalized her own instrumentation to use for Worlds. I fully disassembled XP's panel, painstakingly cutting what felt like a hundred zip-ties, pulling out my Clearnav II display, electric varios, altimeter, and airspeed indicators. I sent off multiple loggers to get re-calibrated (thank you, Cumulus Soaring!), bought a second Flarm unit (capable of operating both in Europe and the US- thank you, Wings & Wheels!), and gathered up an arsenal of cables to get all of my instrumentation communicating correctly. After sourcing a blank panel template from Greg Shugg (thank you!), Danny Schaefer of Williams Soaring Center (thank you!) cut a blank fiberglass LS-4 panel sized for all of my instruments. All this got loaded into a carry-on, I flew to San Diego and holed up in Sky Sailing's SoCal glider shop for a few days (thank you, Willats!), and with WWGC Team Captain Tim Taylor's help, we built a fully functional and tested panel for me to take to Czechia.

Knowing that I had done my best to prepare for the Worlds in Czechia- racing with my teammate, Condor flying and site prep, panel build in hand- I arrived in Czechia feeling more prepared than I had for any previous race. If only preparation translated to the scoresheet- the forecast, the glider, and team realities had other plans. So began my "season of the potato" (but castles, too!).

<u>World Gliding Championship, Tábor, May – June 2025</u>

I arrived to Tábor nearly two weeks in advance, with enough time planned to prep my glider and have a full practice period with Tony. My rental glider was in-country, requiring a 7 hour round trip drive to Brno to pick it up and move it to the Tábor Aeroklub, where I expected to have a few days of panel installation work before it was ready to fly. Tony's glider was fully modernized and dialed in, but required him to fly to Copenhagen to borrow a vehicle, then drive to the Netherlands to pick up the glider, then make the drive back across Europe to Czechia. Accom-

panying Tony was veteran-WGC-crewmember Pete von Tresckow, while I was grateful to have my long-time friend and fellow glider pilot, Mike Brooks, and his wife Julie, alongside as my crew. We wasted no time getting settled into our hundred-year-old rental home in the rolling Czech countryside, then got to work prepping our gliders for racing. What I expected to be a couple-day panel swap on my glider turned into a weeks-long massive technical puzzle. Mike and Julie Brooks quickly became absolute professionals at navigating the local hardware stores and tracking down all sorts of specialty tools and electrical equipment. For better or worse, it rained through the bulk of the practice period and the first two planned contest days, and we all spent an excess of a hundred man-hours huddled under umbrellas while trying to wrangle the LS-4's electrical system. Tony and I were able to get one practice day flight together before the first official racing day- and we could tell that my glider's electrical system was still not working.

Despite extensive troubleshooting, head-scratching, hand-wringing, and lost sleep, the glider's electrical system wasn't able to power my instrument panel for more than a few hours. As a last-ditch effort, we had even sourced a set of brand-new lead acid batteries, to no avail. Without having fully solved the problem, but with a new set of batteries, I launched on my first Worlds contest day (a mere 476 km racing task, nonetheless), knowing I would likely run out of power during the flight. While airborne and awaiting to start, I watched the battery voltage steadily creeping downward on my vario display. I alerted the ground crew with the details of my observations and warned them that I would soon likely lose electrical power. I directed them to continue troubleshooting, and then I crossed the start line with Tony. It was, of course, a challenging weather day too, electrical issues aside. While trying to stay aloft in a weak, overcast sky, I had to find ways to conserve power as I watched the voltage plummet. I minimized my radio transmissions and then turned my radio and anti-collision flasher off entirely- Tony and I soon separated due to the difficulty of staying together without voice communications. It didn't take long before I also had to turn off my first electric vario, then my ClearNavII navigation display. I was left with one electric vario and a standalone Oudie. Then at last, it was just the Oudie, silently guiding me along my task as both my sole navigation source and a rudimentary vario, as its own internal battery reserve ran low. 370 km later, with a quiet, lonely, dark instrument panel, I made my first Worlds landout on my first Worlds contest day, under an overcast sky- I potato'd, softly and safely, into a recently planted corn field.

In the time it had taken me to fly 370 km, land out, have a good exasperated cry, and be retrieved by Mike and Julie, Team Captain John Good had found me a second set of brand new batteries- lithium, this time. After two weeks of troubleshooting the glider's entire electrical system, wire by wire and connection by connection, the only remaining culprit was the possibility of a rogue diode, wired in between the original lead-acid batteries. Overnight and into the next morning, Pete cut out the (finally, verified-rogue) diode, made a new harness for the lithium batteries, and re-crimped and connected everything in place, just in time to push my glider onto the grid for the second contest day. Thanks to Pete's expert problem solving, I'd have a (mostly) functioning glider for the rest of the race.

The next day, I was feeling deliriously rich in instrument panel electrons and suddenly feeling like I could power the space shuttle. It was contest day two, and I took off into another challenging sky alongside Tony to try and tackle a 270 km area task. My glider was working well enough, but the sky seemed ominously still with thin strips of overcast hanging bleakly in a dingy atmosphere. We started the task, and within an hour, the brown murk thickened- a dark band of Canadian wildfire smoke had traversed the globe- thousands of miles of forests and icebergs and oceans- and had reached the contest area. Gliders in all three classes began to compress vertically as we all clamored desperately in the waning lift. I found myself over a hilly area and at the bottom of a gaggle, with every pilot aggressively trying to hold onto both altitude and optimism, each in rapidly dwindling supply. As my gaggle "thermalled downward," collectively descending below 1000 feet in nonexistent lift, I let out a little potato-sigh-of-acceptance and headed towards a large, recently plowed dirt field nearby. Aligning with the plowed rows and choosing a landing spot at its edge, I touched down with a safe, quick stop in the soft earth. As I climbed out of my cockpit, I could see the gaggle I had left, still struggling upwind. Then, overhead against the swampy sky, the whoosh!-creak!-pop! of a glider coming in to land, gear down, spoilers cracked. And then another. And then another, with two more on downwind and more on the way. I was soon joined by Tony, who landed alongside me. We held a little "potato potluck"- a collection of our flight snacks (chips, granola bars, gummy bears, and -honorable mention- mini Babybel gouda aka "sky cheese"), served on the top of a wing root. We snacked and watched gliders above us churn, grind, accept their fates, then also land in our one plowed field, now quickly filling up with white wings of all classes. In total, eighteen (eighteen!!!) gliders would eventually land in this single, random expanse of brown earth. Across the dirt rows, Tony and I could hear pilots' voices as they gathered to wait for their crew, their land-out frustrations quickly transitioning into joy as we all shared in our collectively ridiculous predicament. Soon, trailers arrived, everyone lent a hand, and the mass of wings became a mass caravan of trailers heading down the road back to Tábor. Nicknamed "Operation Market Garden 2025" by the UK Team, contest leadership also joked that on that day, June 10, 2025, the unnamed potato field was the busiest airfield in all of Czechia.

Challenging flights followed, but Tony and I worked well and flew well together. We learned that castles on a hillside make great house-thermals. One day, Tony exclaimed, "Just think, this castle has been consistently creating a house thermal here for 400 years, just waiting for us to come by!" (Of course, the beautiful local white-tailed eagles had known and kept this secret for centuries.) We learned that essentially every Czech meal includes a version of a potato, in nearly any delightful way imaginable- boiled, fried, mashed, roasted, chipped, pureed, dumpling'd, or (my favorite) pancaked and covered in guláš (goulash). I still struggled with the glider and some lingering mechanical issues, but Tony and I kept at it, and we had a great time. Leaving WGC, I was excited to return for WWGC a few weeks later, eager for a chance to race again, and hopeful to be graced by better weather.

Part 2, the Women's World Championships will be in the February issue of Hangar Soaring

(Continued from page 5)

XL, Discus 2c—aircraft I had only heard about until then.

My instructor, Frank, had a remarkable calmness about him. He sensed my nervousness, but his clear guidance and quiet confidence quickly put me at ease. After the morning weather briefing, we launched for our first flights—and soon I was looking down on Nice, the Mediterranean, and massive cruise ships gliding along the coast. We followed the famous "Parcours", a racing route that is both a challenge and a playground for glider pilots in this region.

One of the most exciting moments was learning to handle the flaperons on the Arcus. Just as I started feeling comfortable, Frank suddenly pulled the airbrakes and told me to climb us back up. Startled but full of adrenaline, I managed it—and for the first time, I realized how much more I was capable of than I had ever believed.

Among Eagles and Waves

Every flight brought new experiences. I circled in the same thermal with eagles—a sight that literally took my breath away. Another time, I climbed into a small wave beneath a cloud, only to descend again moments later to avoid entering controlled airspace.

And then came the day with strong northerly winds, the famous Mistral. Entering the wave through rotor turbulence, tight turns in rough air, feeling the G-forces push me to my limits. It was the most frightening yet most valuable lesson of my flying career so far.

The Big Moment – My Solo Flight

The next morning, it was time: my first solo flight in the Alps with a Discus 2c. Three hours alone among the peaks, carried by thermals that lifted me up to 10,500 feet MSL—higher than I had ever flown by myself. Euphoria, fear, freedom—all blended together in a flight I will never forget. I dared to approach unfamiliar ridges, trusting entirely in my instincts and my training.

More Than Flying

This course changed my life. I didn't just learn to soar in the Alps—I learned to overcome my own limits. The confidence I gained will stay with me, in the mountains, over the plains, and through every new challenge that lies ahead.

And above all, I want to encourage other women: Go for it! Don't let uncertainty hold you back. Soaring in the Alps is more than a sporting adventure—it's a journey into yourself. And it rewards you with unforgettable moments.

Ed. Note: In 1986, my husband and I flew in St.Auban. A friend of ours was the Chief Instructor there. Since the school doesn't operate on weekends, we were able to use the school's Janus double seater without any time restrictions. We both had a great flight. In 2009, my husband and the then 17year old son of our friend had a 6 hour flight out of Vinon, just down the road from St. Auban. After their return, I asked my husband: „What was scarier, the landscape or a 17-year old as PIC?" The answer was „Both". 4 years later, the young man flew as a member of the French Junior Team in the 2013 Junior World Championships in Poland.

I Get by with a Little Help from my Friends

By Judith Galbraith

2024 was to be my big summer of soaring in the Southwest. First, a week in Moriarty, New Mexico at the Women's Cross-Country Camp as a warm-up for the 1-26 Championship. Then, three weeks later, on to Hamilton, Texas to put my newly acquired XC skills to the test. Following the rural adage of "never go to town for just one thing," I planned a zigzag route from Dansville, NY to Greene County, PA to fill the bed of my truck with furniture to be delivered to my daughter in Colorado Springs on my way to Moriarty, adding only about 400 extra miles to the trip. Add another 100 miles for a diversion south of St Louis to visit soaring friends for a day. All in all, a good plan. I checked the weather forecast all the way along the route: no rain. Great!

I loaded #157 onto the trailer in Dansville, NY with the help of a new member of the Finger Lakes Soaring Club. 330 miles later I was in southwest Pennsylvania. The next day, I met fellow XC camp participant Cathy Williams in Ohio for a *very* long drive to De Soto, MO. That night: rain. But our local contact said the next day would be clear. Wrong. I left at 7:00 a.m. hoping to avoid rush hour traffic around St Louis and, instead, found myself in the thick of it. Six lanes of wall-to-wall traffic in rain so heavy I could hardly see the vehicles in front of and beside me. Two hours later, I finally found my exit and was able to take the time to check the trailer in the side mirror. (Remember the load of furniture obscuring the rearview mirror?) Hey, the wing cradle is…EMPTY!!! (Remember the distracting "help" loading the trailer, when I apparently failed to properly secure the wings to the cradles?) Self-inflicted damage #1.

I don't remember any major bumps on the road, so I'm surmising a gust from a passing semi may have lifted the very wet wing from the very wet cradle and slung it sideways. Fortunately, the wing (that I had spent the better part of a year stripping and refinishing) had jumped inboard and suffered "merely" a four-inch dent in the leading edge where it smashed down on the cradle support bar. Now what? My audio book for the next leg of the journey just happened to be a meditation on welcoming the unwelcome. How cosmically appropriate.

With only 800 more miles to Colorado, I pressed on, hoping that someone at Moriarty would be able to repair the damage and I would be able to fly. If not, maybe I could find someone to fly team with at Hamilton. All three IAs at Moriarty concurred: I would need to get a new piece of wing skin from K&L (the part could be ready in three weeks) and have it shipped to Moriarty (shipping from NY: $250). But none of them had time to work on it anyway.

This is where the magic happened.

Ridge Moreland remembered Bob Hurni had donated several 1-26 wings to the 1-26 Association and they were stored "just down the road" at White Sands Soaring Club in Alamogordo, NM. A phone call with Trever Perkins confirmed that, yes, they had a suitable part and, yes, he had the time to make the repair before the championship. Four hours later #157 and I were in Alamogordo.

Wow, there was a whole crew there to meet me when I arrived: Trever, Lance Grace, Joey Cirri and a couple of other club members swarmed over the trailer like ants at a picnic, removing the damaged wing from the trailer and placing the patient on the operating table. They then found the donor wing (on the bottom of a pile of six wings) and put it next to 157's wing, preparing for the transplant.

So far, so good. But I still wouldn't have anything to fly at the XC camp. Then Joey offered to sell me a pair of good wings he had, and we were about to see if they would fit when someone noticed that several welds on my trailer were broken. 157 wasn't going anywhere.

Hmmm, perhaps that bump I hit getting off the road at a gas station 25 miles back where the trailer had jumped off the hitch had done some damage after all. Had I checked and double checked the trailer hitch after we had put the wing on at Moriarty…or assumed that someone else had? Self-inflicted damage #2.

I get high with a little help from my friends

So, back to Morarity for a week of not-flying, or so I assumed. But another convergence occurred. Not the atmospheric kind of convergence Moriarty is known for, the kind where glider pilots help each other slip the surly bonds, etc. CarolAnn Garratt, XC camp organizer, had rearranged schedules so I could fly dual with local pilots for the rest of the week. That little taste of the high skies of New Mexico was both instructive and inspiring. I hoped the air at Hamilton would be that good! Having accomplished part of my objective of soaring in the Southwest for the first time, I left my truck and all my gear in Alice and Mark Palmer's hangar and flew back to Pennsylvania for three weeks. Returning in late July, I retrieved the truck and headed to Alamogordo. There was my little bird, all healed up and ready for the championships! And Lance and David had repaired the trailer, welding the breaks and making several other much appreciated modifications. Total cost: the price of parts, the White Sands Soaring Club fridge filled with beer, and a donation to the 1-26 Association as thanks for the replacement wing skin. Nowhere else on the entire continent could these repairs have been made so expertly and in time for the contest…at any price. Magic!

Gonna try with a little help from my friends

I arrived at Hamilton with hopes of doing at least as well as I had in 2023 and with the lofty (and, ultimately, unattainable) goal of winning the Virginia Schweizer Trophy. After assembling 157, I gave her a bath to remove 2500 miles of road grime. What are those brown streaks and circles on the repaired wing? It can't be rust. It washes off OK, though. Shiner Bock! They had anointed her with beer. That wing had some real magic in it now, enough to make it back every day (for a cold beer) and win the day *twice*. Thanks, guys!

This is why I bought a 1-26 in the first place -— so I could hang out for a couple of weeks every year with the best people in the world. The flying is pretty darn fun, too.

Soaring Together: The Second Frauen-Freundschafts-Fliegen at Übersberg

By Anna Laura Geusen

Ed.Note: the 2023 WSPA seminar took place at the Uebersberg gliderport in Germany. This seminar was such a success , that the organizers decided to make it an annual event, called the Women Friendship Fly-in

This summer, the second "Frauen-Freundschafts-Fliegen", held as a subsidiary event of the annual WSPA Seminar, took place at the picturesque Übersberg in southern Germany. After last year's challenge with less-than-ideal weather, this year's seminar turned out to be a complete success — blue skies, excellent thermals, and a wonderful atmosphere among friends and fellow female pilots.

Those who attended the WSPA meeting at Übersberg two years ago might remember Ema, the enthusiastic young girl who helped out with line duty back then. This year, at just fourteen and now old enough to begin her glider training, Ema achieved something truly special: she completed her very first solo flight on the very first day of the seminar! Congratulations, Ema — what a milestone!

But Ema wasn't the only one making memories. The superb weather offered perfect conditions for soaring, and the Übersberg region, known as a "racetrack" among glider pilots, lived up to its reputation. A strong convergence line set up over the area, allowing pilots to cover impressive distances — often exceeding 100 km/h average speeds while flying without circling.

Several 300 km and 400 km flights were logged, and two pilots came close to breaking the 500 km mark, with flights of 496 km and 494 km respectively. The evenings were filled with laughter and shared stories as we sat together at the clubhouse or enjoyed the golden summer sunset from the nearby cliff named Mädlesfelsen ("girls' rock").

Thanks to Barbara, Manuela and former board member Uli who did a terrific job by organizing this year's seminar, as well as to the devoted male pilots, who supported us as instructors and duty pilots!

In the end, the Frauen-Freundschafts-Fliegen once again proved to be more than just a flying event — it was a gathering of passion, camaraderie, and empowerment. The combination of great weather, remarkable flights, and shared enthusiasm among women pilots made this year's seminar truly unforgettable.

We are looking to the next Frauen Freundschafts Fliegen (July 11-19 2026)!

Ema, after her first solo with instructor Uwe

BOARD NOMINATIONS

The following members' 2-year tenure on the WSPA Board is coming to an end: Terry Duncan and Kristin Farry. Both agreed to stay on but have to be reelected;

Terry Duncan

I've been flying gliders for 40 years and single engine airplanes for 20 years, with around 1200 hours of PIC time. Although I live in the California SF Bay Area, my home gliderport is Air Sailing in Nevada. While flying at Air Sailing for 30+ years I've enjoyed the occasional opportunity to mentor women pilots who are just beginning their soaring adventures. I welcome the opportunity to continue supporting WSPA as a board member to help grow women's participation in soaring and to encourage current and aspiring women glider pilots.

Kristin Farry

My first pilot's license was a Private-Glider in 1981. Since then I have earned PrivatSEL and MEL, Instrument and Commercial Glider, SEL and MEL. Life steered me away from gliders from 1982-2012 and WSPA brought me back to my flying roots in 2012. Both WSPA and the 1-26 Association have helped me learn cross-country soaring. I am now only one task short of my Gold Badge (Altitude). Soaring has helped me grow as a person as well as a pilot, overcoming confidence crises and helping others through confidence crises via mentoring and making resources available for others.

I want to encourage more women to learn to fly, and gliders are the best possible way to learn to fly. I also want to encourage women who are flying gliders to "stretch their wings" in whatever way makes sense for their lives. WSPA offers a structure to do all of this.

In my first term I have been able to:

Contribute to WSPA's scholarship program as Board liaison for scholarships, recruiting scholarship applicants, mentoring a scholarship recipient, and helping obtain donations, create new awards to recognize member accomplishments (the Bertha Ryan Sustained Service Award and the Betsy Woodward Cross Country Participation Award), engage in recruiting new members to WSPA and retaining our current members.

In my next term, I plan to increase my efforts to make sure that WSPA is serving women in soaring, retain current members, recruit more women into soaring, and build partnerships with other like-minded organizations. I want to continue to build our financial position to fund our scholarships in perpetuity.

Leah Condon

Leah Condon started flying gliders in 2009 after 2-years of retrieving her husband Tony and has her Private Pilot Glider certificate. A low time pilot by hours, she prefers flying two-seaters versus solo. Leah stays active in the glider community as a member of both Kansas Soaring Association, Wichita Soaring Association, the Vintage Sailplane Association and WSPA. She was the local organizer and hostess for the 2024 WSPA Seminar at Sunflower Aerodrome in Yoder, KS for which she was awarded the Rex Hamilton trophy by the SSA State Governor of KS.

Leah is an experienced competition crew for Tony, having been a member of the team for multiple regionals, two Nationals and three World Gliding Championships. She has run the retrieve desk for Region 10 and been an assistant contest manager. Her longest straight-out retrieve was 400 miles. Leah has presented at two SSA Conventions on the topic of retrieves.

The soaring community is what keeps her engaged and excited about this sport. Soaring has brought her lasting friendships with those as far away as Australia and as close as her garage where club members worked together to refinish KSA's Grob Twin Astir. An extroverted introvert, she is best known for her love of ice breakers and around the room introductions at club gatherings so that members feel welcome and get to know each other better.

Leah previously served as a member of WSPA's board in 2014-2016. If selected as a board member for 2026-2027 she is looking forward to assisting with WSPA Seminars along with finding ways for our membership to connect throughout the rest of the year. Professionally, Leah is an engineering manager in the aerospace industry with a specialty in structural analysis who is interested in drawing inspiration for WSPA from her experiences with the Society of Women Engineers and Women in Aviation.

Leah is a Minnesota native who has lived in Kansas for sixteen years and counting. When not at the gliderport she enjoys rowing, curling up with a book and her cat Red, riding her horse Harper, traveling and being outside.

Solos and other Milestones

On May 17, 2025, Alexis Chang passed her Private Pilot exam at El Tiro gliderport, AZ .

On May 20, 2025, Emalie Parker completed her first solo flight at Meadow Lake Airport, CO.

On May 30, 2025, Madison Holland soloed at Meadow Lake Airport, CO.

Katia van Horn flew in the Standard Class Nationals and finished 10th.

Jenna Cooper competed in the Region 9 Sports Class contest and finished 9th..

Daniela Smirnow snatched the Boomerang (a trophy that basically covers Region 4 South, Virginia, Maryland South Pennsylvania and North Carolina) from Skyline Soaring, in the Shenandoah Valley and took it to M-ASA (Mid-Atlantic Soaring Association in Fairfield, PA). Now the race is on to get the Boomerang back further South.

Ishitha Arekapudi, WSPA youth representative, started her academic career this semester at Stanford University.

Mark your Calendar

2026 WSPA Seminar
July 12-17, 2026 Houston TX (Waller)

Women's Freundschaftsfliegen (Germany), 2026
July 11-19, 2026

More Information as it becomes available

Pilgrimage to Mecca

By Alice Palmer

Ever since I began soaring as a teenager (back in ancient times), I had heard about Harris Hill—the American Soaring Mecca. The first truly organized US soaring began in the area in the 1930s, and many of the early national soaring contests were held there. Our trip to New York for the Women's Soaring Pilots Association Seminar was our excuse to tack on a few extra days to see Harris Hill and the National Soaring Museum. We were not disappointed!

On the way from our Dansville Seminar (see **Julie's** August article), we first stopped at the Glenn H. Curtiss Museum in Hammondsport, NY. For aviation (or mortorcycle or car) enthusiasts, you may recognize the Curtiss name. Curtiss made many early advances in a variety of different types of aircraft. It was worth the stop, as was the Corning Museum of Glass.

But nothing really compares to climbing the steep road leading to the top of Harris Hill and seeing the takeoffs from the short, paved strip reminiscent of an aircraft carrier launch.

I have to admit I was more than a little excited as we parked the car and headed toward the clubhouse to watch the activity. The club, Harris Hill Soaring Corp., was doing a brisk ride business, with several ASK-21s rotating through customers. Many of these commercial rides are flown by their very active junior members who begin training and then get the support they need to work through Private, Commercial, and sometimes CFIG. Our friend Jenna Cooper, whom some of you have met, was one of these fortunate juniors who started her soaring career at Harris Hill.

The National Soaring Museum shares the parking lot with the soaring operation. This, too, was a long-time bucket list item and we enjoyed the hours we spent there.

We were fortunate that the smoke from the Canadian fires had finally cleared, so we were able to get a good view of the surrounding area from above. Elimira, NY, a place known to many "mature" glider pilots as the home of Schweizer Aircraft, is down below. Although the Schweizer factory is no longer in Elmira, as Julie described, we were able to meet Les and Kyle Schweizer at their current shop not far away in Cayuta, NY. We had a great time with them and they were so welcoming even though we interrupted their busy work day!

So, now that we've made our first pilgrimage to Mecca, we're ready for the next one, hopefully dragging a glider so we can fly off that impressive aircraft carrier and experience soaring like they did back in the 1930s.

WSPA Seminar Experience

By Julie Kinder

Over the years I've been able to go to a few Women's Soaring Pilots Association (WSPA) Seminars and have always found them to be great learning opportunities. This year's meeting, at Finger Lakes Soaring Club (Dansville, NY), was particularly interesting for me, as I'd never had the chance to fly on the East Coast before, or out of a valley. Due to life, work, and weather, my soaring skills were rather rusty when I first arrived, but thanks to Linda Evenski and Jari Wallach (local volunteer CFIGs), I was able to get my edge back.

The weather provided for fair to good soaring, but smoke from Canada's wildfires limited visibility to 4 to 7 miles the entire week. For those of us spoiled by clear skies, it was nerve wracking. On hazier days, some of us refused to leave the airport for fear of being unable to find it or other nearby landing sites. Thankfully, many experienced pilots there were willing to help us out.

I was lucky enough to fly with Piet Barber, CFIG and DPE. As a 1-26 pilot, it took some time for me to get used to Piet's Duo Discus (lovingly named Quack Quack). Thankfully, Piet was patient and helped me get into a racing mentality. The second day I went up with him, we flew the same task twice, the first time at 58mph and the second at 67mph. It certainly put a fire under me to get my Oudie set for flying tasks.

After the Seminar was over, we went to Elmira. There the National Soaring Museum was just as fun as you'd expect. It was made even better by Harris Hill Soaring next door, allowing us to watch gliders launch off the side of the mountain—I want to return to try it sometime.

Finally there was K&L Soaring. Kyle Schweizer welcomed us into his shop, taking the time to tour us around personally. There he showed off aircraft being refitted, refurbished, or in the case of the 2-33B's, modified. Les Schweizer also took the time to talk to us, even showing off one of his personal projects.

One of the best things about soaring, I believe, is how willing many are to mentor each other. I saw this in the many volunteers at the Finger Lakes Soaring Club, in the program they use at Harris Hill, and in Kyle and Les as they took us through their shop. During the seminar Judith Galbraith, one of the organizers, purposefully kept the (excellent) lectures to the mornings, leaving the evenings free for people to ask questions and flight prep. Many pilots took me under their wing during my trip, but none more than Alice and Mark Palmer, who not only talked me through some flights I struggled with at the beginning of the week, but also allowed me to tag along and use their extra room. If it hadn't been for their generosity and kindness, I would have missed this wonderful opportunity.

Julie and Piet Barber in QQ (Quack Quack)

(Badges from page 2)
Female Free distance 130.19 mi

STATE RECORDS APPROVED

TEXAS
Elisabeth Pilney
Female 15 m
Out and return Distance; 197.1 mi
Out and Return 300 Speed; 43.97 mph

Female Standard
Out and return Distance; 197.1 mi
Out and Return 300 Speed 43.97 mph

Female Sports
Out and Return Distance; 181.47 mi

Female Open Single Place
Out and Return Speed; 43.97 mph

Female 15m
Triangle 200; 45.52 mph
Triangle 300; 45.52 mph
Triangle Distance; 198.9 mi

Female Standard
Triangle 200; 45.52 mph
Triangle 300; 45.52 mph
Triangle Distance; 198.9 mi
Distance up to 3 Turnpoints; 198.9 mi
Triangle Distance 198.9 mi

Female Sports
Distance up to 3 Turnpoints; 183.13 mi
Triangle Distance; 183.13 mi

WASHINGTON
Rita Edris

General 13.5 m
Free Distance;108.4 mi
Free Out and Return Distance; 192.8 mi
Free Triangle; 287.7 mi
Free Distance up to 3 Turn-points; 294.6 mi

Female 13.5 m
Free Distance;108.4 mi
Free Out and Return Distance; 192.8 mi
Free Triangle; 287.7 mi
Free Distance up to 3 Turn-points; 294.6 mi

Female Open Singleplace
Free Distance;108.4 mi
Free Out and Return Distance; 192.8 mi
Free Triangle; 287.7 mi
Free Distance up to 3 Turn-points; 294.6 mi

Female Sports
Distance; 101.9 mi
Free Out and Return Distance; 181.2 mi
Free Distance up to 3 Turn-points; 276.8 mi
Free Triangle; 269.78 mi

Female 15 m
Free Triangle; 287 mi

Female 15 m
Triangle 100; 35.445 mph
Triangle 200; 35.445 mph
Triangle 300; 35.445 mph

Female Open Singleplace
Triangle 100; 35.445 mph
Triangle 200; 35.445 mph

Female 13.5 m
Triangle 100; 35.445 mph
Triangle 200; 35.445 mph

Female Spots
Trianle 100; 33mph

General 13.5.m
Free Distance; 112.77 mi
Free Out and Return;221.4 mi

Female 13.5 m
Free Distance; 112.77 mi
Free Out and Return;221.4 mi

Female Open Singleplace
Free Distance; 112.77 mi
Free Out and Return; 21.4 mi
Gain of Heights 9,770ft
Absolute Altitude; 13.520 ft

Female Sports
Free Distance; 106 mi
Free Out and Return Distance; 208 mi

NEW MEXICO
CarolAnn Garrat

Female Open Singleplace
Free triangle Distance; 239.7 mi

Kolstad Award
Emily Adair

Ed. note: Sports Class distances are handicapped

2025 Top OLC listings

CarolAnn Garratt	12,156 pts	11,4 30 km
Tuulianna Kaukkanen	8,928 pts	7,790 km
Rita Edriss	8,207 pts	6,763 km

2025 Top weglide listings

Jenna Cooper	16,365 pts	9,370 km
Carol Ann Garratt	11,435 pts	7,102 km
Rita Edriss	7,980 pts	4,329 km

Ed. note: these listings have been done with the best of my abilities. Scores in OLC and weglide can not be combined since they are based on different systems

WSPA ANNUAL DUES

Full Members & Associate Members (Mail In, Zelle) $25.00
Full Members & Associate Members (PayPal) $28.00
Youth Members (Under 19) (Mail In, Zelle) $10.00
Youth Members (under 19) (PayPal) $11.00
Life Members (Mail In, Zelle) $350.00
Life Members (PayPal) $365.00

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Checks to WSPA should be written *to the order of* **WOMEN's SOARING PILOTS ASSOCIATION**.
On the *Memo line* write the purpose of the check.

MAILING A CHECK OR DOCUMENT TO WSPA

Send correspondence to:
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