

# 6<sup>th</sup> European Women Gliding Championships Oriol – Orel USSR 1989



Remember the European championships 1983, when Belgium at the last moment had to take over from the Soviet Union “because the buildings were not ready”? That was six years ago. Well, after Subotica 1985 and Shumen 1987 we are again travelling eastwards for the 3<sup>rd</sup> consecutive socialist organization. More: a communist one, for 1989 is leading us right in the Soviet Union, Oriol in Russian, Orel in Ukrainian, some 360 km south of Moscow. A long and wearisome 2645 km trip one way. Formalities at the FRG/DDR German frontier, papers, papers, papers and money road taxes 15 DM per car and 30 DM for each trailer. Indeed *each* because this time Belgium participates with mother AND daughter Litt. Same scenario at the German-Polish frontier and slow progress on the bad roads. A cumulus charged sky is inspiring us: if we only could FLY a 500 km triangle the speed of our glider would have been quite superior to the present one of our cars. After an hour we are on the road again, destination Zielona Gora, hotel Polan. Bad news: the plumbing is “kaput”, no warm water before to-morrow evening.

Soviet frontier Brest: *only* 1260 km more Papers Papers. 61 US \$ road taxes for each car. We protest, we are invited guests of the government of sports and of the Soviet Aero club. NJET! What about the German team with 10 gliders and 12 cars, they did not have to pay anything! “because there is an agreement between FRG and the USSR, not with Belgium”. Plus additional car insurance. And disgusting toilets at this frontier too. Do we really have to wait for decent equipment till Oriol?



We do not get much help from our official “guide-interpreter” sent to welcome each team at the frontier in Brest. As from this moment our Nicolas, a good looking young man in his twenties, is responsible for accommodation and meals (for which every Aero Club had paid the full heavy amount in advance). His specialty: 3 full packs of cigarettes per day – oh no, not in our cars, so we repeatedly have to stop, slowing us down considerably. Thus instead of spending the night in Minsk we make it only to Baranovici. Nicolas our bilingual interpreter? Yes, he speaks Russian and... Russian. Impossible to

make him understand that we refuse to eat super fat pork in the morning. On second thought, we should have eaten it because there is no more meal until tonight. Next night his (our?) programme mentions Smolensk. No rooms at the hotel. Did he forget to make reservations? “to Camping” he says. Now **WE** say NJET. We royally tip a taxi driver who promises us a hotel. Patriot. A double room for the honeymooners Bernadette Litt and husband Dirk. Water, yes, one mini-basin to be shared by 7 persons, very very practical. Is this the communist paradise?

Shall we ever arrive? Orel announced. We cross the town, pass a monument reminding of the

tank division battle in 1941, stopping the German troops. This time there are only friendly faces for the Germans – the women pilots – the inhabitants appreciate that the whole team is driving an *OREL* car (the use of which was offered by generous Opel German sponsors), they mistook the P of Opel for a Russian R to make it Orel...

Finally: unmistakably this is the place, when we see a V-tailed glider high on a pole. It is raining cats and dogs when we enter the Pugachevka airfield on muddy paths, manoeuvring to avoid the water puddles. The buildings are still not at all or only partly finished. There is no accommodation on the airfield, after 6 years the promised hotel is still not ready. The brand new sanitary wing is ready, with toilets, wash basins, even ceramic decoration on the walls. One blunder: no water yet, maybe to-morrow – manana or if you prefer: *zaftra* in Russian.

At the secretariat, what a relief, we are welcomed by a friendly lady Algima in perfect French. One of her questions: do we request an accompanying interpreter for our trip home? Yes, but **ONLY** if this person speaks French or English or German or Flemish **AND** providing hotels are **REALLY** reserved in advance. Then she brings me to the director of the championships, none else but our friend “d’Artagnan”, Valentin Juriev, USSR representative at the CIVV meetings, where I met him several times...

Last function of Nicolas: he brings us to the parking of the more or less comfortable SOLJUT hotel in town, where all the teams are accommodated. We



have to walk several hundred meters to bring the heaps of luggage to our rooms – no porter help whatsoever. We want to freshen up in our rooms 501 till 505 but must wait a quarter of an hour till little drops of lukewarm water come but at least we can finally WASH, what a luxury after all these days and nights. Luckily we have brought our own toilet paper, so we don't have to suffer using the Russian one, hard as the Pravda newspaper.

20.15 h: down for dinner – the lobby is full of police and security agents so: careful for illegal money exchange ... and for microphones everywhere! warns (James Bond) Geogeo.

On the menu: a dish of pork-butchery, steak-French fries of some sort (fat and only half warm!) and white cabbage. No wine, so help yourself to the drink of the locals: vodka.

Our Belgian team now gets 3 interpreters. a young curly haired lady Tania with linguistic diplomas, speaking French and German, she is nice and friendly, knows nothing about gliding but is eager to learn ... plus 2 Russian students who waited two days in vain for the arrival of French Christine Moroko at the Moscow airport. But please, Belgium, let us stay with you, so we don't lose a bit of pocket money? Vadim and Serge- of course – welcome! So far for the introduction to our stay for the next weeks.

Surprising registrations in the 15 m class: Both Bulgarian star pilots Tatiana Obretenova, title holding European champion 1987 and Todorka Velikova although flying on LS 4.

The same situation presented itself in the Hungarian team: they had registered Jantar gliders in 15m class. In Shumen 1987 a handicap factor of 0,96 had been foreseen for standard class gliders wanting to participate in the “higher” class. No such handicap however in Oriol. Hungary immediately returned to standard class but Bulgaria decided to remain in 15 m class where they met excellent Ukrainian but of course for Soviet Union starting Valentyna Toporova on ASW20 kindly put at her disposal by German Rainer Wienzek and her team mate Daine Vilne (in reality Latvian) on LS 6 she gratefully accepted from Holger Back and on which she achieved the best overall speed of the championships in Oriol: 90,1 kmh.

And how did Australian Janet Hider-Smith land in Oriol? It seems an incredible fairy tale. Once upon a time on a flight Hong-Kong to Frankfurt a rich German business woman read a story in the newspaper “The Australian” on a 33 year old laboratory chemist who regretted not to be able to participate in women gliding championships on the highest level. The business lady decided to help and after contacts with an Australian Insurance Company Janet got a very welcome double sponsorship. So up she went to Oriol where she started on a Discus in standard class. Less fortune for American Karol Hines who could only use a modest Jantar glider. Both non-European ladies evidently participated “hors concours” in these 6<sup>th</sup> Europeans.

Karol was not the only “USA presence” in Orel. Indeed, you couldn’t miss that Texan giant with big white moustaches covering half of his face, matching white hair covered by an eccentric black hat. “Be careful, Bernald (Smith) I told him – your wife recently asked me in Paris to keep an eye on you here.”

No DDR nor French team here but a strong Polish team was announced with of course defending 1987 European champion Ursula Wojda accompanied by a cheerful young girl with the unpronounceable name Anna Chnrasczc, first appearance in these European circles. She had only a modest Jantar. nevertheless until day 6 she preceded both her team mates Ursula Wojda and Jolanta Kopic-ka on their superior Brawo gliders.



**Waiting Babajagas.**

Unlike in Shumen the Russian organizers had made great efforts to gather photos of all turn points in a catalogue and allowed pilots, upon request and at no charge, to have recognition flights to some of the turn points. Good will, yes, but not all information was correct – just ask Maika Hohn. On the second competition day she looked and looked again for the second storage lake shown on the photo. In vain, for the very good reason the second lake had dried out since years and did not exist any more.

Weather wise we experienced two quite different weeks in Orel. First week heavy atmosphere with ever menacing thunderstorms nevertheless allowed 5 flying days, with cloud base of maximum 1600 m. Then came a stationary low with 5 neutralized days because of very strong winds but even on the best days cloud base never climbed any more above 1300 m.

Day one turned out to be an excellent start for the German trio Hohn-Müller-Hinrichs in standard class. Maika Hohn and Meike Müller succeeded good speed of 89,5 kmh (183 km triangle) on their LS 4 even better than the best 15 m class finishers, with 4 Germans in front. The German results of this first competition day had a surprising shock effect on the other competitors, this constructed a solid foundation for the German successes to come. Maybe Maika Hohn lost her possible title chances when she could not photograph the non existing second lake – see above – she slipped down to 14<sup>th</sup> place and on that same cursed 2<sup>nd</sup> day her friend Christa Hinrichs photographed a wrong turn point, only receiving very few km points.

*I can't resist telling you about Christa Hinrichs, participating again in Husbands Bosworth in 1991 and from then on rendering inestimable services to the German team in all championships to come. She has become the permanent devoted chaperon taking care of all material problems of all her flying ladies.*

Meanwhile the very first day killed all hope for British Pamela Hawkins who presented more than decent credentials, having flown successfully with the British men. Unprofessional development of her film and impossible use of her second film meant zero points, how do you recover such a loss? Her sad fate was shared by a few other unlucky competitors in the course of the championships and stewards Weinholtz and Smith repeatedly pulled the ears of Yuriev and his team for the sloppy handling of all photographic matters. This was really no publicity for the organizing capacities of the communist world. We wondered how things had been running in all the former championships of the socialist countries.

How many more **organization errors** must we swallow? This is KAFKA!

- no transmission of messages from gliders or sometimes YES, but 5 hours later
- nobody speaking English when picking up the telephone
- destruction of films they should have kept till the end of the championships
- “black” development of films (*the “technician” presented his excuses and a bottle of champagne, but still...*)
- loss of “second films” handed over in case something was wrong with the first film
- lunch packages for the pilots to eat in the glider... did you ever try to open a can of sardines in cockpit while flying in a European championship or any other contest?
- a French speaking Russian interpreter accompanying the Wilga in search of outlanded gliders shouting on the radio “Madame la Belgique, quel est le nom de votre village?” as if she could read and pronounce the name in Cyrillic letters!

- neglecting to take into account second (or even third) start times. Stewards and pilots had hard fights to finally get things straight
- excuse me – in vain we repeatedly required cleaning of the toilets at least once a day
- ETC etc

As much as we admired the opening ceremony, with astonishing simultaneous loopings by 6 Jantar gliders and with an incredible aerobatic presentation of a Yak by a lady pilot Sergeeva, “master of sports international”, not to speak of the traditional folklore dance presentations in beautifully embroidered dresses, as much we painfully regret their lack of a decent organization level of European or World gliding contests.

Are we happy to go to the West again next time (Great Britain 1991)!

Several expected favourites stumbled in Oriol. Like Bulgarian Tatiana Obretenova both USSR pilots Valentyna Toporova and Daine Vilne were well acquainted with flying in Oriol, this time both of them could use good 15 m class material thanks to the kind gesture of the German coaches. It did not help, some unlucky landing out kept them away from the rostrum.

In 15 m class Gisela stayed high up in the overall ranking. Which Gisela? To start with it was Gisela König. With 4 day victories she seemed heading for the title. Tactic game for both Giselas in the same team? The last day as usual organizers set a rather short task in order to be ready with scores and printing results for the prize giving ceremony next day at 11 a.m. Exceptionally the start line was to be closed two hours after the launching of the last glider of the class. Although knowing the risk of losing better lift conditions Gisela Weinreich nevertheless waited till the very last moment to get away, chasing the earlier starters. Did it work? Patience, we had to wait for the scoring calculations...

Bulgarian Velikova won the day with 82kmh – But what about the rest?

It was late in the evening when the results of the 15 m class were finally announced.

**The 15 m class podium showed:**

**Gisela Weinreich, Germany; 2. Gisela König, Germany; 3. Jana Veprekova.**

So Gisela Weinreich had conquered her 3<sup>rd</sup> European title even if it had been a narrow escape.

Not so in **standard class** where devil-may-care Anna Chnrasczc aimed very high. When favourite Maria Kyzivatova had a bad 6<sup>th</sup> day finishing 13<sup>th</sup> Anna succeeded in catching up 200 points on the highest ranked competitor. Two more of such days... and the new champion could again be Polish, this time newcomer Anna. She was a permanent threat for the experienced star pilots of



Podium 15 m class.

**Gisela Weinreich for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time European champion**



her class. But resolute Maria Kyzivatova – we called sweet Maria “the fox” – did not step aside, she remembered too well how imprudent she had been the last day in Shumen two years ago, when she lost her nerves just like threatening French Christine Moroko and suffered two injured neck vertebrae because of late landing on a stone hard field. No such error this time, Masha proved again: no podium without her, not even the duo Hohn-Zejdova could keep her off. So it was podium again but in Oriol Maria Kyzivatova stood proudly on the highest step of the **Standard Class podium:**

**1. Maria Kyzivatova, CZ; 2. Maika Hohn, GER; 3. Hana Zejdova, CZ.**



Impressive podiums they were, in Oriol, after 8 tasks. German and Czech teams did not leave the slightest crumb for the other nations. Six medals for two countries. What was the secret of the German uprising, someone asked coach Holger Back. “That remains my secret” was his mysterious answer.

**Landing out** is always an adventure but it doesn't often cause catastrophic events and loss of all points on a 1000 points day as it did for the unlucky Belgian team.

**A dramatic experience** for both mother Geogeo Litt (on Discus) and daughter Bernadette (on Ventus a) on 3<sup>rd</sup> competition day 347 km triangle. The sky did not keep its promise. Pam Hawkins had to land out after hardly 20 km. Same fate 80 km further for Gisela König and both Belgians on adjoining fields, **at 4.30 pm** The soil was very marshy. After difficult and aerobatic manoeuvres a strong Wilga finally succeeded in towing Gisela out but the pilot immediately announced he refused to repeat the ordeal to bring both Belgians back. The message “retrieving by car imperative” was delivered to team captain and crews only after 9 p.m., **five hours** after the landing. An accompanying Russian guide brought them to the landing spot but trailers and cars got stuck in the black mud. Midnight. The crews slept in the car, the pilots in the gliders. As team captain I stayed in Pugachevka and tried to save at least some cold food for my crew at their return. **11.00 pm** “they have been found”. Why so triumphant? they have been found but not HERE yet! ... The long wait...

At **sunrise** a Wilga started the search and flying very low in zigzag he guided the Belgian cars caravan to the stranded gliders, to be derigged and retrieved back to Orel. This morning the official photographer came to shoot a photo of all teams. I protested and refused to pose without my pilots, you come back when THEY will be there!

Incredible but true: stubborn director Juriev opens the start for 15 m class in spite of my strong protest, argued by Rule A 17. *2 start only 15 minutes after launching the last glider of the class* – last glider present on the grid? Two pilots are missing and it was not their fault!

I am absolutely furious. Don't try to comfort me with your stupid arguments “They will be here soon and can still make a start” What a joke – the Belgian caravan with Russian guide arrived in Orel late afternoon when lift was dying out – **22 hours for 80 km retrieval! Is this 21<sup>st</sup> century?** And then upon their late return to Pugachevka – while competitors had already landed after their task of that day it was impossible to find even ONE drop of water on the whole airfield to wash off the dirt and mud from gliders and trailers. Furthermore all the welding of both trailers had given up and bolts slipped out of their grip. So anyway there was NO 4<sup>th</sup> 1000 points task for Geogeo and daughter Bernadette – 0 plus 0 – an irreparable blow!

Official protest, of course. Handwritten, of course because no typewriter available, of course. Protest fee of 30 \$ deposited, of course. Protest against what? The unfair decision of the director. And how do you punish him? By cancelling the day – and of course this punishes innocent pilots with good results on that day, understandably their team captains would not allow that. You don't have to be a fortune-teller to predict the result of the protest, 2/3rds being needed, only one half reached. From this moment on the “going to the cows syndrome” inspired mother and daughter Litt to only one idea: 100% safety, no more muddy risks. The blow was especially hard for neophyte Bernadette, even after the result

of that black 3<sup>rd</sup> day her overall ranking was 3<sup>rd</sup>, the bronze had not been an impossible dream.

After Orel 1989 I have proposed I G C should henceforth designate an independent jury instead of a jury composed of team captains who cannot possibly put aside the interests of their own pilot when judging a protest of a competitor of another team.

Four years later the official I G C rule became: nomination of 3 independent jury members.

Unfortunately too late for both ladies Litt, for mama it was an unfortunate (announced) ending of her competition career ... and this meant the end of the one of her discouraged daughter

What a regrettable loss!

### **NON FLYING ALTERNATIVE ACTIVITIES**

#### ***USA aboy on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July***

A stars and stripes ribbon on the breakfast table of this 4<sup>th</sup> of July is a clear sign. Let's celebrate USA independence day. Drizzling rain cuts all hope for flying to day, instead we go on a boating excursion on the river Oka. Our boat is not exactly a pleasure yacht, it cracks from all sides – are we too heavy? A swaying hood protects us from the rain and if you look carefully for a dry spot on a bench, you should enjoy the misty trip. Karol Hines has requested and gotten permission to run up a stars and stripes wind-sock at the stem of our old steamer – the expression on the fishermen's faces on the river banks – is this a maritime American invasion?

When Bernald Smith is allowed to take the helm – anything you want on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July – the boat starts zig-zag rolling, swaying from left bank to right. Let's sing and be merry. Algima's husband has a nice bass voice, he lives in Lithuania and remembers some German soldier songs ("We Lithuanians are NO Russians!") soon joined by Wolfgang Weinreich, other crew members and of course myself. So the Russian air above the green waters of the Oka is soon filled with our voices. Geogeo takes the cap of the Australian team captain, the collected harvest is satisfactory and we offer the quite decent amount of 15 roubles to the boat crew, grateful for this American present.

For practical reasons the **excursion programme** offered was rather limited and other possibilities were left to the initiative of the crews themselves. But when are you sure enough the weather would be "non flying" on order to plan an excursion?

***The house of Tourgueniev*** near by is situated in the middle of an enormous park, very much neglected because he "only" kept the 16 thralls who wanted to stay. We are reminded (?) of the very rich woman he married, of his title of

“best author among the chess-players “as well as “best chess-player among authors”. In the house we visit the room with beautiful hunting scenes on the walls, where he wrote his masterpieces, and the guest-room to host 25 years old actress Severa the 63 years old author fell in love with. In the park in front of a 160 years old oak we listen to the translation of the poet’s request “please bow to this oak and at the same time to your fatherland of which he has the strength”.

*Friendship meeting with the workers* of a factory of road construction machinery. They certainly do not use that on the Russian roads we know. After a bumpy trip in sardines compressing busses we arrive at the factory and are introduced in a spacious nicely decorated hall. On the tables we are welcomed by a rosy sugary liquid, a few chocolates and small peaches. After a pathetic speech by a lady in a long dress colourful flashing lights, a deafening orchestra invite to dance, fortunately now and then interrupted by the usual folklore ballet girls with the colourful swaying skirts. Conversation is impossible with this noise so I prefer to visit the exhibition of the best drawings and mosaic works of children 8 to 14 years old, being coached in this “palace of culture”. Sometimes the works are “put up for sale” but all the children-authors refuse any money, they want it to go to the Rehabilitation House for the wounded Russian soldiers coming back from Afghanistan. ALL the children? Yes, they all refuse one single kopeck. My remark “then all Soviet children must be angels” meets disapproval on the twisted face of the managing lady. How much propaganda can you push down our throat?

In order to protect my ear-drums I take the bus for those wanting to leave and return to our hotel Saljut. Nobody ever met one of the workers we were supposed to become friends with.

### *Moscow, the MUST*

When interpreter Andrei hears we intend a visit to Moscow, he insists that HE takes us “to the only town he could ever live in”. After four hours drive on horribly bumping roads he wants to first “quickly kiss his mother” – one half hour lost! Then Exhibition Park of Soviet Achievements – we almost faint when he announces 50 pavilions. We insist: only one, the Cosmos with Gagarin, the space shower, satellites etc, nice presentation, a bit primitive but we are certainly prejudiced after several visits to the Smithsonian Air and Space in Washington. We pass the house of Gorki, the church where Pushkin got married, the KGB (ssshht, microphones!), some high hotels and other administrative buildings. Then here we are on the historical famous Red Square. Amazing how that crazy young German pilot Mathias Rust could ever land here? We are lucky to be spectators of the relief of the guards in front of the austere tomb of Lenin, what imperturbable expression on their young faces, stretched legs high up, nailed shoes tramping on the ground, very martial! We rush through the Kremlin, the

Supreme Soviet Parliament, pass many bronze and stone tombs of former princes and VIPs of Moscow, icons covering the walls. On the square again we admire the St Basile cathedral and its many colourful turrets. We are disgusted to hear the architect had his eyes put out because Ivan the Terrible wanted to prevent him from ever building a similar one!

For a late lunch we want a typical Moscow café but Andrei absolutely wants to take us to the foyer of the Faculty of Medecine. Sandwiches? Njet. Anything else to eat? Njet. We run outside to get some old cheese sandwiches out of the mini refrigerator in the car. Anything to drink? Tea or coffee but no milk – there is ice, the waiter says, put some vanilla ice in your coffee, that is also milk. Horrible taste. We discover why Andrei brought us here: after kissing his mother, now it is his fiancée Svetlana who works here. He makes us lose more time “those provincials in Orel have no more wine for you, whereas WE in Moscow...” Three visits in vain, the drink shops are out of wine. Bravo pretentious Andrei! And we only had one day for Moscow!

### *Culinary Russia...*

Our kitchen chefs in Oriol do not know the meaning of the word “warm” or “hot”. We always had lukewarm potatoes, French fries and meat (mostly very fat pork), seldom vegetables or fruit and fish was unheard of luxury. Why should I complain? without any diet I lost 18 pounds and had to buy a belt to hold up my trousers. We had heard so much about the Russian specialties such as borscht, the famous cabbage soup. We never got any. Tania’s mother invited us to it, but landing out, landing out, we cannot possibly fix a day, an hour...

She finally gave us the receipt, we shall try it out, back in Belgium.

On the airfield the Litt family found mushrooms and while the pilots were in the air, the crew on the ground cleaned and prepared what was going to be a very nice meal, a HOT one too “Can we use the kitchen of the Hotel?” The personnel gave us pans and some oil, they had a frightened look, surely next day the Belgian team would be out of the running, because poisoned!

### *Strange practices in our hotel*

As team captain it was my privilege to have a small refrigerator in my room. After two days that contraption originated heating instead of cooling. Repair by our technicians appeared impossible so I called for help the “chief of the chambermaids” most Russian hotels appoint for each floor. She shook her head, dragged me to the bath room and I understood: I give her a piece of the tempting FA soap brick and she makes the refrigerator get cold again. Bargain concluded. After 2 days: heating again. And again. And again. When I really ran out of FA soap, she requested T-shirts, pointing out the ones she wanted. When I finally ran out of T-shirts – even unwashed ones – she requested ROYCO soup bags we had brought from Belgium for urgencies etc...

The end of the championships did not come too early!

### ***The witches Sabbath***

The organizers had invented a new formula for the usual witches ritual. They had hired a professional actress from Moscow, with a group of dancing devils to animate the evening. With the best intention, no doubt, but they had not reckoned with the general protest of the lady pilots: this is OUR exclusive affair, our privilege, thank you for this theatrical offer. If you insist, then only AFTER all novices have taken the Babajaga oath and danced their traditional tour around the nightly camp fire.

Among the usual questions put to the witches we heard this one, addressed to Janet Hider-Smith by none else but director Valentin Juriev: “On your way back to Australia, may I join you on your two-seater broomstick?”

Answer: no, I choose my own co-pilot, preferably somewhat younger.

During the last minutes of initiation of the last babajaga I felt the first rain drops falling from the trees on my hand – was this witch craft? – and then the floodgates of heaven opened up without mercy. The whole group of gliding women fled to the chockfull pavilion ... to find only empty tables, the locals had preceded them. I did not see any promised “Swedish” dishes, I did not see any announced drinks. I could not save one of my arms and one of my legs from getting quite wet because of having to stay half inside half outside the door. This way I had the privilege to see and pity the soaking wet musicians and the four devils in their black clinging skin-tight outfits dancing around the slowly extinguishing fire. Janet Hider-Smith braved nature’s wet forces and applauded the devilish show ... maybe she was looking to pick a co-pilot on her two-seater broomstick flying back to Australia?

My apologies for this long story, I was again too elaborate on our gliding adventure and the happenings around it in the Soviet Union but we underwent so many overwhelming impressions – not to speak of the unjust fate hitting both Litt ladies... striking me too, the Belgian team captain!

## 15 m class

PL	PILOT	COUNTRY	GLIDER TYPE	POINTS
1.	Weinreich, Gisela	D	LS6	6685,5
2.	König, Gisela	D	LS6	6668,6
3.	Veprekova, Jana	CS	Ventus b	6495,4
4.	Zimmermann, Petra	D	LS6	6456,6
5.	Toporova, Valentina	SU	ASW 20	6057,5
6.	Vilne, Daina	SU	LS6	5731,7
7.	Velikova, Todorka	BG	LS4-a	5624,9
8.	Obretenova, Tatjana	BG	LS4-a	5541,7
9.	Brandes, Marianne	D	ASW 20	5433,1
10.	Meyer zu Wickern, Ingrid	D	LS6	5129,7
11.	Norrmén, Elisabeth	SF	ASW 20	4993,7
12.	Smilgavichute, Edita	SU	Jantar	4864,1
13.	Hawkins, Pam	GB	LS6-b	4528,5
14.	Timkova, Svetlana	SU	Jantar	4480,2
15.	Leclercq, Bernadette	B	Ventus	3827,4
16.	Kučerova, Lenka	CS	Ventus b	3765,4
17.	Litt, Georgette	B	Discus	3514,5
18.	Myshliaeva, Marina	SU	Jantar	2503,9

<b>Standard Class</b>				
PL	PILOT	COUNTRY	GLIDER TYPE	POINTS
1.	Kyzivatova, Marie	CS	Discus b	5677,9
2.	Hohn, Maika	D	LS4	5314,8
3.	Zeidova, Hana	CS	ASW 19 B	5228,1
4.	Kopicka, Jolanta	PL	Bravo	5092,3
5.	Charak, Anu	SU	Jantar	5082,9
6.	Laan, Eda	SU	Jantar	4809,1
7.	Chnaszcz, Anna	PL	Jantar	4804,4
8.	Sviridova, Tamara	SU	Jantar	4750,6
9.	Müller, Meika	D	LS4	4586,1
10.	Woida, Urszula	PL	Bravo	4491,9
11.	Christova, Diljana	BG	Jantar	4066,9
12.	Vitsinska, Zinta	SU	Jantar	4017,0
13.	Bolla, Maria	H	Jantar	3720,2
14.	Supe, Valentina	SU	Jantar	3678,9
15.	Daroczi, Eva	H	Jantar	3629,0
16.	Alipyeva, Margarita	BG	Jantar	3397,8
17.	Maattanen, Aulikki	SF	LS4-a	3348,6
18.	Zsolnai, Rita	H	Jantar	3067,5
19.	Hinrichs, Christa	D	LS4	2550,4
20.	Benke, Ilona	H	Jantar	2445,6
21.	Meagher, Mary	GB	Jantar	2189,1
<sup>1</sup> (13)	Hider Smith, Janet	AUS	Discus	3878,9
<sup>1</sup> (23)	Hines, Karol	USA	Jantar	2136,8

<sup>1</sup> außer Konkurrenz