

# The Bull Pen Online!!

Well, the summer is drawing to a close and the flying continues. All in all it was a great summer for anything aviation. The wind was more of a partner than an enemy. Its cooling effect brought long comfortable mornings and warm afternoons. This summer we had some new faces and new planes. We saw top of line gliders, made of composite materials that allowed for extended flight times. We saw new sport models such as a TwinStar 40, E-flight TalorCrafts, and Pawnee's. We saw new warbirds like the P-51, B-25, and the P-47. We also had a few of the turbine powered models at our field. Now there is an eye catcher. If you happened to miss the jet flying around at our field, well, I am truly sorry. It was a real treat!

The float fly boys were all a splash this summer. With generally calm water, all those waterlogged flyers were cashing in some wet and sometimes wild touch and goes. Word has it that the Glen Butler Memorial Fly-In was a big hit. With good weather, and a few out of towners, fun was had by all.

The Scale masters was also a great success. If your thing is counting rivets and laying panel lines on a plane that looks 65 years old, then this was for you!!! Pilots from across the globe, (OK, so maybe Kansas, Denver, and New Mexico), came to fly their pride and joy at Col. Brad Doliver Field. Anything from sport scale Stuka's to Top Gun qualifying P-47's and P-51's could be seen. As far as I know, there were no major accidents at this year's event.

The Big Bird Fly-In seems to get bigger every year! (no pun intended!!) We seem to draw more motorhomes than Camping World and Cabella's combined. Within each of those fancy pants trailers they are towing around, lurks many large, high powered craft with support equipment abound! And I ain't talking fuel and glow igniters either. I am talkin about spousal support. These ladies bring out the best in their men. Encouragement, maintenance, and humor are only a few of the necessary essentials these gals bring with them. We appreciate it. Thank You.

There was the Warbirds over Pueblo event that was possibly the best event in years. The event coordinators attracted plenty of pilots sporting those vintage birds that helped propel the United States of America to the superpower that we are today. Duane honored a few World War II vets and presented them with gifts of our appreciation. Thanks Duane, and thanks to all who have served, and to those who are currently serving this great country. There is no way to thank you enough!!!

And so, with another summer drawing to close, I look forward to seeing you all this winter, bundled up like Eskimos from northern Alaska, out at the ol' Flyin site.

Wishin for a short winter,

Tony

# As the propeller turns (our little drama)

As we last tuned in, all props in this little neighborhood were behaving themselves. All the rules that establish a good prop from the truly rotten were being followed. The props were doing the job that their owners intended, pulling papa's pride through the air. Loop the loops, rolls, and dives, these thrust producing works of art were as pleased as puddin.

As the summer was heating up, so were the tempers of the often unappreciated little wirlygigs. They were plotting revenge..da...dan...da...They only wanted respect. Was that too much to ask? They didn't think so. All they would need is a split second of inattention to strike. This would surely get their owners full attention and regain the admiration they so desperately need.

And then.....It happened!! When the owner neglected a crucial pre-flight step, the engine sprang to life, propeller a whirling like a blender on steroids, it was time! An arm within blades reach. The seemingly tiny prop lunged forward, grabbing and tearing, and chewing away flesh like a meat grinder makes a living!!! It didn't mean to hurt him that bad, it must have just gotten a little carried away, I mean it has been so neglected, so ignored, it was just plain mad. Be assured that the little prop on that big motor did feel sorry. It was sure that it had gotten the attention of his owner, and that no further action would need to be taken by any other prop, anywhere.

Human beings, an ingenious creature, have a huge downfall. *Short memories!* After just a short period of time the human brain returns to its comfy zone. A zone of complacency. This is a very happy place. A place where nothing can happen to me, a place of enchantment. All memories of bad experiences expunged. Don't think this has gone unnoticed!! Our little propulsion devices have been payin attention. They still feel unloved, unappreciated, ( yeh, we have all heard this before) . The stories are rolling in like headlines of Britney Spears. These little rascals have struck multiple times since the "First Blood". How many more stitches will the doctors have to sew? How many more drops blood will have to fall to stop this insanity? How many?

For now, all is quiet. We have been warned, and we have taken notice. We must continue to respect the props. For now, we have calmed the tiger within the blades. It is imperative to continue to do so to ensure no more mutiny will take place at this little field.

**The moral of this story is to pay close attention to what you are doing!!!  
Watch out for others!!!**

**Never stand in front of an engine while doing a run up!!**

**Never stand in line with the prop. AKA: on the side of it**

**Never tune an engine from the front**

**Never reach over the prop to retrieve you igniter**

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**Always have a helper if available**

**Always restrain your aircraft if you do not have a helper**

**Always do a full control check before you start your engine**

**Nuff said**

**The next club meeting is Oct. 14<sup>th</sup>**

**Dancing girls with airplanes on their heads will be appearing after the meeting adjourns. (Courtesy of our president)**