

Winner of the '99, '01, '02 & '03 McKillop Award!

# FLY PAPER

NOV/DEC 2010

Members in KS, NE, CO, MO, OK, TX, NC, FL, AZ, NM, & AK!!

## LAST MONTH

*from Walter Rundell*

I have been told that, in the NASCAR circuit, if you want to have access to the pits and the infield, where a lot of the excitement is, you need to (A) – have substantial money invested, or (B) - be pretty snug with an owner or driver, or preferably (C) ---both A and B. This came to my mind last month when the Lyddons hosted our monthly 377 chapter meeting. After making our guilt ridden pass ( I'll take a little bit of this – and maybe a little of that, and probably just skip the desserts- - well, maybe just a small piece) down the buffet line, we all settled down to stuff ourselves and catch up on what had been going on with our friends and maybe make a new one or two. At this point, you have had your money's worth, but next, all we had to do was turn our chairs around, drag them over to the open hangar door( would you prefer shade or sunshine?) and there you were in a front row seat at the staging area (pits) for the FRANKLIN FLYING CIRCUS. During one pit stop, we even got to see Steve L. race out, replace all four tires, and do an engine change ( Well, maybe he just swapped a spark plug- - I don't remember) on one of the show planes. All thanks to the Lyddon family. " Who you know" still works.

Watching that beautiful Waco UPF-7, with that beautiful wing walker, perform launched me on yet another trip down memory lane. Brace yourself. Immediately after WWII, Almost every major airport in the U.S., and for that matter, the world, was literally littered (English majors alert) with the remains of the greatest aerial war machine ever assembled. The East side of the Garden City Army Airfield had a couple hundred Fairchild PT 19s and a few other tube and fabric trainers, rotting away. The entire West side of the installation was packed with hundreds of B-24 Liberators waiting to be taken to the smelter to be turned into cookware. A few individuals ( including many who knew little about flying) were able to buy some of the fleet for what amounted to pocket change.

About this time a surplus UPF-7 clattered up to the gas pump at the old Garden City Airport. It looked like it might have fought the war by itself, - - and lost. After taking on all the thirty cents a gallon gas that he could afford, the pilot(?) whose total time in an airplane

## THIS MONTH

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13  
AT NOON**

**Harold Krier Field—K58—Ashland, KS**

1.0 mi. S of city. N37-10.00 W099-46.51  
Field Elevation 1951

**Runways are turf:**

**2-20:** 3125X300; grain elevator & road rwy 20

**14-32:** 3135X300; (NSTD) road rwy 32

\*\*\*\*Right traffic runway 14\*\*\*\*

CTAF - 122.9 FSS - 122.65

**Saturday, November 13** gather for our noon potluck flyin, hosted by the Mark Luckie family at the Ashland Airport (K58). The City of Ashland has donated the use of the main building for the day. The fare will be Hamburgers, table service and drinks will be provided. Please bring a side dish to share.

The museum houses the Krierkraft and other artifacts of Harold Krier's. Anyone interested will be able to tour the museum after lunch.

**For more information you can call**

**Mark Luckie 620-635-4461 or (cell) 635-0104**

## NEXT MONTH

**SAT. DEC. 11 AT NOON\*\*\***

**Napolis Flight Deck Restaurant—  
GCK—Garden City, KS**

Details are still being ironed out at the time of this newsletter, so please confirm this information. Invitations will be MAILED to our current membership, and EMAILS will go out as usual, with all the details the week before the event.

**Saturday, December 11** gather for our annual Christmas party. We're not formal, we just want to get together with our EAA friends and celebrate the holiday. Napolis will serve an Italian lunch spread, and members can bring a dessert to share.

**For more information you can call**

**Don Blackman 620-275-8630 or (cell) 521-1791**

# F.Y.I.

Chapter 377 normally meets on the second Saturday of each month. "Meetings" are normally fly-ins to different member airports, with a potluck at noon and short meeting following. December is the Club Christmas Party. Contact any of the officers listed to confirm meeting date and place. Anyone interested in recreational flying or building is encouraged to attend.

FLY PAPER is published monthly, normally mailed a week before each meeting/fly-in.

Annual membership in Chapter 377 includes one year subscription to FLY PAPER. Send \$15 (\$7.50 after July 1) to Wayne Melanson, Treasurer,

Readers are encouraged to contribute articles, photos, etc. by submitting them to the Editor/Publisher.

Deadline for the January 2011 issue is December 30, 2010.

## OFFICERS:

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**COMING UP...**  
13 November—  
EAA 377 at Ashland,  
KSAirport.

11 December— EAA 377 Christmas Party at Garden City, KS Regional Airport (GCK)

FMI contact Donald Blackman at 620-275-8630, 1285 N. Mennonite Rd, Garden City, KS 67846.

**FROM AOPA/Air Safety Foundation**— Know your abilities. Understand the risks. What's safe? What isn't? And where do you draw the line? As GA pilots, we have to make our own calls. This program is designed to help. This program is intended as a basic tool for use in understanding and managing risks associated with general aviation flight.

<http://flash.aopa.org/asf/flightrisk>

A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess looks at him and says, "I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger."

## A New Show on PBS "THE AVIATORS"

Ck it out...

it is getting GREAT reviews!

## MONTHLY FLY-IN BREAKFASTS

1st Saturday: Ponca City, OK

2nd Saturday: Beaumont, KS

3rd Saturday: Alva, OK & Benton, KS

4th Saturday: Augusta Municipal (3AU)

Every Sunday: Lucas, KS cafe  
Last Saturday of each month will be the Claremore Regional Airport (KGCN) Luncheon, held rain or shine. Lunch is from 11am-1pm

**LAST MONTH— cont. from pg. 1** may have been just what it took to get from Omaha to Garden City, noticed a skinny kid ( Guess who) standing beside the old trainer with his mouth hanging open. He had never been that close to an open cockpit biplane. The pilot(?) bursting with new owner pride, stepped over to the admirer and said "Whadaya think Ace, wanna go for a ride?" That had to be the dumbest question anybody ever asked me.

After a couple of more or less circles of the patch, and a definitely unceremonious landing, I was deposited back on the ramp, with a grin that went half way around my head. At that moment, a firm hand was placed on my shoulder, and I was ushered a short distance away. My instructor's profanity was a local legend, sometimes rising to near eloquence. After opening with some very discouraging words about the level of my intelligence, and continuing with references to my ancestry, he finally simmered down enough to deliver his message. " Don't you EVER get into an AIRPLANE you don't know ANYTHING about, with some [expletive mercifully omitted] you don't know ANYTHING about." Not bad advice then or now. I have wondered if there is any chance that the UPF-7 of my experience might be one those later owned by the Franklins. In contrast to the ten thousand or so Stearmans, there were only about six hundred UPF-7s built for the same market.

LARRY MOLCZYK came to LBL (From Aurora, NE) to fulfill a bucket list dream to sky dive. CRAZY!





# HEARD IN THE HANGAR

**BOB STANTON** of DDC suffered a horrible accident in his shop last week, and was lifewatched to Wichita Burn Unit. The burn was so extensive they removed his damaged leg to increase his chance of survival. Thankfully he is recovering quite well, and should be back home by the time this newsletter is printed. Our wishes for a speedy recovery, Bob!

**CONDOLENCES TO HARRY BARTEL AND FAMILY**— on the death of Harry’s dad, Martin R. Bartel.

**CONDOLENCES TO THE REXFORD FAMILY**— on the death of Nadene Rexford, wife of Chester (Chet), and mother of Ray.

**FROM TOM AUERBACH**— Ponca City report: Weather was clear and chilly with light wind to start. Wind picked up a little and it felt colder even though the temperature came up some. Aircraft count was down as was the local turnout from Ponca City compared with last month. Everybody waiting for the time change back to Standard time.

Our cashier, Bob Christensen established the official breakfast count at 385 served. Based on the photos that I took, only 53 aircraft flew in (including 1 Army OH-58A Kiowa helicopter).

**WINGS OVER NEBRASKA: Historic Aviation Photographs.** A new book by Vince Goeres and published by the Nebraska State Historical Society. The book includes more than 200 photographs of Nebraska’s aviation pioneers, their planes, airfields, triumphs and mishaps! To read more:

<http://shopgrandisland.com/specialsections/ss-102110.php?offset=15>

You can buy a copy on Barnes and Noble’s website, or ask Mary Shortridge to see her copy!



**RON BERGLUND** reports a fun day at the Syracuse Annual Classic and Antique fly-in October 2nd . Top photo was taken from his backyard; Great advertising!

**KEITH BLACKMAN** passed his Flight Exam for his Instrument Rating on October 20, 2010. CONGRATULATIONS!!!

**RACHELLE POWELL** reports GCK construction is COMPLETE!!!



Read more about **TODD CRIST**, [http://www.kansas.com/2010/11/04/1572355/5-questions-with-todd-crist-production.html?story\\_link=email\\_msg](http://www.kansas.com/2010/11/04/1572355/5-questions-with-todd-crist-production.html?story_link=email_msg) Amber and Cody were able to ride along recently on a trip to Santa Fe, NM.



**KENDA MILLER** has soloed! She was beaming at LBL when she told me about her flight training. Proud husband **GLENN** reports she has more than 20 hours now. You go, girl!!!



## LIBERAL, KS FLIGHT

**Cross-country trip in an AirBike (Oct. 1, 2, & 3)**

### **Paul Fiebich, Airbike Ace!**

#### *New Experiences*

There is no such thing as a non-event, cross-country flight in a 342-pound airplane; experiences abound. Flying from Derby, Kansas to Liberal, Kansas and attending their one-day air show provided many new challenges. I would soon learn they were unique to remote areas of our State. I like to plan flights, I like to fly, and I like multi-day trips. So, when Mary Shortridge, EAA Chapter 377 newsletter editor invited me out, I began planning.

Airbike fueled, packed with gear and me aboard, I was ready to travel. It is amazing how quickly the weight of things such as oil, fuel, cold weather clothes, helmet, tent, sleeping bag, food, and display materials add up! My flight planning for the 210 mile trip to Liberal (LBL) predicted four and a half hours total time including two fuel stops.

Fuel stops are critical to reaching my destination. Some west Kansas airports do not sell fuel, some have limited provisions for getting fuel and some have no telephones. These conditions were to negatively affect my calls to Flight Service and for fuel. Because of these limitations, my ground track to Liberal represented a sewing machine's zig-zag stitch.

#### *Harper Airport ("Out of network")*

First stop for fuel was Harper (8K2) which caused me concern while circling to land. The field had two runways instead of one as listed on airnav.com. It almost looked like the Alva airport 20 miles away. I thought I had entered the wrong coordinates into my GPS and I wasn't at Harper! I landed on the unlisted but marked grass runway. I realized later, I had erred when making my trip card, I was indeed at Harper. Not an encouraging start!

Bill, a maintenance man, was on sight checking the fuel tanks as was a city employee. It was here I discovered my cell phone was "Out of network" and I couldn't close my flight plan! Problem solved when Bill loaned me his cell phone. The city employee then called the police to unlock the tank and sell me fuel. Without their help, I was out of communication along with its associated problems.

While waiting for the police chief's arrival, another car drove into the parking lot. I asked the driver if he was waiting for someone to fly in and he answered: "No, I just wondered what all the excitement was about!" Apparently a plane flying over the small town and landing is considered excitement. I was the only plane to land during the past week! We visited awhile and I showed him my plane.

Refueled, I paid my bill, filed a flight plan for Comanche

(38K) (using Bill's phone) and taxied to the grass strip. To give the four onlookers something to talk about for a week, I hit the smoke button during takeoff and climb. A beautiful plume of white smoke trailed my plane! I can just imagine them telling others at the coffee shop how I blew a piston on takeoff but the engine had two of them so it could keep going.

It wasn't long before I was flying over shallow gulches, washes, small watersheds, and a diminishing number of trees. Landmarks were non-existent as the sectional chart showed nothing that was worth documenting. Although the terrain was not featureless, there just wasn't anything significant or useful that warranted charting. The visible features of center-pivot hayfields, an occasional donkey-head oil pump, and dried up creeks, remained anonymous.

#### *Comanche Airport ("Oil leak")*

Next fuel stop was Comanche, seventy miles distant. Flying into gently rising terrain, I constantly tapped the stick to maintain 1000' AGL. Several times hawks momentarily flew next to me, then realizing I wasn't a threat, did a steep wingover back and away. That is a neat benefit of flying a fifty-five to sixty mph airplane.

Landing on concrete runway one-seven at Comanche, a previous problem surfaced and a new one was revealed. Gary, a retiree, was the gas man and just happened to be at the airport with his yellow Labrador Retriever. What luck! He said there was nothing to do at home so he came to the airport---just to check on it! It was a good thing too, because my cell phone didn't work here either. Communication problem solved! Next thing I know, he called three of his buddies so they could come out and see my strange little plane. Soon a crowd gathered and there was more help than I needed. Everyone wanted to do something---and talk. What an enjoyable fuel stop for all of us! This is one of the neat things about small airports.

Cleaning up after refueling, I noticed a liquid dripping from under my seat cushion and puddling on the concrete. Examination determined it wasn't water from my bottle, wasn't oil from a punctured plastic container, and it wasn't fuel. The only other source was smoke oil from the reservoir. Sure enough, that was the problem, when looking into the front storage compartment, I could see that oil was dripping down the reservoir's side. It was impractical to remove the tank here to solve the leak so I just mopped up the mess in the cockpit floor and stuffed shop rags in various places to absorb the "continuing leak." I would solve this problem when arriving at Liberal.

Gary loaned me his phone to file a flight plan for Liberal, I thanked everyone, said goodbye and took off. When circling the field I thought of giving them a blast of smoke and reached to turn on the smoke oil valve. The valve was already on! Whoa, that shouldn't be! I thought to myself. Then I realized what was causing my "leak." With the valve open, a clear airway between the hose attach point on the muffler and the oil reservoir existed. Exhaust pressure caused the oil in the reservoir to bubble, splashing out under the loose fitting cap and through the vent hole! It then ran down the tank side, across the cockpit floor and out the first floor hole it came to. What a relief to find the "smoking gun."

#### *Liberal Airport (Civilization!)*

Western Kansas is as bleak as anywhere in the Australian outback. There are NO trees, no towns, only an occasional farm, and lots of "crop circles." Deep-well, center-pivot irrigation makes it possible to sustain crops, other land is devoid of agriculture. Crops provide animal food for those in feedlots. The crop circles do however, provide interesting patterns unseen in regions with ample rainwater.

The land is almost flat except for an occasional gulch or highly eroded area. Visibility, at even 1000' AGL, is perhaps thirty-five to forty miles. The only signs of life are the dust devils (small harmless tornadoes) dancing across the fields like skinny toy tops. It is foolhardy to fly over desolate land masses that have not seen the foot of man or a tire track in decades, going down could be tragic. Especially since I have no ability to communicate. Hence I always file a flight plan and try to fly near signs of civilization. Those symbols are feedlots, oil pumping donkeys, cache storage sheds and what I thought was called a road. I later learned that those endless concrete ribbons on which an occasional pickup truck travels are really just I-o-o-n-g runways!



A late afternoon eastern approach to Liberal is characterized by two (maybe three) distinct features: Huge sewage settling ponds reflect sunlight making it appear like a small lake, and a large dark rectangular area with yellow dust floating away from it is located about five miles southeast of town. The third feature becomes apparent when flying through that dust cloud--the aroma is undeniably of a feedlot. The dust cloud is created when "the cattle get to stompin' " as the locals say.

At 6:20 PM I landed at Liberal (LBL) airport and taxied up to Lyddon Aero Center Inc., the airport's family run Fixed Base Operator. What a nice facility and friendly people--wow, this is civilization I thought to myself as I completed the shut down procedure. Thanks to the advance planning of my good friend, Mary Shortridge, and courtesy of Lyddon's, a sleeping room and courtesy car were waiting for me. After this five hour trip, I was ready for supper and a comfortable place to sleep (inside, instead of in my tent)

The reason for this trip was to see the Air Fair 2010 featuring Kyle Franklin's Flying Circus, Skip Stewart's Pitts S2S show, tour the Liberal Air Museum, visit Mary and enjoy meeting the members of her EAA chapter. Also, it was an opportunity to make another long cross-country trip. Something I really like to do. This time to western Kansas, an area I had never visited in my AirBike.

#### *Air Show Day*

Saturday dawned with mid-forties temperatures and a brisk bone-chilling wind. Even with an uncomfortable start, the day would become an exciting one. I requested and was given permission to display my AirBike next to the Young Eagles admission area. During non-air show times a steady stream of Young Eagles visited my plane, most of them sat in the cockpit and under my supervision, manipulated the controls to understand how it flew. About fifty kids sat in the cock-



pit, each was strapped in with the shoulder harness and had my silk scarf draped around their neck. Meanwhile parents took photos, some even accepted my invitation to sit in the cockpit. We all had a good time and I made some more friends.

EAA Chapter 377 hosted a luncheon in the main hangar. Here Mary Shortridge introduced me to several of their members. I found them to be just like our EAA chapter members: friendly, outgoing, and enjoy being associated with aircraft activities.

A cute little Porsche 914 that Mary had spearheaded the restoration of, was displayed with other cars in that part of the show. The aerial performances thrilled the crowd with what can only be described as outstanding demonstrations of flying skill, choreography and application of brute horsepower of the Waco and Pitts. I met Bob Baker, owner of two P-51s, Little Rebel and Sweet & Lovely. He made several high speed passes down the flight line in Little Rebel, adding to the visual and audio aspect of what horsepower can do.

Later that evening, as Kyle and Amanda Franklin were disassembling their Waco for transport to the next air show I asked Amanda for her "Bombshell" poster. She cordially responded and addressed it to "AirBike Ace!". I thanked both performers for their act and interacting with the crowd. Even though I had seen them the previous weekend at the Wichita Flight Festival, it was a thrill to watch them perform again.

#### *Homeward bound, Meade Airport (FBO Closed)*

Sunday morning my phone alarm buzzed me awake at 6:30 AM. The plan was to be airborne for home by 8:00 AM. Looking outside, I saw a light rain falling. I went back to bed for another hour. Trying again at 7:30 AM, it was still raining and the sky was overcast. Bob Baker and I examined the computer weather in the pilot planning room, I called Flight Service. Net result was to wait a couple of hours or so to let the bad weather with imbedded thunderstorms between us and our destinations blow away. I took the courtesy car to get breakfast.

Returning to the airport, Bob was taxiing out while I loaded my plane. Because I would again have no phone service at either outbound airports, I would go home another way. I could not risk failing to call Flight Service to close my flight



*Paul's Airbike with Baker's P51*

plan. Calling Meade (MEJ) airport I left a voice mail on the agricultural flight service's answering machine. Being Sunday, I assumed the office was closed but at least they did have a land line. Off I went to my first fuel stop with the next one at Pratt (KPTT).

At 1000' AGL it was forty-eight degrees, combining that with a damp wind chill; I was cold. This in spite of wearing long johns, jeans (which were tucked into my socks), a heavy shirt, leather jacket and scarf, stocking cap under my helmet and doubled-up gloves. Mary had commented earlier that I am the most passionate pilot she knows, I told her: "I love this flying stuff."

Landing at desolate Meade Airport, it looked more forlorn than any mining ghost town! A call to the ag service revealed he went out of business last month. However, he said he would come out and sell me fuel from his tanker truck. Fine, I only needed four gallons. Even though AirNav.com listed this as a viable airport with service, and the FBO at Liberal recommended it as a fuel stop, things can change quickly. Problems like this make the fuel stop take longer than the flight leg. An hour and a half later I was fueled and on the ninety-five mile leg to Pratt.

It was still cold and now getting very bumpy. The heading could only be held +/- ten degrees, altitude within one hundred feet, and my windscreen alternately showed ground and sky. I held the stick with one hand and a fuselage tube with the other. I just went where I was pushed, no sense fighting it. I felt like a peach pit in a blender!

#### *Pratt Airport and home (Lunch and warmth)*

Pratt was a welcome site, the sun was shining and there were airplanes on the apron next to the hangars. Entering the FBO to find someone who would pump fuel, I discovered an EAA chapter cleaning up from their pot-luck luncheon meeting. They offered me a paper plate which I immediately filled then went into the office to eat and warm up. Some of these pilots were the same ones who gave Young Eagle rides at Liberal.

Fuel tanks and stomach full, I returned to the FBO office to continue warming up and resting. I was exhausted and had another 80 miles to go. I didn't want to fly tired, the office chair was so comfortable I almost fell asleep in it. 3:45, flight plan filed for Selby Aerodrome (35KS), it was time to go.

My flight path now was into a quartering headwind, I had more than enough fuel to make it to Selby Aerodrome so I pushed the throttle forward a bit and my AirBike responded by giving me a ground speed of sixty-five mph. No more need to squeeze every bit of mileage out of my fuel tanks. Somewhere around Lake Cheeny, thirty miles from home, I started feeling warmth on my back and arms. Startled that there may be a fire in my aft storage compartment I turned around to look, but instead of fire I saw a most beautiful sight---the sun! It was now low enough in the sky to let its rays sneak in under my wing and strike my arms and neck. Oh, that felt good!

#### *Home*

Entering the Selby Aerodrome pattern I set up for landing. It wasn't a very good one, I attribute that to being tired, cold, and not correcting quickly enough for the gusty winds. Normally, I would go around and do it again so I could end a flight on a good landing. Not this time though, I doubt that I could have made it any better the second or even third time. I am down and nothing broke or fell off, head for the hangar, I said to myself.

Total traveling time was eleven hours, of that, 7-1/2 was engine run time and my fuel burn was 4.5 gph using all avgas for 425 miles. Since completing my plans-built AirBike

in 1998, it has flown over 850 hours. Statistics aside, it was another great trip; filled with new memories to savor and experiences to apply to future trips. My AirBike's Rotax 503 engine ran flawlessly and reliably, what a fun flying airplane! I was re-acquainted with old friends and made new ones, my pool of aviator friends continues to grow. I need to "pass forward" all the good things people did for me on this trip. Passionate about flying? You betcha!

(Photos by Paul Fiebich and Mary Shortridge)



#### **Paul D. Fiebich, a.k.a. AirBike Ace**

Biography—Paul is a retired Cessna Aircraft Engineer and former school teacher. He plans-built his AirBike and has flown it in excess of 860 hours. He is a member of EAA Chapter 88 of Wichita, Kansas and currently their Vice President. More can be learned about Paul's activities on his website: [paul.fiebich.org](http://paul.fiebich.org) and on the East Tennessee Lonesome Buzzards Bulletin Board. Contact Paul at [fiebichpv@aol.com](mailto:fiebichpv@aol.com)

**Check your mailing label... if it has 2010 in the corner, please mail your 2011 dues to our Treasurer**  
**Wayne Melanson**  
**1320 Jerry St.**  
**Liberal, KS 67901**  
**Only \$15, thanks to all who read on-line!**

## **ANOTHER ISSUE**

**THANKS TO:** AOPA, Brenda Rome, Brian Vulgamore, EAA's Aviation eBrief, FAA Safety, Farold Fox, Gary Drussel, Kira Everhart-Valentin, Larry Molczyk, Laura Lyddon McComb, Mark Luckie, Mel Crist, Paul Fiebich, Rachele Powell, Richard Hawley, Ron Berglund, Ron Judy, Todd Crist, Todd Francoeur, Tom Auerbach, Walter Rundell.



# SHOWDOWN ON THE PLAINS AEROBATICS SHOW BRINGS THRILLS TO WESTERN KANSAS

With spins, tumbles, smoke and rolls, spectators at the 2010 Showdown on the Plains aerobatic show were in for plenty of excitement. Held on September 11, 2010 in conjunction with a Kansas City Barbeque Society-sanctioned BBQ Challenge at the Scott City Municipal Airport, the thrilling aerobatics show was quite the crowd pleaser.

Performed by aerobatic pilots Brian Correll and Patrick Carter, the show lasted nearly an hour and included both individual and formation acts. Their incredible stunts kept everyone on the edge of their seats.

"Our routines are a little different because we really want to display the capabilities of the airplane," said Correll. "We want the spectator to see things that most normal airplanes can't and don't do. We do all kinds of maneuvers and make lots of smoke and noise - it's a fun thing to watch!"

The show opened with a U.S. Air Force KC-135 flyover and a September 11th ceremony that included an honor guard, more than 30 motorcycles and a local speaker and national anthem singer.

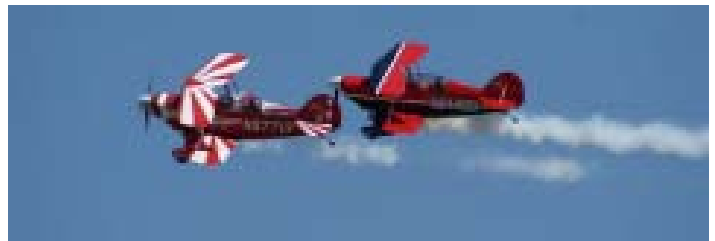
Sponsored by Precision Ag & Seed Services ([www.vffarms.com/pass.html](http://www.vffarms.com/pass.html)), the air show was part of an entire day of festivities that included a \$5,000-purse BBQ challenge, plane rides, kids' activities, music and electric car races. "Ride of your life" stunt rides with the pilots were also available to the more daring souls. More information about pilots Correll and Carter can be found at their websites: [www.welkinaero.com](http://www.welkinaero.com)



(Correll) and [www.acroflights.com](http://www.acroflights.com) (Carter).

Be watching the Showdown on the Plains website ([www.showdownbbq.com](http://www.showdownbbq.com)) for more details on next year's dates and activities!

***Kira Everhart-Valentin  
Vulgamore Family Farms***



**A BIG THANK YOU** to all of the pilots and groundcrew volunteers, and the Lyddons, for making the YOUNG EAGLES event such a success at the Liberal Air Fair. There was a HUGE crowd of interested children and their parents.



**TOM STALLINGS** recently painted his Thatcher. It is not a job he wants to tackle again any time soon... We can't wait to see it at the next EAA fly-in, Tom!

**CONGRATULATIONS! to all who made the Liberal Air Fair a success!**

**THANK YOU to all of the pilots and ground crew who managed the Young Eagles event:**

13 pilots and 10 planes gave 160 Young Eagle rides!!! Not bad for 4 hours!!!



Tim Patterson: C-182  
Rocky Ormiston and Jason Vaughn: C-182  
Dustin Deines: C-182  
Joel Murphy and Collin Fischer: C-172  
Mark Luckie and Jesse Luckie: RV-6  
Tracy King: 210  
Bill Anton: RV-8  
John Schwab: C-182  
Glenn Miller: Cirrus  
Jeff Davis: Archer



**THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**EAA CHAPTER 377**

Mary Shortridge  
Newsletter Editor/Publisher  
105 Drury Lane  
Garden City, KS 67846

First Class Postage



**MARTIN R. BARTEL** went home to be with his Lord on Thursday, October 21, 2010 at the Lone Tree Retirement Center .

Martin was a lifelong resident of Meade , KS . He was born to Jacob J and Elizabeth (Rempel) Bartel, also of Meade, on October 20, 1924.

He farmed and worked in the feed business until his retirement. He enjoyed working with horses. Martin won numerous awards from the feed business. He served in CPS during World War II in California and Wisconsin .

He was united in marriage to Helen Reimer on August 22, 1947, and they had five children. Martin was a charter member of the Emmanuel Mennonite Church of Meade where he served as a Sunday School teacher for several years. He was also active in Gideons International, and his favorite pastime was reading and studying the Bible.

Martin and Helen loved to travel in their later years. Together they visited every state of the union except Hawaii and three eastern states. In addition, they visited Mexico, Canada, several countries of Central America and Colombia.

Survivors include his wife, Helen; sons Harry and wife Marilyn of Hugoton, Richard of Ulysses; daughters Ruth and Wilma of Hugoton; grandchildren Clint and wife Maggie of Syracuse, NY, Erin of Harrisburg KY, and one great-granddaughter, Olivia. He was preceded in death by his parents, one brother, two sisters, and son Don.

Memorial services will be held at 2:00 p.m. Saturday, October 23, 2010, at the Emmanuel Mennonite Church, Meade . Arrangements were made by Fidler-Orme-Bachman Mortuary, Meade. Memorials may be sent to Gideons International or to the Emmanuel Mennonite Church Missions in care of the funeral home.

**NADENE REXFORD**, age 91, died early Saturday morning, October 23, 2010, at the Meade District Hospital, Meade, Kansas.

She was born February 23, 1919, at Rolla, Kansas, the daughter of Carl and Mabel Hannah (Smith) Dowell. As a young girl she attended the Cave Grade School in rural Ensign, Kansas. She later attended Ensign High School, graduating in 1937. A lifetime resident of rural Montezuma, she was a homemaker.

She was a member of the United Methodist Church, Meade. Nadene enjoyed sewing, crocheting, working crossword puzzles, baking, and spending time with her family and friends.

On June 14, 1938, she married Chester Rexford at Ness City, Kansas. He survives.

Other survivors include: A son, Ray Rexford of rural Montezuma, Kansas

A daughter, Wilda Beth Acoya of Santa Fe, New Mexico

Six brothers, Leroy Dowell, Wayne Dowell, Kenneth Dowell, Bob Dowell all of Georgia Billy Dowell of Dodge City, Kansas Lawrence Dowell of Ulysses, Kansas

Two sisters, Ruth Smith of Sacramento, California Leon Bettis of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Seven Grandchildren Eleven Great-Grandchildren

She is preceded in death by her parents; a brother, Floyd Dowell; and a sister, Bonnie Johnson.

Funeral services will be held at 2:00 p.m. Monday, October 25, 2010, at Fidler-Orme-Bachman Mortuary Chapel, Meade, with the Reverend Susan Greene presiding. Friends may call from 9:00 a.m. until service time Monday at the funeral home. Interment will be in the Graceland Cemetery, Meade.

The family would welcome memorials to the United Methodist Church, Meade in care of the funeral home.

# PHOTOS FROM RON BERGLUND



# PHOTOS FROM KIRA EVERHART-VALENTIN



# PHOTOS FROM TODD CRIST

