EDITORIAL

’Twas the Night before Blade Testing . . .

***Peter Avitabile**, Contributing Editor*

‘Twas the night before testing, when all through the lab house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a modal mouse;
The accelerometers were hung on the blade structure with care,
In hopes that St. Modal soon would be there.

The modal monkeys were nestled all snug at their desk beds,
While visions of modal testing danced in their heads.

When outside the lab there arose such a clatter,
They sprang from their desk beds to see what was the matter.
Away to the lab, they flew like a flash,
Turned on the ADC, to get ready to test in a dash.

When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But St. Modal, and his students, with their modal gear,
A bundle of modal toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a modal RUBE just opening his pack.

More rapid than eagles his testers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
“Now Lou!, now Tim! Now!, Julie and Jen!
On, Chris! on Sergio!, on Javad and SDASL modal men
To the top of the blade! On the top of the wall!
Now test away! Test away! Test away all!”

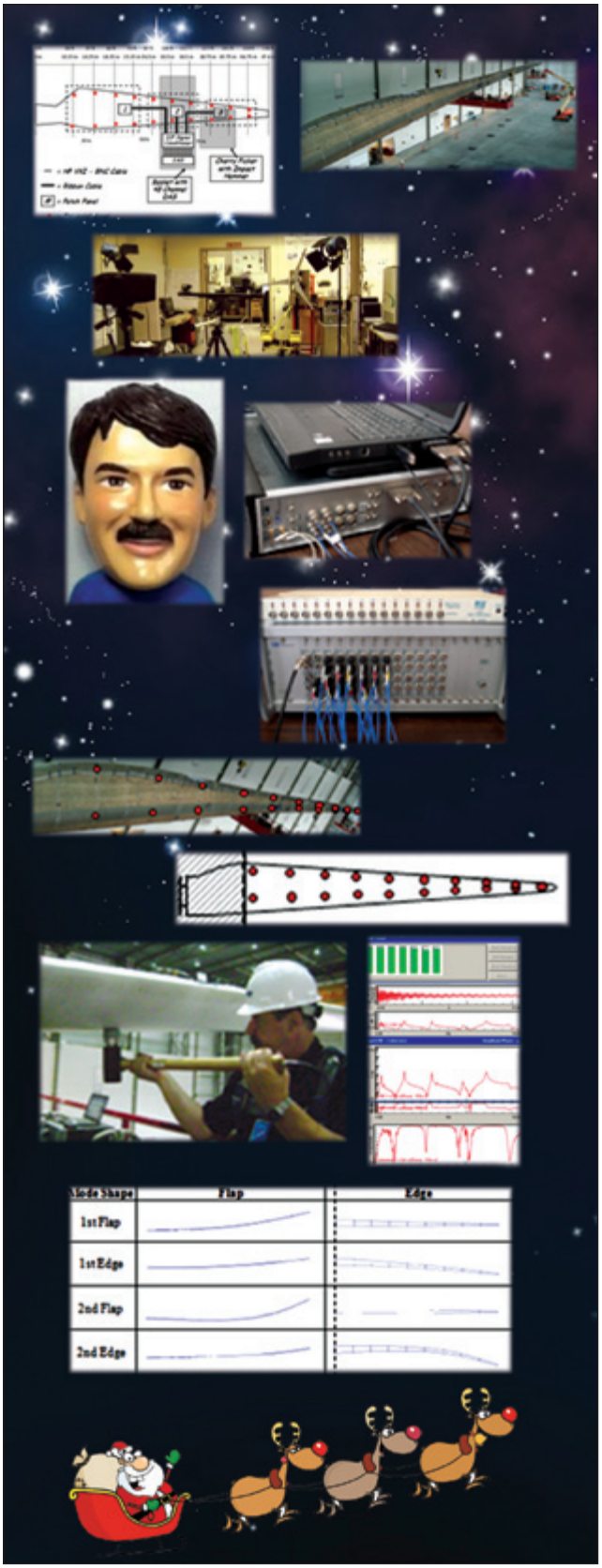
And then, was heard in the lab, in amazement,
The impacting and response of each measurement.

Their eyes – how they twinkled! their smiles how upbeat!
The measurements were FRFs, with coherence – how neat!
The hammer was held very tightly underneath,
And the cables were taped to the blade like a wreath.

St. Modal was chubby and plump, a right jolly old guy,
They laughed when they saw him, out of the corner of their eye;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon let the customer know they had nothing to dread.

They spoke not a word, but went straight to their work,
And made all the measurements, and then the mode shapes,
They reduced the data with PolyMAX, their workhorse,
And synthesized all the drive points, to make sure, of course.

They prepared the report and cleaned up the lab . . . how sweet!
And were relieved to know the test was complete,
And as they left the test site, they all exclaimed in relief . . .
“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-modal night!”



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