



October 7, 2009
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Number 10

Board Meeting:
October 7, 2009 6:30pm

General Meeting:
October 7, 2009 7:30pm

WWW.EAA124.ORG

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EAA Chapter 124, 5550 Windsor Road, Windsor, CA 95492

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS:

October 7, 2009 PROGRAM: RENO AIR RACE DEBRIEFING: All the news and great stories you want to hear from the guys who flew the airplanes.

Chapter 124 Potluck & B-B-Q 12:00 Saturday, October 10th

The CAFE Foundation Board and Officers plus those chapter members who have volunteered to help will be organizing the annual Chapter B-B-Q for members and their families. Bring your favorite dish in an amount that will feed 10 adults based on the letter of your last name as follows:

A-F: Appetizers
G-L: Salads/ Bread
M-R: Sides
S-Z: Dessert

The Chapter will provide the B-B-Q chicken, Babyback ribs, vegiburgers, soft drinks, plates, napkins and plastic ware. A voluntary \$5 per person is suggested to offset the expense to the chapter. Following the eating, anyone with an airplane is invited to fly members who don't have an airplane to celebrate the joy of flight. Think of this as an "Old Buzzards" activity as opposed to our "Young Eagles" project. Paul would be pleased.

Celebration of the life of Paul Reinders- Aviator Extraordinaire 10:00 Saturday, October 10th

Although Paul might take issue, no one could match his love of flight as he was in the air more often than any of us. He had a profound influence on all who flew with him- we are all better, safer and more confident in our pursuit of mastering the art of flying. Join your fellow members in providing him a proper send-off and enjoy a photo essay recalling his many facets as an aviator. For those qualified pilots that would like to join the formation flyover or would like to fly a solo flyover, you must attend a pilot briefing at 10:45. The "Missing Man" formation will take off at 11:00. A color guard will perform taps at 11:30 and present Paul's wife, Gretchen, with an American Flag in honor of his service in the US Air Force.



IN THE OLD DAYS AT OSHKOSH

(Thanks, Remo Galeazzi)

You're an old timer if you remember when the outdoor toilets at Oshkosh had simple hooks on the inside of the door to insure privacy. I realize that perhaps this topic may seem a little unusual to those of you that are used to the new technology, but an incident did happen many years ago that has remained imbedded in my mind as a memorable event, at least to me, and especially to some other people, whom I've never met.

When people would ask me what a person should take with him to Oshkosh in those days of yore, I would advise them to take three things: a small fan, a plastic container with a fairly large opening, and a small length of pliable wire. The fan, obviously, was to get some relief from the stifling heat in the dorm room. The plastic container was to use during the night to keep from making that long trek to the dorm bathroom. The wire---well, the wire is another matter...and a matter of which I'll explain in greater detail.

It all starts with the desire to see as much as you can out there on the flight line without being interrupted with the need to visit a restroom, which is always, it seems, at the opposite side of where you happen to be at the time. So, you put it off. It does, however, become an exercise in futility, because finally, one must give in to commands of one's needs. So you start the long sojourn to where you think the facilities are, fighting that increasing urge, until you spot the lines that have formed in front of each house. By this time you're starting to walk kind of funny, trying to ease the pressure, and as you approach the nearest line, people turn to look at you with an understanding half-smile on their faces. They know, you realize, what you're going through.

By the time that my line began to move, the one next to me dwindled, and soon no one was waiting, so I quickly stepped over to the next toilet, making me first in line. Soon, several other people lined up behind me. I had been waiting for quite some time, when the thought occurred to me that perhaps the place was empty, and we were all standing there in a state of panic for no reason. I decided to take the bull by the horns and boldly walked up to the door, giving it a hearty pull. Well, there was some resistance, but the door flew open, and there in front of God and Oshkosh sat an astonished lady, eyes as big as saucers! I don't remember what I said, but I mumbled something, and quickly shut the door. I lowered my head and moved back in line, trying to figure out a way to disguise myself without losing my place. The door opened and the poor woman fled into the crowd, thankfully not looking at me, because even though I had pulled my hat down over my face, and screwed up my mouth to look deformed, I figured that she would have recognized me, anyway.

When I entered I realized what had happened. All that was left on the door was the screw-eye, the hook having been broken off. That poor lady had been holding on to that screw-eye for dear life, but she had been no match for a big oaf giving the door a good yank. But now, you see, I was faced with the same dilemma. I grabbed the hook between my sweaty fingers, but I knew right from the start that even a slight pull from the other side would expose me to ridicule. But I had to go ahead at this point, as I just didn't have any other option. I wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible at this point, but then another problem reared its ugly head. You see, when one holds the process back for any amount of time, that old sphincter just won't give up. It takes it a while to understand that it's ok to just loosen up and let things happen. Besides, (you understand that I talking about a man) by necessity, unless you have certain abilities to which I'm not privy, one hand is occupied. That leaves your sweaty left hand to hold on to that lousy little screw-eye. Finally, your sphincter relaxes and you figure that all of this anxiety will soon be over. The line outside has now increased, and as I look out through the little screen that goes around the top of the house, I have the feeling that everyone on the field is looking at me. I try to hurry things up, but then I hear a sound that strikes terror to my heart!



IN THE OLD DAYS AT OSHKOSH (continued)

I hear giant footsteps grinding on the gravel path in front of the outdoor toilets! As the footsteps get louder, they are accompanied by another sound—*the guy is trying every door on down the line*. The sounds get louder and louder, closer and closer, and I realize that since that sphincter had spent so much of its energy staying closed, it wasn't about to clam up before its job was done! The footsteps stopped outside my door and my feeble attempts to clutch desperately at the screw-eye proved futile, and during that period that the door stayed open, a good portion of the Oshkosh crowd knew more about me than some of my closest friends. I, too, hung my head as I walked back to the flight-line.

And of course, now you know why I have always recommended a length of wire as an Oshkosh necessity... back in those more primitive days. ---RG

EAA YOUNG EAGLES FLIGHT

WHEN: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 2009
8:30am-1:00pm

WHERE: PACIFIC COAST AIR MUSEUM ([PCAM](#))
SCHULZ SONOMA COUNTY AIRPORT
SANTA ROSA, CA 95403 (707-575-7900)

YES!! FREE!!

Pilots from the local [EAA Chapter 124](#) are volunteering to fly
Young people ages **8-17**

[PCAM](#) is also holding a "Hands On" Open House: 10:00am-4:00pm

Register for an appointment NOW!

Contact Ray Shipway or Sher Mierseman for more information at:
SherYoungEagles@aol.com or **707-584-9682**

Or the EAA at: www.eaa124.org or www.youngeagles.org

****All participants must be accompanied by a parent or guardian.****