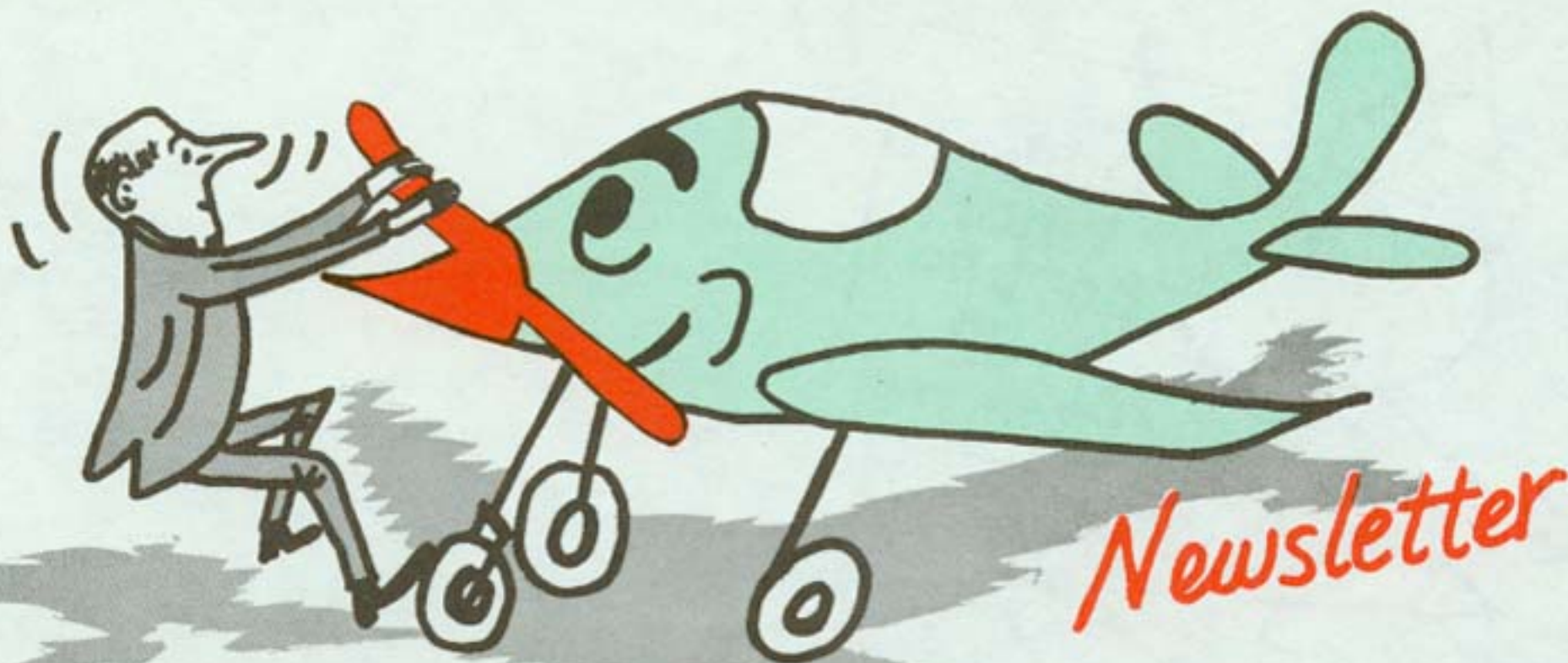


N.A.P.P.



XXXI JUNE 1994 NO. 6



N.A.P.P. NEWSLETTER

It seems that time flies more (and faster) than I do. In just a very short time we will be gathering in Menlo Park, CA, as Bill Roche hosts the N.A.P.P. for the 31st convention. The exact dates are July 12 - 13, 1994. The line-up sounds great (see April newsletter) and promises to be one of our best gatherings ever!

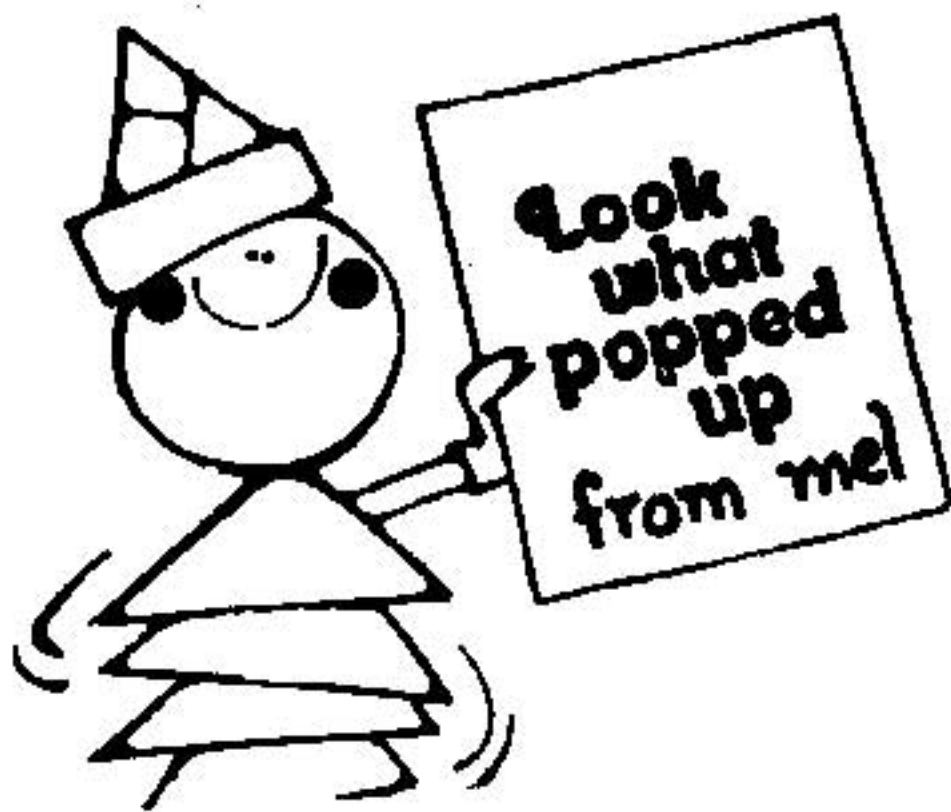
Several times since last year I have had inquiries into the

organization. Usually I refer these to Mel Hemann. I have been thinking that maybe each of us should be scanning the horizons for prospective new members. There are priests who have either been inactive or have never belonged, but who fly with a certain regularity. Maybe this convention might be a good time to invite them to consider joining us. Given the fact that our "mean age" (?) is getting up there, some new (perhaps) young blood might be a great shot in the arm for N.A.P.P.

See you in California! Fly safely!

Peace!

Tom Geelan



We have two items of current importance in this newsletter...the annual conference in Menlo Park and the letter from John Vakulskas inviting us to two events in Milford, Iowa.

As President Tom says in his message, Bill has a very interesting agenda lined up for us in the Bay area. Be sure to let him know your plans so that he can plan accordingly. Time is running short.

There are some seats available in Iowa planes. I have one seat available leaving Dubuque on July 4 for a northwestern tour and then down the coast to the Bay. Frank Nemmers also has room. If you are interested, let us know.

I am including John Vakulskas's letter as he sent it. Hopefully you will receive this in time for the June 26 bash. I won't be able to go but hopefully others of you can. Congratulations John and Ed Murray on

25.

At the end of John's letter I added the info about the Midwest Fall gathering at John's place. There will be another letter before then so we can add a few more particulars at that time. Meanwhile, get that one on the books.

The Midwest region has been looking ahead to '95 when we are to host the July convention. Presently it looks as though Dick Skriba will be our host in Chicago. Since Dick is now retired and has absolutely nothing to do between now and July, 1995, it should be a great convention. You can get that one on the calendar too. Unless some one comes up with a greater idea at the California convention, the Windy City should be it for '95.

Jack Paisley sent a few pictures of the Midwest Spring Regional meeting in Salina, KS. A couple of professors from the U of Kansas flight school gave two very interesting presentations. One on the GPS, the other on new airspace definitions. Tom Gillespie has a rather interesting and lengthy story so at this point I'm not sure how the spacing will come out on this newsletter. If there's room I'll include some of the pictures. If not, look for them in the next issue.

SEE YOU IN CALIFORNIA

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:



REV. MEL HEMANN

20245 ST. JOSEPH DRIVE
RICKARDSVILLE, IA 52039

319-552-2233

OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL CHURCH
300 FULTON STREET
REDWOOD CITY, CA. 94062

April 4, 1994

Dear Mel,

Here is the final program for the NAPP meeting at Vallombrosa.

July 11 Arrival

Cocktails and dinner 6:00 PM

After dinner conversation with Amelia Reid, veteran pilot and aerobatics instructor

July 12

0800 Breakfast

1000 Tour of Onizuka Air Force Base--*The Blue Cube*
satellite technology

1200 Lunch at Moffet Field

1330 Tour of NASA Ames research center--wind tunnel,
experimental aircraft, research aircraft simulators,
flight line

1600 Eucharist--Vallombrosa

1700 Attitude adjustment

1800 Dinner

Conversation with Steve Steinhoff, FAA Specialist

Oakland FISDO--current critical concerns as they affect general aviation

July 13

0800 Breakfast

1000 Flyout to Monterey, lunch on the pier OR
fly out to Columbia, CA., 1850's mining town
Return in time for

1600 Liturgy--Vallombrosa

1630 Business meeting

1800 Dinner--speaker, Father Gene Boyle, pilot, friend of
Caesar Chavez, raconteur

July 14

0800 Breakfast, departure/stay to Friday

BILL will be at Vallombrosa Center on July 11 and 12. Call 415-325-5614 to report your ETA so that you can be picked up. If all else fails, you might try his home number ... 415-361-1790



Saint Joseph Church

Rev. John Vakulskas, Jr.
Pastor

1305 Okoboji Ave.
Milford, IA 51351
TEL: 712-338-2274
FAX: 712-338-2969

Tuesday, May 3, 1994

Rev. Mel Hemann
20245 Saint Joseph Drive
Rickardsville, IA 52039

Dear Mel:

Keep up the great work on the N.A.P.P. newsletter.

Fellow N.A.P.P.er Ed Murray, Pat Walsh and myself will be celebrating our 25th Anniversary in the Priesthood on May 24, 1994. In addition to the annual Diocesan Celebration for these anniversaries, I am happy to announce something that the N.A.P.P.ers might be interested in.

Here at the Parish, there will be an anniversary celebration in honor of the 50th Anniversary of Rev. Jim Fandel and myself on my 25th Anniversary. I am agreeing to all this only for the sake of honoring the priesthood. With the priesthood taking a beating in the news lately, about priests who are miserable failures, this is a great time to honor the priesthood. Therefore, on Sunday, June 26, 1994, we will have a concelebrated Mass of Thanksgiving here in Milford, Iowa at 2 p.m.

The response to all of this initially has been so great that we do not really have the facilities for a decent reception. As a result of this being in the Iowa Great Lakes Region, we have reserved the Arnolds Park Amusement Park after that Mass for a barbecue and reception. This is to enable families to attend this event where the priesthood can have high visibility. Otherwise only adults tend to attend these.

The manager of the park has graciously consented to make available to all people, all day ride passes to the Amusement Park at a bargain rate of only \$5 instead of the

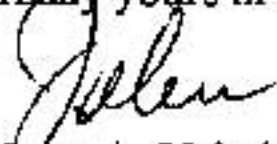
usual \$10.95 per person.

I wish to invite all N.A.P.ers to this event where the priesthood can truly be honored in a special way by the Lord's special people.

The Milford airport here is only four blocks from the Parish Church. The Spirit Lake Airport is a few miles north of the Parish Church and the Spencer Airport is a few miles south.

Please know that you are all welcome to attend and enjoy a great event. In case of rain, the barbecue will be held in the dance pavilion at the Arnolds Park Amusement Park.

Fraternally yours in Christ,



Rev. John A. Vakulskas, Jr.

NAPP MIDWEST FALL REGIONAL MEETING

(On the shores of Lake Okoboji)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1994

ST. JOSEPH CHURCH

1305 OKOBOJI AVE.

MILFORD, IOWA 51351

712-338-2274 (O) 712-338-2172 (H)

Hosted by: John Vakulskas, Jr., St. Joseph Church, Milford
and a host of other Sioux City diocesan NAPP members.

Rectory has space for some early arrivals and/or late departures.

Frank Nemmers has reserved VIANNEY HOUSE. (diocesan owned house for priests' usage) on September 25, 26 and 27. \$10 per night.

This area is known as the IOWA GREAT LAKES region. Lovely spot to do many of the things you've always wanted to do but never got around to doing. Let John know what your (honorable) intentions are...swimming, golfing, boating, goofing off!

HIGH ADVENTURES IN A CHAMP

by: Tom Gillespie, St. Joseph, MN

I learned to fly nearly thirteen years ago at the ripe old age of 43. It was something I had always wanted to do, but because of one thing or another I never had the chance. Being a Catholic priest and having little financial assistance available didn't help much. But through the help of some good pilot friends who cheered me on, and an understanding church superior, I finally got my license in 1990. What a day that was. I had taken the test the week before, but had trouble with cross-wind landings. I was required to come back the next week to pass that part of the test. Although I was embarrassed that I did poorly on the cross-wind landings, the extra practice I had the following week has given me much greater confidence when the wind is streaking across the runway.

Although I learned to fly in a Piper Tomahawk, I soon graduated to other more complex planes. About a year after getting my license a friend of mine introduced me to the world of taildraggers and more specifically to my most favorite plane of all time, The Champ. The Champ (Champion 7EC) has been and always will be my favorite plane. For me there is nothing that can compare to the feel of the stick and rudder. And although not a fast moving plane, the Champ gives me the feeling of gently floating in air. Somehow I feel closer to nature, to God, and to the universe. I am never happier than sitting in the front seat of a Champ, whether on floats, skis or wheels.

Paul Anderson, a good pilot friend of mine, let me fly his Champ 7401B often. Many of us received our float ratings in that plane. We were having trouble with the Champ one day in March of 1985. It was my job to bring it to the mechanic and have the engine checked out. It was losing power and almost quit several times. The mechanic worked on it and said all was fine. But it wasn't. I ran up the engine and did all the tests. All seemed just fine. Then for the final test, I had a normal takeoff until I was about 150 feet off the ground. Then the engine quit. I did what many say you shouldn't do and turned back towards the airport. A spin was imminent so I straightened the plane out. The ground was coming up fast. I pulled on the stick and the nose came up but there was little forward speed and she hit hard collapsing the main gear. The undercarriage sustained quite a bit of damage and the prop was bent. But the pilot walked away without a scratch.

A crash is never any fun, but an airplane crash is even worse when you consider the FAA and NTSB and several other local organizations have to get involved. The FAA took the plane apart piece by piece and found wads of paper towel in one gas tank and in the fuel line leading to the carburetor. I felt better knowing that I hadn't done anything wrong, but I still felt pretty terrible that I had crashed my friend's plane and had little or no money to help pay for it. I sent Paul a check for \$1,500. It was all the money I had in the world.

Paul wouldn't accept my check to help with repairs and sent it back. Instead he and his brother suggested we fix the plane ourselves and make it better than new. With the help of Paul, his brother Jim, and a host of other new friends from Lake Elmo Airport, we set about the task of putting the Champ back together.

Paul and Jim bought another crashed Champ from southern Minnesota. We drove down there and brought it back on a flat bed trailer. Many of the parts could be used for repairs.

After stripping off the fabric of the original Champ we found lots of rust. A mechanic from Amery, WI, volunteered his services in welding parts of the two planes together to make one strong frame. Mary Hudoc, a good pilot friend, drove up with me. In a month we drove up again and brought back the newly created frame. It looked brand new. The guy wouldn't take a cent for doing the welding. We were so grateful. Airport people are a terrific bunch.

Back in Lake Elmo Jim Anderson and his sons created a cold weather booth for us to work on the plane in the winter. People from all over Lake Elmo Airport came to look over the project. Many of them stayed and helped, giving us their expert advice in one form or another. One knew how to weld, another knew the electrical system, while others brought their expertise in many different areas. What a joy to meet so many people who were interested in helping.

The last step of course was the cloth covering. Again so many different people came to help. We learned to stretch the cloth over the surfaces, glue it in place, and then use an ordinary kitchen iron to shrink it into its proper form. Next came screws, rivets, paint and all the rest. Many people spent lots and lots of hours putting the Champ back together. I can't possibly remember all the names. But they all have a place in my heart. The bent prop and a

picture of the accident sit in my office as a reminder. A picture of the 'new Champ' is right next to it.

The Champ flew again for the first time on October 5, 1986. After the test pilot, I was to be the first to fly it again. A bit nervous and apprehensive, I climbed in the front seat. It all looked so familiar. The minute the engine came to life I knew I was back with an old friend. The take-off was smooth as she literally jumped off the runway. The ailerons and rudder moved in unison. The huge wings and wide ailerons make the Champ seem to float and turn like a gentle dove in flight. It was good to be back in the Champ.

As I said, the Champ will always be my favorite plane. Through the years I have had the chance to continue to fly the Champ, or one very similar to it. I know that I have more than 300 hours in a Champ, and those are just the hours I've counted.

Although I had flown a larger plane to the Bahamas, I had always wanted to fly the Champ on a long trip. Paul suggested that I fly it down to Marco Island in Florida where he and his wife Jan live during the winter months. It sounded like a great adventure and so we planned and dreamed.

We both wanted the plane to be in perfect shape for the trip. Paul wanted new seats since the old ones sagged quite a bit. Paul called the old ones "one hour seats." After consulting with some of the local people, Sis Upholstery in St. Cloud was contracted to do the new seats. And what a spectacular job they did.

The avionics left a lot to be desired. Paul contracted Branerd Avionics to install a new communications system and a new VOR receiver. What a difference that made. Paul had the Loran C from his 185 put in the Champ as well. In addition to all the way-points, it also has a Flybrary which gives lots of information about local airports: runways, unicom frequencies, fuel, etc. The king of the new avionics was to be the Garmin 55 GPS. This is a fantastic new system. The panel of the Champ had to be rearranged a bit to accommodate all the new equipment. But somehow it all fit and all worked perfectly.

The floats were taken off in mid-October and the annual scheduled for the latter part of that month. Bob Leader of Clear Lake, MN, and his crew did the annual

under the watchful eye of the pilot in command. I was there practically every day complaining about something not being fixed right. The plane had to be in perfect shape--not a loose screw on the whole plane. Bob and his crew are a good bunch and they did an excellent job.

As if that was not enough, I brought the Champ to Lake Elmo airport for an inspection by Jim Montigean, another good friend and expert mechanic. He worked on the timing and made sure we could get every bit of power that was possible out of the Champ. It's a long ride to Marco Island. He and Jim Anderson, Paul's brother, inspected the plane and pointed out a few other things that needed fixing. Back to Leader's in Clear Lake with a few more complaints. I was becoming one of their worst nightmares. At last all was ready. I think they were glad to get rid of me-- hopefully for the last time.

My plan was to leave on Sunday, November 21, and hopefully arrive in Marco before Thanksgiving day which was the following Thursday. I had gotten all the necessary charts weeks before and spread them out all over the house, making plans for fuel stops and staying overnight at small airports. Every time I started planning I began to sweat and thought to myself: "Do I really want to do this? Am I a bit crazy as some of my friends suggested? Or would it be the adventure of a lifetime?" I hoped it would be the latter.

The weather service promised me good weather for most of the trip. My associate pastor, who was more nervous than I, helped me get the plane ready the night before. We moved a club plane out of a hanger and tucked the Champ away for the night, full of fuel and loaded with my suitcase, sleeping bag and some diet Pepsi.

Sunday morning turned out to be a beautiful day with temperatures in the mid 40's. With a few butterflies in my stomach I rode to the St. Cloud Airport with another friend. I had no excuses. The weather was fine, even a bit of a tailwind.

I left St. Cloud at 9:00 a.m. and the minute I climbed off the runway the butterflies disappeared and I knew I was in for a great solo adventure. My confidence was there. With comfortable new seats, all the avionics one could wish for, I knew I would have a great time. I was on my way.

My first stop was Mason City, IA, for gas and a pit stop. The Champ is such a pretty plane that many people came out just to look at it. I put in eleven gallons of gas. I discovered that I was getting 5 1/2 gallons per hour. That was much better than I expected. I was flying at 5,500 at 2400 RPM's.

I departed Mason City at 11:00 a.m. and cruised at 5,500 feet. Shortly after passing Ottumwa, Iowa, I began to encounter strong headwinds. At one time I was only going 37 knots. I decided that was too slow and that perhaps I should look for a place to land for the night. I landed at Kirksville, MO., at 3:00 p.m. and found the winds really gusty on the ground. I thought that was enough for one day. Like many small airports they had a courtesy car--usually a 1980 Ford Granada or something like that--which they let pilots use who are staying over night. I drove to the nearest motel of moderate price and stayed for the night. Kirksville is a nice town with friendly people. I watched the Vikings lose to Tampa Bay and got to bed early. My plan was to get an early start the next morning.

Monday proved to be a beautiful but chilly morning. I gassed up and was ready to go. But I had a tough time starting the engine. I let it sit for while and tried again. This time, after leaving the primer out, she started on the second try. I was off on the second day of my adventure at 7:30 a.m. There was a bright sun and much more favorable wind at 5,500 ft. I took a more easterly course after passing the St. Louis area.

I was truly surprised by all the flooding that still existed south of St. Louis. I stopped at Washington Co. Airport right on the Mississippi River. It didn't look too good but there were no X's on the runway. I landed and gassed up. The friendly people of Missouri told me their airport had been closed four times in the past six months because of flooding. It looked like it was about to close again since water was visible at one end of the runway. They had two Champs there. Neither had electric start. 7401B looked much nicer than either.

The sights along the Mississippi Valley were spectacular and I could hardly keep my eyes off the beautiful landscape below me. It was hands off flying with just a touch of left rudder to keep the Champ on course. My camera was in the back and every time I tried to get it the plane nosed sharply upwards. Why didn't I leave it closer? I made the resolve to keep it closer

the next time I landed. I felt so happy. I really lucked out on weather. The sky was blue with a few puffy clouds at about 20,000 ft. The wind was from the northwest and I was flying at about 80 knots, a good clip for a Champ with 90 horses. All my navigational systems (VOR, Loran and GPS) were working perfectly.

After two and one-half hours of great flying I landed at Mayfield, KY, for a candy bar break, some fuel and a quart of oil. Everyone there came out to look at the Champ. She was prettier than a picture as she sat in front of the pumps. Still getting less than six gallons per hour.

I left Mayfield about 1:00 p.m. and found the skies smooth as glass at 5,500 and set the GPS for Huntsville, AL. Not a ripple in the sky. I landed at Huntsville North after another two and one-half hours of flight. We had some friendly conversation and again everyone wanted to look the Champ over. After filling up with fuel I departed Huntsville and headed for my final destination of the day, Gadsden, AL.

The trip from Huntsville to Gadsden is about an hour. It was beautiful flying, but I was getting a little nervous as sundown was approaching. I had made a resolve to be on the ground by sundown. I sighed a breath of relief when I had the airport in sight. Somehow strange airports look formidable to me at night. I have--as have most pilots--always found it much more difficult to land at night. The depth perception change always makes it a demanding task. I clicked the runway lights on just as I was coming in on final. By the time I tied the Champ down it was already dark.

Gadsden, like most small airports, has a group that hangs around the field. They love to talk about flying and their favorite planes. I met some very interesting people there. Among them was an older gentleman named J P King, Jr, who owns a Champ, a Cub and several other planes. When he saw the Champ he just had to come out and compare it to his. I also had a look at his Champ, his Cub and several other planes. His Champ was attractive but it couldn't compare to 7401B. J P told me the best place to eat in Gadsden and the best motel to stay at.

After some friendly conversation with J P and some of the other fellows I set out in the "airport limo" (a 1980's vintage station wagon) for the great city of Gadsden. I

took a wrong turn and ended up quite a ways from town. I've never been afraid to stop and ask directions, so after putting some gas in the always-empty tank of the airport loaner, I finally made it to the motel and to J P King's favorite eating place. I had a great meal and half way through dinner in walks J P. We continued our conversation. Heard all the rest sure made me feel right at home. My intention was to get to bed early and be ready to fly by 7:00 a.m.

The next day, Tuesday, proved to be a beautiful day with hardly a cloud in the sky, but it was chilly and there was frost on the Champ and all the other aircraft sitting on the apron. The friendly line boy lent me a sprayer with windshield cleaner and after an hour of spraying and wiping I was cleaned off and ready to go.

Gadsden has a long runway and it seemed to take me forever to get into takeoff position. I was finally off the ground at 8:10 a.m. It was to be another picture perfect day of flying. How lucky could a guy get.

Climbing to the southeast I saw what looked like 10,000 ft. towering mountains in front of me. There was nothing on the charts like that. I climbed and climbed. I finally realized that they were only about 3,000 ft. high and that I would have no problem getting over them. It was a beautiful day and I was dancing in the sky. And I realized too how much I love flying--especially by myself.

I headed for Auburn and then with the help of Columbus approach I headed for Americus, GA. I wasn't quite sure what Americus was all about, but it seemed like a neat name and a place to get some gas. There were all sorts of funny looking planes all lined up in rows on the ground as I made my approach. I thought I'd take a chance and land as I needed gas anyway. My first try at landing was really rotten, so I went around and tried again, this time using a different runway. That worked just fine.

Americus is where I met two very memorable characters, Doc and Mack, and found out that the strange planes (more than 100 of them) were agricultural planes imported from Europe and were now for sale in the United States. This was all explained to me by Doc and Mac, the two mechanics who work at the airport. I also found out that Charles Lindbergh did his first solo flight there and that Americus is the home of the Pitts, a very famous

aerobatic airplane. Jimmy Carter lives right down the line in Plains.

You can't beat the hospitality of small airports. It would be a shame if small airports ever disappeared. Let's hope that private aviation always has a home in the hearts of Americans. Mack and Doc showed me fine Georgian hospitality and invited me for a tour of Americus and brought me to their favorite restaurant for lunch. "Want your tea with or without sugar?" I will never forget those two gentlemen and the great hospitality they showed a northern boy from Minnesota.

But I had to push on if I was going to get to Marco by Thanksgiving. After filling with gas I took off at about 1:00 p.m. and set up the GPS for Perry, FL. Northern Florida was experiencing a dry spell and there were many brush fires along the way. The sky was clear, but the smoke made it IFR in a few spots.

I located Perry at about 3:00 p.m. It really looked strange. The 3 runways were in the form of a triangle and they were equal in length, about 5,000 ft. Evidently Perry is not used a lot. The runway I landed on had weeds about two feet tall. It was kind of scary. But I did find a place to gas up. I also found out that it had been used in World War II to train pilots, so they had a runway facing just about every direction for beginning pilots so they didn't have to face cross winds at first. I saw several other airports with the same runway configuration.

I was happy to get out of Perry with no flat tires or stones hitting the prop. Departure time was 3:30 p.m. The wind had picked up considerably and it was in my favor. Imagine the Champ going over 90 knots. I felt like a jet pilot. I arrived about 5:00 and didn't have the best landing of my life--in fact one of the worst. It was one of those that you hope no one else saw. I could hear them say, "My God, he must just be learning to fly." Somehow I kept it on the runway. I think I was getting tired.

Oscala is actually a rather large city and it is famous for raising and training horses. It also went through a horrible tornado last March. Pictures all over the office and restaurant showed the terrible destruction. Twenty planes were destroyed and many more suffered damage. They didn't have an "airport limo" to lend me, but the local Holiday Inn had a shuttle service for free. I spent the night there, had a wonderful buffet dinner, and asked for a wake-up call

and ride to the airport early the next morning.

I arrived at the airport Wednesday morning at 8:00 a.m., but weather was a disappointment. Flight Service (he also had a Champ and so we compared notes) told me the overcast would lift in several hours. So I waited, had breakfast, and read a novel. At 9:30 I went up for a look, but came right back down when I realized that I didn't have three miles and one thousand feet.

At 11:00 I finally found enough visibility to continue my flight. It wasn't exactly great, but I could see and I was legal. I stopped at Zepherhills for a half-hour because the visibility was very poor. That's also one of those strange airports with the weeds growing on the triangle-shaped runways. As I continued on to Charlotte Co. the weather began to improve. I was looking forward to the last leg of my journey and finally arriving at Marco Airport.

Shortly after leaving Charlotte Co. I contacted Fort Meyer approach and asked them to keep an eye on me as I went through their territory. They were very kind and took great pains to see that the Champ was safe from all those big planes around there. We terminated radar service when I had Marco Airport in sight. Now for a good landing so Paul and Jan don't laugh at me.

Paul and Jan watched a flawless landing ("Thank you God") and directed me to a parking place with the help of the airport manager. It was a great feeling to finally be "there." They were glad to see me and I sure was glad to see them.

During my week's stay I washed and waxed the Champ, changed oil and even flew it once. I had to say good bye since I was leaving the plane for Paul to fly during the winter. I would miss my good friend. But I have my ticket on US Air to go back and pick the Champ up in April. And so the adventure will continue.....

**MIDWEST REGIONAL
SALINA, KANSAS
APRIL 1994**



(UPPER LEFT - CLOCKWISE)

**WINDY! HANG ON TO THOSE HATS
JOHN & EV TAXIING OUT
FRANK FOLLOWS IN THE MOONEY
THERE'S ALWAYS GOOD FOOD
PAISLEY! IT'S KSTATE, NOT U OF K
OUR TEACHER. HOSTS WERTH & WOLESKY
WOW!!! WHAT A GROUP!!!**