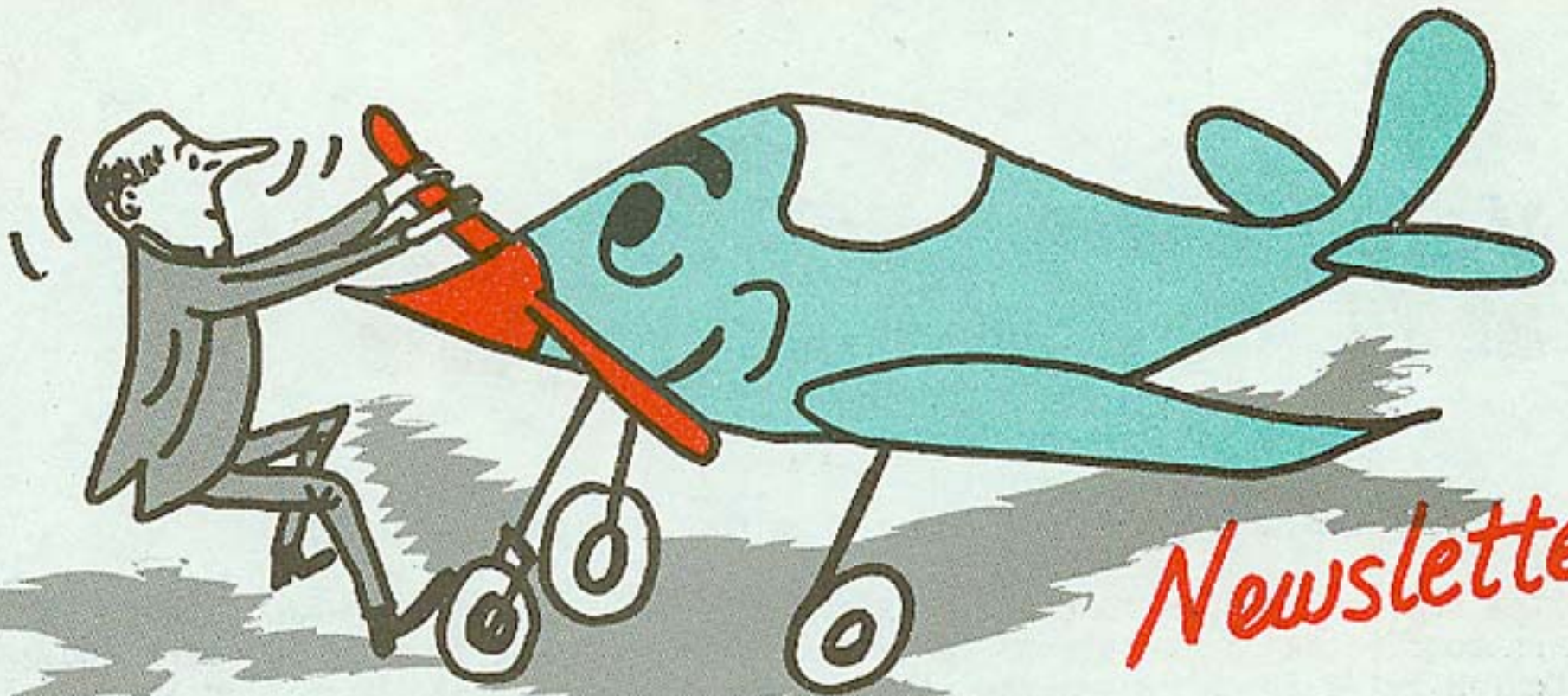


N.A.P.P.



Newsletter

VOLUME XIV

APRIL 1977

NO. 5

About once a month I get requests for all sorts of information relative to our fine organization. This month I received one from the National Air & Space museum that I feel should be passed on. You'll find particulars in another section of the newsletter but if you have any pictures of yourself and an aircraft showing how it is useful to a priest consider sending it to the Museum. It would be terrific public relations to have the "Flying Padres" included in this exhibit.

Oh Yes! Be sure to postpone all appointments during the 2nd week of July. You'll be too busy at the Seattle fly-in.

*Rich*

Put these on your calendar!

Central Region Spring Meeting  
St. Cecelia's. Box 633  
Algona, Iowa 50511. 515-295-3435  
Meet at 4:00. Stay as long as  
like! Ben Bauer, host.

NAPP National Convention  
Everett, Washington. July 12-13  
Don't miss this beaut!!!  
Dave White, host. 206-353-1211



# Veteran flier won't be grounded; at 74, he'll go alone to Paris

(The following article comes from the Chicago Sun-Times)

"It's no fun dying on the vine," says Max Conrad, the Flying Grandfather. So at 74, he plans to fly the same route to Paris that Charles Lindberg took 50 years ago.

Conrad tried an unprecedented solo global flight over the North and South poles in 1968, but was beaten. And when he tried again a year later, he failed once more.

"It might sound like sour grapes," Conrad said last week. "But a person's character improves with failure - if you don't give up."

His wife, Betty, died six years ago. "After her death, I just went into a cocoon," Conrad said. "I'm trying awfully hard now to get back into aviation. It's been no fun dying on the vine."

So in May Conrad will climb into his Piper Comanche and take off from LaGuardia Airport in New York. He hopes to land at LeBourget Aerodrome in Paris on May 20.

"I want to fly the very same route Lindberg did, on the same dates, and land at the very same airport," said Conrad.

The flight would be his 170th Atlantic crossing. There have been 48 trans-Pacific flights and 54,050 recorded hours. His career spans six decades, perhaps millions of miles, joy, heartache and always that promise to fly again tomorrow.

It was May 1951 when Conrad set a nonstop Los Angeles-to-New York record of 23 hours, 4 minutes and 31 seconds. He beat the old mark by nearly eight hours.

Conrad's nearly one dozen light plane flight records - set in various classes for endurance, speed and distance - began to accumulate over the next two decades. He set marks in tiny planes built by Piper Aircraft, his employer and sponsor.

He circled the globe at the equator three times, once flying almost nonstop to finish in eight days, breaking the old record of 20 days.

Conrad flew three days and two nights from Capetown, South Africa, to St. Petersburg, Fla., in 1964, and was awarded the Harmon Trophy, aviation's most prestigious honor.

(THE PRAYERS AND BEST WISHES OF ALL NAPP MEMBERS ARE WITH YOU MAX)

Dick Skriba has the availability of a 25% discount on Microma digital chronographs (according to Consumer's Research magazine, one of the best on the market). It sells for \$100.00 at J. C. Penney and Wards, and he found a guy who will sell them to the padres for \$75. It's very thin as digitals go and keeps time to 3 minutes a year!! Hours, minutes and date show continuously, with seconds and nightlight on command. Any padres interested can write to Dick.

St. Simon's  
5157 S. California  
Chicago, Ill. 60632

Highway 18 & Clark St.  
Charles City, Iowa  
50616



March 7, 1977

National Association of Priest Pilots  
5157 S. California Ave.  
Chicago, Ill. 60632

Gentlemen:

We are currently preparing an extensive revision of the National Air and Space Museum's Gallery of General Aviation. Some of the existing units in the gallery will be modified while others will be entirely new. The thrust of the gallery will be "Flight for Everyone," and many of the units will be on various aspects of the subject "How to Fly."

The entrance area of the gallery will be designed to define general aviation in the mind of the visitor and to establish the dimensions of the subject. It will include a montage showing the diverse groups of people engaged in general aviation. Another montage will include aircraft used for different missions within the broad field of general aviation, such as executive and business flying, personal and instructional flying, aerial application, industrial, special, etc. In this regard, we are soliciting selected organizations to provide appropriate photographs which could possibly be used to illustrate "who flies" or "the kinds of flying" in general aviation.

It would be greatly appreciated if your organization would provide several 8X10" color photographs for possible use in the exhibit. We look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Donald S. Lopez". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Donald S. Lopez  
Assistant Director  
Aeronautics

Before they fly the canyons of New Guinea or drop beneath the clouds to skim a jungle in Surinam or circle low over the plains in Ethiopia or fight updrafts to land on a Mexican mountainside, they start here.

In the hills of Southern California at a small country airport, where nearby are canyons and mountains and desert airstrips to practice on, they start here with Elmer Reaser.

Reaser, 44, has spent 15 years as a bush pilot in the jungles of South America and has done it all himself. Flown through storms and heavy jungle mists, over the oceans, over the mountains and across rain forest so thick there's no end to its horizon. Loaded up with medicine or food or ailing Indian children, setting down on strips that are mere clearings in the forest, held in the sky by a single engine and its propeller.

But he is no cigar-smoking, whisky-drinking pilot of the bush, with a four day beard and a tongue as daring as his deeds.

He is a missionary bush pilot and so are the men he is training. Elmer is the chief flying instructor for Mission Aviation Fellowship (MAF), a service for evangelical church missionaries in the bush. And like Elmer, the 295 pilots and wives of MAF stationed in Africa, Asia, and South America are "flying for God."

At the MAF base here, the future missionary pilots are taught the time-perfected tricks of flying single engine planes in all conditions, as well as how to take them apart and put them together, and modify and convert them. For when they go off to the field they will be pilots and mechanics for the planes they fly.

"These men don't come to us knowing nothing," says Elmer, a soft-speaking redhead with eyes the color of the sky. "When they come to us, the minimum requirement is that they must have a commercial pilot's license, and A & P mechanics' license, 52 hours of liberal arts study, and 15 hours of the Bible.

"Some come from a special program at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Others are commercial pilots who suddenly felt God calling them.

"They start off here as candidates and that lasts a month. They spend 10 hours in the air working on canyon flying, short strip landings, package drops, and how to evaluate unimproved airstrips.

"The rest of the time they spend in the shop - working on our new planes that we modify for use in the bush. And once that's over they go to our offices in Fullerton, Ca. to learn the nontechnical aspects of the job. Then if they still want to do it they go before our board of directors. If they are accepted, they get their field assignments.

"Then they must go across the United States and raise pledges for their salaries, about \$1,059 a month. Once they get that done, they come back for more intensive flying, then language school, then finally to the field. The whole thing takes about 2½ years. They have to really want to do it.

"Why Bible training? Because we have to be missionaries too. We have to have the same zeal because we wouldn't live out there in those conditions for any other reason than the love of God.

"I used to say to my wife \$50,000 a year would never get me to do what I was doing - flying a single-engine plane over an endless jungle. There was no money in it. I felt the Lord called me to do this. He put the desire in my heart for I always wanted to be a missionary pilot.

"I'm here to teach what I learned in those 15 years in Brazil, Surinam, and British Guiana. A typical day for a missionary pilot shows your job isn't just flying the plane. One time our missionary nurses brought in a 13 year old girl who'd had a baby and was

hemorrhaging. She had O negative blood. I had to fly her to the nearest hospital, 150 miles away. But when we got there, the hospital had no blood at all.

"And the doctor told me, okay, there is no point in bringing her here to die unless you go out and find some O negative blood. I said, 'Now how do I do that?' He told me to go to the nearest pharmacy and ask. So I went there and got some names.

"I got a cab driver involved in the subject and we headed out to find some of the names. Just down the road he put on the brakes and said there was a man with O negative blood standing by the edge.

"So I went to him and asked him if he had O negative blood. He said, 'Yes, and every body wants it.' I told him we had a young girl who was going to die. He told me, 'In the last two months I've given my blood three times. I give all my blood and I'll die and they all get well.' I didn't push it. I did it Brazilian style and asked him if he would just come and talk to the doctor.

"He said sure. The doctor told him there was something he wanted him to see. And he took him in and showed him the little girl lying there dying. 'If she doesn't get blood in one hour, said the doctor, 'she'll be dead.' The man looked at her a moment and said, 'She looks just like my daughter. I will give her my blood.'

As a missionary bush pilot everybody calls on you. Ranchers or natives will send out runners or horsemen on two or three day trips to come and get you because someone needs help. It's almost like you are the Lone Ranger, almost the one man left in the Wild West whom they can count on in the end to answer the call for help.

"You end up flying everything. Goats, sheep, pigs, chickens. Thousands of chickens. Every Brazilian hopping a ride takes a chicken to his relatives. I've even flown a 500 Lb. bull.

"A missionary 150 miles out wanted a bull and a cow once. A rancher brought them down-river to me and when I went to pick them up in a truck, he could tell I didn't know anything about handling livestock and asked me what I was going to do with them. When I told him, he laughed and said there was no way I was going to get that bull into a single-engine plane without help. He said he'd send me five cowboys in the morning.

"The next morning they showed up and we got this 500 pound bull down. We tied his front legs and back legs together and then we bound them to his body. We tied his head down and laid him on canvas. We took the seats out of the plane and put the bull inside, wrapped him up in the canvas, then wrapped him in a cargo net and strapped him in.

" 'Now,' I said, 'what's going to happen if he gets loose while I'm flying?' 'All hell will break loose,' said the rancher. So I said, 'I'm not going to fly unless a cowboy comes with me who has a long knife and knows how to use it.' Well, one cowboy came with me but the bull didn't so much as whisk his tail."

Elmer called one of his students in, a tall lanky man in jeans named Gary Von Wagoner, who soon will be going to Zaire. Until Gary joined MAF, he was a commercial pilot (airline) and lived "the typical pilot's life," he said with a smile.

"But there was something lacking in my life. There was a need, and I suddenly found that I had a talent that could be put to God's use.

"I left a \$35,000 job and a fancy car. I don't need the excitement. I had all of that in Viet Nam. You're not going to find bush pilot types here. You'll find guys who love flying and are willing to give up a material life to go and serve God. Really, it's true."

"You see," said Elmer, looking out the window at a plane taxiing down the runway outside, "it's not the money, of course, or the excitement or the love of adventure. There is some thing deep inside us."

He walked into the radio room where Gary and Jack, a new arrival, sat repairing radio wires. Jack had just walked into the hangar four days ago, an airline pilot who had put his house up for sale and wants to change his life.

"I've made up my mind," says Jack, "and I hope they'll have me. I've seen the world and I know what I don't want anymore. I've seen everything, believe me. I don't want \$50,000 a year and a Cadillac and the \$200,000 home anymore. I know I'll never be a millionaire, but if they take me on here, I'm going to be richer than John Paul Getty."

Up in these craggy California hills, where the western sloped turn a shade of rose matching the setting sun, Elmer and his students have a fitting place to learn to fly for God.

(CLOSE-UP -- Anne Keegan. Chicago Tribune Press Service. Ramona, Cal.)

# CONVENTION 1977

## Everett, Washington

### July 12-13



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

ETA (date & time) \_\_\_\_\_

ETD (date & time) \_\_\_\_\_

Arrival by:

- \_\_\_ private plane N \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_ commercial flight # \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_ car \_\_\_\_\_

Rooms:

- \_\_\_ parish buildings \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_ Rodeway Inn \_\_\_\_\_

Send reservations to:

Rev. David White  
St. Mary Magdalen Parish  
8717 Seventh Avenue  
Everett, Washington 98204  
Phone: 206-353-1211