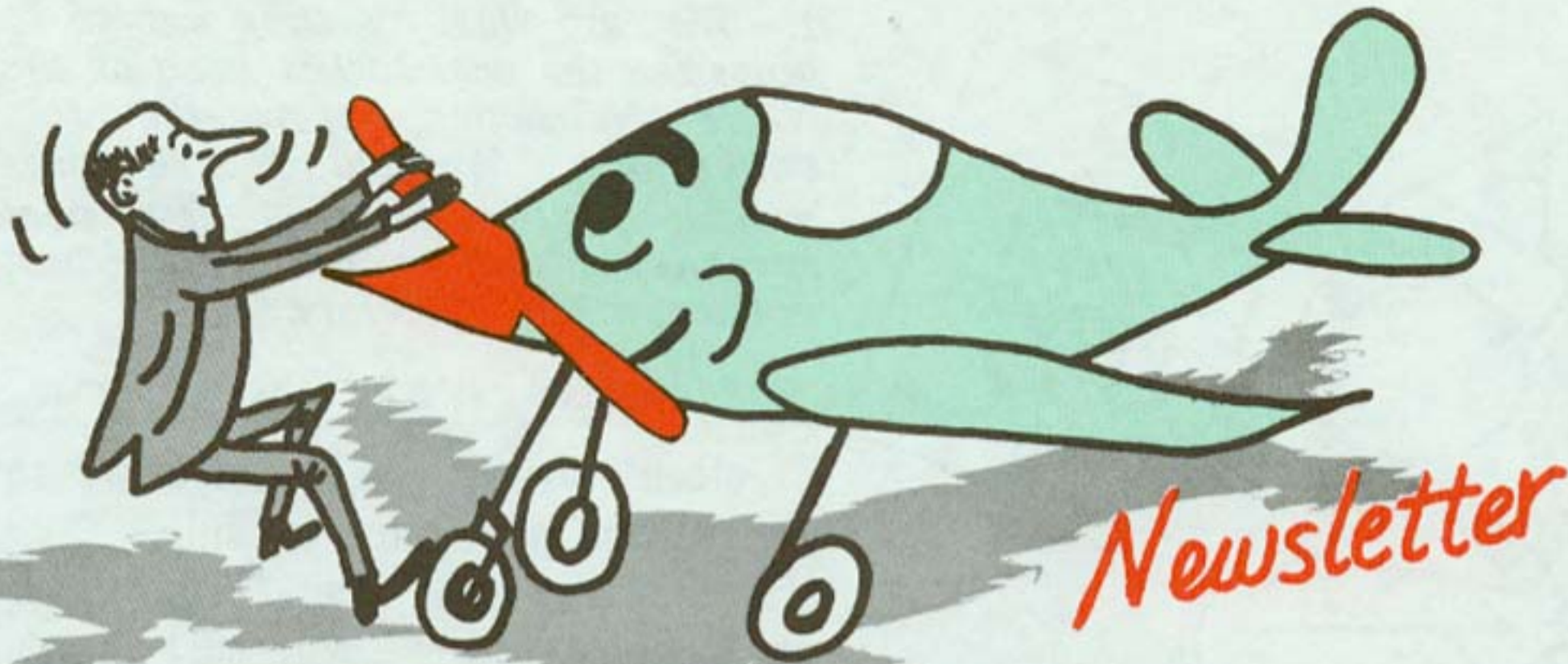


NAPP



VOLUME XXVII

APRIL 1990

NO. 5

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT



We hope all had a joyous EASTER prepared by a penitential Lent. The LORD is risen, indeed. ALLELUIA!!

Archbishop Frank Hurley is preparing for the NAPP July visit. Some of you plan a Retreat in conjunction with the pilgrimage. He wants to know the approximate number, of course.

Please reply to him on the registration form in this newsletter. Do it by the last week in June. Even if you are not 100% sure, be considerate and send your hopes and plans and greetings. (The Archbishop's phone numbers:

OFFICE: 907-258-7898.

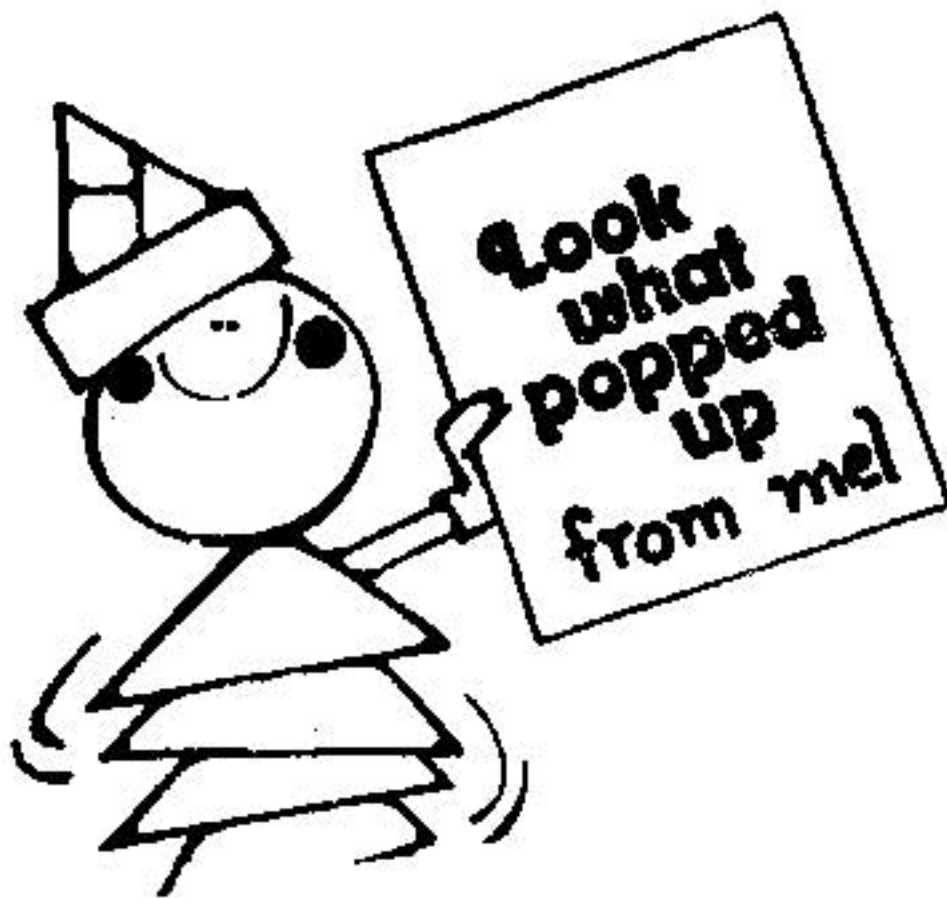
HOME: 907-274-8358.

A fishing excursion can be arranged, if enough sign up. It includes some flying to the site and can cost from \$50 to \$100. Our U.S. Air Force at Anchorage plans to give us some attention also.

The Retreat House (our accommodations) will be unavailable before Monday and after Friday -- except to registered Retreatants. However, local rectories may provide some space.

Sounds exciting. And we all know half the fun is getting there and back. Assignment changes, weather delays, volcanos, checkbook balances, etc. have never been insurmountable obstacles to dedicated aviators. Plan to go before the medical doctor refuses to sign your Class III. TEMPUS FUGIT!

Frank Nemmers
Mooney N201XL



1. We are finally getting around to preparing the next to last issue of the NAPP Newsletter before the July convention. We held off a few days waiting for those last few dues envelopes so that we could enter them in the new 1990 directory.

2. SPECIAL NOTICE:

President Frank makes reference to our Alaska adventure in July. You will find a registration form in the newsletter. The procedure is a little different this year. The Archbishop asks that you mail it to

him. He, and the FAA, will then send you some of the particulars and a special packet on Alaska flying.

4. Included in the newsletter are several openings for rides to Anchorage. If you're still looking for a ride, make the necessary contact, if the offers fits your schedule. By working and planning together some may be able to make this dream trip who before thought it impossible.

5. Another bit of good news. I heard from our secretary, Bob Kirsch, and he has the July 1989 minutes completed. Bob has been under the weather since last Fall and that is the reason for the lengthy delay - (at least that's the excuse he gave me). They will be available at the July meeting in Anchorage.

6. As I was preparing this newsletter I noticed an error I have been making since April of 1988. I have been missing one "X" in the Volume number. We are currently in Volume XXVII, not XVII, as printed previously. I presume this bit of information will allow all of you a more peaceful rest each night.

7. Treasurer John Wolesky will not be able to make the July convention because of a move. He said he will have to give up his exalted office with our organization so that position will be open come July. Here's your chance to handle the really big bucks.



ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

REV. MEL HEMANN
ST. JOSEPH CHURCH, BOX 309
PRESTON, IOWA 52069

SHARE A RIDE TO ANCHORAGE

Ev Hemann is flying with Tom & Darlene Liebold in their Cardinal to Anchorage. Their daughter will be getting married the beginning of August in Anchorage. Tom wants Ev to fly the Cardinal back.

If you are interested in flying commercial from Chicago to Anchorage and returning with Ev in the Cardinal, letting Tom use the Anchorage-Chicago portion of your ticket, contact

EV HEMANN

Loras College

Dubuque, IA 52001

319-556-2580 (O) 319-588-7225 (H)

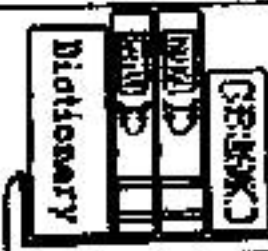
Mike Mikstay, Poland, Ohio has room in his plane for one more person. He would prefer a pilot who could assist him with the flying enroute. Mike's phone number is: 216-757-1545

I think I got a note from John Birk in Rockford, WA saying he was looking for a ride. I can't find the note now but if anyone is passing through the state of Washington and needs another body to fill that one seat, give John a call. 505-291-1105.

Several have mentioned the possibility of making their annual Retreat while in Anchorage. Archbishop Hurley says anyone wishing to do so BEFORE or AFTER the July Convention should contact the Retreat House Director:

**Fr. Vincent Beuzer, S.J.
Holy Spirit Retreat House
10980 Hillside Dr.
Anchorage, AK 99516**

It will be YOUR responsibility to contact Fr. Vincent if you wish to take advantage of this opportunity.



**For Your
Information**

We have two different sets of videos for those interested in furthering or up-dating their
COMMERCIAL/INSTRUMENT skills

CONTACT:

**DAVID J. HOGAN
P.O. Box 157
Pocahontas, IA 50574**

[or]

**MEL HEMANN
P.O. Box 309
Preston, IA 52069**



ARCHDIOCESE OF ANCHORAGE

225 CORDOVA STREET, BUILDING A • ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99501 • 907/258-7898

March 19, 1990

Office of the Archbishop

MEMO TO: NAPP

FROM: Archbishop Francis T. Hurley *FTH*

RE: Anchorage NOTAM

The snow is disappearing, so the "Welcome" mat is visible. All of you are cleared to land.

Options I might suggest for the time you are here--for openers:

1. Retreat (first things first)

This possibility has been advertised in NAPP bulletins already

2. Visit to Elmendorf Air Force Base

3. Fishing: would you want an outing for everyone? If so, I will suggest Homer or Kenai as the locations. We could fly there easily.

4. Free for your own sightseeing.

There are many places you can reach by air and some by car: Denali Park & Mt. McKinley; Valdez (oil spill fame); Kodiak; Fairbanks; Juneau.

Holy Spirit Retreat House has been reserved for you. If anyone wishes to remain beyond July 20, let me know. I will shift those over to the parishes.

I will be sending route suggestions later on.

If you have special requests, I would appreciate having them as soon as possible.

As we get closer to the time and I know how many are coming, I can make more suggestions.

Over and out.





BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

(The following from Brian Ballard, OMI, Ft. St. James, B.C.)

February 28, 1990

Dear Mel,

God bless your patience with all the mail you decipher. Here is one more.

Enclosed is an article I wrote about my "dunking" last Fall. Also a picture of salvaging the PA-14 and a photo of a 1974 Helio-Courier I was able to find in Pittsburg, KS.

It has been a long road to walk since September 23rd but many have helped out in my helplessness.

I'm still gathering pennies for the floats. If you know of any rich widows (under 28?) and they would like to help out, they could receive a receipt by: Sending a donation marked

OMI MISSION, B.C.

Fr. Brian OMI

TO: Fr. Mill Morell, OMI

7711 Madonna Dr.

San Antonio, TX 78216-6620

This plane takes a Sister and myself plus gear to eight native villages throughout northern B.C. We cover about 55,000 sq. miles of rock, trees and people, mostly rocks and trees.

Thank you Mel - Happy Lent!

BRIAN BALLARD omi

Brian Ballard OMI

P.S. The title was taken from the time the watch stopped on Eamon's wrist.



70

11 Seconds after 12:02

Day 2 and I am hanging in a sling from a Labrador rescue helicopter. The few seconds that it takes to winch the jumper and I seems like forever. Down below, about twenty yards from the rock and bush lined shore is the outline of an upside down yellow float plane drowned in this glacier lake.

The image reflected in that clear water burns the nightmare into reality and betrays what I feel inside.

In the Autumn British Columbia, fall time there is another, nameless season, that was just beginning.

Fr. Ken Forster, O.M.L., pastor of Our Lady of the Snows Church in Ft. St. James. Eamon Doherty, a volunteer Frontier Apostle from Ireland and I, an Oblate priest, had just finished visiting Kluskus in the Cariboo country. This native village is more than an hour's flight south of our base in Ft. St. James. The Cariboo area of B.C. is not far from the coastal mountains so we continued on to do some fishing. That night we stayed in Tweedsmuir Park near a beautiful waterfall.

Each Fall, Ken and I take a couple of days off to renew body and soul. This trip was shaping up to be the best yet.

The next morning, after breakfast, we left Turner Lake to go home. While sightseeing in the mountains I noticed a clear lake with a sandy shelf and nearby stream. We landed and beached the plane. It was now 11:00 AM, Saturday, September 23rd. The wind began to pick up and cause white caps on the waves. We were packing up when Eamon caught a large cutthroat trout. After stowing it away in the middle float compartment we readied ourselves for takeoff.

The wind was brisk, quartering out of the southwest. Lift off would be toward the west. Due to the high elevation and weight in the plane we were not airborne as soon as I had hoped.

The trees and high ground were coming up fast. I made a shallow turn down wind over the lake. Suddenly the left wing dropped and there was no response from the controls. Within two seconds the wing contacted the water and we cartwheeled upside down into Widgeon Lake. It was like doing a back flip into a washing machine. Immediately I tried to swim out of the cabin, but something was holding me back. It was the seat belt.

After pulling the release I worked my way free of the plane, banged my head on the upside down float and took my first breath.

Ken was on the other side of the plane saying Eamon was still in the back. I dove back down into the gas filled water and felt around where Eamon should have been. He wasn't there. I then realized I was thinking of where he would have been if the plane were in its normal upright position. I then reached down into the back of the cabin and felt nothing. My lungs, about to burst, goaded me upwards. Again I smacked my head before surfacing. Eamon had just moments before broken water near Ken.

At the moment, none seemed to be seriously injured. We climbed onto the upside down plane. Only the bottom of the floats were above water. For the time being we thought the plane would not sink. After securing life jackets I released the canoe paddle from its position and handed it to Ken. Being a good canoeist he promptly began paddling this strange boat.

I fished part of the back seat out of the water logged plane, took up a position in the middle and began paddling. The wind was slowly moving us down the lake. Our only hope, if the plane didn't sink, was to angle the plane toward shore as quickly as possible. Eamon had taken in some water and was in the state of shock. He climbed onto an opposite float from Ken and began to shake badly.

Gratefully, the sun was shining. If we could keep Eamon talking he would dry off somewhat to better face the ordeal.

The plane began to sink on one side. We moved back to raise the broken float. Two hours later about twenty yards from a rocky point the nose of the plane beached itself. We were in fifteen feet of water and swam the rest of the way. Ken and I tied a rope around a tree to secure the plane from drifting away. I made repeated dives into the plane to recover what ever survival gear was there. I couldn't believe how wet things could get. Two F-18 fighter jets on low level maneuvers passed five-hundred feet over us but we were not seen.

The soaking emergency kit had waterproof matches which unbelievably worked. Yet, just the heads of match would light and quickly go out. The wind prevented the igniting of even the driest of kindling. After a few tries the strike plate along the matchbox disintegrated. Lighters were useless and our shaking from the water and wind was uncontrollable.

I took a flare and Ken used a cooking pot to gather twigs and moss. The shelter of the forest provided a place where I fired a flare into the pot. The red hot ball enveloped the contents with flames which we unhesitatingly placed at the base of the prepared lake side wood. What a feeling! Warmth, hope, time to think and thaw.

Eamon began fishing and soon caught another smaller trout. After devouring this offering no more were tempted to bite.

Flight plans are useful from airport to airport where they can be closed. In the bush we often can't file these plans. Instead, we notify someone of our intentions. In this instance, no one knew where we were, only where we had been the night before.

Word had to go out but our emergency radio had water in its batteries. I wondered if the emergency locator transmitter (ELT) would work, especially after being in the water for more than six hours. I hated to go back in the water now that I was mostly dry. Besides setting the ELT there was that big, fat, juicy fish in the float and we were hungry.

Wading back to the plane was a shock to the system but I was propelled on by other thoughts that this was life or death. The ELT would not unhook under the water. I ripped it from its moorings and after surfacing, set it up on a float and prayed it would work. The fish tasted great.

If the ELT worked, it would take a few hours 'till we would be spotted. If it didn't, chances are that we would still be there.

The night finally came. With half drying sleeping bags, a soggy tent and little food we were prepared as best we could.

The stars were brighter than I ever remembered. It was unseasonably warm and dry. The bugs even behaved themselves. Sitting there by the fire, looking out into the lake, was a reflection off the aluminum floats - a monumental beacon to my error of judgement.

We said a rosary on the rocks. A loon began its haunting warble. A high flying jet way off our position, was faintly heard.

If the ELT was operational this would be the first sign. It had been two hours since the transmitter was activated. A Russian satellite orbits the earth every twenty minutes. If the signal is still present on its second pass then Ottawa is notified. From there the provincial search and rescue units are briefed. An inquiry is put out to the different flight service stations about any missing aircraft. A military jet fighter is sent up on a preliminary pass over the ELT signal.

The fire is going out. We are exhausted and there is no axe. We are all bumped, scraped and apprehensive. Our hands are raw from breaking dead limbs and gathering what dry wood was nearby. Inside the tent is semi-dry saturated fiber filled sleeping bags we wait for morning. As one of us wakes, we gather dry sticks from deeper in the forest. The fire is our life line.

It is 10:30 Saturday night. A distant drone of engines hurls us out of the tent. The flare I had ready doesn't want to be found. Within minutes I find them and fire four red arching blossoms.

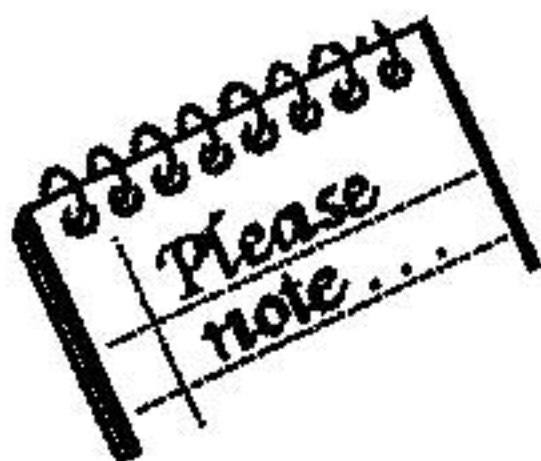
The Buffalo search and rescue plane circles our position trying to determine if there are any injuries. Six times over a period of forty minutes a five million candle power flare is dropped. It lights up the valley and unveils the mountains in an early morning artificial sunrise.

Realizing what they were wondering I was determined to find a Morse code index in my VFR flight supplement. Only wet, sticky pages were left. With my flashlight I signalled the SOS code and then to reassure the flight crew I flashed the code for victory. I knew those old "Victory at Sea" newsreels were not wasted. We lined up on the shore with three flashlights and in sequence signalled the plane. They signalled back. Never had we looked at an airplane with such interest. As they left over the mountains the darkness returned. The night would still be there but we were found.

The next morning a Cessna 185 from Nimpo Lake landed and took Fr. Ken and Ramon to the nearest town. Ramon said he would go only if he sat in the front seat. A short time later the Labrador helicopter came and winched me and the gear out of the lake.

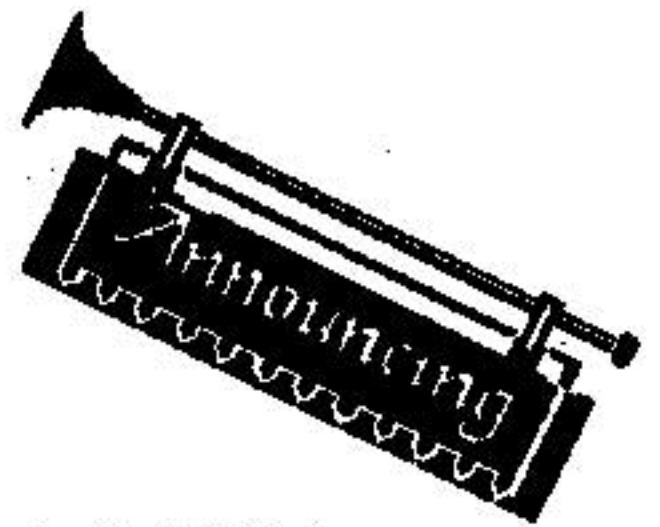
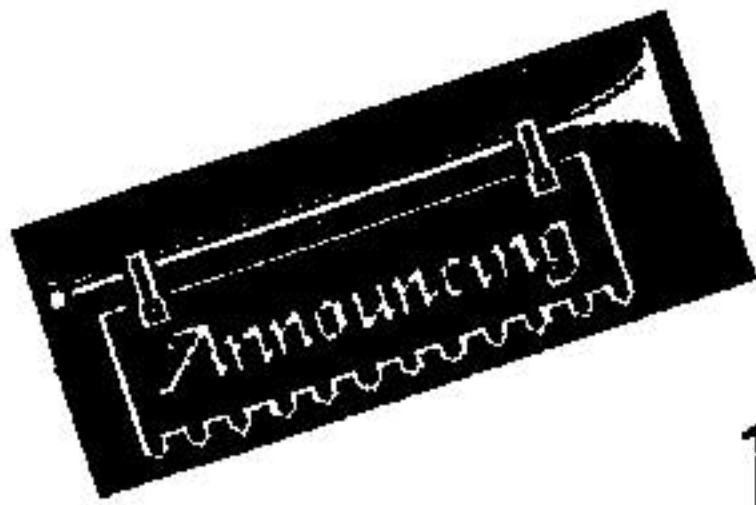
So many helping hands, so much to be thankful for. It was a grace the way things turned out. For those many people who helped us in our helplessness, in returning home, getting the plane out of the park, and in helping find another aircraft to continue the ministry, I am truly grateful.

For each of us in that plane, our life has changed. A new meaning for Baptism is as clear as a mountain lake in Autumn. We will continue to begin.



One of our retired members complained of small print on some of the newsletter pages. What we have been doing, to save paper and postage, is typing some of the material on a large sheet of paper. The printer reduces it to an 8 1/2 x 11 size.. Hence, the small print. We will try to do better in the future. Thanks for calling that to our attention.

The article on the previous page is our latest attempt to alleviate the small print problem. Hopefully the reduction will still make the article very readable. If not, please let us know.



1990 NAPP CONVENTION

ANCHORAGE, AK --- July 18 - 19

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ **ZIP** _____

Arrival By:
PRIVATE PLANE _____ **N** _____ **ETA** _____
DATE/TIME
COMMERCIAL FLT _____ **ETD** _____
DATE/TIME

Convention Plans
Fishing trip
Air Force Base
Wednesday - 18
 - Afternoon: Meeting
 - Evening: Banquet

Reservations to:

Archbishop Frank Hurley
225 Cordova Street
Anchorage, AK 99501
907-258-7898

