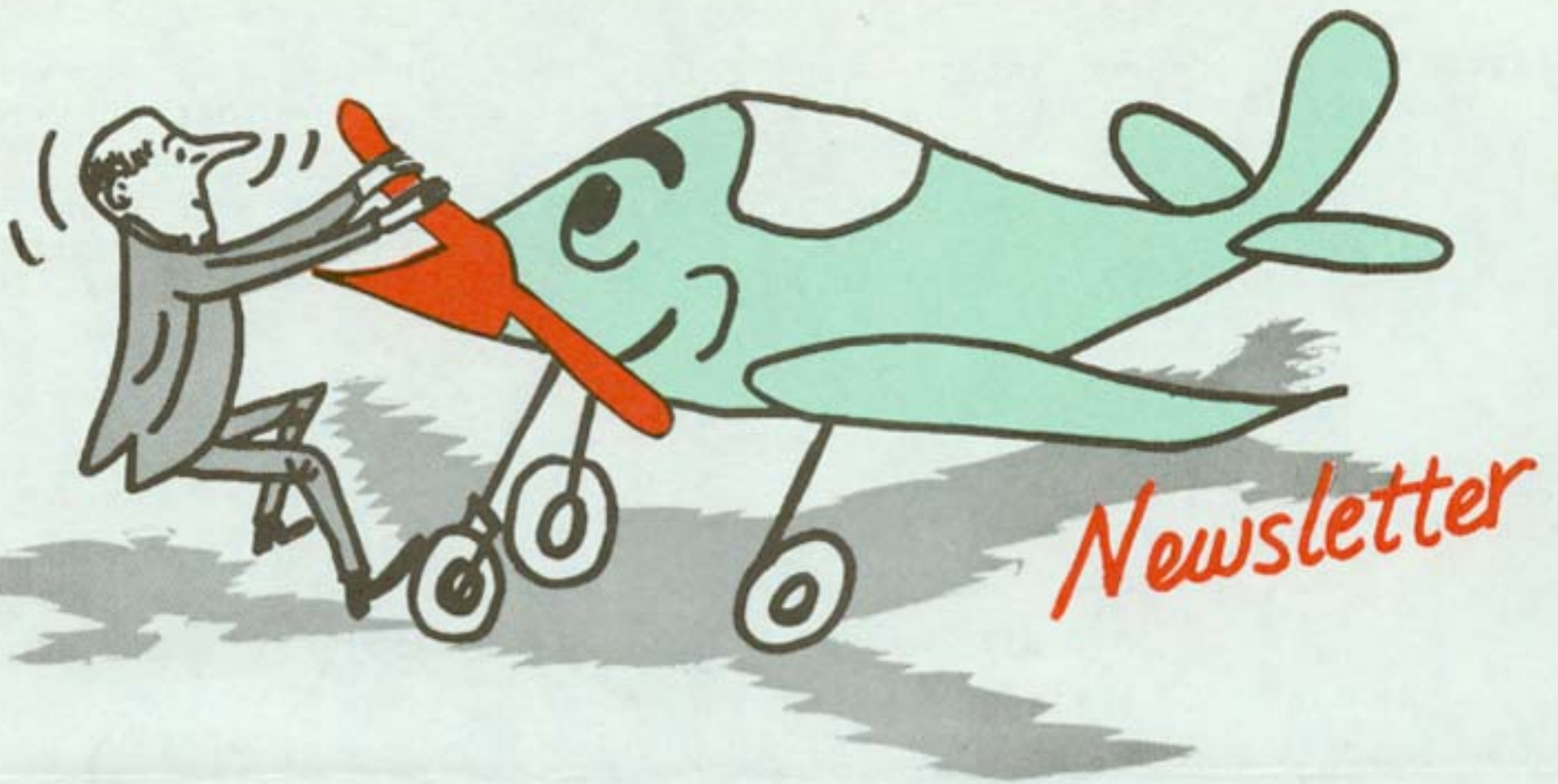


N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XXV

AUGUST 1987

NO. 1

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Thankyou fellow-flyers and brother priests for the opportunity to serve as your president for the next couple of years. Having accepted the rubber gavel from Father John Dompka at the end of our 1987 convention, I am sure I express the sentiments of all of us in thanking him for his four years as our president. We are still together and growing as we get older along with the aircraft we fly.

Also we are grateful to John for the superb meeting in Pittsburg. From beginning to end the arrangements were carefully planned and carried out -- transportation, meals, all kinds of aviation related activities - liturgies, Pittsburg Steelers, options, etc. The spirit and cooperation of the people of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish (...of Plane people with a certain air about them") is evidence too of their devotion to their pastor of twenty years. That certainly is part of the reward of being a faithful priest.

The one sad note at the meeting was the absence of the Hemann brothers and the Dubuque contingent. But the fact suggests one of the beautiful by-products of NAPP - the friendships formed by years of fellowship. The Hemann family parents, sons and daughters had all become part of us especially since the triple anniversary in Stacyville. The nearby priests attend Olive's funeral, which we understand was a beautiful expression of joy that only our faith in the resurrection makes comprehensible. The rest of us were there in spirit as we concelebrated

Mass for her. Our sympathy goes out to Mel, John and Ev, but also our congratulations for having such a mother who with her husband raised such a fine family.

Inasmuch as our next annual convention will be the twenty-fifth (counting the first in 1964 at Carrollton, Kentucky) it should be special. Send in your ideas to Mel or me. Some have already arrived.

Peace!

Bill

Bill Bevington

A BIT ABOUT THE NEW PRESIDENT

William S. Bevington was born in Nashville, Tennessee, January, 1925. B.S. degree in Aeronautical Engineering from University of Notre Dame - 1945. Served in U.S. Navy during WW II. Worked as structural stress analyst at McDonnell Aircraft Corporation in St. Louis before entering Seminary at St. Ambrose College in Davenport, Iowa. Ordained at North American College, Rome, Italy - Dec. 8, 1951. M.A. degree in Education from Peabody College -- served as High School teacher and principal - Diocese of Nashville. Parish priest and chaplain childrens' home, Catholic Charities, Legion of Mary, Presbyteral Council, Ministerial and Civic organizations. Participated in Cursillo, Marriage Encounter, Parish Renewal Weekend, RENEW, etc.

Began flying in 1944. Discontinued until 1969. Instrument rating 1973. Total time 650 hours. First NAPP meeting attended Ames, Iowa in 1970.

INSTRUMENT/COMMERCIAL

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Joseph M. Nettekoven
St. Irenaeus Church
5201 Evergreen Ave.
Cypress, CA 90630 | 4. Art Kleve
3421 W. 9th St.
Waterloo, IA 50702 |
| 2. John L. Friederick
221 3rd Ave. West
Cresco, IA 52136 | 5. John W. Hemann
510 1st Ave. N.W.
Cedar Rapids, IA 52405 |
| 3. Ev Hemann
Loras College
Dubuque, IA 52001 | 6. Edwina Tabares
5409 Punta Alta NW
Albuquerque, NM 87105 |

PLEASE SEND ON TO THE NEXT AS SOON AS YOU FINISH. THANKS!!!



ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

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

briefs from here and there

I am sure this is one that will shake all of you up. A postcard NAPP received, postmarked July 6:

"I am withholding information about aircraft disasters from the NTSB and FAA as I refrain from supporting NAPP!"
I couldn't make out the signature but the address is 41-14 60 St., Woodside, NY 11377. I hope you'll be able to sleep nights.

Rev. Robert J. Ratchford, S.J. writes from New Orleans.

Mel,

Sorry to miss the Pittsburg meeting in July. I'm back teaching chemistry at Loyola. Please add me to the VHS tape list. Thanks, Bob

Ed Murray sends the following note from Fonda, Iowa:

Dear Mel,

It's that time of year again when address changes are truly in vogue. Please note my new one at the top of this card. I have moved further from an airport but I am not going to allow that to discourage me from flying. I am looking forward to Pittsburg. Hope to see everybody there.

Sincerely,

Ed Murray

From St. Patrick's in Urbana, Illinois George Remm sends the following:

Dear Mel,

Just received the newsletter and thought I would drop you a line. I had planned to come to Wichita but IFR weather left me grounded. I did call and try to leave a message that I was unable to fly.

Please extend my best wishes to all at the National Meeting in Pittsburg. Because of a planned vacation with my brother I will not make the national meeting. Even that vacation may be in question since the retired priest who helps me went in the hospital last evening for emergency surgery in his bowel.

Since my transfer to Urbana last August I have not been flying very much. The situation is not as convenient as it was at Kewanee airport, and the workload has been heavy.

I am feeling fine and enjoying the people of St. Patrick's in Urbana. We have a very nice parish center and the people are very active.

I'm interested in learning how your new encounter for single people is going. We are having trouble maintaining membership and leadership in our OSW (Divorced, Separated & Widowed) support group. Perhaps this might give us a new beginning. I'll try to get in touch with you in late summer to discuss this.

Have a good convention.

Sincerely,

George Remm

Pat Patten sent the following from Arusha, Tanzania. First part dated 6 December 86:

Dear friends,

CBS evening news and Associated Press got part of the story right and part wrong. I was the pilot of an airplane that crashed in a remote area of Eastern Africa. It is true that there were no serious injuries (except to the airplane and an otherwise well but broken-hearted pilot). It is not true that we walked 140 miles to the nearest village, guided by Maasai warriors. It does make a nice story, though, doesn't it?

What happened in fact was that the Maasai warriors, who arrived within minutes of the accident, helped us down the mountainside. They cut through the chick undergrowth with their swords, until we reached the village of Kijungu, about a mile away. The next day, by radio-phone, I asked a pilot friend of mine to pick up the rest of the passengers. He flew them to Arusha, the nearest city, 140 miles away. I followed a week later, by car, after securing the wreckage.

The Flying Medical Service project, which so many of you have so generously and enthusiastically supported for so many years, came to an abrupt stop on August 10th. It happened seconds after take-off in a mountainous area when the plane was caught in a very strong downdraft. I was unable to maneuver it around the hills surrounding the airfield. It crashed, tail-low, into the trees on the mountainside. Of the five on board, one suffered a broken collar bone, and one a chipped rib. No one else was hurt at all. That's part of the good news. I'm grateful to God for that. It's a good feeling to be able to look back over the whole event and know that - given the same circumstances - I wouldn't have done anything differently.

While it exhausted all our funds, leaving only hope to run on in the near future, we bought a second plane. It should be in service by the time you read this letter. Too many people depend on the plane for their only source of medical care for us to wait for a more secure financial base.

In its three years of operation, the Flying Medical Service missed only one set of clinics. That was because of insurance problems during the Lloyd's crisis almost two years ago. We never had weather that the specially equipped plane couldn't fly in, or mechanical difficulties so serious that we couldn't fix in time to keep us from a clinic. It is a record we are quite proud of, considering the heavy demands put on our one aircraft.

Before the accident, the plane was treating more than 500 patients in each week of operation. It provided regular preventive and curative health care, responded to many emergencies, and vaccinated thousands of children and adults. The following is an entry from my flight journal, several months before the accident. It conveys, I hope, a little of what medical bush flying is about.

26 February 1986 -- It was raining today. I held her tightly with both arms, my face pressed to hers. I tried to breathe with the same rhythm I remembered her using. Her eyes were wide with fear, her face chalky. She was

dead.

I turned back and grabbed the controls of the plane as it slipped sharply to the right. The buffeting wind and rain played with it like a falling leaf.

Five minutes before, I had been on the ground, the first landing at a new clinic. A crowd of people surrounded the plane. Two people in the crowd held a young girl, perhaps ten years old. She had pneumonia. It was already so bad that she could hardly breathe. The doctor asked me to take her immediately back to the hospital. He would stay behind and do the clinic himself. He was certain she would not live till the end of the clinic. He quickly scribbled instructions to his medical assistant back at the hospital. Meanwhile I put the girl and her mother into the plane, in the two seats immediately behind mine. It was only a fifteen minute flight back to the hospital. But the low threatening clouds had turned into a heavy rain. Normally it's not too serious a problem; but I was unfamiliar with the area.

Two minutes into the flight, the girl stopped breathing. The mother cried out. I tried to explain mouth to mouth resuscitation. No luck. The mother is in a panic. The engine noise drowns out my words. I do it myself, balancing the plane between the low clouds and the ground. Unfasten her seat belt. Pull her towards me. A few breaths. I don't trust the autopilot this close to the ground. Where is that hospital? Is my magnetic heading correct? Visibility is only about a mile. Where is that hospital? How can fifteen minutes take so long?

The mother says to me: "What are you doing? She's dead." I try to explain. She doesn't understand. I grab the child and again breathe my breath into hers. Hospital in sight! I push the girl back into her mother's arms. No fancy approach. Quick landing, I turn back to the girl. Her eyes are closed; but she is breathing on her own again.

When I returned to the hospital at the end of the day, she was soundly asleep in her bed. I think she'll be okay. (Two weeks later I returned to her village. She ran to the airstrip to greet me. Makes it all worthwhile).

Yes it does.

The days are full, the nights too short. It's exciting and often tiring. But I don't doubt the value of it. In fact, I will miss the regular flying when our new pilot, Kristine Bresser, from St. Claire of Montefalco parish in Detroit takes over in January. But as demand for the service continues to grow, we hope to put a second plane into operation sometime next year.

I hope all of you had a good Thanksgiving. It was a very special day for me this year. And I wish each of you a beautiful Christmas and a happy New Year. May it be well with you all.

Pat



1. That time comes for all of us when we must experience that final earthly separation from a parent. For many of you that experience has already taken place. For myself and the rest of the Olive Hemann family that time came on Friday, July 3 at 7:40 PM.

Mom had been in the Nursing Home since last August but enjoyed relatively good health until the last week. Her heart had been weakening and the eventual circulatory problems were inevitable. Her left foot was bothering her the last ten days and she was facing the possibility of amputation. Sometime Thursday evening she suffered a slight stroke which rendered her comatose. I went home on Friday for a "routine" visit and was unaware of what had happened. When I arrived about 2:00 PM my brother Matt came out of the nursing home with the word that the doctor had advised them to call the family. I went in, took Mom's hand and she woke up. I told her I was going to the church to get the oils and anoint her. She shook her

head in the affirmative. As the hours wore on the family began gathering from the various places where we live. She was aware of our presence till the end. As we saw it coming I began the recitation of another rosary. This time I elected to pray the Glorious mysteries. When I announced "the first Glorious mystery, the RESURRECTION," she gasped and the pulse beat stopped. She died at the Resurrection.

We had been working with her the past year in preparing for this moment. The Wake Service and the Liturgy were all planned by her. All the readings, the hymns, and who was to do what were all assigned by her. All that was left for us was to carry out her wishes.

For those of you who joined us three years ago at the Convention/Jubilee celebrations I think would have found this liturgy very close to what happened then. At least as far as it being a celebration is concerned. 56 priests and over 40 Sisters joined us along with a multitude of people who have come to know the various members of the family through the years. She would have been 84 in December and Mom and Dad would have celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in October. I don't think any of us could have asked for anything more. A good and beautiful life and glorious death and entrance into the fullness of life.

On behalf of all the members of the family, but especially for Ev, John and myself, I want to thank you for the Mass at the convention, the card and the individual cards and expressions of sympathy you have extended to us. With three NAPP members in the family and having attended 3 of the conventions, NAPP (and flying) have always been special in the lives of Mom and Dad.

2. You will find in this issue the Central Regional Director's letter with the information about the September 27-28 Regional meeting in Urbana, Illinois. Please find all the particulars on that page.

3. Please mark the July 12-13, 1988 Convention date on our calendar.

4. I have a few clippings from John Dompka about the 1987 Convention. We'll include those in the next mailing. It seems this one is getting thick enough.

August 14, 1987

TO: N.A.P.P. MEMBERS --- MIDWEST REGION
RE: REGULAR "FALL" MEETING
FROM: REGIONAL DIRECTOR, JOHN W. HEMANN

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 and MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 (that's one week earlier than our usual October meeting)

HOST: FATHER GEORGE F. REMM (N.A.P.P. MEMBER)
St. Patrick's Church
708 W. Main Street
P.O. Box 667
Urbana, Illinois 61801
Rectory phone: 217-367-2665
Private (Home phone): 217-367-3366

AIRPORT OF ARRIVAL: URBANA FRASCA FIELD (C16)
Located on the Chicago chart and found on PAGE 188 of the 1987 edition of the AOPA'S AIRPORTS USA

MOTEL: Howard Johnson (217-367-8331 or 800-654-2000)
(within walking distance of the airport)

EVENTS: Sunday afternoon and evening arrivals
Guests of Father Remm and social hour and evening dinner
Monday morning -- Tour of the University of Illinois and their dept. aeronautical engineering
Monday afternoon -- 1:00 - 4:00 p.m. Guests of Rudy Frasca. Rudy is the "founding father" of the aircraft simulator and he will share some of his first ideas and attempts to perfect that most common tool used by thousands of pilots in modern aviation. Rudy also owns several "war birds" and has a small museum of aircraft at the field.
Monday afternoon --- 5:00 p.m. Dinner & business meeting
Jumer's Castle Lodge
Lincoln Square
Urbana, Illinois

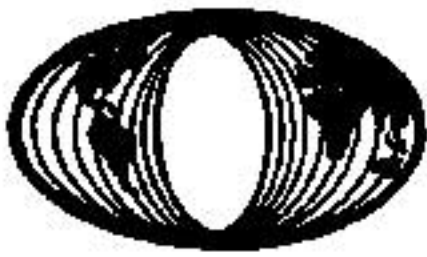
RESERVATIONS:

Please make your intentions known to Father Remm (NLT Sept. 22) about your ETA, presence for the tour, evening meal and dinner as well as your ETD.

Please make your own motel reservations and make arrangements for those who travel with you. Father Remm will not be responsible for your motel reservation for one/two nights, whatever your plans are.

I hope to see many of you in Urbana next month.

John W. Hemann



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PRIEST PILOTS INC.

PITTSBURG, PA.

July 8, 1987

The 24th annual meeting was opened with a prayer by Father Dompka. No reading of last meeting's minutes as Father Paisley was not present. Minutes were accepted as presented.

Schedule of the day was outlined. Optional visits to the Weather Bureau and Control Tower. Concelebrated Mass at 4:30 with Bishop John McDowell, Archbishop Francis Hurley, Bishop James Timlin and priests. Dinner will follow at LeMont Restaurant.

OLD BUSINESS: No old business.

TREASURER'REPORT: John Wolesky reported that there are now 132 members. Current Balance as of 7/1/87 is \$573.70 with interest.

John reported that we are spending more money than we are getting in interest. John reported that in 1986 we gave \$1,000 to the Bishop of Mexico; leaving our account depleted.

NEW BUSINESS: Pros and cons followed about raising dues and charitable contributions. Tom Brady suggested putting in the Catholic press an ad to establish a fund to help the missions; it might be a contact that maybe even one person could give \$10,000.

Many members felt it was a good idea of using our organization and putting it in the Catholic press and asking for donations.

Proposal made by Tony Attea to raise fee to \$15 and have space for donation. Motion was carried.

Tony Attea made a motion to use weight of our organization to advertise in the Catholic press; to support the missions with our support of a budget up to \$300. The Secretary in conjunction with Mel Hemann would put the ad in the press.

Archbishop Hurley suggested that appeals be made for an airplane and also for money.

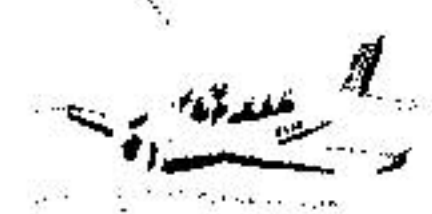
Motion was carried to put an advertisement in the Catholic Press up to \$300.

Concerning tax exemption, Archbishop Hurley said if the association could become an affiliate association of Alaska, they could be tax exempt.

Bob Kirsch stated we should be filing income tax forms if we are not tax exempt. It was suggested that the new President handle this.

John Dompka exhibited some of the tools he has given over the years to the altar boys as Christmas and Easter gifts.

Next year's meeting will be in Frankford, Kentucky.



"It is with paternal satisfaction that the Holy Father views the efforts of the members of the National Association of Priest Pilots to encourage the use of air transportation to obtain ever more abundant spiritual fruits from their sacerdotal ministry and missionary apostolate."

Vatican, Sept. 29, 1964



ELECTION OF OFFICERS: Nominations for President: Bill Bevington elected unanimously. Second Vice President - Henry Haacke elected unanimously. First Vice President - Gene Murray elected unanimously. Secretary - Bob Kirsch elected unanimously.

It was agreed by all members that next year they would meet on July 12 and 13 since the 4th of July comes on a Monday. It is in the bylaws that we are to meet the first Tuesday and Wednesday of the first full week.

Will meet in 1989 in Boston; 1990 in Alaska.

John Dompka suggested that with the growing shortage of priests, a parish that has at least one assistant should be willing to let that pastor or assistant go and help another parish and not count that as vacation time.

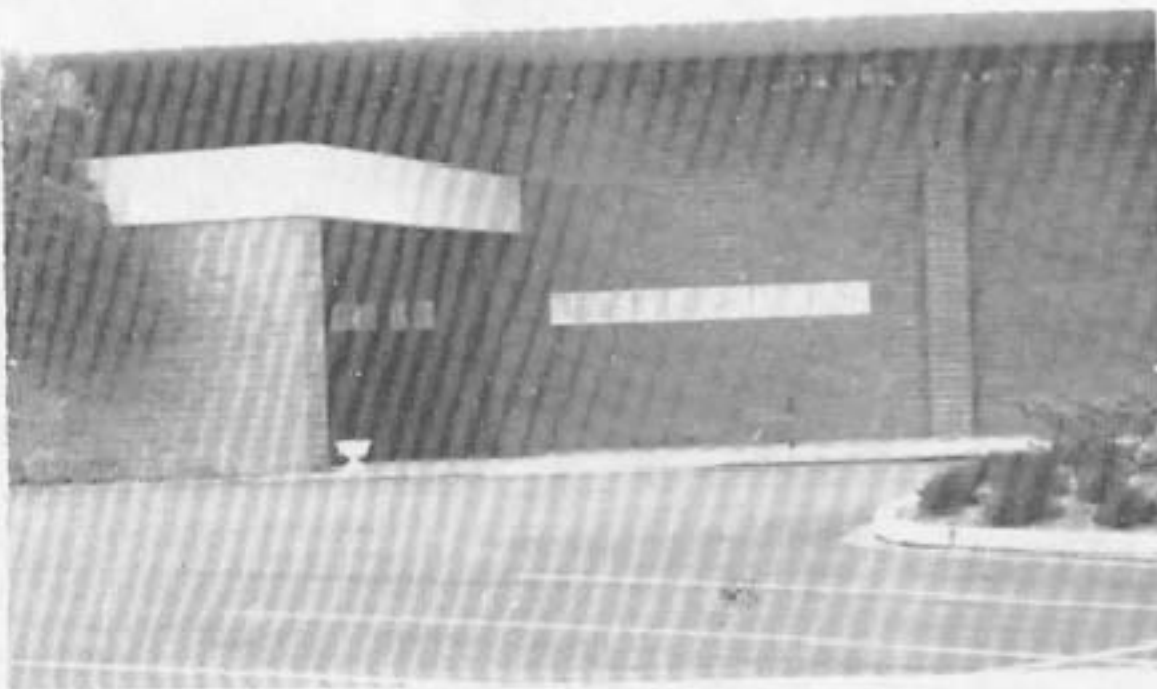
Dick Skriba: Computerized listing of priests around the country whereby you could match fellows who want to go on vacation from the city to the country to the city? Would like to advertise in Priest magazine and send names to them.

John Brickley suggested sending Mass card to Mel with all of us signing it. Also, for R.K. Smith to Augustinian Provincial.

Members congratulated John Dompka as President.

Tony Attea made motion to adjourn - seconded by Vic Schoenberger.

Meeting closed with prayers for the repose of the souls of Mrs. Olive Hemann and Preacher Smith.





PITTSBURGH
Steelers

