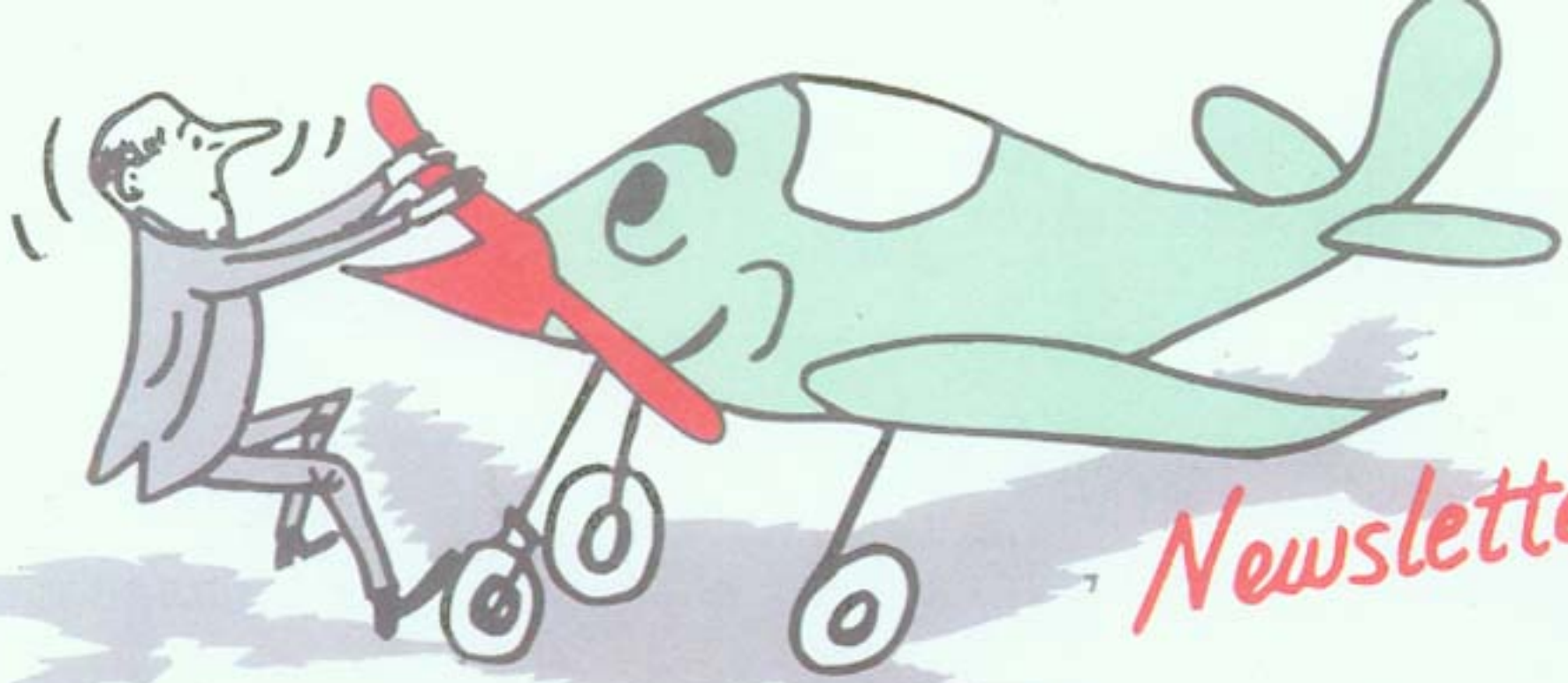


N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XLI DECEMBER 2003 NO. 3



FROM THE PRESIDENT

Last month I had a marvelous experience. A woman called asking if I could/would take her father for a plane ride and let him fly the plane. "Kinda like an introductory flight?" I asked.

"Not exactly. Dad is 91, has logged about 400 hours but hasn't flown for forty years." How exciting I thought. It turns out he started flying in 1941, was a charter member of AOPA and had owned several airplanes. His flying ended about the time I started, mid-1960.

Preflighting the C-172 was easy for him. Homer owned a C-140 a half-century ago. It all came back as if yesterday. When he headed for the right door, I had to convince him HE was the pilot and fixed-wing pilots always sit in the left seat. I will always remember that proud grin.

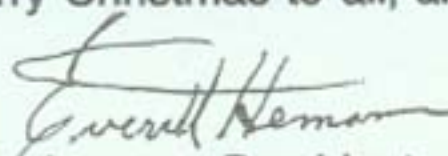
You can write the rest of the story. Flying brought out the kid in him again. The excitement of simple turns, climbs and descends; of seeing from the air once again, the farm where he was born and lived for 70 years was nearly overwhelming.

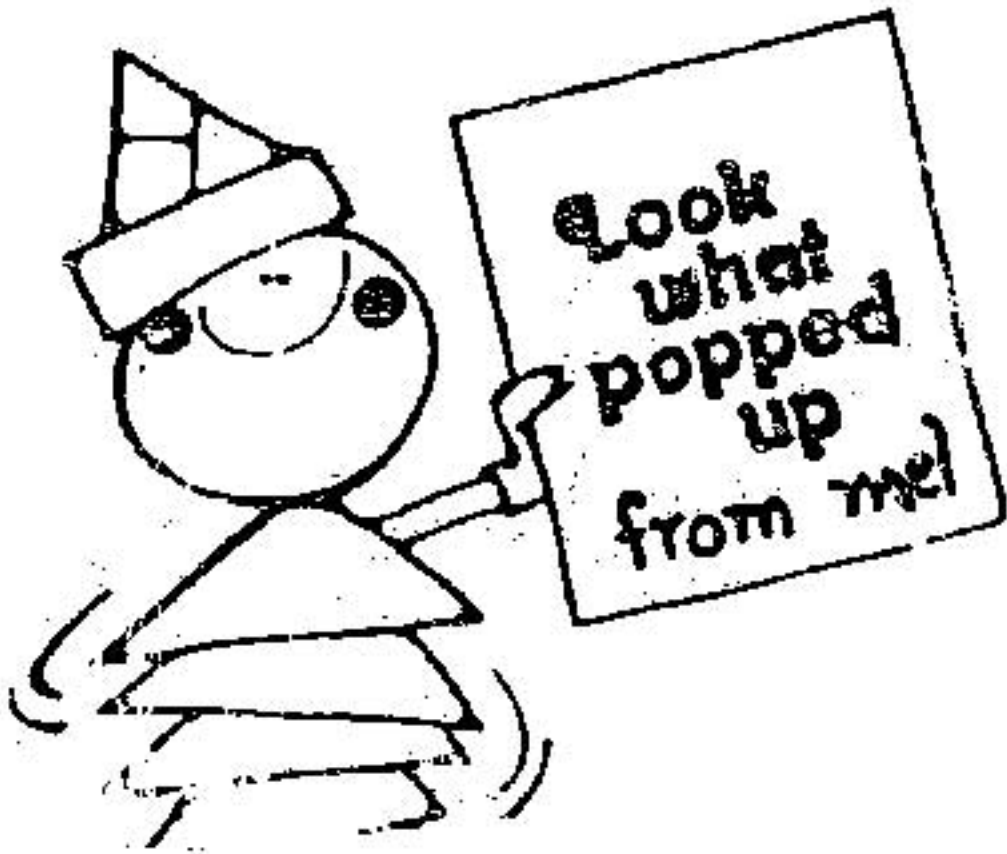
Back on the ground, I supervised his log entry as PIC. When the daughter wanted to pay me, I resisted: "No, I just hope that when I am 90, some kid half my age will take me flying." She paid me anyway, perhaps thinking I would never make it to that age!

Is aviation the illusive Font of Youth which Ponce de Leon sought? We know flying is different than any other life experience. There is an excitement and a memory for details which seem not to deteriorate with age.

Our belief in God-with-us, Emmanuel, falls into the same genre. Christmas is different than other experiences. There is an excitement, regardless our age, which is nearly overwhelming. It does make us feel young, almost childlike.

Christmas and flying. Never thought of them in the same sentence before. Thanks Homer. Merry Christmas to all, and to all, good night.


Ev Hemann, President



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

I'm including in this issue a couple of articles I hope you'll find interesting. One about a Flight Review; another by long time friend PJ McDonald regarding December 17, the centennial anniversary of the first manned flight.

Also a couple of emails from England and Africa.

Recently I received dues from another new member. He is Fr. Nathan (Nate) Packard. He is pastor of St Mary Church in Chokio, MN in the St. Cloud diocese. Nate got his license a couple of years ago and flies the Club C172 & 182. He also has some time in the Club Bonanza. Welcome Nate.

This issue also has some information on the passing of Fr. John Lysogorski. His name has now been added to our NAPP necrology in the next of the NAPP directory

It's still **DUES** time. A few of you have not sent in your 2004 dues. I am enclosing another dues envelope for your use. This will be the last reminder. The new directory will be in the

February mailing.

Those who sent their check since the last newsletter will find their 2004 card enclosed.

When you write that your brother was made a Monsignor all kinds of unsolicited remarks come in. Here's a sampling:

Archbishop Hurley said, "John will have to paint purple stripes on his Warrior."

Peter Geldard writes from the UK. "I may need to learn the protocol to meet a Monsignor."

Owen Shanley writes. Monsignors are created they say (to make something out of nothing). For every one that gets the purple a dozen get the blues.

REMINDERS

2004 NATIONAL CONFERENCE

**Frasca Field
Urbana, Illinois
July 6 - 7, 2004**

Fr. George Remm and Rudy Frasca will begin offering us the particulars in the new year.

Meanwhile, get it on your calendar

Spring Regional Meeting

Monday, May 17, 2004

Duluth, Minnesota

Particulars will follow on this later.

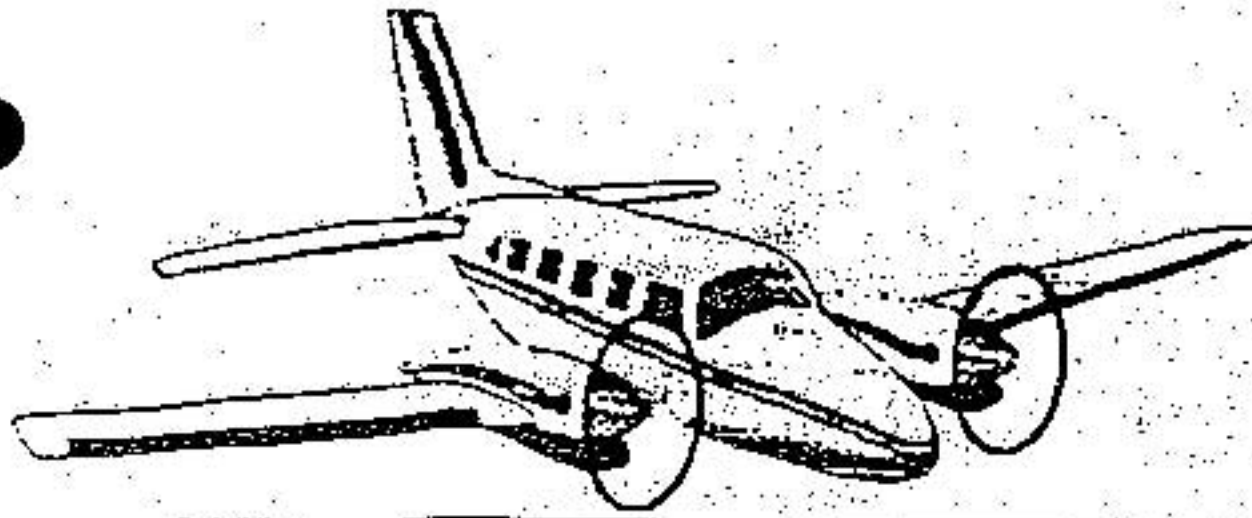
*We definitely will tour the Cirrus plant.
Write this one down in the appropriate place.*

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

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BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

A PILOT'S SUBMISSION TO THE CIVIL
AVIATION SAFETY AUTHORITY
(CASA) NEW ZEALAND
(received the following from my doctor)

Subject: A pilot's submission to the CASA

On the phone Ron seemed a reasonable sort of bloke. He reminded me of the need to do my flight review every two years. He even offered to drive out, look over my property and let me operate from own ALA (authorized landing area). Naturally I agreed to that.

Anyway, Ron turned up last Wednesday. He said he was a bit surprised to see the plane outside my homestead because the ALA was a mile away.

I explained that being close, this strip was more convenient, although there were power lines crossing it at about midway, but it's really no problem to land and takeoff because at the halfway point you are on the ground any way.

For some reason Ron seemed nervous. So, although I had done the pre-flight inspection a few days earlier I decided to do it again. Because he was watching me carefully, I walked around the plane three times. My effort was rewarded because the colour returned to Ron's cheeks - in fact they went to a brighter red.

In view of Ron's obviously better mood, I told him I was going to combine my test flight with my requirement to deliver three poddy calves from the home paddock to the main herd. After a bit of a chase I caught the calves and threw them in back. We climbed aboard but Ron started nagging about weight and balance calculations. Of course I knew that sort of thing was a waste of time because stock likes to move around a bit.

Anyway, I started the engine and cleverly minimized the warm-up time by tramping hard on the brakes and gunning her to 2,500 rpm. That's when I discovered that Ron has very acute hearing. Through all the noise he detected a metallic rattle and demanded I account for it. Actually it began earlier that month and was caused by a screwdriver that fell down a hole in the floor and lodged in that fuel selector mechanism. The selector couldn't then be moved. However, it was on "All Tanks" position anyway, so I figured that it didn't matter. My explanation seemed to relax Ron a bit because he slumped back in the seat and stared at the cockpit roof.

I released the brakes to taxi out, but unfortunately the plane gave a leap and spun to the right. "Hell" I thought, I forgot the starboard wheel chock again. The bump jolted Ron back to full alertness. He looked wildly just in time to see a rock thrown by the prop wash disappear through the wind screen of his parked automobile. While Ron was busy ranting about his car, I ignored his requirement that we taxi a mile to the ALA and instead took off under the power lines next to the house. Ron didn't say a word, at least not until the engine coughed at lift off, then screamed, "Oh God!"

"Now take it easy," I told him firmly, "That often happens on take-off and there is a good reason for it." I explained patiently that I usually run the plane on standard avgas, but one day I accidentally put in a gallon of kerosene. To compensate for the low octane of the kerosene I siphoned in a few gallons of high octane gas then shook the wing tanks up and down a few times to mix it up. Since then the engine has been coughing a bit, but in general, it works just fine.

At this stage Ron seemed to lose all interest in the flight test. He pulled out some rosary beads, closed his eyes and seemed to become lost in prayer. I selected some nice music on the HF to help him relax. Meanwhile I climbed to my normal cruising altitude of 500 feet. On leveling out, I noticed some wild camels and they were heading into my improved pasture.

I hate camels and always carry a loaded .303 carbine clipped inside the door. I decided to have a go through the open window. The effect on Ron was electric. As I fired the first shot his neck lengthened by about six inches and his eyes bulged like a rabbit with myxo. In fact, Ron's reaction was so distracting that I lost concentration and the next shot went through the port tyre. Ron was a bit upset about the shooting, probably one of those plnko animal lovers - I thought, so I decided not to tell him about our little tyre problem. Shortly afterwards I located the main herd of camels and decided to do my fighter pilot trick.

Ron had gone back to praying when, in one smooth sequence, I pulled on full flaps, cut the power to idle and started a sideslip down to 50 feet. As we began the descent I looked back to see the calves gracefully suspended, and I was going to comment on this unusual sight, but Ron had rolled himself into the fetal position and was emitting odd squealing noises.

I leveled out, but for some strange reason we continued sinking. When we reached pasture height I applied full power and that helped a lot. Then, as luck would have it, at that height we flew into a dust cloud caused by the running camels and went IFR. I made a mental note to consider an instrument rating as soon as the gyros were repaired. Suddenly Ron's elongated neck and bulging eyes reappeared. His mouth opened wide, very wide, but no sound emerged. "Take it easy," I told him, "we'll be out of this in a minute." Sure enough, we emerged, still straight and level and back to 50 feet, although we were now inverted; that forced us into a shallow depression near by where we were able to do a half-roll to get upright again.

By now the main camel herd had divided into two groups leaving a narrow strip between them. "Ah!" I thought, "there's a good omen. We'll land there."

Knowing that the tyre problem demanded a slow approach, I flew a couple of steer turns with full flaps. Soon the stall warning horn came on and so I knew we were slow enough. I turned

steeply onto a 25 foot final and put her down. Strangely enough, I had always thought you could only ground loop in a tail dragger. Halfway through our ground loop Ron at last recovered his sense of humor. Talk about laugh....I've never seen the likes of it; he couldn't stop laughing. We finally rolled to a halt and I releases the calves. I then began picking clumps of thick, dry grass. Between gut wrenching fits of laughter Ron asked what I was doing. I explained that we had to stuff the port tyre with grass so we could take-off. It was then that the man took off, arms flailing in the air...laughing.

Anyhow that's enough about Ron; I just got a letter from CASA withdrawing, as they put it, my privilege of holding a license to fly. Hmmm. What did I do that was so terrible?

DEATH OF NAPP MEMBER

(Word from Fr. Owen Shanley)

Rev. John Lysogorski, a NAPP member, died Saturday, November 15, 2003 at Albany Medical Center Hospital. Bishop Howard said the 53 year old priest suffered a stroke that led to his death.

He graduated from Siena College and St. John Vianni Seminary in Buffalo, NY. He studied Polish at Catholic University in Lublin, Poland and studied Spanish in the Dominican Republic. Father John was ordained a priest on May 31, 1975 in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany.

He had a variety of assignments. He worked as chaplain at Albany Medical Center and became head of Pastoral Care for Catholic Charities Diocesan AIDS Services where he continued in that ministry until his death.

Recently he had been providing weekend sacramental ministry throughout the diocese. He was a former board member of the Polish American Priest Association, the National Association of Priest Pilots and STARS Motorcycle Club.

The Concelebrated Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated at 11:00 A.M. on Wednesday, November 19 at the Church of St. Adalbert in Schenectady.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

FROM PETER GELDARD,
United Kingdom

Dear Mel,

It seems a long time (too long) since we last communicated, although I spotted your lovely photograph on the Livingston FBO web site which brought back many happy memories.

The main reason for this quick email is that there is now a very good chance that I will be in the States for the time of the NAPP national conference July 6/7, 2004. I have been invited over to LA to celebrate a wedding for a former US student from the University here and that is taking place at Redondo Beach, California on Saturday, 10 July. I would therefore plan to come across the previous weekend (4/5 July) in order to get to Urbana, Illinois.

I wonder if you could help me with a couple of planning queries:

- * Which is the nearest commercial airport to Frasca Field, Illinois if I was flying direct from the UK?
- * Alternatively, by coming a couple of days earlier, (if my geography is not too bad) is Urbana far from yourself?
- * Do you know anyone who is flying in from the east side of the US? If so - and it was feasible - it would be good to meet up and travel the last leg in a GA plane.

I have managed to keep my IR up to date, and did a good trip earlier this year to Southern Spain. It would be good, though, to try and get a little flying in whilst in the States, even if it was over California way.

Please note that although my 'old' email still works, the University has changed the server again! To ease things, I now use an email that I would be grateful if you could alter your records, etc.

When we meet up, I must catch up (and get ahead) on any dues for NAPP.

Trust all is well.

Looking forward to meeting up with yourself, your brothers (although I may need to learn the protocol to meet a Monsignor!) and other friends in NAPP.

Best wishes to all who remember me in Waterloo.

Peter

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01227 823348 (external)
Cathsoc web site: <http://www.cathsoc.org>

Recently I received the following from P.J. McDonald, a former NAPP member. PJ & his wife Claudette live in Des Moines where they specialize in marriage and family counseling. They have authored several books on marital spirituality and have conducted many workshops through out the country. PJ and Claudette fly to their commitments in their Piper Arrow.

Although you'll receive this a little late, relive December 17th whenever it may be.

On this, the 100th anniversary of the Wright Brothers first powered flight, PJ McDonald wishes all you winged brothers and sisters a happy day.

Do something to celebrate this great day:

go flying
read a flying magazine
drink a couple of dark beers for Orville and Wilbur (no Bud Light, please)
be grateful for the gifts of flying
be grateful for the capacity to understand it
be grateful for the opportunity to do it personally
think about the grand adventures flying brings you
think about the friends you met who share this common love
say a prayer that we don't get regulated into extinction

We owe it all to these great inventors.

Have a great day

PJM

*November 11 I received the following from NAPP member Jacek Rejman, SVD
Jacek was with us at last July's convention and was the recipient of one of the NAPP donations. He got his private license and instrument rating here last summer.
Fr. Jacek is working with fellow NAPP member Pat Patten in Tanzania.*

Hi Mel,

How are you? How is the life in America ... probably getting cold slowly. Here we are preparing for a hot summer.

Mel, I just came back from flying. I was doing clinics. I love it and one more time I want to thank you.

I posted today my request to change the address on my license. Thank you so much that I could use your address while I was in the USA.

Thanks, and I am sorry that I sent it a bit late. Forgive...time is passing so fast here.

I hope you are enjoying life as usual but you are more than welcome here!

I miss a bit the beautiful time I spent with you...though now is great. I was flying last week every day and I love it. Thanks.

Mel, one more time thank you! Greet John and Ev! It was so wonderful to be in Cedar Falls.

I wish you all the best.
I am sending a few pictures.
Greetings,

Jack

