How I decided not to quit my newspaper job

By Larry O'Connor staff writer

Somewhere over Ann Arbor, there's a stomach. If you find it, could you please return it. It's mine. Tony Bennett lost his heart in San Filted neisles, so why shouldn't i be entitled neisles, as why shouldn't i be entitled neisles, as well as the stomach of the

Air Show.

Air Show.

Shaffer said the Holiday Inn Aerobatic Team was coming to town. He wanted to know if someone from our paper would like to go along for an airplane ride.

I said "was a "..."

paper would like to go along for an alrplane ride.

I said, "Sure." First mistake, Maybe f should mention I have only have flown once before.

That didn't dawn on me until I was at Willow Run Airport shaking hands with stutn pilot Randy Brooks.

The plane we were to ride in is a Pitts Special S-2 aircraft that is powered by 260 horsepower Aveo Lycoming AEU-640-HA5 engine.

The Pitts Special has a top speed of 210 miles per hour and can ellimb 3,000 (eet per second.

To the average Joe, it looks like a Volkswagen with wings.

Volkswagen with wings.

FIRST THERE we were in a hurry, so I signed it after scanning it over. I think it said something to the effect, "If injury or death should result from this ride, Bioliday Inns and its substidiaries are not liable to give you or your family free continental breakfast during their stay." Or something like that.

Brooks showed me how to carefuly get into the small ecockpit, which with the 90-degree plus temperatures, felt like somebody's armpit. There were seat belts on top of seat belts and straps on top of straps. Brooks happened to mention one of the harnesses was a parachute (reasuring thought).

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"By the way, see that knob over there? Don't touch it, or we'll be in trouble," Brooks said. "Oh, and see those foot pedals undermeath? Well, don't touch those or we'll really be in trouble."

don't touch those or we'll really be in trouble."

"If a problem arises, I'll say ball out three times OK," he added.

A little word about Brooks. He looks like the average All-American fellow, the kind who was probably your paperboy or a leader of the local Boy Scout troop. His voice sounds so reasuring. Like bailing out is some physical exercise one should do before breakfast to strengthen his cardiovascular musciels.

The son of a test pillot, Brooks was born at Edwards Air Force Base. He is the youngest member of the Holiday Inn Aerobaite Team. Other members have served in, the Air Force, mostly as lighter pilots.

Force, mostly as fighter pilots.

AT LEAST with Brooks, I knew we weren't going to be dropping bombs on the University of Michigan or some Ann Arbor farmer.

When the plane hit the runway, there was nothing but blue sky. Before we knew it, we were hovering over Ypsilanti. Ypsilanti is a beautiful city — from 4,500 feet.

Things were coasting along just fine, flying in formation for awhile. Then a volce came over the radio.

"Hey Larry, do you want to break away from these guys so we can do some aerobatle manuevers?" asked Brooks.

some aerobatte manuevers?" asked Frocks.
"Sure," I sald. Second mistake. I get queasy oven looking at ferris wheels — when they're not moving.
Before muttering any second thoughts, we were upside down. Then we did complete loops. Then we shot straight up in the air. Then we rapidly lost allitude.
The first loop was OK until we completed it. Then I realized something wasn't feeling right.
"How do you handle that one?" Brooks asked after one complete loop.

op.
"Barely," I said.
"Yeh, it's thrilling. I know," he

said.

Another thing about Brooks: He can't hear too well. Next to doing a belly slide on a carpet of razor blades, the last thing I wanted to do was do another loop.

was do another loop.

BEFORE I knew it, though, the plane was flipping over like a beached carp. I noticed there was a white bag on my lett. It was marked. For air sickness. "Naw," I thought it was not to be a the white bag more intently. My attention began to focus solely on it. All of a sudden I found my hand touching the bag. "Naw," I thought. "Tough tout."

Then Brooks decided to take a sharp curve, rapidly dropping a couple hundred feet. I dropped my face in the white bag and was doing my own manuevers. My face, I'm sure, was as green as the color of the plane.

Finally, and mercifully, the plane

Finally, and mercifully, the plane made it back to Willow Run Airport.

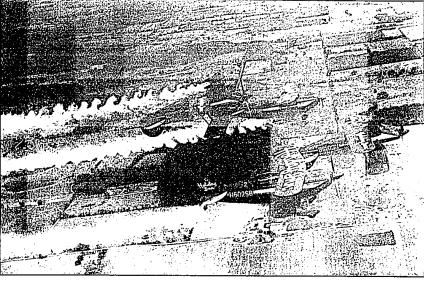
Show takes off Saturday and Sunday at Willow Run Airport, Ypsilanti, Call 482-8888 for information on showtimes, parking and tickets.

Brooks checked to see how I was doing. A smile came to his face (be was glad I made it to the bag).

"Larry, you just had what we call the white bag special," he said.
Oh, by the way, Brooks is also a comedian. Soon other pilots were coming over. One stuck out his hand.

"You're a lighter pilot now," he said.

"You're a lighter pilot now," he said.
Yeh, sure. I can see it now, Just like Chuck Yeager, 'I'll wear as weathered bomber jacket and aviator glasses and do letevision commercials.
Except, instead of touting the efficiency of auto parts, I'll be plugging Pepto Bismol.



Seeing the world upside down goes with the territory for the stunt pilots of the Holiday Inn Aerobatic

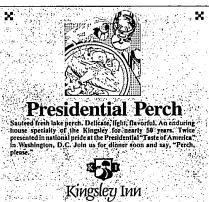
Virginia Graham

in the hilatious comedy THE WOMEN ETER MARSHALL

THE DESERT SONG

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