



THE FLYING TASHJIANs of Redford go pretty much where they want to when they want to thanks to the miracle of air travel. Family members are John, wife Penny and children Tammy and Randy.

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taught several individuals who had the use of just one eye, and one student at Plymouth Aero was partially paralyzed and needed special hand controls to maneuver the plane.

Such people, however, must pass physicals given to them by doctors who are especially appointed by government aviation officials. "I've even had students learn to fly who couldn't drive a car," John reveals.

Although it takes just 40 hours of practice flying to be eligible for a license, most of John's students, who approach it from a part time, weekend basis, usually take about

eight months to complete their training.

The cost of becoming a pilot is estimated at about \$1,000.

THE MOST POPULAR TIME to begin learning is in the spring. The first warm Sunday of the year usually brings out many people to Metetal Airport, some to try flying for themselves and others to simply watch the take-offs-and-landings of friends and relatives.

"There goes Uncle Pete!" is the kind of a comment you will often hear on a Spring Sunday at Metetal as whole family groups gather together with their eyes toward the skies.

fun in the sun

MORE FLYING . . .

By CAROL KATZ

(Carol Katz, a free lance writer who lives in Westland, does special assignments for the Observer Newspapers.)

"Just how good a sport are you?"

The question was put to me by John Tashjian, Plymouth Aero instructor at Metetal Airport, and it seemed to me that the only way to answer it without coming off like a hopeless wet blanket, was in the affirmative.

"Why -um-er-it sounds like fun. Sure --I'll try it once. Uh -sure."

The result was that on the following Sunday I found myself in the pilot seat of a Cessna airplane with pilot John beside me and my 10-year-old son, Dave, along for the thrill of it all in the back seat.

We fastened our seat belts and gave our attention to the instrument panel on the dashboard, what seemed to me like a dizzying maze of buttons, dials and gauges.

I had a mental picture of myself laughing, unbuckling my seat belt and saying before I made my escape, "But it took me months to even learn to drive a stick-shift-car and that was on the ground!"

Instead, I found myself pushing all the right buttons at John's instruction. Suddenly, the propellers began to whirl and turn. It was too late to turn back --we had begun!

THE PLANE'S STEERING mechanism is used only when it is in the air; steering it on the ground is done by controlling the ground pedals, and this is what I was doing, although I reached instinctively for the steering wheel device as we moved along the runway.

We made a final check of the plane's condition for flight and then we began to build up speed.

At 70 m.p.h. we were ready for the air. An outward pull of the steering device caused the plane to go up, up, up and yes --we were flying!

Goodbye ground, goodbye airport. Soon the world lay below us, like a number of little toy villages all laid out in neat circles and squares, criss-crossed by the major roads of Observerland on which crept match-box sized automobiles.

Scenes which had loomed as large as life on our way to the airport now became dream-like and innocent from 1,600 ft. above the ground. A group of motorcyclists looked Lilliputian as did Westland Center and Livonia's sprawling Churchill High School.

We flew over our house and Dave spotted his friend on the lawn. "There's Lance!" he shouted joyfully at the stick figure below. "Hey, Lance, Lance! get off our grass!"

We glided, dipped and spun over Western Wayne County for about 20 minutes without ever once getting panic-stricken from looking down or without having to resort to the little white bag supplied in case of air sickness.

John amiably guided our descent, and soon enough we had landed, in touch once again with the pavements and buildings of the earth-bound world.

We were no longer above it all, we were of it, and the world, which had seemed from above like a furled out patchwork quilt, was once again its ordinary, prosaic size.

I was a little disappointed at having to return.

FUN IN THE SHADE



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