

# AVIATOR ACADEMY NEWSLETTER

JULY 1, 2010



## *Welcome to our new June students...*

Ian Moore became our student on June 3, 2010  
 Aleh Brusentseu became our student on June 5, 2010  
 Hiu Lam Yau became our student on June 11, 2010  
 Ryan Wood-Gaines became our student on June 25, 2010  
 Daniel Collins became our student on June 28, 2010  
 Tia Nukiwuak became our student on June 30, 2010

## *Ground school*

Starting June 21, 2010 Aviator Academy offers Ground School online. Students get a unique username and password to access the ground school on the Internet and study material required to complete the ground school.

Now students can study at home on their own free time and consult any additional question with the instructor on their Flight lesson. Once they complete all tests, they receive a ground school confirmation letter.

## *“Navigation in Aviation” Course, July 4, 2010, 4PM - 8PM*

We would like to remind everybody that the “Navigation in Aviation” Course will take place on Sunday **July 4, 2010, 4PM at Edenvale Aerodrome in the FUD Restaurant**. This valuable course is intended to improve your navigation skills and knowledge. We strongly recommend this course to our students and members, but it is for everybody, who wants to learn more about the art of navigation.

Topics covered in this course include: *History of navigation \* Latitude and Longitude \* Compass, Magnetism + errors \* Map Projections, Types of Charts and Chart Interpretation \* How to Flight Plan, Layout the Map and Complete the Flight Log.*

The lecturer of this course is **Alan Dares**. He is the author of the book Global Navigation, From Sailing to Space as well as a very experienced pilot. He is a retired Air Canada Pilot with over 21500 flight hours and with very valuable knowledge.

Every participant will get an autographed Alan Dares’s book.

Price:

for our students and members \$80 (+tax)

for non-members \$120 (+tax)

For “last minute” sign up contact Aviator Academy 705-428-3111, e-mail: [aviatoracademy@gmail.com](mailto:aviatoracademy@gmail.com)

## *“LOST & FOUND” Competition*

Aviator Academy is working on a big competition for all ultra-light pilots. The competition will be in progress from August 19 until August 28. The “Lost & Found” Competition Awards will take place on August 29 in the FUD Restaurant. Winners will be awarded with interesting prizes such as headsets, pilot watch, and other things useful for pilots. Every pilot with an Ultra-light Pilot Permit can join the competition. Competitors have to complete a special cross-country flight which will be rated in several aspects. All details are coming and all pilots will be informed during July 2010. Just mark August 19 - 29 in your calendar!

## From our customer

Hello Bob,

we met earlier today when I brought my nephew Matthew to your centre for an introductory flight. I wrote a story about his experience and mixed it with a bit of mine...

...Thanks for your great service to my nephew! George, June 25, 2010

...and here is the story:

### George Czerny's story about flying...

Things have changed a lot in the world of aviation since I got caught sitting in somebody's aircraft while it was parked on the ice of Lake Simcoe.

I wasn't alone in my "sitting-in-the-aircraft crime" (some people might call it trespassing) and I blame youthful enthusiasm for what we did. There was no harm done.

The plane was tied down on the ice near the government dock at the foot of Bayfield Street. Back then, in the early-1960s, Barrie was a lot smaller and there were buildings adjacent to the government dock area. It was in front of one of those buildings that a small plane had been left, tied down, and caught the attention of my teenage Mary Street buddy, Peter Murdoch. We were both in Squadron 714, Air Cadets in Barrie at that time.

After exploring all around the aircraft, which was one of those high-winged, single-engine models, Peter and I got caught up in our lust for aviation experience and opened the door and climbed in. We were sitting inside and imagining ourselves as pilots over some distant place when our aviation-interest bubble was burst by a gruff voice.

"What are you doing in there?" boomed the airplane's owner. I can't remember now who the owner was. What I do remember is that the owner gave us a scolding. We promised never to get into anybody's airplane without their permission ever again and headed off for our usual haunts, likely Roy Lem's Restaurant.

Peter went on to get his private pilot's licence and later, last I heard, moved on to a career in police work.

As a teenager, I hung around at the Barrie Airport, in its early days. The Ann Street North facility has likely evolved from what I remember of the place. My best memory is that for doing odd jobs at the airport, such as cutting the grass with a tractor, I would get the occasional free flight. I cut grass with a vengeance.

Back then, Murray Pratt had an Aeronca Champion, in which two people could sit one behind the other. The pilot, in this case Mr. Pratt, sat in the front seat. A number of times, after my grass-cutting energy had been expended, Mr. Pratt took me flying in his "Champ". It was a joyful time for me and I was in Heaven every time; or close to it. The first time I flew in an aircraft was with Mr. Pratt at the controls. Another time, I felt the full force of earth's gravity when Mr. Pratt put the airplane into a spin. I never had that much excitement until years later flying as a passenger in a Huey helicopter over some military manoeuvres in Wainwright, Alberta.

Through the years, my aviation fix came in the form of many flights in small aircraft as I did a lot of aerial photography and wrote stories for a living. I flew in commercial aircraft many times to various places in the world. But it was never as much fun as in a small airplane.

Since my Barrie days, aircraft and things associated with the aviation industry have changed. The Avro Arrow came and went. So did the Concorde. But in my view the biggest change and biggest boon to aviation enthusiasts is the evolution of the ultralight. This form of flying has brought the cost of getting a pilot's licence and then enjoying flying as a hobby into an affordable range. It is also most appealing because it clearly sets out a flight path for those people who don't want to move on, get a commercial licence and be a pilot for a living. For the latter, one must take private pilot's training in planes such as a Cessna 150, or Cessna 172; build one's flying hours and take medical examinations.

For ultralight flying, one needs only make a declaration about one's health and no medical exam is necessary. One can start taking ultralight (they call them microlights in England) flying lessons as early as one wishes, but can't fly solo until age 14. In fact, it's possible to graduate from an ultralight flying school, such as Aviator Academy at the Edenvale Aerodrome, and fly a plane before you can legally drive a car. There is no age limit to start with flight training and by the time you are finished with training the cost will be approximately \$5,000.00 The course covers two areas: ground school and flight training.

Bob Pesta is the flight instructor at Aviator Academy and has operated the flying school at Edenvale Aerodrome, with his wife Milena, since last November. Bob's association with flying schools goes back to 2004.

My association with the Pestas and Aviator Academy started when I took my nephew Matthew Daghish to their facility for his first flight in a small plane. Matthew, who lives in London, England, was already enthralled with the Georgian Triangle vacation area with its bicycle trails and beaches; next, he would see it from the air.

In addition to being a flight instructor and commercial pilot in Canada, Bob Pesta is accredited in Europe and the United States of America.

When Matthew and I arrived at Aviator Academy's hanger, Bob was polishing the bubble-like windshield which surrounds the cockpit of the two-seater SportStar airplane. A low-winged aircraft it is powered by a Rotax engine and a three-bladed propeller. The windshield was spotless, almost invisible, and through it I could see a gaggle of gauges ahead of the side-by-side seats.

One thing that has been a constant since I got interested in aviation is the penchant for safety in every aspect of flying. As we watched, Bob did a pre-flight inspection of the aircraft; walking around, checking visually and touching parts here and there to ensure correct movement.

"Step here with your left foot," pilot Bob directed Matthew, first showing him how to climb into the passenger's seat, then assisting him to that spot.

If you have anything you would like to share with other pilots, send it to: [aviatoracademy.ca@gmail.com](mailto:aviatoracademy.ca@gmail.com) and we will publish it in the next Newsletter.

A minute later, Bob used the top of the wing close to the fuselage to access his seat. They fastened their seat belts and donned radio headsets. I watched from the tarmac nearby as Bob checked other things inside the cockpit and then brought the engine to life. As it roared, they taxied away slowly to a point at the end of one of the Edenvale Aerodrome's two runways. There, while stopped and with the SportStar's brakes on, Bob did an engine run-up and other pre-flight checks. As mentioned earlier, the penchant for safety is constant. In fact, statistics show that you're safer flying than you are in a car on a busy highway.

The Aircraft is checked thoroughly after every 50 hours of flight as specified by the manufacturer. With other aircraft, the checks vary at different times of their flying lives.

With the wind from the northwest at about 8 knots, they took off in the space of about 30 metres (about 90 feet). The SportStar, which is built in the Czech Republic, can be landed in a crosswind of 10 knots, Bob told me, prior to their departure.

Their ascent was almost helicopter-like. The small plane rose steeply into the air, helped by the brisk headwind. The blue-white-and-red SportStar sparkled in the morning sun like a flying jewel against a clear, azure sky. The plane disappeared in the direction of Collingwood and the Town of the Blue Mountains.

I took a seat at the flight office and read aviation magazines from a nearby shelf.

An hour later, my nephew burst into the Aviator Academy's office where I had been chatting with Milena in between her business phone calls. He was thrilled with the flying experience.

"Awesome," he exclaimed, "wait until I show my mates at my work the photographs I took!"

While I was waiting in the Aviator Academy office, I found another example of change in the aviation industry on a television screen high in one corner. There, the WeatherLink system provides comprehensive information in graphic detail on a monitor which receives messages from a weather station located on the airfield. This system is light years ahead of what I knew about determining weather conditions back in my teenaged days.

If you would like to check weather details in a different way, look at [www.aviatoracademy.ca](http://www.aviatoracademy.ca), Bob and Milena's website, where they carry input from their weather station.

Aviator Academy is more than a flight school. Bob and Milena have a newsletter and also bring in special guest speakers. On Sunday, July 4, retired Air Canada pilot and author, Alan Dares, will be the lecturer for a "Navigation in Aviation" course. Alan Dares is the author of the book *Global Navigation From Sailing to Space*. His course could be of interest to boaters and pilots.

The Edenvale Aerodrome, just off Highway 26 east of Stayner, has been growing steadily with facilities since the property was purchased by Milan Kroupa, a Toronto-based businessman. Most recently, a small snack bar was replaced by a full-service restaurant, Fud, which moved from Stayner to the airport.

The aerodrome is also home to the Edenvale Classic Aircraft Foundation which has scheduled its annual "Gathering of the Classics" fly-in for Saturday, August 7. For more information, click on [www.classicaircraft.ca](http://www.classicaircraft.ca).

By then, my nephew will be back in England, showing aerial photographs of the southern Georgian Bay area to his workmates and enthusing about his introduction to aviation thanks to Aviator Academy.



## Jamie's solo story

Weston, Ontario, Canada, 1965, Barrie Ontario, Canada, 1967. Brno, Czechoslovakia, 1972.

Distant places, distant dates, but all three significant events in time.

A little boy sat quietly at the dinner table with his family. There were strict rules in this household, especially at meal times, and no one spoke. Suddenly, the silence was interrupted by what sounded like a loud crack of thunder. The boy snapped to attention. Since this the sun was shining and the sky was clear blue, it couldn't have been thunder, and he knew what it must be. Driven by both curiosity and excitement, the boy jumped up from the table and ran toward the front door. It won't open?. In his excitement and haste, the boy tore his way through the screen. After all, it's only a screen, he reasoned.

Outside, the boy's eyes searched upward to catch a split second glimpse of the shiny tail as it rocketed over the rooftops and disappeared. Only the roar remained; a sound unfamiliar to my neighborhood. My excitement was soon brought back to earth, however, by my father's sharp, angry voice, "You're going to pay for that door?"

It didn't matter – the spark had been lit.

Why it took thirty five years to achieve my dream is unknown. It was an odd twist of events that finally brought me around to realizing my dream, or at least the beginning of it.

In high school I had been struck by love. She was walking down the hall between classes. Her stunning beauty captured me – I pursued – I won her heart. Three years later, school was over, and so were we.

Twenty five years of life passed by so quickly. Career, marriage, children, mortgages – life as I knew it – but no dream. I had put my dream aside as we all do. The last few years have been a personal struggle for me; divorce and economic times pushed that dream further away.

Two years ago, that same girl who stole my heart in high school found her way back to me. She is the one who recognized this passion in me, the one who said one day, "What are you waiting for?" This was the start of a dream long kept at bay by priorities.

It was September 2009, and just a short drive from my front door... 15 minutes... 20 kilometers is all it was. We arrived at Edenvale Aerodome, on a sunny, windy September day. This is where I met the third unique variable that put my dream in motion.

A journey in itself, born in Brno, Czechoslovakia in 1972, Bohumir (Bob, as he is known) Pesta had left his homeland, lived across Europe, and spent a number of years in the US, where with a vigorous passion, he pursued a career in aviation. His journey continued and brought him to Canada – to Ontario – to a little town on the shores of Nottawasaga Bay. At an active little aerodrome called Edenvale, Bob and his wife, Milena, work hand in hand operating a flight school. This is where our distant paths crossed.

Dedicated and passionate is what you need to be in order to learn to fly. These are the first qualities that stood out about Bob as he introduced me to the Sportstar and explained how and the why the preflight is so important.

I still recall the feeling of climbing into the cockpit, strapping in for the first time, and reading my first checklist. As I turned the ignition and watched that prop spin to life, the slipstream teasing the controls with slight movements, I felt a surge of anticipation.

Bob gave taxi instructions, and explained fundamentals. We took position at the threshold and prepared for take-off. A radio call and full power and we did a take-off roll. In the air we bounced around and a few basics were explained. When I heard Bob's words, "you have control"...WOW! I have control??? Hardly!

I think back to that day. Boy what a green horn – but Bob knew that. In a short half hour I was overwhelmed. I was saturated with turn indicators, altimeters, air speed indicators, , right rudder, slight bank, pitch-power-attitude. Radio calls – and entire new language to me – clipped, clear, what do they mean?

Well, it was a second language to Bob, (third, actually). He knew exactly what he was doing – it was me that struggled to keep up. It was that confidence and gentle demeanor that I got to know over many hours with Bob. I watched, listened, learned, and gained my own confidence as well as his.

I admit there were flights where I thought I was the most awkward person on earth. But Bob assured me it was normal and a few more attempts it came to me. He was right.

From that first unassisted take-off – (yes, a smile) to forced landings – hours of learning, hours of building confidence. Then, that day came.

June 11th, 2010

It was a Friday, the end of a long week, and a beautiful evening for flying. Bob put me through the paces of emergency procedures, and a few standard circuits and landings. Then, he spoke those words, "You are ready to go solo."

I dropped Bob off and taxied back down 1-3. I called positions 1-3. I collected my thoughts, went through my procedures, "the routine". I called rolling 1-3. It was a perfect take off, circuit and a pretty nice landing, if I do say so myself. I was so focused on not screwing up I failed to notice something important!, something significant!. Yes, technically that was my first solo – up, down, uneventful, and gaining a "thumbs up" from Bob. I back tracked, lined up and called rolling 1-3, 62 knots climb 1200 feet turn out climb to 1700 feet –

AND THIS IS WHERE IT WAS !

This was the moment that I remembered what I had previously failed to notice! As I looked right for clear traffic, it hit me...NO BOB!...Beside me was an empty seat! In fact – my hand extended out and actually patted the seat down to make sure it was indeed empty! It was just me, alone up there, and I felt 100 percent ok with that! ... and that comes from great teaching.

THIS WAS MY SOLO ! THE SECOND TIME UP.

With all the revolutions this world has made, it took unique circumstances to come together to culminate in me achieving a long overdue goal.

Bob believes that "flying is a lifestyle", and I agree. A whole new world has opened up to me; a world of remarkable, genuine people, all sharing a unique passion.

I'm no longer standing on the ground looking up wondering "What if?" Now I am looking down from the cockpit and asking, "Why did I wait so long?"

Thanks Bob, and thank you Lisa.

I can NOW say with confidence, "I have control".

[WWW.AVIATORACADEMY.CA](http://WWW.AVIATORACADEMY.CA)