



## **SCHOONER BAY TAKES DELIVERY OF NEW ISLANDER AIRCRAFT**



*Schooner Bay is the proud owner of a new Britten-Norman Islander aircraft. The twin-engine plane seats up to eleven people, and is renowned as one of the industry's safest, simplest and most efficient aircrafts. We recently took delivery of the plane in Fort Lauderdale after its week-long journey from Isle of Wight. Delivering the plane was no less than the Deputy Chairman of Britten-Norman himself, Maurice Hynett. Read on for Maurice's rousing account of the delivery:*

**I** set off last Wednesday – all alone – from the Isle of Wight to Stornoway, (Hebrides, Scotland) with a night stop in Reykjavik (Iceland). There were headwinds all the way, and I flew for more than 9 hours that day. Bear in mind that I had no autopilot.

On Thursday, I refuelled at Kulusuk, in Greenland. Once I had climbed out of the bad weather at Kulusuk, the flying conditions were magnificent. I flew low level over the Greenland Ice Cap, which rises as high

as 10,000 ft. I flew for 2 hours at between 8 and 9,000 ft in glorious sunshine with the ice close below me, brilliant white in all directions. I was talking to no-one and there was nothing man-made in sight. After refueling again at Kangerlussuaq (still Greenland), I made a night stop at Iqaluit (Baffin Island – Canada's North West Territories), where I had landed at night in 1 mile visibility and 300ft cloud base, in heavy snow, after flying for more than 9.5 hours in the day.

**O**n Friday, I only got as far as the south coast of the entrance to Hudson Bay – Kuujuaq. Here they refused to refuel me, although they agreed to sell me AVGAS in 200 litre barrels. I had to leave the airport to buy a hand pump, a funnel and a jerry can. With these "tools", I managed to refuel the aircraft all by myself. It took me over 3 hours to do the job, so I couldn't press on that day because I'd missed the weather, which had closed in as I worked.



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The next day I made Sept Iles (Quebec – on the St Lawrence Seaway), having refueled and de-iced at Wabush (Labrador and Newfoundland). I'd been carrying so much ice out of Kuujuaq that I was losing about 25 knots of airspeed on my flight to Wabush – hence the need to refuel there. After a

spray with warm glycol, most of the ice disappeared and my performance into Sept Iles improved significantly. Throughout my time in Quebec, I had needed to speak French – most Quebecois genuinely do not speak English.

On Sunday morning, US Customs processing at Bangor (Maine) was swift and entirely courteous. It didn't do any harm at all that the senior Customs Officer (born and bred a US citizen) went to the "royal" school in Scotland, Gordonstoun – where, as I explained to him, both my son and my grandson did their time. Instant rapport! Of course, it helped that all the required documentation was completed and in place for the temporary importation of the aircraft into USA for avionics work in Florida.

Immediately after Customs clearance, I took off for a 4.5 hour flight to Virginia Beach, where my friends at the Fighter Factory pumped nitrogen into the nose-wheel oleo. The flat oleo had been the only unserviceability suffered on the journey through the Arctic. It had been caused by temperatures down to minus 20C, so a repeat

of the problem in the Bahamas is not anticipated!

I took a morning off at Virginia Beach to fly – purely for pleasure - my friend's de Havilland Rapide, a veteran bi-plane mini-airliner. By lunch time I was on my way south again, not really knowing where I would spend the night. I decided to fly until sunset or until the fuel state demanded a landing, and then touch down at a convenient airfield.

And so it was that I landed at St. Simons Island, a luxury golf resort in Georgia, where the aircraft was very much admired by all at the FBO, both staff and visiting pilots. In fact, the aircraft had been admired pretty well all the way from Scotland, and its performance lived up to its good looks.

I handed the aircraft over to Avionics Masters the following day in Fort Lauderdale. As always in ferry flying, the aircraft becomes a friend. I was sorry to part with it.

