

## Airlines Are Being Thoroughly Inspected

**S**PECIALLY qualified inspectors of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce for the past nine months, have been conducting thorough examinations of the scheduled air passenger lines that have applied to the Department of Commerce for certificates to operate passenger service in interstate commerce, it was recently stated by Col. Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics.

"Air line inspectors inquire into every phase of air line operation that would have a bearing on the public safety," said Col. Young.

"Perhaps unknown to the pilot or crew of an air liner, one of our inspectors will take his place in the cabin of a passenger airplane and, from the vantage point of a passenger, but from the viewpoint of a skilled airman, he will observe the operating methods of the crew of the aircraft. Furthermore, the inspector makes it a point to fly with every pilot who operates between division points, and to observe not only his technique, but his general judgment, experience and ability to handle air line transportation.

"At the terminals, the inspector. The competency of the employees is investigated, the adequacy of the shop closely observes the ground operations, equipment, the local inspection systems employed on aircraft and engines—all are inquired into for the purpose of seeing that they do not fall below the standard specified by the Department.

"Using an Aeronautics Branch airplane, the inspector flies the route under inspection and lands in every intermediate field and airport along the route. This is done to satisfy him that the landing facilities offered by these fields and airports are adequate for the type of aircraft employed on the line.

"Upon completion of the inspection, the air line inspector takes his findings direct to the heads of the company operating the line and points out any instances that in his opinion need correction or modification."

## 349 Private English Planes

**T**HE number of privately owned aircraft is steadily increasing in Great Britain. It is reported that 349 airplanes are owned by 312 persons. Two of the owners possess four airplanes each, five own three each and 26 have two each; on the other hand four pairs of owners are listed as sharing one plane.

The planes range from very small single-place land planes to large three-engined flying boats. The D. H. "Moth" biplane is shown to be the most popular private plane in Great Britain, the list citing 179 of this type. Next in number is the D. H. "Puss Moth" with 50, followed by Avro "Avians" (28), and Blackburn "Bluebirds" (19).

## Adventures in the Frozen Wilds of Canada

by JAMES MONTAGNES

**C**APTAIN D. S. BONDURANT is an aviator who is as much at home piloting a plane over unknown territory in the Canadian hinterland as he is flying along a regular air mail route. He can make friends with Indians and Eskimos as readily as he can with fellow pilots at any airport.

Born in Cairo, Illinois, this auburn haired pilot with a pumpkin-red mous-



Bondurant and his plane on an unnamed lake in Northern Quebec.

tache, is reputed to have been for some half dozen or more years the only American citizen allowed to fly Canadian transport planes. Coming to the Dominion after a barnstorming career following his service with the American Air Force in France, he has been flying in the northland ever since.

Bondurant's first contact with the unknown northland came during the gold rush days of 1925-26, when every plane of every description was bundled to the hopping off points on the transcontinental railway across Northern Ontario and Quebec. Here the jovial pilot with his southern drawl flew prospectors and freight in and out of the bush in an old war time ship.

Winter and summer he flew, heading farther north of the railway each day as more and more men came in to stake their fortune in the unexplored bushland. It was hard flying in all sorts of weather, with the possibilities of weeks of privation and hardship in case of a crash or forced landing in that isolated country.

On one flight he had a crash. He had set out in forty-five below zero weather, with his ski-equipped plane. Something went wrong when twelve miles from the outpost. The machine came down and sank its nose in a ten foot bank of snow. Bondurant was stranded. Help would not come. There was nothing to do but get back to the outpost.

So he set out in forty-five below zero, wearing only his heavy flying kit, no skis, no snowshoes. He tramped through the bush, often sinking deep in snowdrifts. But he made the post that day. He came in black, his face frozen, his hands frozen, and his feet hardly able to carry him.

They thawed him out till his little moustache became sprightly again. Then Bondurant set out with a gang, a small stove, a tent, and many tools, to dig out his ship and to thaw out her engine. Just two days after leaving the post on his flight he arrived at his destination, though he felt the results of his walk for weeks.

Bondurant has since that time flown the entire northland of eastern Canada. He has been places where no other aviator has ventured before or since. On many a trip carrying geologists, food supplies and mining equipment, he has had to make his own maps. The best Government maps were not detailed enough. And on those flights Bondurant has drawn maps showing the landmarks in regions where ninety per cent of the country was water, though government maps had shown vast stretches of land. His resourcefulness and skill as a pilot and a woodsman have helped him out of many a tight corner.

It was on a flight from Seven Islands, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, to Fort Chimo, seven hundred miles to the north on Ungava Bay, that he came as near being stranded as he ever wants to be. He had with him a geologist and a mechanic, with enough food for one day, as they hoped to make their destination with only one overnight stop. Before they had gone many hours a storm came up. It seemed the best policy to come down to park on one of the innumerable lakes.



The Grand Falls, a mighty spectacle from the air.

Hour after hour they sat in their plane. Night came but the storm continued. The plane rode the waves on its pontoons. Came morning and no sign of a let-up. It was useless to go ashore, for timber did not exist there. They would find no better shelter than where they were. They managed a cold breakfast and waited. They passed the day and night.

In all they sat in their plane for 50 hours, unable to move much because all available space had been used to carry prospecting equipment. The food was all gone after two days. For awhile it looked as if another plane might be

(Continued on page 55)



women wishing to enter them to know that on June 22nd I received the following letter from Mr. Gilbert C. Budwig, Director of Air Regulations, Dept. of Commerce, Aeronautics Branch, Washington, D. C.

June 22nd, 1931.

Dear Madam:

I am taking the liberty of replying to your letter of June 18th due to Mr. Young's absence from the city.

We have placed no limitation upon Women whatever in the Air Commerce Regulations. As far as we are concerned in air races, or otherwise, women are in the same category as men.

The ruling you refer to is apparently a local one or perhaps a ruling instigated by the National Aeronautic Association, although we are not all certain that it had jurisdiction over this race or that it had such a ruling.

On receipt of this I wrote at once to the N. A. A. in Washington although I had gone very carefully through the rules and could find nothing against women in races nor in the rules of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale which encourages women to enter all races. In reply I had this wire, which was afterwards confirmed by letter.

"Admissibility of women pilots usually left to the discretion of the local contest committee."

National Aeronautical Association.

Signed Enyart.

These letters were the result of a protest which I put in over a meet in New York State run by the American Legion. My entry was accepted by the man in charge. After I had hired a machine and gone up to the meet, not alone was my entry refused for any of the races but the four other women I had persuaded to go on the invitation of the American Legion were also refused.

It is therefore of great happiness to me personally that on production of the Dept. of Commerce's letter at the American Legion meet on Saturday, July 11th at Valley Stream, Long Island, Mrs. Opal Kunz, who had her Travelair Mystery Ship, was allowed to enter the free for all race. She took second place to Pete Brooks who won in his Lockheed Air Express.

## A Lightplane Record

(Continued from page 23)

11,000 miles was 10 days 22 hours, or forty hours better than the "Southern Cross," which is a three-engined craft employing ten times the power of Scott's light plane.

The only alteration from standard, in the plane used for the flight was the fitting of extra fuel tankage in the front cockpit. Altogether the tanks held 101 gallons of fuel, sufficient for a flight without refuelling of more than 1,500 miles. In every other detail the craft was exactly similar to the light biplanes employed by private owners and club members in all parts of the world.

## Adventures in Canada

(Continued from page 43)

lost in the cause of the mineral exploration of Canada. But with the first sign of a let-up in the storm Bondurant made the plane rise from that lake and did not set her down again till Fort Chimo appeared below.

Like an explorer of old, he has come down to Indian settlements where no plane has ever been before. As in the days of long ago, when the Indians feared the big ships the palefaces came in, so they at first were scared of the "big bee" in which the white man came out of the sky. Bondurant tells the story of his arrival at one post in the hinterland of Northern Quebec.

As he was coming down he was surprised to see about a hundred Indians loping for the bush as fast as they could go, while one lone man advanced to the shore. Down came the plane, and just at the bush line the Indians stopped. Bondurant and his party stepped out, waded ashore, were welcomed by the only white man at this fur post, and then were surrounded by Indians of all sizes and ages.

They wanted to shake hands, and Bondurant was kept busy shaking hands all day, each Indian coming back several times to shake hands again. They had never seen a plane before. When "Bon" started to take pictures with his small camera, there was no holding the natives. Nothing less than that he should take picture after picture, though after using up three rolls of film, the camera was empty, while the shutter continued to snap at braves and papooses while daylight lasted.

When Indians told him at Seven Islands that there was inland a waterfall from which the roar could be heard fifty miles distant when travelling by canoe, Bondurant was somewhat skeptical. But the cataract was on his way to Fort Chimo, and he decided to investigate on one trip. He heard the falls twenty miles away above the roar of his 400 horse power engine. At ten miles distance the air became bumpy. A heavy mist screen arose. Down went the plane, into the mist. Up she bounded a hundred feet. The air was decidedly bumpy. The water fall below over a cliff 302 feet high, and above and below rapids spread for many miles.

With his small camera Bondurant began to take pictures of the falls and the rapids, his plane as low as was safe, riding the air like a ship in a storm. Later Bondurant learned this bit of dangerous flying had not been in vain. His were the first aerial pictures to have been taken of Grand Falls on the Hamilton River in Labrador, estimated to have more hydro-electric energy than Niagara.

In preference to flying the air mail routes between cities, which Bondurant does from time to time, he likes the unknown northland. "It is more dangerous," he will tell you, "but I like it better."

## Army Pilot Knocked Out

(Continued from page 15)

lost about 3,000 feet of altitude over Chicago and was heading toward Lake Michigan.

It was impossible for him to reach the rudder bar to effect a change in the direction of the plane. He attempted to remove Lieut. Coates from the seat, but the latter's feet were extended and hooked over the rudder bar and effectually prevented Lieut. Olive reaching it. Every time Lieut. Olive released his hold on the pilot, the latter would slump forward against the control stick, and each time he hauled the pilot back and released his own hold on the stick, the airplane would go into a sharp zoom.

Finally, through almost superhuman efforts, Lieut. Olive was able to pull back the back of the pilot's seat and place Lieut. Coates in a prone position. Even then being unable to reach the rudder, he straddled Lieut. Coates' prostrate form, turning and flying the plane towards Chanute Field at 6,000 feet with the stick only, standing in this awkward position and, in addition, holding Lieut. Coates' head in his other hand near an open vent. This continued for about 45 minutes, when Lieut. Coates showed signs of reviving.

After Lieut. Coates became fairly rational, he attempted to fly the airplane, but could not regain full consciousness or sense of coordination. Lieut. Olive removed him from the pilot's seat as soon as enough strength had returned to enable him to accomplish this, and placed him in the rear compartment of the photographic plane.

With the controls at his command, Lieut. Olive flew the airplane to Chanute Field and landed. At this time Lieut. Coates had regained his normal faculties to some degree and, while still suffering tremors and nausea, was able to talk and walk to the hospital.

Upon investigation it was found that Lieut. Coates had suffered a serious attack of monoxide poisoning, due to a break in the exhaust line leading through a heater jacket, allowing exhaust gases to fill the interior of the airplane immediately behind the pilot. The photographer was not affected by the fumes, since he had been taking vertical photographs through an opening in the floor of the plane and had been breathing only fresh air.

Would you like to receive your October copy a week before it appears on the newsstands?

Subscribe to POPULAR AVIATION  
\$2.50 for 12 issues

## AIRPLANE AND GLIDER SUPPLIES

Write for free catalog of lowest prices.

JOHN S. COX & SON  
222 So. 7th St. Terre Haute, Ind.