

Destination — Unknown

“Contact!” rang the command in the clear still air of the June morning.

A hush of anticipation settled upon the eager crowd that had assembled on Roosevelt Field. The Whirlwind motor of the Bellanca roared, the plane trembled, and then began to lumber slowly down the field. But the crowd barred the way and Clarence Chamberlin, the slim-faced pilot of the plane, was compelled to taxi back up the field for another trial. As police cleared a lane, he shoved the throttle wide open again. Down the runway sped the heavy-laden Bellanca. But again the crowd pushed forward and, to avoid hitting any one, Chamberlin swung the plane off the course on to the sodded field.

Suddenly, just ahead loomed disaster! A foot stake, marking the runway boundary, stood directly in line with the Bellanca's whirling propeller. Too late now to turn aside. Chamberlin held his breath. Then, miraculously, the stake slipped though the propeller between revolutions. The plane began to lift into the air and a few minutes after five by the sun on June 4, 1927, the Bellanca roared out over Long Island. Destination — unknown.

Before reaching Cape Cod, the expensive earth inductor compass with which the plane was equipped went “out” completely. What to do? There still

remained the old magnetic compass, but it was to have been used merely as a reassuring check on the more precise instrument. The part of wisdom would be to get the crippled compass repaired, but the thought of turning back, of once more delaying the long awaited transatlantic flight, was appalling to Chamberlin. For his part, he preferred to trust the magnetic compass and go on. But would his passenger and sponsor, Charles A. Levine, be willing to take such desperate chances?

“Go ahead”, responded Levine. “I’d rather be in Davy Jones’s locker than go back and face those newspaper men.”

And so the *Bellanca* “went ahead”, its pilot once more demonstrating the daring qualities which had characterized him from the time he, as a boy, had narrowly escaped death when the motor “bike” on which he was racing around a half mile dirt track turned on a curve and hurled him through the guard rail. Nothing daunted, young Chamberlin had picked himself up, jumped astride his motorcycle, and — won the race!

It is peculiarly significant that Clarence Chamberlin should have been born on November 11, 1893, just twenty-five years before the Armistice ended his war-time aerial experience and embarked him upon a much more epoch-making career.

His father, a jeweler and watchmaker, possessed the first motor car in Denison, “an asthmatic, one-cylinder Oldsmobile, that chugged away terrifyingly

downhill and even on the level, when it was going good, but inevitably 'died' when called on to negotiate a stiff grade, without someone to give it a helping push." As the nine-year-old Clarence was of little use at pushing, he acquired the proud position of chauffeur, his father sitting beside him "ready to hop out and push at just the right time". But to the citizens of Denison this "new-fangled horseless carriage" was a positive menace and they even held a public mass meeting for the purpose of condemning "Elzie Chamberlin and that infernal contraption his boy, Clarence, drives through the streets of Denison."

A few years later the citizens were bewailing the new "infernal contraption" of "that Chamberlin boy" — and many predicted that he would "break his neck with that fool motorcycle". But young Chamberlin managed to escape such a casualty. Even when he took his life in his hands and negotiated several turns around the carnival airdrome on his motorcycle, he came out unscathed. Perhaps it was because, to Clarence, himself, these were not "reckless stunts", but difficult feats so carefully planned that success was certain.

In school, Clarence was an "average" student, caring particularly for science and math — he spent much extra time in the high school laboratory. After graduating from Denison High School in 1911, he attended the Denison Normal and Business College and in the fall of 1912 enrolled for the

course in electrical engineering at the Iowa State College, Ames.

The summer following Chamberlin's second year of college, he acquired the agency for Harley-Davidson motorcycles in Denison and so great was his enthusiasm for this new business that when fall came he found he had tied up in cycles and spare parts the money with which he had expected to go back to school. Plans for college were abandoned and he spent the year selling motorcycles and tinkering with automobiles.

One of his jobs was to act as chauffeur for Charles W. Tabor who lived in Denison. In the summer of 1915 Mr. Tabor decided to take a six-month's motor tour of the West and it was during this trip that Clarence saw his second airplane — an early type flying boat that was taking up passengers at San Diego for \$25 each. The first plane he had seen, in 1910, an old-style "pusher" type, had failed to impress Chamberlin, but his early apathy toward aviation had vanished and he was eager for a ride. Mr. Tabor, however, did not share his enthusiasm.

"You can risk your fool neck in one of them some other time," he said, "but right now I've got a lot more places on the Coast that I want to visit. What's more, I don't intend looking around for another driver to get me back home. None of this flying business for you, young fellow!"

But Mr. Tabor had not reckoned with the entrance

of the United States into the World War. On Thanksgiving Day, 1917, the "young fellow" journeyed to Fort Omaha, intent on becoming an aviator. It was not until March, 1918, however, that instructions finally came "to proceed without delay" to the United States School of Military Aeronautics at Champaign, Illinois.

After eleven weeks of difficult class work and even more strenuous drill and discipline, Ground School was over at last! Orders came through that Chamberlin's squadron was to be sent to Chanute Field, at Rantoul, Illinois, to begin actual flying. Their first period of practice flying consisted of making landings and Landings and LANDINGS! Then the time came when they were allowed to make solo flights, to work on "spirals" and "eights". Then there were final tests to determine whether the cadet was to wear the Reserve Military Aviation silver wings — landings over a "hurdle", landings for a mark with the motor idling, and with the motor "dead" as in forced landings. After the "acrobatic stage" had been passed, only a few days of formation flying and a cross-country flight or two remained. It was a long, strenuous procedure with *Practice* as the ruling god, but it did make flyers.

On July 15th, Chamberlin was transferred to Camp Dick at Dallas, Texas, where he remained for a week or ten days before being transferred to Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio, for a course in the machine gun school there. It was with joy that

he and the other members of the squadron welcomed the transfer to Payne Field, West Point, Mississippi, on September 1st, where they spent the time flying Jennies and living in hopes of overseas orders. On November 1st they received instructions to "proceed" at once to Hoboken, New Jersey, and be ready to take the first available transport. The signing of the Armistice on November 11th, however, thwarted Chamberlin's first start to Germany.

His chief concern then was to obtain leave to go home for Christmas. But it is one thing to obtain a furlough and quite another to overstay it, so that it was not without some trepidation that Lieutenant Chamberlin reported late. Perhaps his fear would have been greater had not "that auburn-haired Bogert girl" returned with him, for they had been married on January 3rd. Colonel Hurd agreed, however, that "she was reason enough for reporting late."

Chamberlin remained in the Army until July 2nd when he tendered his resignation. What should he do then? Friends advised him to quit flying for good and go into business, so he went to work in the jewelry store with his father. Mending watches proving "pretty quiet", he took charge of a talking machine line his father had added to the business and spent most of his time going around the country selling machines.

Then one day, while engaged in repairing a clock, he heard the whir of an airplane flying over Deni-

son. The sound of the motor made the flying fever race in his blood anew. Rushing out into the street, he watched the plane pass, utterly miserable.

Somehow, though, he endured the yearning until spring when the joyful news came that the Bellanca plane he had ordered months before was ready for delivery. He immediately went east for the plane, having decided to stay there until he could make enough money barnstorming to bring the plane home. But in the fall, when the barnstorming period was over, he worked his way back to Roosevelt Field, Long Island, which even then had become a center for "gypsy" flyers.

One morning as he started to warm up the motor of his ship, it back-fired and the plane burst into flames. The exorbitant price of \$640 which he had paid for a six months insurance policy was a very good investment after all. Instead of meeting the policy with cash, the insurance company suggested he take a standard training plane which they had acquired. Not being sure that he could get a plane which would suit him for the amount due on his policy, Chamberlin accepted the company's offer.

But the post-war slump had struck aviation and people were no longer interested in paying \$15 a hop for straight flying and \$25 to "get the works". It was necessary to find another source of income. About this time Chamberlin went into partnership with an old flying acquaintance, the plan being to buy a shipment of English war planes that were to

be sold for customs duty. They assembled the planes and Chamberlin's job was to test the ships, demonstrate, and sell them. About all he received from the partnership, however, was "a bare living and a lot of bitter experience", for he had no written contract and by the time the planes had finally been disposed of, his partner had apparently forgotten all about their original "fifty-fifty" agreement.

From this disappointing experience, Chamberlin turned to photographic work, at first acting as pilot for newspaper photographers when they needed an aerial "shot"; but later, assuming the dual rôle of pilot and photographer, he was frequently called on by the New York papers to go and "shoot" a story on extremely short notice.

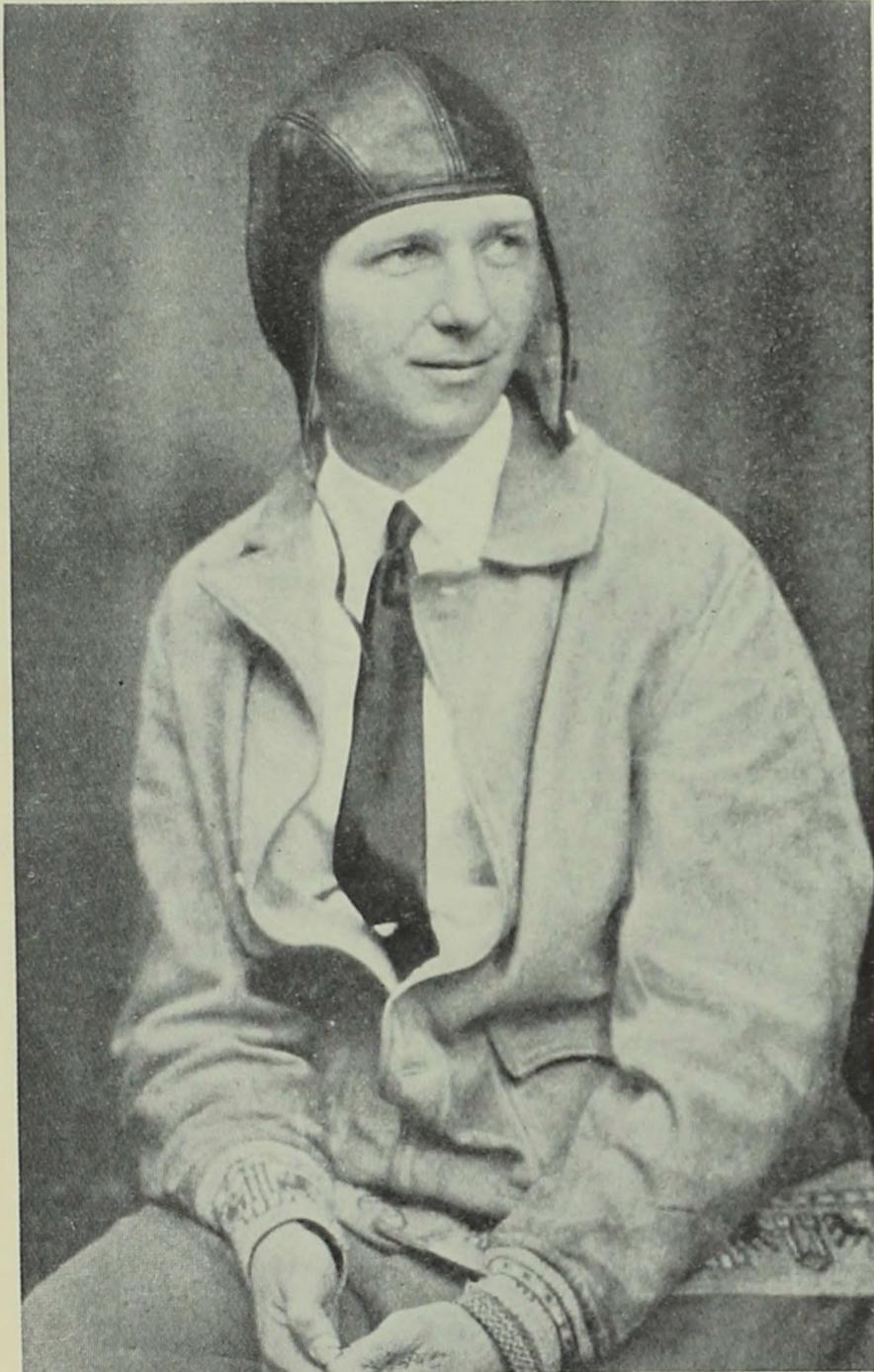
He was once detailed to get some pictures of the World Series crowd for the rotogravure section of the *Times*. The forms were due to close at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the crowd picture could not be taken until two. Chamberlin got the "shots" all right and then hurried to Riverside Drive at Eighty-sixth Street where the *Times* had a man waiting for him. By the time he got there he had fastened the package of plates to a paper parachute and had it all ready to toss overboard. The 'chute opened beautifully and down floated the plates into the arms of his assistant. Less than an hour after the pictures had been snapped, they were ready to go into the Sunday papers.

Disillusionment and failure in a venture never

discouraged Clarence Chamberlin from trying again and in 1924 he formed another partnership for reconditioning surplus war planes. Fortunately, this proved much more profitable than his first experience had been. But winter of that year found their stock of airplanes almost exhausted, so the partnership was dissolved and again Chamberlin was compelled to rely for his income on odd jobs of flying, interspersed by occasional air races.

It was in one of these races in 1925 that Chamberlin met with his only really serious accident, although he had crashed about ten planes due to faulty motors or poor landing fields. On this particular occasion, he was flying an old Bellanca biplane which he had converted into a braced wing monoplane. Having finished it in a hurry in order to enter the race, he had had no chance to try it except on his way from Hasbrouck Heights to Mitchel Field. One wing had a tendency to drop down at high speed and he told himself that the only way to beat this was not to fly "wide open" in the race. Afterward, he could correct the fault.

Thinking that everything would be all right, he consented to let a youthful aviation enthusiast climb in with him. All went well until a plane tried to pass him on one of the turns. Instinctively he opened the throttle. They had been flying fairly low, and when the wing dropped suddenly Chamberlin could not get the plane up again before it hit a telephone line. His companion was killed and



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CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN

Chamberlin, himself, suffered a broken right leg and ankle and a badly strained back.

After paying his hospital bill, he had exactly \$9.75 ready money and the far from cheering words of doctors and acquaintances that "he was all through flying", that "a man never gets over a bad crack-up". But they did not know this man. Instead of becoming downcast at their predictions, he got "sore". He'd "show these pessimists they were all wrong". And he did. Before his leg was out of a cast, he was up in the air going through all the maneuvers he knew to prove to himself, and the world at large, that Clarence D. Chamberlin was far from being through with flying.

This crash did not improve the Wright company's opinion of him as a "wild and reckless" pilot, however, and his desire to obtain a connection with that firm might not have been consummated had it not been for an event which occurred late in the fall of 1926. Charles L. Lawrance, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, wanted to fly down to Norfolk, Virginia, for the Schneider Cup Races, and, finding no other pilot available, he was obliged to take "that crazy Chamberlin".

At Logan Field, Baltimore, they stopped for gasoline, and had proceeded but a short way farther when the supposedly infallible Whirlwind motor coughed once or twice and died. They were over a real estate sub-division on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and Mr. Lawrance undoubtedly had visions of

landing in ice-cold water. His concern increased no doubt when he saw that Chamberlin was heading directly for the building lots instead. But to Chamberlin, after all of his small field practice, landing on a triangular corner lot was, to quote him, "a cinch".

They located the trouble: some water in the gasoline had frozen in the carburetor. A little later, over a wooded stretch of country, the motor passed out again. Chamberlin sideslipped into a clearing and rolled to a stop in a farmer's back yard with just enough space to spare. The carburetor was thawed out again, Chamberlin made a quick take-off, and the next landing was at the Naval Air Station near Norfolk.

After this, Clarence Chamberlin was "ace-high" with Mr. Lawrance and acted as pilot for him whenever he wished to go any place by air. When motors were to be tested, Chamberlin was sent up in the service plane to put them through their revolutions, and when the Wright company wanted some publicity for the fuel economy of their Whirlwind engine, they had him run off a series of flight tests to determine just what motor speed and fuel mixture would give the most mileage on the least gas.

It had been largely through Chamberlin's influence that Guiseppe M. Bellanca had been brought in contact with the Wright company and provision made for the construction of a Wright-Bellanca monoplane under his supervision. Chamberlin and

Bellanca had been friends ever since the time, just after the war, when Chamberlin had purchased the first Bellanca plane manufactured.

Therefore in 1927, when the Wright company sold the Bellanca monoplane to the Columbia Aircraft Corporation — a concern formed by Mr. Bellanca and Charles A. Levine — Chamberlin went along with the plane in very much the same capacity as he had with the Wright organization.

On April 12, 1927, Clarence Chamberlin and Bert Acosta took off in the Bellanca with three hundred seventy-five gallons of gasoline and a duration-flight goal of fifty hours. The "experts" said it could not be done, that the plane would not even be able to get off the ground. By the end of ten minutes, however, the Bellanca was cruising along easily at an altitude of two thousand feet. Sometime during the second day their water supply was exhausted, and they ate the last of their food soon afterward. But they had no intention of landing on that account. By seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th, they had eclipsed the former world record, and it was more than six hours later before the wheels of their plane touched the ground. A new world record of 51 hours, 11 minutes, 25 seconds had been set.

After this achievement, it seemed inevitable that Acosta and Chamberlin should be chosen as co-pilots of the Bellanca on its next great adventure — the oft-discussed dream of a New York to Paris flight.

To Chamberlin, this meant the realization of his

crowning ambition; it meant that the lean hard years of struggle and sacrifice had not been in vain; and it also meant that his unswerving devotion to aviation would not go unrewarded.

But Mr. Levine had different plans. His choice of Lloyd W. Bertaud, veteran of the United States air mail service and an excellent flyer, as co-pilot with Acosta, was not based alone on Bertaud's unquestionable ability as a pilot, but also because he, like Acosta, was tall and powerfully built — veritable "movie" types. It was Levine's belief that motion picture offers would "pour in" as soon as the plane landed in Paris and, as he would share in any profits which might accrue from these anticipated contracts, he was averse to having Chamberlin, who was of slender physique and rather quiet and unassuming in demeanor, pilot the ship. He might be fully as capable of flying across the Atlantic but his appearance on the screen would not be as attractive as the other two. What irony!

Bellanca did not share Levine's enthusiasm for a "movie-type" pilot and issued the ultimatum that unless Chamberlin was allowed to make the flight, he was through with the whole undertaking. Thus matters drifted along and the Bellanca's crew was still "Bertaud and Acosta or Chamberlin" on April 24th, the day set for Mr. Levine's nine-year-old daughter, Eloyse, to christen the plane "Columbia".

After the christening, Eloyse and her girl friend pleaded for a ride in the plane. This seemed a very

fitting climax to the ceremonies and the girls were lifted in at the window beside Chamberlin. Laughing and chatting, they waved a merry farewell to their parents and friends.

But a flyer who was watching the take-off noticed that a pin in the left shock absorber had been sheared off as the Columbia bounced into the air. This allowed the strut to drop out of its fuselage fitting and caused the left wheel to swing in under the body. Chamberlin must be warned at once! If he tried to land without knowing that the entire left side of the landing gear was useless, a bad wreck would undoubtedly ensue.

Two mechanics raced to get a wheel and Dean C. Smith, a veteran pilot of the Air Mail, borrowed a Curtiss Oriole, and flew up with one of the mechanics and the wheel to signal Chamberlin.

“I wonder why those darn fools are waving a tire at me?” Chamberlin thought. “Probably they want a race. Well, here’s where their Oriole gets a fine trimming.”

But both Smith and the mechanic waved so frantically as the Columbia leaped ahead of their slow biplane, that Chamberlin knew there must be something the matter. Looking over at his landing gear, he quickly located the trouble. The girls, meanwhile, were giggling delightedly at the peculiar antics of Smith and his Oriole.

On the ground, Mr. and Mrs. Levine watched anxiously, and the clanging of an ambulance behind

them served only to heighten their fear. Would Chamberlin be able to make a safe landing? It was an extremely difficult feat, and Mrs. Levine stood, handkerchief pressed tightly to her lips, eyes strained skyward as she watched Chamberlin maneuver the Columbia back and forth, endeavoring to get it in just the right position.

Then, with the Columbia headed into the wind, Chamberlin leveled off for a landing, and banked the Columbia over to the right so that when she finally touched the slick wet grass, it was in a "three point landing" — tail skid, right wheel, and right wing tip. The Columbia stopped without going on her nose and without even tearing the fabric on the wings where they had skidded along the ground. Chamberlin had amply demonstrated his ability as a pilot in this perfect landing.

"Thank you for the ride, Mr. Chamberlin," called the girls as they were lifted from the plane, and if they were a little disappointed at being cheated out of the promised crash, their parents were not.

A reporter remarked to Levine the next day that he supposed Chamberlin's performance in the rescue had definitely settled the question of his being allowed to make the transatlantic flight.

"Why should it?" asked Levine. But when Acosta wrote a letter to Levine the following day resigning in favor of Chamberlin, Mr. Levine agreed to let Chamberlin go as co-pilot with Bertaud.

It was not all clear sailing yet, however, and dis-

agreement between Bertaud and Levine over the terms of the contract finally resulted in Bertaud's withdrawal from the flight altogether and in the decision of Mr. Levine, himself, to accompany Chamberlin, although his going was kept a secret until the day of the flight. Levine had had a little experience with handling the controls and he enlarged this knowledge by accompanying Chamberlin on every instrument testing flight, learning all he could about handling the ship and familiarizing himself with the action of the bank and turn indicator and the inclinometer. When the time came for the transatlantic flight, he could fly the plane fairly well in daylight and under good conditions.

But it was under much different circumstances that Levine was called upon to handle the controls during their transatlantic flight. Dusk of the second day out found them over Land's End, England, and the temptation was great to land on that hospitable shore. Chamberlin, however, set the Columbia resolutely on her course toward Berlin, climbing above the low clouds that had already closed in solidly over the land. But as they advanced, the clouds rose higher and higher and the altimeter needle crept steadily upward — 10,000, 15,000, 20,000 feet the Columbia climbed, until she had reached her limit; and still she had not surmounted the menacing barrier of clouds. The only thing to do was to see-saw back and forth along the western slope of the cloud range and wait for daylight.

The bitter cold, exhaustion, and the unusual strain of handling the Columbia in the rarefied atmosphere began to tell on Chamberlin and when dawn came he called Levine.

"See what you can do with her for awhile. I've got to have some rest." And he shoved back on the gas tank exhausted.

All went well for ten or fifteen minutes; then something happened. Levine became hopelessly bewildered and utterly without sense of direction, bringing the plane up into a stall which sent her off on her left wing, nose down, in a steep and dizzy spiral. Chamberlin's lethargy slipped away from him, but even in the short time required for him to slide into the pilot's seat, the Columbia's wings had started shuddering as though they would be ripped from the fuselage. Never in his life had Chamberlin "felt that death was so close or been so badly scared." The rudder bar was being whipped back and forth with leg-breaking force and the rear end of the plane was shaking so violently that the whole tail was about to be torn off. Down, down, down, went the plane, the altimeter needle sweeping past the hundred-foot marks like the indicator of a swift elevator clicking off floors in a great office building.

The first thing Chamberlin did was to "smother" the rudder with his feet in a progressive choking-down maneuver that stopped its wild oscillations. Then he ruddered out of the spiral dive into which they had fallen until the bank and turn indicator in-

formed him that they were going straight ahead. It was then a simple matter to pull up the nose of the Columbia until the indicators showed she was nearing level flight once more.

In writing of it later, Chamberlin observed: "I can see that this all sounds easy, but in actual accomplishment it was a difficult matter, probably the hardest job I ever faced in my life. Certainly I never want to meet such a situation again."

They had fallen into trouble at approximately 21,000 feet and the needle of the altimeter stood at 4000 feet before the Columbia was under control.

The clouds grew thinner and began to break. Through an open space the flyers saw a river below. Presently they noticed a glow of lights from a series of blast furnaces at the edge of a manufacturing town. Some white flares being fired into the air at one side of the town, attracted their attention, and they flew toward them. There they discovered a flying field and, throttling the motor, Chamberlin swept down ten or fifteen feet above the heads of the attendants calling, "Nach Berlin? Nach Berlin?" They all pointed in approximately the same direction so Chamberlin set the Columbia on the course indicated. Only about ten gallons of gasoline remained — enough for another hundred miles.

It was about four in the morning when they left Dortmund and shortly before six their gas gauge stood at zero. The country over which they were flying was flat and Chamberlin wanted to make a

landing near one of the larger villages while they still had a few pints of gasoline, but Levine proposed to fly "to the last drop". Ten or fifteen minutes later, the engine started coughing and Chamberlin negotiated a landing in a wheat field. It was a few minutes after six o'clock in Germany, on the morning of June 6th. The Columbia had been in the air forty-three hours and had broken Lindbergh's long distance flying record by nearly three hundred miles.

They had landed on a farm near the town of Eisleben, and their chief thought was to refuel as quickly as possible and fly on to Berlin. A truck finally drove up with about twenty gallons of gasoline but as the funnel which the driver had brought along could not be used in the cabin tank, they had to use a teapot with a long curved snout proffered by one of the women in the crowd. As the teapot held only a quart, it was an hour before the tedious task was done and they were ready to start again.

The crowd had pointed out Berlin to them as being a hundred miles away "in that direction", but Levine and Chamberlin could not agree as to just "what" direction "that" was and an hour and a half later found them over Kottbus. They flew ahead another twenty-five miles and being dangerously low in gas by this time, swung around and headed back for Kottbus. Five miles short of the airport there, the last of their gasoline gone, they were forced down into what proved to be a soggy pasture and the Co-

lumbia stood on her nose in the mud, snapping off the bottom blade of her propeller.

Neither Levine nor Chamberlin was hurt. Soon the bürgermeister of Kottbus whisked them off to a hotel. Word was flashed to Berlin of the flyers' arrival and of their need of a new propeller, whereupon a fleet of airplanes set out at once to greet them. In the afternoon of the following day they flew to Berlin in the Columbia, reaching there about six o'clock. Thousands of people were massed about the borders of Tempelhof Field and a wild bedlam of enthusiastic "Hochs!" rent the air as the "sun suddenly pierced the drizzle of rain and framed the Columbia in an iridescent rainbow" as the flyers landed. Ambassador Schurman was the first to greet them and escorted them to the embassy. The next morning President von Hindenburg received them.

A round of receptions, luncheons, teas, dinners, and other affairs followed, interspersed with visits to various airplane factories and motor works, and even a trip to the "Hollywood of Germany". After the arrival of Mrs. Chamberlin and Mrs. Levine on June 17th, the party visited Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Warsaw, Berne, and thence to Paris — Chamberlin and Levine flying the Columbia and the rest of the party travelling by train. After an enjoyable week in Paris they flew to London and on July 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin sailed on the *Leviathan* for home. So ended the most dramatic episode in the life of Clarence Chamberlin.

He had scarcely landed in New York when he was asked by the United States Lines to attempt a demonstration ship-to-shore flight from the *Leviathan*. A special platform was built on the top deck of the ship and on the morning of August 1st Chamberlin opened the throttle, "jumped" both wheels over the restraining blocks, and before the plane was three-quarters of the way down the platform, it took the air. The demonstration had gone off without a hitch and forty minutes later Chamberlin was above Long Island. In the first ship-to-shore flight from a passenger vessel, Chamberlin had definitely established the feasibility of using a short runway instead of the catapult method of launching a plane.

It was not until two weeks later that Denison had an opportunity to pay tribute to its hero. On August 18th, Clarence Chamberlin, "extremely calm, good-humored and self-possessed", neither "awkwardly modest about his achievement or overly impressed with what he had done", arrived in a private car to receive his home-town welcome.

In June, 1928, when Chamberlin was appointed Aeronautic Engineer of New York City to act as consultant on the construction of the municipal airport on Barren Island, at a salary of \$1000 a month, the *New York Times* commented: "A year ago Chamberlin was merely a good pilot who held an endurance record, and today he is looked upon as one of the ablest fliers in the world."

During that year he succeeded in fulfilling his

cherished dream of producing a "flivver" airplane, for he believed that the United States needed a "medium-priced, reliable, reasonably 'foolproof' airplane of small size and good performance". On September 15, 1928, he bought a factory and ten acres of land in Jersey City to be used jointly by the Chamberlin Aeronautical Corporation and the Crescent Aircraft Corporation. Chamberlin, himself, served as technical adviser and director until March, 1929, when he was elected president of the Crescent Aircraft Company. More recently he has headed a corporation for the construction of a commercial airport at Doyer's Point in Jersey City to be used eventually as the eastern terminus of an air freight line between New York and Chicago. He is interested in establishing a series of flying schools. In July, 1930, he was appointed chairman of an aviation advisory board for the New York City police department.

The career of Clarence Chamberlin is a story of countless disappointments, of hopes deferred and plans continually thwarted only to be revived again. Why did Chamberlin finally succeed? Perhaps the answer may be found in his own article, "Shall We Let Our Children Fly?" to which he replies, "You can't stop them."

DOROTHY WAGNER