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## *A New World Record*

FOUR HOURS AND five minutes elapsed on the ground at Grant Park. A continual stream of city and business officials, social personages, aspiring aviators, and friends from the Chicago Air Meet lined up for a few words and a handshake from the man hailed by Chicago newspapers as “the Aerial Forty-Niner.” Harold McCormick and James Plew were among the first to greet him. “I’m pleased to be back in Chicago,” he told them. “Everything looks just the same, except that I miss the pylons and the hundreds of thousands of people.” Cal was subdued, preoccupied with impending flight problems. To reporters he admitted, ten minutes after landing, that if the Hearst Committee stood by its October 10 deadline—two days away—he would have no hope of winning the \$50,000 prize.\* But Cal had not flagged in his confidence of completing the trip by October 17. “I am bound for Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean,” he said, “prize or no prize. . . . Whether I get fifty thousand dollars or fifty cents,

\*The two Chicago members of the committee—Brig. Gen. Ramsey Potts and Rear Adm. Albert Ross—were not present. They sent a message requesting a meeting with the aviator or his managers; the request was ignored.