



TIGER REVIEW

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The Flying Tiger Line Inc.
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No. 7



Bill Baring

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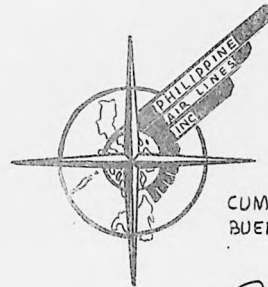


Tom Hayward



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TAS FELICIDADES

Cally Alguette



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COMPLEAÑO Y
BUENA FUERTE

Bob Prescott

Liff Gosh

H. P. Kols

***** HAPPY BIRTHDAY & GOOD LUCK *****

** TIGERVIEW **

Katherine M. Smith, Editor

Feature Articles..... Marjorie Fortin
Cover Artwork..... Lloyd Sherman
Anniversary Cover
Design & Artwork.... Vic Nikols

As announced in the May issue of TigeReview this month's edition is strictly an Anniversary Number and all copy has been contributed by the members of our present organization who, four years ago, started out to pioneer a new industry.

This Anniversary Number is a small tribute to their foresight, faith and courage. This is their story.

THE CONESTOGA - Our First Airplanes

Granted that the Conestoga was "all that the Navy had ordered" it really had to be seen to be believed. "For heaven's sake - WHAT'S THAT?" was the usual remark as incredulous people looked - and then took a good second look to make sure what they saw was really there.

For awhile it looked as if these orphans of the aircraft industry were destined to die unsung, rusting and corroding in the winds and weather of a Georgia surplus field - then one bright day they became the center of the Battle of the Bids and after some months of rumours and false reports they became the property of The Flying Tigers.

And so these odd craft, named after the Schooner of the Prairies, were given a chance to carry on the tradition of the Pioneers by blazing new trails to new horizons.

THE TIGER SHARK - THE BENGAL TIGER

Our Insignia

On December 21st 1941 the Chinese press was jubilant! The Japanese had met their first opposition and aerial defeat in four and a half years of merciless bombing of defenseless China. And the licking had been administered by Chennault's AVG.

The press sang the praises of the Fei Weing - the Flying Tigers. In bestowing the name of Tiger on the AVG China was conferring their highest honor because the tiger had been chosen as their symbol of courage and strength in 1911 when Free China decided to replace the Dragon of the Manchu Dynasty with the Bengal tiger.

The Tiger Shark came in the picture when the ground crews decided to do a little decorating job on the unadorned P-40's...the idea seemed to be to cook up a frightful looking monster to scare the Japs. The Japanese, a strictly island people, composed of fishermen and sailors had a healthy respect for the ferocity of the tiger shark - thus our shark nosed insignia today.

The tiger shark, however, had been used as an insignia by the RAF and the AVG wanted their own symbol so Walt Disney, who was designing insignia for our military units, was called upon to originate something for the Flying Tigers - his artists came up with the flying Bengal Tiger backed by the V for Victory - so today we also have the flying Bengal Tiger.

AND NOW THAT WE ARE FOUR.....

Robert W. Prescott, President

The anniversary messages I have written to you in the past have been mainly concerned with what we hope to accomplish in the future, with relatively little to boast of in the preceding year.

This year there is a little difference. The Company has been able to curtail its staggering losses. We will end the fiscal year on just about a break-even figure. This has been accomplished by beating the bushes to get in every dollar of revenue possible through the front door, and holding down with all our might to keep it from going out the back door.

Also, in our regulatory proceedings, we have finally reached the crest of the hill after three years of uphill fighting with its many heartbreaking delays. During this past year we have been successful in:

1. Getting a minimum rate order established by the Civil Aeronautics Board. This ended the vicious rate war that all but finished us in the Fall of 1947 and Spring of 1948.
2. Getting a favorable decision in the Airfreight Forwarder Case. It has long been our contention that airfreight forwarders can be an additional important factor in selling and developing this new type of property transportation we have introduced. The passenger airlines have bitterly opposed the acceptance of these forwarders. However, last September the C.A.B. granted a five-year exemption for the forwarders.
3. Our own very important certificate case has at last approached a successful conclusion. As you know, on April 29th of this year the C.A.B. came forth with its tentative decision, granting The Flying Tiger Line a Certificate of Convenience and Necessity to serve some forty-three points.

Under the law, those opposing the certification were due one final oral argument supporting their contentions. These arguments began June 13th and were completed June 16th. Now, unless these arguments are able to upset the tentative decision, we will very shortly go into certificated operations.

I can't repeat too often that our financial survival in the past has been the direct result of how each one of you has conducted your job and our success in the future will depend on how you continue to sell your Company to the world outside.

My thanks again to all of you for the splendid contribution you are making.

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IT COULDN'T BE DONE - SO WE DID IT

Helen Ruth Prescott

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
 But he, with a shrug, replied
 That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so --- 'til he tried.

* * * *

This first verse of a little-known poem has always struck me as epitomizing the underlying spirit of The Flying Tiger Line---the spirit that has carried us successfully through these past action-packed four years, and which, if we hold on to it, will furnish the power for the climb still ahead of us. For, time and again, the Tigers have refused to believe in "the impossible".

Back in 1945, when I sat in front of a borrowed typewriter in our apartment in Washington, typing Bob's letters to other of the Flying Tigers, asking if they were interested in starting a small airfreight operation, most of our friends thought we were tackling a far-fetched and foolish enterprise.

Where would we get planes? Who would put money into such a venture? Where would we get business?

The answers to those first questions are a story within themselves, one it would take too long to tell you here. And, admittedly, there were times when it looked as though we had attacked the impossible ---

There were the long hours Bob and Duke Hedman spent cooling their heels in the waiting rooms of Washington's many bureaus trying to buy the Budd Conestogas, and getting nothing but the good old Washington run-around.

After we acquired them there were the days of almost excruciatingly hard work, getting them in mechanical shape, getting them licensed. And everywhere we met the cold shoulder, the lifted eyebrow. An airfreight line? Even the word "airfreight" was unknown.

As the first plane finally came off the line, we flew it to Los Angeles

with our luggage and a typewriter as cargo, to establish the company.

As you know, on June 25, 1945, we incorporated under the name of National Skyway Freight Corporation. We selected this high-sounding title to counteract the rumour that we were a bunch of grand-standing, aerial circus "hot pilots". We used "The Flying Tiger Line" as a company theme.

We started out with a suite in the downtown Biltmore Hotel, ran ads in the local papers for pilot and maintenance crews, and, much to the private horror of the Biltmore management, crammed the hotel halls with lines of applicants. Later we located a small office at the Long Beach Airport, applied for telephones and started hunting loads.

Outside of a handful of maintenance equipment and FORTY carloads of spare parts for the Budds, we had two desks, a couple of chairs, one divan - which was eternally occupied by applicants and customers alike - and a green war-surplus filing cabinet.

The telephone people politely inquired why we needed so many telephones, just who was the --- er -- National Skyway Freight Corporation, and did we have some papers showing our right to priority? We said, of course, and finally considered ourselves fortunate to be given one telephone with an extension.

Although we were short on equipment, we were high in enthusiasm and energy. We thought nothing of working 18 or 20 hours a day, then scooting back to the Long Beach hotel, were most of us lived, and sitting up the rest of the night scheming and planning. Later, Bob and I bought a house near the airport which became a sort of company "home" for most of the personnel and their families. We bedded pilots on the living room divan, on pallets on the floor ... I counted noses one week and found fourteen house guests. We all did the housework---even coerced Tom Haywood into running the vacuum cleaner!

The Tiger "executives" whipped back and forth between the cockpits and the two desks, and in their spare time rang industrial doorbells trying to sell airfreight. Since we certainly had no funds to spend on advertising, it was fortunate that an avalanche of publicity greeted all our efforts. There were literally hundreds of telephone calls, telegrams and letters---some for shipping rates, some from people who wanted to join our outfit, but mostly from an interested nation that had taken us to their hearts.

Businessmen, lawyers, housewives, streetcar conductors - all had ideas they wanted to pass along to us to get our business going. Some of their suggestions were good; many were impractical. (One man in the midwest, for instance, wanted to know why we didn't turn our planes into tanks, and run a flying milk car!). They were hectic days, but I don't think it ever occurred to any of us that we might have to give up.

We finally gathered three shiploads of freight - 30,000 lbs. Furniture from New York to Long Beach; grapes from Long Beach to Augusta; flowers from Long Beach to Detroit.

The crews were "the company". A flight engineer with his little kit

was sent with each plane. Rolls of cash were given the Captains for buying gas along the way. And the crews were told, "for heaven's sake, take a good suit and a tie. Get out and sell a load to bring back".

The three planes, proudly lettered NSTC in blue on the Budd's bulging sides, took off in the evening---the first large-scale movement of commercial airfreight ever made---and it was an anxious night for the handful of us left behind. I had made neat, important-looking little manifests: TRIP NUMBER ONE; HC NUMBER; LOAD; CREW; GAS ON TAKE-OFF, etc.

Two days later I was to place the Trip Number One file in the back of the little green file box. It crashed on take-off in Detroit, exploding into flames and burning the payload the boys had wangled---10,000 lbs of household furniture. The crew escaped unharmed.

The Detroit wreck was a crushing start, but somehow we kept going, by sheer hard work and enthusiasm. We flew everything that we could get up the ramp of the Budd---horses, flowers, fruit, baby chicks, people, dogs or what-have-you.

This list, of course, is not impressive now, but in those days, these items were being put into the air for the first time.

When we flew the first race horse, for example, the whole country held its breath. Nobody knew how a high-strung animal would react to being moved by air. And, although the boys had a lot of freight "know-how" from their hump flying, there was a lot to learn. First we froze the flowers, and then we burned them. Dogs we were shipping nibbled at the rest of the cargo. When we shipped the first baby chicks, our pilot flew all around the country to get out of a storm so he wouldn't be weathered in at any airport---baby chicks die if they aren't delivered in 24 hours. We flew the first strawberryberries, and did everything but pick the berries and crate them. I expect we

(Concluded on Page Six)

would have done that, too, if it would have guaranteed our pay-load.

And we bulged out of our little office. By that time we had seven phones, but they were all single phones, and I found myself keeping four or five conversations going simultaneously, with a phone hung over each shoulder and one in each hand. Finally Charlotte Waltz came to help me, and together we managed to produce a business-like front for The Tigers. We even borrowed furniture from other airport offices. Our New York office was a three-flight walk-up, and was also furniture shy.

The Long Beach airport management kept lights burning outside so our mechanics could see to work on the planes, rushing against time to meet the morning flights. They kept their tools in the backs of their cars, and it was not unusual for Harvey Wirtz, or Leon Colquette, and the others to work through 48 hours without sleep.

It was a familiar picture at any two a.m.--the hulk of the dark plane, the shifting light, the maintenance boys, dirty and grimy, climbing over the ships, working ceaselessly under "impossible" conditions.

We usually managed to meet the tiny payroll. I, for one, worked for nothing. Most of the Tigers drew their salaries later, when there was a little cash in the till. Those who had to have their salaries to keep going were given little hand-written checks, which I usually took out to the flight line with the remark: "Don't try to cash this before noon tomorrow".

There were good days: when we bought the first C-47s; when we signed our first long-term contracts; when business grew to the point that we had to move to Mines Field; with our first hangar, our first set of offices.

There were bad days: The wreck outside Albuquerque, which cost the lives of two of our pilots, burned up our first contract load of magazines along with the plane, almost took the heart of all of us. There was the snowy New Year's Eve when one of our pilots, caught in a storm, crash-landed on the golf course of a country club in the Blue Hills, West Virginia. The crew escaped unharmed. The plane is still there, being used as a caddy house.

Even our most enthusiastic backers had predicted we would fold within six months, so we were more than jubilant when we reached our first birthday.

At the end of our birthday celebration party, the group presented Bob and me with a model of a C-54. "Someday," they said, "we'll be flying those". It looked a long way off then, and I am sure that I am not the only one who will remember that episode when our 54's take off on their Inaugural Certificated Flight.

At the end of our first year, however, there were still so many things to come: garments on hangers; our first big contract with Sears Roebuck; the "Thunderbird" contract to Canada; the Army Contract to Tokyo; the move to Lockheed Air Terminal; the years of arguments and hearings before the C.A.B. in Washington. The almost overwhelming opposition from the passenger lines. The hard work it has taken on the part of every one, every year, to prove that we, at least, can "shrug and try".

Being a sentimentalist, one of the things I value most is a little wooden sign I have at home. It was the first sign to be put up outside the Long Beach office, and we all gazed at it with pride when it was nailed up. It cost us twenty-five dollars, and looked wonderful to us then. It is probably about the size of the dot of the "i" in the Flying Tiger Line sign now on the side of our Burbank hangar.

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BUDDS & BERRIES

R.P. "Duke" Hedman, Captain

Ever hear of an automobile which flew more than it was driven, yet wore out in three months? Mine did, in 1945, after we purchased the Budd Conestogas.

Bob Prescott, Mike Wakefield, Jack Cornelius, and I drove my car from New York to Augusta, Georgia, where we serviced the first Budd, loaded the car aboard, and flew back to New York, during which flight Prescott checked me out in the monster.

In New York we hired more mechanics and pilots, drove back to Augusta, flew the car back to New York and I checked another pilot out en route. This procedure was repeated twelve times.

Everything went smoothly from Augusta to New York but on the return trips we burned aviation gasoline drained from the triumphant Budds, with the result that the engine of the car was completely burned out. It had performed its duty, however, and the Budds were ready to begin their transcontinental runs, loaded to capacity with freight, and snarling their defiance through broken-off exhaust stacks.

On one of the early produce flights the shipper insisted upon a cooling apparatus for the airplane. Just prior to take-off, he asked for a demonstration of the cooler. When we threw the switch the electric motors of the cooler did not operate. The strawberries were already sprouting wings of their own because of the intense heat inside the airplane.

Our anxious customer was properly berating FTL and all personnel connected therewith when Leon Colquette interrupted saying that we had to be airborne for the cooling system to function.

After take-off we wobbled the wings as a signal that the cooler was operating and continued climbing on our way to New York. We all panted at 13,000 feet all the way to New York in order to keep the berries cool. Colly had already explained to us that the motors for the cooler had been ordered from the factory but as yet had not arrived.

During the early Budd days, the mechanics would take turns coming along on the trips as flight engineers. They really had their share of work as every stop meant a rather complete overhaul on the exhaust stacks, generators, engines and fabric.

Actually I miss that phase of development of FTL, because we were so close to each other that we knew everyone in the company by his first name.

Possibly, through company picnics, bowling clubs, baseball, and by working in close harmony with each other in all departments, we may again all become more closely acquainted with each other.

* * * * *

ROUNDUP OVER ARIZONA

Rhuel Trimble, Inspection

After serving several long long months in the South Pacific with the Naval Air Transport Service, I was finally discharged from the Navy and took what I thought a well earned vacation. When I started looking for a job it was only natural I should look for aircraft work.

Living in Lakewood Village, I steamed down to the airport to see what was cooking, gassed with a guy who said there might be a chance of hitching up with a new airfreight line just starting - he thought they called themselves The Flying Tiger Line.

The name Flying Tigers meant only one thing to me - and that was General Chennault in China - and I didn't realize it was the same group. Anyway I thought it worth looking into, and believe it or not I ended up with a job as flying engineer on the "Budd" - a ship I'd never heard of - a strange looking hunk of stainless steel, and although I doubted it I figured it must fly.

Before my first flight out, I was informed by the six or seven men who worked for the outfit, what I should take along in case of trouble. So I loaded the ship with spare parts, put my big tool box aboard, and managed to leave a little room for freight... We were off.

I soon found out it wasn't too bad a ship, outside of the icing conditions, it was slow and had a freak landing gear that refused to work and the pilot had to belly land the ship - and the exhaust stacks were falling off - but so what - - we were delivering freight - and tons of it.

As time went on I found myself making trips from Los Angeles to the east coast with very little, or no rest, except what we would get while flying.

Yes, I think most of the old boys will agree that we watched airfreight being born - we helped pin the first diaper on her and nursed her through her growing pains. She is quite a young lady now and will soon reach womanhood and will give this great country of ours fast, courteous and reliable service.

On one particular trip we had two horses, three cats, and two dogs on board. Somewhere over Arizona we hit rough air and I decided I'd better take a look at the animals.

Believe me, what I found kept me busy for the next hour or so. The horses had torn parts of their stall away and were free to wander any place in the ship, not to mention the mess they made all over the deck. The dogs were out of their cages and wandering away back in the tail where I couldn't follow them. I was helpless to try to reach them so had to resort to calling them - if you can imagine that above the roar of the two short exhaust stack engines.

Luckily the cats cages stayed in one place. After a hard hour of work I managed to get things back into ship-shape. Fortunately I had taken care of the animals all the way from the east coast, they knew me by this time and obeyed fairly well.

When I quit flying with the ships, the Tigers' maintenance crew had grown up and we moved from Long Beach to Mines Field. Several C-47's had been added to our operations and we were an up and coming airline.

TIGER REVIEW

ANYWHERE with ANYTHING at ANY TIME Bill Bartling, Vice-President

I was enjoying life back in Indiana, on leave from CMAC when I received word that the boys were getting together to form an airfreight line. I decided to go in with them and it wasn't long after I was "counted" in that I found myself equipped with a Budd Conestoga and a chartered flight to deliver some Florida bound passengers from LaGuardia Field.

Leaving New York on Saturday we arrived in Miami Sunday where we left our passengers. Here we learned that a load of gladiolas were waiting in Ft. Meyers - 8,000 lbs of them - for shipment to California. We flew on to Ft. Meyers, picked up the flowers and hopped to Dallas where we gassed and phoned to Oklahoma City that we were coming in and would want a crew change for California.

Oklahoma City said okay to come along but upon arrival the expected relief crew had been dispatched elsewhere. With flowers aboard there was nothing to do but refuel and take off for California - which we did via El Paso to avoid weather - and arrived back in Long Beach at 3:00 a.m. Tuesday.

Looking back on that flight today it seems like a "long week-end", but in those days it was all part of the deal - and everyone, pilots and mechanics alike, were ready to go anywhere, with anything at any time.

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ITS COLD AT 10 BELOW - Tommy Haywood, Captain.

For the first three months I was with the company I commuted between San Francisco, where I was living at that time, and Long Beach in my Culver Cadet. I parked it under the wing of one of the Budds at the Long Beach field, and it looked as if the big ship had actually hatched out a little chick - my duties with the company were "supervising engineer" but along with the other boys I got in my share of flying freight and other commodities.

On New Year's Eve I had a load of Annapolis Cadets who wanted to get back to Washington D.C. for a big party - we left Long Beach on the morning of the 31st and before long headed into weather where the temperature dropped to 10 below zero. Needless to say we had no heat in the plane and to keep from freezing my passengers would run into the airport building, at each stop, buy up all the newspapers and with these designed what were perhaps the first "headline" underwear. Thus, wrapped from head to foot in paper insulation we would take off on the next leg of the flight. Washington, at 10:00 p.m. that night greeted us with a typical December snowstorm.

Our flowers, it seemed, warranted better treatment. For one of our first loads of California flowers eastbound it was decided to insulate the cabin. Work started at 7 a.m. and continued all that day. We also put on two new props. At 8:00 p.m. that night we flew the ship to Long Beach, from Burbank, where during that short flight both props lost nearly all the oil in each engine. This meant both props had to be replaced again and we worked on that until 2:00 a.m.

Bob Prescottt and I flew the ship to Mines Field, helped load the flowers and at 6:00 a.m. the flight departed - with Link Isaacs at the controls. A good day's work.

* * * * *

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Paul B. Grace, Chief of Inspection

I came to The Flying Tiger Line on October 1, 1945, fresh out of six years work for Spartan Aircraft, working on pilot training programs and to me the size of the company's Budd Conestogas was tremendous, and the chance to work on such large aircraft a rare opportunity.

Regardless of the present or future success of the company, I believe I will always recall those early months in the Fall of '45 with real pleasure. In spite of obstacles of - no hangar, no supply room, no drop cords, no special tools or toilets - mixed with damp, cold and windy weather the boys got along swell, and the Budds kept flying.

All twelve of us mechanics always raced out to an incoming Budd flight to see how many exhaust stacks were missing - and we usually found some, until Jack Cornelius and Frank Behrman figured out a modification to stop this loss.

Just before Thanksgiving Captain Link Laughlin and I were elected to make a trek into Old Mexico to bring back a couple of Conestogas leased to a Mexican airline. We were only to be gone less than a week and departed one midnight aboard a (censored) airliner for Mexico City.

Arriving some 14 hours later we took up comfortable quarters at Hotel Geneva (natives call it "Haneva"). I said "comfortable", but the first night I was awakened by loud music from the street in front of the hotel. A seven piece Mexican orchestra was serenading a honeymoon couple staying at the hotel. Being a lover of music I just shut the window and slept while the band played on.

Now due to technical difficulties beyond our control negotiations for the return of the Budds were unsuccessful and Link and I were left to the mercy of airline reservations to get back home. In spite of the fact we were there for 2 weeks we never learned to speak to the pretty girl at the lobby desk - she spoke Spanish with such a

strong Mexican accent.

There was a fellow down in Mexico who everyone wanted us to meet - he was very popular with the natives - his name was everywhere - but somehow we never met him - his name was "Tequila".

But there was someone else we didn't want to meet, but who pursued both Link and me and finally caught us - a bug of doubtful background succeeded in pinning both our backs to our beds for several days. Esther Williams was also on location in Mexico while we were there, but the closest we came to meeting her was having her Mexican doctor, who was quite awed by her beauty, take tender medical care of me.

Link finally got away ahead of me and I left aboard a Mexican Milkliner, making stops at each village between Mexico City and Juarez.

It was good to get north of the border down Texas way and to be able to read the billboards again! Upon arrival in Sunny California around midnight we found Burbank fogged in so landed at Newhall and bussed to Burbank. There I found my wife had left five minutes before my arrival and I spent a memorable night sleeping on the 4th, 5th and 6th steps to the Skyroom in the Terminal Building, working out the corrugations riding the Pacific Electric to Long Beach the next day.

After evading most of the oft-told treacheries of a daring expedition into Old Mexico it was a pleasure to return to regular 8 to 16 hours work a day, knowing Bob Prescott, Duke Hedman, Joe Nesbitt, Tom Kaywood and Cliff Groh out on schedule in the Budds - but I still wonder how the Budds cleared Signal Hill with that load of grapes without making grapejuice! (Not Tritoni!)

WHEN ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN

Cliff Groh, Captain

The first trip I ever made for the company was with Duke Hedman - we had a load of flowers we were taking from Burbank to Chicago and New York - We were about half-way between Oklahoma City and Wichita when we lost the left engine. Since the Conestoga doesn't exactly like to stay in the air on one engine we ended up in Ponca City.

It was Saturday evening and our load of flowers had to be delivered so an SOS was sent back to the coast and on Sunday morning another Budd arrived to take on our load. With about half the town out there to help us we transferred the load in record time and continued on with the trip.

It was usual in the old days for the flight crews to do the loading and unloading of our freight. Our customers would send out a truck to the field to pick up his freight or to deliver it outbound and it was usually the truck driver and our crews who did the cargo handling. We didn't mind it much as the quicker we were loaded or unloaded the quicker we could be on our way, although it was a little tiring as way back then we flew all the way from Long Beach to New York and sometimes hardly had any sleep before flying all the way back.

I recall one trip we made from Long Beach to New York - to Miami to New York and then to Fort Meyers before coming back to Long Beach.

One of the most enjoyable trips I ever had was flying "Elsie" the Borden cow all over the country. "Elsie" was the perfect lady - and as it finally turned out we barely got her back to Albany before the little feller was born. For awhile it looked as if we were going to have the distinction of having Elsie's calf born on the ship somewhere between Fort Worth and Albany.

The company has come a long way since those Long Beach Days. The Certificate has bolstered the spirit of everyone and I, personally, look to the future of the company and see no reason why it should not continue to progress if everyone will keep on doing the good work that has been done in the past.

* * * * *

THEY KEPT THEM FLYING

Leon "Colly" Colquette is much in evidence in our Burbank Maintenance Department today - but to get him to sit down and "write a piece" for the paper proved my "Waterloo". As Colly said "I'm too busy"... but from brief interrupted snatches of conversation I had with him it is evident he "could write a book" if he could take the time out for it.

Colquette is one of our original Tigers and he came to the company in September 1945, taking part in those first hectic flights as flight engineer. "Every flight there was something". If the ships weren't falling apart they were taking on an unmanifested load of freight in the form of ice - and to keep the Budd in the air "in the middle of that stuff" while arguing flight plans with a not-so-bright tower operator was not one of Colly's ideas of earning a living the easy way.

Then there was the question of "do you think she'll clear that mountain range?".. at this point Colly's philosophy was "when in doubt go south", especially when it was Albuquerque they were headed for. "One time just after take-off", he reminisced, "we spotted Bob Prescott's car on the highway down below us - we tried to catch him but he was pulling steadily away at 60 m.p.h.". He didn't say how the headwinds were that day.

Maintenance at home base was intersperced with shifts on the phone calling up prospective customers and in those days time cards were unheard of - the boys just filled in a white sheet of paper which served as "timekeeper". And from all accounts that sheet was pretty full of hours at the end of each 24 hour day.

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SO EVERYBODY WORKED

"Writing an article for the paper is a harder job than it was to maintain the 'ruptured ducks' in the old Long Beach days" - said Joe Baker, now Crew Chief

of Shops at Burbank. "But we can all look back on those days with a 'fond' recollection of working out in the rain with no hangar, late at night with no flood lights, on airplanes with no spare parts.

"In those days we didn't have all the departments we have today and each of us, from Bob Prescott down, were cargo handlers, loaders, stock chasers, purchasing agents, mechanics and cleaners. But it was only through the efforts, hard work and high morale of everyone, under the leadership of Bob Prescott, that we were able to come through those days and grow into the organization we are today."

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GLAMOUR LENDS A HAND

"I was on vacation from the Army in November '45 when I went out to the Long Beach Airport to look around for a job. I saw the Budds and got interested in them then went upstairs to the Flying Tiger office - I went to work for them for two weeks - and I'm still here" Bob Ghornley relates. Bob is now Crew Chief in Burbank.

Bob went to work on the two Budds that still had to be licensed and, as he says, there were no facilities for such a job - just a three-car garage and the boys' own tools - but they got the ships licensed and kept them in the air with a little ingenuity and a lot of hope.

The one trip that Bob took as flight engineer was shortly after the company acquired some DC-3s. Abbott & Costello toured all the major cities and Canada. Landing at Grand Forks, N.D. for customs Bob's ship developed mag trouble. He was having trouble fixing it alone and was wondering where he could drum up some help when one of the passengers, none other than Eileen Wilson, (now on Sinatra's Lucky Strike program) came to his rescue - with the aid of Miss Wilson's vanity case mirror, a flash light and her assistance in solving the prop the problem was solved.

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