

TIGER REVIEW



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Number 9

Cash Prizes Await In Photo Contest

Vacation time will be rolling around shortly and FTL camera fans will have an opportunity to earn some extra cash for that trip to the mountains or the shore by entering the monthly photo contest sponsored by FTL's Public Relations Department.

The contest is open to all employees and prizes range from \$1 to \$10 for the best pictures showing some phase of operation or activity involving FTL planes or equipment.

There are no hard and fast rules for this contest, but entrants should try to get pictures which show the Flying Tiger name on planes, hangars or equipment. Photos from outlying stations are particularly welcomed.

If your photo is accepted as one of the winners, the Public Relations Department will want to purchase or use the negative of your picture so please do not submit photos if the negative is not available.

Photos entered in this contest may be mailed or delivered in person to the Public Relations Department, Room 105, FTL General Office Building. When submitting pictures be sure to include your name, employee number and location.

Don't miss this excellent opportunity to turn your photographic hobby into ready cash!

Half-Price Tickets To Hobby Show Here

Hobbies valued at more than \$3,000,000 will be exhibited at the Fifth Annual California Hobby Show from Mar. 20 to 29 at the Shrine Convention Hall in Los Angeles. Many FTL employees will be interested in this big event which will depict individual arts, crafts and cultures developed all over the world.

Tickets to the Hobby Show at one-half the regular admittance price are available at the Public Relations office, Room 105, General Office Building.

Field Training Program Off to Start



—Photo by Lucile D. Gourley

BOB RAWLINSON, brief case in hand, arrives at SFO from Burbank on first stop of his experimental tour of FTL stations, and is greeted by SFO Station Manager Roy Haworth. Bob got his teaching degree at L.A. State, joined FTL in November, 1949, and on the side the past two years, has been teaching a course in Air Cargo at California Air College in Hollywood. With this background, he has been sent off to introduce a Field Training Program to refresh personnel in the correct operation procedures. "So," as Bob says, "cargo delays, mishandling, damages claims and any customer dissatisfaction may be appreciably diminished."

Bob spent the week of Feb. 16-20 on the job with agents, dispatchers, leadmen and cargo handlers at SFO, answering questions and helping point out better methods. In addition, for an hour each day, he held a classroom session, with Sales sitting in, to stress the responsibilities of careful detail work because of the far-reaching effects beyond each particular station in the vast integration which is FTL as it moves forward today. Bob went on to his second stop, OAK, for final week of February, and tentatively plans stops in PHL, MKE and BOS.

LAX Salesmen Host Drivers at Fights

By Jack D. Smith

"Don't hit him so hard!" "Beat him to a pulp, yuh bum, I got a buck on yuh!" Such were the comments by the LAX salesmen and their guests, the LAX drivers, as they attended the fights the latter part of February at Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

Although the fights, a total of six individual bouts ranging from featherweights to medium-heavy sluggers, were not of the Wolcott-Louis interpretation of fisticuffs, they afforded good entertainment and comical situations which only a spectator could fully appreciate. Some of the more vocally inclined enthusiasts, namely Messrs. Van Winkle, Tony "Pizon", John Desbrow, Ernie Kruttschnitt, Ted Holmgren, Bill Russell and Hal Hammond, did more than their share to make the crowd conscious of the Flying Tiger Line's presence.

Mike Costa, City Sales Manager, had to reprimand one of our enthusiastic salesmen for selling airfreight during fight intermissions to a rather buxom blonde fight fan.

The salesmen-drivers get-together was staged to create better relations between the sales and freight departments and the salesmen picked up the checks to show their appreciation for the fine cooperation they have received in the past from LAX's competent crew of drivers. According to reports from the men the next day, a fine time was had by all hands. Especially enjoyable was the beer, the French-dip sandwiches and the betting which no one collected. It seems that the betting centered around the main event with the contestants, Herman vs. Williams, taking most of the stakes and the yelling. Howbeit, no one won anything as there was no actual k.o. and the money was returned to the poolsters and used at a later hour for refreshment.

Television is making the fight fan something of a novelty, but if you are looking for some fun, come along next time a similar shin-dig materializes for our drivers and salesmen. For my money, I would like to add that the LAX salesmen have a real ally in our drivers.

Windshield Stickers Available

The Public Relations Department still has an ample supply of Flying Tiger windshield stickers. If you didn't get yours, drop in at Room 105 in the General Office Building or if you're one of the out-of-towners, just send in your request on an IOM.



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The Flying Tiger Line Inc.

Lockheed Air Terminal, Burbank, California

Len Kimball Public Relations Director

Dode Penrod TigeReview Editor

Contributions from all employees welcomed.

Deadline for material first Monday of each month.

' Review Preview

This month's issue of the TigeReview brings several new features and a pleasant number of new reporters. Many thanks to Nancy King, CHI; Jack C. Smith, LAX; Lucile D. Gourley, SFO; Paul Hawkins, BUR, Leo Cohen, EWR; and Bill Hodson, BUR, for responding so willingly to our plea for contributions. Is it too much to hope that next month will bring even more news from FTL bases scattered across the nation?

It is not our practice to hand out advice, but we'd be doing a great disservice if we failed to advise you to read Leo Cohen's "Newark, My Newark" which appears in this issue of the TigeReview. This is one of the most hilarious masterpieces we have come across in a moon and Steve Uminski of the Burbank Paint Shop has captured the true flavor of the article with his matchless style of cartooning. We'll wager that "Newark, My Newark" will be remembered for a long time to come.

The suggestion for a classified section in the TigeReview has received enthusiastic approval and Lillian Colman of Insurance & Claims has volunteered to handle ads for this section. If you want to rent, sell or swap anything from a bicycle to an MG, just type or print your ad on plain paper and send it to Lillian Colman, Room 210, General Office Building. You must be sure to include your address or telephone number in the ad and all items must be sent in no later than the first day of each month to be listed in the current issue of the TigeReview. This is a free service to employees. The classified section will begin next month, if enough ads are received by Apr. 1.

On thing more. Last month along with the TigeReview you received a copy of the Air Freight Digest. This is a publication which covers news items pertaining to the airfreight industry in general. We believe all FTL employees are interested in this type of news, and in the future the Air Freight Digest will be a regular addition to the TigeReview. We hope you like it.

Personalities:

Meet F. C. Siwicki

... of CHI Sales

By Nancy King

Frank C. Siwicki, new man in Customer Service of CHI Sales, has become acquainted with the routine shuffle, and now we're learning things about HIM. However, because our DSM's first name is the same, complications and nick-names have arisen.

After two years with the Army, four years of college, and then time with the Advertising depart-

ment of Kellogg Switchboard, Frank landed with FTL.

Frank (Si, that is) is a rather busy individual for one of 26 years of age. His home is 60 miles from work, but near the hangar he rents a room from Monday through Friday, where he is completing his last three semester hours by correspondence. In July he expects to have his BS degree.

Week ends at home in Mokenca, Ill., are taken up by answering the Call of the Wild (raising and trapping mink), and maintaining 2,600 evergreens, four boats, and his Ford coupe.

TIGER GUN CLUB

By Bill Hodson

The members of the FTL Gun Club are looking forward to the South Pacific States Regional High Power Rifle Championship Matches to be held at San Diego on Apr. 3, 4, and 5. We hope to have some "hot shots" entered in the various competitions. Doc Powell, Walt Loeffler and a couple of the other boys are sneaking up by practicing a bit. Let's all get out and give it a go.

"Abe" Abraham is the proud owner of one of the first and still very scarce new .308 rifles. He says it is a very good rifle but kicks like an Oklahoma mule.

A few pilots have been signing up in the Rifle Club of late. How about some more of you airplane drivers? We could get up some very good matches between pilots and mechs if more of the pilots join the ranks.

Those of you who have sent for a Springfield from the D.C.M. will be glad to hear that some of the men requesting purchases have already heard and should be taking delivery soon. This is a wonderful way to get a rifle for a reasonable price. Remember, you must be a N. R. A. member to qualify.

We have had a couple of instances of foul-up in memberships with the N.R.A. and if any of you have not received a magazine, let your Secretary-Treasurer (Bill Hodson) know so that matters can be straightened out.

PAC is interested in another shoot. Let's get together and take 'em this time. When do you want it? Let me know.

"Doc" says, "Let's have an Easter Turkey and Ham Shoot." What about it, fellows? What day and what kind of shoot?

Tiger Year Book Needs Your Photo

The response has been terrific, but there are always a few laggards. This is for those laggards. As you all know, the Tiger Flight Personnel Book is being compiled, which will include a picture and brief story of all pilots, navigators and stewardesses. The only charge that will be made for the book is for the actual printing.

It is not compulsory that your picture and story appear in this book, but it would certainly not be complete without each crew member. We do not wish to omit any crew member who really wants to be in it, so please complete your questionnaire and send it with your photo to Flight Operations, Burbank, prior to Mar. 31.

The Chinnin' Bar

By Nancy Tarr

Rather belated congratulations are due William Bos of the Carpenter Shop and his wife who proudly became full-fledged citizens of the United States of America in December. Not many natural citizens really stop to think and realize what a wonderful heritage they have acquired so very easily.



Lloyd Sherman, of our Message Center, is certainly one busy man. He does quite a bit of civic work when not taking photographs, engineering safety, fire, air raid drills, or miscellany for the Tigers. (Time must stand still for him!) His civic work consists of working part time on the L.A. Police Force, working with the Juvenile Division in the Valley, serving on the Scouting Board, sponsoring a Cub Scout Den, attending night classes and also teaching night school classes. He is also quite a stamp collector.

Janet Olson, Supervisor of Crew Control, will welcome additional help in the auspices of Al Sac. Al, who will transfer from Burbank Station, starts work in crew Control as of the middle of March.

International Operations feel very lucky and proud. They now have an attractive "Girl Friday" who answers to the name of Dorothy Mae Dean. Miss Dean, who is classified as Administrative Assistant, has had quite a bit of experience in the airline business. For example, she worked as a secretary for North American and was Chief Stewardess for California Central.



The advent of one small baby girl, Lorna Sue Boyd, made a proud grandma out of Grace Huth of Accounting and an aunt of Marcia Boyd of Airbill Accounting. The parents are Sgt. and Mrs. Jon Boyd of Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Warning! Wear your dark glasses when passing by Sonya Inghram of General Accounting. She's the recipient of a beautiful big diamond engagement ring. The lucky man is Robert Simon, currently lending a hand to Uncle Sam at Fort Ord, Calif.

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Newark, my Newark!

—by Leo Cohen
Newark Inspection

Recently there have been many reports of strange occurrences and weird phenomena such as flying saucers and strange lights in the sky. From time to time, no doubt, you may also have caught glimpses of unusual looking individuals darting furtively among the buildings and vanishing into the hills. You probably have wondered about these grim-visaged, moon-burnt men and what they are like in their natural habitat.

The land of the Newarkites is a flat marshy area where the tall grass and weeds never cease their endless swaying from the gentle urging of the wind. In the center of this garden spot, a large clearing has been hacked out of the underbrush, and here live all the tribes of the hardy Newarkites. Although all the tribes live in the same area, they each have their own characteristics.

First, there is the **Inspector Tribe**. This tribe is easily recognized by its members' great bulb-

ous noses with which they smell out fuel leaks and large protruding eyes with which they find invisible cracks. Their chief rivals are the **Leadman Tribe**.

Last of all there is the **Radioman Tribe**. These sky creatures are the hardest of all to find and they have never been known to be photographed. They have long slender antennae with little knobs on the ends of them, growing out of their heads. They speak with high, shrill voices in their own peculiar language which sounds like "da dit, dit da." They seldom



LEADMAN TRIBE

no visible means of support. The **Mechanic Tribe** is strictly neutral in their relationship with the other tribes. They don't like either the **Inspector Tribe** or the **Leadman Tribe**.

Each tribe gathers in its own place and there is the buzz of conversation and laughter as each tribe recounts the adventures of the day and how the rest of the world could not survive without them.



MECHANIC TRIBE

mix with the other tribes because they live in a world of their own.

The favorite beverage of the Newarkites is an evil-smelling,

strange-tasting brew laughingly called coffee. It is rumored that several months ago when there was a gas shortage, this concoction was used to fuel the airplanes. However, the man who sells this liquid says this is an underhanded story started by his competitors who don't know ninety from one hundred octane.

The **Newarkites** have a large building called a hangar. This is a fairly large structure, open at both ends. It is of special design so as to keep the heat from escaping in the summer and the cold from being driven out in the winter.

The tribes are rarely in the hangar except at meal time. At that time a loud horn is sounded and there is a great clatter of running feet. Out of nowhere, the members of the tribes materialize. From under rocks, behind bushes and from every direction they come hurrying into the han-



RADIOMAN TRIBE

gar. Each tribe gathers in its own place and there is the buzz of conversation and laughter as each tribe recounts the adventures of the day and how the rest of the world could not survive without them.

The **Newarkites** have one common enemy. This is the huge birds which swoop down upon them. There are two types of birds which prey upon the Newarkites. One is called the C-46. This monster has two vicious, rotating claws from which come the most frightening roars and hiccoughs. The bad temper of the bird must come from sore feet, or wheels as they are called, for whenever it rolls on the ground, loud squeals and shrieks are heard coming from those mem-

The Hangar Line

By Paul Hawkins

We took on this job just a few days before the deadline for this issue of *TigerReview* so we don't have much to offer this time. We hope to do better for the next issue. We are to be the reporter for Maintenance, covering the hangars and the Flight Line.

We were all saddened to hear of the death of George Langille of Engine Build-up. He was stricken with a heart attack while at work on the morning of Feb. 25. George came to FTL in October, 1950. He was a field representative for the Curtiss-Wright Company for several years and later worked for Aviation Maintenance Company. He was about 67 years old at the time of his death and is survived by his widow.

Dick Tavener is back in the Payroll Department after several months of severe illness. He looks healthy and has trimmed down his figure considerably.

James Duncan is back in the Company's employ again after about six months sojourn in the east. He went east on business but is glad to return to Southern California again. He has his old job back in Modification working on Henry Meraz's crew.

Life would be pretty drab if it weren't for the humor found in our daily work. Almost any morning you can hear the test firing of .50 caliber machine guns across the field at Lockheed. The following conversation was picked up one morning after a sudden burst of firing from the other end of the field:

Newly-hired mechanic: "What was that?"

Old Timer: "Oh, that? Just another poor devil."

NHM: "What do you mean. 'Another poor devil.'"

OT: "Some guy at Lockheed asked for a raise so they took him out and shot him."

NHM: "(Gasp)."

The other bird is called the DC-4. This monster is even worse than the other one, for it is larger and has four sets of rotating claws with which it can attack the Newarkites.

Whenever these birds come within reach, all the tribes rally together to feed upon them and soon pieces of the birds are lying all over the ramp. The attack is carried on relentlessly and as quickly as possible the birds are driven back into the air. Then the tired but happy Newarkites clear the debris and gather their strength for the next encounter.



INSPECTOR TRIBE

ous noses with which they smell out fuel leaks and large protruding eyes with which they find invisible cracks. Their chief rivals are the **Leadman Tribe**.

The **Leadman Tribe** is distinguished by the extra-large forefingers on their hands which automatically point to where the work is, and their loud brassy voices with which they tell you where you can go and what you can do after you get there. They use this voice to good advantage in their disputes with the **Inspector Tribe**.

Then there is the largest tribe of all, the **Mechanic Tribe**. The members of this tribe have six arms with which they can do six

What's in a Name

By Lucille D. Gourley

No one's name could more belie him. Bob Blanks, SFO, whether selling airfreight, or drawing cartoons for the Tigereview, or out hunting hot on the heels of his favorite English setter, is never at a loss for ammunition, never draws a blank. The guy is loaded.

Recent proof of his skill in shooting the breeze to FTL's advantage in San Francisco was his winning the SFO-OAK contest for highest points based on largest tonnage per month, new customers, speeches, new ideas, sales leads to other offices, sales leads to salesmen, greatest number of Air-Pack shippers, greatest volume Air-Pack, and no crating trial shipments. He got more new customers than any one else, and ran second in tonnage. This score he attributes to the many side contacts he has through his outside interests.

In fact, Versatility could be Bob's middle name. He is Chairman of the Boy Scout Committee of Berkeley, President of the Lions Club (can tigers and lions mix?), an auxiliary policeman, and Director in a land development company in Berkeley which he promotes in the evening.

Besides all this, when Ernie Kruttschnitt developed the promotional idea of making visual education charts showing "Ten Reasons People Should Use Airfreight," he knew right away who could draw them up and do a first-class job.

Bob paints as a hobby, and letters handsomely as a hanger on from his classes in Engineering at UC; and the resulting charts were tops for Ernie's purpose.

Bob developed his versatile ways from a diverse background. Asked about the traces of a southern accent, Bob laughs and says, "I was born in South Carolina, but I left there on a Kiddy-Coupe 6." Until 1936, he shuttled over geographic expanses from Alaska south, in tow of his Army father. 1943 found him in the Army himself, following up on the interest he had always had in aeronautics. After fighter training in B-17's, B-24's and B-29's, he was a flight instructor and saw action in the air over Europe.

Married and the father of three, Bob has been with FTL for a year and a half now, plans to make it a long career—"until Social Security catches up with me," he says. And then what—after all those years with FTL? (Bob isn't even pushing 35 yet). "Well," he smiles, "my wife and I want to retire to a large cattle ranch."



Bob Blanks

Rummagin' Around The Ready Room

By Virginia Lindstrom

Understand that Jay Richard is still wowing them in Chicago and his "stable-mate" (is that the right word?). Frank Morrow, is running a close second. Frank won a Pacific bid recently but is going to continue to live in Chicago. Strange?

Speaking of stable-mates—how about this Frank Otey-Roy Olson combination? Understand that they serve from sawed-off Scotch bottles. Merciful heavens! Ask Roy about his bebop stories—the one about "Man, what a crazy beach," etc.

Congratulations to the Bob Val Thaps of Salt Lake. A baby boy, Bradley Val, born on Feb. 6.

We hear, and this has not been confirmed, that Frank Mitchell of Chicago has been "captured". The new Mrs. Mitchell and Frank are residing in Chicago. Also newlyweds in Chicago are Hal Reed and Lenore Brennan.

Among the concerned people we've seen recently, Bob Yost was the most. He was climbing around on the freight checking doors, etc., and unaware that there was a load of live lobsters aboard. Look, no ankies! Good cause for concern!

Tim Huntley and Dick Olson celebrated unnamed birthdays recently. Tim's cake was decorated with his call letters, antennae, etc. and Dick's with white stars in a blue sky, the 'fix', etc. Congratulations, fellas, was it 28 for both of you?

D. K. Hopkins surprised the sun-worshippers recently and bid in to Chicago, as did Johnny

Of Shoes & Spares & Sportsmanship, Of Gutters, Strikes, and Pins . . .

By Shelley Green

The Flying Tiger Line Bowling Teams (complete with beautiful red shirts) have been competing since Sept. 15, 1952, in a long-run series which will end about May 18. The lead has passed back and forth between the eight teams and it's anybody's guess as to who'll win the tournament.

May I introduce the league? The PAPER PILOTS are captained by Art Schifferman; the CADGERS by George Gross; the WOODCHOPPERS by Ray Kirkpatrick; the TABBIES by Dick Yung; the PENNY PINCHERS (guess what department they're from) by Forest Hawkins; the EXPERTS by Harry Broadbent; the DOMINOES by Hal Brouk; and the SCREWDRIVERS by Krystyna Haugen, the lone woman Captain in the entire group. As she explained it, "I was the only one who came regularly, Monday after Monday, so they made me the Captain." Teams roll three games an evening and bowl a different opponent each week.

Taking that heavy bowling ball, making the regulation four steps and stoop, with a swing of the right foot to the left, is a lot more complicated than it looks. Ordinary shoes will slip, all-rubber soles are a drag. Even bowling shoes cause odd happenings. Ralph Stump was making an "approach" to the alley and something occurred which caused him

Ewald. I'm waiting until they discuss the merits of Chicago over Southern California with Jim Dalby and Tom Schuetz after they get there!

Howard Bayne has been looking for someone to share his apartment. Any applicants? (Male, that is.)

Attention Art Seymour: Rod Gehrett will need no Link time for some months to come. He's well checked out on instrument time and flying in the face of blasting blizzards, and does a real fine job of it, too.

Handsome Pilot of the Month: Tony Machado. Shoes shined, military bearing, clean-cut, calm, poised, radiating confidence—but watch out for Peg.

Nick Ventresca, Noah Smith and Willard Paul were recent graduates of the Radio School for navigators held in Burbank.

LCDR Ray Neale was a recent visitor to FTL at Burbank. He's been getting some Constellation training at Lockheed and is now back in Honolulu.

to brake and take about four extra-curricular steps to keep from crossing the foul line and going down the alley with the ball, a la Ginger Rogers. As it was, the ball traveled pinward via the gutter. But don't get the idea that Ralph is no bowler — strange things happen in ANY game.

There is a smoothness and economy of motion about John Moynihan's bowling that is a joy to behold, and Dick Yung has a good approach—that right foot of his really swings around! As any bowler knows, lofting the ball is a major sin, and there was plenty of it the night I watched. That's why a smooth player is such a relief to see.

Sonya Ingraham had what could be called a "miraculous" strike. Apparently she had plenty of speed because the pins really went whammy—all except two. Then the ball came from around in back and hit those two with a resounding whack—and presto—a strike!

Toward the end of the evening Beverly Marin on the Domino team had a strike in the very last frame that didn't look possible. The ball went down the alley so slowly you would have bet 5 to 1 that it wouldn't knock over more than 4 pins. But she aimed it just right! It hit to the left of center and all the pins collapsed.

Ann Aherne displays grace combined with accuracy. She has a fine average. Jean Geata had two strikes one after another. Capt. Kirkpatrick of the Woodchoppers ran up three strikes in a row, and Don Conley registered four strikes and three spares in one game. Possibly many others did, too, but these were the ones I saw while watching the play.

All bowlers strive for the perfect score of 300. After the first two or three frames with strikes they begin wondering if they can hit all ten. The game becomes more exciting and tense, and perhaps this tension is the reason most bowlers do not make the 300 class.

It's a nice evening's entertainment to go and cheer our Bowling League. There's a friendly competitive air amid a lot of noise. When someone does something exceptionally well there's a spontaneous burst of applause. Sportsmanship is uppermost and you come away with a feeling of satisfaction in having watched some well-bowled games. Go down to Emerald Cove, just off Laurel Canyon on Ventura Blvd., some Monday night and see for yourself.