

TIGER REVIEW



Volume 8

Burbank, California, August, 1953

Number 2

Hirsh Winner of Top Suggestion Award

By Nancy Tarr

The first winner of the top merit award—\$50—has been announced by the Suggestion Committee, with Jerry Hirsh of the Burbank Radio department walking off with the top cash award.

Jerry's suggestion: he had observed that one of the bottle necks in wiring an aircraft was the checking out of the different cables after they had been strung. A quicker method to do this job would aid the department immeasurably. He proceeded to design and build a machine for this purpose, and turned it in as a suggestion. (Subsequent investigation also proved that machine can be used for DC-6 cable check outs.) This cable checker, commonly referred to as "the pin-ball machine" because of its array of lights, has proved a tremendous asset to the Radio department, particularly from the time-saving element.

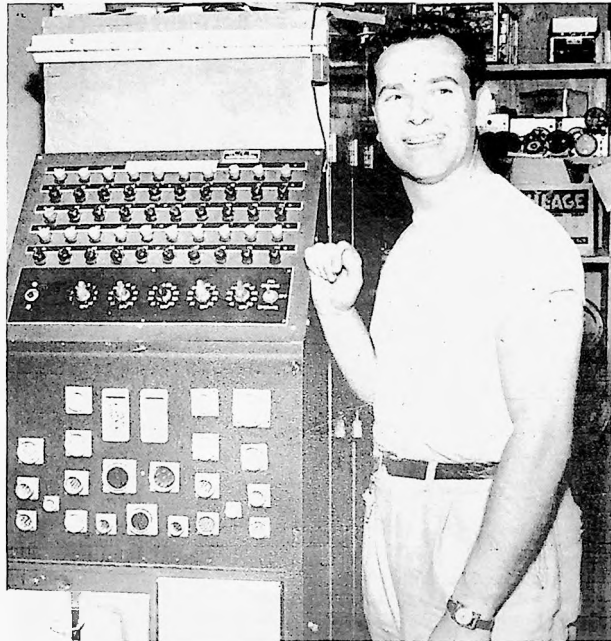
The suggestion system has now been in effect for a little over a year — its anniversary date was in June.

The response to the Suggestion System, indicated by the number of suggestions handed in by the Burbank employees, has been very enthusiastic. The results of the accepted suggestions have benefitted the Company by saving time, materials, and man-hours: this in addition to obtaining the advantages of the intangible factors of convenience, safety, and employee morale.

As a result of the overwhelming number of suggestions that are being submitted by the Burbank employees, coupled with the Company's wish to maintain and propagate this interest in the Suggestion System, a full time Suggestion Investigator has been appointed for the Maintenance department. He is Louis ("Lou" or "Mag") Maglia.

Upon the request from A. Goldberg, Superintendent of Maintenance, to set up a procedure to deal with the suggestions received by

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—Photo by Lloyd Sherman

JERRY HIRSH, BUR Radio department, is mighty proud of his "pin ball machine" which provides a fast and accurate way of checking wiring cables used in FTL aircraft. Jerry's brainchild brought him the Suggestion System's highest award paid to date.

Contest Winners Pack For Prize Paris Trip

George Tornay and Les Dickinson of Toledo Station are beginning to pack their bags for the trip to Paris, the prize for securing the most points in the international freight contest which ended July 31, 1953. (George Tornay's car has been hit so many times in the rear by the wild motorists of Toledo, that Tornay put a sign on back of his Hillman: "Dont watch other rear ends, watch mine.")

'Snuffy' Smith Heard From by Art Loftus

Art Loftus, of MKE, spent the Fourth of July weekend in Northern Wisconsin doing a little fishing.

While visiting at Ed Gabe's Lost Lake Resort, Art met one of the original Flying Tigers, who is married to Ed Gabe's daughter. He was none other than Robert H. Smith, better known to Robert Prescott, Bill Baitling, etc. as "Snuffy Smith", and he sends his best regards to all the gang.

Aitch Two Oh

Chemical Rate's Demise Explained

By J. D. Smith

"Water, water everywhere . . ." So goes the old saying, but here in California we like to put a twist into things and compare our water with that of other states. If you would like to ship some water, just call in an FTL salesman.

Not long ago, as Mike Costa, LAX City Sales Manager, was ranting about ingenuity, one of our salesmen (Mac Cress) received a call to see a man about shipping 580 lbs. of water to Cambridge, Mass.

"What did you say you wanted to ship?" the LAX man asked.

"580 lbs. of ordinary tap water. You know, water—we drink it—occasionally," came the reply.

Here was a situation that called for some fast thinking. Who else but an FTL salesman could have hit upon the idea of classifying the water as H2O and giving the customer the rate for Chemicals? The customer DID ship the water which proves FTL will ship anything, anywhere, anytime.

Now, in case you are wondering why ordinary tap water from Los Angeles HAD to be flown to Massachusetts it all fits nicely into a promotion and advertising plan by a very large concern. The shipper was Lever Brothers and they wanted to test a new soap for its ability to lather and make voluminous suds in California water. They proved it would perform the same miracles in California water as in Massachusetts H2O.

Do you suppose that is one reason there is no longer a chemical rate from the West Coast?

RML Participates In Aviation Show

The sixth annual International Aviation Exposition, which the Aero Club of Michigan sponsors, was held at the Detroit-Wayne Major Airport on July 9, 10, 11, and 12. The Tigers were not able to get a C-46 to display as had been expected.

Al Farr, Eastern Regional Sales Manager, was through the Detroit station July 8.

Robert C. Storey has replaced Douglas H. Mueller as sales representative. Mr. Mueller resigned to join the Detroit Board of Commerce.

A new addition to RML Operations is Mary Jo Ann Traster, who has replaced Betty L. Gribble.



Published Monthly By and For the Employees of Lockheed Air Terminal, Burbank, California

Len Kimball Public Relations Director
Dode Penrod Tigereview Editor
Norma Saylor Circulation Manager

Contributions from all employees welcomed.
Deadline for material first day of each month.

We Can Help Defeat Multiple Sclerosis

Watching a multiple sclerosis patient labor across the room on crutches the other day, a nurse at one of the Southern California MS clinics made this remark:

"If I had my choice I would rather have my son contract polio than multiple sclerosis. With polio he might lose use of a leg, or an arm, and go on with life—but with multiple sclerosis you never know where you are—until it's too late to matter."

From Aug. 15 - Sept. 15, the Multiple Sclerosis Society of California will conduct a local public education and fund-raising campaign against MS, the dread crippling disease that strikes without warning—and has struck down 250,000 Americans.

The campaign is being keyed to and is heavily dependent on industrial and commercial contributions. Workers—behind the desk and in the shop—especially are being asked to help since MS singularly limits its attacks to young adults, those in the 20 - 45 age bracket.

Nothing is known of the cause, cure, and control of MS. Course of the disease is unpredictable, characterized by attacks and remissions. Treatments now offered for MS are helpful in some cases but not in others. This much IS known about multiple sclerosis. It is a chronic and progressive nerve disease which destroys areas of the myelin sheath normally covering the nerves. This interference with passage of nerve impulses through the body eventually paralyzes the victim.

That this much is known about MS is due to research. And it is research which eventually will bring ALL the answers to MS.

The Multiple Sclerosis Society of California seeks your financial help for continued and expanded research. We recommend it as a good investment. Send your contribution to MS, Los Angeles 51.



—Photo by Lloyd Sherman

DICK FULLER, retiring assistant personnel director, left, says goodbye to FTL and hello to Bert Carpenter who became Art Meyer's new assistant on July 31. Dick made a lot of friends during the year he was with FTL and everyone was sorry to see him go. He took with him many best wishes for success in his self-employed construction business.

Boston, Providence Annual Picnic Provides Fun, Chicken for Families

By Claire Gillis

The annual picnic for Boston and Providence personnel was held at Monponsett Lake in Bryantsville, Mass., on June 21, with husbands, wives, and children as guests.

Chicken barbeque was served outdoors by personnel of the Hotel Monponsett, which is on the premises. Other activities which were enjoyed by all were swimming, boating, tennis, softball, and badminton.

The day was highlighted by the appearance of John "Tarzan" Hatch (PVD Sales) in leopard skin bathing trunks!

Needless to say—a wonderful time was had by all.

N67977 gave us some anxious moments here on June 26, when its landing gear failed to lock. After circling the field three times, Capt. Paul Perry made an excellent one-wheel landing and brought the ship to rest in a field of grass just off the runway.

Many Boston newspapermen were eye-witnesses to this feat of skill, as they were at the Airport to cover the arrival of Herb Shriner, TV star, when they heard

of the aircraft being in distress. As a result, Capt. Perry and Co-Pilot George Collins received excellent write-ups in the local papers commending them on an excellent landing.

Congratulations to Al Farr on his recent appointment as Eastern Regional Sales Manager, and to Hal Thurston as District Sales Manager. As a result of these appointments we have two new people in Sales—John McAdams, salesman, and Ann Mulcahy, clerk. Good luck to all in your new jobs!

Not Quite Fair!

A friend of mine was waiting at the ticket counter at the SFO airport, when a drunk walked up and demanded to know when his plane was leaving. The ticket clerk tried to tell him he had missed his plane but the drunk just didn't understand.

Finally the clerk in a final attempt said, "But don't you understand, you've missed your plane. It left two hours ago." The drunk pulled himself up very indignantly and said, "but that isn't fair! How many times have I waited for a plane?"

Tigress Club Busy In Summer Months

By Virginia Lindstrom

A swimming party and pot luck supper followed by the regular business meeting was held by The Flying Tigress Club at the home of Mrs. R. H. Martin on July 21. The group was addressed by a supervisor of the Pacific Lodge Boys Home, which is one of the philanthropic projects the club sponsors.

The club has also been providing transportation during the month of July for a nine-year-old boy who is receiving therapeutic treatments at the Henry Lowman School.

A gift and gadget party was held at the home of Mrs. E. Long, 11906 Lawler St., Los Angeles, on Friday, Aug. 7.

The regular monthly meeting is set for Aug. 18 at the Candlelight Inn in Glendale. Dinner will be at 7 with business meeting following.

The members of the club wish to take this opportunity to thank Capt. Bob Martin and Capt. Tom Haywood for their efforts on the part of the The Flying Tigress organization. We could use some more backing like this.

Hirsh Winner . . .

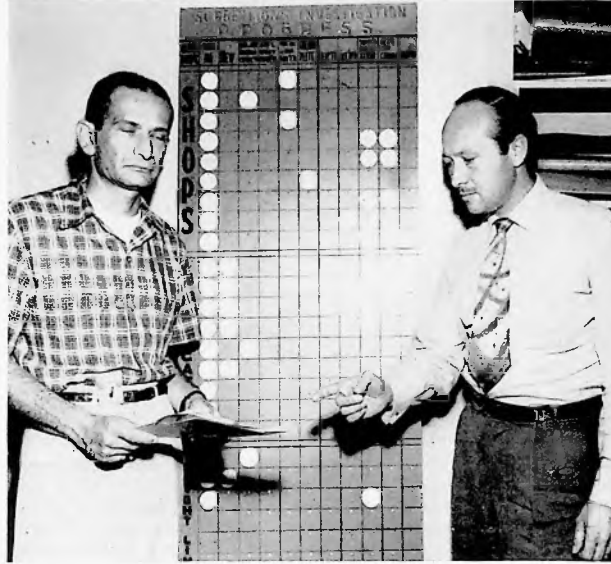
(Continued from Page One)

the Maintenance Department, Lou has devised a system which will enable the processing and investigation of suggestions to be expedited as quickly and fairly as possible.

Lou has designed a statistical routing board titled, "Suggestions Investigation Progress", used as a visual method to prevent the possibility of overlooking, or failing to control, the progress of any suggestion. This device gives a picture record of all suggestions on hand and their standing in the routing process.

The facts established during the course of Lou's investigation are sufficient and varied enough to reach a comprehensive conclusion regarding the disposition of the merits accredited to a suggestion, Lou believes that double the number of suggestions can be handled without any difficulty under the new set up.

The efforts of the Company to encourage the Suggestion System can be acknowledged by a heavier participation on the part of the employees. Remember, "Ideas activate industry." Put your idea to work and let it make money for you by handing it in as a Suggestion.



—Photo by Lloyd Sherman
AL GOLDBERG, Superintendent of Maintenance, left, is sure that suggestions will receive faster and more careful consideration under the supervision of "Lou" Maglia, who has set up the "Suggestions Investigation Progress" board shown above.

Air-Truck Drivers' Section

Reporter Threatened, But Stands On Editorial Right to Free Speech

By Virginia Lindstrom

First of all—I've been threatened! It seems that the "mattress-factory" Pacific pilots object to giving credit (all or part) to the poor, hard-working Domestic pilots. They say: "Apologize in the next issue or be sorry". So I'm not apologizing, so what are you gonna do?

Rumors are trickling in re the Chicago picnic. One good one concerns Capt. John White who had a party after the picnic. Hear it was held on his "back-porch" (he calls it "patio" but in Illinois they call them "back porches"). Jack Tarry was supposed to bring a side of beef for steaks but he showed up with two bottles of champagne instead. Probably spent all his money in Burbank or — it could have been good champagne. The pilots beat the mechanics at horseshoes—natch. The rumor stated that Ed Pinke was the leading horseshoer and that Mrs. Frank Mitchell could not check out on the Pogo stick.

Fred Schneider, Sr. has welcomed Fred Schneider, Jr., who arrived July 24 weighing in at 7 lbs.

11 oz.

Boyd and Joan O'Donnell have a new baby girl—Kevin Terri. Pretty name and probably a pretty girl, and probably free drinks at the Candlelight.

Has anyone heard Dan Hutchings play the uke? How lucky can people be? That says enough for this item.

Ask Jim Powers about the lovely California evenings for swimming. Warm, untiring, he says.

Rumor also has it that Tom Henely dances beautifully. He has a tricky little dip at the close of each dance. Well, girls like being dropped practically to the floor, I guess.

Handsome Navigator of the Month: Our own Dick Olson. And such a nice guy, too.

Glen Meyer gets bashfuller and bashfuller. He probably doesn't get around much between trips, so needs more social contacts. His address can be obtained in this office for invitation purposes.

Ralph Hadden tangled with a lightning storm in Europe recently, but neither rain nor snow nor lightning will deter Ralph!

BDL Host to Calf Bound for Burbank

By Terry Donahue

"Careful now", "Handle that crate with care", "easy does it—There, he's on board".

Station Manager Gordon Walker and Agent Al Huey had just completed loading our prize shipment — a bleating two-months old Aberdeen Angus heifer valued at \$5000 named Palomar Eriskay, bound for Burbank. Capt. Tanio and Co-pilot J. Biddle were the "Flying Cowboy" pilots. Gordon was able to contact the local newspaper, picture and story appeared in the following morning edition.

July 19 again found us playing host, but this time in a completely different manner. As there are only five of us at BDL, Gordon Walker, Don Giddings, and Al Huey-Operations, Bob Fitzgerald and Terry Donahue-Sales, we decided to ask BDL Slick Airways, who also number five, and their families to join us on our annual picnic and with our funds plus their donations, Fitz and Gordon doing the planning and buying we had one bang out time. Broilers, hamburgers, plus all the fixings and of course, beverage, were the order of the day.

Rusty Replogle was here for a day. He looks younger every time we see him. Also Walt Peters came to brief the "boys" on the Navy flights that will soon be running through BDL.

Our Mascot "Tiger" presented us with three little ones. Tiger is a cat. At this writing, Ginger, Brandy, and Candy are doing fine and having a wonderful time at the Donahue residence in South Windsor.

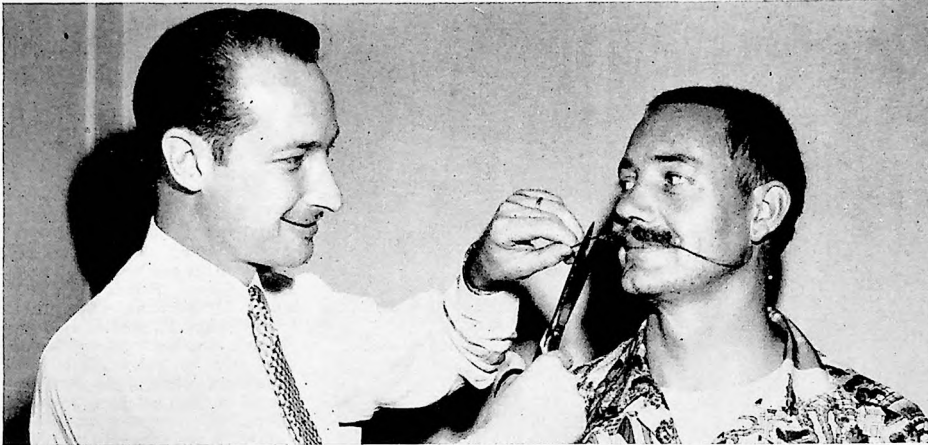
Handsomest Pilot of the Month: "Curly" Olson. Not seen around these parts much any more. But very welcome when he does drop in.

Prettiest Stewardess of the Month: Maggi Stephens Now flying the North Atlantic.

Ed Knitter, Bill Townner, Jack Martin, Tom Colton and Jack Tarry were all in Burbank recently for MEC and merger meetings.

Welcome to Violet Cain, Burbank Flight Operations. She will assist Mary Ludlam and Florence Schnuckel on flight papers.

Reporter-helpers Merlyn Law, Phyllis Petrellis, and Virginia Shane will have to be reclassified. Helping they are not. Rumors some times do not get all the way to BUR (darn seldom), so any news from EWR, CHI and SLC is certainly welcome.



SADDEST PILOT OF THE MONTH: J. P. Goldsmith, Superintendent of Flight Operations, left, is going to have his pilots in nice new uniforms, clean-shaven, no confusers in the pockets, etc.—or else. Photo shows just how far he is going to go to reach this status. Eight months of growing,

waxing, curling and brushing disappeared in one whisk when the scissors were applied to Starr Thompson's pride and joy which measured 10½ inches from stipe to stern. Starr is now sans facial adornment.

—Photo by Lloyd Sherman

Office Doors Close For CHI's Picnic

By Nancy King

The Ground Personnel whipped the Flight Personnel 5 to 2 in a thrilling two-inning baseball game Monday, July 13, date of the CHI Station Annual Picnic. It was held at suburban Cermak Park and Pool in Lyons, Ill. Capt. Pinke led the Crews while Frank Clain of Sales headed Station, Maintenance, and Sales Personnel.

Activity in CHI Station screeched to a halt Monday at noon, leaving only a skeleton crew on hand. As a result, the turnout was good.

One of the feature attractions was the turkey luncheon served by a caterer. Having arrived late, lunch was particularly welcome. The lazy folk made a mad scramble for the one hammock, while ambitious individuals played more baseball or got acquainted with the newcomers, and the kids went bouncing around on pogo-sticks furnished for the Picnic.

After the dishes had been burned, the seagoers headed for the swimming pool and relief from the heat and humidity. Children took over the shallow end of the pool and the dare-devils did some competitive stunt diving.

Thanks for the good time had by all are due the CHI Department Heads, Messrs. Bacon, Clain, Pinke, and Spencer.

Well, Whadaya Know From S-F-O?

By Lue Gourley

IMMIGRANTS:

Last but not you-know-what to appear on the SFO horizon is newly-appointed District Sales Manager ART BREYFOGLE, kidnapped from NYS. After driving coast-to-coast with his wife and son, he launched into Operation Househunt along the Peninsula, met all SFO, OAK, and SAC personnel at 0731 wind-up Sales meeting held by Chuck Greene, and vaulted into the Sales saddle Aug. 4. Welcome from all of us.

Also househunting the first of August were Mr. and Mrs. JOHN G. WOOD, Jr. who migrated over the hills from SLC where Jack was FTL cargo handler for nine months. He supplants emigrant Vanderhave (see below) as swing dispatcher.

Homesteader of four months is ALICE BAILLARD, Sales Secretary for Ernie Kruttschnitt and Art Breyfogle. A whiz on the typewriter and golf links alike, a New Yorker who's girdled the globe from Scandinavia to Formosa, a curry chef-ette of acclaim, daughter of an opera star with a trained voice of her own—she is, as can be seen, a well-rounded package. And, men, she's single! Down, boy.

Proud parents Mr. and Mrs. **INBOUND FREIGHT** of SFO, OAK and SAC announce birth of their July baby weighing in at more than 300,000 pounds.

A sudden, unexpected trip to the far-off land of the Unconscious is over for returnee DALE BOWRING. The Day Dispatcher with the cheery whistle is with us again, completely recovered from a skull fracture. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Victorious sidelight: in the hospital Dale lost enough weight to outpoint WARREN MALONEY and pick up money on their reducing race. **EMIGRANTS:**

C. C. ("Chuck") GREENE, formerly SFO District Sales Manager, has moved to wider pastures with the blessings of Senores Cussen, Kruttschnitt, and Woodworth, and now covers U. S. Military Zone IV which has Hdqs. in SLC. His new job will keep him busy in this particular field, pointing and flushing up military freight.

GEORGE VANDERHAVE, tactful, competent, and thoroughly likeable Swingshift Dispatcher at SFO left Tigers after nearly a year on Aug. 1 to fulfill his desire to become a Flight Dispatcher. Transocean will start training him for this role at Wake Island.

Guys and dolls alike miss JIM HUNTINGTON. A nimble head and nimble dancing feet made him good company for all; and his drive and FTL savvy made him valuable at his job of Graveyard Agent. But the Call of Moolah in the Wilds of Montana lured him off overnight—and we're all waiting to hear details. Sliding into Jim's place came earnest, green-

The Hangar Line

By Paul Hawkins

The FTL picnic was the key to the link of peculiar circumstances that brought together two old cronies who hadn't seen each other for 45 years. At that time they were both working in the same wood working shop in old Holland. Anton Sterk, cabinet maker (FTL Carpenter Shop) thought it was a good idea to invite his old friend, Louis G. Mahns, to the FTL picnic. Bill Lotgering (Hydraulic Shop) also thought it was a good idea to invite his father to the picnic. Since Bill Lotgering and Anton Sterk are both Holland Dutch it was only natural that they introduce their guests to each other. Well, it didn't take Bill's father Frank and Louis long to discover that they both worked together in the same shop in Holland. Louis was Frank's boss at the time. From then on both were lost in reliving old times of 45 years ago.

Chick Thrasher, lead man, Carpenter Shop, plays a wicked harmonica. Some noon hour during lunch drift in and get him to play you a wicked tune.

Frances Acosta has transferred from Ships Sanitation department to the Fabric Shop. She is going to night school working on her "A" license.

School days have come and gone. Two Douglas instructors, H. E. Lindblad, Electrical, and Ted Ledford, Mechanical, held classes in our class rooms the last three weeks in July. The course of instruction was on the DC-6. The instructors were very able men in their line and also very well liked. There were also other special instructors from different manufacturers of equipment used on the DC-6. No classes were missed and the students were all eager beavers. Bill Hodson and his assistants had charge of the school. Some of the boys from other stations included H. G. Page, and C. Meyers from Chicago; H. C. Bell from Salt Lake City; and John Zaimis and R. Haines from Newark.

eyed, cargo leadman MIKE MARQUE with the friendly booming voice that might make coconuts fall right out of their trees, from the vibrations he sets up.

AND — MR. and MRS. OUTBOUND FREIGHT of SAC, OAK and SFO proudly announce that **THEIR** baby tops the scale this July at over 500,000 pounds!

TIGER POLL

By Lillian Colman

QUESTION: Do you think the Republican Party will do as much for the working-man as the Democrats did?

Eddie Zemrock, Modification Shop



I think they will, because Pres. Eisenhower is well acquainted with the working-man. He was a General in the Army and is sympathetic to the working-man, having known him as a G.I. I think the country will continue to be prosperous with the Republicans.

Frances Wilcox, Flight Operations



No, I don't think the Republicans can do as much for the working-man. They are more for capital than for the working-man. That is why so many men have

come up through the ranks under the Democrats. The Democrats have advanced through laboring groups, working conditions, and increased salaries.

Phil Cirrito, Modification



No, I don't think so. The Republican party always has been against unions. Since the Democrats have been in power they have had a chance to bargain for the working-man, as a result they have gone much farther under the Democrats.

Ted Holmgren, District Sales Manager



The only real big thing the Democrats did for the working-man was to establish a Social Security Program. Don't think they actually did much more. The Re-

publicans should, after seeing poorer examples for more than 20 years, be able to better in every respect all working conditions and solve many of the problems of the working-man.

Police Knew Her by the Turquoise Scarf

(Editor's note: Whenever an unusual situation develops up San Francisco way, you can bet your bottom peso that Lucile Gourley of SFO's Customer Service department had a hand in it. The following letter from Lue is reprinted in its entirety for your amusement and amazement, and if you think for one minute that there may be some fiction mixed in with the facts, then you don't know Our Gal Gourley . . . and brother what you've missed!

Red Siren Day
0731

General Mark Clark rode on parade through San Francisco today; Senator Taft died at noon; the story of the sole survivor of a B-50 shot down by MIGS near Siberia hit the papers. But for this Flying Tigress, the day stands out like a cherry tree at Christmas, not because of the headlines but because of a deadline.

It is noon. The phone rings. You answer, "Customer Service . . . may I help you?" The voice identifies himself as an engineer. He's been waiting for a part that is vital to repair a ship due to sail by 1500 that afternoon. The part is waylaid between EWR and SFO. He's made long distance calls. We've been told to send it air express by any carrier. What's happened?

You take his number and tell him you'll call right back. You check. You're told there was no air express so it is coming FTL with ETA of 1800—three hours too late. No one's been able to reach him to tell him the bad news. You're elected to tell him. Now. You do. "We're terribly sorry . . ." The facts are bald. You wish you could change them. You can't. "There seems to be nothing I can say." "I can't either," he says. You feel the starch go out of the man; the let-down. "It's important . . . it's all lost . . . the government," his voice trails off. "Just hold it there," he says with decision. "When it does come, hold it there. I'll have to let

you know what to do." And you feel him starting to think ahead, how can he make the old part work somehow, some way? He rings off.

It's 1550. Middle of a sales meeting. It's a good one. SFO has handled over a million pounds in July. Chuck Greene is thanking everybody for his new valise; Art Breyfogle is being introduced around; Ernie Kruttschnitt is cooking up a publicity angle that's got everyone interested—and the phone rings, and rings again. OAK FTL. They have THE piece. Yours not to reason why, or how. Just "Do you have the paper work ready?" "Yes." — "Stand by till contact consignee." "Okay." And "Do you have any cars available to rush this to Alameda to the ship?" "No."

The engineer is on this ship and his office gives you name and dock. The operator at Alameda tells you the line is busy to the General John Pope. Wait. You know what you want—the deck officer with his loud speaker: Mister Engineer, Flying Tigers has your part. Wait. "The line is still busy." Wait. "I can put you through now." Wait. "I'm sorry, the lines to the Pope have just been disconnected." They've cut her off. How CAN she be on her way when WE have a vital part? You call the Port Authority, and then another man who leans out his window and reports "Yes, they're towing her into the stream now." He gives you Military Sea Transport Service's number. "What IS the part?" asks MSTs. They check their office while you ring the consignee's. Engineer only one who knows and he not back. MSTs does know, says very important. You get OAK on phone, while hold MSTs. MSTs wants freight rushed to Fort Mason where tender waiting to take eight men off the Pope as she goes by—and could transfer part.

Can OAK advise when any flight over to SFO? In six minutes. Southwest. OAK takes off; MSTs advises which dock at San Francisco's Fort Mason to take it, between 1700 and 1750. You call the Highway Patrol for an escort. It will take an order from Commissioner Caldwell in Sacramen-

to. On a late Friday afternoon, this seems unlikely. You call the SFO Chief of Police; he arranges a special escort. You say you will meet him at such and such an intersection along Bayshore highway, in a chartrouse convertible Ford 1950 and you'll have a turquoise scarf on. You call the dock dispatcher to swap last-minute details. He says ship due 1700. That really makes it snug. "What's the alternative?" you ask. "Take it to MSTs and they'll fly it out—they must have the part." You jot down that address, in case.

While the freight is being loaded into the back compartment of your car, you think how lucky it weighs only 78 pounds and not twice that or ten times; and tie on the identifying scarf. Streaking down Bayshore, you spot an officer on his motorcycle, red light on. It is before the appointed spot. As he takes out after you, you think, "Oh, boy, what irony if I get arrested before I meet my own officer." He wheels alongside. "Are you the lady from Flying Tigers?" Relief. "Yes." Your watch decides the next move: "To MSTs, 33 Berry." It is too late for the tender connection; but we have the heart of San Francisco in rush-hour ahead.

You haven't lived if you haven't ridden behind a siren. Ten miles with siren screaming all the way, through red lights at 50 miles (minimum) an hour, like a slalom race, slipping between cars, in and out on the heels of the whizzing officer with just two partial stops, till we got to MSTs. The officer kindly hefted the 78 pounds to the duty officer and this latter gentlemen, having allowed that he'd "heard you coming", called the boatswain who hustled the package off to catch up with the Pope by plane.

"You made it," said the duty officer, "you certainly made it."

Well, I couldn't honestly tell the man that Flying Tigers delivered EVERY piece of freight that way, could I? But I guess what I was trying to prove was that if Tigers fumbles the ball, at least we do our best to get it back in play and try to score high with our customers.

And my final word is that I believe it should be the constitutional right and privilege of every taxpayer to have that once-in-a-lifetime thrill of riding full tilt behind the shrilling siren of an officer of the law!

—Lucile Gourley

Rose Ramey, Traffic



Naturally, I think we needed new blood after 20 years of the Democrats. I think Mr. Eisenhower was the only man who could do the job for the Republicans.

It may take a while. The Democrats set up, through world conditions, a false prosperity, making the working-man afraid of switching to another party. But they don't have to worry; the Republicans will come through in fine shape.

60 Million Year Old Water Hole Yields Paleontological Secrets

By Shelley Green

Howard Finney, an employee of The Flying Tiger Line since February, 1950, and now President of Air-Pack Corporation, has a hobby in which he hasn't much time to indulge. However, his interest in geology and paleontology has never abated. Geology is a science dealing with the earth's crust and paleontology is that branch of geology which treats of life in past geological periods, as shown by the evidence of plant and animal remains in fossils.

Imagine taking field trips that last from a few days to several months! Speculate about the thrill there would be in finding evidence of life that existed on the North American continent 60,000,000 years ago!

Mr. Finney spent part of one summer excavating a water hole in Nevada that was about 60,000,000 years old. The California Institute of Technology expedition, of which he was a member, found traces of camels, horses, and antelope. They dug up an elephant's skull in the Lahontan Reservoir near Ely, and studied hoof prints in a jail yard at Carson City. The prints, which had turned to solid rock thousands of years ago, were made by the extinct mastadon and ground sloth, not to mention birds and horses. Of course, the mastadons, camels and elephants disappeared from this continent many millions of years ago. (But how unreal it seems that they once roamed our land at will.)

Whenever an earthquake shakes us up, see Mr. Finney for an explanation. As he says:

"Layers of the earth represent different eras and are formed by different methods. The buckle of the earth's crust results in slip-pages which create earthquakes. I studied the San Andreas Rift. (A very large fault is called a rift.) The San Andreas starts out north of the Marin Peninsula in San Francisco and has been traced to the Gulf of California. It is presumed to angle off through Mexico and into the Caribbean. However, that has not been proved. We investigated the Rift around the San Francisco area and found evidence even today of the 1906 movement."

The study of the earth is fascinating. From alluvial deposit such as sandstone one can estimate the age or the number of years that that formation took to lay down. If it is very fine it might have

been deposited in a lake. If it is coarse material it might have been laid down by a river, or just offshore.

Mr. Finney's geological trips involved tours through mines, investigation of fault scarps of California, trips through the Sierra Nevada, and a portion of the Cascade Range, climbing Mt. Shasta and other peaks. Mt. Shasta is an extinct volcano, and even today there is a sulphurous odor about it. He also has climbed Mt. Lassen which is the only so-called active volcano in the United States. It last erupted about the time of World War I.

One of the prize finds made by the Cal Tech party was the discovery of the elephant's skull



pictured above. It was partly imbedded in heavy clay and had the appearance of the first stages of petrification. The skull was about 2 ft. wide and 4 ft. long. It weighed about 400 lbs. The upper part was well preserved. It was about 200,000 years old, and this particular elephant must have lived during the Glacier Age.

Excavating fossils is tedious work. Each particle of bone must be handled carefully. After digging it out of the earth, a coat of shellac must be put on to preserve it from the air, which would cause it to crumble. The elephant's head was covered with Plaster of Paris, then a layer of burlap. It was next placed on a sled and pulled to solid ground for removal.

Geology and paleontology are interesting, but they are hard work, too. However, as in most phases of life, there were lighter moments. Finding a place to shower on the desert was a problem for Mr. Finney and his fellow expeditioners. They finally solved it by taking a 5-gallon milk can, punching holes in the bottom, and attaching it to the end of a long pipe. The pipe was filled with water, so that when one member tipped it, the water ran into the



ON A DESERT TRIP to find evidence of life on the North American continent 60 million years ago, taking a shower bath can be quite a problem. Howard Finney and his group of paleontologists rigged up a shower using a milk can and a long pipe, with "running" water made available by tipping the pipe into the punctured milk can.

Customer Quips

By Jack D. Smith

One of the more eager salesmen in the LAX area, quite anxious to make a very good pitch on a particular mortician, was asked a few questions by the prospect.

Salesman: "Well, sir. I don't have that information with me, but if you let me use your phone I'll dig it up for you."

His reply brought him the business and a wry smile from the mortician.

This one is from the West Coast and the salesman is anonymous. The firm makes plastic gimmicks. It seems that the Traffic Manager was a card and when the salesman asked him if he had any problem shipping his notions, the answer went something like this:

"Well, any problems we have with notions we suppress during business hours."

Send in your "sitseashun" today to Customer Quips, LAX Sales.

milk can, and the fellow there-under had his shower! "The water was very cold", Howard remembers—shivering even now!

Mr. Finney doesn't have much chance to enjoy his hobby any more. He can't get away from the business of earning a living in order to make field trips—and without field trips geology is just another subject to read about in books. But he looks back on those moments of accomplishment with pride, and still feels that in his small way he has contributed to our knowledge of the earth as it was millions of years ago.

SLC Picnickers Forget Statistics

By Lois Conaty

The SLC picnic at Big Cottonwood Canyon in the Storm Mountain Picnic area was such a complete success that we even forgot to take statistics as we went along. We can't tell you how much food we ate or how much beer we drank, but we can tell you how much fun we had—loads.

In-townners and out-of-townners merged for this event, and the merge promoted a happy crowd of more than 100 fun-loving people (with a good sprinkling of small fry.)

A most tempting assortment of food, planned and prepared by an incomparable team of only three women, was stuffed into the happy, hungry picnickers, and their satisfied faces told the taste-test results. Included in the menu were ham, hot dogs, baked beans, potato salad, green salads, hot rolls, watermelon, coffee, soda pop, and (guess what?) BEER.

The Storm Mountain Picnic area is a perfectly beautiful spot. It was the scene of many games and much laughter and, by the time we left, a much-used ball field. It would be difficult to say who won which games or what prizes went home with whom because we were all too busy to bother with statistics—too busy having fun.

The New Look: The good-looking work stands provided in MKE, RML, CLE, LBF, and CHI Stations have been constructed under the guidance of Leadman Harry Page of CHI Maintenance. Please, gentlemen, handle them with care.