

EASTBOUND

ROANOKE - Hey---We're back!!

First of all, although PAI's debut into PKB and CMH is a thing of the past, we would still like to congratulate ROA's own Pete Martin, who transferred to PKB, and was promoted to agent. Pete served ably as utility agent for some months, and all of us would like to wish Pete the best of luck at one of our newest stations. He certainly has made a good start.

We would like to express our thanks to Mr. Turbiville, who recently made a special effort to attend one of our station meetings. He did this in order that he might endeavor to answer a number of pertinent questions and situations which have arisen in the course of our daily activities. Although undoubtedly Mr. Turbiville was very busy with his many other duties, he took the time to display a personal interest in our particular problems and queries. Such personal interest does much to promote good morale and organization in a working group.

We have a couple of pictures for this issue, courtesy of Bob Reed and Jimmy Faucette, photographers extraordinary! Boarding Flight 39, you see the very newly wedded Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cromer.



Roscoe, and his bride, the former Miss Faye Mowbray, were married April 2, and you may rest assured that they received the full treatment for PAI newlywed NRSA's. All of the passengers seemed to enjoy it very much. There were no double seats together, and Roscoe would not let Faye sit next to a sailor. (I don't know why since he was once a sailor himself). After three weeks of wedded bliss came the inevitable question, "Roscoe, how do you like married life?" Says he, "I don't know, I'm not used to being married yet." Three weeks and he doesn't know. Any day now he will probably try

to refund the unused portion of his marriage license! All kidding aside, many happy years to you both.

Roscoe isn't the only Piedmontite to get hitched here of late. Helen Patsel, one of our reservation agents, became Mrs. Cyril Holland not too long ago. Ronnie Ellwanger, one of our utility agents, made Miss Sarah Kelly his bride. These two snuck off didn't get the NRSA treatment. I don't see how we get any work done with all this honeymooning going on.

Laurels are also in order for Sammy Lackey whose wife recently presented him with a baby boy. We don't know the exact payload on this little piece of cargo, or the exact arrival date, but will try to find out.

We have a new utility agent, L.E. Blankenship, Jr., who joined the PAI ranks in ROA about a month ago. L.E. has a lot on the ball and we want to wish him a lot of success with Piedmont.

If you ever see a yellow and black 1955 Ford convertible coming down the streets of your town, that's not the Green Hornet, that's Jimmy Faucette in his new machine. When he gets decked out in his sharp threads and folds the top, that cat is gone, gone, gone. He's got everything in the trunk from a complete camping outfit to JATO units for drag racing DC-3's. If what you want isn't in the trunk, look in the glove compartment. Now he's muttering something about TV. We plan to have a picture of this wonder in the Piedmonitor soon. Incidentally, this cat says that his machine is available for charter for beautiful young chicks that are overflowed.

In the other picture, you see the cream of PAI ROA preparing for the evening push.



Proceeding clockwise, you see Ronnie Ellwanger preparing the AM transfer form from 97 to 39. As you can see by his face, he

is delighted at having such a short transfer to make up on this particular night. Behind Ronnie is our boy, Roscoe, probably anticipating what to do with a few hundred pounds or so of excess cargo. Next in view is Tim Hendricks. His expression seems to say, to fuel, or not to fuel, that is the question. Through the window, you can partially see Bess Stanley, trying valiantly to tell a passenger that he will miss his connection off 83 in TYS. Seated at the PLT is yours truly, trying to keep up with the giddy flow of traffic that comes and goes on this monster. At the radio, you see Lionel Anders, expectant father and operations agent for that night. From the resigned look on his face, he has probably been asked for the LA before he has received the PD on the flight, or the WX machine is garbling when he needed three copies of the WX.

Well, that's all for now. See you next issue. All you NRSA's come on to ROA. The WX is fine, and you are always welcome.

Bill O'Bryan

WESTBOUND

CHARLESTON - New service and schedules have brought many changes to CHW. From our previous news you noted the additional members to our family in the Station. It's hard to describe the operation of our fast growing station to those of you who have never made the journey to CHW. But I feel you will all be interested in the additional office equipment added to a top ranking station. The operations office is on the floor below reservations and ticket concourse. It's here that you hear the steady hum and beat of the teletypes and weather machines, along with the melodies of lovely voices on the radio and tower above. A new work table designed by Paul Kelley, better known to you all as PK, extends more than half of the length of the room. There is a place for everything, each form in place, weather cone in plain sight, and just a twist to the teletypes and telephone for communications to "the outside world". There is a steady roar of the new pneumatic tube system just installed. Reservations relays messages and traffic in this tube and operations agents transmit to the other stations by teletype. Tricky? Well, just ask any agent upstairs what he does when he hears five sharp buzzes on the interphone.