

THE PIEDMONITOR

Piedmont Aviation, Inc.

Smith Reynolds Airport
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Betsy Winstead, Editor



Editorial

As the days remaining in 1966 decrease with the regularity of countless years of having done so, Piedmont Aviation finds itself more than six weeks into its twenty-sixth year. Although we've existed but a speck of awhile in the immensity of time's being, we've grown a good deal within the realm of our industry.

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In keeping with the beginning of a new year, we find we are beginning to build a new image. Perhaps this image is not really a new one, but we're just telling more people more about it.

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Piedmontland we've dubbed our territory. It's best seen, of course, over the Pacemaker routes. At most anytime, at most any point over the system, you have probably heard the new Piedmont jingle, either on radio or on television. The highlights of Piedmontland have been put together and set to music. The sound is something like a special charter of the singing Marlboro men.

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As you listen to your new sound you can also see your new image. Popping up from the pages of your newspapers and magazines is a question. What's part south, east, central, atlantic and mid-west? The answer, Piedmontland, of course.

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Listen for your sound and look at the ads of your image. Your friends will be doing it.

Editor's Note: Madge Lanier, CLT-C, submitted the following item for Piedmoniter readers to ponder.

The Water Cure

Sometime when you are feeling important
Sometime when your ego's in bloom
Sometime when you take for granted
You're the best qualified in the room
Sometime when you feel your going
Would leave an unfillable hole
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul
Take a bucket and fill it with water
Put your hand in up to your wrist
Take it out and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how you'll be missed
You can plash all you please as you enter
You can stir up the water galore
But stop . . . and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before
There is a moral to this quaint example
Just do the best that you can
Be proud of yourself, but remember
THERE IS NO INDISPENSABLE MAN.

—Author Unknown

Editor's Note: The basketball league at TRI boasts a lot of enthusiastic competition between teams. A game involving the reservations and ticketing RATS and the operations RAMP ROOSTERS not long ago provoked this poetic description from a new agent.

An Infamous Duel Between Rats and Roosters

(Or, When the Rats Turned Chicken)
by Donnie Hall
TRI

The Rats and the Roosters were basketball game bound.
When out of the black like a storm on the sea,
Came an impression to us to what the score would be.
The Rats were ahead with two points to spare
When **Fields** snatched the ball right out of the air.
We stormed down the floor with wings on our feet.
And with the score tied up the Rats knew they would be beat.
And after that score it was always the same.
The Old Ramp Roosters just domineered that game.
On **Shepherd**, on **Cash**, really hustle that ball!
No **Lyle**, no **Crumley**, don't throw it to **Hall!**
To **Sluder**, to **Johnson**, then up to **Starr!**
Shoot **Fields**, two points, see how good we are!
We beat them that game, we beat them to their knees,
Like doing all rats but we didn't use cheese.

Congrats

20 YEARS
John W. Lewis, Dispatcher, INT

15 YEARS
George F. Davis, Inspector, INT
Floyd L. Finley, Mechanic, INT
Lottie McMahon, Chief Agent, ROA

John B. Robertson, Sr. Specialist, INT
Ralph R. Buelin, Specialist, INT
E. L. Walch, Asst. Chief Agent, CLT
I. R. McHargue, Specialist, INT-FB
E. C. Groce, Inspector, INT
L. C. Agee, Captain, ORF

10 YEARS
H. B. Galloway, Agent, TRI
Robert E. Saunders, Jr. Mech., INT
Jim Birthisel, Lead Agent, CRW
Bobby J. Parker, Res. Capt., ORF

5 YEARS
Joanna Gray Greene, Communicationist, INT
David L. Caudle, Flt. Attend., ILM
Robert N. Clark, II, Flt Attend., ILM
James K. Combs, Res. F/O, INT
A. J. Garrett, Flt. Attend., ILM
A. E. Rumpfelt, F/O, ILM

Editor's Note: Last November the Congrats column included only the names of those who attended the Service Pin Luncheon. The following employees of the company, whose names were omitted at that time, also received their pins in November. We regret the error.

20 YEARS
Robert S. Northington, Vice President, INT-FB

15 YEARS
Frank S. Curtis, Sr. Mech., INT-FB
John Wilson, Cleaner, INT
Harry W. Butner, Mech. Helper, INT-FB
Russell G. Godfrey, Inv. Control Actt., INT-P

10 YEARS
Ruth Shumate, Agent, CRW
Melvin Knouse, Sr. Spec., INT
Jim Hill, Communicationist, INT
Ralph C. Masencup, Mech. Spec., INT
Clifton L. Harrell, Mech. Spec., INT

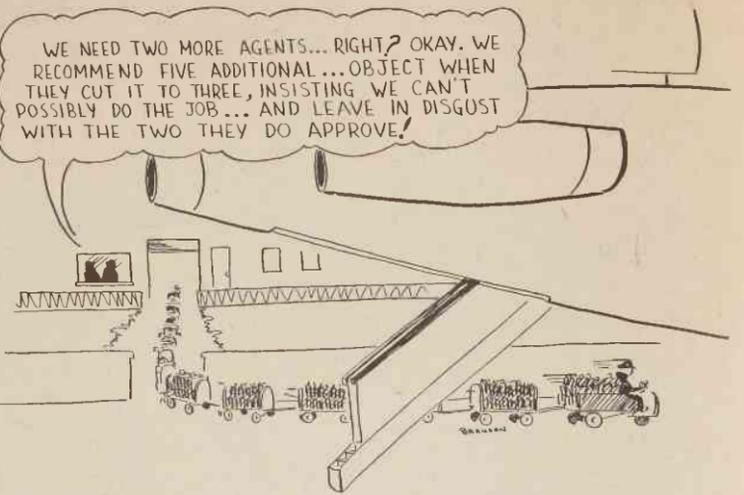
5 YEARS
Nellie Hurlocker, Jr. Gen. Clerk, INT-A
Robert C. Snyder, Inv. Clerk, INT
Shirley Byerly, Jr. Clerk, INT-A

Around The System

NEW EMPLOYEES

W. G. Webb—Jr. Mech., INT
J. F. Antinori—Agent-Oper., PHF
C. B. Ayscue Jr.—Mech. Helper, ORF
J. E. Cathcart—Cleaner, INT
John Cristos—Agent-Pass. Ser., DCA
J. W. Davis—Agent-Oper., ATL
J. L. Frensley—Agent-Pass. Ser., DCA
C. J. Hart—Jr. Radio Tech., INT
J. L. Howard—Jr. Mech., INT
R. J. Hurley, Jr.—Agent-Oper., DCA
F. D. Jackson—Jr. Mech., INT
L. R. Moore—Agent-Oper., SHD
H. L. Parker—Cleaner, ROA
C. N. Pietruszkiewicz—Agent-Res., ORF
R. E. Reynolds—Bldg. Maint., INT
A. F. Smith—Agent-Oper., SOP
G. H. Snyder Jr.—Agent-Pass. Ser., DCA
G. L. Thompson—Agent-Oper., ATL
L. J. Wright Jr.—Cleaner, ROA
N. T. Yarbrough—Cost Acct. Clk., INT-A

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January started off with a bang this year, and we ended up the month a little below quota. It was only one person's fault though. "Old Man Winter" blew his frosty breath over this area starting on January 15. For the following three Saturdays he gained momentum. I am sure you all have had enough snow to do you for the next three or four years. I know I have! This storm was greater, I believe, than the one in 1960, — I know it was much colder. Sunday morning two weeks ago, my thermometer read 19 degrees below zero. As you may or may not know, I live on top of the mountains west of Winston-Salem, elevation about 3,400 feet. Speaking of winds and winter, I would like to relate a story which makes me sound like a candidate for the Liars Club, but the following is true:

Saturday night three weeks ago, in the midst of a howling snow storm (about seven-thirty in the evening), my front door bell rang. I went to the door to see what idiot was out on a night like this and found no one there. I went back to continue looking at television. In about five minutes the door bell rang again. Once more I went to the door to find no one there. By this time I was getting a little suspicious of the "gremlins" that might be lurking outside, so I decided to stand at the door and look out through the glass to see who was ringing the bell. Within a few seconds, another hard gust of wind hit the side of my house at the front door and with it the bell chimes rang again. This continued throughout the evening until I could stand it no longer and had to disconnect the door bell in order to get some sleep. Now, I grant you this sounds a little "far-fetched" but it is exactly what happened. I have been known to tell a little lie occasionally, but I don't believe my wife would and she can verify this. It's a true story, but I think I will send it in as my contribution to the Liars Club. Who knows? I might win a prize.

You may or may not know but Jim Dallas of Staunton and Paul Kelley of Charleston have been on the sick list for some time and are in the hospital. We trust that you boys are recovering well and hope you'll be back "fit as a fiddle" in the very near future.

Our old friend, Forrest Bates, of Revenue Accounting, had a most painful operation last week, and I understand he is recovering and is at home. To give you some indication of his operation, a good-sized inflated innertube has been placed in his office chair for his arrival back on the job next Monday.

Congratulations go out to BLF personnel as records indicate no man-hours were lost during 1965 due to sickness. This is what good clean mountain living does for your health.

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Gentleman — (a) One who can disagree without being disagreeable. (b) One who can eat watermelon without getting seeds in his ears.

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A good speech — Like a woman's skirt — should be long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to create interest.

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Volcano — A sick mountain.

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Jawbone — The bone of contention.