## THE PIEDMOMITOR

Piedmont Aviation, Inc.
Smith Reynolds Airport Winston-Salem, N. C.
Betsy Allen, Editor


The following was the sole content of a column written for a trade magazine, by Capt. R. C. Robson of AAL. It was published a long time ago, when the children were small and co-pilots didn't have run bidding. All junior co-pilots could very well expect some Cbristmas assignment on the December 23rd "shape up" and some Santa Claus rescheduling was usually a last minute necessity.

## The Finght 解rfore Christmat

(A Christmas poem for Air Age kiddies)
'Twas the flight before Christmas and all through the sky,
Not a creature was stirring, 'cept the Captain and I. The throttles were set on the quadrant with care, In hopes of beating Saint Nicholas there. The passengers were nestled all snug in their seats, The purring of engines had lulled them to sleep. And Captain at the wheel and I on his right, Had just leveled off for a long winter's flight. When out in the sky there arose such a clatter,
We jumped in our seats to see what was the matter. We checked each engine quick as a flash, Glanced at the dials all over the dash. The moonlight reflecting from the cloudbank below, Showed nothing amiss in the cold white glow. When what to our wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer. With a little old pilot, so lively and quick, We knew in a moment, it must be Saint Nick. More rapid than our ship his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name. "Now Pratt! now Whitney! now Curtiss! and Wright! On Franklin! on Allison! on, on through the night! "To the top of the clouds, to the top of them all, Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all! And then in a twinkle on our wing we did hear, The prancing and pawing of each little deer. Flying swift as the wind over a cloud, They passed right by us, nodded and bowed He was dressed in goggles and helmet and boot, And snow flakes were clinging to his flying suit. A bundle of toys was strapped to his back, He looked like a paratrooper in his jumping pack. His goggles how frosted, his dimples how merry, The wind burned his cheeks and his nose like a cherry. He had on the earphones of his radio, And was flying the course, straight as a crow. The smoke from his pipe his teeth held tight, Streamed out behind him into the night. He had tightened his seat belt over his belly, But it shook underneath like a bowl full of jelly. He was sure a good flyer, that jolly old elf, He flew better than Captain - or even myself. With a burst of speed from his tiny sled, He was out in front and pulling ahead. He was looking for a break in the dense overcast, For he'd stockings to fill - an allnight task. When off to the south he saw a big hole, And banking to his right he started to roll. He pushed forward his stick, to his team gave a whistle, And towards it they flew, like the down on a thistle. But we heard him exclaim ere he dove out of sight, Merry Christmas to all and to all a good flight!

## Congrats

## 25 Years <br> c. WT Gonght JT-Asst to



15 Years



Around The System New Employees








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Well it's all over now, and I hope your candidate won. Now maybe things will settle down and we can get to the business at hand. We had two gentlemen from our stations who were running for their sta I won't divulge their identities at this time, not knowing the outcome.

Winston-Salem and Forsyth County did an "about-face" this time and put the Republicans in office for the first time in "many a moon."

Was down in ATL last week and things are buzzing around there with the construction of new facilities at the airport, which, of course, are much needed. They enplaned 18,111 passengers in October and deplaned 18,504 . To give you some idea of what the additional capacity of the 737 means to ATL - of these boardings in October, $69 \%$ boarded on the jet. I want to congratulate Reggie Powell and his gang for a job being done well.

I would like to thank all you guys and gals for the fine job you have done in filling out the Questionnaires I have been leaving in your station on each of my visits. We have gotten a lot of good ideas from you, of which some have already been put into effect.

Now, it can be told, I just received teletype messages from the two state legislature candidates I referred to earlier. Bill Hanson - CRW, Democrat - lost by $2 \%$, and Gene Shaw, Republican - lost to the (as he calls them) moss-back democrats. Better luck next time! You know, there always has to be a loser.

