

THE PIEDMONITOR

Piedmont Aviation, Inc.

Smith Reynolds Airport
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Betsy Allen, Editor



Congrats

20 YEARS

H. J. Eisenbath—Sta. Mgr., BAL
C. E. Simpson—Agent, TYS
T. L. Martin, Jr.—Mgr. Cust. Relations, INT
R. H. Reed—Director Cargo Serv., INT

15 YEARS

J. R. Cansler—Capt., INT
J. W. Dean—Agent, TYS
S. B. Ellis—Capt., ATL

10 YEARS

B. E. Stover—Agent, TRI
L. W. Anderson—Chief Agent, ATL
R. B. Stepp—Sta. Mgr., SHD
H. K. Trail—Agent, CHO

5 YEARS

A. T. Watkins, Jr.—Agent Crew Coordinator, INT
T. A. Meredith—Agent, ROA
R. L. Aiken—F/O, ATL
J. M. Bailey—F/O, ATL
D. W. Barnes—F/O, ILM
R. C. Fenrich—F/O, DCA
W. J. Hennings—F/O, ILM
W. P. Melang, Jr.—Piper Sales, INT
K. A. Sallies—F/O, ATL
Peggy M. Martin—Sr. Sec., INT
R. L. Alexander—Agent, AVL
R. L. Watson—Ld. Agent, PHF

Around The System

PROMOTIONS

D. F. Baxley—to Shift Mgr., INT-CRO
J. E. Birthisel—to Chf. Agent, CRW
P. R. Bostick—to Ld. Agent, CRW
E. H. Bowers—to Chf. Agent-Cargo, ROA
L. J. Flynn—to Sr. Steno., INT
M. E. Smith—to Asst. Sta. Mgr., ROA
G. E. Twiddy—to Ld. Agent, ORF

TRANSFERS

C. J. Brinson—CVG to INT-CRO
P. A. Corlette—CVG to INT-CRO
B. H. Crumley—CVG to UNT-CRO
J. W. Dean—SOP to CRE
K. Edwards—ORF to ROA
G. A. Fincher—TRI to INT-CRO
K. H. Fishel—DCA to INT-CRO
B. Y. Foley—CVG to INT-CRO
W. F. Hanson—CRW to INT-CRO
M. C. Henderson—CVG to INT-CRO
M. V. Lang—ILM to INT-CRO
E. J. Laskowski—CVG to INT-CRO
S. A. Maise—RDU to RWI
C. E. Matthews—CVG to INT-CRO
J. E. Nelson—INT to ROA
C. A. Pearson—TRI to INT-CRO
M. A. Pequignot—CVG to INT-CRO
J. M. Roberts—CVG to INT-CRO
B. L. Simpson—CVG to INT-CRO
J. D. Singleton—SOP to CRE
E. J. Stayden—CVG to INT-CRO
F. E. Woodruff—CRE to HSP
P. V. Wyatt, Jr.—ORF to INT-CRO

PI Employee Stock Purchase Progress

To help you keep up with the amount you pay for Piedmont stock every month if you're buying it through payroll deduction the Piedmonitor publishes this periodic report of the number of shares purchased, average price per share and total investment in the previous month.

APRIL

Amount Invested	\$5,049.58
Number of Full Shares Purchased	716
Average Price Paid Per Share	\$ 7.05

HOW GOES IT?

Mechanically speaking the April statistics revealed the following:

Mechanical Dispatch Reliability	Actual	Forecast
FH-227	98.2%	99.4%
YS-11A	98.2%	99.0%
B-737	98.1%	99.0%

On-Time Performance of flights operated not more than 15 minutes late 66.1%

Load Factor	Actual	Quota Forecast
	46.19%	47.09%

Editorial

Taking Advantage Of Hindsight

You were going to tuck a little away every payday. Remember?

What happened?

If you're like most people, a little something came up and you decided to wait until next payday and put twice as much away.

The next payday came.

You decided to wait and get a fresh start at the first of the month.

Now a year's gone by and your savings program is still waiting to get started.

Don't let it wait any longer.

Sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan this week. That way every payday an amount you specify will automatically be deducted from your paycheck and invested in U. S. Savings Bonds.

By this time next year the little bit you automatically tucked away every payday will have grown into the bank-roll you planned on having right now . . . if only you had remembered to get started.

Your U. S. Savings Bonds will pay the highest interest in history: a full 5 per cent when held to maturity of 5 years and 10 months. (4% the first year; 5.20% thereafter to maturity.) Previously, these Bonds earned you only 4¼% if you held them for seven years.

The new interest began June 1, 1969. So all of the Bonds you own, no matter when you bought them, have been collecting higher interest since that time.

Those Bonds are still replaced if lost, stolen or burned.

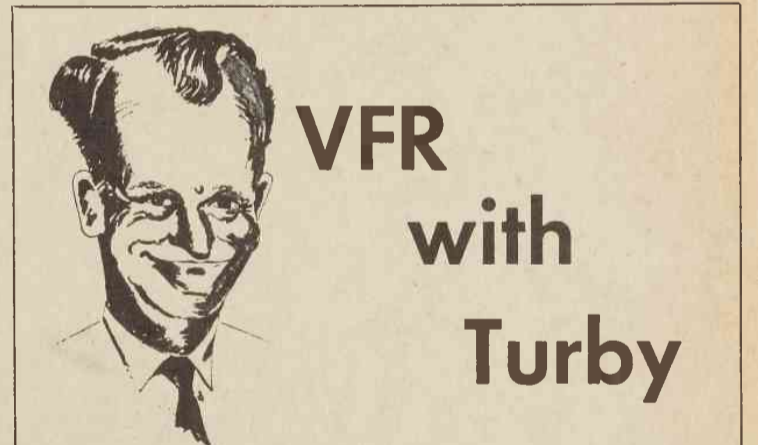
Regardless of your other investments, can you think of any easier, better, or safer way to build a nest egg for yourself?

It's nice to know that you are doing a little something for Uncle Sam, too. The \$52 billion in U. S. Savings Bonds now outstanding in the hands of millions of Americans go a long way toward keeping your country financially strong.

There never was a better time to take stock in America.



THE FIRST PLACE WINNER in the Southern regional finals of the FAA's Air Carrier Aviation Mechanics Safety Award Program was Piedmont Senior Mechanic E. L. Hurt. Hurt, at left, received his award plaque from Regional FAA Director James Rogers of Atlanta as Senior Vice President H. K. Saunders, at right, looked on. Hurt also won several tool chests and tools for his suggestion for an improved fuel venting system for the YS-11 aircraft.



VFR with Turby

Many years ago in the old "DC-3 Days" I was boarding a flight at ROA for LEX when one of the agents introduced me to a gentleman in his eighties from the "old country" — Greece to be exact. The agent asked me if I would look after the gentleman, as his English had not been mastered too well.

He was aware that LEX was his destination and knew what you meant when you said Lexington, Kentucky. Well, things went along fine and as we approached LEX, I pointed out the left window and told the old man that the city he could see below was Lexington. With that, his eyes brightened up and he said, "This is where I get off." He swiftly climbed over me and into the aisle and made a dash for the rear door (we were at 3,000 feet). I ran after him, and with the help of the purser, managed to stop him just before he grabbed the release handle on the DC-3 door. We finally explained that we were still too high for him to get off and coaxed him back to his seat. Upon contact with the runway, he was up and gone again — this time, I grabbed him by the belt and held on until we got to the ramp.

One hot summer afternoon in 1929, I was flying an open-cockpit plane from ATL to CLT. Not far out of ATL, I began encountering thunderstorms, and in the process of dodging them, I became lost. I finally found the Southern Railroad Tracks and followed them north. When I got in sight of Greenville, S. C., my gas gauge was on empty. I was about five miles from the airport when the engine sputtered and quit.

I spotted a field that looked pretty good and set down to a real rough landing, breaking a landing gear strut. The airplane went up on its nose but didn't go all the way over. I climbed down from a vertical position and was examining the damage, when two little girls about ten or eleven years old came running across the field.

One inquired, "Mister, are you hurt?"

"Just my pride," I answered.

She said, in a most concerned tone, "I don't know what this is, Mister, but Dr. Jones lives over yonder, and he can help you, I'm sure."