

Sometimes Might is Right

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This is a funny story that took place in 1979 while I was on a trip from Birmingham, AL to Denver, CO. The Delta airplane made a routine stop in Mississippi on its way to Dallas where I would change planes for Denver. While at the Mississippi terminal I saw a service truck drive up to the airplane below where I was sitting. They were doing quite a bit of work and I began to wonder if that was going to affect the schedule. The pilot came on the intercom and said that the plane had a hydraulic leak and that it would be several hours before a new part could be obtained. He then said, "However, for the Denver bound passengers there is a Frontier Airline flight leaving in a few minutes and I will personally escort you to the Frontier desk."

There were about two dozen of us and when we arrived at the Frontier desk the Delta pilot told the Frontier clerk of the situation and that we needed boarding passes to their flight. The Frontier clerk who was a small man with a bald head and with a classic arrogant bureaucratic attitude said, "No." The Delta pilot, who was a very large man and obviously very tough, banged his fist on the desk with a horrific noise that reverberated throughout the airport and yelled at the Frontier clerk, "**You will give these people boarding passes NOW!!!**" I do not know what authority a Delta pilot has over a Frontier clerk except maybe for brute size but the Frontier clerk immediately began issuing boarding passes.

As it turns out the Frontier flight arrived in Denver earlier than the Delta flight had been scheduled to arrive. An associate of mine, Joe, was waiting in the Delta terminal area to pick me up. I walked over to the Delta terminal and from behind him said, "I am ready to go." He turned around and saw me and in his usual humorous style said, "What the hell are you doing here? Your plane has not arrived yet." I told him the story and he loved it.

This is one time where might was actually right.