

AFTERBURNER

After our arrival at Grand Forks, North Dakota, we all felt weary from a long day of flying the Boeing. My crew, First Officer Fuzz Parten and three flight attendants, were anxious to get some much needed rest. Our place of abode lay just over the border in East Grand Forks, Minnesota. After check-in at the American Inn, Fuzz and I departed to locate our rooms. The American Inn is a beautiful structure in a country setting. Being fairly large it was with some difficulty that we located our rooms. As we opened our doors, one of the flight attendants called out from down the hall that her key would not unlock her door. Fuzz and I thought it was odd that she was billeted on our floor as they usually checked the flight attendants in to another part of the Inn.

She insisted this was her assigned room. (For security purposes, the keys have a different code than the room number) It would have been a long walk back to the front desk so Fuzz, a registered locksmith, said he'd open the door for her, and softly added, "I hope I don't get in trouble for doing this." Fuzz unlocked the door and opened it. Sitting up in the bed glaring at us was the meanest looking individual that Fuzz or I had ever had the occasion to gaze upon. Then he bellowed just like he looked. Fuzz mumbled, "Sorry, wrong room." With our feet in burner we back peddled out of there and Fuzz slammed the door.

We determined that now would be a good time for us to be in our own rooms, and we advised the stewardess she had better head for the front desk and get her room whereabouts established and that she was on her own. She called on the phone later and apologized for the misunderstanding. She had been on the wrong floor in the wrong wing.

EXCERPTED FROM "THE GOLDEN YEARS OF FLYING"

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