

My Murphy's Law Convention

by Maurice Byrne

I flew out from Toronto airport on time with my Duty Free wine in hand. I arrived at LaGuardia on time and had a great flight. My drink of Bourbon was even free because the steward had forgotten me. Unfortunately, things were about to go downhill quickly.

My connecting flight to Dayton was delayed two hours giving me three and a half hours to kill at the LaGuardia airport. I decided to explore. I ordered a slice of pizza and a nine oz glass of wine for an exorbitant price, and when I looked in my wallet to pay I discovered I had lost my VISA. I went back to the terminal from my Toronto flight to double check in the Lost and Found but, alas, no luck. I figured I must have lost it on the flight, as I had pulled it out to pay for the Bourbon I ended up getting for free. I tried to call VISA on the airport pay phones but could not get them to work. Things escalated from here.

I somehow ended up taking a wrong turn and found myself having to go back through security again, where, tragically, my Duty Free was confiscated because Toronto airport had not used a sealed bag (so the bottle could have been tampered with). Then the shuttle was delayed 15 minutes and when I arrived at my boarding terminal I was informed that the flight was moved ahead ten minutes, they had boarded passengers, and the flight was now closed. Having been on the other side of the airport waiting for the late shuttle I had not heard the announcement. Interestingly, the monitor still showed the original boarding time, but they would not let me on. For my troubles, I was given four vouchers for cabs, food, and a hotel in Queens.

I arrived at the hotel at 10:30 pm and called VISA to cancel my card. The next morning I took a cab back to the airport to catch the 8:20 am flight to Dayton. I had a quick breakfast before the flight as I was having a blood sugar low. Boarded at 8:00 am. Unbeknownst to me, my wife, Mary, had called the Dayton hotel to make sure I

arrived safely and was told I never checked in. She and my three daughters were ready to start a search party. Then the LaGuardia Airport called my home to say my luggage had not been picked up. Panic ensued.

The plane took off on time at 8:40 am and I arrived in Dayton at 10:30 am, with my luggage waiting for me. Things were finally looking up. I called the hotel in Dayton to see if I could finally check in and was informed my family had been calling looking for me. It was recommended that I call home immediately.

The hotel also told me that they had no reservation on file for me, even though I had received a welcoming email from them a week earlier. Nonetheless, they had a room available for me on the first floor. Crisis averted.

When I arrived at the hotel for the convention I went to the Welcome Desk to meet the Society Committee and get all my goodies, minus my Four Freshman shirt, which was later remedied. I met all my old friends and some new ones and sang at the Jam Session Thursday night. Everyone asked for Mary and missed her this year.

But my Murphy's law adventure was not over quite yet. I got on the wrong tour on Friday, but I did have a great time at the Aviation Centre, so no harm done. I enjoyed it immensely and thought "things are starting to go right at last." Skipped the Wannabees because I was tired by now.

Friday's dinner was great. I sat with all (new to me members). The Freshmen were fantastic. Saturday was meetings all day, Wannabees, and dinner and show with the Freshmen again. Things were going great until my right hearing aid broke down so I only got half the Fresh sound (Mono), but mono is better than none!

After the dinner I went to the hotel's rooftop bar to relax, but got stuck on the elevator with Bill and Marty for 15 minutes until Kevin came and rescued us.

The next morning, Sunday, I had my first breakfast at the hotel and discovered it had been free the entire stay (Duh!). I said my goodbyes in the lobby and was shuttled to the airport. I was having a drink in the bar when I heard my name called by the airline staff. I was able to get on an earlier flight to Toronto via Philadelphia and arrived home to my loving, and very relieved, family two hours

earlier than planned. So Murphy's work was finally done. Can't wait for South Bend, Indiana next year, but I think I will go by rail.

Epilogue: A week or so later I was sent a Facebook message from a lovely nun from Brooklyn, NY. She had found my VISA card on the plane. She had called VISA to report it and cut it up as instructed. She searched my name on Facebook and found me to put my mind at ease. What a Godsend she is. We are now Facebook friends. I bought her a membership to the Four Freshman Society, as she loves to sing.



Wright State Students Introduced to The Four Freshmen

Vocal jazz students from Wright State University, brought in by the Four Freshmen Music Foundation, regaled the audience at the Dayton convention. Singing two Freshmen favorites, the students reported they love the harmonies and want to learn more of the Freshmen tunes!

Left to right, back row: Wright State Professor of Music Brody McDonald, Bob Ferreira, Stein Malvey, Jonathan Gaines;
Middle row: Rachel Watts, alto; Brandon Riegel, tenor; Connor Nienhaus, tenor; Sydneigh McDonnell, soprano;
Front: Tommy Boynton

