

My Three-Title Story

A Quiet-Get A-Way Or Cat and Mouse Big Time! Or Forgot to tell George!

The year is 1975 and I am in charge of the Public Services Division at JFK with 450 people. Our police division is 200 strong! We operate under my special ground rule-

“If the incident is news worthy on the negative side, the manager must know ASAP” That is I!

The year 1975 also brings special pain to our family. Daughter Ellen is 21 years old and develops serious cancer, which required major surgery. The doctors were wonderful and she made it. Two basket cases remained, **mom and dad**. The doctors prescribed a get-away weekend.

Where?

The perfect spot and couple were Betty and Bill in Glastonbury, CT. We have known this couple since college days. They live a very quiet life (one phone call a weekend, no nosy neighbors, an not known to our airport family). A call and we are invited! On the spur of the moment, we head for Glastonbury. **I purposely ignored my notification rule at JFK to always let the police desk know where to get me.**

We become potential missing persons to the JFK police unit!

The trip to Glastonbury was quite smooth and the supper meal outstanding, tempered with bubbly. A good nights rest was appropriate. Sound asleep in less than a minute, and then, **the phone rang**. Betty staggered to her phone and quickly called out “it’s for you John”. Alice and I were visioning a dreaded hospital call. A quick answer, with Alice by my side, I called out to Betty. “ Go back to sleep, its only the airport police, alerting me to the fact that 4 tigers are loose in an aircraft on the field.” Told her not to worry as the captain was coming in to shoot them. To this day, I remember Betty’s words.

“You got to be kidding!”

We had a very early breakfast and left to return home about 4 PM. We were rested, but there was a call on the machine from Betty asking me to call the police at JFK. I was sure that it was a tiger follow up item. Lt Bill Moir had a new adventure for me.

Some person had let 100 white mice loose in the Air France ladies room!

The search had been quite thorough but they only found 93.

The question for you is:

How did the police track us down?

Answer: Son George was asleep when we started for Glastonbury and we forgot to tell him not to tell the JFK people how to find us!

Oh, by the way. They never found the missing 7 white mice!