Behind the Scenes of My Air Cadets Article

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weird minor tongue lashing from the gent. HUH? The second time was much worse. He was rude when my wife answered (never a good idea) and the call I had with him quickly degenerated into a shouting match. What the hell?

At this point I abandoned my plans of being an internationally recognized photo journalist. Yes, the world will never know what it missed. I did go on to write the article and included some pictures shot from a distance. I sent my Air Cadet contacts a copy of the article and closed the

chapter on my misadventure. Or so I thought.

A period of days later I got emails from one officer, some at the rate of 2-3 per MINUTE. All in all over a 2-3 hour period I received 40+ emails. I fired off a screen shot of my inbox to Trenton and asked them to please stop. An hour or so later the phone rang. Trenton had not seen my email but a senior officer on the distribution list had climbed all over one of my contacts and directed him to quickly get to me and get me to turn my computer off as I must have a virus. My computer

hadn't been on that day. The problem was at their end.

Mercifully I haven't had contact with the Air Cadets since.

You know, life is truly weird sometimes. I wonder if Sarah Moran needs a hand writing about vegetables?

Surely that can't get me into trouble. or can it?

Doug McGregor was a burgeoning journalist and lives on South Bay with his wife Lynda, 2 cats and three dogs.



