



At the time, I'm pretty sure it was 1983, I wished I had not gone anywhere near that man's office after lunch. It was a Friday. "That Canadian ship, you know, that two masted, ahh, schooner - boat - thing, ahhhh, ummm, Bluenose II," he said, snapping his fingers persistently and hesitating only long enough to look down at the memo in his hand, "will only be in Gloucester another day." My editor's adamant manner gave me no room to argue with him. Though I was upset with the prospect of 'yet another' lost weekend to work, for the sake of keeping my job I, begrudgingly, made the only real choice I had open to me. I was in the air within a couple of hours with a, weakly compromised, promise from him that I would be passed over next time something immediate came up. Of course, as compromising goes, I was low in that pecking order.

I held onto one ray of hope. If I could find and write the Bluenose II story, get a few pictures and, like Mandrake The Magician, come up with an available seat on a flight out of Boston, almost an impossibility on a weekend in summer, all in one day, I might be able to spend Sunday at home with my family.

It would not be right to leave you that much in suspense – I did not get the Bluenose II story or pictorial, which was, after all, what I was sent for. Maybe someday my editor will calm