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Delays and more delays marked the first three days of flying in broken segments from Angelo to Dallas/Fort Worth to Boston and Provincetown, Massachusetts. This report originated off an improvised desk, the Koala Bear Diaper Change fold-down in a restroom in Terminal C, Logan International, Boston.

Weary parents slouched around the Cape Air flights showed little interest in diaper changes or brush country scribes at work on the rack. Air travel exhaustion with babies causes more inclination toward desertion than toward infant hygiene.

The diaper station alcove offered plenty of privacy to work. One or two serious swipes with paper towels policed the chrome slab. A superior absorbent paper diaper polished the surface to a sheen equal to the counters in the Admiral's Clubs for privileged travelers. Plus, being forced to write in longhand on a diaper station is an excellent way to be cured of tapping on your front teeth with your pencil's eraser.

This was Saturday morning. Plans once were to be in Provincetown the past Thursday evening to rest and settle for two weeks of writers' workshops. Best to highlight that we left Angelo's clear skies on standby two days late, to

go to Dallas/Fort Worth and be on storm watch standby, then arrive Boston to catch a Cape Air flight of some 22 minutes out to Provincetown under altered reservations. (Allow for error. After three days, monitor eyeball from reading timetables struck so severely that assistance was necessary to hook on my backpack.)

Outside the temporary office, my pal hopes to be in her poetry workshop this morning in Provincetown; it only meets on the weekend. She guards my gear in the boarding area.

On the Boston flight last night, crowded conditions forced us apart way in the back of the plane. Lady next to me offered ginger snaps. She asked where I was from. What church affiliation? Before she reached the inevitable question on salvation, she noticed my bow tie, put the ginger snap sack back in her purse, and leaned back three inches further than her seat reached.

Cape Air's computer showed my pal's bag to be downstairs. Same search gave me a three-day lead over mine back in Angelo. "Old Wheel Drag," the crooked zipper track grip of mine, the tracer showed, stayed behind safe and dry in the luggage bin at the Angelo terminal.

Before cell phones and laptops, travelers bonded with luggage. Folks in the pay phone days threw raincoats over

bags on chilly late-hour connections. Porters and cabbies took better care of suitcases in those days; however, that was prior to mesh potato sacks and black plastic bags serving every portage from checking the bride's trousseau to packing Granny's sterling tea set.

Hard to say whether we talked to our bags past "Up you go, ol' fellow" or "Sorry you had to wait, ol' duffer." Nevertheless, it can't be denied that on this trip, "Old W.D." used more judgment than I did in flying into an airport shut down for 26 hours by a storm.

Working in a restroom might seem to violate a man's privacy. Not so. Stalls and urinals background the diaper station. Also, for country folks, the surges from pressured flushes and splashed lavatories causes deep envy pangs for our city brethren civilized to the point where bath faucets adjust from foam to fog to flood. (See what writing in the men's room does to the imagination.)

Man is more modest in the restroom than out in the waiting rooms. On a break, I checked on gate time. Around the end of my partner's seat, a beast the size of a King Kong hombre lay asleep on the floor, faced toward the wall. He exposed enough posterior and lower back flesh to disgust an incurable flasher.

His immodesty passed unnoticed. Passengers licked on double-dip peach cones and read brightly covered movie magazines. Smooth-cheeked ticket agents flicked burnt sweet roll sugar off lips long enough to give the time. Mothers chewed gum at the same beat they rocked buggies with one foot. Thin see-through blouses and raveled tee shirts showed purple and red ink images from tattoo escapades. And only a sketch artist skilled in reproducing faces tilted to hold a phone against the shoulder could have captured many countenances.

When the mammoth asleep on the floor inhaled deep for a nasal shudder strong enough to override the most powerful note ever reached on a trombone, I asked my pal to knock on the restroom wall at loading time.

She did. I slammed the diaper station closed and fell in line. May take us three days to reach Boston, but we whipped across the bay in a twin Cessna in minutes to Provincetown with half an hour to spare for her first class.