

February 8 1973

Throng upon throng of people are passing by my present vantage point. I am sitting in the Dallas air terminal, taking what the airlines call a layover and what I call a long wait.

Folks are really on the move nowadays. Every few minutes, another plane load comes storming up the passageway. The reason they don't get in a hopeless mill is because of the long alleys that are designed to keep them strung out.

Air travel through Dallas is figured on a six to five basis. For every six miles you fly in the air, you are required to walk five miles on the ground.

Security regulations also require that each passenger and his baggage be checked for weapons before boarding a plane. I had a terrible time passing the shakedown at San Angelo. The lineup was held outside, so a 15 degree north wind would help curb the ambition of any would be skyjackers. Only a Far North fur trader could have thought of robbery in the frigid air. A lady standing behind me was shaking so bad she burped her baby four times before she got by the checkpoint.

The San Angelo inspectors use a metal detector that looks like a hotshot or a cattle prod. City people don't seem to mind them running the probe over their bodies. However, I would imagine that an old boy fresh out of the thickets down in the cow jungle of South Texas would be hard to examine without a squeeze chute.

I know several hombres down there who nearly have to have their hind foot tied up just to be fitted for a pair of boots. No telling what they'd do if somebody tried to run a metal rod up their backbones.

When it came my time to be searched, it seemed to me the guard spent an extra amount of time where I think my liver is.

I said, "Look, mister, I haven't been taking any stilbestrol implants."

He said, "Buddy, I don't know what you're talking about, but I do know that if you don't stop fidgeting, I'm going to ask for some help."

So I shut up. If a man that big was going to send for a midget, I'd still have been overmatched. He'd weigh 200 pounds on the rail with a 24 hour shrink.

Skyjacking precautions at San Angelo are about as sensible as trying to corner the broiler market with a herd of bantam chickens. You can get off of an Arctic iceberg faster than you can get a plane out of there.

A sky bandit mean enough to wait on one of their planes would be so tough he wouldn't need a letter opener to rob a National Guard armory. Plus he'd be so worn out from

waiting that he wouldn't want to fly any further than the closest motel. Also, to get to Cuba, they'd take him by Rochester, N.Y.

I'd give a sackfull of Mexican fourbit pieces to be back home. I still think that fellow back at Angelo was a spy for the stilbestrol snoopers. You can't trust anyone today that isn't on our side.