

Twenty miles south of my ranch house, Interstate 10 runs from the east clear out to the New Mexico and Arizona line and maybe farther than that. At nights the glow of the lights from a big truckstop are visible. On the rare occasions that I stop there, the cultural change from a ranch ambiance to a bustling conglomeration of truck drivers and their girl friends is indeed a shock.

Herders, I think, don't do much business at this truck terminal. However, two weeks ago one of my sons reported on the way back to Austin from a Big Bend camping trip he hired a shower stall from the outfit for \$3. When he called, I'd just finished spending part of the morning trying to unstop the drain to my bathroom. I had that many dollars worth of mud and plumbing lye stuck under my fingernails. After I'd cooled off a bit and thought about this proposition, I realized that I not only didn't need a shower bath at the ranch, but was falling behind the times by not subscribing to a custom bath service.

No more baths than a bachelor's outfit needs in a year's time, a private bath is an extravagance. Now that I know the price, I can just whip by the truck stop whenever I need to bathe. The space that shower at home is taking will make a good closet or a place to put built in book shelves.

Those boys of mine grow smarter every year. I'm looking forward to meeting the progressive people who use custom bathing. I don't care if I never need to use a plumber's helper again.