



It even smells different, New York. Those subtle cues you get as you enter the concourse at La Guardia; you know you're somewhere else. There are so many little things which separate one locale from another, and it is the job of the modern airport designer to eliminate these differences to the extent possible, but New York just smells different.

Not bad, I'm not trying to say it's a stinky place, or worse for the odors, just that it's different is all. Like the hand soap or disinfectant concession has been granted someone who simply doesn't trade anywhere else in the world. We don't have this scent in Milwaukee; *eau de toilette de La Guradia*.

From La Guardia to Piscataway is an hour and 30 minutes of close up driving on the BQE, Staten Island Expressway and the 440. The lanes are narrower than those in the Midwest, and the roads rougher (for the most part) so every one is jostling along hoping that that truck next to us won't jostle this way at the same time that we jostle that way. For the most part we succeed.

Work, work, and then sleep. Restless sleep, and restless awakening. Complimentary breakfast buffet (complimentary to what, one wonders) and then the pensive wait before departure.