

Flying High With DAN



QUAYLE

BY DAVID SHENK

Power corrupts . . . or at least makes you light in the head. With all the Secret Service agents and senior policy advisors on board Air Force Two, my brain was spinning, and I just wasn't ready for the fast break. Press Secretary David Beckwith walked to the back of the plane and asked the four of us if we would like to "come up front for a little chat." Instantly, the three other eager reporters were on their feet, racing to maximize their time with the vice president of the United States. Me? I had to tear the plastic off a new cassette, plug in a microphone, find a pen . . .

But I made it up there and could tell right away that the thirty or so seconds of Quaylespeak I had missed wasn't gonna make the next edition of *The New York Times*. Dan Quayle was having good fun talking to us about jet lag. He had just returned from a ten-day official trip to Southeast Asia and was having to resist falling asleep at the dinner hour, he told us. "But we're all set," he said brightly. "We're going to Nashville."