GASOLINE ALLEY

I'd hate to be one of those tiny ants, Uncle Walt.

It looks a lot different to be up looking down than down looking up.

This is the canyon called Broadway.

All right, let's get out into the open air.

Yes, you wouldn't need to bother with elevators.

We'll park our rug up here, and drop down toward land.

The difference in altitude makes my ears feel funny.

Swallow, let's go down and watch the boats come in.

There's a liner just back from France.

I'd like to take her across some time.

I feel sorry for all the people down there that don't have magic carpets.

So do I, but it would be like a swarm of mosquitoes up here if they did.

Except at meal time they can have the earth up, I'll take the sky.

Yes, but it's not such a good place to take a bath up here, either.

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

That phoney nickel helped me get my money back from the burglar. I'll keep it for a pocket piece.

Perhaps you recall Corwin as a bottle enthusiast. If not here is a gasoline alley stamp commemorating that important period. You're welcome.