



"A very dear friend gave me some wonderful old Scotch, and there just happened to be a bottle of papaya juice in the icebox."

bridge freight agent, to whom Mr. Wambough had presented us. "My boys can unload a freight car in twenty-five minutes," Mr. Cretelli told us. "Most of them are war veterans with mechanical experience." A few of Mr. Cretelli's boys were wearing Army fatigues. One had on a sharp checkered odd coat and slacks, bow tie, and porkpie hat—doubtless a Princeton man. "Came in to work right from some dance hall, I judge," said Cretelli. "They're all good, fast, hard-working boys, and just like a bunch of kids with a new toy. You can always count on them to treat a shiny new car with loving care."

All incoming cars are supposed to have just under a gallon of gas when they get here, but occasional empties turn up, and the boys push them along the platform, at these moments looking like a bunch of kids with an old toy. A few flats have to be pumped up. No car, no matter how earnestly bespoken, is delivered to a new owner at Kingsbridge. All are claimed there by dealers, who send over trailer trucks

or a bunch of men either to haul or to drive them away.

Connoisseur

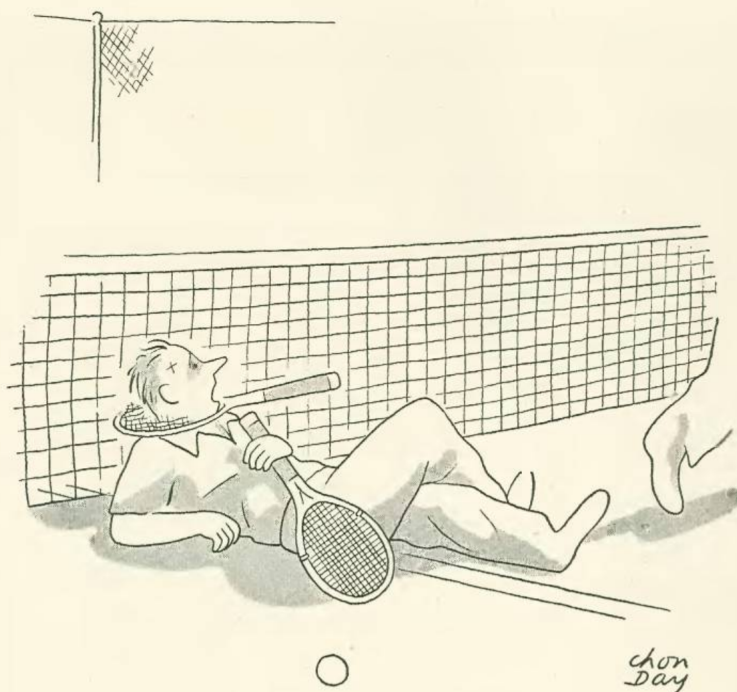
A LADY was shopping in Woolworth's the other day, and as she passed the book counter on her way from clothespins to cookie cutters, she heard a customer demand of the salesgirl, "Are these all best-sellers, or just books?"

Still at It

SOME of our older subscribers may recall that ten or twelve years ago we devoted several paragraphs to a Mr. Thomas D. Storie, a map draughtsman with a passion for walking city streets, who had then traversed every thoroughfare in Manhattan (503 miles) and was well along toward covering the other boroughs of New York and the environs of the city—had, in fact, already walked the principal streets of the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, Elizabeth, Hackensack, and Paterson, and, during

vacations, some of the streets of Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Chattanooga. Recently we heard that Mr. Storie has resumed his local walking after an interlude in the Army, and we called on him to check his record. All things considered, it is perfectly splendid. The Stories—for Catharine Storie loyally accompanies her husband on almost all his jaunts—finished up the Bronx (752 miles) toward the end of 1935 and, on the memorably hot day of July 16, 1938, at a point somewhere out in Canarsie, finished Brooklyn (1,472 miles) and repaired by subway to the St. George Hotel for mint juleps.

The Stories were deep in Queens when, in January, 1941, Storie was called into the Army, in which he held a commission in the Reserve. He was on duty at Fort Hamilton and Governors Island for more than a year, so he was near Queens, but his duties were such that he and his wife were able to walk, in a serious way, only on occasional Sundays. In 1942 he was ordered to an Army school in Chicago. He was there



“Sorehead!”

for a month and managed to walk every evening. “With Catharine not with me,” he told us, “I really struck out, and for the first time I walked after dark.” Storie, who always wears a pedometer, had rolled up a hundred and ninety-two miles in Chicago when he was transferred to Fort Du Pont, near Wilmington, Delaware, where he was appointed provost marshal. He and his wife spent two years there. Army routine cut cruelly into their walking time, and it took them more than a year to pace Wilmington’s hundred and twenty-two miles of streets. This stint completed, Storie found himself in a state of near panic. He likes only city streets, and there was no other city that he could reach after a day’s provost-marshalling. He and Mrs. Storie took to moody rural strolls. In the summer of 1944, he was, happily, transferred to Fort Custer, Michigan, from which he and his wife were able to check off a few dozen miles of nearby Battle Creek. Then they moved, even more happily, to Fort Dix, from which they were able to polish off the unfinished sections of metropolitan New Jersey.

Mr. Storie was separated from the service in March of last year. Before

he returned to his old job—civilian draughtsman with the Army Engineers, at 120 Wall Street—and his wife to her old job as a librarian at Teachers College, the Stories spent two months walking in cities in fourteen Western states in which they had never before set foot. As a result, Storie now holds the family record of having set foot in all forty-eight states. They stopped off in forty-six places and got in some good walks in El Paso, San Antonio, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Reno, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, and other towns. They departed from their urban routine to poke through the Carlsbad Caverns. The most interesting thing they saw on the whole tour was a sign in Butte, Montana, reading, “Apartment for Rent.” They are now back on their Queens beat (2,360 miles), which they expect to finish up next year. Their schedule then calls for Staten Island and Westchester. Storie expects to have walked, eventually, the principal streets in every American city of over a hundred thousand population, of which there are ninety-one. Only nine of these are now virgin to his tread.

The Stories are victims of the law of diminishing terrain, since their pres-

ent field of action—the extreme south-east section of Queens—is too far off for the weekday after-work walks they used to indulge in. And, like so many people, they are advancing in years—he is forty-four—and they have cut their weekend hikes from ten miles a day to eight. They walk in all manner of weather, eschewing rubbers. They wear overshoes in snow and slush, though, and, winter or summer, they wear wool socks. Storie plans to retire in 1956, buy a powered sailboat, and move aboard. “We’ll skirt all the coasts in the world,” he says, “stopping to walk a little in the main cities. If anything interferes with this plan, we’ll move from one American city to another, in order of population, and do, or redo, all the streets in each one. As it happens, I like the cities in order of population.”

Ray of Light

ABOUT this time of year, parents with children in progressive schools look forward uneasily to the receipt of conscientious, highly personal reports on their offsprings’ development that bear no resemblance to the old-fashioned report cards, in which grades are given for spelling, arithmetic, and so on, and deportment is marked as good, fair, or bad. One couple of whom we’ve heard has already received a report on its small son that makes depressing reading indeed; apparently, he hasn’t been very successful in group play, in woodworking, or even in rhythm. The last sentence of the report takes a new and slightly encouraging tack, however, and both parents cherish it hopefully. It reads, “Michael is interested in rats and likes to play with them.”

Hospitality

THE Officers Service Committee, which since the beginning of 1942 has been servicing officers with theatre tickets and the like at a desk of its own in the Commodore, handed over its space last week to the United Nations Hospitality Committee of New York and the American Theatre Wing, which will henceforth offer a similar service to all the U.N. people and their families. Officers, who are dwindling, will continue to be serviced, dwindlingly. Mr. Charles C. Auchincloss, chairman of the O.S.C., celebrated the occasion of the change-over with a terrific blowout in the West Ballroom of the Commodore. We attended this, along with several