



From The Elevator Family:

In a matter of seconds, a man's voice on the phone said, "Hello, Peace Pizza Parlor."

"Please deliver your largest pizza with the works on it," said Walter. "We're staying at the San Francisco Hotel."

"What floor?" asked the pizza man.

"We're in the Otis room, so it depends on what time you show up," answered Walter. "Floor eleven, perhaps fifteen. We've been on floor twenty a lot lately."

A half-hour later the door of the little room opened in the lobby. A boy wearing a striped shirt and blue baseball cap stood by the reception counter. He held a flat box on his palm like a waiter. Mrs. Quinn, the receptionist, pointed to the Wilsons, and the boy jogged over to them.

He placed the pizza on the little table and looked around. "You know, I've delivered pizzas to picnic grounds, hospital rooms, fire stations, and battleships in the bay," he said. "But, you know, this is a first."

Walter handed the boy some money that included a generous tip. "Only the best for our family," he said. "Nothing less will do."