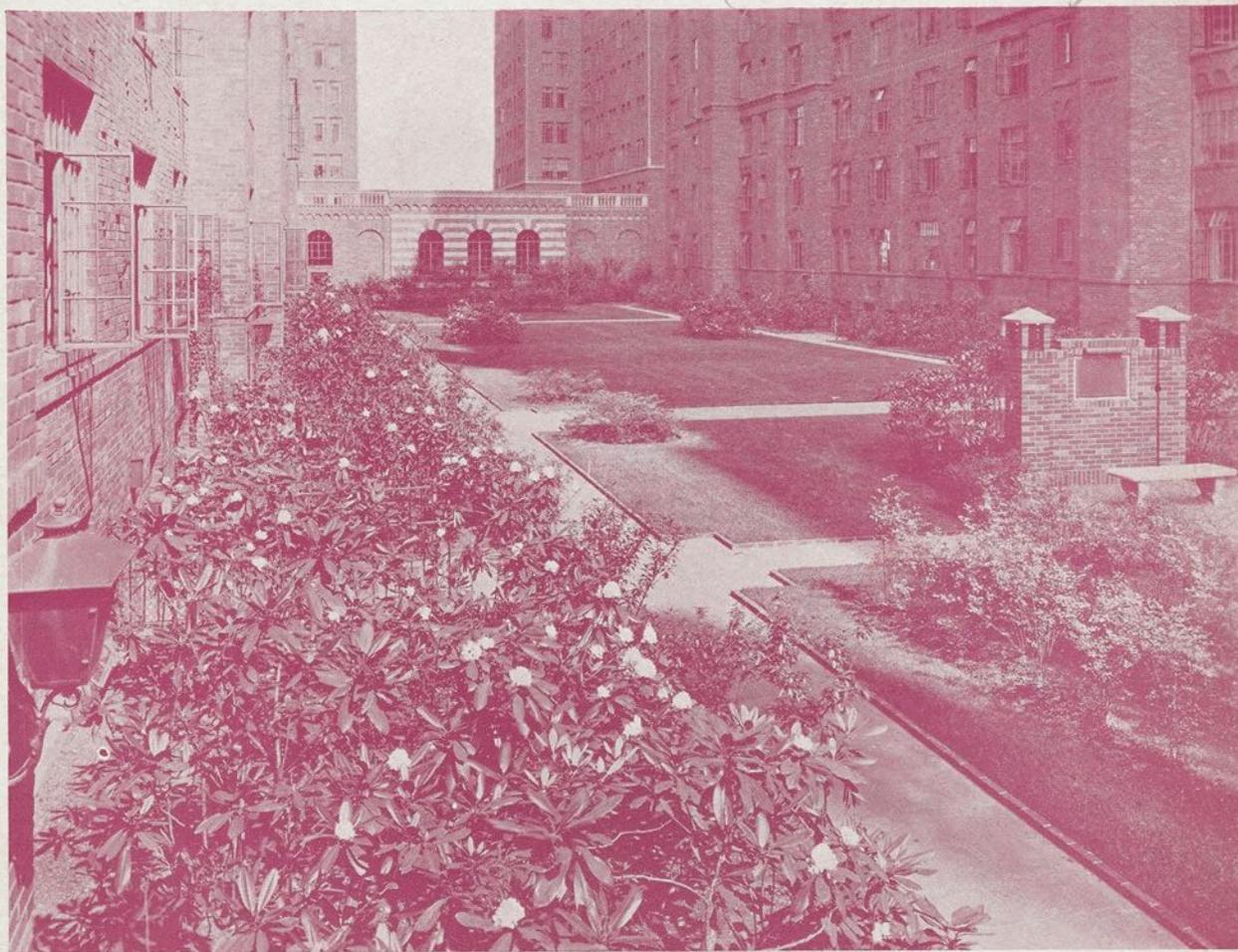


London Terrace News

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Renting and Managing Agents

London  Terrace

APRIL 1936

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 4

Comer

The Terrace Club has acquired a likely youngster in the person of Joseph Rogers Davis 2nd, of London Terrace. He is eleven years old, weighs 65 pounds and has just won the Public School Athletic League Championship in the 85-pound class. This young water shark has been training under Guard Jerry Asnelli for the past year. The other day he swam 50 yards for Coach Nill of the Terrace Club, who grinned when it was over, and remarked, "Well, there you are. The poetry of motion."

Davis has been a member of the A. A. U. since last July, but from now on will swim under the colors of the Terrace Club, fighting, as it were, for home, club and country all at the same time.

Nature Notes

The rhododendron bed in the inner Garden came through the hard winter like the daring young man on the trapeze—flying. Given the right care, which, of course, they were, these plants are as hardy as they are good to look at. The Garden staff is pretty pleased about it, because the below zero weather caused some anxious moments, but everything is all right now, and only a very few of the plants will have to be replaced.

The Twenty-third Street side will be a solid mass of evergreen this year, with privet being set out all along the sidewalks. The Twenty-fourth Street side is undergoing a change. Forsythia is

replacing the mountain laurel, which didn't bear up so well under the cold weather.

This business of maintaining the Terrace Gardens is something of a job. The rhododendron plants last year, and the privet this year were all gathered in their native state by the gardener and his porter crew. They had to go ninety miles up into the mountains near Monticello for the rhododendron, gather them, tote them nearly two miles over fairly rough country, transport them, then plant them in their new home.

The privet was found in a particularly inaccessible spot on Long Island. It took plenty of sturdy action to get it delivered to its destination.

Hard work, say we, but we think the results are well worth it. So do a lot of our tenants.

Help Wanted!

Personally we're afflicted with an overdose of Spring fever. After a siege of intermittent rain and cold, we had a let-down, and when the balmy weather rolled along a little while ago, it caught us unprepared for the dubious delights of working when one doesn't feel like it.

We wondered if other single men, content in their Winter celibacy, were successfully combating the urge to have someone come in and take care of the place when the warm weather arrived. What we did was to get in touch with the Housekeeping Department, and solicit its help. What we got was a super-efficient young woman with an eye to comfort, and the zeal with which to provide it. She wades into pots and pans of a morning, miraculously puts shoes and shirts and socks where they belong, puts a fold in the bed that reminds one of the technique of a Pullman porter, and leaves the place glistening like the eyes of an urchin whose father has just given him a machine gun to play with.

The whole arrangement is one of those things which adds a luxurious zest to living.

Working hours being what they are, we have never seen the lady. So far as we know, she has never seen us. It's a lovely though mute friendship. Were we to have her picture, we would promptly tear down the autographed photo of Joan Crawford which we have and substitute hers. No man could do more.





DOES your furniture suffer from Spring Fever?
HAS the winter given it that "rundown" look?

PERHAPS it's a "depression hangover."

NO MATTER what the ailment, our *skilled workmen* can restore

NEW LIFE and *VIGOR* to that "favorite" chair, or the sofa with sagging springs—not to mention

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"THE UPHOLSTERY SHOP," on your house phone.

The
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Upholstery Shop

Lower Corridor
455 Building

Knick-Knacks

A young man wandered into the Food Store a couple of weeks ago and asked rather vaguely for "some of that yellow popcorn." A thorough search of the shelves failed to disclose any such delicacy, but the management decided that if patrons wanted yellow popcorn, they had every right to it if it could be obtained. It could and was.

It comes in neat packets done up in transparent, crinkly paper, is as fluffy as an Easter chick and has become as popular as the punch bowl at a wedding reception. It is yellow because it is coated with cheese. It is one of the most successful little palate ticklers that has been around in some time.

The Food Store people say that Terrace patrons go in heavily for all sorts of novelties and it takes some stepping to keep up with their demands. One good thing about it is though, that once an article gets in stock, it usually stays popular. As a result, the store has about as large a variety of products on its shelves as is to be found anywhere in the city. And if what you want doesn't happen to be there, it will be the next time you ask for it.

The Liquor Department had to roll up its sleeves and work fast to handle the after-Easter rush of business. It seems that a good many people stuck to Lenten vows of abstinence, but have been making up for lost time ever since Easter. The recent reduction in tariff on British and Canadian liquor brought a price decrease in high-grade American products as well, so that discriminating buyers now have a wide choice of the finer grades without having to watch the price column so closely as of yore.

The Food Store carries just about everything needed for the table or sideboard in the way of edibles and drinkables. Delicatessen meats, fresh vegetables and innumerable varieties of cheese are only a few of the things to be found in addition to the usual

THE LONDON TERRACE NEWS

Published monthly for residents of London Terrace. Address all communications to the Editor, Manager's Office, 435 West 23rd Street, New York City.

and unusual staples. It is a handy, satisfying place in which to shop.

Spring Tra-la!

Judging from reports emanating from the Valet Shop, its to be another white season, and that goes for the men as well as the women. White suits came hustling into favor a couple of years ago; last year they were as common as ice cream cones at a baseball park, and it seems now that they will exceed in number what are known as the fondest hopes of the prognosticators.

Summer chair and sofa covers are being brought out of Winter hiding too, and after a cleaning will be more in evidence than ever before. The Valet Shop knows a few tricks about cleaning slip covers, with the knowledge of just the right processes to allow them to retain their shape and "body."

Now that the sun is getting brighter and warmer with each day and topcoats becoming a burden, clothes that have stood by us during the winter months have a tendency to appear a bit dingy. A good overhauling and cleaning makes them face the new world with eclat.

DEAFENED HEAR

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Sounds impossible, but it isn't. Truth is that the New Amplified Acousticon uses a new auditory path—bone conduction, detouring ear-drum and middle ear mechanism, enabling a release from present handicaps. Complete information and Free Booklet "Defeating Deafness" on request. Write—Dept. LT.

ACOUSTICON

Amplified Hearing Aids
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WEDNESDAY, April 8, dawned clear and sparkling, as they used to say in the back-home newspaper accounts of Circus Day. Along Twenty-third Street it was, if not a Circus Day, a Gala Day. Flags and bunting flew from office buildings, apartment houses, hotels, theatres and shops. The Twenty-third Street front of London Terrace was decked out gayly enough for a Lindbergh welcome. Excitement was in the air. It was the long-awaited day when the buses were to replace trolley cars. They did.

The first to cash in on the new order of things were the New Jersey commuters and Terrace residents. The latter dressed, shaved and ate breakfast with never a gong, a jangle or a metallic dinning from the street outside. The commuters, pouring off the ferries, found brand-new, shining, purring vehicles waiting for them instead of the old, rattley-bang trolleys. All morning the buses plied their quiet way along the street, until at eleven o'clock, full public notice was drawn to their advent by a series of planned events which lasted through mid-afternoon.

At Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, pedestrians were at-

BUSES COME TO 23rd STREET

Opening of new crosstown service is occasion for a celebration as residents of London Terrace joyfully witness end of the trolley

tracted by the martial notes of a band on the sidewalk in front of the entrance to the Fifth Avenue Building. Three Special buses, flags flying, drew up at the curb. Reporters, city officials, Terrace and Twenty-third Street Association representatives arrived. Police lines were established to handle the crowd which gathered in the New York manner. An open barouche, complete with buffalo robe, high-hatted cabby and the necessary horse, jockeyed into position in front of the buses. The band played again.

Out of the Fifth Avenue Building came Beauty—four of them, in fact: Miss Catherine Breed of London Terrace, costumed as "Miss Chelsea—1800," Miss Mary Martin of Gramercy Park Hotel, as "Miss Gramercy—1800," Miss Gay E. Chermak and Miss Doro-

thea Schuler, modern girls and proud of it, representing "Miss Chelsea—1936," and "Miss Gramercy—1936." Beauty posed and had its collective and individual pictures taken. Two of the buses were solemnly christened "Chelsea" and "Gramercy" with water taken from the Hudson and East Rivers. The third bus carried reporters, who attended to its christening in their own way.

The old-fashioned misses were handed into the barouche, the moderns into an open car. The band blared out, the cabby giddaped to his horse, and the cavalcade headed east. Numerous curious bystanders were told "what it was all about." The parade sailed along Twenty-third Street past buildings which fittingly alternated the old with the new. At the East River jumping-off place, it turned round to start the trip west. Twenty minutes or so later, it saluted the Hudson with more ceremonies and picture-taking. Heading east again, with a police car escort this time, it went as far as Cavanagh's Restaurant, where everybody disembarked for a luncheon and speech-making.

Paul H. Fairchild, president of the Twenty-third Street Association, presided at the luncheon. Mayor La Guardia sent a letter of congratulation and was represented by First Deputy Police Commissioner Harold Fowler, who opined that buses would ease traffic problems. H. Warren Hubbard, Manhattan Commissioner of Public Works, said that track removal would proceed immediately and predicted that the street would evolve into a handsome

(Continued on next page)



Two old-fashioned misses board a new-fashioned bus at the Hudson River terminal during the inauguration ceremonies along Twenty-third Street

LADY AT LEISURE

Oh to be in London Terrace now that Spring is here—or is it Paris that one always mentions along with the first warm days? I'm taking a chance talking about the weather this time of the season—in fact I got awfully fooled last month. I started my column with much discussion of the very unpleasant climatic condition and by the time the NEWS was ready for print, the above mentioned Spring was very much in evidence. Let's hope it's here to stay.

The following may sound like Grandma's pet remedy but it is a swell first aid for burns—apply strong tea—which of course has been allowed to cool—to the burned spot. Use a piece of medicated cotton or gauze, saturated with the tea and leave on for 15 or 20 minutes. It's the tannic acid in the tea that does the trick, I'm told. Needless to say, this just

BUSES

(Continued from preceding page)

boulevard of easy-riding traffic.

Mr. William H. Bird, managing director of the Twenty-third Street Association, relaxed, happy that his tireless efforts to make this inaugural ceremony a success had been well rewarded.

By mid-afternoon things had settled down more or less to normalcy. The buses were picking up and discharging passengers as though they had been at it for years. With the New Yorker's quickness of adjustment, the new means of transportation had ceased to be a novelty and was just another, but more comfortable way of getting somewhere from somewhere else. The New Jersey commuters nonchalantly read papers as they relaxed on new leather-cushioned seats. Terracers ate dinner that night forgetful that the street had not always been so quiet.

In the space of a single day, a New Era for Twenty-third Street had arrived and become an established modus operandi.

applies to minor injuries or as temporary relief until Doctor (Dupont, Frick, Patterson or Shalette—note alphabetical order) arrives to take charge. I found it much more effective than the rather messy butter and soda generally used.

And I have a new discovery to help with that ever present dust problem which is bound to raise its ugly head with a vengeance now that warm weather and open windows are here. "Dispo" it is this time, a tissue product similar to the ones we use for the removal of cold cream. No more greasy dust cloths and there are other uses for "Dispo" such as polishing silver and windows. I haven't had time to tell Mr. Martin about it but I shall and I am sure he will get some for you to try. The Book Store has another attractive household item—a new cellophane-paper shelf edging called "Du Tone," most novel and looks practical. I was so glad to see that very nice young lady, Miss Gibney, again behind the Beauty Preparations counter at Whelan's, after two months' absence due to a serious illness. Good luck and good health, Miss Gibney.

I'm on a diet so food seems about the most painfully sweet thing to talk about and pie is my idea of heaven at the moment. If you are one of the many bemoaning the fact that you can't make pie crust like mother used to make, try this. It's called 1-2-3 pie crust because it involves ONE cup of flour, two tablespoons of Crisco and THREE tablespoons of water (very cold) plus a pinch of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking powder. The perfect filling for this "never fail" P. C. is known as "Pecan Pie" when finished. One egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk, one cup brown sugar, one teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of pecan meats, one eighth teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the whole egg and add the remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly, pour into tart pans lined with *unbaked* pastry. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 min-

utes, then 325 degrees for 12 minutes.

"Diamond Points" jokes comes to us from Pittsburgh in spite of Floods, which didn't dampen their humor. See what you think.

A woman coming from a remote section, purchased a dress on her first visit to a large department store. The next day she brought it back, saying that it did not fit her. "No wonder it doesn't fit," she exclaimed. "Look here (pointing to the label) 'Made expressly for John Wanamaker.'"

Pullman Conductor: "What are you doing with those towels in your suitcase?"

Patron (with presence of mind): "Oh, they are some I used last time I was on the train and I had them washed and brought them back."

He had been working very, very hard and he was very, very tired, but his wife made him take her to the movies. It was a musical picture, but quiet and he fell asleep.

While he was sleeping, a dance started and the music suddenly blared loudly.

He awoke with a start and forever disgraced his wife by shouting "Turn that radio down or you'll have Uniformed Service up here." (Editor's note: I just had to change the word Janitor to Uniformed Service.)

And now I must go for my first ride on those nice new Twenty-third Street buses.

DRESSMAKING and ALTERATIONS

MRS. O. LE COUNT

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LONDON TERRACE NEWS

SHE TELLS THE WORLD

Interviewing used to be a pretty painful process for both parties, but Martha Leavitt has reduced it to a simple and agreeable science



INTerviewing an interviewer is a difficult assignment. One gets the slightly disquieting impression that Martha Leavitt of the Herald Tribune knows not only the right answers, but also all the questions. The agitated reporter can't quite get over the idea that he is in the wrong place, doing the wrong thing.

"Take it easy," urges Miss Leavitt. "That's what they used to tell me. Now I sit back and let them talk—it's much simpler."

"Well, it's this way, Miss Leavitt," the reporter explains. "We're running a series of articles in the LONDON TERRACE NEWS about important people who live here. Now, no one with what we might call a jot of intelligence has failed to note that, as an interviewer, you get around. If anyone has doped out interviewing and reduced it to a painless process for all concerned, you have. Your back stage interviews in the Sunday Trib are a pleasure to read and a joy to anticipate. Your beauty articles are read with avid enthusiasm by women and, I have reason to believe, by a number of men. What's the story? I'm going to sit back and let *you* talk."

So she did. She started asking her interviewer questions about himself. Shortly he found himself talking comfortably. He briefly reviewed his life; he outlined his ambitions. He dwelt for

a moment upon his hobbies, his aversion to coffee, his craving for tobacco. He told her about Ohio's wheat fields, its squat communities. He told her three jokes about Ohio farmers.

Miss Leavitt listened attentively, smiling from time to time. When the interview was over, she bade him a cordial goodbye, and he stepped into the late afternoon mist. It suddenly occurred to him that he had done all the talking, that Miss Leavitt had said little or nothing. This interview about her, therefore, is gleaned from her professional associates and close friends; he was too embarrassed to go back again.

She was an Alpha Phi at Syracuse, much more interested in the theatre than she was in writing, although she edited a campus magazine which for delightful impudence still leaves most of the modern college sheets far in the van. When she graduated she enrolled at the Sorbonne.

She went for Paris like a hound after a hare. It captivated her and she set out to see it, to know people, to study customs. Her college French, which wasn't anything to give prizes for, was smoothed out, and she now talks it like an agitated parliamentarian in the Chamber of Deputies. Eve Le Gallienne was there at the time, plotting the birth of the Civic Repertory Theatre, and she wanted Miss Leavitt to join her company when she returned to this country. That Autumn the Civic Repertory opened, in a barn-like affair in Fourteenth Street, and became overnight the most courageous effort in many decades of the American theatre. She liked the theatre a lot and

wanted to keep moseying after it.

But journalism was nibbling at her. She came from a writing family and the itch to string words together whenever she got a pencil in her hand was too much. After a year in the Civic Repertory, punctuated by a brief fling in stock (she couldn't stand the tank towns—she likes New York's Main Street and doesn't care who knows it), she joined the World. That was some months before the Pulitzer daily laid its journalistic egg: she went on the City Hall beat, which is a tough one, and combined the amiable if unstimulating business of reporting marriages with the more harrowing obligation of probing into violent deaths.

Her copy sparkled and the boys in the upstairs office began to ask themselves, Who is this grand little blonde who ought to be starring in a musical show, and who taught her to bat a typewriter? They boosted her salary and gave her a better beat, and lay awake nights hoping no producer would lure her back to the business side of the footlights.

But the World curled up and died, and in the mad scramble which ensued for the nimbler artisans of that periodical, the World News Bureau was gingerly gobbled up by the Herald Tribune. Miss Leavitt joyfully went along.

Then the theatre began to nibble at her again, and pretty soon interviews of the better sort began to appear under her by-line; interviews with theatre people that had a lot of life and snap and good sense to them. She took stage show reviewing in her stride, and then added to her ac-

(Continued on page 14)

BOOK NOOK

THE Book Store has gone highly European this month. The favorites never get nearer the United States in subject matter than one or two American characters. The books most asked for are "Sparkenbroke," by Charles Morgan, and "The Thinking Reed," Rebecca West's new one. Carrying over from last month as a favorite is Negley Farson's "The Way of a Transgressor."

"Sparkenbroke" concludes Mr. Morgan's trilogy, the first two of which were "Portrait In a Mirror" and "The Fountain." The author still is concerned with the more obscure aspects of human behavior. His chief characters, a woman, a business man and a poet, travel complicated paths of thought and feeling to attain objectives which simpler people would reach more quickly and without so much travail attached. Mr. Morgan makes stimulating reading if not taken with the deadly seriousness sometimes allotted his works.

In "The Thinking Reed" Miss West has added her bit to the fantastic record of pre-depression high life in Europe. She writes in an easy, aptly-worded style which carries a pleasurable rhythm, sharply etching characters and incidents. Her book impresses as something which will gain greater importance as the years add perspective to the era of which she writes.

"Gaudy Night," by Dorothy L. Sayers, carries the current hair-curlers into the foreign influence. The scene of the mystery is laid in the staid halls of Oxford University in England, which, needless to say, do not remain staid throughout the story. Erle Stanley Gardner fans are palpitating with his latest, "The Case of the Sleepwalker's Niece," an intriguing title if there ever was one. Mr. Gardner has a way with him in this sort of business, and he rarely turns out a disappointing yarn. This one is no exception. It's the juiciest of the month's mysteries.

SWIM RECORDS FALL

Top-notch speed and form shown in A.A.U. Terrace Meet tickles spectators glimpsing hot clashes

ONE metropolitan title changed hands and two Pool records were smashed during the A. A. U. sponsored Swim Meet which was run off on the evening of March 27th in the Terrace Pool under the auspices of the Terrace Club.

A goggle-eyed bunch of fans saw Miss Mavis Freeman of the Women's S. A. dig her toes into the water and scoot in ahead of her clubmate and former titleholder, Dorothea Dickinson, to cop the Senior Metropolitan 220-yard free style for women. These two slithering mermaids were the only entries, but they churned up enough foam for a paddle-wheel steamer in a contest that was anybody's ball game from start to finish.

Miss Elsie Petrie, also of the Women's S. A., stuck her chin down toward the bottom of the Pool and went to town in the 100-yard breast stroke to win the Senior Metropolitan Championship in this event. Her winning time, 1:24.2, broke the Pool record for the distance. Game, but outclassed, behind her came Marjorie Dozier and Judith Fowler, in that order, with three other entries trailing.

Miss Johanna Knapec plopped down into a water lane all by herself to swim a 50-yard backstroke event against time and set a new Pool record of 34.8. The change of date for the Meet forced this event, which originally was scheduled for 100 yards, to be run as it was, because other entrants had to keep swimming engagements elsewhere.

The 200-yard breast stroke for men was a wide-open affair with ten entries trying to kick water in each other's faces. George Win-

berg, of the Flushing Y.M.C.A., zoomed over the line to win, nosing out Ezra Cuker and George Muntz, Jr., both of the Dragon Club, who garnered second and third places, respectively.

The 100-yard free style handicap for men provided plenty of hoop-la for the customers, with 31 wave nibblers fighting it out to a razzle-dazzle finish. Lester Halpern, of the 92d Street Y.M.H.A., ploughed under for first place, with Gene Zipf, Flushing Y.M.C.A., second, and Daniel Jersey, West Side Y.M.C.A., third. This was a bang-up, water-spanking event, providing plenty of thrills for all concerned.

William Rowe, of the Park Swimming Association, battled a ten second handicap to forge out in front in the 100-yard back stroke handicap, neatly besting Carmine Orsini, Jefferson Boy's Club, who finished second, and Thomas Kevil, Central Swimming Club, third. Rowe's nifty, strongly-swum race had the fans up on their feet roaring approval.

One of the features of the evening was the men's Senior Metropolitan Championship low board dive event. Fifteen coordinated silhouetters went through their paces with ease and distinction. When it was all over, it was found that John Zahanak, of the New York A. C., had tallied a total of 106.54 markers to retain his title. Daniel Davis of the Dragon Club and George Blackmur, placing second and third, squeezed out Vincent Lockman of the Terrace Club, who trailed them closely to cop fourth place.

It was an exciting evening of suspense, surprises, class and speed. Nice going for everybody.

IT'S ALL IN FUN

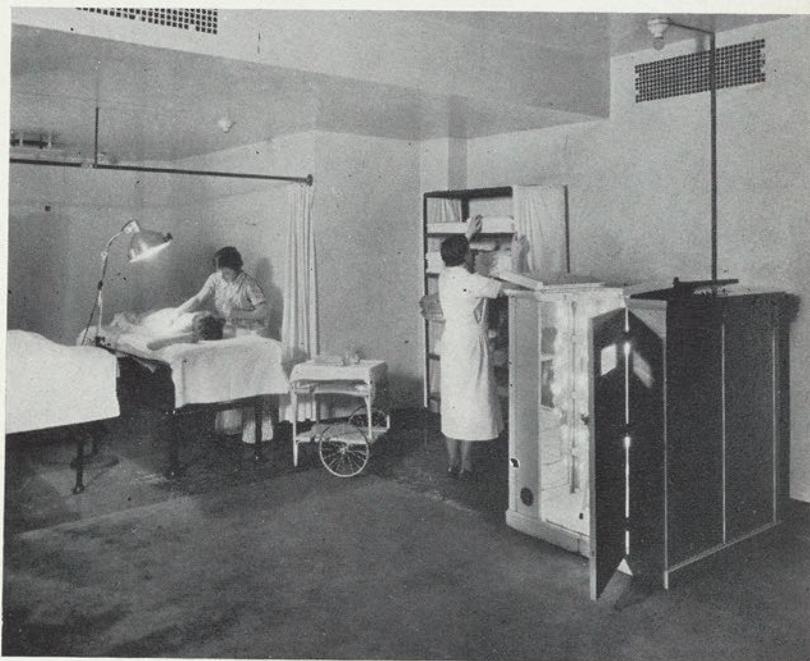
Keep fit activities, all under the guidance of Miss Constantine, prove great sport for everybody

A SWIMMING lesson is as much a matter of psychology as anything else. A visit to one of Miss Constantine's "tot" class sessions is an eye-opening experience for anyone who thinks that learning to swim should be deferred until maturity. These small youngsters, under her careful tutelage, are taking to the water with all the aptitude of so many tadpoles, but they first had to learn that if they treated the water right, the water would do all right by them.

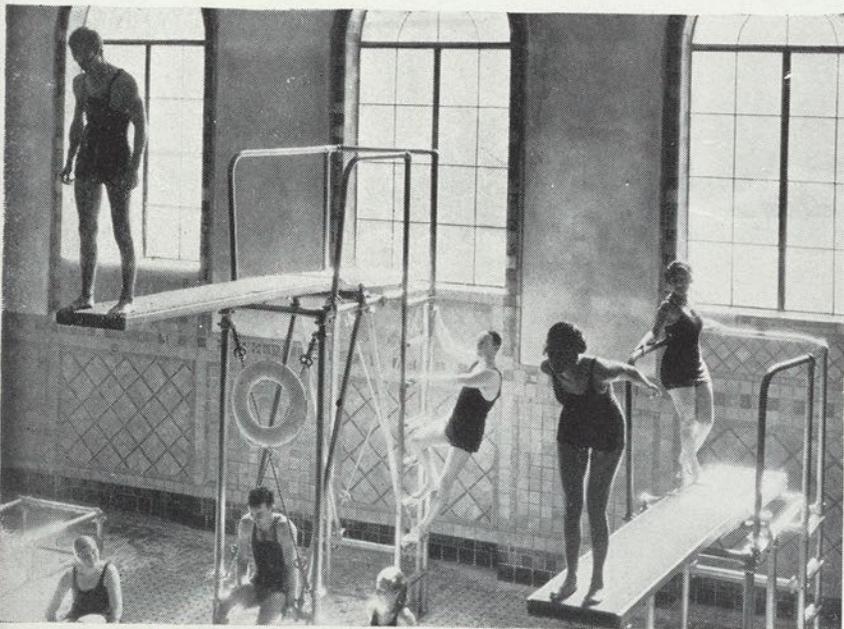
Our hardy forefathers were extremely fond of the rough and ready theory that the only way to teach a child to swim was to throw the youngster off the aft end of a boat into deep water. The chief trouble with this theory was that it didn't work. At best, the child learned how to keep afloat, but that was about

all. Often it resulted in an hysterical fear of the water that never could be eradicated.

Children are apt swimming pupils, usually much more apt than their elders, but that doesn't mean that they swim instinctively. It must be a careful process. In addition, every beginner, old or



A glimpse of the newly-renovated Massage Studio



Water enthusiasts disport themselves, as the saying goes, in the Terrace Pool, which is enjoying ever-increasing popularity

young, now is started right in from scratch on the crawl stroke. No easing up to this speed demons' delight by the devious paths of "dog-fashion," side or breast stroke. Swimming experts agree that learning to swim and learning the crawl should be one and the same process. The crawl, however, involves swimming with the face submerged and a beginner shies away from this like a bachelor from a Leap Year Ball.

Miss Constantine's theory is that "little by little makes the whole." It is working out in grand fashion. The youngsters—the oldest 7, the youngest 4—were introduced to the water literally inch by inch. Dry land swimming was, of course, the first step in order to get the leg and arm motions working with mechanical efficiency. Then the kids "dabbled." They sat at the edge of the pool and wiggled their toes

in the water. After a while they thought it would be fun to splash. They did. Being wet, they didn't require much encouragement to slip down into the water while holding onto something. After this, a little imaginative suggestion had them curious about what they could see if they rested their faces on the surface and looked at the bottom of the pool.

Soon they were hanging onto "flutter" boards—sort of miniature surf boards—and propelling themselves along by kicking with the crawl foot action. The next stunt was to have them jump into the water and grab hold of a long pole. At the right instant Miss Constantine pulled the pole hard. The tots found themselves flying through the water and thought it was their own momentum. Thus was engendered self-confidence. So

it goes, step by step in the evolution from land crabs to water sharks.

The tots' swimming class is one of the most fascinating pursuits of Miss Constantine these days, but it is only one of many that are keeping her busier than a rush hour subway turnstile. She has taken over the entire management of the "keep fit" activities of Terrace women.

Under her guiding genius, the Massage Studio has taken on all the aspects of a temple dedicated to the body beautiful. It has been redecorated in taste and comfort, rearranged for a maximum of efficiency, new equipment installed. There are facilities for an all-over sun lamp bath. There is "scrub" apparatus that is Miss Constantine's pride and joy because she is a firm believer that a good hard

going over with as coarse a brush as you can stand is a sure road to body health. There is a steam box which is death on extra poundage.

With all these things to work with in conjunction with the Pool and the Exercise Room, Miss Constantine thinks that soon people will come to London Terrace instead of "taking the cures" all over the world.

But she is concerned, not so much with repairing damages as with keeping her clients fit for the strenuities of New York life. There is nothing complicated about her methods. She keeps them in line with elementals of health and that is all that is necessary. Simple rules of diet, enough regular exercise, but not so much that it gets irksome, a cleansing process or two every now and then do the trick nicely.

More and more ladies of the Terrace are coming to know that Miss Constantine is a friend worth having, both as a person and as a guide to more zestful living.

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405 Building

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Mr. McGonnical, champion of the gaslit era, leads the way as progress proceeds disconsolately in the van



MCGONNICAL caught my arm as I was about to board one of the shiny new Twenty-third Street buses.

"I was the first to say," he told me, "that the automobile would never replace the horse." I turned to study him. He fixed me with a glittering eye, and he stroked his errant beard.

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

"They're here to stay," he went on, pointing to another bus, "but what makes you think they won't be gone tomorrow? I saw the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk experimenting with their box kite. I told them right along that you couldn't go slantwise of Nature's laws. Even when it sailed off into the air, I pointed out that it couldn't be done."

"Good old McGonnical," I muttered, not unpleasantly. "You seem always to have been the first."

"I was the first to condemn Edison for trying to produce the electric light. I have here a copy of the letter I wrote the old Evening Sun about it. Let me read you a few paragraphs." He withdrew from his wallet a dull and tattered newspaper clipping, but I held up a hand.

"But the electric light did come," I said, "and it appears to be more or less permanent."

"That's what they all say," retorted McGonnical. "But they don't look forward. When they wanted to build the tubes under the Hudson River, I was the first to point out in the Voice of the People column in the old Globe that the ferries were good enough, and that people wouldn't use the tubes. Time will show that I'm right."

I permitted another bus to go by.

"Now take the radio. My letter to the editor of the Times was a masterpiece of restraint. I pointed out to him that the old-fashioned gramophone had pleased our generation and that it could just as well please the next. As a matter of fact, I was the first publicly to oppose the gramophone when that was invented. My letter to the Evening Mail was a combination of satire and venom, deftly blended."

I started shifting nervously from one foot to the other.

"Transportation has occupied a good deal of my time," he went on. "I waged a single-handed battle against the horse car, and when I went down, fighting every step of the way, to defeat, I took up the cudgel against the cable car. No sooner had talk of the subway commenced when I launched a vitriolic attack in the columns of both the Tribune and the Herald." When people read my items in the Letters to the Editor departments of our dailies, they knew that 'Pro Bono Publico,' by which label I chose to be designated, was on the trail of fraud and chicanery. 'Look ahead,' I counselled. 'Tomorrow

is only a carbon copy of yesterday. Cling to that which you have. Don't change horses in mid-stream. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Listen to me a moment, Mr. McGonnical," I said. "I have the utmost respect for your age and your views, and your contributions to the enlightenment of the daily press are not to be regarded lightly. But I have a bus to catch. It will whisk me, in infinite comfort, from here to the East River in a few minutes. I will not be jolted into unconsciousness by loose wheels and wobbly tracks. I will not sit in a stiff seat, nor be despatched into the first stages of pneumonia by cold wind that drifts in under doors. . . ."

Puts Brakes on Progress

"You talk nonsense," insisted McGonnical, but at that moment I spied another bus coming along and started forward to meet it.

"Stop!" cried McGonnical, grasping my arm. "The horseless carriage. . . ."

I struck him savagely and watched the bus roll over him without the slightest discomfort to the passengers. I paid my fare and sat grimly down, feeling a little sorry that I had unintentionally killed the old fellow.

I felt better the next morning when I picked up the Herald Tribune and read, in the Letters to the Editor department, a missive signed "Pro Bono Publico." The writer pointed out that it was only a matter of time before the sailing vessel would be the principal ship on the high seas.

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BOOK SHOP

219 Ninth Ave., New York

MARTHA LEAVITT

(Continued from page 9)

tivity with a beauty column that shortly became one of the best features in the newspaper. She ferrets out the beauty secrets of the socially elect, who are supposed to know how to keep beautiful, and the stars of the stage and screen, who have to know. The column consequently passes along the best of the workable formulas to those on beauty's fringe.

She is of average height, with blue eyes and a quick smile that flashes at you suddenly. At times it accelerates into a good-natured grin. She has a bright, active manner, and even though her interviewer clamped her to a chair with the fine fury of his own monologue, she bore up bravely.

Her arresting loveliness brought one question stampeding to the interviewer's lips:

"You're the best ad I can think of for your own beauty column. This isn't for publication, but just in case somebody asks me what prescription for beauty would you pass along to our women readers?"

Miss Leavitt's eyes brightened with amusement.

"Ah there you go, asking questions. Didn't I tell you not to do that?"

The girl can keep a secret.

(This is the seventh of a series of interviews with interesting people who live in London Terrace.)

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Locale

To a great many New Yorkers, October is synonymous with Moving. To the residents of "the city within a city" it may mean moving to a larger apartment or to a different location, but not outside Terrace walls. Outsiders, according to the Renting Office, are already thinking of moving to London Terrace next October. Applications have been spurting in, asking for reservations on available apartments, if any. "How about a pent-house?" is a query which has popped up several times already, as well as inquiries concerning other locations.

It might be a good idea for Terrace residents who are thinking of taking larger apartments or changing location—to one of the cross-ventilated, for instance—to make their needs known as soon as possible. In that way they stand a much better chance of having a wider choice.

Marine Deck

A recently returned cruise traveler slapped a friend on the back with hearty, if somewhat ostentatious enthusiasm. "Boy!" he yelled, "there's nothing like a deck chair and a windswept horizon for real relaxation and rejuvenation. I wish I could take that trip about four times a year."

"You wouldn't have to," said the friend a trifle smugly, "if you lived where I do."

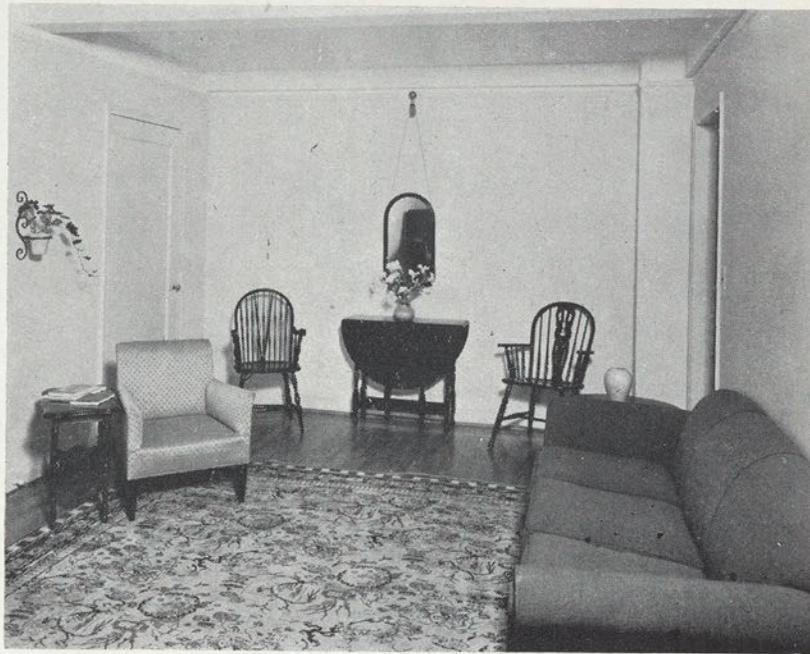
"London Terrace?"

"Yes. That Marine Deck of ours gives you just as much horizon and relaxation and rejuvenation as any cruise you can name. And it's just a minute from my apartment and I don't have to pay passage money."

"Well," replied the returned traveler, a bit deflated, "you don't have to be so superior about it, do you?"

It is a little hard not to feel superior about the Marine Deck. It is one of the most popular features of Terrace life. At present it is going through the spring cleaning process, being all refurb-

READY FOR OCCUPANCY



One of several furnished apartments recently opened in London Terrace; this fresh, modern apartment, completely equipped and newly decorated, is typical of the type of home now made available to apartment residents who do not wish to supply their own furniture. There is cross ventilation in some, making Summer living particularly pleasant. The apartments are chiefly two rooms, and they lease from six months to longer periods. The Renting Office will be glad to take care of any inquiries.

bished and made spick and span for the coming trade. A constitutional around the Deck makes a Terrace landlubber feel like the Captain of the *Queen Mary*, which, by the way, will soon be poking its nose up the Hudson River, splendidly viewed from our rooftop.

New for Old

One of the disillusionments of spring renovation is the sad knowledge that the furniture which has done so well all winter has become creaky, and in some instances positively decrepit. The lads down in the Furniture Repair Shop take to these matters like Napoleon to conquest. They are constructive, both as regards advice to puzzled householders and manual skill. They can make that weatherbeaten, though fundamentally stout armchair look as radiant as a debutante at her coming-out party. A loose arm or leg

or a table top to be replaced makes their eyes shine with inspiration and their hands perform miracles.

Tenants who would like to change the looks of their apartments without upsetting things too much, are finding the Repair Shop a haven of assistance. They discover that a book shelf or two, a handy bar, perhaps, in a convenient nook, or a new valance board will do wonders toward freshening up a home without destroying its comfortable familiarity.

"There is one thing which always intrigues me about your apartment," a guest remarked recently to a Terrace resident. "And that is the way it seems to change with the mood of each season, at the same time retaining its fundamental qualities. It never seems entirely strange. Neither does it ever seem completely familiar. I think it's grand."

LONDON TERRACE BEAUTY SALON

465 BUILDING



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Fame

Stars of the stage, celluloid screen, fistic arena or baseball diamond periodically hit the news sheets with publicity-gathering incidents. One of the favorite items used is the fact that letters addressed to celebrities reach their destinations without any address being appended.

Well—these front page twinklers have nothing on London Terrace. A letter from the West Indies was dropped into a Terrace box the other day, addressed to the maid of one of the tenants. The name and street address were on it all right, but no town, city or state; just "London Terrace, U. S. A."

The date mark showed that it had not wandered around. It had reached its appointed spot as quickly as if it had been fully addressed. The boys down at the Post Office seem to know their apartment houses—or at least one apartment house.

Nurse Wanted

Numerous times weekly the Management receives hurry-up requests from residents who desire the services of nurses. No complete record of available nurses is at hand, so only a part of these requests can be complied with. Therefore it has been suggested that any nurses, either registered or practical, living in the building, might leave their names and phone numbers at the Terrace switchboard.

It sounds like a good idea. It would enable any resident desiring the services of a nurse to be put in touch with one through the simple expedient of picking up a house phone. In addition, there would be the obvious economic advantages to the nurses.

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Saga

It was Spring. The windows of a sixth floor apartment in the 440 Building were open. A balmy breeze fluttered the curtains, bringing delightful odors of growing things. Restlessness and a spirit of adventure were in the air. It all proved too much for a Persian Tommy-cat who had begun to irk at the restrictions which had kept him indoors all winter.

As the story was reconstructed later, here is what the cat did. Disdaining the laws of gravity, he went to the open window and jumped, landing six floors below on Twenty-fourth Street. Then he wandered—far from the ken of familiar surroundings. His owner, returning home in the evening, was considerably perturbed at his absence. She sent out an alarm, hoping against hope that he was alive, but not quite believing that he could be.

Days passed—ten, to be exact. The owner had about given up hope for her pet's safe return. Then one day he came back. The doorman spied a cat who had once been yellow, plodding across the street toward the 440 entrance. He was soiled, weary, battle-scarred. He had lost considerable weight, but it was the Persian all right. After the first shock at her kitty's altered appearance, the owner identified him.

It is too bad cats can't talk. There would be a story worth hearing.

Movies

The second floor of the 405 Building is getting the play on Monday nights now. The weekly movies sponsored by Mrs. Dudensing of Travel Associates Inc. have become an established Terrace institution. The programs are varied, offering novelties, travel films and features.

Residents have found the entertainment a welcome diversion available close to home. And—as everyone probably knows—the admission is free.

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The Cover

The cover view decorating this month's News shows you, in case you have forgotten, how the rhododendrons in the Inner Garden looked when they were in full bloom last year. It is to remind you that the posies will be even bigger and better this summer, in addition to making a handsome cover.

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