

AUG 17 '36 F

London Terrace News



AUGUST

1936

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Is there anything on a warm sultry evening more delicious than a tempting salad made on a bed of crisp lettuce, topped with any dressing you may desire, and accompanied by a large iced cold glass of milk, coffee or tea?

Our menus during the summer months provide a large variety of delicious salads, both on our 75c and \$1.00 dinners.

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Luncheon 40c, 50c, 65c and 85c

London Terrace

The World's Largest Apartment House



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Est. 1868

51 EAST 42nd STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Renting and Managing Agents

London Terrace

AUGUST 1936

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 8

Photog

The handsome photo of the Marine Deck decorating the front cover of this month's News was taken by Odie Monahan, Terrace resident and one of the best commercial photographers in the business. Odie and his wife—she writes—get around a lot. Many of those impressive "shots" you see in rotogravure sections from all parts of the country are products of Monahan's camera and his wife's caption writing.

In addition, Odie works for one of the big ad agencies which goes in strong for pictorial stuff. He is among that enterprising although small crew of photographers which has raised the level of advertising illustration to that of a fine art. At present, he is busy on some kind of a direct color scheme that he thinks is likely to raise a whale of a stir when he gets it perfected.

The Marine Deck got a real break when Odie put that good-looking girl up on the bridge and trained his camera. So did the readers and editors of the News.

Your Bid

The bridge hounds are fretting at the leash, all set to tear into each other's systems for another fall and winter. All those cute tricks they picked up during the summer will be given the once-over by Mrs. Stark up in the Penthouse Club to see whether or not they should be heaved over

the parapet or allowed to stay around in approved bridge society.

The open season on slams gets under way on the afternoon of Thursday, September 17th, with Mrs. Stark in the coachman's box as usual. There will be weekly Thursday afternoon and Friday evening rubber bridge sessions open to residents only. Instruction classes are set for Friday evenings, while duplicate bridge will be played on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

Beginners needn't quake in their stockings. Mrs. Stark's instruction is as painless as it is efficient.



Boat Builder

That ten-inch model of the *Queen Mary* which looks like it was about to nose right through the glass case of the cabinet in the Chart Room of the Penthouse Club is the work of Robert Lindsay, sixteen year old Terrace resident. As soon as it was made known in these columns a couple of months ago that the Management would furnish the material for anyone wishing to build ship models for display, Mr. Lindsay bobbed up to answer the challenge.

When better boats are built, he'll make models of 'em, is the philosophy which guides Robert through the urgings of his creative genius.

Fire Hazard

Careless cigaret-flippers continue to endanger life and property. Despite the recent warning in this magazine there have been a number of instances of bad awning fires caused by lighted cigaret butts being thrown out of windows. Tragic consequences were averted but the danger is an ever-present one as long as thoughtless smokers are too lazy to put discarded cigarets where they belong—in ash trays.

The seriousness of the cigaret-flipping habit cannot be over-rated. Unless voluntary cooperation is forthcoming some sort of drastic measures will have to be taken to prevent a fire of alarm-

**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.

ing proportions.

Let's have no more unpleasantness over the matter. Let's behave like adults. A small amount of care and thoughtfulness is all that is required to cope with a dangerous situation.

See Ourselves

A number of newcomers to London Terrace may not know of the London Terrace Movie which was such a sensation among the trade last season. It gives a detailed and excellently produced view of the various activities in the largest apartment house in the world—the Swimming Pool, the Marine Deck, the Chess and Bridge Clubs in action, the way the various services function and the manner in which the shops and Restaurant cater to the needs of residents and their friends.

It is well worth seeing, as a matter of information as well as an example of how well a non-commercial film can be done. Many residents may have missed the showings of the film on the Roof last summer, so for the benefit of all concerned, it is again available.

In addition there are some new sequences which have been inserted since the picture was last shown. There are some handsome views of a Penthouse terrace and a number of other interesting "shots."

Residents who would like to view the film and bring friends for a movie party may do so by the simple procedure of ambling into the Renting Office in the 435 Building and stating their wishes. The film will whirr into motion faster than a windmill in a hurricane.

Mass Music

We followed our ears instead of our nose the other evening. They led us straight to the playground in front of Hudson Guild, four or five blocks north of our house. The sound that had tickled our ear drums kept gaining in volume. It was community singing. When we reached Chelsea Park we were greeted by a sustained chorus of several thousand voices; boys, girls, fathers, mothers, grandparents, all singing together in the open air.

The singing happens every

Angle

The hard-working people on the managing end of the largest apartment house in the world—London Terrace to you—have an idea that they know just about all the answers as to why people choose it as a place to live. A little questionnaire submitted to new arrivals lists a number of possible reasons for coming to the Terrace and asks that the one hitting the mark be checked. William A. White and Sons received the following letter in response to one questionnaire:



Children's section of a Chelsea Park audience

Wednesday evening as part of the Hudson Guild's regular weekly free entertainments for people of the neighborhood. Free open-air movies have been shown every summer for twenty-seven years. This year the screen entertainment was supplemented with various educational lectures and films through the cooperation of various City Departments.

To an onlooker, though, the singing is the most thrilling part of the weekly gatherings. From babes in arms to grandads they all seem to be having a grand time. Seven thousand voices—that's the average number attending—don't need to worry about correct tone production. In unity there is strength—and beauty.

Dear Sirs:

The determining factor in my choice of London Terrace as a home was not any one of the possible reasons given on the face of this sheet—but because the small apartments had such perfectly splendid closet space. And now that I have lived here for a few months, I might add that the very satisfactory service rendered would have been an inducement, had I known.

Very truly yours,

It looks as though the Management slipped up on one angle of the feminine appeal, because the writer is a lady.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

HAYRICKS, RIVER VIEWS AND SKYLINES

(Editor's note—Marine Deck Officer Nugent knows his Manhattan, especially the water front scene. This description was contributed by him. It describes in a colorful fashion one man's reactions to the kaleidoscope viewed from the roof-top of London Terrace.)

MANET, the French impressionist, delighted in painting the same scene under different aspects. He made six canvasses of a hayrick at Les Menles without changing its fundamental lines, but caught fugitive impressions in the spring, summer, fall, winter, in gray weather, in the rain, in the snow, in full sunlight, in the morning, at midday and at night. Each was a new and delightful picture.

How many more changing aspects does the glorious Hudson offer than a hayrick! A spectator on the Marine Deck atop London Terrace need not be a painter to enjoy the infinite moods of the stream ebbing and flowing within his scope of vision from the Statue of Liberty to George Washington bridge. Onlookers know the Hudson on fair days, gray days, foggy days, misty days, stormy days, dark days, in sunlight and moonlight, in the four seasons. Each aspect is different. One onlooker pleasantly recalls glimpses of the river from the Marine Deck at different hours of an ordinary day and night.

Morning. The porter has finished swabbing down the deck, polishing the bright work, cleaning the ship's furniture. The first squad of sunbathers have already selected their chairs and spots to worship the sun; male and female in beach undress. The slate-colored Hudson flows under a clear sky. Over at Hoboken the tired Leviathan leans wearily against its pier. On the Manhattan side of the river, steamships, from the not-too-clean tramp coasters to the Gallic-groomed *Normandie*,

hide their hulls from view behind the shed-like piers, but reveal their superstructure, rigging, masts, ventilators, and smoke stacks.

Innumerable craft plough the river; a liner from Europe, escorted by tugs, a millionaire's yacht, ferry boats, canal boats, barges bearing railroad trains, the floating hospital, police boats, fire boats, the dredger, motor boats, the electric ferry, excursion steamers, Coney Island boats, white hulls, dirty hulls, clean hulls, cutter prowed. Whistles toot their passing signals. Bass and tenor sirens answer them.

Mid-afternoon. The Statue of Liberty is outlined in the clear air. Stevens Institute on the hill at Hoboken seems nearer than in the morning. The sunbathers

have gathered up their oils and ointments at eight bells on the morning watch, or high noon to landlubbers, and have passed down the gangway to the elevators. Sport clothes have replaced bathing and swim suits. The river traffic has speeded up. The wind flutters the ship flags. Airplanes and a small dirigible hum overhead. A windjammer, a strange sight nowadays, butts its way up the Hudson.

Sunset. The sun drops behind the Jersey Hills, coloring the sky and clouds in brilliant tints. A few early lights gleam. The flags on the Marine Deck have been pulled down; the house flag, the weather signal, the Stars and Stripes. The ships at the piers and on the river are now dark

(Continued on next page)



Terrace Marine Deck under full sail

LADY AT LEISURE

PRETTY hard to keep your mind on your work when you're looking out the window at the *Queen Mary* and the other sea going what-nots. And it's hot too, but the News must go on and I must try to think of some things that may interest my public!

I have received several letters and a phone call or two about bright lights in windows opposite garden bedrooms. Naturally there are occasions when it is quite necessary to turn on your bright lights, regardless of the hour. But a little thought, especially after midnight, as to the absolute need of using the brilliant lamp that is right in the window, might result in using the smaller one at the other end of the room. If you sleep with your head in a position so that the glare across the way keeps you awake, or, worse yet, wakes you up in the middle of the night, you know what I mean.

Another London Terracer who loves to write me anonymous letters (nice innocent ones and they usually contain a good idea or two) sends in a suggestion about that ol' devil RADIO. Quote—Jazz is all right sometimes but I don't like it and I think symphonies are fine but my neighbor doesn't agree. So why not turn down our radios a little so that walls and floors don't vibrate because in a 17 x 24 more or less apartment, low volume is OK. Or if you're in the shower, why try to drown it out with a radio somewhere else? And here's a suggestion—a little sponge rubber, cut from a five and ten cent store kneeling pad, helps improve reception when placed under the radio cabinet legs. If you have a small set, the whole pad can be used. A decorative hanging behind the set particularly if the set is pulled away from the wall also helps to remove unnecessary vibration. End of quote and I say "hear, hear," to all of the above. Thanks H. H. G. (you see he thinks he's anonymous, but I know him!)

For Gaining Weight

In looking over last August's News I find that I mentioned added poundage along with vacations and I think the same holds true this year. But nevertheless, I think it's about time that I came forward with a recipe or two. The following is sure to put on a pound or two or three: Sift one and one half cups of flour into a bowl, add one cup of butter and mix, first with a knife and then with the hands. Add a pinch of salt and a whole egg, not beaten (you can use a fork or spoon now). Work this in and add a tablespoon of cold water which makes it a tough mass when all worked together and don't be afraid to work. Do this the night before and put in the refrigerator. It will be hard as a rock next day but will soften in a few minutes in the air and then you can roll it out as thick as you like but I like it about three sixteenths of an inch thick. Line a pan with this—no top crust—and sprinkle it with cracker crumbs or bread crumbs for this takes up the moisture of the fruit which you now add. Mix almost any fruit with as much sugar as you like—cinnamon improves peaches or apples—and put this on top of the crumbs. Now here's the secret—flood this with as much sweet cream as you can afford and pop it into a hot oven until the crust is brown. You'll get awfully angry the first time because it has a habit of boiling over if it's too full. There'll be an unpleasant odor and the oven will get gummy but we think the result is worth it all.

Zipperers have entered the kitchen, have you heard? Macy's are showing oil skin bags with zipper fastenings called Seal-Sacs that are grand for that half-head of lettuce or piece of onion that you want to keep in the ice box and they're also recommended for keeping sandwiches and pieces of cake moist if you are one to go on picnics. Lewis and Conger's have something similar made of

oil skin to serve as a cover for ice box bowls. They are made much like an old fashioned bathing cap—the edge is gathered in with rubber so that they will stretch to fit almost any size dish. If you like string beans look over the tricky slicer down in the Book Shop. Saves the six or eight cuts with a knife if you cook your beans "french style."

And now the word of wisdom in parting. "The disadvantage of the so-called 'closed mind' is that it is nearly always accompanied by the open mouth."

I'll see you next Fall.

SKYLINES

(Continued from preceding page)

silhouettes. Evening calm has settled over the river.

Night. The craft on the water, the airplanes overhead, and the shorelines are alight. Red lanterns mark larboard—left—and green, starboard—right—aboard the ships. The tireless Goddess of Liberty holds her lighted torch aloft.

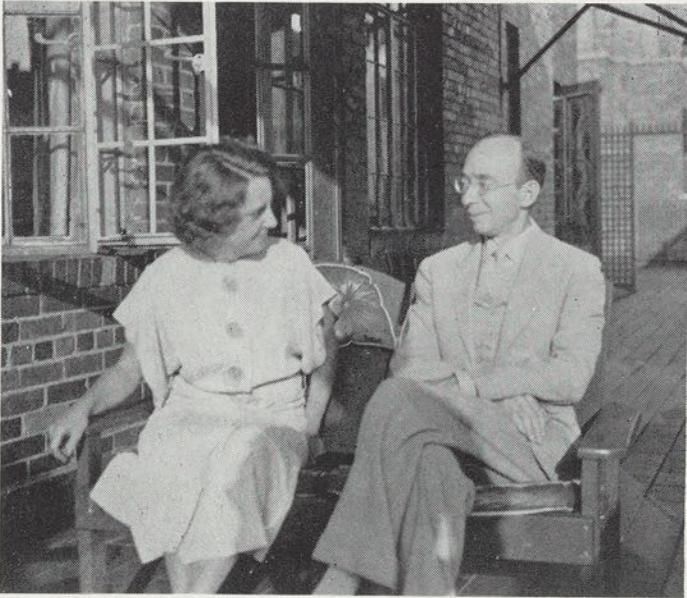
The skyline is aglow with myriad electric bulbs. Strings of light outline roof gardens. That steaming red glow comes from the theatre thoroughfares. See the spectacular signs flash on and off. The Empire State seems ablaze on top. The Port Authority building hired hands must be working overtime again. The Consolidated Edison Company can afford that searchlight and electrical display. They make their own current. The Metropolitan Tower winks out the hours by light signals as well as by clock bells.

Cool winds fan the Marine Deck. Its lights are on. Now they are out. Eight bells in the night watch have sounded, or 11 o'clock eastern standard daylight saving time. ALL ASHORE.

A visitor to the Marine Deck may not see any hayricks, but he gets some grand views of the river and the skyline by day and by night in all seasons of the year.

WORDS FOR SALE

This Terrace couple finds professional phrase-slinging a gratifying vocation, as stimulating as it is unpredictable



The Gaithers snapped on a Terrace terrace

RICE and Frances Gaither—husband and wife respectively—are a couple of people who take events in a good swinging stride. Members of the sometimes precarious profession of writing, the pattern of their lives has not fallen neatly into a pre-arranged design. To others at

tails. A couple of years out of college found her hitting the "slicks" with gratifying regularity. It didn't come that easy, of course. There were disappointments, but she took them as they came, stuck out her chin and kept at it.

Meantime, Rice had taken up the more intense if less rarified vocation of newspaper writing. Like every good newspaperman, he didn't settle down right away, but jumped around on various sheets, in Memphis, Montgomery, New Orleans and Mobile. It was in the latter city that he and Frances reencountered one another and were married.

They had a very contented time for a year or two, he doing his daily newspaper stint, she with her free lance writing, but then he decided that he would like to write fiction instead of news. There wasn't any fooling around; no trying to write at night after a hard day's work at the office. He made a clean cut, quit his job. They moved across to the Eastern Shore of Mobile Bay, fixed up a house and yard. Beyond their doorstep was a miniature wilderness; a quiet spot well suited to concentration.

It worked out all right. Rice developed a market for his stuff and for a number of years they lived a grand life. There were trips to New York and Europe. There were constant excursions through the South they both loved. There was always the picturesque Eastern Shore to come back to when they felt like it, which was quite often. Then peculiar things began to happen. A couple of the magazines they depended upon folded up. Others

(Continued on next page)

times it may even have resembled a crazy quilt, but to them it is entirely logical with an added quality of fascination about it.

The Gaithers are from the South and like everything else they do, there weren't any half measures connected with their home territories. They were both born in Tennessee; no shaving of the Mason-Dixon line for them. Frances didn't stay in Tennessee long, but moved over a bit and settled down with her family in Corinth, Mississippi. Rice had moved there too. They went through high school together, but after that their paths diverged. He went to the University of Mississippi, she to Mississippi State College for Women.

They had one bond, though, which kept their destinations within easy hailing distance of each other. This was the desire

to make a living by putting words down on paper, one after the other. They achieved that aim; did and are doing very well at it. At present he is on the Sunday staff of the New York Times, she a successful scrivener of books for the young. They have been living in New York about six years; came here from the South, blown by the winds of the Depression. They weathered the storm nicely and managed to have a good time doing it.

Frances didn't waste any time going about doing what she wanted to do. Her first short story was sold while she was in college. She didn't aim at the stars at first, contented herself with selling to the "pulp" market. She had an idea that in order to learn to write well, one should write a lot, and that is exactly what selling to the "pulp" en-

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THE GAITHERS

(Continued from preceding page)

cut down on size, didn't buy as many stories as before. The trips to Europe stopped, life for the Gaithers, as for so many people, took on qualities of circumvention that were as unpleasant as they were unfamiliar.

Rice and Frances, however, didn't tuck their heads down in the green foliage of their secluded home and wait for the storm to blow over. They packed up their typewriters, hopped a train for New York. They faced into the economic tempest instead of turning their backs to it.

In New York, Rice went about the business of finding himself a newspaper job. Frances dug some long-collected historical material of the old South out of her

trunk and decided to do something about it. She hadn't had the time before. It took some time and a lot of perseverance, but she finally got a juvenile book written and took it to a publisher.

It was accepted. Next she got an order to write a book about La Salle and his wanderings through the South. While she was preparing this volume, she ran across some dramatic incidents of children who had been adopted into Indian tribes after their families had been slain. Here, she thought, was fine material for a second juvenile with a historical background. She wrote it next, thereby establishing a public for herself. She is working on her fourth volume now.

Her husband did some freelance writing for various New York newspapers and wound up with his present job on the Sunday Times. He likes the combination of the excitement of newspaper work and the absence of a daily dead line. There is a weekly dead line, of course, but it is easier on the nerves than one every twenty-four hours.

There is nothing in the attitude of the Gaithers to hint that they are an unusual couple. They are charming, unassuming, friendly. Suggest that perhaps they get homesick for their Alabama homestead and they will tell you that living in London Terrace can't be beaten. They have lived in the Terrace since it was first built. Ask Rice if he wouldn't prefer selling to the mags to a newspaper job and he'll say there is something about newspaper work that makes it the most fascinating way of earning a living he knows. Frances is thrilled over successful exploration of a new field in juvenile writing.

The Gaithers don't indulge in much backward or forward looking. They take things pretty much as they fall, enjoying what they are doing at the moment, adapting their objectives and mode of living as circumstances arise. Nothing has defeated them yet. Probably nothing ever will.

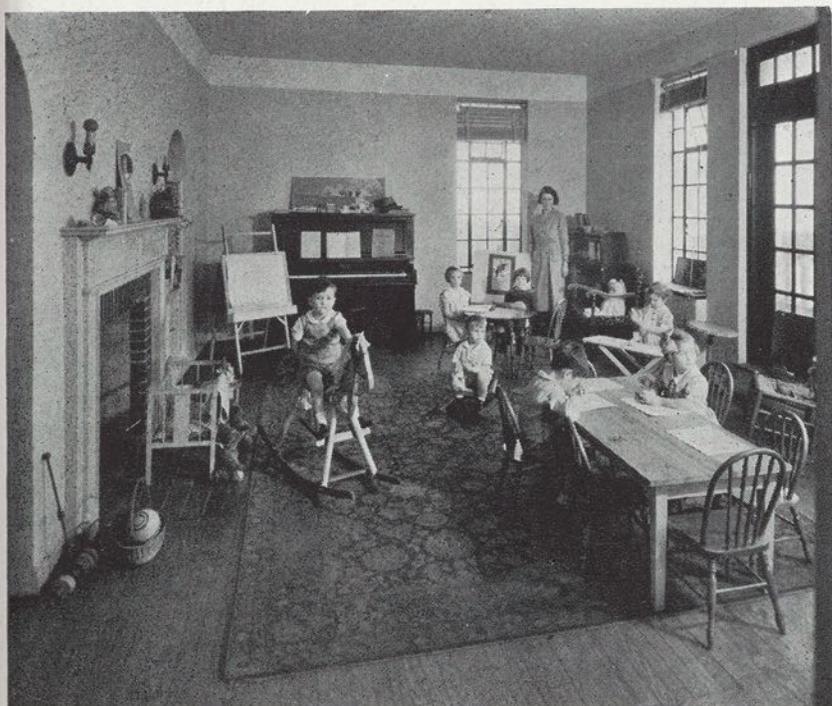
LONDON TERRACE NEWS

ROLL-CALL

SEPTEMBER 21st may be just another Monday to a lot of people but to Terrace youngsters it means the beginning of another series of daily trips in the elevator of the 470 Building. On the top floor there is the London Terrace School. It was opened two years ago after the need for it had been made known by many requests from parents.

on frequent excursions to nearby places of interest as a means of broadening their experience.

The environment of the school is made varied and colorful so that the child is not apt to become bored. Care and study of pets and plants is a regular feature of the curriculum. The result is that the old-fashioned bugaboo of going to school is practically



The Terrace School in Session

Miss Eleanor Wilson is the head master. She goes at education with breadth of vision and practical-mindedness. She sees it as a foundation, not of book learning only, but as a process designed to fit the child for adult living in all its phases. Her school system provides, in addition to the traditional "3 R's," a chance for her students to know something of how to get along with older people as well as each other, physical education and development of creative instincts in work with paints, clay, lumber and tools. Older children are taken

non-existent for Terrace youngsters. Their parents, likewise, find themselves freed of many of the worries and responsibilities usually connected with seeing children through the school years.

A glance into a school session is ample proof that education need not be a painful process. The kids take to Miss Wilson and her methods like a summer boarder to the first call for dinner.

Parents wishing to discuss schooling for their children may get in touch with Miss Wilson at the London Terrace School, Penthouse, 470 Building.

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Knitting Hours:
Daily 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.
Tuesday and Friday
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Store Open Every Evening
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APPAREL SHOP
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Women

RUBBER BRIDGE

Thursday Afternoon 2:00 P. M.
Friday Night 8:30 P. M.
Beginning September 17th

Rubber Bridge games will be limited exclusively to RESIDENTS OF LONDON TERRACE

Instruction Classes will be conducted on
Friday Evenings 7:00 P. M.
Beginning September 18th.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE

Tuesday and Thursday Evenings
8:00 P. M.
Saturday Afternoon 2:15 P. M.

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

Director

Card Fee
Rubber Bridge, Twenty-five Cents
Duplicate and Instruction, Fifty Cents



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Uniformed Message

Captain McGuirk, of New York's finest, dropped a little communication in the mail to us. It is a good sound suggestion pithily put. We are glad to pass it on to our readers. Here it is.

Mr. and Mrs. London Terrace:

In the first five months of this year, a total of 27,000 motor accidents occurred in New York State, an average of 180 automobile accidents a day.

829 persons were killed which was 136 less than for the same period last year.

Nearly 60% of the deaths were caused by collisions of cars with pedestrians.

Whether you are a typical pedestrian or a typical driver, the lesson of these figures is clear: drivers and walkers alike, must keep constantly alert, day after day.

While this department is proud of its success in reducing accidents, the necessity for sustained activity in our safety drive cannot be too strongly stressed. Ours is not a temporary campaign, but a continuous and vigorous effort to make people guard their own limbs and lives.

Wont you co-operate?

Peter McGuirk,
Captain, 10th Precinct.

London Terrace Management

announces the following

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MEDICAL

ALFRED C. DUPONT, M.D.
455 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
CHelsea 3-1894

ROBERT E. FRICK, M.D.
445 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
CHelsea 3-6677

B. M. SHALETTE, M.D.
425 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
CHelsea 3-1224 and 1225

DENTAL

PAUL ROBERT JACOBS, DDS.
415 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
CHelsea 3-5858

BARNETT M. WARREN, DDS.
425 West 23rd St., Apt. 1E
CHelsea 3-6434

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

DR. J. B. CULBERT
460 West 24th St., Apt. 1E
WAtkins 9-4761
By Appointment

CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST

G. MARIE BROTT, M.A.
470 West 24th Street, Apt. 8F
CHelsea 3-6650
By Appointment

Maid Service

Residents, recognizing the convenience and economy of the Terrace Maid Service, are taking advantage of it in ever-increasing numbers. The Housekeeper has risen to the occasion and is operating her department with the ease and smoothness of a streamlined train running over a velvet-bedded track.

In order to insure the maximum of satisfaction for everyone she keeps her workers to a tight schedule. It is necessary, therefore, that requests for the Service outline in advance the exact time allotment required. Last minute decisions to extend the time desired are apt to upset the schedule.

Tapping

It came as something of a shock to learn from the operating department of William A. White and Sons about the water that comes out of London Terrace taps. It seems that the water that comes out of the hot taps is exactly the same water that comes bubbling forth from the cold taps—the same in everything but the temperature, that is. A lifetime spent in believing that sparkling cold water is the purest thing in the world thus must have many of its viewpoints changed when it becomes apparent that the Terrace hot water is just as pure as the cold water, which in turn is the purest there is.

For one thing, there is the possibility of closer time calculations in the morning. The uncertainty of knowing just how long it is going to take the coffee water to boil is practically eliminated. A mere flick of the wrist of the gas jet is enough to bring the hot water from the tap to a good boil. In summer, particularly, we imagine it should be quite a relief to cooks, or anyone else who uses kitchens. No longer any need to hop in and out of the kitchen to keep an eye on the simmering water or sit pensively on a decorative stool watching the kettle.

Another point which may interest a few of us is the little matter of saving on gas.

The reason all this can be done is that all Terrace water comes directly from the city water supply. The heating of the water destined for the hot taps is done by the building heating plant.

It's nice to be sentimental about cold water, but it's nicer to know that it is not in a class by itself.

Identity

A London Terrace Identification Card is a good thing to keep with you. It comes in handy when cashing checks, money orders or in any other transaction where identity is required. In addition, it is invaluable in case

A. BLOCK

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Phone CHelsea 3-4365

By Appointment



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