

AUG 16 '37

# London Terrace News



ADOLPH  
TREMLER

AUGUST

1937

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## ANNOUNCING ANOTHER NEW INNOVATION TO OUR COCKTAIL LOUNGE:

The opening of our Sidewalk Cafe serving Tall Summer Drinks where it is always Cool and Pleasant from 11 A.M. to 3 A.M. at reasonable prices.

Gin Daisy .....	30c
Planter's Punch .....	40c
Tom Collins .....	30c
Ward Eight .....	40c
Rum Collins .....	40c
Gin Buck .....	30c
Jack Collins .....	30c
Singapore Gin Sling .....	40c
Cuba Libre .....	40c
Sloe Gin Fizz .....	30c
Rhum Sarthe Collins .....	35c
Claret Lemonade .....	30c
Gin Fizz .....	30c
Gin Rickey .....	30c

●

### ELIZABETH FLYNN'S LONDON TERRACE RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Luncheon 45c, 55c, 65c and 85c

Dinner 85c and \$1.00

# London Terrace

The World's Largest Apartment House



41 TYPES OF APARTMENT RANGING FROM  
ONE ROOM AND KITCHENETTE TO SIX ROOM PENTHOUSES

SOME WITH WOOD BURNING FIREPLACES  
MANY WITH CROSS VENTILATION

FREE PRIVILEGES OF SWIMMING POOL, ACRE OF GARDEN, MARINE SUN-  
DECK, GYMNASIUM, TWENTY-ONE SERVICES ON YOUR HOUSE TELEPHONE,  
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WM. A. WHITE & SONS  
Est. 1868

51 EAST 42nd STREET

NEW YORK CITY

*Renting and Managing Agents*

London  Terrace

AUGUST 1937

VOLUME V

NUMBER 7

### Post Office

William A. White and Sons, Managing Agents for London Terrace, have been putting the bee on James Aloysius Farley, who makes a pretty good living dedicating post offices. The purpose of the bee is a post office for, by and in London Terrace. You've probably heard this story before, but try and stop us.

Anyway, the post office is just around the corner, not literally but figuratively, like women's winter hats and the Firemen's Labor Day Picnic. The deal has only to break through a few fine silk threads of red tape before it is an actuality. You better not hold your breath until it happens, but it's about a three to one bet at the present odds.

### Softer Please

When is a pest not a pest?

*When it's a radio not turned up too loud.*

But how loud is too loud?

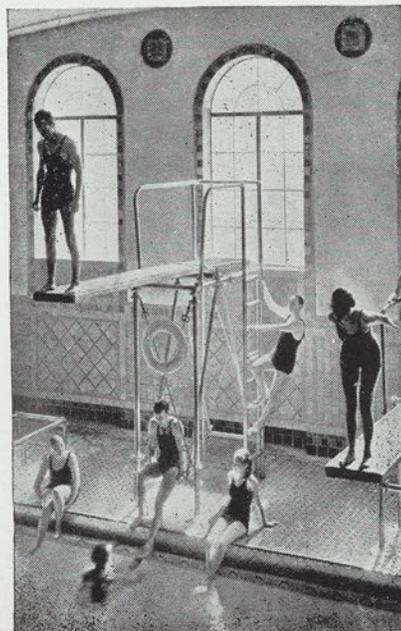
*Not as loud as you might think.*

Usually it's too loud when you can hear it distinctly from every part of your apartment. Some radio listeners aren't satisfied unless they can have Grace Moore while they're taking a bath and a round-by-round account by Clem McCarthy while they're tidying up the supper dishes. It's very

nice to combine pleasure with duty, but it's an awful headache for the neighbors who'd like to sit comfortably and listen to their own radios not more than room-length away.

The summer breezes are swell stuff but their charm is lost when they are laden with six different radio programs trying to give each other the screaming meanies.

We're going to quit hinting in a minute and come right out and ask everybody to please use discretion on their loudspeakers. Let's have our Garden sounding as restful as it looks.



### Moom Pitch

The Terrace Theatre, just east of Ninth Avenue on Twenty-third Street, is fast becoming a reality. Come early autumn and this newest entertainment addition to our neighborhood will open its luxurious doors to the public. It is designed as an intimate type of show house, cosily comfortable, with spacious upholstered seats.

Brandt and Brandt, cinema house operators de luxe, are authority for the statement that it will present "the cream of Hollywood pictures." In other words they are going to shop around among the distributors to select offerings of superior rating and not be tied down to one company's output. The theatre will be modern in every sense, from the screen and projector to the lounge.

By golly, we can hardly wait for Fall to come, what with one thing and another.

### Tennis

Now that Don Budge has romped through the Davis Cup warfare like a hurricane in a wheat field, local tennis addicts are giving more attention to their own games. There are quite a few around the Terrace who like to play regularly and downtown courts are available a short dis-

tance from home. Many times, though, players do not get in as much action as they want because companion players are unobtainable.

Well—the NEWS is taking steps. Tennis players are invited to leave their names and apartment numbers with the editor in the 435 Building. Then any time a singles opponent is required, or a fourth for doubles, we'll run through the list and discover who can rally round. The matter of transportation can be disposed of this way also, because a number of players have cars at their disposal.

We think this is pretty nice of us, and hope the tennis hounds will appreciate it and take full advantage of our generosity.

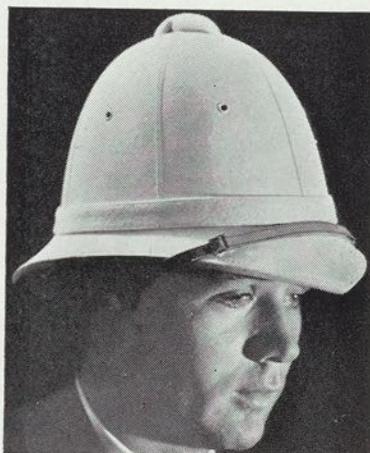
### Outdoor Show

For the twenty-ninth year the open air recreation nights have started in Chelsea Park, Twenty-seventh Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. They have developed into "movie nights" since they were first started back in 1909 by Dr. John Elliott, now Head Worker of Hudson Guild and Terrace resident, but that doesn't begin to tell the story. It is well worth a trip to the Park on a Wednesday evening to see 7000 neighborhood children and adults singing together, viewing entertainment, enjoying a spontaneous release from lives which are apt to be more drab than most of us care to think about.

Dr. Elliott and the Guild have made it their job to think about those lives and are doing marvelous work in bringing to them education, recreation and culture which they otherwise would not receive. If you still have a copy of last month's NEWS around, look at the picture on the top of page twelve to catch some of the spirit of the Wednesday evening entertainment. Better still, go up and join in it yourself. It's "different" and it should make you proud of your neighborhood.

### Toppers

Beatrice Lillie once remarked that "only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun." Leave it to the Englishmen, though, to figure out how to go out in the noonday sun without getting sunstroke. Their answer to the problem was the pith helmet and they answered it so well



Pith Helmet and Bobby (435)

that everybody else threw up their hands and let them get practically a monopoly on the pith helmet market.

This all came to light when the Management set about to order this summer's supply of pith helmets for the Bobbies. They found out that to obtain really bonafide, authentic, well-constructed, serviceable, handsome pith helmets they would have to place the order in London. That's what they did, too, and everybody, including the Bobbies, was so pleased with the toppers that the Management doesn't regret the trouble and expense one whit.

### Cover

Again for our cover decoration this month we are indebted to Mr. Adolph Treidler, talented artist who has done so much to carry the spirit of London Terrace onto the drawing board and from there into print. He is nice enough to say that the inspiration of the setting makes his Terrace work a real pleasure.

### BOOK NOOK

THE big smash at the Book Store this month is "Northwest Passage," an engrossing slice of American history turned out by that likeable fellow, Mr. Kenneth Roberts. In case you haven't read your Sunday book reviews, it has to do with the career of one Major Rogers, his rise and fall, his spectacular arguments with the Indians during our country's early history, his rather bleak later years. It's high grade stuff, absorbingly told and as authentic as your family album.

The newest book-of-the-South and a good one is "Children Of Strangers," a novel dealing with the mulatto problem in Louisiana. It is authored by Lyle Saxon who comes from down there himself and is not quite so heavy as it sounds.

For those who like the labor situation done in modern dress with a bit of romance dropped in for good measure, "Ferment," a novel by John T. McIntyre, is filling the order nicely. It is remarkable chiefly for its sharp dialogue and characterizations. McIntyre admirers do not think it is quite up to some of his others.

Alice Grant Rosman's yearly offering is "Truth To Tell," a light romance full of honeysuckle and youthful ardor, entirely acceptable to her sizeable public. "Orchids On Your Budget," by Marjorie Hillis, is hitting the femme fancy. You know her—the 'Live Alone and Like It' lady. The title tells the story. It's all about how secretaries get fur coats and trips to Bermuda.

Nothing can be done about E. Phillips Oppenheim and his prolific talents. He has another one, "Envoy Extraordinary," which dabbles excitingly in European political intrigues. And the shriek fans are shrilling mightily over a volume of short stories by Agatha Christie called "Dead Man's Mirror."

That ought to take care of everybody from little Algernon to big Aunt Tessie.

## "IN OUR LITTLE PENTHOUSE"

THE penthouse terraces, as seen from the Marine Deck, are an eye-pleasing spectacle these summer days. Their climbing vines, their shrubs, trees and flowers, their tracery of lattice work and bricked walks present a beautiful design; Nature and architecture getting in some splendid cooperative licks for the benefit of graceful living.

The bird's eye view, entrancing though it is, is a bit detached from reality, however. One doesn't get the sense of people really living in the penthouses; they are like doll houses or mod-

els. A visit to one or two of them changes all that. Here is metropolitan living at its best. Penthouse dwellers tell us there is a terrific thrill in standing on your own terrace and viewing the tremendous vistas of Manhattan, Jersey, the Hudson and the harbor. The view becomes part of your home.

Perhaps that is why so much care and personality have gone into Terrace penthouses. No two are dressed alike, yet all seem in harmony with the surroundings and each other. One has ivy trained over the red brick walls

and grapes growing from a vine in one corner of the terrace. Another has bank after bank of wild flowers. Suburban life seems a quaint, primitive gesture as compared to penthouse dwelling, which combines modern luxury and convenience with the charm of the out-of-doors.

Some day, perhaps, all apartments will be penthouses. Until then, most of us will just bounce along with what we've got, feeling a bit superior about living in London Terrace, even though we aren't twenty floors up with only the sky above us.



Penthouse Terrace of the 435 Building

## THE JAMBOREE IN PIX



(Above left) Members of Kiddie Revue, directed by Sophia Civoru, who entertained in the afternoon. (Above, left to right) Mrs. Joseph R. Bolton, Mrs. Charles H. Smith, Mrs. James G. Torrens, Mrs. Leo Rosenbloom, with a few of the 400 prize packages they wrapped. (Left) The afternoon Pet Show. (Below, left) Terrace children at the Jamboree. (Below) Neighborhood guest children—a few of the sixty who have been sent to vacation camps.



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 NEWS  
 AUGUST,

## JAMMING THE JAMBOREE

THE Chelsea Jamboree is over, but the memory lingers on. It lingers realistically for sixty neighborhood children at present summering for two weeks at rural camps. It lingers for the 2,239 people who attended to make merry with games, dances, shows and entertainment, generously spending to the tune of \$1,900 net profit for the work of Chelsea Charities, Terrace tenants' organization which has done so much to lighten the lives of less fortunate children and families in our neighborhood. It lingers with the many residents who worked long, hard and faithfully to make the affair the success that it was.

This success was reflected in the enthusiastic report of Mrs. Nugent, who worked for weeks lining up the children who were to benefit by the vacation. The Christmas Seals Camp at Bear Mountain, New York, and St. Joseph's Villa, Hackettstown, New Jersey were the camps selected by the committee. The sixty children who were enabled to go left room for very little disappointment.

About The Jamboree. First of all—

Came not the Revolution, but the Postponement. Originally scheduled for July 15th, with everything at a white heat of activity, a downpour of rain set in that knocked the plans into a cocked umbrella. A committee met on the morning of the 15th to mull things over and after a deal of discussion it was decided to postpone for one week. Rain insurance was pondered but Mr. John Brunton, well-known theatrical scenery designer and builder settled the problem by coming forward with the idea of the tents. Mr. Brunton and his wife, by the way, were also responsible for the gala lighting and bunting effects which turned the Garden into a light-hearted scene of gayety.

Two or three carloads of flowers and cakes had to be disposed of because they would hardly hold over for another week. The London Terrace Florist conveniently canceled his order, carrying it over the next week. Mr. Gene Masson, resident and wholesale florist, said to keep his offerings, he would have more on hand for the event, but that didn't answer the question of what to do with them. Mrs. Byron Hull, Chairman of the Flower Girl Committee and Miss Orona Finlay waded in and made up the flowers into bouquets which they peddled around among residents and employees, making a final profit of over \$10 for the cause. Mrs. Crockett and her Cake Committee easily disposed of all the cakes except three very large ones; two donated by Hanscom Bakery and one by Cushman. These were raffled off to hungry bridge players up in the Penthouse Club at ten cents a chance and brought in \$7.00 to the kitty. Altogether the cakes and flowers netted \$50, due to the extra money realized from the postponement and the satisfactory results achieved by Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Crockett and their Committees on the day of the Jamboree.

That day—July 22nd—was full of sunshine and not too much heat—perfect weather for the event. After the first panic over the postponement had subsided, it was realized that the rain actually was a blessing. The extra week did much to make the Jamboree bigger and better.

The afternoon got under way beautifully, the three main events clicking nicely. The Pet Show, ably managed by Mrs. H. H. Rhoad and judges Janet Mack and Mrs. Leda Martin turned out some prime Terrace dog flesh. Prize winners were Mrs. John A. Denholm's "Whiskey," Mrs. L. J. Meader's "Don," who also garnered the lucky number ten-pound bag of dog food, Mrs. Cleaver's "Boots," Mrs. Horacek's "Patsy," Mrs. G. H. Pratt's "Butch," Mrs. Fried's "Rex," Signora de Ayala's "Saturn," Mrs. James S. Collins' "Judy," who also rated as the most attractive dog in the show, Mrs. R. P. Russell's "Muff," Mrs. Reynolds' "Peter" and Miss Emma Mullen's "Beau."

Other big features of the afternoon were the magic show presented by Mr. and Mrs. Roland Stratford and the Kiddie Revue of Miss Sophia Civoru, the latter consisting of talented kids from 4 to 14. These shows wowed adult and children audiences, particu-

July 26, 1937.

Dear Jamboree Helpers:

*To each and everyone who helped "put over" the Jamboree may we extend our most sincere thanks. Your co-operation and work were wonderful.*

*On Thursday, July 29th, the happy boys leave for camp and a few days later the girls will be on their way. I am sure you will all get a big kick out of knowing you helped bring their dreams of camp life true.*

*To The White Company we owe a big "thank you" for allowing us to use the Gardens. Many, many thanks to one and all and hoping to make the Jamboree of 1938 more successful than ever is the wish of your*

Chairman and Vice Chairman,  
JOSEPH R. BOLTON  
MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH

larly the neighborhood children selected by Mrs. Nugent from the many going to camp whom she thought would be most appreciative.

The evening, of course, was the big climax; dance music going, ballyhoosers talking up their "pitches," the lighted booths of the fortune tellers, astrologers, and palmist set up below the basement stairways, the horse race with its pretty barelegged girl jockeys, the sketch artists under their spotlights attracting the crowds, the stream of spectators flowing in and out of the Pool exhibitions, the bobbing strings of colored lights—all bang-up Midway stuff full of excitement and carnival spirit. The knowledge that it was all for a worthy cause made the spending a real pleasure.

Credits for the success of the undertaking make a long list and break down into the categories of workers, givers and spenders.

Topping the list of workers are Mrs. Charles H. Smith and Mr. Joseph R. Bolton, prime movers of the undertaking. Mrs. Smith particularly, gave a tremendous amount of energy; physical and mental, and no praise is too high for her untiring efforts. Then there is Mrs. James G. Torrens who stepped in as Treasurer of Chelsea Charities after Miss Shirley Uffendill found it necessary to resign. Mrs. Torrens and her husband handled the complicated task of accountancy for the Jamboree and deserve a lot of credit for their good natured reaction to this tedious task.

Too much cannot be said for Mrs. Leo Rosenbloom and her Committee, who with the assistance of Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Torrens sorted, wrapped and counted almost 400 prize packages. The attractive and individual dressings given these packages were responsible for a good deal of the high interest shown by players in the "pitch" games. Mr. Jorgenson, who is with the Dupont Company, and his wife have a vote of thanks coming for their donation of the bright cellophane

used to wrap the prizes, all of which were given by Terrace residents.

Former residents appeared on the workers' firing line to help. Mr. and Mrs. Caparell accomplished much in the way of placing publicity in the New York papers. Mrs. Caparell also served as Chairman of the Reception Committee, ably seconded by Mr. Eugene Jenkins as Assistant Chairman. In connection with the newspaper publicity it might be well to mention Mr. James Collins of the *World-Telegram*, who gave us a good slice of space.

Other alumnae were Mr. and

Mrs. Richard Anderson who came down from Spuyten Duyvil to manage one of the games, which took in a high share of the receipts. Mr. Anderson, through his connection with Universal Newsreel, also arranged for moving pictures to be taken of the afternoon happenings.

The numerous artistic talents found in London Terrace came forward generously to do their share. Mrs. Gwen Barry Hood sketched the cover of the Jamboree Program, Mrs. Anna L. Hilton designed the lobby announcement cards, while cards for the

(Continued on page 16)

*The names of many patrons, patronesses and donors of the Jamboree were received too late to be included on the Jamboree Program. Following is a list of the omitted names.*

**Patrons and Patronesses not listed in the Jamboree Program:**

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Good  
Mrs. C. Draper Rankin  
Mr. Mathew F. Powes  
Mrs. Franklin W. Burke  
Mr. David G. Rogers  
Mrs. William A. Lorenz  
Mr. and Mrs. Bertram B. Caddle  
Mrs. Jennie V. Martens  
Mrs. John Crockett  
Mrs. Edwin Hoyt  
Mrs. Ira R. Dickson  
Mrs. Phillip L. Irwin  
Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Lammerich  
Mrs. Ida T. Rockafellow  
Mrs. Charles D. Proctor  
Mrs. Herbert F. Wyeth  
Mrs. Thomas P. McAweeney  
Mrs. Ellis W. Goode  
Mrs. Robert E. Frick  
Mrs. Ricardo E. Lembcke  
Miss Sophronia T. Clark  
Mrs. Eugene B. Freed  
Mr. Charles D. Hurrov  
Mrs. G. Eleanor Talbot  
Mrs. Florence M. L. wience  
Miss Emily G. Lynch  
Mr. and Mrs. John Gemmell, Jr.  
Miss Ellen Klein  
Mr. Glen L. Whiteman  
Mrs. Lillian Lynch  
Mrs. Huber Gemmill  
Mrs. Robert Hood  
Mrs. John C. Brunton  
Mrs. Anthony Padula  
Mrs. Donald Watson  
Mrs. Gerald Finley  
Mr. W. J. Leete  
Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald Dunbar  
Miss Laura E. Carpenter

*In one or two instances the names of donors were omitted through oversight. These included Franklin Simon and Ralph S. Iovieno. The oversight is acknowledged and apology is offered through these columns.*

**Donors of Prizes not listed in Chelsea Jamboree Program:**

Franklin Simon & Co., *Gift Bond*  
Ralph S. Iovieno, *Beer and Basket of Fruit*  
Embassy Groceries, *Groceries*  
Grand Opera House, *Tickets*  
Roxy Theatre, *Tickets*  
Trans-Lux Theatre, *Tickets*  
23rd Street R.K.O. Theatre, *Tickets*  
Warner Bros. Strand-Theatre, *Tickets*  
Columbia Broadcasting Co., *Tickets*  
Gustave Haenchen, Inc., *Tickets*  
Cribari & Sons, *Sherry*  
Home Decorating Co., *Money Donation*  
Sohn and Friedman, *Money Donation*  
Swift & Co., *Pard Dog Food*  
Shepard Barclay, *Cigarette Box*  
Davega City Radio, *Radio*  
Liggett and Myers, *Cigarettes*  
Warner Quinlan, *2 Cans of Oil*  
Anheuser-Busch, Inc., *Beer*  
National Biscuit Co., *Assorted Groceries*  
Paul A. Straub & Co., *Pottery*  
Ace Import Co., *Assortment*  
Edward Crone, *Rugs*  
Chelsea Storage, *Money Donation*  
London Terrace Garage, *Money Donation*  
Crane Restaurant, *Dinners*  
Century Diner, *Dinners*  
Seymour Marcus, *Picture*  
Benton H. Clark, *Oil Painting*  
Josephine Paddock, *Picture*  
"Hap" Hadley, *Picture*  
Irving Nurick, *Etching*  
Sisk Tours, *Money Donation*  
Prost and Colahan, *Bottled Goods*

## BEAUTY FROM A BLUEPRINT

### Modern landscaping combines taste, harmony and science

THERE'S a whole lot more to being a landscape architect than telling the gardener where the flagstoned walk should end. If you don't believe it, take a look some time at the plans Mr. Sheffield Arnold submits to clients. They have everything in them from the number of cubic feet of top soil under the side porch to the amount of view the climbing ivy is going to obstruct by April 10th, 1974. A landscape architect not only has to be an architect, but a civil engineer, an artist and a business man as well. Mr. Arnold doesn't say all that in so many words, because he is an unassuming gentleman who doesn't particularly enjoy talking about himself. He'll answer questions, though, and that's all any

fifteen floors above Park Avenue, which is a fairly respectable neighborhood in which to work. His work is known all over Long Island, New Jersey, Westchester, points south as far as Havana, points west as far as Los Angeles, points north into New England.

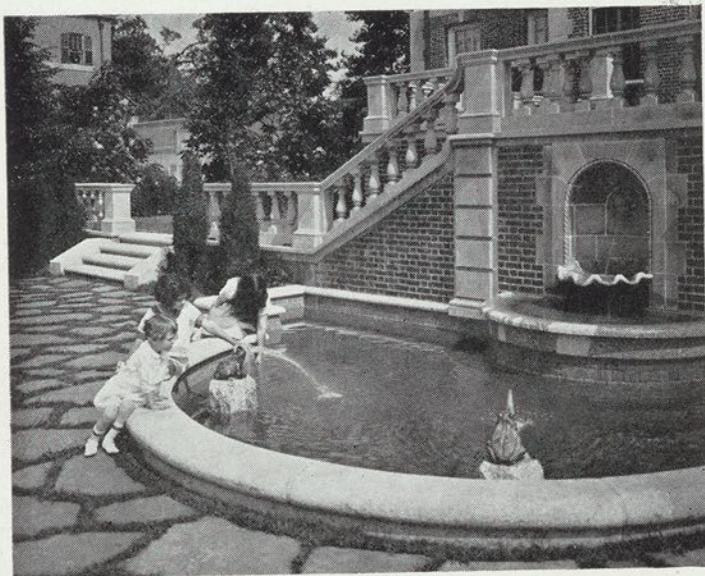
His professional urge began in Providence, Rhode Island, his birthplace, and in Boston, where he grew up. He always liked to build things. He liked the outdoors, he liked to fool around

to the cultural pride of New England, but business is business, even to an outdoor beauty expert.

Mr. Arnold likes to work from scratch. He likes to be in on a job right from the start, making plans along with the building architect. That way they can achieve a harmony of design combined with economy which will please esthetic senses as well as pocketbooks. A client is much less apt to demand a formal setting for an informal house if the picture as a whole can be outlined to him in advance.

Mr. Arnold's artistic side rebels against architectural clashing between building and grounds, and he says there is not nearly so much of it now as there used to be. People have been educated, not only to the fitness of things, but also to have faith in the expert they are hiring to do a job for them. That's why you don't see very many iron deer on lawns any more, or Roman statuary stuck in groves of elm trees. The statuary belongs in an Italian garden and the iron deer—well, Mr. Arnold didn't make clear exactly where they do belong; in front of the Public Library maybe, tossing their antlers at the lions.

As between the two schools of naturalism and formalism, Mr. Arnold personally leans toward naturalism, although he admits that formalism has its place and he doesn't turn down any jobs which call for it. He enjoys having something natural to build around; a clump of trees or a small body of water. It's easier then to visualize the perfected whole and to help the client visualize it. His philosophy of fitness keeps cropping out as you talk to him. You're pretty sure he doesn't believe in formal French gardens on a Palm Beach estate



Sample Sheffield Architecture; Garden of a Massachusetts Estate

interviewer should need.

He didn't think there was anything unusual in a young man deciding to become a landscape architect and then going ahead to be one. That's what he did, quite a number of years ago, when landscape architecture was not nearly the recognized profession that it is now. He's seen it build, tree by tree, rock by rock, extending its influence all over the country. The depression hit it a few hard socks, but at present it is on the mend. It supports Mr. Arnold in an office

with tree and shrubs, he had a sense of artistic fitness. When the time came for him to choose a profession, he said "landscape architect" as easily as the rest of us say "make mine the same." Harvard was not far away, so he enrolled in its Bussy Institute of Civil Engineering and Architecture. After he was through there, he went into business in Boston. He stayed there until twelve years ago, when he came to New York, where the field is larger and the jobs bigger. This may have been a blow

## SAME DAY CLEANING

or if need be, in a few hours

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NO FADING

NO DISAPPOINTMENTS for we clean right in  
London Terrace.

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*Ask about our CUSTOM CLEANING — the finest possible.  
Recommended for your better clothes.*

—◆◆◆—  
SO CONVENIENT — simply call "Valet" on House Phone.

### LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS

TAILORS — FURRIERS

410 Building (Store)

415 Building (Lower Corridor)

or tropical shrubbery around a suburban home outside of Cleveland.

He has done all types of jobs. One, of which he is rather proud is the Nacional Hotel in Havana—eleven acres of tropical scenery facing the ocean, with cocoanut palms and water palms nodding over a swimming pool and tennis courts. Then there is the Hartford Fire Insurance Company layout in Hartford—New England Colonial throughout; taste and beauty brought into the home of a prosaic business. And there is the strange order he received from a man who owned a grain elevator, wanted to dress it up in an attractive setting. Arnold did it for him all right, says he never had realized before that a grain elevator could have its esthetic points.

He shakes his head a bit when asked about a typical American contribution to the art of landscape architecture. The country's too big, he thinks, for any art to typify Arizona and Maine in

one breath. Different parts of the country are developing their own techniques, suitable to the inhabitants and the climate. Our outstanding accomplishments to date, he believes, are the Colonial types—New England and Southern. Our big chance for the future, something that will really be our own, will come through city planning. He hasn't gone into this because he thinks it's a study and a problem unique in itself, requiring special preparation and knowledge; he'll leave that to the young fellows just starting out.

Sheer economics is going to drive real estate operators into more serious consideration of landscaping their sub-divisions, Mr. Arnold believes. It doesn't have to be anything grandiose or highly expensive, just a little imagination and planning, so that every house isn't surrounded with the same pattern of shrubs and lawn as the ones on either side and all the way down the block. He knows one real estate man

who tried it and it turned out to be money in his pocket in the form of quicker and higher sales. Mr. Arnold is quite philosophical over the fact that his sort of art must prove itself economically sound.

You might like to know that he approves heartily of the Terrace Garden, thinks its simplicity is a stroke of landscape genius—and he didn't do the job either. He must like it; he's been looking at it from his apartment windows for six years now and hasn't gotten tired of it yet.

CH 3-1085 Est. over 66 Years

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We Have No Branch Store

## NAUTICAL ORNAMENTATION

SOME time when you're on your way up to the Roof, look for the new additions to the nautical exhibit in the Penthouse Club. One is a ship model, a fine three masted square rigger, at present anchored in the Club Office, but soon to be given a place of honor in the Chart Room. It is the work of Dr. H. H. Rhoad, who spends a lot of time around ships in connection with his profession as ship's doctor. He built the model in actual scale from blue-prints of the original, which sailed the deep under the name of "Sovereign of the Seas."

Another newcomer is a delicately-tinted heavy glass globe, on view in the Chart Room cabinet. You'll probably be puzzled, as we were, to know just what connection it has with going down to

the sea in ships. We even went so far as to ask Miss Myrtle Kendall, of 410, who donated it, what it was. She said it came from Manan, New Brunswick, and it was a lobster float. Land-lubber that we are, this explanation left a lot unexplained, but Miss Kendall was so nice about it that our chivalry got the better of our reportorial conscience and we didn't pursue the matter any further. Anyway, that's what it is—a lobster float.

A third recent contributor of sea bric-a-brac is Mrs. J. E. McKee of 445. She brought in a handsome pair of brass anchor candlestick holders—a decorative touch amid the utilitarian scheme of things aboard ships.

That's about all we have to report on the Penthouse Club,

except to say that the view is gorgeous and the breeze divine, but everybody knows that, anyway.

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## MONDAY NIGHTS

INTEREST in "Monday Nights in the Penthouse" seems not to have abated a jot or tittle in spite of the fact that they have been suspended for the summer months. This unique experiment in cooperative discussion seems to be gathering momentum, even during its vacation, so that a bang-up winter season is in the offing. Mr. Roland L. Stratford, who is responsible for much of its success has even gone so poetic as to liken it to a "growing acorn shaping up into a sturdy oak tree."

Be that as it may, the discussion nights have certainly formed the basis for a great deal of thinking and talking among residents and—but what's the use of being an editor if you can't get other people to do your writing for you? For one, we'll go right ahead and quote a resident on the subject. The resident is a person of background, travel and a good deal of experience in many phases of human endeavor and has this to say:

"I cannot conceive how anyone can spend one-and-a-half hours in an evening more profitably. It is the most unique type of practical common sense efficiency of time and effort well spent I have ever witnessed anywhere." (*Ed. note*—This testimonial was absolutely unsolicited and what is more didn't cost us a dime.)

Now we'll go right ahead again and let Mr. Stratford do our work for us and tell you some more about Monday Nights. Mr. Stratford writes as follows:

"Monday Nights in the Penthouse" started with the simple idea of encouraging self-expression and congeniality among the residents of London Terrace. It affords opportunity for the free discussion of vital questions, subjects and intimate human problems which are important to successful daily living.

The earnestness shown by those attending attracted the attention of experts in various lines of hu-

TUNE IN  
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man development who volunteered their time and experience to serve as guest speakers. Such subjects as Astrology, the psychology of handwriting, the science of cooking, the human side of animals, the theory and psychology of colors, the intangible aspects of problems and the discussion and demonstration of hobbies were introduced by and through the efforts of the residents of London Terrace.

At the close of each meeting a free will offering was taken. The money thus collected was donated to Chelsea's Neediest Families Committee to be used for the purpose of sending needy neighborhood children to a summer camp.

*Ed. note*—We asked Mr. Stratford if that was all and he said yes so we had to go to work again. We thought he had made "Monday Nights in the Penthouse" sound like pretty fascinating stuff. They're going to start again in September so you'd better get set.



## LONDON TERRACE BEAUTY SALON

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*Delightfully Cool!*  
*Summer Schedule*

Special Beginners' Duplicate  
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Tuesday, 1:30 P.M.

Advanced Duplicate  
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Thursday, 8:15 P.M.

Saturday Afternoon, 2:15 P.M.

NEW ADDED ATTRAC-  
TION Beginning July 10th.  
Saturday Evening Duplicate  
8:15 P.M.

**GLADYSE GRAVES STARK**

470 Building Penthouse

## Open Letter

Dear Ed:

Last month I told you I was too busy "Jamboreeing" to do "Lady at Leisure" and "Shop Shots" but I did offer to write up the Jamboree. This month I'm too busy to write but I still can talk. When the day comes that I can't talk, you better get yourself another girl Friday!

So if you can find time to drop by my office I'll give you a few inside facts on the Jam—. I started out by calling it "Chelsea Jamboree" then referred to it as "Jamboree" and now its just "Jam." July 22nd it will be just "J—"

See you soon,

LL AND SS

## Wheel Chair

Here's an offer it is to be hoped you won't have to take advantage of, but just in case—it might be well to know that a wheel chair is available to Terrace residents. It can be arranged for through Uniformed Service and the charge is 75 cents a day or three dollars a week.

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## JAMBOREE

(Continued from page 10)

Garden booths and elsewhere were made by Robert Clark, William Everett, Tom Hilton and Phil Lynch. Mr. Everett, in collaboration with Messrs. Foss, Granville and Sawyer also constructed the Dart Game beaver board. This board, embellished by the attractive presence of Miss Jane Peck as Cupid was one of the most popular spots of the Jamboree.

The talented and busy sketchers in the Garden were Miss M. Ryerson and Mon. Henri Saint-Armand. Miss Ryerson deserves a double vote of thanks because she substituted for her friend, Miss Josephine Paddock, who, at the last minute, found herself unable to appear. Miss Ryerson was so snowed under with requests that she and Miss Paddock held another session later to take care of the overflow and turned over \$5 for this extra activity. Mon. Saint-Armand stuck at his post far into the night to take care of sitters. It might be well to mention here that he is an art teacher of high repute and conducts classes Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the Recreation Room, 465 Building.

Mr. Vincent Gerbino, architect and member of the London Terrace Art class, did some very practical art work in the form of a working blue print drawing, including the whole Jamboree Garden layout. It proved of tremendous value in planning the shindig.

The Pool was jammed with gasping and hilarious spectators twice during the evening to watch the show put on by the Spence family and champs Tony Zukas, Marvin Nelson and Frank Foster. Wallace, Lucy and Leonard Spence wowed with their fancy swimming numbers—comic and otherwise, Zukas thrilled with acrobatic diving, Foster furnished some hilarious comedy diving, while Nelson gave a beautiful swimming exhibition.

The Astrology, Numerology, Palmist and Fortune-telling sections had the customers standing in lines and were not able to take care of many requests for readings. Harold Mann, eminent astrologer took care of that department, and Florence Jenson the Numerology. They are both residents, incidentally. Miss Margaret Ramsey from the Dover Apartments was the Palmist and Mrs. Johnson, mother of Grace MacLean did a brisk business in fortune telling by cards.

Among the workers, a couple of pinch hitters deserve special mention. Mrs. Charles A. McGinnis stepped in for Mrs. Hull, 415 Chairman, during the latter's absence of two weeks and Mrs. Lucy Campbell of 410 stepped around the corner to 405 to give Mrs. Charles Cleaver some assistance. Mrs. Arthur C. Ruddy was one of the most diligent workers on the 410 Building Committee under Miss Wells, Chairman—and her name was left off the program. An apology to Mrs. Ruddy is hereby made.

Terrace young people were a lot of help. They helped decorate the Garden, ran errands and did a thousand and one odd jobs that popped up before and after the event. The boys and girls deserve a great big hand.

Special mention also goes to Miss Emily Lynch. She rustled around in her circle of outside friends, making up a purse of \$25 in addition to selling twenty-five tickets to the Jamboree. Other residents did similar stunts, giving dinner parties, distributing tickets and bringing guests to indulge in some spending.

Terrace residents proved themselves well-behaved hosts when they didn't complain because two of the handsomest prizes went to outsiders. The door prize, a beauty of an indirect lighting floor lamp donated by Ludwig Baumann through Miss Margareta Suchard, 405, went to Mrs. A. T. Provost, guest of Mr. Steadland of 445. Another top prize was the bridge table capable of open-

ing out into a dining table and four chairs upholstered in white leather. This also came from Ludwig Baumann donated through Mr. Stelzer, Terrace penthouse dweller and was won by Mrs. E. Marlo, of Belleaire, L. I., guest of Mrs. MacDonald, 425.

Miss Marjorie Westendarp, dancing instructress extraordinary, who acted as general manager and judge of the outdoor dancing, donated a grand prize of imported sherry for the best dancing of the evening.

To Mr. Lawrence, Terrace Superintendent, goes a large slice of credit for the splendid handling of the construction and mechanical details. Under his direction the carpenters and electricians did a bang-up job in the Garden and when Mr. Lawrence went on vacation his duties were assumed by Mr. Romberger, who directed in fine shape the difficult tasks before, during and after the Jamboree. All Terrace employees, including doormen, elevator men,

page boys and porters, entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the occasion and deserve a large vote of thanks for their cooperation.

A last paragraph but a very important one we shall give over to the House Chairmen and their Committees who were in a great

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425 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B  
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445 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B  
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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

degree responsible for the success of the Jamboree. These tireless ladies worked for weeks, phoning and calling on residents, disposing of over 1,000 tickets and collecting the 400 prizes used in the various games. Space prevents the naming of all these unselfish workers, but we can acknowledge their very great help by listing the Chairmen, who were as follows:

405: Mrs. Cleaver. 410: Mrs. Wells. 415: Mrs. Hull. 420: Mrs. Crockett. 425: Mrs. Frazee. 430: Mrs. Grant. 435: Mrs. Fromm. 440: Mrs. Parrott. 445: Mrs. Moellering. 450: Mrs. Hurrey. 455: Mrs. Sylvester. 460: Mrs. Maroney. 465: Mrs. Cooney. 470: Mrs. Rosenbloom.

And that folks, is the Jamboree; a lot of work, a lot of fun which resulted in a splendid vacation for sixty youngsters who otherwise would have been confined to city streets and crowded homes all during the summer

heat. Chelsea Charities, through the efforts of our residents, is responsible for the building of neighborhood good will—a good will we have not always enjoyed.

And here's something of interest. Extra copies of Jamboree programs are on hand for any residents wishing them. If you would like some of them to send to friends or keep as souvenirs, they may be obtained from Miss Bieber in the Administration Office.

### **Chess Club**

The Chess Club wound up in a blaze of glory on its last session for the summer, June 30th. Celebrities were thicker than a London fog and mutual admiration bloomed profusely. Hermann Helms and I. A. Horowitz, who know enough about chess to edit magazines devoted to the art, were both present simultaneously. Mr. Helms thought he needed a

little practice so he took on nine Club members all at the same time and beat every one of them. It shows you how good Mr. Helms is, because the Club members are no dubs. Mr. Horowitz kibitsed. He's saving himself for the International Team Championships in Stockholm this summer.

Club members did mumbo-jumbo over a derby hat and pulled out a munificent chessboard of inlaid wood which they presented to Ned Goldschmidt as a token of their appreciation for his efforts in organizing the Club and making it the success it has become.

Everybody cried happily into everybody else's ice cream and vowed to be back again at the first session after Labor Day. Query: What do chess players do in the summer time and what do golf players do in the winter time?

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