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London Terrace News



JULY

1936

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NEW YORK CITY

Renting and Managing Agents

London Terrace

JULY 1936

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 7

Birdseye

It was pleasing to note that during the late and unlamented vogue of the game of "what's this," or "handies," as it was sometimes called, there was tacit agreement that no one should play it on the Marine Roof. The reason for this taboo was in part the intelligence of Terrace residents and in part the fact that another game is played on the Roof which will brook no competition. The game is "name it," the "it" in this case being a boat coming into its berth on the river, or one tied up or one going out. Some of the Roof frequenters have become as expert at this as a Big League umpire calling the fast ones over the corner of the plate. Only the other evening a charming miss who was much too attractive to have that much brains, won the river Sweepstakes by putting the finger on the S. S. Batory, a Polish craft and sister ship of the Pilsudski.

Another bold charmer has been carrying on a long distance flirtation with a certain tugboat captain, spotting his vessel, waving a large bandanna and getting a couple of affectionate toots in reply. The Hudson River Day and Night Line boats are of course familiar to all Roof mariners; their comparative performances in bucking the various tides, dodging ferries and tugs and artistry on the whistles being subjected to regular examination and comment. At times when the docking of the *Queen Mary* or *Normandie* coincides with a populous Roof, very

often pools are made up on the length of time it takes to warp the ships into their berths.

Every once in a while the glimpses of the boats and the water get too much for a crowd or a twosome or foursome. They determine to go voyaging. The Twenty-third Street ferry can be grabbed in a flash for a comparatively short Hoboken round trip cruise, but there are all kinds of variations. You can, for instance, hop a Jersey Central ferry to Jersey City, change to one for Liberty Street, New York, from thence back to Twenty-third Street or a short ride or walk down to the Battery and the Staten Island ferry for the really

adventurous cruise across the harbor. A variation of this is the Erie ferry to Jersey City and Chambers Street, New York. Experts claim there is some complicated criss-cross system which takes in Twenty-third Street, some unnamed point on the Jersey shore, Forty-second Street and then off for down-town, but this has not been thoroughly investigated by your reporter and is not advised for anyone who is not an experienced waterfront explorer.

A beginner might get stranded somewhere between a Hoboken beer parlor and the World-Telegram building and there would be the devil to pay.

Sun and Spray

The combination of between-week-end Pool swimming and week-end beach cavorting is the vogue of the moment. There are even those who claim that a douse in the Pool followed by a sunning on the Marine Roof has a trip to a beach beaten by about seven lengths. It doesn't involve a long trip on a crowded highway or train, it doesn't leave you all frazzled out at the end of the day, the companionship is congenial and the expense negligible.

In this connection someone broke down and confessed that one delightful thing about living in London Terrace was the easy manner in which the change from winter to summer conveniences was accomplished. The Chess Club gives way to the Marine



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BOOK SHOP

219 Ninth Ave., New York

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.

Roof. The warming, enclosed feeling of Elizabeth Flynn's Restaurant changes to a cooling, breezy atmosphere. The Garden, from a winter landscape becomes a suburban retreat. The Penthouse Club abandons itself to fresh air and sunlight. The whole tone of the place, insisted this enthusiast, is like changing from a winter overcoat to a summer suit.

It made us angry that we hadn't thought of it in just that way ourselves.

Going Up

Mr. DeGraw of the London Terrace Upholstery Shop was complaining some time ago that although his shop was a very fine shop, comfortable to work in and with all conveniences, it was, after all, in the basement. Now Mr. DeGraw has nothing against basements and particularly the Terrace basement, except that they generate the urge in him after working hours to get up high. He has just about kept the Empire State building running by frequent trips to the top of it.

The thought of Mr. DeGraw chasing around at night looking for places to get up in was too much for the Management, so they put him in charge of the Penthouse Club during the evenings. It seems to work out all right. Promptly at five o'clock every afternoon the upholsterer enters an elevator and is swooshed up to the Penthouse, where he remains until ten o'clock. By then the urge to get up high has been completely satisfied and he can go about doing whatever he

wants to do until it is time to go to bed.

Incidentally Mr. DeGraw is not just a Penthouse playboy in the evenings. He keeps an eye on business when it comes his way. That means that tenants who are busy during the day and do not have much chance to consult with Mr. DeGraw about work, may do so at their leisure in the relaxing atmosphere of the Club during the evenings.

Fairly clever idea—putting Mr. DeGraw up there—take it all in all.

The Apparel Shop

The Lingerie Shop is changing its name as well as its face. The reconstruction going on has been completed, the boarding trundled away to disclose two new roomy show windows full of trifles and truffles to appease the vanity of Terrace males and females. When that happened the Lingerie Shop became the Apparel Shop to do away with the lingering impression that it caters to women only. The men's haberdashery section is a complete and selected one equalling the variety and quality that has made the shop so popular with the ladies.

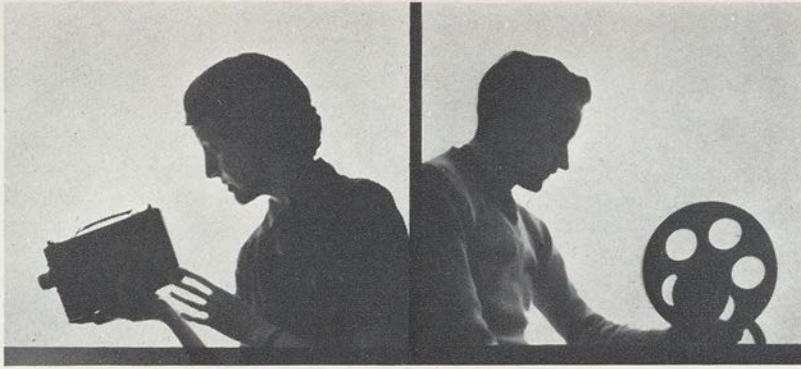
The windows have been enlarged in order to give a fair idea of articles to be found inside. The manager is an experienced buyer and is confident that his male customers will be able to find just about anything they want in wearables. The ladies, of course, found that out long ago.

It should be a relief to Terrace men to know that now they need go no further than their own block to do their haberdashery shopping.

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THEY SEE THE WORLD

Wilfrid and Florence Husband do more than that; taking it with them on rolls of film

THE world is a plump, juicy oyster to the Husbands—Wilfrid and Florence. They are prying it open with a movie camera and photographic plates and relaying its secrets to ecstatic lecture audiences all over the United States. Like most young people the Husbands thought it would be a fine idea to travel. Unlike most young people, they did something about it.

Now they speak casually of "that sweet Mrs. Kimura" who gave them such nice home-cooked meals in a provincial Japanese town, or the temperamental camel who tried to dump their baggage into the Nile River, or the comic official on the train out of Paris. About the time this article appears they will be heaving their trunks and equipment ashore at Stockholm, Sweden, preparatory to putting the Scandinavians under the microscope. Next winter the Ladies Auxiliary of Klamath Falls, Oregon, will sit goggle-eyed while Wilfrid and Florence reel off their pictures and tell about life in the Norse countries.

They aren't that casual about it, really. They're serious about their work, but they are young, enthusiastic and hate stuffiness. They think it better to retain a lightness of viewpoint rather than deadly seriousness. They have an idea that social trends and economic theories can be interpreted

by intelligent picture-taking. The old-fashioned travelogue, they think, is outmoded, but people are still interested in other people; not so much how they live, as why they live as they do and whether or not they are successful at it. In other words, a Husband travelogue tries to have real stuff in it: pictorial beauty, drama, human interest, with some delving into causes and effects; analytical as well as informational.

When Wilfrid Husband was growing up out in McPherson, Kansas, he used to see a Burton Holmes travel picture every now and then, but he didn't rise up and declare that when he reached man's estate he wanted to do something like that himself. He thought the countries and the people looked intriguingly strange, but he went right along in the business of becoming a news hound and an advertising specialist. He went to the University of Kansas, worked on some small town papers, finally landed in Minneapolis doing advertising work. He stayed three years and although his future wife was right there in Minneapolis all the time, he didn't meet her. That was to come later.

He must have been a pretty high-powered word thrower because Irving Fisher heard about him and invited him to help get out his financial page. After that

he really started to go places, hopping over to Scribner's Magazine as advertising manager.

A year of that, though, didn't convince him that he was living the way he wanted to. He grew a bit tired of never seeing anything much more exciting than the inside of a skyscraper elevator. He told his boss he was going to take it on the lam, packed an extra pair of socks and a couple of good cameras in a duffle bag, then spent the next year riding tramp steamers, mule trains, camel backs and Oriental junks. He turned up in New York with a coat of tan, a tremendous collection of photos and not very much money.

His friends found the recounting of his experiences and his photos so fascinating that he got the idea the general public might be interested too. His first public appearance was at a prominent New York club and was so successful that he was booked for a lecture tour of forty-four midwestern cities. He came East again, where he was kept busy in private schools, colleges and women's clubs.

About this time Romance entered the picture. Florence, who hailed from Minneapolis, where she had worked on the Minneapolis Journal, had come to New York and gone to work in a large

(Continued on page 13)

LADY AT LEISURE

NOW that we have been told who we are supposed to vote for and who we are not supposed to vote for, with the little complication of various and sundry contradictory remarks concerning each of the candidates, we should be all set to enjoy the remainder of the summer sans convention hall blasts from the radio. As you may suspect, I am not terribly politically-minded and I got pretty provoked when my pet programs were interrupted by the most unpleasant hollow-like voices which came over the air from convention headquarters. But I must not get off on the dangerous subject of politics as I'd be quite embarrassed if someone should want to discuss this very timely subject with me as I know less than nothing about the whole business.

I'm afraid that nice Mrs. Morse of Europe-on-Wheels was not too pleased with my remarks concerning travel last month. You may or may not know that she was responsible for the last of the

interesting travel movie shows over in 405 last month and has been a big help to several London Terracers who wanted to take trips via water or air this summer. More information about her Travel Service can be obtained at the cashier's window in the 435 building.

I wish you could all see the very attractive Terrace apartment that is being decorated in a most unusual way for a couple who are transferring from a three-room to this lovely five-room and terrace layout. The walls in the living-room are a very green yellow which is a striking contrast to the walls of the long foyer which are papered in vivid blue with gold stars. A bar (more clever work by our carpenter shop) is circular and fits nicely in one corner of the dining-room. This particular terrace apartment has the living-room and dining-room across the entire width of the 405 building thus giving South, West and North exposure, and the cool breezes that go with such a combination. Little glass shelves are being built in the window frames; three of them, one for each cross bar in the casement windows, and the lady of the house is picking up glass ornaments in Europe, where she goes as soon as moving days are over. The two bedrooms are equally unique as to color scheme. One is a heavenly rose throughout—walls and trim, and the other bedroom will be more of a den for the master of the house. The walls here are painted an electric blue up three quarters of the way and above that posters, magazine covers, et cetera, will be put on, overlapping one another, in place of wall paper. The carpenter shop has again come forward with a clever arrangement in the corner of the foyer which leads into the den-bedroom. A three-cornered closet has been made by our carpenters, with the help of some Beaver board and a door, thus providing an ideal storage space for guests' wraps and heavy winter coats.

We can't all have terrace apart-

ments; there aren't enough to go around, but it's good for the old morale to change about and a new apartment can do wonders for that restless feeling. It is so much more fun to fix up a new, freshly decorated place and all the furniture looks so different in another type of room. And it is a grand excuse to get a new chair or two and some new curtains. Or old ones can be dyed and re-hung, giving the appearance of newness. Go down to the Rental Office and look over plans. It doesn't cost a cent and you may get ideas!

Beach wear seems to be occupying the spot light according to newspaper advertising and the various pajamas, slacks, and the like displayed are most attractive I must admit, but there is a time and place for everything and the Marine Deck after twelve o'clock noon is *not* the place. Up until that hour, sun bathing is allowed but the Management feels justified in requesting street dress during the afternoon and earnestly requests the tenants to comply with this idea which meets with the approval of the majority.

Along these same lines a word might be said about proper apparel to and from the Swimming Pool after twelve noon. Again street attire is required and cooperation in this direction will be greatly appreciated.

I've lost my confidence in my choice of jokes and as my source of supply, "Diamond Points," has gone serious on me, I am following suit and re-printing some of their words of wisdom. Here they are:

A nickel isn't supposed to be as good as a dollar, but it goes to church much more often.

Too many young men find it easier to recognize temptation than they do opportunity.

The really efficient man never misses the first opening in a revolving door.

This last bit of good advice seems as good a closing line as any I can think of. It is always well to remember that an ounce of keeping your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation.

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INTERVIEW WITH BUSINESS

TA KING our lease in our hands we wandered into the office of William A. White and Sons the other day. These people, as you no doubt know, are the managing agents for London Terrace. We wanted to get the low-down on the rental situation—not just at the Terrace but in the city as a whole.

Well, William A. White and

looked down their collective noses at us, sniffed loudly, and countered that in their office the highest standards of veracity were always upheld. Then they began throwing graphs and statistics and charts and statements and lists at us until the air was thick with

“It is good news for you,” they answered. “It means that good times are here again. People are making money, business is opening up.” They looked at the lease in our hands. “That your new Terrace lease?”

We nodded our head.

“Is it much higher than last year?”

We shook our head.

“Well, what are you grumbling about, then?”

“We’re here for information,” we said. “For instance, the population of New York never decreases. It stays about the same, with a small increase usually from year to year. Then where do all the people go who vacate the apartments in dull times?”

Our hosts looked at each other and tapped their foreheads significantly. “This is the way it is,” they explained patiently. “In dull times people in big expensive apartments move into smaller cheaper ones. Other people double up; move in with friends or relatives or into rooming houses.”

“Where do the people go who were in the rooming houses?”

No answer.

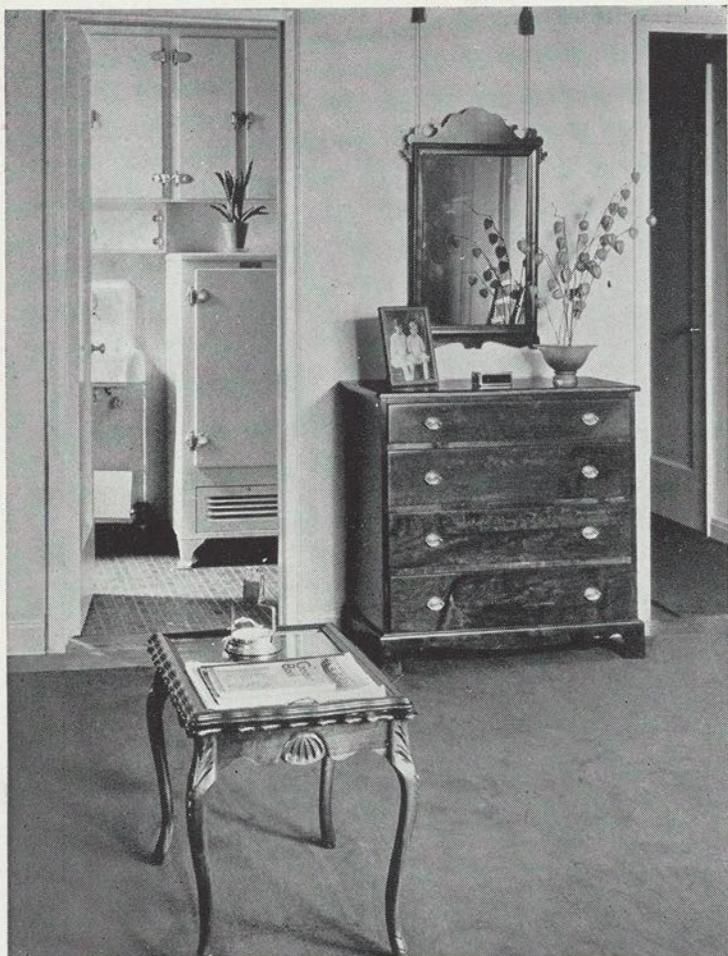
“Where do they go?”

“We’re not interested in rooming houses.”

We had them there, all right, but we were not particularly interested in rooming houses, either, so there didn’t seem to be any ground for debate.

We came away shortly, feeling that William A. White and Sons had their fingers right on the pulse of Prosperity and could tell to a split second when the trend was up and when it was down. There seemed to be a lot of angles to the New York real estate business we hadn’t thought of before.

Talk to Mr. Barton in the Office and he’ll tell you that twice as many tenants have renewed now as had renewed last year at this time. A number of residents have branched out and taken over larger apartments; penthouses or double exposure layouts. He



A Terrace apartment interior

Sons were of the opinion that the rental situation was looking up. Apartments were scarcer, rents were higher, there was new building going on; everything was better. We timidly suggested that in our experience real estate agents always said things like that, even when they were ready to hand you a gold-embroidered lease and let you write in your own rent.

William A. White and Sons

the haze of point-proving.

“All right,” we said, “we believe you. Call off your high-sounding figures. Apartments are scarcer, rents are higher. It doesn’t sound like cheerful news to the apartment consumer.”

Again our hosts looked down their noses and sniffed. We could imagine them saying “nerts” if they were the sort of persons who said that.

MEN'S WEAR

Van Heusen Shirts
and Pajamas

Arrow Shirts and Collars

Interwoven Socks

Superba Cravats

Otis Shirts and Shorts

Hickok Belts and
Suspenders

LONDON TERRACE
LINGERIE SHOP

405 West 23rd Street

Accessories for
Men and Women

doesn't anticipate much of a scramble with the corresponding disappointments along in August or September because he thinks most residents are wise enough to make known their requirements early so that there is little danger of not getting what they want.

Another thing that had the Renting Office all agog was the continued proof that Terrace residents seem inspired with the spirit of passing a good word along to their friends. Seventy-five percent of the new tenants coming in last fall said they had come at the recommendation of friends.

The only person who seemed at all downcast was the gentleman who has charge of advertising for London Terrace. "I'm afraid I'll have to get another account," he said. "I can't keep busy ballyhoosing your place. It ballyhoos itself."

Strange people, these real estate men.

BOOK NOOK

THERE is a sweet crop of titles among the Book Store best-sellers this month. Witness "My Ten Years in a Quandary," "Listen for a Lonesome Drum," "Gone With the Wind," "Weather in the Streets," and just to round out the list in a wholesome manner, "The Corpse with the Dirty Face." This latter book is not going to be commented on here, except to say that it is by that blood-chilling expert, R. A. J. Walling. The title is enough to intrigue interest and the book lives up to the title.

That zaney Bob Benchley is back again with "My Ten Years in a Quandary," as delightfully nuts as ever, if not more so. It is first-rate hilarity with the usual Benchley underpinning of satire.

A minor classic of a number of years back, "Dusty Answer," by Rosamond Lehmann, has a fit companion piece in the author's newest effort, "Weather in the Streets." Miss Lehmann's flair for pathos and gladness in modern dress with illuminating swoops into psychology is aptly put to use here.

Concerning the latest Carl Cramer popularity bidder, "Listen for a Lonesome Drum," there seems to be a bit of a controversy stirring around. It is high up on the being read list, but the consensus seems to be that it is not as good as most reviewers would have you believe. To pigeonhole, let's say it is first-rate yarn material written with less imagination than the subject matter warranted.

"Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, is a poignant, sincerely-written tale of the South of Reconstruction days. The woman's side of that tragic period is depicted with sympathy and insight.

Carrying along in the screech column with "The Corpse with the Dirty Face," is "Half-Way House," Ellery Queen's contribution to hammock and highball reading.

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RELAXATION AND BEAUTIFICATION



Terrace Beauty Salon in action

Technique

There is a knack in creating that sleek yet informal appearance desired by the ladies this summer, according to Mr. Jacomo, in the Terrace Beauty Shop. He and his staff have made a fairly exhaustive study of methods and means and as a result their clients are coming away from the Shop as pleased and pretty as so many Persian kittens on silk pillows after a six-day cream diet. Problems of sun complexions, breeze-blown hair and the matching of nail color and outdoor skin tints are skilfully attended to with a minimum of time and effort.

The illustration on this page shows the interior of the Shop with a number of customers receiving ministrations. They look as though they were enjoying themselves. The picture is a reproduction culled from some film in the London Terrace Movie. Others will be shown from time to time. Ladies have been particularly enthusiastic about the

permanent waves dispensed by the Shop. They may go on their vacations serene in the thought that far away from Terrace conveniences they will not have to worry about their hair. That sounds like a long step toward a successful holiday.



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Lower Corridor
455 Building

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FLOWER SHOP, INC.

405 Building

House Phone or
CHelsea 3-8235

Mucack-??

Lunching or dining at Elizabeth Flynn's these noons and evenings one's digestive processes are gently stimulated by the strains of soft music apparently emanating from some magical source. It isn't exactly magic, although probably it would have seemed so to our ancestors—even recent ones. The source of the beguiling strains is a box-like gadget perched high up on a raised platform at the rear of the room. It is the result of an enormous brain throb of somebody at Western Electric.

It is not a radio. It is not a phonograph. The music is broadcast at a central headquarters. It is carried out through telephone lines and received by phone.

From the receiving phone it is wired into the amplifying box.

In Miss Flynn's Restaurant it is controlled from the cashier's desk. It has all the attributes of a good musical radio program without the interruptions of a station announcer or the oily persuasions of repeated commercial plugging. The orchestras are excellent, very good music is played. The volume is kept low so that the music does not intrude upon conversation or thought. It furnishes a background of melodic enchantment which is necessary to raise the prosaic business of eating to the status of an extremely pleasant social function.

The Restaurant orchestra decided to take the summer off and has retreated to some bucolic spot or Europe or Broadway or anywhere it feels like going. Miss Flynn didn't want to let her diners and lunchers down in the matter of music, so the Mucack—that's the rather complicated name of the gadget—was installed.

The customers seem to like it.

RUGS

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FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS

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LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS

Lower Corridor

415 Building

Call on House Phone or WAtkins 9-7676

Accomplishment

For some six or seven months now the spirit of the helping hand has been quietly moving about the corridors and apartments of London Terrace. The Christmas Party for neighborhood children has always been a fine unselfish gesture. This year a number of Terrace residents got their heads together and decided that if the work was good enough for Christmas time, it was worth continuing through the year. The Needy Families of Chelsea Committee was formed to supervise the aiding of neighborhood families who were most in need of help.

Dr. John L. Elliott, Terrace resident and head of Hudson Guild, willingly gave the Committee the benefit of his life-long experience along social lines with some advice as to how to get started and keep going. Help from other residents was invited and received. Clothing and money were contributed in generous amounts. Interest and aid help

on through the spring months, culminating in a benefit bridge party on June 18th. Activities will be lulled for the summer but will start again in the autumn, building toward the Christmas Party.

Now the Committee makes its report. It is not a long report, nor a complicated one, but it tells a story of generous cooperation. Ten families averaging eight members each were completely outfitted with year round clothing. Just short of fifty dollars was raised at the benefit bridge. This money will be used to send a number of children for two-week vacations at summer camps. To say that these vacations are greatly needed and tremendously appreciated is to reach a new high in understatement. The clothing enabled eighty people to face the city's changing seasons with confidence and comfort.

The Committee takes this opportunity to thank Terrace residents for their aid which allowed the work to go on. Residents, we are sure, are unanimous in their approval of the Committee's efforts, and thank the members for conceiving and carrying through this praiseworthy enterprise.

THE HUSBANDS

(Continued from page 7)

advertising agency. She and Wilfrid met. She was interested in photography. She was also greatly excited in knowing a young man who had cut loose from business routine to wander the world as he pleased. And so they were married. On his next trip Florence was leaning on the deck rail beside him. They were branching out now, too. They went to Japan, turning out a bang-up job of reporting on that important little island.

Florence recently hit on something that she and her husband are quite excited about. Fooling around with photography she developed a silhouette technique of photographing children which is unusual and effective. Thinking



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or CHelsea 2-9653

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SHAMPOO

EYE BROW ARCH

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it might have commercial possibilities, she took it around to one or two places. One day she came home with a swell contract from a children's book publisher in her pocketbook. A book with her silhouette illustrations will soon be on the market, with more to follow. They both feel very proud about it.

They are a friendly, hospitable couple. He is tall and lean; she tall and pretty. They volunteered the information that one reason why they like to live in London Terrace is because, traveling as much as they do, they are forced to sublet frequently. They have never had a bit of trouble keeping their apartment rented. The place sells itself.

When were they going to tackle Russia? They said of course they would do it some day, but it seemed like a pretty big job and a pretty big country. The world is their oyster but they're not going to spoil their appetite by trying to devour it all at once. They want to make the flavor last a long time.

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BATTER UP!

BASEBALL fans are getting quite a thump out of the hair-line race the Chicago Cubs are giving the St. Louis Cards in the National League. The neighborhood boys are not doing so well in this League, the Giants trailing down around the middle of the column and all of King Casey Stengel's comedians can't seem to put the Brooklyn Dodgers together again.

The Yanks, however, are doing better. At this writing they are away out in front of Detroit's World Series champs and look like they are going to stay there, but the season has a long time to go yet and naturally anything may happen.

Terrace residents are well situated for a quick hop to the ball parks. The Eighth Avenue Subway will zoom a fan up to the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium before he can say Mancuso or DiMaggio. The Ninth Avenue El, of course, is available if you

want to ride longer and walk less.

Ebbetts Field, where the Dodgers kick the gong around, is a little more complicated to reach, but anyone who enjoys a good two-hour laugh won't mind the trip. The Seventh Avenue Brooklyn expresses will do the trick in three-quarters of an hour or less.

Here is the month's schedule of the local games.

YANKEE STADIUM

July 15-16-17—Yanks vs. Detroit

July 18-19—Yanks vs. St. Louis

Aug. 7-8-9—Yanks vs. Philadelphia

Aug. 10-11-12 — Yanks vs. Washington

POLO GROUNDS

July 21-22-23-24—Giants vs. St. Louis

July 25-26-27-28—Giants vs. Cincinnati

July 29-30-31—Giants vs. Chicago

Aug. 1-2—Giants vs. Pittsburgh

Aug. 4-5-6—Giants vs. Boston

Aug. 13-14-15-16 — Giants vs. Philadelphia

EBBETTS FIELD

July 21-22-23-24—Dodgers vs. Chicago

July 25-26-27-28—Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh

July 29-30-31—Dodgers vs. St. Louis

Aug. 1-2—Dodgers vs. Cincinnati

Aug. 10-11-12—Dodgers vs. New York

Aug. 13-14-15-16—Dodgers vs. Boston

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