

# London Terrace News

JUL 2 '37A



JULY

1937

New York's Most  
Complete Automotive  
Organization



Never  
Closed  
24 Hour Service

## SAFETY

### The Key To Motor Car Enjoyment

A safe driver is not the only guarantee for safe motoring. . . . A safe automobile plus careful driving will add to your pleasure on the road. . . . "The 4 Cardinal Safety Points" BRAKES — STEERING MECHANISM — HORN — LIGHTS . . . which all good drivers should consider will be your guarantee for Safety.

See *EXCELSIOR FOR SAFETY MAINTENANCE*

### *Tune Up Your Car for the Spring and Summer*

Your car, too, feels the stir of Spring and needs a change. Give it the best Spring Tonic possible. Thorough Overhaul. Recondition—for long hot weather driving.

PARTS  
AND  
SERVICE

3 story fireproof building with 45,000 sq. ft. of space. Equipped with the most modern machinery for expert repairs by factory trained mechanics.

Repairs and Parts for all makes of cars—Accessories — Lubrication — Washing — Brakes — Ignition — Batteries — Tires — Body and Fender Work — Duco Painting, expert color matching — Power Prover Service — Auto Radios.

See the Money Saving 1937 Dodges and Plymouths at our

DODGE

LONDON TERRACE SHOWROOM

Cars and Trucks

24th Street and 10th Avenue

*Plymouth*

The Cars of the Year. Beautiful . . . Comfortable . . . and economical to run. The Car of Cars . . . Built with Dodge-Plymouth Dependability and sold to you by an authorized direct factory dealer.

Cars

*"Ride a Dodge or Plymouth for motor car satisfaction"*

Visit our used car and truck lots

All Makes — Models

GOOD USED

**519 WEST 23rd STREET near 10th AVENUE**

CARS

**8th AVENUE and 54th STREET**

and TRUCKS

Marvelous bargains in reliable used cars and trucks. Reconditioned to give you new car performance.

We have the car you want at the price you want to pay.

**EXCELSIOR AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE, Inc.**

536-546 WEST 23rd STREET

CHelsea 3-3050 — 1-2-3-4

24 HOUR EFFICIENT - RELIABLE SERVICE

## **SAME DAY CLEANING**

or if need be, in a few hours

**NO SHRINKAGE**

**NO ODOR**

**NO FADING**

**NO DISAPPOINTMENTS** for we clean right in  
London Terrace.

—◆◆—  
*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)

## **VALUE**

**you cannot measure**  
*by the DOLLAR Sign Alone*

The almighty dollar fails to measure those unseen attributes that accompany perfection in service rendered.

Customers of the London Terrace House Laundry are accustomed to a little better service, a trifle less annoyance, and enjoy the feeling of confidence that "All Is Well."

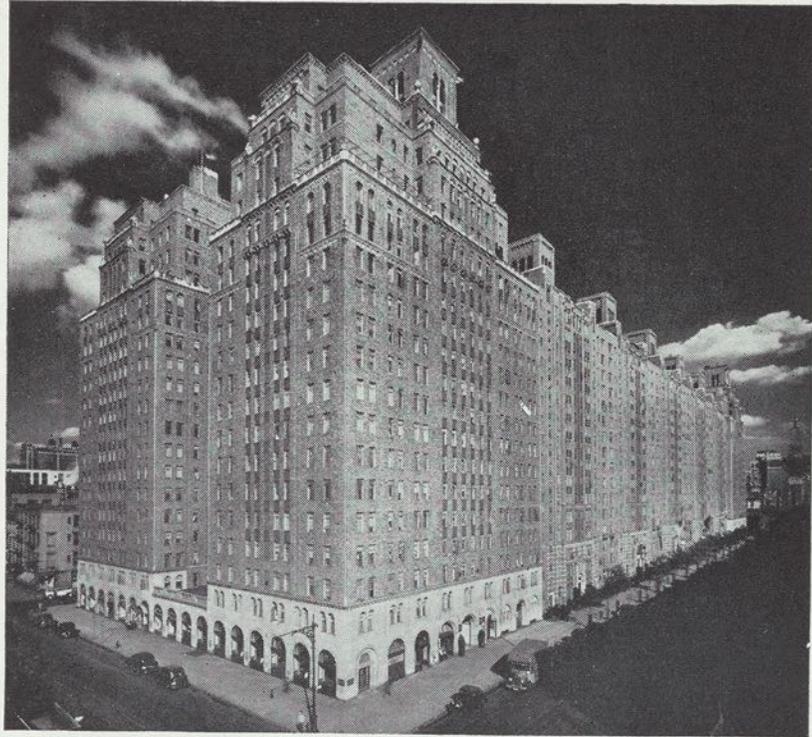
Wouldn't you, too, like that comfortable satisfaction? Just ask for "Laundry" on the house 'phone, and a neatly uniformed, courteous laundry man will be at your door in a few minutes.

Lower Corridor

425 Building

# 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,  
ELIZABETH FLYNN'S RESTAURANT

●  
RENTING OFFICE  
435 WEST 23rd STREET

●  
WM. A. WHITE & SONS  
Est. 1868

51 EAST 42nd STREET

NEW YORK CITY

*Renting and Managing Agents*

# London Terrace

JULY 1937

VOLUME V

NUMBER 6

## Pushovers

With finger-nail muscles in the pink of condition, the London Terrace Chess Club brings to a close on June 30th its second year of activity. Even the brainstorm boys can't stand the summer heat, so until September, when the club will reopen, they will dilly-dally in fields less arduous.

The past year, under the guidance of Ned Goldschmidt, has been a successful one. Thirty-three members participated, some of them beginning with the rudiments and progressing to the point where they could make a streaking line drive with bases loaded. (We're not much of a chess player ourselves, and we've a hunch that last image wasn't orthodox chess. Well, you get the idea.)

We were once told that Rodin's statue of The Thinker wasn't a thinker at all, but a chess player figuring his next move. (Oh, you heard that one.)

## Star-Gazing

Clark Gable is coming to Twenty-third Street! Clark Gable is coming to Twenty-third Street!

Well, not exactly Clark Gable. Not in the flesh, anyway. But we are indeed happy to announce that his pictures, and those of all the Hollywood stars, are coming to

Chelsea, and into a beautiful new movie theatre.

On Twenty-third Street, just east of Ninth Avenue, on the site of what was once the home of Lily Langtry — the glamorous actress who at the close of the last century was probably the most talked of woman in the world—a new moving picture house is rising. With the finest architectural design, and handsomely furnished, the theatre will be equipped according to the latest cinema and sound developments. The projection booth—the most important part of a theatre—will have the same type of apparatus as the Radio City Music Hall.

The theatre—and its name, by the way, is the Terrace—will be one of the Brandt chain of seventy-five theatres, and will seat six hundred. The pictures shown

will follow immediately after their run on Broadway. The date, of the opening and the admission price have not yet been determined, but we will probably have this information for the next issue of the NEWS.

Hollywood comes to Old Chelsea! Hotcha!

## Your Move

New York has the reputation for being the *movingest* city in the world. Moving vans, elevator service and American restlessness all contribute toward making each October first the day for a virtual inter-exodus—if we may coin the word. Indeed, from the volume of business which the moving vans do, it appears that many people regard their home merely as a good place for a quick get-away.

Bearing this situation in mind, one can appreciate all the more the remarkable fact that now, in the month of June, London Terrace is already three quarters rented as of October first! Not a little of this success is creditable to the tenants of London Terrace, who have actively aided the Management by persuading friends that there are definite advantages in living here.

At the commencement of their renewal campaign in April, the



White Company was confronted with the task of renewing 1,260 leases, and a drive was instituted to get as many as possible out of the way before the first of June. As a result, over a thousand renewals are cleared up for the Fall, an increase of about 15% over the results a year ago.

In addition to this unusual showing, it is interesting to note that the residents of 182 apartments who moved into London Terrace in 1930 have found their surroundings so pleasant that they have remained these seven years.

We do not know just what particular considerations induced over a thousand tenants to renew their leases months in advance. Nor do we know precisely what considerations have kept 182 tenants with us for seven years. In all probability it is not any one detail, but rather the summation of all the details—the congenial atmosphere and the determination on the part of the Management that each tenant should receive every possible courtesy and comfort.

### Zig-Zaggers

Mayor LaGuardia apparently holds the LONDON TERRACE NEWS in high esteem, for he frequently takes time off from his multitudinous duties to contribute, via the 10th Police Precinct, to our columns. We're as happy to hear from the Fiery Fighter as he is to be heard from. This month it is a word of caution to automobile drivers:

"Foot travelers comprise almost half the annual total of victims from automobile accidents. Sometimes it is the pedestrian himself who is at fault, but the automobile driver must shoulder the blame. It is his duty to watch out for pedestrians, always to give them the benefit of the doubt.

"Try as we may to stop them, pedestrians will step out from behind parked cars and cross

between intersections. Therefore, motorists, beware of the hidden danger. Watch out for pedestrians."

### Pretty Picture

For this month's cover design, Adolph Treidler depicts a handsome young lass day-dreaming out the window of her London Terrace apartment, with the majestic Hudson and the Palisades in the background.

Mr. Treidler, who for several years has been designing the advertising drawings for London Terrace, has had a distinguished art career. He grew up in San Francisco, receiving his art training at the University of California. Since then he has spent much time in foreign countries, studying and painting.

Mr. Treidler's talents are varied, and he is equally famous for his posters, magazine illustrations, and water colors. He has won many first prizes in Poster contests, and during the war many of the posters used were designed by him. He is well-known for his unique application of color, and "Treidler Blue" has long been known in the advertising field. One of the founders of The Artists Guild, Mr. Treidler recently completed a term as its President.

### Shhh . . .

We hope we're not like the fellow who became round shouldered from continually patting himself on the back, but it is rather satisfying when now and then we hear a few words of praise sincerely spoken.

We were standing in the garden with a visitor about a month ago, and he was mightily impressed with the tranquillity of the scene. "In the world's largest apartment house, in the world's

busiest city," he exclaimed, "is the last place I would expect such quiet beauty." And looking around at the twinkling fountain, the budding plane trees, and the well-cared-for lawns and rhododendrons, we could not help but feel a tinge of pride.

Ah, me, but that was a month ago. Now that summer has thrown open our windows, the quiet sanctity of the garden is being unhappily violated. It was even reported to us that when Lowell Thomas daily gives his all for Blue Sunoco, you can walk in the garden and follow his speech from window to window. Well, we won't vouch for the accuracy of that report, but it is true that the garden's beautiful serenity is impaired.

Surely it is not necessary to tune one's radio so loud that the neighbors are obliged to listen in also, or to become vociferous at parties, or to permit dogs to bark at the moon (even when they can't see the moon). How about a little cooperation, so that we may all mutually benefit and keep our garden the spot of quiet beauty it should be?

### The Law

Not only is ignorance of the law no excuse; it is a liability. So the more alert among the residents of Chelsea trek Tuesday evenings to the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A., where they are given the opportunity to acquaint themselves with everyday and business law.

At each session some person prominent in the law lectures on a topic of general interest—contracts, property laws, domestic relations, etc., and the lecture is followed by discussions and examinations. Net result: the participants learn how to conduct their private and business affairs according to law and to protect themselves from illegal practices.

There is no registration fee. Come one, come all.

## Hot Stuff

We hadn't given it much thought one way or t'other, but it never occurred to us that maybe the stoves in London Terrace apartments were so nice and bright not just by accident.

Roses were red, and violets blue,  
And stoves were shiny and looked like new.

But then we met Stephen Koch, and he told us a thing or two about stoves which we found rather surprising. First of all he took us down to his kingdom in the stove room, which is located along Main Street in the 415 Building of London Terrace. There he showed us, among other things, a paint bath for grills and burners. Paint is poured into a sizable pan and heated by electricity. Trays, carrying the grills and burners, roll into the bath and then lift up onto driers, an air hose meanwhile blowing through the burners to keep them from being plugged by paint. About one hundred grills are reconditioned in fifteen minutes.

This stove room, we understand, is the finest equipped and most efficient in New York, and its development has been the work of one man—Koch. Whenever any of the stoves in the London Terrace apartments—and, by the way, Koch pointed out that the ovens are insulated, so as to keep the heat in the stove and not in the room—are in need of repair or reconditioning, they are brought to this department. The enamel is blasted off by the Pure White Enamel people, and new enamel baked on. The entire structure is rehabilitated, with the result that a leaky or shabby stove at London Terrace would blush with shame (or whatever stoves do to express mortification).

## Coverage

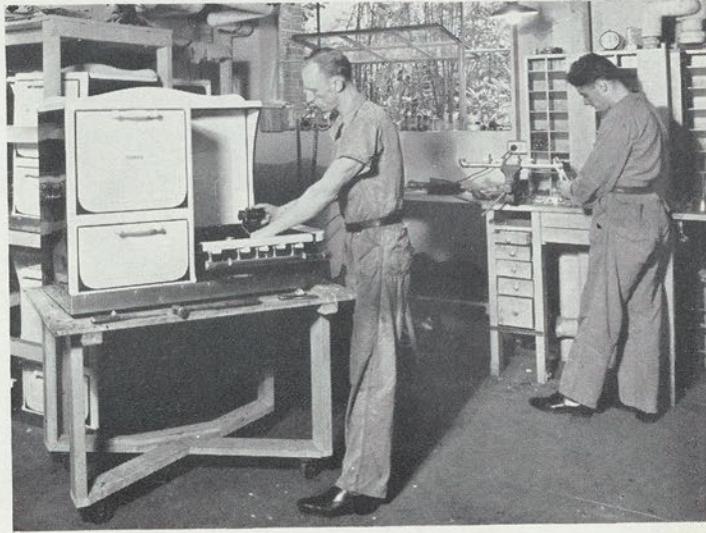
Warm weather is definitely on its way. (For up to the minute information, read the LONDON TERRACE NEWS), and the furni-

ture in the lobbies has blossomed forth in new slip covers.

They're cheerful and give a touch of cool airiness to the halls. Many have been the favorable comments regarding them, and we are grateful to Mr. Chas. De Graw of the Upholstery Shop for slipping this job over on us.

that the garden was brought to its present beautiful state.

Now again new improvements are under way. Several additional Oriental plane trees have been planted, and the sombre gray of the fountain has been relieved by the bright red touch of geraniums. Around the outside of the



Stephen Koch and assistant in their up-to-the-minute Stove Room. Through the windows at the rear may be seen the rhododendrons in the garden.

## Horticulture

Old Dame Nature, with the encouragement and help of Gardener MacAdam, finally decided it was easier to be a friend than an enemy. As a result, the struggle which has gone on for all these years has ended, and the shrubbery and lawns of London Terrace have each year become more verdant. Authorities said it was impossible to have luxurious green foliage in the heart of a big city like New York. Well, came the reply, maybe it's impossible, but we won't give up without a struggle.

At every point of the way experts have been consulted. (You'd be amazed to know, by the way, how many Terrace residents consider themselves experts), and it was only by tireless experimentation and attention

buildings, too, the shrubbery has been coddled and coaxed—every twig hand-manicured.

## Summer Mail

We've often heard of the remarkable ingenuity displayed by the postal clerks in delivering improperly addressed mail; give them an initial and they get their man.

But not even Mr. Farley's Finest will deliver your mail to you when you're away on vacation unless you leave a forwarding address. The London Terrace Bobbies have information cards—if they haven't already used them to jot down the ½ lb. of bacon they're to get on the way home—and if you'll just affix your summer address, your mail service will be uninterrupted.

## CHELSEA JAMBOREE

### **Our Lady at Leisure and Shop Shooter forecasts big doings in the Garden**

CHELSEA JAMBOREE to the right of me, to the left of me, in my dreams, day and night I eat and sleep it. And I am not the only one. Everyone is talking about, and working for, Clement Clarke Moore's birthday party celebration, scheduled for Thursday, July 15th, to be held in the Gardens of London Terrace for the Benefit of Chelsea Charities Camp Fund.

When my editor began checking up on my copy for "Lady at Leisure" and "Shop Shots"—yes I "double in brass" and do both columns—I told him I was much too busy to be a lady and had no time for shopping. So he came forward with the suggestion that I tell you NEWS readers *all about* the Jamboree. So that's what I'm going to try to do. If you all knew as much as I do about the elaborate plant afoot, I know that you'd be just as enthusiastic and make a point of marking July 15th on your calendar with the capital letters R-E-D.

This is the first time that the tenants have completely taken over the "show" and it looks like we've been missing a lot by not thinking of the idea before. Another different angle is the fact that this is a "Chelsea" affair and our neighbors—churches, stores, hotel, et cetera, up and down, round and about 23rd and 24th Streets, are taking part in this big charity benefit and due credit should go to these outside helpers for their assistance. Mr. Ned Goldschmidt and his committee deserve a medal for handling the difficult job of getting together a Souvenir program as it has meant much foot work in connection with the getting of ads and time



J. R. Bolton  
Chairman Chelsea Charities

and effort to lay out the advertisements and copy.

First and foremost credit should go to one lady named Mrs. Charles H. Smith who, as Vice-Chairman of Chelsea Charities, is at the helm of the good ship "Jamboree." Her experience in running similar affairs has qualified her to be trusted with this very important post and she has the capable and also experienced-in-such affairs Mr. Joseph R. Bolton as Chairman and Adviser. (Mr. Bolton calls Mrs. Smith "Vice" and she calls him "Ad-Vice".) Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bolton accepted these offices at a meeting held on May 24th when the name of Chelsea's Neediest Families Committee was re-christened "Chelsea Charities"—a much shorter and more explicit title which was the choice of the tenants who gathered together that evening to discuss re-organizing this group. Chelsea Neediest Families Committee has accom-

plished much good during the past two years, but it is the belief of those interested that Chelsea Charities, with its new and more businesslike set-up, will be able to do even more. Shirley Uffendill, who got her training passing the hat at "Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club," was unanimously elected Treasurer; Besse Kessler, who does a bit of Law on the side, agreed to be Recording Secretary, and Harold Mann accepted the post of Secretary. For the rest of the meeting plans for the Jamboree were discussed and I will endeavor to relay to you what has materialized so far as a result of this discussion on May 24th.

Everyone wants to know what "Chelsea Jamboree" means and I must admit "you got me there, folks." It's going to be something different and the best I can say is that it is a combination Fair, Bazaar and Garden Party, but even then it doesn't describe all that is going to take place that Thursday, right in the middle of our beautiful garden. Along that line, ample protection has been planned so that no damage will be done to the velvety green grass and the lovely shrubs and bushes.

A resumé of the program goes something like this:

### **In the Afternoon**

*The Pet Show.* Everyone with an animal, anything from a White Rat to a Bloodhound, is eligible to enter. Naturally one of the chief features of the Show will be the showing of pedigreed dogs and cats, but prizes will be given for much other than family background. For instance, I heard that the cat with the longest whiskers might get enough catnip to last it the rest of its nine lives. Pet owners in the 24th Street buildings should get in touch with Mrs. Cleaver, 405—3A, and 23rd Streeters should call Mrs. Rhoad, 405—7F for further details.

*The Magic Show.* The kiddies will love this and having seen grown-ups completely enthralled

while Mr. Roland Stratford did his tricks in the Penthouse Club one Monday night, I am inclined to think that Junior may have to push Dad and Mother aside if he wants to see the rabbit disappear into thin air.

**Refreshments.** During the afternoon, refreshments of sandwiches, cakes, ice cream and soft drinks—all donated—space prohibits my mentioning the donors—will be sold for the good of the cause. Mrs. Crockett, 420—14E, is collecting home-made cakes which will be sold by the slice or in the whole. If you are a cake baker, get in touch with Mrs. Crockett as we expect to have a lot of hungry customers and it is Mrs. Crockett's aim to let 'em eat cake.

### In the Evening

**The Style Show.** Plans are a bit indefinite for this always popular with the ladies' event (and I know if the man of the house knew how pretty the models are going to be, he'd not miss this part of the evening's entertainment). Then there'll be *Dancing* to the strains of a real sure enough Swing Band. Imagine dancing in your own front yard, under the stars (we refuse to think of rain although the practical few are making provisions for this possibility) by the light of Japanese lanterns and lamps from the garden windows. There will be Games such as *Horse Racing* with something new in Jockeys (this will be a surprise, I know but I won't tell!) *Bingo*, enough said, the *Dart Game*, where Cupid will hand out arrows and you will aim not at a fair lady's or handsome male's heart, but instead at gay balloons which you try to puncture. If you succeed you will be handed a prize and if you don't succeed it is hoped you will try, try again at the rate of three arrows for 25 cents. The *Treasure Chest* will contain many of the nicest prizes. You all know how this works—you buy a little key which may or may not open said Chest. Harold

Mann, the well-known *Astrologer*, and another Terrace tenant Mrs. Craddock Jensen, authority on *Numerology*, and Miss Marjory Ramsey, *Palmist*, will be on hand to tell you what the future has in store for you, if you are interested in your future—and who isn't?

**The Pool** will be open and ready to do a "land" office business and will give a percentage of receipts to the Camp Fund. The prevailing privilege regarding tenants going into the pool at any time free of charge, if they are accompanied by paying guests, will hold good the night of the Jamboree. As always, tenants may use the pool free, without said "cash customers," between 5:30 and 7:00 p.m. So if you get hot around the collar, or elsewhere, a dip in the pool costs you nothing, and only 55 cents for each guest, and will give you renewed vim and vigor to return to the dancing and games. This is as good a place as any to mention that return tickets will be issued to those who wish to retire to Elizabeth Flynn's Resaurant or Bar for instance, and then return to the festivities, will be able to do so by means of this little red return ticket.

It is possible that some of you tenants have not been fully informed of just what you can do to help send every worthy boy and girl in the neighborhood to camp. A member of your house committee has tried to reach you by 'phone, or note, to check the questions asked in the explanatory letter sent to you on June 10th. In case she hasn't reached you I am giving the names of the various chairmen, and if you wish to get in touch with your chairman she will be most happy to answer questions:

Mrs. Cleaver	405—3A
Mrs. Wells	410—5A
Mrs. Hull	415—6F
Mrs. Crockett	420—14E
Mrs. Frazee	425—14E
Mrs. Grant	430—7F



Mrs. Charles H. Smith  
Vice-Chairman Chelsea Charities

Mrs. Fromm	435—8D
Mrs. Parrott	440—12A
Mrs. Moellering	445—7B
Mrs. Hurrey	450—10F
Mrs. Sylvester	455—6D
Mrs. Maroney	460—16F
Mrs. Cooney	465—3B
Mrs. Rosenbloom	470—6A

It is impossible to attempt to mention all the tenants, both men and women, who are giving their time and talents by serving on committees for the purpose of making this Jamboree the most successful affair of its kind ever attempted. The same is true of the concessionaires and neighborhood merchants who are donating prizes or giving money with which to buy prizes, to say nothing of all the residents who are contributing prizes or becoming Patrons and Patronesses.

It is easy to understand why so much interest is being shown in this particular idea as everyone agrees that the sending of poor under-privileged children to Camp is about the most worth-while thing attempted by any charitable organization.

A very important point which should have been mentioned sooner in this article is the important and interesting item of the cost of sending a boy or girl to camp for a week. One dollar a

(Continued on page 14)

# DEVELOPING PRINTING ENLARGING

7 HOUR SERVICE  
QUALITY PHOTO  
FINISHING

KODAKS  
FILMS  
PHOTO ALBUMS

TYPEWRITERS  
ALL MAKES

Sold Rented  
Repaired Exchanged  
Typewriter Ribbons  
and Supplies

PICNIC SUPPLIES  
Paper Plates, Cups  
Napkins, Towels, Spoons,  
Forks, Table Cloths, Etc.

LONDON TERRACE  
BOOK SHOP  
219 Ninth Ave., New York  
Call us on your  
House Phone

## IT WORKED!

**D**URING April and May an idea called "Monday Nights in the Penthouse" was tried out.

The idea consisted of a get-together by congenial residents of London Terrace for the purpose of exchanging interesting thoughts and relating actual experiences. The meeting place was the London Terrace Penthouse, atop the 470 Building, and the time was 8:40.

At the first meeting a general program of activities was discussed, and suggestions were considered for subjects which would be both instructive and interesting. These Monday meetings were then continued regularly with marked success until June 7th, when by opinion of the majority it was decided to discontinue them during the summer months. "Monday Nights in the Penthouse" will therefore begin again in September and will be a permanent activity for those residents and guests who are interested in self-development and self-expression.

Among the many comments made by participants, some are particularly interesting. For example:

"The discussion of 'What are the qualifications of a genius?' made me realize that I had talents which I had never considered important enough to use. This awakening enabled me to overcome an inferiority complex, with the result that I received a long-desired promotion in business."

Another regular attendant said, "I was greatly enlightened by the discussion of Astrology. It was not like anything I had ever heard on the subject."

Still another said, "I enjoyed 'Mystery Night' very much. It was so spontaneous, free from professionalism, and yet most entertaining."

The free will offerings collected at the close of each meeting were donated to Chelsea's Need-

(Continued on page 15)

## POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MAINTAINS IN  
LONDON TERRACE

AN  
EXCLUSIVE  
OFFICE

FOR YOUR SERVICE

TO SEND A  
TELEGRAM  
CABLEGRAM  
RADIOGRAM  
MONEY ORDER  
or secure a messenger to run  
your errand

Simply ask for  
POSTAL TELEGRAPH  
on your House Phone

On your vacation keep in  
touch with home and business  
by inexpensive  
POSTAL TELEGRAPH  
Night Letter.

Let us relieve **U** of your

**P  
H  
O  
L  
S  
T  
E  
R  
Y**

**NEEDS**

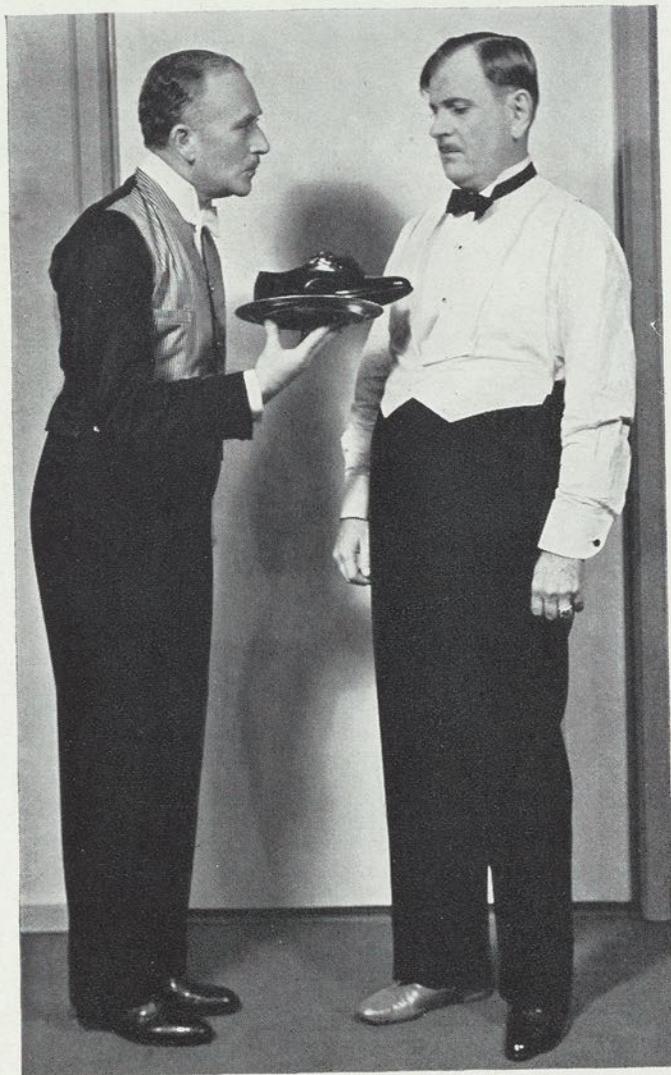
Enjoy your vacation and  
leave the work for us.

The London Terrace  
Upholstery Shop

Lower Corridor  
455 Building

## ARS GRATIA ARTIS

**One of New York's famous actors tells of the laughs and tears en route to Fame**



The solicitous fellow is John Halliday. The perplexed, Jay Fasset. The play, *Tovarich*.

**W**E know that the crowned heads of Europe frequently enjoy private theatrical performances, but this is the first time that your humble merchant of words was similarly entertained. Not that the performance was built around any conscious plot, filled with all the tricks of the play-

wright, but neither was it lacking in either continuity or superlative showmanship.

All of which is by way of saying that we interviewed Jay Fasset in his apartment at London Terrace the other day, and a more delightful hour, filled with greater gusto, we have yet to experience.

Mr. Fasset, who is to be seen in the current hit, *Tovarich*, is a demonstrative fellow, and in talking about his life in the theatre he humorously enacted—perhaps without always realizing it—the various scenes he has lived while marching along the road to fame.

When he was a young lad, rumor had it—then as now—that there was money in the banks. But Jay Fasset definitely was not interested. He preferred the world of make-believe. So while his father controlled the First National Bank and Trust Company of Elmira, and earnestly endeavored to direct young Jay's interests into those channels, Jay chose to don the comic sock and live behind the footlights. His choice was a wise one, and those who daily see him in *Tovarich* agree that the production would not be half so entertaining were it not for the genial humor of Jay Fasset.

It was as an undergraduate at Cornell that Fasset began his theatrical career by playing low comedy in the Masque performances. Graduated in 1912, he returned to his father's bank, but it was to no avail, and after three years of painful striving, he registered for a post-graduate course in Romance languages at Harvard. During the war, he was in the Intelligence Service, where, as he himself puts it, he had three swivel chairs shot from under him. About this time he also published several translations from the Spanish—a novel and a couple of plays—one of which, *The Three Cornered Hat*, still nets him royalties.

Publishing seemed to be a nice literary gentleman's business, so after the war he went to work for his publisher, Alfred Knopf. But came the disillusion, the realization that publishing is desk work as tedious as is banking.

Once and for all he determined to live his life on the stage. The die was cast! But the theatrical agents had no more use for the

(Continued on page 16)

Sportswear  
 •  
 Slacks  
 •  
 Culottes  
 •  
 Play Suits  
 •  
 Bathing Suits  
 •  
 Overalls  
 •  
 Beach Sandals  
 •  
 Washable Bags  
 •  
 Cotton Dresses  
 •  
 Shorts — Halters  
 •  
**LONDON TERRACE  
 APPAREL SHOP**  
 •  
**ACCESSORIES FOR  
 MEN AND WOMEN**



Weekly free entertainment for adults and children in Chelsea Park

### Road Work

Wm. A. White & Sons usually feel independent and quite capable of taking care of the wants of their tenants, but occasionally they are obliged to call on outside assistance.

William L. Kavanaugh, Dem-

ocratic leader of this District and, fortunately for London Terrace, a tenant in the 445 building, used his knowledge of the intricacies of city administration to see that the 23rd Street paving job was accomplished as efficiently and speedily as possible. At first Mr. Kavanaugh tried to get an asphalt surface, similar to 8th Avenue, but paving authorities convinced him that the "relayed" granite blocks are much more durable. Terrace residents are thus assured that for many years to come 23rd Street will not again be disrupted by repair work.

Skoal! to your name, Mr. Kavanaugh. Skoal!

### Funny Joke

On the opposite page we reprint a cartoon by Dorothy McKay through the courtesy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Of course, London Terrace residents will understand that there is nothing *personal* about this cartoon. It couldn't *possibly* apply to *them*, because they *never* throw *their* matches or butts out of the window. No-o, we're just reprinting the cartoon because we think it's so *funny*. Heh, heh.

(Getting kind of subtle, aren't we?)

*Would you enjoy coolness and gaiety for your  
 July Fourth week-end?*

## The Pig 'n' Whistle Inn

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Overlooking 7-mile Mirror Lake, is delightfully cool and a pleasant relief from the city.

Swimming, canoeing, and boating are good. Music, good food, and proximity to New York are to be remembered.

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Courtesy *The Saturday Evening Post*

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Consultation Free

421 W. 24th St., Suite D  
Opposite London Terrace

### CHELSEA JAMBOREE

*(Continued from page 9)*

day is the charge in most camps, so with railroad or boat fare, \$10 should provide for one child's

week vacation away from the hot city streets. Naturally there is no way of knowing how much money will be made on July 15th. Anything from \$500 to \$5,000 is possible. Hitting a happy me-

dium, plans are being made to take care of at least 50 of the neighborhood children. Mrs. Nugent, the very hard working and capable investigator of worthy Chelsea children, will line up the lucky boys and girls, making arrangements with various camps. A very happy suggestion for the use of some of the remainder of this yet unknown sum was made by Mrs. Nugent. She got the idea as a result of a question she put to one of our neighborhood protégés—one of the children who was sent to camp last year by London Terrace tenants. Richard was asked which he would rather do—go to Camp or have some swimming lessons in the London Terrace Pool. There was no hesitation in Richy's answer—the Pool and lessons, of course said this young Chelseaite. So if there is more money than seems sensible to use for the Camp purpose, why not take Richard's reaction as the likely feeling of his fellow playmates and give these youngsters the benefit of the expert instruction offered by the various instructors at the Terrace Pool.

In reading this over I can think of so many things that I would like to tell you, but I'm almost worn out from writing and no doubt you feel the same way about reading this. So I will leave you with just a few highlights concerning the "Jamboree." The date is, as you must know by this time, Thursday, July 15th—the time from 3:30 p.m. on. The admission to the Garden is 25 cents—most of the Games of Chance will cost from 10 to 25 cents and dancing will be "10 cents a dance." Hostesses will see that unattached people are properly introduced. So come and *bring all your friends*. Your Lady at Leisure and Shop Shooter heartily recommends that you spend part, or all, of the day and part, or all, of your money for the good of the cause. I'll be seeing you in the Garden—I'll wear a red carnation so you will know me.

## Rebuttal

It is not always that words printed on paper have the directly stimulating effect which resulted from two lines in the NEWS recently. The two lines were at the end of the statistical story on the number of packages cleared through the Terrace Package Rooms during 1936. It so happened that the Twenty-fourth Street Room lagged a little behind Twenty-third Street in the number of packages handled. We commented on this fact, with a bit of friendly chiding in the direction of the Twenty-fourth Street boys. In less time than it takes to say Henry Longfellow we received a missive which we reprint here word for word as it arrived in the mail. Here it is.

In packages for "36"  
We surely must admit  
That 23st beat us  
By a tiny little bit.

Our modesty restrains us  
From quoting years before.  
If we dared to print them  
"23st" might get sore.

Moral. You have to give the  
other fellow a chance once in  
awhile.

Anon. 24st Pkge Room.

Our editorial word for that is  
"nice going." Compressed into  
eleven lines you find literary ex-  
pression, action in justifiable self-  
defense, a sense of humor and  
praiseworthy magnanimity of  
feeling for one's fellow workers.  
High-priced columnists get paid  
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ENGLISH BABY COACH, excellent  
condition. Price \$10. 4 D-470. Call on  
house phone or CHelsea 3-5853.

## IT WORKED!

(Continued from page 10)

iest Families. This, together with the Benefit Bridge, raised sufficient money to send eight children to a summer camp for two weeks each.

The "Monday Nights in the Penthouse" are conducted by Roland L. Stratford, sponsor of the idea. His wide experience in dealing with all types of business

and personal problems has been most helpful in directing the programs and in summing up constructively the variety of thoughts expressed during the evening.

As the Penthouse Club will accommodate only a limited number of persons, you are advised to make your reservations now for the winter season. Admission tickets may be obtained from Miss Ruth Bieber at the Manager's Office.

## Schooldays

You know the old saying, "A little knowledge will save nine," or words to that effect. In any event, those who believe in the efficacy of education are many, as proven by the interest evinced in

the Adult Education courses given at London Terrace. For the benefit of those who are interested, but have not as yet availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by these classes, information regarding them is here listed:

			Bldg.
ART	Tuesday & Friday afternoon	Penthouse Club	470
	Tuesday & Thursday evening	Recreation Room	465
DRAMA	Wednesday afternoon	Penthouse Club	470
	Wednesday evening	Recreation Room	465
JOURNALISM	Monday afternoon	Penthouse Club	470
	Monday evening	Recreation Room	465
SEWING	Monday Morning	Penthouse Club	470
SHORTHAND	Wed. & Friday afternoon	Penthouse Club	470
	Monday & Wed. evening	Penthouse Club	470
CURRENT EVENTS	Tuesday afternoon	Penthouse Club	470
	Monday evening	Penthouse Club	470
	Friday evening	Recreation Room	465

If you are interested in any of the above subjects, fill in your name, apartment and building, cut out this coupon, put in envelope addressed to Ruth Bieber, Penthouse Club, and hand to your doorman.

I am interested in ART.....

DRAMA.....

JOURNALISM.....

SEWING.....

SHORTHAND.....

CURRENT EVENTS.....

My name is .....

My apartment is..... Building.....

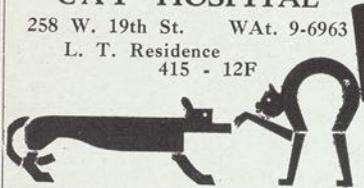
## HAVE YOU A DOG OR CAT?

WE BOARD —  
TREAT — CLIP  
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MANICURE them

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L. T. Residence  
415 - 12F



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We Have No Branch Store

## JAY FASSETT

(Continued from page 11)

die than they had for his abilities. They told him he should have experience in stock, and the stock managers would not take him without experience.

Finally in 1921 he got an opening. He heard that Alonzo Klaw was going to produce a show *Sonya*, with Otto Kruger. Fassett went to Klaw and pulled out of the bag some of the low comedy tricks he had learned at Cornell. He sang songs and gave an imitation of a man with a squeaking arm. Klaw thought he showed promise and gave him a small part, that of a lackey.

Next he played stock in Louisville, Kentucky, but this venture was short-lived and was followed by seven lean years, filled with discouragement and apparent failure.

The successful years which came later were inaugurated when Fassett played two seasons with Walter Hampden in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and followed this with a rôle in Hampden's *Othello*. In this latter he made the classic error of announcing one evening that the *Automats* were coming, when Shakespeare clearly specified it was the *Ottomites*.

His first real hit was in Gilbert's farce *Engaged*, in which his acting received wide acclaim. And then it was, after another period of idleness, that he met Dudley Digges one day at the Players Club. Digges told him that he had had dinner the night before with Rachel Crothers, who had just written a new play. She was looking for an actor to play the rôle of a middle-western American banker, and Digges had suggested to her that she try Fassett.

She sent for Fassett, and together they read the play. Almost from the very beginning Fassett felt that the part was for him, that he was living it, and he read with such feeling that Miss

Crothers, veteran of the theatre though she is, wept. The play, *As Husbands Go*, is now theatrical history.

Fassett's success in this play has been followed by new laurels each year. First in *Biography*. Then in *Cross Ruff*, and in *Russet Mantle* last year. This year it's *Tovarich*.

Since most of Mr. Fassett's plays have been of comparatively long duration, we were curious to know how actors manage to give their performances such vitality, even after the story must have become tedious to them.

"Well," he explained, laughing, "it is not difficult. During the early performances we really do bring genuine emotions to our portrayals. But even then we are not entirely sincere, but continually view ourselves objectively. For example, when we sob (and in that Mr. Fassett sobbed so naturally that we stared in amazement), in the back of our mind we make a note—'Let's see, how did I do that? I have it, my throat constricted, and my tongue lifted, uh huh.' Then, on future occasions, when perhaps we do not feel the part so realistically but are wondering instead about the cocktail we'll have after the show, we follow the same pattern, and the people in the audience say to themselves, 'My God, he's actually sobbing.'"

## DRESSMAKING and ALTERATIONS

MRS. O. LE COUNT

450 BUILDING  
APARTMENT 1A

Wat. 9-7163

## BOOK NOOK

THIS month the book store is offering more variety than a youngster's reasons for being absent from school. Authors of four countries entered the lists, and England and the United States are fighting it out for first honors.

From across the sea comes "Coronation Commentary," the book which made the front page when the Duke of Windsor sued the publishers for slander. Sale of the book has been stopped in England, but Dodd Mead offers it to the American public. If you want to get the low-down on the higher-ups, you might read it and then write your poor benighted English friends and tell them what it's all about.

Out of the same tumultuous proceedings comes "King Edward VIII" by Hector Bolitho, a much less passionate if more candid portrayal of the Duke of Windsor. This biography was begun long before the crisis of abdication, when the author travelled with the Prince of Wales on several long trips and made his home at Windsor. The book traces the life of the Duke from early childhood to the present day and has an air of authenticity which recommends it to the seeker after truth.

Readers of Feuchtwanger will be pleased with his latest, "The Pretender." It is no second "Power," but his pictures of the great men of ancient Rome are remarkable for their clarity and life-like quality. Starting out a bit heavily, the book soon acquires momentum and considerable intensity.

Out of Norway comes "The Ring is Closed," by Knut Hamsun. It is a pleasant story of a small village, a happy-go-lucky youth afflicted with the wanderlust, and a girl who loves him and strives to put him into harness. Nothing startling, but an interesting story well-told.

Back on home soil the word-

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BARBER SHOP NEXT DOOR

### ELIZABETH FLYNN'S RESTAURANT

will be closed Sundays

starting June 27th until September 5th

pushers have not been idle, and they've served up as pleasant a concoction of warm weather reading as you may desire. A perfectly swell novel is "What Ho," by Richard Connell. Be you man, woman, or child, if you enjoy a good laugh in the Wodehouse manner, you will want to read this tale of the young taxidermist who visits Merry England and Bingley Castle.

On the serious side is "Pedlar's Progress," the winner of the \$5000 Little, Brown Centenary Prize Contest. This biography of Bronson Alcott, intellectual giant of New England during the 19th century and father of Louisa Alcott, is written with great perspicacity and will appeal to all who enjoy fathoming a truly profound mind.

Novel of the month is "Neigh-

bor to the Sky," Gladys Hasty Carroll's latest offering. This time Miss Carroll leaves her favorite Maine retreat to wander through the country's universities. And what her hero Luke Gilman and his wife learn about pedants and certain unpleasant aspects of pedagogy send them scurrying back to their rock-bound coast.

E. Phillips Oppenheim comes through again with a mystery, "Ask Miss Mott," which has the makings of a best seller. And Helen Reilly's "Crimefile Number 2—File on Rufus Ray," ought to keep all you amateur sleuths awake nights figuring out the answer. All the evidence is presented as if in court, and the collection of telegrams, blonde hair, and bits of cord which go with the book make it more impressive than the D.A. in person.

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## Muse

The poetic fever, borne on the first balmy Spring breezes has hit London Terrace with a bang. The poem printed herewith stems from the pen and the heart of one of our elevator operators.

### THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR

*An artist's brush and an artist's touch*

*Bring empty canvass to life!*

*A golden ring and a parson's prayer*

*Bring an empty heart a wife!*

*A writer's quill and a brain-child's squeal*

*Bring out a scribbler's grace!*

*But of all the joys which men are blest*

*Give me a smiling face!*

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