

JUN 23 1936

# London Terrace News



JUNE

1936

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# London Terrace

JUNE 1936

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 6

## Nautical

The seasonal upswing of interest in water and boats has started residents digging around in trunks and closets to bring forth a number of ship instruments. A collection has been started, the nucleus of which is on view in a special cabinet in the Penthouse Club. There is a ship's lantern all of 150 years old, several navigating instruments full of age and character, a regulation ship's log and one or two other items requiring an expert in such matters to determine their functions in the fine art of seafaring.

It makes a colorful display, but there is plenty of room for additions. Any resident owning ship bric-a-brac who would like to lend it to the exhibition is hereby invited to contribute. Miss Bieber will arrange for the installation. Needless to say, every care will be taken to safeguard exhibits and to see that they emerge in the same condition in which they went in.

And here's another suggestion. A nautical collection obviously is not worth a sailor's oath without some ship models. The Management has come forward with an offer which ought to make ship carpenters of all of us. Any resident wishing to try a hand at building a model of the *Queen Mary* to be loaned to the exhibition, may do so—with all materials furnished gratis by the Management.

There is a challenge which

should not go unheeded by a single parlor boat-builder.

As a background for the nautical cabinet an interesting steel engraving of old New York harbor has been placed on the wall. It was loaned by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lockwood. Other decorations of the sort to add prestige to the corner would be very much appreciated.

## Quietus

Brow-wrinkling, along with fur-lined overcoats and ear-muffs has been packed away in mothballs for the summer season. That is to say, the Chess Club, which has been holding forth in the Penthouse Club since the leaves started falling last October, is suspending

for the duration of the torrid months. The last session is to be held on the evening of June 24, with a number of bang-up contests scheduled to wind up activities in a blaze of concentration.

King, queen and pawn-movers will keep their feet out from under chess tables until September, when the 1936-37 season will swing into action. Members of the Club agree that they will feel a little lost at first without their favorite pastime, but will try to bear up under the strain until the autumn. Somebody reminded them that even such an eminent sportsman as Joe Louis takes a rest between rounds.

## Comparison

For the benefit of those to whom figures are items which come wrapped up in bathing suits, somebody down in the statistical department has come through with the product of a brain storm which is as enlightening as it is pulse-quickening. Just how long do you think the *Queen Mary* is? Not in the number of feet; anybody can find that out and be no wiser, but in actual understandable length.

The Terrace statistician tells you. The ship is longer than London Terrace. If it were dry-docked along Twenty-third Street with the aft end quartered somewhat to the east of Ninth Avenue, the prow would nuzzle down about a third of the way between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. That gives you an idea of the sort of



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219 Ninth Ave., New York

thing the British are doing these days. In beam—width to landlubbers—the craft would sit nicely within Terrace walls from Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth Streets.

The statistician didn't stop with cold facts. He offered a constructive suggestion as well. Suppose, he suggested, that a passenger on board the *Queen Mary* had a sentimental attachment for someone left behind in London Terrace and vice versa. Suppose, he went on, these two would like to deck-walk together. They could set a time at which to deck-walk each day. The one on the *Queen Mary* would take a turn around the deck, thinking fond thoughts. The one left behind would take a turn around London Terrace, thinking even fonder thoughts. Step by step they would be matching progress, would end their strolls at the same time and then go have lunch or dinner or tea, still thinking fond thoughts.

Well—even if you don't like it, it's an idea isn't it?

### Cool Work

Give Mr. Charles De Graw of the London Terrace Upholstery Shop a pair of scissors, a sewing machine and a chair or sofa to be covered, and it's like giving the nag Granville a straightaway with about three ponies nipping at his haunches. He goes to town. You've probably noticed the new slip covers in the lobbies: nice comforting colors; some green, others henna; cool and distinguished looking. They fit like Jean Harlow's rubber bathing suit.

They told Mr. De Graw to see what he could evolve for the Chart Room in the Penthouse Club. He came through with some blue and white nautical-designed drapes and valance boards for the windows that make you want to go into your hornpipe immediately. Then he outfitted the sofas and chairs in some blue and white and red and white plaid stuff which he swiped from the farmer's daughter's hope chest

### THE LONDON TERRACE NEWS

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

and tucked in around the furniture as though it had grown there.

He took one look in the Swimming Pool Office and sent up a page boy a day or two later with a whole set of newly-covered wicker furniture. It is covered in rust and there are rust drapes at the windows to harmonize. It is slick looking work and only goes to show what water does to the inside of your stomach.

### Fish Fad

Fish fanciers are getting quite a kick out of the aquarium-full of fish of the small or parlor variety now decorating the hall in the Penthouse Club. The midget pisces add a lively note to the breeze-laden atmosphere of the Club. They and their glass home were donated by the Aquarium Stock Co. of 66 West Broadway, which has been engaged in the live fish catering business for 25 years or so. Customers say the people down there know just about everything there is to be known about mantel-piece fish; their breeds, kinds, idiosyncracies, home territories, feeding, sex habits and kindred subjects.

Residents and their friends who believe that no home is complete without an inhabited aquarium would do well to consult the Aquarium Stock Co. concerning their problems and needs. The telephone is Barclay 7-4456.

### EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY Hats Altered

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## SERVICE VETS DECORATED

### Terrace's men in uniform, founding real tradition of service, receive insignia, representing years of duty

are twenty who attained the distinction of the gold star denoting five years of service. Nineteen received the four-year bars, twelve the three-year.

The insignia were awarded just in time to be sewed on the natty new summer uniforms of tropical worsted which the boys have donned to keep them as cool and comfortable as so many polar bears in an ice-house. The white helmets and white-crowned caps top off the ensemble in neat tropical style.

The reputation of the Uniformed Service seems to be spreading. The day the *Queen*

*Mary* arrived on her initial trip, the Whitehall Club, down on Battery Place, gave a large luncheon for its members, the purpose of which, in addition to eating, was to greet the incoming liner from the Club windows. The management of the Club paid London Terrace the compliment of asking William A. White and Sons, managing agents for the Terrace, for the presence of a half dozen of our Bobbies to help give the event some bona-fide class. Six of the boys rallied round in their uniforms. Everybody had a good time, the boys thought, including themselves.



## Helping Hand

The Needy Families of Chelsea Committee is buzzing right along with no let-down in activity. Happy labor this—bringing cheer and material comforts to people who are not overly blessed with the staples of human happiness. The Committee has received generous cooperation from Terrace residents in distributing clothing and other necessities to neighborhood families.

The tea, given on May 28 for the purpose of reporting on the work done and of making plans for the future, was well attended by women residents who had aided or wished to aid the Committee in its activities. The next event on the welfare program is an afternoon of bridge on June 18. The Committee hopes, with this bridge session, to get a good start on a fund with which to send one or two children to a camp for some much-needed sunshine and fresh air. Bridge players who would like to indulge in their favorite pastime with the added comfort of aiding a good cause will be cordially welcomed. In addition, anyone who doesn't care about bridge, but who does wish to help, may send a cash contribution. Checks should be made out to the Needy Families of Chelsea Committee and mailed to Mrs. Ethel Nugent in the Penthouse Club or Mrs. Basil A. Caparell, 455 Building, Apartment 15A.

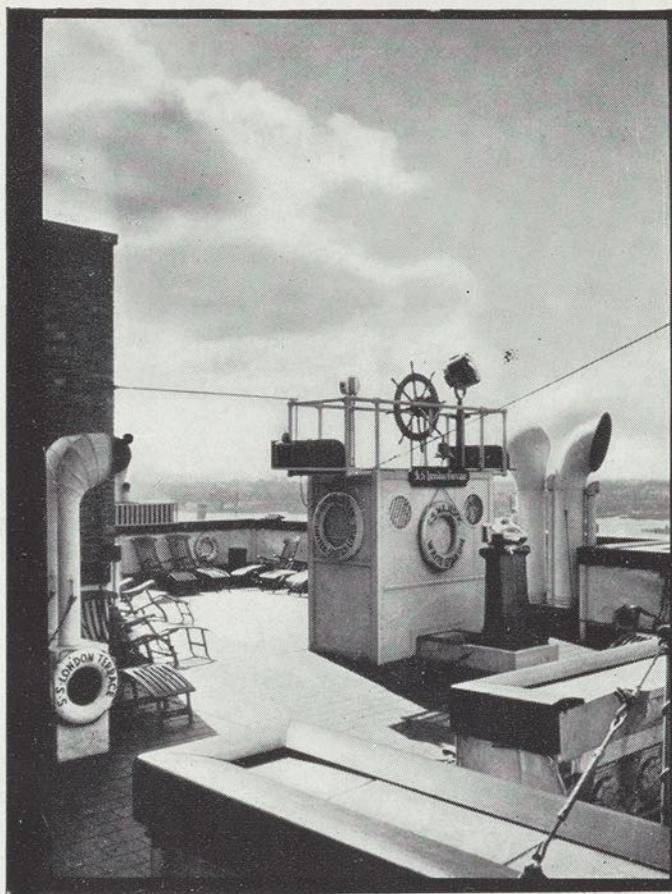
The Committee never has too much clothing in its distributing chest. Residents who would like to pass on wearing apparel to those who would greatly appreciate it, may leave their contributions at the Penthouse Club or at the Uniformed Service Desk in the 435 Building.

### DRESSMAKING and ALTERATIONS

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## SEA BREEZES AHOY!



The Marine Deck offers distant, rolling clouds, fresh air, sunshine, relaxation and a cool vista

## Transatlantic

If Queen Mary herself had crossed the Atlantic in a skiff she couldn't have received a more frenzied welcome than was accorded her palatial namesake as she rode into her initial New York mooring on the first day of June. Reports had it that British officials were a bit awed by the intensity of the reception, but took it all in a spirit of good clean fun and did nothing to dampen the ardor of the noisy Americans. A boat may be only a boat but the *Queen Mary* is in a class by herself until the next super-craft comes along.

The Terrace Marine Deck was one of the most popular spots in town on the day the *Queen Mary* arrived. Nearly a thousand oglers

gathered to get a front-row view of the event. In order to accommodate everyone without crowding, the roof of the 465 Building was opened up to take care of the overflow. It was the second time within a few weeks that the Terrace roof top had been utilized to welcome a transatlantic visitor. Special arrangements were made on the night of the dirigible *Hindenburg's* arrival to keep the deck open until after midnight. Several hundred persons were on hand to watch the giant airship purr over the city.

Sunbathing, relaxation among fresh breezes, sightseeing; the Marine Deck provides all these luxuries, making another reason for the popularity of London Terrace as a home.

## LADY OF THE EASEL

### **Oil, canvas and models meet in Josephine Paddock's roof-top home where she blends materials into distinguished works of art**

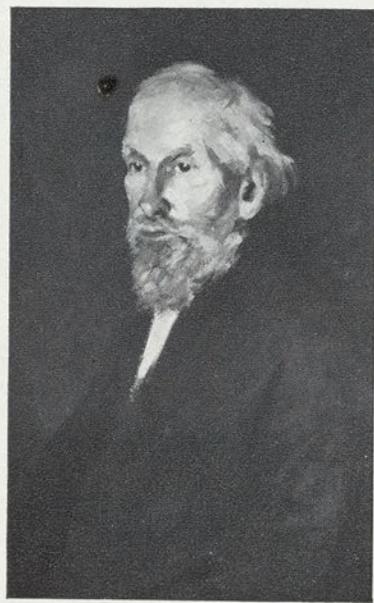
THE visitor steps across the threshold of a high-up corner apartment to meet dappled sunlight, a profusion of oil paintings—and Miss Josephine Paddock. Miss Paddock is tall, straight, with an aristocratic profile which warms into full-face friendliness. After greetings and self-introductions there is a tour through three rooms alive with Miss Paddock's work—portraits mostly, of all sizes, interspersed with a few city views and landscapes. Color is there and character, and a certain unusual quality that grows upon one the longer one is among the paintings.

Then Miss Paddock sits down and talks—about herself, of course, because she has been asked to do that, but as she talks, she gives the impression of speaking in the third person. She is the mouthpiece through which her work speaks for itself.

She is a product of New York City; born here, raised here, went to school here; a rather intellectually aristocratic New York is her background. Casual mention of members of her family brings forth the names of college deans, authors, clergymen. Their portraits are all there; the only reason she brings up their names is to explain a painting; give it background, delineation. She probably would have gone through the usual routine of finishing school, debut, marriage, social life, if she hadn't had a mother who liked to paint. In those days a woman painter was spoken of in polite circles with whispers and head shaking. Not only did her mother paint, but she went to a school instead of being privately tutored. She was one of the first students to attend Barnard. Sometimes they had to detail policemen in front of the building to keep in order the crowds which gathered to stare at the strange females.

So her mother went to school and painted, but from the day she was married, she never touched easel, paint brush or sketch pencil again; a triumph of convention

over creative urge. But she encouraged Josephine and Josephine's younger sister to draw and sketch because they showed an aptitude for it and enjoyed doing it. Miss Paddock's youth was



Portrait of Dr. W. N. Clarke done by Josephine Paddock

something of a compromise between a strict social pattern and her artistic yearnings. She had private drawing lessons as a child, but when it came time for her to enter Barnard, convention won out for the time being. She gave herself over wholly to a scholastic education, neglecting her art for four years. She was afraid that the fascination of the easel and brush would cause her to flub her other school work.

Her graduation however gave her a clear conscience, so she gave herself over completely to her passion for painting. She enrolled in the Art Students League,

studied under John W. Alexander and William M. Chase; later under Kenyon Cox and that master of portrait composition, Robert Henri. It was seven years before she gained recognition; sold a painting or was exhibited, but from then on her work has appeared regularly and frequently in exhibitions all over the country. Her more recent honors have been the Allied Artists of America Prize for a portrait shown in the Brooklyn Museum, the New Haven Paint and Clay Club's Prize for a portrait of a young woman called "Youth," an exhibit in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D.C., another in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and still another in the National Academy of Design in New York.

Portraiture is her favorite means of expression. She chose it because character, faces, types, interest more than anything else. Prospective models are continually catching her eye on streets, ferryboats, buses.

She is glad that a small private income keeps her from the necessity of doing portraits with financial remuneration in mind. She likes to sell her work, of course, but because she won't starve if she doesn't, she is not under the gruelling necessity of pleasing the sitter, nor does she have to paint anyone in whom she is not interested as a model. If she does a portrait with commission possibilities, it is usually under the arrangement that she does it in the manner she chooses, the sitter deciding after it is finished whether or not there is to be a sale.

Usually, though, she picks her own models, either amateur or  
(Continued on page 14)

## LADY AT LEISURE

VACATIONS to the right of us, vacations to the left of us, and vacations usually mean leaving New York. I wish I had saved an article I read recently which pointed out most cleverly the many advantages of a vacation in New York City. Of course I'm one who is 100 per cent sold on New York and not a great lover of the wide open spaces. Maybe I've been unfortunate but my few visits to resort spots have not been particularly happy ones. The weather has always been "unusually warm" or else the cold, spring-like rain is "most unusual." In other words my arrival seems to have a bad effect on the weather. Then the scarcity of the conveniences one becomes accustomed to in the city (especially at London Terrace!) is an important factor, I think.

So to get back to the article with which I agree, why not

spend the \$50 or \$100 or more on "seeing Manhattan?" The numerous lovely boat trips (ever take the Ferry to Staten Island on a hot night—you'll need a coat before you get back) and the cool roofs atop the various hotels and sidewalk cafés, air-conditioned theatres, were a few of the things mentioned as ways of spending your time and money right here at home. I'll bet there are loads of Terracers (including myself) who haven't been to the Planetarium and unless you have spent a whole day at the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum you "ain't seen nothing yet."

I've never been up on top of the Empire State or RCA building and I'm sure I'm not the only one who has thought these were "hick" things to do. The Botanical Gardens and Bronx Zoo and loads of other spots too numerous to mention are places that those living outside of New York would give most anything to see. So let's make this a "See New York City Summer."

I feel horribly disloyal to my good friend, Mrs. Morse of Europe on Wheels Travel agency for these unkind remarks regarding travel. But I am sure that there are few who will agree with me regarding Manhattan in the summer so I don't think my little rave will put the Travel Agencies out of business this season.

We Terracers are pretty proud of our bath rooms and I have some suggestions that will make

them more attractive and more useful, I believe. The first idea is for the A-F-E-B types in the Garden buildings. These spacious baths permit—in fact "ask" for—a dressing table. These can be obtained at almost any furniture store but our carpenter shop can build one that will fit perfectly, giving extra room for towels, toilet articles, et cetera. Gay towels, with matching window and shower curtains mean a great deal these days. See Mr. DeGraw in his Upholstery Shop for clever ideas for these curtains. It's not too late to talk to him about slip covers for the other rooms at the same time. He has a long list of satisfied customers, due to his capable treatment of summer covers. Colored sponges and powder puffs on display in Lewis and Conger's will provide the finishing touch to the color scheme.

The same famous store at 45th and 6th Avenue is showing some clever covers for ice box dishes containing left-overs. They're made like an old-fashioned bathing cap—oil skin gathered with an elastic around the edge. They fit tightly over any size bowl, keeping things moist and keeping smells in!

Someone spoke very disparagingly about my selection of jokes last month so just for that I'm not going to use any this month! But I do have a recipe I'd like to pass on—a nice fattening one.

This is unbaked pie crust. Crush one and one half cups of graham crackers and mix with a scant ½ cup of butter and one third cup of powdered sugar. Pat mixture into pie pan and place in refrigerator for one hour—or longer. Fill with any filling that does not require cooking in the crust—chocolate for instance. Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler. Add one can of Borden's unsweetened milk and one third of a cup of water. Cook until thick. Let cool and pour in pastry shell. Top with whipped cream.

And I hope you all have a happy, noisy Fourth of July.

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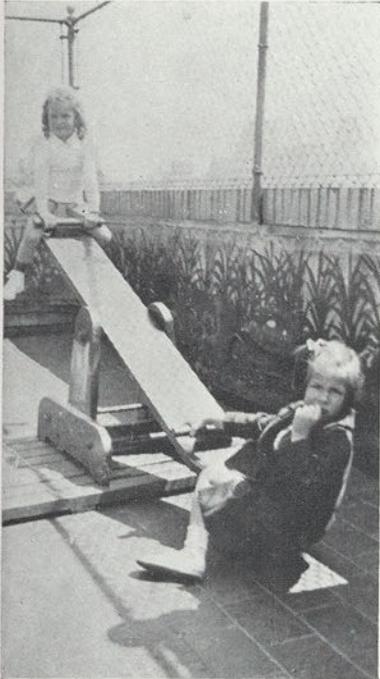
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### LONDON TERRACE UPHOLSTERY SHOP

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## TOTS AT PLAY

IMPELLED by the cheerful sound of childish prattle, we poked a sunburned nose around a corner of the Play Roof the other afternoon, to see how Terrace youngsters disported themselves in their hours of conviviality.



Play-roof see-saw

One alert-looking little miss was standing alone, taking no part in the proceedings. We summoned up courage and approached her. "Why don't you play?" we asked, with what we thought was a great deal of nonchalance.

She looked up and wrinkled her nose. "Pooh," was all she said, but her tone implied that she had much weightier matters under consideration. After a moment she went over to a circular table, sat down before it, pulled out a pad and pencil from somewhere and started sketching. We didn't have the nerve to look over her shoulder.

This circular table, by the way, is something new and everybody thinks it is a fine addition to the Roof. It has a seating bench attached to it that runs all the way around and a very handsome striped umbrella stuck up in the middle to cast shade. The games the kids play get fairly strenuous and when Mrs. Nugent thinks they have done enough running around for a while, she entices them over to the table. It doesn't take much enticing, really, because they have taken quite a fancy to it. There they can sit in the shade and indulge in sedentary games, draw, converse, or "make things," whatever that means.

There is a shower bath, too, which is very popular and a number of other games of skill and agility, the complications of which were a bit too much for our adult mind to fathom.

As we left to return to the humdrum world of grown-ups, the youngsters were clamoring for Mrs. Nugent to "read us a story." We would have liked to have stayed and listened, but the place seemed to be taking on too much of a fascination for our peace of mind. The specter of the accusation of "second childhood" sent us stampeding down the stairs, just a bit resentful at the strength of our will power.

Mrs. Nugent was off at one side, keeping a watchful but inconspicuous eye on proceedings.

About ten small boys and girls were jumping around in the middle of the Roof involved in some sort of game of international politics. The name of various countries were marked off in a circle and after a lot of squealing and running, the first round ended with one child throwing a soft ball at another child. We thought it an excellent picture of the essence of international diplomacy.

Once in a while there was an interlude of private altercation between two or three of the players. If it appeared as though it were going to assume serious proportions Mrs. Nugent straightened out matters with a few words. Otherwise she let the argument settle itself.

## WHY PLAY DUPLICATE BRIDGE?

### *Because*

It is the sure way to improve your game, for you can see the best contract for each hand and the best defense.

If you haven't played Duplicate Bridge, a few pointers before the game will provide all the information you need. Come a little early.

### *A Cool Paradise*

Cool breezes sweep the Penthouse Club and you will be refreshed while playing an enjoyable game. If you are not a tenant of London Terrace, you may play upon introduction by a resident.

### *Summer Schedule*

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Private Bridge parties conducted in your home or in the Penthouse club by appointment.

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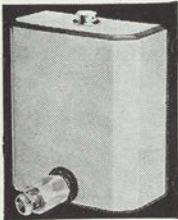
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## Fire!

The season of the cigaret flipper is upon us. You know him—or her—as the case may be; the nonchalant smoker who can't be bothered putting out the stub of a cigaret in an ashtray. An open window is within easy reach. The glowing bit of tobacco and paper describes a neat arc through the air to land with a shower of sparks upon the first object which stops its course. With luck it reaches the sidewalk to burn itself out harmlessly. Once in a while, though, and a good deal oftener than you might think, it doesn't hit the sidewalk. It hits an awning, or gets caught in a curtain blowing out of a lower window. When these things happen a fire results. It may destroy the awning or the curtain or it may result in a four-alarm fire.

A real tragedy was narrowly averted recently by a Terrace mother. She had her small baby out for an airing in the child's carriage. As the mother walked along, she smelled smoke. It was some seconds before she discovered that the smoke was coming from the carriage. She put out the smoldering blaze and the baby was unharmed, but the potentialities of the incident are not conducive to good cheer. The cause of the tiny but dangerous blaze was a lighted cigaret stub flipped from a window.

One Terrace resident returned home the other day to find an awning for which she had paid a considerable sum completely destroyed by fire, the result of a cigaret-flipper's handiwork.

Another tenant tells a story of an incident which happened to him just before he moved to the Terrace. One of his prized possessions was a rather valuable upholstered chair. One day his curtains blew out the window and returned on the next gust of wind freighted with a blaze which had started from a flipped cigaret stub. The blaze and the curtain blew against the chair. Result: no chair.

Cigaret flippers probably do not

realize the dreary consequences which may result from their nonchalant habit. Ashtrays are not expensive or difficult to obtain. Hosts should provide plenty of them. Guests should use them.

And speaking of things out of windows reminds us that the mop-shaking addicts are still with us in some number. Windows are placed in buildings for the purpose of admitting light and air, not dust gleanings. Out-of-the-window-mop-shakers PLEASE NOTE.

## Recapitulation

We made an adding machine an Associate Editor to turn out a story on statistics last month, and this month he was whining around about not having anything to do, so he was put to work again. Here is what he tossed on our desk:

For the fiscal year—whatever that is—just ended, Terrace residents kept themselves clean as clean could be, but it took 141,000 gallons of hot water every twenty-four hours to do the trick.

If horses had been used to supply the lighting since last June, we would have had to draft 2,500,000 of them to accomplish it. Even then, we bet they couldn't have done it.

Not only that, but it took 3,600,000 horsepower to supply heat.

140,000,000 pounds of steam went up the pipes into Terrace radiators produced by 1,400,000 gallons of fuel oil.

2,240,000 kilowatts of electricity made reading and card playing at night possible, to say nothing of illuminating radio dials so listeners could tell whether they were hearing Uncle Don or Ed Wynn.

47,000,000 cubic feet of gas went into the preparation of four minute eggs and lamb chops for the hungry among us.

Shall we fire the adding machine Associate Editor or keep him on the payroll?

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

## Come On In

THE Swimming Pool these days is taking on all the color and gaiety of a seaside cabana. The urge to splash and dive and dawdle in the water indoors, instead of decreasing with the outdoor season, seems to have received added impetus. Miss Constantine will tell you if you ask her—which we did—that it is because people get water-minded in the summer time. Week ends at the beaches generate a desire to retain the fine sense of physical exhilaration all through the week. The Pool is the answer.

Whatever the reasons, the Pool currently is as popular as a kid who works in a soda fountain. Tanned, ruddy skins are replacing the pallid winter complexions, the gals are coming togged out in all sorts of gay colors, informality is the key word, good lusty fun the aim. There is some talk of a big splash party, with perhaps a number of water contests arranged between Twenty-fourth Street and Twenty-third Street residents, but it has not gotten beyond the idle discussion phase. If enough interest builds up around something of the sort, it probably can be arranged.

What is definite however is that the children's swimming classes which were discontinued some time back because of weather conditions, are to be resumed. The youngsters—and Miss Constantine, incidentally—get so much fun out of these sessions that their continuance is practically imperative.

Visitors to the Pool Office noticed recently that the bulletin board's photographic display of pulchritudinous mermaids had been given a glass frame. The reason for the frame is that certain persons with more artistic appreciation than scruples had been helping themselves to the photographs. Pool attendants were of the unanimous opinion that the filchers could not have been Terrace residents, but whoever they were, the frame now rules Temptation out of bounds.

## Cinema

These lazy summer evenings do not seem suitable, somehow, for frequent excursions into Broadway's strident atmosphere. Yet, the urge for theater and movie-going is not stilled with the advent of warm weather. In this connection it is well to remember Loew's Sheridan Theatre, at Seventh Avenue and Twelfth Street. Within walking distance, or a short bus or taxi ride, air-cooled, moderately priced, it makes a nice spot to drop into.

## Posies

If you see the gardeners going around with self-satisfied expressions it is because the rhododendrons are budding very successfully. It won't be long now until the Garden has assumed its summer attire of blooming rhododendron blossoms.

There are going to be many more than last year. The gardeners say there are going to be still more next year. Just what is going to happen the year after that is a question still shrouded in mystery. For the present, however, we will rest content to enjoy the flowers without worrying too much about future harvests.

## Dressing Up

The Lingerie Shop has decided to present more of its handsome countenance to the world that passes by on Twenty-third Street. There is going to be a lot of tearing down and building up and rearranging. When the work is over the Shop will boast two new large display windows chock full of alluring articles for both men and women.

The management of the Shop has felt for some time that its windows have not been large enough to do justice to the variety of articles on sale inside. The men's department particularly has suffered in this respect. The Shop has been building up this department until now it is as complete as almost any haberdashery in town. The new windows will afford

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ample space to give prospective customers an idea of the extent to which the Shop can fill their needs.

A glance inside the Shop these days shows that Terrace residents—male and female—are finding it an ideal place to do their summer apparel shopping.

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**RESIDENT ARTIST**

*(Continued from page 9)*

professional. She works on large canvases, with lots of color, particularly in the backgrounds. She likes costumes, rather than modern dress. Her family trunks furnish a good deal of the clothing her models wear; she does many more women than men. The costuming is responsible for the unusual quality in her work mentioned previously. Professional models with sleek modernity coloring their expressions sit in habiliments of a quainter age, making a fascinating contrast of character and dress.

She keeps contact with her family, but does not do much on the purely social side, reserving most of her time and energy for her work. She insists upon a minimum of two canvases a month, averages about five hours a day in work. She lives alone in a Terrace apartment with windows on three sides. She has a splendid view of the river and of the Garden. She is enthusiastic about the light she gets; thinks that modern roof-top apartments have done much to put light and color in the works of contemporary American artists. The old sky light studios, she believes, were responsible for heavy shadows and gloomy backgrounds.

She generously has loaned a collection of her works to London Terrace for exhibition. The collection is on view in the Penthouse Club, an inspiring addition to the attractiveness of the roof-top rooms.

She thinks the ultra-modernists are on the decline, but believes their general effect upon American art has been good. They blasted away the stodginess which was enveloping our artists, brought fresh inspiration and life to a fast-conventionalizing routine. She doesn't try to put a name to her own technique; just paints in the way she thinks best; the way that satisfies her most fully. If it satisfies other people then she is doubly happy.