

# London Terrace News

MAY 29 1936



Sketched at  
London Terrace  
by ADOLPH  
TREIDLER

MAY

1936

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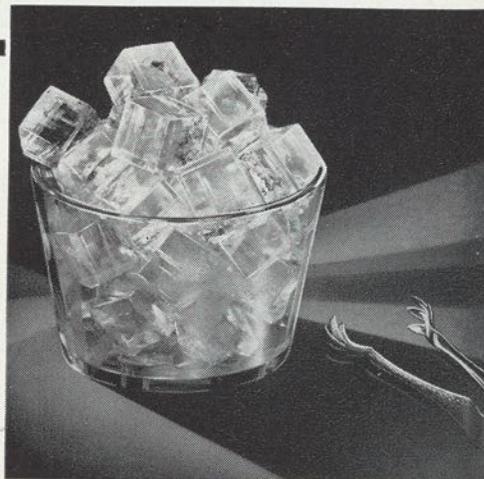
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NEW YORK CITY

*Renting and Managing Agents*

# London Terrace

MAY 1936

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 5

## Above-Decks

The popularity of the Marine Deck has again focused attention upon the massive bit of marine-like machinery which perches above it, bearing out the nautical appearance. Newcomers probably wonder just what part of the boat this machinery runs. For their edification we are rushing into print with the information that it runs the Terrace elevators.

The machinery is just as fascinating as any boat's engine room and it will be open for inspection by all sea-going landlubbers at the end of May.

But—don't expect any paddle-wheels.

## Clubbing

Anyone who thinks that Bridge or Chess addicts lose interest in their games as the outdoor season approaches doesn't know his addicts. A glance around the Penthouse Club these nights reveals the Chess and Bridge Clubs still going strong and as popular as ever, with more members constantly being added to the ranks.

Possibly the Club itself has something to do with the way players are attracted upwards. Always a quiet, restful spot, it has taken on more glamor with the lengthening evenings. A light breeze sifts through the open windows, the noises of the city are remotely tiny. Relaxation and concentration often go together. The Penthouse Club seems conducive to both.

## Rendezvous

She was quite young and she had a nice smile. She poked her blonde head into the Administration Office and spoke to the room in general. She seemed very excited.

"I have just come from lunching at Miss Flynn's," she said. "I thought of something and I had to tell somebody right away. I saw a couple in there. They were so devoted and they were having such a good time, I thought of a grand title for a song. It is, 'A Table for Two With a Garden View.'—Don't you like it?"

Everybody said they liked it very much. The young lady smiled again, bobbed her head and left. The episode seemed deserving trib-

ute to the atmosphere of Miss Flynn's Restaurant. A great num-



ber of twosomes or foursomes, or more, are finding a table with a Garden view a pleasant spot for lunching or dining. Excellent food, spacious, cool surroundings, quiet, efficient service, a glimpse of flowers and growing things outside make eating and drinking a rare treat. Then there is the music in the evenings to listen or dance to.

Terrace residents are finding that a meal at Miss Flynn's is a gratifying break in the routine of apartment cooking, particularly now that warm weather is upon us.

## Flicker Palace

A new movie house has started up at a fair striking distance from London Terrace. It is the Greenwich Theatre, in Greenwich Village at Twelfth Street and Greenwich Avenue. (Who brought up this Greenwich subject, anyway?) It is all brand new, with the latest in cooling systems, seating arrangements—there is a large section for smoking—and sound apparatus for the pictures.

It has been tastefully designed by Sidney Moss, a Greenwich Villager, with a modernistic coffee bar and lounge added for convenience and comfort. The pictures



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shown are recent releases, and all in all, the new theatre makes a good spot to head for at the end of an early evening walk.

### Additis

London Terrace celebrated its fifth birthday a month or so ago and renewal leases drawn up recently show that a number of tenants who came with us the first year seem to have adopted the largest apartment house in the world as a permanent home.

Want figures? All right. Of six renewals signed on May 11th of this year:

One original was made on April 11th, 1930.

Another on July 5th, 1930.

Another, August 11th, 1930.

The three other originals were drawn up during 1931, thus making the seventh lease signed for three tenants and the sixth for three others.

Now that we have started in on this, let's keep right on.

At the present writing there are 1,528 occupied apartments, housing approximately 4,250 persons.

Mail deliveries hit something over 124,000 letters and cards a month; packages, incoming and outgoing, 17,000 monthly.

And that reminds us. Tenants planning to be away any time during the summer would do well to have a definite understanding with the Mail Clerk as to exactly what disposition is to be made of their mail during their absence. Forwarding arrangements may be made and instructions left concerning any types of mail or packages which are not to be forwarded.

### Cleaning Up

Ladies reading the style pages these days are confronted, impressed and intrigued with the way cotton materials are sprucing out in unrestrained variety. King Cotton seems to have taken himself a Queen and decked her out in gayer fashion than a June bridesmaid. This cotton plumage

### 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.

is designed to be washed, of course—and there comes the rub, in more ways than one.

The wrong sort of laundering can make a wronged gal out of those dainty summer frocks. The London Terrace Laundry has gone into the matter with its usual thoroughness and evolved a special treatment that has the garments coming up from a tubbing as fresh and saucy as a chipmunk in a treetop. Ladies of the Terrace don't have to hold their breaths and say a little prayer as they open up their laundry packages. They know that everything is coming out all right.

The men of the household, likewise, are looking forward to white suit days without trepidation, knowing from experience that the Laundry will take care of their summer duds in expert, careful fashion. The fine art of modern laundering deserves a lot of credit for taking the Terrace summer male out of the broiled alive lobster class.

### Dogs

The dog problem has arisen again, as it does a couple of times a year. Owners get lax, forget that there are city ordinances requiring the muzzling or leashing of dogs and ruling against defilement of sidewalks, curbs and areas in front of buildings.

Recently the police have become active in the matter, sending out warnings that summons will be served on violators and instructing officers on beats to see that the laws are observed.

A little care and thought is all that is required of dog owners to prevent unpleasant encounters with the Law.

## SUMMER ROUNDS THE CORNER

**Old Sol, stealing the show from Prosperity, comes out from under his gray blanket saluting Terrace baskers upon their roof-top Deck**



The good ship "London Terrace"

THE first Heat Wave of the season sent residents scurrying for the Marine Deck like pups after a closet-full of shoes. Fortunately the initial onslaught of summer weather, although coming early, did not catch the Management asleep in the wheel house. The deck chairs, varnish gleaming, invited lollers and the brass work shone like Peggy Joyce's jewelry. Sun bathers shook the moths out of their swimming suits and exposed pallid winter skins to Old Sol's beneficent ministrations. Mrs. Nugent's Play Roof activities for children took on an added spurt of interest, as did the Infants' Sun Terrace.

For all these good things we naturally give grateful thanks. It also seems an opportune moment to remind those who take advantage of these welcome summer facilities, that there are a few necessary regulations governing them. These regulations have been laid down with a great deal of thought and care, with the best interests of everyone in mind. We print herewith a comprehensive résumé of the points to be observed and trust they will not be too hard to remember.

### MARINE DECK

The Marine Deck is open daily to adult residents and guests accompanying them from 9 A.M. until 11 P. M., for quiet rest and relaxation. Children under sixteen years of age are not permitted on the Deck at any time, even when accompanied by adults. Non-residents are not permitted the use of the Deck unless accompanied by residents, and all resident visitors must be prepared to show their identification cards upon request of the Club Manager or assistants. Since the number of chairs on the Deck is limited by the space available, residents are requested not to use them regularly for non-resident guests. Visitors may not reserve or otherwise hold chairs for later arrivals or temporary absentees.

Sun bathing in bathing suits is permitted for residents from 9:00 A.M. until noon each day and at no other time. Sun bathers must use the deck chairs, and not lie or otherwise recline on the Deck itself. Dressing gowns or robes must be worn to and from apartments. After 12 o'clock noon, ordinary dress is required of all visitors. No pajamas, trousers, or bifurcated skirts may be worn by women after the noon hour.

No dogs, cats, or other pets are permitted on the Deck at any time, nor may they be left in the Penthouse Club or hallways during visits to the Deck.

No lunches or other refreshments of any kind are permitted to be brought or delivered to the

Marine Deck. There are no facilities for reception or delivery of telephone messages to the Deck.

In the interests of safety, visitors will not sit upon the parapet surrounding the Deck.

The Marine Deck closes promptly at 11 P.M., and visitors are asked to leave the Deck upon the striking of six bells. Entrance will be closed at 10:45 P. M. in order to prevent crowding and confusion on the stairway and in the elevator hallway in the Penthouse Club.

### CHILDREN'S PLAY ROOF

The Play Roof is open on fair days from 9 A. M. to about 6 P. M., depending upon the season, for children old enough to

play and care for themselves. All activities in this area during the day are under the supervision and authority of the Playground Supervisor. The Play Roof is reserved for the outdoor play of children who do not have access to the adult recreational facilities, and since these children must at all times be under the absolute control of the Supervisor, parents are expected to cooperate with the Management by refraining from using this roof for their own convenience.

**INFANTS' SUN TERRACE**

The Infants' Sun Terrace is exclusively for the use of parents, nurses, or maids in charge of infants who are too young to play by themselves on the Play Roof.

The Terrace is open daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and parents or nurses are responsible for their children in this area.

No dogs, cats, or other pets may be brought to this reserved space and regulation of the Sun Terrace rests with the parents using it, subject to supervision from the office of the Management of London Terrace.

There you are, my hearties, and a pleasant summer's voyage to one and all!

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**Dust Brigade**

A number of great men have remarked that this is the age of Specialization. Somebody down in the Housekeeping Department read about it and immediately started looking around for things in which to specialize. They already had been specializing in good work; they kept right on doing that, but they were ambitious for bigger and better specializations.

Like a bolt from the blue, the startling discovery was made that nobody had ever specialized in cleaning closets and cupboards. This was a field which had been left pretty much to generalization. The Housekeeping Department sailed right into the Closet and Cupboard Problem. They found out the special sort of dirt which gets in closets and cupboards and evolved a special way to get it out. Then they presented it to a palpitating Terrace world and threw it right in with the regular housecleaning service at no extra charge.

As a result, spring housecleaning has been practically a triumphal procession right on down the line. With more windows open to the balmy breezes nowadays than in the winter months, furniture and corners have a way of collecting added dust. The famous peace of mind of Terrace residents is helped along by the knowledge that on returning home from shopping, an afternoon party, or business, the Housekeeping Department has been efficiently active during their absence.

**Greenwich Theatre**  
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**THE INTIMATE  
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---

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## ART IN AN OFFICE BUILDING

**Hap Hadley's Studio, colored by Broadway atmosphere, hums along in inspired fashion, turning out handsome pictures for the public**

BEING an artist is a business with Hap Hadley. His organization, with a personnel of fourteen members, turns out commercial art in eight-hour shifts. But, being an artist, Hap does his best to see to it that the art which comes out of his Longacre Square studios is good art. And take it from him, commercial art has to be good nowadays; not so much because of competition, but because the public has self-educated itself into art appreciation. The cheap, trashy stuff doesn't get by any more.

The Hap Hadley studios are situated in a building honeycombed with theatrical agencies and motion picture offices. Chorus girls' high heels click down the corridors, cans of film are trundled in and out of the freight elevators. Hap likes this atmosphere; feels at home in it. He used to be on the stage himself—did a cartoon act in vaudeville and the Greenwich Village Follies—and he has a raft of friends in show business. In addition, about half his work comes from movie firms. He is responsible for many of the display ads, posters and window cards that attract patrons to the cinema houses. All that stuff is gotten up in advance of picture release, sent out in color samples to exhibitors, carried in trade papers.

His front office is not large and doesn't look as though it were used very much. It isn't. It is Hap's gesture toward formality, but nothing much goes on there. The essential activities of the organization are carried on in the back, where there are high-ceilinged, many-windowed work shops for the artists. Cluttered rooms they are, with the surface confu-

sion of a newspaper office, but without the latter's nervous tension. You can't turn out good art at high pressure tempo. Hap isn't high pressure, anyway. He is friendly, informal, unhurried. He makes decisions, gives orders as though he were deciding whether to have another cup of coffee with his breakfast.

He has the slender, tapering-fingered hands of the artist, a well-filled out, young face which smiles easily. His temples are touched with the sort of becoming gray hair that stage juveniles imitate in makeup when they want to look distinguished. He likes to talk about his work, but only when he is sure the listener wants to hear about it. He is extremely pleased when he sees that the points he is trying to make are being grasped and understood. One suspects that his self-confidence is lacking when it comes to expressing himself in other than a medium of graphic illustration.

When he was a kid out in Oklahoma he used to draw and sketch in his spare time. His family thought his talent was very interesting, showed his work around to friends and relatives, but there was a tremendous eruption when Hap sprang the news that he wanted to take it up as a life vocation. He was told there wasn't any money in art, that it wasn't quite respectable. As a result, Hap shinnied out one night without telling anybody and landed in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he enrolled in a commercial art school. He waited on table to keep himself going and put in a year of intensive study.

He went back home for a while, worked in his father's restaurant



and went about building himself up a portfolio. When it was bulging out at the sides, he grabbed a train for New York. He landed a job on the "Herald" doing a comic strip called "Marty the Marine." He got thrown out on his ear, along with twenty-three other artists when Munsey took over. Munsey didn't like cartoonists. Then came his vaudeville act days.

From theatricals he went into publicity posters for the movies; worked for D. W. Griffith, did some exploitation for Jackie Coogan. He admits now that it was quantity, not quality that counted in those days, so he went after the quantity. He hired some assistants; the start of Hap Hadley, Artist, Inc. The boom days were gathering momentum by this time. Everything went hectic. Hadley's studios turned out art work by the bushel. At one time thirty people were working for him. He found out he didn't like it though. He didn't like turning out cheap stuff in huge quantities.

He dropped some of his movie work to take over regular advertising contracts. He did some of the first "modernistic" ads, built up a quality reputation for himself. He got out from under the movie exploitation, cut down his staff to a less unwieldy number. He was going along beautifully when the crash came. The ad agency business took it on the chin hard, and went down for the long count. Hap was forced to turn again to

*(Continued on page 12)*

## LADY AT LEISURE

**S**PRING fever gets blamed for a lot of things so I might just as well give the balmy weather as an excuse for that which some might call just plain laziness. Just can't keep my mind on anything. I want to be up on the Marine Deck with the "real" LADIES AT LEISURE but alas, I am an L. L. in name only!

I suppose by this time you have all heard that Milk of Magnesia is being much discussed as a beauty treatment—just smear it over your face and let it dry, as you do other masks. I haven't tried it but I'm told it's ver', ver' effective. Speaking of faces—all the tan ones that you see around these here parts are not just back from Bermuda or Miami. No, indeed, it's the good old "top of the 470 building" tan, otherwise known as the before mentioned Marine Deck. It has been *the* popular spot during these first warm days. And the very young London Terracers are getting brown "all over"—well practically all over—on their private terrace. You must come up and see them some time!

As I mentioned last month, I am on a diet—by the way, who isn't?—and I have a pet tried and true method of *slowly* taking off a few extra pounds. It sounds too simple to be effective and most everyone will say "Oh, I don't eat nearly that much and I gain" but usually they are mistaken and also, it is the regularity of any food combination that brings desired results. Here's my menu for the day—Breakfast, egg, toast and coffee (I don't use sugar and very little cream). For lunch (and here's the most important part) a glass of milk at 1:00 P. M. or earlier or later, depending on your lunch hour, then a glass of orange juice at 3:00 or 4:00 P. M. At dinner time, a regular meal is allowed, avoiding potatoes, bread, and rich desserts. There are undoubtedly those who will say, "Who is she to be giving out diets," but the above was passed on to me from a very reliable

source and I have followed it with success on numerous occasions.

Two very clever contributions were sent to the NEWS editor and I have copped both of them to fill out my column—it's that Spring fever in me! Here they are:

To the Editor of the LONDON TERRACE NEWS:

You may list this among the events of your "Embarrassing Moments" file: Yesterday, while presiding at a meeting, when the speaker was reaching the climax of his oration, I had a sudden panic—there were carrots, surely burning on my stove, at the other end of town. I felt as though I could taste acrid smoke and I had a vision of a blackened kitchen, melting pan . . . maybe explosion, who knows? But I scribbled a note to someone near me to send an S.O.S. to the Uniformed Service Desk at London Terrace, telling of the plight I found myself in.

When the meeting was over, I was assured I need not worry, the person who had answered the phone was most sympathetic and had promised immediate action.

Did I come home hurrying to view the damage? Indeed not! I felt so utterly confident that all would be well that I finished the afternoon in the park, enjoying the sun and the flowers that bloom in the Spring . . . tra la! And I felt like singing a couple of more tra las when coming home in the evening and finding my home in order. One of the most satisfying aspects of the episode was that the lord of the household (who has a complex on "smells") would never have detected a thing, had I not told him. Am I grateful? *Much.*

Yours for the pleasure of living in London Terrace.

J. B.

And the other has a fictional twist, and if I may add a word without seeming rude, if the shoe fits, put it on!

To LONDON TERRACE NEWS:

Mrs. Flora Bove is justly proud of her dustless apartment. All her

friends give her their compliments and many a man wishes he had such a wife. But she modestly refuses all these praises. In her memory lingers the sight of perfect cleanliness which is so hard to keep where hundreds of thousands of cars and chimneys throw dust in the atmosphere. "At home" in Clearton, her mother did not allow a grain of dust in the house. On sunny days carpets and rugs were taken to the big back yard and beaten according to the best tradition of home-keeping.

Her husband's job brought her to New York and she tries to realize her dream. There is a big yard way down under her window. Willingly she would run down and use the beautiful green lawn to beat her carpets. But it does not seem to be done. So she shakes her carpets from her windows.

Maybe Mrs. B. Low has had her windows cleaned and maybe she likes to have a little bit of fresh air in her rooms. So Mrs. Flora Bove's spirit of Cleanliness is not entirely welcome to

Mrs. B. Low.

The latest edition of Diamond Points had a few amusing stories—the males in the family will like this one:

The husband drew up a chair beside his wife's sewing machine the other day and remarked:

"Don't you think it's running too fast? Look out, you'll sew the wrong seam. Slow down, or you'll stick that needle in your finger!"

"Why, what's the matter with you? I've been running this machine for ten years."

"Oh, I was merely trying to assist you. Just as you try to help me drive the car."

Here's one for the poetic souls: Girls, when they went out to swim  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard,  
Now they have a bolder whim  
And dress more like her cub-board.

Maybe I should have saved this until later in the summer.

## AUTHOR TURNS HERO

I WAS leaning on my elbows at my favorite spot on the rail of the Marine Deck, gulping in mouthfuls of New Jersey air which had been purified by its passage over the river. I was thinking pleasant thoughts of the long, frosted Tom Collins I was going to have when I went downstairs and hoping that McNally, from whom I had excused myself, would give up and leave before I got back. Somehow I didn't feel in the mood for McNally this evening.

There was a harsh noise beside me which turned out to be McNally speaking. He had found me out.

McNally's eye took on an unholy glitter. "Quite a ship, the *Queen Mary*. Did you know that her water line is one thousand and —"

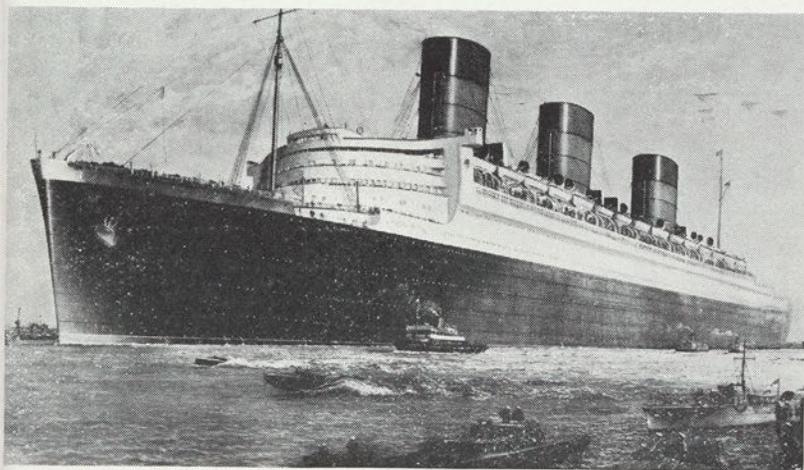
"Look, Rand," I said.

"The name is McNally," he corrected a bit stiffly.

"Look, Lally. How the sunset colors change almost every second."

"Colors! The *Queen Mary* is painted in black, white and red. They used seventy thousand gallons —"

### HAIL THE QUEEN!



The "*Queen Mary*" as she looked just after she rolled down the ways to take her place as the largest liner afloat. The last word in elegance, size, and modern conveniences, she constitutes Britannia's newest addition to her boast that she still rules the waves. The liner is expected to be gliding up North River about June 1st, ogled by entranced Terracers as she makes her way to her first transatlantic berth

"Sure is nice up here," he said.

"Yes," I replied, as noncommittally as possible. It was the first remark with a grain of sense attached to it that I had ever heard McNally make.

"Be a swell spot to watch the *Queen Mary* come in," McNally asserted.

Something inside me turned over. Icy sweat beaded my brow and the palms of my hands. I knew what the *Queen Mary* would mean to McNally. She would mean statistics.

"It's getting dark!" I shouted.

"They have thirty thousand electric lamps—"

"Let's go down to the apartment."

"Every cabin class stateroom has a private bath—"

"I'll give you a drink."

"The restaurant is one hundred and sixty—"

"Come on Randy. I don't like it up here any more."

"McNally!" he yelled as I pushed him into the elevator. "The *Queen Mary* has twenty-one

ele—"

"Don't shout in the halls," I shouted.

"The main hall is one hundred and—"

I pushed him through my apartment door and into a chair, rapping his head smartly on every available hard, solid object as I did so. I might as well have tapped the Rock of Gibraltar with a tack hammer.

"The rudder weighs one hundred and forty tons. The sports deck is six hundred feet long. There are five hundred thousand—"

I left him babbling and went out into the kitchen to mix a drink. A resolution had hardened within me. In one of the drinks I deposited a few drops of cyanide that I kept around the house for just such an emergency. I returned to the living room.

"The promenade deck is seven hundred and fifty feet long," McNally was saying. "The kitchens contain two hundred thousand pieces—"

"Here, Sally," I said as I pushed the loaded drink in front of his nose. He gave me a dirty look, but drank long and deeply. "Now as I was saying," he continued. "The forward funnel rises one hundred and eighty feet from the keel. The engines can generate two hundred thousand horse power. There are—" A spasm of pain contorted his childlike face, but he was game. "There are —accommodations for—" he was having trouble with his breathing now—"two thousand and—seventy-five pass—" He expired quietly in the chair, his head thrown back, the last syllables of the word framed on his half-open lips.

I regarded his still form with elation, the warm glow of a good deed well done pleasantly suffusing my personality. I had done my bit toward making New York safe for the *Queen Mary*. No one, I thought, could have done more.

## HAP HADLEY

(Continued from page 9)

the movies in order to make a living, but he stuck to his quality guns. The trend was veering toward class commercial work, anyway, and he helped it along.

Now the ad agencies are back on their feet again and Hap splits up his work about evenly between them and the picture stuff. He likes what he is doing, keeps himself right with his artistic conscience, but yet he isn't satisfied. He won't be until he has leveled off to a minimum of work at a maximum of quality. Even then he won't give up his picture jobs. Has too many friends in the business, he says, and besides, it is stimulating employment. He gets a kick out of blocking out a dramatic situation, then finishing it in

good, sound artistic technique. There is a thrill, he says, in making good art "sell."

He puts in about half his working time at a drawing board. The other half is spent in planning, consulting, advising, directing. Being the head of his organization, he can pick the jobs he wants to work on himself, distributing the rest among the members of his staff. He has a business manager who takes care of the financial end. Hap can't concentrate on the creative side if he's bothering about money matters.

He has lived in London Terrace only a short while, but he is here to stay, he thinks, and can't understand why he didn't move in long before. He has lived in ho-

tels a lot, likes hotel service. His present arrangement seems to him the ideal combination of a home and a service he can always depend upon to save him time and trouble.

On the wall of his studio are a number of framed portraits of celebrities, each of which he has done in different techniques. There is a telling caricature of Clarence Darrow, an impressionistic study of Paul Whiteman, a realistic black and white of Will Rogers. There is one consisting of not more than six or seven lines adroitly etched against a white background, which, upon scrutiny, magically becomes a likeness of Anna Sten. "Trick stuff," Hap says with a deprecatory smile, but it is good stuff nevertheless; work that many an "arty" artist with a reputation would be glad to call his own.

Yes, Hap Hadley is an artist, all right, even if he does make money at it.

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## Flowers for the June Bride

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Parties, Teas  
and Weddings

LONDON TERRACE  
FLOWER SHOP, INC.

405 Building

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CHelsea 3-8235

DRESSMAKING and  
ALTERATIONS

CARTER AND GRAY

House Phone or WAtkins 9-  
4M-410 or 4020

THERE is a lot of variety in the popular Book Store offerings this month. Heavy biography and the serious stuff has bowed out for the moment, leaving room for adventure, humor and novelty. The Pulitzer Prize award boomed the sales of H. L. Davis' "Honey in the Horn," a high-tempered, earthy yarn of the days when the Oregon country was being opened up. If you like your literature sugar-coated, don't ask for this one. It calls things by their right names, but is vastly intriguing to robust readers.

"Wake Up and Live!" is the best seller in the non-fiction class. Authored by Dorothea Brande and subtitled a "formula for success" it is designed to shame those of us who do not put to entire usage our inherent talents for living and succeeding. It is elemental psychology, popularized.

Probably one of the most intriguing of the novelty items to come along for some time is "Around the World in Eleven Years," written by the three children of James Abbe, a well-known French photographer, who with his wife, a former American actress, and their offspring have been wandering around the earth in highly unconventional, but attractive style. The naïve but immensely wise comments of the children upon their Papa and Mama, as well as upon the celebrities and casual vagabond acquaintances they have met, makes fascinating entertainment.

Daphne du Maurier's "Jamaica Inn" is good, thrilling reading in a story set against a background of the Cornish moors, well written and interesting-holding both from a dramatic and a psychological standpoint.

Anthony Abbot's latest, "About the Murder of a Startled Lady," is fighting for first honors in the mystery line with "Murder On Mondays," by Christopher Bush and "Fair Warning," by Mignon G. Eberhart. Crime fiction holds interest regardless of season.

WE snuck off to the Pool one Sunday morning not long ago, secure in the belief that our fellow-residents would be slumbering. Most of them were, evidently, for only a handful were down there, playing around in the water.

The thing that impressed us most, what with the exultation of spring racing through our veins, is the patch of sunlight at the east end of the Pool. You take a belly-flop (in our case unintentional but inevitable) off one of the boards, and kerplunk! you're in it. The sun picks you out like a spotlight. You have the idea that the eyes of the world are upon you, as you come to the surface, your hair in your eyes. You suddenly seem to have developed a warm kinship with a little green frog, who busies himself all day long with exactly the same kind of nonsense.

One young man was on the high board, leaping up and down. We wondered if he were testing it and were on our way up to ask him. He had sprung so much without diving that we began to suspect he didn't know how to dive. Just as we got to him, pursing our lips to cry, "Ah there, neighbor!", he flipped himself high from the board, curved into a swan dive, and slithered into the water as gracefully as a small trout, returned to the stream to add a few inches to his length.

One young woman sat calmly along the Pool's edge, on the fringe of the sunlight. Two other young people raced several times from one end of the Pool to the other. He swam an expert crawl, and hers was a perfect match for it—you assumed that he had taught her. Or that she had taught him.

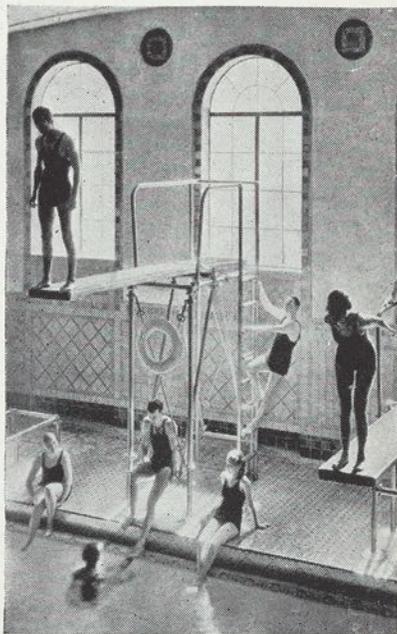
Our own crawl is nothing to write to Johnny Weismuller about, so we sort of ducked our head under our arm and the water, and sluiced down to the shallow end where a bunch of youngsters were popping in and out like a herd of young sea horses. Into our mind flashed a vision of the old pool back home with the tree stump in

the middle of it and the muddy bottom that it took so much nerve to touch for the first time because of the unnamable monsters we were sure lurked there.

We hailed the youngsters with jocular good fellowship. "What do you say, boys? Think this is as good as the ole swimmin' hole?"

The tadpoles halted their splashing around, regarding us as though they had stumbled onto a fur-bearing seal and didn't quite know what to do about it. Finally one of them slapped a nice sheet of spray into our eyes and inquired with just the proper amount of disgust, "What old swimming hole?"

There wasn't any answer to that.



### Going Places?

The Monday night movies on the second floor of the 405 Building, after a successful engagement of ten weeks or so, are calling it a season on May 25th. They have proved so popular that it is planned to open up with them again shortly after Labor Day.

Mrs. Morse, of the travel agency, Europe On Wheels, is in charge of the May showings. She will be more than happy to consult with any Terrace resident who might be interested in taking a

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Twilight Park, Haines Falls, N.Y.

Restricted Clientele

2,200 Feet Elevation. All Sports.

LORENA ZAVITZ

Columbus 5-6100. 353 W. 57th St.

trip, either by water, land or plane. She can be seen and talked to every Monday evening from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M. in the Administration Office, through May and June and possibly July, if her services are in demand that long. During the day she can be reached at her office, the phone number of which is Murray Hill 6-2393.

Bon Voyage!

**Music or Noise?**

With probably every occupied apartment in London Terrace equipped with a radio receiver and accompanying loud speaker, the problem of mutual pleasure or annoyance is almost wholly in the hands or consciences of residents. Modern radio broadcasting and the perfect types of receivers now in use are intended for the pleasure of listeners; no manufacturer wishes his product to be an annoyance to anyone, and the broadcasting companies surely do not aim to annoy their audiences.

However, if a listener does not enjoy a certain program he is at liberty to turn it off. Therefore an unfortunate situation arises when a listener who is enjoying his own program turns his radio on so loudly that it annoys and distracts another neighboring listener who may be trying to enjoy his own preferred program. Modern radio receiver advertising has eliminated the word "loud" from the phrase "loud speaker,"

and if the radio audiences will follow suit, the problem of apartment house radios will be solved automatically.

The volume of a radio receiver should be of sufficient strength only to fill the room comfortably; if a radio can be heard outside the apartment, it is a sign that it is too loud.

The Management takes this opportunity to ask the mutual cooperation of residents with each

other so that every radio receiver will be a pleasure to its owner and an annoyance to no one. The Management thanks all those who are helping us to keep London Terrace so quiet and enjoyable for every one of our residents.

*(This little article is a reprint from an issue of the NEWS a year or so back. It presents a problem and a solution in precise, pithy manner. It is to be commended also for the fact that it saved the editor the work of writing it again.)*

**LONDON TERRACE BEAUTY SALON**

465 Building

**SUMMER SPECIALS**

Now introducing to the ladies of the Terrace  
the new VITE OIL

NATURAL PERMANENT WAVE—\$6.00

Permanent Sculpture or Round Curls \$4.00

Other Permanents from \$5.00

Other items \$.50 each

Open at 9:00 A. M. Last appointment taken at  
8:30 P. M.

House Phone or Chelsea 2-9653

**WATCH FOR OUR SUMMER SPECIALS**

## For Others

Christmas seems a long way back in the chill past at the present humid moment, but some of its effects are still with us—happily so. The Needy Families of Chelsea Committee came into being in London Terrace last December for the purpose of collecting and distributing clothing and other aid to neighborhood families which might be in need of them.

Terrace residents came through in fine generous fashion with discarded clothing, which was put to very good use. Now that light weight wearables are being taken out of storage and trunks, it is possible that the owners may decide to get something new instead of making them do for another summer. In that case the Needy Families Committee would like to have the benefit of the discarded clothing. It may be left at the Uniformed Service Desk in the lower corridor of the 435 Building to be sent to the Penthouse Club and sorted.

On Thursday, May 28, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a tea sponsored by the Committee at which a report will be given of the work already accomplished and plans made for continued activities next fall. Any resident interested in the work—or the tea for that matter—is cordially invited to put in an appearance. For details consult Mrs. Nugent or Miss Bieber.

## Greetings

Postal Telegraph is going in strong for special messages and special blank forms for different occasions. Almost every sort of an event calling for a telegram or cablegram — Mother's Day, weddings, birthdays, sailings, graduations—now have their own blanks, and in some cases an array of ready-to-send messages.

The Terrace Postal office reports tremendous business on the Mother's Day special messages. If the sender stuck to one of the numerous forms suggested and made up, there was a flat rate for any-

# Warm Evenings

Let us solve your problems of entertaining on these hot evenings. Bring your guests down for a full course dinner and dancing every evening from 6 until 10.

**Dinner 75c  
and \$1.00**

We also give special attention to Birthday Dinners and Bon Voyage Parties.

**ELIZABETH FLYNN'S**  
**LONDON TERRACE RESTAURANT**

## A TACK IN TIME!

*(And also a stitch)*

**Will Save You DOLLARS!**

**WHY DELAY YOUR  
UPHOLSTERY REPAIR?**

*This is the time to put your furniture  
in condition for that NEW COVERING*

**DRAPERIES                      SLIP COVERS**

**LONDON TERRACE UPHOLSTERY  
SHOP**

*455 Building Lower Corridor House Telephone*

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**Geo. Nockin's Sons**  
**JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS**

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks  
 Silverware and Fine Jewelry  
 REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

Optical Department in charge  
 of Registered Optician

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252 EIGHTH AVENUE  
 One door from S. E. Cor. 23rd  
 We Have No Branch Store

**DRESSMAKING**  
*and*  
**ALTERATIONS**

•

**MRS. O. LE COUNT**  
 450 BUILDING  
 APARTMENT 1A  
 WA. 9-7163

where in the United States of twenty-five cents. The response kept the office staff busier than an autograph hunter at a Hollywood opening.

The special blanks for weddings and graduations look very handsome. The cold impersonality of the old telegram form has been pretty well pushed into the realm of forgotten things.

A visit or phone call to Postal is apt to result in any number of pleasant surprises concerning the varieties of modern telegraphy.

**Dr. James S. Marshall**  
**VETERINARIAN**

with offices at  
 132 West 74th Street

can be reached  
 after 6:00 P. M. at

Penthouse 460 Building

**Garlands and Gals**

This is the time of the year when the Florist Shop gets a real kick out of living. June weddings are in the offing with their wealth of floral paraphernalia, there are window boxes and Penthouse shrubs to work on, spring flowers are making their appearances in foyers and on dining tables, and the sweet girl graduates are being taken care of in droves. The creative side of the florist business is in full swing.

The popular window box inhabitants this season are the good old standard geraniums and begonias, with ivy, privet and French marigolds adding variety and imaginative touches to this sort of decoration.

The June weddings are going in for wild flowers, it seems. Gardenia and Lily of the Valley bridal bouquets will be flaunting their fresh fragrance down innumerable church aisles.

The Florist Shop is in a dither of beauteous activity.

 **Whelan's**

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**RELIABLE PRESCRIPTION SERVICE**

Whelan's reputation for unsurpassed prescription service has been earned with a 20-year record of absolute accuracy in compounding. Leading doctors recommend Whelan's for prescriptions.

*Prescriptions Called for and Delivered*

Every prescription is checked and double checked for accuracy. Only fresh drugs and chemicals, the products of the most reputable manufacturers, are used.

**ICE CREAM IN BRICKS**

**ASSORTED FLAVORS**

The finest ice cream that money can buy—at a very low price made possible because of our large purchasing power.



**A FULL PINT 20c**

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 OF PRESCRIPTIONS EVERY WEEK



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STENOGRAPHER**

**ETHEL NUGENT**

Call on House Phone

Monday to Friday  
1:00 to 5:00 P.M.

Saturday and Sunday  
9:00 to 5:00 P. M.

470 Building Extension 19J  
Phone: CHelsea 2-9615

**Notions**

The imminence of the outdoor season has the Whelan shelves and counters oozing with vacation, beach and outing accessories; all sorts of new gadgets in cameras, kodaks and films, sunburn lotions and suntan cosmetics, jugs and bottles for preserving the temperatures of hot or cold drinks, beach knick-knacks and sun goggles. The latter, by the way, have been much in demand by Terrace

Marine Deck frequenters. Eyes accustomed to the dull winter sun don't take very well at first to the new brilliance from above, so that the goggles are a comfort as well as a protection.

The Gypsy Jugs are neat affairs in which to carry the liquids necessary for a motor trip, a picnic, or beach party. They hold as much as a gallon and keep a temperature twenty-four hours. Some of them are equipped with spigots.

Clocks are items which people are always buying, for some reason or another. Whelan always has a great number of clocks around, but patrons demand changing styles, keeping the designers turning out fresh ideas every month or so. There is a new line of them in now which is reasonably priced and good to look at. The clocks are simple in design, come in plain colors of black, green or brown; an attractive addition to anyone's shelf or mantelpiece.

The Soda Fountain is host to lunchers and soft-drink imbibers.

**A. BLOCK**

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*Announces the removal  
of his office from*

345 West 23rd Street  
TO

**357 WEST 23rd ST.  
NEW YORK CITY**

*This office is street level*

Phone CHelsea 3-4365  
By Appointment

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**Summer is icumen in, so take a vacation  
lease on life at Red Pines in Canada**

• We're fairly young and moderately foolish at Red Pines, our camp in Lake Timagami in northern Ontario. Tucked away on a three-acre island in Canada's greatest forest preserve, it accommodates a few guests who like to fish, swim, camp out and do other lazy, lovely things too numerous to mention in this small space.

• Accessible by rail or by motor over fine roads. The season extends from July 15 to September 15.



ONE OF THE CABINS AND A  
VIEW FROM BATH HOUSE DECK



ROBERT NEWCOMB  
New York City

• 418 West 25th Street  
CHickering 4-5000

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Suppose your body was an incorporated business. You'd make sure there was an adequate reserve.

Milk is the soundest investment you can make for health reserve. Flood your body with nourishment for energy and strength.

Sheffield Sealect Milk is richer. There's more golden cream in every sip. That means more flavor. Extra Vitamins. Added nourishment. Start enjoying Sheffield Sealect at once—the milk that tastes like cream.

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405 Building

## London Terrace Management

announces the following

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#### MEDICAL

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

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

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

#### DENTAL

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

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

#### OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

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

### Quiz

For two or three months now the Management has been quietly going along with one of its pet projects—the collection of data on the reasons which impelled residents to make the Terrace their home. From all reports it has been a fascinating undertaking, with the replies almost as varied as they are numerous. We have always known a good many very good reasons for living where we do, but we never realized how many more there were. The results of the survey have been quite an eye-opener for everyone concerned.

There are a few odds and ends yet to be cleared up to make the survey complete, so a couple of young ladies have been put on the job. They are circulating around ferreting out facts, so you may receive a call from one of them in the near future. They are nice young ladies and a chat with them is guaranteed to be mutually satisfactory.