

SEP 8 1935

London Terrace News



STOCK 3

SEPTEMBER

1935

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S. E. Corner 23rd St. at 11th Ave.

Probing

It so happens that the girl who waits on you in the Liquor Store and knows more about beverages than your Uncle Thiddlemuddy, is going to be married in October, and unless we can persuade her to stay on the job, one of this publication's staunchest news sources will be but a memory.

Brushing aside a tear at the thought, we paused to learn what people were imbibing these warmish days. It's always possible that we have been drinking the wrong thing, say we, in a sentence three words too long.

Gin held up during the summer, thanks to you and you and you, but rye is coming back. We're rye conscious down here, it would appear, although Scotch is gaining in favor.

The mixed cocktail business didn't seem to go so well. Outside of the already-mixed Tom Collins, the mixed cocktail industry was in the doldrums.

Maybe we told you this before, but in repetition there is strength: naturally gin is tops in favor because of the season. Normally the London Terracers' preference runs rye, gin and then Scotch. While the Terracers aren't established yet as wine drinkers, the percentage of wine consumed is increasing steadily.

Panels

The Twenty-fourth Street corridor of the Terrace's Main Street is beginning to be bedecked with the same engaging placques which advertise Tunnel services on the Twenty-third Street side. Besides serving as a directory of various departments, the placques are abundantly humorous, and this publication has been somewhat distressed to hear that the Twenty-fourth Street residents were piqued over Twenty-third Street's being chosen first.

This embarrassing indication of bias was really sheer coincidence, a result of the artist's having tossed a penny in the air to decide which avenue would have the placques first. The coin showed

THE BIG SWING IS TO—



Ballantine's

"ESTABLISHED 1827"

10 & 20 YEARS OLD

LIQUEUR

SCOTCH

WHISKY

AVAILABLE AT

LONDON TERRACE
LIQUOR STORE

"21" Brands, Inc.

Importers and Distributor

17 West 52nd Street

New York

"tails," indicating Twenty-third Street, but the artist, eminently fair, decided that he should toss the coin three times, which he did. Each time it showed tails, so he started in at once on the Twenty-third Street side.

Some time afterward the artist was matching pennies, and his opponent discerned, after losing close to nineteen cents, that there was no head on the artist's coin, but tails on both sides. This resulted in some friction between the parties, and there was talk of legal action, but nothing ever came of it.

That's why the placques will be completed in Twenty-fourth Street just about the time this appears. You must see them.

Harbor

London Terrace has recently acquired a series of interesting panels, which is now established in the Penthouse Club. It is an early view of New York harbor, and was obtained through W. and J. Sloane.

The design, which consists of seven panels, is a scene at the Battery in 1717, and was prepared from an old print issued in London in 1720. The original pen and ink sketch is owned and displayed by the New York Historical Society.

According to an announcement which accompanied the panel, the buildings near the Battery are seen to be distinctly Dutch in architecture, while further uptown appear the first Georgian houses and churches erected in the city. In the harbor are British ships flying the Union Jack, their guns issuing smoke as they boom out a salute in honor, presumably, of the King's birthday.

The panels have already occasioned widespread comment among residents, and are considered a distinct ornament to the Penthouse Club.

READ The "NEWS"
FOR
ALL THE NEWS

Announcement

The Knickerbocker Laundry wishes to announce a change of management in its London Terrace Branch.

One trial will convince you of our improved service.

LONDON TERRACE LAUNDRY

CHARLES GOEHRINGER, *Manager*

Lower Corridor

425 Building

YOU & CO.

RESERVE

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.

SHEFFIELD FARMS

Sealect

529 West 28th Street, New York City
Telephone: CHickering 4-1553

Announcing

Monday Duplicate Bridge

*Exclusively
for*

London Terrace Residents

Old and New Tenants
Are Cordially Invited
to the Opening

Monday Eve., Sept. 9th
at 8:15 P. M.

●
Group Instruction will re-
open Wednesday Eve., 8:15,
Sept. 11th.

●
Other Sessions as usual.

●
GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

PENTHOUSE CLUB

Card fee including Sweepstake, 50¢

London  Terrace

SEPTEMBER 1935

VOLUME II

NUMBER 8

CERTAIN things are more or less self evident about a vacation, and since they are self-evident, we may as well point them out to you. One is that you never do quite so much as you expect to do: you never swim as much, nor catch as many fish, or get the shade of tan you desired or, if you are a married man momentarily emancipated, miss your wife quite as little as you expected you would.

Usually you return, with a sheepish but inescapable feeling of warmth that you are back again at your own hearthside. And, in that robust frame of mind, here we are.

Cinema

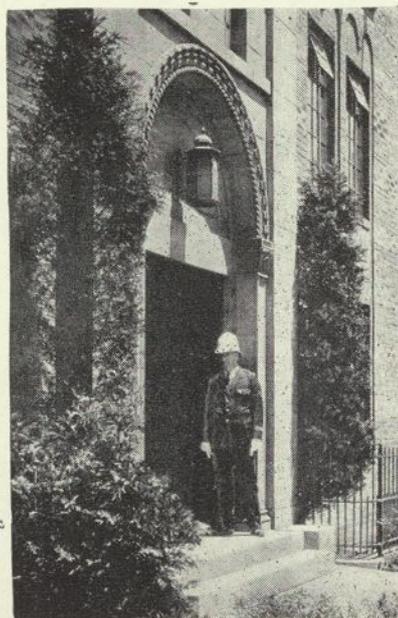
One of our first visitations on our return was to the roof, where the new London Terrace movies were being exhibited. We had heard plenty about the pictures, naturally, and were at some pains to look them over, particularly since we had posed for them in several rather appealing sequences. The fact that the cutter had, by some fine design, eliminated us from all features in which we appeared, was a hurt which we have nurtured ever since, but the audience, numb to the oversight, seemed not to care a jot.

The new film, by the way, supplants one which has been used for two years in the Renting Office, and is designed to bring things a little more up to date. With the addition of several new services, the old film wasn't doing the job as well as it should,

and a new one was obviously needed.

The men in the company which took the pictures contracted for a footage sufficient to be handled by the Terrace camera, but they became so absorbed in the thing that they shot several hundred feet more. The cutting job was a stiff assignment, because they liked the way it went, but on closer examination, it became apparent that footage could be cut here and there without impairing the whole.

Incidentally, if you ever are a movie star, as we were, briefly, be patient with the cameraman. You have to do certain things a certain way, and not indulge in back talk. These boys know their jobs, and we don't. In other words, actors are made and not born.



Explanation

We've been shabbily exposed since our last appearance. We told a little story, if you remember, about two brothers and the experience of one fishing in the fountain in the Garden. Little that we said about the young fisherman was complimentary. He was, according to us, a bad egg.

We have since discovered that there are only two brothers in the whole of London Terrace to whom such a story could have applied, and the embarrassment of the father and mother must have been as great as the injustice thereof.

We have only to say that, in a weak and despicable moment, we once thought how nice it might be if some enterprising youngster would *really* fish in the Garden fountain, and thereafter proceeded to manufacture a story out of whole cloth.

So to the parents, and to the sons, both of whom will doubtless grow up to be genuine fishermen, our sincere apologies. And to our tolerant readers, a sigh.

Pioneer

Speaking of children, and who can be passive when lusty lungs assail the early morning hours, we quote now from a story infinitely more reliable. It happened before the quiescence of summer grew upon us, and concerns a tiny London Terrace resident who, mildly unfamiliar with the calendar, put the closing day of school twenty-four hours ahead.

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3¢ each

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Quality Finishing
of the Better Kind

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24 Sheets
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Your Choice of One, Two
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LONDON TERRACE
NEWS SERVICE
INCORPORATED

LONDON TERRACE
BOOK SHOP

219 Ninth Ave., New York

Call Us on Your House Phone

The class was well into the middle of its closing exercises when the young man recalled, with a sharp twinge, that the summer recess had not yet officially arrived, and he stood rooted in Twenty-third Street for a considerable interval while he plotted his next move. It was too late then to go to school and certainly no time to return to his mother, whose disapproval of school-skippers had been made manifest so recently that the skipper thereof still burned.

The young man accordingly stayed out, fearful of returning home, until a kindly policeman, at nearly three in the morning,



picked up the bewildered and weary infant and took him home. The officer assured the little fellow that all would be well.

If the officer but knew, and if the young man could have been articulate, he would have called the policeman an awful liar.

Welcome

In the fulfillment of our appointed rounds, we strolled into the Lingerie Shop the other afternoon and walked out with what the newspaper boys call a scoop.

It seems the Shop, mindful of the fact that men as well as women inhabit London Terrace, are going to open up a men's department, in which a full line of haberdashery is to be carried. There has been some pressure in this direction; the manager said he'd been haunted by several fellows in recent years stalking up Twenty-third Street looking for just such a store as will shortly become a reality.

The manager is going to let the Terracers themselves determine the stock: he found out that his

present stock for women in the Terrace grew up entirely as a result of requests for specific types of thing. He keeps a card index of sizes (ninety-nine per cent of the business comes from the building), and he has an elephant's memory for likes and dislikes. For example, the Shop sells hosiery to sixty per cent of the women in the Terrace, and the manager knows the individual preference in nearly every case.

The store has already been enlarged to take care of the men's end of things, and by the time this appears in print, the new branch will be ready to go full tilt. Male residents are invited to let the Shop know what sort of thing they like, and it will be stocked.

Sportswear and beach accessories were, naturally enough, the main item as purchased by women this summer. We asked the manager where the ladies swim, outside of the Pool. He confessed he didn't know, but promised to find out. Our guess was Long Island, but he wouldn't be quoted on that.

Incidentally, new fall styles for women are going to be better values. With the NRA jettisoned, the bars are down and the customer gets the break. Ah there, Mr. Hoover!

Exhibit

Not so many months ago Miss Josephine Paddock, 470, was persuaded to allow us to publish one of her illustrations on the front cover of the "News." You doubtless remember it—a snow scene from the roof, with one of the gargoyles in the foreground.

Miss Paddock, whose paintings have gained wide recognition, does much of her painting right from her window, and currently a number of her pictures are on display in the Penthouse Club.

To Miss Paddock, all thanks for a newsworthy exhibit; we propose to go after other distinguished artists in the Terrace for the same purpose. But they're a modest lot, we find, and we make no promises.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

TERRACE GRANTED POST OFFICE

Food Store to operate regular branch offering a full postal service; move culminates long period of negotiations

LONDON TERRACE is to have its own post office.

After many, many months of negotiations with the Post Office Department and endless delays which resulted in despair that the office would ever become an actuality, William A. White & Sons, with the energetic cooperation of the R. C. Williams and Co. Inc., have just concluded the necessary agreement with federal officials, and the London Terrace post office will be opened to residents in a very few days.

It is to be stationed in the middle of the Food Store, readily accessible to all residents of London Terrace, and will be equipped to handle all forms of postal business.

Since the department is to be handled by the Williams organization purely as a courtesy to residents, in appreciation of the fine patronage given the Food Store by Terracers, and since the department is maintained without profit, those residents who have heard the cheering news have been quick to applaud the friendly spirit of the Royal Scarlet management.

The store management will welcome any suggestions from patrons regarding the post office, and will attempt to render a full and complete service in the most efficient manner possible. The department will be obliged by law to observe hours, and while the Food Store itself remains open until midnight, the post office will operate from eight in the morning until six in the evening. Patrons must therefore arrange to transact their postal business within those hours.

The history of the London Terrace Post Office is a long one. When the building was first built, it was confidently expected that a post office would be one of its features, and all arrangements were made for its accommodation, but regulations with which the layman is unfamiliar made it impossible. The management was assured, however, that as soon as it could be done, a post office would be established at London Terrace, and Post Office officials have worked energetically to push the matter along for which all concerned are grateful.



An Invitation

is extended to London Terrace - Wall Street commuters.

Present this advertisement before your luncheon at

Lawler's Grill

95 Liberty Street

(Singer Building)

as an indication that you will accept this invitation to have your favorite drink as the guest of the management.

LONDON TERRACE FLOWER SHOP

Flowers

For All

Occasions

*House Plants
and Pottery
of all Sorts*

*We Deliver and
Telegraph
Flowers
Anywhere*

RENTING SEASON INDICATES RECORD

**Terrace close to peak occupancy
as October nears: cooperation and
interest of tenants a great boon**

WITH the close of the official renting season still a month away, London Terrace shows a greater potential occupancy than in any year since the building was completed. Renewals are at a new high, and the percentage of pending new leases, on August 15, was markedly up from any year in the past five.

It is still too early to say whether a rental record will be broken, but there is every evidence that the Terrace will attract more people this season than ever before.

William A. White & Sons, managing agents of London Terrace, concentrated their rental efforts into a few brief weeks this year,

feeling that a long-drawn drive did not tend to better the final result, and this decision has been amply justified.

There is somewhat less of a turnover in tenants this year than in previous years. Changes in economic conditions, business pressure, new realty developments elsewhere — these considerations have become less pronounced during the last year because of a general stabilization of business and a gradual upturn.

Structural changes in the city have contributed too to the desirability of living in the world's largest apartment house: the replacement by modern buses of outmoded trolley systems in this section, which looms as an early probability, the opening and extension of the overhead highway and other improvements tend to make Old Chelsea a more desirable section than ever in which to live.

What the White organization considers more significant at this time than anything else is that an overwhelming percentage of new residents have come to London Terrace as a result of the recommendations of friends. Each tenant, when signing an application for a lease, is asked to indicate what prompted his coming to London Terrace: this information is obviously of both interest and value to the Management. It has been most encouraging to learn that so many people, settling at London Terrace, have been encouraged to do so by people already living here.

The White organization, through its medium of the "News," wishes to express its appreciation to Terrace residents who have been kind enough to speak of the apartment to their friends. The presence of such newcomers makes it pleasant for the friends who urged them to come; it is pleasant for the Management to know that they are here.

LIVE IN LONDON TERRACE



... let others do the scrubbing

The house staff at London Terrace includes window washers, floor waxers, and "elbow grease experts" of almost every description. No waiting for service of this kind. No wondering if it will come in time.

Just use your own house telephone and get immediate attention. The very moderate charges are added to your monthly bill.

A score of other special services—all within your budget

READ THE NEWS

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

LADY AT A KEYBOARD

The writingest woman in London Terrace, Ida Clyde Clarke has packed two lives into half of one, and still has much to do

ONCE upon a time there was a hard-boiled newspaper editor who said women had no place in the newspaper business. Three days after Ida Clyde Clarke joined his staff, over his hoarse protests, he was in a mood to eat his words, syllable by syllable, and say "Thank you" afterward.

Like the farmer who can tell when rain is coming by sniffing the air, there are a few people in the profession who can appraise a news story at its full value. She is one of them. Accustomed now to think of news in terms of millions of people, she misses no angle of a news story.

Actually Mrs. Clarke, who is a London Terracer of five years' residence, is no longer an active newspaper woman, but journalism still claims her. When she left the newspaper business, she went into magazine and book work. For ten years she was an editorial executive with "Pictorial Review," and she has found time to write several books. Her newest one will be published next month.

"Who's Who" Lists Her

"Who's Who" gives Mrs. Clarke a record any member of the subdued sex would cry for. In 1920, for example, she toured South America at the request of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. to make a survey of the condition of women on that continent; the next year she went to Christiania, Norway, as press representative for the National Council of Women of the United States. In 1922 she went to London to an important confab, and the next year the Swedish government invited her to come to Sweden as a delegate to the International Press Conference, the only woman in a

group of 150 of the world's most brilliant journalists. She has been back and forth a half dozen times—in 1916, for example, at the League of Nations, she interviewed Headline Man Number One, Haile Selassie, King of Ethiopia, who was then crown prince. (It's pronounced Hiley Silossi, if you want to know.) She met five kings in one trip, and sent articles back to her native land that were devoured from coast to coast.

Writing to Sell

Having packed two lives into half of one, Mrs. Clarke withdrew from magazine work and turned to writing at leisure—her chief interruption came a few years ago when the University of Miami invited her to head its department of journalism. She spent a year at the school and inaugurated a policy of writing to sell. She took the attitude that writing is a business, like most everything else, and if you can't sell what you write, something is wrong with your writing.

Back in New York she decided that the literary market could use an adviser, someone who could appraise writing, suggest necessary improvements, and see it on its way to the proper market. It was no easy job—she declares that the publishing field is as sensitive as the stock market. It requires study and constant contact to keep abreast of it. One by one she brought students to her, writers she groomed to write to sell, and the average of sales among her hand-picked group is astonishingly high. She is no literary agent—she merely sees an article or story put in its proper shape, and then she suggests the



proper market. If she doesn't like the way you write, if you impress her as hopeless, or if you lack the determination to become a writer, she has no time for you. The answer to that perhaps lofty attitude is that she is a literary adviser without peers.

The editors and publishers she doesn't know personally can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Her apartment in London Terrace is the gathering place of people who have gone far in the writing business; her recommendation of a new writer to an editor is a send-off that nearly always means results.

Her New Book Due

"Men That Wouldn't Stay Dead," her latest book, will be published in a few weeks in England, and copies will be available here at that time. It's a compilation of true ghost stories and it makes corking fireside reading; she did a great deal of research in the subject and has unearthed some data certain to open the reviewers' eyes. She has been invited to London for the book's coming-out party, and several of her literary friends in England are pressing her to come, but she's too busy to make it.

She is not the only writer in the Clarke family, either. Her son, Beverly, an executive with the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and likewise a London Terrace

resident for several years, has produced two books on chemistry. His latest, "Marvels of Modern Chemistry," which was published two years ago, is a non-technical discussion of the subject and is widely used as a textbook in many schools. Mr. Clarke is as versatile as he is prolific—only a few weeks ago one of his nimbler products appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Any biography of Mrs. Clarke, you must have gathered by now, must of necessity be incomplete. One is confronted with a wealth of engaging facts—far too many interesting things to have happened to one person.

Her apartment is a warm, cozy, inviting place. You slouch into a chair, puff contentedly at a cigarette, and after thirty seconds with her, you begin to feel the persuasive power of her personality. A newspaper woman who "covered" one of Mrs. Clarke's lectures (Heavens, we even forgot to mention that she is in great demand as a lecturer!) wrote of her: "No one could describe her charm, her electric personality, her exhilarating presence, and her brilliant wit."

Why should we try?



LONDON TERRACE SCHOOL

will open

September 23rd

Tuition \$100

**Payable \$50 at beginning
of each semester**

**Monday to Friday
9:00 to 12:00**

*For further information
Write or See*

Miss Wilson, Play Roof 470

CURTAINS DRAPES SLIP COVERS BLANKETS

Strictly Dry Cleaned

Beautifully Finished

LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS

415 Building

House Phone or WATkins 9-7676

LADY-AT-LEISURE

VACATIONS being over, we must get back to earth and business after the carefree, lazy days up in the clouds.

Added poundage always follows this easy-going vacation business, and the reason usually is due largely to good food. Several tasty summer dishes stand out in my memory—one in particular being a delicious meat concoction. Here it is: Dip large, thick veal chops first in seasoned cracker meal, then egg, then the cracker mixture again. Brown in frying pan on top of the stove. Spread thin slices of fresh tomatoes over these browned chops, sprinkle grated cheese generously over the tomato slices, and broil. Another pleasant food memory concerns appetizers made of cream cheese and chipped beef spread on crackers and bologna, wrapped around a piece of mustard pickle and held together with a toothpick. Men vote for the latter every time.

Speaking of the culinary art, the new bakery department in connection with the Food Store is proving to be an oasis for the hostess with that "what shall I have for dessert?" problem. A suggestion in a newspaper menu

column—individual cup-cakes with a small candle on each—seemed an unusual means of expressing the birthday sentiment with the added attraction of eliminating the necessity of determining the number of candles involved. Tempting cup-cakes are always obtainable at the bakery counter and the candles can be purchased at the Book Store. Hence, presto—a Birthday Party!!

The unusual wooden valance boards in the Penthouse Club have caused considerable conversation and much favorable comment. Credit is due our carpenter shop, which is always at your service to assist in any repair work or suggest ideas that may make your apartment more attractive.

And now for the jokes!

Teacher: "Willie, define the word puncture."

Willie: "A puncture is a little hole in a tire, usually found a great distance from a garage."

Those hotel room cards saying "Stop! Have you forgotten anything?" have caused many a person to chase back after another towel and a bar of soap.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

The Proof is in the Eating!—



This smiling young gentleman to our right is about to sink all thirty-two in his SECOND bite of delicious Hanscom Home-Made bread.

We KNOW he'll take that SECOND bite because the FIRST one tasted so good!

To be SURE, Hanscom breadstuffs and Hanscom cakes are wholesome and palate-pleasing—but don't take OUR word—

Just try a few selections with your dinner tonight—and you too will be ready for MORE!

LONDON TERRACE

HANSCOM
CAKE SHOP

FOOD MART

Film Fun

So widespread has the patronage of Loew's Sheridan Square Theatre become that the "News" is interested in mentioning it. Many London Terracers, intrigued with the comfort and convenience of the theatre, at Seventh Avenue and Twelfth Street, and gratified by the excellence of its showings, make regular visits to the house.

The new theatrical season starts off with a bang there, with the presentation of "China Seas." Following it are such outstanding hits as the new Garbo-March picture, "Anna Karenina," "Broadway Melody of 1936," "Call of the Wild" and "Here Comes the Band."

Three of film-land's most brilliant stars add to their laurels in "China Seas." They are Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, together again for the first time in five years.

"China Seas" tells the story of a group of European cosmopolites

whose lives and safety are threatened by pirates and by vicious storms common to this section. Love, hate and intrigue are blended in the plot.

Miss Harlow is presented as "China Doll," a lovely blonde charmer well known in the ports of the Orient. Opposite her Gable appears as master of a steamer with Beery playing a bluff trader who is secretly the master mind of the pirate band.

Supporting the stars is a cast that includes Lewis Stone, Aubrey Smith, Dudley Diggs and Rosalind Russell.—*Advt.*

Nosegays

In the Florist's Shop, all is hustle and bustle, for autumn is upon us and the blush is on the pumpkin. They plan to do a good business in potted plants from now on—new tenants moving in like to start off properly by having flowers in the house, and old tenants seem to get psy-

conscious around the first of October too.

There has been something of a rush this summer over dry berries. We made a feeble jest about it, but the manager assured us that Japanese lanterns, bitter-sweet and bay berries, in vases, are very much the thing.

Mums will be the tops soon. The manager sees it in the wind. For a while it puzzled him, this sudden demand for mums in the fall, so he probed into the matter and found out that mums were bought by conscientious swains taking their gals to the football games. The manager got to thinking perhaps he should know a thing about football himself, so he read a lot and listened to the radio on Saturday afternoons, so that he could talk intelligently with his customers.

First thing you know he was more interested in football than in business, as who isn't, so he had to snap out of that. We fellows just can't have any fun any more.

**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.

Bridge Club

MRS. GLADYSE GRAVES Stark, whose phenomenal success with the Bridge Club is the talk of London Terrace, has dropped us a letter. We feel it is of sufficient interest to a great number of residents to warrant publishing most of it here. Mrs. Stark has the floor:

"Since taking over bridge activities in the Penthouse Club, on January 11 of this year, I have endeavored to make every resident feel that the Bridge Club is another room in his or her apartment, and every guest of the Club a guest of a tenant in the building.

"Judging by the response from residents and their friends, with pardonable pride I feel that I have succeeded to a large extent. The Bridge Club has grown in prestige to such a degree that the metropolitan press has taken cognizance of our existence and has complimented the excellence of play and the manner in which we conducted our local championship.

"Despite the splendid and healthy growth of our duplicates, I have not forgotten that there are times when one likes to be alone with one's own family, and not have a guest drop in on a particular evening. I wondered how I could put that idea into execution in our Club. Finally it dawned on me that one night a week should be set aside, exclusively, for residents of London Terrace; therefore, commencing Monday evening, September 9, and every Monday evening thereafter at 8:15, a regular Duplicate Bridge will be held exclusively for Terrace residents. The other sessions, when you may bring your friends, will be continued as usual.

RUGS
ORIENTAL—DOMESTIC

**CLEANED
SHAMPOOED
REPAIRED**

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE
Cleaned In or Out of Your Apartment

LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS
415 Building House Phone or WATkins 9-7676

"To the new residents I would be pleased to explain personally the bridge advantages that their new home affords them.

"My only wish for the coming season is that you will enjoy coming to the Club as much as I will enjoy seeing you there,

"Sincerely,

"Gladys Graves Stark."

School Days

The London Terrace School is shortly to commence its second season. Miss Wilson, who last year served as assistant to Miss Joslin, has charge of the school this year.

The School has proved itself in one year to be one of the most heavily supported institutions in London Terrace. So many applications for admission of small children have been received that Miss Wilson is tremendously encouraged and anticipates a banner year.

For the benefit of new residents with small children who have not

heard of the school, it was designed to provide recreation for the tots, and to encourage them to work creatively. Classes in drawing, clay modeling, singing and so on proved most popular with the kids, and Terrace mothers were happily relieved of the responsibility of looking after their children the full time.

Miss Wilson will be pleased to see any parent who might be interested in contributing a child to this London Terrace institution.

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

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

Optical Department in charge
of Registered Optician

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

LUCIAN ON THE LOOSE

or Home is Where the Heart Is

WE took Lucian up to the Roof to see the new London Terrace movies. It was a calm night, and a cool wind lifted itself from the Hudson and bathed us generously.

Lucian is a sub-title reader, but with the advent of the talkies, his opportunities for the display of this talent declined. He has since developed into a Plot-Teller and Dealer in Audible Asides. I felt that no portion of the film would escape Lucian's notice or, for a matter of fact, fail to be brought to the attention of all within ear-shot.

"I've seen this picture before," announced Lucian.

"You couldn't have," I replied. "This is a pre-view."

"Shhhhhh," said the man behind.

"I've seen many a pre-view," retorted Lucian, with some warmth. "I go to the Roxy every Thursday night and see two shows for the price of one. Something has gone wrong with the light in this picture. See, they are going to send for the electrician in the house. What did I tell you?"

"Well done," said I.

"Shhhhhh," said the man behind.

"Hello, here's the swimming pool. These people are taking lessons. That girl is going to do a swan dive from the springboard. No, it's a jackknife. Ah, well, what matter?"

"That's right, Lucian," I said, "What matter indeed!"

"See? The housewife is in a quandary. If I remember correctly, it is a matter of minutes to get a maid up from downstairs to take care of everything. By George, I guessed it. There she comes now!"

"Shhhhhh," said the man behind.

"Shhhhhh yourself," said Lucian. "The next time you see a picture of that kitchen sink, every

dish will have been washed. Ah, I told you so! It's a miracle."

"You certainly guessed it, Lucian," I said, grimly.

"Shhhhhh," said the man behind.

"I was always quick at mystery pictures, too," admitted Lucian, "and nearly always was able to detect the culprit before the picture was half through. My remarkable skill in this connection was always a source of delight to those around me; I never was greedy about it, and always let people in on the secret as soon as I figured it out, which was

quickly. In fact I . . ."

The picture came to an end, and the people about us rose to go. I spoke to Lucian, then nudged him and then, with a terrible fear, shook him.

"Lucian! Lucian!" I called. He did not respond. I took a pin from my coat lapel and stabbed him several times, but he did not move. I took out my pen knife and removed a slice of his ear, but he did not stir. Then I looked more closely. Lucian had been choked to death . . .

I looked around. The man behind had disappeared.

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Contribution

Last month, in the columns of this family journal, a plea was made to residents to help round out the fine nautical character of the Penthouse Club. A ship's model started all that, or rather, the need for one, and once the need was fulfilled, it became apparent that the Penthouse Club couldn't be satisfied with half a loaf. A corner was set aside in the room for a display of seafaring odds-and-ends, and the local citizenry appealed to to contribute items of nautical interest.

The first contribution was made by Mrs. William Slater, 410, who had the kindness to offer an aged and prized ship's compass, together with a kerosene lantern. They were the property of Mr. Thomas Hine, who, before his death, lived in the 455 Building. He was the second resident of London Terrace, a man with a deep love for the sea. We heard that Mr. Hines's yacht, the "Io-

la," once sank and that, after gathering up the item which represented his chief sentimental interest in the craft—the lantern—he dived overboard and swam ashore with it.

Now, unlike the reporter the writer always thought he was, he hasn't yet checked the facts nor probed more deeply into what sounds like a yarn of real proportions. Mrs. Slater was Mr. Hines' secretary before his death, and this apologetic correspondent regrets that pressure of work prevented his seeing Mrs. Slater and investigating the saga of the lantern and also of the compass.

But "News" readers deserve to know the rest of the story, and they shall. Meanwhile, take a look at the Slater contributions in the Penthouse Club and wish, as we do, that you could swim as far as they were carried. In the interim, the Penthouse Club supervisor wishes to thank the other contributors of articles and to say that, since each article appears to

have its own intriguing history, it might be well to report at length upon each. If that isn't a gratifying editorial program for some months, then there is no such thing.

Scholastic

Last month the history of the Grace School was pretty completely told in the columns of your favorite periodical, and it struck us as so interesting that we thought we'd mention it again. The school is starting off soon on another year, and it is a promising one. It does seem that there is a tendency to return to private schools, and if the head of the New York public school system is a London Terrace resident, he can't imagine how sorry we are for having said so.

This will be its second year as a preparatory day school for boys, and it will open officially on September 23.

BOOK NOOK
(The Native Returns)

WELL, let's throw out all those summer recipes from magazines our wives cut out and never used, and get down to real reading. During the holiday period we hob-nobbed with literati at Moose Calf, Ontario, and brushed up on what Moose Calf had to offer by perusing "To Win the Love He Sought," written by E. Phillips Oppenheim in the summer of 1908, and by glancing through the ads in the Burr McIntosh Monthly of August, 1905, we see where they're going to bring out a new White Steamer, with the crank in front instead of on the side.

Getting back to town, we plunged into "North to the Orient," which was written by Anne Morrow Lindbergh and describes her trip a few years ago. It's a lively, well-written yarn and worth your while.

William Seabrook, whose Haitian investigations have proved interesting through the years, now offers "Asylum," a heartening revelation of how asylum inmates are treated, based on his own remarkable experiences.

Of course Willa Cather's "Lucy Gayheart" leads the fiction field, as it should, and "Cat Across the Path," Ruth Feiner's novel which was mentioned here last month, is likewise doing very well. James Hanley's "The Furies" is in heavy demand.

We liked particularly, although we came around to it a few weeks late, "I Speak for the Silent," which describes life among the Soviets, and gives at least one side of the story convincingly enough.

Mystery stories have been in demand all summer, and the Book Store shelves are stocked with a good, hair-raising supply, but there are too many of them this month to permit mention of them here.

All of these books, plus many others of interest, are available at the London Terrace Book Store.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST!

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ALgonquin 4-2000

Pie and

The new Hanscom bakery is in the Food Store, but it's a separate organization. A tall young fellow who explained the pastry biz to us left us with the idea that it's a science, just like a lot of other things. We'd always figured bake shops baked a thousand apple pies a day and let it go at that.

It's a seasonal business, and another season is to begin as soon as cool weather arrives to stay. Right now cup cakes are the desideratum, and if you think cup cakes are just little round, squatty things

that all taste alike, you don't know any more about it than we do. Maple walnut, milk chocolate and vanilla flavors are the most popular.

They have a special a day, and next to cup cakes, layer cakes are the Terracers' delight. Maple walnut takes the prize here, too. Chocolate fudge, cherry and pineapple are also popular.

We pinned him down on pies, hoping to reach home ground. Apple pies aren't being eaten much now—too heavy for summer consumption, but huckleberry and peach are going strong.

It's a winter business chiefly, we learned, although sales are very good right now. The pastry business goes into a sort of natural decline in the summer. Why, we asked him, figuring we had him there. Well, he said, for one thing there's more coffee drunk in the winter, and people want something to go with it. In the summer folks are anxious to wash down a light meal, and then dash off to the beach or into the car for a drive.

He had all the answers, so we just hunked a cup cake (maple walnut) and ate it on our way up the street. It was good, too.

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Reminder

London Terrace residents whose leases expire October first and who are moving to other quarters are asked to bear in mind, in arranging with moving companies, that the elevators are available between nine and five. If they will observe these hours, other residents will not be put to annoyance or inconvenience.

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regular services.

Observation

Evidence of the decline of summer: sun tan cosmetics are on the slide, and in another two weeks lighter shades of powder will be in demand. Why? Because tan won't be popular much longer, and women going out at night want untinted complexions. That is, sort of.

Whenever we discuss the habits and customs of women, we wallow in ignorance. The Drug Store's lovely blonde cosmetician explained to us, with angelic patience, how one powder is different from the next. With a skill which amazed us, she summarized the cosmetic business for us, answering with infinite kindness the

stupid questions we put to her. We made copious notes. When they were done, we couldn't read or understand them. We stared pitifully at the blonde lady, wanting for a fleeting instant to sit in her lap and have a good cry.

But we didn't. We walked over to the front of the store and

bought a cigar. Men are such fools.

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Our Front Cover

Beginning with the current issue of the "News," the front covers will feature scenes of historic Chelsea created by Adolph Treidler, the well-known illustrator. These sketches have appeared in conjunction with newspaper advertising and have been the cause of considerable comment.

The cover this month depicts the arrival of Hendrik Hudson three centuries ago at the river which now bears his name, in his ship, the Half-Moon. The boat moved slowly up the river, passing the spot that is now Twenty-third Street.

Three centuries later residents of London Terrace and their friends stood on the Terrace Roof and watched the Normandie move majestically over the same course.

Mr. Treidler, whose illustrations for fiction and for advertising have long since established him as one of the best in the business, spent many weeks gathering his material for this series of pictures, and he went to great pains to have his illustrations historically exact. The "Old Chelsea" series was prepared by Birmingham, Castleman and Pierce, the advertising agency which handles the London Terrace account.

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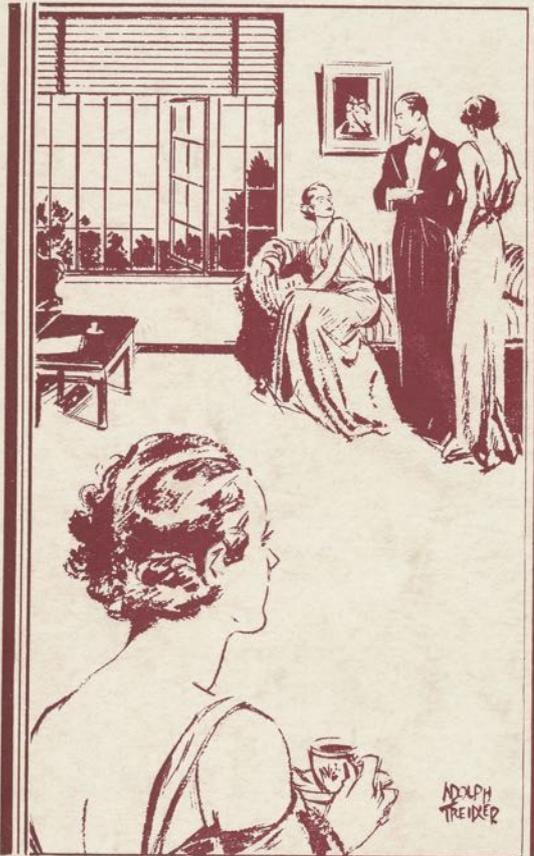


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