

Vol 4 omitted in numbering

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# London Terrace News

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JANUARY

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DODGE

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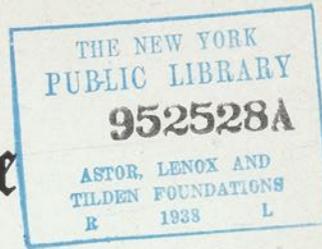
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**HANSCOM**  
**BAKE SHOP**

**IN THE LONDON TERRACE FOOD MART**

The NEWS of  
  
London Terrace

JANUARY 1936



VOLUME III

NUMBER 1

### Mr. Buck Regrets

Those who attended the Christmas Party were a bit worried about Frank Buck, who had been scheduled to appear. Friends and admirers thought perhaps one of his lions had saved him for a special holiday meal. The fact was that Mr. Buck was unavoidably detained out of town. The Management received a telegram from him just as they were about to send out a rescue party. Fearless Frank wired as follows:

SO SORRY I COULD NOT  
LEAVE BALTIMORE IN  
TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS  
EVE PARTY MY LOVE TO  
ALL THE KIDDIES ASSEMBLED  
THERE WITH YOU AND A  
VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND THE HAPPIEST KIND OF  
A NEW YEAR ALL OF YOU.  
FRANK BUCK

Frank was thinking of us, anyway.

### Freezeout

The Food Store constantly is up to more fancy tricks than a \$1,000 a minute professional wrestler. Its latest contribution to the convenience of patrons is a solution of the there-aren't-any-more-ice-cubes problem. Any host or hostess has, at times, been faced with the dilemma of either serving warm drinks or sending out for a chunk of ice. The ice chunk drips water over the carpet, has a tendency to slip out of fingers and generally clutters up the kitchenette. And usually

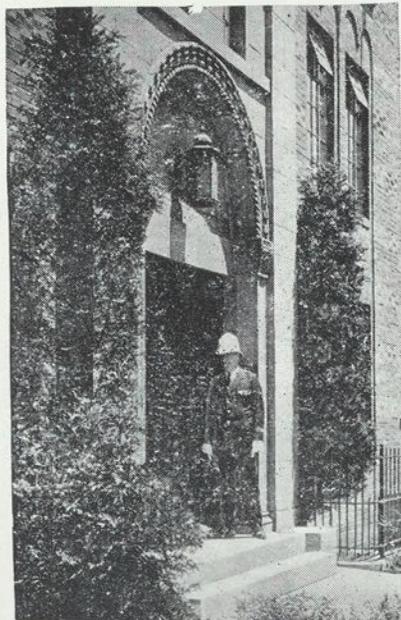
there isn't an ice pick in the house.

Well, all that is a thing of the past. The Food Store has installed a line of ice cubes. They come in cartons—72 cubes to a carton. The cartons are kept in a special refrigerator at the Store. When a customer calls for ice cubes, the carton or cartons are removed from the refrigerator, put into a special packet similar to those used for ice cream delivery and the problem of fresh cubes is dissolved into the mists of past history.

### Cover View

Our front cover this month carries another one of Adolph Treidler's fine sketches depicting historical events of Old Chelsea.

This one shows the deeding of



the land on which London Terrace now stands. It was first granted to Jacob Somerendyke in 1675 for services rendered the King. It later passed to Captain Thomas Clarke, and from him to his son-in-law, Bishop Moore.

### Gleaming Gadgets

Women residents—there were about forty of them—who spent a great part of the days before Christmas wrapping gifts for the Christmas Party discovered that good deeds sometimes bring material as well as spiritual rewards. The Perma-Maid Company invited them to lunch. This company has a new outfit of cooking utensils made of stainless steel. The way they gleam make the brass knocker on a Dutch housewife's door look like the metal work on a 1920 Ford.

The ladies could hardly take their eyes off the pots and pans long enough to consume the highly edible luncheon which was prepared in them. Afterward they were given a demonstration of how easily the stainless steel "comes clean," to use an underworld expression which is very much out of place in a cooking article, but aptly descriptive nevertheless.

If any of the other couple of thousand or so Terrace feminine tenants would like to discover for themselves what these Perma-Maid kitchen gadgets are all about, a note or phone call to the editor of the NEWS will be productive of results.

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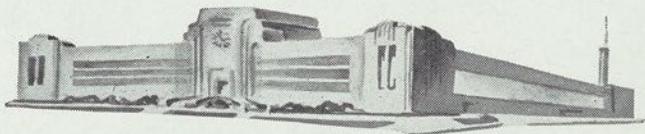
**Movies**

Miss Flynn's Grill will be turned temporarily into a movie house the night of January 21st. The entertainment will be furnished by A. N. Smallwood, who owns Mountain Lakes, an outdoors retreat in New York State.

Mr. Smallwood is proud of his place and wants to show it off, so he had movies made. The scenes show the scenery—you can't smell the air, of course, but if you have a good imagination it almost can be accomplished. It also shows the various activities around the place as they are engaged in the year round—horseback riding, hiking, climbing, with details of the people vacationing there and many phases of the outdoor life they enjoy.

Naturally, the movie evening is not entirely altruistic in character. Mr. Smallwood is of the opinion that residents may be interested in Mountain Lakes as a place in which to get away for week ends and vacations.

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## HAIL AND FAREWELL

### 1935 has departed, leaving a number of noteworthy and lively events in its wake

The horns and the paper caps are tucked away in their mothballs. That shimmering blonde we met slightly before or after midnight of December 31st, 1935, and whose alleged phone number was scribbled down on a souvenir match packet, has matched the January weather in iciness. A modestly-priced domestic rye is parked in the liquor closet in place of fancily-sealed stimulants. Those business customers who, for a couple of weeks, seemed infused with so much gay camaraderie, have taken to chewing pencils and speaking in gruff monosyllables. The mail box harvest is as lean as our pocketbook, which confidentially is the ultimate in leanness. In other words, —don't say you've already guessed it—New Year's is over. 1936 has settled down to the serious business of growing up, after its initial oats sowing.

Now is the time for all thoughtful persons to relax on the family ottoman and indulge in some tender reminiscing as to just what the past year was all about, anyway. In case you haven't got an ottoman, or don't feel in the mood for doing your own reminiscing, the NEWS, as is its custom, is about to spout a few tabloid reflections on what 1935 brought to London Terrace, or what London Terrace—well, vice versa. During the year we kept copious notes in anticipation of this very article. A profound examination of them results in the following tabulation:

Bridge—Swimming — Buses — Post Office—Normandie — Gold Stars — Knitting — Horses — Dancing—Expansion—Movies—

Good notes all right, but they don't seem to mean much. The Terrace deserves a better break

than that. It is our impression, and that of a good many other people too, that our home community progressed with a lot of progress last year. A lot of things happened, a lot of ideas clicked. The largest apartment house in the world kept right up with its reputation of providing a better, more varied, more comfortable existence for those lucky dogs and doggesses who have the foresight to make it their home. There was, for instance—but let's get really statistical about it. Let's get out the magic calendar for 1935 and see what turns up. Here goes.

#### January

The Swimming Pool opened the New Year with a geyser-like eruption. The Terrace Club was formed, A.A.U. meets were set, the Catfish Club got going. On the less physically strenuous side, Mrs. Stark set bridge addicts chortling with joy with her Penthouse Bridge Club. A lot of peo-

ple prophesied that 1935 was going to be a good year.

#### February

A short month, as usual, which was taken up for the most part by conversation about the Big Blizzard of January and how efficiently it was handled by the Terrace staff. The first of the A.A.U. meets gave the Pool much publicity, residents much entertainment and swimmers much exercise.

#### March

The annual contest to see who could be the first to say, "Well, it looks like spring is just around the corner," was won by a small, dark man who refused to give his name, because, he said, he feared repercussions. Concussions are what he probably had in mind.

#### April

Prosperity, along with spring rounded the corner. The Liquor Store established itself in larger quarters. The first of the benefit bridge parties was held, proceeds going to the Chrystie Street House. The Pool was host to a squad of aquatic stars who splashed their way through another A.A.U. meet.

### CHESS ENTHUSIASTS AT PLAY



The Terrace Chess Club, which meets in the Penthouse Club every Wednesday at eight, to which tenants and friends are invited

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### May

The Bridge Tournament, won by Mrs. Mabel Furst and Miss Ann Brinkerhoff, attracted city-wide publicity. The Garden received its annual ministrations, preparatory to bursting out in its summer raiment. The Terrace and the Twenty-third Street Association dug into the fight for Eighth and Ninth Avenue buses. Success loomed. Twenty-third Street motorization, while not so imminent, was pushed strongly. The Book Store, business booming, moved to larger quarters.

### June

The Marine Deck, with a coolness comparable only to a raw cucumber, persuaded a number of tenants not to leave town during the summer. Residents and friends had the best vantage point in town to watch the *Normandie* come marching into its first New York berth. Thirteen staff employees were decorated with gold stars signifying five years of continuous service, thus laying the foundation for a London Terrace organization of traditional scope.

### July

Mouth-watering was in order as Hanscom Bakery spread out its delectables in the Food Store. The Garden rhododendron plot assumed gargantuan proportions, attracting oohers and ahers from miles around. The new Terrace Movie was shown to admiring audiences. Hollywood, jealous of its prestige, branded the film as unfair competition, but nobody paid any attention to that. Who cares about Hollywood when they can live in London Terrace?

### August

A small, dark man, whose name could not be obtained, scurried out from under a grass blade to announce that Fall was around the corner. An official census revealed 3406 persons as residents of London Terrace.

### September

Uncle Sam finally opened up and the Post Office was officially installed in its space in the Food Store. Prospective Christmas mailers danced in the streets for joy. Marine Roof sun tan made returning vacationists sob with envy.

### October

The knitting craze hit us and Mrs. Hinds' classes were started up to abolish knitting inferior complexes. Those glad shouts you heard were the little darlings trooping to school in the 470 building. Autumn leaves started their annual falling.

### November

A sleek fleet of buses hit the Eighth and Ninth Avenue runs. Trolley cars exited with no mourners. Chess enthusiasts organized regular meetings so they could hold their heads up in the presence of members of the Bridge Club. Feminine residents discovered Miss Carroad could do wonders for that tired feeling in her newly-opened massage studio. Miss Constantine found her winter exercise classes overflowing. Autumn leaves stopped falling.

### December

In a fine bit of cooperation between the Terrace and Sheffield Farms the milk wagons and horses were equipped with silencers. The first of the Pool's A.A.U. meets got off to a "crawling" start. (Ever hear of the Australian crawl?) Ballroom dancing lessons were made available with Miss Westendarp at the helm. The auto show room emerged with new glamor under the imaginative setup given it by its new managers, Excelsior Automotive Service. The Christmas party was a grand success. A small, dark man popped out from behind a Christmas tree ornament to say, that in his opinion, 1936 was just around the corner.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

## PEOPLE ARE MOST IMPORTANT

**Doctor Elliott, whose life work is solving the human equation, believes happiness comes through not losing sight of fundamentals**

IN a niche in the wall was a bronze bust of Socrates. On the desk was an "Adventure Story" magazine. Dr. John L. Elliott is an admirer of both. In the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of the Society for Ethical Culture, of which Dr. Elliott is Leader, this mixture of erudition and popular entertainment seemed to need explanation. Dr. Elliott didn't think so, but explained anyway.

"Of what use is erudition if in attaining it, we lose touch with people?"

When he says "people" you know he isn't thinking of Dr. Lowell or Kant or Horace. He is thinking of the people who never heard of these names and don't particularly want to.

"To my mind, philosophy, education, learning, can serve only one function," he continued. "That is to help people to live. When learning becomes an end in itself, instead of a means to a larger end, its true meaning is lost."

In other words, in his work at Hudson Guild, which he started forty years ago, and in the Society for Ethical Culture, of which he has been a member since his college days, Dr. Elliott has waged an unceasing battle for the principle of getting down to the simple essentials of successful living. The essentials, he believes, are health, congenial work, the ability to work and play successfully with others, understanding of the other person's viewpoint and education of the sort which helps build toward these objectives.

Dr. Elliott's office in the Society building is fitted up like a

comfortable library: soft carpet, substantial, antique-looking furniture, bookcased walls. The books range from "A History of the World's Philosophies" to "The Case of the Howling Dog." His clipped gray mustache and precisely-combed gray hair might go well on a Wall Street banker. The deeply-ingrained ruddiness of his complexion received its color foundation from long hours on the Illinois farm from whence he came. He is habitually relaxed, easy-talking. Only his eyes are not relaxed. He shuts them frequently as he talks, perhaps because he learned long ago that they reveal the depth of feeling he does not allow to enter his speech.

He is not ashamed of deep feeling. He has learned, though, that it has a curious effect upon people. Confronted with it, they tighten up, become artificial. Ideas, thoughts, lose simplicity, get away from basic essentials. All the bugaboos and falsities mankind has evolved for itself through the ages come to the fore. Dr. Elliott thereby loses the ground it is his passion to gain.

Dr. Elliott disclaims any loftiness of motive in his life work. He became a member of the Society for Ethical Culture because he heard a talk at Cornell University when he was a student there. The man who made the talk was Dr. Felix Adler, who told about the Society. Young Elliott liked the ideas he heard and joined the Society.

He didn't have very much to do there, at least not enough to do, so he started to look around. He felt that he wasn't getting close enough to people. He found



a neighborhood where it didn't look as though the people were enjoying life very much, so he started the Hudson Guild. The Hudson Guild now is an institution of many activities. It runs a cooperative store, a farm, open-air movies in the summer time, numbers of trade-learning classes and health services, besides its fundamental social welfare and recreational activities.

Diversified as are the interests of the Guild, Dr. Elliott never ceases to keep firmly in the minds of the members and the administrative personnel, the motivating reason for its existence. This is, in Dr. Elliott's words, "to help people to help themselves and each other."

The School for Printers' Apprentices is a department of the Guild which he likes to think typifies most clearly what he is trying to accomplish. The school not only teaches a trade, but operates as a clearing house where employers and employees may learn each other's viewpoints and problems. Only by cooperation, he believes, can a successful social order be achieved. The greatest stumbling block on the road to an ideal society is the antagonism between those who hire and those who are hired, built up through centuries of selfishness and misunderstanding.

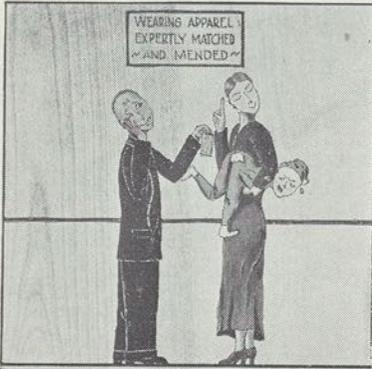
(Continued on page 16)

## BOOK NOOK

Someone whose identity is lost in the mists of oblivion, once remarked that you can't keep a good man down. Book Store files reveal that the same truism applies to a woman. "Edna His Wife," authored by the ever reliable Margaret Ayre Barnes, took the bit in her teeth this month and emerged in front as the fiction leader after trailing a close second to "Silas Crockett" the previous month. "It Can't Happen Here," the verbal cartoon drawn with the acid-dipped pen Mr. Sinclair Lewis keeps behind his ear for special occasions, is snorting smoke right behind the leader, probably scaring her half to death.

"The Woollcott Reader," as befits a mild-mannered gentlemanly nag, is cantering along, thinking his own pleasant thoughts, but covering the ground a lot faster than you'd imagine. Sweet nostalgia drifts airily from his nostrils as he steps out with a light, swift stride. Those squint-eyed devotees of the book stalls who claim to know horseflesh when they see it, are saying that Mr. Woollcott has a winner.

The non-fiction list strings along with this equine business by



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awarding the month's blue ribbon for popularity to "Mrs. Astor's Horse," Stanley Walker's sharp revelation of the giddy personalities of the Boom Days. Mr. Walker is one newspaper city editor who has cashed in on the knowledge and experience gained

in his job. He has set a new style in satiric comment. Critics have said that he is too reportorial; that he relates without interpreting. This may be laziness or it may be smartness. Leaving interpretation to the reader is quite apt to broaden a book's circulation. It promotes discussion, and discussion to a book is as good a pick-up as an egg-nogg on New Year's morning to the visiting cousin from Grand Rapids.

The Book Store comes through each month with some neat little novelty to spice up its counters. The new one is a collection of picture frames. They are gold and silver-plated and are suitable for almost any type of picture. They come in both miniature and standard sizes and are reasonably priced.

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## CHRISTMAS PARTY SPREADS CHEER

**Garden entertainment brings joy to small guests, radio listeners and residents, all united in true holiday spirit**

Christmas of 1935 has slid into obscurity behind Father Time's left rear whisker. All that remains are certain gifts which chance to be imperishable and certain remembrances worth retaining. Among the latter the London Terrace Christmas Eve party stands out as an event to be cherished.

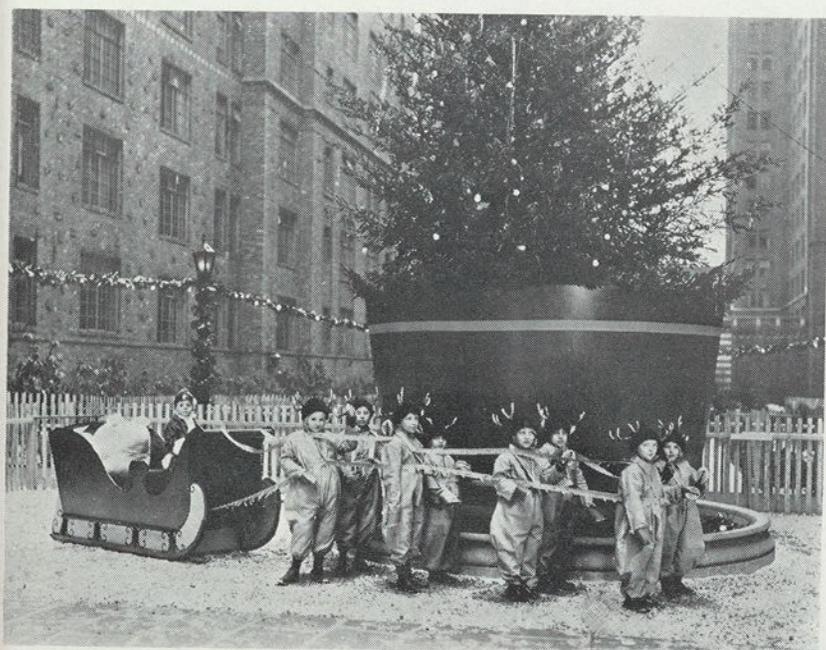
Everything moved along colorfully and entertainingly. The 500 juvenile guests took away with them a bright memory which otherwise might have been missing from their Yuletide season. The genius of Dr. Clement Clarke Moore was given a splendid salutation through the reading of his "Night Before Christmas" by that grand lady of the stage, Cecilia Loftus. The broadcast over WMCA went over the air without a hitch. Santa Claus made his perilous descent from the Marine Deck without dropping a single present. The proceedings, all in all, set a high mark for succeeding years to shoot at.

It is not an easy matter to play host to 500 small, exuberant guests, put on an entertainment that is impressive to look at and at the same time present an air program interesting to listeners. An event, which some years ago, originated as a simple memorial to Dr. Moore, who wrote the famous lines in his house on the site of the present London Terrace, has grown into an annual festival which is one of the high spots of the metropolitan holiday season. Cooperation, of course, is the reason for the success of the party.

London Terrace residents took over proceedings with a vigor only exceeded by their enthusiasm. Money, time and ideas were given freely. It is impossible to mention individually the many people who contributed their services but some do deserve special thanks. Thirty-five or forty women residents worked tirelessly, wrapping and sorting presents, while others assisted in training the tenant children and directing them in the

garden where they took an active part in the program.

The London Terrace shopkeepers and services entered in with the same helpful spirit. The management and almost every member of the numerous departments, especially those on the mechanical staff, worked diligently to make this yearly event a success. Never before has a feeling of *wanting* to take part been so prevalent.



The broadcasting company went out of its way to help make the program unusual and Bob Carter, the announcer for WMCA, deserves a pat on the head for his genial, dramatic handling of the broadcast. The singing of the London Terrace Bobbies of course was one of the happiest features of the afternoon and the children of the tenants, who were more carefully trained this year, made a nice showing. St. Peter's Choir, opening and closing the program, added a spiritual touch.

A sincere effort was made this year to reach every child of eligible years in the immediate neighborhood. Results were most gratifying. Not many, if any, youngsters were left out. Through the  
(Continued on page 14)

## Lady-At-Leisure

WHAT with picking up and throwing out of dried holly leaves and barren Christmas trees, deciding whether or not to keep those *awfully* pretty boxes that my presents came in, trying to figure out how in the world I happened to not send a card to So-and-So and making a list of names for next year so *that* won't occur again, along with the solemn oath to start shopping in June this year, has not left much time for snooping.

Then in case you didn't know it, we had a Christmas party here at London Terrace on Tuesday the 24th that took everybody's time and thought and lots of it. But there was such a grand spirit of good will in connection with the event that no one minded the extra work.

Many good resolutions are being made these days, I am sure, and many concern the "fixing up" of apartments and furnishings, don't they? That present of a new chair from the folks makes the neighboring pieces of furniture look rather dingy and the new curtains that Wife gave Hubby show up the drapes—am I right? Which, as you no doubt suspected, leads up to the subject that within a stone's throw of your apartment, or whichever way the crow flies OR to the left or right of your elevator on "Main Street," which I regret to say is sometimes still referred to as "The Basement," you will find expert carpenters, upholsterers, furniture cleaners, competent maids to assist with mid-winter's house cleaning and many other services too numerous to mention here, that will help you solve these problems.

The Lingerie Shop and Mrs. Hinds, the Knitting Lady, who with her daughter, holds forth in the Penthouse Club on Mondays, have joined forces. Mr. Hannis will sell Tioga yarn in his shop and the Hinds will guide novices, as well as veterans, through the intricacies of new patterns.

As eating was one of the most popular pastimes recently I managed to pick up a recipe or two that might interest some of you. One was a most unusual substitute for the old-fashioned bread or chestnut dressing. Instead potatoes are parboiled—about the same degree of cooking as for potato salad. Cut these up in small squares, season with plenty of salt and pepper, celery seed and onion finely chopped. This mixture is put in the fowl—turkey, chicken, duck or goose—whichever is your choice. Giblet gravy adds the needed finishing touch.

And I have another rather fussy salad concoction which has the advantage of serving as a dessert as well as salad. Dissolve one-fourth of a cup of sugar in two cups of crushed pineapple and cook in a double boiler for five minutes. Next dissolve a package of Knox Gelatine in half a cup of cold water and let stand five minutes. Combine gelatine and pineapple mixture and let stand in double boiler which should now be taken off the stove. Next grate a package of Kraft American cheese and mix with a package of Philadelphia cream cheese. Add the cheese to the gelatine and pineapple with the juice of a lemon and a half pint of whipped cream. Place in mold, either a large ring mold or individual ones—and put in refrigerator for several hours. Serve on lettuce with the following dressing: Mayonnaise, with chopped celery, pimento and sweet pickle, all finely chopped, added.

Again I fall back on the little magazine known as "Diamond Points" for some amusing stories and a few crumbs of wisdom.

"I wish," complained the preacher, "that I could make my flock take more of an interest in Heaven. None of them seems to want to go there."

"Tell them that children under sixteen are not admitted," suggested the helpful friend.

Two Scotchmen met on the street. The one recognized that the other was drunk so he handed him a dollar bill and said: "Well, Sandy, here's the two dollars I owe you."

The nearest thing to a substitute for brains is silence.

A mule cannot pull, While he is kicking, And cannot kick, While he is pulling.

And I hope it is not too late to wish you one and all the best of New Years!!!

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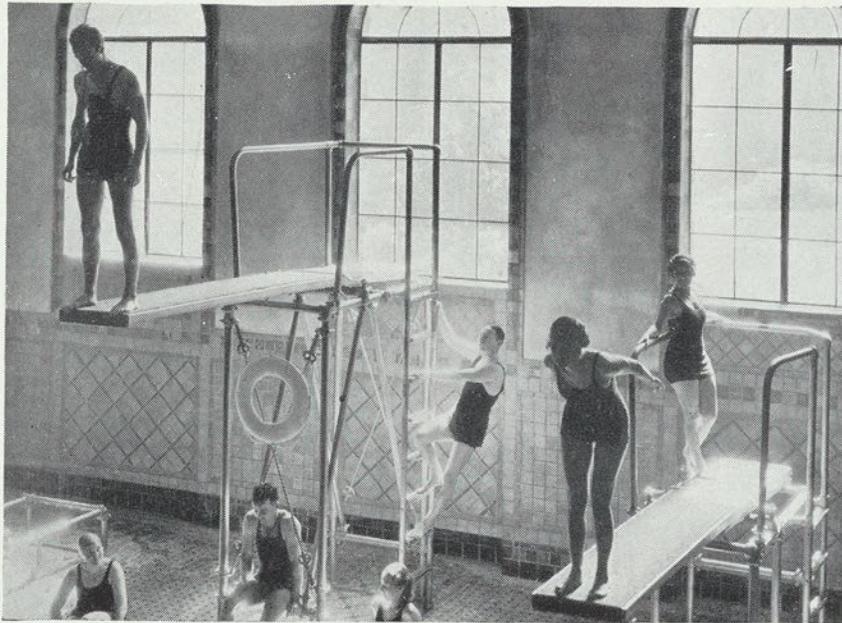
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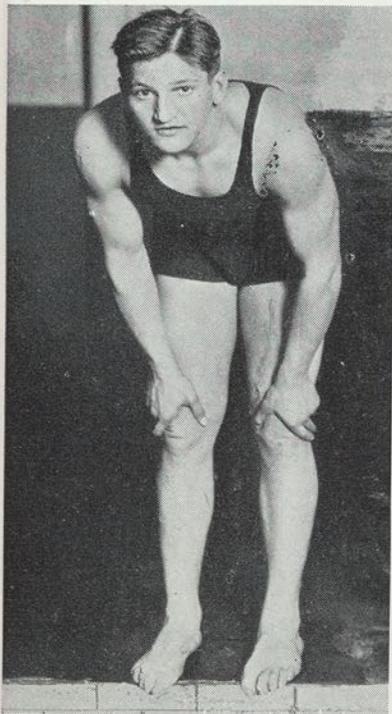
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## THE OLE SWIMMIN' HOLE

**The London Terrace pool, largest in Manhattan, becomes a gathering-place for those who swim well, those who swim not so well, and those who like to look on. But it's a whole lot of fun for everybody, as these snaps testify**



1936



## London Terrace Management

announces the following

### RESIDENT PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

#### MEDICAL

**B. M. SHALETTE, M.D.**

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

**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

#### 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*

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

*(Continued from page 11)*

Salvation Army, Hudson Guild, A I C P, churches, stores and various other sources, names of neighboring children were obtained.

To Mrs. Ethel Nugent fell the responsibility of assembling the young guests of the occasion. She made personal calls throughout the neighborhood, interviewing many of the parents and children. She found that the prospect of a Christmas Eve entertainment and gifts at London Terrace meant, to the homes she visited, the one cheerful spot in an otherwise drab holiday season.

So that there would be no mix-ups or shortage of gifts, a button was given to each child—his or her admittance card. These buttons were guarded by the recipients as though they were keys to Captain Kidd's treasure house. In some cases the guarding entailed robust physical effort. Older boys, above the age limit for the

party, figured that what they were not given, they could take, but in no cases were they successful in relieving the youngsters of their badges of admittance. The guests arrived with the buttons stuck down their shoes, tied underneath their clothing or otherwise carefully preserved, the light of triumphant combat gleaming in their eyes.

Each year it is said that the presents are the nicest ever received. But this year they exceeded even the most optimistic expectations and the contributions of money were amazingly large. So much so, in fact, that it seemed unwise to spend it all on gifts when there were more than enough presents to go around. The money was therefore spent on food and clothing for the twenty most deserving families living within a block or two of the Terrace. Families with from five to seven children were selected. If

London Terracers can visualize the happiness and comfort derived from these more practical gifts, they will feel well repaid for their generosity.

The Christmas Party has raised the question among a number of Terrace residents as to why the Christmas spirit cannot be extended the year round, not only to the children but to their parents as well. This sentiment has crystallized into action. A committee is being formed which will keep in touch with as many of the needy families as possible. Members of the committee will collect discarded clothing from London Terrace tenants and distribute it intelligently by means of a record of these families made during calls before Christmas. More details concerning this continuance of the Yuletide cheer will appear in next month's NEWS.

Getting back to the party, the children of the neighborhood first received a package containing fruit, nuts, cookies, dates, figs, popcorn and candy from Santa Claus out in the Garden. After this they went back to Miss Constantine's Exercise Room, and received their real gifts, donated by Terrace residents.

After the program, children who live in the Terrace, along with the children of London Terrace employees, were entertained by Elizabeth Flynn in her Grill. Here Santa Claus gave them each a present. Ice cream and cake were served and a real Indian put on a show for them—a great combination in anybody's language.

As stressed in the addresses of welcome, the Christmas Party tradition has become an integral part of London Terrace life. It is an example of what unselfish cooperation, friendliness and a willing spirit may accomplish when united in an effort to enjoy and help others to enjoy a happy occasion.

The party was at once a fitting benediction to the old year and an inspiration to carry over to the new. Its spirit should remain with us through 1936.

## Survey

Within a short time the Management will undertake a survey of the considerations which brought residents to London Terrace. This survey naturally assists the Wm. A. White & Sons organization in maintaining accurate and useful records, but it also furnishes readable and interesting information which, when tabulated, is to be published in the NEWS.

The Renting Office maintains its own active file of residents' reasons for selecting London Terrace, and this serves as a helpful basis for further analysis. Proximity to work, the combination of city and suburban living, the availability of so many services by house telephone, the reduction of the somewhat complicated processes of living to a simple formula—these and many other reasons have been offered by Terrace residents. Of course the greatest factor in bringing people to the Terrace is the recommendations of actual residents.

The NEWS hopes that you will assist the Management in developing this information, and feels sure that you will be interested in the returns when they are published.

## Plaque Gallery

The comic plaques in the Terrace "Main Street," which have caused so many appreciative comments and which have been responsible for the traffic jams at Main Street intersections, are to be reproduced from time to time in the columns of the NEWS. There are 25 in all. The originals were painted in oil on birch plywood. The wood holds the paint with exceptional evenness and the grain forms a very attractive background.

These plaques, with their unique humor and expert artistry, add stature to the Terrace as the possessor of a private art gallery. Just another item for residents to boast about!

## NEW RADIO SERVICE

### Radio Shop perfects plan to eliminate completely local reception troubles

THE completion of the new Terrace radio aerial a few months ago put an end to a lot of poor reception and human interference. But the fault isn't yet eradicated, and the Radio Shop, cooperating with the Management, wishes to get at the root of the trouble.

Radios, being sensitive gadgets, are affected by such contrivances as violet ray machines, sun lamps, vibrators, heating pads, fish tank heaters, photographers' lamps, washing machines, small motors, and other mechanisms of this character.

The Management hastens to assure tenants that this is no polite suggestion that such doo-dads, many of which are essential to comfort, be thrown down the incinerator. On the contrary, we merely ask that you tell us what you have—the Radio Shop, with your permission, will adjust them so that they will not cause radio interference. This work will be

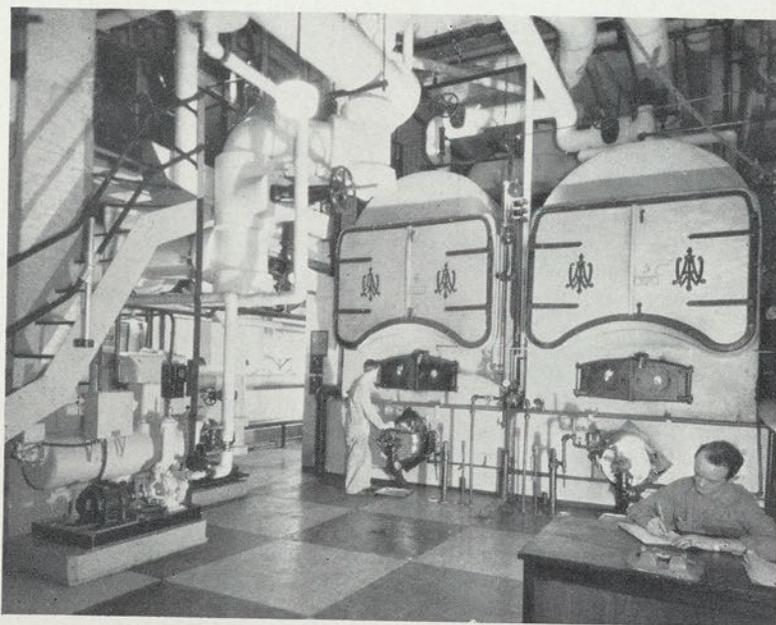
done entirely without any charge.

Even though your own fish tank heater equipment may not disturb your radio reception, the switching on and off of the current sends a resounding boom along the entire circuit. And the small flutter of other machinery, when put into operation or taken out of it, is amplified a thousand-fold. (Oh well, a hundred-fold, then.)

Within the next few days, the Radio Shop will distribute cards to your mailboxes, inviting you to indicate what electrical gadgets are in your apartment. A representative of the Shop will call as soon as possible afterward and add such silencers as are necessary to your comfort and that of your neighbors.

We repeat, the Radio Shop is making no charge for this service, and your help in making radio reception here as nearly perfect as is mechanically possible will be greatly appreciated.

## UNDERGROUND EFFICIENCY



This ship-shape, spotless room is the place where Terrace heating plant boilers are put through their paces for the winter comfort of tenants

## TERRACE HOLIDAY BUSINESS BOOMS

**Building establishments call  
this year's Santa good sport  
as they add up after holiday  
to find increased patronage**

A NEWS reporter, sent to get the low-down on the Christmas business around the various Terrace shops and stores, came back many hours later in a state conventionally known as semi-exhaustion. It had, he said, been a very tough job. All the managers were so busy they didn't have time to talk to him.

On being reminded that a reporter is supposed to get a story no matter what travail it entails, he made an unbecoming gesture which connected one hand with his nose and sat down at his typewriter. True to the tradition of the NEWS he had gotten his story. The only trouble with it was that it lacked variety. His expert news sense turned up with the blanket information that business was roaring.

That's the story, all right. Every one of the establishments dedicated to catering to the needs and whims of residents did a boom business this year. Jangling cash register keys beat out their theme song of "They're spending again." The Food Store, the Liquor Store, the Flower Shop, the Lingerie Shop, the Book Store, all turned in an average of 15 to 20% higher business than last year.

The Postal Telegraph office sent out early for reinforcements. The staff was enlarged and even at that it was well into the small hours of Christmas morning before they had their counters cleared. The Postal gave its customers a break this year by sending Christmas and New Year telegrams anywhere in the country for the flat rate of twenty-five cents. The resultant business assumed the proportions of a subway rush hour. At the height of

activities on Christmas Eve, a young gentleman sauntered into the Postal office carrying two Scottie pups. He wanted them delivered to separate addresses as gifts. The manager took the unusual request in full stride. Within an hour the dogs were deposited in their new homes.

American drinkers, it seems, hold fast to the hard liquor tradition. The Liquor Store sold plenty of wine, of course, but the headier domestic and imported hard stocks had the bigger call. Fancy stuff was popular this season in greater volume than for some time. Aristocratic vintage brandies and champagnes, as well as bonded whiskies in great profusion, passed over the counter destined for parched holiday throats.

The Lingerie Shop had the idea that everybody must have given wearables from the looks of its empty shelves on Christmas Eve, but the Book Shop came back with the reply that in its opinion, books and novelties were the favorite babies. Greeting cards were trundled out by the carload.

Hanscom Bakery and the Food Store, in a friendly spirit of competition, each put in a line of plum puddings and awaited developments. Nothing spectacular happened, except that they both were so busy sending out for new supplies that they neglected to check up on each other. Buyers here also leaned toward the fancy items, French and German cookie and cake knickknacks taking the Bakery popularity prize, while the Food Store had a rushing outgo on its gayly wrapped fruit and nut packages.

The Flower Shop was another spot where work went on and on

while other people were celebrating. Potted plants, particularly poinsettias, were more than ever in demand. Residents, by the way, are falling into the habit of taking the Flower Shop manager into their confidence. Problems of taste, decoration and suitability often come up in the matter of flowers. Patrons of the Shop have discovered that it is able to dispense worth-while advice as well as floral beauty.

With a running start into the New Year, the London Terrace shops think 1936 is about the lushest youngster that has appeared in some time.

### DOCTOR ELLIOTT

*(Continued from page 9)*

Dr. Elliott has lived in London Terrace for three years. It "seduced" him, he says, away from his quarters in Hudson Guild, which were his home for many years. The comforts and conveniences of the Terrace proved a little too much to withstand. He has frequent twinges of guilt about the matter, but he is not one to indulge in being conscience-stricken for any length of time. He confides his enjoyment of his new home in the manner of a boy telling about the thrill of his first smoke out behind the barn. He is one of the Book Shop's best customers. The books he reads are, he says, "philosophy and economics because they are fascinating to me, and mystery stories for recreation." He also enjoys lunching in the Drug Store.

One thing he insisted on, in picking his apartment. It had to be as near Tenth Avenue as possible. He can't sleep, he claims, without at least an echo, now and then of the rumble of the New York Central freight trains. He doesn't like to be too cloistered. Contentment comes only with the sense that people are near, doing the things that people do.

*(This is the fifth of a series of interviews with Terrace residents.)*

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

## SPLASH! SPLASH!

The Terrace Club takes to the water of the Swimming Pool with a resounding splash this month in celebration of its first anniversary. A championship A.A.U. swimming meet on the evening of Wednesday, January 29, puts an official stamp of prestige upon the second year of the Club's existence. Sponsors of the meet are confident that out of it will come possible Olympic Games representatives.

The feature will be the 220-yard free style event for the Senior Metropolitan title. A number of swimmers whose names have been headline material in New York, throughout the country and even in Europe will lash along the water lanes in what promises to be a rip-snorthing clash for the title.

The high board dive for women is an event which has attracted numerous celebrities in the art of gracefully dropping into the water. High Junior and Senior national ratings may undergo some re-vamping as a result of this contest. Another attraction for slithering sea-sprites is the women's 100-yard free style race at scratch. Those who witnessed the hot scramble in the 75-yard free style swim at the meet last month know that when these young mermaids

are dumped into the pool and told to go places, they behave as though the prize were a date with Johnny Weismuller.

A couple of other races which look good for some thrills are the 100-yard back stroke handicap and the 100-yard free style handicap, both for men.

John Dryfuss, W. R. Carter and J. H. Nill, president, managing director and coach, respectively of the Terrace Club, have



SWIMMING POOL AT 415 ST. 415 MAIN ST

been turning aquatic handsprings over the success of their venture. Organized a year ago to develop the fine art of water cavorting, it has grown into one of the strongest amateur swimming clubs in the metropolitan area. Coach Nill has been putting in some skillfull touches developing latent talent into championship material. It is his hope to see Terrace Club colors well recognized in big meets all over the country. Mr. Nill knows his way around a swimming pool about as well as anyone you can name. He holds many records himself, and for thirty years has been active in water sports, both as competitor and coach at West Point.

The Swimming Pool looks like a good place to keep in touch with during 1936.

### LONDON TERRACE FLOWER SHOP

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For All  
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