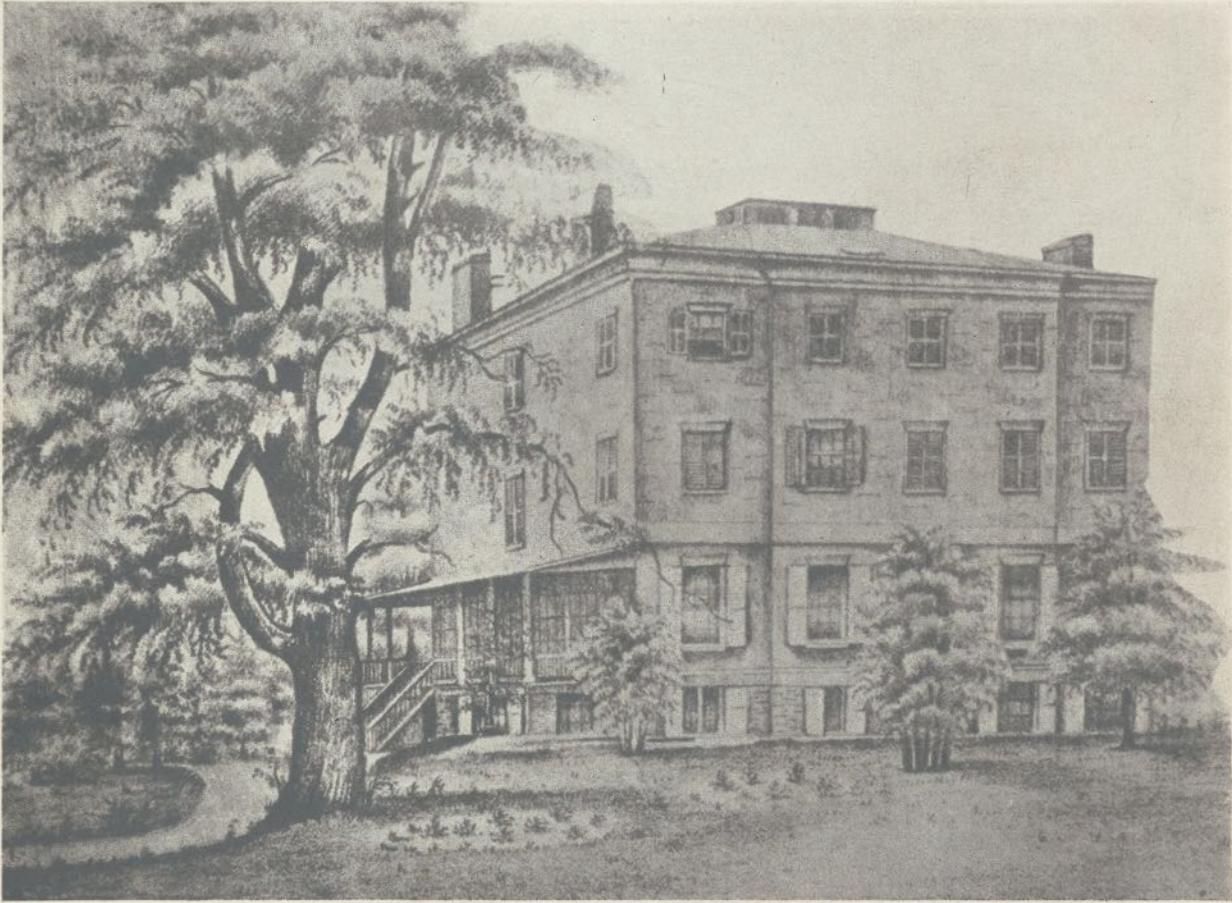


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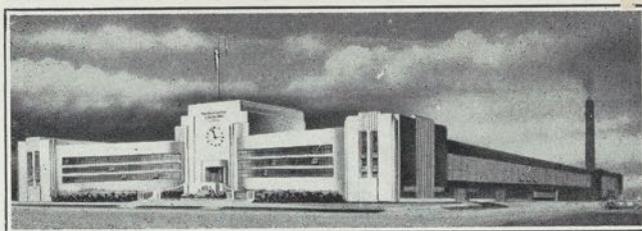
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ANNOUNCING ANOTHER NEW INNOVATION!

BEGINNING Monday, January 10th, 1938,
we will serve with our 85c and \$1.10 dinners
a choice of a glass of Port, Sherry or Sauterne Wine
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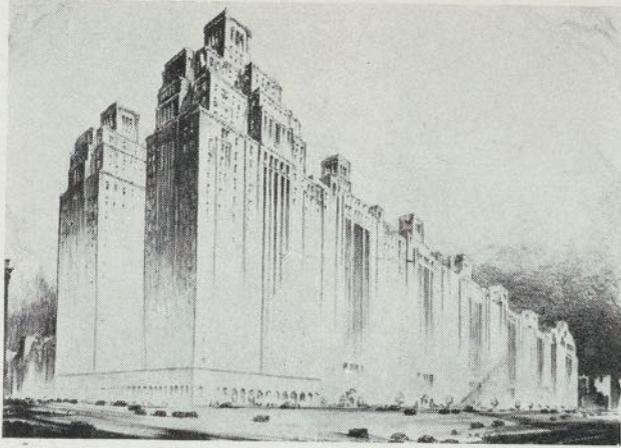
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London Terrace

In Old Chelsea

A HOME WITHIN A CITY—A CITY WITHIN ITSELF

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THESE apartments are ideal for the individual, couple, or small family who wish a home background of taste and individuality for their stay in the city without burdening themselves with long leases or the necessity of buying furniture.

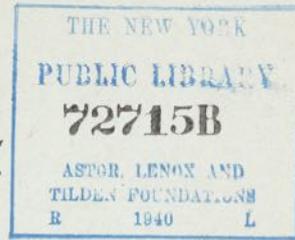
Furnishings are in top-notch condition and are designed for comfortable living in tasteful surroundings.

IF you have friends or relatives who are planning to be in New York why not earn their undying gratitude by telling them about our furnished apartments?

The NEWS of

London Terrace

JANUARY 1938



VOLUME VI

NUMBER 1

Tourney

At hand a press release from the London Terrace Chess Club informing all and sundry that the annual Chess Tournament Championships will break into a heat of activity on the evening of January 19th. All entries should be filed with Jerome Barry before that date. The Tournament is very professionally conducted with seedings, classes, etc., and is expected to take about two months to complete.

Mr. Barry was winner for two years—1935 and 1936. Last year the plume was copped by Edward Martinson, who probably will not defend this year, thus leaving it a wide open race.

Letter

Into the editor's mail bag last month there popped an interesting communication from Chicago which we think deserves to be reprinted. Here it is:

Editor LONDON TERRACE NEWS:

I was pleasantly surprised to receive the LONDON TERRACE NEWS and wish to ask if I might have it sent to me as it is published. I would gladly pay postage.

My recollections of the Terrace will always be pleasant ones, for, never having seen an ocean liner—although I have been on our largest lake boat—I saw the Queen Mary sail majestically up the river to her dock from your

roof deck, thanks to Mrs. Saxe and her kindly hospitality.

Again thanking you,
MRS. W. E. BROWN,
Chicago, Ill.

P.S. from the editor—We'll be glad to send you the NEWS, Mrs. Brown, but under no circumstances will we allow you to pay the postage.

Cover

You may or may not be surprised to learn that the picture on our cover this month is from a photo of a drawing of the Clement Clarke Moore home which stood on the site of present London Terrace and in which he composed his Christmas poem, "A Visit From Saint Nicholas."

The reproduction was lent us by James N. Wells, who have the original drawing hanging on a wall of their office. It portrays an interesting contrast of the days



that are gone and the days that are here, as well as its historical significance.

Economics

Residents who are interested in social science and economics will be glad to know that a new year class of the Henry George School of Social Science is being organized. The first session will be held Wednesday, January 19th.

This School, founded on the principles expounded by Henry George and considered a classic in fundamental economics, first put a class in the Terrace last Fall. It was so enthusiastically attended that the second one was made possible.

Application blanks are being distributed. If you are interested in joining, please fill out the card.

CHELSEA Charities, resident organization formed for the purpose of year round work among families of this district, is all set for a new year of activity. On November 29th, a meeting was held to elect officers for the coming twelve months.

The following officers were elected: Wilfred S. Robinson, Chairman; Florence D. Wills, Treasurer; Helen Cameron, Secretary. House chairmen and committees will be selected later as soon as the officers have made an outline of the activities for the year.

TO OUR TENANTS:

Another one of our delightful Christmas Parties has come and gone. To us this annual community festival has come to typify so completely both the spirit of Christmas and of London Terrace and its residents that it seems fitting to put into writing a little of our feeling about it.

We have seen the Party grow from a simple memorial in honor of Clement Clarke Moore to an event which is known from one end of the country to the other. Two things impress us, however, much more than the size and importance of the undertaking. One is the fact that regardless of how it all started the annual festival is now entirely tenant-inspired and carried through. The other is the inclusion of our less fortunate neighbors in the festivities.

Those of us who have lived long in the Terrace do not need to be reminded that our early years were not marked by any great amount of good will from our outside neighbors. We were made to feel as interlopers in many unpleasant ways. That this attitude during the last two or three years has undergone a distinct change for the better is due in large part to the benefits which the Christmas Party has spread into the homes of our Chelsea neighbors. We are interlopers no longer, but members of a community with the best interests of that community at heart. We have by our own efforts made our residential district a more pleasant, more harmonious place in which to live, not only for the ones we have helped, but for ourselves as well.

Nothing gives us greater happiness than the realization that this pleasant state of affairs has also been accomplished by Terrace residents through their own efforts rather than through the carefully-devised plans of the Management. There are many among us whose unselfish, untiring efforts typify most clearly the tenant inspiration which has made the Christmas Party the very fine thing that it is.

And now as we wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year we would like you to know that you have made us immensely proud that we are a part of this progressive spirited community. We look back upon the year that is past, and forward to the year that is to come, with a sense of lasting accomplishment.

WM. A. WHITE & SONS.

NEW YEAR CONVERSATION PIECE

A couple of neighborhood boys get together for an illuminating chat

OLD Papa Chelsea scooped out the last drop of the New Year's eggnogg, tucked his mustachios under his Christmas scarf and announced to Mrs. Chelsea that he was going to pop over and visit his eight-year-old grandson, London Terrace.

Mrs. Chelsea sniffed. "That upstart," she said. "He's a nice lad and all that, but I always have thought you were a little overfond of him."

"Nonsense, my dear," replied Papa Chelsea. "He's a very modern child but you have to expect that these days and I think, take it all in all, he's a distinct credit to us. Nothing like a good shot of new sap to stir up the old family tree now and then. With all his new ideas he's adapted himself very well to our old traditions of neighborliness, good cheer and comfortable living. Personally, I think he's just what the doctor ordered."

"Of course, dear, you're right," said Mrs. Chelsea, who had learned her wifely lessons well after all these years, "you always are. Run along now and have a good time, but don't mix your drinks."

Papa Chelsea made no answer to this, but scooted on over into the next block. There he found his grandson, L. T., making the last entries in his 1937 diary.

"Hello pop," L. T. said, "have one on me. What's new?"

"The year," replied Pop Chelsea, and they both had a good laugh over that one. "Let's get our conversation over so we can start tying one on."

"I suppose," said L. T., "you want me to shower down with a lot of gab about what a good boy I've been and all I've accomplished since last New Year's, don't you?"

"Not necessarily. I can get that out of your diary. I should like to know something about



the state of your soul, assuming that you modern youngsters have such things."

"We certainly do—but indubitably. And during the year that is past, mine began to mellow a bit and mature, so to speak. My managing agents, William A. White and Sons, have noticed it too and have encouraged my tenants to start and manage a number of enterprises around here that have been very good for my soul.

"You see from the time I was born I wanted to be different. I wanted my tenants to feel that I was more than just a very good place in which to live. I wanted them to feel that they were living in a community of friends and neighbors. Many people like that feeling you know Pop, even when they pretend to be very aloof in the acquired New York manner.

"This year more than any other previous year I have noticed that attitude growing among my tenants, Pop. It is something they had to develop themselves. All I could do was to provide the proper setting and facilities and see what they'd do

about it. And I must say they've come through very nicely. I've never seen so many people live so close together and get as much fun out of it as they're doing here.

"And that's about as much as I can put into words about the state of my soul, Pop. What do you think of it?"

Papa Chelsea stroked his mustachios happily. "I think it's just fine, my boy. You've more than justified my faith in you. Keep up the good work in 1938."

"It's the tenants who have to keep up the good work, Pop, not me."

"They will. I'm sure they will. And now let me look at that diary of yours to check up on what you've been doing this year and then we'll settle down for a little celebration."

L. T. handed over the diary. Pop took it and here is what he read; the record for L. T.'s 1937.

January—Terrace tots skate for Fox newsreel; new Tenth Avenue traffic light does stuff; Spence School of Swimming pitches tent in Pool; employees,

(Continued on page 17)

THEY SAY IT IN FRENCH

WE stopped around to the 465 Building the other day to pay a visit to Mme. Anna Fregosi and the Ecole Maternelle Francaise and had the time of our life. In a French school a visitor is not treated with the studied lack of attention that obtains in American schools.

Before we had even removed our hat and coat we were being curtsied to all over the place and welcomed by the children in the French language. Mme. Fregosi and her two assistants kept up a rapid-fire of orders and explana-

ever since. They are in the Terrace this year while a complete new building is being constructed on the Twenty-eighth Street site.

The School takes the children from the age of three on up. All classes are of course conducted in French and special attention is paid to French history and customs. At seven years, the children divide their time between New York public schools and Maternelle, the latter supervising their recreational time and serving a certain number of meals—French meals of course, with



Photo by Murray Collins

A portion of the School in its Terrace home

tions in true Gallic style and children, one by one and in twos and threes came up to extend personal greetings. The smallest one was introduced and the largest one, and the one who was half Irish and half French, and the one who was half German and half French. They were all very pleasant and very polite and sounded as though they meant it when they said "Come back again and see us, please."

In between conversations we found out from Mme. Fregosi a little about her school. It isn't hers, really; officially she is merely the principal, but it is easy to see that her personality and guidance have made it what it is. She has been with the School ever since it first started in 1904. It was on West 19th Street for a time, then moved up to West Twenty-eighth, where it has been

long French rolls and onion soup. The School has an enrollment of 125 pupils and some of them are the sons and daughters of Mme. Fregosi's original pupils. She is looking forward to grandchildren in the not too distant future.

We looked into the spacious kitchen to see luncheon being prepared and when we came out again we found the children all lined up ready to sing for us. The first number was Marseillaise and the second and concluding one was The Star-Spangled Banner, sung in English and in which we joined, much to the delight of the pupils.

"My children speak French and English equally well," explained Mme. Fregosi, making us feel like an illiterate. We did manage to get out an "Au revoir" before we left and were complimented on our pronunciation,

which was all that was needed to make the visit a perfect one.

Mme. Fregosi wanted it made clear that the School welcomes visitors and we highly recommend a visit to the Ecole Maternelle Francaise for a diverting and instructing hour or so.

APPRECIATION

THE art of correspondence is still included in modern educational curricula. As witness is the letter below written by members of the London Terrace School in recognition of a Christmas gift.

London Terrace School
470 West 24th Street
New York City
December 15 1937

Dear Mr. Barroni:
We the Pupils of London Terrace School
Wish to thank you for the lovely fish
that you sent us

We all hope that you
have a very Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

Sincerely Yours
Peggy Anne
McIntosh
George Ballard
JILL ROTH
Adele Schayler

The School, by the way, under Miss Delia Truman, is coming along very nicely, thank you and aside from the disappointment of its small members in being prevented by rain from appearing in the Garden at the Christmas Party is facing the new year with courage and confidence.

Incidentally, Miss Truman informs us that children of nursery age are eligible to enter at any time and she welcomes inspection of the facilities of the school by parents and children.

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.

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"GOOD afternoon, ladies and gentlemen—yes, here we are in the midst of a real Christmas Party . . ." With those words John B. Gambling, famous announcer, started off the official ceremonies which put the London Terrace Christmas Party on the air for 1937.

We were in the midst of a Party all right. We were also in



*Burgess Meredith:
He read the poem*

the midst of a rain—a rain which came pelting down in mid-afternoon, necessitating many last minute changes of plans. But it takes more than a shower to dampen the spirit of a Terrace Christmas Party and as 1937 is consigned to its rightful limbo it carries with it the memory of one of the finest festivals we have ever enjoyed.

The rain couldn't spoil the impressive appearance of the Garden; the huge fifty-foot tree with its myriad of colored lights, the handsome wreaths decorating the Garden plaques, the strung bulbs, the thousands of lighted candles shining from darkened Terrace windows. It couldn't spoil the delightful recitation of "A Visit From Saint Nicholas" by Burgess

Terrace Party routs rain with colorful program for guests, residents, listeners

Meredith, our guest stage star of the afternoon. It couldn't spoil the fun for our 500 neighborhood guest children, who enjoyed the double pleasure this year of gifts from our tenants and a movie and puppet show at the Terrace Theatre. Most of all it couldn't spoil the fine feeling of unselfish accomplishment enjoyed by the many Terrace residents who gave time, money, gifts and talent in order that Christmas Day might contain some measure of happiness for those who were unable to provide it for themselves.

And that of course is the key to the success of our annual Christmas Party—the fact that it is a great cooperative endeavor in which we all combine to give honor to Dr. Clement Clarke Moore for his immortal poem and to render holiday service to neighbors who otherwise would be lacking in holiday cheer.

The groundwork of the Party was, as always, laid weeks in advance of the actual event. In the forefront of the work was Chelsea Charities, resident organization which carries charitable activities into neighborhood homes all the year round. Assigned to the actual investigation of hundreds of homes and the compiling of names of children to be invited to the Party was Mrs. Ethel Nugent, our playroom supervisor, who spent weeks in making visits and obtaining information concerning the needs of the families to be helped.

Next in order was the appeal to tenants for gifts of food, toys and money to be distributed to the children. Ten days or two weeks before Christmas, the large job of wrapping and sorting these

gifts was begun by a number of volunteer resident lady workers, again supervised by Mrs. Nugent. These ladies—space prevents the deserved mention of all of their names—were cheered on in their daily task by luncheons prepared and donated by the Royal Scarlet Store. The Book Store donated the wrapping paper; an important item because it was used as a distinguishing mark for the types of gifts. Presents for boys were enclosed in red tissue, those for girls in green and those suitable



*Murray Collins
Mrs. and Mr. Santa:
They were rained out*

for either in white. There were no Johnny MacGuires who received nice large talking dolls, as sometimes happened in years past.

During the middle of the week before Christmas the tree arrived; the largest we have ever enjoyed, a magnificent fifty-footer presented with the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Masson, residents, who also gave the two

large wreaths used to decorate the Garden plaques. The tricky job of jousting the tree from the street into the Garden was negotiated by a capable Terrace staff of workmen under the guidance of Mr. Lawrence—one of the many tasks performed with spirit and verve by our employees in connection with the Party.

The actual program, both on and off the air was one of the most well-balanced, colorful ones we have ever presented. Station WJZ of the National Broadcasting Co. lined up their intricate detail well in advance. The popular John B. Gambling, as master of ceremonies, with his assistant Jack Byrne successfully combined professional efficiency with the informal, friendly note that dominates the Party.

The Bobby Chorus and St. Peter's Choir, permanent features of the Party, were augmented in a musical way this year by students from the Terrace French School, Ecole Maternelle Francaise and the London Terrace School for children. The respect-

COMING!



tive leaders of these schools, Mme. Anna Fregosi and Miss Delia Truman worked with their children under the musical direction of Mrs. Rosalind Wood, director of St. Peter's Choir who had charge of the musical part of the program and trained the Bobby Chorus.

A few days before Christmas

came the news that the reading of the Moore poem was to be undertaken by Burgess Meredith, named by many critics as the finest young actor on the American stage today. His name on the program and his super-excellent reading of "A Visit From Saint Nicholas" did much to gain the Party wide attention.

By three o'clock on the afternoon of the day before Christmas Twenty-third Street was jammed with over half a thousand youngsters on their way to the Terrace Theatre as guests of the operators of the Theatre, Brandt and Brandt and its house manager Mr. Dureen, who thus celebrated

COMING!



their first season in our neighborhood by wholeheartedly entering into the spirit of a Chelsea Christmas. The children saw a special performance of holiday films, a performance on the stage of Nicola's puppets and an overture by the Bugle and Drum Corps of Boy Scout Troop 318.

About this time, too, the rain started, raising consternation among those in charge of proceedings, who saw their well-laid plans being washed away. First pessimistic feelings were smoothed out in a conference with radio officials who are used to that sort of thing and knew how to proceed. The Renting Office was

turned into a broadcasting studio for the afternoon, a few changes were made in the script and the scene was set with a minimum of confusion.

Most disappointed were Miss Truman's school children who were denied the pleasure of acting as reindeer and hauling the

UP!!!



Photos by Murray Collins

juvenile Mr. and Mrs. Santa in their sleigh out into the Garden as a feature of the proceedings. Santa Jacques Mazourieux and Mrs. Santa Bobbie Lou Prager had their feelings assuaged somewhat by having their picture taken in costume, so the day was not an entire failure for them.

By 4:30 the children were back from the Theatre and with the assistance of the same Boy Scout troop which had helped entertain them were brought into Miss Flynn's downstairs dining-room to await their entrance into the Garden. The rain didn't mean a thing to them; they were as eager and excited as though the skies were clear. As a matter of fact by the time they came into the Garden the rain had slackened so that there were very few wet feet or heads.

At 4:45 we were on the air with an appropriate introduction by Mr. Gambling. The first
(Continued on page 18)

HER PROFESSION IS READING WRITING

IT seems a little odd at first glance to link, psychologically, the professions of playwriting and graphology, but Miss Shirley Spencer is sure they have common roots of inspiration. She ought to know because she is a practical psychologist and an eminent graphologist; that is, one who analyzes character from handwriting. And she also ought to know because it was her urge to become a playwright that led her into her present profession.

A number of years ago Miss Spencer—her name was Spence then, but that's not important—left her native New England, bound for New York, Columbia University and the THEATRE. An amateur actress, the stage was in her blood and she was going to make it her life work. She was going to act and write and produce perhaps. At Columbia she enrolled in playwriting and journalism courses and—what turned out to be more important—psychology courses. She did the usual things: wrote plays, acted in summer companies, hob-nobbed with people of the stage, wrote poetry at times.

As time went on she grew to realize that her interest in the theatre was a means, not an end. Her real interest was in people; what they thought and did and why. The stage is an appalling taskmaster, its rewards few, its heartbreaks many. Miss Spencer's knowledge of psychology and her writing ability began to put commercial opportunities within her grasp. She started



with a series of character sketches as a promotion for a big commercial paper house and wound up as a poetry page editor for the New York Sun.

It was about this time that her studies of psychology drew her into handwriting analysis. It fascinated her. Her playwriting bent thrilled over the "plot" in each handwriting specimen. She started analyzing the handwriting of friends and acquaintances in an amateur way. Her reputation spread until she was offered a job with Street & Smith, the pulp magazine publishers, to run pages in several of their publications. She did that for ten years, up until a few months

ago, and collected what is probably one of the largest files of handwritings in the world today.

Stories poured across her desk daily—mostly sad stories because people don't write to psychologists and analysts when they are happy. At first she thought, "what fine material to write plays about. This is an insight into human feeling and emotion that is invaluable." She jotted down notes and outlined plots, but never did much about them. She decided later that the reason was that her creative urge was being fulfilled in helping these people work out their problems of living. She was helping to live life, not just setting it down on paper.

She still thinks she may write the great American novel or play sometime, but if she doesn't she won't be too disappointed. During the last few years she has had any number of interesting jobs to do. For three years she has run a feature for the New York Daily News which is syndicated. She is counsel to a number of personnel and employment managers of big business firms. She has worked with prison wardens and heads of insane asylums. Psychology professors from several large American universities have asked her aid in working out the

(Continued on page 16)

Sincere yours

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Tallulah Bankhead

Two of many signatures in Miss Spencer's collection:

Tallulah Bankhead—"Typical actress' script; shows emotionalism, personality."

E. Phillips Oppenheim—"Typical writer's script; concentrated, mental."

Lady at Leisure



NEW Year's resolutions are usually made to be broken but I have decided upon the unique idea of making a resolution not to break my resolutions. The most important one is to allow myself more time for everything. Instead of leaving my apartment at 10:40 P. M. Sunday morning and getting to church at 10:58 P. M. with two minutes to go (I sing in Church during some of my moments of Leisure) I shall henceforth leave at 10:35 P. M. Of course that will not give me time to stop and pick daisies en route but it will not be quite such a dash. In a less flippant tone I might add that this high gear in which most of us New Yorkers travel is usually quite unnecessary and can, and does, bring about some unpleasantly serious results. It is just as easy to get up 15 minutes earlier—don't contradict, it isn't polite—or be extra generous and make it a half hour. I know how hard it is to pull the body out on these coolish mornings, especially if you got a beautiful "Down Puff" for Christmas once referred to as a "Comfortable" and in the good old days called just plain "Quilt." (P. S.: I got a "Puff.") Those Goose Feathers certainly have a persuasive way with them and do encourage you to linger in the bed. But it is so nice to ponder over coffee and rolls and stop for a second cup without having heart failure over the prospect of missing the subway-train-that-you-must-catch—or else.

Speaking of beds — you know the kind you see in the movies—the ones that are wider than they

are long? If you don't go to the movies, you can see one on Madison Avenue at about 53rd street, if my memory serves me correctly. I always have an insane desire to break the window of that Madison shop and crawl in under the covers. Well, I actually touched one of those beds, right here in London Terrace. And the owner confided in me that it was not a new bed but two twin beds with the head and baseboard removed. By putting

them side by each and covering with a huge bed cover—hers was a heavenly shade of peach satin, with long bolster pillow effect—you could fool anyone into thinking that you had the newest thing in sleeping equipment. Our carpenter shop could contribute a headboard and footboard, if you want these added attractions. A bed of this type would just about fill most New York apartment bedrooms. But of course, *London Terrace* bedrooms are different—I better not get started on *that!*

I want to tell you about a "Converted Coffee Table" which undoubtedly was once a stately, tall hall table that held up the family rubber tree in the days of its youth. A friend of mine bought it at an auction up near Poughkeepsie. It was made of the finest Walnut—the oblong top was one solid piece, the legs beautifully



"Sorry I'm late again, Mr. Magdy, I've been over-sleeping ever since I bought one of our de luxe mattresses."

**HELEN
Lynch**

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carved, a la Duncanyfe in shape. I turned over this high, old-fashioned piece of furniture, first to the Carpenter Shop to be cut down, then to Barney, the wizard of the Furniture-Refinishing Department here at the Terrace where his magic hand did the rest. The result was the slickest looking above mentioned Coffee Table that you would be likely to see anywhere. It took all my will power to pass it on to my very dear friend as her Christmas present and I had practically to tear it out of the hands of relatives and friends who had a preview showing. The point is that you may have a table very much like this one right in your apartment or up in the family attic. If you know your Third and Second Avenue second-hand shops you may find something similar there.

Getting back to the timely subject of New Year's Resolutions, reminds me that I haven't mentioned too loud radios, piano playing and tap dancing that may please you greatly but may not be enjoyed quite so much by your neighbor below. I know that you know what I mean so I will just add that well known proverb, "If the shoe fits put it on." I never did find out what you are supposed to do if it doesn't fit.

And speaking of proverbs this is on my list of things to remember during the coming year. "The Secret of popularity is always to remember what to forget."

TEAM WORK

MONDAY Nights in the Penthouse swung into its new year with a bang on January 10th. R. L. Veryard was up in front as speaker on the subject, "Can the Rising Sun Swallow the Dragon?" which naturally had to do with the disturbances in the Orient. A lively discussion followed.

On January 17th another timely subject will be on tap — "Germany, a Nation Terrorized," with Dr. Gerhart H. Seger on the speaking end.

The popular success of Monday Nights has been due to the interest aroused in the topics discussed, the fine speakers who have been present and the cooperation and team work accorded these discussion sessions by residents and friends. Mr. Roland L. Stratford, whose idea it was originally, and who has given much of his time and organizing experience to develop it, has been immensely pleased with the manner in which tenants have responded, thus proving that such a function is needed and desired here at the Terrace.

For a bang-up 1938 season residents are urged to send in suggestions for speakers and subjects, because it is only in this way that the cooperative features of the evenings can be sustained. And for those residents who have not yet attended, it is time of

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**LET US MAKE IT A *HAPPY NEW YEAR*
FOR YOU**

By re-covering or repairing your upholstered furniture!
By making those new draperies, curtains and slip covers that
you are about to order!

**REMNANT SALE! PIECES OF UP-
HOLSTERY AND DRAPERY MATE-
RIAL SUITABLE FOR SCARFS
AND PILLOWS. SOME YARDAGE**

LONDON TERRACE UPHOLSTERY SHOP
Lower corridor 455 Building
House Telephone

**LONDON TERRACE
FLOWER SHOP**

Flowers

For All

Occasions

**HOUSE PLANTS
and POTTERY**

**DRESSMAKING
and
ALTERATIONS**

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

course that they took advantage
of their opportunities.

The time is 8:40 P.M. every
Monday evening; the place the
Penthouse Club in the 470 Build-
ing. For subjects to be discussed
each week, please watch the
bulletin board between the ele-
vators in your Building.

IN, OUT

THE boys in the Terrace
Package Rooms came up to
the wire on January 1st panting
with statistics and hard work
and when the comptometer oper-
ators were all through, here is
what transpired:

Twenty-third Street Package
Room; Incoming packages for
1937, 73,177. Outgoing, 11,745.
Total, 84,922.

Twenty-fourth Street Package
Room; Incoming packages for
1937, 73,478. Outgoing, 10,357.
Total, 83,835.

This puts the combined num-
ber of packages handled at about
4,000 over the number in 1936.
It also puts the Twenty-fourth
Street boys on top for incoming
and underneath for outgoing
which just about evens that up.
It also goes to show that the
boys have their hands full, but
aren't complaining.

Mr. Roberts in the Mail Room
reports approximately 126,000
pieces of first class mail and
packages handled in the Mail
Room during December; an in-
crease of 1,000 over last year.
This of course is exclusive of the
mail which cleared direct to the
Building mail boxes.

Mr. Roberts wanted us to call
attention to the fact again that
mail delivery is expedited by at
least twenty-four hours when it
is addressed to the Building. We
explained that people couldn't
very well write prospective gift
givers explaining that their pres-
ent should be sent to the Build-
ing number. He agreed, but still
wanted us to put in about having
the mail addressed to the Build-
ing, so we have done it.

It *will* help if correspondents
understand that "London Ter-
race" is not a completely correct
address.

**POSTAL
TELEGRAPH**

**MAINTAINS IN
LONDON TERRACE**

**AN
EXCLUSIVE
OFFICE**

FOR YOUR SERVICE

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

Simply ask for
POSTAL TELEGRAPH
on your House Phone

Call on us for your theatre
tickets and airplane reserva-
tions. They are part of
POSTAL TELEGRAPH'S
regular services.

Shop Shots



SHOPPING after Christmas has always been somewhat of a problem for me as I am usually handicapped by that condition known in banking circles as "N. F." But in case there is anything left after the January bills have been paid, I suggest thinking about yourself and your house. Just pick up your house telephone and call

The Upholstery Shop and Carpenter Shop

where broken down chairs take a new lease on life and love seats become lovely again. And why not make the old davenport a little more comfortable for Aunt Maggie to sleep on. You know she's going to continue to come to visit you regardless of the bumps in the springs.

Elizabeth Flynn

is a very useful member of the Terrace family and can relieve you of the extra work due to Aunt Maggie and other out-of-town visitors who are bound to show up ever so often. Most of said visitors are very welcome but it is something of a task to prepare three meals a day for four or more when the usual family counts up to two. I know that the Restaurant has saved my life, entertainingly speaking, on many occasions. The dining room is so attractive—the view of the Garden never fails to impress—the music is just soft enough not to interfere with hearing the latest news from home, and last but not least, the food is of the best. Most people get plenty of eating at home when they are *at home* so you are generally pretty safe in taking them out to dine.

The Food Shop

has sent out a *flash* that seems worth broadcasting. By the time you read this a Steam Table, similar to those used in Cafeterias, will be added to the many other features down in the Royal Scarlet store. You can now arrive home at 6:10 P. M., stop at 24th and 9th Avenue, pick up your hot, home-made chicken soup, steaming spaghetti, or piping hot Lamb Stew, or any other of the variety of cooked foods all ready for your table, giving you time to get to the movies by 7:10 P. M. if you leave the dishes in the sink. Sounds like a grand solution to the food problem for busy business people or late shoppers.

The Housekeeping Department

can help you in so many ways other than just along the domestic lines expected, such as housecleaning and dish-washing. Expert catering services are obtainable and anything from a cocktail party for 50 down to a dinner party for four can be taken off your hands, leaving all your time and thought for your guests. Mrs. Wimberly also has some girls on her list who qualify as Practical Nurses. Even if it's only a nasty cold, it's pretty nice just to crawl in between the covers and let someone else fix a tasty meal, give you an alcohol rub and tuck you in for the night. Or getting back to the more conventional end of this department, these maids will come in and transfer the most upset kind of an apartment into an orderly, immaculate one and all this work is done in a record length of time. Two

hours, or in other words, one dollar, will accomplish this unless you have wrecked your place the night before and of course that never happens in London Terrace—except on New Year's Eve maybe!

The Laundry and Valet

come to one's mind along with household duties. Most everyone knows about these long established services but for those who do not use these House Concessions, it is suggested that you give them a fair trial. Both the Laundry and Valet are almost entirely dependent on Terrace residents so it's only common sense for them to out-do themselves in the way of prompt and efficient service. You all know that you can send your favorite dress to the cleaners in the morning and have it fresh and clean for the big date that night. You really only need one dress—if your husband is reading, I didn't say a word. In fact on second thought I think you should call

Mr. Loeb, The Tailor

and have him measure you for a new and always smart tailored suit or dress. One attractive couple have suits made to match—the only difference is that Mrs. R. weighs just 100 pounds and "the Dr." tips the scales at 260. As I have mentioned many times before, Mr. Loeb not only makes new things but can do wonders with the not-so-new ones. I regret to say that I have had experience only with the latter but I am saving my pennies for a nice Spring suit and I plan to have it all ready for that Spring that is said to be not far away

72715B



DR. LEON ROTH
announces the removal of
**THE CHELSEA DOG &
 CAT HOSPITAL**
 to a Modern Building Completely
 Equipped to Render Every
 Veterinary Service.
 303 West 20th Street
 WAtkins 9-6963

**THE PENTHOUSE
 DUPLICATE
 BRIDGE CLUB
 SCHEDULE**
Beginners Duplicate
 Tuesday, 1:45 P.M.
Instruction for Beginners
 Thursday, 1:45 P.M.
Advanced Duplicate
 Tuesday { First Section
 7:30 P.M.
 Thursday { Second Section
 8:30 P.M.
 Saturday {
 Saturday, 2:15 P.M.
GLADYSE GRAVES STARK
 470 Building Penthouse

CH 3-1085 Est. over 66 Years
Geo. Nockin's Sons
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
 Diamonds, Watches, Clocks
 Silverware and Fine Jewelry
 REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
 Open Evenings Until 7 P.M.
 Saturdays 9 P.M.
 ●
 252 EIGHTH AVENUE
 One door from S. E. Cor. 23rd
 We Have No Branch Store

from that Winter that has not yet arrived. However lots can happen in two weeks so we may be waist deep in snow by the time this reaches you NEWS readers.

The Book Shop

suggests interesting books for these long evenings, now that the Holiday festivities have become only a memory. Nothing like a good blood curdling murder to make you forget most anything. Or if you didn't get plenty of writing paper for Christmas, better stock up and write all those letters that you should have written in 1937.

Which reminds me that I should be using this typewriter for just that—personal letters. I know that it is not too good taste to write such epistles in this way but I always think up some excuse for so doing. Now I better get busy and think up a good one to tell my boss if he catches me.

Here's hoping that 1938 will bring you all of the things that you want most.

Yours truly,
 YOUR SHOP SHOOTER.

HANDWRITING

(Continued from page 11)

relation of handwriting to personal psychology. She has a tremendous amount of private correspondence from all over the world. She lives in London Terrace because it is quiet, convenient and insures utmost privacy when she needs it.

And what is it all about? What is there in this handwriting stuff, anyway? How can anyone tell what a person is like from his or her handwriting?

Just this, says Miss Spencer, without being asked to disclose any trade secrets. Handwriting stems directly from the emotions and thought habits. Every light and heavy stroke, every finish to

a word, every connecting line between letters, every shortcut in execution, has a story to tell about the writer. From experience and knowledge of fundamental principles and psychology the trained observer can translate these signals into traits of personality and thought.

Can't a person disguise handwriting? Certainly, says Miss Spencer, but not for any sustained length of time. Sooner or later natural traits of writing crop out which are at variance with the disguise and tip the hand to the graphologist. And the obvious things that people do, like changing to backhand from perpendicular, don't mean a thing. Variations of pressure on the pen are one of the most important clues and these are extremely hard to disguise. What is popularly known as "good" and "bad" writing isn't important either. A villain and wife-beater may "write a beautiful hand," but will give himself away with other handwriting characteristics.

The frivolous attitude accorded graphology by responsible American scientists is undergoing a change, Miss Spencer says. She is looking forward to the time when it will be an accredited profession in this country as it has been in several European countries for many years. Over there a graphologist is licensed the same as a doctor or lawyer, must undergo training and examination in order to obtain the license. She's not overly impatient, however. She knows it's a comparative new science in this country and recognition takes time.

BEATRICE E. MADDEN, R. N.
 announces the re-opening of her office
 for the practice of colonic therapy at
 415 WEST 23RD STREET
 London Terrace, Apt. 2D, CHelsea 3-0947
 By Appointment Only
 If no answer CHelsea 3-7000

NEW YEAR

(Continued from page 7)

tenants give nobly for Red Cross flood relief.

February—Tenants, doormen, Package Room combine to squash fake C.O.D. racket; Elizabeth Flynn delivers music with food in her justly famous restaurants; dear me was *that* a short month.

March—Bridge Club zooms into third year; Miss Constantine reassembles, redecorates, recoordinates her Health Farm; Liquor Store unblushingly accepts prize from Electrical Association for window display.

April—First anniversary of Twenty-third Street buses, don't tell me you don't *remember* when they had trolleys; bridge benefit reaps money for Chelsea Charities, fun for players and guests; Garden gets first Spring interview, likes it; Monday Nights in the Penthouse opens to capacity, cheering crowds.

May—Hole in the ground opened for Terrace Theatre; Bobbies advance chests for service awards; Spring Fever Falls Four Hundred Blocks.

June—Marine Deck takes place in sun; Chess Club adjourns second successful season; Garden huge success, receives plane trees and geraniums; Bridal Bouquets Bash Bridesmaids' Beezers.

July—Garden Jamboree makes much fun, money, sends 60 Chelsea children to summer camps; Twenty-third Street goes gay with Flynn's sidewalk cafe.

August—WOR broadcasts "Let's Visit" program from Terrace apartments; well, well, it'll soon be Fall.

September—Terrace Post-Office born with becoming ceremonies; bowlers buzz brightly as National Bowling Recreation Arena opens on Eighth Avenue; office force goes British with daily afternoon tea, ditto residents in Penthouse Club.

October—Monday Nights re-

sumes, ditto Spence School; Terrace School for tots expands to include Primary grades; Organization Service Associates celebrate first anniversary; Movers-in welcomed, Stayers-in smirk smugly.

November—Terrace Theatre opens cheery doors to cheerful public; Ten Thousand Turks Turn Tail Tearfully.

December—Christmas Party delights despite deluge; Old Year bows gracefully to inevitable; NEWS editor spends day writing this story, muses on fleeting time, resolves to do Christmas shopping early next year.

**EXCLUSIVE
MILLINERY
Hats Altered**

BETTY WILBUR
Apt. 6-H 410 Building
House phone or CHelsea 3-5990

STANDARD BRANDS

Mojud Clariphane and
Gotham Gold Stripe
Silk Hosiery
Genuine Seamprufe Slips
Kayser Gloves
Maiden Form Brassieres

MEN'S WEAR

Van Heusen Shirts and
Pajamas
Interwoven Socks
Otis Shirts and Shorts
Superba Cravats
Hickok Belts and Suspenders
Paris Garters — Sealpacker-
chiefs
Duons—One Piece Under-
wear

LONDON TERRACE APPAREL SHOP

405 West 23rd Street
House Phone or CHelsea 3-8169
Accessories for Men and Women

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

EDWARD M. DITOLLA, M.D.
445 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
Riverside 9-8703 and CHelsea 3-6677

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

IN A HURRY?

Just ask for our

SAME DAY CLEANING — NO DISAPPOINTMENTS
for we clean on our premises in London Terrace

Ask about our **CUSTOM CLEANING** — the finest possible.
Recommended for your better clothes.

SO CONVENIENT — Simply call **VALET** on House Phone

LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS **TAILORS - - - - FURRIERS**

410 Building (Store)

415 Building (Lower Corridor)

XMAS PARTY

(Continued from page 10)

musical feature was the singing of "Jingle Jingle," with words and music by resident Alta Vera Arnold by the Ecole Maternelle Francaise with solo work by Miss Dorothy Hanna of St. Peter's.

Mr. Barton next stepped to the microphone with a few welcoming remarks, followed by Mr. Wm. J. Demorest, 1st Vice-President of Wm. A. White and Sons, who spoke of the pleasure he derived from his connection with this annual event. He was followed by the twenty voices of St. Peter's Choir in a beautiful rendition of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." After another short introduction by Mr. Gambling, Mr. Meredith presented his superb reading of "A Visit From Saint Nicholas," against a background of "Silent Night" from St. Peter's Choir.

The Bobby Chorus braved the dampness to appear in the Garden resplendent in crimson-lined capes

carrying picturesque lighted torches and sang a new Christmas hymn of Stowkowsky's, "When Christ Was Born of Mary Free."

Just after this Santa Claus came to view atop the 470 Building baring his beard to the spotlight and his entrance was duly described over the microphone. The St. Peter's Choir sang "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," Mr. Gambling made his concluding remarks and the broadcast was over.

Festivities were just beginning for the kids, however. The neighborhood guests were ushered into the Garden to receive stockings of fruit, nuts, dates, figs and candy from Santa Claus at the tree—fruit which was donated by Mr. John White, Mrs. Elizabeth Caliger, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wilkins, all residents, and The Voice of Experience of radio fame. They then went into Santa Claus' Post Office in the 465 Building to receive their other resident-donated gifts.

At the same time the children

of tenants and employees were being entertained in Elizabeth Flynn's downstairs dining-room by Miss Sophia Cioru and her Kiddie Revue. After the entertainment they were treated to gifts from the Management and to ice cream and cake from Elizabeth and Carolyn Flynn.

Also among the many who helped make the Party a success should be mentioned Mr. Schramm of Chelsea Storage who donated the organ used for the broadcast, Widenbach and Brown for the electric lights used for the Twenty-fourth Street trees and Miss Betty Shannon for her advice and aid and information.

So was concluded another London Terrace Christmas Party. The electric lights winked on in the Garden apartment windows as the members of our community resumed their private Christmas Eve activities. Another interlude of charitable companionship was ended as the "Night Before Christmas" got off to another auspicious start.