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London Terrace News



"Yes, we are expecting you."

JANUARY

1939

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ACE NEWS

The Excelsior Garage Management takes this occasion to express sincere appreciation for the loyal patronage of the London Terrace motorists, — pledges — for 1939 — to maintain the special exclusive features of service for its tenants.

Authorized by London Terrace Management

SPECIAL EXCELSIOR FEATURES

- DIRECT CONNECTION THROUGH YOUR HOUSE PHONE
- PROMPT DELIVERY AND PICK-UP—DAY OR NIGHT
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- 24 HOURS REPAIR SERVICE
- REPAIRS CHARGED ON YOUR MONTHLY BILL
- COMPLETE REPAIRS—ON ALL MAKES OF CARS
- EXPERT MECHANICS—EFFICIENT SERVICE
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"If it's on wheels we can make it run"

A New Service
Pillows Cleaned and Sanitized
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LONDON TERRACE LAUNDRY

425 BUILDING

LOWER CORRIDOR

After the Holidays, save and replenish your depleted
budget, by dining with us and enjoying our daily
“Budget” dinners — 55c to 75c

— and —

Our Special Cocktail Saving Hours from 12 Noon to
5 P. M. — any cocktail on our wine list — 25c
(excepting champagne)



ELIZABETH FLYNN'S LONDON TERRACE RESTAURANT
AND COCKTAIL LOUNGE

TO OUR TENANTS:

The Yuletide season of 1938 is past, carrying with it into 1939 the memory of one more of our delightful Christmas Parties. As usual the residents of London Terrace gathered together around the Garden tree to give honor to the author of "A Visit From Saint Nicholas" and to perpetuate the true spirit of mankind's greatest holiday by spreading cheer and material comforts to those of our neighbors who could not provide them for themselves.

To us upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of managing this city within a city, the spirit which makes these Christmas Parties possible marks an exceptionally high spot in pleasant relations between tenants, neighborhood and real estate management. As the years go by we note with ever increasing pleasure the progress of London Terrace as a highly successful experiment in modern living — a community in which the residents take more than a casual interest in their neighbors and their surroundings.

In other words our enjoyment of the Christmas Party is keenest because of the community spirit which makes it possible. Each resident contributes his or her share to make the undertaking a success. It may be time or money or talent; each part is important in summing up the whole and each contributor may feel that his or her contribution is essential to the Party in its entirety. The Party therefore becomes an expression of the whole of London Terrace rather than any individual or group.

As for ourselves, we cannot repeat with too much emphasis the fact of our pride in having our own share of accomplishment in the progress of this urban community. We had our share in evolving the idea of the Christmas Party. We were glad to relinquish to the tenants the control, direction and planning as their enthusiasm mounted with each successive year. If it were not for the tenants of London Terrace there would be no Christmas Party as we know it because no completely management-sponsored undertaking could build and retain the fine spirit which animates it.

And so, as we take this opportunity to wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year we express also the utmost confidence that the spirit which makes the Christmas Party the fine thing that it is will carry on through the months to come.

WM. A. WHITE & SONS
Managing Agents for London Terrace

The NEWS of

London Terrace

JANUARY, 1939

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 1

Cover

The cover decoration this month is right in line with the New Year spirit, made even more fitting by the fact that the original drawing and the caption are the work of a Terrace resident.

Modesty on the part of the contributor prevents us from mentioning her name, but we are sure she will not be averse to accepting the thanks of the readers and the editors of the magazine.

Appreciation

You probably remember the Jamboree last summer and how the proceeds from generous Terrace spenders enabled Chelsea Charities, tenant organization, to send 125 youngsters on a much-needed two-week trip to the country.

Mrs. Ethel Nugent, who, assisted by the Chelsea Charities Committee, had charge of the difficult work of selecting the children who were to go, has received a letter of appreciation from Miss Ruth Gillette Hardy, principal of Public School 33, in West Twenty-eighth Street. We thought you might like to hear what she had to say, so are reprinting the letter. It said:

"My dear Mrs. Nugent:

This is a late date on which to

express my appreciation, which is both personal and official, for all that your organization did in providing summer vacations for children of this school.

More than 50 percent of our 1200 children seldom or never get an opportunity for a country holiday, but every one who does get this opportunity finds it a rich experience. It benefits not only the child's health but his morale and his fund of information, all of which are among our fundamental school aims.

Sincerely yours,
Ruth Gillette Hardy."

They're Off!

Those manipulators of pawns and knights, the members of the Chess Club swung into the an-



nual club championship tournament immediately after the turn of the year. As usual, there will be an "A" class, for the strongest players, and a "B" class for those who want to have a fight of their own without being trampled on by the tough guys.

Mark Peckar, who copped the club championship last year, has rejoined, and naturally is favored to repeat this year, since no potentially stronger opponent has appeared in the meantime.

It is not too late for new entrants to get in on the carnage. Play takes place every Wednesday night in the penthouse from 8:00 to 11:00 p. m.

Report

Somewhere there is a person whose conscience, we hope and trust, is giving him plenty of twinges. On December 25th, 1938, the following report was handed in by a Terrace patrolman:

"On the 3:30 A. M. tour of inspection we noticed that someone had snapped the Christmas tree off the stand in front of the 440 Building and had stolen it with the lights and trimmings. We could not find out who had done this."

Whoever it was, we hope they made some New Year's resolutions.

TURNING ON THE HEAT

WHAT with winter coming on apace (or at least half a pace) we thought it might be timely to do a little re-research into the Terrace heating plant.

Well, you'll be glad to know the heating plant is still around and doing its stuff as effortlessly and efficiently as ever, which we think you'll agree is plenty effortlessly and efficiently. The heat which keeps you a near relative to the famous bug-in-the-rug gets its origin in two basement boiler rooms: one in the 410 Building, the other in the 440 Building. There are three boilers in one room, four in the other, each boiler capable of smacking around 250 horsepower and combined they make up what is known as a rotary oil burner unit.

You'll be surprised to know, or will you, that heating London Terrace calls for a radiation of 332,000 square feet and that a single day's consumption of fuel would heat an ordinary four-story Manhattan dwelling all winter. It licks up around 200,000 gallons of fuel oil a month during the chilly season.

Direct radiation throughout the Buildings takes up about eighty

per cent of the steam manufactured, hot water takes about sixteen per cent, the Pool two per cent (bet you thought it took more) and the Restaurant kitchens one per cent. That leaves one per cent unaccounted for, but maybe we added up wrong, so don't worry too much about it.

There are full shifts of firemen on duty in each boiler room from five in the morning until midnight and there is one fireman in 410 during the wee hours to keep everything shipshape. We used that word shipshape with a definite purpose in mind, because if there's anything the boiler rooms look like more than boiler rooms it's the engine room of a ship. From the underground passageway of the Twenty-fourth Street Buildings, you go down iron gangways just like on a ship. The brass work gleams and you could push a peanut across the large-tiled floor with your nose (if they'd let you) and never even know the pusher had been outside your handkerchief.

Indeed, far from being a strange, eerie place of heat and fumes like *some* boiler rooms we could mention, the Terrace heat-

ing plant is one of the show places here.

The Terrace heating plant has proved itself beyond any doubt, because in 1932 it was put to the test. For eighteen months it was shut down and steam was bought from an outside public utility. Careful comparative tests were made of efficiency and convenience and in the Fall of 1933 we went back to our own system, convinced that that was the better way.

Open the window, Jake, it's getting a little warm in here.

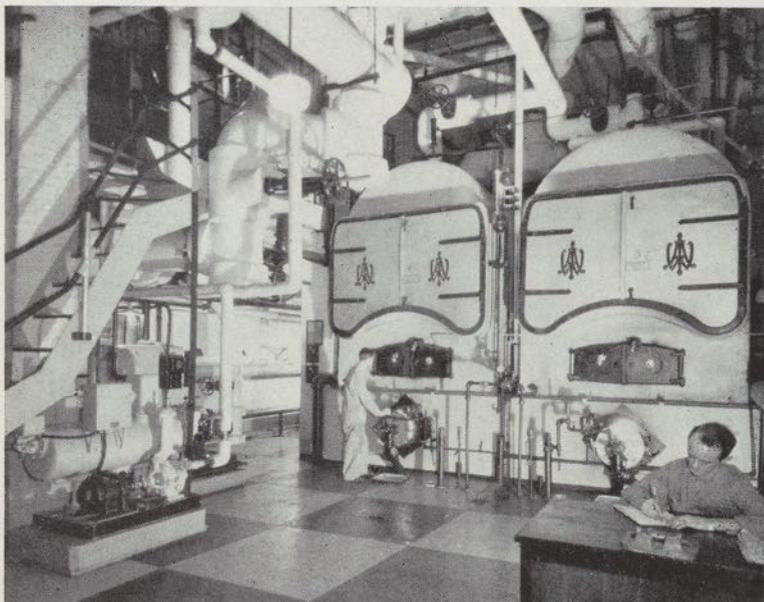
Monday Nights

Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club, after its brief holiday siesta, has entered the New Year in dashing form. January 9th saw Miss Shirley Spencer, resident graphologist and columnist for the New York *Daily News*, leading off with "Pathological Signs in Handwriting."

For January, the following interesting variety of subjects will be discussed: On the 16th, "Calling All Landlubbers," a discussion of various things nautical, including our own Penthouse Club and Marine Deck equipment, by no less an authority than Olive McCormick; on the 23d, Dr. William A. Hayward, well-known lecturer and author, will speak on "The Growth and Development of Laws"; on the 31st, it will be "Signs, Symbols and Psychology," guest star Anne Bryan McCall.

The last session before Christmas saw George Perrine, of WABC's "This New York Town," and a Terrace resident, on the rostrum. Mr. Perrine gets around our village in exciting fashion and gave his audience an interesting account of how he digs up items for his thrice-weekly broadcasts.

Monday Nights, as you know, holds forth in the Penthouse Club each Monday evening at 8:20. It has become one of the most popular of Terrace activities.



Terrace Boiler Room: modern marvel of efficiency and cleanliness

CHRISTMAS PARTY RINGS IN THE SEASON

*Terrace residents again are hosts
in colorful Yuletide festivities*



Our miniature Mr. and Mrs. Santa study Terrace history

WITH friendly informality, several thousand heartful of good cheer and a program which ran as smoothly as an electric train, the London Terrace Christmas Party of 1938 ushered in the holiday week-end for residents, guests and radio listeners in truly seasonal fashion. Charity, good will toward all, festivities, song and mirth mingled happily in our annual contribution to the memory of Dr. Clement Clarke Moore by sharing our bounty with others and by working and celebrating together in a splendid community undertaking.

As always, residents, management, concessionaires and employees worked beautifully in harmony to make the Party a success. There was an abundance of food and gifts for our 500 neighborhood children guests to whom the Party represented a bright spot in what otherwise would have been a drab holiday for them. Our guest performers, who included Uncle Don, Ted Malone, the members of St. Peter's Choir, Margalo Gillmore and Keenan Wynn, entered per-

fectly into the spirit of the occasion; not to forget our own resident stars, Emile Petti, Alta Vera Arnold, Ecole Maternelle Française, our own school children, the Bobbies Chorus and the juvenile Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, Douglas Marshall and Judy Trumbull.

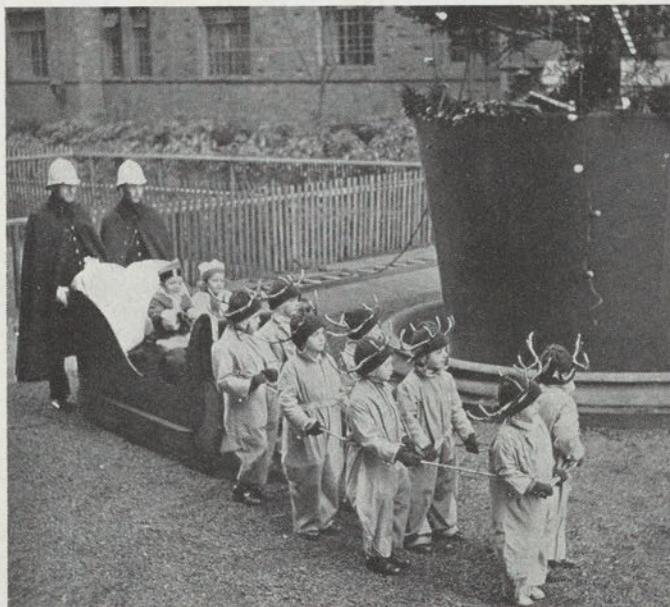
Even the weather man, who in the previous year acted a trifle unpleasantly, cooperated by sending us clear, snappy weather that was made to order for a Christmas celebration.

The first outward sign that things were about to happen on the evening of Saturday, December 24th, was the gathering of our young guests at the doors of Ecole Maternelle Française on Twenty-third Street, in an excited, noisy throng, ready for their entrance into the Garden and their ringside positions to view the proceedings. The forty-foot Garden tree had been lit of course, with its strings of red, green and white bulbs and its glittering ornaments, rising in the



Uncle Don, who broadcast program from the Garden

center of the Garden surrounded by garlands of lights, the wreathed plaques and a general air of expectancy. Well before the appointed time—6:00 P. M.—the 8,000 Garden apartment windows began to be darkened, quickly turned into frames for
(Continued on page 14)



And here is Santa's sleigh, manned by Ecole reindeer

TRAVEL, TRAVEL, TRAVEL

IT is the business of your NEWS editors to keep themselves pretty well posted on happenings and developments around the Terrace, but even we didn't quite realize the tremendous amount of business which clears through the office of Sisk Tours down in the 435 Building.

We stopped in there the other day to say Merry Christmas to the genial Bernard Sisk and asked him how he was doing. He proceeded to tell us and it made an interesting story.

Mr. Sisk came in here in October, 1936, with nothing much more than a good working knowledge of the travel business, a lot of enthusiasm and a belief in the Terrace as a base of operations. Now his office is doing \$100,000 worth of business a year.

In two years Mr. Sisk's organization has climbed right to the top of the field as experts in the "vagabond" or freighter cruises which are so popular, has won a coveted assignment as one of a limited number of agents for the Transatlantic Passenger Conference which consists of seventeen

of the largest steamer lines and has compiled "The American and International Steamship and Travel Guide," a book which is something of a bible for the travel industry. Recently Sisk took over as lessee the Harrington House in Bermuda.

So you can see that Sisk Tours have something on the ball. They have set up for the West Side an organization which equals in scope and efficiency the Fifth Avenue agencies and they handle travel business from all over the country and the world.

Mr. Sisk's associates are Garrett S. Warfield, a cousin by the way, of the Duchess of Windsor, and Mrs. Josephine Nickerson. Their success has not changed the basic principles of their service—that of friendly and sympathetic handling of travel plans and problems. They're a nice crowd of people whom you'll enjoy knowing if you haven't already made their acquaintance. They're ready and willing to route you around the world or down into Pennsylvania to see Aunt Bessie with equal dispatch and good humor.

PLAY IN REHEARSAL

THE devil is going to be popping around here some time this month but it'll all be by benefit of grease paint and play-acting and for benefit of Chelsea Charities. "Up Pops the Devil" by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, Broadway hit of a few seasons back, will be presented in Elizabeth Flynn's downstairs grill room by a professional troupe of ladies and gentlemen of the theatre.

It all came about because several Broadway players are residents of London Terrace. Hayden Rorke is one and Mabel Oglesby another. Miss Oglesby, a beguiling bit of feminine personality from Georgia, acted this summer at Suffern, N. Y., with Helen Hayes and currently

is busy with a big-time radio program.

It seems that actors for some reason enjoy acting and even when they're in a Broadway play they don't get enough of it, except perhaps if they're Maurice Evans doing a full-length Hamlet. So Miss Oglesby and Mr. Rorke and a few others decided they would do some acting right at home here and picked a worthy cause to cash in on the fruit of their endeavors—the coffers of Chelsea Charities, which do so much to make life a little better for numbers of neighborhood families.

The performance of "Up Pops the Devil" probably will be given on a Sunday night because that is the only night of the

week when working actors and actresses can enjoy a postman's holiday. It is being directed by Sydney Bell, who has wielded the megaphone over some of the most successful of the summer theatres of recent years.

You'll hear more about the performance when the date is definitely set.

The Mailbags

Christmas came to London Terrace, as it did elsewhere. In the accompanying photo, snapped in candid camera fashion by a resident, you can see a little of what went on in the Terrace Mail and Package Rooms.

The Package Room, with the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth



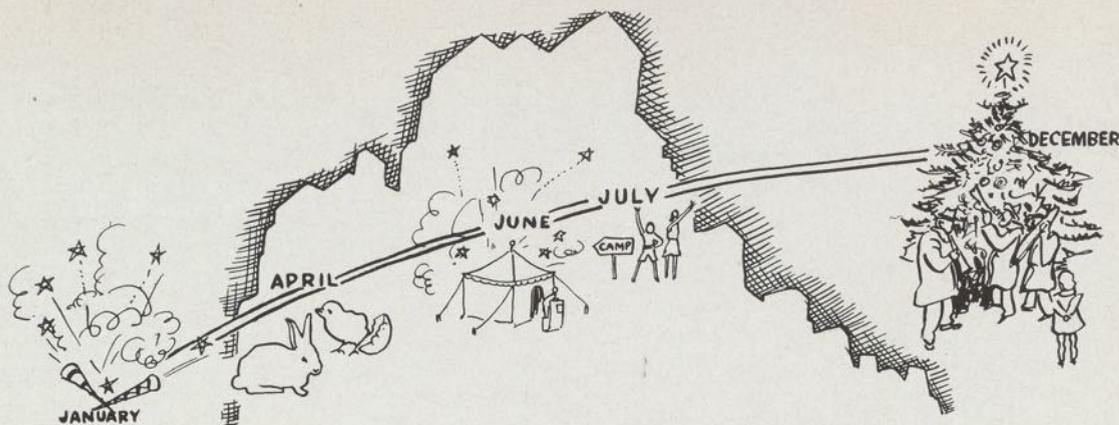
Street crews working out of one central location in the 435 Building, was as busy as a lawyer at income tax time, but everything went along smoothly.

During December, packages handled on the Twenty-third Street side numbered 10,118. During the year 1938 (remember?), 72,096.

During December, packages handled on the Twenty-fourth side numbered 10,019 and for the year, 70,770.

Uncle Sam kindly came to our aid during the Christmas rush by sending in ten men to handle the insured parcel post packages for tenants who had not given written permission for Terrace employees to sign for insured parcels.

Hope you like everything you got.



LOOK WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN 1938

THE Man Who Came Back (after fifteen years) stood at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and looked around him in complete befuddlement. "Od's bodkins!" he ejaculated, "in the name of all that should not be sacred, what has happened to the dear old neighborhood? Such modernity, such spick and spaneity, such blondes, such brunettes—and what fer goshsakes is that tremendous rearing spectacle down there beyond Ninth Avenue? Am I in Chelsea, Hollywood, or King Arthur's Court?"

In a half-pint second The Man Who Came Back zoomed westward, approaching with some knocking of the knees the block-square hunk of brick which loomed before him. At a doorway he espied what looked at first glance something like a policeman, so he went to him. "What, might I ask, is the purpose of this building?"

"This," replied the Bobby (for such he was), "is the largest apartment house in the world and people live here very happily too, it seems to me."

"Let me tell you, young man," said The Man Who, with a touch of acerbity, "as an old Comer Back to Chelsea, that it has been my observation that people usually live happily in Chelsea, although I must admit

that the last time I was here fifteen years ago, I was a little disappointed in the way things seemed to be going. But now—now—"

"Yes, now," said the Bobby, "the old place has taken a new lease on life, if you'll pardon the pun. Things have been happening around here. New theatres, new buildings, new tunnels over to Jersey, improved methods of transportation, the elevated motor highway and railroad tracks, new schools, and I've heard a rumor to the effect that the Ninth Avenue El is not too long for this world. Yes, it's all very fine and going to be even finer."

"New—new — new—" mused The Man Who, thereby making a rhyme, "but what about the old things, the Chelsea tradition and all that? All this modernity can be carried too far in my opinion."

"But that's the fine thing about it all," replied the Bobby, "all the best of the old things have been kept—the fine old churches and the wide streets and the gardens and the sidewalk and back-yard trees and the river view and the Chelsea tradition of friendliness and neighborly cheer. All that's been done and is being done is to erect upon that old tradition the very best of the modern ways of living. Get the idea?"

"Yes, I think I do," said The

Man Who, "and the more I think about it the better I like it. Hurray for London Terrace and the New Chelsea! But tell me—I'm a little curious about how life is lived here in this great building or series of buildings if I must be technical. I'd like to hear what you've been doing during the last year in particular."

"That's easy," said the Bobby, "come with me."

The Bobby took The Man Who inside to a tastefully decorated and comfortable room and there hard at work reading proof was The Recording Angel of Life at London Terrace During Its Ninth Year of Existence.

"This gentleman," said the Bobby to the Angel, "would like to hear what's been going on around here during 1938. I leave him to you."

The Angel hauled out a big book, opened it to its last few pages, and handed it over to The Man Who. "Read," he said. The Man Who took the book and here is what he read in the record of London Terrace for 1938:

January — Swimming Pool comes up for air, gets its annual scrub and dry-cleaning; Ecole Maternelle Française interviewed with good time had by all; Happy New Year everybody!

February—St. Peter's Church,
(Continued on page 17)

IN my small Webster Dictionary the definition for "leisure" is "vacant time." I can think of something that is vacant but it's not time! The mind, if I may boast of such, just won't function so I am going to resort to the old reliable recipes, relaying New Year resolutions and then go into a huddle with my editor, who coined my nom de plume, and see if we can't find a name for my column that will be a *little* less misleading. Incidentally if I don't write better copy than this I'll have plenty of "vacant time."

It's pretty hard to think of New Year's resolutions before Christmas but what would January copy be without a resolution or two? At the moment I can only think of one and it pertains to Bridge. If you are interested in brushing up (personally I need a little sweeping) you only have to take the 470 elevator to the

Lady at Leisure



Penthouse Club on Thursday afternoon. You'll find our capable bridge teacher, Gladys Stark, and a charming group of "students" gathered round the table at two o'clock. Tea is served at four and all this costs but fifty cents. So why not put bridge instruction on your resolution list?

I got a grand tip on how to keep vacuum packed coffee, or any kind of ground coffee as fresh as when it pops at you upon opening. Keep it in the ice box! It freezes the oils and keeps them intact. It has been tried and

found to be the best means of having the freshest coffee each day, unless you go in for grinding your own.

The following recipe for Pot Roast was not only given to me but a generous sample passed on to me. Or to be exact, this swell friend *cooked* one for me when I was having guests recently—is that a friend? It is!! Here's the recipe:

First brown ½ pound of sliced onions in generous "hunk" of butter. Next, brown 3 pounds "eye roast" (this should serve 6 people—or more, depending upon the appetites of your guests!) Let simmer for 3 hours. Then add ½ pound sliced fresh mushrooms and a can of Campbell's tomato soup. Let simmer for another hour and a half.

And here's the dessert to go with it. It's called Buttermilk Pie.

Use orange juice instead of water and make like plain pastry recipe, adding ¼ teaspoon of grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon of sugar. Use 10 inch pan. For the filling:

*3 tablespoons of flour
1¼ cups sifted powdered sugar
3 eggs
2 cups buttermilk
4 tablespoons melted butter*

Mix sugar and flour, add egg yolks and buttermilk and then the melted butter. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into pastry lined pan. Place in hot oven 450°F and reduce heat to 350° and bake 45 minutes.

Again referring to resolutions, I resolve to manage to find more leisure time in which to discover things that I think may be of interest to you "News-ites."

BOOK NOOK

INTERESTING variety is shown in the Book Store best-seller lists. Girl and boy authors neatly divide the field, which includes historical romance, a modern novel or two and an unusual personal experience piece by Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

"Alone" is Byrd's account of his solitary stay in a shack on the southern polar ice. It is a sincere, at times morbid, but always fascinating study of the man's highly personalized reactions; mental, physical, emotional, as the long nights of the antarctic winter closed in and held him prisoner. Some critics have termed it overly naïve, but there is no denying that it is an unusual document about a very unusual experience.

You've heard of course of "All This, and Heaven, Too," Rachel Field's colorful romance with her great-aunt as the central character. It covers two continents and a span of twenty-five years in its dramatic recounting of the experiences of Henriette Deluzy-Despartes; the spectacular murder

trial in France, her emigration to this country and her life here.

Margaret Ayre Barnes, who can spin as deft a modern popular yarn as anyone, is out with "Wisdom's Gate." They used to call this sort of novel a "problem" story, dealing as it does with certain marital difficulties—infidelity and the like, all done with Miss Barnes' practiced touch.

A number with hair on its chest is "F.O.B. Detroit," by a newcomer, Wessel Smitter, who knows his auto factories. It's a psychological study of three people, two men and a woman, against a background of the assembly line, told with simplicity and strength.

In the whodunit division we have a remarkable combination of S. S. Van Dine, Philo Vance and Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," which makes for swell night-light reading. When you've solved this one you can pick up Ellery Queen's "The Four of Hearts" or Mignon G. Eberhart's "The Glass Slipper," both tops in their line.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A BOOK?

A BUNCH of the boys who pound out "all the news that's fit to print" had yanked the covers over their working typewriters, left the *Times* presses to imprint their work in the early editions, and had gathered in a convenient spot to relax and tell each other what great writers they were. Many a book has been born over a newspaperman's grog shop table only to die an unquoted death in the stress of covering the daily headlines. But this was the time when a husky infant was to survive and come forth as a best seller with thirteen working newspaper men listed in joint authorship.

One of those working newspaper men is F. Raymond Daniell, who has lived with his family in London Terrace for over a year now. The twelve others include such top-flight journalists as Brooks Atkinson, Ferdinand Kuhn, John Kieran, Russell Owen, Arthur Krock, and Hugh Byas. The title of the book is "We Saw It Happen." It first hit the bookstalls last November and since has pleasantly amazed its authors by going through five printings.

It seems that the night—over two years ago—that they were all telling about the books they were going to write, a couple of reporter kibitzers, Shepard Stone and Hanson Baldwin, had said in effect: "You know you will never write those books. The only way for you to get a book written is for each of you to write a part of one book."

Thus was the kernel of wisdom born. But even at that, it took Stone and Baldwin almost two years to get all the copy together for the publishers. Daniell was down in Harlan, Kentucky, last summer, covering a trial of mine operators and deputy sheriffs accused of conspiring to violate the Wagner Act when he got a wire setting a final dead-

Here's one newspaperman who did, but twelve others got in on it too



line. He, along with the rest of the co-authors, managed to come through. Now they have joined the thin ranks of newspapermen who can say, "I did write a book and get it published." Between them they had covered for the *Times* every great story of recent years—foreign wars, Europe, disasters, sports, the theatre, Hollywood, labor, Huey Long, the New Deal. "We Saw It Happen" covers the background and never-told-before details of all those great stories. It makes swell reading.

F. Raymond Daniell was going to Rutgers University and working on the New Brunswick *Home News* when the first Hall-Mills murder investigation broke. His college work interfered with his journalism, so naturally he gave

up college. From the *Home News* he went on the old New York *Herald*, from there to The Associated Press, then to the New York *Evening Post*, and from there to the *Times*, where he has been for ten years. During that time he has covered and written such feature material as the Scottsboro case, the Little Steel strike, the sharecropper situation in the South, the Harlan coal troubles, and the career of Huey Long.

He was threatened with a citation for contempt of court during the Scottsboro trial, with a sentence of two months on a chain gang looking him in the face, but got out of that all right. He wangled the only interview with Henry Ford of recent years conducted with Ford's publicity

Even the
**"WORLD'S LARGEST
APARTMENT HOUSE"**

Sometimes Overflows!

*—and when it
does, send
your surplus
guests over
to the . . .*

**HOTEL
CORNISH ARMS**

Just a block away, a big 350-room thoroughly modern hotel, offers ample accommodations for the unexpected guests. Out-of-town friends will appreciate its convenience and its moderate rates:

\$2 per day, SINGLE

\$3 per day, DOUBLE

Excellent Restaurant Service at Moderate Prices.

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A KNOTT HOTEL

man not present. His series on the bootleg coal situation in Pennsylvania, was the basis of Governor Earle's official investigation.

His journalistic career has been the sort which provides fuel for fiction, movies and plays, but like most real life protagonists, he doesn't fall into any of the dramatized personality patterns. He isn't swashbuckling or aggressively breezy, he doesn't talk in phony newspaper slang, nor does he bite off a brittle wisecrack with every sentence. That doesn't mean he is dull. Your interviewer spent three hours with Daniell and his family and got a kick out of every minute.

A hearty discussion of the psychology of Huey Long would give way to an intriguing conversation with Daniell's small son on just how much more wood he should bring in for the fireplace or whether he should eat his peppermints after his nap or before. And the photographer who was taking a picture of the very small and very beautiful daughter in the next room wanted to know if there was any Daniell objection to his daughter becoming a professional model. The decision on that was postponed. And Mrs. Daniell paraphrased an anecdote about the recent trip to this country of Anthony Eden by remarking that her husband caught a very fine cold trailing Eden around the eastern seaboard. But that of course was a minor detail compared with the good dose of nauseous and tear gas to which he was subjected on the steel strike.

No—it's all pretty much in the day's work to Daniell, although naturally he takes pride in a good job well done the same as anybody else. His exact technique for accomplishing those jobs is of course difficult for him to explain. A safe guess would be that unlimited patience has a lot to do with it, as well as tact, not forgetting the good newspaperman's sixth or "news" sense, which actually exists but defies

**THE LONDON TERRACE
NEWS**

Published monthly for residents of London Terrace. Address all communications to the Editor, Penthouse Club, 470 West 24th Street, New York City.

cold analysis, and a good slug of courage.

Sometimes the breaks come when you least expect them. He hung onto Henry Ford's coattails for a week and one night had his bags packed ready to leave without his story. The phone rang. It was Ford telling him to be ready at seven the next morning. He "thought he could show him something of interest." Daniell got his story the next morning, although he doubts if Ford's public relations department will ever let him get within ten miles of Dearborn again.

And there was the time not long ago when he was standing deathwatch on Pershing. When it became evident that the death wasn't going to materialize, Daniell and one of the men from the United Press started out from Tucson, Arizona, to do a piece on the California floods which were raging a number of miles away. They chartered a plane, hit a storm, got caught in a deep ravine against the wind. The plane's engines were roaring at top speed, but the canyon walls were slipping past them the wrong way. In spite of their power the wind was carrying them backwards.

"Well," remarked the U.P. man, "I guess this is the end of the Rover boys."

It wasn't, of course. The pilot wangled them out all right and they got to Los Angeles safely. The only trouble was that the floods didn't last long enough to enable them to see all they wanted of Hollywood!

But that's the way it goes when you're a newspaperman. It's your job to "see it happen." Usually Daniell manages it pretty well.

Shop Shots



IF you have any money left after Christmas, the shops are still here. Or if you received money with which to buy something you particularly wanted, you don't have to go far to spend it.

The first thing I want to get off my chest is an apology to

The Beauty and Barber Shop

due to two very careless typographical errors on the part of the NEWS. In October we got their telephone number twisted and last month we moved them into 470 without their consent. I hereby correct both mistakes—the outside telephone number is Chelsea 2-9653 and they are still holding forth in the 465 building and business is very good, thank you. If you haven't visited our two beautifying emporiums recently, try them. You'll not regret it, I'm sure. Each operator is well trained and satisfaction is guaranteed, or else. And if you're interested in a new face, Miss Barber, representing the Merle Norman skin products, can practically arrange that. Let her give you a free demonstration.

Lee Froehlich

is right next door—she really is in the 470 building. You'll find her in the women's locker room of the Swimming Pool. You'll also find Lee very capable and she will give you a grand invigorating massage, an electric cabinet and sun lamp. Nothing like it if you feel a cold coming on or if you are all fagged out after a particularly trying day. The biggest advantage is the fact that you can go direct to your apartment after your workout, thus

running no chance of undoing good results by exposure to wintry blasts. Lee is around until 7:30 or 8:00 p. m. by appointment if you can't make it earlier.

The Tailor

Mr. Loeb expects a boom in business now that people are getting around to thinking about themselves and their wardrobes, rather than what to buy for whom for Christmas. New clothes, remodeled or just a hem turned makes no never minds, Mr. Loeb and his staff are interested and they do deliver the goods—greatly improved goods, if I may attempt such a pun.

The Housekeeping Department

is all set to give a hand with the after-holiday cleaning. Or if you are still in the festive mood and are having a cocktail or dinner party, call Mrs. Wimberly and she will send you an attractively uniformed maid. Some of our girls can serve as practical nurses if the old cold bug gets you and you feel like a bowl of soup but don't feel like going through the motions of fixing it for yourself. In fact, there's not much that our popular Housekeeping department can't do for you in the way of household service. In other words, we think they're good!

The Laundry

are pretty proud of their new "invisible" marking. The old visible number system made one feel a bit like a convict and it did not help the appearance of the linen. The convenience of the Knickerbocker laundry is appreciated by most everyone but if you are one of the few who have

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not taken advantage of their service, pick up the house phone and give them a chance at your next bundle.

Now that I've got you all cleaned up for the New Year I'll call it a day! And I hope that said New Year will be the very best one yet for you all.

Yours truly,
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CHRISTMAS PARTY

(Continued from page 7)

tier on tier of lighted Christmas
 candles, blinking their message
 through the night.

Residents began to gather in
 the Garden and as six o'clock ap-
 proached, various of the per-
 formers made their appearance—
 the children of the French School
 and the London Terrace School,
 their costumes topped off with
 picturesque hoods, the French in
 blue, the others in red. The
 vested St. Peter's Choir gave an
 old-master touch to the scene, as
 contrasted with the business-like
 preparations going on upon the
 broadcasting stand. Uncle Don
 arrived and Mr. Petti, the guest
 children were let into the Gar-
 den, running to get into position
 to hear the program and receive
 their gifts.

Then it was 6:00 P.M. and
 we were on the air over WOR
 —Uncle Don's regular daily pro-
 gram spot, with something like

5,000,000 listeners at their loud-
 speakers. St. Peter's Choir, un-
 der the direction of Rosalind
 Wood, started things off with
 the stirring strains of "Hark the
 Herald Angels Sing," Uncle Don
 made his opening description of
 the event and the scene, with a
 short history of Dr. Moore and
 his famous poem, "A Visit from
 Saint Nicholas," which he wrote
 in his home on the present site
 of London Terrace.

We again heard St. Peter's
 Choir in "O Holy Night," with
 excellent solo work by Miss Dor-
 othy Hanna, then Uncle Don's
 introduction of Mr. William E.
 Barton, who spoke a few words
 of appreciative welcome on be-
 half of Wm. A. White & Sons,
 Managing Agents for London
 Terrace. Then came one of the
 entertainment high spots of the
 evening—the Ecole Maternelle
 Française children singing a "Jin-

gle Medley" which included the composition "Jingle, Jingle" by Alta Vera Arnold, a piano solo played by Emile Petti, both Terrace residents, and solo work by Miss Hanna. The French children also sang "Jingle Bells" in their native tongue, which made quite a hit.

Next to be heard was the feature—the reading of the Dr. Moore poem by Ted Malone, well-known authority on poetry who is heard daily over WJZ in his program "Between the Book Ends." Mr. Malone, as was to be expected, accomplished the reading in masterly style, against an effective background of the St. Peter's Choir singing "First Noel." Another colorful number came next—the entrance of the Bobbies' Chorus in their blue capes lined with crimson, carrying flares to march forward and sing "Good Christian Men Rejoice."

Miss Margalo Gillmore made her appearance to speak on behalf of the Christmas Refugee Fund. She was followed by Keenan Wynn, who appeared in place of his father Ed Wynn and read a message from Wynn senior in which he expressed his best wishes for the occasion and his sincere regrets at not being able to be present in person.

The program ended with a description by Uncle Don of the dramatic appearance of Santa Claus in the beam of a spotlight at the top of the 470 Building, his greeting of the Santa Claus in the Garden who was to distribute the stockings of fruit, nuts and candy to the guest children and the fading off the air to the strains of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" sung by St. Peter's Choir.

With the signing off the air, the Party was over for the general public, but for our guests and the Terrace children, it hardly was started. Immediately following the radio program the miniature Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus—Douglas Marshall and Judy Trumbull of London Ter-

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race School—aged three years, four months—were drawn onto the scene in their small sleigh by eight "reindeer," complete with antlers, from Ecole Maternelle Francaise to start off the distribution of gifts to the neighborhood children. In the Garden the children received stockings filled with candy, fruit, nuts and figs, then proceeded to the Ecole room for their more substantial presents of toys and clothing. All these gifts, of course, were the result of donations from Terrace residents. In the Ecole room it was possible to distribute the gifts in a leisurely manner; children were sized up to see what they needed most, sizes could be measured and more individual

attention given than would have been possible in the Garden.

In the meanwhile children of Terrace residents and employees were treated to a party in Elizabeth Flynn's downstairs Grill Room. There, as a present from the Terrace management, they saw a performance of Sophia Civoru's Kiddie Radio Revue and received gifts. Miss Flynn played hostess and furnished ice cream and cake as her contribution to the occasion.

So ended the outward aspect of the Party, an event which characterizes the Christmas spirit for all residents and listeners. In the behind-the-scenes work, however, lies the real key to the purpose of the Party—to pro-

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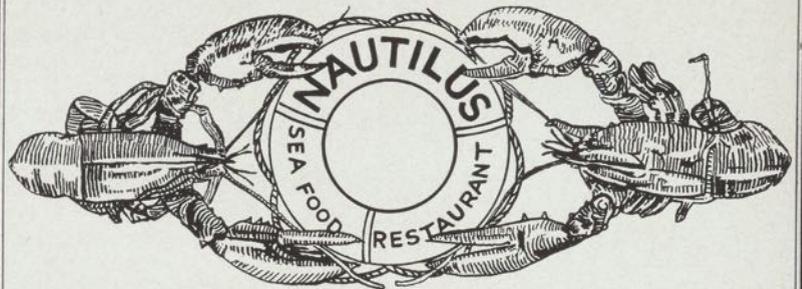
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vide neighborly good will and to bring Terrace people together once a year in a worthy community endeavor.

It is impossible to give space to all those who contributed to the success of the Party because to do so would be to name almost everyone who lives or works here. There are a few, however, who led in the work and are therefore deserving of special mention. The number of ladies who volunteered and gave so much time to wrapping the gifts are in that category.

Mrs. Ethel Nugent, social service director of Chelsea Charities, supervised personally and did much of the actual task of investigating and choosing the families and the children who were to receive the gifts. Last summer she and the members of the Chelsea Charities' investigating committee spent many days checking thoroughly throughout the neigh-

borhood in order to select the most needy families and most deserving. They were aided by a number of nearby churches, social service departments of Chelsea public schools and other Chelsea charitable organizations.

The Garden tree, focal point of activities, was donated by residents Mr. and Mrs. 'Gene Masson, who repeated their gift of last year. The handsome "wooden" stockings and candy canes were made by several young men at neighboring Hudson Guild.

All employees of the Terrace deserve hearty congratulations for their splendid handling of the countless mechanical tasks which were necessary for the smooth functioning of the Party.

Terrace concessionaires came forward nobly as always to bear their share. Miss Flynn's part has already been mentioned. The Book Store donated the gift-wrappings—green tissue for the

girls, red tissue for the boys, and white for gifts suitable for either. Royal Scarlet sent up sandwich and cake luncheons for the ladies who wrapped the presents.

Chelsea Storage furnished the piano and the organ which were used in the Garden during the program. Excelsior Garage unbuttoned its check book with a very handsome cash gift.

Residents Mr. and Mrs. John White, Mr. Samuel Teague and Mrs. Elizabeth Caliger made generous donations of fruit, as did Mr. Joe Sicker, a produce merchant of Franklin Street. Miss Adeline Kruse, who is employed with a toy manufacturer, obtained a generous donation of toys from her company.

And so it goes. Everyone, as has been said before, actuated by the spirit of Christmas as typified by Dr. Moore's beloved poem, cooperated with enthusiasm and good will.

"A happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

1938

(Continued from page 9)

Chelsea, commemorates centenary; Chess Club Tourney off to typical carved-in-stone start; Abe, George do annual turning-in-graves.

March—Chelsea Charities formally inaugurates another year of malice toward none; Cribari Winery lets out latchstring for Terrace guests; French Ambassador visits us, says "Je suis plenty amazed and how!"

April—Betteshanger boys from dear old England make merry in Garden as Spring gets big send-off; Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club winds up popular season; Bobbies' Ball hoof-shakers go to town for Employees Benefit Fund; no foolin'!

May—Veteran Terrace service men live through annual decoration ceremonies in praiseworthy fashion; tenants rub eyes at fascinating spectacle of Garden fountain night lighting; Garden by the way hits peak of nature-

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June—Jamboree jams Twenty-fourth Street, frolickers fill flowing coffers of Chelsea Charities in friendly fulfillment of fraternal feeling; L. T. School tots celebrate commencement, parents bear up well; Marine Deck voyagers shake moths out of seagoing slacks and shorts.

July—125 happy neighborhood youngsters off to country on Jamboree returns; new sidewalk hedge-trimming engine attracts kibitzers, works like magic; Wm. A. White & Sons hosts at Garden garden party; whatever happened to all that snow we had last winter?

August—Hollywood comes to Twenty-third Street as RKO Theatre, it's colossal, it's comfortable, it's capacious, opens with spotlights, sound trucks and everything; Jack's beanstalk set back on heels by Terrace ivy which climbs Building walls to set new speed record.

September—Lee Froehlich reopens Massage Studio, smacks ladies around, they like it; Terrace School gets set for October opening; Terrace gets set for October newcomers; Marine Deck voyagers put moths back in seagoing slacks and shorts.

October—Some move out, more move in, more stay put, Moving Day Ogre slain by efficiency and dispatch; coffee expert gives Terrace hot tap water go-ahead sign for morning java brewers; Riverdrive Motors takes over auto show room for Dodge and Plymouth.

November—Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club bangs off for new season; Turks tremble tremendously trailing tailfeathers in treetops; what do you think the chances are for a white Christmas?

December—Christmas Party spreads light, cheer, song, gaiety, neighborhood guests delighted, residents feel good because they are doing good; merry Christmas and best wishes for the coming year; editors sign off, hope you continue liking our stuff.