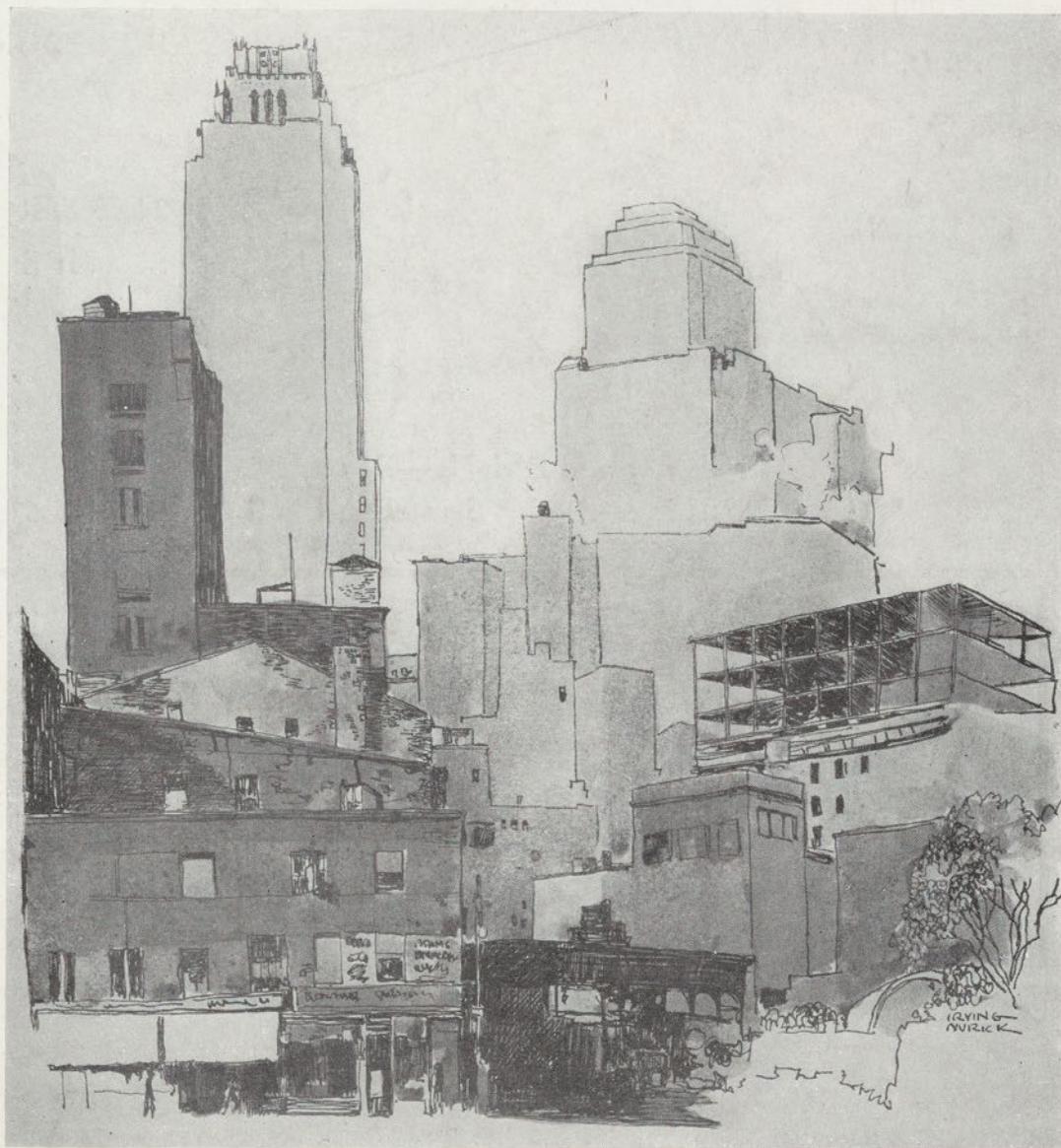


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London Terrace News



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Here Comes the Busy Entertaining Season

"The Host and Hostess Season" is about to begin—the time of year when your home is frequently opened to guests. To create a good impression nothing is more essential than crispy, snowy linens. This would be the opportune time to send your linens to the London Terrace Laundry. You will be delighted with the exquisite work, the clear, clean whiteness, the nice finish which our laundry gives to them. Be prepared for every unexpected entertaining occasion that lies ahead of you, by asking for "Laundry" on your house phone. A neatly uniformed and courteous laundry man will be at your door in a few minutes.

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Anne Whitehead
Manager

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On bleak wintry days, an invigorating cup of hot chocolate served with crisp crackers (only 10c) will "perk" you up. And don't forget Whelan sodas — made the "Whelan Way."

PROMPT DELIVERY

TO OUR TENANTS:

At the beginning of a New Year in which peace and friendship throughout the world are increasingly menaced, it is with particular happiness that we note the continuing spirit of cooperative good will existent at London Terrace.

During the nearly nine years of our connection with the "city within a city," we have been gratified at the development of cordiality and mutual interest between tenants and management. Add to this the interest in neighborhood welfare so apparent among the people of the Terrace and you have a design for living quite unique, we believe, in a large city.

Activities among residents are the direct result of community tenant-management efforts — formation of the numerous clubs for games, instruction and entertainment; the War Relief Unit, the Hobby Museum, the Game Room, the Players, the bowlers, swimmers and Gym exercisers — all proof that a Terrace address means more than a place in which to eat and sleep.

Interest in the outside community is represented by the two major events of each year — the Jamboree in June and the Christmas Party, created for the purpose of helping those less fortunate than we are. In so helping others, we have helped ourselves with the satisfaction that comes from unselfish cooperative endeavor.

This spirit of unity and cooperation is sure to continue during the coming year, for it has become a definite part of living at London Terrace; a feeling shared by all who live and work here. We are glad to be able to share it too, and to wish you, with sincerest good will, a pleasant and prosperous New Year.

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

The NEWS of

London Terrace

JANUARY, 1941

VOLUME IX

NUMBER 1-11

Cover

We are indebted for our very attractive cover illustration this month to Irving Nurick, well known artist and Terrace resident. The work is a color etching of a scene downtown on South Street.

Mr. Nurick is familiar to many of us because of his sketching at the summer Jamboree, but this is the first time he has lent his talents to our magazine. Many thanks, Mr. Nurick.

Feud

In a return match, the C.C.N.Y. Chess Club came to grips with our own pawn pushers and won again by exactly the same close score as the first time— $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$. Nobody can say our lads aren't consistent! Those who won games for the home team were Luttrell, Rubin, Barry, McCoy and Girard. At the top board, Peckar drew his match.

The annual Club championship is now getting under way. There is still time for new members to take part, and since the competition is conducted in sections graded according to strength, there is an opportunity for a player to win one of the prizes,

even though his game is not quite phenomenal. Beginners are welcome any Wednesday evening at eight.

Tune-Up

A number of residents have discovered one way to keep healthy, keen and alert during these gray days of winter when colds are prevalent and spirits apt to be low. Each Monday night these people gather at the National Bowling Arena over at

Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue and engage in a friendly bout with the balls and pins.

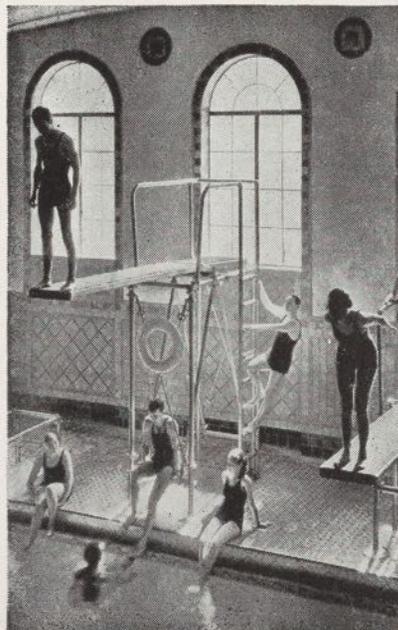
If you'd like to join them, all you have to do is to report for action at the alleys at 8:00 P.M. on Mondays.

Free instruction is available at all times but Miss Elsie Jester, instructor, suggests afternoon hours for the ladies who are interested in this exciting and healthful pastime.

Shutter Bugs

The Camera Club assumes the status of a veteran Terrace activity this year after some fourteen months of operation and members are enthusiastic over the interesting things that are going on. Weekly meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8:30 in the Club rooms at 430 Main Street. Speakers are on hand regularly to discuss various phases of picture taking, developing, printing and so on. The dark room is always available to members and exhibitions are held from time to time.

New members are always welcome, so if you feel the urge to join this lively group, stop downstairs on Wednesdays and meet the folks.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE GARDEN

*Yearly celebration makes its gay
contribution to Yuletide season*

IT was a fine night for the Party. The air was crisp, clear, and not too cold for outdoor comfort. The hundreds of gifts donated by Terrace residents had been sorted and wrapped ready to be presented to our small neighborhood guests. The various participants in the program were in their places. Thousands of candle-lit windows looked down on the Garden with its colored lights and blazing Christmas tree.

Six o'clock on Christmas Eve, 1940. Through loud speakers tuned to the eastern network of the Mutual Broadcasting System, the voice of Uncle Don told listeners that we were beginning the eleventh annual London Terrace Christmas Party—an event to commemorate the memory of Dr. Clement Clarke Moore who wrote the lines of his great poem, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas" in his home which stood where our home stands now.

Once again we were ushering in the holiday season with a gesture of charitable good will. We were bringing material cheer as well as fun to over five hundred children whose Christmas otherwise would have been a barren one. We were playing host to a number of war refugee youngsters. We were enjoying a community endeavor which once a year brings all the people of London Terrace together in an event which typifies the true spirit of Christmas.

The program lineup was impressive. From Broadway we had Howard Lindsay, co-author and featured player of "Life With Father," who read the lines of the Moore poem, and Victor Moore, star of "Louisiana Purchase," who recited a poem he had written himself titled "A Newsboy's Christmas Dinner." From radio we had Uncle Don and the members of his efficient WOR staff who for the third consecutive year broadcast our Party on Uncle Don's regular half hour. Our old friends from St. Peter's Church were with us—the rector, Mr. R. A. D. Beaty and the Choir and soloists led by Elsie Rosalind Wood to create another link with Dr. Moore because of his close association with old St. Peter's. There were the children of the French School with Mme. Anna Fregosi and her assistants. There were the Bobbies in colorful uniforms, little Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, and the big Santa Claus to distribute gifts. There was

young resident Ronnie Reiss, also of the cast of "Life With Father," who spoke a few words on the air, welcomed the refugee children and extended the invitation to Mr. Lindsay to participate in the program. Wm. A. White & Sons, Managing Agent for London Terrace was represented by vice-president William J. Demorest. Terrace residents under the leadership of Chelsea Charities chairman Sheffield A. Arnold, as well as concessionaires and employees were all represented by the tremendous amount of behind-the-scenes work which made the Party a success.

The pattern of the Party was changed in one important respect this year to insure the smoothest possible running of the program. The five hundred neighborhood children were given a special entertainment before they were brought into the Garden. They were treated to a show by Sophia Civoru's Kiddie Revue and a performance of magic by Oscar Weigle in Elizabeth Flynn's downstairs Grille starting at five o'clock and made their entrance into the Garden after the air program had started. This eliminated confusion at the beginning of the program and added vocal atmosphere over the air as they entered. The public address system worked splendidly. It did not interfere with the broadcast and enabled those in the Garden to hear the program just as though they were getting it through their own loudspeakers.

The Party took to the air with Uncle Don's description of the purpose behind the event, giving an explanation of what was to occur on the program. He then introduced St. Peter's Choir under the direction of Miss Elsie Rosalind Wood for the first vocal number—"Silent Night," with obligato sung by Ida Pentozzi.

After this fitting and effective opening Uncle Don told his listeners about the scene in the Garden; the tree, the decorations, the candles in the windows, the bronze tablet with the reproduction of Dr. Moore's poem. He then brought to the microphone Mr. Beaty, rector of St. Peter's, who gave a brief talk praising the spirit behind the Party and telling of Dr. Moore's part in organizing, planning and building the original church.

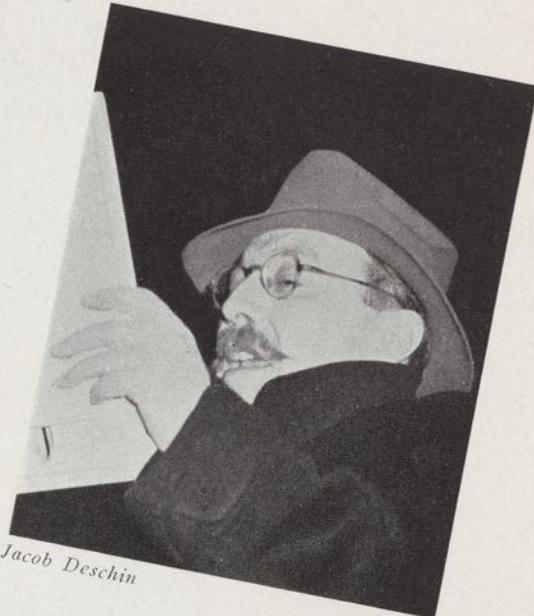
Heightened excitement next entered the picture as the "miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer"

(Continued on page 17)

THE CAMERA AT THE PARTY



Wm. T. Hoff



Jacob Deschin

Wm. T. Hoff

(Top left) Barbara Bickley and Paul Bourdius, a very young Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, make a bow; (Top right) Howard Lindsay reads the Moore poem; (Right) Big and little Santa Claus pose for their pictures amidst a group of guest children with a few Bobbies assisting in the background; (Below) The broadcast in full action. On the platform from left to right are William Treadwell, who was in charge of the radio program; Mr. R.A.D. Beaty, rector of St. Peter's; Uncle Don at the microphone; Victor Moore looking a bit serious; Young Terracer Ronnie Reiss. Below the platform at the left is Alta Vera Arnold and at the right two members of the St. Peter's Choir.



Jacob Deschin



TWO PEOPLE WITH A DATE

*1940 passes in review as romance
makes its entrance with New Year*

THE Young Lady From Out of Town With a New Year's Date tapped on the glass behind the cab driver's seat. "Where are we going, streamliner? I said Ninth Avenue."

"I know what you said," replied the driver. "I ain't got this Phi Beta Kappa key for nothing. Ninth Avenue is what you asked for and Ninth Avenue is what you got."

"But," exclaimed the Young Lady, "it's so light, wide and handsome. As I remember—"

"Oh," interrupted Mr. Kappa, "how long since you been here?"

"Last spring."

"That explains it. There ain't no 'L' no more. The wrecking roustabouts have added ten years to the life of us scholars, as well as local motorists, to say nothing of the improvement in the esthetic values of the scenery. Well, here's where you alight, Fair Lady. It's London Terrace."

Romance Arrives

The Young Lady stepped to the curb. She glanced around appreciatively at the great open spaces where the "L" had been, noted the absence of noise and the presence of an augmented view of the sky and skyline. She was so pleased with everything that she handed the driver a twenty-five cent tip and a smile so gorgeous that he almost gave her back the quarter.

In another minute the Young Lady was being greeted at an apartment door by her Date, who above the confusion caused by the other guests at the New Year party, tried his best, which was pretty good, to convey to the newcomer just how glad he was to see her.

Romance Is Impressed

"But darling," cried the Young Lady presently, as she was removing her coat, "what a wow of an apartment. Have you been promoted president of your company that you can afford such furniture?"

"No," replied the Date modestly, "not quite president yet, although of course I have hopes for the future. This apartment is one of the famous furnished apartments of London Terrace, which are quite the answer to the prayers of certain New Yorkers who appreciate taste and quality

in their homes at reasonable prices. Do you like it?"

"I certainly do," said the Young Lady. "I like it so well I wouldn't mind living here my—" and then she suddenly paused, quite confused over what she was about to say.

"I was coming to that," said the Date softly. "Do you think we could arrange for a wedding before the New Year has started to grow a beard?"

"I think it could be managed," answered the Young Lady without much perceptible hesitation.

Romance Is Appreciated

For a few moments there wasn't any conversation, then the Date said, "You know, darling, I have been looking ahead a bit. I have done some investigation around here and have discovered that the apartments on the Ninth Avenue side are very, very beautiful. Tearing down the 'L' has done wonders. I thought that perhaps we could select one of those unfurnished apartments, move in here after the wedding, pick out our own furniture at our leisure and move into the new apartment next October. How does that sound to you?"

"It sounds quite wonderful," said the Young Lady rather breathlessly. "But tell me about this London Terrace of yours. I'm quite intrigued with it all."

Romance Meets the Old Year

"The best way to tell you about it is to show you what's been going on here during the past year. If you can spare five minutes while I go and see how the other guests are getting along, you can sit right down in a comfortable chair and look at the record."

With that the Date kissed the Young Lady with understandable zeal, gave her a printed record book and left her temporarily while she settled down to read what had happened at London Terrace during 1940. This is what she read:

January—Pool is rippled by tenant swim meet melee; Food Store sweet tooth customers welcome Cushman counters; New Massage Dept. in Gym helps Terrace men face the New Year; Monday

(Continued on page 13)

A LADY WHO BELIEVES IN BOOKS

*Visit with newcomer to this country
revolves around a major enthusiasm*

THE living room, large and light, high up in the 470 Building, looked busy. There were tables, desks and typewriters; manuscripts, typewritten material and a number of freshly printed and bound books. As a contrast, there was the cat, a huge red animal overflowing the seat of the chair in which it was sleepily reclining.

It was the apartment of Dr. Blanche C. Weill, author and psychologist. Your interviewing reporter was there for a visit with Mme. Helene Scheu-Riesz, who stays with Dr. Weill on frequent business trips to New York from her home in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Mme. Scheu-Riesz, a small, vivacious lady with expressive blue eyes, a warming smile and a charming accent, greeted us at the door, excused herself to finish a telephone call and left us to converse with the cat. The cat was hospitable and friendly, but seemed willing enough to go back to its napping when the return of our hostess interrupted the interview.

It's a difficult job to put Mme. Scheu-Riesz into a thousand-word story. Literature and education have been her life work since she was eighteen years old, but she also has found time to marry and to raise a son and a daughter. Her interest has been in a special sort of literature and education. She has always thought that books should be made more easily available to greater numbers of people. She has believed that children's books should not be written "down," and she has always thought that there should be more translations, so that people of different countries could come to understand one another through their various native literatures.

In other words Mme. Scheu-Riesz has believed in publishing and writing as a force to promote closer appreciation between children and grown-ups and between readers and writers all over the world. She counts as a triumph for her principles the fact that during the first World War her own translations of Lewis Carroll's famous "Alice" books continued to be read in German schools.

The recent upheavals in Europe, however, were more difficult for her to cope with. Her husband died in 1935. In 1936, finding it impossible to continue with the sort of work she wished to do, she left her native Vienna and came to



Helene Scheu-Riesz

this country. She was no stranger here, having toured the United States several times on lecture tours. Her daughter had been here since 1932 studying architecture and a few years ago married another architect and went to live and build houses in the middle west. Mme. Scheu-Riesz visited the University of North Carolina and Duke University on lecture engagements and found that she liked that part of the country so well she decided to make her home there.

With kindred spirits in North Carolina, she has started several enterprises. One of these is the Island Workshop Press, a cooperative publishing firm the aim of which is to create more book readers by publishing good books at comparatively low prices. To date the Press has published two volumes. One is "Through Children's Eyes," a book of child psychology case histories by Dr. Weill. The other is "Will You Marry Me?", a collection of actual letters of proposals of marriage written by well-known historical personages. The collection is edited and annotated by Mme. Scheu-Riesz herself.

The Island Workshop Press gets its name from the Island Workshop for Artists and Writers, with which Mme. Scheu-Riesz is connected. This is a summer colony on an island at Ocracoke, North Carolina, specially designed for study and recreation for writers and artists. Mme. Scheu-

(Continued on page 14)

WAR RELIEF UNIT REPORTS

AN official report on the activities of the London Terrace War Relief Unit for its first three months ending December 31st has been forwarded to us by chairman Dorothy B. White. We believe our readers will be interested in the main points, which are as follows.

On the financial side, the Unit has collected a total of \$111.39 from dues, donations, sales and auctions. It has paid out a total of \$68.61, most of it for knitting and sewing materials, leaving a balance on hand of \$42.78.

As a result of many busy afternoons of work, the ladies of

the Unit have turned over to various war relief agencies, including the American Red Cross, a total of almost two hundred garments. These include caps, scarves, sweaters and socks for British soldiers, as well as a large number of garments for children and infants.

In connection with war relief we can mention also an amount of \$16.00 donated by the Terrace office force to the Over-Seas League Tobacco Fund. An appreciative letter from the Fund showed with what appreciation this donation was received to supply the British fighting forces

with smokes. If you would like to donate to the Tobacco Fund there are collection lists available in the Renting Office, and in the Penthouse Club. Any amount, from twenty-five cents up, is welcomed.

The War Relief Unit meets for sewing and knitting Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 1:00 to 4:30 in the Penthouse Club. The ladies are always glad to receive new members.

Here are the official figures.

Receipts:

Dues—Membership	\$50.00
Donations	16.00
Chances on Baby Afghan.	4.70
Chances on Large Afghan.	33.40
Auction of Toy Dog.	1.75
Fortune Teller	3.44
Knitting Needles sold.10
Sale of Scarves.	2.00

\$111.39

Disbursements:

Yarn	\$48.41
Outing Flannel.	9.49
Tapes, Threads, etc.	5.71
Donation to "Spit-fire"	5.00

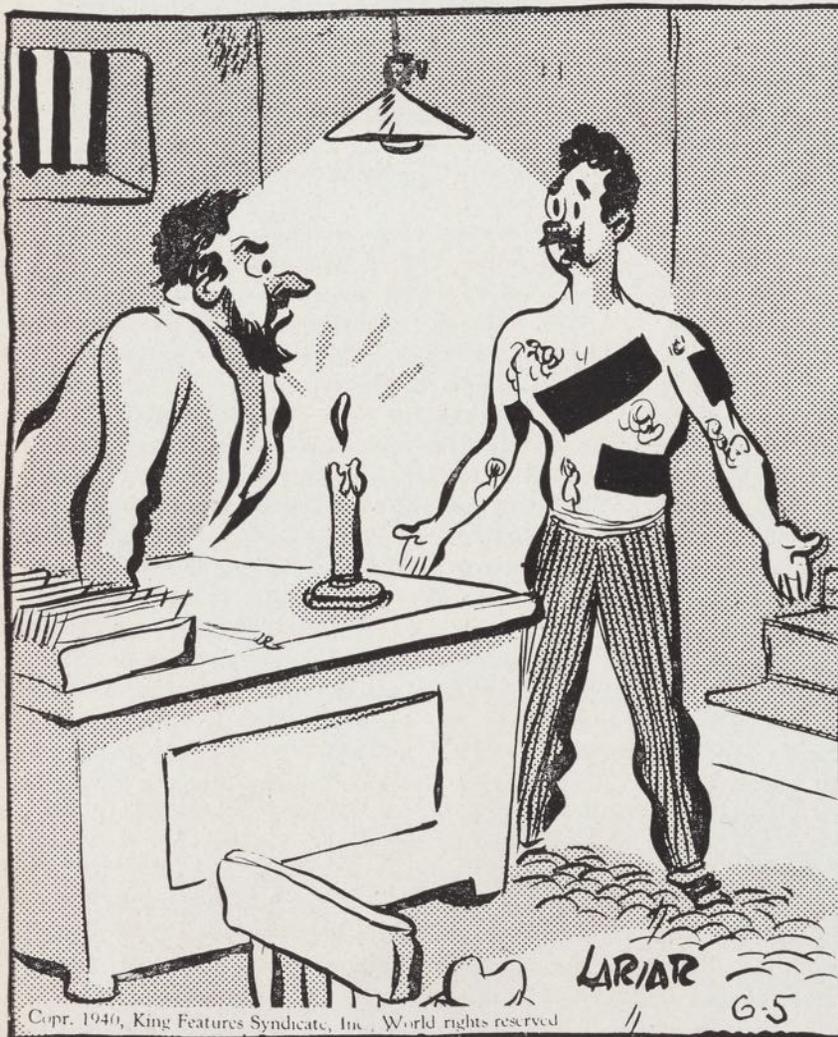
\$68.61

Balance on Hand. \$42.78

C. C. Election

Chelsea Charities, Terrace resident organization which directs our yearly charitable affairs—the summer Jamboree and the Christmas Party, will hold its annual election of officers on Friday, January 31st. All residents are invited to attend the meeting to be held at 8:30 P.M. in the Penthouse Club.

In addition to the two big events, Chelsea Charities, through its social service committee keeps in touch with needy neighborhood families throughout the year, supplying them with food and clothing made available by donations.



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"I had the battleship plans and everything, but they censored me at the border!"

CULLINGS FROM CULLEN

Howdy Folks!

An American Doughboy and an English Tommy, each separated from his outfit, were following a trail through a French forest during the night. All was quiet except the big guns in the distance. Suddenly from overhead came the hoot of a night owl. The Tommy, who had never heard the hoot of an owl, gasped, "What's that?" "That," said the Doughboy, "was an owl." The Tommy still held fast to his buddy's arm. "Hi-hi know 'twas an owl," he stammered, "but—but w-wot was it that owled?"

This world is changing so fast that every morning when we wake up we are in almost a new world. Many meet this change by "owling." Change has brought forth two kinds of people. One class meets it with courage, optimism and enthusiasm. The other class meets it with pessimism. They "owl." When we say something good of our country, community, friends or anything else, they say yes but. They would yes but us into eternity. One class of people says that while the old frontiers of America are gone, there is a new frontier awaiting us in which there are more opportunities than there were in the old one, provided we will grasp them with courage and enthusiasm. The other class says, all opportunities are gone, let's set the brakes so we won't go backwards.

In the Rocky Mountains, a heavily loaded freight train was puffing its way up a long steep hill. The engineer was giving the engine all she had. The fireman was feeding it all the coal it would burn. Finally, they reached the top of the mountain, and the engineer, turning to the fireman, said, "Thank God we made it." The brakeman then spoke up and said, "Yes you made it, but you wouldn't if I hadn't set the brakes so she couldn't slide backwards." How many of us are setting the brakes

in this country so she won't slide backwards?

In the old days when we drove automobiles over rough dirt roads, we often picked up a nail or some object that let the air out of our tires. When this happened we didn't ride along on a flat tire, for that would not only have ruined the tire but would have been uncomfortable for those riding. We would get out, pull the inner tube out and patch it. Then we would put it back in the casing and when the tire was in place we would man the pump and proceed to do a little

inflating and go ahead with speed and comfort. When thinking of our country it may be well to think of the auto tire. Let's not deflate, but let's do a little judicious inflating and see if we don't go ahead faster.

People with enthusiasm and optimism build worth-while things. People and communities don't grow old until they lose their enthusiasm. Years wrinkle the skin but loss of enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. A lot of us get along pretty well with wrinkled skin, but a wrinkled soul will get you every time.

Yours,
CULL WRIGHT.

MONDAY NIGHTS START NEW YEAR

"MONDAY Nights in the Penthouse Club," weekly discussion and entertainment forums, got off to a lively New Year start on January 6th, after a brief holiday hiatus. The first Monday in 1941 brought a puppet show to amuse the upstairs audience—a typically seasonal feature which added a touch of novelty to the usual proceedings.

On January 20th a return engagement of a very popular speaker is slated—Mr. James E. Craig, Terrace resident and an editor of the *New York Sun*. He is speaking on "Last Minute War News," a subject of high interest rating for everyone.

This current week Mr. Cul-

len Wright was on hand with some observations on "Everyday Philosophy." Mr. Wright, a well known lecturer from the middle west known as "the Will Rogers of Nebraska," is no stranger to readers of the NEWS, as we have recently published one or two of his writings. He is noted for his humor and informality in addressing an audience and a capacity house was indicated to hear him on the 13th.

For the last week in January, Elena Eleska, world traveller and professional lecturer, will speak on "Oriental Women and Children," with slide illustrations to give graphic emphasis to her subject.



Elena Eleska traveling in Persia.

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Classes

Spare time educational activities are gathering fresh impetus with the New Year. Second term classes in Spanish and French are being organized this month and a new ballroom dancing class will see more indoor hoppers brushing up on the conga, rhumba and so forth.

Señor Jose Avalos will continue his beginners from October in an advanced Spanish class, thus making room for a new beginners group. You can make arrangements with Señor Avalos any Wednesday evening in the Penthouse Club at eight o'clock. The present time for the French class is Tuesday at noon, also upstairs, but an evening class will be arranged if enough people are interested.

The dance evenings are Monday for beginners, Tuesday for advanced pupils, both at 8:30, and details of the classes under Gertrude Dutton and William Crook will be posted on the Building lobby bulletin boards.

Watch the boards for announcements concerning all these classes.

Water Stuff

The water nymphs of the Women's Swimming Association whose headquarters are in the Pool downstairs, are churning into the indoor competition season. The big event of the month is a Championship Meet to be run off on Sunday afternoon, January 26th.

The W.S.A. is defending champion for the meet and will be in there battling to retain its laurels against such aggregations as the Shelton Dolphins, the St. George Dragon Club, the Mermaid Swimming Club of Yonkers, Newark Women's A.C. and others. Among the W.S.A. stars who will compete you will find such nationally known aquatic champions as Gloria Callen, Lorraine Fischer, Helene Rains and Mildred O'Donnell.

To help get the girls in shape for the big January splash an open meet of handicap events was held on December 15th. If you haven't as yet looked in at the Pool to watch these sprites in action, you'd better make it a point to hold the afternoon of the 26th open for a few thrills.

SPEAK EASY CLUB ORGANIZES

THE new idea for public speaking training has caught on, and a number of residents are now meeting weekly in a cooperative effort to take the nervousness and fear out of this form of indoor sport.

A Terrace Speak Easy Club has been formed, patterned after the one described in a recent *Reader's Digest*. There are no dues or charges of any sort, and there is no actual teacher. A different member of the Club is selected as chairman for each meeting and a "commentator" is also selected whose job it is to criticize for that evening the various speakers. The whole thing is run on an informal, self-help plan, the idea being that by

actually going through the motions of speaking before an audience and then listening to comment and criticism, the interested person can rid himself or herself of nervous habits and learn to express thoughts clearly and without hesitation.

Because of the cooperative nature of the Club, the number of members must be limited, but there is room for more at present. If you're at all interested, the Club cordially invites you to come as part of the audience, observe what goes on and then decide whether or not you would like to join as an active member.

The Speak Easy Club meets every Thursday evening at 8:30 P.M. in the Penthouse Club.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

PLAYERS IN NEW PRODUCTION

THE London Terrace Players will make their second bow of the 1940-41 season on the evenings of January 29th, 30th and 31st with performances of "Post Road." The play, a mystery drama which had a successful run on Broadway a few seasons ago with Lucile Watson in the starring role, will be shown for three successive nights in the theatre which has been set up in Elizabeth Flynn's downstairs Grille Room. Our scouts report that "Post Road" is a lively drama, full of action and suspense, that the Players under the professional direction of Mr.

Hudson Faussett have been working very hard and that the new production will prove a worthy successor to their first endeavor which was so well received in November.

The casting for the new play is of course completed, but the Players send word that they can still use additional workers for the other various activities connected with the organization. Anyone interested in becoming a member of the Players is cordially invited to visit rehearsals which are held almost every night of the week in their studio, Apartment 19D, 470 Building.

CHRISTMAS PARTY LETTERS

CASH donations to Chelsea Charities for the Christmas Party are used to buy toys and gifts to distribute to the neighborhood children, and this year, as usual, there was money left over after the necessary purchasing. The reserve was invested in baskets of food which were given to needy families during the holidays. Two of the letters received are typical proof of the good that is done so we are reprinting them here to give our readers some idea of what the Party accomplishes.

Dear Mrs. Nugent—

My children join me in thanking you for everything you have done for making this Christmas & New Year happy. The children thank you for all their presents they got at the Party and I—thanks you for the dress you sent her and I want to thank you for the very nice basket you sent me and all you do for me. Without your help I don't know how I would ever carry on, thanks again. May God bless you & help you in this wonderful work you are doing to help the needy.

My dear Mrs. Nugent—

"Happy New Year" and thanks so much for the box delivered on Tuesday.

The fresh pork shoulder was delicious—stuffed—with it I served apple sauce—potatoes— and fresh buttered carrots—a delightful meal—the butter is grand—and the tea and canned goods are helpful.

You have indeed been most kind to D— and I, and I want you to know how truly grateful we are. I am sure you will be blessed many times for the good work you are doing—for there is no nobler work in this troubled world of today than helping those less fortunate—how many times I wish I were in the position to give rather than to receive—whereby I could feel I have been doing my bit toward helping to lighten someone's burden. God is good and I am ever hopeful that I won't have to always live this way.

Please accept D—'s and my best of wishes to you and yours—for a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Most sincerely,

TERRACE BRIDGE

JUST a little reminder once again, now that the Holiday Season is over. I have reserved Thursday evenings for London Terrace residents exclusively for a social game of Bridge. Come up at Eight o'clock if you wish instruction or coaching. Eight-thirty for just Rubber Bridge.

Here is a little brain teaser. Hearts are trump. South leads. North and South must take remaining six tricks.

S—
H—6-3
D—A-9
C—8-2

N

S—7-3
H—
D—K-10
C—9-5

W

S—6-2
H—
D—8
C—7-4-3

E

S

S—5-4
H—
D—Q
C—J-10-6

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

YEAR IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 8)

Nights in PH Club resumes after holidays.

February—Chess Club browbeaters embark on tournament marathon; Game Room throws party for ping pong champs; Terrace Players present the late Daniel Frohman to residents; WSA gals romp in Pool swim meet.

March—Players entertain with spine-chilling melodrama; Resident water churners compete in Pool; Spring doesn't know it's Spring.

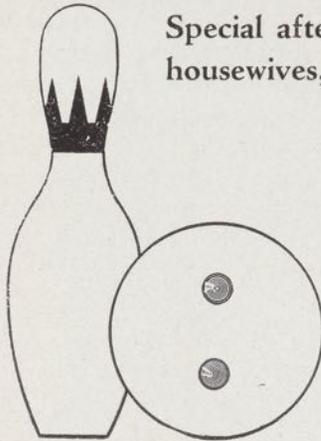
April—Chelsea Charities takes neighborhood kids to Circus; Chess Club serves cake for brain food; "First Lady" presented by Players to palpitating public; Monday Nights calls it a successful season; Spring takes its April fooling seriously.

May—Marine Deck throws

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It's the Doctor's Order

off winter wraps; Camera Club hangs up prints in official exhibit; Pool plop plops with tenant championship meet; A tisket a tasket, a pretty May basket.

June — Two-night Jamboree causes Chelsea Charities coffers to clink; "L" rumble silenced forever; Chess Clubbers make final move in tournament marathon; Camera Club hangs itself again in exhilarating exhibit.

July—New Manager Lockwood gets keys to the Terrace and a dinner; Jamboree youngsters have fine time away from the sidewalks of New York; Marine Deck awning hoisted; Garden greenery graciously greeted.

August—Camera Club goes movie-minded; WSA nymphs return to Pool after medal-garnering outdoor season; How do you like the tan?

September—Gym displays big new window as residents start indoor conditioning; New Bowling Club starts balls rolling; Game Room whacks off with new season's activities.

October—So you didn't move; Hobby Museum opens doors upstairs; Terrace ladies form War Relief Unit; Monday Nights in PH Club pleases patrons with splendid start; Erudition wel-

comed as various study classes organize; Remember when there was an "L" on Ninth Avenue?

November — Players embark on new season auspiciously with "The Whole Town's Talking"; Management splurges with more fine furnished apartments; Two Thanksgivings necessary to show gratitude that election's over.

December — Christmas Party lights up Garden as well as kiddies' faces; Speak Easy Club for easy speaking gets enthusiastic send-off; New Year gets ready to grow older; Season's greetings, everybody, it's nice knowing you.

MME. SCHEU-RIESZ

(Continued from page 9)

Riesz is also helping in a movement to start numerous circulating libraries throughout the South in an effort to bring books to localities where at the present time they are very scarce.

Her ideas of talking and writing to children are simple. Talk and write to them just as you would talk and write to anyone else. Her advice to older people is never to give a child a book that you don't enjoy reading yourself.

She remembers with amuse-

ment the press conference that was given for Jackie Coogan when he came to Vienna as the great child star. Thirty representatives of newspapers were present when a bored, scared little boy was pushed into the room to meet the press. Dorothy Thompson, covering the event for the *Philadelphia Ledger*, cabled to her paper: "The only person in Vienna who knew how to treat a little boy was Helene Scheu-Riesz. It was his birthday and she brought him books."

She likes what she calls the "let's do it" spirit of Americans. In Europe people are inclined to talk a lot, but stop short of action. In her first lectures here she was impressed by the audience reactions. After she was through talking she would be surrounded by her listeners who would say to her, "You've told us about something, now let's do something about it." The enthusiasm and will to activity among the people she has met in this country have done much to make her happy in the new life and new surroundings with which she has been faced.

Her admiration for American activity, however, is leavened by a hope that we will learn to enjoy books in a more leisurely manner. She would like to see our reading habits stimulated with attractive places similar to the European cafés and tearooms where people enjoyed a cup of coffee along with a magazine or book. Tearoom bookstores, particularly in towns where books and good eating places are scarce, would do a lot, she thinks, to keep literature alive, apart from the hasty scanning of best sellers which constitutes the reading habits of most Americans.

Personally, while admitting that the idea is a pleasant one, your reporter is doubtful of its popularity content in this country. But then, Mme. Scheu-Riesz seems to have had the right idea about so many things, it may well be she has a good angle here too.

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?

REDUCTION—TO MEASURE

ONE morning last fall my telephone rang. It was a call from a casual acquaintance who told me that a mutual friend had suggested that she get in touch with me. "I'm leaving for South America in three weeks and I want to lose ten pounds before I go. I want to take a couple of inches off my hips and waist. I'm a mess! My legs are a little heavy. I'd like to take them down too. . . . I suppose you have some special exercise for that." As she talked I gathered that she had planned the impossible, measurement according to specification.

I listened in amazement. I remembered that I had judged this girl as above average in intelligence. Finally she stopped for a full breath. I started. "In the first place," I said, "I'm directing a gymnasium, not a dressmaking establishment.

"What you do in three weeks depends on your condition. If, as you say, you haven't exercised for years you'll have to start slowly. Check with your doctor, have him give you a diet and come down tomorrow morning with his instructions and we'll take you in hand. If you come in five days a week until you leave you may expect to accomplish something in measurement reduction, although it's entirely probable that your weight won't vary more than a couple of pounds."

As the days passed and my casual acquaintance did not come

in or telephone I remorsefully considered that the caustic impatience I had employed had no place in my work. I thought, she's probably wound up in a nice, miracle-promising "reducing Salon."

In spite of my measured reformation in dealing with would-be members dazed with a picture of themselves remade and remolded in three or four weeks, I report with satisfaction that the note that completes this story was another telephone call, from my now not so casual acquaintance, back from South America. She's a mess, she said. She had checked with her doctor though and I could expect her Thursday morning, January 2nd, the day after New Year's, only now she has to lose 15 pounds.

ELIZABETH MURRAY

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

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GINGER ROGERS

(Program Subject to Change)

ASK YOUR SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
FOR PICTURE TIME SCHEDULE

Lady at Leisure



NOT much leisure for this lady during the holidays, but luckily for my department I have been granted permission to reprint portions of two letters received by Terrace residents from friends in England.

I think these intimate word pictures should make us realize that the U.S.A. is a pretty nice country after all!

The first excerpt is self-explanatory.

"My worst experience ever and one I shall not easily forget was being in hospital after my operation. I was too ill even to move my arms. Bombs were falling all around, (two fell in the hospital grounds) our windows were shattered, theatre and other doors were blown in and the smell was terrible and I just had to lie there and wait for what might happen next.

"All those who could be lifted were lifted on their mattresses on to the floor every night, and

then the bedsteads put over them, and a week after my operation I was allowed to join the others on the floor. When the day raids were on, a pillow was put each side of our heads, a thick blanket over that and then an enamel washbasin to protect our heads if possible.

"I was in hospital six weeks altogether. Three weeks before my operation and 3 weeks after, and I was glad to get home again."

If you've ever experienced meeting cousin Annie at the Pennsylvania Station when you haven't seen her since she was so high, just imagine attempting the feat during a blackout and attack as this lady describes. The first meeting place was supposed to be a Square.

"There are no street lights when Jerry is about, and we could hear him high up in the heavens (quite the wrong place for him don't you think?) and suddenly there was a horrid clap of anti-

aircraft fire, but that didn't worry me unduly. Bursting shrapnel was a mere bagshell (sorry) bagatelle compared with our other trials.

"At 10:15 I thought perhaps the wayfarers had made their way straight to the station, so thither we wended our weary way. We wandered up and down, stepping lightly over the sleeping navy, scattered here and there on the floor of the platforms.

"When it got to be 10:40 I felt I ought not to keep the children any longer. We crept home sad and disillusioned. (I still haven't seen Bernard by the way! !)"

HOBBY STUFF

THOSE who visited The National Hobby Museum in the Penthouse Club on Friday, December 13th, were in luck, as they were treated to wild war whoops, Indian dances and a talk on "The Indian As An Anti-Fascist" by Chief Wise Bear, a native Apache.

As one of the major events on the museum's calendar in December, this lecture-demonstration was of great interest to the many who attended.

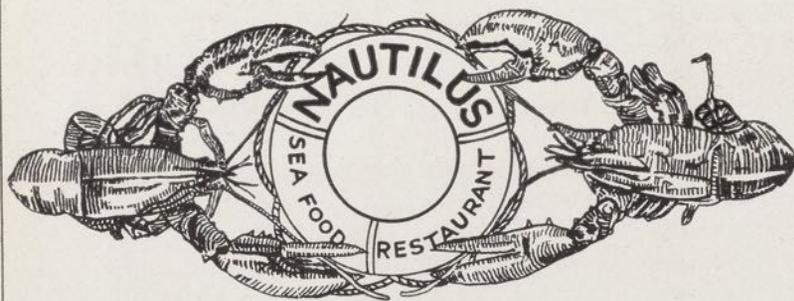
On December 27th, a reception was held in honor of Dorothea Dix Lawrence, famous Christmas Card collector. Among the honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Lockwood; Major Augustus Post and Frederick A. Williams, of the Hobby Guild's Advisory Board; Edmund B. Child, of the New York Historical Society; and Claire Adams, first aeroplane passenger ever to fly around the world.

Miss Lawrence was presented with a loving cup by Mr. Albert O. Bassuk, director of The Hobby Guild, for her exhibit in the Museum and in a recent exposition at Grand Central Palace.

An invitation is extended to all residents of the Terrace to exhibit hobbies in the museum.

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THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

(Continued from page 6)

as described in Dr. Moore's poem made their entrance. The "reindeer" were children of Ecole Maternelle Francaise suitably costumed for their roles and pulling the sleigh in which sat the small Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, Paul Bourdus and Barbara Bickley. The colorful procession was accompanied by a group of Bobbies in their brightly colored capes, other members of the French School and a group of Terrace children. The French children sang a "Jingle Medley" consisting of the composition "Jingle Jingle Hear the Bells of Old Chris Kringle," which was written by resident Alta Vera Arnold and also the well known Christmas tune, "Jingle Bells," sung in French. The children were accompanied by Elsie Rosalind Wood.

The staff of our management,

headed by Mr. Lockwood, next received some complimentary attention by Uncle Don, who then introduced William J. Demorest to give his address of welcome and appreciation in behalf of his firm.

Mr. Demorest was followed by one of the most important highlights of the program, the reading of the Moore poem by Mr. Lindsay, who gave a very effective rendition of the lines beginning with the famous phrase, "Twas the night before Christmas."

The excited entrance of the five hundred neighborhood children guests created a happily noisy interlude as they crowded into the Garden from their party in the Grille. Their appearance was followed by the singing of Gounod's "Noel" by St. Peter's Choir with solo by Miss Blanche

A Thought for the Month

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Rooney. Mr. Victor Moore then made his bid for microphone honors by reading his own original verses, "A Newsboy's Christmas Dinner."

It was now time for the dramatic appearance of Santa Claus

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spotlighted at the top of the 470 Building, waving a cheery greeting to the boys and girls, promising in pantomime to come down and distribute the gifts. The miniature Mr. and Mrs. Claus were interviewed briefly by Uncle Don, then the Santa Claus who was to distribute the stockings arrived to an uproarious welcome from the children. The air program was closed by the singing of "Adeste Fidelis" by the St. Peter's Choir with obligato by Nora Hinson.

Children's Hour

With the signing off the air the Party was given over completely to the children, who were given their stockings filled with fruit, dates and nuts and then moved into the French School rooms to receive the more substantial gifts of clothing, toys and books donated by Terrace residents. Children of residents and employees went to the Game Room for their entertainment by Sophia Civoru's Kiddie Revue. There they received ice cream and cake from Elizabeth Flynn and gifts provided by the Terrace management.

Honorable Mention

The honor role of names contributing to the success of the Party would include almost everyone connected with the Terrace, but a few of the leaders in the undertaking deserve special recognition. These include of course the officers and workers of Chelsea Charities. Sheffield A. Arnold, chairman of this organization, comes in for special mention, as do Mrs. Ethel Nugent and members of her social service committee who were entrusted with the large job of interviewing families and selecting the children who were most in need and deserving of attendance at the Party to receive the gifts.

Thanks go to all residents and their friends who donated money

and gifts so that our poorer neighbors might have a happier Christmas; to the ladies who volunteered for the wrapping and sorting of the presents; to the Book Store which donated the wrappings; to Royal Scarlet which sent up luncheons to the ladies; to the Terrace employees who served so faithfully with their many mechanical tasks connected with the Party.

Double Thanks

The appearances of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Moore were doubly appreciated because both of them gave their time to come here when they were busy with other endeavors, in addition to their current Broadway productions. Mr. Lindsay was completing rehearsals for his new production, "Arsenic and Old Lace," and Mr. Moore took time off from work in connection with the Lambs Gambol at the Waldorf Astoria on New Year's Eve.

Donations

Chelsea Storage deserves thanks for donation of the piano used during the broadcast and residents Mr. Charles D. Berry, Mrs. Elizabeth Caliger and Mr. Samuel Teague were specially helpful with very generous contributions of fruit. A number of Chelsea charitable organizations, churches and schools lent their facilities for checking on the needy families. The White Company, for its part in the affair, is to be congratulated on the operation and willingness to place the facilities of the firm at the disposal of the Party.

So once again it was demonstrated that friendly cooperation among a large variety of persons and groups can unite in an endeavor to spread happiness, charity and good cheer. Dr. Moore's poem and all that they represent in the hearts of children and grownups came alive again to be remembered throughout the year.

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