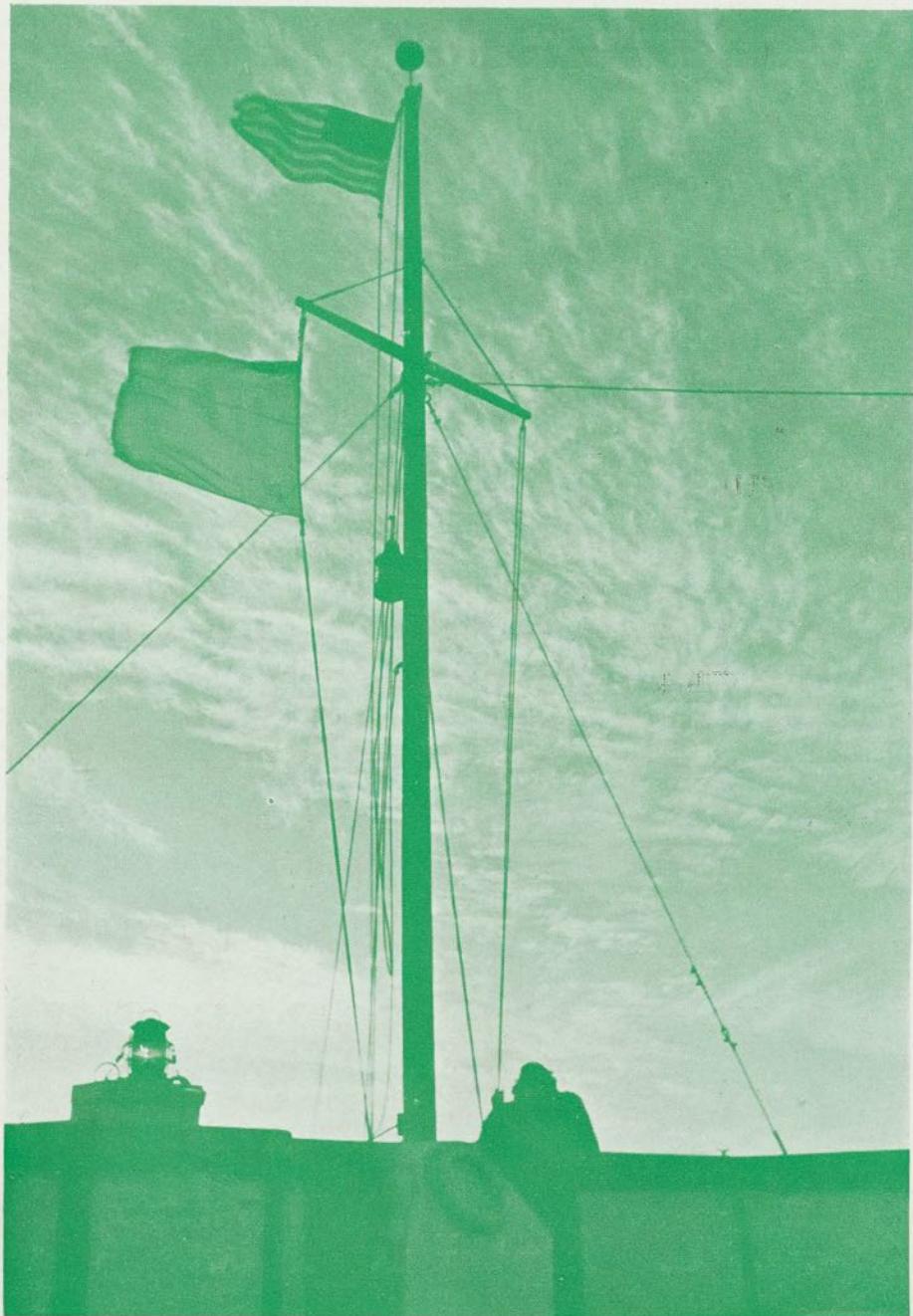


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London Terrace News



MARCH

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The NEWS of

London Terrace

MARCH, 1939

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 3

London Bridge

With this issue the NEWS inaugurates a new feature for its readers, particularly those interested in the fine old pastime of Bridge playing.

Gladyse Graves Stark, long-popular, well-known directress of the Bridge Club here, has kindly consented to put down in writing each month, a few observations on the game of Bridge. Her department will be known as London Terrace Bridge and will contain hints on technique and manners of playing, as well as sample hands and how they are played.

Mrs. Stark enjoys correspondence, so if you have any ideas or thoughts or problems concerning your game, drop her a line to the Penthouse Club. She'll use it in her column if she thinks it's of general interest to readers.

This month's columnar effort by Mrs. Stark will be found on page 12.

Numbers

One of those statistics hounds wrote in recently saying we hadn't carried any comptometer stories lately and what was the matter, were we getting arty or lazy or what?

So just to prove we weren't

doing any of those things, we did a little digging with the help of Wm. A. White & Sons, Managing Agents for London Terrace and uncovered the following facts.

There are 12,000 doors in London Terrace. The knobs and latches connected with those doors are all made of solid brass and if you put all that brass on a scale you would find that it tipped the beam at exactly 15,000 lbs. That's seven and a half tons, about equal to Tony Galento's displacement when he's resting up after a fight.

Down in the Pool there are 31,000 pieces of tile in the walls alone. We didn't have time to count the ones in the Pool itself. We'll get around to that some other time. The colored tiles were hand-made in Los Angeles in accordance with a special color scheme which was carefully designed by Batchelder-Wilson in collaboration with the architects

Farrar & Watmough. They were brought here through the Panama Canal. After they arrived and were brought to the Pool, each one of the 31,000 pieces was set in by hand.

Some fun, eh, Statistics Hound?

Back Stretch

A stop-press bulletin from the Chess Club Tournament threw the printer into an uproar, but we squeezed the item in. It seems that the Tournament has reached the half-way mark and the scores stand something like this:

In the championship class the leaders are bunched with Pecker at 3-1, Szold 3-2, Barry 2-0.

Class B is a tight scrambled race, with Blomquist 3 1-2—2 1-2, Biederman 2 1-2—1 1-2, Moreau 2 1-2—1 1-2, Riddell 3-1.

Leading in class C are Mulford 4-2, Wolfson 4-2, Mrs. Robin 4-4.

The Chess Club has become so popular that since the first of the year nine additional sets of chessmen have been purchased to take care of the demand. Recent new members include residents Mrs. E. B. Keener and Mr. H. Kovnat.

Visitors are welcome in the Penthouse Club every Wednesday evening.



MARCH, 1939

5

ABAF THE MIZZEN

The good ship *S.S. London Terrace* does not suspend running schedule during the blustery months. While the Marine Deck atop the 470 Building could hard-

good New Year's Day eggnog.

Recently Werner Wolff of Camera Features took a few lens shots of the winter scene as reflected from our topstairs



ly be recommended as a comfortable spot for a nudist camp after the first of October, nevertheless devotees of fresh air and an engaging skyline are to be seen daily and nightly taking a turn beside the parapet.

A brief sojourn to the out-of-doors about dusk, with the lights of Gotham spreading a panorama of brilliance and a keen breeze from the river whipping the blood into your cheeks, is as good a stepper-upper for sluggishness and fatigue as a

schooner. One of them you'll find decorating our cover this month, another accompanies this story. It's a nice job, we think, conveying as well as a camera can the gusty charm of late afternoon during the short-day season.

Hop a 470 Building elevator for the Marine Deck one of these snappy days. You have a real treat in store for you. But don't forget your steamer blanket or something of the sort because some of the current weather is tough on sailors.

BOSSIE DE LUXE

YOU probably have noticed often enough, the aristocratic gray stone building a block east on the south side of Twenty-third Street, which bears the inscription over the doorway, American Jersey Cattle Club.

That name and that building have intrigued us every time we went past them, but it took a rainstorm which caught us just outside to persuade us to go in and find out what the Club was all about. Well, the Club is exactly what its name says it is, the American Jersey Cattle Club. Its

members, some 40,000 all over the United States, are breeders and raisers of genuine Jersey cattle, either imported from the Jersey Islands or directly descended from Island native cattle.

Jersey cattle it seems, are pedigreed and entered in the cattle books just like fancy horses and dogs—and to a much more practical purpose, because the competition between Jersey cattle owners among themselves and against other breeds is what is continually raising and keeping high the standards of the milk, cream,

butter and cheese which we consume.

Only last October, the Club flag was proudly unfurled to the Twenty-third Street breeze in token of the achievement of one Sybil Tessie Lorna, a Jersey, who had hung up a record of over 1,000 pounds of butter-fat in ten months. Sybil Tessie Lorna "jumped over the moon" in cattleman's slang and there was jubilee in the Club because she had snatched the record right from the aristocratic—er—nose of one Aaltje Salo Hengerveld Segis from the rival camp of Holsteins.

The Club is seventy years old, having first convened November 17, 1868, downtown in New York. Its first headquarters were in Newport, R. I., moved to New York in 1881 and into its present building in 1911. No live cows are kept in its headquarters, but there are two mechanical ones, one of which has a phonograph inside it which plays a record telling about Jersey cattle. The first registered Jersey of which the Club has record is Lilly, who was imported to this country in 1852.

Recording of names presents a problem because the Club does not allow names to be repeated and bookkeeping and stenography require that the number of letters in a given name must be limited to twenty-four. We suggested that it ought to be twenty-three to coincide with the street, but we don't know whether or not the suggestion will be acted upon. Anyw a y, name-calling reaches a new high among members of the Club, including such masterpieces as Fillpail Wonder Volunteer, Raleigh's Dairylike Majesty, High Lawn Molly, Palatine Zander Sultana and Hallmark Double Observer. There are a million and a half names registered, but down on the farm Bossie still does pretty well.

Average pedigreed Jerseys come about \$200.00 each on the hoof, but prices for the real fancy ones go up into the thousands.

AQUATIC STARS IN POOL CARNIVAL

A GLITTERING galaxy of swim, dive and splash artists showered down liquid star dust amid feats of speed, precision and skill in the Terrace Pool on the night of February 21st. Arranged for the benefit of the Greater New York Infantile Paralysis Fund by the famous Spence family of water sharks who have been inhabiting our Pool for some time, the affair came off in handsome, exciting style for all concerned.

The luminaries of the water lanes and diving boards who were presented through the efforts of the Spences and their School of Swimming leaped right from the pages of Who's Who in the water world. They included Gertrude Ederle, famous Channel swimmer; Georgia Coleman, former Olympic champ diver; Helen McHale, senior metropolitan high board champ; Peter Fick, national sprint champ; Jean Laupheimer, senior metropolitan backstroke champ; Dannie Davis, senior metropolitan high board champ who performed difficult clowning feats off the high board; to say nothing of the Spences, Wally, Walter, Harold and Lucy, who cherish a cabinet-full of medals and honors in the family wardrobe.

The W.S.A. was represented

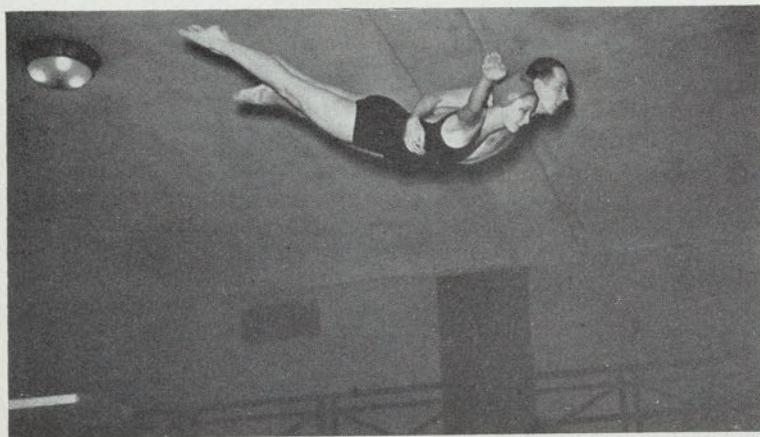


Photo by Deschin

The Water Ballet



Lucy Spence starts an ascent



Champions Audrey Drukmeel and Jack Newton in diving act

by a number of its mermaid stars including Elizabeth Harrison, Dorothy Williamson, Eileen Safarik, Elizabeth Ryan, Gloria Callen, Mildred O'Donnell and Lorraine Fischer. Public school diving champ Ted Christosos did his stuff and the Spence School of Swimming members put on a thrilling relay race. There was a water ballet. There was an exhibition of water tricks by Lucy and Wally Spence. There were music and fancy lighting and colored balloons. There were excitement and fun for all, including the afflicted ones who were not present but who benefited from the money raised for the purpose of lightening the dread burden of infantile paralysis.

A total of eighteen prime events was unrolled for the onlookers, thrill succeeding thrill as the swimmers, the divers, the clowns and the ballet artists went through their paces. Gertrude Ederle and Georgia Coleman started things off with a whirl and there was never a dull moment as the evening progressed. Events were programmed well for variety, surprise and suspense, an important item in a meet of this sort.

A worthy cause was combined with good management to create a bang-up night of aquatic entertainment.

HISTORY OF CHELSEA



CHELSEA COTTAGES, ON TWENTY-FOURTH STREET

BACK in the days when Manhattan was just another island with a bustling Dutch village on its southern tip and the enterprising burghers were relentlessly driving the Manhattan Indians up to Spuyten Duyvil, the district which is now known as Chelsea first appeared on the legal records of America

On April 25, 1663, New Amsterdam's fiery, peg-legged governor, Peter Stuyvesant, wishing to reward some of his supporters, granted them a strip of land, untilled and uninhabited, in the vicinity of the present Twenty-third Street, along the Hudson River, whose banks in those days ran along what is now Tenth Avenue.

They did not hold it long. A

few years later, British men-of-war entered the harbor, Stuyvesant was deposed, and New Amsterdam became New York. There followed an era of re-chartering and the unscrambling of grants.

In 1680, Sir Edmund Andros issued the Royal Patents which formed the basis of all future deeds in the district immediately northwest of the city. Many of the families who received patents were early Dutch settlers. One of these, Jacob Teunis Somerendyke, obtained a farm on the banks of the Hudson which had been part of the old Stuyvesant grant.

The Somerendykes lived peacefully there for the next seventy years. Then, in 1750, about the

time when the Indian campfires were smouldering for the last time on Manhattan Island, a grised British campaigner returned to New York, his fighting days over.

Captain Thomas Clarke was a hard-riding warrior. He had served the King in the West Indies, the French and Indian wars, and wherever the Union Jack had waved in the new western world. Now, he wanted a home for his wife and three daughters where he might spend the rest of his days, and the Somerendyke farm, which was well beyond the city limits—they ran along the southern border of Greenwich Village at that time—took the old man's fancy.

For less than \$5,000 he purchased the farm. The deed, signed on August 15, 1750, conveyed "all that Farm or Plantation and tract of land situate, lying and being at Bassan Bowry aforesaid in the Outward of the City of New York, and on the West side of Mannhattans Island beginning at a certain Ditch by the River side belonging to Jelles Mandeville and running thence along the river N. 33 degrees, 15 minutes—etc."

Selecting a hill not far from the banks of the Hudson, Captain Clarke built himself a modest house just east of Ninth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-second Streets. But his mind ran frequently back to his old messmates, particularly those less fortunate than himself, who were spending their remaining days in the military hospital at Chelsea, England.

So, as a tribute to these old comrades and his own vivid war memories, he called his estate Chelsea.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *A continuation of the History of Chelsea will be published in future issues of the NEWS from time to time.*)

THREE OF A KIND

We take a peek into the life of an interesting Terrace family

THIS month your interviewer offers for your approval a "design for living." Much as we dislike to use that overworked, almost hackneyed phrase, it seems to fit the subject matter. It might be well to understand at the outset that this is no design for living as envisaged by Mr. Noel Coward. It has to do with three people, yes, but there the similarity ends.

These three people compose a London Terrace family. The name of the family is Parton. The father is Lemuel F. Parton, the mother is Mary Field Parton and the daughter is Margaret Anne Parton.

The family is a journalistic family. Mr. Parton currently writes a syndicated column which appears daily in 1,434 newspapers, is seen hereabouts in the *New York Sun* and is titled "Who's News Today." Mrs. Parton left newspaper work some years ago to write for the magazines. She is currently engaged in a series of books on the great cities of America, to be published by Longmans, Green & Company. The daughter, Margaret Anne, recently graduated from Swarthmore College and is now a news

editor for radio station WNEW.

The three of them, as you gather from talking with Mrs. Parton, are a congenial, closely-knit trio. Their various professional pursuits put them in contact with many of the personalities and movements agitating the world today. Mrs. Parton's series of books included one on Washington. She has known Frances Perkins intimately for years. One of her first bosses was Theodore Dreiser.

Mr. Parton, from his years of distinguished newspaper work, can pick almost any celebrity for the subject of his daily column and write a personalized biography almost without access to newspaper files. Mrs. Parton says he has a prodigious professional memory which doesn't seem to help him much in remembering to put the top back on the toothpaste tube.

Margaret as yet is something of a fledgling, but her mind is modern, keen, so that the family arguments and discussions must reach a high point of liveliness.

She's handsome too, could do a double for Kay Francis and have no trouble getting away with it.

Each summer they close up their apartment and pack off to a little hamlet up the Hudson to live in a Dutch house as old as the United States of America. It has a large grape arbor and a well. They are so afraid that summer tourists will get to know about the locality and come to spoil its restful old charm that they prefer not to have the name of the town published. It's within commuting distance of New York, but enjoys a trick location which so far has kept its existence a secret except for a few kindred spirits. Mr. Parton tossed his usual conventional celebrities out the window of his column last Christmas, used up his entire space to tell about the storekeeper in that village. A "man of good will," he described him, who, without realizing it himself, could give lessons in greatness to many of the front-page names.

So here you have a family whose business hours are spent in a profession noted for its cynic-producing qualities, but who have retained kindness and real sentiment without sacrificing keenness and knowledge of the world as it is.

Mr. and Mrs. Parton—she was Mary Field then—met in San Francisco. He was managing editor on the *Bulletin* there. She had been sent to the West Coast from New York by *American Magazine* to do an article on the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* building. The first Tom Mooney trial broke shortly afterward and she went up to San Francisco, eventually landing on the *Bulletin*. She and her future husband both covered

(Continued on page 14)



The Parton summer home up the Hudson

Lady at Leisure



WE like to think and talk only about the happy things in life, especially in these columns. However, there are times, in this little village of ours, and elsewhere when things are not quite as rosy as we would like them to be. But a better philosopher than I could ever hope to be, has said something about the necessity of a little cloudy weather so that we can really appreciate the sunshine. Personally I'm about ready for some very hot weather.

Knowing the really tragic happenings on the other side of the ocean does make our little problems and sorrows seem comparatively unimportant and we all know that is the thought we should keep in mind. But when we come in contact with unhappiness and misfortune so near home it is bound to impress and affect you.

I naturally have a purpose for bringing to mind anything but the pleasant and lighter thoughts that, as I said before, we try to make the theme of most of our NEWS stories. I have witnessed such really fine evidence of friendship among neighbors here at the Terrace—a friend in need sort of thing, you know the rest—that I can't resist the opportunity of mentioning it. All this talk about the "coldness and indifference of New Yorkers" has long ago been proven a silly myth. It would involve too much discussion of intimate happenings in our midst to be too explicit about the proof of this fallacy.

But I do want everyone who lives in this block of ours to know that they are surrounded by friends, whom we hope will only

be needed to help celebrate the arrival of John Jones the Third or the happy marriage of young Jane Brown.

However, these friends are just as willing to prove that folks are still folks, just like back in Mason City, Iowa, if they are called upon to help when help is most needed. The nicest thing that can be said, and is said, about our many services (that we do not hesitate to advertise), is the fact that we really GIVE these services. Every member of our staff of employees considers it a pleasant duty to do a little more than is expected. Add to this the willingness of most of your neighbors and you have about a perfect setup for as happy an existence as is possible in this world we live in.

The morning mail brought some interesting remarks pertaining to the letter which appeared in this column last month—a matter of correspondence between Mrs. Flora Bove and Mrs. B. Low—the subject under discussion was rug shaking out of the Garden windows—remember?

The explanatory heading to the following contribution is "Mrs. Flora Bove makes most humble apologies to Mrs. B. Low."

Quote, "So many years ago in a not too infamous girls' boarding school a directress named Chambers assembled her students and after an unusually ominous 'Good Morning' informed them that the day before they had 'been followed' to the old swimming hole and 40 of the 200 had been seen to smoke!!! With a gesture worthy of Sarah, she flourished a paper before their faces and hissed, 'This paper

which I hold in my hand contains the names of the culprits. If they do not report at my office by noon tomorrow, they will be automatically expelled.' The paper, according to a 'pal' seated in the front row, was a blank, but the *wiser* ones (synonymous for the culprits) being leary of pals, particularly those who came from the great open spaces dragging Papa's pony saddle across the continent to take imaginary nocturnal plunges into the Grand Canyon within the limits of their private school rooms, were very much worried. There were 200 in that assembly hall—there were 40 accused. By noon of the following day, 150 had reported. The fear of the unknown—if you wish.

"This is a rather sad prelude to a confession. I am wondering if I am Mrs. Flora Bove! My husband's job has brought me to New York and while I don't give a hoot what my apartment looks like after I *have* cleaned it, I *do* like to clean it.

"You know, get it nice and spic and span (and cover with iodine all the chips made by my uncontrollable carpet sweeper on my rented furniture). Just so that by contrast it will look that much dirtier after the cocktail party. When we first settled in, I shook my rugs shamelessly out of the windows, never giving a thought to Mrs. B. Low (this is partly due to French training—every man for himself). But now I am becoming inhibited and a very miserable carpet shaker.

"Being assured that we are 4,000 in this city of London Terrace, I suppose there are many
(Continued on page 18)

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING?

(Editor's Note: the allegory sometimes utilized in these pages to adorn a tale or point a moral has inspired one of our readers to contribute an original composition written in that fashion. The subject matter of the piece is, or should be, close to the hearts of all of us, so we are publishing the contribution herewith, with sincere thanks to the author, who prefers to remain anonymous.)

HE seems to haunt the block which is bounded on the east by Ninth Avenue, on the west by Tenth Avenue, on the north by Twenty-fourth Street, on the south by Twenty-third.

Any time day or night you are very likely to meet him. You will know him by the large calluses on the knuckles of his hands.

Seeing him for the third time on the same day I could no longer restrain my curiosity as to his mysterious identity. I walked right up to him and asked him who in the world he was and what had happened to his knuckles, at which he gazed in self-compassion.

"I am the man everyone is always looking for but seldom recognizes when he is found."

This cryptic answer threw me onto a comfortable conventional-ity because I could think of no really suitable reply.

"Do you live in London Terrace?" I asked.

"I might as well," he answered. "I have so much to do around here that I seldom get away."

"But you are not employed here, are you?" I countered. "You are not in uniform."

"Employed here, no," he answered. "Nobody hires me and nobody fires me, but I work in London Terrace twenty-four hours out of three hundred and sixty five days in the year."

"Tell me what you do," I implored, my curiosity having finally mounted out of bounds.

"I knock," he said. "Just that and nothing more."

"Oh," I replied weakly, "so you knock, twenty-four hours out of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

"Yes," he answered shortly. And then in a resonant and appalling voice he continued. "I knock! Not just once, as error has reported, but again and again! I knock until I am blue in the face and have inelegant corns on all my knuckles. I knock on 4000 doors every Monday Night at 8:20. (*Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club*) I put on my bathing trunks and knock at 4000 doors every morning, noon and evening. (*The Swimming Pool*) I effect my profoundest expression and ride up and down the halls on my

ivory steed singing the glories of knights and pawns. (*Chess Club*) I put a red carnation in my lapel and say in my best Parisian nasal 'Ouvre-moi la porte.' (*French Classes*)

"Lately I have balanced a palette in one hand while I knocked with the other. To all who admitted me I said, 'How do you know you aren't part artist?'" (*Art Adventure League*)

At this point he turned fiercely on me and shouted, "I have knocked at your door too many times to keep count of and you have let me in only once. Even then you didn't recognize me."

By this time it had dawned on me. The provocative stranger was truly the man everyone looks for and so few know. He was Opportunity, and he haunts the block we live in. The next time he knocks at my door he is going to find a really warm welcome.



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WELL, here we are, starting a column for London Terrace Bridge players and would-be Bridgers!

Contract Bridge should be a form of sport that relaxes the nerves and makes the "tired business woman or man" or "busy home-maker" forget their problems, for a short time at least. And, in my estimation, unless one can enter into the Bridge world with that idea in mind, Bridge is a lost art.

I believe at all times players should give their partners credit for some knowledge of the game and not cause them to have an inferiority complex by criticism after all bids, leads or plays. In most any other form of pastime or entertainment, one is not too severely criticized, so why at the Bridge table?

To me, etiquette at the Bridge table is as important as at the dinner table. If a guest at dinner should happen to drop a fork, or spill a glass of water, one would not say, "Don't you know any better than that?"

There are a few things that must be combined to make a good Bridge player. Knowing how to bid, lead, play and defend is necessary but to do it with a "poker face" manner is equally important. The finest players do not need to use an intonation of voice when making bid of a suit, double or pass. Bidding is a language and is understood by partner and opponent. When playing or leading to a trick the card should be played or led quietly as that also is a language and means the same whether the card is played quietly or is thrown or snapped on the table.

I am quite sure that all of you

who read this article feel the same as I do but at times we all get careless, do we not? Good sportsmanship is the essence of all good sport.

Now if you wish to make this column a success, will you kindly send me an interesting hand played in any session or rubber of bridge played in your own home, giving the manner in which it was bid, played, etcetra? I shall be pleased to discuss it in my next column.

Here is an interesting problem hand that was given to me the other day by a friend. Spades are trump and listed below are the cards left after six cards have been played. South leads, North and South must take six tricks against a perfect defense.

| | | | |
|---|-------------|-----------------|--|
| | N | | |
| | (S) 10, 7 | | |
| | (H) — | | |
| | (D) 6, 4, 2 | | |
| | (C) Q, 3 | | |
| | | E | |
| W | (S) 8 | (S) 9 | |
| | (H) K | (H) A, 10, 7, 4 | |
| | (D) 8, 5 | (D) Q, 10 | |
| | (C) K, J, 6 | (C) — | |
| | | S | |
| | (S) — | | |
| | (H) Q, 9, 6 | | |
| | (D) K, J | | |
| | (C) A, 10 | | |

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Shop Shots



EASTER is a bit in the future but it may have come and gone before the April NEWS reaches you. So may I remind you a little prematurely that our concessionaires are willing and anxious to help make your Easter a very happy one. Clothes for Mrs. London Terrace are one of the "musts" on the list and it takes time to assemble the right outfit so why not visit

The Tailor

Mr. Loeb, and his assistants, who have their needles all threaded and ready to run up a suit for both the female and male population on our block. Or if it's to be one of the new silk print dresses for Mrs. or Miss L. T. why not select material and pattern that you are not likely to meet a half dozen times on Easter day or any day as is usually the case if you buy one ready made? Re-modeled clothes often serve the purpose (mine for instance) and The Valet Shop in 415 is the place to go if that is the case.

Dressmakers

Mrs. LeCount and Mrs. Carter, located in the building, are at

your service, too, so there's no reason for not having your clothes made a la London Terrace—a convenience for you, plus the pleasant idea of patronizing home industry.

Betty Wilbur

will make the hat to go with the rest of your outfit and again, you will have the satisfaction of something different and especially suited to your type of beauty.

The Beauty Shop

can help a lot with a permanent wave and the rest that goes to help Mother Nature and the new hat. Have you visited the shop lately? Business has increased to such a volume that two more booths have been added and each operator is an expert in one or more branches of the art of beautifying.

The Drug Store

has a smell of Spring, especially if you stop at the Perfume department. That very pleasant Miss Gibney is behind the counter and she will go to no end of trouble to help you select the right Perfume or Toilet Water, with powder, rouge and the rest of the indispensables near and dear to every feminine heart. Easter gifts of cosmetics are always welcome, if you are thinking along those lines.

Sisk Tours

are as busy as bees with their Cruise business. Nothing like an ocean voyage after a germ-filled winter season. I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Flu and all their unwelcome friends have taken themselves on a long trip, never to re-

Church Directory

We are pleased to list these churches, in the London Terrace neighborhood, for the guidance of readers.

✕

Baptist

North Church
232 West 11th Street

✕

Episcopal

St. Peter's Chelsea
346 West 20th Street

Church of the Holy Apostles
9th Avenue and 28th Street

✕

Lutheran

German Lutheran Church of
St. Paul
312 West 22d Street

✕

Methodist Episcopal

18th Street Methodist Church
305 West 18th Street

✕

Presbyterian

Chelsea Presbyterian Church
214 West 23d Street

✕

Reformed

Manor Church
350 West 26th Street

✕

Roman Catholic

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St. Columba
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415 Bldg. (Lower Corridor)

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turn. Easter in Bermuda is very nice, they tell me, and I envy those who are finding out for themselves just how attractive it is. Mr. Sisk, Mrs. Nickerson and Mr. Warfield, all to be found in the Travel office next to the Renting office, are there to help you plan your trip, by land, sea, air or rail—take your choice.

Kester Motors

suggest that you see America first, preferably New York City and nearby territory and preferably by means of a Dodge or Plymouth automobile. They have quite an assortment of both. The next time you go to the Post Office, open the door into the Auto Show room and look over the new—and re-newed—cars on display there.

Personally, I have to do my riding on the 23rd St. bus and I see my bus is waiting for me. So happy Easter, if I don't see you before April 9th.

Yours truly,
THE SHOP SHOOTER

THE PARTONS

(Continued from page 9)

the Mooney trial. Their courtship developed against the background of one of the most sensational chapters of American history, with the "court" part of it thus assuming a double meaning.

Previously she had graduated from the University of Michigan, he from Colorado University. He had crossed the Andes of South America and had been packed out almost dead from jungle fever by a native girl who requested as reward his fraternity pin. Mrs. Parton had gone from college to settlement work in Chicago, from there to New York and magazine work. Their wandering trails converged in San Francisco.

After they were married and the Mooney trial disposed of they went to Europe, he as correspondent for the *Bulletin*, she free-lancing for the magazines. That sort of thing has been more or less typical of their whole life

THE LONDON TERRACE NEWS

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together. Newspaper people, she thinks, are essentially wanderers, but she believes writers are best situated in New York if they are going to settle down. San Francisco exerts a tremendous fascination and they'll probably go there if they ever decide to leave the Dutch house and London Terrace.

She has a keen eye for modern trends of life, believes that the typical "women's" magazines, with their recipes and hints on home-making are due for discard unless they adapt themselves to the modern way of life. She has done some specialization in industrial and sociological subjects. Her new books on American cities are written from a fresh reader angle—that of interpreting industry, business and government in human interest language that will reflect the American scene as it is really lived, not as a clinical study.

Margaret, the daughter, takes to journalism with instinctive enthusiasm. She thinks newspaper people are the grandest people in the world. She likes her radio news job, but hopes eventually to work in a publishing house.

Music has its place in the family's design for living. Mrs. Parton plays the piano, Mr. Parton the guitar and Margaret the recorder, an instrument designed from the ancient shepherd flutes of Greece. They make a great trio, Mrs. Parton says, when they get going.

It is your interviewer's opinion that the Partons would make a great trio doing almost anything they felt like doing. And most of the time they feel like doing a great many interesting things.

Book Nook

THE Book Store shelves are hitting a high note of interest this month, with a wide range of outstanding volumes offered for readers. The veterans "All This, and Heaven Too" and "Rebecca" are still heading the best-seller list in that order, but a number of newcomers are bidding for favor.

In the historical fiction field "Three Harbors," by F. van Wyck Mason tells an exciting, fast-moving story of a phase of the American Revolution hitherto unchronicled. It is good adventure stuff spun against an authentic background of the ports of Boston, Norfolk and Bermuda.

"The Death of the Heart," by Elizabeth Bowen, is the British contribution to novel-reading. This Irish authoress has a keen, sustained insight into the movements of the modern social scene interpreted in this instance through the character of a sensitive young girl.

"We Saw It Happen," the keep-pace-with-the-headlines book

by thirteen New York Times correspondents, about which we told you in an interview with one of the authors a month or so ago, is, we are glad to report, doing very well.

A thriller set with a sound psychological basis is "Danger Signal," authored by the popular and able Phyllis Bottome. It concerns a psychiatrist who is able to foresee and prevent a murder by the use of her professional talents and knowledge. It is good suspenseful reading, with the added absorption which Miss Bottome's penetrating talent brings to it.

If you want charm and character, anecdote and amusement, you can take a look at Bertha

Damon's "Grandma Called It Carnal," a lightly-colored vignette of a stern but vital New England individualist.

A must for all admirers of Edna Ferber's, and they are legion, is of course her autobiography "A Peculiar Treasure," the story of her family, built as are her novels, against the kaleidoscope of American life.

Helen Hull's new one, "Frost Flower," is popular. So is "Consultation Room," an autobiography of a woman's doctor by Frederic Loomis, M.D. When a doctor adds to his knowledge of human behavior the ability to write about it, the result is usually fascinating. This is no exception.

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Lower Corridor

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CAT lovers are a staunch band of enthusiasts, strong in their affections for the sleek autocrats, quietly insistent upon the veracity of the lore and legends which have grown up around them through the centuries.

Mrs. William Tate, Terrace resident, has a story to tell of her cat, the late Tiger Tate, which received New York newspaper comment. Tiger was a foundling, deposited at the Tate doorstep in a laundry bag when she and

her husband were residents of Quincy, Mass. He lived fourteen years and reached the weight of seventeen pounds.

One of his typical accomplishments was concerned with the ever-important problem of prompt and satisfactory feeding. He was used to a fairly early breakfast, the usual rising hour of the Tates being seven A.M. If by any chance they overslept, Tiger

didn't just wait patiently. He did something about it. He climbed up and banged heck out of the dinner gong until he got action. Mrs. Tate says she is sure Tiger's mind connected eating with the sounding of the gong.

And while we're on the subject, we'll tell a story about a cat and food, the absolute authenticity of which we can vouch for. This was an alley cat, a female, taken into a Greenwich Village apartment when she was about to become a mother. She gave birth to five fine kittens. They grew by leaps and bounds and before long the mother had a hard time satisfying their appetites.

One day, as proved by a neighbor eye-witness who was too intrigued to interfere, the mother cat climbed a back yard fence into an apartment kitchen window, reappearing shortly after with a large, red, raw juicy steak in her mouth. With an agility born of strength of purpose she maneuvered her burden down into her own home.

When her mistress arrived a little later she discovered the steak in the middle of her kitchen floor, surrounded by the five kittens, who were sitting on their haunches staring at it, fascinated but perplexed.

The Village lady has refused to say who finally ate the steak.

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MONDAY NIGHTS IN FAST STRIDE

MONDAY Nights in the Penthouse Club seems to have settled down in our midst for a long and interesting run. Attendance for these weekly discussion gatherings has been increasing from week to week so that seats for late-comers are at a premium. Tenant interest in this home activity started a year or so ago by Roland L. Stratford has increased so that it now keeps Mr. Stratford and his committee busy handling all the suggestions for guest speakers which come from those attending.

The SRO sign was hung up on February 20th when 115 people came upstairs to hear lawyer George Luttinger speak and demonstrate his hobby "Hypnosis." Another very popular February speaker was Miss Olive McCormick on the 27th, whose subject was "Calling All Landlubbers," but whose subject matter might have been titled "How to Behave on a Yacht."

A red-letter Monday Night date for March is the 13th, which will see the internationally-known Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Meyer on the rostrum. His subject matter—"National Socialism and Democracy, Two Conflicting World Philosophies." Dr. Meyer's background makes him eminently suited to discuss this tremendous subject. He holds doctor's degree from the Universities of Breslau and Strassburg, served in the German Army during the World War, after which he practiced law and then entered the diplomatic service. In 1931 his controversial book "The Struggle About German Foreign Policy" was published and in that same year he came to Washington, D. C., as first Secretary of the German Embassy. He served in that capacity until 1937 when he resigned his post and from the diplomatic service on his own initiative because of his disagreement with the policies of National Socialism. The night of

his talk should be an exciting one for all those interested in international politics and economics and the SRO sign probably will be hung out early.

Other bang-up events scheduled for March are Herbert Gorman on the 6th, Mr. Maxwell C. Maxwell, a holdover from February, on the 20th, and Dr. Mary Thomson on the 27th. Mr. Gorman, Terrace resident, is the author of such best-selling novels as "Suzy" and "Jonathan Bishop" and the biographies "The Incredible Marquis—Alexandre Dumas" and "The Scottish Queen." He will talk informally and give readings from his books. Mr. Maxwell, another resident, will be heard on "The Romance of Locks." Dr. Thomson, famous psychiatrist on the staff of Medical Center will speak on "How We Become Puzzles to Ourselves."

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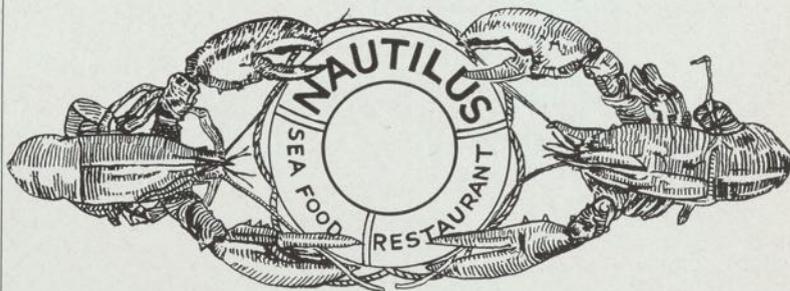
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LADY AT LEISURE

(Continued from page 10)

others, who, stricken with re-
morse have confessed—that the
list of carpet shakers far exceeds
the list of accused.

“The windows are ‘out’ then,
the halls are ‘out’ then, the eleva-
tor men won’t play, so there
seems to be nothing left for it
but to shake the darn things in
the apartment. That will eventu-
ally form a vicious circle and be-
fore we know it, we shall all be
neuraesthetic and some one of
these nights we shall be 2,000
Flora Boves and 2,000 Mrs. B.
Lows beating 4,000 strong upon
the portals of Bellevue.

“At least there we shall be one
big family and perhaps one of us
will have a suggestion as to what
we should have done about carpet
shaking.”

L'Accusee

“P.S. Don’t confess, anybody
else!! Maybe this will hold ‘em.”

Editor's Note: I would say
that rug shaking and carpet
sweepers are just about as out as
cigarette smoking lectures at
girls’ schools. So why not adopt
the up-to-date method of vacuum
sweeper and dry cleaning service
at regular intervals, and save
“L’Accusee” and her other Mrs.
Flora Boves any more concern on
the subject of house cleaning.

House cleaning makes one
think of Spring and that sunshine
that should be just around the
corner. Let’s hope that by the
next time we meet via the NEWS
we shall feel in a much gayer and
happier mood, with all problems,
big and small, solved for the mo-
ment at least.

Almost Here

The first Garden crocus ap-
peared on Monday, March 6th,
at 8:21 A. M. It was outside
the 415 Building. By the time
the next issue of the NEWS is out,
the vanguard of the crocuses, the
daffodils, the narcissi and the
hyacinths will be upon us. It’s
almost here, boys and girls.

Poem

First sign of spring peeped
over the horizon this month when
a single sheet of paper was shoved
under the editor’s door. Sure
enough, it was a poem; a poem
treating a rather prosaic subject
with sprightly verve.

PANORAMIC VIEW

*I have but to gaze
From windows
None too clean
To catch my first bright
Glimpse of spring—
For, London tenants,
Rags in hand
Unwittingly
Have put a ban
Upon the windows’
Cleaning man.
Some polish windows
At high noon
And one gets up at dawn.
While others choose
Night’s eerie light
To make their
Windows spic and span,
So that their first
Fresh, bit of spring
Or Robin Red-breast can
Be seen
Without the streaky,
Dirty, smudge
Left on the pane
By winter’s grudge!*

ELIZABETH WICHNER.

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