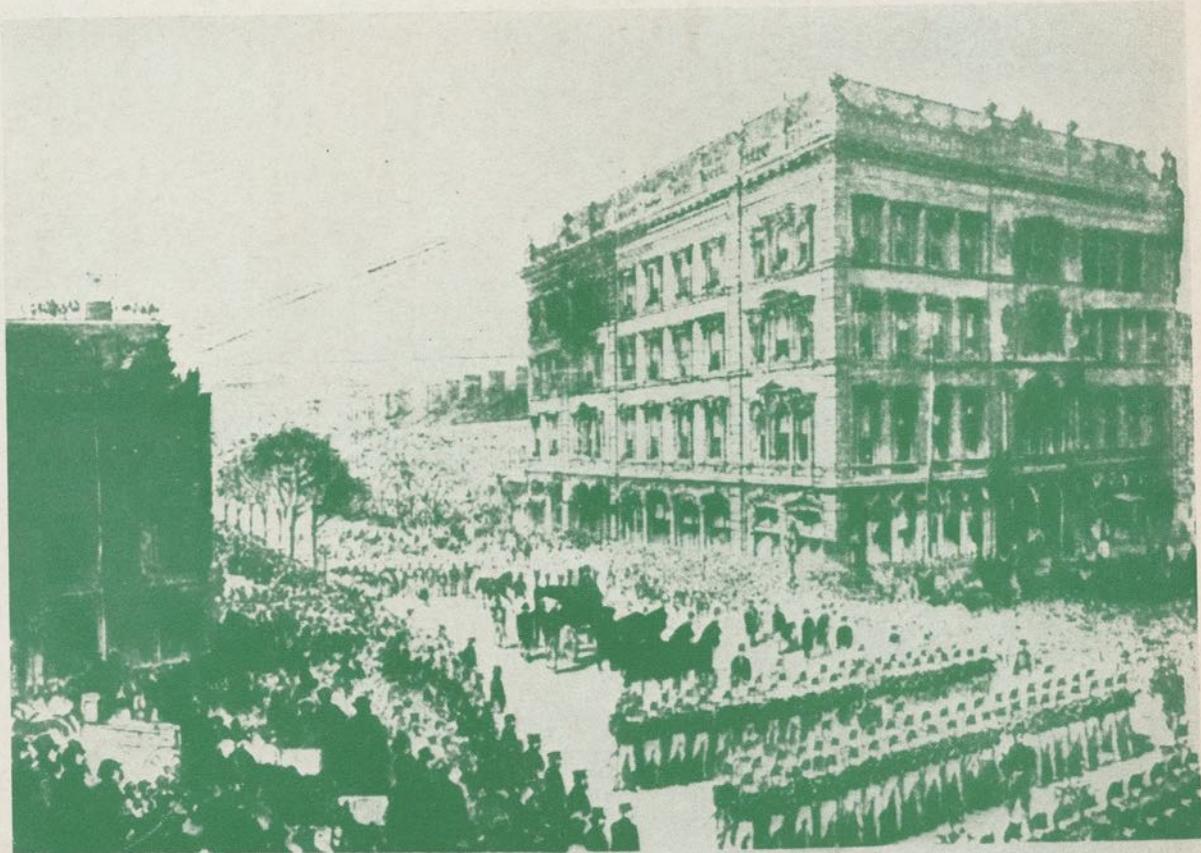


MAR 14 40 M

London Terrace News



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NEW YORK CITY

Renting and Managing Agent

The NEWS of

London Terrace

MARCH, 1940

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER 3

Cover

Many readers have kindly intimated that they got a great kick out of last month's cover, so we are following suit with this issue—another reproduction from a print of an old-time photo, showing the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. There seems to be some sort of a parade going on.

Battle

The annual tournament of the Chess Club is under way, with Dr. Biederman, winner of last year's B Section trophy, acting as tourney director.

The tough guys in Section A make up a stronger field than last year, with Rasis, Brenneis, Kramer, and Barry all set to give Champion Peckar a run for his money. In Section B the chief candidates for Dr. Biederman's throne are Riddell and Blomquist, although a new arrival, H. McCoy, has started off at a hot pace. The competition in Section C is wide open, with Mrs. Robin and Mrs. Keener given an equal chance with such rivals as Wolfson and Mulford.

The Club continues to grow. New members besides Mr. McCoy are Eric Helmich, A. P.

Jahn and Richard Martin. Wednesday nights in the Penthouse.

Scouting

Young Terrace women who have a deal of spare time which could stand being put to some constructive use, have an invitation from the Manhattan Council of Girl Scouts. The Council needs volunteers who can act as leaders, assistant leaders and program consultants. During the past year a number of Girl Scout groups have been unable to meet because of lack of leadership.

Training courses are necessary for this work and if you're interested, get in touch with the Council's Manhattan headquarters at 670 Lexington Avenue. The phone number is PLaza 3-1217.



Anti-Smoke

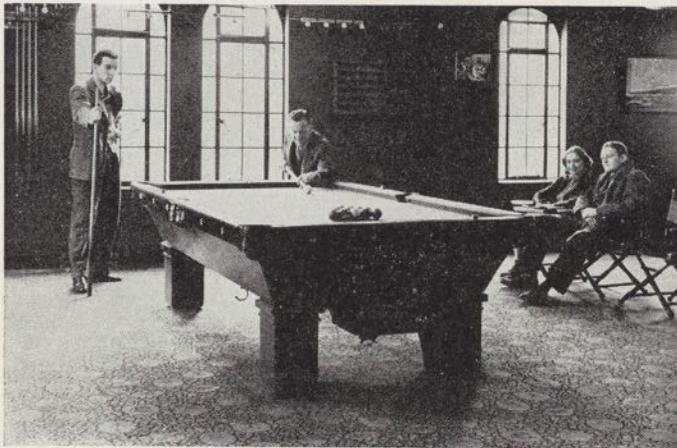
In the interests of a smokeless - as - possible neighborhood, here's a suggestion which has to do with our incinerator contents. Large quantities of magazines and newspapers are apt to produce flaky smoke, so the management thinks it would be a good idea if these items were disposed of in another manner. When you're discarding magazines and newspapers, don't put them down the incinerator chute, but stack them alongside. Porters will pick them up twice a day, thus assuring neatness and cleanliness all around.

Guest Apartments

It won't be long now, if we can believe Grover Whalen, when the 1940 edition of the New York World's Fair will swing open its gates. Visitors and relatives will be knocking at our doors throughout the spring and summer and the excellent arrangements for furnished apartment accommodations in the Terrace will be provided as they were last year.

These apartments did a land office business in 1939, so if you're expecting visitors, better make your arrangements as soon as possible so there won't be any last-minute hitches.

INDOOR SPORTS AT PEAK SEASON



All is fun and fun is all in Terrace Game Room where friendly rivalry sets the pace for lively recreation

Above are a couple of the boys snapped in the take-off for a cue-ball-and-pocket match. The attractive kibitzer at the right seems more interested in the camera man than in the game. At the right are seen the ping pong tables resting up between sets. This Terrace Game Room in the 410 Building is light, airy, spacious.



Photos by Harter

NEWS NOTE: London Terrace Game Room Combines Social Evening With Athletic Contest Awards

The ever popular London Terrace Game Room was the scene of an informal dance and presentation of the Ping Pong Championship and Runner-Up awards on the evening of February 21st.

About fifty Terrace residents and their guests were present to see Champion Max Rudolph and Runner-Up Phil Lynch receive their trophies, each a silver figurine of a ping pong player in action, mounted on an ebony base. These were presented by Mr. Bruce White, who made a brief speech about the gratifying reception given to the introduc-

tion of Ping Pong into London Terrace. The two winners also said a few words thanking Wm. A. White & Sons, Managing Agent for London Terrace, for its cooperation and expressing their pleasure with the trophies.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Rudolph entertained those present with an exhibition rhumba which was enthusiastically received.

Light refreshments were served by Dan Crawford, always the gracious Game Room host.

Among those who attended the party were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce White, Mr. Roger Wunderlich,

Miss Kay White, Mr. Sam Al-sop, Mr. Charles Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Noll, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Metzger, Mr. Hall Young Kaighin, Mr. Bob Peterson, Miss Betty Orr, Mr. Eric Zimmermann, Miss Eleanor Murphy, Mr. Lester L. Keeney, Miss Betty Clark, Mr. Herbert Taylor, Miss Barbara Carson, Mr. Tony Gagne, Mr. Joel T. Edelstein, Misses Donnis and Betty Fernandez, Mr. Wayne Ferguson, and Mr. Joseph P. Peters.

GAME ROOM REPORTER

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

ENTRANCE MUSIC, PLEASE PROFESSOR!

Terrace mimers up to their grease paint in activities

Gala Performance

THE mighty London Terrace Art Players will don mustaches, fright wigs, virtue and villainy on the night of March 13th, when they present a startling performance of that pulsating drayma, "The Crack of Doom," or "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." Interrupting serious rehearsals of "First Lady" for an evening, the group, augmented by professional entertainers, will stage an informal high jinks in Elizabeth Flynn's Grille Room beginning at 8:30.

Free beer and pretzels, between-scenes entertainment, music, dancing and song will make the night one long to be remembered. The merry melange of mirth will include:

Melodrama De Luxe

The above-mentioned performance of "The Crack of Doom," with Terrace Players Al Gottlieb, Paul Addams, John Eells, Sam Alsop, Leone Adelson and Annabelle Eells.

Professional miming by resident Hudson Faussett, who has just returned from a joust with Hollywood picture-making. His specialty for the evening will be several numbers from a revue entitled "Horrorscope."

More specialty entertainment by another Hollywooder, Miss Jeraldine Dvorak.

Songs by Miss Irene Patterson, night club singer, who will warble the radio Hit Parade numbers.

Magic and Music

Feats of legerdemain by Alfred B. Collison, member of the Society of Magicians.

Dance exhibition numbers by Terrace instructors Gertrude Dutton and William Crook, who will show the Joropo as they introduced it at the Stork Club.

Music by the Ole South Quartette.

Dancing for all who wish to tread a measure or two.

As we mentioned before, free beer and pretzels. The date is Wednesday, March 13th, the time is 8:30 and the tariff, which includes the whole works, is exactly—no more no less—thirty-nine (\$.39) cents per each and every head.

You simply can't afford to miss it folks!

Theatre Forums

THE pessimist who sometimes shares our morning elevator ride was sounding off the other A.M. on the topic of the so-called legitimate theatre. According to this confirmed looker-on-the-dark-side the speaking stage is rapidly decreasing in public interest and will soon be confined to musical shows and a few short-lived "arty" productions which are too long-browed to interest the Hollywood factories.

No Argument

It was a busy morning and we didn't have time to argue, but we did drop around to the first session of the Theatre Forum sponsored by the London Terrace Players, which was held on February 6th in Elizabeth Flynn's Grille Room. The guest speaker was Mr. Daniel Frohman, the house was packed with interested listeners and the distinguished gentleman of the theatre held them in their seats from first word to last with a fascinating recital of his experiences and philosophy regarding the speaking stage. So the next time we encountered the elevator pessimist we just said "phooey" under our breath and paid him no more mind.

Guest Speakers

Since that first session, the Players have been hosts to Mr. David Platt, who contributed a rather unique angle on the picture "Gone with the Wind," and Mr. Chamberlain Brown, a veteran casting manager who knows his Broadway like our gardener knows his Terrace Garden grass blades. These theatre sessions are held each week in the Penthouse Club at 8:30 P.M. and Terrace residents are welcome as furs in March, with no fee of any sort necessary. In the meantime, the Players are slamming right ahead with rehearsals of their initial production, "First Lady," under the directorial whip of Samson Gordon, and latest rumors were that an announcement regarding the opening night would be forthcoming before the first crocus. Rehearsals are held each Tuesday and Thursday evening in Apartment 19D, 470 Building. If you're interested in joining the activities of this company in any capacity, look in on them any time and talk things over.

LOVE ON A HIKE

*An original short story in which love
and honesty fight to a happy finish*

LOVE is very often insidious in its effects on human nature. When I fell in love with that walking back-to-nature movement, that advocate of the icy plunge before breakfast, Bob Blatchford, I little dreamed of the complete change which love would attempt to wreak in me.

It all began when, after four weeks of comfortable courtship in town during the month of September, Bob invited me up to meet his family and spend the weekend at their country place. It sounded delightful, and I had visions of jolly evenings around a crackling fire, of a leisurely stroll along the lake shore in the warmth of the Indian Summer afternoon.

We arrived at dusk, after a three-hour drive in Bob's roadster with the top down. This I hadn't minded too much, as it had been warmish when we left town, and I had a wool scarf tied around my freshly coiffed tresses. The minute we drove up in front of the cottage, people began coming out to greet us. I liked them all the minute I met them—Bob's mother and father, his sister Maddy and her boy friend Spike, and his sweet little grandmother.

"Just in time for a dip before dinner," Maddy said, her face fairly exuding outdoor girl health.

"You bet," Bob said, just before I practically fainted.

What could I do? After all, I was out to get the guy, to lapse into the candid vernacular of my teen-aged brother. A few minutes later found me grimly down on the pier clad in a slightly damp and clammy bathing suit belonging to some feminine Blatchford. From that moment on I knew I was doomed. No matter what plea I might put in for lack of equipment, there would always be someone obligingly to help me out. Thank heavens, I thought gloomily, that this was not winter, and at least I would not be sent to my fate on a pair of borrowed skis.

It was quite dark when we got back to the cottage, for which I was thankful as it hid my blue lips and stringy hair from Bob's view. I managed to save a curl or two, however, and appeared at dinner looking not too terrible in my new plaid skirt and white sweater. After dinner the family lingered for a decent interval, then tactfully one by one began going to bed, leaving Bob and me alone in front of the crack-

ling fire I had conjured up beforehand. Everything was going almost exactly as I had planned—so I thought. I sighed as I felt Bob's arm slip around me, but his words fell on horrified ears.

"We'd better be getting to bed early Penny so we'll feel like getting up in time for the hike."

"Hike? What hike?" I echoed.

Mistaking my amazement for delight, Bob went on. "I knew you'd think it was a grand idea. Everyone's going except grandma."

"Lucky grandma," I thought bitterly, then ventured. "What time do we start?"

"At six—that means five-thirty breakfast, so I'll call you around five."

"A dip before breakfast of course," I said fiercely, hoping to get the better of him. To no avail, however, for he simply replied "Naturally."

It seemed as though I had just gotten my feet warmed up in the frigid sheets on my bed when there was great pounding on my door and cheery voices proclaiming that it was after five o'clock. Through the one eye which I finally opened, I could see that outside it was all dismal gray dawn, and the air which was coming like a young gale through my window was damp and chill. I heard the various Blatchfords romping around the cottage just as though it were noon, and calling to one another about knapsacks, stout boots and other articles, the very mention of which made me shudder.

At last, clad in an unattractive khaki hiking garb left in the cottage by a Blatchford cousin, I was ready for the ordeal. Everyone else had eaten heartily of wheatcakes and syrup, scrambled eggs, toast and milk, but I, who cannot bring myself to choke down a mouthful before lunch time, contented myself with a cup of coffee. I could see Bob eyeing me with disapproval as I did so, perhaps visualizing married life with me sans hearty breakfast, so I made a desperate attempt to wolf down a huge piece of toast generously laden with jam and butter, furtively dropping it into a handy piece of crockery as soon as nobody was looking.

"Hurry, the sun will be up soon," someone was calling. The idea, I gathered, was to get to the top of Old Baldypuss Mountain, or something, to see the sun rise. Bob was all excited about seeing the sunrise with me, and I couldn't

help feeling a bit glowy myself as I looked at him, stalwart and handsome in his hiking outfit which was so much more becoming than my olive-drab number.

We started off. There was a nice smooth trail up the side of the mountain, but apparently this was sissy stuff to the Blatchfords. They had to climb up the bed of an abandoned waterfall over enormous boulders and rocks, and I, being a potential Blatchford myself, had to clamber along with them. Needless to say everyone was soon out of sight, and their voices grew fainter and fainter despite my frantic cries of "Wait, wait." I skinned my knee. Then I turned my ankle. I began to feel very sorry for myself. At least Bob could have waited for me a little. Now here I was all alone in the middle of a dried-up waterfall. "Where's Penny?" I heard Bob shout. Then I heard him leaping down from rock to rock.



*I began to feel sorry for myself.
At least Bob could have waited for
me a little.*

He was very amazed to find me just sitting there.

"Tired so soon?" he asked. Wearily I turned my head to look behind me at the seeming chasm of waterfall bed up which I had made my painful way. A minute passed, and evidently this was the time limit set for rest periods during Blatchford family hikes, for Bob jumped to his feet with a peppy "Ready?"

Up we toiled. Only this time Bob practically hauled me up the side of the mountain, so at last we reached the summit. Everyone else had been there for ages and were relaxing by rolling huge boulders down the other side of the mountain. I flung myself on the ground, raising my head only when everyone began to cry "Oh, isn't

it wonderful?", and "Isn't it simply gorgeous?", etc., and I realized that the sun must be rising.

Bob came over and sat down beside me. "You know," he said, "there's something about reaching the summit of a mountain top that sort of gets me."

"Me too," I panted. Mistaking exhaustion for emotion, he caught my hand and held it.

"I wonder if you know how you look lying there with the newly risen sun shining on your hair?" he whispered.

I knew all right, and the thought made me nostalgic for an appointment at Antoin's Beauty Salon.

Just as I was getting back to normal the hikers began chafing at the bit for the continuation of the delightful little meander.

"You'll love the way we're going back, Penny," Maddy told me. "Instead of a dried-up waterfall it's a real one, and we climb down over the rocks like stepping stones. We usually take our shoes and stockings off when we go down that way."

I, who cannot walk across my bedroom rug without slippers on, was intrigued with this new treat in store for me.

Compared to my trip downward, my ascent was a wonderful experience. All the jagged, sharp stones on the mountain threw themselves in my path. All the treacherous, slippery or tipsy rocks invited me to step on them and thus slide into all the deepest and coldest pools in the waterfall. Everyone got way ahead of me again, and when I finally came scrambling down they were all waiting for me, completely rested and ready to go on through the woods for a mere mile or so. After what I had already been through, a few bramble scratches, insect bites, twigs snapping into my face and hidden roots tripping me up were nothing. The Blatchford cottage loomed up a haven of refuge to the cut, scratched, bitten, footsore, aching, utterly exhausted creature who was I. I was heading, almost too obviously, in the direction of my bedroom, when someone mentioned the word "dip." I wheeled about, and something in me sort of snapped.

"I am not going for a dip," I announced hysterically. "I'm going to rip off these horrible hiking togs, take a nice HOT shower, put on a pretty dress, sit in front of the fire and read 'Gone with the Wind.'"

Everyone stared in sheer consternation. Maddy, thinking I was joking, laughed, then realizing her error, joined in the astonished gaping.

"But, Penny," Spike said incredulously, "a dip will pep you up for the paddle tennis this afternoon."

"And the moonlight horseback ride tonight," added Maddy.

(Continued on page 18)

THEY COVER THE WORLD

YOU just can't get away from the foreign situation and the March attractions listed for "Monday Nights in the Penthouse Club" reflect the intense public interest in what's going on across both oceans.

The Far East came in for some scrutiny on March 4th, when Mr. W. P. Mills faced the audience with "America and the Far East." Mr. Mills, associated with the YMCA and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, has spent a good deal of his time ever since 1912 in China and Japan, and was in Nanking recently during the Japanese attack.

On the 11th, we take a hop to dear old Europe with Mr. Gerhart H. Seger, who essays a bit of prophecy on "What Will Become of Europe?" Mr. Seger is no newcomer to the Monday Night rostrum, having entertained us with a very interesting talk last year. He is a well-known lecturer, editor and former member of the German Reichstag.

Europe will be continued in our next the following week, this time "Looking Into the European Volcano," with Dr. Henry Smith Leiper as the tour guide. Dr. Leiper is secretary of the World Council of Churches and can say

"hello" in familiar fashion to practically every part of the globe and to a vast number of the world's headline names in government, education and religion. He visited Hitler Germany several times and was in France last Fall just before the general mobilization.

On Easter Monday, March 25th, there will be no meeting, thereby whetting appetites for what is in store for April Fool's day a week later. Mr. Roland Stratford and his committee who have charge of the programs, are keeping information about this session under their hats, but promise something very unusual.



Courtesy The New Yorker and Garrett Price

"This mantelpiece is one of the most practical features of the apartment."

Lady at Leisure



WHEN in doubt ask questions I've been told and I am in plenty of doubt as to what to write about this March 1940. So I'll relay a few queries on to you such as: Did you know that the first Easter parade was held in 1883 and that in 1892 the first egg was rolled on the White House lawn? And did you know that St. Bartholomew's church stood on the corner of 44th and Madison in the year 1890?

All this accumulation of information was acquired because I was inspired to do a little house-cleaning last week. I hasten to add that I only got as far as my top closet shelf (where I started). Here I discovered my file of treasured *New York Woman* magazines. My good intentions of orderliness were forgotten and I settled down to a quiet evening at home and refreshed my memory as to what New York Women were doing back in 1936.

Ladies + Leisure = Mischief was the heading of an article that naturally caught my eye. The sub-title was "Our Beachcomber back from the Gold Coast reports that she's glad she's a working girl." Inez Calloway Cobb, the author, failed to convince me as to why she came to this strange decision but I did decide that I should go down to Florida and find out if things have changed in six years. Or maybe my readers (?) would prefer to know more about California.

It was amazing to find that the 1936 hats were silly enough to be in style now while the dresses looked just too odd—that peculiar length, mid-way between ankle and knee that was so right then but so wrong this season.

Pictures of a current movie called "The Gorgeous Hussy," starring Joan Crawford, were intriguing. Joan certainly was well supplied with leading men—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas and last, but not least, James Stewart. Poor Jimmie wasn't even mentioned in the cast but his profile appeared in one of the "stills" and there was no mistaking him.

Here, too, in September 1936 was an article called "The Yankee at King Edward's Court"—remember? This was the first inside story of Wally Simpson and did tongues wag from then on about this now famous romance. And did it inspire us "not so young" gals to read about the glamour of this "over 40" feminine charmer.

Here is something that I heard about six months ago and which has been set in type for three months but has been "standing" at the printers and each month goes into the "over-matter." It's really hardly worth waiting for but here it is anyway:

If you're a nervous soul—and a thrifty one—and have the habit of taking two or three puffs of a cigarette and then putting it out, here's a tip. Hold a lighted match up to the blackened end of the slightly used cigarette until it catches fire. Then put it in your mouth and take a puff. It will taste almost as good as a fresh smoke.

My boss suggested that I tell a joke so blame him if you don't like it.

The following conversation took place between two inmates of a mental hospital:

"What are you writing?"

"I'm writing a letter."

"Who are you writing a letter to?"

"I'm writing to myself."

"What does it say in the letter?"

"I don't know. I won't get it until tomorrow."

And when you get this copy of the NEWS I better be some place else. They say California is very nice this time of the year.

W.S.A. MEET

ANOTHER Women's Association Swimming Meet was run off in exciting style on the evening of February 25th in the London Terrace Pool. The talented gals of the W.S.A. were impolite enough to cop off top



W.S.A. champ Lorraine Fischer, who can smile even when her hair is damp.

honors in a number of the events. Chief of these was the competition for the senior metropolitan district championship at 100 yards, free style, which was won by Lorraine Fischer, W.S.A., in 1:04.9 (one minute, four and nine-tenths seconds to those of you who don't read the sports

Church Directory

For the guidance of readers at this religious season, we are pleased to list here the following churches in London Terrace Parish. All of them, of course, are holding special services during Holy Week—March 18th through Easter Sunday, March 24th.

✕

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

Guardian Angel
10th Avenue and 21st Street

St. Columba
341 West 25th Street

pages.) The W.S.A. swept this event completely, members Mildred O'Donnell and Gloria Weeks finishing second and third, respectively.

The W.S.A. also trampled on all opposition in the 220 yards breast stroke handicap, placing one, two, three again. Harriet Taylor splashed in first in the face of a sixteen second handicap. Her actual time was 3:22.5. Rozanne Hamilton was second and Helene Rains, a little tired perhaps from her recent triumphal competition tour of South America, came in third.

The Shelton Dolphins nosed out the W.S.A. in the 200 yards free style handicap, with their Doris Revoire taking first place to a time tune of 2:43.7. Betty Lawson, W.S.A., was second and Jean Loveland from Newark was third.

The 100 yard back stroke handicap went to the Dragon Club's Ethel Zeider, who zoomed through the course in 1:20.1, followed closely by her team mate, Jean Wesolowski, with W.S.A.'s Geraldine Larkin coming in

third. Gloria Callen of W.S.A. made the best time—1:12.8, but she gave a 25 second handicap, so didn't figure in the official finish.

W.S.A.'s kiddie event, open to members eleven years of age or younger, was won by Mary La Cour, with Roberta Hermann, Florence Schmitt and Beverly Bohn finishing in that order.

The next Meet sponsored by the W.S.A. will be held in the Pool on the evening of April 7th. This is an open A.A.U. Meet and the feature events will be the senior metropolitan district championships for the 400 yards free style relay and the 220 yards breast stroke.

If you haven't attended any of these Meets as yet, better make it a date for April 7th. They're exciting stuff and they're right at our doorstep. And if you're interested in doing a little expert swimming, it's well to remember that the same teaching talent which puts the W.S.A. gals out in front in many of these races is available to Terrace tenants at very reasonable rates.

IS THERE A CAMERA IN THE HOUSE?

A GOOD many of us have suffered the horrible experience of spending half a day taking snapshots of little Junior or Aunt Mary, only to receive back from the local drug-store something that looked like eight poses of the Human Beast. We've realized that something was woefully wrong with our camera technique but didn't know quite what to do about it. The Terrace Camera Club has worked out a solution of our problem.

Beginning Wednesday evening, March 6th, the Club will offer in its studios in 430 Main Street, a series of classes in the fundamentals of photography. Classes are under the supervision of Mr. Jacob Deschin, A.R.P.S., well-known authority on camera-craft,

photographic editor of *Scientific American* and author of several popular handbooks, including *New Ways in Photography* and *Finding New Subjects for Your Camera*.

The subject of Mr. Deschin's first lecture was "Meet Your Camera," wherein he set about to get you and your Brownie on better speaking terms. Continuing on alternate Wednesdays, Mr. Deschin will lead his students through the various phases of elementary photography.

Residents of the Terrace are invited to attend these classes, although there will be a nominal admission fee of fifty cents per class to non-Club members, the proceeds being used to purchase
(Continued on page 17)

ANOTHER YEAR FOR C.C. OFFICERS



Reelected officers of Chelsea Charities. Seated, l. to r.: Cortland G. Pohle, treasurer; Mrs. Joseph G. Mahar, recording secretary; Mrs. Willard Isham, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Leo Rosenbloom, vice-chairman. Standing l. to r.: Mrs. Donald F. Taylor, chairman of house chairmen; Sheffield A. Arnold chairman.

WHILE national political barrages and artillery fire bombarded the peepul with the beginning of a Presidential election year, our own election here at the Terrace was conducted with dispatch, efficiency and thorough satisfaction. This election was for officers of Chelsea Charities, tenant organization which manages the summer Chelsea Jamboree and is in the forefront of activities for the Christmas Party.

Last year's officers were so popular and conducted their duties amid such universal esteem

that the entire slate was reelected for the coming year.

Treasurer Pohl recently released the financial statement for the year and the pertinent figures add up as follows:

The balance on hand after last year's Jamboree amounted to \$4,634.51. There were 197 children sent to summer camps for two weeks each, the expenses of which drained the exchequer of all but \$1,222.56. Since then, \$91.75 has been spent in collecting and distributing clothing, leaving a present available balance of \$1,130.81.

MEN'S MASSAGE ROOM IN ACTION

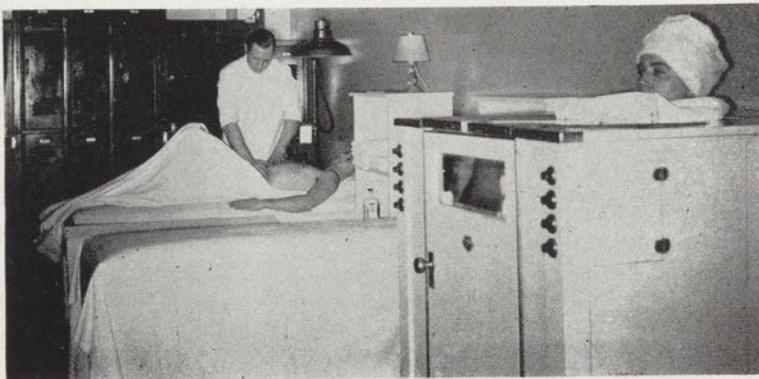


Photo by Deschin

Heat cabinet and rubbing table pleasantly occupied, with Mr. Theodorson doing the muscle wielding



SCATTER SUNSHINE WITH EASTER CARDS

There's no holiday where cards are more appropriate than at Easter time. Why not surprise your friends and relatives with a shower of Easter Cards?

They are delightfully smart and pretty this year and we take pleasure in requesting you to call and make an early selection.

ALL PRICES
MANY, MANY STYLES.

EASTER BUNNIES
DOLLS — TOYS —
BASKETS — EGG
DYES AND
DECORATIONS

GAMES

For Adults — Children

We Are Now Featuring:

Contact 49c and 98c
Jig Saw Picture Puzzles .25c
Pinocchio 98c Pylon .98c

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES

Sold Rented
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Shop Shots



THERE are liable to be more fur coats and galoshes than Spring suits and dainty footwear on Fifth Avenue this Easter. However, an Easter bonnet can always be protected by an umbrella, pardon me if I seem a little pessimistic, and you don't have to go far to get one made to order. Of course, I refer to our good friend

Betty Wilbur

milliner to Terrace ladies for many years. No chance of meeting your double on Fifth Avenue or Twenty-third Street if you have a hat made to order. Most of the new headgear is so trying but Miss Wilbur can add half an inch to the brim or crown and you will still be in style and yet have a chapeau that goes with your face. Personally I'd rather get a face to go with the hat.

The Tailor

and his dressmaker helper have a large assortment of materials from which to choose if you want something to go with the hat and the face, or vice-versa. Usually I buy a purse or a pair of gloves and then have so much trouble finding a dress to match! Mr. Loeb still turns out about the

best looking tailored suits (for men or women) that I've ever seen. And I am equally well pleased with an evening wrap that he just finished for me.

Postal Telegraph

have their ready-to-send messages on display for greetings to friends and folks back home. Or if you pay an extra ten cents, you can get original. No matter how blasé, most everyone gets a thrill upon receiving a telegram.

The Florist

with his Easter assortment of flowers can help make clothes, old or new, look much more festive. Personally, I prefer orchids but he has gardenias too and there will be plenty of Easter lilies to dress up the apartment. Flowers any day are welcome but they are a must on your Easter list.

Sisk Tours

will arrange a trip for you after you get all dressed up and have no place to go. Most people are staying on land or are becoming air-minded but there are still safe ocean voyages, so all you need, now that you have the clothes, is the cash. Trifling matter that

We Suggest Easter in Bermuda

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Send Easter fixed greeting message to your relatives and friends.

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ANY MATERIAL

ANY STYLE



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For Men and Women

410 Building (Store)

415 Building (Lower Corridor)

Call on House Phone

I merely mention in passing. Visit the friendly, cheery office in the 435 building and have the fun of *talking* about a trip but, I warn you, "Dutch" Sisk is an excellent salesman and he's done a good job of training his capable assistants, "Jo" Nickerson (her dimples help) and "Bo" Warfield.

Elizabeth Flynn

will scramble a few eggs for you on Easter Sunday or if you want to dine in style on that day, or any day, see her menu elsewhere in the News. She features certain popular dishes each day but no matter what your taste may be, you'll find something to suit your appetite and your purse, every day in the week.

Now I must go into a huddle with myself and decide whether I should dye my own eggs this year—if I'm lucky enough to have an egg for Easter.

Yours Truly,
THE SHOP SHOOTER

LONDON TERRACE NEWS



SORRY, by error, the King of Hearts was omitted in the South hand of the bidding discussed in last month's NEWS.

From the many inquiries I have received recently regarding correct rulings I conclude that a great many people playing bridge are not familiar with the rules. In bridge, as well as in any other sport, if an error is made we are subject to penalty and of course it should be taken graciously and the offender should not feel abused . . . as it is all part of the game. Naturally the tournament director must give the decisions as made by the National Rules Committee and whether playing for fun, money or title the rules should be obeyed.

Here is one of the questions asked regarding Duplicate bridge laws:

Question: Is there a different penalty for a bid or pass out of turn?

Answer: Yes. A bid out of turn (meaning suit bid or no trump) is void . . . and bid reverts to the correct player and the offender's partner is barred from further participation in the auction. If a player passes out of turn before any bid has been made it also reverts to the correct bidder and the offender must pass for one round. But a pass

out of turn where there has been a bid . . . the offender's partner is **BARRED** from further participation in the auction.

More answers next month.

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

CAMERA CLUB

(Continued from page 12)

additional equipment for the Club's studio and darkroom. We'll warrant you'll more than save the fees in film this summer, not to mention the added enjoyment of taking good pictures. Or better still, why not join the Club

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"A CHILD IS BORN"

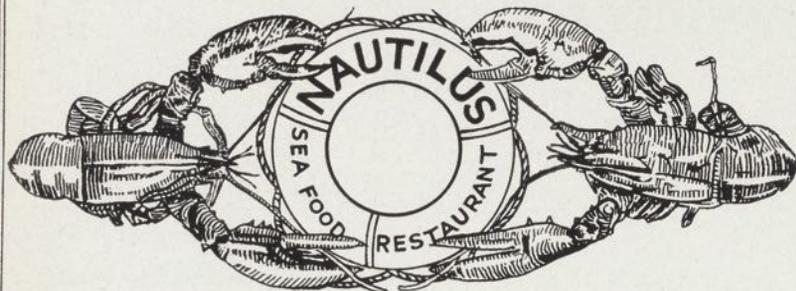
**ASK YOUR SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
FOR PICTURE TIME SCHEDULE**

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.

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EVENINGS

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PENTHOUSE CLUB

470 Building

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

Director

and enjoy all of its advantages?

The Camera Club now occupies a suite of rooms in the basement of the 430 building, generously donated and equipped by the Terrace management. Included in the group are a studio and meeting room and a fully-equipped darkroom laboratory, with a complete layout of printing, developing and enlarging equipment for those who like to do their own processing. An adjoining locker room provides adequate storage space for members' personal equipment.

All of this sounds pretty technical to most of us to whom a darkroom is just another place to sleep. However, don't let that frighten you away. Most of the members are just Sunday "snappers," even as you and I. The basic idea of the Club is to help anyone with a camera to get more enjoyment and better results from its use, whether the camera-owner is a rank beginner or an advanced worker.

So, if you own a camera, or still have that one you borrowed last vacation, drop down to the Camera Club studio any Wednesday evening at 8:30. Regular meetings are held the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, classes the first and third Wednesdays.

LOVE ON A HIKE

(Continued from page 9)

"I detest paddle tennis and I can't even ride a horse in the daylight," I cried, my voice reaching a new high in fishwife accents. "All I want is to be left alone. I'm not a girl scout. I HATE nature." And with this parting shot I rushed into my room and closed the door. The minute I was alone I was ashamed and wished I were dead. I lay sobbing on my bed, crying my eyes into a swollen mess and wondering when the next train left for New York. The Blatchfords would surely have nothing more to do with me, and Bob would never want to see me again, especially at the altar. It must have been fifteen minutes later that I heard someone come in. I knew right away it was Bob.

"Penny," he said, "will you marry me?"

I raised my horrible tear-stained visage in complete disbelief.

"Are you joking?"

"No. Will you?"

I was still suspicious. "What brought this on?" I demanded, acting less and less like girl-being-proposed-to.

"Well, I like honesty in a woman, above almost everything else," said Bob. "And when you stood there, knowing how I love the outdoors, and knowing how I wanted you to love it, and told me you detested it—well—I just knew then that we'd get along. But will you, Penny?"

"Yes," I said. Then, still unable to completely believe it, added, "Where are we going on our honeymoon?"

"Why I don't know," Bob laughed, "had you any particular place in mind?"

"Yes," I said. "Niagara Falls—not even a couple of Blatchfords can climb up that!"

DOROTHY D. PENTZ

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

UNEXPECTED COMPANY?....

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