

NOV 12 1934

London Terrace News



NOVEMBER

1935

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Broiled Filet Mignon—Mushroom Caps		
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Brussel Sprouts	or	Fresh Green Peas
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Baked Potato	or	Candied Yams
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	English Plum Pudding—Hard Wine Sauce	
	French Ice Cream	Turkey Petits Fours
	Marron Glacé Parfait	

The NEWS of
London Terrace

NOVEMBER 1935

VOLUME II

NUMBER 10

Traffic Light

The question of a traffic light at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Tenth Avenue has been revived recently, and an exchange of correspondence between a contributor to the "Sun" and William H. Bird, Managing Director of the Twenty-third Street Association, will be of interest to Terrace residents.

Under the heading "Traffic in Chelsea," the contributor writes:

"What do the residents of Chelsea district—Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets—think of traffic conditions on Tenth Avenue?"

"As a new driver, with a new car, I stop, look, listen and trust in God whenever I cross. No lights, no cops, no help of any kind; just trust to luck to cross and arrive on the other side with a car intact.

"How about the Twenty-third Street Association putting a few lights on this avenue? Certainly, if a campaign were started there would be many tenants in these two blocks who would welcome the idea, I am sure.

"What do the people of the neighborhood think? D. H. P." Mr. Bird replied to this letter as follows:

"The suggestion made by D. H. P. for a traffic light at Twenty-third Street and Tenth Avenue is not only heartily endorsed by the Twenty-third Street Association, but it is extremely timely. The Police Department is again investigating the advisability of placing a light at this intersection.

"Until recently our repeated requests for this light were not

approved due to the freight train operation along Tenth Avenue. The operating department of the New York Central Railroad now advises such a light would not interfere with their present freight operations.

"The Police Department, however, is looking into the matter to see if an isolated light would remedy the situation, although I think they prefer tying it into a system, which, due to the presence and existing operation of freight yards between Fourteenth and Thirty-third Streets, would probably be deferred until the West Side Improvement is completed."

Since this matter is important to London Terrace residents, it is suggested that letters be written to Police Commissioner Valentine urging the installation of such a light. An expression of opinion

from many residents would be helpful in speeding the matter.

Terpsichorean

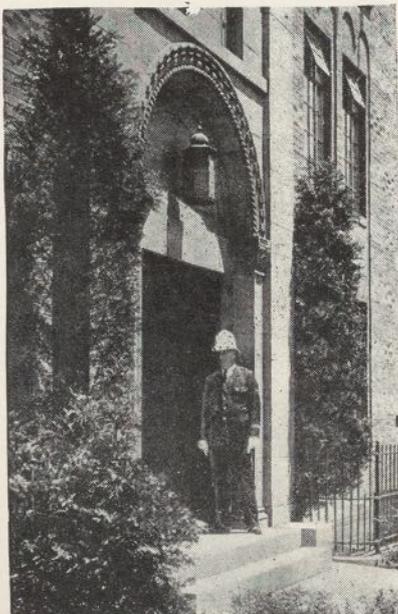
The News is the recipient of certain suggestions that a dance group be organized at London Terrace, sort of on the order of Arthur Murray's studio. The group could be enlarged to include lessons for younger people, and while the thought right now is to confine it to ballroom dancing instruction, there isn't any reason to believe that it couldn't ultimately embrace tap dancing and other types.

This periodical wants to take note of the several endorsements of the idea, and to put it squarely to the residents themselves. There is already the nucleus of a dance group, but not enough people know of this growing sentiment. Do you mind letting us know how you feel about it? Drop a note to the Editor in the 435 Building.

Nostalgia

A London Terrace resident not long ago moved to the suburbs, explaining that his mother-in-law needed the air, and take it any way you choose. For the first couple of weeks he strode magnificently to the ferry each night and boarded a train to the Town-Nobody-Knows, N. J., handing his bright, shiny, new commutation ticket to the conductor and settling back in his seat, the lord of all he surveyed, such as it was.

But the weather hasn't been all it should be, and our friend the past few evenings has been dawdling at our London Terrace fire-



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side, sipping sentimentally at whiskey-and-soda, and referring, a trifle less lustily, to the multiple blessings of catching the 5:45. For our part, we spared him no pain when we threw another log on the fire, and closed the window against the chill blasts gathering in the nearby Hudson. After an hour or so of embarrassing reminiscence, our guest has been taking his reluctant farewell.

Late last week, as he was leaving, he fumbled pitifully for words and finally blurted out that his wife and mother-in-law were going to Florida for a month for the latter's health. Could he (it *did* sound forward, he knew!) could he stay with us in London Terrace for a few days, for Auld Lang Syne?

We expect to be sued almost any day now by some New Jersey Chamber of Commerce for alienation of affections. But our defense is perfect.

London (Terrace) Bridge

A good many residents of London Terrace who are bridge-minded fail to appreciate the advantages afforded them at the Penthouse Club. A bridge activity takes place there every day in the week except Sunday and Monday. The program varies from the instruction class for beginners on Wednesday evening to the highly competitive duplicates on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

In between these classes a Wednesday matinee duplicate is conducted. The latest development is the Resident Bridge Club which meets every Friday evening and conducts a duplicate exclusively for Terrace residents. Many of the best resident players prefer this game, because of its social atmosphere, to the stronger open game, and have not missed a single session since it was started.

The Club will soon inaugurate as its first function a "Host and Guest" tournament, which prom-

ises to be extraordinarily successful. The unique feature of this tourney is that each pair will consist of a resident-host player and a non-resident guest player. Residents are invited to communicate with Mrs. Gladys Graves Stark in the Penthouse Club for further particulars.

Through the generosity of Mr. Lewis Green, a Terrace resident, various games such as "Make a Million," "Lexicon," and "Monopoly" will be given free to the participants on the last night of the tournament. These extra prizes will be distributed on the basis of the competitors' luck rather than skill in the tournament itself. Mr. Green has decided upon a unique method of distributing the awards. Later in the evening, the tournament winners will be announced and the prizes given. Mrs. Stark herself will superintend the tournament.

London Terrace is considered in bridge circles to be one of the most active and interested centers in town. You ought to join up.

Invitation

We were hurled, with a fine frenzy, back into our youth not long ago. We happened to be in the Food Store, waiting for two bottles of ginger ale, which is our favorite accessory, when a personable voice behind us broke into our reverie.

"Let's play post office," it said. We were suddenly in short trousers, back in Bucyrus, seeking out the flavorful favors of a little snip named Aggie, whose father ran a feed and grain store. Like a drowning man, we were with the memory of a taffy-pull with Aggie sweeping past us, leaving us spent and shaken.

We turned to look at the lady. She was simply joshing with the girl in the Food Store's post office, delivering a weak and disreputable wheeze for her own enjoyment. We took our ginger ale and went on home, which is what we had planned to do anyway.

LONDON TERRACE NEWS

23rd STREET GROUP ISSUES REPORT

Association lists its accomplishments of year, points to progress in surface car replacement and bus possibilities

THE Twenty-third Street Association, concluding another year of accomplishment, surveys the past twelve months in its annual report, submitted by President Paul H. Fairchild this week. Since so many matters which concern the Association are of personal interest to London Terrace residents, the NEWS is high-spotting the report.

The Association hoped for actual operation of buses in place of surface cars on 23rd Street this year. While there is still a possibility of seeing this improvement before the end of the year, prolonged hearings before the Transit Commission and the Federal Courts have consumed more time than was anticipated. The actual operation is now officially scheduled for January, 1936. New bus equipment is coming in almost daily, and garage space has already been leased at Twenty-third Street and Thirteenth Avenue.

The substitution of buses on the Eighth and Ninth Avenue routes is assured in the very near

FLASH: Eighth and Ninth Avenue bus service is scheduled to commence November 12.

THEATRE BUS IS ABANDONED

After a few weeks of successful operation, the London Terrace-Sheridan Theatre bus service has been discontinued. The cessation of the service resulted, not from any lack of interest on the part of the residents, but from the unpleasantness created by a neighborhood theatre for the Sheridan management. It was de-

The new London Terrace Identification Cards are being issued, and these will replace those currently in residents' present possession. You are asked to destroy the old card, and to use the new (brown) one hereafter when entering the Pool and for other purposes of identification.

Life-Saving

London Terrace is fortunate in having been able to secure the services of Mr. Joseph Rode, who is an examiner and instructor in the Red Cross Life-Saving Service, who will superintend courses of instruction in the Pool commencing Thursday evening, November 14, at eight o'clock.

On every Thursday evening at the same hour, over a period of several weeks, Mr. Rode will instruct London Terrace residents in both Junior and Senior Life-Saving. This course, which is thoroughgoing and of inestimable value to persons who wish to swim well, covers all requirements of the Red Cross. Upon the successful completion of examinations, awards and emblems will be given. Admission to the Pool, including instruction, will be, for tenants, 55c; guests will be admitted at the regular Pool rate.

The Pool will be closed for inspection and overhauling on November 18-19-20. Residents are advised not to make any swimming engagements for those three days.

Church Notes

St. Peter's Episcopal Church, on West Twentieth Street, reports a busy and interesting social season. The Sunday afternoon teas in the Rectory have proved most popular with many Terrace residents, and the Women's Guild, which has just opened its season, has attracted the interest of many women residents in London Terrace. The Clement Moore Club, which meets Monday evenings, invites Terrace tenants to participate in its activities.

A bazaar sponsored by members of the St. Columba (Catholic) Church, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues on 25th Street, will be held November 11-15, in the auditorium which adjoins it. A neighborhood church to which many Terrace residents go, it sponsors these pleasant events regularly, and a hearty invitation is extended to all.

LADY-AT-LEISURE

STEALING a line from a recent letter sent to London Terrace residents, "To knit or not to knit seems to be the question these days." A sweater for the family pooch is in the making up in the Penthouse Club (will his pals be jealous when they see it!) where knitters get together Monday afternoons and evenings, and a discouraged pupil who has knit and re-knit a two-piece outfit several times, with worse results each time, is assured by Mrs. Hinds, the instructor, that she will eventually have a lovely outfit.

"Quick Henry (or Henriette) the 'Flents'!" seems to be the popular cry among New Yorkers these days. In case there is anyone who does not know about these noise-shutter-outs, I will explain that "Flents" are wax-like contraptions, which fit into one's ears and make one, temporarily, almost stone deaf! For those who do not feel that Mayor LaGuardia has succeeded in *entirely* eliminating noise, ask the Drug Store about "Flents."

And have you tried the latest cocktail time delicacy—cheese covered pop-corn. O-Kee-Doke, that's the name, and the Food Store promised me that they would lay in a good supply.

This unusual salad combination is very good, believe it or not. It consists of slices of orange on lettuce with *very* thin slices of mild Bermuda onion on top of each orange slice. I like to use dressing made of half mayonnaise and half French.

I finally got up the courage to write to the editor of "Diamond Points" and confess that I'd been stealing her jokes for several months. I awaited her reply in fear and trembling. The charming young lady who edits this clever sheet answered thus: "When I come to New York I will tell you where I steal the stories you steal." So I am sleeping with a much easier conscience these days.

And here are the latest from the above mentioned publication:

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Please come in or write for descriptive folder

TOP FLOOR—HOTEL CHELSEA—222 WEST 23rd ST.

You will like the sketch class, 7 P.M.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Inexpensive.

She: "What do you call it when two people are thinking the same thing—mental telepathy?"

He: "Sometimes it's that and sometimes it's just plain embarrassment."

Guide: "This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

Visitor: "Um, they must have the same landlord we have."

"Daddy," said Bobby, "don't they ever give any showers for the groom?"

"No, son," replied his dad, "there will be plenty of storms for him after the bride begins to reign."

Cover View

The front cover this month shows the General Theological Seminary, erected on land donated by Dr. Clement C. Moore, and situated only a block from London Terrace. This is the third of a series of covers depicting scenes in Old Chelsea which were done by Adolph Treidler, the well-known illustrator.

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2nd Floor

405 Building

SEE THE BIRDIE!

Elinor Levis, who is a beauty herself, ought to know a thing or two regarding beauty in photography and, by gum, she does!

FOR an amateur cameraman who is frustrated by the mechanics of the No. 0 Brownie, an interview with a professional is, to spawn an understatement, stimulating. When the professional is as devastatingly pretty as Elinor Levis, listening becomes a privilege.

The Levis studio is no more or less than her mother's beautiful penthouse apartment atop the 435 building. Miss Levis, determined to become a portrait photographer, cast about for a nice studio. In the luxurious seclusion of her own home she read the office advertisements, planned and plotted endlessly, and wound up with the intensely sensible idea of taking pictures in her own apartment. She took the commercial taint away from photography with one energetic sweep of her hand. Her clients visit her in her own home, relax immediately in her drawing-room, and become nerveless and plastic subjects for the Levis lenses.

The girl (she doesn't look a day over twenty-three and probably isn't) graduated from Smith in 1933, where she majored in art. Prior to that she had gone to Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, where she began her art studies under William Zorach. Zorach is now one of the foremost American sculptors. She had a hankering for photography which is one of those intense, delightful hankerings. Before she had doffed her cap and gown, she decided that portraits were the thing in which she was most interested. After she left school she studied at the Art Students' League, and laid an excellent groundwork for the specialty she was soon to master.

Rabinovitch, probably the country's greatest instructor in portrait photography, singled her out among his students as having exceptional promise. He coached her in the strange and difficult principles of light and shade and color and other involved mechanics which make taking a photograph a job for an expert. His famous school of Art Photography quickly recognized her as one of the brightest lights; when she had finished there she had everything required of a first-rate portrait photographer.

Miss Levis' work was featured in several of Rabinovitch's exhibitions last year, where she received handsome salvos from critics. In February of this year one of her prints was shown at the International Trade Fair at Grand Central Palace.

The penthouse in which she lives with her mother, Mrs. Mabel Brevoort Steven, has long been regarded as a London Terrace showplace. Lacking in stiffness and formality, it has richness and yet homelike warmth. It's the sort of place where living must indeed be a luxury. Miss Levis' clients find it so. The atmosphere dispels such commonplace frailties as camera fear and photographic jitters.

Miss Levis is a friendly young person. Tall, slender, with lovely hair and eyes and hands, she talks musically of her work. She knows it well. She started out to make the credit line, "Elinor Levis, New York," mean something in art photography. Her small but appreciative group of patrons feels sincerely that she already has.



Her working day is flexible; she fixes appointments to suit the convenience of her clients. London Terrace residents, who are becoming aware of Miss Levis' enviable talent, are stopping by to see her already.

She has an amiable chow named Wang, and the penthouse has one of the largest roofs Miss Levis' interviewer had ever seen. A portion of it is devoted to the loftier forms of agriculture: for some seasons now, grapevines on the roof have borne delectable grapes. (Editor's note: the reporter didn't get any—they were all gone, darn it!)

Even behind her camera, Miss Levis doesn't drop her air of friendliness. She chats congenially with patrons, and they chat congenially back. In a split second the actual job is over, and the patron may not even be aware of it. Her manner is to picture-taking what novocaine is to dentistry.

Her interviewer, reluctantly taking leave, asked for a photograph of her, obviously for purposes of publication. But the glint in his eye must have given him away. She begged off, reasoning that if he took it, she never would have gotten it back. She's right—she wouldn't.

The girl's smart, too.

(This is the fourth of a series of interviews).

Chess Club Formed

The first session of the newly organized Terrace Chess Club was held Monday evening, October 21, in the Penthouse Club and although no announcement had been made to tenants there were six players present.

The Terrace Club will have subsequent meetings on Wednesday nights and all tenants and their friends are most cordially invited. No fee is charged and you will find the atmosphere and conditions quite perfect. Proficiency in the game is not necessary. There will always be someone present glad to coach those new to the game. So many people have remarked they would like to know what chess is all about but have never had the opportunity.

Mr. Goldschmidt, 410-5K, has assumed responsibility for the Club but the slight burden is to be shared by Ida Clyde Clarke (the well-known journalist and novelist you read about in a recent issue of the NEWS) who has had considerable chess experience and who founded the successful chess club now flourishing in Miami.

Several fine low tables were borrowed from the kindergarten and they could not have been improved upon.

Chess is a simple game to learn although, of course, a difficult game to play well.

Those who possess chess sets please bring them up. Play starts at 8 P.M. for those who want to be sure of getting in two games, but you can come up any time to play or watch.

Laundry Note

Charles Goehring has recently been named manager of the London Terrace laundry. An expert in the laundry field, he will have complete supervision of all laundry work in the Terrace, and a high degree of quality may be expected from the laundry as a result of his affiliation with it.

The laundry work will continue to be done by Knickerbocker-Seacrest in its fine modern plant on Long Island.



This new and striking photograph of London Terrace, which was recently taken by the New York Times Studios, has occasioned a great deal of favorable comment among the residents who have seen it. Copies have just been put on sale at the Book Store, at \$1.25 each.

Massage

Miss Mary Carroad has inaugurated her own cabinet and massage service in the Women's Locker Room, and it is now open for business. Electric cabinet treatments and massages, together with an alcohol rub, are the features of this Carroad service. Trained workers are in charge, and women residents interested in hours, prices and other details are invited to communicate with Miss Carroad or her assistants in the Women's Locker Room.

Extra Services

Residents will be interested to know that the services of an expert public stenographer are now available. Miss Ethel Nugent, 470-Extension 19J, has recently established such a service in the Terrace and is prepared to take care of your typing and stenographic requirements.

BRIDGE NOTICE

In the last year the Penthouse Club has become one of the leading Bridge centers in New York City, having successfully conducted a "Pair Championship" and a "Team of Four Tournament."

Inquire about the "Case System Lectures for Beginners," "The Host and Guest Tournament," "The Friday Evening Resident Club Duplicate" and the many other features available to you and your friends, including the Open Duplicates on Tuesday Evening, Wednesday Afternoon, Thursday Evening and Saturday Afternoon.

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

Penthouse Club

470 Building London Terrace

BE HEALTHY, FOR THE FUN OF IT

**Miss Constantine has made
the business of keeping
fit a game that people
never weary of playing**

HER most delightful subject was a four-year-old tot who took swimming lessons; her most astonishing, a woman who admitted to 66 (but who, according to her best friend, was 74), with a grim insistence on the recapture of her girlish figure. The tot learned to swim, the determined lady became sylph-like, and Aliska Constantine Auer (Miss Constantine to you) was happier than two kittens on a new broom.

Miss Constantine's Terrace Recreation Club has commenced its second year and the too-lean, the too-plump, the candy-nibblers, the stay-up-lates, and those who just believe in keeping fit are rallying again to the Exercise Room in the 470 Building, where the teacher puts her pupils through a deliriously enjoyable and amazingly effective course of sprouts. For the lady in the gym-suit has taken the curse off exercise, has made it the sort of pastime you always hoped exercise would be, if somebody with brains took hold of it.

She was born in Monastir, in Turkey, which is now Bitoli, in Jugo-Slavia. Her Grecian and Viking forebears endowed her with an interest in beauty and a love of keeping fit, which, if you want to know something, are pretty much one and the same. She went to an English school there, and then voyaged to America to complete her education. Her parents died here, and she stayed on, to study and to go in whole-heartedly for physical culture. She's been back once to her native heath, but she didn't like it and won't go again. If she had an accent, it's all gone now. Her English is pure and serene, and she uses nice, mouthable words with ease.

She went to more schools than a football player, but always graduated from one before moving to another. From a private preparatory school she went to the University of Chicago, to Columbia, to Chicago's Art Institute, to the University of Berlin, and to a number of physical education institutions.

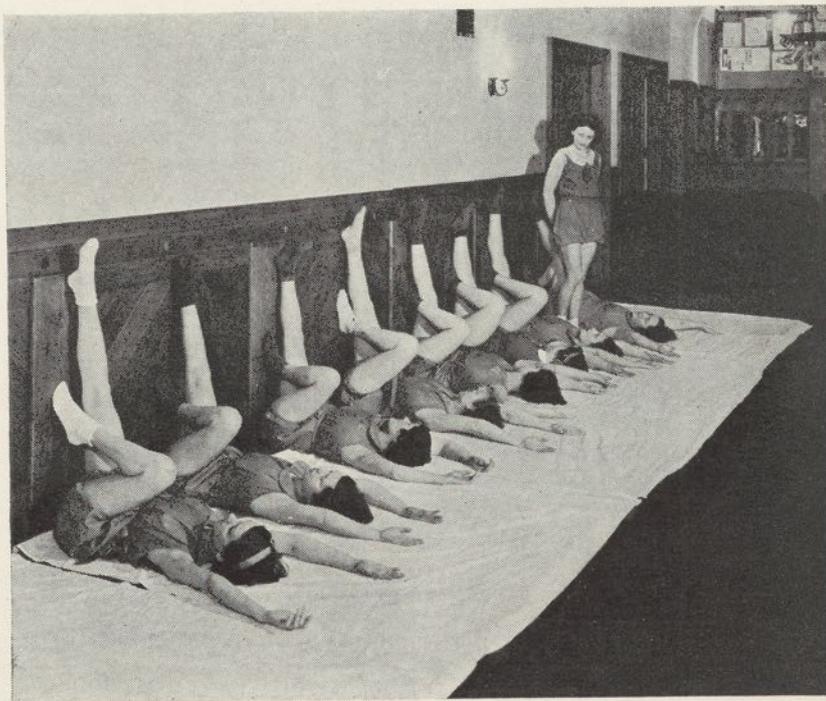
She taught in public and private schools, took a brief flyer with a beauty specialist, served as an examiner in life saving for the Red Cross, and operated, with stupendous success, three health clubs in the Windy City. And that isn't actually the half of it.

Her system is her own, one of those tried and trusted things which results from throwing out the thousand formulas that are terrible and keeping the few that are good. It's a wholesome combination of the stern, exact Swe-

dish system; the jolly, precise old and the controlled new German; the daring, light Russian ballet method; the sensuous and sinuous jungle dances, and the erect, lithe Indian. It's specific, corrective and medical, and it's really more fun than a barrel and a half of monkeys.

A short time after her return to town, Miss Constantine was invited to appear over the air with Martha Dean on WOR, and the questions and answers were all set. At the last moment, it developed that Mayor LaGuardia, perspiring from a particularly important session with one of the local legislative groups, had a few words to say, and this kept Miss Constantine off the air for at least twenty of the scheduled minutes. She was really glad of it because, although she's the type of woman who has self-possession to pass around, that little dingus that you talk into had her pretty well scared. The interview came off, however, a little late, and was a whooping success.

She's only five feet four and she weighs 117, which is what she should weigh. Her hair, which is dark, is graying a little; she's a



MISS CONSTANTINE'S RECREATION ROOM IN LONDON TERRACE

mature woman, but as lithe and athletic as an active girl. She has an abundance of energy: she formed, not long ago, the London Terrace "Morning Glories," that little clan which meets early every morning, goes briefly through exercises and then dips into the Terrace pool. It's a mixed gathering, and there is no charge, and it's an eye-opener far superior to some you've had.

Her second season looks like a winner. All her old people are back for a tuning-up, and glad to be, and many new ones are signed. She offers a free lesson for a "look-see" and there are few who don't sign up after that one session. Her Recreation Club is spotlessly clean and homelike and inviting. And that in itself is a lot. The women and girls of London Terrace, among other places, sing her praises a-plenty.

The thing that strikes you most about her, however, is not her system or the things which, as part of her work, she accomplishes. It's the fact that she has the personality to convince you that what's good for you isn't so hard to acquire; that, as a matter of fact, it's rather fun.

In short, she seems to get a kick out of life. She seems to put the idea in your head that you ought to be doing the same.

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Lower Corridor

HUDSON GUILD MARKS ANNIVERSARY

JUST a stone's throw from London Terrace, exploring spirits in Chelsea will come upon the neighborhood house, Hudson Guild, now celebrating its fortieth anniversary year under the continuous leadership of Dr. John L. Elliott. Facing north on Chelsea Park, it keeps its interested eye and guiding hand on the doings in that large recreation field, as well as on the personal welfare of the hundreds of individuals that make up the families of the neighborhood. It is a lively place, full of lively people of all ages, from the tiny kindergarten child to the large-sized members of the Mothers' and Men's Clubs, who are each being helped to make life better, healthier, more interesting, more connected with others. The program of recreational and educational activities, the understanding personal guidance, and the health services make this possible. There are classes in hand-

crafts, in home-making, in workers education; there is the weekly discussion meeting of the unemployed group; there is the office that adjusts and supplements relief. And there are many others.

The Hudson Guild invites Terrace residents to visit its rooms, and see what is going on, and to hear the significance of the work.

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POOL PARTY NEXT WEEK

Residents invited as Management guests to swimfest and general get-together in the Terrace Pool



The Management invites Terrace residents to join in a bathing party, free of charge, in the London Terrace pool, on Friday evening, November 15, between the hours of seven and ten-thirty. This includes the adult members of Terrace families and their guests. New residents are particularly urged to come.

There are to be a few brief entertainments, which will prove of interest to all residents.

In view of the large crowd which is expected and the limited supply of bathing suits, guests are asked to come early; late-comers may be obliged to bring their own suits.

Men and Women

• If you wish to reduce weight or waist lines—or learn the best and smoothest swimming or arrange "Splash Party" call

Miss Constantine's

LONDON TERRACE RECREATION CLUB

Joseph Rode assisting Pool Desk for schedule, rates and appointments

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Complimentary Service

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London Terrace News Service, Inc.
219 Ninth Avenue New York

CALL US ON YOUR HOUSE PHONE

**THE LONDON TERRACE
NEWS**

Published monthly for residents of London Terrace. Address all communications to the Editor, Manager's Office, 435 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Moving

MOVING DAY is a whole month behind, and the new residents of London Terrace, together with those old residents who have shifted to new quarters in the building, are settled down.

The entire undertaking moved this year with such smoothness that an observer could not possibly be aware of the heavy traffic to which the facilities of the building were subjected. Congestion was kept at a minimum, and while some residents were inconvenienced for brief intervals, the moving was accomplished in shorter time and with less confusion this year than ever before.

The Chelsea Fireproof Storage Warehouses Inc., which handles the greater volume of moving in the London Terrace area, has written to the Management in part as follows:

"The annual Fall moving season has come and gone, and in reviewing the work which we have completed, it becomes our duty to express to you our sincere appreciation of the splendid cooperation rendered by your entire organization in the moves that we have completed for the residents of your building. . . . Our entire force joins me in extending to you and your organization our compliments on the high degree of efficiency that is always maintained at London Terrace."

William A. White & Sons, managing agents for the Terrace, invites the new residents to avail themselves fully and freely of the Terrace facilities and services. They constitute, in toto, most of the needs of a community. They are yours to use and enjoy.

RUGS
CLEANED SHAMPOOED
REPAIRED

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE
Cleaned In or Out of Your Apartment

LONDON TERRACE CLEANERS

415 Building

House Phone or WAtkins 9-7676

Police Notes

Patrolman Edwin Flood, whose observations on laws and safety have graced the pages of the News for many a moon, is back with us again. He eschews what he calls "dry statistics" this month and submits instead two jingles of his own composition.

The first is aimed at The Driver:

There is a driver who has ofttimes said:

"I've beat the lights and I'm way ahead!"

Misguided one, he did not know
That lives are taken by driving so.

The second poem is directed at The Pedestrian:

When crossing streets,

'Tis wise to pause—

Obey our lights

And traffic laws.

If you ask us, as a pedestrian, we'd say Patrolman Flood has put the whole idea of safety in thirteen words, and a darned sight more interestingly than a lot of people we've read.

Delphian

A movement for the establishment at London Terrace of a chapter of the Delphian Society is meeting with approval on the part of Terrace women. The Society is, actually, a great forum

at which women gather to present their views upon subjects of common concern. It stimulates a lively and workable interest in the arts and, as such, has a strong appeal to the women residents of London Terrace.

Miss Carmen Birren, who is supervising the formation of a Delphian chapter here, suggests that there is a dearth of value and substance in most of the conversation heard in social life, which is usually the result of lack of acquaintance with the arts and the "utter drabness of unfulfilled lives." Opportunity is offered in Delphian chapters to "keep abreast of the times."

Miss Birren may be reached at 445 West 22nd Street. Her telephone is CHelsea 3-8055.

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FOES OF THE ETHER

**"Off with his head!" shouts
harried resident, as fireside
pest scorns all that is dear**



I WAS seated before the radio, tuning in the Detroit Symphony, when Rabindranath stalked into the apartment. I have the unfortunate habit of leaving the door ajar when I am at home, an invitation to flies and people alike.

Rabindranath folded his top-coat, much in the manner of a brother-in-law who has come to stay until someone offers him a job, and drew up a chair beside me.

Claims Tastes Differ

"Symphony music," scoffed Rabindranath. "Tastes in entertainment differ. I dropped in purposely to hear Sophistica Evans croon a tune from Ichabod Crane's new show. It's called 'I 'Phoned for a Date on Saturday Night, 'Cause I Knew You Had Nothing On.' In the middle of the second chorus, the girls come out holding imitation bathtubs, all lighted in different colors, and at the end the lights in the house go out, and the bathtubs spell out 'United States of America.' To say that it is colossal marks a new high in understatement."

"Make yourself at home, Rabindranath," I told him. "Read a magazine. Try a crossword puzzle. Play with razor blades. But please allow me to listen to this

radio program. This, or any other radio program I might select."

"In five minutes," said Rabindranath, "you can get the Nixall Noxoll Nova Scotia Hill-Billies. Their arrangement of 'Tiger Rag' is so true to life that it has been barred from the African jungles. The tigers walk toward the orchestra and are caught, and that takes the profit out of hunting. You can't shoot the same tiger twice, ha, ha. Unless, of course, you miss him the first time. I made that up."

"Let's listen to this, Rabindranath," I said. "This is a good program. It costs a good deal of money to sponsor it. It is sane, intelligent music. It is stimulating. Your conversation isn't. Is the absence of a parallel apparent to you?"

"Right," said Rabindranath. There was silence for a split second. You could have heard a pin start to drop, but before it would have struck, Rabindranath resumed.

Claims Artist Inferior

"The Amateur Hour on WRAC which is combined with WBLC, starts in about five minutes. Ingot Stearns is the m. c., and last week he had Effie Ellis on the program. He had forgotten that she was a coloratura soprano from the Metropolitan, who got two thousand dollars for appearing as a guest artist of the sponsor, so he gave her the gong. Ingot is now looking for another job. Effie should always be. I made that up."

"Let me try Alexander Woollcott, Rabindranath," I urged, gen-

tly, "I want to hear what book he recommends tonight, so that I can go down to the Book Store tomorrow and find that it is a best-seller."

Claims Man is Riot

"I have a faculty for that sort of thing myself," confessed Rabindranath. "But switch over to WRCB and get Dickie-bird Wilson. He sings new verses to old tunes. It's a riot. Last week he sang a song which I jotted down on my shirt cuff. But the next day I sent the shirt to the laundry, so I had to buy out the laundry to get the shirt back. I made that up. The verse went like this:

What I gotta
You-a-gotta,
You-a-gotta
Lotta.
I'm-a-sotta
Hotta foa-ah
You-ah!

"The Southern accent puts it across. Tune them in, and we'll have an hour of genuine fun."

But I was no longer listening to him. I had reached in my bookcase for a textbook on electricity, and having found the section I wanted, I replaced it, and rising, gently engineered Rabindranath toward the radio. I quickly attached two wires to his body, shaved his head, placed a wet sponge against his pate, and then turned on the shower and the light in the hall closet. Rabindranath slumped to the floor.

In response to my call to the Radio Shop an expert hastened up, fixed my radio, and removed the cadaver as matter of accommodation.

BOOK NOOK

THERE is some local confusion over John O'Hara's immensely successful new novel, "Butterfield 8"; many people complain that they can't remember telephone numbers anyway, so the Book Store, which is practically inundated with requests for "Butterfield 8", knows what you want when you ask for "Chelsea 3", "Lackawanna 4" or Sean O'Casey's absorbing story, "Spring 7-3100."

The O'Hara book is swift and sluggish by turns, written crisply and interestingly always. Its sluggishness occurs when the author goes editorial instead of reportorial. But it's a rattling good book; its characters practically spring from the pages. It's the tops at the Book Store, and it's the tops about everywhere else.

Sinclair Lewis has climbed into the first division, as he usually does, with "It Can't Happen Here." Mrs. Lindbergh's "North to the Orient," which has been popular for months; likewise A. J. Cronin's "Stars Look Down", and Robert Briffault's "Europa" are going nicely.

Space limitations this month prevents a lengthier listing, but the Book Store is at your service, and its shelves are heaped with good reading. It's a good mystery month by the way, and with cool weather coming, you can curl up with many thrillers.

Girl Scouts

The Girl Scout organization has turned to us with a request for Scout Leaders. Miss Caroline Weingarten, who has charge of the enlistments, feels that there might be a few women in London Terrace interested in going into this enjoyable work. It requires only two hours a week of a leader's time, with one monthly meeting of leaders. There is no stipulation as to age. Miss Weingarten may be reached at 670 Lexington Ave., and her telephone number is Plaza 3-1217.

Verbum Sap

The NEWS has received a few complaints from Terrace residents regarding the unintentional carelessness of dog owners. While owners of dogs in the Terrace itself are usually considerate of the feelings of others, it still seems necessary to remind them that unless owners practice a fairly wide-eyed vigilance, dogs commit nuisances upon thoroughfares which are distressing to the public as a whole.

The vast majority of dog owners in the Terrace are sufficiently mindful of the rights of others so that it seems unfair that a small minority should be responsible for this suggestion.

The city law is not only specific but threatening. May we be, at least, politely hopeful?

The Red Cross

The annual American Red Cross Roll Call is now under way and the New York Chapter, through the courtesy of the Management, has distributed envelopes to all residents of London Terrace, and for the convenience of those who wish to contribute to this cause, return addressed envelopes have been included which may be sealed and handed to the doormen in each building for delivery to Mrs. Bruce White, who is in charge of the London Terrace district. It will be appreciated if tenants will put their name and apartment number on the envelope which they return to Mrs. White.

The Red Cross work of the past year has made many accomplishments, and your help is needed for the year ahead.

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Social Slants

The leather-tooling activity, which started last month, is going along swimmingly, and several residents have carpentered their first leather creations. It is a definite art, but the essentials are readily mastered, and all those who have joined the group are highly pleased with the early results. An interesting display is on view in the 410 store window on 24th Street.

The knitting class, which meets Monday afternoon and evening, another London Terrace activity which began last month, is going along nicely, and is attracting not only novices, but old hands at the business who want to brush up on their knitting and purling.

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B. M. SHALETTE, M.D.
425 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
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PAUL ROBERT JACOBS, DDS.
415 West 23rd St., Apt. 1B
CHelsea 3-5858

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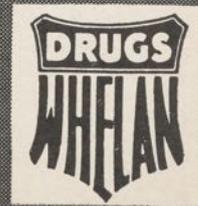
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