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London Terrace News



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NOVEMBER

1937

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Est. 1868

51 EAST 42nd STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Renting and Managing Agents

London Terrace

NOVEMBER 1937

VOLUME V

NUMBER 10

First Night

As we go to press word has come that the date of the opening of the Terrace Theatre, up in the next block on Twenty-third Street, has definitely been set for November 2d. What is more, in a gesture of good will and a nice eye for decoration, the Brandt and Brandt management of the Theatre has decided to put the ushers in uniforms which are replicas of those worn by our own Bobbies.

If anything more was needed to make residents feel at home at the Terrace Theatre, this little touch will do it. It is our opinion that its life will be a long and happy one among us and that it will constitute a much needed addition to our leisure hours.

Our front cover shows the Terrace Theatre getting ready for business. Lazarnick took the photo and we slung it on the press in the nick of time.

How about a movie date tonight, baby?

Fame

To paraphrase an old Oriental saying, if you build a better apartment house the world will soon know about it. If you don't believe it, ask William A. White and Sons, Managing Agents for London Terrace. In their mail the other morning there popped up a communication from no less a place than Christchurch, New Zealand. It was from J. Berry,

of J. Berry and Company, Licensed Land and Estate Agents and here is what it said:

Dear Sir:

We should esteem it a favor if you would very kindly post us your booklet "In a Kingdom All Your Own," and the "London Terrace News." A friend who has recently returned from New York and who had the pleasure of seeing your wonderful "London Terrace" speaks in glowing terms of your beautiful building providing as it does the last word in comfort for the pleasure of its residents.

Anything in the form of Photo display would be very much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

You don't suppose, do you, that J. Berry and Company are planning on erecting a place like London Terrace in Christchurch? Only time will tell.



Bric-a-Brac

A cynic once remarked that a radiator cover was just one more place to put something. Be that as it may, in discretion is the spice of life and all that sort of thing, it certainly wouldn't be sensible to throw out such a utilitarian invention as the radiator cover just because it isn't the safest place in the world to rest the rare old vase that has been in the family for generations.

Particularly where Venetian blinds go along with the radiator cover in the decoration scheme, is it unwise to use the cover as a china closet. Once in a while, under the hands of a porter or tenant, the Venetian blind gets out of control and comes down on the objet d'art underneath. This makes for bad feelings all around and bad feeling is something to be avoided.

So in the cause of good will, please put your feet on the radiator covers if you want to, but think twice before leaving some of the Haviland there.

Helpers

"I'd like to do something worth while in my spare time, but I don't know where to find it to do."

That sentence is a familiar one wherever New York ladies gather for tea, bridge or luncheon, so here is a suggestion if you find yourself in that category.

Why not look up the Manhattan Council of Girl Scouts and see if you can fit in with any of their volunteer work? It includes superintending girls in recreational, hobby or professional programs, giving talks on art, science or music or anything else for which you are specially fitted, or serving in an executive capacity on committees.

If you feel that you are not quite qualified to do a bang-up job the Council will provide training courses. The Council can be reached at its headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, phone Plaza 3-1217.

Higher Things

Residents are taking to the numerous courses and classes offered on the premises this season like a columnist to a keyhole. A bit of recapitulation might be in order for those who believe that a little learning is a dangerous thing not to have.

There is for one, the branch of the Henry George School of Social Science, based on Mr. George's well-known and highly regarded theories, which holds forth every Wednesday evening at eight in the Penthouse Club. It's free. And there are the free adult education classes in drama, public speaking, journalism, current events and shorthand, which are spread throughout the week and concerning which details will be furnished by Miss Bieber over the house phone.

Then there are the very excellent courses in arts, and arts and crafts for which a small fee is charged. And there is the French class presided over by Miss Isabelle Junod which meets every Wednesday at three in the Penthouse Club. Details concerning these also may be obtained from Miss Bieber.

Here is a good chance, being taken advantage of by many residents, to keep your mind well-informed, nimble and up-to-date at very little strain to your pocketbook.

CHRISTMAS PARTY LOOMS

THE annual gesture of London Terrace residents toward neighborhood friendliness, combined with the Clement Clarke Moore memorial—he wrote "Twas the Night Before Christmas" on the site of our home—and a sparkling Christmas Eve program is sticking its noggin over the November horizon.

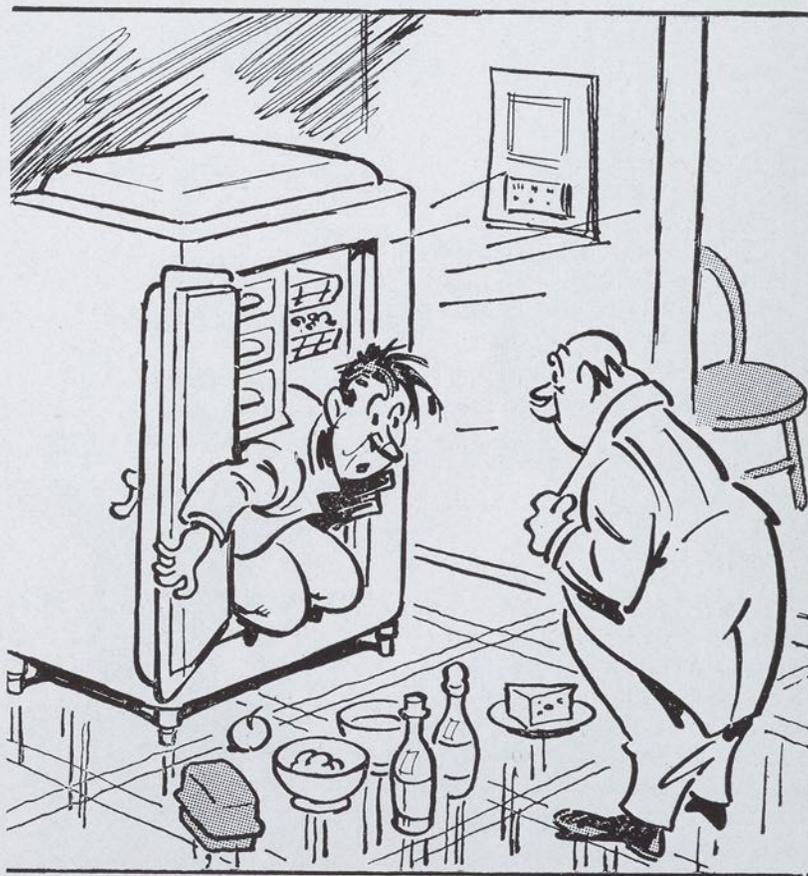
Plans, at the moment of writing, are in what is popularly known as a state of flux, but the broad outlines will follow those of previous years, namely a radio program broadcast from the Garden and the entertainment and giving of gifts to neighborhood children.

Veteran residents know all about this Christmas Eve program, which last year was broadcast on an NBC coast-to-coast hookup and newcomers no doubt have heard of it, as it has be-

come one of the ranking seasonal events taking place in New York. The important thing about it is the fine spirit of cooperation and neighborliness it engenders among residents.

This spirit is largely expressed by the tenant-given gifts for the neighborhood children whose Christmas, without our help, would be a bleak one. Then there is of course the matter of wrapping the five hundred or more gifts after they have been received—no small job in itself. So before the real holiday rush is on, it might be a good idea to select your gifts for the Terrace Party. They should be suitable for children between the ages of six and twelve and preferably for either boys or girls.

These gifts, and any proffers of help in assisting with the Party should be given to Mrs. Ethel Nugent, Play Roof.



You're right—the light does go off when you close the door!

WELCOME VISIT FROM A SPIRIT

IT was Thanksgiving night in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Always Moving. Always was laid out on the sofa debating the possibility of not reporting in at the office tomorrow. His wife, Hatetobe Always Moving, stood looking out the window, humming "That Old Feeling," wondering if the recently-departed guests had had as good a time as they seemed to have had.

There was a buzz at the doorbell. "Probably somebody left their umbrella," said Hatetobe. She went to the door and opened it. Who should appear but a rather serious-looking old gent with side whiskers, who ambled into the room and perched himself on top of Aunt Stayput's old whatnot that she had given them when the Always Movings had signed a renewal lease for the first time in their married existence.

"Hello toots," said the old gent, who as you probably have guessed, was the Spirit of Thanksgiving. "This is the first time I've called on you folks. How are things?"

Always grunted. Hatetobe smiled. "Altogether on the up and up," she said. "And we're very glad to see you. It's a new experience for us."

"You should have moved into this here now London Terrace before," said the Spirit, "I spend a lot of my time around here."

"And I can well understand that," said Hatetobe. "We've certainly had a wonderful year here."

"Ho hum," said the Spirit, "sounds just like the same old stuff around this place. However, that's what I'm here for. Shoot."

"Well," said Hatetobe, "Always and I just never could seem to get settled. We're sort of shy, and we both came from small towns and we missed the neighbors when we came to New

Jovial sprite calls on Terrace couple after Thanksgiving dinner

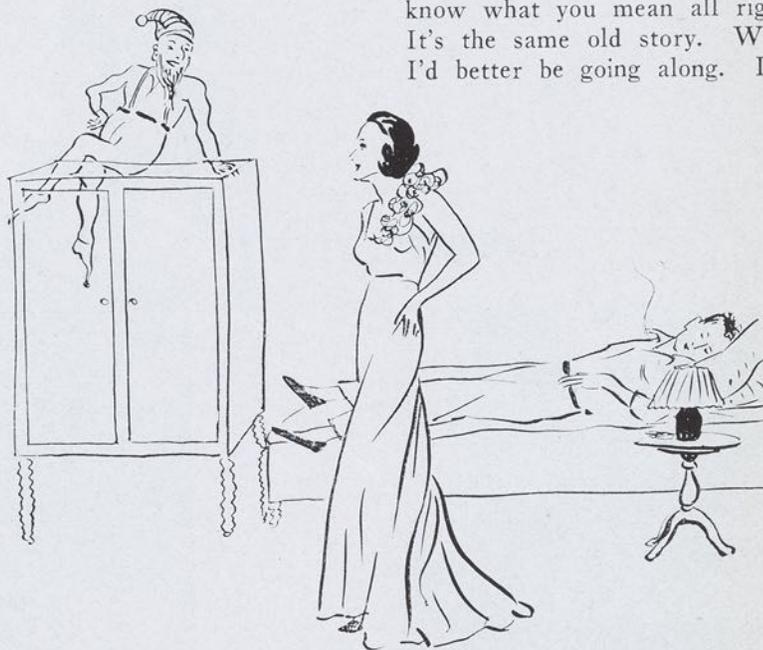
York. We didn't know what to do with ourselves evenings and we kept moving around, but every place seemed just the same, no better or worse than the last and we weren't very happy."

"Until you came here," said the Spirit. "I know all the answers in this magazine."

"It's right, though," said Hate-

ways first met me. We've met a number of congenial, nice people, and we have little dinner parties down at Elizabeth Flynn's and dance and have cocktails. There's always something going on here and you can join in if you want to, or don't if you don't—if you know what I mean."

"Yes," said the old gent, sliding down from the whatnot. "I know what you mean all right. It's the same old story. Well, I'd better be going along. I've



tobe. "Always and I found that living here was just like living in a nice neighborly community. Always loves to play chess, you know, and right here he found a Chess Club where he could go and play every week, and I've had a marvelous time at the Bridge Club and we both go to the Monday Nights in the Penthouse sessions and have a grand time, and there's the Play Roof and the School for little Junior and the Swimming Pool and Exercise Classes; Miss Constantine is wonderful for keeping me looking the way I did when Al-

a lot more calls to make in the Building. I'll see you next year, I suppose. Same address."

"Oh yes," said Hatetobe and Always together. Then a curious thing happened. The old gent with the side whiskers went out the door, but his Spirit stayed right up on Aunt Stayput's whatnot.

"You know something," said Hatetobe to her husband, "you're going to change your first name. I never did like it."

"I think you have something there," he replied. Then he went contentedly to sleep.

Giddap

An attractive feminine resident stopped us in the hall of 435 the other day as we were hurrying to pay our rent and said, smiling prettily, "What about horse back riding?"

We said, "What indeed," and noticing that the cashier was getting ready to leave, decided to stop and talk awhile. "What was that about horse back riding?"

"Well," she said, "why don't we go?"

"All right," we said. "When?"

"Any time its convenient. Say Sunday morning, for instance."

So that was that. But, we figured afterward, why be selfish and go horse back riding all by ourselves? There must be other people in London Terrace who would enjoy going horse back riding and the beauty of it is

that the more people you get, the less it costs. As a matter of fact it might be possible to arrange for auto transportation to and from the riding school.

The more we thought about it, the more we liked the idea, so we decided to put an item in the NEWS to see how many people would like to rally round. It doesn't have to be Sunday morning, although that seems like a pretty good bet, but let's let the majority rule. If you're interested in riding, just drop a note or phone call to the editor.

Flash!

A panting courier just informed us that a special telephone line has been installed from the Terrace switchboard to the Terrace Theatre. This means that any important outside calls coming to the Terrace can be relayed.

Merry Makers

Auld Lang Syne is a great old song, friendship is a wonderful thing, an evening of merriment is relished by the best of men, and here's a little tip for party nights. Your home is your castle and inside it you can do just about anything that doesn't interfere too much with the public peace, but corridor halls are outside your particular domain. Other residents have an interest in the corridors and sounds carry from them into apartments.

Here's what we're getting to. Affectionately boisterous farewells have no place in Terrace corridors. Let's bid our guests goodbye inside our apartments and let them make their way to the elevator without a cheering section accompanying them.

That way lies happiness for everyone.

SCHOOL DAYS



Photos by Murray Collins

Terrace School, with Miss Truman at helm, off to flying start.

(Above) Primary group halts for bread, milk.

(Above Right) Nursery, Kindergarten, Primary engage in numbers of fascinating pursuits.

(Right) Fresh air and exercise on Play Roof.



NOW that barrels, boxes, Simmons mattresses and Fido's pet bed are off "Main Street" and things in general have quieted down since the latest October Move-Ins—and Move-Outs of which there were 100 less this year—we of the working force have settled down to our more or less peaceful

Lady at Leisure



Underwood and Underwood
Living Room of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Blackwell's apartment, mentioned here

existence. I have had the privilege of calling on most of our new neighbors and it is most interesting, meeting so many types and seeing their homes which reflect their personalities. Most of the young married couples (they make up the large part of the tenancy of the Terrace) are very modern and it is not surprising to find their furnishings expressing this note. One particularly stunning modern apartment is done in blues, browns and white. The large broadloom rug is dark blue, with a white fur throw rug on top of it in front of the very modern davenport. The other upholstered pieces are a mixture of shades of blue—some light some

dark blue—while the tables, radio and other pieces are made of light brown wood, almost beige. The walls are white and the drapes had not been decided upon when I called. I did suggest an idea for summer—not original as I saw this unusual decorative idea last summer here in the Terrace. It was white pique drapes and slip covers with blue and red striped trim. The dark colors were "run proof" so the hangings and covers could be washed very easily.

The next apartment I visited that day was just the opposite, very much of the Old World—loads of Teakwood furniture, brass lamps and oriental rugs. Many other homes show the ac-

cumulation of early American furnishings, handed down from one generation to another. The picture shown on this page is a beautiful example of old and lovely things that have been in this particular tenant's family for many years. Then there are many others who have selected the Early American furniture but who have not been fortunate enough to have fallen heir to authentic pieces. Nevertheless they have chosen this attractive period and contented themselves with furniture made in modern factories where the tables and chairs that are turned out closely resemble those found in attics of old New England farm houses.

As I said before, each home reflects the individual and each has its interesting points. If you new, or old residents, feel that you cannot afford to buy new pieces, get in touch with Mrs. MacLean, 15 L, 410, and let her suggest what can be done with what you have on hand. I recently saw the amazing results accomplished by that southern lady merely by the use of a little Chinese red paint, some blue material for tie-on seat cushions and more material, figured, for the couch covers and drapes. Mr. DeGraw in the Upholstery Shop and the boys in the Carpenter Shop were a big help, too. It's not what you have but what you do with it that counts when it comes to making an attractive home.

Our Carpenter Shop recently built a unique piece of furniture in the way of a combination book case, end table and mirror arrangement for "around" a studio couch. The mirror is huge, al-

**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.

most the full length of the couch. The end table effect not only forms a table at each end but one of them is open along one side and supplies a place for an old fashioned long box like old R C A Radio, with young ideas—I have one so I know! The other end is enclosed by a door. Papers, magazines and other rather messy odds and ends can be stored here. At each end of the mirror, and over the end tables, are open book cases the same width as the tables with four shelves each, thus supplying ample room for a rather good sized collection of books. I may or may not have made myself clear with this word picture but take my word for it, it's an attractive and useful piece of furniture. The Carpenter Shop has a lot of other suggestions or they're just as willing to follow your design. And don't forget that mirrors do wonders for your room—the more the merrier.

I had thought I would have some sure enough recipes for this month but no luck. Only the little culinary tip—mashed potatoes are greatly improved if you add melted butter to hot milk and then mix with the mashed potatoes, along with plenty of seasoning. I always boil an onion with my potatoes before I mash them, and then remove it, of course, but not everyone feels about onions as I do. I put them in everything but ice cream and I may try that some day!

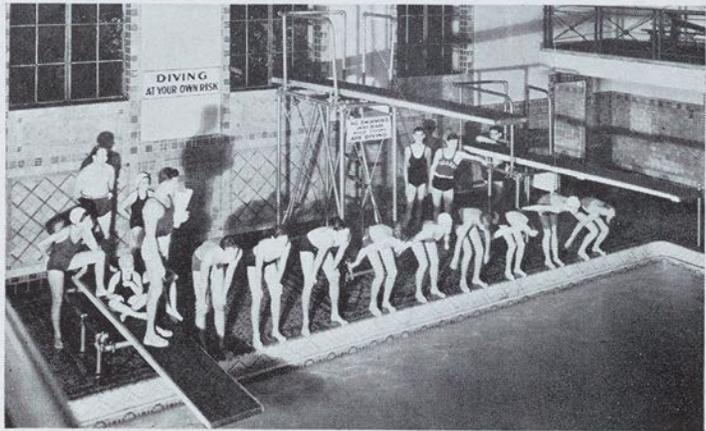
Now a word or two of wisdom for my tag line. "Diplomacy is the gentle art of letting someone else have your way about it."

WATER-SLASHER KEEPS POOL BERTH

THE Spence School of Swimming is churning into its second Terrace season with crawl-master Wallace Spence happy about everything. He's hanging up his trunks in the Pool locker room and plans to stick around for quite a while. The Spence theory of water instruction has caught on in this neighborhood and we'll soon have medals and records cluttering up the streets and doorways.

and has put many a swimmer into the big time through his teaching methods which concentrate on adapting styles of swimming to the individual.

He doesn't confine himself to competition teaching by any manner of means. He has all types and ages and sexes of students, from the gent who wants to learn how to float to the gal who has such very good reasons for gadding about in a bathing suit.



One of the Spence School units gets set for takeoff down Pool

Murray Collins

Spence is particularly interested in youngsters; gets a big wallop out of taking a kid along from his first plunge right through into competition if he's got the proper stuff—and Spence is the boy who can do it. He doesn't promise any miracles though. His idea is that learning to be a competition swimmer is much the same sort of job as learning to be a concert pianist or a good artist. It takes time.

He figures that if a boy wants to get into the big time he ought to start when he's about six or seven. In ten years he's ready to start to go places and when Spence says go places he means real places like the Olympics and the top notch A. A. U. meets and the like.

Wallace has been swivelling around in the water for a long time, holds a hatful of records

His gift to the Terrace for the new season is an evening of free instruction to Terrace residents. He plans to set aside one evening each week when any tenant who so desires can reap the benefit of the Spence School without any outgo of cash. It's his way of thanking the Terrace management and tenants for their support and cooperation during his first months here.

Residents who sign up for the free instruction will be divided into relays, so there will be no overcrowding and Wallace will give demonstrations as well as lessons to each group. If you're interested in these free sessions get in touch with Mr. Lockwood over your house phone. He'll tell you how to sign up and let you know when the evening has been designated.

Let 'er rip, Wallace!

PROFESSOR TO A PICK AND SHOVEL

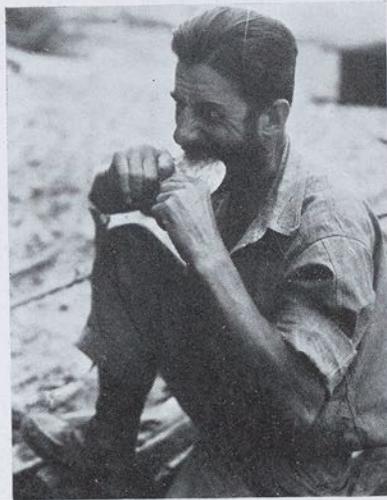
CHARLES WINNING is a slippery sort of lad; put your finger on him in one place and he's very apt to spring up somewhere entirely different. He likes to keep a permanent base of operations, though, so he and his wife have held on to a Terrace apartment for seven years. They're moving this Fall, but it's just a little higher up and a few doors east.

The trouble with Winning is that he can't quite get the influence of pioneering blood out of his behavior pattern. He was born and raised out in California, but when it came time to start his professional career he came jogging back to the East. Before that, he'd been in the War. Of course he got in one of the traveling units and when hostilities ceased found himself parked over in Siberia. He decided that while he was there he might just as well take a look-see around, so he went for a little jog across the Gobi Desert. He didn't accomplish anything spectacular except the satisfaction of his exploring urge.

Winning is a professor, an occupation which fits in nicely with his instinct to do some traveling every year. He teaches Comparative Literature at New York University, but his story lies not in his profession but in his hobby. He is Field Director of the Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition.

Each Summer, after marking exams in Comparative Literature, he loads up in a beard, a pair of dungarees and a ten-gallon hat along with about sixty other curious-minded scientific gentlemen and packs out to the Navajo Reservation in northern Arizona and southern Utah to pick around in the soil of a 2,000-square-mile area. There they find everything from dinosaur bones to decapitated human skeletons and come back bulging with finds.

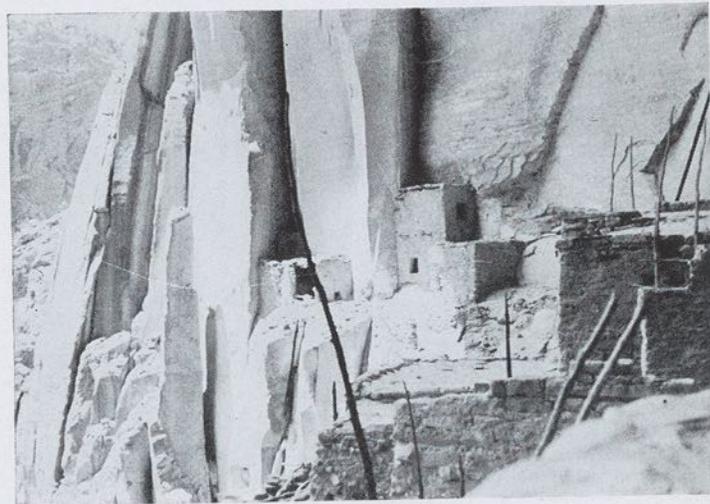
New pioneering for Science solves wanderlust problem for one hardy schoolmaster



Professor Doc Winning "on location" lunches on chunk of hardtack

and data to the American Museum of Natural History, the Grand Canyon Museum and a number of other museums all over the country.

The Expedition had its inception five and a half years ago. Winning—he's a Ph.D., by the way, and can put the title Doctor before his name when he wants to, which he usually doesn't—with his urge for new experiences used to hob-nob with various scientists. The crowd of them cooked up the idea of spending their summer out in the Navajo country prospecting around for old ruins, rocks and ribs.



Early cliff dwellings found by Winning's Expedition. This photo, except for some clearing away of the centuries of debris, shows them exactly as they were found in a remarkable state of preservation

It's not of course all as informal as that. The Expedition is conducted on a very high scientific plane, has some pretty high-sounding names on its letterhead and contributes scientific objects

It was pretty cooperative that first Summer. They each threw in on what they would need; food, pack animals and tools. They did their own cooking; pull-

(Continued on page 18)

Christmas Cards

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BOOK SHOP
219 Ninth Ave., New York

FORM AND EFFICIENCY

MISS ALISKA CONSTANTINE, who does so much to keep Terrace ladies looking like the illustrations in *Esquire*, has taken on an efficiency expert. At least that's what we decided to call her just for want of a more fitting title. She doesn't look like an efficiency expert. She looks like a Benda mask and that's not very extraordinary because she was one of the Benda mask models. Her name is Serena Bari Stone and at the present time she is specializing in being a stylist and in publicity work.

The first thing she told Miss Constantine to do was to concentrate her massage, swimming and exercise classes in midweek. For one thing this gives the gals a chance to get a wave or a permanent for the week-end frivolities *after* they've had their swimming, showers and massage. Pretty smart, eh?

For another thing she told Miss Constantine that in order to get acquainted with the many new tenants it would be a good idea to offer a special course at attractive rates. Miss Aliska devised a three-weeks routine in exercise, swimming and massage three times a week that is really something. There are two divisions; one very special for reducing and one for what she calls "retaining youth's proportions." Rates are rock bottom for this "acquaintance course" and they may be found on the handy blotters Miss Constantine passes around.

Of course Miss Constantine is so smart that she probably would have thought up these ideas herself without Miss Stone's aid, but what's the use of having an efficiency expert if she doesn't do any work? Newcomers to the Terrace are strongly advised to meet and know Miss Constantine. She is a charming, understanding guide to zestful living. This is her fourth season here and it wouldn't seem like good

old London Terrace to most of us without her.

Bowlers

The nifty air-conditioned layout over at the National Bowling Arena, combined with the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Mackel have made it a popular spot for Terrace residents looking for something different in the way of recreation. Bowling has clicked nicely with the ladies, so that the Mackels have set aside special hours for them.

These are: Tuesday evenings from 6:30 to 8:00, Thursday afternoons at 2:00, Friday evenings at 6:00 and Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings. The lady bowlers are invited to bring their friends free of charge to look on. Mrs. Mackel gives special instruction free to the ladies every afternoon and Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Some of the men bowlers around the Terrace want to get up a team for competition play, so if you think you'd be interested get in touch with the Mackels over at the Arena, which is on Eighth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets.

Say It With
FLOWERS

on
Thanksgiving Day

Large Assortment

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FLOWER SHOP

405 Building

House Phone or
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Shop Shots



MY editor inquired rather meekly as to the length of my "Shop Shots" for this month and vaguely hinted that he thought I over-did it a little last month—I was "cont'd" all over the magazine. But I was anxious to tell you all about our many shops and services and didn't want to miss any of them but I find that I did—unintentionally—omit one or two that are well worth knowing about. For instance,

Mr. Sisk of Sisk Tours

is one of our most useful "citizens" and if you are planning a trip, long or short, he's the man you should see. He has a most attractive office next door to the Renting Office—just looking at his alluring posters and trophies from far countries will give you the travel bug if you need inspiration,—and he and his office force are very much at your service almost any hour of the day or night.

The Tailor

will be needed if you are taking a trip—even if it's just a subway journey down to Wall Street each morning. Mr. Loeb in the 23rd Street Valet Shop has saved my pocket book considerable damage by re-modeling suits and dresses that I thought—and my best friends did tell me—were about ready to be packed up and sent to the Penthouse Club with the other discarded clothing. But after "Magician Loeb" gets through with you you can hold your head up along with this year's models. At least I do and I hope that I am getting away with it! He can make

dresses, too, or if you prefer the female of the species there is

Mrs. Le Count, Dressmaker,

one of London Terrace's oldest tenants and chosen by many if they wish anything from a hem turned to a new garment made. Mrs. Le Count is in 1A-450 and can be reached on the house phone.

Betty Wilbur, Milliner,

has been around these parts for some time and she also is highly recommended for the making of new hats or the making over of out-dated or unbecoming headwear. In these days of most trying styles it is wise to go to some trouble to get the right angle and this Betty Wilbur can do. And her prices are lower than you would pay for a ready made hat.

The Dentists

were not mentioned by me last month for the very good reason that I try to forget them as much as possible. But we have two of 'em right in the Terrace; Dr. Jacobs in 415 and Dr. Warren in 425 and whether you like to think about them or not, you

can't forget them if that wisdom tooth gets too wise.

The Book Shop

is reminding customers in no uncertain terms that now is the time to order your personal Christmas cards. There are several large sample books on display in the Shop and you're bound to find something that will fit in with your idea of a Yuletide greeting. They will be getting in a large supply of gifts to augment their standard selection of attractive things suitable for presents for your cousins, and your sisters and your aunts. And

The Drug Store

toilet article counter is my choice

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for presents at Christmas time or any other time because I never can get too many nice smelling bottles and boxes to suit me. I used to think that Elizabeth Arden was the only one who knew what we gals liked—or this gal at least—but I must admit that Lucien Lelong has something to offer, especially in perfumes and toilet waters. Those cute bottles of cologne, packed in "trunks" are most suitable for little going-away gifts or take one to your sick friend in the hospital if you decide you don't want to take the customary flowers or magazines.

As I mentioned, I sort of got in bad with my lengthy conversation in the October NEWS so with that in mind, I think I shall call it a day and continue in my next when I really will tell you what I want for Christmas.

Your friend,
THE SHOP SHOOTER

TOUCHDOWN

MONDAY Nights in the Penthouse, behind some nice forward passing and line work got off to a winning start in October and bets are in at long odds that it will come through for a bang-up season. In there fighting for spectacular gains were a number of outstanding stars who had the spectators up on their feet cheering from whistle to whistle. Those who missed the sessions were found biting their nails behind the grand stand and vowing the oversight wouldn't happen again.

Harold Mann led off with astrology, followed by Shirley Spencer on handwriting, Assistant Attorney General Oscar L. Spears of the State of New York on stock frauds and their apprehension, Eva Robin with inside info on Russia, Walter Granville and Carl Foss with a tricky illustrated discussion on lights and color, Dr. Charles Winning telling of experiences digging up prehistoric life in America and Florence Jensen on numerology.

These instances give you an idea of what's going on up in the Penthouse Club on Monday nights and coach Roland L. Stratford promises that his team of experts will provide even more thrills in the months to come.

Monday Nights, in case you don't know it, is a resident-sponsored activity under the guidance of business counsellor Stratford, which aims to explore and discuss many phases and problems of modern life. It is as free as the Marine Deck air and just as exhilarating. Announcements of guest speakers are posted each week on the bulletin board between the elevators on the ground floor of your Building.

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THESPIS

ARRIVES

SOMETHING ingenious in theatrical entertainment has bobbed up at the Play Room Club, around at 313 West 20th Street. This is a theatrical organization sponsored among others by Maxwell Anderson, Brock Pemberton and Dorothy Gish, which aims to present plays of a new and provocative nature, both as to treatment and viewpoint. Professional actors will be used and five plays will be presented during the course of the season.

In addition there will be exhibitions by noted theatrical artists and informal meetings at which the subscribers can air their ideas and criticisms and listen to personalities of the stage who will talk on subjects connected with the drama. Tentative play bookings include such authors as Jean Cocteau, James Parrish, a bloke named William Shakespeare and George Kaiser. Also tentatively scheduled is a creepy bit of business set in an asylum and written by Dr. Cecil Reynolds, California psychiatrist.

In the proverbial nut shell the idea of the Play Room Club is to provide real lovers of the theatre with offerings which are at least a season ahead of Broadway and to present them in an atmosphere conducive to discussion and controversy.

Here is an idea that ought to jell with those of us who are interested in the theatre in a little more intimate manner than the mere role of Broadway spectator.

Membership in the Play Room Club is ten dollars and entitles the holder to see five plays and to be present at all discussions and talks. No tickets will be sold to the general public. The Play Room is limited in capacity, therefore membership is limited, so if you're interested, run do not walk to 313 West 20th Street, or call them at Chelsea 2-5690. Further details natu-



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Appeal

Through flood, fire and famine, as the newsreel commentators might put it, the American Red Cross does a huge and necessary job. No matter where calamity strikes, the workers of this organization geared for emergency must be on hand for first aid, food distribution and reconstruction.

The Red Cross, as you know is supported by public subscription. It is now in its annual drive for funds and deserves the support of all of us in its life and property-saving work. Red Cross return address envelopes are being distributed in Terrace mail boxes, so that all you have to do is to put in your check or money order and drop the envelope in the mail.

The Red Cross needs money so let's give what we can, and do it promptly.

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Book Nook

FALL reading has started off with a bang at the Book Store, two outstanding novels running "Northwest Passage" stiff competition for best-seller honors.

Ernest Hemingway has thrown the critics in a dither with "To Have and Have Not," a crisp, tough tale of a Florida bootlegger. They don't quite know whether Ernest is playing sociological overtones or not. The reader probably can decide for himself in the way his feelings lie. Whatever the undertones or overtones this novel is Hemingway—which is enough for his admirers. The hypnotic rhythm of his prose is hard to shout down. He is a unique master of American writing and nothing his decriers can

say can topple him from his well-deserved throne.

Another American favorite is in print again; Louis Bromfield. His bid for literary honors is "The Rains Came." In it he descends his usual New World locale for a look at what makes the age-old land of India tick. Bromfield is a good story teller. His decided flair for characterization helps him through some rough spots in this book and gives it a unity that it would not have otherwise. His American and English characters seem to ring a bit truer than the Indians, but after all, he tackled a knotty subject. He does pretty well with it, in this opinion. "The Rains Came" is worth reading.

Sigrid Undset is represented

this month with "The Unfaithful Wife." Frankly your reporter hasn't read this one, but the book commentators say it is up to her usual standard, so if you're an Undset fan, it won't do to miss it.

"American Dream" by Michael Foster is a sensitive, detail-riddled panorama of three generations of Americans which puts Mr. Foster right up on the front firing line of native authors. The scope of his material comes close to throwing him occasionally, but on the whole it is a very creditable job, skillfully accomplished.

A must, of course, is "The Citadel," by A. J. Cronin. When doctors turn authors there is a high percentage of hits and Mr. Cronin has turned out some fascinating books, each one a bit better than the last. His new one is the life story of a young man in England who starts out on a medical career. The problems, tragedies and triumphs of his life are told with authenticity, feeling and dramatic power.

A good month for the browsers.

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Endive Salad — Almond Dressing

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Special Thanksgiving Music from 6:00 P. M. to 7:00 P. M.

Dancing from 7:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M.

CHURCHES

A THOROUGH perusal of the calendar has convinced us that Thanksgiving comes this month. A great many good honest—and maybe a few dishonest—Americans will eat more than they should, yell themselves into laryngitis watching Junior tear heck out of a rival football team and, more likely than not, go to church. The latter is a habit as hard for most of us to break as the Thanksgiving dinner or the gridiron tussle.

Right in the Chelsea neighborhood are a host of fine churches of every faith, many of them proud in tradition, so no excuses for non-church-going are in order.

In alphabetical order we have Baptist North Church at 232 West Eleventh Street, 10th Church of Christ Science at 171 MacDougal Street (that's a little out of the district but not much), Church of the Holy Apostles (Episcopal) at Ninth Avenue and 28th Street, St. Peter's (Episcopal) 20th Street near Ninth Avenue, Church of the Apostles (Episcopal) Ninth Avenue at Twenty-eighth Street, Congregation Emunath Israel at 236 West Twenty-third Street, German Lutheran Church of Saint Paul at 312 West Twenty-second Street, 18th Street Methodist Episcopal Church at 305 West Eighteenth Street, Chelsea Presbyterian Church at 214 West Twenty-third Street, Reform Church in America at Fifth Avenue and West Twenty-ninth Street, Manor Reformed Church at 350 West Twenty-sixth Street and Saint Columba (Catholic) at 341 West Twenty-fifth Street.

They are all holding special Thanksgiving services and will welcome Terrace residents to them as well as regular Sunday services.

Cock-El-Doodle-Do

This magazine, as you probably have noted, is a modest pub-

lication, not given to self-horn-blowing. Its purpose is to act as a clearing house for news and information presented in a readable manner.

On page 9 of the September NEWS we published a cartoon to illustrate a story about Moving Day.

That cartoon was conceived and executed in our own editorial and art departments.

In the September 25th issue of *The New Yorker* there appeared a cartoon almost identical in treatment. We are, of course, not accusing *The New Yorker* of plagiarism. That magazine is made up weeks in advance of publication and it is doubtful if the editors ever heard of the LONDON TERRACE NEWS. We were lucky enough to come out in print about two weeks before that issue of *The New Yorker*, thus scoring a "beat."

We mention this circumstance just to prove that ideas sprout on our pages that are worthy of the big-shot newsstand publications.

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Tuesday } First Section
 } 7:30 P.M.
Thursday } Second Section
 } 8:30 P.M.
Saturday }

Saturday, 2:15 P.M.

GLADYSE GRAVES STARK

470 Building Penthouse

SCIENTIST

(Continued from page 11)

ing various learned gentlemen from their studies in herpetology or ornithology to come in and open the cans and spread the hardtack out on the table. They did all their own manual labor too, but their hunch was right on the value of the country. They came across what Winning terms "virgin archeological soil," they uncovered early Navajo ruins which no one before had ever known existed. They knocked off dinosaur skeletons with monotonous regularity and when they got back to civilization they had stories to tell and objects to exhibit which got the scientific world as excited as a squirrel let loose in Acorn Lane.

After that they got some backing. Ford came through with some cars and trucks, various private individuals contributed money, several museums furnished them with equipment and tools, but it's still not a completely underwritten project. They've uncovered a new specie of dinosaur, they've unearthed early Navajo pottery and woven fabrics, dug up five different Pueblo cultures and encountered any number of early cliff dwell-

ings. They are also engaged in "plotting migratory curves," a phrase which explains itself about as well as your reporter could do it for you. And of course they have contributed much scientific data and knowledge which wouldn't mean much to the average layman, but is extremely valuable in scientific circles.

The expedition last summer numbered sixty men—no women allowed—consisting of experts in paleontology, zoology, botany, herpetology (snakes, in case you don't know, we didn't), ornithology, archeology, biology and anything else you wouldn't happen to think of. Students go along to help and gain valuable experience. They have a regular cook now and a few roustabouts to do some of the heavy work, but the boys with the strings of initials after their names still handle the spade work, not trusting it to unscientific hands.

Winning himself, true to his roving instincts, spends the summer as Field Director traveling from camp to camp—the different branches of science being whacked up—rustling in supplies, reporting on progress and movement and keeping things running smoothly.

Once each summer he makes a 250-mile trip down the Colorado River bringing in supplies to the boys. And one year he made the same trip overland—just because somebody told him it couldn't be done. It's terrific country out there—granite-strewn and volcanic. Cutting through it was one whale of a job, but they did it, even though it took them the last two days to make twelve miles. What tickled Winning was that on the way they found some ruins that would never have been discovered otherwise.

That's what he likes about his hobby job. There are not many places a man with pioneering blood can go any more, but he's found one of them. That's the sort of doctor *he* is.