

The Second Decade

1935 – 1945

The Depression Years

The War Years

Club Magazine

Clubhouse

Presidents



MRS. WILLIAM J. SHEA
1936-1938



MRS. A. STERLING SMITH
1938-1940



MRS. C. BENJAMIN BRUSH
1940-1942



MRS. HAROLD H. RHOADES
1942-1944



MRS. PHILIP O. MOYNAHAN
1944-1946

THE DEPRESSION YEARS

The second decade of the Woman's Club began with the Club continuing its growth, but the depression and the clouds of impending war were having an effect.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership was 415 with a closed membership for Juniors of 100. In 1936-37, 142 women joined the club. Considerable thought was being given to the question of Junior members joining the Senior group. The Juniors, however, were themselves considering forming an "Intermediate" group, as those eligible to join the Senior Club felt that the dues were more than they could pay. The Executive Board suggested on February 11, 1936 that such dues be changed from \$10 to \$5 for two years of the Junior's membership as a Senior. Two months later, the Board decided to reduce the dues for Juniors transferring into the Senior Club to \$3 for the first two years. It was also stipulated that the Junior must be of two years' standing to take advantage of the reduced dues.

A month later in May 1936, the Board decided that the Junior age limit be maintained at thirty years and that a "professional" woman's department be formed. The Juniors were still thinking of forming an "Intermediate" group and 30 women signed a letter sent to the President of the Club.

In October 1938 at a special meeting of the Board, the subject of the Juniors' request to form an intermediate group was discussed. The request was granted. The group would become a night department with dues of \$3 and no initiation fee for either Juniors or new members. This new class of "limited" members would have the privilege of attending only night meetings. The recommendations were accepted by the Board and

the general membership at the October Club Day meeting. The new department was allowed a budget of \$25 for expenses and \$35 for rent (October through April) to meet at the Larchmont Tennis Club on Harmon Drive. Apparently the new group was successful for at the monthly meeting in April 1939, it was voted to let them continue for another year. The group became the Evening Department.

A tea was held early in April 1944 for about 60 guests of Junior High and Senior High School age. It was given by the Junior and Senior sections of the Club and marked the formation of the Sub-Deb group. A committee was appointed to write a constitution and bylaws and asked to report April 24. Daughters of members of The Woman's Club would be charter members of the new group.

PHILANTHROPY

In 1936-37 Ways and Means projects netted \$550.67. That sum plus additional expenditures for philanthropy and gifts made a total of \$944.85, which was allocated to Children's Village, Larchmont's Community Chest, Mamaroneck's 275th Anniversary celebration, the Mamaroneck Student Loan Fund, New Rochelle Hospital, the American Red Cross and a few other worthy causes.

In addition to generous financial support in 1939-40, a newly-formed Choral Group presented programs at 12 different institutions in Westchester. Club members sewed 1600 articles for New Rochelle Hospital, made layettes and dressed 300 dolls for distribution at Christmas and sewed weekly for New Rochelle Hospital. Monetary contributions were made to various organizations in the community and county, and the children at Rhinelander Cottage in Children's Village were provided with the usual parties and gifts.

THE WAR YEARS

WOMAN'S CLUB MOBILIZED

World War II made a heavy demand on the women in the community for their free time. The Red Cross with its many projects needed help. The Woman's Club under the guidance of the President, Emily Brush, undertook to sell war bonds at the post office, bank, and railroad station. The results were considerable, and the community realized the contribution of The Woman's Club. The Special Defense Committee, newly appointed in Larchmont, endeavored to keep people informed of various first aid courses, nurses' aid, nutrition, etc. This committee brought pleasure to many soldiers stationed at Fort Slocum (on Davids Island off New Rochelle) by furnishing cakes for the recreation center and gift packages for the personnel stationed there at Christmas time. The committee also collected used furniture for the recreation rooms at Camp Shanks, Nyack, New York, gave money to furnish a room in the nurses' quarters and helped to distribute scrapbooks for the U.S.O.

Wartime restrictions made necessary other changes for The Woman's Club. In order to save gasoline, three meetings took place on one day, the origin of Department Days. Previously, each of the eight departments gave a monthly program. President Ruth Rhoades began a program of consolidation in which fewer but more comprehensive meetings for each group were held. On the first Friday of the month, meetings were held in the morning, followed by a two-hour intermission giving members an opportunity for a simple lunch, shopping, a stroll in the fresh air or just visiting with fellow members, followed by another department program at 2:00 p.m.

It was forbidden to serve coffee — women were permitted to bring a tea bag if they wished.

At no time during the war did The Woman's Club ask for any consideration of the War Ration Board.

The second Friday of each month was designated for the meetings of the Executive Board, with the third Friday remaining Club Day when special programs were presented at 3:15 p.m. following a business session at 2:00. All this was intended to simplify club work for the membership during the war.



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In addition to the husbands and brothers serving in the armed forces during the war, the Woman's Club proudly honored some of its own members in the services. Club members serving

were Mary Lincoln Heckman with the WASPS, Audrey Lane and Alice Umhey with the WAVES, Minette Carroll with the WACS and Josephine De Siena with the American Red Cross.

THE LARCH TREE

"In 1936, The Woman's Club of Larchmont, more than 11 years old, had grown by leaps and bounds both in membership and activities. From September to May, the club schedule of meetings and events literally filled the calendar. To replace the bulletin postals and numerous Department notices being sent out to the members each month, the Executive Board authorized the publication of a club magazine, to be published for the benefit of Club members that they might gain a better understanding of all Department and Club activities. This periodical could also include local, civic and social news, and would provide an opportunity to all members to express themselves in print."¹

President Grace Lewis Shea wrote: "In these pages we expect to give you vivid word pictures of forthcoming Club events in more attractive and complete form than it is possible to achieve with post card notifications. Our ambition is to produce a magazine that will rank creditably with the best of the woman's club publications in Westchester County, where journals are considered a valuable asset in club and community life."²

"Mary Curtis, the first director of the magazine, said to be bursting with ideas, and Marie Hall, first editor, who had had a bit of publishing exposure, together with their staff, tackled this new venture with enthusiasm. Finding a printer, planning a layout, estimating costs, selling advertising, collecting material, meeting deadlines, reading proof, pasting a dummy—all were new challenges which were met, one by one. *The Larch Tree's* cover, depicting a larch tree near a rocky

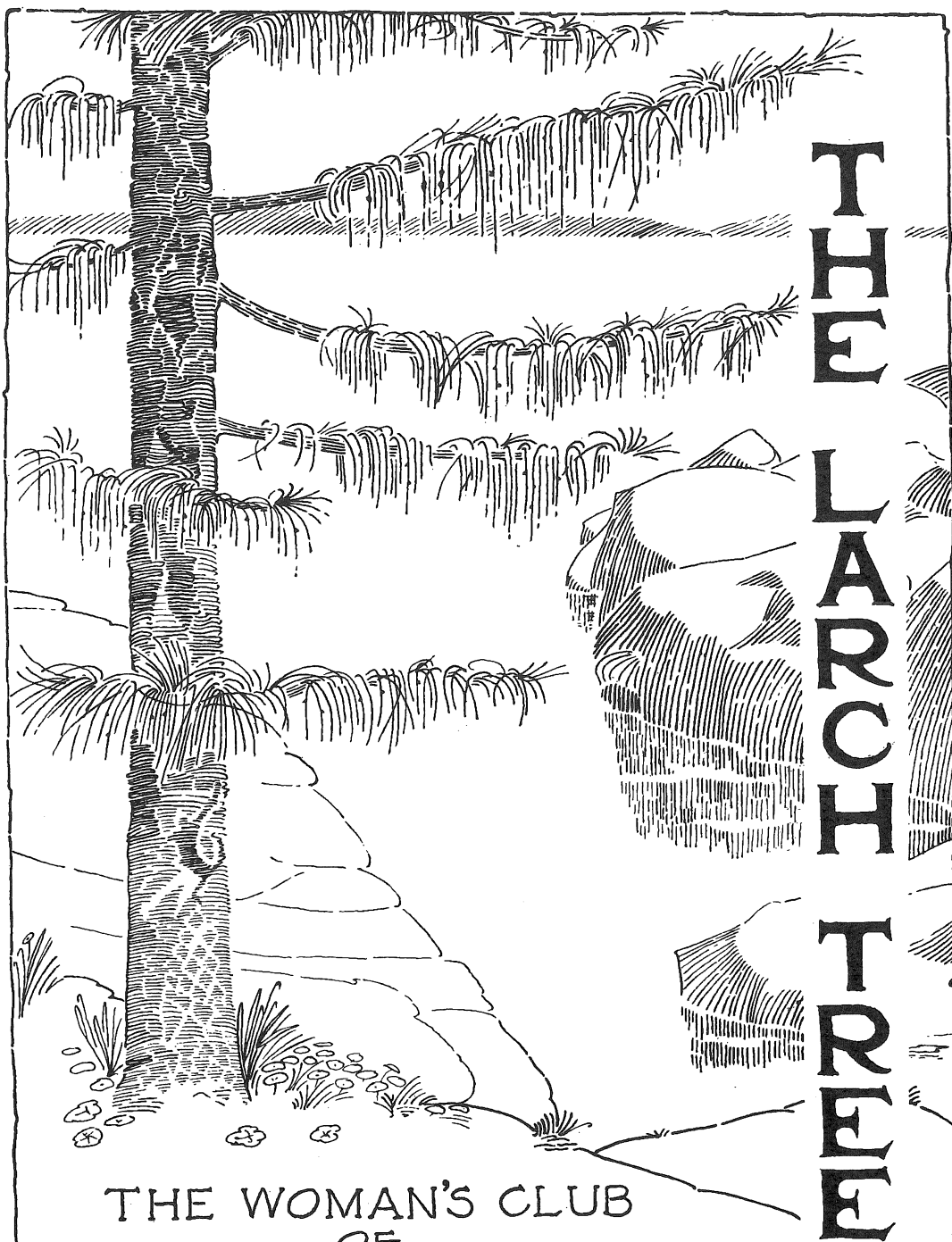
shoreline, was designed by Clifford M. Hartley, husband of a member."³

From its beginning *The Larch Tree* reported Club activities, reports, and featured articles written by current authors and writers as well as the Club's own members. One such feature was written by Thomas Sugrue, an author, journalist and world traveler, recently returned from a trip around the world, in the course of which he wrote articles for a national magazine on the women of several nations. Before making his trip, Mr. Sugrue, a bachelor, apparently did a good deal of his exploring in Larchmont and wrote about it. (See "Looking Back: The Way We Were.")

In 1938, "the cornerstone of the Larchmont Post Office was laid. The Woman's Club was invited to participate in the ceremony and put in the cornerstone a copy of *The Larch Tree*."⁴

"During May Batchelder's seven years as editor, *The Larch Tree* grew in size to thirty-two pages, but in the war years paper shortages forced a reduction to twelve. The wartime *Larch Tree* topics were almost all serious: Civilian Defense, American Red Cross, selling War Bonds, supplying cake for Fort Slocum, women in war work, the Larchmont Motor Corps and, of course, the Honor Roll of relatives of members serving in the armed forces.

"After the war, *The Larch Tree's* pages were less somber and the reader feels as if the windows had been suddenly thrown open. Editor Eleanor Bennett wished for more suggestions and contributions of articles ... "⁵



THE LARCH TREE

THE WOMAN'S CLUB
OF
LARCHMONT, INC.

SEPTEMBER 1936

C.M.H.

CLUBHOUSE

The Executive Board continued to consider acquiring property for a clubhouse. Several pieces of property were brought to their attention since 1937 seemed a good time to purchase property. None met the requirements for a clubhouse and none were accepted. However, in November 1938, the following notice was sent to members by President May Smith with regard to a piece of property that seemed to fulfill the Club's desires:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF LARCHMONT, INC.:

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE, that a special meeting of The Woman's Club of Larchmont, Inc. will be held in the Larchmont Avenue Church House, Larchmont, Town of Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., on the 12th day of DECEMBER, 1938, at two o'clock P. M. for the purpose of considering and taking action upon the proposition to purchase property from available funds in the building fund.

Dated: Larchmont, New York,
November 25, 1938.

(Signed) MAY HALL SMITH,
President

The result was that the Club purchased the property as reported by *The Larchmont Times* on December 19, 1938.

CLUB WOMEN BUY TOWN PROPERTY

Lafayette Boulevard Land Sold
At Tax Lien Foreclosure Sale

A tax lien foreclosure sale through which the Town of Mamaroneck realized a sum slightly in excess of the delinquent taxes on the property involved was held yesterday in White Plains.

The sale was for 25 lots, about one and one-half acres of land on Lafayette Boulevard just off North Chatsworth Avenue...northwest portion of the unincorporated area. It had been owned by the New Rochelle Realty Company.

The town realized \$2,475 from the sale, a sum slightly more than the taxes due. The property was purchased by The Woman's Club of Larchmont, which, it is understood, contemplates erecting a club building on the site.

Murray Boxer was referee in the foreclosure sale; John L. Delius, attorney for the Town of Mamaroneck, represented the Town, and The Woman's Club was represented by Platt K. Wiggins of Larchmont. Mrs. William J. Shea attended the sale as chairman of a special committee from the club.

Town officials considered the sale particularly noteworthy due to the fact that such an excellent price had been obtained, cleaning up the old taxes. The tax liens extended back to 1932.

Several days later, on December 22, the same paper reported the following:

FUTURE HOME PLANNED BY CLUB ON NEWLY PURCHASED LAND

Interesting to women in Mamaroneck as well as in Larchmont is the news that the Woman's Club of Larchmont has purchased property on which it plans to erect a clubhouse.

The property consists of about one and one-half acres on Lafayette Boulevard just off North Chatsworth Avenue, Town.

Mrs. A. Stirling Smith, president of the club, says that the club has no idea what kind of a house will be built—or when it will be built. It has taken the Club 14 years to get to

this point, she points out. The house will not come until enough money has been raised.

For 14 years the club has been meeting in the Larchmont Avenue Church house, as have all of its various departments with the exception of the International Relations Group, which meets in the library of the Chatsworth Avenue School. When the club was first formed, it met once or twice in the Weaver Street Firehouse and in the parish house of St. John's Episcopal Church.

A clubhouse of its own, probably with large meeting room, kitchen, and smaller rooms for other purposes, has long been a dream of all club members, and the purchase of the property in the unincorporated section is a concrete step in the direction of that dream.

The Woman's Club was started with about 100 charter members and now numbers 450.

Sister organization, The Mamaroneck Woman's Club, realized its hope of its own (clubhouse) in 1931 when Mrs. Arthur H. Sanford was president. At that time it purchased the house, already built, on Cortlandt Avenue, which it now uses as headquarters. This house, with three finished floors and a number of rooms, has been an ideal meeting place for the club. Its spacious well-furnished rooms give it the air of a charming home rather than a clubhouse.

Not only club meetings but meetings of other organizations, dances, bridges, and teas have been held there. Rooms on the second and third floors are rented. Previous to acquiring its home, the club met in private homes of its members and in halls. Since establishing itself in the house, it has been able to accomplish more than ever before for the social and civic life of the community.



GIFT OF OIL PAINTING



In 1937 the Club received a lovely floral oil painting. It came as a bequest from the estate of Mrs. James C. Wilson (Grace) who died October 5, 1936. The painting, an oil by artist Carle J. Blenner, was bequeathed along with art books — four volumes on the "History of Art" by Elie Faure, translated by Walter Pach. Since there was no clubhouse, the Executive Board voted that the painting would hang in the house of the president during her term of office. In 1940 when the artist asked for permission to exhibit his picture, the Board voted "that he submit the exact time and place of any exhibit whereupon the Board at the time will make the decision." (Executive Board minutes, 1940)

The painting undoubtedly hung in many different homes until it finally found wall space in the clubrooms. It was hanging in a clubroom at Chatsworth Gardens when it was damaged in a fire in March 1969. Rescued by Betty Hardesty, it was restored and reframed with her attentive care. She continued to look after the painting until the clubrooms moved from the Orienta Beach Club to the V.F.W., at which time it was proudly hung and displayed. When we left the V.F.W. in 1998, the painting was taken to the Larchmont Avenue Church and hung in the Lindsley Room there. That room was renovated during 1999 and the painting is still in storage at the church. After the room is redecorated, it is hoped that the painting will once again be on display.

Looking Back: The Way We Were

*The following article appeared
in The Larch Tree in 1936.*

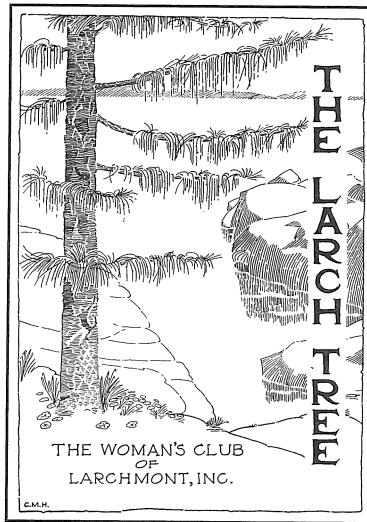
Sweet Land of Honey Lambs by Thomas Sugrue

Why? I don't know. Maybe because I have met your sisters on the banks of the Danube, on the sidewalk cafes of Paris, in the clip joints of Mexico City. Maybe because I have found one of you wandering down a street in Cairo, dragging an ancient dragoman by the beard and screaming, "Look, I have a genuine Arab!" And maybe it's because I have known girls in California and Connecticut, and in New Orleans and New York, in Virginia and in Colorado.

Anyway, I have been asked to appraise the Larchmont girl.

It isn't easy, even though she pleases my sight, my taste, and my hearing. Even though she is pleasant to be with, is nice to look at, and is lovely to dream about. Even though she walks and talks and thinks and acts in the manner in which it has suddenly occurred to me women should walk and talk and think and act. Even though I desire her in large quantities day and night, Sunday or Monday, or Friday or Saturday, not to mention Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

In her ultimate as in her penultimate beauty the Larchmont girl deviates not an iota from the planned female economy of nature. No sordid



trappings burden her figure or bind her stride; no melancholia drains life from her eyes; no cunning artifice masks her mind. She ambles in naivete through the placid civilization of Westchester, pacifying our fears of chaos and Armageddon. She walks in beauty, she talks in slang, and she wraps her painted lips around the curved, cool edges of tall glasses with a grace that would have sent Helen on her way without so much as a rowboat in pursuit.

She dresses faultlessly and with chivalry. Not for many years now has she hidden the beauty of her frail limbs. Merely does she sheath them, in silk and satins and tawny velvets, so that they rest on our retinas quietly, giving us neither curiosity nor satiety, but the confidence of men who know their swords are cleansed and curved, and ready to leap from their scabbards when duty calls.

She moves like wheat in the summer wind. She speaks nonsense, amiably, in the tone of a brook that scolds its stones incessantly, without any hope that they will be moved by it. She smokes too much. She drinks cocktails that send calcium bounding into the capillaries of her heart. She looks like an angel and jumps fences like an antelope. She is completely swell.

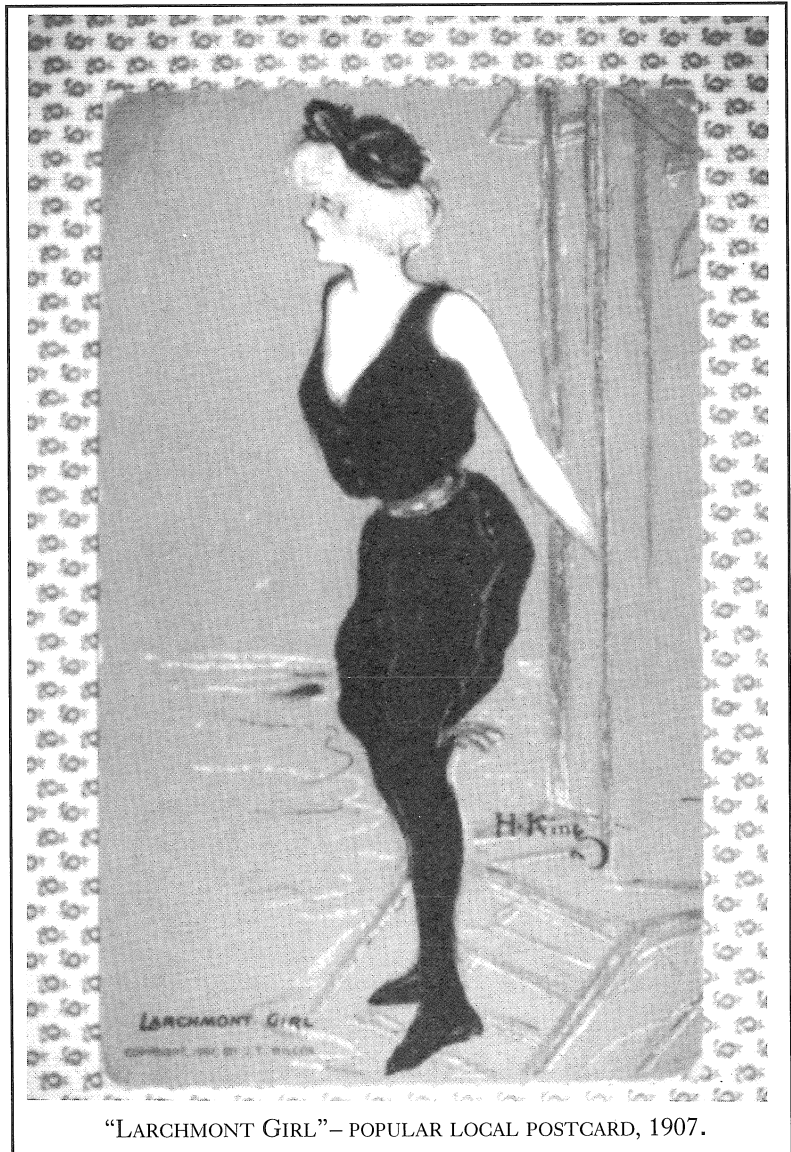
Her face is a pattern cut from rubber. It stretches her mouth into a smile that turns up her nose and squints her eyes. It twists into a pout. It

screams. It turns upward and says, "Are you sure you like me because I don't think I'm very pretty and wondered why you asked me for this date, only I suppose it's because you get tired of beautiful girls, only I don't mind being just a scatterbrained little runt because it's just my way and anyhow we American girls are a little screwy, don't you think? That's a nice tie."

Her complexion is marble until you touch it, and then it is cool and dry and soft and leaves a dull white stain on your lapel that no amount of dry cleaning will take entirely away. There isn't much to her hair because it is cut short, but what there is of it curls and curls and then recurls, until it looks like a ball of cotton, or perhaps silk.

She bounds in the daytime and dances at night. She bathes incessantly, and always smells like a mountain lake, cool, clean and soft. Her clothes are geometric, built over her curves in Euclidean angles. She plays tennis, rides horseback, reads novels, knows the words to all the popular songs, understands football, has never heard of Carl Hubbell and thinks the greatest threat to the country is lack of money. People ought to have more of it.

How did she get to Larchmont? Well, she came from everywhere. Her mother and father, her grandfather and grandmother, her most ancient and suspicious ancestors, came from Khartoum and Kiel, from Kerry and Krakow, from Keokuk and Kentucky. She is an American, born in America, raised on corn bread and fried chicken, apple pie and boiled potatoes, gumbo and chili con carne,



"LARCHMONT GIRL"—POPULAR LOCAL POSTCARD, 1907.

orange juice and shredded wheat. Larchmont is a melting pot. From Larchmont comes best from all America. But a native of Larchmont is as scarce as the native of our great sister city, New York.

She went to see "The Birth of a Nation," and slept through it in her mother's lap. She remembers Calvin Coolidge and Mah Jong, Lindbergh's flight and the depression. She learned to drink during prohibition. Once she had a proposal from a rich man of thirty-five who was handsome and

distinguished but who seemed just a brother, a father, a distant cousin or a mother to her. She runs around with a mug who looks like my dog, whose hair is short and who wears suede shoes with gum soles, red woolen socks, short flannel trousers and coat, shirt, suit and pocket kerchief that match nothing. She waits for him under the clock at the Biltmore and they go tea dancing, forehead to forehead when they aren't walking down the floor side by side.

She is easy to meet and easy to get along with, but her morals are as clean as blizzard snow and as strong as the Queen's hull. She is utterly self-conscious and completely sure of herself. She fears nothing, likes everything, thinks life and love and literature are the most marvelous things she's ever seen, and can stay up all night and be ready for a swim, a hike, or eighteen holes of golf before breakfast.

What made her? Geography, mostly. A race of people is influenced by the land in which it lives, and Westchester has a charm that is distinctive. Women are a little closer to the sweet earth of which we are made than man, and they feel its influence more quickly. The Larchmont girl is what the Lord intended for Westchester County. She is the melting pot's first and finest alloy. She's a honey. She's a lamb. She's my love.



THE LARCH TREE December 1937

The Annual Christmas Candlelight Service with the Larchmont Avenue Church choir and the Music Section of The Woman's Club of Larchmont, under the direction of Charles Kitchell, had become such a community event that, in 1937, two services were held instead of the usual one. Upon presentation of their membership cards, members of The Woman's Club were admitted in advance of the general public ticket holders.



December 1986 Editorial by Hallie Sether

In the late 1930s, early 1940s, the Club seemed to be contest-happy. American Home Department ran yearly contests: best needlework, a quiz on members' knowledge of Celanese, a dress to be made and modeled for \$6 or less. The most challenging was a plan for a luncheon for 100 at 35¢ each, including flowers, paper napkins and \$5 for kitchen help. I suspect that the winner was creamed chipped beef on toast—yesteryear's favorite economy meal.

The Larch Tree had its own essay contest on "What is a Middle-Aged Mind?" with the accompanying statement: "Special attention—not necessarily favorable—will be given to Junior entries. We have daughters ourselves." It also had art contests for Department headings and for a new *Larch Tree* cover, with Norman Rockwell, as the judge. A new cover by Charles Hartley, who designed the first one, quietly appeared in 1940 with no fanfare. In a later contest, Gertie Holbrook designed the Club seal, now used on our yearbooks.

Meanwhile, the Bronxville Woman's Club sponsored a short story contest that drew 1600 entries. Larchmont's May Holt Batchelder took third prize. Federation offered a \$25 prize for an

original one-act play with an all-female cast and \$50 for a jubilee song and/or march. International Relations used *The New York Times* quizzes and a musical I.Q. test from the Music Department...



September 1938

In the late 1930s there were eight departments in the Club: American Home, Art, Civics, Drama, Education, International Cooperation, Literature and Music. Each gave a monthly program. Were they well attended? President May Smith writes in September 1938:

"... the club officers, department chairmen and many committee chairmen have, during the summer, given hours of thought and labor that we may enjoy and profit by the various programs offered.

"To encourage and show our appreciation of our chairmen, we think it would be an interesting experiment if every member would pledge herself to attend one meeting of each department. Nearly all of us have said at one time, 'Oh, I'm not interested in that department.' If we attended a meeting, we might be agreeably surprised and find that we were not interested because we were not informed. Won't you appoint yourself as a committee of one to do your share in trying out this experiment?"



Over the Tea Cups

As Chairman of the Tea Table of The Woman's Club of Larchmont for the past two years and for the year 1938-1939, I want to take this opportunity through the medium of *The Larch Tree* to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude to all the members for their whole-hearted cooperation in supplying the necessary refreshments for the monthly Club meetings.

This task, although a most enjoyable one, is not necessarily an easy one and the Chairman and her committee have to depend solely on the

response that is given by the members. We regret very much, if, inadvertently, a member has been called upon more than once during the year to supply sandwiches for these meetings as a card index was carefully kept. We ask you humbly to bear with us and assure you that this year we will endeavor to see that no repetitions occur.

An average of 600 sandwiches is needed for each monthly meeting. There are approximately 400 members, and there are eight monthly meetings. Fifty members will be called each month. For the past two years we have started at the end of the alphabet and we are planning this September to start at the beginning.

As you have been so very cooperative in the past, we hope that you will continue with your interest which is so greatly and deeply appreciated by the Tea Committee.

Sincerely and dutifully,

Elizabeth S. Lawton



October 1938

A Footnote on Effective Hospitality

Have you, as a member of The Woman's Club, ever wished for a more dignified preamble to our social hour and tea than the rush for the stairs and the precipitate descent upon the tea tables?

If you have, you will appreciate the suggestion put forth by the hospitality committee and tried out at the September meeting. The Club audience was asked, at the close of the program, to allow the guest artist to make an exit through the auditorium accompanied by the president, and to precede the members downstairs to tea. At the president's table every member who desires may meet the artist. The hospitality and program committees trust that the success of this plan in September will establish it as a precedent worth following in the future.



January 1941 American Home Department

"Happy New Year, Club Members." Hope you will all come to our meeting Wednesday, Jan. 8th at 10 a.m. to hear Peggy Sage and Florence Linden.

Peggy Sage, noted beauty authority who for 30 years has specialized in care and training of the hands, will speak on "Character at your Fingertips."

"It's a mistake," Miss Sage says, "to think that lovely hands are a gift. Faultless grooming will make the hand look younger, just as a well-groomed woman looks younger than one who is carelessly turned out."

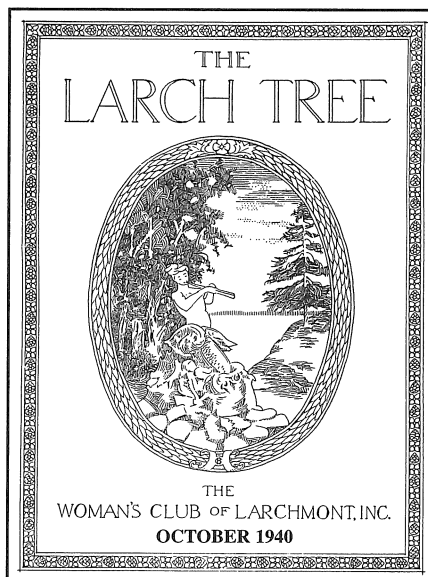


Florence E. Linden from Philip Morris & Co. will talk on the "Art of Smoking." Miss Linden, an authority on this subject, will tell how important it is to smoke the right way.

At this meeting we will also have the cake contest, so hurry up and bake your white cake either with a chocolate or white icing.

Did you hear that Dorothy Horsfall won the Celanese Quiz and received six yards of Clairanese to make an evening wrap for the sunny south?

Ethel Hoag, Publicity Chairman



October 1942 Children's Village

One of the unfortunate consequences of gas rationing and tire conservation is that it tends to isolate our little fellows in Rhinelander Cottage at The Children's Village from their happy contacts with the many Club members who have generously given their time in the past to visiting these youngsters and making them know that they were thought of and cared for by genuine friends outside

of their institutional world.

But while most of us will be unable to visit the village frequently, if at all this season, it should still be possible to make the boys know that they are not forgotten by their cherished "Club Ladies." Occasional gifts to them of clothing—outgrown garments of your own boys, sizes 9 to 14 (of course, new garments will be acceptable, too)—and food treats that will give variety to their menu and that mean so much to boys—cookies, jellies, jams, canned fruit juices, tomato juice, jello and other packaged desserts—besides being practical and badly needed, will be sure to delight them and let them know that we have not forgotten them.

If you will but provide these occasional remembrances, the committee will arrange for their delivery to the Cottage. For this purpose, a container will be placed in the clubrooms on each Club Day, in which your donations may be left. Please make them as bountiful and as frequent as you can and as you have in the past, and you can be sure of the gratitude of these sturdy— and often lonely—little fellows.

Ruth H. McClintock, Chairman



October 1942 Our Victory Booths

Sales for the first six months went over the top for Westchester County in Larchmont. They were \$255,026.17. There are six organizations. Our Club collected \$44,541.80, thanks to all my co-workers. We worked all summer at the station from 7:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.; at the bank from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. daily except Fridays during July and August, which was from 8:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss and her Camp Fire Girls were a great help, going to the Post Office for stamps. The first girls arrived at 8:00 a.m., staying until closing.

Mrs. George Clow is our new chairman for the week our Club is in charge. Mrs. Harold Ackley is Chairman for Club Day and Red Cross Day at the Larchmont Avenue Church.

Let's go over the top again and show the boys we are with them!

*Mary Curtis, Chairman of
Larchmont Women's Division
War Saving Staff*



THE COST OF PRODUCING *THE LARCH TREE* WAS UNDERWRITTEN BY ADS FROM LOCAL BUSINESSES—SUCH AS THE AD BELOW WHICH APPEARED IN MANY OF THE EARLY EDITIONS.



December 1942 Gifts for the Boys in the Service

Christmas at Fort Slocum must bring the soldiers some merriment. There will be no furloughs on that day when the boys will long for their homes.

We can send cheer to them by wrapping up as many useful or humorous ten cent gifts as our spirit dictates. The Christmas party will be at the Y.M.C.A. on the grounds—the same place that our Larchmont cakes are being enjoyed every Monday evening.

Add humorous verses with the gifts, if you can compose them. You might enclose your name and address if you would be willing to write to the soldier boy.

So please, everyone of you members of the Woman's Club, bring as many joy-givers as you can to Club Day or Current Events Day. Be sure to wrap each gift.

Remember the dates – December 11 and 18, to bring to The Woman's Club your bit of joy for a son who is far from home on Christmas.

Eunice M. Pease



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Honor Roll



Seniors

Army

Abbott, William B.
Abeel, Alan C., Jr.
Adamsen, William Arthur
Allerton, Rufus K., Jr.
Anning, Edwin L.
Baggett, Lewis F.
Belcher, Robert W., Jr.
Brush, Charles B., Jr.
Burry, Richard Eddows
Burbank, Walter W.
Cargill, Ronald Ames
Clow, Sherwood A.
Cohn, Eugene
Comeaux, Charles Stewart
DeMott, Corbit P.
Eaves, A. J., Jr.
Faurot, Richard L.
Gooderham, Kenneth M.
Greenbaum, Edward, Jr.
Greenbaum, William
Hall, Douglas T.
Hampton, Harry L., Jr.
Hayden, Elliott L.
Heckman, James Conrad
Heid, Alexander, Jr.
Heller, Henry R., Jr.
Hobbs, Donald W.
Holby, Warren B.
Howry, Hamilton Hubbard, Jr.

Kuntz, Robert W.
Kemper, Richard
Loh, Robert D.
Mannix, Arthur J., Jr.
Merritt, John C.
Merritt, Theo. C.
Millard, Stanley R.
Mitchell, Patrick Connaught
Mott, Frank E.
Mullen, Russell H.
Neal, Clark A.
Neal, William Charles
Neal, David
Norton, Matthew Frank, Jr.
Oakley, Berford S.
Pierce, Burdick W.
Scofield, Lawrence C., Jr.
Tretheway, Samuel T.
Tuck, Edward
Whittier, Allen L.

Navy

Anderson, Douglas M.
Berliner, David Lee
Brinckerhoff, Donald Dirck
DeVinne, Charles A.
Duhig, Edgar R.

Elkan, Eleanor (WAVES)
Faurot, Robert C.
Kuntz, William R.
Loh, Lester Jay, Jr.
MacRobert, Alan F.
Malcolmson, James D., Jr.
Manny, Walter R., Jr.
McClintock, Michael
McCulloch, Bert C.
McCullough, Robert Henry, Jr.
Mendes, Joseph William
Millard, Robert
Milne, Geo. McLean (Chaplain)
Sleeper, William Allen, Jr.
Stempf, Charles R.
Walden, Howard T., Jr.
Welch, Raymond W., Jr.
Zimmer, John Bernard

U. S. Marines

Loh, George
Neal, Douglas
Phillips, Charles Robert
U. S. Merchant Marine
Elfenbein, John Reed
U. S. Coast Guard
Koster, Edward C.

Any corrections or additions to this list — please write or phone:

MRS. LESTER J. LOH

18 Bonnie Briar Lane

Larchmont 2-3924

Evening Dept.

Army

Hilton, Thomas B.
Reynolds, Kenneth D.

Navy

Mead, Albert L.
Parker, Edward Kenneth

Any corrections or additions to this list — please write:

SYLVIA HILTON

10 Clark Court, Larchmont, N.Y.

Juniors

Army

Ayers, V. Gerard
Burt, Dr. Wesley R.
Cargill, Ronald
Danz, John N.
Danz, Philip C.
Edwards, Robert
Fanning, Edward
Finch, James M., Jr.
Heller, Henry, Jr.
Jefferson, James
Knapp, Dr. George
Mack, Robert J.
Mack, William E.
Smith, Fred
Stead, Charles
Tudor, John H.

Umhey, Everett S.
Watson, Theodore
Yonker, George M.

Navy

Baliozian, Mardick, Jr.
Brown, Arthur
Chapman, John
Chapman, John, Jr.
Dobson, Robert W.
Hawkins, George
King, James, Jr.

McRobert, Alan

Waves

Edwards, Barbara
Lane, Audrey
Umhey, Alice
Red Cross Staff Assistant
McCall, Helen

WAC

Carroll, Minnette
Ferry Command
Heckman, Mary

Any corrections or additions to this list — please write or phone:

RUTH BURT

10 Virginia Place

Larchmont 2-1162



February 1943

A Rose By Any Other Name

There are those whose education
Insist the word is ration;
While others deem the fashion
Is pronouncing it as ration.
No matter how you say it,
You've no choice but to obey it;
If you're freezing, do not grumble,
If you're walking, do not stumble
If it's coffee you are missing,
It's those Japs you should be hissing.
You mustn't swear or mutter,
When you can't get any butter.
Come what may, let's grin and bear it,
Mend it, fix it, save it, wear it.
Soldiers, sailors and marines
Need their fill of beef and beans.
So let's have no complaining,
Let our spirit show no waning;
As a true United Nation,
Let's approve the need to ration.
And accept with vim and passion,
Everything they have to ration.

Ruth R. Taub



October 1944 Soldiers at Home

Every name on *The Larch Tree* Honor Roll means that there is a wife or mother, grandmother or sister represented in the Woman's Club. These women are, to me, THE SOLDIERS AT HOME.

Through these long months when their days and nights have been freighted with anxiety for their loved ones, you will have seen anguish in their eyes, yet neither whining nor complaining comes from their lips. I marvel at their fortitude and bravery every time I contact them.

And what do they do with their days? They work, work, work in all branches of the Red Cross, or as assistants in the hospital. Be the weather hot or cold these soldiers are "on the job" serving, not for their own alone, but for all who benefit by their services.

It is indeed a privilege to express my admiration for these fellow club members. I salute these Soldiers at Home. May God bless each one of you, give you strength and courage to endure to the end of the war and bring your loved ones home to you again.

Clarissa Ramsdell



December 1945 Our First Christmas in the Atomic Age

The stars shone down on Bethlehem that night,
Sweetly serene upon the new-born Child;
Man moved majestically toward the light
Of days when world and peace were reconciled.

Only the stars illuminated skies
That gently canopied that lowly birth;
The Child grew older and the moon's pearly rise
Augmented starlight on a peaceful earth.

Now scheming men, turned Frankenstein, conspire
To destroy man, compete with star and moon,
Blazing the heavens with atomic fire,
Threat'ning, through hate, man's full destruction
soon. . .
O, Prince of Peace, before it is too late,
Save our sad world from an atomic fate.

May Holt Batchelder

