

Key

The

Note

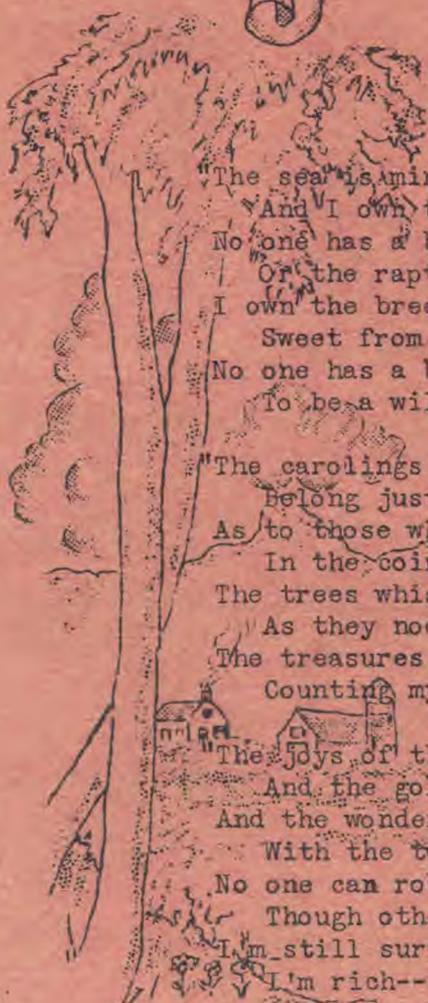
Volume 2



No. 8

August
1939

VACATION



"The sea is mine and the sky is mine
And I own the purple hills,
No one has a better claim to them
Or the rapture of their thrills.
I own the breeze that carries fragrance
Sweet from the fields of clover.
No one has a better right than I
To be a wild-flower lover.



"The carolings of the joyous birds
Belong just as much to me
As to those who own vast sums of gold
In the coin of treasury.
The trees whisper secrets dear to me
As they nod and bend and sway.
The treasures they give are mine to share,
Counting my riches today.



"The joys of the sunrise, too, are mine
And the gold of sunset bars,
And the wonders of the firmament,
With the twilight and the stars.
No one can rob me of all these joys,
Though other possessions flee,
I'm still surrounded with rare delights,
I'm rich--to have all these!"

(K) (E) (Y) (T) (A) (P) (S)

Margaret Weir and Hazel Shadel, with John Moorehead and his mother, spent last Tuesday afternoon at Beverly Beach. That was a good opportunity to put swimming lessons into practice, and Hazel reports that she and Margaret "went in."

The Missionary Volunteer Department would be a good place to work these days. Alice LaBonte has just returned from the Potomac Junior Camp, and Irma Lee Hewitt plans to leave Thursday night for the camp at Crewfordsville, Georgia.

Stella Fleisher and her sister are scheduled to be in New York at this time, "doing" the Fair and the Big City. They are to see Radio City, and have a pass to visit the S. S. "Normandie."

We are glad to have Irene Walters back in the office after her extended absence. We hope she may soon be getting around without even the aid of her trusty cane.

Esther Kuckenmeister was happy to have her father and uncle and aunt spend some time with her during July.

TASTE THRILL FOR AMERICA

Here is an interesting food news item from a health magazine. This was of interest to me and so I am passing it on to you.

"Americans may soon know the taste of fresh pineapple—a delicacy few of them ever have tasted. A Cuban canner is preparing to quick freeze pineapples for shipment to this country. Fruit which reaches this country now is picked green; sun-ripened fruit is much superior. Pineapple will be sliced and frozen, packed in one-pound and ten-pound containers.

"When pineapples are picked green, the acids do not have a chance to mature properly and that is why they irritate the lining of the mouth the way they do. A person who has not yet tasted fresh, ripe pineapple, that has been picked ripe, certainly has a taste thrill in store for him."

Hazel Peter (Household Arts).

LISTENING IN -- LOOKING ON

I hear the keynote of service sounding in this busy General Conference office every time I come in from the field. And it's a fine sight to look upon the ranks of workers flow past my door, by the entrance, to fill the third floor, front and back, the second floor and the first, and the basement rooms right to the mailing rooms and the print shop. We never contemplated such a scene of activity, when we came up to Washington, in 1903, to plant the new headquarters in the old house where George Washington lived, near the Capitol.

And out in the field, at home and overseas, we hear the keynote that sounds every day from these offices. It is music to marching feet in every land. Those who work in these rooms are touching work at the ends of the earth. Bless them all! Never in my early days as a stenographer did we think it would ever be possible to turn out such artistic work on a typewritten sheet as the KEYNOTE shows us every issue. Times have changed and the age of invention has brightened the corner where the stenographer and secretary work. I think of the years when I wrote all letters by pen. Surely the lines have fallen in pleasanter places for the office workers of today.

As an old stenographic hand of the Graham system, I say, Bless the Gregg writers too! It is a wonderful work they all are doing, sounding the stirring keynotes of this advent movement over land and sea. This General Conference office family is a splendid family to which to belong.

W. A. Spicer

SPONSORS

MERRILY WE BIKE

Sunday evening, July 23, eight Keepers displayed their skill in the art of bicycling when they tried a new route--up and down and around the hills of the Sligo. As you know, bicycles can now be hired on Kennebec Avenue just two doors from Flower Avenue. The prices are 25¢ per hour or three hours for 50¢.

Your bicycling sponsor has heard several girls remark that they would like to learn to bike. Here is your chance. With bicycles so close to home I will be glad to help anyone who wants to learn to ride. It really is an enjoyable sport, and incidentally, a reducer for those too (two) fleshy lower extremities. Come along and join us as we merrily bike along!

Helen Porter (Bicycling).

BOOKS

"I Went to the Soviet Arctic" by Ruth Gruber. What she saw and put down is considered the best bit that has come out of that strange land. Others have failed to translate the color and buoyancy and fascination of life in the clean north.

"The Storied Cities of California," by Hildegard Hawthorne, granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "Packed with picturesque incidents and circumstances."

"Reaching for the Stars" by Nora Waln. "It is the friendliest and most condemning picture of contemporary Germany which has reached us."

"Neilson, of Smith" by Hubert Herring. A biography of William Allan Neilson, retiring head of Smith College, "a truly great figure in American education. . . . Humor is the economical humor of the Scot. . . . We hold that this tale is striking."

S P R E A D

"The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson' are a gold mine for those who have time to mine in them."

"Three Harbors" by F. van Wyck Brooks. Life of eastern coastal merchants during the time of the American Revolution. Centers around the harbors of Norfolk, Boston, and Bermuda. It is in great demand.

Of a very different type but a chronicle of the people of the same section of the country is "Behold the White Mountains" by Eleanor Early. It has been published for three years, but if you love New England, as many do, you will enjoy this book. Miss Early wrote "And This is Washington."

Then of course there is Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Listen! The Wind." Much of the information recorded by the Lindberghs has since been utilized in making recent trans-Atlantic flights by giant ships safer and easier. Like her first book "North to the Orient," it is destined to live on and on in the interest of the people.

Stella Fleisher (Literary).

S P L A S H

Crawling on the floor may be baby's play, but proceeding through the water by means of the Australian crawl takes all the mentality, strength, and stick-to-itiveness which the eight members of the swimming class--who go to the Marjorie Webster School for lessons twice a week--can muster.

Revolving one's arms like deliberate windmills is a cinch--out of water. Working one's legs--stiff-kneed--like rhythmical trip hammers is not hard when one is anchored securely by a firm clutch on the edge of the pool. Breathing air in gulping mouthfuls and exhaling by ducking the head and bubbling it out can even be accomplished without becoming waterlogged. But when it

comes to coordinating these three procedures, while stretched out in the water relaxed--that's really something to work for. And efforts in that direction are apt to end up in a miniature whirlpool. However, the vision of sailing through the water with the greatest of ease, hardly making a ripple on its smooth surface, lures the would-be mermaids into the pool, where under the able direction of Miss Keal, Director of Physical Education for the Marjorie Webster School, they splash and splutter, and enjoy themselves immensely, and really--believe it or not--improve a little from week to week. The class consists of Hazel Peter, Esther Kuckenneister, Minnie and Mintie Truitt, Elsie Winders, Hazel Shadel, LaVerne Case, and Ruth Conard.

Ruth Conard (For Swimming Sponsor).

DID YOU SAY HIKING?

In weather such as Washington endures during July and August, the word "hike" sounds exceedingly strenuous. All the hiking one cares to do is involved in getting to and from the office each day, and a trip downtown occasionally. But we really do need some exercise in the summer, especially those of us who are perpetually thinking of reducing! Instead of sitting on the perch until bedtime, try walking after the sun has set. There is usually a breeze then and the glare of the sun is gone, and if one gets far enough out from electric street lights she will discover that the summer sky is beautiful. It is refreshing and cooling just to look at it.

Ever try driving 'way out in the country, parking the car, and then walking? Or did you ever walk, deliberately, with forethought in the matter of clothes, in a thunder storm? [Not responsible for electrocutions.--Editors.] Really, it's fun. I've always liked to watch the sudden fending of the sky by a streak of lightning, and to hear the wind in the trees when they are lashed by the storm. And if you are an early riser (I'll confess I'm not) I've "heard tell" that walking before breakfast is an inspirational start for any day. So don't do all your walking in air-conditioned stores this summer.

Mario Rooney (Hiking).

THE KEY NOTE

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TRAVEL HINT

The next time you go to the New York Fair—and it certainly is well worth the trip—save a little here and there, and fly back. That's what Virginia Cheshire, Grace Coyl, and I did the end of last month. It's a very exciting sensation as the plane picks up speed to 70 miles an hour on the ground, and then gradually soars into the air. About 45 minutes after taking off we saw the sun set, and although a sunset is beautiful anywhere, it is perfect from the air. Just as we reached Baltimore, crawling along at 190 miles an hour (and it really seems slow), the steward said to me, "It will look like a Christmas tree being lit up." And it did. Lights

came on in one section after another, until the whole city looked like Fairyland. And if you are proud of our city, you should see it from the air at night. I can't think of anything more beautiful than Washington as it gradually came into view. The most thrilling sensation about flying, to me, is when landing, as the plane turns on its side, levels and then swoops downward.

You'll feel like you really are someone when traveling by plane. The steward waits on the passengers continually, and takes particular interest if it is your first flight. He gives you chewing gum, a map showing just what to watch for, and will fix you something to drink whenever you wish. Several times during the trip Mr. St. Mary (our steward) stopped and talked to each one, pointing out special points of interest. He gave us a souvenir, stickers for our luggage, pictures, and about a week ago we each received a small pin, signifying that we are now members of the "Eighty Minute Men Club of Eastern Airlines." I'm not getting a commission, really, but I certainly do recommend an Eastern Airlines flight as a thrilling climax to any trip.

Marian MacNeil.

■ This n That ■

Genevieve Melendy has returned to the office following a three weeks' vacation in Ohio. She reports visits to two State forests, one at Lancaster and the other at Loudonville, Ohio. Genevieve "carries on" as Nature Sponsor even during vacation.

Mabel Hinkhouse enjoyed her two days (July 16 and 17) at the New York Fair. She came back with sore feet but a determination to go again.

Mrs. Mallernee is back at her desk looking fresh and rested after her vacation in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Have you wondered why June Bender's smile is even brighter than usual these days? There's a reason! Her mother is visiting her during July and August.

Ora Williams has recently been engaged looking up bus and train schedules preparing for a trip to her "old Kentucky home" near Louisville. August 1 finds her on her way to a royal welcome promised by her sisters and friends.

We have missed Miss Lizzie Gregg from the office for some time, but are happy to learn that she is improving and expects to be with us again soon.

Virginia Butler is vacationing in "old Virginny," where she is spending some time on her aunt's farm.

Mrs. Flora Williams is back in the office after her illness. We are glad to hear her say she is much better.

Our Art Editor, Kathryn Haynal, is varying the summer routine by including the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition in her vacation itinerary. She is driving with her sister, and will be gone from the office a month. That explains why the Key Note has fewer illustrations in this issue.

Mrs. Sarah Williams from the Home Study Institute office spent her vacation in the Southland, where she visited the Mountain Sanitarium at Fletcher, N. Car., and also the Industrial School at Pisgah.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beddoe and their daughter Joyce are visiting Mrs. Beddoe's sister, Marion Nyman. They are on furlough from Trinidad. The old-timers will remember that Zolda used to work in the Review office and Harry in our Mailing Room. We are glad to see them again, and hope they have an enjoyable furlough.