



Volume 4
Number 5
June
1941

PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind.
Make me too understanding, too, to mind
The little hurts companions give, and friends,
And careless hurts that no one quite intends.
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so.
Help me to know
The inmost hearts of those for whom I care,
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,
That I may add my courage to their own
May I make lonely folks feel less alone,
And happy ones a little happier yet.
May I forget
What ought to be forgotten; and recall
Unfailing, all
That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing,
Forgetting what might sting.
To all upon my way,
Day after day,
Let me be joy, be hope! Let my life sing!

--Mary Carolyn Davies

Thoughts to Treasure



"IT'S A SECRET!"

[Condensed from This Week, Sunday Star, May 18, 1941]

I wish I could repeat with absolute correctness a certain quotation from Sydney Smith. But I cannot. Yet the meaning and most of the words remain in my memory. What he said was something to this effect: "All that is mine belongs to her I love. But my friend's secret is not mine."

It is a pity that so few people live up to that admirable sentiment today. Marriage is no excuse. The fact that a person has a loved one with whom to share all possessions does not give him a right to share what is not his own.

How glibly we mention "in strict confidence" something that has been confidentially conveyed to us! And how many otherwise intelligent people there are who simply do not understand what keeping a confidence--truly keeping it--means. Oddly enough, these are the very people who are most terribly hurt when they are accused of indiscretion or of betraying a friend.

It is pleasant to cause a sensation by a bit of gossip, and to have people show intense interest in it--as they always do. It flatters our vanity. But it is a concession to a personal weakness that amounts to actual dishonor.

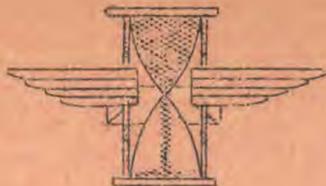
If my friend hands me a piece of jewelry and asks me to keep it for him, what right have I to pass it on to my dearest friend? Yet the jewelry could be returned when I demanded it. The secret, once given away, can never be returned to the owner.

I am aware that many of us tell what we have no right to tell. If we display our inhibitions by prattling of ourselves and our concerns--it may be in bad taste, but it is our own business. We have parted with that which was our own.

But our friend's secret is not ours. It has been entrusted to our safekeeping. To part with it is treachery, no matter by what milder--and false--name it may be called.

--Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Timely



Tips

WE CONDUCT A SURVEY--

YOUR ALMA MATER, MADAM?

Battle Creek College, the oldest in the denomination, contributed to the education of two Keepers of the Keys. Pacific Union College, the youngest, has three alumni in the building. In between, seventeen Keepers have passed through the "Gateway to Service," Washington Missionary College; Emmanuel Missionary College, the "School of World-wide Influence," influenced eleven; "The College of the Golden Cords," old Union, sent three, as did Walla Walla; Atlantic Union College, "where culture abounds," has two cultured representatives here, and one Keeper hails from Madison College in Tennessee. All of the junior colleges in the United States and Canada except La Sierra (and Oakwood!) are represented, including Broadview Junior College (now an academy). Southwestern Junior College--"where students learn to live"--claims preeminence in numbers, with three alumni.

Sixteen academies are represented, including several not now operating. They are as follows: Auburn, 1; Battleford, 1; Bethel, 2; Cedar Lake, 1; Chicago, 1; Fox River, 1; Graysville 1; Hill, 1; Hinsdale, 1; Indiana, 2; Maplewood, 2; Mount Vernon 3; Mountain View, 1; Oak Park, 1; Plainview, 1; Shenandoah Valley, 1. Eleven Keepers missed altogether the inspiration and blessing that comes from attending our denominational schools.

WE PROUDLY PRESENT--

Charles Edmund Smith, whose mother, Marguerite Perkins-Smith, has a full time job now caring for her small son who arrived April 10. He already shows an appreciation for good music, in proof of which we understand that when his daddy whistles Brahms Lullaby he stops crying and allows himself to be lulled to sleep.

TO ALICE LOVE (our bride of the month) who became Mrs. Milton Fagerstrom at 2 o'clock, May 30th, in the Fort Lincoln Chapel, we submit

Recipe for Making a Home

Take half a cup of Friendship, add one cup of
Thoughtfulness;
Cream together with pinch of powdered Tenderness,
Very lightly beaten into a bowl of Loyalty
With one cup of Faith, one of Hope, and one of
Charity;
Be sure to add a spoonful each of Gaiety that sings,
And the ability to laugh at little things;
Moisten with the sudden tears of heartfelt Sympathy,
And bake in a good-natured pan. Serve repeatedly.

THE KEY NOTE

Issued monthly by the Keepers of the Keys
General Conference Office, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.

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