

The Key Note

Volume Six
Number Two



HE LEADS

US STILL

Dare we despair? Through all the nights and days
Of lagging war he kept his courage true.
Shall Doubt befog our eyes? A darker haze
But prove the faith of him who ever knew
That Right must conquer. May we cherish hate
For our poor griefs, when never word nor deed
Of rancor, malice, spite, of low or great,
In his large soul one poison drop could breed?

He leads us still. O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun;
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here Truth must triumph, Honor must prevail;
The nation Lincoln died for cannot fail!

--Arthur Guiterman.



BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS

Among the best sellers in recent months have been the following. You will not regret time spent in reading them. Anyone wishing to secure any of these books from the D. C. Public Library, or put in a call for them, may borrow my card.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET, by W. L. White. A narrative of the author's adopted war orphan. Very readable.

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY, by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. A hilarious account of the authors' youthful trip to Europe. (Condensed in December, 1942, Reader's Digest.)

I LOVE BOOKS, by J. D. Snider. Ask Thelma Wellman about this book; she has given two public reviews of it.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE, by Marion Hargrove. Reviewers call it "World War II's best book to date about U. S. Army life."

--Margaret Weir, Literary Sponsor.



MUSICAL NOTES



Tickets at Dorsey Concert Bureau for--

Vladimir Horowitz, Pianist	February 7
Gladys Swarthout, Mezzo-soprano	February 21

Tickets at Cappell Concert Bureau for--

Alec Templeton, Pianist	February 16
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Tickets at National Symphony Concert Bureau for--

National Symphony Orchestra	February 3
The Orchestra, with Novaes as soloist	February 14
The Orchestra, with Swarthout as soloist	February 28
"15-30" Surprise Concert	February 20
"15-30" Concert--Elsie Houston as soloist	March 13

The "15-30" concerts are for young people between the ages of 15 and 30. Persons outside this age group may attend if they are accompanied by at least ten "15-30's" as chaperones. The concerts are sponsored by young people in that age group.

--Jewell Hatcher, Music Sponsor.

BETWEEN
US



STENOGRAPHERS

Thaddeus Legg boarded at the same house with me. He was close to fifty, and had come to Colorado for his health. Occupation? Stenographer. For whom? A. G. Daniells. That clinched it. I would be a stenographer. I joined the staff in 1917. The building was not so large then, but as I approached it that late autumn afternoon--well, you know the feeling. The next day they assigned me an old, one-sided desk, an L. C. Smith typewriter somewhat out of alignment, and a cast-off notebook to go along with my Gregg shorthand (Gregg, huh? I imagined everyone saying to himself) and there I was, a General Conference stenographer at \$15 a week (married) including war bonus. It has been my delight to consider my status fundamentally unchanged since. I have had leaves of absence, it is true, but as the hare whom horn and hounds pursue pants to the place from whence at first he flew I still had hopes my long vexations past here to return and work at home at last, among the people I know best. As soon as I arrived this time, F. R. Cobban said, "Ah, you'll need a good typewriter." That was a real tribute, and it warmed my heart.

Keep the standard high. Frown at anything less than 150 at the notebook and 70 at the typewriter. I know that most dictators are greatly inferior to most stenographers (in speed), but the best executives rate the top-notch help, and if the General Conference doesn't have the best of both, then we have all lost our way somewhere, and that cannot be. This is my speech, complete with history, biography, and philosophy.

--Roger Altman.



WE JUST PICKED THIS UP

From our correspondence: "My name is Patricia Jo Yvonne. I arrived on January 8, 1943, weighing seven pounds. My parents are Rubye and Billy Ramsey." We hear Rubye is coming back to work part-time for Elder Andreassen.

"Keep up with the latest books"--that's the motto of an informal traveling library which has been arranged by some of the Keepers and Review girls. A circulation manager is all that's needed--and books are circulating!

The Old Homestead busy finger society meets regularly every Wednesday evening. The Home Study girls form the nucleus of this group which industriously embroiders dish towels and such like.

Ingrid Beaulieu was out of the office several days with that rare and glamorous affliction, a cold. She even lost her voice. Her husband is now in Fort McClellan, Alabama.

Elder Andreassen had a new secretary last week--Louise Olsen-Walther could think of no better way to spend a vacation than to help her old "boss" when he needed her!

Mintie is spending all her spare time nursing her twin through a session with the mumps. Now we are all watching to see if Mintie does an imitation.

Signe Nelson is living with her sister and the new nephew to keep them from being too lonesome. The Army needed the daddy of the family.

Former switchboard operator Mae Reichard-Malin visited old friends in the building one day recently.

Mrs. Lena Day is back at work in the Home Study Institute after a short illness at the Sanitarium.

Margaret Lay is having a little rest cure at the Sanitarium. We're envious, but not too much so.

THE UP-AND-GOING:

Nora Buckman spent the week-end of January 16 with friends in Alexandria, Virginia. . . . Mary Jane Dybdahl, Viola Walker, Jewell Hatcher, Nora Buckman, Alice LaBonte, Carol Crabtree, and Esther Benton went to hear Helen Traubel at Constitution Hall on January 24. . . . Arthelia Watlington recently returned from a visit to her home in Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Atlantic City in war time was of great interest to Miss Ginther. She tells a vivid tale of continually marching soldiers, blackout, concerts by the Army Air Force, and many other interesting reflections on her late vacation. . . . Fazel Shadel has changed her address to 128 Willow. Yes, at Plummers, where the twins live. . . . Miss Kleuser's last trip provided a truly Adventist hydrotherapy contrast of hot and cold treatments, what with blizzards in Minnesota and hot sunshine in Chattanooga. Ask her about the fish story told by one of our colored ministers. . . . And who wouldn't envy Miss Fleisher her vacation in sunny Florida--what with the weather we've been having?

THIS SOCIAL WHIRL . . .

The girls in the Missionary Volunteer Department were entertained at the Bond's with a dinner and musical evening recently. . . . Eunice Rozema, Mary Jane Dybdahl, and Signe Nelson sat around the fire and munched apples with Doctor and Mrs. Wood at the end of a most enjoyable evening, January 23, which had started with supper and games. . . . Alice LaBonte, Mary Hindmarsh, and Jeanne Griffin were the three Keepers to attend the party for Unionites given at the Andreasen home January 22. . . . Many of the Keepers are enjoying the volley ball cavorting and tussling every Thursday night. . . . The Keepers in the Medical Department were given a party at Doctor Walton's in honor of Miss Dragan, who is leaving us soon for Long Beach, California. . . . The girls in the Ministerial Association enjoyed a pleasant evening at the Frooms recently.

IT STRIKES ME FUNNY--(But it struck them pink)



Thelma, in her college days, was completely charmed one evening to behold strolling across the campus ahead of her a couple of fellow students, entirely absorbed in each other to the extent that they deemed it necessary to kiss. Thelma followed along in open-mouthed rapture, never noticing where her errant feet were leading her, when PLOP! she walked blithely off the sidewalk into an excavation with three feet of water. The lovers had to pull her out. Her clothes were soaked, but her face was red!

Nora's grandmother was a very plump, nearsighted little lady who thought if she couldn't see you across the room you couldn't see her either, and what's more she wore flannel nightgowns, which, because they were too long, she cut off, thereby making them too short. To Nora's untold embarrassment, on the boy friend's night to call, at the late hour of ten p.m. her benighted grandmother would come peering into the living room and quaver, "Nora, has that young man gone home yet?"

And then, of course, there was Ora, who in her days in a Louisville bank was called upon to "show the works" to a visiting Japanese official--a man of rank who was sent there by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo to study the Federal banking system. The Japanese, deeply grateful to Ora for her help in explaining matters to him, gave a little tea for her, at which time he presented her with a huge box of American candy, and in addition passed around once a small box of highly perfumed Japanese candy. The Japanese was called from the room and Ora, thinking the candy would make wonderful satchet, seized the opportunity to fill her hanky with it. "Be sure your sins will find you out" is written in chocolate on Ora's heart. She had to sneeze and in a thoughtless moment grabbed the hanky from her lap, when out flew all the pilfered candy--flew right out in front of the man to whom she had been explaining the American system of economic security. We wonder--is Ora maybe partly the cause of the war?

-- June Norton.

HELLO--

To Lynelle Draughon, who has recently connected with the Home Missionary Department. She comes to us from Jackson, Miss., where she has worked for the last nine years for the Federal Government. Before that she worked in New Orleans, where she learned to love a good old New Orleans dish--"dry rice and Kidney beans"--and a plate of it would look pretty good to her right now. She finds our menus a little different up here, and our weather and homes quite a bit colder, but she hopes to get used to both these changes. The promise of spring and the cherry blossoms is keeping her "warm in spirit," while she cheerfully piles on sweaters, etc., etc., to keep warm in body as well.

--AND GOODBYE

To Edna Baroudi, lately of the Publishing Department, who is needed at home because of her father's illness. Maybe when she looks at the pictures of the Capitol and Monument (given her by the Keepers the morning before she left the office) she'll think of us. We'll be missing you, Edna!

THE KEY NOTE

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