

# THE KEY NOTE

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## OUR THANKSGIVING

MARGARET  
E.  
SANGSTER

For the days when nothing happens,  
For the cares that leave no trace,  
For the love of little children,  
For each sunny dwelling place,  
For the altars of our fathers,  
And the closets where we pray,  
Take, O gracious God and Father,  
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For the hours when heaven is nearest,  
And the earth-mood does not cling,  
For the very gloom oft broken  
By our looking for the King,  
By our thought that He is coming,  
For our courage on the way,  
Take, O Friend unseen, eternal,  
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.



## THANKSGIVING, 1944

Thanksgiving? How can we celebrate this year, with millions locked in deadly combat, of whom thousands will perish and other thousands be doomed to an existence worse than death; with desolation and destruction ravaging the earth, and millions wandering lost, homeless, cold, and starving, looking for something better but fearing something worse; with hundreds of "our own" in military service, and scores equally our own held in prison or internment camps affording none of the comforts and few of the necessities of life! How can we be thankful?

We have life, health, strength, the right use of our faculties. Though we are involved in the conflict, war has not actually come to us--our cities and homes are not destroyed. We have more than adequate shelter, despite much-publicized housing and fuel shortages. We can't <sup>always</sup> get butter and bananas, but our markets have good foods in abundance and none of us has gone hungry. Shoes are rationed, nylon has gone to war, all clothes cost more and are worth less than a few years ago; but most of us could, if we would, wear a different outfit every day of the week--and two on Sabbath!

We have a part in the greatest work in the world, in an "age on ages telling." Our country still grants the right to worship according to the dictates of individual conscience. True, things may be worse before they are better, but we know in whom we have believed, and we confidently "look for a city whose builder and maker is God," where "they shall not hurt nor destroy."

How can we but be thankful? Rather let us blush that we are not more conscious of our blessings, that we do not more fully express our gratitude in joyous living, earnest service, happy sharing, consistent giving, willing sacrifice!

Sacrifice? What do we know of sacrifice? We have not lived for months on a diet of "nothing but plain, course corn meal mush," nor used packing cases for furniture, nor bleached flour sacks to make our clothes, so as to save money for "the cause."

"Our mighty, world-wide missionary cause. . . was born in the manger of sacrifice," and it "will be finished in the same spirit in which it was begun." Here at the center of God's work on earth, in this Centennial Year, have we this spirit? If not, when and where will we get it? Let us "bring an offering, and come into His courts with praise."

T. Rose Curtis



## FROM COAST TO COAST ON THE RADIO BEAM HIGHWAY



By Edna Edeburn

(This story given us by special request)

Yes, it was my first trip by air--and with no priority. I was routed via Los Angeles on a through ticket. On boarding at South San Francisco I was told I would run into some congestion at Los Angeles, and might have a little wait there. I did--20 hours, but that gave me a chance to look in on some friends at Glendale. I was still just as far from Washington.

Next, booked only to Tucson. What a hot place to be "bumped off" on an afternoon in August! Next day the news that I could have a seat as far as Abilene, where one plane a day stops, made up for the suspense of my 22 hour stopover at Tucson.

At Abilene the Airlines gladly refunded to three of us that portion of fare to Fort Worth, and sent us by taxi to the bus station. Best part of that night was spent on a slow, crowded bus. Got to the airport in time to see the last two seats sold to two servicemen. I was glad for them. It gave me a chance to see the airport. Before the day passed, I had debated several times whether or not to come on by train. It's hard to give in.

At 5 p. m. I was offered a seat to Chicago--and took it. Better by far to be at Chicago by midnight than back at Fort Worth on the chance of getting a seat in the night, via Memphis. Had a few hours to doze in Chicago airport, then by special arrangement was given a seat on the 7 a. m. plane for Washington. Arrived here about 1:20 p. m.

Thus ended my 4 day trip, approximately 29 hours flying time, 5 hours by bus, and 6 1/2 hours waiting time. No airsickness. Never can I forget the trip--the panorama of Earth below, the ride above the sea fog over San Francisco Bay, and all the rest. The suspense I have forgotten.

Some niceties of air travel: Comfy seats. No tipping, 40 lbs. baggage allowed. Purest air. Private ventilators. A gracious stewardess. Excellent food. Cool drinks. Chicklets when riding is rough. New people to meet. Route maps. Free post cards. Current magazines. A front-row seat for geography at three miles a minute. The assurance that your pilot is flying on the radio beam highway, and in constant radio contact with ground stations.

## GOODBYE WASHINGTON, HELLO BUENOS AIRES!

We just couldn't let our friend, Betty Canon, leave us for such distant shores (and by plane at that!), without staging something special in her honor. The Keepers and others of the General Conference office family showed their love and admiration of her on the evening of October 9, in the Review and Herald chapel.

Fern Woodruff's piano solo, Doris Hill's vocal solo, and Myrtle McGee's reading were appreciated by everyone.

To our great delight and amusement, a very realistic skit was presented by several of the men in the office--Elders Moffit, Rebok, Bradley, Wickman, and Mr. Cummins--representing the South American Division Committee, and their efforts to secure a stenographer for the Division office. There is no doubt in our minds but that a great pile of work is awaiting Betty's nimble fingers as she arrives in Buenos Aires, November 14. We hope, however, that she will have cash on hand for the taxi fare!

Elders Dick, Butler, and Strickland, made short statements on behalf of the office in general, and the Home Missionary Department in particular, in appreciation of Betty and her work. And we were all as interested as Betty herself in Elder Bond's movies of South America, particularly of the division office and worker group.

Alice Fagerstrom made the presentation of our gift--a blanket, which Betty accepted with smiles and a tear, and the hope that she will prove a real ambassador for Christ.

Glasses of delicious punch were served, and we crowded around our guest to wish her luck and Godspeed. Miss Kleuser had written appropriate words to the tune of "Aloha Oe," which we sang in final farewell:

"Now while parting words are being spoken,  
We speed thee on with holy cheer;  
Pray Heaven's blessing ere these ranks are broken,  
Fill thy mission, Betty, -- never fear."

- Marion Nyman

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT ON THANKSGIVING

### ESCALLOPED CORN

To one can of corn add 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teasp. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablesp. sugar, a dash of celery salt. Mix and pour into greased baking dish. Sprinkle with a cup of bread crumbs buttered with 2 tablesps. butter. Bake in moderate oven until set.

### SUNSHINE SALAD

Dissolve 1 pkg. lemon gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Add 1 cup grated carrot and 1 cup grated pineapple well drained from juice. Chill in small moulds until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise. (Pineapple may be omitted.)

### HOT MILK SPONGE CAKES

Beat 2 eggs until light; add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, then measure 1 cup (cake flour is best.) Add 1 teasp. baking powder and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teasp. salt and sift 3 times. Add to egg and sugar mixture. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, and 1 teasp. vanilla. Bake in quick oven (375 degrees) 15 to 20 min. May be sprinkled with powdered sugar or spread with icing, but are delicious just plain.

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### A FEW NUTS TO CRACK

1. What is it that speaks every language? 2. What is bought by the yard, but worn by the foot? 3. How many kinds of wood are used in making a match? 4. Who has done most to arouse the working classes? 5. What's all over the house at once? 6. What goes upstairs on its head? 7. If you sit on a tack, what is it a sign of? 8. What bird is it that is found in Africa, and although it has wings, it cannot fly? 9. Why do we buy war stamps? 10. What can you lose and still have? 11. Where is longhand faster than shorthand?

(Answers in back part of this issue - but don't look until you have guessed.)

# KEYS TO THE OFFICE



## THE MIRACLE OF THE PRINTED PAGE

Long before there were any organizations, churches, or conferences, the Lord, through His messenger, gave counsel in regard to publishing our truth-filled literature, and the "carpetbag" edition of Present Truth became the nucleus around which our publishing work has been built. Today 83 modern publishing houses and printing plants, 140 Book and Bible houses, and approximately 3000 colporteur-evangelists are busily engaged in this branch of our work.

Month by month as we compile the record-breaking colporteur summaries we think of that text in Eccl. 12:12, "Of making many books there is no end," and we are reminded of the promise "that as long as probation continues, there will be opportunity for the canvasser to work." While a monthly delivery of \$500,000 represents the sale of many books, these figures lose their significance. They merely set the tempo of the soul-winning possibilities. The real story comes through the letters and experiences behind these figures, for our publications are not mere books--they are living evangelists, divinely appointed, and they bear the credentials of Heaven. They are pioneers. They carry the Word where no human voice can reach. They overcome obstacles, prejudice, and break down all barriers of color, race, and nationality. They enter the homes of rich and poor, bringing messages of hope, cheer, and abiding peace to a troubled, distressed world. Lives become changed, characters transformed, minds agitated, and a miracle is performed--a soul is reborn into God's kingdom--and thus God's purpose in our publishing houses is fulfilled.

We in the Publishing Department rejoice over what is being accomplished through the printed page, and never cease to thank God for the privilege that is ours in sharing in this soul-winning work.

Publishing Department.