



I'D LIKE TO GO

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, or whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around--

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones;

Or maybe the cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue--
And, say, now, how does it seem to you?

--Eugene Field

AUGUST 1946

KEYNOTE

AUGUST



WHITE CLOUDS like Spanish galleons plowing the blue sea of the sky, the jingle of bobolink song from the orchard grass, sweet, drugging odor of the linden flowers where the bees are loud, sudden thunder--showers followed by rainbows; in the cool of the evening, the thrush singing to the golden windows of heaven's west, and, when night falls, the fireflies bobbing on their eerie errands--these are August.

There are scorching days, when the small boy wiggles his toes in the dust of deserted country lanes, and glorious, never-to-be-forgotten nights, when girls, looking like Shasta daisies, blossom out in white pique and dainty.

It is the lazy and carefree month. People in the cities dream of vacations under the trees, or sailing some mountain lake, or holidays by the sea. All over the country the highways are jammed with cars, towing trailers, or heaped, up top, with tents, skis, fishing tackle, canoes. At some end of the trail in the North Woods or in the mountains, all this gear will come down, and be portaged or toted to some spruce-ringed lake, some alpine meadow, some long slope of eternal snows.

For each one of us August is calling--to be up and out and off, till the balsam boughs close in behind us, or the rocky headlands shut us from the view of others, as we send the canoe forward with deep strokes in the gurgling lake water.

Then, when night comes, we can watch, from a bed beneath the boughs, the tangle of the stars, where Antares glows like a ruby in the Scorpion, and the Swan sails with outstretched silver wings. And as morning steals through the trees, watch for Jupiter and Mars, riding side by side. --Holiday, July 1946

FREQUENT LOCAL SHOWERS

This might well be the "weather" report for July, judging by the number of showers hereabouts recently. The one that drew the largest group of Keepers was for our own Mary Jane Dybdahl, who is eagerly---and busily---looking forward to August 28.

Mary Jane and Bob (Mitchell) were apartment hunting Tuesday evening, July 23, when they stumbled upon something that detained them for some time. Friends had assembled in the Review and Herald chapel, where the attractive workshop of "Mary-Bob Flower Stylists" had been set up.

After vocal and whistling solos by June Soper and T. Rose Curtis and a vegetable identification game, the honor guest was given a large and attractively wrapped package. A note was attached, which stated that in spite of disconcerting shortages of many household necessities, her friends had been most fortunate to secure a number of these scarce items recently discovered in the attic of the General Conference building. Each utensil and gadget was thoughtfully labeled as to its possible usefulness.

Then came Frances Penn's musical reading, giving a brief history of the Dybdahl-Mitchell romance thus far. Following which Mary Jane was practically overwhelmed with the number and variety of beautiful and useful gifts; and everyone willingly helped to do away with the two large "wedding" cakes and quantities of punch and dainty candies. We all wish for Mary Jane a very happy life as she soon assumes the role of "Mrs." --Verna Slate

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Elvire Roth was extra lucky at her shower, Saturday evening, July 20, for Earle (Hilgert) could stay with her; since their party was a combination wedding and bon voyage shower. They both bore up bravely under the crazy story of their trip to the Philippines, which everyone present helped to write. (We really hope it'll not be quite like the story!) Then Earle was seen to look rather distressed over the advice given Elvire on how to manage him.

With another game, presents, and eats, the group of Seminary faculty and students joined enthusiastically in wishing this couple well, both in their life together and in their work at the Philippine Union College--the former beginning August 4, the latter whenever they get there! --Mary Jane Dybdahl

"OCCASIONAL LIGHT RAIN THIS EVENING"
(Thursday, July 25)

But the Department of Education crowd had planned a picnic up the Sligo! To go, or not to go--that was the question. Final vote was to take the chance, and a good time was had by all. The more peppy played volley ball, others swung companionably in the swings, while still others did the heavy looking on, dividing their attention between the ball game and the preparations for supper--which in due time claimed the full attention of everyone.

After all had eaten till they could eat no more, there was a four-way-surprise farewell-gift-giving. First Professor Morrison presented the Department's good wishes and gift to Esther Benton, about to take off for Switzerland, to work in the Southern European Division office. Then Doctor Weaver "farewelled" Professor Morrison (newly-elected General Manager of the Review and Herald--and we'll have to learn to call him Elder instead of Professor!) and Doctor Teesdale (newly-elected President of the Home Study Institute). "Last but by no means least," Mrs. Rebok did the honors for Ingrid Beaulieu who, as indicated in last month's KEYNOTE, is now "Keeping the home fires burning" for Johnny--and also part-time for her mother and small brother Eric, recently come from New York City. Each recipient made the appropriate though most impromptu responses, --and by quick action everyone got home before the promised rain!

--T. Rose Curtis

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On a postcard to Catherine Buxbaum, Gladys Griffin reports that her vacation at home on Cliff Island, near Portland, Maine, is not all loafing. Among other accomplishments she has canned twelve jars of strawberry jam--;icking the berries herself! (Let's see, Gladys lives at 305 Lincoln Avenue, doesn't she?)

New England lured our editors away too. Grace Coyle is vacationing at Brattleboro, Vermont, with her cousin Juanita Moffitt Kerr, whose husband Robert is a district leader.

And Pauline Klady is touring New England before going home to Ohio. She wrote on July 23, "We have been traveling through Maine today, and tonight are at Bar Harbor. This is a grand place for a vacation. Drove along the ocean all day, but it was almost too cool to go in. Hope it is warmer tomorrow. Yesterday we saw A.U.C., Melrose Sanitarium, and historical places."

Completing(?) the New England picture, Verna Slate and her six sisters staged a reunion at the Southern New England campmeeting and merrily demonstrated that "seven is the perfect number."

THE INQUIRING REPORTERS MAKE THEIR ROUNDS—

Ruth Williams is rejoicing in a three weeks' visit with her mother, comes from Mountain View, California.

The Truitt twins might regard the latest cool spell as a slight rx, since it arrived when they spent a night and a day at the Martin cottage at Edgewater Beach. But the rest of us, bound to the wheel here in Washington, found it a great improvement over the usual heat and humidity.

Lois Burnett is attending a six weeks' summer session at Columbia University, New York City.

Leilafred Ballard had her first glimpse of New York City on a recent week end. She also reports having had as visitors Edna Lett, of Little Creek, Michigan, who teaches at Oakwood College, and four cousins, all of whom teach in Cleveland, Ohio.

A number of the girls from the office attended the Gershwin concert, Wednesday evening, July 24--next to last of this season's Summer Gate concerts by the National Symphony Orchestra.

Strictly speaking, of course John Tarr is not a Keeper, but we are glad to report that he is widening his field of activity in the way of mission talks. Spending the week end of July 26, 27 at the Goddruff cottage, Woodland Beach, he gave the Annapolis church folk a fine, up-to-date presentation of our work and problems in India.

T. Rose Curtis welcomed a nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Roger W. Curtis, from Oakland, California, for a two-day visit, July 27, 28.

Winifred McCormack is spending a month at Pacific Union College, where she is teaching two classes in public health. (P.S. "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and we hear later that Winifred is at White Memorial Hospital recovering--we hope rapidly--from a thyroidectomy.)

The Seminary folk say they haven't any news, but that Leta Burgess will have some next time when she returns from her vacation. Guess!

And how about Mary Jane Dyhbahl who walks through blackberry-infested shadows and gets scratched, then through poison ivy and gets bumps and that itch! Anyone want to help scratch?

UP AND DOWN THE CORRIDORS

Congratulations to the new Assistant Secretary in the Sabbath School Department! Haven't yet been able to observe even a slight swelling of the cranial appendage! In fact, Louise Meyer is very modest about her promotion, but we know she will do a grand job in her new responsibilities as successor to Rosamond Ginther, who retired June 30.

Slightly different congratulations to the new grandpa--Elder R. A. Anderson--who declares concerning the new arrival, "She's a charming wee thing."

Many have been the admiring and envious visitors to Lottie Quinn's new office at the end of second-floor hall, with its decorations of African violets and other plants and pictures, and the privacy(?) afforded by a rather wobbly screen. Anyway it's a cute and quite adequate abode--and much, much nearer her bosses.

Since she just came to the Publishing Department, we feel quite grieved that ere we can prove how hospitable we really are, Betty Magill is leaving us August 15 to join her husband at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. "'Tain't fair," but we know everything is going to be just wonderful on the Mt. Vernon home front.

Room 132, that was to have been the scene of such busy activity, is strangely quiet. Sarah Williams has been busily packing for several days, and left Monday evening, July 29, for Boulder-Colorado Sanitarium, where rumor has it that she will work for the manager. And Pauline Klady is on a month's vacation in New England and Ohio. Ora Williams never did get located in 132--so the one man, Clell Franklin, is left quite alone.

Katie Farney took a week of her vacation when her brother, Philip, his wife, and their son from Dayton, Ohio, visited her. All together they took a little jaunt to Ocean City and Rehoboth Beach.

Genevieve Melendy spent her vacation at home in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. She must have had too good a time, for she was ill for a few days after returning to Takoma Park.

Kitty Hamm took her vacation in early July, and being a good little girl she spent it at the East Pennsylvania campmeeting.

Barbara Britton, of the Statistical Department, recently enjoyed a visit to her grandmother at Rock Hall, Eastern Shore, Maryland.

NEWS FROM THE "WHITE HOUSE"

A social was held at the new home of Elora Mays Ford on Tuesday evening, July 23, in honor of Dr. M. E. Olsen, retiring president of the Home Study Institute, and Dr. W. H. Teesdale, newly-elected president. Every Institute worker was present (except the two on vacation), as well as their respective husbands and wives. A good time was enjoyed by all, with poems dedicated to Doctor Olsen, readings and musical numbers, and the showing of colored slides taken by the Byrds and the Fords. Following the serving of delicious refreshments, Doctor Olsen was presented a scrapbook dedicated to him, for which each worker had prepared a page or two.

Marybel Mayse and Mabel Wilson, workers at the Home Study Institute, have gone to California to spend a month-or-two vacation. Marybel went by auto with her mother and Mrs. Mildred Ford. They called on Bob Ford at Camp Crowder, Missouri, then went on to Norwalk, California, to visit Marybel's grandmother. Mabel took her journey with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Schneider, by auto and trailer, and we believe they were headed for Loma Linda and Glendale.

It seems the Home Study is quite the place for weddings! It is now ready to announce the fourth since April--that of Archie Rawson, a worker, to Mary Eroh of W.M.C., at 8:00 P.M., August 18, in the Takoma Park church.

Juanita and Ted Byrd are happy to announce the address of their new apartment, for which they have looked so long--as most of us do. They are living at 308 Patterson Court, Apartment No. 4. Now if only someone can find one for Irma-Faye and Harold Doering! And maybe Carole King, too.

--Lilith Brando

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A German proverb has it that "Mayday is moving day," but for Mrs. Mace and her sister Mrs. Quinn it is "August-day" that is inspiring them to unusual zeal and activity as they prepare to change their home address to 908 Garland Avenue.

And while we're announcing new addresses, Ora Williams wishes it known that the latchstring is out at her new apartment at 903 Maple Avenue. She even gives us her phone number: SLigo 8075.

Mary Neufeld is joining Louise Kleuser in the apartment on third floor at the Longacres--taking over the room vacated by Lizzie Gregg and her sister, Mrs. Edith Suter, who've gone to California.

WE SAY "FAREWELL AND BON VOYAGE" TO--

Rosamond Ginther, retiring and ere long leaving to make her home with a widowed sister at Portland, Oregon.

Ingrid Beaulieu, resuming her one-way role of wife and homemaker.

Dorothy Greeley, who flew to join the staff of the Inter-American Division office at Miami, Florida.

Sarah Williams, who left July 29 to work in the offices of the Boulder-Colorado Sanitarium.

Esther Benton, leaving soon for work in the Southern European Division office at Berne, Switzerland.

AND WE RATHER TARDILY WELCOME--

Wanda Lewis, from Ohio, already working in the Department of Purchase and Supply.

WE ALSO SAY "THANK YOU" TO--

T. Rose Curtis, pinch-hitting for ye editors, both of whom are on vacation just when the KEYNOTE must come out.

THE KEYNOTE

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