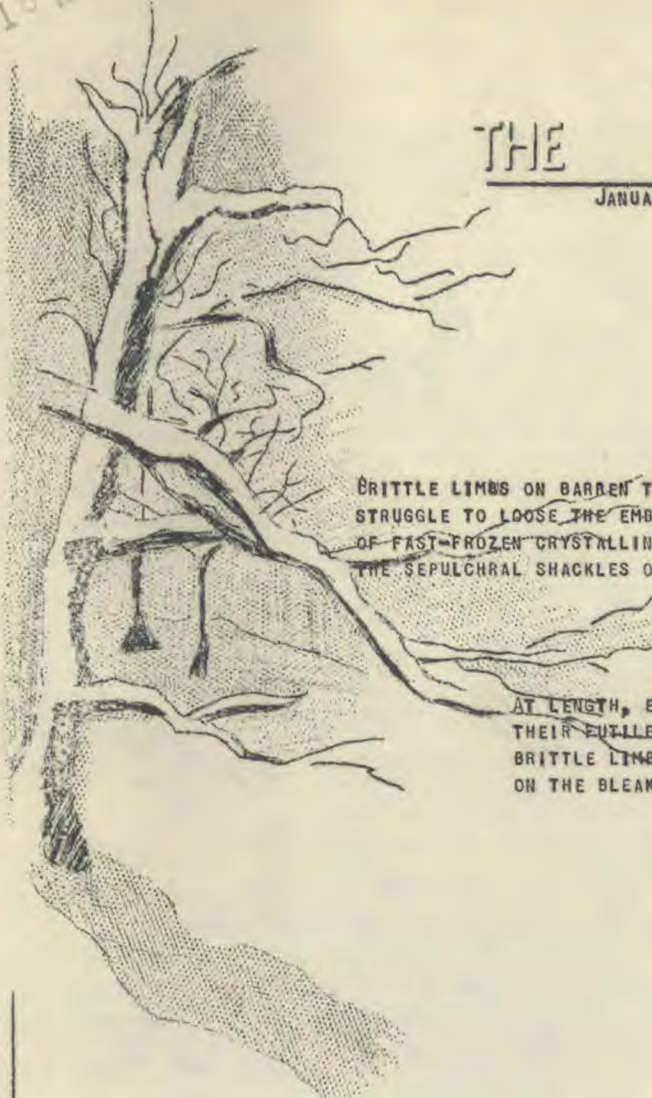


JAN 18 1948

# THE KEYNOTE

JANUARY, 1948 , VOL. XI, No.1

3689  
dark red buckram



BRITTLE LIMBS ON BARREN TREES  
STRUGGLE TO LOOSE THE EMBRACE  
OF FAST-FROZEN CRYSTALLINE SHACKLES--  
THE SEPULCHRAL SHACKLES OF WINTER.

AT LENGTH, EXHAUSTED AND STIFF,  
THEIR FUTILE EFFORTS PERCEIVED,  
BRITTLE LIMBS LEAN HEAVILY  
ON THE BLEAK, COLD BOSOM OF WINTER.





Della Heisey has a 9-lb. girl, born January 14.

Irma Lee (Hewitt) and Donald Payne announce the birth of their second son, Daryl Bruce, On October 9, at Sunnyside, Washington--Box 667.

Ingrid and Johnny Beaulieu are just as proud to announce the arrival of their first, Anita Georgiana, at the Washington Sanitarium on December 14. Small daughter already has things well in hand at home, 7313 Flower Avenue, Takoma Park.

Kathleen Ann Mitchell arrived just in time to start the New Year with Daddy Bob and Mama Mary Jane (formerly Dybdahl). For the statistician the date is January 1, 1948. Kathleen and Mary Jane will soon be going home to 36 Denwood Avenue, Takoma Park.

All the babies and mamas are fine, and all the daddies are "doing as well as can be expected."

-- T. Rose Curtis

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Train tickets, automobiles, camels, books, famous names, poetry, mail boxes, piano pedals - plus a good deal of walking - all these combined to make a success of the traditional Treasure Hunt for the Seminary Keepers. The above list includes some of the clues and some of the stops on the various circuitous journeys made by the seven "hunters." The said entertainment took place on December 15 at the noon hour, and those who found the treasures were: Esther Yost, Theodora Wirak, Edith Seek, Evelyn Perdue, Evelyn Korgan, Alberta Jacobs, and Dorothy Ferren.

Alberta Jacobs was reunited with her husband, Elder R. L. Jacobs, who returned December 23 from Peru. Mrs. Jacobs and their two sons had preceded Elder Jacobs by four months.

-- Dorothy Ferren

Pauline Vaughn went home to the hills of West Virginia for Christmas. Could that possibly explain those extra pounds?

Shortly after Christmas vacation, Russel Osborn received a telegram containing one word: SNOWBOUND.

The new Warehouse is on the verge of being completed. No doubt the Purchasing Department will have a season of rejoicing at the termination of this project.

-- Alice Van Cleve

Zippy Franklin and her husband visited friends in New Jersey. She says they made good progress on the way home, because of sliding quite a bit of the way.

Frances Maiden took an unexpected (which is to be expected of Frances--Ed. comment) trip to Tampa, Florida with her uncle.

The girls of the Home Missionary Department gave Esther Stoeher a vanity case previous to her departure for Minnesota where she plans to spend several days.

Irene and Louise Caslow are being visited by their brother and his wife, the D. E. Caslows, from Indiana.

-- Dorothy Dixon.

RE: HUSBANDS.

LaVern Pfeifer had gone to New York to visit his parents with the understanding that he would return Sunday morning. His wife, Eleta, became perplexed when she was still husbandless on Monday. After some deliberation, she wired the in-laws, asking when LaVern left. Then, to relieve the worried mind of Mrs. Pfeifer, came her husband's reply that traffic was too congested. This relieved the mind all right--until she noticed that he had addressed the telegram to Eleta TUNISON.

Louise Surface will be under observation for some time. At the Smith-Hughes reception New Year's Eve, the bride's bouquet was thrown--upon the noble suggestion of Louise, and also quite to her personal satisfaction: She caught it.

There once lived a Steno named  
"Hubb"

Whose resistance was constantly  
sub-

She would not eat norm'lly;  
Nor would she dress warmly,  
Now "Hubb" both feet in a tub

keeps





## H I G H   T I D E

Twilight deepened and one by one  
The mountains crept down to the sea;  
There they crouched and silently watched  
Till the frightened tide turned to flee.

F. Marion Lougee

## T H E   W I N D S   O F   L I F E

The winds of life are blowing past,  
They bring us joy and sorrow;  
Today is filled with happiness--  
Who knows what comes tomorrow?

The winds blow by our cherished schemes,  
They blow old sorrow past;  
They blow our youth and love and dreams--  
Far, far from us at last!

The winds of life blow soft, blow loud,  
Clouds race across the sky;  
The sun shines for a little while--  
Then life itself blows by!

Lillian M. Olivier