



# Key Note

Volume I

February, 1938

No. 4

## HAVANA IN ONE DAY

By Mary Paul

Grim Morro Castle at the harbor entrance; the old fort, the curving sea wall. ... Ships flying flags of many nations. ... Swimmers diving for silver—but not pennies. ... Easy Cuban customs inspection. ... A wild taxi ride to Vibora, past vacant lots pasturing ~~seaway~~ goats and cows. ... The Antillean Union and Cuban Mission offices—stately Spanish houses, with high ceilings, doors and windows barred by ornamental iron work, but inhabited by exceedingly friendly folk.

The beautiful capitol; the president's palace, far outshining our White House. ... The world-famous Prado, with wide mosaic walk, stone benches, shapely laurel trees, broad, one-way avenues, exclusive shops and good hotels. ... Narrow one-way streets, street cars close to the sidewalk. ... Aged taxis piloted by dare-devils. ... City dwellers who nev-

er stay home. ... Lovely señoritas.

American tourists everywhere. ... Woolworth's, displaying toys and trinkets for the Cuban gift-giving day—January 6, Day of the Kings, commemorating the Wise Men's visit to Bethlehem. ... Undignified buses. ... Skies dripping sunshine and rain, a breeze blowing fresh all day.

Siesta. Everything, except places to eat and drink, closed from twelve noon to two. ... Twenty-cent pieces. ... Delicious orange juice, coconut ice cream. ... Small boys begging for centavos.

The good ship "Florida," band playing "Anchors Aweigh," searchlight touching shipping in the harbor, tooting autos on the Malecon, government buildings, old Morro Castle. We slip out to sea. And so to bunk, to sleep through a rough return voyage to Miami.

# Key Thoughts

## FRIENDSHIP FRIEND ECHOES

What do folks think of the Friendship Friend plan? Edna Edeburn reports third floor girls unanimously favor it.

Mrs. Williams, thinking of the attractive card which came to her, says, "It's lots of fun."

Irma Lee thinks it a grand idea, as tasty as the tart she received.

Miss Gregg has some fruit from her friend, and she too feels that the idea is an appropriate one.

Dot, who received an ebony nail sweep agrees the plan is a good one.

Marian and Peg join in thanking Edna's friend for the box of stuffed dates and peanuts.

Marjorie and Nettah have received "Just to Say Hello" cards. Marjorie says it's a shame we don't know who is doing all these thoughtful things,

"It's the nicest thing the Keepers of the Keys have done thus far," says Marian, who received a picture motto.

Peg says that it "engenders a friendly spirit." She has received a greeting card and a pretty green handkerchief.

"It brightens up the day materially," says our President, "to find a friendly note on one's desk, and then a package containing an interesting magazine."

Mildred's friends enjoyed with her the box of mixed candy she found on her desk.

Fern likes the name she drew, and feels that the plan will bring her into closer contact with her friend.

Gwyn says it's a great idea. The two delicious cup cakes she received show that she has an understanding friend, who evidently feared that Gwyn might have sacrificed breakfast to get to chapel on time.

T. Rose expresses the sentiment of all of us in poetry:

*My Friendship Friend's a secret yet,  
A lightsome, lovely secret yet;  
It scarce would do  
To tell e'en you  
Who is my Friendship Friend--not yet.*

*My Friendship Friend's all unknown yet,  
And will not make herself known yet,--  
Not by word spoken,  
Just by love's token,  
And type's impersonal medium--yet.*

*But there's a glad time coming yet,  
A gay, bright time a-coming yet,  
When friends with glee  
Disclosed shall be,  
At friendship's party--coming yet.*

*Then O, to meet my Friendship Friend,  
To know who did the love-gifts send,  
To intersperse  
Dull days with verse  
And flow'rs and sweets--my Friendship Friend  
(With apologies to James Hogg)*

## TIPS TO TYPISTS

Have you ever wondered on the "morning-after" whether you feel badly or bad? If your sense of feeling is impaired you feel badly, but if it's a headache or some other such indisposition, you feel bad.

# (K) (E) (Y)

Miss Lizzie Gregg attended an M.V. rally in New York City the latter part of January.

What's a middle name for, anyway? At a party given by Cecil and Mayme Higgins on Jan. 8, the guests were requested to use middle names only--and oh, the mix-up. See if you recognize those present: Olive, Jo, Alphonso, Brina, Estella, Mary, Charles, Peggy, Worden, Therin.

The fruit basket upset again. Last month it was in regard to change of offices, this month among those who sit at desks: Minnie Truitt moved from the S.S. Department to take Alice La Bonte's place in the Home Missionary Department, Alice went up to the M.V. Department, and Marian MacNeil came down from the Educational Department to occupy Minnie's place.

Peg and Gwyn are plunging into a three-week course in the study of Revelation at the Seminary, starting Feb. 7. They have just finished a course in Jeremiah. Genevieve Melendy is taking a course in Better Speech under M.E. Cady at the Sanitarium gymnasium.

# (T) (A) (P) (S)

Evelyn Fernstrom-Grau, of Valley City, N.D., who worked in the Educational Department two years ago, writes in a recent letter: "My husband has been working in an effort here. Now he has been asked to take over the district including Jamestown and Fargo. We live on the main line of the Northern Pacific, and only two miles from the main Soo line. So if you ever come our way, be sure to visit us. Best of wishes to our friends there."

Mary Ogle writes from Hong Kong that she has learned to eat with chopsticks. She is enjoying the sights and sounds--and enduring the smells--of the Orient.

Lela Wilcox wishes to express her sincere thanks to some kind friend who gave her a pretty handkerchief, with initial L, and a Christmas card, but failed to put even an initial on the card.

Mrs. Janet Clayton, a W.M.C. student, is at present doing part-time stenographic work at the Theological Seminary. Her husband, Elmer Clayton, is employed at the Review. They live at 306 Garland Avenue.



# THE SPONSOR

## NOT AS A MERE ECHO--

from the morning-gilded shore of Tiberias, but as an ever new, ever sounding note of divinest power, come the familiar words to each of us, "Lovest thou Me?"

If by His grace we have said, "Take my love," which of us has not felt that part of His very answer has been to make us see how little there was to take, and how little of that little has been kept for Him? And yet we do love Him! He knows that! The very mourning and longing to love Him more proves it. But we want more than that, and so does our Lord.

He has created us to love. We have a sealed treasure of love, which either remains sealed, and then gradually dries up and wastes away, or is unsealed and poured out, and yet is the fuller and not the emptier for the outpouring....

Some have had love dried up by some terrible earthquake. They will find "fresh springs" in Jesus.... He puts back an even larger measure of the old love into our hand, sanctified with His own love, energized with His blessing, and strengthened with His new love, "That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

--Frances Ridley Havergal.  
(By M. Perkins, Spiritual Sponsor)

## FOOD FASHIONS

Have you ever tried serving a "tray supper"? This is an especially nice way to entertain in these days of efficiency apartments. Attractive trays of one size may be reasonably purchased at any department store, or even at your favorite "five-and-dime." Have the food already arranged on the trays; or if there is room enough, there is no more attractive way of serving than from the well-arranged buffet table. Provide each guest with a tray, so that all may help themselves.

Try this way of entertaining your friends. They will like it.

La Verne B. Case.

NO  
By Ch

If little winding country lanes  
Were only straight and neat,  
Perhaps they would not pull my heels  
From this broad city street.

I'd walk here more contentedly,  
My feet step off prim squares,  
If I could just forget awhile  
A wildness that is theirs.  
(Submitted by Jen

# ...S SPEAK



## MARY HAD A LITTLE

\* \* \*  
"Mary had a little cold,  
But wouldn't stay at home;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That cold was sure to roam.  
It wandered into Molly's eyes  
And filled them full of tears;  
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose;  
And thence to Jimmy's ears.  
It painted Anna's throat bright red,  
And swelled poor Jennie's head,  
Dora had a fever, and  
A cough put Jack to bed.  
The moral of this sorry tale  
Is very quickly said:  
She could have saved a lot of pain  
With a day or two in bed!"  
(Submitted by Dorothy Steinman,  
Health Education Sponsor)

A  
\* \* \*  
Culmer

m prisoner, with concrete blocks  
ained to reluctant feet;  
t, oh, my heart runs on ahead  
hampered, wild, and fleet.  
bids me break these city bonds,  
d walk again where clover  
a little winding country lanes  
distant hill--and over.  
aiz, Hiking Sponsor)

## STYLES FOR 1938

Breathes there a girl with soul  
so dead who never to herself hath  
said, "I want to be in style"?

It hasn't been long since the  
style of the hour was pigtails  
and short skirts (Christmas party).  
Now a new whimsy has possessed  
us. We might say the idea has  
the Golden Rule for one of its  
ancestors. It is certainly not  
exaggerated to say that we all  
like others to be friendly and  
thoughtful to us. So each of us  
is taking the initiative and be-  
ing friendly and thoughtful to a  
"Friendship Friend."

Yes, that is the new fashion  
among the Keepers of the Keys,  
and a very much-used topic of  
conversation when girls get to-  
gether these days. Have you ex-  
perienced the thrill that comes  
both from doing something for  
your secret friend, and receiv-  
ing something from the other end  
of the line? If not, you have  
surely missed a warm feeling a-  
round the heart. Get busy today,  
girls, and let your friend know  
you are thinking of her. There is  
only one rule in this game--keep  
the remembrances simple and in-  
expensive. The names will be re-  
vealed in about four months.

Edna Helms.



## Keys to the Office

"One Department knows not what another Department does," to apply an old adage to our busy General Conference office. So to introduce ourselves to each other, a series of articles featuring the different Departments is being presented, the third of which appears below.

### ROOMS 222 - 228

The detective squad of the Keepers of the Keys has been given an assignment--to investigate what goes on behind the closed doors of Rooms 222-224-226-228. A test of courage this--but we'll try.

Room 222 -- Knock! Knock! Answering the summons, "Come in," we find Elder Steen Rasmussen holding an animated telephone conversation and at the same time scribbling a long list of agenda items for his departmental council, soon to convene. He is friendly and pleasant, yet withal a busy man who, we sense, must not be detained long.

On the table we see a pile of photographs which Elder Rasmussen explains are for the 1938 Ingathering magazine, for here we find ourselves in the inner sanctum of the world-encircling Harvest Ingathering movement. Here the campaign goals, badges, buttons, programs, leaflets, cards, cans, songs, etc., originate. Even before final figures for 1937 are in, the 1938 magazine is ready to go to press.

"You are familiar with the Harvest Ingathering work?" questions Elder Rasmussen. Nodding assent, we hasten on, lest we sign up for a goal and begin solicitation, pausing only to say, "Count on us next August when the 1938 campaign begins!"

Room 224 -- Knock! Knock! Two names are on this door, but only one voice bids us enter--that of W.H. Bergherm, who greets us with a cheery Hoosier smile. His associate, W.A. Butler, is on a trip to South America. On the desk we glimpse promotion material notes--Agenda for Lay Preachers, Articles for Promoter, Missions Extension Promotion. We learn that the Missions Extension comes April 23. On-

To Room 226. Behind a brand new desk sits Mrs. Grace Mace --the all-round detailer, date-keeper, memory jogger, copy editor. She sometimes bears the nom de plume "Mother Dorcas," because she edits a quarterly known as The Dorcas Letter, and maintains a close contact with thousands of Dorcas Society workers in the churches. Not knowing just what may be transpiring behind the scenes

here, we hasten on and come --

To Room 228. A never-ending stream of ideas marches down the corridor from Rooms 222 and 224, pausing for a final touch in Room 226, and lining up for attention in Room 228, where we find a trio of stenographers. Statistics -- campaign reports, world missionary reports, percentages, averages, per capita -- make a bee line for Dolly Long's desk for, besides being secretary to Elder Rasmussen, she is the statistical "right-hand man."

Copy for the semi-monthly Lay Preacher heads for Alice La Bonte's\* desk, and she keeps the file of nearly 2000 names which must be supplied with the latest news from the field, and instructions for better working methods. Miss La Bonte is also departmental artist.

To Miss Thrall's desk come another group of ideas, which include fifty pages of Church Officers' Gazette manuscript

### BULLETIN--LIBERAL ARTS

Those interested in public lectures will appreciate a bulletin issued monthly by the District of Columbia Public Library, and available at all its branches. This lists local lectures on almost every conceivable subject--art, politics, current events, et.al. -- and also announces musical events, art exhibits and local tours.

each month. This must always be stenciled in a great hurry it seems. She also keeps the ever-changing addressograph lists of some four thousand conference and church workers.

Respectfully we submit our findings, and certify that this is an accurate report of activities in the "factory of missionary ideas," known as the Home Missionary Department of the General Conference, Grace D. Maca,

\*Alice has recently been transferred to the M. V. office.

\* \* \* \*

### PARDON THE MISTAKE

Over 2000 (not 200) outside telephone calls are made each month in the General Conference office. Please pardon this error in the January issue.

THE KEY NOTE

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THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS  
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# This 'n' That

Twenty-four of the girls in our office have definite duties in the several churches of the community for 1938, including one Sabbath school superintendent, four division leaders, four secretaries, and seven teachers. Four others are helping with the music, and two are M.V. leaders.

Do you know that what used to be the General Conference coal bin is now the headquarters of the enterprising Insurance Service, and that the old Mailing Department room now houses the Purchasing Bureau?

The Home Missionary office force, accepting an invitation to the Rasmussen home on Jan. 1, found upon their arrival that they were part of a group invited to help Elder and Mrs. Rasmussen celebrate their silver wedding anniversary.

Latest addition to the stenographic force is Mr. Clarence A. Miller who returned from China with his mother about Christmas and is living at 808 Greenwood. He spent nine years in China, took his academic work at the Far Eastern Academy in Shanghai, attended W.M.C.

and graduated from the Commercial Course. Later he attended Strayer College of Accountancy in Washington, receiving his B.C.S. in 1936, and then taught in the commercial department of the China Training Institute. Mr. Miller joined the C. C. family in January, and spends half his time juggling figures for the Insurance Service, where his desk is located. The Ministerial Association benefits from his typing services the other half of the time.

"MADAM, GO!"

Just after leaving the customs house at Cherbourg, en route to Paris, Professor Morrison went on ahead to get some money exchanged, leaving Mrs. Morrison with the porter, to see that all baggage was intact. It is the custom for French red caps to put all the luggage they can into a wide leather belt, which they throw over their shoulders, leaving their hands free to carry more. This particular porter evidently had a poor belt, for it suddenly loosened, and down went the Morrison suitcases to the ground with a resounding thud. "He tried to recover them," writes Mrs. Morrison, "but didn't like my observing him, so said, 'Madam, Go' -- and I went."