

Vol. 5

The Key Note

1942

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

I saw a mountain shack of slabs rough-hewn;
Crude, hand-split shingles on the roofpoles lay
And through the unglazed window fell at noon
The sunlight on a floor of common clay;

But as I looked the rough-hewn slabs became
White marble columns and an architrave
Rose from the ridge-pole; the nailed window frame
Turned to an arch of triumph, and to pave

The pedestal clear granite had been wrought.

The scanty forest clearing became wide
And with dark cypress shaded, and in my thought,
Reached the broad Potomac's storied tide.

--Clarence Dan Blackly

THE NEWS

Mrs. Wyatt entertained at a dinner party last week for her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Smith of New York City. Mrs. Smith will be remembered by many of the Keepers as Evelyn Wilson. We understand the piece de resistance was a cheese pie baked by Edith Geymet.

Mrs. Peters looked extremely happy after they removed the cast from her husband's leg. The reason?--she says that now he can tend the furnace once again.

A large group of friends met at the Far East Chinese Restaurant Tuesday evening, January 27, to show their reluctance to part with another Keeper of the Keys. Nora Atkins has accepted a call to the Florida Conference, and though she has not been with us long we have enjoyed her stay. After doing justice to the chowmein, egg fu yong, rice, and ice cream, those present gave Nora some very "helpful" suggestions as to what to take with her. Mr. Benjamin, head of the Insurance Department where Nora has been working, gave the farewell speech, and presented her with our token of friendship--a set of the "Testimonies" in red leather. We hope Nora will not forget us and we wish her success in her new position.

Helen Miller has just come out victorious in a battle with the "flu" and is with us again...Zippie Franklin was happy to see some of her old friends from Florida recently--Mrs. Helen Tindall and Mrs. Gene Hudson who were accompanied by Miss Stella Beauchamp, a missionary from India...On Monday evening, January 27, Misses Fleisher and Edeburn attended a Business and Professional Women's Dinner at the Washington Club. The speaker of the house was Miss Edith Norse Rogers, of the House, who discussed her Bill which relates to the enlisting of women for military service.

Sarah Williams, formerly of our office, but later in Singapore, is reported to have "evacuated"--we haven't learned to where!

OUR GOODLY HERITAGE

My business experience began in an auditing office in one of our larger cities. This was before our message entered my life. There the day would begin discussing the previous evening's engagements. Friendliness consisted of shallow chatter. To work for this firm was recognized as a real opportunity, and there was always a waiting list of prospective employees. One might readily detect, however, that the position and the salary were the true incentives for working.

What a contrast to the years spent in our denominational work! The association of Christian ladies and gentlemen, our unity of purpose, our personal interest in God's finishing work, never ceases to present its unique thrills. To begin each day's work with those inspiring chapel devotions, makes us all realize with the Psalmist,

"The lines are fallen unto me
in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage."

- Louise C. Kleuser

* * * * *

CAN YOU TAKE A (HEALTH) HINT?

Do you eat regular meals at regular hours?

REMEMBER, YOUR MIRROR REFLECTS NOT ONLY YOUR BEAUTY BUT
YOUR COMMON SENSE AS WELL.

Do you eat fresh fruit at least once a day?

THAT FRESH COMPLEXION NEEDS FRESH FRUIT.

Do you drink four to six glasses of water a day?

EVER NOTICE "HAT A DRINK OF WATER CAN DO FOR A THIRSTY
FLOWER?"

O-R-I-G-I-N-A-L-I-T-Y!!!



What wouldn't we all give to possess it.
But few there are in this world of ours who
gain the distinction of having that adjective
applied to them by people at large.

Just now I am thinking of one Rebecca McCann
who showed her originality by dispensing
cheer in a column of a newspaper chain, and
who became so much a habit with the world of
newspaper readers that today several years
after her death we still find published daily
those little cheerful cherubs.

She married "Jimmy" five days before he sailed for the front of the World War I. The first year or so after the Armistice she spent receiving her daily mail--letters she had written to him, but which were never opened. Through that experience and the experience of a second unhappy marriage she had to, daily, sell "Cheer" to the newspapers. Then for one short year she enjoyed happiness, then a common cold which became pneumonia, then a last ride back to her native Chicago.

Listen:

I love the little joys
of life--
The smell of rain,
the sound of brooks,
The taste of crispy toast
and jam,
The sight of rows and
rows of books.

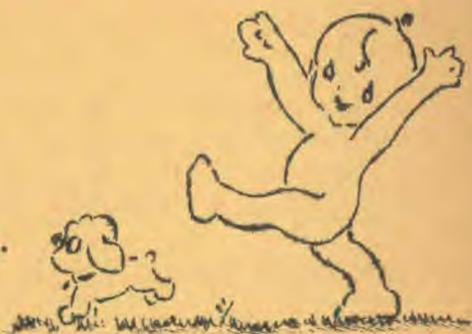
Tired?

Work should never make me weary
If I'm really meant to do it,
But it soon becomes exhausting
If it's greed that drives me to it.

So cheer up! Some people are worse
off than we!!

She was human too:

If this cheerfulness annoys you
On the days you're feeling blue
Please forgive me, gentle reader--
Often it annoys me too.



HEAR YE! READERS!

Your Unliterary Sponsor gleefully admits she is a person of low tastes . . She got this job under false pretenses . . Had she admitted she likes Gladys Taber's "Diary of Domesticity" in the Ladies' Home Journal as well or better than Tennyson's Idylls of the King, they wouldn't have elected her. (Why didn't I?) Anyhow, as Shakespeare and Milton (they have their moments, too) turn over in their graves, let me introduce you to a couple of tiny books I got for Christmas once--These Blooming Friends and More Blooming Friends, by L. Young Correthers, described as "little books of garden scandal." For instance:

Hydrangeas are--oh--so grand--
They peer through wrought-iron gates
And pose in rows on terraces
Of millionaires' estates.
So elegant and stylish,
Collected, calm and cool--
But they're really common snow-balls
That have been to boarding school.

(These books can be borrowed at any time by people who promise to bring them back.) Now, lest anyone should think this page is getting too frivolous, we hasten to quote a heavier one by Robert Frost (big shot in American poetry, and we'll bet the biggest item in his budget was "Miscellaneous"):

None should ask of money spent
Where the spender thinks it went.
Nobody was ever meant
To remember or invent
What he did with every cent.

So much for poetry--now about books. We venture to suggest in the space left that you can't go wrong on Christopher Morley if you stick to his essays--nice volume of them in the Sherman Avenue Library. And Carl Sandburg's biography of Abraham Lincoln (in our own G. C. library) would be very patriotic reading for February, except we have the first volume checked out--we will bring it back tomorrow, though. One of our Chief Bookworms, Mary Jane, was telling us about a book named The Three Titans (Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Rembrandt) by Emil Ludwig, very interesting, from the Sherman Avenue Library, and when we called her to check on those details, she mentioned that the Seminary Library has a book by the same author, Nine Etched from Life, biographies of "servants of the people." That ought to keep you busy.

Click! Clack! Click! Clack! What's that? Oh, it's knitting needles! A number of the Keepers are knitting sweaters for the Red Cross. They seem to have a jolly time meeting in various homes, listening to the radio-phonograph or to some one read a book while they knit. And there are refreshments afterward. The Red Cross furnishes the yarn and patterns, and if there are those who would like to learn to knit perhaps a beginner's group could be organized.

INTRODUCING: Mrs. Bankie Linebarger who is a new addition to our stenographic force. After being employed at the Takoma Hospital in Greeneville, Tennessee for five years, she and her husband came to Takoma Park so that he might attend W.M.C. Mrs. Linebarger is the new bookkeeper in the Insurance Department; and her most important hobby is her six-year-old boy who has been playing the piano since he was three.

Mrs. Grau, formerly Evelyn Fernstrom, is working temporarily in Mrs. Walters' place. Her husband is attending the Seminary.

Nora Buckman's father was visiting her the first of the year.

The Seminary girls have been too busy getting school started to make news.

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Issued Monthly by the Keepers of the Keys
General Conference Office, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Editor:	Carol Crabtree	Typists:	Ellen Franklin
Associate:	Mary Jane Oyedahl	Printers:	Ruby Ramsey
Artist:	Edith Gaymet		Pauline Kladny
			Esther Kivison

OFFICERS OF THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS

President:	Elsie Minesinger	Sponsors:	Music	Viola Wilkins
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