

THOSE SUMMER BLUES

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME
THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR,"
THE MERCURY IS CLIMBING FAST,
AND SUMMER'S REALLY HERE.

HUMIDITY FILLS EVERY MIND;
WE MOP THE DRIPPING BROW,
AND FEEL LIKE STEW OR FRICASSEE,
WELL DONE FOR EATING NOW.

WE SHOWER AT MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT
HOPE SPRINGS WITHIN THE BREAST
THAT SURELY COOL COLOGNE AND SUCH
WILL FURNISH US SOME REST.

ALAS FOR OPTIMISTIC HOPES--
A PARTY'S DOWN THE STREET,
OR NEIGHBOR'S RADIO BLARES FORTH,
WE'VE NOWHERE TO RETREAT

A PEEVISH FELINE WAILS HER WOES,
HER COAT OF FUR'S A CURSE,
AND HUSBANDS THINK THEIR HOME AFFAIRS
HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE.






THUS HEAVY-EYED WE GREET THE DAWN,
AND DRAG UNWILLING FEET,
TO OFFICE, STORE, OR SUMMER SCHOOL,
ALTHOUGH WE FEEL "DEAD BEAT."





"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME,"
BUT THERE'S THIS CHEERING VIEW--
NO MATTER HOW REDUCED OUR BRAINS,
THE BOSS FEELS MOURNFUL, TOO.










--THELMA WELMAN.




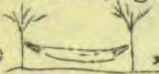


SYNOPSIS

FOURTH OF JULY ON THE FARM

When the  came over the  tops, I awoke to find myself on the Morse farm. I looked out and saw the  s going down the lane from the  to pasture. The fragrance of  filled the air. What a wonderful place to spend the 4th!

After breakfast we hung out the  . Then we went down the  on an errand and came to a real country store--you could buy a  or most anything. We bought  .

Back to the farm again. While Mrs. made a dewberry  , I went out to help Dr. make a  pen. I held sticks while he nailed them and I sawed off the ends. We ran out of  so went to the woods to cut more. I carried the  and he carried the  and the  . We cut down 22 small birch  . It was  so we went to lunch. Junior came in with a wee, wild  . It ran around the porch--then he let it loose.

Many friends came for supper and we made a huge  of  -salad, gallons of  -ade, etc. After supper some swung in the  , some played  , some just sat in  s.

What a peaceful evening! What a wonderful day!
--Grace Coyl.

ON THE OLD POTOMAC

It takes more than the frown of the Weather Man, with his dire prediction of afternoon and evening showers; yes, or even a good dose of chigger bites, to daunt the courage of a group of Keepers of the Keys. Thus it was that on Tuesday afternoon, July 24, laden down with umbrellas, rubbers--well, at least one pair of them!-- and lunch and more lunch, a number of them set forth on their annual sail down the Potomac to one of our national shrines dear to the heart of every loyal American, the beloved home of our first President.

How refreshing the balmy breezes that soon cooled our fevered brows as our good "Mount Vernon" got under way; how delightful to the eye the many shades of cool green loveliness in the trees, shrubbery, and verdure-covered slopes along the river banks. And lovely Mount Vernon! What words can picture the charm of the simple but stately mansion, with its many treasured possessions of the days of long ago; or what pen can even faintly describe the wonderful view from the back veranda. All too quickly the time passed in visiting the various rooms of the old mansion, the museum, the old box-bordered flower garden, and other points of interest.

Now homeward bound, our thoughts turned to the ever popular subject entitled EATS. From the size and weight of their huge shopping bag, one might have thought it was the Home Missionary gals and not "Uncle Jimmie" (cf Zam Zam fame) who had been whiling away the last four years in German prison camps!! All sorts of eatables from Bing cherries to fudge were brought out and passed around to all who could be persuaded to partake.

Once more we boarded the "Mount Vernon," and time seemed short ere the familiar landscape of Washington Greeted our eyes. And we believe all would say, "A good time was had by all."



N E W S

Jewel reports a very lively Junior Camp. Have you ever tried to keep track of 60 youngsters on a train? It's a good experience if you can take it. Ask Jewel.

Minnie and Mintie recently had the pleasure of a stop-over visit from Dr. and Mrs. Truitt and their little son, who were on their way to the Mason General Hospital in New York.

Sara Williams' son, Lt. George M. Williams and his bride visited in Takoma Park. Lt. Williams is an instructor in the flying corps in Alabama.

Ingrid Beaulieu and Olive Dowsell announce their new address as 314 Longbranch Parkway, where they will take up residence August 1, in a three-room apartment. Give them time to move in their furniture, hang their curtains and dresses, and put away their dishes, and they'll be looking for company. Just what they'll do when Johnny and Wally come marching home from the wars is not concerning them now. (Reporter's note: Dear Editor, Here's that promised "scoop." Maybe you won't think it is, but it really is. Anyone who gets an apartment these days is getting a "scoop," I betcha.)

Jean Freeman has just returned after spending two weeks with her folks in Winter Park, Florida.

Mrs. Patterson has been doing much entertaining lately with brothers coming home from Iowa, Arizona, and Texas. During their stay she enjoyed a trip to her sister's home in Kilmarnock, Virginia; sights at Monticello in Charlottesville, Virginia; and her nephew's graduation at Quantico where he received his bars.

When folks were teasing Marilyn Knecht about her extremely rosy complexion after the Independence Day holiday, spent mostly swimming, Elder Benton defended her by saying she was simply blushing with pride and patriotism!

Florence Rebok took the minutes of the Union Educational Secretaries' Council, held at Boulder, Colorado, July 10-12, which kept her plenty busy; but she did take time out to enjoy the snow-capped mountain scenery - while we all sweltered in Washington's humid heat. And now she and T. Rose are "sweating out" those same council minutes!

Marian Nyman spent her vacation with her sister Zelda in Berrien Springs, Michigan. Just a few days before she was to come home she had word that her mother was very ill so she left immediately for California. About her trip she says: "Mr. Hoskin arranged for a gate pass so I could go through with the militia or I'd never have gotten on a train at all. The air corps fed me, and I spent three days and three nights on that coach--not airconditioned. I don't need to go to purgatory--I've had my punishment!" Glad to report Marian's mother is improving.

Chapel seats were at a premium last week! The world field was pretty well represented by the four speakers--Mr. Russell who spent four years in a concentration camp in Germany; Mr. Pratt, an internee from the Philippines; Mr. Johnson from Chungking; and Mr. Boykin from India.

The Home Study Institute twins, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Shaw, had something recently they have never had before. They celebrated their twelfth wedding anniversary. They both celebrated on the same day, since twelve years ago they had a double wedding. Mrs. Shaw was pleasantly surprised when a bouquet of three rose buds--a yellow one, a pink one, and a red one--arrived at her office. She generously allowed all the other girls in the office to smell them as often as they wished. Mrs. Hill said it was the first anniversary she had spent without her husband, Cpl. Raymond Hill, who is now in France. We hope it will be the last one she will have to spend without him.

A vacation? That's exactly what Thelma Collins of The Home Study Institute is enjoying at her home in Chillicothe, Ohio.

Carol King's father and mother recently spent an evening with her. They are moving to Roanoke.

WE GREET THE NEW COMERS:

Carolyn Thompson, Treasury
Barbara Britton, Sabbath School
Margaret Weaver, Sabbath School
Helen Smith, Publicity
Pauline Klady, Treasury
Eleanor Snider, Printing
Frances Russell, Mailing Room

NEWS OF FORMER KEEPERS

"GREETINGS TO THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS:--I just got back from my vacation--stopped off in Salt Lake City, St. Louis, and then down to the southern part of Missouri where my folks live. On my way West I spent a few days with my sister on their ranch just out of Colorado Springs. Had a wonderful time all the way around. Wish I could have continued East to see all you folks. I am leaving this Sunday to go to the North Pacific Union Master Comrade Camp at Hayden Lake, near Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where I'm supposed to be Women's Director. Then we'll have junior camps in Oregon all during the month of August."--Alice La Bonte.

"I want to tell you that an epochal event is about to take place in my life. I am about to dismantle my little house and leave my dearly-loved New York! It is causing me no end of misery and is like pulling teeth, but what little common sense I have tells me it is a good move. I have a chance to work in the union office in South Lancaster and be with Dorothy, and believe a change would be a good thing."
--Mabel Bartlett.

Remember

LAWN PARTY

August 14