



KEY NOTE

Volume 3

September, 1940

No. 9

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

I lock the door on tomorrow,
I firmly withdraw the key;
So, if it be joy or sorrow,
I cannot, I will not see.

I look not through the keyhole;
I turn my eyes from that door;
I see just this one day only,
And not one moment more.

Then all night long I slumber,
While the watchful stars hold sway,
But when I awake--it is morning!
Tomorrow? Oh no! Today!

--Harriette R. Shattuck.

DO WE ?



"How beautiful! Isn't that a magnificent sight?" exclaimed the tourists, startled at their first night view of our Capitol dome. Simultaneously, all our minds turned to our country, its liberty and all it stands for, when one remarked, "Do we really appreciate it as we should?"

This question, "Do we really appreciate it as we should?" reverts often to my mind. We live in a country that as yet knows no blackouts, no censored mail; needs no trenches, no air raid shelters, no gasmasks; where we still enjoy freedom of speech, a free press, and can worship God without let; and where the demonic fury of warfare has not yet washed our shores.

We satisfy ourselves that a similar blitzkrieg can not happen here, overlooking the seemingly innocent inroads being made on our freedom. One writer has made this statement: "The citadel of liberty can never be made airtight against the intrusion of the enemy." This is truer today than ever before. The hands of Liberty's clock are on their last round.

So much is said nowadays on building up our national defenses, the prevention of sabotage, conscription, etc., that it makes us feel our country should ever be on its guard to outwit foreign powers; that it is dangerous even to try to live in peace. For while we have lived in peace, the "enemy came and sowed tares."

The enemy of souls, too, is wide awake. His saboteurs are at work to divert our minds while he plants his seeds, "those little foxes," in our hearts. It is human and natural for us to rest content, yet are we ourselves not in danger of being outwitted by this enemy of souls? Do we really make use of this time of freedom as we should? And do we really appreciate it as we ought? Do we?

--Edna Edeburn

WANDERING "KEEPERS"

Mary Scott has wandered back from Cambridge, Maryland; and Ora Williams from Louisville, Kentucky.

Bethel Rice left on August 20 to attend a family reunion in Michigan.

Margaret Peir writes from New England, "I love the White Mountains."

"There is no place like home," says Mildred Davis, who is spending her vacation with her family in Ohio.

Frances Nowlin recently went off on a little jaunt to Royal Oak, Maryland, to spend a few days with an aunt.

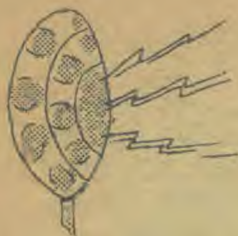
New England has attracted a number of "Keepers" this summer. T. Rose Curtis, Mary Paul, and Katie Farney are now enjoying the beauties of that historic spot.

Imagine anyone's boasting about ten pounds gained on a vacation, but that's Alice LaBonte for you! This was accomplished by plenty of sleep, much of mother's cooking, and good fresh Missouri air.

Synonomous terms--Kathryn Haynal and California! Kathryn is once more in California, visiting with her sister in San Diego. She stopped off at LaGrange, Illinois, to spend some time with her brother and his family.

Mrs. Walters, with her son, Lewis, her daughter-in-law, and granddaughter, spent a few days at Herald Harbor, Maryland. Mrs. Walters reports a most delightful time--swimming, boating, canoeing, and THO marshmallow roasts!

Mabel Hinkhouse returns to the office to draw a normal breath after spending a week sight-seeing, when there wasn't time to breathe. She spent one day at the New York World's Fair, a day in Boston, visiting Concord and Lexington, then went up to see Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," and returned home by way of the Green Mountains of Vermont.



SPONSORS

SERVICE

"I wonder if we'll help Him,
You and I:
Or shall we look across His work
With careless eye?
Shall we not offer some dear service
In His name?
Set burning in some heathen heart
God's flame?

Or better yet, our truest, best lives give
That He who died on Calvary may live
In some sad heart--perhaps not o'er the sea.
That heart may wait next door to you and me."

--Selected.

--LaVerne B. Case

SEPTEMBER SUGGESTIONS

--Along Nature Trails

This is the month for fall colors to appear. Sumac has already begun to turn red. Maples will follow.

Spiders are plentiful this month, particularly the large garden spider that makes the zigzag trade mark on his web. You may by chance find a bat, but be sure not to put him on the bird list!



A few warblers have been seen during August, but most of the warbler millions will come through our area during September. Some of the youngsters will be hard to identify, but there will be plenty of adults along with them. Myrtle warblers will predominate, of course, but there will be many redstarts, magnolias, black and whites, and a dozen others. Nighthawks have been passing through in large flocks for some time, and will probably continue through September. September is a good time to increase the bird list.

--Alice LaBonte


CALLING



EVERYONE LIKES SURPRISES --



especially lovely ones such as came to some of our Keepers the evening of the 17th at the home of Mrs. H. M. Walton. Very mysterious was the invitation when it came. Little information was given-- though the knowing twinkle in the eyes of the messengers bade fair for an exceedingly interesting time.



(The inquiring glances as the guests arrived must have proved highly amusing to a certain person!)

The air of suspense was lessened not a whit when a white envelope was handed to each guest with instruction not to open until the count of three. The first one to guess the riddle therein was to whistle. Every hand was poised--"One...two...THREE!" Every envelope popped open! Hm--m--m! (Hurry!) -- Let's see --

"When the leaves have turned to scarlet
And the birds are on the wing;
Nelson then will fly to Jensen
And the wedding bells will ring."

But what's this! Read it again--are our eyes deceiving us?
No--it's so!

Kathryn--what can we say? Nothing has stirred us so for a long, long time as this news you've given us. When October comes with its glorious colors of crimson and gold, we hope that all its radiance will be reflected in your own heart. And we know it will.

We're going to miss you more than you can know, but we are completely and genuinely happy with you, and wouldn't have it otherwise. May God bless you and yours always, and bring into your new home only happiness and joy. Remember us once in a while, and know that you've left a big empty spot behind you.

--Marguerite Perkins.

'CROSS THE BORDER

The war having made it unsafe to travel overseas, we (Ruth Conard and I) planned a motor trip to French Canada. Armed with ample proof of our American citizenship, we crossed the border without any difficulty into the Province of Quebec. After spending a few hours in Montreal sight-seeing, we went on to Trois Rivieres, where we stayed overnight at a small inn called "La Violette" and ate dinner at a cafe named "The Green Pansy." The most interesting thing in this city was an internment camp for German war prisoners and "fifth columnists" (brought over from England). The camp being entirely surrounded by a ten-foot fence of barbed wire, and guarded by soldiers with guns and bayonets, we could view it only from a good half block away. The French provincial soldier wears a very snappy uniform, and we so much wanted one of their tasseled berets for a souvenir!

On reaching Quebec City next day we settled down for three days, having found a delightful place to stay. This is a very charming, quaint city, and the surrounding country is beautiful. Across the St. Lawrence River is the Isle d'Orleans, which looks now as it did when settled several centuries ago. We drove the forty-two miles around this delightful island, and decided it would be a grand place to retire in one's old age!

One thing noticeable in Canada is the lack of unlovely signboards along the road. Very little roadside advertising is done, and any signs one may see in Quebec Province are in French. This language is spoken to such an extent outside of the cities that we often saw in village places of business the sign, "English Spoken Here." Wayside shrines, some with candles burning, are very numerous, and the Catholic Church hovers over all. Once we got in some difficulty in a village where no one could speak English. My high school French came in handy for asking questions, but we couldn't understand the rapid-fire replies! Coming back we crossed the border at Derby, Vermont, with some delay but no difficulty, and spent the night by lovely Lake Memphremagog, Newport, Vermont. Next day we saw Calvin Coolidge's birthplace, and in New Hampshire the "Old Man of the Mountains." Oops, no more space!

Marie Mooney

THE KEY NOTE

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LIGHT - AND INSIGHT

Quite close to my home, writes a correspondent, there lives a saintly old preacher, who, now alas! is practically deprived of his sight. A few mornings ago, as I wheeled my baby daughter along in her perambulator, we met him, and stopped a moment to greet him.

Baby favored him with her sweetest smile, and, patting her head, the old man said, "Ah! my dear, that was a lovely smile!"

Then, turning to me, he queried, "You were surprised that I could see that?"

I admitted that I was. "Well," he said, "I have just enough sight left to see a few really important things!"

Taken from, "The Art of Living Successfully."

*** HELLO TO HARRIETT ***

In honor of Miss Harriett Richardson three car loads of friends went to Beverley Beach for a swimming party and picnic supper, Tuesday, August 20. Although one timorous soul was heard to wish that he had brought his red flannels to shield him from the cool breezes, every one splashed merrily and worked up a huge appetite for supper. Water polo added to the merriment of the occasion. Everyone present was glad to visit with Harriett and report that eating a delicious lunch and watching a gorgeous sunset is a combination that can't be beat.

Thelma Wellman.

GLEANINGS

Do you have any old Bibles that you would like to donate for missionary work? Katie Farney is interested in receiving them.

Esther Kuckenmeister was maid of honor at the wedding of Mevis Williams. Be on the lookout for future developments--she caught the bride's bouquet.

June Norton and her hubby, as well as their friends, are having fun riding in the Norton speed boat which is anchored down on Chesapeake Bay. So far the boat has not been christened--and no doubt the owners would appreciate some suggestions.

Lottie Quinn spent a week of her vacation entertaining her niece, Ruby Merrell, of Kansas City, Missouri. They enjoyed visiting many places of note in the capital--Arlington, Lee Mansion, Congressional Library, Washington Monument, climaxed by a boat trip to Mt. Vernon.

Lela Wilcox is grateful to her many office friends who remembered her with flowers, gifts, and cards on her recent birthday. Through all her sufferings she keeps remarkably bright and cheerful, and is always pleased to see her friends and chat with them for a little while. We still think of you, Lela, and your faithfulness in your duties in the office and in your home.

TOWARD A MORE CONCISE LANGUAGE

Every writer should paste on his desk blotter this pointed memo from the hard-boiled editor of a large newspaper to his staff.

"We do not commence, we begin. We do not purchase, we buy. We do not pass away, we die. We are buried in coffins, not caskets. We are not all gentlemen, but we are all men. Not all women are ladies, but all women are women. We do not reside in residences, we live in homes. We do not retire, we go to bed. Our priests, ministers and rabbis are not divines. Our lawyers are not barristers. Our undertakers are not morticians. Our real estate dealers are not realtors. Our plumbers are not sanitary engineers. Our cobblers are not shoe rebuilders. And the first reporter who writes of a body landing 'with a dull, sickening thud,' will land with a dull, sickening thud on the street, with hat in one hand and pay envelope in the other."--Edward Frank Allen in "How to Write and Speak Effective English."