


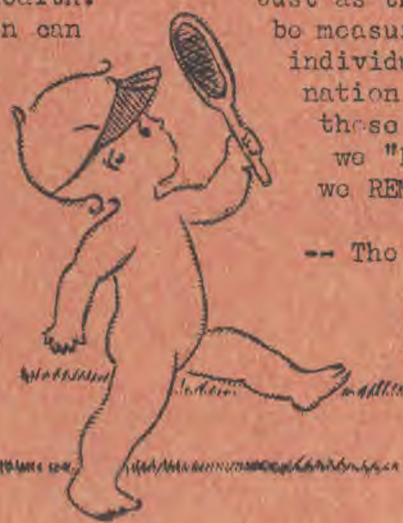


Is a man an athlete because he has athlete's foot ? "Of course not," you laughingly reply. But on the other hand, proper exercise might possibly help prevent this or any of a dozen other ills to which man falls heir. Indeed, even Solomon knew this when he wrote, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." And where can one be more readily possessed of a merry heart than when out in the fresh air and sunshine. Up to the present writing the O. C. D. has put no priority on fresh air and sunshine. They are free to all comers, whether you have ration card A, B, or X--or, none at all :

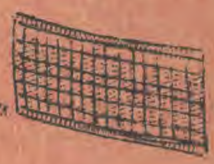
Although rubber may be short, we are sure it is still not too late to buy a pair of rubber-soled shoes, if you do not already have a pair, and come play tennis or badminton or partake of any of the numerous other activities offered by the Keepers of the Keys.

Girls, we, too, can do our part in National Defense by building up our own health. strength of a steel chain can be by the strength of its the strength of a than the strength of nation. Not only must Harbor" but also must

Just as the  only be measured individual links, so can nation be no greater these who make up that we "Remember Pearl we REMEMBER OUR HEALTH.



-- The Sports Sponsors



## NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood, we move along asunder  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep,  
Along the years we marvel and we wonder  
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep--  
Not understood.

Not understood, we gather false impressions  
And hug them closer as the years go by  
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions  
And thus men rise and fall and live and die--  
Not understood.

Not understood--How trifles often change us,  
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight  
Destroys long years of friendship and estrange us,  
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight--  
Not understood.

How many cheerless, lonely hearts are aching  
For lack of sympathy from day to day.  
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,  
How many noble spirits pass away--  
Not understood.

Oh, God! That men could see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see--  
Oh, God! That men would draw a little nearer  
One another, they'd be a little nearer Thee--  
And understood.

\* \* \* \* \*

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly  
As a blessing or a curse; and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it; till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made manifest.



PICNIC--MAY 13, IN THE EVENING

How bright the sun, how soft the breeze!  
(Bringing mosquitoes, flies, and fleas)  
We Keepers sought the sylvan dell--  
(Where leeches, slugs, and spiders dwell)  
To Sligo Park we all did go,  
(Where poison oak and ivy grow)  
To Picnic Area Number One.  
(We had good eats, and lots of fun!)  
We crossed the creek by jumping rocks,  
(And got mud on our shoes and socks)  
We played catch-ball beside said creek,  
(When the ball fell in, oh, were we sick!)  
We played three-deep a diff'rent way,  
(Say, who'm I chasing, anyway?)  
We filled our cups and piled our plates--  
(The first ones sit, the last one waits)  
The Eats Committee really worked.  
(And at the eating no one shirked)  
And last, not least, the ice cream sticks.  
(A grand picnic! We've heard no kicks.)

Then, when our stomachs all were filled,  
And forty chattering tongues were stilled,  
Our Sarah, home from Far East wars,  
Told us her story--"let down bars"--  
How Singapore was bombed each night--  
To leave, to stay; oh, what was right?  
The die was cast, they now must leave,  
Yet parting words their hearts did grieve.  
Still, for the trip, new clothes they bought--  
Which a few days later just were not,  
For their ship was bombed as it lay in dock,  
And passengers saved not coat, dress, or sock,  
Except what they wore as they fled for life  
To the hills, away from the dreadful strife.  
It is passing strange, how little worth,  
Compared to life, are the things of earth,  
In a time like that. --Another ship was found,  
And once again our folk were homeward bound.  
The days stretched out to more'n a hundred,  
While we at home prayed, waited, wondered.  
Now safe at home, Sarah's tale has thrilled,  
And with gratitude our hearts are filled  
For God's watchful care, and sheltering hand  
That was spread to cover His faithful band.



VACATIONS seem to be news this month. Helen Porter spent her two weeks in New Jersey and New York and reported a wonderful time when she returned a week or so ago. Ethel Freeman spent a week-end at Elmira, New York. Esther Yost is spending hers at Union College, where she went in company with her sister, Mrs. Becker, to see her nephew, Neal Becker graduate. The Twins travelled far for their vacation. They took the whole month of May, and went to Hagerman, New Mexico. They reported a safe arrival, and the fact that there are 25,000 Japanese interned only 25 miles from there. The first of June is the day they hoped to be back. Are you here, Twins? LaVerne and Ralph Case had Memphis as their destination when they started out for a week's vacation. They brought LaVerne's sister, Mrs. Lemser back with them for a couple of weeks. Zippie Franklin zipped down to Southern Junior College on a stream-liner the morning of May 21 for a pleasant week-end visiting relatives and many friends at her Alma Mater. Elizabeth Zeidler's face is missed in the office these days, too. She's taking a vacation until May 31. Rubye Ramsay we hope will come back from her vacation in Atlanta, Georgia fit as the proverbial fiddle. She's trying to recuperate from a little session at the Sanitarium. Margaret Lay spent May 7 and 8 in New York. Mrs. Nivison is taking her vacation in Wisconsin. Her mother's illness called her there. Bankie Linebarger is planning to spend her vacation in Louisiana visiting her parents. With all these vacations who says we're afraid of the gas man!

"CLOSED--USE REAR EXIT," greets all who come to the front entrance of our General Conference building. Why? Because it is getting a face lifting. "We are so glad that the noise from the constant drilling will not last "for the duration."

Mary Scott went to Shenandoah Valley Academy the middle of May to help Doris pack her things and to return with her to the Park where she is happy to be for the summer.

Each spring Mrs. Mace is the recipient of a box of the rare "Diogenes Lanterns" which grow only in the vicinity of Pacific Union College, on Howell Mountain. She is happy to share these lovely flowers with P.U.C.-ites.

If one chances to be in the printing room now he may think he is in tin-can alley. But this reminds us again of Harvest Ingathering, to see the big cartons full of cans being shipped out.





First Aid, Home Nursing, Women Medical Cadet Corps, knitting, gardening, paper salvaging are included in our defense work. Louise Meyer helped by filling out sugar rationing cards at the Buchanan School. Defense bonds and stamps are a popular investment and help Uncle Sam to Keep 'em Flying. Some attended lectures and learned how to deal with incendiary bombs. From the many who took First Aid we have an organized group to take care of casualties in the building and a group of stretcher bearers. The Seminary also have a first aid committee.

LaVerne Case, Mildred Butts, Alice LaBente and Nora Buckman have been learning military courtesy and practising close order and litter drill in the WMCC.

Among those who are knitting, have been knitting, or will be knitting are : Edna Helms, Myrtle Chrisman, Marion Nyman, Genevieve Melendy, Louise Surface, Thelma Wellman, and Edna Edeburn. Sweaters have been taking shape for some months. Besides knitting Edna Edeburn plans to do some typing for defense.

Edna Helms is raising a garden on the back lot at her new home. Katie Farney has tomatoes in her garden now as a second crop after spring onions and radishes. Anyone who raises tomatoes has a defense garden. It's going to take lots of our defense its a good plan to grow your own. Mrs. Chrisman has a good garden as she is an experienced gardener. Miss Zeidler has a beautiful flower garden. Mary Jane Dybdahl says hers is a morale garden, at least it will be if the flowers bloom. Good luck M. J. Genevieve Melendy's Victory garden is patriotic as well. She has red and white tomatoes and blue flowers. Hazel Shadel is hoping to have a garden.

--G. M.



Marie Mooney's sister, Helen Yonda, has been visiting her for several days.

Miss Louise Kleuser returned from a six-week's field trip, during which she helped Elder Anderson with the "Week of Prayer" at Walla Walla College and attended a large Bible Workers' convention in the Northern California Conference.

Edna Helms was out of the office for a few days trying to feel better.

The Insurance Department is quite pleased with the new quarters across the hall where the Purchasing Department used to be. The two departments seem to have exchanged places!

We all extend our sympathy to Mayme Higgins who was called home at the extreme illness and death of her mother. We are glad that Mayme is back again.

We're afraid that soon we'll be missing Mrs. Rebok in the Home Commission office. She says she's leaving the first of June. And by the way, she got a bouquet of red roses for her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, May 28.

Mary Scott was given a birthday party the 27th by some of the Keepers at her house.

Carol Crabtree, the editor-in-chief, skipped away last Tuesday evening to her home in West Virginia.

Nora, Jewel and Alice LaBonte went picnicking with the Cobbans, Thurbers, Phillips, Mrs. Wood, and Ochs on our "Memorial" day-off. They went to Rock Creek Park, while the Wyatts and the mailing staff, Helen Miller and Edith Geymet, left bright and early for THE PINES, nestled in a quiet spot back in the mountains of western Virginia. The crisp mountain air relaxed tired nerves and sharpened appetites, and the delicious picnic dinner renewed the energies for a climb up the mountain trail, where every form of wild flower seemed to abound and where wild strawberries were all too tempting. The time for departure, seven o'clock, came much too soon for all.



## VIOLA WILKINS CROWNED MAY QUEEN

Takoma Park, D.C., May 27-- Tuesday evening, May 26, the Keepers of the

Keys selected Miss Viola Wilkins as their 1942 May Queen. Miss Wilkins, a graduate of Atlantic Union College, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Wilkins of West Stockholm, N. Y., and quite recently came to Takoma Park.



The coronation ceremony was broadcast over KOTK from the Review and Herald Chapel, with Miss T. Rose Curtis announcing. On the program were Miss Nora Buckman, singing "My Heart is a Haven", three couples, demonstrating the "Honey-moon Relay"; Miss Jewel Hatcher, playing "Indian Love Call" on her violin; and Mrs. Zippie Franklin with advice for the new bride, for Miss Wilkins is engaged to wed the well-known "Cherio" Walker of this city.

A scepter to which were attached a number of hearts, was presented to the May Queen. Within these hearts were instructions which sent Miss Wilkins to various parts of the building to come back laden with gifts of every size and wrapping-gifts for the bed-room, the bathroom, the dining room, and the kitchen. Assistance in opening the gifts was given by two of her attendants, Mrs. Alice Fagerstrom and Miss Alice LaBonto.

Because June is the month of brides, we must not forget those whose anniversaries are this month. There are several Keepers who do have them:

The Halswick's	June 1
Helen Porter	June 2
Wayne Higgins	June 3
June Norton	June 11
Lottie Quim	June 18
Zippie Q. Franklin	June 26
Carol Crabtree	June 27
and Mrs. Rebok--almost	May 28



## WELCOMING SARAH WILLIAMS

Welcome, welcome, yes indeed,  
To our work and to our play.  
Do not go away again;  
Please with us decide to stay.

Two years is really not long, but Sarah lived a long time during her absence from us. New experiences, anxious days, and tense moments have been hers, and she may feel restless in our peaceful routine. But we hope she is as happy to be with us as we are to have her. May her lingering memories of the past two years be only pleasant, and may our service and association be always a delight.

\* \* \* \* \*

T. Rose Curtis, Mary Paul and Mary Scott and Amy Woodruff spent an afternoon recently picking strawberries from Professor Foote's patch. Some of the berries made their way into jam, while others graced delicious shortcakes. The Keepers reported it was a most luscious afternoon. M-m-m-m!

### THE KEY NOTE

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General Conference Office, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Editor:	Carol Crabtree	Typists:	Ellen Franklin
Associate:	Mary Jane Dybdahl		Ruby Ramsey
		Printers:	Pauline Why
			Esther Nilsson
Artist:	Edith Geymet		

### OFFICERS OF THE KEEPERS OF THE KEYS

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