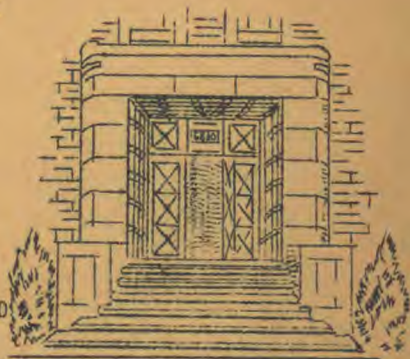
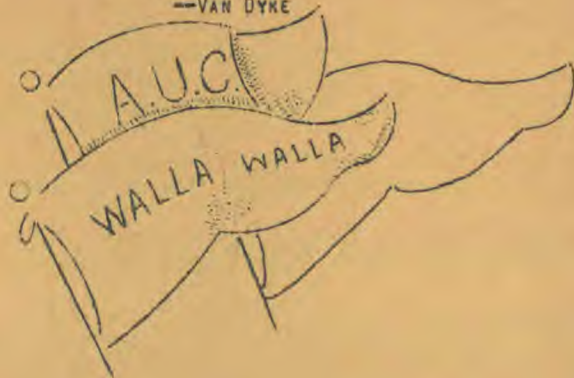


SEPTEMBER



WHAT CONSTITUTES A SCHOOL?
 NOT ANCIENT WALLS AND IVY-MANTLED
 TOWERS,
 WHERE DULL TRADITIONS RULE
 WITH HEAVY HAND YOUTH'S LIGHTLY
 SPRINGING POWERS;
 NOT SPACIOUS PLEASURE COURTS,
 AND LOFTY TEMPLES OF ATHLETIC FAME,
 WHERE DEVOTEES OF SPORTS
 MISTAKE A PASTIME FOR LIFE'S HIGHEST
 AIM;
 NOT FASHION OR RENOWN
 OF WEALTHY PATRONAGE AND RICH ESTATE;
 NO, NONE OF THESE CAN CROWN
 A SCHOOL WITH LIGHT AND MAKE IT
 TRULY GREAT.
 BUT MASTERS, STRONG AND WISE,
 WHO TEACH BECAUSE THEY LOVE THE
 TEACHER'S TASK
 AND FIND THEIR RICHEST PRIZE
 IN EYES THAT OPEN AND IN MINDS
 THAT ASK.

--VAN DYKE



EVERYDAY SCHOOLING

Not alone a few months in schoolrooms for several years, nor even private perusal of text-books and supplemental supplies, essential though either or both be, make people real individuals. It's the everyday "elbowing" that shapes knowledge and learning into skill and living.

Keepers, we are human--"We've all got to go to school, I expect, and we don't all get the same lesson to learn, but the one we do get is our'n, 'tain't nobody else's, and if it's real hard, why, it shows the teacher thinks we're capelle." Let's calm ourselves and learn our lessons well, for even though repetition is one splendid method of learning, who wants to learn the lesson in patience by making the same mistake in copying several times per week--waste that word, or key, or number! Does anyone care to learn the lesson in safety by getting hurt over and over again! Why, the lesson in kindness by crushing the spirits of a friend hither and yon? We all do such "dumb" things at times, but where's our lesson in tolerance concerning each other's shortcomings and goings? Where's our lesson in criticism. Who is perfect enough to criticize a fellow being? If you have constructive criticism, a real Keeper will appreciate it from you face to face. If your criticism is the behind-the-back kind, tell it to the girl in the mirror, and be sure she keeps it a sound secret.

Why try to grasp life as a whole. In all our schooling, let's learn to take the days one at a time, and just think of the worry and time we will really save? We are not exceptional cases in our personal sorrows and petty morbidnesses. If we must learn by repetition, let's choose the lessons of cheerfulness, kindness, enthusiasm--yes, and dozens of other worthwhiles--in our everyday schooling. SUCH IS PRACTICAL AND SENSEFUL.

---Zippie Franklin

ABOUT PLATES AND CUPS...

No more paper plates and cups for the Keepers! We now have glass ones for our parties and picnics. They were used for the first time at the Ladies Auxiliary picnic, and how smart the Ladies thought we were! We felt proud ourselves. The food and drink tasted better than usual, and what is more, it was fun to wash dishes and pack them away ready for use next time. To the economical members, here is a secret: The cost of the dishes will be covered in the saving on paper plates and cups for five parties. A good investment, don't you think?

ABOUT A PICNIC...

Remember, girls, that gorgeous moon of last week--the one that was eclipsed on Tuesday night? Well, that same moon will be coming around again, and who doesn't want to take advantage of it! Another thing, remember the grand picnic site the cabin where the Ladies' Auxiliary picnic was held that same Tuesday night? Well, don't you think the Keepers should take advantage of it, too? And already committees are working to take care of food and fun, and the cabin is reserved for Tuesday afternoon and early evening, September 29. Remember the date--shall we say it again? SEPTEMBER 29. Be ready, girls!

ABOUT THE CROQUET SET...

And who doesn't know about the croquet set that has been popping up our lunch hours lately! It is yours to enjoy any time after office hours, too. All we ask is that you return it to Room 207 when you have finished playing with it. You girls who don't care for the more strenuous sports, this is just the thing for you. What of it if you have never played before? Haven't you seen the group of professionals who line the walk around the lawn just hoping for a novice to come along and ask for advice? So don't be bashful; get right in there and learn to play, and some day you'll be showing the professionals!

"STILL SITS THE SCHOOLHOUSE
BY THE ROAD ..."

The little red schoolhouse on the top of the hill gaily opened each year (one, to be exact) with Miss Mary Jane Dybdahl ringing the bell. Over the bleak Wisconsin hills ski-ed schoolmarm Mary Jane when the snow was on the ground. Mary Jane assures us that the room was warm (?) because she arrived early and chopped the wood. Since the wood was usually a little damp the tiny room soon became "steam-heated," and the teacher had a merry time trying to "air-condition" the building.



"Don't go in the schoolroom, teacher is taking a bath." Stealthy whispers outside the parlor-schoolroom of a New England farmhouse kept Lillian Bragan aware of the fact that it was time for her weekly bath. Since there were no locks on the doors it was necessary to inform the family that cleansing was in order.

Miss Bragan never really warmed up to the situation, the job of teaching we mean, because she had to take her water bottle to bed every night and still froze. After two years (brave girl) she decided she would rather do stenographic work.

A wee lassie we know taught a church school at the tender age of 17 and went early each day so she could play with the children. This was in a sunny clime and she almost stayed a year. No doubt she would have, but one of the youngsters gave her diphtheria and that ended June Norton's teaching career. "Never again" seems to be her motto. Anyway, we feel sorry for the children who missed having her.

Popped corn in a physiology laboratory would be indeed a pleasant repast if you could somehow eliminate all the sights and smells. Apparently Bethel Rice's class overlooked such small matters for she reports they liked it immensely. Bethel taught for four years. We could scarcely

believe it.

One of the most heartbreaking experiences of a preceptress' life is accidentally (?) stumbling into a room full of girls who have just finished "setting" the table on the floor and with watering mouths are just about to partake of the first delicious morsel. After sending them all home and seeing that the food is put away, she goes joyfully (?) back to her room. Theoretically speaking, her mind is at rest and she can retire peacefully. Practically speaking, she always did like toasted cheese sandwiches and home-made cookies and root beer, etc., and if it hadn't been for the principle of the thing, I believe Nora Buckman would have joined the party more than once in her two years as dean of girls at Shenandoah.

Besides these experiences we have the following roll call of those who have sat sternly behind the teacher's desk:

Thelma Wellman taught for three years at Washington Missionary College in the Academic department and liked it, so our report is not all adverse. Mabel Hinkhouse also liked her work as teacher of church schools in Kansas and Nebraska. While attending school Elsie Minesinger taught shorthand and typing and bookkeeping for three years. Our librarian, T. Rose, taught for three months and she claims she studied harder than all the students put together. Marjorie Marsh taught two years in Fox River Academy, Illinois, and two years in Adelpian Academy. Home-making suits her better, she says. Carol Crabtree spent three years in West Virginia teaching Junior High School. Carol says she likes going to work in an office without any "little" responsibilities getting in the way and was glad to give up teaching. Erna Borm taught one year. However, office work called her again.

Others who have taught some, either practice teaching or for a short time, are Nell Hunter, Louise Meyer and Viola Walker. Viola also taught voice in college. Mrs. Case took a Home Economics course and planned to teach, but is using her knowledge practically anyway.

Didn't know we had so many school-marms who were also stenogs, did you? Our girls are pretty practical, we think.

--Nora Buckman

HERE AND THERE WITH KEEPERS

About thirty of the Keepers joined the Auxiliary ladies and their families in a delightful picnic at the new recreation center near the Maryland end of Rock Creek Park. There were games of badminton, volley ball, quoits, baseball, etc., and a most bounteous supper, followed by dish-washing and a "grand march" in the hall, with Mr. Conard leading and Mrs. Weaver and Ruth Conard beating out the music on the piano. A good time was had by all--and there have been a lot of sore muscles since!

Yes, it is a busy life keeping house--canning, cooking (burning a dish of something now and then) sweeping, dusting, etc., but these are just a few of the joyful tasks which a newly established happy home provides. Ask Viola!

If the weather you would know, consult the Swiss weather prophet in Room 105.

Nora Buckman was lucky enough to have a visit from her father last week. (We wish you could see her smile when she reported this news.)

As every new Aunt, Marie Mooney thinks that her little niece is a precious thing--blue eyes, red gold hair, a real "Mooney."

Mable Hinkhouse reports a very pleasant vacation with relatives in Kansas and Colorado. Attending Kansas camp-meeting accounted for one day of her stay in Kansas. She stopped a day in Chicago and visited with Irma Lee Hewitt.

Pauline Klady found plenty of interesting things to do while visiting her folks on their farm in Galion, Ohio.

We are happy that Mintie Truitt is making such a fine recovery from her recent heavy operation. "Surgicals" are encouraged to "move out" as soon as possible these days at the Sanitarium; Mintie left in less than two weeks! She is now "at home" to all callers at 128 Willow Avenue.

Edna Baroudi has become a junior partner in the publishing department.

Edna Edeburn spent three days last week visiting relatives in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania.

A card from Signe Nelson mailed in Banff, Alberta, says she is having a good time and enjoying the cool weather.

"SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS
DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS"

are far behind most of us, but that does not mean that since we have learned readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, we are done with "larnin'." The Seminary, just next door, affords a wonderful opportunity for us to continue our study. Often classes are held in the evening or early morning, or on the afternoons we are off. Many of the girls have taken advantage of these classes.

On the main floor of the Seminary you will find, probably first, the Seminary's Lady Esther who is in private life Mrs. Yost. She sits behind the door marked "President" and guards the main door to Professor Kern's office. Just around a corner from her office is Keeper, Eunice Rozema, who is Professor Kern's secretary and helper of the Registrar.

On the same floor is found the chapel, the place with which most of us are acquainted. Two treasures found in this chapel are the electric clock presented by the students of the Spring term of 1942, and the beautiful American flag presented by the Summer students of 1942.

The Library is found on the floor below, and while small, contains a number of items of interest. For instance, if your boss gives you a word you never heard of, and Webster failed to mention it, just go over and use the Seminary's Oxford English Dictionary. If you can't find the word there, you'd better find another means of saying what you want to!

And suppose you wanted to find Poor House Lane in the City. (Maybe you think you have been traveling it for some time, but could you locate it?) Don't waste your afternoon asking the bus or taxi driver, just march right over to the Seminary and ask Miss Dybdahl to show you the map that will locate any street in the city. It is every bit as good as "black magic."

Then, too, there is a vault in the Seminary where old valuables are kept. Valuables such as William Miller's hat box!

And don't forget the vesper services held one hour before sunset every Sabbath evening in the Seminary chapel.

--Minnie Pruitt

Virginia Butler-Roth reports that she has been very happily married since May 23. Virginia was married at Carson City, Nevada, and is now keeping house in Oakland, in a lovely apartment and studying pipe organ. The best of good wishes to Virginia.

The long-anticipated "fruit basket upset" has begun. Minnie Truitt has moved up into the big corner room formerly occupied by Dr. Olsen. She looks rather lonely thus far, but in due time she'll have two or more roommates, when this "wheel of fortune" gets through spinning--and where it'll stop nobody knows.

Jewel Hatcher, Alice LaBonte, Pauline Klady and Genevieve Melendy were recent luncheon guests at the Tafts' home on Willow Avenue, the lunch being served in the patio.

Lois Burnett and Carol Crabtree went to Berrien Springs, Michigan for ten days' attendance at the Council of College Presidents and Deans, at Emmanuel Missionary College. They spent Sabbath evening with Harry, Zelda, and Joyce Beddoe in their delightful new home there. Carol also took one day out to give the "Windy City" a look-see.

Ingrid Nelson Beaulieu is a welcome and willing assistant here, there, and yonder this summer--wherever and whenever the need is greatest, perhaps more in the Department of Education than any other one department, since they're making books this summer. Esther put the finishing touches on the new Denominational History for our schools, Bethel has been giving her attention to the new Core Curriculum, T. Rose has labored hard over a new Nature Study Manual for elementary schools, and Carol says she's writing a book now of reports of the Deans' Council. "Many books are a weariness to the flesh."

For an ideal vacation at Kenwood Beach, Go: (Believe it or not) swimming to Solomon's Island to see the new naval base, to Prince Frederick to provide for the cravings of the inner man, or woman, to your neighbors to borrow the reading matter that you forgot to take along. Play: Ping pong, Hop Off, dominoes, Chinese checkers, Crokinole, Authors. Eat: Fresh corn, string beans, beets, carrots, watermelon, cantaloupe, waffles, peaches, grapes. Return home: Tanned, rested, and well pleased with yourself. These are the findings of Esther Benton and Dorothy Ford.

AUGUST 25, 1942. The quiet little church in Hyattsville, decorated with palms and white gladioli, and with soft sunshine streaming through the stained-glass windows. Guests being seated by Robert Reed and Dr. Alwyn Artress, both dressed in white with blue ties. The organ being played by Mrs. F. W. Bladin of Catonsville. Solos, "At Dawning" and "Until" being sung by Mrs. LaVerne Jeffers. At three o'clock Elder C. P. Sorenson taking his place at the front of the church. Marjorie House dressed in blue, and Dr. Oswald Roggenkamp, in white with a blue tie, marching slowly down either aisle to stand near the minister. The groom, Harold William Bricker, clad in white, with blue tie and white carnation in his buttonhole, making his solitary way to the front. The bride, Edith Marie Joerg, on the arm of her cousin, Prof. Harry House of Indiana, Pa. Edith's dress is a simple lace-trimmed white, she wears a short veil, and carries a bouquet of white roses. A short, impressive marriage service, and Dr. and Mrs. Harold William Bricker with radiant smiles begin life's journey together. Congratulations and Best Wishes!

A voice remarking that Harold should make a good husband--he's had so much opportunity in the General Conference office to learn how to please the fair sex!

--Mary Paul.

THE KEY NOTE

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