

The Key Note

Volume Six
Number Three

SPRING NOTES

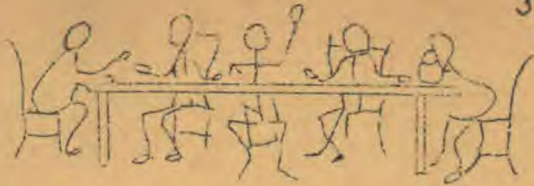
The pussy willow ventures out
In icy March, I note.
He's never cold,
For wise, as bold,
He wears a snug fur coat.

The snowdrop, on the other hand,
Stands barefoot in the storm
In sheer white dress--
She counts, I guess,
On pride to keep her warm.

--Maxine E. Mooney.



BETWEEN
US



STENOGRAPHERS

My stenographic experience was short but fortunately long enough to enable me to claim membership in the group of workers who have engaged in this honorable profession.

The incentive to learn shorthand came to me rather suddenly. In midsummer I was offered a position as stenographer to the principal of the school I planned to attend, IF I could be prepared when school opened. I cannot say I was well prepared, but the forbearance and patience of Professor Lawhead enabled me to carry his work for two school years. Then followed the invitation to become the one and only stenographer the General Conference Treasury Department had at that time. Four months later I gave up stenography for accounting work.

Short as was my experience, I have never lost interest in stenography and the problems and experiences of those engaged in that work. I am glad to have had a part in it. I vividly remember the first letter Elder Evans dictated to me. He started by giving me a long foreign address of which I had never heard, and before my mind had fairly grasped it, he was well into the body of the letter. In transcribing the letter my memory served me well, and to my relief it was signed without being read.

It is my opinion that the value of our stenographers cannot be overestimated. Certainly we could not do without them. And their value is proportionate to their ability to carry responsibility and to their devotion to the cause of God.

--H. H. Cobban.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD . . .

Like a fond human mother who delights in giving gifts to her children, Mother Nature provides many fascinating, beautiful things for everyone to enjoy. But oftentimes her gifts for us are overlooked, and we miss much of the joy of living by not keeping our eyes open and our ears attuned to the wonders of the natural world. In Ministry of Healing we read: "Christ loved to gather the people about Him under the blue heavens, on some grassy hillside, or on the beach beside the lake. Here, surrounded by the works of His own creation, He could turn their thoughts from the artificial to the natural. In the growth and development of nature were revealed the principles of His kingdom." "God desires His children to find delight in the works of His hands."

How many of the Keepers on the way to work the other morning noticed the beautiful picture in the sky? It was still dark, and the heavens were a dense, dark blue. But hanging there, like a beacon light, was a perfect crescent of the moon. We felt inclined to linger and gaze on this impressive sight which would very soon fade away. On another early morning the eastern skies were a riot of gorgeous colors, and we noticed certain observant ones during the chapel period frequently turning their gaze toward the windows facing sunrise. Many wonderful sunset scenes are also on view from time to time. Let us keep our eyes open and take in these free gifts of nature which cannot help but draw us nearer to the Divine.

"Those who take a mournful pleasure in all that is melancholy in the natural world, who choose to look upon dead leaves rather than to gather the beautiful flowers; who see no beauty in grand mountain heights and in valleys clothed with living green; who close their senses to the joyful voice which speaks to them in nature, and which is sweet and musical to the listening ear,--these are not in Christ." --Ministry of Healing, p. 251.

Lottie Quinn, Nature Sponsor.

WE JUST PICKED THIS UP



Mumps

Mintie did it. The imitation, we mean. (Remember?) She's back again now, though. Yes, quite deflated.

You remember the story of the prudent ant and the frivolous grasshopper? We wouldn't for the world want you to think we were implying anything--but we have it on good authority that

Marion Nyman turned in Coupon No. 17 for a pair of red shoes!

And, speaking of shoes--Carol Crabtree took the most drastic measures we've heard of to save wear on hers. She tumbled downstairs and tore some ligaments loose. Besides not wearing shoes for some time, she won't be taking her long-looked-forward-to trip to Boulder. And that is what we would call bad luck.

Ethel Freeman has been hobbling around on one foot lately--she tells us that she visited her uncle in Union Springs, New York, and on her return was forced to take to crutches. Sounds bad, but we doubt if there is a connection, really.

We are glad to welcome Esther Nivison back to the Publishing Department. Though we are sorry Mark may soon be inducted into the service, still there is a selfish pleasure that Esther's around again.

Jeanne Griffin and Mary Hindmarsh are at home now at 35 Laurel Avenue, after a very recent move. Visitors welcome at all times; at meal times bring your ration cards.

It was nice to see Mrs. Rebok back in the office for a week or so lately. We'll be looking for her back to stay about the first of June.

Mrs. Charles Mellor has been assisting in the Treasury Department while her husband attends the Seminary.

MILITARY AFFAIRS: Sarah Williams' son George is leaving for camp, where he will take his basic training in the air corps. . . Irene Walters feels extra-patriotic these days, what with one son in foreign parts in the Army, and her younger, Louis, just having left to join the Navy. . . Ingrid Beaulieu can't wait till Johnny comes marching home. She left Thursday night for a few days' visit with Pvt. Beaulieu, who is at Camp Robinson in Arkansas. . . Mrs. Gordon Butts (Millie Davis to you) reports that her husband has arrived safely overseas and is stationed "somewhere in New Zealand." Millie is celebrating her wedding anniversary with a trip to New York City, accompanied by Mary Hindmarsh. . . And of course Mary Hindmarsh would have to be different. She has a naval secret.

LITTLE JOURNEYS OF THE GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT: Dollie Long, with Charlie and Alan, visited in Lima, Ohio, last week-end. . . A number of Keepers went to hear Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, in Constitution Hall, February 16. . . Rubye Ramsey returned from the South on February 1. . . Jeanne Griffin spent February 2-8 at Fort Knox, Kentucky (should that go in the paragraph above?) . . . T. Rose Curtis, Louise Surface, Jewel Hatcher, Elsie Mingsinger, and Eunice Rozema attended a reunion of the Washington chapter of E. M. C. alumni February 23. . . Stella Fleisher returned from visiting friends and gazing at the scenery in Florida. See her for details. We could fill up the page with them!

JOURNEY-OF-THE-MONTH: Marjorie Marsh, Nora Buckman, Mrs. Robok, Bethel Rice, and Esther Benton are enroute to Boulder, Colorado, for an Educational and M. V. Council, March 2-11.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE AMBITION--Mary Jane Dybdahl is enjoying a course in Reference and Bibliography at Catholic University. . . Katie Farney reports lively discussions and interesting demonstrations at the First Aid class being held at 5 Columbia Avenue on Monday evenings, with Mrs. Morse as instructor. . . Nell Hunter and Sarah Williams are taking advantage of the Bible Instructors' class being given at the Seminary by Miss Kleuser and are unstinted in their appreciation of its practical value.

S O S . . . S O S . . . This time it means "save old stockings." They are receiving your loving care, we realize, but there does come a time when you must with an aching heart dispose of your old silk and nylon hose (if you're fortunate enough to possess any). Mrs. Walton has asked us to save them and she will pass them on to where they will be of further use. There is a receptacle in the second-floor rest room.

VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN: In response to the call for books for men in the service, we have received to date 27 large books, 12 smaller ones, and 25 paper-covered booklets. If you still have books which you wish to include, be sure to bring them to Room 212, before noon Tuesday.

INSTEAD of keeping a bird list this spring when the migrants return, why not take your little notebooks and make note of all the uniforms, both domestic and foreign, to be seen now in cosmopolitan Washington? It's fun, and educational, too. Connecticut Avenue's the ideal strolling ground.

THE KEY NOTE

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