

large bedroom outdoors.

Now all is quiet. If a stranger were to approach, he would hear only the regular breathing of the occupants, breaking the silence of the summer night.

Days are passing; the outside world is slipping into oblivion; the occupants of the cabin are enjoying their vacation uninterrupted. The problems which present themselves from day to day are solved in the same manner as upon that first evening.

The only forms of recreation are fishing, swimming, boating, sleeping, hiking, and reading magazines, most of which are a year old or older; for not even a newspaper reaches this remote shore.

Everyone must eat; consequently, crabs, flounders, mackerel, and frog-legs are obtained to supplement the staples which were acquired in the city. The ingenuity of the cook devises new ways

of preparing them. One day the chief dish is baked crab; the next it is crab salad; then comes crab gumbo and crab omelet. "That's a lot of crab," you will say. Yes, but every dish is so different that one doesn't tire of it.

The five days are over now, and all of the problems of living in primitive fashion have been met successfully. Everyone works hard to break camp; soon the party is on its way to the city. Everyone is talking at once of the pleasures of a hot shower, a delicious steak or pork chop on the dinner table, the jangle of the telephone, the blare of the radio, the personal letters to be read, and the newspaper headlines. All these things which have been taken for granted in the past will be appreciated by those who have learned how to do without them.

Kitchen Kingdom

JUNE ANN GOODRICH

During the summer, the kitchen was the coolest and most cheerful place to find refuge from the summer heat. In the winter, it served as a sewing room, study and game room, as its old, iron stove was in great demand after the first frost.

The morning sun had just slid over the top of the large elm on the edge of the yard, sending yellow rays bouncing through the fluffy red and white curtains. As the beams fell against the shiny pots and pans, which showed the industrious scrubbing of busy hands, they were thrown back with diamond-like flashes.

The white wall had a border of red duck and chicken transfers. There was

no head on the rooster because Jimmy had broken it off the rubber stamp while cracking nuts with it.

A lace or linen tablecloth would have been an alien in this kitchen, while the red-checked oilcloth had the situation well in hand. A milk bottle, taking the place of Betty's ornate vase, was distinguishing itself by holding the long stems of the proud, honey-colored Golden Rod which Jimmy had picked for his "mom".

Against the north wall stood an old oak cupboard with an enormous glass door. It was heavily carved and looked out of place in the small white room. It was no longer suitable for the dining room, so

it was now keeping vigil over the less important utensils of the family and Jimmy's pet frog, which was tucked carefully away on the bottom shelf. The only evidence of its presence was the pungent odor of dead fishing worms and the monotonous croaking of Wilbur. Across from the cupboard stood the iron stove on a piece of linoleum just big enough for the four carved legs

and the coal bucket. Maybe at night, when no one was looking, it straightened out those tired legs and rested in peace. It was king of the kitchen, and if it had had a nose it would have looked down upon the lesser articles in its presence.

All that was needed was the mistress of the Kitchen Kingdom, and she was soon to appear.

Her Majesty

MAXINE DEMLOW

Zooming through the ever-changing, lofty clouds, a Lockheed Lightning Interceptor came into view, her wings outspread as a huge eagle. Queen of the airways, she seemed propelled by some forceful, hidden power, concealed from the human eye. The sun reflecting the drab olive green wings as the P-38 made a gliding left bank was startlingly blinding.

Circling the enormous landing field, whizzing by at such a tremendous speed, the masterpiece of intricate workmanship flew waiting for a signal from the ground to land. When she had received it, she chose a long, stretching runway, her wing and tail elevators moved, and she came out of the sun, losing altitude fast, the concealed cannon and guns in her nose gleaming.

Suddenly, as if appearing magically, her retracting gear lowered. Slowly, at approximately 100 to 150 miles an hour,

the Lightning straightened, hit once—twice, then smoothly, confidently, and majestically taxied up the runway. Upon reaching the opposite end, she came to a complete standstill, her motors still throbbing, as if panting for breath after the swift flight.

She possessed a non-stall wing which served as a preventive measure against possible tail spins. This wing, developed from hundreds of wing tunnel experiments, bore the large white star, the emblem of democracy.

Proudly she stood, knowing that she had extra strength and dependability, that she could fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter; proudly she stood, the result of many months of designing, planning, and testing, knowing that she could take punishment and still deliver the goods, knowing that she is an essential protector of our great nation.