

Pastoral

B. E. Vanderbilt

THE day was warm. Through the soft blue haze of the valley came the sound of rifle shot. Jim would be after rabbits again, thought Jane. Hmph! Can't be any rabbits left with the Nelson's hungry hounds loose all the time. Why would Jim waste so much shot after shadows.

Jane rested a shoulder against the solid post of the porch and watched the wren flitting among the dusty leaves of the lilac by the shed.

"You're a busy little thing for such still weather."

Startled at the sound of her voice the wren scolded loudly and darted around the dilapidated building out of sight. Jane followed it as far as the small brook. A sudden "chirk" made her jump back.

"Oh! I keep forgetting the green frog."

She watched it as it plunged into a quiet pool in the brook and swam across. It stopped and blinked at her near a round shallow hole at the other side of the pool. Something stirred the mud of the hole. The small sleepy-eyed head of a turtle rose inquiringly above the water.

"Jim will find you, Turtle, you and your pretty yellow stripes."

She laughed softly and straightened up as a sudden coolness breathed through the pines on the ridge above the house. Jane pushed the hair back from her damp forehead as she watched the firm dark line of front move across the sky. She breathed deeply of the cool air. As she walked slowly toward the porch a feeling of exhilaration filled her so that she forgot to notice the dry and dusty grass of the earth beneath her feet.

"Autumn is not far away," she sighed, watching the vermilion underleaves of the sassafras flap gently in the breeze.

The frenzied yelping of a surprised hound neared the house. The snapping of twigs and dead weeds meant that something was prey to the hound's sensitive nose. Jane stepped up onto the porch and listened. She heard the sharp crack of the twenty-two. Another. And another. Then silence.

"Hey, Jane!" Jim called as he came tramping around the house, "I got a copperhead! Come and look!"

The Midway

Ray Stewart

IT WAS a welcome rest to sink onto the low, white stools of the large concession stand at the triple intersection of Georgetown Road, 16th Street, and Crawfordsville Road. This was the first stand on the midway, and a soft drink quickly drove away the thirst that we had acquired by going both ways along the line of stands on the south side of 16th Street. The night was hot and humid, but we could not be particular about the weather or the night, for the midway lives only one night—the eve of the 500 Mile Race Classic. And the thrill and excitement of the eventful period is well worth the sleep that is lost during this brief period.