

# PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher  
Illustrations by O. L. Myers



## PRELUDE

VIEWED from the valleys of Virginia, the jagged line of the Cumberland mountains is a prodigious row of black dominoes toppled over on one another by the finger of God brushing about in the blue. This great wall of purple and green is neither inviting nor forbidding; it is just inescapably and beautifully there, removed from the ambitions and worries of men. In the morning the notched shadows crawl obliquely up its northern slope; they linger at noon on the faulted uplifts; and then hurry obliquely down the darkening south slopes in the early evening.

A hundred miles to the north lies the Ohio valley, flat and fertile between its borders of lower hills. The willow-fringed river sweeps in a long leisurely curve around the southernmost tip of Ohio, receives the waters of the Big Sandy at the corner of West Virginia and Kentucky, and then bends languidly toward the Mississippi. It is both inviting and forbidding; inescapably and beautifully there in the midst of the ambitions and worries of men. The spring rains swell it to the limits of its ample banks, and send it muddy and churning toward the west. The summer droughts relax it into a somnolent stream of limpid green tranquility.

Between the river and the mountain range lies the Big Sandy valley. Its hills rise slowly from the squat bluffs on the Ohio to the blue peaks of the Cumberlands; its valleys widen progressively from the precipitous canyons of the Breaks on the south to the sweeping flatlands on the Ohio to the north. And the Big Sandy river with its forks and its tributary creeks veins the whole region like the ribs in a pawpaw leaf. Guarded on the south by the Cumberland ridge, protected on the north by the lure of the great river and its level bottoms, fenced in on the west and on the east by row upon row of rugged hills, the Big Sandy valley pocket preserved its isolation until the



"What a Place for a Man to Live in!"

encircling territory was conquered and cleared. Traveling westward through the Eighteenth century, the immigrants stared at the great barrier of the Cumberlands, and continued the easier road down the Clinch river into Tennessee, leaving the mysterious beyond to the desperate Indians, struggling against dispossession. Paddling down the Ohio, the pioneers peered up the bright highway of the Big Sandy, bending into the unknown, and continued down the easier road toward the rolling blue-grass country, leaving the legend-haunted pocket to the frightened wild game fleeing extinction.

But its protection was not permanent. The solid-looking wall of the Cumberlands proved not to be unbroken when assaulted by a few daring men who were determined to explore it. One by one they spied out the four gateways to the north: the canyon-like water-gaps at the heads of the Tug river and Dry Fork; the thousand-foot gorge in the Breaks of Sandy; and the twenty-five-hundred-foot wind-gap in Pine mountain. Each gateway proved to be an Indian trail from north to south: a turn-pike creek which led, fork by fork, to the full stream of the Big Sandy at Louisa, and then like a broad highway into the Ohio. Fork by fork—the Elkhorn to the Russell, the Russell into the Levisa, then the Levisa joins the Tug and becomes the Big Sandy. The mysterious pocket was open at both ends to those who would risk its perils.

The perils were menacing. The Shawnees held on to the Big Sandy valley after all other hunting grounds were captured from them. It was both a game preserve and a colossal fortress

and a Virginia patent for four thousand acres of land as surveyed by himself in 1790. This time he did not return. He planted the bottoms with corn and beans, fattened his stock on the Wolfpen meadows, built a great room in front of the old cabin which was still standing, and became the first settler on Gannon creek. And all through the upper region of the Big Sandy valley through that year and those that followed, came strong men and fertile women to plant themselves on the flat pockets between the hills, and to build cabins on the sheltered spots in the wide mouths of numberless hollows. It was a moment unique in the history of man: a clean slate before them, a virgin district at their feet; what would they not make of this new land!

"Great God, what a place for a man to live in!"

## CHAPTER I

ON AN AFTERNOON at the beginning of the spring of 1885, Cynthia Pattern sat on the Pinnacle of sandstone, studded with strata of white pebbles, and looked down upon the fourth and fifth generations of Pattern men still making something of the new land.

A century of life, of making things of these bottoms in the Kentucky mountains, separated Cynthia from her Great-Great-Grandfather Saul who first strode through the wilderness on his long legs spying out the land. During that century, wave after wave of change and reform, sweeping over the Republic and bearing it on into the Westland, had broken against the mountain walls, leaving the valleys within almost untouched. The way of life which Cynthia Pattern from the brown Pinnacle saw in the valley below her was the indigenous fruit of an unbroken tradition of family life developed without benefit of the world beyond the wide horizon of the Big Sandy hills. If there were surviving anywhere in America in 1885 anything resembling a native culture, it was represented by the life of the Patterns now in their fifth generation on their six thousand acres of hills and valleys surrounding Wolfpen Bottoms. But a new steam-mill would not be indigenous.

Cynthia had slipped away from the weaving-room of the big farmhouse and gone around the palings of Julia's garden, and under the grape arbor, and through the peach orchard, across the creek and up the steep path which led her through the yellow girdle of the poplar forest, through the dark belt of pine-trees, into the clump of rhododendron where the rock pushed out of the black leaf-mould to look at the valleys and the undulating expanse of untouched timber-land.

Sitting at the loom she had thought: "Daddy and the boys have been down at the mill all morning and this evening they'll start the new engine. I'd like to see him start it but womenfolk can't hardly ever go anywhere like that when all the menfolk on the creek gang about and Mother wouldn't even think about going down there. But if I was on the Pinnacle I could look right down on the mill and watch just like I was one of the buzzards or a hawk or a crow and see them without them taking any notice of me."

Cynthia sat on the ledge watching Sparrel Pattern while he converted to modern steam-power the old water-wheeled mill her grandfather had built. The mill gathered up for her the romance of a family tradition and became the symbol of progression for the generations of her men. She had sat on the Pinnacle watching the arc of the great wheel loaded with water spin without effort in the sun, revolving to the muted rumble of the stones within the log mill. It turned her thoughts into the past where in imagination she recreated the lives of her grandfathers. They were not dead and forgotten; they had built themselves into the place and looked out at her from the barn, the house, the bottoms, the old mill. The life span of one man does not permit the fashioning of a culture from a raw wilderness; his vision must be carried on by his sons and his grandsons. Grandfather Saul was sorely pressed during the first hard years in the mountains; he had to be content with the temporary makeshift of a hand-mill. The wooden bench on which it was mounted was decayed, but the two little stones no larger than a milk crock were preserved in one corner of the present mill.

They seemed little beside the great stones grandfather Barton had fashioned for the horse-mill he had built on the level spot below the barn. The top framework of rough-hewn

wood was gone, and the skillfully carved stones were moved to the water-mill; but the weathered central axis, the two thick wooden wheels which rolled on the ground, and the channel worn by the mule as it tramped endlessly round and round were right where her great-grandfather had put them in 1810. The dimensions of the rude contraption made more real for Cynthia the legends of Grandfather Barton's giant strength. He emerged from oblivion and took form for Cynthia in all his two hundred and thirty pounds when she looked at his mill-stones, and heard her father, Sparrel, explain the mechanism of his horse-mill.

That mill, which she was looking down upon from the rock, was built by her own Grandfather Tivis in 1825. It seemed to Cynthia a natural part of the landscape of the valley. Wolfpen Creek came down the hollow through the bottom to the foot of the Pinnacle, and then broke into a rapids as it fell over a smooth rock channel into Gannon creek. At the head of the rapids, Tivis Pattern felled willows across the creek, piled stones against them and filled in with a layer of clay. Then he wove a mat of cane stalks on the upstream side, plastered it with clay, and formed the mill-pond; in fifty-five years the dam had not leaked or washed away in the spring floods.

And still before Cynthia was born, her father Sparrel had improved the



Of Course the Old Mill of Stone and Wood Was Wearing Out.

mill by widening the conduits from the dam and enlarging the size of the wheel to speed production.

"Such a gang of menfolk," looking down at the crowd moving about on the creek bank and in the mill-yard, "as a body wouldn't see nearer than the public square at Pikeville on a court day. It's a wonder they're not swapping mules, only they're so taken up by Daddy's boiler and saying it won't work."

She could see where many of them came from merely by turning her head. The old families were branching out, filling up the bottoms.

A few new people were still coming in wherever they could find enough flat land to build a cabin on. She had heard her father talk about the growth of the mountains and wondering what would happen when there was no more land, wondering where it was all leading to. It seemed to him that it led first of all to a steam-mill that would run all the year round and grind their corn a little faster.

"The way Dad's been the last year about a steam-engine is the way I guess it was with Grandfather Barton making a horse-mill and Grandfather Tivis making a water-mill. Only they made theirs and Daddy had to buy most of his. They never let well enough alone. Mother's loom and churns and cook-stove and things are just like they always were, but the menfolk always keep changing from one thing to another."

Of course the old mill of stone and wood was wearing out, and since people came to it all the year round now but could not be served if the season was too dry, he ought to improve it. When the good days of February came round, he took the Finemare and rode down to Green-up to visit his sister and to see a steam-driven mill actually at work. He was so taken with the mechanism and the quick trickle of yellow meal pouring into the sacks, that he decided forthwith to have one for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# HOW ARE YOU TODAY

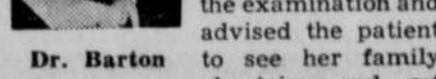
DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

## Safety in Reducing Weight

A YOUNG woman weighing 150 pounds consulted a physician as to the best method of getting rid of twenty pounds. At first glance she appeared to be well, as do most stout individuals, but there was a lack of color in the face and the eyes had a "tired" appearance.

Further, the physician noted that the excess weight on her body was about the hips, abdomen and shoulders, and that her hands, wrists, feet and ankles were small and slender. This showed that her overweight was mostly due to a lack of juice from the small pituitary gland lying at the base of the brain.

As was his custom, the physician began to make a routine examination and found that the temperature was below normal and the haemoglobin was only 65 per cent instead of 85 to 95 as in normal healthy women. He stopped the examination and advised the patient to see her family physician and get



Dr. Barton

"built up" physically before he began any weight reduction treatment. She admitted that she had eaten meat only once and eggs only once during the previous two months.

The point, of course, is that while reducing overweight is wise from a health standpoint, the patient should be thoroughly overhauled by his or her family physician before weight reduction begins.

## Planning the Campaign

Dr. W. A. L. Styles in an article "The Campaign Against Corpulence," Hygeia Magazine, says:

"In the ambition to shed weight, men and women have never paused to consider the advisability of misdirected endeavor. As a consequence death has been the end result of numerous treatments for obesity (overweight). Before launching an anti-fat offensive, every prospective patient should undergo a thorough physical examination at the hands of a reputable physician.

"Merely because discretion (or common sense) has not been combined with determination (and many of our fat friends are determined in their wish to lose weight) failure crowns many efforts to regain normal weight. The reducing of weight should come second to improvement in physical condition as a goal in the campaign against corpulence."

The two outstanding suggestions in Doctor Styles' article are (a) to eat nothing between meals and (b) to leave the table while still hungry. These two suggestions are not only simple but safe, and safety whilst reducing should never be forgotten.

Physicians now have so many overweight patients seeking a safe method of reducing weight that they outline diets which will maintain strength and yet reduce weight if faithfully followed. "Proper diet to which is added exercise suited to individual needs brings dividends in the form of health; whereas wrong diet and faulty exercise, particularly when aggravated by faulty treatment by medicine—epsom salts, thyroid or pituitary extract in the wrong type of cases—may wreck health and bring on premature death."

So widespread is the desire to reduce weight that all sorts of short cuts are being tried often with disastrous results. The 18-day diet, the use of pituitary and thyroid extracts in non-suitable cases, the use of the new drug dinitrophenol, using large doses of epsom salts or proprietary medicines containing epsom salts are all responsible for many cases of chronic illness and also many deaths.

## Fighting Noise

When London, New York and Paris decide that measures must be taken to make these large cities less noisy, there must be some reason for it.

Everyone recognizes that there must be some street noises as foods and other supplies must be moved from place to place, automobiles must transport people for business or pleasure, street cars and buses are likewise needed, factories must manufacture necessities, and various other noises are really "necessary" noises.

However, everyone must recognize also that while all the above are necessary noises, the amount or degree of noise now created is not necessary; that a large percentage of it is really unnecessary.

Noise, whether we realize it or not, causes us to tighten or tense the whole body; it is one of nature's old, old ways of preparing our muscles to attack or resist an enemy. This tenseness tires us just as if we were attacking or resisting an enemy. And much of the noise is unnecessary.

Other cities, large and small, are investigating the noise situation, not to learn its effects upon the population because that is unfortunately only too well understood, but with the definite purpose of getting rid of unnecessary noise.

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# Cherry Pie Made From Home Canned Cherries Cannot Be Beat

It's Time to Preserve Your Quota of the Delectable Fruit.

By Zella Hale Weyant

If you are lucky enough to have a few cherry trees of your own, or if not as you shop in the market or drive in the country we know you have watched the arrival of the cherries. Something about their bright red color and tart flavor appeals to all of us. They seem to be the "spring tonic" for which we have been waiting.

Cherries belong in the acid group of foods and are very easily canned. They may be canned with or without pits. However, most homemakers prefer to pit them because they lend themselves to a greater variety of ways in which they may be served. And now for a small amount a cherry pitting machine may be purchased. The cherries should be stemmed and washed before pitting so that none of the good juices of the cherries are lost during the pitting process.

Because of their acid content the color and flavor of the canned cherries will be better if they are processed in the hot water bath, and in order to carry the canning procedure through without delay, it is always best to assemble the canning equipment before the work on the fruit is begun. See that all the necessary pans, knives, spoons, to be used in cleaning and preparing the cherries are clean and ready to be used. Have the water bath canner on the stove and enough water in it to cover the jars at least one inch over the top. The water in the canner should be near the boiling point before the jars are placed into it for processing.

Also collect and inspect the jars and caps that are needed for the canning. Be sure the jars are free from nicks, cracks and sharp edges that would prevent a seal. Remember to have a sufficient amount of jars and caps on hand to complete the canning. The two-piece "self-sealing" caps will require a new lid and the screw top caps a new rubber ring. And again we present the simple rules for correct use of each type of jar cap: When using the two-piece "self-sealing" cap, place lid on jar with sealing composition next to the glass and screw the band firmly tight. If using the wire-clamp glass lid jar, place glass lid and rubber ring on jar and put the upper bail in position across the glass lid. If using the zinc top cap, place rubber ring on jar and screw the cap down, then turn back quarter inch. On the jars using the rubber rings, the seal is completed as soon as the jars are removed from the canner. The self-sealing can requires no further adjusting at the end of the processing period, but is simply removed from the canner and set right side up to cool.

The home canning of such fruits as cherries is so easily done that

even a novice may be assured of success if proper canning procedure is followed along with these tested recipes:

**Cherries (Cold Pack)**  
Wash, stem, pit if desired. Pack into clean jars to within half inch of the top. Fill to within one and a half inches of the top with a medium sirup (made of two parts water to one part sugar) or if desired a heavier sirup may be used. Process in water bath for 20 minutes.

**Cherry Preserves**  
10 pounds cherries 8 pounds sugar  
Wash and pit the cherries. Add the sugar. Boil until the liquid is of the desired consistency. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

**Cherry Conserve**  
3 cups cherries 3 cups water  
2 cups seedless Sugar  
raisins  
Remove the pits from cherries and cut raisins in pieces. Add water and boil 30 minutes. To each cup pulp add one cup sugar. Cook until thick. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

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## Luxurious Peacock Motif To Do in Cross Stitch



Pattern 1164

The Peacock's regal beauty—worthy of your finest linens—inspired this beautiful design, and is sure to inspire you with the desire to embroider his splendid image in cross stitch. You can, you know, for the pattern's a very easy one, despite its rich effect. Wool, silk or cotton floss in realistic bluish-greens and warm browns, or one color only if you prefer, will make a handsome scarf, pillow, chair set or refreshment cloth.

Pattern 1164 comes to you with a transfer pattern of two peacocks 12 1/4 by 14 1/2 inches and four motifs 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

## Personal Prejudice

Let a man offend another man, and personal prejudice will be so strong that he cannot even think well of any good thing that this man does, much less speak well of the man.—Van Amburgh.

# Today . . . Begins a Stirring and Vital Story of the Kentucky Mountains

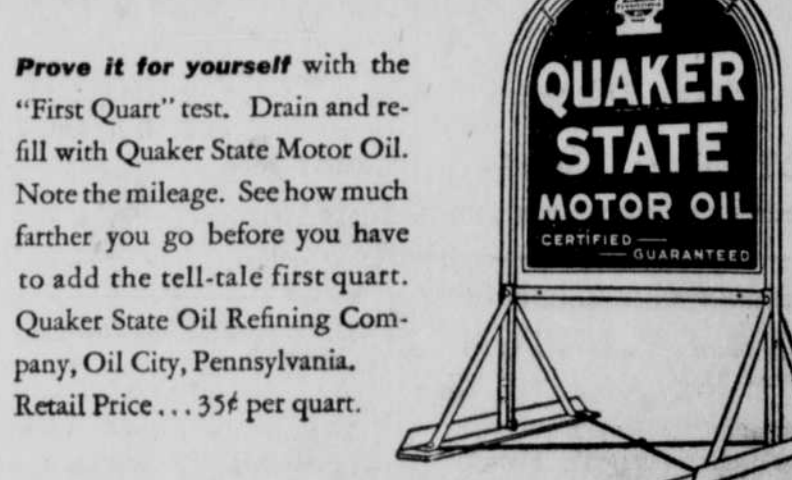
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FOR a hundred years the ramparts of the Cumberland range had proved invulnerable to the spearpoints of advancing civilization. But the world was moving closer. The march of industry, demanding timber, now threatened destruction to the century-old peace of Wolfpen—the beautiful mountain valley where lived the Patterns. You'll thrill to each new chapter as it unfolds the heroic struggle of this fine American family to preserve the complete happiness of their jealously-guarded way of life.

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