

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN



SYNOPSIS

In 1785 Saul Pattern of Virginia came into the beautiful virgin country of the Big Sandy valley in Kentucky. Chief of the perils were the Shawnees, who sought to hold their lands from the ever-encroaching whites. From a huge pinnacle Saul gazed upon the fat bottoms and the endless acres of forest in its primeval quietude at the mouth of the Wolfpen, and felt an eagerness to possess it, declaring it a place fit for a man to LIVE in! Five years later he returned with Barton, his fifteen-year-old son, and built a rude cabin. In Saul's absence the Indians attacked Barton and wounded him so badly Saul was forced to return with him to Virginia. In 1796, when it was reasonably safe, Saul returned with his family and a patent for 4,000 acres, this time to stay. He added to the cabin, planted crops and fattened his stock on the rich meadows. Soon other settlers arrived. A century later, in the spring of 1885, we find Cynthia Pattern, of the fifth generation following Saul, perched on the pinnacle from which her great-grandfather had first viewed Wolfpen Bottoms. The valleys, heretofore untouched by the waves of change sweeping the Republic, are at last beginning to feel that restless surge. Her dad, Sparrel, and her brothers, Jesse, Jasper and Abral, have been busy converting the old water-wheeled mill to steam power. Sparrel's triumph is complete when the golden stream of meal pours forth at the turning on of the steam. Cynthia feels that something out of the past has been buried with Saul. Cynthia is a pretty and imaginative miss in her late teens, who often re-created Saul and her other forebears, and fancied them still living. Sparrel proudly brings home the first meal out of the steam mill, and Julia, his wife, is pleased. Generation has added comforts and conveniences to Saul's homestead, and Sparrel has not shirked. The family goes easily into the work of the new season, due to the simplicity of life designed along ago on the Wolfpen. The men are busy in the field, Julia in her garden, and Cynthia in the house. Joy is abundant.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"No. I want to be a lawyer, Cynthia, and have an office, and plead cases over at town. I read some about them in the Gazette, and I know Tandy Morgan over at town, and I've listened some to the trials over there on court days. I think I could do it."

"Does it take real money to read law, Jesse?"

"Some. I been thinking about that, too. I'm going to dig ginseng roots this fall, and I ought to get a price for my steer when the drovers come through, and I think I ought to get to try it a winter."

"I'd like to have a winter at books in the Institute, but I don't guess I'd ever get to."

"What would you do with it after you had it?"

"Oh, I'd just like to know things and not be so book ignorant."

"You know about a place and you know enough about just books for a girl."

She knew how he meant that well to her and she kept it silently for a time. Then, she said, "I wouldn't want to see you go away, Jesse. It wouldn't be the same with you gone, but it would be nice for you to read the law if you have that want. Maybe I could go for a while. Let's ask."

"Not just yet, it's too soon. After the crops get laid by, maybe."

There was a pause in words, each one thinking forward in his own way. Then the notes of the supper bell came flying up the hollow in search of them, and they walked slowly home through the dusk.

CHAPTER IV

WHILE Cynthia was watching the quiet movements of Sparrel plowing on Wolfpen, Shellenberger was debarking from the noisy wharf-boat at Catlettsburg at the mouth of the Big Sandy where the river packet Ventura had just landed from Pittsburgh. He got through the piles of sacks and barrels and rolls of wire on the wharf and bank, and walked up the hill to the waterfront. There he paused for a minute to look down at the two rivers coming together to form the tri-state view of Kentucky, West Virginia and Ohio.

The little town at the junction of the rivers and three states was bustling with activity. It was the gateway to the Big Sandy Valley. All produce for the new and growing towns up the river came down the Ohio from Pittsburgh or up the river from Cincinnati, and poured itself out on the wharf at Catlettsburg. Shellenberger stood watching the negroes hustle great loads of flour and coffee and salt from the bow of the Ventura.

A few rafts of logs were tied to the willows above the town. Some men were fishing from them. Heavy fleets of coal barges were moving slowly into view from behind the

sharp wedge of West Virginia down the Ohio.

"Looks good enough," Shellenberger thought, turning away from it, and going into Sherry Gordon's saloon. The saloon was crowded with rough men from the boats and the mining towns. A friendly-looking hill man was leaning over the rail at the end of the bar. Shellenberger spoke to him and got a hospitable answer.

"Have a beer with me," Shellenberger said.

"Sure. Make it a whisky."

They drank and commented on the spring weather.

"Where you from?" the man asked.

"Pittsburgh."

"A feller could see you didn't come from no place about here. Where you headin' for?"

"Pike county," Shellenberger said.

"You goin' way up there? It's a long ways from here."

"How's the best way to get up there?"

"They ain't no best way, mister. They's only one way withouten you aim to walk. You take the C. & O. from here up to Richardson. That's as far as she goes. You ketch a boat up there and it takes you on up to Pike."

Shellenberger bought drinks again, and then went outside, following the main street back toward the hill to the railroad station. The Big Sandy train was crowded to the baggage car with curious men from the new towns and the mines up the river. They seemed to belong to a different race from Shellenberger—or Sparrel Pattern. Several of them were happily drunk.

Shellenberger in his neat gray tailored suit and polished shoes sat among them aloof but observing. After a while he sat by one who looked more intelligent, inquiring carefully about the work these men did, their wages, the number of surplus men who had wandered into the valley without a steady job. Many of them, he learned, belonged to the poor lower-river towns above Catlettsburg, where they picked up a few dollars around the mines.

The new railroad followed the Big Sandy back into the hills. Shellenberger sat by the window observing with particular interest the width and current of the river below him, appraising the rafts that were coming down from the timberlands and the raftsmen who were straining mightily at the long oars to get the logs around the sharp bends without breaking up or grounding on the sand-bars. The train passed coal mines at whose base a depressing debris of hovels huddled darkly together. The hillsides, already deforested of their timber, exposed naked ridges to the sun. Whole families of conventional hill type were out in the bottoms plowing and digging.

The railroad ended about fifty miles up the river at Richardson. Shellenberger and the remaining dozen passengers now got off and had lunch at the only restaurant before going down to the wharf. A half-hour after the train was in, the boat whistled for all those who were going on up the river.

"You're going on by boat?" Shellenberger asked of a tall black-hatted man tramping in long strides toward the wharf.

"Yes," Amos Barnes said, "We're right lucky to have a good boat stage. Takes longer by back."

They walked on down to the log wharf.

"When is she due in Pikeville?" Shellenberger asked.

"Sometime tomorrow. If she's lucky. Pretty fast going, Catlettsburg to Pikeville in two days. That's traveling."

There was a score of passengers on the Fanny Freeze, all men save one, a travel-tired woman who sat with her baby on a chair on the upper deck mindless of the smoke. Some of the men idled about the narrow passageway, or leaned against the railing watching the families digging in the fields. Several gathered among the heap of freight on the lower fore-deck. Shellenberger found Barnes sitting on a barrel of flour in the sunshine.

"Cinders ain't so apt to get in a man's eyes up front here," Barnes said.

"Yes, it's much better up here," Shellenberger answered.

Shellenberger regarded Barnes, trying to take in all his dimensions. He was a large man in a dusty brown suit, the pants tight-fitting, hugging his knees, and squeezing down into a pair of straight black boots with brown ears to pull them on by. His sandy hair flared out from under a high crowned black hat and joined a flowing red beard which swept down from his ears to the fifth button on his vest.

Shellenberger filled his pipe leisurely. He could hear a young mountaineer describing his adventures on his first journey out of the hills.

"... I just give up that Catlettsburg was sure all afire and a-burnin' down the way everything was a-blowin', up like a brush heap in a clearin', and I yelled out to Taz, he was back at the tiller, Taz was, I says, 'Let's take and tie up, Taz, this dad-burned town's a-burnin' up!' And Taz he made a sight of fun outen me a-devillin' me on account I'd slept clean a-past Catlettsburg and here we was already a-runnin' in to Ashland where they got all them furnaces and things."

The laughter was frayed by the wind and carried back into the swirling smoke.

"I suppose you've been down to Ashland or somewhere?" Shellenberger inquired.

"I rode the Greenup County circuit, and I'm going up to Pikeville to ride circuit now."

"You are well acquainted with the upper Big Sandy then, I imagine?"

"I ought to be, brother. I've rid a sight of country in these parts in my day. I've rid about every single creek and holler."

Shellenberger spread out a map of the Big Sandy region.

"There's Catlettsburg at the mouth of the river. There's Louisa. And there's Richardson where we took the boat. That's Paintsville, there's the mouth of Gannon creek. . . ."

"That's the mouth of Gannon we're just now passing," Barnes said, pointing to his left over a salt barrel.

"A man could float a good-sized raft down that stream. Is it that wide very far up?" Shellenberger asked.

"It's fifty to a hundred feet wide for a right smart piece up. I've rid the full length of it head to mouth many's a time."

"I understand there are some large tracts up in there, still held by the old original settlers, is that right?"

"That sure is right," Barnes said. "You couldn't find a finer lot of folks anywheres than along that creek. Some's been living there nigh on to a hundred years or so, wouldn't surprise me."

"Where'd you say we're at now?"

"Right there. See? There's Gannon Fork running off there to the south. Here we are rounding that bend. There is Paintsville, Prestonsburg, there is Beaver creek going off to the southwest, and there's Pikeville, then the Breaks and the Virginia line."

"So you are well acquainted along that valley?" Shellenberger repeated. "About where is the Pattern property?"

"Well, now, let's see. The Harts would be about there, and, well, the Patterns would be just about there, near or far, I judge."

"It is a large tract, isn't it?"

"He's got a sight of land, I don't reckon he knows how much he has got. Clever man though, Sparrel Pattern is. He's got books and a deal of learning. He does doctoring. And his woman, there ain't a taker-er woman on the creek than Julie Pattern."

While Cynthia and Jesse planted the last of the sweet-potato sprouts in House Field, the Fanny Freeze landed on the sharp bend at Prestonsburg and was tied up for the night to a big sycamore that shone yellow in the dusk. Toward noon of the next day Shellenberger walked briskly down the gangplank at Pattern Landing. Barnes watched him go, saw him greet Nelson, Sparrel's grandson, and got up the bank by the wide path that lost itself in the willows.

Cynthia stood by the door to the kitchen in the evening listening for an instant to the quiet flutter of the live things on Wolfpen about to receive the dark.

"The days in the garden with the sun on your back are good days. They ought to go on and on forever. The evening always comes so fast when you've got things to set out. Then your body feels so good after work, just standing a minute before supper while another day goes out. A body can see the dark come in the same way you see the big hand of the clock move; you look away for the space of a little thought, and then when you look back again it has moved, or grown darker."

Jesse was coming in from Barn Hollow. He stopped at the beehives by the garden fence to straighten a rock under a corner of one of the boxes. Jasper and Abral came up from the barn.

"How's the lambing?" Jesse asked. He poured out water in the pan on the wash rock.

"Thirty-eight lambs now, fourteen pair twins," Abral said.

Jesse laughed at the way he said it. "There's Bible for it."

"That one young ewe is in some trouble," Jasper said.

"I feared that," Sparrel said.

Cynthia felt a surge of pity for the poor ewe which was imperfectly equipped to bear the lamb she had conceived, and was now ruthlessly trapped in a snare whose purpose Cynthia could not fathom. There was a faint noise in the orchard path behind the house. Sparrel got up. The boys listened. Cynthia paused in the doorway. Julia came from the kitchen.

"It must be Nelson," Jesse said.

Two men on muleback came from the path into the yard. Cynthia saw that it was Nelson and a stranger. She concentrated on the stranger whose features were obscure in the last of the daylight.

Sparrel welcomed the visitors from where he stood.

"Howdy," he said in his deep voice.

"Howdy, folks," Nelson said, still holding to the bridle of the mules. "I brought this feller over from the landing. He says he wants to see you, Grandpap."

"You're welcome," Sparrel said.

"Come in."

"Thank you, Mr. Pattern. My name is Shellenberger."

They shook hands.

"These are my sons, Jasper, Jesse and Abral."

"Howdy," the boys said, and shook hands one after the other.

"My wife and daughter," Shellenberger removed his hat and bowed.

Cynthia was taken by his bearing. "He's good-mannered; he says 'Miss Pattern' and that sounds funny; nobody ever said that to me before."

"You are just in time for supper," Julia said politely.

"It does smell like it, and it smells good," Shellenberger said.

From the end of the big table, Sparrel asked for the blessing of God upon the food before them. Shellenberger was making some rapid readjustments between what he had vaguely expected and what he actually saw. The log cabin of popular talk, filled with thin children and hounds holding soul and body together inadequately with corn bread and greasy bacon, had represented for him the four thousand square miles of the Kentucky mountains, and left him unprepared for Wolfpen Bottoms, with this big house, these people, and this table full of hickory flavored ham, candied sweet potatoes, mashed Irish potatoes, fluffy hot wheat biscuits, sweet yellow butter, and black honey tasting of clover blossoms and wild-flowers.

"This is an unusual section of country up here, Mr. Pattern," Shellenberger observed.

"There's not a finer piece of country anywhere than right around here," Sparrel said.

The silences at the table were natural and unstrained, broken occasionally by Shellenberger's remarks and Sparrel's replies. Cynthia wondered what Jesse was thinking about this man who had so unexpectedly appeared at their supper table. How he changes the evening and the room! A minute ago it was just like it always is. Now it's—His hair has a bald spot and a cow-lick in it, and there is a funny ridge above his eyes in his eyebrows and across between his eyes, and his nose is stumpy, and his eyes are deep in. He talks nice, but I don't believe I like him much.

Abral seemed to be interested in him.

"Whereabouts do you come from?" Abral suddenly asked.

"Well, I suppose I come from a great many places," Shellenberger answered. "I move around wherever my business takes me. I've just come from Pittsburgh to Catlettsburg on a boat and from there to Richardson on a train, and from there to your father's landing on a Sandy River boat."

"Pittsburgh is a long way off from here, ain't it? How long does it take to come from there?"

"Most of three days."

"Why did you want to come way up here to Wolfpen?"

Shellenberger laughed, and Sparrel smiled at Abral's serious and insistent questions.

"You mustn't pry into other people's affairs so, Abral," Julia said.

"Not at all," Shellenberger said. "I wanted to see this fine country up in here, and see if we couldn't do some business with each other, your father and I."

They left the subject there during the rest of the meal. The men got up.

The evening was balmy and they sat on the long banistered porch, looking down Wolfpen toward the black mass of Cranesnest Mountain.

"You have a big place here, Mr. Pattern."

"It's a good-sized place," Sparrel said. "My great-grandfather took up about five thousand acres when he came in here and it's been added to a right smart since, maybe another thousand."

"What do you do with all of that acreage?"

"Why, we have about sixty acres of good bottom-land in crops, a good deal in grass, and there's this part here with the house and garden and orchard; my two girls have farms on it, and the rest is just land to have around you to look at and hunt in. I hadn't thought much about what I did with it," Sparrel spoke slowly and clearly. Shellenberger noted the pleasant sound of the voice.

"Then you get all your income from one hundred and fifty acres, let us say, and all the rest of the six thousand lies idle and unproductive," Shellenberger balanced between question and assertion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Spider Big Eater

The world's biggest eater is the ordinary house spider, according to South German entomologists. It eats four times its own weight for breakfast, nine times its weight for lunch and 13 times its weight for dinner. It thus consumes a minimum of 25 times its own weight every day in insect meals. To equal this ration the average man would have to eat some 1 1/2 tons of food a day.

Silk for High Style Sports Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MIDSUMMER means sports, and this year sportswear in the fashion picture means silks, for every outdoor activity from golf to swimming or just lazing about.

The smart golfer, this season, wears a simple shirtwaist frock of washable end-to-end or striped silk shirting or of classic silk crepe of marvelous quality or some one or other of the new linenlike silks, if not silk shantung. These smart and practical silk shirtmaker dresses often have fly fronts, tucked bosoms and pockets for your golf tees as the model centered in the picture displays. Blue silk crepe fashions this stylish and practical frock.

Very feminine and graceful for tennis are short dresses of soft silk weaves such as silk jacquards or Chinese silk damasks which are light, cool and comfortable. They are usually cut short, with sun-back décolletage, offering a refreshing contrast on the courts to the shorts and slacks that are so commonly worn. New for the tennis enthusiast is a white jacquard silk crepe frock cut on princess lines with a gored handling, the jacquard patterning showing lively little tennis-playing figures. See a model of this description to the left in the illustration. Note it has a squared décolletage and wide shoulder straps. Culottes are also a practical choice for tennis dresses.

For beach and bathing very smart women are wearing silk. The newest mode goes is the little dressmaker suits fashioned whimsically of plain or printed silk crepes, silk shantungs and other novelty silks. Kind to the figure are they, being made in one piece effects with pleated or flared

shorts. The most practical are matching jackets reaching just to the bottom of the suits as you see pictured to the right in the group. This model is of daisy-printed, dependably washable silk crepe. The shorts are pleated and the loose, matching swagger jacket has a youthful Peter Pan collar.

For the girl with a perfect figure there are also the silk latex suits which fit the body like a glove and have touches of dressmaker detail at the bosom. The newest trick is to wear them with one's jewels. There is such a variety in silk bathing and beach suits this summer that you can have two or three entirely different types in your outfit wardrobe.

Pajamas are a "must have" for a vacation outfit, whether they are elaborate models that must stay on the beach or in the cabana, or the womanlike strictly tailored types that can safely receive guests in your own home or go out to call informally at an intimate friend's. They are made in tailored silk linens, silk shantungs, novelty sports silks, silk crepes.

Bathing suits with halter bodices and wrap-around skirts made of print silks in gay peasant design are also very goodlooking, and add infinitely to the picturesque beach panorama.

The craze for prints increases rather than languishes. It seems to be prints for everything and instead of growing weary of them there is that in them that intrigues more and more as the season progresses. If the entire costume be not of print then fashion offers a compromise in the way of accessories of vivid silk print. Such accents as belt, triangle scarf and bag of colorful silk print enliven many costumes.

Western Newspaper Union.

SAILOR SUITS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashions for girls are playing up nautical themes. It is said that "back to school" clothes will adopt such details as lacings and marine insignia. The sailor suit in navy and white of linen or light wool is an immediate favorite and will remain important throughout fall. The "gob" beret in white felt or pic with sprightly ribbon ends over the hair at back is ever so smart to wear with the new sailor-inspired dresses.

BRAIDED ELASTIC MAKES DANDY BELT

Golf is a game where enthusiasts are offered more accessories a season than can be squeezed into a dozen clubroom lockers. All are intended to improve a duffer's game, but most of them turn out to be gadgets that fail their purpose.

One really successful accessory, however, that will be very much in evidence on the golf course this summer, is a belt made of braided, silk-covered, elastic cord. The belt looks like one of the corded belts so popular this season for sports wear. The rubber cord supplies the extra "give" that every sportsman seeks, and makes for maximum playing comfort.

The belts come in the leading summer colors, including black and white combination, polar bear, marine blue and plain white.

Blue Jeans Sportswear Is Popular With Young Folks

Of particular interest to young people is the blue jeans sportswear worn by many of the debutantes. With these navy blue jeans are worn shirts of every shade popular this year, with contrasting ascots and scarves. A popular head-dress is the halo in various colors and materials, which keeps the hair from blowing in the eyes, and is very attractive. For the very active amusements, sneakers are popular, with navy and white the predominant colors.

The tailored suit for week-end trips is much in evidence, as are culottes, tennis dresses and the highly practical three-piece dresses with shirts, shorts and skirts.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Talks About

Warm Weather Vs. Reducing

AS SUMMER progresses the warm weather gives a favorable opportunity to those who are seriously considering the reduction of their weight.

During warm weather much less food is eaten because about 80 per cent of the food we eat is used simply to keep the body warm and all its processes working nicely. Only about 20 per cent is to supply energy for work or exercise. We don't need to keep as warm during the warm weather.

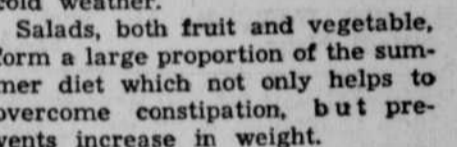
Thus less food is necessary anyway and that gives a good start toward weight reduction.

Another favorable point is that the rich or concentrated foods which put on weight are not as popular or palatable — do not invite use to the same extent — as the foods that are not so rich or concentrated. Thus we find that foods that have more cellulose or roughage, foods that are more "straw-like" in character, are eaten in greater amounts during the warm than the cold weather.

Salads, both fruit and vegetable, form a large proportion of the summer diet which not only helps to overcome constipation, but prevents increase in weight.

What are known as the high residue foods—containing more fibrous tissue which the body does not absorb—are the fruits and vegetables containing the straw-like cellulose which surrounds the actual food part of the fruit and vegetable.

The high residue fruits are: figs, dates, apricots, prunes, raisins, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apples, strawberries, cantaloupe, oranges, lemons, grapefruit and rhubarb.



Dr. Barton

How to Pick Foods.

The high residue vegetables are: peas, beans, green peas, lima beans, corn, parsnip, turnip; raw vegetables — cabbage, tomatoes, carrots, onions, celery, cucumber, lettuce; cooked vegetables—asparagus, beets, carrots, cauliflower, cabbage, brussels sprouts, spinach, tomatoes, onions, string beans.

Foods with a low residue—rich or concentrated foods with little fibre or roughage—are: sugar, fats, meats, eggs, milk.

It can thus be seen that the foods that seem to be most "suitable" for warm or hot weather are the very foods that by their large bulk will satisfy the appetite and stomach and yet will not be as rich in fuel value as the foods that are more popular in cold weather.

Fortunately the warm weather makes the body perspire freely so that the large quantities of water and soft drinks that are consumed do not get a chance to add much if any weight to the overweight individual.

However, it can be readily seen that if during the hot weather the overweight individual will deny himself some of the liquid he so eagerly drinks he will reduce his weight greatly because water makes up much of the weight in these individuals.

Even if taking little or no exercise the hot weather will "melt off" some of the excess weight; and if exercise is taken the perspiration will greatly increase and with it much of the weight will fall away. If at this time when the body is hot from exercise very small quantities of water are taken, or if water is allowed to rest on the throat—gargling—and not allowed to go down the throat to the stomach the thirst will be about as well satisfied and the water will not get into the tissues to increase the weight.

Avoid Fat Foods.

Fortunately another class of food that is not popular in the summer is the fat foods—fat meat, cream, butter, rich pastry. Of course oil is used to some extent in the dressing which is used with salads but some fat—"protective" food—should be eaten by everybody.

Sugar—so rich in food value and so active as a fat storer—is not needed so much in the warm weather, and may be cut down with a little less regret or longing than during the cold weather.

Lean meat is valuable in reducing weight in the warm weather as it satisfies the appetite, builds worn tissue, but does not store fuel, and makes the body processes work faster, thus helping to burn up or prevent fat formation.

So get a start at weight reduction during the warm weather when everything is in your favor—less food needed, perspiration burning up or removing the fat, and very little exercise necessary to produce profuse perspiration.

I believe the above points should be sufficient to show the overweight individual that the warm weather is a good time in which to start weight reduction.

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