

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher
Illustrations by Oliver Myers



SYNOPSIS

In the year 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, at the head of the fifth generation following Saul, perched on the pinnacle from which her great-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 Abrel, 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.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Much of Cynthia's dream-life centered about Sparrel, and those two volumes. Long before she could read for herself, she had sat on his knees while he read the pictures to her, or she had laid propped on her elbows on the floor before the light of the log fire making stories of her own from the illustrations.

Through the long winter evenings of the years, these associations had built themselves into her concept of her father, and as he sat at the desk, while Julia sewed, and the boys ended the chores and life proceeded in its old established pattern, Cynthia's thoughts would play over these things.

"And there are his medicine books he doesn't like for me to bother, but he likes for me to gather up the green peach-tree leaves and peppermint and all of sassafras and get the apple brandy and the brown sugar for him to make up his flux medicine when people on the creek get sick with bloody-flux; and get the salt and turpentine ready when he pulls a tooth for a neighbor. I like to hear them say, 'Sparrel Pattern's the easiest hand in the world to take a feller's tooth out.' And it's a good thing he can make medicine and doctor people because nobody else on the creek knows how like he does."

She hung the dishpan on its nail in the wall over the stove. Julia came in from the milk-house. Then the boys came in.

"A family is a funny thing when it sits around the fire. There's Mother in her corner finishing up a new shirt for Daddy and her fingers flying about and she looks content and doesn't say anything. You have three brothers, they're all Patterns, but they're all different and you like them all but you like Jesse the best somehow. He sits and reads; when he talks, his voice is good and he may be right serious or he may say a funny thing. Jasper will sit with something on his mind and Abrel will go to sleep before he knows it. And Daddy writes things in his book and reads or cobbles or studies up something, always in good humor, silent, never speaking hard of anybody. And then we'll all be a little sleepy and somebody will yawn and Daddy will wind up the weights on the clock. . . ."

After Sparrel had bathed his feet and felt the gentle friction of his nightshirt against his bare flesh, he lay by the window in their downstairs room on the soft feather-bed Julia had brought with her to Wolfpen after her wedding. Now that the new mill which he had planned during the winter was completed, and everything on Wolfpen orderly and in its place, and his children content with their life, he could rest in peace as he waited the coming of Julia and sleep.

"Things are about the way I want them around the place now. Everything is handy and we've got just about all we need to run a place on. We've been getting it

brought up every year now since Saul's time. My boys won't have much more to do to it only keep it up and enjoy it. It's about as good a place as there is around here. It looks good and feels good. This house here, this Pattern house that took four beginnings of us to get built, it doesn't cover under the mountains nor cringe up a narrow hollow like lots of them do; it stands up and looks around at things coming into order out of the wilderness, the way a man's house ought to stand, like himself.

"April again, hurrying by as usual on wet feet. Getting time to put seed in the ground again. Fifty-three Aprils I've seen come and go, and forty-eight I remember. Each one is better, the good of all the past ones recollect in the new one. There are my sons going upstairs; they have many springs ahead of them on this place, and then their sons and grandsons. We old ones die but the feeling is passed on to the new ones. Jasper'll be marrying Jane Burden, I reckon, though he doesn't say much. Quiet boy, good about the work but takes things about as they come. Jesse, he must be twenty-one now. He reminds me of his Grandfather Tivis, only there isn't much more to do like building a siding house or a mill-wheel. He ought to take the Marebone farm and build it up like Tivis. He's a good hand to do it. And there's Abrel with enough fidgety energy to do two boys. They'll get along, my boys will. And next week we must all buckle in to work and get the crops down."

Julia came into the room after a little while, and lay beside him under the soft warmth of the searstar, blue-and-white coverlet.

"You're not asleep, Sparrel?"

"No, Julia. It's quiet this time of night. I've been listening to it. I used to wonder if we'd be any better off to have stayed in Virginia. I don't any more. Sometimes it 'pears to me like this is what everything before it has been aiming at and now it's here and I'm looking at it and listening to it. That don't hardly sounds sensible, does it?"

"We've got about all a body could want here."

"It ain't this, exactly, Julia, it's . . . it's . . . well, something inside, like the drum on a banjo. . . . It's like going around the hill in the evening to hunt up the cows and when you think you won't find them before dark you hear a bell and there they come out of a hollow along the path around the hill at the edge of the cleared line, one behind the other, and not a bit of hurry in them."

They went on again without words. They could hear Cynthia in the next room.

"Sparrel."

"Yes."

"I was thinking about Cynthia. She's eighteen. I'd just turned seventeen when you rode up to the gate and stared at me with my dress full of chips."

"You were taller than Cynthia."

"I didn't know much about books, Sparrel, like you do."

"There are better things for a woman than books, Julia. You know the way of a house and a family."

"A body can know both, Sparrel; and not be hurt by it. Cynthia's done all the books at the school and yours lots of times, and I reckon she knows as much about a house and family as I do myself. She ought to have a winter at books over at Pikeville Institute."

"The Pikeville Institute, Julia?"

"Yes, Sparrel. She ought to go over there a winter. It'd do a sight for her."

"I don't know if I favor that much, Julia. It might take her away from the place here and spoil her content with things. They look to town ways and make young folks want to go off some place instead of living better at home. Cynthia's getting the learning she needs right here with you, Julia; it takes that kind of schooling to make a good woman on a big place like this and she's going to be a good one, like her mother. Anyway, it takes ready money, and how'd you be able to spare her?"

"It don't take much money, Sparrel. And one of the Wooton girls could come over and help along if I needed anybody. She ought to go."

"I don't favor it much."

Julia's head touched Sparrel's shoulder, and he touched her face with his hand.

"She's a fine girl, Julia. She takes a right smart after her mother."

Julia lay by his side feeling the old joy in his way of speaking to her and seeing in Cynthia herself projected into the books she had missed. They did not communicate any more in words but in a har-

monious silence which united their separate bodies. Before the late moon could get through the window, they and all their household were fallen asleep in the night quiet of Wolfpen.

CHAPTER III

THE simple pattern of life designed so long ago on Wolfpen was again carrying the family easily into the work of the new season. There was a sense of peace and certainty which came from this yearly repetition of an old routine established by successive generations of men.

Cynthia sat in the sun-flooded weaving-room by the wooden loom which Tivis had made and Sparrel had improved, weaving her unworded thoughts into the blue cashmere twill growing into dress goods under her fingers as she tossed the shuttle and worked the treadle and the beating sley.

"Shed, pick, beat; step two threads right; shed, pick, beat. Yellow in the harness, blue in the shuttle. Shed, pick, beat. Plying to the left, pling to the right. . . . Planting time is a good time, even when a body sits at a loom. You can look out over the long porch where the honeysuckle awning will arch above the steps, and across the gray palings at the corner of the wood-lot and Mother's garden, and over the roof of the corn-crib and the elder mill and tan-bark shed, above the sea of peach tree buds, and the spring-tangled green of the willows. Daddy and the boys out in the bottoms and on the cleared edges of the hills with the mules turning over the rich soil, getting ready for me to drop the thick wax beans into the hills of corn and watch them lie there, pink and lavender and purple striped beads by the side of the yellow grains of corn. Covering them over with a brown blanket of earth and saying to them: 'Shut your eyes and go to sleep for a short spell, but don't fail to wake up with the sun when it is morning.'

"There'll be sugar-cane growing up like heath brooms for thick brown sorghum, and big potatoes in Barn Hollow, and long yellow sweet potatoes in House Field, and peaches and apples for drying and to make butter of, and pears for preserves in Mother's spiced earthenware jars."

Outside, the hollow was full of life and sound as it always was, as it always had been in the spring; the chickens in the barnyard, the scream of the hawks darting across the hollow, the liquid notes of nesting cardinals, the dolorous cooing of doves in the tulip trees.

"There's Mother going into her garden. How she loves to pull a hoe through the ground and rake it alive into beds of parsnips and radishes and beets and lettuce, and build up little mounds exactly a hoe handle apart for muskmelons, and arranging everything according to its height in the sun and its shadow's length and decorating all the edges with flowers. It's like weaving a patterned blanket."

Passing slowly along a row, Julia framed herself in the window before Cynthia. She stooped in a graceful arc, bending to the hoe, Cynthia waved to her out of the bubble of joy that was within her.

"She keeps breaking up the clods and pounding at them until she has out every one that's bigger than a swallow's egg. She is pretty. Mother is."

"She was a whole lot purtier when she was eighteen than I am. She was taller and straighter and her hair was brown and her teeth whiter. Will I be standing in the wood-lot with a dress full of pine chips when a man comes riding up Wolfpen? I'll know him the minute I set eyes on him, just like Mother knew Daddy. I just stood there, Cynthia, and gawked right at him with my mouth gaping open, I reckon. He had ridden all the way from Wolfpen down to Scioto to see his sister, your Aunt Rachel. He was tall and straight, and his beard was silky and flax-colored. I just stared like an owl surprised by a light. He pulled up his horse right in front of the gate and his blue eyes looked agape at me. Then he said, 'You're the purtiest sight I ever saw in my born days.' Then I looked down, reddening to the

roots of my hair, and saw me holding my dress up full of chips. I was so plagued I could have crawled in a pin-hole. I dropped the chips and ran like a scared rabbit back to the kitchen and looked back from the curtained window. He sat there on his big bay horse in a trance, and then rode on at a gallop to your Aunt Rachel's. And that's the first time I ever saw Sparrel Pattern."

"Some day he'll come riding up Wolfpen here on a bay mare that's fifteen hands or better, and I'll be there by the pear tree in my blue cashmere dress with one hand lifted to a branch of blossoms like this, and he'll stop his mare and look and look at me, and then say, 'Lady, you're the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life.'"

While her fingers tossed delicately the shuttle of blue wool between the shed of golden thread in the harness, and the bolt of twill grew by the width of each strand, the smell of the pines on Cranest. Mountain was gathered up and blown lightly on the wind into her thoughts through the open window by the loom.

"People ought to have been trees; they live quiet and don't make trouble for other people. They say folks are like dogs and chickens and foxes and such, but they're like trees. Mother is a spray of April redbud looking at herself in clear pool. Daddy is a good hickory, not tough but straight and honest. I'll be a pear tree by the well with pink-edged blossoms and gold in the heart. . . ."

The days were growing longer over Wolfpen Hollows. Cynthia spoke about it, watching the long shadows going before the blaze of sun into the timber earlier in the morning, and coming out later in the afternoon. She was in the fields for the planting. She loved to sense the changing moods of a day from the cool vigor of the early morning, through the slowed pace under the hot sun of noon, then the ebb and drowsiness of the first hour after dinner, the dreamy relaxation and fatigue in the afternoon, the tired joy of the end of day.

She liked best the long seclusion of the afternoon when the teams were scattered with her menfolk among the fields, near enough to be seen, far enough not to affect the moment around her. Then there was a whispering in the timber on one slope of the hollow, and an answering rustle from the opposite hillside. She thought of what the trees were saying and saw that the shadows which came silently out of the woods and hurried across the bottoms were the fingers of tulip trees which would soon be scattering honey-sweet brown dust from their bursting hearts' core.

The mood was different when she worked with some one, and at its best when she helped Jesse set out the sweet-potato plants.

They went to the hotbeds near the patch. They carefully pulled off the sturdy sprouts for planting and laid them roots down in a shallow basket. Then Cynthia dropped them at ten-inch intervals on the top of the ridge, and poured a gourd of water on their roots in the hole Jesse had made with his long fingers.

Cynthia filled the process with a delicate mystery, imagining that she was taking live people from dark beds where they were crowded one another to death, in the great cities she had read about, and giving them space to breathe in the sunlight and a place for their roots in the ground.

When they had done with the last row, and the sun had been behind the mountain so long a time that the dark was coming again, Jesse remained on his knees at the last plant, rubbing his hands and picking idly at the dirt on his nails.

"Cynthia."

"What is it, Jesse?"

"Do you like this, Cynthia?"

"I do like what?"

"Just being here all the time this way, planting and tending, and looking after stock, and laying in grub and wood for the winter, over and over the same thing?"

"Why, yes, Jesse; whatever else could a body do, anyway? I could live here forever and ever. It's about the best place in the world. I reckon, to live in."

"I know it's a good place, and it ain't that I don't like it exactly. But I'd like to be something."

"Be something?"

"Yes. Be something. Live in a town and have a profession. I don't want to just go on a place where everything is done and fixed up by Dad and Granddad and the rest of them. I don't see why Jasper and Abrel can't go on with the place if they like, and I'd be something else."

"A doctor like Daddy?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Famous Indian Queen

Esther Montour, an Indian chief-tainess, usually known as Queen Esther, was reputed to have been the granddaughter of Count de Frontenac. She became the wife of Eghobund, a chief of the Senecas, and gained great influence among her people. She visited Philadelphia with the delegates of the Six Nations on several occasions. Despite some good qualities, she was a savage at heart, and in the Wyoming massacre of July, 1778, tomahawked more than a dozen prisoners in revenge for the death of her son.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

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There are few village smithy shops today under the chestnut trees. One reason

A Village Blacksmith is that there aren't any more chestnut trees. Another is that the motor car is rapidly driving horses and vehicles drawn by horses out of business.

I used to think that in fifty years or more practically all the village smithies would disappear. But lately I have learned better.

Here in a little coast town in Maine is a village blacksmith who has more work than he can do, though he has probably not shod a horse or repaired an agricultural implement in twenty years or more.

For a time after the "devil wagons" began crowding horses and horse drawn vehicles off the road, he had little to do.

Then one day he saw some ornamental grill work that had been sent to his town to be used as an adornment on a new building.

He examined it carefully, then went home and thought a little.

"There is no reason in the world why I cannot do that kind of work," he said to himself. "I will do it, by Gosh."

Today the children still "love to see his flaming forge and hear the bellows blow."

Over the anvil on which he used to fashion horse shoes he makes beautiful things of steel and iron.

Visitors seeing him at work have come in to inquire if his handiwork was on sale.

He assured them that it certainly was, and that more of the same kind of work would be in evidence as soon as there was a demand for it.

He is known today all over the state, and in many other states, whose residents have bought his work.

And if he had the advertising gift that some people have he would have a wide reputation.

But not, I am sorry to say, a great business.

For his work is artistry, and

cannot be done in quantity over a single anvil.

It cannot be said of him that he is another Benvenuto Cellini. He works in iron, not in silver and gold.

But he is a master craftsman, which he never might have become had he not been forced by changing conditions to become something besides the village blacksmith.

I saw him at work the other morning on a pair of beautiful andirons.

I asked him what they cost.

"A lot of time," he said.

"Yes, but how much money?"

"Oh, not so much. But the fellow I'm making them for isn't rich so I wouldn't like to charge him too much."

And there was proof that he really had the soul of an artist.

Look Outward

On Your Vacation

There is no other rejuvenator equal to a vacation taken in the right spirit. If you go away with your mind filled with your business, your profession, your household cares, your studies, or your plans for the future, and if you keep thinking of those things, you might as well stay at home. If your eyes look inward instead of outward; if your ears still hear the hum of the factory and the noise of the busy streets; if you carry with you the burdens and perplexities which have been pinning you down and robbing you of sleep and comfort, you will gain nothing from your outing.

Unique Strike

Recently in Damascus, Syria, the police displeased the guild of thieves and robbers, which, in retaliation, called a strike in the hope that the subsequent inactivity of the police force would result in numerous dismissals. For many weeks the burglars and bandits of the city refused to steal a single thing.—Collier's Weekly.

Trifles

ALL the relations of life are interwoven with trifles, and unless the shuttle is plied with a skillful hand, the texture of the web will be full of knots, and of many discordant colors. Let us fully appreciate trifles; look at them closely, but let them be reflected by the sunbeams of charity, arranged and woven together by sound discretion, that an even beautiful fabric may be presented before the gazing millions, at the great day of final examination.—L. C. Judson.

Sublime living stamps beauty upon the face.

TANGLEFOOT

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2,000,000,000 flies were caught by Tanglefoot Fly Paper last year. . . . more flies than there are people in the world. By destroying these billions of flies, millions of billions of dangerous disease germs were exterminated. Protect your home and your health with Tanglefoot. It's clean, convenient, economical and effective. Available at your nearest store in standard or junior size, and in fly ribbon form.

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CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS, HOLDER OF 214 AVIATION RECORDS AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, JERRY AND JANET, HAVE JOINED THE SAFARI OF SIR ROBERT STERN, FAMED AFRICAN BIG GAME HUNTER

SO YOU'D LIKE TO GO ON A LION HUNT? EH, JERRY? WELL, WE'LL START IN AN HOUR!

OH, SWEET, SIR ROBERT, I'LL BE READY!

2 HOURS LATER

GREAT SCOTT! GET THE MEN! W'BONGO—BAD NATIVES TAKE YOUNG WHITE BOY AND BWANA STERN!

WELL GO AFTER THEM!

GREAT LUCK! I'M GOING TO GIVE THE SHIP A GOING OVER

MEN SAY THEY NO GO SAY THIS IS COUNTRY OF GOLDEN GODDESS—MEN AFRAID!

BAD NATIVES RUN THIS WAY—OH, CAPTAIN FRANK! LOOK DOWN THERE!

ALL RIGHT! WE GO ALONE IN MY PLANE.—YOU COME, W'BONGO—SHOW US THE WAY!

THE DEVILS! WELL LIVE ON THEM—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HAWKS SWOOPS DOWN!

LOOK AT THE DEVILS! RUN! GUESS THEY'VE NEVER SEEN A PLANE BEFORE!

GREAT SCOTT! SHE'S WHITE! HOW IN THE NAME OF...

HURRY! HURRY!—BEFORE THEY COME BACK!

AND I WAS ONLY TEN WHEN THEY KILLED MY MOTHER AND FATHER. THE MEDICINE MEN MADE ME A GODDESS TO FRIGHTEN THE SAVAGES. IT WAS TERRIBLE!

THAT'S AWFUL! BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW! FRIGHTEN THE SAVAGES. IT WAS TERRIBLE!

BACK IN CAMP

BY JOVE! THAT'S ALL A MATTER OF KEEPING FIT, OLD MAN, THAT'S WHY I URGE YOUR NERVES OF POSTS BRAN FLAKES, THEY'RE MUST BE MIGHTY GOOD FOR YOU!

AND ITS THE SWELEST TASTING GREAT! YOU EVER ATE, TOO!

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