

# PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

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## 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-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 Abrah, convert the old water-wheeled mill to steam power. Cynthia feels that something out of the past has been buried with Saul. Cynthia is 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 after 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 long ago on the Wolfpen. Joy is abundant. Jesse plans to study law. A stranger, Shellenberger by name, comes to Wolfpen, intent on buying timber. Sparrel refuses his offer. Shellenberger tells of progress in the outside world. With the advent of Shellenberger some intangible disturbing alteration seems to affect the atmosphere of Wolfpen.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

Jasper found him there among his herbs and canisters enveloped in a smell of turpentine, ginger and tar. Through the small window came the bewildered bleating of the new lambs.

"How are they?" Sparrel asked just as though he were not thinking of Shellenberger.

"They're dropping pretty fast right now," Jasper answered, making the same pretense.

"How's that young ewe?"

"She's not making it."

"We'll try this," Sparrel said.

They walked around behind the barn to the railed lot where the ewes were penned. Sparrel treated the afflicted one; then they stood apart from her against the wood fence.

"What did you think about that feller's offer?" Jasper asked, as though his thoughts had suddenly and without warning become audible.

"I haven't had a chance to think about it much yet, son."

"We better take it."

"Why so?"

"It's a good price. That'd be a sight of money."

Sparrel regarded the lambs making friends with their mothers, and made no reply.

"I want to get married before long, Dad," Jasper said with a boyish shyness.

Sparrel turned to look at his oldest son who was covering his words by moving a new lamb against its mother. He was a well favored man of twenty-four, wide in the shoulders, clear-eyed, a young mustache which emphasized the gravity of his bearing.

"I allowed you'd be getting married one day, son. I didn't know. Who do you favor?"

"Jane Burden over at Pike." It was emotional to utter her name.

"I guess she's a good girl all right. She comes of good people."

"I ought to have a place to take her to."

"You can have the Marebone farm. There's a fine place for a house there."

"That's just it. I want a house with things in it and money to start in."

"We can soon saw up a house on the new mill if you don't want to come into the home place for a while."

"We ought to have that money, Dad. There is no sense to it. You sell and let me have my part while it'll do me some good."

"A body gets attached to things, Jasper. Don't you feel that?"

"Not to a lot of timber-land we never see much of anyway and it won't move."

They were silent again. Sparrel watched the pained efforts of the young ewe grow weaker.

"She can't make it, but it's a pity

to kill her because she wasn't made right to start with."

He stood apart delaying for several more minutes, but when the poor creature fixed her agonized eyes upon him, he opened his long hunting knife and slit her throat.

No one said anything more about Shellenberger or his offer, but the spirit of unrest he had brought into the family continued and multiplied in silence through the week. Sparrel would have to decide, and when he had made up his mind he would say what was to be done. In the meantime the responsibility lay heavy upon him. All the daily purposes of his life grew easily out of tradition; that is the way it had always been done on Wolfpen. But for this problem there was no precedent, and Sparrel found it bewildering to settle on what was best to do. He could think about buying land and building a new mill, because three generations before him had bought land and made new mills. But there was nothing about selling. And how was a simple, honest, hospitable man like Sparrel Pattern to know anything helpful about partnerships or royalties or selling off surplus timber while reserving ownership of the land or the marketing of logs.

He sat with his perplexity in the corner by the fireplace in the evening, fingering slowly at his trimmed beard and looking into the white oak-bark ashes smoldering in the circle Julia had arranged purposely for baking the fluffy wheat biscuits for his supper. He loved her and her way of speaking to him through such personal gestures as ash-baked biscuits on the evening when the butter was sweet from the churn.

He took down the second volume of the history of the United States and held the yellow-cornered pages open in his hands. There was the tale of the growth of these states and of the westward sweep of restless men who were always leaving one thing and seeking out another. Now they had done all that while he and his fathers lived out their days in the self-contained fields of Wolfpen.

The rough sketch must now be filled in. The fact was certain, but the manner rested with the makers of the future. Would it be continuous destruction and debris, dirt and ugliness, wasted land and destroyed timber like the Ohio end of the Big Sandy? Or might it be in the orderly manner of Wolfpen? Haste and greed would never pause for vision or plan. The Ohio was filling, the West was filling, the mountains were filling; everywhere (from what he could learn) the unrest of men and the inexorable pressure of trade. The outside had pushed into Catlettsburg, then up to Louisa, on to Richardson and Paintsville, and now the Big Sandy boats were towing it right into Pikeville. Most of the timber on the lower Sandy was gone and the hillsides were gutted with washouts. The demand was increasing; the hungry mills must be fed, and now Shellenberger was up here on Gannon and Wolfpen wanting logs and land. And after all, why not? No telling but the demand might cease. His children needed the money more than the stumpage.

There was the new mill that could run a saw. He had been so busy with the planting he had hardly seen his mill. It was no crime to sell timberland at a profit. Sentiment could never prosper a man. He closed the worn history-book and put it back on its shelf. He wound up the weights on the clock, and bathed his feet, and lay on the bed, waiting for Julia. When she had put out the lamp and had taken her place by his side, he laid his hand on her face, stroking it gently, and said, "We won't much miss the land Shellenberger wants and the money will come in right handy."

"I think that's best, too, Sparrel," Julia said, just as though they had had a long talk about it.

"We didn't think much about not having real money when we were young, did we, Julia?"

"We had this fine place to start on, and it wasn't a bit of trouble to make things."

"I reckon it's not that way with our children."

"We can see them all get a good start now," Julia said, thinking, as always, of her children and not of herself.

"You're going over to town in the morning?" she said.

"Yes."

That was the talk they had about selling four thousand acres of timberland to Shellenberger.

Cynthia was awake when the first undecided birds in the orchard chirped uncertainly for the morning. By the time they had swelled

to a full chorus with the coming of daybreak, she was in the barnyard opening the gate and watching Sparrel and Jasper ride down Wolfpen toward Gannon on their way to Pikeville. Before they disappeared around the lower orchard, Sparrel turned in the saddle and waved good-by to Cynthia.

She was still leaning on the gate when Jesse came out of the barn with his own black gelding.

"You open the gate for me, will you, Cynthia?"

"Why, Jesse, wherever are you going to?"

"I just took a notion to go over to town, too. I don't feel at rest in my mind this morning and I'm going to try to see Tandy Morgan about what I told you about the other day." He rode through the gate. "Will you water the sheep and tell Mother?"

"Yes, Jesse." She had never seen him in a flurry before. She waved good-by to him also and watched him ride hurriedly down the creek after Sparrel and Jasper.

He overtook them at the Gannon creek ford.

"Where are you going to, son?" Sparrel asked also in surprise.

"I thought I'd just go over to town, too," Jesse said.

"I thought you went up to the field to look after that last piece," Jasper said, and there was an irritation in his voice.

"Abrah's looking after it."

"What about the sheep, son?" Sparrel asked. It was as near as he got to reproving Jesse for coming along.

"Cynthia will water them all right," Jesse spoke quietly, riding on with his father and brother up the bank.

Sparrel said no more; he rode off at a lope up Gannon.

"What are you going to do over at town anyway?" Jasper demanded.

"I've got some business of my own to attend to, Jesse said."

They rode in file—Sparrel, Jesse, Jasper—with ease and rapidly up the creek, the fall of twelve hoofs, muted in the soft dirt, beating



"I Want to Get Married Before Long, Dad."

quick rhythm as if they were only one rider, and then nervously out of rhythm as though there were nine. They rode without words, the only sounds the mild friction of saddle leather and the quick intervals of the hoofs collecting into a more insistent one and then shattering into many.

At the upper ford the Pattern men crossed the creek and began to climb up Stepstone Hollow by the bridge path which lifted them slowly into Cranestop Gap, took them around the ridge, and lowered them into the Big Sandy Bottoms a few miles below Pikeville. As they climbed, leaning forward lightly while the hill-trained mules picked their way with precise steps up the mountain, Sparrel and his sons rose out of the revolving thoughts that had possessed them and relaxed into the untroubled sensation of riding up a steep hillside on a capable mount. The hills were now fully awake, and the wild life astray in the woods; the original possessors of the land which had survived the Patterns but had not yet felt the hand of the Shellenbergers.

They came out of the dense upper woodland at the end of the ridge and paused for an instant to look back at the Pinnacle barely visible through the faint green of the trees, and down upon the green fringed bends of the Big Sandy river sweeping through the valley. Then while the mules placed their precise downward steps, the men leaned backward lightly and dropped gradually into the aura of thought which surrounded and isolated each one: Sparrel, Jesse, Jasper in file; Shellenberger, Tandy Morgan, Jane Burden in a circle of revolving thought.

At nine o'clock they rode into the straggling outskirts of the little court-seat, on the dirt road which thickened with houses farther along and became the main street. It gathered on its edge the livery-stable, the hardware store and harness shop; then, overflowing around the public square that held the court-house and jail, it fronted the three general stores, the state bank, the post-office, the Gibson House, a restaurant and pool-room, a few homes with trees and wide yards, and then plunged down through the warehouses to the wharf where sev-

eral small boats were tied. This was Pikeville.

And Pikeville had a future, the wise men said. It stood at the head of navigation on the Big Sandy in the heart of the coal region. It was only a matter of time. The boats had at last come; one day, so the more hopeful predicted, the railroad would lengthen up the valley, bearing on its rails more people and more trade. The country was full of coal and timber; Pikeville was the distributing point; strangers like Shellenberger were arriving and there was talk of development and natural resources and progress.

The Pattern men rode into Hardin Slusser's livery-stable.

"Howdy, Sparrel. Howdy, boys," Hardin called out.

"Howdy, Hardin."

"Right smart gang of people in town today," Hardin said.

"Looks like they'd all hitched up around the court-house fence," Sparrel said.

"I got about all I can take care of," Hardin led the mules into the clean stall.

"That mule that feller left here got a shoe loose on the back of-side."

"It's a cause for wonder they're not all loose, the way he was riding that mule down Wolfpen. Maybe you'd better try shoeing her. But have an eye on her. I have to hobble her, myself."

"I'll fix her."

"When did he get in?"

"Day before yesterday. He said tell you he'd pay for the stall."

"Much obliged."

"You don't 'some tradin' with him some way, Sparrel?"

"I don't reckon I am, Hardin. I have been figuring on it some. He wants to buy some land and get out timber."

"That sure is what we need up in here, Sparrel, is somebody to develop this country, as the feller says."

Sparrel gestured a good-by to Hardin and walked with his sons to the square, three tall men in black boots and white shirts. Sparrel in the lead setting the pace, Jesse and Jasper in step behind him.

"I guess you boys will look after your own business," Sparrel said.

"You aim to start back about the usual time?" Jesse asked.

"About the middle of the evening, I reckon," Sparrel said.

They separated at the square.

Jesse crossed the rutted and dunged street into the crowded court-house grounds, passing knots of men who were beginning to drink and talk trades, and went around the corner by the recorder's office toward the pump and watering trough. There in the center of a crowd was Tandy Morgan. Jesse could hear Tandy's laugh bubble in his lungs before it burst into a circle of ripples over the group of men Tandy Morgan was already the best criminal lawyer in the county.

Every one said that as soon as this section developed, Tandy Morgan would go to Frankfort as governor of Kentucky. He knew everybody in the county and most of the people down the river. When Jesse walked up to the pump, Tandy crushed his hand and said:

"Why, how are you, Jesse, mighty glad to see you. How're all the folks?"

"About as well as common," Jesse said, "How's yours?"

"Never felt better and had less in my life," Tandy said, the laugh bubbling and breaking over the crowd.

"I'd like to see you a minute, if you're going to be in your office any time," Jesse said.

"Sure. Right now if these boys will excuse me."

Tandy Morgan opened a way through the crowd and Jesse was carried along in the eddy behind him across the courtyard to the bank building, up the dingy stairway, and into the large barren office room littered with yellow-bound books on the chairs, the rough pine table, and away on the varnished book-shelves.

"Just have a seat, Jesse."

Jesse lifted two fat books from a chair and sat down with them on his lap.

"I've been thinking about asking you something for a long time, Tandy."

"Is that so, Jesse?" Tandy Morgan's hand spread over a disorder of papers on the pine table.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Playing Card Pictures

### Represented Personages

Marks upon the suits of cards were supposed to have been the symbolic representation of the different classes of society. The hearts stood for the clergy, clubs for the soldiery, spades for the merchants. According to records, observes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the pictures represented actual personages. The kings, in the early French cards, were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, being the respective representatives of the Jewish, Greek, Roman and French monarchies; the queens were Argine, Esther, Judith, Pallas. The marks on the suits of cards have undergone various changes. In the earliest European cards (made in Germany) are hearts, bells, leaves and acorns, Italian cards had swords, batons, cups and money. The club of the modern card is derived from the trefoil, a French design. The court cards at first were the king, chevalier and knave. The queen was first substituted for the chevalier by the Italians.

## Polka Dot Tunic Frock



Pattern 1927-B

Even the slenderest of clothes allowances will permit including this clever tunic frock in your wardrobe. It's the very dress you've been wanting . . . so perfect for town, country, commuting and vacationing.

The tunic has a blue polka dot on white ground and flares partly from a tiny waist held by a patent belt. The lines conform to the current wide shoulder vogue while puffed sleeves push up at the shoulders a la Margot. You may wear the neckline open having revers in the same or contrasting color, or buttoned high and ornamented with a clip pin or bouquet. Your friends will succumb to the charm of your black and white shantung model, polka dotted satin, pastel sheer

splashed with crisp white, or any favorite shade or material that expresses your personality, making this ensemble yours alone.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1927-B is available for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 2 3/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch material for the tunic and 2 yards for the skirt. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell. We'll plan, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.  
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## Foreign Words and Phrases

Abusus non tollit usum. (L.) Abuse is no argument against the proper use of anything.

Auri sacra fames. (L.) Accursed greed for gold.

Bon chien chasse de race. (F.) A good dog hunts from instincts; blood will tell.

Coute que coute. (F.) At any cost.

Lite pendente. (L.) During the trial.

Esprit des lois. (F.) The spirit of the law.

Modus operandi. (L.) A mode of operating.

Pot-pourri. (F.) A hotch-potch; a medley.

Favete linguis. (L.) Avoid uttering ill-omened words; maintain silence.

In nubibus. (L.) In the clouds; not clear.

Tempus edax rerum. (L.) Time, the devourer of all things.

## Franklin's Son

Benjamin Franklin had a son William, who lived from 1731 to 1813, and who was the last royal governor of New Jersey. William was appointed governor in 1762, became a Tory in the Revolution, and was held in prison during part of the war. After independence had been established he moved to England, and lived there the remainder of his life. Benjamin Franklin's only other child was a daughter, Sarah.

## Let Yourself Go!

After he is through running and playing, have you noticed how your dog completely relaxes and falls asleep on the rug at your feet? He lets go, rests every nerve and muscle, builds up his strength for the next run. Take a tip from your dog and let go! In these high tension days it is vitally important to learn to relax.

A prominent efficiency expert taught that we should use our "moments of unavoidable delay" to relax and store up energy for our work.—Arcadia Journal.

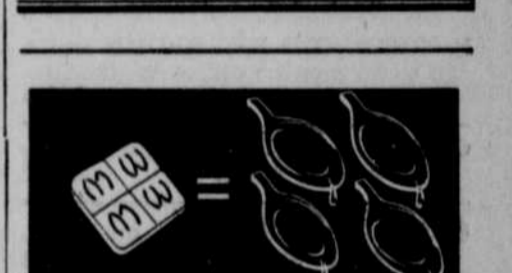
## NEW RADIO STAR



### "The Travels of Mary Ward" Starting Aug. 24

Five days every week, from Monday through Friday, Mary Ward—famous radio personality, nationally known stylist and merchandise authority—will bring you interesting, human stories of her travels. Love, drama and humor are fascinatingly interwoven with fashion news, authoritative merchandise information and practical household advice. You'll like Mary Ward!

## Be Sure to Tune In!

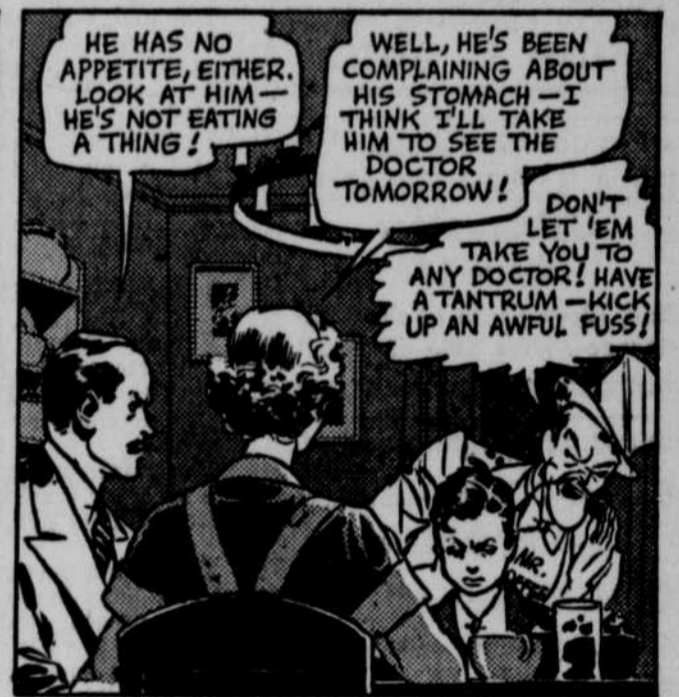
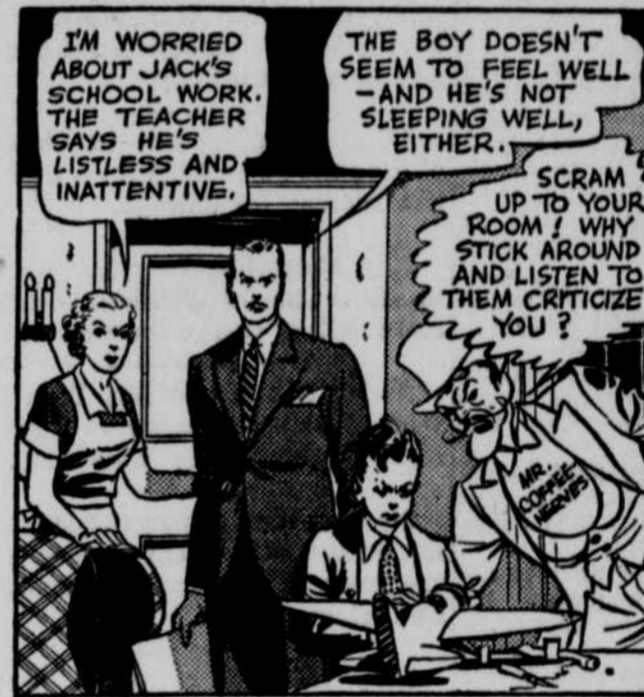


## WEALTH AND HEALTH

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WNU-U 34-36

# THE DOCTOR HELPS JACK



OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)