

PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher
Illustrations by O. L. Myers



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 after 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 Abral, convert the old water-wheeled mill to steam power. 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 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. Sparrel decides to sell timber land to Shellenberger. Jesse arranges to study law with Tandy Morgan.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I wonder how big is an ocean and a boat on it, and if a stick ever floats that far from here? I don't reckon it really does. It'd go and get caught on something or other, or get waterlogged and sinking before it got a very far piece away from where it started. Funny the way I've just been wandering around and killing off a day this way, and Mother will be wondering what's become of me. Somehow the feel of things is different and their meaning changed when three of your menfolk ride off to sell the timber."

She began to observe that it had grown cooler, and she remembered that she had seen the shadow of the Pinnacle come creeping up the bank, pulling the sunshine back under the hill, and she knew with this return of the time sense that she had overlived the noon without hunger and that evening was moving into the bottoms and she must go back. While she was reorganizing her senses to this new moment, she heard the sound of a hoof beat on a stone, then a splash in the creek, and she looked across the ford at Doug Mason on his mule.

She had expected to see no one, but his presence seemed good to her after the lonely musings.

"Howdy, Doug."

"Why, howdy, Cynthia. Well, I don't reckon I figured on seeing you down here all by yourself."

"Oh, I just wandered off and was sitting here looking at things."

"Don't look like there's much of anything to look at just sitting there on an elm root."

"I've seen a plenty, and a whole lot more than anybody can see all at one time. But I'll look at it some more when I'm busy around the house. A body has to look in as well as out to see things."

Doug looked out at her in the puzzled incomprehension he so often regarded her with, and then shifted his eyes to the mule, patting her neck.

"I just didn't allow to see you down here," he said.

"Well, anyway I ought to be getting back. I didn't think about it being so far along into the evening. Daddy and the boys will be getting in about dark."

She arose from the roots and stepped out into the path where the sun caught the pink in her cheeks and the luster in her black hair, and Doug's eyes were frankly upon her.

"Is Sparrel over at town?"

"Yes, early this morning."

"I wanted to see him. Ma's got her pains around her heart again, she says, and she's right poorly



"There Ain't Nobody There With Her Right Now."

seeds out of the berries last fall and planted them in that open spot at the head of Buzzard. I ought to have a sight of money out of them if the price stays up till the drover comes."

"I'm proud you thought of raising it instead of going all over the hills hunting for it."

Doug threw the bridle reins over a palling, and then walked on through the barn-lot by Cynthia's side. They went through the gate by the well into the yard. Julia was coming around the house wearing her great calmness which seemed to partake of the timeless alteration of evening and morning in this valley surrounded and protected by thick acres of trees. She greeted Doug with a soft kindness and inquired of his mother.

"I'll just see if I can't find some of Sparrel's medicine for her," she said.

In the small pantry-like room behind the kitchen where Sparrel kept some of his pharmacy, she found a bottle of brown medicine smelling pungently of sassafras and foxglove and marked in Sparrel's neat penmanship, "Dropsy—Heart pains."

"You better stay and eat with us," Julia said. "Sparrel and the boys'll be along soon now, and Abral's out milking."

"I don't guess I can tonight. I ought to be getting back now."

"Well, you be sure and let us know how your mother gets along, and I'll tell Sparrel when he comes."

"I'm sure much obliged to you all," Doug said.

Lingering at the gate, Cynthia watched the evening absorb him as the morning had absorbed Sparrel and taken away Jesse, and she felt that the day had been long and dis-

turbingly strange. She watered the sheep, tasting the difference in the atmosphere of the place as the restlessness of evening surged over all things with the portent of night with its quiet and its restoration. Then she went back to the kitchen to help with the supper.

When Cynthia heard through the dusk the steps of Abral as he went into the spring house with the milk, and then the sound of Sparrel and the boys on the porch, she began to feel that the balance was almost restored as before.

But as she lay that night thinking over the day and its moods, and of the brief account of Sparrel's meeting with Shellenberger and their plans for surveying the place, she knew that all was not quite as before. And as she fell asleep she heard the restless voice of the disturbed timberland sighing over the leaves of the forests and running down into the roots and hiding there twisted between the leaf-mold and the sand.

The days that followed Sparrel's journey to town were tense, and the self-contained peace and quiet of the familiar routine were interrupted by an unfamiliar consciousness of suspense. Cynthia felt it acutely as she sat in the weaving-room with a shuttle of thread in her lap going over the brief account Sparrel and the boys had given of their day in Pikeville. "It has made a difference in everybody, seems like. Daddy tries to be just the same but you can see it on his mind. Jasper is thinking about Jane Burden all right, but he won't ever say anything to anybody. Abral is nervous and wants the strange men to hurry and come in here. Jesse is all wrapped up in his law book and puzzling all the time over the hard words. Mother spends hours in her garden tapping the earth with her hoe and not showing that anything is any different, but that is her way and she makes everything seem all right as it is. I'll be right glad when Daddy gets his herbs mixed up for me to take down to Mason's and feel the Finemare move under my legs."

Julia placed two loaves of her freshly baked wheat bread in the round basket and Sparrel put in a large bottle of his compound.

"And tell her if she needs anything to just tell you," Julia said.

The Cynthia went down to the barn. The Finemare tidily brushed and curried was already saddled and waiting under the shed by the stable block. She set the basket on the step and went into the barn to look for Jesse. She found him in the harness-room astride a saddle on a wooden frame by the open window bending over his law book propped against the pommel of the saddle.

"This is the way we farm on Wolfpen this spring," Cynthia said.

Jesse was startled at the sound of her voice and almost dropped the Blackstone. "I was just reading a page or two of law. The Finemare's all saddled for you."

"I saw. Much obliged to you, Jesse, for doing it. You looked like it was right hard reading."

"It is awful hard some places, and I got to hunt up lots of words in Dad's dictionary. See here now. 'This law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other.' What is 'coeval'? Do you know?"

"Not if it don't mean as evil as mankind."

"No, it couldn't be that. That would make the law be evil, don't you see? And then it says 'in order to apply this to the particular exigencies of each individual.' Wonder what an individual's 'exigencies' are?"

"I don't know, Jesse. That's hard. But lawyers have to know lots of big words about simple things. You'll have to ask Tandy Morgan. But it is nice you're reading about it. Do you know when the surveyors are coming?"

"Just any time now."

Jesse laid the book on the shelf above the saddle rack and went with Cynthia to the shed to un-hitch the Finemare. Cynthia arranged herself on the red and green carpet-covered side-saddle, her right knee in the leather rest, and her full blue homespun skirt spread carefully over her feet. Jesse handed her the basket and opened the gate.

"Are you going to see Sarah Mason or Doug?" Jesse asked, lifting his eyebrows.

"I'm taking medicine to Sarah, and I reckon he'll be out in a hollow plowing like a body ought to be on a day like this," Cynthia said riding off.

She rode smoothly in rhythm with the movement of the Finemare, down Wolfpen and into Gannon Creek at the ford, listening to the liquid sounds of the horse hoofs against the boulders under the water, feeling the mare stretch out her neck and nose to gain freedom from the bridle to drink at leisure under the shadow of the Pinnacle.

The Mason place was just off the road behind a weathered palling fence. Cynthia left the Finemare under the elm tree by the gate. The yard was full of chickens. She found Sarah on the back porch which connected the old house with the summer kitchen. The floor was laid but the roof was unfinished.

"Oh, for land's sakes, it's you, Cynthia," Sarah began, painfully drawing her bare and swollen ankles under her faded dress. She was a heavy woman, and her flabby face was lined with work and suffering. Her agitation and distress at the mere sight of a kind neighbor bearing gifts of medicine and fresh

wheat bread sent a twist through Cynthia's stomach and she suffered with her.

"Law, Cynthia, I'm that glad to see you I have to cry. Why, it's been months since I saw you, haln't it, and I can't get out any more and Hattie had to go over to help out at Elley's a spell and Doug's head over heels in work and everybody's busy with the planting and I can't get around to do anything or see anybody and I get so lonesome some days. And I get to thinking about Grier dropping dead in the oats patch—it's five year come July—and wondering why the good Lord willed it that way. It's been hard since then with me down and all, but Doug took right a-hold just like he was a man and not a fifteen-year-old boy and he's done fine. He'll go for Julia's wheat bread; we don't have none in the house. How's Julia and all the folks and how's her flowers this year? It's been an early spring and not much danger of more frost is there?"

Sarah paused to wipe the last of her tears. Cynthia put from her mind the thought of deformity and pain, and looked into the lonely heart of Sarah Mason. She selected one of the questions, and said with compassion, "Her garden looks just fine this year. How is Elley getting along now?"

But she did not hear the story of Elley's stomach trouble since the last baby was born. She was gazing across the yard, following her own reflection. "The grass is awful long and bending over and needs a sickle in it. Sarah Mason asked about Mother's flowers because she's not able to plant any. The garden looks bare. The meadow is pretty the way it goes past the barn and down to the creek. The Mason place always smells musty, somehow like it wasn't happy in its life. It's not just because Grier Mason nor Doug never built a mill or a brick kiln or a dyeing vat or a smooth finished loom for their women. It's just the way one place differs from another the way people do. Maybe Grier Mason dropping dead cradling oats and Sarah full of misery and Elley's trouble and Doug hard working got settled in down here and won't leave. I don't think I could ever marry Doug and come to this place to live. Maybe if I actually loved him. He'll make a fine place, but it seems like it squeezes some good part clean out of a body, even just sitting here in the... I must be listening to Sarah when she's talking to me."

"A body has to bear what's put upon them. He knows what's best for us. Doug's been making this porch in the evenings. He's such a good boy." She dabbed her eyes.

"Did the medicine help you any?" Cynthia asked.

"It helps a sight. I don't know what we'd do on this creek if we didn't have Sparrel to look after us."

"Mother said tell you if there was anything else she could do." She got up and put the empty basket over her arm.

"Much obliged. You're not going back a'ready, Cynthia, so soon?"

"I ought to get back now."

"Doug, he'll be put out to hear you've been here and him not seeing you. He thinks a sight of you, Cynthia, and that's plain."

"I just rode down a minute to see how you were and bring the medicine."

Cynthia listened politely for a time to the urgings of Sarah Mason, and when she could she said a final good-by.

The soft thump of the horse's hoofs in the moist earth soon established a new rhythm in her soul and she emerged from the feeling of oppression which had engulfed her before the pained and weeping face of Sarah Mason.

Doug was watering his mules in a little pool in the branch at the mouth of Buzzard Hollow. In a flash of joy he called out to Cynthia. His voice took form slowly and waited an instant before she could recognize it as something outside of her own thought.

"Why, howdy, Doug."

"Where were you down our way?"

"To your house to take some things to your mother."

"You don't need to be rushing right back so soon."

"I guess I'll have to be getting back this time."

Doug had left his mules to drink and had come down to the road. Cynthia observed that his face was older than twenty years, and already heavily tanned. He was barefoot. He rubbed the nose of the Finemare.

"She's a beauty," he said.

"How you getting on with your plowing?" Cynthia asked.

"I got all the low bottoms done now."

He was captivated by her as she sat above him on the side of the Finemare, her knee pushing out the blue twill of her skirt which spread neatly to the tip of her shoe in the stirrup, the round basket on her right arm, her dark hair lustrous under the straw hat, her pink skin glowing under her eyes.

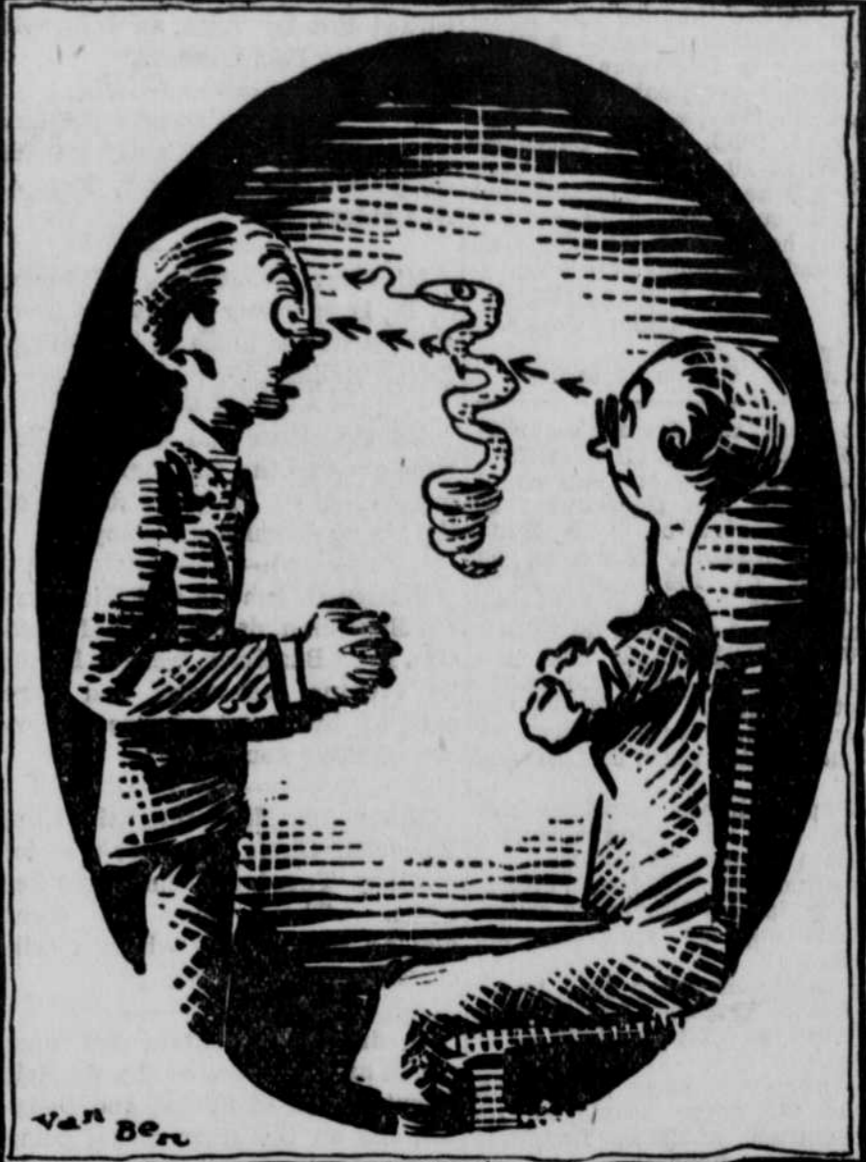
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Deviation of Magnetic Compass

Deviation of a magnetic compass on shipboard is caused by the magnetism which is built into a ship by hammering during construction, the character of the ship's cargo, the effect of the earth's magnetic field on the soft iron of the ship, change in temperature of the ship's magnetic material, change in the trim of the ship, the course, or even a lapse of time.

FABLES IN SLANG

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"You Are Sitting There With a Dirty Look in Your Eye."

BEING CORRECT AND PROPER

ONCE there was a Man named Alonzo Frothingham whose wife used to bowl him out something scandalous on account of his crude Manner of Speech and his Penchant for using all of the Smart Aleck Slang he could pick up. Even when Company was present he made no apparent effort to recognize the Presence of the Dominie or the College Prof, but seemed to take a laud-erish Delight in saying, right out in front of them, "Not on your Whiskers!" or "How do you get that Way?" or, possibly "I'll tell the cock-eyed World." He was sure an Injun.

The wife, whose front name was Mehitabel, often told him that one Reason why she let out such a Yelp about his Coarse Language was that he had no Excuse for pulling the Hick Stuff. He had been incubated in an Atmosphere of Culture, and later, attended the State University. He had read all the Works of Sir Walter Scott and Robert W. Chambers. He had delivered Oration which were Scholarly and full of bang-up Words such as "Vouchsafe," "Eilemosynary" and "Peradventure," so what was the Large Idea of trying to make folks think he was a Longshoreman?

No matter how thoroughly a Lady is on to his Permanent Affliction and however low may be her Estimate of his Moral Grandeur and Intellectual Prowess, she always tries to be loyal to his Nobs and spread the Impression among the Neighbors that he is a Combination of Eilhu Root, Calvin Coolidge, the Pope, ex-President Eliot and Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale. He may be a Mutt at Home but when he gets to the Bench Show he is a World's Champion with a Ribbon around his Neck.

Now there was simply no Let-Up to Mehitabel ragging Alonzo on account of his Predilection for the low-brow Vernacular.

She dinged at him so long that finally he made what is known as The Married Man's Compromise, i. e., he decided to let her have her own way in Everything. He said he would Chop out the Chuck Connors Dialect and make Lindley Murray sound like a Vulgarian.

VERBAL AVALANCHE

At that, the Good Wife was not prepared for the Verbal Confectionery which he began to lavish upon her. For instance, they were seated at the Dinner Table and she wanted to know if he had put in a pleasant and profitable Day, whereupon he replied: "On the Contrary, I have been subjected to a Series of rather harrowing Experiences, all tending to disturb my Calm and ruffle what is, under all but abnormal Circumstances, a truly Angelic Temper."

"Have you gone off your Nut?" asked Mehitabel.

"No ma'am, I am trying to let you know Everything went Punk with me today, but I am endeavoring to convey that Information in Language so chaste and dignified that even my best Pal and severest Critic cannot find Fault with her little Alonzo."

"You can lay off the cheap and rowdy Expressions without trying to make a Fool of the Dictionary," suggested friend Wile.

"Unfortunately I cannot do so," he replied. "There doesn't seem to be any happy Compromise between Slang and Jaw-breakers. When one decides to correct his manner of Speech by refraining from the current Catch-Phrases of the Street, the homely Colloquialisms and all of the barbarous Americanisms which are so repulsive to High

School Superintendents, he finds himself at once imbedded in a Bog of Polysyllabic Circumlocutions."

"Slip me that Last One again," said Mehitabel. "I muffed it."

"I was endeavoring," said Alonzo, "to suggest that when One starts in on a painful and determined Effort to make all of his Oral Efforts comport with the inflexible Rules of the Lexicographers and Purists, he will find himself up against it unless—I beg pardon—he will find himself confronting a Dilemma, in that he will be compelled to use only those Words and Phrases which have been vulgarized by Common Usage."

"I am glad that you remember some of the Long Words you heard in College," said she, "but don't think you are going to jar any Laugh out of me by springing that line of Low Comedy."

"Whatever else they may hang on to you, you will always go Free when accused of being Funny," said Mehitabel, giving him the Fishy Eye. "I am trying to get you Parlor-Broke and teach you to eat with a Fork and you, with your Usual Deficiency in ordinary Bovine Intelligence and appalling Absence of Good Taste, are trying to kid my noble Efforts, gum up the whole Program and make me look like a desecrated Wham."

"You wrong me, Sweetie," insisted Alonzo. "I am trying, with all of my Boyish Strength and with my Fingers crossed, to make my Talk sweet and purty and sanitary. For nearly One Hundred Years, as nearly as I can estimate the Time, you have been throwing the Harpoon at me because I talk like George M. Cohan instead of George the Fifth. Up to the time that our Honeymoon evaporated and you began to give me a Line on my spectacular Inferiority, I labored under the pleasant Delusion that I was one of Nature's Noblemen. And now because I use the only kind of Talk which can be understood by the Dubs with whom I am compelled to associate, you are trying to make it out that I am a flat-headed Moron."

NOT IN THE CONTRACT

"At this juncture, when you should be singing 'Rescue the Perishing,' and getting ready to heave me the Life Line you are sitting there with a Dirty Look in your Eye, regarding me as if I were a loathsome Reptile instead of a dandy little Fellow with a heart of Gold."

"I don't remember the exact Wording of our Nuptial Agreement," said Mrs. Frothingham, "but I am sure there is nothing in the Contract to the Effect that I would be expected to live in a Nut College. When you are at your Top Form, Alonzo, you are no Leon Errol and just at present you are as excruciating as a Hearse with Plumes on it. The only way I can fit into the Picture with you is to wear Black the Year round. When it comes to assassinating Mirth you have certainly got many a Notch on your gun."

Alonzo began to suspect that his attempt to duplicate the banner Performances of Thomas Babington Macaulay, Joseph Addison and Walter Pater had gone blooey and blah.

He had started out to qualify for the Intelligentsia and had landed back in the Ash-Heap.

It became evident that he was not a Rhetorician, but a Rube. So he gave Notice that in the Future he would confine himself to Words of One Syllable.

"Make them as Few as possible," said Mehitabel, "unless you want to break your Plate and get the Air."

MORAL: There never was a House big enough for two High-Brows.

Good Pasture Is Needed for Stock

Permanent Feeding Places Prevent Topsoil Losses, Check Gullies.

Cattle get plenty of exercise but produce little meat and milk from worn out pastures. Properly managed pastures control erosion on sloping fields and produce the cheapest of all live stock feeds. Overgrazed pastures are soon reduced to a playground for hungry cows and mules.

Good permanent pastures prevent losses of top soil and the formation of gullies. Together with trees they represent the only natural and income-producing means for protecting slopes too steep for the production of clean-cultivated crops.

If you want to keep your pasture from becoming a live stock gymnasium and protect the soil from washing away, application of these timely pasture hints is suggested:

1. Do not graze heavily in dry seasons.
2. Mow the weeds and shrubs that rob moisture.
3. Let new seedings make a good top growth before grazing.
4. Plant temporary pastures of Sudan grass, soy beans, cowpeas, etc., to tide the livestock over the entire season.

Pastures Do Better When Allowed Breathing Spell

A breathing spell for pastures pays good dividends in more forage and better gains in weight of cattle, according to tests by the Bureau of Animal Industry at the Ardmore field station, Ardmore, S. D.

Two-year-old steers grazed continuously on native range stocked at the rate of one steer to ten acres from May 15 to September 14 (122 days), gained 83 pounds per steer as compared with 157 pounds gained by similar steers on alternate grazing but at the same rate of stocking.

It was estimated that from 10 to 15 per cent more grass remained at the end of the experiment when the area was grazed alternately than when it was grazed continuously.

Steers receiving a barley supplement of 9.57 pounds per head daily on alternately grazed range gained 297 pounds per head. An additional group fed a barley supplement of 9.8 pounds per head daily for the last 66 days on grass gained 227 pounds per head.

Water Required by Horse

Water requirements of the horse are largely dependent on the amount and kind of work performed and the feed used. Carbonaceous feeds oxidize more completely than nitrogenous feeds. A horse fed timothy hay and oats, with comparable weight and work, will drink less water than one fed alfalfa and grain of a higher protein content. At medium work, a 1,400-pound horse will average drinking 12 to 14 gallons of water daily.—Rural New Yorker.

Feeding Young Pigs

The amount of feed required to add 100 pounds to a 75-pound pig depends upon how long the feeding period is to last. A total of 340 pounds of feed will add the required amount in a period of ten weeks. The feeds include 30 pounds of fish meal or tankage, 120 pounds of corn meal, 20 pounds of wheat shorts, and 170 pounds of shelled corn. The first three items are fed as a slop mixture with the corn being fed separately.

The Percheron

Percherons originated in the district of LaPerche in France, the region between Normandy and the River Maine, says a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. Their development in France has been under the guidance of the government. There are more registered Percheron horses in the United States than all other draft breeds combined. Color: Preferably gray or black. Stallions should weigh a ton or even more and should show a quick and active gait.

Agriculture in Philippines

Although the Philippines are chiefly agricultural, only about 16,300 square miles of their 114,400 square miles of area are cultivated. One of the several reasons is the abundance of coarse grasses that spring up if fields are neglected. In many cases it is easier to clear a patch in the jungle than to reclaim a field captured by grasses. It is not surprising that many of the islands' exports to this and other countries are fibers, and fiber products.

Cultivating Alfalfa Stands

Cultivating alfalfa stands after cutting off a crop was once rather widely practiced. Several experiment stations have had beneficial results from disking or using the spring tooth harrow, while others have shown a decrease. There was a benefit when blue grass was held down by cultivation. In the past the widespread appearance of alfalfa wilt has discouraged cultivation because it is believed that the practice tends to spread disease.