

# PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN

By Harlan Hatcher  
Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers



## CHAPTER IX

IT COULD not be gathered up, and there were the other men to be cared for now that the surveying was well under way. They made the table very large. There was York Burney whom Reuben had accepted and trained as chairman, and there was Spur Darten who had come as ax-man. And there was red-haired and toothless Ezra Ferguson from above Horsepen.

She knew how it would be but she did not dream of complaining or phrasing an inhospitable thought. She could hear his ax on the hill above the orchard clearing a sight through the trees for Reuben's compass, and then the voice of Reuben calling to Abrael to move the rod a little to his left.

"I guess the corn and the sheep and the plums and Mother's popples can grow all right this spring without me looking after them. God can see after these things by Himself without much help from anybody, but He leaves the kitchen and the beds to the womenfolk, and if they don't do them, they don't get done."

Then Shellenberger came again near the first of June, riding down Wolfpen on Nelson's mule and bringing Mullens with him. Mullens was a hard black man of forty, who had spent his years among the timber-lands of Pennsylvania as field manager and boss of the lumber camps. Shellenberger had brought him in to supervise the whole process of getting out the timber.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pattern. Back again."

"Howdy, Mr. Shellenberger."

"This is Luke Mullens, who manages the woods for me."

"You are right welcome," Julia said.

Mullens looked out from under his deep black eyebrows and did not say anything.

"Just sit down on the porch. The menfolks are still surveying. They ought to be in any minute now," Julia said.

Julia arranged the chairs a little closer together on each side and added two plates for the strangers.

"Five extra menfolks makes the work heavier," Cynthia said.

"It's nothing for womenfolk to excite themselves over," Julia said.

But the work was greater and harder, and its demands and the coming of the heat, the extra washing and ironing, cooking and dish-washing and the unusual excitement were tiring to Julia and Cynthia, and Julia was finding it hard to get time and strength to keep her garden neat.

Neither were the fields so frequently and carefully worked this spring. Never had a Wolfpen bottom gone without adequate cultivation. But the survey must come first, and one of the boys working each day could keep ahead of the weeds. Julia saw these things and Spurrel saw them. But they had guests and they were selling land.

"How is the survey getting on?" Shellenberger asked.

"All right," Reuben said. "Some days we run a great deal when it's level, or not too grown up and the marks can be found. Other times we spend most of a day trying to get one straight line up and down a hill to a corner we can be certain of. But it gets on as well as common."

"When will you get around it?"

"I couldn't say about that. These deeds give no course and only an approximate distance, so we have to feel our way along. Maybe two or three months, more or less." Then he came into the kitchen, where Cynthia was washing dishes, to get his map to show Shellenberger.

It was the first time since he came to Wolfpen that he had been alone with her. Cynthia was acutely aware of his presence.

"I guess I can show him better than I can tell him," Reuben said, lifting the thumb-tacks with the blade of his knife.

"I guess you'll have plenty of help tomorrow."

"Yes, I reckon. Are those men going to stay here, too?"

"I guess Mother is fixing up another bed in your room for them. I don't reckon you mind them being there."

"Not at all. Only, I'm afraid we are making too much work for you, with all these extra people to cook for and look after. We don't want to overdo your hospitality."

"It isn't much more," she murmured simply. And then, when she was gone out to the men: "He's the politest man that ever I saw in my life in his words. But that hard black man, I don't like him, and I'm glad Reuben Warren is one of the

men, and not just that Shellenberger and his man who doesn't say anything." And she was less tired because of the gentle words of Reuben.

"... and today we went over this ridge which you crossed farther north about there, and we ought to reach the watershed tomorrow and turn northwest and parallel Gannon creek into the territory you want to buy." Cynthia could see him in the last visible twilight, pointing with his pencil while Spurrel held the other end of the brown paper and Shellenberger and the dark man looked on.

"These are the creeks I have sketched in, just roughly indicating how they radiate into Wolfpen."

As Reuben pointed and explained, Shellenberger twirled his cigar and said, "I see... I see."

"Looks good to me, Mr. Pattern," he said. "I'd like to go over the ground with my field man here and begin to get the lay-out planned a bit so we can get to work as soon as possible. I suppose you can put us up for a few days until we can see where we are? Of course I'll pay you for lodging."

People had come and gone in Wolfpen Bottoms through the century. They had eaten at the Pattern house, they had slept in Pattern beds, and their mules had been stabled in the Pattern barn. But no man, not even a peddler or a drover, had ever paid for a lodging, or given coin in exchange for a meal. Without hesitation, Spurrel spoke the only custom he knew for men to meet by.

"Stay here and welcome, but there isn't any charge when a man comes to your house."

"Then suppose we just give the money to the women," Shellenberger said.

Cynthia heard from the kitchen where she was hanging up the pan. The thought of pay for cooking for menfolk had never occurred to her before. But when Shellenberger mentioned it, the thought grew less strange and remote, and as it stayed with her there in the kitchen, the thought of having money of her own for her work became attractive. "It's only because it's no fun to mix bread and say to yourself, 'This is for that Shellenberger and his black-eyed helper,' so if they want to give money for it, they ought to give it. Only you don't think about it when you make the bed or dip a spoonful of honey for Reuben. Money for cooking for a man? I just reckon this spring everything is all twisted around till a body can't recognize the way things are."

"... for we'll be extra trouble, and I'd feel more like asking for what I want if I was paying for it," Shellenberger was saying.

Spurrel dropped it there. They sat on the porch listening while Shellenberger told of his return to Pittsburgh and of the business and the bustle of the great world beyond the hills.

"We're on the edge of great things in the Ohio valley," Shellenberger said.

"I reckon it all depends on just what a man wants in this world. Saul and Barton and Tivis Pattern found building a place like this a great thing. And it's been a good place to live," Spurrel said.

"Sure," Shellenberger agreed. "But a thing can't just stay one way, you know. We have to go on with progress."

Julia came quietly to the porch, saying, "The beds are ready, and I've fixed one for the two men in with Jesse and Reuben."

"I'm ready to turn in," Shellenberger said.

York Burney and Spur Darten went up with Jasper and Abrael. Reuben and Jesse slipped quietly into bed, Mullens stood in the middle of the floor glancing at Shellenberger, but not removing his clothes. Shellenberger sat on the edge of the bed unfastening his boots. Spurrel came to the door to make formal inquiry of his guests and to say good night.

"Where's this man to sleep?" Shellenberger asked.

"He can sleep with you," Spurrel said, simply and naturally as custom.

"Oh, no. He doesn't sleep with me. I sleep by myself."

Spurrel had never known a man to object to sharing a bed in another man's house. He looked at Shellenberger, and then at Mullens, and then at Reuben. "I guess the beds are about all full now but yours," Spurrel said.

"He can sleep just anywhere," Shellenberger said. "Give him a blanket or something."

But the black man had got out of the room and did not answer Spurrel's call. Shellenberger went

on with his undressing. He turned back the bright tulip-patterned quilt Julia had spread with care over the bed. He saw that there was only one sheet on the bed.

"And I want another sheet, please, to sleep under and a single small pillow if you have one."

Spurrel stood looking at him, but Julia had heard him speak, and without revealing any of the hurt to her pride, she got them quietly from the linen closet and gave them to Spurrel. Reuben, lying on the bed and looking up at Spurrel, could feel him restraining speech before his sense of outraged hospitality.

"That's much better," Shellenberger said, apparently unaware of the thing he had done. He lay down, drawing the cedar-scented sheet over him.

"Good night," he said.

But Spurrel did not answer until he had reached the door; then he said without warmth, "Good night." And as if remembering Reuben and Jesse, "Rest to you, boys."

Cynthia, in her room next door, lying still and hearing the night blot out the voices: "I reckon I'll be right glad when it's done and we live again like we always have, without a man like Shellenberger wanting to pay for his keep and then doing a thing like that. Before he came we were weaving and planting and making garden and it was like the other springs. Everything has been in a whirl from the minute he rode into the bottom. . . . Only . . . Reuben is a gentleman as much as Shellenberger but he sees finer into people's ways and feelings . . . and he wouldn't come here if that man hadn't."

In the morning Mullens came up to the wash rock brushing the straw from his hair and trousers.

"Where have you been?" Abrael asked.

"The barn," he said, with a squint about his eyes.

Spurrel only said, "Morning."

When breakfast was over, Shellenberger spoke to him for the first time. "We'll go with the party this morning and see the lay-out. Then we'll go on across to Gannon and figure on an opening."

There was always a magic about Wolfpen in the first hour after breakfast when the cool mist began to rise from the valley, and the hills and trees took form in the increasing light. The men went up Wolfpen to the fifth hollow on the

left, turned into it and climbed along the thin channel of Turkey creek to its source, and then up the steep final slopes to the ridge where the line had ended the night before in a mass of underbrush.

There Reuben set up the compass near the east corner tree, and established a course for the new departure. Ezra and Spur plunged into the thick brush, hacking it down with ax and corn knife. Abrael went along behind them to keep them on the line. Spurrel went ahead to hunt the marked trees, and Jasper, grown skilful as head chainman, followed with the measuring chain. Spurrel would lead the next corner tree, Reuben would take the bearing of the line and re-establish the corner, the ax-man would move into the brush on the new course, and rod by rod they advanced with the survey.

All morning they toiled, crawling over fallen logs, through clumps of berry vines and greenbriers that bit through corduroy, out suddenly onto rock cliffs covered with moss and edged with pine trees where they must delay the line and find a way around, down into sharp steel gullies unseen since Saul Pattern tramped over them, up again on the other side, always holding to the line which Reuben set with the compass and Spurrel verified by the trees.

At noon they were on a ledge of rock at the very head of Wolfpen. Spurrel pointed with his right hand.

"I reckon that will be the section you get, Mr. Shellenberger."

"It looks like we could get a few poplars out of it," Shellenberger said. "Mullens and I will just go back through this section this afternoon."

"We had better eat here," Reuben said.

They all went down under the deep overhanging rock cliff. It was covered with heavy moss and bordered at its base with ferns and laurel and pine trees. It was cool and picturesque.

"This is Wildcat Cave," Spurrel

said, and he told some of his hunting stories while they ate from the baskets Julia and Cynthia had prepared for them.

They rested and talked, and then Reuben said it was time to go.

"That ridge over there leads around to the Pinnacle above the mill," Spurrel said to Shellenberger. "You get all that north slope and beyond. Bear that in mind and you won't lose your way."

"We'll see you at the house this evening," Shellenberger said.

Mullens took the corn knife and Shellenberger followed him, climbing around the cliff to the back of the ridge and then plunging again into the woods. Mullens was a different man among the trees. He picked the way through the giant poplars, pine, white oak, chestnut, ash, hickory, easily with the complete surety of long experience. Shellenberger followed. Wild game started up from their approach and slipped deeper into the timber.

Slowly they went on through the forest, examining the stand of the timber, the distribution of the species, the adaptability of the hollows for skidding or driving the logs into Gannon creek, and noting the best method of attack. When, toward late afternoon, they finally came out on the ridge in sight of the Pinnacle, Mullens said to Shellenberger:

"About ten thousand feet of long-leaf pine to the acre, and maybe two thousand to three thousand short-leaf in that second hollow."

"How much poplar?"

"Maybe average two thousand feet."

"And the other stuff?"

"About the same for white oak, chestnut and ash. Maybe five hundred feet of pinnut and shellbark hickory."

"What do you think of it?" Shellenberger asked.

"Never saw a finer lot of stumpage for a loggin' camp in my life. Just made right for cuttin'."

Shellenberger sat down and began to sketch in a drawing on the back of an envelope.

"You'll have to build a camp in the hollow down there below that rock. They call it Dry creek. This man has a steam-mill and he is getting a circular saw, so that will be easy. You can clear out that flat there at the mouth of the creek for a collecting point. You can look at it again tomorrow. I don't think we'll need a dam in Gannon. Maybe one in the smaller creek."

"Have you been all along Gannon creek?"

"Yes. Clear down to the Big Sandy. It's just about right. You can take forty-foot logs down it in the spring."

"What about men?"

"We'll try the natives. They'll be cheap, and a lot of them can board at home. We'll get Pattern to draw up a list of good men, and I've ordered in tools. We just as well get to work. He says go right ahead, and I'll fix up money matters later on."

They took the path that led down the hill from the Pinnacle to the house as the day began to withdraw from the western slopes.

## CHAPTER X

THE days were easier at the house when the men carried their lunch with them to the hills. The rush of the breakfast hour passed, and the middle of the day was left in some peace and without hurry to Julia and Cynthia. They could have a simple dinner alone with Jesse, Cynthia brought in the milk cold from the spring-house. Julia made the corn bread and gathered a dishpan of lettuce from her garden to wilt in hot bacon grease and flavor with new onions because Jesse liked it that way.

"How is the corn up in Barn Branch?" Julia asked.

"I believe it's about the best on the place this year."

"Will you get it finished up today?"

"I'll be done with it about three o'clock."

"The sweet-potato patch is running for the plow," Julia said.

"I plan on getting to them yet today."

Cynthia saw him slip the Cooley's Blackstone into his shirt as he went out. "I guess Jesse likes to be by himself to think about the law that he's so wrapped up in. It seems such a long time ago that we set out the sweet-potato plants and he spoke about it. Maybe I can get time to go up to the patch and lay some of the vines up on the ridges for him."

She took time and in the mid-afternoon, when the work that was never done was almost done, she started up to the House Field. Jesse had not come. She waited, looking down upon the matted vines. When he did not come, she went on up to Barn Hollow by the cowpath over the ridge against the line of trees. The corn was plowed, but Jesse was not in sight. She wondered where he could be, thinking she had missed him by going up the ridge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Aided Universalism

Hosea Ballou, one of the founders of Universalism, was born in New Hampshire in 1771. He was self-educated and was expelled from his father's church on declaring his belief in the final salvation of all men. He began to preach at twenty-one and became minister of the Second Universalist church in Boston in which he preached 35 years. It is said that he preached over 10,000 sermons, none of which was written before delivery. He died in 1852.

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### OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Refrigerator cookies may be wrapped in waxed paper and kept in refrigerator for several days. Make into a roll and slice when ready to bake.

Lemon slices served with tea are more attractive when sprinkled with paprika or chopped parsley.

Japanese articles should never be washed in hot water, as the japan is likely to wash off. Use lukewarm water and soap.

If you have no individual molds, jellies may be molded in muffin tins. Turn the pan upside-down, place hot, wet towel over pan and jellies will slip out easily.

If the stalks of broccoli are too thick, split them lengthwise before boiling, so that stalks will cook in the same amount of time as the buds. Broccoli should cook for 20 minutes after water starts boiling.

When making bread and butter pudding, sprinkle each slice of bread and butter with desiccated coconut instead of currants, and straw some on the top. This will make a change from the ordinary pudding and will be found very tasty.

Be careful to wash all garden furniture before storing away. Nests built by insects in crevices in furniture are often overlooked. It is in this way insects often get into the house.

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### Women Poor Spies

Although women did some of the most important spy work during the late World war, they did not make good spies, declares Major G. O. T. Bagley, former British secret service agent.

"There were some very clever women spies," he said, "but women just don't make good secret service agents. Their reports, especially on military matters, are usually inaccurate and exaggerated. They wear out quickly with fatigue and nervous strain, and, last, and worst of all, they fall in love."

"The war records abound in accounts of successful missions carried out by men, but there were only three women who turned in good jobs of spying. Mata Hari was perhaps the greatest. Then came Louis de Bettignies, whose nom de guerre was Alice Dubois. She was brilliantly successful with the British. Anemarie Dresser, known throughout Europe as Fraulein Doktor, is the third. She was the head of Germany's big spy school in Antwerp."

### He's Fortified

A man happy in his private life isn't greatly irritated by the friction in his business.

**EXPERT OPINION**

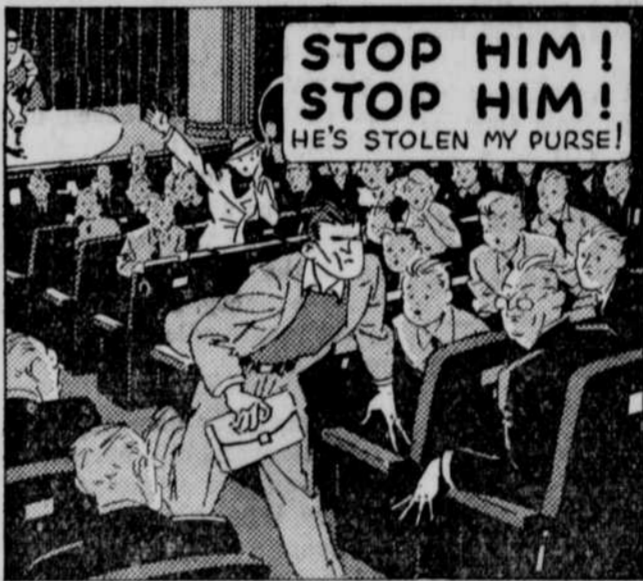
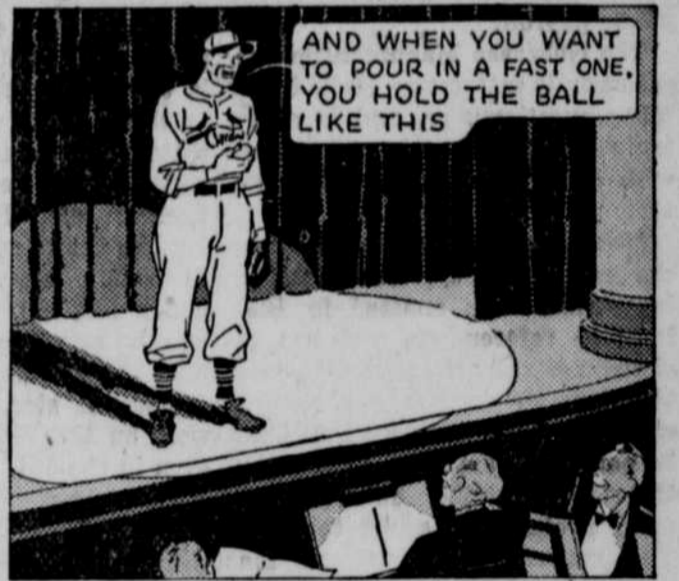
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