

tion, with a most on the north over

which they could strike at the whites

on the Ohio and posterns on the south

through which they could raid the rich

settlements in Virginia. They held on

until 1795, while the immigrants filled

up the outside flats and encamped

against the walls surrounding it. Then

It filled up quickly with white set

tlers. Riffraff squatters washed in near

Gannon Fork, as it was afterward

left the Big Sandy and returned south-

ward by way of Gannon Fork which

bends to the southeast, and then paral-

nacle of yellow sandstone protruding

from the trees above the creek, and

overlooking the valley. He toiled up-

ward through the underbrush, and

there, standing on a jutting ledge, he

had his first comprehensive view of

Gannon creek, nearly as large as the

curves through the rich valley which

held the chain of hills from five hun-

lay there virginal and undisturbed in

Wolfpen Hollow, making with Gannon

creek a Y in the hills. It was only a

little more concentrated than the val-

ley of the Gannon Fork. Rising in a

rock spring near the hilltop a few

miles up the hollow, the little stream,

only ten feet wide in repose, fingered

its channel toward the great Pinnacle

and merged with the waters of Gan-

non. The two valleys made a wide flat

place among the hills for a man to

Saul Pattern was not given to emo-

tion. But as he stood there on the

rock looking up and down Gannon

creek and at the fat bottoms up Wolf-

pen, he felt a glow of pride and an

eagerness to possess it. With some

four thousand square miles of moun-

tain wilderness to choose from, he se-

lected these bottoms at the mouth of

Wolfpen, crying aloud to the deer and

the wild turkey: "God Almighty, what

Five years later he came back with

his fifteen-year-old son Barton and

built a rude cabin up the hollow on

the Wolfpen Fork of the Y. The coun-

try seemed quiet and ready for a pio-

neer. But one evening toward the

close of the summer of 1790, just as

the dark began to tumble into Wolf-

pen, Saul came back to the cabin with

a turkey he had shot while out survey-

ing the land. The cabin was deserted.

and Barton was not in sight. Saul

found him on the bank at the mouth

of the creek where the Indians had

left him for dead with his throat cut

but his head unscalped. Saul pulled

the wound together and bound it with

guncotton. Barton lay in a delirious

fever for long days in the cabin hover-

ing precariously between life and death.

Then, miraculously, he began slowly

to mend, and by the first snowfall he

was able to travel back to Virginia.

Saul Pattern bore with impatience

the next five years while the Indians

were being overmatched. At last in

onably safe, he came back to the

a place for a man to LIVE in!"

rest on and take root.

and the valley was taken up.

fertile bottoms.

PRELUDE

VIEWED from the valleys of Virginia, the jagged line of the Cumberland mountains is a prodigious row of black dominoes toppled over on one another by the finger of God brushing about in the blue. This great wall of purple and green is neither inviting the Indians were trapped and defeated, nor forbidding; it is just inescapably and beautifully there, removed from the ambitions and worries of men. In the morning the notched shadows crawl obliquely up its northern slope; they linger at noon on the faulted uplifts; and then hurry obliquely down the darkening south slopes in the early

A hundred miles to the north lies she Ohio valley, flat and fertile between its borders of lower hills. The the gaps and took possession of the willow-fringed river sweeps in a long leisurely curve around the southernmost tip of Ohio, receives the waters of the Big Sandy at the corner of West Virginia and Kentucky, and then bends languidly on toward the Mississippi. It is both inviting and forbidding; inescapably and beautifully there in the through the Breaks to the mouth of midst of the ambitions and worries of men. The spring rains swell it to the limits of its ample banks, and send it signs of war and scalping parties lib muddy and churning toward the west, tering the truil, He had to retreat. He The summer droughts relax it into a somnolent stream of limpid green tran-

Between the river and the mountain range lies the Big Sandy valley. Its its mouth, he saw a great bare pinhills rise slowly from the squat bluffs on the Ohio to the blue peaks of the Cumberlands; its valleys widen progressively from the precipitous canyons of the Breaks on the south to the sweeping flutlands on the Ohio to the north. And the Big Sandy river with its forks | the finest district in the entire country. and its tributary creeks veins the whole region like the ribs in a pawpaw leaf. Big Sandy river, came in sweeping

Guarded on the south by the Cumberland ridge, protected on the north by the lure of the great river and its dred feet to a fifth of a mile apart. It level bottoms, fenced in on the west and on the east by row upon row of its primeval quietude, surrounded by rugged hills, the Big Sandy valley endless acres of forest. pocket preserved its isolation until the At the foot of the Pinnacle began



Live In!"

encircling territory was conquered and cleared. Traveling westward through the Eighteenth century, the immigrants stared at the great barrier of the Cumberlands, and continued the easier road down the Clinch river into Tennessee, leaving the mysterious beyond to the desperate Indians, struggling against dispossession. Paddling down the Ohio, the pioneers peered up the bright highway of the Big Sandy, bending into the unknown, and continued down the easier road toward the rolling blue-grass country, leaving the legend-haunted pocket to the frightened wild game fleeing extinction.

But its protection was not permanent. The solid-looking wall of the Cumberlands proved not to be unbroken when assaulted by a few daring men who were determined to explore it. One by one they spied out the four gateways to the north: the canyon-like water-gaps at the heads of the Tug river and Dry Fork; the thousand-foot gorge in the Breaks of Sandy; and the twenty-five-hundred-joot windgap in Pine mountain. Each gateway proved to be an Indian trail from north to south: a turn-pike creek which led, fork by fork, to the full stream of the Big Sandy at Louisa, and then like a broad highway into the Ohio. Fork by fork-the Elkhorn to the Russell, the Russell into the Levisa, then the Levisa joins the Tug and becomes the Big Sandy. The mysterious pocket was open at both ends to those who would risk its perils.

The perils were menacing. The Shawnees held on to the Big Sandy valley after all other hunting grounds were captured from them. It was both a game preserve and a colossal fortifica

sand acres of land as surveyed by himcorn and beans, fattened his stock on wheels which rolled on the ground, the Wolfpen meadows, built a great and the channel worn by the mule room in front of the old cabin which was still standing, and became the first settler on Gannon creek. And all through the upper region of the Big Sandy valley through that year and those that followed, came strong men and fertile women to plant themselves on the flat pockets between the hills, and to build cabins on the sheltered spots in the wide mouths of numberless hollows. It was a moment unique in the history of man: a clean slate before them, a virgin district at their feet; what would they not make of this new land! "Great God, what a place for a man

to live in!"

CHAPTER I

ON AN AFTERNOON at the beginning of the spring of 1885, Cynthia Pattern sat on the Pinnacle of sandstone, studded with strata of white pebbles, and looked down upon the fourth and fifth generations of Pattern men still making something of the new land.

A century of life, of making things of these bottoms in the Kentucky the mouth of the river and occupied mountains, separated Cynthia from the lowlands: inhospitable, lazy people her Great-Grandfather Saul who allowed cockleburs to overrun the who first strode through the wilderpatches of corn and entangle and de ness on his long legs spying out the stroy the fleece of their few sheep, But land. During that century, wave at the Cumberland end of the Big after wave of change and reform, Sandy and its forks, hardy, industrious sweeping over the Republic and settlers from Virginia toiled through bearing it on into the Westland, had broken against the mountain walls, leaving the valleys within almost A few brave souls had already looked untouched. The way of life which Cynthia Pattern from the brown at the land and established claims, Saul Pattern had explored the country in Pinnacle saw in the valley below her was the indigenous fruit of an the late spring of 1785, crossing the unbroken tradition of family life demountains from Tazewell county, Virveloped without benefit of the world ginia, and following the Indian trail beyond the wide horizon of the Big Sandy hills, If there were survivnamed. There he was halted by fresh ing anywhere in America in 1885 anything resembling a native culture, it was represented by the life of the Patterns now in their fifth generation on their six thousand acres of hills and valleys surrounding Wolfpen Bottoms. But a new lels the Big Sandy. Thirty miles above steam-mill would not be indigenous.

Cynthia had slipped away from the weaving-room of the big farmhouse and gone around the palings of Julia's garden, and under the grape arbor, and through the peach orchard, across the creek and up the steep path which led her through the yellow girdle of the poplar forest, through the dark belt of pinetrees, into the clump of rhododendron where the rock pushed out of the black leaf-mould to look at the valleys and the undulating expanse of untouched timber-land.

thought: "Daddy and the boys have the wheel to speed production. and this evening they'll start the ing down at the crowd moving about new engine. I'd like to see him on the creek bank and in the millstart it but womenfolk can't hard- yard, "as a body wouldn't see nearly ever go anywheres like that when all the menfolks on the creek gang about and Mother wouldn't even think about going down there. But if I was on the Pinnacle I could look right down on the mill and watch just like I was one of the buzzards or a hawk or a crow and see them without them taking any ing out, filling up the bottoms. notice of me."

Cynthia sat on the ledge watching Sparrel Pattern while he converted to modern steam-power the old water-wheeled mill her grandfather had built. The mill gathered up for her the romance of a family tradition and became the symbol of progression for the generations of her men. She had sat on the Pinnacle watching the arc of the great wheel loaded with water corn a little faster. spin without effort in the sun, revolving to the muted rumble of the stones within the log mill. It turned guess it was with Grandfather Barher thoughts into the past where in | ton making a horse-mill and Grandimagination she recreated the lives father Tivis making a water-mill. of her grandfathers. They were not dead and forgotten; they had built had to buy most of his. They never themselves into the place and looked let well enough alone. Mother's out at her from the barn, the house, loom and churns and cook-stove and the bottoms, the old mill. The life span of one man does not permit were, but the menfolk always keep the fashioning of a culture from a changing from one thing to another." raw wilderness; his vision must be carried on by his sons and his years in the mountains; he had to be content with the temporary makeshift of a hand-mill. The wooden bench on which it was blounted was decayed, but the two little stones no larger than a milk crock were pre-

on the level spot below the barn. himself. chosen spot with his wife and children | The top framework of rough-hewn

Today . . . Begins a Stirring and Vital Story of the Kentucky Mountains

FOR a hundred years the ramparts of the Cumberland range

civilization. But the world was moving closer. The march of

industry, demanding timber, now threatened destruction to the

century-old peace of Wolfpen-the beautiful mountain valley

where lived the Patterns. You'll thrill to each new chapter as it

unfolds the heroic struggle of this fine American family to preserve

the complete happiness of their jealously-guarded way of life.

START READING THIS REMARKABLE SERIAL NOW

had proved invulnerable to the spearpoints of advancing

and a Virginia patent for four thou- wood was gone, and the skillfully carved stones were moved to the self in 1790. This time he did not re- water-mill; but the weathered centurn. He planted the bottoms with tral axis, the two thick wooden as it tramped endlessly round and round were right where her greatgrandfather had put them in 1810. The dimensions of the rude contraption made more real for Cynthia the legends of Grandfather Barton's giant strength. He emerged from oblivion and took form for Cynthia in all his two hundred and thirty pounds when she looked at his millstones, and heard her father, Sparrel, explain the mechanism of his

That mill, which she was looking down upon from the rock, was built by her own Grandfather Tivis in 1825. It seemed to Cynthia a natural part of the landscape of the valley. Wolfpen Creek came down the hollow through the bottom to the foot of the Pinnacle, and then broke into a rapids as it fell over a smooth rock channel into Gannon creek. At the head of the rapids, Tivis Pattern felled willows across the creek, piled stones against them and filled in with a layer of clay. Then he wove a mat of cane stalks on the upstream side, plastered it with clay, and formed the mill-pond: in fifty-five years the dam had not leaked or washed away in the spring

And still before Cynthia was born, her father Sparrel had improved the



Of Course the Old Mill of Stone and Wood Was Wearing Out.

mill by widening the conduits from Sitting at the loom she had the dam and enlarging the size of

er than the public square at Pikeville on a court day. It's a wonder they're not swapping mules, only they're so taken up by Daddy's boiler and saying it won't work."

She could see where many of them came from merely by turning her head. The old families were branch-

A few new people were still coming in wherever they could find enough flat land to build a cabin on. She had heard her father talk about the growth of the mountains and wondering what would happen when there was no more land, wondering where it was all leading to. It seemed to him that it led first of all to a steam-mill that would run all the year round and grind their

"The way Dad's been the last year about a steam-engipe is the way I Only they made theirs and Daddy things are just like they always

Of course the old mill of stone and wood was wearing out and grandsons. Grandfather Saul was needed repairs badly, and since peosorely pressed during the first hard ple came to it all the year round now but could not be served if the season was too dry, he ought to improve it. When the good days of February came round, he took the Finemare and rode down to Greenup to visit his sister and to see a served in one corner of the present steam-driven mill actually at work. He was so taken with the mechan-They seemed little beside the great | ism and the quick trickle of yellow stones grandfather Barton had fash- meal pouring into the sacks, that he the spring of 1796 when life was reas- ioned for the horse-mill he had built decided forthwith to have one for

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Safety in Reducing Weight

YOUNG woman weigh-A YOUNG woman weight a physician as to the best method of getting rid of twenty pounds. At first glance she appeared to be well, as do most stout individuals, but there was a lack of color in the face and the eyes had a "tired" appearance.

Further, the physician noted that the excess weight on her body was about the hips, abdomen and shoulders, and that her hands, wrists, feet and ankles were small and slender. This showed that her overweight was mostly due to a lack of juice from the small pituitary gland lying at the base of the brain.

As was his custom. the physician began tomake a routine examination and found that the temperature was below normal and the haemoglobin was only 60 per cent instead of 85 to 95 as in normal healthy women. He stopped the examination and advised the patient to see her family

physician and get

'built up" physically before he began any weight reduction treatment. She admitted that she had eaten meat only once and eggs only once during the previous two months.

The point, of course, is that while reducing overweight is wise from a health standpoint, the patient should be thoroughly overhauled by his or

Planning the Campaign

Dr. W. A. L. Styles in an article 'The Campaign Against Corpulence," Hygeia Magazine, says:

"In the ambition to shed weight, men and women have never paused to consider the advisability of misdirected endeavor. As a consequence death has been the end result of numerous treatments for obesity (overweight). Before launching an anti-fat offensive, every prospective patient should undergo a thorough physical examination at the hands of a reputable physician.

"Merely because discretion (or common sense) has not been commal weight. The reducing of weight should come second to improvement in physical condition as a goal in the campaign against corpulence."

The two outstanding suggestions in Doctor Styles' article are (a) to eat nothing between meals and (b) to leave the table while still hungry. These two suggestions are not only simple but uite safe, and safety whilst reducing should never be forgotten.

Physicians now have so many overweight patients seeking a safe method of reducing weight that they outline diets which will maintain strength and yet reduce weight if faithfully followed. "Proper diet to which is added exercise suited to individual needs brings dividends in the form of health; whereas wrong diet and faulty exercise, particularly when aggravated by faulty treatment by medicine-epsom salts, thyroid or pituitary extract in the wrong type of cases-may wreck health and bring on premature death.'

So widespread is the desire to reduce weight that all sorts of short cuts are being tried often with disastrous results. The 18-day diet, the use of pituitary and thyroid extracts in non-suitable cases, the use of the new drug dinitrophenol, using large doses of epsom salts or pro prietary medicines containing epsom salts are all responsible for many cases of chronic illness and also many deaths.

Fighting Noise When London, New York and

Paris decide that measures must be taken to make these large cities less noisy, there must be some reason

Everyone recognizes that there must be some street noises as foods and other supplies must be moved from place to place, automobiles must transport people for business or pleasure, street cars and busses are likewise needed, factories must manufacture necessities, and various other noises are really "necessary" noises.

However, everyone must recognize also that while all the above are necessary noises, the amount or degree of noise now created is not necessary; that a large percentage of it is really unnecessary.

Noise, whether we realize it or not, causes us to tighten or tense the whole body; it is one of nature's old, old ways of preparing our muscles to attack or resist an enemy. This tenseness tires us just as if we were attacking or resisting an enemy. And much of the noise is unnecessary.

Other cities, large and small, are investigating the noise situation, not to learn its effects upon the population because that is unfortunately only too well understood, but with the definite purpose of getting rid of unnecessary noise.

@-WNU Service

WONTODAY Cherry Pie Made From Home Canned Cherries Cannot Bo Bo Canned Cherries Cannot Be Beat

It's Time to Preserve Your Quota of the Delectable Fruit.

By Zella Hale Weyant

If you are lucky enough to have a few cherry trees of your own, or if not as you shop in the market or drive in the country we know you have watched the ar-'ival of the cherries. Something about their bright red color and tart flavor appeals to all of us. They seem to be the "spring tonic" for which we have been wait-

Cherries belong in the acid group of foods and are very easily canned. They may be canned with or without pits. However, most homemakers prefer to pit them because they lend themselves to a greater variety of ways in which they may be served. And now for a small amount a cherry pitting machine may be purchased. The cherries should be stemmed and washed before pitting so that none of the good juices of the cherries are lost during the pitting process.

Because of their acid content the color and flavor of the canned cherries will be better if they are processed in the hot water bath, and in order to carry the canning procedure through without delay, it is always best to assemble the canning equipment before the work on the fruit is begun. See that all the necessary pans, knives, spoons, to be used in cleaning and preparing the cherher family physician before weight ries are clean and ready to be used. Have the water bath canner on the stove and enough water in it to cover the jars at least one inch over the top. The water in the canner should be near the boiling point before the jars are placed into it for processing.

Also collect and inspect the jars and caps that are needed for the canning. Be sure the jars are free from nicks, cracks and sharp edges that would prevent a seal. Remember to have a sufficient amount of jars and caps on hand to complete the canning. The two-piece "self-sealing" caps will require a new lid and the screw top caps a new rubber ring. And bined with determination (and many again we present the simple of our fat friends are determined in rules for correct use of each type their wish to lose weight) failure of jar cap: When using the twocrowns many efforts to regain nor- piece "self-sealing" cap, place lid on jar with sealing next to the glass and screw the cocks 12 1-4 by 14 1-2 inches and band firmly tight. If using the four motifs 3 1-2 by 3 1-2 inches; wire-clamp glass lid far, place color suggestions; material reglass lid and rubber ring on jar and put the upper bail in position across the glass lid. If using the zinc top cap, place rubber ring on jar and screw the cap down, then turn back quarter inch. On the jars using the rubber rings, the seal is completed as soon as the jars are removed from the canner. The self-sealing can requires no further adjusting at the end of the processing period, but is simply removed from the canner and set right side up to cool.

as cherries is so easily done that | well of the man .- Van Amburgh.

even a novice may be assured of success if proper canning procedure is followed along with these tested recipes:

Cherries (Cold Pack) Wash, stem, pit if desired. Pack into clean jars to within half inch

of the top. Fill to within one and a half inches of the top with a medium sirup (made of two parts water to one part sugar) or if desired a heavier sirup may be used. Process in water bath for 20 min-

Cherry Preserves

10 pounds cherries 8 pounds sugar Wash and pit the cherries. Add the sugar. Boil until the liquid is of the desired consistency. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Cherry Conserve 3 cups cherries 3 cups water

2 cups seedless raising

Remove the pits from cherries and cut raisins in pieces. Add water and boil 30 minutes. To each cup pulp add one cup sugar. Cook until thick. Pour into steri lized jars and seal.

@ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

Luxurious Peacock Motif To Do in Cross Stitch



Pattern 1164

The Peacock's regal beautyworthy of your finest linens-inspired this beautiful design, and is sure to inspire you with the desire to embroider his splendid image in cross stitch. You can, you know, for the pattern's a very easy one, despite its rich effect. Wool, silk or cotton floss in realistic bluish-greens and warm browns, or one color only if you prefer, will make a handsome scarf, pillow, chair set or refreshment cloth.

Pattern 1164 comes to you with a transfer pattern of two peaquirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 8 Eighth ave., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Personal Prejudice

Let a man offend another man, and personal prejudice will be so strong that he cannot even think well of any good thing that The home canning of such fruits this man does, much less speak



Prove it for yourself with the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State Motor Oil. Note the mileage. See how much farther you go before you have to add the tell-tale first quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania. Retail Price . . . 35¢ per quart.

