

NANCY'S DIARY

by

Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer

This book is an extraordinary story of an ordinary life.

Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall, 1881-1975, was born to the southern plantation lifestyle, living in the post-civil war times that brought upheaval to traditions and circumstances. She married a "Yankee" and with her family, moved at least twenty-seven times, making their home in both southern and northern states. Her father, John Olin Heptinstall, introduced her to the art of keeping a diary around the age of nine and later, in the 1960s, Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer created a manuscript, a first draft of her life story, pounding away on an unforgiving manual typewriter. Her honest, humorous, and insightful account give the reader a glimpse into the mind of the sheltered southern girl as she struggles with decisions in life, searching for answers regarding education, career, religion, marriage, children, and widowhood. She does not concern herself with commentary on the major social upheavals or important discoveries of her times such as wars, economic crashes, changes in transportation and communication, or changes in moral values. This book reflects the common life of an average person who is a bit inclined toward melancholia, but adroitly plays the cards that life has dealt to her.

The manuscript of Nancy's Diary was passed down several generations. One of her grandchildren shared a copy with the current owners of the Heptinstall House Plantation. Two of her grandchildren gave permission to publish this story, mindful that it will fulfill their grandmother's dream.

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“The now slightly trembling hand of age still holds open the pages of Nancy’s Diary even though there is little to record, but the iron Hand of Time still makes the entries regardless of how trivial they may be. There cannot be errors or erasures in this book. It is the true and detailed manuscript that will never be folded nor marked finished until one by one, all characters will have passed beyond the border that marks the end and a new heavenly beginning.”

[EDITOR’S NOTE]

Karen Dunlap Vaughan, updated August 2017
Littleton, NC 27850

This book has an authentic voice and the author’s language reflects her southern education and culture of her time. Some editing was important to render a readable manuscript so I have taken some liberty with changing the sentence structure and adding some punctuation, but for the most part, the language is the author’s. A few notes are included as well as pictures for reader clarity and understanding.

Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer typed up this manuscript around the time of the 1960s. She lived sometimes near her daughter and sometimes with her daughter until she passed away in 1975. I wondered what her life had been like after she finished work on her manuscript and asked her grandson, the son of the daughter, to comment on his remembrances of her in her later years. Those comments are included at the end of the manuscript.

INTRODUCTION

Written by the editor

THE HEPTINSTALL HOUSE PLANTATION



The Heptinstall House Plantation is located in Halifax County, North Carolina

In 1978, it was listed on the National Register of Historic Places as the Edmunds- Heptinstall House.

The Heptinstall House Plantation has remained in Heptinstall family ownership since 1855. It was passed down from the Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall to his son, John Olin Heptinstall, to his son John Wesley Heptinstall. The latter John Wesley called “Buck” married and raised his six children in the house. One of his daughters, Hannah Bailey Heptinstall Vaughan, along with her siblings, sold the house her son Charles Julian Vaughan in the 1970s. In the years since the purchase, he has made slow but steady progress with restoration and preservation of the house and grounds. He and his wife, Karen Dunlap Vaughan, the editor of this book, have lived in the Heptinstall House since 2012.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE

As referenced in the 1978 application for the National Register of Historic Places, the date that the house was built is not known, but probably was in the 1830s or 1840s. The owner was William Howell Edmunds [1815-1862] who sold the unfinished plantation in 1855 to the Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall [1814-1891], a planter and active Methodist leader.

Benjamin A. Edmunds started acquiring land in this area around 1826 and was more than likely building the house as a wedding present for his son, William. William was born in 1815 and later became a lawyer and a planter. He married Mary Cameron from Orange Co. NC in 1839 and around 1850-1855, they moved to Caldwell County, Kentucky to manage estates that belonged to his wife’s family. There is a reference in Nancy’s Diary that the house was to be a school for young men so perhaps the Edmunds family was contemplating other uses for the house after the son moved.

The Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall [1814-1891] was living about twenty five miles away at a home inherited from his father in an area known as Bamboo Corners near the town of Halifax in Halifax County North Carolina. His parents were William Heptinstall [1775-1822] and Dolly Bradsher/Bradshire/Brasseur [1775-1848]. Not much is known about these parents; William Heptinstall died when his son was only eight years old. His mother who was of French Huguenot heritage, lived with her son for many years until her death.

The Edmunds-Heptinstall House is a wood-frame house with Federal detailing. It is termed a side-hall house, being asymmetrical in design with a wide hall running the entire length of the house on the right side and two large parlor rooms on the left side. A porch was added on the back side of the house. The house appears from the front yard to be two and a half stories, but it is actually four stories including a basement of eight foot height finished with masonry, stucco, and scored on the outside to represent ashlar stone and an attic on the top floor of unfinished space. Two large stone chimneys are on the left side and they service six fireplaces, two on each of the first three floors. As specified in Nancy's Diary, the original kitchen and dining room was in the basement; this is a deviation from most other southern plantations which had a detached kitchen building designed to prevent haphazard fires from spreading to the main house. The main façade of the house is three bays wide and the entrance consists of a double door surmounted by a fanlight. There is a twelve-foot wide hall that runs through the right side of the house that has a massive and unusual transverse arch. The inside wood-work has original graining on the doors and marbleizing on the fireplace mantels and floor moldings. Many of the locks on the doors are also original and have the insignia of King George III which assisted in dating the building of the house.

More information about the house can be found in the application for the National Register and on the website: www.heptinstallhouse.com



NANCY'S DIARY

"Aspirations never attained leave smoldering embers that never die."

by
Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer



1830s/1840s

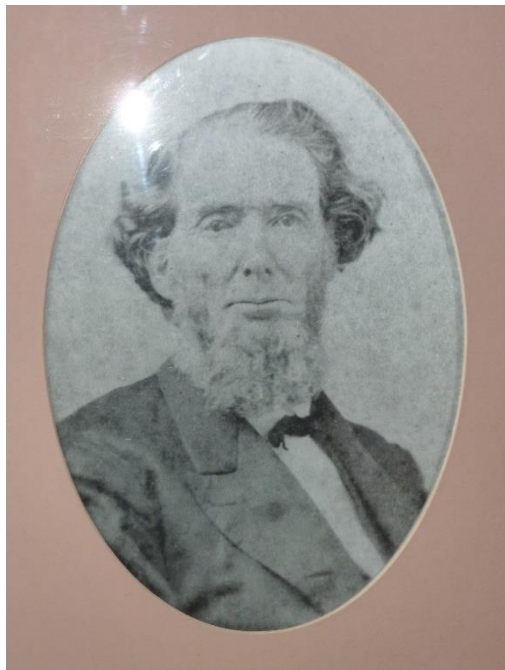
Over a hundred years ago, there was under construction a building in northeastern North Carolina that upon completion was to be dedicated to educating the sons of farmers who owned and tended small farms, but had never realized profits beyond a meager living for their families.

Unfortunately, when the said building was half finished, the good citizen with the good intentions found that he had run short of cash and being unable to interest a co-investor, was forced to put the house up for sale. Since there was no newspaper in the county at that time, it had to be advertised from mouth to mouth by the inhabitants of the county and was eventually sold to John Wesley Heptinstall [1812-1890] who lived twenty-five miles away near the town of Halifax, North Carolina. John Wesley was born in Bamboo Corners and inherited from his father a small house and six-hundred acres of land that carried with it a general store that was also the post office and had excellent pasture land. This man, a minister and devoted family man, had a desire for a larger home and had dreams of owning businesses that could help his fellow man.

The now very old building still stands and within its now worn and cracked concrete basement floor can still be seen the figures Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Three.

As this diary is being compiled, time has obliterated all of its homey attractiveness of years ago, that being achieved through effort, love and care in establishing a home in which a family of five children were born and raised and several other generations would follow. For this family, fond memories still linger and the unforgettable warm hospitality and gracious living will ever linger down through the years. This old house still serves as a home, but the pomp and glory of the nineteenth century in the old South is no longer visible. [Note: The author did not live to see the renovation and preservation of the house that was accomplished within the last thirty years nor the return of family to live within its walls.]

1855



Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall
1812-1890



Nancy Ann Sledge Heptinstall
1809-1878

When John Wesley was told about this half house in the upper country, he at once became interested, wondering what his wife Nancy Ann [Nancy Ann Sledge 1809-1878] would have to say when he mentioned it to her, finding she wanted whatever would make him happy, his quick decision being to make the trip of investigation at once. [Note: The Heptinstalls at this time had five children to survive childhood: Henry Hamnet b. 1835, Philmer Bangs b. 1840, Eugenia Alkin Clark b. 1841, Ellen Ann Soule b. 1847, John Olin b. 1845. They apparently lost their first child and had an invalid child Harriet/Harrietta b. c1832 that probably died at a young age.]

This place being twenty-five mile up country meant a long drive to the music of the rhythmic trot of a horse, but he enjoyed the hours as a much needed ingredient to look that new adventure in the face [to contemplate the purchase], he hitched his “old faithful” horse and bid his family goodbye, began the journey that was to bring his wishes to reality.

John Wesley had heard about the town of Littleton that was located only seven miles from the half-house, realizing that this would be a much shorter drive for access to stores and markets than to going to Weldon that was twenty miles from Bamboo Corners as he had covered that distance many times for many years.

Recalling that his intentions were to buy much more land than he now owned, he was determined to purchase, if possible, the desired number of acres along with the dwelling while on this trip.

Time could not be hastened, but he availed himself of the opportunity of taking in the scenery, deciding that he liked the looks of this upper country, his current place being in a much lower portion of North Carolina.

When he was about a mile from the house that he was coming to see, he found himself upon a hill that was known as the Mill Hill and from which, he could see very clearly the unfinished house sitting upon Sunset Hill. There was between these hills a valley that was to become the greatest pasture land in the county. It was between two creeks that frequently over-flowed, keeping the grass that grew beneath the bull-rushes green the year round, ruling out the necessity of cultivating food for the cattle and the sheep.

On reaching his destination, he was met and welcomed by the owner of the place, William Edmunds who immediately took him to a “workers shack” that had been put in order for his stay, and while John Wesley was very tired, they remained up until far into the night talking business and getting acquainted. Before retiring for the night John Wesley gained much information as to land-marks stated on the legal papers and after being told that three thousand acres of land could be purchased with the unfinished house, he planned a horse-back trip to inspect the property for the next day.

While riding through the dense forest, John Wesley made special note of the great quantity of ripe and ready to cut lumber, and when he visited the idle saw-mill that was flanked by piles of cut boards, he was intrigued, knowing that if the deal went through, there would be immediate need for much ready-to-use lumber. He also had viewed crudely put-together stables that could be used for a short time, but a barn, general store, cotton gin, and grist-mill would have to come under the hammer as soon as possible.

When this tour of inspection was ended and another day dawned, John Wesley spent many hours studying the half house that would have to be completed in a way that would not be too unsightly for a home, finally reaching the conclusion that the only thing to do was to hire an experienced builder and leave results to him.

An agreement was eventually reached and the two men left for Halifax, the county-seat, where papers would be drawn up and the deal closed. All cut lumber and the saw-mill was included in the deal and John Wesley’s small ownings in Bamboo Corner were all given in partial payment on the newly-acquired property. The gentleman making the deal stated that he wanted John Wesley’s small home for himself and his wife.

As John Wesley wended his way back to the only house that he had ever known, he began to realize what a mammoth undertaking he had assumed. Most of the three thousand acres of land that he had purchased had never been under the plow. He would have a few share tenants who wished to remain, but the small acreage of cultivation that attend and use a mere drop in the ocean of his plan of heavy production for this plantation.

A bright smile was upon the face of this devoted husband and father as he unfolded his "plannings" to his loved ones. John Wesley was much pleased with himself too, realizing his great accomplishment of desires of many years standing in so short of time. He watched Nancy Ann's re-action with grave interest since she was very nervous and high-strung, wondering how she would stand the breaking-up of their home and the establishing of a new one.

John Wesley had given himself six weeks to vacate his current house, sell the contents of the general store, and dispose of the pastured sheep as they were too delicate to be driven on foot the twenty-five miles. Fowls and hogs could be penned in wagons and the mules, the extra horses, and the cows would make it to the new plantation by foot.

This little spot, Bamboo Corners, where John Wesley was born and raised was just a wide space and a cross-roads where his small store, a small Methodist church and a few homes comprised the settlement. The post office was simply a blocked off space in one corner of his general store and once a week, there would be a delivery of mail from Weldon through a small window.

There were no public schools in the county at this time, so those that wanted their children taught would get together, decide on a tutor, agreeing on where she should live and where she should teach. The teacher would handle collectively the children of the families with the man pledging to pay their portion of a salary.

John Wesley's first move towards looking ahead was to send a man to the newly-purchased place with orders to get any help that he could along the way and build a fence around as near six acres as could be reckoned. He was to place the entrance gate on the north side of the property facing the county road. Later the general store would be built beside the entry. This would require quite a few workers if the work was to be finished before moving time came for the family. So the very capable white man took his instructions and offered work as he drove to the plantation to folks and slaves that could be had for several weeks in promise of a payment at the completion of the work. The boss of the job had been supplied with a wagon and two horses, with provisions in quantities from the store. John Wesley had promised to come over in about two weeks.

All that John Wesley could do now was to wait until such time as he could get away and to complete his many chores. He got the store stock inventoried and sold, stripping the store for the man who was to purchase it in this condition. The pastured sheep were delivered to a man who had purchased the flock.

After these two jobs were completed, John Wesley left in his buggy for the new quarters, finding on arrival that the fence was progressing very rapidly. He was relieved to know that there would be a place in which the stock and the fowls could be turned loose upon arrival. When the fence was completed, several of the hired men were glad to go to work at the saw-mill. This was indeed very comforting to John Wesley as he had already discerned that the ready lumber would have to be depleted for the fence and other building and that he would need much more timber for the house that was not to come under the hammers until after the family was moved. John Wesley wanted to be in residence when that particular task was undertaken.

When at the end of six weeks, the gate to the finished grove was swung back for the entrance of the family. Nancy Ann experienced her first twinge of longing for the old home and her life-long friends that she had left behind, but she uttered not a word. The kids having their first look at the new house, were quick to remark that the queer looking and incomplete building. All balance of the house was on the left side and that part was practically completed. Overall, the house did give a very one-sided appearance, with the large rooms on the left side and an immensely wide hall into which they all opened, running down the right side of the house. Mr. Edwards had told the Reverend that the rooms on the living floor were to have been classrooms, the large rooms above

were to be sleeping quarters for the boys, and they planned to equip the fourth floor for something akin to a gymnasium.

The living floor was ten steps up from a cellar or basement level that was floored upon the ground with concrete. This portion of this freak house was a new sight for this family because most southern houses were built with only a three to four foot crawl space under the house. Any larger basements were considered just damp and unhealthy, therefore, most undesirable except for storage. Fireplaces were the source of heat and the basement which was to be used as the kitchen and dining area and two fireplaces. The Living level had two fireplaces as well as the bedroom level.

John Wesley hired a distant builder who brought his own help to complete the half house, and while it emerged a most comfortable place, it was still deemed not too pretty a home. [Note: The author seems to imply that this side-hall house was just a half completed house, but more than likely, it was modeled after other side-hall houses. They are less frequently built in the south, but most historical areas have a few outstanding examples.] The hospitality of this plantation house was to eventually out-shine any lack of good looks, and under its roof, people from all walks of life, rich and famous, religious dignitaries, hungry and poor, and many blacks would be entertained or that would just call to see and have a talk to “Mos John Wesley” while he lived there. This tradition continued into the second generation with “Mos John Olin” when he took over the plantation.

The ground floor on this not too pretty home consisted of three very large rooms. The huge kitchen had built-in ovens on each side of the fire-place. An iron pot hung from in the fireplace and was large enough to hold food for a small army. John Wesley did not like the concrete floor in another of the large rooms that was to serve as the dining room so he had it covered over with polished planks about sixteen inches wide, thus softening to a degree its harsh looks. The food storage room was floored with concrete and had shelves from the floor to the ceiling that were kept full with a multitude of food items. All this spaciousness, of course, was perfect to accommodate a great number of growing young children in the family.

John Wesley was not a believer in slavery, but realized that the help that his foreman had transferred to the saw-mill could not be kept indefinitely, so he was forced to resort to subordinate labor. He began to ask questions as to slave rules and his opportunity of buying three couples, finally deciding that he would attend an auction at the Halifax County Court House.

The “shacks” that had housed the workers since the beginning of the building project were still in use, but when John Wesley bought two slave couples, he built two very livable cabins in the far west corner of the grove, settling each family very comfortably. One of these cabins was always called “Charity’s House” for the wife of the first couple and the other, “Bristow’s Cabin” for the surname of the second couple.

These two men slaves were assigned the special task of laying out a large orchard of both apple and peach trees, and a plum nursery growing both yellow and purple plums. This orchard was within easy walking distance of the “Big House”, the children’s favorite name for the house. The workers were also instructed to prepare all hills that would be too steep for ploughing for various varieties of berry bushes that grew in this climate.

Constant work on the general store had now brought it to the point that the shelves were gradually being stocked with merchandise that had been ordered from various wholesale houses in Chicago and other cities.

John Wesley was determined that every foot of land had to produce or lend beauty to the landscape. An ice-house was dug in the side of a shallow hill near the big house and pipes were laid from an ever flowing spring into a small pond that was lined with field stone, guaranteeing pure crystal clear ice. Around this little pond which was remembered for its beauty was planted Magnolia and Weeping Willow trees. Later, wild red Moss Roses appeared out of no-where, so John Wesley had an oval trellis built for them to entwine. Wild dwarf cattails were gathered and set as an alluring infringement around the edge of the pond, softening the back-ground for the pink and white water-lilies, seeds of which had been cast into the pond by John Wesley himself.

The little outlet stream was dug as an overflow sprout so any heavy rains would not the beautifully grassed banks that were kept in perfect harmony with the over-all picture. White and purple violets, in time, found a cool and shady spot in which to flourish, beneath the wild Moss roses that had scattered their beauty along the banks. After some years, one could stand at a distance upon the hill where the ice-house was buried and turning a panoramic view, could see what looked like a huge bouquet with a long decorative stem.

Through many years that followed, this little place of complete enchantment became a rendezvous where a peaceful and quiet atmosphere reigned, inviting serenity. Surrounded only by nature's beauty, one's thoughts could come and go, unmolested by human interruption, enabling one to create a pure focus on problems that often lingered to a point where hope for a solution melted in to a tangled and hopeless dream.

The true character of this dynamic John Wesley Heptinstall [1812-1890] will now be divulged to that all readers will know him as the lovable and most out-standing character. John Wesley Heptinstall was the only son of William Heptinstall [1775-1822] and Dolly Bradshire/Bradsher/Brashear/Brasseur [c1775-1848] and a brother of Joshua, Asa, Dolly, Jesse, Rebecca, Harriet, and Mary. His general education was gained through private tutorship, after which he was sent to a divinity school that was located somewhere in eastern North Carolina. He was enrolled as a theological student and aspired to eventually become a Methodist Bishop. This particular divinity school no longer exists and cannot be identified by either name or location. [Note: The author only mentions in her diary the siblings Dolly and Sally. This is incorrect so has been corrected above. John Wesley's siblings also lived in Halifax County and we are aware that these families kept up with each other so it is a mystery as to why the author did not mention them. Much more family information is in the appendix.]

After four years in this school, he graduated with much applause for the fine work that he had done and was at once admitted to the Southern Methodist Ministerial Organization and assigned to a country church that could only be reached from where he resided, by horse-back, gaining for himself the title of "Circuit Rider". This, with the supplemental work rendered for the father in the store and on the plantation, was his life for several years. [Note: The author incorrectly states that John Wesley worked for his father in the store and on the farm for several years. His father, William Heptinstall, died when John Wesley was only eight years old. There are guardian documents for John Wesley, Dolly, and Jesse in Halifax court records.]

After the death of both parents and his sisters had married and had homes of their own, John Wesley took over the farm that had been willed to him by his father, and he, being married himself and a father at the time, was given the church in the village of Bamboo. This new assignment placed him among the "Local Ministers" who were looked upon as much more important as they were expected to attend and participate in business matters when the Annual Methodist Conferences were held.

After he moved to Heptinstall House Plantation, he was assigned the largest church in the county that was located only a mile and a half from the big house. He would now operate under a Presiding Elder who, in turn, was under a Bishop. Any problems that arose could be handles in concert.

It took but a short time for this Godly as well as business man to become widely known and loved, ever ready to go on missions of mercy as well as business trips. He was unusual for his time since most ministers were supported by the local congregation, but John Wesley was a multifaceted business man who not only had a profitable plantation, but had a general store, grist mill, lumber yard, and a cotton gin. His experience in helping the needy was not just with comforting words alone, but with monetary support if that was the need. The daily dealing of this man were always in the open and above criticism and his success was envied by many who craved his popularity, but lacked the energy and honesty that were required to achieve such accomplishment.

1845

In eighteen forty-five, a third son was born to John Wesley and his wife Nancy Ann, John Olin. The first name for his father who was named for, John Wesley, the famous Methodist preacher and the second name

honoring the presiding Methodist Bishop Olin who was a very close friend of John Wesley. This new addition to the family had reddish gold hair, deep blue eyes, and a devilish grin that was to hold true as time advanced, he developing into John Wesley's greatest life problem.



John Olin Heptinstall
1846-1922

As the work of both church and plantation increased, John Wesley realized the necessity of having help that could have control, so he hired a superintendent over the farm procedure, thusly easing his efforts in at least one of the activities that required marked attention.

A new teacher was hired to continue the education of his children who had been under tutorship before moving and with these matters under control and the wheels of improvement whirling showing increased profits and no criticism from the people who they served. John Wesley was known all over as a wonderful preacher who deserved the true respect of everyone in the county.

In a few years, the second son, Philmer Bangs Heptinstall was enrolled in a private school for young men as he wished to bring his education to a level that he could gain entrance in the same divinity school from which his father had graduated. He deeply desired to follow in his father's foot-steps and eventually become a Bishop. [NOTE: There were two sons older than John Olin, Henry Hamnet 1835-1863 and Philmer Bangs 1840-1865. Family accounts state that Henry died at home from illness contracted when serving in the civil war, but no record of service has been located. Philmer Bangs did serve in the civil war and was killed in Petersburg Va. and buried in a mass grave. It is unclear whether the author was giving details about Henry or Philmer or a composite of both.]

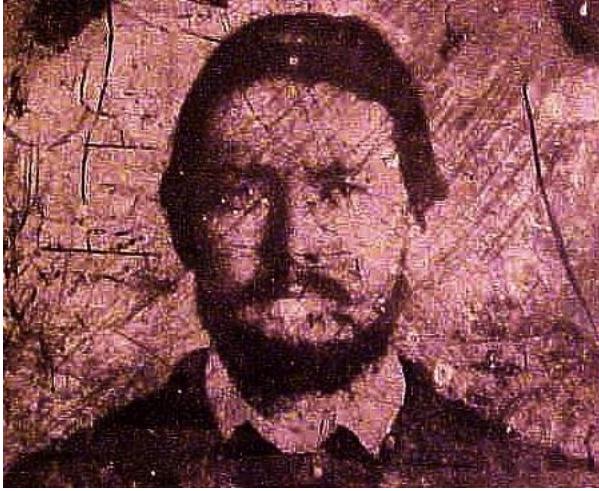
This much adored son, Philmer, was very quiet and reserved, studious and determined, always accomplishing every assigned task. The words spoken and example set by John Wesley had taken deep root. His father was determined to give this son every possible advantage, ever remembering that his own desires to reach the ultimate accomplishment of becoming a bishop were curbed by unavoidable circumstances pertaining to helping several businesses to sustain the large family, not only his own but his siblings. Philmer Bangs Heptinstall spent four years in the private school then entered a divinity school, looking forward to graduation.

John Olin preferred play and less work and was growing by leaps and bounds. With each added inch and pound, he was becoming more unruly and defiant. John Wesley, not having the time to continuously be with him and watch his movements, hired a man to act as a guardian and companion and if possible, give him some school lessons. Over week-ends when this young companion went home, a colored boy named Hilliard was put on duty, but on a Sunday afternoon when John Wesley was marrying a couple at the church, this dark angel of protection

fell asleep on the job and John Olin slipped a drawing knife from John Wesley's tool chest and proceeded to make a handle for a hammer that he owned. With the handle held against the fence, and the other end against his knee, he suddenly found himself with a split knee that left him with a stiff leg for the remainder of his days.

John Olin had now reached the age of twelve and was registered and received in a private school near Raleigh, North Carolina where discipline was the accented course, and wanting particularly to learn telegraphy was allowed to include it in his category of hoped for accomplishments.

1858-1861



Philmer Bangs Heptinstall
1840-1865

During the next four years dark clouds began to gather and thicken, casting shadows that predicted war, and John Wesley began to make preparations so that he would not be totally unprepared should such emergencies arise.

Both boys were now doing fine in their separate ambitions through study, but John Wesley's accomplishment in attaining their education was now over-shadowed by the realization that Philmer Bangs was old enough to serve his part if war came.

The mother, Nancy Ann, had not been well since John Olin was born and although many doctors had been in consultation no diagnosis had been reached nor effective medicine prescribed. She finally took to the bed and in time became an invalid but with competent servants and John Wesley's guidance, she was able to carry on the household affairs without noticeable interruption.

War came the year that Philmer Bangs graduated from divinity school and John Wesley, of course, had a man substitute already engaged to take his place, but Philmer Bangs would have none of it, insisting that every red-blooded Southerner should do their part, so off he went to join the confederates. John Olin, being large for his age, wanted to go with his brother, but the stiff leg was the reason for his rejection. Later, he was called into service as a telegraph operator assigned to Weldon, an important location for the railroad and therefore, the moving of troops and supplies in the war effort.

Sadness and disappointment now lingered with John Wesley all through every hour of each day as he moved from place to place and was so constantly reminded of the boys when they were just little tots underfoot. John Olin being in Weldon was near enough to communicate with the folks back home but not a word had been heard from Philmer Bangs since he walked through the north gate and waved goodbye.

On fore-noon in March, 1865, when John Olin was taking and sending messages, one was directed to him announcing that his brother had been killed in the battle at Manassas and to convey the message to his family. He was relieved of duty and got a friend of the family to drive him to the plantation to break the news of this tragedy to John Wesley which sagged his shoulders and grayed the already thinning hair. John Olin was sent to the scene of destruction and death with a wagon, but the body of his brother was never found. Only a memory was left with the family throughout the years that still had to be lived. [Note: Philmer Bangs was captured at Manassas by Union troops, later exchanged, but after rejoining his company, was killed at Battle of Fort Stedman outside of Petersburg, Va. He was buried in a mass grave there.]

After termination and partial recovery from the horrors of the war, John Olin had reached the age of twenty. John Wesley awakened to the fact that John Olin was the only remaining male that could carry on the name as well as the business interests that he had so soundly established. While the four years of stress and strife had tamed to a small degree this waywardly inclined son, John Olin had become aware of the fact that the situation had created for him a need for a new approach to gratify the desire for things that he might have been better off without.

John Olin was not a man who might have been termed as handsome but rays of charm and personality were instantly noticeable on introduction and his power to make and hold friends was fantastic. It was going to take John Wesley long years to realize that he was not dealing with a replica of Philmer Bangs nor with a little boy of past years, but with a now fully grown young man who had emerged from a war through which he had served Uncle Sam into a world where their ways of living had been shaken. The too indulgent and Godly father of this young man was still living in his own created world of hope, while grasping at a straw of wishful thinking as a substitute for reality, not wanting to deal too harshly with his only remaining son.

Prayer always had been and was still called at the plantation every evening at sunset. The helpers were asked to join in by kneeling wherever they happened to be when the last rays of the sun were slipping behind the clouds. The family and house servants were always within hearing distance of John Wesley's resonant voice. John Wesley realized on more than several occasions that John Olin was not present and set him to wondering. He did not take him to task and did not want to delve too deeply into his night excursions. While he knew that there were girls near enough for visits, they were not ones that he would have chosen for his son. But being a minister of the Gospel and living example of what he preached, he just had to be a "Respecter of all Persons". Unfortunately, he was to learn later that it was not girls that his son was interested in just at that time. He was being taught the art of the "throwing of the dice" by brazen night visitors who were meeting in the cabins in the rear of the big grove. John Wesley had known for some time that out-siders came frequently at night but with slavery having been abolished, he did not want to call his share-tenants to task as they were good workers and contented, the latter being a most desired ingredient among the Negroes, just at this point.

1867

This blustery living by John Olin on the plantation with no interest what-so-ever in the efforts that it took to bring in money went on for almost three years when John Wesley decided that he needed to suggest a direction and approached John Olin about becoming a lawyer. It was a four year course at a law school and since it met with John Olin's approval, he was packed off to gratify his father's wish. John Wesley knew that his son was thoroughly capable, but as to his applying that capability in his coursework, it would be anybody's guess.

Much to everyone surprise, his first year was so well carried to completion with excellent marks that his instructors wrote John Wesley that he was very brilliant and his behavior and co-operation were perfect. John Wesley of course, was thrilled and sat with an open pocketbook to fund any vacation that might appeal to his favored son. The second year followed the path of the first, but in the third, John Olin branched out into social activities where he learned the art of "tipping the bottle", liking very much the after effect. This in conjunction with new acquaintances of the female sex and his unlimited allowance classed him among the most sought after students in the school.

John Wesley was kept informed by the school as to his new activities, but as the imbibing never reached the point of saturation and since John Olin did not become incorrigible in any way, his curriculum was not in any way disturbed.

John Olin's last two summers while attending law school were spent in the mountains of western North Carolina where trout fishing was paramount for the rich and the idle, he, now, being definitely one of the group.



John Olin Heptinstall 1846-1922,

son of
Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall
1814-1891
and
Nancy Ann Sledge
1809-1878

On these wild trips of leisure, he would always be in the family carriage that necessitated two horses and a driver that could cook and render any service. Two companions were always taken along for company. The “fire water” that had now become a necessity was delivered to the camp by a “moonshiner” and was called “Mountain Dew Drops”. It had made quite a sparkle among society that loved to “nip” but hated the publicity that involved dealing with a saloon keeper.

John Wesley had bought a beautiful Sorrel mare for John Olin and by special order to England, had a saddle made to order of leather that was soft as a kid glove. It had one stirrup longer for his stiff leg.

1870

When time came to return to the law school for the fourth and final year, John Wesley was informed that his much spoiled son that he was not going back. This came as a great shock to John Wesley who realized that John Olin had already acquired enough knowledge of law to render legal service, but by state law could not exact a fee. No persuasion could move him to the point of returning. So John Wesley bowed to the inevitable while his ever-steady mind tried to fathom what John Olin had in his head as to a future for himself.

From this time on, John Olin became the busiest man in the county when the poor whites and Negroes learned that he could go into court and plead a case for them without having to pay him cash. He would return

from the county court with his buggy filled with chickens, pigs and turkeys, or sometimes a colt or heifer was delivered to Heptinstall House Plantation.

Through all these shenanigans, John Wesley said nothing, knowing that when money was needed by John Olin, he would be a source of supply. He also was aware that there could be no drinking nor antics by John Olin while in court or while driving fifteen miles to and from the county seat.

The book education of this pampered young man had now come to an end, but the ever lingering old teacher called experience had stepped in to take over, not for any specified length of time nor on any specific term, but as a teacher to the end of his life, the collective fee to be a vault of mixed memories over-shadowed by regrets.

John Wesley tried often to focus John Olin in conversation pertaining to the plantation if anything happened to him, but no interest could ever be aroused. He was now known over the county as “The Heptinstall play-boy” and this hurt John Wesley very much, however, the loose string of indulgence had not yet been tightened to a point where parental restriction became a living rule.

Just at this point an election for a county sheriff was coming up and John Wesley suggested that John Olin make a run for the job. It requiring someone who had knowledge of the law which made him eligible, so he entered the race by merely registering, then took off on one of his fishing trips, never occurring to him that he would have to make speeches and mingle with the people in the county, making a good impression as to his ability to handle the position. John Wesley knew what John Olin should do but he kept silent while John Olin was confident that his name would give him a clean sweep right into the court-house door. When he returned, he found that he had been out-voted; a poor but highly respected man in community work had won the race. John Olin may have looked backward for this once, but with no regrets.

On several occasions, John Olin had made trips to Richmond which had up to now satisfied his wanderlust, but suddenly, he asked John Wesley to finance a trip to New York, the much talked about metropolis. When this new idea was broached, John Wesley did not say yes or no, asking time to think and give it due consideration. He knew that a full grown man with John Olin’s wild ideas and ever increasing notions should never be allowed to run loose and alone in New York City. While he was a full grown man with unusual mentality, he greatly needed someone to shake down those wild ideas to a point where the dregs of aftermath could be reckoned with.

After several days of thinking, John Wesley, the father who did not have no in his vocabulary for his son, began a mental plan to grant the request. He opted for the company of a Valet who could and would exert influence over his son when temptation showed its fangs. John Wesley had in his employ a man whom he had hired as a book-keeper. This man had seemed to come out of nowhere several years after the war. He was educated, refined and very reserved, and as time went by, he became a puzzle. He was not a white man as everyone could see, neither was he a Negro, but John Wesley refrained from asking him his nationality as it might cause embarrassment and he might think John Wesley presumptuous.

John Wesley, holding this older man in high regard, decided to feel him out as to stepping in as a watchdog on this his initial trip to the great city. The man was greatly honored to serve in this capacity, promising John Wesley that he would stand between John Olin and the many glittering temptations that would doubtless appear.

John Olin was pleased with this solution, but dared not show too much enthusiasm as this was the man who had taught John Olin the gambling game and painted a bright picture of the great city from which one could easily migrate to Saratoga for the great races and Niagara Falls for recuperation. This is what was taking place in a cabin in the rear of the grove at the plantation after John Wesley was lost in dreamland following the cares and worries of the day.

On the train, reroute to New York, this mystery man let the secret of his life come into the light. New York City had been his birth-place and residence up to the time that he journeyed south, wanting to see what the people below the Mason-Dixon Line were like. He was born of a white woman, but had never seen his father so

did not actually know what nationality he was. He had never associated with either whites or blacks to the extent of considering marriage, fearing that his children might not be white.

On John Olin's first trip to New York, he was anxious to go on to the Saratoga races, but his impromptu companion advised against it until a later time when he would know the rounds. He suggested that John Wesley would be in a more receptive mood if he made the request on another trip to New York.



Parade to the post at Saratoga Race Track, 1919

The track opened in 1863 and was later expanded.

This mystery man did not return with him, deciding to remain in the city of his birth. John Olin realizing that he had been the cause of John Wesley being minus a book-keeper, decided to offer his services to his father as a substitute. He filled the job duties to the best of his ability, pleasing John Wesley beyond expression.

Everything worked to perfection for about six months when the wanderlust boldly stepped in again, rekindling the memories of the trip to New York and lighting the flares that would signal the way to the race tracks at Saratoga. John Wesley voiced no objection to this second trip to New York or to the many more trips that were to follow over a period of about four years. Later after learning that John Olin was playing the races, he did object and took his son to task, but it was too late to do any good as John Olin continued to spend the many weekends in Sarasota and at the falls.

On one of these wild-party trips to New York, John Olin saw a cluster diamond pin in an imported tie in Tiffany's Department Store window and as it caught his eye, he wondered if John Wesley would finance the deal for him, along with a gold-headed cane that was also displayed. He knew that promises would have to be given that not one penny of it would be spent for gambling or races, but by classing these accessories as a necessity, he would surely get it. He liked dressing as his many upper-class friends in the city. On the next trip to the city, he brought enough money with him to satisfy his jewelry desire and also to have a tailor outfit him with a classy wardrobe.

At this point in his life, the plantation was fast becoming to John Olin as very dull place in which to exist between trips to the great North. Fishing had even become small town play, but since he had to have something to do to take up at least a small portion of his idle time, John Wesley ordered him a doubled barreled gun with the cartridge filler machine so he would not have to wait if he ran out of ready-to-use cartridges at any time. He also bought him a most beautiful pointer dog that John Olin named Vance. In a short time, John Olin become a crack shot in the county bringing down quail and wild turkeys.

1872

This most beloved son was not yet twenty-eight years of age and had never met a female who had shown charm enough to switch on his attention to marriage. On one of the wild trips to New York, he was introduced to a lady from the state of Virginia who was on a ‘shopping spree’ to purchase finery in which to adorn her person for a “Coming-Out Ball” in honor of ten state debutantes. She was one of the hostesses so she extended an invitation to John Olin to attend as her special guest. He was a little hesitant in giving an answer, but when she told him that these girls were from the most aristocratic families of Virginia, he did not hesitate in accepting. He assured her that he would be Richmond on the specified date and would contact her in the afternoon of the event.



Hannah Marion Bailey

1854-1926

Married John Olin Heptinstall

A letter with a box of flowers was sent by messenger to this lady the afternoon of his arrival and a return message stated that her “escort was ill” with a request that he take the escort’s place, instead of being just a “special guest”. Enroute to this ball that evening, the lady informed him that she did not care for dancing. This timely information fell perfectly into pattern as he could not participate in the activities of the party with his stiff leg even though he might deeply desire to.

This particular night was to bring out the first interest and desire within John Olin to be near a female and create there from, a new interest in the future. There was among this group of beautiful girls, one Hannah Marion Bailey [1854-1926] who was eighteen years of age and was making her debut into society, readying to receive for the first time, attention from eligible young men as prospects for a husband. She was, too, announcing her graduation, with honors from Mrs. Wright’s Finishing School in Petersburg, Virginia where she had spent the last three years.

This young lady was dignified to a point that tended to make her appear very “snooty” in her manner, but without hesitation, was voted the most beautiful of the group.

John Olin was to learn that he was ten years her senior, but from the moment of introduction, he realized that he had at last, met his first challenge and of all things, it had to be a female.

One mile from Jarratt, Virginia was a farm known as Bailey’s Lane and it was here that Marion was born and reared. Her parents, James Frederick Bailey [1820-1878] and Clementine W. Bailey [1822-1885], called by every-one, “Tiny”, settled as bride and groom in eighteen hundred and forty-one. The father of the bride, gave them as a wedding gift four slaves and the farm of six hundred acres. Originally, the house on the property was only a four-room cottage, but with additions including an attached kitchen and dining room, it was made into a

two-story attractive home. Other necessary out-houses were also built, such as slave cabins, stables, a carriage house, and a large barn.



Benjamin Alexander Bailey 1796-1865,
Father of Clementine Bailey 1822
Father-in-law of James Frederick Bailey 1820-
1878, son of James Bailey, brother of Benjamin
Alexander Bailey
and grandfather of Hannah Marion Bailey
Heptinstall who married John Olin Heptinstall

The parents of Hannah Marion Bailey Heptinstall
were double first cousins, their fathers were
brothers, and their mothers were sisters.

These two people were full cousins, both bearing the surname of Bailey before and after marriage. They were of English descent, very short in stature and inclined to add much weight as the years advanced, both eventually tipping the scales at well over two hundred pounds. A bed and buggy were made to order so that they might sleep as well as ride together. [NOTE: Parents of James Frederick Bailey were James Bailey and Luerton Harrup and parents of Clementine Bailey were Benjamin Alexander Bailey and Elizabeth Harrup; James and Benjamin Bailey were brothers and Luerton and Elizabeth Harrup were sisters. James Bailey died young.]

The farm was previously bought from a man who made his living mainly by making and selling cider and vinegar, so of course, it was covered by many orchards, and when James and his father-in-law, Benjamin, looked over the plantation from a stand-point of producing as well as maintaining a family in the Bailey tradition, the decision was to add more orchards and go into the Government Distillery business of producing apply brandy for shipment to towns and cities wherever it was wanted, so with Benjamin's approval and financial backing, this son-in-law became the largest slave-owner and most prosperous man in the county through the years.

In the advancing years toward prosperity, this couple had eleven children, only two, however, living to maturity. An eighteen-year old son died while a student at Davidson College in North Carolina. A set of twins died at birth and another six died from Scarlet Fever or Diphtheria when infants.

After many years of hard and steady effort by James toward a culmination of a determined goal, the older surviving daughter, Lou, reached the age and readiness under a private tutor to enter college so she was sent to Holland's Institute, now a college, to achieve the remaining education, leaving the tutor free to devote all attention to the ten-year younger sister, Marion.

Happy living with plenty by this family of four was suddenly interrupted by shadows of impending trouble, finally developing into Civil War. Virginia was straight in the line of the trouble and James awakened to a most confounding truth, knowing that with his weight, he could never assist bodily so he hastened to hire a substitute. On hearing this type of situation, the Yankees were mad and out to get any man left home on his plantation. James recalled a cave in a hill back of the garden and immediately had it readied for a human to live in. The front was well camouflaged and guards were placed at the most vulnerable spots around the edge of the plantation with orders to shoot upon sight any suspicious characters that might appear. These guards were the Negro slave-men and were also told that any disloyalty would be dealt with the same as any outsider.

James had slipped from the cave to greet Lou who had just returned from college with her diploma in hand when a dozen of these a dozen of these ruffians who shot their way through the Garrison at Jarratt's came upon the edge of the plantation on a Saturday about noon. A slave boy who was only eighteen had been posted at

the entrance gate and after refusing them entrance, was shot dead in his tracks. As he made his exit to heaven, the resounding noise of that shot sent James bouncing back through the garden to the cave.

Lou's unpacked trunk stood in the big entrance hall and as soon as these thugs took note of it, they proceeded to do the task for her. Being the era of pantaloons, Lou had a great supply of them in her trunk and these men proceeded to dress themselves in them and paraded around while belittling the way that these Southern girls protected themselves.

The slave women were ordered to prepare food for them and when the ruffians were told that there was no meat (it all had been buried in the garden) the poor setting hens were headless in lightening time and being fried to appease their ravishing appetites. Several of the slave men were lined up at rifle point and ordered to tell them where James was in hiding, threatening them with death if they did not speak up. One look from Lou sealed their lips. The looks on the Yankee faces were beyond classifying, but terrifying. Thankfully their attention was diverted by the announcement that the food was ready, so the twelve men congregated around a table that had been brought from the kitchen to the yard, and piled their plates bountifully and seated themselves upon the grass.

Not one of them had discovered up to this point that there was a cellar but very suddenly, the side door came to the attention of one of the men and when he opened it, he found that it contained kegs of brandy on standards preparatory for aging for market. Bedlam really broke loose and food became secondary requirement. In a very short time, the Yankees were asleep all over the yard, having had a little food and much brandy they were now lost in another world.

This sight was most disgusting to the family. They would have preferred to have dumped the brandy into "Dizzy Creek" that ran through the plantation and took away the mash after the juice was squeezed from the apples.

There was not a stir or indication that they were even thinking of moving on until about ten at night when one of dozen got one eye opened enough to realize that it was dark and aroused the others. They remembered that there was a great number of kegs that had been untouched so they immediately concocted the idea of loading both the carriage and the wagon with kegs and taking all with them, including four of James' beautiful horses.

The Yankees set fires to the carriage house, the barn, and the crib that contained the corn and after digging holes in the bales of cotton, set that also on fire. These bales smoldered for a year in the yard. The large mashers of the distilleries were broken in pieces, leaving only the small ones, but these were only minor leftovers when compared with the never dying embers of hatred that went much deeper than any visible fire could ever have gone. Sherman's devastating March through Georgia had nothing on the Yankee's call at Bailey's Lane.

A grave was dug the next morning under the Lilac bushes in the family burying ground beyond the garden, and in a crudely put together box, the brave, but now dead slave was laid to rest.

When the actual fighting did finally come to an end, James emerged from his own called "tomb" in the early dawn of a morning when the rays of the sun heralded its bright face of the earth and he remarked that it was like arising from the dead.

In company with Gus the next morning, James took inventory. Gus had been put in charge while James was "buried alive" and was the only one who could immediately point out the destruction that was left behind. The small mashers were found to be intact so it was arranged at once to get things in line and begin the business of brandy making on a much smaller scale. There was a shortage of help as many of the slaves had already taken leave. James had to cut down in so many ways his former plans.

Realizing that his supply of apples would far surpass his usage now, James made arrangements to send them by express to Richmond to be sold by wholesalers. This was not nearly so remunerative, but he could at least dispose of the surplus apples in a better way than just letting them rot on the ground.

The original enthusiastic interest that James had always kept at a peak was never aroused again. The years of his age and the destructive war made him unable to face a future from which all supporting props had been knocked down. He had the beginning of uneasiness that would linger always as a reminder of what had once been.

All slaves except Gus and his wife Meg, took off for a prospective look beyond Bailey's Lane with their newly found freedom, an expected bonanza. James had once had the reputation of being a slave driver, but the aftermath of the war mellowed him a great deal so as many of the slaves returned to the plantation, hungry and cold, they were fed, clothed, and given homes as share-tenants. Many of them remained contently on Bailey's Lane for the rest of their lives.

Shortly after the war, Lou was married to a man almost twice as old as she. James built for them a home in the eastern corner of his plantation where they lived, with help from James and Tiny, for many years.

1874

"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" but back in 1854, when Marion was born, there was a Southern Fortress called "Tradition" that through practice for several generations became the Law of Force. Marion was followed every minute by the grotesque shadow that was to govern her life as long as she lived. Keeping the "Southern Traditions" within her teaching and handling it down to her own children, she did not dream that there would be one among her brood that would rebel against it with every fibre [fiber] of her being.

After the Ball in Richmond and when she returned to Bailey's Lane, Marion comprehended that her education was complete and began wondering what she would do with her life from that time on. She would be miles from associates and her only sister was married and centered her interest only in her rapidly increasing family. While her father and mother were with her, they were of another generation whose thoughts ran through different channels than her own.

In the old South, no girl of aristocratic standing was allowed to work outside of the home. She might be permitted to become a tutor for small children or as a worker in some charitable undertaking. Marion knew that she was not the "teacher type" and certainly not blessed with the manner to go among the poor and needy of which she had no knowledge what-so-ever. After pondering her future, she finally decided that she would learn the art of fine sewing and fill a "hope-chest" for herself so that she would be ready to say "I will" when her envisioned Prince Charming put in his appearance and she could wave farewell to the old plantation that was now a little too quiet for her restless mind.

She had no particular man occupying that nook in her mind, but occasionally, she would recall the tall and very fascinating man whom she met at the ball in Richmond, the one with the stiff leg and the diamond cluster in his tie and carrying a gold-headed cane. She had not had the time or the opportunity to get very well acquainted with him; consequently, there were questions that she wished to have answers. She admitted to herself, however, that there was something about him that would not let her forget.

There had recently come to the area near the plantation, two young doctors, both struggling to establish a general practice that, in time, might whisper a surplus that would allow them to marry. One of them having met and fallen in love with her beauty, dreamed of having an opportunity to ask for Marion's hand in marriage. Marion encouraged him to the point where she accepted a ring, but Tiny discouraged this match. She did not look upon either as a potential husband for her daughter, never envisioning Marion becoming a struggling doctor's wife. She advised her daughter to remain single until she was sure that she had the right man who could support her in the way of the southern plantation.

Marion would make frequent trips to Richmond to visit friends having parties and dances. In turn, her friends would visit the plantation, but there were no frolics in the rural life for entertainment. There were some diversion with the frequent calls from the two doctors and some of Marion's cousins.

Long walks were taken by Marion when she became bored with the needle and she lingered quite often at the spot beyond the garden under the Lilac bushes at the grave of the young slave. It was near the nine other graves of her siblings. Unfortunately, this horrible incidents had happened at an early age for Marion so much of the terror buried itself within her memory. Yet it was ever ready to seep into the nightmares as she grew older and with her parent's constant discussion of the hated Yankees, Marion held firmly to the Southern life. Whenever the word "war" was mentioned, she would cringe in horror.

James had on several occasions heard Tiny and Maria discussing at length this man John Olin Heptinstall and wondered what caused him to have a stiff leg. Without joining the ladies in their wonderment, he determined to privately investigate this "sport" who had so much money that he could thusly display it in public. After several months of inquiry, passing letters to and from friends in addition to meeting the gentleman himself when he made a visit to the plantation to see Marion, James had a clear and concise picture. John Olin had arrived accompanied by his new Valet and had spent a couple of days regaling his trips northward. His daughter was fascinated by this man, but James had serious doubt as to whether he would be a proper husband for his daughter. He had been informed through the letters that John Olin was known in his community as a "play-boy" who partook quite freely of "fire-water", played the market, and bet quite heavily on the horses. He also was told that the father of this man was a minister with a pastorate and had a number of profitable businesses that had suffered little or no loss during the war. John Wesley Heptinstall deeply confounded James as he tried to decipher how he attended closely enough to business to attain wealth and handle church affairs at the same time. All ministers, at that time, were supposed to be supported by their members and here this man was not only supporting his own family, but helping the needy as well.

A lot of wondering was done by James along with plenty of worrying, not being able to understand how a man of who he had learned nothing but good could raise a son like John Olin, but when he learned later that John Wesley had lost a son during the war, he mellowed toward him a little, remembering that he had fathered five boys and all had been taken from him. [John Wesley Heptinstall actually lost two sons during the war years, Henry Hamnet Heptinstall 1835-1863 and Philmer Bangs Heptinstall 1840-1865.]

Marion's family was of the old Aristocratic so-called "blue-bloods" of Virginia who had looked for generations down their noses at what they termed "common people". This continued without interruption after the war, never seeming to so much as shake the deeply embedded "Southern Traditions" that firmly stood like the Rock of Gibraltar, particularly in the state of Virginia.

At this point in the quizzing game, James was not the only father who was wondering and worrying. John Wesley, too, was seeking information through letters to friends as to this family of whom Marion was a part. He learned that the name Bailey was a well-established one among the elite of that state as well as one of wealth before the war, but after being very hard hit, they had been left with more good name than cash. Yet they still held their heads high and were expected with the great ingenuity that James had always shown to rally a come-back to a point of at least comfortable living.

Knowing his son John Olin as no-one did, John Wesley questioned how he and a "social butterfly" as Marion had been described, could ever possibly establish a staple [stable?] home in which children could be reared. The more he delved into the future the more he acknowledged that he had allowed John Olin too much playing with too little restraint and entirely too much easy money. Now, diplomacy and tact had to be exercised to off-set to even a tiny degree his mistakes.

If this new association did develop into wed-lock, he realized that it would be entirely foreign to what he had envisioned for his idolized off-spring. He had hoped for a woman emerging from Christendom who would be dedicated to her assigned responsibility through marriage in bringing John Olin's religious inclinations into focus. If this could be accomplished, there might gradually seep into John Olin's life of restlessness, a calmness that might lead him to the point of taking interest in the businesses and the plantation that would someday being plenty of responsibility to the now unfit shoulders.

While the two fathers of too many indulgencies to the children were seeking information and trying to put together this “jig-saw puzzle”, John Olin was still making trips to the great city with pockets of filled with whatever it took to satisfy every desire. The trips to see Marion became simultaneous with the trips to New York, both in going and in returning.

Tiny was taking a deeper interest in this continued association with hope that it would develop into marriage, while James grew more nervous with each visit, warning Marion often to do much thinking before she reached a definite decision. She was still wearing the doctor’s ring while she was trying to decide whether she wanted wealth with John or love or love with a struggling doctor. James went about his business as usual, but disturbing thoughts ran rampant through his mind that would not throw off the veil of uncertainty in regard to the future of this young couple.

In August of the year eighteen-hundred and seventy-four, John made his last wild trip to New York and Niagara Falls, sitting long by the rushing waters while trying to decide whether to return by way of Bailey’s Lane and ask Marion to become his wife. No-one knows, of course, just how long it took to reach an affirmative answer, but he stopped at Jarratt’s and asked her hand in marriage. Many promises were exacted by James before he reluctantly gave a fumbling consent, feeling deep down within him that it was to be Marion’s one big mistake in accepting his hand instead of the doctor who so adored her and had a most promising future.

Through some provocative follow-up, John Wesley had finally determined to bring John Olin to task when he returned home from this trip, handling him with an iron hand instead of the kid glove for a change, enforcing fast rules that he felt, at last, must be set up under threats of no more ready cash “unless”.

Alas, he was to learn that his good resolutions had been slightly delayed as John Olin had already felled the uncertain and shaky tree of indecision and was at the time, gathering the chips to kindle the fire of matrimony from which sparks of dissention would emanate at intervals for the duration of their forty-seven years together.

The culmination of this rather breezy courtship ended in marriage for this couple on November the eighteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four in the home of her parents at Bailey’s Lane in Virginia. This union of relationship between these two families through this marriage was to stir winds of greater velocity than had ever been experienced before in either house-hold. Tradition, of course, demanded a home wedding. Churches, in those days in the South, were frequented only on Sundays when one wore their best clothes and carried a long face. John Wesley was the only member of John Olin’s family to attend and was asked to assist Marion’s uncle who performed the ceremony.

John Olin, with his Vandyke beard and mustache, both cut very short, looked much more like Marion’s father than a husband-to-be. The slightly graying hair did not exactly subtract any of the years that he had lived to the hilt. Marion looked like a petite doll in her ice-blue taffeta wedding gown which was made from thirty yards of material. The actual ceremony took place in the parlor and her cathedral train extended across the hall into the living room, the excess yardage convincing anyone that love for pomp and grandeur did not die with the war and “Tradition” was to stay very much alive for many years yet to come.

After a big reception the real “red carpet” was spread from the porch to the carriage and with their finery and diamonds flashing, the couple left for a honey-moon in New York and Niagara Falls.

This now-wedded couple, as all know, were spoiled beyond any hope of re-patterning, catered to by over-indulgent parents who never exercised parental authority nor denied them anything. Now united, their future was destined to resemble an over-heated steam boiler, simmering now but soon enough to reach the point that “something has got to give”.

The honey-moon began at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, of course. It had been John Olin’s favorite Hotel over a period of several years and while in the city, many of his friends entertained them in famous restaurants and night-clubs. Marion and John Olin flashed their diamond and wardrobe, reveling in the attention. John Olin

was getting a big thrill from Marion's enthusiasm over the many sights of which she had read but never seen since she had not been further north than Richmond.

After two weeks in New York, they journeyed on to Canada where they spent ten days. Afterwards, this couple journeyed south to the Heptinstall Plantation of which Marion had heard much, but never seen. This homecoming to the plantation was to be the great shock of Marion's life up to that time. She expected that John Olin would provide a house for them in which servants would be in waiting to carry out her every wish. She becoming numb when told that they were to occupy two readied rooms on the bed-room floor of the big house. Silence quickly replaced laughter and her hidden anger began to smolder, creating embers that were to be felt by many and would leave scars of bitterness.

Here is where the old snake of "Tradition" never failed to rear its head and "hiss" for recognition. In the days of the eighteen-seventies, no girl in the South was allowed to become "nosey" to the extent that she could ask the prospective groom about future living arrangements. Those were left entirely in his hands while she posed as a little flitting butterfly that had been bagged by intent or sometimes by mistake. Believe it or not, it took two generations to bring these little women creatures down to earth where they would not only stick their noses in, but mouths as well.

While Marion and John Olin were away honey-mooning, one of the John Wesley's sisters who was a widow and lived alone fell and broke a hip so she asked sanctuary of him with the privilege of bringing another widowed sister to care for her and keep her company. [Note: This was John Wesley's sister Dolly and a sister to John Wesley's wife, Sally Sledge] Every request was granted as he practically supported them both anyway. It meant adding another invalid to his home since his wife, Nancy Ann, had been confined to her bed for at least thirty years.

When Marion was escorted to her living room and bed-room that were adjacent to the room that were occupied by the sisters, she instantly decided before she met them that she disliked them. After introduction, it was not long before sparks began to fly. The main bone of contention was their infringement upon their privacy. [Note: During renovation of the house, the lock on the door that connected the two bedrooms was found to be stuffed with cotton.] John Olin, of course, took Marion's part as he had never been exactly a favorite of either of these aunts and lost no love on them. This unexpected disturbance in this here-to-fore peaceful and quiet household brought realization to John Wesley that something would have to eventually be done, so he called John Olin into consultation about building a flat of four rooms over the [general] store for him and his family. For John Olin, this was an agreeable solution, but he had a sudden vision of his wife after being told, knowing that a whirlwind of anger would encircle everyone who happened to be on or near the spot. Marion was also now carrying her first child and not in too good a mood.

Marion wanted to be taken to her parents' home in Virginia to await the birth and to recuperate. John Olin had agreed so decided that he would tell her about the flat when she was ready to return.

Marion did not realize the John Wesley had worked diligently over a long period of time to achieve the successes that he had made with his holdings and reputation. This young and inexperienced girl did not possess the patience and the understanding that is necessary to appreciate what you had and to work in anticipation of a better situation. Her choice of a husband had been based on an ephemeral foundation. The responsibility of all concerned rested on the strong shoulders of John Wesley. He had, at this time, the beginning of a plan to one day move John Olin into the plantation house, but due to limited secrecy, he could not divulge goal to anyone as yet, not even to his own son. It was to be a big undertaking that required a lot of money and would affect a lot of family. The word "failure" was not part of John Wesley's vocabulary and he was steely in his determination when he set his mind upon something. Here the matter rested while John Olin drove Marion to her mother's home in Virginia where she would begin her family and journey down a curvy, bouncy road over which many dancing shadows would shadow out the holes in the dirt.

Marion would be with James and Tiny during the holidays. Her mixed and confused thoughts ran rampant leading her through channels into a future that would involve all the children that she would bear. She asked James

many questions, some of which he was very reticent to answer, and while Tiny was very willing and ready to answer, she veered away from difficult subjects that might pertain to the future that was just now becoming less hidden under the ominous and angry clouds. All hoped for a silver lining. Considering that Marion had been spared the knowledge that she would return to a flat, this silver lining was less likely than anyone imagined.

John Wesley was a man of lightning action and so he immediately put to work the builder above the general store. He hoped that the four-room flat would be finished by the time Marion returned to the plantation. By allowing her to extend her stay with her parents, this would be the case. John Olin visited often, particularly during the holidays.

1876

John Olin and Marion became parents to a little girl who was born on February the eighteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-six. Tiny named her Marion Olin and nicknamed her "Joy". Marion, much to her disgust and surprise, found herself holding the hand of the doctor that she had let go to take the extended one by John Olin when she was giving birth. The long trusted old family doctor was ill at the time so Tiny called in Marion's former sweetheart to deliver the baby, and while Marion violently opposed this call, Tiny knew that country doctors were few and often far between and she did not want to take a chance of being left without one at this crucial time.

John Olin dreaded telling Marion of the impending plans that were being perfected at Heptinstall Plantation. He realized that it had to be done, so he finally mustered enough nerve to break the news to her. The first impression upon John Olin was that she, at first, resented this move, but after a few moments of thinking and re-calling her experience with the two old aunts, Marion seemed to be willing to make a try at house-keeping over a store for the short interval as John Olin termed it. Neither Tiny nor James commented to Marion on the new arrangement. Tiny silently boiled inside over the absurdity of her daughter living over a store. These feelings created a bias opinion that was never to cease for as long as she lived.

Continued trips were made by John Olin to see his wife and little daughter, keeping her posted as to the progress on what was to be her next-hated abiding place. He was always on his best behavior when with her family. Having made a pledge to himself on the day that he returned from his honey-moon that he would never take a drink again outside of his own home, he would not even join James when his own home-made brandy was served, this bewildering James and Tiny as they both had heard from Marion that he partook quite frequently and freely when at home.

When the flat was pronounced finished and ready for occupancy, John Olin headed for the plantation in Virginia to gather his family and return to their new home, hopefully to a new beginning. Awaiting Marion's arrival was a cook to take over the kitchen and a nurse to tend to the baby Joy. The carriage and a driver were also at her command for her to attend the church of her own denomination in the Littleton, seven miles away. She had emphatically expressed that she wanted no association with the country folk, many of which made up John Wesley's congregation at the Mt. Tabor Methodist Church near the plantation. She became quickly a member of the Baptist church; thusly, closing forever the hope of John Wesley that she would become a sincere worshipper upon which he could have some influence. John Olin, when asked her denomination, always termed her a "Hard-Shell Baptist".

There was no infant baptismal services in Marion's church so she gave permission for the grand-father, John Wesley, to bless Joy with the Methodist "sprinkling and laying on of hands" which took place as soon as she came home from Virginia.

As time passed, there developed many sides to this religious multiple-sided figure, for instance, the man who was assigned to take Marion to her church every Sabbath in the little town was a most devout Methodist and would not even be seated in the rear of the Baptist church, so he was weekly denied the privilege of worshipping.

John Olin, at the time, did not attend any church of any denomination, not caring particularly who went where. Anyone knowing this situation with a head of the family being so devout must have been mystified.

Marion's life as she was now living it over the store, could have been truthfully likened to that of a caged lion. She often walked to the little Dream Pond where beauty and silence reigned and would sit and ponder by the hour, not of its beauty and tranquility, but of herself and her future. The bringing up of her little daughter over the store when she knew positively that John Wesley had sufficient money with more coming in each day. She allowed herself a fleeting thought of separation to seep through, but when she would emerge from the mist in her mind, she would re-call that "Southern Tradition" did not take to divorces easily and her husband was very much at the mercy of his father.

Marion wanted for her family the privilege of always being on the top rung of the ladder of society, but was already beginning to wonder if the price that had to be paid was going to be too high. She had never learned the revealing lesson of contentment that could only be achieved by living each day to the fullest enjoyment whether it be great or small. This lesson had been omitted in her book of learning in her library of living. Her thoughts came fast and crowding in a mind that was very keen but undeveloped to a point of not being able to plan a reasonable pathway to reconciliation.

John Wesley had fully awakened to the fact that his hope for happiness for his son was withering. He never ceased to pray, trying at every turn to conceal the depth of his disappointment and uneasiness from rebuke of conscience for having raised John Olin to be so irresponsible. His now withering hopes of reform through love and marriage were falling far short and while children without doubt would play their part by arriving often, there remained a lingering question as to whether they could calm the turbulent waters or would they stir deeper the ripples of troubles?

Divorce was, at that time in the South, a disgrace; in fact, an ex-convict would have been extended more consideration, and as John Wesley looked alarmingly ahead, he trembled while asking God to never allow this to happen in his family that had never been touched by scandal.

Marion at this point discovered that she was again going to increase her family and instead of spitting fire, she was as meek as a lamb, asking John Olin at the end of two months to take her to her mother's where familiar and sympathizing people might be good for her. When John Olin said goodbye to her to return to Heptinstall Plantation, she asked him to broach the subject again to John Wesley about a house for their family. He did so without getting a satisfactory answer, but John Wesley did give him a skeleton outline of his planned hopes. John Olin knowing that he was not in position to force a solution, surmised that the resolution hinged on some-one or some organization connected with the Methodist Organization to which John Wesley belonged.

1878

At the end of an uneventful seven months, another girl was born to Marion. She was named Carrie Wilkins Heptinstall in loving remembrance of a departed cousin who was much loved by the family of whom little Carrie was now a member. There was only twenty months between the two little girls and that made Marion draw a deep breath, knowing that she would have her hands full for the remainder of her stay at Tiny's home as there was no help other than Mog who did the cooking, washing and cleaning.

While Marion was increasing the new generation, the old one at Heptinstall Plantation were decreasing by two. John Olin brought the sad news that his mother, Nancy Ann, and his aunt [the mother's sister] who had broken her hip, both passed away within two weeks of each other. This left John Wesley in the big house with only his sister Dolly, and immediately Marion drew out from her closet what now seemed her antique desires, the tucked away colors of lingering imagination and began to paint for herself a picture as the new mistress of the much-coveted big house. Her renewed hopes of several years standing soared so high that a drop back into the flat over the store was going to be an awful jolt.

1879

Carrie was four months old when John Olin journeyed to Bailey's Lane to bring his family back to the flat and they were barely adjusting to the new situation that had been created by the deaths in the family when a telegram arrived informing them that James [Marion's father] had died of a cerebral attack. Marion and John Olin packed up for a return to Virginia. John Wesley followed them the next day as he had never paid a visit to Marion's family since the marriage of his son. He decided that now would be a proper time to show respects that he felt to be obligatory.

As soon as the rites were over, John Wesley returned home, but Marion, John Olin, and the babies remained with Tiny for a time, hoping that they could persuade her to come to North Carolina and live with them. Tiny had wide-open eyes that never missed seeing a thing and had no idea of stepping into a family feud. She informed them that she would continue in her own home and with the help of Mog and Gus, would be alright. It took her only three weeks to convince them that she meant what she said and they returned to the flat.

After realizing the farm was a large handful for her, Tiny finally rented a majority portion of the farm to brothers who lived near, reserving only enough for Gus to cultivate food for the three of them. Food for the fowls, cows, horses and pigs was supplied by the renters.

Tiny had a deep and lasting affection for this her first and only home after marriage; memories of plenty bring back many thoughts of happiness. However, there had also been almost unbearable sorrow experienced from the deaths of nine children whose graves she often visited in the spot beyond the garden where Lilacs fringed it with solemnity. The lean years after the war had changed their mode of living from luxury to strictly economical, but real love such as theirs made these hardships a co-burden, lightening the load for each of them.

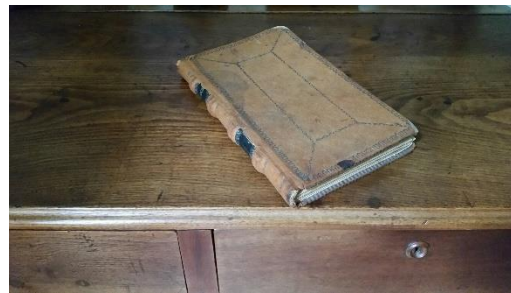
Sufficient funds were left for Tiny's support, and with her added rents, she was free of monetary worries. As time passed, the only discernable deviation from her past routine of living was an eighteen-inch fig stem pipe. Tobacco had never been used by any member of the family and it started Lou and Marion wondering, but knowing their mother, they refrained from commenting. This new and unbelievable habit was only indulged in when twilight sent her to the rocker in front of a bright and glowing fire when she would knit or sew on a **Crazy Quilt**. At intervals, she would lay all aside and light her pipe and enter "dream-land".



NORTH CAROLINA QUILT PROJECT, NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF HISTORY
Crazy Quilt c1900, sewed by Ellen Ann Soule Heptinstall 1844-1915 (pictured) daughter of Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall and wife Nancy Ann Sledge. She married Marion Eaton Newsom 1847-1915.
Quilt given to project by daughter Mrs. Blanche Newsome Whitaker

Her pet bull-dog, “English”, was always at Tiny’s feet. This short and very heavy woman was most reserved and kind, and like all elderly women in the South in the old days seemed to ask nothing more from life than a quiet hearth before a warming fire. Her only unspoken worry now was for Marion and John Olin and the ultimate outcome of their marriage. She was sure that as long as John Wesley held the reins of control, all would be well as to money and direction, but if he was ever forced by illness to surrender the reins to John Olin, she had grave doubts as to their future.

After returning to the flat from James’ funeral, neither John Olin nor Marion knew what had taken place at the big house since the mother passed, but John Olin had an inkling. Dolly, his aunt, had been in the home for a number of years and was present at the crucial moment of crisis. She, being several years older than John Wesley, had already on occasions exercised a motherly attitude even before her mother passed, so John Olin figured that it would be perfectly natural for her to take over running the household, not allowing the prestige to Marion. This is precisely what happened.



Pictured above is the plantation desk of the Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall. Originally, it was used in the general store, but later, it was put in his office, in his home. One of the general store’s ledgers was found in the drawer and lists items that surrounding families bought at the store, mostly on credit. The date on the ledger is 1865.

In the fall of the following year, John Wesley’s regular yearly Methodist district meeting which usually lasted about four days was coming up at his church. He wrote to invite his close friend, the Presiding Elder, Reverend Junius P. Moore, to come on Friday and bring his wife, Cornelia, to be his guests at Heptinstall Plantation. The Elder accepted his invitation, but Cornelia remained at home in Warrenton, North Carolina.

After supper on Friday evening, they retired to John Wesley’s office to discuss at some length the coming proceedings of the meeting, gradually drifting into memories when they were much younger and in divinity school together.

During the evening, the Elder complained several times of severe pain in his left arm, but being subject to attacks of rheumatism, he passed it off as such and said good-night to John Wesley. About four in the morning, John Wesley was awakened by a rap upon his door to find the Elder in staggering pain. John Wesley sent one of the farm-hands for the doctor and his driver to Warrenton for bring back Cornelia as soon as possible. The Elder’s buggy was the old-fashioned Phaeton that had brass lamps on each side on the seat and as he wanted to come shining, he proceeded to clean these himself, not realizing that he had a cut finger into which the canker had seeped. The doctor found upon examination that blood-poisoning had already entered the blood-stream and doubted his survival. The Elder died before his wife arrived about noon the following day.

The scheduled meeting was, of course, postponed and John Wesley drove the new widow, Cornelia, back to her home. He remained until after the funeral, then returned to Heptinstall Plantation with his own driver who had followed in his own buggy. As fate would have it, John Wesley continued to visit and console the widow every few weeks for the next year. John Wesley and Cornelia were married in the vestry of her church by the new pastor who had taken the place of her husband with the pastor's wife and Cornelia's sister as witnesses.

When John Wesley Heptinstall and the new wife, Cornelia Boddie Moore Heptinstall, entered the big north entrance gate and announced that they were married, John Olin was not too surprised, but Marion only saw her flower of expectancy of leaving the flat over the store wilt. Marion became very resentful of this woman who had protruded into a picture that she had envisioned as nearing completion. Dolly, too, was a trifle annoyed, but being an older and more understanding woman, she graciously surrendered all authority to the new mistress, realizing that John Wesley had a perfect right to take unto himself another wife and companion.

Marion was not an ardent student of the scriptures and had never memorized a verse that reads, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform". This new mistress that Marion resented was to be the one who hastened John Wesley's secret plan of moving John Olin into the plantation home. Un-be-knowingly to Marion, her long-hidden rainbow of desire was at last beginning to show brightness above the horizon of the future. She did not realize that her burning wish was soon to be fulfilled.

1881

With these plans not yet divulged to her, Marion found herself again pregnant, her third pregnancy in five years of marriage. Hurricane winds would have been but mild breezes in comparison when her loudly spoken anger practically swept John Olin right off of his feet. She announced that she was going to her mother's and was not coming back. It happened that John Wesley was within hearing and for the first, only, and last time put in a word of advice to John Olin, viz, "Take her to her mother and leave her there until she grows up". As soon as she could pack, she and the two little girls were delivered by John Olin to Tiny's haven in Virginia. There they lingered, through the birth of the third daughter until that same daughter was almost three years old. John Olin was not to see this third child until she was two years old.

In a short while, Cornelia began to miss living in a town. She had loved living in Warrenton where she had engaged in afternoon teas and meetings with other women of her church. Residency in the typical country side was making her restless and bored. John Wesley told her about his secret plans so she suggested that they build a house for the two of them in the town of Littleton, seven miles distant. He realized that his responsibilities would increase when this project got under way but Cornelia was able to convince him that eventually he could lessen his activities. She also argued that their leaving the plantation house would entice Marion to return to John Olin as she was sure that she would never return to the flat over the store.

On the fifth of February, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, just seven months after Marion declared her desired severance from Heptinstall Plantation, a third daughter was born, to this unpredictable in and out couple. They named her Nancy Cornelia. But called her Nancy. She was a perfect miniature of her father with reddish gold hair and blue eyes. She was to develop a keen mind, enabling her to decipher at a very early age many childish problems that so often puzzle young minds.

Tiny condescended at the time to write John Olin of the new arrival, but extended no invitation for him to come and see her, neither was there any message from Marion. As it turned out, their first meeting when Nancy was two years old lasted only one day. While John Olin was easy going, he could not see himself begging his beautiful, but tempestuous wife to return to him as she walked out of her own volition. Had not Cornelia prodded John Wesley into building a home for them in the town and turning the plantation over to John Olin, they might never have reached reconciliation.

John Wesley took his time thinking over this new project, but being the good man that he was, he wanted a contented wife and a united family for his son. While he was concerned about John Olin's lack of effort, he knew his ability was not wanting. This generous father also was anxious concerning the effect on the other family members for whom he had been responsible for many years. His sisters had married men who had proven that they could not support the large families that they had begotten without help from the plantation activities. [John Olin's two sisters were Eugenia Atkins Clark Heptinstall who married John Frank Jackson and Ellen Ann Soule Heptinstall who married Marion Eaton Newsome]

At one point during the effort to reach a decision that would not be detrimental to any-one, John Wesley took under consideration the possibility of placing a superintendent over John Olin. Cornelia quickly smothered the idea, knowing that Marion would without doubt make another quick exit back to Virginia and that marriage would be finally broken.

As John Wesley and Cornelia moved forward with their plan to build a house in Littleton, John Olin took off for Bailey's Lane, not knowing whether he would be met graciously or have a chair thrown at him after two years of separation. The main intent of this visit, of course, was to inform Marion that at last her wishes to become mistress of the big house were reaching a final culmination. When John Olin drove unannounced into the Bailey's yard, Joy and Carrie were at play and ran to greet him with open arms. Tiny appeared upon the scene; her attitude was as of a "stand-between" her daughter and him. She kept silent, however, but listened to him with an attentive ear. She admitted that she favored a reconciliation on account of the children, but exacted assurance from John Olin that her daughter would never again have to live over the store. John Olin finally convinced her that he was not just talking for effect so Tiny called to Marion who made a rather bold entrance and Tiny took the two older children into the kitchen. John Olin had a few moments to get reacquainted with his wife and hold for the first time, his new replica daughter.

The conversation between John Olin and Marion concerned solely the future that he unfolded before her and when she was told that the big house would be their home and servants would be at her command, she was thrilled. She almost asked him about his habit of "tipping the bottle", but upon second thought, she decided that she had better fore-go this reference as she might again upset the unsteady apple-cart that had just been righted.

He occupied the guest chamber for the night, an arrangement doubtless by Tiny. On leaving the next morning, he told Marion and Tiny that he could mark no definite time regarding when the new town house would be ready for John Wesley and the big plantation house available for Marion and the children. He promised, however, to keep in touch by letter.

1884



The Heptinstall House with the kitchen addition. Originally, it was not attached to the main house, but during renovations, around 1990, it was connected.

John Olin never liked the arrangement at the big house with the kitchen and dining room in the basement, so he asked John Wesley's permission to build an addition beside the house to set these quarters on the level of the living floor. With these two building projects, John Wesley's town house and the kitchen addition, this divided family was not re-united for another year

When John Olin brought his family home, it was more like the beginning of a new life together than just a continuation of the old one, meaning much more to Marion. It was her bridal dream coming true after almost six years of mixed hopes and disappointments. She could now hitch her wishing wagon to her imagined star of wealth and prestige that had been so long obscured by circumstances that she had not expected. She was to awaken later to find that she had over-estimated her influence and strength in attempting to pull John Olin along on this anticipated climb. He had now become a most contented sitter with few remaining aspirations that required activities.

Surrounded with a new location and unfamiliar faces, Nancy pleaded disparately through her tears to go back to the grandma's, the only home she had known for her three years. She bitterly resented the watchful Negro girl that had been assigned to keep a watchful eye on her, and as to John Wesley and John Olin, she much preferred the company of the fowls, particularly the peacock. She would take to the yard immediately after her breakfast and nothing could be mentioned by the nurse that interested her enough to divert attention from her feathery friends. She became very defiant toward both John Olin and Marion, but it took John Wesley only a short time to determine that she would be much more easily handled through appealing than demanding. She was well supplied with an inherited portion of Marion's stubbornness, but it was fortunately tempered with flexibility handed down through John Olin, the latter of these qualities becoming a great asset as she grew up over the years.

John Wesley had always monitored the plantation and the business on a consistent and daily basis. With his move to Littleton, he turned these smoothly-running wheels of business over to John Olin. The shifted responsibility rested not heavy enough upon his shoulders nor his conscience. John Olin reduced the trips of inspection to one or two per week.

When John Wesley came to the plantation for the twice a week inspection trips, he extended an offer to Nancy to accompany him. At the beginning, she was reluctant, but slowly, they became friends. Later this friendship turned into mutual adoration. Tears would always fill her eyes when time came for him to leave. He would gather her in his arms for a goodbye, leaving her nothing but an imagined echo of this resonant voice in her mind.

A long while after Nancy had moved to the plantation, John Olin was saddling his horse one morning to leave when Nancy asked, "Can't I go with you, John Olin?". As this was her first direct request for anything from him, he quickly had her lifted up and placed behind the saddle. This gesture halted the great indifference that Nancy had up to now shown toward her father. They were drawn much closer together from that morning on, creating a "pal-ship", rather than a father and daughter intimacy. She always called him John Olin. After this initial trip with John Olin, she was right beside him every Monday and Friday mornings at seven o'clock awaiting to be lifted upon the horse to accompany him on his inspection tour. He always returned to the big house by eleven o'clock whether his tasks were completed or not as that was the hour for the beginning of Mint-Julip time. These concoctions were always in readiness, having been prepared by a Negro man whose chores other than this, were very few. After dinner each day at noon, John Olin's afternoon nap was a must and as a head-scratcher was a necessity, Nancy was sworn in as soon as she was old enough to acquire the technique. A little Negro boy named Monk was assigned to wave peacock feathers to keep the flies swirling in fright while Morpheus [Greek God of Sleep] crept in. Monk was the only child of Mary, the cook, and he was so black that his face reflected shadows and so bow-legged that the bottoms of his feet never touched the ground, being forced to walk on the sides. As it turned out, he was the reason for Nancy's first spanking by John Olin. She wanted to fulfil a childhood curiosity and see him in the nude. After asking John Olin for a nickel, she had used the coin as an incentive to entice Monk to come behind the old "smoke-house" to the "Jimson Weed Circle" and disrobe. When Mary forced Monk to tell her where he got the money the story was aired, so Nancy was cornered and punished. Monk never grew beyond

midget size and when he was sixteen, he joined a small circus that was touring the town-ship and was never seen home again.

John Olin did not believe in heavy spanking for little girls so as Nancy grew older and really merited punishment, he would send her to the little Dream Pond to collect switches from the Weeping Willow. He would always designate the size by holding up a finger and if it was other than the little one, Nancy would always neglect to remember. She was never in a hurry to return to the scene of the crime and would linger on the moss under the Magnolia tree (never the Weeping Willow that supplied the weapons) watching the birds and listening to the little screeching tree-frogs, wishing with every breath that she had been hatched a bird instead of born a girl. In later years, when recalling these trying childish moments, she realized that the lapse of time between the incident and the punishment for by intent. John Olin was not too stern of a father and knew that procrastination was far worse than the ordeal of punishment itself.

From the age of five onward, Nancy realized that she was a decided misfit in Marion's meticulously laid-out pattern for her three little daughters. She was determined in all her efforts to impress upon their little developing minds of her three daughters that they were born of Aristocratic parents, had money, servants, and an assurance of a completed education, enabling them to stand apart from the riff-raff that lived around them. Nancy learned to sense the coming of these orations in time to make lightening exits to the fields where the Negro women would hide her under their voluminous calico skirts until Marion's voice could be heard no more.

This little girl Nancy was a great favorite among the Negroes; there was no whites and blacks to her, just people. She loved every one of them and spent many day-light hours with them especially when they were stripping the long fleecy white curls from the cotton-boles. They sang in unison many songs of many words while the tune never changed. When the pickings of each day were dumped at sunset from the baskets into the wagon that would be hauled to the attic of the cotton gin, Nancy would always be there to be lifted upon this mountain of snowy fleece.

About a quarter of a mile from the big house, beyond the little Dream Pond was a little one-room cabin in which lived two old slaves who had served John Wesley faithfully during the years that he needed them most. They were now living out their last days in quietude and contentment on the edge of the woods. There were eight steps leading into this little cabin which was composed of just one room sparsely furnished with a bed and an old trunk, the latter looking as though it had been somersaulted around the world. Opening this trunk in the dim light of the one very small window, Nancy could see all the clothing owned by Phil and Fanny Bristow.

One day when John Olin blew the **conch horn** to announce that dinner was ready, Nancy could not be found and Marion felt sure that she had fallen into the little Dream Pond and drowned. She always predicted that this child never would be raised to maturity. John Olin was not too perturbed though as he walked calmly down the steps and toward the little pond, re-calling that a few days before as he and Nancy had walked to the pasture gate, Nancy had asked to return by way of the cabin. While he talked with Phil, Fannie had engaged Nancy in what seemed to be quite an animated conversation. Later on the way home, Nancy told John Olin that she had been invited to have apple dumplings with this old couple someday. This was Nancy's favorite dessert. He bypassed the pond with just a glance, going over the hill to the cabin, and sure enough, there she sat at the table having dinner with them.

Nancy's plate was piled high with fried chicken that had been cooked in what was called the "Spider Skillet" that stood over coals on the hearth and squash hot from the pot that hung from a small crane in the chimney. The fragrance of the steaming dumplings was smelled by John Olin when still quite a ways away assured him that he was on the right trail. He was invited to share dessert, but declined, not wanting to have to tell Marion that he too had broken her rules by eating with the colored.



[Editor's Note] Several generations of the family blew the conch shell to call the workers in from the fields.

A blow-hole conch shell is kept by the fireplace in the parlor today. It was located in Virginia in the home of one of the Heptinstall cousins and returned to the plantation house. Tradition states that the early indigenous people used these for communication.

Picture is of Charles Vaughan blowing the conch. He is present owner of the Heptinstall House Plantation and great, great, grandson of the Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall.

On leaving, John Olin promised Fannie that Nancy could come again if she would let him know when she was invited. He knew full well that meals such as this were a rarity. Corn bread, turnip greens, fat back, and buttermilk sounded more like the common diet. While Nancy loved the food had been served her that day, she also enjoyed the common diet and many were the days that she was to be the guest of these two wonderful people.

When John Olin told Marion the story and the promise to Fannie, she seethed, suggesting that he also make her a promise viz, "Allow me to raise Joy and Carrie as I want them raised and you take Nancy under your guidance" and when he replied "I will be delighted, dear, to grant your wish" she winced, wondering if she was doing the right thing.

On the day that the family moved into the big house, Marion took the three little girls to the far southeastern corner of the big grove and introduced them to what John Olin vulgarly (according to Marion) called the back-house, but to her was the privy. The two older children knew its purpose and now Nancy was to fall in line with them under a rule laid down by Marion that a daily visit was a must whether there was an inclination or not, and the door must be shut before a seat was taken.

This relief center was a most attractive little house that was painted white with little window spaces covered by slightly slanting stationery wooden blinds that accented the green of the wild Locust tree that towered above it. There were six holes that ranged in size from infancy to two hundred pound accommodation, and when Carrie saw its size she said "I know who that one is for, Grandma, isn't it, Mother?" Marion did not answer, but went right on giving orders that she thought were important. Behind each of these holes were built-in boxes that the kids termed "mail boxes" as they contained old Sears Department Store catalogues and discarded papers along with some old castoff garments that were serving their last useful appointment.

The beautiful Locust tree that stood above the little back house where dreams were re-called and deep thinking often surfaced, furnished very large Locust fruit that was used in conjunction with Persimmons in making a certain kind of beer that was most popular in the South at that time. John Wesley always had many kegs of it made and placed it upon Standards to be used during the winter months. It was not a potent drink but a very delightful beverage that could be served in the home of a minister. John Olin did not continue this time-consuming process; he only admired the beautiful white cluster blossoms that opened each spring, while he enjoyed his "Old Overholt" on the rocks, as the drinkers of today term it. [Note: the Black Locust Tree has large, white, fragrant blossoms and fruit in the form of brown flat pods which contain 4-8 kidney-shaped, dark orange-brown seeds. It is not known which part was used to make the beer in those days.]

When Nancy was about six and a half years old, she obeyed Marion as directed by going to this little house one morning and closed the door behind her. While sitting calmly looking at pictures in a Sears Catalogue, she heard a terrific thump followed by a tiny squeal. When she looked up, she saw hanging exactly in the middle of the closed door the largest rat that she had ever seen, securely embraced by a tremendous snake. About two feet from the horrible hanging picture was the head of this monster above the boxing looking straight into Nancy's eyes with a look of angry defiance while his two-forked tongue flipped so rapidly that it would have taken a modern time clock to determine the number per second. Nancy, for the first time in her life, lost her ability to scream. When remembering the big hole, she went through it like a shot out of a rifle. The fact that there were no two hundred pounders in this Heptinstall family, saved her a rough handling by Marion who normally never waited to hear an explanation, just grabbed the child by the seat of the drawers with her right hand and wield the blows with the other.

John Olin found the snake, a black six footer, but being good for killing field rats and other pests, he did not kill it. He did call the carpenter and have the boxing on the back house covered. From that day, Nancy disobeyed Marion by never closing the door behind her, frequently not going in this back house] at all. She would keep right on marching until she reached the Blackberry Patch.

Marion gave birth to her fourth child, a son they named John Wesley Heptinstall, but nicknamed "Junior". He was to be the only boy in the family and was the first child to be born in North Carolina. He was verily a red-head and as ugly as a mutt. Nancy was later told by her step-grandmother that it hurt her eyes to look at her and her freckles wondered how she must have felt about Junior.

1884

Joy and Carrie were now of an age when schooling should begin, so Marion ordered her carriage to make a call upon a neighbor, the daughter of the most popular country doctor in the vicinity. This lady had two children about the same ages so Marion inquired about jointly hiring a tutor for all four children. It was decided that she would board with the doctor's family and the instruction would take place there. John Olin had no objection for his older daughters, but a firm stand against Nancy walking the distance as he termed her too young. [Note: Joy would have been about 8, Carrie about 6, and Nancy about 3.]

Inquiries were begun and after screening and character searching for some length of time, a teacher was employed, this act being the first step on the rungs of the Ladder of Knowledge. Marion continued propounded vigorously the aspects of "Southern Traditions".

This new arrangement was to bring Nancy and her "pal" much closer together than ever before. She now accompanied him to Littleton and Weldon when he went for needed necessities not raised on the plantation. She also went to the fields with him and his beautiful dog, Vance, to hunt quail and wild turkeys. They in a short time became a tied-tight triad.

When Nancy was about five years old, she heard John Olin complaining one day about a shortage of eggs. He wondered where the hens were making their nest, so she, ever ready to please him, decided that she would watch at least one hen and find out where she was making her nest. Unfortunately, she picked one that was setting at the time under "Charity's House". The cabin's foundation was made of logs that were only two feet apart. Nancy went flat on her stomach to follow her under the house and found that she could neither back out nor turn around.

When this "Long Island Red" chicken saw Nancy coming, she went for her like a "hell-cat" to protect her nest. Nancy's screams were heard all over the grove even to the general store. In minutes, John Olin was there instructing her to fight back. When this infuriated hen saw she was being challenged, she scurried back on her nest. Nancy, covered with bleeding scratches, had to remain looking into the beady eyes of that furious hen while more than fifty bushels of corn were moved across the floor and the floorboards were removed so that she could

be pulled out. In a week, this mother hen marched boldly out into the sunlight with her brood of little chicks but whenever Nancy encountered her in the yard, she gave her the one-eye look of contempt.

1886

There were two things in Nancy's early life that she wanted the worst way to do, live in a tree and **write a book**. So John Olin assisted her in beginning a **diary**. Initially, he wrote the entries each evening as she dictated them. This procedure continued until she could determine not only the composition but the entries as well. Nancy never forgot to appear at John Olin's knee in the evenings with pencil and pad. With the book in its infancy, her other burning desire was to live in a tree. John Olin had his carpenter build the fulfillment of her dream in a very large Oak tree in the grove. The tree had low limbs that gave her a start in climbing to the little house. Marion, frightened to the point of nervous prostration, demanded that the tree's limbs be sawed off to prevent her from climbing but John Olin interceded. The next great problem that had to be solved was if Marion was going to allow Nancy to have meals served up in a tree. Marion quickly decided that both John Olin and Nancy were "tetched in the head" as the Negros termed "light-brain humans". John Olin stepped in again and settled the question by appointing Sam, the handy man, to serve dinner to Nancy at noon in the tree, but he required that she eat breakfast and supper at the dining table as always.

This little house above the earth served Nancy as a place of complete happiness until she was twelve years of age. As an adult, she adapted the art of looking back through closed eyes to the many unforgettable memories associated with her childhood and these kinds of tokens of devotion from John Olin.

1888

The Blizzard of eighty-eight was Nancy's never forgotten "White Miracle". Having never seen before more than seven or eight inches of snow at one falling, Marion brought out from the mothballs all the red-flannel petticoats and gray Balmorals to supplement the already long heavy underwear that came to the ankles. Nancy would swear in later years that she could have been rolled down the side of the tallest mountain without so much as a jolt. The snow fell for two days and two nights, piling up drifts as high as the fence around the big grove, while on a level it measured a depth of twenty-seven inches. Paths had to be dug to all the out-building and there was a great discussion in regard to the turkeys, chickens, and guineas who were roosting in a large Oak tree near the back porch. John Olin was afraid that their toes would freeze off, while Marion contended that since they sat on their feet, they would be alright.

Sam said nothing, but just waited to see what was going to be the situation when the sun did break through. After the snow stopped falling, he and John Olin gathered the fowls up and put them under the kitchen wing with its rock foundation. The frightened animals flapped their wings so much that they got buried in the snow. During this very cold procedure, they did not stop to examine the toes but several days later, when the door was opened to release them, the turkeys and the guineas came out flopping their wings in joy, but the poor little chickens came slowing falling from side to side on out-stretched wings as partial support for mud-caked nubs, both John Olin and Marion were speechless and needless to say, the Heptinstall family had an abundance of chicken dinners over the next several days.

In her older years, Nancy has realized how much more real were the adventures of her childhood in those days than the adventures of children today seem to experience. The recalling of the simple joys gave her so many pleasant memories.. Some would presume to call it advancing civilization, but to her, it means cutting short the best of one's life. Alice in her Wonderland of today could never create half of the enjoyment that Nancy experienced on the old plantation during the first twelve years of her life. She appreciated to the utmost that she was raised in such an environment where she could learn so much about nature and wildlife, while a city-raised child would never learn by living contact, but only through books.

All through Nancy's childhood, she had many pets ranging in size from white mice to horses, the former causing at one point, Marion's threat to make another quick exit. This happened one night when her mother pulled the covers down on her bed and found two mice behind the pillow. She delivered an ultimatum to John Olin who quickly promised that he would give them to one of the share-tenants; at least, that is what he promised. Nancy was in the room at the time and had a "hunch" that he was going to have them thrown in an old discarded well where newly born and unwanted kittens were drowned when the cats became too prolific.

John Wesley moved the peacocks to his home in Littleton as requested by John Olin. This resulted in Nancy losing her interest to a big degree in the yard fowls. Guineas were interesting to a point that they would never return to a nest if human hands had removed the eggs. John Olin kept a very long-handled spoon that he used to gently pick up the eggs. Once when Nancy was picking wild straw-berries, she came upon a nest with one hundred and ten eggs in it. John Olin took the spoon and a stool and removed them one by one. Nancy tried several times to tame a newly hatched guinea hen as a pet but learned that they were definitely of the wild. She wanted in the worst way to take a beautiful, white buzzard from its nest and bring it to the big house, sure that she could train it to love her and become one of her pets, but John Olin kindly showed her that this could never be accomplished. He edged her slowly toward the nest that contained two birds, while he trailed her at arms-length and as the birds began violently belching, he quickly pulled her back, else she would have been sprayed with their last delivered meal.

John Wesley continued his trips to the plantation and as always, Nancy met him at the big gate at the north side of the property, remaining at his side until he left for home. They would go salt the sheep and see if any had been added to the flock by birth since they made the last trip, often finding as many as a half dozen, some still so shaky from recent birth that they had not yet found their balance. All of these sheep were sheared and dipped in the spring and the wool sent to mills to be made into blankets that were distributed among the Heptinstall families.

John Olin and Nancy were doing a lot of hunting just at this point. John Olin had given her a lovely sorrel mare on her eighth birthday and a Junior rifle that he only allowed her to use to shot rabbits and birds when on the ground. It took three years of training before he allowed her to shoot on the wing, but loving the sport, she was never left behind when John Olin and Vance readied for the fields. The legal season for hunting began in mid-October just when the wheat was tipped with gold and the cool breezes swayed it into soft waves that made it look like a floating cloud of golden haze. Nancy noticed that the trees that formed a background for this autumn picture were beginning to show fringes with varied colors, bringing their share of beauty into the picture before the leaves went whirling to the ground.

1889

John Wesley was a man of many visions. One concerned the education of young Methodist girls. He worked slowly and diligently in conjunction with the "Educational Methodist Council" to develop a plan to build a college in Littleton NC that could educate girls from the local area as well as girls from greater distance as it was to be a boarding school. He had been quietly storing lumber for more than three years so he volunteered to supply the construction materials and supervise the building. The organization council was to be responsible for employing and paying the personnel and supporting the interior necessities.

All of John Wesley's granddaughters were to attend the college through graduation without any cost other than a small fee if they wished to be in-boarders. John Wesley had eight granddaughters and realizing that in this area where there were no public school and few private academies, this project would provide an excellent education for each of them. Over the years, there had been a number of meetings in the district and hot discussions, but not one plank was hauled nor one hammer lifted toward erecting a public supported school. So John Wesley became a co-owner in this project and after the building was complete, he served as a director of finance for several years.



LITTLETON
FEMALE
COLLEGE,
Littleton, North
Carolina

Opened in 1882 as
Central Institute,

Chartered in 1889 as
Littleton Female
College,

Burned 1919

John Wesley made an extra trip to the farm to break the news to the family that the Littleton Female College would be ready for opening in the fall, which was in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. The doors would swing open for girls to acquire more education that had ever even been dreamed of before in this locality. The school offered courses in chemistry, physics, stenography, physiology, psychology, languages, history, and other disciplines. It also included art, physical education, and music. In 1890, annual tuition, including room and board, was \$70 per pupil. By 1908, nearly 25 faculty members attended and there were about 284 students from nearly every southern state, as well as Oklahoma and one young lady from Cuba.

John Wesley had retired to the little town of Littleton, but in no way, had he retired from continued work. Having been the superintendent of the construction for this college, he was now appointed to work with the President as Treasurer in charge of all money matters pertaining to both expenses of the college and funds for scholarships to pupils who wanted education but could not afford to pay the entire required amount. The president of this small college had been a close friend of John Wesley's for many years. He was an ordained minister serving congregations at about the same time that John Wesley was. Working together, they were enthusiastic and determined to make this educational opportunity a great success.

On the day of the opening, people came from miles away, some to satisfy curiosity and others to investigate as to prices and curriculum. John Olin and the entire family were present and while they had heard endless information about the future program and planned curriculum, it was indeed interesting to watch the public reaction, many of who had never seen so large a school before. This occasion was the one time that the town of Littleton made the headlines in all of the papers in that part of the state and its seven-hundred inhabitants reveled in the publicity.

When time came for enrolling, names for the sisters, Joy and Carrie, were entered as boarders, while Nancy at age eight, was to be brought into town every Monday morning and was to remain until Friday afternoon when she would be take back for the week-ends on the plantation. She was to live with John Wesley and attend school during the day sessions. She was very delighted with this arrangement as she would be near John Wesley whom she loved so deeply, even though she lost no love on Cornelia who had called her homely. She would just have to endure her while enjoying this close association under the same roof with him.

It was a little late as all admitted for a child to start formal schooling, but Nancy felt that the knowledge that she had gained through constant company with John Olin on the plantation was a perfect foundation for the new effort of gaining knowledge through books.

John Olin and Nancy continued their Saturdays in the field and as time advanced, she knew that love for the great outdoors was born within her. She was proud that John Olin, having gained for himself the reputation as

“the great crack shot” of the county, was her father. She wanted nothing more earnestly than to linger by his side and share his life as long as he lived. Yet at this point in her life, she was beginning to seek answers to many questions and preferred to use her own little “Book of Thinking” before going to others for information. Even when she did solicit answers, she listened to their answers and then used her own reasoning before coming to a final solution.

One Sunday afternoon in November after the opening of the college in September, John Olin was called upon by several teenage young men. They had attended services at Mount Tabor Methodist Church where John Wesley previously had served as minister for many years. They asked whether John Olin would assume the position as head of their Bible class. John Olin was initially bewildered by this request as he had never participated in church activities. His name had been entered in the membership index as an infant when he had been baptized by his father. After contemplation, he realized that this request could not have been made at a better time recalling that in the last several months, Marion had expressed her condemning thoughts, being confident that John Olin was headed straight into “The Devil’s Den”.

Flattered by the request, he notified the spokesman of the group that he would agree. He sent in immediately a subscription to a religious magazine called “A Sunday School Teacher’s Guide”, not knowing at this point whether his efforts would be merely artificial or genuine. He realized that he would have to study up so he could intelligently expound the truth to these young men and he was realistic enough to understand that he may have stumblings along the way.

The children were puzzled by this newly born interest and their father’s sudden attendance every Sunday to church. They had witnessed many years of their mother going north to her church in Littleton while they went south with John Wesley to his country church. Now John Olin was taking the brood of children south to the country church. Nancy felt that there was something different, but John Olin still took his drinks before dinner each day, and while the mint-julip man had taken off to parts unknown, the “Old Overholt” was still always in the cabinet of the old fashion secretary that stood in the office adjacent to his bedroom. He seemed to enjoy the drinks that he concocted himself as much as the mint-julips that were now past history.

His drinking had always been a bone of contention. Marion resented this extravagance of indulgence by John Olin, knowing that the money was needed for other things. Since this was his only outlet now, he paid no attention to her demands and reprimands. The snappy little quarrels concerning this subject would send Marion to one of the guest rooms with orders that her meals be served in her room. Nancy became the carrier of the letters that were sent back and forth. This situation would only last a few days and things would be smoothed over and normal life resumed.

All of these crazy antics mixed up Nancy’s thoughts, resulting in confusion beyond her ability to fathom, even later into old age. She was bright enough to realize that it was good that John Olin had become involved as a Sunday teacher, hoping that it would put him on the road to imitating his father’s Godly example.

John Wesley was now enmeshed in devoting his time and energy in accenting the importance of general education, working toward his ultimate desire to bring together the two goals, religion and education. John Wesley was carrying to a magnificent end the living example through his self-sacrificing life what he had propounded from the pulpit for many years. Unfortunately, his son, John Olin, nor daughter in law, Marion, had taken cognizance of what was going on around them, never taking time to analyze and realize that they were creating complexes for their young children.

All this talk about a God in heaven did not click too loudly at first with Nancy. John Wesley was everything to her, but she could see and touch him. She had been deeply puzzled many times when in the fields with the Negroes who would, without provocation, suddenly kneel and chant a prayer in unison. When she would ask an explanation from John Olin, his effort to clarify was never very satisfactory to this little girl. Her strong will increased as she grew older and no other member of her family other than John Wesley could make indelible imprints upon her fast developing mind in regard to religion. She knew that he lived each day what he preached on Sunday, thusly keeping alive before the public his ability to live his belief in humility.

1890

In the summer of eighteen ninety, the Methodists in the South began the old fashioned protracted meetings. The first sessions was set to take place at the Mt. Tabor Methodist Church since it was the largest building of any denomination in the county. All denominations were invited and expected to participate in this get-together for the purpose of trying to convert people to what-ever religion that they might want to embrace. Being the month when the crops were “laid by”, August was always the selected month for the first week of these gatherings.

These meetings began on the first Sunday in the month and lasted through Friday; each member of that church who had a family would bring food enough for them and any invited friends. Many strangers were also invited through that courtesy of invitation. So numerous were the calls of “My Dear Cousin” that Nancy was left trying to determine from which limb on the family tree had these very new relatives dropped. John Wesley was, of course, always in attendance and when possible, occupied the pulpit by unanimous appeal on each of these days. Marion would attend only on the days that her friends from the town put in their appearance. A great deal of praise was accorded her for the delicious meals that she planned and helped Mary, the Heptinstall cook, prepare each night for the next day, both being up until mid-night.

The eleven A.M. morning gatherings were similar to a music festival of today. The singing and reading of the Bible always ended with a prayer. Nancy enjoyed these sessions but would have skipped the afternoon services if John Olin had not kept an eye on her. Getting drowsy, she would glance over the congregation and realize that she was not the only one who was ready to nap, some already in the process. The minister would periodically slam his hand down very hard upon the pulpit and timidly concluded that he was not aiming to impress what he was saying, but to awaken those who were slipping into slumber-land.

She always scrambled for a seat next to a window which was about five feet from the ground. When the shaking of hands and tearful embraces began, Nancy would go out of the window like an apple falling from a limb. John Olin knowing her reluctance in highly emotional situations would never reprimanded her for vanishing.

On Sunday, the “sprinkling” mode of Methodist baptism would take place. This service was most boring to a girl of ten so Nancy always had some reason concocted for wanting to remain at home. On several occasions, she even consented to go with Marion into town to her church. But when Marion suggested that Nancy become a regular attender at her Baptist church, Nancy ended this occasional deviation from her regular and much preferred Sabbath routine. She wanted no more miles between town and Heptinstall Plantation added to her already continuous weekly journeys to attend the college.

This childhood experiences in religious anti-isms taught Nancy a never forgotten lesson, viz “Never use persuasive influence upon children as to what church they must join, but let them make their own decision after reaching an age of ability to determine which is best for them.” She approved of taking them to some Sunday school so they could learn the fundamentals of all religions, but the ultimate decision must be delayed until a person was able to clearly think things out for himself. Personally, Nancy never had any controversial feelings about faiths and differences of opinions as to religions, believing that if there exists in any one’s mind an earnest desire to live a good and useful life, any church was an institution of help. She was convinced that a person can accomplish lifts to higher levels of life through daily contacts and the manner in which he conducts himself. She also learned quite young the undisputed truth that no one walks the tough road of living, alone. There are many opportunities presented to lighten the burdens of others and to renew a withering belief in some people who are ready to renounce every declared truth pertaining to our living God.

At about the age of ten, Nancy was pretty much thinking for herself. She remembered that John Olin had made her a promise to be fulfilled and she set out to remind him. She had just overheard Mary, the cook ask John Olin for next Sunday off so she could attend this colored baptizing that was to be held following the church gathering. This church, the only colored church in the area, was located about two miles distant from the

plantation. Nancy had asked many times previously to be allowed to go to the colored services to observe their manner of conducting a service and had been refused by John Olin. He thought it sacrilegious to attend only to gratify curiosity. Having promised that she could attend at the age of ten, she reminded him that his promise needed to be fulfilled

This church was not any special denomination by name and served as a fellowship meeting place where everyone was welcome. John appointed Mary to take Joy, Carrie, and Nancy, as well as two of the Superintendent's children who were similar ages. On a lovely Sunday about noon, the horse was hitched to the buggy, the children piled in, and Mary drove to the appointed place. She wanted to join her friends and left her charges at the water's edge of a pond known as "Austin's Black Pond". This land was part of John Wesley's plantation and was located near the Grist Mill whose mammoth grinding wheel was stilled for the Sabbath.

This pond had very black and ominous water and it had been condemned by the county sheriff as a swimming place because it contained "suck-holes of quick-sand" on its bottom. Several young Negroes had been drowned there in the past and those incidents had prompted John Olin to post the pond as dangerous. Since it was the only accessible place for this baptizing, John Olin had given consent provided that they employ life guards. The children looked very closely for the two life-savers, expecting to see monstrosities, but they turned out to be just powerful Negroes who had been lifelong swimmers and who had volunteered their services.

The crowd gathered upon a hill close to the pond and lines of three people were formed. Bearing a long pole between them, the two ministers dressed in long, flowing black robes with white caps. They all chanted in prayer while the two ministers approached the water and with the help of the strong men, the first group of penitents waded in holding onto the pole, as they felt very carefully for sure foot-holds until they were up to their arm pits in the water. Nancy felt chills running up and down her spinal column with the rapidity of a squirrel being chased by a cat, and when she made the remark to Joy that "the two ministers look exactly like huge black water-lilies", Joy shushed her, telling her it was sacrilegious to make such remarks. The group of three were lowered into the pond simultaneously, Nancy guessed, in an effort to hasten the task. As the last three people waded in for their declaration of faith and allegiance to their church, there was a terrific splash just in front of them, causing them to panic and release the pole. Above them in a Weeping Willow tree, a lazy large water moccasin had been disturbed as he was taking his daily sun bath. He slithered away and headed downstream. These three humble servants-to-be baptized themselves by floundering in the water until the two strong men could pull them out. The two ministers had already made an exit in quick order.

When shouting and praises began, Mary gathered her brood for the return trip. Having already gotten permission from John Olin to use the buggy, she planned to leave the children at the plantation and return to the festivities and the feasting that was to be served at sunset as a dedication to the new members.

Through many years, this spectacle would creep back into Nancy's analysis of past incidents and she would wonder if the Negro baptism was similar to the Biblical recording of baptisms that took place in the river Jordan. She had this pictured in her mind as a saintly act taking place in a calm, quiet atmosphere, certainly not one infested with snakes and dangerous suck-holes.

Nancy pondered a number of confusing incidents during this time in her life. Several weeks after this baptismal, Nancy and John Olin were out hunting and after growing a little tired, they took a seat upon a fallen tree. Nancy started in with some questions, many of which seemed to puzzle him as much as they did her. One challenging one was in regard to Negroes stealing; she had observed women on several occasions taking things that did not belong to them but when she would tell John Olin, he would not say a word to the woman, but simply move whatever they had been filching behind locked doors. She also recalled hearing ranting by John Olin when he discovered that some share-croppers had sold a portion of their harvest before the contract division. Nancy wanted to be told that they were not sinning at all as they were taking only from some-one who had plenty and therefore, would suffer no loss. Besides, in her mind, they were the workers who produced the products. John Olin made an effort to explain to Nancy that credit was given to all share-croppers at all times in the general store so they would not be in want of anything. The taking-away before division was sinful because it was not fair to those

who did not do it. He also explained his reason for not quarrelling with them when they were caught as, “Words not uttered do harm to no-one, but the thinker”.

Nancy experienced her last brush with death on the plantation in a fight with a full-blooded Jersey heifer who had just mothered her first calf. Needless to say, the heifer came out the champion. She knew that she had no one but her own self to blame for this terrorizing experience and she learned a valuable lesson that she never overlooked or forgotten. This specific brand of cow was the most vicious of all that John Olin pastured on the plantation and this harrowing experience would never have happened had Nancy obeyed his orders that no child enter the pen unless accompanied by an adult. However, on a Saturday morning as she was studying the serenity of the cows as they calmly chewed their cud, Nancy decided that she would go through the pen to get to the corn crib instead of going the extended way around. This decision came near to being the last choice between right and wrong that she was ever to make.

A beautiful blonde heifer, Effie who was named for a very mild and sweet cousin of Marion’s kept a strict eye upon her new calf. When Nancy opened the gate, the calf slipped in beside her and Nancy attempted to push him back into the grove. In a split second, she was lifted by a head that felt equal to a “bull-dozer” and was thrown all the way across the side pen. The mother heifer, still not being satisfied with her perfect pitch, began goring Nancy as she screamed and beat him back with her small fist.

Marion heard the commotion and grabbed Sam as he was just entering the kitchen with a bucket of water and mightily pushed him down the stairs. Sam swore afterwards that he landed on the ground without touching any of the eight steps. As he ran to the grove he grabbed a fence rail and Effie took a minute to look at him. Nancy tried to escape but as Effie saw her prey getting away, she took after her and began to climb over the fence just as Nancy was doing. Sam rained down some mighty blows that convinced her to back off so Nancy could finish her climb over the fence. This unscheduled fight left Nancy with many bruises and much pain. Nancy forever maintained a wary eye on any cow and was sure that she could win, better than any squirrel in any tree climbing contest.

Nancy was aware for some time that Marion was going to give birth to another child and not wanting to be near when it happened, was frantic to get back to John Wesley’s home in Littleton. Anything pertaining to sex or births was most obnoxious to Nancy. Having lived on the plantation, she had seen begettings and deliveries which made her lose respect for all males excepting John Wesley and John Olin.

Even though the stiffness and soreness from the cow attack still racked her body, she determined that she was sufficiently healed by the excellent care of the family doctor and was able to return to school. Nancy became so wrought up over the fact that she might be on the plantation when the baby arrived that John Olin finally consented to take her back to John Wesley’s. When Friday afternoon of that first week back at school rolled around, Nancy waited at John Wesley’s home for her father, but he did not appear. On Saturday morning, he brought the news that Marion had given the family another little girl and named her after herself, Hannah Bailey, later nicknamed “Ding”. [Note: Hannah Bailey Heptinstall 1890-1964]

Nancy would often frequent the little Dream Pond and suddenly she noted that it was not being kept as well as it had been when John Wesley lived on the plantation. She wondered why her father had not noted the difference. She called John Olin’s attention to it, and he replied, “As we do not store ice anymore, there is not a necessity in keeping it beautiful. Also, Sam and Hilliard have been assigned to help in the field work and do not have the time now.” In addition to noting that the plantation was not being kept in proper order, she had been aware that lately John Olin’s face seldom brightened into smiles as it used to. Even when in the fields hunting there seemed to be a worry that he could not cast aside. John Wesley’s trips to the farm became more frequent, and worry lines became apparent on another face; however, his calmness of manner in dealing with a son whom he did not want to hurt was apparent in every move that was made.

The close scrutiny on productions, purchased merchandise and sales by John Wesley himself went on for well over a year before the consequence of poor management finally cracked down. John Olin went to John Wesley, the Saint, who had always carried his burden for him. The too loose and too long rope of freedom that

John Wesley had used to guide his son finally was hanging him financially. John Wesley brought his lawyer to the office at the general store and after delving thoroughly into every aspect of the businesses, made the decision to sell out the machinery of the saw-mill and the cotton-gin, leaving the wooden structures as a reminder of what used to be. The general store was also sold out and stripped of all interior requirements such as shelves, counters etc. Its remaining shell later was converted into a stable for the horses that belonged to John Olin. The only business that was left intact was the grist-mill that provided flour and cornmeal as it was needed for all the families on the plantation and could still provide a source of income.

The year before as the first impending shadows came to John Wesley's keen attention, he had dismissed the farm superintendent, putting John Olin to a thorough test for over a year before he took the imperative step. Acknowledging the terrible situation, John Wesley paid all the debts. He told John Olin that all share-croppers would be his to manage and any income from additional production would go toward the support of his family.

So now Marion, the climber, and John Olin, the sitter, had created for themselves another beginning where wishing wagons and bright stars were not to guide or propel. With the secret worry of accumulated debts obliterated, the crisis resolved for the moment. John Olin again stepped into his familiar pattern of lazy living, going often out into the big grove and walking around whistling while being followed by a drove of fowls and horses and pigs if they happened to be in the grove at the time. The horses would neigh and the fowls would sing in their dumb way, showing their devotion to this man whose hand had fed them for many years. He was still the man of the hour to these creatures that had no way of knowing that leaner days were not far distant.



(left) Eugenia Alkin Clark
Heptinstall Jackson,
daughter of Reverend John
Wesley Heptinstall
1841-1908 and her daughter
"Jenny"



(right) John Frank Jackson
1835-1887
Civil War Veteran,
who married Eugenia

1892

Ding, the baby, was now two years old and so spoiled that she was a constant pest so no love was lavished upon her by either her brother or sisters. She had to be given whatever she wanted, no matter who had it. During the week when Nancy was in school, Ding lived among the pots and pans in the always here-to-fore forbidden to the older children spotless kitchen. She would get, of course, the pots and pans to play with while Marion would be cooking and Mary would be washing, ironing, or cleaning. Frequently, two vessels would clash and both women would simultaneously sing out, "Ding", thusly creating the baby's name that followed her into womanhood.

One morning Sam awoke John Olin with the news that Vance was nowhere to be seen anywhere around the place. This was most unusual as he always greeted Sam as he appeared at the rising of the sun. The dog house was under the back porch where the carriage and the buggy were also stored. Vance would herald anyone

approaching to the door by giving a single bark that alerted the family. John Olin had realized for some time that Vance was growing very old, even curbing the distances when hunting, not wanting him to get too tired. When he and Nancy went to look for his dog, they found him curled beneath the Mulberry tree beyond the garden. He did not move when John Olin called to him. They both knew that he had left them. Only twice in Nancy's life did she see tears in John Olin's eyes. This was the first and later when John Wesley died, was the second time. John Olin and Sam made a neat wooden box in which they lovingly placed Vance after he was wrapped in a pearly white sheet. He was buried in the spot that he had himself chosen as a last resting place.

Nancy's emotions also got the best of her as she also mourned for Vance. She determined that she would never again become so deeply wrapped in love for anything. Quickly forgetting her pledge, she began to spend lots of time with her horse. When she stood near her, she would nuzzle her under her chin and kiss her cheek.

Time spent in the field after the death of Vance was never the same. Even though John Olin immediately bought another dog, a shaggy brown setter that he named Guy, he could not totally replace the black and white specked pointer, Vance. Guy was never taught to retrieve or to do the wonderful things that seemed to come perfectly natural to Vance. Nancy knew that no dog would take the place of Vance in the field or in John Olin's heart. The loving memory of Vance would always be with John Olin and Nancy when they walked in the fields.

She continued to discern sadness of the face of her father. She felt that he recognized the repercussions of his many unwise choices. In time, the great enthusiasm in regard to hunting dimmed. They attempted other activities such as fishing, but Nancy thought it cruel. When she did catch one, John Olin would have to take it from the hook as she turned her back.

Nancy was now in her twelfth year, large for her age and mentally brilliant. Her progress at the college was the talk of the little town and a most satisfactory compliment to John Wesley who had always helped her and contended that she had an unusual capacity. She was frequently promoted to higher grades during the semester, surprising even herself. Often when Nancy returned to John Wesley's in the afternoon from the college, he would have Nellie hitched to the buggy, waiting for her to join him as he called upon some of friends or members of the church. If the calls happened during vegetable time in the gardens, they would return looking as though they were ready to open a market. They never returned with an empty rear section as cured hams, geese and other fowls were always plentiful and placed often without John Wesley's knowledge in the buggy as a demonstrative gesture of the deep affection the person felt for this man who lived so close to God.

John Wesley had taken over the ministry at the large Methodist church in Littleton after moving there. A recently ordained minister was assigned to be his assistant, with an open agreement that John Wesley could surrender all church work to the younger man when the work of the college in conjunction with church activities became too burdensome for him. This arrangement was carried out for two years until John Wesley finally surrendered all active church work, but continued visiting the sick, the poor, and the needy with more than a prayer and a wish for them.

At the break of dawn on a Saturday morning in October of Nancy's eleventh year, all of the family was awakened by a call under John Olin's window by John Wesley's driver who had been sent to tell the family that he had suffered a stroke and was very ill. John Olin quickly dressed, leaving at once to be near the bedside, and remained until he passed on the following Tuesday morning. This was one time that every remaining relative experienced not only deep sorrow, but also frightening concern regarding their futures. All the Heptinstall families realized that the power line that had turned the wheel of the very existence mill had blown itself out and would never be put into action again. They were all also silently aware that there was no capable substitute to take over and be a competent guide for the future. [Note: Joy was about 14, Carrie about 12, and Nancy about 9 when John Wesley died.]

Nancy's whole world fell apart and her heart smashed in pieces. The death of Vance had impacted her by impressing the truth upon her that no-one could hold on to anything no matter how much loved and cherished if the Creator was ready to call. Now John Wesley was gone too. As she strolled away from the house to the open

fields, she tried to visualize what life was going to be like from now on without him. How many times she had seen him stoop to pull back one leaf of the blossom as though he wanted to see what the little petal face looked like, then caressingly turn it back into place. If he accidentally stumbled upon a blossoming plant, he would always stooped to ensure that no stems were left bent. Tears dimmed her eyes. The bright and shining light that seemed ever over them was now shut out by the night of truth.

This grandfather, John Wesley, was ever to linger in Nancy's most precious memories of Heptinstall Plantation as he had been the instigator of all accomplishments attained for good living, as well as education and fulfillment of anticipated desires. All this, he had brought to reality by careful planning and skillful maneuvering by his brilliant and flexible mind.

Nancy watched John Olin in his efforts to suppress his grief, asking herself if she was right in idolizing John Wesley and just loving John Olin. John Wesley had been to her a Saint who imparted at all times a heavenly influence by saintly living each day. This quality that had never been imbibed by his son who had preferred earthly indulgences.

The funeral took place at the church in the town and afterward, his body was brought to the Heptinstall Family burying ground that was within sight of the big house. Hundreds of people, from far and near, came to pay their last respects to a most beloved man and as Nancy stood close to John Olin with his arm about her, John Wesley's heaven came very close. They both felt his presence.

Three days later, the family was called together to hear the reading of John Wesley's will. John Olin had been instructed to bring Nancy since she was remembered in the will. They all were aware that the will could bring about many upsets as Cornelia was now his widow and that could place her ahead of John Olin in legacies. It was known, of course, that the money as well as the time that John Wesley had invested into the opening of the college had paid large dividends. Now, the heads of the organization who were co-owners with John Wesley would assume entire control. The families had been assured that the free tuition for the Heptinstall daughters, included the ones who had not yet entered would continue. The lawyer who was reading the will was also the author of the will and a very old friend of John Wesley's. He had drawn the legal documents when John Wesley purchased the plantation so many years ago. When the lawyer began reading this document, the tears flowed from his tired eyes and his hand shook so violently that Nancy wondered if he would be able to read it to the end.

Nancy was left the horse named Nelly, a grey mare that John Wesley had ridden over the plantation for a number of years when he was too old to walk. She was also willed the granddaughter of Effie, the vicious Jersey cow that came so near to bringing to truth Marion's prediction that Nancy would never be raised to maturity. In addition, John Wesley left her a small amount of money that was placed in father's care until she was eighteen years of age.

John Olin was left the big house with the remaining twenty-five hundred acres of land. Previously, parcels of two hundred and fifty acres having been deeded to each daughter when they married. Cornelia was left the town house in Littleton that she had designed with the privilege of deeding it to anyone that she might choose. All was finally settled and life had to go on from here without a balance wheel to hold a level. Life would be lived uneasily after this death with tense faces and at times, snappy words.

Just at this time, there was under construction the first public school house about a mile and a half from the big house and Nancy pleaded with John Olin to allow her to go to this little school in the woods. This ten-year old girl realized that as much as she was missing John Wesley, it would be difficult to stay in his house during the school week with all the memories. Unbeknownst to her, Cornelia had already made a request to John Olin that Nancy be allowed to continue the same routine so she would not be alone. Marion had always objected to any discussion of a public country school where one of her daughters would be thrown in company with the so called "riff-raff". So it was decided that Nancy was to continue as a day pupil at Littleton College, living with Cornelia and spending the weekends on the plantation as she had done previously. Joy had one more year in school and Carrie two, but at the end of the year when Joy graduated, fifteen-year old Carrie did not want to return for her last year so her education was called completed.



Archived photograph of Littleton College students in 1897

Cornelia had a sister who had been widowed the year before John Wesley died and after about a year of living with only a young female maid, the two of them decided that living together would be cheaper. Besides, they would be good company for each other, so Penelope, Aunt Nep to the children, moved in with Cornelia. She rented her small farm near Warrenton, North Carolina to a man who had a large family.

This Penelope was born with what was at that time called a “green thumb” and a very keen mind to guide that thumb in experimenting with such revelations as growing apples and peaches on the same tree, actually accomplishing this in her third year of effort. She also grew the first celery that was ever produced in this part of the country. Every vegetable that she grew was much larger than those that grew in ordinary gardens around the county. Nancy had taken little note of this woman at John Wesley’s funeral. She had been swathed in a knee-length flowing black veil such as was worn by all widows in the South at this time; in fact, they were never discarded during the remainder of their lives if the mourning was for a husband. When she did get a clear vision of her “unveiled”, Nancy gasped, wondering how she moved about. She was a perfect replica of a sketched skeleton that Nancy had seen in a book, with only skin having been pulled over the bones. She spoke with a small, squeaky voice that sounded implanted within. She had a complete set of upper and lower dentures that clicked and clacked when she talked, producing an imaginary resound of the jaws of the skeleton if opened and shut. Nancy was sure that there would be another funeral in this family very soon, but to her amazement, she found Penelope to be a slim stick of dynamite.

Immediately upon settling with Cornelia, Aunt Nep hired an old negro named Lazarus and together, they not only produced wonderful vegetables, but grew the most gorgeous flowers ever seen. People would come for miles to see her gardens. She furnished flowers for weddings, churches services, and funerals without any charge; she wanted no reward other than the pleasure that her efforts brought beauty into the lives of others.

Nancy’s hours in school had been lengthened so she had to take a light lunch with her. Upon returning in the afternoon, she would find her dinner waiting on the back of the stove in the kitchen building that stood apart from the house. There were two rooms in this annex, a kitchen and a room for the cook to sleep in. Nancy would always take this dinner to a rustic seat in the garden where she could watch Nep and Lab, her abbreviated name for Lazarus, perform their tasks, almost choking, at times, when she would see Nep take hold of the handles of the wheelbarrow or stoop to pick up a heavy shovel, feeling sure that she was going to collapse. On the contrary, Nep was always the last to quit and not once did Nancy hear her say that she was fatigued. Later in the evening, these two tireless old ladies would seat themselves in their rockers and reach for their knitting or crocheting, designing some real works of arts that do credit to their generation. The creations would be given to friends or relatives on occasions that merited lovely gifts, while others were sold and the money contributed to charity.

There are no words in the English language that could be used to express how deeply Nancy missed her idol, John Wesley, during the two years that she continued with Cornelia after his death. The twilight hour would slip into darkness and the prayer that he always called at that hour was heard no more. There was no one else that could speak a prayer as he could, always leaving everyone within sound of his voice convinced that they had felt the actual presence of the great Spiritual Being. While Nancy always knelt beside her bed and uttered her simple little prayer as taught by Marion, she wondered if God and John Wesley were standing together listening as she always associated them as comrades. Surely now, they were at home together.

1891

Nancy was the owner of two horses and a heifer. One day, she had a revelation; she felt as a millionaire must feel when he accumulated his first one hundred thousand dollars. The heifer remained in the pasture while maturing to the age of calf bearing, and the horse, Nelly, was enlisted by John Olin as one of the pullers of the plough that helped to produce food for the family. The sorrel mare that John Olin had given her on her eighth birthday was still her favorite and was always kept in readiness when she wanted to go for rides into the deep woods.

The following spring after John Wesley's death in October, Tiny was accidentally knocked down by her pet horse, Bald Eagle. The terrific impact caused her almost instant death. The entire Heptinstall family drove the sixty miles by carriage to attend her funeral, remaining until the house could be cleared for renting and until Meg and Gus were settled in what used to be the office in the corner of the front yard. Tiny's will provided them the privilege of remaining on the plantation as long as they lived and were given a cow and access to sufficient land to cultivate food for themselves.

Tiny had never made a visit to see John Olin and Marion in North Carolina. Her weight was a great encumbrance and knowing that she would have to cross the Roanoke River, she was also deathly afraid of water. The only way to cross the river was by flatboat. The horse and carriage would be placed upon this so-called boat and poled across by hardy men to the other side. Tiny knew that if the boat catapulted in the river they would be at the mercy of the men to pull her to safety. She had also heard terrifying stories about horses being frightened and jumping into the water, taking the vehicle with them. Finally, a law was passed making it compulsory to unhitch the pullers of any vehicle while it was being conveyed to the opposite side of the river.

Nancy had visited often with Tiny at Bailey's Lane, but that plantation had never carried any specific endearing memories for her. She noted in her diary that she was willing now at the age of thirteen to pull shut the blinds on Virginia's yesteryears and bid farewell to the old landmark of happiness and sorrows, closing that chapter in her "Book of Life".

1892

One day at the end of Nancy's sixth year at Littleton Female College, she was called to the administrator's office. The president of the college told her that she would not be returning to school. While she sputtered in shock, he declined to answer any questions, referring her to John Olin for an explanation. On the last trip home from Cornelia's sanctuary, John Olin hesitantly outlined to her the internal reasons of these drastic changes that had materialized within the last few months. The educational organization that owned the college, of which John Wesley had previously been a co-owner, had an opportunity to sell the property at an enormous profit. With much consideration of its goals of forwarding education for females, the owners deemed it sensible to sell and eventually build a larger school in a more densely populated district, giving a chance to a greater number of aspirants. The school had therefore, made John Olin a cash offer to cancel his interest for the education of his last two daughters, Nancy and Ding. The amount of cash was such a coveted inducement at this time that he allowed himself to acquiesce.

As the truth of the situation gradually seeped through Nancy's mind, she suddenly remembered that what she had wanted and requested many times was now materializing. She would have the opportunity to learn the way of living that went on beyond the track that divided Marion's riff-raff from the aristocrats. She hoped the association would lead to friendships and she would be invited into the homes that before she had not been allowed. She felt that this new experience was to open the here-to-fore shut door, allowing not only gratification of curiosity, but insight into much of the world she did not know.

John Olin required Nancy to pledge that she would not reveal any portion of this until he had such time as he would see fit to break the news to Marion. Later in July, he told Marion and of course, she hit high heaven. John Olin finally convinced her that the money was badly needed at the plantation and she, realizing that John Wesley was not standing by to pull him out of difficulties, calmed down and remained silent. It was with grief in her heart that Marion acknowledged two of her children would now be in a county school. She also worried if the teacher would be capable of taking Nancy on since she was quite advanced educationally for her age.

Nancy was indifferent to the fact when it really sunk in. She figured what difference would it make? She had really begun her education back-wards anyway by going to college first. As for Junior and later, Ding, who would begin their education in the little school in the woods, they would never know the difference. Nancy was smart enough to know that interest and application in any school is what counts in the long run.

Nancy and Junior were told that on good weather days, they would walk the distance to the school that was supposed to be just a mile and a half from Heptinstall Plantation. But on a hot and sunny September day when they stretched their legs to cover that mileage, Nancy might not have been the world's best authority on distance but she knew darn well that who-ever said it was only a mile and a half had rocks in their head instead of brains. She had covered this mileage here-to-fore many times but always behind horses. She endeavored to hide her real feelings from Junior who was only nine years old and beginning his first effort in the educational field.

Even at this age, Nancy began to sense the rugged road that would eventually have to be traveled by this family. They had lived in luxury supported by John Wesley's ingenuity, and now with him gone, the rock foundation had tumbled, leaving the bareness of uncertainty exposed. She began to dream of a time when she would be able to get out into the world and earn her own way. Perhaps she could even be able to help John Olin and Marion in their old age. Just how she was to accomplish this, she had not dared think, knowing that she would have to fight "Southern Tradition" as well as John Olin, the former being the tougher by far that any girl might tangle with. She set her mind now to apply every minute in pursuit of wider knowledge that would give her answers to many questions and the ability to pursue a different path.

It took but a short time in this rural school for Nancy to learn about the attitude of these "common people" as Marion had classed them. Two of the former school superintendents' children walked to and from school with Nancy and Junior. These were the same who had attended the colored baptism with them. Close friendships had never been encouraged between these two families. Nancy wondered what their reaction would be when the Heptinstall children made a downward jump into their midst. She, who had attended the college for six years, had now descended and condescended to receive her diploma from the school in the woods. She did not know whether to expect resentment or have sand thrown at her. Under this air of uncertainty, she stepped into the school on that first day with her head held high and with honest hope to make new and staunch friends. She quickly learned that they were very human and kind and that they nurtured an earnest desire to co-operate in harmony, but she was prepared to curtsy if they had demanded.

Nancy became very "palsy" with two other girls named Patsy Carlyle and Dorsey Lyles. They were both from families of hard working farmers who owned their very nice, but small and neatly-kept homes. She was invited to their homes many times, even spending the night occasionally. Both of the fathers of these girls had been staple and trusted members of Mt. Tabor Methodist Church, John Wesley's old church, for many years. When he left and moved into Littleton, the efforts of these families were of great assurance to the young minister who was sent to take John Wesley's place. These girls along with Julia, the daughter of the former superintendent, made up the first and only body of female friends that Nancy ever warmed up to.

The teacher at this school was a very smart and highly educated woman in her middle thirties, strictly business when in session and most pleasant when not instructing. She determined immediately after talking with Nancy that she would need to study alone as she was advanced of any teachings that had been required of her age. The teacher was a graduate of Peabody Institute with post-graduate work done at a New York University. She had accepted the position offered to her by the Council of Education after some noisy argument with the parents of children that she was teaching in one of the collective private school that existed throughout the South at that time before there were public county supported schools.

In talking with Nancy one day during recess, the teacher told her a great deal about her life as a young girl. She was raised near Littleton and knew all about the Heptinstall families and the plantation. She was also aware of the mammoth mountain of good that John Wesley had done for so many people and particularly his efforts in the development and building of the college. She conveyed to Nancy that she accepted this new position because she realized that she would gain more satisfaction by devoting her services and efforts to these many deserving country children whose parents could not afford tutorship.

1895

It was during the late spring of Nancy's first year in this little school when Marion's pedestal of haughtiness crumbled a bit more. Nancy came home one afternoon with what the doctor later diagnosed as an "itch" of some kind, a disease that was supposed to take hold only among Marion's riff-raff, but this time it reached upward and placed its itchy palm on Nancy's neck, implanting the starting patch. When the suave doctor of this family announced that it was some kind of "itch" Marion wanted to know what it was and how long it would last. He replied that there were many kinds, some lasting seven weeks while others lasted seven years. Marion went into hysterics and John Olin, as usual, calmed her down by telling her that he, with Mary's help, would take charge of Nancy.

The doctor ordered segregation at once as this malady was acutely contagious. Since it was not possible to imprison her on the same floor with the other children, it was decided that Nancy be marooned in the basement. Nancy was upset and rebellious when she realized that she would be all alone and on the ground level of the house. The very large room in the basement that had previously been the dining room was currently only used to store shelled grain in bags. It was appointed as ideal since supplies could be shifted to another area. Nancy sat and listened to pros and cons while recalling that on many occasions she had hot-footed out of the basement when she saw a rat scuttle across the floor; the very thought of which threw her into chills. Knowing that Nancy was determined not to be put alone in the basement, John Olin decided to have another bed moved down and so for seven weeks that being the duration of that particular "itch", they had a lot of secluded individual fun in a room where Sam kept a bright fire going at all time to counteract the chill in the spring air.

As soon as signs of diminishing blotches and weakening scratching were apparent, Nancy was allowed occasionally to go into the yard and mingle with her sisters and brother. It was several more weeks before the doctor pronounced her cured and she was permitted to move back into the children's bedroom.

1896

When Nancy and Junior began their second year in the little rural school, she was fifteen and he was just ten. He began to get into fights, always with much older boys. Being the appointed guardian, Nancy would be drawn into these frays very reluctantly, but quickly learned after a few disturbing feuds that a line of persuasion was much more effective than physical blows. So from then on, she introduced her charm to these boys.

1897

Nancy periodically continued to ponder about her future and grew restless trying to surmise how it might be accomplished. Economy had now verily become the pass-word at the big house and the beautiful blushing rose of luxury that Marion had envied, finally attained full bloom, and then had to watch drop its petals, one by one. Lack of attention and insufficient nourishment arrested the sweet smell that once suffused the plantation. One afternoon as Nancy strolled the road home from school, she suddenly remembered that she still owned her heifer which by now must have mothered several calves. It connected in her mind for the first time an inkling as to the reason John Wesley might have willed her this animal. It was believable that he might have envisioned her as becoming discontented and wanting to break from under the yoke of Tradition someday and was offering a means to do so. She realized that the monetary returns from eight or ten calves in those days combined with the cash that he had left her, might support her quest for a possible avenue to the world of work.



(possibly)

Boy to right is Junior, John Wesley Heptinstall, son of John Olin Heptinstall

Young girl in center is Ding, Hannah Marion Heptinstall, daughter of John Olin Heptinstall

Blond girl, middle left is Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall, daughter of John Olin Heptinstall and author of Nancy's Diary.

Middle center girl is probably Carrie Wilkins Heptinstall, daughter of John Olin Heptinstall

The man at top right is John Olin Heptinstall.

She queried John Olin when she reached home, "How many calves has my heifer born, John Olin?" Looking very surprised, he replied "seven so far with another on the way". He quickly added that he had added all the returns to the sum of money to be given her when she married. She made no comment to this last remark. The thought of marrying had not yet penetrated her mechanism of thinking and she knew full well that would be many years in the future before she would look with any matrimonial intentions at any male.

The family had always potted surplus butter and had sent it into town where it brought a price of twenty-five cents per pound which was unheard of at that time. Heptinstall Plantation products were very much in demand. Chickens and turkeys were sold at the price of others on the market, bringing in twenty-five cents for a chicken and one dollar and a half for a turkey, disregarding its weight. Up to this period, these surpluses had been distributed among the other Heptinstall families, ministers and friends. There had been no necessity in past times to pinch for more money, but now that this luxury-loving family was being gradually edged into the economical column of the neglected ledger, the realization dawned, particularly on Marion, that the family needed to initiate efforts to help sustain and assist. Joy had learned on her own the art of sewing and was making clothes for the younger children, relieving her mother of that duty. These were only a few of the plainly discernable changes around this home that had for so many years had been a free retreat for relatives and friends who loved lazy living.

When the pupils arrived at the little house of education to begin the first semester of the third year, Nancy and Junior found a new teacher in control. Educational affairs in the days of the nineties in the South were handled exclusively by the County Board of Control of Education that footed the bills. Parents had no voice in selections, but if there was a feasible reason, such as incapability, they could file a complaint to this Control Board. This had only happened one time in Nancy's recollection. Years after she had moved from the Heptinstall Plantation, the board heard parental concerns and rejected a teacher because he was a man.

The new teacher was named Pattie and Nancy was positive that every parent whose child she taught would bow to her memory since she was one of the best that ever graced a school room as an instructor. Pattie was a graduate of the New York University and a most brilliant woman, not only perfect in book instruction but tops in her efforts to inspire and encourage her pupils who were eager to advance although with no fault of their own on educational levels far below their age level.

Pattie had to drive a distance of six miles to the school. In those days, it was not considered safe for a lady to drive alone, so her brother who aspired to becoming a Baptist minister became her driver and escort. She, in turn, was to prepare him for acceptance into a theological seminary. Paul, named for Paul of the Bible, was a young man of seventeen years of age and was most attractive and handsome, deeply religious and reserved. Nancy put herself on guard lest she shock this new acquaintance. Being still lost in the wilds of religion, Nancy was aware that everyone at her age should have an unshakable foundation of belief. While she had beliefs, she was not too sure of the pillars that supported them and did not want to upset him.

Paul and Nancy were in the same level of learning, meaning that she would now have a study partner. This realization was a song to her soul as she could now anticipate having someone each day to discuss daily lessons even though she might at the end have to solve problems for both herself and Paul. Nancy knew that the attention given by Pattie to herself and Paul would be supreme. She was determined to prove her ability to keep pace with her first male contestant in education. Marion was shocked when she learned that Pattie being a member of an old Aristocratic Baptist family was really teaching the so-called "riff-raft" of the county. After being told that she had eight siblings, Marion surmised that Pattie was lending a helping financial hand to the family. Frequently when Paul and Nancy would get stuck with problems in their higher up efforts, Pattie would remain after the other students had been dismissed. Junior would amuse himself in the yard and Pattie spent unpaid time explaining whatever puzzled them. For Nancy, French was the "bug-a-bear" while Paul whizzed through without hesitation, but he detested her favorites, history and higher mathematics. Nancy wondered why Pattie gave this extra time to them at the school, knowing that she could render additional aid to Paul after reaching home, but was appreciative of her deep interest that went beyond what she was paid to do.

This most pleasant association continued for two terms and was to be ever remembered by Nancy with the deepest gratitude. The time spent in this little school that nestled beneath the trees near the road became Nancy's valedictory to general education. She closed the book on her education and Nancy knew that there would be a storm when she broached the subject of additional classes, particularly ones strictly for monetary reward.

Both Paul and Nancy took part in the closing ceremony of the school before the summer. There were speeches by prominent men who had fought to both open the school and employ good teachers. Students voiced recitations and read compositions to add to the fun, but the program was topped off with a sketch that starred Nancy and Paul. John Olin, Joy and Carrie were present to see the finishing exercises. At the end, Nancy's teacher approached John Olin who as always was ready to lend an ear. Pattie wanted to exact a promise from him to send Nancy on to a college where she could pursue higher learning. She was convinced that her mentality was much above average and Nancy would benefit from additional educational pursuits. He nodded and smiled, but did not convey that the finances at the Heptinstall Plantation were now at a critical point, not only ailing but had reached a point of prostration. He knew full well that he could not comply with any promise.

Marion knew of Nancy's desire to gain knowledge in some kind of business whereby she could earn her own living and also was aware the Nancy had not broached the subject with John Olin. Marion warned her to soft pedal as she dreaded that they would lock horns on the subject. Joy and Carrie had always fallen in line with John Olin's parental authority, never questioning his decisions, but they were of different temperaments than his replica, Nancy had no idea of sitting time out awaiting a man to come and ask for her hand in marriage as "Southern Tradition" demanded. She wanted absolutely no association with men other than John Olin, and from what she had seen and absorbed of others, excepting Paul and her idol, John Wesley when he was alive, they could be bunched and thrown into Austin's Black Pond.

Recalling that she had always had an interest in building, Nancy contemplated a career in architecture. One afternoon when Junior, Joy and Carrie were on the porch with her father, she walked out and said, "John Olin, I want to go away and study to become an architect". Carrie and Joy made such lightening exit that Nancy later wondered if they were ever really there at all. They quickly realized that his reaction might require the need of one to put back together their own house. Nancy stood her ground, shaking from anger, not fear. She was now eighteen years of age and did not intend to be told what she could or could not do. Her better judgment told her that authority was something that should be put now into mothballs and replaced with down-to-earth common sense consultation. She was to subsequently learn that while John Olin might loosen the cord of restriction, he would never completely untie it until she said "I do" and become a "Mrs".

A rather cool atmosphere blew up between Nancy and her father. She spent little time hunting with him or in any other activities. She wondered if they would ever be again as close pals as they had been up to now. She looked at herself inwardly while feeling like a loose screw in this otherwise closely constructed family. She would frequently saddle her horse and go miles out into the woods. Turning her horse loose to graze, she sat upon a little two-log bridge that spanned a swiftly running stream. Across the stream, an old slave, Jack Tynes, lived in an one room cabin. She and John Olin had often made trips to take him food and warm clothing and when the cold weather set in, they ensured he had plenty of wood to keep his home fire burning. **She began to toss little white pebbles into the swiftly running stream. Some would fall on a carpet of soft green moss, some in the water, and some on the dirt. This started Nancy's mind in motion, wondering if some day she was going to find for herself a carpeted nook or toss about in life's stream, or land against a harsh bank of reality.** John Wesley's spirit, as always in the far away wood, seemed near her and encouraging to her. She recalled his ever-loving memories of his advice. He was completely devoid of any display of doubt in her and that calmed her more than anything that John Olin or Marion could say. She always seemed to have a hidden defiance to parental pretend advice. She felt that she was now beyond the age of childish belief and was ready to walk in the adult world. It was a divided life, dangling between confusion and knowledge. She was grasping for a way to a self-earned security while her father seemed determine to thwart any way to independence that she might seek.

Nancy brought up the subject to John Olin several times during the summer without satisfaction, so in late July, she wrote to the St. Vincent's Hospital in Norfolk, Virginia for an application blank that she completed and returned for scrutiny by their board. This gesture awakened John Olin to the fact that this daughter meant what she said. Not being able to take the blow of seeing her become a nurse, his back of stubbornness was broken and he relented. He suggested that she could go live with Aunt Lou, the sister of Marion, and become a day student at Smithfield Business College. There she would take courses in typing and shorthand in preparation for office work in a business. Aunt Lou had sold their farm in Virginia and moved to Richmond with her family of eight children so that the older boys could gain business knowledge and help support the family. Nancy was thrilled that a decision had been made but began to wonder if the amount of money that John Olin held for her was sufficient to tide her over for the months that it might take to complete the course. She was very timid about approaching him on the subject, but when she did muster courage enough, he assured her that all would be taken care of by him and the accumulated amount would be hers to buy clothes with and to take with her. He assumed a very sad look. There were many times before she went to Richmond that she would catch him looking at her as though she was a suspected stranger and get a feeling that twisted her heart.

Nancy did experience chills of doubt as the time for her departure drew nearer and nearer. She had never been in a large city like Richmond and she began to realize that she was, after all, just a country “kid” who at the age of eighteen was showing her “spunk” as John Olin called it. At difficult times, she would even take under consideration the idea of abandoning it all, but knowing what the reality of her life would be on the plantation, she refused to wilt into place.

At the time of departure, John Olin took her to the train, and in her high buttoned shoes, she waved her first separation from Heptinstall Plantation. Ringing in her ears was John Olin’s favorite and oft repeated axiom “No matter which road one takes, they will always wish that they had taken the other”. Upon arrival in Richmond, she was met at the train by a cousin whom she had not seen for eight years; he was now a man of six feet and as handsome as they come. He was much older than she and when she stepped from the train, he gave her the once-over from her head to her feet, even though her dress extended to her ankles and was boned to her ears. She suddenly wondered if she met with his approval and the thought must have run like a swift stream to her face leaving a blushing reflection that put the gentleman into quick action to lead her immediately to a hack that took them to Clay Street.

On the journey to the home, she decided that he was a great tease. She was determined that he would soon see that his little country cousin was not as dumb as he might have pictured her to be. They became very good friends which was exactly what Nancy needed above all else at this crucial time in her life.

As a child, Nancy liked the uncle not one little bit and did not look forward with pleasure being under the roof with him now. When she learned that he had retired to his rocking chair and was being supported by his children, her dislike quickly jelled into hatred. She tried very hard not to be downright rude to him, excusing herself from the table while still chewing on her last bit of food. She wondered what John Olin would say to her and what kind of facial expressions would Marion make if they could see her behavior.

Marion worked diligently on a Crazy Quilt before Nancy left the farm so as to have it ready to send to her before the cold winter set in. She knew with the number of people in the Richmond household that an extra quilt would perhaps save Lou some expense. When Nancy returned one afternoon from school, the gracious and most acceptable gift from Marion had arrived and been placed upon the foot of Nancy’ bed. When she crawled into bed that night, she had no idea that she was in for a test. She propped herself against the pillows and for hours, searched the patches on the quilt to remind her of people and events. Some people who had worn the garments that were represented by the varied colors were dead and some still living. She began to liken this crazy quilt to her own life, up to now designed by the hand of Fate and pieced together by John Wesley and John Olin. Now it had been passed to her to make sense of it. She could not imagine now that her future would surpass anything that a human hand could manipulate or human eye could visualize.

Days would now slide into nights and Nancy’s thoughts would meander back to the haunts of childhood with a longing for the wide open spaces and familiar places that she fully realized from now on would be just memories. Tears often filled her eyes and sleep would at last bring dreams of her childhood.

Letters came frequently from Marion and the sisters. By intuition or perhaps reading between the lines, she sensed that “Tradition” was rearing its head and flashing its fiery eyes at John Olin for allowing her to slip the home-knot and succeed in her argument for a career. Nancy was expected home for Christmas but decided that she had best wait until she had her diploma safe-in-hand before reentering the parental domain. She had a fear that John might change his mind and not let her return, and she certainly wanted no more dickering on the matter. After the many years that she and John Olin had spent together, he still did not yet know his daughter well enough. He might have looked into his mirror of the past and surrendered.



Marion Olin Heptinstall
1876-1969
"Joy" married Captain John Allen Cutts



Marion Olin "Joy" in Nancy's Diary, surrounded by her six adult children.

Marion had mentioned in her letters that a Captain Jack was seeing Joy quite often. As he had to come a distance of fifteen miles, he always spent a night at the plantation. Marion was terribly distraught over the fact that John Olin, quite frequently of late, was asking to be excused from heading the table when this gentleman was there. Nancy began wondering if he had returned to his habit of taking a "nip" and delaying his supper. Marion was now condemning him as an impolite host and was more than upset over the situation, so Nancy decided to turn it into a joke, reminding Marion that it was much better to have him remain away from the table than to have him wind up under it. She learned years later that the Captain would have loved having drinks with him, although not to the extent of joining him under the table.

Nancy received a letter in September of the second year at the business school that informed her Joy was to marry in December so she doubled her efforts focusing on the final examination that was scheduled in the middle of October, hoping with fingers crossed, that she would receive her diploma and be declared ready to take a position. She was a bit nervous, but confident when she seated herself at the typewriter to translate at sixty words per minute while reading notes herself and to type while taking dictation from the teacher at seventy words per minute. She passed every requirement and was told that a position in a lawyer's office in Roanoke, Virginia awaited her. Nancy did not want to accept a job immediately, so she journeyed home and landed in another melee that almost turned her gold hair to grey.

Everywhere that Nancy looked about the big house, she could still envision John Wesley; it was like returning to an old haunt where old trees may lose limbs and their trunks may bend but memories of them as straight and full came through undimmed. As Nancy passed from room to room she could not imagine the big house without Joy, she always having been to her the beautiful center piece of this home. She was a shining example of a child raised to womanhood under the strict rules of Southern Tradition, possessing the exquisite beauty that framed her extraordinary qualities. This marriage would mark the first permanent departure from this house since John Wesley.

Knowing that "Tradition" was going to wield the Iron Fist in the upcoming initial family wedding, Nancy wondered where the money was coming from to meet the demand. The oldest daughter always had to be honored by a spectacular and gala affair. Nancy knew that Marion would have a broken heart if she could not carry out these ideals that had been unbreakable laws as far back as she could remember.

The frown of time was now beginning to take its toll of John Olin's family. Marion did take time out to tell Nancy that she had made a quick sale of her inherited Bailey plantation in Virginia so there would be sufficient money to give Joy the traditional marriage of splendor and glory. If it had been possible for Nancy to hold an ear to the ground, she was sure that she would hear James and Tiny rolling over in their graves with a grunt knowing that Bailey's Lane had passed into strange hands. Cold chills made her tremble and when Marion announced that

she received only twenty-five hundred dollars for the entire place, Nancy verily needed a good stiff drink of John Olin's "Old Overholt" to keep her in circulation. Her thoughts were running months ahead when there would be no more rent coming in from Virginia and a rumpus would be in the offing when Marion asked John Olin to supplement the deficit amount in the household expenses that previously she had been contributing with her monthly rents. Through all of the confusion, John Olin was just a by-stander, saying not a word, as the farm was Marion's and she had a perfect right to sell if she so wished. He did in the beginning warn, after which he retired to his rocker before the fire and watched the procedures with a curbed amusement such as might have been seen on the face of an on-looker who had warned another who was unsuspectingly approaching a beehive.

There was very little time to prepare for this big event. Each day was begun early and lasted until late at night. Nancy, not knowing anything about sewing at the time, was barred from those activities. When Joy's trousseau was completed, the wedding costume measuring just twenty-two inches in the waist, and if Tradition measured up to previous changes, it would be laid away in about a year and the charming bride would be thrust into a new and fascinating occupation, motherhood. Joy was resplendent with anticipation, knowing that the entire family had fallen much in love with the Captain strengthened her confidence that she had selected the right man. He had been a widower for three years, having lost a wife when a son was born. The baby was taken in by two maiden aunts who lived in Charleston.

Preparation of the food for this great event was in process for several weeks. The plans for a food spread indicative of the South and the occasion was made as if the master hand was waved and money was available to support every gesture. This dinner would immediately follow the "High Noon" wedding. After the meal, the bride and her new husband planned to catch a train to go on their honeymoon. Joy was beaming with happiness, on this calm and chilly December day as the two newlyweds waved a farewell.



Hall of the Heptinstall House
c2017

The view includes the front door which is painted to look wood-grained.

Now that the big event was past history, Nancy began to anticipate the trouble that would blow up after the winds of extravagance. The twilight crept slowly in that evening at Heptinstall Plantation with all guests departed. Nancy slipped into the parlor and seated herself before the once-bright fire that was now fast becoming ashes. As she gazed at the white satin pillows upon which this couple had so recently knelt, she could still hear in her imagination Joy's small voice whisper "I do". The smell of roses still filled the air and while a soft mist of veiled loneliness penetrated every corner of the room, she felt the void. Joy was gone forever from the big house.

In her process of maturing into an adult, Nancy multiplied her highly emotional personality. She became anxious about having any run-ins with John Olin, particularly as she realized that Joy's departure from the plantation might tempt him to dissuade her from also leaving. Nancy was willing to postpone a career for a short time, but she would not banish the intention of putting her newly acquired education into action. She knew that the lack of money was a growing cramp to both John Olin and Marion, but she also knew that this family would always have a home and sufficient sustenance. She was convinced that she would be more helpful by getting a job and funding her own life.

Even with her career goal firm, Nancy had concerns about her eventual move to an unfriendly world with no family to help her navigate. She would be responsible to make her own decisions and it might mean that she would need to change her personality to the point of dealing with rebuffs without emotional outbursts. She braced herself to measure up to public demands. She now conceded that the confines of the plantation as she had lived might be a hindrance. Regardless she was impatient to jump into an adventure in an entirely different environment. As to the far away future, a matrimonial abyss, Nancy cared nothing about male companionship at this time, thumbing her nose at any possibility.

When she did ponder this confounding subject, she weighed the likes and dislikes and realized that she did not want to be an old maid. It so happened that she never took much interest in these creatures, and had she found one during the time between graduation and her acceptance of a job, they would have been a country lad and Marion would have hit high heaven. She just gently placed these thoughts upon the shelf and labeled herself as "out of circulation". It was difficult to reconcile her head and her heart. When these winds of confusion reached hurricane velocity, she would stroll down to the Dream Pond where the neglected nature was now creating the "Throne of Wild Beauty". Everything had overgrown in this allotted space that John Wesley had planned. The wild Moss Rambler was now climbing the Weeping Willow, wrapping itself caressingly around its branches. Nancy admitted to herself that it did lend some beauty to the Willow. The confusion that she observed echoed the mazes of her mind. The little cattails that once fringed the border of the pond now spread to the Water Lilies to suffocate them almost to the point of utter extinction. She so wished for John Wesley's steady hand and advice.

John Olin and Marion were visibly showing the strain of life without resources. The strict economy and the gradual breaking up of the family were bringing lines into faces where previously there had been smiles. John Olin, particularly, had lost his jolly trend and was easily upset and quick to flare.

Nancy worked out a compromise in her mind. At the end of eight months at home, she wrote to Captain Jack to see if he could secure a job for her. Joy and Captain Jack were now living in Rocky Mount, North Carolina where Captain Jack was in charge of all passenger and freight trains and Nancy was hoping to be able to live with them and work in this area. Rocky Mount was a central hub with many branches of the railroad. Nancy decided that she had definitely wasted enough time, but had to delay a few months more since Joy was expecting her first baby and Nancy wanted the birth over before she arrived upon the scene. With a plan, Nancy was like a different girl. She wondered how much speed she had lost in dictation and typing, but reassured herself that she knew the fundamentals of both and having conquered them once, she could do it again.

A couple of months later, Nancy was on her way to Rocky Mount to take a job that Captain Jack had gotten for her, leaving the plantation for the second time and for sure. John Olin took her to the train and as he handed her ten dollars, he said, "Nancy, I will not say good bye as I still hope that you will soon return home". He did not say it, but Nancy whispered goodbye within her heart to a past that neither would ever forget, but hoped she would only return for visits.

Joy was the mother of a little red-headed girl, named Nell. When Nancy arrived in time for supper, the overwhelming feeling of breaking the bonds of attachment with the old plantation resulted in tears. Yet she was so happy that she had accomplished her burning desire to be on her own and being free to make her own decisions. Of course, Marion and John Olin had instructed Captain Jack and Joy to take the places of parents, Nancy was to find that during the next five years their "control" would be through kind advice, rather than dictatorial.

Joy's home was a mile from Nancy's new place of business. This necessitated her taking a train with only a few yards to walk to the building itself. The transportation problem was perfectly solved. It did take several weeks for her to get accustomed to her new surrounding and her new boss. She was the only female in the office and that created some uncomfortable feeling for a time. At the age of twenty, the new sensation of rubbing shoulders with laboring men was a new sensation.

Back on the plantation, Junior was now almost fifteen and still attending the rural school, but he had established himself in the interim as a leader and loved every minute. Marion maintained her proverbial attitude and never graciously accepted the situation of the public school. Without much alternative, she now accepted Junior's friends from the other side of the tracks as it were, as he had no others.

Having been duly installed as a permanent member of the Captain's family, Nancy learned the ins and outs of living in a small town. She attended a small church that was located not very far from Joy's home. Having a clear soprano voice, she was asked to join the choir. She soon felt at ease and loved the association, hoping that at last she had found a bypass around the confusion of religion that had baffled her since she was twelve years of age. John Wesley had always been her source of intellectual as well as spiritual intercourse and his death had left her without her living Encyclopedia and interpreter of Theology. The new church association was beneficial. She determined now that there would be no tomorrows of regrets brought about through errors of today's, and each day that dawned, she began with a prayer that she be:

*Held tight and made strong,
Feet led away from any wrong,
Interested mind in a goodly earth
And plausible reason for her birth.*

The deeply dedicated minister of the Rocky Mount church reminded her of John Wesley in his manner of handling his small congregation. As Nancy listened very attentively to his messages, she wished that she had have been old enough to have imbibed understanding of John Wesley's messages as he presented them to hundreds of people during his pastorate over his many years. Among this congregation of one hundred members, a collective desire to help other people and live in humbleness permeated. There was no display of pretended pomp nor wealth.

Nancy found the necessity of bringing her lunch with her in this work-a-day life. All helpers would seat themselves around an improvised table. She found herself looking to see who was sitting next her, experiencing a twinge of guilt as she would recall how average people were labeled in the Southern hierarchy. These were good people and she enjoyed the work.

She would be very tired when she reached home in the late afternoon. Yet she could muster some energy to have a little fun with the adorable Nell. After retiring, there was always a slow and hazy wandering down "Precious Memory Lane", going back to the plantation in her mind, often to the little spotless cabin in the woods where wild flowers grew and birds sang, and never to be forgotten good meals eaten with Fannie and Phil at their own inviting table. She realized now that she had stored valuable memories that brought contentment and serenity to her mind.

On her first weekend trip back to the plantation, John Olin saddled their horses and they rode out to visit Jack Tynes, the old slave, stopping on the way back to see Phil and Fannie. These folks were all growing feeble, with Jack nearing his one hundredth birthday. Nancy's goodbye was indeed a final farewell because he died before she was able to visit again. She always felt that these three much-beloved Negroes deserved John Wesley's Heaven and believed that they had safely reached it beyond the sunsets.

Joy decided that Nancy, now at the age of nineteen, took life much too seriously. So she suggested she take lessons in social dancing that would bring her in contact with girls and boys of her own age. Dancing, at this time, was the only entertainment indulged in by the self-called "Aristocrats". So Nancy enrolled in a class that met twice a week in a hall above a large wholesale drug business just two blocks from Joy's home. The teacher was a short and fat little man who jumped around like a goaded toad. It did not take Nancy long to decide that

her feet were not intended for the light fantastic. She did continue through several lessons and attended one big dance that featured an orchestra from Norfolk. Her escort for this big event was the well-educated son of the man who owned the drug store business. He was an only child and was a coveted prize among the single women. Many jealous female eyes were riveted to Nancy when they walked in that evening. The problem was that his ego was also accentuated. As the evening advanced, he kept asking to be excused and Nancy sensed that there must be some other attraction than just the men's room. When the odor of whiskey wafted to her nostrils, she remained calm. When he next asked to be excused, she made her quick exit, gathering her long skirt of blue chiffon and laying it carefully across her arm, made her way back to Joy's home alone.

This unpleasant experience murdered every desire that might have been aroused concerning participation in any social activities. When this young man profusely offered all kinds of apologies, she smiled but laughingly refused each future request for a date.

1901

Joy was again pregnant. So after her set-to with society, Nancy decided that she would much prefer spending her spare hours learning the art of sewing. Having become an expert with the needle, Joy was an excellent teacher in her spare time. Nancy decided that sewing was much more fun than trying for a place in the "Sun of Society".

After several months another little red-headed girl was born. She had brown eyes where Nell had blue ones, There was only twenty months between the children so every member of this family and a colored helper were kept right on their toes. They named her Hannah Marion, after her grandmother, and called her "May".

Months were turned from the face of the calendar and life moved on clock time, but this undisturbed living was not destined to last over a great period as Captain Jack was called to Wilmington and told that he would be taken from his very strenuous position and assigned one that was more appropriate for a man of older years. He was to be moved to Florence, South Carolina and placed as a conductor on a new through-train, called "The Florida Flyer". His portion of the run was scheduled from Florence to Savannah, Georgia.

Nancy's mechanism of confusion immediately re-kindled its fire that had lain smothered now for many months. She wondered what would happen to her and her job. Joy had written the news to the family back home and they expressed great uneasiness at the option of leaving Nancy alone in Rocky Mount. Joy had made it very clear that Nancy would only remain in her present job until one could be obtained for her in Florence. Nancy could live in a nice boarding house that was located just around the corner from Joy's home. Joy stressed to her parents that she would need Nancy for company after the move to Florence more than ever with Captain Jack being away a great deal of the time. Thunder rolled as John Olin learned that Nancy would live in a boarding house and he wrote back in lightening time demanding that his daughter be sent home.

Nancy immediately centered her thoughts upon these places of which she had heard. Boarding houses did not always have the best of reputations, but she failed to decipher why a lady could not live in any place for a time and come out with a character unmarred and dignity maintained. Nancy had no thought of returning to the plantation and Joy agreed. In the midst of the confusion, Joy's aristocratic, silvered-haired doctor called at the home to see Nell who had a cold. Upon hearing the situation, he suggested that Nancy come to his home and tarry there until such time as Joy could send for her. He had a daughter about Nancy's age that enhanced the invitation in Joy's estimation, so Joy proceeded to make the arrangements. When Nancy was told of this arrangement, she laughed heartily, knowing darn well if it was possible for John Olin to learn of this doctor's social reputation that he might suggest the boarding house after all. However, Joy's next letter home detailed the doctor's invitation and Nancy's acceptance.

1902

Months passed before Nancy was told that she could move to Florence and a new job with the Atlantic Coast Railroad Line was awaiting her. Joy was now expecting her third child so again Nancy waited until little baby, Jack Junior, was born. Two months later, she arrived in Florence and was met at the train by Pinkie, the midwife nurse that Joy had hired for the new baby. Captain Jack was on one of his runs to Savannah at the time. Pinkie assisted Nancy in gathering her belongings in a hack and they went to the new house where in short order, Nancy was entrenched amid happy surroundings. Little Jack was a perfect blond with the Heptinstall blue eyes and lovely soft skin.

After the bubbles of pleasure were exhausted and all the little children were inspected, Nancy took a seat and listed to the details of her new position. Her hours would be from noon until six thirty in the evening, giving her the mornings to herself. Nancy was thrilled to have the extra time with the family, particularly the children who normally went to sleep early evening.

Nancy was fascinated with Pinkie who was a large woman and about seven-eighths white. She had a slight curl in her hair which was the only visible cue that she was part Negro. She had never been married, but had one son whom she said was begotten by force by a white man during the latter years of slavery when she was in her early teens. This son was now about thirty-five years old. Later, when Nancy saw this son, she was amazed to see what a handsome and fine looking man he was. He carried a weight of about one hundred and ninety pounds and was well over six feet tall. He was what the South called at that time, a "white mulatto" and therefore, was not taken in socially by either the white or Negro race. He was the first mulatto that Nancy had ever seen who came within the white barrier, most others would easily be classified as Negroes. No one had been told where he received his education which was way above many of the whites, but rumors floated in the breeze that his father who was very prominent and wealthy and had paid a private tutor for him during his youth.

Nancy would often encounter this son when going to and from her work. As he was always alone, she would stop and have a few words with him, feeling sorry for him. He was always as neat as a pin and his manners were above any criticism. He always removed his hat and held it in his hands while speaking.

During the weeks, Nancy watched Pinkie care for little Jack. There was one particular occasion when she arrived home in early evening and as she entered the hall, she overheard Pinkie talking to someone. She hesitated, but realized that Pinkie was telling little Jack the story of "Little Red Riding Hood". She was practically solidified, and later, she asked Pinkie "Why are you telling a few weeks old baby this story" and she replied, "Miss Nancy, I git tired singing and as it makes no difference to infants whether one sings or talks, as tone is all dey hears anyway, I switch to de story."

This really put Nancy thinking hard, even wondering if Pinkie was "tetched in the head". She recalled an incident on the plantation when there was only one lamb among the flock. Many of the sheep would "Baa" but the new little one paid no attention until his mother called, then he went spritely to her. This had added another big question mark to her list of enigmas, the mysteries of life.

Several days later, Nancy observed Pinkie with little Jack upon her lap; both were asleep. She wanted the worst way to rescue him as she envisioned him rolling off her lap and possibly breaking an arm or cracking his skull. Only her respect for Pinkie stopped her interceding. Later she queried Joy about this situation and she replied, "Do not worry Nancy, even when Pinkie is napping she is conscious of the precious bundle upon her lap". Afterwards, Nancy saw this repeat itself many times, but little Jack was never spilled. Marion had always said that "God takes care of babies and drunks". Nancy had once retorted, "If you believe this, why do you keep such close eye on me"? Nancy got no answer, just a scornful look.

Eventually Pinkie left Joy's employ and returned to her home. Months later, Nancy encountered Pinkie on the street and inquired about her son. She told her that he had moved to New York where he hoped to get work. The only jobs that he could get around Florence were field work with the blacks. Preferring something different,

he finally took flight. She had received several letters from him, one of which informed her that he had married a white woman.

The months moved along and Nancy continued to ponder the old home place and the family that lingered there. John Olin was foremost as she realized that old age was silently creeping in upon him, tending to make the last lap of his earthly journey a tough one. She hoped that Junior would soon complete his education at the little and would be content to settle down and shoulder some of the remaining responsibilities at the plantation. True, he was only seventeen years old but he was very large for his age. So often boys raised on a farm mature early learning much from observation and ingenuity, so Nancy wildly hoped for a brain to match his brawn.

The home in Florence was a six-room cottage that they had bought soon after arriving in the little town. It was located quite a distance from the center of the business district, but was in a section that was sparsely populated and on a sizable tract of land. It was sprinkled with spreading lovely Pecan trees and in a few years, the land became much in demand as a new development.

The only means of transportation in the town at that time was by hack or private conveyance such as buggies and carriages. The hacks were largely owned and operated by Negroes and their horses were usually so boney and skinny that a patron with a sympathizing heart felt that they should get out and help to push the horse.

Most people walked to their destinations. There was no need in those days for a golf course for exercise as there is today. The human race was far better walking than sitting in an automobile to go around the block.



Surry

Captain Jack arrive home one evening and after planting a kiss of salutation upon Joy's cheek announced that he had bought a surrey and a sorrel mare for her. Both were to be delivered within the week. Everyone was thrilled, knowing that this family would now be the outstanding one in the neighborhood. Joy was already an outstanding woman, taking active interest in making Florence a better place in which to raise her increasing family. She was involved in civic and social affairs and paid particular attention to the financing and operation of the schools. Always included in the social invitation, Nancy politely declined, wanting no part since she was not thoroughly convinced that she only wanted to live her life as she was doing. She acknowledged to herself that she was different, emotions running rampant at times that only found relief through tears.

Joy announced one day out of the blue that she was going into the real estate business and Nancy almost fell off of her chair. Having now a means of transportation, she could go to saw mills and other business as needed to put her plan into action. She was to begin a new business of building houses in her own vacant lots. Her family was growing up while Captain Jack's salary stood still. She had proposed this new idea to him and he approved heartily, giving his blessing and good wishes. Some of the land was designated as a new development area and new streets were laid with sewerage and water pipes placed. Joy had no trouble making sales, some houses being sold before they were completed. Her profits were very substantial. Captain Jack and Nancy both soon learned that Joy was verily John Wesley's granddaughter and had inherited his ability to develop businesses and make profits which could be eventually used to support any college of their choice for the six children.

Joy was now in position to help Marion and John Olin with their ever lingering financial problems that seemed to increase with the months. Nancy kept her fingers crossed with a prayer that their boat of insecurity that was constantly floundering due to insufficient monetary depth would not be completely wrecked.

Nancy was amazed at her ability to handle the business, her home, and three children. She had a fifteen year old Negro girl from a farm who could cook plain food and nurse children. So after Nancy left for work, the young girl took over. Even though she knew almost nothing about cooking, Nancy stepped into helping with the cooking in the mornings and on weekends.

Frequently when Joy would make any early trip in the morning to the saw-mill, all of the small fry children in the neighborhood would pile into the surrey with Joy's three children. Nancy would be tagged as a guardian of the gang so Joy could select her lumber and attend to business. As soon as the horse was tied up, Nancy would go with the children to a running stream where they would all remove their shoes and socks and go wading, having a gala time for themselves.

One day when it came time to go home, Nancy gathered them into the surrey. They found on arrival back home that there was a little boy missing. Without telling his mother, Nancy turned and went back to hunt for him, finding him quite a distance from where they had gone in wading. The child had not realized that he was a lost, even though it had been about two hours. From that time on, Nancy consciously made it her duty to count the amazing number of small children that could be squeezed into that surrey. These trips were adventures for these youngsters whose parents could not afford to hire a conveyance to take them out of town on a pleasure trip or picnic. Nancy admitted that she liked it too as it brought back memories of her childhood on the plantation.

One evening, Joy and Nancy walked to a newly laid out cemetery about six blocks from the home. It had been under construction for a few months and curiosity compelled Joy to go to take a look, thinking that she might get her new customers to purchase plots. They had previously passed the gate to this final resting place on the way to the mills, but it had not aroused their interest before now when Joy decided it could be another business venture. In a few days, Nancy learned that Joy had purchased some plots so her plans were moving to fruition.

1904

Now in her twenty-third year, Nancy had accumulated a short list of male admirers who would periodically take her for drives. The extremely hot South Carolina sun had chased a lot of the red from her hair leaving it more golden, and had deepened the freckles across her nose. Every once in a while she would come across a "freshie" and be disgusted, wishing that she and the horse were alone. This girl Nancy liked walking apart from the young people, never caring whether young men came into her life or not, as she found the happiness in her work and living with Joy and her family.

All was good, but in serious moments of backward thinking, she might experience a twinge of resentment toward John Olin, realizing that had he used his intelligence, of which he had a great deal, he could have created a different world for his family. His favorite thought was "Take no thought for the tomorrow" and he lived it while asking God to take care of him, forgetting perhaps, that God could only give him the asked-for things through efforts that he himself must make.

Captain Jack's mother made a week-long visit to Joy's to see her new grandson. After a most pleasant visit, she readied her belongings for her departure. Nancy hitched the horses to the surrey and took her to the station. As the train pulled away and a last farewell was waved, Nancy caught the eye of a fine looking young man who had apparently arrived on the departing train. She, in seconds, decided that he was not handsome, but there was something in the quick glance that passed between them that felt akin to the slight touch of a partially-worn electric cord. This was a new experience for Nancy as she quickly climbed into the surrey and headed home, adding this peculiar feeling to her already bulging list of unsolved mysteries in her life.

She was to learn in a few days that this young man who had caught her scrutiny at the station was the newly appointed Express Manager. His office was just across the tracks from the Railroad Manager's office in which she worked. On several occasions shortly after assuming management, he came into her office seeking papers that she did not even know were in circulation. He introduced himself and they passed a few polite words that certainly could not be classified as conversational. To Nancy, he was just another person in the population of Florence.

After several months of small chatter, always about business, he joined her one evening when she emerged from her office, asking if he might walk home with her. She had never heard then of "butterflies in one's stomach", but the feeling, having been defined by someone in modern times is quite a sufficient diagnosis. She was reluctant to walk into Joy's home and introduce this entire stranger to her "Appointed Guardian". She had never even mentioned this man to Joy and wondered now what her reaction would be. At this crucial moment, she did some lightning thinking, deciding to walk this young man the long way home by the cemetery, thereby giving her time to ask some veiled questions and get some answers. Every nice girl was supposed to get many questions answered and present them to her parents (or guardian) before any constant association with any newly acquainted male. Nancy certainly did not want to be jumping straight in without this required information. She knew that if Joy was peeved, her anger would be next in line, so a curbed and dignified quizzing by Nancy to this gentleman had to be a hurried accomplishment.

It was most amusing the way that things turned out; the drawn information was most satisfactory as he was the grandson of the founder of one of the popular schools for young men in the South. Had Nancy not been so frustrated, she would have associated the name when she was first introduced to him. When he took leave that evening, Joy extended an unending invitation to him to have dinner at her home whenever he wanted good home cooking. As he was living at a town hotel, he took her at her word, almost becoming a member of the family, not though marriage, but home association.

In time, this man Will and Nancy became better acquainted and she had to admit to herself that it was fascinating to a degree to have friendship with a male who was not a relative. She did not plan on expanding beyond just plain friendship in this association, but was soon to learn that Will was willingly venturing into the realm of devotion. **This new and unsolicited association was to teach this inexperienced country girl a never to be forgotten lesson, viz, "All that glitters is by no means of the highest quality, because small, constant drops of tarnish continuously dropped will eventually corrode all alluring brightness."**

Nancy had never been associated with the "yellowish green" word, jealousy. This was her first assignment in handling this uncontrollable and incurable disease. It reminded her of the trying to put out "brush fires", as John Olin called them, on the plantation. She witnessed men bringing the brush to a smoldering heap, thinking that it was out, but shortly, the flames would flare up, starting the battle once again. The wild fits of anger at first left her wild-eyed and in shock, but it did not take her too long to realize that Will was saturated with this poison. She learned to move cautiously, vowing to herself that no man was going to leave her with even a tiny scratch upon her heart.

The time arrived when Will told her that he had loved her from the moment that they had met. She felt, telling him as much, that any belief by anyone was utter illusion. One might be fascinated on first sight, but not be in love. Love as she had seen it lived was like an orchid that took many years of tender and constant care to bring the perfect blossom to maturity. While she had his undivided attention, she continued to unfold her own accumulated conclusions that had been stored within her mind since she took her place in the working world and rubbed shoulders with people at large. In the second part of her declaration, she stated her belief that all courtships bud from desire to experience sexual contact with one particular person, this being loosely called "love". Proof of love was only through living together through pleasures and sorrows, and when marriage became broken shortly after vows were taken, the cause was the dissipation of the mirage of expectant pleasures. In those cases, there was no foundation upon which happiness could build and could maintain a permanent and happy home.

This was Nancy's first sermon and of all things, to a man. It made her feel as "Alice" must have felt when she slowly emerged from the "wonderland" of her child-hood, fearing what she might hear and see as she ventured

to the edge of her hidden thoughts. She liked Will a lot when he was not ranting about some man that she may have had a conversation with.

Two miles out of Florence was a place of rare beauty called Muldrow's Pond. People came from miles away to see its wild beauty that could never have been produced by human hands. The water in this lake was ebony black and interspersed throughout with Silver Cedars hung the beautiful gray moss of which South Carolina proudly boasts. When the gentle breezes play gently over this pond, the moss would sway as though it was waltzing, gently kissing the little ripples as they journeyed their way to the shore. Around the edges of this place of enchantment were Weeping Willows, Holly, and Magnolia trees that nature had nurtured for many years, bringing them to a growth that furnished a thick foliage for shade and beauty, making it a paradise for singing birds that kept the air filled with music.



Muldrow's Pond
Florence, SC

Muldrow's Pond was verily a "Lover's Rendezvous" and whenever Will would come to take Nancy driving, he would always head for Muldrow's Pond. It was there one evening that he demanded an ultimatum to his question of "Do you love me and will you marry me" and Nancy feebly said yes, knowing that she was going to have a hard time convincing her conscience to go along with her. She was to learn from experience what happened when a hand was extended and a ring placed on the fourth finger, and being ordered to wear it, not asked.

Nancy said nothing to Joy, knowing that she would eventually see the ring, if she looked closely enough, that bore a stone so small that any one of Marion's seven stones would have put hers to shame. Will had told her that he would order another ring, but in the meantime, this would hold the "fort of possession" until the other arrived. Nancy was really not at that particular moment thinking about the ring, but of what she had just forced her conscience to do.

The lull in the "green" storm lasted only a short time. A very intimate friend of the family who had just returned from Europe after three months of business for his company, arrived in town and without notice, came out to the house and remained for supper. When Will put in his appearance later and saw this very handsome gentleman, he turned and left without even being introduced to him. A week passed before he made any effort to contact Nancy. She was now beginning to feel disgusted instead of curious. She did not allow herself to become too upset over his Will's antics. Captain Jack and Joy were treating this engagement as a joke, laughingly giving it about six months to last, hoping that Nancy and Will would part friends when it was finally dissolved, or at least be on speaking terms.

As Nancy left her office one evening, she received a telegram from Marion saying that she was going to make a visit to Florence. Nancy and Joy had tried for months to persuade her to come, but their mother maintained the idea that Heptinstall Plantation would go out of existence if she left it. Finally, she agreed to put her daughter Carrie in charge. Nancy was apprehensive knowing Carrie lived in the clouds, but did not discourage Marion.

John Olin assured her that he would handle Carrie and all would be well. So Marion came to see what another section of the world looked like.

Nancy had mixed feeling about this visit, wondering if Marion was to act as John Olin's ambassador attempting to induce her to return to the plantation. He had never given up hope that Nancy would return and did not believe she was enjoying her life with Joy and her family. Nancy soon realized that Marion did not take the same attitude. She actually advocated Nancy's continuance of her job, as long as she took time out at intervals for visits back to the old home place.

Marion came loaded with delicacies from the plantation such as Blackberry Cordial, Brandied Peaches, Apple Brandy and last but not least, one of her famous Fruit Cakes. It was near the Christmas holidays so Captain Jack invited his mother, Anne, to also join them, making it a merry season for all. Marion played the piano beautifully and the seventy year old Anne did the dancing of the old Polkas and "Swing-a-rounds".

Both of these old ladies met Nancy's friend, Will, since he was a frequent visitor at the home. Anne refrained from commenting, but Marion, after being told about his insatiable jealousy, voiced her opposition to the engagement and advised Nancy break off as soon as possible.

Marion extended her trip to two week after being pressured by her daughters. They tried diligently to bring the smile of the once beautiful face back which had been so ridged from bitterness and worry. Nancy and Will saw her off on the morning of her departure with a promise from Nancy that she would come home soon for a weekend.

So the year of nineteen-hundred and four ended, bring into stride another brush of time which would produce an entirely new and different picture that the one for which the sketch had been etched.

1905

During February, Nancy was introduced to a young man who was making a call upon her boss in the office. She knew the architect who was with him and they were introduced on their way out. Although Nancy tarried but a few minutes, the gentleman stranger asked, "May I see you when I return to your town, when we will have time to get acquainted?" She lost no time in assuring him that she would look forward to it. The next time she saw her architect friend, she flung questions at him so fast that he had trouble answering them consecutively. She learned that the very handsome man was from New York. This knowledge indexed him under Marion's "Y's" as a Yankee. He was a "free-lance" salesman for a company in Tonawanda, New York, meaning that he would go by orders to any place in the United States.

Nancy could not block him out from her mind, thinking that he was the best looking male that she had ever seen. He had silver gray hair, very classic features, and was about six feet tall. He was immaculate in his attire, wearing that day a light gray suit and carrying a dark gray overcoat. She was confident that he could qualify as a perfect answer to any girl's prayer. She mentioned the introduction only very casually to Joy knowing that if she realized that Nancy might be interested, she would retort, "Get rid of one before taking on another". She was careful to not mention anything to Will as she was in no mood just now to tackle another volcanic fury. Will had been constantly pressing to set a date for their wedding. He had even gone so far as to consult a real estate company in regard to buying a house and this peeved Nancy.



Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer
1881-1975

Author of Nancy's Diary

Three weeks after meeting this gentleman of Dutch descent, Nancy received a letter saying that he would spend the following weekend in Florence and would contact her by phone on arrival. She began to reckon now that she had verily taken a seat upon a powder keg and badly needed Joy's advice so she laid the problem at her feet for a sane solution. Joy decided that Dutch Dave would have to be allowed to come to the house so Nancy extended the invitation. Everyone wondered how Will would react when he learned of this social detour by Nancy from the straight and narrow road that he had so strictly pointed for her to follow. Fortunately a reprieve, Will was ordered to come to Wilmington on business with the Express Company over the weekend, so great preparations were made for entertaining this "Yankee" at dinner Sunday. Nancy's mind whirled as usual, wondering what Marion would say about this new addition to her very limited number of male admirers. Captain Jack arrived home Saturday night about eleven o'clock and became very interested in this man who was to be seated at the table next day with his family. How would he react when he learned that Nancy was engaged to another man? Perhaps the information would make no difference to him.

Both Joy and Captain Jack liked Dave [David Frederick Van Wormer 1876-1947] very much. They learned that he was educated at Old Union College in Schenectady, New York and had worked in practically two-thirds of the states. By the time he left in the early evening, the red carpet of Southern hospitality was unrolled, assuring him that he would be welcomed whenever he wished to come and he would come back frequently.

Nancy exacted promises from the Captain and Joy that nothing would be revealed to anyone in regard to the weekend guest. She was familiar with the proverbial grapevine that flourishes in every small town and people would react to a new total stranger. Surely, the information would seep out to Will and he would be set on a rampage once again.

News from the plantation was that John Olin was down with a terrific siege of gout and the doctor had strongly advised him to cut out the drinks that he still insisted on taking and reduce intake of any rich food. Joy and Nancy knew that both forbidden luxuries had always been associated with Heptinstall Plantation and that there would never be change in the consistency of the food that would be served. As to John Olin's divorcing completely the bottle, miracles just did not happen anymore. John Olin was selling a great deal of lumber on the stump and Marion was greatly upset, feeling sure that it was being cut much lower than the contracts called for. To top all bad news, the roof to the kitchen addition had been completely burned away and had it not been for kind neighbors, the entire house would have gone up in flames.

Junior was still in the little school in the woods and Ding was supposed to be attending too, but being the spoiled brat that she was, it was sporadic, all depending on how she felt. Junior was a typical boy and paid little attention to his sister so was not the most encouraging sibling to this girl of thirteen. Ding did not realize the importance of obtaining an education and certainty had not mind to apply herself to the task. So her future was at

this point most uncertain. She was being taught reading, writing and arithmetic, sure, but that was all. John Olin had offered to pay older sister Carrie a salary if she would take over the task of instructing Ding, but their personalities were not particularly compatible. Carrie was not the possessor of an oversupply of patience anyway, and as there had never been a necessity for her to acquire more education than what mother nature had furnished, she was inclined to sit and put off until tomorrow anything that was not imperative to be done today.

Nancy made a trip home in April and found that the roof had been replaced and all debris cleared away. The following day she found a tape measure and saddled her horse, the one that was not just a puller of the plough, and rode to the part of the woods where the last lumber was cut. She confirmed Marion's suspicions, finding that the trees were being cut too low, actually fifteen inches lower than the contract designated. All that she could do was tell John Olin and he promised to inspect the work from time to time. As Nancy rode over familiar ground and viewed old childhood haunts, it wrung her heart. Where there had once been stability and assurance of plenty, there was now quiet confusion with no noises of running wheels nor screeching of saws. The plantation needed a leader. This once mighty family was now humbled by adversity which they had brought on themselves by lack of energy and instability. It pained Nancy to realize that she alone could not solve this situation.

Marion wanted to know all about Will and her plans for the future. Her answers were vague and indifferent so Marion was convinced that Nancy was really not interested in a future with this particular man and did not bring up his name again. Before reaching the plantation, Nancy made a mental vow to herself that she would not mention her acquaintance with the "Yankee" as she did not want a rekindling of the fire of hatred that always lay smoldering in Marion's memory. Nancy's dual problems of a jealous boyfriend and an interest in a "Yankee" were not very pleasant and it did not need any additional fuel by a mother who hated anyone born above the Mason Dixon line. Her mind was in turmoil as John Olin drove her to the train station to return to Florence and her work. Whenever John Olin would side glance at her, her heart would twist, one moment with resentment for his carefree life and the other with his undying devotion to her when she was young.

During the train ride to Florence, Nancy unconsciously began to question this situation which she had placed herself. She regretted that she did not confide in John Olin and ask his advice. He showed no curiosity at all, perhaps conveying that he had confidence in her ability to use her common sense. Nancy sat in deep thought as she gazed from the train window at the sun that was fast disappearing behind a blaze of dazzling light, comparing mentally the two men who had come into her life. She had only known Dave for a short time and under friendly conditions, so could hardly compare them justly as to their dispositions. Dave was only a friend now and she had no way of knowing whether he would ever be anything else. In her mind, there was no foundation for Will to be jealous.

Will met the train that evening and in his pocket was the ordered ring that he had promised her would be arriving. She had almost forgotten, but when he slipped the indication of her first engagement from her finger and replaced it with the two-carat diamond, she began to wonder if his madness would increase in proportion to the stones, feeling perhaps that he now had a much larger investment in her which would grant him more power and a greater privilege in controlling her inclinations from that moment on. She let matters drift, learning during the next three months that diamonds regardless of size did not lay a foundation for a house of happiness and neither did they signify that an era of contentment had begun.

It was quite late when Nancy reached Joy's house so Will bade her goodbye at the door. Joy opened the door and immediately wanted to know the news of the plantation. After an abbreviated synopsis, Nancy got up to go to bed and Joy spied the shimmer of new ring. Joy first assumed that Dave had met her at the plantation and they had become engaged, but on second thought, she realized that Will was still matrimonial bound. She drew a deep breath and asked, "Nancy, are you going through with this?" Nancy had not a clue so she smiled a pleasant goodnight and went to bed.

Dave's weekend visits became more frequent and Will's jealous brawls more violent. He did the brawling while Nancy meekly listened and wondered, but she paid close attention to the way he looked when this madness possessed him. After one of those pleasurable weekends with Dave accented by trouble with Will, Captain Jack and Joy called Nancy in for a heart-to-heart talk. She knew that they had her future very much in their hearts and

minds so listened as they advised her to begin an end to this engagement. They acknowledged it was a mistake to invite Dave to come to the home when she was engaged, but mostly, they discussed the real problem of how to gracefully back out of this sham engagement to Will. Nancy sat and did the listening. The final conclusion was “no move until Nancy was absolutely sure that there was no love for Will was hidden away behind the flare for Dave”. Once a severance was asked, there would be no turning back. Nancy respected their advice and wanted to avoid any bitterness with Will if such a thing was at all possible.

Joy and her husband decidedly preferred Dave, but were somewhat puzzled by his continued visits under the existing circumstances. They did not verbalize this preference during the conversation. Nancy’s thought ran fast and furious; lightning would have been the only means of catching up with them. To the best of her ability, she decided that she did not love either of the disputed men and if she broke the relationship with Will, it would create a vacuum into which Dave could immediately step if he was thinking seriously of her. Of all things, she did not want that. She continuously asked herself “how did I ever get into this jam, anyway, and why cannot two people become warm friends without further involvements”?

The jealousy thing weighed too heavily and Nancy decided she needed to move forward. After this exchange with Joy and the Captain about love, marriage and never being able to walk backwards, Nancy began to wonder if safety measures were needed when she talked to Will. She decided that it might be a good idea to deliver her severance speech when Captain Jack was off-duty so that a strong arm would be available if needed.

Before the end of that week, Nancy called it quits with Will, knowing that Dave would be in town again for the weekend and she was tired of hearing him rant. Her oration to Will was, “I am tired of sitting upon the mountain of jealousy, so here is your ring of bondage that you can pass on to a girl who will listen, obey and bow to your every decision”. She then turned and left the parlor for her room while he went in search of Joy who was in the kitchen at the time making a cake for the weekend. Joy calmly invited Will to be seated and to listen to her, but he heeded neither request. He ranted on until she told him that he had better leave. He was in no mood to discuss anything sensibly, so he stormed out of the house, realizing that he would get just exactly nowhere with Joy.

When the Captain got home that evening, he and Joy took a drink to Nancy’s emancipation. She did not join them in their drinks, feeling like a bruised bird when he realizes that his injuries will not prevent his flying again.

Dave was expected for Sunday dinner so it was decided that nothing would be said regarding the breakup. Nancy was an unattached girl who just at this point was determined never to dabble into futures again until she was positive that the dividends would be worth the effort. She even now was beginning to erect mental barriers should Dave show too much interest in her; she wanted a vacation from anything that was akin to what Will had termed “love”, having just found an exit from the wilds of confusion. She wanted time to heal and forget.

Three weeks passed before Dave put in his appearance again. He had heard at the hotel that Will had been transferred to Wilmington and was greatly surprised. Will had requested the transfer himself, but this was not generally known. He had come to say goodbye to Nancy and to inform her “that he had never loved before and would never love again”, a declaration that echoed through her corridors of memories for many years. She realized that she had made a grave mistake when she foolishly accepted a ring and continued to see him even though she was so deeply seeped in doubt. She hoped that other people who experience doubts in matrimonial affairs find a better way through the fiery furnace of uncertainty and save themselves years of regret.

After this breakup, Nancy made an effort to return to normalcy. Dave noticed that the ring was missing from Nancy’s finger and connected it with Will’s transfer. He asked Nancy for an explanation to which she calmly announced, the engagement was dissolved. He made the remark, “This may only be a lover’s quarrel that may bring you two back together more closely than ever before”. This hurt her feelings, but Nancy knew that it was completely but was not anxious to accent this fact to Dave.

Dave went westward on business for six weeks, expecting to be back around the end of June. Nancy took advantage of the schedule and left for a short vacation to the plantation. She found on arrival the usual routine,

but with Junior and Ding on vacation. She made a trip into Littleton to see Aunt Nep who was now living alone in Cornelia's house since Cornelia had died during the previous winter. She also visited at the family of her aunt Eugenia [Note: John Olin's sister, Eugenia Atkins Clark Heptinstall 1841-1906] as she, too, had died, only a few weeks prior. Nancy had spent many pleasant hours in these homes and was sad that so many of the older generation were passing on.

A desire to recall dear memories compelled Nancy to walk to the scene where the college used to stand in Littleton. It had burned to the ground in the spring. There was nothing now to memorialize John Wesley's pioneering efforts in education but a black and scattered heap of ashes. There was such sadness and Nancy was glad to return to Florence, to Joy's home, and her desk of duties. [Note: This part is a bit out of sequence since Nancy married Dave in 1906 and Littleton Female College burned in 1919.]

Upon returning to Florence, Nancy found letters from Dave and she could sense that he was burning to get back east. Sure enough, he put in his appearance on the first day of July and when she looked in his eyes as he shook her hand, a sinking sensation suddenly came to attention in her stomach, causing uneasiness. Dave was thirty years old and she knew there would be no indecision on his part. At almost twenty-five Nancy was according to her mother's Book of Tradition, getting ready to be classed as an "old maid". These creatures get placed upon the shelf, stamped "out of circulation" as they are beyond the age of desirability. She knew darn well that she should not be thinking about this as a reason to resolve the current situation. The always-high emotion of this girl Nancy had reached a peak. She had created her own crossroad in her life and defied all the rules that parents had for futures of little girls. She had chosen a path that was to be walked more or less alone. Her choices seemed to be either walk it with a man or be retired as a "left-over". The second option would surely bring grave loneliness.

Dave was back on July first and it was the hottest day of the summer, measuring one-hundred in the shade. He came around to visit at twilight with still no sign of the heat receding. It was so calm that one might fear a coming cyclone. He had hired a buggy and was all set to go in search of a cool spot, when Nancy laughingly informed him that there was no such place in South Carolina in July. He had been to Muldrow's Pond on many occasions when they had taken the children for a ride and he was not aware that it was a favorite rendezvous for Will. Nancy said not a word, realizing too that it was dusk and she knew of no other desirable place that was permissible for couples to remain after the sun went down. Here there was always was an attendant until midnight.

It was startlingly quiet that evening as Dave and Nancy found a rustic bench under a Weeping Willow tree right at the edge of the ebony black water. Dave, for some unknown reason, spread his coat upon the grass and reclined at Nancy's feet. She had been to this place so often but this experience seemed for some reason unique. Only the little crickets had the energy to make themselves heard. That was broken by a hoot of a distance owl. There was a hazy moon shining dimly down upon the water and the little tree-frogs were jumping in and out of the water making a sound resembling a grinding of teeth. This was the unbelievable and mystical background for Dave's declaration that he was ready to surrender his freedom for a promise from Nancy that she would marry him.

He started out with an explanation that he said he felt was due her. He explained that he continued his visits while she was engaged to Will because he never believed that the marriage would take place. He was sure that Nancy would not choose someone of that temperament. He was patience, being willing to remain on the outside, but within sight, until the right time. He made it clear that he loved her and wanted to marry her, but had decided that Will must be entirely out of the picture. He wanted Nancy to resolve her own situation, without any interference from him making sure she would have no regrets in the future. He did not ask her if she loved him as he had learned that she had for several years been seeking someone who could clearly define its meaning. He wisely decided that he would let "Master Time" give her the needed definition.

They talked for many hours as calmly as though they were just discussing the weather and as they arose to go home, he asked that she think seriously about his request as it involved deeply the futures of both of them. He was to be away for another three weeks and would ask for an answer when he returned.

Not even Nancy's hand was touched while at the Pond, and when he said goodbye with a handshake, it heightened her absolute opinion that Dave was a perfect gentleman. She had to admit to herself that three weeks was an awfully short time in which to determine the remainder of her life. When she went to bed that night, her frustrated mind was in a whirl. In her wild thoughts, she found herself standing on the rim of that hazy moon that had been visible at the pond, looking down upon a beautiful rainbow, and trying to decide whether to jump into this haze of beauty.

The next morning, Nancy decided not to inform Joy as to the events. She realized this was not a challenge, but a sincere question that demanded a straight answer that must come from her alone. She truly wanted no advice, knowing that her life would be the only one that would be affected. She walked around in a fog for the next three weeks, realizing that Joy and Captain Jack must understand something was bothering her, but they did not pry and she volunteered no information knowing well that Captain Jack and Joy must see that something was bothering her, but she volunteered no information and they asked no explanation. She learned later that Joy thought that the friendship with Dave had been broken, perhaps as a result of a change in work assignments.

A letter arrived from Dave bearing the information that he would see her the twentieth of August. This was the first and only communication since their evening of serious talk. She knew that he was a man of only one declaration with no decorations. During the two weeks of dealing with the strain of the impending life time decision, Nancy not only had her own work to complete, but also the duties of the other office girl who had married and was gone on her honeymoon. The boss could find no one to fill in for just the two weeks that she was to be away, so good little Nancy took over which kept her mind off the situation, at least during work hours.

On the eighteenth of August, Dave arrived back in town couple of days ahead of his specified time. He asked Nancy to go out to dinner with him and Joy suggested that they take the surrey and go to a nice restaurant about a mile from town. Dave hitched the horse while Nancy changed her dress, trying to calm her legs that were shaking like leaves in a whirlwind. They left for the country and a delicious dinner, during which Nancy's answer of "yes" was given to this man who waited patiently to embrace her until they arrived back at Joy's house. Nancy had calmed to a simmering point by this time and they both went into the sitting room where Joy was reading and gave her the news of the engagement. She immediately rose and kissed Dave welcoming him to the family. There was no discussion about a wedding date or an engagement ring, the latter not striking a bell with Nancy after the situation with Will. In Nancy's mind, the thoughts of a changing future were creating deeper channels through which her restlessness would flow with greater ease.

After Dave's departure on Sunday evening, Nancy turned her thoughts to the plantation, centering mainly on Marion's reaction. She asked Joy to write the letter that would break the news of her engagement, knowing that Joy could handle the situation with far more diplomacy than she. She felt that the long distance that separated her from Marion would prove to be a friendly ally at this time. Complying with Nancy's request, Joy finally took time out to write to John Olin and Marion. They had only learned just a few weeks previous of the break-up with Will. So they had a quick wake-up in regard to their indifferent daughter (concerning love) who had arranged in whirlwind velocity time, another engagement. Joy wrote that they were going to have to accept a "Damn Yankee" within this family circle, assuring them in her tactful and gentle approach that he was a most wonderful catch for Nancy. A stranger, reading this letter might have wondered if this "Nancy" had been on a fishing trip or a wild animal hunt and had bagged the winning prize. The only difference that Nancy realized by being engaged, hunting was brought to a standstill and request for dates were no longer solicited.

For some unexplainable reason Nancy recalled Marion telling her when she was just a little brat, Viz, "You should have been a boy, but when sent down to the processing chamber, you were wrongly labeled." Nancy had wished all of her life that she had been born a boy because they did not have any worries and confusions. On the other hand, could she have seen down the road of the future and where it would lead her, there would without doubt have been a rearrangement of plans with no husband included in her itinerary of living. This statement does not mean to imply that Nancy did not spend many happy hours as a wife and mother, but when looking back through past years and balancing happiness against the sorrows, it is difficult for her to decide which hung lower on the scales of living.

John Olin took it unto himself to answer Joy's letter stating that if Nancy really loved the "guy", then that was all that mattered. When Nancy read that "love" word, she wanted the worst way to sit down and write to her father asking, "What does that word mean"? But she did not dare, knowing that he would surely ask her, "Is it not somewhat of a delayed definition that you are asking, Nancy"?"

1906

There was a natural curiosity on the part of John Olin and Marion to see and meet this man whom Nancy was to bring into this family. So at the request of John Olin, Nancy arrange for them to go to the plantation for a weekend. Dave was working in the Virginia area and would come to the plantation on Saturday while Nancy would come from Florence on Friday.

Nancy had no qualms what-so-ever as to Dave passing John Olin's scrutiny, but was worried about Marion's reaction since Dave would be one of her hated "Yankees". She did not want to hurt her mother and wanted her to accept Dave on the same level as the Captain and Joy had done.

As Nancy ran mentally though the English language, she wondered what questions John Olin would ask Dave before giving her hand in marriage to him as "Southern Tradition" required. She would be present and felt in advance that her body would gradually slither through the floor. John Olin met her at the train in Weldon and seemed to be in an unusually happy mood, causing her to wonder if this happiness was because he was to be rid of her and her crazy notions. On the fifteen-mile return trip on the dirt road, they had sufficient time to talk and Nancy tried very hard to focus the conversation on affairs of the plantation and Junior's ability to assume some of the responsibility. She had noticed when she stepped into the buggy that ice had been purchased and was being transported covered with a blanket and saw-dust. This old blanket had been one of the covering on the trundle bed that was pushed under Marion's side of the bed. It now was old and worn and serving a new purpose. She asked John Olin "How much ice do you expect to have when we reach home" and when he said that he had allowed twenty-five pounds for melting, she worried no more, knowing that he was an expert calculator when he took time to do it.

Mary, the kitchen helper, was getting old, but was still on the job. That forecast plenty of good food. Marion told Nancy that it was her responsibility to ready the parlor so she was up at five o'clock on Saturday. She left as promised with John Olin at eleven to be able to meet Dave in Weldon at two o'clock.

John Olin and Dave hit it off amicably upon introduction. Having been raised near New York, the great city of glitter, Dave had much to talk about with John Olin. Nancy sat very quiet between these two men, both who loved her, one having recently declared devotion and the other a living proof over time. She took in the scenery and listened and tried not to think about being embarrassed to tears during the inquisition. This whole procedure was being master-minded by "Tradition" while she heartily wished she could master-mind her own affairs.

Marion was painfully quiet all evening, scarcely speaking a word unless addressed pointedly. The specially-prepared meal was neither a dinner nor a supper, but a mixture of dishes selected from menus of both meals. The most delicious dish was "Old fashioned Southern fried chicken". It turned out that Nancy's evening with Dave was very short as John Olin called bedtime at ten-thirty just as he did when Joy was receiving men friends.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, Dave and Nancy were asked to meet John Olin in the parlor. Already nerve-racked, the teasing by her sister Carrie was not helping one little bit. Never in Nancy's life did she have a more urgent desire to saddle up what was left of her horse and go to the furthest corner of the plantation putting at least twenty-miles between her and this scene with John Olin. Realizing that there was no alternative, she faced about and appeared before the "Judge". Questions were asked and answers were given. At the conclusion, a ring placed upon a finger and a girl promised in marriage with many good wishes and blessing as a bonus. Right here,

Nancy suspected that Dave was going to embrace her so she quickly remembered that there was a urgent task that necessitated her lightening quick exit, leaving John Olin and Dave both wondering what in heaven's name could be that important. There was no way that she would be taken in Dave's arms and kissed in John Olin's presence. She retreated to her room upstairs, remaining so long that John Olin had to go hunting for her thinking something was wrong. Having recovered some-what when he reached the door, she took his arm and they came down the long winding stairway to Dave.

Nancy suggested to Dave that they take a walk to the old family burying ground before he left as she had never missed a chance to visit John Wesley's grave. They strolled together to that loneliest spot on earth, at least to Nancy, returning by way of the Mulberry tree beyond the garden under which was the tiny little grave of Vance. There were tears near the surface as they stood beside John Wesley's grave and Dave enfolded her within his arms that were to protect, irritate, and labor for her through many future years.

After a delicious dinner, well-praised by the new addition-to-be in this family, they took their leave. Junior drove them back to the train station, Dave to go north and Nancy to go south. Dave had told her that he needed to work in Virginia at least three more weeks and Nancy was glad to have the allotted time to attempt to regain her equilibrium.

Dave wrote John Olin and Marion to thank them for an enjoyable visit. His praise of the food banished doubt from any mind that the "Yankee" was not appreciative. Nancy waited with apprehension for Marion's letter to Joy, knowing that she would express more freely her opinion regarding Dave. Marion had not said anything to her about Dave while they were at the plantation so she had no clue as to the thoughts in her mind.

John Olin had told Nancy that when she was ready to buy her wedding clothes to let him know and he would send her sufficient amount to pay for them. She planned to only buy the necessities, with no desire to have a splurge that would cost a lot of that she knew there was little money in circulation at Heptinstall Plantation. In fact, she would have preferred going before a Justice of the Peace and getting this marriage over in quick time. But when she mentioned it to John Olin, he was infuriated and insisted that she not mention such antics to Dave who was so precise and dignified.

When Nancy returned to her desk and duties, everything seemed changed. The anticipation of a different future, even while still dreading the uncertainty and realization, relaxed her to a degree, but she disliked the idea of leaving Joy and her family. She had loved her work and this little village with its small churches that had white pointed steeples. As comfortable as she was here, she was surrendering it all to go and live with a man somewhere unknown and the more she thought about it, the less sense it made. On each of Dave's trips back to Florence, he would have to convince her all over again that everything would be alright and they would achieve happiness together.

In anticipation of his marriage, Dave wrote to his office in Tonawanda to request a change in territory that he had to cover that would reduce the number of trips that he had to make. They responded with an option of making Charlotte, North Carolina his home station with a territory of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Traveling was done in these days by railway and it was not a picnic. Trains were notoriously late or off schedule. So many men who were involved in sales had mountains of samples that had to be carried with them from town to town which made luggage always another headache.

After this was settled, Dave went to the main office and requested a three-week vacation for his marriage and honeymoon to Canada and New York City. He needed sufficient time to take Nancy to also visit his parents at their home place near Albany in New York State. After discussion, the vacation was scheduled to begin on the fifteenth of December, so the knot of matrimonial bondage was set to be tied on the eighteenth of that month.

Having become accomplished in the art of making clothes while living with Joy and her family, Nancy bought materials for underwear to begin her trousseau. She had spent any spare time at Joy's sewing machine with little Jack sitting on the leaf of the machine table winding and unwinding yards and yards of thread and talking his infantile English gibberish that was only partially understandable to her. She wondered what a silent and

listening stranger would say if they overheard this chatter. She gave no answers to what she did not recognize as questions, but when little Jack would get peeved, she would give a nod and an occasional grunt that seemed to settle him back to his tasks. Deep down within Nancy's heart, she wondered how she could say goodbye to his adorable little boy to whom she had given her fondest love.

After many suggestions and much advice, Nancy made a trip to Charleston to purchase additional wedding attire, a Navy suit with matching accessories. She had decided that this would be appropriate so she could make a quick departure after the minister said "I pronounce you, man and wife". She wanted no long goodbyes, moistened by tears and smears that she feared might be plenty and certainly, she did not want to allow a possibility of opening her own ever-ready floodgate of emotion. Charleston was an interesting old city with an ocean full of fumbling and rough waves continuously wending their way to shore. After some sightseeing, she made her purchases with the assistance and approval Captain Jack's sister-in-law by his first marriage who was very kind and stylish.

It was past midnight when she arrived back in Florence, but Joy and Charlotte, the maid, had remained awake to pass judgment on what she had bought, everything meeting with their approval except the matching hat that was trimmed in Peacock feathers. Charlotte almost threw a fit, asking "Mis Nancy, you ain't going to wear dat hat is you, you no dat Peacock feathers is the worst of bad luck". While Nancy listened, she knew darn well that whether they meant bad luck or good that she had twenty dollars in "dem feathers" and no more money to buy another hat. Besides, it was the newest model called "The Peter Pan" after the play that had opened in New York during the past fall. While the tall tales of this middle-aged Negro did not affect Nancy at this time, she was to wonder about her luck in many future times, beginning on her wedding day. Even though she considered herself to be a civilized human being, this "witch-craft" by the colored race lingered in her memory for many years.

Ten days before the marriage date, she left Florence for the old plantation from which she would make her exit under a new name into an entirely unexplored future. She could not bear to say goodbye to little Jack so Charlotte took him out in the stroller walking toward the cemetery while Joy drove Nancy to the station. Deep within her heart, Nancy prayed that she would never again have to experience another parting from a little child whose arms were outstretched and begging to go with her. Several friends, both male and female, were at the station to bid her goodbye. She kissed everyone who wanted a last remembrance given in this fashion and was wished in return a lifetime of happiness. As she listened to well-meant words, she felt that her boat was already rocking and she was without even a broken oar on this new voyage of matrimony. She sat with a yard-long face, fighting back tears. Every turn of the train wheels brought verification of the fact that she was getting further and further from those that she loved so dearly, never again to be a part of their lives, only getting to visit with them at intervals.

John Olin met her train and was immediately much disturbed after observing that she looked very tired and had lost some weight. In normal circumstances, Nancy would have been involved in preparations for the wedding and reception, but Marion agreed with John Olin and ruled out any activities for her. They suggested that she spend the ten days in complete relaxation, turning over the planning for the festivities to Carrie and a cousin who had come up for the wedding.

This arrangement being perfectly in tune with Nancy's desire to saddle her old horse and visit old haunts, recalling never-to-be-forgotten memories of days gone by.

At one familiar spot, she slipped the bridle from the mouth of the horse and sent her grazing with a pat. Nancy carefully passed over the little footbridge that was now showing signs of decay. The once-sparkling water that ran so swiftly was choked by dead leaves and withered grass. As she came near to Tyne's little cabin, she observed that the door was hanging by one hinge and a large portion of the little porch had fallen down. The top of the chimney had toppled to the ground and the squirrels and chipmunks had built nest in the remaining part. Cruel Time had wielded its blows on this house, but Nancy felt sure that the heavenly soul of the one who had inhabited it for many years was far away and too happy in his heavenly home to care one little bit.



“the wild orchid”

The pink Lady Slipper
A protected wildflower of North Carolina

They grow on the Heptinstall Plantation, but are very difficult to cultivate.

As she sat upon the trunk of a fallen tree and fingered beside her what must have been the last little wild orchid, called a lady slipper, of the fall. John Wesley was ever present in her mind as she visited these spots that she had loved as a child and she felt the warmth of his presence as she gazed far out into the fields down the winding road that led to the pasture. This road was being crowded out by wild growth and young trees. Nancy would gladly have exchanged her planned future then and there for a renewal of her childhood as she had lived it on the old plantation. Unfortunately, she was much aware that no one can move backward, so she was forced to face up to the future which may or may not hold happiness.

On the afternoon of the seventeenth Dave and his older Brother, Sanford, arrived so the wheel of motion was turned to top notch. Carrie was really in a dither as she was to be Nancy’s only attendant. John Olin was pressing up his finest as he was going to give his daughter to Dave to “have and to hold”. There was much activity around the plantation as the “pits” were dug in the yard over which the whole pigs would be roasted. Turkeys were getting the ax along with the poor little chickens.

At the end of a week at home, Nancy had lost every semblance of an appetite and was unable to sleep. Frustration was on the warpath in her body, making her feel every nerve in her stomach was having a “shivering jamboree”. Marion was convinced that she would not be able to travel when the time came. She had dropped twelve pounds since Dave had last seen her and his first question after arriving had been “What has happened to you, Nancy?” She made no reply, thinking he should know better than to ask about her feeling. She began to realize that this young man had a lot to learn as well as endure, and even though he was very patient and understanding, she now had a pre-marriage hunch that there might be times when he became thread-bare.

About mid-night, everyone was indulging in music and dancing. Dave pretending that he was hungry and suggested to Nancy that the two of them slip into the dining room and have something to eat. She was fully aware of his anxiety in regard to her and sensed that he wanted to try to inveigle her into eating something, but all that he could persuade her to take was a cool glass of milk, while he ate a giant turkey sandwich followed by a thick slice of Marion’s Fruit Cake. To top all of that, he had two cups of coffee from the steaming silver urn from Littleton College that was parked on the little alcoholic [alcohol] stove. Dave did all of the eating and most of the talking during the hour that was spent behind a closed door. It was just twelve hours before they were to step together through another door that was to open into a new world where it would be up to them to begin to cultivate a coveted harvest of contentment and marital happiness.

John Olin called bed-time at one AM and announced that an early rising would be necessary. Breakfast would be served bouffet [buffet] style beginning at eight AM as the ceremony was scheduled for ten o’clock. Some of the partying people who lived close-by went home, taking along some friends. Marion passed out blankets and pillows to the remaining folks and suggested that they make themselves as comfortable as possible anywhere they could find a place to lay their head.

Sam remained through the remainder of the night, keeping the home-fires burning both on the outside as well as the inside. He also offered up some additional warmth with sips of John Olin's "old Overholt". The poor bride-to-be was supposed to sleep in the room that was being shared with nine other females, all talking at the same time but on different subjects. Her imploring did not one speck of good and she rolled and tossed until the long, rumbling volcano began to erupt. Carrie went downstairs to get John Olin and as usual, he came with a glass in one hand and a freshly opened bottle of "Old Overholt" in the other, this being his cure for every disease that had ever been discovered.

The very slight of the bottle nauseated Nancy but John Olin insisted that she take just one gulp and all would be well. It felt like pouring gasoline on an already lighted fire. By six in the morning, Nancy looked to see if she still had her ten toes intact.

Marion who had left the diagnosis and medical care to John Olin during the night, came up about sunrise the next morning to help her dress. Nancy had designed her own gown of orchid silk organza with shearing at the sleeveless shoulders and around the hips. The skirt extended into a long train. The dress was simple but beautiful and Nancy knew on her wedding day she should be contented, but her stomach would just not let her. Marion assessed the situation and told her daughter that if she could not stand for the marriage, she could sit during the ceremony. This was the last straw of disgust. Nancy broke in pieces and told her mother that if she could not stand, there would be no marriage. When Marion conveyed this to John Olin, he immediately sent a man into town to get the doctor and then asked Dave to exchange his train tickets for a later time to accommodate a delayed marriage.

At this point Nancy decided that it made no difference to her whether she was married in a suit or a night-gown, as long as it was done quickly and she and Dave could get away from all of this. The suave family doctor arrived and gave Nancy two injections, a half hour apart, and the ceremony took place at twelve noon instead of ten. Nancy was shaky, but stood for the performance with Carrie on one side and Dave on the other. The beautiful wedding bouquet that reeked of Lily of the Valley had to be relegated to the back porch.

This chilly and rainy day will always linger in Nancy's memory as the most confounding and confusing day of her life. Sam drove them in John Olin's carriage to the train station, and those seven miles to Littleton were to Nancy, an eternity. As they stood beside the track waiting for the train, Nancy's stomach began rolling again, this time in unison with the wheels. She quickly realized that sitting in a seat on the train would not be sufficient. With just a brief warning, she ran to the Ladies' Room on the train with lightning speed, avoiding by a few moments, embarrassing her new and dignified husband beyond comprehension. After she had emptied her stomach, she crawled upon a long bench and reclined there until the porter came in search of her. When Dave was informed of her condition, a berth was made available and she was soon fast asleep, forgetting entirely that she had ever seen a man known as Dave.

Dave awoke Nancy as they approached Washington, DC and helped her get back into her suit jacket, shoes, and hat. On arrival at the hotel, the elevator ride restarted the revolutions in her stomach. The hotel physician diagnosed her with "spasms of stomach nerves" caused by great tension and improper nourishment and ordered her to bed. He asked Dave to keep her as quiet as possible for at least two days and to give her the medicine that he would send to the room, every half hour.

So the newly acquired husband had taken unto himself a wife, for whom he had promised to care for through sickness and health, for better or for worst, not realizing that his vows would be sorely tested from the beginning of their married life. Nancy proceeded to succumb in slumber land, only being aroused to take her medicine. After three days of care from the doctor, Nancy had improved to the point where they could proceed on their trip to Canada and Niagara Falls. There Nancy saw more snow than she had seen since the Blizzard of Eighty-Eight. They continued to Tonawanda, NY where they were graciously entertained by the "Uppers" of the company, all of which Nancy enjoyed to the utmost since it was so different from her regular routine of living.

Dave was awarded a raise of twenty-five dollars a month which ran his monthly salary to one-hundred and twenty-five dollars which in those days was considered an excellent salary. After meeting and dining with

these “Yankee” presidents and vice presidents of the company, Nancy was aware that they expected great returns and fair dealings. Dave was to be the “in-between man” and therefore, was expected to keep the balance wheel always whirling and all parties pleased. She thought at the time that she had found the explanation of Dave’s unusual dignity and gentlemanly manners. These big companies required a representative who would proudly introduce himself as their man-at-large. Later in their trip, when she met his parents, she was to learn that this lesson of dignity had been instilled within her husband since childhood.

As they arrived in Albany, Dave’s younger brother who was living with the parents, met the train in a two-horse cutter since there was plenty of snow. Traveling in those cold winds would require more than Nancy’s usual wrappings. Fortunately, Dave’s father, Francis Van Wormer, had sent an old coon-skin coat that looked like it might have been a relic from the days of the Indians. Dad Francis knew that since Nancy was from the South, she would not have experienced the bitter cold of the North and worried that she might catch pneumonia. So Nancy put the coon-skin over her regular coat and pulled up a bearskin over her legs. This was her first experience of riding in anything other than something with wheels. She wished in her heart that she could have a picture of herself sitting between these two handsome men, wrapped in all this fur with the predicted “unlucky peacock feathers” flying in the blustery wind. As she was riding, she recalled to herself those red-flannels and heavy gray balmorals that Marion had dug out for cold weather at the plantation. She had always rebelled against wearing them, but wouldn’t mind having some red-flannels right at this moment.

The home that had sheltered Dave during his childhood was found to be very pleasant. It was an old landmark, about one hundred and fifty years old, and had been handed down to Dave’s mother, Lavenia Wagner Van Wormer, from her parents John Wagner and Margaret Shell Wagner. Their forefathers had come to this country from Holland almost two hundred years before. The house had been kept in perfect condition with only one alteration in which a very large storage room had been converted into a bedroom on the first floor. She was told during this conversion that the original brick ovens, used previously by generations, were covered over.

Nancy found Daddy Frank to be an amusing old man who did not hesitate one moment in bringing quickly to sound whatever formed in his mind, making him appear gruff at times, but she soon learned that this was perfectly normal and natural with him. When he very suddenly asked her one day “how do you like the Yankees, Nancy?” she curtly replied, “I just married one, did I not”? This seemingly amused him to the point of a healthy chuckle. They became friends without ado having much to discuss with their common farming backgrounds. Nancy would don the old coon coat, tie a woolen scarf over her head, and would accompany him to the barn when he went to milk the cows and feed the chickens and other animals.

Mother Lavenia was a mousy little woman that went about her chores so quickly and quietly that one would hardly realize that duties were being performed. Ruby, the younger son’s wife, did most of the cooking while Mother Lavenia did the cleaning, setting the table, and other household chores. She said very little, but heard everything. She was a writer for several magazines and therefore, had attentive ears that enhanced her sources of wisdom that she translated later into paper.

Nancy made special note of the way Mother Lavenia would sit and always take up a book. As Nancy wished to get as well acquainted with her as possible during their short stay, she mentioned this to Dave and he told her that his mother had done that for as long as he could remember and it would be a little late to try to break the habit now. Mother Lavenia’s eyes would leave the book when Nancy moved around the room and she could feel herself being taken to pieces, bit by bit, and would have given a lot to know just what this woman was thinking. Having only a quizzical look in her eyes, she spoke “narry a word”.

Mother Lavenia had been an only child, but in Daddy Francis’ family, there had been seven sons and two daughters, all living except one daughter who had died in the fall before Dave and Nancy had married. The remaining daughter had never married and was keeping house for the youngest son who was born deaf.

All of the relatives wanted very much to see this “monstrosity” that Dave had brought from the South so Daddy Francis suggested that Nancy and Dave take the one-horse sleigh and make a visit to each of the homes of the relatives, going first to see the one that lived the greatest distance, working back toward the home place, taking

dinner with some and spending the night whenever darkness fell. This sounded like fun to Dave and Nancy so bundled up with the coon coat and the bearskin rug, they set out to get acquainted with the relatives. Having been in the South for eight years, Dave was practically as much of a stranger as Nancy.

Dave and Nancy found that they were liked so much that each family took to their sleds and followed them as they moved up the line. So on the last night, there was a most hilarious party with all the family members being present. Food was plentiful, but the only drink that Nancy could see was cider that had been made on the farms, but as the evening advanced, she decided that it must be the "hard cider" like they had in the South because the folks were getting somewhat tipsy. Eating, drinking and dancing went on far into the morning and Nancy wondered if they were going to bed at all. She enjoyed them all and seemed to click with everyone. Dave was quite vocal about detesting excess baggage when traveling so family members gave the newlyweds money and small gifts.

Dave's vacation time was running short, so they bade farewell to the very dear family that Nancy had so recently joined, and when she kissed Daddy Francis goodbye, he hugged her and said "You know Nancy that is the first kiss that I have had in twenty years". While she was practically stunned, she had already reached the conclusion that this was not a family of seeable affection. She had watched Dave greet his mother by shaking her hand after not seeing her for almost a year. She thought back over the time that she had gone with Dave without any display of affection and wondered if their newness of intimacy that she was endeavoring to nurture, might eventually wear off.

This very tired, but happy couple readied for the trip to their next stop, New York City. They were met in New York by Dave's older brother, Sanford and taken to the New Yorker Hotel, a small home-like hotel in which he resided. After having dinner there and just talking for a time, they went to see the play, "Peter Pan" for which Nancy's hat was named. It was starring Maude Adams. Sunday was spent sight-seeing and Nancy took a deep interest in seeing the many places she had heard John Olin so often mention.

Sanford worked with one of the big news companies and had to work on Monday, so he joined them later for dinner. There was another visit that evening to the theater to see "The Great Divide" which verily "pulled down the curtain" on fun and amusement since they had to leave the next morning for Charlotte, NC. After such a lovely visit with relatives, Nancy was sad about moving to her lonely place of new residence where she knew not a living person or even the name of a street. The mere thought of being alone after Dave went back on the road cast a shadow over the pleasantries of the past three weeks, but she was consoled knowing that she had acquired for herself a considerate husband who was a gentleman in every sense of the word. When they arrived in Charlotte, they went to the Buford Hotel where Dave had always resided when he was working in the town. It was the best hotel in Charlotte at that time and here Nancy saw her first "fenced-in" bath tub that was encircled by a draw-curtain.

Dave delayed his leaving of Charlotte for several days by calling on his local customers. Then he had to leave for a two-week trip and Nancy was to learn at a fast pace what it meant to be among strangers in a strange place. She walked the streets until her feet rebelled, then she turned to reading, finally to sleeping, taking her away from this entire unknown situation. The hotel managers were driven to distraction as Dave had asked them to look after Nancy and see that she came down for her meals. There was a Negro boy who was one of the "bell hoppers" and was sent to her door if she did not come down at the appropriate hour to get every meal. He would called to her at her door, "Is you et yit Miss Nancy, if you ain't, its time" and when she told him that she was not hungry, he would bring her meal up to her room and serve her like a queen.

When Dave returned to Charlotte after a trip into Georgia around the tenth of February, he gave Nancy the once over and suggested that she pack up and visit Joy who had just had a new baby boy while they were on their wedding trip. He also suggested that she return by way of the plantation and visit with her family.

Thinking that housekeeping would fill up some of her spare hours, Dave suggested Nancy search for an apartment in Charlotte. Dave left on the four o'clock train Monday morning and Nancy started out in exploration of a "small place". After much walking and riding street cars, she found an apartment, not what she would have

liked to have had, but one that she knew they could afford. It was four rooms and a bath on the second floor of a private home. It was in a nice section of the town and the nearby street car took her within easy stepping distance of both the Southern and Seaboard Trains stations. The rent was twenty dollars per month so she paid the first month's rent and tarried a while, trying to envision what it was going to look like after it was furnished, but wondering where they would get all the furniture and needed house items. She did not know, of course, that this little flat was only the first of many "homes" that this couple would have during their married life. They would have no wishing star on which to hitch their wagon nor help in climbing the many mountains.

Nancy met Dave at the train station on Saturday evening and after having dinner at a restaurant, she escorted him to his future home-to-be. He like it very much and seemed thrilled at the idea of having a home of his own. Nancy still could see nothing homelike in the appearance of an empty flat.

The following Monday morning, they left together on train, but in Hamlet, NC, they boarded trains going in different directions, she going southward and he going eastward. Dave was going a little out of his way to contact a customer who was in the furniture business hoping to purchase furniture at a wholesale price. Nancy arrived at Joy's home late in the afternoon to find everyone in good health and spirits. The new baby was entirely different from any of the others. This baby had very dark hair and brown eyes. Nancy was thrilled to be again in Florence and determined that during these two weeks, she would accumulate additional happy moments for her memory bank. She lived every minute to the fullest beginning with little Jack crawling into the bed with her at the break of dawn. There were very few minutes during the day when he was not beside her either holding her hand or sitting on her lap. He was talking much more fluently now so that she did not have to reply to his questions with a grunt.

It was near the first of March and the winds were a gusty and nippy, yet the little kiddies that Nancy had taken to the country so many times for a wade in the brook, clamored for a drive. Nancy loaded them into the surrey to have an old fashioned picnic, even allowing them to wiggle their toes in the chilly water.

Joy recognized that Nancy was a very lonely girl while Dave was away so she suggested to Nancy that she ask their fifteen-year old sister, Ding, to come live with her in Charlotte. Ding could attend school there getting a much better education than at the rural school near the plantation. That suggestion rang a bell with Nancy and after receiving no objection by Dave, she wrote to her parents. Joy and Nancy both were uncertain as to whether John Olin would consent. Joy also promised Nancy that she could have little Jack come for a visit in Charlotte for two weeks in the summer if she would come and get him. It only took Nancy a second to agree to come pick him up on the first of August.

John Olin and Ding met the train in Weldon. Ding had changed a great deal in the few months that Nancy had not seen her. She now had a marked resemblance to photographs of Marion when she was young. Joy also had the same features as Marion and Ding, but Nancy resembled John Olin. During the drive home, Nancy watched Ding's mannerisms which were representative of a maturing girl. Ding was nearing the time in her life when she desired admiration for herself. Regardless, the freckles across her nose put the seal of the plantation upon her pretty face. Nancy was forced to admit to herself that she had not bothered to pay attention to Ding during her infrequent visits home in the past five years and that Ding was now in the process of becoming a young lady.



Hannah Bailey Heptinstall,
Called “Ding”
is standing in front of the old well
At the Heptinstall House Plantation.

Ding was the daughter of
John Olin Heptinstall and sister of Nancy
Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer, the author
of Nancy’s Diary.

Her first husband was Benjamin W. Mathes
and her second husband was George Jones.

Nancy had been told that Junior had left the plantation, going off to Norfolk, Virginia with one of the former school superintendent’s sons to see what it was like to live in a part of the world where people lived close together rather than in wide open spaces. During the drive home, Nancy learned that John Olin was terribly upset by Junior’s departure. Since leaving the rural school, he had not done much and was beginning to wonder what he could do to earn a living. Nancy felt deeply that Junior as the only son should be tied tightly to the plantation and promised her father that she would write Junior a letter as soon as she returned home. She hoped that Junior would return to care for the plantation and the folks during their older years.

By coincidence, the very next morning, John Olin was brought a letter by the former superintendent of schools who happened to be in the post office the day before and was asked by the postmaster to hand-deliver the letter. The superintendent had also received a letter from his son who was with Junior on their adventure in Richmond. The letters indicated that the boys had decided to come back home and Junior had asked John Olin to meet him the following Saturday at the train station. Nancy asked permission from her father to go get this young prodigal so she would have time on the drive back to pry into the reason for his leaving. John Olin graciously granted her request and remained in his rocker on the back porch.

John Olin had bought a new buggy horse that was named “Chunk”. Chunk had once been a racehorse so when any vehicle tried to pass him on the road, he stepped up and it took strong arms to hold him in harness. So Nancy politely declined to hitch up Chunk. While her horse was very old, she was still capable of getting Nancy to the station and back safely. So after hitching up, Nancy took off to bring back to the plantation the young man whose mere curiosity had beckoned him beyond the boundary of his home. Junior looked very suave as he stepped from the coach with smiles that forecast a most agreeable mood. Nancy was quick to surmise that this good mood was because Junior knew he could still return to a welcoming home with a comfortable bed and a good meal. Even though the past few lean years at the plantation had limited the varieties of the foods, Nancy knew that the table still served the best quality food prepared in the most appetizing way. Nancy learned that Junior and his friend had been employed by a traction company and had been assigned to the same street car line. Junior was a conductor and the other boy was a motorman. Neither one had been trained sufficiently, yet they were loosed upon the tracks and in a short time, made an impromptu entrance into the large plate glass front window of a grocery store. Fortunately, no one was killed, but women fainted all over the place. Both Junior and his cohort were fired like a shot out of a rifle. Junior decided that he could handle horses better than streetcars.

During the remaining few days that Nancy tarried at the plantation, she gathered that Junior was not in the least thrilled with any aspect of city living. He had discovered that he was not equipped with what it took to

fight one's way to a mere existence in the crowded area where only money spoke. He had learned that a "bird in hand with John Olin was worth two in any bush elsewhere in a not too friendly world".

John Olin decided to assign Junior a task that he had been putting off for some time. John Olin dreaded long drives and this particular trouble was located on the far tip of the plantation, twenty miles distant. This was to be a good test of Junior's ability to handle business affairs, so he gave him the papers with the particulars and sent him on his way. The situation was regarding a tenant on the adjoining farm who crossing the property line to cut and then sell lumber that belonged to John Olin. He then would share the profits with another tenant who was aiding him in this enterprise. Somehow the county sheriff had been alerted to this and had notified John Olin.

Junior went to the county seat and had papers issued that brought these offenders into court and without the cost of a jury, they were forced to pay a very stiff fine and all expenses of the court. John Olin was delighted as well as surprised, so decided from that time on, Junior would be allowed to make decisions and assume a greater part of the responsibility of the activities of the farm.

In the interim, Nancy had received a letter from Dave who once again expressed approval of Joy's suggestion of having Ding come to Charlotte to provide company for Nancy and to pursue her education under more encouraging circumstances. Nancy made her proposal to Marion and found her very willing, but doubtful that John Olin would give his consent. After mustering enough courage to approach John Olin, Nancy was not surprised when he asked for time to think it over. Knowing that she already planned to go back to Florence in a few months to pick up little Jack for his vacation, she let the matter rest until then. If John Olin did consent, she figured that she could return to Charlotte by way of the plantation and pick up Ding. So with matters at a standstill, she kissed John Olin goodbye with this admonition, "consider beyond everything else your daughter's future and what it will be like when she grows up and blames you for her lack of education". With this, Nancy got into the buggy and Junior took her to catch the train bound for Charlotte. She now had to face the problem of trying to make the naked flat attractive and livable.

Dave was somewhere in the wilds of Georgia, so there was no one to meet her when the train rolled into Charlotte around eleven at night. Gathering her belongings, she boarded a trolley that went within one block of the hotel and with her hand over her heart, gave thanks that she had acquired the stamina that was needed for her to find her way without frustration or fear, alone at night.

She was awakened the next morning by a rap upon the door, sensing at once that it was her "dark angel" who had probably been alerted to her return. She heard him say "Mis Nancy ise so glad youse back, is you wantin sumfin to ete?" After he served her breakfast in the room, Nancy dressed and took off to the flat, finding upon arrival that a bedroom set had been placed in the room. It looked very gaunt as it stood there without springs or mattress. The color of the wood was very light and she wondered if it was pine dressed up with a coat or two of varnish. She had never associated with any wood other than walnut and mahogany. Glancing at the price tag of fifteen dollars on the headboard, she realized that it was indeed a small amount to pay for a complete bedroom suit. She hoped that it would at least turn out to be oak which was held in much higher regard on the plantation than mere pine. She wondered what Marion would say when she saw it, and as to a query of the cost, she could see herself making another lightening exit.

In a letter, John Olin had given his consent for Ding to come to Charlotte. So Nancy bought a single bed and a dresser for a room in the flat to make comfortable quarters for Ding and she purchased some furniture for the living room. When she hung the ruffled organdy curtains that she had made, the flat began to look as though someone existed here.

The trip to get little Jack and Ding was to go down in Nancy's Diary as one never to be forgotten in a lifetime. Neither one of these travelers had been more than seven miles from their homes. Actually Ding had gone with John Olin to meet Nancy in Weldon which was fifteen miles from the plantation, but to Nancy's knowledge, Ding had no idea of what the world was like beyond the boundary of what was owned by her father. When Nancy arrived at Joy's home, she found little Jack wild-eyed over the prospective trip. He wanted to leave at once, never

dreaming that he would not be on his Daddy's train which was heading further southward. Nancy anticipated having a tearful little boy when he did not see his dad punching tickets.

She only stayed in Florence for three days because she wanted to be at the flat when Dave arrived for a scheduled week of rest. Nancy and little Jack had a most wonderful trip from Florence to Weldon. Jack wanted some of everything that was brought through the coach and Nancy, being the loving aunt, gratified his every wish while wondering if his little "tummy" would be able to handle all the combinations. John Olin was right beside the steps at the station when the train stopped, giving a big hug to his first little grandson as well as to Nancy, his pal of years gone by. Driving back to the plantation, she looked out over the crops that would soon be harvested and the cows satisfying their hunger on this most beautiful day. These cows were moving toward the shade of the trees to set while chewing their cuds, waiting a time when they would be driven to the barn for milking and stalling. The silence that reigned in the fields and the woods brought back to Nancy both joyous and sad remembrances.

Ding was the first to meet them, opening the gate as they drove into the big grove. She was most happy and hilarious over the prospects of her journey that she suspected was to be to a far distant land since it would take over twelve hours to reach their destination.

Marion, like all mothers, wanted to help Nancy with her new task of housekeeping. She had numerous articles to supplement what Nancy had already accumulated. Marion proudly pointed to the huge pile of boxes and bundles and Nancy almost passed out. Not wanting to hurt her mother's feelings, she quickly assured her that she and Ding could handle getting them back to Charlotte with the help of the train's conductor and the porter. At the same time in the swift under-current of her mind was the idea that the conductor might remind her that he was not a luggage carrier, but the master of the train. John Olin and Junior both assured her that they would get the luggage and baggage on the train so she was silenced and reminded herself of John Olin's way of living, "Forget today what must be done tomorrow".

Departure time rolled around and John Olin and Junior prepared to move the mountain of baggage, boxes and bundles. As Nancy purchased the tickets, she realized that she had to change trains in Hamlet NC. She was overwhelmed at the thought of having to move all the baggage a second time. After being seated in coach, Nancy noted that the parcels and luggage was taking up a fourth seat as well as slightly choking the aisle. The conductor side-glanced at her several times as the coach began to fill with passengers and Nancy deeply wished that she had been in a "gypsy covered wagon" instead of in a train coach.

When the transfer junction neared, the entire repugnant situation was accentuated by the falling asleep of little Jack, meaning, of course, that he would have to be carried along with the other baggage. A very tall and dignified conductor offered his strong arms to convey the little angel to the other train and then he instructed the porter to call the flagman to assist him in helping Nancy and Ding carry all the things to the other train. Ding, in the middle of this melee, was having the time of her life, laughing with the giggling people, while Nancy's face grew redder and redder, embarrassed almost to tears. When the train conductor announced the Charlotte station at almost midnight, Nancy gave a last uneasy look at the mountain of cardboard and paper-covered bundles, fearing that Dave would for the first time since they were married blow his top about this detested excess baggage. Dave had hired a cab to get them to the flat and Nancy knew he now wished he had arrived on the scene with a truck. This dignified husband stood in silence as the two men brought out the new belongings and placed them in a heap at the feet of the cab driver who proceeded to fill the cab that Ding immediately named a "chicken coop". The driver tied boxes on top and filled all other nook and corners that were not occupied by the tired, just-arrived travelers.

Nancy at this time could not have imagined that her future held many more trips such as this. This family would make a total of at least thirty-four moves which included the transporting of children, pets, and Negro nurses. Not all the moves would be from city to city, but often within the same city. And she did not even include the stays in the hotels, waiting for the houses to be readied. If she could have looked into that un-seeable future, what could she have done differently?

Nancy was exhausted when they reached the flat, but little Jack who had slept while enroute was now wide awake. Seeing his first trolley on the way to the flat, he asked if he could take a ride on that “big wagon” the next morning. Dave assured him that he could. Dave was delighted to spend much of his waking time with the little nephew riding on the trolley while Nancy introduced Ding to the city. When the time came for his return to his mother, Dave decided he would travel with little Jack to Florence on his way to his destination in Georgia. Nancy missed little Jack after he was gone and was always reminded of him whenever she saw a trolley. She wished desperately that she could be just around the corner from Joy and her family.

1908

At eighteen years old, Ding was enrolled for the fall term in a grade school that was located not too far from the little flat and she began her efforts under much more inviting circumstances than at the country school. She had much work to do to catch up since she had less education than appropriate for her age. Ding was bubbling over with just plain “horse-sense” and used her logic to fathom and fashion solutions to arithmetic problems. These ways puzzled even the teachers, but her answers were always correct. The teacher was frustrated when trying to get Ding to change her procedures. Finally on a Saturday when Dave was at home, he carefully went over the steps as outlined in the book and brought Ding’s methods in-line, for which her teacher of mathematics thanked him very much.

Ding went home for the summer as soon as school closed and near the end of the summer season, Nancy joined her at the plantation for a visit. Returning back to Charlotte, they found that Dave had been given the additional travel area of Virginia. Upon entering school for her second year, Ding was told that her marks merited her being advanced a grade level. This, of course, was great news to Nancy and Dave as well as to the folks back home. She was quite a young lady now. Young boys had asked her for dates on many occasions but she seemed to be so deeply wrapped in her studies that she did not have time to spend with the male sex. Nancy began to wonder if she was going to be another Carrie that had always lived alone in the clouds or perhaps just another confused personality like Nancy herself.

During his travels around the country at this time, Dave met a young man named Benjamin Mathes, called “Joe” who was born in New Hampshire and educated at Dartmouth College. Being a member of the same fraternity, a brother Beta, they became very warm friends. Anytime Joe was in Charlotte for a weekend, he always spent Sunday with Dave and his family. He was attractive and had a charming personality which made him a most enjoyable guest.

Attempting to take some interest in social affairs, Nancy joined a Bridge Club. She began to look around for a daughter of one of the members that could be a possible companion for this eligible twenty-six year old bachelor Joe, never dreaming that he had already put an eye on Ding. To Dave and Nancy, Ding was just a child, even though she was now almost nineteen, but they were to learn during the next four years that Joe was only biding his time, patiently waiting for the flower to mature before asking if he could pluck it.

After sixteen months of living in this little flat, Nancy realized that she was going to increase her family. After a short search, they rented a house of two stories with the three bedrooms and a bath on the second floor. It was in a nice neighborhood and a few blocks nearer to Ding’s school than the flat. They moved into these new home on the first of October. The baby had been slated to arrive on New Year’s Day, so Nancy was taking her time to get the house all in order for comfortable living before she settled down and made the last preparations for the expected arrival. The master hand of fate had made different plans. Dave arrived home on the afternoon of the ninth of October, sick, and was put to bed. This was diagnosed as Typhoid Fever and he was assigned a nurse in attendance. This situation really knocked Nancy for a loop as she had just received a letter from Marion telling her of a death of a first cousin from the same disease, so she was fully aware that this was a deadly disease which had no positive cure. She was almost speechless from fright.

Nancy began to climb a steep mountain of trouble at this point in her life. Even though the baby was not due until several months, she realized that she was very large, looking like she could volunteer for the “side show” at any circus. The old fashioned “Mother Hubbard” outfit that was supposed to be “sashed” in the middle was the only garment that she could fit into, so she had a top and a bottom and no middle. After Dave had been ill for about a month, the doctor recalled that he had attended another case of Typhoid Fever in this same house. Consequently, he went down to the dugout cellar and after finding it damp and moldy, he connected the fever and the damp environment. He informed Nancy that they must move out before the baby was born. As a physician, he also had a duty to report this house to the authorities as “unfit” for habitation. Nancy doubted that Dave had been down in this basement as there was no furnace and nothing was stored in this location, but acquiesced with the doctor’s request.

This situation put Nancy in a jam for sure right up to her ears as she had never had any experience in real estate. Dave was in a completely delirious condition and could not understand anything. Finally, she decided not to flit from office to office, but to seek help from the president of the Building and Loan Association in which Dave had bought some shares. She laid out the dilemma before him. Being one of the kindest of men, he took her to see a house that had just been turned back to the association for sale by an owner who had been transferred out west. Nancy was not thrilled with either the house or the location. It seemed to her to be an eyesore in a too classy a neighborhood; it was probably built for someone who wanted to edge into society, but lacked money as well as brains.

This misplaced house, at least in Nancy’s opinion, was painted a dark red with white trimmings and had a large front porch supported by pillars that were painted a vile shade of green. She imagined herself getting a bad case of biliousness after looking at them for a time, but with no other alternative, she went along with this kind friend who had obtained permission from the courts for her to sign for her husband. After a short period, she gave a down payment of one thousand dollars and the house was theirs. Possession of the house was to be taken on the fifteenth of November so Nancy sent an SOS to Dave’s mother to come and render help. Nancy hoped that having his mother around might lift Dave’s spirits. Marion had already consented to come as soon as the baby was born, but that time was still several weeks away. Nancy did have a daily maid, Sally, but she lived in a fog most of the time, never remembering instructions, and therefore, was not of much help.

Dave’s mother, Lavenia, arrived on the tenth of November and while Dave was a little better, the doctor advised them not to move him until the tenth of December. Nancy turned the running of the house over to Mother Lavenia and soon discovered that Lavenia could do a lot more than just sit and look at a book as she had done while they were in New York State on their honeymoon. Dave had been running very high temperatures but they were slightly receding. He was just a mass of bones. Since he was a man who never did carry any excess weight, he was wasting away after existing for a month on Essence of Beef and drops of Carboic Acid. His strength was at a low ebb and he was not able to comprehend anything that they told him about their first home ownership.

Everything depended on Dave’s condition. The move was scheduled to begin on the tenth of December and Mother Lavenia used the time to get the new house all cleaned and to get coal moved into the bin. Nancy had bought a range for the kitchen and a base-burner for the entrance hall. Mother Lavenia and Sally would leave for the new house right after breakfast and would not return until midafternoon in time for Sally to prepare dinner for the family. An ambulance with two attendants pulled up to the door to take Dave to his bed in the new home. The family doctor followed in his electric auto and Nancy and Mother Lavenia followed in a horse-drawn hack.

The problems of this couple puffed up like a balloon when they stared into three large and one small bedroom with only a handful of furniture. Mother Lavenia solved the situation by getting into the trolley and going to the square and renting four additional cots to later accommodate Marion and the nurse that had been engaged for Nancy.

The maid Sally would not go with them to the new location as it was too far for her to return to her home at night so Joy resolved the situation by sending up from Florence SC the sister of her faithful Charlotte to help in the emergency. Marion arrived earlier than expected to also be of assistance in this much disturbed household, bringing with her some blankets and quilts that she rightly surmised would be sorely needed.

Nancy was very relieved when her mother arrived as she could talk more freely to her than with a mother-in-law. At the same time, she wondered whether these two “mothers” would hit it off, Lavenia, being the mousy little woman from above the Mason-Dixon line and Marion, the very plain spoken Southerner. These two very different women jointly agreed one morning that the range in the kitchen and the base-burner in the hall needed to be polished, so Marion took the one in the hall and Lavenia tackled the range, bringing them both back to the shine that made them look as though they really belonged. Laura, the maid, was amazed as she never having seen a white woman clean and polish a stove before in her life and was sure that Lavenia was going to fall and break her neck when she climbed on top of the range to polish the pipe. Laura had quickly called in Nancy, but Nancy decided that it was not up to her to admonish either of these grandmothers. If they had set up ladders on the outside of the house and started to paint over the garish green, she would have remained silent.

On the tenth of December, Dave was assisted by his nurse and the doctor from his wheelchair to the scales to be weighed for the first time since he had been taken ill. The scales told the tale, showing that he weighed one hundred pound even, having lost seventy pounds. He was allowed at this point to be in the wheelchair for two hours each day, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The doctor was amazed that he had recovered, saying that Dave had had one of the worse cases that he had ever tangled with, but understanding that Dave was country-raised he had kept up hope.

During all of this turmoil, Nancy had verily become a sitting bull in both size and disposition. She was convinced in her own mind that she was going to have triplets, and while she loved children, she had not as yet created a desire to have them in batches. She had noticed the doctor looking at her many times as though he was trying to see through her and was terribly annoyed when she would ask him questions that he would ignore. She had seen many pregnant women, but never one that looked like she did at this point. Her waist had expanded from twenty-two inches to fifty-four inches in nine months and she was sure that she would qualify as the winner of the blue ribbon. After the baby was born, she realized that the doctor had suspected that all was not perfect but did not want to alarm her and dared not frighten Dave in his very weakened condition.

All medical tactics and implements of fifty years ago were most inadequate in diagnosing and handling with even the smallest degree of competency any prenatal imperfections. Frederick Van Wormer was born on the morning of the seventeenth of December after many hours of labor. He was diagnosed a hydrocephalus baby. Nancy understood after his birth how appropriate the word “labor” was. Fate under the mask of motherhood had passed the dagger of imperfection into the hand of nature and sent it straight into Nancy’s heart. While her unresolved question of “What is love?” was answered as soon as her baby was placed within her arms, it was quickly replaced with another three letter one, WHY?, all in capital letters.

She learned swiftly that the thorny fingers of despair stand ever ready to grasp and strangle hope, leaving little to hold on to. As she lay and searched through the stormy haze of an uncertain future for her infant son, she birthed a fighting spirit that stretched beyond to search out other doctors who might know more about his affliction than the ones who were at her bedside. Unfortunately, Nancy imitated the ostrich that buried its head in the sand of humiliation for a long while and tried to maintain the secret of her child’s imperfection like a parent who shields a child who had committed a misdemeanor. She refused to leave the house and withdrew from all social clubs, verily becoming an introvert. While Dave was deeply hurt, he focused all his effort on getting himself back to normalcy so he could return to work.

Mother Lavenia and Marion were speechless upon the subject, but tried, of course, to convince both Dave and Nancy that, in time, baby Fred would become normal. Mother Lavenia left for home before Marion who lingered another month which allowed Nancy to dismiss one of the nurses and therefore, lessen expenses.

A surgeon was called in to remove a small tumor at the intersection of Fred’s head and spine. The excess water was drained. In most cases, this water returns necessitating continual drawings, but for Fred, this one surgery sufficed. He eventually developed an almost normal intellect, but was never able to walk.

The following fall after almost a year of self-confinement, Nancy asked Dave to sell the house and move to the far northern side of Charlotte where she would know no one. The helper that Joy had sent from Florence returned to her home and Nancy hired a new one to replace her. Annie was a seventeen year old Negro girl who was smart as a whip and never met a stranger. Her sense of humor was so acute that at times she would have made a marble statue smile. This was just what Nancy needed at this time as she eased gradually from her valley of despondency. Annie was even allowed to wheel Fred in his carriage that had not been used up to this point, around the block. Fred's head bandages had been removed and replaced with a beautiful little handmade baby bonnet.

After moving to the new location, Nancy, met her next door neighbor. This lady had been born in Sweden and had a very different psychology of life. Eventually as they exchanged visits, Nancy was able to see light being faintly cast upon the dark shadow that had so blackened her way. Both families were stunned over this first and only known birth affliction in either family as far back as they could recall. But life had to go on and each day Nancy learned to meet the mixture of trouble and wonder with strength.

1910

Joe, the faithful friend of Dave's, was still a frequent guest at the home whenever he was in town on the weekends. As he continued to show Ding a lot of attention, Nancy began to comprehend that this was more than friendship. He would find opportunities to be alone with her, often going on drives sometimes to the park. This continued until she was twenty and was completing high school. The family was very proud of the accomplishments of Ding. She had attained them through earnest efforts and constant application. The plan was for Ding to go home to the plantation after graduation, but Nancy hoped that she would return to Charlotte in the fall to enroll in a business course. But the ever loose arm of that monster "Fate" waved a signal and set a different direction that led Ding down the road of matrimony with Joe.

While packing to leave, Ding broached the subject to Nancy of the possibility of marriage with Joe. She wanted Nancy's reaction before she said anything to her parents. Nancy did not feel competent to advise anyone on marriage. She hedged, finally suggesting to Ding to take the question to John Olin and Marion who had weathered many storms of married life during their many years and were far more able to give advice. The unvarnished truth was that Nancy still looked upon Ding as a mere adolescent, incapable of assuming the responsibilities of wifhood and certainly not motherhood. Nancy was also concerned that Ding had limited experience with men since she had only associated with Joe for the past several years.

Ding extended an invitation to Joe to spend a week with the family during the summer vacation. Joe and John Olin became good and congenial friends, but when Marion became aware that he was another "New Englander" by birth, the place where the most hated "blue bellies" of the war hailed from, she clammed up. Her "innard remembrances" began to pucker. It was still itchy that Nancy had married an ordinary Yankee. Marion tried to reason with John Olin in regard to the possible impending situation but she got exactly nowhere. John Olin reminded her by Southern Tradition only the father was asked by the suitor for a daughter's hand in marriage.

Ding and Joe became engaged while he was at the plantation. Dave and Nancy were notified and asked to be the only attendants for the wedding, and while she felt greatly honored, Nancy did not for one moment entertain the remotest idea of attending. The more that Nancy thought about this coming marriage, the more she likened it as a possible duplicate of the marriage of her parents. Both had a difference of ten years in their ages and although John Olin and Marion had stuck it out, there had been much unhappiness, a lot of it caused by minds that were miles apart in ideas.

In Nancy's opinion, Ding was a little country maiden about as innocent as one could possibly be at the age of twenty and she was to marry a man who had been out into the world for a number of years. He had gained much experience by association with many different kinds of people. Nancy finally tackled Dave when he came

home, requested that he put in a word of warning to Ding, but he advised against any interference what-so-ever, silencing her tongue and erasing her notions of good intentions.

November was chosen as the month for the event that was to have no fanfare what-so-ever. Ding and Joe planned to leave immediately for New York after the “Amen” and good wishes.

Baby Fred, at this time, was being breast fed by a mulatto girl named Ruby who had washed for Nancy for a long time. Local superstition was that the mother who did the nursing had to nurse a baby of the opposite sex from the one that she herself had just had. Ruby’s black darling girl was just four days older than Fred. When Nancy broached the subject to Ruby of a trip to northeastern North Carolina, she suggested that she leave her baby with the grandmother who kept her when Ruby was out earning a living for the three of them. Nancy was aware that Ruby’s baby was eating cornbread and drinking buttermilk so she figured that being without her mother would not be a threat to the health of the baby. But no, Ruby had to take her baby along. So a much confused and flustered Nancy began to try to make heads and tails of a trip to visit the home place.

Dave had reserved a drawing room for Ruby and her baby as Negroes were not allowed to be in sight on the Pullman cars in the South at this time. He reserved a berth for Nancy and Fred that was close to the drawing room so that Nancy could leave Fred with Ruby during the night. Barnum and Bailey Circus never created a more curious event than this group when they boarded the train that evening. Nancy was carrying Fred and Ruby was carrying her little black bundle of nuisance. All the necessities that were required for two babies and two adults, was loaded into the train and Nancy wished again for a covered wagon.

Dave and Joe met the “circus”. They had each come separately to the plantation from business trips. In two days, Ding was a Mrs. and on her way. The ceremony was performed by minister of the Mount Tabor Methodist Church where John Wesley had served for many years. Captain Jack was the only representative of the Florence family since Joy had just given birth to her fifth child, Olin Heptinstall Cutts. Ding had been a lovely bride in her suit of blue tweed with matching accessories, but to Nancy, she looked so girlish that it was sad. She was stepping into the second phase of life without any gleeful years to recall. Nancy wished she had waited until she grew older and had stored some pleasant girlhood memories and as it turned out, it might have spared Ding from the difficulties that plagued her marriage and eventually led to a divorce.

Nancy lingered at the plantation for only two days after the marriage, during which time Marion asked her “Why are you not nursing your own child? I nursed every one of mine.” John Olin was in hearing distance and took the privilege of saying, “Yes, she nursed them until they were old enough to call her from the parlor room when guests were here and ask for their tit”. This was the about the funniest expression that Nancy had heard for a long time and she laughed heartily while Marion made her quick exit.

After returning home, Nancy’s doctor told her about an English masseuse who had just set up practice in Charlotte by registering with the local medical board. Nancy called him for assistance to train Fred to take a bottle so they could let the set-nurse go. Nancy was bewildered as to how she would get Fred back and forth to this woman’s office which was at least three miles away from Nancy’s house. After discussing the matter with Dave, the solution resulted in another move. This fourth move in Charlotte was one more spoke in the merry-go-round wheel that continued their dizzying whirl over the next thirty-five years.

The impending move also caused Ding to blow her top and end up in tears. Joe and Ding had built a lovely little bungalow next to Dave and Nancy’s little story and a half home. One day when Dr. Thomas was calling on Fred, Ding happened in and the cat was let out of the bag earlier than planned. Nancy felt sure that Ding and Joe would eventually sell their new nice home and follow them to the other side of town.

Dave began dickering with a fellow who had a newly built bungalow just three blocks from the masseuse, but his negotiations regarding the price differed by five hundred dollars. Neither one would give in. Since their house had been already sold and a deadline to vacate was set, Nancy suggested that they attempt to rent a house. She went to a real estate dealer and located a house near enough for the maid to take Fred in the stroller over to

the masseuse. A month's rent was paid and Nancy hired a man to put down stair carpet and set up the baseburner in the entrance hall and the range in the kitchen so the family could move in.

1914

Fred's hours had been assigned and the weekly routine posted on the kitchen calendar. Nancy still thought about the little dream house on Vail Avenue and envisioned making it a lovely little home, fulfilling her desire and urge to decorate now as never before. This little coveted house was a typical California-type bungalow with a fieldstone mantel and chimney. The house had a real coal burning furnace in a dry cellar and floors of beautiful hardwood. There was a porch that extended across the entire front of the house with a low extension of the roof resolving the need for awnings.

While Nancy sat home in a rented house, dreaming of the cute bungalow, the door suddenly opened and Dave came in and laid the deed to the bungalow in her lap. She did not know whether to be mad or glad, as this was going to be her seventh move since her marriage, but as the truth dawned that the little house was theirs, she began to wonder whether she had thrown away the packing boxes or just put them in the store room. The owner of the current rented house purchased the stair carpet, the baseburner, and the range, thinking possibly that he could receive more rent for the place and would not have to fix the damage of taking them out.

Dave had made a neat profit on the two houses that he had bought and sold so he had almost enough to pay for the little bungalow in entirety. They moved in and arranged what furniture they owned, knowing that the dining room would be empty. The living room was immense effectively requiring several additional pieces. For Nancy, this was a future hope that could be resolved whenever there was available money. Having lived in each previous house with an empty room, she was beginning to feel right at home when she passed through the dining room on the way to the kitchen. The casement windows were flanked by panels in very dark green and within the panels there was a material similar to a very coarse canvas in a light tan color. With the beautiful hardwood floors, Nancy did not mind the absence of furniture at all.

The dark and ominous clouds that had hung over Nancy now for several years began to scatter, letting through a few rays of sunshine that encouraged her to look upward as she moved forward and to build a hope within her heart that up to now had not existed.

Shortly after getting settled, a letter from Dave's brother, Sanford, informed them that he was coming for a short visit. The very next day after his arrival, he went to town and purchased a complete dining room set and had it sent out to the house. Sanford was the first guest at the new table in their new home. When Dave had to leave on a work trip, Sanford went with him so that they could spend more time together before he had to return to New York.

Between business trips, Dave spent time at home, working to get the raw lawn and the garden space in shape. The front yard was shallow, but the space behind the house was very spacious. Nancy hired an old Negro to help her lay out the garden spot and together they planted black raspberry bushes and peach trees around the outer edge. These were Dave's favorite. She edged the inner garden space with violets and planted clusters of rose bushes of various colors, hoping that she might someday hold the little hand of her son and guide him around the space pointing out to him the beauty that God sends into the world through little petal faces.

At six and a half years old, this little handicapped boy had improved wonderfully under the care of Dr. Thomas and the masseuse. Fred was able to feed himself and to ride his tricycle when someone else would do the pushing and guiding. He was of average weight for a child of his age and talked normally, but had never shown any inclination to stand upon his feet. Despite this handicap, Nancy counted their blessings.

Even with all his advances, the doctors continually warned Nancy to not build up false hopes of his living beyond the age of about fourteen years. The wise old doctor would preach Nancy a sermon on the subject of

having another child every time he came to see Fred or any other member of the family. He assured her that there was no reason why she could not produce a perfectly normal offspring. Dave had vowed after Fred's birth that there would be no more children and since then, the subject had been closed for discussion. As Nancy became more fearful of losing Fred and being childless and lonely with Dave on the road so often, she mustered her courage to approach Dave about having another child. His initial reaction was a refusal, even to discuss it, but eventually, he understood her concerns and it was not long until she became pregnant with her second child. Nancy worked diligently to maintain a calm disposition and to think positive thoughts during the months that the new baby was preparing for an entrance into the light.

1915

On a beautiful sunshiny Sabbath day, August the first, nineteen hundred and fifteen, at noon, another son, Benjamin Van Wormer, was born to Nancy and Dave, normal and beautiful, If Nancy could have smothered at that same hour the "monster of comparison", her life would have had everlasting sunshine. Marion came to assist during Nancy's recuperation period and took charge of Fred. She also took charge of instructing the maid, Ada who was verily a character right out of a book. In the three years that she had worked for Nancy, Ada had been married three times. The ceremonies had all been done in the church with white dresses and veils. Initially, Nancy paid no attention to her tattle about husbands until one day her current husband came by the bungalow. Nancy realized that he was not the same one as the husband of a few months previous. After posing the query, Ada replied, "Miss Nancy wen dey gits mean I jes walks out". In Ada's particular case, Nancy found that ignorance of the law was marital bliss with no strings attached. Ada had not concerned herself with divorce, but enjoyed the nuptials with all the pomp. When Dave arrived home and heard the story, he wanted to let her go but Nancy persuaded him to leave well enough alone as Ada was an excellent cook and nurse and as such, she was as rare as an apple growing on a fig bush.

During these days, Nancy floated in a channel of happiness without even a shadow of a thought about future changes. Her dreams were coming true in this lovely home. The rough hand of Fate intervened with an offer of more money for Dave and her contentment would be torn asunder. Soon, new faces and strange places would become a reality.

1916

When baby Ben was eleven months old, a telegram arrived for Dave. Since he was on a business trip and the telegram was from a company in New England which was unknown to Nancy, she opened it to determine whether it contained important information that required an immediate response. This company was offering Dave a position as office manager in Pittsburg PA. They needed someone immediately to replace the former person who had died. A quick response was requested. Preferring to have some time to ponder this unexpected offer, Nancy held the telegram until Dave returned home two days later. She concluded that if she opposed the offer, Dave would not consider it, but after much thinking, she decided to remain silent on the issue, not trying to influence him, and let Dave make the determination. Ultimately, he was the one who had to support the family and would know what is best.

Nancy had already moved seven times since being married, but all the moves had been in Charlotte. The logistics of moving to a far distant place with two babies was a horrid nightmare. Compounding this was the knowledge that she would be further away from her family and she also would have to give up her beloved bungalow. Finding seclusion in her bedroom, Nancy would let the tears fall, wringing her heart dry, and she would sense that the clouds above her were growing ominous.

At this crucial moment of decisions and indecisions in her life, Nancy was tangled in Ding's life. Ding was in the hospital trying to save the baby that she was carrying and she expected Nancy to bring her home-cooked

food every day to replace the unpalatable hospital food. During one visit, Nancy mentioned the telegram and the offer of a new job for Dave which set Ding to bawling. Realizing afterwards that this had been a terrible thing to do, Nancy tried to calm Ding by telling her that a final decision had not been made.

When Dave had arrived back home, Nancy noticed that he looked tired and worn out. She was aware of the travail of having to go to different cities and dealing with trains was not easy for him. The train service in the South at that time was somewhat of a hit or miss proposition, with a schedule that often ran two hours late. In fact, when a train happened to be right on the dot, that information was accented on the schedule chart with bright red chalk. Nancy and Dave talked earnestly late into that Friday night; Nancy doing far more listening than talking. Dave finally decided that he would telegraph the company the next morning and ask for particulars about the job. A return telegram came about noon asking him to come to their office in New England at their expense as soon as he could. So he made arrangements and left on Sunday night. This was jump back on that merry-go-round and she had no idea at the time that this whirling would eventually take up back to where they started.

After Dave left, Nancy walked the floor wondering when, where, and if ever, they would establish a home where they could really take root. Had she known then that there were to be at least twenty more moves ahead of her, she would have dug a deep hole, jumped in and pulled the babies in with her. In future years, she was to look back and wonder how much money Dave could have earned if he had gone into a moving business helping families with situations like theirs.

Her first communication with Dave was through a letter from Tonawanda, NY where he had gone to sever all connections with his old employer. He had worked with this company since he left college, but now he had promised the new company that he would take immediate charge of the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania office. His salary was to be exactly double what he was making and he also would have a car for his own use, the latter being a luxury that he had fervently wanted when he was covering the four states. Nancy could envision packing again, this time, not for a move just around the corner or across town which they had already done five times, but to a far distant place with complete strangers. Neither Dave nor Nancy looked forward to this, but the old company in Tonawanda had not increased Dave's salary since they were married. Dave had repeatedly asked for a raise, but it had been refused on grounds that the business would not justify it. So now opportunity was knocking and he had answered promptly.

They decided that she and the two children were to remain in Charlotte until such time when Dave could find a place for them to live. Joe and Ding had previously sold their house and move near Nancy, renting an apartment, but now they decided to purchase the little bungalow. It was a slight comfort to Nancy to know that her little dream house would be in hands of family. The furniture was packed and sent by freight about the middle of July and Nancy and the kids moved in with a neighbor to await until the appointed time. Joe moved all his furnishing into the bungalow to have the house ready when Ding and the baby came home from the hospital.

The thrice-married maid was not needed any longer by Nancy so Ding hired her for her baby. Nancy had also a small Negro girl named Sadie working with her, mainly taking Fred to the masseuse and on carriage rides in the afternoons. Sadie had been raised in the country and her father was a farmer who sold Nancy fresh vegetables. Sadie's mother was dead and the father had remarried, but Sadie and the stepmother were like two competing lions. So the father asked Nancy if she wanted to take Sadie with her to Pittsburgh. The terms would be that Nancy could send him four dollars a month and be responsible to clothe Sadie. It sounded good to Nancy as she needed the assistance with the children and Sadie was both clean and neat and unusually good with the babies. So without consulting Dave, Nancy hired her and asked the father to bring whatever clothing she owned so they could be packed in readiness for the trip.

Dave arrived in August, on Ben's first birthday, to repossess his family and after completing the business of selling of bungalow to Joe, Nancy and Dave began their cross-country pilgrimage. They decided that they would stop in Baltimore, Maryland and take Fred to Johns Hopkin's School of Medicine for a complete medical checkup by the expert doctors. Nancy was frantic when told that Fred would have to remain overnight. She had never spent a night away from him and only about two hours at a time during the day. She walked the floor most of the night while Dave grunted and groaned because the lights were on and he could not sleep. Both of them were

relieved when a call from the hospital came about eleven the following morning to come and get Fred. The nine doctors explained their conclusions which were basically the same as they had been told by the doctor in Charlotte. So a big check was written for a repeated medical opinion which was another slap on an already sore spot.

Nancy took Fred from the arms of the nurse and while Dave lingered to pay the bill, she walked out into God's bright sunshine. She was determined now for the years that Fred was allotted, he would not have to live with any more braces and parallel bars that had been used to try to strengthen his legs for walking.

Nancy and Dave continued their journey to their new destination in a part of the universe that Nancy had not yet explored. Her every concentrated thought was centered on her repertoire of memory pictures of past happy moments that seemed to comfort her distress. Nancy found upon arrival at their new destination that her next "mock home" was a first floor flat of a two-family house that was owned by a doctor that lived in the house just back of the two-family house. The bright spot was that the new residence was centrally located, being near schools, churches, and banks. The real estate folks had told the landlord that Nancy was Southern, had an invalid son, and was bringing a Negro nurse with her. He had alerted the entire neighborhood. So when Nancy arrived, the neighbors, if they could have been classed as such, were on porches, at the windows, or on street corners. One might have thought there was a circus parade in the offing. It amused Dave very much, but Nancy was furious as she looked upon this behavior as crude and impolite, while wondering if these were the kind of peoples among whom she had to exist. This experience brought to mind Marion's hatred of the Northern people.

This flat in which this family dwelled for less than three years was in the Borough of Bellevue across High Bridge, about fifteen miles from the center of Pittsburgh. Dave was driving to his new Water Street office in his new Reo Coupe. He quickly settled in, joining several classy clubs and making friends of business associates and customers.

Nancy had almost forgotten what the word fun meant. While she loved a good game of bridge and going to the theatre, she did not indulge in alcoholic drinks at all. As to dancing, she could join in to a degree. So her personal appraisal of her accomplishments left her wondering if she was going to fit into this social circle and be an asset to Dave. Fortunately, there were many here who loved both the theater and card-playing. The local theater was on a boat, anchored on the river dock. It also had dancing and card games and drinking too if one desired. Having the Southern brogue and a keen sense of humor, Nancy was acceptable, if not most intriguing, to this new group.

1918

After living in the flat for about two and half years, Nancy realized that she was again pregnant. This came like loud thunder from a blue sky and was unbelievable until verified by the doctor. Even then, Dave had trouble believing it. They were both completely let down as they had not wanted any more children, particularly at their age, Dave now being forty-three and Nancy thirty-eight. They knew that "master Fate" could not be ignored, so they bowed to the inevitable. As Nancy started taking to the corner rocker, she employed Sadie to help out. Soon after, Sadie met a classy forger of checks and this man inveigled Sadie into getting Nancy's signature for him. Luckily, he was arrested before he was able to withdraw any money from their household account and would have been grievously disappointed at the measly amount that would have been available to him.

Nancy acknowledged that after just a few months she was not being very gracious about carrying a new baby. This new expectation had spoiled her newly inaugurated fun. She had discarded all the beautiful girl garments that she had made to Ding so would have to start again knitting and sewing for this new boy or girl. During this time, a letter from Joy announced the arrival of another little son, William Holmes Cutts, her sixth child. As happy as she was for Joy, it caused chills to play hide and seek up and down her spine, wondering how any woman could survive with six children.

After six months on this morbid go-round, she and Dave were notified by the doctor landlord that he wanted the apartment by the first of October for his aged mother and father who were currently living in some distant town. He needed to have them closer to care for them in their older years. So disgusted and forlorn, Nancy faced another move in which Dave had to find a place and hire a competent man to oversee the packing and placing of the furniture in the new place which was located just three blocks up on California Avenue in the adjoining Borough of Avalon. This new location was a first floor flat of a wonderful old mansion in which one of the former governors of the state had lived. This mansion was fronted by a large grove with oak trees that became a wonderful playground for Ben who had no playmates in the neighborhood Ben made friends with the birds and the squirrels by constantly feeding them; in fact, some of the squirrels became so friendly that they would eat from his hand.

California Avenue was a thoroughfare into the city and at times, would be lined for miles with army trucks and soldiers who would disembark and stroll in the village. After getting his mother's permission, Ben became good friends with some of them and sometimes, they would take him walking with them. Upon returning, he would be beaming and loaded down with bags of candy, fruit, and chewing gum.

An epidemic of influenza was prevalent in this year of nineteen hundred and eighteen. Being pregnant, Nancy was not allowed to leave the grove nor receive company. She could see the devastation of this plague watching from her front porch the line of caskets go by and seeing the wreaths upon doors in the neighborhood. It had an effect on her so a stomach specialist had to be called to consult with her regular physician.

Sadie picked this time to get married and to move into the city, but fortunately, the neighbor in the upstairs apartment had a widowed sister who stepped in and took charge.

After only two months in this Avalon home, Dave was notified that he was going to be the manager in the Chicago office starting December the first. It was just plain good luck on Dave's part that one of the rivers did not flow by their home as she was ready to take the kids and jump in and would feel no qualms as to the act. She had finally put back some of the weight that she had lost initially during the pregnancy and was physically fine, but both doctors turned thumbs down on any move for her until the baby was born. Therefore, Dave was sent on to his new post in Chicago by himself. Nancy was left holding the fort, if it could have been classified as such, with two children and expecting the third around New Year's Day.

Nancy put in a request to Marion to come earlier than the few days before Christmas not only to plan some semblance of fun for the two children, but to also take charge of the household. A nurse had been engaged months ahead for Nancy as they were scarcer than hen's teeth with the flu epidemic. All was in order until the new baby decided to also come for Christmas and the appiecart was completely wrecked. A little six pound daughter, Lavenia Jane Van Wormer, was born to Nancy in the early morning of the twentieth of December. The nurse that had come with the doctor was practically exhausted because she had just completed nursing a family of five and losing all except the father. She had only had one day of rest. Marion arrived on the evening of the twenty-second and Dave on the twenty-third. Dave was under a doctor's care for a boil in his nose so was not much help. Lying in bed, Nancy was sad to consider that this time should be one of merriment. The bright spot was Marion who was in good spirits and eager to give the two older children a fun holiday. She had brought along a myriad of presents, so it turned out to be a not too dull a Christmas season for the family.

Dave sent a telegram to his family in upstate New York announcing Jane's birth. This was the third girl in two generations for this Van Wormer family. A letter of congratulations was sent in return assuring Nancy and Dave they had a gala get-together with something much stronger than cider to toast little Jane.

1919

Before Dave's departure to Chicago, it was decided that the family would remain in Pittsburgh until the first of April, presuming that the flu would run itself out by that time and lessening the chances of the children

coming down with it. Nancy did not relish the idea of being away from Dave for three months with the entire responsibility of the three babies and running the household affairs, even with some household help. There were no planes in nineteen hundred and nineteen to whisk one back and forth as we have today. Nancy was feeling her first real and deep regret that she had ever consented to leave her little home in Charlotte to come upcountry. Her faithful "old hunch" was nudging her, but alas, it was too late to go backward.

Marion extended her stay for a month, effectively reducing the amount of time that Nancy would be alone with the children. When Nancy did bid her goodbye, it seemed as though the plantation was just a remembrance of a past dream. Nancy had gathered from conversations with her mother that her parents were leading humdrum lives in the big house with just Carrie and Junior remaining on the plantation. Carrie always lived in a cloistered state of absolute contentment and Junior was carrying on the plantation business as best as he could while John Olin continued to be a contented sitter in his rocker on the back porch. It must have never occurred to John Olin that Junior might one day marry and have a family. John Olin, as usual, did not let thoughts of tomorrow get in the way of rocking today.

Nancy deplored the distance that she was accumulating between herself and the plantation, knowing that traveling for a visit with three babies would be extremely difficult. She continually reminded herself that her first obligation was to Dave and her children, but there was a tied-tight cord with the plantation that she could never sever and as the years and miles went on, it seemed to pull tighter.

John Olin had never been a visiting man even to a point that he rarely made calls upon his sisters who lived near the plantation. Marion was a little more social minded, but the home duties were now entirely hers. She had let Mary go on account of age and inability to perform duties anymore so her only help was a granddaughter of Sam's who came occasionally to do some of the washing, ironing, and house cleaning.

The time of waiting to be moved to Chicago wore itself down. Nancy tried to get the very capable white woman to go with her, but she would not leave her sister. Nancy readied for the move by packing up the essentials. The company paid for the furnishings to be transported so economy was not needed. On the train, the family had two drawing rooms which made the trip wonderfully comfortable. Dave and Ben went to the diner car for their meals and Nancy and Fred had their meals served in their quarters.

Since the furniture needed at least two weeks to get to Chicago, Dave made reservations for the family at a hotel. Three days after arrival, both boys came down with the flu. Nancy may have thought that she had left trouble behind her, but its fangs had clacked again. A child specialist was called and he came with his special nurse who had extensive experience with these cases. They had not lost a patient so far and that fact gave Nancy some consolation and hope. Nancy learned that the price for the nurse alone was seventy-five dollars a week as compared to thirty-five for the one in Pittsburgh. She began to wonder whether Dave's raise would be sufficient.

The doctor sequestered the two boys with their nurse in a room across the hall and hung a "quarantine" sign in red upon black on the door. For the next ten days, Nancy heard the boys screaming for "mama" but she learned to cultivate deafness and steel her heart.

At the end of eighteen days, the furniture arrived and was arranged in the first floor flat. The flat was located on the north side of the city not very far from the Edgemont Hotel and one long block from the lake. The kids had recuperated and were moved into this "mock home" where this family would live for a brief period of time. The powers to be were soon pointing its finger at another destination.

Nancy contacted an agency in Chicago to request a competent maid that liked children and luck smiled. She was sent a colored girl who had been brought up by an aunt. The girl had been trained in a child's orphanage, adored children, and could do anything in a home where there were little ones. This was the spring of the terrible riots in Chicago, and of course, Nancy was scared stiff for Dave as he had to drive through some of the trouble spots to his office, but she not afraid for the family in their home until one afternoon the doorbell rang and a cop with a voice like thunder asked, "Do you keep a colored maid?" When Nancy meekly answered, "I do, Sir", he ordered her to practically keep the maid in a closet or threatened to have her taken away. There would be cops

around, but Nancy was not to allow this maid to even cast a shadow on a shade. This intense strain went on for three weeks; no one left or entered the house, but Dave. The “calling” cop had scared Nancy almost to distraction, but when she and Ben heard shots during the day, Ben would hide under the bed. Nancy later admitted to Dave that she would have gone under with him had she not had other babies in the house that needed comforting.

When this whole mess ended, the aunt of the maid came to the flat to see if all was well and to break the news to the girl that her uncle had been killed. During the riots, he had ventured out at midnight to try to get some groceries and was shot. This well-educated and poised mulatto woman offered much appreciation to Nancy for the care that had been given to her niece.

This was the year that World War I ended. This Kaiser, a queer person with phony ideas, who decided that he was capable of Universal Rule had learned that there will always be many who shoot straight with both guns and ideas. Nancy emphasized in her diary the seemingly large number of people who had loose screws in their mechanism of thinking roaming in the world at this time. Obviously a special effort was needed to keep them busy and thrifty. Perhaps this was the aftermath, both materially and spiritually, of the most devastating war that the modern world had ever known. She also wrote that many old people who had lived with as many as five generations under their roof were beginning to declare their belief that God had reached the point of dissatisfaction with his creations and was surrendering authority to the devil. [Note: This is the only reference to politics of the world at large that Nancy makes in her diary.]

After the Chicago riots, this family lived an ordinary life for about six months when Dave was notified, once again, that he would be moved, this time to Atlanta, Georgia. Since he was to report to that office on November the first, Nancy had only one month to get the packing done and to create enough enthusiasm to anticipate establishing another home. At this point, Nancy began to get annoyed and said to Dave, “I think that your company should be alerted to the fact that your being uprooted affects your family and it would be helpful to at least have some allotted time to visit some sights as we make this new trip. With riots and epidemics, Nancy had only been out in Chicago four times, twice to see the loop and twice for dinner at the Edgemont Hotel. Chicago for her had been just another city to pass through.

Around the first of October of 1919, Nancy started packing the little treasured things that she did not entrust to other’s hands. The movers were notified to come in on the twelfth of the month to move what furniture they still possessed to Atlanta with Nancy wondering just long this furniture would hold up with all these moves. She recalled John Olin contending that three moves were just as devastating as a fire.

The latest sickness in Chicago was an epidemic of acute colitis due to polluted water and of course, Ben had to come down with it on the ninth of October. So bags were hurriedly packed and away went this family to the hotel with the same doctor and nurse in attendance that they had when the children had the flu. This was really a fight to save his life, but fortunately, neither of the other children came down with it, and at the end of two weeks, Ben was much better and the move to Atlanta, the eleventh move in sixteen years of marriage, could be accomplished.

The one bright aspect was the anticipation of living again in her Southern homeland so she would be closer to relatives. Certainty, the very air would be perfume to her nostrils and the Southern twang of the vocabulary would be music to her ears.

The family took with them a canary that had been given to the children by the wife of the minister. When Nancy left Chicago, she did not have time to wrap the cage. When the cage was placed on the rack in the train car at eleven that night, the canary burst forth in the most beautiful song that ever came from the throat of a canary as the train began to move. Nancy became frantic after hearing the deep angry voice of a man saying, “Shut that infernal bird up”. Grabbing one of Jane’s blankets, she quickly wrapped the cage in what turned out to be its shroud. The bird was smothered to extinction by the next morning. The voice of the canary had sung its last, a beautiful farewell, and Nancy was sure that under different circumstances, she would have shed quite a few tears, but at the present, there was no time to ponder the murder that she had committed. Dave took one of his large brown business envelopes and carefully put in the tiny bit of feathers and flesh. Taking it to the rear of the train,

he cast it, a little late, into the free atmosphere in which creation had intended it should dwell. This little creature had never been allowed to explore the world above this turbulent sphere on which humans dwell and Nancy hoped that this little prisoner of song would be assigned in his heavenly paradise to make music. From that day on, she would never again allow the children to have another caged bird.

Due to Ben's illness, they went to Atlanta by way of Charlotte. The old doctor who had delivered Ben examined him, prescribed medicine, and got him back on his feet very quickly. Joe had met them at the train and had taken them to the bungalow where now Ding was the lady in charge. Only a few days later, Ben was in the yard chasing the chickens and playing with Dot, Ding's little daughter, who was just a little bit younger than he. His speedy recovery helped banish to a degree the very black clouds that were hanging heavily over Nancy at this time. It seemed to her to return to her little dream house that was now owned by someone else, was like opening a grave of a very dear loved one and gazing upon what used to be. She was back where she started from, in Charlotte, but everything was changed. The circle around which she had been twirled seemed to have extended without accomplishing anything. Even if she and her family could possibly be reinstated in the bungalow, Nancy doubted if the future would ever be what she had envisioned before.

Resentment had been building up within her in the past several years and she looked to the future with apprehension. Only the responsibility of three children kept her grounded and moving forward. Dave bade goodbye as he left for Atlanta to set up the next new home.

After three weeks with Joe and Ding, Nancy and the children were piled into Joe's second hand Essex auto car for a drive to Florence to visit with Joy. About fifteen miles out from Charlotte, the darn car just shivered like a balking mule and quit moving. Joe had to foot it back about a mile to a filling station to get a mechanic. The children all took this opportunity to nap, while Nancy sat on the wide baseboard taking advantage of the quietude of the country to try to unravel the snarls from the ropes of living. She wondered if these ropes were to contribute to a financial hanging. After resolving the issue, they finally neared Florence, seeing familiar landmarks. Nancy left as though she were nearing Heaven because of all the wonderful memories that had been made in this area. Living in this city with its lovely people had been one of the fondest times of her life. The other best time were the precious years of childhood with John Wesley as her guardian angel. These memories, framed in gold with no drops of tarnish, maintained Nancy during the unpleasant stumbling blocks that she encountered walking the path of life. Second best were her memories with John Olin, but she did not term them as golden, just pleasant. John Olin's approach to life had been so different from John Wesley and Nancy could never resolve her comparison pertaining to these two men. She acknowledged that John Olin had been the one who had corrected her childhood errors and if necessary, meted out punishment, and perhaps that is the reason he did not reach the standard of John Wesley.

The two families soon became reacquainted in Joy's recently purchased beautiful, large home. Nancy began reliving the joys of days gone by, but not forgotten, laying the foundation to create other lasting ones with Joy's children who were now becoming quite grownup. This was Joy's first visit with Nancy's daughter Jane and Nancy's first visit with Joy's son Bill. Little Jack was now twelve years old and quite a big boy, making Nancy feel sad to see him growing so rapidly into manhood. She had the memory picture of him when he sat upon the sewing machine and tattled on in his infantile English. The oldest child, daughter Nell, was now sixteen years of age and was attending high school. It appeared that the larger house was a necessity for this growing family. Joy's business had grown and Joy had purchased an automobile to facilitate her dealings, selling her horse and surrey to a farmer.

The new home had an immense scuppernong grape arbor in the rear yard. The grapes were at their peak, so Nancy volunteered to pick two or three bushels that would be given to a neighbor to make wine. After donning an old house dress of Joy's, Nancy looked like the last shattered rose of summer, but placing Jane in the old stroller, she went into the garden. About twenty minutes later, she suddenly overheard Joy conversing with a male whose laugh had a very familiar ring. Nancy stepped to the edge of the arbor and peeped around to see her old jealous flame, Will. Realizing that she was trapped, she stepped back under the arbor and waited for his appearance. Joy was getting a big kick out of the situation. Will walked under the arbor and took Nancy into his arms and kissed her with such fervor that she wondered how he had kept this venomous velocity of his youth

preserved over the years. With tears in his eyes, he took Nancy's daughter, Jane, in his arms and said to her, "Love the man who should rightly be your father". Nancy stood like a "dumb Dora", not knowing what to do or say, and thankfully, Joy stepped in and saved her by inviting them into the house for cake and wine.

Will declined the dinner invitation stating that he had pressing business. He told them that he had quit the Express Company and had established his own real estate and insurance business in Columbia, South Carolina. He made his home with his married sister, his only remaining close relative. It was plain that the years had taken a toll on Will. As he kissed Nancy goodbye, his expression bore a sadness and Nancy recalled that he had told her, "I will never marry nor love again".

Nancy stayed with Joy for three months while waiting for her new home in Atlanta. She spent some of her time visiting old friends. She made a trip to the country to see Laura, the sister to Joy's maid, who had helped Nancy in Charlotte before Fred was born. Laura and her husband had two lovely little sons and were living on a small, but sustaining farm. Laura later came into the town to visit with Nancy's children and on several occasions, Ben got to play with her two boys. This was Ben's first experience in association with Negro playmates and he had a wonderful time. Nancy did not forget to visit her old friend Pinkie and took Ben and Jane with her to make the call. Pinkie had aged to the point where she could no longer do nursing for the doctors. Her vision was much impaired, but she had the same intriguing smile that spread over the kind face. She had helped so many people through the ordeal of bringing new lives into this world. She still adored children, believing that they could do no wrong and lavished much affection upon Ben and Jane. She told Nancy that her son still lived in New York and had married a white woman. He sent her money at intervals, but he had never been back to Florence. There was no bitterness in her tone but Nancy could discern that letters and money were minor gifts indeed compared to what a visit would mean in her now in this life of advancing age. However, Pinkie had frequent visits from the local women including Joy who brought her delicacies like homemade yeast bread, cookies, and such things to show their appreciation to her.

Memory pictures of these wonderful old Negroes like Pinkie, Tynes, Phil and Fannie will always linger for Nancy; they were outstanding characters of their race. The world was changing so fast, Nancy was sure that they would never be duplicated.

A letter from Dave finally arrived informing Nancy that he had found a dwelling place for the family. He also told her if she wanted a maid to help with the children and household work, she had better pick one up in Florence and bring her along on the trip. In Atlanta, maids were scarce and very high priced. So Nancy interviewed many prospects, eventually hiring one whose mother was an Indian who had married a white man. Eula had long jet black braids that she wore down her back and Indian yellow skin. She had been deserted by both her father and mother and had been taken in by a Presbyterian minister and his wife who had raised her and trained her in home skills. Her price was ten dollars per week which Nancy thought was expensive, but Dave insisted that she hire her. So Nancy, the kids, and Eula readied for another move to a new spot upon the globe.

Nancy was pleasantly surprised in Atlanta to find that her future home, her eleventh home, was a cute little stucco house on a red mud hill. As she ascended the twenty steps to reach the front yard, she quickly surmised one of the kids could tumble the distance to the pavement below and asked Dave to contact the owner about building a fence. The owner came out the next morning, acknowledging that this front yard could be a danger for small children, agreed to begin the fence immediately. The following morning as his worker was putting in the posts, the lady who lived next door blew her top to high heaven, saying that the fence would spoil her new garden. She had just paid five hundred dollars to a landscape architect to lay it out. Nancy informed this lady in no uncertain terms that the lives of her children were far more important than any garden and referred her to the landlord who did not want a dead child and parents suing him.

This next door resident who Nancy never referred to as a neighbor had just one child, a little boy the same age as Ben, so naturally the children became friendly. After the fence was completed, the resident forbade her son to come into Ben's yard, so of course, Nancy would not allow Ben to go to her yard. But the two little young minds conceived a way to visit without being in anybody's back yard by meeting across the top of the fence. Nancy remained aloof but helped the boys in every way possible, such as putting on Ben's plate an extra piece of

pie or cake for the little boy who always accepted and ate it. Nancy wondered if he ever told his mother. The resident was something of an aspirant for society who did not spend much time watching her child, leaving it to the colored maid.

John Olin had written to Nancy to ask if she would like a crate of chickens from the plantation. When they arrived, there was an egg in the crate. Nancy clipped one wing on each of the chickens and loosed them in the back yard. Just one nest was made so she could identify the hen and spare its neck. Her children had never seen a hatching of baby chicks. They had seen grown chickens both alive and as they came from the butchers, but never one pecking through the shell and wiggling into the sunshine of life. After identifying which chicken was setting, a very large "Buff Orphington", Nancy granted it a reprieve and placed a tag on its leg to identify it so Eula would not chop its head off for dinner.

1921

Ben began his schooling in Atlanta. The school building was about six blocks from the house and there were no dangerous intersections on the way. Ben was asserting his rights beginning on the first day by declaring that he was going to dress himself without help and wear just what he wanted. Nancy, of course, wanted him to look his best, but decided that his independence meant more than her vanity so she acquiesced, taking a snapshot of him as he stepped out to the porch. His coat was buttoned one hole too high and his shoes were laced about half way with hard knots tied tight and the ends hanging to the ground. He looked like a neglected orphan, but to Nancy, he was perfect. As he walked up the street, she hurriedly phoned his teacher with an explanation. The teacher was thrilled and waited impatiently to see him. That early display of determined followed him throughout his life and led him to many accomplishments with both business association and friendships.

After a few days, the teacher asked Nancy to please come to the school for a conference. Nancy found that the teacher wanted complete charge of Ben without help of any kind at home. That was sweet music to Nancy's ears as she recalled the merry time that she and Dave had trying to help Ding to master her arithmetic.

During the two and one-half years that the Eula lived with Nancy and her family, she revealed to a great extent the fiery Indian blood that she inherited from her mother. She had the vilest temper that any mixture of human being could possible produce. Her shiny black hair would almost stand straight up while Nancy's hair would almost curl when she flared at the children. Eventually, as they grew older and more challenging to manage, Nancy became afraid to leave them alone with her. Nancy went to Dave for a solution and he bought Eula an one-way ticket back to Florence, putting her aboard the train the next day. After that experience, Nancy decided to just hire a woman for a couple of days during the week to do washing, ironing, with some cleaning.

The laying hen, the one that had been tagged and given good wishes for a long life, was given the name of LuLu. When she was setting, fertile eggs were bought from a farm so the hen could begin the twenty-one days that were needed to bring life from an egg. Nancy pondered how to keep her on the nest, particularly since LuLu always met Ben at the gate when he returned from school. LuLu and Ben could often be seen digging for worms for her meals. It was nothing short of a miracle as the hen adjusted to setting during the day and still meeting Ben at exactly the right moment as he opened the gate to the yard.

Growing up on the plantation, Nancy had had pets of many kinds. She flattered herself thinking she was an expert in achieving devotion and training. After observing Ben and LuLu, she realized that she had never experienced such a loving relationship. Before she went setting, Ben would always pick LuLu up and give her a hug as he left for school. Upon returning, LuLu met him at the gate and lavished attention on him during the remainder of the afternoon, often sitting on his lap. Often the boy next door would join them as they sat near the fence, making it a threesome.

At the end of three weeks, the chicks began to peck their way into the world. Ben was fascinated and spent every moment while at home beside the nest. When all was done, the eleven eggs had produced eleven and

one-half chickens. The “monstrosity” was a perfect one and a half with all four legs used for motion. Nancy wanted to destroy it at once, but Ben and Dave chose to spare its life and study its functions as it grew. People would come to see it fumble around the yard, making Nancy feel like a circus owner. When the Medical Department of Emory University expressed a desire to purchase it, Nancy hastily made them a present of it with heartfelt thanks.

When the other chickens in this brood reached eatable size, Nancy had the cleaning woman dress two of them as the main meat dish for Sunday dinner. When the plates were all served and the family began to eat, Nancy almost choked, finding that the more she chewed, the bigger the mouthful became and glancing at Ben’s plate, she noticed that he had pushed his chicken to one side, ignoring it completely. While Dave had never been too enthusiastic about LuLu, he had been forced to spend much time in her company in order to be with his little son so his sympathy also spilled over into his plate. Dave suggested to Nancy after the meal was over that she take the other chickens to the butcher. It was quite a while before chicken graced their table again and LuLu was never forced to hatch another family, just to be a part of their family.

Jane developed a throat infection about this time which necessitated having her tonsils taken out. The doctor suggested that the reason was the dampness of the stucco cottage after each rain. This rang bells from the situation with Dave years ago and prompted another move. Nancy and Dave rented a five room flat and this family of “fly-aways” set the wheels of moving in motion again.

The new place was nice and in a lovely location, being even nearer to the school. There was a fence already around the back yard, so the only “thorn in the flesh” of this move was that the rent was higher. The church where Nancy took the children every Sunday was just around the corner.

1922

A family that Nancy and Dave had become friendly with when they lived in Charlotte after Fred’s birth had moved recently also to Atlanta and it turned out that they were only a block away and friendly relations were resumed. When Nancy and Jane returned one afternoon about four after visiting these neighbors, Ben came running down the block to meet them and calling as loudly as his little lungs would allow, “Grandpa is dead”, and when Nancy asked him which one, he said that he did not know. She quickened her steps and soon learned that John Olin had passed away of a heart attack at noon of that day. Joe had been traveling the eastern part of the state and had stopped by the plantation to pick up Ding who had been vacationing with her parents when this happened. Nancy hired a widow who lived nearby to care for the boys, deciding to leave them in Atlanta, and made plans for the trip for Jane and herself. The next morning, they left on their sad mission to the plantation. It was more so because John Olin had never had the opportunity to see Jane. The Seaboard Train pulled into this quiet town of Weldon at four o’clock in the morning and Joe was there to meet Nancy and Jane. On the drive home, the memories crowded in her mind. It is not possible to express Nancy’s feeling as they drove over the same unchanged dirt roads and finally entered the grove of the plantation through the posts from which a gate had once hung. Nancy’s heart was crushed, both from the death of her father but also the decline of the plantation.

As she disembarked, Nancy hesitated and watched the rising sun cast its red halo above the tops of the trees on the distant Mill Hill. The panorama of her childhood days played through her mind making her feel as if she was a child again. At this early hour, everything around the plantation was covered with a soft velvety canopy of mist with the same stalwart oaks keeping watch. Just a stone’s throw away was the old metal rimmed well bucket that was hung high waiting to be lowered in the well to bring the clear cool water to the surface that had quenched the thirst of four generations of the Heptinstall family. Even the chickens that normally flew flapping their wings, making a great noise from their roosting tree, landed quietly on that morning, stopping and balancing on one foot, as though listening for the voice that had been stilled, waiting for a hand that had cast food to them for so many years.

It had been eight years since Nancy had seen John Olin and as she looked upon his serene and life-like face, she could see little change. He looked as though he had just fallen asleep and how she wished that he could open his eyes and say “Hello, Pal” to her. She wondered if he had thought she had deserted him during his declining years. Her only consolation was, in retrospect, she acknowledged he had served as a wonderful and loving parent to her when she most needed someone to equip her for initiation into a world that would bring so many complications and sorrows. **She was sure now that without his personal guidance and patience her life would not have been worth recording and a diary would never have been filled with entrees.**

The funeral was attended by hundreds of people. Many old Negroes came from a long distance in ox carts, some leaving at five in the morning to reach the Heptinstall House Plantation in time for the service that was held at three in the afternoon. The flowers in the house were in profusion, mostly in autumn colors. Many of the wreaths and other emblems that had been made and hung by people who loved him dearly. The selected music were hymns that he loved and had sung with his Bible class that he had continued to guide.

So many of the older Negroes could not make the fifteen steps up to the house for a viewing so Nancy requested that the casket be opened at the gravesite so that they might have a last look at “Mos John Olin”. No one ever saw deeper grief than in those eyes and they made no attempt to conceal it. Many worn coat sleeves were wet from tears.

John Olin was placed in the family cemetery beside John Wesley’s grave. Standing there, Nancy looked out across the field of ripening wheat, waiting to be harvested, watching it sway softly as the October winds blew. She could see envision John Olin, Vance, and herself following the Saturday routine of bagging quail and wild turkeys. She also recalled the many times that she and John Wesley had ridden to the pasture to salt the sheep and inspect the fields. These wonderings in her memory channels made her realize how much she had learned since then through the living experience. She always managed to tuck these memories away but whenever sudden sorrow happened, they bounced out into the brightness. These two men, John Wesley and his son, John Olin, her grandfather and her father, were the most beloved people who had ever touched Nancy’s life. She knew that she would never hear their voices again but would always feel their spirits. The memories would suffice until she herself crossed the “great divide”.

While at the plantation on this sad mission, Nancy met for the first time Junior’s wife, Myrtle and their first two children. They were living in a small house within sight of the plantation that John Olin had built for them. Junior and Myrtle would eventually increase their family to three boys and three girls and move into the plantation house.

Nancy and Jane boarded the train to return to Atlanta to take back up her chosen pattern of life, never dreaming that it was to be constantly torn apart and redone. She found everything at home in order and Dave in good shape. The boys had liked the sitter-in very much and Ben had been promised that he could come see her whenever she wished. This turned out to be often since she had a cow and he liked buttermilk.



John Wesley Heptinstall, Junior
1885-1969



Myrtle Flythe Heptinstall
1885-1971

1923

In the spring following John Olin's death, Marion realized that the handling of the farm was more responsibility that she wanted to assume so the household articles were divided among the children and the land division was handled by the courts as John Olin had never made a will. The land was entailed according to John Wesley's will. It now went to the children. They were now responsible to give a certain amount for the support of their mother. A drawing was held for the plantation house with the provision that whoever got it would be required to make a home for Marion. Ding drew the big house, but sold it to Junior since she was living in Charlotte. Junior rented his smaller house to a white tenant. Marion decided that the plantation house would be her "headquarters", but she would rotate visiting each of the married girls in their home. She therefore seldom returned to the big house.

It was at this same time that Dave received a letter from his company rumbling about a reorganization in hopes of generating more business. Dave quickly read between the lines and became disturbed at the possibility of his office, the only Southern office but the one which generated the least profits, was to be soon closed. When he outlined his concerns to Nancy and hinted at another possible move, he knew she was reaching the limit of her patience. One week later, Dave was notified that he was to be sent to St. Louis, a new office to manage with a much larger sales field. Nancy blew her top and sat firmly upon her rear like an old balking mule. This would be the twelfth move in seventeen years of marriage. No power on earth could have moved her to the place that she had been told was the hottest one this side of the equator. Fortunately, Dave knew the climate of this place and resolved that controversial question right away. Nancy continued to resist, suggesting that she would gladly take in washing, not that she knew a darn thing about it, if she could only stay put in one place. She never dreamed that staying could cause more problems than moving.

Dave decided to resign his position as manager of the office and after several days of relaxing, he announced that he was going into the real estate business with a man he had met through a customer. Nancy met this partner-to-be, the wild "plunger" who had no past experience in this slippery adventure of real estate. The meager five thousand dollars that had been carefully stored away in the savings account was withdrawn and invested and quickly went down the drain of inexperience and misplaced confidence in a few months. The company had to be dissolved. The partner skipped town, leaving Dave with the unpaid debts, which required their last asset, a lot in Charlotte, to be sold to square away remaining commitments.

This couple was right where they started, only with three children that had to be fed and housed. Nancy was down and truly incensed, snappishly reminding Dave of the "moving wagon" and how the family had been up-rooted repeatedly. She finally realized that the chips were down and snappy replies or unpleasant discussions were not going to put the family back on a firm foundation. Their current rent was seventy five dollars a month. The initial hurdle was to locate a place where the rent would be appropriate for the little that they still had in the checking account. She walked, asked questions, and looked. Finally she was sent to nearby neighborhood where an old mansion had been recently converted into eight small apartments.

The size of the rooms made her hold her breath, wondering how human beings could exist in such a small space. There was a tiny bedroom for each child, a living room that evidently had once been another tiny bedroom, and a kitchenette that one had to back out of after going in. The bath facilities were down the hallway and were shared with another family. The last remaining member of the once wealthy family who had owned this mansion was living in one of the apartments. She was a lovely and cultured lady and Nancy felt lucky indeed to have her as a neighbor. The only heat was from a miniature coal grate in Nancy's bedroom and a down-draft stove in the so-called living room. At this stage, there was nothing that she could do so she paid down a month's rent, thirty-five dollars, and turned back to the old house to begin to pack for another move, this time into a "hat-box".

She had thought seriously of going to stay at Joy's house, but the mere idea gave her conscience pains. Whatever independence and pride that she had left became the ointment of relief as she moved into the "hat box", determined to lick this problem even though she would have to back out of the kitchenette. Nancy steadied her

course, realizing that she had inherited flexibility from John Olin and determination from John Wesley, but also had a small proportion of Marion's traditionally cured and smoked pride that made it difficult to cope with this situation. This pride had been slightly nudged several times in the past, but now jolted as she had to step down into living in this "hat-box". It was bringing the old serpent of despair a little too close for comfort.

Nancy and Dave alerted Joe to the situation and requested assistance in finding a job for Dave in Charlotte. Joe called a few days before the move into the "hat box" and told Dave of an opportunity so Dave drove up the next day, the very day that Nancy was moving into the "hat-box". The movers left the furniture either in the middle of the floor or lined against the walls for Nancy to arrange. Fortunately, the very small back yard was fenced in and had a gate entrance that could be closed and hooked, so LuLu was introduced to her new daytime abiding place while Ben was at school. LuLu had to jump up twenty steps to reach the door to the kitchen but she soon learned to scratch upon the door to get Nancy's attention so she would let her in to get her food, water, and sleeping box. This meant, of course, that at least one of Nancy's ears had to be continuously on the alert when Ben was at school. The four months that Nancy spent in this little joint was entered into her diary as a "short night-mare" that permeated her mind, leaving an unsteady hand and indelible imprint.

1924

Ben arrived home from school one afternoon and out of the blue, announced that he wanted to join the church. Ben was only nine years old and Nancy did not feel competent to decide questions of religion, so she sent him to the rectory to have a talk with the minister. This minister was a most wonderful old man who had shown a great deal of affection for Nancy's children and had made frequent visits to her home. When the situation had been resolved, Ben was sent on his way home and the minister called Nancy on the phone that was located in the hall of the "mansion" to inform her that Ben probably knew more about the Bible than she did. This information did not surprise her but left her wondering how Ben had acquired such knowledge. Dave was a thoroughly good and honest man but had never been an attendant of any church. He always contended that he was church-saturated when growing up. His parents were members of the Dutch Reformed Church and from all indications, they had worked a little too strenuously in trying to reform their three sons, none of whom were ever interested in church-going.

Dave had taken the job in Charlotte. Around the middle of November, he wrote that he had rented a furnished apartment that would be available on the fifteenth of December. He suggested that she store the furniture since they could not afford to move it. Nancy was thrilled that the family was to be together for Christmas holidays, but had qualms a plenty about keeping house with someone else's things, thinking that many necessities would be lacking. She was surely being put through the mill and should come out the winner of the top prize for adjusting to absurd situations and still retaining her sanity. She had a hunch that gave her a nudge to send the bedroom suite ahead. This furniture had been purchased with money that John Olin had given her after dividing an amount from the sale of a portion of the plantation, actually a plot of land located about twenty miles from the house. He was required to do this by the court before it granted a deed to the buyers. [Note: The will of John Wesley Heptinstall left his son, John Olin, a life estate to the property. This prevented him from selling any property without sharing profits with his children] So without consulting Dave, Nancy had the bedroom furniture crated along with some cherished linens, bed coverings, and silver, much of which had come from the plantation and could never have been replaced, and scheduled for them to be moved to Charlotte. That left her with no furniture in her bedroom so the very kind and considerate old lady of the mansion had her Negro man move a bed and necessary coverings in for Nancy to use until she left for Charlotte.

The old "claw of fate" still had its fangs clamped firmly on Nancy's plans as the two boys were taken ill on the fourteenth of December with measles. Nancy was more than ready to throw in the sponge. She had to call Dave collect and suggest to him over the phone that he come to Atlanta for the Christmas Holidays. She knew that the children would not be able to stick their noses outside for at least two weeks as measles were tricky. The weather in Atlanta, being five below zero, was the coldest it had experienced in a long time so Nancy did not want the children to end up with pneumonia. When Dave responded that he had never had the disease, she immediately

avored his absence, figuring out she had about all that she could handle. Just one more challenging situation for Nancy to handle on her own, no surprise.

Being forced to play a “pretend” role of Santa, she preferred to just tell the kids that his “sleigh of expectancy” had overturned and he would not be able to reach Atlanta this time. She knew that Dave and other family would send presents so she calmed herself and decided to face and conquer all doubts of her ability to nurse, prepare special food, give medicine on schedule, read stories to the children to maintain quietude, and last but not least, keep sanitary pants on LuLu so that she could spend her time on the bed with the boys. Having already seen what freezing weather does to the toes of chickens, Nancy decided that would not happen to LuLu. Her ability to design and make underpants for a hen was rather “complexing” and most unique as they had to practically envelop the chicken in order to stay on. She worked it out and the doctor had a good laugh, commenting that if Nancy could solve the chicken problem she would be able to solve any other that came along.

Jane was fortunate to only have a mild case of measles that required only a few days in bed but she was not allowed to visit with the boys in their bedrooms for a week. Fred came very near to having a severe case of pneumonia, forcing the doctor to spend one night with them in the apartment when he knew that the crisis would come. They both remained up until three in the morning when Fred’s temperature finally dropped and his brow became moist. After which, the kind-hearted doctor ordered Nancy to bed and he took charge of the midget-size fires and the children. Nancy with the help of the old Negro had pulled, pushed and wedged a cot in the kitchenette for the doctor so she and LuLu retired to it when the medical angel kept the guard.

At the first streak of dawn the next morning, LuLu woke up Nancy by scratching at the door so she hastily slipped on a robe and took over so the doctor could leave for home. Nancy did not dare ask him to remain for breakfast as she could not attempt to cook on the stove without first prying out the cot.

Fred was much better and Nancy was assured by the doctor as he took leave that all the children were on the road to recovery. Even so, he ordered that there be no visitors or efforts to try to get up or decorate. Even with the kids in sickbed, Santa did become a reality because presents arrived by mail and a three-foot decorated tree was brought in on Christmas Eve by the lovely lady of the building. The doctor, too, sent toys and story books for the children, so the holiday was made joyous for her family by outsiders whose thoughtfulness brought happiness and the brightness of the true spirit of the birth of Christ.

1925

It was the fifth of January before Nancy readied for the trip to Charlotte. With the help of a friend, her husband and their car, they made the trip to the train station without mishap. The many bundles and luggage had to be carried aboard as well as Fred and last but not least, LuLu. Ben had insisted that he be allowed to take LuLu in his arms and Nancy immediately envisioned their trying to coerce this hen to come out from under a freight car. Not wanting any such antics, she decided that a basket with the two handles that came together when carried was the best way to transport LuLu. She wrapped heavy brown paper over the top and tied it securely with heavy cord and punched several holes in the paper so that she could get air, recalling the suffocation of the poor little canary. Before departure from the apartment, Ben would let no one touch the basket, holding it upon his knee and talking to the hen, and when she would respond in her own language, he would explain what she was trying to say.

Dave had sent tickets, money, and information about the train’s schedule, but never mentioned that he had booked a solid Pullman. When Nancy saw it pull into the station, her heart verily stood still, feeling sure that they would never be allowed to take a live chicken on a Pullman car and if they were ordered to take LuLu to the baggage car, she knew that Ben would want to remain with the hen. It would take a bold effort on Nancy’s part to resolve this situation. When the train pulled into the station, Nancy’s friends and helpers went ahead with Fred and Jane and just as she was pushing Ben hurriedly up the steps, LuLu stuck her head through one of the holes. Of course, the porter saw her, saying at once, “Miss you can’t take dat live chicken on dis train”, but Nancy kept

pushing Ben while he held the basket with one hand and was trying with the other to push LuLu's head back though the hole under the paper. Remembering how loudly money can speak, Nancy slipped a dollar to the porter with a whisper that he should return to her as soon as the train pulled away from the station. Never in her life did she see a cloudy atmosphere on a face so rapidly disappear. The porter assisted Ben in getting LuLu to hide her head as he went up on the platform.

When the train started rolling, Nancy was frantic lest the conductor reach her before the porter showed up, realizing that she would not be able to bribe him as she had the porter, but fate drew in its claws and the porter smilingly appeared first. She asked him to take LuLu and care for her until they arrived in Charlotte that night at eleven. She would then give him another dollar, and while he was delighted, it took the persuasive power of the two to get Ben to surrender the hen to this Negro man. Nancy was almost prostrated when Ben finally nervously handed the basket to him.

She watched to see what he was going to do with the basket. When she saw him take it into a drawing room, she quietly wagered that they were the only family in America that had ever had a chicken transported in such lavish luxury. This drawing room was engaged after stopping in Spartanburg SC so LuLu was relegated to the shelf above the water cooler where she could be plainly heard practicing her dialect.

The train pulled into Charlotte around midnight, an hour later than scheduled, but Dave was right at the train steps to meet his family. He was in a company car and when the bundles, luggage, wraps, three half-asleep children, and a frustrated LuLu, were packed into the car, Nancy did not care whether she ever reached the new, so-called furnished apartment. When they did arrive, she took one look at it and would have preferred to continue walking straight out the back door into the street. Her real feelings could not be expressed so she determined that no matter which way their world turned from now on, she would not continue to live with someone else's belongings. She had now reached the point in her topsy-turvy life where she had to fight against an eruption of a "volcano of resentment".

The furniture that she sent ahead had arrived and been placed and Nancy cringed at the thought of how the apartment would have looked without it. Ding had sent over two single beds for the boys since there was only one semblance of such a commodity among the scanty furnishings.

Soon after arriving, Ben was enrolled in the school that was located directly across the street from the flat. As usual, he quickly acclimated to the new situation, having never met a stranger, always having a smile and a pleasant word of greeting. Nancy wondered if his congeniality and living happiness was extended to her by the Creator as partial payment for the imperfection that He had handed her in her first attempt to produce a human being. She recalled the saying that "He moves in a mysterious way" which has always been and will forever remain a mystery to her.

This once more united family had endured this "pen" for just six months when Dave received notice that the furniture that had been left in storage in Atlanta had been burned in a fire that leveled the warehouse. In compliance with the law, the insurance company sent restitution, a small check. They did not have the money to fight this company, so they used the small amount to rent another house and move in with only the bare necessities. Nancy was learning fast that money spoke very loudly. Needing extra money to buy additional furniture, Nancy converted the breakfast nook into a bedroom for one of the children and rented the other bedroom out to a very nice couple who were allowed kitchen privileges. The rent money was used to purchase furniture for the living room.

Since there was no fence around this new location, LuLu roamed at will and all of the neighborhood children adopted her as a co-owned playmate. Jane had been instructed to keep an ever-watchful eye upon this friendly chicken when Ben was at school to ensure her safety. From the kitchen window, Nancy noticed an old Negro man who would frequently come into the yard and seat himself upon the grass with Jane and the hen. One day she joined them and as she sat and listened to his twaddle, she doubted if his IQ was as high as LuLu's. She recalled a remark that John Olin had made one day after a visit with a former suave doctor of the family who was at the time was serving the state as head medic in the Institution for the Insane in Raleigh, North Carolina. He had

said, "I have decided that the only way to happiness is through insanity, when the past is forgotten and no future is anticipated". This old dumb man might have forgotten the past, but in a few days, LuLu disappeared like the sun behind a dark cloud and Nancy believed that he had stolen her when a shower of rain came up very suddenly one afternoon and Jane ran into the house to get her raincoat. When she got back, both the hen and the man had disappeared.

Nancy searched the neighborhood calling for LuLu, but to no avail. She was heartbroken, not only because she had learned to love her, but also she knew what Ben's reaction was going to be. Nancy was firmly convinced that the old Negro had taken her. Nancy even went over the hill to "dark town" to search for the man even though she did not know his name or where he lived. She described him to an old woman about ninety years old, who replied, "Yes mam, I knose hin, but he upped an moved 'bout a hour ago". This old lady claimed to not know his name and would not divulge anything about him. During that walk back over the hill, Nancy crossed her heart with a prayer first and then a vow, the former asking the Maker of all Creatures to strike the old man blind for taking LuLu and a vow to herself that if she ever laid eyes on him again, he would regret the day that he ever saw any member of this family.

Outside of the house was a coal house. The coal was used to heat the house and two tons had arrived the morning that LuLu disappeared, simultaneously with the shower of rain. The coal was shot through a chute into the coal house so when Ben learned of the disappearance of LuLu, he decided that the hen must be under the two tons of coal. Nancy tried her best to dissuade Ben from moving the coal but he insisted that he wanted to put her body in a box and give her a proper burial. All of the lovers of LuLu were called and sleeves were rolled up and they proceeded to move the two tons of the dirtiest soft coal from one side of the coal house to the other. No LuLu was buried there which confirmed Nancy's opinion that the nit-wit had walked off with her.

Nancy admitted to herself that her unuttered aloud prayer was not very Christ-like, but after seeing her little dirty and sad boy, she would not have changed it. Surely any prayer, however sinful, must be heard by a gracious, sympathetic and listening God. She had loved and lost many pets in her childhood on the plantation and knew the pangs that Ben was now feeling all too well.

Just before LuLu disappeared, Joe had brought Jane two small rabbits and when he mentioned something about a "pair", Nancy sat up and took note, knowing that she had trouble enough without any multiplying animals. Jane was too busy playing to even give fresh water to the creatures. Not surprisingly, in only a few days, the pen was full of babies and Nancy blew her top for good. As soon as they were old enough, she supplied every child in the neighborhood with a pet, giving the mother along with last baby. The father was not wanted so when he scratched his way to freedom, Nancy dared anyone to retrieve him. Her mind determined right then that there would not be any more pets until there was an real backyard that could be fenced in to keep out marauders and thieves, never dreaming that when that time arrived, Ben and Jane would be of ages when desired "pets" would be wearing pants and dresses.

The house in which they were currently living was "entailed" property in the settlement of an estate. So in short time, they were notified that it would be put up for sale and were asked if they were interested in purchasing it. Not wanting to do so, they were given just a month to move out. Nancy resumed her task of packing up a household. Even with all her experience, it was still a pain in the neck and a drain upon the pocketbook. She did not know it, of course, but this move was to be the last one south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The remainder of her life was to be spent on the home turf of Marion's Yankees".

In Charlotte, they had lived in a section known as Dilworth and Nancy was fortunate to get another house on Kinston Avenue that was within easy walking distance of Ben's school. Jane would also be attending this school in the spring. Dave was now working with a Lime Company whose plant was in Roanoke, Virginia. He had a car and traveled the states of Virginia and North Carolina. To generate some needed cash, Nancy rented one room to two traveling salesmen. The men seemed to be always going in opposite directions so neither one was in the house for any extended period of time. They would just stop over for a night or two, repack their bags, get mail and additional samples and be on their way for another trip. Dave was often on the road, just as when they

were first married. But of course, she now had three children and two extra men to clean up after. One man, in particular, seemed to have not been taught the habit of cleanliness.

After having lived on Kingston Avenue for a year, Dave was offered a position in New York as a manager of the branch office of a large New England Belting Company. He did not want to live and raise the children in a big city, but Nancy surprisingly suggested that him at least investigate the job reminding him that there was such a thing done as commuting. The president of this organization had been a classmate of Joe's while at Dartmouth and he recommended Dave, hence the offer. Bill, the president, came to Charlotte to meet and talk with Dave personally. Bill offered a salary of five thousand per year with bonuses that could run the net income to eight or ten thousand dollars per year. This was significant compared to Dave's current salary of one-hundred and fifty dollars per month. Dave was told that he was wanted on the job at once. The company had already fired the man who had been the previous manager for twenty-five years as he had acquired the bad habit of imbibing to a point where a cot had been moved into the office so he could transact business in a horizontal position.

Marion arrived at Nancy's home after spending time at Joy's. An old fashioned fried chicken dinner was planned on the Sunday noon at Ding's house before Bill was to leave that evening. Carrie, Nancy's sister, also blew in early Sunday morning via the Seaboard Train, without any pre-announcement. Carrie had no permanent home and was living in a room in a small hotel. She kept the family on alert as she took the privilege of walking in at any time and calling "I'm here". She had gotten herself a position as a sales lady after having a partial awakening to the fact that life could not be lived totally in "ethereal" unconsciousness in which she reveled. The planned dinner was a great success and enjoyed by all, especially by the New Englander who loved Southern cooking. He was most attractive and all of the ladies fell very much in love with him. The afternoon was spent by the men on the front porch with their feet upon the railing. Cigars and cigarettes being continuously lighted. The women took off to a nearby park with Fred in a stroller to allow the children to feed the ducks in the pond. As early twilight approached, the three men strolled over to the park and Dave told them that he had accepted the position and would follow Bill up north on Monday night.

Marion and Ding were in tears when they were told that Nancy and her family would be leaving the South again. While Nancy sat, sad but resigned since she had already voiced her willingness to move when Dave had first mentioned the offer, knowing that the family needed the financial stability. She did not know then how that matted web would entangle Dave for the remainder of his well days.

There was little time for planning. As usual, Nancy was left hanging on the string of uncertainty not knowing when she and the family would be called north. Both of the children were back in school with Jane just beginning her first year.

Six weeks after Dave had left for his new job, he suggested that Nancy made a visit to East Orange, New Jersey. Dave had moved to this town because a dear friend from college resided here and it would allow him to experience the feel of commuting. The friend was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of East Orange and after hearing that Dave was in New York, he had made a trip over to see him, persuading him to come to New Jersey. Dave met Nancy in Newark and they went by trolley to Orange. After a night's rest, she was turned over to a real estate woman that showed her around the Oranges that Nancy disliked from the start. The houses and everything else were too close together, giving her the feel of being crowded from every corner. When she asked about the schools, she was told that blacks attended the schools with the whites. This stunned her Southern roots, but she did hear about one school in Upper Montclair that had no colored students. She called Dave and asked him to meet her in the real estate office at three that afternoon. She had no idea which way to go in Upper Montclair and after asking for directions, the cops looked at her as though she had stepped forth from Mars or some other far away planet. Knowing that she sounded differently, she also wondered whether she looked different from the other people among whom she was crowding. She was told to board a street car that would get her to Montclair with only one change. After three changes, assisted by the motorman on each car, she finally alighted in front of the real estate office. She arrived an hour late and Dave was in a dither envisioning her being picked up by someone offering her a ride and taken who knew where. He had a reason for his uneasiness as she was often coaxed into cars when awaiting street cars. Luckily in the past, she had always been taken wherever she needed to go.

A most interesting conversation took place in the real estate office. Nancy learned that Dave had already met with these managers and they had not given him one tiny bit of encouragement in locating a house. As they turned to leave the office, Nancy and Dave brushed shoulders with an older grey-haired Irish lady who was entering the office. One of the managers motioned for them to tarry for a time. This thrifty and kind old lady owned a three-family home, but her third floor had never been finished. The first floor had been recently rented to a man. The manager had previously asked the lady whether she would consider completing the third floor for herself and renting the second floor to Nancy and Dave. She promised to think it over and was now coming in to tell the manager that she had decided to do just as he had advised. A lease was drawn up, signed, and a month's rent was paid. This second floor would be vacated and ready for occupancy on December the fifteenth. Nancy, Dave, and the old lady were driven to her home by the real estate manager to take a look at the second floor flat and they were very pleased with it and its location to trains and schools.

After staying in New Jersey for ten days, Nancy left for the South to prepare to leave her homeland and her close relatives permanently. She was slowly reaching the point of not caring whether she ever returned because she had waded through so many rivers of confusion that she was becoming sturdy to hard currents. New places and new faces had been her steady scenery ever since she had married so how could she possibly know now that her next twenty-three years would be spent right here in Montclair?

After returning to Charlotte, she found that her daughter Jane was not doing well in school. The school authorities had sent letters acknowledging that Jane was under-weight and needed to gain additional poundage. Nancy was very much aware and did not need to be told this but she called a child specialist to see if he could offer any feasible advice. He told Nancy that Jane should be taken out of school altogether and every effort should be made to add at least seven or eight pounds before they moved to the colder climate. Even though Nancy knew that taking Jane out of school would create a problem down the road, she followed the doctor's advice, forcing a period of rest in both morning and afternoon and bribing Jane to drink two full quarts of milk a day. It was wearisome to Nancy's patience, but it worked wonders. Jane gained seven pounds by the time that they were ready to journey northward from Ding's home where they had taken refuge after the furniture was packed and sent on its way.

Joe made the trip to New Jersey with Nancy to help with Fred as Dave could not leave the office at that time. Nancy expected the furniture to be in place and all ready for the Christmas holidays, but to her disgust, no furniture had arrived. The old lady of the house assisted in getting rented cots for her family on the third floor and leaving her furniture intact on the second floor flat for the poor homeless wanderers until they could trace their belongings. The furniture did not arrive until the day before New Year's Eve. It had been put in the wrong train car and made a detour by way of Chicago.

The two families ate together throughout the holidays and the kids had the time of their lives in a beautiful freshly fallen snow. The old lady had a son who was a cop and loved his drinks, only imbibing enough where he saw fun in everything. He adored children and played Santa for them, even getting a tree and helping them decorate it. Nancy was charmed seeing someone demonstrate such a deep interest in her children.

1926

Ben was enrolled in the new school in January, but just as Nancy had surmised, Jane was too old for the first grade and too young for the second. She had to engage a tutor for Jane that would ready her for the second grade in the fall. The tutor was a retired school principal who charged an unbelievable price. Nancy wondered why she had not become a school teacher and eventually worked her way to the lucrative position of being a principal.

On the first floor of the house was a family of Westerners that had two daughters. They had moved in several months prior to Nancy and Dave. The younger daughter was a molasses blond about Ben's age and a live demon when she did not get her own way. They would get into fights, even tearing Ben's shirt into shreds one

time. This was an entirely new experience for him as he had never played with girls before. Since Ben's disposition had always been so mild, Dave had a talk with him, cautioning him not to ever start a fight with a female; however, if she started one, to give her the works.

Ben became pals with the son of the superintendent of schools who lived next door. After one new snow fall, this molasses blond girl-demon went outside to build herself a "snow house" while the boys would sit on the steps watching her. They never offered a helping hand but as soon as the structure was finished, they invited themselves in. Nancy really did not blame the girl for taking up for herself, but when shovels became the fighting weapon, the land lady grabbed her broom and made for the yard. Nancy knew that an Irish temper with an American broom in hand was all that was needed to calm down three small children. Luckily, the parents on both sides had good common sense or they might have been fighting too.

About the middle of February when life seemed worth living again, Marion was taken ill of pneumonia and very quickly passed on. This was quite a shock to both Nancy and Dave since they had planned to have her visit in the summer so that they could show her the places that she had not seen since her honeymoon in eighteen hundred and seventy-four.



Hannah Marion Bailey Heptinstall

in later years

Nancy took Ben out of school for a few days to travel back to the home place. Joe had come too but Ding had been advised by the doctor against traveling. It was a sad time and Nancy calculated that Marion had survived John Olin by seven years. Nancy made a lightening exit after the last rites and went back with Joe to visit Ding for a day before heading northward. Memories as usual were surging and almost breaking her heart as she realized how time wrecks so many things.

Nancy and Dave lived in the Irish woman's house for two and a half years until Ben voiced a request for his own room. So this "moving" family rented a much larger first floor flat about five blocks north on the same street. The family who were living on the first floor bought the building a couple of years later and moved his family to the second floor while the Irish lady moved to the first floor.

Seven moves were made from house to house and floor to floor before this family bought a home. All moves including into the purchased home were made on the same street.

1933

Ben graduated from Montclair High in the spring of thirty-three and was immediately approached by a co-owner of a very exclusive club in the Adirondacks. This club was owned and operated by several wealthy families who lived in Upper Montclair and they offered Ben a position as a lifeguard for the summer. After being an Eagle Scout and a participant in numerous local activities, Ben was well known and liked in the vicinity. After conferring with his dad, he accepted the offer, continuing to work there each summer during his college career.

During the first summer in the Adirondacks, Nancy went on a four-day visit to see where he was working and what his responsibilities were. She found it a most attractive location located high upon a mountain that overlooked a wide calm blue lake with a winding road leading down to the water's edge around which had tall thickly limbed trees spreading like huge green umbrellas. She fell in love with everything around the place except the cry of the loons at night. She did comprehend for the first time the reason that some folks at this club who could appropriately be called "loony".

Joe had moved his family from Charlotte to Montclair to a house within a half block of where Nancy and her family were living. He had met with the same disaster that befell Dave in Atlanta, venturing his savings in the real estate business. The difference was that Joe had a brother who lived in Flushing, NJ who could afford to square his debts and move him northward. Ding kicked against this move like fury itself, wanting no part or parcel of "Yankee land". She kept her nose in the air and having nothing to do with anyone except Nancy and her family, staunchly convinced that Joe had gone crazy.

Dot, the daughter of Joe and Ding, was close to the same age as Jane and the girls were working diligently toward preparation for higher education. Dot aspired to enter Duke University in Durham, NC and Jane wanted to attend St. Lawrence University, the same school that Ben attended. Ben would graduate in the spring before she entered. So the future forecasted the need for careful planning and economical maneuvering.

Joe developed into the greatest friend that any teenagers could ever hope to have. He had a car ever ready from Saturday noon to Sunday mid-night to go anyplace that the kids wanted. At one time, he piled the car full of teenagers at one o'clock in the morning, calling the mother of one of the girls out of bed to act as a chaperone and took off the Jersey shore to see the sun rise over the ocean. Nancy would grow wild-eyed over these antics but as he always had a chaperone in attendance, she and other parents accepted the situation.

Ben never took interest in these wild trips; he preferred to be with his pals who were interested at the time in making little crystal radios. They actually awakened Nancy one night about midnight to come quickly and listen to "Big Ben", a radio operator that they had at last succeeded in contacting. Ben, up to this point, had only opened one eye for girls, but the opening of both eyes for a fuller vision would soon take place.

These high school years were the awakening years for their children. It was like an opening rose, slowly scattering its perfume and wavering against a strong passing breeze, before casting its first shadows. Joe's brother had a yacht that he kept on the sound and this made another ideal place for weekend frolics for the kids. Nancy often went with them when they spent Saturday night on the yacht, but it only took one experience of deep sea fishing for her to learn that the boat must be permanently anchored when she was aboard. Nancy took on the duties of a cook on these trips, but finding the kitchen on the boat a close kin to the "backing out of" kitchen she had in Atlanta, she would cook the dishes at home and bring them all ready to be warmed and served on the boat.

When Joe first moved to Montclair, he was employed by an oil-burner company, but that business soon folded up. He then began selling real silk hosiery from door to door, breaking all records for a one-man job. Nancy always contended that if he could just get a foot in the door and talk to a female, he could easily sell her the Brooklyn Bridge. Joe was most attractive and surely had a way with all females except Ding at that time. Things happened so fast during these years that Nancy could scarcely fathom the beginnings and the endings. Joe's brother who owned the yacht divorced his wife after she became an alcoholic and persuasion had no effect. Ding had no love for the brother-in-law. Yet when the ex-wife was settled in a smaller house, he put the house in

Flushing on the market and went with baggage in hand to Nancy asking for sanctuary. Nancy who had four bedrooms at this time took him in. It was not long until he took off for Paris to wait out the divorce proceedings. His wife cut the time shorter by turning on the gas, ending all litigations and taking with her the lovely collie that had been their pet for a number of years.

Joe's brother returned to live on his yacht, but occasionally, he would come into Jersey to spend a weekend with Dave, Nancy, and the kids. He was a member of a Yacht Club on Long Island and when he grew tired of the boat, he would spend time there. His last trip was up the coast on his way to New England waters when he had a heart attack and died.

Another college mate of Dave's, George Jones, moved right around the corner from them. With him and his wife, they made a jolly foursome at bridge and got together weekly, rotating homes. They would also go to New York together to take in plays and occasionally a football game. This pleasant association lasted about three years until the wife was taken ill with acute leukemia and died only three weeks later. This was a great shock to both Dave and Nancy, and George was stunned, like a fish that had been lifted out of water and placed upon dry sand. He had depended upon his wife to do everything for him except breathe. Knowing that George was an expert engineer, Nancy wondered why he had not invented some device that could also take over the breathing function.

George often visited with Dave and Nancy, staying for dinner, as he tried to figure out what he was going to do. He had just one son who was unmarried and living in Chicago. So George decided that he did not need the responsibility of a home, stored his furnishings, and moved into a family hotel that was nearby. He stayed there until Ding and Joe were divorced and he married Ding. Life was becoming a jig-saw puzzle to Nancy. She realized that Joy's suggestion to take Ding from the plantation to Charlotte had turned out to be a mammoth mistake because she had now created for herself the term "divorcee". Nancy gave thanks with every breath that John Olin and Marion were both beyond the realm of earthly knowledge.

Jane was at the University of St. Lawrence in Canton, New York and Dot was down deep in the South at Duke University in Durham, NC. Joe, Ding's ex-husband, was in a small apartment located on the out-skirts of Montclair, living alone, and employed as a salesman by the Restland Memorial Organization in Hanover, New Jersey.

For entertainment, Nancy would fill the rumble-seat of her little Ford Coupe with kids on a Sunday afternoon and go to a church to listen to the beautiful music. Opera singers and choirs from the big churches in New York would frequently come to Montclair to perform the programs. Sometimes sitting in the gardens, watching the kids play, Nancy would take a seat beside the stature of Peter Pan which sprinkled water on the lovely flowers from his water pipe and listen to the music wafting from the church's pipe organ. Her thoughts centered on how quickly changes in your life can occur. She sat in reverie watching the little ants running around her feet. Curious she placed a small straw in front of them and watched them go entirely around the encumbrance instead of crossing over it. How like the little ants were humans who took the long way around when only a little strength would be needed to face the climb. It was too late now for Ding and Joe. Joe eventually also remarried and moved to Florida. Nancy felt sadness for the daughter Dot, a lovely girl, who did not deserve what had been thrust upon her.

1937

Ben graduated in the spring of thirty-seven and Nancy was there to see her "walking" son emerge into the world. Throughout the four years, Ben had been an outstanding student and a member of Beta, the same fraternity as his father. The self confidence that he had displayed in Atlanta on his first morning of school was now accentuated by his education and Nancy was sure that he would be successful no matter his chosen path or obstacles. Following his graduation, Ben was asked to contact a large organization in New York. He was immediately employed by them, leaving them for an interim when he volunteered to help Uncle Sam in World War II.

Finishing high school that same spring, Jane enrolled in the same university. She had been left some money by Joe's brother that was to be applied toward her college expense but being underage, a guardian had to be appointed to take charge of the cash. Dave and Nancy discussed this guardianship and neither wanted the job so Jane suggested Ben. Ben would have a good understanding of collegiate expenses and would doubtless have fun dealing out money to a young sister for necessities, but he would need to employ diplomacy when she wanted to spend money foolishly. Nancy and Dave would be watching with interest, both realizing that they would have to make up any deficit if and when the money ran out. Most importantly, they hoped that their children would continue to be on speaking terms after the money was spent.

As the snow began to pile up in Canton, NY, Jane's first request was a fur coat and Ben consented. She was inducted in the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and in her final year, she expressed the desire to live in the sorority house. Since her funds were a little puny by this time, Dave and Ben chipped in and allowed her to gratify her wish. She was very popular at the college with both girls and boys, not becoming too interested in any one young man, and not the least bit biased in her associations if their character was above criticism and their behavior was good. As to where they were from, it would not have bothered her in the least if they had been from Timbuktu. Jane brought many of her friends home during the summers and over the holidays. Nancy could not even pronounce some of the names of the friends without taking time out to spell it out. She went calmly along with Jane though, never mentioning religions or nationalities, just keeping her fingers crossed with a prayer that she would ultimately pick the right one who would make a good husband and provider for a future family.

Ben and Nancy attended Jane's graduation while Dave attended Fred at the house. Nancy's delight was doubled, having two children who had accomplished what she had so much desired as a young woman when circumstances had not permitted. Dot had graduated from Duke University and was employed as Head of Personnel by a broadcasting company in New York. She was living with Ding and George in Montclair, NY and commuting into the city. Jane would join them in the fall, after being employed by the Banker's Trust Company. The old "river of time" was flowing swiftly, creating new streams upon which small boats had to be anchored in. These young folks were gaining much needed experience before venturing into the depths that might challenge or engulf them.

1939

When the rumblings of war could be heard, Nancy and Dave felt the sinking feeling that every other parent of a son of serving age must have experienced. They hoped that his need to wear glasses would prevent his being inducted into service. Knowing he was fully capable of determining his own path, they were not too surprised when he informed them that he had volunteered. Dave assured Nancy that Ben would not be on the fighting lines after he was given a special assignment with the Signal Corps. She knew that danger lurked everywhere but they bowed gracefully to the inevitable.

Nancy and Dave were still living in the two-family house and the landlord decided to sell the house and move his family back out west. To remain where they were, Dave would have to purchase the house. Instead, they decided to purchase a one-family house just a block north. It was a lightening deal after Nancy met the owner on the street who told her that the house would go to the real estate company the next day. Dave arrived with checkbook in hand and the deal was closed before the sun set that evening. It was an old house and both Nancy and Dave knew that much work was needed in the interior, but the beautiful backyard more than made up for the upcoming tasks. The lovely shrubbery had been brought from Asheville and Black Mountain in western North Carolina by the previous family after vacationing there every summer.

Ben spent his last Sunday with the family before moving to Washington DC. In the afternoon, he helped Nancy move some plants and rose bushes from the previous house to the new backyard. After he said goodbye on Monday morning, all dressed in his uniform, Nancy began like mad to pack for the move to the new house. If anyone is still counting, this was move number twenty-five for this family in twenty-three years of marriage.

Although it was to be a week before the house would be vacated, she wanted to be exhausted at the end of each day so she would not have the energy to think about Ben and his new challenges. Just as she was about to capture the “butterfly of hope for happiness”, it seemed to flutter away from the net.

Nancy hired decorators to assist in the update on the first floor of this newly acquired old house. She herself would tackle the upstairs, having fun at her task until she broke a toe and was assigned to crutches for six weeks. It therefore took about three months to ready the upstairs. Twelve months slipped by in fairly quick time with Ben occasionally getting home from Washington for a few days.

1940

At the end of a year in Washington, Ben was sent to Philadelphia where he remained for about nine months before being sent on to the South Pacific. His first post was in New Caledonia where he quickly immersed in his new work duties and made friends. Nancy, reading between the lines of his letters, surmised that not all of his friends were male.

Dave was now seventy years old and was notified by his company that he would be retired at the end of the year. Nancy was frantic, realizing that Dave would now be around the house every day. He had never been any help in the house, never dried a dish, or swept the front porch. On a few occasions, when Ben had been too busy to mow the lawn, Dave would help him out. With this impending disaster on her mind, Nancy busied herself helping Jane pack boxes with Christmas gifts for the military boys in distant lands. They took time to collect articles that were needed, rather than admired. The packed boxes were often heavier than Uncle Sam had designated and had to be repacked. During this time, Jane was a constant companion when Nancy needed her most. Nancy soon learned that the companionship of a true daughter in time of trouble is the greatest comfort that God sent to mothers. Sons are wonderful too, but they often got distracted, particularly after marriage.

The holidays of that year were anything, but gay. Jane and her friends furnished what celebration there was. The realization that Dave’s working days were over cast a dark shadow over Nancy. Effective at the beginning of the Christmas vacation, Dave was retired from the office. With the dawning of each day thereafter, he grew more dissatisfied and more restless. He walked the streets drawing anyone who had an idle ear into conversation. He went searching jobs at all of the banks, but no one wanted an old tired man.

He had been good friends with the family doctor who was also in his seventies and partially retired himself. This doctor was acting as surgeon for the State Institution for the Insane that was located about a mile from lower Montclair. Dave went to visit him one day and the doctor advised Dave to get something to do even if it had to be charity work. Shortly thereafter, the doctor asked Dave to ride with him to the asylum to visit a patient who had had an operation the day before. Dave was delighted to have the opportunity to see the inside of this place. He had heard so much, both good and bad, and was eager to gratify his curiosity. The doctor introduced Dave to the head of the institution and they became at once most congenial. On hearing that Dave needed to find something to occupy his time, the man told him that they sorely needed help of any kind and suggested that he come over the next day for a discussion.

When Dave told Nancy of his visit and his plan to return the next day for an interview regarding a job, she was dumbfounded. Quickly getting hold of herself and deciding to be calm no matter what developed, Nancy listened and wondered what her husband could possibly do in a place where nine-tenths of the people were mental patients. During the interview, Dave agreed to render services gratis every day of the week, with time off between Friday afternoon and Saturday noon. His assignment included the handling the keys of the entire institution, unlocking the doors to let men into the cells of the patients. These patients were often powerful physically but had no mental sense. The policy of the institution was to never allow one person to go alone into a cell. Dave was also responsible for receiving and issuing cards of admittance to the relatives of the inmates on visiting days.

Nancy raised no spoken objection, deciding within her own mind that it was better to let Dave have this opportunity to keep busy or she might become an addition to this already crowded institution. This was what people termed “charity work”, but Nancy never adjusted to the situation, finding it very hard to accept and still keep smiling at such horrible arrangement. She even wondered at times if people would accuse her of running Dave away from home because he retired.

A state law required all people working in a public institution to have a medical examination upon beginning work and at specific intervals of employment. Dave was called in for x-rays during the last part of March. He thought himself healthy even though he had been treated by a throat specialist over the past couple of years for a persistent cough. This series of x-rays was to outline the beginning of the end. He was told that he had a tubercular gland and would need to enter the sanatorium at the top of the same mountain as the mental institution. Several doctors read the x-ray pictures, even one called out from New York, and all decided that it was only in the beginning stage and if he had immediate treatment, the tuberculosis could easily be arrested. So Dave came home to await an empty bed at the sanatorium.

Jane tried to console her mother by reminding her that she should be very thankful that he was confined on the top of the mountain instead of spending his time at the mental institution. Nancy decided to not write to Ben concerning Dave’s condition as they expected him home about August first after two years and did not want to cast a cloud over his first homecoming. Ben had served the two years overseas and additional time in Washington and Philadelphia. Nancy and Jane looked forward to having him come back and assume to a degree the head of the house.

After arriving home, Ben was apprised of his father’s condition and lost no time in getting to the top of the mountain. He found his dad to be a restless and unhappy patient in the sanatorium. As Ben was still in uniform, he was allowed to spend the afternoon with Dave, beyond visiting hours. Ben was very upset and disturbed over the condition in which he found Dave clearly discerning how much Dave had failed since the time that he had last seen him.

Ben had received a letter from the President of the United States commending him for his work and asking that he return to the Islands and Japan for an extra year to help “clean up the mess”. After learning about his father’s situation, Ben did not reply immediately to this request. But after consultation with the doctors who assured him that Dave was in no immediate danger, Ben agreed to another mammoth responsibility for Uncle Sam. After a few more weeks at home, he took off again for the South Pacific.

1947

In the spring of the following year, Jane with the help of their minister and his car took Dave to a near-by clinic to get another complete checkup and opinion. She revealed nothing to the new doctors of the previous diagnosis. When Nancy and Jane went for the results, they were told that Dave had cancer of the lungs and they gave him about eight month to live.

Ben was written the details and arranged to come home on the first of August. Nancy was able to slip down to Florence to Joy’s home to say a last goodbye to Captain Jack who was also desperately ill. He had Parkinson’s disease and passed away just six weeks prior to Dave. Dave lived sixteen days beyond the eight allotted months, gone by the sixteenth of November. The old solid families were being transferred one by one across the Great Divide, leaving heartaches and desperate loneliness, not to mention the almost impossible adjustments for all concerned. Nancy was now to join hands with her sister, Joy, across the many miles that separate them, and travel together down the lonely road of widowhood. In Nancy’s mind, she could not dispel the grotesque shadows of trouble and fear.

All hope now of the family ever living together in any home was dead. Nancy proceeded to make plans to convert her little house into a two-family house. Dave had suggested this to her before he passed and Ben had

approved, knowing that it would be better for Nancy if she was not entirely alone in the house. After contracts were signed and the real work was begun, Ben moved into New York, but came out on weekends to inspect and advise. When the apartment was finally ready for renting, Nancy was deluged with prospective tenants since it was just after the war and places to live were scarce. She finally took in a man and his wife who had been staying at a hotel in New York.

1948

Things moved on and at the beginning of the next year, Ben was sent to work in the Pittsburgh office. Of course, Nancy and Jane both hoped that his new assignment would be temporary, but recognized that hope, like intentions, only help to pave the road of uncertainties.

Jane had now been in her position about five years and had developed into a clear thinker and excellent business woman. She was highly thought of by her bosses and her many male admirers, the latter keeping Nancy busy over weekends preparing meals and entertaining. Among these constant visitors was a young man from Yonkers, New York who always heralded his approach by coming up the walk whistling or singing. He was very blonde and carried his height of six feet three inches with the grace of a prince. Nancy surmised upon introduction that he would never have any difficulty in getting the girl of his choice to whisper very loudly, "I will".

Jane had also continued to correspond with the former coach of athletics at St. Lawrence College. She had not seen this fellow for some time because he had moved to Raleigh, North Carolina to accept a new position at a college. A letter arrived from him with an invitation to Jane and her cousin Dot to come to Williamsburg, Virginia for a sports event as his weekend guests. They both immediately asked for a week's vacation. They planned to extend their weekend by taking a bus to Florence to spend the Thanksgiving week with Joy and her family. Ben was home over that weekend and insisted that Nancy hire the woman who had cared for Fred on previous situations and join the Jane and Dot in Florence at Joy's house. She was thrilled at the idea and arrived in Florence at three in the morning of Thanksgiving Day, the train, of course, being two and a half hours late.

Nancy was surely in no mood to be informed that Jane was to be married. Her first thought that seeped through her befogged mind was that Jane was engaged to the coach, but her second thought was "No, he is too old for Jane". She was quickly told the story of Sam's proposal to Jane at the New York train station just before boarding for her trip to Williamsburg. Obviously he decided it was a good time to declare his intentions.

Nancy had lived and learned, but never in her life had she seen things move so fast as in the planning for Jane's wedding. Dot was to be the maid of honor, the ceremony was to be at twilight in the church, and the reception was scheduled for the Woman's Club in Upper Montclair. Nancy and Jane planned to arrange an announcement party as soon as they returned from Florence.

In a very large way, this information about Jane's engagement threw a wet blanket over Nancy's anticipated three days with Joy and her family. The instantaneous breaking of this news to her at three in the morning made her realize that another pillar was being knocked from shaky shelter leaving her without a normal child to give her daily moral support.

A couple of years after Dave had passed, Nancy had been courted by a fine looking English gentleman who had asked her to marry. Knowing that he could support her and Fred and would be a comfortable companion for her elder years, she was intrigued. Then she looked into the future with his sitting around and perhaps being boring at times and quickly decided that she much preferred living alone with just Fred and her memories. She did not want to feel that she was hitch-hiking on the last lap of her journey. Nancy was aware that her love for men had been "frosted" when Dave passed away and while money spoke very enticingly, she would have resorted to scrubbing floors rather than deceiving a man in believing that she loved him. So she waved goodbye to every thought of remarrying, and continued on her way.

When the charming groom-to-be would arrive in the evenings, he and Jane would sit in the middle of the living room rug trying to figure out a budget that would not cramp his income to a point of extinction. Nancy would listen with her eyes on her needlepoint with her mind scampering like mad over places and events of past years when she and Dave lived on one-hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and still were able to pay a mountain of doctors and nurses' bills. She realized that times and prices had changed, but was sure that housekeeping and living within a budget must have originated in the garden with Adam and Eve puzzling over the apple. Nancy acknowledged silently that these finances were the business of this young man's family and she worried no more.

Jane and her beau were living the moments of an anticipated happiness that was free of care or worry, looking at a future through the golden rays of a bright rising sun where shadows from a cloud could never mar the gilded halo of this perfect picture. Nancy trained herself to be a patient listener as well as a very reticent "suggester", always steering away from anything that might develop into a portentous battle ground of diversified ideas. Jane had her own opinions and at times, spoke them very plainly, even to Nancy. So Nancy practiced caution in her remarks which was far better than having regrets.

Jane chose to have the engagement party on the twelfth of December and invitations were extended to fifty people. Since Nancy was now living in just a four-room apartment, she began to wonder where all of these people would find room even to stand. She shivered at the idea of some of them spilling over to the front porch and the yard in December. The problem was resolved by the lovely couple in the upper apartment who offered to throw open their floor for the evening.

Ben had engaged a bartender to cater to the crowd so when the guests made their exit that early morning, Nancy was scared stiff. Yet with designated sober drivers, they all arrived home without any accidents.

Neither Ben nor Nancy had met any of Sam's family and Nancy, particularly, was all agog, waiting to have a look at the new faces that were to form part of this new family alliance. The new in-laws were liked very much by everybody and plans were made for Nancy, Ben, and Jane to join them at their home for Christmas dinner. This was first breaking the old tradition of holiday meals at their own table and Nancy had some difficult moments of sorrow and regret over the loss of Dave.

1949

The wedding was set for April the ninth and Jane was delighted that a close friend of the family had offered her services, gratis, as a wedding consultant. Nancy had dreaded the ordeal and had lost sleep so welcomed the news. Her responsibility consisted of readying her own clothes. Jane called one day to ask Nancy to come pass judgement on her choice of the wedding dress. Since Nancy was a perfectionist in the fitting of clothes, she was thrilled to be asked. She watched Jane, standing in her wedding gown, with smiles covering her face and recalled the memory of Joy's wedding. Even though the pages of that memory book had yellowed a little with age, the faces lingered on, and through all her years of living, Nancy had always compared every new bride with the beautiful and happy Joy.

Jane's wedding was beautiful. An unusual solemnity filled the atmosphere within the church as high respect for a father who had been taken from them but who was still much loved and respected. Ben took his father's place in walking Jane to the altar giving her to Sam in marriage. After the reception at the Woman's Club, the bride and groom went to New York where they would leave the following Monday for their two-week trip to Bermuda. Ben and some of his friends stayed around that evening with Nancy and after several rounds of drinks, they saw Ben off to New York where he was scheduled to fly to Pittsburgh. Only Nancy, Fred, and her pet cat "Foxy" remained in the home with the mountains of piled-up gifts. Sufficient room was left so Nancy could get passage through the rooms. Foxy was having the time of his life crawling around and on top of the gifts as if he was hunting in a forest.

Jane had made a special request of her mother to restrain the tears during the wedding knowing that Nancy had been over-supplied with emotion and under-supplied with ability to control it. So now with the couple and all the friends departed, the dam overflowed almost washing Foxy from her lap.

Nancy and Ding took a train to New York on Monday to see Jane and Sam off on the ship "Bermuda". There were bottles of champagne and cheers of "Happy Honeymoon". Ding stayed in the city with her husband George and Nancy returned to her lonely abode. Dave's chair was almost entirely hidden by wedding gifts, but the memories of years spent together could not be blotted from her mind. The knowledge that he would never occupy that chair again was a most confounding truth. This was a crucial time in Nancy's life as she faced the realization of advancing age and aloneness with lots of lag time to analyze and ponder these unpleasant truths. There were periodical visits from friends to cheer her. Ben had asked a cop friend to check on Nancy would often drop by and was welcomed. They would have tea and cake while he told her about his wife and eight children. The oldest child was only twelve and Nancy quickly and quietly gave thanks that she had only had three children to stir up her topsy-turvy life that now was becoming a no-man's land.

After returning from Bermuda, Jane and Sam moved into a flat a short way from Nancy's home that had been prepared before they were married. Nancy would see Jane almost every day, but it did not take Nancy long to realize that this was far different from having Jane living in the home with her. Jane's interest was naturally centered in her own newly-made nest and Nancy had to learn to adapt to the booming fact that her family unit had been forever splintered. Sam commuted to Yonkers every day during the week. This was a lot of driving and Nancy could see shadows of a future move for Sam and Jane. Nancy realized that Sam and Jane had prearranged this situation to transition Nancy over the loss of having a daughter in the home.

In July of that year, Nancy's much beloved eleven-year old pet cat that was taken ill. Despite daily visits by the vet and being fed twenty-eight days from an eye-dropper, he passed away. Sam came by in the afternoon on his way home from work and buried him under the dogwood tree in the backyard. Jane called Ben and insisted that he come, so he put in an appearance on the weekend. He offered to replace Foxy with another pet of Nancy's choosing but she had about all that she could take, intending never to love another four-legged creature from which life could be so quickly snatched. Nancy lost about ten pounds during the process of readjusting, but when Jane told her that she was to bear a child, Nancy rekindled a small flame of hope that she would find new soil in which to nurture the growth of new seeds of love that had been knocked dormant by death and separation.

1950

A darling little granddaughter was born on the nineteenth of July; just a year after her pet Foxy had been taken. This new birth seeped into her life as a healer of all past heart-breaking experiences. She made herself a pledge from that day on she would muster courage to look onward and upward and not backward and downward. Sam called from the hospital to tell Nancy that baby Joan was a blonde and looked like her. Nancy lost no time in uttering a prayer, asking that her road of life would not be akin to the one that she herself had chosen and traveled, and if a Guardian Angel was allotted each human, as her mother Marion believed, that Joan's guardian angel would not be a sleeper-on-duty as she felt that hers had been.

In the interim, Nancy moved again into an apartment, renting her entire house. The care of the house on top of living with dead hopes and live memories turned out to be just too much for her. Ben stopped over in Montclair on his way to a vacation in Bermuda and Nassau. He termed it a "one-man honeymoon" but as it turned out, it became a two-way trip to matrimony as he met a girl in Nassau who was vacationing with an aunt. The friendship developed and soon plans were being made for another family marriage. The girl and her aunt were from Texas so inquiries were made into the costs of round-trip plane tickets to Texas and nurses for Fred and little Joan. Being all too expensive, Nancy, Jane, and Sam toasted the happy couple at the calculated time from Jane's home in Montclair. This gesture was to Nancy a poor substitute for the anticipated dream of seeing her one son who could stand up, get married.

When she arrived back at her own apartment, Nancy, of course, shed her tears, finally placing this, another disappointment, upon her crowded memory shelf of the past, wondering if in future times she might need to lengthen, strengthen, and broaden this shelf.

Ben and his bride stopped over in New York for a few days after their two-week trip to Mexico. A reception was held at Jane's home and all fell in love with the pretty and typically Texan bride. They agreed that she was a most acceptable asset to Ben and the family.

Yes, the shadows of moving began to dance again. Jane and Sam did move to be closer to Sam's business in Yonkers and insisted that Nancy move too. Recognizing that she was now older, Nancy began to doubt her ability to make new friends particularly since she no longer had an attractive family as a drawing card of acceptance. Yet she had no choice. Continuing to live in Montclair as she had done for the past twenty three years, would mean the loneliest and most isolated years of her life. It only took the waving of little Joan's hand and a "bye Nana" for Nancy to get her courage up for another move.

1952

On July the fourth, Nancy moved over the mountain close to the home of Jane and Sam and her little grandchild. The heat of the day was a replica of the afternoon that Dave had asked her to marry him. The thermometer registered ninety-five in the shade with no breeze even to quiver a leaf. The task of unpacking almost brought her blood pressure to the boiling point. She had been invited to have dinner at the home of Sam's parents. But she took time out to sit and think and wonder. She knew that there was no point in fighting against this new hurdle in her life so she got up and rummaged in the boxes to find something to adorn her perspiring body for the evening. When she went into the strange bath to take a shower, she encountered fixtures the like which she had never seen before. It took her at least ten minutes to reach a point of knowledge where she could manipulate the faucets to success. As she stepped from under the shower and tried to dry herself, she found it like trying to stop a swiftly-running stream with bare hands. She was most confused and irritated. She was also beyond any hope of getting any cooler for quite a time. She was tangling with strange things in a strange place while her thoughts flitted back and forth between New Jersey and New York like an injured bird that had been ejected from its cage.

When she was brought back to the apartment that evening, she stripped off her clothes and took a seat in her favorite rocker in the dark by the window overlooking the Hudson River and the Palisades. She tried to acknowledge the truthful conclusion that she was not born to inhabit a home of her own and to travel a route of deviations and detours. She would not be known for great accomplishments no matter how strong her egotism and desire might be, but have to content herself to be an old recording scroll, rolled up and tucked under the arm of existence. She realized now more strongly than ever that the sooner she surrendered to this seemingly inevitable turmoil, the better it would be for her. If her thoughts of that July fourth evening could have been written and published, she was sure it would not present good reading.

There was a slightly frightening aspect in this new location that confronted this country-raised girl. She had chains upon her door with a sign that read, "Double lock your door". She recalled that they had only used chains when she was growing up to subdue vicious animals or criminally-minded so-called human beings. Locks were never turned against intruders and she had roamed at will without fear of being molested. Here in New York, it was a different world.

Actual living experience, both past and present, had forced Nancy to believe that any life spent alone becomes a perpetual loneliness that intones itself into everything that one does, whether it be eating, watching TV or just sitting and looking into space. She seemed to always submerge herself into that vast memory of lived years that lingered under a bright light and it made her wonder why she could not step away from constantly reflecting and comparing past circumstances from present ways of living.

Jane and Sam took off to their summer home on the Jersey Coast with his parents after Nancy had only been in her new surroundings for a week. She had met the superintendent of her apartment building, but not another soul in the city. She might just as well have been set down upon a desert island; in fact, she might even have mustered more ingenuity under those circumstances since she was a country-raised girl. Jane had given her directions to the nearest grocery store and other places of interest. So Nancy ventured out into the open hills and having never cultivated a yen for mountain climbing, she looked around for a bus. She soon learned that her limited supply of patience was going to have to be frequently replenished if she became a steady passenger of the bus system. They were never on time. After standing on first one foot and then the other, she leaned against a post while silently swearing. Nancy was positive that if she had owned a van, it would have been sighted crossing the Hudson River, scaling the Palisades, and continuing westward into the setting sun toward Montclair, NJ.

After each excursion into the unknown, Nancy would return to the apartment where she would reach a level of sensible reality and confess to herself that no one forced her to make this move. Even though little ripples of trouble from the aftermath were rolling their way back to shore, stirring up undercurrents, she could now do nothing about her new location, but try hard to adjust to each day's challenges as she had done for the past forty-four years. One day as she was rearranging the drawers of her desk, she came upon a two-verse poem marked "Author Unknown" and read it, wondering who could entertain such beautiful thoughts.

God hath not promised,

*Skies always blue,
Flowers strewn pathways,
All our lives through;
God hath not promised,
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.*

But God hath promised,

*Strength for the day,
Rest from the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.*

Suddenly in her aloneness, Nancy remembered that she had traveled with a soul as well as a body to her new abiding place in Yonkers, NY. She found a church in her denomination within easy walking distance. She attended it for about a year, but later changed to the Methodist Church that had a more impressive atmosphere. Nancy had never adhered strictly to one faith because she always found some part of the service that would bring God's presence to her. Eventually, she moved her membership to this church and experienced a certain delight in knowing that she was implanted in the religion of John Wesley and John Olin. This was her memorial to their memory.

BEYOND 1955

As the years move on, Nancy acknowledged with regret the changes in the old ways of the churches of yesteryears. They now seemed outmoded, being replaced by more elasticized and lenient one. Consequently, the new generation had broader limits and fewer restrictions. The old customs, at least the old Southern Traditions, of calling upon and welcoming new members into a church, had been dropped to a level of offering just a limp

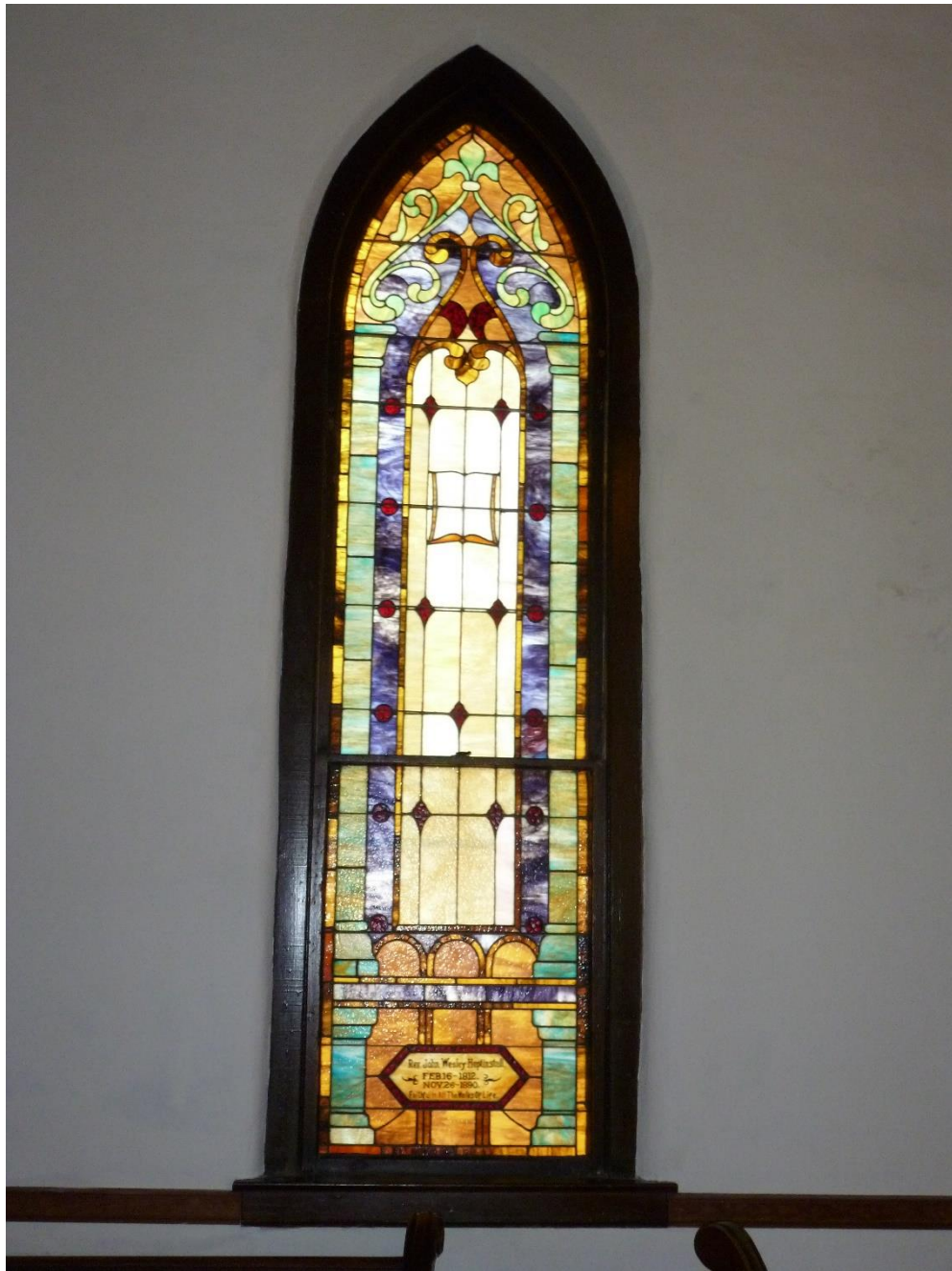
handshake, accompanied by an air of indifference. It made Nancy sad to also notice how loudly money speaks in the city churches.

Nancy continued to hold open the pages of her diary, even though there is little to record. Regardless, the iron hand of time still made the entries. There cannot be errors or erasures in this book because it is a true and detailed manuscript that can never be folded nor marked finished until one by one, all the characters will have passed beyond the border that marks the end of this earthy life and a new beginning beyond.

The “roadway of life” of this person, Nancy Heptinstall Van Wormer, was never bordered by roses, but admittedly, there have been many flowers of gracious blessings scattered through her bouquet of living. The most beautiful were her five lovely grandchildren. While her emotions still run restlessly and deeply, she still holds hope that she will be tempered with the persuasion of age to settle for that most wonderful luxury called “serenity”.

If and when her forced desire to live on would be lighten by passing of her invalid son, Fred, the earth ties will be broken and the one-way flight for which she will have paid, in full, will be to another place beyond the earthly existence. Her face abides furrows that trouble and sorrow have ploughed deeper as the last fifty years have each marked their ending. Her prayer is still for help in destroying the deeply imbedded “serpent of bitterness” that cannot be seen even by her children, but ever lurks beneath her ocean of memories. That bitterness continues to challenge the clear vision of beauty that should emerges behind the sunset of old age that promises a smiling face of He who promises “There Will Be No Night There”.

DEDICATION



**Littleton Methodist Church Littleton, NC
Large Stain Glass Window Dedicated to Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall**

POSTSCRIPT

by
Karen Dunlap Vaughan

Editing Nancy's Diary and being able to make it available to the family and friends was a challenge and a labor of joy. I could not help but wonder what happened to Nancy after her last diary entry. Her diary ends around middle 1950s but Nancy did not pass away until 1975. She lived in her later years with her daughter, Lavenia Jane Van Wormer Hayward, and Jane's son Dave remembers his grandmother working on her manuscript when he was a child. Dave is the person who so kindly passed this wonderful chronicle to us, so I asked him about his remembrances of Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer.

Here is what he had to say about her:

You had asked what memories I have of Nan (my brother, sister and I called her "Nanny" but everyone referred to her as "Nan")

I, of course, had two grandmothers and they were very different. My father's mother was short, chubby and very warm (I can recall sitting in her lap, and rocking for what seemed like hours).

Nan was quite different; thin, bony and "proper". Our relationship was also very different. As a child I loved to visit her. She and Fred lived in a small apartment about 2 miles from our home. Visits began and ended with quick peck on the cheek which never struck me as unusual at all; we just had a different relationship.

Nan did needlepoint, beautiful things that, hopefully, has been passed on to Laura (another grandchild) and she taught me how to thread a needle (to this day, if something requires sewing, I am the "go to" guy in my house).

Visits were always accompanied by two things: something to eat that was incredibly fattening and delicious (I seem to recall her adding cream to ground meat when she cooked hamburgers, although this may be a "false memory") and lots of STORIES

Visits were always, at my request, accompanied by stories of her youth, which I found fascinating. They were a walk through history, and about lives that were very different than mine. It wasn't until I read her book a couple of years back, that I discovered most, if not all of those stories, are in the book.

Fred was bedridden, very childlike, always smiled and waved but, as I recall, did not communicative. She cared for him until he died (I think he passed away in the apartment). Unfortunately, I have no memories of Nan's reaction to his passing. She was not one to show emotion and, in all likelihood, never did so around the grandchildren.

"Trials and tribulations" were "tolerated". She had a bit of a dark view of life, and very staunch religious beliefs and tended to be critical of anything "modern".

She used the term "good and proper" as a synonym for "correct"

She caused quite a few "stirs" when she lived with us, as she did not hold her tongue.

I remember having canned corn at the dinner table one evening and Nan remarking that it was the stuff they used to "feed to the pigs" when she was a kid. I, of course thought that was a riot. My father not amused.

I also recall having a friend over for dinner and her staring at him, finally remarking "You're Jewish, aren't you!". My friend who is indeed Jewish, thought nothing of the remark, but did say something to the effect that "that woman can stare right through you, can't she?"

She did have a stare that could wilt a weed. In fact, I remarked to my sister recently that Hannah, her daughter, bears a remarkable resemblance to Nan, "without the stare". Joan knew exactly what I was talking about

I enjoyed the times I spent with Nan, but, "warm and fuzzy" she was not!



**Heptinstall
House
Plantation**

Rear view

1950s



**Heptinstall
House
Plantation**

Rear view

2017

GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION

HEPTINSTALL FAMILY ANCESTRY

The author of *Nancy's Diary*, Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall Van Wormer, was the daughter of John Olin Heptinstall and granddaughter of Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall

(Names that are used in book are noted in capitals and parentheses)

As of 7/20 /2017 Information in this chart is gathered from many websites and other documents. Some is controversial.

<p>James Heptinstall, Also spelled Hiptinstall b. ~1700 Middlesex Va d. 1760 Middlesex Va</p>	<p>Rebecca Bohame/Bohannon* b. ~1700/04 Middlesex Va ? m. 10/24/1727 Christ Church Parrish, Middlesex Va (Church records of marriage and children)</p> <p>*Probably granddaughter of Duncan Bohannon b. 1635 Scotland who married Cicely Collmore in Barbados and came to Va. with several children, moving to St Stephens Parish by 1730.</p> <p>NOTE: Middlesex Co Va formed 1673</p>	<p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> James b. 1/4/1727 christened 1/28/1727 m. Judith Wilkins Daniel, christened 9/29/1729 Middlesex Va. d. 10/3/1729 William b. 1730 King George Va Christened 1/17/1730 d. 1762 King George Va (Info on ancestry.com incorrectly states that he married Rebecca Bohame) Phillip b. 10/15/1732 Christened 10/22/1732 Elizabeth b. 1734 Christened 1/26/1734
<p>James Heptinstall b. 1/14/1727 Middlesex Va</p> <p>Will of William Dudley, dated 5/16/1760 mentions wife Rebecca Dudley and witnessed by James Heptinstall. Several Heptinstall daughters married Dudleys. Rebecca married Stephen Dudley?</p>	<p>Judith Wilkins b. ~1728 d. by 1775 m. 1750 St Stephens Parish, Northumberland Co,</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Daughter of John Wilkins 1705-1775 m.1731 Judith Son of William Wilkins 1692-1750 Northampton Co Va m. Frances b. 1705 Son of Nathaniel Wilkins 1638-1713 of Northampton Co Va m. 1661 Frances Hunt 1656-by1692 <p>She was listed in Bedford Co Va on census</p> <p>Judith had a brother William Wilkins b. 1725, St Stephens Parish, Virginia who married on 4/5/1768 Ann Fry b. 1737.</p>	<p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> James William/Wilkins b. 1750 in Halifax NC Alice Wilkins b. 3/27/1755 d.1815 Halifax Co NC m. 1772 Middlesex Va. Moses Matthews, d. 1815 Halifax Co NC (Refer to his will information listed under William Hamnet Heptinstall who married Dorothy Bradsher/Bradshear. William was son of Alice's brother James William/Wilkins.) <p>(6 Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Judith m. Green Mabry, Martha m. Henry Aaron, Alice m. James Turner, Lucy m. Turner Williams, Nancy no info) Judith b. ~1757 in Middlesex, Va m. 2/4/1773 in Middlesex Co. Va, William Keeling (Burgess for Princess Ann County 1756-58) b. 3/7/1716/7 Middlesex Va, son of Thomas Keeling ~1696 who married in 9/13/1713 at the Middlesex Church, Catherine Ball of Middlesex Va., daughter of Edward Ball and Keziah Osbourne. (Children of Edward Ball were 1. Catherine b. 1720, 2. Osbourne b. 1718, William b. 1716/7) Caleb* b. 1761/2 King George Co Va d. 12/5/1824 Franklin Co Va. (Corp in Revolutionary War and is buried in Gretna, Pittsylvania Co Va.) He had a will. He m1 Elizabeth b.1773/8 d. 1843, m2 on 11/7/1796 Liza "Tege" Greer, b. 1773/7 Franklin Co Va. d. 1834/43, daughter of Joseph Greer b. 1/6/1727 Baltimore, Maryland d. 5/28/1781 Bedford, Va. married on 8/18/1750 in Maryland, Ann Lowe, daughter of William Lowe and wife Sarah. (1810, 1820, 1840 census in Franklin Co Va and in 1850 had 5 slaves.) <p>Children of Calab and first wife Elizabeth:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Thomas 8/13/1788-12/9/1855 Franklin Va m. 11/27/1815 in Bedford Co Va, Tabitha Hall b. 1796 (1820, 1840, 1850, 1860 census in Franklin Co Va), daughter of Elisha Hall of Pasquotank County (1820 census) <p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Tabitha b. 1816 Franklin Co Va (1850 census) Elisha Hall Heptinstall 1818-1860/4 in Princeton, Mercer Co W. Va m. ~1849 in Princeton, Mercer Co. WV Rebecca Jane Custer b. 1820/1, Mercer Co Va, d. before 1910, daughter of John Dudley Custer and Katherine Ann Rover/Catherine Cassandra Rorrer. John Dudley Custer was son of James Custer and Delilah Ann Brown. Elisha on 1850 census in Mercer Co Va. One source says Elisha was killed by marauders or bandits in 1864 in Mercer Co. Va (On 1850 census Elisha and Rebecca were living in Mercer Co Va. and on 1860 census he is living with uncle William Greer Heptinstall) <p>(Children of Elisha Hall and Rebecca:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Susan b.1849 (on 1850 census in Mercer Co Va), (Often not listed in other sources) C/Katherine Custer 1849/50-1710 m. 1885 in Tazewell Co Va, Elbert M. Nuckels Fanny Hall b.1853 m. Thomas George Stevenson, Victoria Mahood b.1858/9 m. James Robert Davidson Tabitha Alice b.1852 d. NC m. Joshua Sheppard,

- 6. Roxie Lena/Roxanna Lena 1856-1934 m. 1875 John Henry Lockhart 1856-1931,
- 7. John Robert b.1860 m. Margaret L. Bolding in 1882 in Tazewell Co Va (On 1860 census Elijah and Rebecca living with Catherine K b.1849, Alice Tabitha b.1852, Fannie Hall b.1854, Roxanne b.1856, Victoria M b.1858, Robert b.1860)
- 8. Lillie Bell 1864-1896 Mercer Co m. in 1883 William T. Stephenson
- 9. Nettie Florence m. 1894 William Lovel of Tazewell Co.

3. William B b. 1820/1 d. 1916 (Listed on 1860 census as age 40 and farmer with Tabitha age 64, and sisters Elizabeth 38, Kizzah T 22, and Cleopatra age 18.

4. Sarah Ann b. 1824 in Franklin Co Va m. 11/1/1847 in Bedford Co Va, Elijah Harrison Turner 9/25/1824-3/28/1916 or 2/12/1819-9/10/1889

(Children:

- 1. Thomas Heptinstall Turner 1849-1926 who married Valerie Jennie Snow (or Vaughnie Snow) 1850-1922,
- 2. Tabitha Francis 1852-1933,
- 3. Drusilla Alice 1859-1892,
- 4. Pokie Cleopatra b. 1861)

5. Elizabeth J b.1825

6. Mary Magdaline b. 1827 m. 2/6/1849 Franklin Wray

7. Thomas b.1832 m. 1853 in Va. Martha K. Shaon b. 1830 (1860, 1870 census Bedford County Va)

(Children:

- 1. Thomas Leslie b. 1855/6/7 m. 1878 Louisa Wright and had son William W.
- 2. Silas Christopher "Kit" 1857-1918 m. Sallie Elizabeth Bernard b. 1836 Bedford Co Va

Children:

- 1. Hester b. 1888 d. 1982 Ohio m. 1911 Eugene Mattox d. 1985
- 2. Albert Lester Hugh 1893-1966 in Bedford Co Va, who married in 1915 in Amherst Va. Julian/Julia Corrinne Cash b. 1899 in Nelson Co Va.

Children of Albert Lester and Julian/Julia were

- 1. Albert Kenneth b. 1927 who married Edna Peart Love,
- 2. Marvin O of Calif,
- 3. J Calvin of Lynchburg Va,
- 4. Violet Martin of Chesapeake Va,
- 5. Margaret Martin of Bedford Va, and
- 6. St. Col Fred Bennett Heptinstall 1922-1994 who married June Carter 1922-2013.

Children of Fred and June were 1. Fred B of Cincinnati Ohio, 2. Charles L of Gloucester Va, 3. Terry C of Long Beach Cal, 4. Frankie J Hall of Bermuda, 5. Debra Heptinstall Smith of Forest.

- 3. Virgie L b. 1894 m. 1894 Bernard H Fitzpatrick.
- 4. Possibly son named Silas

3. Ellen b. 1859

4. Alice T b. 1863 m. Williams

5. Julia H or P b. 1866 d. 1880 Bedford Co Va

6. John P b. 1868 m1 1901 Mattie Morgan b. 1881, m2. 4/11/1905 Mary S. Thurman b. 1880

7. Peter b. 1869,

8. Rebecca b. 1869,

9. Elizabeth b. 1870 on 1870 census in Franklin Co Va)

10. Amanda T 1877-1882

11. Robert O 1873 m. 1894 Clara Ayers b. 1878 (Children: 1. Robert Noell, 2. Kate, 3. Thomas K)

8. Druscilla b.1833 d. 1900 Franklin Va m. Jesse Bradley 1826-1900

9. Syllas G. b.1836-1876 Franklin Co Va (On Findagrave there is Syllas C. Heptinstall 1857-1918 m. Sarah E. Bernard 1856-1938 Bedford Va)

10. Keziah T b.1839 (1860 census in Franklin Co Va) m. Benjamin R.

Hutcherson b. 1839, son of George Hutcherson and Clara G

11. Cleopatra b.1842

12. Possibly other children Marsella E and Jennie B or Fannie b. 1872 m in Bedford Co Va on 3/13/1892 Hubert J Ashwell.

SEE NOTE BELOW for Issac Heptinstall b. 1790 and Lainey b. 1791 Heptinstall. These families were in Greenbrier County West Va. They possibly could be related to Caleb but there is information for another group of Heptinstalls, originally Applestalls coming from New York. Abraham, Issac and John.

2. Elizabeth J 1792-1860 m. 3/18/1810 (in Franklin Co Va) Banks Best (or Basham) b. 1789 Culpepper Va d. 1852 Kent Va. (Child: William Henry Best m. Litika Frances Wall 1831-1898 and lived in Washington Co Kentucky

Children of marriage with Tege Greer:

3. William Greer. (1820 census, 1840 census, 1850 census in Mercer Co , 1960 census in Mercer Co. the 1850 census lists him as a clerk in a store, the 1860 census lists him as a farmer) 1797/9-12/21/1870 m. in 1819 in Mercer Co Va., Permelia Phelps b. 1/28/1805 (On 1850, 1680 living with wife, Permelia, and Manerva A Haden, John F. Haden, and Ovatine/Offalina L Haden/Hendon and Leslie H. Heptinstall b. 1842, (Lt in Civil War, Drewry's Bluff).

Children:

1. Minerva Ann** 1821-1890 m. 3/22/1841 in Bedford Co Va, Franklin Headon/Haden of Mercer Va, probably dead by 1850 (on 1820, 1850, 1860 census, living with parents and her two children). (Children: 1. John Ferdinand Hendon 1842-1925, 2. Ophra/Ovatine/Offalina Dorinda Headen 1844-1869.)
2. Patrick Henry 7/10/1826 m. Mary Ann Ross Mercer Va. Went to Texas in late 1860s. (1860 census in Va) (Children: 1. Mary Celeste 1852., 2. Laura A 1854, 3. James William b. 1855 in Mercer W. Va, 4. Warford Preston 1856-1936 m. Anniem and had son Guy, 5. Pleasant Goggin 1859, 6. Kate Permlia, 7. Lula M, 8. Charles W)
3. William Ferman/Ferdinand 10/18/1828-1860 (1850 census Mercer Co Va, 1850 census) m. Mary J. 1829 Va-1860 (William F was confederate soldier 1861, 2nd Regiment) (Children: 1. John William b. 1853, 2. Joseph P b. 1854, 3. LidneySidney b.1857, 4. Ella V 1860, 5. Richard M 1858)
4. Thomas J b. 1831 Va
5. Leslie Hugh b. 7/7/1841 d. 1864 (1850, 1860 census in Mercer Co Va). Also listed as John Hugh.

4. Ann/a "Anny" 12/4/1798-8/12/1864 m. 1/28/1816 in Bedford Co. Va, Daniel Ferguson b. 1798 d. 1864 Monroe Co, Kentucky, son of Captain John Ferguson b. Chesterfield Co Va d. 1836 Kentucky

Children:

1. Thomas Ferguson, 2. Martha, 3. Jennette 4. Caleb B. 5. Tiggey Ann 6. Mary Ann 7. Daniel 8. Julia Ann 9. William)

5. Julia Ann/Julianna b.c1802 m. 1827 Jesse Netherland Tate 1802-1891, son of Zachariah Gilliam Tate 1780-1810 and Permelia Nichols 1783-1828. They had one child Caleb 1828-1902. Jesse Tate m2 Mary C 1811-1869. (They had 10 children: 1. Sarah 1833, 2. William 1835, 3. Susan 1837, 4. Mary 1839, 5. Henry 1841, 6. Permelia 1844, 7. Jeanetta 1845, 8. Thomas 1848, 9. Louisa 1849, 9. Martha 1854).

6. Temperance 4/11/1805-1857 m. 8/11/1826 in Bedford Co Va. Thomas Dudley d. 11/30/1857 Scrugges, Va., son of Levi Dudley m1 Mary m2 Elizabeth Gilbert, son of Gwyn Dudley and Mary E Hail, son of Thomas Dudley and Joyce. Temperance had 7 children and she died in Franklin Co Va.

7. Sophia Ann 1808-1880 m. 8/8/1825 Franklin Co. Va. John Parker Ferguson, 1805-1892, son of Caleb Heptinstall Ferguson (Child: 1. John P Ferguson 1831-1908, 2. Caleb m. Frances Skelton, 3. Beverly E 1849). They went to Missouri.

8. Jenetta W. 1812-1845 m. John G. Tate 1803-1845/77, son Caleb Tate 1828-1902. They went to Calloway County, Missouri. They had 7 children.

9. Rebecca 1810/5-1867 m. 7/30/1835 Bluford Hutts, b.1813 of Franklin Co Va, son of Michael Hutts and Suzannah Owens d. Missouri.

Children:

1. William b.1835, 2. Susan A b.1839, 3. James T b.1841 m. Lavina, 4. Julia F b.1843-1880, 5. Sarah E b.1844, 6. Mary M b.1846, 7. John R b.1849, 8. Martha Jane b.1858 m. George W. Dudley (cousin) m2 in 1880 ?

10. Charlotte 1816-1880 m. 2/4/1834 Stephen Dudley, son of Levi Dudley and Mary Kemp. They went to Calloway Co. Missouri 1850 census.

Children: (all born in Missouri)

1. Mary b. 1834, 2. Amanda b. 1838, 3. Emily b. 1841, 4. Sarah J. b. 1843, 5. Silas b. 1845, 6. Rebecca b. 1849).

11. Caleb 1817-1882 m. Gilley I/F/S. Dudley b. 1815. Listed on 1860 census in Staunton, Bedford Co. Va. wife Caleb age 64, Gellie age 65, Zula age 26, Silas age 34, Laura age 22. On 1870 census husband and wife with Julia T. and Laura.

Children:

		<p>1. Mary Jane b. 1840 m. Debo, 2. Mary Elizabeth b. 1846, 3. John Hugh b. 1841 d. 1863, 4. Tabitha F b. 1847, 5. Julia T. b. 1849 (on 1870 census), 6. Laura b. 1857</p> <p>NOTE: #7, 8, 9,10, Sophia, Jenetta, Rebecca, Charlotte all moved to Callaway MO with Fergusons, Dudleys, Kemps and Tates</p> <p>QUESTIONS **There is other information on the web about brothers Issac, Abraham, and John coming from Copenhagen Denmark to Orange Co NJ in 1694. Later this family was an early settler of Augusta Co Va. There was also a Abraham Heptinstall 1787-1814 who married Charile/Charity Buchannon and had children 1. Charles 1812, 2. Hannah 1814, 3. Rachel 1808, 4. Sarah 1810. Wonder if there is connection of Charity Buchannon and Rebecca Bohannon who married James Heptinstall 1700-1760.</p> <p>CAN THIS BE ANOTHER SON OF CALEB AND HIS FIRST WIFE? Issac 1790-1868 m. 10/10/1817 in Greenbrier Co. Va Cynthia Belinda Carpenter 1795-5/21/1874 (On 1850 census a IJ Heptinstall, 1860 census in Greenbrier Co Va) (Also an Issac Eden 1795-1886 with wife Cynthia, is this same one?)</p> <p>Children: 1. James 1817-1830/60 in 1860 moved to Texas, married Ellen b. 1811 and had son George b. 1841 2. Sarah A 1823-1830 3. Samuel C 1824-1865 4. David Salvadore 6/23/1828-11/12/1894 Greenbrier Va (on 1880 census) m. in 1869 Mary Ann Libby Irvin. (David was major in Conf Army) (Children: 1. Franklin Adger b. 1872 m. Minnie Tyner, 2. Sallie Ervin b. 1875 m. Leonidas Kind, 3. Margaret Susan b. 1879 S, 4. Samuel Mason 1870-1891 Covington Va. 5. Elizabeth Jane b. 1882, 6. Ella Clarice b. 1885)</p> 5. John E. 1829-11/18/1898 in Greenbrier Va m. Elizabeth Jefferies, in Greenbrier Va. 6. Elizabeth 6/30/1832-8/20/1922 Conway Springs, Kansas 7. Francis L. 12/28/1834-10/21/1912 Charleston W Va. m. Mary C Hyers (Children: 1. Marcus L. 1867-1899 m. 1899 Susan Griffiths , 2. Martha Florence, 3. Mary C) 8. Aurelia Marie/Amelia 1838-1905 Greenbrier Va <p>Possibly Lainey b. 1791, later in Greenbrier Co Va. who married James Knap and had 4 children.</p> <p>There was also a Caleb Heptinstall, Rev War soldier who had son Abraham, 1760-1798 who married Mary Rachel Price and had Elizabeth 1792-1860 who married Banks Best and went to Perryville, Washington Kentucky.</p>
James William Heptinstall b. 1752 Middlesex Va or Halifax Co NC d. 1824 Halifax NC (1790 census Halifax Co NC)	m1 Unknown m2? Elizabeth Atherton m. 1786 Halifax Co NC (A family source says 1776) (Marriage document is on line @files.usgwarchives.net/n c/Halifax/vitals/marriages/markuc01.txt. On this record the date is 1786. In same year, same county, a James Atherton married Tabitha Evans, not sure how he is related) ?Probably a second marriage since William was born in 1775.	Children: 1. <u>William Hamnet b. 1775/8 Halifax d. 2/4/1822 or 1824 Halifax m. Dolly Bradsher/Bradshire/Brashear (Some records say Dolly B Vaden, but that was his daughter)</u> 2. (Possibly) John Calvin Heptinstall b ~1780 Halifax Co NC. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • His son William Bradford Heptinstall b. 1800 Halifax County NC. D. 1860 Carroll County Ga (1860 census) married 4/1826 in Henry Co Ga to Mary Dowdy b. 1808 Ga. • His son Calvin Heptinstall b.10/18/1830 or 1826 Talbot Ga d. 1917 Alabama m1 4/6/1856 in Carroll, Ga Sarah Elizabeth Langley b. 1836 Ga d. 1894, m2 11/18/1897/8 Jane Richardson b. 1844 Ga, m3 1908 Nellie • His son John Calvin Heptinstall b. 1860/2 d. 1937 Alabama m Mary F. Turner • His son Royce Lambert Heptinstall b. 4/1/1881 m. Eliza Lambert • His daughter Kaye Heptinstall m. Bannister <p>This line of Heptinstalls went to Georgia and then to Alabama.</p> <p>OF INTEREST: William's wife Dolly Brashear was probably French Huguenot. These folks left France because of religious persecution and often aligned with John Calvin and Lutheran. The Bradford name was very prominent in Enfield NC which is in Halifax Co NC and several of those family members also went to Ga and further south. There also is a Cary name in the Heptinstalls and the Bradfords.</p>
William Hamnet Heptinstall b. 1775/8 Halifax NC d. 2/4/1822 or 1824 Halifax NC	Dorothy Bradsher/Bradshire /Brashear/Brasseur "Dolly" 1775-1848	Children: 1. Joshua/Joseph b. 1804 (on 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, census Halifax Co.) d. after 1867 (since military record of JJ Heptinstall of Halifax being 63 years old) m. Eliza b. 1800/2 d. 8/30/1825. (On 1860 census with wife, plus Mary Chavis, William Valentine, Wilson

<p>Moved from Va to Halifax NC 1796 (1800 census Halifax Co NC)</p> <p>Mentioned in 1814 will (probate 2/1815) of Moses Matthews of Halifax NC who married Alice Wilkins Heptinstall b. 1755, daughter of James Heptinstall b. 1727. His will left wife, grandson James Lunsford Matthews, left William Heptinstall to hold in trust a child's part of all real and personal estate for both Lucy Turner, wife of William Turner and Alice Turner, wife of James Turner, left to daughter Nancy Matthews and Judith Mabry and Martha Aaron</p> <p>February Term 1833 Halifax Court Records: Ordered that Thomas Ousby, MT Ponton, and John H. Fenner be appointed commissioners to settle the guardian account between Joel H McLemore, guardian for John Heptinstall, Jesse Heptinstall, and Dolly Langford** (formerly Heptinstall) and report. http://www.ncgenweb.us/halifax/court/ct-min_1832.htm</p> <p>There does not seem a family connection to Joel McLemore who was born after 1786 in Halifax and appears in numerous court records.</p> <p>DEEDS in Halifax Co NC: 1799 bought 59 acres from Haywood 1799 bought 100 acres 1808 bought 15.5 acres from Scot 1811 bought 94 acres from Abraham Scales 1814 bought 120 acres from Clayton 1818 bought 98 acres from Henry Aaron.</p> <p>Also bought slaves</p>	<p>m. in Va ~1793 or 1802</p> <p>Speculation: Dolly born around 1775 is <u>probably</u> daughter of Capt. Asa Brasseur, who is son of Robert Cager Brasseur and wife Charity Dowell. Robert Cager Brasseur is son of Samuel Brashear b. 1664/73 and Ann Jones. Captain Asa had a brother named Jesse. Note the similarities in the names of Dolly's children.</p>	<p>Dimey, Bartheta Dimey) (Newspaper record, Raleigh Register, of her death as Mrs. JJ Heptinstall) (Court Record 11/1832 deed Joshua J Heptinstall to Samuel W. Branch)</p> <p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. John b. 1832 (1850 census Halifax Co NC) 2. Matilda b. 1832/3 (1850 census Halifax Co NC) 3. William b. 1836 (1850 census Halifax Co NC) 4. Matthew Cary** b. 1837 (1850 census living with Joseph/Joshua, Eliza, Matilda and Mary West 1824, also on 1860 census) m. 6/6/1859 Rebecca William Hunter b. 1839 (in Florida) d. 10/11/1911 Enfield NC, daughter of James Hunter b. 1804 and Sarah H. Branch b. 1814. Business listed as MC Heptinstall and GW Heptinstall, manufacturers "Watch Dog" in Enfield, NC <p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Alice Cary b. 1860/5 (on 1860, 1870 census Franklin Co Va) 2. Ed W b. 1865 d. by 1910 m. Lucy Alice A b. 1872 Fulton Ga (1900 census) (Children: 1. Jack b. 1894, 2. Nathaniel b. 1897, 3. Jas Curtis b. 1899, 4. Earnest b. 1904) 3. James L/J b. 1869 m. Anna L. b. 1872 (1900 census) (Children: 1. Ida E 1892, 2. Martin C. 1896 Enfield on 1910 census) (James on 1910 census living with mother Rebecca H) 4. Sarah E "Sallie" b. 1873 m. Seth Vick (on 1900 census in Enfield) 5. Julia W b. 1875 6. Wellington Hill 8/12/1862-1/2/1873 5. Pariss b. 1844 m. 12/26/1866 Mary Dickens (Halifax Marriage Bond. On 1880 census living in Butterwood (Halifax Co NC) with wife Mary b. 1860 (Children Clara b. 1860, William H b. 1878) 6. Eliza E. b. 1838 On 1850 and 1860 census living with parents, not married, and siblings) m. Banks Best 7. ? Lucy b. 1846 (On 1850 census and on 1880 census with Eliza 1844 and John 1880) Possibly Lucy Ann Heptinstall married James Richard Merritt, Halifax record 10/6/1865, Joseph H. Branch Bondsman, HJ Futrell Justice of Peace.. 8. Mary West (on 1860 census) b. 1824 <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. Asa* b. 1809/10 Halifax NC d. 1/17/1837 Enfield NC m. 6/30/1835 Rebecca Sledge b. 1812/3 (sister of Nancy Ann Sledge who married John Wesley Heptinstall), (Rebecca on 1850 census living with Richard Parker, Sarah Parker, William Parker, Rebecca Parker, and George Heptinstall b. 1836) (Rebecca b. 1830 is on 1860 census with WT Kedge, Henry B Kedge, Mary T Kedge, Sallie A Kedge, Rebecca Heptinstall, Victoria C Heptinstall b. 1841, Kedge probably should be Sledge.) <p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. George Wesley Heptinstall***, minister in Enfield NC b. 1836 Halifax Co NC d.1902 m. 5/10/1860 (Halifax record) Caroline Victoria Holt b.3/10/1840, daughter of Adam Holt 1812-1846 and Annis Smith 1812. (On 1850 census with Richard Parker, Sarah Parker, William Parker, and Rebecca Parker) <p>(Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Anne Rebecca b. 8/2/1869 Enfield d. 4/20/1952 Florence SC m. Shedly Mitchell 1861-1929 and had six children, 2. Donna F b. 1861 m. Henry Whitaker, 3. Carolina Victoria b. 1878 m. Joseph C. Randolph, 4. James Kavanaugh (on 1900, 1920,1930 census in Enfield NC) b. 4/24/1862 d. 8/14/1935 m. 10/29/1890 Anna Lenora Martin b. 2/4/1857 d. 2/14/1936 (1890 census) <p>(Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Martin Kavanaugh b. 1896 d. 1956 (1910 census in Enfield NC) 2. Ida Eugenia b. 11/7/1891 d. 1/10/1964 m. 10/18/1911 John Buxton Waddell 6/7/1884-6/7/1968, son of Charles Buxton Waddell 6/7/1884-6/7/1968 (from Durham NC) and Annie Ellis, and had 5-8 children including 1. Anna Waddell m. Norman Bullock and had child Meredith Bullock m Harris), 2. John Buxton Waddell Jr. 5/24/1922-3/16/2016 m. Jean Stirewalt (Children: 1. Stephanie Page, 2. Victoria Jean m. Riggsbee (Children: 1. Liza m. Chris Adcock, 2. Eli Jackson m. Megan) 5. Reverend George Asa b. 1870/2 m. Susan M. Clark b. 1865 (Children: 1. Francis 1894, 2. Carrie b. 1890 in Beaufort NC , 3. Carolyn 1897, 4. George 1905) 6. Henry H (perhaps Hamnet) b.1876 <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Dorothy "Dolly" b. 1809 d. 1878 m. Langford (according to guardian papers 1833 she was Dolly H. Langford), but lived with Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall after 1874. Halifax marriage bond for Dolly Heppkinstall marrying Hiram Langford. There is a record of a Dolly B Langford m. Baker Vaden 5/3/1845 Halifax Co. There is no census record of Baker Vaden, but there is a Bradlock Vaden on 1840 and 1850 census in Pittsylvania Co Va. and on 1850 census was Dolly Vaden b. 1809 living with Robert Earley, Nancy Earley, Mary Vaden, Elizabeth
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		<p>Baden (perhaps Vaden), Ellen Wilson. There also is record on the 1790 and 1800 census of John Langford in Halifax Co NC. and in 1810 in Warren Co.</p> <p>4. Jesse (JL) b.~1802/04/08/10 (b. 1810 stated on 1850 census)(1840, 1850, 1860 census) m1. Elizabeth, m2. 11/30/1859 Ophelia Bullock b. 1828 in Edgecombe (on 1840, 1850, 1860 census) (1860 census has Jesse and Ophelia living with Lucy A, Frances E, John E, William H.) (1870 census has only Ophelia), (1880 census Ophelia is living with Bursha Bullock 1840-1888 (from Enfield) and Peggy A Bullock. (Source: Duke University manuscript Department: Bursha Bullock letters to Thomas D Bullock, 5th Regiment)</p> <p>Children by m1:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. William H b. 1836 2. John E. b. 1838 (on 1860 census) (Civil War, enlisted 12/15/1861 and died 2/4/1862) 3. Frances Eliza b. 1844/6 (1850, 1860 census in Halifax NC) 4. Lucy Ann b. 1847/8 <p>Children by m2:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. Jesse L B/Lee b. 1866 (on 1910 census in Norfolk with wife Jennie L Children 1. Martha W. b.1901, 2. Ruth A b. 1904, 3. Lena b. 1905) <p><u>5. John Wesley 2/16/1812-11/25/1891 m. Nancy Ann Sledge (1820, 1840, 1850 census). Nancy Ann Sledge was daughter of Henry Sledge 1775-1845 and Sarah Ivey 1786-1850</u></p> <p>6. Rebecca b.~1813 (1850, 1860 census, not married)</p> <p>7. Harriet b. 1818/20 (on 1850 census)</p> <p>8. Mary M. b. 1790/1804/1820 (On 1850 census) Halifax marriage record of Mary M. Heptinstall on 2/7/1867 to William H. Sledge, married by JW Heptinstall. William Sledge was the son of Henry Sledge and Sarah Ivey and brother to Nancy Ann Sledge, wife of Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall. His second wife and her first marriage.</p> <p>9. Perhaps another daughter 1804/1810</p> <p><i>(Nancy's Diary mentions sisters SALLY AND DOLLY. Sally was Sally Sledge, 1823-1878, the sister to John Wesley's wife, Nancy Ann Sledge. She married Richard Parker b. 1818 "One sister broke hip and came to live with John Wesley in 1874, bringing other sister for company." Dolly referred to Dolly B. Heptinstall Langford Vaden, sister of Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall)</i></p> <p>*Asa is not mentioned in the court guardian document so may have been old enough to be working. He lived in Enfield NC.</p> <p>**Record of business in Enfield called MC Heptinstall and GW Heptinstall, Manufacturers, "Watch Dog"</p> <p>INVESTIGATE: a Alice Heptinstall b. 1860 married MD Reid.</p>
<p>Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall (JOHN WESLEY) 2/16/1812-11/25/1890 (1840, 1850, 1860 census in Halifax County NC)</p> <p>m2 1879 Cornelia Eloise Boddie Moore 1829-1909, widow of Reverend Junius P Moore 1815-1878, and daughter of William Boddie and wife Tronquitta. Cornelia had sister Penelope, "Aunt Nep".</p> <p>Cornelia is buried in Sunset Hill Cemetery in Littleton NC</p> <p>JWH was age 8 when father died, guardian record in 1833 at age 19</p> <p>On 1880 census with wife Cornelia b. 1830 and Dolly B. Vaden,</p>	<p>Nancy Ann Sledge b. 3/2/1808/9 (Ivey records) b. in Virginia d. 3/6/1878 Buried at Heptinstall House (on 1850, 1860 census)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Daughter of Henry Sledge 1775-1845 and Sarah Ivey 1786-1850 <p>Nancy had sister, Sally Sledge (married Richard Parker) who came to live with John Wesley in later life, around 1850.</p> <p>On 1860 census a Mary M Heptinstall b. 1822 was also listed. This is possibly a kitchen helper named Mary.</p>	<p>Children:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Harriet/Henrietta ~1832 Southampton (Listed on 1850 census, Halifax Co NC) 2. Henry Hammett b.6/8/1835 d.2/27/1863 (Listed in 1850 and 1860 census). He died as result of illness contracted when serving in Civil War. 3. Philmer Bangs b. ~1840/39 d. 3/25/1865 (Listed as Philmor B in 1850 and 1860 census), Civil War NC 1st Regiment Artillery. Died in Civil War battle near Petersburg Va 4. Eugenia Alkin Clark "Ginny"* b. 10/26/1841 d. 12/6/1908 m. 1865 John Frank Jackson*** b. 2/20/1835 d. 11/28/1887 Civil War Vet and son of Samuel B. Jackson Sr. b. 1812 in Kentucky and moved to Alabama, will 1857. (Buried in Sunset Cemetery, Littleton NC) (Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Joseph 6/8/1868-10/28/1919 m. Bessie Wade Allen b. 1873, moved to W. Va (Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Ethel Alkin 1914-1988 Maryland m1 Franklin E. Jeans, m2. Glenn Edward Gustafson 2. Virginia Murphy 1918-1969 m. Hubert Goodwin Leoman (no issue) <p>2. John Murphy 3/23/1875 1/10/1937 m. Marie Louise Chauncey 7/31/1882 4/11/1958 (Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Joseph Murphy Jackson 1901-1902, 2. William Farrow "Red" 1903-1948 m. Katherine Skinner (Daughter Pauline Louise m. Vance W. Fletcher and son William Farrow b. 1921 m. Kay ?), 3. John Murphey Jr 1904-1904, 4. Marie Louise 1906-1967 m. Francis Finley Patterson,(child Betty Alexander 3/14/1929 m. George Clayton Medlin) 5. Katherine Olinza 1908-1967 m1 Wilber E. Anderson, m2 Richard Martin, 6. Ellen Virginia 1910-m. Donald W. Cole, 7. Thomas Bell 1911-1911 </p>

<p>Sally Scott, Blake Bobbett, and Sally Sledge.</p> <p>John Wesley was a Methodist minister. He also owned businesses, a general store, lumber mill, cotton gin, grain gin. He was instrumental in getting Littleton College built and in return got a free education for his six granddaughters.</p> <p>John Wesley purchased the Heptinstall House in Halifax County NC from the Edmunds family around 1850; he was about 38 years old.</p> <p>John Wesley was appointed constable in district One per the 2/1833 court records. He also served on a jury.</p>		<p>3.Lula (died on eve of marriage to Edward William Branch)</p> <p>4.Olinza b. 1870 m. Lindsay Price (Children: 1. Nellie Price 1891-1969 m. William S. Hancock 1883-1960 (Children: 1. Joseph b. 1913 m. Margaret Morris b. 1915, 2. Allan Fuller b. 1915 m1 Fannie Ellington Cavan b.1920, m2 Jean Cannon, 3. Murphey Jackson b. 1920 m. Pearl Elizabeth King , 4. William Francis b. 1915), 2. Joe P 1892-1974 m. Anna Dornin Galloway</p> <p>5.Ellen McDaniel 1882-1949 m. Dr. Neill MacRae of Littleton 1877-1928. Ellen taught math and oratory in Littleton NC. (Children: 1. Eugenia 1904-1962 m. Virginius Boddie Perry 1902-1931, 2. Roderick, 3. Neill M. Jr b. 1916 m. Eleanor Harris b.1916 (children: 1. Neill III b. 1950, 2. Roderick M. b. 1965) 4. Ellen</p> <p>6. perhaps 3 others</p> <p>5. Ellen Ann Soule "Anne/Anna" 1847-6/6/1915 m. Marion Eaton Newsom** 1848-1921 (Buried at Sunset Hill in Littleton NC) (She was on 1850 census) Marion Newsom worked for Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall in his general store on plantation property for two years before marrying daughter. He possible continue working there. (Children: 1. Dallas Walton 1873-1949 m. Tempie Battle 1881-1941 from Chapel Hill NC. Dallas was treasurer of Trinity College, now Duke University. (Children: 1. Dallas Walton Jr 1906-1962 m. Dorothy Elizabeth Hayward 1909, 2. Ruth/Reuth Battle 1909-1910 3. Dorothy b. 6/27/1911 m. Robert Stanley Rankin 11/17/1899-6/4/76 (Children 1. Dorothy b. 1938 m. Robert Houston Robinson and 2. Robert Stanley b. 1940 m. Elizabeth Parsons Vallient) 4. Tempie Garrett Newsome b. 7/18/1913 m. Frederic Morgan Prouty 4/6/1910-7/19/1966</p> <p>2. Blanche 1877-1961 m. Exum Lewis Whitaker 1880-1960 (no issue) 3. Allen Harvey 1875-1938 4. Nena 1879-1945 m. James Charles Williams 1872-1933 5. Marion Eugene 3/4/1884-9/14/1948 m. 11/14/1891 Annie Laurie Long 6. Helen 1889-1968 m. John Allen 1889-1968 (no issue) 7. Ernest Heptinstall 1884-1910 8. Annie 1881-1883</p> <p><u>6. John Olin Heptinstall (#4) b. 9/19/1845 d. 10/27/1922 m. 11/24/1874 Hannah Marion Bailey b. 10/18/1854 d. 2/24/1926. He was the second generation to live in the Heptinstall House. (He was on 1850 census)</u></p> <p>* She was superintendent of the Littleton College Preparatory School and taught college level Latin and mathematics.</p> <p>** Newsome worked for John Wesley Heptinstall at his general store for two years before he got the courage to ask for hand of daughter in marriage.</p> <p>***John Frank Jackson was deputy sheriff in Merino County, Alabama before enlisting in Civil War.</p>
<p>John Olin Heptinstall 1846-1922 (<u>JOHN OLIN</u>)</p> <p>On 1880 census living with wife and Mary O 1876, Carry W 1879, John Taylor (age 19) and Sarah Epps (age 18)</p> <p>Called "Stall" on 1900 census.</p> <p>The 1880 census lists other Heptinstalls:</p>	<p>Hannah Marion Bailey (<u>MARION</u>) 1854-1926 m. 11/1874</p> <p>(On 1910 census in Mecklenburg Co NC living with David Frederick Van Wormers, her daughter's family)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Daughter of James Frederick Bailey 1820-1878 and Clementine W. Bailey 1822-1941, nicknamed "Tiny" of 	<p>Children: 1. Marion Olin 2/22/1876-1969 (<u>JOY</u>) m. 12/18/1898 John Allen Cutts 11/25/1861-12/13/1944, son of Allen H. Cutts b. 1826 and Annie Holmes m. 4/8/1858 in Wilmington NC (<u>CAPTAIN JACK</u>) (He had a first marriage and son Edward Allen Cutts "Ned" m. 1915 Claudia Nix) Children: 1. Nell Egan 11/29/1899 (<u>NELL</u>) m. Spencer Thomason 8/3/1900 2. Hannah Marion (<u>MAY</u>) b. 8/9/1901 m. Edward Eugene Brunson 10/4/1884-1/28/1968 (Children: 1. Nancy Olin 8/31/1927 and 2. Edward Thompson b. 10/28/1935 m. Elizabeth Bonnait b. 12/22/1963) 3. John Allen Jr.7/27/1904 (<u>JACK JR</u>) m. Margaret Rose Smith (Children: 1. John Allen III b. 1/11/1942, 2. William Bruce b. 1/24/1945 m. Catherine E. McDaniel b. 12/5/1946, 3. Margaret Lovick b. 5/29/1946 m. Lester Toney Jones b. 7/27/1945, 4. Nell Trippe b. 4/24/1949 m. Kenneth Patrick Daniels b. 1/11/1945) 4. Charles Clinton b. 12/27/1906 m. Frances Eugenia Buck b. 6/20/12</p>

<p>1. Mary Heptinstall, a housekeeper, black, age 40 with Phil Heptinstall, age 72, Clara age 20, William age 2 with Caroline Hawkins age 25, daisy Hawkins age 5, Robert Hawkins age 2 and Jesse Hawkins age 30.</p> <p>2. Mary Heptinstall age 22 with Frank Heptinstall* age 34, farm worker, listed with William age 17, Betsy age 13, Sarah age 12, Mariah age 9 and baby age 6.</p> <p>The 1850 census lists slaves five females, ages 50, 50, 32, 4, 1 and 1 male age 8.</p> <p>*Dallas Walton Newsom 1873-1949, son of Ellen Ann Soule "Anne/Anna" Heptinstall 1847-6/6/1915 who married Marion Eaton Newsom 1848 mentions a "family favorite" farm employee, Frank" who served the Heptinstall family in one of his books. Dallas married Tempie Battle 1881-1941.</p>	<p>Jarratt, Virginia, James was son of Benjamin Bailey</p>	<p>(Children: 1. Charles Clinton Jr 5/20/1940, 2. Henry Buck 1/27/1942 m. Charlotte Brenda Magee 2/7/1944, 3. Eugenia McLeod 1/12/1946 m. Fredolph Walter Peterson Jr. 1/8/1946, 4. William Edward 5/9/1949 m. Janice Ellen Gardner 8/1/1950.)</p> <p>5. Olin Heptinstall b. 6/18/1910 m. Claude Abram Vaughan b. 8/9/1908 Darlington SC (Children: 1. Claude Abram Jr. 7/17/1908 m. Donna Kay McCorkle 3/4/1945, 2. Eugene Allen 8/7/1949)</p> <p>6. William Holmes b. 2/7/1914 m. Barbara Elwood Gresham b. 9/3/1927 (Children: 1. Barbara Elwood b. 11/8/1950, 2/ Eleanor Bailey 9/27/1952, 3. Carl Allen 3/20/1959, 4. Elizabeth Sellers 5/14/1961.)</p> <p>2. Carrie Wilkins 11/30/1878-7/25/1955 (CARRIE) (not married, listed on 1920 census with parents)</p> <p>3. *Nancy Cornelia 2/5/1881-12/26/1975 (NANCY) m. 12/18/1907 David Frederick Van Wormer 9/7/1876-11/16/1947 (DAVE) Children: 1. Frederick (FRED) b. 12/17/1908-2/5/1961 2. Benjamin (BEN) b. 8/1/1915 m1 Margaret Ruth Garner b. 3/29/1952 d. 4/7/1967 m2 4/4/1970 Marjorie Robinson Law Ault b. 10/4/1921, Children of m1: 1. Frances Elizabeth b. 3/10/1953, 2. Laura Eleanor b. 11/11/1955. Children of m2: 3. Susan Alt m. Authier</p> <p>3. Lavenia Jane (JANE) b. 12/20/1918 (JANE) m. Samuel A Haywood b. 5/17/1919 Children: 1. Joan Beryl (JOAN) 7/19/1950 1950 m. Edward Joseph Flynn, m2 Cole 2. David b. 9/12/1953 m. 6/30/1989 Doreen Ann Madden 3. Richard b. 1956</p> <p>4. John Wesley 8/3/1885-5/11/1969 (JUNIOR) m. Myrtle Flythe 1/28/1885-9/8/1971 (On 1920, 1930 census) Children: 1. James Olin 1911-2009 m. Gene Yeoman b. 1915 (Children: 1. James Olin b. 1941, 2. Margaret Gene b. 1944) (On 1930 census, John Wesley is living with relatives in Portsmouth Va with Norman Flythe, Florence, Mary M and Travis Flythe.) 2. John Wesley 1912-11/16/1996 m. Laura Avery (Children: 1. Rosalie (twin), 2. Dorothy, 3. John W. III (twin). 3. Hannah Bailey 2/1/1914-2/5/2001 m. John Southgate Vaughan b. ~1910 d. 8/3/1996 (86 yrs. old) Children: 1. John Southgate Jr b. 1937 m. William Earl (Billie) English) b. 1944 2. Charles Julian Vaughan b. 1939 m. Karen Jean Dunlap b. 1945 and are owner/residents of the Heptinstall House today 3. Joe Bailey b. 1941 m. Mary Lou Lee b. 1951 4. Hannah Heptinstall b. 1944 m1 Daniel Brawley, m2 Norman Robinson 5. Cola Franklin b. 1954 m. Megan McQuail b. 1960 6. David Frederick b. 1854 4. Kathleen 1915-1998 m. Harold Parker Dunning (Children: 1. Peggy and 2. Harold) 5. Louise Barkley 1917-1998 m. Joseph Jirva (Children: Dorothy, Beth, and Josephine) 6. David Lloyd 1919-1943</p> <p>5. Hannah Bailey 8/26/1890-6/7/1964 (DING) m1. Benjamin W. Mathes (JOE) Their daughter Dorothy Hannah m. Edward B Morton 1918-1989 DOT b. 1916), m2 George Jones (GEORGE) 5/16/1875-9/14/1955</p> <p>* Author of Nancy's Diary</p>
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George Heptinstall, b. 1836 Halifax Co NC d.1902
Minister in Enfield, NC
m. 5/10/1860 Caroline Victoria Holt b.3/10/1840,

George was the son of Asa Heptinstall,
the brother to the Reverend John Wesley Heptinstall



Five of the six children of John Wesley Heptinstall and Myrtle Flythe

Bottom left to right:
Katherine Heptinstall 1915-1998 m. Harold Dunning
Hannah Bailey Heptinstall 1914-2001 m. John Southgate
Vaughan
Louise Barkley Heptinstall 1916-1998 m. Joseph August Jirva

Top left to right:
James Olin Heptinstall 1911-2009 m. Gene Yeoman
John Wesley Heptinstall 1912-1996 m. Laura Pierre Avery

Missing: David Lloyd Heptinstall 1917-1943

Hannah Bailey Heptinstall is the mother of Charles Julian
Vaughan, current owner of the Heptinstall House.



John Wesley Heptinstall
and Myrtle Flythe Heptinstall
with a grandchild

c1960s

VAN WORMER FAMILY ANCESTRY

Laurens Jansen Van Wormer 1641/4-1709/20	Annetje Jans Snedeker 1634-1687	8 children: 1. Frederick, 2. Peter Laurentze, 3. Annetje 1674, 4. Heinrick, 5. Jan Laurentse, 6. Jan 1680, 7. Laurens 1680-1685, 8. Cornelia 1685
Cornelis Laurentse Van Wormer b.c1685	m1 Annatje Van Patten 1676-1715/16 m. 1712 Albany NY m2 1717Aultje Straet	10 children: (Children of marriage 1) 1. Lawrence 1709, 2. Frederick 1712, 3. Anna 1714 (Children of marriage 2) 4. Johannes 1717, 5. Jacob 1722, 6. Adriaen 1723, 7. Trytje 1727, 8. Magdalientje 1729, 9. Peter 1731, 10 Cathryne 1736
Frederick Cornelise Van Wormer 4/20/1712	m. Margaritje Van Schaach 1/12/1718	10 children: 1. Cornelius 1738, 2. Arent Frenderickise 1740, 3. Annaetje Frederickse 1742, 4. Maria 1746, 5. Eva 1748, 6. Frederick 1750, 7. Petrus 1751-1753, 8. Petrus 1753, 9. Abraham 1755-1826, 10. Issac 1761
Petrus (Frederickse?) Van Wormer	m1 Suzannah Ogsbury c1755-c1859 m2 Hannah Spoor 1793-1862	Children of m1: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Cornelius 1780-1863 m. Sarah Relyea David 1783 Frederick 1786 Elizabeth 1796 Children of m2: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Hannah Spoor 1793-1862
Cornelius Van Wormer 7/7/1780-1/24/1863	m. Sarah Relyea 12/9/1784-9/1281879 m. 1801 Dutch Reformed Church, Guilderland NY	Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Peter 1801 Daniel 1806-1878 David 1808-1823 Annatje 1810 Hannah 1811-1888 Frederick1814 m. Maria Blessing Jacob 1816-1896 John C1818-1898 Suzannah 1825
Frederick C. Van Wormer 9/18/1814-1/1/904	M Maria Blessing 6/6/818-7/1904 m. 1/1836 Albany NY	Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> David 1837 Sarah Mariah 1840 Hannah Jimina 1842 Eiakim Ford 1848 Francis 1850 m. Lavinia Wagner Rufus 1852 Daniel1855 Frederick C 1858 William 1862
Francis Van Wormer b. 6/5/1850 (FRANCIS)	m. Lavinia Wagner b. 1/9/1848 (LAVINIA) m. 10/24/1871 <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Only child of John Wagner 4/12/1814-8/4/1897 and Margaret Shell 4/9/1814-2/6/1893 	Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Sanford Alfred b. 6/29/1872 David Frederick b.9/7/1876 (DAVE) m. 12/18/1906 Nancy Cornelia Heptinstall b. 2/5/1881 (NANCY) [AUTHOR OF BOOK] Children: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Frederick 12//17/1908-2/5/1961 Benjamin b. 8/1/1915 m1 Margaret Rose Garner d. 4/7/1967, m2 4/4/1970 Marjorie Robinson Law Ault b. 10/4/1921 (Daughter: Laura Van Wormer) Lavinia Jane (JANE) b. 12/20/1918 m. Samuel Alfred Hayward b. 5/17/1919 (Children: 1. Joan 1950 m. Edward Joseph Flynn, 2. David b. 1953, 3. Richard b. 1953) Newton J b. 10/26/1881
Source: www.danasdigs.net		