

"Chief Ignacio was a great friend of Ed Noland. The chief could neither read nor write English but could count up to ten. He often gave his money to Noland to keep for him and accepted a book in which the amount had been entered the way Ignacio suggested; a single cipher representing \$50.

"When the chief wanted money he would withdraw \$50 at a time, crossing out one cipher. At one time he had more than \$5,000 to his credit on deposit with Noland.

"Chief Ignacio died at Ed Noland's Navajo Springs Trading Post on Dec. 9, 1913. Frank and Edgar Noland, sons of the trader, made a coffin for him and dressed him in a suit of store clothes. That night tribesmen took the chief's body away and buried it at a place never as yet revealed to white man.

"The Noland family has many of Chief Ignacio's mementos, including the moccasins he was wearing at the time of death. The U.S. Indian Service, it is stated, has made vain offers to secure the collection, also has the Smithsonian Institute.

"Ed Noland died at Mancos at the age of 82 ... The man who refused to become a wage slave.

"Mrs. Noland, his widow, left Mancos the latter part of August, 1942, to make her home with a daughter, Virginia, at Oakland, California, and she carted Indian rugs, pottery and heirlooms along with her."

History of Point Lookout, Colorado (*)
 By Mrs. Robert C. Mallett (1898-1982)
 (born Vida Hallar)

When my father, Fred C. Hallar, was a young man he hauled supplies by team and wagon from Durango to the San Juan River for his Uncle Ed Noland¹ who had a trading post down there. Believe this was about 1892 or '93, anyway on this going and coming he often camped at Point Lookout, which is at the entrance to what is now Mesa Verde Park. It had a special attraction for him.

About 1928 he decided he'd like to build a Tourist Court at Point Lookout, but Howard Wattles had homesteaded this ground and didn't want to sell, so they became partners.

Among the first things to be built was a service station, a small grocery store and a Cafe, and lumber was needed so Bob Holston set up a small sawmill just north of camp and I believe George Allen cut logs and may have helped around the mill. Money was scarce and we were all trying to be along (sic) as cheaply as possible.

Water was another necessary item so my father bought a secondhand drilling rig and began to drill. He said if he got water, gas or oil it would be worth it. He finally got some water but it wasn't suitable for domestic use. They had gotten a secondhand truck and had a 300-gallon tank mounted on it, and they used this to haul water from Mancos. This water was dumped into a large cistern that was located on a little higher ground which provided pressure so there was running water for the camp. Later they got a larger tank so they didn't have to make so many trips. Howard Wattles drove the "water wagon" for many years.

My father continued drilling, hoping to find better water. He never did but he brought in a small gas well at 700 feet deep, which provided enough gas to supply the camp with gas for cooking and heating.

To add to their money problems the 1930 and '31 depression hit the country and people who had promised to provide money were unable to do so and also the First National Bank of Mancos closed its doors and tied up what little money we had.

There were several road contracts on Mesa Verde and many of the employees rented our cottages and bought groceries from our little store. There was also a C. C. Camp on Mesa Verde and that brought a little more business. Things went along fine during the summer but when winter came work shut down. Men were without jobs and many of them had their families there. Neil Gibbs, the contractor, guaranteed their bills, but we didn't get the money until spring. So it was a hard winter for all of us.

(*) This manuscript was made available by Mrs. Noland Alexander, of Mancos, Colorado, 1982.

¹ Oen Edgar Noland (1852-1935), of Indian Trading Post fame, Southwest Colorado.

One winter, I don't recall the year, our gas well caved in and shut off the gas. It was cold weather too and all the cottages were rented so we advised them to move if they wanted to, but as I recall none of them did. Some went out and got wood stoves and stuck the pipe out the window, and others bought electric heaters. Everyone seemed so patient. Drilling a new well was going on day and night and in a few weeks a bigger and better gas well was brought in. That was a Red Letter day for all of us. This new well was cased to the gas sand so it wouldn't cave in as the other one had.

During the summer and fall of 1938 my father was very ill and passed away in a hospital in Denver in January, 1939. This, of course, was a very sad time for us.

When the second World War came along we had to deal with ration stamps for gasoline, sugar, coffee, meats, butter, et cetera. Cigarettes were in short supply too. We never seemed to get enough bacon to supply our regular customers even though they had the stamps.

During this War time Onaka Kollewyn, the county nurse, was one of our renters, and often after dark when we stepped outside we'd hear people running. We found out later that it was some of the County officials watching Onaka. It seems some suspected her of being a German spy. As far as I know it was never proven. While all this was going on Onaka had committed suicide by attaching a hose to the exhaust of her car, sticking the other end inside the car, then she got in and started the motor. Later I noticed she had not gotten her mail for a day or two so I went to see if she was alright, and finding her door locked, peeked through the window of the garage and saw her lying back in the car. Why she did this I don't know. One of her friends said she, Onaka, had confided to her that she was very ill.

There was also a Post Office at Point Lookout. This was a convenience to residents of the Camp, as well as to some of the surrounding country.

One of the attractions especially to children was our bear named Nehi. He was given to my dad by a driver of the Nehi truck. People liked to treat the bear and would bring candy, etc. for him. If they gave him a bottle of milk with the cap on Nehi knew how to get it off and drink the milk.

With gas rationing, many in the service and others employed in munitions factories, et cetera, there weren't many tourists, but our cottages were all rented to regulars who stayed the year around, so we were busy all the time.

In 1945 we had a chance to sell out and we all thought we'd like a vacation so we sold to a young couple by the name of Sherwood.

Mrs. Mallett was a tenth generation descendant of Pierce Noland, of Maryland, the immigrant. Mrs. Mallett's father, Fred Hallar (1875-1939), and his two brothers, went to live with their Hallar grandparents in Jackson County, Missouri, after the death of their parents. However, their uncle, Oen Edgar Noland, of Mancos, urged the Hallars to let the boys come to live with him and his family in Mancos. The Hallars agreed. The Hallar mansion in Missouri - the entrance elaborately guarded by two menacing statues of lions - did not strike Oen Edgar Noland as the best possible environment in which to rear three strenuous young lads.

The Hallars were among the most genial of people. Several beautiful Navajo rugs and various artefacts attested their generosity to the Lockett relatives in California. The Navajo bread basket was an old, old friend to the Lockett children and was present at every meal.

Daisy (Noland) Lockett was a first cousin of Fred Hallar. At one time Fred Hallar was a member of the Colorado legislature. It was at this period of his life that Fred, a young man, was stricken with acute appendicitis. A plane was sent from Denver to Mancos. Fred was flown to a hospital in Denver. The incident was widely reported in the press as air travel of this nature was uncommon at that time.

Genealogy

Bl. Norman Bliss, of New York, married Mary Eliza Cole, also of New York.

Bl-1. Orley D. Bliss (1840-1930) married Harriet Josephine Lee (1850-1922), daughter of John D. Lee, of Kaskiskia, Illinois, and Martha Elizabeth Wood (1827-1885), of Nashville, Tennessee.

Bl-1-1. Ada A. Bliss (born January 12, 1880 and died November 9, 1969) married Fred C. Hallar, born in Saguache, Colorado, August 27, 1875, and died at Denver, Colorado, January 26, 1939. Hallar was the son of Alice Noland and Johnson Hallar, both natives of Jackson County, Missouri.

Bl-1-1-1. Vida Hallar, born September 11, 1898 at Moab, Utah, and died April, 1982. Married Robert C. Mallett.

Oen Douglas Noland

Mancos, Colorado

In the background is an oil painting, the work of Polly Noland, wife of Mr. Oen Douglas Noland. Mrs. Noland is a talented artist.
July, 1977.



THE COLORADO NOLANDS

(Mancos, Saguache and Durango branches)

Peirce Noland, the im-
migrant, of Maryland.

Stephen Nowland I mar-
ried Mary Connell.

Daniel Nowland married
Henrietta Smallwood.

Ledstone Noland, of N.C.
and Independence, Mo., md.
Elizabeth Glascock.

Henrietta Noland, of Ky.
and Independence, Mo., md.
Morgan Pitcher.

Elizabeth Pitcher md. Henry
("Trusty") Noland, of Inde-
pendence, Missouri.

Henry Noland (d. 1807), of Madison
County, Kentucky, married Nancy White.
Issue: 14 children, of whom:

Henry Noland.

James Noland md. Eliz. Weber.

Martin Noland.

Henry ("Trusty") Noland¹
married Elizabeth Pit-
cher², dau. of Morgan Pit-
cher and Henrietta Noland.
They lived in Independence,
Missouri.

Hinton Noland, died 1932.
He founded the famous No-
land School (grammar), of
Independence, Missouri,
where President Harry S.
Truman was a pupil.³

S A G U A C H E

Jesse Noland married Nancy
Ann Smallwood. Moved from
Independence, Mo., to Sagu-
ache, Colorado.

James Robert Noland (1872-
1930) married Ida Matthews.
A native of Independence, Mo.
he moved to Colorado. He
was Secretary of State of
Colorado; d. Alamosa, Col.

D U R A N G O

Judge James Matthews Noland
(d. 1969), married Helen
Beatty. He was District
Judge; urged to run for Gov-
ernor, he declined. He cor-
responded with Pres. Truman.

Patricia Noland (b. 1925) md.
Edward L. Brannen; James B.
Noland (b. 1926).

M A N C O S

Oen Edgar Noland md. (1)
Caroline Mitchell and
had: Henry, Anna L.,
Jessie E., Frank H., Ed-
gar A., and Callie No-
land; (2) Lolla Kutch,
and had: Oen Douglas;
Kathleen, Madeline, Vir-
ginia Noland, and a baby
girl who died an infant.

Eddie, Jesse and Fred
Hallar. (Sons of Alice
Noland and Johnson Hal-
lar, her husband, of In-
dependence, Mo., and
Saguache, Colorado).

Alice Noland married John-
son Hallar (see MANCOS for
issue); William Thomas
("Tom") Noland md. Rowena
Aline Twyman. They had
Daisy, Edgar B., Leslie
Carlisle, and Agnes No-
land; Elenora (Noland)
Philipps, of Chicago, Ill.

¹ At one time, Henry ("Trusty") Noland owned the land on which was situated Rock Creek School - a grammar school. In 1840 Henry and Elizabeth Noland conveyed the land to Jessie Overton, Adam Hill, Thomas Pitcher, and Edward T. Noland, school trustees.
² The Pitcher family, of Jackson County, Missouri, lent their name to the Pitcher School - a grammar school.

(continued)

³ "Noland School, a six-room building, was erected in 1885 on the corner of South Liberty and Pacific Streets (site of Hadley Head Slaughter house). The school was named in honor of Hinton Noland, a member of the school board from 1880 to 1891. Mr. Noland was a native of Missouri and his life was spent largely in Independence and Kansas City where he served for years in different court capacities. Sometimes he broke a space of years with a few months of farming or operating a drugstore or shoe store, but always returned to the courthouse. (He died July 11, 1932). This first Noland School building was razed in 1935 and replaced with the present building." (Jackson County Pioneers, by Pearl Wilcox - and made available January, 1983 by Marie Blackburn, of the Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri).

The Henry Noland-Nancy White Line*

The Colorado Nolands

1. Henry³ Noland (Henry²; Henry¹ **), married Nancy White. About 1740 they moved from Leesburg, Virginia, to Madison County, Kentucky. Henry Noland died in Madison County, Kentucky, in 1807. Issue: Fourteen children, not necessarily born in the order shown:
 - 1-1. Nicholas Noland.
 - 1-2. Obadiah Noland.
 - 1-3. Henry Noland, Jr., married _____. Known issue:
 - 1-3-1. Henry ("Trusty") Noland, married his distant cousin, Elizabeth Pitcher, born in Kentucky about 1810, granddaughter of Ledstone Noland, Revolutionary War veteran.
 - 1-3-1-1. Jesse Noland (1826-1884), married Nancy Ann Smallwood, his cousin. She was born in 1827 and died in 1890.
 - 1-3-1-1-1. Alice Noland (1850-1883), married Johnson Hallar.
 - 1-3-1-1-2. Oen Edgar Noland (1852-1935) married (1) Caroline Mitchell; (2) Lolla Kutch.
 - 1-3-1-1-3. Elenora Noland, married (1) Alex Proctor; (2) Billy Theiss ("Theiss" may be incorrect spelling); (3) Paul Rier; (4) Frank Phillips.
 - 1-3-1-1-4. William Thomas Noland (1858-1920) married Rowena Rosalie Twyman (1859-1950).
 - 1-3-3. Eli Noland.
 - 1-3-4. Angeline Noland.
 - 1-3-5. Thomas Noland.
 - 1-3-6. Susan Noland.
 - 1-3-7. Almira Noland, married Mr. Sherman.
 - 1-3-8. William H. Noland.
 - 1-4. Temperance Noland.
 - 1-5. Elizabeth Noland.
 - 1-6. John White Noland, died 1865. C. F. C. Nolan, of Poorfolk, Kentucky, long ago wrote to a Miss Nora B. Nolan, Hazard, Kentucky, "that his grandfather, John Noland, of Leesburg, Loudoun County, Virginia, was with George Washington in many engagements with British forces and was a hero together with his mother's grandfather, John Turner, at Valley Forge." It is believed that John White Noland and John Noland are the same.
 - 1-6-1. Nathan Noland, born May 6, 1817, married on May 13, 1847, Mary Margaret Broadus. Issue:
 - 1-6-1-1. Elbridge Noland, born 1848, died 1893.
 - 1-6-1-2. John Andrew Noland (1850-1923), died a bachelor.
 - 1-6-1-3. Green B. Noland, born 1851
 - 1-6-1-4. James Noland (1852-1920).
 - 1-6-1-5. Mary Ellen Noland, born 1854.

- 1-6-1-6. William Noland, born 1858.
- 1-6-1-7. Albert Sidney Noland, born 1861.
- 1-6-1-8. Jeremiah Broadus Noland, born 1862, died 1938, married his cousin, Anna Turley, born 1866. She was the great-great granddaughter of Stephen Noland, brother of Ledstone, James and Jesse Noland - all four were Revolutionary War soldiers.
- 1-6-1-9. George Noland, born 1868.
- 1-7. Sidney Noland.
- 1-8. James Noland, born April 22, 1780, married Elizabeth Weber. These were the ancestors of the Nolands of Durango, Colorado.
- 1-8-1. Martin Noland, born 1804, twin of John Weber Noland. *Not so diff. mother*
- 1-8-1-1. Hinton Noland, born 1837 and died in 1932, after whom was named the Noland School (grammar school), Independence, Missouri. President *father* Harry S. Truman attended this school.
- 1-8-1-1-1. James Robert Noland (1872-1930), born in Independence, Missouri. Secretary of State of the State of Colorado; married Ida Matthews.
- 1-8-1-1-1-1. Judge James Matthews Noland (1900-1969), of Durango, Colorado. Married Helen Beatty.
- 1-8-1-1-1-1-1. Janet Patricia Noland, born 1925, of Durango, Colorado, married Edward L. Brannen.
- 1-8-1-1-1-1-2. James B. Noland, born 1926, of Durango, Colorado.
- 1-8-2. John Weber Noland, born 1804 (twin of Martin Noland) *NO*
- 1-8-3. Harding Noland, born 1807.
- 1-8-4. Miriam Noland, born 1810.
- 1-8-5. Peggy Noland, born 1812.
- 1-8-6. James Noland, born 1813.
- 1-9. Joshua Noland, died 1798 (married Sarah; had daughter, Polly***)
- 1-9-1. T. W. Noland.
- 1-9-2-1. William Noland.
- 1-10. Anne Noland.
- 1-11. Thomas Noland, died 1823.
- 1-12. William Noland.
- 1-13. Peggy Noland.
- 1-14. Mary Noland.

* Kentucky Bible Records, copied by Mrs. J. B. Noland, Boonesboro Chapter, D.A.R.; The Stephen-Daniel Line of the Noland Family, by Edward J. Ronshelm, Sr., Anderson, Indiana, 1954; Judge James Matthews Noland, Durango, Colorado; Mrs. Edward L. Brannen, Durango, Colorado.

** No proof, but probable.

*** Highly probable, per will (1798) of Joshua Noland, Madison County, Kentucky. Executors of the will were Henry Noland and Joseph Skinner. Will proved by oaths of Samuel Hopper and William Noland. The will is reproduced elsewhere in this compilation.

It is readily apparent that the foregoing outline is fragmentary. It is certain that not all of the offspring of the fourteen children of Henry and Nancy (White) Noland are listed. The outline was that made available in the 1950s to Daisy (Noland) Lockett by Judge James Matthews Noland of Durango, Colorado. The outline was supplemented through the listed sources.

James Robert Noland, Secretary of State of the State of Colorado, a native

(continued on page 145)

THE COLORADO NOLANDS

HENRY NOLAND (died 1807, Madison County, Kentucky) married NANCY WHITE

NICHOLAS OBADIAH HENRY, JR. TEMPERANCE ELIZABETH JOHN WHITE SIDNEY JAMES JOSHUA ANNE THOMAS WILLIAM PEGGY MARY

Henry ("Trusty") Noland (born 1802) married Elizabeth Pitcher, daughter of Morgan Pitcher and Henrietta Noland, and granddaughter of Ledstone Noland and Elizabeth Glascock.

Jesse Noland, born 1826 at Independence, Missouri, died at Ojo Caliente Springs, New Mexico, 1884. He married Nancy Ann Smallwood, born 1827, Louisville, Kentucky, and died at Saguache, Colorado, 1890.

(b. 1780),
married Elizabeth Weber.

Martin Noland (b. 1804), twin of John Weber Noland.

Hinton Noland (born ca 1837).

James Robert Noland (1872-1930)
married Ida Matthews.

Judge James Matthews Noland (1900-1969),
of Durango, Colorado, married Helen Beatty.

(1) Janet Patricia Noland, born 1925,
of Durango, Colorado, married Edward L.
Brannen;

(2) James B. Noland, born 1926, of Durango, Colorado.

Alice Noland
(b. Sept. 22,
1850) md. John-
son Hallar.

Oen Edgar Noland,
b. Sept. 28, 1852 -
died in 1935. Mar-
ried (1) Caroline
("Callie") Mitchell;
(2) Lolla Kutch.

Elenora ("Nora" and "Bittie"
were nicknames) Noland; b.
July 28, 1854. Married (1) Alex
Proctor; (2) Billy Theiss; (3)
Paul Rier; (4) Frank Phillips.

William Thomas ("Tom") Noland
(1858-1920) married Rowena
Rosalie Twyman (1859-1950).

Source: Judge "Jimmy" Noland (Judge James Matthews Noland), of Durango, Colorado. In a letter written in the early or middle 1950s to Daisy (Noland) Lockett, Judge Noland stated: "Henry, Jr. had seven brothers in the Revolutionary War. Two were killed at the Battle of Cowpens." He informed Daisy (Noland) Lockett that she was descended from Henry Noland, Jr. (see above)

Denver Post (?)

City Scene

A Personal Note To Fish at Durango

By SAM LUSKY

PERSONAL note to the fish over Durango way: Dear fish -- you are probably keeping the state from having one heck of a fine future governor.

Because you are shimmering in the summer sunlight and dancing and wriggling from the glistening river, District Judge Jimmy Noland wouldn't think of moving anywhere from Durango.



Lusky

Time and again Democratic big game have asked the judge if he would be a candidate for governor. Time and again he has said no. He was asked again during his stay in Denver last week. His answer: "What's that? Oh. The way I look at it, the fish should be biting about . . . See how it is?"



Judge Jimmy Noland . . . fish bite, he won't.

of Independence, Missouri, wrote a full account of the life of Major William Gilpin. Major Gilpin was graduated from West Point. He served as a guard in the White House where he held the complete trust of President Abraham Lincoln. Gilpin was a close friend of Senator Thomas Benton and John Charles Frémont. President Lincoln appointed William Gilpin the first Governor of Colorado.

The Mancos and Saguache, Colorado, Nolands are descended from two Noland lines, the Henry Noland (Henry Noland died 1807) and the Peirce (Pierce) Noland lines of Maryland; the Durango Nolands stem from Henry. Doubtless, Henry Noland was a grandson of one of the following Nolands who emigrated from Ireland to Maryland:

Phillip Nowland, arrived 1677;
 Peirce (Pierce) Noland, arrived between 1675 and 1680;
 Thomas Nowland, arrived 1678;
 William Nowland, arrived 1678, on same vessel with Thomas;
 Henry Nowland, and family, arrived 1679. There were two sons,
 Henry Nowland, Jr. and Richard Nowland;
 Darby Nolan, arrived shortly after 1680 - his wife was Ann Browning.
 (Note the different spellings of "Noland")

In his excellent book¹ on the Nolands, Edward J. Ronsheim, Sr. writes, "The fact that given names cross from one family to another constantly in early records would help prove that these six Noland men were brothers."

It would appear probable that the immigrant, Henry Nowland, was the ancestor of Henry Noland, of Madison County, Kentucky, who married Nancy White, and founded one of the two Noland lines from which the Colorado Nolands are descended. The last will and testament of Joshua Noland, of Madison County, Kentucky, was recorded on December 4, 1798. Henry Noland - in all probability the father of Henry ("Trusty") Noland who married Elizabeth Pitcher - and Joseph Skinner were executors. William Noland was a witness. It is believed that Henry "Trusty" Noland was born about 1805. He moved to Jackson County, Missouri, and was married to Elizabeth Pitcher in Clay County, Missouri, January, 1826. (Jackson County was so constituted in December 1826)

The Mancos Nolands

The Nolands of Mancos, Colorado, are descended from the famous Post Trader, Oen Edgar Noland. They are engaged in the livestock, agricultural, mining and related industries, including land development.

The Oen Douglas Nolands' collection of Indian artefacts associated with the Navajo and Ute tribes is one of a few most important private collections in existence. Mrs. Oen Douglas Noland is a talented artist.

¹ The Stephen-Daniel Line of the Noland Family, by Edward J. Ronsheim, Sr., Anderson, Indiana, May 1, 1954.

Mr. and Mrs. ~~Emanuel~~ Thomsen, Jr. - Anne Thomsen was born Anne Wrightsman, granddaughter of Oen Edgar ("Bud") Noland - were both graduated from the University of Southern California in 1930. In 1983 their daughter, Lista Romay, was teaching mathematics in the secondary schools of Los Angeles, California. Lista was graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles. The Thomsens' son, Tom, earned his degree at San Fernando State College. In 1983 he was part of the management team of Alcan Aluminum, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Callie Alexander (born Caroline Noland), daughter of Oen Edgar Noland, is the doyenne of the Nolands of Mancos, Colorado. She is a first-rate storyteller. She vividly recalls the Mancos of her childhood, the pioneer families, the elegance of the Bauer mansion in its halcyon days, the splendor of the Wrightsman Hotel, the great pride she and her fellow citizens felt in their opera house, the impressive Mancos Hotel, the great excitement occasioned by the advent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (D&RG), and the handsome railroad station which spelled romance and excitement for all the townspeople, young and old alike. Callie Alexander is one grand person - greatly loved by all who know her.

Great excitement would reign in the Tom Noland household in Saguache when Uncle Bud and Aunt Callie Noland and the children would arrive from Mancos for a family reunion. Tom was Oen Noland's younger brother. Oen Edgar Noland was always "Uncle Bud" to his Saguache kinfolk. Bud and Callie Noland always brought a maid with them to look after the children.

Daisy Noland was very fond of her beautiful Mancos cousins, Anna and Jessie Noland. Elenora Noland bore the nicknames "Nora" and "Bittie." She was the sister of Bud and Tom Noland. Aunt Nora would invite Anna and Jessie, Bud Noland's daughters, and Daisy and Agnes, Tom Noland's daughters, to visit her in Chicago. Elenora was married to Frank Phillips. The Phillips lived in an elegantly appointed apartment at 3537 Indiana Avenue, between Prairie and Michigan. Aunt Nora showered her nieces with gifts. While her guest, Daisy Noland attended South Chicago High School. Chicagoans expressed the greatest astonishment when, by chance, they would overhear Anna and Jessie conversing fluently with one another in the language of the Navajos. Elenora Phillips would escort her nieces, all elegantly attired, to the museums and art galleries. They usually would have their lunch, on such outings, at Marshall Fields. None was to forget the enjoyment of the Denver Sandwich, that delicious new concoction which made its first appearance in the tearoom of Marshall Fields.

Anna Noland was married to John Earl Wrightsman at Mrs. Phillips' apartment.

Thomas Noland (1858-1920) and his
wife, Rowena (Twyman) Noland (1859-
1950).

Both were natives of Independence,
Missouri.

The photograph is from the Lockett
family collection.



The Saguache Nolands

As recently as 1959, Perry Eberhart wrote:¹

Saguache is almost as colorful today as it was during its early years. One of the few county seats in Colorado without a railroad, Saguache has retained its frontier personality. Cowboys still dress the part here. The city is interesting and prosperous.

At one time, just a few years ago, Saguache boasted the greatest wealth per capita of any city of the United States. That was when cattle and sheep were king."

William Thomas ("Tom") Noland, younger brother of Oen Edgar Noland, founded the Saguache line of Nolands some ten years after the founding of Saguache itself.

Tom Noland was a man with a winning personality. His friends were legion. He was a frontiersman with style. His sons, Bud and Less Noland, were cattle and sheep ranchers. Bud Noland was the most admired and respected man in the San Luis Valley in his day. Tom Noland was a major shipper of cattle to the Kansas City stockyards.

Tom and Rowena Noland spent their winters mostly at the Park View Hotel in Kansas City. The Van Pelts, close friends, also spent their winters at the Hotel. Tom Noland had one of the finest automobiles of the day - a Packard Twin Six. Tom's daughter, Agnes Gotthelf, remembers being driven with her parents to Swope Park by Alvin, the chauffeur, resplendent in uniform. They would take picnic lunches to the Park. On occasion, Alvin was known to spirit the car away after dark and drive around Kansas City with his friends.

Agnes Gotthelf recalls the visits her father would make to the boarding school she attended - the Arnold Thomas Finishing School for Girls, in Kansas City. The other pupils would run to the window to see Tom Noland's arrival, exclaiming how handsome he was.

Agnes (Noland) Gotthelf, without doubt one of the most beautiful women in America, was given a racehorse by her father. After a year or two passed, the horse was sold. To the amusement of Agnes' relatives and friends, proceeds from the sale of the racehorse appeared not only not to diminish, but also to increase as acquisitions were made - acquisitions not run-of-the-mill.

When in Kansas City, Tom Noland never ventured out of the hotel with less than a thousand dollars in his pocket. He liked to gamble. As a poker player he had

¹ Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps, by Perry Eberhart, Sage Books, 1959, made available by Ann Lockett, great granddaughter of Tom Noland.

few peers. His poker playing cronies, Cudahy and Armour, of the meat-packing families, would attest to Noland's prowess.

Tom Noland served as mayor of Saguache, as did his son, Bud Noland. One time, when Tom Noland was the sheriff, he took his young daughter, Daisy, to the jail to hear tales spun by a jail mate like no other in Saguache's experience - a seafarer. As the miscreant spoke, Tom and his daughter listened, spellbound. The last story ended, father and daughter were about to depart when the seafarer removed the gold earring from his ear lobe, imploring his very shy, very small guest to accept it as a gift.

The townspeople of Saguache regarded the little Noland children as being exceedingly beautiful. It was usually on Sundays that they would file slowly past the Noland house with friends and relatives from out of town, hoping to glimpse the children. Sometimes they would call out to the children. "What is your name, little girl?" an onlooker called out to Agnes Noland who had reached an age when she could talk but could not be easily understood. After several attempts to articulate "Agnes," she gave up in confusion, delighted confusion, as she triumphantly announced that her name was "Daisy."

Daisy Noland, eldest of Tom and Rowena Noland's children, earned her secondary teaching credential at "Normal" school, qualifying her to teach in the primary school grades. Before teaching in the Saguache school, she taught in a village close by. She taught all the primary grades at the one-room schoolhouse. She boarded with the Bennett family. A few of the pupils were older than she. Two were twenty and twenty-one years of age, respectively. Each Friday afternoon her brother, Bud Noland, would drive the horse and buggy to fetch her home for the weekend.

Daisy Noland was especially fond of the Mexican children who were her pupils at the Saguache school. She loved them and they loved her. She would never forget the day the Mexican community showed their admiration and respect. They honored her. Daisy Noland had never been so deeply moved. She was invited - the guest of honor - to accompany the mother of the prospective bride to the marriage ceremony. All of the women guests wore dresses purchased for the occasion which trailed in the dust as the wedding procession made its way slowly down the main street. The men wore their finest clothing. The mother of the bride, Daisy Noland beside her, led the assemblage. Two great ladies, these. It was a proud day for Saguache.

Frank Phillips Lockett, eldest of the four children of William and Daisy (Noland) Lockett, served in World War I. He was a top sergeant. He was graduated from the University of Southern California; president of the law school student body; a member of Theta Psi which, subsequently, affiliated with Chi Phi, a national men's fraternity; he played left half-back on the USC football team - coach "Gloomy" Gus Henderson's "ace-in-the-hole." Frank Lockett was an investment counselor and active in the field of residential planning and construction.

Peter Paul Lockett, the son of Frank Phillips Lockett and his second wife, Gladys Buechner, was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, received his Master's degree in accounting, 1958, from the University of Southern California; earned his DBA degree at the University of Southern California in 1973; Professor of Accounting, California State University, Los Angeles, 1983.

William Crittenden Lockett and Nancy Jean (Lockett) Lindsay, children of Frank Phillips Lockett and his third wife, Jean Bihler, were both graduated from San Diego State College. Mrs. Lindsay was affiliated with Pi Beta Phi sorority. Mrs. Lindsay earned her Master's degree at Boston College, Boston, Massachusetts. William Crittenden Lockett is a computer specialist, Department of the Navy.

Charles Cornelius Lockett, younger brother of Frank Phillips Lockett, was graduated from Stanford University, California; Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity; he also attended the Sorbonne. Charles Lockett engaged in petroleum exploration and development; he played an important role in the founding of one of the major oil companies of the day, the Signal Oil Company, of Los Angeles, California.

The writing of Rowena Ruth Lockett (Mrs. George Hugh Banning) was featured in the Gyroscope, an important literary quarterly of the 1930s, was included in Poetry, a Magazine of Verse (Chicago), and was starred, but not published, in O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1931. Mrs. Banning was named the poet of her Stanford University Class of 1931. Within a few months, she had organized the first Voters Roosevelt-for-President Clubs of Southern California, which became the Young Democratic Clubs of California after the 1932 Democratic National Convention, she becoming their national committeewoman. In 1933, she was selected the national vice-president of the Young Democratic Clubs of America. President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed her the Recorder of the General Land Office in Washington, D. C., the youngest person known to have been appointed to that office. The Governor of Kentucky appointed her a (Kentucky) colonel. She left Washington in 1935 to organize the National Youth Administration for Southern California.

Susan Crutchfield, only child of Ruth Lockett and her first husband, Henry C. Ramsey, was graduated from Pine Manor, spent her junior year at Reid Hall in Paris, and was graduated from George Washington University in 1964. Having received her M.A. in psychology in the United States, she is completing her Ph.D. in neurophysiology at Aston University in England. Her articles appear in two books on visual evoked potentials. Her daughters, Pamela and Ashley Crutchfield, are students at Foxcroft School in Virginia, drawn to the heritage left by its legendary founder, Miss Charlotte Noland, a distant relative.

William Twyman Lockett, youngest of the four children of William Crittenden and Daisy (Noland) Lockett, was graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles; member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, captain of the UCLA track

team in 1932; in 1931, mid-season, he was clocked as the fastest 100-yard dash man in the western United States; held, briefly, the UCLA record for the 220-yard dash; international economist and lecturer. Retired.

Ms. Ann Lockett and Ellen Lockett, daughters of William Twyman Lockett, were both graduated from the University of California at Berkeley - Ellen Lockett attended Wellesley College for the freshman and sophomore years. Ann Lockett earned her Master's degree at San Jose State College, California. She is a librarian. Ellen Lockett is a technical editor. In 1982, Daniel Adam Labovitz, older son of Ms. Ann Lockett and Jeffrey Niles Labovitz, was signally honored. Daniel, at the time, was a junior at the Palo Alto High School, Palo Alto, California, where he had achieved an outstanding scholastic record. The offer was made - which he accepted - of a position as research assistant, NSSA/Ames Research Center, Moffet Field, California, to which he reported each Friday of his school week. Daniel was a freshman at Harvard, 1983; Matthew Labovitz, a freshman at Palo Alto High School, Palo Alto, California.

Detailed information about Harry Leslie Noland and his family, and about Mrs. Charles Stewart Gillmor, Sr., and her family, is set forth in the section of this compilation dealing with the genealogy of the descendants of Peirce (Pierce) Noland, the emigrant from Ireland to Maryland. Mr. Noland and his sister, Mrs. Gillmor, are the children of the late Edgar B. and Frances Ellen (Campbell) Noland, of Saguache, Colorado.

Mrs. Florence G. Axton (born Florence Merriam Gotthelf), was born on March 6, 1915, Saguache, Colorado; attended Ferry Hall, an Episcopalian junior college, situated at Lake Forest, Illinois, 1932-1933; attended, 1934, Finch Junior College - subsequently Finch College - a girls finishing school; was graduated, 1934; Assistant Director of the Drama Department, Finch College; President of Finch College Alumnae Association; Advisor to Drama Department, Finch College; married to I. Tracy Axton, Jr., January 7, 1939; modeling and sales promotion at various New York City fashion houses, including Bonwit Teller; U.S.O., Pennsylvania Station, New York City; active in several philanthropic organizations in New York City and, subsequently, in Pelham, New York, where the Axtons were later to make their home; divorced in 1939; Denver, Colorado - an active volunteer in 32 organizations devoted to philanthropy. Data regarding Mrs. Axton's son and grandsons are contained in the section of this compilation dealing with the genealogy of Peirce (Pierce) Noland, the emigrant from Ireland to Maryland.

The Noland House

San Juan Avenue, Saguache, Colorado

By

Daisy (Noland) Lockett (1877-1964)

(Ed. note: Photograph, on the back of which Daisy Lockett had written this account)

Among boxes of papers of my Mother's, I found this. It does give one a picture of my Mother¹ in earlier years. We bought the house - my grandfather² did - when I was about 6 years old. It was then the most modern house in Saguache, Colorado. No bath - no plumbing. We had an acre of ground and large barn and sheds. The house was longer front to back - adobe walls 8 or 10 inches thick plastered outside. Grandfather passed on before we moved in, grandmother³ being with us and so happily. Agnes⁴ was born there. She is in the picture. A year or two after my father's death (Ed. note - Tom Noland died on May 20, 1920, in Kansas City, Missouri) we sold it as it had become the outskirts of town. We did not like Mamma to be alone.

In May, 1983, Agnes (Noland) Gotthelf related what her mother, Rowena (Tryman) Noland, had told her:

The first house in which they lived was a two or three room house on a side street just off the main street of Saguache. It was the only house in town with a shingle roof. So, every time it rained everybody in Saguache came running to get inside the house.

¹ Rowena (Tryman) Noland, born at Independence, Missouri, October 29, 1859, and died at Denver, Colorado, December 13, 1950. (Her husband, Tom Noland, was born on November 8, 1858, Independence, Missouri).

² Jesse Noland, born at Independence, Missouri, October 11, 1826, and died at Ojo Caliente Springs, New Mexico, August 12, 1884.

³ Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland, born in Louisville, Kentucky, September 25, 1827, and died in Saguache, Colorado, July 11, 1890.

⁴ Agnes Noland (Mrs. Earl Gordon Gotthelf), born at Saguache, Colorado, May 14, 1893.



Jesse Woodson James

(1847-1882)

The towering folk hero albeit badly tarnished in the later years. He found refuge with those who remembered.

The photograph of Jesse James when 28 years of age

was reproduced by permission and through the courtesy of

Carl W. Breihan, author of The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James, New York, Frederick Fell, Inc., Publishers. 1953.



Bud Noland - The Saguache Bud Noland

Edgar B. Noland. The cowboys' cowboy. He was all muscle, weathered to a saddle tan, friendly and strong as an ox. Lived on a horse all of his life. This cowboy was what Colorado was all about. A fellow just lived bigger and better if he was lucky enough to spend any time at all around Bud Noland. He was born and ^{reared} raised in Saguache. Tom Noland's boy. Tough. Moved fast. Nobody pushed him around. One buckaroo, a whole lot bigger than Bud, tried it. Bud knocked him out quick, real quick. When that loser came to, well he crawled before he walked and didn't break any speed records doing either.

Bud was a man with ideas. He dreamed big.

"It can't be done," the wiseacres chorused.

"Must have gone off his nut. Any durned fool knows you can't make water run up a hill!"

Bud and his men just kept on digging. Never stopped until the ditch was all dug out. And the water ran "up" the hill just like Bud swore it would. Folks are still talking about it and scratching their heads. Uncanny, it was. The ditch was on Bud's spread high up there on the Cochetopa, near timberline, on the Continental Divide. It had two names, "Cochetopa," and Banana Ranch." The latter owed its origin to Evelyn ("Evey"), Fanny's and Bud's little girl, when, flabbergasted on spying the bananas tied on a tree by some cowpoke, she exclaimed, "Banana Ranch!"

It was an unbeatable combination: Bud Noland; the rainbow trout jumping in and out of the clear, cold, pebble-strewn streams; the whole country abounding in game; and, yes, the isolation of the place, a splendor in itself. The secret wouldn't keep for long. Before you knew it, sportsmen from all over the U.S.A. were begging Bud to let them build cabins alongside of Bud's place. A few got the nod. They came by car and plane - landed right up there beside their cabins, beside the beaver dam.

Ben Garcia and his wife, Rosa, ran the place on a day-by-day basis. Rosa did the cooking, and Ben did all the rest including looking after the saddle horses. Summertime was the only time two-legged creatures ever went near the spread which was snowbound in the winter. Shucks, the Cochetopa was clear off at the end of a feeder road, a couple of miles and some four gates back from the main road where you turned off. Once you got to camp, if you were chump enough to start hiking, and hiking and kept on hiking until you were starved and ached real bad all over, and you'd gone clean over the top of the world - well you'd better watch your step lest all of a sudden you'd plunge one hell of a way straight down, and what was left of you they'd sweep up with a dust pan right there on the main street - the main street of Lake City. From all accounts it was mighty close to the truth that if a fellow took a notion while

standing on the main street to shoot straight up, chances were good he'd hit a mountain sheep, and he'd have to jump out of the way when it landed at his feet.

The other Bud Noland, the Bud Noland of Mancos, created quite a stir at Lake City, a stir that still fuels conversation when old cronies gather around the hearth against the winter cold. It was the time he and a bunch of other two-fisted, gun-totin', hard-drinkin' hombres were at the saloon, gambling - wide open. Stakes were high. Bud Noland got lucky. Won the saloon, lock, stock and barrel. Ordered a couple of rounds on the house. They all drank up. Then, somewhat unsteadily, he struggled to his feet, and with a flourish gave it all back to the former owner who was speechless and bug-eyed. The crowd roared its approval, and for good measure nigh busted up the joint.

Big country, the Cochetopa. Nobody dared challenge it in winter when the snow locked it in. Nobody, that is, in his right mind. Nobody until three fellow travelers did. Two lost out. One came back. He had eaten the others. Reckon that "coyote" wished he'd stayed on up there. The whole country shuddered. Wanted to forget. It wouldn't prove easy.

Sam Calvert and Ben Garcia cottoned to each other from the beginning. On occasion Sam would come up summers. He and Ben would ride the fences. Often as not a summer squall would set down on them and give them a good soaking. The other job was to stop by the sheep camps to check on supplies. The dogs, in a frenzy, would be out front, the shepherd lagging behind to welcome the two amigos and invite them inside the tent. He'd put coffee to boil, and in a jiffy tortillas would be on the fire. Never mind the flies swimming around in your tin cup. Just scoop 'em out with your fingers. That pipin' hot coffee smelled mighty good and tasted even better. Made a fellow all warm inside and out and took his mind off his wet clothes and the nip in the air outside.

It was quite a spell back. Sam, with what once answered for a bedroll, just blew into town one day. Broke. Happened that Bud Noland laid eyes on him first. Sam said, "Say, Mister, would you happen to know where a man could get a shave and a hot bath?" Bud, as was his custom when addressed, raised his head and cocked it to one side, friendly like. "Yep. I'll show you the way. Have business down at the post office." As they approached the barbershop, Bud said,

"Tell Jim here's the two bucks Bud Noland owes him," handing the money over to Sam.

"Thanks, Mr. Noland." Sam understood.

"Nobody around these parts says 'Mister.' Call me 'Bud.'"

"My name's Sam, Sam Calvert, Bud," the older man replied.

It was no time at all 'til Sam became a permanent fixture up there at the Home Ranch. Helped with the branding, slaughtering, haying, roundups - cut cattle out as good as the next - cleaning the stables, tidying up the milk room and tack room. Just helped out anywhere they could use him. There wasn't nobody that didn't like Sam. Kind of a loner, though. Slept over at the bunkhouse, straight across from the ranch house. Ate at the ranch hands' mess, the best in the whole damned state. Never tired of gazing over at the ranch house, especially at night when the light from the Coleman lamps made the windows glow real pretty. Had been a fort once. It kind of put him in mind of a train. Lined up just perfect. The bedrooms and bath came first. Then the living room, dining room and kitchen followed along without a hitch. It kept right on a-goin', with the milk and tack room next. Keeping right up with the rest was the room where they kept all the rope, tackle and other supplies. He figured the chicken house for the caboose. Buttoned it up good. And if a fellow just happened to have a fishin' pole handy, well he was only a couple of corral fences away from a wide, crystal-clear stream, the water just tumblin' all over itself, and rainbow trout foolin' around, waitin' for him. Sam kind of felt like he had the whole place to himself - the whole countryside as a matter of fact. No other ranch house ventured even close.

It didn't happen often. If he's smart, a fellow just doesn't push his luck. Stopped by first at the pump out there by the kitchen. Only had to work the handle a couple of times to bring up a dipper-ful of cold, refreshin' water. Kind of gave him time to get up his courage. Mrs. Noland never failed to recognize that light tap on the kitchen door. There, hair all slicked down, sporting a clean shirt, the good one, would be Sam, all smiles.

"Just stopped by, Mrs. Noland, to see if there might be any chores I could do for you before supper."

"Why, no, Sam. I don't think of any. Set another place, Maria. Sam will be taking supper with us tonight. You'll find Bud in the living room, Sam. Supper should be ready in about ten minutes."

"Sure smells good, Mrs. Noland," he'd call back as he went on to join Bud.

And gee whillikers did that fried chicken, them mashed potatoes and all the fixin's go down smooth that night. This was about as good a feed as Sam could ever remember. Maybe the best yet. He looked a little sheepish - but it passed quick enough - as he reached for his fourth helping, the last slice on the plate. After he gulped it down, forgetting and wiping his mouth on his sleeve, he said,

"Mrs. Noland, that's the finest bread I ever et."

"Glad you liked it, Sam," Fanny replied, without blinking an eye.

It seemed like the word just hadn't reached Sam's ears yet. Mrs. Bud Noland made the finest angel food cake in the whole county.

The years drifted by - good years. It had been a hard day. Cattle had to be rounded up. Sam's heart just wasn't in it. The horses fed and watered, Bud and Sam left the barn together. Sam spoke first as he pointed a finger at the highest ridge in the hills off in the distance.

"That's where I'd like to be planted, Bud. Up there on that high point." He turned off toward the bunkhouse.

"Do you mean that, Sam? You all right, Sam?" Bud sounded and looked real worried now.

"Yeh, Bud, I mean it," he answered. Didn't even turn around. Just kept walkin'.

It was rough going and took most of the day. It required several men and their horses, a team to pull the wagon with the coffin, and sweat, lots of it. Cussin' softly from time to time when the way was stubborn and fought hard the picks and shovels to make a path for the wagon, the party pushed to the top.

Ben Garcia, come down from the Cochetopa, head bent, mostly whispered something over the grave in the language he knew best. Then crossed himself. The others started back down the hill followed by Ben. Bud Noland was left alone with Sam.

"So long, Sam." He wiped the tears away the best he could.

The children were all grown, grandchildren, too. Cattleman par excellence, one of Colorado's greatest horsemen and finest gentlemen was taken up another hill. Fanny would be along later.

Hillside Cemetery, Saguache, Colorado.

For God's sake, don't draw on him!

"Slim," they called him in later years. Thought his name might be Ed Paul. At least the kid said that's what he thought it was. Tom Noland, who'd come over from Saguache, spotted him near a little town in the valley - the San Luis Valley in Colorado.

It was summertime. Time to mow and stack the alfalfa. It was the way the kid handled the team of half-broken horses trying their best to bust up the buck rake that opened Tom's eyes wide. The lad couldn't be ten yet he figured. Put Tom in mind of a cougar. Reckon the horses almost wished he was. Might have handled a cougar. Not Slim. Quick as greased lightning he was. Cool as a cucumber too.

It seems Slim just turned up one day at the ranch where Tom saw him in the field. Slim hung around, did odd chores, then got a shot at the buck rake, the rancher said. Just trying to help the kid out. And sure, he didn't mind if Tom could use him at his spread. That is, if the boy wanted to go. How would he like to hitch up with the Nolands over at Saguache, Tom asked. Slim looked up at the big man. Looked him right in the eye long and hard. "Yep." And that was it. Never did talk much. It was what a fellow did and how he went about it that mattered. Not so much what he said.

It was not long before Slim became a familiar sight over Saguache way. Mighty handy around the ranch. Nothing he couldn't do. Nobody could handle horses like he could, or cattle, or men. In later years he became a lawman. County sheriff - the best. His fame began to spread throughout Colorado. No man could ride a horse better. No man could draw a gun faster.

Just for starters. Where was it? Bonanza, maybe? A cowboy over that way just let go, lost control of himself, ran amuck. Was shooting up the town. The folks sent for Slim. Slim got there fast. Made every move count as he tracked down the half-crazed hombre. Shucks, it was all over real fast, and folks came out of hiding and breathed easy again.

If any ornery cuss got so far off his rocker as to come anywhere near Saguache bent on mischief, well he was just clean out of his mind. The poor sap was going to have to deal with Slim. No way out. Not even if he tried to high-tail it down Gun-Barrel "Highway," rough in good weather, lethal in bad. Hell, the hombre would be lucky if he got a quarter of the distance to Monte Vista before Slim tied him up.

Wherever you might go in southwest Colorado, if you just stop by one of those small towns, make yourself good and comfortable for a spell, you're bound to hear sooner or later about Slim. Because, Man, he's a legend. They'll tell you how all the little critters all around those parts know about Slim. The critters just can't wait to grow up to test their mettle against horseflesh

and badmen. Maybe, who knows, even get a star pinned up there on their chest. A star to polish up good. To keep all bright and shiny.

It was the spring of 1983. Tom Noland's youngest, a very elegant lady, a gentle lady, looked back - back over the years. Her name is Mrs. Earl Gordon Gotthelf, of Denver, Colorado. She was born Agnes Noland. The occasion was a telephone call. The conversation was about the Nolands. Naturally the conversation turned to Slim, for no bond between human beings could have been stronger than that which bound together Slim and the Nolands.

"They called me when he died," she said. "You remember that he fought in World War I."

I did. Remembered, too, that he was a hero and heard that he was the first allied soldier to enter Berlin at War's end.

"He always carried a gun," she continued. "He stayed on for awhile in Europe. He was an aide to the Prince of Wales."

Agnes Gotthelf paused. Memories, so many memories were flooding in. When she spoke again the voice faltered ever so slightly.

"They asked me if Slim could be buried in the Noland family plot. I said 'yes!' Oh yes! By all means!" She wouldn't have it any other way she had told them.

The pause was longer, much longer this time. Then words, like so many birds just set free and lofted high upon a summer thermal, breathless with exultation,

"He's buried in the Millside Cemetery at Saguache. Lying right up there beside Papa."

And so Slim was back in the fold. Come back this time for good.



Empire Photos by Orin A. Sealy.

During a visit to former haunts, Commissioner Paul meets two old friends in front of the Saguache hotel. Left is rancher E. B. Noland; right, G. H. Curtis, long-time county commissioner.

*I like the picture of Bud (my brother)
It brings to mind who knows him, just
a bit of his character of which all of
us are so proud. He is one of the great
souls on earth.*

(written by Daisy Noland

Lockett). Commissioner Ed Paul was a famous law man in southwest Colorado, and a great friend of the Nolands. George Curtis, prominent cattle rancher, was the maternal uncle of Mrs. E. B. Noland (born Frances Ellen Campbell).

HARRY LESLIE NOLAND

Ninth Generation Descendant of
Peirce Noland, of Charles County, Maryland

Harry Leslie Noland is one of the outstanding citizens of Monterey County California. Although a devoted family man, among the leading attorneys in the State of California, Mr. Noland has never turned down an opportunity or challenge to give his active support to any projects, organizations or programs concerned with improving the lot of his neighbors and fellow citizens. The prestigious law firm where he practices his profession carries the mast-head, "Noland, Hamerly, Etienne & ^{Hols}Sons," of Salinas, California. A prominent international organization, of which Mr. Noland is a member, has logged the following biographic data relating to Mr. Noland.

Born January 31, 1904, Saguache, Colorado. Married Eva Christine Carlson, June 11, 1932, Del Monte, California. Children: Two girls.

Educated in grammar and high school at Saguache, Colorado. Stanford University, seven years; degrees, AB, JD, 1925-27.

Entered business as an attorney, opening his own office October 1, 1928. Was Deputy Attorney Feb. 10, 1930 to Jan. 25, 1933; District Attorney, January 25, 1933 to January 7, 1935. Deputy Sheriff, 1947.

Member YMCA board of directors; member Salinas Lodge F. & A. M. 204, Master 1937, O.E.S., No. 49, Patron, 1934. B.P.O.E., San Jose Scottish Rite, San Jose, Islam Temple Shrine, Theta Delta Phi Honorary Law Fraternity. Former member 29-30 and president of that club, 1929. Vice-president, Salinas Rotary Club, 1937-38, and president 1939-40. Member executive committee Salinas Society Crippled Children, 1944. Member Board of Education, May 21, 1936; president 1936-37 and 1941-42; member board of trustees Salinas Junior High School district, May 1936-1942, president 1939-40. Member of Disaster Red Cross Relief. Received certificate of merit award from U.S. Navy for meritorious services rendered in the procurement program for twelve Naval Districts. He was chairman of War Price and Rationing.

HARRY L. NOLAND - STANFORD UNIVERSITY activities. El Toro Club - Manager; Hammer & Coffin Society - Chaparral, Associate Editor; Student Body Secretary; Student Body - Executive Committee; Student Manager; In charge of concessionaires at athletic events; Rally Committee - member; Boxing Manager; Quad Board (annual yearbook); The Stanford Lit - Executive Committee and Literature Magazine; Encina Hall - Sponsor; The Delta Theta Phi Law Fraternity; Masonic Club of Stanford.

HARRY LESLIE NOLAND

Born on January 31, 1904

At Saguache, Colorado

Prominent jurist and civic leader
of Salinas, California.



Mrs. Harry Leslie Noland (born Eva Christine Carlson) is the daughter of Alfred Carlson who was born in California shortly after his father came from Boston. Mrs. Noland's mother was a Hames - her grandmother, a Copley. Thus, to Mrs. Noland goes the unique distinction of being the granddaughter of the first child born of American parents in California. That child bore the name of Benjamin Hames. The fact is related in the March 30, 1924 issue of the San Francisco Examiner:

BENJAMIN HAMES

FIRST NATIVE SON NOW 77

"King City has the privilege of counting among its citizens Ben Hames, 77 years old, acknowledged to be the first child born in California of American parents, his mother having been a native of Arkansas, and his father, John Hames, a New Yorker.

"Ben Hames was born in Sacramento on April 9, 1847. His father, born in New York on March 23, 1811, left his native city as a carpenter on the good ship Phoenix for a ramble around the world. John Hames remained aboard the ship for one year, leaving her in Peru, South America. He worked at his trade in different South American countries, Peru, Chile and Ecuador, during the years 1842-1843, when he made up his mind to come to California. He located in Monterey, May 1843, six years before the famous gold rush. His first business venture on the Pacific Coast was to ship timber to the Barbadoes for a Captain Smith. The enterprise proved a success and in 1844-1845 John Hames built the first saw-mill in California in Niles and founded the town of Soquel in Santa Cruz County. He also built Mills. The last Hames place he chose for his home and dwelt there till 1880, establishing himself as a sheep rancher in Salinas Valley. His son, Ben, inherits his father's health and pioneer disposition.

"Ben Hames married Ellen, daughter of Andrew Jackson and Hanna Natrass Copley."

From an old History of early California it is learned that both John Hames, son of Benjamin Hames, and A. J. Copley made their marks during their long and colorful careers. The stories of their outstanding entrepreneurial capabilities are best related in that same history of early California, in the following passages: ¹

¹ California, a Memorial and Biographical and History of Coast Counties, Central California (Monterey, San Benito, Santa Cruz and San Mateo), published in Chicago, Illinois, by the Lewis Publishing Company in 1893. The history of the counties was written by Henry D. Barrows, Editor of the Historical Department, who later became President of the University of California at Berkeley, California. The Editor of the Biographical Dept. was Luther A. Ingersol.

JOHN HAMES

"John Hames, one of the oldest American settlers of California, came to the State, via Cape Horn, from New York, as a carpenter of the ship 'Phoenix'. He remained aboard of his ship one year, leaving her in Peru, South America, and worked at his trade in Peru, Chile and Ecuador during the years of 1842-'43. Coming to California he first located at Monterey, in May, 1843, but visited Los Angeles and San Francisco, at both of which places he worked at his trade. His next venture was the taking of mill timber to the Barbadoes for Captain Smith. Mr. Hames then built the first sawmill at Niles Station, California, in 1844-'45. He located the present town of Soquel, in Santa Cruz County, at which place he built mills and made the town his home, until 1883, during which time he ranged sheep in the Salinas Valley.

"Mr. Hames has seen much of pioneer life in California, following as he did his trade of carpenter and millwright so many years. He knew Marshall, to whom credit is given of having discovered gold at Sutter's mill in 1848, and was working in the mill race at the time the first gold nugget was picked up. To quote the words of Mr. Hames: 'The Mormon boys were working at the mills for Sutter, with Marshall as foreman. One of these brothers found the gold, handed it to Marshall, who in turn gave it to Sutter, who sent it to San Francisco, where it was pronounced gold.' Mr. Hames also relates the fact of having himself raised the first stars and stripes at San José. It was a small banner, about six feet long. He put it on a little willow pole that surmounted an old adobe building. 'Tom' Fallon has been credited in historical volumes as having performed this act.

"Mr. Hames is a native of Orange county, New York, having been born there March 22, 1811. His father, Benjamin Hames, was a millwright by trade and a native of the same State, who came West in the early days of Michigan settlements, located at Bath Creek, Calhoun county, Michigan, where he built the first mill and resided until his death, which occurred in 1850. The maiden name of the mother of our subject was Rebecca Hardin, who was born near the city of Rochester, New York.

"The subject of this sketch was married to Drusilla Shadden, in 1846, by the Hon. Thomas O. Larkin, at Monterey. Mrs. Hames was a native of Arkansas, but came to California in 1843, with her father, Thomas Jefferson Shedden, now a resident of Oregon. This lady bore her husband eight children, namely: Benjamin F. Hames, born in Santa Cruz county, April 9, 1847, married July 3, 1873, Miss Ella, daughter of A. J. Copley, and they have four children, namely:

Bart, May, Frank and Eva, the two former are twins. The other children of our subject are: George, Susan, Eliza, Martha, Lucrecia, Carrie and Lillie. Our subject makes his home with his son, Benjamin, of Peach Tree valley, San Benito county."

Gold, Cattle and Land¹ contains memoirs of descendants of the Eade, Bray, Copley and Tompkins families out of the Nattras line of Mrs. Harry L. Noland's family. These memoirs are of historical interest. The following account of Joseph Eade, and Joseph and Jane Eade's family, are quoted below from the book cited above:

JOSEPH EADE - 1831-1921

"Joseph Eade was born December 21, 1831, in St. Germoe, son of Joseph and Nancy Truscott Eade, both natives of Cornwall. She was born in St. Stephens in Brannell, the china clay county. The Eade family were tin miners, living close to the famous Godolphin Mine. Many of the family also lived in Helston, some six miles north of St. Germoe, Cornwall.

"Nancy Truscott Eade was the daughter of George and Phyllis Clemo Truscott. She died in Elizabeth, Illinois, in 1864.

"In 1848, Joseph Eade, in company with a group of miners, came to America by way of Quebec, Montreal, Buffalo and the Great Lakes, thence to Chicago, from which point they crossed the State of Illinois by Wagon to the town of Hazel Green in southwestern Wisconsin, lead mining region of that state. The entire Eade family came to Wisconsin in May 1849, sailing on the ship Omo from St. Ives, Cornwall. They followed the same route taken in 1848 by Joseph Eade and located in Council Hill, Jo Daviess Co., Illinois, later moving to Elizabeth, Ill., also a lead mining region. Those who came to America in May, 1849, were:

Joseph Eade, born 1805.

Nancy Truscott Eade, born 1802.

Amelia Eade, born 1827.

Francis F. Eade, born 1827.

Emma Eade, born 1834.

George Eade, born 1836.

Samuel Eade, born 1836. George and Samuel were twins.

Mary Ann Eade, born 1838.

Septimus Truscott Eade, born 1840.

William Eade, born 1841.

Grace Clemo Eade, born 1845.

"All of the above children were born in Cornwall.

¹ Published by the Oral History Office, Shields Library, University of California, Davis, California - Copyright, by the Regents of the University of California. Editor: A. J. Dickman. Co-editor, Reuben Albaugh.

"Upon leaving Chicago, they hired a covered wagon to take them to Council Hill, Illinois. Thirteen people with luggage, crowded into the conveyance.

"Early in 1852, Joseph Eade (1805), with his sons Joseph, Samuel, and George, left Elizabeth, Illinois, for California, traveling overland by covered wagon. While crossing the plains of Nebraska, on June 4, 1852, Joseph Eade, Sr., died of cholera, which was epidemic at that time. His son, Joseph, Jr., buried him on the prairie, covering the grave with stones to protect it from marauding Indians and wolves. His two brothers proceeded without him, later he overtook them on the trail.

"No doubt, they first came to Placerville (Hangtown), El Dorado County, California, thence to Georgetown and Spanish Dry Diggings where they mined the Middle Fork of the American River, in company with Heman Tompkins, Cuthbert Natrass and Andrew Jackson Copley.

"In Spanish Dry Diggings was an inn, erected by Cuthbert Natrass in 1850-1851, called Hoboken House. There Joseph Eade met Sarah Jane Natrass, who later climbed through a bedroom window to elope with him to Greenwood, three miles distant, where they were married January 2, 1857 (Placerville record). For a time they lived in a cabin on the bank of the Middle Fork of the American River, where their first daughter, Mary Jane (Minnie) was born. A second daughter, Emma (Meeter), was born in 1859 in Grass Valley, Nevada County (Meeter Bible record). We have no record of when or how they left California, probably in 1860. Eleven children were born in the village of Elizabeth, Jo Daviess Co., Illinois, the last child, Mary Ann Eade (Bray) having been born in Peachtree, Monterey County, California, in 1886.

"Joseph Eade crossed the plains to California five times by wagon, whether as a guide or master of a wagon train is not known. He came in 1852, returned about 1860, again in 1862 and returned in 1862 (?). Again in 1864. One of these trips returning by ship via Panama.

"In November, 1884, with his family, he left Elizabeth, Illinois, for the last time traveling again to California. In those days the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad was at Soledad, where Heman Tompkins met them with two spring wagons, driving them to Peachtree, their destination.

"About 1891 Joseph Eade bought government land in Sweetwater Valley. There, with his six sons, he engaged in growing grain and raising cattle. Those were hard years, for the growing family, far from neighbors and town. In 1898-99, little rain fell - cattle and horses

perished. The teen-aged sons drove all the stock able to travel to Calaveras County, where they fed on government land. Jane Nattrass Eade told of the days when she and the younger children, with kitchen knives, dug roots from the ground to feed the only horse left on the ranch.

"In 1900, Joseph and Jane Eade retired, living in King City for the remainder of their long lives. The family followed cattle raising and became well-known and prosperous citizens of Monterey County, where many of them still reside."

JOSEPH AND JANE EADE'S FAMILY

"Joseph, born December 21, 1831 (Cornwall, England). Died February 21, 1921.

"Sara Jane (Nattrass), born July 18, 1836 (Durham, England), died October 27, 1863.

"Emma, born February 17, 1859, died January 5, 1924.

"Allie, born April 9, 1861, died December 25, 1943."

Mrs. Harry L. Noland, born Eva Christine Carlson, is the daughter of Alfred Carlson. Her mother was a Hames, the daughter of Benjamin Franklin Hames. Mrs. Noland's grandmother was a Copley.

Mrs. Noland is well known in California educational circles. She was graduated from the University of California (Berkeley) and while there was a women's editor of the Blue and Gold (annual yearbook). In the 1950s she was a member of the State Board of Education of California for four years. At that time the Board had jurisdiction over the junior colleges and state colleges as well as the elementary schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Noland have two daughters, Cynthia Jean Siegfried and Patricia Ann Inderbitzen.

Cynthia Siegfried lives in a suburb of Zurich, Switzerland. Her husband is a co-owner of a publishing concern. They have two children, the son, Victor, who now lives in the United States (1982), and a daughter, Anita. Victor was married in Houston, Texas, in June, 1981 and is associated with an architectural firm; he is also 21 years of age. Anita will be 20 years old in April, 1982; she is a professional ice skater and - according to information made available in February, 1982 - had signed up with Holiday on Ice in Europe as a solo skater. They have been skating all over Europe and will be skating in Paris shortly for 2-1/2 months.

Patricia Inderbitzen is married to Anton Inderbitzen, who obtained an AB in geography from Stanford, a Masters from USC, and a Ph.d from Stanford in oceanography. They live in Maryland and he is with the National Science Foundation. They have four children - one son and three daughters. The oldest, Dan, is 22 and will be graduating in the spring of 1982 from the University of West Virginia. The oldest daughter, Heidi, is attending Wake Forest University in North Carolina. The next oldest daughter, Becky, is attending Duke University (1982). The youngest daughter, Jennifer, is a senior in high school.

Elenora Noland was a dazzling presence

Elenora Noland Phillips was married four times. Alex Proctor died. Billy Thies(?) - his sister was a renowned opera singer - beat her. Paul Rier, an embezzler and womanizer to boot, had deceived her on both counts. Frank Phillips, her fourth husband, she nicknamed "Farmer" - somewhat shamelessly. Farmer presided over a profitable moving and storage business.

"Nora" Phillips ("Bittie" to the Saguache relatives) filled the lives of others, especially of those she loved, with joy. She surrounded herself with beauty. She was generous to a fault, ebullient, quick-tempered, loving. Her sense of humor was vintage champagne. She was slavishly devoted to her relatives. She never could do enough for them. In short, Elenora Noland Phillips was extraordinary.

She had refused to believe that Paul Rier, husband number three, was keeping a mistress. Finally, in order to convince her, friends insisted on escorting Nora to the love nest. The knock on the door was answered by the mistress herself, in livid color. Paul, in plain sight behind her, paled and teetered. Forthwith Nora raised her closed umbrella and struck the unfortunate female, scoring a direct hit. That chapter of Elenora's life ended the instant the umbrella bounced off the head of the poor creature, impaled on her own fright. The Chicago and Kansas City press brightly bedeviled Rier - walked him through the yellow pages, then dumped him.

It did not require a practiced eye to spot the superb quality, the perfectly matched skins, the expert needling of the full length Hudson sealskin coat Elenora was wearing on her arrival in Saguache, Colorado. She had come to pay a visit to the Tom Nolands - Tom was her brother. The visit was memorable. Elenora came laden with gifts. On the morning after her arrival - a niece related long afterward - Elenora made her appearance in a striking, tailored gown of matchless blue, a masterpiece from a famous salon in Chicago. It was embellished solely by the gold buttons which secured it, extending from the shoulder to the floor. One glance at his sister was enough for Tom Noland. Alarmed, he trumpeted his ultimatum. The dress was never to show up downtown.

Time passed. Elenora's funds were dwindling rapidly. She made plans. These she carried forward with precision and dispatch. Thus, when Mrs. Rier presented herself, splendidly attired, to the Chicago minister and his wife, they immediately recognized that their poised and elegant guest not only was an aristocrat, but also arrestingly beautiful. The minister's church was the most fashionable, and his flock, the richest in Chicago. Completely captivated, the good man and his wife acceded in all haste - as if to forestall a change of heart on Mrs. Rier's part - to her proposal that they and their daughter take up residence in her spacious apartment where they would be relieved of all

household responsibilities. She would make a perfect home for them, she said. She did. They paid her handsomely. Subsequently, if somewhat reluctantly, Mrs. Rier was persuaded to accept one additional houseguest - a corporate executive of a major railroad. His family background, of course, was impeccable.

Elenora - now Mrs. Frank Phillips - scarcely could tolerate "Farmer"'s two sisters who had come to pay a visit. By comparison, she confided to herself, she would have found the mother and sisters of Cinderella, shrews that they were, comely, embraceable even. The sisters drooped about and gaped inordinately.

At the dinner table one evening Elenora Phillips' patience almost abandoned her. The dining room door, plagued by an unrepentant draft, kept opening and closing and rending the air with sounds not unlike those coaxed from a violin by a child at the first lesson. The sisters, noting Mrs. Phillips' discomfiture, nervously smirked, snivelled and tittered, at all three of which they excelled. The eye of Mrs. Phillips - forsooth the eye of the hurricane - was upon them. Suddenly the humor of the situation struck all of them and they joined in laughter, if somewhat edgily.

The Phillips' quarters were spacious and luxuriously furnished. When the Chicago World's Fair closed its doors, Mrs. Phillips was able to purchase one of the most arresting items exhibited by the French Government. It was an antique, round gold table, very ornate and expertly carved. An exquisite round porcelain depicting Napoleon was encircled by masterfully crafted likenesses of noted ladies of the court. Each had been executed on round, raised porcelains resembling inverted dinner plates. Unquestionably the table was the same as that discovered by a Noland descendant in the mid 1950s at the well staffed mansion of a Mr. Thomas Ball who lived in San Marino, California.

The Noland descendant had called upon Ball regarding a patriotic organization of mutual interest. Ball was in an expansive mood. He and his sister, Mrs. Alfred DuPont, had returned recently from a motor trip through Scotland in the company of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, of the Montague family of England. He became animated as he pointed out the various household treasures. The furnishings were of museum quality. And then for the pièce de résistance. The caller was led to a small chamber beyond the salon. There, enshrined in the middle of the room, was the gold table. Although the caller recognized the table instantly, he said nothing - Daisy (Noland) Lockett possessed an old photograph of the table. Ball was explaining that the table, his proudest possession, had been purchased by his agent who by pure chance and good fortune had found it in a dilapidated farmhouse in the Indiana countryside. The table was in the kitchen and had been badly abused. It was covered with layer upon layer of dirt and grease. At great expense, Ball had had it restored. The table's value, he proffered, had been pegged by appraisers in the five-figure

Mrs. Frank Phillips

(née Elenora Noland)

(1854 - c 1910)

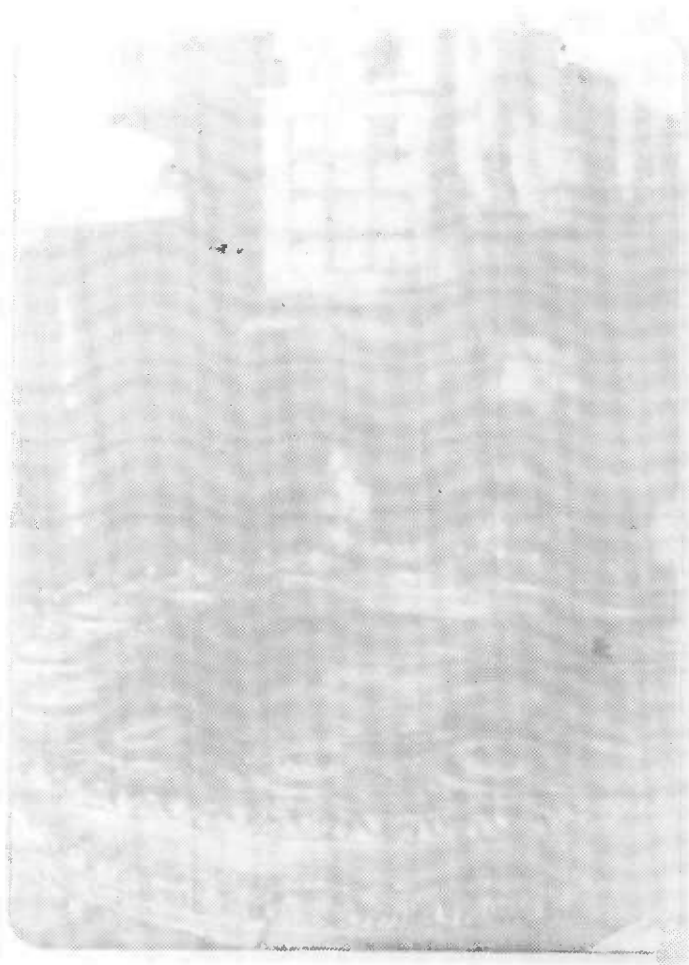
Photograph of an oil painting. The photograph, from the Lockett collection, was a gift of William T. Lockett to the Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri, and is now available in the Jackson County Historical Archives.



The Gold Table

Owned by Mrs. Frank Phillips (born Elenora Noland). The table was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 ("World's Fair"), Chicago, Illinois.

The table was photographed at the Phillips' residence, Chicago, Illinois. The photograph was a gift from William T. Lockett, from the Lockett collection, to the Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri, and is now available in the Jackson County Historical Archives.



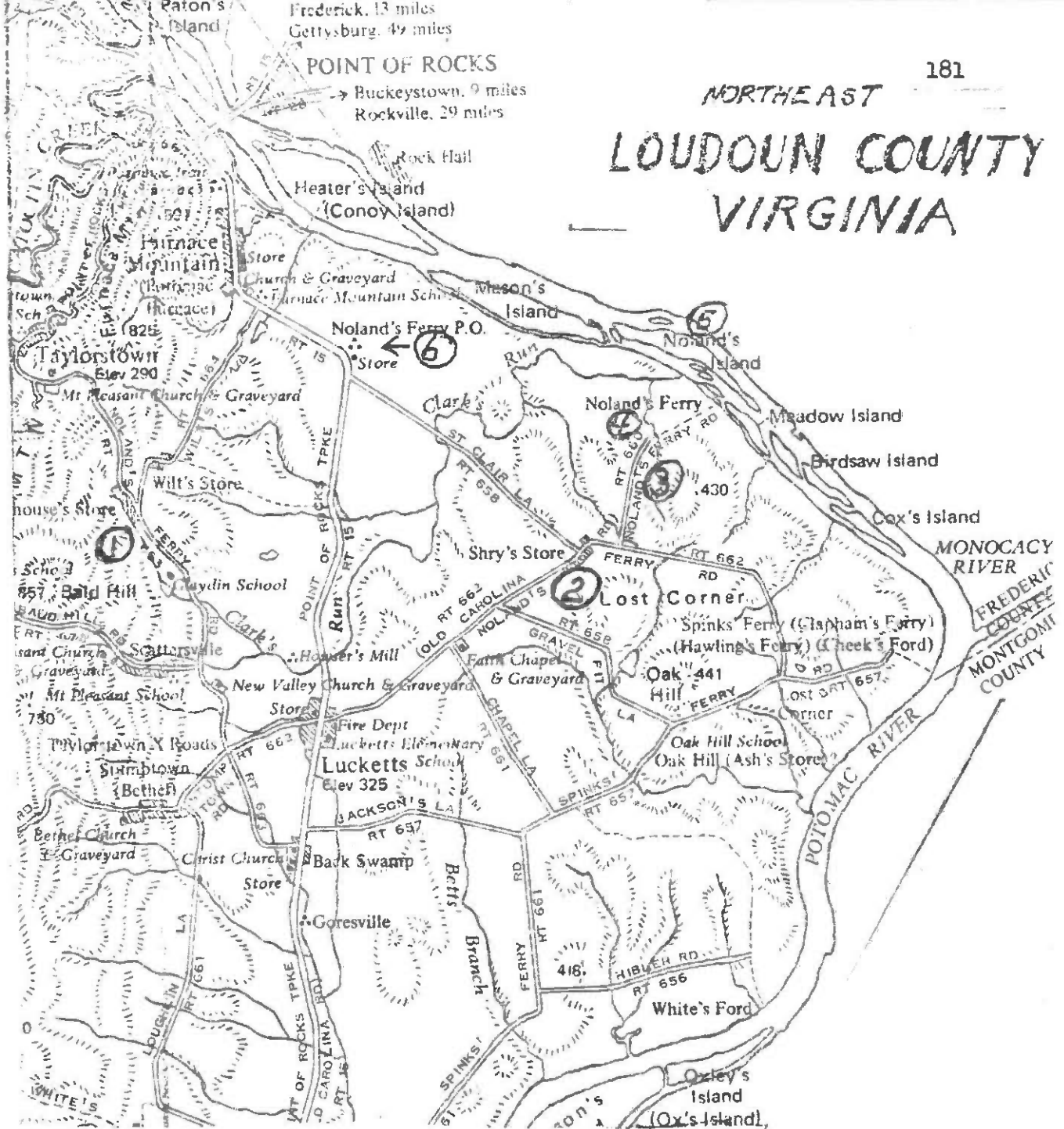
range.

Mrs. Phillips was to die of cancer sooner than her physician had expected. When word reached "Farmer" at his office that his wife had died, he rushed home. He arrived too late to save Mrs. Phillips' personal belongings. The neighbors had lost no time in absconding with them. Phillips rebuked them and threatened them with the police. They insisted, however, that the looted articles had been promised to them by Mrs. Phillips herself.

A short time before Mrs. Phillips died she called her young niece, Agnes Noland, to her bedside. Agnes was living with her aunt and uncle at the time while studying art in Chicago. Mrs. Phillips told the young girl that she was dying. She told her niece that she must return quickly to her parents' home in Saguache, Colorado. Having spoken thus, she reached for Agnes' hand. She placed a diamond and ruby ring on her finger. Her eyes filled with tears. She closed them. Then this wondrous lady turned away.

Not long after Mrs. Phillips died, the gold table, according to reliable accounts, came into the possession of "Farmer"'s sisters down on the farm in Indiana - a farm which, together with its creatures, had known better days.

VIRGINIA



- ① NOLAND'S FERRY ROAD RT 663
- ② NOLAND'S FERRY ROAD (OLD CAROLINA ROAD) RT 662
- ③ NOLAND'S FERRY ROAD RT 660
- ④ HISTORIC NOLAND HOUSE (NOLAND'S FERRY)
- ⑤ NOLAND'S ISLAND
- ⑥ NOLAND'S FERRY P.O.