

Stewart's brother, Noland, is a junior at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri. He is majoring in mathematics. Westminster is the college where Winston Churchill gave his iron curtain address in 1947.

After seeing Stewart off on the plane in Denver, Dr. and Mrs. Gillmor came on to Saguache for a visit with the Nolands and friends here. (Compiler's note: The above two press releases were among Lockett family papers)

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-3. Leslie Carlisle Noland, born and died at Saguache, Colorado. He was born on November 24, 1889, and died on March 25, 1936. He was a sheep rancher. He married Marie Sherlock of Fort Collins, Colorado.
1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-3-1. Thomas Noland (adopted).

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-4. Agnes Noland, born May 14, 1893, at Saguache, Colorado. Married Earl Gordon Gotthelf. The late Earl Gordon Gotthelf was a banker, cattleman and rancher. He headed the Gotthelf Investment Company, a family enterprise. When sold, the properties comprised approximately 20,000 acres of deeded land, together with range permits in the Rio Grande and Gunnison National Forests and Taylor grazing permits for approximately 200,000 acres. (*) The center of operations was in Saguache, Colorado.

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-4-1. Florence Merriam Gotthelf - married Isaac Tracy Axton, Jr., They were married on January 7, 1939 at the apartment (Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C.) of Brigadier General and Mrs. Fred W. Boschen. General Boschen married Veda Gotthelf, sister of Earl Gordon Gotthelf. General Boschen, a West Point graduate, was Chief of Finance, U.S. Army, World War I. He retired as a General.

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-4-1-1. Gordon Tracy Axton was born July 30, 1940, at New York City, New York. He attended Pre School; First Grade Trinity School, private Episcopal School, New York City. He attended Colonial School, Pelham, New York, from 1950 to 1954; Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1954-1959; City of San Francisco College, San Francisco, California. He married Norma Jean Smith, June, 1960.

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-4-1-1-1. Gordon Tracy Axton, Jr., born 1961, on Dean's list at Menlo College in 1982, with one year remaining to complete his college education. Plans to study for Master's degree. (Ed. note, June 1983: Gordon T. Axton, Jr., was graduated, June, 1983, magna cum laude, from Menlo College, Menlo Park, California)

1-1-2-3-5-2-1-4-4-1-1-2. Erik Axton, a high school student, 1983.

Thomas Noland and his wife, Rowena (Twyman) Noland, had seven children. In addition to the four children heretofore mentioned (Daisy, Edgar B., Leslie Carlisle, and Agnes) there were Veta Noland who died when 4 years old; Baby Edgar Noland; Clayton Noland; and Charles Yancey Noland - the latter three died in infancy. Little Veta Noland was well known to the townspeople as being exceedingly beautiful. She had a strong temper. Her older sister, Daisy

(*) Press release, Lockett family papers.

¹ Gordon Tracy Axton is an executive of Safeway Stores, Inc.

Noland, remembered that Veta kept her clothing, her dolls and toys in perfect order; that she always, before going to bed, placed her shoes under the bed, most carefully, perfectly aligned one with the other. Veta died in the winter when it was bitterly cold. Her body was placed on a table in a spare room which was shut off from the rest of the house so that the corpse was frozen. Daisy was grief stricken, unconsolable. She insisted that Veta was not dead because Veta's cheeks remained a rosy hue. Daisy was not much older than Veta. In the night, at the bidding of her mother, Daisy ran to her parents' bedroom where she spent the night. Only then did the terror leave her.

- 1-1-2-3-5-2-2. Anderson Noland.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-3. Eli Noland.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-4. Angeline Noland.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-5. Thomas Noland.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-6. Susan Noland.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-7. Almira Noland, married Mr. Sherman. Daisy (Noland) Lockett remembered that her great aunt, "Mira" Sherman, had a beautiful pink and white complexion. Daisy (Noland) Lockett's mother, Rowena (Twyman) Noland, often spoke of Mrs. Sherman as being a beautiful woman.
 1-1-2-3-5-2-8. William H. Noland.
- 1-1-2-3-6. Rebecca Noland, born in Rowan County, North Carolina, 1789, died before 1860, married Michael Collins. (Note: M. Drexel Rutherford, Chicago, a descendant, has done considerable research).¹ Known issue:
 1-1-2-3-6-1. Fitzhugh Collins. In 1912 he attended the grave-marking ceremony for his grandfather, Ledstone Noland, Revolutionary War Veteran. (Compiler's note: It would appear more likely that Fitzhugh Collins was a great-grandson of Ledstone Noland. A press account, however, reads "grandson")
- 1-1-2-3-7. Ledstone Noland, Jr.
- 1-1-2-4. Elizabeth Noland, born in Charles County, Maryland, ca 1754; she may have been the person who married in Rowan County, North Carolina, August 15, 1785, as Elizabeth Noulén, to James Persons or Pierson.
- 1-1-2-5. Jesse Noland, born in Charles County, Maryland, 1761, said to have died at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, January 16, 1834, but Estill County records seem to show earlier; married in Lincoln County, Kentucky, February 9, 1785, Sally (Sarah) Barbara Turner, daughter of Vincent and Sarah Turner. Jesse Noland fought in the Revolutionary War. The will of E. J. Cockrill shows Cockrill to be in line of descent from Jesse Noland. The Noland family chronicler, Edward J. Ronsheim, states: "...The fifth child, believed born after the death of his father in 1761, became both wealthy and successful in business and Kentucky politics, and, as was true of many Nolands, as a minister. This was Jesse. His name appears constantly in Estill County tax records showing vast holdings. Family records say that Jesse died at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, on January 26, 1834, but nothing is on record in Montgomery County to offer proof of this. But Madison County, Kentucky, records for May 10, 1830, show that on that date the 'Jesse Noland heirs' sold part of his holdings to Jarrett Phelps, this being part of the estate of his father-in-law, Vincent Turner. This deed then lists all of the

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

children. Jesse, by the way, was one of the first of his line to enter Kentucky and was married in Lincoln County, February 9, 1786." Jesse Noland was a member of the Kentucky Assembly. Part of his holdings are now the cities of Irvine and Ravena, Kentucky. Jesse Noland was a rich man.

Apparently there was more than a casual connection linking the names of Jesse Noland with a cousin, one, John Noland, also a Revolutionary War soldier. Long ago Mr. C. F. C. Nolan (sic), of Poorfolk, Kentucky, wrote to Miss Nora B. Nolan (sic), of Hazard, Kentucky, informing her that his grandfather, John Noland, of Leesburg, Virginia, was with General George Washington in many engagements with British forces, and was a hero together with his mother's grandfather, John Turner, at Valley Forge.

In 1802, in Madison County, Kentucky, Edward Turner died. Administrators of his estate were Jesse Noland, John Turner and Samuel Davis. The will of Edward Turner's widow, Nancy Turner, was probated in 1821 in Madison County, Kentucky. Names of the children and grandchildren appear in the will, and it is noted that Sallie (Sarah) Turner married Jesse Noland. James and Sarah (Turner) Noland "lived in Madison County (Kentucky) for a long time and then removed to Estill County, Kentucky." Early Kentucky records reveal that the Jesse Noland had children. (Genealogies of Kentucky Families - From the Register of the Kentucky Historical Society - Genealogical Publishing Company, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland, 1981).

In "Kentucky Bible Records," copied by Mrs. J. B. Noland (Boonesboro Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution), a Noland Bible contains various entries including the death of Henry Noland, Sr., June 25, 1807; that he had been married to Nancy White. (Henry Noland, Sr. died in Madison County, Kentucky). Another entry informs that a son of Henry Noland, Sr. and Nancy White, John Noland, Sr., died in 1865. It is conjectured that this John Noland, Sr. may have been the Revolutionary War soldier to whom Mr. C. F. C. Nolan (sic) referred as being his grandfather, albeit the death of John Noland, Sr. was recorded as having occurred as late as 1865. Henry Noland, Sr., and his wife, Nancy White, had 14 children, one of whom was John White Noland. Nine of the 14 children were boys - seven of the 9 boys fought in the Revolutionary War. The notation in the notebook of Mrs. George Hugh Banning that John Noland, Sr. had died in 1865 may have been copied incorrectly. That is, John Noland, Sr. may have died earlier, possibly much earlier than 1865.

A very real dilemma exists as to whether the wife of Jesse Noland was the daughter of Vincent and Sarah Turner, or of Edward and Nancy Turner. It is quite inconceivable that there were two Jesse Noland who married Sarah Turners. However, if Mr. C. F. C. Nolan is to be believed, he was the great-grandson of John Turner and the grandson of John Noland, both Revolutionary War soldiers. The notebook notation "John Noland - Leesburg" -

strongly suggests Noland's presence there at some time during adulthood.

It is recalled that Ledstone Noland's granddaughter, Elizabeth Pitcher, married Henry "Trusty" Noland who also was a descendant of Henry Noland, Sr., and Nancy White. This opens up the possibility - a fairly strong possibility - that the "Henry-White" Noland family and the "Jesse-Turner" Noland family not only were residents of Leesburg, Virginia, at one time, but also were closely allied through intermarriages with members of the Turner family. Doubtless, too, they would have been directly associated with their kinsman, Thomas Noland, of Noland's Ferry, only some six miles distant from Leesburg, Virginia.

1-1-2-5-1. Smallwood Turner Noland, born in Kentucky, 1776, died 1858. He married Nancy McMonegal (MacMonegal, McManagil), daughter of Barnett McMonegal. Ronsheim, in his excellent Noland book, states that it was this Smallwood Turner Noland who was "the tavern owner and active in politics." Too, doubtless, it was the same Noland as Smallwood V. (sic) Nolan (sic) who received 585 votes for the State Legislature (Missouri) at the election held in Jackson County on the first Monday in August, 1836. He was elected. He served in the War of 1812 in the Kentucky Militia.¹

1-1-2-5-1-1. Edward Turner Noland, born about 1806 - 44 years old when the U.S. Census of 1850 was taken. According to Census data extracted by Mattie E. Poppino, Edward Turner Noland married Theodus _____. However, it is believed that Ronsheim correctly stated Thetis Clark, daughter of Joseph and Jane Clark - Jane married, secondly, Jesse Noland, Jr.

1-1-2-5-1-1-1. Terresa - 22 years old in 1850, born in Kentucky.

1-1-2-5-1-1-2. Joseph Noland, 17 years old in 1850, born in Kentucky.

1-1-2-5-1-1-3. Jesse R. Noland, 15 years of age in 1850, born in Kentucky. He married, April 4, 1861, Leah C. Gill, daughter of Judge Turner Gill. The Gills were related to the Youngers and were close friends of William Clarke Quantrill, the great guerrilla leader in the Missouri-Kansas border warfare and, subsequently, a warrior, with his men, in the Confederate Army. Jesse R. Noland was a close friend of his cousin, Jesse Noland (born 1826, Independence, Missouri) and his wife, Nancy Ann Smallwood Noland. Jesse R. Noland was a Confederate soldier who fought to defend Vicksburg, Mississippi. He joined his cousin, Jesse Noland, in Saguache, Colorado, where the two were partners in a general merchandise store. Subsequently, Jesse R. Noland bought out his partner shortly before his death in 1884. Jesse R. Noland was a great favorite of the Noland family of Saguache, Colorado. Jesse R. Noland was born at the Noland House, the Independence hotel, of which General John Sherman wrote in 1852 as being the biggest hotel in Independence. In "Family Matters" (property of the Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri), Daisy (Noland) Lockett correctly stated that "Cousin Jesse" was born in the Noland House (the hotel of his grandfather), but incorrectly believed "Jesse" to be the nickname of Joseph T. Noland, a descendant of James Noland. It is recalled that Jesse and James Noland, brothers, both fought in the Revolutionary War. (Daisy Noland Lockett was

¹ Nancy Beth Noland (Mrs. Smallwood T. Noland) was known as the "Mother of the Confederacy" in Independence, Missouri, during the War between the States.

a great-great-great granddaughter of Ledstone Noland, brother of James and Jesse, and also a Revolutionary War veteran).

- 1-1-2-5-1-1-4. Smallwood Noland - 13 years old in 1850, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-1-5. Turner Noland - 6 years old in 1850, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-1-6. Edward Noland - 3 years old in 1850, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-1-7. Mary Noland - 1 year old in 1850, born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-2. Sarah Noland, married James Cox.

1-1-2-5-1-3. Jesse Noland, married Elizabeth Nutt Townsend Wilkinson. He was born in Kentucky in 1811. He moved to Missouri with his father about 1827. Jesse and Elizabeth Nutt Townsend Wilkinson were married in Independence, Missouri, in 1850. Jesse Noland owned the historic Jones Hotel in Independence, Missouri. His father, Smallwood T. Noland, owned and operated the equally historic Noland House at Independence, Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1. Andrew Noland, born at Independence, Missouri, December 19, 1851. Married Virginia _____.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1-1. John Townsend Noland.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1-2. Isabell Noland.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1-3. Samuel Noland.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1-4. Thadeus Noland.

1-1-2-5-1-3-1-5. Grover Noland.

1-1-2-5-1-3-2. John Townsend Noland (1853-1888), unmarried.

1-1-2-5-1-3-3. Jesse Noland, born 1855 - died as an infant.

1-1-2-5-1-3-4. Nancy Beth Noland, born at Noland House, Independence, Missouri, May 21, 1859, married Richard A. Love in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1877.

(For issue, see page 215 captioned "Noland Genealogy of Homer T. Love, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas").

1-1-2-5-1-4. Martha Noland, married Andrew S. Packard.

1-1-2-5-1-5. Angeline Noland, married James Morgan Pitcher, January 20, 1834, according to marriage records of Jackson County, Missouri, extracted by John Vinyard. James Morgan Pitcher was the brother of Elizabeth Pitcher who married Henry "Trusty" Noland. James Morgan Pitcher was 36 years old in 1850 - Angeline Noland, 35 years old. Both were born in Kentucky. ~~Both were born in Kentucky.~~ (U.S. census data cited below were extracted by Hattie A. Poppino).

1-1-2-5-1-5-1. Mary J. Pitcher was 14 years old in 1850 - born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-5-2. Thetus (Thetis) G. Pitcher, born in Missouri, was 12 years old in 1850. She married Aaron Noland, August 16, 1853.

1-1-2-5-1-5-2-1. Thomas Noland, 5 years old in 1860, was born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-5-2-1. Wesley Noland, 3 years old in 1860, was born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-5-2-3. Aaron Noland, 3 years old in 1860, was born in Missouri.

(Note: Also listed in the 1860 Census as belonging to the family of Aaron and Thetis Noland was Susan E. Noland, 14 years of age in 1860, born in Kentucky. She may have been a daughter by a previous marriage, or a close

relative).

- 1-1-2-5-1-5-3. Susan E. Pitcher, 9 years old in 1850, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-5-4. Nancy H. Pitcher, born in Missouri, 7 years old in 1850.
- 1-1-2-5-1-5-5. Smallwood Pitcher, 5 years old in 1850, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-5-6. Thomas E. Pitcher, 2 years old in 1850, was born in Missouri.

Apparently he died before 1860 as his name does not appear in the 1860 Census data compiled by Hattie E. Poppino.

- 1-1-2-5-1-5-7. Ann Eliza Pitcher, 7 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-5-8. Fanny A. Pitcher, 4 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-5-9. Andrew S. Pitcher, 2 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.

- 1-1-2-5-1-6. Barnett M. Noland, born in Kentucky about 1817, married Sena (or Lena) _____. She was born in Kentucky about 1819.
- 1-1-2-5-1-6-1. William A. Noland, 20 years old in 1860, born in Missouri; taught at the Rock Creek School, Independence, Missouri.

In 1942 Tom D. Korte, Superintendent, Rock Creek School District, wrote:

The land upon which Rock Creek School is located is a part of Section 9, Township 49, Range 32. Patents were issued on Section 9 to Gabriel Fitzhugh, Edward Noland, Joshua Noland, Barnett M. Noland, William Pharis and Stuart Pallet, and the school now sets on that part of Section 9 to which a patent was issued to Gabriel Fitzhugh on May 29, 1833. Gabriel Fitzhugh sold the land upon which this school now sets to Henry Noland on August 11, 1833.

In the first deed made on the 3rd day of January, 1840, we find that this land was conveyed by Henry Noland and his wife, Elizabeth Noland, to Jessie Overton, Adam Hill, Thomas Pitcher, and Edward T. Noland, trustees for the neighborhood school. (Ed. note: Henry "Trusty" Noland and his wife, Elizabeth (Pitcher) Noland, were the parents of Jesse Noland, the father of William Thomas Noland).

This school has had an enviable record and much credit is due the teachers and school board members who have served the school, and while we make no claim that we are able to mention all of the names of the board members and teachers who served this school, we do feel that any omissions will be pardoned, and that we should mention many of those who helped to make this school successful; beginning with William Rutledge Moore, Ed Hickman, uncle of Mrs. Letha Oldham Lane, Albert Oldham; father of Letha Oldham Lane; Will Noland and several others of the Noland family; Miss Anna Oldham; William Thompson, Annie Ralston James, who is now the widow of Frank James (Ed. note: Frank James, brother of Jesse James of the world famous James Boys Gang), a brother of Dr. Sheley, I. B. Marlott, W. A. Noland, James Flanagan, Lanning Carroll, Miss Anna Collins, Miss Armena Hickman, Annie Farlow, and Mrs. Mary Proctor Thompson, all served this school with distinction.

Mrs. Mary Vaile Surface ... was a student at Rock Creek in 1876, 1877 and 1878 ... she states that they frequently went to Pitcher School for spelling bees and always spelled them down. It is told by some of these former students that it was not enough to be able to spell every word in Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book, but some of the teachers even required that the students memorize the spelling book.

In "Family Matters" Daisy (Noland) Lockett - great granddaughter of Henry "Trusty" Noland and Elizabeth Pitcher - wrote that her mother, Rowena (Twyman) Noland, and father, William Thomas Noland, attended Rock Creek School. They were childhood sweethearts. "Tom," as he was always known, would ask the boy standing next him in the spelling bees to spell down so that he, Tom, could stand next to Rowena Twyman. Tom would complain to his mother, Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland, that the teacher (William Noland) picked on him more than he did on the others. His mother would tell him that was because Bill thought more of him than he did of the others because Bill was his cousin.

Rowena (Twyman) Noland (1859-1950) recalled that Annie Ralston had been her teacher at Rock Creek School and that Frank James, Jesse's older brother, would come to the school to see Miss Ralston. Later she became his wife. The Ralstons were prominent citizens of Independence, Missouri.

- 1-1-2-5-1-6-2. Nancy A. Noland, 19 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-6-3. Morgan P. Noland, 16 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-6-4. George N. Noland, 14 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-6-5. Martha E. Noland, 12 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.
- 1-1-2-5-1-6-6. Mary A. Noland, 11 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-7. John Bergin Noland, born about 1828 (32 years old in 1860); born in Kentucky. Married Mary B. - Ronsheim wrote that "Mary Thompson" was the name of the wife - 28 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-7-1. Charles T. Noland, 3 years old in 1860, born in Missouri.

1-1-2-5-1-7-2. John S. Noland, 1 year of age in 1860, born in Missouri.

In his Noland book Ronsheim expressed the opinion that John Bergin Noland had a brother, Joseph Noland. However, no mention is made of Joseph in the will of his father, Smallwood Turner Noland, nor does his name appear in the 1850 Census.

Smallwood Turner Noland (1-1-2-5-1)
Estate Matters
(Furnished by Mrs. Donald B. Ehrlich,
Jackson County Historical Society,
Independence, Missouri)

Book 27
Page 145.

James M. Pitcher and wife
Angeline L.
to
Samuel D. Lucas, Trustee
Thomas Pitcher

Deed of Trust.
Dated Feb. 3, 1861.
Filed Feb. 2, 1861.
Cons. \$1.00

Conveys the undivided one sixth interest in the Southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section 3, and x x x all in Township 49, Range 32, and x x x.

Our said interest of one sixth of the foregoing having descended to us as heirs of Smallwood Noland, deceased.

In trust to secure a note signed by Jesse M. Pitcher of even date herewith for \$1,036.00 due in 6 months with 10% interest.

Duly signed, sealed and acknowledged in due form of law.

Probate and Common Pleas Court of Jackson County, Missouri.

Record E.	In the Matter of Estate of	In Vacation.
Page 674.	Smallwood Noland, deceased.	Feb. 9, 1858.

The Clerk orders that Letters of Administration upon said estate be granted to Edward T. Noland and Barnett M. Noland, thereupon said Administrators entered into bond in the sum of \$50,000.00 with John B. Noland, James M. Pitcher and Sarah Cox, securities.

Witnesses and appraisers appointed.

Record L.	February 9, 1858.
Page 211.	

Letters of Administration upon said estate issued to said Administrators under the hand of the Clerk and the seal of the court. Joint affidavit of administrators attached to bond, states that said deceased died without a will and left as his heirs and legal representatives his widow, Nancy Noland, and his sons, Edward T., Barnett M., John B., and his daughters, Sally Cox, Angeline Pitcher and Martha Packard.

Record E.	February Term, 1858.
Page 675.	

The court approves of the act of the Clerk in granting said letters of administration and approves of the bond aforesaid.

Record H.	February Term, 1858.
	(continued)

Page 6.

Feb
February 21, 1861.

Said Administrators make final settlement of said estate showing a balance of \$24,193.53 in their hands and said record recited that they proved to the satisfaction of the court that they had according to law notified all persons interested in said estate, that they would unless the contrary was shown at this term, make a final settlement of said estate and the contrary not being to the Court here shown said administrators make final settlement, which settlement is by the Court here received and approved, said court orders said administrators to distribute the assets in their hands belonging to said estate among the heirs of said deceased.

Book 37.	James M. Pitcher and	Deed of Trust.
Page 145	wife, Angeline,	Dated Feb. 2, 1861.
	to	Filed Feb. 2, 1861.
	Sam'l. D. Lucas, Tr.	Cons. \$1.00 and debt \$1,036.
	Thomas Pitcher.	

Grant, Bargain and Sell lands in Jackson County, to-wit: - An undivided 1/6 part in the South West Quarter of the South West Quarter of Section 3 Township 49, Range 32 and other lands personally (sic) property. The property aforesaid having descended to us as heirs of Smallwood Noland, deceased, to Have and to Hold to Sam'l. D. Lucas in trust to secure debt of \$1,036. In favor of Thomas Pitcher due six months from date, 10% interest from date. Power of sale given in case of default. Deed signed, sealed and acknowledged in due form by me.

James M. Pitcher

Angeline L. Pitcher.

General Index.
No. 1, Page 216.Estate of Smallwood Noland,
deceased.Edward T. and B. M. Noland,
Administrators.

(Continued)

Letters of Administration granted February 9th, 1858. Recorded February 15th, 1858. Book H, Page 275 (?).

SAME CAUSE.

Attached to (illegible word(s)) of said administration is affidavit by Edward T. Noland and Barnet M. Noland, Administrators, stating that following are only heirs and legal representatives of said Smallwood Noland, to-wit: - His widow and relict, Nancy Noland, his sons, Edward T. Noland, Barnet M. Noland, and John B. Noland and Sally Cox, Angeline Pitcher and Martha Packard.

Book F.

SAME CAUSE.

May Term, 1858.

Page 95.

Fourth Day.

Now at this day comes Nancy Noland, Jesse Noland, Edward T. Noland, Barnet M. Noland, John B. Noland, Angeline Pitcher, the wife of James M. Pitcher, Sarah Cox, Martha A. Packard, wife of Andrew S. Packard, into open Court and proceed to the satisfaction of the Court by John R. Swearingen and William L. Bane, lawful witnesses, that on the 3rd of February 1858, one Smallwood Noland died, intestate, in Jackson County, in the State of Missouri, and at the time of his death he was the owner of and had in his possession a Bounty Land Warrant, No. 77508 and for 160 acres and issued to Smallwood Noland by the United States for service as private in Capt. Faris' Company of Kentucky Militia in the War of 1812, and that Nancy Noland is now his widow and over twenty-one years of age, and that Jesse Noland, Edward T. Noland, Barnet M. Noland, John B. Noland, Angeline Pitcher, now the wife of James M. Pitcher, Martha A. Packard, now wife of Andrew S. Packard and Sarah Cox are the only children and legal representatives of said Smallwood Noland, deceased, and that they are all of mature age, being twenty-one years of age, which is ordered to be endorsed on said Warrant and Certificate.

- 1-1-2-5-2. Jesse Noland, Jr., married Mrs. Joseph Clark.
- 1-1-2-5-3. Anne Noland, married Seth Woodland.
- 1-1-2-5-4. Nancy Noland, married, firstly, Nicholas Hadden, and, secondly, R. E. Holden.
- 1-1-2-5-5. Polly Noland, married Aaron McMonegal, brother of Nancy McMonegal who married Smallwood Turner Noland, and of Susan McMonegal who married Francis Noland.
- 1-1-2-5-6. Rebecca Noland, married Russel Turner.
- 1-1-2-5-7. Sally Noland, married Henry Barker.
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- 1-1-3. Stephen Noland II, born, according to Ronsheim, between 1714 and 1718, married Susanah _____. Stephen died in Fairfield County, South Carolina.
- 1-1-3-1. James Noland.
- 1-1-3-2. Shadrach Noland, married Ann, or Amy _____. He served in the Revolutionary War.
- 1-1-3-3. Stephen Nowland (Noland), married Mary Smith (or Smythe). He served in the Revolutionary War.
- 1-1-3-3-1. James Nolen (sic), married Barbara Addison.
- 1-1-3-3-2. William Nolen (sic), married Mary Ann Alcorne.
- 1-1-3-3-3. George Nolen (sic), married Elizabeth Addison.
- 1-1-3-3-4. Stephen Noland, married Mary Addison. Ronsheim wrote that Stephen had 12 children ("Nolen"). Marriage partners bore the following surnames: Ficquette (more likely, "Fiquette"), Hawes, Haynie, Hubbard, Lock, McCartney, Nesbit, Oslin, Scott, Stanley and Stone. Surnames of children and grandchildren of Stephen's son, Andrew Jackson Nolan, and his wife, Catherine Hawes, were as follows: Adams, Bell, Berry, Burke, Carlisle, Dean, Gilliland, Goggans, Hawes, Hay, Jackson, Murray, Parks, Pearson, Potts, Thomas, Tonne, Townsend and Wright.
- 1-1-3-4. David Knowland (Noland), born in Frederick County, Virginia, 1756. Ronsheim was of the opinion, based on 1810 Census figures, that there was a son, David Noland, Jr. who had issue.
- 1-1-3-5. William Noland (various spellings of "Noland"), married Mary Ann Cockrell, said by Ronsheim to have been the daughter of Moses and Nancy Cockrell, and born in Fairfield County, South Carolina. Noland served in the Revolutionary War.
- 1-1-3-5-1. William Nolin (Noland), Jr., married and had issue.
- 1-1-3-5-2. George Cockrell Nolan (Noland), married Nancy Harding, and had issue. Surnames of children and grandchildren were as follows: Adams, Atkinson, Bard, Batts, Beattie, Becker, Bennett, Bowen, Brown, Bunker, Carter, Cooke, Danhauer, Dodge, Ebbins, Emery, Federra, Ferguson, Freeland, Glass, Good, Gorilla, Jenkins, Lee, Luten, Marion, McDaniel, Meals, Miller, Mount, Nichols, Otrich, Phillips, Potts, Rauscher, Rice, Rognley, Stafinak, Stevens, Stites, Walbut and Ware, and Hughes.

1-1-3-5-3 to 1-1-3-5-8, inclusive. Ronsheim furnished all but positive proof that George Cockrell Nolan (Noland) had the following brothers. Order of birth is not known:

Jesse Nolen whose wife bore the name Sinai Nolin.

Jeremiah Nolen.

Lewis Nolen.

Nathaniel Nolen, married Annie Gipson.

Isaac Nolen, married Polly Music.

Stephen Nolen, married Nancy Reynolds.

1-1-3-6. George Nowland, married Jennie Rogers.

1-1-3-7. Mordicai Nowland.

1-1-3-8. Nancy Nowland.

(And possibly others).

1-2. Philip Nowland (Noland), thought by many to be the eldest son of Peirce (Pierce) Noland, the immigrant. Philip was the founder of the great Loudoun County (Virginia) Noland family. It is believed that he was born about 1696, Charles County, Maryland.

1-3. Pierce Nowland, Jr., son of the immigrant, Peirce (Pierce) Noland - moved to Virginia; named in father's will of 1715.

1-4. Thomas Nowland (1698-ca 1724), son of Peirce (Pierce) Noland, the immigrant.

1-5. William Nowland, born about 1703, youngest son of the immigrant, Peirce (Pierce) Noland.

MISSOURI

Prologue

Independence came first - Independence, Missouri.

She was born there. Her maiden name was Daisy Noland. She was a fine lady. Good theater. The best. I never heard her use a swear word. She was gentle, caring. She was beautiful. She was my mother.

And one day she scared me half to death when in a deep whisper she spilled the beans, telling me that my grandfather, Tom Noland, hid Jesse James at their house in Saguache, Colorado. Then, in a voice husky and ominous that Thor would have envied, she foreswore me to eternal secrecy. Well, there go the beans again! Long since she had instructed me not to join in with the others when the teacher led the class in singing "Marching through Georgia." Fits of coughing saved me on such occasions.

Half of me was kind of obnoxious, I figured. My paternal grandfather was a Union Army cavalry officer. But his brother fought on the Confederate side. It helped a mite I reckoned.

"Oh, you don't hate anyone, not anyone." I had just said that I hated a certain kid down the street.

"Oh yes I do," I retorted quickly. I was about six years old. My mother grew very stern now. She made me look her straight in the eye. The words that followed were measured for special effect.

"It would be alright to hate the Devil," she said with conviction. "And maybe the Kaiser."

But here she led me to believe that she was on shaky ground.

"But no one else. No one else," she added hastily.

But she was fudging just the slightest bit. I knew. There was another, but we'll get to that.

On occasion my parents would play whist, or "500" or Bridge - I'm not sure which, with neighbors, a courtly Kentucky gentleman of the Old School (our kind of people) and his German-born spouse who was haughty and fearsome. This august dame entertained opera stars from Europe among other international celebrities. She boasted of the prize-winning pheasants she kept on the premises. These birds got the vapors whenever I showed up. So did she. So did I - cheekily feigned though. We recoiled from each other. But it kind of got to me the way she took a shine to my sister and older brother. Guess they didn't spook the birds so. My oldest brother didn't count. He was off to World War I, the hero of our neighborhood, not including the pheasant lady who

acidly commented how "coarse" looking he was in his army uniform.¹ Jealous, she was, of all the attention he received.

Before coming to our country the German neighbor lady and her family had been friends of the Kaiser and his family. That was real scary. Had I been of nimbler wit and less tender years I would have begged upon bended knee my dear parents either to forsake the card table altogether, or go armed, or stay home and take to the bottle.

This is the way it would happen. I would be tagging along after my mother as she went about her chores, hoping for a choice morsel of old-timey derring-do. Luck would have it. Presto, the world would come to a screeching halt. She would get that faraway gaze, real pensive like. Then she would get a real fierce look to her. My heart would shift into high gear, my little temples a-pounding. Then she would up and let him have it right between the eyes, like pistol shots.

"They called him 'the dirty little coward' - BOB FORD! He shot Jesse James in the back!" I would agree so heartily that it would nearly break my neck.

Good old No. 3 had just made the LIST. This was heady stuff.

That said, the bugles ^{blared} ~~plazed~~ and we were off at a gallop, Hell-bent for Independence, Missouri, and parts thereabouts - where the action was. Quantrill, the Younger brothers, Jesse and Frank James guarded our flanks as our steeds raced through the countryside, the Confederate flag whipped to a frenzy by our lightning speed, our vengeful, whirlwind attacks on the Federals. By the fistfuls we flung gold coins to the cheering crowds of the poor and oppressed who lined our path. We mowed down the Kansas Red Legs as we summoned the Bushwhackers to arms. With our swords we struck down the infamous Order No. 11 from the sign posts, and we put the perpetrator, General Ewing, and his troops to rout. We raced to a stop at Wallace Grove² in Independence, just in time for a "sister" Lizzie Wallace reunion. Any friend of Quantrill and his guerrillas was a friend of "sister" Lizzie Wallace.³ Here we partook of milk and cookies.

"Thank you, Ma'am," refreshed, we called back to "sister" Lizzie who, with a Rebel yell and a wave of the handkerchief, sped us on our way.

We made a dash for it - Vicksburg, to salute and cry out, "bully!" to our cousin, Jesse R. Noland, as he gave his all to withstand the Siege. Then back to Independence for supper with hot biscuits and honey at the house of our favorite cousin, Renah ~~Quatrill~~ Burns. It was growing late, time to go. Triumphant, we pointed our chargers toward home in California.

For a day or two hence I'd hang tough. Practiced in secret my worst possible faces in front of the mirror. Prepared I'd be should a chance meeting show up when I could have another go at the pheasants.

¹ And well she might. He was the toughest kid and best fighter for miles around. He would rather fight than eat. Broke his nose twice. Twice, that is, before volunteering for World War I. Was only 17 years old - had to have parents' consent. Once the whole town (Los Angeles) and well beyond was talking

about the incident. It happened after the War. A ball, the social event of the year, where another guest on the dance floor began to shoot up the place. Single-handedly Frank Lockett disarmed him. On another occasion at a football game Frank broke the jaw of a man who foolishly thought he was going to whip him. Then there was the time on the street car when some "loser" crowded Frank who proceeded to flatten the hapless character before throwing him off the street car. Frank Lockett was one tough hombre. And he looked it. And his kid sister was kind of a heroine to the neighborhood junior-junior set. About six years old, she was, when she broke her arm. Wouldn't let the doctor use an anesthetic. And she didn't yelp, either. I know. I was there.

² "Hell's Half Acre is still there too. Now it is the ground surrounding Fairmount School. Even in its more famous era, there was a school on the property. I recall my grandmother talking about it, as a place not to visit. In the last few months I have come to believe that it was a hiding place for Quantrill and his men or for the Jameses and their friends. It is believed that there was a spring on the grounds. It is near a valley in which complete cover can be had from the Missouri River over to the Independence-Westport Road. The Hills owned a considerable stretch of this ground but the Nolands and the Bufords were close if not owners along this secluded valley. Wallace Grove (underscoring is by the compiler of this book), where the Quantrill Reunions were held, is not far away." (Letter written by Mrs. Donald B. Ehrlich, Director of Archives, Jackson County Historical Society, August 20, 1980)

³ Napoleon Wallace, brother of Lizzie Wallace, married Venecia Twyman, great aunt of Daisy (Noland) Lockett. Margaret Wallace, sister of Lizzie Wallace, married Clifton Twyman, great uncle of Daisy (Noland) Lockett.

Noland School

Independence, Missouri

President Harry S. Truman was a Pupil

Founded in 1885, the Noland School was named for Hinton Noland, a member of the school board.

Hinton Noland was the great grandson of Henry Noland and Nancy White, of Madison County, Kentucky.

Jesse Noland (1826-1884) and Hinton Noland were cousins. On his father's side, Jesse Noland also was descended from Henry Noland and Nancy White. On his mother's side of the family - his mother was born Elizabeth Pitcher - he was descended from Pierce Noland, the emigrant from Ireland to Maryland about 1675. Thus two Noland family lines were joined.

The accompanying photograph appeared in the "Yesterday" feature of Vol. 8, Number 4/Volume 9, Number 1, 1981 issue of Whistle Stop, publication of the Harry S. Truman Library Institute. The photograph is reproduced through the courtesy of the Harry S. Truman Library Institute. The Honorable Benedict K. Zobrist, Secretary, Director. 1983.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

YESTERDAY



First Grade Class 1893 Noland School

President Truman began his schooling in the Fall of 1892 at the Noland School in Independence. In the photograph, he is in the first row at the far left. Miss Myra Ewing his teacher, is in the last row. Mr. Truman felt that the first year in school was the most critical in a child's educational career and that the influence of a student's first teacher, in molding his or her career, was second only to that of the person's mother. In about 1951 he recalled:

When I was eight I started to school at the Noland School on Sixth Liberty Street. My first grade teacher was Miss Myra Ewing, a grand woman. That first year in school made a profound impression on me. I learned to get along with my classmates and also learned a lot from Appleton's First Reader. I learned how to add and subtract and stood in well with my teacher.

When I was eight I started to school at the Noland School on Sixth Liberty Street. My first grade teacher was Miss Myra Ewing, a grand woman. That first year in school made a profound impression on me. I learned to get along with my classmates and also learned a lot from Appleton's First Reader. I learned how to add and subtract and stood in well with my teacher.

W. G. Vandever, 1951

*Whistle Stop, Harry S. Truman
Librarian: Evelyn Little Hoover*

"Inroads to Independence"

and

"heritage trail"

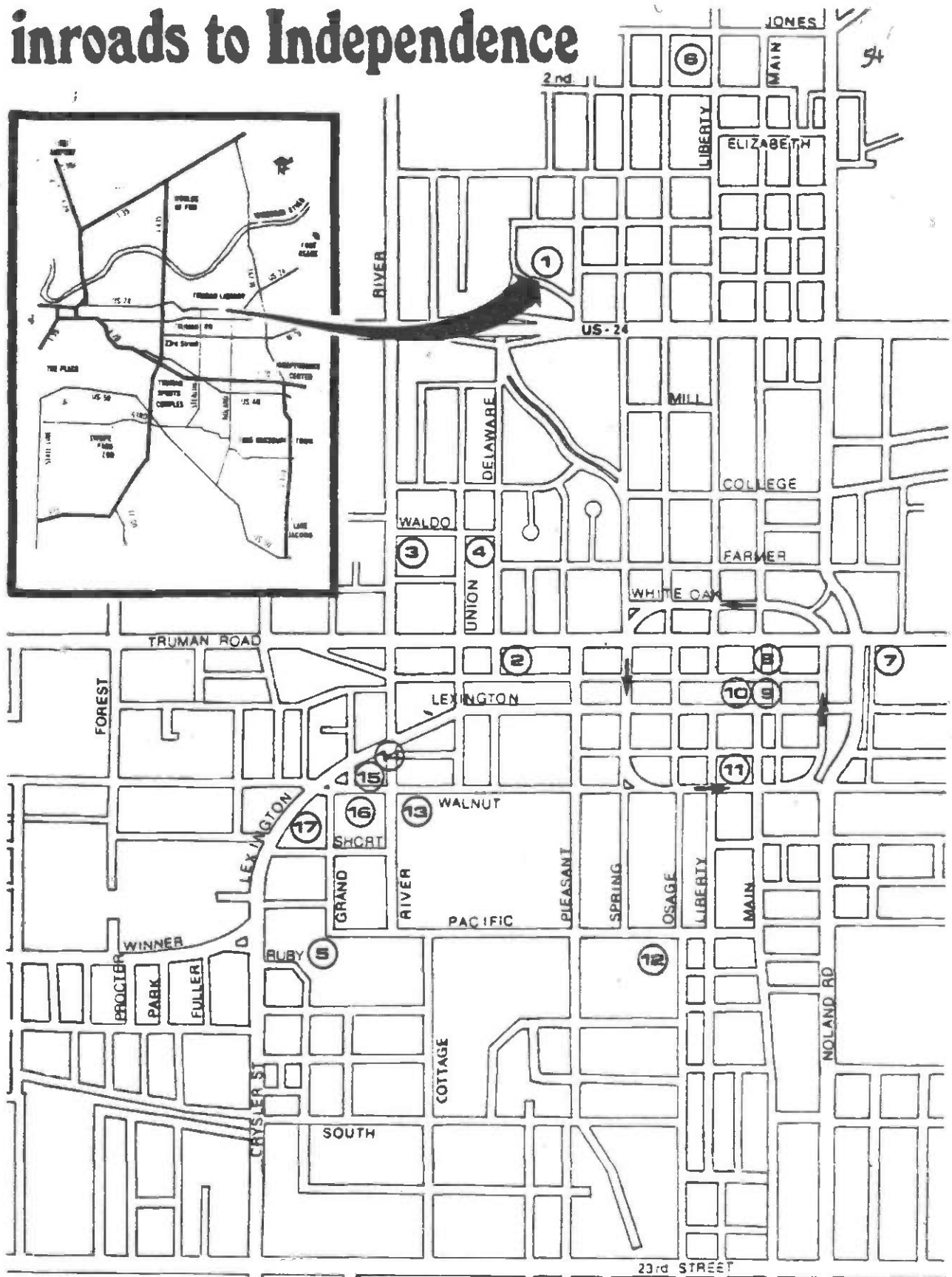
The accompanying maps were reproduced through the courtesy of the City of Independence, Missouri. The Honorable Barbara J. Potts, Mayor. 1983.

On both maps Truman Road is seen intersecting Noland Road which was named for the Noland family.

KEY:

1. TRUMAN LIBRARY AND MUSEUM. Photograph reproduced by permission, and through the courtesy of the Harry S. Truman Library. The Honorable Benedict K. Zobrist, Secretary, Director. 1983.
4. HARRY S. TRUMAN home. Directly across the street (Delaware Street) is the Noland residence. Margaret Ellen Truman, the late President's paternal aunt, married Joseph Tilford Noland, descendant of Captain James Noland, Revolutionary War veteran and brother of Ledstone, Stephen and Jesse Noland who also were Revolutionary War veterans.
9. PROCTOR STREET RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. Elenora Noland, daughter of Jackson County pioneers, Jesse and Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland, married Alex Proctor, brother of Alexander Proctor, minister of the Christian Church of Independence, Missouri.
14. 1859 JAIL AND MUSEUM. Annie Ralston, who married Frank James, of the James Boys gang, taught at the Rock Creek School. One of her pupils was Rowena (Twyman) Noland (1859-1950).
15. OLD SPRING. Rowena (Twyman) Noland and her cousin, Annie Brock, paused to refresh themselves on their way to and from school.
19. VAILE MANSION. Harvey Vaile, the adopted son of Colonel Harvey M. Vaile, was a suitor of Rowena Twyman who married Thomas Noland (1858-1920). The maternal aunt of Rowena (Twyman) Noland, Nancy Anne Hale, married Perry Brock. The wine cellar of the Vaile mansion originally was the old Perry Brock grist mill.

inroads to Independence



City of Independence Division of Tourism
101 N. Lynn, Independence, MO 64050

Truman Heritage Sites

1. Truman Library and Museum
2. Truman Home
3. Truman Boyhood Home
4. Heritage District Homes
5. Truman Railroad Station

Independence Historic Sites

6. Vaile Mansion
7. Pioneer Spring and Brady Cabin
8. 1859 Marshal's Home and Jail Museum
9. Truman Statue, Oregon and Santa Fe Trail Monuments
10. Jackson County Courthouse ("The Man from Independence" sound-and-light show)
11. 1827 Log Courthouse
12. Bingham-Waggoner Estate

Joseph Smith Historic District

13. Mormon V. Sisters Center
14. Hedrickite Church
15. Temple Lot
16. R.L.D.S. Auditorium
17. Restoration Heritage Plaza

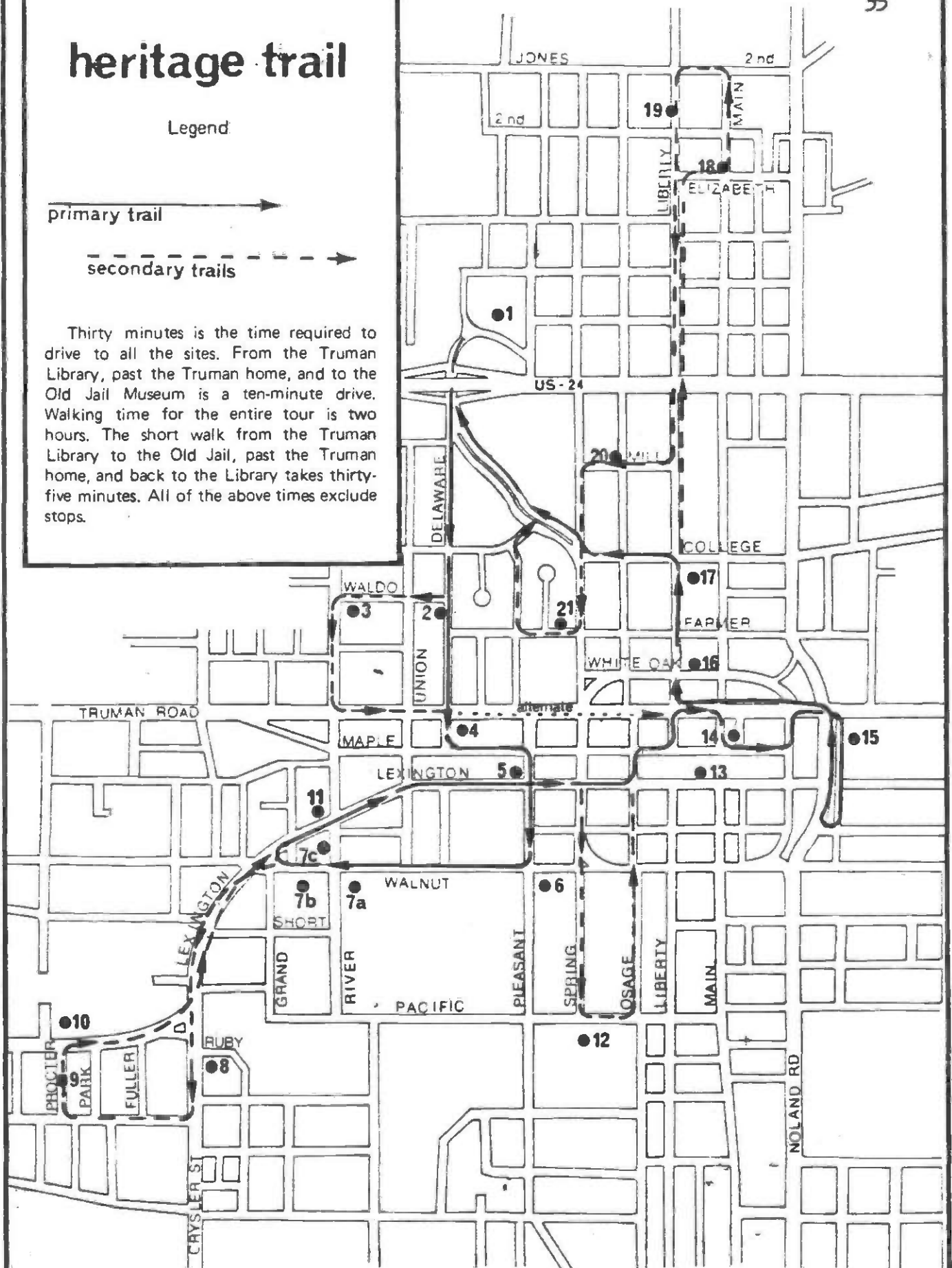
heritage trail

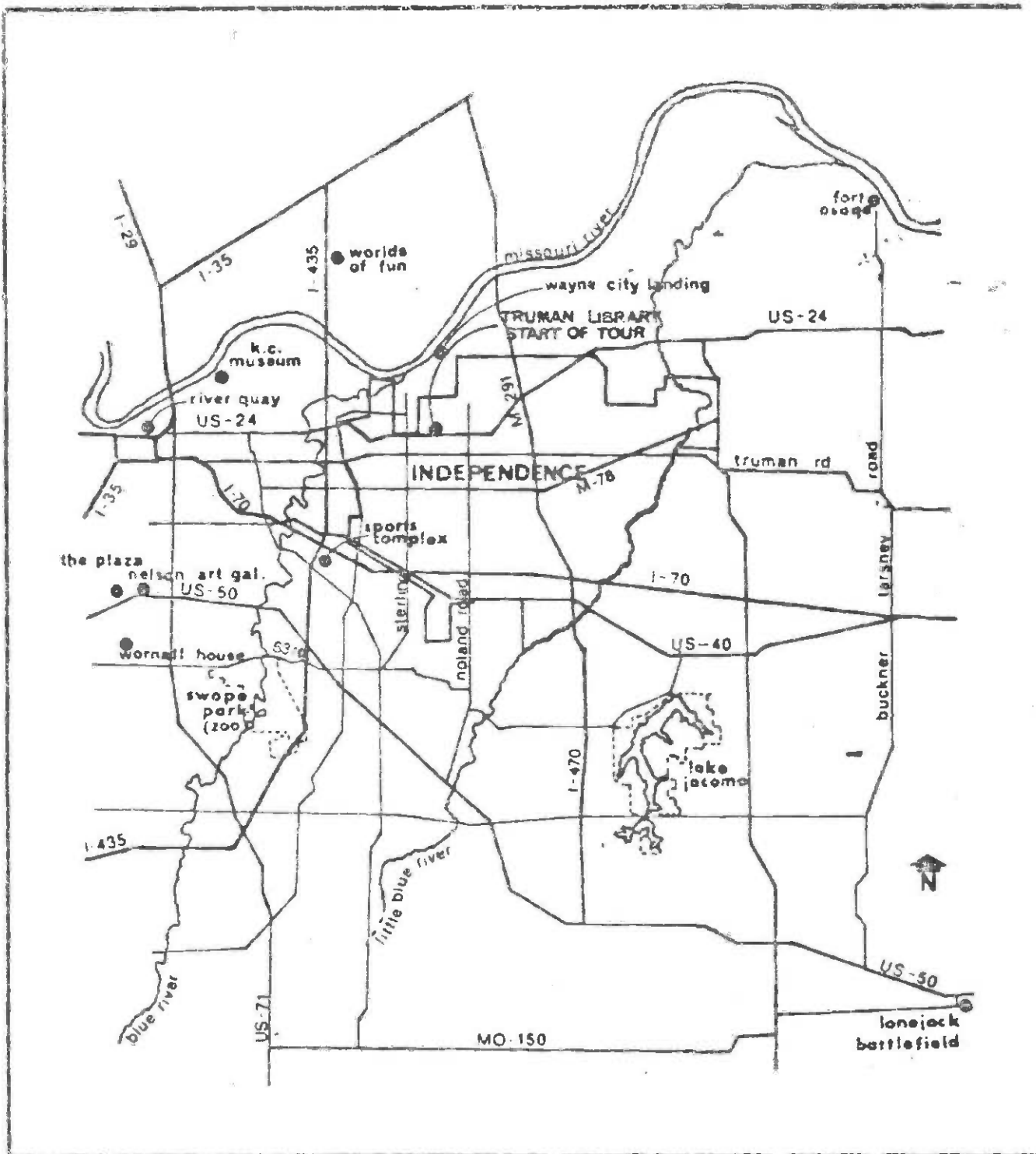
Legend

primary trail

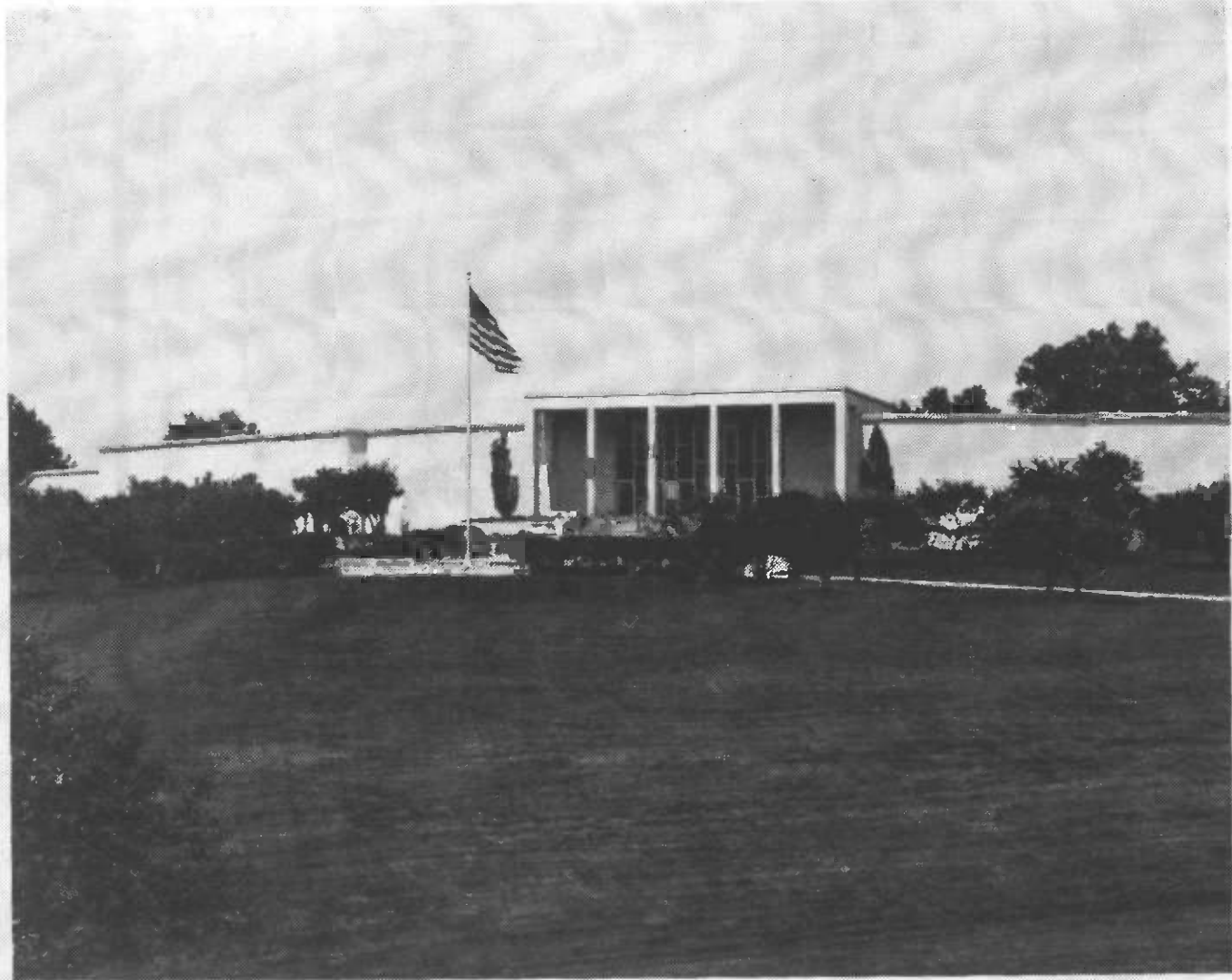
secondary trails

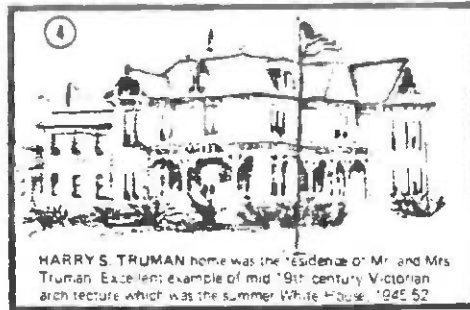
Thirty minutes is the time required to drive to all the sites. From the Truman Library, past the Truman home, and to the Old Jail Museum is a ten-minute drive. Walking time for the entire tour is two hours. The short walk from the Truman Library to the Old Jail, past the Truman home, and back to the Library takes thirty-five minutes. All of the above times exclude stops.



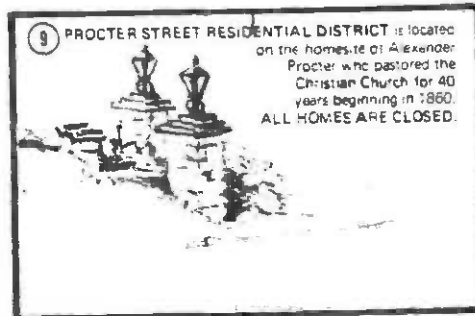
INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

Note: Noland Road intersects Truman Road in above map.

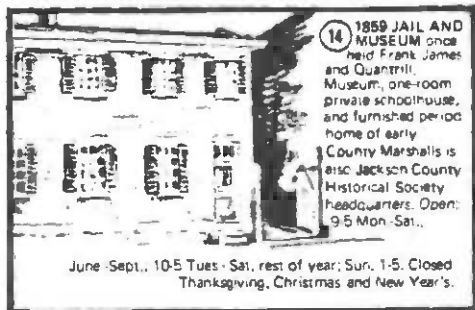




HARRY S. TRUMAN home was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Truman. Excellent example of mid 19th century Victorian architecture which was the summer White House, 1945-52.

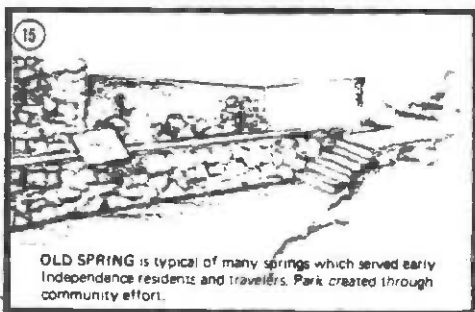


9 PROCTER STREET RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT is located on the homestead of Alexander Procter who pastored the Christian Church for 40 years beginning in 1860. ALL HOMES ARE CLOSED.



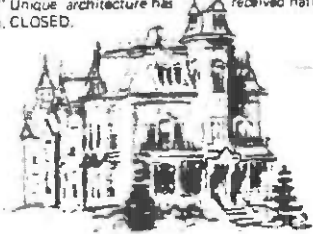
14 1859 JAIL AND MUSEUM once held Frank James and Quantrill. Museum, one-room private schoolhouse, and furnished period home of early County Marshalls is also Jackson County Historical Society headquarters. Open: 9-5 Mon-Sat.

June-Sept., 10-5 Tues-Sat, rest of year; Sun, 1-5. Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's.



OLD SPRING is typical of many springs which served early Independence residents and travelers. Park created through community effort.

19 VAILE MANSION was built in 1871 by Col. Harvey M. Vaile whose fortune was amassed in a "Star Mail Route." Unique architecture has received national acclaim. CLOSED.



Jesse Noland
(1826-1884)

and

Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland
(1827-1890)

Jesse Noland was the first male white child born in Jackson County, Missouri.

Jesse Noland was born on October 11, 1826. Jackson County was founded some two months later on December 15, 1826. Independence, Missouri, was founded the following year, 1827. Kansas City, 10 miles west of Independence, came into existence some ten years afterward, 1838.

Jesse Noland married his cousin, Nancy Ann Smallwood, born in Louisville, Kentucky.

The accompanying picture is a copy of a photograph which was a gift of the late Charles Cornelius Lockett to the Jackson County Historical Society of Independence, Missouri, where it is now available.



JESSE NOLAND
(1826-1884) ¹

Jesse Noland was the first male white child born in Jackson County, Missouri. Kansas City, the most populous city in Missouri, is located in Jackson County. Jackson County officially came into existence on December 15, 1826.

At the Old Settlers Reunion at Independence, Missouri, held on July 4, 1872, a silver pitcher was awarded to Jesse Noland's parents, Elizabeth (Pitcher) Noland (born in Kentucky 1808), and her husband, Henry Noland (born in Kentucky 1806), in recognition of their having resided in the county longer than any other married couple. They were married on January 11, 1826 in nearby Clay County where there was a justice of the peace. A Mrs. Pitcher was given a rocking chair for being the oldest settler in Jackson County. Doubtless, she and Mrs. Elizabeth (Pitcher) Noland were related - probably closely.

According to the U.S. Censuses of 1850 and 1860, Jesse Noland was the eldest child of Elizabeth Pitcher and Henry Noland. His brothers and sisters, in order of their ages, were Anderson Noland, 17 years old in 1850; Eli Noland, 14 years old in 1850; Angeline Noland, 9 years old in 1850; Thomas Noland, 7 years old in 1850; and Susan Noland, 4 years old in 1850 - all born in Missouri. The 1860 Census showed that in addition to Henry Noland (aged 54), and Elizabeth Noland (aged 51) - both born in Kentucky, the household included: Thomas Noland, 16 years old; Susan Noland, 13 years old, Almira Noland, 8 years old; and William H. Noland, 3 years old - all born in Missouri. Almira subsequently married a Mr. Sherman.

Jesse Noland was known as the beau brummel of Independence, Missouri. He was a successful merchant, farmer and cattleman. One big piece of property near, or part of present day Kansas City was sold for a modest sum. The purchaser of this property sold by Jesse Noland, it is said, became anxious to secure a clear title. There had been reason to believe that the purchaser had been none too scrupulous in consummating the purchase. He induced Jesse Noland's widow, Nancy Ann Smallwood Noland, to travel from Saguache, Colorado, where she lived, to Kansas City to assist in clearing the title to the land. Mrs. Noland, widowed in 1884 and herself dying in 1890, the trip to Kansas City would have occurred sometime in between. She was accompanied by her young granddaughter, Daisy Noland Lockett, who was born in 1877. Several years after the trip to Kansas City, the property was appraised at six million dollars.

Jesse Noland volunteered his services in the Mexican War and served under Col. Doniphan. His granddaughter, Daisy Noland Lockett (1877-1964), in her manuscript, "Family Matters," wrote, "He (Jesse Noland) was at Santa Fe, New Mexico, when it surrendered to the United States. He was one of two or three soldiers sent back across New Mexico on some perilous mission. When found, he was almost unconscious - tongue so swollen it could not be put back in his mouth at once. Water was given to him a few drops at a time.

¹ In reporting the death of Jesse Noland's widow, Nancy Ann Noland, in 1890, the newspaper account erroneously reported the death of Jesse Noland as having occurred in 1886.

His company went on into Mexico, thence to the coast and went by boat to New Orleans, then up the Mississippi River, and finally arriving at Independence, Missouri, where a celebration was given in honor of the Independence men."

Jesse Noland was a great friend of William Henry Twyman. He often rode horseback to the Twyman farm. On these occasions Noland frequently broached the subject of the marriage of Noland's son, Tom, to Twyman's daughter, Rowena. Tom and Rowena were young children still. It was not too many years, however, until the marriage took place.

Mrs. William Crittenden Lockett (born Daisy Noland), granddaughter of Jesse Noland, wrote as follows in her manuscript, "Family Matters;":

Grandfather had been able to hide a fine saddle horse, "Buckskin," somewhere in the woods in a ravine, and somehow managed to keep the horse until after the end of the war,¹ stealing out nights to feed him, moving him near to Independence.

In 1939, John Hale Twyman, of Independence, Missouri, wrote to his niece, Daisy (Noland) Lockett, as follows:

Your mother (Rowena (Twyman) Noland) and I are about the only ones left that could point out to you the old homesteads of your forefathers on both sides. Some of the old cedar trees are living now that your grandmother Noland (Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland) set out on the first place they lived after her marriage, and it is yet one of the beautiful houses around here. It was afterwards known as the "Old Pres Roberts farm."

Mrs. Donald B. Ehrlich (Director of Archives, Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri) wrote to William Twyman Lockett in October, 1978, regarding the homeplace of the Jesse Nolands:

I believe that the cedars which Nancy Ann Smallwood Noland planted are still living. At least, the ones I have in mind are old enough and big enough to have been planted in the last century.

Daisy Noland Lockett often alluded to "Hell's half acre" in Independence, Missouri - an undesirable place, strictly avoided and off limits. In response to an inquiry made of Mrs. Ehrlich regarding "Hell's half acre," she replied, August 20, 1980, as follows:

Hell's half acre is still there too. Now it is the ground surrounding Fairmont School. Even in its more famous era, there was a school on the property. I recall my grandmother talking about it, as a place not to visit. In the last few months I have come to believe that it was a hiding place for Quantrill and his men or for the Jameses and their friends. It is believed that there was a spring on the grounds. It is near a valley in which complete cover can be had from the Missouri River over to the Independence-Westport Road. The Hills owned a considerable stretch of this ground but the Nolands and the

¹ Civil War.

Bufords were close if not owners along this secluded valley. Wallace Grove, where the Quantrill reunions were held, is not far away.

The Noland household was a lively one. Jesse Noland was an impatient man, high-strung and excitable. And, he was a good businessman. Even so, there was a time when Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland, his wife, was to urge him to pay more heed than was his wont to the suggestions proffered by his overseer for operating the farm. The story is told how Jesse, finally tiring of his wife's prodding, one day retorted that if the overseer was so smart, then how was it that he, Jesse Noland, and not the overseer owned the farm.

Once a distant relative overstayed his welcome. Exasperated, Jesse ordered the horse of the errant guest brought around to the front of the house. This accomplished with the greatest dispatch, Jesse commanded the visitor to mount. This was done at high speed. Then, waspishly, Jesse struck the back-side of the steed with his whip. Jesse then delivered a stentorian farewell to the fleeing unfortunates.

On another occasion Jesse's patience was sorely tried. Tom was the baby of the family and badly spoiled by his mother. More often than not he shirked his farm chores. A few years ago, Mrs. Callie (Noland) Alexander, Tom's niece, related an incident that had been told to her. Tom had poured a pail of water over his head, then had sped to the house to seek out his mother. Upon seeing the bedraggled child drenched with "perspiration," the good woman became greatly distraught and proceeded to lodge a strong protest with Jesse, the boy's father. What could he mean by working poor Tom so hard? Doubtless, Jesse although bedeviled was not deceived by this bit of chicanery. His wrath was explosive. Moments later Tom was perspiring profusely as he attacked his chores with a ferocity newly found.

Then there was that time - that day during the Civil War, the day Jesse was strung up tight as a drum. A day none of them would soon forget. Tom, still a lad of tender years, was heard to taunt a Union soldier who happened to be passing by. Tom threatened the soldier, yelling out that he, Tom, would get Todd (Captain Todd of Quantrill's guerrilla band) after him. The soldier's rage was instantaneous. The soldier wheeled about and started toward Tom. An awful confrontation was only a couple of hot breaths away. Tom's mother, barely able to conceal the terror in her voice, called to Tom to return to the house immediately. The soldier hesitated, stopped in his tracks, glaring after Tom. Then he turned away. Once safely indoors, Tom, the offender, badly frightened and crestfallen, received a dressing down such as he had never received before. The lives of all of them had been imperilled. The young neighbor boy, a kinsman, who had been sent on an errand. Had he not been crudely intercepted by Union soldiers and murdered - his body thrown to the hogs where it had been half devoured before being discovered? And not so long ago, either.

Daisy (Noland) Lockett wrote in "Family Matters" that during her grandmother's absence on a trip to Colorado to visit a son and daughter and their respective

spouses, her house in Independence, Missouri, had burned to the ground. Jesse Noland, greatly agitated on discovering the fire, managed to save a plate of ham from the buffet, and with the help of others, with more practiced and covetous eyes, a marble-top table and two or three horse-hair covered chairs. Upon her return home, Mrs. Noland found her family living quite contentedly in the field hands' quarters. Perhaps to relieve their anxiety, Elenora and two or three servants in bizarre attire straightaway had treated downtown Independence to an impromptu theatrical performance.

Toward the end of his life Jesse Noland grew more and more quiet. He, his wife, Tom and Tom's wife and baby had moved a few years before to Saguache, Colorado. Jesse's eldest child, Alice (Noland) Hallar, often invited neighbors in for tea. Mrs. Hallar's niece, Daisy (Noland) Lockett, recalled that she, Daisy, sometimes would be asked to play the piano for the guests. (The arrival of the grand piano from Missouri, had occasioned great excitement in Saguache, Colorado). On one such occasion, Daisy Lockett, who was about 5 years old at the time, remembered that her grandfather, Jesse Noland, sat even more quietly than usual. Shortly thereafter he died.

Mrs. Emanuel Thomsen, Jr., of Torrance, California, great granddaughter of Jesse Noland, contributed the following undated news item announcing the death of Jesse Noland. The report probably appeared in the Saguache Crescent, published in Saguache, Saguache County, Colorado. Saguache is pronounced "suh-watch," accent on the "watch." The date of the publication is not known.

DIED

At Ojo Caliente Springs, New Mexico, the 12th inst., of asthma,
Mr. Jesse Noland, of Saguache. Aged 57 years and (illegible) months.

Our community were started last week, on the afternoon of the above date, by the sudden announcement that a telegram had been received by Mrs. N. A. Noland, from the above mentioned springs, conveying to her the sad intelligence of the sudden death of her husband, Mr. Jesse Noland, for several years, one of the influential and prominent businessmen of Saguache. Mr. Noland had been in failing health for some time past, and concluded to make a trip in company with his friend, Mr. Thomas F. Hickey, of this place, for the purpose of visiting the warm sulphur springs of New Mexico, in hopes of benefitting his health. The result has proved different, however, and his wife and family are now called to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband. Possessing a quiet and unobtrusive disposition, the deceased by his affable manners, in all the special walks of life, attached to him many warm personal friends, which combined with his strict honesty and integrity, and sterling business qualities, enabled him to command the highest respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. The deceased leaves a widow and one son, who are residents of this county, one son living near Durango (Colorado) in this state, and a daughter residing in the

city of Denver, to mourn his loss, together with an aged mother, three brothers, and two sisters, who reside in the state of Missouri. Mr. Noland, previous to his coming to Saguache, was a resident of Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, where for a number of years, he carried on an extensive mercantile business. For the past seven years he has been a resident of this town, being all the while identified with its business interests, the largest portion of the time, as a dealer in dry goods and general merchandise. Mr. Noland retired from the mercantile business about one year ago, and engaged in the stock-raising business in the county, and by his prudent careful dealing had at the time of his death become possessor of considerable real and personal property. During the progress of the war between this government and Mexico, about thirty-seven years ago, Mr. Noland, who was then a young man, joined the command of Col. Doniphan, which marched from the Missouri river through this valley years ago, into that country, and in common with thousands of other brave citizen soldiers, who risked their lives in the service of their country, assisted in acquiring for this government from that republic, the magnificent public domain ceded to the United States, which was the immediate result of the successful termination of that war, a portion of which is included within the boundaries of this commonwealth. It is the intention of Mrs. Noland, as soon as the cool weather will permit, to remove the remains of her late husband from the place where they now rest, and bring them home to this place for burial...

Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland (1827-1890)

He was angry. He was alarmed. "What are you up to now?" he gasped. It was her father, Elijah Smallwood. There were droplets of blood where she had pierced the skin of one of her fingers. She was pressing against the opening in the skin. Pale, her face now flushed red, red with fury, violence and hatred that visited themselves on this child body. But the words which followed were adult, menacing, stinging. "I'm squeezing out all of the Smallwood blood," she retorted. It was the Scotch-Irish ancestors, the Bentons, who had sustained her in this crisis. It was the Scotch-Irish after all, remember, who had arrived on the American scene - in the Great Valley of Virginia - in Colonial days to stiffen the resolve of the haughty, restless Englishmen. Alongside was a sprinkling of Germans eager to test their industry, their mettle against a whole new and strange world. And here and there were a few Europeans of other stripe to make new lives for themselves.

Nancy Ann had not recoiled from her father's presence. Her mother had died. Her father had taken a new wife. Elijah Smallwood was to fade from memory. Nancy Ann's memory of her mother, Nancy Benton, henceforth would be a whole part of this child - this child who would grow to a splendor rare in these parts; a fine, fine lady beloved by all who knew her. In the waning years she would be hailed by a great newspaper as the "Grande Dame" of Colorado.

Daisy Noland, Nancy Ann Noland's granddaughter, spent more time with "Granny," as she called her, at Granny's house, than she spent at home with her parents, Rowena and Tom Noland. Granny and Daisy were avid readers. Granny had been widowed in 1884 when Daisy was seven years old. Now they were constant companions. Their interest in good books was shared by most of the "Remittance Men" of Saguache, Colorado, where the Nolands had made their home since 1778 - some 12 years after the village was founded. These remittance men - the shamelessly hapless unwanted offspring of English families - had been dispatched to the "Wild West" of North America with fervent prayers that they remain there. Many were younger sons of aristocratic families. All lined up on "Pay Day" at the Post Office where they retrieved their remittance money - usually once a month. Many stocked good libraries and lived in modest luxury. Nancy Ann Noland and Daisy frequently were honored dinner guests at the Englishmen's homes. These were festive occasions. Dinner conversation dealt not only with current literature, but also with life in England, relatives left behind, life on the American frontier and the rapidly changing scene which enveloped them.

Saguache stuck out like a sore thumb right there in the San Luis Valley - a land of the Indians, a land now troubled. Spawned by heady rumors of hordes of gold waiting for a man to grab a hold of, that is if he had enough man in him, Saguache filled up quickly with prospectors hell bent for leather. That is, as fast as they could saddle up, arm themselves with rifle, a bottle of whiskey and a blanket or two against the cold. Writers of a book about Colorado

(financed by the Federal Government during the Great Depression) nigh busted their seams when they set about describing Saguache:

SAGUACHE - pronounced sa-watch; Ind. blue ^{earth} ~~earth~~ ... 7,800 alt., 1,010 pop. ... a thriving but isolated community retaining some of the spirit of the old frontier, was founded by Nathan Russel in 1866 when excited throngs of prospectors rushed into the valley seeking gold. Among them were a number of Germans mustered out of military service at Fort Garland, who named one of the streets "Sauerkraut Avenue." They were soon followed by ranchers, who settled permanently. Today, ranching almost entirely supports the town, one of the few in Colorado where cowboys in high-heeled boots, blue denim jeans, and ten-gallon hats are seen on the streets.

During the early days Saguache, then headquarters of the Ute Agency, led a riotous existence, almost every other building was a saloon. The town won the county seat from Milton by a margin of six votes, said to have been cast by the oxen of a local farmer. Old-timers still talk of the race held here on July 4, 1879, when Red Buck, a local horse, was beaten by Little Casino, a "foreigner." Red Buck was the favorite, never having lost a race, and Little Casino's owner, a traveler from Kansas, had difficulty covering all the bets offered at tremendous odds. The Kansan rode away with practically the entire wealth of the community, including the buffalo robes and ponies of the Indians.

Up there in the cemetery, the Hillside Cemetery, repose the remains of one, Johnny O'Neil, the notorious saloonkeeper. Town folk said he "threw" the race, that Red Buck should have won. But don't go looking for a headstone with "Johnny O'Neil" carved on it. Look for one with big bold letters which spell out "Red Buck," nothing more, just "Red Buck." That's the way Johnny had wanted it. He got his wish. Johnny's number had come up on that fatal day - the day of the race. The burial came later. Maybe years later, as the wiseacres recollected it.

It was late afternoon. It was at the very core of winter. In its unrelenting pervasiveness the intense cold had trapped the little village of Saguache, dwarfed it, silenced it, pulled its horizons up short. Man would look uneasily about him and take stock of himself, of his condition. Jesse Noland had come home. Granny and Daisy had gone to the little chapel to meet him. They sat beside the coffin. Jesse had gone to Ojo Caliente Springs, New Mexico, but their healing powers had failed him. The grief Jesse's widow felt seemed almost to swallow her up. But it was for no one to know, none to see. None was there but the three. Bred by pioneers she had been a pioneer herself. Courage and self-respect like sentinels immutable would never relax their vigil. She held fast. And in troubled times, her descendants would never forget her admonition - "Hold fast!"

Suddenly Nancy Ann Noland was far, far away. She was back home in Missouri. There was laughter. Jesse was teasing her. Then he grabbed hold of her. He lifted her up. They clung to each other. It was one of those rare occasions when the children were away from the house and they were alone together. Their great love for each other had seemed always to have been a miracle. They whispered.

Outside the chapel, like the crack of a whip, a full-grown cottonwood trembled as a limb succumbed to the burden of ice. In quick succession another limb suffered the same fate as the silence exploded again. Instinctively her arm around Daisy tightened. Her body was taut now. Although far away she had heard them. She pushed away from him. There was fear now.

"Jesse! Jesse! Something is wrong. Those were gunshots..."

They came running

Terror gripped Nancy Ann and Jesse. Two little boys were screaming. One was Tom, their youngest child. The other, Noah - "Noey." The two were constant companions. Choked with fright, the words which followed did not come easily for Tom. They had gone hunting. As was the custom, at Tom's command Noey would rush ahead to retrieve the wild fowl shot down by Tom. Noey had gone ahead of Tom. Tom, angered, demanded that Noey wait for him, but Noey disobeyed. Tom raised his rifle and fired. Some of the buckshot penetrated the skin of Noey's backside. They both frantically pinched out the shot the best they could and then ran for home. The wounds proved to be superficial. But none would forget, least of all, Tom. He had hurt the friend he loved most of all. Noey was a slave boy.

The assault on their pride

It was almost too much to bear. Anger and fear they suppressed the best they could - Nancy Ann, Jesse, and their four children and servants. Three or four Federals on horseback had galloped up out of nowhere.

"We're hungry. Get dinner for us and be quick about it," roared their leader.

All hands fell to as the soldiers stalked about the house. They grabbed up all the silverware they could lay their hands on, one of them carrying the loot out of the house and loading it in the saddlebags. His task accomplished, he returned to the house. Dinner was ready. The Federals became engrossed in filling their empty bellies. Alice, the eldest of Nancy and Jesse's children, stealthily made her way out of the house. It was dark now. She retrieved all the stolen silverware from the saddlebags. If she had known fear none would know. Their feast over, the Federals, none the wiser, made their departure.

The embers, now just embers

A pall now had penetrated to every corner of the little chapel and had possessed it. The little stove, stoked for them against the cold this night, had receded into the shadows. The few embers remaining were signaling their own demise. The child enfolded in Nancy Ann Noland's arms was now fast asleep, her head tucked inside Granny's sealskin coat. Periodically the sealskin coat was shipped away to Chicago for re-shaping to conform to the latest fashion.

Granny would not have it otherwise. It was now only a matter of minutes until the pair would depart. But in those few minutes a whole quarter of a century, or maybe more, flashed through Granny's consciousness...

The Federals

There had been a loud knock on the door. It was a bad omen. It was late at night. The Federals seemed to have made a habit of it. The Confederates were beginning to lose their hold, fighting now against heavy odds. This was Independence, Missouri. Cautiously, Granny unlocked the door. Yes, it was the Federals.

"Illuminate," roared their leader. "Vicksburg has been taken."

"What? Again?" exclaimed Granny.

The Federals had roundly cursed her, waiting and watching until she "lit up."

Ragsie and the Bear

How terrified they had been - she and Daisy. It was while they were homesteading one summer in Colorado. It was little comfort that her son, Tom, and Rowena, his wife, were homesteading on the other side of the mountain. It was nightfall. Ragsie, Granny's little dog, had started to bark. The barking did not cease. They had investigated - peeking out the window of the little makeshift summer cabin. An angry, very angry bear was lunging at Ragsie who would retreat under the cabin and then dash out as soon as the bear wheeled around to depart. The baiting of the bear went on throughout the night. An eternity later, with the arrival of daylight, the bear ambled away. The terror of that night would never be forgotten.

It was Alice, Alice Noland

Yes, it was she, mostly, that the wide-eyed young girl, Rowena Twyman, would dash out of the house to see. She would peer through the fence. The wonder of it all was repeated each time the elegant carriage passed by the Twyman farm in Jackson County, Missouri. The driver, resplendent in his uniform. The beautiful matched horses with their arched necks and nervous gait. Most of all, however, Rowena's eyes were riveted on the two elegant ladies in the carriage. The younger of the two she thought to be the most beautiful lady she had ever seen. It was the young bride, no longer Alice Noland, but now Mrs. Johnson Hallar. The older lady was her mother-in-law, doyenne of the proud Hallars.

These patricians long since had appraised one another with aplomb, aplomb razor sharp. Neither was disappointed. Both were well educated. Alice had excelled at her studies when she attended Woodland College. Among her favorite subjects was French. Her command of the language was good. Alice Noland studied diligently. While at boarding school she was in the habit of awakening during the night, arising to study and write. The pages of her school books were full of written comments. Some expressed delight; others, puzzlement. Alice Noland was cool, aloof. She was haughty. Alice Noland, in a word, was grand. Her displeasure she ill concealed. Bad manners brought her swift reproof. Vulgarities she did not countenance. In these matters Alice Noland Hallar and her mother-in-law saw eye to eye.

As if to make a point, Alice Noland Hallar more than once told about the occasion when she and Mrs. Hallar were riding one day in the Hallar carriage. Alice had repeated, with distaste, a bit of gossip which had originated with a mutual acquaintance. The older Mrs. Hallar crisply remarked that the poor creature "lacked by just that much of being a lady." The Hallars were numerous, well educated and rich - formidable. Alice Noland was one of them. Two great stone lions symbolically flanked the entrance to the Hallar mansion. One press account of the Hallars appeared in the October 13, 1935 edition of the Kansas City Star:

County Homes in "Hallar Neighborhood"

A little way north of the Donovan farm, on the same road, is the 400 acre farm of Thomas Bash, Sheriff of Jackson County, which he recently bought, mostly from the Hallar estate. There was an old house upon it built many years ago of brick burned on the place...

Adjoining the Bash farm on the west is the farm of 800 acres owned by Dr. L. C. Johnson, and then we come to the 400-acre farm of Mitchel J. Henderson, probate judge of Jackson County... These three

farms, all bought recently, are connected with a newly improved "Valley View" road that goes on west and south to connect with highway 40.

The three farms lie in what was known for years as the "Hallar neighborhood." Jacob Hallar came to Jackson County from Pennsylvania in 1845, long before there was a railroad in Missouri and when this part of the country depended wholly upon steamboats on the Missouri for transportation to and from the outside world. He built a macadam road from Independence to the steamboat landing known then as Wayne City. It was the first hard-surfaced road in this western country. Later, Hallar settled on a large tract of land in what was known as the "Cracker Neck" district where these three farms are. Several of his children settled on farms around him. One was George Washington Hallar, who went to Chapel Hill school and was a classmate of Senators George Vest, Stephen B. Elkins and Francis Cockrell, and Representative John T. Crisp. Other sons were John Calvin Hallar, a pony express rider on the plains, William M. Hallar, killed in battle in Bates County, and James Albert Hallar, shot from ambush while he was a soldier in the Confederate Army of "Pop" Price and was watering some horses in Sni-a-Bar Creek.

Don't cross a Hallar

If you do, chances are good that you wont live to tell it. Hallar feats of reckless courage in the Confederate cause are legendary, as were those of their confreres William Clarke Quantrill, the Younger brothers, and Frank and Jesse James - the latter more especially in the Border Warfare with Kansas. They were all closely associated. They were all of the same stripe. Don't trip yourself over distinctions, lines - gray or otherwise. When you're talking Redlegs, Jayhawkers, Border Warfare (Missouri and Kansas), Quantrill's guerrilla band, the Federals, the Confederates, the James Boys, Hallars, the Younger brothers and their followers, you are talking about an arsenal of hatred and violence as explosive as as ever existed throughout the land. And the flash point, low, real low.

The Federals, headquartered at Kansas City, under orders of the hated Jennison, had raided the whole countryside around, killing defenseless men, women and children. Cole Younger and one of the Hallar men overcame a principal Federal detachment headquartered in Independence. Hallar and his men captured more than 20 prisoners. The attack had been coordinated with a pincer manœuver directed by Cole Younger and his men. Hallar's mother, in Independence, played her part in a deception which resulted in the Federals' defeat.

A couple of decades down the line - out Colorado way, southwest Colorado, Saguache, to be specific. Jess Hallar was there, a small boy. The day was special. Uncle Tom Noland, Aunt "Roe" and the baby had come to visit. It happened fast. Jess was wheeling his three-year old cousin in her carriage. A couple of town bullies came swaggering by bent on investigating the contents of the carriage. Like a shot, Hallar put himself between them and the buggy. His legs were spread. His body inclined slightly forward. Like sabers ready to cut, his arms hung almost motionless at his side so that their slight pivoting and positioning would have gone almost unnoticed. The intruders hesitated. Jesse's jaw was set, the eyes were now mere slits - slits of hatred. But the sounds - the sounds were the same. From out of the past - from Hallar men who bred him. Their womenfolk and children threatened during the carnage wrought by the Civil War, Hallar men would slash a victim to ribbons. Deep down, deep down from their guts came their guttural hisses, slow and measured like. It was the same now.

"Don't you dare touch her," low and guttural.

And they didn't. They retreated. Uncle Tom's first born, a girl, Daisy Noland, was safe in the carriage.

They could count on Fred Hallar ¹

The masthead of the letter read THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, "ROYAL GORGE ROUTE." Underneath was typed "Room 17, Union Station, Pueblo, Colorado, November 4, 1931." File 115-A. In the upper left hand corner was printed "S. J. BURRIS, CHIEF SPECIAL OFFICER." The letter read:

Hon. Fred C. Hallar
Mancos, Colorado

My dear Mr. Hallar:

I am well acquainted with Sheriff Bliss (Ed. note: Bliss was the brother-in-law of Fred Hallar) at Price, Utah, as he has always co-operated with our men in connection with any robberies that occurred. Only last week I put in two days with the Sheriff at Price in connection with a series of box car robberies that occurred there in the last two months and the Sheriff with two of my men finally caught the thief in the act.

Please accept my congratulations for the good work done by you in the capture of these two would be murderers who really ought to be handled through the court of "JUDGE LYNCH."

The enclosed clipping in connection with the good work performed by you was culled from the Pueblo Star Journal of November 3rd.

Very truly yours,

(signed) S. J. Burris

CHIEF SPECIAL OFFICER.

SJB-C
Encl.

Copy to Mr. Marion Bliss,
Sheriff of Carbon County,
Price, Utah.

DESPERADOES CAPTURED BY COLORADO LEGISLATOR
(Pueblo Star Journal)

CORTEZ, Nov. 3. - (U.P.) - Frank Smith and Lee Diamanti who raided the jail at Price, Utah, shooting the sheriff, beating a deputy, and attempting to free the prisoners yesterday, were captured today at

¹

Both the letter and the article were made available by Mrs. Callie (Noland) Alexander, of Mancos, Colorado, November, 1982. Fred Hallar was the son of Johnson Hallar and Alice (Noland) Hallar. Fred Hallar was a ninth generation descendant of Peirce Noland, the immigrant to Maryland,

the entrance of the Mesa Verde National Park by Frank (sic) Hallar, single-handed. Hallar is a brother-in-law of Sheriff S. M. Bliss of Carbon County, Utah, who was wounded by the pair so seriously that his right arm had to be amputated to save his life.

Hallar, Colorado legislator, operates a cottage camp at the entrance to the park and he recognized Smith and Diamenti as wanted men when they stopped at his camp in the automobile of a motorist from whom they had begged a ride after wrecking and abandoning an automobile they stole in Monticello, Utah.

Hallar covered them with a revolver and they submitted. He brought them to the jail here, where they were taken into custody by three Carbon county, Utah, deputies and started back to Price.

Smith and Diamenti carried revolvers when captured and the automobile which they abandoned contained a number of home-made bombs - bottles filled with black powder.

Questioned by the Utah deputies C. A. Knobbs, William Lines and Lavan Birch, the two men refused to admit they raided the Price jail, and denied they broke into a garage here early today, stole a quantity of gasoline and tried to break open a money box. The deputies, however, recognized them, they claimed, as the men who shot Sheriff Bliss and beat Deputy J. E. Gibson, while attempting to free prisoners in the Price jail.

In reply to a letter addressed by Mrs. Callie Alexander, of Mancos, Colorado, William T. Lockett, her cousin, stated the following:

Although I am not completely certain, according to my papers Edward T. Noland (owned a construction materials business headquartered on West 7th Street, Los Angeles, California) probably was the son of Edward Turner Noland. Edward Turner Noland was born about 1806. He had a son, Edward Noland, who was born in 1847, Independence, Missouri. This Edward Noland was a brother of Jesse R. Noland who was a business partner, in Saguache, Colorado, of your grandfather, Jesse Noland. You are a ninth generation descendant of Pierce Noland, the immigrant to Maryland, about 1675. Edward T. Noland was a seventh generation descendant of Pierce (or Peirce) Noland. You are a sixth generation descendant of the Revolutionary War veteran, Ledstone Noland. Edward T. Noland (of the envelope you sent) was a fourth generation descendant of Jesse Noland, Revolutionary War veteran, and brother of Ledstone Noland - Ledstone Noland being your ancestor. Note is taken of the fact that the envelope was addressed by Edward T. Noland to your first cousin, Mr. Fred C. Hallar, Mancos, Colorado. The envelope was post marked March 26, 1925.

Mrs. William Crittenden Lockett

(1877-1964)

The late Mrs. William Crittenden Lockett (born Daisy Noland) shown with her granddaughter, Susan Ramsey, at the Old Durham Church, Charles County, Maryland, where Major General William Smallwood, hero of the Revolutionary War, was a Vestryman, 1775-1791.

The photograph was made in 1952 and is from the Lockett family collection.



Family Matters *

By

Daisy Noland Lockett (1877-1964)

I have hoped and planned for rather a long time to write facts and matters of interest about our families - the Nolands and the Twymans. I had hoped to have the information I have gathered from what my grandmother, Nancy Smallwood Noland, told me and my mother, Rowena Twyman Noland, told me - and from various other sources, put down in proper order and typed copies made for each family - but I feel I must write down as I can from time to time facts as I remember them, stories, data - some gathered from books - much given to me by Uncle John Twyman and Aunt Jessie Twyman who have sent me information about the Twyman and Yancey families - Aunt Jessie having done quite a little research work in genealogy.

My earliest recollections are of Grandmother Noland or Mamma telling stories to me.

It was only twelve years after the end of the Civil War (1865) until I was born (1877), and by the time I was five years old I was deeply interested in the stories of the War - and they were still rather fresh in the minds of my grandmother whom we generally called "Granny" and of my mother.

Mamma's earliest remembrance seems to have been when she was four or five years old - of seeing men walking down the road by their home - soldiers - with clothes bloodstained - and she remembered seeing their home burned - and fences burning and the horses and mules being driven or taken away. One span of mules was very difficult to manage. Only two of the men working on the place could manage them, either separately or working together. The soldiers could not get them out of their stalls as the mules fought strangers - so they were left - could be heard screaming as the barn was burning. Their beautiful home, with treasured possessions, many from Virginia and Kentucky, stood on high ground and they stood below it, watching it burn. I think one or more of the negro cabins was left. There had been an Order issued by the Military in Kansas City requiring all persons known to be Southern sympathizers, even if not in Confederate service, to leave their homes and move to the nearest town or city - this was for Jackson County - was called the famous Order Number Eleven - known by many as the "infamous" Order No. 11.

The W. H. Twyman family did not move quickly enough so lost their home. Most of the houses left standing, however, were to some extent looted, and all stock was invariably taken.

* A manuscript, a gift of William Twyman Lockett to the Jackson County Historical Society, Independence, Missouri, and is now available in the Jackson County Historical Archives.

The family had to move to Independence by any means possible. Grandmother Twyman had a sister living there, Mrs. Perry Brock, who had a nice home. She was "Aunt Bun." My mother as a little girl was sent by her father to school in Independence for several years as he felt the Rock Creek country school near his home not quite suitable - the long walk, the neighborhood, et cetera - and she had her little cousin, Annie Brock, about her own age, to go with her. Her father kept her there just during the school days - always coming home for weekends, holidays, et cetera.

After the War ended they returned to the farms - bare land, no improvements, fences gone. We have a picture of the cabin or sort of house, logs from their place, to answer until other improvements - and Grandfather Twyman went to work with his usual ability, hired men, borrowed money on his lands, got everything under way - before long had a better house and that was two-story, later was weather boarded, added to, and remained Grandmother's and Aunt Ida's home until it was sold by Aunt Ida's (Aunt Ida was the youngest daughter) husband a year or two after her death, as her husband passed on - no children. It, of course, was not as large or beautiful as the former home.

Grandmother Noland was more practical than Grandmother Twyman on matters of management, and knew Order Number Eleven had better be complied with and quickly. All stock, everything movable was taken, but the house and some buildings were left standing. The only means of transportation they could get together to move to Independence was an old wagon, no wagon bed - just boards, and a yoke of oxen. On the wagon they boarded what supplies they could and all sat on the flat board floor. A Union soldier passed them and said "Where do you think you are going?" Grandmother had to at least cause some reaction and answered "To Idaho." He roared with laughter and said "You will never get there with that outfit!"

Grandfather had been able to hide a fine saddle horse, "Buckskin," somewhere in the woods in a ravine and somehow managed to keep the horse until after the end of the War, stealing out nights to feed him, moving him near to Independence. My Aunt "Bittie" in later years rode Buckskin at a county fair. She had a beautiful riding habit - was herself beautiful. She was awarded a silver tea set. She also rode with Matthias Gossett of an old Independence family and they won some award as the best couple.

There were some things and furniture brought to Colorado by my grandmother Noland from Missouri; also clothing, et cetera. I remember a very beautiful large white ivory silk shawl with long heavy fringe. The embroidered flowers with their stems and leaves stood out as if laid on it. They were in the same color. This was given to my Aunt Bittie after grandmother's death. She used it for a time on her piano when the silk shawls were used as covering, or draped. A woman who bought her piano begged to have the shawl and, as usual, Aunt Bittie could not resist her pleading. Later she regretted letting the woman have it but could not find her.

Some furniture had been saved from the parlor when the house burned in Missouri but we cannot trace it. There was a beautiful oval marble-topped walnut parlor table.

We have only one piece of jewelry which was hers - a little blue enamel pin with narrow gold edge about it.¹

There was a sewing machine - one of the earliest made. It was chain stitch. The top of the machine was quaint. There was a glass pressor foot. There was a square box top which was set over it as a cover; it was made of walnut. The machine made a beautiful stitch. I used to love to help run the machine, sitting on the floor and holding the rod from the treadle to the machine head. My grandmother told me of my cousin, Jesse Hallar, who was a few years older than I but at my age he would ask her if he might sit on the floor and "sheen it" when she sewed. It was sold to someone in Saguache (Colorado) when my mother got the (then) latest, improved Singer. I wish it might be found and given to the museum at Fort Garland, Colorado, where the railroad ended in those early days - where the machine arrived by train freight and was taken by freight wagon to Saguache in 1877. All of my family came by train from Missouri to Fort Garland.

The last to arrive there were my grandfather Noland, Mamma and I, I delaying them until I was old enough to travel - six months old. There we took the stagecoach and made our entrance into Saguache - probably quite an exciting entrance to Saguache as the four or six horses were usually put to a fast trot or a gallop as the stagecoach made its entrance into its destination.

The Civil War had been over only a few years until the little children of that period were "grown up" into their teens, and as the property of many of their families had been all or partially destroyed and business changes had been made and the spirit of "Go West young man" was abroad, the young men did just that. My Uncle Ed, called "Bud," was the first to go, and at almost the same time Aunt Alice, her husband, Johnson Hallar, and Aunt Bittie's husband, Alex Proctor - my father going in a year or two. They all liked the spirit of adventure of the new frontier.

My Uncle Ed was offered a large sum for that day to drive freight wagons. It was a highly dangerous job - very poor roads over mountains, through meadows - a sort of "find your way program" with the great heavy wagons drawn by an eight-mule team. Uncle Bud (Ed) drove the wagons from the west side of the Great Divide miles west beyond the top, then over and down the east side thirty or forty miles to Saguache from the top of the Divide. Mountain lions, bears and other animals were very often seen, and there was still some danger of Indians. But he was known far and near for his reckless and adventurous spirit and his complete fearlessness. So he wrote for his friends living about Independence (Missouri) and Kansas City to join him. He was several years older than my father. The little village town of Saguache was growing fast, and my Uncle

¹ Inherited by Mrs. Charles Lindsay (née Nancy Jean Lockett), great-great-granddaughter of Nancy Ann (Smallwood) Noland.

Bud felt it would become a trading center and, perhaps, quite a large town in time. He kept writing to Grandfather and Grandmother to sell the farm and come out there. The slaves had been gone for six years or more at that time, except three, Noah, Tildy and "Old Bet," who was in her teens but always was called "Old Bet" because she had a violent temper and was always in a fight with other negroes.

My grandfather when a very young man had owned or had a partnership in a mercantile store in Independence. He was quite handsome, I have heard, and he was called the "Beau Brummell" of Independence. After marrying my grandmother he moved to his farms between Independence and Kansas City and acquired the darkies necessary for the farm. After these years my uncle in Colorado began to urge Grandfather and Grandmother to go to Colorado, build a store and have a mercantile business, a plan sure to make money and easier for them than farm life, and the children wanted Grandmother and Grandfather with them, so my Grandmother was sent as emissary, being a person of stability and good judgment (though most feminine).

During her absence visiting Uncle Ed, Uncle Johnson (by marriage), also Alex Proctor, and Grandfather stayed there, Aunt Bittie moving home (as Uncle Alex had gone West) with her six-months old baby and her trousseau trunks. Her wedding trousseau had been known to be one of the most complete and beautiful of that day. Cousin Rena Burns, about seventeen years old, had come to stay over night with Aunt Bittie who was eighteen years old, I think. In the night there came the cries of "fire!, fire!" Noah had his cabin in the rear, also Tildie who stayed on after the War. The family escaped. My Grandfather always got wildly excited, and after the family got safely out he rushed about, taking a plate of ham off the buffet, and a few other things as ridiculous in point of time and value. With some help he moved the marble-topped table and two or three "elegant" pieces of horse-hair upholstered walnut "parlor set." All else was burned in the very nice two-story white house. The trousseau, trunks, et cetera, were destroyed in the fire.

My cousin, Rena, whose father and uncle were killed in Confederate service and all they had was lost, and whose mother, Aunt Rill (Sarelda) kept a "select" boardinghouse with the help of three children. Cousin Rena's new dress and shoes were gone in the fire. My mother said that early in the morning Rena and Bittie arrived at Grandmother Twyman's (her home), cousin Rena barefooted and wearing a calico wrapper, Aunt Bittie wearing old carpet slippers, a similar dress or perhaps her night-robe, carrying the baby - Aunt Bittie's baby - a darling little girl who died just a few months later. This was a great and almost unforgettable grief to my young aunt; it seems to me that the baby's name may have been Eileen, Eileen Proctor, niece of Alexander Proctor, the minister of the Christian Church in Independence.

After my grandmother had had her visit in Colorado with the sons, sons-in-law, had been shown about the country and urged by them to decide to move there -