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Family History of MaryJo Noblit Johnson

MaryJo C. Johnson

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The Family History of

MaryJo C. Johnson

22 November 2016

MaryJo C. Johnson authored this family history as part of the course requirements for HIST 813 Seminar in American History: Family History offered online in Fall 2016 and was submitted to the Pittsburg State University Digital Commons. Please contact the author directly with any questions or comments: mcjohnson@gus.pittstate.edu

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List of Direct Line Family Members

Generation One

- A1. MaryJo Caitlin Noblit Johnson (1993-)
- A2. Rory Dalton Johnson (1993-)

Generation Two

- Ala. Carol Dawn Hickey Noblit (1971-)
- Alb. James Lee Noblit (1968-)

Generation Three

- Ala1. Cathy Jo Dorsey Hickey Smith (1951-2009)
- Ala2. Michael Orin Hickey (1949-1996)

- Alb1. Donna Louise Evans Noblit (1937-)
- Alb2. Lewis Leon Noblit (1931-1996)

Generation Four

- Ala1a. Mable Constance Garnett Dorsey (1933-1996)
- Ala1b. Loy Aldon Dorsey (1928-1998)

- Ala2a. Hedwig Händel Hickey (1927-1989)
- Ala2b. Charles Hickey (1927-1990)

- Alb1a. Lillian Etta Jones Evans (1903-1994)
- Alb1b. John Robert Evans (1900-1956)

- Alb2a. Blanche May Roberts Noblit (1903-1964)
- Alb2b. Clarence Noblit (1898-1971)

Generation Five

Ala1a1. Gwendolyn Constance Smith Garnett (1909-1988)
Ala1a2. George Bain Garnett (1879-1945)

Ala1b1. Adelia Myrtle Johnson Dorsey (1901-1977)
Ala1b2. James Bennett Dorsey (1896-1965)

Ala2a1. Selina Maria Händel (1899-)
Ala2a2. Johan Hilding Persson (1895-)

Ala2b1. Clara Leota Hunn Hickey (1891-1981)
Ala2b2. Orin Walter Hickey (1900-1965)

Alb1a1. Barbara Etta Taylor McCool Jones (1866-1931)
Alb1a2. Tally McClelland Jones (1863-1930)

Alb1b1. Nellie Grace O'Malley Evans (1872-1929)
Alb1b2. Miles Elmer Evans (1872-1944)

Alb2a1. Susan Alva McPheeters Roberts (1872-1933)
Alb2a2. Hugh Donathan Roberts (1867-1949)

Alb2b1. May Belle Stoffal Noblit (1872-Deceased)
Alb2b2. Harry Alexander Noblit (1865-1945)

GENERATION ONE

The Beginnings

My name is **MaryJo Noblit Johnson (1993-)** and I was born to **James Lee Noblit (1968-)** and **Carol Dawn Hickey Noblit (1971-)** at the Kingman Community Hospital in Kingman, Kansas. I was born two weeks early. My doctors recorded that I was a healthy baby that came from a caesarean section that they did not check my lungs thoroughly to see if they removed all the fluids. Because of this mistake for the next two weeks I would turn blue and would start to suffocate on my own fluids. Come to think about it I was one of the last babies that were born at that hospital. Luckily my parents eventually took me back to the doctors and them that fixed the problem.

The Naming Game

My mom wanted to name me Cassandra, my dad absolutely hated it mainly because people would call me Cassie. My dad always had a thing with nicknames, his nickname in high school was Snot-Head (Due to him constantly sniffing) and his older brother was called Knot-Head (Due to him having the last name Noblit and being hard headed). Funnily enough, I don't think I have heard my dad call me by my first name for a very long time, his nicknames for me are Rat, Ratfink, Sis, Little Grump, and Tweety Bird Strutter. The last nickname came from two different places. The first part Tweety Bird was from constantly wearing a Tweety Bird shirt to all the bow shoots I went to every Sunday while I was growing up. Strutter came from one night at Girl Scouts. We were playing Strut Miss Lizzie, where you line up in two

lines and the strutter must strut down the line, and my dad was coming to pick me up. He has yet to let me live it down.

Immediate Family

My mother has been my best friend since forever. She is always there when I need her and she always listens to what I have to say. She is one of my biggest cheerleaders. I only have one sibling and his name is **Hunter Alexander Noblit (1995-)**. My brother was able to go to the college that I originally wanted to attend, but I did not get the opportunity to go because my parents deemed it too expensive. He was a D student in high school and now he isn't going to school there because he was could not keep his grades up. He is now working two full time jobs to keep everything a float, but I wouldn't trade him for anything.

One of the Worst Years of my Life

1996 was pretty rough year. My brother and I would go to this daycare where the owner would just sit us in a room and we could basically do whatever we wanted. The daughter of the daycare provider, who was only a year older than me and very mean spirited, was taking a nap and I wanted to play with her. I woke her up and she proceeded to put my arm under a rocking chair and slammed down into the chair, this action broke my arm. I started to cry, the girl's mother came in and took me outside and put me on the porch, alone. She told me to shut up and that she was going to call my mother to come take me for the rest of the day. Let's just say that is the last time my brother and I went to that daycare, my parents were able to get the daycare closed due to this and other circumstances that have

happened with the owner. During the same year, I lost both of my grandfathers. They both passed away to heart attacks. I was close to my maternal grandfather and I wasn't close with my paternal grandfather. I wasn't allowed to go to their funerals because my family was worried that I would go up and start pounding on their chests, apparently I did this when they were sleeping all the time. This was also the year that I started pre-school due to me having a speech problem.

Preteen

In 2005, I was in fifth grade and prepping for middle school. My teacher was Mr. Bigelow, but everyone called him Mr. Pick-His-Nose. (You could probably guess why we did that). This was the year that I decided to join the band instead of reading with second graders that would have been brought into the fifth-grade classroom. Reading with the second graders counted as a community service point and it also helped the second graders feel more confident in their reading abilities. I decided to learn how to play the clarinet even though my parents wanted me to learn how to play the flute. I wanted to learn the clarinet because I wanted to see if it was hard, mainly because I saw Squidward having difficulty with it on SpongeBob so I was curious. I just wasn't interested in playing the flute and my parents wanted me to play it because one of their family friends were getting rid of their old flute, being a typical preteen, I didn't want a used flute. Halfway through the year, Valentine's Day to be exact, my family decided to move from outskirts of my hometown, 515 South Raff Street, to a house that was in the middle of town, 311 East Copeland Avenue.

I wasn't too thrilled about the move because I had lived in the house for eleven years and I had friends who lived close by. I felt like I was being cheated, but I soon realized it was better to move to this new house due to it being closer to the elementary/middle school and to the high school so I wouldn't have to take the bus anymore due to moving to a house that was only a few blocks away from the school.

Middle School

When middle school hit I was labeled the mean girl, not like the movie mean girls but actual mean, mean girl. I was rude to everyone, I thought I was better than all the other girls in my class. I thought people didn't deserve me. I was about four inches taller than everyone else, which meant if I wanted to talk to anyone and look them in the eye to do so, I had to hunch over. I had a constant Go Away look on my face. I dressed like your typical moody adolescent girl. I wore pants that had the hems drag on the ground, I wore eyeliner that resembled a raccoon, my bangs covered my eyes, my shirts were either covered in stripes or plaid. So much plaid.

I was the girl no one wanted to talk to. Don't get me wrong I did have friends, but they were odd as well. One friend constantly dressed like she just came out of a John Hughes film, one friend took the emo phase to a whole new extreme, and my other friend dressed like me. During this time, I continued playing in the band but I also played basketball, only JV, and managed the volleyball team. In 2007, I lost my step-grandfather. He would make the best malts in the world and always knew how to make me laugh. In 2008, I got promoted out of eighth grade and went to high school.

Grandpa Jeff

My step-grandfather, **Walter Jefferson Smith (1942-2007)**, was my maternal grandma's second husband. She met him on an online dating site back before it was a norm to do so. People thought he would be a creep but he turned out to be one of the nicest men that I got to know. He was worried that my family would not accept him since we just lost out grandfather a few years prior, but he soon became a rock for the family. He was so giddy when I called him Grandpa for the first time. See he never had children, even though he was previously married. So he thought he would never get to experience having children or even having grandchildren. He was in the Navy but he retired and went into Jewelry. He would make and repair pieces, he would constantly joke about how I wouldn't be able to wear rings when I got older due to me not having "knuckles." He would call me his model and kept me from being having a bad body image, basically telling me to ignore how Hollywood is portraying the ideal body type. I only got to know him for a short amount of time but he taught me so much.

High School

In high school things did change for me. I became one of those floater people that was able to blend into any group. But I did have a primary group, the band students. Every morning the first class that I had was Band for every year of my high school career. The very beginning of the year we would do marching band. Every morning we would go outside and practice our formations, we did this rain or shine. One time there was even snow on the ground and it was

extremely miserable. Half way through the first half of the semester we would start working on concert music. On top of being in the band, I was in choir/Madrigals. The choir is for every person that needed a fine arts credit and they didn't want to join the band or go to art class. To gain a position in the Madrigal group you had to audition. I auditioned until my sophomore year leading into my junior year before I finally was able to get in. Every year we would have a Madrigal's feast during the fall/winter season. It was kind of a scaled down version of a Renaissance festival. Every year we had a "contest" for band and Madrigals and during these "contests" we would go perform and get judged on how well we do. The process was always grueling but the end results were fantastic. Typically, my day would start at the first bell, 8:23 am. The first thing that I would do is go to the band room and assemble my clarinet and collect my music. I would then go outside to the practice field and go to my assigned spot at the beginning of the show. After running through the show several times it was time for the rest of the school day. After I was done with my classes I would go to the locker room and change into my practice uniform. Practice would start at 3:30 pm and go on until 6:00 pm.

On top of having been a part of the musical side of High School, I was also on the sports side. I played basketball my freshman year and made JV. I managed the team my sophomore year. At the middle of my sophomore, I was offered the chance to travel across Europe in the Kansas Music Ambassadors program. My parents said it was okay for me

to go, but only I pay for it myself. I stopped playing basketball and got myself a job.

High School Jobs

I applied everywhere that would potential hire me. I applied at the hospital to applying at a restaurant called "China." My last resort job was McDonald's. My first job was a McDonald's, I know not very exciting and I thoroughly was not excited to work there by I needed the money to go on this once in a lifetime trip. I started working there April 2010. I had my baggy uniform on, little to no training, and was thrown on a cash register with the warning "If you get bills that are \$20 or more put them under the tray in case you get robbed. Good luck!" 16-year-old I was terrified, wondering if this was a common thing that happened, which I found out wasn't common at all. The manager was trying to be funny.

I soon found working there wasn't as horrible as I originally thought it would be. When school was still in session during the week I would work the evening shift, and the evening shift was pretty relaxed. There were quite a few people that worked it that were around my age. During the weekends I would work whenever they could pencil me in. I would do double shifts if someone called in sick or didn't show up. I was their "go to" person. Doing this made me get 40 hours while going to high school full time. I basically did the same thing during the summer. You do not know true horror until you experience three school buses full of kids after a football game with only three people still clocked in. You would think we were preparing for a battle people were yelling put all the baskets down in the

fryer. Make 50 nuggets, make 30 patties, make two fish patties (there were always people that wanted the fish fillet). The McFlurry blender was constantly going. There was always something beeping and the pop machine was always running out of ice. It was always stressful but it was also fun.

Now Boarding

When it came close to the day that I had to pay for the trip I noticed that I was a few hundred dollars short. I cried because I worked so hard and I came up short and now I was going to miss out on the trip. My dad, who is one of the biggest penny pinchers that ever existed, one day just slide the money that I was short on into the envelope that I was keeping the money in and told me "Now you can't say I never did anything for you," then laughed and hugged me. I was so overjoyed. This was it I finally get to go to Europe. The next few months flew by so quickly and soon I was all packed and was getting ready to say goodbye to my family. After a little period of crying with the family, mainly my mom and I since this was going to be the longest we were apart from each other, I made my way through the first gate. Before I could get past the security check, the people had to check my bag. Since this trip took place in 2011, it was after the events of 9/11 and the TSA were being really strict with their procedures it would make sense as to why I was so scared. I kept thinking what did I do, what did I do wrong, what is going to happen. After my bagged was okayed they told me that I had the "lucky" ticket, which meant it just had to be checked because my ticket had a marking on it. They could have just told me that at first. My teacher was

scared too because she didn't know how to explain the situation to my family if something bad was to have happened.

We soon got on the plane that was getting ready to leave Kansas City and head to Atlanta, Georgia. Once we landed there I found I great coffee place, Caribou Coffee. Coffee has been on the rise for a while and for individuals that were in their teens it was viewed as an adult activity. There have been multiple stores, more stores than just Starbucks, that have opened that specializes in different types of coffee, techniques on making the coffee, and different flavor types. This was my first chance at independent though and I had a turtle mocha. We then found out that we were going to be stuck in Atlantic for eight hours. The game that kept us occupied for the majority of the time was Apples to Apples. This game is made for four to ten players to play, with the objective to get the most green cards in their hand out of everyone else. To get the green card, the player has to lay down a red card that corresponded with the text that is on the green card and if the person that is judging for the green card likes what you layed down, then you will gain the green card. Usually the responses were inappropriate. You can only play Apples to Apples for so long before you get bored. Soon naps were the better idea. Once we finally boarded the plane, I gave up my seat for a man so he could sit by his girlfriend, so I spend the 8-hour flight surrounded by people I do not know. After a while, we were finally landing---, first stop: London, England.

England

London, England, it was my second favorite stop but it will be near and dear to my heart. I grew up always wanting to go to England to see where much of the places that were in my favorite books look like in person. And I was not disappointed. The first thing that we did when we landed was got our luggage, which took an extremely long time. The reason being is that most of the instruments that were not considered carry-ons got sent to a different location, my clarinet was in my carry-on luggage so I had to wait for everyone else to find their instruments. One boy's trumpet was sent to Amsterdam. We then took buses to our hotels that we would be staying at for a few days. Once we were checked in, we were not allowed to freshen up. We had to get back on the buses and go to Windsor Castle. The queen's role in her country is to promote unity and be a role model for societal actors. She is the Head of the Commonwealth and is the constitutional monarch. She is the one that appoints the Prime Minister, and she has the ability to open and dissolve Parliament.

While there we got lost in a group due to the Queen having her tea party. I got to see the Queen of England in person that day and it was incredible. She was a lot smaller than I expected. The second day that we were in London, we had to perform. I wanted to get the full experience of performing overseas and was in two of the three groups, Band and Choir. The second day we performed and did a little site seeing. The choir sang at a small church that was on one of the side streets of London, it was small but really cozy. The band played in an amphitheater and only played three of the seven pieces that we had prepared. The last song that we played was "Stars and Stripes

Forever" and the locals were jumping up and down, singing along, and dancing it was great seeing them enjoying our performance. During the site seeing adventures that we had in London, I got to sit through Mass in Westminster Abbey. We got to go to Trafalgar Square, two weeks before the world premiere of "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2". The Harry Potter phenomenon has hit people of all ages, races, and sexualities. There are aspects of the novels that reaches out to people and help them through situations in their life. It allows the readers of the books and the viewers of the movies to escape in the world the J.K. Rowling wrote. It provides a point of unity between the people that are in this "fandom."

France

The third day we had to head out on our next adventure. We had to take a boat from England to France. We stayed in Paris, France for a few days. I wasn't overly thrilled about my experience in France, especially Paris. In the middle of the city, it was dirty and crowded, there were trash bags all over the place and graffiti all over the walls. Once you got to the outer parts of the city it was quite pretty, but the countryside is what I found was the most beautiful part of France. The people were nice though which surprised me, it surprised me because all my life I was told that the French did not like Americans and that they thought we were inferior to them. That wasn't the case, I think it might have been the group we were with, though. When we went to go to the Eiffel Tower, I bought a crepe and didn't even get to eat it because of a crow, the size of a cat, swooped down and took it from out of my hands. That was seven

euros that I was not going to get back but I wasn't going to fight a crow for a crepe. While taking pictures of the Eiffel Tower, a man dressed in a gorilla suit scared me. While I was looking through the lens of my camera, he was just standing there off the side waiting for me to notice he was there. When I finally put down my camera he jumped at me, then growled at me, and ran off. It was extremely weird. But I think now it might have been a sign of me becoming a Gorilla in the future.

Switzerland

We then went to my favorite stop, Cranz-Montana, Switzerland. The mountains were beautiful and the air was clean. We got to go on our own for the most part here and it was interesting. The town itself was split evenly between French-speaking people and German speaking people. I knew enough French to get me buy when I came across a local and they were nice when I messed up with a phrase. This place is also where I found out that I really enjoy croissants. The last night there we had a Switzerland party. The locals decided to through a dinner party for us, with polka dancing involved. There was so much cheese and chocolate involved. They made us all feel at home. Everyone was having a great time it reminded me of my old family dinners from when I was a child. If I could I would live here. I could just imagine waking up every morning and looking outside and seeing the beautiful mountains in the distance. I would get used to the altitude and maybe open up a little shop there. I would eat croissants every day for the rest of my life.

Liechtenstein

Next, we went to Liechtenstein so about two or three hours, so we would be able to stretch our legs and get to explore a super small country. After our short break, we were off to Austria. Our place we were staying was right next to a cow farm and right across the street from a Ford repair shop. Every few hours a train would come speeding through the town without any warning, this almost resulted in a few injuries of the students that were on the trip.

Italy

Before we headed to Germany, we made a quick trip to Portoferraio, Italy. To get there we had to drive all morning to get to the docking area, then ride on a boat to get the island. We spent the afternoon there and the choir did a short concert in a Cathedral, I don't think that the locals enjoyed our performance since we didn't get permission to do our performance. Since I was in the choir, I didn't get to try gelato because all my band friends got it during the performance. There were people everywhere that you turned and it was hard to stay with your group. It was really easy to get lost and trying to find your way back was difficult because there were so many alleyways that looked exactly the same.

Germany

We were only in Germany for a short amount of time but while we were there we decided to visit one of the concentration camps that was near Rotenberg. The whole experience was sullen. At first, I didn't want to left the bus. It didn't feel right to go in there and look at how these people lived. They had everything out on display. My heart sunk when I saw the children barracks. I was ready to leave. I was

ready to go home. Once we got back to Rotenberg all the buses were blocked by a small car that was sitting in the middle of the road, and since we were from primarily from Kansas our bus got off and the men picked up the car, put it on the sidewalk, and got back on the bus. The road was clear so we just drove off. The last night of the trip we had a dinner party where every bus had to do a little skit to showcase what all that we have done on the trip. The bus that I was on was the "Blue" bus and our skit was to the tune of Edelweiss from "The Sound of Music," the words that we used was "Voyageurs, Voyageurs, Trav'ling through Europe together. Orchestra, Band, and Choir performing our way across Europe." The rest of the night everyone was sharing their favorite memory of the trip, and sharing contact information to stay in touch with each other.

Love

All throughout high school I didn't have a significant other, mainly to do with the majority of the men that went to my school were not mature or even wanted a relationship. My graduating class was 61 people and the majority had dated each other. I had a pact with my friends not to date their exes. This cut the dating pool to almost none existent. So instead I focused on work and completing school. One day in 2010, a boy started working at McDonald's and I didn't know who he was at the time, his name is Rory Johnson (1993-). Our shifts overlapped just a little bit that day. I had an angry customer yelling at me saying their sandwich was made wrong. This new worker was the first person that I saw that was working in the back. Here is how the conversation went.

"Hey, Hey you!"

"What?"

"You made this sandwich wrong."

"No, I didn't."

"The customer says it is wrong so fix it."

"You don't need to be a b!tch."

After that wonderful conversation that we started with. He started to talk about my car constantly. It was a white 2008 Pontiac Sunfire convertible that was painted blue by the previous owner, it would constantly leak whenever it rained and the air conditioner was horrible. Rory would call it my "Barbie Car." Little did I know that this was his way of flirting with me. Like I said previously I didn't date through high school, so I was oblivious. But oddly enough I had a feeling that this person was supposed to be in my life. But nothing happened because shortly after I met him, he moved away.

For two years I had not seen or heard from him. In the summer of 2012, I was thinking about how different things would be for me in college. I was working the front register when I saw his 1969 Chevy Scottsdale pull up into the parking lot. My heart leaped. He came into the store and asked for an application. Come to find out he came back just so he could have a chance with me. He was always trying to find ways where we could be alone together, but me being me kept making other people come with us. One day he asked if I could help him fix his phone after work, I said sure. He then said okay how about we go to the park. I said how about here in the lobby. Saying this made him stammer but he was able to bounce back. My best friend

at the time wanted to go watch the movie that was playing at the theater. I promised her I would but I also remembered I was going to help Rory. She told me to invite him. So I invited him to go watch "Magic Mike" with us. He was mortified the entire time because he thought I was going to stand him up, but when I showed up he realized he could make it through the movie. After the movie, we drove my friend home and we stayed out until 2 am just sitting on a bench on the main street. The entire time we just talked, we talked about everything under the sun. Our first official, on our own date, was at the Exploration Place in Wichita, KS. We went to go see the Star Wars exhibit. Afterward, we played a round of mini-golf, where we tied.

Two days before I was supposed to leave for Pitt, he asked me to be his girlfriend. We continued to date. Every weekend he would come down to see me on a dirt bike, mind you that Kingman is about four hours away from Pittsburg. He would come see me rain or shine, one time there was ice and he still came. After the incident with the ice, I asked him to get a proper vehicle to come see me in so he wouldn't freeze or hurt himself. In March of 2013 after many months of planning and dropping a few hints, Rory finally popped the question. He took me to Wichita on one of the weekends that I was back home from college. While in Wichita, we went to On The Border. I noticed that he was getting nervous. After they were finished eating. Rory then took me to where they had their official first date. At the Exploration Place, we walked the golf course where Rory started reminiscing on their relationship. At one of the holes, Rory stopped walking and looked at the ground and said: "The ground is

covered in snow." Then he said, "Close your eyes." I closed her eyes as I was instructed. Rory winded up the music box, the Anastasia music box, that I had wanted since I was a little girl. When he told her to open her eyes, he opened the box and presented the engagement ring. Obviously, I said yes!

We originally were not going to get married until 2016 but plans change. We set the date for May 20, 2014, which was a Tuesday. All the vendors knew us as the Tuesday wedding so it was nice that they remembered us. We got married at Eberly Farms in Wichita. We had an outside ceremony and an inside reception. The temperature outside was a lot hotter than we were expecting that day. We had the best DJ, who also acted as our wedding coordinator for the day. He kept everything on schedule. Our first dance was to "All of Me" by John Legend. The night was going great until my Maid of Honor decided that she was going to do a toast after we said no toasts, where she admitted to having a crush on Rory in front of everyone including her fiancé. My brother followed with a speech of his own which made everyone feel less uncomfortable. Other than that it was a beautiful day and one of my favorites.

College

I started going to Pittsburg State back in the fall of 2012. I came in as an undeclared because I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life, still, don't for the record. The first major that I declared was Cellular and Molecular Biology with a minor in Chemistry. The biology classes were going well; it was just the chemistry classes that were kicking my butt. since I still wanted to do something that

was biology related I changed my major to Field and Environmental Biology with a minor in Physical Science. Well, that path only lasted half a semester. I then changed my major to Nursing, then realized I didn't want to be responsible for injecting people. Then I changed to Psychology with a minor in Public Health. I didn't like my minor but liked my major, so I changed to having an emphasis in Human Resource Development. I absolutely hated that emphasis but it was something that came easy to me and I didn't need to further my education if I wanted a good paying job in that field. I graduated with my bachelor's degree in December of 2015. Currently, I am working on my masters where I am studying History. I am working as the Administrative Graduate Assistant for the Financial Assistance office at Pittsburg State University.

My Heart

Two weeks after I graduated with my Bachelor's degree I could welcome my son into the world, **Lincoln A. Johnson (2015-)**. Previously, I had only been able to call myself a step-mother because my husband had two children from a previous relationship, **Allison M. Secrest (2010-)** and **Emerson A. H. Secrest (2011-)** we only get them for a week over December and for the summer. This was a whole new experience for me and I was excited to start this new chapter in my life. The labor with Lincoln was not hard to me; in fact, I didn't start to feel my contractions until shortly before he was born. A week after I had Lincoln, I had to take care of him and my husband because my husband contracted bacterial pneumonia over Christmas. It was a very rough couple of weeks for me. I was recovering very well

from the labor and delivery and in March 2016 I found out that I needed to have my Gall Bladder removed because I had twenty gallstones of various sizes in it. The doctors said it was because of my hormones from the pregnancy and because of my gestational diabetes. Other than that everything was going great. The very first thing that I said when I saw my son was "It's my baby," my husband still laughs at that. I have been trying to be the best mother to this precious baby that I could possibly be and I find it to be the most rewarding job that I have ever done.

GENERATION TWO

A1a. Carol Dawn Hickey Noblit (1971-)

A1b. James Lee Noblit (1968-)

MaryJo's mother, **Carol Dawn Hickey**, was born on 28 April 1971 in Fayetteville, North Carolina, to **Cathy Jo Dorsey Hickey Smith (1951-2009)** and **Michael Orin Hickey (1949-1996)**. She has a younger sister, **Constance "Connie" Marie Hickey Williams Scarlett (1973-)**, and a younger half-brother, **Charles Hickey (1971-)**.

MaryJo's mother grew up being known as a military brat, mainly because her father, Michael Hickey, was in the military. They never stayed in the same place for too long but Carol was a very sociable person and was great at making friends fast. Her father was stationed twice in Germany and on the second occasion she gained a new sibling. They stayed there for the first time in 1972 for only a couple of months and then her father was stationed again in North Carolina. Only to be sent back to the station in Germany from 1973-1978. MaryJo's mother still remembers wearing lederhosen, and still has one of the pairs that she used to wear all the time.

Throughout her childhood, she was pulled out of one school and placed into another. This continued to happen until she was starting middle school in 1982. This is where she could start to make strong friendships because she was going to be staying at the school for more than a few months at a time. At this time of her life, she was living on the Barksdale Base in Barksdale, Louisiana. The Hickey family stayed there until 1988, at which point the family moved to Murdoch, Kansas. Carol and her sister started to attend school in 331 school district. Carol wanted to make it through the rest of her junior year

on a good note and moving to small town where everyone already knew everyone made things a little more difficult for her. But she overcame the new girl stereotype and made friends with everyone she met. She was even on the Newspaper committee.

Carol has a passion for doing art and was hoping to go to school at Louisiana State University to major in Art Education. Realizing she would need to make some extra money she decided to look for an after school job. After only a few days of looking she was hired on to work as a Carhop at the Sonic in Kingman, Kansas. At this place of employment is where she would meet her future husband.

MaryJo's father, **James Lee Noblit (1968-)**, was born in 1968 in Kingman, Kingman County, Kansas. He was the third child and second son born to **Donna Louise Evans Noblit (1937-)** and **Lewis Leon Noblit (1931-1996)**. Donna and Lewis other children included James' older siblings **Michael "Knothead" Noblit (1961-)**, **Ginger Kay Noblit Robinson (1967-)**, and James' younger brother, **Raymond Leon Noblit (1970-)**.

James was born and bred in Kingman, Kansas. Kingman, Kansas was established in 1874 and is named after Samuel A. Kingman, who was a chief justice of the supreme court.¹ James lived in the same house, 5779 W US 54 HWY, for the entirety of his childhood and high school days. This house was your typical farm house. He had to help his parents, with the help of his siblings, raise cows and chickens. Over the years the farm would grow in size but for a few years they would hit a bad batch and the herd would dwindle in size and the chickens

¹ Wikipedia. "Kingman, Kansas." Accessed November 15, 2016. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kingman,_Kansas

would not lay as many eggs as they would previously. Just like any farm, they also had some successes, enough to outweigh the failures.

James was not a very studious child; he would rather be outside getting dirty than have his nose in a book. Because of this he did not enjoy going to school. For the most part he thought it was a waste of his time. This thought process changed when he reached high school. In his freshman year he signed up for a shop class, where he would to build things with his hands and he enjoyed it. After than he enrolled in multiple shop classes until his senior year were he took the majority of such classes with only one core class, U.S. Government. He still didn't pass at the top of the class, but he was ranked right in the middle of his peers. During high school he was working at the T&W Meat Company in Kingman, Kansas and every day before his shift would start he would make a stop at the local Sonic to get himself something to eat.

How Carol and James met, 1988, was when Carol had to take his order of food out to his truck. When Carol came out to the truck she tripped and fell onto mirror of his truck and James said "Been walking long?". Carol still remembers that James did not give her a tip that day or any other day that he came into to get food. James got her number from one of her friends that she worked with and later that night he called her house and asked her out on their first date.

Carol and James were married on 29 April 1989 in Kingman, Kansas, at Saint Patrick's Catholic Church. Their wedding party was small and the guest list consisted of family, both immediate and distant and friends. Half the town of Kingman, Kansas attended because of

everyone knowing everyone else in the town. The cake had a total of seven tiers, three in the middle and two on each side. It was a happy affair that had no hitch that happened.

The first major married purchase that they did was purchasing a house on 515 South Raff St, Kingman, Kansas. It was a starter home with two bedrooms, one bathroom, a mudroom, living room, and dining room. The kitchen was rather small but overall it was a nice fit for them to start out with. In addition to the house there was a shed outside and enough room to build an area for James' hunting dogs, there were three at the time.

When the attention turned to the idea of having children happened Carol was excited but James was a little apprehensive about it. They got pregnant during the first year of their marriage but lost the child early on in development because it was an ectopic pregnancy, this happens when the embryo implants itself outside the uterus. Carol became depressed and James started to focus solely on work. Eventually the couple decided it was time to try again and they were not successful until 1993, when they had their first child. Throughout the pregnancy they had no idea what they were going to have because the fetus continuously kept their legs crossed. They didn't find out that they were going to have a girl until the day they went in for a cesarean delivery, baby was a girl. Carol was happy to have a daughter to call her own but James was wanting a son. James got his wish in 1995 when they welcomed a baby boy into the world.

In the book, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years*, the authors provide a chart that demonstrate how

elderly women are starting to live alone. This can be seen in Figure 4.11 "Ideal and Actual Number of Births, by Year." The figure shows the number of births that Americans would want compared to the actual number of births. The dates of the survey range from 1930 to 2000 and the ideal and the actual are represented by different colors. In the survey it shows that Americans after 1970 tend to only have two children.² Both MaryJo's mother and maternal grandmother provide a reflection on the general population tending to only having two children within their life time and by showing that Americans are preferring smaller family sizes.

Carol worked as a Deli worker at the White's Foodliner in Kingman, Kansas from 1990 to 1995. She then moved on to work as the Deputy County Clerk of Kingman County from 1995 to 2012. From there she was elected to be the County Clerk of Kingman County and that is where she is currently working. James has always been working multiple jobs. From 1989 to 1994, he worked at the Kingman Light Company, a field hand, and a volunteer firefighter. From 1995 to the present, he switched the Kingman Light Company for FabPro Polymers in Kingman, Kansas.

James is an avid hunter. He spends the majority of his time thinking about hunting, what he is going to hunt, what instruments does he need to have a successful hunt, etc. He hunts deer, quail, antelope, hogs, coyotes, and turkey. This is a passion that he tried to instill into his children, partly it did work in his favor.

² Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 89.

GENERATION THREE

Ala1. Cathy Jo Dorsey Hickey Smith (1951-2009)

Ala2. Michael Orin Hickey (1949-1996)

Alb1. Donna Louise Evans Noblit (1937-)

Alb2. Lewis Leon Noblit (1931-1996)

MaryJo's maternal grandmother, **Cathy Jo Dorsey (1951-2009)** was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1951, to **Mable Constance Garnett Dorsey (1933-1996)** and **Loy Aldon Dorsey (1928-1998)**. Cathy was the oldest of the couple's twelve children, four brother and seven sisters. Cathy's brothers were: **Loy Jr. Dorsey (1953-)**, **Danny Dorsey (1960-)**, **Marc Dorsey (1961-)**, and **Carl Dorsey (1968-)**. Cathy's sisters were: **Jeannie Dorsey Sanchez (1954-)**, **Rebecca Dorsey Henning (1956-)**, **Kitty Dorsey Ritz (1959-)**, **Marcella Dorsey Campbell (1964-)**, **Tina Dorsey Hasseman (1965-)**, **Jennifer Dorsey Gonzalez (1966-)**, and **Elisabeth Dorsey (1972-)**.

MaryJo's maternal grandfather, **Michael Orin Hickey (1949-1996)**, was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas to **Hedwig Händel Hickey (1927-1989)** and **Charles Wesley Hickey (1927-1990)**. Michael was the youngest of the two children that Hedwig and Charles together, his brother's name was **Charles Wesley Hickey Jr. (1945-)**. Michael's mother did get remarried to a Clyde Handle and had five children with this man, two sons and three daughters. Michael's father got married to a woman named Barbara and had seven children with her, three sons and four daughters.

Cathy and Michael got married in 1969. Since Michael was in the Army and was constantly moving from base to base, Cathy got to see a lot of the world with her husband. When they were in the base in

North Carolina, 1971, they welcomed their first daughter into the world. On knowingly to Cathy, Michael had a one night stand with Cathy's sister Kitty and that produced a son. The son was born two months after their first daughter was born. When they were Germany in 1973, they welcomed another daughter. The ongoing joke is she will never be president because she was born in Germany.

Throughout their marriage, Cathy worked as a stay at home mother that would work odd jobs to earn some extra income for the family. Eventually the family did finally settle down in a permanent location in Murdock, Kansas. After living in Kansas for a few years, Michael was diagnosed with a heart disease and in 1996 he died from a heart attack³. After a few years of being single, Cathy joined a dating website and met Walter Jefferson "Jeff" Smith. They hit it off and soon got married and moved to Colorado. While in Colorado, the doctors told Cathy that her lungs could not handle the mountain air because of her constant smoking. This news and news of Jeff's mother being ill made them move to Fort Worth, Texas. Cathy and Jeff took care of his mother as well as they could be she passed away after a few years. Not wanting to live in the house anymore, they packed up and moved into MaryJo's childhood home on 515 S. Raff, Kingman, Kansas. That's where they stayed until Jeff passed away from a heart

³ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-3PXW> : 13 December 2015), Michael O. Hickey, 1996; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 18520986, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

attack in 2007.⁴ After her second husband passed away, Cathy moved in with her daughter Carol and her family. During this time, they found out that she became addicted to her pain medication. Carol had to make sure that her medicine was locked away so Cathy couldn't get to it because she would take so many pills that she would overdose on them. After several OD scares, in 2008, Carol could not handle being sole provider for her mother and she brought her to the Wheatland's Nursing Home in Kingman, Kansas. Cathy stayed there until 2009⁵, two weeks prior to her passing MaryJo had an argument with her and vowed to never talk to her again. For the record, MaryJo has still to this day feel horrible about that being the last thing that she said to her grandmother.

MaryJo's paternal grandmother, **Donna Louise Evans Noblit (1937-)**, was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas to **Lillian Etta Jones Evans (1903-1994)** and **John Robert Evans (1900-1956)**. Donna is the youngest of four children. She has one brother, **Johnie Bill Evans (1935-)**, and two sisters **Norma Lea Evans (1931-)** and **Mary Ann Evans (1932-2006)**.

Donna's father wanted her to follow the same footsteps of her two older sisters and take the vows to become a nun but she did not like

⁴ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-3PV9> : 13 December 2015), Walter Jefferson Smith, 2007; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 22766664, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

⁵ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-75XS> : 11 July 2016), Cathy Jo Dorsey Smith, 2009; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 93406239, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

the idea of that. She wanted to go down a different path. She focused on school and could graduate in the top five of her graduating high school class. She then went on to get a full-time job.

MaryJo's paternal grandfather, **Lewis Leon Noblit (1931-1996)**, was born in Dodge City, Ford County, Kansas to **Blanche May Roberts Noblit (1903-1964)** and **Clarence Phillip Noblit (1898-1971)**. Lewis was the oldest of three children. He has one brother, **Donald Noblit (1932-)**, and one sister, **Jennie Noblit (1936-)**.

Donna and Lewis got married in 1958, they settled down on a piece of land that had about 100 acres to it. In the heart of their land they decided to build their home. In this home that they made, they raised four children and entertained five grandchildren and one great-grandchild. They lived life by their own terms and were not afraid of other peoples' opinions.

MaryJo got to meet her grandfather before he passed away a heart attack while working on a tractor out in the fields when she was three years old. She didn't get to spend too much time with him though because he would always be working the fields. She has a strong relationship with her grandmother though. They talk on the phone with each other at least once a week, talking about everything that comes their minds.

After Lewis passed away⁶, Donna preferred to take care of the farm on her own with the help of her adult child. She lived in the house

⁶ "United States Social Security Death Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:JB3T-QQQ> : 20 May 2014), Lewis L Noblit, 23 Aug 1996; citing U.S. Social Security Administration, Death Master

by herself and that is the way that she liked it. She liked the peaceful quiet that would fill the house. She also liked when the grandchildren would come to the house to fill it with gleeful noise. She was reflecting how other elderly women were doing.

In the book, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years*, the authors provide a chart that demonstrate how elderly women are starting to live alone. This can be seen in Figure 4.10 "Americans Who Live Alone, by Age and Gender." The figure shows the percentage of how many adult Americans live on their own through 1900 to 2000. The chart for the women is broken into 0%, 15%, 30%, and 40% of them living on their own with four different symbols representing the age groups: 18 to 29, 30 to 44, 45 to 64, and 65 and older. It shows that by 1980 more than roughly 38% of women over the age of 65 lived on their own.⁷

File, database (Alexandria, Virginia: National Technical Information Service, ongoing).

⁷ Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 84.

GENERATION FOUR

Ala1a. Mable Constance Garnett Dorsey (1933-1996)

Ala1b. Loy Aldon Dorsey (1928-1998)

Ala2a. Hedwig Händel Hickey (1927-1989)

Ala2b. Charles Wesley Hickey (1927-1990)

Alb1a. Lillian Etta Jones Evans (1903-1994)

Alb1b. John Robert Evans (1900-1956)

Alb2a. Blanche May Roberts Noblit (1903-1964)

Alb2b. Clarence Phillip Noblit (1898-1971)

Mable Constance Garnett Dorsey (1933-1996) was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1933, to **Gwendolyn Constance Smith Garnett (1909-1988)** and **George Bain Garnett (1879-1945)**. Mable was the oldest of two children. She had one brother, **George Garnett (1936-Deceased)**.

Loy Aldon Dorsey (1928-1998) was born in Cedar Vale, Kansas, in 1928, to **Adelia Myrtle Johnson (1901-1977)** and **James Bennett Dorsey (1896-1965)**. Loy was the second youngest of the couple's five children, he had three brothers and only one sister. Loy's brothers were: **William James Dorsey (1919-1990)**, **Carl Eugene Dorsey (1925-1944)**, and **Raymond Bennett Dorsey (1934-2001)**. Loy's sister was **Ruby Doris Dorsey Travis (1923-1988)**.

Mable and Loy were married in 1951 in Oklahoma. Together they raised a total of twelve children. Mable passed away in 1996.⁸ Loy passed away in 1998.⁹

Hedwig Händel Hickey Handle (1927-1989) was born in Folkärna, Kopparberg, Sweden, in 1927, to **Selina Maria Händel (1899-Deceased)** and **Johan Hilding Persson (1895-Deceased)**. Hedwig was the only child of Selina and Johan.

Charles Wesley Hickey (1927-1990) was born in Delano, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1927, to **Clara Leota Hunn Trenary Hickey (1891-1981)** and **Orin Walter Hickey (1900-1965)**. Charles had a step-brother on his mother's side, **Ebie Edward Trenary (1913-2003)**.

Hedwig and Charles got married in 1944. They had two sons together before they got a divorce. Hedwig did go on to get remarried and have more children with her second husband. Charles remarried as well and

⁸ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-3P6V> : 11 July 2016), Mable Constance Garnett Dorsey, 1996; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 18521005, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

⁹ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-3P6J> : 13 December 2015), Loy Aldon Dorsey, 1998; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 18521016, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

had more children with his second wife. Hedwig passed away in 1989.¹⁰
Charles passed away in 1990.¹¹

Lillian Etta Jones Evans (1903-1994) was born in Kingman, Kingman County, Kansas, in 1903, to **Barbara Etta Taylor McCool Jones (1866-1931)** and **Tally McClelland Jones (1863-1930)**. Lillian was the youngest of ten children that Barbara and Tally had. She had five brothers and four sisters. Her brothers were **Arthur Emmett Jones (1882-1885)**, **Clyde Jones (1886-1938)**, **Claude Jones (1886-1930)**, **Thomas Jones (1888-1889)**, and **Levi Wesley Jones (1862-1960)**. Her sisters were **Grace Jones (1883-1885)**, **Winnie Iola Jones McClelland (1891-1968)**, **Maria Barbara Jones Wyer (1894-1979)**, and **Hazel Bell Jones Sanders Hartley (1897-1978)**.

John Robert Evans (1900-1956) was born in Mason, Union County, Illinois, in 1900, to **Nellie Grace O'Malley Evans (1872-1929)** and **Miles Elmer Evans (1872-1944)**. John was the third oldest child that Nellie and Miles had. He had two brothers and three sisters. His brothers were **Ellis E. Evans (1897-Deceased)** and John's twin **Walter W. Evans (1900-1955)**. His sisters were **Edna S. Evans (1897-Deceased)**, **Mary Eileen Evans (1902-1955)**, and **Mildred Julia Evans (1903-1903)**.

¹⁰ "United States, GenealogyBank Obituaries, 1980-2014," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QV5W-6XG1> : 10 September 2016), Hedwig Marie Handle, Kansas, United States, 28 Feb 1989; from "Recent Newspaper Obituaries (1977 - Today)," database, GenealogyBank.com (<http://www.genealogybank.com> : 2014); citing, born-digital text.

¹¹ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-3PX7> : 13 December 2015), Charles W. Hickey, 1990; Burial, Murdock, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Murdock Cemetery; citing record ID 18520973, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Lillian and John got married in 1928. Together they raised four children, one son and three daughters. Their two oldest daughters entered a convent and became nuns, much to John's delight. Lillian passed away in 1994¹². John passed away in 1956.¹³

Blanche May Roberts Noblit (1903-1964) was born in Reno, Leavenworth County, Kansas, in 1903, to **Susan Alva McPheeters Roberts (1872-1933)** and **Hugh Donathan Roberts (1879-1945)**. Blanche had eight siblings, four brothers and four sisters. Her brothers were **John Wesley Roberts (1892-1972)**, **Floyd Evalyn Roberts (1895-Deceased)**, **Pearl Hugh Roberts (1906-1955)**, and **Marvin D. Roberts (1915-1919)**. Her sisters were **Laura E. Roberts (1895-1914)**, **Lottie Della Roberts Layman (1898-1961)**, **Susan B Roberts Potter (1900-1996)**, and **Virgie Doris Roberts (1908-Deceased)**.

Clarence Phillip Noblit (1898-1971) was born in Melvern, Osage County, Kansas, in 1898, to **May Belle Stoffal Noblit (1872-Deceased)** and **Harry Alexander Noblit (1865-1945)**. Clarence was the middle child of May Belle and Harry. He had two sisters, **Grace Noblit Jumper (1896-1969)** and **Nina Noblit Langley (1900-1966)**.

¹² "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-79SY> : 13 December 2015), Lillian Evans, 1994; Burial, Kingman, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Walnut Hill Cemetery; citing record ID 93761557, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

¹³ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-79ST> : 13 December 2015), John Robert Evans, 1956; Burial, Kingman, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Walnut Hill Cemetery; citing record ID 93759209, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Blanche and Clarence were married in 1927. Together the couple raised three children, two sons and one daughter. Blanche passed away in 1964.¹⁴ Clarence passed away in 1971.¹⁵

¹⁴ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVL5-16D3> : 13 December 2015), Blanche May Noblit, 1964; Burial, Kingman, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Walnut Hill Cemetery; citing record ID 103333335, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

¹⁵ "United States Social Security Death Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:J1RK-TZR> : 20 May 2014), Clarence Noblit, Jan 1971; citing U.S. Social Security Administration, Death Master File, database (Alexandria, Virginia: National Technical Information Service, ongoing).

GENERATION FIVE

- Ala1a1. Gwendolyn Constance Smith Garnett (1909-1988)
- Ala1a2. George Bain Garnett (1879-1945)

- Ala1b1. Adelia Myrtle Johnson Dorsey (1901-1977)
- Ala1b2. James Bennett Dorsey (1896-1965)

- Ala2a1. Selina Maria Händel (1899-Deceased)
- Ala2a2. Johan Hilding Persson (1895-Deceased)

- Ala2b1. Clara Leota Hunn Trenary Hickey (1891-1981)
- Ala2b2. Orin Walter Hickey (1900-1965)

- Alb1a1. Barbara Etta Taylor Smith McCool Jones (1866-1931)
- Alb1a2. Tally McClelland Jones (1863-1930)

- Alb1b1. Nellie Grace O'Malley Evans (1872-1929)
- Alb1b2. Miles Elmer Evans (1872-1944)

- Alb2a1. Susan Alva McPheeters Roberts (1872-1933)
- Alb2a2. Hugh Donathan Roberts (1867-1949)

- Alb2b1. May Belle Stoffal Noblit (1872-Deceased)
- Alb2b2. Harry Alexander Noblit (1865-1945)

Gwendolyn Constance Smith Garnett (1909-1988) was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1933, to **Annie Olive Heath (1882-1962)** and **Benjamin Joseph Garnett (1874-1958)**. Gwendolyn was the only child of Annie and Benjamin.

George Bain Garnett (1879-1945) was born in Brown, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma, in 1879.

Gwendolyn and George were married in 1932. Together the couple raised two children, one son and one daughter. Gwendolyn passed away in 1988. George passed away in 1945.¹⁶

¹⁶ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLN-C3YY> : 13 December 2015), George B. Garnett, ; Burial, Wichita, Sedgwick, Kansas, United States of America, Old Mission Cemetery; citing record ID 97598359, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Adelia Myrtle Johnson Dorsey (1901-1977) was born in Huntsville, Madison County, Arkansas, in 1901, to **Mary Isabell Piner Johnson (1863-1936)** and **Rufus Johnson (1843-1930)**. Adelia had three siblings, one sister and two brothers. Her sister was **Daisey May Johnson Ledbetter (1898-1978)**. Her brothers were **George Washington Johnson (1904-1961)** and **Mark D. Johnson (1906-1987)**.

James Bennett Dorsey (1896-1965) was born in Huntsville, Madison County, Arkansas, in 1896, to **Etter Alice Hull Dorsey (1873-1946)** and **Alexander Bowden Dorsey Jr. (1869-1941)**. James was the second oldest son of Etter and Alexander. He had seven siblings, four sisters and three brothers. His sisters were **Sarah E. Dorsey Miller (1892-1984)**, **Siotha B. Dorsey Laird (1892-1972)**, **Alice Etta Dorsey Logsdon (1905-1998)**, and **Eliza Rosanna Dorsey Ross (1912-1993)**. His brothers were **William A. Dorsey (1894-1963)**, **W. Elmer Dorsey (1902-1984)**, and **Charles Wesley Dorsey (1909-1967)**.

Adelia and James were married in 1918. Together the couple raised five children, three sons and only one daughter. Adelia passed away in 1977.¹⁷ James passed away in 1965.

Hedwig's mother, **Selina Maria Händel (1899-Deceased)**, was born in Sweden, in 1899. Hedwig's father, **Johan Hilding Persson (1895-Deceased)**, was born in Folkärna, Kopparberg, Sweden, in 1895. They were married in 1925. They only had one child. They both are deceased.

¹⁷ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVVK-SJSQ> : 11 July 2016), Adelia Myrtle Johnson Dorsey, 1977; Burial, Grenola, Elk, Kansas, United States of America, Green Lawn Cemetery; citing record ID 17868490, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Clara Leota Hunn Trenary Hickey (1891-1981) was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1891, to **Sophia Hunn (1862-Deceased)** and **Stanford W. Hunn (1855-1928)** Clara was the oldest of two children, her brother's name was **Herman C. Hunn (1894-Deceased)**.

Orin Walter Hickey (1900-1965) was born in Inavale, Webster County, Nebraska, in 1899, to **Charles E. Hickey (1876-1955)** and **Lillie Elsie Hastings (1909-1988)**. Orin was the oldest son and the second oldest of nine children. He had four brothers and four sisters. His brothers were **George Edward Hickey (1904-1988)**, **Charley Orvel Hickey (1907-1910)**, **John Roy Hickey (1908-1963)**, and **William Everett Hickey (1914-2006)**. His sisters were **Pearl Matilda Hickey Hinshaw (1897-Deceased)**, **Elsie M Hickey (1902-Deceased)**, **Bertha Lillian Hickey Graves (1903-1989)**, and **Grace Marie Hickey Black (1911-1979)**.

Clara and Orin were married in 1926. Together the couple raised two sons. Clara passed away in 1981.¹⁸ Orin passed away in 1965.

Barbara Etta Taylor Smith McCool Jones (1866-1931) was born in Coles, Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1866, to **Mary B. Thrall McCool (1841-1935)** and **Charles Smith (1838-1899)**. Barbara was adopted by her mother's second husband and gained the McCool last name. She has one brother and his name is **Charles Wallace Smith Jr. (1863-Deceased)**.

Tally McClelland Jones (1863-1930) was born in Webster, Keokuk County, Iowa, in 1863, to **Barbara Weimer Jones (1821-1901)** and **Joshua**

¹⁸ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVK2-8ZXL> : 11 July 2016), Clara Leota Hunn Hickey, 1981; Burial, Wichita, Sedgwick, Kansas, United States of America, Wichita Park Cemetery and Mausoleum; citing record ID 50330177, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Jones (1826-1885) Tally was the youngest son of Barbara and Joshua. He had six brothers and one sister. His brothers were **Thomas Jefferson Jones (1848-1933)**, **George Washington Jones (1849-1932)**, **Jacob Jackson Jones (1851-1935)**, **Levi Wesley Jones (1853-1929)**, **James Duncan Jones (1859-1947)**, and **Christopher Perry Jones (1859-1952)**. His sister was **Lily Ann May Jones (1866-1950)**.

Barbara and Tally were married in 1881 in Reno County, Kansas. Together the couple raised ten children, five sons and five daughters. Barbara passed away in 1931¹⁹. Tally passed away in 1930.²⁰

Nellie Grace O'Malley Evans (1872-1929) was born in Kingman, Kingman County, Kansas, in 1872. Her parents were unable to be found.

Miles Elmer Evans (1872-1944) was born in Pennsylvania, Mason County, Illinois, in 1872, to and **Mary Ann Street (1839-1895)** and **Zadock Ellis Evans (1824-1903)** Miles is the third oldest child of Mary and Zadock. He has only one brother, **Charles Ottie Evans (1885-1961)**. His sisters are **Dora Belle Evans Ross (1866-1895)**, **Ida May Evans (1870-1926)**, **Minnie I. Evans (1874-1951)**, **Mattie E. Evans (1876-1928)**, **Effie Myrtle Evans**, and **Clara Ella Evans (1882-Deceased)**.

¹⁹ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-34BW : 11 July 2016), Etta Taylor Jones, 1931; Burial, , Reno, Kansas, United States of America, Lerado Cemetery; citing record ID 90726291, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

²⁰ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-34B6 : 13 December 2015), Tally M Jones, 1930; Burial, , Reno, Kansas, United States of America, Lerado Cemetery; citing record ID 90726356, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

Nellie and Miles were married in 1896. Together they raised six children, three sons and three daughters. Nellie passed away in 1929.²¹ Miles passed away in 1944.²²

Susan Alva McPheeters Roberts (1872-1933) was born in Deer Ridge, Lewis County, Kansas, in 1872, to **Susan Paulina Moffett (1838-1935)** and **Charles W. McPheeters (1837-1920)** Susan had four siblings, two brothers and two sisters. Her sisters were **Martha A. McPheeters (1870-Deceased)** and **Elizabeth Booker McPheeters Simmonds (1871-1955)**. Her brothers were **John W. McPheeters (1860-Deceased)** and **Charles W. McPheeters Jr. (1874-Deceased)**.

Hugh Donathan Roberts (1867-1949) was born in White Cloud, Doniphan County, Kansas, in 1867, to **Bathenea Combs Roberts (1847-1919)** and **John Roberts (1846-1927)**. Hugh was the oldest of twelve children. He had eight brothers and three sisters. His brothers were **David H. Roberts (1869-1919)**, **William M. Roberts (1873-1950)**, **John Wesley Roberts (1875-1884)**, **James Alfred Roberts (1878-1878)**, **Ellis Sherman Roberts (1879-1942)**, **Alonso Caleb Roberts (1880-1966)**, **Edward Leroy Roberts (1881-1950)**, and **Bertie Grant Roberts (1885-1966)**. His sisters were **Loty B. Roberts (1871-1871)**, **Lily B. Roberts (1871-1871)**, and **Rosie Ettie Roberts Harrison (1889-1974)**.

²¹ "Find A Grave Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QVLH-79S1> : 13 December 2015), Nellie G Evans, 1929; Burial, Kingman, Kingman, Kansas, United States of America, Walnut Hill Cemetery; citing record ID 93761695, Find a Grave, <http://www.findagrave.com>.

²² "BillionGraves Index," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:KSGQ-74N> : 24 June 2015), Elmer M. Evans, died 1944; citing BillionGraves (<http://www.billiongraves.com> : 2012), Burial at Walnut Hill Cemetery, Kingman, Kingman, Kansas, United States.

Susan and Hugh were married in 1891. The couple raised nine children, four sons and five daughters. Susan passed away in 1933. Hugh passed away in 1949.

May Belle Stoffal Noblit (1872-Deceased) was born in Wisconsin, in 1872, to **Margret Krell Stoffal (1834-Deceased)** and **Isidor Stoffal (1825-Deceased)** May Belle was the youngest child of Margret and Isidor. She had three siblings, two brothers and one sister. Her brothers were **John Stoffal (1860-Deceased)** and **Michael Stoffal (1866-Deceased)**. Her sister was **Catharina Stoffal Erschens (1863-Deceased)**.

Harry Alexander Noblit (1865-1945) was born in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, in 1865, to **Mary Wolfe Noblit (1835-1918)** and **John Noblit (1831-1927)** Harry was the second oldest of Mary and John's six children. He had four brothers and one sister. His brothers were **William Noblit (1862-Deceased)**, **John Noblit Jr. (1866-Deceased)**, **George Howard Noblit (1868-1949)**, and **Joseph Noblit (1873-1901)**. His sister was **Minnie J. Noblit Beck (1871-Deceased)**.

May Belle and Harry got married in 1892 in Osage, Kansas. The couple raised three children, one son and two daughters. The date of when May Belle passed was unable to be determined. Harry passed away in 1945.