



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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A JOURNAL OF LIFE ... the first 100 years

**HERE IT IS AT
LAST!
www.dodgefamily.org**

That's how to reach our WEB page. It is still being worked on BUT you may still get on to see what it looks like, and we do have some things on it which you may enjoy looking at.

Our **Front Page** is finished, and contains a beautiful Coat of Arms which was done by Patricia Simpkins, the daughter of Robert Dodge who was our president from the day of our founding until January of this year.

There is a selection bar which gives several options. You may go to pages to see information about upcoming reunions, the Association, membership, and in the future pages will be added including those for the History of the Dodge Association, History of the Dodges, (a page for William and Richard, and a page for Tristram), genealogical requests (we plan to have all of the past years genealogical requests published), Halliday Hill House, our sale items, etc. In

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The following article was sent to us by Gladys Dodge Pearce. It was published in the Nisqually Valley Care Center Summer Newsletter and was written by Beverly Vines-Haines.

Robert Dodge has memories that are straight from the history books for most of us. He remembers traveling for ten days in a covered wagon to reach his parent's new homestead near Alberta, Canada. He grew up surrounded by miles and miles of prairie. As free and as wild as the windswept plains themselves, he rode his horse bareback, herding cattle beneath crystal blue skies, serenaded by nature's symphony: the screaming cries of eagles, wolves and bear.

He was the only boy in his family so his duties were numerous. His father carried freight from town (more than 100 miles away). During his absences, Robert was expected to act as the man of the house.

What could go wrong in such an idyllic setting? Plenty! Three times he was forced to shoot a wolf that was threatening valuable livestock. Once he walked under a large tree and looked up to see a lynx crouched menacingly on an overhanging branch.

There were no supermarkets in those days. Food to carry the family through the severe northern winters had to be raised,

protected, harvested, and stored. It was a matter of life and death.

At the end of those long and difficult days, the people of the prairie loved to dance. Robert laughs remembering those dances. They were a delightful interlude, allowing families a chance to socialize, commiserate and relax.

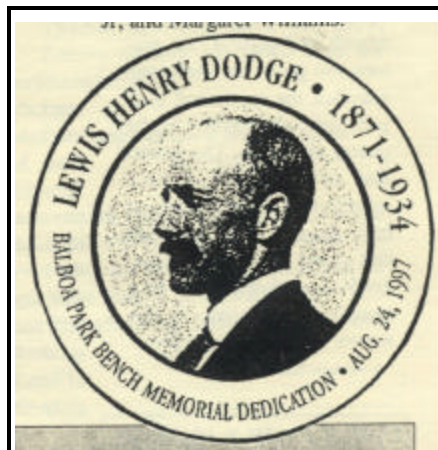
He met his wife at such a party. She was just a kid, a laughing girl who loved to leap on an unsaddled horse and race him across the endless prairie. They were both young when they married; she was only sixteen.

Together, they ranched

and farmed, living a life that was rich and full.

Robert Dodge has 130 direct descendants: 12 children, 45 grand-children, 63 great grand-children and 10 great, great grandchildren.

He loves all those folks but admits to being a bit overwhelmed and confused by their numbers. He appreciates the tough stock he came from and the genetics he passed on. "Oklahoma (where he was born) people are a special breed," he says. I just want folks to remember the pioneer days. Those were good times. Good people.



and his grandchildren, Edward Lewis Jr, and Margaret Williams.

To the left is a picture of the badge which was given to those who attended the dedication on August 24, 1997, of a Dura Stone bench to the memory of Lewis Henry Dodge, 1871-1934, in Balboa Park, San Diego. This bench was given in Lewis's memory by his children, Edward Lewis Dodge, Virginia Murphy and Robert L. Dodge,

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MEMORIAL OF JOSEPH DODGE BY HIS SON, MARTIN DODGE, A.M.
Presented at the 36th Annual reunion of the Canfield Family, June 26, 1915, Cleveland
Part IV of IV

He never forgot that the whole is equal to the sum of all of its parts. And in producing the most complicated machinery of the flouring mills and setting it in motion, he never neglected the slightest detail in the construction or inspection of the work.

He allowed no fly in the ointment and permitted no bug in the amber. Every shaft must be straight and every spindle plumb. Every bearing must be solid and the babbitt in every box. No pulley could wobble, no pinion slip, no gear rattle.

Finally, after everything had been made in perfect order, he would raise his hand and give the signal to the gate-man to turn the water from the waste weir into the flume. This was the final test. The great overshot wheel would respond to its weight of water and directly the wheels and pulleys, the pinions and gears, the shafts and spindles, the stems and gudgeons were all whirling in the poetry of motion. The stream that never tires had been joined to the circle that has no end. As the great musician can detect the slightest discord of a single note in a symphony orchestra, so this master mechanic could detect the

slightest defect or lack of harmony in this complicated symposium of power and motion. With perfect delight he would pass and repass from basement to attic, seeing, hearing and feeling the vibrations. This was melody to his mind and rhythm to his body. It was like the music of the spheres as it played on his harp of a thousand strings. It was the diapason of his life.

*The harnessed river panting
was as lyrics in his ears.
And this he well remembered in
the climax of his years.*

*His life was like a weel-gaun
mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water
The heape'd happen's ebbing
still
And still the clap plays clatter.*

*'Twas the story of his lifetime
that in such music rings,
But every life's a blind man's
tune that's played on broken
strings.*

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this remarkable man was the fact that he retained all his faculties--both mental and physical--with but slightly diminished vigor almost up to the very day of his death. On that day, having shaved himself and made his toilet, he suddenly expired by reason of heart failure at the age of sixty-six.

followed a peaceful calling. But most of all he manifested "beneath the stroke of life's changes a mind that shaketh not, without grief and without passion. On every side they are invincible who do acts like these. On every side they walk in safety, and this is the greatest blessing."

If we try to analyze the causes which have produced the abounding prosperity of this country and made it the foremost in all the world we shall find that the inventor and the mechanic have contributed most. Without their genius and skill there could be no increase in the power of production and without an increase in the productive power of labor there could be no abundance of useful things in the midst of which we live. The ancient Greeks in a vain endeavor to attain this efficiency, created the imaginary Briareus with a hundred hands. Our mechanics and inventors have far surpassed this idealand; have made the hands of one equal a thousand - as witness the power loom in comparison with the hand loom, or the nail mill in comparison with the blacksmith's hammer. We cannot honor too highly the men who have made such a great contribution to the general welfare--who have added so much to the sum of knowledge and to the common wealth of our country.

(Continued from page 1)
time, we will have pictures of Halliday Hill house, and other places of interest to Dodges.

Tom Dodge has worked diligently to make this a very professional looking Web Site. He has gotten much E-Mail from me with the word "help!" at some point within the text. He has responded quickly and it is a real joy to work with him.

Calvin Dodge has worked on the Colorado end to help me to understand how to do things. He has gotten calls late at night, early in the morning, and in the middle of the day. Through it all, he has been very patient.

In case you hadn't realized by now, this was more new software for me to learn. At least, this time, it seemed to be a little easier. Undoubtedly because of the people I work with!!!

We hope that this web site will truly be a boon to our Family Association, bringing in new members, new people visiting our reunions, and many Dodges finding their link to the past.

Barbara

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MEMORIAL

He had fully complied with the oriental wisdom which teaches that he is a happy man who has built a house, dug a well, planted a tree and begotten a son. He dwelt in a pleasant country and

NEW FORMAT - We are trying out a new format. Do you like it? Write, or E-Mail us with your comments.



*Barbara's
Byline*

In this Journal, I am very happy to use my column to print an item written by Karen Joy Dodge Thiessen. She is a home-schooling mom with children, Joshua, age 16, Hannah, age 13, and Caleb, age 5. She also puts out a home schooling newspaper once a month for the home school group to which she belongs. This was written in July 1997.

“That smile. That ever present contagious smile. It seems as though it has always been there, and yet it wasn’t until this week that I realized it.

This year, I determined to make photo album scrapbooks for each of my children’s birthdays. They were each turning a special age, (to my way of thinking). Hannah became thirteen, finally a teenager. Caleb will be five in a few weeks, officially no longer a preschooler. And Joshua, the always smiling boy, turns sixteen today, the official driving age.

It only took me 4 months to complete Hannah’s book. (Okay, it won’t ever really be complete, but it is at least presentable as such.) I intended to start Joshua’s soon after, but got sidetracked by too many other duties and projects. So this week, since he was on the SMITE(*) trip, I seized my opportunity, and took over his school table in our living room. I set up my boxes of photos, paper, stickers, adhesives, decorative scissors, stencils, and anything else I could think of, and began the marathon.

As I organized his pictures, I realized that regardless of the picture, he always had a great smile. Of course, it had changed over the years; first the toothless gummy smile of an infant, then the toothy grin of a toddler with chubby legs. Next came the freckled face mischievous smile of my now school-aged son. Then came the self conscious smile of a boy not sure if he liked the idea of having his picture taken. Moving on, I found the grin of a junior higher who liked to close his eyes and look silly in his pictures just for the fun of it. And finally, the most recent picture, the

seemingly self-confident smile of a young man, with his own interests, ideas, and convictions.

Josh will turn 16 today, in New York City. In a way it is fitting that he is not here to celebrate. I know that he will always need me. But I am finally getting the experiential knowledge of how my role is changing. He no longer needs me in the same way he did back in all those photos. I have gone from the benevolent dictator stage, to the broken record will they ever learn stage, to the on my knees ‘Oh please overcome all my mistakes’ stage.

The umbilical cord may have been cut at birth, but during the following 18 years, there are more cords to be cut, and ties to be broken. We love all the stages, and yet seem to regret the passing of each one. The cutting of these cords is somehow more real to me today since I am apart from one of my children on their birthday, for the first time.

It is funny in a way that by the time we get the hang of parenting, we have almost worked ourselves out of a job. Bittersweet is the loss we feel as our children set out on their own. The sadness of losing that little boy however, cannot be compared with the thrill of knowing that he has grown into a young man who is seeking the Lord and wants to find and do His will.

I will continue to watch my son grow and mature, but at a greater distance than before. I will attempt to guide him as he makes important decisions, but he will seek the guidance of others as well, and rightly so. I will have to be content with what he chooses to share with me instead of setting the agenda myself as I have for so long.

He will move on to new challenges in life. I will root for him from the side lines, with my photos of his childhood years serving as my link to his past, and that wonderful, mischievous, always present smile.”

*SMITE is the church youth group to which Josh belongs, and they went to New York on a missionary trip with quite a bit of sightseeing

**Dodges from Pima
County, Utah**
Part 2 of 3

Joshua Thomas Dodge

Joshua Thomas Dodge, was born August 18, 1867. He was the brother of John Dodge. At the death of John, Thomas was a great help to Nora and her children.

On July 12, 1891 Tom and Nora rode horseback into Pima and were married. At the time of their marriage they were still living at Simion Springs. Nora's two older children Alva and John, now old enough for school, had a long walk into Glenbar for school.

To afford the children a better chance for education, Tom and Nora sold the ranch and moved into Pima. There, nine more children were born; Rhoda, Lenora, Blanche, Ethel, Thomas Hollis, Clyde Harve, Ralph Seth, Elija Reese, and Mildred.

Thomas freighted from Willcox to Globe until the railroad was completed into Globe. This put an end to freighting by team and wagon. When Harve Blair had his sawmill on Mt. Graham, Tom logged for him. Thomas died November 30, 1929; Lenora on July 12, 1940. Both are buried in Pima.

**Ralph & Alva Dodge Lucas
& Friend**

Alva Dodge was born November 6, 1884 to John and Nora Dodge. The first home Alva remembers was at the Stage Station at Cedar Springs. This was where her father and uncle had the contract to carry the mail.

(Continued on page 4)

thrown in.

I am sure that Karen’s thoughts on her children reflect the thoughts of many of the mothers of our Dodge ancestors, and present generations.

Earl and I are proud to call Karen our daughter, and Joshua our grandson!

(Continued from page 3)

Alva was a true pioneer. As a child she learned to work, not only at housework, but also to be of help in the fields when needed.

Even as a child Alva had a desire for learning. As she grew older she would have liked to have gone on to higher education. Family circumstances did not permit this however, so Alva went to work to help support the family.

When she was eighteen she married Ralph Edward Lucas. Ralph was born in Santa Monica, California, July 3, 1882. They were married July 29, 1903.

After their marriage, Ralph and Alva built a home south of where the Pima Depot was. It was there they had a chicken, egg, and baby chick business. Later they sold out and moved to California.

Ralph and Alva always helped any of the family that was in need. They were both active church workers. When Alva's sister, Ann, became a widow, and Ralph's sister Louise needed assistance, Ralph and Alva were there to help. With their help, Alva's sister Blanche was able to fill a mission.

Ralph died in California and was buried in Rose Hills Cemetery in Whittier. Alva then moved back to Mesa, where she now lives.

John Eugene Dodge

John was born 10 February 1887, in a one-room house in Pima, Arizona, the eldest son of John Simion Dodge and Lenora McRay Holladay. His father was a cattleman. During the summer they lived at Snow Flat. His father died of a ruptured appendix when John was three and a half years old. There were no doctors to operate for appendicitis there at that time. The next July his mother married his father's brother, Joshua Thomas Dodge. They rode horseback to Pima to be married.

They lived at Simon Springs when Alva, his older sister, and he started to school at Hog Town, later called Glenbar. He went to school there one winter, then moved to Pima where he

got the rest of his formal education. He quit and went to work when he was in about the fourth grade. He was about twelve years old when he worked for Uncle Tom Ransom feeding cane to a sorghum mill and took his pay in sorghum at fifty cents a day. At this time his uncle freighted from Globe to Willcox, leaving Nora and the kids at home alone. At nights they went to bed at dark so as not to light a lamp for fear of Indians coming.

When he was about fourteen, he worked for Joe Alder making adobes for a brick kiln, getting seventy-five cents a day. Then he moved to Harve Blair's sawmill in the Graham mountains where he and his uncle logged for the mill. He left before the season was over and went to work for his Uncle Jack Dodge, in the butcher shop in Pima. After that he helped Art Lines move a herd of goats from Bryce to Old Rock dairy at Clifton. He did other odd jobs here and there for a few years and then went back to Pima and started baling hay and working for the farmers

West Follett and he broke horses for (YL) ranch. then he worked on the ranch. For a long time he punched cows for the 76 cattle ranch. Desiring a change, he went with "Chuck" Boyle to Los Angeles and took up barbering. He worked in Weaver Jackson's Beauty Parlor for several years before returning to Pima. It was here that he married a childhood acquaintance. Lola Courtney, on January 3, 1917. They lived in Pima and he barbered there. During the First World War they moved to Globe, where he caged in the Iron Cap Mine. It was here that Stanford was born to them, December 20, 1917. They returned to Pima, where he ran the Pima Barber shop. (To be cont.)

(Submitted by Larry Conkle of Escondido, California)



GENEALOGICAL HELP COLUMN

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE HAD GENEALOGICAL REQUESTS IN THIS JOURNAL WITHOUT SUCCESS, we will be putting those requests on our Web site once we have that area ready. For those of you who have E-Mail addresses, we will publish those along with the request. For those of you who DO NOT have E-mail addresses, we will have any responses to your request sent to us here at the Dodge Family Association.

Reunions



It is not too late to get in a reservation for the New England Reunion. It will be held at the 1640 Hart House, in Ipswich, Massachusetts, on September 27. It will start at 10:30 A.M. and last until about 2 - 2:30 P.M.

Our guest speaker will be Professor Pinkham of Beverly, Massachusetts. He is Professor Emeritus of American History at Salem State College. He is also past president of the Beverly Historical Society. He will be talking about the life and times of William and Richard Dodge.

A number of members from other states in the west and mid west will be attending this reunion. Come, meet old friends and make new ones.

You have a choice of chicken or baked scrod for lunch. The cost of the luncheon is \$15.00. If you let us know by September 23, we can fit you in.

This will be a special reunion during a special time of the year. The fall colors are especially wonderful in New England.