



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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FROM COURT FILES, SALEM.

Vol. XVII, page 100, et. seq.

"The last will and testament of Richard Dodge Senio of Beverie made the fourteene of the nine month 1670."

Block Island, Rhode Island

Compiled largely from data collected by the late Louis Lyourgus Dodge of Minneapolis Minnesota

Block Island, situated at the eastern approach to Long Island Sound, seems to have been mentioned in the voyages of the French explorer Verazzano, who called the island "Luisa" in 1528. Adrian Block and Hendrick Christiansee, Dutch explorers, sailed up the Sound from New Amsterdam in 1614, established the fact that what we now know as Long Island was in fact, an island, and in the course of doing so came upon Block Island. On Dutch maps published after the voyage the island was called "Adrian's Eylandt" and "Block's Eylandt". Apparently no attempt was made by the French at claiming possession but the Dutch did build a fort and

(Continued on page 4)

I being weake in body but will and sound in mind and memorie doe thus dispose of the estate the lord hath given mee.

It. I give unto my wife Edeth one mare two milk cowes two ewe sheep and halfe my household goods as it shall be equally divided by indifferent men between her and my executors also these to be her own absolutely also I give her the sole and proper use of the parlour and chamber over it in my now dwelling house together with the free use of the garden out-houses kitchings oven well ceiler and yeades as she hath occasion also my will that imediately uppon the proveng of this my will executors shall pay her eight pounds in such provision as she shall demand for her present use and thenceforth eight pounds a year during her life farther my will is that my executors shall provide for the summering and wintering of the above said milk cowes and sheepe uppon my farme during the time of her widdowhood together with her firewood at the door fitted for the fire.

It. I give unto my son Richard Dodge all that upland and meadow he is now possessor of

lying at long ham bridge to him and his heirs forever he paying to my wife forty shillings per annum during her life in consideration of her thirds.

It. I give unto my son Samuel that land he now liveth on that was bought of William Goodhue to him and his heirs forever he paring to my wife in consideration of her thirds the fortie shillings p annu during her life.

It. I give unto my son John Dodge all that upland and meadow of which he is now possessed being divided by a line agreed on beginning at a stump in the cornfield and so running unto an heape of stones at the upper end of the same land he paring unto my wife in consideration of her thirds fortie shillings p annum during her life also I give unto my son John twentie pound he to be payd by my executors.

And whereas I have land in England let to my brother Michael Dodge for foure p annum I doe hereby acquit my brother from all dues and demands concerninge the said rent during my life but after my desease I give and bequeathe to my wife and my son John the said rent to be annually paid them during the said lifes according to the tenure of the lease.

It. I give unto my daughter Mary Herrick one ewe having given her portion allready. Also I give unto my daughter Mary Herricks five daughters fifty shillings apiece to be paid to be each of them at their day of marriage or one and twentie yeares of age in case of any of them die the portion to be divided equally amongst them that shall survive that is to say if they die before they come to yeares or married.

MEMORIAL

It. I give my daughter Sarah five pound having had her portion allready which five pound is to be paid in two yeares after my desease also I give unto my daughter Sarahs daughter five pound to be payed her at her marriage or one and twentie yeares of age in case the child die before that time to returne to be payd to her mother.

It. I give unto my sons Edward and Joseph all the rest of my estate not above disposed of to be equally divided between them and doe appoint these my two sons joynt executors of this my last will and tesament and does appoint my

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This photo is of items that were once in the San Diego Museum. See Story on Page 6 - and for more about this Dodge family including photos, browse to <http://www.dodgefamily.org/Genealogy/JohnDodge1808.html>



Sand In My Shoes

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
SDodge53@aol.com

A Visit to the Battle field of Wisconsin Heights

"Can you tell me where the battlefield of Wisconsin Heights is located?" We asked the man at the toll end of the bridge at Sauk City as we pushed down on the brake of the car.

"The battlefield of Wisconsin Heights?"

"Yes sir" we replied as we slipped in a quarter for the privilege of crossing the structure.

"Never heard of it," he answered as he passed us a red ticket that we might have the privilege of returning over the river. "I think Mr. Taylor, about 2 miles away can tell you though," he added.

Then the car rattled over the long and ancient structure, and the wheel turned the machine to the right into the road leading toward Mazomaele. After going about a mile a stop was made and a farmer hailed. "Please, sir, can you tell us where the Battlefield known as Wisconsin Heights is located?" is what fell into his ears. Although he lived within sight of the place sought, he had heard nothing of the Battle nor of its location. He added however that if anyone in the neighborhood knows, it was Mr. Taylor who lived a little over a mile away.

The car was heading into a drove of cattle coming down the road, three men following along behind. Here was an opportunity to kill three birds with one stone, so the machine was brought to a stop, after dodging several animals and the interrogative again presented: "Can you tell us where the Battlefield of Wisconsin Heights is located?" One of the three said he didn't know, another looked as blank as the flyleaf of a book, and the third suggested that in case the battle of Wisconsin Heights was in the neighborhood, Mr. Taylor could tell us. The car then ran one-half mile to the east then one-half mile to the south stopping in front of Mr. Taylor standing in front of his home just as if he was waiting to welcome us.

"Is this Mr. Taylor?"

"Yes Sir."

"Can you tell us where to find the battle of Wisconsin Heights?"

"I certainly can," he replied in a tone of

positiveness and pleasure.

Over a fence we climbed, then another, and still another bringing us to a ravine not 50 rods from his home. Before we, flowed a quite nameless brook through its serpentine course. Mr. Taylor pointed to a small cliff on our left.

"There", he said, "Is where the battle of Wisconsin Heights was fought".

"The Indians were forced to retire towards the Wisconsin River. Some of them following the course of this brook while others taking to the woods above that cliff".

Mr. Taylor went on to tell us about the Battle: "The date was July 21, 1832. Black Hawk, Chief of the Sauks along with some Fox warriors, squaws, old men and children crossed the Mississippi river into Illinois and began terrorizing several communities. At Lake Koshkonong, Black Hawk expected the Winnebago Indians to join him but to this he was disappointed, as they remained neutral. The Militia under direction of General Henry Dodge was soon on the trail of Black Hawk as he made a hasty retreat from Lake Koshkonong. With his warriors he took a northwesterly direction camping at Four Lakes, now Madison. General Dodge was in hot pursuit; this the Indians knew and were breaking camp before sunup. They hurried towards the Wisconsin River hoping to cross it and reach what is now Sauk County before being overtaken by the Militia. The Indians rushed across the country throwing away mats, kettles and any other property to give them increased freedom in their march, but in doing so they were laying a path for General Dodge to follow. At intervals the Indians made feint at battle that would halt the pursuing soldiers and give the red men ahead more distance between themselves and General Dodge's men. After this had occurred several times, General Dodge decided to charge the next time the Indians stopped. Many of the horses the solders were riding became exhausted and were abandoned, the men rushing forward on foot in order to be present when the decisive moment came. About 5 o'clock the Indians returned again and this resulted in the Battle of Wisconsin Heights. General Dodge gave the order to charge which the soldiers did with readiness. They chased the Indians up that cliff where they shot at each other only feet apart; the aborigines could not stand against this and ran. By morning, they had escaped into Sauk County by crossing the Wisconsin River. Black Hawk suffered

much casualty, mainly to his rear guard; the warriors that turned the attack on Gen. Dodge's men to allow the squaws, old men and children extra time to cross the river. Two of General Dodge's soldiers were killed and his wounded were taken to Fort Blue Mounds."

Mr. Taylor went on to tell us about when he was a child, when a soldier had visited his house, how he along with his father came out to the battleground, the soldier telling us about the battle. The grave of the 2 soldiers killed was visited, visible then, now its ground is level and it's approximate location only is known.

The battle was fought at evening and the day was drawing to a close as we thanked Mr. Taylor and left this Historic site. It was such a place that a whippoorwill might sing all night in the summertime. Here across the low land towards Wisconsin, towards Ferry Bluff in the distance fled a vanquished band. It was the beginning of the downfall of a proud, haughty, revengeful Chief.

His people had been wronged; he committed a wrong, now he was reaping the whirlwind. It was a day of red blood for him, for he lost many; more dying as they fled across the rough country towards Bad Axe.

While discussing the events of the day past, Juncos flew about in a clump of willows by the wayside. Mr. and Mrs. A.F. Reiner, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Mable Bradshaw discussed the snowbirds as the car rolled over the bridge again and pushed its way through the chilly air towards the Baraboo Bluffs outlines against a somber, November sky.

Much of this story appeared in The Baraboo Daily Newspaper, November 12, 1919, Sauk City, Wisconsin. By H. E. Cole

If your dues are paid up and your e-mail allows attachments, you can receive your Journal in COLOR . Please let us know via e-mail so that we can have the correct address.

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The View From My Window



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A few months ago, Chuck Dodge of Escondido, California, sent me a book entitled "Weston, a Puritan Town" by Emma F. Ripley. When he purchased this book several years ago, he thought that that it would contain information about a family surname of Weston which he was researching. Alas... it was, instead, about the town of Weston, Massachusetts ... but wait ... this was a boon for me ... because I grew up in that town. When Chuck found out about that, he kindly sent the book to me as a gift. The day I received it, I sat back and enjoyed that book for over an hour ... so many memories flooded my mind.

Today, as I sat here trying to stir up a blank mind in the hopes that something would come to me to write about, I suddenly remembered that book. Ah, I thought! How about if I write about a few of my memories for this column! So over the next few Journals, you will enter my world of what it was like to grow up in Weston, Massachusetts.

We moved there when I was a little over 3 yrs. old and my mother liked to refer to our little house, as "The house by the side of the road" and many times during the war, when a hobo would come to our door for something to eat, she would quote me the lines of an old poem "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."



28 School St., Weston, Massachusetts

We never locked our doors back then, and though there was no man in the house and no dog, we were never afraid.

The little house, L shaped, sat on one and a tenth acres of land that was complete with a little brook, and a pine grove on the other side. Before daddy left for the war, he built a little bridge over that brook, and he dammed the brook up

lower down and brought in beach sand so that I would have a place to play in the water. Many happy afternoons were spent by and in that brook and in the pine grove on the other side.

Our little house had once been the gatekeeper's house for the Sears Estate which was about 1/2 mile away. That estate was owned by Edmund H. Sears, who wrote the Christmas carol "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

Moving from an apartment in Brookline to this little house, was in my child's eyes, like moving to a mansion.

The school was right next door - although there was a good bit of land and woods between our house and the school. When school started in the fall, each afternoon I would stand out front by the white picket fence and announce to all who went by: "I live here, and it has an upstairs, and a downstairs, and a cellar, too."

The following fall, at the age of 4 1/2, I started Kindergarten. The school had an enrollment of about 600 and that was from Kindergarten right through 12th grade. Thirteen years later, my graduating class was just 35.

Daddy built a chicken coop and a sandbox and even a little play house that looked almost like our big house. Alas, before I ever got to play in it, he put baby chicks in there while he built a garage...one side of which was going to be for those chicks. The garage never got finished ...

Barbara



**David
Dodge
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Wiltshire,
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As I have been asked by Barb to write about one of my interests, i.e. 'Medals', I should mention straightaway that my knowledge is mostly confined to the medals issued by the British government mainly to commemorate military actions or other events. Thus this ramble may only interest Dodges who live in the UK or perhaps in parts of the world that were once, if no longer, parts of the Commonwealth.

My interest in medals started back in the 'sixties' and was initially an offshoot of another interest, namely 'coin-collecting'. Most kids

have at some time gathered together the occasional 'foreign' coin that comes their way, and so with me. but in the late 1960's when I was in my 'thirties' the British Government decided to scrap the £sd system and introduce in 1971 the Decimal system.

I was handling money daily at the office, and my interest in coins revitalised itself. A couple of colleagues were also interested, and we set out to try and gather a set of coins for each year as far back as we could. there were of course 'rare dates' of low mintages for some denominations.

There were also still in circulation some 'silver' coins from the pre-1920's when they were actually made of silver, and worth more than their face value for their metal content.

To find out more, we started to read books, and magazines about this subject of 'Numismatics' and in such magazines were also articles about medals, the actions in which they were won, and the various campaigns commemorated.

I discovered that many medals are NAMED and being awarded to INDIVIDUALS might be TRACEABLE, and thus RESEARCHABLE.

Most British medals are impressed or inscribed with, in the case of the Army the regimental number and rank and regiment of the soldier. Navy medals have similar details, with sometimes the name of the ship served on at the time of issue.

In order to restrict my new interest to manageable proportions, I decided to concentrate on medals issued to the Wiltshire Regiment and the Dorset Regiment. The reason for this:

1. As I was born and living in Wiltshire, medals to 'The Wilts' and their related research should be easier. (It ain't necessarily so' I found)
2. As the first medal group I purchased was to the Dorset regt. (It cost me all of 15 shillings (75pence)) I included that regiment in my new hobby.
3. These two chosen Regiments were not involved in all of the campaigns and actions for which medals were awarded. Thus simplifying research, and easier on the pocket.

In the ensuing notes I will try to give some guidance on the researching of medals, which members of the DFA may find useful if they have, or know of, medals awarded to their Dodge ancestry. I will, however, first give some general notes that may be of some interest.

Passwords for members only area of our Web Site are:
User Name: blockisle Password: salem

From the Pen of: Passepartout

by Craig Dodge



craigdodge@hotmail.com

It is said that there are three tools by which a people can be ruled: Fear, Greed, and the Promise of Security.

Robert Mugabe the current (and only) president of Zimbabwe is falling over himself to use the first of those - that is Fear. For the last 20 years it has been Greed that has kept people in Zimbabwe, demonstrated most clearly by Mugabe himself and his fellow ministers. The toll of that greed has been to destroy the economy, and as people moved from Greed to subsistence, Mugabe's support crumbled. In an effort to stay in power he switched to using Fear.

Those in the country are living in a state of siege with no recourse to official protection, the police are there to persecute not protect. Those who can, are flooding out of the country. Just to South Africa and England alone, the number of people legally arriving from Zimbabwe total 1,800 a day. South Africa is setting up refugee camps just to cope with the refugees being created.

I have for some years argued against staying in the country. One of the most common arguments I have encountered is: 'This is my country!' That made me wonder - 'What makes a country one's country?'

There is the issue of actual belonging in the sense of being a citizen. Zimbabwean law on this issue leaves Westerners in a state of disbelief. In the early 80's, I took Zimbabwean citizenship in place of the South African citizenship I was granted at birth, so despite having been a citizen for some 20 years I now find myself officially stateless for the following reasons:

1. I have not renewed my passport, therefore, by Zimbabwean law, I have forfeited my Zimbabwean citizenship.
2. I was born in Zambia (although never a citizen - I was a South African citizen by descent at birth), I have never renounced any claim I may or may not have to Zambian citizenship, and as a result, have forfeited my Zimbabwean citizenship.
3. My parents were born in South Africa and as I have never renounced any claim I may or may not have to becoming a South African citizen again, I have forfeited my Zimbabwean citizenship.

4. By the time you read this I will have applied for Australian citizenship and the very act of applying, even if my application is refused, will result in my forfeiting my Zimbabwean citizenship. (In a perverse occurrence, one man with a surname sounding like it is of Mediterranean origin was told to show proof of his renunciation even though he was not entitled to citizenship of that country. Upon inquiring at that country's embassy he was advised that as he had no right to citizenship of that country, he would have to apply for citizenship and then be refused and then he would be provided with the proof he desired. So in a classic Catch 22 if he does not do it, the Zimbabwean authorities will strip him of his Zimbabwean citizenship. Whereas if he does he will be committing an offence and be stripped of his citizenship!)

Thus it has become a stark choice: Throw in one's lot with Zimbabwe (and by extension Mugabe) or lose one's citizenship and with it right of abode, resulting in residents of 40+ years having to apply for residence permits which may or may not be granted.

The reason the laws exist is - they are intended to leave one in exactly this position. Knowing that most will give up their Zimbabwean citizenship rather than risk losing the parachute of being able to retreat should the country descend into civil war. Thus Mugabe hopes to reduce the voter base against him by stripping 'foreigners' of their ability to vote (You can't vote if you are not a citizen).

It rapidly becomes clear that the government doesn't want us (my racial group has been publicly declared 'enemies of the state'). So what is the point of doggedly hanging on? The claim of 'my country' is clearly all one-sided. Is it 'my country' if the government is doing its utmost to get rid of me? Is it 'my country' if the government creates youth brigades who stop you at a road block, demand to see your party membership card and make you kneel in the street, beg to be let through then make you dance and sing pro-government songs, all the time with the police watching and laughing? Can one in fact separate country and government? Is a country an entity on its own? And what do people like about 'a country' that makes it worthwhile to hang on to it? Lifestyle? Job Opportunities? Family? To what sense are these part of 'a coun-

try'? What happens when these change i.e. friends and family leave, jobs dry up, etc?

I have been somewhat nomadic: 7 years in Zambia, 23 in Zimbabwe, 4 years in England and now 2 in Australia. So I have seen a fair bit of the world, North and South, Rich and Poor. No country has impressed me as much as Australia - laid back but determined to do all things well, to give everyone 'a fair go'.

As I come back to the original statement I have to say that the main reason I no longer live in Zimbabwe is - I want security for my family. Not to have to live behind razor wire, electric gates and fences, not to get dragged out of my car and attacked - the list goes on, all of which was experienced by me or my family members. I never cease to be amazed at what I see as the lack of security here. At the end of the day I will live in a place that best suits my families needs.

I lived in Zimbabwe for 2/3 of my life and certainly one feels comfortable with what one grows up with. But the only constant is change and either we adjust or life becomes a whole lot tougher. Australia has accepted me, I fit in, my family is safe and we have a bright future. I look forward to it with eagerness.



(Little Known Facts - Continued from page 1)

several houses. In 1689 some French privateers came along and "captured" the island but apparently accomplished nothing of importance. The island continued to remain in the possession of the native Narragansett Indians, who called it "Manisses", interpreted to mean "Little God."

Captain Oldham, a skipper from Massachusetts, was massacred by the Indians in a visit to the Island July 20, 1638, whereupon Endicott and Underhill, with a force of 100 men, landed on the island and severely punished the Indians, after which Massachusetts Bay claimed title to the Island, which the Indians recognized and afterward paid tribute to the Bay.

In 1658 Massachusetts Bay Colony granted the island to John Endicott, Richard Bellingham, David Donnison and William Hawthorne as their private property, but no settlement ensued.

This article is incomplete. If you are the person who sent this to our office, would you please let us know, and perhaps you can resend the article so that we can publish the rest of it in the next Dodge Journal.



Earl's Pearls

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Our annual trek west took us to see my two sisters and their husbands in Arizona, other relatives in Simi Valley, Huntington Beach and El Cajon, California as well as a political button show in San Luis Obispo and a quick visit with friends in northern Arizona. The highlight was the yearly Dodge Family Reunion at the Miramar base north of San Diego.

There were a number of first-time attendees, and many lingered long into the afternoon to swap family data and catch up on the past year's events. President Everett J. Dodge presented a lovely glass plaque to Earl and Barbara Dodge for their 20 years of service as of last fall. We were both touched by this kind gesture. As I pointed out then, without the initial help and work of Col. Robert L. Dodge and Mrs. Virginia (Dodge) Murphy the Association would never have got off the ground.

The Board of Directors met on January 18, the day before the reunion. All current officers were re-elected and the Board nominated Everett J. Dodge, Frederick J. Dodge and Earl F. Dodge for new three-year terms as Directors. These nominations may be voted on by all members by use of the form at the bottom of the enclosed letter. Treasurer Joe Klein reported all bills paid and a healthy balance in the bank. Most of the cash assets of the Association are invested in a bank CD to bring greater interest income to the work.

President Everett Dodge raised the possibility of working with other Massachusetts based early families to promote the heritage we share. Capt. Frederick Dodge reported on the possibility of Amazon.com handling our latest genealogy book. Norman Dodge told about the work he leads of putting all the Dodge data on computer disks. Earl Dodge reported on the Fifth Dodge Family Tour to England May 10-27.

Norman Dodge of Seattle, Margaret Williams of El Cajon, and a number of other members including me are grandchildren of Edith Dodge, first wife of Lewis Henry Dodge, or of Edith's sister, Mabel, who married Charles, Lewis' brother. This makes us double cousins. Through these

two sisters we also just found out that we have a tie to President Calvin Coolidge. The sisters were 7th cousins to Mr. Coolidge which makes our generation 7th cousins, twice removed. Not close enough to be in the will but fun to know.

This discovery came about as a result of research on all the wives of my direct Dodge ancestors. This work by the late Mary Johnson of Colorado produced Huguenot ancestry into the 1400's and a Coolidge line that included Simon, 1st to come from England and his son Obadiah. Since my own personal specialty in the political collecting field has always been Coolidge I find it nice to refer to cousin Cal when talking to other collectors.

Our supply of the Tristram Dodge book by Theron Woodward is exhausted. We now have available a CD with every word from that book for \$35. This is SEARCHABLE which makes it VERY NICE! Even if you have the book, you may want to order this. When the new Tristram book is published it will include all the material in Woodward's book.



Kernels by The Colonel

Col. Robert L. Dodge

An Optimist thinks that this is the best possible world. The Pessimist fears that this is true.

Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

A day without sunshine is like night. I plan to live forever. So far, so good!

Never be afraid to try something new; remember amateurs built the Ark, professionals built the Titanic.

It's frustrating when one knows all the answers, but nobody bothers to ask the questions.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, BUT also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

The current Dodge Roster and the last two years of Dodge Journals can be found at <http://www.dodgeoffice.net>.

(Continued from page 1)

Brother William Dodge Sene and Mr. Henery Batholomew Sene of Salem overseers of this my last will and for there paynes herein I give unto each of them twenty shillings apiece. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seale the day and yeare above written.

The mark of
Richard x Dodge (Wax)
Sighend sealed in presence of

Isack Huli

William Dodge

the two witnesses gave oath in Court 28: J 71 that the above written was declared by the sd Richard Dodge to be his last will and testament.

Attest Hilliard Veren Cler.

Copy of writing on same sheet)

These are further to declare that whereas the executors of the will of their father Richard Dodge deceased have all the lands and estate by their late father left and bequeathed to them as executors after what is given and bequeathed expressly in the said will yet we the executors and subscribers upon good and serious considerations and for the continuance of love and pence to and in the family and among the neare relations have freely and willingly agreed and doe by these presents agree that our eldest brother John shall enjoy to himself his heirs and assignes forever all that land the which lieth about the saw mill buit by our sd Brother being about four score acres be it more or less, also five acres of meadow on that syde of long Ham brooke on which our sd Brothers house standeth; also four acres of meadow at the upper end of the meadow called flaggye meadow; and one acre of salt marsh, part of three acres lying on an Iland within Mr. Cogswell farme and bought by our late father in his life time of r. John Cogswell, in witness of all which as above written we have hereunto sett our hands this 28th day of June 1871.

Signed it in presence of us

William Barthlornew

Henry Barthlomew

Mr. Henry Bartholmew gave oath in court at Salem 28: 4:71 tht he was a witness to the above written being yet act & deed of the said Edward 19r Joseph Dodge: who alsoe acknowledges the same in court to be their act their deed. ateste Hilliard Veren Cry (Clerk)

his marke
Edward x Dodge
Joseph Dodge

The ancestry of John/Jonathan Dodge, b. Dec. 30, 1808 is still a mystery. He was born in Susquehanna CO., New York and died Dec. 19, 1891 in Mudd Bay or Mima, Washington. About 1831, he married Sarah Banks Ives in Springboro, Crawford Co., Pennsylvania. He and Sarah have many descendants, one of which was Ray Dodge, who designed the movie "Oscar" statuette.

Recently I was delighted when Len Gotesman <gottesm@voicenet.com> sent me the photo that is on the front page of this Journal. When I received his e-mail and checked out our mystery data base, I saw that this involved one of the descendants of John and Sarah. I wrote to Jeff McClure, <jmccclure@wi.rr.com> because he descends from John and Sarah. He was delighted with the photo and sent me the text which is included in part on this page along with the business card for Scobert & Dodge pictured here. The grandson of John and Sarah, Edgar Dodge, married Myrtle Scobert in Clackamas Co., Oregon. What follows here is first, the story sent me by Len, and second, the followup sent to me by Jeff. I hope that the time will come SOON, when we will be able to find out WHO the Dodge ancestors of John/Jonathan were. Barb

Dunlap's Teenee Weenee Circus was likely carved by Victor Jay Dunlap, who was born in 1875 in Wisconsin and ran away with the circus. He was last heard of by his family in 1940 from Texas when he asked for information to apply for social security.

His date of death is unknown, but in 1960 his circus was donated to the San Diego Historical Society by a family who said its maker had recently died. The San Diego Historical Society gave the circus to the Salvation Army in 1975. In a press release at the time, the SA tells of Lyle Dunlap, who made the circus, and of the people and circumstances surrounding its being made and then given away. I bought this setup which focuses on the circus' arrival in Eugene, Oregon. As far as I know, the Historical Society kept the big top and trapeze show.

The exact date that the circus was carved is unknown, but it appears that when Victor Jay Dunlap carved the circus he paid a lot of attention to these details.

There are three buildings. The Scobert and Dodge warehouse was a real business created by Myrtle Scobert and Edgar Dodge who married in Clackamas Co., Oregon in

about 1900. The Eugene Woollen Mill was founded in Eugene by Emil A. Koppe at the turn of the century. The Pacific Freight Depot also existed in Eugene at that time.

The Dunlap Circus train has 5 cars - each inscribed with the circus name. One has two rolled-up canvas tents and another has a donkey looking out. Three are numbered flat cars. There are six wheeled wagons. The cook's wagon has provisions tied on top and buckets below. It has already been hitched to two white horses. There are five other wagons in various stages of unloading. The Circus has 20 delightfully carved animals. Among the four elephants, two are covered with showy wraps and one has a dressed circus rider. A parade of four camels is being led by a mounted rider dressed in a white turban and caftan. There are two zebras, a dog, a show horse wearing a fancy blanket, two donkeys, and four more horses. There are 9 carved people - the elephant rider, the camel rider, two men unloading packages on two-wheeled carts, one man positioning a wagon, a man guiding the cook's wagon, and three others milling about.

Excerpt from: The Centennial History of Oregon 1811-1912, Vol. III, pg 242-243 S.J. Clarke Publishing Company, Chicago 1912

EDGAR DODGE is a progressive, energetic young business man who has already become an important factor in retail mercantile circles in Eugene, being president and manager of the Dodge Department Store, Inc. Oregon claims him as one of her native sons, his birth having occurred in Marion County, April 22, 1873. His parents being Francis Marian and Jane (Caples) Dodge. The father was a native of Pennsylvania and was a son of John Dodge, who was born in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, in 1810. He in turn was the son of a farmer of that locality. He learned the trade of a brick mason and plasterer in early life. His parents died while he was yet young and at an early age he was forced to start out in the world on his own account. He was always independent in spirit and self-reliant and, moreover, displayed good judgment and earnest purpose.

He never gave up when one avenue of opportunity seemed closed but sought out other paths by which he might reach the desired goal. He married Sarah Ives, a native of Middletown, Connecticut, and they made their home in Pennsylvania until

1844, when they removed to Stark county, Illinois. In 1853 they left that district for Oregon, making the long and tedious journey with slow plodding ox teams. At length, however, they had covered the long distance between the Mississippi valley and the Pacific coast and made their way direct to Salem, Oregon, where for ten years Mr. Dodge continued to reside. In 1863 he went to the Puget Sound country, settling fourteen miles from Olympia on the Miami prairie. After remaining there for a time, however, he returned to Marion County, Oregon, but later took up his abode permanently in Washington. Both he and his wife died at Mud Bay, John Dodge passing away at the age of eighty-two years, while his wife was seventy-six years of age at the time of her demise.

Of their children four reached adult age, of whom Francis Marian Dodge was the youngest. He was born in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, October 29, 1835, and acquired his education in the public schools of the Keystone state, the state of Illinois and of Salem, Oregon, as his parents removed to those various localities.....

In 1865 Francis M. Dodge was married to Miss Jane Caples, who was born in Andrew County, Missouri, November 2, 1847, and in 1849 was brought across the plains by her parents, Dr. William and Nancy (Nowell) Caples, whose family numbered six children.

Under Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Dodge were also born six children, of whom four reached manhood or womanhood, namely: Elmer John, who is living on the old homestead; Edgar; Walter S., who resides on the old home place; and Lizzie Wihlema, the wife of Elmer Pugh, of Vancouver, Washington. The parents were members of the United Brethren church and also belonged to the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Edgar Dodge was educated in the public schools and in the Presbyterian College at Monmouth, from which he was graduated with the class of 1894. In 1898 Mr. Dodge was married to Miss Myrtle Scobert and they have one child, Ray."

