

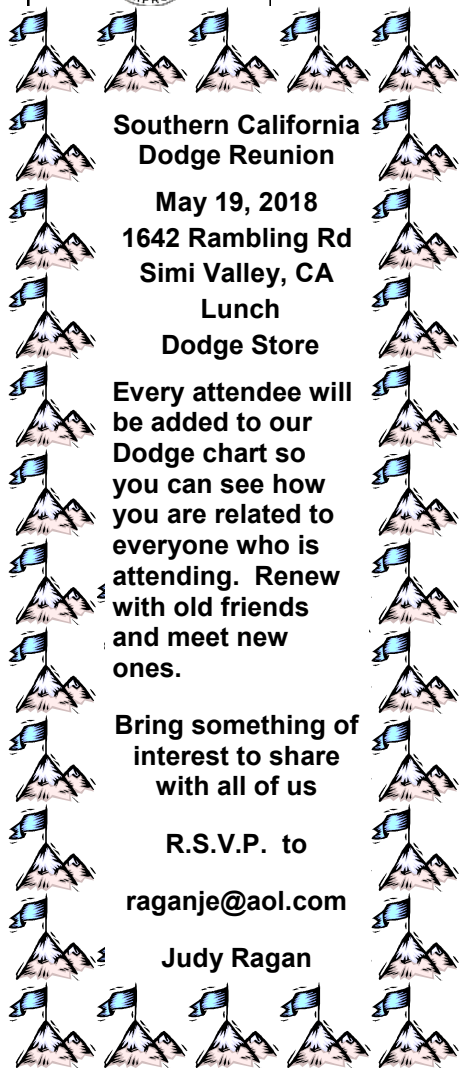
# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 34 No. 1

Jan/ Feb 2018



## MAY—JUNE 1884



### Southern California Dodge Reunion

May 19, 2018  
1642 Rambling Rd  
Simi Valley, CA  
Lunch  
Dodge Store

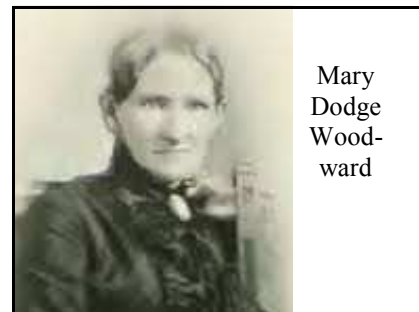
Every attendee will be added to our Dodge chart so you can see how you are related to everyone who is attending. Renew with old friends and meet new ones.

Bring something of interest to share with all of us

R.S.V.P. to  
raganje@aol.com

Judy Ragan

**MAY 1** - Not a pansy yet! Immense flocks of little gray birds fly over the wheat fields, alighting now and then to pick up wheat. They are welcome to all they can find. A meadow lark just lit on a post in front of the open door and sang to me so sweetly of home. Harry Green called to see Katie. She had the offer of the school, but I could not get a girl and would not get a girl, and would not give Katie up.



Mary Dodge Woodward

I have been reading *The Queen's Book*. It is written in plain, homespun language and the incidents are graphically described. An "Indefatigable Brown" would come in handy on this farm; however, we have John Martin whom we have decided to keep as a man-of-all work on the place this summer. Walter's mechanical ingenuity is very convenient here, where there is so much machinery.

Seventy-Six degrees at 2 P.M., and yesterday the men plowed with their overcoats on. The grass begins to grow, and soon the whole prairie will look beautiful indeed. Still, I want to see trees. Perhaps because I was brought up under Green Mountain in old Vermont. We have fifty acres for a dooryard. All the rest is sowed with grain and now looks like green velvet. Mr. McAuliffe's trees are leafing out, and to look that way almost makes me homesick. He started a tree claim.

I can see fully a hundred farmhouses with the telescope, besides the towns. Who would believe that seven years ago there was not a cabin on the prairie; and five years before that, only three white men lived along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad between the Red Rover and Bismarck!

The water has gone out of the sloughs which wind around without end with the appearance of having been a river bed. There was a splendid mirage this morning at five o'clock. As I was going down cellar after butter I stopped and admired it and thought of one whom I should like to have seen it.

**MAY 7** - Ninety-four this morning and so hot we can scarcely live through the day, yet tonight we will shiver, I know. Walter and Katie had to walk to Fargo. Fred hung the thermometer in the sun and in a few minutes the temperature rose to 104 degrees. There has been thunder and lightning, but not one drop of rain has fallen although the crops need it very much. The sun looks like a great red ball as it nears the horizon. The air is like an arid desert during the warm weather, for there is no bushing or timber to cool it.

**MAY 21** - The rain has been coming down slowly and steadily since ten o'clock, just the right sort to bring up the garden seeds. I am thinking how nice my flower garden must be looking at home, with the tulips in bloom.

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**DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL**  
 Published by  
**The Dodge Family Association**  
 9556 Garrison Ct.  
 Tel: 303-237-4947  
 WEBSITE: [www.dodgefamily.org](http://www.dodgefamily.org)  
 Editors: Barbara V. Dodge, C. Eileen  
 Dodge, Judy Ragan  
 Memberships: \$20/year

(Continued from page 1)

Here, I have only four or five pansy plants in a little bed under the bedroom window, which comprises my Dakota flower garden. There are still plenty of leaves on the old geranium which, with the help of the big coal stove, has braved a Dakota winter.

**MAY 23** - The rain has poured steadily forty-eight hours. The cistern is running over, the ground is soaked, and the crops are likely to be drowned. Dakota is a great land for extremes, either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. I cannot dig the dirt here. I tried to cut out a sod in the front yard, but the soil clung to the ax like gum. There are eight pansy blossoms out after the rain. They look like the faces of old, familiar friends, almost human. I never see one without thinking of John. He and I used to love to watch them at home.

This evening, just at dark, the sky looked perfectly frightful. It has been ablaze with lightening ever since until now, eleven o'clock. I called Walter to sit with me, for I am nervous in storms. The lightening seems to much brighter here than at home. We can see so much sky.

**JUNE 1** - Well Diggers are here. One of them has never been east of the Mississippi River, decidedly a western man. We already have two wells on the place, one bored and one dug, but they do not afford half enough water for the horses around harvest-time. One of our neighbors dug sixteen wells, and finally moved to a place about ten miles away where there was water. Our diggers are down over sixty feet. A great variety of stones come out of the well,

all smooth and wave-washed. I think this has once been all water. Now there's none. If a well in Dakota does not fill up at once when water is reached, it soon fails.

Every time Fred sees me writing in my diary, he asks me how far I have gotten. He just said, "Have you gotten through August?"

**JUNE 15**— The roses are beginning to bloom and all Dakota is literally covered with them. The roadways are bordered with roses and scarlet-eyed daisies. Walter picked some strawberries. I am sure they would grow in abundance under cultivation, but nobody tries to grow anything here except No. 1 hard wheat.

Roxy followed the boys into the field where they are pulling mustard. Walter heard her cry and found her nearly dead with the heat. He fetched her in and poured water on her.

There are dozens of tree claims in this vicinity. Some look well; others have been deserted after the owners proved up their homesteads and these, of course, look neglected and straggling. Where the trees have been cultivated there are hedges of wild roses growing between the rows. They look beautiful.

Tom is backsetting.\* When we first came here we thought that a queer word, but soon, Dakota-like, we caught it. People mentioned the autumn as the usual time to backset. That was called the "fall backset." Autumn was the time when the Indians usually revolted, and the inhabitants were wont to remark that they wondered if the Indians would give them a "fall Backset" that year. With every pioneering step the settler makes a contribution to an appendix to Webster.

\* The word "backset" as used by the Dakota farmer, means to turn back the rows of earth which have previously been plowed.

**THE HERRICK FAMILY ASSOCIATION** will hold an annual meeting in Salem, Massachusetts this coming April. A good number of Dodes have married into the Herrick family.

They now have CDs of their new **HERRICK GENEALOGICAL REGISTER III** which is available for purchase.

Dodges are mentioned in their Genealogical Record which is a 3,200+ page update.

If you wish to purchase a Herrick Genealogy Register III CD, you may do so by contacting Secretary-Treasurer, Dale Yoe at: [yoeda@comcast.net](mailto:yoeda@comcast.net)

The rootsweb website is down for security improvements being made by the host. Normally, you can go to <http://freepages.genalogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~Herrick/index.html> or check out the Facebook site Herrick Family Association.



**NEW MEMBERS**

**Margaret Dodge, New York**  
**Marcia Dodge, North Carolina**  
**Dusty Dodge, Colorado**  
**Alton Rogers, Washington**  
**Sherry Nostrant, California**  
**Corbin Dodge, Texas**

**D**ues due notices: If you receive this Journal via email, I will let you know if they were due in 2017. If you are concerned about when your dues are due, just email our office: [barbvddodge@dodgeoffice.net](mailto:barbvddodge@dodgeoffice.net)

**I**f you receive the Journal in the US Mail, your dues due date is displayed on the outside of your envelope.

Member only area of our website  
 User name: [dodgefamily](http://dodgefamily)  
 Password: [fellowshipofdodges](http://fellowshipofdodges)

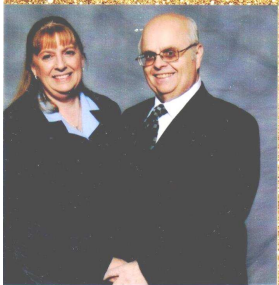


# The View From My Window



I guess the word is out! I love dogs! I received the photo on the right from:

Sheryl and Clarence Heier (pictured on the left)



These are their 2 dogs and 1 kitty. I think they are gorgeous!

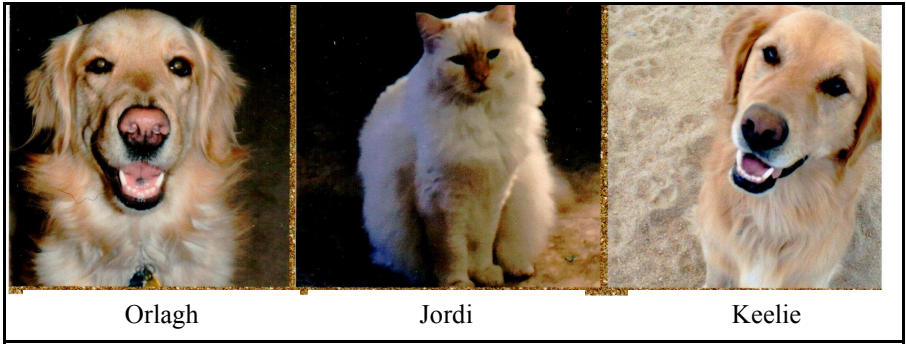
While typing *The Checkered Years*, I could not help but think about our weather here in Colorado. We have a lot of the same type of weather and my yard, both front and back is like concrete. The soil is heavy with bentonite which the man at the local nursery called 'concrete' when I asked him for something I could put on the 'grass' to help it look better! I looked it up and on Wikipedia I found this:

"Innocuous as it sounds, Colorado's most significant geologic hazard is *swelling soil* — that is, soil laced with layers of various clays. These clays cause more property damage than any other natural hazard. Bentonite and montmorillonite (weathered volcanic ash) clays underlie many populated areas of Colorado. They can expand up to 20% by volume when exposed to water and exert up to 30,000 pounds of force per square foot, more than enough to break up any structure they encounter."

I had one room in my home of 42 years in Lakewood, CO that constantly got cracks in the wall no matter how many times it was repaired.

In my little house now, I had to have an area of the foundation under the house repaired. I don't think there is any place in this part of the state that is free of bentonite. But I love Colorado...so I will need to put up with Colorado's soil!

I told you in the last Journal, that my son Calvin, and his wife, Rochelle were coming from Texas with their 2 dogs, meaning I would have five dogs here for the length of their stay. I said I



Orlagh

Jordi

Keelie

would let you all know how it went. IT WENT GREAT! Below is a photo you might enjoy.

From the left: my dogs Allie & Polly, Calvin & Rochelles dogs, Sophie and Rocky, and back in the right corner, my dog Samson. Sophie is part Great Pyranees that walked into Calvin and Rochelle's house one day. The owner had turned it lose and didn't want it. She tested positive for heartworm and the cost was high, but they treated her for it and now she is heartworm free. Polly is Lab/Shapei, age abt. 14 yr. Samson is lab, age abt 9 yr. Allie is part Brittany Spaniel, age abt 9 yr. Sophie is abt. 8 yr. and Rocky is abt. 9 yr. All are rescue dogs. They are hovering around me because they THOUGHT I was getting ready to feed them!





## WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

January 2018

By Judy Prentice Ragan  
raganje@aol.com



I was looking through my genealogy database for something to spark my motivation to write this article and I came to my great, great grandfather, George Belcher Prentice, 1818-1873. On his tombstone it reads his name, the date he died 55 ys, 6 mo, 15 days and then it says, “How desolate our home bereft of thee”.

Theirs was a small family for the mid-1800s with only seven children. Most of his ancestors and descendants were having larger families. The man in the family was almost always the person everyone expected to provide their care and, hopefully, their love along with Mother, who gave a tender, caring love. But when the man of the family is gone when young children are still expecting support and caring from that person, I can imagine the feeling that George’s family was experiencing.

My children are of the age to give us grandchildren and are not so young anymore; but I am the one experiencing the term “How desolate our home bereft of thee.”

My husband, age 80, went into the hospital on Christmas Day and was diagnosed with Type A Influenza. He is doing fine and, luckily, because we had both had the flu shots, he had not suffered from any of the bad effects of the flu, only fever and a reaction to one drug. He comes from very sturdy stock. His mother at 102 years old is thriving in her environment at a very nice Senior Living Center and has never been sick as long as I’ve known her which is about 60

years. My husband, Bill, is currently at our town’s only care center receiving physical therapy to regain his strength and balance and is doing great.

*How desolate our home bereft of thee* says how I feel right now.

The house is very quiet and still, nothing moves or makes a sound.....well, until the phone rings. Usually it is a salesman but today it is my husband. He is lonely even though he has a roommate and desperately wants to come home. I think he sits there and thinks of things he wants me to bring when I come to visit. That gives him an excuse to call me. At the same time I sit here at my computer feeling bereft. My children are all at work so the hours are long until time to go see my sweetie. Our doctor said to me, very sternly, you are not to visit him for more than 2-3 hours as you must stay home and keep healthy until he comes home.

*How desolate our home bereft of thee* must have described how George’s wife and young children felt when George died at 55 yrs.

Mother was only 45 yrs old and she had children ranging in age from 10 yrs to 25 yrs. George ran a thriving farm as shown on the U. S. Census Non-Population Schedules, New York, 1850-1880: 13 June 1870 (three years before he died), Agriculture Schedule for Berkshire, Tioga County, New York. He owned 68 acres, 50 acres improved and the rest in woodland, 2 horses, 8 milch cows + 2 others, 2 swine and he had produced 40 bushels of Indian Corn,

90 bushels of oats, 10 bushels of buckwheat, 65 pounds of wool. (gosh, I didn’t see any sheep listed), 100 bushels of Irish potatoes, 1000 pounds of butter, & 25 tons of hay. He must have sold lumber from his woodland and sold several slaughtered animals (that must be what he did with the sheep) and sold a high value of his farm produce.

Who was going to prepare the fields for that high value of farm produce he raised and then harvest it? And all the acres of corn, oats, buckwheat, potatoes and hay for the many animals? Who was going to feed, clean the stalls, and exercise the horses, milk the cows and all the other nameless chores of a thriving farm? His only boys were 22 years and 14 years. Perhaps the girls had to step in and do their share. They must have all been thinking how bereft of thee we are. And this was a very common theme in our ancestors lives. Seems so silly to sit here and feel bereft of thee that I am feeling right now. Maybe he’ll call? NO, I have to get this done!

I hope you learned of a new source for your ancestor’s life by searching the Agricultural census records too. You can imagine what their life was like or at least make up a bit of a story from all of the records available today on the internet.

**The tip for this issue:**

**GET YOUR FLU SHOT!**



**NEWCASTLE, MAINE**

Visitors to the Glidden Cemetery on River Road in Newcastle will find a touching scene at the gravesite of Carrie Geneva Dodge Wyman (1866-1942) and her husband Manfred Wyman (1859-1926). Watching over them is a likeness of the dog known as Prince.



Legend has it that Carrie was sickly as a child, so her parents got her a dog in similar condition. When one ate, so would the other, according to the doctor. This worked out well for both patients, and Prince became a treasured family member.

The statue, carved from Italian marble, is Carrie's tribute to him. For many years caretakers would place a box over the statue during the winter.

My thanks to Eileen who researched this at my request contacting Kathleen Maclachlan of Skidompha Library in Damariscotta, Edmee Dejean at the Newcastle Historical Society, also thanks to The Bangor News that had a partial photo and GOOGLE where I found the full photo above. If anyone lives up there and can get a front view that would be stupendous!



From our EMAIL BAG...

Sue Duckworth writes:

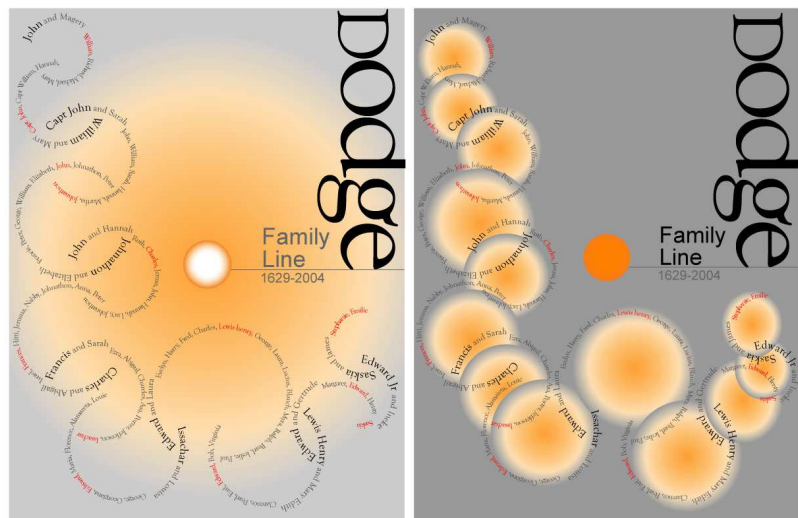
I've had quite a year working on other genealogies. First I worked on the mother of my friend, Dave Mill's mother, Ruth Butler Mills. I went all the way back to Kerry, Ireland where her ancestors were the Earl Butler Orman of Killkenny Castle. Several years ago the family sold the castle to Kerry for one pound. Along with being an event venue, a music festival is held each August.

The First Congregational Church of Boothbay Harbor (my church) had it's 250th anniversary during 2016 and 17. I'm in Dodge territory here but they don't go back that far. Then I realized that my great grandmother on my grandmother Van Horn's side was Julia Wylie VanHorn. The Wylies go all the way back to the Scots-Irish group from Antrim, Northern Ireland who settled Townsend (now Boothbay). So I went to our "dress as your ancestor" day as my 4th great grandmother, Martha Wylie Reed. I've had a great time going back through Scotland with McIntyres, Campbells, and McCays.

On my mother's side of the family, my cousin, Stephen Thomas, has done a great job, but I was able to find a couple in Hillsborough, NH, that connected her family to the Dodges. I was excited.



Saskia Dodge Mcauley emailed us a picture of her school project which was a redesigned Traditional Family Tree. Saskia's father was Edward Dodge whose memorial was in the Nov-Dec Journal. Ed was quite an artist and I think that Saskia has followed in his footsteps.



DFA member, Pete Dodge writes: "I just dug up the following article -- it goes into great detail about the death of my great-grandfather, William Henry Dodge, Jr. This is from an archived copy of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror from 1917, a few days after William's death."

Unfortunately it is a copy of a newspaper article so we are just posting the way you can see this on the internet. If you get this Journal via email, all you have to do is copy and paste. Other benefits of getting an email copy is you can see it in COLOR

<http://digital.olivesoftware.com/Olive/APA/Nantucket/SharedView>.

Article.aspx?href=NIM%2F1917%2F06%

2F23&id=Ar00123&sk=466580C6&viewMode=image

## Go take a walk By Stephen Allen Dodge

### Hot, Cold, Rain or Snow, I take a walk every morning.

Located near my home is a small hiking trail called Hawk Rise Sanctuary. It contains a surprising diversity of habitats for its urban location and relatively small size of 90 acres. These include hardwood forest, grasslands, salt marsh, a large freshwater pond, and the salty waters of the tidal Rahway River. The equally surprising variety of birds and other wildlife these habitats support has made Hawk Rise one of the most popular wildlife destinations in the area. Many species of birds can be seen along the one mile trail that cuts through the Sanctuary.

I volunteer to maintain the trail, cutting away overhanging branches, pulling invasive weeds and picking up trash. During my daily walks I've noticed many birdwatchers visiting the Sanctuary and after talking with them, I myself, have become a bird watcher. I was amazed to learn the existence and lifestyles of the many species of birds that live at the Sanctuary or pass through twice yearly during their migration.

During the cold months, many Shore birds will arrive. Gulls, Sandpipers, Clapper Rails, Buffleheads, Wood Ducks, Blue-Winged Teals, Mallards, Mergansers and others can be spotted in or around the river area. The American Woodcock will arrive every year around the week of March 6th. They will stay a few weeks and it's exciting to watch their very unusual "sky dance" shortly after Sundown.

I look forward to late March when the Red Wing Black-birds will arrive by the hundreds. The males "conk-la-ree"



I shot this photo just before last Christmas. I was at Hawk Rise photographing a deer when I looked up and saw our resident Owl. I never get that close to it as I don't want to scare or chase it away.

is a classic sound and the first sure sign that Spring is around the corner. Both the Orchard and Baltimore Orioles will arrive, build new nests and raise their young before continuing their northward migration journey, taking the kids with them. The Cedar Waxwing and the Bobolink will pass through during their one or two day flyby and I have been lucky to have viewed them during their very short stay. The many species of the colorful Warblers will arrive in May for a quick stopover before continuing their Northbound migration.

A resident Great Horned Owl calls the Sanctuary his home. He is hard to find but since I walk daily, I do get to see him a few times a year. Walk the Sanctuary during December or January and listen to him hooting just before sundown.

Recently, I observed a Red Belly Woodpecker hunt bugs from a hole in a big Oak tree. He was about a foot below the hole and was hammering on the trunk, then very quickly he shot up to the hole and snatched bugs as they were escaping the hammering noise. He did this over and over and was enjoying his captured meal.

Also recently, I watched a Robin roll around in the mud getting it all over her. She then flew to her nest and rolled around in it, using the mud like a cement to strengthen her nest.

Just last week, I watched an Eagle rearranging the sticks in her nest, Her mate was sitting in a branch a short distance away. It was nice to see that they have returned to my town again this year to raise their young.

Eagles, Hawks, Northern Harriers, Ospreys, Robins, Blue jays, Juncos, Titmouse and Nuthatches are plentiful and year round residents at the Sanctuary.

Grab a pair of binoculars and go out and watch the birds.

*Steve*

*(Steve is a Tristram Descendant through Robert Johnson Dodge, a brother of William, husband of Mary Mapes Dodge)*



The Eagle nest is not at Hawk Rise, it's much closer to my home, in the cemetery one block away from me. You can see part of their nest in the lower left corner. I shot this photo about 2 years ago, but I could very well shoot another one tomorrow as they are still nesting here. I see them often but again, I now keep my distance as to not to bother them.





**Dodge Genealogy Brick  
Walls**

by Eileen Dodge:  
Edodge1946@comcast.net



We are looking for the parents of Artemus Dodge.

Before I begin with the details of Artemus Dodge I want to say that on the world wide web there are Family Trees that show this Aretmus Dodge to be the son of Ozias and Elizabeth (Warrin) Dodge. This information is in error – Artamas Dodge, son of Ozias and Elizabeth was born in 1896 in Massachusetts and died in 1832 in New York. He is buried in the same cemetery plot and his name is inscribed on the same memorial stone as his sister, Phoebe (Dodge) Eastman. (Artamas is not a spelling error – it is etched on the memorial stone).

So, with that known, I will proceed with the Mystery Artemus Dodge.

The family can be found in the 1830 thru 1880 as well as the 1855 thru 1875 New York Censuses in Cortland County, New York

Artemus Dodge was born about 1798 in Connecticut, and died sometime between the 1880 and 1900 Censuses, presumably in Cortland County, New York

Artemus married, on 15 Jul 1826 in New York to Nancy Wattles, born about 1795 in Ostego County, New York and died sometime between the 1880 and 1900 Censuses, presumably in Cortland County, New York

Artemus and Nancy raised the following five children:

1. Elizabeth M. “Betsey” Dodge

Born 25 March 1827 at Cincinnatus, Cortland County, New York  
Died 18 Sep 1864 at McGranville, Cortland County, New York  
Buried at McGraw Rural Cemetery, McGraw, Cortland County, New York

She married Isaac Augustus Forshee, son of Isaac and Elizabeth (Newman) Forshee

Born 27 Mar 1829 at Bellvale, Orange County, New York  
Died 23 Mar 1869 at McGranville, Cortland County, New York  
Buried at McGraw Rural Cemetery, McGraw, Cortland County, New York

They raised two children – Hattie Forshee and Franklin Hicks Forshee

2. David Dodge

Born about 1830 in Cincinnatus, Cortland County, New York  
Died 1914  
Buried at McGraw Rural Cemetery, McGraw, Cortland County, New York

He was a Civil War Soldier and served as a Private in Company H, 23<sup>rd</sup> New York Volunteer Infantry, enlisting on 28 Sep 1861 at Elmira, New York with his brother, Elias. He mustered out on 22 May 1863, and applied for an Invalid’s Pension in 1880

*(Continued on page 8)*

(Continued from page 7)

He married in 1898 to Phebe Jane Wavle, her second marriage  
Born 1830  
Died 20 Sep 1910  
Buried at McGraw Rural Cemetery, McGraw, Cortland County, New York

3. Polly Dodge  
Born about 1832 in Cortland County, New York

4. Artemus Dodge, Jr.  
Born about 1834 in Cortland County, New York  
Died 28 Aug 1862 at Gainsville, Hall County, Georgia

He was a Civil War Soldier and served as a Private in Company G, 76<sup>th</sup> New York Volunteer Infantry, enlisting on 3 Dec 1861 at Cortland, New York. His mother, Nancy collected a Mother's Pension in 1865 and his father, Artemus collected a Father's Pension in 1867

5. Elias Dodge  
Born about 1839 in Cortland County, New York  
Died 20 Jan 1863 at Washington, District of Columbia  
US Soldiers' and Airmen's Home National Cemetery, Washington, District of Columbia

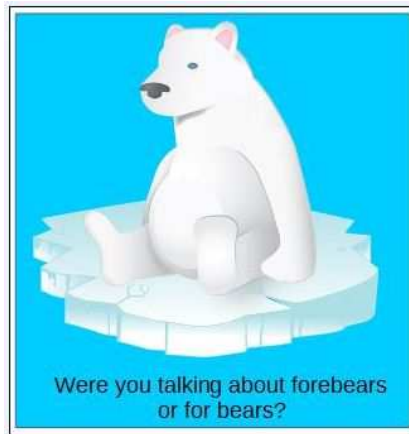
He was a Civil War Soldier and served as a Private in Company H, 23<sup>rd</sup> New York Volunteer Infantry, enlisting on 28 Sep 1861 at Elmira, New York with his brother David

**A Bit of Humor**

The Smiths were proud of their family tradition. Their ancestors had come to America on the Mayflower. They had included Senators and Wall Street wizards.

They decided to compile a family history, a legacy for their children and grandchildren. They hired a fine author. Only one problem arose -- how to handle that great-uncle George, who was executed in the electric chair. The author said he could handle the story tactfully.

When the book appeared. It said, "Great-uncle George occupied a chair of applied electronics at an important government institution, and was attached to his position by the strongest of ties. His death came as a great shock."



**M**y Husband, Earl F. Dodge, loved comical epitaphs and owned a little book or comical epitaphs.

Following are 4 of Earl's favorites.

A widow wrote this epitaph in a Vermont cemetery:  
Sacred to the memory of

my husband John Barnes  
who died January 3, 1803  
His comely young widow, aged 23,  
has many qualifications of a good  
wife, and yearns to be comforted.

Anna Hopewell's grave in Enos-  
burg Falls, Vermont :  
Here lies the body of our Anna  
Done to death by a banana  
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low  
But the skin of the thing that made  
her go

On a grave from the 1880's in Nan-  
tucket, Massachusetts:  
Under the sod and under the trees  
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.  
He is not here, there's only the pod:  
Pease shelled out and went to God.

Harry Edsel Smith of Albany, New  
York: Born 1903--Died 1942  
Looked up the elevator shaft to see  
if the car was on the way down.  
It was.