

# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 34 No. 2

Mar-Apr 2018



## LAST CALL

for the 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 eve-  
ryone who is at-  
tending. Renew  
with old friends and  
meet new ones.

Bring something of  
interest to Dodges-  
share with all of us

R.S.V.P. To  
: raganje@aol.com

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## The Checkered Years—part V JULY 1884



Mary Dodge  
Woodward

**July 10**-Nobody can imagine how beautiful the wheat fields look, whole sections without a break waving in the breeze. What would the old Vermonsters say of it? I wish they could see Cass County now, just as it stands, one vast ocean of wheat.

Walter took me over to Shell's today. They live close to the Sheyenne\* River, and it seems quite homelike there among the trees. The river is a muddy, sluggish stream, and on this level land it winds around, nearly surrounding Shell's house.

There are oaks, cottonwoods, boxelders, grape vines, and raspberries growing there. I suppose they would have grow anywhere on the prairies except for the fires which, before any of the sod was broken, must have run with terrible force when one they started. I have seen some great fires since I came here.

Fred brought a Swedish girl named Mary who cannot speak one work of English. I hate to bother with her, but we must have someone. Walter went to Sampson's this evening for eggs and I went along for the ride. I love to ride over these beautiful prairies when the wind doesn't blow. We found some exquisite daisies, orange-colored leaves with bright scarlet stamens. I wish we could send them to friends at home.

**July 20**-Walter took me to Mapleton this morning. I have never been there. We went past sixteen miles of wheat, going one road and coming home another past out Hayes farm.\*\* All was wheat and oats as far as the eye could reach, with a few fields of barley. Almost all the land is broken and is good, rich black grain-growing soil. Mapleton is about the size of Kingston, not so many dwellings but more business blocks.

We had new potatoes today. Dakota is a fine place for vegetables, especially peas. We have great quantities of them. The men are haying, all thirteen of them, and we send their dinner to the fields. I have to rack my brains every day to contrive meals for them.

Tonight I went out of doors and there, by the corner of the house, stood three tramps. They wanted to sleep in the barn, so Walter took them some blankets. Apparently they did not dare go up to the granary where the boys were. The country is full of men tramping about and begging at farm houses where they stop to hire out. I have fed several the past week and so have my neighbors. Fortunately we are too far from the tracks to be both-

*(Continued on page 2)*

\*The Sheyenne River is one of the major tributaries of the Red River of the North, meandering 591 miles across eastern North Dakota)

\*\*The Hayes farm was one which Mr. Daniel Dodge has bought for his friend, Jerry Hayes, of Keeseville, New York, who had been unable to make the payments, so that Mr. Dodge had to take it over.

(Continued from page 1)

ered with regular tramps, but they go by the elevators in droves.

**July 31-** Walter said he must go to town for supplies and I decided to go with him. I wanted to buy some pillows for the granary and some odd pieces of crockery which I wished to select myself. We took dinner at the Continental. I enjoyed the ride much better than I did the town. We went by the stockyards on the Sheyenne where the trees are very beautiful. The daisies are blooming, much handsomer than we have at home, very deep orange with black centers; also goldenrod and asters.

We hired two men, one called The Kid, the other, Boyd, a deserter from Warner's Brigade. We got a letter from Nellie and a good lot of other reading. We do not have time to keep track of the faults of Cleveland and Blaine though we have *Harper's Weekly*, the *Chicago Times*, and three Republican papers; also *Puck* which is so plainly illustrated it can reach the dullest brain.

*Ed Note:* As much as Mary Woodward Dodge enjoyed things about her prairie life, when she talked about 'home', she was talking about "The Old Brown House, Kingston, Wisconsin." A picture of it was in an earlier issue of our Journal. Mary Dodge Woodward was from the Tristram Dodge line. One of her sons, Theron Royal Woodward compiled the 1904 edition of the Tristram Dodge Genealogy. He used the Robert Dodge genealogy that was published in the late 1800s and was able to make several corrections and add many more descendants of Tristram. In 2008, The Dodge Family Association published a much more exhaustive 2 volume Tristram Genealogy. That can be purchased only from the Dodge Family Association and the cost is \$110 post paid. The package weighs about 8-10 lbs as these books have the thousands of Tristram descendants that we have been able to add through our many members and Norman Dodge and Jim Bailey working very hard to make these genealogy books as correct as possible. You can purchase a set thru our website or by sending a check to address bottom right of this page.

**FROM OUR MAILBAG**

I am Thomas Wilburn and am trying to find information that may help connect me to my ancestors. My family has a very old Bible that lists many births, deaths, & marriages. The latest dates in the book are people I recognize as my second great grand parents and it goes back a couple generations and then includes a damaged page that seems to be torn from another older Bible. There is one name from this page that exists on the newer pages so there is little doubt they are related. The name that exists on both is Paulina White but the names that predominate on the older page are all Dodges.

|                        |                    |      |           |         |
|------------------------|--------------------|------|-----------|---------|
| Specifically, I have a | Rebecha(sic) Dodge | 26th | Unk month | 1771    |
|                        | Elizabeth Dodge    | 30th | Unk month | 1761    |
|                        | Lydia Dodge        | 13th | Unk month | 1768    |
|                        | Paulina White      | 20th | March     | 1805    |
|                        | David Dodge        | 1st  | April     | 1774(?) |

These are all birth-dates by the way. I have enclosed this page for you to use as you wish. Family legend has it that we are connected to Captain Abraham Dodge through his daughter Rebekah...looking for any help you may provide or a path to take to solve this mystery...Thank you for your time, Thomas Wilburn

Eileen Dodge spent much time trying to find information on Paulina White. She did find 2 birth records and in each one there was a different name for the father but the mother is a Rebecca Dodge. We cannot find any of these names that have these dates for birth in our massive genealogy data base. Also, we cannot figure out how these Dodges would be connected with Capt. Abraham Dodge whose house now resides in the Smithsonian. Any help would be appreciated.

**ORDER OF THE CINCINNATI**—Peter Dodge who is a descendant of Farmer William Dodge, Massachusetts, would like to know if there are any Dodges that descend from William or Richard who belong to this order.

We did find that Tristram Dodge descendants have belonged in the past and presently, Peter Mapes Dodge, a descendant of William Dodge and Mary Mapes Dodge holds one of the offices. Mary Mapes Dodge wrote the book *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates*. Can you help with descendants of William or Richard that belonged to this group?

**D**ues due notices: If you receive this Journal via email, You will see in the first line of that email, in what year your dues are, or will be due. I hope that this will make it easier for you to know when to renew your dues

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

**NEW MEMBERS**

- Norma Dodge, Maine**
- Mark Dodge, Illinois**
- Thomas Wolfson, Massachusetts**
- Ellen Smith, Texas**
- Inez Hoffman, Canada**
- David Grinell, California**
- Catharine Ferree, California**

Member only area of our website  
 User name: dodgefamily  
 Password:: uncoveringyourpast

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# The View From My Window



As I type from the book by Mary Dodge Woodward, I recall so much of my own life growing up.

I am sure many of you recall from former columns of mine, that I grew up in Weston, Massachusetts, which was a small town about 15 miles west of Boston, 6 miles west of Watertown and 3 miles west of Waltham.

The population was about 4500 and my class in school remained about the same; a class of about 35 with almost all of them with me from kindergarten thru 12th grade.

We lived right next door to the school, but it was a country setting. Our property was bounded on the north by the 'new' Boston Post Road. I can recall several times early in the was years, tramps coming by and knocking on our door, asking my mother if there was something they could do for a meal. She usually had them cut wood, but sometimes, she would just give them a meal. None ever asked to spend the night. Those were the days when one could pretty much trust people if one lived in the country and mama never had her door locked. Mama would always quote poet Sam Walter Foss, "Let me live by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

In spite of the fact that my mother only went thru 6th grade, when she was grown I understand that she got her high school education another way. She never told me that, but it was clear that she was a smart woman.

Once, before the war, my father brought home a German shepherd dog that he had been given by another lawyer. The dog stayed around for exactly 1 day and then headed home I suppose. I was only 5-6 at the time and do not know how that ended, just that we never had another dog.

We always had a cat or a kitten and they always came to our door. That is how we acquired them. When I was in tenth grade, a boxer dog who lived about a mile away, (no leash laaws at that time) rambled down to our property and grabbed my kitten. I could do nothing to save it and he ran off with it. I was so traumatized by that incident that I could not go to school for several days. My little brother was furious that the dog had done that and he went to the persons house and told them what their dog had done.

During the war, mama got 2 baby goats which my brother and I loved very much, but one morning we found them dead in the yard. They had gotten into some kind of poisonous weed I was told at the time.

Mama then got us ducks as we had a brook on our property. Alas, a weasel lived there and soon the ducks were minus their heads.

One the right is a picture of my house by the side of the road, 28 School St, Weston, MA was the address altho for years we would receive mail addressed to Mrs. Regan, Weston and we got it just fine. I know I have had this photo before in our Journal but we have so many new members, I am including it again.

Barbara

## The House by the Side of the Road

Sam Walter Foss

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths  
Where highways never ran-  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by-  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat  
Nor hurl the cynic's ban-  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife,  
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,  
Both parts of an infinite plan-  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,  
And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night.  
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by-  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish - so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.





# WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

January 2018

By Judy Prentice Ragan  
raganje@aol.com



**FAMILY REUNION**

Family is important. I think the cartoon on the left pretty much says it all. We love our families even if there are a few nuts and perhaps one of us is one of those nuts.



Don't miss out on this reunion in Simi Valley, Ca. You will be so glad that you attended. Judy does herself proud with the great food she offers for lunch and makes a specific effort to make sure that each attendee will be added to our Dodge chart so you can see how you are related to everyone else who is attending. Renew with old friends and meet new ones.

Bring something of interest to share: articles about Dodges, books, charts, items made by a Dodge in your ancestry, etc.

See the information on page 1, left column, and contact Judy to make your reservation by sending \$10 per person to the address listed there. You can also email her at [raganje@aol.com](mailto:raganje@aol.com) and pay when you arrive.

*Families are like fudge - mostly sweet with a few nuts.*

## DNA—can it change because of drastic events?


We received a news report which may or may not be true. I think there is some argument about it. However, the report is that after Scott Kelly spent a year in space, when he returned, his DNA no longer matched that of his identical twin brother, Mark. There seems to be a discussion on the internet about whether this is true or not.

Personally, I have thought for a good number of years, that DNA can mutate due to something like a strong magnetic field, or some sort of a sun flare.

My reason for believing this is that when we started our DNA project way back in the late 90s, A Dodge branch from New Hampshire that now lived in Wisconsin, did DNA testing. They were descendants of Richard Dodge, brother to 'Farmer' William Dodge.

We had already had a good number of DNA results from Dodes who were descendants of the brothers Richard and William, so when the first test result came back for the Wisconsin family group, I immediately notified them of a strange anomaly in their DNA. This caused the person who did the test, to pay for another male member of the family and those results were the same. After a third member who also lived in Wisconsin had the same anomaly, a male member of the family who still lived in New Hampshire was tested....NO ANOMALLY! If I recall, a second family member who was still in New Hampshire and had never made the trek to Wisconsin, was also tested and again, no anomaly.

This convinced me back then that when the family traveled west in the 1800s, they passed thru a magnetic field or some other event happened that caused this mutation in one marker in their DNA.

I imagine that in time more might be found out to prove or disprove this theory. 

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## Another Fatal Accident This Week—The Inquirer and Mirror, 1917-06-03

In the Jan-Feb Dodge Journal, we had an item in our mailbag about information found by a member on the death of their great grandfather. We gave the URL for that, but realizing that some people do not have computers...REALLY AND TRULY...and some people might have a difficult time typing in a L-O-N-G website address, we have decided to type that up here. Much can be found on the internet about past events on ones family but it takes time and patience.

William H. Dodge, aged 61 years, who for several years had been in the employ of James A. Backus at Wauwinet, was almost instantly killed about 12:25 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the railroad crossing on lower Orange street when he attempted to drive his team across the track in front of the locomotive of the Nantucket Railroad, which was just swinging around the clay pits on its way from 'Sconset to connect with the afternoon boat.

The accident, for which only the


deceased himself was to blame, was most unfortunate, as it could have been prevented had the man waited for the train to pass and heeded the warnings of the crossing tender. Mr. Dodge was not struck by the engine, however, as the horse had crossed the track when the impact came, the front of the locomotive catching the bed of the wagon and hurling it around causing the horse to bolt. The man was struck in the head by one of the horse's hoofs, his skull being crushed and killing him almost instantly.

In the team with Mr. Dodge was Bassett Jones, of New York, who was to take passage on the boat. Mr. Jones was thrown out of the wagon and portions of his clothing torn into shreds, but other than severe bruises and cuts about the limbs he escaped injury. Following the accident, Mr. Jones stated that when the driver started to cross in front of the approaching train he remonstrated with him, but without effect, and when he saw that an accident was appar-

ently unavoidable he prepared for the shock and jumped as best he could in order to save himself

No blame can be attached to the engineer or to any of the train crew for the accident, or to the crossing tender. It was a foolhardy risk for any man to take and it was fortunate that the lives of both men in the team were not lost.

The train was stopped immediately and the body of Mr. Dodge was taken into a near-by house and a physician summoned, but death was almost instantaneous. Mr. Dodge was a quiet, unassuming fellow, without relatives on the island but with many friends. He was employed in New Bedford before coming to Nantucket a number of years ago.

This is the first loss of life that had occurred in connection with the operation of the Nantucket Railroad since 1884, when Thomas Hall, a member of the construction gang, fell from the train and was killed. 

# Go take a walk By Stephen Allen Dodge

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

While most of the Hawk Rise Sanctuary visitors are Bird-watchers, I guess I'm more of a Wildlife watcher.

During my Daily walks, I've noticed a few Praying Mantis Eggs (Ootheca) on the low lying shrubs along the trail. A small section of the trail follows the now closed Linden Landfill, an excellent habitat for bird watching and Praying Mantis Egg collecting.

Before the City Maintenance Crew arrives to mow down the grasslands and destroy the Praying Mantis Eggs during the landfills yearly cleanup, I collect the eggs, store them over Winter in my garage and relocate them to a sunny location in the early Spring.

We have 3 species of Mantis in my home state of New Jersey; the overpopulated Chinese Mantis, the not very popular Carolina Mantis, and the rare European Mantis. Only the Carolina Mantis is a native to our County. The European Mantis was accidentally released to the United States in 1899, and the Chinese Mantis was introduced to the Eastern United States in 1896 to control insect pests.

This year, I have collected 57 Chinese and 6 Carolina Mantis Eggs. Each egg contains approximately 150 baby Mantis, so I have about 9,450 baby Mantis in a box in my Garage. After collecting and releasing the Eggs for five years, it's funny how my eyes have adjusted and are attracted to them. At first I spent hours to find 1 or 2, now in one hour, I could collect a dozen or more.

During the month of May, as the weather warms and tiny bugs begin to appear, the Mantis will emerge from their foam eggs and feed on the bugs to survive. In their short life of

would hatch about May 15 when small bugs become available outside. I put the eggs in a plastic jar and purchased some fruit flies for them to feed on should the weather turn cool and food becomes scarce. I soon had a few hundred baby Mantis. Warm weather and bugs were plentiful so I scattered them around my hometown.

This year I'm going to concentrate on helping our native Carolina Mantis survive. Praying Mantis are territorial and will chase others away so I chose a section at Hawk Rise and removed as many Chinese eggs as I could find. I will replace them with the 6 native Carolina Mantis Eggs that I've collected.

During last years heat wave, I found a Chinese Mantis in my back yard in my Zinnia garden. He was a little difficult to catch but when he discovered that I had some drinking water for him, he quickly became my friend. He drank while cleaning himself like a cat, licking his feet and cleaning his face, all while in my hand.



I have a job walking dogs and walk about 8 or 9 dogs each day. I go to their house and walk them while the owners are at work. I like my job and my new friends like me also. The picture (below) is GIO one of the dogs I walk. He is a very smart Neapolitan Mastiff or Mastino. This massive breed is often used as a guard and defender of family and property due to their protective instincts and their fearsome appearance. He likes to pull and we are working on that.



only 6-7 months, they will grow from tiny ant size to over 5 inches in length.

The young Mantis will eat aphids, leafhoppers, mosquitoes, caterpillars and other soft-bodied insects and switch to larger insects such as beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, and butterflies as they grow.

One year, I hatched a few eggs indoors. I timed it so they



## Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls

by Eileen Dodge:  
Edodge1946@comcast.net



### We are looking for the parents of Wilbur Silas Dodge

#### First Generation

**Wilbur Silas Dodge** was born in Mar 1827 in Islesboro , Waldo County, Maine. He died in Trinity County, California, on 27 Mar 1912, and is buried in Carrville Cemetery, Trinity County, California.

On 7 Dec 1856, Wilbur married **Mary Creighton/Creeden** in Shasta, California. She was born Nov 1838 in Ireland. She died in Carrville, Trinity County, California, on 11 Apr 1917, and is buried in Carrville Cemetery, Trinity County, California.

Note: On the marriage license her maiden name is Creighton. On her death certificate her maiden name is Creeden.

Wilbur and Mary raised the following children:

- 2 i. Mary (1859-1944)
- ii. Anna Dodge was born about 1861 in California.
- iii. Margaret dodge was born about 1863 in California.  
She married **Unknown Morrison**.
- iv. John Wilbur Silas Dodge was born on 11 Nov 1864 in California. He died in San Francisco, San Francisco County, California, on 29 Mar 1944, and is buried in Carrville Cemetery, Trinity County, California.
- v. Ella E. Dodge was born in Aug 1877 in California.

#### Second Generation

**Mary Dodge** was born on 7 Sep 1859 in French Gulch, Shasta County, California. She died in Sacramento County, California, on 12 Jan 1944.

On 9 Oct 1876 in Siskiyou, California. Mary married **Robert Murray Glenn**. Robert was born on 8 Dec 1840 in Caldwell County, Missouri, the son of Robert and Keziah Glenn. Robert died in Wheatland, Yuba County, California, on 29 Sep 1916, and is buried in the Wheatland Cemetery, Wheatland, Yuba County, California

Robert and Mary raised the following children:

- i. Nellie Mable Glenn was born on 23 Nov 1877 in California. She died in Sacramento County, California, on 13 Feb 1958.
- ii. George Robert Glenn was born on 19 Jan 1881 in Wheatland, Yuba County, California. He died in Sutter County, California, on 26 Nov 1960.
- iii. Francis M. Glenn was born on 26 Aug 1882 in California. He died in Sacramento County, California, on 6 Mar 1936.
- iv. John Wilbur Glenn was born on 12 Jun 1884 in California. He died in Wheatland, Yuba County, California, on 13 Sep 1915.
- v. Harry Edward Glenn was born on 12 Nov 1887 in California. He died in Sacra-

(Continued on page 8)

- mento County, California, on 23 Mar 1941.
- vi. Estelle Francee Glenn was born on 25 Sep 1889 in California. She died in Sacramento County, California, on 31 Aug 1973.
  - vii. Clarence Albert. Born on 12 Jun 1893 in Wheatland, Yuba County, California. Clarence Albert Glenn was born on 12 Jun 1893. He died in Wheatland, Yuba County, California, on 20 Oct 1893.
  - viii. Albert Laverne Glenn was born on 20 Aug 1897 in Wheatland, Yuba County, California. He died in Sacramento County, California, on 22 Jul 1962.
  - ix. Juanita Marie Glenn was born on 5 Sep 1899 in California. She died in Sacramento County, California, on 8 Sep 1955.

### **Biography for Wilbur Silas Dodge**

He came to California in 1853 as a young man of 26 to try his hand at mining for gold. He mined on the Yuba River for a while and eventually moved to French Gulch where he continued his pursuit of gold. The family eventually settled in French Gulch.

Dodge Gulch, Shasta County, California was named after Wilbur S. Dodge, a prospector of 1850 who later owned the American Ranch in Trinity County (Steger).

Is it true Shirttail Peak is named for someone's shirttail? It's true! It's named for Wilbur Dodge's shirttail. In the late 1850s Wilbur and three other gold miners were mining in the creek at the foot of the then unnamed peak. A slide occurred causing the death of his three mining partners. Wilbur survived only because his shirttail caught on a snag as he was being washed downstream. And luckily his wife was able to pull him to safety. Thus was born Shirttail Peak.

He lived in California where the Picayune Creek and the Trinity River meet. Wilbur called his mine the Pumpkin Seed Mine. He lived in a hand-hewed log cabin with a shake roof, which he built. The interior was rather dark as there were no windows.

The only light was a space between two logs on the north end, which also let him see anyone entering his gate. His house was completely fenced with a very sturdy fence, which protected his fruit trees and garden. He was a very resourceful man, very strong, and the tasks that he accomplished by himself were unbelievable. Back then there was only a dusty trail and Wilber wheeled all of his supplies up that trail, at least three miles, on a wooden wheelbarrow with a metal wheel.

Wilber passed away in 1942 and is buried at the Carrville Cemetery. Wilber was the only son of a pioneer family that ran the American House Stage Stop. He was a rough and tough character and many stories have been told and written about him. He never worried about his appearance or cleaning his house. He mostly lived on beans, rice and tea and what he called yeast powder bread, which sort of looked like Swiss cheese. At times he supplemented his diet with venison and fish. His really bad habit was his tobacco chewing. He spit the juice wherever it was convenient, and his hair, whiskers, house and clothing showed the results. He frightened most people, but did have some close and good friends. He was eccentric, but honest and he was always willing to help anyone in need.

### **HELP WITH RESEARCHING YOUR ANCESTRY**

**Eileen Dodge, who contributes this column to our Journal, is available to help you with your ancestry. She is a super duper volunteer genealogist and if she cannot find something, no one can. Be sure to contact her if you need help, and even if you don't, it wouldn't hurt to tell her Thank you for the hours and hours she spends researching Dodge genealogy trying to solve the ancestry for Dodge families that presently reside in our on line mystery file.**