



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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## The Checkered Years – Part 8 September – October 1884

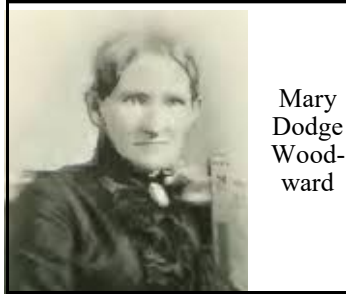
This issue of the Journal is a bit late due to varying factors. The Journal this month is being compiled by me, Rochelle Dodge. I am Barbara's daughter-in-law, married to her son Calvin.

On September 1, Barbara's youngest daughter Karen married. It was a beautiful wedding. I was able to be at the wedding because I was already in Denver to spend some time with Mom. It was a wonderful time, catching up with some family I've known a long time, and meeting some I had never met, but who welcomed me as though I had always belonged.

I left Sunday after the wedding, and other family members left within a couple of days. Then it happened...

Mom had gone to the front door, and as she turned, she didn't notice that her big black lab Sampson had crossed her path. She tripped over Sampson, and crash landed, smacking her head into the hard part of the sofa. She was rewarded with a quite serious concussion and a broken orbital socket under her right eye. Due to the break, she has suffered double vision and some balance issues. On Tuesday, September 25th, she had surgery on her eye. She is getting around pretty well, but tires easily and still has issues with computer work. The prognosis is good and she should be back to normal soon. On October 31st, Mom will be having reverse shoulder surgery with a six-week recovery period and rehab.

In the meantime, Samson went to visit his Uncle Earl while Mom was having surgery and for a few days after that. He ran into some construction materials and cut his foot. He's at home now—resting, recuperating and keeping Mom and Polly company.



Mary Dodge Woodward

**October 14** - A bright, warm day. Yesterday the girls wore winter cloaks to Fargo; today they are out without wraps. Nellie and Katie have gone to the Hayes farm with Walter and John to get a load of turnips. Kit prefers to ride on the gang plow, Eugene McAuliffe walking close beside her so there is no danger.

The men brought in a turnip from the field that weighed twelve pounds and was thirty inches in circumference. Walter saw a cabbage head on exhibition in Fargo that weighs thirty-four pounds and is four feet, six inches in circumference. It is to be sent to the New Orleans exposition. If we had a good cellar to store our vegetables we would be well fixed, but our cellar is full of water. Dry wells and wet cellars seem to be a feature of this country.

Who can tell what an hour may bring forth? The team behind Kit ran away, becoming frightened at the discharge of a gun, and knocked her from the plow. We were very much alarmed and thought surely she was killed. As it was, she had a narrow escape from injury, if not death. She has some bruises and is badly shaken up, so much so that she fainted after walking to the house. I had forbidden her riding on the plow, but the boys and girls had overruled my objections. She will not wish to do so again, and I am thankful that she was not hurt more.

**October 18** - Two years ago today we arrived at the Dodge farm. They have been short years to me for I have had plenty to do. I have enjoyed my life here very much and have never wished to leave. The girls are sewing, crocheting, ironing, and visiting, and so passing the time, which is very pleasant to me. Evenings they make molasses candy and invite in the farm hands. The boys are gentlemanly and nice. We are never troubled with them for they never stop a minute in the house unless invited.

I read in the paper the following story about Dakota's popular new governor: "Last week Governor Pierce with a party of friends took a trip down the Missouri River to Fort Yates where one hundred braves and two hundred squaws danced for them, and a handsome reception was given them by the officers. The oldest and most truthful settlers were made to relate how the favorite recreation on steamers in early times was shooting Indians; and how the buffaloes crowded so thickly into the river that the deck hands had to pull them on board to secure a passage through them." The early settlers must have had thrilling experiences by water as well as by land.

**October 24** - The ground is covered with snow and the air is as cold as winter. I went out before daylight with a candle to look at the thermometer and found it six above zero. Nellie started home, Walter taking her to Fargo. Kit will stay a few days longer, but she is homesick and I fear she will not enjoy herself. It is rather late for a visit to Dakota, for the winds are too sharp and unpleasant to be out of doors. Walter brought a limb of bananas which Theron sent from Kansas City. He also brought the letters, among them one from Fred to his mother. Fred's letters are rare from their

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In  
Memory



**James Michael Bailey, 55,** of North Providence, passed away on Thursday, August 23,

2018. He was the husband of the late Melinda B. (Caprio) Bailey. Born in Providence, he was the son of the late Maurice "Mo" Bailey and Elizabeth "Betsy" (Littlefield) Bailey.

James worked for the U.S. Postal Service for many years before retiring. He was a Veteran of the U.S. Coast Guard and the Army National Guard 103rd Field Artillery Regiment.

He is survived by his loving children, Ryan Bailey and his wife Nicole, and Kevin Bailey and his fiancée Marissa Rose; a brother, Anthony A. Bailey; a sister, Kerri Baeder; four nephews, Nicholas Caprio, Cameron Bailey, Patrick Bailey and John Caprio; and two nieces, Kayleigh McLouth and Allyson Baeder. He was the brother of the late Jeffrey Bailey.

Jim was the great-great grandson of Mary Elizabeth (Dodge) Littlefield, who was descended from Tristram Dodge.

He was the Vice President of the Dodge Family Association for many years. His love of Dodge genealogy led him to pair up with Norman Dodge to create an updated Tristram Dodge Genealogy Book in 2008. This two-volume, 1200 page book is available for purchase through the Dodge Family Association.

(continued from page 1)

scarcity, like gold. They are never long, but they are very dear to me. **November 4** - Today is the great election and what a lot of excitement will prevail over all the land! The boys have gone to Fargo where they will remain in the theatre to hear the election bulletins read.

Miss Phelps called here today. She and her sister came to the territory three years ago, almost without means. They have been trading city lots and taking up claims and are now worth a great deal of money. They think that any energetic, self-reliant young lady could find no place where she could do so well as in this territory.

It was very dark last night and so foggy that one could scarcely see an inch from his nose. Somebody was lost on the prairie south of here. We could hear him halloo for two hours, but as there were houses in that direction our folks did not go to his assistance. It was not cold enough to freeze anyone. We hung out lights but it is difficult to see them in a fog.

**November 12** - Another bright day. I washed the flannels and calicoes, 'twas such a nice day for drying. Two years ago we were having a terrible blizzard. One would have a different opinion of Dakota this fall. I went with Walter across the plowing to the Hayes place which gave me a good shaking up, but then, I was out for pleasure. The school closed today and there will be no more until spring. Last winter the attendance was so small that it was thought advisable to have no winter school.

**November 23** - Sixteen degrees below zero. We were hardly prepared for such a cold snap. We have two men left, and if one of them were only Fred how glad I would be! The men came in from the granary tonight. Too much wood is required to keep them warm there evenings, and the wind blows so hard that we are afraid of fire. I was out around the yard today but the ground was bare, and there were great, ugly cracks which were so large that one could put in a broom stick, full length.

I copied this from the Fargo *Argus*:

"A gentleman, having been snowed in on Thanksgiving in a Dakota town, was invited to go to church. He accepted, and heard the deacon make the following prayer: 'O Lord, we thank thee that our crops have not yielded us loss, but we would earnestly pray for better prices for wheat. And we pray thee, O Lord, that thou would'st protect us against false inspection at the elevator. Thou knowest the price of wheat, O Lord, and we beseech thee to see that Brother Smith's men do not misinform us. We know the value of wheat, O Lord, but we pray thee to tell us what we should receive when we deliver it. Thou knowest all that is done in the elevator, but we do not, and pray thee inform us and thy name shall have all the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'"

November 27 - Thanksgiving Day, and a lonely one for us. This is the sixth Thanksgiving that has passed since our family were all together. Three of the number are gone forever, John, Gramp, and Anna. Today I have only Walter and Katie, of my family, here, but I have roasted the turkey as ever and I feel glad that all is well.

Our horse, Billy, was sick this morning which alarmed Walter. The boys doctored him all the fore noon and had the satisfaction of seeing him better by noon. He is a very cunning horse. He wanted the boys to stay in his stall, and as soon as they would leave, he would groan to call them back, as though he liked to be nursed. Walter went to the Hayes farm and got the windows there to put on over ours. Our windows have frosted so thickly for the past two winters that we could not see out at all. We cannot afford double ones until wheat is more than fifty cents.

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# In Memory

## NEWCASTLE, MAINE

**Brenton Dodge** of Grants Pass, Oregon, passed away on 10 September 2018 in Lake Oswego, Clackamas County, Oregon. He was 90 years of age.

**Linda Gail Dodge**, 70, passed away peacefully on July 14, 2018. She was born and raised in Rockdale, Texas. Her natural parents were Cecil Owens and Evelyn Davenport Owens and step-mother, Wilma Owens. She met her husband, William "Bill" Dodge, in Austin, Texas, while he was attending the University of Texas. During their marriage, they relocated several times, from TX to PA to LA and back to TX, finally retiring in Magnolia, TX.



Linda is survived by her husband of 48 years, Bill Dodge; son, Richard Newell Dodge; and daughter, Robin Gail Dodge-Jones; two grandsons, Harrison and Holden Jones; two sisters, Cil Howell and Pat Owens; brother and wife, Calvin Estopp and Jeanie; sister and husband, Betty Kostelka and Emil; daughter-in-law, Myra Dodge; and son-in-law, Chris Jones; two brothers-in-law, Jim and Peter Dodge; two sisters-in-law, Julie and Ann Dodge, along with numerous nieces and nephews.

Linda was preceded in death by her beloved natural parents and step-mother, her brother, Tony Owens, and grandparents.

Back in the January/February issue of this Journal, an article was included concerning a special gravesite at the Glidden Cemetery on River Road in Newcastle. You may recall that the gravesite belonged to 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.

A photo, found on GOOGLE, was included with the story, but unfortunately, the statue was facing away from the camera. A request was made that "if anyone lives up there and can get a front view that would be stupendous."

Well, the rest of that story is that **Susan Duckworth** sent photos of the front of the dog Prince that is on Carrie Dodge's grave. She wrote: "My son Jason went into the cemetery in Newcastle for pictures of Prince for me. He certainly was a handsome fellow. No wonder Carrie loved him." A big thank you to Jason and Susan for taking and sending these photos to us!





## WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

By Judy Prentice Ragan

There will be no article this issue as Judy is in the process of moving.



### Dodge Genealogy

#### Brick Walls

by Eileen Dodge:

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### ENGLAND TO NEWFOUNDLAND DODGE MYSTERY

I am William Everett Dodge Jr., the son of William Everett Dodge, Sr. the Grandson of William Thomas Dodge, and first cousin of Dana Dodge, the son of Earl C. Dodge. Here is the outline of what I have researched.

William Thomas Dodge was born in 1900 at Hillview, Newfoundland to James A. (1869 Heart's Ease Beach-1908) and Jesse Critch Dodge (1876 Trinity-1921) and is buried in Hillview Anglican Cemetery. In 1926 William married Helen Hiscock of Salmon Cove, Champey's West, Newfoundland and they are the parents of William Everett, Earl Cleveland, Stanley James, and Nancy Dodge all while living in Everett, Massachusetts where they immigrated to circa 1923.

William T. Dodge is the brother of Eli Maxwell Dodge, Violet Dodge, May Dodge Pitcher (Heart's Content), and Ann Dodge Palmer (Clarenville). Their father James is the son of Robert Dodge (1833 Heart's Ease Beach-1905 Hillview), who is the son of Robert Baker Dodge (1813 Heart's Ease Beach-1872 Butter Cove), who is the son of John Dodge (1770-1840 Trinity).

I am stuck without the parent names for John Dodge who may have immigrated to Newfoundland as a migratory fisherman from England, most likely Dorset. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated. How did John Dodge come to the area of Trinity, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, circa 1800.

If you have any information that would be helpful, or if you find this is your family and need further sources, please contact me.

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