



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 14 No. 1

November 1997

## IN SEARCH OF EDWARD BLANCHARD DODGE

by Barbara V. Dodge

### CALLING ALL DODGES TO COLORADO

Why not plan a vacation in Colorado for August 1998?

Ray and Muriel Preston of Stockport, England will be here for three weeks in August. On the 3rd or 4th Saturday of the month, we will be having a family get-together at the Dodge office site in Lakewood, Colorado.

There are reasonable motels nearby, and if you want to fly here but do not want to rent a car, we will be happy to pick you up.

Come a few days early and join us as we take the Prestons to see some of our beautiful sites such as the Rocky Mountain National Park which has the highest paved road in the country.

See beautiful Estes Park, The Airforce Academy, Garden of the Gods.

(Continued on page 2)

The dirt road rose slightly before it entered through a break in one of those typical New England stone walls that had been put together without any mortar over 100 years ago, and was still standing. At the top of the rise, the quiet cemetery lay before us with a sun dappled lake peeking through the distant trees.

At our backs, the dirt road on which we had driven, disappeared over the hill. Typical New England woods lined the other side of the road, with wild blackberry bushes here and there along the edge.

We turned in that direction and saw a most unbelievable scene. There, just where the drive to the cemetery turned in from the road, was a car with one side of it's back end sticking up in the air. The wheel must have been at least one and a half to two feet off of the ground. The front opposite wheel rested deep in an unseen hole.

This was not to be believed. This was the kind of happening that makes you want to cry but you know that will not do any good. This was he stuff from which tales are told starting with the words, "Do you remember when?"

Shortly after the "kaboom", one car had appeared and the lady driving suggested to us that we were not the first group of people to which this had happened, and she also assured us that "yes", even up here in rural New Hampshire there is a "Triple A". Aha! Then all is not lost. We even had a cell phone with us and the list of "800" numbers necessary in order to reach the needed service.

After much description on the phone as to which small town (Nelson), which dirt road, and which cemetery, Eileen was told that they thought they would

be able to find us.

As we waited, and joked about the situation, (what else could we do?), Earl sang a little ditty about the situation, which he had made up on the spur of the moment. We were well prepared and not only had cameras with us but a video camera also, so his ditty will go down in the annals of Dodge Family History to be viewed by future generations.

About an hour later, the tow truck appeared and in no time at all the car was back on the road with no damage.

We piled in and started on our search for the Edward Blanchard Dodge home site. This was where we were headed before Earl decided he wanted Norman to see a monument at the afore mentioned cemetery, which listed those from the area who fought in the Revolutionary War. Three Farwell brothers are listed on this monument and Norman and Earl descended from one of them on the matriarchal side.

Edward Blanchard Dodge and his wife, Laura Woods, Dodge had 15 children. While some of them died young, the majority lived to marry and have their own families. Two of the boys, Charles (from whom Norman has descended), and Lewis (from whom Earl has descended), married Farwell sisters

Edward and Laura had lived in Stoddard, New Hampshire for many years, so now that we were mobile again, this is where we headed.

We stopped in the Stoddard general store because it was way past lunch time. The proprietor was very friendly and helpful. He pulled out from under the counter, an historical map of the area that had been published several years ago. On the map were two number "fourteens",

which meant, according to the map legend, that Edward had built one house near the main road, and then had sold it and moved farther up the hill to build another house for his family. We were assured that this would be a very vigorous hike indeed as we would have to park on the main (dirt) road and walk in to the site, uphill all the way

For this venture, we needed nourishment. There was a small cooking area with a few tables, and a menu written in chalk on a board on the wall. The proprietor made a phone call. "You need to get down here, we have customers." A few minutes later, there appeared a lady with a long black braid hanging down her back. When she found out what we were doing in Stoddard, she immediately pulled out a "History of Stoddard" and started to look through it for Dodge names. She did find a couple that we were not familiar with, and she did find a mention of E. B. Dodge. In the meantime we were faint from hunger.

Fortunately, after about 45 minutes, she remembered that she had appeared on the scene in order to cook. Soon she, with Earl helping her, was around the corner in the kitchen area making us hotdogs and hamburgers. Earl was trying to open an enormous jar of pickles without much success when Norman came along, gave it a twist, and there it was, open! (Continued on page 4)

<b>On The Inside</b>	
<i>Educating Them To Fail</i>	<b>2</b>
<i>New book for sale</i>	<b>2</b>
<i>Barbara's Byline</i>	<b>3</b>
<i>Reunion Announcement</i>	<b>3</b>
<i>Genealogical Requests</i>	<b>4</b>
<i>New Web Site Area</i>	<b>4</b>

**DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL**

10105 W. 17th Place  
Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Tel: (303) 237-4947

Fax and Message (303) 233-2099

www.dodgefamily.org

E-MAIL: BARBDODGE@AOL.COM

Published by the Dodge Family Association  
Membership \$10/yr. USA and Canada  
\$15/yr. other countries



**CORRECTION**

My face is red with embarrassment. I was trying to hurry when I got out the last Dodge Family Journal and I thought my memory was just fine. I HATE to look up stuff, so-o-o, I put in the wrong name and the wrong relationship for our Association member who is a descendent of Mary Mapes Dodge. I even used the wrong title for the book she wrote. Let me now correct that.

If I can figure this out correctly from the letter that was sent to me by Mary Sturges Dodge, keeper of her family archives, her father, Robert Mapes Dodge, our Association member, is the great grandson of Mary Mapes Dodge.

The name of the book is "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates."

I apologize to all members of that family, and I will promise that the next time I will look up information before I print it.

**Barbara**

Get your order in right away if you want to be sure of receiving a copy for yourself. This 11-1/2 x 8-1/4, 22 page soft cover booklet will make a beautiful addition to your Dodge Library.

*(Continued from page 1)*

*Come early and browse through the Dodge Family Library. See where we put out the Journal and handle all of the Dodge mail.*

*Enjoy a homecooked meal topped off by apple or blueberry pie.*

*Meet other Dodges who are related to Barbara and Earl.*

*Most importantly, come and visit one to one with Ray and Muriel.*

*Ray was the instigator in saving Halliday Hill House from the wrecker's ball.*

*Without Ray, our ancestral home would be no more.*

*There would not even be a pile of rubble. But because Ray researched at his local library and found a copy of our Dodge Genealogy, he was able to contact us and as they say, "The rest is history!"*

*August, 1998, vacation time in beautiful Colorado.*

*Don't pass up this opportunity. It will be a special treat!*

**R**ay Preston, our Dodge Family friend in England, has published a beautiful booklet about the historical buildings that are situated in the Offerton, Stockport area.

He has, for years, immersed himself in the history of that area in which he lives. He has been in great demand as a lecturer, and as a teacher of evening classes for those interested in the area's history.

We have ordered **ONLY 30 copies** of this book. **Page 11 features Halliday Hill House, the ancestral Dodge home** which was saved from destruction by Ray's very extensive historical research on the house, and his persistence that this was a very important place to the Dodge family. These books will be \$12 post paid.

**EDUCATING THEM TO FAIL**

**Donald Dodge of Munhall, PA**, has had letters published in different newspapers over the years. We are including the better part of one of them in this Journal. This was previously published in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, The Washington Times, and the Pittsburgh Tribune-Review in July of this year.

"The Educate America Act of 1993 may have engendered programs at the U.S. Department of Education that violate the 10th amendment of the Constitution.

This year's local elections have demonstrated that the majority of the American people want neighborhood schools, without forced busing. However, neighborhood schools may not overcome the U.S. Education Dept.'s Goals 2000 and Outcome Based Education programs, unless parents become involved and discover the threat these programs can pose to their children's future.

A paper authored by Rep. Henry Hyde (R-Illinois) and the U.S. House of Representatives shows that new government programs are radical departures from our traditional public school system, which stressed development of the individual.

Mr. Hyde stated the new programs are politicized and will truly lead to a "dumbed down" society of compliant people who will have been purposely separated from America's glorious past.

The paper states, also, that Goals 2000 abandons the American competitive tracking system. The old system is replaced by new national "achievement" standards which assess a student's behavior and attitudes.

Students are not encouraged to excel independently. Instead, they must achieve higher levels as groups/units. The brighter students will tutor the slower students until the entire unit can move on to a higher level. In order not to harm any student's self esteem, no one fails and no one excels. Everyone achieves "satisfactory" when their assignments are completed (at their own pace).

The setting of educational standards in public schools is reserved to the people of the local communities and their individual states. In a republic, standards flow up from the people, not down from a bureaucracy.

Mr. Hyde's position on these programs is sobering and very distressing. Our children have the right to a truthful, complete, and academically rigorous education. They must have an education that will train them to compete in this world as prepared individuals, not as "dumbed down" servants of a socialist society."



*Barbara's  
Byline*

**Fall Meanderings**

The smell of fallen leaves, wayside stands with orange pumpkins, dark green squash, bushels of apples, jars of apple cider; these are the remembrances of fall in Massachusetts where I grew up.

Fall was the time to scuff through piles of leaves on the way to school. It was a time to feel the warm sun on your back as you trudged home in the afternoon.

For me, fall always came around August 1st. On that morning, the air was different, the sounds were different, and I just knew fall had arrived, even though it wouldn't officially be here for almost 2 more months.

To this day, when August 1st rolls around, I announce to Earl that fall has indeed arrived. He thinks it is very funny, and doesn't hesitate to tell me how hilarious I am because fall doesn't start for at least another 7 weeks. It doesn't matter though, because I know when fall is here even if he doesn't.

Fall is the time to make jelly; crabapple jelly, apple jelly, peach jam, grape jam. The insides of the grapes are popped out and cooked with a little water and then run through a food mill. Then the purple skins are added to the pulp, and from that wonderful tasting grape jam is made.

When we were raising our family, I

would pick up windfall apples for 50 cents a bushel, bring them home and make applesauce. The peelings were set aside and cooked with water to make apple jelly. Nothing could be wasted, and there was such a feeling of accomplishment when there were jars and jars of jelly and applesauce sitting on the counter.

Fall means it is time to start preparing for the winter months by storing fruits and vegetables. It means making sure my two large freezers are full to the brim with blueberries, rhubarb, strawberries, squash, pumpkin, etc. The cupboard downstairs behind the freezers has every shelf jammed with beans, pickled beets, corn relish, and items bought on sale at the grocery store.

To this day, I get carried away when it comes to preparing for the winter. We probably have enough to live on for a year should there be a famine.

I make a vow to stop buying food items that I don't need until I use up what I have, but then comes that special sale, and one never knows but it might be the last time that particular item is on sale.

I always feel that 10 is a good number to buy of any one thing that is on sale. I come home with my bags of 10 items; 10 cans of corn, 10 packages of jello, 10 - 5 lb. bags of flour. Yes, I am aware that is 50 lbs., but then I don't have to fear running out of flour should I decide to go on a big baking spree, which I might very well do since it's fall.

When the children were still at home, two days a week were spent baking. I would start as soon as they left for school. I would make pies, a cake, doughnuts, cookies, gingerbread, and rolls. It was all used up within 3 days, when I started over again.

Somehow, I still feel the need to bake especially when fall comes. Now I make one pie, and give half of it away. I make one cake and give three fourths of it away. The only thing I don't need to give away is chocolate chip cookies. They just disappear all by themselves.

Soon now, it will be time to make a big canning kettle of Green Tomato Mincemeat. The green tomatoes, apples, raisins, brown sugar, and all those spices smell so good simmering on the stove.

When the children were still at home, fall also meant sewing. There were dresses, skirts, and blouses for the girls, shirts for the boys, and PJs for everyone. Mittens needed to be knitted. That was easily accomplished by using scraps of yarn and making the mittens striped. Not only were they colorful, but they were more interesting to make.

When Karen was 5 yrs. old, I was 30 yrs. old, and I remember hinking, "what will I do when the children are grown up and gone - but that's years and years away. I don't need to think about that for a long time."

I turned around and the years were gone. Where did they go? The children got married and started families of their own. Then came the grandchildren, and the years are slipping by faster and faster, and the grandchildren are becoming teenagers.

Fall is the time to start thinking of Thanksgiving, and who is going to be invited for dinner, and who will bring what item this year.

Fall is a time for reminiscing. I still love it, and know I will as long as I live.

**ARE YOU PRONE TO GETTING THE WINTER BLAHS?**

*Would you like to have a special treat?*

*Would you like to meet other Dodges?*

**HERE IS YOUR CHANCE! DON'T MISS IT! MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW  
to attend**

**THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DODGE REUNION  
on January 24, 1998 at the Miramar Naval Station, San Diego, CA.  
from 10:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.**

**Great Food! - Great Friends! - GREAT DODGES! All Waiting for YOU!**

**Make your reservation TODAY - DO NOT DELAY - or you will PAY  
by missing one of the most pleasurable opportunities you may ever have!  
Contact the Dodge Family Association for information and directions.**



**GENEALOGICAL HELP COLUMN**

**NEW AREA ON WEB SITE**

**Thomas W. Dodge, Jr., 224 Coconut Mews, Cary, NC, 27513** is looking for descendants. His great grandfather was **Rufus Parmer Dodge** born 1862 in Ohio. He married **Ada Virginia Bower** of Iowa. They lived in St. Louis, MO. children: Arthur Lee Dodge, Thomas Leslie Dodge, Thelma Dodge. Arthur, Thomas's grandfather was married twice. He is seeking information on the first wife

and children, Edmund Arthur, Lee Eloishus, Eugene and Veronica Marie. Any information would be appreciated.

**The January Journal will contain the third (and last) part of the Dodes of Pima County,**

We have now opened part of the genealogical pages on our Web Site. During the next few weeks, we will be entering all of the genealogical requests that have come to us over the past few years that have not already been answered.

We are excited about this new area and hope that in time, information will come in that will provide many of the Dodes with that missing link for which they are

(In Search of - *Continued from page 1*)

We sat at one of the tables to eat our food, and enjoyed much conversation with the proprietor who is really involved with conspiracy theories. Since Norman and I both are to some extent, we enjoyed discussing the possibilities of a number of things that had made news over the last year. Earl and Eileen wandered off after they were finished. It was clear that they were not interested in conspiracy theories!

After fond farewells, we piled into the car again, and headed up the road to the EBD home site. Aha! There was the rutted, grassy road that we would need to climb by foot. We started up the road and found that in spite of its appearance of being a very gradual rise, it was more exertive than it appeared. However, this was an exciting adventure, and we were not going to be deterred by deceptive appearances.

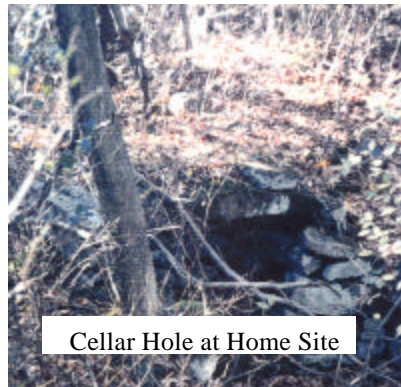
It wasn't long before we noticed a break in the stone wall and climbed through to see a little distance before us, the old foundations of what was once a house. Number one had been found. We discussed what the house might have looked like, where the rooms might have been, where the central chimney had been situated, and other very important issues. Earl found a nice moss covered brick to take home as a souvenir, and Norman found a small cast iron door that had been part of an old cook stove; both items to be transported home via plane! After spending a good amount of time at this site, and waiting while Earl stashed his brick at the side of the grassy rutted path, we headed up the road to find the second home site.

It was a beautiful New England day, with just enough sun to make it pleasant. The woods bordered each side of the road and some of the leaves were starting to

turn. Various birds were chirping in the trees. The quietness pervaded ones senses, and the conversation was good.

After a not too exertive climb, the road leveled out. This was the spot where we were supposed to find the second house. Sure enough, another break in the stone wall. In we went, and it didn't take much looking around to find the remains here. This house had been larger and there was more stonework that not only showed the outline of the house, but a cellar hole, and possibly an attached barn, as this was one of the customs in New England.

When Edward and Laura lived here,



Cellar Hole at Home Site

it had all been farmland and there were no woods like there are today. The great Marlow-Stoddard fire swept through the area in 1941 and that is when the houses burned to the ground.

Norman prowled around through the underbrush finding odd items here and there. Much discussion went on as to what this was, or what that was used for. We stood there and imagined the view before all of the trees grew up. The rolling hills brilliant with the flame of autumn color would have stretched away to the horizon.

We could picture the piles of corn stalks, bales of hay, and patches of

pumpkins and squash.

Other food items undoubtedly had been preserved earlier and stocked away for the winter. We thought that once the snow came, those that lived here might very well have been snowed in for a good part of the winter. Yes, life undoubtedly had been hard here, and yet satisfying.

It was time to go, but we were loath to leave. This had been a good day; a day away from the hustle and bustle of life as it is now. The quietness was calming to the soul. We felt that we had touched the spirit of what caused Edward and Laura to build and raise their family here.

As we walked down the grass covered, rutted road, Norman and I walked together as is so often the case when we are a foursome. Eileen and Earl seem to pair off also. Norman told me that there undoubtedly was a creek bed across the road in the woods, that would have a lot of runoff in spring. I didn't notice any creek bed, so I had to plow through the underbrush to see for myself if he was right. Sure enough, there it was, big boulders and smaller rocks winding down the hill with an obvious depression in the middle. There was even some dampness left there. One could see it in the leaves at the bottom.

Earl was disappearing down the road in search of his moss covered brick. He found it, and to my horror, rubbed all the moss from it's surface. He claimed that the moss was NOT 100 years old!

Our day of adventure was almost at an end. Soon we would be back into the everyday world of fast track and stress. But our search for Edward Blanchard Dodge had been a success, and we had some wonderful memories which all four of us shared, thus binding us closer together.