



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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## An Important Message From Everett Dodge President of Our Board of Directors.

### Dr. Cass Dodge

This photo was in the last Journal with the question "who is he?" ...and now we know.



First of all, let me tell you how we acquired this. A lady looking around in an antique store, saw this photo and purchased it. She then went to the internet to see if she could find out who he was and came across our web site. Her name is Susan Goldie and she wrote: "I found this photograph of a Dr. Cass Dodge in an antique store. Nothing else is on the back except a note that he was

*(Continued on page 2)*

In their annual meeting on January 19, 2001, the Board of the Dodge Family Association voted to evaluate setting up a Scholarship Fund under the tax exempt Federal IRS Section 501(c)3. The main activity of the fund would be to provide scholarships for qualified college students for studies of Colonial History within the regulations of the 501(c)3 tax program. This is the type of operation which qualifies as an acceptable public activity. As the fund develops, we may add some activities beneficial to the Dodge Family. However, providing educational opportunities for deserving students, along with the study of Colonial History, which is important to our family history, is very good incentive to establish the fund. The added incentive of tax savings presents further reason to participate.

In order to implement this fund, we are seeking assistance from members of our organization in the

financial, legal and business fields, to advise on and supervise the preparation of the required documents and also the overall task of the establishment of the fund. For your information, the following is an overview of the operation of the fund.

From 1995--1997, the Dodge Family Association researched the feasibility of establishing a Federal IRS Section 501(c)3 Nonprofit Entity. Much information including legal advice was collected and reviewed by the board in 1997. The board decided the financial and operational requirements, along with the need to complete the RLD genealogy book, made it impractical to proceed at that time. It was decided the nonprofit entity would remain a long-term goal to be considered when circumstances dictated.

The Dodge Family Association Board will now reconsider the tax exempt entity and establish a

Scholarship Fund within the Federal Regulations. It is proposed that this new entity will be governed by the board, which will create an office called Senior Vice President of Endowments, to be responsible for the management of the fund. Under this office, two committees will be formed; one to be responsible for the operation and securing of donations, the other to award the funds in accordance with the guidelines of the fund. The Dodge Family Board will also be responsible for the accounting of the fund.

There are two forms of Scholarship Funds being considered. One fund is an Endowment Fund which uses only the interest from the donated principle which is allowed to accumulate and grow. The other fund is a Cash Flow Fund, which uses all the donation funds received annually.

The endowment Fund is the

*(Continued on page 3)*

## Excerpts from The Black Donald Story

by Rita Quilty

Frank Dodge Sr. was among the first settlers of Black Donald. He married Lucy Laplaunte and they had eleven children. Their son, Frank, married Jane LaPlaunte.

William Dodge was b. 1904 at Black Donald Creek, the eldest son of Frank Dodge and Jane Laplaunte. He was educated at Black Donald and worked on the family farm and in the graphite mill at the mines. When he returned from a stint working the mines of Northern Ontario, he built and operated the Madawaska River Fishing and Hunting Camp, the

first tourist resort in the Black Donald area.

It was so successful that it drew clientele from as far away as the southern U.S. including the president of the Great Prudential Life Assurance Co., and the CEO of Bethlehem Stel Company, both of whom were repeat customers.

During WWII, he was in the Canadian Army in the Aleutians, Vancouver, etc. His father, Frank, could not read and would ask others to read the letters from William.

When Ontario Hydro expropriated his property, he moved

to Calabogie where he created a store that became unique in Ottawa Valley. He and his store were often featured in Newspaper articles and television documentaries. He was truly one of the last "General Merchants" of the Ottawa Valley.

*Note: This was written before the Seattle, WA trip.. It was going to be finished after that trip but the book was taken to Seattle so that folks at the reunion there could see it. Read Barb's column on page 3 for "The Rest of the Story!"*

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*Sand In My Shoes*  
 by  
 Stephen Allen Dodge

**The Dodge Construction Company** - *founded 1865, Pittsfield, MA (We do not know the ancestry of Hascal's father, Elijah; do you?)*

Hascal Dodge, a founder of the Dodge Construction Company, was a well respected man known for his honesty, as well as his commitment to get the job done right and on time. Hascal was born May 2, 1836 in New Baltimore, Green County, a small town on the western banks of the Hudson River in New York State. He was one of 9 children of Elijah and Salome Dodge.

Elijah, a prosperous farmer and stone mason, taught his sons the trade of masonry. During the 1850's Hascal, along with childhood friend and excellent woodworker Dillwyn C. Bedell, built many wood and stone structures in and around the area of New Baltimore, New York.

In 1865 Hascal moved 30 miles east (as the crow flies) to Pittsfield, Massachusetts where he started The Dodge Construction Company.

Hascal was very successful with his new company. Three years after he arrived in Pittsfield, Dillwyn Bedell joined him and although they were not partners in their trade, they were the successful bidders for work on the same jobs. Hascal did all the masonry work and Bedell did the woodwork.

Hascal Dodge was the most prominent building contractor in the mason trade in Berkshire County for over 30 years. Hascal removed to Springfield and sold his business in Pittsfield to his brother Samuel Dodge who had been in his employment for many years. Hascal established offices in Springfield from which he directed his extensive contracts for mason work.

Many of the stone structures built by Hascal and his brothers stand today. In 1877, Hascal did the mason work for The Children's Chimes Tower in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. This tower

was made famous by artist Norman Rockwell.

Hascal was an organizer of the Business Men's Association in Pittsfield, MA. organized Dec. 20, 1881, he was a member of its executive committee for many years.

On Feb. 12, 1903 funeral services were held for Hascal Dodge at the residence of Kelton B. Miller. Hascal was survived by his widow, Mary Jane Bedell, a daughter, Nellie Dodge, who for many years was connected with the Springfield Library, and by three brothers, Samuel and James of Pittsfield, and Charles of New Baltimore.

On June 26, 1999 the 5.3 million dollar Central Block project got under way in Pittsfield MA, which promises to rescue one of the city's great landmarks, the Central Block. This early Victorian style building was built by Hascal Dodge in 1881 and features a number of retail stores and a large auditorium for community functions.

Among the contracts Hascal Dodge had in Pittsfield and vicinity were the Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Bishop Memorial Training School, Berkshire County Home for Aged Women, The Central Block, The Academy of Music (now the Miller Building), The Old England Block (now City Savings Bank), The F. F. Read and Joseph Tucker Schools, The Stockbridge Chimes Tower, The Forest Park School, The YMCA building in Springfield, The Town Hall in Warren, buildings at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, Smith College at Northampton, and Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, The George Westinghouse residence at Lenox, and several College buildings at Williamstown,

*(Leslie Edith Dodge Martindale of Newport Beach, California, a relative of Hascal, sent us the information for this story.)*

*(Dr. Cass Dodge - Continued from page 1)*  
 the person's father's best friend at their wedding. Most of the photos are from either Illinois or Emporia, Kansas."

After the Journal came out in late May, we received an e-mail from Chuck Dodge of California who had looked up information about Dr. Cass Dodge. It turns out that Cass Dodge, born abt. 1854, descends from Richard Dodge through William Dodge/Elizabeth Thoits (Thoits). Their son, William, married Matilda Lyon, and their son, Noah Mason Dodge married Charlotte K. Dean. These were the parents of Cass.

Siblings for Cass are: Helen, born abt 1846, Edgar, 1848; Dwight, 1850; Martha, 1852; Florence, 1856; and Carrie, 1868. Now we wonder if any of our readers belong in this family.

**Did You Know?**



A number of members have sent us newspaper articles about the Smithsonian and their new exhibit which features an old 2100 sq. ft., Ipswich, Massachusetts dwelling - pictured above before it was dismantled and moved to the Smithsonian. Abraham Dodge lived in this house during the Revolutionary War. Because of debts incurred during the war, his family had to sell the home after his death. His wife, Bethia, was skilled in making lace, and a lace pillow is one of the items on display along with a Revolutionary War uniform.



Pittsfield, Massachusetts Library built by the Dodge Construction Company

## The View From My Window



**barbdodge@dodgefamily.org**

This column should be entitled, 'The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly'!

In June, I left to drive to Seattle to visit family and friends, and to attend the Dodge Reunion stopping on the way in Deer Park for a few days to visit Norma and Mo Ingram, dear friends of mine and also members of the Dodge Family Association.

On my last day there, Norma and I went for a ride and while driving on some dirt roads looking for a lake, we saw a dog standing in the road ahead of us. I slowed down in order to allow him to get off the road and after I drove by, I looked in the rear view window and saw the dog running after us as fast as his legs would take him.

I came to a halt and rolled down my window, and he ran over and licked my hand. I opened the side van door, telling Norma that I absolutely could NOT just leave him out here in the middle of nowhere. He jumped in and immediately lay down on the floor, panting in a way that I knew was stress related and not just for cooling. I offered him water and he could not even concentrate long enough to drink. The next hour was spent in trying to find to whom he belonged and that took us on quite a drive over dirt roads, stopping now and then to ask if anyone had seen this dog before. Alas! He was totally unknown in this wilderness area and I began to believe that he had been dumped there by somebody who did not want him anymore. This is something I will NEVER understand ... how someone can just dump a pet and drive away. He appeared to be a mix of lab and German Shorthair and was red-brown in color. After about 40 minutes he had calmed down and was able, without coaxing, to drink from my cooler which had much melted ice in it from two days before.

It began to look like I would have a dog to take with me to Seattle and then back to Colorado. I was willing to do this if necessary, but it would make what I had hoped would be a restful vacation, into a little more than that. I was resigned to purchasing a collar and a long line in order to tie him up for the two weeks I would be in Seattle, when Norma suggested that I might try the

Veterinary in town. Since this was Saturday afternoon, I doubted they would be open but thought 'nothing ventured, nothing gained'. When I got there, they were closed for lunch but I found a helper out in the back who was exercising horses. After I told her my story, she disappeared into the building but soon came out again and told me that they would take him and keep him for a few days to see if anyone claimed him. He was a young dog, perhaps only a year old, and an obvious hunter type. So I left him believing that someone will give him a good home. It was the best decision for both of us.

I left the next morning for Seattle, and after almost 2 weeks of sailing, kite flying with the owners of Winddance Kites and other friends, attending two reunions, one in Rochester, WA and the other in Seattle, and just visiting, Earl and I packed up everything in order to leave early Sunday morning for Colorado. About 1 AM, Norman Dodge helped me put all the heavy stuff in my van; guitar, amplifier, Dodge books, etc. I also put everything else in there except for our notebook computer, my cell phone, and our two suitcases.

The next morning, about 6:15, I carried my suitcase, and the computer out the door to put them in my car, BUT there was NO car there. I was in shock. Sometime between 1 AM and 6:15 AM someone had stolen it. After a police report was made out, Norman and Eileen took us out to breakfast. It was the first rainy day since I had been in Seattle and I thought, 'how appropriate!'

We made plane reservations for the next morning, and sat around all day hoping that the police would phone and say they had found the car, but that never happened. We flew home Monday and now I am trying to reconstruct my life! My address book, billfold, medication, video camera, digital camera, kites, genealogy books, paper genealogies, some new items I bought, and numerous other things were in the car that was stolen. I now have a new driver's license, a new checking account, and the owners of Winddance Kites are going to replace my 3 kites. I have contacted the insurance company about the contents but had no insurance for theft on the car itself.

So there you have it; The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. We never know from one day to the next what life will bring and have I learned a lesson about what NOT to leave in a car? I leave that for you to guess!

*Barbara*

*(Non-Profit Status - Continued from page 1)*

most popular because it can become very significant over the years, and from a tax standpoint, allows many advantages. Some programs, for example, allow the donor to receive the income from the donated endowment until the death of the husband and wife, at which time the income then is owned and used by the fund. The disadvantage is that it requires a large investment accumulation before significant funding is available for scholarships.

The Cash Flow Fund makes more funds available earlier and is conducive to smaller donations. It allows tax advantages similar to the Endowment Fund, but in the long term, it will probably not provide as much funding overall as the Endowment Fund.

It is possible to establish both funds in the beginning to utilize the Cash Flow in early years, and then building up the Endowment Fund for the future. As we progress in the formation of the Scholarship Fund, this procedure will be established.

Obviously, there are many questions that need to be answered as we go forward. At this time, we need input from our membership such as: would you be interested in donating to a fund like the proposed if the tax factors are achieved; and does the use of the funds for scholarships meet with your approval?

There are several current board members who have had experience in various ways with funds of this nature but we don't have the accounting and legal expertise to assist with judgments as to the feasibility and viability of this endeavor. We sincerely need some of our members with the aforementioned backgrounds to join us in this undertaking. Please advise either Earl Dodge in Colorado at 303-237-4947, barbdodge@dodgeoffice.net (e-mail) or Everett Dodge at 323-254-8898, if you would consider working with us in this worthy cause.

Thank you for your attention in this matter and we encourage anyone interested in participating to contact us because this will require a large volume of input and assistance. We have purposely kept this letter brief but hope you will call us at the numbers above with your comments or any questions you may have.

With best regards,

  
Everett J. Dodge, President  
Dodge Family Association

Passwords:

User name: offerton Password: somerset

## From the Pen of: Passepartout

by Craig Dodge



*craigdodge@hotmail.com*

'...at this moment, I am the whole reason that [my ancestors] existed at all' This somewhat profound statement, taken from the character Cinque in the movie of the true story, Amistad, struck me poignantly as I finally mounted my daughters ancestral tree.

Starting with her, it goes back some 15 generations, both on my side and my wife's. Gazing at it, 123 direct ancestors are listed going back some 500 years from 3 continents and several countries. Looking at those names and (in some cases) faces; I reflected that they all make up who Rachel is. The different journeys traveled, the events that occurred, the paths that crossed, the hopes, the dreams, the disappointments, the failures.

One of the disadvantages of growing up in Zimbabwe was that an opportunity like going to University was lost forever,. In theory it could be corrected here in Australia but the subsequent blow of my multiple sclerosis makes it unlikely.

One of the advantages of South Africa was that as it is still 'Third World' and thus very underdeveloped, it is quite an educational experience to out into the wilds and see it very much in its raw state and get a feel of what life was like over a hundred years ago; no doctors to go to and danger and disease around all the time. A friend and I went for a 3 day hike through the bush, following the Mazowe river. We were naive and as a result, stupid. Unprepared and ill-equipped we had a miserable time, both of us desperate to get back home, both of us dumb enough not to admit it. But looking back I can get a small sense of the fear and bravado those early pioneers, on any continent, felt who didn't have the option of going back.; eking out their existence amid similar dangers, equally ill-equipped, alone and afraid.

As we walked along the river bank a large crocodile ran across in front of us. A beast that could have killed either of us with ease and our vulnerability became instantly apparent. The realisation of the fullness of the danger we faced terrified us, as we realised the only way home was to swim across the river and getting taken by a

crocodile was not a factor we had considered in our planning.

This was the second time I had made this error. The first was made some 7 or 8 years before when I was at a camp on the shore of Lake Kariba, one of the largest man made lakes in the world. The lake is troubled by a water weed commonly called Kariba weed, which sits on the surface and hides all beneath it. On the one day a group of us were walking along the bank and I, in order to save myself a 20 minute walk around an inlet and to show off my imagined swimming prowess, decided to swim across rather than walk around. As I swam the weed wrapped itself around me hindering my progress more and more. At first there was no problem as I



*My grandparents farm in South Africa*

was strong enough to swim through. I imagined my friends watching enviously from the bank - if only they had done the same. Halfway across, more and more entangled, the stupidity of actions suddenly hit me and I panicked. Fortunately I made it across, seized by nothing more than fear.

Some years later my brother in law was walking at night from one farm house to another when he was attacked by a hippo (hippos kill more people in Africa than any other animal). As he fled for his life, he could feel the hippos teeth on his back and legs. A few days later, he showed us the scratches left by those teeth as evidence of how close he had come. A girl I had gone to school with was killed by a buffalo on her honeymoon. This in an era when we live in the comfort and security of large cities, a long way from the beasts of the wild, and venture out rarely. How much more dangerous was life in a time when help was at best days if not weeks away.

Hanging the ancestral tree, the mortality of my ancestors has caused me to think of my own again. Now more 'in my face' as it were than most, as I wrestle daily with my multiple sclerosis. Has life passed me by? Perhaps. Have I lost opportunities through

whatever reason? Definitely. Will I have any regrets? Probably. I felt a need to do something different with my life than I was currently doing, but the more I look at the practicalities, the more unrealistic that goal appears and for the benefit of my health and family. I may have to pass on the idea.

As I look at my life and wonder where it is going, what surprises and shocks it still has in store. I can't help think of those who have gone before. All pioneers in their own right, as life is new and uncharted territory for each and all. For no matter how well we try to plan our journey and no matter how many have traveled similar routes, at the end of the day we travel our own journey and meet our challenges in our own way. Did we win or lose, is a question that only we can answer.

Henry Kissinger pointed out that history gives us one sentence. Before Richard Nixon resigned he was 'the president who went to China', after his leaving office he is remembered as: 'Richard Nixon, he was the president who resigned'. My own is still hopefully incomplete: 'Craig Dodge, he was the one who...'. While I live I still have the opportunity to influence the outcome. Bill Watterson in his immortal comic strip Calvin and Hobbes has a character who comments 'I don't think that anyone on their deathbed ever said "I wish I spent more time at the office"'. Which is a quote I often think of, with a slight alteration depending on what I am facing.

So, what I have to ask myself is: how will my sentence be completed? What will I wish I had done more of? What will I wish I had done less of? What I am doing now - is that the whole reason my ancestors existed at all?

*Below-One of two E. P. Dodge Ads - see page 6*



# EARL'S PEARLS

earldodge@  
dodgeoffice.net



As Barbara and I observed our 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary recently I realized that this is fairly common for the Dodges. Oris and Eleanor Blackwell celebrated theirs in recent months and many others have either passed that mark or are nearing it.

The strong family ties that keep so many Dodge homes together are reflected in the number of original JTD Genealogy books which are still in member's homes. In a day when broken homes are no longer rare and when many scorn marriage & the traditional family, we should be thankful that we have such strong families in our Dodge circles.

Calvin Coolidge would be shocked to hear that Vermont is no longer in New England and that its place has been taken by New York. That is what thousands of McDonalds restaurants told their patrons this summer.

They identified Mass, Rhode Island, Conn, New Hampshire, Maine and New York as the six New England states. When many pointed out the gross error the firm said the promotion has "only a month to go" so they will not correct the mistake.

Let me assure our Vermont and New York members that, McDonald's notwithstanding, we know where they are and where their states are located. We often hear laments about geographic ignorance today and this incident shows that corporate executives are not exempt either.

We enjoyed our recent visit to Seattle and the fine reunion there. The day we left I read an article stating that, nationally, Oldsmobile Cutlass was the number three most preferred target of car thieves but in Seattle it is the Plymouth Voyager. If I had seen that a day earlier we might have prevented the theft of Barbara's Voyager. It contained her musical equipment, cameras, etc., etc.

The ticket agent at the airport told us that his car was stolen and found unharmed three months later. So, we hope!

If you have a few travel days left at the end of summer why not use them in late September to attend the New England Dodge Reunion on September 29 in Ipswich, Massachusetts. You will enjoy yourself and meet new family members.

## Loving Arms

*In loving memory of  
Leona B. Dodge 1919-2001  
by Larry E. Dodge*

You're born so small and helpless  
but instinctively you knew,  
the most important need you had was  
the loving arms of mom.

You learned to talk, to walk, and run  
to feel the sting of pain.  
The only way to stop that hurt was  
the loving arms of mom.

The day arrived, it's off to school  
you're out there all alone.  
You made it through that scary day  
to the loving arms of mom.

Graduation day is finally here,  
you're happy and so proud.  
You scan the crowd, you want that hug  
from the loving arms of mom.

You've found your love, you now are one  
of the ceremonies done,  
But before you leave, you have to feel  
those loving arms of mom.

Life has come full circle,  
you've a baby of your own,  
And just as you, your child knows too  
the loving arms of mom.

But time moves on relentlessly,  
those loving arms are gone.  
For mom's now in the warm embrace  
of the loving arms of God.



**LUTHER PALMER DODGE** b. Jan. 23, 1826 in NY, but moved to Medina Co., Ohio. He m. **MARY JANE STOAKES**. What is his ancestry?

**DON'T FORGET THE NEW ENGLAND DODGE FAMILY REUNION to be held at the 1640 HART HOUSE, Ipswich, MA on September 29. Can you sing, play an instrument or display any other talent? Please let us know if you would like to join others who will be entertaining us with their talents at this reunion.**



## Kernels by The Colonel

Col. Robert L. Dodge

### Archaic Medical Terms

Family Records noting disease or cause of death may not be revealing as the terms are not found today.

From Paul Smith, British Doctor, who has a web site explaining medial terms found in Genealogical research.

- Ablepsia, Ablepsy, Aboysia: blindness
- Grocer's Itch: a skin complaint caused by mites in flour and sugar
- Green Fever: Anemia
- Grog Blossoms: Pimples on the nose
- General Paralysis of the insane: Syphilis of the brain
- Marsh Fever, Jungle Fever: Malaria
- Milk Leg: Deep vein thrombosis in the thigh, seen after childbirth
- Natural Decay: old age
- Suffocative Breast Pang: Angina
- Phossy Jaw: a disease match factory workers were prone to get (from Phosphorus destroying their Jaw)
- Scrivener's Palsy: Writer's cramp
- Trench Fever: Ship Fever; Jail Fever; Typhus
- Whiterblood: Leukemia

There are many more definitions on the web site. Browse to: [http://www.paul\\_smith.doctors.org.uk/a.htm](http://www.paul_smith.doctors.org.uk/a.htm)



**WILLIAM HENRY DODGE** was born April 10, 1868 in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, and died March 08, 1949 in Kansas City, Jackson Co., Missouri. He married (1) ??? PINE, and (2) **MARY BELLE HALL** 1907, daughter of **WILLIAM HALL** and **MARTHA NORMAN**. Do YOU have a photo of William in YOUR album? Please contact us if you do.

