

DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 17 No. 4

May/June 2001

Black Donald Mine, Canada

Taken from the book, "The Black Donald Story" by Rita Quilty
Sent to us by Barbara Dodge of Ottawa, a descendent of Frank Dodge

Non-Profit Status

As we mentioned in the last journal, our board has agreed to create a 501(c)3 non-profit entity for the purpose of carrying on educational activities including the granting of scholarships. If you would like to contribute to the cost of doing this or to offer any professional services as an attorney or accountant, please contact our Secretary, Earl F. Dodge, at the Association Office.

"The story of the Black Donald graphite mine (not to be confused with the tiny hamlet of Black Donald Creek) began in 1889, when a homesteader named John Moore, discovered a vein of graphite on the shores of Whitefish Lake in Brougham Township in the southern section of the County of Renfrew in Ontario. Moore was to spend the next six years attempting to interest "money people" in his find.

So begins the fascinating story of Black Donald Mine . . . a story that includes Dodges. Frank Sr., Frank, Alfred, Ambrose, Jim, Jerry, Earl, William, Wilfrid, Jane, Elizabeth....but where did these Dodges originate? For a number of the other

families that worked at this mine, their place of origin is included but not for the Dodges.

The discovery of this high quality ore was discovered in 1889 but mining was not started by the Ontario Graphite Company until 1895. By 1927, The Black Donald Mine was producing 90% of Canada's graphite.

The village of Black Donald Creek was created by the river drivers who built their homesteads on the shores of the Madawaska River and Whitefish Lake. Some of the river drivers brought their wives and children to the area to eke out a living farming, logging or cattle ranching. When the graphite mine opened, it changed the lives of

the people in Black Donald Creek forever.

In the year 1871, John and Joseph Dodge were listed on the first assessment rolls for the area. It is likely that they were brothers. Frank must have been related to them somehow. The first mention of a Dodge child being born, is the son of Frank, Frank Jr. who was born in 1904.

This book is filled with pictures, many of them Dodges. There are poems, and stories; history of the mine and the town. Look for more from this fascinating book in the next Dodge Journal, and if you know anything about the ancestry of these Dodges, PLEASE contact us.



Oscar E. Dodge, son of Oramel and Ruhamah Dodge, b. 1854

In Search of Tristram Genealogy

The Dodge Family Association, with the help of many of it's members is working diligently, collecting as many of the missing Tristram genealogy lines as possible.

A big thank you must go to Jim Bailey of Rhode Island, who has literally scoured Block Island for missing Dodges. He has found better than 200 names which have been added to our Tristram data base.

Norman Dodge of Seattle, has worked with him in sorting out these individuals and making sure they get put in the correct place in the Tristram data base. So many of the Dodge, Rose, and Ball families intermarried that it has been quite a project getting all of this straight. Tim Abel of NY is also working at finding Dodge names. Sometimes the

names found are in the William/Richard line of Dodges and we are happy to add those also.

Dawn Crowley of NY, is busy typing in all of the biographical information from the Tristram book, published in 1904, into the Tristram data base and Stephen Allen Dodge of NJ, is busy on the internet searching for Dodges names in the Tristram line who have done interesting things so that he may write about those in his column.

A number of people have sent their personal Tristram line genealogy to us.

We are asking for your help in this project also. If you are a Tristram Dodge descendant, and are unsure as to whether your genealogy information has been received by us, please contact Norman Dodge: ne-

dodge@aol.com; Norman E. Dodge; 1920 4th Avenue, North; Seattle, WA 98109. Norman will work with you to make sure the data is correct and up to date.

In future mailings, we will be publishing some of these Tristram lines on the back of the letter that accompanies your Journal. We are counting on each of you who knows or believes they are from the Tristram line, to let us know of any additions, corrections, of possibilities of your belonging to a published line.

William & Richard descendants OR Tristram OR Unknown Descendants that have received proof copies from Col. Robert Dodge in San Diego, please send any correction or additions to him. He is awaiting your return of his proof copies.

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Sand In My Shoes

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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My name is Stephen Allen Dodge, (Robert Edward, Robert Arnold, Warren Arnold, Arnold Robert, Robert J., William, William, Samuel, Samuel, William, Tristram) I am pleased to have the opportunity to write a column on the Tristram Line for the Dodge Journal. I would like to write a little about myself so we may get it behind us and move on with gathering and sharing information on the Dodges.

I have been married 12 years to Janice Atlak and we have 2 wonderful children, Gregory Stephen and Nicolette Renee. We live in Linden, NJ although my wife and I were both born and raised on Staten Island in NY.

I grew up with my feet in the Atlantic Ocean. We lived one block away from the beach and any rain storm during high tide brought the ocean to our front door. I remember many times seeing boats going up and down our street.

Midland Beach was once called Coney Island's little sister as during the 1880s & 90s thousands of wealthy New Yorkers packed picnic baskets and boarded boats for the 45 minute ride to go there. They could rent bathing suits, play gambling games, and enjoy the many boardwalk attractions.

After a devastating fire in 1917 destroyed most of the boardwalk and all the wooden structured amusements, Midland Beach continued to attract Manhattan and Brooklyn beachgoers to its clean sandy beaches.

My mom, Mary Ann McKenna, and dad, Robert Edward Dodge, were both born and raised in Midland Beach and are currently enjoying retirement in the Catskill Mountains of New York State.

While visiting my folks in this countryside, they showed me a research our uncle on Long Island did about 15 years ago on my moms parents, McKenna and Carty. I was amazed at all the information gathered. Right then, I decided I wanted to do a research of my own on my dads parents. I knew nothing at all of any other Dodge on earth except my 5 brothers, 1 sister, mom, dad and grandpa Dodge upstate.

My grandparents separated shortly after my Dad was born in the early 1930s. My grandfather, Robert Arnold Dodge, moved 135 miles away and my grandmother, Edna Mae Wilson, lived about a half mile from us so I started researching Grandma Edna.

While searching, I would occasionally call my Dad and ask about his father, but he's kinda old fashion and would only give me dribs and drabs. Then I remembered when I was very young, visiting Grandpa Dodge in New York State, and remembered him telling us about the book "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates" by Mary Mapes Dodge. He told us that Mary Mapes was our great aunt, so I called Dad again, and he said "yep", he remembered hearing that also. So I started my search.

Since I couldn't search my family beyond my Dad, I decided to jump to Mary Mapes and search backwards. After learning there was a Robert and an Arnold near the Mapes line, I contacted the Dodge Family Association who coached this new searcher along. We decided it was time to go to the New York City Archive Building, not even knowing if my family were from around here or not. I was very lucky as I found document after document on my family in the New York City/Brooklyn area for the last 150 years. I've been having lots of fun with my search, and not a day goes by that I don't learn something new about my family's past.

After 14 years of traveling to and from Brooklyn where I work as a computer engraver, I've decided to take some time off, relax a bit, repair the house and find work closer to home. I engrave signs, routing out letters in metal, plastic, and wood. I have signs in almost every building in NYC. This in-between job time allowed me the many trips it took to NYC, Brooklyn and Trenton, New Jer-

sey to obtain proper documentation to connect myself to Tristram. As far as relaxing, repairing the house and finding work closer to home, this will have to wait. My Journey has just begun.

After writing and sending this article to the Dodge Family Association, Barbara wrote back to remind me that we need a title for my column, so we researched articles on Tristram, Block Island, Cow Neck, etc. for a name. After reading this story again, I realized a lot of the early Tristram line may have visited beaches as many lived on the East Coast. My lifelong friend Tim Grady's favorite saying is "There will always be sand in my shoes". Of course I had sand in my shoes, front yard, back yard, and as I have 5 brothers, we had sand in the house too. Next week I'll be visiting my folks in the Catskills and I'm going to surprise them with a bucket of sand!



Did You Know?

Marcia Greene Hawthorne is the caretaker for the Thomas Dodge House in Port Washington, Long Island, NY. She is included in the Dodge update e-mails that are sent out every couple of weeks and also receives a copy of each Journal as it is published. Recently, she sent the following message to our office: "Thank you, Barbara, for the e-mail messages. I feel connected! Even though I'm not a "blood" Dodge, the longer I live in The Thomas Dodge House, the more a member of the family I feel. I've been in touch with Stephen Dodge and will work with Dr. George Williams, the historian/writer here who knows the most about "our" branch of the Tristram Dodge line, on an article for the Journal. "Till then, happy Spring.

Marcia Greene Hawthorne
The Thomas Dodge House
58 Harbor Road
Port Washington, NY 11050

The View From My Window



barbdodge@dodgefamily.org

It was fall of 1991 and 5 months after my big red Malamute, Chinook, had been killed by a car. I had not been able to bring myself to find another malamute puppy, but in late August of this year, our almost 15 yr. old grandson had come to live with us and one beautiful fall Saturday, I woke in the morning thinking, today is the day I want to find a new malamute puppy.

By the end of that day, grandson, Micah and I had brought home a beautiful gray and white, largest of the litter, female puppy which I named Kodiak. We would watch out the window as little Kodiak ran around the yard carrying in her mouth a toy jeep which was about as big as herself.

It was not long before she and Micah became best pals. As she grew, he would lay on the living room floor watching TV with Kodiak as a pillow.

When she was 10 months old, I became concerned with the way she dragged her rear legs when she walked and so it was off to the vet only to find out that she had very severe hip displaisure. The options were to have her euthenized, let her become crippled, or have her operated on - a very expensive proposition. However, that is the option I chose, and son Calvin helped me with the expense.

When Kodiak was a year old, I was outside mowing the lawn one afternoon when a ragged looking dog came trotting by. Concerned that he would be hit on the same street where Chinook had been killed, I called to him and he came over to me. When I reached down to pat him, he lay on his back with all four feet in the air. I had acquired a playmate for Kodiak! They became best pals. I named him, Bear.

Micah was here until he married at age 20. When he left, Kodiak transferred the affection she had for Micah to me, meaning I got a double dose. If I got up to do something, she and Bear would get up and follow me. They could hear thunder long before I could hear it and I would know a storm was on the way because both dogs would run under my desk and lay on my feet making for very cramped quarters.

Kodiak loved to sleep on top of snow while Bear liked to sleep in the house. In

recent months, Kodiak found a 'den' at the end of the yard behind a pile of siding. Whenever I let Bear out, Kodiak's head would pop up from that pile to see what was going on. I have been babysitting Calvin's dog, Sam, a black lab/German Shepherd mix, for the last few months. Sam comes about 7:30 in the morning, and each morning Kodiak and Bear would greet Sam with joyful barks and then the three of them would run outside to play.

One morning about three weeks ago, Kodiak came in the house in the middle of the morning and plopped down in Earl's office. After about 10 minutes, she got up and went into another room and plopped down again.

She did this about 4 more times and each of the last three times, she yipped when she moved. Her breathing was very labored. Just before I had to run out on an errand she moved once more and this time she lay down with her head under my pedal steel guitar. When I got home she had died. She lay right there in full view of my computer for two hours until Calvin could take a break at work and come over to help me get her into my van for her final trip to the vet. I would look at her every little bit almost willing her to get up and come lay her head on my leg as she so often did. But she would never do that again.

Calvin came at 1:30 and we got her into the back of my van. The Doctors, and technicians at the veterinarian's office felt very badly. They had known Kodiak for almost 10 years and had nursed her through her many physical problems and had actually saved her life about 3 years before. It was difficult for me to leave her there. As I drove home with tears in my eyes, so many memories flooded my mind.

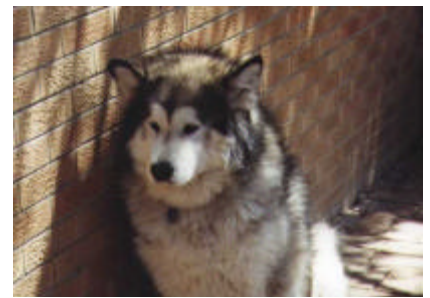
The next morning, I looked out one of the windows that line the wall behind me in the office, and I was thinking of baby Kodiak running around the yard with that toy jeep as big as herself. I saw the rag bone she had been playing with just two days before. . . and . . . I saw something else. . . two very little birds. One was keeping watch on a low limb of the tree, and the other was down on the brick patio picking up pieces of Kodiak's fur that had recently been shed. She already had a mouthful, but she kept running to other bits and tucking them in her mouth also. As I watched the thought came to me . . . Kodiak is gone but her fur will line a nest for new life.

Calvin left Sam here for the weekend so that Bear would have company. Even then,

when Sam went home on the following Monday night, Bear searched for Kodiak. The next morning, I again watched from my window as Bear went outside and looked down at the pile of siding, but there was no Kodiak there to pop her head up. Bear went out to the dog pen to wake Kodiak as he always did if she was sleeping in the dog house, but there was no Kodiak for Bear to arouse. Now, Bear sticks to me like glue and wants to go with me every place I go.

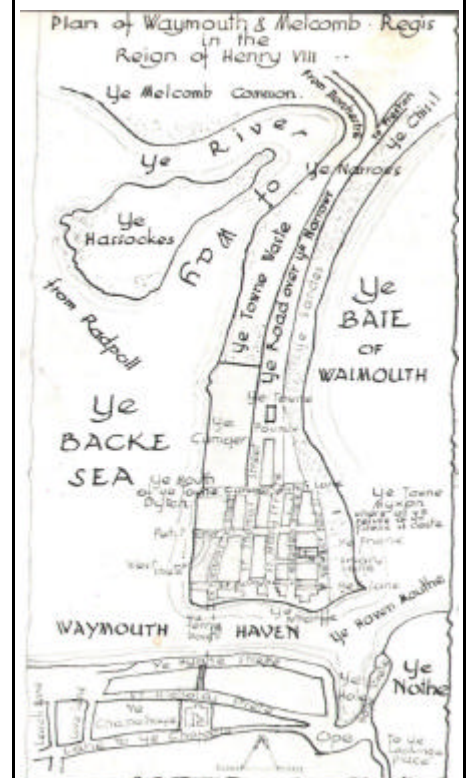
Kodiak, this memorial column is for you. We loved you; Micah, myself, and Bear, and we will miss you. You brightened our lives while you were here. There will never be another Kodiak.

Barbara



Kodiak 1991 - 2001

Ray Dodge of Belgium sent us this map of his home town, Weymouth, England, as it was in the 16th century.



From the Pen of: Passepartout by Craig Dodge



craigdodge@hotmail.com

My wife's parents came out for a short 2-week stay and it meant a couple offacets were added to our lives. Firstly it showed us that we were in a position to have people come and stay. A small point in itself but it meant that we were settled enough to do that, that we had the room and the furniture to cope. It is ironic that 1 year into our stay in Australia we are better off than in our previous 10 years of marriage.

With all the groundwork required in setting up new lives in a new country we haven't had the opportunity to see anything outside of the city itself, so we decided to take the chance to visit a different area of the state. So we trotted off to a town called Busselton, which is South of us about 3 hours drive. We stayed at a lovely resort called Abbey Beach, which had the twin advantage of being self-catering and restaurants at which we could eat if we didn't feel like cooking.

Our arrival there was around 2pm and we spent the afternoon exploring the resort, taking a dip in the heated swimming pool (it's late autumn down here), lounging in the spa, and then sauntering off to the town to pick up some supplies.

The next day involved an interesting trip to what must be one of Busselton's most famous landmarks: The Busselton Jetty, which has made it's name by being the longest wooden jetty in the Southern Hemisphere. At 2 km's (1.25 miles) it is quite a notable achievement (As they like to say down there: 'Where else can you walk 2 kilometers out into the sea and not get your feet wet?'). Being a 4 km round trip and with MS walking being out of the question, (I could have been pushed - but there were no volunteers) we took the train, which was noisy and uncomfortable but something we had to do. The plans for the jetty look great and they are planning on building an underwater observatory to watch the marine life that has gathered around the jetty.

The jetty is so long as a result of the increase of the size of the ships coming to dock there. As the ships got bigger they couldn't come so close to the shore and the jetty had to be extended. No ships use the jetty anymore, so it is now

simply a tourist attraction and a site for the local inhabitants to fish off.

Our next stop off was to an animal reserve, to see some of the local creatures and where I saw my first kangaroos and dingoes. For those who don't know dingoes are a type of wild dog. I suppose a bit like a coyote but a smaller version. Up to a little while ago it was not believed that dingoes would attack a human (though the Meryl Streep movie *A Cry In The Dark* was about a baby getting snatched by a dingo, the mother was blamed, convicted and later acquitted) but about a week ago 2 dingoes did kill a little boy and were caught doing so. Opinion here in Australia is divided as to what could or should be done about it.

Probably the highlight of that little stopover was the incredible coloured parrots and cockatoos., one of which took a liking to my father in laws hat and sat on it for quite some time, then decided to nibble his ear, painful but very funny for the rest of us.

The next day saw us off to a winery where we were taught the basics of wine tasting and had a super lunch over looking the winery. Australia has become one of the best wine countrys and the South West of Western Australia produces some of the best of that.

We then went to a sheep farm to watch some sheep shearing being done. Quite by chance a television film crew was there filming the farm for a tourism TV show and my daughter, Rachel, made her debut TV appearance. Here I felt we saw the essence of Australia; large scale sheep farms and roving men, singularly or in groups, traveling around picking up work shearing sheep. Having recently learned the meaning to the words to *Waltzing Matilda*, I could picture these men, in almost identical conditions, living rough but contented.

All too soon our trip was over and it was back to Perth. When I was young and growing up in Zimbabwe, we longed for holidays to the coast in South Africa and there was always a feeling of great sorrow as we packed up to return to landlocked, third world, Zimbabwe, it's a feeling I've never shaken off. But I must admit that it was with a feeling of satisfaction that we unpacked at our house in Perth and I knew the sea was 5 min. away, and for Les, Rachel and me, at least, picnics on the seaside watching the setting sun, are off only until we decide to do it again, maybe tomorrow...



Kernels by The Colonel

Col. Robert L. Dodge

Much has been written about the Greatest Generation. Being overlooked today are the men and women of America's Armed Forces. They are trained to the teeth. Their supplies, because of their many commitments around the world, are short, maintenance of equipment lacks numbers and spare parts, BUT there they stand more than ready and willing to answer their Country's call to give their all.

I am reminded of 1941. All too many of our Countrymen have forgotten or never knew THIS TIME FRAME.

Our 911 Force is the U.S. Marine Corp. One of them is a DODGE. Trained razor sharp, physically near perfect, and mentally prepared. He is John Kevin Dodge, Lt. Colonel, Helicopter pilot, Squadron Commander, just replaced, headed for Command and Staff College to prepare for further advancement and added responsibilities. This assignment will be different, He will be with his wife and daughters... where is heart is, but HE IS ON CALL FOR COMBAT!

Kevin's father was John L. Dodge of Detroit, MI, his father was Selwin A. Dodge, also of the Detroit area, who helped start the Lions International Dog for Blind program. DOES ANYONE HAVE OTHER GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION ABOUT HIS FAMILY?

Reunions across the country:

June 24 - Scott, Cambria, WI Contact: Phil Slinger, 920-336-1995; pjslinger1@gbonline.com

July 14 - Seattle, WA Contact: Eileen Dodge, 206-336-1995 edodge1946@aol.com

July 21 - Hesperia, MI - contact: James Dodge, 616-861-5403

Sept. 29, Ipswich, MA Contact Dodge Family Association. barbdodge@dodgefamily.org

Jan.19, 2002, San Diego, CA Contact: Col. R. L. Dodge, 619-282-4246

Earl's Pearls

earldodge@
dodgeoffice.net



Pictured on this page is the group attending our 15th Anniversary Reunion in New England. The beautiful photo is available for just \$18.00 including shipping. Also available is



the special Anniversary Button which pictures the 1640 Hart House in Ipswich where we meet.

These are just \$5 each or 3 for \$10. These both make wonderful keepsakes for all Dodges.

Plans are shaping up for our May 2002 tour of England. We now have decided on a 16 day tour starting in early May. This time escapes the higher prices that take effect during tourist season. We will visit Colchester, the oldest recorded town in England, the Air Force Museum at Duxford where many WW II planes are preserved and still fly and Nottingham (I do not know if we will meet the sheriff). As usual, all lodging, two full meals per day, all baggage handling, admission fees transportation in England and tips are included. The only other cost will be lunch - if your stomach has room after a big English Breakfast.

The Bullock Coach company which we use treats us royally. We have an excellent driver, Roger Wragg, and a very comfortable coach with lots of room to spread out. Our group will be 25 to 35 in size so everyone will be able to get well acquainted. Many permanent friendships have been formed on previous trips. Already, at least eight people who were on the last trip are planning to come again. If you have an interest in coming let us know and we will send you special information as we receive it from England.

We hope to have full details and an all-inclusive tour price for you before our next Journal. Barbara and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary (July 20) by visiting England and Scotland in August. We will see our family's friends, Ray and Muriel Preston and visit with Alan Bullock about the Tour.

.....And.....the Mysteries Continue to Abound!

by Jeff Erwin JeffJErwin@aol.com

Walter R. Dodge was born in 1803. According to the NY State Census for 1865, he was born in Ulster co, NY. Sometime before 1830 he married (possibly in Tompkins Co.) Mary Reese (Nov.1806 - Sept. 1868). Her parents were John and Letitia Reese of Herkimer Co.; they were living with Walter in 1865. By 1840 Walter was living in Trumbull Co., Ohio; 2 years later he moved to Pleasantville, Venango Co., PA, where he resided until 1870, when he moved to live with his daughter Adelaide in Chautauqua co (based off Pleasantville land records). He died in 27 Mar 1891 in Portland, Chautauqua Co., NY.

His known children are:

1. John or Jonathan Reese Dodge (1830-1881); a 1st Lieutenant in the Civil War. He married Jeanie McGill and had 3 sons and 2 daughters. He died in Pierce City, Missouri.
2. Edward Dodge 1831-1847. Buried in Pleasantville by Walter, Mary Reese and Eliphalet.
3. Almira Dodge 1832-
4. Eliphalet D. Dodge 1837-1913. He married Hellen Matteson (1835-1907) of Crawford co and had 2 sons.
5. Julia Maria Dodge 1844- married Milton Jabez Munson (1828-) of Portland, Chautauqua Co.

6. Adelaide Dodge 1848- married Elisha Howard Fay (1844-) of Portland, and had a son and a daughter.

Clues and Notes:

The only Dodge listed for Ulster Co. for the 1810 census is Anthony Dodge. No Anthony Dodge is known in the genealogies that fits this; however there is an Anthony Dodge (1806-1879), son of Francis Dodge (1759-1841) of Madison Co., NY. Though we know only two siblings of Francis (Rufus (of Greene Co.) and Catherine)--children of Rufus Dodge 1736-1776, it's hard to know if there were not others.

Because Francis (1759-1841)'s wife Catherine Williams has no Anthonys apparent in her family, one might wonder if Anthony is an unrecorded son of Rufus 1736-76. If Anthony was Walter's father it should be noted that he disappears prior to 1820. He may have died, leaving Walter to relatives. This could explain some of the mystery.

Other facts, such as the Herkimer origins of Mary Reese, point to a migration upstate.

Walter's professions were as a tailor and a hotelier, which may have been learned as a trade as a young man.

With regard to Ulster Co. Dodges, most are associated with either Orange Co. to the south, or Greene Co. to the north; because the Greene Dodges are associated closer with the Mohawk valley it seems more likely that Walter is related to them.





GENEALOGY REQUESTS COLUMN

William Peter Dodge had one sister named Nada, and a brother named Ted or Theodore who was also a Judge in Ontario, Canada. William Peter Dodge (b.1906, dec.1978) married to Mary Margaret Meany (b.6/12/1903) They had 6 children, William (Dec.2000), Robert (Dec.1973), Anna Juanita (Logan), Tom (Dec), and Stewart and Gwendalyn (Dec) The family resided in Tillsonburg, Ontario, Canada, and after the children were grown, in Cochrane, Ontario and St. Laurent, Manitoba. I am the son of Stewart Adam Alexander Dodge and Patsy (Fischer) Dodge. Contact: Peter Dodge at: sipedo@hotmail.com

Luther Palmer Dodge was born in New York on 23 Jan 1826. It is not known how long his family lived in NY but we do know that he moved to Medina County Ohio, sometime in the 1830s to 1840s. Luther married Mary Jane Stoaks in Medina, Medina Co, Ohio on 29 Mar 1849. The Stoaks were originally from Steuben Co, and Orange Co, New York. Luther and Mary were living in Delaware Co, Ohio in 1850 and their next door neighbor was a **George W. Dodge** who we have traced in our Tristram data base to be a nephew of **Joel PALMER Dodge**, who was a son of **Benjamin Dodge** and **Tabitha Dodge**. We have the ancestry of Tabitha but not that of Benjamin. We believe the PALMER name came from Benjamin's ancestry as there is no Palmer in the ancestry of Tabitha. We want to find Benjamin's ancestry because we believe that his lost ancestry might very well be the cause of a number of our mysteries. Can you help with this? If you have internet capabilities, you may read more about what we believe regarding the connection between Luther Palmer Dodge, and Benjamin and Tabitha. We have added a link in our Navbar directly to "**Genealogy Requests**". You can find 'Dodge, Benjamin' and 'Dodge, Luther Palmer' alphabetically on the Table of Contents page.

In Search of Daniel Dodge m/Elizabeth Sternberg

by Adrienne Sherrin: dasherrin@home.com

Our family history says that our Dodges went to the Mohawk Valley of New York State in the 1700s. However, we have been unable to find his parents, nor records of birth or of marriage for Daniel nor can we find the births of his first two children who were born in the US. (Adam and Sarah)

We know that Daniel married Elizabeth STERNBERG who was born in the Mohawk Valley Oct. 16, 1772 of parents Margariet PRINTUP and Adam STERNBERG. Daniel and Elizabeth had the following children:

Sarah who was probably born in the USA. She married a Mr. BUNDY and went to Buffalo, NY

Adam (1795-1864)- born in the USA. He married Anna KARN

Mary (1802->1883)- married Peter Sylvester REXFORD and went to Michigan

Lydia (~1805)- married Cyrus WILLIAMS and went to Illinois

Jesse (1809-1877) – m.1. Lucy BURDICK 2. Sarah THORNTON

Permilia (1811-1899) – married Lauriston CRITTENDEN

Joseph (1812-) - unmarried

Jane (1815-1872)- married Heman MEAD? and went to Illinois

]

Sometime prior to 1800, Daniel and Elizabeth set off for Canada. They were probably accompanied by three of Elizabeth's sisters and their husbands. Namely, Maria and Adam EHLE, Sarah and John McCOLLOM and Jane and Isaac MERRITT. Our family history suggests that John McCollom and Daniel may have been cousins.



This is a photo of Dr. Cass Dodge.

Does anyone know who this Dodge was?

The group stopped off for a few years in Smithville, Ontario. Smithville (Lincoln county) would be on the direct route from Niagara into the rest of Ontario. From a book called "The Annals of the Forty" comes the following information: In 1801, Daniel Dodge, James McCollum and Adam Ehle were elected overseers of roads. They are present in a list of landowners. In 1811 it is noted that Daniel Dodge is absent. However there is a Samuel and a James Dodge on adjacent properties - lots 2 and 3 concession 5, Grimsby township. Also John McCollum is still shown, as are Isaac Merritt and Adam Ehle.

Note "The Forty" was a creek which was 40 miles from Niagara-on-the-lake which was the way creeks were named back then.

The earliest evidence in Oxford county of Daniel Dodge was in 1805 when land purchases can be found. After that time, we have a pretty good grasp on the family. Adam is said to have taken his father's place as a soldier in the war of 1812, as Daniel was a farmer and was needed to feed the family. Fortunately Adam survived as he is our ancestor.) Although Daniel was primarily a farmer, he found work in a number of other areas.

- 1812, Oxford Upon the Thames Assessment Roll - Daniel is listed as owning 79 acres of uncultivated, and 16 acres of cultivated land, 2 horses, and 3 cows
- 14 Dec 1808 - received 17.50 pounds for repair of Hwys.
- 14 June 1814 - one of five highway overseers for "Oxford"
- 14 Mar 1815 - appointed as constable
- 8 July 1817 - appointed as constable
- 3 Dec 1818 described as "of Oxford", among many others received 3 pounds 15 schillings under the Tavern Bill. Given a tavern licence..

Daniel died in 1824, leaving a will written in 1822, Elizabeth and Joseph as trustees. We have been unable to find death or burial information for either Daniel or Elizabeth.