



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Sorting Out the Tristram Line

By Harry Erwin, PhD

The Dodge Family Association has been running a DNA project to help sort out the ancestry of our many mystery branches. So far, it has been successful in classifying study participants into lines leading back to Tristram and William/Richard Dodge, and has clarified the relationships to Dodge-surnamed individuals in Great Britain and other countries. That with critical analysis of the available records is beginning to give us an understanding of where we came from.



The effectiveness of the DNA project depends on adequate data. We need 37-marker (desirably 67-marker) data for all participants, and we need *more* participants with known lineages. I have done analyses for all branches, but I am particularly interested in the Tristram line, since my male-line ancestor, Walter Dodge—there was a family name change about three generations back—is one of the outstanding mysteries.

This image shows the first five generations of Dodge surnames in the Tristram branch, with vertical lines showing where the individuals who have provided DNA samples and have known ancestry fit in. There are as many more mysteries left out.

Tristram1 is the line on the outside at the far left. (It is shown as two individuals because I actually have him represented in two ways—as both the unambiguous marker sequence and the maximum likelihood sequence.) His sons are shown with their descendents, and make up four family clusters. (The data used for this are from the book of Tristram descendents that is currently being edited. The program that generated the image was MacClade 4.0.8, with some further editing using GraphicConverter.) When you overlay this tree with the Y-chromosome markers, you discover that the mutation rates are lower than most people imagine. For example, there is only one marker in the set of 37 that seems to vary among the four children of Tristram, which means only one of the four families can be characterised based on a single marker. We have living members of the DFA who appear to differ from Tristram at only one marker. If we had more data, we would probably be able to sort things out better, but right now, we really don't know that much. Marker information for the Richard/William lines is even less clear.

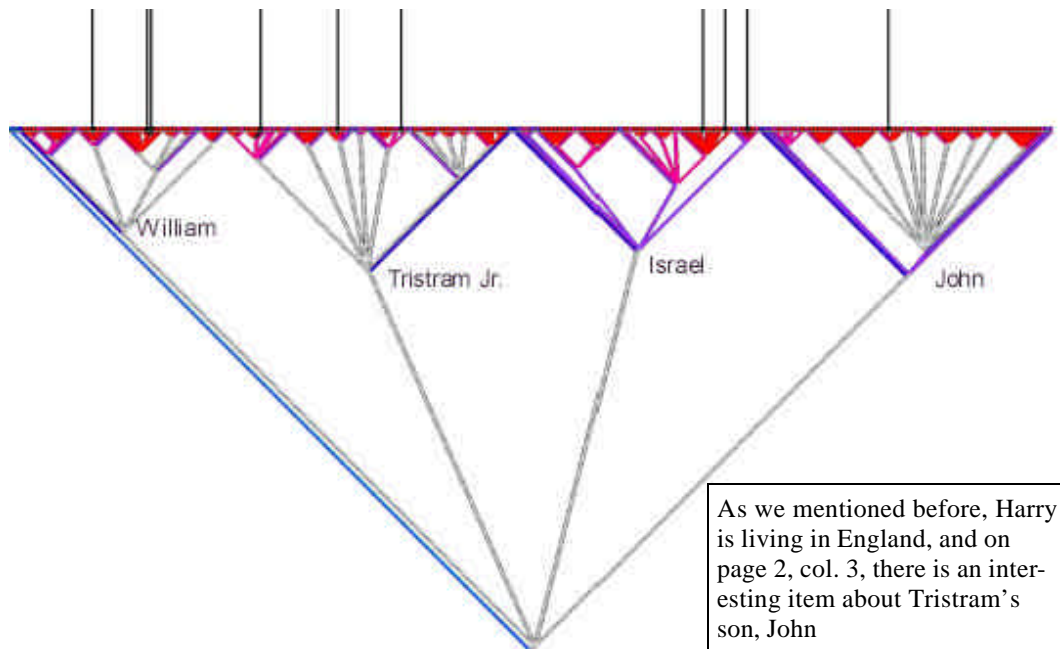
So, please consider donating your data to the study for the 37-marker test, and if you can afford it for the 67-marker test. The Association has indicated that it will help with the costs if necessary. My personal request is for additional data from members of the following families, since it will clarify the relationships of a large number of mystery lines:

- Tristram, William, Tristram
- Tristram, William, Jeremiah
- Tristram, Tristram, Tristram
- Tristram, Tristram, Nathaniel
- Tristram, Israel, Israel
- Tristram, John, John
- Tristram, John, David Britain

REMINDER:

To allow your DNA to be compared to FTDNA data base, not just Dodges, e-mail us and we will put the change in for you.

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As we mentioned before, Harry is living in England, and on page 2, col. 3, there is an interesting item about Tristram's son, John



SAND IN MY SHOES

by
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The house at 151 Grove Street.

In 1858, John Turner Dodge, my third great granduncle, built a house at 151 Grove Street, Montclair, New Jersey for his brother William Dodge, III and wife Mary Mapes Dodge. On this large parcel of land, he included a guest house, a writing studio, a large barn and upon Mrs. Dodge's request, many fruit groves with newly planted trees.

William and Mary had two children, James and Harrington at this location before William Dodge, III disappeared and supposedly drowned. Shortly thereafter, William was quietly buried at Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York.

His two sisters, Helen and Jane moved in with the widowed Mary Mapes Dodge and her 2 children. Mary loved the house and did most of her writing in a specially build room in the attic, but the traveling back and forth to work in New York City was putting a drain on her.

During the early 1870's Mary Mapes Dodge relocated to New York City to be closer to her place of business, Scribners and Company where she was the editor of St. Nicholas Magazine. Helen and Jane remained at the Montclair mansion and the Cruttenden Family was now living with them on the property.

In June 1878, George Inness, the famous American landscape painter settled in the gate-house of this property at 151 Grove Street. During December, 1884, George Inness purchased the house and its surrounding structures, which included the gatehouse, a barn, a guest house and the writing studio, which he converted to his painting studio. It is in this studio where George Inness painted several of his masterpieces. In February 1885, he made the guesthouse his permanent home, connecting it to the main house by a covered bridge.

George Inness died while in Scotland in 1894. According to his son, he was viewing the sunset, when he threw up his hands into the air and exclaimed, "My God! oh, how beautiful!", fell to

the ground, and died minutes later. Soon after the Inness family moved out of 151 Grove Street.

The mansion remained empty for many years and in 1912 it was put up for sale. Herwick C. Dodge, a nephew of the builder of this mansion, inspected the interior where as a kid, he had a room on the third floor when he visited his uncles and aunts. Mr. Dodge went to the room he had occupied as a child and was kicking around some papers that were scattered about the floor. He noticed a canvas with a rough sketch of a girl on it and picked it up. On the reverse side of this canvas Herwick noticed what appeared to be a well painted portrait of a man.

Herwick carefully carried the portrait to William T. Evans of the Montclair New Jersey Art Association, who is in possession of many of Inness's masterpieces, and the latter at once recognized the portrait to be that of the artist himself. The painting was not signed but Mr. Evans and others, who declared the picture to be a remarkable likeness, are of the opinion that it was painted by the artist himself. The painting, the only known painted portrait of the artist was very dusty and soiled but after some expert cleaning it was presented by Herwick C. Dodge to the Montclair Art Association and hung along with other works by George Inness.

I visited the site of the mansion today and there was a house and a beautiful church on the property, nothing left of the mansion. I did visit the church office. They were surprised to learn that Mary Mapes Dodge and George Inness lived on the property. They were also happy to see and copy the journal article that I brought along with me.

From there I visited the Montclair Art Museum. I told the lady at the front door that I was there to collect my painting and went on to explain the story to her about my Uncle Herwick. She welcomed me with open arms, free admission and coffee and cake to boot. She pointed the way to the George Inness exhibit down the hall and said she was going to ask around the museum to see if she could find any information on my portrait.

As I entered the room with the Inness exhibit, a tour guide was describing each painting to a small group of

followers. I timed it just right and enjoyed the history ... but there was no self portrait here of George.

I went back to the lady at the front door and she told me the bad news ... they have no such portrait and have no record of it. She asked if she could copy the papers I had with me and asked me to leave my name and address with her.

To make a long story short, as I was leaving, she (the lady at the front door) told me that her great grandmother's name was Mary Dodge. A quick look, looks like Mary L. Dodge married S. R. Riggs before 1850. I will look into this to see if I can connect her somewhere. *~~~~~*

In the Tristram genealogy by Robert Dodge and the later genealogy by Theron Royal Woodward, it mentions that Tristram probably came from the 'River Tweed' area of England which is on the northern border. DNA from Dodes who have paper trails to Offerton, Stockport, England, show that there is a relationship between them and the Tristram descendants in this country but we have seen no positive proof of Tristram residing in Northern England ...until now. Harry Erwin sent us the following:

"John, Tristram's eldest son, was born in 1643 in the Tweed Valley (in the Scottish Borders) and married the daughter of a Scottish POW who fought at the Battle of Dunbar (1650) near Berwick in the valley of the Tweed. The Stuart King at the time of Dunbar was Charles II, the brother of the Duke of York (eventually James II). Tristram was later an agent of James II. I suspect Tristram was a POW, too. The Dunbar Death March is still remembered in the Borders. *Harry*

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The View From My Window



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It seems that in this day and age, many of the young people seem to have no 'character'. I think that parents who have tried to make sure their children have it 'easier' than they did, are doing a great disservice to these young people.

Many of us 'older folks' and perhaps most of us 'older folks' grew up in families that had to struggle in their everyday living.

We would walk miles in the summer pulling a child's wagon to pick blueberries in the woods which we would bring home to be made into pies and jam.

Before the war, daddy would get a hundred or more baby chicks which he would put in a pen on our covered south side porch with light bulbs to keep them warm so that we would have chicken to eat later. He also got some baby turkeys...less of those...so that we would have turkey at Thanksgiving and Christmas and have some to sell to others.

Mama got up at 4 every morning to make the pies that daddy would drive in to Boston to be sold at the Women's Exchange.

Daddy planted a very large garden and he and mama canned the vegetables from that garden so that we would have them on hand in the winter. We tried to be self-sufficient as much as possible because money was so scarce, but it was a safe, contented life.

DFA member, Brenton Dodge of Missouri, sent some of his memories of growing up in Maine, and I am sure that many of you have similar memories. His mention of picking and selling mayflowers each spring, reminded me of the time I picked violets and tried to sell them in our small town of Weston. Of course, everyone knew everyone else pretty much, and the word got back to my mother, who put a stop to THAT immediately!

Sadly, I fear that very few of our young people today will have such stories to tell their children and grandchildren.

Over the summer I am in hopes of putting together a book of my memories

for our children and grandchildren with photos interspersed throughout.

One of our grandsons will be on the mission field someplace in the world within a very few years and I am sure that he and his family will have struggles that they would not have if they stayed here, but that will provide many memories that he can pass on to his children and grandchildren. He and Rebecca are expecting their first child, Benjamin Joshua, in October.

Barbara

Reminiscences

By Brenton Dodge

I was born in August 1926. Within four more years, my sister, Marion, and brother, Malcolm, were born. My Mom was 19 years old. With the birth of my brother in 1930, my family moved from Everett, MA back to Mom's parent's farm in Scarborough, ME.

There is where I grew up with all the attendant chores associated with working a 100-acre farm that produced milk, butter, cottage cheese, eggs, broilers, 150 turkeys a year, and a plethora of kinds of seasonal fruits and vegetables for our family's consumption and for the customers in Portland, ME who were served on a market route every Thursday.

As a boy, I even got a few coins from the sale of bunches of mayflowers picked each spring along the edge of the woods. Our woods provided the fuel for our kitchen stove and hot air furnace -- twenty cords of it cut on the stump and hauled to the pasture in preparation for cutting it into firebox lengths with a one-cylinder gasoline engine and rotary saw.

The furnace wood was stacked in the basement and the kitchen stove wood in the shed. As a child, I was paid five cents an hour to help stack it from the floor to the ceiling. I suspect this was my first wage. The money went into my "piggy bank" which was really a brass horse, and then into a passbook savings account in Portland. During the cold weather, it was the job of one of us children to fill the kitchen woodbox once a day. We did this by carting armfuls of wood from the shed

into the house. As teenagers we prided ourselves with how much we could carry in each load – which was a lot more than I could carry now. Like so many New England farmsteads, the house was connected to the barn by a story and half shed, making the trip back and forth more tolerable in cold or inclement weather.

Our toilet (a three-holer) was attached to the far end of the shed. The shed also housed the ice house. We restocked it each winter with blocks of ice cut from nearby ponds. I remember trips to saw mills to bag and bring home sawdust for packing the ice.

In the summer when the well was dry, we collected rainwater off the roofs of the shed and barn for use on laundry day which was Monday at our house.

I rehearse these memories and others in my mind from time to time when I cannot sleep between three and six in the morning. I have written longer narratives for a maybe-to-be published autobiography for my children and grandchildren.

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 ★
 ★ **In Honor of July 4, 1776** ★
 ★ **An old patriotic song** ★
 ★
 ★ This is my country! Land of my birth! ★
 ★ This is my country! Grandest on earth! ★
 ★ I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the ★
 ★ bold, ★
 ★ For this is my country to have and to hold ★
 ★
 ★ What difference if I hail from North or ★
 ★ South, Or from the East or West? ★
 ★ My heart is filled with love for all of ★
 ★ these. ★
 ★ I only know I swell with pride, ★
 ★ And deep within my breast ★
 ★ I thrill to see Old Glory paint the breeze. ★
 ★
 ★ With hand upon heart I thank the Lord ★
 ★ For this my native land, ★
 ★ For all I love is here within her gates. ★
 ★ My soul is rooted deeply ★
 ★ In the soil on which I stand, ★
 ★ For these are mine own United States. ★
 ★
 ★ This is my country! Land of my choice! ★
 ★ This is my country! Hear my proud voice! ★
 ★ I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the ★
 ★ bold, ★
 ★ For this is my country! To have and to ★
 ★ hold. ★
 ★
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Tragedy of Dodge Hollow

by George Woodbury

The story below appeared in a New Hampshire newspaper (date unknown) and was supplied to us by Lucretia Dodge of Nashua. The Andrew Dodge mentioned in the story is #629 in the Dodge Family Genealogy by Joseph Thomson Dodge.

A mother and three of her children lost their lives when the great storm swept "Dodge Hollow" one nightmare night in 1848. It was the greatest single catastrophe to strike the river community. As was emphasized at the triple funeral, "The Hand of God lay heavily upon Cornish."

"Dodge Hollow" is a narrow ravine that opens to the northwest of Cornish Flats. It already had an evil reputation before Captain Andrew Dodge took up his farm there. In 1821 a violent summer storm - probably off shoot from an aberrant West Indian hurricane - struck from the southeast. The ravine acting like a funnel compressed the storm as though directed through a giant wind tunnel. No one lived there then, so no one was injured but hundreds of trees were broken off or literally torn up by the roots with the incredible fury of the wind.

Captain Andrew Dodge, who originated in Woburn, Mass., had won his commission in the war of 1812. He was a good farmer but vexed with "woman trouble." "Incompatibility" would be the modern expression. He and his wife just could not live together. Divorce was almost unknown in those days. They simply agreed to separate. Mrs. Dodge lived in Hartland, Vt., and the Captain took up a farm in the ravine which soon acquired from him the name of "Dodge Hollow." Their three children were grown up and married and off on their own.

In 1848 Captain Dodge was 77 years old and not as spry as he had been. He and his housekeeper lived alone in the Hollow rather apart from near neighbors. His son, Andrew Dodge Jr., who was a prosperous mechanic in Boston, Mass., thought that the hot summer in the city was hard on his wife and their brood of five and that a summer in

the country would do them good and also help the old man run his little farm. So Captain Dodge, his housekeeper, his daughter-in-law and her five small children were packed into, the small cottage farm house in the Hollow that fateful summer.

On the 27th of July, 1848, there had been signs of a "weather-breeder" all day. The air was oppressive, swallows were diving low to the ground and the maple leaves were showing their pale undersides as they stirred in the up-draft. It felt like a thunderstorm which would have been seasonable - but there were no dense black thunder heads piling up in the Northeast as there should be. On the contrary the sky was a uniform dirty yellow. "Might be wood fires, up country," Captain Dodge concluded as he went about his ordinary chores.

They were sitting down to supper when it started. At first there came smatters of rain, each drop landing with a splat and making a spot as big as a half dollar. With a low distant scream the wind whistled up the Hollow from the southeast. The rain became a deluge and driven horizontally by the mounting blast of wind, hit the gable end of the cottage house like a fire hose.

Rain drove around the window sash, then the panes smashed inwards under the blast. The windows on the lee side instantly were blown out of the building. But there were heavy Indian shutters in the casements and the terrified Dodes pulled them shut against the mounting storm.

It was an honestly built and well constructed house. Like all houses of the time it was built on a "full frame" with heavy supporting timbers, joined and braced and cross braced like a barn. The heavy eight by eight chestnut timber creaked and groaned as they moved under the terrific impact. When the gusts let up the heavy timbers returned to position only to be strained again. A crack opened in the roof boards. With a rending barely audible above the storm half the roof tore off and vanished into the darkness. It was impossible to make a light. The uproar which had now reached a sustained demonical scream made speech impossible. No one really knew what hap-

pened.

The following morning which dawned fair, sunny and clear - just as though it had never thought of storms - brought neighbors to the Hollow to see how the Dodes had fared. Captain Dodge's house was a low jumble of splintered timbers. It was as though a giant foot had trodden it flat. Cries and moans from the wreckage showed some had survived, and in a frenzy of haste they explored the ruins.

Captain Dodge emerged unscathed and so did his housekeeper. One of his grandsons was found unconscious but still breathing - almost scalped by a brick from the chimney. Mrs. Dodge Jr., and three of her children were found crushed under the heavy timbers, but in her arms, sleeping comfortably was her new baby who had been shielded by his mother's mangled body.

"The Lord gave (sic) and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord" was Andrew Dodge's only comment of the disaster when the word reached him.

Yankees seldom slop over emotionally. The triple funeral conducted by Rev. Nahum P. Foster, drew a bigger crowd than the Baptist Church could accommodate and had to be held out of doors.

Not long afterwards, Andrew Dodge Jr. married again and began another impressively numerous family.

Old Captain Dodge rebuilt on the same location and died there years later, in 1860 at the ripe age of 89. The baby, Asahel, who survived the hurricane, grew up, ran away to sea and eventually lost his life falling from a topmast yardarm in mid-ocean.

His brother, Lemuel, the almost scalped, moved south and became so impressed with the southern way of life, he joined the Confederate Army when the Civil War broke out and rose to the rank of a Major in the command of the wild Texan, Ben McCullough. At some point, he married Blanche Carpenter and they had a son, Hubert Andrew Dodge b. 6 Aug. 1867. After the war, 1866, he returned to "Dodge Hollow" in Cornish once, but returned south again and all-trace of him was lost.

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THE Greatest Generation

Tom Brokaw wrote a best selling book about World War II entitled "The Greatest Generation". That phrase has become popular and is used frequently now to describe both servicemen and civilians of that era. I was a boy then and remember well the sacrifices made by people then. I recall the gold star flags honoring those who gave their lives in that conflict.

Yet, I am convinced that THE greatest generation in America was surely that one which fought the greatest military force in the world to give us our Independence. In 1776 there were no mass production lines to turn out plans, tanks and boats by the thousands. Congress could not appropriate billions to feed the troops. In fact, many of the colonial soldiers suffered from malnutrition.

In WW II our fighting men had a united country behind them. In 1776, many Americans wanted to stay linked to England and a goodly number enlisted in the British army to fight their fellow Americans. We had allies in our WW II battles. In 1776 no one helped us until the French, seeing that we were going to win, finally sent some ships at the last moment to help in Virginia.

Most Americans who fought in the war for Independence were paid very little and often that was in worthless continental scrip. They received no low cost loans at wars' end to buy their first home. No G.I. Bill to provide a college education. Some came home to find their homes and businesses ruined by British troops or by their Tory allies.

My ancestor Charles Dodge of Massachusetts and others like him prized freedom above all other possessions. They were willing to sacrifice all to attain their liberty. Then, when they won, they laid down their arms and went back to their normal life routines. George Washington, whom I believe was Providentially provided as

our first leader, went back to his farm and private life when he could have been a king.

All succeeding generations have been able to build on the foundation laid by the brave men and women of THE greatest generation of that 1776-1782 era. *~*~*~*

The following article was taken from the Dedication in a book written by DFA member, Joseph V. Dodge about Lake County, Colorado.

There were more Dodes in the Revolutionary War than any other family. They radically believed in freedom then, and it has not changed to this day. They chose all types of occupations. Many were civil engineers and they were the surveyors that surveyed the railroad beds across this country.

There were Dodes in all walks of life during the early years in the west. David Child Dodge was very instrumental in the development of Denver, Colorado.

Arthur George Dodge was the son of George Wesley Dodge and Emily C. Blanchard Dodge. He was born at Berlin, Vermont and was descendant of George Wesley Dodge, Asa Dodge, Nathaniel Dodge, Elijah Dodge, Joseph Dodge, and Richard Dodge who was born in 1602 and arrived in Salem in 1638 following his brother William Dodge who came to Salem in 1629.

Arthur was a school teacher who came west. Winona Ann Kline also came west and they married in Denver, Colorado, and then moved to Leadville, Colorado.

Arthur became the personal secretary and business manager of the millionaire A. H. Hunter.

Arthur and had a home in Leadville, Colorado and also owned a ranch at Buena vista, Colorado along with the Woodland Brook Camp. Winona Ann ran the ranch with the help of their two children, daughter Ruthella E. Dodge and son Blanchard K. Dodge. Arthur spent most of his time in Leadville, Colorado, attending to his duties there.

Winona spent much of her time taking care of the ranch at Buena Vista and riding the stagecoach back and forth from Buena Vista to Leadville to

spend time with husband.

Arthur died in Buena Vista, Colorado on February 17, 1924 at the age of 53. Death was caused by lung problems.

Winona was a registered nurse but after marrying Arthur George Dodge, she was not able to practice because of her duties of running the ranch and later running the Woodland Brook Camp. Winona Ann moved the Colorado Midland Railroad station from its site on Midland hill just east of town to the Woodland Brook Camp where it became the office for the Woodland Brook and still exists as such to this

*In
Memory*



Art Dodge whose family is involved in planning the Dodge Reunion in Hesperia, Michigan, died the day before the reunion this year. He had been battling cancer for some time. Below is the Dodge Knight that belonged to Art and



is now in the possession to Norman and Eileen Dodge. He carries in his arms the Dodge Motto which means something like: "Let me live a life of gentle ease". By his feet is a sign that says "The Protector of the Dodge Heritage"

~~*~*



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
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This month was highlighted by a trip to Hesperia, Michigan, to attend a Dodge Family Reunion. We drove nearly 2500 miles from Olympia WA to Michigan. About fifty people attended the reunion. They do it Pot luck and there was plenty to eat for all. The weather was not too hot and the facilities just grand. This is mainly one family descended from Rufus Dodge, son of Henry Dodge & Lucretia Degau.

New York Mystery:

We are looking for the parents of John Dempster Dodge, born 24 March 1824 most likely in Jefferson Co., New York. A tinsmith by trade, he died 24 January 1869 in Lowville, Lewis Co., New York. On 17 March 1848 he married Orphana King Murray. She was born 26 March 1830 in Philadelphia, Jefferson Co., New York. They had two children, both born in Lowville. Their daughter, Lois Ella Dodge, was born 28 June 1854 and married in 1906 to Andrew Anguish. Their son, John Seymour Dodge was born 19 June 1856 and died 7 March 1918 – it is unknown if he married.

Illinois to New Mexico Mystery:

The Herscher Area Historical Society in Illinois is seeking information on Herman M. Dodge who resided in Cardiff, Illinois at the time of the Cardiff coalmine explosion in 1903. Reportedly Herman moved to New Mexico and no trace of him can be found. The Historical Society is looking for parents, siblings, etc.

Pennsylvania to Mississippi to Illinois:

Karima Allison has written asking for information on the ancestry of her g-g-grandmother, Catherine Rosetta Dodge. Catherine married Benjamin Rush Neal in 1839 in Philadelphia. After the wedding the couple moved to Copiah County, Mississippi where they remained until the end of the Civil War, when they migrated to Murphysboro, Jackson County, Illinois. Catherine and Benjamin had five children: Katherine Elizabeth Neal, Mary Bond Neal, Eliza-

beth M. Neal, Benjamin Rush Neal, Jr. and William E. Neal.

Massachusetts Mystery:

Carol Wood wrote asking if anyone has information on the parents of John Dodge, born about 1784 in Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. In 1808 John married, Eliza Taylor. They had two children: Eliza Ann Dodge and John James Dodge. In 1814, John married his second wife, Mary Potter. They had three children: Charles Henry Dodge, Mary Elizabeth Dodge, and Solomon Haskell Dodge. In 1834 John married his third wife, Lydia Straw. It is unknown if they had any children. In the marriage notice for John and Lydia, John was listed as John Dodge, Jr.

Mystery of Six Brothers from Niagara County New York:

On the Dodge Family Association web site is a picture of a page from a family bible that lists six marriages.

- Jonathan Dodge to Jane Franklin – 20 Feb 1840
- Daniel Dodge to Harriet Clark – 8 Oct 1840
- Noah Dodge to Calista Eaton – 31 Mar 1844
- Asahel Dodge to Mary Bugbee – 8 Aug 1847
- Heman Dodge to Clarissa C. Sheldon – 18 Jan 1848
- Luther Dodge to Christiana Eaton – 27 Aug 1848
- Second Marriage
- Heman Dodge to Olive Hulbert – 20 June 1867

We do not know their ancestry, nor do we have much information on their descendants. It is believed that their father was born in Vermont and their mother in Connecticut. All of the brothers except one are listed in the 1850 US Census in Niagara County, New York, and all but one of them moved to Michigan.

A Maine to New York Mystery:

We are looking for the ancestors of Aaron Dodge, born 11 January 1791 in Wiscasset, Maine. He married Elizabeth Allen, born 3 March 1783 in Massachusetts. Shortly after their marriage

they moved to Ontario County, New York where their three children were born: Allen Nathan Dodge in 1818, John in 1820 and Margaret in 1822. Aaron was a pensioner of the war of 1812 and one of the earliest settlers in the town of Seneca, New York.

New York Mystery:

Searching for ancestors of Winthrop Dodge born about 1805 in Vermont, who married Harriet Sutherland b. about 1810 in Westford, Otsego Co., New York. They had six children; Chester b. about 1828 and Orrin b. about 1854 in Cohoes, Albany Co., New York; Jane Delos, Harriett and one unnamed child were born in Westford, Otsego, New York. Three of these children married and had families of their own.



Beyond the Brick Wall

After much research over several months Eileen Dodge has finally solved the mystery of Alpheus R. Dodge, born 1820 in Geauga County, Ohio. On 4 May 1841, Alpheus married Eliza J. Phelps in Geauga County, Ohio. They had three daughters: Miranda O., Laurette Eliza and Margaret Viola. A check of 1820 census records in Geauga County, Ohio shows the only Dodge resident to be Gilead Dodge. Gilead Dodge was a Baptist preacher of note and was a descendant of Richard Dodge.

Another mystery was solved this month with the combined efforts of Eileen Dodge, Barbara Dodge, Jim Bailey and myself. That was the long-standing mystery of Daniel Dodge, born about 1854. Through DNA testing it was proven that Daniel descended from Tristram. Jeremiah Dodge, Jr., born about 1732 and his wife Elizabeth had eight children, the third of whom was Daniel who was born about 1854. This is an important connection, as the information will be published in the new Tristram Genealogy book due out this fall. The Norris Dodge mystery born about 1797 in Vermont is tied to this family.