



A Glimpse Into the Past from Photos Found

Missing Journals

You can find them on our website. You will need to use the User Name and Password found at the bottom of page 3 of this Journal. You can even print these Journals in color if you wish.

Passwords

Remember that with each Journal you receive, you need to check the bottom of page 3 or 4 to see if the password has changed as it has with this Journal.

Dues

PLEASE check out the dues due date on your envelope. Any date that is 4/1/2007 or EARLIER, means that your dues are due NOW.

Reunions

Need information on a reunion? That information is on our website. Click on the 'Reunions' link. The New England Reunion will be held on Sept. 22, at the 1640 Hart House, Ipswich, Massachusetts.

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From time to time, we receive an email or a letter from someone who is totally unrelated to the Dodge surname, but they have come across some bit of



Donald William Dodge, grandson of Trustram Dodge

Donald William Dodge was born Jan. 27, 1914 in Oelwein, to Bertha Alice Buchannan and William Jacob Dodge. He graduated from College of Commerce at the University of Iowa, in 1938, then the College of Law in 1941.

While at the University of Iowa, he was a member of the Men's Gymnastics Team from 1936-1938, serving as captain the last year and as president of Gymnastics Athletic Club. In addition he was a member of the board of directors of Student Publications and the Iowa Memorial Union and of Omicron Delta Kappa Senior Honorary Leadership Society.

From 1941-1946 he was a special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigations in Maryland, Florida, Oklahoma,

information that they think we would like to have. Sometimes they want to charge for it, but other times they just want to get that information where it belongs.

One such person is Mike Bentley of Mountain Home, Arkansas, who purchased over 18,500 old photos dating from the 1860s to 1890s and all that interests is getting these photos back to the families to which they belong.

He contacted us here at the office, about two of these photos: William Manning Dodge and his wife, Margaret Hutchinson Woodward Dodge. The names are written on the backs of the photos., which are originals. We told Mike that we would love to have them

and a few days later they arrived in the mail.

William, a descendant of Richard Dodge, was one of

(Continued on page 2)



and Arizona. He and Martha settled in Cedar Rapids in 1946, where he worked for nine years as an attorney at Simmons, Perrine, Albright, Ellwood, and Neff. From 1955 until hid retirement in 1981, he was a government contracts administrator for Collins Division of Rockwell International.

He was a longtime member of the Linn County Bar Association, Beethoven Club, Linn County Jazz Society, and Cedar Rapids Symphony Orchestra Association, and at one time was principal trumpeter for the symphony as well as the Coe Promenade Orchestra.

In his lifetime, her served as president or chairman of the following organizations: Law Club of Cedar Rapids, Hawkeye Toastmasters Club; Local 450 A.F. of Musicians, Munic-

pal Board of Adjustment and the Cedar Rapids Chapter of Former Special Agents of the FBI.

His lifelong loves were tennis and trumpet, and he enjoyed composing poetry.

When he was 18 he was the organizer, manager and director of the Oelwein Summer Concert Band and conductor of the Urbana High School Summer Concert Band.

While a student at the University of Iowa, he was the leader of the Avalon Orchestra, a popular college dance group which also played at Yellowstone Lodge. He continued to play both tennis and trumpet through his 80s, oftentimes sitting in as trumpeter with the Dick Watson jazz trio at the Lighthouse.



SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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Life and Death

It was a large room lit only by candlesticks. A small white coffin sat on a table amongst the many grieving visitors. Here laid the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat he, Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death and wiping her teary eyes, asked "What is death and why did this happen. Mr. Whitman explained "We don't know what it is, my dear, especially when such a young child is involved." Mary Mapes Dodge, sitting nearby took the little girl and tried to explain life and death to her.

During the evening, Mary wrote "The Two Mysteries" based on her experiences of the day.

The last paragraph of this poem is chiseled into her headstone at Evergreen Cemetery in Hillside, New Jersey.

THE TWO MYSTERIES
Mary Mapes Dodge, 1876

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, these vanished ones, and blessed is the thought
"So death is sweet to us, beloved!
though we may tell ye naught
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent.
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.



More U.S. State names and Abbreviations:

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Alabama - AL | New Mexico - NM |
| Alaska - AK | New York - NY |
| Arizona - AZ | North Carolina - NC |
| Arkansas (pronounced Ark-kan-saw) - AR | North Dakota - ND |
| California - CA | Ohio - OH |
| Colorado - CO | Oklahoma - OK |
| Delaware - DE | Oregon - OR |
| Florida - FL | Pennsylvania - PA |
| George - GA | South Carolina - SC |
| Hawaii - HI | Tennessee - TN |
| Idaho - ID | Texas - TX |
| Illinois - IL | Utah - UT |
| Indiana -IN | Vermont - VT |
| Iowa - IA | Virginia - VA |
| Kansas - KS | Washington - WA |
| Kentucky - KY | West Virginia - WV |
| Louisiana - LA | Wisconsin - WI |
| Maryland - MD | Wyoming - WY |
| Michigan - MI | |
| Minnesota - MN | Washington, D.C., our |
| Missouri - MO | country's Capitol, is not |
| Mississippi - MS | a state but does have an |
| Montana - MT | abbreviation - DC |
| Nebraska - NE | The 6 New England |
| New Jersey - NJ | States were in the last |
| | Journal. |

(photos - Continued from page 1)
eight children born to Josiah Dodge and Hannah Safford. He was born in Salem, MA Sept. 13, 1804. He married Margaret Woodward Dec. 15, 1836 in Salem, and that is where they made their home.

They had three children, Charles William, Ellen Maria, and James Albert.

William was a shoemaker. He was crippled and thus he was obliged to use a crutch and cane, yet he was a man of considerable bodily activity and strength. He was a good scholar and a great reader. He also sold books out of his shoe repair shop.

We wrote to Mike asking him how he acquired 18,500 photos and he responded:

"I started collecting these photos when I purchased 20 great Victorian era cabinet cards to decorate my civil War book collection bookcases. At the time, I didn't know that Civil War photos were so small and not big enough to display like the later cabinet cards. The man I bought the cabinet cards from said these were the good ones and he culled the bad ones. I emailed him and ask what he wanted for the bad ones. He said 29 cents each for 450 (a mix of tins, cabinets and CDV's). He is my main source. He buys the albums at estate sales out west and pulls out what he wants and now sells them to me at 26 cents including shipping. I try to frame my favorites so I wont sell them or give them away. I have given these to a number of families, churches, Historical Societies, colleges and museums. Each, like you, were very thankful. Some of the Churches had the name on file but no photo. Anyway, it's a great hobby that I couldn't afford to do if not for the guy that helps me. If there are any other surnames you want me to keep my eye out for or communities let me know."

Here is Mike's email address if you would like him to watch out for any photos for your surname searches: micajk2@hotmail.com

If there is a descendant in this family line who would like these photos, please contact us.



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The View From My Window



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Memoriam for My mother

My mother, Viola Barbara Cooper was born February 14, 1905 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was the 2nd child of Sarah and Charles Cooper. Charles left the home before Viola was born. Early in childhood, she was called Bunny because of her rosy nose and cheeks and that name stuck all her life with her nieces and nephew calling her Auntie Bunny.

She was able to complete only 6 grades of school before she was needed at home to help with care of 3 younger siblings as her mother had married again.

As a child, she was contacted by a lady who taught Sunday School at the local Presbyterian Church and started attending Sunday School. It was there that she accepted the Lord as her Savior. She has said that she was so thankful for that Sunday School teacher and the interest she took in her.

When she was in her teens, she attended an evening school and eventually graduated from 12th grade. She obtained a job in the Harvard Coop (pronounced just the way it is spelled) and that is where she met her husband, Ralston Byrnes Regan II, who was from Alabama and was attending Harvard Law School from which he graduated at age 23. After graduating, they married and lived in an apartment in Brookline.

Thirteen days before she was 29, I was born. They named me Viola Barbara Regan but immediately started called me Barbara. When I was 3 1/2 we moved to a Cape Cod house on 1&1/10 acres of land in the small town of Weston. There we were very happy and the first thing mama did was to start her little family attending the local Baptist Church as there was no Presbyterian church in town. She called their little home, 'The House by the Side of the Road' and fed many a hobo that came by needing a meal.

Shortly after we moved to Weston, my father asked mama if she would make pies which he would take into Boston to be sold at The Women's Exchange, to supplement their income. He had a law office on State Street in Boston, but this was still the depression era, and times were hard and money was not easy to come by.

She agreed, and that started her on her pie-making career. I can remember coming

User Name: dodgefamily
Password: chinnock

downstairs in the mornings and finding pies everywhere. Sometimes I had to stay home from school because mama had no time to fix my hair, which was in very long braids well below my waist.

In July of 1939, a 2nd child was born, the boy that my father so dearly wanted. He was named Ralston Byrnes Regan III. My mother worked making pies until she had to leave to go to the hospital. He was a large baby, 11.4 pounds from a mother who was 5'2" and weighed only 102. At the age of 2 months he acquired severe eczema and as he grew older also acquired asthma.

December 1941 was the start of WWII and in the spring of 1942, my father entered Officer's candidate school for the Army Air Corp. The war years were very difficult for us and it was a struggle to make ends meet. Mama did not drive so could not make pies anymore to be taken to Boston, but people in town found out she could cook and they ordered pies and rolls and she also got a part time job at the school cafeteria. The school, grades Kindergarten through 12, was right next door, a 5 minute walk. She could leave after we left for school in the morning and would be home before we got home in the afternoon.

My dad did not come back to his family after the war and mama was left bereft. She often told me it would have been easier if he had been killed on the battlefield because she then would have thought he died still loving her.

For the 2nd time, she was told by a doctor that her little boy would not live through another New England Winter and for the 2nd time, this timid woman, picked up and moved her little family. They left on Dec. 2, 1945 on a Continental Trailways bus for Arizona and ended up in Nogales. There were no rooms available as the cowboys were in town, but one took pity on her and gave up his room so that we would have a place to lay our heads.

Within a few days, she got a job in a small store called a Creamery which also served breakfast. A small room above it became our home and we spent Christmas 1945 in that room. About a month later, a small adobe two room house became available and we moved into it.

This was an unsettling time for mama, trying to escape memories, trying to make sure her little boy lived, yet never once did she lose her faith in her Lord. She had devotions with her children every morning before they left for school and she prayed with them and for them every evening when they went to bed.

Because of the heat, after 5 months, we left Nogales for Albuquerque and lived there for 3 months. Mama worked in a café by a trailer park where she had purchased a very small trailer and we were allowed to eat at the cafe free of charge. My little

brother and I spent much of our time running around on the walkways above the stockyard pens right across the street from the café, until a man from the stockyard told mama what we were doing and how dangerous it was for us.

After 3 months, it became too hot there also, and we headed back to Massachusetts and our little house by the side of the road. Mama got a job in the cafeteria once again.

Mama always made sure we listened to The Word Of Life Hour on Saturday nights and The Old Fashioned Revival Hour on Sunday nights. She was always humming as she went about her daily work, and one of her favorites was 'His eye is on the Sparrow'.

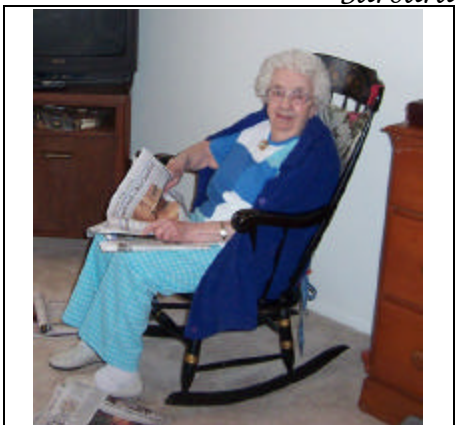
She drilled it into my mind to NEVER EVEN THINK of dating a non-Christian. When I was married...to a Christian... mama sold her home and with my brother, moved to Harwichport, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. She lived there for 30 years and was active in the West Harwich Baptist Church.

When she was 80, it became too difficult for her to care for the yard and home. Both my brother and I lived out of state, so she sold her home and moved to Denver, Colorado to be near me. She lived in an apartment for 14 years before moving into an assisted living home where she did things like help set the table for meals, peel apples for pies, etc. She was loved by all those who had a role in her care.

She read her Bible daily and magazines that were brought to her by the Homebound ministry of Applewood Baptist Church

Her difficult life on earth is now over and she is in the presence of her Lord and Savior and how she must be glorying in that. She is now rejoicing with her mother, her little brother, and other friends and loved ones who have gone on before and who were Christians. We will miss her here but we know that she is in a better place and a place she would not want to leave if she could. We will see her again, one glorious day.

Barbara



Viola Barbara Cooper Regan
1905—2007

MYSTERY OF THE FLAX COMBE

By Eileen Dodge

A few weeks ago a request arrived from Christina Bates, Ontario Historian for the Canadian Museum of Civilization located in Quebec. She has come across an object called a Flax Comb, also called a Flax Hackle. Carved in the wooden base is: Richard Dodge His Combe March 18, 1731. The Hackle might have been brought to Canada by a descendant of Richard Dodge, rather than by himself. It is unknown if Richard Dodge used his Flax Comb as a tool of his profession, or if it was merely part of his family's tools used for everyday living.

The museum has no knowledge of the origin of the Flax Comb and was wondering if we had any information that could shed some light on its history. I contacted Vic Sifton, a DFA member who lives in Ontario to see if his Canadian Dodge genealogy might give some clues as to the owner of the Comb. He had no such person in his database, and contacted the people of Upper Canada Village, where they display, in realistic fashion, the way of life in the 1800s in Canada. They have a display of flax being processed into cloth and it was thought they might have some idea of where to go for more information. Unfortunately, they were unable to help us.



A Flax Comb or Hackle has several rows of 5" high steel pins driven through a wooden base.

Flax was one of the first European plants cultivated in America and arrived in about 1630. From the earliest settlements, each ethnic group brought its own types of tools to process flax. The Germans, French, Eng-

lish, Swedes, Scots, all had tools in the style of their homelands. Their linen made clothing, bedding, towels, upholstery material, grain bags, wagon covers, sails and many other items.

Flax grows quickly, in less than three months. It is pulled out of the ground with the roots intact to preserve the full length of the fiber. Next, the seed was removed and saved for replanting. Surplus seed was pressed for its oil, which was used in paint and was burned in lamps for light. It was also the basis for printer's ink and had medicinal uses as well. Flax was the primary crop in colonial America.

Processing the flax straw was a laborious process. It was sown in the spring, tied into bundles and left to dry during the summer and autumn. In winter, the dried plants were soaked in ponds for one to two weeks. This process, called retting, helped break down the woody stems of the plants. Then the stems were dried and placed on a bench. A flat piece of wood, attached to the bench on one end, was brought down on the stems to flatten and break them. A scutcheon was used to scrape the flax to get the woody parts off. Next, the flax was pulled through a coarse hackle, a medium hackle and then a fine hackle to comb the fibers so they were as fine as hair. The flax was then put on the distaff of the spinning wheel to spin into linen thread. When the flax was spun into thread, the linen thread was taken to a weaver to be made into cloth. One year's crop of flax often made enough cloth for two shirts and one sheet. Oft times during the weaving process the linen thread was the warp and the wool yarn was the weft, which produced a cloth called "linsey-woolsey." Clothes made from this flax-wool weave were worn only on Sundays and special occasions.

Ed note: If anyone knows who this Richard Dodge is or has further information as to its origin or history please contact our office.



This photo is of Harrison Hunt (shown with his pear-infused ribs) who lives in, and takes care of, the Thomas Dodge House which is the oldest house in Port Washington, Long Island, New York. Harrison has two adult children and loves to cook. He also has a passion for local history. He ordered from us, Coats of Arms patches to be worn by docents who volunteer at the Thomas Dodge house, and a Dodge Coat of Arms tie for himself.

Thomas Dodge, grandson of Tristram and son of Tristram Jr. and Dorcas Dickens, built the house after migrating to Port Washington (then called Cows Bay) from Block Island in 1718 with his brother Tristram and cousins Samuel & Jeremiah. About 1720 Cows Bay changed the name to Port Washington after the area was visited by George Washington.

Seven generations of the Dodge family lived in the house and it has changed little since its construction. There are several other structures on the property including a two horse barn, a chicken coup and a vintage outhouse. The adjacent Water Pollution Control District purchased the House, and the property on which it sits, to act as a buffer zone in the early 1990s. Because the District is prevented by law from maintaining a museum, it asked the Society to open the historic house to the public as a museum in 1993. Since that time, the Society has been actively restoring the grounds and the house and developing the Museum's collections.

The Dodge House is open by appointment only. Museum and Educational programs are being developed.

The article on Harrison Hunt was sent to us by DFA Board Member, J. Everett Dodge, of Greenlawn, New York.



Earl's
 Pearls
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A massive movement is underway in the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom and in other western nations to re-define the human family. Instead of a unit that begins with a man and a woman who marry and usually have children, we are being told that a family is any combination that pleases the participants.

Thus, when children are deliberately denied, right from the start, a father or a mother, this is said to be O.K. We are told that two men or two women can do just as well. Every serious, unbiased study ever done in this area shows that children do better, on average, with a mother and a dad.

For those who look to the Bible for guidance, both the family and the state are institutions of divine origin. The family is the basic unit of any society. When it is weakened through immoral conduct, lack of love and commitment the state feels that impact too. Strong families make for a strong nation.

In the twenty-five years of our Dodge Family Association's existence, Barbara and I have marveled at how family-oriented most Dodes are. Whether their name is still Dodge or not, descendants of the early Dodes take pride in their family heritage. On trips to England we note how quickly such people bond with others whether closely or distantly related.

When Robert L. Dodge, Virginia Dodge Murphy and I began the work of re-printing the two-volume Joseph Thompson Dodge Genealogy of 1894 and 1898, we were amazed at how many copies of that small printing were still in family hands.

One of the greatest joys we experience is seeing Dodes find cousins and other relations they never knew existed. Some years ago, at a California Dodge Reunion, a lady showed up because she saw an item in a newspaper mentioning the event. She opened a family album to see if anyone present might know any of those pictured there.

Imagine our surprise when the page opened showed the great grandparents of Norman Dodge, Earl Dodge and

Margaret Williams. In fact, Judy Ragan was closely related to half the people there.

Each new member brings us the potential of finding still more Dodes we know nothing about. Your investment of just \$20 in a gift membership for one of your children, grandchildren or other relative will help expand our Association and our knowledge.



Incident of a Pioneer

By James K. Dodge (*Judah Dodge m. Annis Chapman (Daniel(4), David Britain (3), John(2), Tristram(1)*)

The story below is a dramatization of a story handed down through the Dodge family and told to James K. Dodge by his father, Judah Dodge. The story is an incident in the life of Judah's great grandfather. He was born February 10, 1770, died May 20, 1856. He was said to be a very large and very powerful man. He came to Union County, Ohio from Windham, Vermont in 1812, via covered wagon. He bought 400 acres in Union County "covered with timber and having only a rude shack on it made by the Indians." He is buried in New California, Ohio with his wife Annas (Chapman), where their gravestones still stand. Grandfather Judah Dodge started to harness his team to the mudboat loaded with freshly butchered-pork, when his good friend and neighbor said:

"Best you should stay the night, Judah. I heard a lot of wolves howling, close in, there in the deep woods where you're going. You go through there now, in the dark of it, and them wolves will go crazy after your fresh meat."

The two men, with help from other family members, had rounded up the hogs from the woods. It was the custom of pioneer families to release hogs into the woods in the spring, where they fed on succulents, roots, and tubers. More recently as fall passed into early winter they had fed and fattened on nuts and acorns. This procedure produced a flavor in the meat, superior to and unknown by today's standards. This day they had butchered some of the herd that they

jointly shared, and Judah was preparing to take his share to his own home, a mile or more away through the primeval woods.

"No Enoch," said Judah, "I'll hurry on home and start the cure on these hams and bacon sides. Don't believe the wolves will bother that much." Famous last words!!!!!!

As he crossed a small creek at the first edge of the woods, lined with hemlock and spruce and very dark in their shade, the wolves came out of the deep snow, ghostlike. First they worried the horses, causing them to break into a fast gallop, miraculously staying in the harness; but staying in the trace as the only clear area in which they could run, they caused the mudboat to sway and swing perilously. The wolves meantime, finding they could not keep abreast of the team because of the trees and undergrowth, fell behind the sled and were able to gain on it. They began to jump on the back and worried away a side of pork intended for bacon.

Grandfather Dodge could have thrown off a head that would have given him more time, but he was a fighter. He dropped the reins and let the horses run - they need no stimulus. Grabbing a sled stake from the front, and holding to a stake near the rear to keep his balance, he clubbed each wolf that attempted to get at the meat. This hazardous race continued for almost a mile through the deep woods. Finally one of the largest of the pack jumped on the sled, and ignoring the meat came directly at grandfather and with jaws snapping seemed bent only on attacking him. With an extra effort grandfather crashed the sled stake board on the wolf's head. The wolf fell off the sled just ahead of the meat, quivered and lay still.

Breaking into the open clearing that was his own hayfield, Judah shouted to his wife: "Annas - fetch the musket - they's wolves right behind me."

The wolves, out of their element in the cleared land and with the brighter light making them more visible, uneasily faded back into the deep woods.

The pelt from the large wolf that grandfather killed was hung first on the barn to dry, then tanned with oak bark in due season. It was then used as a throw rug in front of the fireplace, and was a conversation piece for many years.





**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
nedodge@aol.com

February and March weather in western Washington has been a MIX, wet, windy, rainy & SUNSHINE. The groundhog promised six more weeks of winter and so it has been for us. Daylight Saving Time came a month early except for Hawaii, & Arizona, which do not observe Daylight Saving Time. DNA Testing is still important to increase our number of tests even for those that do have paper trails to either John or Tristram

The Shrinking Mystery File:

The Mystery file shrunk a little this last month. Eileen and I removed about 150 names from the Mystery File and merged them into the John Dodge and Tristram Dodge files. This occurred in part because of Eileen's perusal of the Mystery File and reading the updated NEHGS records. If you find your ancestor is no longer in the Mystery File then we have tied him or her into the John or Tristram databases.

A MA to RI Mystery:

A long-standing mystery is that of Tyler Dodge, born about 1816-17 in Smithfield, Providence Co., Rhode Island. He married first, Adeline 'Amelia' Unknown born about 1809 and they had 4 children: Martha R., born 1836; John Edwin, born 1841 who died in 1843; Francis T., born 1845; Adelia, born 1851 who died in infancy. In 1867 he married Elsie Achorn, in Medway, Norfolk Co. Massachusetts. In the Massachusetts marriage records Tyler's parents are listed as John Dodge & Martha, but no birth locations are given for them.

A Tristram DNA Mystery:

We continue to search for the ancestry of Asahel Dodge born about 1756 in Lee, Berkshire County Massachusetts. I think his father may have been Asahel and they traveled North and West to the Berkshires. We know that this family is of Tristram descent because they found and had tested a male descendant from this clan and his DNA markers match those that have a paper trail to Tristram.

A Nova Scotia to the US Mystery:

We are looking for the parents of David F. Dodge, born May 1826 in Nova Scotia and immigrated to the US in 1849. He married Susan A. Weaver on 28 Dec 1856 in Hamilton Co., Indiana. Susan was born Dec 1837 in Pennsylvania. They had four children: Kosuth B., born 1855; John Stephen, born 1857; Henry, born 1862; Nancy, born 1870. David and his sons were teamsters and moved where

they could find work. In the 1880 US Census the family was living in Silver Cliff, Colorado, and in the 1900 US Census they were living in Wichita Falls, Texas.

A Civil War Veterans Mystery:

Three Dodge brothers born in New York: Ferdinand, born 1842; Nathan D., born 1845; Hudson B., born 1849. US Census records for 1860 in Verona, Oneida Co., New York show no father and their mother as Mary A., born 1813 in New York. All three brothers served in the Civil War: Ferdinand in Cos. B & C, 17th NY Infantry; Nathan and Hudson served together in Co. U, 184th NY Infantry. Hudson became a physician and moved to the Washington Territory. Who is the father of Ferdinand, Nathan and Hudson?

A Catskill, Greene Co., NY Mystery:

Charles Dodge, born 1829 in New York married Amanda Stocking, born 1833 in New York. They had three sons born in Catskill, New York: William Norton, born 1858; Frederick L., born 1860; George E. born 1862. Charles was a boatman, and his name does not appear in the census records after 1860; we do not know if he died or was simply not at home when the census was enumerated. Amanda and the boys appear in the 1870 & 1880 Census in Catskill, New York with her widowed mother, Jane Stocking. Who are the parents of Charles Dodge, the boatman?

A World War I Casualty:

Rowland Sever Dodge, born 26 February 1895 in Pawtucket, Rhode Island U.S. Army, Second Lieutenant; 101st Infantry Regiment, 26th Infantry Division Killed in Action, October 28, 1918 and buried at Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne, France, Plot E Row 23 Grave 21.

Citation: The Distinguished Service Cross is presented to Rowland S. Dodge, Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in action near Verdun, France, October 24 - 25, 1918. Learning of the proposed advance in which his company was to participate, and, although sick in a hospital, Lieutenant Dodge secured his release and joined his command. He was at all times in advance of his front line, reconnoitering the ground, thereby facilitating the advance. Leading a counterattack, he was killed by rifle fire. General Orders No. 37, W.D., 1919.

The father of Rowland is a mystery. Rowland can be found in the 1910 Census in North Kingstown, Washington Co., RI with his mother Helen (divorced), and sisters Alice L., Elizabeth W. and Ruth P.

A Vermont to New York Mystery:

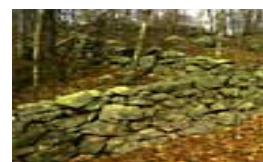
We are seeking the parents of Abram Dodge, born about 1826 in Vermont. He married Mary M. Rhodes, born 1836 in New York. They had seven daughters: Miranda, born 1855; Sarah J., born 1857; Rosanna, born 1861; Eliza, born 1866; Ruth P., born 1867; Melissa, born 1869; Avini, born 1872; two sons: George H., born 1874; Robert, born 1878. All the children were born in Warren Co., New York and were recorded there through the 1860, 1870 and 1880 US Census.

An Ohio Mystery:

James Albert Dodge was born 29 September 1891 in Columbus Grove, Putnam Co., Ohio. He married Harriet Fidelia White, born about 1896 in Ohio. Their children: Dorothy J, born 1915; Lydia Jeanette, born 1918; Betty, born 1925; Robert James, born 6 October 1927; Shirley, born 1930. James can be found in the 1900 US Census in Pleasant, Putnam Co., Ohio living with his mother Martha and stepfather John Phillips. It is unknown if James' father died or if his parents divorced.

An IL to KY Mystery:

We are trying to find the parents of Burriss Dodge, born August 1818 in Illinois. At some point he moved to Kentucky where he married Mary Crowley, born 1819 in Kentucky. Their children were all born in Kentucky: Elizabeth, born 1840; Benjamin F., born 1843; George Dallas, born 1845; James Prior, born 1846; John B., born November 1848; Sarah, born 1852.



Beyond
the
Brick
Wall

**Two Previous Journal
Mysteries Solved!**

Chuck Dodge, a DFA member and genealogy sleuth has solved two mysteries listed in the last journal. First, the Massachusetts Mystery of William E. Dodge. Turns out he was William Evanda Dodge, the son of John E. Dodge and Clara E. Bacon. He is from the John Dodge branch and descends from William. Next, the New York to Ohio Mystery of Warren Dodge. He was the son of Cyrus and Polly Dodge, and grandson of Caleb Dodge and Miriam Gilbert. He is also from the John Dodge branch and descends from Richard.