



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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A founder of The Dodge Family Association dies at age 91

**New England
Reunion
Saturday
Oct. 4, 2008
See page 3**



Pictured above is the Norman Font in St. Michaels, East Coker, England. This would most likely be the font where Richard's two oldest children were baptized.

This church is one that was visited by our group on every Dodge Tour to England.

We announce, with sadness, the death of Virginia Huntington Dodge Murphy. In 1981, she joined her brother, Robert Livingston Dodge, and her nephew, Earl Farwell Dodge, in forming The Dodge Family Association.

Virginia was the first of two children born to Annie Bailey (Gilmore) and Lewis Henry Dodge on Dec 16, 1917 in Newton, Massachusetts. Lewis, a contractor whose prominent family had lived in New England since 1629, had been married previously and Virginia joined a growing family that included three brothers, Clarence Oren, Edward Lewis, and Earl Farwell; a sister, Pearl Edith, had died in 1916. Annie and Lewis would give Virginia another brother, Robert Livingston, in 1921.

In the summer of 1923, tragedy struck the family as they returned home to Nausauket, Rhode Island, after a visit with relatives and found their house burned to the ground with only the foundation remaining. This prompted the family's move to San Diego in the fall on uncertain roads and with five children. They arrived and camped in Balboa Park at what is now Boy Scout Headquarters, until eventually moving into a home on Marlborough Drive.

Lewis Dodge soon built a Dutch Colonial home on Biona Drive and then later on Van Dyke Avenue, where the family lived. Uncertain times during the depression and a loss of the family's fortunes lead to Lewis's early death in 1934.

Virginia's mother, Annie, became the sole support for her young family, with government assistance helping to keep the wolf at bay and the family afloat.

Virginia graduated from Hoover High School in their second graduating class of 1935. She soon was employed by Pacific Bell as a telephone operator and later in management where she would remain



This photo of Virginia is the work of her niece, Patricia Dodge Simpkins who is also the daughter of Robert and Hilda.

until retirement. As a young woman she was a member of the Theosophical Society of Point Loma. She was always an avid reader, enjoyed needlepoint and gardening, and traveled extensively throughout the world. Virginia married a very successful Utah Tailoring ladies clothing salesman in 1971, Owen Murphy, and moved to Indianapolis.

Owens's three grown children and grandchildren welcomed Virginia as their mother and grandmother. While in Indianapolis, she was deeply involved in social

activities, continued her travels, and volunteered extensively, her favorite charity being the Winola Memorial Hospital. Her loving personality was exhibited in her caring for her husband's brother and sister-in-law and her aunt, Louise, in their declining years.

After twenty years of marriage, Owen passed away. Virginia's return to San Diego met a desire to live in a more favorable climate, be near her brothers, and move into the home Edward and Robert Dodge had built and where her mother had last lived.

Travel, reading, and volunteerism in the La Jolla Women's Club and other organizations kept her active. Her younger brother's family gave her great pleasure. The conservative Episcopal Church, St. Mary's, in San Diego, remained a deep source of comfort and faith. Developing macular degeneration soon eliminated her driving and independence, but she quickly took on other activities, becoming an energetic student at the Braille Institute, listening to audio tapes, and participating with programs for the blind. During the last few years, her brother Robert was her caregiver, and her greatest enjoyment was activity with her brother's family. Virginia's health continued to deteriorate and her physical activity lessened.

On July 6, 2008 at age 90, Virginia's heart finally gave out and she passed away in Scripps Mercy Hospital with Robert and Hilda at her side. Virginia was loved and will be missed by her family. and friends.

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SAND IN MY SHOES
by
Stephen Allen Dodge

Typhoid Fever Raging in Montclair, New Jersey

Mr. G. W. Gould had delivered milk to his customers in Montclair N.J. and the adjoining townships every morning during the early 1890s. On his farm in the rolling hills of Verona, a few towns from Montclair, he had a wife, 2 sons, a cottage, and 15 cows. They were described by friends and customers as most estimable people, intelligent, cultured, honest and above reproach in all particulars.

On February 13, 1894, one of Gould's sons became ill, not serious but two weeks later Gould's other son became ill and a doctor was called. The Doctor diagnosed their illness as Typhoid Fever and the Department of Health was notified. The Dept. of Health visited the farm on Feb. 26 and took samples as did the New Jersey State Dairy Commissioner.

They did not think it necessary for Mr. Gould to stop selling his milk until April 2, when many people, customers of Mr. Gould, were sick, some dying, some already dead.

My 3rd Great Grandaunt, Helen Mary Dodge removed from New York City to New Jersey during the 1850's to be with her brother, William Dodge and his wife Mary Mapes Dodge. Shortly thereafter, William Dodge drowned and the widow Mary Mapes removed back to NYC, Helen remained in New Jersey.

In April 1894, Helen Mary Dodge, at age 70, was living at a boarding house at 43 Park Street, Montclair, NJ, a daily stop for Mr. Gould's Milk Wagon. Aunt Helen was a victim of Mr. Gould's milk, as were two other people living at the boarding house. Helen Mary Dodge is resting in Greenwood Cemetery along with her parents William & Susan, brothers, William, John, Alexander, Robert and sister Jennie.

During the epidemic, the New York Times interview 3 different Board of Health officials and received 3 different answers to questions brought upon them on the locations and the number of people suffering from this disease. These

figures ranged from forty-four to sixty. Also, the Health Department withheld all information on the fever claiming it was no ones business who had the disease. The Health Department knew for 2 months about the fever, yet did nothing until 60 people were infected and many were dying.

Not only was Montclair in quarantine but the town was in an uproar with the Board of Health.

Months later it was found that the water in the well on the Gould farm was contaminated. Mr. Gould would wash the returned milk bottles in the well water then turn them upside down to dry, a practice the Dairy Commission abolished from that day forward.

In the end, seventy-one people became ill and eleven died from the Fever.



DODGE FAMILY DAY—1949
This is the lettering on the item pictured above. Can anyone tell us the significance of this item?

Four Page Journal

There are times when we have more items that we believe to be of interest to our membership, than will fit in our regular Journal. Because of this, now and then you will find that your Journal consists of 4 two sided pages instead of the usual 3. This Journal is one of those.

When you receive a 4 page Journal, you will not receive a reply envelope because that makes the weight of your mailing over the 1 ounce limit and that would require extra postage. This means that you will need to provide your own envelope if your dues are due.

We really appreciate your help with this and thank you in advance.

WHY NOT TRY receiving your Journal by email? You can then see it in color and print it yourself. Go to our membership area to see what a Journal looks like in color. After you receive it by email, you can decide if you want to keep receiving it that way instead of a paper copy thru the mail. *~~~~~*

Pictured below, is a card from 1918-1919. We do not know who sent this to us and would like that person to contact us.

The card says **“BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR” - 1918-1919—General Headquarters, American E. F., France. Wm. O. Dodge, A.F.C.**

The card was mailed to **Miss Hazel Orton, Brushton, N.Y., U.S.A.**

Eileen attempted to find out just who William O. Dodge was to no avail. She wrote:

“I'm not sure he was in the service during WWI.

Let me explain: A.F.C. stands for Attaché to the French Consulate. G.H.Q. AM. E. F. stands for General Headquarters, American Embassy of the French Consulate.

He was obviously in intelligence and was most likely with the Secret Service or some such and not an actual soldier in the war. I did an extensive Google and could find no information on him.

I could find nothing on Miss Hazel Orton except that she was born in 1892 and died a spinster (info in the social security death index).”

Can one of our readers help us with this mystery?



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The View From My Window



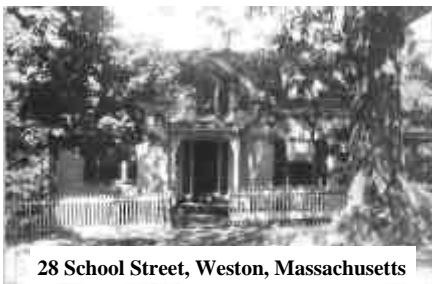
barbdodge@dodgefamily.org

In our Sept.-Oct. Journal of 2006, I told you about Mandy, a Malemute who had been rescued by Nancy and Leroy Laybourn of Olympia, WA. After a year and a half of happiness, being in a forever home with people who loved her and took very good care of her, with the freedom to play in her very big yard in spite of her arthritis, her legs could finally no longer support her and she collapsed and died in early July, but she will not be forgotten. Her grave is on that land near her forever home.



In reading the book which is the subject of the story on page 7, I was reminded of my growing up days in Massachusetts.

When I was 3, my mother and father moved to a little house in Weston that sat on 1 1/10 acre of land. It always seemed so much bigger than that though, because on the east, it backed up to a field which was unused school land and on the south it also ended at school land but this was somewhat wooded. On the North, was the 'New Boston Post Road' and in between our land and that road there was a hill wooded with pine, so indeed, it seemed to me like we had acres of land. Today, when I see an acre of land for sale, it seems so small in comparison to the land on which my little cape cod house stood.



28 School Street, Weston, Massachusetts

Periodically, the Old Boston Post Road curved and meandered off of the new one as it went through a town such as Weston, or to go by a country home, and in both cases, eventually it would end up back on the New Post Road, actually Route 20.

I have a great imagination, the result of growing up in an area where there were no

children to play with. I spent much time at the library which was across the Post Road. I loved to read and let my imagination soar. In 3rd grade we were introduced to Geography and read about the Indians who were on these shores when the Pilgrims arrived

After we left Massachusetts, we traveled back at least once a year spending 10 days to 2 weeks there. Many times we drove on part of the Massachusetts Turnpike which is so picturesque as it travels through the Berkshires. It passes by little towns and country roads that ended at the Turnpike making one realize that once, those were roads that tied together farms and towns. In my mind, I could picture Indians walking through the forests, farmers planting the fields and men building the homes that we passed by. I could imagine the sound of axes felling trees and wagons carting those fallen trees to a saw mill.

When we would travel to California as we also did each year, we would pass abandoned farm houses with weathered wood and paneless windows, old weather vanes and slightly tilted windmills; fences that once penned in animals and porches that once held a rocking chair and I would wonder who had traveled to this spot and settled there and what had caused them to leave. Once in awhile, I would see one or two cemetery stones under a tree and I would wonder how many dreams had ended in heartache.

Do people today realize how fortunate they are? So many sicknesses that would have claimed children years ago are not a threat anymore. My mother's little brother died at the age of 5 from Scarlet fever. About 30 years later, Earl's little sister, Nancy, contracted Scarlet fever and she lived.

I am thankful for those brave men and women who set sail upon the wild Atlantic, in what to us, were very small ships. Their desire for a better life for their children was greater than their fear of the unknown, and that is why, today, we have this great country in which to live

Barbara

Password for members only area of our Web Site is:

User name: *dodgefamily*
Password: *fourbigdogs*

New England Reunion October 4, 2008

This year the New England Reunion will be held in Salem, Massachusetts, at Victoria Station; "The Grand Lady of the Salem Waterfront" Salem is a very easy place to find and Pickering Wharf has historical significance as that area of the waterfront would be where William, and later Richard, would have stepped off the ships. There are a number of historical buildings that can be visited. We ENCOURAGE you to set aside this day in October and plan to join our president, Norman Dodge, and his wife, Eileen Dodge who is one of our super genealogists, at this reunion. They will be driving clear across the country from Olympia, Washington. to attend this reunion and it is hoped that you who live in the area will also attend what may be the last Dodge Reunion in New England



View from Victoria Station

HELP is desperately needed at this Reunion in the following areas:

- **Someone to greet and check in people, making sure that those who arrive have their name tags**
- **Those who bring items to share will need help in getting those set up for others to view**
- **Someone is needed who can handle the staff at the luncheon: letting staff know of any late comers or other needs of those attending that require the staff.**

If you are willing to help in any of these areas, please email barbdodge@dodgeoffice.net or telephone 303-237-4947.

On the back of the cover letter that came with this Journal, you will find the flyer telling more about this reunion along with a slip at the bottom that you can fill out and mail in with your check.

William Henry Dodge Diary—Part III

May 10th

I am now at the town of Holton, Jackson County, Kansas. Came about the 4th inst., owing to political troubles in Missouri. It became very disagreeable to live there, most of the free state men having left. I felt the necessity of migrating to the land of free speech and free thought. Leaving my office, packed my books and, taking my boy, came by cars to Atchison and employed conveyances to this place. Orion was a good boy and was not much trouble.

I selected Kansas and this place because I owned some six lots in town, and I thought that it might be possible that I should need them for the purpose of supporting my boy. I cannot tell what may be in store in the future, but it looks gloomy for me indeed. The prospect is that there will be a general war, destruction awaits the country on every hand. Kansas, already suffering from the purchase of last years crop bids, pain to share in the general destruction. Should Missouri secede, war in our midst is inevitable. The seventh vial of wrath will be poured out upon the land.

My Boy, I cannot tell, but it may be necessary for me to engage in the work of destruction. Our state is young and will need all the strength within her borders to protect her from the invasions of the Missourians and the attack of the disaffected Indians in her midst. Father expects he will have to place you with someone and leave you to the cold charities of an unfriendly world. God must be your [?], my son, if I should. You cannot imagine the grief the thought of this causes me. You are now the only object of my affection. Had not you existed, long ago would I have engaged in the war in defence of our Union. I cannot tell the end of this = and the future is a dark blank for you and for me.

August 31st

Probably an apology is due for my neglect in not being more punctual in keeping this diary = but I promise to be more prompt in the future. My school is now closed and I now have more facilities for writing having set myself up once more in a kind of office with a desire to practice law. Am still boarding at T.G. Adamson's. It is, perhaps, as good a place as can now be found at which I

and my boy can stay. I do not expect to find a place where he would receive the same care and attention. It would have to be a Mother's protection = that place no one else can supply = It often makes me feel sad and melancholy when I think of this but a sad necessity compels me to submit to many things I could wish were otherwise.

September 8th A message arrived in town last night with the intelligence that they were expecting the secessionists to make an attack on Atchison and soliciting help. I am going. I believe the Missourians intend making an onslaught into Kansas. They have burned the bridges on the RailRoad, cut down the telegraph wires, and all communication. It is necessary for us to fight or our country may be devastated. If any misfortune should happen to me that you should be deprived of my protecting care, believe that it was necessary in the providence of God, my son. He will support and protect you. I will leave what books I have valued at about 250 dollars and other property in Holton to be appropriated to your education. Persevere in anything you undertake that is laudable. Study to improve your mind. Be industrious and you will possess a rich legacy = much richer than lands and gold.

September 20th Returned without having an engagement. After waiting for some time we became satisfied the enemy did not intend to make an attack and we were discharged and ordered home. Some of us were greatly disappointed and I, for one, will confess was anxious to see an engagement, and I believe all would have eagerly marched over into Missouri, but it was thought to be the better part of policy by our supervisors to act solely on the defensive as our young state is weak and surrounded on all sides by enemies. It is probably better for you that it is so, but U shall profit greatly by the Camp Experience as it is the first time ever I shouldered a gun and went out in search of my fellow man to shoot him.

Our district court is just over and the cases on docket were slim indeed. I have had an offer to go to Topeka and I have been debating in my own mind whether it would not be better for me to

locate in that place as Holton is too small and too much out of the way. No business scarcely of any kind is carried on here, while Topeka will probably be the capital and already numbers some fifteen hundred inhabitants. The only thing that seriously hinders me is the necessity of leaving you here for some time, as I would probably not be able to find a family to place you in with confidence for some time.

September 23rd We have just received a dispatch from Leavenworth that the Union forces had probably been defeated at Lexington and the rebel forces were marching on to Kansas City and Leavenworth, and that all the men that could leave home were required at the last mentioned place. I shall probably start in the morning. In the mean time, I shall leave you at he house of W.A. Creitz, as he has no children and his wife thinks a great deal of you. It may be, my son, that I shall never get back. If I do not, you can rest assured that no act which, coming to your ears, will cause you to blush. I will do my duty. Act then a noble part for yourself, and all will be well. The only thing that I am sorry for is that you should be cast so young upon the charities of the world, and if I should die, you would remember no acts of my affection for you. Goodbye.

September 25th Like our other military excursion, before we reached Leavenworth we received word that the rebels had turned their course and that the city was perfectly safe. We therefore retraced our steps homeward, glad the danger was no greater.

October 5th, 1861 Today the Republican Convention assembled in town for the purpose of nominating candidates for the several county officers. I was fortunate enough to receive the nomination for the office of Clerk of the district court as it will probably be of some benefit to me in these hard times, and as business is very scarce in the legal line, I will accept of it. Though I have been but five months in the county, I think I can be elected. If I am, I shall remain here and make my home at this place for some time.

October 17th This is another of those

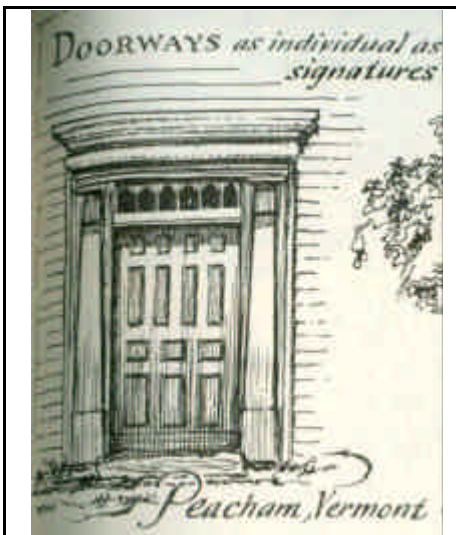
(Continued on page 5)

Beyond
the
Brick
Wall

(William Henry Dodge-Continued from page 4)
rainy, gloomy, and disagreeable days so repulsive to my nature. Autumn puts on her ace of sombre hue and indicates that all things are hastening to decay. "The sere and yellow" leaf covers the forests and the husbandman gathers in the fruits of his labor – preparing to spend the last days of the retiring year in meditation and in rest - emblematic of that life which, having enjoyed the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of their existence in industry and improvement retires with the head covered over with the silvered hairs of time to rest from all its toil.

Although things are dismal without, and it is usual with me to be susceptible of its influences, I do not feel so much so today because I think my future is brightening. I once was in better worldly circumstances than now, and could snuff the gale of prosperity but adversity claimed me for her own and I sank – though without murmuring. Misfortune then came and nipped my companion from the household and war and persecution came in for their share. One solace was left me – my boy, and a consoling one too, for he has been the light of my desponding moments. We have both enjoyed good health, for which my heart overflows with gratitude to the Great Dispenser of all favors. I believe that I shall do well here and have a good run of business so that I can in some measure retrieve my fallen fortunes.

(to be continued)



Doorway in Peacham, VT. Sketch taken from the book: *Eric Sloane's America*, a wonderful book.

DNA REPORT

The DNA results from a number of those who have joined our DNA project have shown to be part of a larger specific family group.

It seems that somewhere along the line, at least two, family lines from Tristram, and possibly more than that, became totally lost years ago

This first lost line we believe stems from Tristram, William. The reason that we say that is because we have two people with paper trails that are from this line. The Daniel Dodge that Jim Bailey just connected up is also this line. DNA from a descendant of the mystery of Walter Dodge and Mary Reece is in this same family group. Another Dodge who tested, and whom we thought was Tristram, Tristram, shows by DNA that he is also from Tristram William. The DNA marker that ties these 5 Dodge lines together is GATA H4 which is a slow mutating marker.

These 5 Dodges are also part of a larger family group of 10 people. This group includes the following mystery lines:

- Obediah Dodge & Betsey Morrell
- Richard Dodge & Hannah of KY
- William Dodge b. c. 1777 in KY
- David Dodge & Maria Cole

Another family group of DNA seems to come out of Tristram, Israel, John. We have two people with paper trails to that Dodge line, along with two mystery lines...that of Shubal Dodge and John Elison Dodge.

DFA member, Harry Erwin, (see the Sept-Oct 2006 Journal, bottom of front page) is planning on having one of his students write a specific program that he can run the data through to attempt to get a better feel for how the different mystery lines fit into the bigger Dodge picture.

We upgraded to 67 markers, a number of our Tristram participants using money from our general DNA fund which is held in trust by Family-TreeDNA. If you would like to donate to that fund, browse to:

<http://www.familytreedna.com/contribution.html>

Every little bit contributed to that fund helps US to help OTHERS and also allows us to upgrade specific people when we feel that is necessary to better understand the results.



We have two mysteries that have been solved.

Kudos for Linda Scott. Again, Linda has solved another Dodge mystery for us.

In the Mystery File we had a Caroline M. Dodge who married an Otis Gove. We had no parents for Caroline or Otis.

Linda found Caroline's birth record in Salem, Essex Co., MA. She was born 8 Aug 1817 and her given name at birth was Mehitable Caroline Orne Dodge, daughter of Benjamin Dodge and Eliza Newhall. Benjamin Dodge was a descendant from William Dodge.

Further research revealed that Otis Gove died in 1842. Mehitable then married secondly, Capt. Charles May on 11 Feb 1845.

Originally our records only had two children for Benjamin and Eliza, Benjamin George Larkin Dodge, born 11 Nov 1821 in Salem and the above mentioned Mehitable Caroline Orne Dodge. During her research on this family, Linda discovered that they had another child, Eliza Ann, baptized 25 Feb 1816.

Jim Bailey, one of our Board members, solved the mystery of Daniel Dodge who married Mary Baker. Eileen and Norman concur with Jim's findings.

We believe the connection of this mystery to be as follows:

- Tristram - 1607 England**
- William - 1651 England**
- Jeremiah - 1681 New Shoreham, RI**
- Jeremiah, Jr. - 1732 Port Washington, NY**
- Daniel - 1754**

Daniel, Jr. married Mary Baker

DNA results from a descendant of Daniel also support this finding.



Early New England Fence. Sketch taken from the book: *Eric Sloane's America*



Kernels by The Colonel

Col. Robert L. Dodge

This item is from Wikipedia.com

Wadham's Oil and Grease Company of Milwaukee was a chain of filling and service stations based in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the early 20th century. Their refinery was in Indiana. The company was headed by Harger W. Dodge who assumed leadership from his father-in-law in 1916. He saw the potential in offering a convenient way for automobile owners to fill their cars with gasoline. Dodge would build off-street filling stations with underground tanks for the gasoline, and electric pumps to dispense it. Wadham's was purchased by Vacuum Oil Company in 1930. Vacuum Oil was then acquired by So-



cony, which later became Mobil.

Early gas stations were small, ugly or utilitarian buildings that attracted little notice, or even complaints from neighbors. Dodge hired Milwaukee architect Alexander C. Eschweiler to design eye-catching stations. Inspired by Japanese culture, which was popular at the turn of the century, he created Wadham's signature pagoda. As well as a prime example of Japonism (sic) the design was one of the earlier examples of architecture forging a brand identity.

Each building was unique, having a different roofline and floor plan. The pagoda-style roofs were made of stamped-metal tiles. Atop the gabled red roofs many stations had cupolas - often multi-tiered - with lanterns hanging from the corners. The walls were black with yellow trim around the copious glass. They most often featured large plate glass windows on the front, and multi-pane windows covering the

sides. Wadham's built over 100 of these distinctive pagodas between 1917 and 1930.

Few of these stations remain. One, built in 1927, was in use as a gas station until 1978. It was restored in 2000, and is now a Registered Historic Place and maintained as a museum display by the city of West Allis. Another, built in 1926, is part of the Washington Avenue Historic District in Cedarburg, and is in use as a jewelry store.

Ed note: Harger Wells Dodge was a descendant of the Tristram Dodge line.



AMBASSADOR DODGE PHOTOS IDENTIFIED

On page 2 of the May-June Journal, there was an article entitled *Ambassador Dodge* including some photos.

In looking through a box of Dodge items here at the office, we discovered that the ambassador was Henry Percival Dodge, Diplomat, born 1870, graduated Magna Cum Laude, Harvard 1892, admitted to the Bar in 1895.

He married Margaret Riche Adams who died 1917. They had one daughter Alice Cleaves. In 1922, he married in 1922, Agnes Page-Brown.

He was assigned to the American Embassy at Berlin, 1902-06, the American Embassy at Tokyo, 1906-1907; Resident diplomat officer of Dept. of State and Chief of Div. of Latin American Affairs 1910-1911; Supervisor of Panamanian election 1912; Apt. rep of State Dept & Am. command for repatriation of Americans in Europe 1914. He was assigned to Am. Embassy in Paris Charge of Affair to Serbia at Am. Legation 1917-1919; and Denmark 1926.

"The Political Graveyard" (online) connects him to our John Branch through his father, Henry Cleaves Dodge; "Dodge, Henry Percival (1870-1936) — also known as H. Percival Dodge — of Massachusetts. Born in Boston, Suffolk County, Mass., January 18, 1870. Son of Henry Cleaves Dodge and Alice Almia (Lamb) Dodge; married to Margaret Riché Adams (died 1919); married 1922 to Agnes Page-Brown. U.S. Min-

ister to Honduras, 1907-08; Salvador, 1907-09; Morocco, 1909-10; Panama, 1911-13; Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, 1919-26; Denmark, 1926-30. Died in Zurich, Switzerland, October 16, 1936. Burial location unknown."

Ed Note: Below are excerpts from our Oct. 1995 Journal, re: H. Percival Dodge which had been sent to us by Eileen Dodge Lawson of Casper, WY. At that time, no-one knew the ancestry of H. Percival Dodge.

' BELGRADE: (correspondence to The Associated Press) Appointment of H. Percival Dodge as first minister of the United States to the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, has caused general satisfaction to members of the diplomatic corps and Americans here....when war broke out, Mr. Dodge went to France as a special agent of the state department to aid the American ambassador in looking after German and Austrian interests. He was a member of the Breckenridge Mission organized to rescue Americans who were stranded in Europe because of the war...Mrs. Dodge, a daughter of Rear Admiral Adams, United States Navy (retired) and their 12 year old daughter, Alice, are here with him.'

Ed Note: 12 year old Alice would be the tot that was in the photo with her dog and nurse in the last Journal.

Hopefully, before this Journal is even printed and mailed, we will have some of our older Journals scanned and on our web site so that some of the interesting articles from years past can be accessed by our readers who were not part of DFA those many years ago.

When viewing an old Journal it is very apparent that we have 'learned on the job.



Entrance to an early Toll Road in Vermont. Sketch taken from the book: *Eric Sloane's America*

Puritan Paths from Naumkeag to Piscataqua, Part 2

Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Kensington Historian and for many years the Congregational minister at Ware, Massachusetts, and Representative to the General Court, said: "Daniel Webster once said 'The man who does not honor his ancestry is unworthy to be remembered by his posterity.' This is how Lawrence Green Dodge and his wife, Alice Ware Cole felt and so they wrote this fascinating book. This is part two and parts of this book will be transcribed here and in future journals.

Chapter I-A bit of the Old Coast, By the Bay Road

You who drive over our old highways at motor speed may little dream of how long these ways have been traveled by white men and how long before those same trails were followed by the first owners of this shore, the Indian people. Hereabout the place names, whether of state or county or local area or village, were the names used by the Indians, and written down phonetically by the English settlers, or else were applied by those same settlers, copied from their home-land. A first glimpse shows that Massachusetts was of the former origin, and New Hampshire of the latter.

Look again at the two counties with which we are concerned, Essex and Rockingham, and at each town and city from Salem to Beverly to Hampton. On the other hand, how many names are still connected with this region, like Naumkeag, Chebacco, Agawam, Quascacunquen, Merrimac, Pentucket, Winicowett, and Piscataqua. Each, in the Indian tongue had its meaning, connected with the life of the people who lived here in primitive fashion, nonetheless well adapted to their environment.

To feel at home in the forest wilderness and survive the winters with any degree of comfort must have been a real challenge to the first English settlers. Coming from a milder climate it was most essential for them to learn something of how the native people took advantage of their surroundings.

Travel by land was possible on foot over narrow trails which crossed the streams only where shallows could be forded. On this account the settlers found at once that their best way by boat. Slowly at first, then in greater numbers, groups of families

took their possessions about small sailing craft, and followed the coast from one river mouth to the next, then with the favoring tides worked up stream to where their explorations had found promising upland or clearing and planting.

Rare would be the man or family today who could make do and survive by virtue of a strong back, an axe and grub-hoe, flint and steel to make his fire, and a flint-lock gun to provide fresh meat. He must be a "Jack-of-all-Trades" endowed with great ingenuity and endurance. In the face of all this new way of living, within two decades after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, their successors had learned much of how to live here, and had established a chain of small communities from Boston to Salem to Hampton and beyond, all of these on tidewater, and more accessible by water than by land. Then too in these same waters were the best of fish from salmon and sturgeon all down the scale, while the tidal flats abounded in shell fish. Many a clam shell heap is still uncovered today, a record of the summer homes of the native people, who mostly wintered however a few miles inland in heavier forest cover. The rugged young men among our forebears soon found where they could take beaver and fox for the fur trade. Tradition has it that one ancestor of the writer made a ten mile round of his snares and traps each winter day.

As this is written a fine cold snow is coming down in ten degree weather. When those pioneers faced the like of this they had a lot more to do than to turn up the thermostat or flip the light switch at sun down.

The memories of the writer go well back into the last century to a time when life was very simple. To be sure the fireplaces were closed and good coal fires were kept day and night in a kitchen range and at least one sizable "parlor stove." Kerosene lamps had replaced candles and their successors the whale oil lamps. All the water used in the house was carried in from a well in the yard, stoves and lamps required no end of tending and out-of-door toilet facilities were universal on the farms.

First hand accounts from parents and grandparents added to the understanding of the early days of that century. The writer's father, Robert F. Dodge was born in Wenham in 1829 less than three years after that day when it was announced "Adams and Jefferson are no more". And a few weeks less than two hundred years after the first Dodge, "Farmer William" arrived at Salem. Robert F. was also a grown man during the life of his grandfather, John Thorne Dodge who had accompanied his father, Captain Richard, in the early campaigns of the Revolution. And John Thorne as a young man had gone west with the wagon train to Marietta, Ohio, in 1787, but returned to carry on the old homestead farm at Wenham. (to be cont'd)



DAFA member, John Rea, sent the above photo which was taken from *Tales of a Phelps-Dodge Family* by Phyllis B. Dodge (1987). This house belonged to his Dodge grandparents and they named it "Naumkeag".

John also asked who the New England "Planters" were. There were 40 on the *Abigail*, 100 on *The Talbot*, and 40 on *The Lion's Whelp*. We have always understood this term as being applied to colonists who came to our country from England and that it was an Elizabethan term for colonists.

Wikipedia has a different description: "The New England Planters were settlers from the New England colonies who responded to invitations by the governor of Nova Scotia, Charles Lawrence, to settle lands left vacant by the Acadian Expulsion of 1755. Eight thousand Planters, largely farmers and fishermen, arrived from 1759 to 1768 to take up the offer. The farmers settled mainly on the rich farmland of the Annapolis Valley and in the southern counties of what is now New Brunswick but was then part of Nova Scotia."



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

I recently spoke with Jann Dodge, a Dodge Family Association member who lives in nearby Tenino, Washington. Her husband, Elmer Dodge's ancestry ties into John Dodge in Middle Chinnock England. The connection was made by the hard work of a distant cousin. Jann's niece, Janice, and I met at the IOOF Cemetery, in Tumwater, Washington and she pointed out where all the stones of the local ancestors of her husband's family were buried. Now is a good time to be photographing cemetery stones of your ancestors. I look forward to meeting many of you at the reunion this year in Salem, Massachusetts.



**THE MYSTERY OF CALVIN DODGE
AND ALICE BLAKELY**

Census records show that Calvin Dodge was born about 1808 in Connecticut. His Parents are unknown. Alice was born Dec. 1, 1810 in England and came to America with her mother and brothers when she was ten years old.

In 1828 Alice converted to the Catholic faith. On the 27th of November 1832, Alice Blakely became the bride of Calvin Dodge, at St. Patrick's Church in Pittsburgh, her aunt and uncle, James and Susanna Blakely, as her witnesses.

Calvin and Alice raised seven children: Mary Elizabeth, born in 1836; James Blakely, born in 1837; Sarah Ann, born in 1840; John Chryostom, born in 1842; *William Francis, born in 1845; Alice Rose, born in 1848; and Helen Faith, born in 1852.

*William Francis Dodge married Jane Kelley on 10 July 1871 in Des Moines, Iowa. Jane was born about 1845 in Des Moines. They had one son, *Frank J. Dodge, born about 1872 in Des Moines.

*Frank J. Dodge married Josephine Kingston in 1898 in Des Moines. Josephine was born in March 1872 to Paul Kingston and Bridget McKee, both born in Ireland. Frank and Jane raised three children in Des Moines: Pauline F., born April 1900; Martha J., born about 1905; and Frank J., Jr., born 1 March 1916.

The Pittsburgh Gazette, 25 May, 1863 tells of the drowning of Calvin Dodge in the Monongahela River: "On Sunday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, a party of young men, in a rowing skiff on the Monongahala River, in the vicinity of the Brownsville wharf boat, discovered the body of a man floating or rather lying near the stern of the steamer Gallatia. The body was hauled

ashore, where a crowd soon collected, but no one knew who the deceased was until John J. Mitchell, Esq. came up and identified the remains as those of Calvin Dodge, a well known citizen of the Eighth Ward. The body was then removed to the coffin rooms of Mr. Devore, on Grant Street where an inquest was held by Coroner McClung. No evidence was elicited tending to show how the deceased lost his life, and a verdict of death by drowning was rendered.

The deceased was a very worthy and esteemed citizen and carried on the business of painting - his office being located on Fourth Street. We learn that he left his residence on Forbes Street about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening last, not advising his family as to where he was going, or what his intentions were. As he frequently lay on the sofa all night in warm weather, no search was made for him until Thursday, when it was found that he had not been in the house during the night. Inquiries were then made in every direction, but no tidings were heard of him until his remains were found as stated. He was about fifty-five years of age, and was a very industrious and useful citizen.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2:00 from his late residence #56 Forbes Street. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend without further notice."



**THE NOVA SCOTIA MYSTERY OF
JESSE DODGE
AND DEBORAH BENT**

Jesse Dodge was born 27 May 1805 in Granville, Nova Scotia. His parents are unknown. On 14 Oct 1832, in Granville, he married Deborah Bent. She was born 26 June 1814 in Granville to Ebenezer Bent and Loretta Dench.

Jesse and Deborah raised ten children in Granville: Benjamin, born 10 Oct 1833; Eunice, born 7 Dec 1835; William Longley, born 6 Jan 1838; *John Albert, born 6 Jan 1838; Henry Bent, born 7 June 1841; Benjamin Knowlton, born 21 Sep 1843; George Edward, born 11 Aug 1846; Jesse Herbert, born 27 Nov 1849; Reuben Leander, born 13 Apr 1852; and Ada Elvira, born 7 Sep 1856.

John Albert Dodge moved to Massachusetts and on 16 June 1886, in Newton, Massachusetts, he married Fannie Gertrude Clark. She was born 19 May 1862 in New Hampshire to Benjamin B. Clark and Mary Ann Eaton. John and Fannie raised three children: *Chester Eaton, born 11 May 1887; Marjorie, born 30 July 1888; and Madeline, born 26 June 1896. John Albert

died on a boat on the way to Hull, Massachusetts.

Chester Dodge married Edna D. Locke. They raised two daughters: Mary, born in 1914 and Ruth, born in 1916. Chester was an Associate Professor of Civil Engineering and died in Dover New Hampshire on 3 Jan 1935.



**THE MYSTERY OF JONATHAN
THORNE DODGE OF ROCHESTER
NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Census records of Jonathan Thorne Dodge show him to be born about 1804 in New Hampshire. His parents are unknown. On 17 Dec 1840, in Somersworth, Jonathan married Sarah Hanson. Sarah was born 20 July 1809 in Dover, the daughter of Ephraim Hanson and Abigail Leighton.

Jonathan and Sarah raised four children in Rochester. Sophia Dodge was born in 1842, married Daniel Hall in 1877. Jonathan Thorne Dodge, Jr. was born in 1844, died in 1901. Sarah A. Dodge was born in 1848. Martha A. Dodge was born in 1851, married Frank Jones in 1881.

Rochester New Hampshire is in the southeast area of the state, just 35 miles east of the capital city of Concord. In 1834, Jonathan Thorne Dodge, Sr. purchased the property of the Ordione's Tavern in Rochester. The property was on prime land, situated on Central Square near the train station. Jonathan removed the old tavern buildings and built a new hotel with stables. The Dodge Hotel quickly became the most popular hotel in Rochester. It could accommodate nearly 70 people and was famous for the excellent meals it served. The stables of the hotel could house 70-80 horses and Jonathan ran a successful stagecoach business with routes going to Ossipee in the south and to Dover in the north.

In 1851 a fire destroyed the entire building and Jonathan rebuilt a very large and impressive looking brick hotel. Jonathan died in 1871 and his wife, Sarah, continued running the hotel until her death in 1889.

Jonathan, Jr. was called Thorne. He was the Chief Engineer of the Rochester Fire Department. When his mother died, he resigned his position with the Fire Department and took over the management of the Dodge Hotel until his death in 1901. Thorne never married and had no heirs, so the legacy of the Dodge Hotel ended. In 1902 the property was bought by the Humane Masonic Lodge and used by them until a fire destroyed the building in 1908. A new building was raised on the old hotel site, which became the F. W. Woolworth store.