

DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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The NEW TRISTRAM GENEALOGY BOOK

is finally ready to go to the printers! The book will cover the Tristram Dodge lineage from 1607 in England to those born in this century. The book is so large it is necessary to print it in two volumes. The cost of the two-volume set will be \$110 including shipping. We are only printing 500 copies, so it is important to get your order in early. To pre-order your set just fill out the order form at the bottom of the cover letter page and send it in with your choice of payment. Those who pre-order will get their books hot off the press!



The Next Generation— Our children and grandchildren need to be included in reunions. Here are two of the children who were at the CA reunion. On the left is one of the daughters of Thea and Larry Dodge and on the right is the grandson of Diana Smith.

From the Diary of William Henry Dodge 1833-1921

Transcribed by Ann Morddel exactly as written by William

These poignant letters from William's diary will tug at your heart.

Ann Morddel, a DFA member and niece of Clyde Dodge of CA, has transcribed this Diary that belonged to their ancestor, William Henry Dodge. Published in three parts starting with this Journal.

Frontispiece:

These pages of scraps, gems, and jottings picked up in my professional career, commencing when a mere novice without knowledge or discrimination sufficient to know what would be best adapted for the purposes of after life are most respectfully and affectionately inscribed to my son Orion, by the compiler.

The first pages of the diary are filled with rules of pleading, forms of legal address and wording, necessary for his work as a lawyer, perhaps used as study to pass the bar in Palmyra. Then follow "gems", quotes from Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Byron, Demosthenes, Aristotle. The diary begins about a quarter of the way through the book.

Diary

November 1st, 1860

Resolved, for the purpose of mental and individual im-

provement to keep a diary in which I would transfer my own private thoughts, and observations of things that are deemed by me worthy of preservation - not for the eye of the scrutinizer, the invidious, or the public - not for friends even - but for no eye save it be one who is now oblivious to his bereft condition. He alone is the object of my care - my affections are all centered upon him - and to advance his interests - and to further his march on the road to moral and intellectual improvement I promise to dedicate the best fruits of my life.

My son, upon the tenth of last month your Mother died, and you were just twenty months old, an orphan - to the tempest tossed upon life's boisterous sea. Father concluded it would be to the advantage of us both that you should be taken to your Aunt's in Abingdon, Ill. And there

remain until father could take you, and administer to all your little wants.

We started to that place on the 15th Oct. from Macon City our home and reached Abingdon the same day, travelling all the way by cars.

You were a good boy and loved father for it appeared you had transferred all your affection to him, which was the result of your mother's long illness - and you - poor soul - were too young to know and realize her love for

She was a Christian and died in the triumphs of a blessed immortality. She was scarce 24 years old and so pure - so innocent - she knew not the pride, envy, jealousy, depravity that exist in the world, until it was forced upon her mind the last few years of our Union - during which time fortune frowned upon us, and misfortune appeared to claim us for her own. Poor soul - her only desire to live was to guard, nurture, and protect you in

(Continued on page 4)

Birthday Thoughts

By R. Edward Dodge

Dad turned one hundred and one last week His birthday was a special occasion. We celebrated it in a low-key way this year. My two sisters and my brother and sister-in-law came from as far away as Arizona to help Dad celebrate, and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren were also here for his birthday.

Without a doubt, Dad appreciated all the loving attention he received. Even though he

was a little uncertain at times as to who was who, or what was going to happen next, he was satisfied simply being surrounded by loving family.

Dad has Alzheimer's disease that has progressed significantly over the past few years. He has been a resident at the Highland Terrace Assisted Living Facility for almost two and a half years, and he has been well cared for there.

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
SDodge53@aol.com

Henry Irving Dodge is my 3rd cousin, 4 times removed.

Henry Irving Dodge was born about 1862 in Kasoag, Oswego Co., New York.

His father, William James Dodge, was a large landowner in Kasoag who operated a Barrel manufacturing business during the 1850's and 60's, a business which produced over a thousand barrels per day.

After finishing school in New York, Henry traveled to Texas to study Engineering and upon returning to New York, he took up studying Law. When neither Engineering nor Law retained his interest, Henry turned to writing, a hobby he enjoyed during his youth.

Through his grandmother, Anne Irving Dodge, Henry was a great-nephew of the famous author, Washington Irving. His paternal grandfather was Major General Richard Henry Dodge, who fought in the Revolution and the war of 1812.

In 1902 Mr. Dodge married Margaret Small, daughter of a Maine sea captain, and years afterward he told an interviewer that whatever he might have accomplished of value was largely due to her.

Henry Irving Dodge spent several years in London as a writer for the New York Herald and after returning to New York, he became a freelance writer for many Newspapers and Magazines.

In 1916, Henry penned a novel titled "Skinners Dress Suit" a comedy that became an instant success. This story is about an office worker named Skinner,

ner, who's wife, Honey Skinner, hectors him into asking for a raise. He asks his boss just as their big client announces he's not renewing his contract, so instead of getting a raise, Skinner is asked to take a cut in salary. Nonetheless, he tells Honey that he's gotten the increase, whereupon she delightedly makes plans to spend several hundred dollars on home and wardrobe improvements. Skinner is fitted out with a new dress suit, which makes him a social success--and obliges him to stay one step ahead of the tailor whenever he's behind in his payments. Just when it appears as though Skinner will be swamped in debt, a series of cute coincidences transform him into his office's most valued employee.

Henry kept his character "Skinner" alive with other tales titled "Skinner Steps Out" - 1816, "Skinners Baby" - 1917, "Skinners Bubble" - 1917, "Skinners Big Idea" - 1918 & "Skinner Makes it Fashionable" - 1920.

Skinner was soon portrayed on screen in several silent movies. In 1926, Skinner's Dress Suit starred Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante. Several other novels by Henry Irving Dodge became Plays and were largely used in many theaters, schools and clubs across the United States.

Henry Irving Dodge lived and enjoyed his life in New York City. His success in writing came while he was in his 40's "later in life" he is quoting as saying. He died at 11 o'clock July 28, 1934 in the New York Hospital at age 73 after an illness of 3 months.
Ed Note: The book, Skinner's Baby is part of the Dodge Family Library.




Guest Columnists

We have three guest columnists who have sent us articles for this Journal.

Headlining page 1, is an article by guest columnist, Anne Morddel, a niece of Clyde Dodge. Ann lives in France. She has transcribed a letter from a descendant of Col. John that describes his experiences in the Civil War.

E. Ralph Dodge has written an article, 'Birthday Thoughts', about his father, Ralph E. Dodge celebrating his 101st birthday. In our Sept-Oct 2005 Journal, the lead story was about Ralph and his service as a missionary to Africa. There is also a photo there of Ralph and his wife in earlier years. If you do not have a copy of that Journal, you may download it in pdf format from the 'members only' area of our web site, using the user name and password that you will find at the bottom of page 3 in this Journal.

Both Edward and Ralph joined our DNA project and they descend from John Dodge of Middle Chinnock, England through his son, William who was the first Dodge to come to this country arriving in 1629.

Ginger Parker has given us two stories (See page 5) about her ancestor, John Edward Dodge, and his family. This family can be found in our mystery file as we have not yet been able to find the lineage of John. 

DISTRESSING NEWS: Our new DFA Secretary, Diana Smith, lost her house in Arizona to a fire that was started by careless roofers. Fortunately, she had her notebook computers with her so did not lose genealogy, but everything else is gone !



On the left: Five happy faces of some who attended the Southern California Reunion, January 26, 2008. Such a good time is always had by all who attend a Dodge Reunion...even children as attested by the faces of the two children on our front page.

From the left: Capt. Jim Dodge, California; Bob Albert, California; Eileen Dodge, Washington; Judy and Bill Ragan, California.



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The View From My Window



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Springtime in the Rockies...I am sure many of you older folks remember or have heard of that song. Springtime in the Rockies is a mixture of days with temps in the 70s interspersed with snowstorms. On March 1, I sat out on the back patio in the sun reading and March 2, I woke to 6 inches of snow. Again, on March 5, I woke to another 6 inches. My son, Calvin, who has been staying with me for over a month now, used the snow shovel and cleared off the back patio so that the dogs would not pack the snow down thus turning it into ice. Calvin will be leaving March 22 to join his wife in Tucson where they live.

Each day, hours are spent scanning many of Earl's political items including pin backs, books, and other paraphernalia. My daughter, Karen, spends several hours each day uploading the items to Ebay for either auction or directly into our Ebay Store.

Fred, the wonder dog, likes to be in this big sunny room with us and he spends the mornings staring at the wall or ceiling watching for light and shadows that might appear from any shiny objects we are handling. He gives us many laughs.

Calvin has done a bit of redesigning of our web site, dodgefamily.org and you might like to browse there to see the main change which was replacing the Dodge Coat of Arms logo that was at the top of each page with a muted page background of logos of the Dodge Coat of Arms. We think that it makes our website appear more up to date.

Calvin is also teaching me MORE html and a bit of Java script, and on our home page, we have a series of 4 photos that change every 3 seconds. They are of St. Margaret's church at Middle Chinnook, Somerset, England. This is the Parrish of the family of John Dodge, father of William, Richard, and Michael; St. Marys, the Parrish of the Dodges of Haliday Hill; Haliday Hill House itself; and the Thomas Dodge Museum in Port Washington, NY.

DFA member, Priscilla Haines, wrote: "Hi Barbara,. I just read your comments

of the dog and your ham bone. I know just what you mean. We ALWAYS make pea soup with the leftover bone, it's just the New Englander way, right? Do let me tell you of a funny thing that happened to a friend of mine. Ellen tried so hard to make pea soup but every time she did her husband, Charlie, would say it was good but not as good as Aunt Liz's. Ellen was so frustrated. When you had a ham you had to make the soup. It was just too wasteful to throw away that good succulent bone. She continued to try and please Charlie to no avail. One day she got tied up in traffic and didn't get home early enough to let the bone simmer in the peas. What to do. She had planned that as her supper. Finally in desperation she ran into the BPM (Brockton Public Market) and grabbed one of those Lipton soup mixes. Charlie didn't like her soup anyway so what difference did it make! She put the concoction together with the ham bone and let it simmer while she got a salad ready and then waited for Charlie to get home. She dished out his soup and hers and then waited for him to take a taste. "Wow", he said, "you finally did it!! This is as good as Aunt Liz's in fact it tastes just like hers."

Talking about cooking, daughter Karen gave me a cookbook for dogs. It has lots of yummy sounding recipes in it and the only difference between them and recipes for people, is that there is no salt, and sugar is replaced with honey or molasses. They have names like: FLEAS NAVIDAD NIBBLERS which says it makes 16 festive holidog muffins; BANANA MUTT COOKIES – makes about 20 mutt pleasers; BLUE BLUE BERRY BERRY BUN BUNS- makes a dozen berry, berry delicious muffins! This recipe calls for 1 1/2 cups of fresh blueberries. Now, if you live in Michigan, or the Northeast, or up in the Northwest, blueberries are plentiful, but here in Colorado, the cheapest they EVER are is about \$6 a pound. MY dogs will never taste this item!

How about OATMEAL PUREBRED BREAD? Oats, Molasses, eggs, yeast, shortening, flour...sounds absolutely wonderful. Maybe I will make it for myself sometime and just add salt!

Barbara

(*BirthdaysThoughts -Cont'd from pg. 1*)


At first Dad was placed in the general care area that did not require close supervision, but he has been in the Alzheimer's unit for the past year. Since I visit him almost every day, I have had the opportunity to become acquainted with most of the other residents there. In fact, I am there enough that some of the residents seem to think I'm a member of the staff also. At any rate, they smile and wave to me, and sometimes tell me their concerns.

As I have visited Dad and observed him and other residents over the last couple years, I have learned important life lessons. I'd like to share a few observations with you today.

The most significant thing I've learned is the importance of loving kindness, not simply in theory, but as an everyday kind of attitude and behavior. As Krista Tippet has written in her book, *Speaking of Faith*, people with Alzheimer's disease have no interest in anyone's educational or professional titles or achievements. Credentials like that simply have no meaning for them. Tippet, who worked with them as a chaplain, goes on to say, "They would only know whether I was kind, gentle, patient, a good listener." Tippet is right. Loving kindness, demonstrated in the ways she describes, is the only thing truly important to someone with Alzheimer's disease. Head knowledge has its place, but the most essential quality in such elder care is a loving heart.

In reflecting on this, it struck me that loving kindness turns out to be significant at both the beginning and the end of life. Babies also have no interest in anyone's educational or professional credentials. Being treated with loving kindness, gentleness, and patience are of utmost importance to them, just as in Alzheimer's disease. Perhaps all of us could take a cue as to what is ultimately important from these precious souls at both extremes of life.

Dad is moving to another phase in his life this week, going into a private home where he will be getting one-on-one care. We are thankful for the loving care he received from the staff at Highland Terrace, and for the loving kindness he will receive in his new setting.

It's wonderful that, even at 101, Dad is still illuminating what's most important in life ! 

Passwords: User Name: [dodgefamily](http://dodgefamily.org)
Password: wonderdog



Above are Rosemary and James Brodeur, Evertt Dodge and Carol Sorenson at the California Reunion.

(William Henry Dodge-Cont'd from pg. 1) your infantile moments. Oh! That she could have lived for that purpose – how much better would it have been for both of us. I would not then be deprived of your sweet step - your smile - and little prattling tongue. “But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, Rough hew then as we will.” The fates decreed that it should be so and in humble submission I to its inexorable decree.

It is snowing and raining today, and the external world is dark, dreary, and gloomy - fit representation of the internal world - the recesses of my own heart – dark shadows flit before me and even the future – usually light and radiant with me, is portentless and threatening. The weather always had a great influence over me, and when nature was robbed of the sunbeam, I could not imitate her quite as when she exhibits in moments of joy.

November 2nd

This day is a continuation of yesterday, sad, gloomy and peculiar. I remained in my office all day, sometimes reading law and sometimes the newspapers, and find it difficult to confine my mind to any one branch of particular study long at a time, for gloominess of weather begets in one a vacant and undefined train of contemplation. I love to muse, and revel in the past, and recall to remembrance joyous boyhood moments, when all was one long and continued sunshine of Spring. I was led to do this today by being visited by Dr. Derby, a lecturer upon the Science of Phrenology. I can very distinctly remember when I was a boy about eleven years old in the City of New Albany, Indiana, hearing the Dr. lecture upon his favorite Science, which made a deep impression upon my mind. He had a large Gallery of portraits of distinguished men, exhibiting the vari-

ous temperaments and phrenological developments, a view of which interested me very much, and I was forcibly struck with the truth of that science as a medium of determining character - and resolved then in my own young mind that same day I would know something of its nature. Fifteen years since then have passed away. The Dr. is yet following his favorite profession, and promulgating its truths, although time has written some wrinkles upon his brow and his voice is considerable worse by the incessant wear - During which time also I have had an opportunity of drinking from the Pierian Spring, and testing the truth of its principles to my own satisfaction. I would not exchange what little I know of the Science of Phrenology and be deprived of its advantages in the future for the gems of Victoria's crown. My son, study it, and practice its precepts, and it will enable you to avoid many of life's errors, and enable you to perceive many of the defects and much of the treachery of pretended friends.

November 4th

This is the Sabbath, clear, calm and bright, with indications to atone for the unfavourable and disagreeable weather we endured for the last few days. Read in the forenoon until about ten o'clock the Speeches of John Curren in “Irish Eloquence”. He had at times, when aroused, upon some great theme, almost Superhuman eloquence, as is exhibited in one short paragraph on the “Catholic Emancipation” subject - and in another when speaking in the defence of Mr. Finnerty upon the employment of Government informers, but yet for soul stirring and inspiring eloquence, Mr. Phillips, in my opinion, was his superior. It flowed like a copious torrent, smoothly, beautifully and apparently without exertion, while Mr. Curran's usually wears the evidences of exertion and labor. Phillips' oratory overwhelms you; Curran's amazes. Phillips sometimes reaches a sublimity as to be incomprehensible, and Curran never falls below expectation.

I took a walk out to your mother's grave today and Oh! It is a lonely, dreary place. Death dwells there - a graveyard should not look so desolate. The community should take more pride in beautifying and adorning the home

of the dead that it might be a place for pleasant and agreeable resort. Right at the foot of your Mother's grave stands a tree, which is, with the grave, on a direct line with another, but not so near it. Against this first mentioned tree, I stood and saw her placed down in the ground, and listened to the crumbling and tumbling harsh sound of the earth as it enveloped her for the last time from mortal view. I stood there almost alone then, for we were among strangers in a strange land, and there were not many to condole in the dark hour of adversity.


The thought that she followed me in my wanderings, so far from her friends and relations, was so devoted, and then to die and be buried so – no mother, father, brother or sister, none but me to drop the tear of affection o'er her grave, was almost heart-rending. But I must not let such thoughts employ my pen so much. I was going to say that I stood by that tree today and mused over Lizzie and of you.

The decrees of fate are severe indeed, and however unwilling we may be, we must bow submissively to its mandate. How I would love if you could only be with me, and old enough to realize, no, no, not to realize our condition - but to lighten the solitude of the scene around. **(to be continued)**

New England Reunion October 4, 2008

The New England Reunion will be held in Salem, Massachusetts, at Victoria Station; “The Grand Lady of the Salem Waterfront”

Entree choices will be: beef, chicken, fish, or pasta and will include a served Garden Salad, Fresh Baked Bread & Butter, Coffee, Tea, or Fountain Soda, and desert. Earl had contacted Victoria Station while we were still in Massachusetts last fall, and he was very pleased with the opportunity to hold our reunion there and with the meal choices. Eileen Dodge has taken over the planning for this reunion. It is wonderful to see how people in DFA step up to fill in the shoes of those who are not with us anymore.

We very much appreciate Eileen's efforts in arranging for this Reunion and we hope that you will all mark your calendars **NOW** so that you will be able to attend this reunion. 

Ginger Parker contributed the following stories about her ancestors, who are in our mystery file.

John Edward Dodge was born 10 May 1783 in Newcastle, Maine. He married Rhoda Tibbets on 14 Dec 1809 in Boothbay, Maine. Rhoda was born 4 July 1791 in Boothbay. The parents of both John and Rhoda are unknown.

The story below involves the town of Liberty, Maine and John's involvement in the incident therein:

A brief history of the town of Liberty: Celebration of centennial anniversary: August 25, 1927. Newell White, Printer, Thorndike, ME. IS

"So many were coming in to settle at this time (1816) that the Proprietors and Twenty Associates sent an agent here to give titles to the land and collect pay. John Edwards had already obtained title to his land at the understood price of \$1.50 per acre when the agent came insisting the price was to be \$2.50 per acre. The settlers, in order to maintain their rights, held a secret meeting in William Lamson's house where they decided to take the agent's papers away from him and give him a good scare. They swore themselves to eternal secrecy, signing the pact by writing their names with their own blood.

After sending one of their number on a day ahead to spy out the agent's exact whereabouts, they went one dark winter night to Hazen Ayer's in Montville. Benjamin Tibbets was chosen to knock at the door and keep Mr. Ayer out of the way while the rest, dressed as Indians, captured the agent. All went as planned and they took him to St. George's lake and threatened to drop him in a hole they had cut in the ice if he made any resistance.

They then took his saddle bags containing his papers and let him go, returning to Lamson's they burned the papers. The 'Indians' were Joel Clark, William Lamson, John E. Dodge, Andrew Glidden, and many others, some living in Palermo and Montville." (pg. 31-32).

An interesting side note: After John Dodge died, Rhoda Tibbets Dodge married Andrew Glidden.



Above is a picture of our present Board of Directors. These are the men and women who keep the Dodge Family Association on track. Back row from the left: Col. Robert Livingston Dodge who was one of our founders and the first President of our Association; Norman Dodge, the present President and the keeper of our genealogy data bases.; Everett Dodge who was president after Robert and before Norman. Charles W. Dodge; Jim Dodge, one of our Vice Presidents; seated are our newest Board member, Diana Smith our new Secretary, and Virginia Dodge Murphy. Other members who could not attend the California Reunion in January are: Joe Klein, Ohio, our Treasurer, and Jim Bailey, Rhode Island, another Vice-President; Martha Dodge Wilkerson, NH, genealogist; John Everett Dodge, NY.

Jason Dodge, son of John Edward Dodge and Rhoda Tibbets, was born 17 April 1812 in Boothbay, Maine. He married Ann S. Tibbets who was born 7 Oct 1825 in Waldo, Maine, the daughter of Benjamin Tibbets and Sarah J. Crummet.

This story involves the children of Jason and Ann. They had eight children, six of whom died of Diphtheria in January and February 1863.

"China Maine Town Report of the Supervisor of Schools: 1862-1863" "This is a very small school. There as been but one term, which was taught by Miss Helen F. Dinsmore. The school began well, but closed prematurely, on account of sickness. Six scholars, belonging to one family, have died of Diphtheria. These constituted more than half of the school."

Manly Francis Dodge, died 23 January 1863, age 16 years.

Charity M. Dodge, died 25 January, 1863, age 3 year.s

Ella R, Dodge, died 26 January 1863, age 14 years, 1 month.

Arthur W. Dodge, died 26 January 1863, age 5 years, 1 month.

Emma J. Dodge, died 3 February 1863, age 9 years, 11 months.

Roswell W. Dodge, died 17 February 1863, age 11 years, 7 months. If you know the parents of John Edward Dodge, please contact Eileen at: edodge1946@comcast.net



Diana Smith's grandson makes friends with our Dodge Knight and holds the Dodge motto which means something like "Give me a life of gentle ease" The Knight is owned by Norman and Eileen Dodge.



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

January and February have brought many feet of snow to the Cascade Mountains. In fact we had at one time recorded 145 inches on Snoqualmie Pass on I-90 and it was shut down for about a week. Spring has now arrived, however many wonder when the temperature of the day is going to get warmer.

New Mysteries are now presented and old ones are resurfacing too. If you have any information on these mysteries please contact me, nedodge@aol.com

New Hampshire Mystery

We are looking for the parents of Lucy Dodge, born about 1802 in Amherst, New Hampshire. On 22 November 1821, Lucy married Nathan Hall, Jr. He was born 9 November 1797 to Nathan Hall and Ruth Waterman. Nathan and Lucy had four daughters: Grace, who married Edward Buxton Dodge; Jane, who married Ora Fitzgerald; Abby; Betsey, who married Ezra Dodge.

Canada to Vermont Mystery

In the 1850 and 1860 Census in Rutland County Vermont is Thomas Dodge, born about 1809 and Oliver Dodge, born about 1811. Both were born in Canada and married in Rutland County Vermont. It is likely that Thomas and Oliver are brothers.

Thomas married Eliza (unknown maiden name). Thomas and Eliza had three sons born in Mount Holly: Thomas Warren, about 1838 who married Eugenia Elliott Upham; Rollin, about 1841; Lucien, about 1843 who married Cora (maiden name unknown). Thomas and his sons can be found in the DeKalb County Illinois census in 1870.

Oliver married Loduska Shippey in 1851 in Clarendon. Their children were: William Henry, born 1855 and Frank L. born in 1864. Oliver and his sons stayed in Vermont

Also in Rutland County are John and Rosanna Dodge. John was born about 1776 and died in 1850. Rosanna was born about 1788 and died in 1851. Her maiden name was Stewart. John and

Rosanna are in the 1820, 1830, 1840, and 1850 census in Rutland County. Are John and Rosanna are the parents of Thomas and Oliver?

New York to Minnesota to Vermont Mystery

In 2006 we presented this Mystery Dodge family but received no replies, so we are again asking for your help in identifying the parents of George Washington Dodge, born 11 June 1835 in New York. George married Martha Soules who was born about 1834 in New York – her parents are unknown. In the 1880 census George stated his parents were born in Canada. George and Martha had two children: William Amasa, born in 1859 in Oswego County and Mary Alice, in 1863 in Onondaga County. The family is in the 1870 census in Gouverner, New York, and in the 1880 census in Pleasant Hills, Minnesota. William Amasa moved to Barron County Wisconsin where he married Sarah Jane French. William Amasa and Sarah Jane had one son, Benjamin William Dodge, born 1884. Mary Alice married Peter Lee. They had eight children and moved to Montana.

Three New Hampshire Joseph Dodge Mysteries

The New Hampshire Marriage Vital Records show three Joseph Dodes for whom we have no ancestry:

Joseph Dodge married Rebecca Dodge on 21 Aug 1798 in New Boston

Joseph Dodge married Sally Smith on 23 May 1798 in Amherst

Joseph Dodge married M. Rogers on June 17, 1856 in Manchester

Rhode Island to New York to Connecticut Mystery

We are looking for the parents of Samuel Dodge, born about 1802 in Rhode Island, and died after 1860 in Connecticut. In 1824 he married Martha N. Ball. She was born 9 Feb 1798 in New Shoreham, Rhode Island and died 31 Jan 1857 in Connecticut. Samuel and Martha had four children: Samuel Robert, born about 1833 in New York; Elizabeth A., born about 1834 in New York; Edmund Perry,

born 3 Dec 1836 in Connecticut; Martha N., born 1840 in Connecticut.

New Hampshire to Pennsylvania Mystery

George Dodge, born about 1815 in New Hampshire married Eliza R. Stevens on 25 Dec 1843 in Bath, New Hampshire. Eliza was born about 1818 in Vermont. Their first two children were born in New Hampshire: George H. in November 1844 and Harvey A., in 1847. The following three children were born in Norwich, Pennsylvania: Mary Ellen, in 1849, Harry H., in 1856; and Frank, in 1858. We are seeking the parents of George Dodge.

Vermont to Tennessee To Missouri to California Mystery

We are looking for the parents of Edward K. Dodge, born about 1813. He married Caroline F. Dodge about 1845. She was born about 1817. Depending on which census record you read they were both either born in Vermont or New Hampshire. Their first child, Edward Everett was born in 1846 in Tennessee. Their second child, Albert H. was born March 1850 in Missouri. By 1860 the family had moved to San Francisco, California. Edward Everett moved several times within California, sometimes listed in the census as a lawyer, other times as a clergyman. He married Mary Louisa Wythes. They had three sons and one daughter. Albert married Anna (her maiden name is unknown). They had one daughter. Albert also moved several times within California. He was a physician and surgeon.



Left: Judy Ragan with her cousin, Peter Dodge, at the California Reunion in January of this year.