



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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FIVE KERNELS OF NEW ENGLAND CORN

A special meaning for America's celebration of Thanksgiving Day

by Andrew Lane

Several Journals ago, we had an article on West Coker and the people who lived there over the years.

One of our members in England was able to find the address in West Coker, for Michael and Nadine Dodge who had provided most of the photos that were in the book.

We wrote to Michael and Nadine, sending them a copy of our Journal that contained that article. Nadine very kindly sent us a note of thanks for purchasing the book and also sent us their genealogy as far as they know it, which goes back to John Dodge who was b. in 1796 in West Coker.

Because of some name recognition between this Dodge line, and that of William Dodge/Catherine Arnold who m. in 1816-1817, it is possible that William and their John were brothers.

It is interesting to pull up a map on Google and see how close many of the little towns were that contained, and still contain, John Branch Dodges.

Because Thanksgiving is just around the corner and our next Journal will not come out until after Thanksgiving, it is appropriate that this article be used in this Journal so that you who live in our great country of America, may understand more fully how we started and why, down through the years, God has been so much a part of our American Heritage.

This article was used by one of our DFA founders, Col. Robert L. Dodge, in a presentation he made to *The Sons of the American Revolution*.

Five Kernels of New England Corn

A full week was given to the first Thanksgiving feast in New England in 1621. Governor Bradford sent men to hunt deer and turkey and to call Massasoit's tribe to the Pilgrim's table. Out of this harvest festival came the American institution of Thanksgiving Day. It is peculiar to our people. No other nation has a celebration exactly like it. It does not honor a victory, mark a revolution, or commemorate the birth or death of a national hero. It is the great holiday of the common people. Thanksgiving is a national family celebration to thank God for the bounty wrought in liberty by our own labors.

Many descendants of the Pilgrims still follow the custom begun on that first Thanksgiving Day in Plymouth, of placing five grains of corn beside each plate at the

dinner table. Five grains of corn was the daily ration during those desperate days before the harvest when food was scarcely to be had. At each annual feast after that, they placed the grains at the table so that the reason for their rejoicing might not be forgotten.



The corn would remind them of the 63-day trip in the tiny Mayflower. It would speak to them of the days when there were only seven healthy colonists to care for the sick and when already almost half their number were buried on a bleak and windswept hill. But the grains of corn would remind them of more than hardship and disaster. They would also recall that proudest fact of Pilgrim courage: that when spring came, and the Mayflower sailed home to England, every Pilgrim who survived the winter chose to remain in this new free land.

Each of the five grains of corn has special significance. One by one we can count them with purpose.

The FIRST GRAIN reminds us that the earth is still good. This free land of our fathers yet pours forth its rich fruits and harvests into the

hands of those who labor in it; it holds within its bosom vast reservoirs of power; it is a provident parent.

The **SECOND GRAIN** of corn should remind us of the Indians who befriended the Pilgrims and provided them with corn and squash that first dreadful winter, and taught them to gather clams and to catch fish. Had these members of another race, wise in the ways of survival in this world, not ministered to our forefathers, it is unlikely they would have survived.

The **THIRD GRAIN** of our Thanksgiving corn recalls to us that "undefeated glory which is man." Courage, we know, is a part of the armor of every great man. If we are "armed with a dream worthy to be believed," and with a courage sufficient for the hour, even WE may do great things.

Observe the scene more clearly. The winter had been severe, death a frequent visitor, and from England, family voices called. But when the Mayflower returned, the colonists remained.

Certainly, **THIS SCENE**, has a special message for those who seek of life mere refuge. Today, there are among us those who say they would leave this land if there were but some last, free place to go. They are, they complain, weary of battling escalating collectiv-

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
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**New York Times,
January 11, 1879**

Proposed Reunion of an Old Family Preparations are now being made, and invitations issued, by Hon. William Earl Dodge and others, representatives of the Dodge Family in America, for a social reunion of the family, at Salem, Mass., on Thursday, July 10, 1879.

The family is of very ancient lineage in Cheshire, England. On the 29th day of June, O.S. (now 10th day of July, N. S.) William Dodge, who, with his brother, was the founder of the name and family in this country, arrived at Salem, Essex County, Mass., on board the ship Fleet. In the circular which has been issued, and which is signed by: William E. Dodge, William E. Dodge, Jr.,

20 Clifford St., N.Y.,
Robert Dodge, Wall St, N.Y.,
Richard J. Dodge, William St., N.Y.,
Reuben Rawson Dodge,
Wilkinsonville, Mass,
Christopher Gore Dodge,
West Park St., Providence, R.I.
Gen. Grenville M. Dodge,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

They state that as of yet no true genealogical history of the family has appeared, neither has any united effort been made for its production, although many of them have extensive collections of materials therefore. In order to assure the preparation of such history before these collections are lost, to widen their mutual acquaintance, and to rekindle a true family feeling in their race at the cradle of their second birth, it is proposed that on Thursday, July 10, 1879, being the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of William Dodge at Salem, all that bear the name of Dodge in the United States, either in person or representatives, shall gather anew in Mechanic Hall, Essex - street, Ancient Salem at 10 o'clock for social reunion, to provide for a proper memorial, and to listen to the addresses of several prominent members of the family.



(5 Kernels of Corn-Continued from page 1)
ism. Such Americans need to be reminded that even when life was almost unendurable, the Pilgrims stayed. Let us thank God for those patriotic men and women who yet refuse to bow to the forces warring against our liberties, who remain in the fight, who will not yield.

The **FOURTH GRAIN** of corn reminds us that the Pilgrims came "to lay a foundation for the Kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world." Freedom of conscience and religion was not just simply a motto to them; they exercised their conscience to practice their religion. They prayed in their homes...and their schools. They saw their freedom to do so as far more important than their physical comforts, or even food and shelter.

That **FIFTH and LAST GRAIN** of corn represents the most compelling reason to be grateful. It is the fact that at the center of our universe, Creative Love stills holds all life together. Out of that belief grows the faith of the Christian family and the Christian nation alike. Out of it, also, grows the assurance that His Kingdom will yet come.

Christian leadership can seem a burden. Yet, have we not sought our chance to make a better world? Our forefathers came here ***three hundred and fifty years ago** to fulfill such a purpose. They thought they could do it by taming a wilderness. Perhaps God has now provided a sterner mission for us. Let us be thankful for His faith in us, that He has given us our chance to preserve those liberties which are our most precious heritage.

The meanings of the grains of corn can be recited briefly. We can rejoice in an earth still good, in friends still loyal, in a courage undefeated and in a freedom still largely unimpaired in our Father's world. ...however...There can be no true Thanksgiving, we must remember, without sacrifice. Our gratitude should lead to joy, and our joy to a renewed commitment to our God, our family, our country. With this must go our prayer that the Infinite Father in His great goodness may use both us and what gifts He has given us in the noblest cause of our tie: The Preservation of Christian Civilization.

***The Review of the News, November 25, 1970**

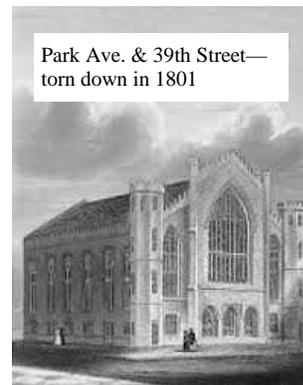
Tristram Descendants

Descendants of Tristram Dodge accomplished so much and we thought it would be appropriate to bring to mind some of them in this and future Journals.

Jeremiah Dodge, was the son of Samuel Dodge and Elizabeth (unknown last name) and great grandson of Tristram Dodge. Since Tristram was still alive when Jeremiah was born, one wonders if Tristram knew his great grandson. Was he proud of him? Did he announce that he had a new great grandson?

Jeremiah was born 9 Sep 1716, Block Island, Rhode Island or Cow Neck Long Island, and died 25 July 1801, New York City, New York. Cow Neck Long Island, is where some of the Dodges from Block Island moved and that is where the Thomas Dodge house is located. That is now a museum which can be seen by appointment.

In 1745, thirteen believers met for a prayer-meeting in Jeremiah's home that resulted in the formation of the first Baptist Church in New York City.



In 1753, they moved to a rigging loft on William Street, and six years later the members bought a lot on Gold Street and built the first church building, holding their first service there on March 14, 1760.

In 1762 the church was formally constituted as "The First Baptist Church in the City of New York" and John Gano was called to be its first pastor. The church grew from 27 to over 200 members in only three years. Gano's ministry was interrupted by the Revolutionary War, during which he served as Chaplain to General George Washington and had the honor of baptizing him. Returning from the war, Gano regathered his scattered flock and restored the building. Later, he helped found Brown University

Today, from the 1st Baptist Church website: First Baptist Church is a cosmopolitan congregation with people from over 23 different countries in attendance. The single cord that unites us is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and a commitment to the Word of God. To these the church has been faithful for over 250 years.

We invite you to come and join us during any of our worship services or special events to enjoy the fellowship of other believers.

The View From My Window



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The time for putting together and publishing our Dodge Journal caught me by surprise. The past 2 months have flown by and it hardly seems possible that it is time for another one!

Sometimes, it is a struggle to know what to write about and it was so this time. In fact, I did not even know WHAT I could put in the Journal and then in the space of 2 days, I received three items that I knew would work well. The article on page one also led me to know what to write here.

Being brought up in Massachusetts and attending school there back in the 40s and 50s, I was immersed in our Heritage of Pilgrims, Massasoit, Samoset, Squanto, Plymouth Rock, and the first Thanksgiving. In fact, when my mother, brother and I moved for a few months to Arizona, I was shocked to find out that none of these things were taught in school. Instead they learned about the Spaniards and missions, etc.

My learning about Massachusetts began in 2nd grade when Geography books were passed out, and our studies began. I loved learning about how Squanto taught the Pilgrims to put a fish in every hill of corn and how to dry fish on wooden racks. I loved learning how even the young boys and girls helped with the chores required for everyday living. I was entranced with the idea of children like myself sewing samplers of ABCs. There were pictures in that book of the Pilgrims walking to the meeting house on Sunday mornings, the men carrying rifles.

Yes, I know that there were others on the Mayflower who were not Pilgrims. Nevertheless, this is a big part of our history.

Now, on the internet, there are many sites who like to say the whole story of the Pilgrims and why they came here is a myth. I think that people do not understand that there is a difference between Pilgrims and Puritans who came a few years later and settled in the Boston area and along the North Shore.

Regardless of the pros and cons of

why these two groups came to this country, they were brave, stoic, and adventurous and those things are found today in many of their descendants. It is often noted that Americans seem to be bold and so sure of themselves. It took a special breed of people to come to a wild new land thousands of miles from everything familiar, in a day when transportation was archaic by our standards today.

Each Thanksgiving, before we started to eat our Thanksgiving dinner, Earl would tell the story of the first Thanksgiving and often he would choke up as he told it...it was so important to him.

Don't miss the back side of the cover letter, where there are pictured interesting sketches of early buildings in New England

May each of you have a blessed Thanksgiving. *Barbara*



Raindrops and Reflections

By
Susannah Nelson
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This past month, my life has been drastically changed. No bolts of lightning, no earth quakes, no tornado or flood. Rather, my perspective on life, and my perspective of myself, have been challenged and I have been faced with a rather unpleasant wake-up call. God allowed me to face many fears, and for two weeks the pain was not lifted, the anxiety did not vanish. It felt as though an impending doom was upon me, and my short-lived days would be numbered by growing misery.

For two weeks, I was sick. Four doctor visits, four prescribed medications, and a trip to the ER challenged my nerves and nearly tore them to pieces. I barely slept, I hardly ate (thanks to nausea, a side effect to one medication), and became too weak to walk from one side of the house to the other. Having been healthy my whole life, I grew extremely anxious; anxiety attacks led to panic attacks, and for another full week after I worked hard to calm myself down.

Even now, I find myself struggling with fear, and I wonder what is wrong with me. The same problem is back,

though greatly lessened in severity, and I have taken immediate steps to knock it out once and for all, but in the back of my mind, I wonder: God, what does this all mean? Will I ever be myself again? Will the anxiety ever go away? Will I ever be able to enjoy life without fear clouding into my mind?

Not surprisingly, I have found my greatest comfort in the following: first, being outdoors. Just taking time to breathe fresh air and admire God's handiwork, especially at this time of year, helps me realize that He is bigger than I am and has everything in His control. Then, I listen to music by one of my favorite singers, JJ Heller. Her song, "Your Hands," (often played on K-Love), is a constant reminder to me of God's infinite wisdom and love. Finally, I pray-a lot-and spend time reading the Bible. Quoting verses over and over to myself, such as Psalm 23 and Psalm 139, is especially comforting.

Even though I continue to blunder and stumble my way through, fearful over what may seem to so many others as a trivial experience, I know God is allowing me to be challenged. So many worries I had before have suddenly vanished. My eyes are open to suffering around me, and He is showing me how I can serve and love on others. He is shaping me into a stronger woman for His glory. My future is in His hands.

"I have unanswered prayers/ I have trouble I wish wasn't there/ And I have asked a thousand ways/ That You would take my pain away./ I am trying to understand/How to walk this weary land/ Make straight the paths that crooked lie/ Oh Lord, before these feet of mine/ Oh Lord, before these feet of mine// When my world is shaking/ Heaven stands/ When my heart is breaking/ I never leave Your hands// When You walked upon the earth/ You healed the broken, lost and hurt/ I know You hate to see my cry/ One day You will set all things right/ One day You will set all things right// chorus// Your hands, Your hands that shape the world/ Are holding me, they hold me still/ Your hands that shape the world/ Are holding me, they hold me still// chorus"

- "Your Hands" by JJ Heller

Susannah



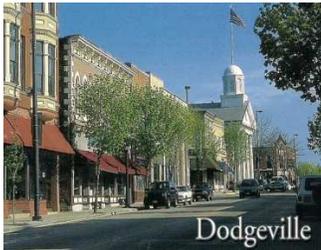
Henry Dodge

Hello again, and welcome to another Hispanic Dodge Moment. In June my husband, Henry Dodge, and I traveled across the country to visit Dodgeville, Wisconsin. We had one question on our mind:

What made Henry L. Dodge, my husband’s newly found great, great grandfather, leave Dodgeville, the booming lead mining area that his father had founded in the 1830s and the home that he shared with his wife, Adele Bequette, and four children and head west to the New Mexico Territory?



Brenda Dodge



Dodgeville

Upon arriving in Dodgeville we were greeted with skepticism from the resident Dodge Historian, Neil Giffey. He said many people come through claiming to be related to Governor Dodge. He wanted proof! Over the next four hours we shared information and DNA results. I think we finally convinced him and left the Old Dodge Log Cabin excited about making such a wonderful contact. Neil Giffey is fascinated by Governor Dodge and anything that is related to him,



including illegitimate great, great, great grandchildren of Hispanic descent.

Another important contact we made was author, L.D. Sundberg. He is writing a biography on Henry L Dodge. We were thrilled to learn that in his research he had come to the same conclusion that we had. Henry Lafayette Dodge had a “Mexican” family and they were located in eastern New Mexico. We were happy to hear that the truth would be told and he was happy to have proof of his conclusion. We look forward to the publishing of his book.

On our trip east we decided to make a stop in Burlington, Iowa. Moses Henry Dodge and, Augustus Caesar Dodge, were said to be buried there. On a rainy day in June we trekked through the old part of the cemetery looking. You would have thought we had found buried treasure when we came across the family plot with 16 Dodges buried there. Cemeteries with their monuments and headstones are truly items that connect the living with the dead. It was an inspiring occasion.

Burlington, Iowa



On the way home we decided that we had to do something with all the information and pent up emotion, so we decided we would build a business and a website where this information and enthusiasm could be shared with others. We created **Hispanic Dodge Ancestry LLC** and will hopefully have the website up and running in October.



By the way, we have discovered the names of over 700 ancestors and descendants of Henry Lafayette Dodge and Juana Sandoval. That does not include any of Henry Lafayette Dodge’s ancestors except a straight line back to Tristram. It does not include any of his descendants with his wife, Adele Bequette. We have not had the time to research it as of yet, but we are hopeful of one day bringing the two families together. If anyone can help with info, please contact us at Dodgegto@mchsi.com.

It has been a wonderful summer filled with genealogy, meeting previously unknown family members, and making new friends. Now it is time to go back to work....teaching Sunday School, playing guitar in church, organizing a Dodge Family Meet and Greet, and of course that never ending research on those mystery people and puzzles of the past. Look for a date and time for the Meet and Greet in the next edition of the Dodge Family Association Journal.

Oh ya, we did not find documentation of why Henry L fled Dodgeville, but he was accused of not paying his debts, gambling, and adultery. Maybe his wife chased him out of Dodgeville with a shotgun!



User Name: Password:

Lieut. John Dodge, son of Richard Dodge, and grandson of John Dodge of Middle Chinnock, Somersetshire, England, (as far back as we have been able to go so far) was born in East Coker, Somersetshire, England before 1631.

He was Lieutenant in the India war and retained the title until his death. John lived at North Beverly, MA. John was baptized 29 Dec 1631 in England. This John Dodge was mentioned in the will of his grandfather, John, who died in Somersetshire, England, in 1635. He probably came to Salem with his father, Richard, in 1638.

He settled in what was then part of Beverly, but later was annexed to Wenham. He build a saw mill and, perhaps, grist mill on Mill River at Wenham Neck, which was in use until about 1822. He received from his father's estate about eighty acres lying about his mill, and five acres of meadow on the same side of Longham Brook, where his house stood, near what was then the north line of Beverly.

On 5th May, 1708, he deeded to his son, Andrew, his homestead of forty acres and other lands near by. Lieut. John Dodge was a man of more than ordinary standing in the community. He was elected deputy to the General Court, was often elected one of the selectmen of the town, and served in almost every public capacity where good sense and integrity were required. There are many bits of evidence preserved, showing that he was on the side of temperance and good order.

Notes from the Town Records of Beverly, Mass., by Hon. John I. Baker, of Beverly: Lieut. John Dodge served in various public capacities and some of these are listed here, but not all as they are many:

- 9 Nov., 1677. Lt. John Dodge with William Raiment was to see that Mr. Hale's rates were brought in.
- 29 Nov., 1760. Lt. John to perfect bonds with Wenham, and to rectify those adjoining our Common lands.
- 31 Oct., 1671. Lt. John chosen selectman.
- 8 May, 1672. Lt. John to attend Salem town-meeting, with others, about the limits of the town.
- 13 Mch., 1673. Lt. John with others to lay out land by Bald Hill to Joseph Harris, and the town will "please him" to exchange land
- 4 Oct., 1678. Mr. John Dodge Sent with Corporal William Raiment to manage at General Court about Salem and Wenham line.
- 6 Dec., 1681. Mr. John Dodge on committee to build new meeting house.
- 17 Jan., 1683. John Dodge chosen Deputy to General Court
- 23 Dec. 1692. Lt. John Dodge on com. to report about dividing town common
- 26 Dec., 1701. Lt. John Dodge committee did obtain Robert Hale as grammar school master.

In 1679 and 1680 Wenham claimed a new boundary line between Beverly and Wenham, by which Wenham was to take from Beverly the following citizens, Rice and John Edwards. They, with Joseph Dodge, Joseph Eaton and John Wooden remonstrated vigorously. Also in behalf of Beverly; William Dixey, William Dodge, Sen., Samuel Corning, John West, Hugh Woodbery, John Dodge, Sen. John Hill, Paul Thorndike, William Woodbery and Andrew Elliot remonstrated.

The Wenham people, represented by Walter Fairfield, Thomas Fiske and Richard Hutton, undertook to collect taxes of Lt. John Dodge under this new boundary line; went there when he was not at home and took pewter platters, etc., for taxes, against the objections and resistance of his wife, Sarah, whom they so abused that they had to pay costs to the amount of 50 pounds. She was evidently spirited and resisted, but they threw her down and hurt her, when Rice Edwards, Sen., age 65, called out and his son, John, age 36, tripped them up and so saved her. Her sons, John 17; Josias, 15 also testified, as did John Dodge, Sen., 49; Richard Hutton, 59; Ben J. Edwards, 18; Wm. Simmons, 20; Wm. Knowlton, 36; Charles Gott, 41 and Nathaniel Stone, 48. Thos. Hobbs, 48, who went there for Wenham said, "she took me by the hair of my head and did strike me." Zachariah Herrick, 43, saw her the night after the fray, when she complained much of a blow on the head, etc. Deborah Gove, age 33, saw Walter Fairfield have hold of her arm when John Edwards tripped him up.

This shows the resolute character of the people of those days. Mrs. Sarah Dodge was Sarah PORTER before marriage. From the above incident we can comprehend the martial spirit which has shown itself conspicuously in the revolutionary and subsequent wars.

Dorothy Dodge is a descendant of the above Lt. John Dodge. She has inherited the same spirit as her ancestor. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, she was 2 years old when her family moved to South Boston, MA and then to Gloucester, VA. In the middle of her first grade year, her family moved again to Sandston, VA and when she was 12, to Richmond, VA. She loved to sew and play the piano. Her mother sold baked goods to pay for her lessons. So many times we hear of how moving from one place to another so many times in childhood causes a child to fall behind and not succeed ... well this did not happen to Dottie! Before she met and married Harold "Lud" Ludvigson, a Minnesota Native who was in the Navy and attending Dental School, she held a number of jobs, from receptionist to purchasing agent.



In 1952 her husband was sent to Camp Pendleton, CA to practice dentistry for the Navy for two years. Thus, the family ended up in CA where two more children, Karen and Dean, were born. Dottie and Lud were founding members of the Lutheran Church of Our Savior in San Clemente in 1953.

During the Nixon years, she served as a special hostess at the Western White House, and the San Clemente Inn, in conjunction with stays there by President Nixon, his staff, and visiting dignitaries. She was chairwoman for San Clemente's "Golden Birthday Party" from 1975-1978 and organized the shuttles to and from the Western White House for celebrants of the Birthday Party.

In 1992 she married Robert Noon, and we remember them both attending almost every California Reunion. Robert died suddenly in May of 2002 and in August of 2003, Dottie's second child, Laura, who had been fighting Lou Gehrig's Disease, lost the battle, and Dottie again experienced that terrible loss of losing a loved one.

In 2004, accompanied by daughters Lynn and Karen, she joined us on our 2004 Dodge tour to England, Scotland, and Wales to explore her "Dodge" roots. It is obvious that she is a multi-talented woman who has given much of herself to her community. She is also a wonderful and caring mother and grandmother.

She now lives at Del Obispo Terrace with her cat Callie. Her children visit often and sometimes, she travels to Bainbridge Island, Washington, to visit her daughter, Lynn.

Note: Condensed from Del Obispo Terrace Times.



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

September in Western Washington has been the rainiest month on record.

The John file continues to grow (54,500+ names) at this writing. In the March-April Journal I spoke about Find-A-Grave. It has about 91 million records of Burials. Please continue to send your photographs to Barbara at our Dodge office. Robert Moody recently has retaken all his black and white pictures and replaced them with color. Jim Bailey & I have been checking the John Dodge file and have been making changes and additions daily. If you have biographical history you want included in our new publication now is the time to get it together and send it into Jim Bailey or me, Norman Dodge.

Thomas Dodge married Jane Wilson. Census records show they were born in New York. Their dates of birth, of marriage, and their parent's names are unknown.

Thomas and Jane had one child, George Finley, born 5 Sep 1833 in Genesee County, New York, and died June 1902 in Pompeii, Gratiot County, Michigan. For most of his life he preferred to go by Finley.

George bought land in Fulton, Gratiot County, Michigan in 1854.

George first married Caroline McDonald, who was born about 1838 in Scotland. George and Caroline raised a family of seven children, all born in Fulton: Mary Jane, about 1857; John, about 1864; Charles, about 1866; Maggie Laura, born 23 May 1868 and died 6 October 1870; Cora, about 1874; Lulu E., May 1876; and Roy Centennial, 15 December 1876.

George married second, Minerva L. Kellogg, who was born 3 August 1856 in Michigan, and died 17 October 1948 in Riverside, California. George and Minerva had one child: Gertrude Dodge, born 10 August 1882.

Benjamin F. Dodge was born 1813 in West Farmington, Ontario County, New York. His parents are unknown. Benjamin married first, Abigail (maiden name unknown), born about 1814 in Vermont. Benjamin and Abigail raised four children: Orpheus, born 17 July 1840 in Ashtabula County, Ohio; Angeline, born 1844; Adeline, born 1847; Henry B., born 1852.

Benjamin married second, Elvira Randolph, who was born in 1829 in New York. Benjamin and Elvira had one daughter, Mary E., born 1866.

Nathaniel Dodge was born 1785 in Massachusetts and died about 1860. His parents are unknown.

Nathaniel married 13 March 1820 in Logan, Ohio to Miss Elizabeth 'Betsey' Workman, who was born 1780 in Virginia. Her parents are unknown.

Nathaniel and Betsey had one child: Milton was born 1821 in Lake, Logan County, Ohio. Milton married Elizabeth J. Scott. She was born January 1821 in Logan County, Iowa. Her parents are unknown

Milton's and Elizabeth's first three children were born in Logan County, Ohio: Sarah E., 1843; Lewis William 'Henry', 1847; Nathaniel M., 1849. The next four children were born in Boone County, Indiana: Edith M., 3 September 1853; Laura 1856; Joseph Avery, 1857; and John Milton, 24 January 1861.

Milton served in the Civil War. On 18 November 1861 he enlisted as a Private in Company F, 40th Infantry Regiment, Indiana. He mustered out on 6 December 1864.

On 15 February 1865 he enlisted in Company C, 150th Infantry Regiment, Indiana. He mustered out on 5 Aug 1865.

Milton died in 1866, but Elizabeth did not claim a widow's pension until 1890.

Samuel G. Dodge was born about 1822 in Ohio. His parents are unknown. He married, about 1855 Theresa 'Thirza' Tyler. She was born 3 January 1833 in New York, the daughter of George Washington Tyler and Melinda McWright.

Samuel and Thirza's first two children were born in Iowa: Louisa in 1858 and Alonzo William in 1860. Their other four children were born in Michigan: twins, Annette and Janette, born in 1864; Francis M., born in 1867; and Mary E. in 1868.

John Dodge married Betsey Lett. Their parents are unknown. It is believed they were both born in Pennsylvania.

John and Betsey had a son, William Dodge, born May 1860 in Pennsylvania and died 16 June 1918 in Madison, Lake County, Ohio.

William married, about 1878 in Ohio to Emeretta 'Etta' Hayden. She was born March 1864 in Ohio and died 15 April 1929 in Madison, Lake County, Ohio. She was the daughter of Stillman Hayden and Irene Hine.

William and Etta had the following children who were all born in Ohio: Albert, 18 November 1878; William, 31 December 1880; George, 15 Oct 1888; Elmer Jack, 22 September 1891; Bert Arthur, 22 April 1893; Loren Howard, 8 February 1896; Millard, Oct 1898; Robert Harry, 2 October 1899; Mildred, about 1901; and Frederick, about 1904.

Charles F. Dodge was born about 1815 in Massachusetts. His parents are unknown. He married Harriet Hewett about 1865. She was born July 1822 in Chittenden, Rutland County, Vermont, the daughter of Charles Hewett and Sarah Parish. Charles and Harriet raised two children: Albert B. and Agnes J.

Albert was born about 1842 in Chittenden. On 12 June 1866, in Chittenden, he married Hannah M. Noyes. She was born in Chittenden about 1845. Her parents are unknown. Agnes was born about 1851 in Chittenden. In Chittenden on 12 August 1872 she married Ernest J. Perry, the son of John and Jane Perry.



If you can help with any of these mysteries, please contact one of the people listed below:

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