



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Col. Robert Livingston Dodge The last founder of The Dodge Family Association passed away, November 18, 2012



We announce, with sadness, the death of Robert Livingston Dodge. In 1981, Robert phoned Earl Farwell Dodge, his nephew, to see if he had interest in helping to form the Dodge Family Association. Soon after that, Robert, his sister, Virginia Dodge Murphy, and Earl formed The Dodge Family Association. Robert was its first president and served in that capacity for 15 years.

Robert was the second of two children born to Annie Bailey (Gilmore) and Lewis Henry Dodge on July 2, 1921 in Newton, Massachusetts. He joined his older sister, Virginia. Lewis, a contractor whose prominent family had lived in New England since 1629, had been married previously and Robert joined a growing family that included three brothers, Clarence Oren, Edward Lewis, and Earl Farwell; a sister, Pearl Edith, had died in 1916. 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 and chimney 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 led to Lewis's early death in 1934. Robert and 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.

Robert grew up in the Kensington area, and graduated from Hoover High School. He served in the California Conservation Corp at Cuyamaca State Park. In WW II, he served in Europe with the U.S. Army Air Corps as a B17 pilot, based in Thurleigh, England, the 306 Bomb Group. After war, he continued in the U.S. Air Force Reserves, attaining the rank of Colonel, counseling high school applicants to the U.S. Air Force Academy. He was also an officer with the San Diego Police Department, becoming a Police Sergeant and San Diego Court Police Liaison. He graduated from SDSU in 1975 with the degree in vocational counseling. He was an active member of Sons of the American Revolution, Military Order of the World Wars, and the Order of Daedalians. He served as Chairman of Congressional selection committee of U.S. Service Academy applicants, Congressman Duncan Hunter's office, and served as camp host, Trinity California State Park.

Robert leaves his wife, Hilda, three children, one son-in-law, and one grandchild. They and we will miss him greatly!



The photo above was taken a good number of years ago. From the left, Robert Livingston Dodge, Robert's niece Margaret Dodge Williams, Margaret's father and Robert's brother, Edward Dodge, Robert's sister, Virginia Dodge Murphy, Robert and Virginia's nephew, Earl Farwell Dodge, and Robert's son, Peter Dodge. Robert, Virginia and Earl were the three founders of the Dodge Family Association.

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A STORM NAMED SANDY

We have many members who live in New York and a few on Long Island and New Jersey. We contacted as many as we could and here are their responses.

From Dawn Crowley, Port Jefferson: We have been lucky. We are without power and cold. We won't have power for at least another 10 days so we lost all our food we had in freezers. There has been severe damage in our neighborhood. Trees fell on power lines and homes. It will take awhile to get back to normal. Our home escaped damage and our daughters all live out of the area so they are safe. Some restaurants and grocery stores are open so we can get food. Luckily we do not need to travel as the gas lines are 3 to 5 hours long at the stations that have gasoline. Police have been stationed at the ones with gas to prevent violence. We consider ourselves lucky because so many around us have lost everything.



From Stephen Allen Dodge, Linden, NJ: We were 4 days in the dark and cold. My house is OK, but my brother's is not. He lived at Midland Beach, Staten Island, and he lost everything. His house and car are gone. He was living alone one block from the ocean and ignored the warning to evacuate. He texted me saying "Help, S.O.S". during the storm. I texted back asking what the problem was but his

phone fell into the water before he could answer me. I thought he was kidding until Wednesday when he called me. He was stuck in his attic with water up to his ceiling. He seriously thought he was going to die. A friend went to his house in a boat and heard him yelling for help and saved him. I'm going to get him today. He's been staying with brother Danny the last few days. Power is also out at work. Gas lines are unbelievable with 200 cars or more in line. We have generators at work but can't get gas to run them.



From Elizabeth Lawther, Oakdale, NY: My sister and I are both affected by the storm. We both have damage to our homes from flooding and remain without power here in Oakdale, Long Island. Because our homes sustained flooding into the first floor, the houses have to be inspected by a public official before electrical service can be restored which could be another week or so. We are both grateful that we will be able to repair our homes unlike so many others whose homes are either lost or will be deemed uninhabitable. Thanks to all for prayers and good wishes and donations to the Red Cross and other agencies that are providing much needed aid. Regards, Elizabeth O Lawther

Norman Dodge, our president, was finally able to contact Everett and Becky Dodge of Greenlawn, after trying for a few days. They were without power, but a neighbor had run an extension cord from his house to theirs so they were able to have light. They also have a fireplace, and the neighbor brought them wood. They have recliner chairs in the room with the fireplace so they could sleep there at night if needed.

We finally heard from Bill Dodge of Levittown, via email. He was in much the same boat as Everett and Becky. A neighbor had run an extension cord to his house also.

UPDATE: Stephen Allen Dodge wrote us Nov. 11th and sent photos Nov. 14th.

Hi all. **WOW! What a disaster site!** Midland Beach is wiped out. I heard about the damage and took a ride there today (Nov. 11). Words cannot describe what I saw; so many houses trashed and thousands of cars trashed also.

We visited my brother Mike's rented home. It is trashed and will be knocked down. He is staying with cousin Peter.

My aunts Margaret and Claudia, have enormous amounts of damage to their homes on Midland Beach. They did evacuate but their homes are disasters. Everything from the first floors and basements is out in the street in a huge pile of garbage. The walls in both homes have to come down and all the electric has to be ripped out and replaced. Both aunts lost everything in their homes.

There were stickers on every house stating whether the house was safe to enter. Many were not. The city had tractors and waste containers on every street working non stop collecting everything from every house. Volunteers were everywhere helping people empty their homes. The Red Cross and the Salvation Army had tables set up on many corners giving away necessary items to the many people in need. The beach parking lot is a command center with many different organizations set up to help the many people that need it. Another parking lot is stacked with piles of garbage. I'll send along a photo or two. Steve

The View From My Window



How well I remember my first trip to California. It was in the spring of 1959. In April of 1957, Earl, I and our four children left Massachusetts to take up residence in Winona Lake, Indiana. Earl had wanted to visit his relatives in California for a long time, several of whom he had never seen. In spring of 1959, we were able to do that

I was so excited that for a month I played the Sons of the Pioneer record that we owned. I had all the packing done two weeks before we were to leave.

By this time, a fifth child, Faith, had been added to our family. In March of 1958 we piled into our car with all of our luggage and a couple of pans, dishes, etc., so that we could fix meals on the way. There was no way that we could eat out on the trip, but I did not mind. It was such fun going on a trip like this.

We drove straight through arriving in El Cajon, California in the evening, if I remember correctly. Earl had the telephone number for his Uncle Ed, and while we waited in the car, he called him from a phone booth. Uncle Ed told us to come on over. When we arrived there, we met Ed and Aunt Gertrude. They told us that we could stay with them while we were there. That evening, Uncle Ed showed a lot of film that he had taken over the years and I remember being SO TIRED and falling asleep as I sat on the couch.

Uncle Ed had a DeSoto that he had purchased new many years before. He kept it in tip top shape and the next couple of days, Uncle Ed took us in that DeSoto to see his brother, Robert, his wife, Hilda, and their children Peter, Marianne and Patricia. Peter had the same birthday as our oldest child, Earl Jr. and they both thought that was rather amazing.

He also took us to see his daughter Margaret and her husband Bob and their 3 children, Robby, Mark and Marcie and one day, Ed's sister, Virginia, came over to visit us at his house.

In the years after that, we made a trip to California every spring and got to

know our Dodge family out there. We stayed with Uncle Ed a couple of times and then started staying with Margaret and Bob. Earl would call ahead and ask if the 'motel' was open.

We had some great visits and became quite close with many of these relatives.

On the front page of this Journal, there is a photo that has several of the people I have mentioned.

Robert, 'Uncle Bob' to Earl and I, always treated me like a daughter. I enjoyed visiting with him extensively once the Dodge Family Association was started and reunions were held in California each year. After our children left our nest, sometimes, Uncle Bob and Aunt Hilda would take us to see things we might not have seen otherwise, just as Uncle Ed did when he was alive.

Now all the children have grown up and several of them are married, and some of them have moved away from California. Even Margaret and Bob have moved to South Dakota to be near their daughter and son-in-law, Marcie and Royce.

Earl and I moved with our children, away from Winona Lake, Indiana. By this time, we had a sixth child, Karen. We lived in Azusa, CA for 5 months, then Denver for 5 months, then Kansas City where we stayed for 4 years. After that it was Kalamazoo, Michigan, and finally Colorado and I have lived in this house for 39 years! It hardly seems possible.

Since Earl died in 2007, I have made no more trips to California so I never got to see Uncle Bob again. Peter did come here for Earl's funeral and I rode with him to Crown Hill Cemetery where Earl's body was buried. Peter has called me several times since then to see how I am doing.

The years pass all too quickly. Sometimes I think about that young girl, Barbara Regan, who never thought of growing old,...yet...here I am!

I was blessed by a wonderful husband, six children and lots of great memories of visits to Earl's Dodge family who lived in California.

I will miss Uncle Bob!

Barbara

VOLUNTEERS STILL NEEDED

We would like to encourage you to be a volunteer for the Dodge Family Association.

One of the areas in which we need help, is working with our DNA project. Even if you don't know anything much about DNA, certainly you can learn as much as I, Barbara, have learned. What is involved is keeping a spreadsheet of those who have done DNA through family-treedna.com., and adding the information when a new person joins and the results come back. We would make you a co-administrator so that you could go on line to retrieve new names and their data. Once you have that information put into a spreadsheet, you could attach it to an email and send it to me and I would do the rest.

Another area in which we could use help is having articles submitted to us that we could put in our Journal. With so many Dodge families, there must be interesting things about their ancestors that we don't know about.

We are happy to receive photographs of Dodge Cemetery stones, information about Dodges who have been in the military, photos of historical items related to Dodges, etc.

New Members

Richard Dodge, Worcester, VT
William A. Martin, Alpharetta, GA
Michael Ball, Saginaw, MI
Marshall Branham, Chatham, IL
David/Kathleen Quintana, Denver, CO
Craig Dodge, Oakland, TN
Rhonda Rosales, Los Altos, CA
Jenny Dodge Haley, Clear Lake, WI
Elizabeth Fox, Pittsford NY
Helen Udy, San Pablo, CA
Greg Dodge, Clear Lake, WI
Melanie Dodge, La Crosse, WI

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WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

By Judy Prentice Ragan
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MILITARY RECORDS

This being November when we always celebrate Veteran's Day, we will talk about searching military records for our ancestors. Records are readily available to search for our ancestors who served in several wars, the French and Indian War from 1754-1763, the Revolutionary War from 1775-1783, the War of 1812, the Mexican- American War from 1846-1847, the Spanish-American War from 1898-1899, World War I from 1914-1918, World War II from 1939-1945, the Korean War from 1950-1953, the War in Vietnam from 1959-1985, or the Persian Gulf War from Jan.-April 1991.

The Civil War and Revolutionary War are probably the most common wars to be searched and many records are easily found on Ancestry.com. Records for the earlier wars are harder to come by because they were not so readily recorded. Records for the more current wars still have living survivors and more stringent rules apply for whom can access those.

The best place to find records for any war is NARA, National Archives and Records Administration, located in Washington D. C. There are several regional sites around the country too. I have been to the Washington D.C. site twice and I left each time with priceless records for my ancestors. The website is difficult to navigate but most of the information can be acquired at Ancestry.com or Fold3.com. If you live close to one of the regional sites of NARA, you can get help searching their site with one of their on-site staff. Another excellent site is Fold3.com which concentrates much of their records being from military files. Fold3.com has short memberships; i.e. trial, 30 day, etc. which would allow you to check out their website before making the commitment of joining. Their files are all original documents.

I knew that my great grandfather, Pleasant McKinney, served and was killed during the Civil War at the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, on Nov. 30, 1864. Once I found the record of his service on Ancestry.com, I knew I wanted to get a copy of his military file from NARA which can be done by requesting it via NARA's website which I have done for another ancestor. It requires a fee and can take several weeks but it is well worth it. Be sure to state that you want the entire file.

Since we were driving to the east coast one summer we decided to go in person to acquire his file. Please understand that NARA has one of the tightest security systems in this country (more secure than our borders!) and their records are very well guarded and irreplaceable as they are the originals and often times very delicate. We were able to join NARA for a very nominal fee, get our ID card and turn in my request for his file. At the same time, I requested a copy of Pleasant's wife, Mary's, pension file as well as a file for another great grandfather, Edward B. Dodge.

About three hours later, I was rewarded with a very thick file of original documents showing his entire military career. It included attendance records (muster cards), injury/sickness records, who he served under and where he served, and complete information about his death. I was able to make copies of every document in the file at a reasonable cost per copy. When I opened his wife's pension file, it was even better!

After Pleasant died she eventually remarried a Mr. Denny. Several years before my trip to NARA I had visited a cemetery in Hoopston, Illinois, where many of my Pickrell ancestors are buried. In the midst of this family plot was a stone that read Mary Denny. "Who was she?" I asked, and "Why is she buried in among the Pickrells?" After reading Mary's pension file I knew who Mary Denny was! She was Pleasant's wife, Mary McKinney Denny. Their daughter married into the Pickrell clan and that is why she was buried in their plot. Her file told me about her life after Pleasant's death, her remarriage, and that she was divorced by Mr. Denny and left penniless and was applying to receive a pension to help support herself. She was denied because Mr. Denny had stated she deserted him; when, in fact, he had offered to go 60 miles to another town to file her application for a divorce from himself because she was an invalid and could not travel. She told him she would forego any support from him after the divorce if he would go file for her. She went on to live the rest of her life with family members who provided for her. It is such a sad story.

An excellent source of Revolutionary War ancestral information is the Daughters of the American Revolution, DAR, which has numerous volumes of its members and their ancestral lines to soldiers who served. I want to thank my great aunt, Evelyn

(Who do you descend from—Continued from page 4)

Dodge Tuttle, for her contributions to the DAR which I was able to access at a local genealogy library. At this time I have been able to access records for at least eight ancestors who served in that war. Aunt Evie’s contribution to the DAR saved me, perhaps, months and years of searching. If you cannot find your ancestors in the DAR books, you can submit them yourself once you have done your research. Your submissions must be well sourced to be accepted and, I believe, you probably would have to join the organization.

I was able to obtain several more files for my ancestors who served in the Revolutionary War and for Edward B. Dodge who survived the Civil War. Not only was it enjoyable to visit the beautiful, historic building and the interior but we spent even more hours walking around Washington D.C. visiting more historic sites. You can easily spend a week there and not touch the surface.

One of the easiest records to access is the World War I draft registration which all of us would be likely to need. Every man, even those born as early as 1872, had to fill out paperwork to register for this draft whether they intended to enlist or not. This record would give you much good genealogical information, even the fact that your ancestor might have had webbed toes or was missing a finger! This information can easily be accessed via Ancestry.com. Remember, from past articles, I have said you can use Ancestry.com free of charge at any Family History Center and at many public or historical society libraries.

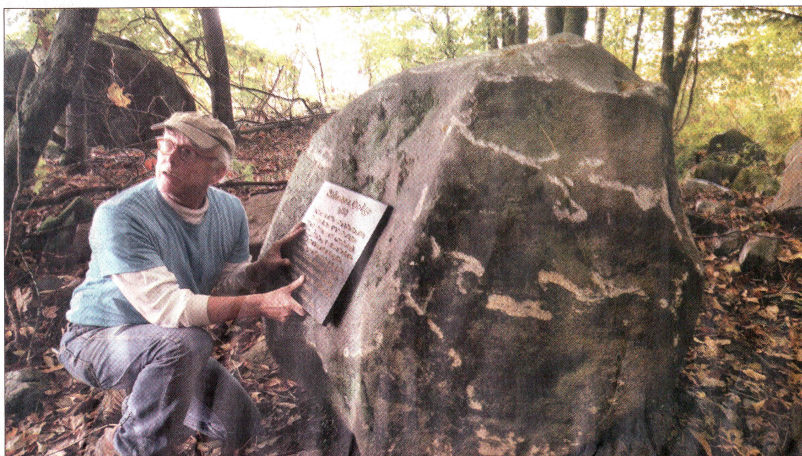
About seven million World War II draft registration cards can be found on Ancestry.com but that is only a fraction of the cards that exist that are open to the public. More can be found at NARA as well as the Family History Library, familyhistory.org, with more that are still covered by privacy laws and will be available over time. The ones currently available are from the fourth registration, often called the “old man’s draft”. It required that all men between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five had to register. This was done in waves with the fourth one being directed at older men born between 1877 and 1897.

Referring back to the book I recommended at the beginning of these articles, *Who Do You Think You Are?* By Megan Smolenyak, in it you will find many more websites and suggestions to search for your ancestral military records. This can be an indispensable source of genealogical information for your searches. I cannot recommend it enough. Enjoy the search!

TIP FOR NOVEMBER: Give an irreplaceable gift this year of your family’s story. And remember our new veterans who need our prayers.



MARKING MEMORIES



Michael Duane from the East Montpelier Historical Society holds a bronze plaque against a boulder. The Society bought the marker and had it installed to commemorate the location of the first settlement in the town by Solomon Dodge and his brother-in-law, John Templeton in 1788.

In June, 1788 Solomon Dodge and John Templeton came to Montpelier, Vermont from Peterboro, New Hampshire (a distance of about 150 miles). They commenced felling the forest on their respective lots preparatory to establishing their new homes. The lots were five miles apart and adjacent. At that time there were no families in that locality, but one, Col. Jacob Davis.

They returned to their Peterboro homes to do their haying, after which they worked the remainder of the season clearing their Montpelier land and building each a log house. In March 1789 they returned with their families for a permanent settlement, accompanied by their father-in-law, James Taggart. Upon their arrival in Montpelier that spring, the snow was two feet deep and they were unable to proceed further. It was necessary for the families to stay with Col.

Davis for three weeks. Once they arrived at their new homes, they discovered that the roofs they had erected the year previous had been blown off and the snow was as deep in their houses as on the ground. They were compelled to shovel out the snow, build a fire and make their beds as best they could.

Solomon Dodge married Nancy Taggart and John Templeton married Mary Taggart. Nancy and Mary were sisters, daughters of James Taggart and Hannah Haskell

**WHEN YOU THOUGHT
I WASN'T LOOKING**
*A farewell column from
Col. Robert L. Dodge*

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you hang my first painting on the refrigerator, and I immediately wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you feed a stray cat, and I learned that it was good to be kind to animals.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make my favorite cake for me, and I learned that the little things can be the special things in life.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I heard you say a prayer, and I knew that there is a God I could always talk to, and I learned to trust in Him.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you make a meal and take it to a friend who was sick, and I learned that we all have to help take care of each other.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you give of your time and money to help people who had nothing, and I learned that those who have something should give to those who don't.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw you take care of our house and everyone in it, and I learned we have to take care of what we are given.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw how you handled your responsibilities, even when you didn't feel good, and I learned that I would have to be responsible when I grow up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw tears come from your eyes, and I learned that sometimes things hurt, but it's all right to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I saw that you cared, and I wanted to be everything that I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I learned most of life's lessons that I need to know to be a good and productive person when I grow up.

When you thought I wasn't looking, I looked at you and wanted to say, 'Thanks for all the things I saw when you thought I wasn't looking.'

Robert sent this to us June 2008 and I thought it very appropriate as it summed up how Robert thought.

**More Questions With No
Answers, 15 months later**

*By Marjorie E. Dodge
mdodge4@shaw.ca*

Don qualified to pursue further education under the U.S.G.I. Bill of Rights at the Washington State University campus in Pullman, Washington.

We left Canada and arrived in Pullman in time for the first semester. I was expecting another child the following February. The word "boredom" never entered our vocabulary.

Our first University Housing was an 8 ft. wide, 23 ft. long trailer house. Laundry was done at the public Laundromat. The winter weather was bitter and windy. When I pinned diapers to the line, I had instant freeze-dried diapers.

Money was a scarce commodity. We lived on Don's G.I. Allowance of \$80/mo. Don's study took priority. Fun and entertainment happened during trips to and from the grocery store, or at the gas station where we spent our budgeted 25 cents for a gallon of gas.

Don and I made an agreement: "We will not allow both of us, at the same time, during any 24 hour period, to become discouraged enough to quit college." This agreement was sorely tested many times.

It's a GIRL!

The nurse put a pink bundle in my arms and I spent the first few minutes looking into, and at, Gail's eyes. She did not have Nystagmus! Later, I took a full inventory of toes, fingers, arms and legs.

My seven day stay in the hospital became a planning center.

"Gail will be eyes for Danny right through university. She will make it possible for both of them to complete their education. I can't wait to share this with Don."

The months that followed brought joy as we watched her grow and develop. It was always a thrill to let Don know of her activities when he came home from class.

"Today, Gail tried to pick up the pattern pieces off the linoleum as she crawled around the floor. She SMILED at me. She CAME TO ME when I stretched out my arms. Isn't that EXCITING?" This was one day I would never forget.

A few weeks later, Gail received her first six-month multi-immunization containing small pox. The clinic nurse gave me a pamphlet and said: "Go home and read this. The irritability and elevated fever will peak on the tenth day so don't become alarmed at her condition. Just give her lots of liquid and keep her as comfortable and happy as possible.

I did as the nurse said, but on day eleven, Gail was worse. The elevated fever and irritability went on for several more days before the fever broke and her condition stabilized. Apprehension took over our emotions again. She no longer responded to any visual contact.

We made another trip to our ophthalmologist, and upon completion of his examinations, he said: "Daniel's Nystagmus has not improved since your last visit. He is legally blind. Gail contracted Small Pox Encephalitis from her shot and the extreme prolonged high fever totally destroyed her sight. She is ALSO legally blind. There is nothing I can do to change either of these diagnoses."

I picked Gail up in my arms, put my purse under my other arm and took Danny's hand.

The doctor's final words resounded with finality as I walked out of the office. They continued to reverberate in my spirit as the nurse called, "Next", as the door shut behind me.

My heart and emotions broke before I got to the car. I no longer had eye contact with either of our precious little ones. I could never again look across the room and receive a response from Gail. She, in turn, would not remember the joy of my smile, or respond to my outstretched arms of love. My plans for the future were over.

During the years that followed, I learned to adjust the lens through which I viewed life. Through God's Word, I sensed His smile, presence and outstretched arms of love. Philippians 4:19

(to be continued)

Ed. Note: Marjorie's email address has been included at the top of her column. I am sure that she would love to hear from you.

GALVANIZED YANKEES Part I

Contrary to popular belief, the War Between the States was not limited to the East. Secession issues reached as far west as California, and Rebels fought Yankees in the Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma territories. In addition, a little-known group of soldiers called “Galvanized Yankees” protected the vital lifelines to the west during the closing months of the war.

The term “galvanized” is most commonly associated with metal when it is coated with zinc to protect it from corrosion. In the process the surface color of the metal is altered, but underneath the coating the steel is unchanged. During the Civil War, in both Northern and Southern prison camps, soldiers sometimes decided to “galvanize,” or change sides, to save themselves from the horrors of prison life. Like the metal, these galvanized soldiers in many cases were still “Good old Rebels,” or “Billy Yanks,” underneath their adopted uniforms.

In the early days of the war, prison camps were merely holding areas where men waited to be exchanged for equal numbers of prisoners held by the other side. In 1863, however, the prisoner exchange system broke down, causing prison camps to become permanent areas of incarceration, where growing numbers of men had no hope of release until the end of the war. Prison camps, (such as the Confederate camp at Andersonville, Georgia, or the Union camp at Alton, Illinois), were horrible, filthy places which lacked all the basic necessities of life. Worn-out clothing offered little protection from the elements, and the only shelter for the men was what they could improvise for themselves. Soldiers were seldom issued new clothing, and often starved due to meager food allowances. Many saw enlistment in the enemy forces as an escape, and took advantage of the personnel shortage in either army by joining it.

This posed a new problem to both armies, since most recruits were still loyal to their original army and would desert at the first opportunity. On December 28, 1864, at Egypt Station, Mississippi, a Confederate regiment com-

posed of 250 “galvanized” soldiers threw down their arms and surrendered as they were charged by Union troops. These men were sent to the Union prison in Alton as deserters, but were saved from individual trials by General Grenville Dodge, who recruited them into the 5th and 6th U.S. Volunteers. The experiment of enlisting prisoners became a concern for the U.S. War Department, and policies surrounding this practice continually changed. In 1862, Colonel James Mulligan discovered that many Confederate prisoners did not wish to be exchanged, and were willing to join the Union army; he illegally enlisted former Confederates to be used on the front lines. It was not until 1864 that President Lincoln finally endorsed the enlisting of ex-Confederates.

Events in the eastern theater of the war continually overshadowed events in the West. However, two important incidents gave settlers in the West reason to be concerned for their safety, especially since most of the able-bodied men had left the frontier to fight on eastern battlefields. By 1862, members of the Sioux nation had been living on the Minnesota reservation for twenty years, and had accumulated many grievances. Provisions and treaty goods were often shoddy or were stolen by traders. Worst of all was the uninterrupted immigration of new settlers, which eventually forced the Sioux to give up nearly 900,000 acres of their reservation lands for 30 cents an acre. The starving Sioux had

had enough, and attempted to regain their ancestral lands. As a result, settlers and missionaries fled from the Minnesota frontier, seeking safety in New Ulm and St. Paul. On the first day of the Sioux uprising, 1500 settlers were killed, and the town of New Ulm was saved only by the efforts of ill-equipped local volunteers.

In 1864, Colonel John Chivington further inflamed the frontier by leading 700 volunteers in an early morning raid on an encampment of 550 Cheyenne and Arapaho at Sand Creek, Colorado. Under orders to take no prisoners, the soldiers killed 150 men, women, and children. Word of the raid spread throughout the plains, causing deep resentment among the Cheyenne and Sioux, who retaliated by terrorizing the Oregon trail and U.S. mail routes.

Both events highlighted a problem for the settlers; Native Americans were beginning to fight for their lands, yet only a handful of U.S. soldiers and frightened civilians, many armed only with pitchforks, were available to protect themselves from the “Indian Uprisings.”

As a result, General Ulysses S. Grant ordered a contingent of Galvanized soldiers, by then called U.S. Volunteers and commanded by Northern officers, to the frontier to protect the trails, telegraph lines, and U.S. Mail routes. Doubts about the loyalty and reliability of these ex-Confederates were alleviated, since frontier duty would prevent them from fighting their old comrades.

(to be continued)



On the left is pictured the 1740 Dennis-Dodge House, 10 County Way, Ipswich, MA. This picture was taken by Blanche Dodge Day, who was a Board member of the Dodge Family Association until her death in 2011.



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**

by Norman Dodge
nedodge@aol.com

The election is finally over and Thanksgiving has come and gone. We look forward to the joy of Christmas and hope in the New Year.

In October Eileen and I drove to the east coast. We were also able to visit friends and family in Colorado, Indiana, Ohio, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine. We attempted to solve a Dodge lineage mystery for Captain Frederick James 'Jim' Dodge. That mystery took us to Boothbay, Edgecomb, New-castle, Damariscotta, and Farmington, Maine. We were successful and I am now firmly convinced I can move this mystery to the John file.

I am in hopes that other longtime Dodge mysteries can be solved in time. Many thanks to all of you who have helped throughout the years. I owe a special thanks to Jim Bailey for help in many, if not most of the connections we have made.

Alfred Dodge was born about 1835 in New York and died about 1909 in Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. He is buried in the Thayer Cemetery, Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. His parents are unknown.

Alfred served for the Union in the Civil War. He enlisted from the town of Grinnell, Iowa on 24 June 1861. He served in Company B, Iowa 5th Infantry Regiment, 15 July 1861 and mustered out 30 July 1864 at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Alfred claimed an Invalid pension 24 June 1880 and his wife claimed a widow's pension on 4 December 1909.

Alfred married, about 1868 to **Mary Ann Barrett.**

Mary Ann was born 26 April 1836 in Kentucky and died 10 October 1917 in Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. She is buried in the Thayer Cemetery, Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. Her parents are unknown.

Alfred and Mary Ann raised one son, **Frank I. Dodge.**

Frank was born 7 January 1869 in Illinois and died 4 April 1929 in Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. He is buried in the Thayer Cemetery, Thayer, Oregon

County, Missouri.

Frank married, about 1891 to **Mary Clara Ella Burt.**

Mary was born 10 February 1870 in Fort Wayne, Allen County, Indiana and died 18 May 1959 in Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. She is buried in the Thayer Cemetery, Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri. She was the daughter of James Dumas Burt and Maria Scattergood.

Frank and Mary had two children who died in childhood, both buried in the Thayer Cemetery, Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri.

Gladys Dodge, born 9 September 1892 and died 5 October 1896
Emmett Dodge, born 12 July 1895 and died 10 August 1901

Wilbur Silas Dodge was born March 1827 in Islesboro, Waldo County, Maine. He died in 1842 in Trinity County, California. He is buried in the Carrville Cemetery. His parents are unknown.

Wilbur was the only son of a pioneer family that ran the American House Stage Stop. He was a rough and tough character and many stories have been told and written about him as follows:

He came to California in 1853 as a young man of 26 to try his hand at mining for gold. He mined on the Yuba river for a while and eventually moved to French Gulch where he continued his pursuit of gold. The family eventually settled in French Gulch.

Dodge Gulch, Shasta County, California was named after Wilbur S. Dodge, a prospector of 1850 who later owned the American Ranch in Steger, Trinity County.

Shirttail Peak is named for Wilbur Dodge's shirt tail. In the late 1850s Wilbur and three other gold miners were mining in the creek at the foot of the then unnamed peak. A slide occurred causing the death of his three mining partners. Wilbur survived only because his shirt tail caught on a snag as he was being washed downstream. Luckily his wife was able to pull him to safety.

For a number of years he lived in California where the Picayune Creek and the Trinity River meet. Wilbur called his mine the Pumpkin Seed

Mine. He lived in a hand hewed log cabin with a shake roof, which he built. The interior was rather dark as there were no windows. The only light was a space between two logs on the north end, which also let him see anyone entering his gate. His house was completely fenced with a very sturdy fence which protected his fruit trees and garden. He was a very resourceful man, very strong, and the tasks that he accomplished by himself were unbelievable. Back then there was only a dusty trail and Wilbur wheeled all of his supplies up that trail, at least three miles, on a wooden wheel barrow with a metal wheel. He never worried about his appearance or cleaning his house. He mostly lived on beans, rice and tea and what he called yeast powder bread which sort of looked like swiss cheese. At times he supplemented his diet with venison and fish. His really bad habit was his tobacco chewing. He spit the juice wherever it was convenient, and his hair, whiskers, house and clothing showed the results. He frightened most people, but did have some close and good friends. He was eccentric, but honest and he was always willing to help anyone in need.

Emeline Amanda Dodge was born 12 April 1811 in New York and died 15 March 1868 in Wales Township, Erie County, New York. She is buried in the Wales Hollow Cemetery. Her parents are unknown. Emeline married 22 September 1829 in Coventry, Chenango County, New York to Jonathan Washington Edmunds.

Jonathan was born 15 October 1806 in Vermont and died 14 May 1900 in Clinton County, Iowa. His parents are unknown.

Emeline and Jonathan raised nine children:

The children born in Chenango County, New York: Lewis Miles, born 1832; Sarah E., born 1833

The children born in Broome County, New York: Daniel L., born 1835; Mary Amanda, born 1841

The children born in Erie County, New York: George DeWitt, born 1839; Caroline V., born 1843, James Vallas, born 1846; William Henry, born 1850; Ester Ann, born 1854

NOTE: There are some pictures on the Dodge Family Association web site that pertain to this family. To view the pictures enter the following on your computer: http://www.dodgefamily.org/Photographs/JonathanWashingtonDodge_DawnThurlow/Jonathan_Washington_Edmunds.shtml