



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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You are invited: DEDICATION CEREMONY on September 21, 2013 for the INSTALLATION OF THE CEMETERY STONE of GENERAL RICHARD DODGE of JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK
Tristram Dodge descendant

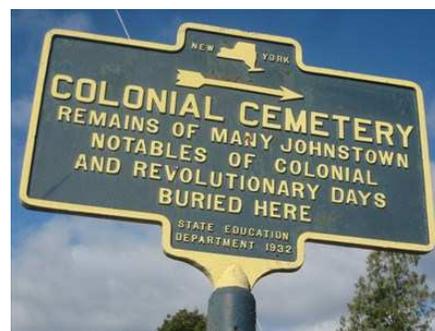
Dear Dodge Family Association Members,

Some months ago I contacted The Dodge Family Association seeking help in my quest to find a living descendent of General Richard Dodge of Johnstown, NY, to authorize my application to the Veterans' Administration for a replacement headstone, and my plea was published in this newsletter. I am very pleased to report that I was contacted by not one, but two, descendants and that at this moment in time, a new headstone is in the possession of the Johnstown Historical Society, awaiting installation.

Since this is indeed an exciting event, **a dedication ceremony has been scheduled for September 21, 2013, and it is my pleasure to extend an invitation to the members of the Dodge Family Association.** The dedication will be held at the Colonial Cemetery on Green Street in Johnstown, NY. Reenactors in Revolutionary War and War of 1812 dress will be present to perform marching, musket, and cannon drills.



There will also be speeches, a benediction, and a wreath laying ceremony. The demonstrations will be throughout the day with the ceremony taking place at 2:00 pm. The Society of the Second War with Great Britain in the State of New York (SSWGBSNY) will also be joining us to honour General Dodge and assisting in the ceremonies.



In addition, a local monument company, Letter Memorial, is working with the Johnstown Historical Society on an ongoing project to rehabilitate the cemetery. We have introduced an "adopt-a-stone" program that allows donors to purchase a small modern stone to place in front of the original stone. By doing this, we can preserve the inscription without touching the original stone or radically altering the appearance of the cemetery. The cost of each stone is to be \$150.00 and the donors' names will be recorded and published. One of our members has kindly loaned us the funds to purchase a stone for **Ann Sarah Irving Dodge, Richard's wife (and sister of the poet, Washington Irving)** so that she will have a legible stone in time for the dedication. Donations would be most welcome if any descendants were interested. We also have in residence at our

cemetery: Jane Ann Dodge Frothingham (daughter of Richard and Ann Sarah) and her husband John Frothingham, as well as their two daughters Anna Frothingham (aged 2) and Catharine Paris Frothingham Dennis. It need not be the whole amount either, as any amount would be of great help and deeply appreciated.

One other small favour that I need to ask is that if any member may have in their possession or know of, a painting or drawing of Richard or Ann Sarah Irving Dodge? We would truly love to have a visual representation for the dedication but cannot seem to locate one. The closest that I have come is Richard Dodge's signature on some military orders and, although very interesting, it is not quite the same as a face.

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We cannot thank everyone enough for all their help with this and certainly hope that those who are not too far from us can attend. Please feel free to contact me with any questions, and if you do wish to make a trip of it, we can arrange special rates at a local hotel for you!

Thanks to all and have a wonderful day,
Bernadette Weaver

Ed.Note: This is a once in a lifetime event and we encourage any of you living in the northeast, and especially those of you who descend from Tristram Dodge, to make a commitment to go to this Dedication Ceremony. This reenactment group of Johnstown, New York have gone above and beyond in order to make this happen.



PASSAGES THROUGH TIME

Henry Oswald Dodge A Man And His Work

By Leonard Dodge, Melrose, Massachusetts

For the full article go to our website www.dodgefamily.org

Harry Oswald Dodge, Tristram Dodge descendant, was born in Middleton, Annapolis, Nova Scotia, Canada in 1874. His parents were Ambrose Stephen Dodge, 1839-1926 and Annie E. Cox, 1840-1922. In his childhood Harry lived in the sub districts of Wilmot and Melvern where his father worked as a farmer. Harry lived his entire life in Nova Scotia and during his adult life he developed his love of photography.

Early in the nineteenth century he opened his first photographic studio and he named it "H.O. Dodge". In an article written and researched by Patrick Hirtle entitled "Old Fashioned Window Shopping, Season greeting from years gone by," he describes the 'Commercialized Christmas,' by stepping back in time; about one hundred years back to a dirt and gravel road called Commercial Street in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. He describes all the trappings offered by the merchants to satisfy and delight everyone's senses and in the two following paragraphs he de-

scribes Harry O. Dodge's offerings:

"...If toiletries weren't preferable, a portrait done by local photographer H.O. Dodge might have been the perfect gift-giving solution. The Dodge photography studio was the venerable centre of attraction for some weeks during the Christmas season, as families dressed in their finest for portraits, and sweethearts snapped on a sultry, secretive smile for their special someone. And despite the demanding climate and the clunky nature of technology, Dodge promised his customers who arrived within five days of Christmas that their portrait prints would be ready for pickup in time for the big day..."

Henry not only did portrait work in his studio but traveled throughout Nova Scotia taking large panoramic photographs of events that took place during his lifetime. Some of his work can be seen on the Government of Nova Scotia web site at (gov/ns).



On the left: one of Henry's larger panoramic photos is part of the Virtual Archives within the virtual exhibit called, Halifax and Its People 1749-1999 and the event was entitled

ca. "Boating on the North West Arm in front of the Waegwoltic Club, Halifax, ca. 1910.—Photographer: Harry O. Dodge (Gauvin & Gentzel); Date: ca. 1910; Reference no.: H.O. Dodge NSARM accession no. 1987-73 no. 3."

On the same web site, as previously noted, you can find another exhibit featuring Henry's photographs in the Virtual Archives of "Men in the Mines" covering the history of mining in Nova Scotia, 1720-1992. In this exhibit he has four photos of the Collieries & Furnaces, Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. Ltd., Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia.

Even across the sea, Henry's work is being displayed in the British Library in London, England. In their Online Gallery in the exhibit called Quebec 400 you will see two extraordinary panoramic photographs of the 1908 Second Tercentenary Pageant.

Quebec City, 1908

"In 1908, the City of Quebec celebrated the 300th anniversary of its founding. With many royal guests and dignitaries in attendance, the Tercentenary represented the opportunity for a celebration of the city's turbulent and cosmopolitan history, and the diversity of its peoples.

"In some ways, these celebrations resembled the multicultural flamboyance and color of 2008's 400th anniversary program, although the dramatic pageants and tableaux captured in early panoramic photographs held as part of the British Library's Colonial Copyright Collection clearly derive from a pre-digital age."

The two photos are so long that they required special zoom technology in order to view sections of the photograph so you can see and appreciate the clarity and details within the pictures.

At the right is a partial blow-up of the much larger panoramic photo. In the upper left corner of the blow-up you can see the origi-



(Continued on page 3)

(Henry Oswald Dodge-Continued from page 2)
 nal size and length of the picture and within it a small box. This small red box marks the outer limits of the blow up area shown above. This type of clarity is found through all of Henry Panoramic Photographs.

There are many other examples of Henry's works that can be viewed and purchased at the Glenbow Museum. In Henry's exhibit there are nine panoramic views of Calgary, Alberta, the date is 1911. In the exhibit the photographer is described as: Dodge. H.O., Sidney, Nova Scotia. To access his photos, go to the Glenbow Museum web site and enter: H.O. Dodge in their search engine. Link: <http://ww2.glenbow.org/search/archivesPhotosSearch.aspx>. Henry was much more than a portrait photographer, YES! He was much more than that!



Seeing God's Hand in My Life

Continued from previous Journals

Holding the Average Down

By Marjorie E. Dodge
 mdodge4@shaw.ca

My grandmother used to quote "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

I watched the orange and black school bus pull up to our driveway and stop. The door opened and Danny jumped from the bottom step onto the driveway. Gail was right behind him.

Danny gripped his brief case in his right hand and the fingers of his left



hand bounced along the side of the house guiding him straight to the back door.

I had a snack laid out for them and asked Danny if he had had a good day. "NO", he said. "My teacher said I would have to speed up if I wanted to stay in her reading group, and now I have to bring my Braille reader home every night. It's not fair. I have to learn Braille and read with my fingers while other kids are using their eyes and reading print."

Later, I saw him sprawled on the hearth in front of the fireplace wistfully saying to himself: "I know how to read Braille. I don't see what the big deal is about reading fast."

The next day, I watched the school bus pull up at its scheduled time of 3 pm, and when the door opened, I saw a huge Braille reader, leading one small boy into the house and he grumbled all the way to his bedroom.

For two weeks the book accompanied him home and escorted him back to school in the morning.

The first day that he got off the bus without his Braille reader, I asked, "Did you forget your reader at school?"

Quick as a flash he responded, "NO. I don't have to bring it home any more."

Surprised, I asked "Have you already caught up to the others, or did your teacher put you in a slower reading group?"

"Neither one", he replied. "I've got it all figured out. There are eight other kids in my group. I've talked to five of them and they've agreed to slow down and wait for me. All I need to do now, is get the other three to agree, and then I won't have to speed up."

This generated a "Parent-Teacher Conference". In Danny's 7 yr. old immaturity, he decided to pull eight other children down to his level.

Too bad Grandma didn't live to meet her great-grandson. She thought her adage applied only to men!

That day, I determined to keep a short list of things in my life to be avoided, such as postpone, maneuver, and manipulate.

Facing life's issues successfully takes 'EFFORT' and sometimes, 'ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT'

The View From My Window



In our May-June Journal, this column was about letters found in a house in Malden, Massachusetts that were written between Esther Dodge and a man named Henry. After searching through our data base, we found out that Esther had married a Henry whose last name was Flanders.

One of our members saw that item and was very excited because this was her family. She wrote us asking how to get in touch with the person who told us about the letters and now they have had several emails between the two of them. She was SO EXCITED!

We have had many items sent to us that we wanted to publish and it has been difficult to whittle items down in order to include as many as possible.

Leonard Dodge, who sent both of our *Passages in Time* articles, (page 2 and 5), has movies on our web site enlarging greatly on James Gordon Clark Dodge .

The front page has that **VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT** of the **DEDICATION CEREMONY** of the cemetery stone for General Richard Dodge of Johnstown, NY. We hope that many of you will show up for that, especially descendants who are related to Gen. Richard Dodge.

Judy Ragan has sent a fabulous article on her re-connection with her father by being able to sit in the bombardier's seat of a FLYING FORTRESS from WWII.

There is certainly plenty in this Journal to pique your interest.

Colorado has been very hot and on July 22nd, two friends and I drove to Grand Lake at the west side of the foot of Rocky Mountain National Park. It was so nice to escape the heat, and after having lunch in Grand lake, we drove up through Rocky Mtn. Nat. Park. It was abt. 64 at the highest point and that cool air felt great. The traffic was HEAVY! and I did not get back until 6 PM.

I had HUNGRY dogs to feed. They usually eat at 3 pm. They were very happy to see me!

Barbara

User name: **dodgefamily**
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WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

By Judy Prentice Ragan raganje@aol.com

When you are searching for your ancestors or their stories, what you are looking for is probably there but finding it or them may be in looking at the tiniest details; or it could happen in the blink of an eye, you just have to be listening.

Looking through a stack of my father’s papers one day in search of something to share with our genealogy group, I found a letter with a smaller copy of another letter attached to it. Something I’ve always had but ignored. But let me begin at the beginning.

A few months ago while gathering stories about our ancestors’ military service, I remembered that my husband said my father had told him he once worked on the Norton Bomb Site during the war. None of my immediate ancestors had served in the military since the Spanish American War in 1898, but I knew my father had said he went off somewhere to do some work during the war. So little information.



I went on the internet to search for information about the Norton Bomb Site as did my son who is much more savvy at that than I am. But he found very little. Amazingly enough, a few days later there was an announcement on the news that the Liberty Foundation would be bringing a B17 to Bob Hope Airport in Burbank and you could explore the plane and even take a ride in it! One of the things we learned by our internet exploration was that these bomb sites were installed in the B17s used in World War II.

Back to the letters. I immediately pulled the letters out and discovered a letter written to my father from C. F. McElwain, IBM of Endicott, NY, to my father on Oct. 27, 1944. In it he states: “...we feel that you who worked directly on the production of the 7-A-3 Trainer would like a photostatic copy of this letter...”

The letter was from Capt. J.S. Evans, US Navy, Commendation from Bureau of Aeronautics, Reference: BuAer 30TWX2006 of September to this office and stated that this office was to transmit to the management and employees of the International Business Machines Corporation the following:

“The Bureau of Aeronautics wishes to commend the men and women of International Business Machines Corp. for their part in the production of Device 7A-3 for the Special Devices Division of the Bureau This device, a bombing and observation trainer, has been reviewed and pronounced outstanding by experienced bombardiers who know the problems of actual operational bombing warfare. For ur very fine engineering work the Navy says, “Well Done”. Signed Devitt C. Ramsey, USN, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics”

The story starts to unfold. Back to April 2013 where we are waiting for our turn to explore the B 17 *Memphis Belle*, one of about a dozen B-17F Flying Fortresses still flying, out of 12, 732 produced, that were used in World War II. (I should add that one of the Dodge Association’s original founders, Robert L. Dodge, flew 32 missions in these B-17s during his military career. I wish that I could have talked to him before he died about the part my Dad, his cousin, played in fighting this war). This particular plane we would be exploring had also been used in the making of the movie, *Memphis Belle*. After the last flight allowing any of the public who wanted to fork out \$450 to take a flight, we had the pleasure of talking to one of its former crew, Robert, an elderly gentleman of 89 years, who ended his duty when their B-17 was shot down and they landed safely in Sweden where they were told they could not return to England until the end of the war. His eyes were twinkling after his ride that day and all the attention he was getting from us waiting to explore the plane.

I learned this day that it was not until the 1980s that the Norden Bomb site was still under the highest security clearance and could not be talked about. Guess that is why I never heard about it from my father. And I learned that it is the Norden, not Norton, Bomb Site, which didn’t help when my son and I were trying to search for information about it.

When I actually got up into the inside of the plane I was told that the nose of the plane where the bomb site was located was roped off. But I whined a little and told the nice young man about my father being one of the designers of the bomb site and he graciously removed the rope and let my son and I up into that section. As you can see, I was able to sit in the bombardier’s seat and touch the bomb site, a monumental moment for me since my reason for visiting that day was to see and touch that device. I enjoyed working my way through the very narrow inside of the plane and looking down and up into the cubbyhole gun turrets where young men put their lives at risk to fight. When we got home, we, of course, had to watch the movie, *Memphis Belle*, to see and get a feel of what those airmen went through. And so another story to share.

And so my father’s story goes on. If I had not been listening and if I had not run across that letter in my search for something else, this story would not have been told.

TIP FOR JULY 2013: Look & Listen. The information is out there somewhere and it will come. And so the search goes on.....





Passages Thru Time: James Gordon Clarke Dodge

By Leonard Dodge, Melrose, Massachusetts

View the complete movies in 8 parts on dodgefamily.org

James Gordon Clarke Dodge, descendant of 'Farmer' William Dodge in our John branch Dodges, was born on 09 Feb 1840 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts as the first child of Joshua Cleaves Dodge and Jane Maria Clark.

James, though a young man, had shown himself to be possessed of unusual energy and rare decision of character. Born in Boston, in the year 1840, he lost his father in 1853 when James was 13 years old. He was taken to Europe by his mother and educated in France, and for several years was a resident of Brussels. His uncle and "Name Sake" James Gordon Clarke Esq., being the brother of his mother, was appointed Charge d'affaires ad interim in Brussels from 1856 to Sept. 1858 and James and his mother were living with him in Brussels. From his experience in French schools he acquired an ineradicable dislike to the French people and their character, which seemed to increase as he grew older and became more acquainted with, and fond of, his native country. An ardent love for his native land was perhaps the most striking characteristic of the man, which was doubtless intensified by his abhorrence of all that was foreign.

He arrived back in Boston, Massachusetts in the Steamship "America" on 05 Nov 1858 from Liverpool, England at the age of 17 and traveling with James was his uncle, James Gordon Clarke. After completing his education at the Lawrence Scientific School he traveled through the northern States. When war broke out, he at once joined the army as a second lieutenant in the 19th Massachusetts regiment. He remained in the army throughout the war, devoting himself heart and soul to the duties of his profession. He was promoted to captain in the 19th Massachusetts regiment, and was then transferred with the rank of Major to the 61st Massachusetts regiment, where he remained until he mustered out at the close of the war. He received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for gallant service during the war, and in few instances were these honors better deserved. He was brave to the marked degree, and on occasions his actions approached temerity. At the final attack on Petersburg he led his regiment against one of the outlying forts of that city, and although he was obliged to walk on crutches and was distinguished by the broad sash across his breast worn as officer of the day, thus presenting an unusual mark for the bullets of the enemy, he led his men so eagerly that he was twice forced to halt on the open field and wait for his regiment to catch up with him.

He had a major role in an incident after the bloody battle of Ball Bluff which took place in October 1861. After the battle a detail from Company F was sent out on picket duty during the night, under command of Lieut. J. G. C. Dodge, who found a narrow path along the shore of the island, and posted his men at the usual intervals. No one could approach without being seen, and the river, on its surface, would show any boat or moving object. As the pickets were being placed, the voices of men were heard and several were seen running toward the bivouac of the 19th. Lieut. Dodge gave chase and hailed them, but they would not stop until he threatened to shoot. They said they had just crossed from the Virginia side in a small boat. The lieutenant tried to get two or three of them to row back again and rescue some of their wounded comrades on the other side, but no one would venture. During the night Lieut. Dodge asked for more men as pickets and a detail from Company H, under command of Lieut. Hale, was sent out, completing the line along the shore. It was a terrible night for those on picket. The wounded on the Virginia side of the river, cut off from all help, could plainly be heard crying for water and begging that a boat be sent over to them. Now and then one could be heard as he waded out into the water, and, with strong and steady strokes, breasted the current. Little by little his strokes became weaker, then less steady, then mere splashes, in the frantic endeavor to hold out. Then a gurgling sound, a cry for help, and all was still again. All this passed under the senses of willing comrades, powerless to give aid. Now and then, one who was more successful would creep, cold, benumbed and almost dead, up the bank.

A flag of truce at Ball's Bluff:

October 21, 1861, during that night, Lieut. Dodge, in making the round of his pickets had heard a voice from the Virginia shore, calling: "Send over an officer under a flag of truce to look after your dead and wounded." He reported this to Colonel Hinks and was himself detailed for the duty at 10 o'clock in the morning. Some fugitives had secured a skiff on the Virginia side and had reached the island, and in this skiff Lieut. Dodge was rowed across by private Carr of Company F, who volunteered for the duty. The lieutenant borrowed a white handkerchief from Adjutant John C. Chadwick (his own being black) and tied it to a ramrod.

The little lieutenant, as he went over in the skiff on the important mission, was dressed in a pair of private's trousers, turned up at the bottom, a pair of old army shoes, a blouse with shoulder straps, sword and revolver. A dirty, ragged, gray blanket

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

was thrown over his shoulders like a shawl and his glazed cap cover hid the bugle on the front of the cap. No real insignia of his rank appeared in sight. A fine wet drizzle served to make matters gloomier than they otherwise would have been, and the little skiff was borne downstream by the current.

Lt. Dodge Meets the Confederates

The bank where the lieutenant landed was strewn with the tins from cartridge boxes, broken muskets, bits of uniforms, and one or two wounded men were calling for water. Here and there, rebels were seeking for spoil. In one place, four or five men were going through a knapsack or a dead soldier, —it was not possible to tell which. One of them, the roughest looking of the lot, had a red U. S. blanket around him and was hailed by Lieut. Dodge with: "I say, you fellow with the red blanket, where is the officer who called for a flag of truce?"

"He's on the bluff somewhere, I reckon," was the reply "Can't you take me where I can find him," asked the lieutenant. Evidently moved by the idea that it might be a feather in his cap to conduct a flag of truce, he consented.

The bluff was steep and slippery and the lieutenant found it very difficult, with one hand holding the flag and the other his blanket, to surmount. The rebel escort, seeing his difficulty, politely assisted him, but when they reached the plateau at the top no officer was visible.

"He was here a short time ago and went in that direction," said one man who was standing at the top. The two men, Rebel and Yank, started off to hunt him up, but it seemed as if he had just left every spot they reached. Men in grey were in abundance, discussing the fight, but no mounted officer could be seen. Civilians were joking with the rebel soldiers about the misfortunes of the Union troops, and Negro slaves were coming up with horses to bury the Southern dead.

Soon a mounted officer rode by and the lieutenant inquired for a mounted officer to receive the flag of truce. As the officer rode off, a rebel soldier, picking up a gun, asked the lieutenant what kind of a thing it was. He was told that it was an Austrian rifle.

"What's this?" he asked passing over another.

A Confederate Officer Questions Lt. Dodge's Credentials

"That's an Enfield," was the lieutenant's reply. "Well, this is the best," said the inquisitor, patting a Springfield, "if the Dam Yankees did make it," and then he offered the lieutenant a chaw of tobacco.

While this conversation was progressing, a mounted officer appeared, and, in an insolent tone, said to Lieut. Dodge, "Aren't you a Dam Yank?" "I'm a Yankee," he responded. "What do you want here?"

Lieut. Dodge told the nature of his errand, but the officer seemed to doubt him. Several of the men, however, came to his aid, exclaiming, "Oh, we know all about it. The adjutant of the 17th Mississippi called out for an officer to come over under a flag of truce, and we saw this officer come over."

"Where are your credentials?" asked the officer. "I have none" responded Lieut. Dodge, "in our army the word of an officer is sufficient." "How in hell do we know you're an officer?"

Stepping on a small stone nearby, the lieutenant drew himself up to his full height (five feet, three inches), jerked the blanket from his shoulders and replied as gruffly as he could, pointing to his shoulder straps. "There are my credentials" and then turned his back upon the rebel officer, who rode away, growling: "Well, you ought to have credentials."

Shortly after this, Lieut. Dodge was met by Lieut. Tyler, of the Seventh Mississippi, who, during a friendly chat, dammed the Yankee Mudsill very effectively, but the only Yankee present thought best to let it pass.

[Mudsill is an unkind Southern term for a Yankee, a lowlife.]

Confederate Colonel Places a Guard on Lt. Dodge

Soon he was informed that he was expected at Leesburg, and started for that town, with the rebel soldier who had been his original guide up the bluff. They had gone but a short distance, however, when they met Col. Jenifer, formerly of the Second U. S. Dragoons. A guard was then placed over the lieutenant, and no conversation was allowed. ("My own idea," said Lieut. Dodge later, "was that this ought to have been done on my first arrival.")

Col. Jenifer was very polite. He asked after his old friend, Gen. Stone, and expressed his astonishment that the Union forces "could have been such fools as to have made the attack as they did, with everything against them." He said that the commander on the island could send over a reasonable number of men, not over a dozen, to bury the dead, that they would be placed under guard and not allowed to converse with the Confederates.

(Continued on page 7)

(James Clarke Dodge Continued from page 6)

The Union Soldiers Bury their Dead

Lieut. Dodge returned to the island and crossed again to the Virginia side with Capt. Vaughn, of the Rhode Island battery and twelve men, under orders from Col. Hinks to prolong the work until nightfall. This they successfully did, although, suspecting something, the enemy at one time seized the little party and threatened to hold them as prisoners of war because a rebel horseman, who was chasing a Union soldier while the truce was on, was shot and killed by a man from Company H, of the 19th, on the island. They were released, however, on the firm demand of Col. Hinks.

Toward night the burial party returned and as soon as Capt. Vaughn had landed, he placed his arms around the neck of Lieut. Reynolds, exclaiming, "Horrible, horrible," and in this position the two walked for some distance toward headquarters, the captain relating the details of what he had seen and passed through during the day.

Some of the other Battles in which he fought :

March 1862: Assigned to 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. Moved to Harper's Ferry, thence to Charlestown and Berryville. Ordered to Washington, D. C. and then to the Peninsula.

April-May 1892: Siege/excavation at Yorktown then the March to Chickahominy – May 20-25, 1862.

The Battle of White Oak Swamp -June 30, 1862, then to Harrison's Landing, July-August 1862,

August 15-28, Movement to Alexandria, August 24-28, Moved on the steamship Atlantic to Alexandria,

August 28-31, To Fairfax C. H., August 31-September 1, Cover Pope's retreat from Bull Run

Maryland Campaign to the battle of Fredericksburg

September-October: Maryland Campaign

September 14, Battle of South Mountain (Reserve)

September 16-17, Battle of Antietam

September 22, Moved to Harper's Ferry

October 30-November 17, Advance up Loudon Valley and movement to Falmouth, Va.

From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg.

The winter camp at Falmouth.

The men of the army were much depressed over the result of the battle of Fredericksburg, but rest, better rations and the coming of the paymaster soon put them in a good frame of mind and Lieut. Col. Devereux returned to the command and First Lieut. J. G. C. Dodge, transferred from Co. D, February 28, in command Co. C.

The Battle of Fredericksburg was fought December 11–15, 1862, in and around Fredericksburg, Virginia, between General Robert E. Lee's Confederate Army of Northern Virginia and the Union Army of the Potomac, commanded by Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside. During the battle, James marched ahead of the company into Fredericksburg to the place of Burnside's unfortunate attack, and was one of the first in the army to cross the river. He was shot just under the heart soon after he had crossed. James did recover from his wound and rejoined the unit.

Ed Note: Leonard spent hundreds of hours researching James Gordon Clarke Dodge, simply because his life fascinated him. You will enjoy, very much the movie he made. It is in 8 parts on our web site, making it easy for you to view when you have a few minutes to spare. It is not necessary to view the whole thing at one time. There are photos, maps, and it is done in a similar manner to movies that Ken Burns makes for PBS. 🌸🌸🌸

CORRECTIONS for the May-June Journal: In the Passages Through Time: Irvin Dodge: we listed his father as A. I. Dodge, but he was 'Ai' Dodge. 'Ai' is a Biblical name.

In
Memory



DONALD RAYMOND DODGE, DFA member for many years and a descendant of 'Farmer' William Dodge, died suddenly

at the age of 81 yrs at home on Friday, June 7, 2013. He was the beloved husband of 34 years to Ruby E. (Phillips) Dodge, and a beloved father and grandfather and uncle.

He served in the US Army during the Korean War as a Specialist Third Class, with the Army Security Agency as a Morse Interceptor and received the National Defense Service Medal and the Good Conduct Medal. A member of the Pennsylvania Society of The Sons of the American Revolution, Pittsburgh Chapter, American Legion Post 712, and Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post 914. Don enjoyed golfing, gardening, traveling, and he was a life-long learner. He will be buried in Jefferson Memorial Park, Pleasant Hills, Pennsylvania. 🌸🌸🌸

We send our deepest consolation to Ruby in the loss of her husband. Our prayers are with you, Ruby, and your family..

NEW MEMBERS
Noel Dodge, Johnson, VT
Angela Zachmeyer, CO
Diana Dodge-Doyle, Munhall, PA--the daughter of Donald Dodge in our Memorial above.

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**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
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Over the years, our readers have often helped in solving mysteries that we post on this page. Thank you all.

If you can help solve an existing mystery please e-mail me at: nedodge@aol.com

Should you have a mystery you would like help in solving please e-mail Eileen Dodge at: edodge1946@comcast.net

George Dodge was born about 1800 in New York. His parents are unknown.

He was married first, about 1830, to **Eliza Fisher**, born about 1802 in New York. Her parents are unknown.

It is unknown of George and Eliza married in New York or Michigan, but they can be found in the 1830 US Census in Solon, Cortland County, Michigan. By the 1840 US Census they are living in Rome, Lenawee County, Michigan where they can be found through the 1870 US Census.

To the marriage of George and Eliza two sons were born, **Henry W.**, born about 1834 and **William Seymour**, born about 1836.

Eliza died sometime between 1850 and 1855.

George was married second on 4 October 1855 to **Susan B. Elmer**, born 1802 in Vermont. Her parents are unknown.

Henry W. Dodge died in 1899 in Lenawee County, Michigan. He married **Eveline Dolbear**. She was born in 1833 in New York and died 1904 in Lewanee County, Michigan. Her parents are unknown. There were no children born to this marriage.

William Seymour Dodge died 1912 Lenawee County, Michigan. On 30 July 1856 he married **Orpha Marie Hurd**. She was born 1840 in Pennsylvania and died 1898 in Lenawee County, Michigan.

To William and Orpha was born a son, **Lilburn George Dodge**.

Lilburn was born 1863 in Lenawee County, Michigan and died in 1924 in Mecosta County, Michigan. He married **Fredericka Georgiana Kne-bush**, born 1876 in Michigan and died 1922 in Mecosta County, Michigan, the daughter of Charles Knebush and Sophia Groeschow.

Lilburn and Fredericka raised nine children, all born in Lenawee County, Michigan.

Arthur William, born 1886 married **Ethel Cornell** and raised four children

Harry George, born 18887 married **Louise M. Bush**, born 1887, the daughter of John Bush and Eloise Culep and raised six children
Edith Louise, born 1889 who married **William Kitchen**

Clara E., born 1891

Leonard Carl, born 1893 married **Rose May**, born 1898 and raised two children

Vera P., born 1900

Dorothy, born 1903

Esther, born 1906.



Samuel B. Dodge was born about 1802 in Essex County, Massachusetts and died in 1880 in Maine. His parents are unknown.

He married June 1838 in Bangor, Penobscot County, Maine to Mrs. **Eliza (Robinson) Demuth**. She was born 18 December 1818 in Rockland, Knox County, Maine, the daughter of James Robinson and Rachel Thompson.

To this union four children were born; the girls in Rockland, Knox County Maine and the boys in Montville, Waldo County, Maine:

Ann E. was born in 1839

Mary F. was born in 1849 and married Allan T. Houdlette

Samuel Fenwick was born about 1852, died in 1874 never married

Barnabas R. was born about 1856 and married in 1913 to Juliette (Bennett) Sproul



Joseph Dodge was born 25 September 1801 in Nova Scotia and died 8 December 1886 in Wilmot, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. His parents are unknown.

Joseph was married 25 December 1823 in Wilmot to **Eliza W. Harris**. She was born 16 May 1804 in Nova Scotia and died 8 December 1873 in Wilmot, the daughter of John Harris and Elizabeth Graves.

To this union four children were born in Wilmot:

Charles Crumb, born 26 August 1825, died 20 April 1899; married first, **Margery S.** (unknown maiden name), born about 1824, died 3 July 1870. Charles married second 27 December 1875 to **Elizabeth Pearce**, born 11 August 1835, died 6 November 1906.

Esther B., born 7 December 1826, died 3 January 1921. Never married.

Miriam, born about 1830, died 26 March 1883. She married first, 17 February 1858 to **George D. McMullen**, born about 1822, died 10 October 1865. Miriam married second, 20 February 1872 to **Jacob Wood**, born 26 April 1820, died 9 May 1872.

Fenwick, born about 1837, died 8 May 1870. Never married.

NOTE: Due to the location of this family in Nova Scotia it is almost certain that Joseph descended from Tristram.



Abram Dodge was born about 1815 in Kentucky. His parents are unknown .

Abram married, about 1838 to Phoebe A. Unknown Maiden Name, born about 1815 in Kentucky.

To this union one child was born, Edmund Josiah , born 1839 in Kentucky. He died 19 October 1878 in Graves County, Kentucky.

Edmund married Martha A. Brookshire on 7 October 1857 in Graves County, Kentucky. She was born about 1838 in Kentucky. Her parents are unknown.

All their children were born in Graves County, Kentucky:

Sarah; Jane ; Viania M. ; William Arthur ; Susan A. ; Edmund Josiah, Jr. ; Mary Adern ; and triplets Walter Lee, Daisy D., and Rosa Bell .

