



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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A Daughter's Reminiscing

By Barbara Farwell Dodge Pitman Bapitman@zoho.com

I wanted to live next door to the grandest Opera House in the whole state of Wisconsin. My papa took me there when I was a little girl. It was huge, bigger than the inside of the biggest barn I had ever been in. The stage had midnight blue curtains that sparkled when a breeze came through or when someone touched it. I know, cause I touched it! And the chairs were soft and cushy. One could sit in one of those chairs for days! I was only five when I decided that one day I would come back for something very important. Maybe I would be married in the Opera House. One day we rode by the Opera House and I saw a billing for a famous opera singer who was coming to sing for the mayor. Maybe I would be a famous singer who toured the whole world and came back to Montello with the whole town coming out to welcome their now-famous citizen back. Of course, I am older and maybe a bit wiser now. Still, I was able to fulfill one of my girlish wishes. But more about that later.

Papa walked with a crutch because one of his legs was missing. He used to tell me about the hard work he did in the local quarry. For eight years he hammered at rocks, used dynamite to blow up part of the quarry, and watched as men twice his age worked beside him, stooped over from decades of doing this kind of work. He wanted to desperately to be able to leave the quarry, maybe go to college to be a lawyer or a newspaper man. Right before I was born, there was a horrid accident at the quarry. Someone misjudged the amount of dynamite they needed to use, and a bunch of men got injured when the explosion ended up being much bigger than it should have been.

My poor papa was the worst injured. They had to cut off his right leg, and if that was me, I would have cried and cried. But not my Papa. He learned how to walk with just one crutch and acted like EVERYONE should have just one leg, like it was an absolutely natural thing. He could harness a horse faster than anyone in our family and he climbed up on the roof to sweep off snow in the winter. I don't know if you know anything about Wisconsin, but there is a LOT of snow up here. He was a good man, my Papa. Right after he lost his leg, Papa was elected to the office of Clerk of Court in Marquette County. He was there until I was twenty-five years old! Anyhow, while he did that job, he also studied the law. I remember in the evenings we would all be in bed, except Papa. He stayed up almost all night. Course, he said it was no big deal, cause the pain in his missing leg kept him up anyhow, so he might as well use the time for something constructive. One time Papa joked to me that he studied law because doing carpentry in the middle of the night would wake us up. He liked to tell jokes, Papa did. Not always good jokes, but still kinda funny.

After he had been studying law for a bit, Papa got another job helping old Judge Dimond. He liked that job because he got to do legal stuff for people who couldn't afford a real attorney. And as if he did not work enough, my Papa became President of our town bank!

When I was about fourteen years old, Papa built a beautiful house next to the Opera House. And you know what he told me? He said, "Blanche, my only child, I am going to work for that Opera House. And one day I am going to see you on that stage. You will be every bit as lovely as those blue curtains. And I will say, "There goes my daughter, my only child, my gem, my pride." I giggled when he told me that. But then, it was like he had seen right into my dreams. He was not only courageous and strong. He was wise.

Papa kept the accounts for the Opera House. He charged \$5 a night for use of the Hall. Lots of town folk wanted to use the Opera House, and sometimes he had all rooms and the auditorium booked at the same time. The Keeley's had their league's card party there. Dr. Galloway had a lecture series there for four nights. The Opera House saw weddings, wrestling, bell ringers, comedians, club dances moving pictures and so much more. Why, there was even a bowling alley in the basement! The Opera House became the busiest place in town, except for the local drug store. They had a soda fountain that was every bit as busy as the Opera House!

My papa talked a lot about our ancestors. He was so very proud to be a Dodge, and did not miss any opportunity to educate me as to our 'grand' lineage. He was born in 1857, the only son of William B. Dodge, a former teacher and farmer from Orleans County, New York who migrated to Wisconsin in 1850, married Rachel Seaver in 1856, and moved to Montello in 1873. He and his brother-in-law, Jesse Seaver, bought a flouring mill and half interest in the local water power. Jesse sold out to grandpop in 1877, but the poor mill was destroyed by fire in 1882, the same year my daddy was hurt at the quarry.

In 1880 Papa and Mama got married. I was the only child they ever had, but Papa joked that I was 'quite enough.'

Papa talked about the Dodges so much that, as a child, I thought the whole world knew the Dodges. For certain they at least knew my Papa.

When I was sixteen years old, I got the chance to live out one of my childhood dreams. Something very special took place in the Opera House, and for the rest of my life, I will remember it as the most spectacular thing that ever happened to me. (end of part I)

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IN THE MAIL:

We received an email from Sgt. Robert Paine regarding a cemetery stone he found on our website in Hillside Cemetery, Andover, New York. He wrote the following:

“I served with David early in his Air Force career at Griffiss AFB NY. Do you know the circumstances of his death? Maybe close family? I will visit Hillside later this month to see David and my other crew chief Sgt. Gary Lynn Bixby in Homestead, FL. Any leads will be greatly appreciated. Sincerely, Sgt. Robert L Payne.”

Eileen Dodge tried to find an obituary for David that might list the cause of his death. He was only 31 years old when he died. Because it was so long ago, 1986, nothing could be found.

I wrote that information back to Robert, and he responded with the following:


“Thank you for your kind reply. If I am able to add to your data base I would be very pleased to do so. Sometimes these things take years.

“Initially, I found David's marker while researching my Air Force bomb loader crew chief Sgt. Gary Bixby. David and Gary were both from Andover, NY. David told me in 1974 that everyone in town knew Gary with whom I served on the day of his grievous injury in 1971. Unfortunately I missed reuniting with Gary by a relatively short time frame. David's demise took me by complete shock.

Airman David Dodge was a young Air Force bomb loader skilled in both conventional and nuclear weapons when I met him in late 1973 or early 1974 at his first permanent assignment at Griffiss AFB, NY. The gravestone reference to Vietnam may be solely due to his era of service as it is generally agreed the Vietnam service era ended in 1975 when Saigon finally fell. The US withdrew almost all combat troops in 1973 with the signing of the Paris Peace Accords. If David actually set foot in Vietnam, it was likely during the final days of evacuating the US Embassy in Saigon although that seems unlikely to me.

“I am grateful for the leads you provided and in your debt. I am generally quite dogged at following the trail even, sometimes, through misty eyes and with a heavy heart as I reflect on the past and what might have been. And thank you for the verse. It has been a source of great comfort to me over the years.”

Cordially,
Bob Payne

Ed. Note: Perhaps a reader of this Journal knows of the family of David A. Dodge. He did have a brother, Daniel who had 3 sons, Matthew, Daniel and Lyle. We transmitted that information to Robert so that he can try to find family members while visiting the cemetery. 

The March-April Journal contained the photo below asking for help in identifying the children.



We received a letter from Daphne Dodge Walker identifying these children, and one of them was her grandfather. She wrote:

“These children, one being my grandfather, Kern Dodge (“Fawa” to us) are descended from Tristram Dodge through William Dodge and his wife, Mary Mapes Dodge, author of Hans Brinker fame.

“The little boy on the left is Karl Dodge, born in PA Nov. 25, 1891, died March 22, 1936.

Fayalle is next, born in PA Sept. 7, 1885, died Jan. 16, 1935.

“The baby in the picture is Josephine (“Josie” or Aunt Josie as I knew her) born in PA Dec. 22, 1895 and died around her 94th birthday. She and Kern, my grandfather were very close to one another.

“Kern, my grandfather, is on the far right, born in Chicago, July 20, 1880 and died in the 1950s.

“This photo is in “Lady of the Silver Skates”, by Catharine Morris Wright, copyright 1979...It is a dear little book of my great, great grandmother, Mary Mapes Dodge, written by Mrs. Wright in Jamestown, a great friend of my parents, Donald and Dorothy Dodge.”

Ed Note: Mary E. Mapes Dodge -Author most widely know for Han Brinker or The Silver Skates. Also being the editor of "St. Nicholas Magazine" for children during the late 1800's and the early 1900's. She not only exposed children to her own writing, she introduced them to Mark Twain and others. She was able to raise a family and edit a major magazine without a husband (William Dodge who died at the age of 43, leaving two sons ages 6 and 3). A woman well ahead of her time.

We are happy to welcome our New members

William E Boudrow III, Afghanistan
Sarah Jacobus, Mansfield Texas
Kelly Blumer, Belmont, California

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Battle of Franklin Websites:
See pg. 4-5

<http://tngenweb.org/williamson/military/conf/battlefranklin.htm>
<http://thssite.tripod.com/sttone/swat.ht>
<http://www.carnton.org/boft.htm>
<http://www.franklin-stfb.org/preservation.htm>
<http://www.pinterest.com/stephanierockey/the-battle-of-franklin/>

The View From My Window



Rescuing dogs and giving them a forever home is very rewarding but there always comes a time when that pet dies. I always pray that I will not have to make that decision to euthenize...ALAS...My beautiful white collie with the blue merle face, Frostie, could not get up. This happened about 3 weeks ago. I put a long towel under her and lifted her back end and took her outside hoping that once off of the slippery floor she would be able to navigate on her own.

Alas, that did not happen and once again I had to make that decision. It is so sad when a loved dog has a front end that works fine, bright eyes that take everything in, and enjoyment in the surroundings, but the back end does not work anymore, and they cannot raise themselves up.

A friend came over at my request, and helped to get her into my van, and she commenced on her last ride...to the vet. I sat with her as the sodium-pentothal was given. She was gone in less than 60 seconds. I am sure she was so tired of struggling to get up, and struggling to walk, that she was glad to be able to let go, but I miss her. I had my other dog, Polly, a lab-sharpei and I was fostering a big blonde lab, Gunner. Of those 2 dogs, it was Gunner who showed that he missed Frostie as he and Frostie had become very close to each other.

Frostie was adopted by me February of 2011 from Rocky Mountain Collie/Sheltie rescue.

She had belonged to an elderly gentleman who lived in Salida, Colorado. When he died, his grown children did not want his dog that he had named "Frostie". They had her put in the local pound and that is when she was rescued by the collie rescue group. I found her on-line and made arrangements to adopt her. She was 11 years old but I wanted to make her last years happy.

My friend, Joyce, and I drove to Pueblo, CO to get her. At the time, I still had Earl's dog, Fred, and we took

him with us so that he could get to know Frostie on the way back home.

Frostie very willingly got in my van and settled down on a doggie bed (I had taken out a couple of seats to make room for doggie beds).

Little by little I was able to get her to walk more than just a few blocks and by the end of 2011, she was going with Joyce and I and Fred dog to the dog park at Chatfield Reservoir and would have no problem completing a two mile walk.

Then in early summer of 2013, she could not complete that walk and after that, she could not go with us anymore to Chatfield.

She would yip a bit when she saw us getting into the car but then laid down where she could see what was going on in the neighborhood...always happy to greet us when we got back.

SO...this column is another one that is in memory of the passing of one of my beloved dogs. *Barbara*



Frostie Dodge 2000-2014

Seeing God's Hand in My Life

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

Danny's Medical Crisis

Don turned to me as he hung up the phone and said, "Well, that was Danny. He has more health problems."

My heart sank. I knew from the conversation that something was terribly wrong. I asked "What has suddenly changed?"

Don replied, "I'm not sure. The doctor told him yesterday that he

has to get more active to eliminate the immune suppressive drugs that are in his system or they will kill him.

Immediately, I asked, "How can he do that? His own kidneys have stopped functioning, and he has no control over what the dialysis treatments take out of his body. What more can he do?"

This call from Danny was about the worst news we could receive.

The result was that we quickly sold our business to move from Canada back to LA and within a few days, made the arrangements for Danny to move in with us.

That resulted in me doing too much for Danny. The doctor told him that he needed to be more active, so I had to distance myself from helping him so much.

Don came up with the perfect solution. I had always wanted to be a hair stylist, and he had picked up the enrollment package for me. The following Monday morning I took one of the longest journeys when I walked up to the front door of the school.

My classmates were about 18 years old and faddishly dressed with extreme hairstyles.

Before I entered, I took one last look at myself in the mirror. I saw a 50 year old woman with gray hair, tired drooping eyelids framed by age spots and crows feet. I also saw the sign SCHOOL OF BEAUTY!

But this was for Danny...so he would be free to do things for himself without me hovering over him and taking over. This was for his benefit.

Danny's friendship with Rachel had developed into a bond that united their hearts, so much so, that they announced their engagement and wedding plans were made. *(to be continued)*

**User Name: dodgefamily
Password: englishheritage**

Who Do You Descend From?
Judy Ragan raganje@aol.com

Recently, at my bi-monthly genealogy group meeting, we were discussing the casualties resulting from the many battles of the Civil War. We have been studying the many facets of that war since 2011-2015 are the 150th anniversary years. I told the group that I was curious about how my great grandmother, Mary Gibson McKinney, might have been notified that her husband, Pleasant, had died in the Battle of Franklin, TN, on November 30, 1864. I knew that it was one of the bloodiest battles, not only of the Civil War, but five of the bloodiest hours in American history, with over 20,000 casualties which included both the Union and Confederate sides. How and who would be responsible for the massive job of identifying and then notifying the families of these casualties of their deaths?

This is not a pleasant subject but is as much a part of our country's history as the Holocaust is a part of our ancestors' fight for religious freedom.

Imagine these facts:

1. The number of soldiers who died between 1861 and 1865, estimated at 620,000, is approximately equal to the total of American fatalities in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish American War, World War I, World War II, and the Korean War, combined!! Amazing!
2. Twice as many Civil War soldiers died from disease as from battle wounds.
3. A significant number of civilians were killed as the battles raged across farms and fields. Encampments of troops spread epidemic disease, guerillas ensnared women and children in violence and reprisals, draft rioters targeted innocent citizens, and shortage of food in the South brought starvation. It has been estimated that 50,000 civilians died as the result of the Civil War.

In these years of the Civil War our ancestors endured the high rate of deaths of infants but once their children reached adulthood, they would be expected to survive into middle age. This war took young, healthy men's lives rapidly, often instantly, and destroyed them with disease, injury or both. Many described this war as a "harvest of death" because it was so unanticipated and unprecedented. Nearly every household in the small villages was affected by this war; and without the modern ways of communications today, it must have been a formidable undertaking to notify families of casualties.

Now imagine the sight after a battle. After only five hours of fighting at the Battle of Franklin, the battleground was carpeted with thousands of human bodies and untold number of horses that lay killed or wounded. Neither side was issued official badges of identification, there was no formal policy of notification to families, no ambulance services, and no grave registration units. At the end of a week after attending to the wounded, the dead were almost wholly unburied and often thrown into unidentified mass graves.



In the fall of 1865 until 1871, a massive federally supported reburial program took place, re-interring 303,536 Union soldiers in 74 new national cemeteries. So is the case with the Battle of Franklin. There are several cemeteries in and around Franklin where the soldiers were later buried. Stone's River alone has 440 pages of identified soldiers where as Murfreesboro, TN, has primarily the unknown Union dead from Franklin. That is where I believe my great grandfather is buried. He is listed as presumably killed but, perhaps, he didn't pin a name label inside of his shirt and none of his friends was alive to identify him. Sadly, this is not the case with the Confederate soldiers. The South had to organize their own groups to accomplish this task; but, probably was not able to re-inter the majority of their losses.

Perhaps Mary was never notified of Pleasant's death. Tens of thousands of the soldiers died unknown, and the same number of families, were left without any consoling knowledge of their loved ones' fates, the circumstances of their death, or place of their burial. At least half of the Civil War dead were never identified. Many families who lived close by would go to the bloody battleground to search for their loved ones; but imagine Mary, who lives in Indiana, perhaps not even knowing her husband is in Franklin, TN, trying to get word of her husband and whether he has died since she is no longer receiving correspondence from him.

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Battle of Franklin, by Kurz and Allison (1891).

(Who Do You Descend From — Continued from page 4)

We'll never know the true story of Pleasant's death and burial in Franklin, TN; but the memory of all the Civil War dead will remain a force in American politics and American life well into the 20th century and beyond.

P.S. When I obtained the pension records for Mary McKinney Denny, I realized that her life was not a good life after Pleasant's death; but she obviously had received knowledge of his death at the Battle of Franklin because she knew she could apply for pension benefits.....which, by the way, she was denied. Well, that is another story for another time.

Tip for the month: Check out the National Archives or Fold 3 websites to obtain information and actual documents from the service of your ancestors. The story you find might be something you never knew.

Information for this article was taken from the website: www.nps.gov/nr/travel/national_cemeteries/Death.html
Death and Dying—Civil War Era National Cemeteries

STONES RIVER NATIONAL CEMETERY



Private Cyrus O. Dodge from New York, served with the 143rd unit and died at Murfreesboro. He is buried at Stones River Cemetery. There is also a Lyrus Dodge listed as being buried there, but there was/is no Lyrus. It was not unusual for a person's name to be misspelled or ... more like mis-transcribed from hand written copies.

Cyrus was the son of Augustus Dodge and Jane Hall. Cyrus was a descendant of Tristram Dodge. He served as a private in Company A, 143rd Regiment, NY Infantry and died 2 Feb 1864 in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The Find-A-Grave number for Cyrus is: 107135149. Norman Dodge works constantly with Find-A-Grave to make sure information is correct and to post as many photos of Dodge graves as possible. In this process, he and Eileen have been able to find Dodges that we did not know about and have been able in many cases to tie them in to known

Dodge lines.

The graves of more than 6,000 Union soldiers lie in the Stones River National Cemetery. Beginning on New Year's Eve of 1862 and ending on January 2, 1863, Union and Confederate forces brutally clashed near the town of Murfreesboro, Tennessee located on the Stones River. The Federal Government established a national cemetery in 1865 close to the location where some of the heaviest fighting took place. Today, the Stones River Battlefield and National Cemetery form the Stones River National Battlefield, a unit of the National Park Service dedicated to preserving the battlefield and interpreting the battle and its effects on the Civil War. A visitors center and museum on the grounds offer tours, cycling and hiking paths. The Stones River National Cemetery is today one of 14 national cemeteries managed by the National Park Service.

Located at the geographic center of Tennessee, the town of Murfreesboro straddles both sides of the Stones River. Union and Confederate forces fought over the town for three days, spanning December 31, 1862 and January 2, 1863. The Confederate Army of Tennessee, under the command of General Paxton Bragg, held a defensive position in the town beginning in November 1862. Union forces under the command of General William Rosecrans marched toward Murfreesboro from the west and took positions for an offensive on December 30. Confederate troops struck first in the early morning of December 31, initially pushing back the Union lines. Over three days, brutal fighting resulted in 23,000 casualties, with roughly 3,000 killed. In the end, Union soldiers forced Confederate troops to retreat.



After the battle, General Rosecrans and his troops worked to reinforce the town's defenses and established a supply depot at Murfreesboro. In 1865, work began on the creation of a national cemetery near the Stones River Battlefield. For two years, remains of 6,100 Union soldiers were disinterred from locations around Stones River and middle Tennessee and transferred to the national cemetery.





Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls

by Eileen Dodge:

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Three Mysteries



The Mystery of Gilman Dodge

Gilman Dodge has been in our Mystery file for a long time. If you have any information that could help us find Gilman's parents please contact Eileen Dodge: edodge1946@comcast.net.

First Generation

1. Gilman Dodge. Born abt 1805 in New Hampshire. Gilman died in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, on 13 Jan 1841; he was 36.

On 16 Oct 1825 when Gilman was 20, he married **Eliza A. Eaton**, daughter of James Eaton & Sarah Dow, in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts. She was born in 1807 in Plaistow, Rockingham County, New Hampshire.

They had the following children:

1. i. Frederick G. Born in 1827 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Frederick G. died in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, on 7 May 1850; he was 23.
2. ii. William Henry (1829-1905)
3. iii. Eliza (1832-1915)
- . iv. Julia Frances 'Fannie'. Born on 7 Sep 1837 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Julia Frances 'Fannie' died in Malden, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on 23 Feb 1908; she was 70.

On 12 Mar 1872 when Julia Frances 'Fannie' was 34, she married **Amos Thurston Small**, son of Benjamin Small & Mary Lunt, in Amesbury, Essex County, Massachusetts. Born on 16 Oct 1825 in Deer Isle, Hancock County, Maine. Amos Thurston died in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, on 1 Apr 1885. He was 59.

Second Generation

2. William Henry Dodge. Born in Jan 1829 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. William Henry died in Wakefield, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on 15 Feb 1905; he was 76.

On 21 Aug 1849 when William Henry was 20, he married **Nancy Clark Kent** in Waltham, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. She was born in Aug 1832 in Newton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

They had the following children:

4. i. Frederick Augustus (1849-)
- ii. Frank Eugene. Born on 8 Aug 1851 in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts
- iii. Mary Eliza. Born on 6 Sep 1853 in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts.
5. iv. William Henry Jr. (1856-)
6. v. Alice Eugenia (1858-)
- vi. Carrie A. Born in 1861 in Massachusetts.
Carrie A. married **Frank Oaks**. Born in 1862 in Massachusetts.
- vii. Hattie. Born on 2 Jul 1862 in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts.
- viii. Gertrude. Born in Jan 1866 in Massachusetts.

3. Eliza Dodge. Born in 1832 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Eliza died in Portland, Cumberland County, Maine, on 12 Apr 1915; she was 83.

On 12 May 1853 when Eliza was 21, she married **Silas Anderson**, son of James Anderson & Nancy Campbell, in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts. He was born on 22 Mar 1817 in Windham, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. Silas died in Malden, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on 11 Jun 1885; he was 68.

They had the following children:

- i. Elizabeth. Born in 1855 in Massachusetts.
- ii. James Eaton. Born in 1857 in Massachusetts.
- iii. Nelson C. Born in 1863 in Massachusetts.

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(Continued from page 6)

iv. Byron Gilman. Born on 22 Jun 1873 in Massachusetts.

Third Generation

4. Frederick Augustus Dodge. Born in 1849 in Weston, Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

On 13 Apr 1875 when Frederick Augustus was 26, he married **Eliza Jane Gale**, daughter of Theophilus S. Gale & Mary Buswell Chase. Born on 29 May 1842 in Alexandria, Grafton County, New Hampshire. Eliza Jane died in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, on 2 May 1914; she was 71.

They had the following children:

i. John Frederick. Born on 5 Mar 1878 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. John Frederick died in Somerville, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on 15 Dec 1887; he was 9. Buried in Newton Cemetery and Crematory, Newton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

ii. Victor Augustus. Born in Mar 1885 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Victor Augustus died in Somerville, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, on 14 Dec 1887; he was 2. Buried in Newton Cemetery and Crematory, Newton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

5. William Henry Dodge Jr. Born on 1 Feb 1856 in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts.

On 31 Jul 1882 when William Henry was 26, he married **Annie Andrews Robinson**, daughter of Ebenezer Robinson & Annie E. Fairview, in New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts. Born in Jul 1857 in New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts. Annie Andrews died on 8 Nov 1940; she was 83.

They had the following children:

7 i. Bertha May (1884-)

ii. Bessie. Born in Jun 1885 in Illinois.

iii. Fannie C. K. Born in Oct 1886 in Illinois.

iv. Albert. Born on 12 Aug 1888 in Elgin, Kane County, Illinois. Albert died on 4 Feb 1965; he was 76. Buried in Rural Cemetery, New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts.

v. Arthur Robinson. Born on 5 Mar 1893 in Fairhaven, Bristol County, Massachusetts.

vi. Louis. Born on 23 Feb 1898 in New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts.

8 vii. William Henry 'Harry' (1902-)

6. Alice Eugenia Dodge. Born on 26 Nov 1858 in Bradford, Essex County, Massachusetts.

Alice Eugenia married **Daniel Dahyton Tomkins More**. Born in Aug 1859 in New York.

They had one child:

i. Daniel Lumen. Born on 26 Mar 1898 in Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.



The Second Mystery begins in Nova Scotia — We are looking for the parents of Francis J. Dodge.

First Generation

1. Francis J. 'Frank' Dodge. Born in 1837 in Nova Scotia.

Francis J. 'Frank' married Harriet E. Lyon, daughter of Seth Lyon & Laura Unknown. Born in 1834 in New York. They had the following children:

i. Ada 'Addie'. Born abt 1854 in Lewiston, Niagara County, New York.

2 ii. Eugene (1854-)

3 iii. Charles S. (1858-1917)

Second Generation

2. Eugene Dodge. Born in Jan 1854 in Lewiston, Niagara County, New York. Occupation: Railroad Fireman.

Eugene married Hannah Graffart. Born in Feb 1856 in New York. They had the following children:

i. Shirley E. Born in Oct 1879 in Buffalo, Erie County, New York.

ii. Mary. Born in Feb 1884 in Buffalo, Erie County, New York.

4 iii. James Charles (1886-1962)

3. Charles S. Dodge. Born on 3 Jun 1858 in Wisconsin. Charles S. died in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on 22 Jun 1917;

he was 59. Buried on 24 Jun 1917 in Buffalo, Erie County, New York. Occupation: Locomotive Engineer.

Charles S. married Jennie F. Dellanbaugh. Born in Aug 1862 in New York. Jennie F. died on 1 Apr 1947; she was 84.

They had one child:

5 i. Alma M. (1885-1946)

Third Generation

4. James Charles Dodge. Born on 5 Aug 1886 in Rochester, Monroe County, New York. James Charles died in Redwood City, San Mateo County, California, on 7 Apr 1962; he was 75. Occupation: Bookkeeper, Clerk, Business Owner.

In 1909 when James Charles was 22, he married Eugenia Squires, daughter of John Edwin Squires & Cassie Ann Unknown, in California. Born on 4 Oct 1886 in Missouri, Eugenia died in San Mateo County, California, on 31 May 1979; she was 92.

They had one child:

i. Mildred H. Born on 8 Aug 1916 in Redwood City, San Mateo County, California. Mildred H. died in Redwood City, San Mateo County, California, on 26 Jan 1972; she was 55.

Mildred H. married Norman Ness.

5. Alma M. Dodge. Born in Feb 1885 in New York. Alma M. died in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on 24 Nov 1946; she was 61. Buried in Acacia Masonic Memorial Park Cemetery, Mayfield Heights, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

Alma M. married George W. Erdmann. Born in 1883 in New York. George W. died in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on 31 Mar 1937; he was 54.

They had the following children:

i. George W. Jr.

ii. Florence J.



The Third Mystery begins on Deer Isle, Hancock County Maine - we are looking for the parents of David Dodge

First Generation

1. David Dodge. Born BET 1770 AND 1780.

In Aug 1794 when David was 24, he married Mehitable 'Hitty' Pressy in Deer Isle, Hancock County, Maine. Born BET 1770 AND 1780. They had the following children:

i. Molly. Born on 22 Dec 1794 in Orland, Hancock County, Maine.

ii. Mehitable. Born on 29 Jan 1797 in Orland, Hancock County, Maine.

iii. Sophia. Born on 29 Jun 1799 in Orland, Hancock County, Maine.

2 iv. John (1801-)

Second Generation

2. John Dodge. Born on 25 Dec 1801 in Orland, Hancock County, Maine.

On 11 Sep 1831 when John was 29, he married Nancy Blaisdell in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine. Born in Sep 1813 in Maine. They had the following children:

i. Samuel S. Born abt 1836 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine. Samuel S. died in Deer Island, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, on 16 Jul 1859; he was 23.

ii. Lucretia. Born abt 1837 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine.

3 iii. Sophia Nancy (1838-1925)

iv. John. Born abt 1839 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine.

v. Malinda. Born abt 1843 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine.

vi. James. Born abt 1850 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine.

Third Generation

3. Sophia Nancy Dodge. Born abt 1838 in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine. Sophia Nancy died in Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts, on 15 Apr 1925; she was 87.

Sophia Nancy married George Washington Gray, son of Aaron Gray & Mary Ann Pomeroy. Born in Saint. Stephens, New Brunswick, Canada. George Washington died in Apr 1921 in Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts. They had one child:

i. Ida Jane. Born on 15 Aug 1865 in Peabody, Essex County, Massachusetts. Ida Jane died in Danvers, Essex County, Massachusetts, on 4 Jul 1952; she was 86.

Ida Jane married Loren Daniel Bowden. Born on 14 Apr 1872 in Alton, Maine.

