



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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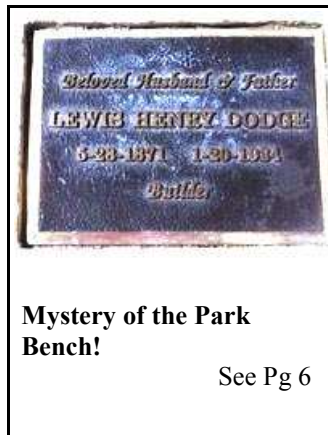
## In Search of Great-Great-Grandfather, Louis Henry Dodge by Josiah Nelson



Lewis Henry Dodge  
See Pg 6

If you have never lived in Los Angeles, you have no idea what an inconvenience the annual marathon can be. Streets close, traffic grinds to a halt, and entire neighbors are rent asunder to make way for the river of runners streaming towards the beaches of Santa Monica. In anticipation of the chaos, the church my brother Jesse and I attend wisely canceled their Sunday morning service. We, however, still rose at first light, climbed into our trusty Ford Focus, and headed south towards San Diego. The mission: locate the rumored memorial to our celebrated forbearer, Lewis Henry Dodge.

When I first moved to California in 2009, I had no idea that my ancestors had preceded me. It was not until a few years later during a visit with my Grandma Barb that I learned of a journey west in the twenties. Lewis Henry Dodge, a builder by trade, piled the younger half of his family into a car and set out on a multi-day drive across America. Among the travelers was a young Earl Dodge, my great-grandfather. Lewis settled in San Diego and plied his trade well, building many beautiful homes. Perhaps Earl had every intention to follow his father. But one year on a trip back to Massachusetts to visit his elder brother, he met a girl. The rest, as they say, is a history.



Mystery of the Park Bench!  
See Pg 6

As Jesse and I made our way to San Diego this March, we were intent on recovering a bit of that history. Grandma had informed me that Lewis Dodge remarried and spent the rest of his days in southern California. Upon his death, the grateful city installed a memorial plaque in the rose garden of Balboa Park. This is what Jesse and I wanted to find. Making our way through the acres of playgrounds, museums, and fountains, we finally located the garden, set with numerous old bronze plaques. But



Above and to the left, two views of the Spanish style bungalow built by Lewis Dodge in the 1920s.

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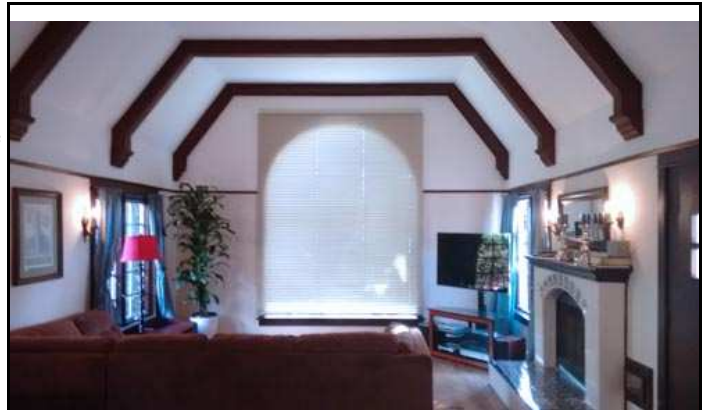
search as we might, we could not find of the name of Lewis Dodge.

We, however, were Dodges – failure is not in our vocabulary! Improvising plans, Jesse and I sought the aid of the park ranger, who directed us to the information center, who pointed us to the volunteer coordinator. She confirmed we were indeed searching in the right spot, for there was only one rose garden. At this point, my confidence began to diminish, but not my brother's, the rightly named Jesse Earl Dodge Nelson. First he called our Grandma Barb, who gave us the name of cousin Norm and the local widow of great-uncle Bob. We had never met the former, and our Grandma was unsure if the latter was still alive, but nevertheless Jesse called and inquired. Norm was happy to help (once he figured out our exact relation) and tried to direct us by memory from his home in Olympia, WA. Finally, we pinpointed

*(Continued on page 2)*

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the location of the plaque. . . and found it was not there. The city had removed its memorial, replacing the name of Lewis Henry Dodge with that of a stranger. It was a somber and defeated mood in our car as we begin the return trip. But as we drove on the highway, I found something – an item on the list of San Diego landmarks titled “Lewis Dodge Spec House #1.” Entering the address into our



Above and to the left, two views of the detailed interior of the home built by Lewis Dodge in the 1920s.



GPS, we went west towards the peninsula. The streets were narrow and neighborhoods old, but it was not hard to spot the house we sought, a Spanish-style bungalow of clear age. Jesse parked and I climbed out to snap a few pictures. As I pointed my camera at the house, an SUV pulled into the same driveway and a wary

woman peered out: “Can I help you?”

What rotten timing! What horrible luck! I quickly apologized and explained her house was built by our great-great- grandfather. Then, to my bewilderment, the woman offered to show us inside! Setting aside work on his surfboard, her husband gave a mini-tour of the house: the giant bay windows, the intricate molding, the tiny showers and giant closets. The highlight was the garage, equipped with sliding doors at each end. Our host explained it was built for a carriage – the horses would enter through the alley, the vehicle detached and stored, until the next need arose when it would be pulled out the front again. As he concluded the tour and offered us a beer, our host made the comment, “Your great great-grandfather knew how to build a



The beautiful tile hearth and detailed fireplace in the Lewis Dodge home, San Diego



Jesse Nelson viewing a home built by his great-great- grandfather, Lewis Dodge

house.” I couldn't help smiling. Though I never knew Lewis Henry Dodge, though he is little more than a name and a face in an old photograph, I felt a surge of pride knowing something he made had lasted to this very day. Then I realized buildings were not the only legacy my great-great grandpa Lewis had left behind.

On the right is the bench that is supposed to have a plaque on it with the name of Lewis Dodge. I believe that family members contributed to this and I know that it was dedicated. It does not seem right to me that the city can come along and change the name!





# The View From My Window



I WAS going to write about something entirely different, but then I received the article on the front page of this Journal from one of my grandsons, who with his brother, Jesse, traveled to San Diego in search of their great-great-grandfather, Louis Henry Dodge. Then I knew I had to tell you about their wonderful family back in Gladstone, MO. My daughter, Faith, married Joe Nelson and, as they say, the rest is history.

Faith and Joe have 8 children, 6 boys and 2 girls. She home-schooled every one of them and the ones who have already graduated, have also graduated from various colleges.

In the photo on the right, which is abt. 3 years old, in the top row are: Susannah, JOSIAH, JESSE, Jonathan, Kristian. Below Josiah is his dad, Joe and his mom, Faith with Seth on the left. On the bottom row, are Andrew, and Lineah with her husband, Justin. They now have 2 children, a little girl, Elora, and a baby boy, Sven.

Josiah is in CA to get his masters in filmography at Pepperdine. Jesse got a degree from Huntington College in digital animation, worked for a couple of years in Chicago, and moved to Los Angeles last year. He has been working at finding a job out there in his chosen profession. He and Josiah room together.

Susannah graduated from Brown University, and is at the moment living at home. She has paid off her college loans, bought a SUV from her cousin Caleb Thiessen who lives in Colorado, and is currently saving money so that she can get her own apartment. Kristian (known as KJ) is studying business at a local community college. Jonathan just graduated from high school last Saturday. Seth has not graduated yet and Andrew is only 10 so it will be awhile before he is ready to graduate.

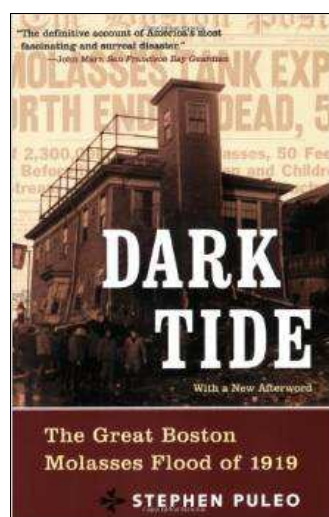
On another note ... when growing up in Massachusetts, I was told by my grandmother and mother that there had been a great molasses flood in Boston in the early 1900s. I have a Kindle and each day I receive from Amazon, book specials that are either free or very



cheap that I can download to my Kindle. A couple of weeks ago, I was VERY SURPRISED to find out that a book was being offered entitled: DARK TIDE:THE STORY OF THE GREAT MOLASSES FLOOD OF 1919. Of course, I HAD to download that and it was FREE. A wonderfully explicit, well-written book delving into the lives of everyone affected, the families who lost loved ones, the events going on in this country at that time, the events leading up to the disaster..."Around noon on January 15, 1919, a group of firefighters were playing cards in Boston's North End when they heard a tremendous crash. It was like roaring surf, one of them said later. Like a runaway two-horse team smashing through a fence, said another. A third firefighter jumped up from his chair to look out a window-"Oh my God!" he shouted to the other men,

"Run!"

A 50-foot-tall steel tank filled with 2.3 million gallons of molasses had just collapsed on Boston's waterfront, disgorging its contents as a 25-foot-high wave of molasses that at its outset traveled at 35 miles an hour.



It demolished wooden homes, even the brick fire station. The number of dead wasn't known for days. It would be years before a landmark court battle determined who was responsible for the disaster."

WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

By Judy Prentice Ragan raganje@aol.com

ON THE ROAD AGAIN with Bill & Judy Ragan

**WILLIAM CARTER – Who was he?**

Here we are in central eastern Illinois, just over the border from Indiana, in the search for my great grandfather, William Carter. I'll give you a little background about him. I know that he and my great grandmother, Mary Elizabeth "Lizzie" Duncan, married in 1886 in Kentucky and that she was a widow on the 1900 federal census. She was about 18 or 19 years old and her father, James Thomas Duncan signed for her marriage. Apparently William signed for himself which meant he was probably older than she was. Now you know as much as I do about him.

In the last two years I have made contact with some of Grandma's oldest sister, Eva's, descendants. The story told was: "Lizzie married a much older man who had been married to 'Sally' and they had 3 children. Sally & Lizzie were good friends. Sally died and Lizzie married Sally's husband William. " Together, William and Lizzie had 5 children, Eva, Lucy, Stella Pearl, Margaret & Edward. When Margaret, my grandmother, was six years old, William died, between 1898 or early 1900. Their son Edward was born in November 1898 (you do the numbers). I know that Lizzie is buried in the Pickerel plot at a cemetery in Hoopeston, Illinois. The Pickrells (spelling changed at this generation) come into the picture when my grandmother Margaret Carter married Edgar Pickrell in 1915 in Hoopeston.

Today my goal was to see if I could find any vital statistics documents that might mention William Carter. For example, marriage certificates, death certificates, etc. First we drove to Hoopeston to check the City Directories which will help me know where the families were living and when they lived there.

By 1908, Lizzie and the 3 youngest girls are living in Hoopeston, Illinois. I was able to find many of the Pickrell family members living there in 1900, 1908, 1909, 1924/25 and 1931/32 and their address. This included Lizzie and her children, extended Pickerel family and Lizzie's daughter, Lucy Blatch. A good range of dates and a wide range of family. My grandfather Pickrell's first cousin was Fremont Pickerel who was the police chief at the time of his death at age 50. We were able to drive around the town of 5,000 residents and see that most of the homes were long gone and only vacant lots exist today. But to be able to see where they actually lived was joyful.



As time was running out, we tried to make a hurried dash south to Danville to get documents of the marriages and deaths that had occurred in Hoopeston and might say something more about William Carter. Alas, they closed at 4:30 pm and we got there at 4:50 pm and I will need to

request them via snail mail. Or.....maybe we will make it back this way on our trip back home???? Who knows. I also forgot to drive by the Methodist Church which was located just a block or so from where William & Jane Pickerel, Edgar Pickrell's parents, lived. Most of this family were devoted members of this church.

We also couldn't make it over to Champaign to get vital records for Aunt Eva as the distances between these towns made it impossible. Unfortunately, the small towns are about 5-11 miles apart and each time you reach a small town, the speed limit goes down to 25-30 miles per hour, not making it conducive to a quick trip.



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It just goes to show you that you always need more time than you planned when searching for those elusive records. The large homes and huge acreage surrounding the homes makes you want to slow down and just drool. The churches are so big and majestic as are the courthouses and, usually, the libraries. It is interesting to see several homes and then an auto repair garage and maybe an eatery and then a group of homes again. Small towns are not so concerned with the esthetics of what their neighborhood looks like. They keep their lawns well mowed even though it might look like a junkyard next door.

Even though I did not get a chance to find the exact information I wanted, I was able to add to the time lines of these families. Now I am wondering who the first Pickerel was who moved west to Hoopeston from the Ambia and Sheridan Indiana towns and why they moved west, eventually enticing many other Pickerel families to moved there and stay for so many years. And entice Lizzie to leave her own parents and siblings behind in Kentucky to go west. My great grandparents, William & Jane Pickerel lived there for more than 25 years. And so, the story goes on, the searching continues, and the puzzle grows bigger with more questions unanswered, even though the lives of these individual Pickerel/Pickrell family members becomes more clear. I wish I had more time to search the newspapers that they have at the Hoopeston, Illinois, Public Library. They searched and found the front page obituary for Fremont Pickerel, police chief, in 1928 while I searched their very small collection of Hoopeston history books. I have always found folks in the small town libraries to be some of the best and friendliest helpers you can find. Today it was Tammy and Carol who represented the Hoopeston Historical Society who were my heroes and another lady working in the library who made all the copies and helped me search the books. They have offered to do more research for me when I get home if needed. They have given me their phone numbers and email addresses so I can remain in touch with them. Now, how much better can it get! And the story continues and we are on the road again, Judy and Bill Ragan

**Tip for April 2015: Allow more time than you think you need to do your search !**

*In Memory*



In the last Journal we had the notice of the passing of Rebecca "Becky" (Paulding) Dodge. We received notice shortly after that Journal was published, that John Everett Dodge died on January 31, 2015 at 88 years of age. Beloved husband of the late Rebecca. Loving father of William Dodge and his wife Kimberly, David Dodge and his wife Nancy. We will miss John & Becky!!!

We received notice that DFA member, Priscilla Haines died September 2014. She was b. in Boston, MA, April 2, 1929. She was a descendant of the immigrant, Richard Dodge through Frank Brickett Dodge. She leaves her husband and 5 children.



Nothing can ever take away the love a heart holds, dear fond memories linger every day, remembrance keep them near.  
- Author Unknown



**NEW MEMBERS**

*We would love to know more about you. What you do? Do you have any hobbies?*

*Let us know and we will put it in our next Journal.*

- Andi Bush, Wheatland, WY
- Grace Pilvelatis, Billerica, MA\
- Elizabeth Duran, Palm Bay, FL
- Carrie Thibault, Ira, VT
- Jill Moulton, Saginaw, MI

Password: promotingfellowship

**A BENCH IN A PARK**  
*by Barbara Dodge Pitman*

**Lewis Henry Dodge: born May 28, 1871; died: January 20, 1934**

This article was intended to be a biographical summary of the life of Lewis Henry Dodge, my great-grandfather. In future Journal articles, I can return to the biography-style story telling, which I really do like to write. For this summer edition of the Journal, I was led to a bit of a different take on the Dodge family tree.

Here's how it started: Some time ago, I was out-and-about with my mom. She puts me to shame with her energy and the constant activity she throws herself into on a daily basis. She is a Dodge by marriage, not birth, but has pretty much turned into a Dodge, maybe by osmosis! More about that later. As I was saying, we were at a dog park. Or a store. Or in the car. Her phone rang, she answered, and found her grandson, Jesse, on the other end. He was looking for a bench in a San Diego park. The bench displayed a plaque with the name 'Lewis Henry Dodge.' He and his brother, Josiah, had read about the bench being placed in The Rose Garden, a part of Balboa Park, but they couldn't find it. Shortening what is already a rambling story, I'll tell you they never found that bench. Maybe it was removed, maybe it was hidden by overgrown shrubbery. It was gone, or lost. And my interest was peaked.

Here's what I wondered: What made these two young men want to hunt down an artifact from a distant relative? After all, they are only 1/4<sup>th</sup> Dodge, unless you count the osmosis factor with my mom. They are two of one of my sister's eight children, and it seems they would have more interesting things to do with their time. Maybe my father's imprint on his grandchildren has left them, or at least some of them, with an interest in the life and times of Dodge ancestors. And what makes my daughter, also 1/4<sup>th</sup> Dodge, take an interest in a cookbook that was compiled by Dodges several decades ago? She reads the

recipes, has used some of them, but is just as interested in looking at the author's name and location. Having been to Great Britain, birthplace of the first known Dodges, she has a deep curiosity about the Dodge ancestors. And I wondered if you, the reader, would enjoy reading this kind of article as much as I have enjoyed envisioning and eventually writing it. Hope the answer is a strong 'Yes.'

Here's how it went: In reading about Lewis' life and looking for a 'hook,' something that would grab and hold the reader's interest, I kept coming back to the present, to the young adults who are here as a result of Lewis Henry Dodge, his father Edward Blanchard Dodge, and all the Dodge's before them. I marveled at the Dodge bloodline that ties the current Dodge generation to Dodges of the past.



Lewis Henry Dodge and Mary Edith Farwell with children, Clarence Oren and Pearl Edith.

Now, the dynasty of Earl and Barbara Dodge (he would so-love the idea of being a dynasty) has given to the universe seven children, nineteen grandchildren, and at least eleven great-grandchildren (and counting!). Who knows how many are, or will be, interested in the Dodge line. I can't begin to guess how many of them would trample through a park to find a bench

or try to figure out what part of Great Britain might have influenced a particular recipe. What I AM sure of is that the Dodge bloodline is ensured for years to come. Sometime in the next century or so, another Dodge may be looking for that bench. Or a good recipe. Maybe one of them will be writing an article about this current batch of Dodges! I'm going to help them out but giving them a little bit of information about the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century Dodges.

Most of Lewis Dodge's great-grandchildren are self-employed. At least two of the great-great-grandchildren are interested in the arts (those bench-seekers in California), and others, my daughter Shala included, have an on-going interest in the Dodge name and bloodline. Additional occupations of the great-great-grandchildren include aeronautics, education, and, of course, parenting!

Lewis Henry Dodge, born May 28, 1871, led his family from Newton, MA to Pacific Beach, CA, by way of Rhode Island, seeking new opportunities for his family and Dodge generations to come. His children had a memorial plaque placed on a bench in The Rose Garden, in Balboa Park, in honor of his life. His great-great grandsons could not find the bench when they went to find it earlier this year. It may have been moved. It may have been replaced. Is it possible that sometime in the future, as another Dodge strolls through The Rose Garden, the bench is once again found? That would be a nice end to the story. Whether or not that happens, the Dodge line continues, through the lineage of those like Lewis Henry Dodge, Earl Farwell Dodge, and yes, even Barbara Viola Dodge. The events and memories are recorded in many places, including The Dodge Association Journal. The Dodges are scattered all over the world. The disappearance of one bench in one park doesn't impact the history or future of the Dodges.

Still, it would have been a nice end to the story, to know where that bench went.

***The bench and plaque are supposedly located just west of the Botanic Gardens, next to the Museum of Art.***

## WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO “COKER” WILLIAM DODGE?

As a prelude to this mystery I feel the need to clarify what the word “Coker” stands for in William Dodge’s name, and to clarify the difference between him and “Farmer” William Dodge. The titles “Farmer” and “Coker” were given by the town folks in Beverly, Essex County, Massachusetts to keep the Williams straight in their minds and in legal proceedings.

“Farmer” William Dodge was born about 1604 in East Coker, Somerset County, England – the second child of John and Marjorie Dodge. William came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1629, liked what he saw, returned to England and married Elizabeth Koxe. The newlyweds returned to Massachusetts and settled down to raise their family in Beverly.

“Coker” William Dodge was born in 1644 in East Coker, Somerset County, England – the third child of Michael Dodge – Michael was a brother of “Farmer William” – thus,

“Coker” William Dodge was a nephew of “Farmer” William Dodge.

At the invitation of his uncle “Farmer” William, “Coker” William arrived in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1655. “Farmer” William had promised 10 acres of land to his nephew.

On July 10, 1655, “Coker” William Dodge married Elizabeth Haskell, daughter of Roger and Elizabeth (Hardy) Haskell.

“Coker” William and Elizabeth settled in Beverly, where their seven children were: Mary, born 12 May 1677; Elizabeth, born 13 Apr 1679; Miriam, born about 1676; Esther, baptized 4 Jul 1680; Margery, born 19 Jan 1683; Michael, born 11 Oct 1685; and Mercy, baptized 17 Sep 1688.

In the Last Will and Testament of Roger Haskell (Elizabeth’s father), dated May 1667 (he died 27 May 1667) William was twice mentioned in his will: *“Likewise my will is that my son William Dodge shall*

*have half of my meadow at the great pond.”*

*“Likewise, my will is that William Dodge, shall have ten acres of land most convenient to him, neere his now dwelling.”*

Also, in Roger’s will he mentioned that: *“I doe bequeathe & give to my wife two coves, one being at our son in lawes, William Dodges.”*

Now if we believe that “Coker” William got 10 acres from his uncle Farmer William as promised, then the 10 acres most convenient to him would mean that Farmer William lived near to or next to Roger Haskell’s property.

No one has yet figured out why the family of “Coker” William Dodge moved from Beverly, and we can find no record of the marriage of any of their children.

DNA tests indicate that Michael Dodge, (born 1685 – son of “Coker” William) married and had children. We currently know of two Dodge surnamed individuals whose DNA shows they descend from “Coker” William.

## WHO ARE...

### WHO ARE THE PARENTS OF SUSANNAH DODGE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE?

#### First Generation

**Jonathan Emerson.** Born in 1762 in Atkinson, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. Jonathan died in Weare, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, on 31 May 1832.

On 23 Nov 1796 when Jonathan married **Susanna Dodge** in Weare, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire. Susanna died in 1808 in Weare, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire. Her parents are unknown.

They had one child:

**Isaiah Emerson.** Born on 23 Dec 1799 in Weare, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire.

Isaiah married **Sally Sleeper.**

They had one child:

**Lucien Waldo Emerson.** Born on 11 Sep 1840 in Liberty, Sullivan County, New York.

In 1854 Lucien Waldo married **Hannah Esther Dodge.** Born on 25 Jun 1831, daughter of Augustus Dodge and Jane Hall. Editor’s Note – Hannah Esther Dodge is a descendant of Tristram Dodge

They had the following children:

- i. Irena J. Born in 1866 in Liberty, Sullivan County, New York.
- ii. Elmer I. Born in 1868 in Liberty, Sullivan County, New York.

**WHO ARE THE PARENTS OF CHARLES DODGE OF RAPIDES PARISH, LOUISIANA?**

**First Generation**

**Charles Dodge.** Born on 5 Sep 1839 in New York. Charles died in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, on 5 Dec 1919. His parents are unknown.

On 1 Dec 1867 Charles married **Frances E. Doughty**, in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Born on 8 Jan 1850 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Frances died in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, on 25 Feb 1936, daughter of Robert Morris Doughty and Pamelia Ann Matthews.

They had the following children:

1. Sidney. Born on 29 Dec 1868 in Rapides Parish, Louisiana. Sidney died in Pineville, Rapides Parish Louisiana, on 26 Jan 1948.
2. Albert. Born on 5 Mar 1870 in Rapides Parish, Louisiana. Albert died in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, on 2 Jan 1929.
3. + William "Willie" (1873-1920)
4. Ella Mae. Born on 24 Mar 1877 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Ella Mae died in Montgomery, Grant Parish, Louisiana, on 17 Aug 1934,
5. Alice. Born on 23 Aug 1879 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Alice died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 31 Jan 1958.
6. Laura 'Lucy'. Born on 6 Oct 1880 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Laura 'Lucy' died in Pineville, Rapides Parish, Louisiana, on 20 Oct 1976.
7. Warren. Born on 2 Jan 1884. Warren died on 19 Mar 1957.
8. Emma. Born on 5 Feb 1886 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Emma died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 2 Mar 1976.
9. + Charles Cleveland 'Charlie' (1889-1957)
10. Carrie. Born in Apr 1890 in Louisiana.
11. George W. Born in Jan 1893 in Louisiana.
12. Mary. Born in Mar 1895 in Louisiana.

**Second Generation**

**William "Willie" Dodge.** Born on 26 Nov 1873 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. William "Willie" died in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 19 Apr 1920.

William "Willie" married **Magaret Elizabeth Laprarie.** Born on 12 Feb 1878 in Rapides Parish, Louisiana. Magaret Elizabeth died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 18 Feb 1962, daughter of Joseph Laprarie and Elizabeth Wiley.

They had the following children:

1. Charles. Born on 4 Oct 1895 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Charles died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 13 Jun 1953.
2. Angeline. Born on 26 Jul 1902 in Rapides Parish, Louisiana. Angeline died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 27 Apr 1976.
3. Cleveland. Born on 3 Oct 1904. Cleveland died on 15 Nov 1986.
4. Eve. Born on 24 Dec 1906 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Eve died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 25 Sep 1981.
5. Laura. Born on 4 Dec 1910 in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Laura died in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 24 Aug 1998.
6. Melton. Born on 3 Aug 1913 in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Melton died in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 31 Mar 1995.
7. Nonnie. Born on 15 Sep 1915 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Nonnie died in Center Point, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 31 Jul 1991.

**Charles Cleveland 'Charlie' Dodge.** Born on 18 Mar 1889 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Charles Cleveland 'Charlie' died in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, on 25 Jul 1957.

Charles Cleveland 'Charlie' married **Maude Mae Paul.** Born on 31 Aug 1890 in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana. Maude Mae died in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, on 16 Oct 1943.



**State of the Atmosphere**

Denver has been inundated with an extraordinary level of rain this spring. May usually brings about 2" in precipitation, but this May has brought 4"-7" throughout metro Denver and the Front Range.

How's the weather where **YOU** live?