



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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## The BLOCK ISLAND STORY

BY Charles E. Perry, July 1904 From the book, *Tales of New England Past*, pub. 1987



From Eastport, Maine to Cape Hatteras, every promontory, every long, low sand spit projecting out into the ocean has more or less of a local reputation a danger point, at which mariners look askance, and concerning which song and story repeat and perpetuate its uncanny record. Of these, Point Judith, the southeastern extremity of the main land of Rhode Island, is by no means the least famous; yet, in the open sea ten miles southwest of it, lies a little green hummock containing only ten square miles upon which the ocean surges beat with a continuous, restless violence unequalled by any point or rocky headland, for these are sheltered in some direction at least, by the land of which they form a part, while Block Island, located in the open ocean, is the battle ground of the angry sea, blow the wind from whatever quarter it may.

Ten miles from the nearest land, which partially encircles it from northeast to northwest it lies more unprotected from the west to the south, while to the southeast the broad expanse of the Western Ocean stretched out, with no land nearer than Spain and the Ark Continent.



When the deep, heavy swells, driven before a fierce southeast gale, come tumbling in at the foot of Mohegan Bluffs on its south shore, vast walls of green water, breaking at their foot with the boom of a thousand cannon and rushing up their concave face, dash the spray in a blinding whirl over their summit, a hundred and fifty feet above, the power of the mighty waters and of Him who holds them in the hollow of His hand, is wonderfully impressive.

The average individual, who had

never visited Block Island seems to be pervaded by the impression that it is sandy, barren and desolate, where a few hardy fishermen by industry and privation manage to wring a scant sustenance from the waters that surround it. The facts are that the soil is, for the most part, unusually good, the crops abundant, the people enterprising and well-to-do, and the Island a veritable paradise from June to November, albeit bleak and foreboding much of the time during the rest of the year.

Block Island is situated at the entrance to Narragansett Bay on the north, and to Long Island Sound on the

*(Continued on page 2)*



### The Lewis and Annie Dodge Construction House



As of Thursday, September 24, 2015, the City of San Diego now recognizes Lewis Henry Dodge/Dodge Construction Company as a Master Builder. This is great news since it is very difficult to have a master inducted to the list. So any other homes built by Dodge may now apply to have their home historically designated as the work of a master. Thank you all for helping with this achievement.

The Lewis and Annie Dodge, Dodge Construction Company House was built in 1926, in the Tudor Revival style. The detached single family residence is located at 4649 Biona Drive and sits on a 50' x 100' lot. The front of the house faces west. The long dimension of the lot runs east-west.

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Below is a photo of East Harbor Village and the Bay in the early days. Compare this to the photo on the first page that is current today from the Block Island web site.



(Block Island—Continued from page 1)

west; it is shaped much like a pear, the stem being represented by Sandy Point, its northern extremity; it is approximately six miles long and from one to three and a half miles wide. Its surface is very irregular, being a series of hills and valleys resembling in no small degree, the ocean by which it is surrounded when that ocean is in an angry mood. Its highest point is Beacon Hill, an elevation of less than three hundred feet, but from whose summit, on a clear day, portions of four states, New York, Connecticut, Rhode island, and Massachusetts can be seen.

In its valleys are countless ponds from those only a few rods in area to the Great Salt Pond of a thousand acres, which had been connected with the sea by a 600 foot channel forming one of the finest harbors and yacht rendezvous on the coast.

The Island had been practically denuded of trees and it is so exposed to the fierce winds of winter that only the hardiest varieties can be made to thrive or even to live by constant care; it is also practically free from boulders—there were never any outcroppings of ledge formation, but the miles upon miles of stone fences that intersect the fields and make the surface viewed from an eminence, to resemble a vast seine or net, bear indisputable evidence to the original character of the surface and to the patience and industry of its early settlers.

The Island was first discovered, so far as we have any reliable historical evidence, in 1524, by Verrazano (or Ver-razani) a Portuguese navigator sailing under the flag of Francis I, King of France. Apparently he did not land,

although he refers to it in his log-book as a “small island, triangular in form, about three leagues from the main land and covered with trees,” and adds that it was inhabited as he “saw fires along the coast.” He calls it Claudia, in honor of the mother of King Francis; the Indian name of the Island was Manisses, its meaning being “Island of the Little God.”

Ninety years later, Adrian Blok, a Dutch Explorer and fur trader, rediscovered it; his vessel had been burned in what is now New York harbor, the previous winter of 1613-14 and he built another, a “yacht” as he called it, which he named the Onrust (Unrest) and went sailing along the coast. He does not say in the record of his trip, that he landed on the Island but there is strong inferential evidence that he did, and at any rate it has ever since borne his name—on the old Dutch maps as Adrian’s Eyland—and later as Block Island.

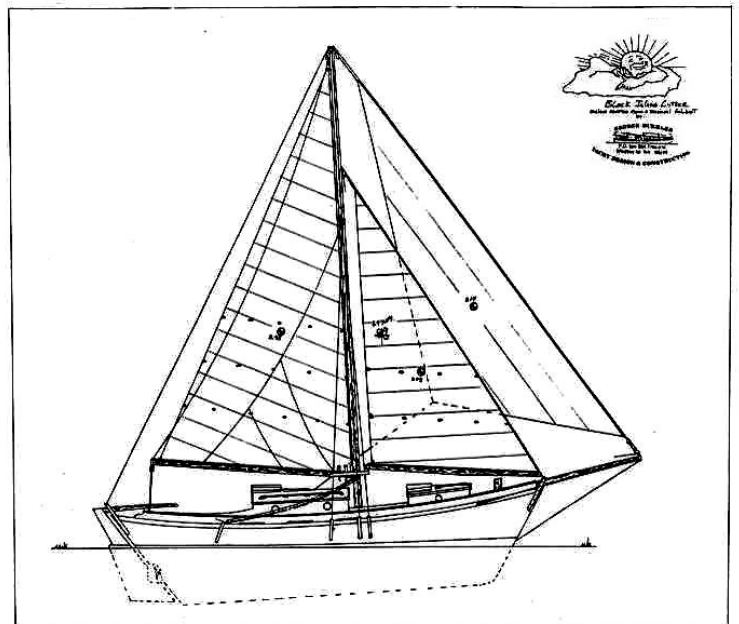
The Island was first settled by colonists from Massachusetts in 1661, having been purchased by sixteen men who divided it into seventeen shares, setting aside one of these shares for the support of an “orthodox

minister.” These purchasers set themselves to the task of subduing the wilderness, cutting down the forest, removing the boulders from the surface of the soil, at the same time holding in check the savages which outnumbered them twenty to one. Gradually the land was brought under cultivation and at the same time the rich harvests of the sea were not neglected.

Through a species of “natural selection” and “survival of the fittest” the hardy Islanders evolved a style of fishing boats which, for more than two centuries, served them well. This type was unique in its way, and was well adapted to the peculiar conditions which existed. The cod fishing banks lie at six to more than twenty miles from the Island and it was necessary to have boats which could survive rough seas and heavy gales; at the same time, as there was no harbor, the boats had to be small and light so that in bad weather they could be hauled up on the shore.

The typical Block Island boat has almost gone out of existence; a few only are left and it is improbable that any more will ever be built. They were

(Continued on page 6)



The hull, originally designed in the 1600s (!) has a really lovely sheer. The original Cowhorns were between the low 20s and the high 30s foot long, and were usually rigged as two masted unstayed cat ketch. This Marconi cutter is much simpler.

# The View From My Window



A descendant of Richard Dodge, brother of William, sent us a copy of her research on Richard. It is many pages so we cannot incorporate it into our Journal. Those of you who receive your Journals via email, have already been sent a copy of this research. It is a little extra perk for allowing us to send you your Journal via email.

We are awaiting a Thanksgiving storm as I am writing this (the day before Thanksgiving.) It is going to get very cold, down to 8-9 degrees in the morning and only up to 34-40 in the afternoon. There is suppose to be snow also. We have had snow already but what was forecast to be up to 24 inches, only amounted to abt. 3-4 inches here in Lakewood. However, further south going towards Castle Rock, it was indeed as much as 24 inches in places.

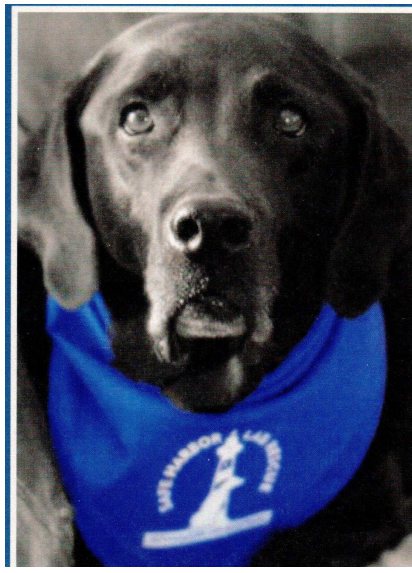
About 4 weeks ago, I was saddened to find my beloved dog, Roscoe, a lab rescue, dead on my kitchen floor. He had been sick the weekend before, but when that Monday rolled around he was up and jumping for his food bowl as usual. He did that every day right up through Friday night and it was a Saturday morning when I found him. He weighed abt. 86 lbs so of course there was no way I could lift him. I called friends at Safe Harbor Rescue, and right away they came over and got Roscoe in their truck and we took him to the Vet hospital.

Polly dog, who is about the same age, 13 yrs, was quite bereft and would not eat for a few days. Then, little by little she started eating. I decided to foster again, and was brought an 8 year old black lab named SAMSON. I had him for abt. 3 days when I received notice from Safe Harbor Lab Rescue, that someone was interested in seeing him for a potential adoption. I was shocked at my own reaction, which was...my heart just dropped down to my stomach...or so it seemed.

The next morning, I contacted Safe

Harbor and asked if I could adopt him myself. They talked it over and decided that actually, I was the best person to have him. I was delighted. His personality is very calm, much like Roscoe was, and he seems to have a very calming influence on Calvin's 2 dogs who are here at present along with Calvin. Those dogs are smaller and at least one of them is part Brittany Spaniel who has fear aggression. I have been working with her for several months, making some headway, and along comes Samson, and overnight she seems to be a different dog! It is amazing that she wants to go out if he is out and he wants her to come in if he comes in and she does not.

After a couple of squabbles that Polly initiated with Samson, things have quieted down. Polly seems to realize that Samson is not going to take HER place and that I can love BOTH of them.



Normally, when I lose a dog, I put his/her photo in the Journal along with birth and death years. With Roscoe, I do not know what year he was born but probably abt. 13 years ago and he died in November 2015. The above photo is one that Safe Harbor sent me of Roscoe on the day I adopted him. They made it into a card and inside was a special note to me. Only people who love dogs can understand how traumatic it is to lose one. I am thankful that he died here and I did not have to make that terrible decision to have him euthanized.

When my vet found out that he had

died, he called me to find out what his symptoms had been. We discussed it and he told me that he was pretty sure that Roscoe had had a cyst develop on his spleen, something that is a bit common in labs, and that it burst the week before when he was sick. Then it started to bleed out inside his body. By Monday, he had more energy because his body was absorbing the blood. Then by the night he died, he had totally bled out.

Of course, now I check on Polly during the night. I am fearful of finding her dead too, and when I took Polly to the vet this past Monday to have her checked over, and told that to the vet, he said 'Of Course'. Polly is fine in all aspects with just a few signs related to aging.

Samson is very powerful and more than I can handle walking. I do have a no-pull harness, so I put that on him, and 2-3 times a week, I call my friend, Joyce, and we meet at a lake and she walks Samson for me. I have also found a dog park that is less than 5 miles from me that I did not know existed, and I take them there so they can be off leash.

The former owner could not keep his much loved Samson because of a divorce and the fact that he had to be gone over 10 hours a day and Samson would be left in the condo. That is why he turned Samson over to Safe Harbor.

However, we have contact, and I am going to let him (the former owner,) take Samson for a walk or to a dog park, when he has his 2 girls, age 11 and 16, visiting him. I will actually appreciate that kind of help.

So...There is my sad and happy tale!  
*Barbara*

**WELCOME  
NEW MEMBERS**

Michael Vilardi, Rhode island  
John R Stevens, Great Britain  
Allauna Dodge, Oregon  
Patrice Wade, Nebraska  
Lester Grace, Florida

Member only area of website:  
User name: dodgefamily  
Password: promotingfellowship

**On-Going Searches by members of DFA**

**N**ot just American Dodges, but Dodges in other countries are also searching for their ancestry.

We received 2 items from Dodges who live in England. One is from Brian Dodge, a descendant of Michael Dodge, the brother of William and Richard who did not come to America. The other is from Simon Dodge, whose ancestry goes back to Stockport, so his closest Dodge group in America, would be Tristram Dodge, altho that connection might go back as far as 5000 years.

**B**rian Dodge of Fareham, Hants, can go back in his ancestry as far as Thomas Dodge and Jane Paull who married 1695 at Crewkerne. He wrote to the Taunton Record Office to see if they could find a link between Thomas and Michael Dodge of East Coker. Their response in part follows (typed exactly as written except for the sign for lbs):

“Thank you for your enquiry received 12 August 2015 and your cheque limited to (lbs)40.

“We hold an index of baptisms that was compiled by Dr. Campbell. He doesn't show any children of Thomas and Jane Dodge baptized at Crewkerne. I note that you refer to their son Richard as being of Thorncombe. This is a place in Dorset, albeit close to the Somerset Border, and is not included in Dr. Campbell's Index.

“Thomas Dodge married Jane Paull 27 June 1695 at Crewkerne. Thomas was not baptised at Crewkerne or anywhere in the area covered by Dr. Campbell. Dr. Campbell did not cover the Coker villages. I searched the East Coker register circa 1675 and found that entries are missing for the years 1666 to 1676. Someone married in 1695 could well have been born in that period.

“I searched 1660 to 1700 and found:

- 12 May 1681 Elizabeth wife of John Dodge buried
- 3 April 1685 Edward son of Jeremiah Dodge baptised
- 16 July 1687 Rose wife of Jeremiah Dodge buried
- 16 September 1691 Rose and Elizabeth twins the daughters of Jeremiah and

- Elizabeth Dodge baptised
- 15 February 1692/3 Mary daughter of Jeremiah Dodge buried
- 26 October 1695 Rose daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Dodge baptised
- 22 January 1695/6 Margery the daughter of Jeremiah Dodge buried
- 26 February 1699/1700 Agnes and Richard children of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Dodge born and baptized.
- The marriages of Jeremiah to Rose and Elizabeth are not shown on the Somerset Marriage Index. You will note that some of the children that were buried were apparently not baptised at East Coker.

The West Coker registers begin at 1697.

I searched West Coker from 1697 to 1718 and found:

- 13 January 1705/6 John son of Henry & Eliz Dodge
- 24 May 1708 Henry son of ditto
- 18 January 1709 Samuell son of ditto
- 16 December 1714 William son of William and Elizabeth Dodge
- 6 November 1716 Betty daughter of ditto
- 8 February 1718/19 John son of ditto

We have some Bishop's Transcripts (a kind of backup copy) and I found the following entries at West Coker:

- 23 August 1663 Eadeth daughter of John and Eideth Dogh
- Undated but between 1664 and 1690, none and part illegible
- 7 September 1667 Grace daughter of John Dogh

On searching the East Coker BTs I found Michael Dogge was a churchwarden in 1662 but found no other references to the name in 1663, 1664, 1666 and 1669.

This research has taken in excess of 1 hour 15 minutes and we will complete your cheque for (lbs)40.”

The first Dodge tour of England was arranged by David Dodge of Somerset. Being novices and assuming all Dodges were related and that all records would easily be found, we Dodges from America did not know how important it was to document the

places that he took us.

We assumed that he would be taking care of future tours that went to Somerset. We were greatly saddened to get a message within the year of returning home, that he had died very suddenly of a “burst stomach”.

When he took us to St. Michael's church at East Coker, he had arranged for us to see records that they held which I believe shortly after had been sent to Taunton.

One of the names that was in the records and that had been especially noted to us by David and the Parrish rector, was that of Michael Dodge's baptism and it was pointed out to us that he was baptized at the font in that church. We have had a photo of that in previous Journals.

We also know that Michael's brother, Richard Dodge, who came to America, attended that church with his family and that at least a couple of his children were baptised there.

Early records are hard to come by in England and may even be non-existing. DNA is what has proved that Brian and other Dodges in southwest England are part of the same family as those Dodges descending from William and Richard in America.

**T**he 2nd search for ancestry came to us from Simon Dodge of Notting-ham. He sent us a scan of a newspaper article given to him by his father over 30 years ago. As is the case with many, he was too young to appreciate it but he did file it away. Recently he came across it and that started him on wanting to know more about his ancestry.

The next page has a copy of that article which I trust is big enough for you to read. You may need a magnifying glass.

Some of his ancestry is in our World File that is on line on our website.

Simon wrote: “Hi Barb, I hope all is well with you and your family (including the dogs)..

Some recent research in Cheshire/Manchester and a recent find in my own archives may be of interest:

1. The attached newspaper article was handed down to me from my father. (30 years ago?) I filed incorrectly and only just found it again in Aug/Sept. It refers to a William Davison Dodge, then a cot-

*(Continued on page 5)*

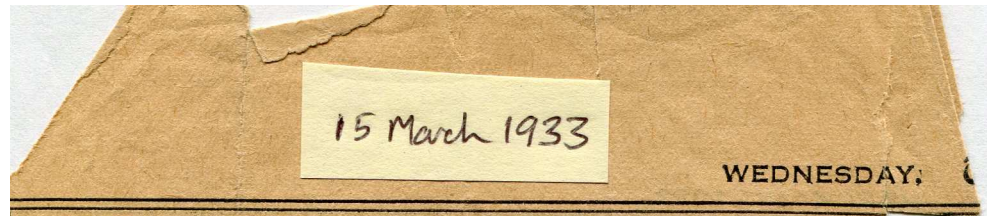
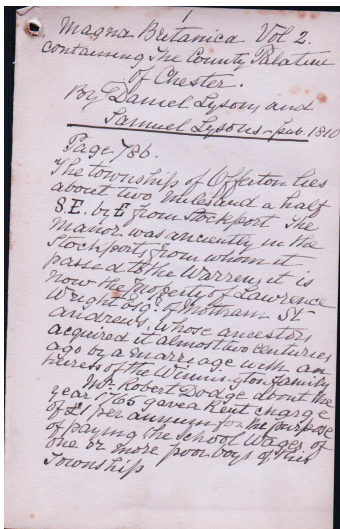
(On-going searches-Continued from page 4)  
ton waste merchant in 1933, who shared some stories with a newspaper. I have located his only son, in Manchester, age 93, a retired pathologist. I went to visit him in September which was very nice. He has no descendants, in fact, he is the only remaining person from his grandfather, William Fothergill Dodge.

His grandfather was quite successful, and the family lived in a grand Victorian mansion in Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire. It was sold/torn down in the mid '70s, the property was developed, and now 17 houses and a road have replaced it.

You may find it of interest. My father had probably tried to research this side of the Dodge family, but no luck. He did have a copy of William Davison's birth certificate, but had not been able to research further. William Fothergill Dodge was a brother of my great grandfather, Walter Lloyd Dodge.

2. Also researching my great grandfather Walter Lloyd Dodge, I have been able to track down a 2nd cousin I never knew existed. My grandfather was killed in WW I in Belgium and it appears the Dodges didn't keep in touch (he had a sister, Mary Lloyd Dodge, born and lived in Wilmslow Cheshire). I was able to obtain a probated copy of Mary Bower Dodge's will (1954; Walter Lloyd's wife), and from that, able to locate one of Mary Loyd's grandchildren. Their house is still standing in Wilmslow, now a dental clinic. I now have some heirloom engraved silver

flatware and some engraved crystal glasses that will have belonged to Walter & Mary Dodge."



# FAMILY'S ANCESTRY ROMANCE

## LINK WITH 1292 IN A "DAILY MAIL" LETTER

From Our Special Correspondent

CHEADLE HULME (Cheshire), Tuesday.

**T**HE response of a woman reader of "The Daily Mail" to an article on the long descent of families connected with a single city may lead to the descendant of an ancient Stockport family obtaining news of long-lost family records.

The reader, who signed herself "Constance A. Waterman," Temple Sheen-road, London, S.W., stated in a letter to *The Daily Mail*:-

"My father's family, the Dodges, of Stockport, go back to 1292, and have a continuous residence in or around Stockport ever since that time.

"On April 8, 1306, Peter Dogge or Dodge, of Stockport, received a grant of arms for his services in divers battles."

I have just met Mr. W. D. Dodge, a director of Messrs. Edwin Butterworth and Co., cotton waste merchants, now living here, who also is a descendant of Peter Dogge, and is anxious to learn what has happened to the written family records which his grandfather held and talked to him about.

### LETTER SURPRISE

Mr. Dodge told me that he did not know of the writer's existence until the attention of Mrs. Butterworth was drawn to the letter printed in *The Daily Mail*. It may be that the letter will bring two branches of the family into acquaintance.

"All the knowledge I had of my forebears was tradition," he said. "It consists of what my grandfather told me when I was a boy and the glimpses I recall of the written records he had. The writer of that letter may know some of the facts which I would like to possess. I propose to write to her.

"My grandfather told me that the earliest record of our family was that Piers Dogge, a 'bowman of England,' was awarded a coat of arms and the gift of lands just outside Stockport when he was 'sicke of warre and

manie wounds' received in the service of Edward I."

He showed me a framed copy of the arms. The crest includes a curious dog—a fit companion to the sea-horse of zoology and mythology—a creature with a fin from its skull down the line of its backbone, and webbed paws. The shield has a broad red vertical band—"the badge of courage," Mr. Dodge explained, and the motto is "*Leni Perfruar Ortio*."

### THE THREE SONS

"The story went on that the old bowman had three sons, Alfred, Guy, and Piers," said Mr. Dodge. "Because of that I gave all three names to my son.

"Another story that surely is legend is that the family lived at Offerton Fold, near Stockport, and that in a fairly recent period the farmer at Offerton Fold, a Jonathan Bradley, while digging in his garden found some graves, and recognised the occupants as Dodges because they had red faces! Now look at my face!"

Mrs. Dodge said: "All the Dodges have really hale and hearty complexions."

Mr. Dodge told me: "An ancestor I do know something about died from the wounds he received at Konigratz in 1868. He was Samuel Dodge, my grandfather's brother. I was taken as a boy by my father to the house in Crumpsall, Manchester, where he lay suffering from sabre wounds.

"He died while I was there, raving and shouting to rally the Austrians in the battle he was fighting over again. He got to the point where he received the sabre wound on his head; then he expired.

"But beyond that all I know is that the Dodges are numerous in Cheshire and in Kent, and that in Boston, U.S.A., they are like the Joneses in Wales. The parish registers at Stockport record many of them.

"The records my grandfather had were lost or burned. My grandparents struck hard times. They lost their property, their farms were sold, and they were poverty-stricken.

"My father's sheer hard work re-established the family fortunes—out of cotton!"

(Block Island -Continued from page 2)

lapstreaked, open cedar boats from twelve to twenty-five feet in length, thought a few were slightly larger. The cedar was fastened with copper nails to strong but light oak ribs; the boats were deep and sharp and were rigged with two masts carrying a foresail and a main sail. The foremast was stepped well forward and furnished all the head sail necessary, having no boom, but double sheet leading aft of the mainmast. The masts had no shrouds or stays and so were springy, easing the boat in seaway. They were "wet" boas, the spray flying over them in clouds when they were "on a wind", but handled by the hardy Island fishermen, they were exceedingly seaworthy as is evidenced by the fact that not one has ever been lost by any accident due to bad weather. When a large Block Island boat, unprotected through they are by any deck, cannot beat to windward when it is properly handled and has a good working crew on board, it is next to impossible for anything afloat to do so.

In the next Journal we will finish up this article on Block Island and what it was like for the early settlers.

On the right are a couple of photos taken from the book of Moss Gathering and bleaching. A job that I think probably is not being done anymore.



**IN MEMORY**

Mary Lou Dodge, 80, of Pryor, passed away on Monday, September 15, 2014 at her home in Pryor. She was born on October 17, 1933 in Quincy, Illinois; the daughter of Richard and Daisy (Adams) Harness. She graduated from Quincy High School and took a book keeping class at a local college. Mary met the love of her life, John Phillip Dodge, and they were married on June 28, 1953 in Quincy, Illinois. She worked at the First Baptist Church in Pryor as the financial secretary for many years. Mary also enjoyed painting, many of her friends and family had paintings that she had done. She loved making baby blankets and giving those out to her friends. She enjoyed nature, especially hummingbirds. Above all, Mary loved her family and she leaves behind many wonderful memories and will be missed by all those who knew and loved her. She and John were married for 61 years & 79 days.



Adeline H. Dodge, 94, of Elcor Nursing and Rehabilitation Center, Horseheads, NY, formerly of One Temple Square, Fredonia died Thursday (Aug. 8, 2013) at the home. She was born Oct. 7, 1918 in Fredonia, the daughter of the late Albert C. and Adeline (Thies) Hart. A homemaker, Mrs. Dodge was a member of Fredonia Baptist Church. She enjoyed knitting, cooking, baking cookies, reading, playing rummikub and watching birds and squirrels at the feeder. Survivors include son, David Dodge of Big Flats, NY; daughter, Diana Rose of Jamestown; five grandchildren & six great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband, Elbert C. Dodge. Her son, David Dodge, has been a member of DFA for many years.



**NOTES ON BLOCK ISLAND**  
by Barbara Dodge

While working on the article about Block Island, I started to wonder how it was that the settlers chose the name of NEW SHOREHAM for their town. I thought perhaps it came from England. While the family lore is that Tristram Dodge came from northern England, "near the borders", there were others who were part of the first 16-17 settlers on Block Island.

From Wikipedia: "The original purchasers of Block Island in April 1661, whose names appear on a plaque at the north end of the island, were: Thomas Terry, John Clarke, William Jud, Samuel Dearing, Simon Ray, William Tosh, Tormut Rose, William Barker, Daniel Cumball, William Cohoone, Duncan Mack Williamson, John Rathbun, Edward Vorce, Jun., Trustrum Dodge, Sen., Nicholas White, William Billings, and John Ackurs (Acres). Those early settlers whose names appear on the plaque were:

- Richard Billingham
- Samuel Dearing
- Nathaniel Winslow
- Tormut Rose
- Edward Vorce
- John Rathbun
- Thomas Faxson
- Richard Allis
- Phillip Warton
- John Glover
- Thomas Terry
- James Sands
- Hugh Williams
- John Alcock
- Peter George
- Simon Ray

Trustrum Dodge was also an early settler, though his name only appears on the plaque as an original purchaser."

Notice the spelling of Tristram. However, Trustrum has been used by some descendants so either name should be looked for when researching this Dodge who came from England.

On the right is the photo of the rock listing the first purchasers of Block Is-

land. The surnames of Rathbun, Sands, Rose, Ray can be found in our Tristram descendant data base



## WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

by Judy Prentice Ragan raganje@aol.com

### Family Photos Galore!

Are you one of those people who take lots of photos at family holidays, on vacations, at school events and all those cute moments in your children's lives? Are you lucky, like me, and you have lots and lots of pictures of your ancestors? Today, in 2015, people who take lots of photos can save them electronically and don't have the need to print them. Do you go back and look at them frequently or do they just sit there filling up your files or once in a while you will share a picture with friends and you pass around the phone or IPAD. Of course, it takes you a while to scroll through all those pictures to find the one you want.

For the last few months I have been helping to clear out my mother-in-law, Elsie's, house as she has moved into a senior residence. She is not a pack rat like I am and so it hasn't been too hard to do this. However, it seems like every cupboard or drawer I open has snapshots in it. There are dozens of albums full of pictures of her travels. In her nearly 100 years, she will be 100 on Jan. 27, 2016, she has traveled to nearly every country and taken LOTS of pictures. Her family is generous in giving her photos which she hangs on all her walls and on countertops. She even has one of those electronic frames which allows the pictures to change every few seconds. She also has a good amount of her ancestral family photos and her husband, John's, ancestral family photos along with a fair share of pictures of her and John's early years.

What to do with all those pictures? There are thousands! Who in their right mind would just throw them all away?? Isn't that the first thing people who have suffered a tragedy like a fire or a tornado and lose their home say they miss the most? We should keep all those pictures!!

First I sorted all the pictures into families and I gave each family back their family pictures. I also was able to identify most of the ancestral pictures as most had been identified on the back. One problem I encountered was that one family album with pictures pasted onto black pages. The only way I found to get the pictures off that black paper was to steam them. It was not satisfactory as it distorted the pictures, some tore as I tried to peel them off and some just had too much paste. Many had names on the back which I would not have known unless I peeled them off. I gave up on that process and filed the album back into the bin with the rest of the other pictures and albums. I copied all of the best pictures for my family's genealogy stories.

Now what do we do with all these pictures? Who gets them as we have a large family? I made copies of the ones I wanted and the rest are in the bins. Now who will store the many bins of pictures and albums? It took me weeks to sort and distribute all those family pictures. How long will it take you to sort all the pictures you have electronically filed? I think it is easier to look at pictures in an album than on an electronic device but that is the way to do it today. Where will all those pictures be in 10 or 20 years? Or when you pass away, where will they be? What hi-tech method of storing out pictures will be the fad when we are gone?

How important are those pictures? To me the ones I copied will go into each family's story in my genealogy books. For the past few years and for as many years as I have left, I will be writing a story for every person in my family tree. The nineteenth through the twenty-first centuries will be highlighted with a few pictures to help tell their stories. Sometimes I take pictures off the internet to help tell their story.

The rest of them really are unimportant to me because they don't really tell a story. Dozens of pictures of scenery or mountains may trigger your memories of that trip to Japan but 30 or 40 years later, it means nothing to your descendants unless they have traveled there and seen it in person. I wanted to find a picture of Elsie and John standing in front of the Eiffel Tower, which tells a story about them visiting there. The scenery doesn't tell the story nor do pictures of other people enjoying the area. Try to have pictures taken with you and your family in the picture. Be sure to put the date somewhere on the picture. Today I think most printed pictures will have a date imprinted on the picture unless you print them yourself. I was fascinated by the number of packages of freshly printed slides that looked like they had never been taken out of the package after they were picked up from the developer that my in-laws had in the cupboard. Yes, we have thousands of slides too. No, I have not viewed any of them even though we have Elsie's slide projector. Just too much work. Do you have slides too? Are you able to view them without setting up the slide projector or putting the slides in the carousel that fits in the projector? It's sort of like all our home movies that we have. Do we ever view them? No, because it is so much work to set up projector, get out the screen and watch. We have had some of them put on CD's but when my grandchildren inherit these CD's will they have the equipment to view them? Having printed pictures in an ancestor's story makes it easy for anyone to read, even years and years after they have passed on.

So the problem exists as we continue to take lots and lots of pictures with all our fancy electronic devices and whatever else is invented, and then they are passed down to future generations. I expect there will be a lot more pictures than I have had to deal with. Maybe my thoughts will encourage you to put your best pictures in a printed visual file/album to pass down to your descendants. Try to make your printed visual file/album tell a story.

**Tip for December 2015:** Get started now! You probably have more pictures than I found in Elsie's house with the ease of electronic photo taking today! How many pictures of Johnny taking his first steps do your descendants need to see????!!!!



## **Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls**

by Eileen Dodge:



### **FIRST GENERATION**

John E. Dodge. Born in 1819/1820 in Canaan, Columbia County, New York.

John E. married Janette M. Davis. She was born in 1819/1820 in Woodbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut.

They had the following children:

- i. Lillian Janette. Born on 8 Jul 1849 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.
- ii. William Timothy. Born on 8 Mar 1850 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.
- iii. John. Born on 3 Nov 1851 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.
- iv. Eva. Born in 1852 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.
- v. Maranda. Born on 25 Apr 1854 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.
- vi. Charles Edmund (1856-)

**NOTE:** Birth dates for John and Janette are from US Census records.

**NOTE:** Places of birth for John and Janette are from the birth records of their children.

**NOTE:** Births for all of the children, with the exception of Eva, is recorded in the Massachusetts Birth Index. Eva's name and birth date is from the 1860 US Census

### **SECOND GENERATION**

Charles Edmund Dodge. Born on 18 Mar 1856 in Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Charles Edmund died in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey on 22 Sep 1897.

On 10 May 1878 Charles Edmund first married Emilia C. 'Mollie' Edgerly in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey. She was born in 1860 in New York.

They had the following children:

- i. Edwin Edgerly. Born on 14 Jan 1880 in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey.
- ii. Daisy. Born on 25 Dec 1881 in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey.

On 16 Aug 1887 Charles Edmund second married Mary E. Fitzsimmons in Burlington, Chittenden County, Vermont. She was born in 1860 in New Jersey.

They had the following children:

- i. John Harold. Born on 17 Jun 1888 in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey. John Harold died in California on 18 Feb 1957.

John Harold married Sadie D'Arcy. She was born on 3 Apr 1889. Sadie died on 20 Apr 1986.

**NOTE:** Both John and Sadie are buried in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno, San Mateo County, California.

**NOTE:** John served as a Sergeant in Company B, 62nd Infantry, 8th US Army during World War I

- ii. Charles L. Born on 18 Dec 1889 in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey.
- iii. Son. Born on 6 Aug 1891 in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey.