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The BLOCK ISLAND STORY-Part Three

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

To the right is the last of 3 parts about some of the interesting history of Block Island. The poem by John Greenleaf Whittier mentioned in the article can be found on page 3.

The Palatines were a group of people from Europe who were Lutheran in belief and they suffered greatly both in Europe and in this country to say nothing of sailing here in ships where one group, when they embarked in NY, had 1700 die almost immediately.

The group of Lutheran Palatines on the ship that floundered off of Block Island were hoping to arrive safely on the shores of one of the Carolinas...

There are 2 distinct stories about what happened and you can read both of them at: <http://www.quahog.org/factsfolklore/index.php?>

One can scarcely think of Block Island without recalling the innumerable wrecks that have occurred there. Only a few of these can be alluded to, but among these are the Mars, an English merchantman stranded here in 1781, while endeavoring to escape from an American cruiser; the Ann and Hope, an East Indian ship, belonging to Brown & Ives of Providence, and named for their wives. She struck under Mohegan Bluffs in a snow storm in the year 1806 and her captain, whose name was Lang, and several of the crew were lost. The ship went to pieces and the cargo of coffee, spices, etc., was almost a total loss. The Warrior, a schooner packet, plying between Boston and New York, was lost on Sandy Point, the northern extremity of the Island, in a northeast gale in the spring of 1831. The crew and passengers, numbering twenty-one in all, were drowned and but little of the cargo was saved. The steamer Palmetto, bound from Philadelphia to Boston, struck Black Rock off Mohegan Bluffs in 1857 and, with a valuable cargo, sank to the bottom a few minutes later, the crew escaping in their boats. In the spring of 1876 there was a strange coincidence or series of coincidences.

In the month of May of that year the Catherine May, Capt. Davis, a two-masted schooner, and the Henry J. May, Capt. Blackmar, a three-masted schooner, sailed from the same port on the same day for the same destination, and on the 21st of the month the former came ashore at Block Island at 7.30 p. m., and half an hour later the other struck only a few yards from her. They were both got off and towed into port by the Island wrecking companies.

Twice at least, during the last half century, six vessels have come ashore in a single day, but the stories which might be told of these wrecks, many of them very interesting, must give place to one which, owing to the mystery which surrounds it, the strange legend which has been connected with it, and to the fact that the poet Whittier has embalmed it in verse, stands out from all the rest with startling distinctness.

It is the irony of fate, that of the story of this wreck, so interesting and so weird in many of its surroundings and in its sequel, so little is actually known.

About the year 1750, a ship came ashore on Sandy Point, the northern extremity of the Island. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the holiday week between Christmas and New Year's, and there was scarcely a ripple on the waters that surrounded the Island.

The vessel simply drifted ashore, with all sails set; the Islanders went off to her in boats and found a few famine stricken passengers, speaking a foreign language, the crew having deserted the ship on the previous day.

They were in the last stages of starvation but were taken ashore and carried to the homes of the Islanders, most of them being taken to the houses of Simon Ray and Edward Sands, grandson of James Sands previously referred to. Most of them were too far gone to be saved, even by the tender ministrations of the hospitable Islanders, they died and were buried near the house of Simon Ray, and their graves may still be seen. One of them, a woman servant of one of the passengers,

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Stone pillar marking the site of the graves of the *Princess Augusta* dead. (The Palatines)

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 recovered, however, and subsequently married a negro slave belonging to one of the Island families, and some of her descendants still reside on the Island.

The ship was the Palatine, and tradition says that the passengers were well-to-do Dutch emigrants, who were coming to settle near Philadelphia, having been driven from their homes by the ravages of Marshall Turenne through the region known as the Palatinate. They brought with them much wealth in a portable form, and the officers and crew of the ship conspired to rob and then desert them. They put them on a short allowance of bread and water though there were plenty of provisions on board, and compelled them to pay the most exorbitant rates for such a miserable pittance as would support life.

When they had, at last, secured their last florin and the ship, which had been standing "off and on" for several weeks near the coast, had reached the vicinity of Block Island, the officers and crew deserted in the boats.

To go back to the story of the

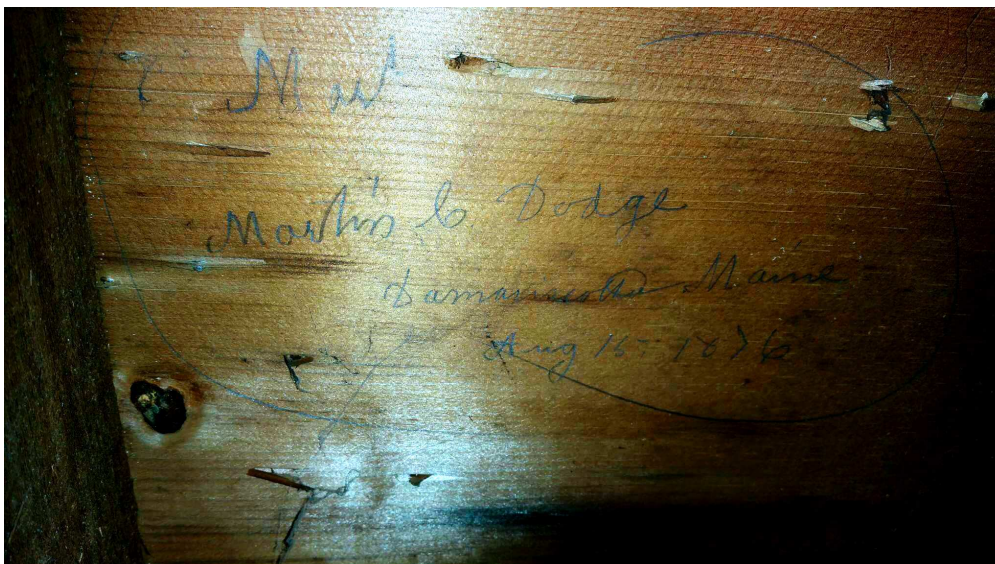
wrecked ship, if indeed that term is applicable, the Islanders towed her off the point on which she first stranded, in their boats, and beached her in a cove a mile or two farther south, near to the present entrance to the new harbor.

One of the passengers, a woman, who had become insane through her sufferings and her losses, refused to leave the wreck, and the first night after the ship came ashore, in some unknown manner, she took fire and was burned, with the woman on board.

For perhaps a hundred years a peculiar light, which no scientist has yet been able to explain satisfactorily, was seen from time to time in the vicinity of Block Island, and the credulous and superstitious believed that it was an apparition of the burning ship, and scores of reputable men, whose word in ordinary matters would be beyond question, have declared that they have sailed close enough to this supposed apparition to see masts, sails and ropes and even persons in the flaming rigging.

Such an apparition needed something to explain its origin, and so a story of the ship's having been lured ashore by false lights was invented and Whittier, with poetic license, enlarged upon and emphasized it to the great injustice of the Islanders, though it served to make the place known to thousands who had never before heard of it, and every summer hundreds of visitors go to visit the Palatine graves and hunt among the old farm houses for Palatine relics.

But the Island no longer needs the aid of legend or of poetry to bring people to its shores; it is indeed, in its delightful climate, its freedom from heat, from mosquitoes and from malaria, its cool winds which come from the ocean blow they from whatever quarter they may, its accessibility from New York, New London and Newport or Providence, its telegraphic and telephonic cables, its two mails a day and its world-famed Crescent Beach with its delightful surf bathing, a Mecca for the invalid in mind or body, and a delightful summer home for those who would recuperate from the maddening whirl of modern life.



Above is a photo that was sent to us by a family in Maine who are in the process of renovating an old house. They found this signature of Martin C. Dodge, Damariscotta, August 16, 1876.

Martin was born March, 1859 in Lincoln County, Maine. His parents were Benjamin H. Dodge and Sarah Elizabeth Conley. He had 3 siblings, Albert W (who died at age 6), Elizabeth H. and Albert W. "Allie" who was born 3 years after the 1st Albert died. I think the 'H' middle initial might be for 'Harrington' which was the maiden name of Martin's grandmother. The Albert may have been the name of Sarah Conley's father. It seemed to be important enough to name 2 children.

This Dodge line descended from Richard Dodge, son of John Dodge of Middle Chinnock, Somerset, England.

WELCOME 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.

Ron & Ruth MacDonald -
Wisconsin

Connie Varcasia - New York

Jaclyn White - Georgia

Lynn Fedele - Pennsylvania

Debra Gardiner - New York

Suzi Paskon - Missouri

Fred Jones - Massachusetts

David Cranston - Maine

Thomas Dodge - Kansas

Peter Nichols - New York

Karen Stanford - Florida

Arlene Dodge - Nevada

Judith Dodge Harris -

New York

Frederick & Janice Dodge -

Massachusetts

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

The View From My Window



Since I am in the throes of getting my house ready to sell, I am not writing much of a column.

I do want to bring attention to the poem below that goes with Part III of the Story of Block Island. Part III ends

this particular series.

My house will go on the market June 1 and hopefully, before the next Journal comes out, I will be moved and settled in a smaller house.

This downsizing is not fun! Especially when this has been my home for 42 years and this is the first time since marriage, that I will be making a decision about a new home and moving without Earl. A bit traumatic

to say the least!

The Colorado weather has been something different every day. Temperatures in the 70s for a few days and then back in the 40s for a few days.

My daughter, Karen, commented that she needs an air conditioner on in the day and an electric blanket at night!

Until the next Journal... Barbara

The Palatine By John Greenleaf Whittier

Leagues north, as fly the gull and auk,
 Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
 Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!
 Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
 With never a tree for Spring to waken,
 For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,
 Circled by waters that never freeze,
 Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
 Lieth the island of Manisees,
 Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
 The coast lights up on its turret old,
 Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.
 Dreary the land when gust and sleet
 At its doors and windows howl and beat,
 And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!
 But in summer time, when pool and pond,
 Held in the laps of valleys fond,
 Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;
 When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
 And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
 Flowers the mainland rarely knows;
 When boats to their morning fishing go,
 And, held to the wind and slanting low,
 Whitening and darkening the small sails show,--
 Then is that lonely island fair;
 And the pale health-seeker findeth there
 The wine of life in its pleasant air.
 No greener valleys the sun invite,
 On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
 No blue waves shatter to foam more white!
 There, circling ever their narrow range,
 Quaint tradition and legend strange
 Live on unchallenged, and know no change.
 Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
 Or rocking weirdly to and fro
 In and out of the peat's dull glow,
 And old men mending their nets of twine,
 Talk together of dream and sign,
 Talk of the lost ship Palatine,--
 The ship that, a hundred years before,
 Freighted deep with its goodly store,
 In the gales of the equinox went ashore.
 The eager islanders one by one

Counted the shots of her signal gun,
 And heard the crash when she drove right on!
 Into the teeth of death she sped
 (May God forgive the hands that fed
 The false lights over the rocky Head!)
 O men and brothers! what sights were there!
 White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
 Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?
 Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
 Tearing the heart of the ship away,
 And the dead had never a word to say.
 And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
 Over the rocks and the seething brine,
 They burned the wreck of the Palatine.
 In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
 'The sea and the rocks are dumb,' they said
 'There 'll be no reckoning with the dead.'
 But the year went round, and when once more
 Along their foam-white curves of shore
 They heard the line-storm rave and roar,
 Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
 Over the rocks and the seething brine,
 The flaming wreck of the Palatine!
 So, haply in fitter words than these,
 Mending their nets on their patient knees
 They tell the legend of Manisees.
 Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
 'It is known to us all,' they quietly say;
 'We too have seen it in our day.'
 Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
 Was never a deed but left its token
 Written on tables never broken?
 Do the elements subtle reflections give?
 Do pictures of all the ages live
 On Nature's infinite negative,
 Which, half in sport, in malice half,
 She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
 Phantom and shadow in photograph?
 For still, on many a moonless night,
 From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
 The spectre kindles and burns in sight.
 Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
 Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
 Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.
 And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
 Reef their sails when they see the sign
 Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

WHO DO YOU DESCEND FROM?

by Judy Prentice Ragan

SPRING CLEANING

This time always rolls around doesn't it! Whether it be cleaning your house or your garage or maybe your genealogy files. For our Barbara Dodge, it is the whole house to get ready for her move!! For me it is my genealogy files.

Recently I did the house and yard to get ready to hold a Dodge Reunion here in Southern California, which by the way, was small, but being small allowed us to enjoy personal conversation and a closeness around the table for a delicious meal. Here in California we call the weather May Gray and June Gloom and it certainly was a May gray day the day of the reunion. Usually May is the best month to hold an event in my back yard with lots of blossoms and beautiful weather but this year April was the month that was the best. So maybe some spring cleaning will take place next year and we'll hold it earlier; it all depends on what the weather does!

For the last couple weeks I have been replacing my 34 active ancestral binders with new dividers. Over the years the dividers have become a mishmash of different kinds with different information on them. Now that I know exactly what I need when looking for a particular ancestor's file, I have decided on the following:

An identification number – To give numbers to each ancestor, start with a 1 for yourself if you are a female and a 2 if you are a male. From that point on, for each generation back, you double the number for the male ancestor (father). Males are always even numbers and females are always odd numbers. So I am a one and my father is double that for a 2 with his wife being one number larger at 3. Here is an example:

Generation 1 - 1 Judy Prentice

Generation 2 - 2 Ralph Prentice & 3 Bernice Pickrell

Generation 3 - 4 Harper Prentice & 5 Myra Dodge



Harper Howland Prentice, son of Myra and Ralph Prentice

6 Edgar Pickrell & 7 Margaret Carter
Generation 4 Norman Prentice & 9 Grace Howland
10 Edward Dodge & 11 Laura Woods
12 William Pickrell & 13 Lorena McKinney
14 William Carter & 15 Lizzie Duncan



Myra Dodge Prentice

When the number of families doubles with each generation, you can see how each ancestor's number can quickly go into 5 digits by the 12th or 13th generation. Each ancestor will have their own number with no duplications, quite a challenge to ensure that my files are all accurately labeled.

Names – The male is first and last given name while the wife is listed as her maiden name.

I have used 5 TAB dividers but you could use larger to enable more space on each label. When I place the labels on the dividers, they are facing into the binder which makes it easier to read them when the binder is opened. Now it is time to file all those loose papers into the ancestor's file where they belong. Later when I work on that ancestor's story I will have all the information I've gathered for that family right at hand. Then it is time to do the fun part.....like spring cleaningenjoy the fruits of your labor.

TIP FOR SUMMER 2016 – Work on that brick wall and see if anything new has been added to the sites we love to search. I usually do find something new!



**SUPPORT OUR TROOPS
GOD BLESS AMERICA**
Author unknown
HALF BOY HALF MAN



The average age of the military man is 19 years.

He is a short haired, tight-muscled kid who, under normal circumstances, is considered by society as half man, half boy. Not yet dry behind the ears, not old enough to buy a beer, but old enough to die for his country. He never really cared much for work and he would rather wax his own car than wash his father's, but he has never collected unemployment either.

He's a recent high school graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away. He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and a 155 mm howitzer.

He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk. He has trouble spelling, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark. He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must.

He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional.

He can march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.

He has two sets of fatigues; he washes one and wears the other.

He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry.

He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle. He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts.

If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.

He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands.

He can save your life – or take it, because that is his job.

He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay, and still find ironic humor in it all.

He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime.

He has wept in public and in private, for friends who have fallen in combat and is unashamed..

He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning desire to 'square-away' those around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking.

In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespectful. Just as did his Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather, he is paying the price for our freedom. Beardless or not, he is not a boy. He is the American Fighting Man that has kept this country free for over 200 years. He has asked nothing in return, except our friendship and understanding. Remember him, always, for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood.

And now we even have women over there in danger, doing their part in this tradition of going to War when our nation calls us to do so.

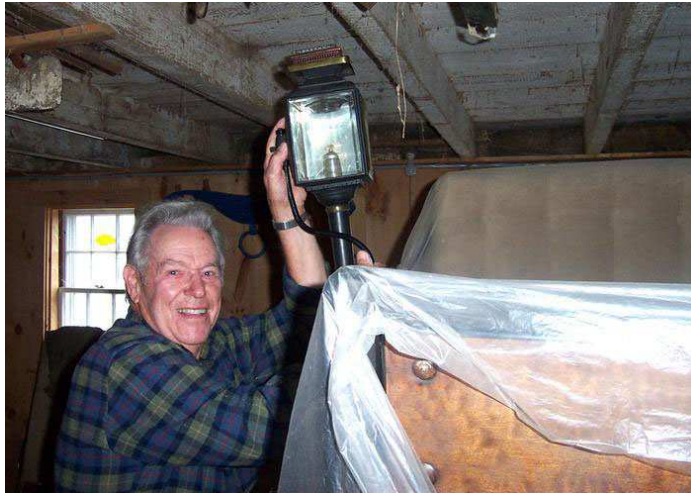
As you go to bed tonight, envision two soldiers asleep against a troop carrier tire with helmets at their sides with pictures of loved ones inside.

Say a prayer for our military:

"Lord, hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us. Bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need. Amen"

Of all the gifts you could give a U.S. Soldier, Sailor, Coast Guardsman, Marine or Airman,
Prayer is the very best one.

In Memory



Fred 'Bud' Dodge of Dugspur Virginia died last September and he was not included in our Memory section. In the Jan-Feb-Mar Journal.

Fred was one of the group of our very first DFA board members, and continued in that capacity until he and Jean moved to Dugspur to be near their daughter Linda Dodge-Bazeley and her husband.

Before that move, they lived on a beautiful farm in a gorgeous house in New Hampshire. Fred kept it in pristine condition and Earl and I, and Norman and Eileen, had the privilege of staying in their home. Also, Ray and Muriel Preston of England stayed there when they came to New England for a visit.

Fred had an enormous barn with many carriages and other vintage vehicles, all of which he had restored himself.

ON our DFA website, we have a whole page of photos taken of the house, the barn and vehicles and the surrounding land.

Fred's wife, Jean, predeceased him and we had her memory in the Jan-Feb 2013 Journal.

Both Fred and Jean were so welcoming of friends coming to stay with them for a few days.

. Bud was a man of service, dedicated to family and community.

Frederick Dodge will be remembered for his giving nature, hard work and dedication. He was a tough negotiator and a good businessman, but always well-respected. Favorite pieces of advice: "Nothing is impossible; you just have to decide what you're willing to do."

To see all the wonderful photos of his farm and carriages, browse to this page on our website:

<http://dodgefamily.org/TalentedDodges/FredDodge/FredDodge.shtml>

BAILEY, MELINDA B. (CAPRIO) 52, passed away peacefully on Sunday, April 3, 2016. She was the beloved wife of James Bailey who with Norman Dodge, worked for years on the 2 volume Tristram Genealogy. Mindy supported him in all he did including his involvement with the Dodge Family Association and attended reunions with him when possible.

She leaves not only Jim, but her son, Ryan and Kevin, along with a sister and other family members.



Received June 2 in our email:

For years (about 30) I have been putting flowers by Obed Dodge's grave marker. My children started this years ago because it is right by my parents grave stones and they thought since it was a Cavalry Soldier, he too should have flowers.

I have now come across a web site that gave me a little info on it. (findagrave.com) I also found info on the Dodge Family Association page and was intrigued about his story. There was a post back in 2008 (I think) from someone who was looking for his grave – they thought it was in ND with the rest of family.

Anyway to make a long story short, I took a picture this year, primarily because an area veteran made sure all the markers were either replaced or redone and I thought they looked so nice. I have attached my picture. Just want to let any ancestors that want to know – it started with a little girl that was approximately 4 years old and is now 31, her sister and then her brother and now me – we do care about him and appreciated his service way back then. Sharon Heusman, Sterling Nebraska



Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls
by Eileen Dodge:



We are looking for the parents of Joanna Dodge:

Joseph N. Brown. Born in 1795 in Newburyport, Essex County Massachusetts. Joseph N. died in Groveland, Essex County, Massachusetts on 2 Sep 1878. Buried in Harmony Cemetery, Georgetown, Essex County, Massachusetts

On 20 Aug 1820 Joseph married **Joanna Dodge** in Newburyport, Essex County Massachusetts. Born in 1797 in Massachusetts. Joanna died in Groveland, Essex County, Massachusetts, in 1853. Buried in Harmony Cemetery, Georgetown, Essex County, Massachusetts

Joseph and Joanna raised the following children:

Angeline Brown. Born on 28 Feb 1829 in Newburyport, Essex County Massachusetts. Angeline died 25 Jul 1871. Buried in Harmony Cemetery, Georgetown, Essex County, Massachusetts

Newell H. Brown. Born on 13 Feb 1831 in Newburyport, Essex County Massachusetts. Died on 14 Jul 1859. Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Buried in Harmony Cemetery, Georgetown, Essex County, Massachusetts

We are looking for the parents of William E. Dodge:

William E. Dodge. Born in 1826 in New York.

William E. married **Mary P. Everett.** Born in 1830 in New York. Mary P. died in Chautauqua County, New York, on 30 Jan 1889.

William and Mary raised the following children:

Millard C. Dodge. Born in 1853 in Harmony, Chautauqua County, New York.

Orville L. Dodge. Born in 1857 in Harmony, Chautauqua County, New York. Orville L. died in Chautauqua County, New York, on 28 Dec 1872. Buried in Panama Union Cemetery, Panama, Chautauqua County, New York.

William H. Dodge. Born in 1863 in Harmony, Chautauqua County, New York.

Orsan Dodge. Born in Jul 1868 in Chautauqua County, New York. Orsan died in Chautauqua County, New York, on 12 Aug 1868. Buried in Panama Union Cemetery, Panama, Chautauqua County, New York.

We are looking for the parents of George Dodge:

George Dodge. Born in 1821 in New York.

George married **Mary Bromley.** Born in 1826 in New York.

George and Mary raised the following children:

Elonda Dodge. Born in 1850 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York.

George Dodge, Jr. Born in 1852 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York.

Sarah Dodge. Born in 1856 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York.

Edwin Dodge. Born in 1857 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York.

Alice J. Dodge. Born in 1859 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York. Died 17 May 1926 in Norfolk, St. Lawrence County, New York.

She married Fred J. Lonkey (1861-1940).

Alice and Fred raised five children: Mollie; Harrison F.; Charles M.; Hazel B.; and Ernest.

Ida Dodge. Born in 1861 in Massena, St. Lawrence County, New York. Ida died in Norfolk, St. Lawrence County, New York, on 4 Nov 1930.

(Continued on page 8)

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We are looking fore the parents of Richard Dodge:

Richard Dodge. Born in 1811 in Indiana. Buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery, Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois.

On 27 Apr 1834 Richard married **Nancy Adaline Saylor** in Sangamon County, Illinois. Born in 1817 in Tennessee. Nancy Adaline died in Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois, on 9 Oct 1865.

Richard and Nancy raised the following children:

Sarah E Dodge. Born in 1835 in Illinois.

Mary L. Dodge. Born in 1837 in Illinois.

On 13 Nov 1853 Mary married **John D. Sarver** in McLean County, Illinois.

James E. Dodge. Born in 1839 in Illinois.

On 1 Nov 1863 James married **Mary Bell Alsop** in McLean County, Illinois. Born in 1830 in Illinois.

James and Mary had one child:

Adda B.Dodge. Born in 1865 in Illinois.

John W. Dodge. Born in 1842 in Illinois.

On 20 Feb 1868 John married **Sarah J. Owens** in McLean County, Illinois.

Juliet Adaline 'Julia' Dodge. Born in 1845 in Illinois.

On 10 Mar 1861 Juliet married **William James Porter** in McLean County, Illinois.

Laura A. Dodge. Born on 27 Jul 1852. Laura A. died in Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois, on 15 Apr 1890. Buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery, Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois.

Laura first married **Thomas Rhodes.**

Laura second married **Unknown Osborton.**

Rovilla Belle Dodge. Born on 15 Sep 1854. Rovilla Belle died on 1 Jul 1895. Buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery, Bloomington, Illinois.

On 21 Sep 1877 Rovilla married **William A. McFarland** in McLean County, Illinois.

We are looking for the parents of Ida Dodge:

Otis Quellmalz. Born in Oct 1865 in Missouri.

Otis married **Ida Dodge.** Born on 7 Dec 1869 in Missouri. Ida died on 14 Jun 1956.

Otis and Ida raised the following children:

Fred Quellmalz. Born in Dec 1887 in Missouri.

Otis Earl Quellmalz. Born on 27 Jun 1891 in Missouri.

Charles Dodge Quellmalz. Born on 18 Sep 1893 in Missouri.

We are looking for the parents of Maria Dodge:

John Towns. Born in 1822 in New Hampshire.

On 20 Nov 1850 John married **Maria Dodge** in Keene, Cheshire County, New Hampshire. Born in 1825 in New Hampshire.

John and Maria raised the following children:

Ellen M. Towns. Born in 1854 in Keene, Cheshire County, New Hampshire.

Lizzie A. Towns. Born in 1857 in Keene, Cheshire County, New Hampshire.

Emma Towns. Born in 1859 in Keene, Cheshire County, New Hampshire.