



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 32 No. 4

July/Aug/Sept 2016

George B. Dodge, Sr. Recipient of Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge National Award

19 April 2016 - George B. Dodge, Sr., US Navy veteran and a 1963 graduate of Francis T. Maloney High School, is the recent recipient of the Pensacola Chapter of the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge national award, "The George Washington Honor Medal," for his extensive work in building the Pensacola Veterans Day Parade to the level at which it was recognized by the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C. as a "Regional Veterans Day Site." He built the Pensacola Veterans Day Parade from a paltry 128 people in 2010 to nearly 3,000 participants in 2013.

Dodge worked for three years as a Veteran's Advocate with the Gulf Coast Veterans Advocacy Council. This Freedom Foundation Honor also recognizes his many efforts in the Escambia County community in park restoration, significant blood donations to One Blood of Florida, and his leadership as President of the AHEPA Pensacola Charitable Foundation, Inc. which awards scholarships to worthy students seeking to attend college or who are attending college. Under his leadership as President of AHEPA, Daphne Chapter 296, he brought a very successful National Convention to Pensacola for the first time in over a half century.

Dodge worked with Boy Scouts of America, Troop 432, for over twenty years. He was assistant scout leader helping with badges and camp outs. He was awarded the Marion C. Leach Conservation Award. He is also a member of the Order of the Arrow.

His public service works through his own 501 (c) 3 as founder and President of "First Nations Intertribal Association, Inc." took Dodge to many of the US Native American reservations as well as Guatemala and Honduras. While there, Dodge delivered clothing, appliances, medical and school supplies to those in need. He was the only one to bring hurricane relief to the Chitamacha Choctaw people of Louisiana following devastating hurricanes in 2005 and 2006. He also assisted in preparations for Hurricane Ivan in Escambia County, FL in 2004. Following that devastation he chain-sawed many dangerous trees and tree limbs away from homes and streets and distributed food and water to those in need. He was recognized by Florida's governor, Charlie Crist, with the "Governor's Points of Light" Award in 2008.



On The Inside

Getting to know DFA mem-	2
The Boston Post Road	2
From Out of the Past	2
View From My Window— Growing up in Weston MA	3
From Whom Do You De- scend?	4
Support Our Troops	5
More about Obed/Obediah Dodge	6-7
Genealogy Brick walls	7-8

Dodge joined the Greek Fraternal organization "American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association (AHEPA)" in 2008 and served as President for three years and Vice President for one year. He worked with Jodie Butler who founded the "Meals of Honor" program, which feeds homeless veterans, to make it a part of the Greek Fraternity "AHEPA" in 2013. During his tenure with AHEPA Dodge earned the District One Chapter President of the Year Award, the District One Distinguished Service Award, the Chapter 296 Community Service Award, the Service to Chapter Award, the Leadership in Church Award, and the Lifetime Marital Devotion Award. He is also a founding member and fifth year President of the "AHEPA Pensacola Charitable Foundation, Inc."

Dodge is also an active member of the prestigious "Thunderbird Honor Guard" based in Fort Walton Beach, FL. This Native American Honor Guard presents and retires "Colors" at special public events.

Dodge entered the University of West Florida in 2003 to earn his third Masters Degree. During his tenure he wrote, promoted, directed and performed in his first (and very successful) play "Native American Heritage Theater," organized a two day "Native American Festival" which was the largest festival of it's kind ever accomplished on the University of West Florida Campus, and established the university recognized student organization, "First Nations Intertribal Student Organization of UWF."

Getting to Know our Members

Getting to know our DFA members

Connie Bowers, Monmouth, Oregon

Growing up in the small 'mill town' of Dallas, Oregon was Americana at its best. Our neighborhood was made up of modest homes where children lived with their mom and dad and siblings. The opportunities for outdoor activities were many.

Whether on bikes, roller skates, stilts or on foot, we made the most of the daylight hours and the fresh air. And, there was always someone to play with. After all, we were the "Boomer" generation. Collectively, my siblings and I were known as the Dodge kids. (We are from the Tristram Dodge line)

Our interests were diverse. Ron had his electric train set. Nancy loved her paper dolls. John was the comedian. I cherished my Jon Gnagy Learn to Draw Kit. I used up the drawing supplies within the first



One of Connie's designs

months. The book lasted for many years until the binding broke, the pages became loose and my interest in drawing was overshadowed by homework, church activities and relation-

ships. As the years passed, I left Jon Gnagy behind to pursue 'grown up' dreams, desires and challenges. Years later, I met and married my college sweetheart. Together, we raised our two lovely daughters with much prayer and God's guidance. After 15 years as a stay-at-home mom, I began my teaching career in the same elementary school I attended as a child.

When retirement came, I found there were extra hours in my days. For years I'd been sending cards of encouragement to people as a part of my Christian ministry. Finally, after years of buying Hallmark's designs, I decided to create some cards of my own. I bought some supplies and started experimenting. I found painting to be relaxing, enjoyable and satisfying. I also found Pinterest, painting tutorials and card making videos. Needless to say, there are no longer extra hours in my days!

The Boston Post Road runs from Boston, Massachusetts to Providence, Rhode Island. In the process, it meanders through Weston, Wayland, Sudbury and points beyond. There is also a bypass called the New Boston Post Road (Route 20). At least, that is what it was called when I, Barbara, grew up near the corner of that road on School Street, Weston, Massachusetts.

The Old Boston Post Road was about 1/10 mile beyond the 'new' road, and was the "Great Country Road" or the "King's Highway". As early as 1673 a regular monthly postal service was established from Boston to Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Connecticut, New York, and points south. This is how it got its name, "Boston POST Road."

Long before the Revolutionary War, this road, one of the most important and traveled roads and was in very good condition (for the times).

On the morning of April 5, 1775, a countryman came looking for work but in actuality, he was a spy for the British Army acting for General Gage who was occupying Boston.

The inhabitants of the various towns along the road were so suspicious and hostile that the spy went back to Boston through Lexington and reported that if the General sent 10,000 men and a train of artillery to Worcester, not one of them would get back alive. That is why General Gage chose the old turnpike from Boston that went through Arlington and Lexington. He did not know about the midnight ride of Paul Revere!

When I lived there as a young girl, I did not know how much history was involved with this road.

Some Dodes seeking their ancestors have been very surprised to find out how many times their ancestors are found in little towns in western Massachusetts because they do not realize that there were actually fairly well traveled and conditioned roads that led to all parts of New England. The Dodes (indeed ... almost everyone) who braved this new world, were independent, fearless men who were willing to take a chance to try to better themselves. They CHOSE to come to this country knowing the risks and many lost their lives in the pushing back of the frontier.

Dodes moved from the Beverly/Wenham/Salem area to places all over Massachusetts and then moved on again to New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut and later further west*. I am sure that as they left the area north of Boston, some of them made use of the Boston Post Road and although they and the Tristram Dodes from Block Island moved into many of the same areas, no record of marriage between the two Dodge lines can be found other than the one instance that took place in Attleboro, Massachusetts and which we documented in the Journal a few years ago.

FROM OUT OF THE PAST

TWA 800: Warren Andrews Dodge, flight attendant who took the place of another, died on the 17th of July 1996 on flight 800 that went down in Long Island Sound.

This hit home to Earl and I as on the return trip from a Dodge Family Tour in New England, he was our flight attendant.

His colleagues remembered him as always having a smile on his face.

He was a descendant of Richard Dodge in our John Branch.



2nd Lt. Spencer Dodge along with 3 others (all were rangers) died from training in frigid water and fog., Feb. 1995.

He graduated from West Point in 1994. He was a descendant in our Tristram Dodge line. His brother, Jason, was an army combat engineer at Ft. Knox.

The View From My Window



It dawned on me that while I keep asking our members, new and old, to tell us something about themselves for the Journal. I have never really done that myself. You all pretty much know me as the ancient one who has been here just forever.

I am almost ancient having been born in 1934. I was brought up in an age of innocence... at least for me. The first few years of my life, we, my mother, father and I, lived in an apartment in Brookline, Massachusetts. Even so young, I can recall Sunday trips that now, as I look back, I think were trips brought about because daddy was looking for a property in a more country area to buy. We would stop at Norumbega Park and feed the ducks and at Brigham's for ice cream cones.

The trips were always on Sundays. When I was 4, we moved to a little Cape Cod home in Weston, Massachusetts. The house and land were about \$4000 and the payments were \$26/month. We had 1 and a 10th acres of land. There was a porch on the south side of the house. The house was on the corner of Route 20 and School Street. There was not a lot of traffic back then so it was very quiet. The bank owned the house and they wanted someone who was not local to buy the house. My mother told me this and she also told me that the house had been the gate house on the estate of Edmund Sears who wrote "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear", and it had been moved to this property sometime in the past. Because of that, the Sears Estate always intrigued me. It was up on the Old Boston Post Road about 3/4 mile from my house and often I would go there and stand at the big wrought iron gate to peer in. There were lots of trees so I never could see much and of course, I never did see the theater that was supposed to be in there that had gold leaf in the ceiling.

When I was back in Weston some years ago, I walked there, and that is now an area of ritzy homes behind a security entrance. Also, the last time I looked up my house on 28 School St., Weston, it had sold for something like 500-600 thousand, and I thought of

mama selling it in 1954 for 23,000. But then that was a lot of money and she was able to buy a bungalow in Harwichport for \$11,000. How times have changed!

That is where I grew up. I was joined at age 5 1/2 by a baby brother, Ralston III. Neither one of us really had any friends to play with. In the summers I went to the pool everyday on the other side of Rt. 20 (called the NEW Boston Post Road...the old one was about a 10th of a mile further up the hill.) That pool is where I learned to swim. I spent a lot of time at the children's room in the library which was a wonderful old stone building across from the pool.

The school was right next door to my house so I could walk there in less than 5 minutes. I started K at age 4.5. I was always the youngest in my class. The school held K thru 12th grade. My class was pretty much the same right thru all my school years. About 35 students.

How different from today. Every school day started with Bible reading and pledge to the flag.. The teacher would often call on me for the Bible reading because I could pronounce all the words since my mother had devotions with me every morning before I went to school and she would explain a lot of the words to me and tell me how to pronounce them.

I was 7 when WWII started and I can still remember coming down the stairs in our house to hear daddy's radio, where he was listening to opera, with the breaking news! A year later daddy went into the service as an officer since he was a lawyer. He learned to fly gliders and when he retired from the Air Force he was a Judge Advocate. During

the war he was in England and he was a censor of photographs taken of bombs falling on Germany, among other things. He sent me several of the photos and on the back was stamped Censored by: and then his name, Ralston B. Regan.

In one of our moves after I was married, I came across those pictures and thought...what do I want them for...and I threw them out.

He sent me 2 silk parachutes taken from dead Germans and one Halloween my cousin and I cut holes in them so we could see and went around as ghosts.

Mama, Ralston and I would listen to daddy's short wave radio that he left at home and we would hear Edward R. Murrow talking from London and hear the drone of the planes and the scream of the bombs as they came in. It was years after the war before I could comfortably hear a plane in the sky.

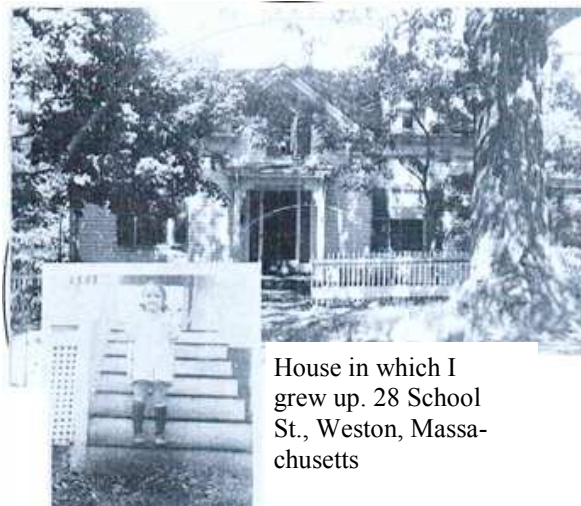
Daddy didn't come home to us after the war. Instead, he married another woman and had 4 daughters so I only saw him about 3 times after the war was over. He died at a young age, 59 yrs. and don't ever believe that fathers do not matter! To this day, I get choked up if I see old film footage of sailors and soldiers getting off boats in New York or anyplace else as they came home from the war, and there are their loved ones greeting and hugging them. In fact for about 20 years, I would actually cry when I saw film like that.

I met Earl when I was 16 and Earl was 17. We met the day the Korean war started. We married at age 17 & 18 and started a family age 18 and 19, with our first born child, Earl III. Then Barby, Allen, Calvin, Faith and Karen. All were born well before I was 26!

I was a stay at home mom, and for the most part, I loved it: sewing almost all the clothes for the children, myself, and even for Earl once in awhile; cooking everything from scratch, taking long walks pushing the children in the carriage until they could walk part of the way. Once they were in school I rode my bike every day. It seemed like a bit of freedom.

I could go on and on. I really should write a book for my children and grandchildren and perhaps I will once I move and get settled and have less to do, but this is already far too much for this Journal!

Barbara



House in which I grew up. 28 School St., Weston, Massachusetts

From Whom Do You Descend?

Judy Prentice Ragan, raganje@aol.com

TIMELINES

Timelines are one of the most important items to include in your ancestor's story. It tells you at a glance what he/she was doing at that time and in that place...or what was happening in the their area, the nation or the world. As you read their story/timeline, perhaps you can picture them or feel their feelings. Think about what is happening and life will come as you picture your ancestor's life.

TIMELINE for HARPER HOWLAND PRENTICE

March 19, 1883 Main St., Berkshire, Tioga Co., New York Harper was born to Norman & Grace Howland Prentice

1900 U.S. Census Newark Valley, Tioga Co., New York Boarder, living with the Byingtons, working in a meat market. August 13, 1903 New York City, New York Harper's father, Norman, dies on the Brooklyn Bridge of an apparent heart attack while he and his son, Burr, were visiting this town.

1905 Springfield, Massachusetts Harper is attending the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School.

1908 Springfield, Massachusetts Harper graduates from the YMCA Training School

August 11, 1909 Springfield, Massachusetts Harper marries Myra Dodge.

April 1910 Census 360 Evenhard St. in Roosevelt, Middlesex Co., Harper is a secretary for the YMCA. New Jersey

October 31, 1910 Springfield, Massachusetts Their first child, a son, Ralph Waldo Prentice, was born.

January 21, 1911 10 Hunt Terrace in Springfield, Massachusetts Harper writes a letter to the Tioga County Herald newspaper about the egg production of his father-in-law, Edward B. Dodge.

March 1911 10 Hunt Terrace in Springfield, Massachusetts Harper, Myra and 6 month old Ralph, attend Myra's parent's 50th wedding anniversary.

July 10, 1911 10 Hunt Terrace in Springfield, Massachusetts Myra's mother, Laura Woods Dodge, die from consumption.

June 28, 1912 Springfield, Massachusetts Their second child, a son, Norman Blanchard Prentice, is born.

1913 Glenwood, Illinois Myra sent a post card to Ralph who was in St. James Hospital in Chicago Heights, Illinois.

April 2, 1915 Glenwood, Illinois Their daughter, Lillian Irene Prentice, is born.

10 December 1916 Berkshire, New York, Main Street Their son, Judson Burr Prentice, is born.

12 September 1918 RFD #1, Central Square, Oswego Co., New York Harper registers for the World War I draft where he is a farmer.

January 16, 1920 Census State Rd in Hastings, Oswego Co., New York Harper, Myra and 4 children. Harper is salesman for school supplies.

20 February 1920 Central Square, New York Their daughter, Laura Inez Prentice, is born.

About 1924-1925 Rte. 38, north Berkshire, New York Harper takes a new job running a feed store.

1927 Rte. 38, Berkshire, New York Harper takes a job as a rural postal carrier.

1930 census Tioga Co., New York The entire family is living here.

February 1932 Berkshire, New York Harper is credited for conceiving and building a Community Hall adjacent to the high school and Library to be used for school and community activities. Behind his back it is affectionately called, "Harper's Playhouse".

1942-1943 Side road along the Susquehanna River in Harper is transferred to Barton as a postal carrier. Barton, New York

1951 Zephyrhills, Florida They build a retirement home here to spend the winters.

1951 Barton, New York Harper retires from the postal service.

August 7, 1954 Apalachin, New York They celebrate their 45th wedding anniversary at their son, Norman's, home.

June 30, 1956 Barton, New York Harper dies of a heart attack, peacefully sitting in his chair in the living room after dinner reading the newspaper.

1956-1962 Zephyrhills, Florida Myra moves permanently to Zephyrhills and enjoys visits from her children and grandchildren.

1957 Zephyrhills, Florida Myra enjoys driving her electric cart around town to do errands.

October 20, 1962 Zephyrhills, Florida A snapshot shows Myra writing a card to son Ralph for his birthday.

October 29, 1962 Zephyrhills, Florida Myra dies after traveling around the country, flying in an airplane for the first time, and visiting all her children, even Ralph in Calif.

TIP FOR AUTUMN 2016: Include local, national and world events in your Timeline for even better knowledge of your ancestor's life and times.

(I did that for great grandfather, Edward Blanchard Dodge, including his service to our country in the Civil War and the births of his 15 children, and his life filled 3 pages....too much to include in this Journal! Judy)



In the last Journal, we had the picture that you see on the left, and an email from a lady who, with her family members has kept flowers by this grave marker for Obed Dodge.

We did not have room in that Journal for any more information about Obed so we thought it appropriate to include that in this Journal because later in his life he gave a speech to his high school in honor of the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. You will find more about him and his speech in it's entirety on this page and the next.

Obed enlisted on 16 October 1861 from Calumet County, Wisconsin or was mustered into the United States service at Milwaukee, Wisconsin as a Private of Captain William Woods' Company A, 2nd Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Cavalry, Colonel Cadwallader C. Washburn commanding.

He received a certificate of Honorable Discharge at Rolla, Missouri on 4 January 1864, by reason of re-enlistment as a veteran, and he re-enlisted on the same date and at the same place as a Private of Captain William Woods' Company A, 2nd Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Cavalry, Colonel Thomas Stephens commanding.

Obed was first engaged in fighting near Hawley Springs, Missouri and was next engaged at Springfield at Cane Hill, Missouri and again at Prairie Grove, Arkansas. He was in most of the engagements of his regiment from this time to the end of the war.

The regiment was in the advance on, and siege of, Jackson and Vicksburg in 1863. His Company was Body Guard for General Brown in Missouri.

He was always at his post of duty except during the time he was in the hospital and he achieved a gallant record for meritorious service and soldierly conduct at all times.

The transport "John J. Roe" was wrecked below Madrid, Missouri when Obed and his Company were on board, causing injury to his left side (a piece of wood entered his side causing that injury.)

In a skirmish near Mississippi, during Grierson's Raid, he received a buckshot wound to his left leg causing a flesh wound. The ball was spent and he removed the ball and dressed the wound himself.

He had pneumonia and was sent to Gaoso General Hospital at Memphis, Tennessee and he was also in the hospital at Vicksburg because of pneumonia. He received a certificate of final Honorable Discharge at Milwaukee, Wisconsin on 6 September 1865, by reason of the close of the war.

Note: The preceding information was compiled from a record of the Soldiers and Sailors Historical and Benevolent Society. Information was compiled on 27 November 1916 at Washington, D.C. by A. V. Hayes, Historian under seal #76,211.



Obediah R. 'Obed' Dodge, was born in May 1844 in New York, the son of Van Rensalaer Dodge and Martha Ann Calhoun, grandson of Obediah Dodge and Betsy Morell, who are in our Mystery File. DNA testing has proved they descended from Tristram Dodge.

He was requested to give an address to the High School at Shell Lake, Washburn County, Wisconsin in February, 1913. This was in honor of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln's birthday. You will find that address in its entirety, on the next page.

We need to keep in mind that the reason that we are a free Nation is because of men like Obediah Dodge. Many did not come home from the various wars in which they fought but we remember and honor them not only on Veteran's Day, but every day.

Veteran's Day is celebrated on November 11 each year. Veterans Day originated as "Armistice Day" on Nov. 11, 1919, the first anniversary of the end of World War I. Congress passed a resolution in 1926 for an annual observance, and Nov. 11 became a national holiday beginning in 1938.

(Continued from page 5)

"Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades:

Every man has a hobby of his own. The farmer's hobby is, instead of raising fourth bushels of barley to the acre, he wants to raise eighty bushels with the same amount or less labor. The same with corn, instead of raising fifty bushels to the acre, he wishes to raise one hundred bushels, and have it grow high enough so he will not have to stoop to pick the ears.

The merchant's hobby is to sell double the amount of goods the coming year then he has the past, with the same amount of help. Now we speak of the physician's. Theirs are to treat different diseases, and to double their practice the coming year. Now for the mechanic: his is to erect buildings strong with less material and labor, so that his income will be double.

Now to perpetuate the memory of the days of the War of Sixty-one to Sixty-five, when the lash and savagery of insanity that, threatened this Republic of ours, the question trembled on the lips of all mankind; will this Republic defend itself? The North, filled with intelligence and wealth, marshaled its hosts, and only asked for a leader from civil life, a man thoughtful, poised, and calm, stepped forth; and on his lips of victory, he voiced to the nation, first and last, immediate and unconditional surrender.

From that moment, the end was known, that was the first utterance of real war. And he who made that utterance, according to the drama of mighty events, finally received the sword of the Rebellion at the battle of Appomattox, on the 9th day of April 1865. The soldiers fought not for vainglory, nor the hope of plunder, nor the love of conquering. They fought to maintain the homestead of their children, and that this Nation should not be a many-headed monster of warring states, but a Republic free and independent, where we would worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, under our own vine and fig tree. And none to molest or make us afraid. They were the breakers of chains, the destroyers of prejudice, and in the name of the future, they slew the monster of their time. They commenced where our forefathers left off. They relighted the torch that fell from their aghast hands, and filled the world again with light; and made it possible for judges to be just, for statesman to be humane, and politicians to be honest. They tore with their hands that famous clause from the Constitution that made men the catchers of other men. They rolled the stone from the sepulcher of progress, and found there two angels clad in shining garments; Nationality and Unity.

And Lincoln in writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, whose memory is as sweet as the summer's air, when reapers play among the golden sheaves of the harvest, copied with the pen that Grant and those old Comrades did with the sword. Grandeur than the Greeks, nobler than the Romans, they fought for the right as sure as the air we breathe, that mothers might receive their infant babes to their arms and that arragancy and idleness should not scar the back of the patient toil. Leaves were money, blood was water, life was only common air, until Old Glory floated over this Nation from North to the South, without a master or slave. After the smoke cleared away from four hundred eighty-three battle-fields, the soldiers went home, some to their waiting wives, some to mothers, and children, whom they had left at home for four long years.

The question might be asked: Will the free people pay a public debt? I answer, Yes. The soldiers are just as honest in times of peace as they were brave in war. Another question might be asked, Will the scar between the North and South ever be healed? I answer yes. Freedom conquered, Freedom has educated them, built them school houses, has cultivated their fields, made secession as insecure as snow upon the lips of a volcano, and made us free and independent Nation, so that today there is no North and South.

General Grant's son and General Lee's grandson marched to the Philippines, to defend Old Glory, arm in arm. The Nations of the world looked upon the old soldiers as a band of desperadoes and outlaws. Statistics show that the old soldiers were just as honest and true then, as they are today. To the principle that Old Glory represents, and their great leaders having made a circle of clasped hands around the world, comes back and finds every promise in war had been fulfilled, and had the ring of gold.

Now, in conclusion, I would say: All honor to the three hundred fifty thousand brave boys who lay under Southern soil, and to those that received scars for life, and to those that gather with us from time to time; and to Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, the lauded soldiers of the world, and Lincoln, whose loving life is like a bow of peace that expands and arches every cloud of War."



Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls
by Eileen Dodge:



NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA MYSTERY

William Edward Dodge

Birth: Dec 1860, New York

Per 1900 US Census in Merced, Merced County, California his father was born in New York and his mother was born in Spain.

Marriage: 28 Dec 1892, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California

Spouse: **Edith Knight**

Birth: 3 Sep 1871, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California

Death: 1952, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California

Father: Benjamin knight

Mother: Lydia A. Killey

Marriage: 28 Dec 1892, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California

Child: **Charles Paulding Dodge**

Birth: 20 Apr 1895, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz County, California

Death: 24 Sep 1955, San Francisco, San Francisco County, California

Burial: Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno, San Mateo County, California

+++++

I want to take a moment to thank **Marcy Dodge, Maren Miles, and Linda Scott** who took the time to write to me regarding some mysteries presented in the last Dodge Journal – while their information did not entirely solve the mysteries, they added greatly additional information that put more pieces in the individual puzzles.....see below:

In the last Dodge Journal was the mystery of Ida Dodge who married Otis Quellmalz. DFA member Marcy Dodge wrote to me that Ida’s parents were Thomas Blydenburgh and Mary Francis (Martin) Dodge in our Dodge Mystery File. Ida is her grandfather Dodge’s sister. Thomas Blydenburgh Dodge descended from Daniel and Irena (Rowley) Dodge who has DNA tested Tristram. ***

+++++

In the last Dodge Journal was the mystery of George Dodge who married Mary Bromley. DFA member Maren Miles wrote to me that George’s parents were Abner and Diana Dodge in our Dodge Mystery File. George had a brother Alexander Dodge who married Maria Emily Miner. To our knowledge, descendants of this family have not been DNA tested.

+++++

In the last Dodge Journal was the mystery of Joseph N. Brown who married Joanna Dodge. DFA member Linda Scott wrote to me:

From the Find A Grave website, I see that his parents are listed as Allison H. and Mary (Ambrose) Brown, how sure are we of this information? I found a marriage record (see attached) for Joseph N. Brown to Eliza Dole Low on 30 Jul 1854 in Groveland, Essex, MA. This would have been the year after Joanna Dodge died. It lists his parents as James and Hannah Brown. Also, in the Newburyport, MA Vital records it shows a Joseph Newman Brown being born to James and Hannah Brown on 28 Jun 1796. The marriage records for Newburyport indicate that James Brown married Hannah Newman on 1 Oct 1795.

Next, tracing this Brown line back another couple of generations, James Brown's parents were Moses Brown and Sarah Coffin and his grandparents were Edward Brown & Dorothy Pike. This leads me to a

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

cousin of James, through Moses' brother Nicholas; this cousin was William Henry Brown, who married Harriet Dodge, the daughter of John Dodge and Lydia Hale Pettingill whose family is in the DFA Mystery Dodge Files.

Now, I know that this does not get us directly to Joanna's parents, however it may point us to a Dodge family that may contain an answer. Sometimes researching and tracing a spouse's family can yield insights and connections.

+++++

In the last Dodge Journal was the mystery of William E. Dodge who married Mary P. Everett. DFA member Linda Scott wrote to me:

First of all, I found out that his wife's maiden name is probably not Everett, but instead Chamberlain. According to the 1880 census for Harmony, Chautauqua, NY her mother is listed as Harriet C. Everett, so I looked the mother up on Find A Grave, which listed her spouse as Nathan Chamberlain. When I looked up Nathan Chamberlain there was an abbreviated copy of his will naming his daughter Mary as married to William Dodge. Please see the attached complete transcript of his will.

I also checked out some other census records. In the 1855 NY State Census, available on Family Search, I found that William Dodge was born in Genesee County, NY. Now, I know that Chautauqua County was formed from Genesee County around 1808-1811, so he was born not too far away. I will continue to look into this line, but wanted to get these nuggets to you as they could change or at least focus the research in a particular direction.

+++++

***Ed. Note: Regarding the mention of Thomas Blydenburg Dodge on the previous page, brings to mind the book that DFA reprinted back in the 1980s entitled *Report of The Memorable First Reunion of the Dodge Family in America by Robert Dodge 1879.*

Various Dodes across the country who could not attend that reunion, wrote letters that are contained in this book. This, in itself, is amazing as there were not the easy ways back then to get out information. In spite of that, Dodes traveled from all over the country to attend that reunion that was held in Mechanics Hall in Boston, MA.

One of those letters was written by Thaddeus L. Dodge, Milburn, Ballard Co., Kentucky, July 23d, 1879 To The Secretary of the Convention of the Dodge Family , Salem, Mass:

DEAR SIR: From the enclosed newspaper clipping, I see there is to be a meeting of the Dodge family, and as it is impossible for me to be in attendance, and being desirous of learning of the meeting, I write, asking that the proceedings of the meeting be forwarded to me, if not asking too much. I would like to have the genealogy of the family, as I am satisfied we are of the same branch spoken of. I will send, enclosed, our genealogy as far back as I can go, and am sorry I can not run it back further. Please send me newspaper report if none other, and much oblige. Yours very truly, THADDEAUS L DODGE

Then he told that his grandfather, Daniel Dodge, was and only son and child whose father was killed near Long Island during the Revolutionary war.. Because of other bits of information he gave in that letter, we were able to piece together this family but still do not know who it ties in to the Tristram Dodge line.