



# DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 33 No. 6

Nov/Dec 2017

## March-April 1884

**J**ust a reminder about dues. The \$20/year allows us to continue with the printing of our Dodge Journal, buying needed supplies for the office such as paper, toner, envelopes (for those who need to have hard copies of Journal because of no internet access) and a myriad of other incidental items.

Barbara owns the printers, computers, and all other hardware. That means that she pays for replacements when needed. This year one printer and 2 computers have needed to be replaced. The money for replacing/buying new equipment does NOT come out of the Dodge funds.

You can pay dues directly on-line by browsing to <http://www.dodgefamily.org/store/storeOrderForm.shtml> and paying via PayPal with a credit card.

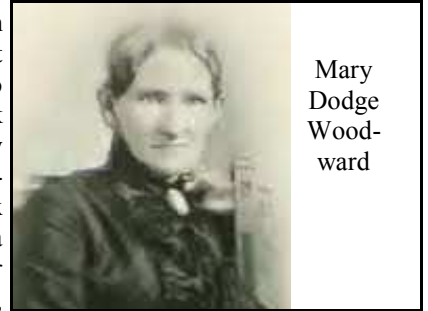
If you cannot do that, you may send a check to Dodge Family Association, 9556 Garrison Ct., Westminster, CO 80021.

If that address seems strange to you because you are used to mailing checks to the address we had ever since DFA inception in the early 1980s, Barbara sold her home in Lakewood and moved to a smaller home in Westminster.

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March 19—A dull morning. The fog flies in the air almost like snow and one might as well be on the boundless ocean for all one can see. I have not seen the electric light in Fargo for the past two nights, which I miss very much for I like to look out in the night and see it gleam as I can from my bedroom window. Nothing but a thick fog or blizzard can shut it off. There has been a fog for six successive mornings, "chilly enough to freeze a dog," as Gramp used to say. We had such weather last spring so there *is* damp weather in Dakota, although one has to live here to find out, for the papers boom the country outrageously.



Mary Dodge Woodward

Katie will be here one week from today, and the week will seem a long one. The boys have had a lonely time here this winter with her away and only an old woman in the house.

March 22— A beautiful bright morning and the fog has cleared away at last. If I were at home I should be listening for prairie hens and robins but it is too early in the season for that here. Dakotans say we will get another blizzard, but I say not. We have let the coal fire go out for the first time. I have been viewing the country round from the chamber window with the spyglass. I can see from there three larger schoolhouses than I ever saw in Wisconsin: one in Fargo, one in Mapleton, and one in Casselton; besides four country schoolhouses, all painted white. The Dakotan of the next generation should be an educated person.

March 27— It has rained a little, snowed a little, and shone a little as is the way with March. Walter came with Katie and never was I so glad to see anyone. I have been here all winter without her, and she was never before away from home longer than one week. We have spent what remained of the day talking of home and friends. How I *did* enjoy it! There will be no time for reading nor much work yet awhile. It is raining to night and lightens aways off to the southwest. I think we may safely say spring has come to Dakota.

April 1— There are a great many little birds flying about. They are trim and neat in dark brown with silver breasts. My little winter friends with the tippits have gone. Ducks and geese are extremely plentiful, but they are so wild that one can seldom get a shot at them, although Fred has his gun in readiness. The hunters kill the game in great numbers. Two of our neighbors, in a six-hour hunt, killed sixty ducks; Thirty mallards, and the rest pintails and teals. It seems wrong to take so many of them. I think they should be protected by law.

The boys got out the wagon and washed the sleigh ready to stow away. They cut a channel through the drifts to the tool house to let the water into the sloughs which are rapidly filling up. The water settles back from the Sheyenne(sic) River. Walter was up two nights with the horses. They had belly-ache from wading in the cold slough water.

April 3— Walter and Katie went to Fargo in a lumber wagon, he, to get things preparatory to seeding, and she, to take the teacher's examinations. They hired a man named Grimes—maybe a descendant of "that good old man."\* The boys have been hauling machinery and wheat, and now business will begin in earnest and will not cease until the wheat is gathered in. Walter says if we had fifty two-year-old heifers we might go to

(Continued on page 2)

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(Mary Dodge Woodward Diary—Continued from page 1)

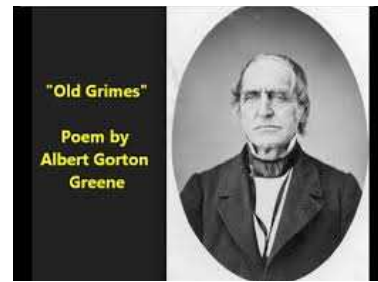
Montana and get rich; but Fred can't understand whether he means two-year-olds or yearlings, so we remain poor.

Sitting Bull and One Bull, with an interpreter, passed through Fargo today on their way to St. Paul. where they are to make cattle contracts for the Sioux Reservation. They say the old chief looks to be failing. His nose is hooked and is gradually protruding more and more toward his chin. His face is a mass of wrinkles, and in a greasy hunting suit, wolf-skin cap and calico shirt, he looks little like the great warrior history will portray.

The whole caravan started out this morning at seven o'clock—out onto the good, rich land to seed. What a hubbub they made! Walter is up with the first ray of light, and rings the bell to call up the men so that they can feed their horses and be in to breakfast at six. Farmers are much elated over the early spring.

The country looks God-forsaken now. Everything is mud, and *such* mud, black and heavy and sticky, like glue! I pity the men trudging through it all day on foot. Nobody can imagine what Dakota mud is like until he gets into it and tries to lift his feet. It sticks to the wheels until they are immense; yet the boys made eighteen miles in it today. Fred is a sight one would not see in Wisconsin; covered with mud, even his face. But he comes in dancing and says, "I'd like to call at Gosses." "They'd put you out," Katie replies.

April 20—When the sun shines, such a steam arises from the ground that the prairie looks like an ocean with waves. One cannot make out objects at a distance. The country is alive with teams, seeding and dragging. All the seeding must be done at once as there is no hope of securing a good crop unless the seed is in early. Today, the boys made nineteen miles each with their seeders. Twenty miles is considered a good day's work with a team of horses. Dakota farmers seem more energetic than the farmers down home. They rush things here. The farms are very large and perhaps men work better in gangs. We have no spare man now, nor horse, nor woman.. Katie and I have no time to be lonely. We bake an ovenfull of bread daily, eight loaves.



\*"that good old man" is from the following poem which children learned those many years ago.

Old Grimes.  
 First published in 1822

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man,  
 We ne'er shall see him more;  
 He used to wear a long, black coat,  
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
 His feelings all were true;  
 His hair was some inclined to gray,  
 He wore it in a queue.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
 In friendship he was true;  
 His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
 His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,  
 And pay it its desert; (sic)  
 He had no malice in his mind,  
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse  
 Was sociable and gay.  
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
 He did not bring to view-  
 Nor make a noise town-meeting days,  
 as many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
 In trust to fortune's chances,  
 But lived (as all his brothers do)  
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,  
 His peaceful moments ran;  
 And every body said he was  
 A fine old gentleman.



**Southern California Dodge Reunion**

**May 19, 2018**

**1642 Rambling Rd**

**Simi Valley, CA**

**Lunch**

**Dodge Store**

Every attendee will be added to our Dodge chart so you can see how you are related to everyone who is attending. Renew with old friends and meet new ones.

Bring something to share with all of us

R.S.V.P. to  
 raganje@aol.com

Judy Ragan

# The View From My Window



I have a Kindle, and now and then, I even get to read a book on it. Recently, I read the book, *The Girl With No Name* by Diney Costeloe., an English author, daughter of a London publisher, who was born in London.

The story is about a young girl who lives in Germany with her father, a Jewish doctor, her mother, and an older brother who is blind. It starts on Kristallnacht when the German Police come to their apartment telling them they have to leave.

In the ensuing chapters, the young girl, named Lisalette, is sent to England for safety.

The story carries through to the wars end and the descriptions of the bombings of London, and the brave men who were the fire brigade, and the people who, when they emerged from a bomb shelter, did not know if they would have a home to return to.

The book is very well done and so true as to what it was like during the blitz.

On one of our Dodge tours, Earl and I visited the WWII museum in London. I think it was the Imperial War Museum and I remember a display of letters from children who had been sent out of London to other parts of England and to America. Those letters impacted me in a big way and I remember standing there with tears in my eyes as I read them.

We also visited Churchill's War Rooms and were taken back in time as we listened to Churchill's voice.

I was 7 yrs. old when Pearl Harbor happened, and daddy had a short wave radio, and he would listen to reports from London. It was possible to hear the drone of planes and the whine of bombs coming down and exploding. I recall, as a young girl, being terrified of that sound and even after the war which ended when I was 11, it was years before I could hear a plane flying overhead without a definite feeling of danger.

But I never experienced what those

## LAUNDRY RUN

Short story about a Dodge  
by DFA member Mary Wombolt

My Mom, Mary Elizabeth Dodge, sent my brother, Bob, off to college with box of laundry and cleaning supplies together with detailed directions on how to wash clothes, and remove stains.

The day before Thanksgiving Bob returned home for the feast with a huge suitcase, a bulging duffel bag of clothes, and a backpack full of books. He kissed Mom hello and asked where he should put his dirty cloths. "Down stairs in front of the washing machine" She answered. "I'll get to them Friday."

The day following the feast Mom got the regular wash under way, then she opened Bob's bags. The smell knocked her back three feet. He hadn't washed a thing since September. Every piece of clothing he had taken to school, with the exception of what he was wearing was in those bags and much of it had lived in a gym locker from the stench.

Sunday afternoon a roar of glass packed mufflers and the triumphant blast of custom horns announced the arrival of Bob's ride back to school. "Mom I've got to go. Where's my clothes." He called.

"They're down in the laundry room, dear." Mom answered. "I couldn't manage them up the stairs."

Bob thundered down to the basement laundry room and came back up totting his bags.

"Thanks, Mom." He said, kissing her good bye and breezing out the door.

"Be sure to open your suit case first son." She called after him.

The college men slung the bags into the trunk and were off.

Back at school, in his high-rise dorm room, Bob started to unpack. Suite case first, keeping an eye out for the "care package" full of goodies, and there it was, with a note from Mom.

"DEAR SON,

YOU MUST HAVE LOST THE DIRECTIONS. HERE'S ANOTHER COPY. LOVE, MOM"

The SMELL knocked HIM back three feet. 

brave people in England experienced. I cannot imagine having to wake to the sound of sirens and leaving my house to go to a bomb shelter in the middle of the night, and then coming out of that to find my house a pile of rubble.

When we visited Stockport, England, our tour group also went into a bomb shelter there.

Children from London were sent to places like Stockport and Ray Preston, our friend in England, told Earl and I that four children were sent to live nearby and the house they lived in caught fire and they were killed in that fire.

We, here in present day America, have not had to experience that type of

trauma.

In the early days of our country though, many families were torn apart in both the Revolutionary War and the Civil War.

I pray that we will not have to experience anything like those wars, or WWII ever again.

On another note, My son, Calvin and his wife will arrive here tonight and will visit for 6 days bringing their 2 dogs with them. That means there will be 5 dogs living here in my little house. In the next Journal I can tell you how THAT turned out!

Barbara

On this page are articles that were in our January/February 2001 Dodge Journal.

## Sleuthing is Such Fun!

by  
Robert Houser, Historian of Sutton, MA

The sketch at the bottom of this page is found on page 263 of *Dodges of Essex County, Vol. 1*, by Joseph T. Dodge (1894) and also on page 239 of *History of Town of Sutton, vol. I*. (1878). In the JTD book, it states that the house was built prior to 1750, and was owned by Benjamin J. Dodge, (Silas H, Isaac, Isaac, William, Richard, Richard)

In the Sutton History, the caption reads "The Dodge Homestead. On the "eight lots," in Sutton, Mass. Erected previously to 1750. Owned by Benjamin J. Dodge. Occupied by David S. Dodge."

Eight Lots road is located on the far north west side of Sutton. It is amazing how many Dodge families lived in Sutton since no "Dodge named" descendants live here now.

On page 239 of the Sutton History, Vol 1, it states ..."The place on which Waters Putnam now lives was first owned (as far as can be traced) by one John Lilley, the father-in-law of Jacob Cummings, who conveyed it to Isaac Dodge, son-in-law of said Cummings. It is now owned and occupied by Waters Putnam."

The Dodge farm was first owned by Samuel Streeter in 1749, when he sold it to Isaac Dodge of Boxford. He conveyed it to his son Isaac by will, who left it to his family. It is now owned by

Benjamin J. Dodge, of Worcester, and occupied by David S. Dodge, son of Isaac the third."

The home shown in the sketch no longer exists but someday I will try to learn where it stood and take a photograph of the site.

I also have information on another Dodge farm where Raymond Dodge's ancestors lived, 98 Putnam Hill Road. (Raymond Dodge is a member of the Dodge Family Association who lives in Wisconsin.) When I did the research on 154 Leland Hill Road, Sharon and Raymond asked me to see if I could find any other houses in Sutton where members of their line lived. After a bit of research, I learned about 98 Putnam Hill Road. One of the Dodge boys who grew up at 154 Leland Hill Road married a Carriel girl from Putnam Hill Road and they raised a family at 98 Putnam Hill Road. The farm house they lived in is gone and another house and barn stands on the site.

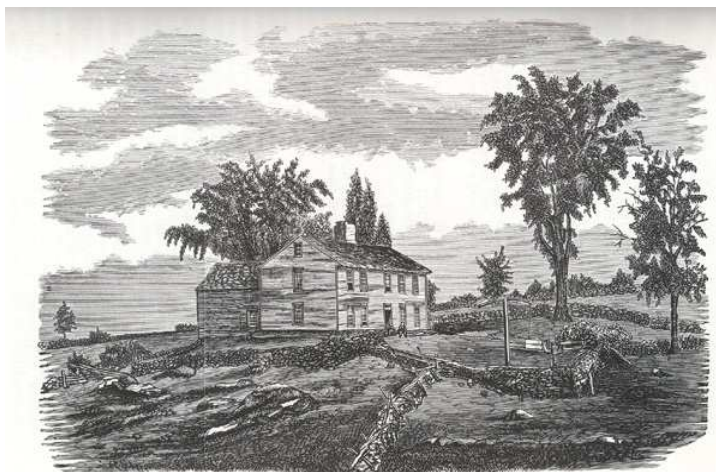
There are lots of former Dodge sites all around town. Eventually, I hope to document them as well. I decided to start first with the Dodge houses that still exist. Once I've finished documenting and photographing all of them, I will move on to research the homes that no longer exist and the families who lived there. I've been most impressed so far with Reuben Rawson's home and the home at 154 Leland Hill Road. The Leland Hill home is impressive because we have so much good information about it and because it is SO old, yet still in good condition.

The 154 Leland Hill home story is also especially interesting because we can trace the 3 generations of Dodge families who lived there to present day descendants (Raymond and Sharon of Wisconsin) I gave a copy of my history of 154 Leland Hill Road to the current owners and told them to pass it along to

the next owners eventually. They knew the house was old but didn't know much about it's early history. They only knew about the more recent history of the house.

**"J. C. DODGE & SON**, Manufacturers of and Dealers in Doors, Sash, Blinds, Window-frames, Brackets, Etc., Nos. 378 and 450 South Main Street. -- The Messrs. Dodge are manufacturers of and dealers in doors, sash, blinds, etc., and are also wood-workers for the trade. They have a large and flourishing business, and their patronage, which extends throughout the State, is constantly growing. The planing-mill, etc., on South Main Street, occupy a 60 x 150 two-story structure, equipped with steam-power, improved machinery, etc., and the firm have another shop, besides on South Water Street. They manufacture everything in the line above-indicated, employing fifteen to twenty or more in help, and keep on hand always a large stock of sash, doors, blinds, window-frames, brackets, moldings and turned stuff. Sash, doors, blinds, etc., are made to order in any desired size, at short notice, and wood turning, scroll and jig sawing, etc., are done for the trade in the most superior manner, all orders receiving prompt attention. This well-known firm was established in 1869, and during the twenty-three years since intervening has enjoyed an uninterrupted career of prosperity. The offices and salesrooms at No. 378 comprise a two-story building 30 x 100 feet in dimensions. The senior member is a native of Rhode Island and has been a resident of Providence for half a century, his son, H. H. Dodge being a native of this city. Both are men of practical skill, thoroughly conversant with every branch of the business, and sustain an excellent reputation in the trade. Mr. Dodge, the younger, bears a creditable war record, too, serving in the navy from 1861 to 1864, and is a member of the G. A. R. Post 20."

**Ed note: We believe that the J. C. Dodge above was a Jarred Currington Dodge who was from the Tristram line.**



The Dodge Homestead in Sutton, Mass., erected previous to 1750. Owned by Benjamin J. Dodge.

Member only area of our website  
User name: dodgefamily  
Password: fellowshipofdodges



**Who Do You Descend From  
November-December 2017  
By Judy Ragan  
Raganje@aol.com**

**W**ho do you think is your most interesting ancestor?  
Which ancestor do you ‘brag’ about the most?  
Who do you wish you could meet in person and talk with them?

I’d love to hear from some of our Dodge cousins the answers to these questions. My email is shown above. Send me your stories.



Rebecca Nurse Homestead, Danvers, MA

As for me, I think my most interesting ancestor is Rebecca Towne Nurse, my 9th great grandmother who came to America from England and was living in Salem, Massachusetts, when she was hung as a witch in the Salem Witch Trials. It is a sad example of how young people who are pressured to follow their peer’s examples, can bring such horrendous ends to other people’s lives; even now 325 years later!

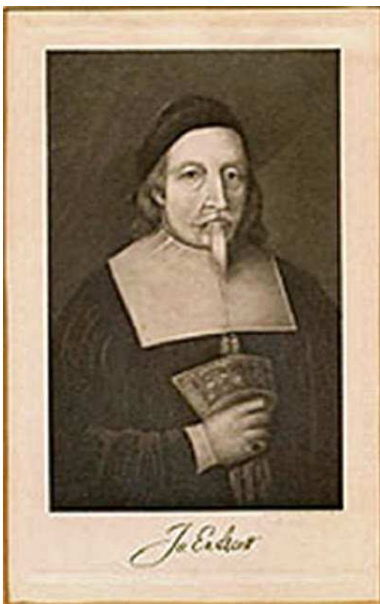
Which ancestor/s do I brag about the most? Well, when the subject of genealogy comes up with another person, I always try to tell them that I descend from at least 11 Mayflower passengers, John Alden & wife Priscilla Mullins; her parents, William Mullins and his wife Alice Mullins; Isaac Allerton and his wife, Mary Norris; their daughter, Mary Allerton Cushman who is said to have been the one who first stepped foot on the coast of New England;

James Chilton and his wife Susanna and their daughter, Mary/Isabella Chilton; Thomas Rogers; and my uncle John Howland.

Who do I wish I could sit down and have a good chat with? Reverend John Lothrop was exiled to America in 1634 by King Charles I in the hopes that he would recruit converts to the Church of England. Instead he continued preaching in the forbidden religion and, today, is called the founder of the Congregational Church, in which I have been a lifelong member. While still in England he spent 2 years in prison for practicing a religion other than what the Church of England dictated as he was originally educated at Cambridge and became a curate of that church. Later he felt everyone should be able to decide their own morals and values and started preaching the new religion in secret which resulted in the imprisonment. To get out of prison King Charles I made him a bargain, go to America.



My most recent find is Governor John Endecott, the first Governor and the longest in that office of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. I am still working on his life story but I’d sure like to visit the Endicott Pear Tree in the Danvers/Salem area originally called The Orchard. John planted this exact tree in 1632 and it is America’s oldest cultivated tree having survived hurricanes, snowstorms, and industrial development. All traces of this historic farm have disappeared save for a nearby family burial ground and this ancient pear tree. John’s son, Zerubbabel, was one of the first Massachusetts born physicians.



**Let’s hear your favorite Ancestor Stories! I know....it is hard to choose just one!**

**Mark your calendars for the Southern California reunion in Simi Valley, CA, on Armed Forces Day, May 19, 2018. See you here at my home!**



Endicott pear tree today



**Brenda Charpentier's Forest Journal:  
Floodplain ranger has Mother Nature's  
back**

**By BRENDA CHARPENTIER August 11,  
2017 6:58PM**

Jarrett Dodge and I had just settled onto a wooden bench overlooking a peaceful marsh to talk when he leapt up and dashed toward a teenage boy riding his bike along the dirt trail nearby.

"Excuse me - how ya doin'? There's no biking here," he said.

Dodge's voice was friendly but brisk and resolute, his tone sending a clear message that he meant business and there was no room for arguments and excuses.

"Oh, sorry," the boy said, "I didn't know bikes aren't allowed."

As the boy walked his bike back out of the woods toward the road, "Thanks, I appreciate it," Dodge called out. He returned to the bench, saying that keeping bikes off the erosion-prone trails is a daily chore but is far from the most troublesome - or awkward - of situations he deals with at the Merrimack River Outdoor Education and Conservation Area in Concord.

For the past two summers, Dodge has guarded the 100-acre conservation area as a floodplain ranger, a position similar to a forest ranger but named for this particular spot along the bank of the Merrimack River. The Forest Society hires two floodplain rangers each summer. They're tasked with enforcing the rules and taking care of the land and trails during the busy season when the most people visit to walk dogs, swim, hang out along the river and, in some cases, try to party in a place where partying isn't allowed.

Dodge, who grew up in Amherst and just graduated from college with an environmental sciences degree, does it all with the most personable of personalities, kind of like a Mr. Congeniality of the woods. Even though he's extremely allergic to poison ivy and gets consumed by mosquitoes as a matter of course, he revels in being outside in a beautiful spot all summer.

"I get to walk through the woods all day, I get to be down by the river, I get to see the sun go down, I get to see a lot of wild-life - I've seen deer, turtles, bald eagles, beavers, lots of birds, garter snakes - which is really a plus to the job," he said.

But behind his engaging smile is a determination to protect the land and abundant wildlife as well as the experience for the majority of people who respect and appreciate the place.

"I greet people when I see them come in and I tell them to enjoy the trails and whatnot and make my presence known. That's a big part of why I'm here, to create a presence so that nothing gets out of hand down here," Dodge said.

It's when some people think they're not being watched, of course, when bad things can happen. Last summer, someone cut the ropes and broke the stakes used to rope off an area along the riverbank where bank swallows build nests in the sand and lay their eggs each spring. More commonly, people ignore the ropes to get closer to the river or let their dogs romp there despite the signs asking them not to bother the birds.

"When people try to disturb that or don't care about it, it really upsets me that they're not caring about the wildlife," he said. "All the birds are startled and they don't want to go near their nests. It really makes them confused."

Dodge is good at succinctly relating the "why" of the rules to people in such a way that they tend to agree with him that they're a good idea and they should really follow them.

"The reason we have a no-alcohol policy is because 90 percent of the litter we have down here is alcohol-related - bottles and cans. And smoking is the other big problem - we find the filters littered on the ground, and look at all these dry pine needles we have here - smoking is a massive fire hazard," he said.

So, emboldened by his love of the land and its creatures, Dodge has become adept at approaching people with beer or cigarettes or joints in their hands. Depending on the infraction, he'll tell them to either put the items away or to leave the area. He's never had to call the police to come and help to remove offenders. "Sometimes they grumble, teenagers especially, but they cooperate pretty good," he said.

If more of us had a job like his, we'd be the fittest nation on Earth. Dodge figures he walks about eight miles during every six-hour shift. It takes him about an hour to make it once around the looped trail, depending on how many people he stops to chat with, and then he starts around it again.

He wears a set of keys on his belt that jangles, a sound he has found useful a couple of times when he has come across couples "doing inappropriate things," as he puts it.

*(Continued on page 7)*

(Continued from page 6)

"It's awkward. definitely awkward, but you kinda just have to make your presence known immediately. I'll get up to them and say, 'Excuse me!' and they generally stop immediately and they'll freak out. Yeah, I generally try to be a little more stern with those people and say, 'You know, there are lots of families with young children who come here, and you just need to leave.'"

In between walks around the trails, Dodge may be found picking up litter, weed-whacking overgrown areas next to the trails or battling invasive species, like the thick oriental bittersweet vines that overtake trees, constricting their growth and blocking sunlight.

"Last year I must have saved about 30 trees, so that feels pretty good," he said.

Getting to know the regulars, dog walkers mainly, who come nearly every day, has been great, Dodge said. He would definitely be up for another stint as a floodplain ranger, but actually hopes he's not in the same job next summer. Now that he's graduated from college, he's looking for his first full-time job in natural resources. He'll not soon forget his days as a floodplain ranger.

"Sometimes when there's not many people down here and it's real quiet, it's really peaceful," he said, wistfully. "When the sun's going down, it's very beautiful."

Brenda Charpentier is communications manager for the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Contact her at bcharpentier@forestsociety.org. Forest Journal appears here biweekly.



**Reckless Drivers**

A story about Gladen S. Dodge, son of Gladen A. Dodge (descendant of John Dodge of Middle Chinnock, Somersetshire, England through his son Richard) and Cora E. Hodgston from a news article in the Ontario Co. Times, Canandaigua, NY Wednesday, July 30, 1924. Submitted by DFA member Mary Wombolt

**“Got Off Too Easily**

Henry C. Stone and Gladen S. Dodge, drivers of two big White Motor buses, after side-swiping a touring car and injuring a number of its occupants, on the Bloomfield road west of Canandaigua, Friday afternoon, sped away without inquiring into the extend of the damage inflicted and without reporting the accident to the authorities. Harold Seltz, a Buffalo attorney who had witnessed the reckless speeding of the bus driven, followed them into this city and notified the police office and Officer Bee-man, on his motorcycle gave chase and brought the offenders to book as they fled through Gibson street. Arraigned in the city court, they were released on cash bail of \$10.00 each, which on their failure to answer the next morning, was forfeited. “[ This newspaper article is from the research of Susan Ford and Lynne Montanari.]

I am speculating that Gladen and his co-worker were employed by a tour company, running late for an assignment and trying to make up for lost time.

The picture of a 1925 White Motor Company Tour Bus is similar to the ones Gladen and friend would have been driving. What an up-roar it must have caused to have two of these large vehicles speeding around town in streets commonly used by horse drawn vehicles as well as early cars.



The White Motor Co. was founded in 1900 in Massachusetts but soon moved to Cleveland Mo. And continued in business until 1981. It's very popular touring cars and buses were used extensively across the United States and Canada. A later bus built in the 1930's [Model 706] was widely used in Glacier, Yellow Stone and Yosemite National Parks. Some are still in service today, known as Red Jammers for their color and the need to double clutch during steep climbs. The clashing sound of the gears being quickly and roughly engaged gave truck and bus drivers the nick name of "Gear Jammers". The vehicle Gladen was driving would have been a bit older but of similar style to the one pictured to the left. with its 4 rows of seats and convertible top.





**Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls**  
by Eileen Dodge:  
Edodge1946@comcast.net



**We are looking for the parents of Thomas Dodge**

**1st Generation - Thomas Dodge**, birth date & birth place unknown.

In 1762 at Lunenburg, Worcester Co, Massachusetts, Thomas married **Keziah Willard**, daughter of Jonathan & Phebe (Ballard) Willard, Jr. Keziah was born on 12 Mar 1743 in Lunenburg, Worcester Co., Massachusetts.

They had one child - Thomas Dodge, Jr.

**2nd Generation - Thomas Dodge Jr.** was born on 9 Dec 1762 in Lunenburg, Worcester Co., Massachusetts.

Thomas married **Elizabeth Grout**, daughter of Daniel & Elizabeth (Adams) Grout. Elizabeth was born on 23 Oct 1766.

They had the following children- Laura Dodge – married **Unknown Davis**.

+John Dodge

Nancy Dodge – married **Unknown Lake**.

+Donald C. Dodge

+Horace M. Dodge

**3rd Generation - John Dodge**

John Dodge married **Amelia MacGinnis**.

They had one child - Obediah W. Dodge was born in 1832. He died in Onondaga Co, New York, on 10 Apr 1838.

**Donald C. Dodge** was born abt 1791 in Dorset, Bennington Co., Vermont. He died in Onondaga Co., New York, on 25 Aug 1832.

Donald married **Electa Curtis**, daughter of Joseph & Adelia (Mead) Curtis. Electa was born on 5 Jul 1793.

They had the following children - George Dodge

+Caroline Dodge  
**Horace M. Dodge** was born on 1 Apr 1792 in Dorset, Bennington Co., Vermont. He died in Jordan, Onondaga Co., New York, on 9 Jan 1875.

Horace married first to **Aurora Castle**. Aurora was born abt 1811. She died on 16 Mar 1850.

Horace married second to **Dorcas Unknown**. She was born in 1812 in Vermont.

They had the following children: +Edward C. Dodge

Myra Dodge, born abt 1837 in New York.

Horace B. Dodge, born abt 1840 in New York.

Laura J. Dodge, born abt 1846 in New York.

Charles C. Dodge, born abt 1849 in New York.

Horace married third, on 10 Apr 1851 at Adams, Berkshire Co., Massachusetts to **Amarilla Lee**, daughter of Cyrus & Thankful (Millard) Lee. Amarilla was born abt 1812 in Stamford, Bennington Co., Vermont. She died on 9 Oct 1853.

**4th Generation - Caroline Dodge** was born in 1824.

Caroline married **Philetus Edward Townsend**, son of Marcus Townsend. He was born on 4 Jun 1818.

They had the following children: - Virginia A. Townsend

George E. Townsend, born in 1844.

Electa Adelaide Townsend, born on 17 Apr 1846, and died on 18 Aug 1900

**Edward C. Dodge** was born on 6 Jan 1827 in Jordan, Onondaga Co., New York. He died in Syracuse, Onondaga Co., New York, on 8 Jul 1873.

Edward married **Henrietta Unknown**. Born in 1835 in New York.

They had the following children - Clarence Dodge was born in 1854 in Syracuse, Onondaga Co., New York.

+Clinton Griswold Dodge

Lillian Dodge was born in 1862 in Syracuse, Onondaga Co., New York.

**5th Generation - Clinton Griswold Dodge** was born in Jan 1858 in Syracuse, Onondaga Co., New York. He died in Alameda Co., California, on 12 Mar 1928.

Clinton married **Grace E. Nevius**. She was born in 1874 in Indiana. Grace died in Alameda Co., California, on 3 Apr 1938.

They had one child - Sherman Clinton Dodge, born on 8 Aug 1891 in Oakland, Alameda Co, California. He died in Oakland, Alameda Co., California, on 18 Dec 1965

Sherman Clinton married **Eva Pearl Wees**, daughter of John H. & Mary (Lundby) Wees She was born 17

Oct 1903 in Spokane, Spokane Co., Washington. Eva Pearl died in Alameda, Alameda Co., California, on 30 Jun 1994.

