



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 33 No. 5

Sept/Oct 2017

February—March 1884

The following email was received from Tim and Tanya Dodge, DFA members, regarding the 2 photos on page 7 of the July-August Journal.

“The pictures you asked about in this months newsletter are of my great great grandfather Thomas Blydenburgh Dodge and my great grandfather John Martin Dodge and their wives Mary and Lillian. I believe they’re taken at the family farm in Dielstadt, MO. Not sure about the others but I’m sure its more of their children. My grandfather John Martin Dodge Jr is one of them, I think on the right. My father had a copy of these that he got from his cousin Marcia. He knew who most of these folks were, but dads not with us anymore to ask. Thanks for all you do. Timothy Dodge.”

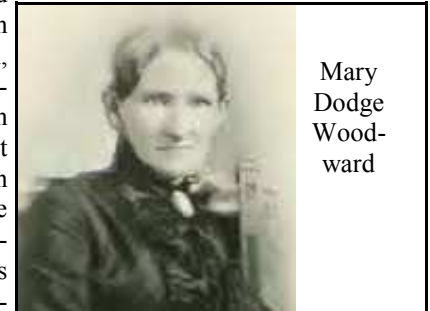
It Just so happens that there are several things in this journal about one of the branches from John Dodge from Middle Chinnock.

In Memory, From Out of the Past and **Who Do You Descend From** are all abt. various members of a family that descended from William Dodge who arrived in Massachusetts in 1629. Along with those mentioned, can be added Norman Dodge, our president who keeps track of the 2 branches of genealogy on our web site and Find A Grave for Dodges and Judy Ragan .

ON THE INSIDE

Continuation of Mary Dodge Woodward Diary & photos	2
Autobiography written by Elmer Ellsworth Dodge 1864-1933	3
View from My Window ; In Memory; From Out of the Past	4
Who do you descend from by Judy Ragan	5,6,7
Beyond the Brick Wall—mystery genealogy. By Eileen Dodge	8

February 2—A really nice day and I have washed and dried all the flannels. I have been alone with the exception of Fred who, of all people on earth, is the best one to be with. One cannot be lonesome. Every few minutes a flock of little brown birds alight by the door. They have tippits that look like swans-down around their necks which are white. They look lovely to me. Dear little birds, how can they live through the Dakota winters! I have had no eggs this winter and my cakes have been failures. This morning I hunted up Katie’s receipts, threw my old brains out of the window, and made a coffee cake.



Mary Dodge Woodward

Walter came home early, before I had begun to look for him...the first time that ever happened. A little later, Nora McAuliffe and Johnny came. Fred played them a tune, but the little boy had never heard music before and hid his face in his sister’s gown. The McAuliffe’s, our nearest neighbors, are a very intelligent family, and we exchange much reading with them. We furnish reading to our German neighbors, the Lessings, who never had any before. I am reading Jane Welsh Carlyle’s *LETTERS*. My diary is a great deal of company for me and I like to write in it. Besides, it lets me do all the talking.

February 8—A bright, pleasant day with no wind. This morning there was a splendid mirage, one of the most beautiful features of this country. The stacks and drifts look like towering monuments of glistening marble. We can see a vast territory rising around up, and trains innumerable which look as though they are sailing through the air. One village or farm will sink from sight while another, farther on, will appear in a moving panorama. The haystacks resemble hourglasses, and the houses appear to be castles stretched three times their usual height. The elevators look like Bartholdi’s statue. We can see a dozen from here, also the towns of Durbin, Horace, Mapleton, Davenport and Casselton. They are mirrored in the clear sky above with no division or space between the real and the reflection.

February 11— Wind blowing, snow flying, cold and blustering and unpleasant and lonesome. I was sick last night and tried in vain to sleep but:

Outside. The tempest shrieked and roared,
Inside, old Roxy wheezed and snored;
It seemed to me a din eternal,
Kept up from regions of the infernal.

Nobody will doubt the originality of the above. The boys had to get their breakfast for the first time in their lives. After the kitchen door was opened, the cold chilled my rose geranium so it drooped. Fred nearly froze pumping water. The Lord help those who have no warm houses in this cold country, how else could they live through the winters! No man could have walked to Green’s today and lived.

People say there is more snow out in the western part of the territory, around the little Missouri, than there has been for ten years. Many of the Indian tribes are starving, some of them being kept alive on dog and horse flesh. Spotted Elk, the noble red man discharged the other day from the United States district court at Deadwood, said the weather was too cold to go home and that he preferred to stay in jail at present. Perhaps he is a wise Indian.

February 20—Sixteen degrees below zero and snowing hard. Walter started early for

(Continued on page 2)

DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL
 Published by
The Dodge Family Association
 9556 Garrison Ct,
 Tel: 303-237-4947
WEBSITE: www.dodgefamily.org
 Editors: Barbara V. Dodge, C. Eileen
 Dodge, Judy Ragan

(Mary Dodge Woodward Diary—Continued from page 1)

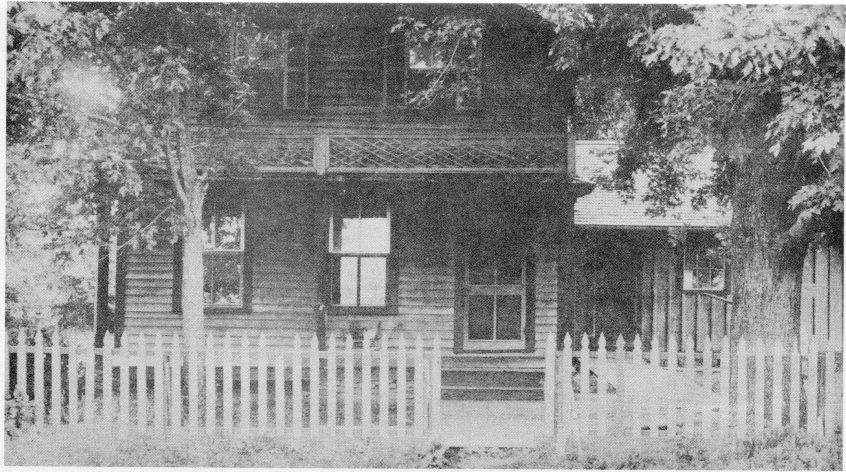
Fargo and got back at five o'clock bringing plenty of reading: *HARPERS MONTHLY* and the letters. Without material to read we could not live here where the boys are confined to the house every evening. He also brought a little candy so I do not lack all the sweets of life. I hope to see Katie before the Ides of March.

Oh, the dreary winter, how the storm has raged all day! Fred came in with both ears frozen. I guess they will slough off in the spring. The boys try to get a bucket of water apiece to the horses every day.

March 1—Blustering March comes in like a lion; therefore we may hope that it will be lamblike in its exit. The snow flies so that we cannot see the barn half of the time, and when we do, Fred says there is a mirage. The drifts are mountain high. We can just see the tip of the clothes reel from the east bedroom window. I never saw such a storm in Vermont nor Wisconsin. The boys just asked me if I heard “the merry tootle of its toot—the wild, hilarious music of the tootle of its toot.” (*This is from PUCK magazine*) They sit here playing checkers. No two boys could get along better nor be more companionable then they.

Mr. Green was here yesterday. He says there is no road at all between here and his house, but I suspect if Katie had been here the road would have been better. We have seen his son, Harry, only once this winter.

I suppose Theron is in Wisconsin. How I should like to be at home just as I used to be to meet my boy at the old brown house where we have all met together in the days that are gone, never to return! He has brought his wife Anna's remains from Kansas City so that she may sleep with her mother and other ancestors in the Kingston Cemetery. It seems strange to think of her as dead. She was so well and full of life



The Old Brown House, Home of the Woodwards in Kingston, Wisconsin

when I last saw her. (*Ed. Note: Anna died Aug. 12, 1883*)

March 12—The storm ceased about midnight having raved and raved for forty-eight hours. Nobody can describe a blizzard. There is one kind in which the snow sticks all over everything, and another that is colder, in which the snow drives with terrible force, the sun shining above it. This is the Dakota boomer's exhilarating weather!

We read of this account of the experience of three people in a recent blizzard. A young German farmer left his father's house about ten Mile from Fargo, in the company of two neighbor boys, for his claim five miles distant. As they were about to return home, the storm burst upon them and they decided to stay in the claim shanty until it was over. They started a fire in an old stove, but their supply of fuel soon ran out and they were forced to burn portions of the building which was protecting them from the storm. Piece by piece the shanty was consumed until, by morning, all that remained of the building was a small portion at one end. Had the storm continued a few hours longer, they could have been without food or shelter.

March 16, SUNDAY -. A beautiful day which would be spring like if the snow banks were not so high. Watching for spring here is so very different from that in any other country in which I have ever lived. I cannot look

for buds on lilacs or maples. At this time of year the country is dreary indeed. One sees a vast expanse of snow which is never so heavy, until it becomes mud, that the wind will not take it up and whirl it about. There is no slush here until the winter breaks for good. A flock of snow birds just lit by the door with “quick, glad wings of sunny sheen.” (*Ed. Note: THE BELLEVILLE TELESCOPE from Bellville, Kansas on January 24, 1884*)

For several nights the sun has been nearly blood-red at sunset. There have been many such sights these past few months. A Prof. Daniel Kirkwood says the phenomenon had been puzzling astronomers. These brilliant glows may be seen about the sun on any clear day in all parts of the habitable world. He thinks the condition is due either to watery vapor in the atmosphere or meteoric matter from volcanic eruptions in Java and Alaska. All explanations seem to have their difficulties, but we



have the sunsets. The comet and the evening star vie with each other in brilliancy. The former is a little above and to the left of the latter. I saw a big white owl.



Autobiography written by Elmer Ellsworth Dodge 1864-1933 . submitted by Bonnie Dodge (date around 1930)

This is an autobiography written by Elmer Ellsworth Dodge, who was the 6th child of Trustrum and Adaline Harvey Dodge. He wrote it about 3 years before his death. It gives an interesting account of the family's journey to Texas in the 1870's.

A copy of this document is in the hands of Bonnie Dodge, sent to her by Donald Dodge Pelton. A question mark indicates a word(s) in the original that was unreadable or not understood.

Elmer E. Dodge was born Oct. 29, 1864, near Shelbyville, Blue Earth Co., Minn., during or about the time of the Indian trouble. Father took his family to a nearby fort for safety for a short while. When he finally brought them back to his claim or farm where we lived until I was 3 or 4 years old, then Father sold his land and moved to Iowa, near Volga City, Clayton Co. During the first year in Iowa, Father bought another farm near Colesburg, Iowa, where he engaged in farming again. I think we lived 7 years on this farm when Father decided to make another change.


That same year in the fall we moved to Texas, one brother and one sister staying in Iowa. There were still seven of us children at home and my oldest sister and her husband joined us on our trip south. They rigged up 5 covered wagons for the journey and started for Texas. Arrived 150 miles west of Fort Worth late that fall. This was a very wild county. We could see wild deer, turkey, anytime almost to ---(?) a panther and many other wild game. About 30 miles farther west the buffalo were plenty and were being killed by the head for the pelts. My brother-in-law engaged in freighting (?). He would haul buffalo pelts to Ft. Worth and then haul a load of supplies back to the hunters and stores.

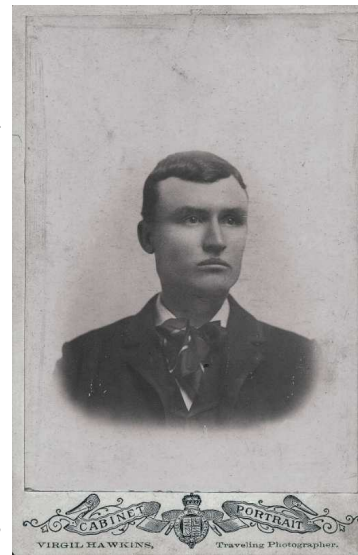
We were out here for one or 2 years when they decided to move back near Ft. Worth where they engaged in farming, lived there about 6 years, I think. When our whole family became sick with malaria, fever, and chills. At the age of 13 I began working away from home and after that age I was always self-supporting and never had any opportunity to attend school except about 3 months one winter when I worked for a neighbor and went to school most of the 3 months. At about 17 years old I commenced having the chills and fever. I was working on a farm and would work only when I was not having the chills and fever, which took about 3 to 4 half days out of each week. I went on this way for 7 months. I was -- (?) all the time but got no relief.

Finally my dr. advised me to go back north, so in the spring of about 1882 I went back to Colesburg, Iowa, and lived with a sister for 4 months, had the chills off and on all the while, but I decided I must try to work and earn some money, so I began to trying to get a job, which I finally found, but the man said to me, "I need a man but I don't believe you are able to work by your looks." Then I made him this proposition, that I would work 30 days and he could decide the wage then, so he

accepted and I began work. I was so weak that I simply sweat the malaria all out of my system and never had another chill. I worked for this man nearly 4 years, then I decided to quit and look for other work. I worked around that fall and chipped wood that winter, then in March I bought a RR ticket to Nebraska. I landed at Oakdale, Neb., March 10, 1886, I think, in a big blizzard. I soon found work. I worked at various things for the first year when I finally got a job on the Noosmean's (?) ranch, where I worked 4 years and then got beat out of my entire earnings by the firm going broke and me not being well enough posted to look after my interests as I should have I started out again to find other work. I worked in Tilden at 2 or 3 jobs for a few months when Mr. Saxton came to Tilden looking for a man and Ed Bu... (?) brought him to see me. We soon made a bargain and I sent my trunk out with him and I was to come in 2 or 3 days and begin work.

I liked the place and work and stayed there until in February when I went to Iowa to visit a sister at Fonda, Iowa. Her husband was working in a creamery and persuaded me to quit my farm job at Mr. Saxton's and accept a job at the creamery at better wage. I decided to do this if I could get a release from Mr. Saxton, so I came back to Tilden, Neb., and asked for a release, which was not so readily accepted, but finally said he did not like to hold me as I could get so much more wages, so I was to help find Mr. S. a good hand and then I could go back and take up the work as butter maker. I only worked here about 16 months until I decided to get married, which I did, so from here on I am going to leave the rest of my life's history for my good wife to write as she knows it better than I do.

Autobiography ends here – nothing added by his wife. 



<p>Member only area of our website User name: dodgefamily Password: fellowshipofdodges</p>
--

The View From My Window



Now I know what it is like to have unimaginable pain that is extremely debilitating! I was pretty much laid up for over a month because of what I think is a tear in something in my right leg.

But arguing with Kaiser over what the problem was, was another matter entirely. They paid no attention at all to what I told them and insisted that the pain was from arthritis. My late husband often said “that is why it is called medical practice”.

I finally took matters into my own hands and now use lidocaine patches and cream to manage much of the pain. The rest is taken care of with Tylenol and Ibuprofen.

I have 3 very caring daughters who each did different things for me. My daughter Barb Jr. moved in with me several times so that I would not have to get up to fix dog food or food for myself. My daughter Karen, brought anything we needed in the way of groceries etc. My daughter, Faith drove in with her husband and youngest son from Kansas City and provided great company for a few days. My sons also drop in as they are able but they have jobs so it is not often.

I am so glad to be able to do things for myself again. I still have to be careful to not overdue and I have started therapy. No pain, no gain!

The dogs are fine and provide me great company.

As I was typing more from Mary Dodge Woodward’s diary, I could be very thankful that I have family close by, a well insulated house where all I have to do for heat is raise the thermostat, where mail is delivered every weekday and where I can always have the company of people by turning on the TV.

Reading of the harsh winters, (pg. 1&2) the cold that seeped through the house or blasted inside when the door opened; having sons make trips to town for mail, etc., when the weather might turn deadly at any moment, makes me realize how fortunate I am.

Barbara



In Memory

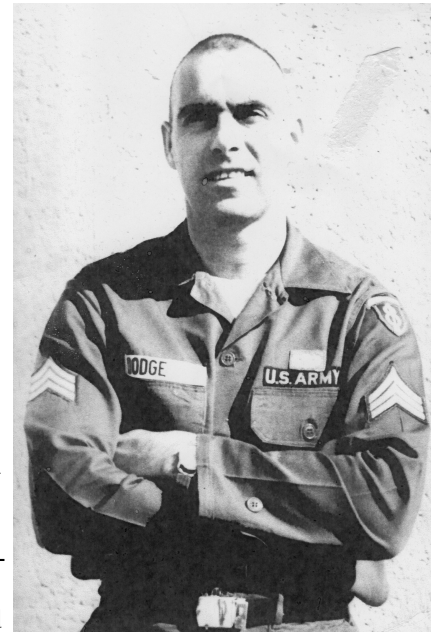
Edward Lewis Dodge Jr., son of Edward Lewis and Gertrude Dodge, descendant of Edward Blanchard Dodge and Laura Wood, was born April 28, 1930, in San Diego and passed away Sept. 5, 2017 in Denver, Colorado. He leaves a wife, Betty, and a daughter, Saskia and several grandchildren. The funeral service was held at Mt. Zion Lutheran Church in Denver.

Eddie was born in San Diego CA to Edward Lewis Dodge and Gerturude Paloma Dodge. He graduated form Grossmont High School and then continued his education at the Woodberry Art School in Los Angeles. Art was always his passion, and he was extremely gifted in it. Several family members have pictures that Eddie drew or painted.

Eddie then decided to join the US military. While Eddie was serving in Germany, he met a young Dutch woman, Ineke and married her. They had one daughter Saskia. They traveled all over Europe as a young family, and eventually settled in Denver. He later married Betty.

Eddie served his country in 3 different branches of the US military: Navy, Air force and Army (as a paratrooper in Vietnam). He then continued his career in the Air force Reserve, for a total of approximately 25 years of service.

His daughter, Saskia McAuley, husband Sean, and granddaughters Stephanie Adams and Emilie Collins all traveled from San Diego to attend his service, along with his only remaining sibling, Margaret Williams, her husband Bob, and their daughter Marcy and husband Royce, who traveled from South Dakota. Eddie's wife, Betty and her sons and families were also in attendance. He is also survived by his first wife, Ineke Van Norell, Casper, WY, who is the mother of their daughter, Saskia.



FROM OUT OF THE PAST: From left to right are Robert Livingston Dodge, his niece Margaret Dodge Williams, Margaret’s father and Robert’s brother, Edward Lewis Dodge, Robert’s sister Virginia Dodge Murphy, Robert’s nephew, Earl Farwell Dodge, and Robert’s son, Peter Dodge.

In 1981 Robert, Virginia and Earl worked together to start The Dodge Family Association. Sadly, all three are gone now as is Margaret’s father. In the memory section of this Journal, is a remembrance for Margaret’s brother, named after his father, Edward Lewis Dodge Jr. who passed away last month.



Who Do You Descend From

By Judy Ragan

Raganje@aol.com

Recently I received from my cousin, Pat, who lives in Stoddard, New Hampshire, a "letter" of sorts, that spelled out the houses and their residents, including our great grandfather, E.B. Dodge, along this road during the late 1700s and early 1800. Each is described in exact detail as to their location. Unfortunately the "letter" is not signed so I do not know who wrote this or why or why it is labeled as:

THE EDWARD B. DODGE ROAD

February 20, 1921

Half a mile north of the Town Hall on the Washington road is the fork of the Edw. B. Dodge road that goes over the west slope of Hedgehog Hill through a gap. At the corner is the Capt. Nathaniel Gilson house, later John Reed. Peter Wright once lived there. Albert Reed, a son of John also lived there. Also called the Gilson house as Mar. 14, 1843, this town voted to discontinue the road from the Old Meeting House to Ellison L. Gilson's house (pg. 326 town records.)

This road over the hill was one of 28 roads laid out for the proprietors by Capt. Silas Wright, Jonathan Bennett and Reuben Walton. On Oct. 18, 1774, they reported; - We laid out a Town Way three pole wide beginning at King Street in the 18th lot in the eighth range; thence, running westerly in the eighteenth lot in the eighth range; - thence running westerly to the nineteenth lot in the ___range;- thence to the twentieth in the tenth and so on to Protection Street (so called) Protect ___St. ????

The road was laid out as a needed road but may not have been built or much improved for on June 14, 1793, or 18 years later, the town laid out a "Road from the meeting house to Wm. Corey's. At this time the "new meeting house" stood on the Common on Dow's Hill and the road laid out went over the Potash road", so called to the corner we are starting from and up the hill. It is described as: - (pg. 151 town records) Beginning at the meeting house, through the west end (probably meant east) of the 13th and 19th (?) lot in the 9th range in or near the old road as will be most convenient. Just crossing the southwest corner of Esqr. Barnes lot and the northeast corner of Mr. Elnathan Reed's lot No. 20 in the 10th to the house of Mr. Wm. Corey, 2 rods in width.

"Still another layout over this road in as made May 4, 1812, (pg. 362 town records). Beginning at the crotch of the road north of Widow Brown's house; thence through Emery's land on the west side of the ridge to Reuben Tarbox's barn; thence northwesterly to the old road, 20 rods south of Elnathan Reeds's house."

(57/537)Elnathan Reed bought Lot 20 Range 10, April 9, 1782, of Joseph Reed of Westford, also in 1812 about the time this road was laid. He was shown on the 1806 map as still owning it. There is a cellar hole on the east side of the lot, south of a brook, and south of the road. The lot was begun by Amaziah Hildreth about 1770 but no house reported in 1771.

The lot 18 range 8 in which is the first house at the crotch was drawn by Peter Powers in 1753 and in 1768 by Rolland Cotton Esqr. Four years later it was re-entered by the proprietors for lack of duty done and it reverted to the proprietors. Nov. 18, 1778, the Stoddard heirs sold it to James Wilson (Vol.16, 7.528). On the school map of 1806, Joel Wilson owned it. Deeds will trace its ownership thereafter. From the road record, it seems to have been occupied May 4, 1812, by Widow Brown. Aug.

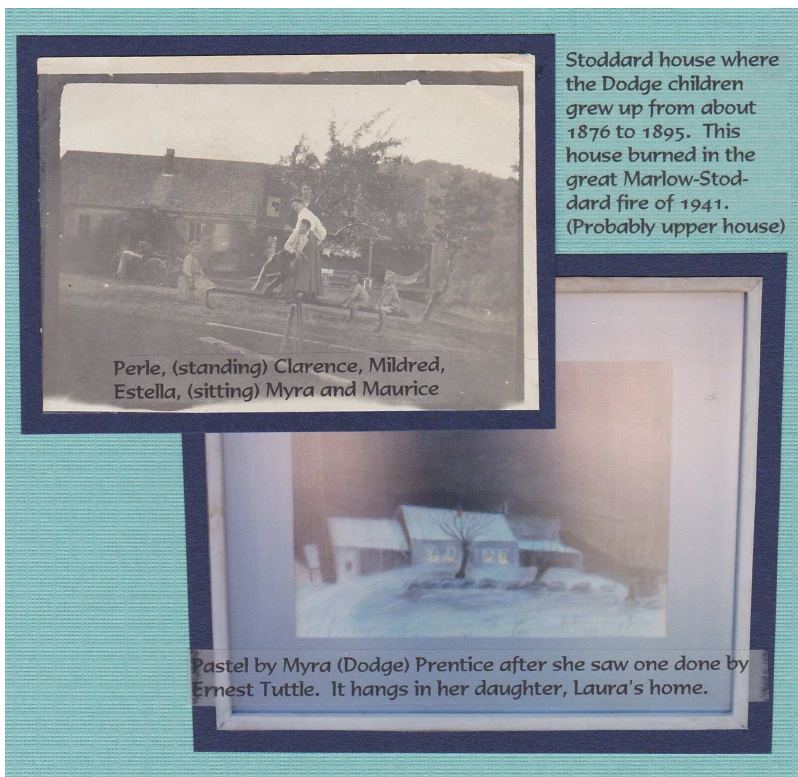
7, 1805, is a Selectman's order; - Gave Job. Brooks an order of 1.42 for carry John Brown to Townsend and moving the family to the Oryan (?) house. Was she later, in 1812, at this corner?

As we ascend the hill we wonder what Emery owned the land we pass in 1812, and we come to the house owned by Edward B. Dodge in 1895. He was a good citizen and a church and Sunday school worker. He had a large family (Judy says 15 children!) but several died here of consumption (Judy says they are buried in Dow Hill Cemetery). He left here Nov. 21, 1895, and went to Springfield, Massachusetts. He had an auction here Friday, Nov. 22, 1895. He was a carpenter.

After Mr. Dodge left town, Mr. Frederick S. Reed and his brother, Julius, and their wives moved here from the Hosea Dodge place, north of Hedgehog Hill. Julius Reed died here, March 26, 1900, age 62. Mary E., his wife, died July 8, 1900, age 61 y. 2 mos. 25da.

In 1897 Mr. George F. Reed came home here to live with his father, Frederick S. and from the Edw. Dodge place they moved to the Jonas P. Reed farm at Center Pond. (The Dodge or Proctor place) It was bought by James D. Cutter but not occupied by him. The place was not run as a farm after this but was occu-

(Continued on page 6)



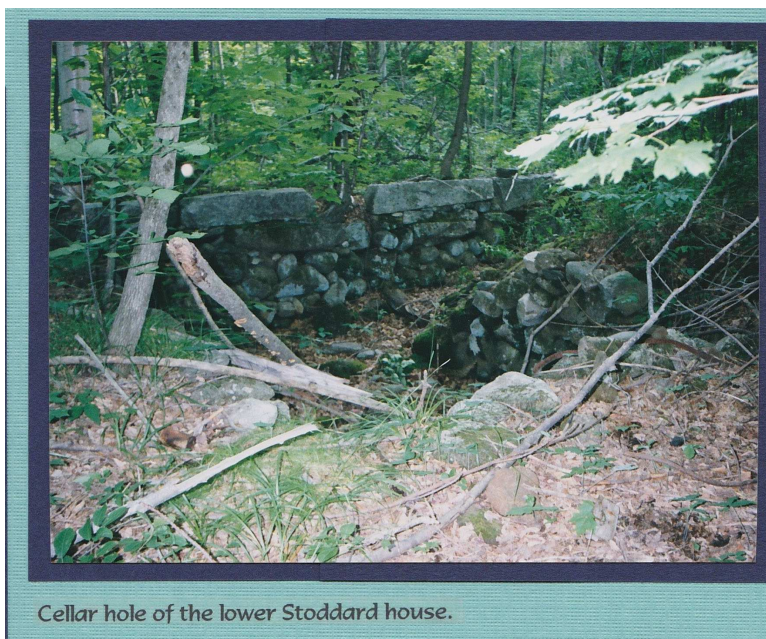
(Continued from page 5)

pied at times. Leon Cutter lived there in 1907 +/- and his first child, James Dallas, was born there. The barn fell or was taken down. Mill employees occupied it in 1916 +/- for a year or so. (see Fisher Mill date)

Now to look backward into the Dodge place history. The present house stands east of the road and overlooks the village and a beautiful landscape, but on the west side of the road there is an old drive way crossing the brook and winding up onto the hill (now growing up) to an old cellar hole not far east of the west wall. (Judy says: I believe he means the drive way is all overgrown). The lot 19 range 9, was drawn by Samson Stoddard Jr.

The map of 1806 gives R. Tarbox and the road record May 4, 1812, mentions "Reuben Tarbox's barn" as a boundary, so it may be that he lived at this higher cellar hole.

Mr. A. J. Proctor who lived here and was born about 1831 wrote on March 3, 1910: "The cellar hole on the hill I always supposed to be where Tarbox first settled. I well remember the old deep well close to it and have drawn water that would make you shiver to drink." Tarbox was a blacksmith and had a shop west of the Dodge house close to the brook. "I found his shoeing hammer of his own make and I now carry a small hole or dent in my forehead (79 yrs. Old) that I received from that hammer the summer I was 3 years old.



Cellar hole of the lower Stoddard house.



Bill Ragan and Pat (Munn) Putnam standing on road at entrance of farm road which passes the lower cellar hole and leads up to the location of the upper home.

That was in the year 1834. Father moved to town I think in 1800. His father settled east of the Knowlton place (this seems to mean north?)

"There was a road going up past the Dodge place, up past the old Peter Wright place (Lot 21 Range 10) on up over the hill towards the Pitcher neighborhood." This proves that the road went through. It doesn't necessarily mean that his grandfather lived "east" of the Knowlton place. He may have confused directions for he goes on to say, "Father sold that place (meaning where his grandfather settled) to one Allcock and bought the Tarbox place about 1824." There is a deed of lots 20 and 21 Range 11 east of the road sold by John Proctor to Marshall Allcock, Jan. 1, 1834, which seems to be the place he refers to but it is northwest of the Knowlton place. Since John Proctor sold the old place it must have come to him by his father's death.

From the above letter we infer that Reuben Tarbox settled the farm. Was there in 1812 and until 1834 (the time Proctor sold his old house). Then

John Proctor bought it and moved there. Picture the farm cart loaded with the household goods coming down the road by Peter Wright's and we know this because, Oct. 20, 1831, Jonas P. Reed and Ann Waldron, sister of Mrs. Peter Wright, were married in that house.

ELNATHAN REED

Passing on from the Dodge place we cross the southwest corner of lot 20, range 9, which shows that Esqr. Barnes owned the lot as described in the road layout of 1793 and gives a clue that a road of some sort went around to the Hosea Dodge place as on it Mrs. Winard (?) said a Barnes had a cabin, later occupied by Sabry/Labry (?) Kent, who fed her cats with a spoon, and this seems to locate Esqr. Barnes; therefore, the road. It crossed the meadow near a fork of 2 brooks I have been told. Then we cross as described in 1793, the south east corner of Mr. Elnathan Reeds's lot No. 20 in range 10.

Here we find a small grass grown cellar back from the road near the east line and a brook. This lot was drawn by Reuben Kidder in 1793 and by Nathaniel Cotton in 1767. April 24, 1770, it was reported as "Improved by Hildreth for Cotton." Aug. 1, 1771," Amariah Hildreth, both begun on ye 20th in ye 10th, (no house built there", small cellar hole). This may

(Continued on page 7)



9. Lucius Alphonso Dodge was born February 2, 1877, in Stoddard, NH, and died February 22, 1877. He lived for 20 days.

13. Pearl Estella Dodge was born March 12, 1884, in Stoddard, NH, and died of tuberculosis April 1899. *15 yrs*

14. Leslie Eugene Dodge was born December 31, 1886, and died of scarlet fever on May 30, 1892. *6 yrs*

15. Paul Livingston Dodge was born September 18, 1891, and died of scarlet fever in June 1892. *9 mos*

be his first camp as no road then existed. Dec. 7, 1771, a report says "Amaziah Hildreth, non-resident" "1 acre cleared and 3 fell." Joseph Reed of Westford acquired the lot but we do not know whether he ever lived or worked on it, but on April 9, 1782, (vol. 57, pg 537) Joseph gave a quitclaim deed of this lot 20 range 10 to Elnathan Reed, who seems to have been his grandson for: Elnathan (see Westford history) was the son of Joshua and Mary Reed, and was born Oct. 12, 1758, in Westford, and so was 23 yrs, 6mos old at the date of the deed. He married Anna Prescott in Westford, Aug. 4, 1781.

- His first child, Anna was born in Stoddard June 12, 1783
- Lydia was born in Stoddard Jan. 2, 1785
- Polly was born in Stoddard Dec. 22, 1786
- Ruth was born in Stoddard Oct. 3, 1788
- Sally Prescott was born in Stoddard June 3, 1790 (m. Thomas Sanderson June 2, 1825)
- Phoebe was born in Stoddard March 21, 1792
- Charlotte was born in Stoddard Sept 27, 1794
- Olive (?) was born in Stoddard Nov. 5, 1797 (m. Benj. Jefts, July 6, 1825)

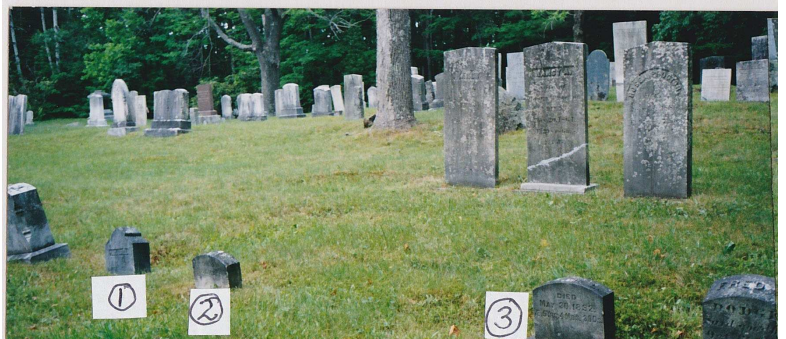
The Westford history says he died in Cavendish where he had removed, at the age of 82, which would be 1840. (town records ?/pg 362) The road record of Mar. 4, 1812, including the words, "to the old road 20 rods south of Elnathan Reed's house" show he lived here then.

A note at the bottom of this page says, "Look up the 2 cellars west of road, see what lot they are in."

April 9, 1782, he sold it to Elnathan Reed of Westford (vol. 57, pg 537) by quitclaim deed. Elnathan was a brother of Isaiah, and he seems to have remained as the 1812 road layout says it went; - "Thence northwesterly to the old road 20 rods south of Elnathan Reed's house." There is a cellar hole on the westerly side of the road before you get to the Peter Wright house which may be the house of Elnathan. The road record of June 14, 1793, says "across Elnathan's lot 20 range 10 to the house of Mr. Wm. Corey."



- (4) (Top) Fred E (Front) Dodge said good bye Oct 13 1879 ae 14 yrs (pg 392 RLD) (Back) son of E.B. & L.J. Dodge
- (5) (Top) Lucius A (Front) Dodge Loaned to us for 20 days Feb 22 1877 (pg 647 JTD) (Back) son of E.B. & L.J. Dodge
- (6) (Top) Paul L. (Front) Died June 13, 1892 ae 8 mos 25 ds (pg 647 JTD) (Back) son of E. B. & L.J. Dodge



- MOUNT STODDARD CEMETERY IN STODDARD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Graves of:
- (1) Pearl Estella, daughter of E. B. & L. J. Dodge, 1884-1899 (Pg. 396 RLD)
 - (2) Daughter of D.R. & C. M. Ashford (page 646, JTD)
 - (3) (Top) Leslie L. (Front) Died May 30 1892 ae 5 yrs 4 mos 30 days (Pg. 647 JTD) (Back) son of E.B. & L.J. Dodge

Tip for October/November 2017: No unrequested/gift received is ever turned away; even if you can't make any sense of it or can't understand it. Sometime, someday, it will be researched and explored by someone in your family and they will be delighted! Unfortunately the Dodge house on the upper hill where they moved to after living at the bottom cellar hole where Bill, my husband and Pat are standing, was burned to the ground in the Great Marlow/Stoddard Fire of 1941. The line of graves is so sad to see when you realize that a mother had to bury that many of her dear children and would then die, herself, of the same disease.





Dodge Genealogy Brick Walls

by Eileen Dodge:
Edodge1946@comcast.net



We are looking for the parents of John Dodge and his wife, Martha (Boomer) Dodge. If you any information that may help, please contact Eileen Dodge (edodge1946@aol.com)

First Generation

John Dodge was born on 13 Apr 1827 in Herkimer County, New York.

John married **Martha Boomer**. She was born on 28 Oct 1833 in Seneca County, New York.

They had one child:
James Edward Dodge

Second Generation

James Edward Dodge was born on 3 Oct 1851 in Smyrna, Chenango County, New York. James He died in Cripple Creek, Teller County, Colorado, on 21 Jun 1900.

On 3 Jan 1875 he married **Ella E. Waterman**, daughter of Abner Miles Waterman & Hannah Miller, in Coal Creek, Ottawa County, Kansas. She was born on 8 Jul 1858 in Bloomville, Seneca County, Ohio. She died in Liberty, Hardin County, Ohio, on 27 Jul 1937.

They had one child:
John Austin Dodge

Third Generation

John Austin Dodge was born on 4 Mar 1876 in Keokuk County, Iowa. He died in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, on 7 Apr 1951.

On 1 Dec 1901 he married **Hattie Knapp Martenis**, daughter of Nathan Martenis & Gertrude Martha Kelsey, in Denver, Denver County, Colorado. She was born on 25 Jan 1879 in New Jersey. She died in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, on 29 May 1969.

They had the following children:
Donald Martenis Dodge
John Edward Dodge

Fourth Generation

Donald Martenis Dodge was born on 19 Sep 1902 in Ohio City, Gunnison County, Colorado. He died in Lemon Grove, San Diego County, California, on 27 Dec 1985.

On 18 Feb 1925 he married **Grace Eva Taiclet**, daughter of Charles August Taiclet & Lily E. Rimmel, in Golden, Jefferson County, Colorado. She was born on 10 Jan 1901 in Brookfield, Nobel County, Ohio. She died in San Diego, San Diego County, California, on 16 Nov 1987.

John Edward Dodge was born on 30 May 1907 in Denver, Denver County, Colorado. He died in Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, on 28 Feb 1964.

On 18 Feb 1925 he married **Margaret Elizabeth Maxwell**, daughter of Edmond Howard Maxwell & Mary Dayton. She was born on 18 Aug 1907 in Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois. She died in Cornelius, Washington County, Oregon, on 8 Nov 1998.

