



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Selwyn A. Dodge - Hero of Dogs for the Blind

<http://www.geocities.com/kenockee/AvocaMemories.html>

From out of the past when letters could be sent for TWO cents! A copy of this letter was sent to us by Cleo A. Dodge of California and was originally sent about 1928 from Vermont to Mr. O. A. Dodge, Oakland, California

"Dear cousins - I guess you will think I have forgotten to write you what I know about this Dodge family but I have not been very well this winter so have not written much but am better now and hope as the weather grows warmer I will feel better. We have had a very long and cold winter and there has been a good deal of sickness. We have had a nice rain and it is warm and sunny today and I hope it will remain so for a week at least.

The folks are all pretty well as far as I know. I had a letter from the west last week and Julia and family are well. Hope you and yours are well. Write me some time in the near future so I may know what you think of the Dodge record. I will not write anymore this time as I have to write Louie. It is his birthday next Friday. He is

(Continued on page 3)

One native of Avoca, Michigan, Selwyn A. Dodge, better known as S. A. Dodge, gained world wide fame as President of Lions International. He was the son of Edgar Dodge. In 1917, he graduated from the University of Michigan and by 1922, had become a Certified Public Accountant. Later, he became Vice-President and Treasurer of Solventol Chemical Products, Inc. and Director of several business concerns.

In 1952-53, S. A. Dodge was elected President of Lions International by a unanimous ballot. During his tenure, he visited Lions Clubs all over the world.

Not only did he grow up in Avoca, but he also married Avoca girls. His first wife was Vera. Upon her passing, S. A. Dodge married Vera's sister, Verna, both daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Lancelot Ardiel.

In 1952, the Ruby Lions Club, of which he was a member, planned a homecoming celebration for S. A. Dodge and his wife, Verna. Approximately 400 people attended the program, which was held October 15, 1952, at the County Warehouse in Avoca. All the Lions Clubs of the state were represented and those of Ontario, Canada. The program included a "This Is Your Life, S. A. Dodge," conducted by Rev. Shelby Lee. WHLS Radio Station came out and broadcast the speech made by Mr. Dodge.

The Avoca Elevator, 1946 - Throughout the years, the elevators have played an important part in the economy of Kenockee's farm community. Shortly after the building of the railroad in 1882, Edgar S. Dodge built the first grain elevator in Avoca. This was the beginning of the elevator that

still stands today. Dodge advertised himself as a "dealer in grain, hay, agricultural implements, wagons, carriages, etc." When the bank was built at the turn of the century, Ed Dodge sold the elevator to Frank Hill and Robert Wadsworth and went to work as a teller in the Avoca Bank. Hill and Wadsworth remodeled and enlarged the existing building.

As a child, circa 1894, Harry Smith recalls going with his father, Warren, to Ed Dodge's Elevator. There he watched with fascination as the big, gray horse, named Frank, walked round and round against the lead bars on the treadmill, to run the machinery and raise the buckets of grain.

On Sundays, Mr. Dodge hitched the same horse to his

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Without doubt, one of the most dramatic and best known service activities of The Lions Club is the Leader Dog program. The Leader Dog School was founded in 1939 by three Lions who were unable to obtain Leader Dogs from any other source. Founders were S.A. Dodge, Donald P. Schuur and Charles A. Nutting; all of whom later served as President of the Leader Dog organization. Conceived in a dream, Leader Dog has grown to be one of the largest and finest dog guide schools in the world.

The whole enterprise began, with more courage than anything else, when a few Lions from Detroit, Michigan, pur-

chased an old farmhouse which still stands in the center of a complex now valued at over seven million dollars. The Leader Dog School in Rochester, Michigan, is adjacent to an estimated 45% of the nation's blind.

During its first years of operation, only a few people graduated. In fiscal year 1998, 279 Leader Dog teams graduated; 279 more blind people went out into the world able to live a life of their own, despite blindness. Nearly 11,000 Leader Dogs have been trained since the founding of the school in 1939. For 57 years Lions and Lioness have invested untold time and effort in the Leader Dog program. Dur-

ing fiscal year 1998 which ended June 30, 1998, Lions and Lioness have contributed nearly 2.5 million dollars. Leader Dog offers its services through the Lions and Lionesses of all states to the blind. Lions and Lionesses help spread the word that blind people who want to be free and mobile can have a Leader Dog for the asking and can write in behalf of a blind candidate to obtain an application.

The above information was taken from the following two sites on the internet. rollanet.org and sirinet.net Where does Edgar Dodge, the father of Selwin, fit into the Dodge genealogy?

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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The Homestead of Henry Dodge

A look into the past

"If you can secure W. H. Thomas as a guide, you will be able to locate south of Dodgeville some 5 miles, the farm where lived Col. Henry Dodge, distinctly one of the greatest characters of territorial Wisconsin and leader in the savage little battle of the Pecatonica on June 1832, when a war party of fourteen Sacs and Foxes were exterminated, and perhaps justly entitled to the same designation in relation to Black Hawk's primary defeat at Wisconsin Heights on July 21, that same year, and also to his utter rout at Bad Axe on August 2. To be sure, Brigadier General Atkinson was in command, but Colonel Henry Dodge and Colonel Zachary Taylor, with their troops, composed the front, and, soon after, at Fort Crawford, did not Gen. Atkinson, addressing Col. Dodge, gratefully exclaim "You have led me on to victory - you have saved me."

With the assistance of Mr. Thomas, we enter this splendid autumn day, September 27, 1918, in search of the site of Henry Dodges' pioneer cabin.

The ruins of his Homestead, we discover, is about a mile off the main Dodgeville-Mineral Point road, at the bottom of a considerable hill. As we pull the vehicle off to the side we can't help but notice the abundance of wild flowers spread far amongst the many rolling hills. A spring at the end of the road directly under a rude fence in a valley, almost a dell, marked the lower north-easterly corner of Henry Dodge's home, built no doubt late in 1827 when he first arrived here. In a rectangle, with the spring on one corner, may be traced the lines of the Dodge House, and stones that formed the foundation are numerous, but almost buried in the mold of many years. Just across the road about six rods, as an additional means of identification, is a poor, plain little house where resides a humble family.

Col. Dodge must have had quite an establishment, even if his home was only

one story and a loft, for the evidences of his habitation and outbuilding, small elevations and depressions, extents upward on the hillside above us for nearly 100 feet. Once beaten paths branch out from the spring and can hardly be followed as we try to retrace the footsteps of this pioneer.

When the Black Hawk war cloud arose, Henry erected a stockade which he called Fort Union to protect his family and the townspeople from hostile Indians. The site is completely overgrown with raspberry and gooseberry bushes, plums, goldenrod six feet tall, with wild cucumber vines clambering vagrantly over all, and a willow fittingly shading the spring, of whose cold water we freely partook. Great white oaks tower above the tanglewood and besides a dry creek bed lies a giant cottonwood over five feet in diameter. "This giant" Mr. Thomas tells us "is said to have been planted by Mr. Dodge". Clearly based on its size, it might date back to his arrival to Wisconsin from Missouri over ninety years ago." "It is believed" Mr. Thomas tells us "That the discovery of Lead Mines in Southwestern Wisconsin, and the promise of wealth lured Henry to Dodgeville about 1827. Henry immediately staked out an extensive mining claim, which covered what is now the business section of downtown Dodgeville. The next year, being dissatisfied with the Government's treatment of the miners, Henry moved to this grove, which is about 5 miles from town". It is here Henry came with his large family - Mrs. Dodge and nine children. He was also accompanied by two families of slaves, the Wesleys and the Tobeys, whom to each, he gave freedom and 40 acres of land. The homestead being about a thousand acres in size burned many years ago; Mr. Thomas could not remember just how many, but he remembers seeing the illumination from Dodgeville, where he was living.

With darkness falling, we head back towards our vehicle, lost in thought, wishing somehow we could have met this frontiersman. Mr. Thomas receives a heartfelt thanks for his time and his memory that he has shared with us today. "

(Continued from page 1)

buggy and old Frank became a "Sunday horse." Later, a gasoline engine was used for power and eventually, all was converted to electricity.

Few people remember Dave Quail's Elevator, which before the turn of the century, sat just to the southeast of the depot, along the railroad tracks. In 1900, Wesley Bricker and Stanley Smith rented this elevator.

In 1902, after two very successful years of renting Dave Quail's Elevator, Wes Bricker built another elevator just northwest, up the railroad track, behind the "Dodge" Elevator. At this point, Quail's Elevator ceased to exist.

Farmer's would bring their loads of grain and hay into Avoca and a man from each elevator would come out and bid, with the load going to the highest bidder. For fourteen years, the two elevators were in competition, until the Handy Brothers Railroad was built through Fargo, in 1915 and the Bricker Elevator was moved to that community in 1916. Rueben Green did the carpenter work necessary to prepare the elevator for its move and Arthur Nye did the moving with horses and skids. Note: The D. B. C. and W. Railroad, locally known by the name of its builders, the Handy Brothers, was started from Bay City in 1908, reaching Port Huron in 1918. Work through Fargo took place in 1915 and it was opened early in 1916. This railroad was used only until 1925.

The main business of the elevators over the years has included the buying and selling of hay, grain and coal. Owners of the present elevator, after Hill and Wadsworth, were: Jim Kerr and Wesley Bricker, 1910-1919; Jim Kerr and Harry Bricker, 1919-1925; Jim Kerr and Leslie Collins, 1925. When Leslie Collins and William Collins took over in 1932, it was renamed the Avoca Elevator Company. It is presently owned and operated by Russell and Grant Collins.



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The View From My Window



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Because of how busy I am with the Dodge related work and helping with the Dodge genealogy, I have never had time to look into my own genealogy and that has not bothered me. However, about 2 months ago I thought it might be nice to try to find my mother's maternal family. I wrote our wonderful genealogist, Chuck Dodge, and asked him if some day in the future, he had a little time, could he please try to find out something about my mother's ancestors. Not only did he find that but he also found my father's ancestors and when I looked into it even more because of information he had sent to me, I saw that my paternal grandfather was listed as having died in Boston, Massachusetts. Since I clearly remember the day he died, I decided to put in this journal, an article I wrote a year ago about my grandfather as a sort of memorial to him.

I did not spend a lot of time with him but what little time I knew him, he impacted my life so much that every-time I eat grits (and that is a LOT!) I think of him. Here is the story.

When I was four and a half years old, my grandpa came from Mobile, Alabama to visit us in Weston, Massachusetts. He came to help daddy build a garage, and to help him break a new area of ground so that daddy's vegetable garden could be enlarged.

I had never seen Grandpa before that I could remember and I was very excited to have a Grandpa visit.

My excitement was well rewarded when each morning he lathered my grits with gobs of real butter, and salt and peppered my eggs. I just thought he was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me.

I lived outside and followed daddy and grandpa around 'helping'.

It was very exciting to see the garage go up. It was going to be a double car garage in size, but that was so that one half could be used for chickens.

The back room on our house was

unheated and in the winter it was used as a freezer. This meant that every Sunday without fail, we had roast chicken for dinner because the chicken could be dispatched on Saturday. We did not have a refrigerator, just a small ice box which only kept things cool!

Winters were definitely much colder then. There were many blizzards that I can remember where the snow was 2-3 feet deep.

Daddy was a latent artist and he would sculpt wonderful things out of the snow. One of my most vivid memories is a bust of George Washington that graced our front yard for a number of days.

The garage was all done except for the doors and daddy and grandpa decided to take a break from that to break new ground for the garden.

It was July 4, 1938, a wonderful summer morning, and they were working so hard. It is not an easy thing to dig down through sod that has never been disturbed. They would use pitchforks and stomp on them to make them sink into the ground, and then they would turn over the broken sod. Later, they would come back and toss the sod into the air to break up the clumps of dirt and the pitchfork would act as a sort of sifter, holding the roots and grass while the dirt fell to the ground. Then daddy would take a big screen that he had framed with boards, and he would shovel the dirt on to that screen so that the rocks, big and small could be separated out.

It was the last day that Grandpa would fix my grits and eggs because along about mid-morning, Daddy yelled up to the house for mama to call the doctor, and daddy came rushing in carrying his father in his arms. He laid him on a small couch that was in our dining room, but Grandpa had had a massive heart attack and probably was gone before he hit the ground.

Daddy never finished the garage, and when he came back from Alabama where he had gone accompanying Grandpa on his last train ride, he was a different man. He never again showed any real happiness even when my brother was born a little over a year later, and he became very quiet and withdrawn. It was probably inevitable

that he would someday leave not to come back. His love of New England, snow, and his family dissolved in the sadness that this was where his father had died. His family reminded him of that day also.

Three years later, he enlisted as an officer in the Air Force. I was eight years old. I only saw him 5 times during the rest of his life.

Barbara



(From the Past - Continued from page 1)

34., so you see **Orange**, it is some time since you were at our house with your mother. He was a little fellow then in his first pants.

I will close with love to both you and wife. Hope to hear from you son

Goodbye, From your cousin
Olive A Dodge



She also included quite a list of Dodes that she said descended from a Samuel Dodge or Joseph both of whom were brothers of a William. This Samuel or Joseph married 3 times and his 2nd wife was Olive Anne Hoag. They had six children: Corydon, Mary, John, Olive A., Hamilton, and Sophronia.

We have an Orange Wood Dodge in the Richard Dodge line. This is such an unusual name. Is it possible that the Orange Dodge to whom the letter was written was the son of Orange Wood Dodge? None of the names given by Olive fit this family line. SO...WHO was Orange A. Dodge of Oakland, California. Is it coincidental that he was named 'Orange' possibly because his parents loved the Orange Orchards so much that they honored him with that name? Or...was it a family surname?

Other Dodge names in the letter were George, Charles, Lydia, Frank L., Sherman G. If you know anything about the family of an Orange Dodge, please contact us here at the office.



Passwords for members only area of our Web Site have been removed for the summer.

From the Pen of: Passepartout

by Craig Dodge



ozdodges@hotmail.com

At last we have laid the slab to our new house! In fact as I write the bricks are up to the top of door height. After months of paperwork and preparation, we have finally reached the stage of tangible proof of our efforts. It was quite an experience to drive out to our plot and see the first budding fruits of our labours. I certainly had times when I wondered if it would actually happen or if it would fall through and we would be back to square one.

Nonetheless, there it is. We looked with a large degree of pride at our little place. A strong feeling that as the bricks continued to go up our roots continued to go down.

A good school situated, by road, 500 meters from our house has accepted Rachel, making our position perfect.

Later, as we spoke about it (not that we spoke about much else), we wondered what it was like for our ancestors to have arrived in South Africa in 1820. They disembarked, were taken some miles in land and had their goods dumped in the middle of the bush. And there they were. Certainly no going back, but nor was there anywhere to sleep that night, no hotel to check into or friends to put them up. Just bush, wild animals and hostile natives.

Even some 70 years later when in about 1890 the first Dodge went out to try this new country, life was tough. Few doctors to go to when you were sick, materials and infrastructure scarce, if available at all, and out in the areas far from the big cities, life hadn't changed much at all. My grandmother told me of how she used to ride a donkey to school and oh, the excitement of their first car! You couldn't call a tow truck if your wagon broke and should you be attacked there was no phone to summon aid. None of this is unheard of in any country, but consider how recent this was!

I am also in wonder at how different things could be – My great-grandfather, James Dodge took part in the abortive

'Jameson raid'. There were only 500 men in Jameson's column that marched into the Transvaal to support the Uitlanders uprising (which never happened). It was a disaster and many of the men were killed. That my great grandfather wasn't one of those killed is obvious from 2 facts: I have a letter by him from Bulawayo (in what was then Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe) post-dating the event and second (and perhaps most importantly) I am alive which I wouldn't be if he hadn't survived (the raid predating my grandfather's birth).

So we are pioneers in a less dramatic, less dangerous sense but, for us, a no less exciting one. 



David Dodge

dwdodge

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I would not be surprised if many reading this have been awarded a medal at some time. Perhaps for sport, or achieving qualifications in an organisation, such as the Boy Scouts, or a School Attendance Medal? - in Britain general education for the populace came in by Act of Parliament during Queen Victoria's reign, and awards were made by many County Councils for Good Attendance.

Dorset County certainly did, and the London County Council produced large Bronze and Pewter medals engraved with the recipients name, and with a dated scroll suspension. This emphasised the high regard in which Education we held.

My mother in the 1900's in north Wales received two silver medals and then a silver watch for unbroken attendance at the local village school.

Temperance Societies also produced medals for those who successfully kept from alcohol, and the Army and the Navy had their own branches of Temperance organisations. Sometimes such medals come on the market through Dealer's catalogues, or on market stalls, antique shops, etc., in the company of Military medals, and so add interest to a medal group to a serviceman, - but sadly so many are untraceable.

There were also Long Service Medals given in Industry. I have seen medals for 25 years service with the Gas & Coke Company of Bournemouth, and for the Imperial Chemical Industries. British Civil Servants qualified for the Imperial Service Medal awarded by the State, usually again for 25 years, Postmen once qualified for this medal, but this was discontinued, and now the only ones awarded seem to be to civilian employees of the armed services.

The practice of awarding medals (apart from the Military) seems to have dropped off in recent years, possibly due to cost.

It could be said, that as far back the time of the Romans, awards were made to soldiers for Merit. for one can see statues of soldiers wearing badges and tokens that might commemorate valorous deeds etc.. But it was not until the early 19th century that the award of medals to all ranks of servicemen became the norm. Certainly some medallions were struck to commemorate incidents and actions during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, including the defeat of the Spanish Armada, but they in general were not made to be worn, nor were they given in any great numbers to individual soldiers.

It was not until 1815, that a medal was officially issued by the British Government to all officers and other ranks who took part in an action or campaign.

The Waterloo Medal was issued to commemorate that battle, fought on the 18th June 1815 when Napoleon was finally defeated. Eleven days after this event, Parliament sat to decide how this momentous action should be commemorated. Hitherto, Parliament had been against awarding a medal to individual soldiers, but national sentiment ran high, and the House voted by a large majority to issue the medal.

The Duke of Wellington was very much against its issue, he was against even Officers wearing such, let alone the common soldier, who he is reputed to have termed 'the scum of the earth' But lo, and behold, when the Waterloo Medal was issued there on the reverse was a seated figure of Victory, the date 18th June, and the titles, 'Wellington and Waterloo.' 

Earl's Pearls

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Home again! We had a wonderful Fifth Dodge Tour to England May 10-27. We always go to Somerset County to visit the church where William and Richard were baptized and other churches where Dodges worshipped. Much of the countryside is as it was in the 1600's and many roads just as narrow. Our trip closed at Stockport where St. Mary's Church, the Market, Halliday Hill and other local points of interest were visited. Mike and Julie Wilson who live at



Halliday Hill and have done such a splendid job of caring for and improving the home, hosted a wonderful English Tea complete with calorie-filled scones. Pictured here are

Robert and Dorothy Dodge who visited us at Halliday Hill.

This year's trip was even more special because a total of twelve English Dodges met us for food and fellowship in three locations. Brothers John and Geoff came from Wales. What a delight to see real English cousins. Geoff brought with him a letter from Everett Dodge, our president, which was written many years ago when Everett lived in London. We were given a copy of that letter to bring back with us. In the



photos on the left, starting from the left are Hank and Liz Bauer of Georgia,



Mark Dodge of England, and Dorothy and David



Dodge, also of England. At the far end is Earl Dodge of Colorado. In the above photo, from the left are Audrey and Gordon Dodge of England, the parents of Mark;

Bill and Martha Altemus from New Hampshire, and brothers Brian and Trevor Dodge of England. All of the Dodges brought with them their genealogies as far back as they knew them. Our hope is to be able to establish some kind of a connection with at least a few of these Dodges.....and ultimately, of course, to find ancestry of the parents of John who was the father of William and Richard, and



to find out which Dodges left Stockport for southwest England. Pictured at the left: Dr. Alan Dodge demonstrating a medieval instrument known as a Serpent.

Other highlights

included a trip to one of the most famous bell foundries in the world, Taylor's, where we saw five bells cast.

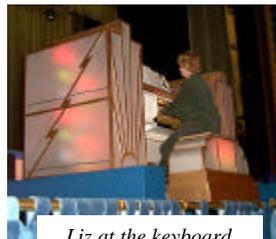


Sandringham, the Royal Family's private English Residence was also visited. The Queen was not at home but we had tea and cake anyway.

The Imperial War Museum at Duxford features seven large buildings with British and American planes from WW II plus a Land War building where we saw the personal wagons (caravans in England) used by Gen. Bernard Montgomery. We were all reminded of the great valor and sacrifices of the airmen of both nations.

Water lovers on the trip especially enjoyed boat rides on the Broads and into limestone caves. Several Cathedrals were inspected and some smaller churches too. Ray Preston arranged for complimentary tickets to the restored Palace Theatre where we heard England's top brass band, the Black Dyke Band. Dyke refers to a dam in the town where the group began. Before the band played for a packed house the

Dodge Family was given a special welcome and a round of applause. Earlier in the day, our two organists,



Liz at the keyboard

Elizabeth Bauer and Barbara Dodge were privileged to play the wonderful theatre organ at this theatre. Liz was even brave enough to ride it up and down.

Special thanks are due to Alan Bullock of Bullock Coach who efficiently arranged

all the details of our tour; to our peerless coach driver, Roger Wragg and to the Prestons and Wilsons for their fine hospitality in Stockport.



Farewell Dinner, the family of Bullock Coach Co. from the left: daughter, Clare; wife, Christine; Alan, himself; son, Richard and Sharon Wendt from Utah.

Our Farewell Dinner was again held at Peover's Inn where Ike and Patton met with other generals to plan the invasion of France. A US flag always flies there. We heard the famous Bells of Peover at the Parish Church adjoining the Inn.



At the top of Gold Hill, Shaftsbury - from the left: Barbara Elliott, Liz Bauer, Charlene Zernick, Hank Bauer, Martha Altemus, Sharon Wendt, Bill Altemus.

Our group was smaller this year, largely due to post-Sept. 11 fears. We hope our safety on this trip inspires many friends to join us on our next tour, speaking of which, we are aiming for the last two weeks of June 2004 for the next Tour. In addition to Somerset and Stockport we hope to visit Chester, the old walled Roman City and Co. Seat of Cheshire County, Edinburgh and the Isle of Skye in Scotland and other interesting places. If you think you might like to go with us then just let us know and we will keep you posted as plans develop.

A final word: Our annual New England Dodge Family Reunion will be held on Saturday, October 5, at the 1640 Hart House in Ipswich, Mass. This is always a great experience. We hope you will come if at all possible.



Lettering on one of the Dodge tombstones at St. Mary's church in Stockport for a John Dodge.



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
nedodge@aol.com

Searching for information on Abram Dodge, believed to be from Shrewsbury, VT, b.1813 or 1828. Abram mar. Mary Rhodes from Edinburg, NY. They had 12 or 13 children. Abram d.in Stoney Creek, NY in 1897. Any help would be greatly appreciated. Contact Alison Gulbrandson at: al-imo@alltel.net

I am researching the family history of my ancestor Lucinda Jenness (b. Feb 12, 1849, Grafton, NH) We have found the record for a marriage license obtained on 31 Dec 1870 along with the record for a marriage taking place on 1 Jan 1871. We obtained copies of both of them. These were all found in the county courthouse at Osage, Mitchell county, Iowa by contacts of mine. Then I have postcard from her to her mother saying, I'm here with Monroe in Boston. The postmark is West Somerville, MA, Mar 25, 1910, 10 AM. I have photo captioned by my grandmother as "Monroe Dodge - cousin," these are my three pieces of information. I can't seem to get any farther than this. Lucinda also went by the name of Lucinda Clark later in life (1910-15) and she lived in East Swanzey, NH. She refers to going down to visit Monroe regularly. I'm hoping you can help me find C.E. Dodge and Monroe Dodge. Other surnames: Jenness, Jenne, Clark, Rogers, Miller, Armstrong, White, Park, Parke, Parks, Russell Carleton. Contact Deborah Humphries at: Pdct1234@cs.com
Thank you so much.

I have just begun the search for our Dodge Heritage! I do have some info, but as yet cannot trace it to anything from the web!!

My ggg-grandfather was Edward E. Dodge b: 8/9/1837ish in Belair, Maryland. d:12/21/1919 in Glenmora La. On 2/19/1866 he married Jane "Jennie" Hart b:1852? Her mother was Nancy (Lewis) Hart, and father was Jesse b:?? in La. Jennie and Edward had 9 children, Lee (My gg-grandfather), b:1870 Calcasui

District, Rapides, LA., Jennie, b:1872 Alexandria District #37, Rapides, LA., May b:1874, Maud (Ella) b:1873?. Sugar (Dee),b:1878, Lula b: 4/19/1879, Edward, b:?, Eugene,b:?, and Kate b:1892. This is from an 1880 census. Lee, My gg- grandfather, married Ollie Nash (Who I can find no info on also) It is believed they ran away together, and she was only around 15. They had my g-grandmother Essie Lee Dodge, Who married Daniel Malone who was raised in an orphanage in Colorado. They had my grandmother Ollie Elaine Malone (Little Patty she was called) There was one other child who died as an infant. I do know that Edward E Dodge was in the Cavalry in La and enlisted in 6/1862. I have a copy of his application for pension,dated 1/23/1911 from the Rapides Parish, state of Louisiana. (One thing in his application, he seems to be 56 yrs. but lists that he only had 8 children, so possibly one died?) I also have some sort of legal document dividing land acreage.??(It is very hard to read the writing) If you have any information please contact Donette Wilson at: cwilson829@attitude.com

My name is Frank Eddy. While watching one of the local cable TV shows here in Tacoma Washington, last June, I watched an interview with two co-authors that had written a book detailing the Dodge and Eddy family History. My problem is , although I wrote done all the information about obtaining this book, it got misplaced somehow, so here I sit some 10 months later and all I can remember is that the title of the book contained the words American/America and culture. I need the title and names of the author(s). Should any of this ring any bells in your knowledge bank, I would greatly appreciate any feedback that you could provide on this request. Ps the purpose, according to the author, in writing this book was an attempt to finish the (their) quest to fulfill the requirements needed to settle the inheritance in question i.e.: Dodge. I don't know or at least I can't seem to remember the

reason that the Eddy clan was also being sought out. What sparked my interest is that not only is my Grandfather on my father's side is an "Eddy" but that my Grandmother, his wife is Mary Dodge who was born back East around 1870. Contact Frank at: Frank2002@attbi.com

Herb Holland (herb696@aol.com) sent the following: "I found out that I was a descendent of Tristram Dodge thru researching my father's mother's Bingham line. Her father was Oramel Bingham (1806-1895). He was b. in Hudson, N.Y. and as a young man came down the river to NYC where he plied the trade of shoemaker and lived in the same boarding house as Horace Greeley who convinced him to become a newspaper reporter. Then he met a young girl, Elizabeth McIntire Dodge. Oramel wanted to marry her but her father, Samuel Dodge (1775-1852) said "no" as Oramel was not a Baptist. Oramel became a Baptist, m. Elizabeth and as the years went by they had 14 children.

My grandmother, Evaline, was #13. Oramel quit news reporting and became a Baptist minister. He was a hard charging preacher 'till he died!

In researching Elizabeth's Dodge ancestors I found out that her great grandfather, Jeremiah Dodge, started the first Baptist Church in N.Y.C. abt 1745 in a rigging loft on William St. and a better one in 1762 which was built on a lot on John St which he bought in 1760. No wonder Elizabeth's father was as strong a Baptist as he was.

Incidentally, that same Jeremiah Dodge, m. Margaret Vanderbilt, the Commodore's first cousin, twice removed. That led me to the Vanderbilt line, but that's a story for another place. And also, incidentally, I'm a Catholic, not a Baptist. I'm sure Jeremiah and the others would not approve.

I have never been able to find out anything about Elizabeth's McIntire line. Her mother was Jane McIntire b. abt 1787 in Queens Co. N.Y. Can any of your readers help me?"