



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 14 Number 4

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A SUPER BARGAIN

When our Association was formed in 1982, we set dues at a low \$10.00 per family per year.

Since then, inflation has cut the value of the dollar by more than 50%. Dues today would need to be at the \$20-\$25 level to buy the same goods and services as \$10 did 16 years ago.

We, therefore, need to raise our dues to meet operating costs and to provide greater services to our members.

To make the increase as easy as possible, our Board has voted to raise dues by just \$5 a year effective January 1, 1999. Then we will review the financial picture each year to see when further adjustments for inflation may be needed.

To reward existing members **WHOSE DUES ARE PAID UP TO DATE**, we will give Life Memberships for just a one-time payment of \$100. That is a super bargain.

As of January 1, 1999, Life Memberships will be \$150.00 for members age 65 and over and \$250 for those under 65.

Your address label on the envelope shows to

(Continued on page 2)

K-9 Law Enforcement Specialist

Bob Ward joined the U.S. Air Force in 1983. His basic training was at Lackland Air Force Base. He became a Law Enforcement Specialist and worked with K-9 dogs. The following article was written by Bob at our request.

“After six weeks basic training, I had six weeks at the Air Force Security Police Academy where I became a Law Enforcement Specialist. I was then picked to go to K-9 school School.

This training lasted for another six weeks. Upon Graduation, I was stationed at Sheppard AFB, Wichita Falls, Texas, where I spent six months.

I was then sent back to Lackland AFB for Explosive Detector Dog School. This was to learn how to work a bomb dog. The course is nine weeks, but the washback (fail) rate was 85%. Most handlers get sent back for one reason or another. I spent about 15 weeks there.

My first dog was named Schoztie, a 90 lb. female German Sheppard. She was a great dog and very protective of me.

In 1985, I was stationed at Kwang ju Air Base, Republic of South Korea.

My dog was a 145 lb. Bouvier named Nero. He was by far the biggest dog I

have ever handled.

A year later, I was sent to Holland and stationed at Soesterberg AB, The Netherlands.

During the five years I was stationed there, I had three different dogs .

The first was a golden Lab named Adolph. He was pure crazy and would try to bite any one and every one. He was not that great of a bomb dog, and although we tried working with him for about four months, we were never able to get his percent rate above 85%.

To maintain the proficiency rate set by the Air Force, the dog team for explosive detection had to maintain 95%.

Since we couldn't get Adolph's percentage above 85%, we traded him in for a white German Shepherd named Silver, another crazy dog, but one hell of a bomb dog. The only thing that slowed him down was his health. He had bad hips but he could still do his job.

During the five years stationed in Holland,

I provided bomb support for many VIPs and generals from many NATO countries, plus heads of state and US Cabinet Members. Among them were the Secretary of Defense, Secretary of State and the Joint Chiefs Of Staff, namely, Admiral Crowe.

After Silver's health took a turn for the worst, I got Hunter, an 80 lb. black lab and the sweetest, friendly dog I've had.

When that tour was over, I was sent to Mountain Home AFB, Mountain Home, Idaho.

There I got Teddy who was another psycho - 95 lbs. of pure nasty canine. He didn't like very many people, but he was the best bomb dog I ever had, and was a great patrol dog.

I left the military in 1992. It was a great learning experience for me. I have so many stories and will include a couple of them.

I traveled to Los Angeles for Presidential Bomb Support for VP Quayle. I spent two weeks in Beverly Hills while he stayed there on vacation. I also traveled to

(Continued on page 4)

DATE CHANGE FOR NEW ENGLAND REUNION. The NE Reunion will be held on October 3. This is one week earlier than previously announced!

<i>On the Inside</i>	
<i>Titanic Survivor Story (pt. 2)</i>	2
<i>Did you know?</i>	2
<i>Barbara's Byline</i>	3
<i>Reunions</i>	4
<i>Do You Know this Dodge?</i>	4

DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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 The Dodge Family Association

DID YOU KNOW? William Wallace Dodge 1816-1858, rendered service in the Canadian rebellion in 1837-38, was captured, condemned to death, and confined in the Citadel at Quebec awaiting the action of the English Home Government. He escaped with fellow prisoner, Mr. Theller, by drugging the guard, removing a bar from the window and letting themselves down to the ground. They were still enclosed by a 30 ft. high wall. To surmount this they had to pass 10 sentinels. The 10th one challenged them but they succeeded in escaping. Five times that night they changed their place of hiding and actually remained concealed in the city for 3 weeks, until the search for them had been abandoned. On Nov. 3, 1838 they obtained horses and, armed and accoutered as loyal militia officers, struck out for Maine. They were pursued and barely escaped making their way to Boston where an account of their escape was published in the Boston Statesman.

#1183, Dodies of Essex County by Joseph Thompson Dodge, 1898

TITANIC SURVIVOR STORY

*condensed from
 The Union Democrat,
 Sonoma, California
 first published in the same paper
 March 24, 1998*

In the April issue of the Dodge Family Journal, we told you about Washington Dodge who, with his family, survived the Titanic disaster.

Since then, we have found out that he descended from Tristram Dodge and his line was (Tristram, John, David B., Jonathan, Capt. Daniel, Jonathan, Mark Tyler) Washington Dodge was married to Alice Lanison Shepherd and they had one child, Henry Washington who, evidently, died young.

In this Journal, we are including the text of an interview given by Mrs. Dodge after the Titanic disaster.

“I think it is foolish to speak of the heroism displayed. There was none that I witnessed. It was merely a matter of waiting your turn for a lifeboat, and there was no keen anxiety to enter the boats, because everyone had such confidence in that wretched ship. The officers told us that they had wireless communication with seven vessels, which were on their way to relieve us, and them en believed themselves as safe on board as in the boats. It seemed the vaguest possibility that the ship might sink before one of the seven vessels arrived.

“Of course, I left the Titanic before it began to settle into the water. The steerage passengers had not come up on deck. In fact, there were but few on the deck from which we left and more men than women.

“It happened this way. There seems to have been an order issued that all women should congregate on the port side of the vessel. The vessel was injured on the starboard side, and even when I left the ship there was a slight list to starboard. We did not hear this order.

I was in my stateroom, had retired again after the accident when the doctor came saying he had met our steward and had been told to get into a life preserver. I slipped on my fur coat over my night robe and preserver, put on my shoes without stockings. I did not stop to button them. We had made a practice of sitting on the starboard side of the decks, the gymnasium was there, and naturally when we went above, we turned to starboard. They were lowering the boats. I entered the second boat with the baby. This boat had an officer in command, and enough officers to man the oars. Several women entered with me and as they commenced to lower the boat, the women’s husbands jumped in with them. I called to the doctor to come, but he refused, because there were still a few women on deck. Every woman

in that second boat with the exception of myself, had her husband with her.

“I suppose all the women were congregated on the port side because it would naturally be the highest side, and the safest because the last to go down. We had no idea that there would not be enough boats to go round. In fact, the first boats were only half filled.

“There must have been some confusion in orders, else I do not see why some of the women were not sent from port to starboard to enter those boats being lowered there. My husband got into the thirteenth boat. At that time, there were no women on the starboard side, there were only eight women in the boat he entered, and no member of the crew.

“The most terrible part of the experience was that awful crying after the ship went down. We were a mile away, but we heard it - OH, HOW WE HEARD IT. It seemed to last about an hour, although it may have only been a short time, for some say a man could not have lived in that water for over fifteen minutes. At last it died down.

“Our officers and the members of the crew wanted to go back and pick up those whom they could, but the women in the boat would not let them. They told them if they attempted to turn back,

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 1)
 when your membership is paid.

If you want a Life Membership for \$100, your label must say 7-98 or beyond. If it is a lower figure, then you must pay back dues before getting the \$100 bargain. Example: Your label says 7-96. That means you owe for two years and need to pay \$120 to become a LIFE MEMBER this month.

If you have any questions please let us know.

At \$15, our dues are still less than a nickel a day and are a super bargain.

You can get any back dues you owe plus dues for the next twelve months at the \$10 rate but ONLY if you do so before January 1.

That means we must have payment in our office by December 31.

Thanks for your loyal support.

Earl F. Dodge
 Secretary-Treasurer



Barbara's
Byline

“Photographs and Memories”

My column in this issue is dedicated to my dear friend, Norma Dodge Ingram of Deer Park, Washington, who started taping the remembrances of those in her family years ago and has spent the time since, typing those remembrances into book form so that those who come after can feel the presence of those gone before. Thus the continuity of their family continues on to new generations.

Several of the family members whom she taped years ago are now gone, but their memories live on because of Norma.

In the process, she has inspired her nephew, Thomas Dodge, to scan in all of the families old photographs, talk to the person who now owns the photo, and type in their memories regarding the taking of that photo.

I hope that this column will give all of you in the Association food for thought, and perhaps you will start to do the same thing while you still have the opportunity to talk to the older ones in your family.

When you talk about your ancestors, do you ever stop to think that they were real people with their own hopes and dreams for the future? That they loved their children the same way you love your children? That they struggled with day to day issues just like you and I? I have had the occasion over the last couple of months to see a lot of old pictures of those gone before, and I have heard of their experiences and how they struggled to make a life for themselves.

As I viewed these photographs, I looked for a long period of time at the faces.

Most of them were very sober, and at first glance, I just thought of them as a picture of somebody long gone.

Then, as I would look at the photograph again and again, other thoughts would begin to crowd my mind.

Many times there were other family members in the picture. I would see, on second or third glance, a smile on a child or notice a baby in the arms of an adult, and I would think, “the person holding that little one undoubtedly felt the same feelings that I felt when I held my babies in my arms.”

I would see the picture of a husband and a wife and I would realize that they had worked together in the struggle to survive and to make a better life for their children.

I would see another picture of a little boy pulling younger siblings in an old wagon with an old three wheel tricycle in the background in front of the steps of old house. In spite of the toys that had long ago lost their paint, the children had big smiles on their faces, and I was reminded of myself as a child and how I didn't care if a sled or a trike was shiny and new. I was so happy to just be able to have one of my own.

I would see a picture of someone's mother as a young woman and then a little older, and finally the age she is now. I would think of the hardships she faced working on a ranch and losing a child and it fills me with wonder at the strength within her.

I am reminded of a picture I have of my own mother standing on the prow of a boat. I noticed that she had dark hair and a big smile on her face.

One day, I told her about the picture I had found with my old photographs.

My mother is ninety-three and doesn't remember a lot of things, but immediately a smile broke across her face. “Oh yes” she said, “I was with a group of young people and one of the boys had a boat and took us out to it. I was seventeen, and I was wearing my new, blue raincoat that I had just bought at the Harvard Coop*. My girlfriend bought a green one and I bought the blue one.”

This touched me. I never thought of my mother as being seventeen, and never dreamed that she would go out on a boat since she was always afraid of the water. She brought the picture to life for me. Now, this picture has a story .

I saw something else in the picture that she did **not** tell me. She was standing on the bow holding on to a pole, leaning back a little, and I could

just imagine her perhaps pretending that she was on a canal in Venice, with a gondolier poling the boat along as he sang a love song.

Pictures are memories of people, the lives they led, their happinesses and their heartaches. When I see little piles of pictures on a counter at an antique store, swap meet, or flea market, I invariably pick them up and look to see if perhaps anyone looks familiar.

I am saddened to see these lost photos of people who were loved by someone in years past. I wonder what their life was like. When I see the pictures of children, I wonder if they grew up to adulthood, and what they did with their lives, and if they are still alive.

When I look at the pictures that have been scanned in by Norma's nephew, I see resemblance's in the faces in those old pictures to the present members of the family. The same mouth, the same shaped head, the same eyes or ears.

Those who have gone before passed on their genes to those in the family who live today, and so it goes down through the ages.

So don't allow your old photos to become unmarked pictures in an antique store somewhere. Be sure to mark them so that those who follow will know at what they are looking. If you know of a story associated with a picture, write it down so that those who follow will know that story. Don't let YOUR families photographs and memories become lost because of everyday busyness.

In the future years, one of your descendents will look at those pictures and read the stories associated with them, and will be able to understand and appreciate their ancestors efforts and struggles to make a better life for them.

**The Harvard Coop was a store in Cambridge, Massachusetts situated near Harvard College where my dad attended. It was pronounced the same way that one would pronounce the word 'coop' as in 'hen coop'.*

Barbara

REUNIONS

The 9th Annual Dodge Family Reunion, July 18 at the Hesperia Fairground in Hesperia Michigan. Plan to arrive sometime between 11 a.m. and noon. An auction will be held so plan to bring a donation of a new or used item. Bring photos and other items of interest. The meal will be potluck. Bring a dish to pass and your table setting. If you are traveling a long ways, or it is difficult, remember that we always have plenty of food and extra table service to accommodate. For directions, call James Dodge at 616-861-5403.

The Colorado Dodge Family Reunion will be held August 22, at the home of Earl and Barbara Dodge, Lakewood. Bring items of interest and photos. Plan to come from 10:30 to noon. The picnic meal will be at noon. There is no charge. Items from the Dodge Family Library will be available for perusing. We will be having short presentations on different areas of activity in the Association. During the preceding 5 days, we will be doing day trips and if you would like to join us, please contact us at 303-237-4947. On Thursday evening, we will going to the Flying W Ranch for a chuckwagon diner. The cost is approx. \$14 per person. We will need to make reservations, so if you plan to go with us, we **MUST** know in advance. We will not be able to add people at the last minute.

The New England Dodge Family Reunion will be held October 3, 1998 at the 1640 Hart House in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Please contact the Dodge Family Association if you have interest in attending this reunion.

(K-9 - Continued from page 1)

Salt Lake City to protect President Bush.

While on patrol on the base, I handled many incidents that a normal policeman would handle. These included domestics, robberies, traffic , and I put my life on the line several times.

Once in Idaho, I single-handedly disarmed a deranged individual in the Base Hospital. The man wanted to kill his family and then himself, but couldn't do it. He went to the hospital for help. The doctor was talking to him in his office, and asked him how he was going to kill them and then himself. This man said that he had a gun in his car. The doctor told him to go get the gun and bring in. When the man followed the doctor's instructions and brought the gun in to the Base Hospital, all the base Personnel saw, was a guy walking into the hospital with a gun.

The call went out, and I was the first on scene. I confronted him just before he entered the doctor's office.

He attempted to tell me the doctor told him to get the gun, but I didn't believe him.

He hesitated in putting the gun down so I told him if he didn't put it down, I would shoot him.

When he saw my gun pointed at him, he dropped his gun and turned around so I could handcuff him, at which time the doctor walked out and started to complain about the treatment the man was receiving from the police.

SEARCHING FOR

descendants of Ray E. Dodge who owned Dodge, Inc. Dodge, Inc. manufactured cast iron home accessories such as bookends, lamps, ashtrays, trophies, etc. The company had offices in Newark, Miami, Los Angeles, and Chicago, and was in business approximately from 1937 to 1970. There is a reproduction of a 1948 company catalog that lists the company address as 126 South Street, Newark, New Jersey.

In 1968 the company moved to Crystal Lake, Illinois. We think that Mr. Dodge lived in Los Angeles. He filed a patent from Los Angeles in 1938. The last listing for Mr. Dodge is some patents filed in 1955.

Contact the Dodge Association with information.

After hearing what the doctor had told the man, I went through the roof. I got into a little bit of trouble for yelling a major, but not as much as the major got into and I received a commendation for my actions.

To quickly summit all up, the military is a great place to learn a trade/ career and to get an education, plus real world experience that has assisted me to this day. It was the best decision I made, because I didn't want to go to college. —>

I saw the world, met my wife over seas, and now have two beautiful children. The military was the base of it all.

(Titanic - Continued from page 2)

their husbands would take the oars from them, and the other men outnumbered the crew. I told them I could not see how they could forbid turning back in the face of those awful cries. I will remember it until I die, as it is. I told them, 'How do I know ? You have husbands who are with you but mine may be one of those who are crying.'

"After the crying died down, two or three of the women became almost hysterical - about what, I don't know; they were missing none of their people. I was trying to keep baby from realization of what was happening, but when these women shrieked he would begin crying and asking 'Where's papa?'

"Finally I did what everyone thinks is a strange thing. I changed lifeboats in mid-ocean. We overtook the first boat. It was hardly filled. They offered to take any of us aboard, and to get away from the hysteria of the others, I changed."

Hugh Dodge of Columbia, California was responsible for sending to us this Titanic article, and the one we used in the last Dodge Journal.