



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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WENHAM AS IT USED TO BE ROADS, BYWAYS, AND THE PEOPLE WHO USED THEM - Part 4

by Louis A. Dodge - printed by the Wenham Historical Association and Museum, Inc. 1968

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After Wenham soldiers came back, they had different types of military titles, and out of respect, perhaps -somewhat an oddity for Wenham - practically everybody was called not by their full name; for example, there was Squire Kimpball, Squire Thorn, Master Conant, Col. Porter, Col. Brown, Deacon Jacob, Deacon Patch. These were all here in Wenham Center. In Wenham Neck we had Deacon William, Deacon Nichols, Deacon Richard, Master Steven, Deacon George, Major Richard, Captain Ezra, Major Andrew. **All Dodges'.**

Up to as late as Mrs. E. B. Cole's father, who was Frank Macomber Dodge, he was always Frank Macomber or F. M., and many of you here remember my father who was always called Willie P. Everyone knew he was a Dodge - that went without saying.

The social life of the community consisted largely of three long sermons on Sunday and lecture night during the week, all held at the meeting house. Also each town was supposed to maintain an

ordinary or tavern for the accommodation of strangers and travelers. Therefore, in 1655 Samuel Foster was licensed to draw strong water for the accommodation of travelers. No doubt some of the natives traveled, too. Later on, on what you know as the carbarn lot, was Squire Thorne's Tavern, and on the corner of Larch Row the brick house was Lummus' Tavern. Both of those places had open bars and at town meeting there was always a fight on between Dr. Killam and Squire Thorne as to the rights and wrongs of selling liquor in the Town of Wenham. How long that lasted I do not know, but the story goes that later on rum was sold in the grocery store where every day people came to buy a glass, and for holidays they bought more. About that time William Rainer was hauled into court for smoking tobacco in the streets of Salem. I do not know what they would do today!

Do you notice as I do on Sunday mornings when service is over, the congregation comes outside the church, weather permitting, to stand in groups

and gossip? What is said, what news is passed, I do not know because I come home and let them talk. Now, back about that time a certain woman whose name I have forgotten was in the party. She was delighted to inform the Wenham people that while the psalm had been said and the congregation was singing she saw the minister take tobacco. Times, I think, have changed. I have never seen that done!

That for the most part covers a general outline of what you might have seen in early Wenham. They were hard-working people, industrious, and saved their money, and enjoyed life as we do today. In the early history of Wenham a stranger went through town and in talking to Minister Gerrish, he said, "Wenham is a delightful paradise; a beautiful place to live." I still think so. Thank you for listening.

"Wenham as is used to be: The Red Schoolhouse" will start in the next Journal.

Dodge Family Bible Found

We have just purchased a Dodge Family Bible. Some of the Family History goes back to 1756.

Description of the Bible:

The Bible measures: 4 inches thick 9 X 11; Printed Boston by Langdon Coffin, 1831 and numbering close to 1100 pages printed on poor quality paper. The cover is leather but is very

worn. The entire text block is detached, many pages are bent or soiled, and the last page or two of the index is missing. In spite of the condition, there is little loss of text. Dodge is a recurring family name.

There are four pages of birth, death, and marriage records, the latest date 1880. These pages are not in very

good condition, and one is partially torn, but there is much important information there to decipher.

There is a small piece of paper in the Bible containing a loop of medium blonde hair. The paper is labeled "Grandmothers."

We have scanned in title

(Continued on page 5)

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HENRY CHEE DODGE

by Charles Dodge, Arlington, Texas

Several people have asked about the possible relationship between Henry Chee Dodge, a past Chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council, and the Dodge family. Many years ago while working in New Mexico, I was told that he was the son of Major Henry Dodge and a Navajo princess. When Barbara asked me to write up what I knew, I realized that I actually "knew" nothing - so, I contacted the librarian at the Diné College in Shiprock, New Mexico, and she sent me a brief biography of Henry Chee Dodge.

Henry was born in 1860 to a young half-Navajo, half-Jemez woman and Juan Cocinas, a Mexican captured by the Navajos when he was ten years old. The father was killed by Mexican raiders in 1861. The young boy's name was Kiilchii-Red Boy.

When Kit Carson was rounding up the Navajos to send them to Fort Sumner, Kiilchii's mother left him with her sister and went to a Hopi village to seek food and shelter. The little boy was never to see her again. He, his aunt, and great uncle were taken to Fort Sumner in 1863. They made the long march back to the reservation in 1868.

<i>Table of Contents</i>	
Wenham as it used to be	1
Dodge Family Bible Found	1
Henry Chee Dodge	2
Did You Know?	2
Barbara's Byline	3
Genealogical Help	4
Reflections Upon My Ancestry	4
New Web Place for Dodges	5
Earl's Pearls	5
A Remarkable Tour	6

Major Henry Dodge was a cavalry officer and the Indian Agent for the Navajo Tribe. I was also told many years ago, and this I will have to do some research on to either confirm the story or attribute it to myth, that Major Dodge brought silversmiths and weavers up from Mexico to teach their crafts to the Navajos. In any case, and back to confirmed fact, Kiilchii's (Chee's) aunt told him that his father had given him the name of the Indian Agent. She said, "You are Henry Dodge." Chee said, "No, Henry Chee Dodge."

Chee Dodge died in 1947, after having served on the Navajo Tribal Council as chairman for many years.

(See related article "Did You Know?")

So, those of you who have been wondering if you might be able to trace your family lines back through part of the Navajo Nation, that is not the case. But I think all of us can feel a kinship with a young Navajo brave who had enough respect for one of our ancestors to be comfortable taking his name.

Kernels from the Colonel

by Col. Robert L. Dodge

Through my grandmother's line we find the accused witch Rebecca Nurse.

There seem to be as many descendants of Rebecca as there are Dodges. Perhaps it would be interesting to find how many other families have accused witches in their lines.

Human history is often a tragic story of injustice and cruelty. Rebecca Nurse's grave stone is inscribed:

*Rebecca Nurse
 Yarmouth, England
 1621
 Salem, Mass.
 1692*

*"O Christian martyr, who for Truth could die,
 When all about thee owned the hideous lie,
 The world redeemed from Superstition's sway,
 Is breathing freer for thy sake today."*

These words were written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and on the other side we read:

*"Accused of witchcraft
 She declared,
 'I an innocent and God will
 clear my innocency.'
 Once acquitted yet falsely
 condemned she suffered
 death, July 19, 1692"*

*In loving memory of her Christian character
 Even then truly attested by forty of her neighbors
 This monument is erected in 1885.*

from "Rebecca Nurse Saint But Witch Victim" by Charles Sutherland Tapley.

Did You Know? Henry Lafayette Dodge (Henry, Israel, John, John, Israel, Tristram) while acting as Indian agent for the government of New Mexico was burned at the stake in 1856 by Apaches who were hostile to the Navahos.

"Captain Dodge was looked upon as the 'Great Father' of the Navaho Tribe . . ." from the Tristram Genealogy by T. R. Woodward, 1904, page 60 and 61.

If you have internet access, you may see a more thorough account of Henry Dodge. Go to 'What's New' and click on 'new articles to read'.



The bookmark above was given to each person on our May Tour of England. It was made by Phil Rowbotham of Stockport. On the other side is a list of all of the Dodge Mayors of that town.



Barbara's Byline

Do You Remember When . . .

. . . Summer was a time to sit on the porch and watch the cars go by; a time to pick up a book, climb a tree, and spend the afternoon transported to another world; a time to walk to the local pool and spend a couple of hours swimming; a time to catch fireflies in a jar?

Do you remember standing at the curb of your hometown watching the Memorial Day Parade, or a July 4th Parade and cheering for the veterans as they walked by, saluting the flag? Do you remember all the family arriving at your home for a picnic in the back yard with home made ice-cream?

Do you remember **TIME**?

I can hear you ask, "What's that?"

Let me fill you in! **TIME** was that thing that used to be around years ago when I was growing up . . . and probably when you were growing up too.

It was when you were able to relax on a summer afternoon without thinking about everything that was waiting for JUST YOU so that it could be done.

My mother, brother and I lived in the small country town of Weston, Massachusetts. We did not have a car, a phonograph or a TV, BUT we DID have a refrigerator!

Summers were truly "lazy, hazy days". School was out and would not start again for months and months. At least that is the way it seemed to a young girl.

We had a brook (small stream) on our land. When we first moved to this town, I was 3 and a half. My father dammed up the brook so that one part of it would be about three feet deep and then he brought in sand and put it thickly on the bottom so that there would be a nice place to put my little feet.

He did such a good job, that in later years, long after he had left, I still could go down to the brook and stand in that 3 feet deep portion on the same sand that he had put in when I was a

little child.

We lived on the corner of School Street and Route 20 Bypass road that led from Boston to Providence, RI. At that time, there was very little traffic on Rt. 20 and with no car, Sunday afternoons were the longest of all the week. I can remember sitting on the front stoop and watching what few cars there were go by our little house just hoping that one would stop and someone would get out to come visit us.

I remember how lonesome I would get for friends, because living in the country, there was almost no-one in close proximity to us. I made one friend whose mother was a servant at a very expensive home and she and I picked violets one early summer day and tried to sell them for 25 cents a bunch right by our little town store area. Someone told my mother, and that was the end of my entrepreneurialism AND my newly found friend.

When I was thirteen I earned my first bike by babysitting for 35 cents an hour for the people who owned it. It cost me \$10.00. It was a black, thin-tire English bike, quite old, but I thought it was just wonderful. I would take long bike rides to parts of our town where I had never been.

The library was my second home and I spent many hot summer afternoons in the coolness of that old stone building in the children's room on a cushioned window seat reading wonderful books such as *The Princess and the Goblins* and *The Princess and Curdie*, and later on, *Little House* books. All were very appropriate because back then, adult books were OFF LIMITS for children until they were old enough to use the ADULT library and even then, certain books were kept down in the basement ONLY to be brought up for a TRUE adult IF they made a special request.

The swimming pool was on the other side of Rt. 20 and alternated weekly for boys and girls, mornings and afternoons. We had to wear one of the wool suits that would be issued when we arrived to swim. But it was free and lessons were free and that is where I learned to swim.

When I was older, I would take the bus into Boston on Sunday morning to attend church at Tremont Temple Baptist Church. It was a 50 minute ride each way and very expensive for us so I

would stay in Boston all day and spent most of Sunday afternoons playing one of the church pianos because I did not have one.

Even when mothering seven children, each month as soon as I received 'The Ladies Home Journal' in the mail, I would drop everything, go out in our big back yard, and devour every word before I went back into the house to start dinner.

What happened along the way to change that style of life? What is time? Where did it go? Can we ever find it again?

In this rush, rush life of computers, pagers, phone answering machines, cell phones, two, three, and four car families, it does not seem likely.

But recently, I left the ever present computer screen, and took **TIME** to organize my pantry, getting rid of all high fat foods. I took **TIME** in the grocery store to read lots of labels and to learn about fats, all kinds.

I purchased some new piano music and tried it out on my piano. I got the feel again of sitting at my organ and reacquainting myself with the position of the pedals.

And . . . Earl found some **TIME!** **TIME** to recuperate from heart bypass surgery, and **TIME** to just sit and think about one's life. He even found **TIME** to write a song. Many times I found him sitting in a chair gazing out the window, something I have seldom see him do in our 48 years of marriage. My hope is that now we will continue to find **TIME** for those special things that we enjoy.

Perhaps our lives have become much busier than the lives we led years ago, but don't allow that to discourage you from finding YOUR time. Surely, there are some things that are not REALLY that important.

While the months and years race by, don't forget the things of value in this life: **TIME** to play with your child or grandchild or to root for them when they play in a ball game; **TIME** to relax with a book or magazine; **TIME** to listen to a favorite record; **TIME** to relax at the beach or by the pool.; **TIME** to go to church; **TIME** to enjoy your life.

Barbara

Reflections Upon My Ancestry

by Richard A. Dodge

e-mail: rada@direct.ca

(Line 1 - Richard, John, Josiah, Josiah II, Josiah III, Asahel, Asahel W., George, Oscar, Richard, Richard.)

(Line 2 - ?, William, Prudence Dodge m. Josiah Dodge II

I am seeking to help others of my lineage make the necessary connections to our family tree - a tree that extends back almost four hundred years to Richard Dodge, (d. 1671).

I have been researching my ancestry off and on for twenty-five years. It is very satisfying to know who you are and where you came from. At the beginning of my research, I had scant knowledge of my early pioneer ancestry.

My interest in family matters began at an early age probably because my father married late in life and every kid in the neighborhood had grandparents except me. I first asked him about his parents while he was reading me the comics in the Toronto Telegram.

"What was grandfather's name?"

"His name was Oscar."

"What a weird name!"

"Your grandfather was very proud of his name," My father said frowning at me. "He was named after the king of Sweden."

"Where's Sweden?", I asked. "Is it America?"

Many years passed and my knowledge of geography increased to the extent that one country no longer blended into another.

"When did your parents leave Europe?" I asked. "Was it before the Battle of Waterloo?"

My father looked at me with a strange expression on his face. "Whatever gave you the idea they came from Europe?"

"You said grandfather came from Sweden."

"He was named after the king of Sweden, but he never came from Sweden."

"Why would he be named after the king of a country he didn't come from?"

My father had an anguished look on his face. "Go and do your homework."

Since most of the kids in the

neighborhood came from somewhere else, I wanted to know more about where our family came from just in case my family came from the same place they did. I waited until my father was in a better frame of mind before asking any more question about my ancestry. The opportunity came a few days later at the dinner table when he was eating a piece of my mother's freshly-baked lemon meringue pie. It was a good time to ask prying questions about something my father did not want to talk about probably because he knew very little about his ancestry and was reluctant to admit it to anybody.

"Where did our family come from, dad?"

"We came from back east somewhere."

"Where back east?"

"Finish your dinner."

The matriarch of the family was obviously more skilled at interrogation than her young son. She smiled as she served her husband another helping of the delicious pie. "Your father's people came from Newfoundland."

My father stopped eating. "Whatever made you think my people came from Newfoundland?"

"You said so," my mother said, moving what was left of the pie out of reach of her grasping children. "You said they were from back east, and back east is Newfoundland."

"My people are Bluenoses," my father said proudly. "They came from New England."

"I know all about the Bluenose," I said eager to join the stimulating conversation. "It's a sailing ship built in Nova Scotia."

"Bluenoses were early pioneers in Canada," my father said as he made a bid for a third helping of lemon pie. "They came here before the American Revolution."

By the time my interest in family history began to blossom, my father had passed away, my mother had remarried, and all the family records were trashed by my stepfather who wanted to eradicate any vestige of his wife's former husband.

I am very proud of my research of the past twenty-five years and hope that the information in my files will be of use to others in tracing their ancestry.



GENEALOGICAL HELP COLUMN

We are looking for information on Capt. Reuben Freeman Dodge, who died probably in the 1850's in Sacramento, California.

If you have any information about this person, no matter how small, please contact us here at the Dodge Association.

Abraham Dodge was 49 years old when he was recorded in the 1880 Federal Census of Lake County, Ohio. His wife Yuda was listed as 55. Abraham was listed as born in New York and Yuda was listed as born in Pennsylvania. Yuda has been found listed as Yuda, Yuta and Uda in various documents and her maiden name was Lett. They lived around Painseville, Ohio for a while.

Their first two children, John A., b. abt 1854 and Anna, b. abt 1857 were listed as born in Pennsylvania. The third child, Joseph, was born Sept. 24, 1859 in Mentor, Ohio and died Sept. 27, 1938 in Burton, Ohio. Mary J., b. c. 1863 and Ellen, b. c. 1865 were listed as born in Ohio. Ellen was called Evelyn in some documents. She was later married to George M. Schneider, Dec. 23, 1893 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Abraham's occupation has been listed as teamster, moulder, basketmaker and laborer. He has been found in the Cleveland City Directory up until about 1880. After that his wife "Uda" is shown as widowed.

Can YOU help with this?

We seek information on Alice Dodge residing in Colchester, CT, in 1778. Tryphena (Fitch) Minard filed for divorce 17 Aug. 1778 in Colchester against her husband Samuel Minard saying that Samuel had a child (gender not given) with Alice Dodge, a single woman of Colchester. It infers the child was born about Feb. 1778. Who was Alice? Did she and Samuel ever marry? Samuel Minard was not found again after this date.

If you have **any** information on the above, please contact The Dodge Family Association.

Earl's Pearls

One of the most rewarding results of our Dodge Family Association work is the finding of 'new' cousins and other relations. Material that people supply us on their family lines often helps us to link them up with others in the same line. If you have such data please send it along. The more we know the more we can be of help.

At the recent Northwest Reunion in Seattle ten new friends showed up including a family from Utah and a man from Wisconsin. These local reunions are a lot of fun and sometimes they result in the attendees finding new family. This is the third reunion for this area held in the fellowship hall of the Christian Church (Disciples) on Queen Anne Hill in Seattle. It is pot-luck and with my luck I usually get more of a pot from them. For a family of four or five it is economical to bring food to share and the informal nature of the event brings people closer. I look forward to the next such gathering.

How often have you heard the phrase "Separation of Church and State?" Do you know its origin? A group of Baptists in Connecticut heard rumors that the Congregational denomination might become a national established church. They wrote to Thomas Jefferson who replied with the famous phrase. It is plain that his emphasis was on protecting the churches from the state, not vice-versa. Of special interest to us is that the spokesman for the Baptists was Rev. Nehemiah Dodge. In fact Jefferson's letter was addressed to: "Rev. Nehemiah Dodge, et al " Those Dodges always seem to be in the middle of things.

As many of our members may know my wife, Barbara, is the computer whiz in this home. I am just learning some basics such as sending and receiving E-Mail. I do have a web site for my business which is ButtonsByDodge.com. This is forcing me to get my feet wet. I still prefer my typewriter but the computer age seems to be here to stay. I am pleased that we can communicate with members even in foreign countries through E-Mail. The Dodge Family web site has

brought in many new members in the past year. If you want your E-Mail address listed in the next Dodge Roster (likely out in the next year or so) let us know soon.

I know that our members are intelligent and do not need me to plan their travel. Yet, I find many people who, like me, are seniors and do not take advantage of senior flying benefits. United is the dominant airline in Denver and virtually all of our flying is done with that airline. They have a book of senior coupons that can be used for four one-way or two round trips anywhere in continental U.S.A. After paying taxes, when you use the coupons the cost is just a bit over \$300 with NO restrictions such as staying Saturday evening, etc. We always reserve way ahead of time but wait to get tickets until the last minute. That way if a special fare even lower comes up such as on our trip to Seattle recently, we can buy tickets at that lower cost. If you plan ahead you can get better fares to see family and attend those wonderful Dodge Reunions. I am sure other major airlines have similar plans. These lower cost fares still give you free miles.

Our Dodge Family Library contains many fine books about the family and by family members. The majority of these have been gifts from our generous members. Our library collection also includes items relating to Dodge owned companies such as Dodge Motor Company, books on Great Britain, commemorative plates from the General Dodge home, etc. Especially valuable is a framed and matted display of a letter from General Dodge to General Sherman asking him to back General Grant for the Presidency. This also contains pictures called carte de vistes of all three generals. We welcome gifts of books and any other materials pertaining to Dodges. We are working hard to preserve our family heritage through this library collection.

(Dodge Family Bible—Continued from page 1) pages, and the pages with the hand written records. In time, they will be written to a CD-rom for permanent storage.

Following is a listing of many of the names in the Bible.

John Dodge b. 1801
 Joseph Dodge b.. Sept. 1812
 John Marshall Dodge b. Sept 19, 1828
 Wm. Chester Dodge b. March 3rd, 1830
 George Nelson Dodge b. Jan. 3rd 1833
 Dan Aqueirs? Dodge b. June 24, 1835
 Kimball Dodge b. ? 1843
 Harriet Elvira Dodge b. Feb. 15, 1846
 Mary Jane Dodge b. June 25, 1848
 Ervin? Dodge b. July 15, 1857
 Hannah L? Dodge b. Sept. 15, 1858?
 Dorothy Dodge b. June ? 1860
 Flora Dodge b. May 7, 1852
 Edwin? Dodge b. Dec. 2, 1859
 Albert? Dodge b. August ? 1851
 Franklin Dodge b. Jan? 4, 1864
 Mozer?
 John Dodge April 1820
 Mary Dodge ? 1823
 Ervina? Dodge 1824?
 John L. Power? May 12, 1850
 Stephen Power? Dec 18, 1861?
 George Powers? April 11, 1804
 under births:
 John Dodge b. Sept. 11?, 1763
 Mary Dodge b. Sept 12, 1756
 Mary Dodge b. 1757
 Gumley? Dodge b. 1803? 1863?
 Dodge, b. 9/11/1763. (Johns b. 7/3/1801 and 9/19/1828). This middle John married a ? Stickney 12/19/1827. Children were John, George, William, Orinda?, and Dan.
 Other Dodges are Kimball, Harriet, Mary Jane, Hannah, Edwina, and Franklin.

We would love to be able to connect up some of these names with members of our Association.

If any of these names are familiar to you, would you please let us know?

DODGE ASSOCIATION MEMBER, Henry Dodge, has established a Dodge Family area on myfamily.com where Dodges with internet access can post pictures, write messages, and do a number of other things. There is even the potential of having chat sessions if enough Dodges are interested. A number of you have expressed that desire to me. It does **NOT** cost anything to join this group. However, you **MUST** be invited to join. Myfamily.com requires this to keep their sites as safe as possible.

Henry will be **VERY HAPPY** to invite you. All you have to do is e-mail him at: hfd@jps.net and you will receive an invitation to join. I, Barbara, belong as so a number of our members. Let's give this project a boost by e-mailing Henry.

A Remarkable Tour

by Grace Van Nalts

It was a tour we had all looked forward to. We had waited anxiously for weeks for the day to arrive when we would all be together as a group in Manchester, England from our many states in the U.S. We were 23 in number, all connected to the family name, DODGE.

Our generation of Dodges go back to PETER DOGGE (DODGE) who was attached to **King Edwards** guard in the 1300's. More recently, we are descended from either the two Dodge brothers, WILLIAM and RICHARD, who arrived on NEW ENGLAND shores from ENGLAND in 1629, shortly after the MAYFLOWER arrived, or from TRISTRAM who arrived at Block Island, Rhode Island in 1661.

Most of us were meeting one another for the first time. We enjoyed a WELCOME DINNER at our hotel the first evening, and thus began our tour.

The next morning our friendly and knowledgeable driver, ROGER, and comfortable coach, were at the hotel to take us to WALES. The countryside is so beautiful; rolling hills, grassy meadows, and grazing sheep everywhere. The sheep number 30 million to 3 million human population.

If you have ever been on a canal boat, you know what we experienced as we drifted lazily along, passing other canal boats. This inland waterway on the Llangollen Canal was a great engineering feat, built in 1865. Boats were once drawn by horses and used commercially.

Another day in Wales we spent time on a narrow gauge railway, formerly used to haul slate, along this scenic 14 mile route. Slate was mined from a mountain nearby and was made into roofing material which can still be seen on houses.

We drove through breath-taking scenery to the town of 13th century CAENARVON CASTLE where 30 years earlier the investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales took place.

From Wales we boarded a ferry to Ireland for a 90 minute crossing of the Irish Sea, then going on to Dublin. Rain did not keep us from sightseeing. We had umbrellas! A tour of Dablin showed

us a city much like a large U.S. city.

A long day's drive took us to Cork, a lively metropolis and on to Blarney Castle. Some of our group climbed the 100 steps straight up to the top to kiss the BLARNEY STONE.

On a full day's drive of the RING OF KERRY we experienced very narrow roads. But how beautiful it was! As we traveled on to Coth (COVE) we stopped for lunch and at a museum to see an exhibit, THE QUEENSLAND STORY. This gave us the history of emigration in the 1800s. Coth was the embarking dock for ships to the USA and Australia. The crossing took 6 weeks. Conditions on those first ships were terrible with tight quarters, rough seas, meager food items, etc. People were treated inhumanely and many became ill and died. The tough survived. Two million people left Ireland to seek their fortunes in new lands.

We visited the Waterford Crystal Factory where we had a tour to observe the workers making beautiful crystal glass objects.

Next morning we had an early ferry trip for a crossing of 3 hours back to Wales. We stopped at the little town of St. David to see the Cathedral. In this remote corner of southwest Wales this monastic settlement in 550 AD became the cornerstone of the present cathedral built in the 12th century.

SWANSEA, our next visit, was in the area of a wide, curving bay. It has a population of approximately 200,000. The inner-city was bombed during WWII, and has been re-built. The Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas, spent his childhood in the vicinity.

We drove through Cardiff, the capital of Wales that was first occupied by the Romans in AD 75.

We arrived at Cheddar Gorge in time for lunch and searched the little shops after which we made our way through the awesome chasm of limestone rock. Stupendous heights wind for three miles around the base. It was here that cheddar cheese was made and stored in caves for aging.

The roads we traveled away from the main arteries were picturesque but very narrow. Numerous times our driver stopped to let a car pass. Friesian cattle were seen as we drove

along en route to Sherborne. No tour is complete without a visit to the Dodge & Son Furniture & Antique Shops in Sherborne.

Narrow lanes and hedgerows took us to the parish church in Middle Chinnock where our forebears, William and Richard were baptized and where families of Dodges worshiped.

The last few days of our tour were soon drawing to a close. We paid a visit to Christchurch Priory, the longest church in England. It is a magnificent structure dating from 1093. We stopped at Tamworth Castle where Fing Offa lived in 757-796 AD. At that site were pieces of glass pottery made in the 1st century. Another example showed how corn was ground in 1150 by use of a watermill. The last family lived in Tamworth during the late 1800s.

On to Stockport for our last four nights. That Sunday we attended morning service at St. Marys Anglican Church where quite a few Dodges had been mayor of Stockport over many years. But today we were to witness the investiture of the new Lord Mayor of Stockport. In the afternoon, Halliday Hill House dating back to 1437 where the first Dodges lived, was to be a very popular place for us to visit. The home has gone through numerous changes and enlargements, but is still lived in. It is located in Offerton, near Stockport.

Reluctantly our tour was coming to an end. A final dinner brought us all together for the last time. The following morning we went our separate ways - leaving all but great memories of our cherished times together.

Grace Derby Van Nalts
Beaverkill, N.Y.



Our Tour Coach Driver, Roger Wragg brings his little grandson, James, to visit the Dodges.