



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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WENHAM AS IT USED TO BE - Part 5 The Red Schoolhouse at Wenham Neck

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

Here and There with Dodges

Steven Anthony Dodge
(Tristram - Tristram -
Nathaniel - Mark - Simon -
Mark - Charles - Charles - Otis -
Fields - Albert - David) was
born on June 9th, 1980.

He has lived in Daytona
Beach, FL; Harrisburg,
PA; Washington, PA; and
Williamsport, PA.

He graduated from high
school with a 3.89/4.0
GPA and top 5% class
rank, and is now attending
the Pennsylvania State
University as a sophomore
majoring in Computer
Science. He is a lead
trumpet player in the
University's marching
band, the Penn State Blue
Band.

The Blue Band is
celebrating it's centennial
year. It was founded in
1899 as the Cadet Bugle
Corps, which played bugle
calls during military drills.

One of the original
founding members of the
band was named George
Washington Dodge, a
snare drummer. Since he
was the oldest, George
served as the band's first
drum major. Currently,
George Washington
Dodge's genealogy is
unknown.

Over the last century,
the band has grown to
over 275 members. It has
performed in numerous
bowl games, sharing in the
victory of head coach Joe
Paterno's successful
football team. We wish

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I do not propose to preach a sermon tonight, and on the other hand, I have a subject here in mind that a month ago was in moth balls, so to speak. Foolishly one morning, as I often do, I came into the Museum, and I showed Mrs. Munier a copy, a report, you might say, from a school master who taught school in the brick school at Wenham Neck, and that is a clipping from the Beverly Times as of 1900. I have had it and have never made any particular use of it until I showed it to Mrs. Munier. From that she got me into this scrape here tonight. From then on I had to be an engineer, a draftsman and a research advisor, and I don't know what not. From periodic meetings with her, we have made designs and plans, corrected them, and recorrected them and what you see hanging up here are the results

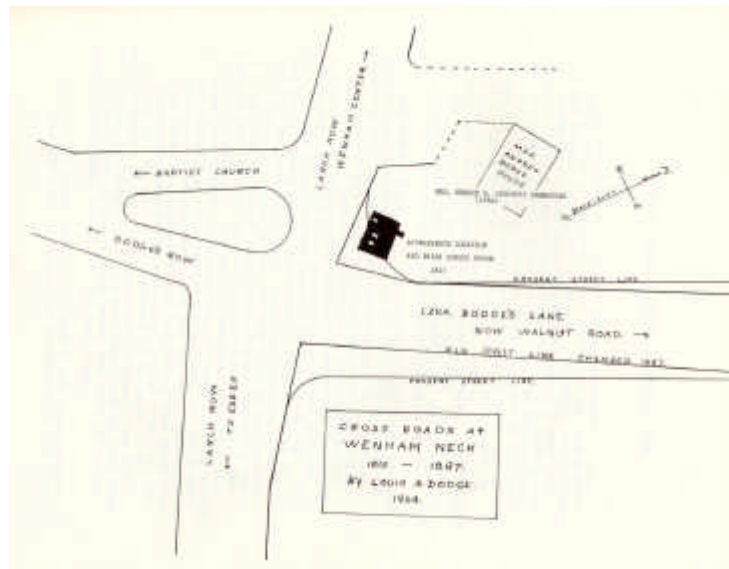
But before I go on to tell you anything about the old schoolhouse, I thought you

might be interested to know a little of how the school came into being. My criticism of a lot of historians is that they begin in the middle of something and they often stop, as I say, before they get ashore. Therefore they leave you wandering around in the middle. Now the first mention of a school here in Wenham I got from the town records and is dated 1700. It says that Thomas Fiske, appointed to keep a school in town for the year ensuing to teach the youths to read and write; he be given his taxes and what else he can collect. In 1701, "the selectmen shall take care of providing for a school for the ensuing year and the scholars shall pay for their -learning." You want to remember that from this point on, the inhabitants were going through a trying period of town history in which we had Indian Wars, not only wars, but they were clearing their land and building their

houses, building their meeting houses and everything that went with it. Therefore money meant something. Along with that, we come down to 1704 and it is "ordered to be payed to Mr. William Rogers in full of his account because they are settling up his account, for he was Town Clerk at that time. He also took care of the meeting house and then if he had time he could keep school for the next year

We'll move along down to 1732 and a new name appears on the list, and that is one of the graduates of the first class from Harvard College. That was Daniel Dodge, who was born and brought up and lived most of his time on Rubby Road where the headquarters of the Iron Rail group now is. Moving along quickly, we find that there is an interval of about a year each, few over two years, of various individuals who appear to be students from college who get certain time off and whether they teach school for practice or for money to help them in their further studies, I do not know.

But that is the way you will
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DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Did You Know? Everett Dodge of Greenlawn, NY is most likely a descendent of Tristram although stuck at Nathaniel T. Dodge. Everett has, since 1993, been taking care of a Dodge cemetery in Jericho, Long Island. When he started, it was totally oafter pictures we will be posting on our web site. Each yearvergrown, and stones were down. We have before and , Everett goes there to cut down the Cat Briar that threatens to overgrow everything. It is a time consuming job, and we wish to thank Everett for taking on this responsibility.

(Wenham—Continued from page 1) find the thing goes, up to 1740 when Jonathan Perkins comes along and he is hired "to teach the scholars reading, writing and the cipher, for six months for five pounds per month and his board." That is the first reference to Mathematics that I have found in Town records. During this period, money becomes valueless almost, and at this time the minister's salary jumps from seventy pounds to three hundred fifty pounds per year. Moving along quickly, the schools traveled along, something happened which I have not had time to look up; but for some unknown reason, like people today, they got disgusted with the selectmen, thinking they weren't doing their duty, and for the first time, we have a record of a school committee being appointed, and that consisted of Lt. Cornelius Baker, Tyler Porter and Joshua Orne. That represents one man from the three districts, the west, the center and the east part of the town. That also used to be the custom in choosing our selectmen.

The time moves along and in 1782 they raised 300 pounds for the town expenses and out of that, 50 pounds is for the use of schools. There was another thing that was quite interesting and that was that at the time when they probably appointed our school committee it is

evident that the Town of Wenham like other towns, was called into court because our schools were not good enough, with the possibility of the town being fined if they did not improve. You will notice that it was voted to change the system and at this time it seems as though the English money began to disappear, and our dollar and cents system comes in. In 1797 they voted to raise \$633.33 for the town's use, of which \$100 was for the use of the schools. I might go along, but I won't bother you with a lot of that. Then came a period when the school master wanted help and on those occasions, as I should have said before, there is no record of any school house. The schools were all kept in private houses and in some cases, some women were allowed to teach. I can produce quite a collection of bills where they got the fabulous price of 10¢ a week for fuel; and in one case, there was a woman appointed to teach because she was qualified, they thought, and she evidently taught sensibly. I do not know just what that means. Now that is a general run of how schools stayed here in Wenham. It appears that it was the people of the neighborhood who wished to have schools in their own locations. That is why there were three or four different divisions here in town. There was the West End, the

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The Dodges and South Africa

by Craig Dodge

Our role in the history of this troubled continent is small and perhaps in itself insignificant, but what I have found is that we were there in at least one crucial event.

A brief geography lesson... South Africa occupies the southern portion of Africa stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Oceans. Along its northern borders is (from West to East) South West Africa, Botswana, Zimbabwe (where I grew up) and Mozambique. Sitting on top of Zimbabwe is Zambia, (where I was born). The whole region is confusingly referred to as southern Africa.

The first settlers to South Africa arrived around 1700 from The Netherlands. Their mission was to set up a small colony to provide Dutch ships with supplies on their way to India and the Far East. The descendants of these settlers now form a distinct people known as Afrikaners or Boers. They largely occupied the Cape of Good Hope peninsular, slowly spreading East and North through what is now the Cape Province.

Trouble in the Netherlands in the late 1700's and early 1800's resulted in Britain annexing the Cape at the turn of the century. The Netherlands didn't complain, feeling that the Cape settlement was more trouble than it was worth. Large

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(Continued from page 1) the best of luck to Steven Dodge and the Penn State Blue Band -- 100 years proud!

Steven Dodge writes: "It's a great feeling to know that Dodges around the country are involved in researching their past. I'm always proud to tell someone of our family's history!"

Duane Jones, —

(Tristram - John - David B. - Jonathan - Oliver - Jonathan - Sarah m. Levi Pool), Wichita, KS, teaches special education students in the Homebound/Hospital program. There are four full-time teachers that only go to the hospitals/homes to teach students who, for whatever reason, verified by a doctor, can't go to a school. There are many of these students in the special education program. There are about 50,000 students, total, in the Wichita Public School system.

Duane writes: "As far as my Dodge line goes, I do have a copy of Oliver Dodge's Bible pages. They are faint, to say the least. Recorded is his family, including Jonathan Dodge, his son, and Jonathan's family, including his daughter, Sarah (Sally) Ann Dodge, who married Levi Pool in 1840 in Scioto County, Ohio. I am in the Mayflower Society from the Pool line. Levi Pool's family line (my Mom's line) goes back to George Soule."



Barbara's Byline

*By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews; . . .*

These words penned by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the mid 1800s instantly sprang into my mind as I stood upon the shore of the James River with the old Jamestown settlement behind me.

Being brought up and educated in New England, I was steeped in my New England Heritage, but it had been years since I even thought of the "Song of Hiawatha".

Names like John Paul Jones, Paul Revere and his Midnight Ride, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Fenimore Cooper, these and many others were familiar to New England school children of years past.

How well I remember having to memorize parts of *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, *Snowbound*, and a number of other verses that were considered New England's own. How well I remember having to read *The Deerslayer*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. I wept at the death of Uncas.

The rest of the story - This year, after the Dodge Family Reunion in Massachusetts, we headed south, crossing over Long Island Sound by Ferry to arrive at Port Jefferson, Long Island. We had arranged to meet Norman and Eileen Dodge on the Ferry, as all four of us were going to the same place, the home of Everett and Becky Dodge in Greenlawn. Earl and I made very good time from Danvers in spite of pouring rain, but Norman and Eileen were coming from Plymouth, and they

ran into heavy traffic. They almost didn't make the ferry. Since reservations were required, I became mightily agitated as the time grew close to departure. At the last minute they came through the door and we had a wonderful time visiting AGAIN (we always do!).

We were so warmly welcomed by Everett and Becky who had driven all the way from Greenlawn to Port Jefferson to meet us so that we would not get lost trying to find their home.

I was finally in Tristram Dodge Country. It was truly a thrill for me to see the names I had only read about. Hempstead, Port Washington, Cows Neck, Sands Point, Mill Pond, and to see areas I had only known in pictures.

We had the great privilege, thanks to Everett's chauffeuring, of being able to visit the Cow Neck Peninsula Historical Society, and the day we were there was the day it was staffed by Bruce MacMillan, the person with whom I have had e-mail contact over the last year. He is a very personable young man and he went above and beyond the call of duty to help us dig up information.

Everett took us to see the Thomas Dodge House and although no one was there and we could not go inside, to be able to see it with my own eyes from the outside was truly special. I took video and still photos and within the next month I am in hopes of having what is needed to upload video to our Web Site. When that happens, this video will be available for others to view.

When we left the Dodges home on Tuesday morning, Norman and Eileen, and Earl and I, each went our own way. They were going to Amish Country. We were going to see Mount Vernon, and Williamsburg.

For this Yankee daughter to come to Williamsburg and learn that they had a large part in our country's heritage was an eye opener. Oh . . . Sure! I had learned that history in school, but of what importance was that? Plymouth, Provincetown, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont . . . These were the important places . . . NOT Virginia!

So . . . my eyes were opened! Although the Virginians considered the Bay Staters somewhat barbarous, they DID support them.

After leaving Williamsburg to start on our way to visit Eleanor and Oris Blackwell (DFA members), we sidetracked to Jamestown. Earl said I had a choice of seeing the reconstructed Jamestown (much like the reconstructed Plimouth Plantation), OR the original site. Guess which I chose? If you know me the least little bit, you will have guessed correctly! We went to the original site, and now . . .

*By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water, . . .
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha, . . .*

What was it that caused me to remember the lines memorized over 50 years ago? And . . . why did I think of Indians instead of the early settlers? Well, may I say that I thought of both? As I stood by the river so wide, with the sun dappling on the ripples, I turned to look behind me and saw where the settlement once was, and then looked beyond, to see in some spots, an almost primeval woods . . . for a brief moment I thought I could see Indians peeking out from behind the trees at these new, strange people. I could understand why, when they realized that they were losing their beautiful land and water to invaders from across the sea, they tried to fight for it. I would have done the same, had I been one of them.

On this day, as I wandered alone in this place, trying to picture what it must have looked like, I could empathize with both sides. I could also wish that there had been a way to get along; a way to let both groups have what they wanted most. And . . . I realized as never before, that it was not just Puritans and Pilgrims who began this country, but there were other groups along this eastern shore that came here looking for a new land.

I think of the great nation we are now, and I am thankful that I was fortunate enough to be born in this country.

My New England heritage will always be with me and will always be the most important part of me, but I am reminded by this visit that I am also half a southerner. . . half Alabaman . . . and I am proud to claim my Southern Heritage also.

Barbara



GENEALOGICAL HELP COLUMN

We have received information on a **John Weeks Dodge**, and recently, while we were in Greenlawn, Long Island, we found out that 'Weeks' surnames married into the **Tristram Dodge** line. If any of you have information about Weeks/Dodge marriages, would you please let us know?

Emery Dodge is searching for the ancestral line of **Edward Dodge**, b. 4/22/1822 in Moresville, IN, m. **Mary Elizabeth Wilson** b. 9-19-1829 in Ohio. They married in 1847 and moved to IL, then to IA where they lived for about 30 years. Later they moved to Kansas for about 5-6 years, returning to IA after that. Their children were: Oliver Asil Dodge, Chlole Abigail, Frank, Ezra, and George. Edward's family moved to Ohio when he was a boy. You can contact Emery at 15622 Thornlake Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

(Wenham as it used to be - Continued from page 2)
Center; and Wenham Neck began at the bridge on Miles River and extended easterly until it came to what we call Dish Water Brook, below the Charles Davis place. And beyond that was the East or Little Comfort and I am told tonight, by a friend of mine that he has the honor of graduating from "Dish Water Academy". That's a new name for town history.

It is evident that children enjoyed themselves as much under those hardships, as we would call it today, as they do today, only under different conditions. I have here in hand a copy of a verse written by a girl, 17 years old, March 3, 1835:

*"Behold a happy band appears
Away away to school.
The shouts of joy now fill their ears
Away away to school.
The voices ring, their hands they wave
As each heart rebounds with vigor brave, Away
away to school.*

That does not look as though she was very much disappointed. That was written by Anna Edwards, who, a few years later, married John Conant IV and in the process of time, she became the mother of Evelyn Conant to which some here tonight are related.

(to be continued)

Frank Vitus is searching for info on **Thomas Dodge** b. in 1801 in Vermont, d. Aug 21, 1873 in Lockport, IL - wife **Lydia**. They had ten children. One was Anson Dodge Born Aug. 25, 1831, died May 5, 1903. His e-mail address is: FVitus@aol.com.

Trustrum Dodge b. 2/27/1822 to **John & Phoebe Dodge**. His ob says b. in Eastern Canada, lived in Vermont as a young man; m. **Adeline Harvey**, 11/27/1851; lived in Blue Earth, MN, and in IA; d. 12-29-1905. Children were: George Albert Dodge, b. 10/22/1856, Richard Marvin Trustrum, b. 7/23/1869, William, b. 2/15/1875, Elmer b. 10/29/1864, Phebe b. 12/13/1854, Mary Elaine b. 1/20/1859, Caroline b. 11/27/1862, Ida b. 1/15/1875, Viola b. 1867, Adelia b. 3/26/1853. Trustrum's ob says he was survived by a brother in Wisc. but reveals no name. If you have any info, please contact Norman at: nedodge@aol.com.

(Dodges & S. Africa - Continued from page 2)
numbers of British settlers arrived in 1820, including ancestors on my mother's side and on the side of my wife, Les.

The Boers and the British did not get on, with the Boers feeling oppressed by the British. They as a body moved north establishing the Orange Free State and the Transvaal republics. This situation continued for sometime, until the discovery of the largest gold fields in the world at the Witwatersrand. This resulted in men, like the then Cape President, Cecil John Rhodes, eyeing the republics greedily.

In 1895 Rhodes hatched a plan to seize control of the region. He sent in a man called Leander Starr Jameson and a band of 600 volunteers (one of whom was a newly arrived settler called James Horsfield Dodge, who had recently left his home in Stockport to start a new life in the turbulent region) to encourage rebellion amongst the British living in these republics, with the intention of it giving him an excuse to intervene and seize control.

It was poorly planned and the 'Jameson Raid' was easily stopped by the Boers. James Dodge survived the raid, more than can be said for most. The raid, although a failure, was critical to the future of the region, as the German premier sent a letter

Kernals from the Colonel

by Col. Robert L. Dodge

For anyone beginning research on their family, one of the most rewarding sources can be local histories, some times referred to as "mug books" because they have pictures of many of the more well known individuals in the area. Beginning about 1850 and continuing to the present time, there are almost six thousand county histories to tell you about the place and the people where your ancestors lived.

Be sure to read through every township in which your family may have lived; do not just check the index for family names. When you look at entries for your family, take a copy of each entry - no matter how small or insignificant it may seem - because when you get home, you may find that by putting them all together, you will create a fuller story of your family and perhaps even pick up another generation.

Always remember that these histories are secondary sources and need to be evaluated as such.

These histories may open doors for you and most certainly will help you gain a greater appreciation of the life your ancestor lived, and who knows, one of your very own ancestors may appear in a picture in one of these "Mug Books".

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of congratulations to the Afrikaner President. This resulted in growing British suspicion about Germany's intentions in the region and increased tension between the British and the Afrikaner republics. By 1898 full-scale war had started (known as the Boer War), victory for Britain resulted in the annexation of the Afrikaner republics and the fulfillment of Rhodes' plans.

While James was fortunate enough to have survived the raid and married a girl called Nellie Smith who in 1898 gave birth to my grandfather James Matthew Dodge, the story in the family is that James Matthew was an orphan. How James Horsfield and his wife Nellie died I have yet to discover.

The Jameson Raid is an event we all learnt about at school and I was thrilled to discover that the Dodges were there, making it all the more personal and real.

Along the Pioneer Years With Don Dodge Thirty-nine-Day Trip in Covered Wagons from Wisconsin to Kansas

Don Dodge (Edward Judson, John, Ozias, John, Amos, John, John, Richard,)

DFA member Jerry Harris sent us copies of all the stories told by Don Dodge who was the brother of Jerry's g. grandfather, Charles Edward Dodge - We will be printing parts of the stories from time to time. The interviews were done in 1938, and these stories were taken from the Great Bend Herald Newspaper and typed up by the Barton County Historical Society.

When Don Dodge was in his late teens, he sailed the Great Lakes out of Port Washington, Wisconsin, on the three-masted schooner Charley Hubbard; but since Nov. 15, 1871, when he landed on the bank of Walnut Creek from a prairie schooner, his happy lot has been with us landlubbers of Kansas. There wasn't any Great Bend then. Even Walnut Creek was different. The scrubby brush, which lined that watercourse, Mr. Dodge tells the Herald, was scarcely high enough to obstruct the view. Buffalo ate the seedlings and trampled the saplings. What young trees the buffalo didn't get, the prairie fires did. After the wild herds disappeared and the settlers got the fires under control, the fine trees now seen along the creek began to grow. "At Port Washington," says this pioneer, "my father E.J. Dodge, had been prosperous. He owned 800 acres of hardwood on the bluff above Lake Michigan. The lake steamers burned wood."

"His business was that of supplying them with it. He hired men to cut the timber and haul it to the brink of the bluff, there he had a double inclined track to the shore and a pier extending into the lake.

When one load of wood went down it pulled the empty car up by a cable. But one winter a heavy storm came up. The waves and chunks of ice tore the pier to pieces. That ruined his business.

There were eight children in our family. There was a lot of talk about Kansas and its free land. He thought he and my mother and their growing sons and daughters would have a better chance in the west.

We used to pore over the map and wonder why there were not more signs of settlement along the fertile valley of what we call Wet Walnut Creek. Even at that distance it attracted us.

.....

So my father came out as far as he could by train, to spy out the land. After reaching Russell, on the old Kansas Pacific, he walked south as far as

Walnut Creek, homesteaded eighty acres, built a dugout and sent for the rest of us, all but one of my brothers, who was then teaching school in Wisconsin.

Our dugout was about a mile down the creek from the present Hoisington road and four and one half miles north of the site of Great Bend, then as empty as the rest of the prairie.

It took us 39 days to drive from our old home in Port Washington, where I was born, to our new home in that dugout. Back in Wisconsin we didn't know what a dugout was. We had never heard the word.

We came in two covered wagons, one heavier than the other. My mother really bore the responsibility of the trip and she bore it wonderfully well, although I could never understand how she stood it.

.....

I was nineteen and drove one of the wagons. My older brother Wallace, or "Wall" as we called him, drove the other."

"Besides my mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge, there were seven of us in the caravan: Jennie, now Mrs. Jennie Ingersoll of Great Bend; Lizzie, who became Mrs. George Spencer and died ten years ago; Johnny, who died in 1877; Maggie, later Mrs. C. L. Jones who died five years ago in California. Mary Lee was the youngest, a year and a half old. She is now Mrs. 'Boob' Feder of Great Bend, having acquired her nickname as a child.

From Port Washington, we drove down the lake shore to Kenosha, Wis. Then struck off in a southwesterly direction into Illinois. It so happened that when we got about forty miles west of Chicago, that city was undergoing the greatest disaster in its history, the famous Chicago fire.

.....

And it so happens that right here in Great Bend this very week the screen play, "In Old Chicago" has been giving us some idea of what the costly blaze looked like. I vividly remember that the

whole country west of the city was enveloped in smoke. Out throats were dry and aching long before we got out of it.

We reached the Mississippi at Quincy, IL and crossed on a ferry some miles below into Palmyra, MO. In that state most of our real troubles began.

Only six years before, the Civil War had been raging. Missouri was divided in sentiment. Many southern sympathizers were still nursing their grudge. As we drove along we had to buy provisions and, of course, we had to water our horses. More than once we stopped at a farmhouse and some rough voice would say, "Get out of here, you Damyanks".

.....

But the next place might be owned by a Union man and we would be treated kindly. Of course, all that Civil War feeling has long since died out, but it was hot while it lasted.

At Kansas City we ferried across the Missouri and at old Wyandotte, now Kansas City, Kansas, we crossed the Kaw River on a rickety wooden bridge that bore the warning sign, "Cross at your own risk".

After we left Topeka, Council Grove was the only town we saw between there and the dugout father had built on Walnut.

At little River, we saw the historic old stone corral which even then looked as though it had been built a hundred years before.

Also, at little River, we saw our first dugout. We needed directions. We knew we were getting nearer and nearer to Walnut Creek, but couldn't be sure that we would know it from any other stream.

.....

I saw a woman and the woman saw us. Apparently alarmed, she disappeared into the dugout. We stopped. I got down and walked up to her 'door', which was flap of gunny sacking.

I called but got no answer; I kept on

(Continued on page 6)

(Pioneer Years—Continued from page 5)

calling, still no answer. I explained that nobody would harm her. Even my best persuasions didn't overcome her feminine curiosity. Finally, I pushed back the flap. There she was under the bed, but with her head out on the side opposite, regarding me with big, frightened eyes.

As gently as possible I tried to get her to understand that all we wanted was to be directed on our way. Convinced at last, she gave me the right information, gratefully received. She said her brothers were over the hills with their cattle.

.....

There was a toll bridge at Little River and its owner had a beautiful monopoly. Much of the time, of course, the stream was dry, or nearly so, and the Santa Fe Trailers needed no bridge. But the man had shrewd instincts. He had built a dam some distance downstream. That kept water in the river and himself in a profitable business.

Our last night camp before reaching our new Kansas home was on Big Cow Creek, just this side of Lyons. Next morning we came on to old Fort Zarah, about a half mile east of the present State Park and monument.

It was a tumbledown structure, practically in ruins. Half a dozen soldiers constituted the garrison. They were tearing down the woodwork and using it for firewood.

.....

The fort was built in '67, and virtually abandoned in '69; a foolish expense. Yes, we had politics in those days.

From the fort we turned off the trail, which was about two blocks wide. And drove along Walnut Creek. Father had told us we couldn't miss him by going that way.

At length, we saw a man coming toward us. Pretty soon we knew who it was. You can imagine what a joyous reunion we had.

But where is our home, Edward?" my mother asked him.

"This is our land", he replied.

"But where is the house?", she faltered.

He stepped aside a few feet and pointed up the creek to our dugout. We found out later that it was an extra nice dugout. *(To be continued)*

EARL'S PEARLS

The Dodge Family Reunions are a joy to attend. It is great to renew friendships and wonderful to meet new people each time. At our recent New England reunion there were people present from California, Canada, Colorado, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Vermont and Washington. A goodly number were first-time attendees. I recall as a boy hearing my Uncle Clarence talk for years afterwards about the trip he made to California where he visited his two brothers, sister and other relations. It was such a singular event because such trips were not common then. Now, low air-fares (even lower for seniors) and a modern highway system make travel much easier.

Many today say that character is unimportant in a public leader. His or her private life should not matter. Yet, character has been well defined as: what we do when no one is watching. George Washington, the Father of America, had such a well defined and admired character that no one else was seriously considered for the honor of being our first president. Barbara and I visited his home, Mount Vernon, recently and were reminded again of his service to our nation. He even refused pay as Commander-in-Chief during our fight for freedom. Though he was unable to have children of his own he was a loving father and grandfather to Martha's family. The emphasis he placed on Biblical Values (often called family values today) helped to point a new nation in the right moral direction. I hope the day will come when his birthday is restored as an American holiday.

In Massachusetts several members told us of seeing copies of our early Dodge Genealogy for sale at \$65 or more on the internet. These copies are not of the quality we produced. This makes the offer mentioned in this month's letter all the more attractive. Through December 31, we will offer the J.T.D. Genealogy and our new Dodge Genealogy compiled by Col. Robert L. Dodge available as a package for just \$80. The two normally sell for \$100 for

the set. This offer is a limited one and may never be repeated. What a wonderful opportunity to give a gift that will give for decades. Only about 200 of these sets can be sold. Act now to secure your sets.

The July 12 U.S. News and World Report had a two page story on Earl Dodge and the National Prohibition Convention held in June in Amish country, Pennsylvania. The L.A. Times and several national magazines have called for interviews since then. Earl was again named as the party's presidential nominee.

Ralph and Judy Dodge, our members from New Zealand who visited us in 1998 are planning a Dodge reunion in that lovely country in April, 2000. When we know all the details we will share them with you. Our latest country with a Dodge member is Belgium. We are more international all the time.

Our planned Dodge Reunion in Grimesland, North Carolina, was washed out by the hurricanes there. We hope to have one in 2000. So far as we know none of our members were injured in the states recently hit by the storms.

While visiting the Chatham Lighthouse on Cape Cod we met three people from Cheshire, England where Stockport is situated. They live in Cheadle where Bullock's Coaches are located and one lady went to school with Ralph Bullock, Alan's dad. They knew about the Dodges from their local paper. What a small world!

We just received word that Edward L. Dodge of El Cajon, California had a heart attack recently and will not be moving back to his home there. He can be addressed c/o Mrs. Margaret Williams, 1717 Key Lane, El Cajon, California, 92021. Edward, brother to Association Founder Robert L. Dodge and my Uncle, was one of our earliest members. He celebrated his 91st birthday this year. Prayers for his health and cards to encourage him will be greatly appreciated.

Earl