



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 16 No. 2

January/February 2000

Patent of the Family Arms

GENEALOGICAL HISTORY OF ONE BRANCH OF THE DODGE FAMILY

by Thomas H. Dodge

**From
the Pen
of:**



**Passepartout
by Craig Dodge**

Passepartout as I am sure you are all aware, was the valet to Phineas Fogg in Jules Verne's classic *Around The World In Eighty Days*. I always thought it harsh that while Passepartout organised Fogg's life, saved the girl and indeed his quick thinking won the bet for Fogg – that Fogg got the glory and the girl. So Passepartout is the archetypal unsung hero. The hero of unsung heroes worldwide. Thus it occurred to me that in the Dodge Family Journal, the events and people reported on are all Americans. Now charming as Americans are I suddenly thought that there are Dodges all over the world achieving things

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This was taken from a pamphlet published in 1880 by Thomas H. Dodge, a noted citizen and mayor of Worcester, Massachusetts. In the Essex County genealogy written by Joseph Thompson Dodge and published in 1894-98, there is a 33 page section about Thomas H. Dodge, including several pictures."

The Dodge Family in America traces back its history to William Dodge, who arrived at Salem, Essex County, Mass., on the 29th of June, 1629 O.S. (now the 10th of July, N.S.), and from whom and his brother are descended all who bear the name in this country. The family is of English Descent, the founder, Peter Dodge, having been an adherent and faithful defender of Edward I, in 1274-1307, and which monarch highly honored him, as in indicated by a quaint and interesting document in

England's heraldic library, a copy of which we give below as illustrative of one feature in early English history.

"To all Men loving Nobleness, Virtue and Chivalry: and to all Ladies, and Maidens of honor, of honest deportment and *Gentillesse*, and to each of them:

"I, James Hedingley, called Guyen King of Arms: Greeting in Peace and Good Speed. Above all, that which appertains to the honorable office of a Herald is first; to record the good fame and renown of all honest and virtuous persons. SO, likewise it is suitable and fit, to Give and set in order to such persons, Ensigns and Arms of honor; so, that their noble and valiant deeds of arms, may be preserved in perpetual remembrance. And

therefore having regard to the loyal and valiant service of Peter Dodge, a native of the town of Stopworth, in the County of Chester, Gentlemen: which he has done and performed to my most dear and Sovereign Lord, by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Guyen, as well in several battles against his great enemy and rebel, Baliol, King of Scotland and Vassal of England: as likewise at the sieges of Berwick and Dunbar: there, where, in his duty and valiant courage, he was conspicuous for the advancement of his renown and the good content of my said Sovereign Lord, who, in recompense of his said service and by his Special Grace, Gave to Him, and to his Heirs forever, the Lordship of Podenhughe, with the

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Along the Pioneer Years with Don Dodge

This is the second historical interview with Don Dodge

(Please refer to the Sept/Oct 1999 Journal, page 5)

"The 16th of November, 1871, the first day after we got here from Port Washington, Wisconsin, which we had left by wagon 30 days before, was pleasant. Tired from the long trip, we did little but sit around and talk over the new country and the new dugout Father had dug and built for us. He was as enthusiastic about the valley of the Wet Walnut as ever. Mother had her misgivings"

"I have lived in frame houses, brick houses, and stone

houses," she said to him. "but this is the first time I ever lived in a dirt house." As I have said, it was an extra-nice dugout."

Father had gouged it out of the north bank of the creek. Approached from the rear, it could hardly be seen. Only a slight rise in the ground marked the roof. It's door and two windows, each with four panes of glass, faced the creek. Inside, it measured about 16 x 30 feet. Some of our new-settlers in Great Bend today have to

live in smaller space.

The floor was the hard-packed earth. Our underground home was cool in the summer and warm in the winter; too warm at times and we had to ventilate it now and then.

How do you make a dugout? Well, first you dig your hole. Then you find two heavy timbers, forked at the upper ends. Across the forks of these up-rights you lay another heavy beam.

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DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL
 10105 W. 17th Place
 Lakewood, Colorado 80215
 Tel: (303) 237-4947
 Fax: (303) 233-2099

WEB SITE: www.dodgefamily.org
E -MAIL barbdodge@dodgefamily.org

Published by the Dodge Family Association
Membership \$15/yr. USA and Canada
\$20/yr. other countries

(Coat of Arms - Continued from page 1)

Barony of Coldingham in the Kingdom of Scotland.

"I have thought it therefore convenient in the performance of my office, to Grant him arms accordingly, and specially for two reasons: the one for having valiantly served toward the King's peace and the public good, the other, that his heirs and successors, by the remembrance of his honor and valor, may be encouraged to follow him, always in like virtue and noble conduct. And for which cause: Know Ye: That I, the aforesaid Guyen, have Given and Granted to the said Peter Dodge, that from henceforth he may carry his shield: Barry of Six: Or and Sable: on a Pale'gules, a Woman's Breast Gouttant: which arms appear, here in view depicted. I, Guyen King of arms, have Given and Confirmed to the said Peter Dodge and to his heirs forever, to have enjoy and use the same: and in them to be adorned and clothed, for the advancement of their honor, as well in all Triumphs, Jousts, Tournaments, and deeds of Arms, as also in Martial matters and enterprises, that may be requisite in peace or in war, in all places and at all times, according to their pleasure, without the impeachment of any person or persons.

"In testimony of which I have here Subjoined my seal. Given the 8th day of April, the Thirty Forth year of the reign of our said Sovereign Lord, Edward, Son of King Henry; after the Conquest, the First of that name."

(Translated from the Norman French, in which language the original patent was written.)

TO STEAL IDEAS FROM ONE PERSON IS PLAGIARISM:
 TO STEAL FROM MANY IS RESEARCH!

Did You Know? From: "Pauline Manosh"

From Hemenway's Vermont Historical Gazetteer: Brandon, Vermont Rutland County pg. 447 Vol. 3 Jonathan Dodge son of Wm.; first purchased of Nath'l Sheldon, Oct. 10, 1784, for -14, 50 acres, being the third division on the right of Tilly Wilder, and July 12, 1793, of Willard Seaton, for -140, 82 acres, joining the north line of John Mott's home farm. He afterwards purchased the "Dodge farm. "now in possession of Jared Ives. His first marriage was with Mary, daughter of Dea. Jedediah Winslow, in 1784. She died leaving an infant daughter, Charlotte, who was married to Samuel Paul, May 3, 1808. Mr. Dodge was again married, Jan. 8, 1789, to Mary, sister of Stephen Tucker. He died Oct. 27, 1837, aged 73.



Willow Park, Residence of Thomas H. Dodge, Worcester, Massachusetts

(From the Pen of Passpartout - Continued from page 1)

and generally doing stuff, and as a lot of them are members of the Association I thought that they (we) would like to read about the global impact of Dodges.

I knew that if I suggested an international column, I would be given the job of writing it. Now my line of Dodges left England in the late 1800's and I have seldom been out of Africa for any length of time, coupled with the fact that the first Dodge to come out died a few years later, leaving one son who in turn had two sons who in turn between them only had one son (me) there are, as you can see, not a lot of us in this part of the world. So the sum total is that I am somewhat ill suited to the task in hand. However as there are thousands of Dodges out there, there must be lots of stories that could be sent to grace the pages of the Journal. So for those out there who know anecdotes and stories about Dodges in areas of the world outside of the US, send them to us and we can learn some more about our fascinating history.

New Volunteer

Timothy Abel, (Judith M. Taylor, Ouida Knepper, George Knepper, George Knepper, Mary Dodge, Joel, Tabitha, John, David B., John, Tristram) New Dodge Association Member, was born Oct. 6, 1966 in Fremont, OH, educated at Fremont Ross High School, The University of Toledo, and currently at University at Albany, NY. He is a cultural resource consultant, or in non-PC lingo, a professional archaeologist, who does mostly cultural resource clearance work for state and local governments. He also pursues local research in upstate northern New York prehistory. He was married on Feb. 14, 1998 to Teal Joanne Versage. He has a stepson Ryan who is 8 and a son Christian who is 11 months. Tim's e-mail address is: abeltj@northnet.org

We also are working with a number of members who are helping us sort out new information on lines of descendency in the Tristram line. We receive new genealogy every week.

We encourage others of you, as time permits, to research Dodge genealogy in towns and counties in your area. If we all work together researching the genealogy in our own states, we will be able to solve many mysteries and help many other Dodges find their lost ancestors, a very rewarding experience!



Barbara's Byline

The year was 1945 and the war was finally over. My mother had been hit with a double whammy that year. My father decided not to come back to us from his service in the Air Force, and our doctor told her that my little brother most likely would not make it through another New England winter and needed to be taken to a dryer climate. This was the reason, that on Dec. 2, 1945, we boarded a Continental Trailways bus and headed for the unknown, a life in Arizona.

Excitement reigned supreme in my 11 yr. old mind. Each bend in the road, each stop, was looked forward to with great anticipation. Full of childish energy, I did not tire because of traveling night and day for 3 days. Long waits in bus stations for a new bus did not bore me. There was always something to see or someone to talk to.

We ended up in Nogales, Arizona, a small sleepy border town and although we were only there for about 5 months, that was long enough for me to begin a love affair with the desert, and especially the Arizona desert, that continues to this day.

When we were not in school, time was spent wandering across the border, buying a pastry from one of the stalls, and walking around drinking up this new and different world.

Tamales, Lentil Soup, Tortillas - everything new was savored to it's fullest. My brother's health improved immediately but when the weather became too hot for my mother to bear, we headed for Albuquerque because she thought it would be cooler there.

By now, we were out of school and while our mother worked in a little cafe at the side of the road, we ran above the bull pens in the big stockyard across the street from the trailer park where we lived. Alas, after a couple of weeks, a man who saw us running up there, told my mother that we should not be doing that because it was too dangerous, so we had to devise other ways to amuse ourselves.

Within a couple of months, it was

too hot there also, so we headed back to Massachusetts but my love of all things desert had begun and was not to be quenched.

Whenever we drive through the southwest, the memory of my short time of living in Arizona in a two room adobe hut is ever with me.

About three weeks ago, we left Denver for our trip to California and the Dodge Family Reunion. Once again, the weather was cold and spitting snow, and I was reminded of that similar day so long ago.

Instead of a bus, we rode in a comfortable car. Instead of riding for 3 days and nights and sleeping while sitting up, we stopped in a motel and slept in a comfortable bed. It took us less than two days to travel to California . . . but some things have not changed in all those years.

The anticipation of what will be seen around each bend in the road, stops for gas and snacks, meeting new people - these are the same. And there is one other thing - the first sign of the desert - my love.

Barbara

(Pioneer - Continued from page 1)

From the beam to the sides you place your rafters. Over these spread a thick mattress of fine brush. Then a foot thickness of hay. Over that comes a layer of tightly fitted grass bound sods. Then throw about a foot of dirt on top of the whole business. With a few more finishing touches, you now have one of the coziest dwellings ever devised by man"

Ours was mighty comfortable. A small fireplace with a sod chimney completed our comfort. We lived there four years. In that time, luckily, the creek never came up to the floor level of the dugout.

But, we had a neighbor who had different ideas about a home on the plains. He lived a mile up the creek on land now farmed by Albert Hayes on the Hosington Road. His name was Em Benedict. Em was a Quaker but don't be misled. He was tall, strong and high-spirited. He would fight at the drop of anybody's hat, and did. I

Kernels by The Colonel

by Col. Robert L. Dodge

Just a Reminder!

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union; one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love It, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

(William Tyler Page, clerk of the U.S. House of Representatives in 1917. Accepted by the House on April 3, 1918).

In this column in the last journal, I misspelled the motto on the Dodge Coat of Arms. The correct spelling is "Leni Perfruar Otio" Editor

(Pioneer - Continued from Column two)

saw him tangle with another fellow just to see who was the better man.

Maybe it was because he had been a sailor, but he could swear like an accomplished parrot. Anyone whom he mildly disliked he usually called 'a son of a sea-biscuit.' But he had much hotter epithets than that in his un-Quaker-like vocabulary. He swore he would never ask his wife to live in a dugout. So he built a soddy, with sod on the roof and in the gables. The Benedicts were well pleased with their place. Early that first winter a cold, wet storm came out of the north. It brought both rain and snow. A good share of the sod's on Em's new house turned to mud and melted under the pelting rain.

WENHAM AS IT USED TO BE -THE RED SCHOOL HOUSE AT WENHAM NECK - Part 7

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

Now, one family represents William B. Dodge and Lydia F. Dodge. They lived in what is now the Burnham house that is burned on Larch Row.* Gabriel and Downing, John and Elizabeth Gently were living down where Charles Davis is living. Daniel P., Elizabeth R., and Sophia Dodge were the children of Ezra Dodge who lived at the upper end, at the hill, rather, of Walnut Road where the Curtis family live now, and living with them were Joseph and Sarah Hadlock. These Hadlocks were distant relatives of Major Andrew Dodge, Capt. Ezra Dodge's ward. Something had happened in the family and they sent them to relatives for schooling. James, Aaron, and Elizabeth Lee lived up back of my house; nothing left there today but the old cellar hole. Mary Elizabeth Dodge was one of my relatives and became the mother of the Perkins family here on Main Street, Wenham. Mary Adeline Dodge was the daughter of Dr. Samuel who was an early physician here in town. He died at the age of 33 and she went and lived with her aunt in Tamworth, N.H. Francis M. Dodge, Jacob E. Dodge, and Lucy B. Dodge are names that are familiar to most of you, and Francis M. was school committeeman here in town for many years. He was a professor at two or more colleges, one in Redwing, Minnesota and the other - I can't say now. Robert, Jacob, and Assineth Whipple were the children of Judith Dodge, sister of my grandfather who married Dr. Whipple of N. H. She died reasonably early in life and these are her children that came back to Wenham to live with her parents. Now perhaps, to do justice to teachers, I often wonder how much of their personal religious life is carried beyond them to their scholars of which they have charge and care during their younger days. In coming to that, the most religious family developed were known as Master Stephen Dodge, Deacon George F. Dodge, Joseph G.

*No longer standing, 1968.

Dodge who was a deacon and member of the Wenham Congregational Church and later a deacon of the Dane Street Church in Beverly, and the Reverend John H. Dodge. Now if you will take another short trip with me, we'll go down Dodges Row to the Dodge cemetery. You will find on your right a marble stone on which the inscription is nearly gone, scarcely readable, only as you write it out letter by letter, but nevertheless, here is what is to be found: John H. Dodge, graduate of Amherst College in 1856, also graduated from Andover Theological School, ordained as a missionary from the Wenham Congregational Church September 21, 1859. Missionary to West Africa, stationed at Sherbico Island, returning, he ministered two years at the church in Wendell, Massachusetts, where he was suddenly called to his reward, June 13, 1863, age 35 years. And there is the picture of his stone.

We have covered the ground, to a certain extent, but I have only broken the crust of the history of Wenham schools, but nevertheless the little brick schoolhouse is a thing of the past. It disappeared in 1854, when, in consideration of the moving from the location on Walnut Street, it was moved down next to the Baptist Church. There for the sum of \$800 was probably built what was known as the Wenham Neck School from which I had the privilege of wading back and forth in stormy weather at least. And in making that transfer, they discovered, when they had the papers ready to sign, that they had forgotten to give Mrs. Major Andrew Dodge any pay for her right of dower. So Smith Gallup, who was one of the school committee at the time generously contributed the enormous sum of ten cents.

Now to change the story a little, I have further admiration for Issachar Lefavour, for he tells how when he finished his daily work, he boarded with the Major, as they called him, Major Andrew Dodge, which would

be at Mrs. Osgood's farmhouse. After the evening meal was over, the Major would leave his seat, go to the mantel piece, take down the Bible, read a favorite portion and stand behind a straight leather-back chair for a rest and there he would thank the Almighty God for the privileges of living on Wenham Neck and we know not how much more.

Now there is another bright and shining light that is practically forgotten. I never found the name in only one case, and that is the name of Rebecca Goldsmith. She was teacher there around 1833 and '34, and when she had nothing else to do, probably on Saturdays, she invited the children to come there and through her efforts was started the Sunday School at Wenham Neck. At that time, some of the neighbors were in the habit of coming to the school house for Sunday services. During the week they would have cottage prayer meetings at the various houses up and down the street and on one particular evening, at a particular house on Dodges Row, the home of Mrs. Hannah Edwards, at the close of a short prayer meeting, they had a business meeting and then and there it was that they decided that the time had come to organize and build and have a church at Wenham Neck. On the 12th day of October, 1835, under ordinary procedure and as a member of the Salem Baptist Association of Churches, there was formed in a legal way what is known as the Wenham Neck Church and the sermon preached at that time was "Here Is Little Jacob, How Will He Survive?" The Baptist Church of Wenham Neck today, from my point of view, is a glowing monument to the efforts of Rebecca Goldsmith and Issachar Lefavour. Thank you.



Peter Dodge

A Barry of six, black and gold,
 A Pale of crimson red:
 Shown upon these Arms, I'm told,
 Some drops of milk are shed;
 Like drops of human kindness,
 A nourishment of soul,
 The giver of full healthfulness,
 The filler of our bowl.
 Edward the First did thus bestow,
 To Peter Dodge and heir,
 These Arms, to lift and show;
 To rightly have and bear.
 For faithful service to the crown
 Against unnumbered foe:
 For standing firm, when hope was
 down,
 Against the sword and bow.
 In the Crusade, that bloody fray,
 They fought with jealous pride.
 Many Fanatics, did they slay,
 But, failed to turn the tide.
 They battled with the Scottish Throne,
 The fight would wax and wane.
 Bold Edward stole the Stone of Scone,
 For England to retain.
 Near fair Carlisle, they fought with
 Bruce.
 There, Edward met his end.
 His men fought on without a truce,
 But, Scotland would not bend.
 Men still possess the age-old Shield,
 Complete with shiny sword;
 Now never seen on battle field,
 Defending King and Lord.
 Today it hangs in full display
 Upon the owner's wall.
 Through all the years to present day,
 It speaks of rise and fall.
 It brings a message from the past---
 Be strong, be brave, be free.
 As long as these Arms shall so last,
 They speak to you and me.

This poem was written by Dwight Dodge of Quesnel, BC, on February 19, 1995. He recently sent it to us. We have also published this poem to our Web site. You can read this and other articles by Dodges if you click on "Articles by Dodge" in the Navbar that is at the top and bottom of each page.

If you have written something that you would like to have published either on our web site and/or in our Journal, please send it in.

Earl's Pearls

In January we always head west to see family in California and Arizona. We enjoyed seeing cousin Margaret and husband Bob Williams and Uncle Bob and Aunt Hilda. My sister Nancy and her husband Fred from Arizona, cousin Judy Ragan and husband Bill from Simi Valley and cousin Ed Dodge and wife Betty from Colorado all came as well to attend the Dodge Family Reunion in California.

After the Reunion we headed for Sun City, Arizona and spent several days at Nancy & Fred's home. I picked up some more bola ties-my annual fix – at the fine lapidary shops operated by retirees in Sun City.

We then drove to Ft. Worth, Texas where we enjoyed four Southern Gospel Concerts. We drove over 900 miles on Sunday to get home that evening.

At our Board meeting on the 28th we conducted business for the Association and made plans for the coming year. The Board made three nominations for the members to consider. For three year terms ending in 2003:

Col. Robert L. Dodge; Virginia Dodge Murphy; C. Joseph Klein

Col. Dodge and Mrs. Murphy are current board members. Mr. Klein who lives in Ohio is a longtime member who attends many of the New England Reunions and came on the first Dodge Tour to England. He would take the seat being voluntarily relinquished by Faith Dodge Nelson of Missouri.

Elected to office for the coming year were:

President: Everett J. Dodge
 Vice President-Genealogy –Robert L. Dodge
 Vice President – Membership & Promotion –Frederick J. Dodge
 Vice President – Genealogy-Computer Records – Norman E. Dodge
 Secretary: Earl F. Dodge
 Treasurer – Robert L. Dodge

We are hopeful of seeing many of you at our first Southeast Dodge Reunion in West Palm Beach, Florida on Sunday, February 27. Time is growing short so call us at (303) 237-4947 if you can come.

While flying on a United Airlines plane recently I heard the pilot identified as Capt. Carol Dodge. I sent her a note on my business card about our Association and she promised to contact us. Whenever we encounter Dodges let's be sure to tell them about our wonderful group and invite them to join.

New Way to get an updated Roster

Our Dodge Family Association is growing so fast, that as soon as we print a roster it is outdated because of new members who have been added. We have now provided a way for you who have internet access, to get an updated Roster.

You may access this Roster by using the following hyperlink:

<http://24.1.11.7/ftp/> When you get that site, you will want to click Roster.zip, and download it to your computer. Once unzipped you can print the pages. This is a test version and NOT in it's final format. At present this will print portrait format on 8.5"x11" paper. We are working on making an HTML version that will print in the same format as the rosters that we printed in the past.

Once we have worked out the bugs in the preferred format, we will upload a new roster once a month. We will also upload once a month in the format that is presently there as some people may prefer that.



GENEALOGICAL HELP

Searching for descendents of **Asa Phineas Dodge**, b. 2-25-1819 near Glen, NY, d. 5-14-1893, m. **Mary Jane Faulknor**, 6-10-1819, Glen NY, d. 8-31-1893. Their children: (1) Phineas Leach b. 6-10-1819, Glen, N.Y., lived in Pana, IL, was hay & grain merchant, shipper Big Four railroad 7 Express agent, Rosemond, IL, m. Marie Antoinette Chase 12-22-1869, Taylorville, IL . (2) Mary Elizabeth b. 3-8-1845, Glen NY m. Christopher B. Clute 6-21-1871, lived in Fonda NY . (3) Daniel Faulknor II b. 3-3-1840, Glen, NY, buried Cincinnati, OH m. Molly Chase. (4) Winfield Scott, b. 8-6-1855, Glen, NY d. Elmwood Park, IL m. 1st, Phoebe Boles, Pana, IL and 2nd Anna Hoffman.

John Dodge of Cow Neck married to **Hannah Mary Smith** 1783 their children: Margaret 1788-1879 married Daniel Combs; Elizabeth 1797-1886 married John Plummer; Hannah 1803-1887 married Oliver Seaman; Thomas c.1805-1887 married Charlotte. There may have been one or more children who died young one possibly being a Daniel. The last sale deed found for this couple is in 1795. Hannah died before 1810 possibly the Hannah who died in Oct of 1807

in North Hempstead. John Dodge m. 2nd Abigail Batty, widow of Enoch Plummer on 25 Sept 1811. She d. 1843. John and 2nd wife were Quakers and are buried in Quaker Cem. in Bethpage. His daughter Elizabeth who married John Plummer --son of above Abigail--is buried next to her father John Dodge (John Dodge stone very small and barely legible.) daughter Hannah and husband Oliver Seaman are buried in the Jericho Quaker cem. Daughter Margaret aka:Peggy and husband Daniel Combs settled in Freeport area. Son Thomas settled in Rockaway area.

Frank Edward Dodge, is the son of William Adams Dodge, born in 1854 and died in 1917. William Adams was the son of **Louise** and **Israel A. Dodge** perhaps the A stands for Adams) Israel was born in 1821 and died in 1886. Contact Dodge Association if you have information.

Stephen Dodge, b. VT 1829 parents born Vermont, m. Julia A. Burneston, in 1863, Rock Island County, Illinois

Searching Canada for **sister** of **Colin Dodge** of England.

Looking for a **Linda Dodge** b. in Georgia in 1964.

Searching for **Aaron Dodge** and his sister **Lydia Dodge Ball**. They were born in Maine sometime in the 1790s. Later moved to western New York State.

The Dodge Family Association is anxious to retrieve any genealogy that you might have, no matter how little.

The following poem was sent in by DFA Member, Dan Driscoll

Your tombstone stands among the rest;
Neglected and alone.
The name and date are chiseled out
On polished, marbled stone.
It reaches out to all who care
It is too late to mourn.
You did not know that I exist
You died and I was born.
Yet each of us are cells of you
In flesh, in blood, in bone.
Our blood contracts and beats a pulse
Entirely not our own.
Dear Ancestor, the place you filled
One hundred years ago
Spreads out among the ones you left
Who would have loved you so.
I wonder if you lived and loved,
I wonder if you knew
That someday I would find this spot,
And come to visit you.

--Author Unknown

Meet Our Members

Bill and Shirley Dodge, Dover New Hampshire

I retired from the USAF on 1 July 1980 after 22 years of service. In 1982 I went back to college and received my Bachelors Degree in Business Management with a Minor in Finance in 1985. I joined the NH Public Utilities Commission in 1986 and worked as an Auditor/Accountant until I retired again (for the last time – I hope) on 1 June 1999.

Both Shirley and I are amateur (ham) radio operators. Shirley’s call sign is WB1ALO and mine is K1BD. I am very much involved in the public service aspect of the hobby. Under the auspices of the American Radio Relay League I have been appointed Emergency Coordinator for Strafford County, NH and am responsible for the

coordination of ham radio involvement during times of emergency. These include hurricanes, blizzards, ice storms, etc. I have a group of dedicated hams that assist me in this endeavor. My group is one of others who provide back-up communications for the State of New Hampshire Emergency Management Office. In order to keep proficient we practice by providing communications to non-profit groups such as the American Diabetes Association, March of Dimes, etc. Those groups have activities such as the Tour de Cure, which are four bicycle routes of 25, 50, 75, and 100 miles. We also assist them during the fall, usually in October, with their Walk for Diabetes.

The March of Dimes also has a walk that they have each spring. We also provide communications support for various bike-a-thons, road races, Christmas parades and other similar events here in the Seacoast area of NH.

I am also heavily involved in the USAF MARS (Military Affiliate Radio System) program. When I was in the Air Force stationed at Pease AFB, NH, from 1971 – 1980 I was appointed Base MARS Director. I have been with that program since 1971 and have been appointed the State (of NH) MARS Director twice. The MARS system provides back-up communications support for the Air Force as well as the other military services.