



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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PEARL HARBOR, II

by Earl F. Dodge

The following was received from Mike and Julie Wilson who live in The Halliday Hill House.

Dear Barbara,

On 11 September Julie and I were having a lovely hot peaceful Spanish late summer afternoon sat by the pool when I decided to go into the villa for some cold water. I turned on the TV and tuned to CNN.

What happened next will stay in my memory forever. Julie came in and sat next to me. I could not believe what I was seeing from NY, Julie just sobbed.

We both found it difficult to sleep for several days. What had been a lovely holiday suddenly seemed to be a bit of an irrelevance against the backdrop of what appeared to be a world going mad.

As a very young boy, I remember just exactly where I was when I found out about Kennedy's assassination. Similarly, the day I

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As a boy in Malden, Massachusetts I frequently spent Sunday afternoons visiting my Uncle Clarence and Aunt Gertrude Dodge who lived about a mile from my home. One such afternoon, Gladys Harpell, who later on was my Sunday School teacher, ran across the street to tell us that the Japanese had just attacked Pearl Harbor. When I got home I asked my dad if we would be bombed. He said no and he was right.

I have vivid memories of the war including reactions after Pearl Harbor. People were shocked, afraid and then very angry. Then greater patriotism and a

Shown to the right, is the Honorable Worshipful Mayor of Stockport, England, Erie Pyle, as he, his wife, Pamela, Ingrid Shaw, a former mayor and other local leaders host a reception for Earl and Barbara Dodge in August. The Civic Reception was also the kickoff of a campaign to make Stockport and Dodge City, Kansas partner cities. It is hoped that the signing will be in April 2002 in Dodge City, Kansas

realization of our dependence upon God were evident.

America experienced a second Pearl Harbor - a sneak attack by a merciless enemy on September 11.

Terrorists hijacked four airplanes, crashing two into the World Trade Center, one into the Pentagon and one into a field in Pennsylvania.

The last crash was the result of brave passengers who kept the hijackers from crashing into their intended target, reportedly the White House.

Dodges have always been patriots. We fought in the first battle of the American Revolution and have been ardent defenders of this nation in peacetime as well as in time of war.

Our family definitely will support our President and other leaders as our nation defends itself.

We should certainly pray for

our nation, President Bush, our armed forces and for the safety of our citizens.

We can give money for relief of the victims. My own personal preference is the Salvation Army since they operate with little overhead and have a proven record of doing the most relief for the dollar.

Flying the flag and/or wearing a flag pin helps to boost morale and unify our citizens.

The terrorists hope to frighten us into abandoning our way of life and to cower in fear. One way to defeat them is to carry on our normal way of life. I am so pleased and proud of our family that not a single person planning to attend the September 29 reunion stayed away out of fear.

I am confident that America will overcome this latest enemy of our way of life. Our prayer is that God Will Bless America, the Land that we love.

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Sand In My Shoes

by
Stephen Allen
Dodge

I would like to thank the many members of our Dodge Family Association for sending in information on our Tristram Family Past, I believe we can learn the most by gathering and sharing from each other. If you have some family history, maybe a story you were told as a child, old family photos, documents, Bibles, any item we can share among ourselves, please send the information to us, just the smallest item may be a large step in solving a fellow family's mystery.

For some of our eager, love to lend a hand staff, nothing can be better than the joy of helping a lost Dodge family member connect to their past.

I have spent many hours searching the mighty Web for anything I can find on the Dodge Family and am quite surprised at the some of the results. Sometimes I try to recall what I searched for before all this Genealogy stuff came my way, whatever it was, it is now history, as now all my search items include the word Dodge in it.

I did mention in a past article that I have put some items on hold as I continue my research, well all this has now changed, I found a job close to home doing the same computer engraving as I have done in the past, also my wife found me a whole bunch of odd jobs around the house that need tending to immediately.

I missed a great opportunity last week to visit the New York City Public Library. I decided to take my son Gregory on a day hike to the Big City. As we were riding the Staten Island Ferry to NYC, I mentioned to him that it would be great to visit the Library to research our ancestors. This didn't go over well with my 9 year old, he's looking at some really tall buildings ahead and didn't want to hear anything about any Library. I mentioned to him the W. E. Dodge I

found on the internet who, in 1888 paid \$372,000 in income tax. I explained to him how I would love to research this, find out what trade he was in, where he lived and learn his background, now Greg won't even talk to me. As the boat is docking at South Ferry, we both agreed to walk the downtown streets, take in the sights, stroll Battery Park, visit The World Trade Center and whatever else that comes along, but no Library.

Greg and I are having a fine time visiting the Shops and Ships at the South Street Seaport, we're looking out on the water of the East River when Greg asks "Dad, what bridge is that"? I explain that its the Brooklyn Bridge, I tell him a little history about it and go on to say that we can walk over it if he likes.

Well, his eyes lit up, almost immediately we're off to walk the Brooklyn Bridge. Of course, at the base of the bridge, the sun's shining bright, a perfect day, cool breeze blowing, were in good spirits as Greg's all excited, "we're going to walk over a bridge".

About mid span we take a long deserved break, the spider web effect all the cables this bridge has, is truly amazing to see, we're looking at the tugboats working the East River below, we see all the tourist boats pass under us and hear the live bands on board, we're looking at the big city of New York right in front of us. We did not see the storm coming behind us till it was way to late.

Boy, did we get wet, the air temperature was about 87 degrees and the rain must have been 45 degrees. Greg starts running and yelling for me to join him but it's about 3/4 of a mile to any possible shelter. I just walk along. As we return back to civilization, our path is flooded, the only way off any curb is to step into about 6 inches of water, and its still pouring, any building we walk into has the air conditioner on full blast, this is not good for us as we're looking for a blanket to rap around us about now. The rain stops. The temperate quickly rises. I notice most people did find shelter from the rain as my son and I are the only ones that have smoke coming from the top of our heads. I ask my son "Well Greg, what do you want to do now" his response "Ya wanna go to the Library".

Well, we didn't make it to the Library that day but my son did promised me a trip to it in the near future. I am looking forward to this as I have heard much about the NYC Library but have not visited it. If I can look up something for someone please send it along, I'll be happy to search for you, as time allows.

I am currently researching our past relatives that have worked the Light Houses or Light

Stations here in the Northeast, if anyone has any recollection of any family member past in this line of work please send it to me so I may add it to our story.

While searching the internet for early Dodes that operated the Light Houses in the Northeast, I came across a Mr. Robert M. Downie who put together 2 great books about Block Island. One is titled "Block Island, The Land" and the other is "Block Island, The Sea". Both books are wonderful, full with maps & pictures, many old originals & some new ones. From Pirates to Souvenir China, there are over 500 pages with photos on almost every one. More than 70 Dodge's are mentioned in this book and many of them were Sea Captains. My son and daughter were surprised when the books arrived as Mr. Downie wrote them both a little message. I do enjoy having these books.

Ed. Note: Steve wrote this article in August. Steve lost two of his friends who were brothers operating with Rescue Unit 5 when the first building came down.



Our president, Everett Dodge of California, found new cousins at the Dodge Reunion in New England. Priscilla Maxfield and her son, Whitney Maxfield,

NOTICE: If you would like to view and/or print a copy of the Journal in color, please browse to <http://www.dodgeoffice.net>. You will see a list of our Journals that were published during 2000 and 2001. You will need Adobe Acrobat Reader in order to view and print these.

The View From My Window



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Our spirit is not crushed! We are not beaten! We stand tall and free!

On Sept. 14, I started on a trip from Denver through Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, New York, and all of the New England states, with Norman and Eileen Dodge of Seattle, Washington.

On every road, in every town, and on thousands of cars and trucks, the Stars and Stripes were waving in defiance of those who would try to destroy us.

In the towns, flags hung from every lamp post and from the majority of homes. Many lawns were ringed with small flags set every two or three feet apart. Flags were displayed every place road work was being done. Flags hung from many overpasses both over the Interstates and on the back roads. The majority of people wore the 'red, white and blue' in some form. From Denver to New York I tried to find a flag or a flag decal for sale so that we might join the throng. Finally, in Niagara on the American side, I found a very small flag which I purchased and we put that inside the car in the middle of the front window.

The next day, in a fabric store, I found red, white, and blue ribbon to fly from our antenna. All of the ribbons that color were sitting on the cutting table rather than in the usual place, because the call for them was so great that they needed to be easily accessible.

Signs saying "United We Stand", "God Bless America", and God Bless the USA were in abundance in store windows and on signs along the roads and highways.

While traveling an Interstate, we passed a group of eight big semi-trailers traveling one behind the other in caravan style at a steady 60 miles per hour. On the sides were messages such as "Hold on NY, we're on our way", and 'Disaster Relief for New York' and these trucks were covered with Flags. It made us so proud to be a part of this

great country and to see how people were pulling together in the aftermath of the attack on September 11.

We received countless messages from Dodges who live in other parts of the world and also from many of our friends in England. A number of these are on our web site and one is being published in this Journal.

We visited Stephen Dodge (Sand In My Shoes columnist) and he took Norman and I to Manhattan via the Staten island Ferry. For the 1st time I was able to see the Statue of Liberty with my own eyes. Boats anchored in the harbor flew the flag and once we were on the other side, I could see the flag flying on every kind of building and conveyance imaginable. On the front of the Stock Exchange, there was a flag so big that it covered the building al-



most side to side

When we got off the ferry in Manhattan, my very first impression was the smell of something burning. As we got closer to the zero zone, that was intermingled with the smell of iodine.

Battery Park, once filled with tourists was, instead was filled with army tents and vehicles. We walked the few blocks to Ground Zero and stood quietly trying to understand the views with which we were presented. We were kept back by at least a block so



only could see a very small portion of the devastation but it was enough to make us understand what the whole area would look like if could we see

that. We saw the many buildings that have had to be vacated ... some many stories high and they had been hung with netting and tarps to keep their parts from falling on those below. We saw that ash still covered many of the buildings where it had rained down the sides, and many of the decorative ledges and window ledges still had ash several inches deep. In some cases, pieces of paper were seen protruding from the ash.

We saw several of the memorial areas where pictures of missing people were posted along with loving words describing them. I looked at these memorials and I looked at the heap of rubble that used to be the Twin Towers, and it suddenly became so real to me that intermingled with that rubble were the remains of over 5000 people, including these whom I now viewed in the photos on the walls.

As we turned to walk back towards the ferry, I saw in a window of a small café, a young man and woman sitting at the counter which faced the window and which in turn presented a clear view of part of the rubble two blocks away. She had her head on his shoulder and they both were just staring up the street.

On our way back to Staten Island on the ferry, two gunboats, each filled with men in camouflage apparel, and each with a gun in the bow, sped by.

On September 11, 2001, our freedoms, for which our founding fathers fought, came under attack by people who thought they could destroy us. These people used those very same freedoms

in our own country to lay the foundation that they thought would accomplish their goal . . . but they were wrong. Their actions, while causing much pain, suffering, and grief for thousands of people, did not rend us asunder. Instead, it brought us closer together . . . it made us a people with one mind . . . United We Stand . . . God Bless America.



From the Pen of: Passepartout

by Craig Dodge



craigdodge@hotmail.com

The death toll continues to mount - and I'm not referring to New York.

Imagine people trapped in the World Trade Centre, unable to leave. While government funded and assisted gangs roam the building killing as many as they can, destroying equipment and property. There is no possibility of calling the police as they are already there, arresting those who come to the aid of the besieged. It seems unimaginable, like the recent tragic events that have struck the World Trade Centre, but they are occurring daily in the country in which I grew up.

In Harare, Zimbabwe, farmers and their families sit huddled in their homes, fighting literally for their lives those at their door who are trying to kill them. They call the police - to no avail. The police say they cannot come. This is a lie for they have transported the killers there and the police now stand and watch as the mobs try to break down the doors. They, the police, man roadblocks, not to stop and catch the killers, rather to prevent ambulances and relief reaching the scene.

These accounts are by no means exaggerated or a figment of an over active imagination. A friend of mine, Mark, a friend of more than 15 years, went to the aid of a farmer, fighting for his life in such a way. He and the others in the party of rescuers were attacked and then arrested for this crime of trying to save another's life. None of the attackers were arrested. Those who were arrested were charged with an offence that ordinarily carries a fine of Z\$200.00. They were granted bail of Z\$250 000.00 and had to supply surety of another Z\$250 000.00, further they were forbidden to return to their homes. Mark, is a former policeman and as a result his statement of the events is clear, factual and concise. No hyperbole, no hand wringing, just plain fact. In the end Mark was the only one not to be charged, perhaps because he is an ex policeman.

The government recently signed the Abuja accord, guaranteeing a return to the rule of law. Since then these government planned, sponsored and organised attacks have at the very least continued unabated.

The Zimbabwe Supreme Court used to be fiercely independent. Now those judges have

been forced to take early retirement and the president has stacked the court with those judges who are blatantly aligned in his favour.

The people under direct persecution in Zimbabwe are the whites. As many whites live in the whole of Zimbabwe as worked in the World Trade Centre, about 50 000. My parents, Geoff and Alice Dodge, have fled the country, but my sister, Elaine Dodge, is trapped. When I flew from Zimbabwe to Australia in the beginning of 2000, a ticket cost approx. Z\$30 000.00 today it has risen to Z\$500 000.00 and that's if you can get a ticket; as the airlines that used to fly to Zimbabwe no longer do so as the non existence of foreign currency has resulted in the non existence of all types of fuel; aviation gas and petrol. Queues form outside petrol stations and people are hoarding it whenever they find some.

It's not only the whites who are suffering. Many farmers have built schools and hospitals. They have provided subsidised food and accommodation. All that is lost. The labourers have lost their jobs, homes, schools, hospitals and food. The situation is very bad and rapidly getting worse.

You would have to be living in the South Pole not to realise that we live in an evil world. Evil, that seems to be growing, pressing in and oppressing us. Those of us who are fortunate to live in countries largely untouched, need to be thankful. More than that we need to be vigilant to protect our society from the encroaching danger. Those of us who live in countries that have felt the heavy hand of evil must do all we can to push back that oppressive weight.

At times it seems that 'the man's too big, the man's too strong' and it's all we can do just to guard those around us, our families. But that in itself is no small mission, there is no higher calling.. If we can vigilantly and lovingly guard the few people closest to us, our world will be a better place - a place where our children can grow up in security and freedom.

Passwords for members only area of our Web Site are:

User Name: offerton
Password: somerset

David Dodge of Wiltshire, England, writes: Did you know there was a book published in 1999 'East Coker' by Abigail Shepherd? There are about 3 photos showing Dodges, but no mention in the script, which is recollections by the villagers of life in the old days.

Some snippets I received from DFA Member, Alan Dodge of the Cokers:-

1. Extract from a book 'The Annals of West Coker' by Sir Matthew Nathan, (Cambridge University Press 1957) page 441 = 'About this time there must have been some musical influence in the village, for in 1828, Samuel Dodge was paid £1 for instructing the singers.'
2. In the 'Guide to St Andrew's Church Yetminster (1987) Pge 511, @The gift of Ann Floyer, who died in 1757, and left 'To my old servant Andrew Dodge 20 Shillings'
3. William Dodge BA. was curate of Fordington (Dorchester) in 1842. Curate of Hazelbury Bryan in 1851, and Iwerne Courtney in 1861.
4. There is a William Dodge buried in Evercreech Churchyayd 'N.West of the tower' March 9th 1892 aged 79 years, and Hester Dempsey Dodge August 27th 1894 aged 79 years.

David also sent a flyer he received from Alan that describes the involvement of Alan and Margaret Dodge with village music and musicians of the early 19th Century.

They are part of the group, Freshford Gallery Minstrels and have been illustrating village music making in its historical context for over 10 years. Their performances are based largely on the descriptions of country music making found in the novels and poem's of Thomas Hardy.



Earl's Pearls

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Our trip to England and Scotland was a memorable one. We spent 4½ days in Scotland on a bus trip with Ray and Muriel Preston. We toured the royal yacht, Britannia and attended the famed military musical production called the Tattoo in Edinburgh. The Prestons took us to many interesting places in the greater Stockport area and our stay ended with the Civic Reception at the beautiful Stockport Town Hall (see photo-page one).

We had visits from Mr. Roger Wragg, our coach driver on our tours and from Mr. Alan Bullock, owner of the Bullock Coach Co. that handles our tours. Plans are completed for the Fifth Dodge Tour in May. If you are planning to come please let us know now. In case you missed it, we are reprinting the letter on our Tour on the back of our membership letter. You will be forever glad you came. Those who have signed up so far include five first-timers and five who have been on one to four previous tours.

The Dodge Family Board of Directors had a meeting on September 28 in Ipswich, Mass. Six of the ten directors were present. Minutes of the January meeting and the treasurer's report were read and accepted.

Norman Dodge reported on progress being made in the update of the Tristram Dodge genealogy and on Dodge names being entered into the computer database. Earl Dodge reported that he expected another record membership total by December 31. Everett Dodge reported on the scholarship and book sales projects.

The Dodge Family Reunion in Ipswich, September 29, was a great success. Attendance equaled that of 2000 in spite of the natural upset over the September 11 terrorist attacks. Local promoters of this annual event, Wendell and Blanche (Dodge) Day celebrated their 50th Anniversary in May. President Everett Dodge welcomed the gathering and spoke of future plans for the Association. Barbara Dodge told of the new New Boston, New Hampshire history. Many Dodes are connected with this town and we have it available now for \$50 post-paid. It is \$65 elsewhere. Earl Dodge sang God Bless America and the whole group sang the chorus.

Researching Dodge Genealogy

During September, Norman and Eileen Dodge along with Barbara Dodge traveled to New England. The purpose was to try to find elusive Dodes buried in cemeteries and also to meet some of our Dodge members.

The first DFA members we met were Janeen and Chuck Peters of Ft. Wayne, Indiana. They have been searching for years for the ancestry of Lydia Dodge who married Gideon Ball IV. Lydia and Gideon along with his mother and father migrated from Pennsylvania or New York to Indiana and settled in Steuben County. The picture below, shows Chuck and Janeen with Norman



Dodge.

Our next stop was at the home of Jan Graham in Worthington, Ohio. She treated us to a wonderful barbecue chicken dinner and we enjoyed the visit. Unfortunately, we neglected to take a photo of her.

On to New York, and Carthage was our destination so that we could meet one of our volunteer genealogists, Tim Able. Tim had already visited a number of cemeteries in the area. Whenever he finds a Dodge tombstone, he tries to find the Dodge line to which they belong.

Judy and Bill Ragan of California now joined us and became part of our re-



search team for several days. We spent time traveling to a number of small cemeteries that Tim knew about that he had not visited yet.

In the photo at the bottom of the 2nd column, from the left, is Norman Dodge, Tim Able, and Judy and Bill Ragan.

While in that area, we also visited Lowville Cemetery in Lowville . . . pronounced 'lawville'. The lady who is the clerk of the cemetery brought the register book that contained the names of those buried there. There were no Dodes in that cemetery, but while we were talking with her we found out that she was a descendent of Tristram. Immediately our antenna went up and it



turned out that she was Eleanor Field, seen on the left with Norman and Barbara.

On to New Hampshire

where Pat Putnam of Stoddard joined our team while we researched several cemeteries in her area. Now that she knows how we go about looking up records, she will be able to help in the New Hampshire area.

We also had the opportunity to meet two



DFA members in Maine. To the left are Phil and Delores Dodge of Northfield and below is G. Richard Dodge of Unity. We had a very profitable and enjoyable trip and we

felt rewarded by what we had been able to accomplish.





GENEALOGY REQUESTS COLUMN

Ruth Larson of Pennsylvania sent the following information to us in the hopes that this might help some Dodge in their research.

Research of Dodge surname at **Cattaraugus county, NY courthouse and Historical Society** found the name **Alyernon S. Dodge**. Alyernon was in Catt county same time as **Francis G. Dodge, Calvin Dodge, and Peter B. Dodge**. Possibly Alyernon S. Dodge was son of **Lynds**.

Alyernon S. Dodge made various real estate sales in Catt county the following years: 1860, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868

Beginning 1821 through 1826 Jonathan Dodge sold various land in Catt county, NY - 8/1821 Jonathan Dodge and wife (probable wife, Atherton) granted land -Lot 27 in Catt county to Lynds Dodge

Beginning 1826 Lynds Dodge and wife sold various lots in Catt county

10/1867 Francis G. Dodge and wife sold property in Catt county

12/1865 Peter B. Dodge land in Catt county was sold by Sheriff

10/1865 F. Gibbs Dodge and James W. Phelps had a land deal in Catt county.

Earliest date I have the noted Dodges in that area of NY State is:

1806 Allegheny County, NY "History of Allegheny County," F. W. Beers, -1879

Index to Dodges:

Alpheus, Daniel, Jonathan, Francis G., Lewis W., Miles, Myron L.

Tioga county, PA census 1800:

Alpha Dodge	age 33	PA NY PA
Mahalia E. Dodge	age 30	PA PA PA
Laverne M. Dode	age 11	PA PA PA
Alice Dodge	age 9	PA PA PA

Bertha Dodge age 7
Ida M. Dodge age 3
V. Ray Dodge November 6-12 1800

1860 Tioga County, PA census:
Alpha Dodge age 13 living in household of Lockwood Smith

1870 Tioga county census
Alvin Dodge age 20 living in household of Henry Matteson

Rev. Calvin Dodge bought land in Catt county, NY in April of 1861, other transactions were 1864, 1865 (Great Valley, NY) and 1868

Searching for **Elisha Dodge** born in 1881 and died 1956. He married Dora Woodward Feb 8, 1904 in Clark, Wisconsin. She was born 1876 and died 1919. The childrens names were Margaret (Hawkins) born Sept. 11, 1904, Gerald, Robert, Richard, Evelyn (Lang), Dorothy (Bucholz), and Marvin. The kids were all born in Wisconsin. Margaret was born in Boyd, Chippewa County. Contact Susy Davenport at: suzbear1@yahoo.com

(Continued from page 1)

found out about Princess Diana's death.

September 11 2001 will stay with me for ever. A couple of days later I phoned my friend who lives in Connecticut to be told that a number of his colleagues were missing presumed dead. I also discovered that another English guy who lives in NY and travels over with my friend to the UK when they come over to watch our soccer team play, had been on the 40th floor of the first tower struck. He had been having a coffee when the building shook a little and he had then seen debris falling down the side of the building.

Thankfully being a guy who weighs up the pros and cons pretty quickly he rapidly came to the conclusion that the best place for him was somewhere else. He went down the stairs in double quick time not waiting for anybody to tell him that his proposed action was a good

idea! Apparently he reacted so quickly that there was little hold up on the stairs and in a few hours he was back home safe and sound with his young family.

It was lovely and touching to be driving along a beautiful Spanish town's seafront promenade a couple of days later and see that Spanish people had hung out the "Stars and Stripes" on their beflowered home balconies as a gesture of their solidarity and support. These were small gestures which many Americans would never see reported but I think mean quite a lot.

I am so glad that Bush and his advisors have reacted in such a measured way to all this. Hopefully from all the horror that this event has caused something positive may emerge.

Religious extremists no matter what their background have got to learn that this sort of behaviour will not be tolerated by anyone in the world.

I hope that the deaths of those poor people in NY will ultimately lead to a better world; then their sacrifice will not have been in vain.



Above is a photo taken In August. Part of Halliday Hill House, Offerton, Stockport, England is in the background. The people, from the left, Mike Wilson, Pearl Wilson, Mike's mother, Julie Wilson, and Eric Wilson, Mike's dad.