



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Rulof Dodge, descendent of Asahel Dodge found in Portland, Maine

by Harry W. Dodge Jr., North Conway, New Hampshire

The cities of Stockport, England and Dodge City, Kansas will soon become officially paired as sister cities.

In May, Stuart Peers and Phil Rowbotham of Stockport Heritage Trust; the Deputy Mayor of Stockport (to be elected soon - name not known at this time); and Sue Shore - International Liaison Officer will be the delegation from England that will travel to Dodge City, Kansas. On Saturday, May 25th, 2002, the Dodge - Stockport official charter will be signed.

This will culminate two years of planning by Phil and Stuart.

They hope that some of the Dodes in this country will be able to attend this memorial occasion.

Unfortunately, Earl and Barbara will be in England at this time and will not be able to attend. They hope that others of you will make the effort to show support for this venture by attending this important signing ceremony.

I am Harry W. Dodge Jr, a member of DFA, and this is about an experience I had.

I needed to travel to the Maine Medical Center in Portland, Maine, and while there I had some spare time. I knew that there was an old cemetery not far away so I went there to look for veteran's markers of the War of 1812. I found some that I had not seen before and while standing there, I wondered if there were any Dodge graves there. Something said to me "Harry, turn around!" I did ... and there facing me were 10 Dodge grave stones. It shocked me to see so many! I took pictures and listed the names with dates for the Association.

One name was unusual, that of Rulof Dodge.

Another day I was in Portland and went to the Maine Historical Society on Commercial Street. They were very helpful and the key to finding anything of the Dodes in that area was the name 'Rulof'. They thought it was an odd name and felt it would be easy to trace.

The first finding of Rulof was in 1866. There were 8 Dodge families in Portland in 1866. In 1873, there were 15 Dodge families and in 1875, there were 20 Dodge families in Portland. Rulof was listed as a trader living at 23 Oxford St.

The old cemetery is at the corner of Vaughn Street and Weston Promenade, in Portland. There have been no new burials there since the 50's.

I feel that there is a wealth of

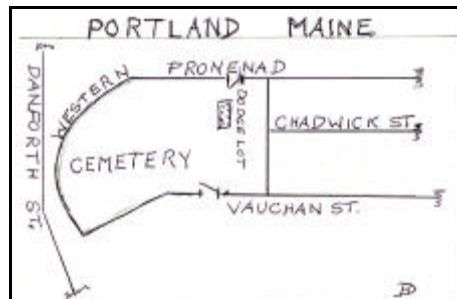
information on the Dodge families in the Maine Historical Society and at Maine Vital Statistics.

I am 80 years old and it is difficult to get around Portland easily. It is a unique old city, very busy and crowded with water front activity. I plan to go back there this spring to see what is available. If there is anyone in that area who would like to pick up the search, they are welcome to any research I have. I plan to return to Newfoundland in June to continue my research of the Pennells (my mother's family) and the Dodes.

I enjoy my membership immensely and have been having fun with all this.



(Continued on page 2)



Harry drew the sketches and took these and other photos.



DODGE LOT PORTLAND CEMETERY ME. VAUGHAN ST. X WESTERN PROMENADE				
1	2	3	4	5
MISSING STONE	JAMES B	JOSEPH	MISSING STONE	ANNE E
6	7	8	9	10
RULOF	SARAH E	ETTA L	ELIZABETH	SARAH A

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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Just a drop of Morning Dew

We need rain - lots of it! The Northeast has never experienced a dry winter like we have this year. My local paper states that its been the driest 8 months ever and if we don't get lots of rain within the next 4 months, we could lose whole towns and cities to fires that we will not be able to extinguish.

I normally order my gardening seeds in January, through the many seed catalogs I receive. About the time the catalogs arrive, so did a rabbit, given to us from my brother in-law. We decided, this year we'll grow a rabbit garden, alfalfa, carrots and lots of greens. After receiving the seeds, I realized that we may not be having a garden this year, not with this drought were having.

Today is March 10 and my pussy willows surprised me again as they do every year, blooming long before the warm weather arrives. With the drought we're having, they're blossoming as big & happy as ever. I cut a large bunch to bring inside.

I collect praying mantis eggs every fall from the many mantis that live in my garden. One egg has up to 250 babies inside and every year I collect more than 5 eggs to protect and release into my garden the following year. I keep the eggs in an old mailbox out of the sun in my back yard until June, when I tie the eggs to a tree or bush and let them hatch. I checked on them today and they're doing fine, dry & cold, just waiting for summer to arrive.

Last year my son and I built 12 birdhouses from some cedar wood planks that I had. Within weeks of hanging them, every house was occupied and baby chicks arrived shortly thereafter. I never heard such a racket in all my life! Every morning when the sun came up (about 5:30 A.M.) momma bird would leave the house to find food and the babies would start screaming non-stop till momma came

back. The young babies didn't know any songs yet so this is an annoying racket that woke me up every morning, yet I still feed them regularly and make sure there's fresh water for them daily.

Today, I saw lots of birds gathering materials for their houses, so I gave my St. Bernard a good brushing to help them with their gathering, as they just love St. Bernard fur to help build their nests.

With life as usual out back, I decided to grow a vegetable garden this year. It's March 10 which is a little early in the Northeast to till the garden but the weather is right and the soil is dry, so I spent the day tilling my 1000 sq. ft. of garden bed. Like every year, I'm still digging up rocks. Every rock reminds me of the farmers and the rock walls all along the countryside. What do you do with unwanted rocks? I put them out on trash day and the men didn't take them; I've built walls and I've taken down walls; I piled them over here, then repiled them over here. I can't burn them or hide them, so finally I decided to bury them. Now when I attempt to dig a hole to bury newfound rocks, I find that spot is already occupied with last year's collection.

I unknowingly tilled over a family of baby snakes and managed to save 5 of the 9 I ran over. My neighbors question me about my tilling and gardening this year because of this the drought we're in, but I'm going ahead with it.

The pussy willows, the praying mantis, the birds and the snakes are all surviving and doing well out back. The best I can do is get the seedlings in the ground and let mother nature take over. I have cut our gutters off our garage and I have put 3 garbage cans under them to collect rainwater. Hopefully we will get our much-needed April showers.



Praying Mantis eggs

(Rulof Dodge - Continued from page 1)
Note from DFA: We found out that Rulof was a grandson of Asahel Dodge and Susannah Knowlton, and a g.grandson of Capt. Josiah Dodge, Jr. who migrated to Canada from Lunenburg, Massachusetts when Acadian lands were being given away to people of English descent. Remember the poem, Evangeline by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? That poem was all about the removal of the French speaking Acadian people, many of whom were sent to Louisiana Territory, and today their descendants are the Cajun people who live there.

Rulof's parents were Benjamin Dodge and Elizabeth Ruloffson. Until Harry found these graves, we did not know what happened to Rulof. He had at least two sons; James B. and Joseph, and 4 daughters; Etta, Elizabeth, Annie E. and Sarah A. Two stones are missing. Rulof married Sarah E. (last name unknown)

How about some of you younger folks getting out and doing the same thing that Harry has done? You may be the person to find a lost Dodge and/or important information that is being searched for by some other Dodge descendant. Let us know, and we will print YOUR story in the Journal.



Pussy Willows behind Stephen's house

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The View From My Window



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Recently, I bought myself a new TREK 7500 bicycle, after a five year hiatus from bike riding. Many of you probably remember the spill I took back in 1997. I decided that this spring would be a good time to get back into this form of exercise. I also bought a helmet so I will be properly protected. This brought to mind my very first 2 wheel bicycle.

In our little town of Weston, Massachusetts, there was an organization that people could call to get the names of young girls who would like to baby sit. The going rate was 35 cents/hr. When I was 13, I registered with this group and almost immediately received a call from a family in the wealthy part of town who wanted a baby sitter every Saturday night. Did I want the job? YES! I was SO excited. The first Saturday night I baby sat, I found out they would have a party one week at their home and then the next week they would go out. This first time was the week of their party at home and aside from caring for the child...who actually was already in bed when I got there...I was to clean the dishes as they were brought into the kitchen. This was my first experience being around any kind of alcohol and I remember that a tall silver canister with a tall cover was brought in for me to wash. I wondered what had been in it and when I took off the cover, I put my face down and took a good whiff . . . GASP! . . . what an AWFUL smell!

The next week, they went out and I just baby sat. There was no TV back then but they had a phonograph and records! Something we had never had. I started listening to their records which were mostly musicals of that time period and earlier. One of my favorites was OKLAHOMA. I had never heard any of this music and there was one really catchy song that I loved, so I memorized it. My mother was in a state of shock the next day

when she heard me boisterously singing, "I'm Just a Girl Who Cain't Say 'No'". "BARBARA REGAN! WHEREVER DID YOU LEARN A SONG LIKE THAT?! THAT IS A TERRIBLE THING FOR YOU TO BE SINGING' " In my innocence, I asked "why?", to which she responded something like, 'just take my word for it and do not sing that again.' After that I just sang it when she was not around.

On one of my weekly Saturday night excursions to this house, I was picked up much earlier than usual and it was still daylight when I got there. There, in the garage was an old "English" bicycle. That is what thin tire bikes were called back then, probably because they were Raleigh bikes imported from England. These bikes also had hand brakes. All American bikes (that I knew of) had 'balloon tires' which were very fat. I told the child's father how I hoped to have a bike someday, and he said that I could buy that bike for \$10.00 and could pay \$1 each week for 10 weeks . . . AND...I could take it home THAT night! I was SO excited I could hardly keep my feet on the ground. That started my love affair with bike riding and I rode all over the town of Weston.

As I got older, it didn't bother me at all that the kids in my class who could drive would make snide comments out the windows of their cars as they passed me, about the old wreck I was riding. That bicycle, though old and somewhat beat up, was wonderful because it brought me freedom. The wind in my hair, the sun shining down, the sounds and smells of the country roads allowed my imagination to run wild. So ... I couldn't have a horse and gallop over the hills in the west, but I COULD ride my bike and be free for a few hours.

Many years ago, I felt the same way when I was flying small planes.....a feeling of being free...of escaping the ordinary for the extraordinary ... But... I ALWAYS come back :)



*Barbara
Still baby sitting
and bike riding
at age 14.*

A Inventor by the name of Dodge

Leonard Dodge Barry was born, Leonard William Dodge. Shortly after he was born, his mother died and it was her wish that his father's sister and her husband be allowed to bring him up.

Leonard was a brother of one of our Association members, Robert Dodge of Michigan. He is also a cousin of June Denove, another Association member.

His adopted father, Harry W. Barry, encouraged him to be an inventor.

In 1951, Leonard learned that RCA was recording video on magnetic tape lengthwise at high speed and only a few minutes could be recorded on a large reel. Later on, they were recording color in the same way; see POPULAR SCIENCE, Feb. 1954, page 114.

It occurred to Leonard to record transversely to put much more on a tape. Because he had studied electrical engineering, he was able to work out the details and he filed for a patent May 27, 1952, sooner than Ampex Corp. He tried to interest several companies including Burrows Corp. of Detroit who showed interest for awhile, but then rejected it.

By 1960, the patent application was allowed and he saw an Ampex ad for heir recorder which used transverse scanning of the tape just like his patent pending. Correspondence with Ampex and giving them power-of-attorney to copy the patent files brought him to go to Redwood City, California, where he negotiated a deal which culminated in the sale of his patent to them. They refiled it for five patents; numbers 3020356 and 3099709 were issued, and possibly others. Since Ampex Corp. then owned the patents, there was no conflict as to who was first even though Leonard was years ahead of other inventors. He later learned that Mr. Ginsberg, one of Ampex's inventors of video recording, had worked for Burrows Corp. ! (*Ed note: Does something seem fishy here?*)

Passwords for members only area of our Web Site are:
User Name: blockisle
Password: salem

From the Pen of: Passepartout

by Craig Dodge



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It was with some degree of irony that I found myself standing in a queue this Monday. The queue was at the Department of Immigration and I was there to hand in my application for citizenship. It was ironic because it happened to coincide with the third and final day of the Zimbabwean presidential elections. Here I stood trying to change my President for a Prime Minister: Robert Mugabe for John Howard. Some 8500 kms. away the people of Zimbabwe were trying to change Robert Mugabe for Morgan Tsvangirai. They weren't successful - I was.

The whole country of Zimbabwe is reeling from the violence, election rigging and collapsing economy. My sister, Elaine, the only Dodge left in the country is struggling to come to terms with what the result means.

Back in Australia, a wait of about 1½ hrs. A check of my paperwork, a few questions (3 or 4) and the application was approved.

I live I guess in a state of tension - used to oppression and fear, I find some of that tension is the concern for my sister and my wife for her family. I also find that though I revel in it, freedom and security sits a little uneasily, it leads me to not seek out the help that is freely available here in the West and instinctively turn it down when I come across it.

The place where we have chosen to build our new house is 500m from a very fine school. It is where we intend to send Rachel and I felt very 'parenty' (if that's a word) when I went there last week to attend a parents information evening geared for the parents who would like to send their children to the school. It was a funny type of feeling - a mixture of pride that I was in the category of 'parent' and a little sadness as I realized my girl was growing up. Her 4th birthday was in February and there was something about that age that underlined for me her growing up.

Coincidentally it is 4 years that I have been wrestling with Multiple Sclerosis.

On that front, important trials have now entered their second phase. The first phase results were what was expected, which was good. Not much was expected but that notwithstanding, they were successful and so we progress. This next stage is very important. I inject myself 3x a week at the moment - a little ritual that I certainly don't relish. One of the major drawbacks to Multiple Sclerosis is a tendency to over react. A symptom that has repercussions in many other areas, as I stand on the toes of people who don't understand the problem. I was very encouraged to read the autobiography Golden Girl by the great Australian track and field star Betty Cuthbert who also has Multiple Sclerosis. In it she too told of how she struggles with this. She describes 'the uncontrollable emotions that raged within me', my own description to my wife was that I feel 'tormented' - like a kid in a playground surrounded by bullies being pushed and shoved around, events out of his control and begging for it to stop.

As a result of this and the Zimbabwe situation I am extremely grateful for the privilege of living in Australia.



David Dodge

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The modern British Army's roots go back to 1660 when the King's Guards of Horse (Cavalry) and Foot (Infantry) regiments were created.

Further regiments were raised at times of emergency such as the Monmouth rebellion 1685, the Scottish rebellions of 1715, 1756-9, and wars against the French in Europe and Canada.

Many of these regiments were named after the Colonel who raised them (i.e. Coote's Regiment). At a later date these regiments were formalised by being Numbered. (i.e. The 62nd regiment of Foot) In 1782 these Foot regiments were given a recruiting area, the 62nd was allocated the Wiltshire area, and became known as the 62nd Wiltshire Regiment. The 39th Foot recruited in Dorset. In addition to local recruitment,

regiments sent out recruiting Parties, to fairs and markets, to persuade men to join up, often men joined a regiment that happened to be stationed in their locality. Many Irish joined the British Army during the Potato famine in the 1840s.

I want to jump now to 1871, until then it was usual for most regiments to have only one battalion, (nominally 1000 strong, but often less in number) In 1871, Foot regiments were 'paired'. The 62nd Wiltshire regiment found itself combined with the 99th Lanarkshire regiment! What they had in common is difficult to surmise, one from Scotland and one from the rest of England! The 39th Dorset regiment was paired with the 54th West Norfolk Regiment!

In that same year, a fundamental change took place in the 'terms of service'. A soldier would now join for 6 years service with the colours, followed by 6 years on the Reserve. Having done this his service was complete unless he opted for a further term. This system revitalised the Army, with a continual intake of young men for until then a soldier served until wounds, disease, disability or death removed him from the ranks.

In 1881, the paired regiments were redesignated as the 1st and 2nd battalions of the regiment, the 62nd being the 1st battalion, and the 99th the 2nd Battalion The Wiltshire regt. These were the Cardwell reforms, which also introduced the system by which one battalion would serve abroad, and the other remain on home service in the UK. This worked reasonably satisfactorily, although in practice, the home battalion served as a 'top-up' for the one on overseas duty. This arrangement continued until the 1914 War broke out, when that emergency meant the recall of the overseas battalions to join the home based one to fight in France and Flanders.

In addition to the regular battalions, each regiment had a 3rd 'Militia' Battalion consisting of those on Reserve, and a 4th 'Territorial' battalion of volunteer civilians, who met for training in their locality. In 1914, the militia battalions were recalled to serve, and the Territorial battalions were called on to garrison the overseas depots from which the regular battalions had been recalled.



Earl's Pearls

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The tragic events of September 11 have made many people afraid of flying. I am convinced it is the safest way to go and have flown many times since then. As a result of this fear our numbers on the Dodge Tour to England will be less than usual BUT we are going and all the places and events listed in the brochure will be enjoyed. Perhaps by the time the next tour takes place the public's confidence in travel by air will be fully restored. It is still not too late for you to join us.

We just received word of the death of Ruth Dodge of Seattle, Washington. Ruth was the wife of the late Earnest F. Dodge, one of our early Board Members and the mother of Norman E. Dodge, our Vice President in charge of genealogy. Her memorial service will be April 6 in Seattle. Ruth attended most of our Seattle area reunions. She hosted many of us in her home including the Ray Prestons from England. An especially happy memory for me is the trip Ruth, Earnest, Barbara and I made to Vancouver Island.

The members of our Association have unanimously approved the election of Everett J. Dodge, Frederick J. Dodge and Earl F. Dodge to the Board of Directors for the coming three years. Members are invited to send the names of any Association members in good standing for consideration as future Board Members.

We need to stress that our Association is now international in membership. While most of our members live in the U.S.A. (because the largest number of Dodges are there) there are Dodges in many nations. If you live outside the U.S.A. we urge you to give gift memberships for your family members living outside your home.

If you have not yet responded to the question about the Tristram Dodge book please do so now. We plan an update and it will help us to know how many books you feel you might want. This is just an estimate and does not obligate you to buy any books. Thanks for your help.

A Common Bond

by
Betty Dodge Bennington

I could hardly hold back my tears that
wanted to flow
As each man's approach to the
podium was labored and slow.
They reunited once each year having a
common bond.
They had each lost buddies —
wartime — you become fond.
Their voices were old and crackled
when they could speak.
They told of fought battles in voices,
proud, but weak.
They had tears of joy to be the ones
alive -
And they had tears of guilt that their
buddies had died.



Kernels by The Colonel

Col. Robert L. Dodge

Old Glory

I am the flag of the United States of America - my name is "Old Glory."

I fly atop the world's tallest buildings. I stand watch in America's halls of justice. I fly majestically over great institutions of learning. I stand guard with the greatest military power in the World.

Look up to see me. I stand for peace, honor, truth, and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident; I am arrogant; I am proud. When I am flown with my fellow banners, my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer. I bow to no one. I am recognized all over the world. I am worshipped; I am loved; I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for over 200 years; Breed's Hill, Saratoga, New Orleans, Gettysburg, Shilo, Manila Bay, Belleau Wood, Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Guadalcanal, Coral Sea, Anzio, Midway, Northern France, Normandy, Rhineland, Ardennes, Central Europe, Okinawa, Korea, Grenada, Panama, Kuwait, the Persian Gulf, and Afghanistan... and a score of other long forgotten by all but those who were there with me. I was there.

I've led my Sailors, Soldiers, Airmen and Marines into battle. I followed them and watched over them. They honor me.

I was on a small hill on Iwo Jima; I was dirty, battle-worn and tired, but my sailors and marines cheered me on and I was proud.

I have been soiled, burned, torn, and trampled on the streets of countries that I have helped to set free. It does not hurt, because I am strong.

I have been soiled, burned, torn, and trampled on the streets of my own country, and when it is by those whom I have served with in battle, it hurts, but I shall overcome for I am invincible.

I have slipped the bonds of earth, and from my vantage point on the moon, I stand watch over the uncharted new frontier of space.

I have been silent witness to all of America's finest hours, but my finest hours come when I am torn into strips to be used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the field of battle; or when I fly at half-mast to honor my sailors, my soldiers, my airmen, and my marines; or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving mother at the graveside of her fallen son or daughter.

I am proud; My name is "Old Glory." Long may I wave, dear God, long may I wave.

Source unknown

Gil Bagley of Attleboro, Massachusetts wrote: "Barb, Here is a recipe for Rhode Island Johnny Cakes which comes from **JOURNEY CAKES**. Just think, the Rhode Island **DODGE'S** must have used these on their travels."

Johnny Cakes Straight from the Kenyon Johnny Cake Box

Mix 1 cup of corn meal, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Mix well; Batter will be thick. Drop by tablespoonful on any well greased fry pan or griddle- hot-380 for electric fry pans. Do not touch or turn over for 6 minutes At 6 minutes, turn over and cook for about five minutes. This will yield 8-10 golden brown Johnny Cakes every time. For thin crisp Cakes, thin batter with milk or water- about 1/2 cup; Cook as above.



GENEALOGY REQUESTS COLUMN

by Norman Dodge
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Norman Dodge, is DFA's Vice President of Genealogy and descends from William Dodge with a 2nd line to Richard.

William Wallace Dodge, WHERE are your ancestors?

by descendant, Sharon Wendt
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GtGtGt Grandfather, Obediah (Obed) Dodge B. abt 1787. He was listed as a landowner in 1814 Rome Oneida Co, NY census of land owners. From 1820 through the 1840s he lived in Brownville Jefferson Co NY. The 1820 census has him involved in manufacturing. He sold land there to SF Hooker in 1844 and to William Dodge in 1846 & 47. He was married to Betsey Merrill/Morrell (no second proof on last name) b abt 1790 Connecticut or NH. His known children were adults when they moved with their parents to Lawrence, Brown Co. Wisconsin. The family consisted of:

MORGAN b abt 1822 NY m. Maria Parker abt 1852. In 1860 they were back in Brownville, Jeff. Co, NY, and in 1870 they lived in Saginaw Co. Michigan.

CHARLES b 1825 NY & wife Mary Anne Lewis married Lyme, Jeff Co, New York 8/1847. Child: Algena.

LOUIS (Lewis) b 1828 NY Married 1853 & 1857. These wives were sisters; no children as far as I can tell. Then in 1861 he married Susanna Lipscomb. On the marriage registration he is a Farmer/Ship Carpenter.

BETSY J b 1837 NY

Obed probably died not long after moving, because he appears on the 1850 WI census, but not on the 1855 census. Betsey (the mother) lived with son Louis from 1855 on. The 1880 census has her at 90 years old. I have no death information on Obed or Betsey.

My great Grandparents Louis & Anna had four sons **Madison** 1862, **Edwin L.** 1866, **WILLIAM WALLACE** 1868, **Benjamin** 1874. Two

daughters **Mary E.** 1864 & **Olive E** 1876. Everyone was born in Lawrence town Brown Co, WI.

My Grandfather **William Wallace Dodge** B 1868 D 1956 Antigo, Langlade Co. WI m Arvilla Thompson B 1885 Packerton, Kosciusko Co. IN. d 1981 They had 5 children Ethel, Earl, Albert, Dorothy, & my father William Arthur Dodge.

I would like to know who Obed's parents were and how they connect to the Dodge line. I have an 1810 census for Brownville that lists an Esack Dodge, one male 16/26 and 2 males 26-45 one female under 10 and one 16-26. Since these are older people I wonder if anyone knows who they were, could one of them be Obed? Could Esack be Isaac?

Occupations for the family are Manufacturing, carpenter, ship carpenter, & farmer.

There may also be a connection between Obed b abt 1787 and Van Rensalear b abt 1810 wife Martha. They came to WI soon after Obed and stayed in the same area. The 1855 census had the name, Van Renselear, listed under the name of Morgan. Also, Van Rensalear named one of his children Obed.

There is one other Van Rensalear that we know of, and he is a descendant of William who came here in 1629. That Van Rensalear was born in 1829 and married Hattie Corning in Iowa. We have only one child, a daughter, listed for them.

These three Van Rensalear names must be related somehow... the two unknown ones to the one whose ancestry is known.

We appeal to you, the reader, if you have any bit of information that you think may help us to solve this mystery, **please contact us.**

Obed (Obadiah) Dodge, the son of our mystery **Van Rensalier**, m. Rosalia Sweet who was born in Wisconsin in 1848, at Stockbridge, Calumet Co., on April 2, 1866. They had two daughters that we know of: Nettie (or Mettie), b. 1872, and Gussie birth date unknown. Both children were born in Kansas. However, according to Obadiah's obituary, **he and Rosalia had 8**



Joe Dodge, DFA member from Virginia, sent us this photo of his Dodge Coat of Arms Flag, which was made locally where he lives.

children! Who were the others?

Obadiah died at Sterling, Nebraska in April of 1920. He and Rosalia had arrived there only 4 days earlier to live with a grand-daughter - a Mrs. Carlsson. Before they moved there, they lived at Manawa in Waupaca County, Wisconsin.

May 9, 1933, both Rosalia (age 85) and Nettie (age 60) were murdered at Nettie's home in North Dakota.

Information complete with documentation provided by Gordon S. Wood, a Dodge descendent by marriage.

ncdodge@brinet.com

ALBERT DODGE (I) m. **Susan House** June 10, 1838 in LaSalle County, Illinois. They were married by R. P. Ashley in Plainfield. Albert and Susan had two children: **Albert II**, b. May 12, 1840 and **Jane** b. Jan. 20, 1844. The 1840 census shows an Albert living in LaSalle CO. IL. There were 3 adults living in the house and one male under 5 yr. (Albert II?), one male between 20-30 yr. (Albert I?), one female 15 to 20 yr. (Susan?) Susan was the daughter of Chester House who went to IL in 1833 and pre-empted a farm on Aux Sable Creek in what is now Seward Township of Kendall CO., IL. NO further record is found of Albert I. Susan House Dodge, Albert II, and Jane lived for many years with her brother, Justus House in Seward. Jane married David Owens Sept. 3, 1862. She and her husband are buried in Seward Mount Cem. Albert m. Emma Walton c. 1873. He died in 1878. A number of Dodges lived in Kendall Co., Illinois and may all be related. Any information will be most welcome.