



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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My American Experience

Written by Nicki Dodge
Suffolk, England

When the Dodge family first arrived in Denver, we were amazed by what we saw out of the aeroplane window. All we could see was miles and miles of greens and browns in all different shapes and sizes. The first thing that we noticed when we actually got out of the airport was that the temperature was quite hot.

Normally the evenings in England are freezing cold, and we all have to wear jumpers! My Dad had ordered a Lincoln Town car for us to use for travelling to the attractions we were going to see. Another difference was that in England, we don't have cars such as: The Lincoln Town Car, or DODGE; we have cars like Audi, and Vauxhall Vetra's.

The first place we were off to was the Doubletree Hotel, where we had booked two rooms for two nights. The receptionist gave us all free cookies which tasted wonderful.

After, we drove down a long road where we were trying to find something to eat. In the end we decided on Papa Johns'

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Researching Maine Genealogy

Norman and Eileen Dodge, Washington, and Earl and Barbara Dodge, Colorado, had the privilege of going to Maine before the New England Reunion in October to do some research work for the DFA.

Earl and I were able to stop in York Harbor, Maine to visit for an evening with Mr & Mrs. Lawrence Peters, and were treated to a wonderful Sunday night brunch.

A few days later, we took the Ferry to Islesboro. We arrived at the Ferry Dock earlier than we had planned and this allowed us to take an earlier ferry. In front of us was a very big truck which I learned later, belonged to LeMotte Rolerson.. I asked him how we would find cemeteries once we arrived on Islesborough, and he gave us instructions and then told us that his sister-in-law was Joan Dodge Rolerson and that we should stop by to visit her. We did that, and found her to be such a friendly



helpful 'Dodge'. She even fed us lunch. Her sons, who came by for lunch, told us about the oldest Dodge cemetery. We went hiking through the woods to a site on a bluff overlooking Dark Harbor. There we found the graves of Noah and Joshua Dodge, sons of the first Dodes, Simon and Prudence

Rose Dodge, who went to that Island in the late 1700s. There were other stones for members of their family, but the cemetery was in a terrible state of disrepair, and will soon be lost unless some kind of care is given to it. We were also able to visit two other cemeteries before we had to make our way back to the ferry. More work needs to be done there.

While Earl stayed at our motel to do some work, Norman, Eileen and I, went to Blue Hill, Maine, where we visited two cemeteries and met Peter Dodge who runs an insurance company which insures businesses like "The Wooden Boat", ships, etc. He is a fifth generation Dodge to live in the house built by Rueben George Washington Dodge. When I asked for the address of his house so that we might take pictures, he laughed and said that he would take us there himself. We followed behind his vehicle and as we drove into the property, Norman and I both let out a big 'Ohhhhhh'. This large old home, painted a cheery yellow, was on an abundance of land that backed up to Blue Hill Bay where Rueben had built ships and launched from his own property. There is no sign today of the buildings or launch that he used for that purpose.

We met Peter's wife, Amey, and their Wiemeriner, who had to check us out of course, and we were thrilled to be in such an old Dodge home. Peter is a skilled carpenter as well as the President of his insurance company, a skilled sailor, and a player of steel drums. He gave the Association a tape and a CD which were made by the

group with whom he plays. He also gave us a little



demonstration. Once we get our new firewire software working for making movie clips from video, then we will be able to have a few video clips on our web site, and one of these will be Peter doing his demonstration.

We desperately need help in Maine (as well as other states) to find all of the Dodes who lived and/or died there. It is difficult for us to do a lot since we come from 'way out west' in order to do a little bit each year. Those of you who live in Maine could do a much better and more thorough job of researching cemeteries around you and town records for any and all Dodes. We have many Maine Dodge mysteries!



Old Dodge Cemetery on the bluff overlooking Dark Harbor, Islesborough, Maine
Joshua, son of Simon Dodge and Prudence

Rose, m. Berilla Pendle- ton-1, and Betsy Steward-2. Betsy's stone is also here. To view all the stones in this cemetery, browse to:

http://www.dodgefamily.org/CemeteryHeadstonePages/Islesborough_Maine_First_Dodge_Cemetery.htm

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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William H. C. Dodge and the Lighthouses of the Northeast

William H. C. Dodge worked 31 years in the Lighthouse Services, 6 1/2 of them as Assistant Keeper at Mount Desert Rock. This lighthouse (est. 1830) is the most outlying light station on the North Atlantic Seaboard. It sits twenty miles off the coast of Maine on half an acre of solid rock, to mark the entrances to Frenchman and Blue Hill Bays. Mount Desert Rock, only 17 feet above sea level at its highest point was an extremely isolated and lonely station, perhaps the loneliest of all lighthouses on the entire east coast. It was subject to the most savage seas and gales the North Atlantic had to offer. Waves mercilessly batter the Rock and records show that a 75-ton boulder was moved 60 feet during one violent storm. Winter months were especially difficult and dangerous. Raging Atlantic Storms frightened many a keeper, imprisoning them indoors for days at a time. Several times yearly, the exterior lantern had to be cleaned, a job the keepers dreaded in the wintertime. The rock was bitterly cold and ice build-up on the lantern and house was a major problem. Leather harnesses were used to prevent the men from falling to their death during this daring operation. In an article of The Islesboro Herald dated May 28, 1940, William recalled some thrilling experiences while working at Desert Rock. He remembered what he refers to as "The Big Wind," when a gale wind blew so violently that it lifted his small workshop off its foundation and set it down 30 feet away against the back door of his cottage. He recalled a story of a keeper that spotted the boat of a local Maine fisherman floating half-a-mile from the lighthouse. Seeing no one on the boat, the keeper rowed out to it. He pulled in the fishing line that he saw extended into the water and discovered the body of the fisherman,

tangled and drowned on his own trawl line. He kept pulling on the line and landed the 100 pound halibut that had pulled the fisherman to his death. William recalls a time when he and Mrs. Dodge started for the mainland in a small boat and spotted a huge whale rise and blow. As the creature was heading squarely at them there seemed no possibility of avoiding a collision, a confused William held his wife and prepared for the worst when all of a sudden the whale sank from sight, their relief can be felt as the whale rose on the opposite side of the boat passing directly under their keel.

William was on the Rock on December 9, 1902 when the tugboat Astral, with a barge in tow and 18 men aboard, ran aground during a violent storm. "The thermometer never dropped so low during the thirteen years I had been on the Rock", keeper Fred Robbins recalled. Keeper Robbins and his assistant, William Dodge, heard the Astral's whistle screaming through the wind and snow and went to the tug's assistance. The situation looked hopeless but with the arrival of low tide the keepers safely managed to get close enough to the vessel to secure a line. All the men survived except one who fell overboard and froze to death. The tugboat crew of 17 remained at Mount Desert Rock until the storm moved on, six days later, its barge drifted off and was lost at sea.

To be Continued -

Ed Note: We have not been able to place this William C. Dodge. He could be from either the Tristram or the John Dodge lines. Can you help place him?



Old Dodge Cemetery on the bluff: Noah m. Rosanna Rose - Noah was a son of Simon Dodge and Prudence Rose.

(American Experience - Continued from page 1) Pizza. The pizza tasted gorgeous! The pizzas in America are a lot thicker than the ones in England.

On the way back to the hotel, we were all suffering from jet lag, so my two sisters and I were falling asleep in the back of the car!

The next morning, we went in the swimming pool and the outdoor hot tub, the swimming pool was freezing cold, but the hot tub was boiling hot! During the day, we went in to the Lodo of Denver where we looked in all the shops. (Ed: Lodo=Lower Downtown)

My older sister and I bought some new shoes, which were really cheap compared to the English prices. In England they would have cost us about £50, which is about \$75 instead, the shoes cost me \$30. We also went for a walk around a park.

In the evening, we came to visit our friends, Barbara, and her husband Earl. They were very friendly people, and Barbara, who I met over the Internet (I was trying to find out what my surname meant) cooked us a Mexican dinner which was delicious! Earl also told us a bit about the family tree. They also gave us some badges (buttons) to do with the Dodge family.

We still had jetlag, so we left around 8:00 because we were so tired! In the morning, we got up quite early so that we could make an early start for Salida, which was the next place we were going to stay. Dad had us buy lots of mineral water to take with us because the altitude was so high

On the way, we spent about an hour and a half in Castle Rock, the shopping outlet where my sister and I wanted to stop and where I bought a new schoolbag.

During our stay in Salida, we experienced these activities: White water Rafting; The Royal Gorge; Boating at Elk Creek; Black Canyon of the Gunnison; Buckskin Joe; Scenic Railway.

When we were in America, we noticed that in the restaurants, the waitresses and waiters, were excellent at serving us. They kept refilling our drinks when we hadn't even finished them! The meals came ever so quickly and they tasted gorgeous! The only meal we didn't like was Taco Bell!

A week later, we moved on to Winter Park
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The View From My Window



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As I write this morning, it is still October. It has been a busy summer with much traveling highlighted at the end by our yearly trip to New England to search for other Dodges and to attend the New England Reunion.

But now, it is time to get back into the daily routine and in the fall, that includes this persistent urge to bake! As I was making cinnamon rolls this morning, I was once again taken back to my childhood in Weston, Massachusetts. I got my cooking skills from my mother ...not from helping her but from sitting at the kitchen table watching her prepare things for the oven.

Vanilla smelled SO GOOD, but she cautioned me to not taste it because in spite of the smell it tasted awful. Of course, when her back was turned, I had to try a spoonful and found out that she was right! As I sat at the table, the wall outlet really intrigued me. Don't ask me why because I do not know. One day I was about to stick a pin in it, and she saw me and again cautioned me to not do that because I would get a shock, but when she left the kitchen for a moment, in went the pin...and the feeling that resulted in my hand and arm was NOT pleasant!

Shortly after we moved to Weston, when I was 3 yrs., my father went to the Woman's Exchange in Boston to see if they would let my mother make pies for them. This was a store where women could make money by selling their own baked products. Their response to my father was, "if your wife can make a clear rhubarb pie, then we will be happy to have her pies." Rhubarb pies were thickened with flour and sometimes egg so the juice was cloudy. Daddy went home and told mama. It just so happens that about the same time, she saw an ad in a magazine for rhubarb pie made with minute tapioca which I think was a fairly new item. She gave that a try, and sent the pie in to the Exchange, and the rest, as they say, was history. From then on, almost every morning until daddy left, he and mama would get up early in the morning, about 4-5 am, and

put out pies galore...all kinds. She would also make rolls and once in awhile, a cake, but pies were her forte.

There would be pies on every conceivable place possible for laying something flat, including the washing machine which had a cover. They were even put on newspaper on the floor and that resulted one morning, in my stepping in a hot lemon meringue pie that I did not see. The orders for Thanksgiving and Christmas were almost overwhelming, reaching 200 pies or more. They had to be delivered by 10 AM to Boston which, while it was only about 15 miles away, took almost an hour in our old Plymouth driving through Waltham and Watertown, at 25-30 miles an hour on two lane roads.

My mother is now almost 98, and when I visit her I am reminded of those days of her staying up till midnight making pastry and getting up before the crack of dawn to make the pies which were all cooked in a kitchen wood stove... no pie tastes the same cooked in our modern stoves.

When I started Kindergarten at the age of 4, there were times around the Holidays that I could not go because she did not have the time to fix my hair which hung in long braids reaching to my waist.

Another memory that I have of that time in my childhood is of Christmas. I always was so excited about Christmas and opening my stocking which was hung over the fireplace. That was the time of year I got an orange and real walnuts. They were both such a special treat. My grandmother and my cousin, Myra, who was my age, and whom my grandmother was raising, almost always came to our house for Christmas, arriving a day or two before hand. In 1939, perhaps there was a little more money, because when I came down Christmas morning, I saw a most magical scene that daddy had created. Under the tree which was sparkling with colored lights and that wonderful old fashioned lead tinsel that you cannot buy anymore, there were two beautiful dollhouses, one for me and one for Myra, and they were surrounded by cotton snow, little evergreen trees, and small animals such as deer. They even had patches of

snow on the roof. That Christmas is one I have never forgotten.

Barbara



A magical Christmas: from the left, little mothers with their new dolls... cousin Myra, myself, and cousin Marilyn who had come to visit for the day. My dollhouse is on the is one on the right.

(American Experience - Continued from page 2)
to stay in a little lodge a few miles out from the actual town.

We made friends with our new neighbours who were called Dave and Sharon. They had two dogs called Lily and Bud who were really cute! Dave and Sharon were really busy people. They got up at 5:30 in the morning and went to bed at 7:30 pm!

When we went in to Winter Park to eat, there were plenty of places, so on the first night we didn't have trouble deciding where to go! In England, there are nowhere near enough restaurants!

One day, we went in to Denver, to go to the Denver Water World. It was brilliant and there were lots of cool rides to go on. Afterwards, we went to visit my Dad's old friend (Rob) for a barbeque. We ended up staying the night at Rob's house and the next day, we went to one of the Mall's based in Denver.

Whilst we were staying in Winter Park we experienced these activities: Water World; Elitch Gardens; Rocky Mountain National Park; Estes Park; Shopping in Denver; Grand Lake; Boating on Lake Grandby; Georgetown Loop Railroad.

After we had been to the Mall, my Dad took us to a restaurant called the Trail Dust. The food was lovely and they had a really big slide in the middle of the restaurant!

Whilst staying in America, I noticed that there were lots of animals that you don't normally find in England, not unless you find them locked up in cages. There were animals such as Chipmunks, Marmots,

(Continued on page 6)

Kern Dodge - Discovered

After the September/October 2002 Journal came out, we received an e-mail from DFA Member, Don Dodge, of Georgia. He wrote:

"I am Kern Dodge's grandson and remember a little about both mansions mentioned in the article. The neighboring mansion was owned by my great grandmother, Josephine Kern, the wife of James Mapes Dodge (Kern's father). Both mansions had elevators, which the children and grand children thoroughly enjoyed. It was enlightening to read a description of my grand parent's home from the perspective of a neighbor. What follows is a thumbnail sketch of Kern Dodge's line.

Kern Dodge was a mechanical engineer. He was not only head of Public Safety in Philadelphia, he was also a candidate for mayor of the city. He was a collector of automobiles and an aviator. He helped develop the airport known as Wings Field. He was recognized by the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. When he died, he donated the house and grounds to the Germantown Academy.

His father, James Mapes Dodge, was also a mechanical engineer. James Mapes Dodge invented the Link Belt, think of the timing chain on automobile and truck engines, and a coal storage method still in use today. He was instrumental in forming the Link Belt Company. His mother was Mary Mapes Dodge, author, poet, and editor.

Mary Mapes Dodge was widowed after bearing two sons. She turned to writing as a source of income and eventually became the editor of "St. Nicholas Magazine" introducing Louisa May Alcott and Mark Twain to younger audiences throughout the world. She authored "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates" and volumes of poems and short stories. She was the daughter of Professor James Jay Mapes, who developed the agricultural method of crop rotation.

From William Dodge, we trace our roots back through the Tristram Dodge line. Included in that line are two American Revolution officers, Lieutenant Samuel Dodge and his son, Ensign Samuel Dodge. Both served in the New York Continental Line. Lt. Dodge was aide-de-camp to George Washington. Both were original

members of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Kern's son, and my father, was Donald Dodge. He graduated from Germantown Academy, Princeton University, and received his Masters of Architecture from New York University. He was an architect for the New York city firm of McKim, Mead, and White (later Steinman, Cane, and White) which was started by the famed Stamford White. When he retired to Newport, RI he helped renovate the Newport Friends Meeting House. He was married to Dorothy Grace Mechling, also of Philadelphia and the daughter of Benjamin Franklin Mechling and Ethel Love. Benjamin Mechling was instrumental in the development of the escalator, later selling out to Westinghouse Electric, and the Girard Bank in Philadelphia.

I followed the family engineering tradition by becoming a structural engineer working for Grumman Aerospace on the Space Shuttle program. One of my sons, Benjamin, is a graduate of Brown University in Electrical Engineering and is working in Silicone Valley."

From the Pen of: Passpartout

craigdodge@hotmail.



We have not received a column from Craig and are not able to reach him by phone. His e-mail address for his job is not working, and he has not responded to several e-mails sent to his home e-mail address. This is totally unlike Craig and we are very concerned about Craig and his family. The last e-mail we received was about 3-4 weeks ago and he said that he was having problems with some sort of virus.

As you know from his last column, they had just recently moved into their brand new home that was built to be wheelchair accessible.

We are asking for prayer for Craig and his family through this, what we believe, is some sort of crisis. Hopefully his column will be back in the next Journal.

Barbara



David Dodge

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Finding out about the person 'behind the medal' is a fascinating pursuit, although not always easy or successful. For British soldiers who served during the 19th century there is a 50% possibility of finding their service records at the Public Record Office at Kew, with a better chance of success for the Boer War period, though service records of those who died are not available at the PRO. However two books exist 'The Natal Field Force' and 'The South Africa Casualty List', which between them, list all casualties as well as those taken prisoner, where and when the event took place.

Memorials to the dead of the Boer War may be found in various places, the memorial to the Dorset Regiment is a plaque in Sherborne Abbey, and the Wiltshire Regiment's dead are commemorated similarly in Salisbury Cathedral.

Until recently it was not possible to have access to the Service Records for servicemen of the 1914-18 War. It was believed these were destroyed by fire during the London Blitz in the 1939-45 war, but now the War Office has released to the PRO what records survived - some indeed partly burned!

I have a copy of the eight-page Service Record of Richard John Dodge, from these I find he was born at St. Pancras, London, enlisted on 19th October 1914 into the Royal Army Service Corps, and as his civilian trade was Farrier, he served as such, then later as Shoemsmith. he was 29 years old, 5ft 8ins tall, with dark complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, he had two scars, and a tattoo on his right forearm. He arrived in France on 27th October, (only 8 days after joining!), he was discharged on 17th May 1919.

He married Florence Ada Elizabeth (nee Gould) on 6th August 1911. Two children are recorded; Florence Elizabeth (1912), and Lilian Edith (1914).

He lived at 109, Gt. College St. St. Pancras. Much more detail is included, - all this to a Dodge I never knew until the chance find of his 1914 Star,- two other medals are 'out there somewhere'.

Is he any relation to a DFA member?

Earl's
Pearls

earldodge@



Our trip to New England concluded with a Dodge Family Board meeting and the Annual New England Dodge Family Reunion at the 1640 Hart House in Ipswich, Mass. Eight of our ten Board members were present for the reunion. Members were present from many states and we even had a visitor from England.

President Everett Dodge brought greetings and mentioned hopes for the future. Treasurer Joe Klein entertained us with lovely piano music. Secretary Earl Dodge shared some humorous epitaphs from New England and other locations. The 2003 Reunion is already booked at the Hart House for October 4 and we hope you will save that date now and plan to meet with us in the area where our American family began.

June 29, 2004 will mark the 375th Anniversary of William Dodge's arrival in Salem. Twenty-five years ago the 350th anniversary was celebrated by small family groups in San Diego and the Denver area. In 2004 our hope is that many such events will take place. Additionally we hope to reach the goal of 1,000 membership units. A unit is one or more persons at the same address. We have over 700 such units now. It will be a cinch to meet the 1,000 goal if each of us recruits at least one more family member for the Association.

We hope to have a special anniversary button made for the event. From William, Richard and, in 1648, from Tristram we conservatively estimate that there are some 30,000 descendents now living in America. There are also a goodly number of Dodges living in England and Canada with smaller numbers in other areas.

Be sure to look over the list of Dodge Family material which is printed on the back of your letter in this mailing. If you place your order for books, ties, mugs, buttons, coats of arms, etc. quickly we can be sure to get them to you before Christmas.

Don't forget that the California Reunion is coming up on Saturday, February 1, 2003. As usual it will be held at the Marine Corps Air Station Miramar which is about 30 min. north of San Diego. The luncheon menu will be a choice of Marinated Sirloin Steak or Cobb Salad : Rice Pilaf , Fresh Vegetables, Roll & Butter, Coffee, Tea, Decaf, Carrot Cake. The cost will be \$15.00.

PLEASE...Reservations need to be received NOT LATER THAN 28 Jan, Wednesday, by Col. Robert L. Dodge (Col_RLDodge@juno.com) He MUST have a guest list to the Officers Club no later than Thursday, the 29th of January.

It is better to reserve and cancel than make a late reservation.....



Kernels by The Colonel

Col_RLDodge@juno.com

Although the following was written for the American Veteran's Day, it applies to Veterans from all Peace loving countries.

A Simple Veteran

Anonymous

He was getting old and paunchy,
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the Legion,
Telling stories of the past.
Of a war that he once fought in,
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, every one.
And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors,
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly,
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For he has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer,
For a Veteran died today.
He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife.
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of life.
He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Veteran died today.
When politicians leave this earth,

Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell of their life stories,
From the time that they were young,
But the passing of a Veteran,
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution,
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise,
And cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow,
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend,
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.
While the ordinary Veteran,
Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension, small.

It's so easy to forget them,
For it is so many times,
That our Bobs and Jims and Johnnys,
Went to battle, but we know,
It is not the politicians,
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom,
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever waffling stand?
Or would you want a Veteran--
His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Veteran,
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Veteran,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us,
We may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Military's part,
Is to clean up all the troubles,
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor,
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage,
At the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline,
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A VETERAN DIED TODAY."



Passwords for our online genealogy:
User Name: salem
Password: shoreham



GENEALOGY REQUESTS COLUMN

by Norman Dodge
nedodge@aol.com

Since our last newsletter there have been many changes to both the John Branch and the Tristram Branch of the Dodge Family. In early October, Eileen & I met Earl and Barbara in Augusta, Maine. We put together a lot of Maine families especially in Blue Hill, Maine. We visited Peter Dodge in Blue Hill Maine, who knew his ancestry all the way back to John Dodge in England. This visit was very helpful to our Dodge Genealogy. Barbara, took many grave site photos and I copied down vital information. Armed with this and a sheet of vital information on Blue Hill, Maine, I was able to connect many families. We have had at least one request this past month that we were able to connect to a known Dodge line because of the vitals of Dodges in Blue Hill, Maine.

Another Maine Mystery is Soloman Dodge and Mahalla Barter, and perhaps we have a parentage now. Sandy Tibbets said that some one told her that Soloman Dodge that married Mahalla Jane Barter descends from Enoch Dodge and Mary Pinkham.

We have a Dodge Mystery that centers around John Robert Dodge and Sara Bank Ives. We have posted new info on this couple. John's birthplace is

Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. They and their children were on the first wagon train to cross the Cascades into Washington Territory. We are looking for the ancestors of this family.

Recently a request was given for an Egbert Dodge. Jim Bailey turned up a Biographical history for him in Greene Co., New York. Chuck Dodge, doing his usual wizardry, connected this into the Richard line. All within three days.

Louise Valine is still searching for Jesse Dodge thought to be born in N. Y. Feb. 3, 1828; died Oregon, 1896. Married Susan Unknown. Susan was thought to have been born in Tennessee abt. 1833. They came to California in 1860 and probably married in one of the southern states. There was a daughter that was 13 in 1870 that would make her born c. 1857. Susan would have been 24 then so perhaps they were married around 1857?

Pam Hawkins is still searching for the ancestry of Abner Dodge and Susan Hall. Abner was b. abt 1808 in Maine or New Hampshire.

Bill Dodge of Seaford, NY sent us a request for the ancestors of David Dodge who was married to a Vienna Clark Paul. We sent it off to our genealogy research group and Chuck Dodge came back with all the needed information to fit this into the Richard line through Daniel Moody Dodge. In the research, he found that it was not **David** Dodge who married Vienna Clark Paul, but **Daniel** Dodge who

married Vienna **Clark!** Many times errors like this are made in records that were made by children of the person being researched. This genealogy relates to Allen W. Dodge who appears in the Part Four Pg. 647 of the 1998 history and update by RLD.

An e-mail has been received about 3 brothers who supposedly came from England settled in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.

One of them was William Dodge. His son, James, was the first generation of Dodges to settle in Rock Harbor, Newfoundland. James Dodge married a Bridget (Unknown). She passed away when their son, Roland, was 2 years old. He is now 89 years old and lives in Marystown, Newfoundland. Roland is married to Annie nee Brown. We are looking for help in connecting up this Dodge family. We believe he came up from Massachusetts or Maine.

Jim Bailey is working on Tristram genealogy and finding all kinds of Dodges that we have never heard of so when our new Tristram book is finally published, there will be thousands more Dodges in there than in the Woodward genealogy. This is a reminder to you who are Tristram descendents, (or think you might be) to get your genealogy in to us post haste. If you cannot make a connection, perhaps we can help find that elusive ancestor for you.



(American Experience - Continued from pg. 3)

Elk, Deer, Moose, Coyote, Bear. We didn't see any Bears, Moose, or Coyotes though.

We went to the Rocky Mountain National Park (RMNP) quite a lot. One of the times that we were there, we crept up on some elk and I think my Dad must have taken at least 100 pictures of them with his new digital camera! While we were creeping up on the elk, we heard several animal noises, which my Dad think sounded like Moose, Elk, and Coyotes.

The second time we went to the RMNP, my Dad said he would give \$10 to whoever could spot the most unusual animals and the greatest number of animals. My Mum, Sister and I all drew in 1st place.

The third time we were at the RMNP, we

got up really early to try and see if we could see any of the animals gathering in the meadows. We did a walk which led us alongside one of the fields but unluckily, we didn't see anything.

When it came to the end of our holiday, we enjoyed it so much; we didn't want to go back to England! We all got on to the aeroplane, grumbling about how we didn't want to go home, but I guess it wasn't so bad after all!

I reckon that my American experience in Colorado was the best ever vacation!



In the last Journal, perhaps you noticed the photo of the Daryn Dodge family from England. We were able to meet Daryn's parents at Haliday Hill House when we were on the tour in May and to host Daryn's family at our home in Lakewood for a Mexican

(their request) meal.

In this issue, we are happy to be able to publish a report by their 12 yr old daughter, Nicki (she prefers 'Nick') She wants to be a magazine or newspaper editor when she grows up so I asked her to write about her trip to our country.

Sadly, within a few days after they got back to England, one of Daryn's 5 brothers, age 51, died of a sudden massive heart attack. It was a time of grieving for their whole family.

A short time later, Nick's sister, Amanda, age 6, fell and shattered her arm from the elbow and above. She has had to have extensive surgery on it and recently had more surgery to remove all the wires in there that were holding things together.

