



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 25 No. 6

September/October 2009

MAINE REVISITED

By Eileen Dodge

The Tides Restaurant at Nahant, Mass. was the venue chosen by Cabot Dodge, who organized this latest Dodge Family Association Northeast Reunion. He did a great job!

We met some new Dodges and greatly missed some Dodges who have attended in past years.

Thirty one Dodge descendants attended the reunion. A number of them brought their notebook computers so that they could update their data, or find an ancestor or cousin. Others checked out the new Tristram book.

There was a lot of meeting and greeting 'cousins' Most attendees were from the Northeast states, but others were from Washington, Arizona, Utah and Florida! The reunion was a great success. Page six of this Journal contains a collage of some of the photos taken by Board Member, David Smith.

The oldest person to attend was Albert Dodge who is in his 96th year. He has attended every NE Reunion since its start.

Susan Alice Dodge was the eldest child of Wesley Alvin Dodge and Ruth Barbara Dunlap. She was born and raised in Concord New Hampshire, marrying John Everett Duckworth (Jed). Sue and Jed raised two children, Jason and Robin.

As a child, Sue spent summers, vacations and holidays with grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins who lived in Boothbay, Maine. As an adult, she often vacationed and attended family reunions there. Sue fell in love with Boothbay, considering it her second home. When she retired from her job in Concord, she decided to spend her golden years living in a rural small house on the outskirts of Boothbay, formerly the home of her aunt and uncle, Kenneth and Edith Dodge.

Since the mid 1800s, the Dodge name has been prevalent in the Boothbay area, with a road named for the family. Sue's grandfather, Alfred Seavey Dodge, was a carpenter by trade. In 1917 he built the Wilson Me-

morial Chapel. Photo is on page 4.

In 2006 Sue's father died, and she was responsible for clearing out and selling his house. Hidden away in a drawer was a brown paper wrapped parcel with "Coffin Plates" written in pencil. Inside the package were three coffin plates, two of silver and one of tin.

The coffin plates were from the coffins of the three eldest children of George Edward Dodge and Martha Angelina Seavey, Sue's great-grandparents.

The coffin plates read: Geo A Dodge Died April 23rd 1892 Aged 26 years 1 month.




Alice M Dodge Died June 13th 1883 Aged 15 years 10 months



Frank S Dodge Died Nov 4th 1896 Aged 26 yrs 5 mos



Why were the coffin plates removed from the coffins? We will probably never know, but we can guess that George and/or Martha wanted some tangible record of their childrens' passing—and we can be grateful that the plates were preserved for our edification. 

Tristram Dodge Descendant Vignettes

The new 2 volume Tristram Genealogy that was published last December has more than just genealogy. There are some pictures and some interesting vignettes of Tristram descendants.

To refresh the memory of our readers, Tristram Dodge, born in England abt. 1607, left England and went to Newfoundland and then about 1659/60 traveled to Taunton, Massachusetts where a court record can be found with his name.

In 1660/61 He left Taunton with 15-16 others and sailed in a Shallop to New Shoreham, Newport County, Rhode Island.

This was the beginning, in this country, of a long line of Descendants from Tristram. The last Tristram genealogy was published in 1904 by Theron Royal Woodward. It contained 233 pages. Compare that with the new genealogy which is 1306 pages.

We thought you might enjoy a few of the interesting items that are contained in this set.

WARD KENT DODGE, 9th generation from Tristram, served in Korea and Vietnam.

He went to Kansas State College and was in the R.O.T.C. program. He entered pilot training as a student officer and was assigned to Pilot Training Class 52-F (Fox)

where he graduated from Webb AFB, Texas on September 13, 1952 earning his silver wings. He was given the nickname "schoolboy" by his classmates at Webb. He and others from Webb who got to fly fighters after graduating, were in what was called the "pipeline" to Korea and were sent to Nellis AFB for combat crew training. He was eventually sent to Suwon AB at Suwon, Korea, known as K-13 and assigned to the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing in early 1953. After going through orientation training in the Replacement Training Unit (RTU)

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SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
SDodge53@aol.com

Mr. Dodge's General Store wasn't just a place to buy home goods and groceries. It was also a location for the farmers to gather and share their stories of the day. In the summertime after all the daily chores were finished, the farmers would get together at Mr. Dodge's store and sit on his oversized porch and discuss the day's activities.

When the cooler weather arrived, each would tote a log or two and commence to sitting inside beside the big pot belly stove that Mr. Dodge had sitting in the middle of his floor.

Mr. Dodge's store was the information center for the local farmers. Without newspapers, television, telephone or Internet, news of the area traveled slowly, but always found its way to his general store.

Mr. Dodge himself was the talk of the day as the men gathered around one afternoon. He went on to tell of his journey that occurred earlier that day.

Mr. Dodge awoke about 3 am and before setting to his chores, he grabbed his rifle and walked off into the woods to do some hunting. He soon arrived at his favorite spot, a heavily wooded pond about 12 miles from his cabin. Settling down amongst the thick brush beside the pond, Mr. Dodge awaited sun-up with a quick nap. Mr. Dodge was suddenly startled by the sound of something in the trees above him. He looked up to find a large cougar staring him down. Mr. Dodge raised his rifle and shot just as the cougar leaped from its perch in an attempted attack on him. Several other cougars scattered in all directions immediately following the rifle report as Mr. Dodge prepared to fire again.

When the excitement settled, Mr. Dodge skinned his kill and returned to his cabin. Although the local farmers knew of cougars in the area, it was very rare to actually come in contact with one. Mr. Dodge had the hide of the animal and showed it off to his neighbors that evening.

Ed Note: We would like to know WHO Mr. Dodge is.

**THE BOOK OF WEST COKER
A Pictorial and Social History of a
Somerset Village and its People
By David Shorey with Michael &
Nadine Dodge**

DFA member, Harry Erwin informed us about this book and we immediately went to Amazon.com and purchased it.

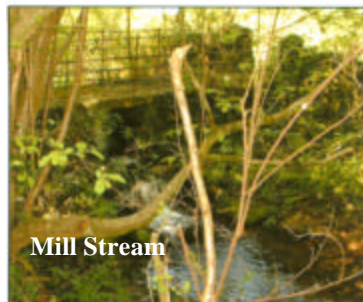
WHY? Because our John Branch Dodge line came from the Chinnocks and the Coker villages and the Dodge family has been in West Coker for 200 years.



During 1990, the very first Dodge Tour was conducted to England. We visited Middle Chinnock, East Coker, and West Coker. In the cemetery at the church in West Coker, we saw a gravestone for a John Dodge. When we went back there 3 years later, the stone was either gone, or so worn that nothing on it was readable, so we do not know WHO that John Dodge was...we only know that he had to be part of the John Branch Dodge line in some way.

On that first tour, at our first stop which was St. Margaret's at Middle Chinnock, we were met by a Michael Dodge. We do not know if he belongs to this family. He was a roofer and, because our oldest son is also a roofer, this piqued Earl's interest. He talked to Michael about roofing and found out, among other things, that the cost of doing a thatch roof at that time was abt. \$20,000 English pounds.

The following was taken from the front flyleaf:



David Shorey was born in West Coker in 1941 and this book is the realization of an ambition he has had since he was a pupil at Yeovil Boys Grammar School in 1954.

Fellow 'Cokerites' Michael and Nad-

ine Dodge have been collecting West Coker Memorabilia to jointly produce this permanent pictorial history of the village and its people.

The book contains over 400 photographs and other related items which give a unique insight into how this special village evolved and what life was like during the last hundred and fifty years.

We recall walking the narrow street of East and West Coker and Middle



Chinnock. Indeed, one is taken back in time and cannot help but give thought to what life had been for those Dodge ancestors who lived in this part of England. These little villages are much the same as they used to be, untouched by modern traffic jams, garish store fronts, etc., and where many of the homes have actual names that are part of the postal address.



In
Memory



Trevor Dodge was one of the very first Dodies to travel to where we were staying on one of our early Dodge Tours to England. Trevor brought his ancestry as far as he knew it and we added it to our World Data base. The next time that we went to England, his brother, Brian came to meet us. They both became members of DFA.

Brian contacted us in early September that Trevor had died after a long and brave fight with cancer.

We send our heartfelt condolences to the family.

DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

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Lakewood, Colorado 80215

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Published by the Dodge Family Association

Membership \$20/yr. in all countries

The View From My Window



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I was looking for recipes for using leftover oatmeal in bread. Mama always used up left over cooked cereal that way. I can remember her saying, 'I will just throw that in with the bread I am going to make'. I wish so many times that she was here now, so that I could ask her WHY my muffins and biscuits don't come out like hers, and WHY my pie crust, though good, is not the same. So many times, when I am standing at the counter making bread, or pie crust, I am taken back to the kitchen in Weston, and I see mama kneading bread dough, while standing at the wooden kitchen table that was up against the window on the south side where the sun streamed in, and many times, making Parker House Rolls out of that dough. She had a lot of orders for Parker House Rolls from people in town.

Mama used cake yeast and just seemed to know by feel when the dough was ready. She did not need a recipe.

I cannot ask her what she did to the bread dough in order to use leftover cooked cereal and still have the bread come out...how much flour...how much liquid...so I put 'leftover oatmeal bread' into Google and found that a lot of peo-

ple today, use up leftover cooked cereal in this way. I will try this out for myself tomorrow.

Leftover Oatmeal Bread

- 1- 1 1/2 cups cooked oatmeal
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 cups (+/-) bread flour
- 1 teaspoon instant yeast
- 1 teaspoon salt.

In mixing bowl stir oatmeal, water and yeast together and let sit on counter 15 minutes. Add brown sugar and 1 cup flour and mix to make a wet dough abt. 1 minute. Add additional flour, mixing well after each addition until the dough comes together into a rough dough. This may take 2 cups, or 3+ depends on all sorts of things. When the dough holds together, turn out on to a well floured board. Knead for 2-3 minutes adding more flour as needed. The surface will feel smooth and be less sticky when it has been needed enough. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Turn out on floured board and punch it down gently. Shape into a loaf and let rise until double in bulk. Bake for 30 minutes in a preheated 375 degree oven. It should be done when there is a hollow sound when tapped on the bottom. I never can tell if I hear a hollow sound, but so far, all my bread has been cooked sufficiently. I may put raisins and cinnamon in my loaf that I make

tomorrow. I have been doing a lot of baking, since I now have Calvin and his wife, Deb, living here with me. I do the cooking and Deb does the cleaning. A very nice arrangement.

When Calvin and Deb married, he instantly acquired two stepsons, which means that I have two step grandsons. Sometimes I bake something they would like and Calvin and Deb deliver it to Loveland where Deb's family lives. Both of those sons are in college studying to be first responders. Joe is in Police Academy at Arapahoe Community College, and Scott is studying at Sterling College, to become an EMT, although eventually he would like to be a fireman.

Then there is my grandson, Joshua Theissen, who is now an Air Traffic Controller at an FAA facility in Longmont. This facility is not an FAA tower, but a large complex that is in charge of air traffic over a 5 state region.

It appears that there will be three young men involved in making life safer for the rest of us. I am proud to be called 'grandma'.

On another front: I am happy to welcome a granddaughter, Susannah Nelson as the author of a new column (below) in our Journal. If her name sounds familiar to you, it is because she is the eldest daughter of Faith who writes our cover letter for each Journal.

We need to encourage young people to have an interest in our Association. Hopefully, Susannah's column will do just that.

Barbara



Raindrops and Reflections

By
Susannah Nelson
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College was not what I expected. The lessons I learned, the memories I took, and the challenges I faced were all so contrary to my original expectations. Having been home schooled, I had decided early on to attend a far away campus. I knew that if I stayed near home, I would not be forced to do anything on my own: I would not take chances, challenge myself, or try something new. My school of choice was in the deep south. It was, in fact, at least a twelve hour drive from my parents' Midwest home. Although it was a difficult decision, it would only be the first of many.

I majored in English. My time, there-

fore, was spent reading, writing, and editing. Before I went to college, I loved these three things. By my senior year, however, I began to wonder what had possessed me. On average, I was spending at least 40 hours a week just reading and writing.

After graduating from college this past May, I was confused: what did I want to do with my life? Why did I major in English in the first place? I had grown sick and tired of it all; it had become just a chore. A close friend, however, encouraged me to start journaling. "Many people don't need to do it," she told me. "But I think you should." Taking her advice, I began to write, and write, and write. Something inside of me clicked, and I rediscovered my passion for writing and editing.

At the end of the summer, I moved

out to Denver, Colorado. It has only been a few weeks, and still I have found no permanent full-time job. As time passes, I keep asking myself (and God), what am I doing here? Is this where I'm supposed to be? Will I find the "right" job? Can I make it as a copy-editor, or am I destined to be confused for the rest of my life?

One of my brothers recently told me, "It's the struggles we grow the most through. Don't give up on God, He has a funny way of working things out when and in ways we least expect." I know my brother is right. Even though I so often forget it, God is in control.

It is a new season in my life. I have no idea what will happen next year, next month, or even tomorrow. However, I am beginning to see that it isn't about knowing; it's about trusting and obeying God.

Susannah

(Tristram-Continued from page 1)

for new replacement pilots, he was assigned to the 36th Fighter-Bomber Squadron, known as the "Flying Fiends" and got to fly new F-86F Sabres in the air-to-ground role although they were able to go after MiGs if the need came up. The 51st FIW across the base had the role of interceptor work, where the top ace of Korea, Joe McConnell, was stationed.

Ward belonged to the 357th Tactical Fighter Squadron, 355th Tactical Fighter Wing based at Takhli, Royal Thai Air Force Base in Thailand and was flying an F-105D, s/n 61-0042 when he was shot down .

An account of his last flight: "As one formation of Thuds was hitting the Cao Nung Bridge, another group was bombing the railway yard at Vu Chua a few miles to the southeast. Just as Maj. Dodge was about to roll in from 15,000 feet to bomb the target, his aircraft was hit by an 85mm anti-aircraft shell.

"After a brief struggle to regain control, he was forced to eject close to the target. Ward Dodge is known to have been captured but he apparently died of unknown causes in a prison camp about a week after he was shot down." {from the book: "Vietnam Air Losses: USAF, Navy, and Marine Corps Fixed-Wing Aircraft Losses in SE Asia 1961-1973" The author is Chris Hodson and the publisher is Midland Publishing, published 2001.}

JOHN FREDERICK DODGE 9th generation from Tristram, was born near Lexington, NE, September 1883. He grew to manhood in that community. John had his left arm cut off at



Wilson Memorial Chapel

the shoulder and in spite of that, he was an excellent shooter. He used to travel up to 40 miles away to go to trap shoots to win a turkey but he was so good a shot that the people wouldn't let him enter because he always won (with one arm!). He did all his own chores and harnessed up the team to plow also. His shotgun was given to his grandson, Jim, Millard's son.

HAROLD G. DODGE, 9th generation from Tristram, was born June 6, 1933, the son of Lord Earl and Lillian (Yattaw) Dodge. He served in the Navy during the Korean War, aboard the USS Timbalier.

For many years he resided in West Rockport, where he worked as an electrician for several electrical contractors.


Harold was a self-taught talented musician, playing guitar, trumpet, piano and harmonica. His love was his guitar, which he taught his daughter, Chelsey, stepson Rick, and granddaughter, Melonie, to play.

Harold followed the Blue Grass festivals throughout the state, making many friends.

After he retired, he began using his woodworking skills and renovated several homes for friends and family. He was a self-taught computer whizz, enjoying his computer friends online and playing cards.

Harold was a lover of the outdoors and enjoyed hunting and fishing.

REV. JOHN ADAMS DODGE, 6th generation from Tristram. There are almost three full pages about Rev. Dodge. On our website, we have a drawing of the FIRST sewing machine which HE invented. He did not want to pursue marketing, etc. Because he believed it would take too much time away from his calling, which was preaching the Gospel.

Others also have 2-3 page biographies. Those and the smaller vignettes are fun to read. If you are a Tristram descendent, do you have YOUR genealogy set yet? 

Password Remains the same.
Password: salemshoreham



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
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It is after the reunion and Eileen & I are visiting the NE. We hope everyone else had a good summer.

DANIEL DODGE, JR. was born about 1773 in Massachusetts. His parents are unknown.

We do not know who Daniel, Jr. first married, but he had two children born in New York from that marriage; Anna, born about 1818 and Daniel III born about 1822. About 1830 Daniel married Seyneta (Unknown Maiden Name); they had one child, Amos, born about 1834. It is unknown what happened to Amos after 1850.

Anna and David married siblings, a brother and sister, the children of William Harwood. Anna was married in 1839 to Thomas Harwood; they had seven children. Daniel III married Mary Harwood about 1844; they had four children; Esther in 1846, David in 1848, Daniel IV in 1850 and Francis in 1854. Daniel III and Mary moved to Chickasaw Co., Iowa in 1855 and the whole family moved with them. Of the four children, we know only of David.

The following is from the history of Grant County, Wisconsin 1881, Town of Waterloo.

"DAVID DODGE, lumberman, Lancaster; born in Erie Co., N. Y., May 29, 1848; son of Daniel and Mary (Harwood) Dodge. Married April 25, 1872, by Noble Johnson, of Delaware Co., Iowa, to Jennie, daughter of C. V. Steers; she was born March 7, 1853; have two children - Willis C., born July 15, 1873; Frank L., Oct. 5, 1877. Mr. D. enlisted in Co. B, 1st U. S. A., and served one year. Is a Republican and a First-Day Adventist. Was four years lumbering in Iowa, and is now erecting his mill on Sec. 2, in Waterloo; has 30 horse-power and a 56-inch saw; cuts 5,000 feet in twelve hours, with five men."

The following is an Obituary Printed in the Mountain Home News, Mountain Home, Idaho.

" DAVID DODGE was born in Erie

(Continued on page 5)

(Genealogy Request-Continued from page 4)
County, New York, May 29, 1848. His father, Daniel Dodge and Mary (Harwood) Dodge were both natives of New York State and owned and operated a little farm there miles east of the Village of Holland.

David had one sister and two brothers, but as David was the oldest boy he was kept at home to work and received altogether not more than one month's schooling and barely learned the letters.

When he was twelve years old he left home and went out to work on a farm and every cent he earned he gave to his mother.

In 1855 his parents sold their 160-acre farm and the whole family moved to Chickasaw county, Iowa and purchased 80 acres of virgin prairie land and about 15 acres of timberland. After this deal he still had \$100 and a dishonest Iowa merchant swindled him out of that, so hard work was now the order of the day - and long days at that.

The family established their residence on the 15 acre tract and lived there until the early part of 1862 when Daniel Dodge hitched up his team of Oxen to his wagon and with some bedding and provisions started for western Minnesota which was extensively advertised at that time and where government land could be procured.

As soon as Daniel Dodge, worn and weary from the long journey over a wild wilderness without roads and bridges, arrived at his destination the terrible Sioux Massacre occurred. The Indians tortured and butchered the people, burned their houses and left the country wasted.

What happened to Daniel Dodge is unwritten history - not a word from him or a trace of him has ever been heard.

These were terrible years for David Dodge. His father had lost all his money and his life. Hard times rapped on the door. David had to work out among the farmers and gave all his earnings to his good, faithful mother.

In The spring of 1864, while the Civil war was still raging with undiminished fury, David Dodge, when only sixteen, answered his country's call and enlisted in Dubuque, Iowa, and was placed in Company B, First United States Infantry under Colonel Woods.

He saw service at Newport, Kentucky and at new Orleans, and remained in the army until the close of the war.

Before David could enlist in the army his mother had to give her consent and at this time she prevailed upon him to promise her to abstain from strong drinks of every kind, tobacco in all its forms, and gambling and houses of ill fame. This promise he never forgot and never broke. He regarded it as sacred before both his God and his mother.

It should also be mentioned that during the whole year that he served in the army, fully half of his rations were stolen by his superior officers and poor Dave was hungry all the time.

For his service in the army he received \$13.00 a month, payable once every three months (\$39.00), and nearly all of this money he sent home to his poor widowed mother whom he loved so well.

After the war was over he was engaged in farm work and dug wells. He also operated saw mills at Dubuque and Manchester, Iowa and finally put up a saw mill of his own in 1879 in Elm-dale, Wisconsin. This mill he operated four years. It was here in 1880 that he joined the Seventh Day Adventist church and has ever since been true to that faith.

He moved to Idaho in 1884, settling first at Shoshone where he worked one year for the Oregon Short Line Railway, building a round house and machine shops there.

In 1885 He moved to Mountain Home and filed on a 160 preemption claim and while improving and holding his claim he served as pump repair man and water tank filler for the Oregon Short Line Railway which position he held until he resigned in 1892.

He gave five acres of land to Mountain Home for a cemetery and planted the first trees in this city, hundreds of which are still alive and of great size.

In 1892 he started to do missionary work and continued at this work with great success until 1915. He traveled as a missionary in Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California and British Columbia, making thousands of converts. During these trips he preached thousands of sermons, visited homes and led in Prayer. He had oceans of hardships and difficulties to overcome. He was shipwrecked twice, picked up as

dead once and totally exhausted with fatigue dozens of times but his motto was "Onward and Forward and Never Say Fail."

David married Jennie Steers at Little York, Iowa in 1872. This union was a happy one and it was this noble woman that taught David to read, write and figure.

Four Children were born to them, Willis C., in 1873; Frank in 1875; Mammie in 1884 and Lillie in 1886. Only two of them are now alive, Willis C. in Mountain Home and Lillie Smith in Los Angeles.

On November 2, 1892 his good, loving, faithful wife passed into the great beyond. She was a true and steadfast Christian and was glad to go home to her heavenly Father and the angels whom she loved so well. During the last eleven years David Dodge has not carried on any extensive missionary work but has been very active in all church affairs and has always been a steady attendant at all church meetings and has taken an active part and encouraged everybody to lead the right kind of life. He has invited thousands of people to come to church and has distributed thousands of religious tracts and papers as well as many books. He has also made liberal money donations for the church, school and mission.

In July 1892 he was admitted to the Soldiers home at Boise. He has never applied for a pension but preferred to make his own living.

On December 8 while on his way to prayer meeting, he was suddenly taken very ill and fell and hurt his head seriously. He was brought to St. Alphonsus Hospital in Boise where he seemed to rally so was taken to his son's home in Mountain Home December 17th where he received the best of care but his Maker decided to take him away, so at 1:35 o'clock in the morning of December 27th he breathed his last. His final wish was that he might meet his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren in Heaven.

The funeral services were conducted at Mountain Home by the Rev. W. A. Gosmer of Boise and the body was laid to rest in the family lot beside that of his wife, Jennie and his daughter Mammie in the Mountain Home Cemetery.





**NEW ENGLAND REUNION
SEPTEMBER 19, 2009**

**RIGHT: Ann Marie Guinan,
Veronica Guinan, and DFA
President, Norman Dodge.**



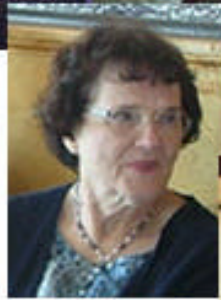
**ABOVE: Roger Dodge, Rev.
Dale McQueen, Cabot Dodge, &
Geraldine McQueen.
RIGHT: Andrea Dodge and
Carlton Dodge**



**LEFT:
William and
Shirley Dodge
BELOW:
Judith Dodge,
mother of Cabot**



**On the right
is Judith
Dodge, wife
of Carlton**



**Neal & Kathleen
Dodge and daughter
Debbie. Neal and
Kathleen would like
to host a Florida
Reunion.**



**RIGHT: Dan
Driscoll, Board
Member, Diana
Smith, Mary
Phil Guinan, &
Barry Gates w/
DFA president,
Norman Dodge**



**LEFT: Albie Dodge, Oldest Attendee
BELOW: Winn Dodge, Albie's son,
Linda Haines Spencer**



**RIGHT:
Dot Maciejowski.
Dot is Albie's sister**



**ABOVE:
Priscilla Haines,
mother of
Linda Haines
Spencer**



**ABOVE: Everett's wife, Becky, is on
the right, and Board Member Jim
Bailey's wife, Mindy, is on the left.
LEFT: Board Member Everett Dodge
Al Dodge, Eileen Dodge, Diana Smith
(standing), & Dot Maciejowski.
RIGHT: Board Member, Jim Bailey.**

