



DODGE FAMILY JOURNAL

Volume 26 No. 3

March/April 2010

Address to the High School at Shell Lake, Washburn County, Wisconsin, February 1913 by Obed Dodge, in Honor of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

Obed Dodge and his family are in our mystery file. However, DNA testing of a descendant proves this to be a Tristram Dodge line. We need to find the connection.

DFA Web Site

A good number of pages have been added to the Photograph section of our web site.

Things seem to be sent to me in bunches and I stash them in my computer thinking...I will do that later...Only later never seems to come, and in the process of other things I have to do each day, I end up forgetting that I have things to add to our web site. I also have done a number of updates to our military pages.

If you would like to look at any of the photos we have on our web site, once you get to www.dodgefamily.org, click on 'Photographs' in the list of links at the top of the page. You will then get a very long index of the families for which we have photos. Each name links up to a photo page.

If you want to see our Military pages, click on "Those who fought for their country". You will see records for America, England and Canada.

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Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades:

Every man has a hobby of his own. The farmer's hobby is, instead of raising forty bushels of barley to the acre, he wants to raise eighty bushels with the same amount or less labor. The same with corn, instead of raising fifty bushels to the acre, he wishes to raise one hundred bushels, and have it grow high enough so he will not have to stoop to pick the ears.

The merchant's hobby is to sell double the amount of goods the coming year than he has the past, with the same amount of help. Now we speak of the physician's. Theirs are to treat different diseases, and to double their practice the coming year. Now for the mechanic: His is to erect buildings strong with less material and labor, so that his income will be double.

Now to perpetuate the memory of the days of the War of Sixty-one to Sixty-five, when the lash and savagery of insanity that threatened this Republic of ours, the question trembled on the lips of all mankind; will this Republic defend itself? The North, filled with intelligence and wealth, marshaled its hosts, and only asked for a leader from civil life; a man thoughtful, poised, and calm, stepped forth; and on his lips

of victory, he voiced to the nation, first and last, immediate and unconditional surrender.

From that moment, the end was known, that was the first utterance of real war. And he who made that utterance, according to the drama of mighty events, finally received the sword of the Rebellion at the battle of Appomattox, on the

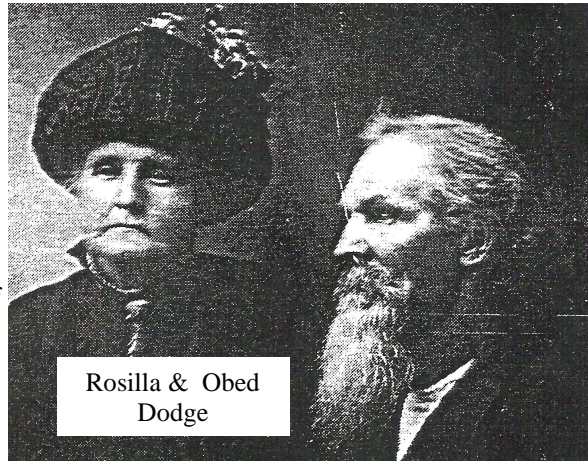
they slew the monster of their time. They commenced where our forefathers left off. They relighted the torch that fell from their aghast hands, and filled the world again with light; and made it possible for judges to be just, for statesman to be humane, and politicians to be honest. They tore with their hands that famous

clause from the Constitution, that made men the catchers of other men. They rolled the stone from the sepulcher of progress, and found there two angels clad in shining garments; Nationality and Unity.

And Lincoln in writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, whose memory is as

sweet as the summer's air, when reapers play among the golden sheaves of the harvest, copied with the pen what Grant and those old Comrades did with the sword. Grander than the Greeks, nobler than the Romans, they fought for the right as sure as the air we breathe, that mothers might receive their infant babes to their arms and that arrogance and idleness should not scar the back of patient toil. Leaves were money, blood was water, life was

(Continued on page 5-Col. 1)



Rosilla & Obed Dodge

9th day of April 1865. The soldiers fought not for vain-glory, nor the hope of plunder, nor the love of conquest. They fought to maintain the homestead of their children, and that this nation should not be a many-headed monster of warring states, but a Republic Free and Independent, where we would worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience, under our own vine and fig tree. And none to molest or make us afraid. They were the breakers of chains, the destroyers of prejudice, and in the name of the future,



SAND IN MY SHOES

by
Stephen Allen Dodge
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Our lost uncle Donald

The best part of Genealogy is when we find long lost family members.

My Genealogy puzzle has been quiet as of late. There are still lots of missing puzzle pieces, but only the hardest remain. Last month, a missing piece was found. Of course this will enable me to expand the existing border of my puzzle and most likely add some additional challenges.

I can remember meeting my Granduncle, Donald MacKinnon Dodge, and his wife, Aunt Evelyn Tolson Dodge, only once in my life and that was about 45 years ago. I was a youngster visiting my grandfather in Ashland, N.Y., and uncle Donald was also visiting at the time. It wasn't until I found their gravesite at Greenwood Cemetery that I learned of their passing. When I visited Greenwood, I often wondered what happened to Uncle Donald's Family. I heard from relatives that Donald and Evelyn had a son, Donald Jr. and 3 daughters; Beverly, Lynn and Nancy.

In the past, I occasionally searched for Uncle Donald's children. I was sure the girls lost their maiden name and would be difficult to find, so I focused on Donald, Jr. I wrote to all the Donald Dodes that I found online and in phone books without any success in finding our Donald.

I recently received an e-mail from Dianna Mayer Bennett. Dianna wrote that she found me on Genealogy.com and explained her relationship to Donald MacKinnon Dodge. Dianna connected me to Donald Jr., and his sisters, Beverly and Lynn and I am now in contact with them, sharing e-mails, stories, photos and additions to our family trees.

With the excitement of finally locating uncle Donald's family, a sadness followed shortly thereafter. On March 2, 2010, while enjoying retirement in Florida, Donald MacKinnon Dodge, Jr. passed away. I've only known Donald a short time while he was with us but I am grateful to Dianna, for connecting me to him and our long lost family.

**Donald MacKinnon Dodge, 1934-2010,
Rest in Peace.**

(Obed Dodge address-Continued from page 1)
only common air, until Old Glory floated over this Nation from North to the South, with a master or slave. After the smoke had cleared away from four hundred eighty-five battlefields, the soldiers went home, some to their waiting wives, and some to mothers, and children, whom they had left at home for four long years.

The question might be asked: Will the free people pay a public debt? I answer, Yes. The soldiers are just as honest in times of peace as they were brave in war. Another question might be asked, Will the scar, between the North and South ever be healed? I answer, Yes. Freedom conquered, Freedom has educated them, built them school houses, has cultivated their fields, made secession as insecure as snow upon the lips of a volcano, and made us a free and independent Nation, so that today there is no North and South.

General Grant's son and General Lee's grandson marched to the Philippines, to defend Old Glory, arm in arm. The Nations of the world looked upon the old soldiers as a band of desperadoes and outlaws. Statistics show that the old soldiers were just as honest and true then, as they are today. To the principle that Old Glory represents, and their great leaders having made a circle of clasped hands around the world, comes back and finds every promise in War had been fulfilled, and had the ring of gold.

Now, in conclusion, I would say: All honor to the three hundred fifty thousand brave boys who lay under Southern soil, and to those that received scars for life, and to those that gather with us from time to time; and to Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, the lauded soldiers of the world, and Lincoln, whose loving life is like a bow of peace that expands and arches every cloud of War. *~~~~~*

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MAILBAG

In regards to the photo of the 4 children that was in your Jan/Feb 2010 Journal: I am Alison Dodge Burton, daughter of Karl Dodge Jr. (born, 1922, died in 1985 of heart failure), granddaughter of Karl Dodge and great plus granddaughter of Mary Mapes Dodge.

I believe the age of my grandfather, Karl to be eight years old in the photo. He died in a squash tournament of a heart attack in Philadelphia at the age of 42 when my Dad (Karl Jr.) was just 14. My father, Karl Jr. died when my brother, Andrew was only 16 and my older brother, Karl III died at 55 when his daughter was just 15. We have a history of bad hearts in the family, seemingly along the men's side.

I have been to Block Island, actually recreating the founding of Block Island by sailing into the harbor on my brother's boat (quite funny actually, it was a small Boston Whaler and we made the idiotic mistake of motoring over from Montauk point thru what we later found out was great white alley!).

I have been to Block Island a few times to see the island that our ancestors "discovered and settled". Our genealogy is in living color in the historical society so it made it quite easy to trace us all the way back to *King Robert the Bruce - 1st King of England and Scotland which was quite galling to my British husband.

It was so exciting to walk down Dodge Street (Main Street) and see the Dodge Library and meet "Cousins" in every shop.

The cemetery offered so much information and history. We are a seafaring family and it must be in the blood because my younger brother has had a boat since he was old enough to drive, has worked around boats and has a natural ability on the water. My sister, God rest her soul, was the first mate on the yachts of some very influential people in this country like Herman Sandler whose company, Sandler O'Neill perished in the 911 attacks. The yacht was moored down below the world trade towers and survived although Herman Sandler did not.

**This genealogy is through the maternal line, not the Dodge line.*

The View From My Window



barbdodge@dodgefamily.org

What to write about....WHAT to write about...I was at a loss for ideas, and then....Eileen sent me the substance of her trivia column, and suddenly, I knew what to write about.

I love English movies that are historic in nature. I get them from Netflix, and also enjoy the ones on Masterpiece theatre.

One thing I see in many of these movies is that people WALKED almost every place they went...even the 'gentry' many times walked to where they were going.

I enjoy seeing the heroines of the Jane Austin novels enjoy walking in the sunshine through meadows, obviously enjoying that time. I don't know how I would have done had I lived during that time period though...they all wear bonnets/hats, which are items I detest wearing. A couple of times when I was a girl, my mother would buy a hat for me for Easter, but after seeing me wear it once or twice and then discarding it, she gave up on any further hat purchases for me.

I have been watching "Lark Rise to Candleford", and the Lord of the Manor many times walked instead of riding.

Put that into perspective regarding the Dodges who came over to our country back in the 1600s. They most likely walked a good majority of the time.

While the area where William and Richard lived was more of a 'bustling' town, those Dodges who lived up in New Hampshire and Vermont, most likely had a harder and more austere life, and probably more walking than the Dodges down in Salem.

And then we have the sleighs with their jingling bells that sound so cheery. I never knew that the bells were added originally to keep people safe because there might be someone walking somewhere in front of the sleigh on that same road. I guess one is never too old to learn something!

When Earl and I were in England visiting Ray and Muriel Preston, I was very intrigued with the walking paths that ran from town to town.

I liked to let my imagination soar as I thought of the possibility of Dodges who lived in Offerton and other small towns in the area, walking to and fro on those paths.

Today we drive hither and yon without thought to how our ancestors got around and our life, I am sure, is much more hectic. We need to take time to enjoy walks where we can hear the birds sing, hear the breeze blowing through the tall grasses, and hear the geese calling out as they come in to land on a lake.

I have just returned from walking two of my dogs around Crown Hill Lake. I so much enjoyed the sun on my back, the feel of the breeze on my face, the sound of the ducks and geese on the lake, and the snuffling around in the grass and brush of my dogs, Sam and Fred, as they also enjoyed the walk.

They seem to smell all kinds of things in every clump of grass, so I go slow and let them enjoy the walk also.

Barbara



Raindrops and Reflections

By
Susannah Nelson
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It's so easy to get caught up in the negativity of life. For my part, I tend to automatically look at what's wrong, and then my pessimistic outlooks encourage emotions of discouragement, self-pity, loneliness, anger, resentment, etc. Once trapped in this pit of depression, I don't even want to try to escape. I get used to feeling sorry for myself. This only leads to more anger. Why is it no one else feels pity for me? How can they go about their business, ignoring me? And then, I think, I'm down in the dumps. No wonder they want to ignore me. Thus begins my selfish cycle.

A few weeks ago, my pastor preached on Philippians 4. When he came to verse six, he took a moment to emphasize the phrase, "with thanksgiving." "We are very quick to forget about that part of the verse," he said. "Yet it is so very important because God tells us here how we can have peace."

That got me thinking. If my attitude towards my circumstances changed,

would the circumstances themselves change as well? If I spent as much time in prayer thanking God for His provisions, blessings, and beauty, would my heart and outlook be better?

So I tested it. Yes, I'm afraid I did. I was looking one weekend for a very important form of identification, but couldn't find it anywhere. I searched through all my things, three times over, but it was nowhere to be found. Then I prayed, begging God to show me where it was. "You can help me, Lord. I know You can," I said.

As time passed and it didn't appear, I grew angry. "Lord, why won't You just help me find it?" Suddenly, He seemed to whisper in my ear, "would it be so very terrible if you couldn't find it? Would that mean I'm not Who I say I am?" And then a thought came to me: maybe I should just spend the day thanking Him for everything I can think of. No more pleading, just thanking. So I did. And would you know it, that very evening, I found it.

I wondered, then, what would happen if I took time out of each day to just thank Him. With every negative thought, I tried to counteract with words of thanks. It has only been a few weeks, and granted I often forget, indulging in my old, self pitying ways; old habits are hard to quit. Yet the more time I spend in gratitude, the more my energy is not being used in selfish anger or discouragement, but rather in joy and peace.

Susannah

In Memory



Phil and Marilyn Slinger have been members of DFA almost since our inception in 1980/81 and Phil served as our Historian for several years. Phil called us recently to let us know that Marilyn died the day before Thanksgiving, 2009. He also told me that his brother, Douglas, died Oct. 1, 2009.

Donald MacKinnon Dodge, Uncle of Stephan Allen Dodge, died March 2, 2010, while enjoying retirement in Florida.

We send our sympathies to Phil and his family at this double loss near the end of last year and also to the family of Donald MacKinnon Dodge.

The true story below was submitted by one of our Assistant Editors, Eileen Dodge

Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn Eagle, 1901 October 21, Page: 1

And Now Lad of 13 May Die Young Marksman, Who is Under 15, is Under Arrest - Tragedy on the Far Rockaway Beach

As a result of the effort of two cousins to act out on the beach front at Far Rockaway that part of the old Swiss legend of William Tell, in which the father shoots an apple from his own son's head, one of the boys, Daniel Dodge, who is 13 years old and lives at Inwood, L.I., is now in St. John's Hospital, Long Island City, between life and death, with a bullet wound in his forehead.

Dodge's cousin, Walter Weston, 15 years old, the boy who fired the shot, was brought before Magistrate Healy in the Far Rockaway police court this morning and paroled until the result of his companion's wound shall be determined.

The physician of the Dodge family believes, it is said, that the thoughtless act of the two boys is responsible in great part for the death of a child that was born to Mrs. Dodge, the mother of the wounded boy, last night.

The story of the fatal conclusion, to the play of the two cousins, was told by young Weston in the police court this morning. The two boys were the closest of companions and on Saturday they decided that it would be a good idea to hold a Wild West show. Weston, who is a good shot with a rifle, went to his home and got his 22-caliber Winchester. Both youths walked down to the beach.

There they in turn spent some time in firing at different marks, but this sport grew tame, and Weston, to show his skill, told young Dodge to pick up a tomato can which had been washed ashore. Dodge did so, and Weston, stepping back, fired and knocked the can from his cousin's hand. This was repeated and each time with the same success, until this, too, became tiresome to Weston, and especially to Dodge.

While resting a second, a better idea struck Weston. He proposed that, instead of the Wild West show, the two boys should give William Tell, according to the story, which both of them had read. The cousins talked over the project, but Dodge was loath to give up altogether the plan of holding the Wild West show, at least in part. It was finally agreed to incorporate the most attractive part of the William Tell tale - that in which the father is compelled by the tyrant of Switzerland to shoot an apple from the head of his own son, in the show first determined upon.

Dodge thereupon picked up the tomato can and placed it upon his head, there being no apple at hand. Weston stepped back several paces and, taking deliberate aim, fired. His aim had been good and the can was whisked from the head of young Dodge. This seemed such good sport that the two boys commenced to repeat the performance. Again, the can was placed by Dodge upon his head and again Weston succeeded in shooting the tomato can from the head of his companion. For the third time Dodge placed the can upon his head and Weston, once more stepping back, aimed and fired. The aim had been too low, for with a shriek, Dodge fell forward upon his face on the beach. Weston scarcely realized for several moments what he had done, but seeing the blood of his cousin crimsoning the sand, he became panic stricken with fright and cried in terror for help.

The cries of the boy soon attracted a crowd of people to the spot. Some one was hastily sent to the home of Dr. Pedro Francke, who lived near. Dr. Francke quickly arrived and dressed the wound in Dodge's forehead, but advised that he be taken to St. John's Hospital, Long Island City. The boy was placed aboard a train and taken from the depot to the hospital in an ambulance.

Weston was locked up pending his appearance before the magistrate in Far Rockaway today.

It was said by the physicians in the hospital in Long Island City at noon today that Dodge was still alive but that his condition was most serious. They would not venture a prediction as to whether or not the boy would live.

Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn Eagle, 1901 October 22, Page: 16 - No Hope for Daniel Dodge

Long Island City, L.I., October 22. - At St. John's Hospital this morning the physicians stated that Daniel Dodge, the boy shot while playing William Tell at Far Rockaway, would not live through to-day. The little fellow began to sink last night and it was feared at midnight that he could not last until this morning. The wound was believed to be mortal from the first and the boy has surprised physicians by lasting so long.

Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn Eagle, 1901 October 24, Page: 6 - William Tell Victim Dead

Long Island City, L.I., October 24. - Daniel Dodge, thirteen years old, of Far Rockaway, who was shot in the head on Sunday while playing William Tell, died in St. John's Hospital at noon to-day. The boy was shot by Walter Weston, fifteen years old, who was his cousin.

The above family descended from Tristram Dodge. This is the lineage as it pertains to the story:

Thomas Dodge married Charlotte Jackson. They had seven children, one of whom was George W. Dodge. George W. Dodge married Sarah Jane Van Mildrey. They had five children, two of whom were Frances L. Dodge and Daniel L. Dodge.

Frances L. Dodge married William H. Weston and had a son, Walter Weston.

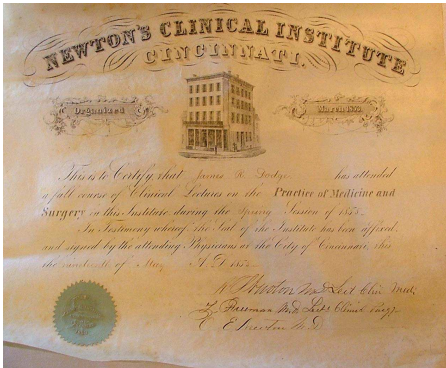
Daniel L. Dodge married Mary J. Russo and had a son, Daniel R. Dodge.

Walter Weston and Daniel R. Dodge were first cousins.

User Name: dodgefamily Password: frodo

James R. Dodge (in our mystery file) received his Medical Degree, *Practice of Medicine and Surgery*, from Newton's Clinical Institute, Cincinnati, spring of 1858.

Descendants of James were at the Reunion in California in January and brought the medical certificate, pictured below, and some photos of people who were part of James family, but they do not know who these people are. Can you help us find the ancestry of James R. Dodge, b. abt. 1824?



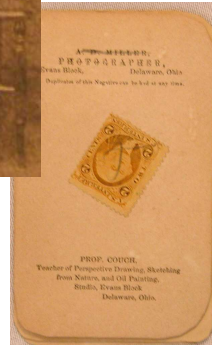
It is interesting to see how the certificate is worded: "This is to certify that James R. Dodge has attended a full course of Clinical Lectures on the Practice of Medicine and Surgery in this Institute during the Spring Session of 1858(?). In Testimony whereof the seal of the Institute has been affixed and signed by the attending Physicians of the City of Cincinnati this, the nineteenth of May A.D. 1858(?). It is diffi-

cult to decipher the last number in the year. There are several signatures affixed to this document.



On the left is a young boy who is somehow associated with James R. Dodge's family.

On the right is the back of the above photo. It was taken at Evan Block Studio, Delaware, Ohio.



Eileen's Trivia Corner
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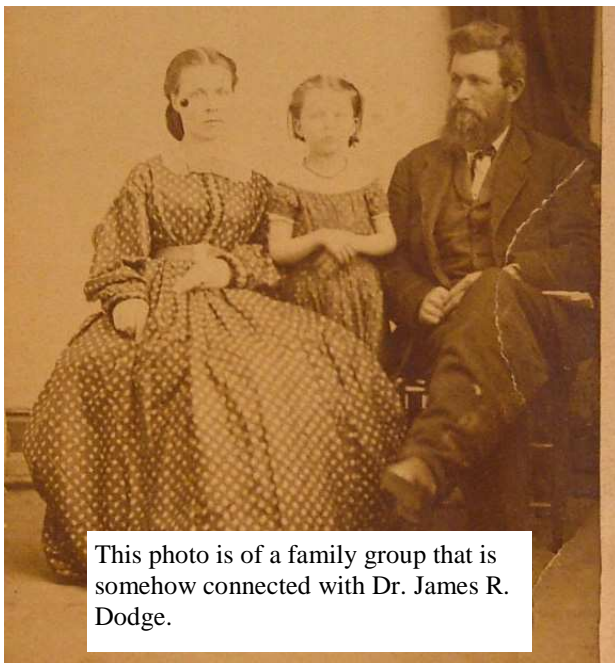
In the days before the automobiles, once snow had a good covering on the ground, people used horse drawn sleds and sleighs. The rural roads were not plowed and the runners of these vehicles left ruts to be followed in the deep snow cover. Many folks walked to their destinations and used the ruts as 'the path of least resistance' to follow.

Since these pedestrians were bundled up from head to toe against the cold, it was impossible for them to hear a sleigh coming until it was on top of them. The snow cushioned the hoof beats and made the runners almost silent. Drivers and riders in these open vehicles got the full brunt of the wind and cold in their faces, making visibility dicey at best; non-existent in the

dark. Consequently, the foot traveler was at great risk of mortal injury. Bells, hand wrought by local blacksmiths, were attached to the harnesses and leather trappings so the walkers hear them coming and could quickly "get out of their rut", before being run over.

Since each bell was slightly different in shape and size, it had it's own sound. Putting a set together meant that each person's horse harness had it's own distinctive sound and rhythm with the horses movements. People would know long before seeing them, who was coming down the lane. Inhabitants living in roadside homes could tell who was passing and in what direction they were going without looking. They also knew when there was a stranger in the vicinity or someone was using new harnesses. "Yah, I heard Jake going to town mid afternoon today, he was in no hurry". And if company was coming, they would say "We'll be there with bells on" so you knew, even in the dark, when they were coming down the lane and could meet them at the door with a smile and hug.

Everyone in the sleigh was covered with blankets or fur hides to keep warm. Sleights were not often very roomy so it was close quarters, but added to the warmth. Quarry stones that were cut into squares or rectangles were set against the wood stove several hours in advance of a planned trip. Once heated, these were used as foot warmers on the trip, tucked in front of the seat, just behind the part of the sleigh that curled up to block snow kicked off the horse's hooves. That is also where the smallest children were nestled; sitting up front, behind the sleigh front on the adult's feet, which were on the warmer stones, under the blankets and hides. Sometimes the children were even under the seat itself. Snug and warm, you could get a load of them in there, along with a few little gifts and some dishes of food. Once at their destination, the blankets were pulled off and out would tumble the giggling cargo. Older children were to bring in the footstones to place by the stove until it was time to go home. If they forgot, everyone got home 'stone-cold'.



This photo is of a family group that is somehow connected with Dr. James R. Dodge.



**GENEALOGY
REQUESTS
COLUMN**
by Norman Dodge
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March in the Pacific Northwest has been much warmer this year.

The John file is growing and it has over 53,100 names in it now.

I have talked about *Find A Grave* before. It is a free web site that all can access. This online database was once used for Famous People and to locate where they were buried, but has been expanded to include all people. Russ Dodge, a Tristram Dodge descendant was one of the founders of Find A Grave. Maybe you will find your ancestor's memorial on *Find A Grave*. You can help the Dodge Family Association by visiting the cemetery of your ancestors and taking pictures of their tombstones. Always remember that the information you have might help someone else that is looking for their roots.

Please send any additions or corrections that need to be made to our Dodge data bases, as well as pictures of persons or their tombstones, to Norman Dodge or Jim Bailey

Through the web site *Find A Grave*, Jim Bailey found Mount Hope Cemetery in Rochester, Monroe County, New York. We are unable to place any of the Dodge names buried there, nor can we place the two women who married Dodes. Most of the tombstones have only the death date, so no birth date is known, nor their age at the time of death. Below are the names and dates of death – perhaps you can help identify them for us.

Abby A. Dodge, died 1845; Eleanor Wolcott born 6 Aug 1895, died 11 Jan 1924; Elizabeth Dodge, died 1850; Eva G. Darling, born 27 Apr 1899, died 27 Sep 1988 ; Frank Dodge, died 1854 ; Henry Dodge, died 1881; Maudie J. Dodge, died 1886; Murty H. Dodge, died 1885; Norris Dodge, died 1866; Thomas F. Dodge, died 1841; William F. Dodge, died 1853; Unknown Dodge, died 1869; Unknown Dodge, died 1848; Unknown Dodge, died 1845; Unknown Dodge, died 1844; Unknown Dodge, died 1874.

Arnold Abel Dodge was born 1823 in Connecticut. His parents are unknown. Arnold married, about 1843, Eliza M. Burrell, born 1824 in England. Arnold and

Eliza had two children, Julia M. Dodge, born 5 July 1844 and Charles A. Dodge, born 1846, both in Rochester, Monroe County, New York.

Julia married Elliott Eliphaz Trimmer. Elliott was born 22 July 1843 in Parma, Monroe County, New York, the son of Sylvester and Sarah Ann Trimmer. Julia and Elliott had one child, Charles Arnold Trimmer. Born 13 January 1869 in Rochester.

Charles married, about 1870 Jane (maiden name unknown). Charles and Jane had one child, Charles A. Dodge, Jr., born January 1872 in Rochester. Charles A. Jr. married Louise E. (maiden name unknown) about 1892. Charles A. Jr. and Louise had two children, Madeline Dodge, born August 1893 and Charles A. Dodge, III born 5 October 1900, both in Rochester.

Alonzo Dodge was born about 1820 in New York. His parents are unknown. On 29 March 1849 in Oakland County, Michigan, Alonzo married Elsa Patton. She was born about 1828 in New York. Alonzo and Elsa moved to Oakland County, Michigan, where their six children were born: Mary Louisa; Sarah Luella, born 1852; William I., born 1854; Ida H. born 1856; Frank, born 1861; Nellie E., born 1866.

Mary Louisa married Truman A. Garfield on 31 January 1869; Sarah married Lester Clinton Lyke on 24 January 1869; William I. married Sarah J. Wine on 9 July 1882; Ida H. married Jay F. Van Buren on 29 Nov 1882; Nellie E. married Lester Clinton Lyke on 8 May 1893; Frank married Louise (maiden name unknown). Frank and Louise had two sons, Arnold A., born 1 Aug 1895 and Frederick, born about 1903; Arnold A. married Bertha Ann Wilhelmina Erdbecker on 17 November 1920. She was born 16 April 1900. Arnold and Bertha had seven children: Evelyn Sophie in 1921, Florence in 1922, Lawrence in 1923, Laverne H. in 1924, Helen in 1927, Delores Louise in 1928 and Arnold Water in 1929.

Laverne H. served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict, as a Master Sergeant in Company C. 140th Medium Tank Battalion, 40th Infantry Division in the Korean Conflict. He was listed as 'Missing In Action' on 13 June 1952. His body was never found. His name is inscribed on a monument in Honolulu, Hawaii. He was presumed dead 31 December 1953. He was awarded the Silver Star, Purple Heart, Korean Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Presidential Unit Citation, and Republic of Korea War Service Medal. ❀❀❀

DNA REPORT

Chuck Dodge, was privileged to attend a seminar in California that was organized by FamilyTreeDNA with founder, Bennett Greenspan, as the speaker. We wanted him to find out about **HVR** and also the very rare **8,16** markers carried by John Branch Dodes. After the seminar, Chuck sent the following email to us.

“Hi Barb, Just got back from the seminar. Bennett is a good speaker with lots of ‘stories’ that add dimension to some dry stuff.

HVR means Hypervariable Region = one of the two regions (**HVR1**, **HVR2**) commonly used in mitochondrial DNA tests which does not code to any known function.

Since mitochondrial DNA is available from father and mother, either can be tested - mainly used to follow back on the female line. It can be done as a separate test or can be an upgrade from a sample onfile of a Y-chromosome test - at an extra cost, of course. Since the mitochondria don't change very fast, this test is good for finding the very ancient group origins as shown on those haplogroup migration charts.

The John Dodge 8, 16 represents a major copying error where about one third of the DNA at those positions (385a, 385b) was lost in the copy process. This mutation has remained exceptionally stable from the 1500's and only a 12 marker test is required to designate a John Branch Dodge. Very small percentage and extremely rare in the FTDNA data base.

Since the John Dodes and the Tristram Dodes each are haplogroup R1b1 - they both belong to the most common European group originating in the Black Sea area of Russia before moving westward through Europe going from R to R1a to R1b all the way over to the Iberian Peninsular. Genetically there is no commonality between John and Tristram as both these lines moved northward to Britain after the last ice age chasing their game (food).

Bennett said that some one with a tested haplogroup (green R1b1) should get the deep subclade test (deep SNP test) to further divide the surname group.

Interesting day - although I don't fully understand all the little details - and may never! ❀❀❀