

# Dunham Singletary

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## FAMILY CONNECTIONS

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**Issue 3**

**15 July, 2014**

**Volume 11 ©**

### **President's Letter**

I do hope that all of you are enjoying your summer and spending valuable time with your families. I will cover a few topics here related to our “extended family” – all those who are “of Dunham”.

I have been very engaged with a few distant relatives who are from my Dunham line originating from St George, New Brunswick, Canada. We are having autosomal DNA testing performed. This is also known as Family Tree DNA's “family finder” DNA test. This autosomal DNA tests along both male and female lines. It is said that this tests only goes back a few generations with some accuracy –but we have found a trick to use it to trace back much further by simply looking at common matches between us. We then focus on those matches to determine a remote common ancestor. More details to come in the next newsletter about how we can use this to help fill in missing details in your family tree. And we will be adding an option to sign up for this testing on our website and include it in our DNA testing program.

*Continued on page 15*

### **Editor's Corner**

I was in Alaska last month and while I was in Anchorage I met Jon Dunham and his wife Ann. It is always a special pleasure for me to meet members of this large Dunham clan. Jon gave me a copy of an autobiography written by his great-grandfather Otho Henry Dunham. I have taken some excerpts from this interesting document which describes the life of a rancher in Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho.

My Alaska trip included a visit to Seward and as I was having breakfast in the Seward Hotel on the final morning of my stay I saw a photo of Mayor Willard Dunham. This intrigued me and the hotel owner gave me a phone number for Willard Dunham. After I returned home I called and talked to him. Willard's son, Kevin, had done some genealogical searching about twenty years ago, and I have now been in contact with him and we are working together to learn more about this Dunham ancestry. This line is followed back five generations, and we are looking for any information that will take it back further.

*Gratia Dunham Mahony,*

*Editor*

## Excerpts from the Autobiography of Otho Henry Dunham (1854-1946)

The last issue of DSFC contained an article about one of the first Dunham families to move west. And this family moved way west. When I was in Anchorage, Alaska last month I met Jon Dunham and his wife. I have met a number of Dunhams over the years, and it is always a pleasurable experience. Jon Dunham shared with me an autobiography of his greatgrandfather, Otho Henry Dunham. Otho describes his work and also many family incidents that happened along the way as they moved on westward. The autobiography was continued after his death by a daughter, and excerpts from both parts follow.



**Jon Dunham and wife Ann, Anchorage Alaska– June 2014**

The Dunham line of Werner Jon Dunham is: Deacon John <sup>1</sup>; Jonathan <sup>2</sup>; Gershom <sup>3</sup>; David <sup>4</sup>; John <sup>5</sup>; Abishai <sup>6</sup>; Benjamin <sup>7</sup>; Henry Clevelin <sup>8</sup>; Otho Henry <sup>9</sup> Dunham; William Denver <sup>10</sup> Dunham; William Leland <sup>11</sup>; and Werner Jon Dunham <sup>12</sup>.

(please see DSFC Vol. 11, Issue 2, 15 April, 2014 for more on this line)

## **Excerpts from the Autobiography:**

"I was born September 12, 1854 at Jefferson City, Missouri, the only living son of my father, Henry Cleveland (also sometimes spelled Clevlin) Dunham. My father was born in Decatur, New York, November 8, 1824 and was graduated from Albany State College in Albany, New York as a physician and surgeon. My mother, Mary Magdalane Neff, was born in Baden Baden, Germany in 1832. She was educated in music in Bremen, Germany, and became a singer of some note, a coloratura soprano.



**Henry Cleveland/Clevlin Dunham (1824-1889)**

Photo taken about 1888-1889

When I was three years old we moved to Bolivar, Polk County, Missouri. The first school I went to was in Pinhook, Missouri. The school was built of logs and we had home made desks. We then moved to Rolla, Missouri and I was in school when General Seigal came

through with his troops during the Civil War. My mother knew General Seigal in Germany and he came to our house to see her. I sat on his lap and sold apples to his soldiers at five cents each.

I was about ten years old when I drove a team of oxen from Rolla, Missouri to Dudleyville, Illinois. A man named Sam Mapoy made the trip with us, and from him we learned to hunt for turtle eggs, which we would roast in the campfire. Food was very scarce during war years, and no source of food was overlooked. No one had much food or extra clothing from 1861 to 1865, and we had lost track of my father entirely. One day a man came bringing word from him. Father had been put in charge of the hospital at Cairo, Illinois, and it was some time before he was discharged to come home. When I was seventeen years old I had black smallpox and very nearly died. My baby brother had it and died of it. I also had pneumonia twice after the war and was extremely ill each time.

The summer I was nineteen years old I drove a Morgan stallion from Bloomington, Iowa, to Wisetown, Illinois. In 1874 I rode this same horse to Arkansas and traded him for cattle which I trailed back to Illinois. I ferried them across the river at a point near the penitentiary in Illinois and sold them among the farmers. I saved the money to come West.

In the Spring of 1878 I came West with a man by the name of Thomas Hunter. We left Springfield, Illinois on the train which came through Council Bluffs, Omaha, Kansas City and Laramie City, Wyoming, the end of the line. There was still some wild game to be seen along the way. They were mostly antelope and deer. North Platte, Nebraska was a town of about 1000 people. Buffalo Bill owned a large ranch on the North Platte at this time.

At Laramie City we outfitted two wagons to go to Montana after cattle. There were thirteen men on horseback in the outfit. When we got to Rawlins, Wyoming we heard that the Bannock Indians were on the warpath.

Our next stop was at Eagle Rock, now called Idaho Falls, Idaho, on the Snake River. Here we met more Indians. Those on guard were in war paint. Most of the squaws had a papoose strapped on their backs, but there was no indication of trouble with them.

It was along here that we met a wagon and four-horse team. The wagon was loaded with Chinese, about twelve of them, and had a white man as leader. They were going up to Virginia City to pan for gold. Not a one of them could speak English. For many years the Chinese were exploited for cheap labor in the western country.

From Virginia City to Bozeman, Montana the country was covered with scrub pine and wild flowers of many kinds and colors. The grass was often tall enough to cover my stirrups. Here we also saw the most beautiful cactus plants in full bloom I ever saw in the West.

Old Tom began buying up cattle along the Madison and Gallatin Rivers. We had about 950 head, mostly steers. This was in July, and the river was high. We forded the river at "Baker's Battle Ground" with our wagons. No one was hurt, and no cattle were lost. As we neared the Crow Reservation we swam the cattle back across the Yellowstone River to keep from trespassing on the Reservation. This was at old Fort C. F. Smith which was at the mouth of the canyon of the Big Horn River. The Fort was abandoned and only the graves of the dead were to be seen. We trailed the cattle up the Little Horn to within about five miles of old Fort Custer.

I wish my children could have seen this beautiful country in those years. The wild hay was heavy and tall, usually over the stirrups. The wild Red Top looked like pink grain waving in

the breeze. Wild flowers grew everywhere, every color of the rainbow, and with the cattle grazing and mountains all around it made a picture a man never forgets.

From here we started over a new trail. I blazed this trail myself, as this was the first herd of cattle ever driven from Bozeman, Montana to old Fort Fetterman in Wyoming. This was after Chief Sitting Bull was run out of that country. . . .

When Spring came I joined the 'O 7' ranch in Bate's Hole. This was a big ranch owned by a banker, Mr. Luman, and he lived in Fort Collins. One day while riding on the Poison Spider Creek I discovered oil seeping out of the ground, but thought little of it at the time. Today the great Casper Oil Fields cover miles of land over which I rode, and could have staked a claim on had I been a smart fellow. This same day I had quite an experience. I rode under a tree where a big wildcat lay asleep, his paws hanging down over the branch under which I rode. Neither of us was aware of the other until my hat struck his paws. He sort of boxed it to the ground, then turned and made for the tree-top, then bounded to another tree. He was so frightened I never did get a shot at him.

We depended on our horses in those days to be our sentries and bodyguards too. I have been saved from danger of Indians, wild animals, and outlaws by just paying attention to a horse's ears; the way he would stop suddenly as if he were listening, or when he was grazing to suddenly throw up his head and snort.

Well, it was getting warmer each day so me and two other fellows decided to ride down to Cheyenne. While I was in Cheyenne a government man asked me if I would carry the mail from Fort Laramie to Fort Fetterman, a distance of some sixty miles. I was to start in August. There were no boundary lines, or State lines at this time, and no fences in what is now Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Colorado was admitted to the Union in 1876.

During June and July and most of August, 1879, I worked for John Bennett who afterward became my brother-in-law. He owned two ranches, one on Sage Creek and one on the Mesa in Bate's Hole country. There were plenty of unbroken horses on the ranch, so I decided to take my pay in horses. I herded cattle during the day and broke horses during the evenings, and made several trips for supplies to the Fort for Mr. Bennett.

Once I met a fellow who owned a horse hair rope. I knew right away that I wanted to own one, and asked him where he had purchased it. He said he had a friend serving time in the penitentiary who made them to sell and he took me to see him. I had him make me a three eights inch rope about thirty feet in length. It cost more than I expected but I paid him before I left town. Over the years it served me well and saved my life a couple of times. Rattle snakes were common throughout the West in early days, but for some reason they would not cross a hair rope. When I had to camp alone, or rest my horse in open country I would roll my blankets and tie my horse inside the circle of this rope and feel pretty safe.

It was getting near time to start my new job of carrying mail. I was also receiving frequent letters from my Father urging me to come back East to bring him and my Mother and two sisters out West. Early in March I took the train back to Illinois, having made arrangements to bring my folks directly to the Bennett Ranch. The second day I was on the train I noticed a man sitting alone. He kept looking in my direction. Finally he came over and asked me my name, and where I was headed, said he knew I was a cowboy. All at once I remembered a picture I had seen, and I knew I was talking to Jesse James. He was quite friendly and we talked about the war and our country. I liked him and before he left the train we had traded pipes and he shook hands with me. I always felt he was a good man at heart.

Well, my parents were glad to see me, and Father had things pretty well in hand. We outfitted two wagons at Peoria, Illinois. My father did most of the buying and since we were expecting to file on land and make our home in the West we brought all the belongings we cherished most. Father owned two big mules which we hitched to the Studebaker wagon, and a pair of Percheron draft horses which we used as the wheel team on the Conestoga wagon. The lead team were smaller and matched only in size and reliability.

Our outfits were new and we made good time all the way to North Platte City which was near Buffalo Bill Cody's ranch. There we had the misfortune to have one of our mules crippled by a horse kicking him on the stifle. We stayed there two weeks until the mule could travel. It was a pleasant break in our long journey.

We camped on his ranch about twelve miles out of town and were made to feel welcome to stay as long as we wished. He had a daughter, Jane, that was a crack shot with a rifle and we spent several evenings tossing up money on the wing and shooting. She was a better shot than Bill Cody and I learned a trick or two from her, myself. Bill Cody was a fine man to meet and a fine specimen of a Western Frontiersman.

We arrived at the Bennett Ranch in late August. There was a vacant cabin which, after a few days of hard labor, we made livable and we moved in. My father was not satisfied with this arrangement. He was anxious to get some place where he could go into business for himself. I wanted to earn more money, so we were soon on the road again. Father stayed in Green River City, opened a doctor's office, and practiced medicine there for several years. I went to Laramie City to haul freight to Teller City, Colorado, with a return haul to Fort Collins. My wagons and teams were in good shape and it paid more than anything I had ever done.

In 1880 I took up a ranch on Owl Creek in North Park, Colorado. I cut load after load of logs to build houses, and barns, and corrals. I have always felt that I spent the best fifteen years of my life there, and also the most heart-breaking years.

In 1881 I went to Green River City to see my Father and met my first love, a fine Norwegian girl. We were married in 1881. We lived happily for four years, when I lost her in childbirth. I was left with three sweet children, two girls and a boy. My Father came to live with me at this time. My oldest sister had married John Bennett, and the younger sister was working and engaged to be married.

I had gone into the horse-raising business before I had my place fenced and had about 150 head of both range and pedigreed horses which I owned and bred for sale. The pedigreed horses were mostly Hamiltonians, Morgans and Percheron stock. I started shipping them to markets in Omaha and Chicago. The winters of 1883 and 1884 were the worst winters I ever saw, and are recorded in history as some of the historic winters in the United States.

I built the first two-story house (log house) with stone fireplace to be found anywhere. I had some of the first hogs and chickens in this section of the country. Our supplies were freighted in to Walden from Fort Collins, sometimes taking a week or more for a round trip. I ordered a small cutter sleigh from Chicago and broke a team of Morgan mares especially for this sled. When the snow was frozen, which it was most of the winter, we could skim across the fields like birds on the wing. With a buffalo robe over our laps and hot stones at our feet, we often visited a distant neighbor when roads were impassable. In case of sickness during the long winter months, my sled and team were in demand.

Our son, Doc, was born in June of 1885. In October, 1886 I lost my dear wife, Alida, age twenty-eight years. Nothing on earth seemed worth living for. The baby girl was quite frail.

I took her to my wife's sister in Salt Lake City. She died there in July, 1887. I brought her home and buried her beside her mother. The days were long and lonesome for many weeks.

I married again in July, 1888 and was making a new start once again. My father had been failing the past year. He passed away quite suddenly in 1889. Finally I thought it best to get out of the cold country with its long winters, but it took some time before I really gave up.

My family numbered seven when we left North Park. The children were Violet, Henry, Lois, Alma, and the baby Albert. The horses were sold and some of them were traded on debts. I kept two good teams and a saddle horse or two. We wintered in Saratoga, Wyoming. My Mother had a stroke and died. She is buried in Saratoga.

I went on to Denver and later sent for my family to come there to live. Having my own horses and wagon helped me to get a good job with a roofing crew. Most two and three story buildings had flat roofs, and used tar and gravel for roofing. I made better wages than most of the men around me.

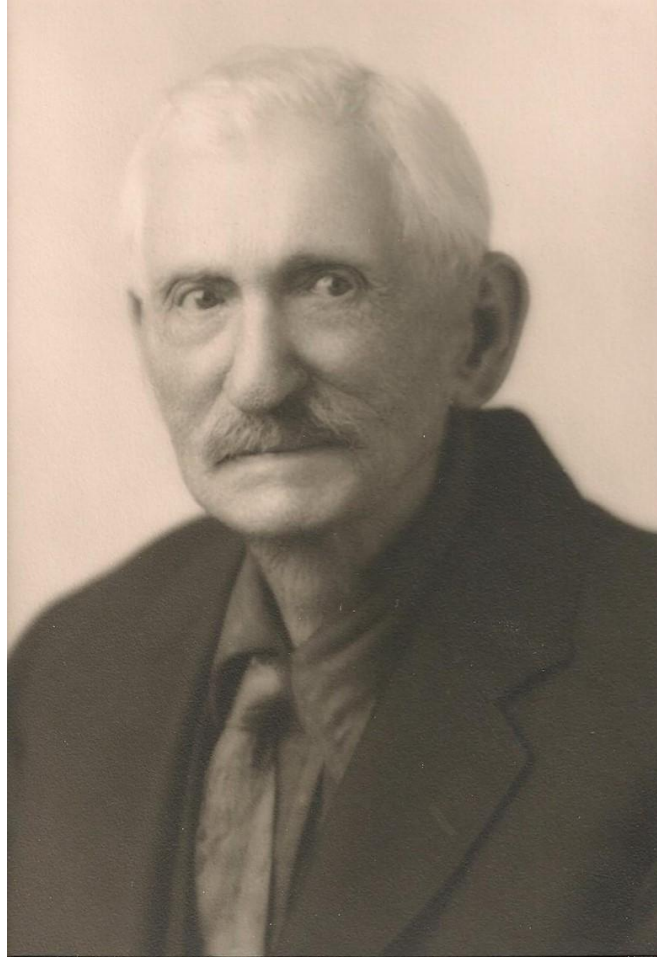
The children were in good schools and we lived in the country most of the eight years we were in Denver. During these eight years we added three more boys to our family, Orville, Marshall, and William. The busy days helped to forget the past years of grief and private graveyard we left on the ranch in North Park. However, I found that life and death are very closely connected as we journey on life's way. Soon again we were to feel the pangs of grief and tears of parting. My oldest daughter, Violet, passed away quite suddenly, also my sister, Mrs.

John Bennett. Violet was seventeen years old and my wife loved her as if she were her own. We never could fill the vacancy she left in our hearts.

Then the shocking news came of the assassination of President McKinley. Schools were dismissed on the day of his funeral, and all the children of the city marched in a parade in honor of our late President. My two little girls, Lois and Alma, were dressed in red and white, and carried the flag for their room, long brown curls down their backs. People were sad and downcast.

The job I was on was about finished when I got hurt and was bedfast for several weeks with a badly sprained back. While I lay in bed I made plans to go back to Wyoming."

(Article continued on next page)



**Otho Henry Dunham (1854-1946)**

This ends the portion written by Otho Henry Dunham, but the autobiography was continued by his daughter, Alma.

“Thus it was in 1902 we left Denver going overland by wagon and teams. Father owned two new Baine wagons and four fine horses. Projections were built on the wagon boxes wide enough to accommodate springs and mattress. Underneath this was room to pack our belongings. Mother packed a chest of drawers and several strong boxes full of linens, silverware, pictures, books, extra clothing, our good shoes, all our worldly goods that were precious to us, and pushed the boxes far back in the wagon. On the back on one of the wagons an extension was built, large enough to hold a four hole cook-stove, a tub, ironing board and a washboard. On the back of the other wagon was built our mess cupboard and table. Over each wagon was stretched a waterproof canvas. The bows on the wagons were square instead of rounding, giving us much more room inside. There were three wagons in our caravan, one belonging to W. L. Smith, my Mother’s brother. There were eleven people, seven children and four adults.



Much of the country we passed through was not fenced and we saw several bands of wild horses along the way. Our course took us through Sulphur Springs, Steamboat Springs, and Powder Springs. Water was plentiful and good to use until we reached Powder Springs. I remember Mother mixed light bread in a big lard can about every third day. It was kept under the wagon seat and during the day she would knead it down and bake it when we camped for the night. She had any number of chances to sell bread along the way and sometimes traded it for meat or other food.

We met no one else on the trip whose outfits could compare with ours, and we children were quite proud of this. Father did not carry a gun in his belt but he did have a hunting knife in a scabbard and a small hatchet, both razor sharp. One night when we were sitting around the fire, a small animal ran out from behind the trunk of a tree and back again. We thought it was a squirrel, all except Father. He knew what it was. He said, 'Everybody sit still and don't speak.' When the little animal again appeared Father let fly with his hatchet, pinning him to the tree. It was a small skunk as dead as could be.

This weapon of Father's helped to get us meat several times. We had cotton-tail rabbit stew several times. Once he threw into a bunch of sage-hens killing two, and crippling another. Uncle John Bennett who was one of our party loved to fish. Whenever we camped near a creek or river we were sure to have fish.

Father was very strict about us children getting out of the wagons when we stopped for the night until he had scouted around the grounds he had chosen for camp. This was to make sure that the water was safe, and no snakes were in the grass. He always carried his horsehair rope and he was rarely ever without gloves. The night we camped at Powder Springs he stood guard inside a ring made with this rope which surrounded the stove, my Mother, and the mess wagon. The water was unfit to use, and the country through here abounded in rattlers. Three snakes were killed that evening. The horses were restless and had to be watered from the barrels. At break of day we were all up and on our way without the usual morning meal. By noon we had covered quite a distance. Father watered the horses, rested them an hour or so, and the family had plain bread and butter and then moved on.

The next evening we camped beside a stream near a little town called 'Hayden'. Mother immediately ordered a fire built in the little stove so she could bake the bread. Finally we came to the Joe Kinney Ranch where we stayed four days. There were no women folk on this ranch, but the foreman told Mother to 'just make yourself at home'. There were stacks and stacks of pans of milk to skim. We soon found a churn and churned about twelve pounds of butter. We did a big washing. All took baths, washed our hair, mended our clothes and read such books as were available. The men were gone all day so Mother cleaned their house and bunk house, and baked bread and pies for them, which they shared with us.

In a few days we camped just over the Wyoming line at a little town called Baggs. It had a post office and Mother mailed letters there. We had been on the road five weeks with just one stop-over; so when we reached the river we camped a few days and did another big washing. Then we pushed on to Kemmerer, Wyoming, and camped on Ham's Fork. The men in the outfit flipped a quarter to see which way we would go from Kemmerer—up into the Green River cattle country, or over into Idaho where a man by the name of Perrine was opening a vast sagebrush tract of land to be watered by canals. The "toss-up" came out for the Wyoming cattle country.

Before leaving Kemmerer, Mother went uptown and took all us children as Father told us it might be some time before we would see a wagon train again, or a town of any size. I had a birthday while we were there and my sister and I were each given a dime to spend. We

wanted to cross the street to look in the windows of the store on the other side. A fine looking gentleman offered to help us. When we had crossed over he said, 'This is my store, just go right in and tell the clerk, Mr. Penney sent you.' It was J. C. Penney. From a meager beginning in this small coal-mining town, grew the now famous chain stores by that name. Mother bought some stockings for us at the Penney Store and other supplies we needed from Blythe, Fargo Hoskins store.

Uncle John Bennett did not want to go into the cattle country, and said he could work his way back to his old home. So we bid him goodbye. He finally settled in Grangeville, Idaho, owned a small place, lived alone for many years, and died there.



**Francis (Fannie) (Dunham) Bennett**

(older sister of Otho Henry Dunham)



**John Bennett**

(husband of Fannie Dunham)

We landed at Big Piney, Wyoming, August 16, 1902. Father had three dollars and ninety - five cents in his pocket. It was haying season and the men were able to get work with their teams. One day Father was offered a place to winter on the old 'Bunch Glover place.' If we would clean it up and feed some cattle for Mr. Jim Mickelson, this would include feed for our horses during the winter months. Soon people began to visit us, and Father was able to get a little extra work. He shod horses, repaired harness, hauled logs from the timber and later on hauled freight for the store at Big Piney.

We children were beginning to think about Christmas after snow fell, and wondered if we would have a tree. Our brother Doc said 'Of course we will. I've already put a mark on a real beauty!' I can still remember the way it looked trimmed with home-made ornaments cut from colored paper and bright scraps of starched cloth cut into butterflies and birds using old-fashioned long clothes-pins for the bodies. Mother had a wonderful ability of knowing how to make something out of nothing.

Later on we moved again, this time to a home on Cottonwood. The family was soon settled in their new home and were making plans to buy some machinery and cattle. Mother was

interested in getting a school established. Mother worked very hard since the family and hired man numbered ten for several years. We also boarded the teacher.

In 1910 the oldest daughter married a boy from Rochester, New York, the first break in family ties. The wedding was quite elaborate under Mother's expert management, and down through the years we have been happy about this day, because Lois was the only one of their large family of children the parents ever saw given in marriage.

Bolts of sadness out of a blue sky seemed to follow our family at quite frequent intervals all through Father's life-time. One June morning tragedy struck a heavy blow in this home. The third oldest son, Orville, was accidentally shot and killed. Although many years have passed since that day nothing was ever quite the same again. Each one felt the absence of this brilliant, sunny boy, age sixteen years. Father became restless, wanted to leave the country. No doubt some of the feeling of helplessness stemmed from heart-breaks suffered in past years.

When a new house was needed logs were hauled and trips to the saw mill and railroad were made. The house was well built and finished. It was a two story structure, a comfortable place to live, and the family moved in. Father built a flower stand for house plants that almost covered the bay window. For once Mother had a place for greenery she so dearly loved, and blossoms were in evidence the year round.

When they moved into the new home, Father bought a new Chandler car. He was quite thrilled over the way he could go from one place to another so quickly—a far cry from horse and wagon transportation. He later owned an old air-cooled Franklin car that used no water. He made many long trips with mother in this car, down to California and over to Twin Falls several times.

Times were changing rapidly, and rumors of a world war were beginning to appear in all papers of the day. Quite suddenly Father decided to sell and move away. The ranch sold easily and the day came when a sale was held of everything. I don't believe he ever realized how we felt, me in particular, and my little girls who were old enough to cry 'because Grandma and Grandpa were going away.'

Mother passed away in 1930. Father did not want to live alone at Bear Lake, so the next year came to live with his daughter, Alma Hayden, in Twin Falls, Idaho. He lived with her nearly sixteen years. Father had his own room, his own furniture from home, and his own way most of the time. He had a stroke the summer he was eighty-four. In a short time he suffered another stroke and we never thought he would walk again. He never complained, and his

determination to get well was a challenge to all of us. He did get well again and would never allow anyone to dress him, or tie his shoes, or give him a shave.

We had a family reunion at our house for him and all of the children came but one or two. In 1946 Father wanted to go on as trip to see some of Oregon where Marshall lived, so it was decided among us to let him go. He lived just one month. He was ninety-one years old.”

## **Willard Dunham**



# Mayor of Seward, Alaska

*The following genealogy research*

*done by*

*Gratia Dunham Mahony*

On 12 July 2014 I talked to Willard Dunham of Seward, Alaska. He told me a bit about his family and mentioned that his son, Kevin, has done more research on it. From the information given to me by Willard Dunham, Mayor of Seward, I find the line back as follows:

Willard Dunham, Mayor of Seward; Willard Dunham (1907-1930); Samuel Green Dunham (1874-1951); Joseph Dunham (1833- ); John Dunham who was married in 1832, so probably b. about 1810

## **Willard Dunham's father was:**

**Willard Dunham** born about 1907

Died 21 June 1930 in Billings, Yellowstone County, Montana

Photo of gravestone on findagrave.com , lists parents as

Samuel Green Dunham (1874-1951) &

Emma Farmer Dunham (1872-1943)

These three are buried in Custer Cemetery, Billings, MT

**Samuel Green Dunham** b. 13 April 1874 in Missouri (Kansas City?)

d. 4 Oct. 1951 at Everett or Marysville, Snohomish Co. Washington

m. Emma Farmer

she was b. 1872 From

US Federal Census data:

1940 Census of Miles City, Custer Co. Montana:

Samuel Dunham            65

Emma Dunham 67

1930 Census of School Dist. 1, Treasure, Montana:

Samuel Dunham 56  
Emma F. Dunham 57  
Willard E. Dunham 23 Violet  
L. Dunham 23

1920 Census of School Dist. 1, Treasure, Montana:

Sam G. Dunham 45 b. MO, father b. MO, mother b. MO  
Emma F. Dunham 47  
Ernest S. Dunham 23 (Ernest Scott Dunham)  
Thelma Dunham 19  
Willard E. Dunham 12

1910 Census of Corning, Tehama Co. California:

Samuel G. Dunham 36 b. MO, father b. MO, mother b. MO  
Emma Dunham 37  
Earnest Dunham 12  
Thelma Dunham 10  
Willard Dunham 3  
John A. Farmer 76 (father-in-law)

1900 Census of Bolivar, Polk Co. Missouri:

Samuel T. Dunham 25 b. April 1875 MO, father b. MO, mother b. TN  
Emma Dunham 27 b. Oct. 1873? MO, " IL " IN  
Earnest S. Dunham 3 b. June 1887  
Thelma Dunham 1 ½ b. April 1900  
John A. Farmer 66 b. Sept. 1833, wid. b. IL " IL " IL  
Jesse S. Farmer 24 b. Aug. 1875 b. MO " IL " IL  
Alice S. Farmer 17 b. Aug. 1883

NOTE: Census states John A. Farmer is father-in-law

Jesse S. Farmer is brother-in-law

Alice S. Farmer is sister-in-law

1880 Census of Shawnee, Johnson Co. Kansas

Samuel G. Dunham, father's name: Joseph Dunham, b. Missouri  
mother's name: Malissa J. Dunham, b. TN

Joseph Dunham	47
Malissa J. Dunham	34
Emma Dunham	16
Elisabeth Dunham	12
James J. Dunham	8
Samuel G. Dunham	5
Anna G. Dunham	3
Nancy A. Dunham	3

So, from the 1880 census the Children of Joseph and Malissa J. ( ?) Duham  
were:

- i. Emma J. Dunham b. 1863 (she d. 1931)
- ii. Elisabeth Dunham b. 1868
- iii. James J. Dunham b. 1872
- iv. Samuel Green Dunham b. 1875 (he d. 1951)
- v. Anna G. Dunham b. 1877
- vi. Nancy A. Dunham b. 1877

NOTE: The 1870 Census shows Green Dunn (should be Dunham) living in Township 47,  
Range 33, Jackson Co. MO with his older brother Joseph Dunham:

Jos Dunham	36
Melissa Dunham	23
Emma J. Dunham	6
Jno W. Dunham	4
Eliz. L. Dunham	2
Matt. G. Dunham	6 mos.
Green Dunn	34 (Green Dunham)

From the 1850 Census of Dist. 23, Cooper Co. Missouri taken 28 Aug. 1850: Family 363.

Green Seat	64	Farmer	b. VA
Mary J Seat	63		b. N. Carolina

Zerutha Dunham*	38	b. Tenn.
Joseph Dunham	17	b. MO
Green Dunham	15	b. MO
Elizabeth Seat	25	b. MO
William W. Seat	26	b. MO
Regina Seat	22	b. MO

\*NOTE: Zerutha Dunham is probably a widow living with her two sons, Joseph and Green Dunham, in her father's family. Kevin Dunham says her name was Zaritna, and her marriage record spells her name Saritha. The marriage record found on line at Missouri Marriages, Cooper County Missouri, dated 21 June 1832 shows Saritha Seat m. John Dunham.

My first reaction to the ancestry back from this point is that the line comes from the Dunham families who settled in Tennessee. Many of those families migrated west into Missouri. But, there were also Dunhams from a couple of the other Dunham families who went to Missouri too. Anyone with any knowledge of this line is urged to contact the editor at [dunhamgratia007@gmail.com](mailto:dunhamgratia007@gmail.com)

*President's Letter, continued from page 1*

In addition to being President this year, I also serve as the "webmaster" for our website at [www.dunham-singletary.org](http://www.dunham-singletary.org). It may look familiar to you as it uses the same software, mediawiki, used by Wikipedia. I have been doing a lot of work with WordPress this year and will be migrating the website to this platform. It gives easier extensibility, and it's prettier too! This will also allow us to more easily keep the DNA results up to date on the website. I will send out an e-mail announcement when this is complete. Look for an e-mail from me in the coming month.

And finally, I again encourage those who have not renewed their membership this year to jump on to the website and renew. It is only \$25 per year. And to name just a couple of benefits - it provides you with access to the newsletter and free access to our professional genealogist, Gratia Dunham Mahony. The money also helps fund our research so that Gratia can do more great work for us.

*Jeff Dunham,*

*President of DSFC*