Dunham Singletary
FAMILY CONNECTIONS
Issue 2 **April 15, 2007** **Volume 4 ©**

President's Letter

Dear DSFC Members:

Greetings from your newly elected Board of Directors! Thanks for the opportunity to work with you and for you over the coming year. We are looking forward to it.

The DSFC organization is about Connections. Not only is it in our name, but it is at the very heart of family. As you celebrate Spring, take the time to connect with members of your family. Not only your grandparents and children, but with your second cousins and great aunts. Ask them to talk to you about an accomplishment, an event they lived through, or what they believe is essential to the well lived life. Ask them for stories from their childhood, or what they remember about your parents. Take a few minutes to write these stories down or record them. Then share them, and let these family memories become part of our Dunham / Singletary Family heritage.

If you can collect some of the stories about people in your branch of the family and get them into text form, send them to Sam Dunnam, Editor of the Newsletter (sdunnam@techconsult.com). They don't have to be in perfect form. Sam will edit them and get them in publishable form. We just want to know more about our Dunham relatives, past and present.

Here's to a wonderful next two years.

Fondest wishes,

Trudy Dunham, President

This Issue

This issue, the second of 2007, features two articles: one, by myself, is Part I of a three-part book review of

Barack Obama's two published books, *Dreams From My Father*, and, written almost ten years later, *The Audacity of Hope*. The second article, by Gratia Dunham Mahony, is on the second and third generations of one of the sons of Jonathan Dunham *alias Singletary*, of Woodbridge, New Jersey, the founder, though not genetic forebear, of one of the two major generic families of Dunhams that our DNA analysis has so far uncovered. As most of you know, Jonathan changed his surname from Singletary to Dunham, and that started a large line of Dunhams, aided by the occurrence of many sons among his progeny. Gratia's article in this issue deals the family of David[3] Dunham (Jonathan[2], Richard[1] Singletary).

Since our last issue, which gave only the skeletal lineage of Barack Obama's Dunham heritage, he has been much in the news. He announced his intention to seek the presidency on January 16, 2007, just as we were completing the last issue, allowing us to get in a late bulletin with this news. His formal announcement came on Februrary 10, 2007 on a cold bright day in Springfield, Illinois. Since that time he has climbed steadily in the polls, and is now seriously challenging Hillary Clinton, the Democratic frontrunner. In first quarter fund-raising results filed by the official candidates, Obama raised $25 million, just $1 million less than Hillary Clinton's $26 million; moreover, he had over 100,000 donors, double Clinton's 50,000. Thus it's beginning to look like Barack Obama has a quite serious chance to become President in 2008. This series of in-depth reviews of his books is therefore both timely and apposite. As Part II and Part III of this book review series appear, in the July and October 2007 issues, we can perhaps give, in this column or a trailer to the book review articles themselves, updates and summaries of the course and status of Obama's campaign. It is of course very early in the political season and a great many things can change between now and November 2008. But just now it looks as though the Obama candidacy carries pretty good sporting odds.

Finally, DSFC has held its own election recently, and we give a recap of our own directors and officers election results in the final piece.

Editor's Corner

by Sam Dunnam

Welcome to the second issue of 2007. We go into the spring of this year with a new president and an expanded Board of Directors. All sitting directors were re-elected and four new ones added. While I am at it, I wish to thank all those members who voted (about 50%, Paul says) for re-electing

me as a director and as your Newsletter Editor. How long I shall continue in the latter post is something I shall have to consider. I have some other, longer term writing projects underway and, looking forward to my 76th birthday this coming July, the ticking of the clock seems to be growing louder.

In this issue I publish the first of a three-part book review series on the two books Barack Obama has written. This has been an interesting project. I was impressed when I saw and listened to Obama's keynote address to the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 2004. He was then a candidate for U.S. Senator from Illinois, and nationally a political unknown. He was heavily favored to win the Illinois Senate race. His opponent, Alan Keyes, a black far-right Republican, was hardly a charmer. Keyes had been hastily recruited to run against Obama at the last moment when the more balanced Republican candidate awkwardly had to drop out of the race. Thus there was a considerable element of luck aiding Obama's quest for his first national office, which he, as expected, handily won. But the address he gave at the Democratic convention was singularly impressive in its own right. The man, for his youth (he was 41 at the time), was an accomplished and inspiring public speaker—no doubt why the Democratic convention makers selected him to give the keynote.

Three years later, as I was reading to prepare the book review article that begins in this issue, I re-read that keynote address to the 2004 Democratic convention. It reads well; it is a competently written, straight-forward political speech that touches all the right buttons to inspire the party faithful and other Americans to re-dedicate themselves to laudable national goals and purposes. But in itself it did not have a star-making message apart from its deliverer. A consequence of him giving it that night, however, was that Barack Obama thereupon became an instantly rising star in the Democratic party—four months *before* he was elected to the Senate. By the time the convention ended, people were already speaking of him as a future presidential candidate.

If one consults his resume, that is also impressive. He got his bachelor's degree from Columbia University in New York, having spent his first two years at Occidental College in Los Angeles. Then he spent three years working as a community organizer in low-income neighborhoods in Chicago's deep South Side. I know something about those neighborhoods: I attended The University of Chicago for two years between 1958 and 1960, and we lived comfortably north of those same

neighborhoods then. They were virtually all black, grindingly poor, chaotic, with alarmingly high crime rates. One did not want even to skirt their periphery in broad daylight, not to mention at night. Very tough places to live, very challenging places to attempt to do social work. Obama lived down there for three years among his clients. Then, after a trip to Kenya, he entered the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated *Magna Cum Laude* and where, his senior year, he was chosen the first African-American president of the Harvard Law Review—the highest honor to which an American law graduate can aspire. Three years later, after practicing law, he ran for the Illinois State Legislature and won a state senate seat. During this time he was also teaching constitutional law at the University of Chicago Law School. In 1995 he published his first book. Six years later came the U.S. Senate race; then the keynote speech before the 2004 Democratic National Convention. And now a run for the presidency.

So what is it about Obama that gives him this sort of magnetic attraction—a quality that makes people, when they meet him, or see him and hear him on TV and take him in, want to believe him and trust him and, if they are politically inclined, want to elect him and follow him? I have asked myself that question time and again. For I have had the same reaction. And so far, the only answer I have come up with is that he conveys a seeming genuineness and honesty that has been in crucially short supply from all the talking heads we see on television, especially from among politicians. Moreover, he speaks *very* well, both offhand and more formally. He is in full command of the language and he is blessed with a fine, sonorous, baritone voice that is pleasant to savor.

Finally came the rather astounding news that Barack Obama's mother *was a Dunham!*— descended from the Dunham-Singletary line (my own), and that he is, at least for some of us, an actual distant cousin. That's pretty incredible, I thought. I was going to have to know all about this guy. That's when I purchased both his books. Am I supporting him for president? Yes, my wife and I both are. But I don't want to turn this Newsletter into a political advocacy medium. He *is* now, however, our most famous and newsworthy cousin. My aim in this issue and those that follow is simply to present the facts of his life to you, as he has told them in his books in this rather long, three-part review. Whether or not you would support him for President, he is certainly now our most interesting relative. So bear with me. I think you'll find his story interesting.

Our Cousin Barack – Part I

by Sam E. Dunnam

Introduction

This is Part I of what will be a three part extended book view of Barack Obama's two published books. Parts I and II cover Obama's earlier book, *Dreams From My Father*. Part I deals with his early family background, childhood, adolescence, and undergraduate years at Occidental College and Columbia University; or geographically, with Hawaii, Indonesia, Los Angeles and New York. Part II, to be published in the July issue, will cover his years in Chicago as a community organizer and his pilgrimage to Kenya to learn more about his father and visit his African relatives, many of whom he had never met. These times and experiences conclude the scope of the earlier book.

Part III, to appear in October, will focus on the second book, *The Audacity of Hope*. It will cover his mature political career, essentially the ten years from his election to the Illinois legislature in 1997 to the present time in 2007—years during which he first successfully entered politics and became, in 2004, a meteoric luminance on the national political scene, announcing in November 2006 that he would be a candidate for President of the United States in the 2008 national election. It will be a shorter article. The second book is fundamentally a political book, setting forth his views and aspirations on a set of fundamental issues. The preponderence of my interest here is

in connecting how his earlier experiences have influenced his mature political views; for if elected, he will bring to the presidency a strikingly different heritage, background, and set of experiences than those that have informed and guided past presi-

dents, as varied as their own backgrounds have been.

Since I undertook this project, it has grown considerably in the process of writing it. Obama himself is an accomplished writer—and speaker. Early on, therefore, I determined that I could convey much more about the man to the reader by letting him tell as much of his story as feasible in his own words. This I have tried to do, but it has made the article longer than it would have been in conventional book review form. I hope that the reader will find this kind of presentation—containing many quotes, some lengthy—rewarding. I do believe that any understanding of this remarkable man must convey to the reader an appreciation of his talent for language and his considerable literary skill in using it; nothing does this better than letting him tell pivotal episodes of his life in his own voice.

Barack is of course a Dunham cousin—more specifically, a distant cousin of all of us who descend from the Dunham-Singletary line. I have not emphasized this connection in what follows, but I shall offer some final reflections on it in the concluding paragraphs of Part III. In what follows I have often added the Dunham surname when mentioning Barack's maternal grandparents' and his mother's first names in the story in order to keep the connection in view.

Finally, I must make amends for letting the project grow so lengthy that it has consumed more time than I anticipated and has delayed getting this Newsletter to you. I hope you will find what follows worth the wait.

Part I

Background and Origins

If Barack Obama should win the Democratic nomination and be elected President in November 2008, he will bring to the American presidency a background strikingly different from that of any person who has ever held that office before. In many respects, it will be a background that, for all its uniqueness and difference, is perhaps better suited to deal with the challenges of the 21st century, both in U.S. and abroad, than the backgrounds of other announced candidates in either party. Why that is so will become apparent in his story, and I shall discuss it in the closing section of Part III.

My knowledge of Obama is from the two books he has published: an early

book, *Dreams from My Father*, written the year after he graduated from the Harvard Law School, where he was elected by his peers the first African-American president of the Harvard Law Review; and a later book, *The Audacity of Hope*, the kind of book on national themes and issues that a man thinking of running for President might write. The later book was written after he had been elected U.S. Senator in 2004, an office he now holds as junior senator from Illinois. The earlier book is far the more personal and interesting—though this is not to discount the second book. It is simply that his origins and personal story are highly interesting and unique, and from them you learn a great deal more about how he came to be the man he is. The second book is not altogether impersonal. In it he weaves personal anecdotes and viewpoints through the larger issues he is writing about; but the book is predominantly *about* those issues and themes, not himself, except for perhaps the final chapter on *Family*.

Barack Obama is African-American in a more direct and immediate sense than most American blacks can claim today. His father was a black African from Kenya, a member of the Luo tribe there, who, as Barack tells it, was...

born on the shores of Lake Victoria in a place called Alego. The village was poor, but his father—my other grandfather, Hussein Onyango Obama—had been a prominent farmer, an elder of the tribe, a medicine man with healing powers. My father grew up herding his father's goats and attending the local school, set up by the British colonial administration, where he had shown great promise. He eventually won a scholarship to study in Nairobi; and then, on the eve of Kenyan independence, he had been selected by Kenyan leaders and American sponsors to attend a university in the United States, joining the first large wave of Africans to be sent forth to master Western technology and bring it back to forge a new, modern Africa. (p. 12-3 DFMF)

Barack's mother, by contrast, was the only daughter of a distinctly American white midwestern family from Kansas named Dunham. His maternal grandfather, Stanley Armour Dunham, as we know from the January Newsletter's publication of Barack's Dunham lineage, was a direct descendant of Richard Singletary and Jonathan Singletary Dunham, Richard's eldest son who changed his surname from Singletary to Dunham and thus founded one of the two major Dunham lines after which our association is named. Barack's immedi-

ate parental heritage is thus African-American in the most direct sense: his father was an African, his mother an American.

Hawaii

His parents met at The University of Hawaii. How they happen to have arrived there leads to more of the biographical story on the Dunham side. In their youth, Barack's Dunham grandparents grew up in two small Kansas towns...

less than twenty miles away from each other—my grandmother in Augusta, my grandfather in El Dorado, towns too small to warrant boldface on a road map—and the childhoods they like to recall for my benefit portrayed small-town, Depression-era America in all its innocent glory: Fourth of July parades and the picture shows on the side of a barn; fireflies in a jar and the taste of wine-ripe tomatoes, sweet as apples;...

No one had much in these hard years, and social distinctions, Barack says, were not so apparent as in later times of affluence:

you had to listen carefully to recognize the subtle hierarchies and unspoken codes that had policed their early lives, the distinctions of people who don't have a lot and live in the middle of nowhere. It had to do with something called respectability—there were respectable people and not-so-respectable people—and although you didn't have to be rich to be respectable, you sure had to work harder at it if you weren't. (DFMF p 19)

His grandmother's family (that of Madelyn Payne Dunham), he says, was respectable. ...

Her father held a job all through the Depression, managing an oil lease for Standard Oil. Her mother had taught normal school before the children were born. The family kept their house spotless and ordered Great Books through the mail; they read the Bible but generally shunned the tent revival circuit, preferring a straight-backed form of Methodism that valued reason over passion and temperance over both. (DFMF p 19-20)

His grandfather Dunham's background was, however, "more troublesome." The family wasn't very well off, "but they were decent, God-fearing Baptists, supporting themselves with work in the oil rigs around Wichita." (DFMF p 20) "Gramps" Dunham was raised by grandparents, but somehow "turned out a bit wild." At fifteen he was

kicked out of high school, and subsequently drifted around living off odd jobs in Chicago and California, finally returning to Kansas, having discovered along the way "moonshine, cards, and women." His prospective in-laws were not thrilled about their daughter's romantic interest in such a fellow. But he had plans and aspirations to escape the dusty, humdrum plains on which they'd been raised, and the couple eloped just before Pearl Harbor. He enlisted and served throughout the war. Barack's mother was born during the war "at the army base where Gramps [Dunham] was stationed." After the war the young family settled in California. Gramps...

enrolled at Berkeley under the GI bill. But the classroom couldn't contain his ambitions, his restlessness, and so the family moved again, first back to Kansas, then through a series of small Texas towns, then finally to Seattle, where they stayed long enough for my mother to finish high school. Gramps worked as a furniture salesman; they bought a house and found themselves bridge partners. They were pleased that my mother proved bright in school, although when she was offered early admission into the University of Chicago, my grandfather forbade her to go, deciding that she was still too young to be living on her own.

About the time Barack's mother finished high school, the furniture company for which Gramps worked decided to open a branch in Honolulu. Given his restless nature, he jumped at the chance to go; so the family moved again, this time for a final time it turned out. Barack comments:

He would always be like that, my grandfather ["Gramps" Dunham], always searching for that new start, always running away from the familiar. By the time the family arrived in Hawaii, his character would have been fully formed, I think—the generosity and eagerness to please, the awkward mix of sophistication and provincialism, the rawness of emotion that could make him at once tactless and easily bruised. He was an American character, one typical of men of his generation, men who embraced the notion of freedom and individualism and the open road without always knowing its price, and whose enthusiasms could as easily lead to the cowardice of McCarthyism as to the heroics of WW II. Men who were both dangerous and promising precisely because of fundamental innocence; men prone, in the end, to disappointment.

His later years in Hawaii would in fact bring disappointments and frus-

trations, as well as a kind of quiet desperation, a sense of personal promise unfulfilled. There would be money problems and a growing reliance on sips of whiskey to assuage his discontent.

But there was an open, accepting, and tolerant side of Gramps Dunham that was probably untypical of white American middle-class men in this post-war era. As Barack tells it: ...

In the back of his mind he had come to consider himself as something of a freethinker—bohemian, even. He wrote poetry on occasion, listened to jazz, counted a number of Jews he'd met in the furniture business as his closest friends. In his only skirmish into organized religion, he would enroll the family in the local Unitarian Universalist congregation; he liked the idea that Unitarians drew on the scriptures of all the great religions ('It's like you get five religions in one,' he would say).

Barack's grandmother, whom he called "Toot," was of a more practical bent. Toot, recalls Barack, ...

would eventually dissuade him of his views on the church ("For Christ's sake, Stanley, religion's not supposed to be like buying breakfast cereal!"), but if my grandmother was more skeptical by nature, and disagreed with Gramps on some of his more outlandish notions, her own stubborn independence, her own insistence of thinking something through for herself, generally brought them into rough alignment.

All this marked them as vaguely liberal, although their ideas would never congeal into anything like a firm ideology; in this, too, they were American.

This more open, "vaguely liberal" outlook helped them accept that their only daughter had fallen in love with a black African fellow student at the University and revealed later that she intended to marry him. As Barack describes their first meeting with him:

…[W]hen my mother came home one day and mentioned a friend she had met at the University of Hawaii, an African student named Barack, their first impulse was to invite him over for dinner. The poor kid's probably lonely, Gramps would have thought, so far away from home. Better take a look at him, Toot would have said to herself. When my father arrived at the door, Gramps might have been immediatly struck by the African's resemblance to Nat King Cole, one of his favorite singers; I imagine him asking my father if he can sing, not

understanding the mortified look on my mother's face. Gramps is probably too busy telling one of his jokes or arguing with Toot over how to cook the steaks to notice my mother reach out and squeeze the smooth, sinewy hand beside hers. Toot notices, but she's polite enough to bite her lip and offer dessert; her instincts warn her against making a scene. When the evening is over, they'll both remark on how intelligent the young man seems, so dignified, with the measured gestures, the graceful draping of one leg over another—and how about that accent!

And Barack Obama, Sr. does appear to have been uncommonly smart. It was his intelligence, noticed early and observed by all his teachers and benefactors, that lifted him up from village life in rural Kenya and enabled him finally to attend an American university. But not only his intelligence: he seems also to have had a compelling charm and a confidence in dealing with others that gave him a capacity for leadership. He also had a gift of speech and persuasiveness, and the combination of these qualities made him, even at age twenty-three, an impressive man. One tale, first told to young Barack by Gramps when he was a boy, is worth repeating. Years later, according to Barack, it was confirmed by an improbable, objective observer who claims to have been present in the bar during the episode and never forgot it. ...

According to the story, after long hours of study, my father had joined my grandfather [Dunham] and several other friends at a local Waikiki bar. Everyone was in a festive mood, eating and drinking to the sounds of a slack-key guitar, when a white man abruptly announced to the bartender, loudly enough for everyone to hear, that he shouldn't have to drink good liquor "next to a nigger." The room fell quiet and people turned to my father, expecting a fight. Instead, my father stood up, walked over to the man, smiled, and proceeded to lecture him about the folly of bigotry, the promise of the American dream, and the universal rights of man. "This fella felt so bad when Barack [Sr.] was finished," Gramps would say, "that he reached into his pocket gave Barack a hundred dollars on the spot. Paid for all our drinks and puu-puus for the rest of the night—and your dad's rent for the rest of the month.

Barack (Jr.) said that he grew skeptical of the story as he matured and "had set it aside" with some of Gramps' other tales….

Until I received a phone call, many years later, from a Japanese-

American man who said he had been my father's classmate in Hawaii and now taught at a mid-western university. He was very gracious, a bit embarassed by his own impulsiveness; he explained that he had seen an interview of me in his local newspaper and that the sight of my father's name had brought back a rush of memories. Then, during the course of our conversation, he repeated the same story my grandfather had told, about the white man who had tried to purchase my father's forgiveness. "I'll never forget that," the man said to me over the phone; and in his voice I heard the same note that I'd heard from Gramps so many years before, that note of disbelief—and hope.

Anyhow, the marriage did take place and the elder Dunhams seemed to have acquiesced in it without serious questioning or objection, at least explicitly. They had had in their wanderings, but particularly in Texas, several brushes with the uglier sides of racism. These episodes, which Barack recounts but we shall not, had etched into them a sympathy and tolerance for black people that mollified their inner reservations—what might otherwise have been resistance—to their only daughter marrying a black African, even one who seemed in his own right an outstanding man. Certainly they were not entirely comfortable with it; but they acquiesced. The marriage ceremony was apparently not a formally celebrated event. ...

In fact, how and when the marriage occurred remains a bit murky, a bill of particulars that I've never had the courage to explore. There's no record of a real wedding, a cake, a ring, a giving away of the bride. No families were in attendance; it's not even clear that people back in Kansas were fully informed. Just a small civil ceremony, a justice of the peace. The whole thing seems so fragile in retrospect, so haphazard. And perhaps that's how my grandparents intended it to be, a trial that would pass, just a matter of time, so long as they maintained a stiff upper lip and didn't do anything drastic.

But in due time a baby arrived, a brown child. The U.S. social and political climate had also about this time begun to change. Gramps Dunham began to mellow with respect to his daughter's adventurous marriage. Barack imagines that he...

might listen to his new son-in-law sound off about politics or the economy, about far-off places like Whitehall or the Kremlin, and imagine himself seeing into the future. He would begin to read the newspapers more carefully, finding early reports of

America's newfound integrationist creed, and decide in his mind that the world was shrinking, sympathies changing; that the family from Wichita had in fact moved to the forefront of Kennedy's New Frontier and Dr. King's magnificent dream.

Hawaii, too, was a near ideal place for this mixed-race, mixed heritage family to reside. It was a true melting pot, although very few blacks were there in this first decade after the war. There were native Hawaiians, Asians from nearly every Pacific nation, and virtually every shade of brown skin. "There were too many races, with power among them too diffuse, to impose the mainland's rigid caste system..." (DFMF p 35) Living in that true multi-cultural environment, with their brown grandson, the elder Dunhams' racial attitudes slowly changed.

"In such surroundings," Barack says, "my racial stock caused my grandparents few problems, and they quickly adopted the scornful attitude local residents took toward visitors who expressed such hang-ups." (DFMF p 37) Gramps, indeed, became a ready spokesman for the new tolerance slowly forcing a transformation in the larger nation's life. He was proud of his new grandson and unafraid to speak openly about his mixed heritage—something much easier to do in Hawaii, with fewer costs, than might have been the case back in Kansas.

A sadder development, one that would affect Barack's life profoundly, is that his father left and did not return for many years. Upon finishing at Hawaii, Barack (Sr.) received a scholarship to pursue Ph.D. studies at Harvard. He had done superbly well at Hawaii: ...

He studied econometics, worked with unsurpassed concentration, and graduated in three years at the top of his class. His friends were legion, and he helped organize the International Students Association, of which he became the first president. (DFMF, p 13)

The only problem with the Harvard scholarship is that it did not contain enough money for him to take his new family. "A separation occurred," Barack writes, "and he returned to Africa to fulfill his promise to the continent. The mother and child stayed behind, but the bond of love survived the distances . . . ." (DFMF p 13) A formal divorce was obtained a year later.

The result of this unfortunate development is that Barack was destined to be raised by a single mother and his

maternal grandparents—though not before a hiatus of more than three years spent in Indonesia with a kindly Indonesian step-father whom his mother married, after time passed and the permanence of her separation and divorce from his father soaked in. Things could hardly have been easy for his mother and her parents: they all had to work, including Gramps when he had a job selling furniture, which was not always, and when he did, he got paid commissions only on the sales he made.

Indonesia

It is easy understand therefore the attraction of Barack's mother to another husband who could offer an independent household for her and her child. The Indonesian's name was Lolo and she had met him also at the University of Hawaii. Barack describes him: ...

His name meant "crazy" in Hawaiian, which tickled Gramps to no end, but the meaning didn't suit the man, for Lolo possessed the good manners and easy grace of his people. He was short and brown, handsome, with thick black hair and features that could have as easily been Mexican or Samoan as Indonesian; his tennis game was good, his smile uncommonly even, and temperament imperturbable. For two years, from the time I was four until I was six, he endured endless hours of chess with Gramps and long wrestling sessions with me. When my mother sat me down one day to tell me that Lolo had proposed and wanted us to move with him to a faraway place, I wasn't surprised and expressed no objections. I did ask her if she loved him—I had been around long enough to known such things were important. My mother's chin trembled, as it still does when she's fighting back tears, and she pulled me into a long hug that made me feel very brave, although I wasn't sure why. (DFMF, p 45-6)

Indonesia at this time (late fall, 1965) had just undergone a profound and violent transformation. The country had drifted into the Communist orbit during the post-war period from 1955 to 1965, as the ideological struggle between the U.S. and the Soviet Union played out all over the globe. Then, in October of 1965, a right-wing military coup effectively seized power and an extremely brutal, bloody counter-revolution ensued. Tens of thousands of communists functionaries and sympathesizers were slaughtered and bodies filled the rivers for days. The death toll reached as high as perhaps 500,000. The generals in charge of this coup elected to realign the country with the U.S. and

the West. The U.S. welcomed the change *de facto* but, because of the violent, bloody character of the counter-revolution, recognized but did not embrace the new military dominated government. Nonetheless, because the generals opted to reintroduce a market economy, business conditions in the newly transformed country seemed hopeful once again.

It was this change that had drawn Lolo to return to Indonesia and ask Barack's mother to marry and accompany him there—although she discovered later that his return wasn't entirely voluntary. "During the purge, all students studying abroad had been summoned without explanation, their passports revoked." (DFMF, p 67) On returning, Lolo was conscripted into the civil service for a while, before being allowed to take up private employment. Barack's mother suffered long periods of loneliness, even though Lolo's family were as supportive as they could be under the circumstances. His civil service job paid little; they lived on a tight budget. She soon found a job, teaching English to Indonesian businessmen at the American embassy. It helped make ends meet. Slowly the realization crept in that the political climate in the country was far from free, that the exercise of power there had been, and still be could be arbitrary and ruthless, and that some things about the government and its ways were best left unsaid. ...

Innuuendo, half-whispered asides; that's how she found out that we had arrived in Djakarta less than a year after one of the more brutal and swift campaigns of suppression in modern times. The idea frightened her, the notion that history could be swallowed up so completely, the same way the rich and loamy earth could soak up the rivers of blood that had once coursed through the streets; the way people could continue about their business beneath giant posters of the new president as if nothing had happened...(DFMF, p 66)

Lolo would not talk about it much. Once when she pressed her questions too hard, he snapped: "Guilt is a luxury only foreigners can afford, ...Like saying anything that pops into your head." Lolo finally secured a new job in the government relations office of an American oil company and their material fortunes improved: a new and better house, a car, a country club membership. But a gulf had grown and widened between them.

As for Barack the growing boy, however, many of his memories of Indo-

nesia are pleasant. Lolo was kindly and protective toward him, and offered him instruction and advice on things male and manly, such as boxing lessons after a dispute with an older boy at school. ...

...[I]t was to Lolo that I turned for guidance and instruction. He didn't talk much, but he was easy to be with. With his family and friends he introduced me as his son, but he never pressed things beyond matter-of-fact advice or pretended that our relationship was more than it was. I appreciated this distance; it implied a manly trust. And his knowledge of the world seemed inexhaustible. Not just how to change a flat tire or open in chess. He knew more elusive things, ways of managing the emotions I felt, ways to explain fate's constant mysteries. (DFMF p 57)

Likewise, in his social and educational experience things went easily and well. He attended the Indonesian secondary school and quickly mastered the language. ...

It had taken me less than six months to learn Indonesia's language, its customs, and its legends. I had survived chicken pox, measles, and the sting of my teachers' bamboo switches. The children of farmers, servants, and low-level bureaucrats had become my best friends, and together we ran the streets morning and night, hustling odd jobs, catching crickets, battling swift kites with razor-sharp lines—the loser watched his kite soar off with the wind....That's how things were, one long adventure, the bounty of a young boy's life. (DFMF p 54-5)

But Ann Dunham was beginning to have second thoughts about life in Indonesia, her life with Lolo there, and particularly the future of her promising male child, and now of her second child, too, for she had had a daughter by Lolo, named Maya. She had come to Indonesia full of hope and adventure—of the chance perhaps to do good in an underdeveloped country. But as the realization dawned that the political and social ideals she had embraced in her American, mid-western upbringing in Kansas had no roots or relevance there, and that *power*, often undisguised and raw, seldom ever just, was the central fact organizing Indonesia's social reality, her resolve to remain there weakened.

Power. The word fixed in my mother's mind like a curse. In America, it had generally remained hidden from view until you dug beneath the surface of things; until you visited an Indian reservation or spoke

to a black person whose trust you had earned. But here power was undisguised, indiscriminate, naked, always fresh in the memory. Power had taken Lolo and yanked him back into line just when he thought he'd escaped, making him feel its weight, letting him know his life wasn't his own. That's how things were; you couldn't change it, you could just live by the rules, so simple once you learned them. (DFMF, p 68)

Ann's disillusionment with Indonesia and her resignation that Lolo's uncomplaining acceptance of its conditions—so practical and necessary for him to be able to improve their lives—was to be a blunt fact of their future there, brought about a growing resolve to extract herself and her children from it. As this resolve took shape, it created a tension between them, subtle and unspoken at first, but palpable and constant nonetheless. ...

What tension I noticed had mainly to do with the gradual shift in my mother's attitude toward me. She had always encouraged my rapid acculturation in Indonesia: It had made me relatively self-sufficient, undemanding on a tight budget, and extremely well mannered when compared to other American children. She had taught me to disdain the blend of ignorance and arrogance that too often characterized Americans abroad. But she now had learned , just as Lolo had learned, the chasm that separated the life chances of an American from those of an Indonesian. She knew which side of the divide she wanted her child to be on. I was an American, she decided, and my true life lay elsewhere. (DFMF, pp 70-71)

Ann first concentrated her efforts on Barack's education: "Five days a week she came into my room at four in the morning, force-fed me breakfast, and proceeded to teach me my English lessons for three hours before I left for school and she went to work." (DFMF, p 71) There were also other concerns, among them values. "If you want to grow into a human being," she would say, "you're going to need some values." (DFMF, p 73) Lolo, like so many other Indonesians, hid taxable property when the tax officials visited. Bribery, some subtle, some not so subtle, was widespread: everyone seemed to do it who had the means—to gain favors or preferred treatment from petty officials. Ann's mid-western sense of propriety recoiled at these small corruptions and practices that were so much a *modus operandi* of Indonesian life. Lolo here was no help in instructing his

step-son. Indeed, to him Ann's offense at these well-worn, small facts of Indonesian existence seemed impractical and of doubtful relevance. As Barack comments: "Lolo had merely explained the poverty, the corruption, the constant scramble for security; he hadn't created it. It remained all around me and bred a relentless skepticism." (DFMF, p 74)

In her struggle during this time to instill in her son some exceptional values, she had only one ally: Barack's father. Their separation and divorce had not diminished their friendship and concern for their young son. They corresponded and Ann frequently appealed to his example in instructing her son. ...

Increasingly, she would remind me of his story, how he had grown up poor, in a poor country, in a poor continent; how his life had been hard, as hard as anything that Lolo might have known. He hadn't cut corners, though, or played all the angles. He was diligent and honest, no matter what it cost him. He had led his life according to principles and demanded a different kind of toughness, principles that promised a higher form of power. I would follow his example, my mother decided. I had no choice. It was in the genes. "[Your] brains, your character, you got from him." (DFMF, p 75)

Ann also, wisely, began another aspect of Barack's education: preparation for his future as a black man in America. Social attitudes in the U.S. were in the process of changing. But they had not yet changed so much then as to remove a certain social burden from being a black man in a society in which white traditions, white standards, white expectations, white mores and biases still shaped material conditions, behaviors, and attitudes in America. Barack slowly began to perceive and understand that to be black in America was indeed to be still on the less rewarding side of a difference that ran deep and, for all the progress in race relations then underway, was a disheartening social reality he would have to face. ...

*On the imported television shows that had started running in the evenings, I began to notice that Cosby never got the girl on **I Spy**, that the black man on **Mission Impossible** spent all his time underground. I noticed there was nobody like me in the Sears, Roebuck Christmas catalogue that Toot and Gramps sent us, and that Santa was a white man.*

I kept these observations to myself, deciding that either my mother didn't

see them or she was trying to protect me and that I shouldn't expose her efforts as having failed. I still trusted my mother's love—but I now faced the prospect that her account of the world, and my father's place in it, was somehow incomplete. (DFMF, p 78)

Back to Hawaii: Punahoe

Ann finally did make her decision to leave Lolo and Indonesia. She could not leave right away, but she made arrangements for Barack to leave in time to start school that fall in Hawaii. He would live with his grandparents, Toot and Gramps, until Ann and his sister Maya could join them. The elder Dunhams had sold their big house near the University and now had a smaller two-bedroom apartment in a high-rise. Their status had slipped some. Gramps no longer worked in the furniture business. He was selling life insurance. It, too, was a "commissions only" job and he was not as successful with it as he had been selling furniture. Fortunately, Toot had finally been promoted to vice-president of a local bank where she'd worked for for years—something of a rarity in that time. She now made more money than Gramps. That fact became a delicate and sensitive matter with them and seemed indirectly to cause a new irritability in Stanley Dunham that had not been there before.

The big change was that Barack would now attend Punahoe Academy, one of the premier secondary schools in Hawaii. It had been started by missionaries in 1841 but had now grown into a prestigious prep school, which was attended mainly by children of the islands' elites.

It hadn't been easy to get me in, my grandparents told [Ann]; there was a long waiting list, and I was considered only because of the intervention of Gramps' boss, who was an alumnus (my first experience with affirmative action, it seems, had little to do with race). (DFMF, p 87)

Although Barack does not say so directly in the book, it is certain that Punahoe was also expensive and it cannot have been easy for Ann and her parents, who were certainly not people of means, to afford the tuition. He does not say whether or not a scholarship was involved; most likely, it was not the first year. What is apparent here is that Ann and the senior Dunhams obviously realized that Barack had unusual talent and intellectual ability; they were ambitious for him and they made whatever sacrifices were necessary to

give him the best secondary education then available in Hawaii. That was Punahoe.

There were still few blacks in Hawaii; Barack reports only one other black child in his first class at Punahoe. Hawaii was still the most racially mixed and tolerant state in the union at this early date (late ‘60s, early ‘70s). But he was now one step closer to the U.S. racial divide than he had been in Indonesia.

Ann had made arrangements to leave Indonesia for Hawaii to be there in time for Christmas. The startling news, however, was that Barack’s father would also be coming to pay his former U.S. family a visit—and would stay a month. He had been in a serious car accident in Kenya and was recuperating still. Barack was now ten. He had not seen his father, of whom he can have remembered little, since he was two. The elder Dunhams managed to find a vacant apartment in the building they were able to sublet for him to stay. As the day of his arrival approached, there was apprehension in the air. It had been so long since even Ann and her parents had seen him. Barack felt some anxiety—to meet this legendary man, his father, about whom he’d heard so much. What he knew of him, and *his* father—Barack’s Kenyan grandfather—was a story he had embroidered on so much to his Punahoe classmates that it was hard now to separate the fictions from fact in his own mind. His father, he had told them, was a prince and his grandfather a chieftan of the tribe. Would he become a prince, and his father the chief when his grandfather died? It was complicated, he told them, but he implied that it might happen.

Finally the day arrived and Barack came home from school early to greet him. ...

...there, in the unlit hallway, I saw him, a tall, dark figure who walked with a slight limp. He crouched down and put his arms around me, and I let my arms hang at my sides. Behind him stood my mother, her chin trembling as usual....

... I watched him carefully as the adults began to talk. He was much thinner than I had expected, the bones of his knees cutting the legs of his trousers at sharp angles; I couldn’t imagine him lifting anyone off the ground. Beside him, a cane with a blunt ivory head leaned against the wall. He wore a blue blazer, and a white shirt, and a scarlet ascot. His horn-rimmed glasses reflected the light of the lamp so that I couldn’t

see his eyes very well, but when he took the glasses off to rub the bridge of his nose, I saw that they were slightly yellow, the eyes of someone who's had malaria more than once. There was a fragility about his frame, I thought, a caution when he lit a cigarette or reached for his beer. (DFMF, p 98-99)

Barack now, writing at the distance of nearly twenty years, cannot recall much of the conversations and instruction that passed between him and his father during this long month. Only vivid images remain. ...

I am left with mostly images that appear and die off in my mind like distant sounds: his head thrown back in laughter at one of Gramps' jokes as my mother and I hang Christmas ornaments; his grip on my shoulder as he introduces me to one of his old friends from college; the narrowing of his eyes, the stroking of his sparse goatee, as he reads his important books.

Images, and his effect on other people. For whenever he spoke—his one leg draped over the other, his large hands outstretched to direct or deflect attention, his voice deep and sure, cajoling and laughing—I would see a sudden change take place in the family. Gramps became more vigorous and thoughtful, my mother more bashful; even Toot, smoked out of the foxhole of her bedroom, would start sparring with him about politics or finance, stabbing the air with her blue-veined hands to make a point. It was as if his presence had summoned the spirit of earlier times and allowed each of them to reprise his or her old role; as if Dr. King had never been shot, and the Kennedys continued to beckon the nation, and war and riot and famine were nothing more than temporary setbacks, and there was nothing to fear but fear itself.

It fascinated me, this strange power of his, and for the first time I began to think of my father as something real and immediate, perhaps even permanent. (DFMF, p 100-101)

The high point of the visit was that Barack's father agreed to speak to his and another class at Punahoe. At first Barack was mortified and wary in the extreme of what his father might say or do, and how his peers and classmates might respond. I give the incident in his words. ...

"We have a special treat for you today," Miss Hefty began. "Barry Obama's father is here, and he's come all the way from Kenya, in Africa, to tell us about his country."

The other kids looked at me as my father stood up, and I held my head stiffly, trying to focus on a vacant point on the blackboard behind him. He had been speaking for some time before I could finally bring myself back to the moment. He was leaning against Miss Hefty's thick oak desk and describing the deep gash in the earth where mankind first appeared. He spoke of the wild animals that still roamed the plains, the tribes that still required a young boy to kill a lion to prove his manhood. He spoke of the customs of the Luo, how elders received the utmost respect and made laws for all to follow under great-trunked trees. And he told us of Kenya's struggle to be free, how the British had wanted to stay and unjustly rule the people, just as they had in America; but that Kenyans, like all of us in the room, longed to be free and develop themselves through hard work and sacrifice.

When he finished, Miss Hefty was absolutely beaming with pride. All of my classmates applauded heartily, and a few struck up the courage to ask questions, each of which my father appeared to consider carefully before answering. The bell rang for lunch, and Mr. Eldredge came up to me.

"You've got a pretty impressive father."

The ruddy-faced boy who had asked about cannibalism said: "Your dad is pretty cool." (DFMF, p 105-106)

Barack's father departed. He could not know then that this single visit would be the last and only time he ever saw him. His mother, now separated from Lolo, took up residence in Hawaii again, and she, Barack and Maya lived in a small apartment a block away from Punahoe. Ann enrolled in The University of Hawaii to pursue a master's degree in anthropology, and the three of them lived on Ann's student grants—a tight budget but workable. Later, when Ann finished her course work and proposed returning to Indonesia for her field work, Barack said no. He had become a teenager now; he had friends and a comfortable niche in his class at Punahoe. He would live with his grandparents and continue at Punahoe until Ann and Maya returned.

In his teen years Barack entered upon a long and uncomfortable inner struggle not so much to find himself, though that, too, but to define, understand, and come to terms with his identity as a black man in America. It was a problem he had not had to

face before, having passed his early years in Hawaii. Then it was to Indonesia in his pre-adolescent years, where, being brown like everybody else, he did not look so different in this ethnically mixed society and was not treated so. Now back in Hawaii again, this time as a teenager, he began to encounter some direct exposure to U.S. racial attitudes. His mother had, even in Indonesia, began to prepare him for America's racial divide. Despite Hawaii's more racially tolerant attitudes, the U.S. reality was still reflected there and he could not escape it altogether.

That new fact notwithstanding, Barack Obama's overall experience growing up—even to this day—has been quite different from that of the overwhelming majority of American blacks. He is, first, of direct, first-generation, mixed heritage: his mother was white, "as white as milk," he says earlier in the book. His black African father left before he had any well-formed memories of him, and he was raised, for the most part, by his white mother and grandparents—that is to say, in a white home. His experiences in Indonesia never gave him any sense of being that much different from others—certainly not in the sense that black people feel their differences from the white majority in America. But once back in the orbit of American racial attitudes, however mollified by the more tolerant social climate of Hawaii, his differences from whites—those involuntarily assigned to him by virtue of his appearance—would now be directly felt, and were. From this point forward he would mature as a black man in America. It was this consciously felt future that he now began to engage and struggle with as he grew into his teenage, high-school years.

One of the first encounters he reports—one that will begin to inform and influence him—is through an older black friend at Punahoe, named Ray. ...

[Ray] was two years older than me, a senior who, as a result of his father's army transfer, had arrived from Los Angeles the previous year. Despite the difference in age, we'd fallen into an easy friendship, due in no small part to the fact that together we made up almost half of Punahoe's black high school population. I enjoyed his company; he had a warmth and brash humor that made up for constant references to a former L.A. life—the retinue of women who supposedly still called him long distance every night, his past football exploits, the celebrities he knew. Most of the things he told

me I tended to discount, but not everything;...Through Ray I would find out about the black parties that were happening at the university or out on the army bases, counting on him to ease my passage through unfamiliar terrain. In return, I gave him a sounding board for his frustrations. (DFMF, p 109-110)

From Ray, Barack began to learn about the deep resentments and anger that many young American blacks held toward white people—feelings that his own experience, certainly 'til then, had not impressed upon him but that he nevertheless understood the basis for—gleaned from the accounts of his mother about the American civil rights movement and the injustices that black people in America were striving to overcome. He also continued to see the "apart" roles of American blacks in the media, which, however watered down and smoothed over, still reflected a less savory and agreeable reality. He took these things in and digested them, and while he believed them, they did not become reflected yet in his behavior or emotions or broader outlook. His own experiences at Punahoe were more positive. He had always been drawn to basketball and, as he grew taller, he took up this sport and became tolerably good at it. He played on the Punahoe team and (later) was able to take his skill to the university courts. ...

...on the basketball court I could find a community of sorts, with an inner life all its own. It was there that I would make my closest white friends, on turf where blackness couldn't be a disadvantage. And it was there that I would meet Ray and the other blacks close to my age who had begun to trickle into the islands, teenagers whose confusion and anger would help shape my own. (DFMF, p 121)

As he did occasionally experience insensitive or ugly expressions of racial bias, in verbal slights or simply unthoughtful offhand expressions, he acquired his own angry reactions to them and did not shrink from expressing himself overtly to the offenders. And yet he could not adopt the more global anger and disdain that some of his new black friends harbored against "white folks" in general. ...

White folks. The term itself was uncomfortable in my mouth at first; I felt like a non-native speaker tripping over a difficult phrase. Sometimes I would find myself talking to Ray about white folks this or white folks that, and I would suddenly remember my mother's smile, and the words that I spoke would seem awk-

ward and false. Or I would be helping Gramps dry the dishes after dinner and Toot would come in to say she was going to sleep, and those same words—white folks—would flash in my head like a bright neon sign, and I would suddenly grow quiet, as if I had secrets to keep. (DFMF, p 122-123)

Barack sometimes would argue with Ray:

Sometimes, after one of his performances, I would question his judgement, if not his sincerity. We weren't living in the Jim Crow South, I would remind him....We were in goddamned Hawaii. We said what we pleased, ate where we pleased; we sat at the front of the proverbial bus. None of our white friends, guys like Jeff or Scott from the basketball team treated us any differently than they treated each other. They loved us, and we loved them back....

Well, that's true, Ray would admit.

Maybe [then] we could afford to give the bad-assed nigger pose a rest. Save it for when we really needed it.

And Ray would shake his head. A pose, huh? Speak for your own self.

And I would know that Ray had flashed his trump card, one that, to his credit, he rarely played. I was different, after all, potentially suspect; I had no idea who my own self was. Unwilling to risk exposure, I would quickly retreat to safer ground. (DFMF, p 124-125)

Barack was different; his whole life experience to that point had been different, and he began to appreciate that fact. He did not, could not, feel the hostility toward whites that many of his new black companions did. Because now in many ways he began to be grouped with them, he did start to feel a sense of commonality with them, a rapport. And he understood *their* underlying hostility toward whites, even if he did not share it with them. But he also began to question where their hostility might lead. What would come of it? What good could result from its expression? Those questions arose, but without immediate or obvious answers. ...

Perhaps if we had been living in New York or L.A., I would have been quicker to pick up the rules of the high-stakes game we were playing. As it was, I learned to slip back and forth between my black and white worlds, understanding that each possessed its own language and customs and structures of meaning, con-

vinced that with a bit of translation on my part the two worlds would eventually cohere. Still, the feeling that something wasn't quite right stayed with me....

These doubts and misgivings led him finally to consult the writings of a host of contemporary black American writers who had written about their own feelings, their anger resulting from the sense of forced racial subordination in the American milieu.

I gathered up books from the library—Baldwin, Ellison, Hughes, Wright, Dubois. At night I would close the door to my room, telling my grandparents I had homework to do, and there I would sit and wrestle with words, locked in desperate argument, trying to reconcile the world as I'd found it with the terms of my birth. But there was no escape to be had. In every page of every book,...I kept finding the same anguish, the same doubt; a self-contempt that neither irony nor intellect seemed able to deflect. Even DuBois' learning and Baldwin's love and Langston's humor eventually succumbed to its corrosive force, each man finally forced to doubt art's redemptive power, each man finally forced to withdraw, one to Africa, one to Europe, one deeper into the bowels of Harlem, but all of them in the same weary flight, all of them exhausted, bitter men, the devil at their heels. (DFMF, p 130-131)

Only in the writings of Malcolm X did Barack find any hope of a redemptive black experience. But that invoked a withdrawal of blacks from the overbearing white world into a self-sufficient Nation of Islam, into a deliberately separate society, or subsociety within the broader life of America. However attractive Malcolm's call to an all-black, disciplined, self-sufficient, self-sustaining world, insulated insofar as possible from the inclusive white society's suppression of black self-respect, Barack realized he could not be comfortable in that world either, even if it could come to pass.

...even as I imagined myself following Malcolm's call, one line in [his] book stayed me. He spoke of a wish he'd once had, the wish that the white blood that ran through him, there by an act of violence, might somehow be expunged. I knew that for Malcolm, that wish would never be incidental. I knew as well that traveling down the road to self-respect my own white blood would never recede into mere abstraction. I was left to wonder what else I would be severing if and when I left my mother and my grandparents at some uncharted border. (DFMF, p 132)

With some of Barack's new companions, and probably simply as a component of the indulgent, hedonistic culture that emerged as part of America's "youth culture" revolution in the late 1960s and early '70s, Barack had his own brush with drugs. He had begun to drink some then with his friends and it was an easy, readily available, and tempting alternative to try some of the forbidden fruit of hard drugs, too. "I blew a few smoke rings, remembering those years. Pot had helped, and booze; maybe a little blow [cocaine] when you could afford it . Not smack [heroin], though—Micky, my potential initiator, had been just a little too eager for me to go through with that." (DFMF, p 140-141) His own inherent good judgement and upbringing, perhaps sidelined during these youthful, impulsive years of American late teen experience, was still there to guide him away from the more ruinous paths. Still, the effect of drugs and the general rebellious nonchalance of youth then, the outsider fashion to spurn the paths that led to conventional success, had their impact upon him.

Junkie. Pothead. That's where I'd been headed: the final, fatal role of the young would-be black man. Except the highs hadn't been about that, me trying to prove what a down brother I was. Not by then, anyway. I got high for just the opposite effect, something that could push questions of who I was out my mind, something that could flatten out the landscape of my heart, blur the edges of my memory. I had discovered that it didn't make any difference whether you smoked a reefer in the white classmate's sparkling new van, or in the dorm room of some brother you'd met down at the gym, or on the beach with a couple of Hawaiian kids who had dropped out of school and now spent most of their time looking for an excuse to brawl....You might be just bored, or alone. Everybody was welcome into the club of disaffection. And if the high didn't solve whatever it was that was getting you down, it could at least help you laugh at the world's on-going folly and see through all the hypocrisy and bullshit and cheap moralism.

That's how it had seemed to me then, anyway. It had taken a couple of years before I saw how fates were beginning to play themselves out, the difference that color and money made after all, in who survived, how soft or hard the landing when you finally fell. Of course, either way, you needed some luck....

I had tried to explain some of this to my mother once, the role of luck in the world, the spin of the wheel. (DFMF, p 142-143).

But Ann Dunham wasn't buying any of this. "She had just sat there, studying my eyes, her face as grim as a hearse." (DFMF p 143) ...

'Don't you think you're being a casual about your future?' she said.

'What do you mean?'

You know exactly what I mean. One of your friends was just arrested for drug possession. Your grades are slipping. You haven't even started on your college applications. Whenever I try to talk to you about it you act like I'm just this great big bother. (DFMF, p 143)

Barack tried to prevaricate. Maybe, he said, he'd just go to the University of Hawaii. But Ann would have none of it. "You can get into any school in the country if you just put in a little effort. Remember what that's like? Effort? Damn it, Bar, you can't just sit around like some good time Charlie, waiting for luck to see you through." (DFMF, p 144)

Ann refused to countenance that *blind luck* would play any kind of determining role in her talented son's future. He fought back some, but she was resolute. She reminded him of the sacrifices she and her parents had made in his behalf; she made him feel guilty about his lassitude and nonchalance in the face of that. It worked. ...

...it was the one trick my mother always had up her sleeve, that way she had of making me feel guilty. She made no bones about it either....'A healthy dose of guilt never hurt anybody. It's what civilization was built on, guilt. A highly underrated emotion' [she would say.](DFMF, p 145-146)

Occidental and Los Angeles

Ann's unrelenting admonitions and push worked. Barack graduated from Punahoe and was accepted into several good colleges. He settled finally on Occidental College in Los Angeles. Entering college, however, did not interrupt Barack's searching for an identity he had not found yet. He quickly fell in with the black students on campus. "There were enough of us on campus to constitute a tribe, staying close together, traveling in packs." (DFMF, p 148), Living in a dorm his freshman year, he found "the same sort of bull sessions that I'd had with Ray and other

blacks back in Hawaii, the same grumblings, the same list of complaints." (DFMF, p 149)

But he made a new discovery, too. ...

I ...stumbled upon one of the well-kept secrets about black people: that most of us weren't interested in revolt; that most of us were tired of thinking about race all the time; that if we preferred to keep to our ourselves it was mainly because that was the easiest way to stop thinking about it, easier than spending all your time mad or trying to guess whatever it was that white folks were thinking about you. (DFMF, p 149)

Still, he found that he "couldn't let it go." It was, he decided, because of his own more ambiguous status. He was too close to the borderline, yet he was forced, as it were, to be black. A female friend said she rejected altogether being compelled to choose. "I'm multiracial," she said. She had European as well as black parentage. "Why should I have to choose between them?" she asked. "It's not white people who are making me choose....[I]t's black people who always have to make everything racial. They're the ones making me choose. They're the ones who are telling me that I can't be who I am..." (DFMF, p 150-151)

But for Barack it wasn't that easy or comfortable. There was a kind of injustice in the asymmetry of blending, an unfair, one-way compromise that, at the time, he could not accept. ...

It wasn't a matter of conscious choice, necessarily, just a matter of gravitational pull [;] the way integration worked [was] a one-way street. The minority assimilated into the dominant culture, not the other way around. Only white culture could be nonracial, willing to adopt the occasional exotic into its ranks. Only white culture had individuals. And we, the half-breeds and the college-educated, take a survey of the situation and think to ourselves, Why should we get lumped in with the losers if we don't have to? We become only so grateful to lose ourselves in the crowd, America's happy, faceless marketplace...(DFMF, p 151)

He felt then that taking such an easy way out was turning his back on the legions of "less fortunate coloreds" who "have to put up every single day of their lives with such indignities" as a cabbie driving deliberately past them or the woman in the elevator clutching her purse in their presence. He was aware of the lure of his female friend's decision to blend in as a "multiracial" individual and leave

behind these less fortunate 'blacks.' But he had an ethical problem with that. ...

To avoid being mistaken for a sellout, I chose my friends carefully. The more politically active black students. The foreign students. The Chicanos. The Marxist professors and structural feminists and punk-rock performance poets....At night, in the dorms, we discussed neocolonialism, Franz Fanon, Eurocentrism, and patriarchy. When we ground out our cigarettes in the hallway carpet or set our stereos so loud that the walls began to shake, we were resisting bourgeois society's stifling constraints. We weren't indifferent or careless or insecure. We were alienated. (DFMF, p. 152-153)

This was the period—his freshman year at Occidental—of Barack's radical phase. His rebelliousness, first felt at Punahoe, had now become transformed into a radical political consciousness. He wanted to be active. "[I]t remained necessary to prove which side you were on, to show your loyalty to the black masses, to strike out and name names." (DFMF, p 153) And he did then become politically active.

But also, as the year went by, and his studies began influencing his judgment, the rough edges of his new-found radicalism began to soften and the early surge of anger and hostility, so characteristic of first-blush radical politics, began to give way to more mature, more nuanced, considerations. One afternoon in conversation with several 'brothers' and a new female black friend, one brother began criticizing Barack for a book he was reading: Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*—a legendary book about a European's voyage down an African river in the Congo, seeing layers of civilization peel away as the boat bore him ever deeper into the interior. ...

"Sister Regina,...you know Barack, don't you? I'm trying to tell Brother Barack here about this racist tract he's reading," and he held up the book, waving it around. Barack protested. "Makes you embarrassed, don't it—just being seen with a book like this. I'm telling you, man, this stuff will poison your mind." Then the brother looked at his watch, saw he was late for class, and rushed off.

When he was gone, Regina asked Barack: *"So why are you reading it?"*

"Because it's assigned," Barack replied with hesitation. *"And because..."*

"Because..."

And because the book teaches me things," Barack went on. *"About white people, I mean. See, the book's not really about Africa. Or black people. It's about the man who wrote it. The European. The American. A particular way of looking at the world. If you can keep your distance, it's all there, in what's said and what's left unsaid. So I read the book to help me understand just what it is that makes white people so afraid. Their demons. The way ideas get twisted around. It helps me understand how people learn to hate. (DFMF p157)*

"And that's important to you[?]" she asked.

"That's the only way to cure an illness, right? Diagnose it," he replied. (DFMF, p 156-157)

Here the radical, first impelled by raw feeling and the urge to act, is beginning to become thoughtful, and with reflection the world suddenly becomes more complex. It requires understanding and a broader sympathy toward other people. Regina, his new friend, seems appreciative of his thoughtfulness. They spend the rest of the afternoon talking. Barack remembers that afternoon as pivotal in his experience. ...

Strange how a single conversation can change you. Or maybe it only seems that way in retrospect. A year passes and you know you feel differently, but you're not sure what or why or how, so your mind casts back for something that might give that difference shape: a word, a glance, a touch. I know that after what seemed like a long absence, I had felt my voice returning to me that afternoon with Regina. It remained shaky afterward, subject to distortion. But entering [my] sophomore year I could feel it growing stronger, sturdier, that constant, honest portion of myself, a bridge between my future and my past. (DFMF, p 159)

Shortly thereafter he discovers his talent for political public speaking. He became involved in the "divestment" campaign—a student movement, made up of many black and other students, with the objective of pressuring their home universities to divest themselves of South African stocks and bonds. There was to be a rally, aimed at a meeting of University trustees that day. He had helped plan the rally and was to give a brief introductory speech.

"I was supposed to make a few opening remarks," then, in a planned bit of street theater, two students in mili-

tary uniforms would come and drag him off the stage, in parody of the oppressive circumstances that South African blacks faced....

Only, when I sat down to prepare a few notes for what I might say, something had happened. In my mind it somehow became more than just a two-minute speech, more than a way to prove my political orthodoxy. I started to remember my father's visit to Miss Hefty's class...the power of my father's words to transform. If I could just find the right words, I had thought to myself. With the right words everything could change—South Africa, the lives of ghetto kids just a few miles away, my own tenuous place in the world.

I was still in that trancelike state when I mounted the stage. For I don't know how long, I just stood there, the sun in my eyes, the crowd of a few hundred restless after lunch....Without waiting for a cue, I stepped up to the microphone.

"There's a struggle going on," I said. My voice barely carried beyond the first few rows. A few people looked up, and I waited for the crowd to quiet.

"I say, there's a struggle going on! ...It's happening an ocean away. But it's a struggle that touches each and every one of us. Whether we know it or not. Whether we want it or not. A struggle that demands we choose sides. Not between black and white. Not between rich and poor. No—it's a harder choice than that. It's a choice between dignity and servitude. Between fairness and injustice. Between commitment and indifference. A choice between right and wrong..."

I stopped. The crowd was quiet now, watching me. Somebody started to clap. "Go on with it, Barack," someone shouted. "Tell it like it is." Then the others started in, clapping, cheering, and I knew that the connection had been made. I took hold of the mike, ready to plunge on, when I felt someone's hands grabbing me from behind. It was just as we'd planned it...I was supposed to act like I was trying to break free, except a part of me wasn't acting, I really wanted to stay up there, to hear my voice bouncing off the crowd and returning back to me in applause. I had so much left to say. (DFMF p 162)

But as called for in the programmed act, he was dragged off the stage. In those few minutes before the crowd, however, he had discovered that he could be a talented and inspiring political speaker. Later, at a party that

night, Regina and other friends and fellow partisans came up and began to congratulate him. “I asked what for.”

“For that wonderful speech you gave.”

“It was short, anyway,” he replied, modestly.

“That’s what made it so effective,” Regina said. “You spoke from the heart, Barack. It made people want to hear more.” Just as they pulled him away, per the script, the crowd was becoming very responsive to his words. That was Barack’s debut as a political speaker. Later, as he reflected, he began to consider how amateurish and ineffective the whole planned skit was. It was just naive, student political theater. It would have no impact upon the University’s trustees. It would change nothing in South Africa. The incident sticks in his mind, not as consequential in itself, but as marking the day that he discovered his political voice. This, he realized, was an inheritance, a gift from his father.

New York

Occidental College had an arrangement with Columbia University in New York that provided for Occidental students to finish their last two years at Columbia and get a joint degree from both institutions. This arrangement appealed to Barack and he opted to take advantage of it. His introduction to New York, however, was a rude and chastening one.

New York was expensive, housing in Manhattan especially so. So, when Barack got word that a friend of a friend would be vacating her apartment in Spanish Harlem, not far from Columbia, just about the time he needed one, he made hasty arrangements to get it. In late August he wired ahead with the date and time of his arrival. ...

[A]fter dragging my luggage through the airport, the subways, Times Square, and across 109th from Broadway to Amsterdam [street], I finally stood at the [outside] door, a few minutes past ten P.M.

I pressed the buzzer repeatedly, but no one answered. The street was empty, the buildings on either side boarded up, a bulk of rectangular shadows. Eventually, a young Puerto Rican woman emerged from the building, throwing a nervous look my way before heading down the street. I rushed to catch the door before it slammed shut, and, pulling my luggage behind, proceeded upstairs to

knock, then bang, on the apartment door. Again, no answer, just a sound down the hall of a deadbolt thrown into place.

New York. Just like I expected it. I checked my wallet—not enough money for a motel. I knew one person in New York whom I'd met in L.A., but he told me he worked all night in a bar somewhere. With nothing to do but wait, I carried my luggage back downstairs and sat on the stoop. (DFMF p 171)

As he sat there waiting on the stoop, musing over how he had arrived in this predicament, he took out a recent folded letter from his father and re-read it in the dim light. Earlier he had expressed a desire to his father after graduation, in two years, to come to Kenya and meet his African relatives, among them new brothers and sisters he'd never met; his father had remarried twice more and had more children with his subsequent wives. His father's closing paragraph read:

"You will be pleased to know that all your brothers and sisters here are fine, and send their greetings. Like me, they approve of your decision to come home after graduation. When you come, we shall, together, decide on how long you may wish to stay. Barry, even if it is only for a few days, the important thing is that you know your people, and also that you know where you belong." (DFMF, p 172)

But *where* did he belong? That was the question that haunted Barack's mind just now. ...

Two years from graduation, I had no idea what I was going to do with my life, or even where I would live. Hawaii lay behind me like a childhood dream; I could no longer imagine settling there. Whatever my father might say, I knew it was too late to ever truly claim Africa as my home. And if I had come to understand myself as a black American, and was understood as such, that understanding remained unanchored to place. What I needed was a community, I realized, a community that cut deeper than the common despair that black friends and I shared when reading the latest crime statistics, or the high fives I might exchange on a basketball court. A place where I could put down stakes and test my commitments.

And so, when I heard about a transfer program that Occidental had arranged with Columbia University, I'd been quick to apply. I figured that if there weren't any more black students at Columbia than there were at

Oxy, I'd at least be in the heart of a true city, with black neighborhoods in close proximity. (DFMF, pp 170-174)

But right now, sitting on the stoop, he was bone tired and it was getting late, and there was no sign of the resident of this apartment showing up. And, he was short of money—even if he could find a cab. There must be few feelings of being more profoundly alone and destitute than being in the fix Barack now found himself in: all by himself with no place to stay, short of money, late at night in the empty, threatening streets of Spanish Harlem in New York City.

It was well past midnight by the time I crawled through a fence that led to an alleyway. I found a dry spot, propped my luggage beneath me, and fell asleep, the sound of drums softly shaping my dreams. In the morning, I woke up to find a white hen pecking at the garbage near my feet. Across the street, a homeless man was washing himself at an open hydrant and didn't object when I joined him. There was no one home at the apartment, but Sadik answered his phone when I called him and told me to catch a cab to his place on the Upper East Side. (DFMF, p 178)

He had spent his first night in New York City sleeping on the street among the homeless. Everything would be up from there.

TO BE CONTINED. In the July issue, Part II: Chicago and Kenya

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DAVID [3] DUNHAM OF WOODBRIDGE, NJ

by Gratia Dunham Mahony

As we have seen from the article on the children of Jonathan [2] Dunham/ alias Singletary in the 15 October 2006 issue of this newsletter, the oldest son of Jonathan [2] Dunham, who was Jonathan [3] Dunham died in Woodbridge, New Jersey 6 September 1706. His only son, Samuel [4] Dunham died, unmarried, in 1726.

The next oldest son of Jonathan [2] Dunham was David [3] Dunham. He was born in Woodbridge 10 March 1673/4. This is the David Dunham who married Mary Ilsley in August of 1699. It appears from the record given below that this David Dunham had two illegitimate children born before September of 1697, and before his marriage to Mary Ilsley in 1699. The following excerpt is taken from "Ye Olde Middlesex Courts: The Establishment of an

Early Court System in One of the Original Counties of New Jersey" by George J. Miller, originally published in 1932, reprinted in 1968 by Heritage Books, page 48.

> "David Dunham of Woodbridge was indicted for having an illegitimate child by a woman of the same place there in September, 1697 term. The jury found him guilty and the court ordered him to pay five pounds, to be carried to the whipping post and to receive ten lashes on his bare back, and to pay two shillings every week for seven weeks for the support of the child.
>
> At the same court another woman charged the same man with the same offence and the court ordered the same punishment in the second case. Since he did not carry out the order of the court, the sheriff was ordered to compel him to do so a year afterwards."

The record given above does not tell us who these children were, or even whether they were male or female. The record also does not give the names of the Woodbridge women who were the mothers of these children. While we do not know for certain, these two children were likely raised by their mothers, and they may have retained the Dunham surname. We do know for certain, that there are Dunhams whose DNA matches the descendants of Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary. Identifying these two illegitimate children could help to document the ancestry of the Dunhams who are so far not connected to Jonathan [2] Dunham of Woodbridge, New Jersey.

The children of David [3] Dunham and unknown women were:

1. i. child[4] Dunham b. before September 1697
2. ii. child[4] Dunham b. before September 1697

David [3] Dunham married in New York City 16 or 18 August 1699 **Mary Ilslee/Ilsley**, daughter of John [2] Ilsely [*New York Marriages Previous to 1784*]. Mary Ilsley was born in Woodbridge New Jersey 13 April 1680. It is unclear how many children were born to David [3] and Mary (Ilsley) Dunham, however we know of at least three sons. I believe there were at least two more and probably three more sons born to them.

The known children of David [3] and Mary (Ilsley) Dunham: [*Myers p. 542*]

3. iii. Joseph [4] Dunham b. 7 Oct. 1700 [*Woodbridge VR*]

4. iv. David [5] Dunham, Jr. b. 1703
5. v. Daniel [5] Dunham b. 1715
[*also in Brunton, p. 23*]

There were probably three more sons who were:
6. vi. Lewis [5] Dunham b. say 1705
7. vii. John [5] Dunham b. say 1708
8. viii. James [5] Dunham b. say 1710-1712

There may also have been daughters whose names have been lost.

FAMILIES OF THE KNOWN CHILDREN OF DAVID [3] DUNHAM

3. Joseph [4] Dunham was born in Woodbridge, New Jersey 7 October 1700, died in December 1771. His will was written 20 October 1759, but not proved until 27 December 1771. The witnesses to this will were Jonathan Cambell, Amos Donham and Nathaniel FitzRandolph. The will was proved however by Isaac Donham, brother to Amos Donham, one of the witnesses. Amos [5] and Isaac [5] Donham were sons of Joseph's brother David [4] Dunham. Amos [5] Donham was living in 1771, however he had moved to Loudon County Virginia. Joseph states in his will "Wife to have the use of land" but he does not name her. He does name his children.

Children of Joseph [4] and (unknown, but probably Elizabeth) Dunham:
9. i. Daniel [5] Dunham b. 1726
10. ii. Sarah [5] Dunham b. say 1728
11. iii. James [5] Dunham b. 1730
12. I v. Elisha [5] Dunham b. 1732
13. v. Joseph [5] Dunham b. 1735
14. vi. Moses [5] Dunham b. 1740
15. vii. Jonathan [5] Dunham b. 1745
16. viii. Abigail [5] Dunham b. 1747
17.ix. Phebe [5] Dunham b. 1755

4. David [4] Dunham, Jr. born in Woodbridge say 1703, died in Woodbridge 13 May 1758, age 53 or 55 years. He is buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Woodbridge New Jersey. He married first an unknown wife. He married second in Woodbridge New Jersey about 1728 **Mary [3] Freeman**, daughter of Henry [2] and Elizabeth (Benue) Freeman. She was born in Woodbridge New Jersey 5 June 1702, died in Woodbridge in 1784.

Children of David [4] and Mary (Freeman) Dunham:
18. i. David [5] Dunham, b. say 1729 or earlier, and may have been a son of the first wife.
19. ii. Amos [5] Dunham, b. say 1731
20. iii. Benue/Benyew [5] Dunham, b. say 1733
21. iv. Elizabeth [5] Dunham, b. 1735
22. v. Isaac [5] Dunham, b. say 1737
23. vi. Joseph [5] Dunham, b. 1739

5. Daniel [4] Dunham (David [3] Jonathan [2] Singletary/alias Dunham, Richard [1] Singletary) born say 1715, [1] died in Elizabethtown New Jersey in 1739. [2] [*Myers p. 542*]

There are few records for this Daniel Dunham, however, I question the year of birth given as 1715. I think it more likely that he was born say 1705, and was the third son of David [3] and Mary (Ilsley) Dunham. I can find no record naming the wife of this Daniel Dunham. The only record I do find for him names him in as "one of the earliest appointments in the Elizabethtown district in 1739 was that of Constable Daniel Dunham…"

In my earlier research I had speculated that the unknown wife of Daniel [4] Dunham may have been Mary Dennis. Thanks to some records gathered by Gladys Donham, whose husband is a descendant of Dennis Donham, I believe that Mary Dennis was NOT the wife of Daniel [4] Dunham, but was the wife of a different Dunham. Therefore, the wife of Daniel [4] Dunham is still unknown.

Children of Daniel [4] and (unknown) Dunham:
24. i. Daniel [5] Dunham b. say 1730
25. ii. Ephraim [5] b. say 1732

PROBABLE CHILDREN OF DAVID [3] DUNHAM AND THEIR FAMILIES

As stated in the October 2006 newsletter, there are several unplaced Dunhams who descend from Jonathan [2] Dunham of Woodbridge, New Jersey. In looking at the known descendants of Jonathan [2] Dunham, and trying to find a logical place where these Dunhams could possibly belong, the most obvious parental line is from David [3] Dunham.

I believe that there were at least three more children of David [3] Dunham and that these three children were LEWIS, JAMES, and probably JOHN. It should be noted that the surname spelling changed from "DUNHAM" to "DONHAM" during this period.

LEWIS [4] DUNHAM/DONHAM

The given name, Lewis, was used by several descendants of David [3] Dunham to the extent that it had to have special meaning within that family. The earliest person that we know for certain carried the given name of Lewis was the son of (unknown) and Mary (Dennis) Dunham.

The will of Mary (Dennis)

Dunham, given below, does not name her children. However these children are named in the administration of that will, (over 10 years later).

From: New Jersey Colonial Documents. Calendar of Wills Page 155, Lib. E p 480:

1750 Feb 2. Dunham. Mary, of Woodbridge. Middlesex Co, Widow
Int, Adm'r Jonathan Dennis, her father, Of Woodbridge, Yoeman,
Reuben Porter, of Woodbridge, Yeoman, fellow bondsman.

From the administration of the will of Mary (Dennis) Dunham:

Mary Dunham; Of Woodbridge, Middlesex New Jersey.
Inv: 74:18:8. By Timothy Bloomfield, Filed. Sept, 12.1760… Feb.23.1761.
Account by Jonathan Dennes Dec'd. The Administrator, Signed, by Robert Dennes, Who charges, 26:0:0. For support of Racheal Donham, during 2 years 3 months, attendance and funeral: 60:0:0. For support, of Lewis Donham, 3 years 9 months old, when his mother died. 12:0 For Jonathans schooling, 2 quarters, and nothing for Phoebe Donham.

Annalysis of Inventory/Account/ Administration of Mary Dunham of Woodbridge, by Gratia Dunham Mahony:

Any children over the age of 14 did not need to have a court appointed guardian, so while Robert Dennes paid for support of Racheal, Lewis, Jonathan, and Phoebe, he does not seem to be called "guardian" of these four children, (although he may have been appointed guardian by some record not yet found).

Mary (Dennis) Dunham died before 2 Feb. 1750, so if we analyze the ages of the children in the 12 Sept. 1760 account it looks like:
Phoebe Donham (for whom nothing was paid) was probably over age 14 so she was probably born say 1735-36.
Jonathan Donham received "2 quarters of schooling" so he was probably almost 14 when his mother died (2 Feb. 1750); if so, he was probably born about 1736.
Racheal Donham was age 11 yrs. 9 months old when her mother died (2 Feb. 1750), so she was probably born about April-May of 1738, died before 23 February 1761.
Lewis Donham was 3 yrs. 9 mos. old

when his mother died (2 Feb. 1750), so he was born April-May 1746.

Therefore, I propose the hypothesis that the husband of Mary (Dennis) Dunham was named **LEWIS DUNHAM**. We know that Mary calls herself "widow" in her will. If Mary's husband died shortly before the birth of her youngest son, she may have named him for his father. Other instances of the use of "Lewis" as a given name occur among the children of David [4] Dunham whose son Amos [5] had a son named **Lewis Donham**, and whose daughter Elizabeth [5] married John Marsh and they had a child **Lewis Marsh**. Daniel [4] Donham had a son Daniel [5] who married Catherine Campbell and they had a son named **Lewis Donham** b. 1754. It should also be noted that Nathaniel Donham and his first wife, Mary Sutton, had a child named **Lewis Donham** b. 1771.

6. (Probably) **Lewis [4] Dunham,** b. say 1705, d. before 2 February 1750. Children of (probably Lewis) and Mary (Dennis) Dunham: these children used the spelling Donham:

26. i. Phoebe [5] Donham b. say 1735.
27. ii. Jonathan [5] Donham b. say 1736.
28. iii. Racheal [5] Donham b. April-May 1738. d. before 23 Feb. 1761
29. iv. Lewis [5] Donham b. April-May 1746.

JAMES [4] DUNHAM/DONHAM

Another son of David [3] Dunham was probably James [4] Donham, born say 1710-1712. This James was "of Amboy, New Jersey". This James had a daughter Anne Dunnam/ Donham who married 22 June 1752 Uriah Corlis.

A descendant of this James Donham supplied the following marriage record and then stated that this Corlis line was apparently United Empire Loyalist as they left New Jersey in the 1780s and went to Canada.

"Uriah Corlis (Corlies) of Shrewsbury in the County Monmouth, and Daniel Corlis of same town and county "Carpinter" (Bound to) Jonathan Belcher, Govenor 500 pounds...22 June 1752...Uriah Corlis...obtained License of marriage for himself and for Anne Dunnum of Amboy.

(W-witnesses) Samuel Jennings and Mary Leonard."

Descendant Lance Beeson gives one child of Uriah and Anne (Dunnum) Corlis: (there may be

other children):

i. James Corlis, b. 1754, in New Jersey, d. 31 January 1817, Townsend Twp. Norfolk County Ontario; m. in NJ about 1774, Sarah Sherman. Children of James and Sarah (Sherman) Corlis:

i. Ashur, b. abt. 1775 in NJ;
ii. Swain P. b. 1776 in NJ; d. MI;
iii. Uriah, b. 8 Sept. 1782 in NJ; d. 6 Nov. 1864, Townsend Twp. Norfolk Co. Ontario;
ii. Elizabeth Corlis
iii. Margaret Corlis
iv. Sarah Corlis
v. Daniel Corlis

Children of James [4] and (unknown) Donham:

i. Anne [5] Donham b. say 1732, m. 22 June 1752 Uriah Corlis;

And probably other children.

JOHN [4] DUNHAM/DONHAM

I have not completely finished researching the possibility that there was a John [4] Donham who was a son of David [3] Dunham. There was a John [4] Donham who was son of Nathaniel [3] Dunham and this John was born about 1708. However, the John, son of Nathaniel, was born in Westfield, Union County, New Jersey and I believe that there was another John [4] Donham who lived in Perth Amboy or Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

This John [4] Donham may be one of the children born to David [3] Dunham before 1697. I have seen records that state that a John Donham married a woman named "Hiley Ann", and the given name Highligh (Hilah Ann) is used in the family of one of the descendants of Nathaniel Donham who went to Clermont County, Ohio.

The List of Marriage Licenses from New Jersey Colonial Documents, p. 108 gives a marriage for John Donham and Sarah Dennis, Woodbridge marriage license dated 25 June 1744. I wonder if John and Hiley Ann had a son who could have been the John of the 1744 marriage liscence? The John Donham of the marriage license would have been born about 1720.

DENNIS AND NATHANIEL DONHAM

The parentage of both Dennis and Nathaniel Donham has long been a mystery. Both were born in New Jersey. Descendants of both have had DNA analysis, and are shown by the results of that analysis to belong to the line of Jonathan [2] Dunham/ alias Singletary. The exact year of birth of these two Donham men is unproven, but they would have been born in the very late 1720s or early 1730s. It is thought that Nathaniel

Donham was born about 1733. We know that Dennis and Nathaniel were NOT brothers, but they may have been cousins.

THE WILL OF DENNIS DONHAM

The following will sent by Gladys Donham, as copied from the photo-copy of the Microfilm from the original in the New Jersey Archives.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF DENNES DONHAM

13TH April 1756. Woodbridge, Middlesex County New Jersey.

"In the Name of God, Amen

*This indenture made the thirteenth day of April in the year of Christ one thousand and seven hundred and fifty six. Witnesseth that I **Denness Donham**, taking into consideration, of weak and low effect of health that I am in and, knowing that I must die, and leave all earthly things. Do command my Soul to the mercy of God in Christ and resign my body to the dust. To be decently interred in the belief of the reformation of the body.*

As to my worldly effects, with which God has blessed me.
I dispose of it in the following manner. Viz.
That after this mortal Life my body be buried in a Christian and decent manner and all charges of my funeral paid. After which, I do will and bequeath
*To my dear brother **Robert Donham**, my horse (or House?), My loom (words missing)*
Loom Tacking, to be his own property and his assigns forever, and all my wearing apparel, and (words missing)
*I do will and bequeath to my Brother and my sisters **Mary and Sarah**, after the discharge of all my lawfull debts, and in particular (words missing) scribe toward y Parsonage: All the money that is due me either on book or bond, to be equally divided among them three, as Witness to my hand and seal, this thirteenth day of April 1756.*

*Signed **Denness Donham***
Witnessed by:
Nathaniel Whitaker
Samuel Kelly
Elizabeth Kelly

Other names on papers sent with the will were:
Thomas Barton

James Pike

Analysis of will of Denness Donham/Dennis Donham—by Gratia Dunham Mahony:

Parents had 4 children:

i. Dennis Donham b. say 1726-1731;
ii. Robert Donham b. say 1728;
iii. Mary Donham b. say 1733
iv. Sarah Donham b. say 1736

If Dennis who died in (prob. April) of 1756 owned a horse (or a house?), loom and loom tacking; and if he had money due him "in book or bond", he must have been old enough to have acquired this property either by inheritance, or by his own work, or both. Therefore I think he must have been around 25-30 years old, and born say 1726-1731. He does not mention parents, therefore I believe that his parents were no longer living. He does not mention wife or children, therefore I don't think he was the father of the Dennis Dunham born about 1750 from whom the Kentucky line of Dunhams descends.

This leaves open the possibility that Robert Donham (brother of Denness/ Dennis) was the father of the Dennis Dunham b. about 1750. Robert could have named a child for either his brother, or given the child the surname of his mother (if her surname was Dennis).

A Dennis Donham is the progenitor of a long line of descendants. [ref. Harold G. Ledbetter, Gladys Donham of Houston, Texas, and other descendants]

NATHANIEL DONHAM OF GREENE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA and CLERMONT COUNTY, OHIO

Nathaniel Donham born say 1733 in New Jersey, died in Clermont County Ohio near 10 August 1820. Nathaniel married first in New Jersey ca. 1765 **Mary Sutton**. She died before 1776 when Nathaniel married his second wife. Nathaniel married second **Keziah Crosley**. Keziah Crosley received a letter of dismissal from the church at Scotch Plains New Jersey to the church in Redstone, Fayette Co. PA. Redstone is located to the east of the Monongahela River and is not far from Mapletown in Greene Co. PA. where Nathaniel later resided.

The date of Nathaniel Donham's settlement in Mapletown, Greene Co. has not been proven through land records, but it is thought that he went to Pennsylvania about 1776. Nathaniel Donham is listed on the 1784 and 1785 tax lists of Washing-

ton Co. PA (which included Greene Co. at that time). Nathaniel is listed in the 1790 Federal Census, Washington Co. PA with a family of 2 males over 16; 6 males under 16; and 2 females.

In 1794 he moved with his wife and all children except sons David and Lewis to Ohio. The family probably came down the Ohio River by flat boat to the mouth of the Little Miami River where they established a home at Covalts Station, "Round Bottom". About 1800 he moved into Clermont County where he settled on Ten-Mile Creek.

The life of Nathaniel Donham and his many descendants has been well researched and will be the subject of a later article.

Children of Nathaniel and Mary (Sutton) Donham:
Some descendants give the information that these children born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey:

i. John Donham b. 7 April 1767;
ii. David Donham b. say 1769;
iii. Lewis Donham b. 24 June 1771;
iv. Henry Donham b. 6 February 1773;
v. Mary Donham b. 5 May 1774

Children of Nathaniel and Keziah (Crosley) Donham:

vi. Abel Donham b. 19 July 1777
vii. William Donham b. say 1779
viii. Amos Donham b. say 1782
ix. Robert Donham b. say 1784
x. Jonathan Singleton Donham b. 15 February 1786

This article presents a framework for further research on the descendants of David [3] Dunham of Woodbridge, New Jersey. I invite comments from readers.

Report on Election of Directors and Officers

by Paul C. Dunham

An election for directors and officers of D/SFC was held during the second week of April. About 50% of the members voted. There were no write-in votes.

All current directors were re-elected as well as four new ones. A new president was selected; all other officers were re-elected.

President & Director:
Trudy Dunham

Vice President & Director:
Lloyd E. Dunham

Secretary & Director :
John L. Dunham

Treasurer & Director:
Paul C. Dunham

Historian & Director:
Gratia Dunham Mahony

Director & Editor:
Sam E. Dunnam

Director & Assistant Treasurer:
Bruce M. Dunham

Director:
Tom Berg

Director:
Jan Dunham

Director:
David L. Dunham

Director:
Elizabeth E. Brown

Director:
Joanne S. Saltman

We wish to express our appreciation for members' participation in the process and are very thankful for the efforts of the Nominating Committee in discovering a slate of candidates for consideration.

The addresses of all the directors and officers will be placed on our internet site at http://www.pcdunham.net/Directors.htm

Paul C Dunham
for the Board of Directors