Dunham Singletary
FAMILY CONNECTIONS
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President's Letter

Trudy Dunham, our President, spent part of September in England. - Editor

Dear Dunhams and Singletarys:

I spent most of September walking. I hiked Hadrian's Wall, a World Heritage site, in Great Britain. The miles provided lots of opportunities to think about the concept of heritage.

The wall was built in less than ten years. It was an incredible engineering feat—not just a 'wall', but a series of ditches, berms, forts, milecastles, turrets and a road along the Wall. It didn't last long. Built around 120-130 AD, it was abandoned by Rome less than 300 years later. Not too long after then, and continuing into this century (2000), the wall began to be dismantled, its stones becoming the building blocks of churches, castles, pele towers and fences. Yet even after hundreds of years, its ruins remain, and the indelible footprint of the Wall is still visible in aerial photographs.

The heritage of Hadrian's Wall is greater than just the construction of the Wall. It brought an influx of Roman Legions. Not just 'Italian' Romans. The thousands of men making up the Roman Legions were drawn from throughout all the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea. They brought their rich mix of culture—art, images, religion, games, stories and music, as well as their engineering skills.

Like Hadrian's Wall, the marks of our family heritage are indelible—passed down in the traditions, stories, habits and heirlooms. They are, however, somewhat more fragile than the Wall, and their passage down through time must be a conscious, deliberate act from generation to generation. This newsletter is one way of doing that passing on. Let us therefore be thankful for these stories and reports that make up the Dunham-Singletary thread of history. Let us celebrate our family heritage!

Trudy Dunham, President

This Issue

Between this issue and January '08 will be the passing of the torch to a new Editor of the Newsletter. With last July's issue, I had been on the job for three years and presided

over the output of twelve issues. This one makes it the thirteenth. I have enjoyed it. I suppose once you ever been an editor, it's always nice to get back into the saddle again for a spell. My first editor's job was in the Air Force. That was a new experience on Uncle Sam's time, and I ended up enjoying it. This has been even more fun, because we started with a new association and a whole new enterprise. But three years is long enough. It's time to pass the torch.

I have nominated Gratia Mahony to replace me as Editor and she is agreeable to that, subject of course to Board approval, which I would expect to be routine. Gratia has been Associate Editor, and when I was disabled for a while, she got out two issues on her own. She can do it and I have no doubt that she will do a great job.

This issue is a relatively large one. I've had a lot of contact with various members out there, on a range of matters. A number of people have submitted articles, most of them short, and I have included most of those that are in finished form. Then there are several news items and a book that we refer you to that can be found elsewhere. Of the articles that follow, Tom Berg writes one on the Singletary/Singleterry line in England. His effort began as a search for an English male Singletary willing to take a DNA test. Tom still hasn't found that individual but he has learned some things about the origins of the Singletary family in England. Then Gratia has a short article on the Dunhams of Grafton, N.Y.—continuing her research on the descendants of Jonathan Singletary Dunham's family. There's a report and story, together with a picture, on a Family Reunion of the Dennis Rockwell Dunham family in Wisconsin this past July. Gratia Mahony and our President, Trudy Dunham, also attended and there's a picture of them at this event. Phyllis Kitson submitted a short piece on her great uncle, Ralph Dunham, and we run her profile of him to honor his memory with her.

Finally, there is the concluding Part III of my long book review of Bararck Obama's book, *Dreams From My Father*. It was my original intention to review both of Barack's books here; that would have included his second book, *The Audacity of Hope* (2006). I have abandoned that plan, however. First, this "review" of *Dreams* has run extraordinarily long as I have elected to do it. Second, of the two books, *Dreams* is the more personal and interesting. Third, one of our members has indeed raised a political objection (see *Letters to the Editor* and my reply there). *The Audacity of Hope* is a more political book than *Dreams*. I would not have wanted to discuss Barack's views and positions on various national issues in that book. My intent was to have confined myself in it to treating what we see of him there as an interesting person to whom many of us are distantly related. But we have seen a great deal of him already in these review pieces on *Dreams*. This last piece will therefore conclude the series.

I have enjoyed being your Editor these past three years. Like teaching a course, the teacher always learns a great deal more than the students about the subject. I am sure that I have learned a great deal more about our family history and various facets of it by being Editor than if I had been just another reader. Be assured that I am not saying "goodbye." I intend to continue being active as a contributor and already have some future articles in mind. Above all, I hope you

have found these newsletters enjoyable.

Editor's Corner

For many issues I have been soliticiting material from our readers—anything! Best of all would be articles or other content items. But failing that, I've asked for *Letters to the Editor*—something in response to this string of quarterly newsletters that I've worked so hard on, in order to get an idea of how our broad readership regards them.

Well, finally all that pleading has borne fruit, and, as is so often the case in these things, a lot of material has come in this past quarter, and a few things late in the January quarter that didn't quite make the April issue. Thus, just as I am about to hang up my uniform and pass the torch to Gratia, there has been a quite impressive inflow of articles, reports, and even *Letters to the Editor*. My first response is simply to say, thank you! But for Gratia, I want to add: please keep it up. This is how a lively and interesting newsletter is supposed to work: lots of back and forth between the readers and the Editor and writers. I am happy to report that so many pieces have come in this time that I've elected *not* to try to publish them all in this issue but to pass several along to Gratia for her first issue. Anyway, upon the eve of retirement, I am gratified. Again, thank you!

Our DSFC Newsletter this past quarter became a source for the big-city press. I got an email in late summer from Scott Fornek, who is a staff writer for *The Chicago Sun-Times*. Scott was working on a story about Barack Obama's family tree and had discovered that Barack's mother, Ann Dunham, was a descendant of Jonathan Singletary Dunham of Woodbridge, NJ. Probably through Paul's website, he'd discovered the Newsletter and found that I was its Editor. He wanted to know what data we might have on Jonathan. It so happens that a couple of years ago Audrey Hancock Shields and I wrote an article on Jonathan Singletary Dunham for the Newsletter. I still had that issue on my hard disk and so was able to send it to Scott, who thanked me for it. On Sunday, September 9th, Scott's story on Obama's family tree was published in the *Sun-Times* as a featured spread (*Chicago Controversy*). "Dunham-Singletary Family Connections," David Lee Dunham and myself are cited in the story as sources (among many others). The title of Scott's story was *Son of Presidents, Thieves and Tribal Chiefs*. The first two whole inside pages of the special feature section are covered with a detailed, extensive family tree (in tree-format) of Obama's family history, prominently listing from Jonathan down Obama's whole succession of Dunham forbears on his mother's side. It was a pretty good publicity show for one line of descent in our Dunham-Singletary genealogy.

Then, a week later I (and Audrey, too, from the address line) got an email from Diane Rapaport, who is an author and a former trial lawyer in New England. She'd seen and read the *Sun-Times* story, she said, and particularly enjoyed it because she has a new book out—just this fall—that she says features Jonathan among other New England Puritan "characters" who do not fit the prim, strict profile most of us have of Puritans. The name of her book is *The Naked Quaker: True Crimes and Controversies from the Courts of Colonial New England* (Commonwealth Editions). Diane says she is "an award-winning Boston-area author, former trial lawyer and frequent public

speaker." Her book, she says, is already getting some media attention. The book is an "entertaining collection of true stories from the colonial court records [that] will challenge perceptions of the Puritans—"although," she adds, "you already know from your own ancestor's story, that 17th-century New Englanders were not always well behaved." She is referring to Jonathan's adventures with Mary Ross(e), a young woman he went off with, supposedly on the pretext of shared religious enthusiasms, to Plymouth and other places, where the couple, following a disturbance, ended up being apprehended by local civil (and religious) authorities, publicly whipped, and each sent home—Mary back to her parents in Boston, Jonathan home to his wife in Woodbridge, NJ. I have not yet seen or read Diane's book, but in one chapter, she says, she tells "the true story of a 'A Woman of Enthusiastical Power'—a wild, sexy, mysterious woman of 17th-century New England, Mary Rosse, who wielded considerable influence over men." And she adds: "as you know, one of those men was your own ancestor, Jonathan Singletary alias Dunham." [*Editor's note: Diane, as well as Scott Fornek, does not get Jonathan's changed named just right: from our evidence, he signed it "Jonathan Dunham alias Singletary."*] Diane's portrait of Mary Rosse in her book is a must subject for further research. I'll give a report later.

If the two contacts reported above were not enough coincidence with respect to Jonathan for this issue, in mid-September I got an email from Perry Donham. Perry and his bride-to-be were applying for their marriage license in Little Compton, Rhode Island in April 2005. Perry knew that Jonathan Singletary Dunham had been in the area in the late 1600s, and, while waiting for a form to be signed, he pulled an old book off the shelf and ran across the account of "Jonathan ranting with Mary at the John Irish house." It was this disturbance at the Irish house, which, as Perry notes, "can only be described as bizarre," that got Jonathan and Mary nabbed by the authorities, punished, then sent back to their respective homes to repent. Audrey and I mentioned this story in our article on Jonathan several years ago. Perry did a little further research and found that the Irish house at Little Compton still stands—though in extensively remodeled form. He furnishes a picture of it, which we reprint here, together with a fresh retelling of the story of Jonathan and Mary from the Little Compton records that he discovered.

Tom Berg has submitted a short but informative article on the Singletary/Singleterry family in England. His original purpose in pursuing Singletarys in England was to try to find some current prospective male Singletary who would take a DNA test. No success on that score so far, but we shall keep trying. I say "we" because I plan to give Tom some assistance once my newsletter responsibilities are over, a status which should be operative as you read this. Regard Tom's article as a first exploratory one, for there will be follow-up articles after this one.

Helping Tom with English Singletary research is not all I hope to contribute to future newsletters. Here in Texas I keep running across new Dunhams and Dunnams, or other people tell me about them. I hope to take time now to track down some of these people, see if we're related, induce them to join DSFC, and, if appropriate, see

if they will be DNA-tested. Certain ones of them likely have family histories well worth writing up. I am curious as to what the distribution of Dunhams is in Texas between the Deacon John family's descendants and those of the Dunham-Singletary line, which is my own. For example, Gary Dunham, our past president Jan Dunham's husband, is a Deacon John descendant. But if the migration patterns I'm aware of are representative, the Dunham-Singletary line should predominate. For it was many of these Dunham-Singletary families, some of whom used the Dunham spelling, some the Dunnam spelling, who embarked on southern U.S. migration tracks over the course of last two centuries. As Donna Jones' current membership figures show, Texas leads in membership inside DSFC. While some of this lead is due to our more active recruitment efforts, some of it reflects the fact that there are simply a lot of Dunhams in Texas. I hope that some of my future research will clarify the facts.

In any case, I shall have plenty to do as an active member of DSFC when I am no longer Editor. It's been fun. Welcome to Gratia. My fondest regards to all of you.

Sam Dunnam, Editor

A Dunham Family Reunion July 28, 2007 – Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

This year's hosts: Terry Trantow Rupple and Jody Trantow Harkins, daughters of Delmar and Denna Jean (Dunham) Trantow, granddaughters of Dennis and Mollie.

The family of Dennis Rockwell Dunham and Mollie Muir Dunham gathered for its annul reunion in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, on the weekend of July 28, 2007. This event was the first reunion for this family without a representative from our parents' generation. Only one child of Dennis and Mollie Dunham is still living at this time. Dennis Dunham, the only male child of Dennis and Mollie, has recently relocated to Montana to live with his daughter Denine. We missed them both this year.

There were family members from many parts of the country, including New York, Florida, Arizona, Louisiana, Iowa, Kansas, and several areas in Wisconsin. Festivities began on Friday evening, with Charmaine (Ristow) Hitzemann, her husband Ben and their son Hunter hosting a gathering at their cottage on Lake Wazeecha. There was plenty of food (a tradition begun our mothers and aunts years ago) and everyone enjoyed visiting with the many family members present. Thanks to the generosity of the Hitzemann family and all other family members who brought food and drink, a great time was had by all. It was long after dark before the gathering broke up and everyone went to rest up for the family picnic at the park on Lake Wazeecha on Saturday.

The picnic began at 10:00 am on Saturday, July 28th. Once again, everyone contributed food and drink enough to keep the multitude happy throughout the day. Several family members brought pictures and information on the Dunham family, and the Miller family had videos of past years' reunions.

We enjoyed visiting with some of the Dunhams many of us had not met before. Gratia Dunham Mahony was present and shared information with us about our fam-

The Family of Dennis Rockwell Dunham and Mollie Muir Dunham, gathered for its annual Reunion on July 28, 2007

ily and other research she has done. Trudy Dunham had heard about our reunion through the Dunham-Singletary newsletter, and she was present, too. It was a real bonus to have Gratia and Trudy with us.

On Sunday, some of the family attended mass at St. John's Episcopal Church in Wisconsin Rapids. Dennis and Mollie, and many of their children and grandchildren, had long-standing connections to this church through baptisms, weddings, funerals, and other key events in their lives. We were welcomed by members of the parish, some of whom are friends of the family.

Later on Sunday, several family members visited cemeteries in Wisconsin Rapids and in Hancock where our ancestors are buried. Others set out on the long trip home.

Next year's reunion will be in Orlando, Florida. It will be hosted by David and Gay Ann Miller. We hope that our generation will keep this happy event going for many years to come.

Gratia Mahony and DSFC President Trudy Dunham at Wisconsin Reunion of the family of Dennis and Mollie Dunham

SOME DUNHAMS OF GRAFTON, RENSSELAER COUNTY, NEW YORK

by Gratia Dunham Mahony

Several members of Dunham/Singletary Family Connections are descendants of Nathaniel [4] Dunham of the line of Nathaniel [3], Jonathan [2] Dunham alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary. The article below will be of interest to them. Thanks go to Evelyn (Dunham) Hayner of Ellicott City, Maryland for the photo of Bradley [8] Dunham.

In the October 2006 [Vol.3, No.4] issue of DSFC the 10 children of Jonathan [2] Dunham alias Singletary were enumerated and briefly discussed. In a subsequent issue [Vol. 4, No.2] the continuation of the line with son David [3] was examined. In this issue I want to look at another son of Jonathan [2] Dunham, who was Nathaniel [3] Dunham and follow his youngest son, **Nathaniel [4] Dunham**. This man was the progenitor of the large family of Dunhams living in Pittstown and Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York.

Nathaniel [3] Dunham (Jonathan [2] Dunham,/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) was born in Woodbridge, Middlesex County, New Jersey, 10 April 1679, and died in Westfield, Union County, New Jersey after 1727. He married in Woodbridge, New Jersey, 20 October 1703 **Joanna Thornell**, daughter of Israel and Hannah (--) Thornall, who was born in Woodbridge 25 February 1684/5.

Children of Nathaniel [3] and Joanna (Thornell) Dunham, most born in Westfield,

Union County, NJ: [Ancestors and Descendants of Lewis Ross Freeman, Myers, pub. 1995, p. 542-3]

i. David [4], b. 1704
ii. Andrew [4], b. 1706
iii. John/Jehu [4], b. 1708
(see Myers p. 543, she says "Brunton p. 23, gives Jehu)
iv. Elizabeth [4], b. 10 May 1710
v. Joanna [4], b. 25 September 1712
vi. Jerusha [4], b. 3 March 1714/15
vii. Ephraim [4], b. 17 November 1724
+ viii. **Nathaniel [4]**, b. 17 October 1726
[Ed. Note: This line used **Donham** *spelling, too*]

First Dunham to Come to Grafton

Nathaniel [4] Dunham (Nathaniel [3] Dunham, Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) was born in Westfield, Union County, New Jersey, 17 October 1726, and died in Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, 12 February 1814. He married in Perth Amboy, New Jersey about 1754 **Elizabeth Wilson.** *Nathaniel Dunham is buried on the Daniel Littlefield Farm located on the old road between Cropseyville and Grafton Center. Elizabeth (Wilson) Dunham died in Pittstown in 1800. She is buried in the Warren cemetery at Boyntonville, Rensselaer County, NY. The Headstone is inscribed "In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunham wife of Mr. Nath'l Dunham She died Nov. 30th, 1800 in the 67th year of her age".*

This family moved first to Rye, New York, and then went to the Pittstown/ Grafton area, of Rensselaer County, New York.
Nathaniel Dunham appears on the 1800 Census of Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York p. 792.

Children of Nathaniel [4] and Elizabeth (Wilson) Dunham:

i. Sarah [5] b. 1756, Rye NY
ii. **David**, b. 2 May 1767, Rye NY
iii. Wilson, b. 15 November 1772, Rye NY; d. March 8, 1843, Grafton, NY
iv. Jehew, b. ca. 1775, Rye, NY.

David [5] Dunham (Nathaniel [4, 3] Dunham, Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) born in Rye, Westchester County, New York, 2 May 1767, [1] died 17 July 1843. [2] He married ca. 1794 **Milla Temple**.[3] She was born in Dalton, Vermont, say 1769, died in Grafton, New York, 11 April 1854.

David Dunham d. 27 July 1843 age 76 yrs.
Milla Dunham (wife of David Dunham) died April 11, 1854 age 82 yrs.
Both are buried on the Daniel Littlefield Farm located on the old road between Cropseyville and Grafton Center.

Early settlement of Grafton was made by tenants under Stephen Van Rensselaer, and the following deed probably indicates that David Dunham was one of these tenants.
From Rensselaer County Court House, Deed in Vol. 4-456:
" Stephen Van Rensselaer of Water Vliet, Albany Co., … between me as proprietor of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck and …"(many names including David Dunham) "of certain lands in Town of Pittstown & Hoosick (possessors & claimants). . .30 Aug. 1804. . ."

signed 7 Jan. 1808

David Dunham appears on the 1800 Census of Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York p. 792.

Children of David [5] and Milla (Temple) Dunham, born in Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York:

i. Sarah [6] b. 19 June 1795
ii. Jemimah [6] b. 18 May 1798
iii. David Jr. [6] b. 12 December 1799
iv. William Lee Brayton [6] b. 22 January 1802
+ v. **Bradley** [6] b. 4 June 1807
vi. Miriam [6] b. 8 January 1810
vii. Jonathan Z. B. [6] 16 November 1811

Bradley [6] Dunham (David [5,] Nathaniel [4, 3] Dunham, Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) was born in Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York, 4 June 1807, and died after 1855. He married in Grafton, New York, 28 November 1835 **Sarah Simmons**.

Children of Bradley [6] and Sarah (Simmons) Dunham: born in Grafton, Rensselaer Co. NY:

i. David [7] b. 3 May 1837
ii. **Henry** [7] , b. 9 June 1839
iii. Levi T. [7] , b. 27 March 1841
iv. Fannie [7] , b. 24 January 1843
v. Albert [7] , b. 9 November 1845
vi. Clarence [7] , b. 30 June 1846
vii. Emeline [7] , b. 25 September 1848, d. 3 September 1856
viii. Daniel [7] , b. 23 May 1851
ix. Loveman [7] , b. 18 August 1853
x. John [7] , b. 23 September 1858

Henry [7] Dunham (Bradley [6] Dunham, David [5,] Nathaniel [4, 3] Dunham, Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) was born in Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York, 9 June 1839, and died in 1908. He married in Grafton, New York, 4 May 1861 **Isabella Dumbleton**.

Children of Henry [7] and Isabella (Dumbleton) Dunham, born in Grafton, New York:

i. Sarah [8] b.
ii. Aaron, b.
iii. Delilah, b. 9 April 1867
iv. Minnie, b.
v. **Bradley** [8] b. say 1872
vi. Bertha, b.
vii. Aggie, b. 31 October 1879

Bradley [8] Dunham (Henry [7] Bradley [6] David [5] Nathaniel [4, 3] Dunham, Jonathan [2] Dunham/alias Singletary, Richard [1] Singletary) was born in Grafton, Rensselaer County, New York about 1872. He married in Grafton on 14 March 1900 **Emma Brimmer**. Their oldest child, born about 1901 was **Edgar Merrill [9] Dunham.** Edgar Merrill married in October 1928 **Florence Corlew.**

Children of Edgar Merrill and Florence (Corlew) Dunham were:

i. Evelyn Lorraine [10] Dunham b. 1 September 1931

Evelyn supplied the photo of Bradley [8] Dunham.

ii. Charles Bradley [10] Dunham b. 21 December 1932
iii. Phyllis Norma [10] Dunham b. 13 May 1935

Federal census schedules provide information on other descendants of David [5] Dunham. Many members of this extensive Dunham family are buried in the Grafton Center Cemetery.

Bradley[8] Dunham, b. 1872

The Singletary/Singleterry Line In England

by Thomas Berg

A while back, as one of our more inactive Board members, in a burst of guilt and enthusiasm I volunteered to track down Dunhams and Singletarys in Great Britain who would join our DNA project. Although my efforts to date have had no success whatsoever, one unexpected side benefit was my gathering of a bit of information about the Singletary households in England, and their connection to American Singletarys and Singleterrys, which I would like to share in this brief article.

In my initial scan for potential DNA volunteer Singletary households in Great Britain, I checked available internet resources for indexes of telephone numbers and home addresses. I was able to identify a grand total of less than a dozen English households currently headed by someone named Singletary (some of whom spell their name "Singleterry"). I was surprised by the rarity of the name, but intrigued by the fact the majority of these households were located in the adjacent counties of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, on the eastern side of midland England.

As it happens, the village of Surfleet, Lincolnshire, the origin sometimes alleged for emigrant Richard Singletary, is just a few miles north of Lincolnshire's boundary with Cambridgeshire. I thus wondered if it was more than chance than most of the Singletary families living today in England are found in this area, just south of Surfleet, Lincolnshire.

Luckily having access to English census records, I pursued my curiosity by doing a search of the earliest available countrywide census for Great Britain, the Census of England and Wales of 1841. It became clear the current distribution of Singletary/Singleterrys in England is indeed not by chance. As near as I can tell, every single Singletary/Singleterry now living in England descends from John and Maria Singleterry of Upwell, Cambridgeshire, England. John and his family were the sole representatives of that surname in all of England recorded in 1841 census records.

Checking on the available birth, baptism, marriage, and death records for Cambridgeshire, I was able to piece together a bit of information about John and his family.

John Singleterry was baptized in Wisbeck, on the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgershire (Cambs) in 1788, the first of two children born to William Singleterry (born: 1752, location unknown; died 1826, Upwell, Cambs, Eng.) and his wife Elizabeth Child (1753 – 1829 Upwell, Cambs, Eng.). John had one younger brother, William, who was baptized 1793 in Wisbeck; William died unmarried in 1810, Upwell, Cambs, Eng. His parents' marriage is recorded in the online "Upwell, Cambridgeshire & Norfolk - Index of Marriages, P-Y" in Upwell, as occurring in 1785. This 1785 record is the earliest reference I could find (online) of Singletarys living in England.

At the time of the 1841 Census of England and Wales, John, Maria, and their children were living in Upwell, Cambs; John was working as an agricultural laborer. At the

time of the 1851 Census, he and Maria, and one grandson, were living in Upwell, but now noted to be in Norfolk County. Whether he had actually moved, or the county line had merely shifted, is unclear to me! He still reported his occupation as "laborer." John died before the 1861 census. His widow Maria was living with one or the other of her children in 1861 and 1871; she apparently died before the 1881 census was taken.

Available baptism, birth, and census records indicate John and Maria had eight children, four daughters and four sons: William (1815-1843), John (1817-1889), Henry 1819 – before 1880), and George (1829-before 1900). It would appear all living Singletarys in England today descend from one of these sons.

Interestingly enough, not all of John and Maria's sons and grandsons remained in England, however! There are quite a few Singletarys and Singleterrys now living in the United States who descend not from "our" Richard Singletary of Massachusetts, but instead descend from John and Maria Singleterry of Combridgeshire and Norfolk, England! They are especially prevalent in Illinois and Iowa.

While John and Maria's elder sons William and John Jr. remained in England, four grandsons, all sons of John Jr., emigrated to the United States. Three of these grandsons, George (1845, Wisbeck, Cambs – 1911, Illinois), John (1852, Upwell, Cambs – after 1930, Iowa?), and Lee (1854, Upwell, Cambs – 1921. Iowa) arrived together in New York aboard the Italy out of Liverpool on 6 Nov 1871, all shown as laborers. George had daughters only, but John's four sons and Lee's five sons contributed to the various Singletary and Singleterry families who were living in Illinois and Iowa at least up to the 1930 census.

John Jr.'s eldest son William (1843, Wisbeck, Cambs – after 1920, Illinois?) must have heard good things about America from his brothers, as he joined them in 1882, arriving alone on 20 Apr 1882 in New York aboard the Batavia out of Liverpool. His wife Annie and their three children arrived in New York a bit later that year, landing 23 Oct 1882 aboard the Egypt out of Liverpool. He and Annie lived in Illinois, near his brothers. His three sons left descendents living in Illinois and Washington.

Although John and Maria's two eldest sons did not emigrate, their two younger sons did sail the Atlantic to America. Their third son Henry (1819-before 1880), self described as a coachman, arrived in New York on 27 Mar 1859, aboard the Universe, out of Liverpool. His wife Elizabeth apparently joined him soon thereafter, as both are recorded in the 1860 census of New York, as they were in the 1870 census for that city as well. They apparently had no children. They left no trace in the 1880 census. Henry was the only English Singleterry who did not settle in Illinois.

John and Maria's youngest son, George, his wife Susan, and five children sailed aboard the City of Manchester to America from Liverpool via Queenstown, Ireland , landing in New York on 3 Nov 1864. As with all his relations except his brother Henry, he made his home in Illinois, near Chicago, near the families of his four nephews. George and Susan had four sons,

who also contributed to the Singlegary/ Singleterry clan of Illinois.

The question remains, of course, whether the only known Singleterry line in England, has any connection to "our" Richard Singletary of Massachusetts. I continue my search for volunteers, and hope one day to entice one or two eligible Singleterry men to participate in our DNA testing program. It would be intellectually satisfying to finally learn if there is any connection between the emigrant Richard Singletary and the sole surviving English Singleterry family that was living in Wisbeck, on the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, when William Singleterry's marriage to Elizabeth Child was recorded there in 1785. If a link was proved, further research into Cambridgeshire records (beyond my superficial internet dabblings) might be most revealing.

In Memory of Ralph Dunham

by Phyllis Kitson

Ralph Dunham (1852-1910) was my great grandfather's younger brother. He was an artist of no small ability, and I am fortunate to have some of his original paintings and photographs of other examples.

His widowed mother, living in Maryland, was desperately poor. Left with four little children to raise, she opened a book store in her home, hoping for the custom trade of students at a nearby boys' school. Her children, three boys and a girl, were nourished on an extremely poor diet. Every evening they had their choice of corn meal mush and molasses, or corn meal mush and pickles. There wasn't further variation available, and all their lives they suffered from these early restrictions.

When grown, the family moved from Maryland to Chicago. The eldest, Frank, was enabled to go to divinity school. Sammy went into business, and Ralph got a job at McClurg's Book Store, where he was in charge of all the advertising. This meant that he created all the art work for book displays and even created the cards that they sold seasonally at Christmas and Easter.

While still in Maryland, Ralph had fallen in love with a young girl named Sarah. She was a close friend of his sister, Cornelia. (The two had their photo taken together.) Ralph and Sarah were engaged to be married at the time when she contracted a case of galloping consumption (tuberculosis). She died before the wedding could take place. Like his own mother, Sarah's mother was a struggling widow, and the grief-stricken young man devoted himself to helping her mother for as long as he remained in the area.

"Neelie" (as Cornelia was known) came to Chicago with her brothers. Her life was devoted to them, keeping house for them, looking after the children of Frank and Sammy (all of whom loved her very much), and she took special joy in helping Ralph do the more mundane aspects of the Christmas cards he painted. Putting dabs of red paint on the berries was something she could do to help him. Once, when was asked why she had never married, she explained that she never found a man who was as good as her brothers were.

As a mature man, Ralph was able to make a trip back to his boyhood home, and at that time he painted a picture of it. The painting, framed in ornate, heavy gilt, has

hung on my living room wall for decades and decades.

Ralph Dunham died at the age of 58, of the same disease that had felled his Sarah so many years before. No many people remember Ralph Dunham. Perhaps nobody does. But I do.

The John Irish House at Little Compton, RI

by Perry Donham

In April of 2005, my fiancee and I went to the courthouse in Little Compton, RI, to apply for our marriage license. I knew from family lore that Jonathan Dunham alias Singletary had been in the area in the late 1600s. While we were waiting, I pulled an old book off the shelf and, thumbing through it, ran across the account of Jonathan and Mary Rosse causing a strange disturbance at the John Irish house—for which offense they were arrested, punished, then sent their separate ways.

To clarify the geography, the area around Little Compton was called Sakonnet by the Wampanoag tribe that lived in the area. Around 1670, thirty-two members from the Plymouth colony took land in the area. Col. Benjamin Church built the first homestead there in 1675. The John Irish family had come into the area earlier. John Irish senior was the father. John junior, the aggrieved gentleman in the incident with Jonathan and Mary, had acquired the piece of land where he built his house in Sakonnet from his brother Elias, who had passed away

Perry Donham standing in front of the John Irish house in Little Compton, RI

earlier.

Roger Williams founded the Providence colony around 1636, although the charter was called into question several times between then and 1663, when a new charter was granted to John Clarke by King Charles II for a new colony comprising the older Providence and Rhode Island colonies. There were some conflicts over boundaries with the neighboring Plymouth colony.

Little Compton was annexed in 1682 by the Plymouth colony, and the incident with Jonathan and Mary Rosse happened not long after, in July of 1683. That is why the record of the incident I had just discovered was sitting in a courthouse in Little Compton, RI, while Plymouth is given as the jurisdiction that meted out justice to Jonathan and Mary.

The account of the incident states that, for some reason—and we may never know their motives—Mary led Jonathan to the house of John Irish at Little Compton. The events that followed can only be called bizarre, but neither Mary nor Jonathan denied the charges. First they entered the house and killed John Irish's dog. Then, when the outraged Irish tried to force the couple out, they refused to leave. "[A]ccording to theire anticke trickes and foolish powers," Jonathan and Mary "made a fier in the said house, and threw the dogg upon it, and shott of[f] a gun seuerall times, and burnt some other things in the house." Somehow Irish ended up outside the burning home, his young children trapped inside with Jonathan and Mary, who barred the doors. The frantic father managed to summon help from his neighbors and rescue the children, while the authorities arrived and took the couple into custody.

I asked at the local fire house if the Irish house was still standing, and was directed to the site. The picture on the preceding page is of the house (obviously renovated, many times probably). John Irish's grave is just to the side of the house. As my fiancee and I paused at Irish's grave, I muttered a soft apology to him for the whole dog thing with Mary. I hope somehow that soothes his spirit.

As we left the house I was fascinated to reflect that here I was, a guy raised in far-off Indiana, walking over exactly the same ground that his ancestor had here in Little Compton over three hundred years ago.

Donna's Membership Report

by Donna Jones/Sam Dunnam

Donna Jones, our membership secretary, gives the following current report on "paid up" DSFC members, by state totals. We don't formally have a competition running between the states. But states with more members probably indicate states where the membership is more active. In all probability, these state-by-state DSFC membership numbers *do not* represent a ranking of states according to absolute numbers of Dunhams and Singletarys living in those states. They certainly show our potential for growth. I am, of course, proud that Texas leads the pack.

DSFC Membership by State: TEXAS – 11; FLORIDA – 9; MASSACHUSETTS – 6; OHIO – 6; CALIFORNIA – 4; MAINE – 4; MICHIGAN – 4; NEW YORK – 4; PENNSYLVANIA – 4; COLORADO – 3; MISSOURI – 3; NEW JERSEY – 3; WIS-

CONSIN – 3; MONTANA – 2 NORTH CAROLINA – 2; OKLAHOMA – 2; TENNESSEE – 2; WASHINGTON – 2; WEST VIRGINIA – 2; NEW HAMPSHIRE – 2; ALABAMA – 1; ALASKA – 1; CONNECTICUT – 1; DELAWARE – 1; GEORGIA – 1; HAWAII – 1; ILLINOIS – 1; INDIANA – 1; IOWA – 1; KANSAS – 1; MARYLAND – 1; MINNESOTA – 1; MISSISSIPPI – 1; OREGON – 1; VERMONT – 1; VIRGINIA – 1.

The following foreign countries show 1 member each: BELGIUM, COLUMBIA, NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND.

Finally, there is one member (Lloyd Dunham) in the Canadian province of NEW BRUNSWICK.

In all, DSFC has 101 members. Let us hope that number will continue to grow.

Our Cousin Barack
Part III

by Sam E. Dunnam

This article is the third, concluding segment of my book review of Barack Obama's book, *Dreams From My Father* (1995). I had planned to review also *The Audacity of Hope* (2006), but as I explained in *This Issue*, I shall not do so now. Part I, dealing with his early life, was published in the April '07 DSFC newsletter; Part II was published in the July '07 newsletter.

Background

Part II covered Barack's experiences working in New York City just after he graduated from Columbia; most of it was devoted to his three-year stint working as a community organizer in deep South Chicago. It was here, almost certainly, that he decided to pursue a career of public service; and here that he learned some indelible lessons about political power: namely, that it must be *acquired* by election to public office, and that *having* the power of high public office is a *sine qua non* of being to effect significant change in the life of a community, state, or nation.

Barack's political predilections were stimulated as he began to mature during his teenage years and as he became aware that his identity would be that of an American black man, thrust into the milieu of the racial politics and tensions that have been close to the center of American society and politics in the last half of the twentieth century. His childhood did not prepare him for such a role. His mother was a white woman from a mid-western Kansas family, named Dunham, who met and married, at 18, a black Kenyan exchange student at the University of Hawaii. Barack is therefore of *first-generation* mixed heritage, white and black. The marriage dissolved after two years, when Barack's black father got a scholarship to Harvard after graduating from Hawaii. The scholarship did not contain funds enough to allow him to take his family to Cambridge. He went to Harvard alone, and when he got his degree there, feeling the pull of home country obligations, he returned to Kenya. Shortly thereafter, Ann Dunham obtained a divorce. The result was that Barack was raised in a white household with his single white mother and maternal grandparents.

Moreover, in Hawaii a great number of people and many of his schoolmates were, like himself, a shade of honey-brown and he did not feel, and was not treated, differently from other people. When Ann Dunham remarried an Indonesian, named Lolo, and she and Barack returned to Indonesia with him and lived there for four years, Barack's color and ethnicity did not distinguish him as different from the majority of Indonesians or his Indonesian schoolmates and friends. He did not have a sense or actual experience of the problems of *being black in America* until he returned to Hawaii and entered Punahoe, an elite private preparatory school where he completed high school. Ann Dunham, however, knew the problems he would face all too soon. Even in Indonesia she had begun preparing him for those problems. His first experiences of learning directly about feelings of anger and rejection were from the few American black schoolmates he met at Punahoe. He did not absorb and truly share those feelings until he entered Occidental College in Los Angeles and became associated with black student groups. It was at Occidental that the impact of being black in America hit him with full intensity.

But there was still a difference. Barack's unique upbringing had not instilled in him from early childhood the feelings of social inferiority and apartness from the mainstream society that most American black children grow up with. True, like so many of them, he was raised in a single-parent household; his father, like many of theirs, had abandoned his mother when he was an infant. But the household that nurtured him to maturity was very different. It was a loving household in which his mother and maternal grandparents showered affection upon him, cared for his needs, gave him companionship, and appreciated the potential of his considerable talents. Though his father was absent, he was remembered fondly and constantly in his mother's and grandparents' stories and conversations; he was idealized as the extraordinarily capable and intelligent man that he was and held up to the boy as a model, especially in his studies.

As Barack went through his last undergraduate years at Columbia, and during his work experience in New York, he outgrew the anger he'd first felt in sympathy with friends at Occidental. What remained was an ambition to dedicate his life to helping black people in America. This led directly, when he found an opening, to his three years as a community organizer in south Chicago. His experience in Chicago was spent almost exclusively among the poor and struggling blacks in the deep South Side. And yet, during this time, as Barack gained knowledge of how the political process worked and how public funding for constituent groups was secured, he realized that progress for blacks could only be realized within the broader body politic of the American public. It was surely during this time that he decided on a career in politics. The Harvard Law School, to which he'd made early application in the spring of 1988, would be an important step along the way.

But first he had an important personal goal that he wanted to realize before entering Harvard in the fall. He wanted to make an extended trip to Kenya to meet and get to

know his black family there, with whom, despite letters and occasional telephone calls, he'd had very little direct contact.

Kenya

Barack landed in Nairobi aboard a British Airways flight from London some time in the early summer of 1988. He first discovered that his bag had been lost. In inquiring about its recovery, he dealt with a tall, attractive black British Airways staffer whose name was Ms. Omoro. After he'd filled out the obligatory form, she looked it over and inquired: "You wouldn't be related to Dr. Obama, by any chance?"

"Well, yes—he was my father," Barack a*That had never happened before, I realized; not in Hawaii, not in Indonesia, not in L.A. or New York or Chicago. For the first time in my life, I felt the comfort, the firmness of identity that a name might provide, how it could carry an entire history in other people's memories, so that they might nod and say knowingly, 'Oh, you are so and so's son.' No one here in Kenya would ask how to spell my name, or mangle it with an unfamiliar tongue. My name belonged and so I belonged, drawn into a web of relationships, alliances, and grudges that I did not yet understand.* (DFMF, p 461).

This was Barack's first impression that Kenya was his ancestral home. His sister, Auma, met him, together with an older aunt, Zeituni, his father's sister. Auma and Zeituni were delighted finally to see him. They and most family he met later called him "Barry." He and Auma dropped Zeituni back off at her place of work at Kenya Breweries, where she was a computer programmer. Then Auma took him to her apartment, a small but comfortable unit near a former high-end British residential neighborhood. This would be his home in Nairobi.

In the next days as he and Auma wandered through Nairobi's streets and markets, he saw evidence of the city's history, amid many signs of its contemporary transformation. In the wares and costumes of the street merchants, there was still evidence of ancient native cultures and crafts. The predominant impression of the city's structure, however, was of its more recent colonial past. Amid these there were budding signs of modernity, those that had come since independence and the onset of black rule.

The city center was smaller than I'd expected, with much of the colonial architecture still intact: row after row of worn, whitewashed stucco from the days when Nairobi was little more than an outpost to service British railway construction. Alongside these buildings, another city emerged, a city of high-rise offices and elegant shops, hotels with lobbies that seemed barely distinguishable from their counterparts in Singapore or Atlanta. It was an intoxicating, elusive mixture, a contrast that seemed to repeat itself wherever we went...It was as if Nairobi's history refused to settle in orderly layers, as if what was then and what was now fell in constant, noisy collision. (DFMF, p 467)

His overwhelming impression, however, was that for the first time in his life he was in a black nation. On the streets as they

walked there was this *steady procession of black faces [that] passed before your eyes, the round faces of babies and the chipped, worn faces of the old; beautiful faces that made me understand the transformation that Asante [a black Afrocentrist pastor` in Chicago] and other black Americans claimed to have undergone after their first visit to Africa. For a span of weeks or months, you could experience the freedom that comes from not feeling watched, the freedom of believing that your hair grows as its supposed to grow and that your rump sways the way a rump is supposed to sway....Here the world was black, and so you were just you; you could discover all those things that were unique to your life without living a lie or committing betrayal.* (DFMF, p 470)

Barack's discovery of his paternal family in Kenya is somewhat like peeling an onion. There is each family's patriarch, and each patriarch will have had multiple wives; then there are the children of each wife by that man as distinct subsets. Nonetheless, it is a patriarchal system and all the children of the various wives of a single man are (at least ideally) a part of his household and consider themselves brothers and sisters. Barack, when he arrives in Kenya, had never met all his father's wives, and there are many more unmet brothers and sisters. Barack Sr. had been married before he left Kenya for America and the University of Hawaii. This wife's name was Keiza and she was the mother of Roy and Auma, and was his Aunt Jane's sister. Barack met her that first evening when Auma and Zeituni took him to an assembled family gathering at Jane's apartment that had been anticipating his arrival. There were at least fifteen people there—aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces. His African relations were all linked through the male line. This extended family typically lived in the same community or in close proximity. Thus Barack met that evening many relatives of whom previously he had been aware only by reference.

The family bond among these paternal line relatives was typically strong and mutually supportive. In contemporary Kenya of 1988 these bonds spanned, in the case of the Obama clan, the divide between the modern urban economy of Nairobi and that of the rural tribal village, still subsisting in parallel as it had for generations, by barter, the bounty of the land, custom, familial and tribal ties. The money economy of Nairobi was an import, or more accurately, an imposition of the colonial West. Barack discovered that his African family, as he had heard, was one, in all its extensions, still in transition between these worlds. Some of the older people still lived "up-country" in Alego and neighboring villages. Most of the younger family, however, who had been fortunate enough to get some education, now lived and worked in Nairobi, as did Auma and Zeituni. But the urban dwellers among them maintained their village ties, and most of them still spoke Luo, the tribal language of the older folk.

Not all was entirely well within the family. Some had been more fortunate than others in getting education and opportunities. There was not so much envy and jealousy at their good fortune, but there was an expectation that they would—that they

should—share the fruits of their better lives with family members. This was after all the tribal ethic of communal life in the village, that family members shared with family. Auma, Roy, and others who were fortunate enough to have made the transition genuinely wanted and tried to do their expected sharing, which sometimes amounted only to picking up the check in restaurants or bars—*generosity* is what was expected. Barack Sr., when his fortunes were high, had been exceptionally generous; he'd seldom refused anyone. When he fell from grace and went through hard times, many family members did not reciprocate his generosity; some behaved as if they hardly knew him, afraid because he had become a political untouchable. Yet when his fortunes recovered, he held no grudges and once again was generous to all.

After several days, Barack's lost bag was still unfound and undelivered. He could get no satisfaction at the airport, and resorted finally to visiting the offices of British Airways in downtown Nairobi. He and Auma went together. As at the airport, the clerks in the front office were unhelpful. He demanded to see the manager. Mr. Maduri, the manager, he was told, was in a meeting. Barack and Auma decided to wait him out. Then a stroke of

luck occurred. A man of obviously higher station walked into the office and recognized Auma. He was somehow an uncle. He at once intervened to help. Maduri, he said, was a good friend. He called Maduri, explained his relative's problem, and was told to expect a call back shortly. The phone rang in a few minutes. The bag was found and would be, he said, delivered to Auma's office that same afternoon. *Call me if you have any more problems,* he instructed. As they were leaving the building, they paused in front of a large imposing portrait of Kenyatta, the legendary first president of Kenya's independence. *That's where it all starts,* Auma said. *The Big Man. Then his assistant, or his family, or his tribe. It's the same whether you want a phone, or a visa, or a job. Who are your relatives? Who do you know? If you don't know somebody, you can forget it.*

As they walked out toward her car, she continued. *That's what the Old Man never understood, you see. He came back here thinking that because he was so educated and spoke his proper English and understood his charts and graphs everyone would somehow put him in charge. He forgot what holds everything together here.* (DFMF, p 488)

Barack soon realized that because of his father's extraordinary capabilities and his good fortune, he had been regarded as the great hope of the Obamas. This hope generated a chain of dependencies on him, both among those family who came to Nairobi and those who stayed upcountry in Alego. The greater sense of dependency developed among those in Nairobi. Those who stayed in the country, while poor by Nairobi standards, still had its agricultural barter and communal economy to rely upon. Barack now sensed that some of those dependencies were transferring to him. At first he enjoyed the welcoming and adulation heaped on him. In the evenings, with Auma, *...endless invitations...came our way from uncles, nephews, second cousins or cousins once removed, all of whom demanded, at the risk of insult, that we sit down for a meal, no matter what time it happened to be or how many meals*

we had already eaten...(DFMF, p 496-7)

But...*[a]s the days wore on*, he confesses... *my joy became tempered with tension and doubt.* He began to feel burdened with...*an acute awareness of my relative good fortune, and the troublesome questions such good fortune implied. Not that our relatives were suffering, exactly. Both Jane and Zeituni had steady jobs; Kezia made do selling cloth in the markets. If cash got too short, the children could be sent upcountry for a time; that's where another brother, Abo, was staying, I was told, with an uncle in Kendu Bay, where there were always chores to perform, food on the table and a roof over one's head.* (DFMF, p 497-8)

Still, things in Nairobi were not so easy. If misfortune struck, if there was illness or layoffs, Kenya had no social safety net. *There was only family, next of kin, people burdened by similar hardship....Now I was family, I reminded myself; now I had responsibilities....For the first time in my life, I found myself thinking deeply about money: my own lack of it, the pursuit of it, the crude but undeniable peace it could buy. A part of me wished I could live up to the image that my new relatives imagined for me: a corporate lawyer, an American businessman, my hand poised on the spigot, ready to reign down like manna the largesse of the Western world.*

But Barack was neither of these things, and, like Auma, who felt these pressures, too, he realized that whatever he could do was subject to limitations. No matter how tangible or close the limitations he—or she—knew, the family would not understand them. Any holding back, any independence in pursuing one's own personal objectives—*all this struck the family as unnatural somehow. Unnatural...and un-African.* It was not so different for anyone who managed to escape from a poor and unprivileged group, Barack thought, whether in Africa or deep South Chicago. There would be a *perverse survivor's guilt* that would be felt. *Without power for the group, a group larger, even, than an extended family, our success always threatened to leave others behind. [P]erhaps it was that fact that left me so unsettled—the fact that even here, in Africa, the same maddening patterns held sway; that no one here could tell me what my blood ties demanded or how those demands could be reconciled with some larger idea of human association. It was ...[a]s if the map that might have once measured the direction and force of our love, the code that would unlock our blessings, had been lost long ago, buried with the ancestors beneath a silent earth.* (DFMF, p 500-01)

The festering problem in the family now, Auma and Zeituni told him, was a vehement legal dispute over his father's estate. Sarah, his father's oldest sister and first-born among his siblings, was contesting the estate. Sarah was eager to see Barack, hoping he might help her case. Auma did not wish to see her but offered to take Barack and Zeituni to her apartment house. Zeituni offered to accompany him. Sarah was older and embittered. She lived by herself out in a poorer section of town, near a vast shanty-town of make-shift hovels with corrugated tin roofs, literally thousands of them, that recent migrants to the city had erected. She lived in a small, one-room apartment in a larger shoddy apartment building with an unfinished look. Sarah knew a little English; she was fluent only

in Luo. Zeituni served as translator. The visit was not a pleasant one. Sarah could not rise beyond her grievances about the contest of the Old Man's estate. She felt the rest of the family must be conspiring against her, poisoning Barack's mind, and she repeated even her denials of the paternity of some of Barack Sr.'s children by Kezia. Finally, as Barack and Zeituni rose to go, Sarah asked Barack directly, in English, for a gift: *Sarah took my hand in both of hers, her voice softening. "Will you give me something? For your grandmother?"* He gave her thirty dollars, all the cash he had on him. As they left, Zeituni was quiet and visibly upset. *She was a proud woman, this aunt; the scene with Sarah must have embarrassed her. And then, that thirty dollars—Lord knows, she could have used it herself...*(DFMF, p 505)

On the way back, Barack questioned Zeituni further about Sarah's discontents. Sarah's mother had been Akumu, his grandfather's second wife who later left him. After Akumu left, Granny came; she was his grandfather's third wife, and she had raised all the children. Like Barack Sr., Sarah was smart and independent and had wanted to get an education so she would not be dependent on any man. But that didn't work out and she had gone through four husbands, none of whom left her anything. In Luo custom, the eldest son inherits all the property of his father. That was Barack Sr. From that point on Sarah had been jealous of all Barack Sr.'s wives; she viewed them as just pretty girls who wanted everything.

Except for mentioning them, Barack does not comment or pass judgement on his father's almost casual, serial marriages and the string of children left behind in this trail of matrimonies and intimacies. All these children were now his half-brothers and sisters, and in African fashion he accepted them as such. What was not in doubt was the large spirit and generosity of his father—a generosity that often exceeded his means. *Now you see what your father suffered,* Zeituni said.

What? Barack asked, puzzled.

Yes, Barry, your father suffered...[H]is problem was that his heart was too big. When he lived, he would just give to everybody who asked him. And they all asked. You know, he was one of first in the whole district to study abroad. The people back home, they didn't even know anyone else who had ridden in an airplane before. So they expected everything of him....Always these pressures from the family. And he couldn't say no, he was so generous. She confessed that even she had depended on him, when her marriage failed and she had a child and no job. *[W]ho do you think took me in? Yes—it was him. That's why, no matter what the others sometimes say, I will always be grateful to him.* (DFMF, p 509)

Zeituni added as they parted, *I tell you this so you will know the pressure your father was under in this place. So you don't judge him too harshly. And you must learn from his life. If you have something, then everyone will want a piece of it. So you have to draw the line somewhere. If everyone is family, no one is family. Your father, he never understood this, I think.* (DFMF, p 511)

Auma decided next that they should pay a

visit to Ruth, Barack Sr.'s second American wife, in whose company, after Harvard, he returned to Africa. With Ruth, Barack Sr. had two children, both boys, named Mark and David. It was David who had been earlier killed in a motorcycle accident. In time, Auma explained, Barack Sr. and Ruth divorced and it was very bitter. Ruth later married a Tanzanian, a man with considerable means; now she lived with this man in a posh, fashionable section of town in a big house. The oldest surviving son, Mark, was attending Stanford in the U.S. but was, just now, home on vacation. It was a chance for Barack to meet Mark as well as Ruth. In time an invitation arrived from Ruth, hand-delivered by a chauffeur. Auma had misgivings about going.

But in the end she did go. They were ushered in and met Ruth, her new husband, and Mark. The husband had an appointment, soon excused himself and left. Ruth had lemonade served.

"Well, here we are," Ruth said, leading us to the couch and pouring lemonade. "I must say it was quite a surprise to find out you were here, Barry. I told Mark that we just had to see how this other son of Obama's turned out. Your name is Obama, isn't it? But your mother remarried. I wonder why she had you keep your name?" (DFMF, p 517)

Barack ignored the question and inquired of Mark about his schooling in the U.S. He replied that he was in his final year of the physics program at Stanford.

"It must be tough," Auma offered.

Mark shrugged. "Not really."

"Don't be so modest, dear," Ruth said. "The things Mark studies are so complicated only a handful of people really understand it all." She patted Mark on the hand, then turned to me. "And Barry, I understand you'll be going to Harvard. Just like Obama. You must have gotten some of his brains. Hopefully not the rest of him, though. You know Obama was quite crazy, don't you? The drinking made it worse. Did you ever meet him? Obama, I mean?" (DFMF, p 517)

Only once, Barack allowed, when he was ten.

"Well, you were lucky then. It probably explains why you're doing so well."

That's how the next hour passed, with Ruth alternating between stories of my father's failure and stories of Mark's accomplishments. Any questions were directed exclusively to me, leaving Auma to fiddle silently with Ruth's lasagna. I wanted to leave as soon as the meal was over, but Ruth suggested that Mark show us the family album while she brought out the dessert.

Mark led them to the bookcase and pulled down the album. There were pictures of Barack, Sr. when he was young; then ones of *Auma and Roy, dark and skinny and tall...holding two smaller children...Then of the Old Man and Ruth mugging it up at a beach somewhere. The entire family dressed up for a night out on the town. They were happy scenes, all of them, and all strangely familiar, as if I were glimpsing some alternative universe that had played itself out behind my back. They were reflections, I realized, of my own*

long-held fantasies, fantasies that I'd kept secret even from myself. The fantasy of the Old Man having taken my mother and me back with him to Kenya. The wish that my mother and father, sisters and brothers, were all under one roof. Here it was, I thought, what might have been. And the recognition of how wrong it had all turned out, the harsh evidence of life as it had really been lived, made me so sad that after only a few minutes I had to look away. (DFMF p 518-9)

On the drive back from their visit, Barack apologized to Auma for having put her through such an ordeal. She waved it off.

"It could have been worse," she said. "I feel sorry for Mark, though. He seems so alone. You know, it's not easy being a mixed child in Kenya.

I looked out the window, thinking about my mother, Toot, and Gramps, and how grateful I was to them—for who they were, and for the stories they'd told. I turned back to Auma, and said, "She still hasn't gotten over him, has she?"

"Who?"

"Ruth. She hasn't gotten over the Old Man." Auma thought for a moment. "No, Barack. I guess she hasn't. Just like the rest of us." (DFMF, p 519)

At the end of Barack's second week in Kenya, he and Auma went on a safari. At first, Auma didn't want to go: she had misgivings—about all the land kept in its primeval state just so that a trickle of tourists each year could see the animals and the land *au natural*. The land *could* be used for farming and feeding Kenyans, she complained. Finally she relented and went. But that touched off another set of sensitivities. The tour company was owned by Asians; the profits from it were probably sent off to London or Bombay, she opined. Most small businesses in the country were in fact owned by foreigners, many by Asians and Indians. Barack tried to defend this fact. It was not so different from the Koreans in South Chicago who owned most of the small businesses there. These intrepid third-worlders who knew how to trade would come in and, in the absence of knowledgeable natives, work the margins of a racial caste system. And if they sent their earnings out of the country, that was triggered by uncertainties concerning the future of the country. Trust was something that had to evolve. It was not easy.

But Kenya had more fundamental divisions among the country's forty black tribes. Tribalism was not so evident among young, university-educated Kenyans, except perhaps when they married or looked for career opportunities. It was still a pervasive fact of life, however, in the economic and political transactions of the country. Auma and Barack's Kenyan family knew this. When he spoke of a broad internationalism and the unity of the human race, they brushed it off. Zeituni would say, *"You sound just like your father, Barry. He also had such ideas about people." Meaning he, too, was naive; he, too, liked to argue with history. Look what happened to him...* (DFMF, p 527)

But now they began their trip out into the bush. Their driver was Francis, a sturdily built Kikuyu, who loaded their bags onto the roof of the minivan. They had a cook,

too, an Italian named Mauro.

Barack had come to Kenya to meet and see his African family and to learn more about his father's life, his grandfather, and his family's history. Seeing the country was secondary. But Barack had read a great deal about Kenya. One thing nearly all accounts mention with superlatives is the extraordinary beauty of the country and the quality of the light there. It is something that has to be seen to be believed. As the safari party made its way into the vast game preserve, signs of civilization dropped away. *We began to pass small herds of gazelle; a solitary wildebeest feeding at the base of a tree; zebra and giraffe, barely visible in the distance. For almost an hour we saw no other person, until a solitary Masai herdsman appeared in the distance, his figure as lean and straight as the staff that he carried, leading a herd of long-horned cattle across an empty flat....* (DFMF, p 529) He had not seen many Masai in Nairobi. As a people, they had elected, by and large, to remain in the country, close to the land, farming and tending their herds, rather than join the new urban economy. He did not know much about them, except that they were supposed to be distant relations of the Luo. They had a reputation for *fierceness in war [that] had earned them a grudging respect from the British,* even as, like the Cherokees and Apaches in America, they had had to submit finally to the white man's rule.

As they cleared a rise inside the preserve, Barack writes, *I saw as beautiful a land as I'd ever seen. It swept out forever, flat plains undulating into gentle hills, dun-colored and as supple as a lion's back, creased by long gallery forests and dotted with thorn trees.* (DFMF, p 531) Sights of wildlife increased: more zebra, gazelle, and wildebeest, now in much larger herds.

Finally in late afternoon they arrived at a campsite, and Francis and Mauro set up tents and got a campfire going. As they settled around the campfire, two Masai tribesmen with long spears approached them. Francis welcomed them and explained that they would provide security through the night. Auma wanted to know if the camp had ever been attacked by animals. One of the Masai, named Wilson, replied: *"Nothing serious...But if you have to go to the bathroom at night, you should call one of us to go with you."* (DFMF, p 534)

Among their other fellow passengers were a Dr. Wilkerson and his wife. Wilkerson, it turned out, was a retired British doctor who had passed a great deal of his career in Africa. He had practiced in Malawi, for, he said, when he returned to Africa years ago, Kenya had a surplus of doctors relative to the population. In Malawi, he oversaw eight doctors who served a region of a half-million people. They had had to focus on basic medicine because in Africa, he explained, so many die from preventable diseases—with the notable and recent exception of AIDS. Out on this medical frontier Wilkerson had had to do all sorts of work, digging wells, training outreach workers to inoculate chidlren, distributing condoms; there was little support staff. When Barack asked him why he had come back to Africa, *he answered without a pause, as if he'd heard the question many times.*

"It's my home, I suppose. The people, the land...It's funny, you know. Once you've lived here for a time, the life in England

seems terribly cramped. The British have so much more, but seem to enjoy things less. I felt a foreigner there." (DFMF p 537) They strolled out to look at the stars as they talked. As they turned back towards the campfire, Wilkerson added, with a waver in his voice: *"Perhaps I can never call this place home," he said. "Sins of the father, you know. I've learned to accept that."* Then he looked at Barack and added: *"I do love this place, though"*—before going to his tent.

On the second day they pushed farther into the bush. Sights of more and varied animals became frequent. *A pride of lions, yawning in the broken grass. Buffalo in the marshes, their horns like cheap wigs, tick birds scavenging off their mud-crusted backs. Hippos in the shallow riverbeds, pink eyes and nostrils like marbles bobbing on the water's surface. Elephants fanning their vegetable ears.*

And most of all the stillness, a silence to match the elements. At twilight, not far from our camp, we came upon a tribe of hyenas feeding on the carcass of a wildebeest. In the dying orange light, they looked like demon dogs, their eyes like clumps of black coal, their chins dripping with blood. Beside them, a row of vultures waited with stern, patient gazes, hopping away like hunchbacks whenever one of the hyenas got too close. It was a savage scene, and we stayed there for a long time, watching life feed on itself, the silence interrupted only by the crack of bone or the rush of wind, or the hard thump of a vulture's wings as it strained to lift itself into the current, until it finally found the higher air and those long graceful wings became motionless and still like the rest. And I thought to myself: This is what Creation looked like.(DFMF, p 538)

This experience of primeval Africa—beautiful, raw, brutual, expansive, silent, elemental—was the bonus gift the safari gave Barack on this trip back the land of his father's beginnings; it was, at one remove, his own heritage, too.

When Barack and Auma returned from safari, they discovered that their older brother, Roy, had arrived a week early from the States. The plan had been that during Barack's visit to Kenya, Roy would come, too, and that the whole Obama clan, including those now living in Nairobi, would make a trip upcountry to visit their relatives who remained in the villages of Alego, Kismusu, and Kendu Bay, the original turf of the Obamas.

Now that Roy was there, the rest of the Nairobi family awaited the return of Barack and Auma before a big feast at Jane's apartment to celebrate Roy's arrival. Roy seemed at this and on subsequent occasions during his Kenya visit to be much the same as Barack found him when he visited him in Washington D.C.: he was boastfully overweight (*"A man needs a man-sized appetite"*), expansive and ebullient, frequently with a beer in hand, which he clutched with a cigarette between his fingers. He had in tow at the gathering Amy, an African woman, *plump and heavy-breasted, with bright red lipstick,* whom he announced he intended to marry (*"She's an African woman. I know **that**! She **understands** me. Not like these European women, always arguing with their men."*)

It was decided after dinner that they would go out dancing to a local club. All did dance, Barack included, and the women commented on how much the Obama men loved to dance, and their skill at it. This merriment carried Barack's memories back to his father's visit to Hawaii when he was ten years old, to the time in Toot and Gramp's apartment when his father taught him how to dance. He would never forget that. Later, as they were sitting and talking, a disturbance broke out across the room: two men were fighting. The police came quickly and broke it up. That incident triggered Roy's memories of the night of David's death. He and Roy had gone to the club on Roy's motorcycle. Roy became involved in an altercation with another man over a woman he'd been dancing with; the police came; Roy's ID and papers were not in order and the police hauled him off to jail. David got in to see him several hours later. He asked Roy for the keys to the motorcycle so he could return and get the papers Roy needed. The fatal accident occurred shortly thereafter.

Several days later all the family except Jane boarded the train for Kisumu. The railway on which they traveled had been, when it was built, *the single largest engineering effort in the history of the British Empire—six hundred miles long, from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the eastern shores of Lake Victoria.* (DFMF, p 556) The construction of the railway started in 1895, the year that Barack's grandfather, Hussein Onyango Obama, was born, and its completion consolidated and enlarged the British hold on Kenya as a crown colony. On this upcountry trip Barack would learn a great deal about his grandfather and his father and the family's esteemed status in these hinterlands. The train trip to Kisumu would take all night; from Kisumu to Alego was another five hours by bus or taxi.

As the miles clicked by, Auma smiled and remarked: *"This train brings back so many memories. You remember, Roy, how much we used to look forward to going home? It's so beautiful, Barack! Not at all like Nairobi. And Granny—she's so much fun! Oh, you will like her, Barack. She has such a good sense of humor."*

"She had to have a good sense of humor," Roy said, *"living with the Terror for so long."*

"Who's the Terror?" Barack inquired.

"That's what we used to call our grandfather," Auma replied, *"Because he was so mean."*

"Wow, that guy was mean!" Roy said. *"He would make you sit at the table for dinner, and served the food on china, like an Englishman. If you said one wrong thing, or used the wrong fork—pow! He would hit you with his stick. Sometimes when he hit you, you wouldn't even know why until the next day."* (DFMF, p 560)

Zeituni now broke in and began to give a fuller portrait of Onyango Obama. (Zeituni, recall, is Barack's aunt, sister of his father, child of Onyango). He had become well respected, she said, because he was such a good farmer. His compound in Alego was one of the biggest in the area. He had studied agricultural techniques from the British when he worked for them as a cook. As a result, he could make anything grow. Cus-

tom among the Luo was that a man could farm any land that was not being used by another. Because he was such a good farmer, he was able to put more land in cultivation and make it more productive than any other; this made him both prosperous and well respected among the Luo. He had been serious and well-disciplined as a boy, always quick and eager to learn things. Yes, he was very strict, Zeituni said, but also fair.

The train arrived in Kisumu at daybreak. From there they all boarded several crowded buses and set out for Alego. On arrival there, they met first Yusuf and Sayid, two uncles. Sayid, Roy said, was *"our father's youngest brother."* They greeted Barack warmly. The uncles led them down a path into the Obama compound.

In the middle of the compound was *a low rectangular house with a corrugated iron roof and concrete walls that had crumbled on one side, leaving their brown mud base exposed. Bougainvillea, red and pink and yellow with flowers, spread along one side in the direction of a large concrete water tank, and across the packed earth was a small round hut lined with earthenware pots where a few chickens pecked in an alternating rhythm. I could see two more huts in the wide grass yard that stretched out behind the house.* (DFMF, p 566) This was the place they called "Home Squared."

Shortly "a big woman with a scarf on her head strode out of the main house drying her hands on the sides of her flowered skirt. She had a face like Sayid's, smooth and big-boned, with sparkling, laughing eyes. She hugged Auma and Roy as if she were going to wrestle them to the ground, then turned to me and grabbed my hand in a hearty handshake.

"Halo!" she said, attempting English.
"Musawa!" I said in Luo.

This was a limitation Barack found among his upcountry kin. They spoke mostly in Luo, not even Swahili, a broader African language. And Barack knew neither. Thus for the duration of his visit, he would be dependent on Auma and Roy, or other English-speakers, to be his translators. Nonetheless, Granny warmly welcomed him and gave him a great hug. Through Auma she said that *"she has dreamed of this day, when she would finally meet this son of her son."* She says, Auma added, that *"now you have finally come home."* (DFMF, p 567)

Despite Granny's words and sentiments, she was not Roy's, Auma's or Barack's grandmother. Their actual grandmother was a woman named Akumu, who had been the second wife of Onyango Obama; Granny was his third. Akumu had been a headstrong, independent woman, who, throughout her marriage to him, chaffed under Onyango's stern discipline and demanding lifestyle. Twice she had run away from him, twice her parents compelled her to return—as duty under Luo custom. But the third time she left, they did not force her to return and she never did. In the meantime Onyango had married Granny, and at that time she became *de facto* mother to all his children.

Granny led them all inside the house. On the walls Barack surveyed various family artifacts: Barack Sr.'s Harvard diploma;

photographs of him and Omar (a son who went to America years before and never returned); and other photographs—one of *a tall young woman with smoldering eyes, a plump infant in her lap, a young girl standing beside her; an older man in a high-backed chair, across his lap some sort of club. His high cheekbones and narrow eyes gave his face an almost Oriential look.* Auma came up to explain them. *"That's him,"* she said, *"our grandfather. The woman in the picture is our other grandmother, Akumu. The girl is Sarah. And the baby...that's the Old Man."* Barack noticed another picture on the wall—this one of a white woman with thick dark hair and dreamy eyes. When he asked about it, Auma asked Granny, who replied in Luo. "She says that that is a picture of one of our grandfather's wives. He told people that he had married her in Burma when he was in the war." Roy remarked that she didn't look very Burmese. Barack stared at the picture. She reminded him of his mother.

They got unpacked and settled in, then Roy took Barack out into the backyard. There were two cement-covered rectangles there—graves. One had a plaque that read: HUSSEIN ONYANGO OBAMA, B. 1895. D. 1979. The other grave was unmarked. That one, Roy explained, was their father's grave. It still remained to be marked, six years later.

In the days that immediately followed, Barack was given a tour of the Obama lands. They had once been larger, he was told, when Onyango lived, but now much of the land had been given away, in accordance with Luo custom. In walking around and talking with some of the old people they saw, Barack heard the same complaints one hears in small American farming communities: the young men leave for the city; only the old men, women, and children remain—the new economy destroying the old.

The next day they made a side-trip to Kendu Bay, several hours distant. The purpose of that trip was to pick up Abo, Barack Sr.'s next to last child. When they arrived, Kezia led them off into the countryside down near a wide, chocolate-brown river. They came finally to what looked like a random pile of rocks and sticks. "That's Obama's grave," Roy explained. Our great-grandfather. All of the land around here is called K'Obama—the Land of Obama. We are Jok' Obama—the people of Obama. Our great-grandfather was raised in Alego, but he moved here when he was still a young man. This is where Obama settled, and where all his children were born." (DFMF, p 581).

When Barack asked why he went back to Alego, neither Roy nor Kezia knew. That would have to be a question for Granny. They then went by a house and picked up Abo, who was there with a woman named Salina. He was glad to see them and had been waiting for days finally to see and meet Barack. He wanted to know what Barack had brought him from America. Barack pulled from his bag a portable cassette player. The boy examined it and seemed disappointed that it wasn't a Sony—but then recovered and thanked Barack. Another cousin, Billy, came by, who was Roy's age and size; they seemed contemporaries of long acquaintance.

Salina served them dinner. After dinner the men wanted to go out drinking. They fol-

lowed Billy outside onto a narrow footpath, and in a short time came to a smaller house. Two men were inside. They were also relatives and led to a wooden table with chairs, where they produced a bottle of clear liquid and three glasses. What they offered was a clear, quite powerful moonshine; they drank it single shots at a time, like vodka or tequilla. When Barack followed suit, he reports, *I felt my chest explode, raining down shrapnel into my stomach.* (DFMF, p 587) They poured another round but Barack declined.

Billy suggested that before the drinking was more advanced, they should go and see their grandfather. This man was a still living brother of Onyango Obama, Barack's grandfather, thus a great uncle.

The two men led us into a small back room. There, in front of a kerosene lamp, sat the oldest man I had ever seen. His hair was snow-white, his skin like parchment. He was motionless, his eyes closed, his fleshless arms propped on the armrests of the chair. I thought perhaps he was asleep, but when Billy stepped forward the old man's head tilted in our direction, and I saw a mirror image of the face I'd seen yesterday in Alego, in the faded photograph on Granny's wall (of Onyango).

Billy explained who was there, and the old man nodded and began to speak in a low, quaking voice that seemed to rise out of a chamber beneath the floor. He said he was glad they had come, Roy translated. "He was your grandfather's brother. He wishes you well."

I said that I was happy to see him, and the old man nodded again.

"He says that many young men have been lost to...the white man's country. He says his own son is in America and has not come home for many years. Such men are like ghosts, he says. When they die, no one will be there to mourn them. No ancestors will be there to welcome them. So...he says it is good that you have returned.

The old man raised his hand and I shook it gently. As we got up to leave, the old man said something else, and Roy nodded his head before closing the door behind us. "He says that if you hear of his son...you should tell him that he should come home." (DFMF, p588-9)

Then the party moved on to continue their night of 'out drinking on the town.' Barack had a couple of more drinks but confesses to not remembering much more of the evening. Somehow he made it back to Salina's house and slept off this night of revelry. The next day, he, Bernard and Sayid returned to Alego by bus.

On that day, they were able to arrange a long session with Granny, whom Barack asked to tell him as much of his family history as she knew. Granny obliged. She began with the verbal genealogy she knew that had come down through the oral tradition: this was little more than lineage, paternal generation by paternal generation; no records, thus scant memory remained of the multiple wives taken by the patriarchs. Her more particular knowledge of individual lives began with Barack's great grandfather.

What emerges in these accounts is that the Obamas were an outstanding line of indi-

viduals who had distinguished themselves among their fellow tribesmen for at least four generations. The great grandfather Obama had been orphaned quite early in life and was raised by an uncle, until he was able to work for other men and support himself. The family for which he worked was wealthy, with much land and many cattle. They were sufficiently impressed with young Obama that they consented for him to marry their eldest daughter. She came, as was custom, with a substantial dowry. This eldest daughter, however, died young; thereafter the family consented for him to marry their youngest daughter, whose name was Nyaoke. He eventually had four wives who bore him many children. He also became properous in his own right, with a large compound, much land, many cattle and goats. Because of his politeness and responsible ways, he became an elder in Kendu, and many came to seek his advice.

Barack's grandfather, Onyango, was the fifth son of Nyaoke.

This was in the time just before the white man came. The tribal way of life prevailed as it had for generations. During Onyango's late adolescence, however, white men came and established themselves in Kisumu town. The Luo had no experience with them. They had known previously only Arab traders who came as transients to trade. At first it was thought that trade would also be the purpose of the white men. But when they stayed, and tales began to spread of their strange ways and magical powers (e.g., they had sticks that roared like thunder and burst with fire), the elders of Kendu advised their young men to stay away from Kisumu until this white man was better understood.

Onyango, however, was curious and decided that he would go see these white men for himself. He disappeared and stayed away for many months. When he returned, he was dressed in the white man's clothing and had even shoes on his feet. This puzzled both his father Obama and the men of the village. When he could not explain his new ways, they became suspicious and would have nothing to do with him. So Oyango returned to Kisumu to live among the white men. He became estranged from his father for the rest of his life.

The white men had come to stay and in a short while established what would become known as a colonial administration. They instituted a "hut tax" on the natives (the Kikuyus and Luos) which forced many of them to go to work for wages in the white man's coin in order to pay the tax. Land became subject to legal ownership after the white man's fashion. The traditional tribal ways of handing down land from fathers to sons could no longer operate and land became scarce; it could only be purchased now with the white man's money. Slowly but steadily many of the white man's ways, tastes, and fashions became dominant. *Respect for tradition weakened, for young people saw that the elders had no real power. Beer, which once had been made of honey and which men drank only sparingly, now came in bottles, and many men became drunks. Many of us began to taste the white man's life, and we decided that compared to him, our lives were poor.* (DFMF, p 608-9)

Under these circumstances, however, Onyango prospered. He had learned the white

man's language and how to read and write, and could understand the white man's system of paper records and land titles. He was put in charge of road crews and later sent to Tanganyika to take up an even more responsible job. He saved his money and when he returned to Kendu he bought land and cleared it for himself, though it was not near his father's compound and he had little to do with his brothers. Having staked his claim there, he then went to Nairobi where a white man had offered him a job.

Later when he returned, he built himself a hut on his land, but he had adapted so many of the white man's ways by then that the people thought him very strange. *"[T]he way he kept his hut was different from other people. His hut was so spotless, he would insist that people rinse their feet or take off their shoes before entering. Inside, he would eat all his meals at a table and chair, under mosquito netting, with a knife and fork. He would not touch food that had not been washed properly and covered as soon as it had been cooked. He bathed constantly, and washed his clothes every night. To the end of his life he would be like this, very neat and hygienic, and he would become angry if you put something in the wrong place or cleaned something badly.*

And he was very strict about his property. If you asked him, he would always give you something of his—his food, his money, his clothes even. But if you touched his things without asking, he would become very angry. Even later, when his children were born, he would tell them always that you do not touch other people's property." (DFMF, p 609-10)

These strange ways and strict habits made it quite difficult for Onyango to acquire and keep a wife. After some ridicule, he attempted to, but in several attempts could not find one who would stay. *He paid dowry on several girls, but whenever they were lazy or broke a dish, your grandfather would beat them severely. It was normal among the Luo for men to beat their wives if they misbehaved, but even among the Luos Onyango's attitude was considered harsh, and eventually the women he took for himself would flee to their fathers' compounds. Your grandfather lost many cattle this way, for he would be too proud to ask for the return of his dowry.* (DFMF, p 610)

Onyango did finally find one wife, Helima, who would stay and meet his strict standards. As it turned out, however, she was barren. By Luo custom, that was grounds for divorce. Onyango kept Helima (a generous act) but he also went out and searched for another wife who could bear him children. He finally found one who was renowned for her beauty, and, after a complex negotiation (for she was promised to another), he married her. This was Akumu. She became the mother of Sarah, Barack, Sr., and Auma, an aunt after whom Barack's sister, Auma, was named. Granny was Onyango's third wife. Later, when Akumu finally left for the last time, and her parents did not compell her this final time to return, Onyango could not bring her back. It was then that he asked Granny to be mother to all his children.

As Auma and Barack listened to Granny's story, Auma finally had to express her shock and indignation at how Luo men treated their women and, indeed, at the whole arranged marriage custom. Granny shrugged: *"Much of what you say is true,*

Auma," she said in Luo. "Our women have carried a heavy load. If one is a fish, one does not try to fly—one swims with other fish. One only knows what one knows. Perhaps if I were young today, I would not have accepted these things. Perhaps I would only care about my feelings, and falling in love. But that's not the world I was raised in. I only know what I have seen. What I have not seen doesn't make my heart heavy." (DFMF p 615-16)

Barack, too, found Granny's story of Onyango somewhat disillusioning: *"...as I had been listening to the story of our grandfather's youth, I, too, had felt betrayed. My image of Onyango, faint as it was, had always been of an autocratic man—a cruel man, perhaps. But I had also imagined him an independent man, a man of his people, opposed to white rule. There was no real basis for this image, I now realized—only the letter he had written to Gramps saying that he didn't want his son marrying white...What Granny had told us scrambled that image completely, causing ugly words to flash across my mind. Uncle Tom. Collaborator. House nigger.*

I tried to explain some of this to Granny, asking if our grandfather had ever expressed his feelings about the white man. (DFMF, p 616)

Granny responded that, *I ... did not always understand what your grandfather thought. It was difficult, because he did not like people to know him so well....I know that he respected the white man for his power, for his machines and weapons and the way he organized his life. He would say that the white man was always improving himself, whereas the African was suspicious of anything new....But despite these words, I don't think he ever believed that the white man was born superior to the African. In fact, he did not respect many of the white man's ways or their customs....*

Granny continued her account of Onyango (the most complete we get in the book):

What your grandfather respected was strength. Discipline. This is why, even though he learned many of the white man's ways, he always remained strict about Luo traditions. Respect for elders. Respect for authority. Order and custom in all his affairs. This is also why he rejected the Christian religion, I think. For a brief time, he converted, and even changed his name to Johnson. But he could not understand such ideas as mercy toward your enemies, or that this man Jesus could wash away a man's sins. To your grandfather, this was something to comfort women. And so he converted to Islam—he thought its practices conformed more closely to his beliefs.

Onyango had always understood the importance of the new money economy the British had introduced, and he spent his career as a young man working for the British and saving his money. When World War Two came, Onyango went overseas as cook for a British captain. He was away three years, and during this time Granny went to live with Helima and Akumu in Kendu Bay to help them care for the children and the crops. Onyango, Granny said, traveled widely with the British during the war: to Burma and Ceylon, to Arabia, and also somewhere in Europe. When he returned, he carried a picture of a white woman whom he claimed to have married in Burma. This experience may have been

the basis of his opinion that no white woman married to a Luo man would ever return to Africa, live in the village, and serve him as an African woman would—the reason he opposed so much Barack Sr.'s marriage to Ann Dunham.

After the war when Onyango returned home, he was almost fifty. He decided he would quit working for the white man and return to farming. Kendu had become crowded, and it was then, Granny said, that Onyango decided to move his household to Alego. Helima and Akumu were shocked and did not want to go. Granny said she, on the other hand, was younger and more adaptable. Helima refused to go. Akumu, too, resisted, but her family convinced her that it was her duty to follow her husband and care for her children. She went, but probably then began plotting her escape. She did leave later, when Sarah was twelve and Barack Sr. nine. Granny from then on raised these children in the household of Onyango.

Now Granny began to tell Barack more about his father's childhood and adolescence in the house of Onyango. As you might expect, she said, *Onyango was very strict with his children. He worked them hard, and would not allow them to play outside the compound , because he said other children were filthy and ill-mannered.* But, Granny confessed, when Onyango was away on business she let them play with other children but washed them up before he came home. Barack, she said, had *a wild and stubborn nature* like his mother, Akumu. He knew how to shape up in front of his father and appear well-mannered and obedient. But when Onyango was away, he did exactly as he wanted—*would go off with other boys to wrestle or swim in the river, to steal fruit of the neighbors' trees or ride their cows.* The neighbors were afraid to complain directly to Onyango but would tell Granny. She said she loved him as her own son, however, and would cover up for him to Onyango.

Granny said that, *[a]lthough he did not like to show it, your grandfather was also very fond of Barack, because the boy was so clever.... When Barack was only a baby, Onyango would teach him the alphabet and numbers, and it was not long before the son could outdo the father in these things....Everything came too easily to him. At first he went to the mission school nearby, but he came back after the first day and told his father that he could not study there because his class was taught by a woman and he knew everything she had to teach him.* (DFMF, p 630)

The next school was six miles away, and every morning, Granny said, she would walk him to this school. The same problem occurred: he stayed ahead of his class, he always knew the answers, and would sometimes correct the teacher's mistakes, which, because the teacher was a man, would earn him canings from the headmaster. Later, when he was older, he would sometimes skip going to school for weeks at a time, then read through a classmate's notes, and come in first on the exams. He became proud and would boast of his academic acumen, though he would always help classmates whenever they asked.

After the Second World War, the independence movement in Kenya began to gather strength. *Many Africans had fought*

in the Second World War. They had carried arms and distinguished themselves....They had seen the white man fight his own people, and had died beside white men, and had killed many white men themselves. They had learned that an African could work the white man's machines and had met blacks from America who flew airplanes and performed surgery. When they returned to Kenya, they...were no longer satisfied with the white man's rule. (DFMF, p 632)

One of the early independence parties was called by the acronym KANU. Barack Sr. became attracted to many of KANU's goals. Onyango, while also agreeing that some of the demands of KANU were just, remained skeptical that the independence movement would lead to anything. *[H]e thought Africans could never win against the white man's army. "How can the African defeat the white man," he would tell Barack, "when he cannot even make his own bicycle?"* (DFMF, p 633-4)

Barack, Sr. had in the meantime been admitted to Maseno Mission School, a well-regarded secondary school some fifty miles distant. As usual, he did very well on the academic side, but owing to his mischievious and rebellious nature he was in constant trouble for infractions of the rules. Eventually, despite his high grades, he was expelled. Onyango was furious with him, and sent him off to work for an Arab merchant in Mombasa. In time he had an argument with this man and was dismissed. Onyango was thoroughly put out with him and would not allow him to remain at home. He ended up moving to Nairobi where he found a job with the railway as a clerk. Before that, however, he had married Kezia when he was eighteen and they soon had a child (Roy). At a KANU meeting he attended, the police came and he was arrested and jailed. Because he was not a leader in KANU he was released in a few days, but the arrest cost him his job at the railway. He was now near destitute: estranged from his father, without a job, and with a wife and child (soon to be two, when Auma came). He did finally find a lowly job with another Arab, but now, as he considered his prospects—no secondary certificate and with a wife and children and only a low-paying job, he became discouraged.

It was at this time that good luck struck. He met and got to know two American women who became his sponsors to gain entry to an American university. When he told them that he had no money and no secondary school certificate, they arranged for him to take a correspondence course that would get him the certificate he needed. He now applied himself diligently to his studies and, after passing the final exams, got his certificate. Still, he had no money to pay university fees. Onyango had softened toward him as he saw him becoming more responsible, but even he could not pay the university fees and the cost of transport to travel abroad. Finally the University of Hawaii offered him a full scholarship and travel expenses.

When he wrote that he had met this white woman, Ann, whom he intended to marry, Onyango strongly disapproved. It was not, Granny said, just because Ann was white. Rather, *Onyango did not believe your father was behaving responsibly. He wrote back to Barack, saying, "How can you marry this white woman when you have*

responsibilities at home? Will this woman return with you and live as a Luo woman? Will she accept that you already have a wife and children? I have not heard of white people understanding such things. Their women are jealous and used to being pampered. But if I am wrong in this matter, let the girl's father come to my hut and discuss the situation properly. For this is the affair of the elders, not children." He also wrote to your grandfather Stanley and said many of these same things. (DFMF, p 641-2).

Barack did not inform Onyango of the outcome until Barack, Jr., was born. And, as Onyango had predicted, when Barack Sr. returned home, Ann and his new child by her did not accompany him.

Instead, another white woman, Ruth, at first mistaken for Ann by his African family, did show up. Ruth, Barack Sr. explained, he had met at Harvard and she had followed him to Kenya without his knowledge. Onyango did not believe this story and thought that Barack Sr. had disobeyed him again. Barack Sr. married Ruth and had two children by her, Mark and David. After he and Ruth divorced, and after his fall from power, the family rarely saw Ruth, Mark or David—though David more than Mark, before his death in the motorcycle accident.

Relations between Barack Sr. and his father were never wholly patched up following his marriage to Ruth—even when Barack Sr. was enjoying his greatest success. *Whenever he came [home to Alego], he would bring us expensive gifts and money and impress all the people with his big car and fine clothes. But your grandfather continued to speak harshly of him, as if he were a boy. Onyango was now very old. He walked with a cane and was almost blind....But age did not soften his temper.* Later, after Barack Sr. fell from power, he paid a final visit to his father before the old man died. *The two of them sat in their chairs, facing each other and eating their food, but no words passed between them.* (DFMF, p 644-5) Barack Sr. returned to make all the arrangements for his father's funeral; he said little to family members, but, when he was sorting through the old man things, he was seen weeping.

That was the end of Granny's long story about Barack's grandfather and father. He had indeed gained a great deal of insight into them both by it. And not just insight into these two primal figures of his African patrimony, but also now into his deeper connections to his own unique mixed heritage, as a son of two continents, two cultures. The account of his Kenyan visit ends in a long internal soliloquy, suffused with emotion, as he sits during a final evening in Alego between the two graves of his father and grandfather.

For a long time I sat between the two graves and wept. When my tears were finally spent, I felt a calmness wash over me. I felt the circle finally close. I realized that who I was, what I cared about, was no longer just a matter of intellect or obligation, no longer a construct of words. I saw that my life in America—the black life, the white life, the sense of abandonment I'd felt as a boy, the frustration and hope I'd witnessed in Chicago—all of it was connected with this small plot of earth an ocean away, connected by more than the accident of a name or the color of my skin. The pain

I felt was my father's pain. My questions were my brothers'questions. Their struggle, my birthright. (DFMF p. 653-4)

Barack remained in Kenya two more weeks, which were passed back in Nairobi, and were filled with *more dinners, more arguments, more stories*. Granny came to Nairobi with them and stayed in Auma's apartment, too. They had a family portrait taken at a photographer's studio. Finally Roy left for Washington, D.C. and Granny returned to Alego.

In an Epilogue, Barack brushes past his experience at the Harvard Law School. He recounts the story of his marriage to Michelle. She was befittingly a daughter of Chicago's South Side, and it is there today that the Obamas have made their home, in Hyde Park, a South Side neighborhood near The University of Chicago, where Barack taught Constitutional Law. Before their marriage, Barack took Michelle to Kenya to meet his African family. Sadly, however, in the time between their engagement and marriage, both Michelle's father and Gramps Dunham died. But his mother, Ann Dunham Obama, attended the ceremony. Perhaps the best news at the wedding was that Roy, his oldest brother whose lifestyle seemed headed toward a crash, had gone through a personal conversion. He had decided to reassert his African heritage and change his life: he was now known as Abongo, his Luo name. He had also converted to Islam and had sworn off pork, tobacco and alcohol. Although given to occasional long pronouncements of his new faith, Barack relates, *the magic of his laughter remains, and we can disagree without rancor. His conversion has given him solid ground to stand on, a pride in his place in the world.* (DFMF p 674).

Conclusion

What are we to make of Barack's visit to his African family? The first thing that stands out is that it was a journey across time. It has been just over a hundred years from the present time to the year that Barack's grandfather, Hussein Onyango Obama, was born (1895), the same year in which the great British imperial railway project was begun in Kenya. Its penetration of the country from Mombasa 600 miles westward to Lake Victoria was a sudden intrusion of the modern world into an ancient tribal culture of black people that had likely remained static for centuries. Barack's family, like so many others no doubt, found itself, within a generation, stretched between the modern money economy of Nairobi and beyond, with its swarming host of new values and demands, and the ancient agricultural and barter economy of the tribal village. It was a leap in time and human development from simple village life with Stone Age technology to the complex, technologically sophisticated, modern mega-state.

What stands out is not so much the strain—though that is there, too, e.g., in the unemployment and doubtful futures of some of the young men—but rather the resourcefulness of these people. That is of course a key theme of Barack's story and the book: the Obamas are an outstanding family. They are endowed with high intelligence, character, determination, and vision; and that rings true regardless of against whom they are measured—whether the tribal hierarchy of a Luo village or in intel-

lectual and economic competition with whites in some of America's best universities.

Onyango Obama, the grandfather, on his own as a curious young man goes off to investigate these strange new white men who have come with their powerful new contraptions. He gets on among them. He learns their language, including how to read and write it; he adopts their clothing; he gains an understanding of their diets and food preparation and how to cook for them; he learns the value and practice of their hygiene and defenses against disease (such as mosquito netting); he grasps the essentials of their commerce and their system of property ownership, such as land titles. He goes off to war with them and travels broadly. He understands the strength of their more extensive social structures (as nations) and the power this gives them. And he assimilates all this without ever losing his dignity and pride as a wise and capable black man. He does not abandon his conviction of the value of traditional Luo ways, and, at age fifty, he decides to leave the white man's world and return to the simple life of a Luo farmer. He is disciplined and autocratic with his family, never abandoning Luo customs in this respect. As Auma observes with indignation listening to Granny's story, we would not today hold him up as a model husband. Yet Onyango is a tower of strength and he is wise and shrewd; he is harsh perhaps, but not unfair; he is a leader and an elder to be held in awe.

The second generation of Obamas are also generously endowed. Barack's father was recognized in childhood as extremely precocious. He excelled in every school he attended, and this carried over to his university experience in America. As an undergraduate at the University of Hawaii he studied econometrics (which requires considerable mathematical apparatus), graduated in three years at the top of his class, and was a leader in student affairs. Then he got a Ph.D. at Harvard. Additionally, he appears from what we see of him in the book to have had great natural charm and considerable leadership talent. But, as we learn later, he also had blind sides and character flaws—something we learn first from Auma's visit to see Barack when he is working in New York. We see Barack Sr. as a very fast study in bridging the gap between the ancient Luo village and a modern political economy. But this was not without cost: his flaw seems to have been excessive abstract vision in insisting on ideal personnel qualifications in a Kenyan government department that, whatever its formal needs, was destined to be filled with political appointees. He did not understand power or people nearly so well or shrewdly as Onyango did.

Sarah, Onyango's oldest child, was also perceived as quick and bright as a child, like her brother Barack Sr. But, according to Luo custom, her female sex meant a future as wife and housekeeper and this kept her from the education and opportunities that her brother finally got. Sarah in her old age is bitter; she is contesting her brother's estate, trying to get now some small sliver of what she felt she deserved but had been denied. The irony of Sarah's story is that, without the contrast of the modern money economy of Nairobi, she would not have felt so poor and spurned. Her talents notwithstanding, she would have fared better in the traditional Luo village, where no one

is rich but no one is left uncared for.

Zeituni, another sister of Bararck Sr., we learn on the day of Barack's arrival in Kenya, is a computer programmer at Kenya Breweries. Jane, another aunt, has a good salaried job in Nairobi. Kezia, his father's first wife, *makes do* selling cloth in the markets.

Finally, there is the third generation: Barack himself, Roy, Auma, Mark, David, Bernard, Abo, and George (still a child, whose story we do not treat here). Barack has no need to mention his own accomplishments. Roy, who was reared in Alego, is an accountant—first in Nairobi, later in Washington, D.C. Auma has studied in Germany and now teaches college level classes in Nairobi. Mark, as we learned during the uncomfortable visit with Ruth, is completing a degree in the physics program at Stanford. David, a free spirit, met an early accidental death. The young boy Bernard seems capable, but he is adrift and without purpose. Abo, not yet mature, has hung back in the village; George is still a child in elementary school. On the whole, the Obama genes attest to outstanding human capabilities. It seems to matter little whether they are viewed in terms of their leadership role in a simple agricultural society, centuries old with Stone Age technology, or in terms of their ability to compete successfully with whites in the more advanced Western economies of the late twentieth century.

The final question is, what are we to say of the comparison between Barack's white Dunham heritage, through his mother, Ann Dunham, and his black African heritage through his father, Barack Sr.? Barack's own conclusion is clear: he seems to believe that he got the preponderance of his intellectual gifts and leadership qualities from his father's side. Poor Gramps Dunham, a n'er do well and borderline alcoholic, does not compare well against either Barack Sr. or Hussein Onyango Obama. Gramps was hardly a human success story. On the other hand, he had some redeeming qualities. He was a kind of visionary, resisting always the conformities of his present station and location. If he lacked the resolve and determination to realize his dreams, before abandoning one set and moving on to others, he at least was never without dreams. He had also a broad sort of tolerance and adaptability. How many white mid-western fathers, after the initial shock, could have adapted with such equanimity to his eighteen-year old daughter's marriage to a black African four years older? How many later could have accepted this new son-in-law with grace and even pride, once he got to know him and appreciate his talents? If Stanley Armour Dunham had failings, he had some virtues, too. Barack values Toot and Gramps for their unabashed straightforwardness; they are true mid-westerners, without an ounce of affectation or pretense. As he and Auma drove home from visiting Ruth and Mark in Kenya, having suffered Ruth's hauteur and condescension all during the luncheon and afterwards, he recalls with fondess his Dunham grandparents: *how grateful I was to them—for who they were....* (DFMF p 519) And, whether from Toot or Gramps, Ann Dunham had inherited a keen intelligence, an inquiring mind, and an openness to adventure and novelty. She excelled in school and had been granted early admission to The University of Chicago at sixteen (Gramps, shortsightedly, did not let

her go). Thus the Dunham side of Barack's heritage does not come off so badly.

All the same, as the title of the book proclaims, its subject has been Barack's personal quest for self-discovery. He completes this search in Kenya as he uncovers there the deeper African heritage of his black father and grandfather and knows the pride he can take both in their gifts to him and the charges their lives leave to him.

I realized that who I was, what I cared about, was no longer just a matter of intellect or obligation, no longer a construct of words. I saw that my life in America—the black life, the white life, the sense of abandonment I'd felt as a boy, the frustration and hope I'd witnessed in Chicago—all of was connected with this small plot of earth an ocean away, connected by more than the accident of a name or the color of my skin. The pain I felt was my father's pain. My questions were my brothers' questions. Their struggle, my birthright. (DFMF, p 653-4)

I should like to conclude this long review with a personal thought. I was born in Houston in 1931 and thus had a typical white Southern upbringing. My father had some early success and from the time I was five or six years old, we always had black help growing up—most typically a cook/housekeeper and a male 'man Friday' who kept the yard and did routine chores for my father. I formed close ties to some of these kind black people. I shall never forget Thelma, who was with us more than five years and helped raise me. I loved her dearly. Yet as I grew and became socially aware, I came to assume and to accept, as did the adult society around me, that blacks were in some way inferior to whites and that their subordinate social status was somehow a fact of nature.

I did not keep these attitudes, of course, as I matured—or at least I did not think that I had. When the civil rights movement began to develop in the mid-to-late fifties, just as I was finishing my undergraduate work at SMU, I decided early on that so far as civil rights were concerned, it did not matter a whit whether black people were intellectually inferior or not. What mattered only was whether they were citizens of this country. If they were citizens, then they were entitled to all the civil rights and opportunities that other citizens enjoyed. This is, I believed then and still do, the moral foundation of our republic. I became then, and remain, a strong advocate of civil rights for black people and other minorities. When I attended graduate school at The University of Chicago, I met a scattering of blacks who certainly seemed quite capable intellectually. (At this time—1958-60—there were still very few blacks on American campuses, even at Chicago, which had been one of the most liberal schools in opening its doors to qualified blacks.)

It was not, however, until I read *Dreams From My Father*, that I realized that a fragmentary conviction of my earlier Texas upbringing had survived with me all these years. Down deep I still harbored, I realized, an inchoate belief that blacks as a people, across broad averages, were probably not as capable intellectually as Caucasians. What brought this buried conviction to light for me was meeting Barack's African family in *Dreams From My Father*,

and in comparing his heritage from them with that of not just any white family but a white family in my own blood line. Hussein Onyango Obama and Barack Sr. were impressive men and they stand out, even with their flaws, against the ablest men of any human species. Moreover, evidence of their genes is seen not just in Barack but in many others of his family whom we meet in the book.

One can of course point out logically that in dealing only with Barack's African family and the Dunham line of Stanley Armour Dunham, one is dealing with very small groups of individuals and not with the characteristics of broad populations. Given the familiar bell-shaped profile of human talents and capabilities, no sweeping conclusions can be inferred from the comparison of just a few individuals drawn from two such very large groups. By strict logic, then, the evidence of the two families we meet in *Dreams* does not, by itself, compell me to give up this remnant of prejudicial belief that I have unconsciously held for so long—were I otherwise inclined to keep it. But the suasion of the single strong example of the people I have met in this book is considerable. In this particular case, it has been decisive with me and I am a better, more tolerant and open American for having read *Dreams*. *END*

Letters to The Editor

From Peter C. Dunham (7-23-07)

Dunham-Singletary Association:

First, let me thank you all for serving to further the genealogical research of our family. I am a member now for 2+ years and have invested in the DNA research, so consider myself a member in good standing.

You are interested in expanding the membership of this association, which I have understood to be a serious effort to unravel the mysteries of the family genealogy and history.

My problem is that I find the contents of the last two Newsletters promoting a particular political candidate totally inappropriate and inconsistent with the purpose of the association. I am sure that the interesting and relevant relationship of Obama to the Dunhams can be more than adequately recorded on a few pages rather than the 65+ pages dominating the last two newsletters (and more to come). Any one can obtain the books reviewed and attempts to "force feed" their message to the members is out of line.

If this association is not going to focus on genealogy and its relevant history, etc. then I will remove myself from participating and I will not recommend other Dunhams I know to join.

Furthermore, the distribution of Newsletters larger than 10 pages or more than 200 kb should be avoided. I'm sure some members are limited by dialup access data rates or require complete printout to enjoy. I recommend that if there is a desire for large files that a place be provided on the Dunham-Singletary website and a link be provided in the Newsletter for those who have interest in seeing the entire file.

If this is going to be a serious association,

then I suggest an apology be issued and steps be taken to ensure such abuse of the association and its members are not repeated.

Peter C. Dunham

Editor's Reply

Dear Peter:

You and I have had a constructive conversation since your first communication. However, since we're publishing your letter, I shall reply to it here. Possibly other members have had your same complaints and this will clarify my position for all.

First, DSFC does not exist for the *sole* purpose of trying to "unravel the mysteries of the family genealogy and history." That is one of its main purposes but not the only one. Politics is, however, not one of its purposes. And I must deny that "promoting a particular candidate" has been my purpose in writing about Barack Obama. He is a highly newsworthy figure just now because he *is* one of the major presidential candidates, *and* he is a distant Dunham relation. The conjunction of those two facts is the reason he is of interest to our DSFC readers. In addition, he is a published author, whose two books have enjoyed very long runs on *The New York Times Best Sellers* list. My review in the Newsletter is of his first book, *Dreams From My Father*, which was published in 1995, nine years before he ran for the U.S. Senate in 2004. It is not a political book but a highly personal biography. Obama is a very interesting person; that is why he was commissioned by a publisher to write a book during his first year out of Law School. That fact, *and* because he is a Dunham relation, is the reason for my review in the Newsletter. Finally, I have been careful *not* to advocate Barack's candidacy. I have admitted my own bias just for the record, but I have no place recommended him as a candidate to other readers. I think most of our readers know that just because someone is related is no reason to vote for him. As for your complaint that my review has been too long, I agree. But then there is a simple remedy for that.

Lastly on your recommendation that the Newsletter be limited to 200kb, or about ten pages, I think that would be a mistake. I'd say a range of 15 to 25 pages is about right. We live in an age now, thankfully, of very cheap broadband capacity and cheap computer memory. Both are abundant at a low price. I could not recommend such a restriction to accommodate those who have not updated their computers and communications during the last five years. But I do agree that the last three Newsletters, this one included, are far too large, owing mainly to my Obama reviews. But those are concluded now, and, to boot, you will have a new Editor in January. So please hang in there with us. We value your membership and your interest in commenting on the Newsletter's contents and format. -- *Editor*

From Thomas Berg (7-07-07)

I have hugely enjoyed Sam's writing on Obama and feel it well worth it. I appreciate his efforts on all of our behalf.

Election of Directors and Officers

An election for directors and officers of DSFC was held during the second week

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 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 D. Mahony
Director & Editor - Sam E. Dunnam
Director & Asst Treasurer - Bruce M. Dunham
Director - Thomas 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 we 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