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Happy Valentines Day

The top ten things I love... Wendy Douglass, president,
CGHS



*Happy, happy Valentine's Day to all our members
and newsletter readers!*

I just read that, according to a recent poll by Maritz Marketing Research, 60 percent of Americans - that's more than 122 million adults - are interested in tracing their family history, up from 45 percent in 1995. Of those who are interested, half say they have created a family tree; more than one-third have traveled to an ancestral hometown or country, and about the same number have used the Internet to search for genealogical information. That has to be telling us that genealogy is close to America's most popular hobby! We all know why, right? So this month I want to talk about that hobby we "love"...more specifically, the top-ten genealogy things I love on the Internet.

#1. The Internet itself: Wow, how in the world could one make significant progress in a lifetime of genealogy work before the Internet? I can't imagine the work it took (and the waiting) to locate census records and vital records, not even mentioning finding cousins we didn't even know we had! Gotta love the Internet for streamlining research and allowing us to search billions of records never before available to us ordinary researchers....and for allowing us to find lost family members and be found ourselves!

#2. Ancestry.com: I adore this site www.ancestry.com and thank all of the wonderful folks at Ancestry for creating a site that is searchable with links to researched family trees. My

subscription fee paid for itself in just a few short months when I discovered a family tree that linked to my father's mother, a relative who I knew very little about. I now I have a new-found cousin on that side and feel like I am hooked to my grandmother's family as I never was before.

#3. FamilyTree Magazine: Another resource I find especially helpful (both the paper version and the on-line version). Go to www.familytreemagazine.com and you will find all kinds of help whether you're a beginner or seasoned researcher: such things as "how tos," forms, best web sites, tools, glossaries, cheat sheets, and you can update your skills by listening to their podcasts.

#4. About.com: A site that states they have 750 experts to help you "solve a problem, have fun and get something done." Go to www.about.com and type in "genealogy" and sign up for their free genealogy tips. I found great weekly hints coming right to my e-mail such as "Focusing Your Family History Research and Keeping It on Track."

#5. Google: Where else but www.google.com can you type in a surname and get pages of results to review for family histories, websites and message boards—these could keep you searching for hours and hours and you just might find a clue you need.

#6. Google Books: This is a great service by Google that I just discovered and what a discovery! Create an account (it's free and you can keep it private), then search the Google Book site www.books.google.com using keywords. When it finds a book with content that contains a match for your search terms, they link to it in your search results. Many books have full content that shows your matches, or if the book is not online, then it will show you the libraries and websites where it is available for borrowing or buying. I searched a surname and state and received at least four full-text books to look at!

#7. Google Reader: Another magnificent creation by Google, Google Reader www.google.com/reader is a Web-based aggregator capable of reading Atom and RSS feeds. It allows you to create an account (as above) and keep track of interesting stuff on the Web, so you can subscribe to your favorite websites, blogs, and keep up with what's new in genealogy (or other topics.) New content comes to your Google Reader when it's posted, so you don't need to visit individual sites, your blogs, newsletters and other links come to you (your account). Plus, Reader keeps track of which items you've read, so you only see unread items when you come back. If there's a dark blue border around an item, Reader has marked that item as read.

#8. Google Maps: What can I say...another great Google service. Google Maps www.maps.google.com is great not just for pinpointing cities, streets and other key ancestral locations, but also for envisioning those places and researching what's nearby. Suppose the 1910 census shows your ancestors resided on Virginia Avenue in Pittsburgh. When you type in that location, Google will display it on a road map; you can zoom in and out as much as you need for context. Press the Satellite button to toggle to an aerial photographic view, where you can zoom in to see the lay of the land and get a sense of what the neighborhood looks like now—even down to the house level. (Outside the United States and Canada, the satellite photos don't get as close up.) The Terrain button brings up a topographic map. If you're lucky enough to have forebears in one of the US cities covered by Street View (see a list at maps.google.com/support/bin/answer.py?answer=68384&topic=11640) you can take a photographic tour of the family neighborhood: In a window overlaying the map, you'll see a road-level image with arrows you can click to move forward, backward and turn around to see the surrounding buildings, just as if you were cruising down the street. Following Virginia Avenue, for example, you could "walk" right up to your Pittsburgh relatives' house to see it in full color.

#9 Blog Finders: This two are wonderful links I found on Cindy's List that help you locate blogs on different topics so you can subscribe to specific areas of interest. There is so much going on the Web that anything to help focus on topics is a blessing. See <http://blogfinder.genealogue.com/> and <http://www.cyndislist.com/blogs.htm>

#10. Tourbus: This is the greatest informational site I have found for getting the scoop on computer viruses, search engines, spam, cookies, urban legends and the most useful sites on the Web. Internet gurus Bob Rankin and Patrick Crispen (aka the "Click & Clack" of the online world) explain Internet technology in plain English with a dash of humor. TOURBUS newsletter is absolutely free, and is delivered twice weekly to your inbox, or you can just visit their site at <http://www.internettourbus.com> Even old-time Internet users will find this a valuable refresher course in what's hot, what's cool, and what's plain fun in cyberspace.

Have fun searching out my favorites...and happy Valentine's Day!



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR
BY: WANDA WADE

As you know I answer the inquires to the Society Web Site. Recently I received a request for copies of two obituaries, which I found and sent. A few days later I received an e-mail from the gentleman who made the request. I have received his permission to re-print his letter to me and I hope you all enjoy it. This is what makes my volunteer duties fun.

Ms Wade;
I want to thank you for the information you sent so promptly. My grandkids were asking about my experiences as a cowboy. When I was a teenager I wanted to be a cowboy. While working on a dairy farm was okay I wanted the experience of riding the open range. So when I turned seventeen I went to the Greyhound Bus station here in Columbus Ohio. Told the ticket seller I wanted to go out west and he said how about Cheyenne Wyoming and I said okay and bought a one way ticket. It was 1949 when I stepped off the bus in Cheyenne with less then a dollar in my jeans. I began asking men on the street about available ranching jobs but they knew of none. Then one man suggested going to the Employment Office and gave me directions. When I arrived the man behind the counter said they didn't have anything available. As I left and went a

little ways down the street a man called after me and asked if I knew how to run a hay baler which I did. That man was Uncle Will Ketcham who hired me to work on the Wyoming Angus Ranch getting in the hay crop. Mr. Cox and other employees were down in Littleton Colorado with his race horses. Jack "Doc" Ketcham was the ranch vet and I met him while working at the Eagle Rock Ranch, Chalk Bluffs Colorado. Doc would come to the ranch to administer artificially inseminate the cows I had rounded up. Doc was a big man as I remember and a fine gentleman as was Uncle Will. At roundup time Mr. & Mrs. Cox worked along side us including Mark Cox IV and Beverly, they must have been around 7 & 4 years old at the time. When the roundup was finished Mr. Cox always had us come into his home and show us a film with Gilbert Roland as the "Cisco Kid". In 1951 I took a vacation and went home where I got the idea of buying a horse and riding horseback to Cheyenne. After 30 days I reached Grand Island Nebraska. Checking in with Mr. Cox he told me he needed me at the ranch as soon as possible as they were preparing to get ready and leave for the race track in Littleton and he wanted me to go. So I sold my horse and took the Greyhound to Cheyenne. In 1952 I was drafted into the Army where I served with the 1st Calvary Division. Attended non commission officers school and was promoted to corporal. Upon my discharge in 1954 I met my wife and we were married. Mr. Cox was going to hire me as his ranch foreman in Cheyenne. I took my wife out to Cheyenne but she got so homesick I ended up taking her to the hospital there, and I had to turn the job down. Returning to Columbus I took a job as a police officer, and in five years was promoted to Sergeant and five years later to Lieutenant. Attended and graduated from the FBI National Academy in Quantico Virginia. I retired in 1994 after 32 years service. Still keep my Stetson and boots handy just in case I decide to go cowboying again, smile. Again many thanks for your kindness. Dick Lindsay

I wrote back and ask Mr. Lindsay what his grandkids thought of his Cowboy experience and this was his reply

Our twin daughters were amazed at their Dad in buying a bus ticket to a strange state with so little money and no job prospect. Plus, riding a horse across country and stopping at strange farms for the night and help with chores in return for board in their barn and feed for my horse. They remain impressed. I forgot to say Mr. Cox and his family treated me very well while I was in their employ. Mr. Cox impressed upon me the value of giving your employer a good days work, and be honest in all that you do. He was a mighty fine gentleman. I am forever grateful our paths crossed.

I probably would be surprised at all the changes that have involved after 61 years in Cheyenne and on the Cox ranches. When at the Eagle Rock we got to Cheyenne infrequently and when I had the chance I always found myself visiting the Wrangler Western Store. How I loved the smell the leather, and if they didn't have what you needed you didn't need it.

Dick Lindsay

VALENTINES DAY WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER

Because my father was in the Foreign Service as an engineer, I didn't spend my childhood in traditional American elementary classrooms where the tradition was to make and decorate valentine boxes and exchange valentines with classmates. But when we were young, I do remember my mother encouraging my sister and I to make and exchange valentines with each other and close friends. We always had lots of craft paper and old catalogs to cut up for paper dolls and other projects. (Note: there were no television, malls, electronic games, movie theaters, etc., for kid entertainment—in those days we played with each other, used our imaginations, and made our own "fun"-- and paper dolls were the ultimate creative pastime for us!) So my sister and I created paper valentine costumes for our one-dimensional dolls using aluminum foil, cut-out paper lace and colorful paper scraps from magazines. We gave our "dolls" a full wardrobe of the most elaborate costumes and accessories that imagination could "buy." And those valentines stayed around until they were recreated into something else or put away for good. I remember spending hours with scissors and paste-creating laughter and love in those days long gone.

--Wendy Douglass



I remember one Valentine's Day in particular. I was in the second grade, and had become ill from an abscessed ear. I don't remember much of the month of February, because I had a very high fever and was delirious much of the time. I was at home in bed and missed that whole month of school.

We had a really good teacher that year, Miss Laubman, who had made a box for me and had the whole class fill it with Valentines. The only disappointment I suffered from that was that I hadn't sent any cards to the rest of the class, or so I thought. My Mother had bought cards for me and between her and Miss Laubman the class had received cards from me too.

The best part of that Valentine was to come when I returned to school. Miss Laubman worked with me every recess, noon time, after school and whenever else there was time, to help me catch up with the rest of the kids.

Marge Dreiling



I can remember what seemed like weeks of planning for those valentine boxes because mine had to be as nice as everyone else's. Since we seldom bought shoes, finding the perfect box to decorate was a major project in itself! I had a sister a year older who also needed one. We weren't as well off as some others, so mine never had any fancy doodads on it that could be bought in the dime store. Everything was homemade from construction paper, or colored with crayons on plain paper, cut out and carefully pasted. Even the paper was hard to come by, but usually our teacher would give us each a sheet or two.

When I received your email it jogged my memory of something I came across when going through my family things before my move. Many years before she died in 1994, my mother, the "thrower away" of the family, decided to give me (for safekeeping) a small box of items for my brother and me. She'd actually saved a few things we'd made in school over the years! One of those items was a valentine I made for her and my dad when I was in second grade, which was Feb 1953.

We each took our school photo from the previous fall and made it into a valentine for our parents. My parents didn't buy our school pictures every year, so I remember thinking at the time that at least I wouldn't stand out in the crowd for not having a photo to use. Things like fitting in were so important to me then.

The teacher handed us each a heart she'd cut from red construction paper. She knew better than to trust 30 kids to do that part, with only a short amount of time for the project. Then she gave us each a heart shaped paper lace doily with a solid heart in the center. We took turns using the 2 or 3 pairs of safety scissors and our job was to cut that center vertically down the middle and around the curves of the heart so that each side could be folded back. Then we had the big job of pasting our photo onto the heart and then pasting the doily onto the heart so that the photo appeared in the "window" created in the doily. Wow--this was precision work for a 7 year old! But I stewed and fretted and worked so hard to make it just perfect. And I was oh so proud when they opened it on Valentine's Day!

Don't let anyone tell you that the paste from that era didn't last. I'm attaching a scan of that valentine. It's aged a little in those 57 years, and so has the subject!! LOL But it's still together and preserved to hand down to another generation someday.

Sandy Wunder



The most difficult part of making a Valentine box was getting the shoebox! We only had new shoes one or twice a year so that box was like gold. I remember that we usually brought them to school and used the construction paper there for our decorations but one year Valentine's Day coincided with a visit from my artistic young aunt. She drew cupids with bows and arrows that I colored (we did have crayons!) and the next day I took them to school and added them to my box. Needless to say, I won "most beautiful box". I think I kept that box on my dresser and used it as a treasure box for at least a year. I wish I had a picture but it is still brilliant in my mind's eye.

Judy Engelhart



Oh, heart throb--Valentines day in Grade School! These were the days before PC! However, my mother made darned sure there was a valentine from my sister and me for each and every one in the class--no one could be left out! But, she couldn't dictate who got the BEST or BIGGEST cards that came in those boxes at Hested's or Woolworth's Five and Dime Stores. Naturally, your bestest friends got the prettiest cards. But the most difficult decision of all was Which Boy Would Get The "Love" Card! "Would he think I was dumb?" or "Too Forward?", and worst of all, "Would he laugh at me?" Back and Forth, Back and Forth between two or three cards--until the clock told you it was getting to be bedtime, and you just had to make that final choice! Big Sigh, make the choice and put it into your bag. Next morning pick up the sack that holds the Valentines and your very own homemade "Valentine Mail Box" and pray you would get at least a good showing of Valentines! And hope, hope, hope, you would get at least ONE from one of the cool, cute guys. It all seems so simple and innocent now, but it really was a big deal to a grade schooler! Now speaking from the vast experience of years gone by, giving a rose, card, or a smoochie kiss to hubby and bestest friend, makes my day--and I don't have to spend hours picking out who gets which one! Life's just simpler now!

Sharon Field



When I was in grade school back in the 1960s, my parents always seemed eager to lend a helping hand with the creation of the Valentine Boxes that we would take to school on February 14. Whether this tradition continues today, I don't know, but back then, six year olds such as myself couldn't wait to show off their most lovely creations, and then wait for that special card from that special someone we hoped liked us as well as we liked them. My father always had a keen interest in things that were mechanical, and usually left the fancy design aspects of these projects to the ladies in the house. In 1962, however, when I was in 2nd Grade, Daddy took an unusually active role in the design of the box. Back then, his company manufactured parts for NASA, and our entire country was preoccupied with the Space Race and all things modern—including robots. Now while most Valentine Boxes took the form of a shoe box with elaborate paper décor, this box was one for the record books.

My father sat at his drafting table and precisely calculated all sorts of things that were beyond my small imagination. Then he and my mother began gathering supplies. A large

cardboard cowboy boot box; an empty oatmeal box cylinder, and as many old tubes that used to house drapery fabric as they could lay their hands on. And then the magic began. This would be no ordinary box. After all, Daddy was at his drafting table. He meant business. The oatmeal container became our robot's head. The boot box, with a nifty mechanical slide slot for the cards, became his body. Of course, the drapery tubes became dangly arms and legs. All were covered with tin foil for an authentic robot construction, Finally, our Mechanical Cupid was adorned with hearts of all shapes and sizes.

This fellow was, without a doubt, the granddaddy of all Valentine Boxes. The boys at school imagined him playing a game of four-square with them during recess and helping them with their after school chores. The girls were embarrassed by their own humble box offerings, and were [for the first time I ever can remember] actually jealous of me for all the attention I was getting from the male gender. It may be my own exaggerated remembrance of this special day, but I could swear that I received multiple cards from all of the boys in the 2nd grade just so they had an excuse to get up close and personal to my fine foil fellow. I will never forget being the center of attention that February 14, and how Daddy's mechanical prowess transformed some old cardboard shapes into a truly magical day for me.

Vonnie Burr (daughter of the Editor)



A LOVE STORY

Once upon a time, nearly fifty years ago (1960), a young girl lived with her only sibling and her parents. She was raised in a rural northern New Jersey town of about 1500 residents, graduated from a regional high school that served three neighboring towns, and knew nothing of the world outside her Dutch community. She journeyed to the big city of Chicago, 1000 miles west of her home to attend nursing school the following fall. What a culture shock greeted her there! Big buildings, huge streets, too many people going nowhere and in a hurry to get there!

Meanwhile, even further west another 1000 miles, a young man finished four years with the U.S. Navy and returned home to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to his home with 14 siblings and his parents. He was intent on commencing the rest of his life! This was the time of various military crises in the mid-east, and he knew he could be recalled to active duty at any time. Wishing to further his electrical education in a Navy approved school, he too went to Chicago for schooling, and only a block from that nursing school she

was attending. In fact, they attended some classes in the same building. The plot thickens!

They both arrived in town, late August for class. Her school assigned an upper class student Big Sister, to help during the first year adjustment period. Maybe, it was suggested, they should go to youth group at Big Sis's church? No, certainly not, said she! That church was not the right church for her, not the right denomination or anything else! Big Sis persisted asking week after week for the next eight months; finally she gave in and said, okay. They could go the following Sunday evening (just to get Big Sis off her back)! It was the last week he would be in town, she found out later. He was to graduate the following Saturday, and return home to Cheyenne, after a quick trip to Upper Michigan to visit a Navy buddy.

Sunday evening arrived. The two young women walked to church two blocks from their dormitory. The young man walked three blocks from his apartment to the church he had attended faithfully for the past months since arriving in town. That evening for youth fellowship there was a supper with long banquet tables. She sat on one side and he sat on the other side, directly across from each other. A few words were exchanged, a few pleasantries given, and smiles received. They discovered country music was a mutual love. The meal was enjoyed and tasted different than the typical school food they were used to eating. He had to cook his own. She ate in the hospital cafeteria.

This was followed by a slide presentation in another room, talking of the masks worn to hide who we really are from the world, the masks worn to present to the world the images we would like to present to others and to hide who we really are when no one else is looking. After the slides, a discussion followed. New people arrived. He and she moved back (under the piano) to allow more room for others to sit on the floor and join the group. Do young and unattached fellows and girls, far from home and everything familiar, suffering from sensory overload due to their school loads, continue to pay close attention to the discussion at hand on their evenings off? Of course not! They look at each other, and become better acquainted! She thinks: Hummm, he's cute! He thinks: Hummm, she's here and so am I! Country music is a good starting point in the conversation, and they are off and running: home, school, family, anything to keep the conversation going.

The next week they saw each other every afternoon or evening. He and she enjoyed swimming at the YMCA, as student nurses had tickets and complimentary memberships to many things. Next came, a walk to the post office uptown (neither had money for the Elevated Train in order to ride there) where they picked up his last

paycheck before leaving town. She lost a heel to her shoe in the sidewalk grate and hobbled the rest of the way, up and down, up and down! He was nice enough not to laugh (out loud, anyway).

They went to a play followed by dinner at a local restaurant one evening, and then to a polo game the next day (complimentary tickets, again). They walked and talked in the park across from her hospital, and next to Cook County Hospital in the medical center. They attended a compulsory Tea as she was obligated to introduce to her dorm-mother any fellow she dated (it was a church school, and very strict).

She started her introductions: Ah, Mrs. ____ (long hesitation), this is ah, ____ (longer hesitation). I'm sorry, but could you please introduce your selves to each other? I can't remember either of your names today!

Later she asked in conversation: What do you like? What don't you like?

He: Well, I really don't like girls that chew gum – they look like cows!

She excused herself for a few minutes, and upon returning to the room, continued the conversation. He never knew she had disposed of the five, yes, five sticks of gum she had been chewing, and actually that was the last time that she ever chewed gum again! She told him the rest of the story many years later!

They shared breakfast in the hospital cafeteria at 5:30 am the final morning he was in Chicago, as he had a bus to catch to visit his buddy in Northern Michigan. On the way to Wyoming the following day, he again stopped in to visit her (he later said he had just enough money to eat at bus stops between Chicago and Cheyenne, or to make the side trip to her dorm, but not both – she won!).

One month later, early May, he called the dorm to tell her it was his birthday. That summer he invited her to Cheyenne, to be (as she said) inspected by the family, and asked her to be his wife. A few months after that during Thanksgiving break, he visited her home in Bergen Co, New Jersey and they announced their engagement. The following May 1962, they were married. Forty-eight years, four children, eleven grand-children, and one great-grandson (he says all are great grandchildren), they are still in Cheyenne, living on the land his father gave them for a wedding present, and in the same house he built for them before they were married!

And they lived happily ever after, well, almost ever after, but that's another story for another time!

The End

OFFICAL RECORDS

BY: BERT BUDD

In searching the Big Stone County records of Minnesota I found no record of my mother's birth, which was January 29th 1900. I also noted that my Uncle Glenn Bertelson was born on January 31, 1901, but he always claimed February 1st as his birthday. How were such errors made?

While searching newspapers for that time period and location I had noticed that elections were held late in the year with offices being taken by the winners on January 1st. Also note was taken that no births had been recorded in January or February of 1900. Aha, a new clerk had been elected and this record keeping had slipped thru the cracks for the first couple of months. This accounts for my mother 'not being born'.

What about Uncle Glenn's birth date? Grandma Bertelson kept a record of such happenings in her Bible. After Glenn's birth was not just the date, but also the day and time, Fri 3 A.M. Dr. Bolsta had been called the evening of January 31st and had written that in his book, and had thus turned that in as the date of birth. How was the clerk to know?

COMPUTER INTEREST GROUP

At the January meeting of the Society it was announced that due to lagging interest and the difficulty finding interesting programs there will no longer be a monthly meeting of the Computer Interest Group.

However, those members who are interested in genealogy computer work are encouraged to join the Brick Wall Group which meets on the 3rd Thursday of each month.

The Brick Wall group is the inspiration of Robin Everett. Robin realized that by presenting her genealogical dead ends and problems to a group she would benefit from the ideas of others. Who better to brainstorm with than a group of like-minded individuals?!

The Brick Wall group will meet this Thursday (February 18) at 7 p.m. in the Genealogy Room of the Library.

The March meeting of the Brick Wall Group will be March 18th at 6:30 p.m. in the Genealogy Room of the Library and will be a combined meeting to brainstorm; address research problems and computer research questions.

Bring your favorite "Brick Wall" and present it for new ideas about research. Don't have a Brick Wall? Then use the time for dedicated research in our fantastic library!

If you have questions about these meetings please contact:

Robin Everett robineverett@bresnan.net

Or

Judy Engelhart judegen@gmail.com

UP COMING CHEYENNE GENEALOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

March 9, 2010

National Archives and Records Administration-Rocky Mountain Region
Eric Bittner, Archivist, NARA Rocky Mountain Region Denver, Colorado
Exact program to be determined

April 13, 2010

Finding Those Elusive Ancestors Immigration Research using online resources from the mid 19th century.
Carol Stetser, Vice President and Researcher, Larimer County Genealogy Society

May 11, 2010

Banquet, Program and location to be determined

APRIL NEWSLETTER

BY: WANDA WADE

The Federal and State Census records will be the topic for the April Newsletter. Please consider telling the membership about your research 'finds' on the census records.

I will need your short stories, about 2 paragraphs, by the 2nd of April. Thanks for contributing. I look forward to receiving your e-mails.

WEBSITES THAT MAY BE HELPFUL IN
YOUR RESEARCH

OR JUST FUN TO BROWSE THROUGH

These web addresses can be copied and pasted into your browser to access these web sites.

These web sites were posted in The Clay County MOsaic and printed *From the "Show Me" State Genealogical News, Fall 2009*

Ever wonder what foods the Vikings ate when they set off to explore the new world? How Thomas Jefferson made his ice cream? What the pioneers cooked along the Oregon Trail? If so, visit the Food Timeline at <http://www.foodtimeline.org/>

If you need info about UK coal mining disasters (including lists of victims), you should visit the Coal Mining Resource Centre at <http://www.cmhrc.co.uk/site/home/>

Google has recently quadrupled the amount of newspapers they cover, at <http://news.google.com/archivesearch/about.html> (I found I could access these records by going to my Google Web page and entering 'archivesearch-newspapers' in the search box on the Google Search Engine Page – Wanda)

And these contributions from Dicksie from the Albany County Genealogical Society -

Following is a new website I found at www.cyndislist.com for the Castle Garden port of entry and other New York ports of entry:

<http://www.stevemorse.org/index.html?folder=castle>

Following is some information on About.com . . . the genealogy section about border crossings between Canada and the US. There are several articles on the page . . . one on top and several toward the bottom of the page.

<http://genealogy.about.com/b/2009/04/23/ancestry-releases-border-crossing-records-from-us-to-canada-1908-1935.htm>

More Canadian websites as following from www.cyndislist.com:

<http://www.cyndislist.com/gencan.htm>

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If you have suggestions for newsletter or areas of interest you would like to share please contact me at WADE_27043@msn.com or 307-638-3877.

