

# CHEYENNE GENEALOGY JOURNAL

A PUBLICATION OF THE CHEYENNE GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 8, Issue 3

February 2011

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE FEBRUARY 2011

BY: WENDY DOUGLASS

I was just re-reading a book, "Outlander" by Diana Gabaldon, by an author I love, about life in the 1700s. She describes the process of making beeswax candles:

"Drain honey from the comb. Remove dead bees, so far as possible. Melt comb with a small amount of water in a large cauldron. Skim bees, wings, and other impurities from surface of water. Drain water, replace. Stir frequently for half an hour, then allow to settle. Drain water, keep for use in sweetening. Purify water twice more."

In total it was an arduous process:

"Half a day to gather the combs, two to drain the honey—one if it's hot, one day to purify the wax, unless there's a lot or it's verra dirty—then two. Half a day to make the wicks, one or two to make the molds, half a day to melt the wax, pour the molds and hang them to dry...say a week altogether."

And a friend sent me this "humorous" description of washing clothes:

Build fire in backyard to heat kettle of rain water. Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert. Shave one hole cake of lie soap in boilin' water. Sort things--make 3 piles: 1 pile white, 1 pile colored, 1 pile work britches and rags. To make starch, stir flour in cool water til smooth, then thin down with boiling water. Take white things, rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, and boil, then rub colored--don't boil them, just rinse and starch. Take things out of kettle with broomstick handle, then rinse and starch. Hang old rags on fence. Spread tea towels on grass.

Pore rinse water in flower bed. Scrub porch with hot soapy water. Turn tubs upside down. Go put on clean dress, smooth hair with hair combs. Brew cup of tea, sit and rock a spell and count your blessings.

Ya...let's count our blessings. Today's appliances and technologies have brought us so far out of those days of "workin' our fingers to the bone" and "not seein' neighbors for weeks at a time," that it's difficult to visualize how hard our ancestors had to work day to day, and how isolated they often were. Modern communication technology ties humanity together like a nervous system ties an organism together. Today we are connected with every other human being on the planet in a way people never have been before. People around the globe use communication technologies to coordinate and stage freedom revolutions.

We send signals through the heavens in search of scientific feedback. Family members leave home for jobs or travel and we stay in touch through cell phones. We use the Internet to locate information on family ancestors. Someone in Massachusetts can let someone in Wyoming know they found a family photo album on eBay that may be from their family, or someone can return a heirloom bible back to its decendants with an e-mail note. As we communicate our feelings with those we love this Valentine's Day, we should think about how many ways we have to send that message...and go brew cup of tea, sit a spell and count our blessings.

## HISTORY FROM THE WYOMING NEWSPAPERS

BY: WANDA WADE, EDITOR

### St. Valentine's Day Observed Tomorrow

*Sunday State Leader, February 14, 1915, page 7*

St. Valentine's day, which is today, will be generally observed tomorrow.

The vengeful small boy will even up with his teacher or some friend? Bashful swains will take advantage of the secrecy of Uncle Sam's mail to send some artistic memento of his undying affection to the girl of his choice.

The day originated with the martyred St. Valentine, who, almost 2,000 years ago, died in Rome that his religious views might live. Because he had been so kind to boys and girls and given them presents his birthday is still celebrated by the giving of gifts.

However, the modern spirit of St. Valentine's day differs from that of Christmas because the women and girls do not sit at home and embroider gifts for their masculine friends, but are the recipients of presents which range all the way from a penny paper heart inscribed "Roses are red, etc.," to a dozen American beauty roses at #12 per.

The poets that write verses have also been kind to the forlorn lover and have written verses that might mean a proposal to the happy young lady upon whom they are bestowed.



## WE'VE GOT IT

*Cheyenne Daily Sun, February 13, 1878*

Superintendent Annett, of the A. & P. telegraph company, yesterday received from headquarters one of the latest improved telephones – a regular talking transmitter – an instrument that can carry a lady's voice a hundred miles over a little wire, and remind a man of home when he is visiting some distant city – trying to enjoy himself. But the press has been full of it, and we therefore can say little that is new about this wonderful evidence of man's ingenuity. It has reached Cheyenne and we will all have an opportunity to take observations.

For a preliminary trial the instrument was put up in the railroad offices, one end being placed in the first room and the other in the rear. The boys found no difficulty in conversing through it, though without a little practice the precise language used cannot be distinctly understood.

Mr. Al Borie informed us that the apparatus would be removed to-day to some central points in the city, probably connecting Hurlbut's drug store with Joslin & Parks jewelry establishment. This will give our people a chance to see the critter and try its merits. In Omaha many of the business men have adopted the telephone and use it as a private messenger.

It is the intention of the Union Pacific railroad company to establish communication between the train dispatcher's office and the round-house of this place by means of the telephone.

*Cheyenne Daily Leader, February 14, 1904*

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone company will move into the new exchange at the corner of Capitol avenue and Seventeenth street tomorrow.

### LETTERS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS

#### From Sandy Wunder

We did not have a telephone until the fall of 1950, when I was five and we moved from a small rented house on the outskirts of Ralston, Nebraska, into our brand new home in town. That telephone was off limits to children, and in order to make it affordable, my parents signed up for the least expensive plan available, which was a party line limited to 20 calls per month. Therefore it was used only for business and emergencies. Our telephone number was ORchard 2834. Due to the high cost of long distance calling, even my parents would not do that unless there was a serious illness or a death in the family.

The rigidity of that early law regarding telephone use stuck with me for many years and as a result I never cared to use the telephone. Even after moving to Denver, calls

were limited to 30 per month so my dad said we had to pay him 5 cents if we made a call. Being a saver, not a spender, I did not make calls. So it was ironic in 1965 that I started to work for-of all places- the telephone company. Luckily my job didn't require constant use of the telephone.

However, I was always comfortable writing letters. Since my grandpa Harper lived in Nebraska, I would write to him and he would reply. It was so exciting as a child to get mail! After I married I wrote to him more often to keep up with what he was doing and to keep him informed about the changes in my life.

In the fall of 1967 my dad died unexpectedly. Grandpa came on the train for the funeral and stayed for two weeks. I so enjoyed that visit. Six months later my husband and I moved to San Francisco, and my letter writing expanded to include not only my grandpa, but also regular correspondence with my mother. With the loss of Dad's income, Mom continued the habit of not making long distance calls. As a result, we wrote letters and I reserved my budget splurges for calls to her on Mother's Day, her birthday and Christmas. So I was shocked one Sunday in April 1969 when the phone rang and it was my mother. It had to be bad news. It was. My grandpa Harper had died.

It was doubly upsetting for me because there was no way for me to afford to attend his funeral in Nebraska, so it was a sad and difficult Monday for me at work. That evening when I returned home I took the mail from the mailbox as usual and was stunned to see a letter from my grandpa! Tears rolled down my cheeks as I opened it and read his latest news. Near the end he wrote, matter-of-factly, "I wanted to let you know I am in the VA Hospital in Knoxville, Iowa because of the diabetes acting up, but don't worry because I feel just fine and will be out of here and back home in no time."

That telephone call from my mother turned out to be the only one I received from her during the entire two and a half years I lived in San Francisco. But I can't remember now exactly what was said. However, Grandpa's letter meant more to me than any telephone call ever could. I still read it on occasion. It is one of my prized possessions.

#### From Jo Butler

1917 – 1919. My grandparents courted mostly by letters. Carl was working 6 days a week for his dad on the farm in eastern Colorado. Frances was either at home helping with the family farm or teaching in a country school. They were about 30 miles apart, but they met whenever possible at the country dances. They would have been about 21 years old.

The draft was on everyone's mind in 1918. One letter dated August 12 read, ... (sister) "Ellen is playing all of the Army songs (records). It makes me feel sad, for it sure looks like my pleasure is booked to go. But all I can do is hope for a great rejoicing bye and bye. As this is rather blue scribbling, I will close with all my thoughts, love, and kisses to Carl now and forever."

Frances went into Colorado Springs with some of her sisters. She wrote "We ate supper at Frank's Café that night. We started to leave town and noticed the train load of soldiers coming in. So hiked for the depot. Were you there? I looked for you but failed to find you. It sure was a sight to see all of them. There were sixteen coaches and each filled. We were there about thirty minutes. It was eleven-thirty when we got home."

Another week Frances wrote: "oh, yes, I have my next few years work planned out providing you leave for the Army. Come down and I will tell you. It would be a book to write it. I am so tired and nervous. Guess work disagrees with me and I cannot write a decent letter to you any more (altho' I try to send my love). I will say good-bye with oceans of love. Come when you can. Yours as B4. Frances"

Carl ended up not going into the Army, but instead received an agricultural deferment to stay home and support his parents on their farm. His younger brother did go, however. He died from the influenza epidemic while still at basic training.

Sunday afternoon: "As a lonesome Sunday afternoon appears again, I will attempt to spend some of it with you. I received your other two letters in due time, making three for the week. It may seem like writing quite a few, but I was tickled to receive every one. It sure seems like an age since I saw you. Are you working today? I wondered if you were for you never came down in this direction. I wonder, Carl, why your folks think you are coming down too much. They have you six days in a week at the least. Can't I have you one day? I am most sure the folks here do not have any kick coming. For the other girls had company once a week (Sundays) at the least. Then, when you do come is better than never. Maybe I should let good enough alone. Maybe, Carl, I am the jealous one or too extravagant wanting you to run the car down here so much? When I get to teaching at Kanza, it won't be quite so far, will it? Well, Sweetheart, I am lonesome and nothing but blues are left in the trail of this pen. Will close with more love sent to Carl (if that can be possible). I remain as ever and in the future, Your Frances."

The following week Frances finally received a letter from Carl. Her reply was as follows: "Carl, I do not know what you will think of the letter I wrote a week ago now on Sunday. But I sure was lonesome and blue (which we both seem to have a trial at). Right? It is O.K. about you staying at home and taking care of your crop. I see where I am the "selfish one." Although if you feel as I do you understand it all, don't you? Papa thinks "my Carl Boy" is

an all right farmer. I was a farmer today. I helped Papa and Henry hoe this evening. I hoed five and ½ rows, ¼ mile long. Very good! Eh???"

This story had a happier ending. Carl and Frances planned on getting married on Valentine's Day. Frances was not going to let any more chances pass her by, however. The marriage license had not been purchased, and Carl's parents would not give him time to buy it. Frances took matters into her own hand and caught a ride on the milk train into Colorado Springs to buy the license. A winter blizzard blew up and she was not able to return for a few days! So, instead of a Valentine's Day wedding, they were married on February 16, 1919, and had 72 years of marriage.

### From Ginny Rowland

*I did not correct any of his spelling or choice of words. If you notice on the envelope there is a 10 charge to collect. Must have been 15 cents postage to mail to U.S. from Republic of Hawaii in 1898. Mrs. A. J. Cole was my great grandmother.*

Honolulu. Hawaii  
June 25, 89

To all the dear folks at home:

Well I suppose you all have been anxiously waiting to hear from me and I take the earliest opportunity to relieve your anxiety. We had an exceedingly calm voyage over here. Of course, most all of the boys got sick and threw up their "boots". As for my self, I was a little dizzy for two or three days but that was all. I did not throw up at all. Say, talk about the Hawaiian islands. They are just immense. We pulled into harbor night before last. Yesterday fore noon we all went ashore. The people have had the most elegant dinners prepared for us. Every kind of fruit imaginable. It seemed as though they could not do enough for us. Trailed us like kings. They are all in favor of an annexation to the U. S. I don't believe I ever saw more honest and simple hearted people in my life than the Hawaiians. There are a good many white people here too. But the principal feature of the island is the decided change of vegetation as compared with America. Here the principal industry is the cultivation of coffee and sugar cane. And O the fruit that they raise here consisting of cocoa nuts, bananas, oranges, pine apples, mangoes, grapes and in fact almost everything. Some of the largest and finest pineapples you ever saw. We ate pineapples yesterday until we nearly bursted and did not cost us a cent. In regards to the climate it is exceedingly warmer here than that which we have hitherto very used to. O if I was there I could tell you and talk to you for a week about it which I cannot do on paper. We will probably leave for the Phillipines in a day or two. How are crops looking there this year. I suppose hands are rather scarce this year. How are Newt and Emerald doing in the binder business this season. I would rather like to be there to set

up binders again. This summer little did I think a year ago today that I would be thousands of miles from home. I think by the time I get home again I shall be contented to settle down for a while. But I would not miss this trip for anything, But, Say, you should have seen me the first two or three days at sea. I was pretty sick of my job. Would have been tickled to death to have turned around and went back. But soon as I got over my dizziness I was O.K. I would not go back now for a farm. I understand that a few other David City boys have joined the new recruits there. Good for the boys but it would have been better if they could have joined when the rest of us did. There has only been one death in the Nebraska troupes so far. Our soldier of Company C – from Beatrice died on the way across. Buried him in the ocean. There has not been much real sickness among us with the exception of a few cases of the measles. A few of the boys had trouble with their arms from vaccinations. I had no trouble at all with mine. And it is all healed up now. I guess I am too ornery to get sick. We are considerably crowded on board. There being 1023 on board. There are four steamers some thing over 4000 men all told. Well I have written about all I can think of so I guess I will go and eat Pineapples till I bust. If you hear a terrific explosion about the time this letter reaches, make up your mind that it was nothing more or less than those pineapples I have eaten. I see by the paper this morning that the insurgents in the Philippines have captured 3000 Spanish soldiers. They say all they are waiting for now is for us to come and that we can take Manilla in 24 hours. Well don't know ----- so will close.

Love to all the folks.

Ans. Soon

Harry



Postmarked Honolulu, Hawaii, June 27 at 2 PM 1898, and had a 5 cent Hawaiian Island Postage Stamp and U.S. Charge to collect 10 cents.

On the back are two more cancellations one is JUL 7, 1898 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL F.D. The other is DAVID CITY, NEBR, JUL 11, 1898 RECD.

ENCLOSED WAS A RIBBON. . ALOHA TO THE BOYS IN BLUE HONOLULU, H.I. 1898 AND A PAIR OF FLAGS CROSSED. ONE AMERICAN AND THE OTHER HAWAIIAN.

## Marge Dreiling's Family Letters

*The letters that follow reveal a poignant story of a young boy's search for his siblings and a need for a family.*

*There were 9 or 10 children in the McGowen family and the children were scattered about when their parents, John McGowen and Sarah M. McGowan, divorced in 1886. Phillip had a younger sister named Ida. John, the brother he is writing to would have about 13 at the time. Other known brothers and sisters were named George, Jenny, Ellen, Sarah Elizabeth "Libby", Matilda "Tillie" and Addie.*

*Sarah Pett, mentioned in the 1893 letter, was Phillips' mother.*

*Marge transcribed these letters just as they were written. John was her Grandfather, and Phillip was her great uncle.*

*Wanda Wade*

### Letters From Phillip Manley McGowen born March 3, 1879 in Iowa

*Minneapolis, Minn. 1886 (age 7)*

*Dear Brother*

*i thought i would rite you a few lines to let you nou how we are getting along wheare are you working now do you get your male at hubbard now or whear do you no where George is maby ma and me will come down in a couple more monts for she cant get work any longer rite as soon as you can so i will no weather you get this letter or not we left old (??) fret on a rainiey day and be fore we got to rochester we was soaking wet but i dont care he was to Byron when we went he set his boy up to evry thing he could he call ma names and every thing he could but nou i am glad to get away from him and dont haf to be curse by him i am working for 16 dollars a month at the central marked at a holesale commonison house handling eggs and other things we have eggs butter cheese poltury and real mutton and all kind of poutly (?)*

*what do you get a month now how far do you live from hubbard*

*i will close for this time rite soon from your Brother Phillip*

*exquese bad ritting and misspeling*

*address*

*Phillip McGowen*

*814 3 ave north*

*Minneapolis*

*Minn.*

~~~~~  
Jan Thur 1892 age 13

Dear Brother I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. how are you getting along down there I would like to come down ther but ma wants me to come down their, she is in Minnesota now I rote to her and got a letter from her last sunday she says she is having a good time there she said they bought a place there and it has got lots of fruit on it how is Jole and Ellen getting along there do you own that farm George said you bought I rote a letter to you last summer and you did not rite to me I thought you did not get it so rite this time. I am not staying to home now I have been working for Charley Whetner, for 10\$ a month every sence may

I am staying at Jesies Painters now he got his leg hurt on the barbwire so he has to walk on cruthes he dont do no work I have been with him a week now I worte a letter to ma and one to

Jane last (mighe) I was going to rote to you but didnt know your address I was out home today. ma says she wants you addie George and me to come and stay with her a while she dont know you are down here I did not tell her

George went to union last Sunday I think I will go to see ma just as soon as it gets so I can, she says grandma has been with her all summer. do you know any thing about Tillie mas says she hasnt heard any think abut her sence she went away~~~~

so write soon and often

from your Brother

Phillip McGowen

TO john Mc

Hubbard Ioa,

~~~~~  
Jun 6, 1892

To Mr John McGowen

Graysvilleo , Missouri From Phillllip McGowen

1892 Phillip McGowen

Sunday 5 of June 1892

Dear Brother John McGowen

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hohpe you are the same. We have got all of our corn planted but a quarter of an acre. and that is to wet to plant for water is standing on the ground. We planted some when the Wheels went to the hubs. is your corn up. We have a lot of garden things. George traded his cart off and got a buggy it is not a top one to hors

but shaves can be used. but George havent got no shaves. Addie has got a bad cold and purnter deaf in one ear but it is a bad cold.

There is a show in Hubbard for three weeks if they can get much money George Addie, Ida and I went one night but it is free for three nights then is 10 cents. We have put three (little colts in the pasture six miles north of Hubbard.

~~~~~  
Post Marked Oct 16, 1893 Byron, Minn.

(this letter is in with one from Sarah Pett outside of envelope looks like her writing)

to Mr John Wesely McGowen

Hubbard , Iowa Hardin Co Iowa

Oct 15, 1893 age 14

Sunday day nice day

Dear Brother I thought I rite to let you know I am well and hope you or the same We are all well at home today.

George is at home to day he is working a quarter of mile he can get work any plac there is people now wante hands to work he thinks of comning back this month but mama told him he better stay as long as he can get work and so he is going to work a half a month longer yet.

you asked me where I was working. I am staying to home and going to school. I have been going 2 week I like the teacher she is a nice teacher I am going down there this afternoon and see her brother and go the river with another boy. We have a nice school here there are more dames here than O. H. how Is Andy getting along now

has he got anybody working for him now it is a nice day today Why did not Ellen rite I rote to you George is ritting to you today tell Ida to rite to rite I rote her to letters and she has not rote to me I would like for you to send that trunk and lots (**or bots**) I nead them i rote to her and told her to send them but I have not got a answer yet. tell her to rite to me ma says she want you to come up just as soon as you can. George says he dont care he is comning back 28 of this month to see minnie tell her i said so how joeie getting along is there big you asked why peachey didi not stay he was to lazy to work there was not any people wants him he was to lazy to work he wanted to get out paying me George is going to pay me.

So good by for this time

From your Brother

Phillip McGowen

~~~~~

Oct 15, 1893 Sunday Evening

I thought I would rite a few lines more to you I did not rite all that I wanded We or going to Johns Brother next sunday before George goes back we wanted to go to Rachester before Peachey went back but he acted so mean so we did not go so are think we will go before George goes back

tell Orie and Oscar to rite to me and I will rite back to them . I Jole comes up in the spring tell Oscar to come up here he can go to school tell them to rite and tell Ellen to rite to be shure tell her for I want to here from her tel Ida to rite to so i can no what to do about the trunk there ar some lose I want in there I rote to her but I dont no when I will get the trunk and rubber boots for I need them now. tell her as soon as you get this letter so I can get them send them to Phillip Byron , Minn. in care of John Pett you can send them and I will pay you for it when you come in the spring Uncle George is comming this winter if he can get away Grandma is comming in the spring i rote a letter to her she will answer it after wile When she can Uncle George is working in Minneapolis it the machine building putting the machine together get pay buy the day John say you want to come before March if you want there is a 40??/ fpr rent or sale by home ma will be glad to see you  
Your Brother Phillip M

do you no where Jane and Baerney is rite and tell us in your next letter for i want to rite to her and let her no I am staying to home rite as soon as you can  
From Phillip

**note on back:** good evennin my dear boy i thought i would rite you a few lines to you i wish you would come up for i want to see you can get work come up as soon as you can Sarah Pett rite dont forget i will rite more next time so good by

**last letter and note talks of John & Sarah Pett Oct 1893 in Byron Minn.**

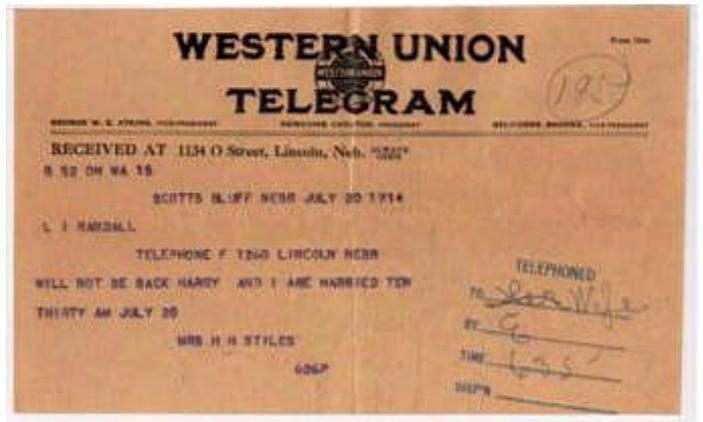
~~~~~  
next letters came from California 1910



## TELEGRAMS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS

1950 -- I have a telegram from my uncle to his parents to announce the birth of his son. Telegrams were very short and to the point. No name, no weight, no details!! But baby and Mom doing okay.  
**Jo Butler**

My parents eloped and notified her parents by telegram. My mother, Helen Randall had been visiting her sister, Jessie Randall, who had a homestead conveniently located near the Stiles homestead in Sioux County, NE. where Harry Stiles was working. I don't know how or where they met but I'm glad they did.  
**Ginny Rowland**



## TELEPHONE ARTICLES SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS

### FIRST TELEPHONE MEMORIES

I recall when my family got its first telephone. I thought it was a miracle even though it was a party line. We shared it with others. Each family has a distinct number of rings to identify who was receiving the call; everyone on the party line heard all the rings. People were curious and felt free to listen to other people's telephone conversations. We had to be careful not to discuss very personal matters on the telephone!

By the time I was in high school we got a private telephone line. At that age I always had so many things I wanted to discuss with my girlfriends who lived across town. We had endless visits. I don't recall the specifics of our conversations but I had a lot to talk about. But when I had been using the telephone for an hour my mother made it clear that my time was up - and that ended the talk.

I like the old telephones. I still have an old AT&T telephone in my living room. I appreciate that I don't have to charge it constantly and guess where I left it. I hope it lasts forever.

**Lois Mottonen**

### CELL PHONE ETIQUETTE

If you access the internet concerning telephone etiquette you will find many websites. One article states that a visitor from another planet might conclude that rudeness is the cell phone's main purpose. To avoid rudeness an article defines cell phone etiquette as a set of rules we all agree to follow in order to be considerate of others.

These old rules in the use of the telephone still apply. These are:

1. Lower your voice when taking calls in public.
2. Avoid personal topics when others can hear you.
3. Avoid taking calls when you're already engaged in a face-to-face conversation.
4. If you do take a call, ask permission of the people with you.
5. Avoid texting during a face-to-face conversation.
6. Put your phone's ringer on "silent" in theaters, restaurants and meetings.
7. Don't light up your phone's screen in a dark theater.
8. Hang up and drive; do not use the phone when you are driving.

Another author asks to remember that telephone calls have always been intrusive. The call imposes, infringes, presumes and intrudes.

The ten foot rule is another good idea. When making a call try to be at least 10 feet from the nearest person.

It is interesting that I have several instruction booklets on using cell phones but etiquette is not mentioned in any of them.

**Lois Mottonen**

During WWII I received a phone call from a soldier I had met at church, he just wanted to know if I loved him. I told him I did and at that moment I think I did!

**Gay Till**



## WEB SITE INFORMATION

Nearly 4,700 photographs involving Wyoming properties associated with the National Register of Historic Places are available online through the State Historic Preservation Office. To access the photos, go to <http://wyoshpo.state.wy.us/> and select the "click here" option under the heading "SHPO/Archives Photo Database." For the username and password, enter the lowercase word "public." Once into the Luna program, choose the Wyoming State Historic Preservation Office photo collection using the drop-down menu.

The other collections listed on the drop down menu have images from the Wyoming State Archives Aerial Photos; Wyoming State Archives Photo Collection; and Wyoming State Archives Map Case Collection.

10 SIMPLE STEPS TO START WRITING  
YOUR GENEALOGY MEMOIRS TODAY  
BY: CORALIE JOHNSON, 20 DEC 2010  
SUBMITTED BY LESLIE VOSLER

### The Plan

Here's a foolproof 10-step organizational plan for writing your memoirs and life stories. Just follow the steps and they will guide you through the process of starting, developing and completing your personal stories. There's nothing like true stories to bring your family's genealogy to life!

### Creating a Life Map

To start, make a list of the personal memories or memory fragments that you can recall from your youth. Next to each memory, write your age at the time of the occasion and then organize the list by age. This list will become your Life Map and your invaluable working tool for writing your memoirs.

### Choosing a "Burning" Memory

From your Life Map, choose the memory that brings out your strongest emotional response and begin to write. Ask yourself the following questions: Where did this memory occur? Was there anyone in the memory with me? Who? When? What could I see, hear, smell, taste? The most important question to ask is: Why does this memory evoke such strong feelings for me? What does it say about my family history?

### Free Writing

Without editing or questioning your work, simply write the words of your story—with feelings and all you can remember about the memory. Then take a short break before going back to read what you've written. (I have found that taking a break from my writing gives me new vigor toward fleshing out my story. I have also often been surprised to learn that, when I went back to the story, I

could remember more about the event!) After completing any desired changes or additions, read the story out loud to find any missing words or errors. Now you are ready to share the story with someone else, hear his or her response and decide if you want to make further revisions.

### 10 Simple Steps:

1. List memories
2. Organize by age
3. Ask: where, who, when
4. Ask what you see, hear, smell, taste
5. Define emotional response
6. Write draft
7. Make additions
8. Read aloud
9. Edit
10. Share

### Sharing with Family Members

Since your stories will be written as an accompaniment to your family's history, you may want to take this opportunity to ask family members what their memories are of the selected event. Not infrequently siblings, in particular, seem to experience the same event in different ways. The discussions that this sharing of memories generates may bring up some important facts about your family. What a perfect opportunity to learn more about your family and about yourself and your placement in the family genealogy!

## UP COMING CHEYENNE GENEALOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

### March 8, 2011

Pat Johnson will present a program entitled "Revolutionary Records" – How to locate ancestors who fought during the Revolutionary War period.

Meeting will be held in the Laramie County Library.

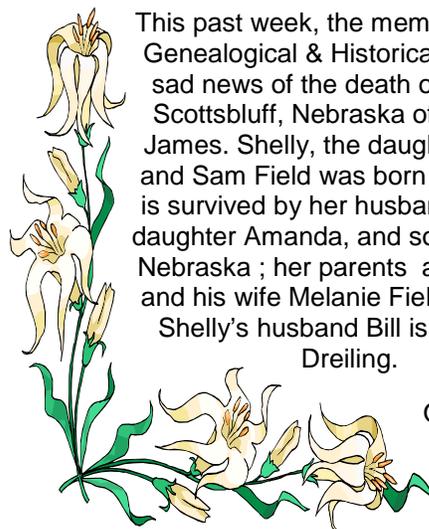
Further details can be found on the Society web-site

[www.cgshwyoming.org](http://www.cgshwyoming.org)

## NEW MEMBERS

Albin Wagner  
231 Hobbs Avenue, Cheyenne, WY 82001  
[albinwagner@yahoo.com](mailto:albinwagner@yahoo.com)

Carol and Jack Shafer  
5349 Wheaton Drive  
Ft. Collins, CO 80525-5523



This past week, the members of the Cheyenne Genealogical & Historical Society received the sad news of the death on February 5, 2011 in Scottsbluff, Nebraska of Shelly Rae (Field) James. Shelly, the daughter of Sharon (Lass) and Sam Field was born August 4, 1967. Shelly is survived by her husband Bill James, daughter Amanda, and son Taylor of Mitchell, Nebraska ; her parents and her brother Shadd and his wife Melanie Field of Cheyenne.

Shelly's husband Bill is the nephew of Marge Dreiling.

Our Society offers our sincere sympathy to Shelly's family in their loss.

## CURRENT OFFICERS OF CHEYENNE GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

|                                 |              |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| President - Wendy Douglass      | 307-632-2533 |
| Vice President - Judy Engelhart | 307-632-2623 |
| Secretary - Freda A. Wright     | 307-637-5218 |
| Treasurer - Cal Truax           | 307-638-3482 |
| Past President - Van Mellblom   | 307-632-0128 |

If you have suggestions for newsletter or areas of interest you would like to share please contact me at

[WADE\\_27043@msn.com](mailto:WADE_27043@msn.com) or 307-638-3877

