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Message From Your CGHS President...

Here we are looking forward to spring and perhaps trips about the countryside to review cemeteries for information that our winter's research projects have suggested to us. As I have looked over my own recent research projects and seeing what is needed to fill in some blanks, I doubt that I lack anything to keep me busy or anything to spend time looking for. Keep in mind to always be kind and thoughtful when asking others for information that you would like to get. Sometimes what does not seem touchy to you may be highly sensitive to others. We must always respect others' feelings, for if we do not, it could make it difficult for someone else who might go looking for a piece of their puzzle too.

For any of you who are not going in person to *RootsTech*, I hope you have registered anyway so you can see presentations via the Internet. These programs are a really neat way to learn more about whatever it is that you are interested in or in a topic you may have a challenge with. Good hunting everyone, and be sure to share what you find with others who would be interested in learning too. *Cathy Banks*

The Theme for *RootsTech* 2024 is "[Remember](#)"—Your Story is Worth Remembering. **Watch this video** and take part in *RootsTech*!



With hundreds of new genealogy classes, cutting-edge technology and innovation, and entertainment that won't disappoint, *RootsTech* has something for everyone. The event takes place February 29-March 2, 2024. [Register](#) today to have access to those hundreds of genealogy classes now and all year!

Upcoming Events:

5 Mar 2024

"FamilySearch Family Tree: Record Hints & Sources"

[FamilySearch Webinar](#)

10:00 a.m. MDT

12 Mar 2024

"FamilySearch Family Tree: Adding Memories"

[FamilySearch Webinar](#)

10:00 a.m. MDT

12 Mar 2024

CGHS Monthly Meeting & Program: "Introducing The Timeline Grid—A Great Way to Track Your Research"

Melanie Bosselman,
Director LDS Family-
Search Center
6:15-8:00 p.m. Cottonwood
Room, Laramie County
Library

19 Mar 2024

"Overview of Family-
Search"

[FamilySearch Webinar](#)

10:00 a.m. MDT

20 Mar 2024

"Seven Tips for Using AI
as Your Genealogy
Assistant"

Dana Leeds
Free Legacy Family Tree
[Webinar](#) 12:00 p.m. MDT

26 Mar 2024

"Searching on Family-
Search"

[FamilySearch Webinar](#)

10:00 a.m.

26 Mar 2024

"Government Money: My
Heritage's U.S. Social
Security Applications &
Claims-1936-2007"

Sharon Monson
Free Legacy Family Tree
[Webinar](#) 12:00 p.m. MDT

9 April 2024

**CGHS Monthly Meeting &
Program: "Skeletons in
the Closet: Finding Infor-
mation in State Archives"**

Robin Everett, Wyoming
State Archives
6:15-8:00 p.m. Cottonwood
Room, Laramie County
Library

Emigrant Gaspari "Gap" Pucci—the Last Wyoming Mountain Man of His Time

This article was written by Jake Nichols, features reporter for Cowboy State Daily, 20 January 2024. Republished with permission from Cowboy State Daily.

Spaghetti Westerner and modern-day Wyoming mountain man Gap Pucci is the last of his kind. The 88-year-old legendary outfitter still lives like he always has — straight-up cowboy. No phone, no internet, no modern amenities.

There was a time when Gaspari "Gap" Pucci was noted for his Sicilian background. He was an oddity — an Italian from South Philly cowboying out West in Wyoming. But he followed his dream. He built a highly respected big game hunting outfit in Jackson Hole and spent almost four decades doing what he loved from the back of a horse. His office was the Gros Ventre Wilderness, an unspoiled section of Bridger-Teton backcountry where few tread even today. It's a roadless and wild 250-square-mile chunk of forest as rugged and remote as it gets anywhere in the continental U.S. Nowadays what makes this 88-year-old special is the fact that he still lives like he does — straight-up cowboy. No phone, no internet, no modern amenities. Not even a fancy hay fork with the composite handle. His tack room looks like an episode of "Pickers: Little House on the Prairie" edition. The bunkhouse was built in 1930 by Howard Bellew. It holds a worn saddle Gap estimates has about 40,000 miles on it. There are halters, headstalls and horseshoes from the Eisenhower era. Saddle blankets are older than the average rodeo contestant.

He Is The Lifestyle

The longtime Wyoming outfitter makes his home 17 miles south of Jackson on a 5-acre ranchette squeezed between a state elk feedground, national forest land and aggressively approaching Jackson Hole buildout. He bought the place in the disco era. He'll die there. Every day he chores around the homestead, caring for the last



handful of his once 40-head string of horses. He bucks hay, chops holes in an iced-over spring so his stock can drink and keeps a rifle ready at the back door when the wolves get too close.

Nights, the old-time hand relives what was, watching black-and-white Westerns in reruns. He remembers what was by writing down his escapades by hand and gathering them into memoirs. Two books published and a third on the way offer a fascinating glimpse into a man and his family carving out a way of life in Western Wyoming that reads like exaggerated folklore.

Fighting bears, lost in a blizzard, horses plummeting from a cliff edge down into a raging river below. Gap Pucci somehow survived it all and lived to tell about it. "I don't know how I'm still here. The things I did. The way I lived," Pucci says, slowly shaking another memory out of his head. "The good Lord and good horses are the only reasons I'm still breathing."

Pucci is quite literally the last of his kind. His peers, as he often laments, are all gone. His way of life, outmoded and obsolete. Like him.

Coming to America

Pucci, the character, is summed up by tenacity, grit and any other adjective Louis L'Amour ever used in one of his pulp fiction Westerns. A living legend in the hunting world and a testament to the indefatigable human spirit. The wiry Italian's work ethic was instilled growing up

an emigrant during the Depression. Like his father, and his father's father, Pucci broke big rocks into smaller rocks with a 12-pound hammer all day long in a quarry. The Puccis immigrated to the U.S. from Sciacca, Sicily, in the early 1900s. His ancestors were hunters and fishermen in the homeland. In America, the Puccis were reduced to little more than grunt work.

To keep out of trouble, Pucci took up competitive weightlifting and body building. He would later take a farrier course at Penn State University and pick up work at local harness racing tracks and area veterinarians. Those jobs taught Pucci how to handle hotblooded stallions, a valuable lesson he would apply in his second life. Still, through his teens and early 20s, Pucci had few aspirations beyond the quarry until the Vietnam War. If not for a stint in the Army, Pucci may never have left Black Horse, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1935.

"Italians don't leave their families," Pucci shared. Fearful of Soviet Union invasion during the Cold War period, the U.S. set up a strike force unit in Point Barrow, Alaska, where Pucci was stationed from 1958-59. It was a frigid remote mountain outpost. Pucci never encountered any Russians, but he got his first look at wild and untamed land unlike anything back East. Plus, he learned firsthand how to survive in challenging conditions. *(continued on page 3)*

Pucci's Family Immigrated to the U.S. from Sicily in the Early 1900s

"My hands were frostbitten all the time. I went snow blind. It was tough," Pucci remembered. "We often slept with the wolves howling outside."

While the rest of his company couldn't wait to get out, Pucci couldn't wait to get back. He was hooked. He simply had to get out West and seek a new life.

On To Wyoming, "Hello Wilderness"

Pucci eventually made his way to Utah, where he hired on with a shepherding outfit high in the Uinta Mountains. From there, Pucci discovered Jackson, Wyoming. He met his wife, Peggy McClung, while working at Albert Feuz's V-V Cattle and Dude Ranch in Bondurant. They were married in 1965. It may have well been 1865 because that's how the newlyweds lived. Gap carried Peggy over the threshold of a drafty log cabin built in the early 1900s far from civilization up Granite Creek.

There was no running water. That had to be hauled in 5-gallon cans from the creek. The only heat source was a woodstove. No phone, no TV, no connection to the outside world. The only transportation in winter was an unreliable snowmobile. When it wasn't running, which was often, it was a 10-mile snowshoe hike to the pickup parked out at the highway. From there, it was another 25 miles to the nearest grocery store in Jackson. Their closest neighbors were frequent visits from elk, moose and myriad other wildlife. The Puccis loved it.

Gap would eventually pen his first book in 2011 about the experience. Titled "[We Married Adventure](#)," the autobiography includes firsthand accounts of the hardships the couple endured. "It was a matter of rugged endurance just to make a living. You couldn't have any quit in you," Pucci said. "Of course, I loved my work. To me, it was an adventure, not an ordeal."

The Puccis managed the hot springs for the Forest Service, charging a dollar for a soak. Other than chasing off a few hippies now

and then who poached the hot spring pool in the dead of night, it was a lonesome existence.

"I owned that cabin for 25 years, with a special use permit from the Forest Service. I was the first to keep the hot springs open in the winter," Pucci said. When it came time to leave, Pucci asked the Forest Service to buy the old cabin from him. It wouldn't.

"Even for 500 bucks. Give me something for the damn thing," Pucci said. "They said no, so I took that place down log by log, board by board. I wasn't going to let them have it for nothing."

Living The Dream

Pucci's ultimate dream was to open his own outfitting business. He worked for a few area outfitters, guiding hunters until he had a chance to buy his own business in 1975. It wasn't long before Pucci acquired Red Buescher's hunting business and a basecamp in Granite Creek from Larry Moore, as well several other hunt camps in the Gros Ventre Wilderness. He slowly grew his horse herd, hauled hay and horses in a 1948 green Dodge stock truck to his basecamp in the Gros Ventre. The old log home there would one day be recognized on the National Registry of Historical Places (No. 287) as the old John Wort/Gap Pucci hunting cabin. He eventually would build his business into one of the premier hunting outfits in Jackson Hole, internationally renowned with clientele from around the world.

Crystal Creek Outfitters took its name from a pristine stream in a remote region of the Gros Ventre where Pucci would help thousands of eager hunters bag their elk, moose, bighorn sheep or bear. The Puccis moved into the house Gap still lives in today. It was a hardscrabble homestead even then in the 1970s. Built in 1910, it was known as the Startled Doe Ranch for years when Arthur Welch and his wife lived there.

The Puccis had to add water and electricity. Once indoor plumbing was installed, the Pucci girls made a playhouse out of the old outhouse.

It was rustic living, but nothing compared to the places Gap spent up to eight months a year living out of.

'Fire Will Keep You Alive'

For most of a calendar year, Pucci hung his hat in various homesteader cabins with enough space between the logs to allow the snow to blow in. Even those were uptown living compared to the high-mountain hunt camps where a canvas tent was all that kept a sleeping body from a hungry bear.

"It was more than once I had a grizzly tear up a tent — claw right through a wall and shred it to pieces, knock everything in camp all over the place," Pucci said. And then there was many a night when Pucci never made it back to camp at all.

"In those early younger years there were times I was too far from camp, so I'd just build a fire, sleep on the mountain, and return the next day," Pucci said. A good mountain man is always prepared for just about anything. Pucci was no exception. He packed several emergency items in his saddle bags.

"I've got some rawhide in there in case you need to fix a bridle or something, you'll need that. You always want to carry fire. I packed a little Sterno can for heat. And I never travel without a lighter. Fire will keep you alive," Pucci said.

One thing Pucci never carried was a canteen of any kind. "I never carried a water bottle in my entire life. It's crazy how everyone hydrates today. You don't need to drink every 15 to 20 minutes and neither do your horses," Pucci claimed. "I would carry a little water cup and I knew where all the springs were."

Before GoreTex made "Life Below Zero" bearable and North Face labeled anything done in a puffer as "Xtreme," Pucci made a living outdoors and thought nothing of it. All in unpredictable mountain weather and surrounded by predators that wanted to make a big game kill as much as Pucci's hunters.

On more than one occasion, grizzly bears scratched his canvas wall tent to pieces. Horses fell off sheer cliff walls into an icy river below.

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A Stint in the Army in Alaska, Hooked Him on Life in the Wilderness

Autumn blizzards made finding the way back to camp impossible, so he hunkered down and rode it out buried in snow until it let up. By his own account, Pucci should have been dead a few times over.

"I think back to some of those stories, the things I did and wrote about in my books. I must have been crazy," Pucci said. "They are not embellished. I remember them clearly. And I can't believe I am still alive after all that."

A Bear Called Scarface

One particular encounter with a bear could have turned deadly. The massive bear was nicknamed Scarface for a nasty wound above its left eye. For years, Pucci pursued the wily bruin, but neither he nor his clients ever got a good shot off.

"We stalked and trailed him in all kinds of weather, dawn and dusk, but he got away every time. He learned to feed and travel only at night," Pucci said. "That ol' Scarface just kept on eating, hiding, and getting bigger and fatter. Making fools of us."

Finally in spring 1983, with his hunters all gone, Gap set out for Scarface once and for all. Near dusk, he came upon the cagey adversary and got a good shot off from his pre-1964 .308-caliber Winchester. He heard the bullet thud into the bear's side, but Scarface did not go down. He disappeared over a distant ridge.

"If the big bear was only wounded, I knew this could be a dangerous situation, especially in the dark with rain and snow soaking me through my rain gear, making it hard to move very quickly," Pucci said. "Big bears don't always immediately drop even when mortally wounded. Bears can take a lot of punishment, even with a heart and lung shot, they can go a long way before lying down."

Pucci set his rifle aside, stripped off his heavy poncho for better mobility and followed the bear's tracks with a flashlight and his trusty .44 Magnum revolver. For two hours he tracked the wounded bear in the pitch black.

"Every stump looked like a bear," Pucci remembered about cautiously making his way through the heavy timber. "Then, all hell broke loose! There was a loud growl and teeth-chomping splitting the night air," he recalled. "It happened so quick I could hardly comprehend what was going on. I felt something reach out and hit me hard in the calf of my left leg, just above my high snow-pack boots. The blow knocked me flying into the air. I still remember my hat and flashlight flying off into the night. I rolled over at least twice, trying to regain my footing."

"Getting to my knees, I instinctively pointed the barrel in the direction of the now-moving bear at about 10 feet away. I cocked the hammer and fired. A loud explosion rocked my arm. Two feet of fire came out of the barrel, lighting up the dark night."

To find out how that encounter turned out you'll have to buy the book, Pucci says. "It gets my bristles up when people question whether my dad really did everything he claims," daughter Teresa Pucci-Haas said. "These are real fact stories. I was there. I lived them with him."



Gap allows his stallion Starless Knight to take a horse treat from between his teeth. "I wouldn't recommend this with just any stallion," he said. "But I raised him from birth. I was the first person he saw when he opened his eyes." (Photo by Jake Nichols, Cowboy State Daily.)

Off-Grid With The Wilderness Family

Pucci's hunt camps were in the middle of nowhere. Small clearings nested within a tangle of dark, thick woods few have ever penetrated. No hospital if someone were injured. No convenience store for a snack. No modern amenities whatso-

ever. These are places so remote that Gap found out he was a first-time father only when a bush plane flew over low at hunt camp and dropped him a note. Scrawled on yellow legal pad paper, it read: "Gap, you are the proud papa of a baby girl, 7#, born on Friday, 10-13-78. Mother & daughter are doing fine."

Catherine was born first. Teresa followed two years later, also in October. The girls took to off-grid living with aplomb. They knew no other way.

"They would play Outfitter Barbie, attaching dolls to toy horses with rubber bands and head them off into the forest for an elk hunt," Pucci said.

"They grew up with the unspoiled Wyoming wilderness for a backyard. They would pull themselves up on the backs of our more patient Morgan horses when they were three years old and ride around the property."

The girls' babysitter was a German shepherd named Nino. Their closest friends were animals. The whole family were rugged individualists to the core.

"Wild animals were the first sights the girls saw as we held them up to the windows of the small log cabin. Our ranch horses and other animals would look right back into those windows, watching the little girls grow up," Pucci remembered. Catherine and Teresa played outside all day with any animal that could be suckered into it — including wild ones.

"The girls had no human playmates, so they played together with any animal that would play with them," Pucci said. "I remember they played with a certain coyote who would run up and down the fence line as if to show off his speed. Their favorite playmate was a bighorn ram they named Amigo. They would run around the haystack chasing each other in a game of hide-and-seek."

The Pucci family clan didn't so much shun society, they just didn't live anywhere near it. Gap was gone

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His Family—Wife, Children & Animals—Lived and Loved the Remote Back Country

from home much of the time, though. Up to eight months a year he would be out in the wilds hunting something, helping clients fill their tags.

"By the time they were about seven I would bring one of the girls with me to camp for a 10-day hunt," Pucci said. "The other would stay home and help mom. Then we would switch girls for the next hunt. They would do chores around camp just like my hired hands."

Retired And Reclusive

After his retirement in 2008, looking back, Pucci is quick to credit his hardworking mounts for the success of his business and his very life. He favored the Morgan breed almost exclusively for their smarts and endurance.

"They built my business and paid the bills. They were my friends. I learned to have more patience with my horses than I ever had with most humans," Pucci said. "Horses saved my life more than once, and I learned to know and respect them. If treated well, they'll give their life for you, especially in desperate situations."

Pucci figures he rode about 1,000 miles a year horseback. He feels it these days in the hips. They're shot. So are his shoulders. Recent heart scares and a bout with COVID-19 slowed the ol' cowboy down as well, but he still completes his daily chores on the ranch.

A once majestic horse herd is now down to the last stallion, a mare and a gelding. The goats are gone, the chickens killed off by foxes and coyotes. The last dog he'll ever own — Nina, another German shepherd — died last spring. There are still about 20 or so peacocks on the property. They do surprisingly well in Wyoming, and Gap has always had them around to brighten up the place. There is also a friendly badger Pucci calls Tuffy. He's had to escort Tuffy out of the house more than once.

The lifelong devoted Catholic has become a bit of a St. Francis of Assisi in a way. His reverence for critters of all kinds runs deep. Hungry elk, moose and sheep stop by almost every winter, and Pucci throws them

what hay he can spare even if big game managers frown upon that sort of thing.

"I probably missed some 'dos and don'ts' somewhere in there," Pucci said. "Look, I know these guys at Game and Fish are doing the best they can. But they have more book smarts than actual experience."

"I lived in [close harmony] with wildlife for 50-some-odd years. I've tracked them, killed them, studied them and rescued them. I know a thing or two about wildlife."

In his living room, Pucci is surrounded by trophy mounts, his life's work on display courtesy of skilled taxidermists. Bear, elk, moose, deer, sheep and several ducks keep the timeworn hunter company. A coyote with a snowshoe hare in its mouth stands by the fireplace. A pine martin with an ermine in its mouth tells a story of revenge. Pucci trapped that ermine after it had killed one of his chickens. The outfitter doesn't have the heart to raise a rifle at an animal anymore. He's come to view wildlife as worthy adversaries and one of God's gifts to mankind. The other day, a coyote let out a high-pitched howl from just outside the chicken coop where Pucci's

peacocks are boarded.

"I came out and he slunk away, almost looking guilty that he was caught snooping around," Pucci said. "I called out, 'Go on, git! I ain't gonna shoot ya.'"

Every day is a blessing at this point, Pucci said. He adds that he is grateful he came out West just in time to meet and learn from some of the last of the great cowboys.

"I've lived a good life. Wish I could do it all over again," Pucci said. "I will, in Heaven, with all the good horses I ever rode."

Read More About Him
Gap Pucci's first two memoirs — *We Married Adventure: Together Against the Wilderness* (2011) and *We Do the Damndest Things: Jackson Hole Ranch and Outfitter Stories* (2015) document the cowboy outfitter's early days in Wyoming. A third book, titled *Jackson's Hole Horse and Family Adventures* is due to be published in spring 2024. They are available at bookstores throughout Wyoming and on Amazon.



Half museum, half living room, Gap Pucci's Wyoming home holds a million memories. (Photo by Jake Nichols, Cowboy State Daily)

"Ultimogeniture"—a Term That Dives Into Wills, Estates and Who Gets What!

In a recent *Genealogy Tip of the Day* notice by Michael John Neill, he briefly defines *Ultimogeniture* as an inheritance practice where the right of inheritance belongs to the youngest child (usually limited to the youngest son). It was practiced in some areas of Europe. It is in contrast to *primogeniture*—where the oldest child has the right of inheritance—usually the oldest son. Since I had never heard this term, it prompted me to do some further research. The rest of this article is from both *Wikipedia* and *Investopedia* explaining what we genealogists should know about this term in case you come across it sometime.

Ultimogeniture, also known as **postremogeniture** or **junior right**, is the tradition of **inheritance** by the last-born of a privileged position in a parent's wealth or office. The tradition has been far rarer historically than **primogeniture** (sole inheritance by the first-born legitimate child) or **partible inheritance** (division of the estate among the children).

Ultimogeniture might be considered appropriate in circumstances in which the youngest child had been assigned the role of "keeping the hearth," taking care of the parents and continuing at home, and elder children had had time and opportunity to succeed in the world and provide for themselves. In a variation on the system, elder children might have received a share of land and moveable property at a younger age such as by marrying and founding their own family. Ultimogeniture might also be considered appropriate for the estates of elderly rulers and property owners, whose children were likely to be mature adults.

Those who stand to gain from ignoring the stipulation under ultimogeniture are more likely to have the facility to do so, when compared to other succession laws. For example, under primogeniture tradition, younger siblings stand to gain if they can bypass said tradi-

tion; elder siblings, however, have more time and opportunities to gain power, wealth, experience and influence to better solidify their inheritance claim. In ultimogeniture elder siblings, especially the first born of the relevant gender, are heavily incentivized and more empowered to sidestep the tradition, especially if primogeniture inheritance is a culturally familiar concept. This can be achieved through coercion, assassination, fratricide or even patricide to move themselves up the succession order. This may be an explanation as to why primogeniture traditions tend to be more prevalent than ultimogeniture.

Ultimogeniture, primogeniture and other forms of traditional inheritance are very rare in modern society. Most developed countries rely on trusts and wills that explicitly state the desires of the **decedent**. However, in the past, the position of birth (and the male gender) tended to determine inheritance rights.

In historic England, patrilineal ultimogeniture (inheritance by the youngest surviving male child) was known as "Borough English" after its former practice in various ancient English boroughs. It was enforced only against those who died **intestate** and frequently though not universally also included the principle of inheritance by the deceased's youngest brother if there was no son. Less often, the practice was extended to the youngest daughter, sister, aunt, etc.

Its origin is much disputed, but the Normans, who generally practiced primogeniture, considered it to be a **Saxon** legacy. A 1327 court case found it to be the practice of the English burgh at Nottingham but not of the town's "French" district. The tradition was also found across many rural areas of England in which lands were held in tenure by **socage** (jurisdiction) also occurred in **copyhold** manors in Hampshire, Surrey, Middlesex, Suffolk, and Sussex in which manorial custom dictated the form of inheritance to be ultimogeniture.

In the German Duchy of Saxe-

Altenburg, land holdings were traditionally passed to the youngest son, who might then employ his older brothers as farm workers.

Practicality played an important part in this system. People didn't live as long in the past, largely due to war and the spread of diseases. As a result, a family patriarch often died while he still had one or more minor sons. Bequeathing land to the youngest son encouraged the older minor children to remain on the farm, at least until they became old enough to marry. This kept a captive workforce and provided enough labor to support the patriarch's widow.

While ultimogeniture kept sons on the farm, merchant families and nobility didn't have the same need for physical labor. Instead, they tended to use primogeniture, which grants the right of succession to the firstborn son. Primogeniture was also the primary method for establishing royal lineages and naming new kings. As people eventually began to live longer, primogeniture and other social norms for inheritance slowly replaced ultimogeniture for all social classes. Today, inheritance depends far less on gender and birth order. Also, because women make up a substantial percentage of the workforce, children inherit both from mothers and fathers, and sometimes from two of each, considering split families and same-sex households. No matter the family make-up, estate planning and a will is important. A will stipulates the bequest of assets to heirs, as well as the settlement of estate taxes. The presence of a will eliminates any chance of **intestacy**, where inheritance decisions end up in the hands of a **probate court**. In cases of intestacy, the property goes to a surviving spouse first, then to any children, then to extended family and descendants. However, if no family can be found, the property typically reverts to the state. Intestacy can be avoided by creating a will and spelling out who gets which particular assets.

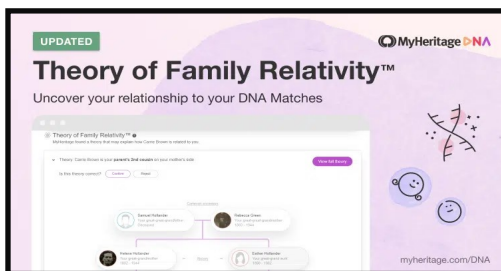
Genealogy News You Can Use...

MyHeritage Updates Their "Theory of Family Relativity™"—Helping Explain DNA Matches

This article is from the MyHeritage Blog, 1 Feb 2024

<https://blog.myheritage.com/2024/02/theory-of-family-relativity-update/>

MyHeritage recently announced an update to its Theory of Family Relativity™, adding millions of new theories that can help explain your relationship to your DNA Matches. Theory of Family Relativity™ is a powerful feature for genetic genealogy that helps to streamline your research by explaining how you and your DNA Matches might be related. It utilizes MyHeritage's huge database of 46 million family trees and 19.8 billion historical records to offer plausible theories about how you are related to your DNA Matches. Since its last update, the MyHeritage DNA database has grown, and with it the number of family tree profiles and historical records have increased. This has led to substantial growth in the overall number of theories.



Theory of Family Relativity™ by the numbers:

- The total number of theories has grown by 22%, to 166,168,357.
 - The number of DNA Matches that include a theory has grown to 116,865,576, representing a 22% increase.
 - The total number of paths has increased by 21%, to 1,204,841,247.
- The number of DNA kits with at least one theory has grown by 7%, to 2,528,969.

If new theories were found, you'll see a purple banner at the top of your DNA Matches page. Click "View theories" to view all matches that have a theory. When a DNA Match has a theory, this is indicated on the DNA Match

card. You can also filter your DNA Matches to only show those with a Theory of Family Relativity™. Click the "Filters" icon on the top right corner of the page. Then, click "All tree details" on the far left, and select "Has Theory of Family Relativity™." This will display all DNA Matches that have a theory. A "NEW" badge will appear next to the theory on the DNA Match card for 30 days. Click "View theory" to see the detailed path showing how the algorithm arrived at the proposed relationship. In certain cases, multiple possible paths may exist for a given theory. If more than one path exists, you can toggle between them on the page. Having more than one path for a theory strengthens its reliability.

It's important to review the relationship path(s) for each theory, and decide for yourself if the theory is reasonable. If it appears to be correct, you can confirm the theory using the button that appears directly above the chart showing the relationship path. If the theory seems incorrect, you can reject it.

Wyoming Department of Health Warns Against Third-Party Websites That Ask For Personal Information to Provide Access to Vital Records

This article was written by Clair McFarland, general assignment reporter for *Cowboy State Daily*.

The keeper of Wyoming birth certificates is warning against websites that act like middlemen for people seeking vital records, but then lift personal information along the way.

"It is just disheartening to think people are potentially doing something that they think is not harmful at all," Guy Beaudoin, Deputy State Registrar for the Wyoming Department of Health, told *Cowboy State Daily*. "That data could be used fraudulently and you wouldn't know about it."

A few websites popup when a person Googles "Wyoming Vital Records." Some of those websites, like vitalrecordsonline.com, offer a service and a form for people to fill out. For a fee, the site sends that form to the Wyoming Department

of Health to apply for a birth, death, marriage or divorce certificate on the client's behalf. But the Wyoming Department of Health already offers these applications online for half the price, Beaudoin said. If the companies are making a profit for each application and coming up above the state department in the search results, that's one thing—but third-party companies having a person's personal data is a whole other concern, said Beaudoin. He said companies will ask for the client's mother's maiden name and other "things unique to you" in applying for the record. Such details are also used as password keys on some websites, including people's online bank accounts.

Beaudoin said the "password nexus" also concerns him. "It's just one of those things — as you look

at how much information is put out online, our ignorance is sometimes bliss. We don't really know who has access to everything," he said. One such company, Vital Records LLC, was registered in Wyoming until recently. The business was registered in Wyoming to Registered Agents Inc. in Sheridan. It was operating in the same way by providing a form that the Department of Health already offers, sending it in for a fee, then sending the client his or her certificate. The state shut that business down. "We contacted them to let them know that they did not represent us," said Beaudoin. Then the Wyoming Department of Health reported the business to the Wyoming attorney general's consumer protection group. About a year later, the company "just went and no longer renewed the LLC," he said.

**Cheyenne
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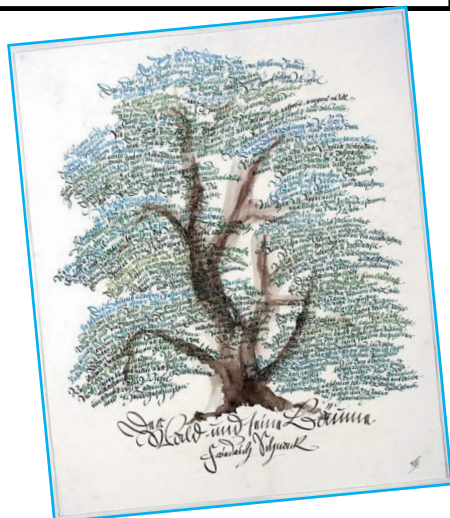
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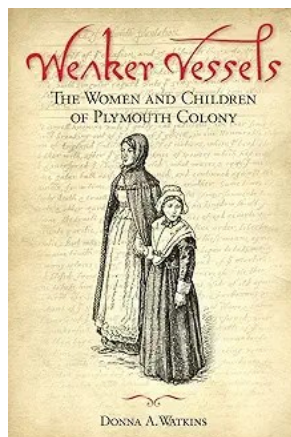
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The Cheyenne Genealogical & Historical Society continues to wish our members healthy, productive genealogical research! We encourage all members to pay their CGHS dues, participate in our programs, get assistance at the library, and invite friends & new members to join us! *We welcome our newest member, Joe Dan Jackson.*



"Check This Out"

Family history-related fiction & nonfiction
book reviews by CGHS members & others



Weaker Vessels: The Women and Children of Plymouth Colony By Donna A. Watkins (c. 2021, 334 pages; paperback; American History Press—nonfiction)

Building on the success of her first book, *Diverse Gashes*, author Donna A. Watkins now focuses her investigative talents on the less-studied population of women and children who lived in Plymouth Colony in her new work, *Weaker Vessels*. In this distinctive and compelling volume she sheds a new light on these less fortunate members of Pilgrim society, thus permitting us a glimpse into the pressure and ordeals which they experienced during the seventeenth century in America.

The majority of extant literature about the Pilgrims reveals a propensity to disregard or belittle these vital members of society, even though they, too, shared in the everyday struggles and challenges that were presented to them as they established their place in the New World. The author's aim is to rectify these omissions by presenting a case for remembrance of these exceptional individuals. Once again drawing her inspiration from tenacious research centered on an extensive array of court records, transcriptions, books, diaries, journals, and first-person accounts, Watkins carefully presents us with an impartial look at these neglected, yet essential, members of Plymouth. Their lives are examined in a non-judgmental way within the context of the culture in which they lived, even given the unmistakable biases of the men who produced the laws and inflicted the punishments for various crimes and indiscretions committed in the colony. The reader is left to decide whether the punishment fits the crime, and what might have been the true motivation of those involved in the judicial process.

General laws and standards of the colony are examined with considerable insight, as are the intricacies and nuances of daily life in Plymouth. The details of courtship, marriage and divorce are scrutinized and explained, revealing some surprising aspects that may bewilder the modern reader. Domestic and civil violence are elucidated in their sometimes gruesome detail, as are the facts about children in servitude, untalented, and the results of "unclean acts."

Notable women of the colony are finally given their due in brief biographies, as are the seldom mentioned gerontological aspects of growing old in Plymouth society. The time is right to call out these casualties of history, and in this timely and powerful book Donna Watkins presents us with an eloquent chronicle of their lives, a story that is long overdue.

—Amazon Review