

COLIN MACDOUGALL, 85, PASSES AWAY AFTER 53 YEARS RESIDENCE HERE

4-26-1933

Funeral For Pioneer Ranchman Friday Afternoon

Colin Macdougall, 85, one of the real pioneers of the Wheatland ranching country, passed away at his home in the south part of Wheatland Wednesday night shortly after 8 o'clock. Mr. Macdougall suffered a stroke on September 6, 1932 and since that time has been helpless. Prior to this time he was frequently seen on the streets chatting with his long time friends.

The deceased was born November 12, 1848 at Kilbride Farm, Islay, Scotland. He came to Canada about 1870. In 1878 he was married to Miss Rachel Dick. To this union four children were born, one, Colin Henry, passing away at Long Beach, Calif., in 1918. Two sons, Alexander H. and George D., of Cheyenne and Miss Katherine of East Chicago, Ind., survive their father. A sister, Mrs. Mary MacArthur of Dobbington, Ontario, Canada, also survives her brother. His two sons, Alexander and George were at his father's bedside at the end. His daughter is expected to arrive in Cheyenne tomorrow afternoon and will be brought here for the funeral.

In 1880 he came to Wyoming and after a short trip over the state he settled on a ranch on the Reshaw, near Bordeaux and was actively engaged in the livestock business until 1907 when he sold his ranch to the Swan Land and Cattle Co. He then moved to Wheatland where he made his home until his death. His wife preceded him in death May 1, 1910.

Funeral services will be conducted from the Congregational church tomorrow afternoon, Friday, at 2:30 and interment will take place beside his departed wife in the Wheatland cemetery. The Lyla Watson Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Colin, as he was known to his large number of friends and neighbors, typified the hardy, early day settler of this community. The responsibility of building up this country and the cattle industry rested upon their shoulders. Without their foresight and ability to withstand hardships it is doubtful if present developments would have been possible.

He still retained a love for the land of his birth and on holidays, so dear to that country, he would appear on the Wheatland streets in his Scotch cap with its long ribbon, walking with his crooked cane, and pay his respects to his friends. He loved nothing better than to visit with his old friends and swap stories of his cattle days.