

FOSS, NEDMOND D.
OCTOBER 22, 1889–DECEMBER 2, 1962

The Platte County Record-Times
December 7, 1962

Nedmond D. Foss, who homesteaded near Chugwater and ranched most of his life in that area, passed away in the Veterans Administration Hospital in Cheyenne after a lengthy illness. Born in Cheyenne October 22, 1889 to Frank and Fannie Foss. Death occurred Dec. 2, 1962.

He was affiliated with the AF & AM No. 23 Wyoming Consistory No. 1 and was a veteran of World War I.

Rev. Wm. Satterfield officiated at the services held Dec.5 at the Schrader chapel. The Chugwater Masonic Lodge was in charge of the graveside services at the Wheatland cemetery.

An Aunt, Mrs. Myra Bachelder of Denver and a cousin, Mrs. Hazel Dunn of Denver, survive him.

Pallbearers were Ross Welty, Clyde Caster, Ray Derby, Rollie Remster, Fred Cashner and Ralph Cline.

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TRIBUTE TO A PIONEER

Another one of Wyoming's native sons has gone to his reward. Ned Foss, who spent all of his 73 years in or around Chugwater was laid to rest beside his parents, Frank and Fannie Foss, in the Wheatland cemetery. The commandment which says, "Honor thy Father and thy mother," was surely heeded by Ned as long as they lived. His greatest ambition and dearest dream was to become a railroader or trainman. He loved engines of all kinds, but a railroad engine was something special to him.

Because Ned was an only child, his mother would never consent to his working on a train for the fear he might be killed. Once he rebelled and worked for a short time on one, but that train and another had a collision head on. Two trainmen were killed, but Ned among several others, escaped injury. His mother never ceased demanding him to never work on another train. His railroading career was of a brief duration.

His parent sent him to Military Academy in Kearney, Nebr for a while, but that, too he despised he returned home.

When Mrs. Foss was tragically killed, Ned devoted his life to his father on the ranch. He also assisted his father when the latter surveyed for all the claims in that area, carrying the survey chain for miles on end. After that was finished they settled down to cattle ranching near Diamond station and cattle shipping point. They also installed a post office in their home and it remained there until about 1935.

Ned always had hopes that some time he could become a trainman, but when his father passed away at the age of 94, about thirty years ago, he was too old to take up the work he longed for. He always despised the ranch, as something which had denied him his best loved ambitions.

Ned was a talented photography and had a large collection of pictures of railroad engines. He also collected parts of engines as souvenirs of railroad engines that had been wrecked.

He was asked one time why he had never married. His reply was "he never found a girl

who liked engines. All they thought of was moonlight and roses and he didn't think he could be happy with one of them."

Ned was kid hearted and liked to have people around him. He never liked to be alone. He could play the violin nicely but was always self conscious and never wanted people to think he was pushing himself into the limelight.

With the passing of Ned, much history of the early days is lost. He could narrate it, but just could not seem to get around to writing it. In visiting with him on several occasions he related many amusing incidents which took place at public gatherings, dances, etc. That was about all of the entertainment which they had in those days of hard work and sacrifices which helped settle this wild area and made it into modern ranches with all the conveniences of city homes.

Ned will be sadly missed by his friends of many years, and it is hard to realize that he is gone.