

MCCALLUM, DUGALD M.  
November 9, 1845-September 14, 1917

The grim reaper has again swung his scythe and gathered into the eternal harvest the soul of another one of Wheatland's pioneers, Dugald McCallum. His friends, who were legion, grieve not so much that he is gone-for he was ripe for harvest-but for the manner of his going. He was struck by a Union Pacific passenger train while walking on the track near Denver Saturday morning. The Denver papers report that "he was barefoot without hat or coat, and mud was caked upon the bottom of his feet, indicating he had been tramping over the prairies in the vicinity where the accident occurred for some time". He paid no attention to warning signals and the engineer applied the brakes too late to stop the train before it struck him. The body was brought to Denver and identified by the Masonic ring he was wearing.

Dugald McCallum was born Nov. 9, 1845, near Montreal, Quebec, Canada. In 1872, he was married to Anne Lawson, the devoted wife who preceded him in death, Jan, 14, 1914. To them were born two sons, one of them, John, survives his father.

In 1894 Mr. McCallum came to Wheatland, and in company with Harry Crane, now of Cheyenne, established the lumber business which still bears the name, The D. McCallum Lumber Co. He prospered and used his prosperity promoting the better interests of the community and the happiness of his friends and neighbors. He was large hearted, hospitable and generous to a fault. Many years ago he united with the Congregational church of Cheyenne and upon coming to Wheatland, became one of the founders and most liberal supporters of the Congregational church of Wheatland, it's present beautiful home being a monument to Mr. D. McCallum's zest and generosity.

He was honored politically by being elected state senator from this district, and served as mayor of Wheatland four years ago. He was a 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Mason, and the Wheatland lodge had charge of the funeral which was held at the Congregational church Monday afternoon.

The death of Mrs. McCallum, nearly four years ago, seemed to break the old man's spirit, and he gradually failed in mind and body, until finally his nephew, J.C. McGillivray, took him to his home in Denver to care for him. In his passing, a noble soul goes from the earth, but he will live long in the memory of a host of friends for his innumerable kind deeds.