

WAITMAN, BUD

October 5, 1874-February 9, 1936

The last chapter in an eventful life of one of Wheatland's most loved citizens was written last Sunday night about ten o'clock when Bud Waitman passed to his reward.

For more years than many realized, Mr. Waitman had been a sufferer from acute stomach trouble, yet never a word of complaint was heard from him. He went happily on during those thirty-five years of suffering with a pleasant smile and a hearty good word for those around him.

He was born in Webster City, Iowa, October 5, 1874. There he lived until he was thirteen years of age when his parents moved into Western Nebraska. In 1896 he was attracted into Wyoming and came into the state, spending a large portion of his time on the range, living for awhile too in Glendo.

In 1904 he came to Wheatland and for thirty-one years had made it his home. On the death of a brother, Mr. Waitman took over the brother's shop and became a barber, conducting the business for many years until succeeded by his son Jerry, when the condition of his health made it necessary for him to take life a bit easier.

Surviving him is his wife, Hattie M. In the family there were two sons and two daughters. He also leaves two sisters and one brother.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon from the Methodist Episcopal church with the Masonic lodge in charge and was largely attended. All business houses in Wheatland were closed from 1:30 to 3:00 so that all might attend.

During the past few years, Mr. Waitman, to occupy his time turned his attention to growing flowers which had become quite a hobby with him and his knowledge and care of flowers made his yard one of the beauty spots of the town. He gladly shared his flowers with others and his willingness to help others in good suggestions made improvements in many a flower plot in Wheatland.

But few people in our little city could be missed more than Mr. Waitman. His good humor, his droll sarcasm, his ever kindly helpful manner will be long remembered, and all will miss him, sorrowing alike with his loved ones in his departure.