

## **CHAPTER V**

### **KID**

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**Youth comes but once in a lifetime.**

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, <sup>1</sup> (2/27/1807 – 3/24/1882)**

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**There can be no further excuse, now, for not giving Albert Matthew Wigglesworth center stage. Tom has had his day in the sun, and then some. And, with the advent of AI, it is more than fitting that we pause a moment to salute his largely unsung mother, Ann Spradlin. <sup>2</sup>**



**Actually, though, we really don't have much additional hard information on Ann, but there is much that we might safely infer from what we know of her husband and what we shall learn of the splendid character of her children through our study of AI. We must first be impressed with the fact that in the crucial youth-raising days, when “the twigs were being bent” so to speak, Old Wig wasn't very**

**much on the scene. A great deal of his time was necessarily spent with his crews out at the ever-receding rail-head. Not only that, he left Ann behind with a bevy of seven kids!**

Thomas Hudson (7/31/1835- 3/15/1909) m Ann Catherine Delaney Spradlin ( -12/19/1934)  
-----girl (died in infancy)  
-----Charles Stonewall (1864-1941) m 1890 Frankie  
-----William Hudson (1866-1946) m 1901 Almeda Rose  
-----Emily Elizabeth (1/31/1868-7/19/1960) m W. H. Howard  
-----Albert Matthew (4/22/1872-1963) m 12/24/1901 Edna May Wright (4/8/77-12/6/54)  
-----John Meredith (1878-1960) m 1901 Jessie Josephine  
-----Thomas Clay (1882-1884)

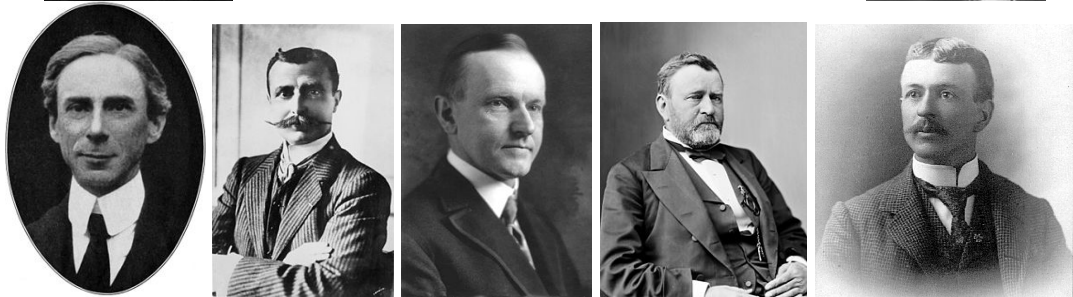
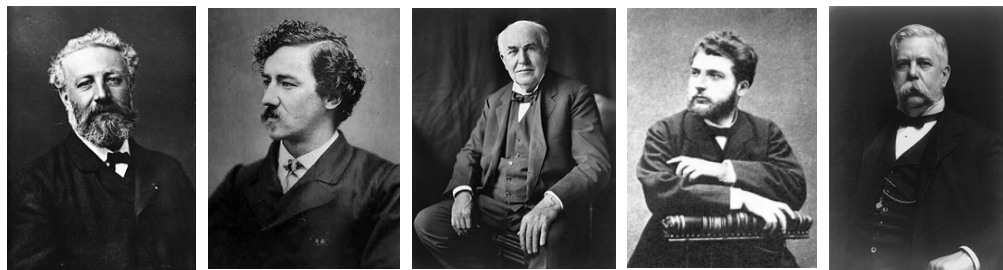
(DFJ)

**Now, seven kids is a chore-and-a-half even in a modern condominium. On the frontier of the early west they must have presented a mind-boggling and body-wearying responsibility - and Ann largely operated apparently and effectively as a "single parent." Without diminishing the respect and admiration due Tom one wit, then, we may still shout "Hooray for Ann!" And, the fact that she was blessed with seven small ones proves Tom must have been home some of the time.**

**Russ Wigglesworth recalls:**

**Anne Catherine, as she was always spoken of, was obviously quite a person and well partnered to TH. She was certainly able to adapt to changing times: as she went down Durango's main street in her carriage along the 1000 and 1100 blocks she would look only to the left, or east side of the street, with her parasol held so the buildings along the west side were not visible. The reason for this, I was told, was that all the saloons were on that side of the street so that the early-morning sun would awaken the drunken men – and women – on the sidewalk in front of those saloons. It makes for a good story, even if not so. Later, after TH died, and my mother had married my dad, Anne Catherine asked my mom to teach her how to play cards and smoke cigarettes. An adaptable woman, certainly. (May 2014)**

**One more thing before formally introducing Al: We now are fairly well informed about the state of the west of his youth, but what about the state of the world in the early 1870's? In the year 1872, the year Al was born, Jules Verne was writing *Around The World In 80 Days*, part of which would be filmed on the Durango-Silverton Railroad many years later. Whistler was painting his mother (and we know almost as much about *his* father as we do about Al's mother). Edison was perfecting his duplex telegraph. Bizet was composing *L'Arlesienne*. George Westinghouse was producing the first practical railway air brake. Fresh born mathematician-philosopher-to-be Bertrand Russell was still trying to make sense of two-plus-two. Aviation pioneer Louis Bleriot was born in France. (He made the first flight across the English Channel in a heavier than air aircraft in 1909. DFJ).**



3

**Future U.S. President Cal Coolidge was also born that year, just as President U. S. Grant was being re-elected. The General Amnesty Act pardoned most ex-Confederates (if the last is not a contradiction in terms). In New York, the Brooklyn Bridge opened. Save for a civil war in Spain and skirmishes on our own Indian frontier, the world was relatively free of war. All in all, it was a great time to be born. You done good, Albert.**



**Now, we come at long last to Al's own story. And, it'll not only be the story of Al's life as he *lived* it, it'll be that story as Al himself *wrote* it at age 89 in 1961, a mere three years before his death.<sup>4</sup>**

**Further, to assure that there'll be no mistaking Al's own words, we shall from this point signify them simply by printing them in a cursive font. Utilizing this device, we won't have to continuously re-identify them as we swing away from Al's manuscript from time to time to amplify some omitted aspect relevant to his times.**

**Now, maybe you were expecting Al to take over at this point? Wrong! We have yet one final bit of business to take care of before letting him take charge of our narrative. Since we won't be meeting her until much later in this story, and precisely because she will in due course be such a vital part of it, we had best pause at this point to introduce Al's wife to be, Edna Mae Wright, hereinafter, Edna. She was born in Washington, DC on 8 April 1877, the eldest of eight children, just two weeks short of five years after Al was born in Louisville, Kentucky.**





5

**(Studio portraits of Edna when a child in Washington, D.C. Compare her height against the wooden frame on the left. Edna is a head taller in the picture on the right. DFJ )**

**Almost a quarter of a century will pass before she will link up with Al in a 1901 Christmas Eve wedding ceremony in Durango, Colorado.**



6

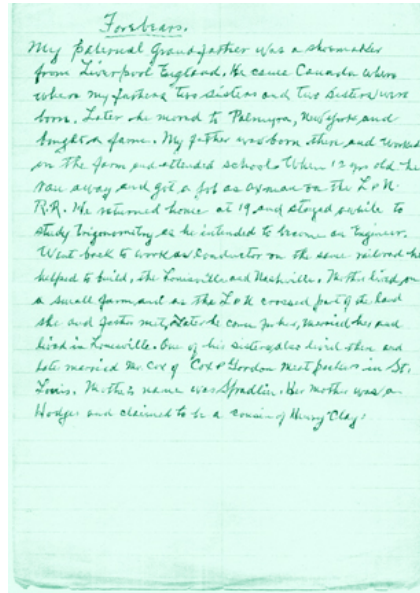
**So, what had been going on in the world in this brief period separating Al and Edna's births (1872 – 1877)? Well, Tolstoi turned out *Anna Karenina*. Cezanne and Manet were busy painting their impressions in France. Enrico Caruso was born. Bruckner, Brahms, Delibes, Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky were making music. A gunsmith named Remington began producing something called "typewriters," a guy named Bell was inventing AT&T, and American football was adopting uniform rules. Also being born were Chaim Weizmann, first President of Israel, Herbert Hoover, Winston Churchill, Albert Schweitzer, the SPCA, and the first American zoo - in Philadelphia. Writers Ibsen and Zola were busy reforming society, Rutherford B. Hayes was being inaugurated as U.S. President, Colorado was becoming a state and Amsterdam was building the Rijksmuseum. Seems like only yesterday, doesn't it?**

**In any case the world continued on a fairly peaceful course, and you should by now have a little better idea of the times into which Al and Edna were born, and who were some of their contemporaries. Truly, it was a time that those living today (1986) know only through history books and novels (that scene not being sufficiently sexy or violent to have yet been much exploited on television). (Really? What about all those westerns we've been watching? And then, in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century there's the HBO series *Deadwood*. DFJ.)**

**However, perhaps the foregoing "snapshot" of the 1870's is sufficient to suggest why two people of such illustrious, adventuresome stock might reasonably have been expected to "plight their troth" (whatever that is) in Durango, Colorado, our last earthly frontier, at the turn of the century.**

**In any event, now you have seen the setting and met the two main characters who will *generate* the gist of the balance of our story. So, *at last*, we surrender the thrill of the quill, and herewith begin the verbatim incorporation of the . . .**

## Memoirs of Dr. Albert H. Wigglesworth



**Dr. Wigglesworth wrote his memoir in cursive in an ordinary steno pad. The first page is shown on the left. After a few pages he stopped and began again, correcting some errors he had made in the first attempt. (DFJ) <sup>7</sup>**

### *Forebears:*

*My paternal grandfather was a shoemaker from Liverpool, England, who came to Canada where my father's brothers and sisters were born. He then moved to the USA on to a small farm near Palmyra, NY, where my father, Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, was born on 31 July 1835.*

*(The Wigglesworth family tree goes back to the De Arches in Normandy before the Norman conquest of England.)*

*Father was the only child born in the United States. My paternal grandmother was a Hudson said to be kin of the discoverer of Hudson Bay (Henry Hudson. who died there in 1611. DFJ.) I never saw these*

*grandparents, but my immediate family visited them once before my birth.*

*My maternal grandfather was a spradlin of good but obscure parentage.*

*My maternal grandmother was a Hodges and claimed to be a cousin of Henry Clay. Little is known of the Hodges kin except a record of a will of some 600 acres of land. This property reverted to the state of Virginia when this Hodges was found to be a British subject.*

*I was born on 22 April 1872 in Louisville, Kentucky.*

**(The following paragraph about Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kentucky has no direct relevance to the doctor's narrative but was evidently added by JW because he stumbled upon it in his morning newspaper and it mentioned a Wiglesworth, proving that there were still some family in the Louisville area. DFJ.)**

**[An item in the Memorial Day *Washington Post* of 26 May 1986 recounts that Queen Elizabeth of England, visiting Kentucky to inspect some of her horse stock, made her only public appearance to attend Sunday Episcopal Church services the previous day. The report goes on, "She followed the service very well," said junior warden *Virginia Wiglesworth* (sic;), who sat near the Queen. "She stood, she sat, she knelt, she joined in."] <sup>8</sup>**

*Father was then a conductor on the Louisville and Nashville RR with a run from Louisville to Paducah. Father had run away from home at 13 years and worked on the survey of this same railway. He returned home at 19 years of age and there studied trigonometry as*

*he intended to become an engineer. Working again near Fountain Head, Tennessee, he met my mother at the Spradlin farm.*

*Later they were married, and to them were born seven children, two girls and five boys. A boy and a girl died in childhood. The boy was the youngest, the girl the oldest. I was number five in order of birth.*

*When I was two years of age father was building a railroad in the mountains of Tennessee. Although I could walk, they put me in the charge of a colored boy. It came to pass that I was put to bed with a fever. The fever, with very possibly the oozing of blood from the bowel, induced the old backwoods doctor to call it a case of typhoid fever.*

*Well, I grew up with this diagnosis of typhoid fever. When at medical school the surgeon examined my crippled hip, for it struck me that the typhoid diagnosis was incorrect. Mother finally said that the colored boy that took care of me was caught tossing me up and catching me, and that she called him down for so doing. Accepting that as the cause of the fractured and dislocated end of the left femur, it seemed so evident that nothing could be done that an X-ray seemed unnecessary. About 1930, **(age 58)** I developed some rectal trouble.*

*By feeling around the anus, a scar through the muscle was found which impaired the power of the external sphincter, which allowed a small prolapse of the bowel. Then I had the X-ray man make a film. It showed the head of the femur forward and fractured and also out*

*of the original socket, although an attempt by nature had made a shallow one above. A fall on the hip (as a child. DFJ.) would have broken the head back. Force from above, with a struggle, and the torn sphincter made a diagnosis of rape by the Negro youth a possibility. Fever and oozing of blood from the bowel possibly facilitated the faulty diagnosis of typhoid fever but still showed careless examination.*

**(Notice the cool, calm, clinical recounting of being the subject of possible childhood rape - with the further disastrous consequence of being a life-long cripple! There is not the slightest hint of any idea of recrimination, reproach or general retribution. This affords excellent first-hand testimony to the meek, tolerant, forgiving nature of this splendid, uncomplaining man.)**

*When on my feet again, lameness was apparent and continues to this day. There is now two inches shortness in the left leg when standing. The shortness is less when lying down, due to a stretching out in virtue of little or no hip socket. The leg itself is very much atrophied. So, I grew up lame, and an inferiority complex naturally followed. One saving feature was, while I could not run like other boys, I could chin myself with either arm and they could not. Almost any boy often could throw me down, so I used my fists to keep them away and became quite a scrapper.*

*My earliest remembrance was at the age of five (1877). We had moved back to Louisville and my school days began. The teacher gave out some cards to be stuck on the desks. Mine read, "For a good boy," and that made me very proud.*

*It must have been soon after this that my parents sent me down to my grandfather's farm. My fondest memories are of the farm - swinging on the long limbs of the white oak that overhung the garden, <sup>9</sup>*



*turning the grindstone for grandfather spradlin, <sup>10</sup>*



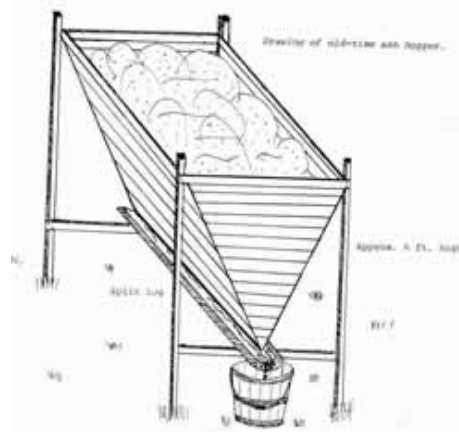
*sucking cider from a straw stuck into the barrels on the cool barn floor, hunting for hen's nests in the hayloft, cooking sweet potatoes in the ashes of the fireplace, or molding bullets from lead made liquid over the fire.*

*My grandparents had this small farm with a swamp on either side and forests of oak, hickory, etc. They had some cows for milk and butter, hogs for meat, and lots of chickens. Grandmother took eggs, milk and butter to the nearby railroad station to trade for a few supplies such as coffee, sugar and calico. They had two orchards for apples and cider.*



*They used the ashes from the fireplaces to get alkali for soap. This they leached out by **[putting ashes and water in]** a wooden hopper.*

**(...and then mixed it with fat and grease saved from cooking to produce the soap. Here is what the ash hopper might have looked like. The alkali produced is actually lye and could be dangerous if not handled properly. DFJ) <sup>11</sup>**



*They raised enough tobacco for their own needs. Grandfather chewed it, and grandmother smoked it in a tiny clay pipe. I used to get cane for stems from down in the swamp. <sup>12</sup>*



*Grandfather taught me to bend a sapling down with a noose pegged to it to snare rabbits; also, to build a square trap from pieces of wood built into a pyramid for catching quail.*





Grandmother was busy all the time, day and night. Grandfather had a small shop across the lane. He was a cabinet maker and also made all of the coffins, meanwhile cutting, hauling and chopping all the firewood. (At 12 years of age, **[1884]** I cut all of the wood used in one fireplace.)

At night we had only homemade candles for light, or balls from the sycamore trees put in a cup of lard and lighted.<sup>14</sup>



In cold weather the fireplace gave much light and I often used this to study by. For toys, I had a stable in one corner of the wooden fence on one side of the lane where I had many stick horses made from saplings.

When hungry, my delight was to run into the log kitchen in back of the house and ask grandmother for one of her cold soda biscuits.

From time to time I would visit my family in Louisville. When I returned to the farm on the train my grandfather would meet me at the station a few miles away. My dappled gray rocking horse was shipped down to the farm and many a tumble I took over his head when ridden too far and too fast.



### **What is an ox, anyway?**

**Oxen are castrated adult male cattle; castration makes the animals heavier but easier to control. They are usually yoked in pairs. Light work such as carting household items on good roads might require just one pair, while for heavier work, more pairs would be added as necessary. A team used for a heavy load over difficult ground might exceed nine or ten pairs, as in the Grabill photo above. As railroads spread across the country the use of oxen for long heavy hauling diminished but they continued to be used for hauling heavy loads locally and for some farm work.**

**When Albert walked home from school he might well have had to thread his way through large teams of oxen, both at rest and moving, as in this photo above of ox teams along the main street in Sturgis, Dakota Territory, about 1887 - 1892. (DFJ) <sup>17</sup>**

*To digress and jump ahead a few years will give me a chance to tell of my mother's grandfather. When I was 12 years old, father started on a new RR project, so mother, my two younger brothers and I took the occasion to visit her parents in Tennessee. My sister was in a boarding school in Denver, and my two older brothers in a military academy in Cañon City, Colorado.*

*Grandfather Meredith Hodges was a retired Baptist preacher and lived with my grandparents on their farm near the L&N RR between Nashville and Gallatin. The old gentleman was quite bald and a little stooped, but was lively and even rode his old saddle horse that was 30 years old. He did no work but sat and smoked home grown tobacco all day long.*



*He was 88 years old and had been a wild young man, for his illegitimate daughter came to visit him while we were there. He gave her some money and mother explained this situation to me. (This undated and unlabeled photo could be Meredith Hodges with one of the children<sup>18</sup> DFJ)*

*He had an old dictionary that contained obscene words and he would point out filthy words to me and chuckle. I resented it coming from a man of God, and anyway I was way ahead of him, having been associated with 600 railroaders. By then I was a tough little kid.*

*When I was nine years old, in the spring of 1881, we packed up everything and took the train west. The trip along the Platte before we reached Pueblo was eventful in that my sister and I were butting each other in a coach seat and butted out a window, to mother's embarrassment.*

*Also the great number of dead cattle stuck in the muddy Platte.*



(This poster advertises trips on the Platte Valley Route 12 years earlier. This was along the northern branch of the Platte in Nebraska. AMW's trip was along the southern branch in Colorado.) <sup>19</sup>

*Father had gone on before (late 1880 – 81. DFJ.) to the Black Hills of South Dakota (Where gold was discovered in 1874 and where Custer and 267 of his troop had been massacred only five years before in June 1876. DFJ. <sup>20</sup>) seeking railroad construction work and thence to Colorado where he made his reputation as a pioneer railroad-locating engineer. He finally (I.e.: at the end of his career. DFJ.) had 600 miles on his location.*

*He put the first standard gauge tracks into the Rocky Mountains and the famous Moffatt Tunnel was his survey, although it was not built until after his death. To save the road from folding up from the expense he zigzagged over the mountains.*

**Russ W. comments (6/11/13): I “knew” that (the above) as a child and young man but I can’t verify the Moffat Tunnel part. Given the timing and so on I believe it quite likely. It is true about standard gauge – the Colorado Midland was the first standard gauge over the Divide. Wig was quoted once as saying, “They said it could not be done. But there is the road.”**

**One of the hamlets on the west side of Hagerman Pass before Basalt is named “Thomas.” Andrea and I suspect it was named for him, but again no proof.**

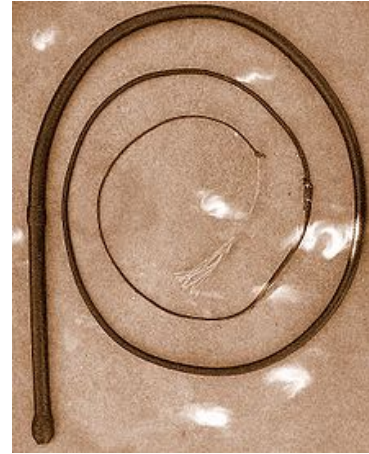
**I suspect that the Waterfall Ranch fire lost a lot of things that cover things he did we don’t know about. For example – and again there is no way to prove this - my grandmother often talked about Wig’s having invented what became the standard rotary railroad snowplow. I surfed around the Web a bit and found others credited with it; she always said he never bothered taking credit as it was just something that was needed in the mountains.**

**It’s apparently impossible to *prove* that he and his son W.H. were the builders and original owners of the Marble and Crystal River RR – the road that took at the time the largest piece of marble quarried in the country to Washington, D.C. where it resides today as the Tomb of the Unknowns. My dad did find a switch key buried in his family’s back yard that came from that railroad. Proving family lore and legend is akin to identifying the real Uther Pendragon (King Arthur’s father. DFJ) and his son.**

*The end of the railroad [we took west] was Chama, New Mexico, at the west foot of Poncho Pass. There mother, my sister and youngest brother (**Emily and Thomas. DFJ.**) took the stage for the hundred-mile trip to Durango. My two older brothers and I climbed aboard a big wagon loaded with sugar, canned tomatoes, hard tack, feed for the mules, bedding, wagon sheets and cooking utensils such as frying pans, coffee pots, tin plates, and iron knives and forks. The wagon was drawn by four big, black, white-nosed, mules: two at the wheel and two in the lead.*



*The driver, known as Ginger, the Muleskinner, rode the left wheel mule and carried a shot-filled leather whip with a long lash of buckskin. He kept it coiled around his neck. It was called a "blacksnake."*



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*Our first night out was at a camp or rather a small town of rough boarding houses that had sprung up to house entertainment for the railroad laborers. We camped under the edge of the mesa and beneath a tall pine tree. The town was called Arboles. All night long we could hear the yells of drunken men and the screams of dissolute women. Time after time, bullets would whiz through the limbs of the pine. It was said that at least one man was killed each night.*

*I think it was the next day that we tried to ford the San Juan River and nearly drowned a mule in the quicksand. Ginger jumped into the river and helped up the wheel mule on the right and we got across.*

*Next morning Ginger was afraid to try another ford, so he and the boys got on the mules and rode off to see if a road could be found up the mesa. I cried to be taken along, but to no avail. This went on for several days until a road was completed. Left alone, I had nothing to do save hurl pebbles and stones into the river. Although it was April, the sun at noon was hot and the wagon sheets gave little shade.*

*Our next stop was at a sawmill  
in the tall, Ponderosa pines.<sup>22</sup>*



*I remember the cook took a fancy to me ...*

**[Which may explain how Al came to take over all cooking chores  
after he and Edna were married.]**

*...and I watched him put a  
gunny bag of salt fish in the  
little stream that ran by and  
draw up a leg of beef to the top  
of a pine tree, out of reach of the  
green flies.<sup>23</sup>*



*He also had a sorrel [a red-yellow brown] donkey. This was my first  
contact with a burro.*

**[For city-bred readers, a burro is a small donkey or ass, smaller  
than a horse, whereas, a mule is a hybrid, the offspring of a male**



**ass and a mare. The donkey is slow and sure-footed: that makes a fine pack animal.]**

*I rode him hour after hour up and down the trail to the camp. I was very careful not to stray too far.*



**Al at 13, (1885-6) John Meredith at 8 and Jinnie at Waterfall Ranch. <sup>24</sup>**

*The only thing I remember about Pueblo were the stones down at the creek and that an old colored woman came along with some kittens to drown. My brothers told her they could use the smooth stones as well and proceeded to stone the kittens. This horrified me and I wept.*

*Nothing more comes to mind until we arrived in Durango. The company house and office was in a low building near the track with a high board corral and stables behind it. They had started to build the railroad from both ends, Chama and Durango! We joined the family in Durango and were driven 25 miles north to Camp One on*

*the way to Silverton.*

**[Probably at what is now known as *Tall Timber Resort*.]**

*Father was resident engineer on this line from Durango to Silverton, and McMurtrie (John A. McMurtrie. DFJ) was chief engineer over all the D&RG and Western. About 25 miles from Durango the railroad enters the Animas Canyon and the difficult port of entry (sic) had to be blasted from the canyon wall. In a little pocket on the mountain side was Camp One. The laborers were in tents near the canyon wall. We were so close to the blasting that when they yelled "Fire!" we ran under the logs across the roof of the cabin and the rock would splatter down on the roof.*

*Mother and the cook's wife were the only women in camp. The cook's wife, Mrs. Billy Cole, was only 16 years old and had come all the way from Ireland to marry Billy.*

**[It is so typical of perfect-gentleman-AI that he would refer to the cook by his first name, but defer to the cook's young wife as "Mrs. Cole." JW]**

*There were several assistant cooks, and they cooked under a large tent on large stoves fired by wood. The dining tent was larger, and had many rough planked tables, tin plates, and iron knives, forks and spoons. I would go down to the cook's tent for a hunk of bread filled with currants or a handful of dried currants.*

*Out in front of our cabin was a large circular wall about seven feet in diameter and six feet high. What it was for, I do not know - maybe for refuse, as it was over 1000 feet down to water through granite.* <sup>25</sup>

*There was a small pond-like well of rainwater in back of the cabin where cottontails and willows grew. Missing my four-year-old brother **(John Meredith. Albert was about 10 at this time.)** one day, we looked into the well and there he was. He grinned up at us and said, "I jumped down."*

*I had a fine time when the burro train took supplies up the canyon to other camps. Riding **[in]** back of the **[burro's]** pack going up, I had an empty saddle coming back. Sometimes, by tying my mount to a tree and letting the train go by for a distance, the maddened animal would run at high speed when released. Along the grade and near the edge we would fly. Had he stumbled over the edge, this would never have been written.*

**[The photo below is of a burro train at a gold mine in Colorado, ca. 1898. It is a scene that is probably very close to the doctor's childhood experience. DFJ]** <sup>26</sup>



*Two casualties come to mind.*

*One was that of a man who built a pen for **[storing]** dynamite near a rock wall, forgetting **[about]** the reflected heat from a fire he built to thaw out his powder. They never found even a rivet from his Levis after the explosion.*

*Another poor fellow fell from a footbridge near where the river entered the gorge, and the rocks and current tore him to pieces.*

*I had the run of all the tents and in the evenings would go around smoking the laborers pipes, playing cards and listening to coarse stories. At ten years of age I had become a really tough kid.*

*I had quite a collection of nickels and dimes given to me by the laborers, as they [the nickles and dimes. DFJ] would not buy anything. Whiskey was cheap, however. I also had a collection of small pistols.*



**diameter: 20.50 mm    diameter: 17.91 mm**

**(These are the coins probably in use at the time: the shield nickel and the seated liberty dime. They were the same size as the current nickel and dime. DFJ.<sup>27</sup>)**

*To the west of our camp, up a steep hill, the stage coach went by en-route from Silverton to Durango. Father thought a boy should be kept busy, so he sent me up to this road to throw the stones out of the ruts in the road. I worked a while and then came down and said I was scared because a snake winked at me. I really did see the snake.*





**The Silverton - Durango stage coach might have looked in 1882 like this one in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, in 1889.<sup>28</sup> (The Dakotas achieved statehood on November 2, 1889.) This coach is drawn by at least six horses and is carrying 10-11 persons and luggage. (DFJ.)**

*The railroad almost completed, we moved to Durango, a wide-open town. My older brothers (**Charles, 18 and William, 16. DFJ.**) got jobs soon after we arrived there, so that when the first train went from Durango to Silverton up the Animas Canyon, (**July 14, 1882**) father and mother, my sister Lizzie, my brother Jack, and a Mr. and Mrs. Colson and I were the first passengers. The train was stopped at a*

*point where the train enters the canyon and we all got out. I rolled a few stones down into the raging Animas River below. Lizzie made the trip again at 91 years of age (In 1959. DFJ). Now all are dead as I write this at 89 years of age [in 1961].*

*In my lifetime the Durango-Silverton narrow gauge route has become a world famous tourist attraction.*

*As mentioned earlier, in the fall of 1883 mother and we three younger children visited the old Spradlin farm in Tennessee and I really became attached to it. I believe I also mentioned how my cabinet-maker grandfather also made all the coffins, and I often watched him saw and plane the wood.*

*I had a small three-pound axe, which we called a squaw axe out west. With it I cut all the wood we and mother used in the front room given over to us.*



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*A terrible hurricane blew down a lot of apple trees in the orchard, and grandfather and I cut them up for firing. **(The smoke from apple wood burning in the fireplace has a wonderful aroma, much nicer than other woods. DFJ.)** I let my axe slip while resting it on a downed tree and cut my right instep. We got the boot off and stopped the bleeding, but that instep has remained higher than the left.*

*In the spring of 1884 we returned to Durango where I was reunited with my beloved burros which contractor Keegan had given me.*

*With other kids we roamed the hills around town, climbed in the rafters at the sawmill sheds, and at night would sometimes hide behind the huge granite boulders at the lower end of town.*

*We'd drive a nail over the window of the Chinese laundry, and by pulling a long cord we could make a free nail strike the windowpane. The constant tap-tapping would enrage the Chinamen so they would fly out, curse us, and throw flatirons at us. Behind the rocks we were safe.*



30

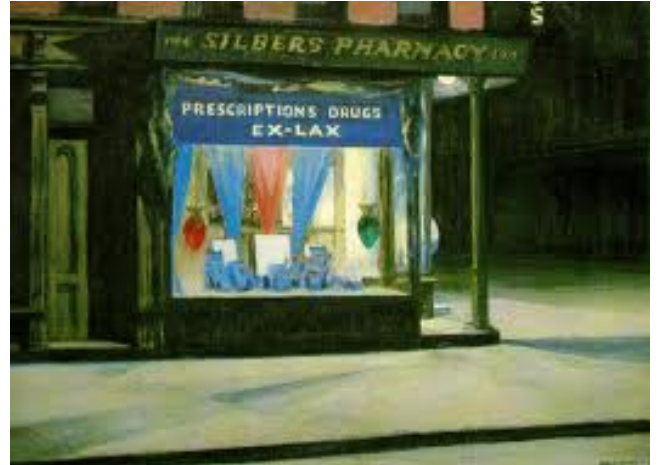
*Durango was a wild town, with every other door opening on a saloon. The so-called Clipper Theatre was really a bawdy house. Gamblers, bad men and prostitutes roamed the streets. Drunken men were a frequent sight.*

*Father bought out a drug store and I watched the druggist he hired throw a nickel into nitric acid to fill the big globes they used in those days to indicate a drugstore. That made a blue color with water, and potassium tri-chromate made the orange, one globe on either side in*



*the front window, each holding about 10 quarts.*

**(Here is a painting Edward Hopper did in 1927, *Drug Store*, which shows colored globes in the window of a drugstore in New York. This work is owned by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. DFJ.)<sup>31</sup>**



*We lived upstairs over the store and the druggist boarded with us. This did not last long, as the druggist got drunk, was fired, and father sold out.*

**[It's not mentioned, but one wonders if this brief exposure to pharmacy might not have been the impetus which set Al upon course for a career in medicine.]**

*A school was started and I used to ride my burro over to it at the foot of the high mesa to the east. I would tie my burro to the bushes while I attended school. Sometimes the citizens were afraid the Utes were on the warpath so the men would come to school themselves. At other times there were rumors that Billy the Kid, or the Stocktons or Etheridge gang were in the area, making for more excitement.*

*Utes frequently came into Durango dressed all in buckskin, and I loved to sit and hear them talk. I loved the smell of sagebrush smoke on their buckskin.*

*ADJUST NOTE NUMBERS*

**Chief Severo and family, ca. 1899 <sup>32</sup>**



*One 4th of July we had horse races and the Utes and Navajos came with their ponies, and I know that the colored Ute interpreter, Nigger John, had some difficulty keeping the peace. He was married to a Ute woman and spoke Ute as well as anyone of that tribe.*

**A comment on the use of the “N” word by AI in 1961 about his memory from 70 years earlier seems appropriate now in 2013. John Taylor was known as “Nigger” John at the time of AI’s memory, at least among white people. Was it considered a derogatory term? Probably, at least by some. Did AI consider it derogatory? Did he consider it at all? I don’t know. We do know that John Taylor himself cared about his name very much – enough to change it from his slave name, Jim Higgins. The only other comment that AI makes that could be considered a racial or ethnic evaluation is when he remarks elsewhere in the memoir that while some Indians were very smart, the great majority of them were dirty and lazy. DFJ.**



**33**



**34**



**35**

**Often non-Indians married into or were adopted by Indian tribes. As a child, Emelia, or Kitty Cloud, was adopted by Utes when her starving Hispanic parents insisted on exchanging her for food. Her Ute parents called her “Little Woman,” but to the Bureau of Indian Affairs she was Kitty, of the Cloud**

**family. In the photo on the left she is to the right of her Ute sister and her sister's daughter and has her hand on the shoulder of her and John Taylor's, daughter, Terpe (1899-1995), (Euterpe, the Muse of music or lyric poetry) (ca. 1902). DFJ.**

**Taylor was born enslaved in North Carolina. His slave name was Jim Higgins. Later he served in the infantry during the Civil War and was a "Buffalo Soldier" (a term which also has "racial" origins) and an interpreter for the U.S. Cavalry. As John Taylor, he married Kitty when she was 18 (or 14, ca. 1894). They are shown in the middle picture when Kitty was older. Their descendants, who carry the name of Valdez (also given by the BIA), were first removed from Ute tribal rolls but were later re-enrolled. It is said that John Taylor was fluent in seven Indian languages. In addition to being a farmer, he acted as the Ute Agency interpreter from 1896 to 1935, when he died. He is shown in the picture on the right with a "full-blooded" Ute, Dick Charlie, about 1880. DFJ.**

**Russ Wigglesworth comments: Re: the word "Nigger." As I was growing up that was a common word and certainly not one of denigration. My maternal grandmother, who also came from the South, used the word without intending any sort of smirch or denigration. As a matter of fact, TH was responsible for many, if not all, of the early Black settlers in the Durango area. When the time came to build the depot building, which is still in use today, TH had originally hoped to use unemployed miners during the winter, but not enough wanted the work so he sent back to Tennessee and Kentucky and made arrangements for several**

**Blacks to come to Durango. It was they who built the building. When I was a child, I recall, there was a black family descended from that group which ran a “junk-yard”, a family named Booker, if memory serves. That family was still there when we left in 1948. (May 2014)**

*Father became chief engineer of the Colorado Midland and we moved to Manitou, Colorado, with my sister and youngest brother. (Emily and Thomas. DFJ.)*

*My next and youngest brother became ill with diphtheria and died, but the rest of us were not so sick. I remember the awful sight of this brother. He was black in the final struggle.*

**(Thomas Clay died in 1884 at about two years of age. The disease causes a membrane to grow in the respiratory system, ultimately causing asphyxiation. It was not until 1891 that a case of diphtheria was cured.<sup>36</sup> DFJ.)**

*Later, we moved to Colorado Springs and I entered school there along with my sister (Emily Elizabeth) and brother (John Meredith). The two older boys still attended military school in Cañon City.*

*The Colorado Midland was the first standard gauge RR to be built in the Rocky Mountains, and other engineers said it couldn't be done.*



*We had a large two-story house, a stable, a team and a spring*

*wagon in the backyard. I also had a saddle horse.*  
**(I assume that the wagon was intended for chaffering mom and sis about town and doing pickups at the railroad station or the mercantile. The wagon may have looked like this one: not too fancy but roomy enough for three passengers and the driver. <sup>37</sup> However, there is much infrastructure behind Al's brief statement. The stable had to be big enough for three horses, a burro or two, the wagon, the saddle and tack for the horses, the hay and straw and feed and water...and someone to muck out the stalls every few days...Al? DFJ.)**

*Father's salary was \$550 a month.*

**(That's \$6600 per year, which would be equivalent to an inflation adjusted annual salary in 2012 of \$166,078. But before you conclude that the Wigs were living large think about where they were living: a mining town in which prices were so high that the workers gave away their nickles and dimes and didn't even mention pennies. DFJ. )<sup>38</sup>**

*We had a coachman and a wonderful Negro woman cook.*  
**(Not living large, but comfortable. DFJ)**

*None of us ever went up to Pike's Peak.*  
*[14,110 feet high and 17.5 miles due west.]*



**Pike's Peak on the left and the Manitou and Pike's Peak  
Railway train rounding Windy Point, around 1900. <sup>39</sup>**

*I remember we made the first trip over the new railroad, **[Colorado Midland. DFJ]** and the roadbed was so soft that one of the cars ran off the rails and it was some time before it was restored in place.*

*Soon after this, I was sent to a Methodist Boarding School in Denver. We western toughs made so much trouble that the boarding part folded up, so, with another boy, I moved out in the city to a room and we boarded at restaurants. While rooming at the school we found three or four ways to get out, although we were locked up at night. One pupil struck a professor and was dismissed. My roommate got drunk and was expelled, and another boy was stabbed in a fight and both were dismissed. Well, I graduated from the 8th grade and returned to Durango - always riding on a pass. **[That is, a pass provided by his father, which enabled him to ride free. DFJ]***

*Father bought the Waterfall Ranch in Animas Valley. [at the foot of Falls Creek.] <sup>40</sup>*





*He had a house and a hay shed built and I worked as a hand in the hay field and garden. The old cabin, built by the original owners, and the log barn, were still useable. The cabin was used as a bunk-house for laborers.*

*The logs were filled with bullets fired at the Lambert gang, and our house was just below high rocks from behind which the sheriff was shot. Old man Lambert was sent to the penitentiary, although it was said his son was the guilty party. <sup>41</sup>*

*Father bought adjoining land until the home ranch had 300 acres under cultivation. He also bought a strip in the Fall Creek Valley above us and deeded it to me. To hold title to range property it was necessary to have ranch property in the river bottom. We had to cross*

*the Animas River to reach the ranch. Once in a while our cattle would break into a small field of some Mexican's ranch and we would pay damages according to New Mexico Territory herd laws. (New Mexico achieved statehood on January 6, 1912.)*

*Another purchase at only a few hundred dollars was Pinkerton Springs where mineral water would later be bottled and a movie colony established.*

**[This may possibly be what is now known as Trimble Hot Springs, 1.5 miles north of the Wigglesworth Waterfall Ranch house, although the so-called Pinkerton siding is some five miles further up the track toward Silverton. JW.]**

**[There is currently (2013) in the area in question a Pinkerton Hot Springs just north of Durango near Rt. 550. It includes four distinct springs. Trimble Hot Springs is also in the area. Both have websites. DFJ. <sup>42]</sup>**

**Russ Wigglesworth comments: Trimble Springs has always been Trimble Springs and a "resort" and "health spa," and has no relation to Pinkerton Springs to the north other than the water probably comes from the same geographic strata. TH owned Pinkerton which today is, I believe, still a school/resort for children – a dude ranch/summer school, as it were. I've not been to Durango in over a decade so that may have changed. Many times as a child the family, including my grandparents, would go to Pinkerton "to take the water." There is a pipe on the west side of the highway next to Pinkerton from which one can drink the mineral waters. I don't know if there is a sign for it or not. (May 2014)**

*At odd times we went hunting, camping and fishing on all the rivers, streams and lakes in the area. We drove our stock high up in the mountains of Fall Creek.*

**[which current aviation maps show to average +/- 9,000 feet in the immediate area and rising to 13,000 feet in the west. JW.]**

*In winter, I drove by sleigh to school in Durango. The Durango-Silverton RR cut right through the middle of the ranch, and one day a single locomotive came up and stopped with a message from Otto Mears for father to start work on the Rio Grande Southern. (This road was abandoned in 1953.) To be near the RR headquarters, we moved to Durango and rented a large house. By attending classes two summers I graduated from high school as Valedictorian.*

**[Valedictorian: Usually the student first in his or her class for scholarship, who traditionally delivers a commencement address].**

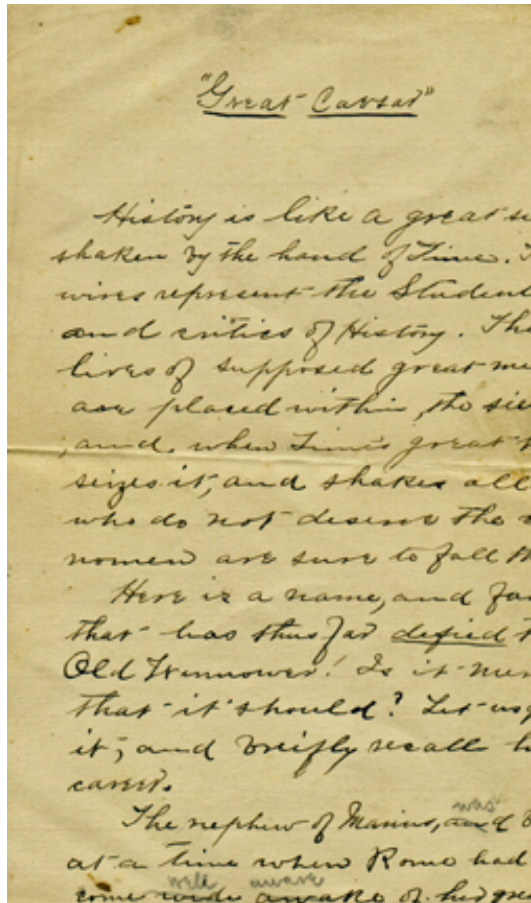
*My age was then 19 [1892] and the youngest in the class was 16 years of age.*

**[Indeed, Al did deliver a Valedictory on the subject of *Great Caesar*. It was at the Fourth Annual Commencement of Durango High School, held in the Court House on Thursday, 9 June 1892 at 8:00 PM [presumably**

**Mountain Standard Time]. The program for the occasion doesn't hint at when the affair concluded, but it must have been a rather long evening. Al's was the *last* of 18 [count 'em] orations, which were interspersed with several musical interludes.**

Al's address consisted of 13 finely hand-written 8x5 inch pages, carefully edited by insertions and deletions.

Al's Valediction. <sup>43</sup>





**Here is Al's graduation photo.<sup>44</sup>**

**A few items warrant our further attention. Al notes that old Julius chose to start out in a profession "which was at that time what the *law* is now, a stepping stone to political success, that is - *oratory*." Again, noting that Caesar has become governor of the rich province of Spain, Al volunteers that it was "nearly as good as the presidency. Of a railroad."**



**Certum Pete Finem:  
A Well Defined Goal Will Be Achieved. <sup>45</sup> (DFJ.)**



Al then goes on to observe that even the name *Caesar* has passed down through time as synonymous with power, as “*Czar* and *Kaiser* attest.” Finally, remarking on Caesar’s versatility as originator of a new calendar, and by turns “a soldier one day, an orator the next, a lawyer another, and an author at all times,” he singles out the *Commentaries*, largely written in camp or on the march. Al confesses, “some of us who have been floundering in *Book One* are tempted to wish he had gone to bed like a decent person instead of staying up all night writing Latin,” and jestingly adds, “and why couldn’t he have written in plain U.S. anyhow?”



**Detail of AMW from the class photo.<sup>46</sup>**



(We might well imagine Al's amusement if he knew that his progenitor, [Not literally. DFJ.] William the Conqueror, couldn't himself read his own totally Latin *Domesday Book*, since his Latin tutors unaccountably kept being poisoned or stabbed to death. Al wisely excised the plaint that, "It was as though he were afraid to go to bed for fear some prowling tarantula or centipede had pre-empted his blankets," figuring - probably quite properly - that such an image was contrary to the one he was otherwise at such pains to evoke. We might in any case reasonably conclude that the long evening must have been a highlight of young Al's life, as he then continues his saga on an upbeat note.)

*For quite a long time father had an interest in some cattle in New Mexico. John Grady, Bill Slayman, my brother Will and a Canadian we called Reunny all were interested [i.e.: also had money invested. DFJ] and ran the cattle on a mesa south of Pine River. The holding comprised a small ranch with an adobe house near the junction of the Pine River and the San Juan. Up on the high mesa was a log cabin and a large stake corral.*

*A stake corral is made from cedar posts, sunk side-by-side deep in the ground, butt down, and lashed near the top with rawhide thongs or twisted cedar bark.*

*It was a long way down to the river, so, to obtain water, a long draw or valley was dammed up, making a pond. To avoid the dam being washed away after filling, a spillway was made at one side. After a hard rain or snow, the water running down was caught to form this pond.*

*I frequently stayed down to help out in roundup or branding time. Once I was working by driving a pair of Mexican oxen that were hitched to a plow with a sod-cutter blade. We were enlarging the pond. All at once the team ran by me to cool off in the pond. I stood at the banks helplessly watching them bolt, forgetful of the plow they were pulling by a long chain. Suddenly Bill Slayman ran and snatched me up else the sod-cutter would have cut off both of my legs.*

*We drank the water from this pond, even though it was muddy and full of bugs. The horses and cattle waded and wallowed in it. None of us was ever sick from drinking the water.*

*The cowboys had fun with me wrestling the calves before I got the knack of throwing them.*



47



48

*Once a maddened steer almost got me before I reached the top of the corral. His long horns were far enough apart so that one point went on one side and one on the other of my legs.*

*Another time, working in a round-up of the Weaver and Baker Cattle*

*Co., I was the horse wrangler. That is, I looked after the grazing herd of saddle horses. It came time for me to go home and I left for the 40 mile ride home. I was riding a slate colored Ute pony my brother had given me. Just before reaching Pine River at a small Mexican village, I found two of my burros - my wonderful black Jinny and her colt. Driving them ahead, I found Pine River full to the top of its banks. I forced the donkeys in the water and they swam to the opposite side some 200 feet below. Guiding my pony into deep water, I slipped off behind the saddle into the water and caught the pony's tail. We were caught by the swift current but landed safely at the same spot as the donkeys.*

*Well, it grew too dark to travel when we reached Horse Gulch above Durango, so I tied the animals to aspen trees and slept in my wet saddle blankets. I arrived at the ranch nine miles away early next morning none the worse off but hungry.*

*Just a word about this wonderful she ass, or Jinny, as I called her. I rode bareback and went everywhere. She was jet black with a white muzzle, average size for a burro, but utterly different from any of that breed. With a kick of her heels she would gallop off like a horse and keep it up. When we were driving cattle she would nip at their heels with her teeth like a shepherd dog. (Cattle kick high so there is little danger, but horses and mules sometimes land on the dog's head.)*

*Father had a harness maker in Durango make a small set of harness for my donkeys' collars and bought me a light spring wagon so I made*

*some money carrying passengers. The old Jinny really raised me. She had four colts which I sold when they were grown. Where she came from I never knew, or where she eventually went. When I left the ranch for good they said she wandered away. She was so gentle - never bit, kicked or struck. If anyone stuck a sharp stick between her shoulders or her withers, **(a ridge on a horse's back just in front of the saddle. DFJ.)** she would give a fine performance at bucking.*

*Life on the ranch was wonderful. We cut alfalfa, cured it, boiled it, and loaded it into freight cars for \$5.00 a ton. We dug and sacked potatoes for 50 cents a hundred pounds and included the sack.*

**[and by now it's almost beginning to sound that working for the railroad was almost a part-time job.]**

*Father started a herd of Galloway cattle by buying a cow that was born in Scotland and a bull from an American herd. **(Galloways can be any color or black with a broad white belt around their middle. All galloways have no horns. DFJ.<sup>46</sup>)***



**Galloway cow and calf. <sup>49</sup>**

*We kept all of the stock horses and cattle up at the head of Fall Creek in the summer, driving them up and camping at the spring from which the creek started. The black Galloways, against a background of aspen made a wonderful picture as they stood knee-deep in the lush green grass.*

*Fall Creek rises in a spring near the top of a ridge separating it from Hermosa Creek run-off at an altitude of more than 8,000 feet, runs east down a canyon and leaps 60 feet [the "falls" in Waterfall Ranch] into the Animas Valley and down through our ranch of 300 acres into a slough connected to the Animas River. Formerly, its waters, swollen by melting snow or rain, flowed into a shallow bed, but once, during a terrible flood, it cut a channel ten feet deep and more than that in width down to the slough. People came from miles around to see the waterfall.*

**[Consciously, Al is saying, *Those were the days!* Subconsciously, perhaps, he is also conveying the notion that a self-alleged *tough kid* is now clearly emerging as a well-balanced young adult. Don't go away.]**

## NOTES

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1882 Hyperion. Book II, Chapter X. The Parting.

"For my part, I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Past, so to entice the soul of a young man. It seems to me like falling in love with one's grandmother. Give me the Present;--warm, glowing, palpitating with life. She is my mistress; and the Future stands waiting like my wife that is to be, for whom, to tell the truth, I care very little just now. Indeed, my friend, I wish you would take more heed of this philosophy of mine; and not waste the golden hours of youth in vain regrets for the past, and indefinite, dim longings for the future. Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

2. Ann Spradlin. Photo from the Wigglesworth Collection.

3. Ten photos, left to right:

Jules Verne. (2013, June 10). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 18:40, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Jules\\_Verne&oldid=559184475](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Jules_Verne&oldid=559184475)

James Abbott McNeill Whistler. (2013, June 14). In Find a Grave website <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=1404>

Thomas Edison. (2013, June 9). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:00, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Thomas\\_Edison&oldid=559062049](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Thomas_Edison&oldid=559062049)

Georges Bizet. (2013, May 3). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:04, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Georges\\_Bizet&oldid=553301912](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Georges_Bizet&oldid=553301912)

George Westinghouse. (2013, June 4). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:08, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=George\\_Westinghouse&oldid=558288780](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=George_Westinghouse&oldid=558288780)



**Bertrand Russell. (2013, June 6). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:12, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Bertrand\\_Russell&oldid=558628537](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Bertrand_Russell&oldid=558628537)**

**Louis Blériot. (2013, June 5). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:16, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Louis\\_Bl%C3%A9riot&oldid=558414102](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Louis_Bl%C3%A9riot&oldid=558414102)**

**Calvin Coolidge. (2013, May 29). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:19, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Calvin\\_Coolidge&oldid=557428371](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Calvin_Coolidge&oldid=557428371)**

**Ulysses S. Grant. (2013, June 1). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:21, June 11, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ulysses\\_S.\\_Grant&oldid=557830000](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ulysses_S._Grant&oldid=557830000)**

**Albert Matthew Wigglesworth. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**4. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**5. Photos of Edna Wright from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**6. Photos of EW and AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**7. Image of steno pad from The Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**8 Jane M. Von Bergen and The Associated Press. "Royal Jitters" A.P. May 26, 1986. This release was picked up from the AP by the Enquirer, The Washington Post and many other papers. [http://articles.philly.com/1986-05-26/entertainment/26050474\\_1\\_eastwood-film-sergeant-marine](http://articles.philly.com/1986-05-26/entertainment/26050474_1_eastwood-film-sergeant-marine)**

**9 Quercus alba. (2013, June 25). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 17:22, July 18, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Quercus\\_alba&oldid=561582365](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Quercus_alba&oldid=561582365)**

**10 Taken on 7/25/2013 from the website Etsy (online marketplace).  
<http://www.etsy.com/listing/88109100/antique-stone-grinding-wheel>**

**11. Taken on 7/4/2013 from “Using Lye: Ash Hopper” by Terry Brandt, Verna Lucas. IN: Bittersweet, Vol. 1, No. 4. Spring 1974. C. 1981. Bittersweet, Inc.  
<http://thelibrary.org/lochist/periodicals/bittersweet/sp74h.htm>**

**For more information about Bittersweet go to**

**<http://thelibrary.org/lochist/periodicals/bittersweet/index.html>**

**12. (This is a Civil War period clay pipe with a wooden stem from Gettysburg National Military Park. DFJ)From ParkNet, National Park Service. 7/5/2013. No. GETT 28177**

**<http://www.cr.nps.gov/museum/treasures/html/P/gett28117.htm>**

**13. Northern Bobwhite Quail. (2013, June 8). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 21:16, July 5, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Northern\\_Bobwhite&oldid=558934214](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Northern_Bobwhite&oldid=558934214)**

**14. Platanus. (Plane or sycamore.) (2013, June 15). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:50, July 5, 2013, from <http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Platanus&oldid=560014032>**

**15. Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**16 Taken on 08/01/2013 from Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Online Catalog. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/99613785/> Photo taken by John C. Grabill.**

**17 Ox. (2013, July 7). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 23:16, August 2, 2013, from:**

**<http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ox&oldid=563283520>**

**18. Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection. This photo is not labeled or dated. Could it actually be Meredith Hodges and AMW?**

**19. Transportation in Omaha. (2012, May 16). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 13:57, August 8, 2013, from:**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Transportation\\_in\\_Omaha&oldid=492904703](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Transportation_in_Omaha&oldid=492904703)**

**20. Black Hills. (2013, July 22). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 21:11, August 7, 2013, from:**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Black\\_Hills&oldid=565392163](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Black_Hills&oldid=565392163)**

**21. Bullwhip. (2013, January 7). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:45, June 11, 2013, from:**

**<http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Bullwhip&oldid=531809922>**

**<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bullwhip>**

**22. Pinus ponderosa. (2013, July 16). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 02:44, July 29, 2013, from:**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Pinus\\_ponderosa&oldid=564472400](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Pinus_ponderosa&oldid=564472400)**

**23. Gunny sack. (2013, July 31). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:32, August 8, 2013, from:**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Gunny\\_sack&oldid=566584399](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Gunny_sack&oldid=566584399)**

**24. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**25. In the 1986 edition this was given as: “it was over 1000 feet deep down to water through granite.” suggesting that the well had actually been dug down 1000 feet through granite – (extremely unlikely). The original manuscript does not include the word “deep” and so we can understand this phrase to mean that the well had not been dug because to reach water would have required digging 1000 feet through granite.**

**26. Photo cropped from a stereo view by Benjamin Lloyd Singley – 1898? [Public domain], via Wikimedia Commons. Taken from www on 7/9/2013.**

**[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Burro\\_train,\\_with\\_ore\\_from\\_the\\_gold\\_mines,\\_Col.\\_U.S.A,\\_by\\_Singley,\\_B.\\_L.\\_\(Benjamin\\_Lloyd\).png](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Burro_train,_with_ore_from_the_gold_mines,_Col._U.S.A,_by_Singley,_B._L._(Benjamin_Lloyd).png)**

**27. Shield nickel. (2013, August 2). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:08, August 2, 2013, from**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Shield\\_nickel&oldid=566886038](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Shield_nickel&oldid=566886038)**

**Dime (United States coin). (2013, July 29). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:10, August 2, 2013, from**

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Dime\\_\(United\\_States\\_coin\)&oldid=566347007](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Dime_(United_States_coin)&oldid=566347007)**

**28. Taken on 8/2/2013 from the website: Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Online Catalog. Photo "The Deadwood Coach," by J. C. Grabill. 1889. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/99613882/>**

**29. Squaw axe photo taken on 8/8/2013 from "Historic Relics for Sale" By WinRelic, Your Online Store for Collectibles, Antiques and Indian Relics. [http://winrelic.com/sales/trade\\_axes.htm](http://winrelic.com/sales/trade_axes.htm)**

**30. Ironing. (2013, June 17). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 18:02, July 21, 2013, from: <http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ironing&oldid=560226664>**

**31. Drug Store, by Edward Hopper. Taken on 8/8/2013 from the website MFA. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston: <http://www.mfa.org/collections/object/drug-store-33293>**

**32. Ute people. (2013, June 23). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 18:29, July 21, 2013, from: [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ute\\_people&oldid=561271478](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ute_people&oldid=561271478)**

**33. Photo of Kitty Cloud Taylor. Taken on 8/8/2013 from the website: Denver Public Library Western History/Genealogy Collections. <http://digital.denverlibrary.org/cdm/search/searchterm/Taylor>**

**34. Photo of Kitty Cloud Taylor and John Taylor. [http://nmai.si.edu/exhibitions/indivisible/making\\_connections.html](http://nmai.si.edu/exhibitions/indivisible/making_connections.html)**

**35. Photo of Dick Charlie and John Taylor taken on 8/8/2013 from the website: OneHistory.org Black in the West. <http://www.onehistory.org/BlackWest2.htm>**

**36. Diphtheria. (2013, August 5). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 01:19, August 9, 2013, from: <http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Diphtheria&oldid=567183015>**

**37. Taken on 8/9/2013 from the website "Hansen Wheel and Wagon Shop. Builder of Authentic Horse Drawn Stagecoaches, Wagons and Carriages. <http://www.hansenwheel.com/custom-showcase/showcase/custom-vehicle-showcase/traditional-mountain-wagon>**

**38. (The Inflation Calculator. <http://www.westegg.com/inflation/infl.cgi> )**

**39. Pikes Peak. (2013, July 18). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 19:32, July 21, 2013, from [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Pikes\\_Peak&oldid=564721374](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Pikes_Peak&oldid=564721374)**

**40. Photo of Waterfall Ranch from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**41. See Chapter nn. This shootout happened in 11/9/1904.nnnn  
nnn“Gunfighter Jim Lambert grew up at Pattonsburg, MO”  
Date: February 2, 2004 @ 10:09:43 PM  
<http://www.daviesscountyhistoricalsociety.com/modules.php?op=modload&name=News&file=article&sid=25>**

**42. Read more about the springs at this site: Western Geo Hikes.  
<http://www.coloradogeohikes.0catch.com/Colorado/Pinkerton/PinkertonHotSprings.html>**

**43. Image of Valedictory speech from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**44. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**45. Photo of graduating class from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

**46. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.**

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[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Calf\\_roping&oldid=555379133](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Calf_roping&oldid=555379133)**

**48. Photo by Grabill taken on 8/9/2012 from Wikimedia.org.  
[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cattle\\_branding\\_\(Grabill\\_1888\).jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cattle_branding_(Grabill_1888).jpg)**

**49. Galloway cattle. (2013, April 10). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:55, August 9, 2013, from:  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Galloway\\_cattle&oldid=549700765](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Galloway_cattle&oldid=549700765)**