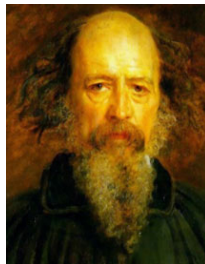
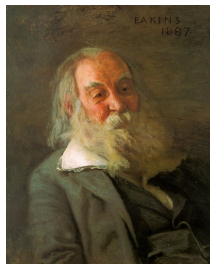
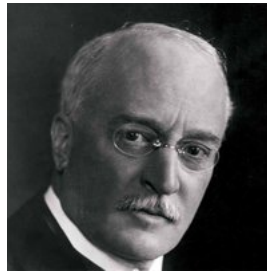
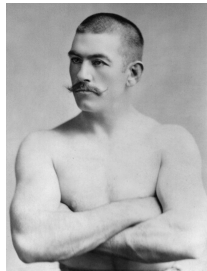
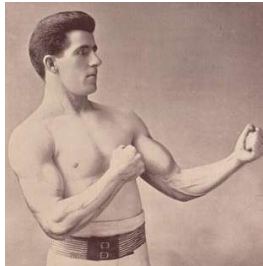


CHAPTER VI

DOCTOR

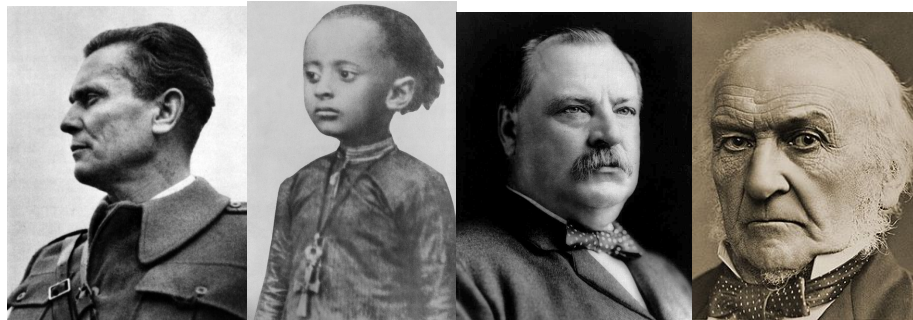
A well trained sensible doctor ... few men live lives of more devoted self-sacrifice. Sir William Osler. (7/12/1849 – 12/29/1919) ¹

It is now the year 1892, Al has just graduated from high school at age 19 in Durango, Colorado, and it is once again time to take stock of the world. In 1892 *Gentleman Jim* Corbett defeats the great John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight boxing title. In Europe, engineer-scientist Rudolph Diesel patents a compression-ignition internal combustion engine that will henceforth bear his name. Tchaikovsky writes *The Nutcracker* ballet, and Christmas Season TV in the U.S.A. will never get over it. Poets Walt Whitman and Alfred Lord Tennyson die.



Corbett ², Sullivan ³, Diesel ⁴, Tchaikovsky ⁵, Whitman ⁶, Tennyson ⁷

Marshall Tito of Yugoslavia, and future Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, are born. Grover Cleveland is elected president for the second time, and Gladstone becomes Prime Minister of England.



Tito ⁸ Selassie ⁹ Cleveland ¹⁰ Gladstone ¹¹

Peace generally reigns throughout the world, and the so-called *Conservative Era* (1877-1901) still flourishes in America.

The *Conservative Era* followed “*Reconstruction*” after the destructive Civil War. The *Conservative Era* included the *Gilded Age* and the age of the *Robber Barons* and was followed by the *Progressive Era*. All these terms should be taken as general guidelines to roughly demarcate periods in our history. They are terms which can bring hours of fascinating reading for the curious. I recommend Wikipedia as a good place to start. (DFJ)

The prospects for an emerging high school graduate look promising, but let's have AI tell us all about it.

Finishing high school in 1892, the question of which college to attend came up. Father was in favor of having me become a mining engineer so they went to Boulder, Colorado, to visit the State School of Mines. Mother saw so many saloons there that they came back and sent me to State University at Boulder.

Placed in a small boarding house, I entered the University as a freshman B.S. candidate. The University was small at that time though now it is world famous. I managed to get through the freshman year, but ahead was mathematics and more mathematics, which I hated.

*So, the following year I changed to the medical curriculum. The professor of Greek remarked facetiously **[we sincerely hope]** that I had quit studying and taken up medicine. How little he knew! A doctor never quits studying. He must study and take courses all of his life if he wants to remain competent and competitive.*

To digress for a moment:

Many times as a youth I would take a saddle horse from the ranch, a roll of blankets, rifle or shotgun and some food, and ride off into the mountains. Sometimes I'd stay a week, once camping under a large spruce tree with little ones around its edge, near a smooth meadow with lush grass for the picketed horse. Well, it rained for a week every day, but my bedding at the trunk of the tree remained dry.

Another time, up at the head of Fall Creek, I rode on up the peak as far as the horse could go. Tying him to an aspen, I climbed on up until I came out on a rocky top. It was raining below me, but all around in every direction the sky was clear. It had always seemed to me that the cloud tops should be smooth, but they were billowing. The sun shone out over all, and presently the rocks began to hum, and my rifle did so also, and I

became afraid of it and leaned it against a stone. The burst of light was appalling. It seemed to me that the real presence of God was all about, and it strangely moved me. When I returned to the ranch I told no one and am telling it now for the first time. For years I wondered how such a God as appeared to me could be boxed up on a church altar.

It would be a pity, we think, and well nigh criminal if we failed to pause and digress also at this point. Clearly Al has recounted what, to him was -- as it would be to any of us -- a truly profound experience, not unlike those often encountered in the Bible, where thunder and lightening are presented as signs of the divine presence and power. (See Exodus 19:16;¹² Sirach 43:16;¹³ or Revelations 4:5, 8:5, 11:19, and 16:18,¹⁴ to cite just a few.)

[The texts of those Bible passages are reproduced in the notes at the end of this chapter... but the best known event of this kind, not mentioned by Jack Wright, is “the Damascus event” experienced by Saul (Paul) while on his way to Damascus. He reported the event – which led to his conversion -- in his letters in the *New Testament*. It is also reported in *Acts of the Apostles*, which I quote in the box below. (DFJ)]

As he neared Damascus on his journey, suddenly a light from heaven flashed around him. He fell to the ground and heard a voice say to him, “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?”

“Who are you, Lord?” Saul asked.

“I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting,” he replied. “Now get up and go into the city, and you will be told what you must do.”

The men traveling with Saul stood there speechless; they heard the sound but did not see anyone. Saul got up from the ground, but when he opened his eyes he could see nothing. So they led him by the hand into Damascus. For three days he was blind, and did not eat or drink anything. — Acts 9:3–9, NIV

And knowing what we know of lightening today, it is probably well that Al laid aside his gun. He may well have been on the verge of a lightening strike such as today more likely would catch a club-clutching golfer huddled under the single tree on the fairway during a thunderstorm, and then this would have been a short story, indeed.

And it happened that in very fact Al was, in due course, sufficiently enlightened through contemplation of his self-confided mystical experience that he was brought to confess his own personal “I believe,” about which, more later.

It may be useful to compare Al’s experience on the mountain with that of another young man in those same San Juan Mountains a century later. Below is Francis Tapon’s account of his Damascus Event on San Luis Peak, near the Continental Divide Trail. Mr. Tapon is an internationally recognized hiker and author who discusses his hiking experiences in his books and on his website, *WanderLearn with Francis Tapon* (FrancisTapon.com.) The excerpt and photo below are reproduced with his permission. (DFJ)

I promised myself that no matter how much snow I had to face, I would tackle my first 14er on the CDT: San Luis Peak, a 14,014 foot mountain. It's not officially part of the CDT, (*Continental Divide Trail*) but it's right next to it, so I couldn't resist. I was still frustrated with the soft snow and my angry mood compelled me to conquer that stupid peak.



As I climbed above tree line, a thunderstorm gathered. Curiously, it started snowing/hailing simultaneously. It's weird to have thunder and snowfall at the same time, but in Colorado anything is possible. As I approached the summit, thunderclouds and lightning were nearby, but not directly over me. I dropped my backpack and sprinted the final 500 feet to the summit.

As soon as I reached the top of the mountain, I immediately heard a buzzing sound. Even stranger, I felt static electricity on the top of my skull. It felt like someone had a tiny stun gun and was firing it on the top of my head. It was a subtle electrical shock and sent shivers down my spine.

"Wait, I've read about this!" I thought. Lightning strike survivors say this is what happens immediately before the bolt strikes. Electrostatic energy builds around you; your hair starts to rise, and then BLAM!

At temperatures of 28,000 °C (four times hotter than the Sun's surface) and a charge between 100 million to 1 billion volts, it's amazing that anyone can survive a lightning strike. The best hope of surviving the electrocution is to have someone nearby to perform CPR. Otherwise, you're dead.

I looked around. Surprisingly, nobody was around.

The buzzing and static shock on my head continued to build. I stopped pondering the marvels of lightning storms, I jumped off the summit, and scrambled 10 meters down the mountain and crouched down, ready for the blast. I was:

On my toes (to minimize the amount of my body touching the ground, which can conduct the electricity. Often the electricity will travel along the surface of the ground for a significant distance. Many people who are "struck" by lightning are not hit directly by the main lightning channel, but are hammered by the "side flash" as it travels along the surface of the ground, especially if the ground is wet).

Putting my hands on my ears and closing my eyes (sight and hearing injuries are very common among lightning strike victims), holding my breath (some people have been seriously injured when they breathe in the superheated air that surrounds and expands out from a lightning bolt), within one minute, the sky lit up and a second later the roar of thunder exploded in my eardrums.

I opened my eyes. "Ha!" I yelled, "You missed, Zeus!"

Now comes the stupid part. I was disappointed that I didn't have a Kodak moment on the summit, so I sprinted back to the summit to take a quick picture. I figured that it would take at least a minute for the static electricity to build again and for Thor to unload again.

At the top I snapped two crappy photos and then noticed a tube that contained some papers that folks sign to indicate that they made it to the top. I picked up the tube, was tempted to sign it, but thought that I shouldn't push my Mr. Magoo luck. I ran down the mountain, retrieved my backpack, and looked for a way down the snowy slopes. Thunder boomed behind me. While I was still above the tree line, the snow started falling hard. The lightning and thunder intensified. I couldn't get down fast enough.

There was only one risky option to get below the tree line fast. I took it. I glissaded down the steep slope to take an express way down the mountain. I dropped over 1,000 feet in less than a minute, clutching my ice axe in case I lost control. It was fun and got me to the tree line just in time to witness the lightning tearing open the sky. ¹⁵

Now, we'd best get back to Al as he himself tells his story, picking up the thread as he entered college in 1892.

At college I was much interested in chemistry, and spent all my spare time in the laboratory. Once, given a piece of ore, my test showed titanium, a rare metal. Showing it to the professor, his only remark was, "Well, go ahead and find out how much." This was too strenuous, since freshman year only called for qualitative analysis, not quantitative. Changing from Freshman B.S. to Freshman Medicine, I met another medic Freshman, Walter Scott Chapman, and we have been fast friends for 61 years.

First-year medicine was also spent in Boulder, and I occupied the same room at the little boarding house. The period of 1893-94 was the time of many bank failures [the "business panic and depression of 1893"] and father was caught in one but somehow managed to keep me in school.

Russ Wigglesworth comments: The “Panic” of 1893 was a bad one for TH – he lost quite a fortune and had to basically start over. There was an irrigation canal that served the Animas Valley, Animas City, and Durango, which had been started by TH but with the silver crash he was forced to sell his stock. He also sold all his sheep and cattle at that time, and some real estate. I can’t say more than that as that’s not the kind of stuff stays in a kid’s mind as he grows up. The stories were told with what I remember as pride, obviously. Most of these were from my grandmother. (May 2014)

Here is Wikipedia’s brief description of the Panic:

The Panic of 1893 was a serious economic depression in the United States. Similar to the Panic of 1873, it was marked by the overbuilding and shaky financing of railroads, resulting in a series of bank failures. Compounding market overbuilding and the railroad bubble was a run on the gold supply. The Panic of 1893 was the worst economic depression the United States had ever experienced at the time.

One of the first clear signs of trouble came on February 23, 1893, ten days before Grover Cleveland’s second inauguration, with the bankruptcy of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which had greatly overextended itself. Upon becoming President, Cleveland dealt directly with the Treasury crisis, and successfully convinced Congress to repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, which he felt was mainly responsible for the economic crisis.

One of the causes for the Panic of 1893 can be traced to Argentina, where investment was being encouraged by the Argentinean agent bank, Baring Brothers. However, a failure in the wheat crop and a coup in

Buenos Aires ended further investments. This shock started a run on gold in the U.S. Treasury, as investors were cashing in their investments. This occurred during "The Gilded Age," when the United States was experiencing economic growth and expansion. This expansion eventually became driven by railroad speculation. Railroads were over-built, incurring expenses that outstripped revenues. Also, new mines flooded the market with silver, causing its price to fall. In addition, farmers--particularly in wheat and cotton regions--struggled under a decline in prices for agricultural commodities.nn

Nn Wikipedia contributors. "Panic of 1893." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 20 Apr. 2014. Web. 12 May. 2014.

The second and third years were conducted in Denver for clinical

purposes. I roomed and boarded with a friend of mother's - a widow of a Methodist minister.

During our last year Chapman, a Gross Medic student, Roberts, and I had a room together and took our meals at a restaurant. I recall one Greek cafe where one could get a big stack of sliced bread, a large bowl of oatmeal, and one-half pint of milk for 15 cents. Roberts was a pharmacist and coached me to take the state examination. So, I passed, and became a registered pharmacist.

[While on the subject of pharmacists, it should be mentioned that Doc's niece, Idonna, married a pharmacist, a Henry Wilson from Cortez, Colorado. When Henry became an officer in the *Association of Colorado Pharmacists*, he discovered that one of the very first names on their list of registered pharmacists was Albert M. Wigglesworth. Henry's son has followed in his father's footsteps and now is operating the drug store in Cortez founded by his father. "It's a small, small world after all!"]

*We had many funny experiences when I was installed as head of the school dispensary and Chapman assisted me. We noticed a pretty, shapely girl who came to get a prescription filled and we flirted with her. We were curious to know just what was her trouble. She was on the table in the gynecological department as we came in. Boy, what a shock. She had not one, but all three venereal diseases - gonorrhea, syphilis, and chancroid. A year or two later **[1897? DFJ.]** I saw her in the county hospital and she was a wreck. All her beauty was gone. She told me her own mother had sold her to a diseased old man for property and money.*

An effective treatment [for syphilis], ([Salvarsan](#)) was not developed until 13 years later, in 1910, by [Paul Ehrlich](#). This was followed by trials of penicillin and confirmation of its effectiveness in 1943. Before the advent of effective treatment, mercury and isolation were commonly used, with treatments often worse than the disease. ¹⁶ (DFJ)

Once, an assistant professor, Roberts, a friend of his, Chapman, and I were having a glass of beer in a cafe. We had ordered the beer but had not finished it at midnight when in walked three policemen. We rose to go when one of the policemen said, "You can't go anywhere except with us." They hustled us into the police wagon (the Black Maria) ["ma-rye-a". DFJ.] and put us - together with the bartender - in jail.

After perhaps a half-hour we were bailed out by the cafe's proprietor and Roberts and his friend were subpoenaed to appear the next Monday in court. I was very much afraid the event might reach the papers and father, but nothing came of it. The women of Denver had put through a Sunday closing law, and this had been a Saturday night. This was the only time I was in jail as a prisoner.

Graduation time came, and Chapman and I went up to Boulder to get our sheepskins in June 1896. Roberts got his from Gross and went to Aguila, Colorado, where he had a job waiting. I interned at County Hospital, Arapahoe County, and afterward, the Denver and City Hospital. Chapman got a berth at St Luke's Hospital.

Gross Medical School was named for Dr. Samuel D. Gross, (7/8/1805 – 5/6/1884) the renowned surgeon depicted in 1875 in Thomas Eakins' painting, *The Gross Clinic*. Dr. Parkhill, whom Albert mentions below, had studied under Gross and is credited with suggesting the name for the school. (DFJ) Nn



Eakins' *The Gross Clinic*. 1875. nn

Nn Wikipedia contributors. "Samuel D. Gross." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 19 Sep. 2014. Web. 9 Oct. 2014.

I began by taking histories and giving anesthetics. One month I relieved the hospital pharmacist for which he paid me \$35.00. This is all I ever received as a pharmacist.

As a reward for passing the hospital intern exam, father had me go to the best tailor in Denver and bought me the latest suit in broadcloth, with tails. I wore it as a dress suit. When I went to be measured, my clothes were so soaked with the vapor of ether that the tailor became ill.

All of the interns were young, but I was the youngest. We had the right to examine any patient, and once when we put a woman on the table she said, "I don't want kids fooling around with me." Another time I took the ambulance to the railroad station to meet a patient. The patient, a lady, remarked, "Why, they said they'd send a doctor for me."

It was during these days that we once tried to graft a section of the peroneal nerve [that is, one near the fibula - the long, thin, outer leg bone below the knee] from a dog's leg to supply a missing part in a man - result: failure. Had the section been from a corpse, success might have crowned our efforts. In another case, the oculist trephined a totally scarred cornea [that is, used a small crown saw - a trephine - to remove a small circular disk section] "and replaced the tissue with that of a rabbit. Again: failure. Today, the entire cornea is removed and a clear one from a recently deceased human is sewed in.

[While there was much interest and experimentation in the medical world in organ transplantation about this time (1890 – 1920), it was not until the development of the immunosuppressant drug cyclosporine in 1970 that tissue rejection began to be understood and successful organ transplants became common. DFJ. ¹⁷]

It was also at this time that, having been raised as a Methodist and having read of dying persons seeing deceased former relatives, angels, etc., I gave standing orders to be called at every impending death. Everyone I witnessed became unconscious before death, hence no visions. Later in my practice I saw three deaths where the patients were conscious to the end. Result: no visions.

*Another time, while still a class, but then he continued, hospital intern, I slipped up to a "He's right - under six or over bed where a two year-old child sixty, always give chloroform." was sleeping, and she never awakened until after an operation for an imperforated anus was complete. When I rolled her into the operating room, Dr. Parkhill **[Dr. Clayton Parkhill. DFJ]** addressed the roomful of students, thus: "This man has gone ahead with the anesthetic without consulting me." Oh my, I thought: he's giving me a lecture before the*



**Maj. Clayton Parkhill, Sr.
4/18/1860 Fayette Cnty, PA
6/16/1902 Denver, CO ¹⁸**

Internship over **[and henceforth we shall refer to Al as Doc]**, the question arose as to where to go. It was extremely hard to enter the practice of medicine, as it was over-crowded at the time. Doctors stationed watchers around the parks and public places to call them in case of any accident. One had to have gray hair and whiskers to qualify. Today everyone wants the recent graduate with the latest methods and many positions are open.

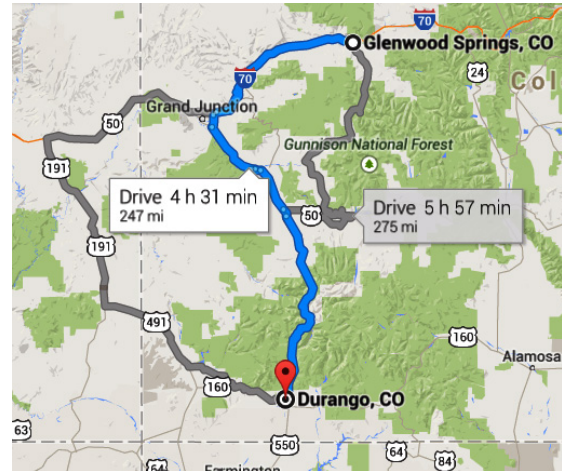
(At the hospital, when answering calls with the horse-drawn ambulance, the big swede driver, noticing my lameness, insisted on carrying patients in his arms to the vehicle and did not use the stretcher. I was perfectly able to carry my end.)

[Pictured is a horse-drawn ambulance used in 1895 outside Bellevue Hospital in New York City. DFJ] ¹⁹



Father was building railroads around Glenwood Springs, so I went there finding my brother Will ready to go overland to Durango with a pack mule and two horses father had bought for the ranch in the Animas Valley. It seemed opportune to go along.

Google Maps shows the shortest highway route from Glenwood Springs, Colorado to Durango, Colorado is 247 miles. Could the route by horse have been much shorter? DFJ.



William Hudson Wigglesworth
[Photo from the Wigglesworth
Family Collection]

We had a most delightful trip, winding up the Crystal River, up canyons thousands of feet deep, filled by snow slides. At one point the river bank was washed away revealing a broad vein of onyx waiting to enrich some miner. We should have filed a claim.

This is a piece of red onyx (or sardonyx). A semiprecious gem, onyx has also been used for kitchen and bathroom countertops and even toilets. DFJ. ²⁰



Crossing over to Eagle River, we camped at noon near the river. For miles down the valley the dead standing grass covered the land. We had tramped

down the ears to build a fire. Our meal finished, we suddenly saw a spark light the grass. For a few minutes we fought the flames with our saddle blankets until we put out the fire. Had it gotten away, it would have swept the valley and set fire to the timber higher up. Right there I learned something about campfires that I never forgot.

We arrived in Gunnison, a small town, by night, even though mosquitoes nearly devoured us riding by the river. They covered our horses and our hands until they were red with blood. We made our way up to Grand River and crossed over the Continental Divide to Pine River. At each camp we caught all the mountain trout we could eat.



This is a greenback cutthroat trout, indigenous to the mountains of Colorado and most likely the fish that Al and Will caught. This small one would probably have been released. They do get much bigger. DFJ. ²

Passing Lake City one night we stopped at Camp Carson where father had a mining interest. Carson was 14,000 feet elevation so, going up, the horses had to stop for breath every few feet.

We stayed several days at the head of Pine River, finishing at a grand pool that was as far as fish could go. We had venison that someone at Carson had given us. We sun-dried and salted down some of the fish to take to the ranch, now only two days ride away. We arrived at the ranch and got a

hearty welcome from mother and youngest brother, Jack.



Waterfall Ranch in Durango. Notice the waterfall in the center above the roof and the telegraph wires running across the top of the photo. (Undated photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.)

Will had been working on the railroad at Glenwood Springs after he wound up the cattle business there, so it was his cow ponies that we'd ridden on the trip. Father had bought the pack mule for us.

*We did not stay long at the ranch as Will heard of a proposed railroad from Chihuahua to Durango, Mexico. **(Currently 375 miles by highway. DFJ.)***

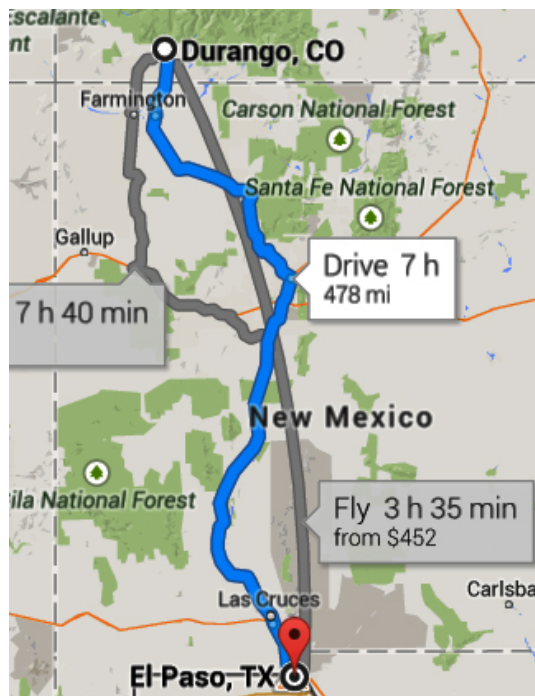


since he knew the promoter, he felt sure of getting us both a job - himself as a transit man, and myself as a doctor, since all works in Mexico required the services of a medical man.



The theodolite transit can measure vertical and horizontal angles with great precision. It is usually mounted on a tripod. This one, made after 1886 and before 1908 is in the Smithsonian collection. Modern transits use electronics and GPS. DFJ. ²²

We left the ranch taking a packhorse but leaving the mule. Mother gave me a tall young mare, and we set out for El Paso.



It was now October, and the first night out our bedding was covered with three inches of snow during the night. The wagon sheet had protected us, and all that was needed was to sweep off the snow.

[Today, according to Google Maps, the driving distance from Durango, Colorado to El Paso, Texas is 541 miles. DFJ]

We rode out Canyon Largo and came down the Rio Grande (Rio Bravo, of course, in Mexico) at Corrales. At our camps we had either rabbit or quail to

*eat, as we carried a shotgun. Crossing the Rio Grande by fording, we entered Albuquerque, then a small village of perhaps 5,000 [today **[1954]** it numbers more than 342,000] **[in 2012: 555,417.]***

*The depot then, as was customary, was a boxcar. From Albuquerque we stayed on the east side of the river to Isleta, then forded west to Socorro and on down to San Marchal. Fording again, we followed the railroad out on to Jornada del Muerto. **[Literally, “day’s journey of a man’s death” ...so named because it’s a bone-dry desert on which a German man escaping the Inquisition died in the late 1600s. DFJ]**²³*

We obtained water at windmill pumps used by the cattlemen.

[This typical windmill pump is on an improved property, not out on the range or desert. DFJ]



24

For fuel to cook with, we used dried dung from the cattle. Rabbits and quail continued to be plentiful. Swinging south, we finally came to El Paso.

Will got a job with a scraper, using some of our horses as a slip team. I worked as assistant to the town's leading doctor, renting a room next to his, and having a shingle made to show that I was a doctor. I also got a small table and covered it with oilcloth. I did not succeed in making any money.

The town then had perhaps 5,000 people including the Mexicans. Houses were going up all over the place. I saw the possibilities, but had no money for real estate investment.

Two incidents occurred in this period worthy of mention. One concerns my first anesthetic for my surgeon. Wishing to make a good impression, I started the anesthetic using chloroform by the open drop method. The patient was on a sofa with no nurse present. After a few drops the woman kicked me half-way across the room. Bottle and mask flew out of my hands and made a clatter. The surgeon came rushing in, took in the situation, and calmed the lady down. She said, "Doctor, this man is absurd." Continuing on, the operation was successful (a curettage - scraping away tissue with a spoon-shaped instrument and the anesthetic was perfect. What went on in that lady's head I'll never know. Anyway, anesthetics should never be given unless a nurse is present.

The other incident was a consultation over the case of a railway messenger clerk. This man was shot by a holdup man using a Winchester rifle aimed upward from the ground while the clerk was standing at an open car door. Twenty-five years later the x-ray showed the bullet was beneath the right scapula [shoulder blade]. After seeing the x-ray, he began to have pain and insisted upon removal of the bullet. The bullet was just beneath the spine of the scapula and Dr. Turner, the surgeon, wanted to cut the shoulder muscle free from the spinal column and turn the scapula outward. I pointed out to him that that would ruin his shoulder and I thought, after studying the x-ray plate for days, that it was best to trephine [tunnel] through the scapula

below the spine. This he did, and after a little search with forceps came out with the ball entirely encapsulated having caused no symptoms.

*As I write this in Washington DC on 20 Jan 1956, it is snowing and has been raining or snowing for several days, the snow only staying on the lawn or cars. Had it all been snow, it would have been quite deep, which reminds me of the winter of 1887-88 in Colorado at the ranch **[when Doc would have been 15]** . In February the snow was four feet on the level. A person stepping into it would not go to the bottom, but cattle and horses were soon on their bellies and helpless. Most of the cattle stayed near the hay shed, but a few had to be fed where they stood.*

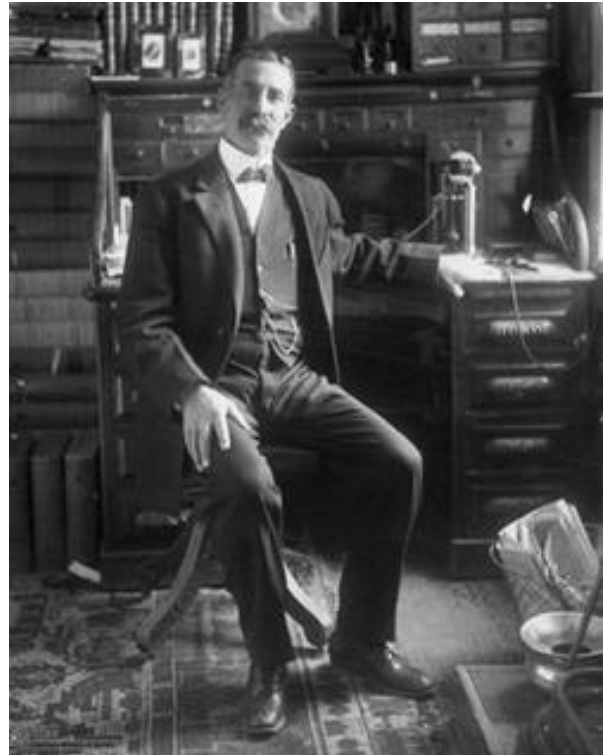
*We ran out of sugar and coffee, so Charlie, my oldest brother, took a saddle horse and a pack-horse and started for Durango, six miles away. He only got a quarter of a mile and returned with exhausted horses. Later in the day, the Ambold brothers, who lived a few miles further up the valley, came by with a herd of about 25 head of steers for market. By each steer taking turns in the lead, a path was broken so that we got our supplies. The little narrow gauge railroad **[Durango to Silverton, which his father, Thomas Wigglesworth, had built as construction engineer. DFJ]** was completely blockaded. Later on the coffee gave out in Durango to the great distress of the womenfolk.*

Ambold

Getting back to El Paso, I've already mentioned how Will was driving some

of our horses as a slip team on a scraper, moving earth on some city project, until we heard that his contractor friend Bradbury was working a railroad construction from Durango, Mexico. So, we sold everything except our blankets, and took a train for Chihuahua. I found I could register to practice by getting a letter from state senator Casimero Barela in Colorado.

Colorado State Senator. Born March 4, 1847 in Embudo, Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. The "perpetual senator", he was elected State Senator in 1876 and served in this role for 37 years. He was an active politician and businessman in Las Animas County starting at the age of 22. He advocated for the Hispanic population in Colorado, and owned two different Spanish newspapers, Las Dos Republicas in Denver, and El Progreso in Las Animas County. He served as Denver consul for Mexico and Costa Rica. He also supported women's voting rights in Colorado. In 1907, he proposed the Columbus Day bill that was not passed until 1971. His family donated the land for the Catholic Cemetery in Trinidad. He attended the 1920 inauguration of President Obregon of Mexico with Governor Shoup. Shortly after returning home he died of pneumonia on December 18, 1920 in Barela, Las Animas County, Colorado.²⁵(DFJ)



Casimiro Barela.

Note the telephone, desk and spittoon.

Also, I was offered a job at the principal drug store on the basis of my Colorado pharmacy license. But fate stepped in and the RR project fell through. Will was going back to Colorado. He had worked a few days as commissary clerk, so we both had some money in addition to that from the

sale of our horses, etc. I did not like the idea of staying on. Maybe my fortune would have been made. "Quien sabe."

Arriving in El Paso once again, we got tickets for Albuquerque, NM. Father had given me a beautiful Howard watch with a gold case.

(It may have looked like this, estimated value in 2012 at auction of \$1500 - \$2500. DFJ)

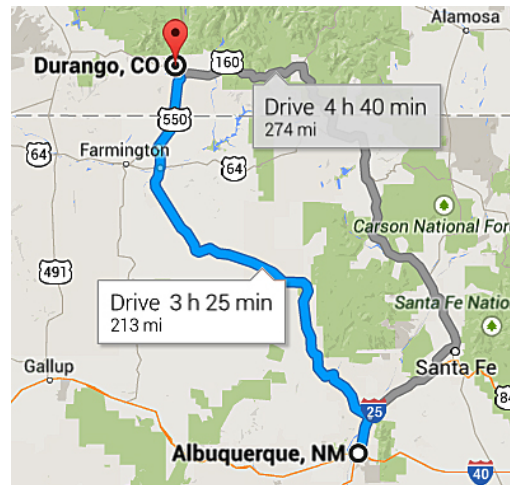


I traded the case for an open face gold-filled watch and \$30.
(\$30 in 1895 would be equivalent to \$833.33 in 2013. DFJ)



(This Howard 14k gold open face watch sold at auction on November 2, 2013 for \$1440. DFJ)²⁶

*We arrived in Albuquerque, stayed a few days, then bought a small pack saddle which I carried while Will carried some food and blankets as we struck out for Durango overland. **[213 miles away. DFJ.]***



A couple of miles out we saw a couple of burros and a man nearby. He said the donkeys belonged to him, so we gave him \$5 for the two. The way he took off after we paid him made us doubt if he were the rightful owner. We headed into the Jemez Mountains and slept under the stars at night, coming down at Monero on the Rio Grande Railway, and in a few days we were at the ranch.

*Shortly thereafter, I was offered a contract as a physician in the Indian Service at Navajo Springs, Colorado. My contract called for one visit a week to the Agency or on special call - \$500 a year. I lived in Cortez [1986 pop.: 7,100], **[8474 in 2012. DFJ.]** 10 or 12 miles away, where I started in practice in the spring of 1898.*

My brother Jack let me have his single footing mare, Christy, and by using the saddlebags furnished by the U.S, I was able to make calls out of town.



“Single footing” refers not to a one-legged horse but to a kind of gait of a horse. Such horses give a smoother ride, which can be sustained for relatively long periods, making them particularly desirable for [trail riding](#) and other tasks where a rider must spend long periods of time in the saddle.

Though there are differences in footfall patterns and speed, historically these gaits were once collectively referred to as the “amble.” Today, especially in the [United States](#), horses that are able to do an ambling gait are referred to as “[gaited horses](#).” Some [breeds](#) naturally perform these gaits from birth, others can be trained to do them.

Left is a photo of a Tennessee walking horse at the running walk. [DFJ] ²⁷

Soon I was able to get a cart and another mare from the ranch, and later a double harness and an open buggy so that I could drive both mares.



This is an example of a buggy drawn by two horses ca. 1910. The Doc's buggy might have looked something like this one. (The driver is an unknown person not relevant to this memoir.)²⁸

The farmers among my clientele were poor, so many fees were paid in oats and hay. My team was so well fed that when I turned them loose they stayed around and would come running up whenever I called.

There was a Dr. Sperry also practicing in Cortez, but he had a reputation for drinking, so he lost out and moved away. Once the missionary at Aneth on the San Juan River [across the state line in Utah] sent for Sperry, and as it was late in the evening when the call came, he refused to go. A workman at the mission had broken his leg, so I told Sperry that if he would not go, I would.

We drove all night in the messenger's spring wagon, making the 60-mile trip by early morning. The workman had slipped on a wet adobe and fallen 20 feet, breaking his left femur in the middle, the bone ends sticking through the flesh. (The nearest hospital was 120 miles away by wagon over rough roads.) So, I gave the patient chloroform, put on a plaster cast from the stuff I'd taken along, cut a window over the wound, put on dressings and left more dressings there.

I told the man to lie still, took a check for \$60 [2013 equivalent =

\$1720.00] from the missionary, and left. The very next day, the workman sat up, causing the broken ends to overlap. He made a good recovery anyhow and was pleased even though he had a limp. I couldn't help but think how much better hospital care would have been. Sperry and I clashed on two other cases where my diagnoses proved to be correct.

Well, as I stated earlier, Sperry moved away leaving the field clear for me. About this time my saddle mare developed a ring bone and was a little lame thereafter. I had an experienced horseman treat her. **(Ring bone is stress-produced bone growth just above the hoof. In severe cases, the growth can encircle the bones, giving ringbone its name. DFJ)** ²⁹

When I first appeared at the Navajo Springs Agency, old Chief Ignacio of the [southern] Ute Indians [Ouray being the contemporary chief of the northern Utes] **["yoo-ray". DFJ]** looked me over and said he didn't think I was much of a doctor as I would have fixed myself up. As mentioned earlier, I was lame from an untreated fracture, which happened when I was two years old.

Chief Ignacio was echoing Luke, 4:23, in which Jesus alludes to an old proverb: "Medice, cura te ipsum", "Physician, heal thyself." Can we conclude that the Chief was thoroughly familiar with the New Testament that was being taught by the missionaries?

[Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.][DFJ]



Chief Ignacio (1828–1913)



A delegation of Ute Indians came to Washington, D.C. in 1880 after the Meeker Massacre of 1879.

Background: Woretsiz and General Charles Adams are standing. Front from left to right: Chief Ignacio of the Southern Utes; [Carl Schurz](#), US Secretary of the Interior; Chief Ouray and Chipeta, his wife, of the Uncompahgre Utes. ³⁰

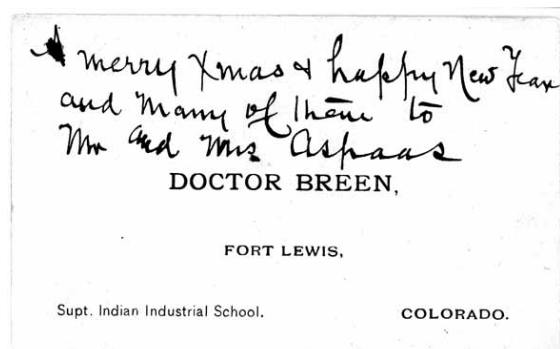
This same old chief was asked by a minister if he'd ever thought of the hereafter and where he would go. "I know what will happen to me after I die," said Ignacio. "That's strange," replied the minister, "And just what do you think that will be?" "Well, said the chief, "the Utes will take my body to Mesa Verde and after a few years the white people will dig up my bones and take them to Washington."

You may wonder how it was that I took so long to get settled in practice, wandering down to Mexico and back. There were just no positions available. Today a young graduate has many openings. In those days people looked askance at a young doctor and only wanted one with a flowing white beard. The profession was also overcrowded. Since I was lame, I was not eligible for the Army, Navy or Public Health as they required physical fitness. Only the Indian Service was open to me.

In my second year at Cortez, the Superintendent, Louis Knackstedt, [Louis A. Knackstedt, DFJ.] who was stationed at Ignacio, Colorado, and who was in charge of all the southern cities, told me that if I would take the Civil Service exam he could pay me \$1,000.00 and I could stay in Cortez and practice as usual. So, I went up to Pueblo, Colorado, at the appointed place. There I met an old roommate who practiced in Aguila, Colorado. We sure did the town. So much so, that I only made 80% on the exam.

Back at Cortez, I forgot all about the exam until much later when a telegram from the Indian Office arrived asking why I did not accept Ft. Lapwai. I wired back that the only reason was that I'd never received any such offer. Next came a wire offering me Ft. Lewis Indian School near Durango, Colorado. I had met the superintendent, Dr. Breen, in Durango (in some saloon, I guess).

[Below is Dr. Thomas H. Breen in his buggy. Also below is his business card with a Christmas greeting. DFJ.] ³¹



Anyway, when he was in Washington on business, he was handed the customary three highest names. He was at the Civil Service Commission in search of a physician for his school, so he chose me.

5-181.
Refer in reply to the following:
EDUCATION.
55440-1900

INCLOSURE.

Department of the Interior,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 12, 1900.

Albert M. Wigglesworth,
Cortez, Colo.

Sir:

You are hereby appointed, under the conditions printed hereon, to the position of Physician in the Ft. Lewis School, Colo.,

at a salary of \$1000 per annum.

Your salary will begin when you take the oath of office and enter upon duty. The oath of office may be taken before a notary public, or other official qualified to administer oaths, and should be forwarded at once to this office. A blank form of oath is herewith inclosed.

As this appointment is by virtue of the Civil Service law, the same is probationary until June 30, 1901.

You will be obliged to pay your traveling expenses to the school, and your board while there; but quarters will be provided you at the school under conditions prescribed in Indian School Rule 123. Board in school employees' mess will cost about \$14 per month, for each person.

Please telegraph me at once whether or not you accept this appointment. If you accept report for duty at once to Dr. Thomas H. Breen, Superintendent Ft. Lewis Indian School, Hesperus, Colo. Railroad station, Hesperus, on Rio Grande Southern Rwy., via Denver and Durango; school 4 miles from depot; private team.

Very respectfully,

W.A.M.
RCH

(SEE OTHER SIDE.)

Acting

32

[It's interesting to note that Doc's 12 Nov 1900 appointment specified:

You will be obliged to pay traveling expenses to the school, and your board while there. The work will be difficult and confining, with little opportunity for recreation or social pleasure; long hours of service are required, and every employee must be willing to work night or day if special emergencies arise; and duties of an employee do not end at a given hour, but may continue indefinitely.

Now, you may think, "And poor Doc thought he was missing out on the Army!" But the facts are, to Doc's accustomed way of living this sounded like La Dolce Vita, AND - he would be meeting his wife-to-be at Fort Lewis. "Little opportunity for recreation or social pleasure," indeed. They didn't know Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth! So saying, let's let Doc continue his own story.]

I was quite discouraged at Cortez at the time of my appointment to Ft. Louis, having had a lot of deaths from diphtheria (this being before antitoxin was in use), and so I was delighted to change.



Emil von Behring won the first Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1901 for his work in developing antitoxins for treating diphtheria. The first cure of a case of diphtheria was achieved in 1891, but problems in the manufacture and distribution of the serum prevented general success in treating the disease for another thirty years. DFJ ³³

Before moving on, however, I'd like to recall a few other incidents of that period. There was one case that tested my ingenuity. I was called about 9 pm to see a woman in labor who lived about five miles away. I hitched my bay mare, one that I had borrowed from father's ranch, to a cart, drove out to the patient and tied the team to a post. It was snowing, so I put a lap robe over the mare and went inside where I found a girl, 18 or 20 years old, in labor and quite exhausted. I scrubbed up my hands with soap and water, examined the patient, and found no other reason for a difficult delivery other than exhaustion. Now, the nearest hospital was 100 miles away at Durango. Getting her there was out of the question, so I proceeded with the delivery using what material I had with me.

I had forceps, a mask and chloroform, so I boiled the forceps and a cloth to put them on. Using two chairs, which I placed by the bedside, I arranged the girl's legs, one over each chair. I needed help, so I asked the girl's mother if there was anyone beside herself in the house. She said there were two teenage girls upstairs, so I told her to get them down quickly, I turned a leg over to each girl exposing the field of operation, then gave the chloroform bottle to the mother, instructing her to put one drop at a time on the mask on the patient, after I had her under the anesthetic. I placed forceps on the infant's head, looked up and saw the mother staring at me and pouring the chloroform in a stream.

In one stroke I knocked the bottle and mask away and pulling with a side-to-side stroke delivered a fine big yelling boy. The child was illegitimate, and I suspect rape was involved because the girl shouted the father's name during delivery. Well, I tied the cord with string that had been boiled, and the final result was an uneventful delivery. Meanwhile the wind had blown the laprobe off the mare and she was shivering. We drove home - no payment, but much satisfaction in having done a commendable job.

One case at Cortez stands out in my memory; a pregnant multipara [a woman who has borne more than one child] with abdomen so distended that she became helpless. I called the doctor at Dolores, Colorado, in consultation. Taking a long needle and syringe, I plunged the needle into the abdomen below the umbilicus, squirting some of the withdrawn fluid into my hand. Smelling it revealed the unmistakable odor of liquor amnii [the fluid in which the fetus floats in the membrane inside the womb, the fluid of the so-called "water break"], This ruled out urine or ascites [free

fluid in the abdominal cavity due to disease]. Being a multipara, I had no trouble in introducing a finger and rupturing the membrane. Fluid gushed forth, poured off the bed onto the floor and escaped down a crack. When it finally subsided a dead five months old fetus was delivered. I was not satisfied that everything was OK, although the patient was now comfortable, so I packed the vagina with gauze after removing a small placenta. Next morning I removed the packing and another dead fetus about three months with a tiny placenta. Recovery was uneventful.

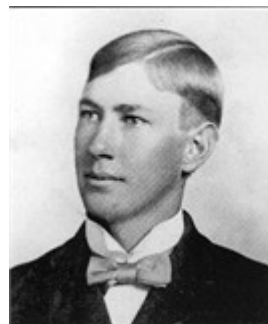
I made many trips far out on the Reservation of the Southern Utes and found my eyesight better than theirs.

An amusing incident occurred at the Agency. A group of teachers arrived to see the Indians. A squaw was there with her papoose wrapped with buckskin and carried on her back on a board. One of the gushing teachers ran up to the baby, chucked it under the chin, and seeing a little black object down on the front said, "And what is this?" and picked it up. From the deep blush that suffused her face it was evident that she found out. She beat a hasty retreat with a knowledge that sometimes such objects are left outside for sewerage purposes.

As for the Ute women, some of them were quite attractive, and occasionally some old Buck would say to me, "Maybe so you love 'em? Heap like up white man's talk." But, no dice for me, as there were too many white ones in Cortez more to my taste.

Dr. Breen at Ft. Lewis said, "Now, I wish you to do all the outside practice you want." So, I soon had quite a clientele, since there were no doctors for miles around and no one at Hesperus, a coal town four miles north.

I kept my brother Jack's saddle mare, as he was married and working in a mining town. [Photo of Jack from the Wigglesworth Family Collection. DFJ.]



Later I bought an ex-cavalry horse for my use. My, what a change, although my salary was only \$1000 a year. [2013 equivalent = \$28,300, using the CPI. DFJ. ³⁴]

I now had a well-equipped pharmacy, a hospital and a nurse. The nurse was not a graduate, but that did not matter.

At Navajo Springs the one room drug room had a counter and shelves full of crude drugs, including several quarts of sulphuric acid. I was ordered to vaccinate all of the unvaccinated Utes on this end of the Reservation, and did so to the number of 500. The young daughter of the war chief ran a tepee pole into her arm at the vaccination site and the Indian trader said this same chief was going to kill me as the girl died of septicemia (blood-poisoning) and I was not called. I said if he came into my drug room looking for trouble I would dehydrate him with a bottle of sulphuric acid. Later the war chief came in smiling and shook hands. Maybe the trader was just kidding.

Ft. Lewis, once an Army Fort and then an Indian boarding school, was taken over by the state to be a training school for teachers. It was built in the customary Army hollow square at an altitude of 7500 feet, with a beautiful view of the nearby La Plata Mountains.

*It seemed like heaven. The clerk at Navajo Springs used to treat Indians his way, and it's a wonder that he didn't kill them. He frequently gave them four c.c. pills and two ounces of nitre at a dose. **[Four cubic centimeter pills and two ounces of nitre are very large doses more commonly given to horses than humans. DFJ.]***

Also, he used the rib shear from the Major Operating Set (all the instruments the U.S. provided) to cut off the frozen toes of his pet rooster.

[The rib shear looked pretty much like a garden clipper but of course was not meant to be contaminated by use on a chicken. DFJ.]



35

*Before going to Cortez I had borrowed \$300.00 from mother and soon paid her back. I was County Doctor and Medical Examiner for Redmen Lodge, Maccabees, and Woodmen of the World; **[Associations that offered health insurance coverage to their members. DFJ.]** Outside of this, I made very*

little, for I could not "wring from the hard hands of peasants their little mites."

This is a quote and paraphrase of part of a speech by Brutus to Cassius in Act IV, Scene 3 of Julius Caesar. [DFJ]

...I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash...

I had a room back of the Dispensary at the northwest corner of the Fort grounds. My furniture was brought from Cortez. My couch was under a window and a few feet away there was a cold spring so that it was always too cool to lie on the couch.

*As mentioned earlier, Ft. Lewis is 7500 feet in altitude, but a few miles to the north the La Plata Mountains rise to 14,000 feet. Once a lot of employees of the Fort drove **[Wagons, presumably. DFJ.]** out into the mountains and spread a picnic dinner.*

Before we could sit down to enjoy it, a snowstorm deposited two inches of snow on us as we huddled under lap robes. Very quickly thereafter, the sun came out and the snow vanished. It was the Fourth of July.

Another time all of us drove over to Mancos, Colorado, hired a guide, and pack and saddle horses to visit the [misnamed] Aztec ruins at Mesa Verde.

The only way up there was by a steep winding trail. I had taken Jack's mare, Christy, and I put Miss Wright on her and told her to let the mare have her head and sit straight up and hold on to the saddle horn. It was a sight to behold: this tiny woman sitting on that 1000 pound mare, slipping and sliding down the trail on our return. Edna had never been on a horse before. How the other ladies made it on their ponies, I don't know. I only had eyes for one.



[Edna later learned a lot more about horses. This picture from a few years later of her (from the Wigglesworth Family Collection) is not dated. DFJ.]

We stayed all night after exploring the ruins, sleeping on the ground on bedding furnished by the guides - the men in one place, the women in another. Food and bedding were included in the contract.

Today buses go to Mesa Verde over paved roads from Cortez to a hotel at the ruins. The north end of Mesa Verde rises up between Cortez and Mancos. How high is the mesa? I don't know, but would guess about 800 or 1000 feet.

[The current aviaional sectional chart for the area shows the mesa to range between 1071-1074 feet above the immediately surrounding area, which averages about 7500 feet above sea level.] nn

Pupils eligible for admission to Ft. Lewis Indian School had to be at least one eighth Indian. It was easier to find pupils among the Mexicans along the Rio Grande than to find Indians on the Reservations or pueblos. As a result, the school contained mostly Mexicans and Navajos. The Mexicans could be reached by railroad, whereas it was a long drive overland to the Navajo. We only had one Ute, a girl.

All single employees boarded at the mess and took turns managing it. Our board was usually \$8.00 a month. Miss Wright was kindergarten teacher and had come out with her aunt [Kate Watson], who was the head teacher, from Washington DC.



**Fort Lewis, Colorado c.1900
Center: Rose Kate Watson of Wash. DC,
Aunt of Edna May Wright Wigglesworth, extreme right.
[Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection]**



**The teachers at Fort Lewis. Edna on the right.
[Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection]**

I arrived at Ft. Lewis in December, 1900. Miss Wright and I were married the next year on Christmas Eve - 24 December 1901.

[Their marriage thrived for 53 years, until Edna passed on December 6, 1954. DFJ]



**[Doc and Edna, May 28, 1901
about 6 months before they married.
Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.]**

[Well, now, we've reached a milestone, indeed, and notice how subtly Doc slipped in the first mention of Edna entering his life - on a guided

tour to Mesa Verde, he would have us believe. He surely had her under surveillance for some time before seating her astride (as the only extant picture indicates she rode) his mare. In any event, the courtship for certain extended only a year by Doc's own testimony. Clearly, he knew just what he'd been waiting for, and at age 29 he'd found *Miss Wright*. Henceforth, this story shall necessarily become the broadened saga of a new branch of the Wigglesworth clan, but Doc shall remain the chief storyteller.]



**Edna May Wright
March 26, 1902**

NOTES

1. **Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler. 1921. "The Practitioner."** (Houghton Mifflin – New York) p. 208). Osler was one of the four founders of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine.

2. **Image of James J. Corbett taken on 10/17/13 from:**

<http://blog.library.villanova.edu/digitallibrary/category/pennsylvaniana/>

3. **Image of John L. Sullivan taken on 10/17/13 from:**

http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:John_L._Sullivan_1882.jpg

4. **Image of Rudolph Diesel taken on 10/17/13 from:** <http://www.vw-bulli.de/no-cache/de/news/nachrichten/nachrichten-detailansicht/article/150-jahre-rudolf-diesel.html>

5. **Wikipedia contributors. "Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*.** Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Mar. 2014. Web. 27 Mar. 2014.

6. **Wikipedia contributors. "Walt Whitman." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*.** Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 25 Mar. 2014. Web. 27 Mar. 2014. This portrait is by Thomas Eakins.

7. **Taken on 3/27/2014 from the website: "New Tennyson museum marks the bicentenary of the poet's birth" by [Maev Kennedy](#). theguardian.com, Thursday 6 August 2009 07.50 EDT**

<http://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2009/aug/06/tennyson-museum-bicentenary-poet>

8. **Taken on 3/27/2014 from the website: File: Josip Broz Tito Bihać 1942.jpg From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.**

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Josip_Broz_Tito_Biha%C4%87_1942.jpg

9. **Photo of Haile Selassie taken on 3/27/2014 from the webpage: Lij Tafari Makonnen.jpg. From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.**

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Lij_Tafari_Makonnen_\(edit\).jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Lij_Tafari_Makonnen_(edit).jpg)

10. **Photo of Grover Cleveland. Wikipedia contributors. "Grover Cleveland." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*.** Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 27 Mar. 2014. Web. 27 Mar. 2014.

11. Picture of Gladstone taken on 3/28/14 from the Wikimedia Commons website:
http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Henry_Jamyn_Brooks_Portrait_Of_The_Right_Hon._William_Ewart_Gladstone_-_1889.jpg

12. Exodus 19:16-19:

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.

And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the LORD descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

13. The Book of the All-Virtuous Wisdom of Joshua ben Sira, commonly called the Wisdom of Sirach or simply Sirach, and also known as The Book of Ecclesiasticus (abbreviated Ecclus.) or Siracides or Ben Sira, is a work of ethical teachings from approximately 200 – 175 BCE written by the Jewish scribe Shimon ben Yeshua ben Eliezer ben Sira of Jerusalem.

Sirach 43:16; Good News Translation (GNT)

- 1 How beautiful is the bright, clear sky above us! What a glorious sight it is!
- 2 The sun, when it appears, proclaims as it rises how marvelous a thing it is, made by the Most High.
- 3 At noon it dries up the land; no one can stand its blazing heat.
- 4 The setting sun sets fire to the hilltops, like a metal furnace glowing from the heat.
It sends out fiery rays, blinding the eyes with its brightness.
- 5 The Lord, who made it, is great; it speeds on its way at his command.
- 6 There is also the moon, marking the passage of time, an eternal sign of the changing seasons.
- 7 The moon determines the holy days. Its light grows full and then grows dim.
- 8 The month is named after the moon, marvelous to watch as it grows fuller each night,
a signal light for the heavenly armies, shining out in the dome of the sky.
- 9 The shining stars make the night sky lovely, brilliant ornaments in the Lord's high heavens.
- 10 They stay in the places assigned to them by the Holy One and never relax their dutiful watch.
- 11 Look at the rainbow and praise its Creator! How magnificent, how radiant, its beauty!
- 12 Like a bow bent by the hands of the Most High, it spans the horizon in a circle of glory.
- 13 He commands, and snow begins to fall; lightning strikes to carry out his judgments
and the clouds roll out like flying birds.
- 15 With his power he forms great masses of cloud and shatters the ice into hailstones.
- 16-17 He speaks, and thunder twists the earth in pain; the mountains are shaken by his strength.
Whenever he wishes, the south wind blows, whirlwinds come, and windstorms from the north.
He sends the snow fluttering down like birds, like locusts lighting on the ground.
- 18 We marvel at its beautiful whiteness, and in fascination we watch it fall.
- 19 He sprinkles frost over the ground like salt, and it freezes into thorny flowers of ice.
- 20 He sends the cold north wind blowing and the water hardens into ice;
every lake and pond freezes over, putting on a coat of icy armor.

²¹ He scorches the wilderness hills with drought, and the grass turns brown from its heat;
²² but a cloudy mist restores it all to life as the weather cools and dew appears.

²³ By his wisdom he calmed the great oceans and placed the islands there.
²⁴ Sailors tell about the dangers of the sea, and we listen to their tales in amazement.
²⁵ In the sea are strange and marvelous creatures: huge monsters and all kinds of living things.
²⁶ Each of the Lord's messengers succeeds at its task. Everything is held together by his word.
²⁷ We could say much more and never finish, but it all means this: the Lord is everything.
²⁸ How can we find the power to praise him? He is greater than all his creation.
²⁹ The Lord is awesome in his greatness; his power is overwhelming.
³⁰ Though you do your best to praise him, he is greater than you can ever express.
 Though you honor him tirelessly and with all your strength, you still cannot praise him enough.
³¹ No one has seen him, no one can describe him; no one can praise him as he deserves.
³² Mysteries greater than these are still unknown; we know only a fraction of his works.
³³ The Lord made the universe and then gave wisdom to devout people.

14. Revelation 4:5 Good News Translation (GNT):

From the throne came flashes of lightning, rumblings, and peals of thunder. In front of the throne seven lighted torches were burning, which are the seven spirits of God.

Revelation 8:5 (GNT):

Then the angel took the incense container, filled it with fire from the altar, and threw it on the earth. There were rumblings and peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, and an earthquake.

Revelation 11:19 (GNT):

God's temple in heaven was opened, and the Covenant Box was seen there. Then there were flashes of lightning, rumblings and peals of thunder, an earthquake, and heavy hail.

Revelation 16:18 (GNT):

There were flashes of lightning, rumblings and peals of thunder, and a terrible earthquake. There has never been such an earthquake since the creation of human beings; this was the worst earthquake of all!

15. Taken from the website with the author's permission on 3/28/14: "FT WanderLearn with Francis Tapon". By Francis Tapon. <http://francistapon.com/Travels/Continental-Divide-Trail/Colorado-Nobo>

16. Wikipedia contributors. "Syphilis." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 20 Apr. 2014. Web. 28 Apr. 2014.

17. Wikipedia contributors. "Organ transplantation." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Apr. 2014. Web. 28 Apr. 2014.

**18. Taken on 5/1/2014 from Find-a-Grave.com
<http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=8955735>**

19. Wikipedia contributors. "History of the ambulance." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 1 May. 2014. Web. 2 May. 2014.

20. Wikipedia contributors. "Onyx." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 8 Apr. 2014. Web. 28 Apr. 2014.

21. Wikipedia contributors. "Ecology of the Rocky Mountains." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Apr. 2014. Web. 28 Apr. 2014.

**22. Taken on 4/28/2014 from Smithsonian National Museum of American History, Behring Center
<http://amhistory.si.edu/surveying/object.cfm?recordnumber=745879>**

23. Wikipedia contributors. "Jornada del Muerto." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 Nov. 2013. Web. 26 Apr. 2014.

24. Wikipedia contributors. "Windpump." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 7 Apr. 2014. Web. 26 Apr. 2014.

25. Text and picture taken on 3/28/14 from the website: "Find a Grave: Casimiro Barela" <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=41612314>

26. Taken on 3/28/14 from the website: Skinner Auctioneers and Appraisers of Objects of Value. <http://www.skinnerinc.com/auctions/2684M/lots/564>

**27. Wikipedia contributors, 'Ambling', *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, 10 December 2013, 23:38 UTC,
<<http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ambling&oldid=585510053>>
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