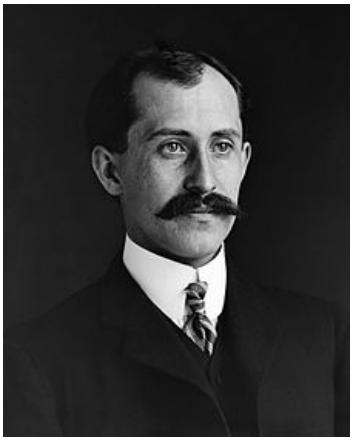
CHAPTER VII

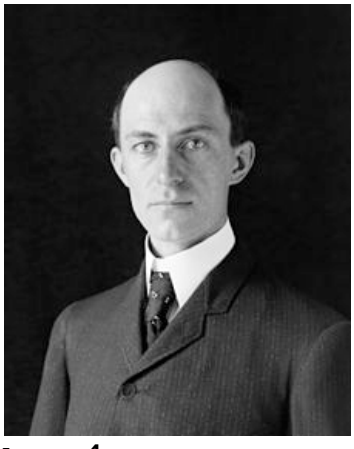
PROGENY

"The only true immortality lies in one's children."
Johannes Brahms (5/7/1893 - 4/3/1897) In*: Johannes Brahms, Life and Letters* [1]

We have now turned the corner into the 20th century. We're in the so-called Progressive Era ushered in by the indomitable Teddy Roosevelt. The U.S. population has broken the 75 million barrier. The Wright brothers are poised for their venture into the wild blue yonder. China has had its Boxer Rebellion. Puccini has wowed Rome with Tosca, Conrad has put the finishing touches on Lord Jim, Chekhov has made a run for immortality with Uncle Vanya, and Sigmund Freud is undertaking to interpret dreams. All's right with the world, but it will never again be the same. [2]

Teddy Roosevelt [3]





Wright Brothers [4]

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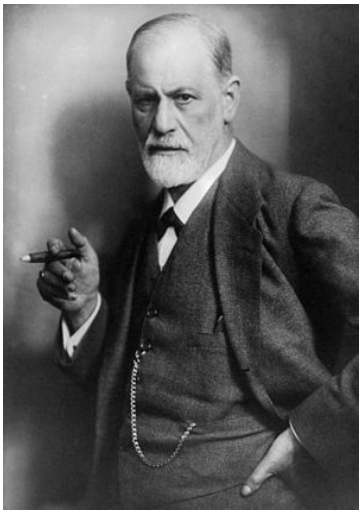
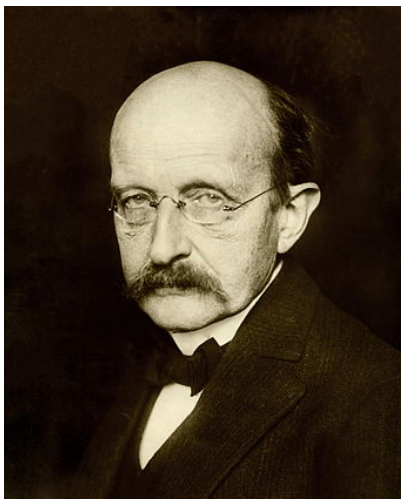
Puccini, and the original 1900 poster for Tosca, [5]

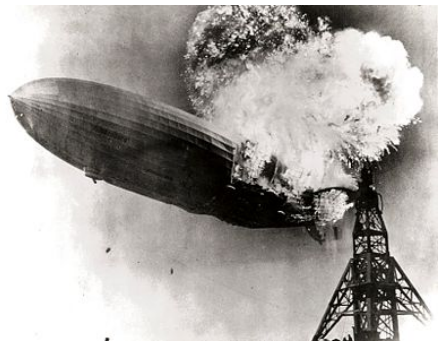


Conrad, [6] **Chekov.** [7] **Freud.** [8]

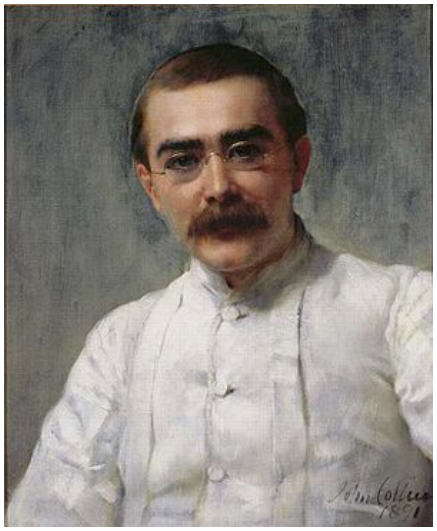
In Germany, Max Planck is already formulating quantum theory even as his compatriots are testing the first Zeppelin. Elsewhere, Kipling is introducing the world to Kim (or vice versa), and James Barrie offers the critics Quality Street. How quickly we forget! Meanwhile, Marconi is dabbling in radio transmissions. Then there's J. P. Morgan inventing U.S. Steel.



Max Planck, [9]



Count Zeppelin and the Hindenberg, [10, 11]

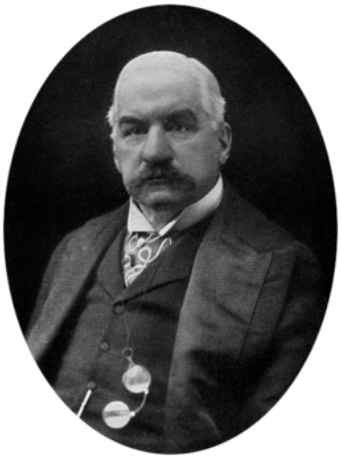


Kipling [12]

Quality Street is a successful play that Barrie wrote in 1901 before he wrote Peter Pan. Incidentally, before his death, Barrie gave the rights to the Peter Pan works to London's Great Ormond Street Hospital, which continues to benefit from them. (DFJ) [13]

James Barrie [13]

Marconi [14]



J.P.Morgan [15]

As some hopefully forgotten charlatan once opined, "This is the way it was," as 1901 drew to a close.

By offering the quote: "This is the way it was…" Jack Wright is referring to TV News Anchor, Walter Cronkite, who gave that signoff tagline after each of his news shows.

Cronkite was considered the "most trusted man in America."

Why JW characterized him as a charlatan may be the result of Cronkite's recommendation on Feb 27, 1968, after visiting Vietnam, that the way out of the "quagmire" was for the US to negotiate to end the stalemate. That comment led to LBJ's withdrawal from politics and the election of Nixon. The US withdrew its forces after the "Paris Peace Accord" was signed on January 27 1973. The war ended with the fall of Saigon and the surrender of South Vietnam on April 30, 1975. [16]

Walter Cronkite in Vietnam.(11/4/1916 – 7/17/2009)

AND, Doc and Edna were being married in Durango, Colorado, on Christmas.]

We were married at the St. Columba Catholic Rectory (as I was not a Catholic) **(Thus the Rectory and not the Church. DFJ)** *with my parents, Miss Watson, and Dr. and Mrs. Breen in attendance.* **[12/24/1901. DFJ]** *We stayed that night at the Strater Hotel in Durango.*

Doc and Edna 1902
[Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.]

St Columba Rectory [17]

Strater Hotel in 1887. [18]

[Son Jack [Al's son Jack. DFJ] and his wife Virginia stayed at the Strater in the course of a 1982 visit to the area, but they were unable to unearth old registration records which might have disclosed the precise room in which Al and Edna had spent their honeymoon.]

The next day, Christmas, we returned to duty as my wife was organist for the school celebrations.

[A newspaper clipping of the period amplifies:

> **The second Mass on last Sunday was celebrated at the school house at Hesperus. An excellent choir has been organized under the direction of Mrs. Dr. Wigglesworth of Ft. Louis and devotional hymns are now rendered during the celebration of Mass.** [19]

Clearly, and not unlike Doc, Edna was also somewhat of a human dynamo!]

At that time **[1901. DFJ]** *I had a brick hospital but only one experienced woman as a nurse. We had many cases of pneumonia at the school, and fractures and confinements on the outside. I covered such places as Hay Gulch and Hesperus, since Dr. Breen, the superintendent, wanted me to take practice other than at the school. As mentioned earlier, my salary was $1000.00 a year, and my wife's was $600.00. Edna went east the following summer to visit her parents.* **[Summer 1901. DFJ]**

The Bureau rescinded the one-eighth Indian clause and substituted "must be living as Indians on a Reservation." This knocked out the

Mexicans, and soon after the school was unable to carry all employees.
[…and Al's job disappeared? DFJ]

A contract was let for a physician on-call from Durango. My kinfolks begged me to enter practice in Durango, but I refused and instead accepted a transfer to Whiteriver [1986 pop.: 2,300] School near Ft. Apache, Arizona, at $1200.00 a year.

One can easily imagine the debate that arose in the family over this decision.

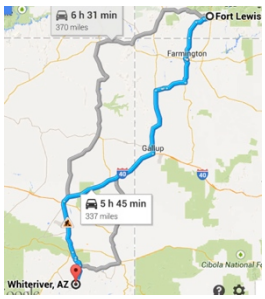
"Son, why wouldn't you want to come to Durango and be near your family? We could help each other. You would be safe from attack by Indians. Those Apaches are still very dangerous. It's only 15 years since Geronimo was captured. Even though he's still in prison at Fort Sill there are still Indian bands out there raiding white settlers."

"We'll be safe, Mom. This is 1901. And besides, where else can I make $1200 in a year? Not in Durango, where there are many other doctors.

The last Apache raid occurred in 1924. (DFJ.) [20]

We went by rail to Holbrook, AZ, then further south by buckboard, first the 30 miles to Snowflake, and then the 60 miles to Whiteriver [actually 3 miles north of the Fort].

Google Maps.



Google Maps.

We were furnished a frame house used by the last Field Matron until our own house was built. It contained a bed, blankets, mirror, and woodstove. I had one room in the frame office building with a counter and a stock of drugs, mostly crude.

While studying medicine, a roommate and I had passed the Colorado Board, **[for pharmacy, DFJ]** *as mentioned earlier, so I was able to compound the necessary prescriptions.*

A saddle horse was furnished to me for transportation. Probably no doctor had ever made house calls up to this time, but that was what I wanted to do. We were allowed to purchase food and ice at the Fort, and a buckboard drove over almost daily. The Army supplies were first class. We bought canned milk for seven cents that cost 12 cents at the traders. Trader Woolsey carried little except essentials. **(That is, the "PX" was cheaper than the local market. DFJ)**

The forage ration for my saddle horse was ten pounds of grain and 14 pounds of hay. Since they would allow me the same ration if I furnished the horse, I bought two ponies, one for Edna, a palomino stud for $12.00, and one for me, also a stud for $10.00. We rode everywhere, just like the Apaches.

We had electric lights, running water from the standpipe in the yard, and a two-room frame house and barn, built for us at the Agency.

A standpipe pump. [21]

The Field Matron's house was down by the stream. The school where the pupils boarded and slept was brick and was closer to the mesa and was connected to the Agency by a boardwalk.

The powerhouse **[With the steam engine that generated the electricity. DFJ.]** *was down by the stream.*

Cookstove, cleaned up. [22]

We had a cook stove that burned wood and we took our baths in a galvanized laundry tub. At the time, I thought nothing of it as I was inured to hardship, but for Edna, a city-trained girl, to fit herself into such surroundings was amazing.

She had never been on a horse except on one trip at Ft. Lewis, yet she galloped all over the country like a native. I gave her the government

saddle and bought myself a McClellan cavalry saddle from the quartermaster sergeant for $8.00 second-hand - new at $35.00.

The McClellan saddle was a riding saddle designed by George B. McClellan, a career US Army officer, after his tour of Europe as the member of a commission charged with studying the latest developments in engineer and cavalry forces including field equipment. Based on his observations, McClellan proposed a design that was adopted in 1859. The McClellan saddle was a success and continued in use in various forms until the Army's last horse cavalry and horse artillery was dismounted in World War II. [23]

The gramini grass **[gramini is the generic botanical term for grass. DFJ]** *grew from our doorstep on down the valley, so I frequently put hobbles on the ponies and let them graze. Superintendent Crouse had a cow and two calves that made their living the same way. We bought milk from him, so we had fresh milk all the time.*

A figure eight hobble. [24]

I sent to Sears-Roebuck for a wood saw and a Colt automatic pistol. The former was to keep us in firewood if the Indian help failed to cut us any, and the latter as house protection in case of drunken Chiricahua Apaches. I never had the least trouble, however. Having 300 cavalrymen at Ft. Apache was a comfort.

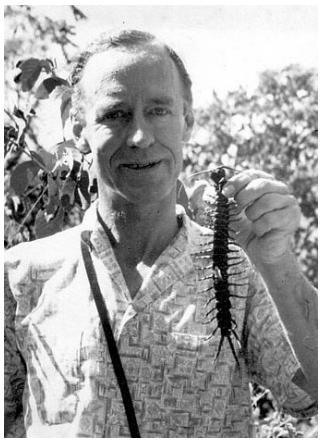
The Commandant, Major Andrus, would occasionally send the ambulance over, drawn by four mules, to pick up the ladies as we all went up White River to fish and picnic. The Major, his Lieutenants and I rode horseback, of course. Fish, deer, and turkeys were all plentiful.

One of my jobs was going out to camps (these were just wickiups - a sapling frame covered by bear grass)

[in contrast to the earth covered "hogans" unique to the Navajo, and which unwittingly will perhaps someday serve as the prototype homes of any post-atomic-blast suburb.] (JW)

to examine the pupil prospects for the school. I remember turning up the coarse muslin jacket of a 12 year old girl to use the stethoscope and the body lice that covered her body scampered for cover.

Speaking of insects, there were many kinds and many of them. I woke up one morning and on the bare floor was a six-inch centipede. He disappeared down a crack before my wife saw him. **(This one is from Trinidad in 1961. DFJ.)** [25]



Once I turned over a chip **[cow chip. DFJ]** *near the stream and there was a scorpion.* [26]

I had a row of tarantulas mounted down the side of the window in my office which I had killed with chloroform. [27]

I treated one Indian for multiple punctures on a leg caused by the sharp feet of a centipede. There was no poison, just dirty feet. [28]

I treated another Indian who had put his hand down on a tarantula and was bitten. The hand was swollen but soon healed. There was no sign of systemic poisoning.

The fly chrysomia [gold-bodied], the larva of which is a maggot that infects any wound or sore, was very common. [29]

It appeared in livestock where brands or cuts prevailed and on open sores in humans and it even invaded the nostrils of persons who were drunk or slept soundly. My first contact with this pest was in sores on the back of a horse and once in a sore on a squaw's leg and on TB sores on her neck. The cure is to pour on chloroform and cover the site with wet gauze and then pick out the dead maggots. I had never seen them before.

The method of conducting childbirth was to have the woman pull on a rope or blanket tied above the patient while one woman sat behind with arms around the abdomen and another pushed from front to back with her hands. By such violence something had to give.

I was called in alarm to attend a woman on whom this method had been used. They said something had appeared following the placenta. Scrubbing up as best I could, having no rubber gloves, I found the uterus turned inside-out into the vagina.

The camp was on a hill just above the Fort, so I went down and asked their doctor to help me anesthetize the patient. We brought up ether and more antiseptics. He was very nice about it all, and while I gave the ether he examined her. I said that while he was there he might as well go ahead and reduce the deformity. He tried, but failed.

Flies were swarming about, and the hot sun beat through the thin tin roof, and I was desperate at the thought of a hysterectomy even if they would admit her to the Army hospital where there were all male nurses. Could I do it in the camp? I pushed the ether aside and told him to let me try. Placing two fingers at the ring formed by the cervix, the inside slipped back suddenly, possibly due to no skill of mine but more from relaxation by ether. Was I relieved! An inverted uterus is extremely rare. The patient made a quick recovery.

Another woman I was called to see was torn by this labor method right through the perineum to the anus. She refused operation at the

hospital but she did come near the Agency and lay down on a roll of blankets where I visited her and dressed the wound daily until she healed up. She had a huge clasp knife to keep off varmints. She refused to even enter the school.

I recall an Indian boy who claimed to be too sick to go to school. They brought him nearby the school. Knowing he was malingering, I made up the vilest concoctions possible, but he would take them and grin back at me. When he felt no one was looking, he would get up and run and play with the schoolboys. In this way he finally entered the school.

A lot of the cavalrymen had recently returned from the tropics, and we lost a lot of babies with dysentery. They would die so quickly that their bodies would look round and normal. I suspected that the infection came from the food by flies. I know they **(the cavalrymen. DFJ)** *must have infected the mosquitoes with malaria as that disease is unknown at such altitude.*

Some of the men returning from the Spanish American War in 1898 brought infectious diseases with them, including yellow fever and malaria. At that time, however it was still believed that malaria was spread, not by mosquitos, but by bad air. On the east coast near panic in New York City resulted in Camp Wikoff, a quarantine camp, which was set up in Montauk, Long Island (The east end of Long Island). Theodore Roosevelt himself and 29,000 returning soldiers were processed through the camp with 257 dying. DFJ [30]

The Disciplinarian brought a boy to me one day and said, "This boy says he is sick." Taking his temperature, the thermometer registered 106 degrees. Next day it was normal but the day after that, following a chill, it was 105 degrees. The use of quinine brought a quick recovery. The Disciplinarian just didn't understand **(about malaria and its typical cycles of chills and fever. DFJ).** *The next summer there were no cases of dysentery or malaria.*

One summer, **[1904. DFJ]** *my wife and I went East to visit her folks and take in the World's Fair at St. Louis on my month's leave.*

At this point, Doc was distracted by a stronger recollection and we don't get to read what he remembered from that visit to St. Louis and the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition. One can imagine that it must have been a major effort to plan, pack for, and travel across the country from Whiteriver, Arizona to St Louis (1200 miles) and then to Washington, D.C. (another 800 miles). Their journey probably included a stagecoach and a number of railroad trains but it almost certainly began on a buckboard --- and it probably was the thought of that buckboard ride, when they were just setting out for St Louis and Washington, that made him think of another buckboard ride and of Edna.

We'll read about that other buckboard ride with Edna after this interlude, but first here are some pictures and notes about what Al and Edna might have found of interest in St Louis. (DFJ)

[31]

Geronomo, 74, attended the fair (as an exhibit of "primitive peoples"). Photographed by the fair's official photographer, he was at this time still a prisoner of the United States until his death at Fort Sill in 1909. [32]

The "Ferris Wheel" was first designed and constructed for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 by George Washington Gale Ferris, Jr., a graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. It was twice dismantled and reassembled, first in Chicago and then in St Louis for the 1904 Fair. It had 36 cars, each with a capacity of 60 passengers, which rivals that of the "London Eye." The picture shows the wheel at the 1893 Fair. [33]

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Tennessean E. M. Bayliss brought actual infant incubators, invented in 1888 by Drs. Alan M. Thomas and William Champion, to an exhibit on the Fair's Pike.

During the fair, premature infants from local orphanages and poor families were cared for in a row of 14 metal-framed glass incubators. Fairgoers paid to watch nurses care for the babies, and the admission charge helped fund the project. [35]

A glass screen was added after many of the babies died from diarrhea.[36]

Here is a partial list of the technological advances first introduced or promoted at the fair that Al and Edna would have been astounded by:

> **the X-ray machine, the baby incubator, the electric typewriter, the fax machine (called the telautograph at the time), the telephone answering machine (then called the Poulsen telegraphone), the tabletop stove, coffeemaker, automatic potato masher, bread machine, dishwasher, coin operated turnstile, the electrical plug and wall outlet, indoor and outdoor electric illumination, wireless telegraphy (which led to radio), wireless telephone (which led to the cellphone), the submarine, the automobile as a private, personal vehicle, the automobile battery, the airplane (still unmanned), the ice cream cone, iced tea and the hot dog. (DFJ) [37]**

And now, about that other buckboard ride:

On our first trip in **(to Holbrook from Whiteriver (DFJ))** *on the buckboard my wife had bought a small tin cup in Holbrook. When I asked her why, she said, "I thought we might pass a stream and use it to get a drink." The driver said, "We don't pass any water on this 30 mile drive." But she was right after all, since we had a large canteen and she could pour from that into the cup.*

(Google Maps shows Holbrook to Whiteriver to be 80.3 miles by car. The manuscript clearly shows "30" not "80". Perhaps Al misremembered or miswrote the distance or "this drive" was only one leg of the trip. How many miles could be covered in a day's buckboard drive, assuming optimum conditions? DFJ.)

On our second trip to Holbrook Edna bought a new picture hat and kept it in a paper bag to protect it. When she opened it upon arrival at Whiteriver it was covered with sand so fine it had gone through the paper bag. So much for sun, sand, and heat.

For the fashion challenged reader (*you men)* a *picture hat* has a wide brim, either simple or elaborately decorated, that frames a woman's face and shields it from the sun. Here is an example painted by F. W. Benson in 1915 and another painted by Jean Metzinger in 1906. (DFJ)

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This photo from 1903 shows what might have been the very picture hat that Doc was referring to. The person in the middle is unidentified: probably one of the teachers at Whiteriver. The special shoe Al is wearing on his left foot is clearly visible.

Image from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Before Al departed for his 30 day leave he prepared a report for the School Superintendent in charge of the Fort Apache Agency, C. W. Crouse, in which he described sanitary and health conditions among the Indians. His report was included with the other reports from the various divisions of the Agency and officially submitted on August 22, 1904 to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior. The title, signature and Al's portion of that report are shown on the next page as images. [39]

REPORT OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT IN CHARGE OF FORT APACHE AGENCY.

FORT APACHE INDIAN AGENCY,
Whiteriver, Ariz., August 22, 1904.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the affairs of this school and agency as superintendent and special disbursing agent for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904:

Sanitary conditions.—Concerning the physical conditions of these Indians I append hereto the report of the agency and school physician, Dr. A. M. Wigglesworth:

The general insanitary condition of our Indians still prevails in spite of advice and example. Most of their disease is preventable, and this office makes it a point to show them their errors and the consequences thereof.

The observation of two summers has shown me that by far the most sickness prevails during this season. The cause for the diarrhea, cholera morbus, etc, of adults, and the summer complaint of infants and children, must all be due to bad hygiene or flies. Our streams and springs show no specific germs on microscopic examination, nor can the food be questioned, except, perhaps, where contaminated or indigestible. Suckling babes suffer with the rest. The fact remains that these diseases are ubiquitous, that all suffer to some extent and many die. Treatment taken in time is a saving process.

Our past winter was very mild, and was marked by few fatalities from pneumonia. One mild epidemic of influenza is recorded, the diagnosis being certified by the microscope.

Tuberculosis in the form of consumption of the lungs has claimed a victim about every month. In some cases an entire family has been gradually exterminated by it. Lack of care as to dissemination, bad hygiene, late presentation of treatment, coupled with a special predisposition, are factors in causation and fatility. The medicine men have frequently instilled a false hope in some of the worst cases. We were fortunate in being able to contradict them and to prognosticate the fatal termination with the exact date in a way that has gone far toward gaining the confidence of the Indians. Many cases of glandular tuberculosis and a few of lupus, or the skin form, exist and help to spread this pestilence.

Venereal disease is so rare as not to require mention.

The census shows a gain of 14 births over the deaths. The physician was called in 6 labor cases, previous delivery occurring in 4 by reason of distance. Two of the latter were stillborn. The Indian method of management of these cases is to be condemned as causing lacerations and other untoward results.

One life has been saved and one cripple restored by surgical intervention.

Tact and judgment have been used toward counteracting the influence of their medicine men, and superstitions regarding our drugs dispelled. The medicine man's motive is a fee, and he usually does no more than sing for it. How much has been gained can not be estimated, but the demand for treatment has increased steadily, so that our drug stock has been exhausted several times. Wherever possible, medicines are administered by the physician, as relatives of the sick are so often too indolent or ignorant to trust.

The question of medication is often difficult, as they will not take the crude articles furnished us. Valuable time is lost in an attempt to render them palatable. As stated time and again, our drug list needs revision or abandonment.

The school health has been excellent, owing to the best of care by employees and rigid exclusion of diseased pupils.

We need more space for drugs and private treatment. Better attention can be given singly, and crowding tends to embarrass the timid. In this way one does not see what the other receives, and will not imagine he needs the same. They are too prone to take medication as a huge joke.

A system of tents with stoves and cots would constitute a valuable addition to our equipment. They would enable cases to be moved close to the agency, where daily care by physician and field matron could be had. School children given into the hands of parents could likewise occupy the tents.

A great amount of medicine has been expended on stock in treatment of wounds, sore backs, and screw-worm infection.

Very respectfully, yours,

C. W. CROUSE,
Superintendent and Special Disbursing Agent.

A party of employees went on horseback to a canyon a way to the east of Whiteriver to see a cave. To enter the cave we had to crawl and squirm through a narrow opening. Suffering from claustrophobia, dread of narrow or tight places, I was in agony. But, I finally forced my way into the dome shaped cave, which bore the marks of fire.

There must have been a vent above, for the air was not close. No doubt it had been an Apache hideout. I picked up a piece of a sandal foot made of human hair. Somewhere in our later travels it disappeared, along with a horsehair quirt and a swatch of woven horsehair bought from an Apache who had been held captive by Mexicans in Sonora. They'd taught him the art.

Cree or Metis quirt. about 1865. Canada. Elk horn, porcupine quills, pony beads, rawhide, hide and sinew. [40]

A quirt, or short riding whip, was used to urge a horse to greater speed. But Native warriors also used them to "count coup." A warrior would gallop up to an enemy in battle and, instead of killing him, would touch him with his quirt or with a special coup stick. Counting coup was a highly honored form of bravery.

"Pony" today refers to beads of a certain size. They got their name because they were delivered by the "Pony Express." Glass beads were originally introduced by Europeans for trading with Native Americans. [41] (DFJ)

About claustrophobia, let me digress to explain. Once, when I was about 11 years old, we lived in a company house in Durango below the railroad track. We had moved there from over the drug store. Our rooms were in one part of the building, the rest occupied by the railroad offices. A high board fence enclosed the back of the house and further back was a stable and a granary or feed room. In this feed room, besides hay, was a wooden box about five feet long by three feet high and two feet wide, with about four inches of oats in the bottom.

The box had rope handles made by boring holes in the ends, passing a rope through, and tying a knot, passing the other end through another hole, tying another knot and the intervening loop serving as a handle. I'm guessing at all the measurements. It may have been 4x4x4. The box was fitted with a hasp and staple so it could be locked.

My brother Will, about 17, my brother Jack, age five, and I, at 11, were in the granary. We were teasing Will, and he grabbed us, put us in the grain box and fastened the lid. We laughed and giggled. The top fitted rather close, and suddenly I noticed that it seemed difficult to breathe. Fortunately, I had my sharp pocket knife, so I cut off a rope knot and had Jack put his mouth to the hole while I did the same at the other end.

Meanwhile, Will had gone into the house and sat down to read. Suddenly, mother exclaimed, "Where are the children?" Will dashed out and released us. We were drenched with sweat (it was July) and

rather unsteady. Mother was stirred out of her usual complacency and felt like thrashing Will.

To resume, once when I had an outside call, someone had [borrowed] my horse. Superintendent Crouse told me to take a white pony the Agency owned. Laban, the interpreter, spoke up and said, "I think he is too shy **[skittish]** for the Doctor." I laughed at him, for I felt I could ride anything. He did shy, though - jumping from one side of the trail to the other. This incident occurred soon after my arrival.

[Laban Locojita is listed as an interpreter at Fort Apache in *The Official Register of the United States Containing a List of the Officers and Employees in the Civil, Military and Naval Service,...* United States Department of the Interior, July 1, 1901, Volume 1, page 958. The record shows he was paid $150.00 but does not indicate employment dates. DFJ]

In the fall of 1904 I received a letter from the Ft. Defiance Agency physician saying he was coming down for a visit. He soon stated his purpose was to arrange an exchange of posts. Later, I learned Superintendent Perry was glad to get rid of him, as he was not interested in medicine or Indians, only artifacts, old blankets and old jewelry. I took him over to the Fort and introduced him to the Army surgeons. As Ft. Defiance **[1986 pop: 3,400]** was at least 300 miles closer to my relatives in Colorado, I was happy to trade, and so it was arranged in Washington.

As the crow flies, the distance between A and B does not change, but in the Arizona of 1905, if you think about it, travel distances, and times, between places did vary according to whether you were walking, riding a horse, driving a wagon or riding on a railroad train. A footpath for man or horse would be the shortest distance between A and B, the distance requiring the least energy. The distance by horse-drawn wagon, which could not negotiate many paths that could be easily traversed by foot, would be longer. The speed of a horse-drawn wagon or a railroad would, however, often make up for the greater distance traveled.

Google maps shows the current distance by auto between Whiteriver (Fort Apache) and Durango to be 336 miles. It also shows the distance between Fort Defiance and Durango to be 156 miles, a difference of 180 miles, not 300 miles. Al did not have the benefit of AAA maps or GPS in 1904. His estimates of distances probably depended on hearsay and interpolations from known railroad distances, which were measured to the tie. (DFJ)

I left with an Agency team of mares and a big wagon just before Christmas **[1904]** *to meet the M.D. at Holbrook where he was to come with a four-mule team, wagon and driver. My wife was to follow by ambulance, if possible, or by buckboard and train, and I would meet her in Gallup, NM. She was teaching and training pupils for all the Christmas festivities at the school. Anyway, I felt the overland trip would be too much for her as she was about four months pregnant.* **[With Thomas Eliot, born April 16 1905. DFJ.]**

It had rained a great deal earlier, and when I started out the mud was so terrible that I was unable to reach the divide between White River and the Little Colorado so I camped by a spring. Next morning

the adobe was frozen and we made time down to Snowflake where I camped by a pond. Even in a pile of blankets it was hard to sleep because of the cold. The pond froze over during the night. The next day I reached Holbrook, 90 miles from my start. When I met the Doctor he was surprised that I had no driver as he had. That had never occurred to me. I never heard how he made it.

Since he was so interested in collecting curios, it's just possible I gave him the sandal foot of human hair.

I left Holbrook sometime toward the end of December 1904 with four mules and a wagon. Harry Curley, a Navajo interpreter, did the driving. We stopped the final night at Adamana.

Now a ghost town, Adamana was named after local sheep rancher Adam Hanna. Established in 1896, it had a post office until 1969. It was a railroad stop and a ranching settlement, once known as the "Gateway to the Painted Desert." At its peak, Adamana had about 30 families, a post office, a school, and a store. When a gas plant was established in Adamana and the new Interstate 40 passed it by, the residents began to leave. The hotel burned down in 1965, destroying some irreplaceable treasures such as the hotel register, which was signed by such people as Theodore Roosevelt and a king of Spain. [42] (DFJ)

One of the employees there asked me if I didn't want to take a mule and go see the Petrified Forest. I had seen agatized wood all my life,

Petrified Forest at Adamana. [43]

so I was not interested, like when as a boy we lived in Colorado Springs and with a team and a spring wagon in the back yard I never went up on Pike's Peak.

Our next camp was at Houck. The trader's fireplace was made of petrified wood. We were assigned a small outhouse **[out-building, not a privy. DFJ]** *and made our bed on the floor. The next camp was at a spring on the Navajo Reservation, and from there we made the 20 miles into Ft. Defiance and unloaded my possessions at the small rock cottage assigned to the physician.*

Back to the Apaches, I will state that while some were intelligent, many were ignorant, dirty drunkards. One season they were advised by a medicine man that old times were coming back with deer and buffalo plentiful and the white people would disappear. They did no planting, but put in their time at revelry and singing.

A small boy was once brought to me, a lad of seven or eight, who had suffused (diffused beneath with fluid] tissue between his legs leaving scar tissue that bound his leg at the thigh such that the scrotum was caught in the cicatrix (contracted fibrous tissue] and he was unable to walk or ride a horse..

I stripped him, scrubbed him, and bathed the operation site with alcohol. The Agency clerk had had one year as a medical student, so he gave the ether, and in the presence of the boy's father I cut open the scar tissue, repaired the scrotum, stitched up the wound where I had cut out the scar tissue, dressed and bandaged him, and his father took him home.

A week later I went to his camp to take out the sutures, but found no boy. He had taken to the woods on my approach and I never saw him again. No doubt his father had told him that I had cut him up. Well, anyway I heard he was healed and could walk and ride a horse and so became a first-rate Apache.

Back to Ft. Defiance: a saddle horse or two, a Studebaker Western buggy and a team of black mules were turned over to me.

The Studebaker Company manufactured road vehicles from 1852 to 1966. The coup on the right, the 1953 Commander Starliner was noted for introducing the first "front is back" design. [44]

My first trip was 30 miles to Gallup where I met Edna and we had our joyful reunion and Christmas dinner at the Santa Fe RR's El Rancho Hotel.

Next day we drove back to a stone house with running water, bath and kitchen, a large fenced yard, and electric lights. It seemed like heaven. I had no hospital, only a small room in the stone school building, which had been built by some missionary sect. My drug room was a two-room adobe structure, and it and another low adobe building next to us were the only buildings remaining of the old fort.

Like all forts, the grounds and buildings made a hollow square. We were at the northeast corner. A two-story stone dormitory was at the northwest corner, and in between on the north line was my drug room, and a two-story dormitory. South of the dormitory was a school building. There was no running water, and on the ground floor was the room assigned for the sick. (We kept water in a bucket, which was filled from the creek.)

Over on the same side but further up the slope of the mountain was a stone jail. Below us to the east was a long adobe building occupied by employees, and two other adobes, one for Superintendent Perry, and the other for trader Manning.

Further down was a large two-story building for the blacksmith and the carpenter. On the south line was a large frame barn. The deep canyon between the mountains was to the west and the ravine turned the floods south. When the military were stationed there, the canyon was a green meadow and the water flowed out onto the Fort grounds. Later, floods tore out the canyon bottom and made a deep ravine heading south.

Our water was piped down the canyon side from a spring far up the canyon. There was a wagon road near the canyon north wall by the deep ravine.

Arriving at Ft. Defiance in 1904 and finding no hospital and no nurse... (the blacksmith's wife drew the salary of one to keep the

position on the rolls, but she was untrained and ignorant). Imagine! I was the only physician on a Reservation of 16,000,000 acres (about a 160 mile square)!

My contention was that the Navajo should have Reservation schools so that the pupils and parents could be educated together. The Indian Office, however, was collecting and taking Indian children off to non-Reservation schools. It was a terrible mistake, for they began returning them dying of TB. I was frantic. I had no place to keep them. We had no TB amongst our pupils as they were examined every week and a record of their weight kept. They did have trachoma (a highly contagious virus disease of the eyelids which can lead to blindness), despite scrupulous care of towels by the Pullman system - one towel to each wash.

I pled with the employees who brought the dying pupils home. "Let them die in the schools," I said. "Don't you see what you are doing? There is no idea of sanitation in the hogans of their families." I had to standby as Sanitation Officer and see the infection planted. Now we were reaping the harvest, for there had been very little TB on the Reservation earlier. Now it was very common.

(Tuberculosis is a contagious bacteria-induced disease. It can attack lungs, intestines, glands, bone and skin, but 85% of deaths are due to lung infection. It is transmitted by both animals and humans. Modern drugs largely preclude the former need for radical surgery.)

Miss Thackera, an Episcopal missionary, who had come there when the military was in charge, had a small hospital with two small 12' x 10' rooms about a half-mile down the road to the east. The main building was sandstone of originally white color and a few frame outhouses and a barn. By crowding, about 12 patients could be accommodated.

I was soon called to visit some patients there, and Miss Thackera said, "Now, I want to pay you $500 a year for services." I said, "No, Miss Thackera, these are Indians and so entitled to my services." She persisted, so I finally agreed, thinking to use the money for equipment, since I had practically none at the Fort.

Later she bought me a microscope and an operating table. I bought a stethoscope, medicine bag, and other essentials, none of which were on the Property Return. **[A list of equipment that belonged to the government and would have to, at some point, be returned. DFJ]** Later, except for eye instruments, the medical Property Return had full equipment. I bought many special instruments, and after Miss Thackera retired to Florida and her hospital was changed into a school, took those instruments with me when transferred to Albuquerque Indian School. Still later, I used them when I was in charge of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat field work for New Mexico Indians.

As I have mentioned, at Fort Defiance the blacksmith's wife was drawing the nurse's salary. She was totally ignorant of medicine.

Once, while removing TB glands from the neck of a schoolboy, I turned the chloroform I was using over to her. She completely lost her head and seized my hand to stop my cutting. So, I ordered her out. Miss Thackera had a nurse, so I confined my operating - which was extensive - to her hospital. Later, the old adobe building of five rooms was given to me for my pupils. I was the only M.D. on a Reservation larger in area than double that of Connecticut and Massachusetts combined. There were some 30,000 Indians.

Soon after I arrived at Ft. Defiance, a woman died in labor within gunshot [sound] distance of the school, and the Navajo had no idea of calling in the white doctor. Before I left there, we were having 50 births a year in the hospital, and I confined the wives of two leading medicine men in their hogans.

My first outside call was to a small day school at Tohatchi, about 25 miles slightly north of east and down from the mountain. It was late in March with about 1-1/2 feet of snow on the ground. We were expecting our first child in April. I was bolt afraid to leave Edna, and afraid the trip would be too much for her. She insisted on going. We were well wrapped up in the buggy, but she frequently had to get out in the snow to relieve herself.

Among the medical highlights at Ft. Defiance was an amputation of a hand from an Indian pupil of eight years who had gotten it caught in an unprotected mangle at the laundry. **(Perhaps like that shown on the right. DFJ**

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The father stood by as I amputated, went home and gave a detailed account to his wife, the boy's mother. She was with child at the time, and when the baby was born it had no left hand. The stump was at the exact point as his amputated brother's, and bore a strong resemblance. A most peculiar incident!

Another case involved a woman brought in on a stretcher from Chinle. She had an enormous ovarian cyst. Opening the abdomen, I put a hose in the tumor and drained over two gallons of fluid, and then removed the cyst, which weighed ten pounds.

I recall two herniotomies, one on a three-year-old Navajo, and the other on a 70-year-old white veteran squaw-man [that is, a white man married to an Indian woman and living with the tribe]. Both recovered, but the old soldier had ecchymosis [blood under the skin] **[a large black-and-blue mark as is usually seen with bruises. DFJ]** *of the entire pelvis. He finally got well and was troubled no more. He*

had worn a truss for years. To aid his recovery, the old gent's half-breed boys made a daily trip of 60 miles to keep ice in the pack we used. There was no ice at the Fort.

A Concord buggy [46]

But getting back to our trip to Tohatchi, we were using the Concord Studebaker buggy drawn by two rather fractious mules. The descent from the mountain was by a steep road along the side of a 100 foot canyon.

Our guardian angels came to our rescue and produced two Navajos on horseback right at the beginning of the descent. One of the men was carrying a new axe handle, and he rode ahead and made the mules sit right down and hold the buggy back by waving the axe handle in front of them. I feel sure had we tackled the downgrade by ourselves the mules would have run away and thrown us in the canyon. As usual, the patient at Tohatchi was dying of TB, so I was sent home, since at that time we had no sanatorium at the Fort. It was a useless trip, endangering our lives, but orders are orders.

Doc in 1905
(Image from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.)

On 16 Apr 1905 our first boy was born, Thomas Eliot, named after his two grandfathers. Edna had refused to leave me, and I couldn't leave my work. The nearest hospital was at Albuquerque, 150 miles away, and besides, we didn't know anyone there. My folks were way up in Colorado, so I called Miss Thackera's nurse, and delivered Edna of an eight pound boy. Labor was quick and easy.

[In fact, Doc delivered all four of his children, the only alternative being the Hatahtli - see page 60.] ==========*page number?*

Thomas Eliot with Al and Edna about June 1905.
Is that a camera on the floor?
(The Wigglesworth Family Collection.)

Eliot

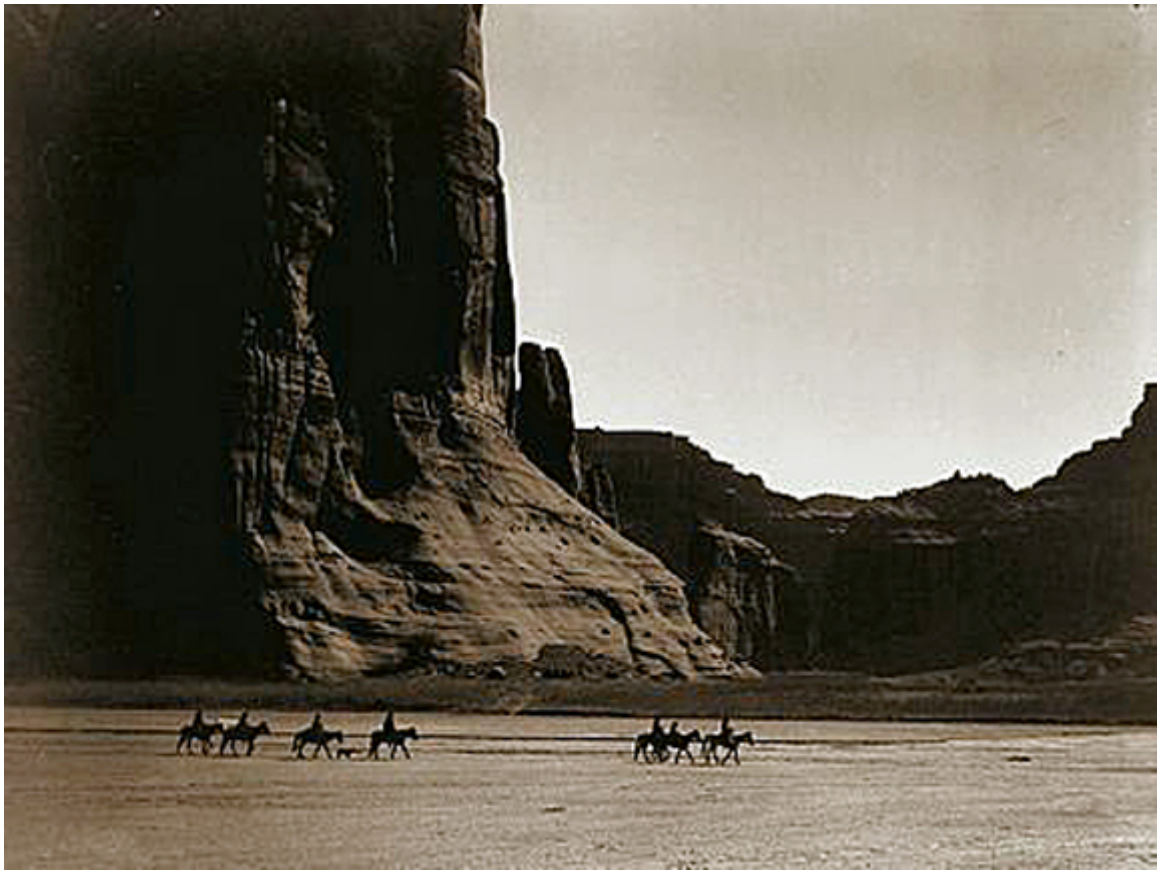
Group with Edna on left and Eliot

Images from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

We had a terrible sand storm several times a year, but mostly in the spring. My wife would start to brush off the sand that sifted in the windows, but soon gave up and waited until the wind had ceased. At the Episcopal Hospital the nurse weighed the sand that came in around the window frame and under the door onto the floor of the 20' x 20' room we used for operating. The weight was two pounds. Driving against such a storm was difficult, as the team did not wish to go against the wind, and also it was hard to see the road.

Superintendent Perry succeeded in getting a two-story stone house built for himself and Superintendent Harrison. It was the latter who reported me for receiving the stipend from the Episcopal Hospital, but he only succeeded in having the Indian Affairs Department give me carte blanche, so I arranged to have a frame drug room built next to the main stone office building.

(Al doesn't mention it but, at about this time, in the Spring of 1905, Superintendent Perry was held up and beaten by some Navajos of Chinle, a village at the mouth of the Canyon de Chelly. After some tense negotiations the matter was settled peacefully with the assistance of Father Anselm Weber, who ran the Franciscan Mission in St Michael and Henry Chee Dodge, who would later become a friend to Al and first President of the Navajo Nation. DFJ [47])



Canyon de Chelly by Ansel Adams, 1905. [48]

Fr. Anselm Weber. [49]

Superintendent Paquette came later and he obtained funds to build a sixty-bed frame hospital. Prior to this, tonsillectomies, amputations and cataract and trachoma operations were done at the Episcopal Hospital. Things were beginning to improve and my practice grew. I was allowed an assistant and two trained nurses. A physician was stationed at the San Juan Agency, 100 miles away, one at Tohatchi, 50 miles away, and one at Chinle, 45 miles distant.

On 16 Jan 1907 another child was born to us, a baby girl, and much to our sorrow, she died 11 months later on 31 Dec 1907.



Images from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

She died of peritonitus caused by multiple perforations from a foreign body, a sliver from a piece of glass or a razor blade. I delivered her and performed the post mortem autopsy as the Superintendent, a physician, declined to do it. My first and greatest sorrow was brought on by her death, and I can still hear her pitiful little moan. The agony of a decision to operate or not! Perhaps it is just as well that I did not, for I'm sure it would have been hopeless under the circumstances.

We got a small white coffin from Gallup and I drove Suzanne Marie's body down to St. Michael, **[where the Mission was. DFJ]** *and the Sisters there dressed her in clothes. She looked like an angel, all in white, and we buried her in the graveyard on the mesa overlooking the school, "where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free."*

(Al is quoting a line from the song, "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie," written by Carson Robison. DFJ.) [50]

Oh carry me back to the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free
And when I die you can bury me
Neath the western skies on the lone prairie

I`m a roving cowboy far away from home
Far from the prairie where I used to roam
Where the doggies wander and the wind blows free
Though my heart is yonder on the lone prairie

[There are several poignant letters of this period that warrant incorporation at this point; first, because they flesh out the heart-rending dimensions of this tragedy, and second, because they comprise just about the only letters that Edna ever saved - thereby testifying to the depths of her grief. These letters, though, are also notable in their own right, notable because of the singular unity that marks the variety of ways in which God-loving people evidence their simple but great faith. One wonders what supplies and supports the fortitude required of folks confronting great personal tragedy in our own seemingly godless days. Perhaps herein lies the basis for the current twin epidemics of suicide and drug abuse. It may be well to resurrect the alternative posed by these letters, thus:

> **<u>31 Dec 1908</u> (from a Ft. Defiance neighbor to the Wright family in Washington DC): It may comfort you in your grief for poor dear little Suzanne, who has gone from us, to know how brave Dr. and Mrs. Wigglesworth are in their great sorrow. Each of them is thinking of the other, he in the 1oving care and thought that he always has for her, and she realizes that his 120 Indian patients plus dear Suzanne's illness are more than one man can bear of life's burden. Suzanne looks so beautiful in her little white dress, a calm peaceful look on her dear sweet face. She struggled so hard for her life that we did not think she could be taken from us. But, the angels loved her best, and if you could only see her, you would exclaim, "God's will be done!" It is sad for them to be so far away from you all at this time, but their friends here**

will do what they can to comfort them. Believing that God will help you all to bear this sorrow, I am sincerely ••••

(The other letters that Jack Wright included have been moved to the Notes at the end of this chapter. DFJ. [51])

But, as is virtually always the case, just about the time we are almost overwhelmed by the mystery of death, the miracle of new life confronts us once again. So it is that just about this time Edna received a post card from Gallup. It is not clear whether it is from Doc or possibly a Dr. Brown, since the salutation greets "Dear Friends," and the card closes with a cryptic aside to the effect that it has been a year since a Mrs. Brown was confined "over there," and concludes finally with a "Kiss the babies for me," followed by a cramped "V.B." -- which might signify either wishes for the "very best" or rather be the originator's initials, but the basic message was otherwise typical of Doc's experience. It read: I assisted at the birth of a 12 pound boy today - actual weight! I'm so proud [and think of how the mother must have felt.] I can't wait to write. Had more experience than I have had in a year."

[Life does go on, but then - so does Doc's story.]

By now, life at Ft. Defiance was not too bad. We had an excellent water system, electricity, and ice, which we cut from Red Lake and hauled and stored in sawdust from the mill. An old cabin was used for this. A team, Studebaker buggy and saddle horses were always available. Besides the assistant doctors I've already mentioned, there was a Mission M.D. at Hubbell's [the oldest continuously operating trading post on the Navajo Indian Reservation - from 1878 - and just a yell southwest of Ganado – [which is Spanish for cattle], and a

government doctor at Shiprock School [70 miles slightly east of north) in nearby NM.

The Hubbell Trading Post in the 1890s [52]

So, now at the Fort we had the sixty bed, frame hospital, a 25 bed TB sanatorium, and Miss Thackera's hospital of 25 beds devoted to E.E.N.& T. cases. We operated on any and all surgical cases, usually with good success.

The first automobile was given the service about 1908, an old Buick with controls outside on the right side. **(Possibly the Buick Model B, which started in 1904, which was replaced by the Buick Model F in 1909. DFJ)** [53]

Later on, I bought my own Fords. Gas was furnished by the Agency.

(Three images from the Wigglesworth Family Collection)

Ford Model A, Fort Defiance. Wig, Jack, Frank

Photo unlabeled.

Govt. Transportation, Fort Defiance.
The Ford Model A about 1916.
(children are not Wigs)

Travelling in the Model A on the Navajo Reservation (Images from the Wigglesworth Family Collection

This could be a Reo but not the same one as in the following picture. Notice the two boys in knickers, knee socks and newsboy hats trying to keep mud off their shoes and a boy's (Jack's?) right forearm in the back seat. That's probably Edna sitting in the car and Al behind the Kodak. (Image from the Wigglesworth Family Collection)

How can this happen? Drivers like a smooth dry surface, such as a sandy bank thrown up by a swiftly flowing stream. But sandy banks can be deeply undercut by the same stream. Notice the sharply cut bank on the far side of the stream to the right in the top picture. When a heavy car drives over, the bank can collapse, suddenly turning into loose sand into which the tires sink. In a few minutes the loose sand is washed away leaving the car partially, or completely, submerged. This situation quickly led to the common admonishment of the time: "Get a horse!" (DFJ)

The photo on the left, from the Wigglesworth Family Collection, is labeled "Reo Phaeton, Albuquerque, NM." The spare tire perhaps read "REO SIX" separated by a badge or shield. It could be the same model car as in the image on the right, which is a 1917 REO Model M 7 passenger touring car. [54]

Instruments and books were now available, plus a day nurse and night nurse. Despite these new advantages, we still had to make many hard drives in dust storms, as well as in sand and ice storms, frequently getting stuck in the ice or mud.

In 1909 I was granted a furlough with pay to go to New York and study trachoma, which was prevalent on the Reservation. In some areas 50% of the Indians had this eye disease. I took Edna, Eliot [then four], and his younger brother Albert Francis, who was born Feb 1909 and named after his uncle, Herbert Francis Wright, Edna's oldest brother, and me.

I left them in Washington DC with Edna's parents and entered the New York Medical School and Hospital where I took classes in Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. I was given a diploma in six weeks.

The original 13th Street building was erected in 1856, rebuilt in 1893, and now includes the Schermerhorn Pavilion, designed by Stanford White, and opened in 1902. (DFJ) [55]

I attended a city hospital for trachoma among the gamin

[gamin - homeless street urchins - Doc's vocabulary would vie with William F. Buckley's. JW]

(William F. Buckley, (11/24/1925 – 2/27/2008), renowned for his erudition and political commentary, was a founder of the conservative magazine *National Revue*. DFJ)

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and went to Ellis Island to witness the trachoma exams of immigrants, and probably knew more about the effects and treatment of trachoma than the New York doctors.

Eye exams.

Ellis Island in New York Harbor [57]

After three months in the East we headed back to the Reservation, and with my added knowledge and equipment began to do cataract operations and tonsillectomies as well as refractions of all the Indians and employees.

John Wigglesworth.
Image from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

My son John was born 5 Apr 1913, so now we had three fine boys. School facilities at the Fort were bad, but the older boys, and eventually John, did attend the kindergarten for the Navajos. A white teacher was obtained for the white children, finally, but since my wife had been a teacher she taught them much.

[This "white teacher" school was operated by a Mrs. Renfrew in her dining room. Nine or ten children sat around a table, with El as the oldest, Jack the youngest, and Frank somewhere in between. The grades ran from kindergarten to the eighth. Later in the year a more or less formal school was opened under AZ laws which required a student body of 13 to qualify. Jack, although only five, was drafted to fill out the complement.]

[This seems the proper point to inject a little elaboration about Fort Defiance, since it was the site of Doc's longest tour, December 1904 - April 1918, and the locale in which all four of his children were born (between 1905-1913), and where his only daughter died in infancy.

It was established in 1851 at an elevation of 6862 feet at the mouth of the Canyon Bonito (Pretty Little Canyon), on the southern slope of Mount Chuska, and thus falls within the Navajo Reservation. It lies about a mile west of the AZ-NM border, some 80 miles south of Four Corners. It is one of 12 so-called Fort Defiances in the United States, and was the locale of the losing 1860 Navajo uprising against the Belagaana - that being the Navajo designation of "whites" after the sound of the Spanish "*Americano*".

Just over the NW hill lies the Canyon de Chelly ("de Shay", after the Spanish corruption of the Navajo Tsegi for "Rock Canyon") In 1853 a nameless Army engineer labeled it the "most beautiful and interesting post as a whole in New Mexico." (The Fort was originally in that part of the New Mexico Territory, which subsequently became the state of Arizona.)

The first school on the entire Navajo Reservation was established there in 1869, and the first boarding school (which remained in operation through 1959) in 1882. This was the

setting in which Edna plied her teaching skills, Doc practiced his medical magic, and the three Wigglesworth boys grew up. Today (1986) the Fort is the site of a General Dynamics missile parts plant, and a Fairchild semi-conductor installation, which builds transistors and integrated circuits. So much for the Old Frontier, long since engaged in fashioning the New Frontier. Now, let's get back to Doc.]

An offer was made to me in the Spring of 1918 to take the job as Head of the Health Section in the Indian Office in Washington DC. We stored our belongings at St. Michael's Mission and went East during wartime. We arrived on 11 Apr 1918 and that night two inches of snow fell. Housing was very difficult to find, so we stayed with Edna's parents for a while. We were finally able to rent a house by buying the furniture, and put the children in school. After six months the owner sold the house, and as I hated my job, we headed back to Ft. Defiance, having heard from the Superintendent that there was now a school - for the children of white employees.

All of my family and myself came down with the flu soon after our return. It was the 1918 epidemic that killed so many people [22 million by 1920]. I had worked day and night with dying Indians, pupils and parents, and it was bitter cold.

In the U.S., about 28% of the population suffered, and 500,000 to 675,000 died. Native American tribes were particularly hard hit. In the Four Corners area alone, 3,293 deaths were registered among Native Americans. (DFJ) [58]

I was anointed for death by one of the priests from St. Michael's, but survived and became a Catholic. Before, although baptized as an infant, I had had no religion for 17 years of married life.

I was well pleased with progress at Ft. Defiance, but cannot help thinking back over the many lost lives resulting from sending the Navajo children to schools off the Reservation where they contracted TB then came home to die.

I was always an advocate of Reservation schools. Once I had to act as an interpreter between a daughter who had returned from a non-Reservation school and her mother. A headman, Peshlakai, said, "You take away our children and return them a bag of bones."

Peshlakai Etsidi, (1850-1939)
Photo ca. 1885.
"Peshlakai" means "silversmith." [59]

The majority of pupils, even if not sick, had to return, as the whites would have none of them, no matter how well educated or skillful. The whites would say in derision, "Back to the blanket!"

Speaking of acting as interpreter, my ability to speak Navajo was helped by the two years among the Chiricahua Apaches, as they are both Athapascan.

The year after we returned from the East the school for the white children was terminated as the teacher left. As a consequence, we transferred to the Albuquerque Indian School.

I also had medical jurisdiction over the Southern Pueblos, Picuris [a smallish tribe in north central NM], San Juan, San Felipe and Isleta. With permission from Superintendent Perry, previously known at Ft. Defiance, I also had a considerable private Mexican practice **[for which, Doc neglects to mention, he was rarely paid],** as I also spoke Spanish.

Getting back to Ft. Defiance for a moment, I recall when Edna's sister Alma visited us there. During that time I had a call to Chinle. The sister of the interpreter was ill so the Field Matron placed the call. I took a spring wagon, team, and blankets, together with Alma, baby Eliot and baby Suzanne, and headed for the mountain top overlooking Chinle through the rain. We camped in a partly finished building which was to become the farmer's quarters when one would be appointed.

I took the Matron's pony and rode down to the camp. We crossed the Nazlini, and though it was OK going down; it was swollen by the rain on our return. Incidentally, the patient was dying of TB, so I let her **[the pony]** eat the little green watermelons her brother brought. Well, we followed up the Nazlini until almost across from our camp where we met three Navajo on horseback. We were afraid to cross as the stream was so muddy and filled with floating logs and brush. But one

of the Indians stripped down and walked across, so we followed. I thought of my wife, my sister-in-law and my babies. What would they do if I were drowned? Also, I had no insurance then.

Well, we had many narrow escapes and many sorrows. I had to drive into Gallup on business, so Edna thought Eliot should go with me and visit a boyfriend. I took him with me and left him with his friend. To my surprise, as I was leaving, he came to the buggy and said, "I want to go with you." I said, "Oh, I don't think your mother would approve of that." So, instead of bursting into tears, the brave little fellow straightened his shoulders and went back. How often I wish I'd listened to his plea. The next day I went to Tohatchi on a call and on my return found the superintendent and Edna waiting to take us to Gallup as they had been notified that Eliot had been shot and to come at once. We left the younger two children with a teacher and departed.

Two youths about 15 or 16 had been out rabbit hunting with 22 caliber rifles. They lived next door to the boy Eliot was visiting. He and a six-year-old boy were playing with some pigeons. The older boys placed their guns against the house and the six year old got up and took one of the guns. Just then one of the older boys came out, took the gun away, and told the child to leave the gun alone. Foolishly, he did not unload it. He had no sooner gone in the house when the little boy got the gun, pulled the hammer back and fired. Eliot was shot through the lower part of his left lung, and the bullet came out on the opposite side of the spine. He had been put to bed, and the local

doctor had taken the bullet out from just under the skin. The obturator nerve [which serves two muscles in the rump region] was damaged, and he walked thereafter with a slight hitch due to a little shortening of the leg. There were no other complications.

Some random thoughts: we had many parties and picnics to break the grind at Ft. Apache and Ft Defiance.

Here are some pictures from those parties and picnics, some involving "road trips."

Photos on left and below are from the Wigglesworth Family Collection. The above is labeled "Window Rock." Photo of Window Rock on right is from Wikipedia. [60]

This photo is labeled "Natural Bridge, Arizona." I could not find a picture on the web of a natural bridge formation in Arizona that looked like this. The two photos may be of the same formation from different angles. (DFJ)

All of the following eight pictures, with any captions, are from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

This picture's caption identifies seven of the ten people in it but doesn't pinpoint their positions. Presumably, J. Eliot (Johnson Eliot Wright, Edna's father) & Suzanne C. Wright, her mother, are the grey haired couple dressed in dark colors. Reuben Perry, Superintendent of Schools at Fort Defiance, must be the tall man in the center. Edna May Wright (next to her father?) and sons Eliot (tallest), Frank & Jack. Woman on right is probably Desbah Baldwin, (Edna's Native American maid. She later married a Hawthorne.) Two other women not identified. Circa 1919.

Picnic at Fort Defiance

Edna second from right. (Group above a small pond or stream.)

Edna lower right. (Walking sticks left. Box camera behind Edna.)

Near Ft. Defiance. Picnic with Al, his mother?, Desbah (the Indian maid), son Frank & friend, and Edna.

Unlabeled. Perhaps a kiva entrance. Notice canteen, snug collar and cuff.

A Navajo loom with donkey.

Unlabeled. Perhaps somewhere in the Chaco Canyon area, maybe Pueblo Bonito. Notice camera on lap, lantern? on right.

I delivered all four of my children, and Edna breast fed them.

Two other things come to mind. One was the removal of a tumor about the size of a chestnut from the right breast of the trader from Chinlee. The pathologist in San Francisco (where I sent the tumor) said that I got it just in time, that it was about ready to burst the capsule.

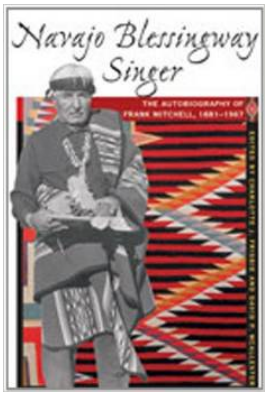
The other was the birth by a Navajo woman of a harlequin fetus - extremely rare. It resembled a large scorpion with claws and joints. It lived only a short time. I wish I could have preserved it, but had no means, even though it was a hospital case. The brief time it was alive it did not cry like a baby but whined. They call them Congenital Ichthyosis [signifying dry and scaly], but it looked like a reversion to when we were crustaceans [shelled invertebrates] on the bottom of the sea.

I must write about one more incident at Ft. Defiance. A big burly Navajo policeman, Betahne Nez, came to me complaining of a pain in his left breast. He was a man of about 50 years, so I thought he probably had a mild angina. I treated him for several weeks, with no improvement. He kept insisting it was a coyote's tooth pressing toward his heart and that he would have to take time off and visit a famous medicine man to have it extracted. Well, out of curiosity I gave him more medicine and told him if he were no better to come back and I would extract the wolf's fang. Meanwhile I was having some loose teeth from pyorrhea. I sat up after the family went to bed one night

and extracted one of my teeth with the forceps. I sterilized it thoroughly and bided my time.. Sure enough, he came back no better. I had the nurse sterilize a scalpel and artery clamp, and I scrubbed the area to be incised and applied alcohol and injected a little Novocain. Quickly making an incision and plunging in my tooth, held in the clamp, I twisted it around, withdrew it, and held it up for the patient to see. He nearly collapsed, but was cured from that moment.

The news of this feat spread throughout the Reservation, and a distant Superintendent wrote to me saying he had been told that I had done what he said the Navajo medicine men couldn't do. The Superintendent poo-poo-ed the idea, but the Indians insisted that the doctor at Ft. Defiance could perform such magic. You see, the Navajos have a superstition or belief that a medicine man can make an incantation and thereby extract a bean or pebble or in this case a coyote's fang. The method of the medicine men, I was to learn, was to suck out the offending article, which had been previously concealed in the mouth.

This incident was described by Wade Davies in Peter Iverson's *Dine': A History of the Navajos:* "Davies notes … the doctor's patients respected him all the more for his action. Navaho singer Frank Mitchell later termed him "the very first good doctor the People ever had." [61] Frank Mitchell is shown here on the cover of his autobiography. (DFJ)[62]



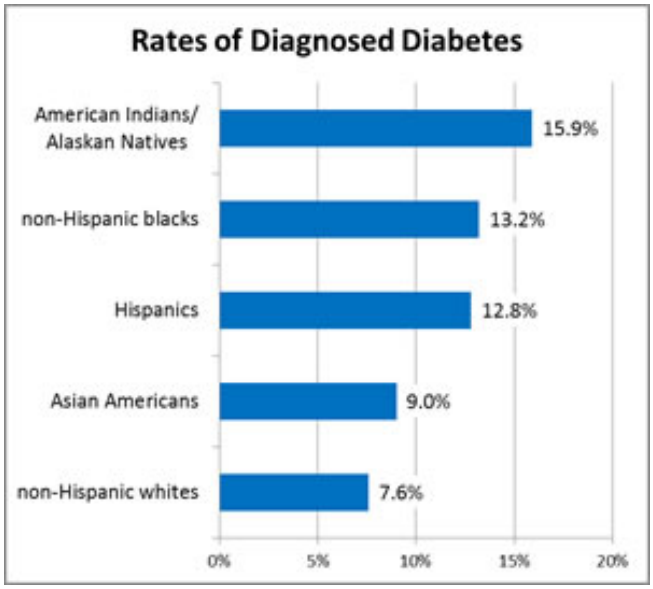
In 1986 author Tony Hillerman incorporated this incident in his novel *Skinwalkers*. [63] (DFJ)

In my 14 years at Ft. Defiance I saw only one case of diabetes.

Al's comment about seeing only one case of diabetes (in the early decades of the twentieth century) was perhaps prompted by recently reading (in the mid 1950s) in the medical literature that the incidence of diabetes among Native American populations was increasing. Forty years later (in 1994) one researcher noted the trend:

> **"Diabetes in the Native American population was virtually unknown in 1940. Diabetes started in the 1950's . . . " (Szathmary, 1994). [64]**

In June 2014 the American Diabetes Association released the statistics graphed below which showed that 15.9% of American Indians had been diagnosed as diabetic. (DFJ)



American Diabetes Association. [65]

An old woman came to me with a tumor the size of a hen's egg in one breast. I begged her to let me remove it, but she said, "Do you think I'm going to let a young fellow like you cut this out?" "Well," I said, "otherwise it will kill you." The next I saw of her the breast and chest were one big ulcer and she lived only a short time.

Another time I amputated a cancerous penis but failed to get the lymphatic glands in the groin, and so lost the patient.

With the instruments I bought from Miss Thackera I was able to do several tonsillectomies and at least two mastoid operations. I did a cataract extraction on a 15-year-old pupil, traumatic of the right eye. He got 20/20 vision and I fitted him with glasses, but he would not wear them as his left eye was perfect. Well, anyway, he was now safe in case of any failure of the left eye.

I operated on an old Mexican woman from Atuohi,, gave her 20/20 vision in both eyes and fitted her with glasses. She was delighted, as she had not really seen her sons for several years.

I operated on a Zuni Indian by extraction without cutting the iris result: 20/20 vision. He later developed a capsular cataract and was operated on by my successor at Ft. Defiance after I left, by needling, again - 20/20.

I remember another cataract operation. This was on a Navajo from near the Hopi Reservation and it was successful in one eye, but the

other one had gone too long. He would take off his glasses and say, "Dis way no see." Then he'd put them on and say, "Dis way pretty good."

I have mentioned Superintendent (Dr.) Harrison earlier. He was at Ft. Defiance for only a brief period, but one time I asked him to attempt a cataract operation on an old Navajo since I had never seen such procedure at that time. It was before I went to post-graduate training. After cutting the capsule the lens rolled into view and we thought it vitreous [glass-like] and stopped. As a result, there was very little vision. Now I know how each job could have been successful.

Some seven or eight miles east of Gallup is a mission of the Dutch Reformed Church, mainly for Indian girls, I think. I was called there three times, once to inspect for eye problems and operate if necessary.

The second time was for a perineal [crotch area] repair job on an Indian woman of another tribe from Oklahoma married to an educated Navajo. The physician who attended the birth was certainly culpable for leaving her in such condition. I made a good job of it.

The last was a call from the physician at Pueblo Bonito asking help with a thigh operation. I had three old men that I had to catheterize twice a day at the Episcopal Hospital, but Miss Aires, a former Secretary of the Board of Colorado Nurses said she could do it, so I drove the 40 miles only to find the doctor was drunk in Gallup. I told

the lady clerk at the hotel to wake him up and ask him if I should go ahead. He muttered, "Yes", so I amputated near the knee. The M.D. later said I should have amputated at the thigh, but I saw the case a year later and he had a wooden stump on his knee and got around fine. It was a case of TB ankle. I never saw the doctor again, as he left soon after.

[And so Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth's memoirs, as completed in his own hand at age 89, come to an end, but this is not the end of his story. Except for a brief break in 1923 to attend a postgraduate update in his E.E.N.&T. specialty at Denver, Doc served as Medical Officer at Albuquerque from 1918 to 1924 when he was put in charge of the medical services to all Pueblos in the Rio Grande Basin of New Mexico. Since the latter entailed constant travel, he had his family move to Washington DC where they stayed with his wife's parents again.

By 1925, Doc had tired of the constant travel, and although his family had meanwhile returned to Albuquerque, he jumped at the chance to accept transfer from the Indian Service to the Veterans Bureau. This, of course, is another whole story. Here we have a lasting major change of venue, from West to East, from frontier doctor to eastern establishment doctor - but the name of Doc's game was still service to the truly needy.

As of his 10 Sep 1925 transfer Doc, now largely an E,E,N & T specialist, had performed:

*** 1,000 trachoma expressions, some with grottage by Jameson file;**
*** 800 grottages, McMullen and Fox technique;**
*** 25 tarsectomies - Fox technique;**
*** 20 operations/cataract, senile and other;**
*** 50 pterigium operations;**
*** 5 mastoid operations and countless tonsilectomies;**

*** 10 eneuleations;**
*** 4,000 eye examinations and countless refractions - since 1 Jul 1924 alone.**

Now, note that these are Doc's E,E,N & T statistics for a little over one year!

In addition, Doc had authored:

Trachoma Among the White Mountain Apaches (1903);

A Case of an Inverted Uterus in an Apache Woman (1903);

Trachoma Among Navajos (1905); and

Blue Spot Among Navajos (1905).

"Blue spot" or "Mongolian spot" refers to a blue birthmark that Al observed on many Native Americans. Since it also appeared on many Asian children, it was speculated that it was proof of the Asian origin of Native Americans. It is a congenital developmental condition exclusively involving the skin. The blue colour is caused by melanocytes that are usually located in the epidermis but are in the deeper region of the skin known as the dermis in the location of the spot. Usually, it appears in the lumbosacral area (lower back). (DFJ) [66]

There's no mention of when Doc slept or what he did in his spare time. And, if you've been with us this far, you know that Doc was the complete physician, covering - as the quaint if less than elegant military phrase has it, everything "from asshole to appetite." Not a pretty phrase, to be sure, but so comprehensive and apt! But, now it was time for a change. After all, Doc and family had spent the first quarter of the twentieth century laboring in the wilderness. It was time to move on.

Meanwhile, the world also was changing and moving on.

It was 1925.

Coolidge was entering his second term.

Calvin Coolidge (July 4, 1872–January 5, 1933) was elected as the 29th Vice President in 1920 and succeeded to the Presidency upon the sudden death of Warren G. Harding in 1923. Elected in his own right in 1924, he gained a reputation as a small-government conservative, and also as a man who said very little. [67]

Hitler had published Mein Kampf (and too few world leaders gave notice.)

1926–27 edition dust jacket.

Mein Kampf, "My Struggle") is an autobiographical manifesto by Nazi leader Adolf Hitler, in which he outlines his political ideology and future plans for Germany. Volume 1 of Mein Kampf was published in 1925 and Volume 2 in 1926. It was edited by the former Hieronymite friar Bernhard Stempfle, who was murdered during the Night of the Long Knives.[68]

The Hebrew University was founded in Jerusalem.

The Hebrew University of Jerusalem is Israel's second-oldest university, after the Technion. The first Board of Governors included Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Martin Buber, and Chaim Weizmann. Four of Israel's prime ministers are alumni of the Hebrew University. In the last decade, seven researchers and alumni of the University received the Nobel Prize and one was awarded the Fields Medal.[69]

Rudolph Friml was hailing the Vagabond King on the New York stage.

Rudolf Friml
(Dec 7, 1879 – Nov 12, 1972)
Composer of operettas, musicals, songs and piano pieces, as well as a pianist. After musical training and a brief performing career in his native Prague, Friml moved to the United States, where he became a composer. His best-known works are *Rose-Marie and The Vagabond King,* [70] each of which enjoyed success on Broadway and in London and were adapted for film. None of his works are in the current popular canon. [71]

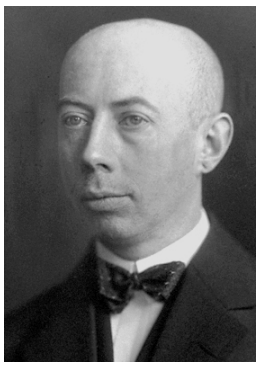
Rudolf Valentino died.

Rodolfo Alfonso Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, born on May 6 1895 in Castellaneta, Puglia, Italy, died at the age of 31 on August 23 1926 in New York City of peritonitis, a complication of an operation for appendicitis. (DFJ) [72]

Chicago style jazz hit Europe. The #1 song of the year was Show Me The Way To Go Home (and Edna was ready).

73.

Ominously, Gustave Hertz won the Nobel Prize for Physics for discovering the laws governing the impact of an electron upon an atom (One can almost hear Dragnet's "Dum-De-Dum-Dum.") [74]



Dragnet was a popular TV show in the 1950s, one of the first "procedurals". "Dum-De-Dum-Dum" refers to the four ominous notes heard at the beginning of the show and throughout that were used as dramatic punctuation. (DFJ). [75]

A Bible costing $2,000 in Gutenberg's day could now be had for $3. The Charleston was the current dance craze. Crossword puzzles became fashionable. Female skirts went above the knee.

Grantland Rice introduced All-American football teams.

A famous sportswriter, Rice was the successor to Walter Camp in the selection of College Football All-America Teams beginning in 1925. He dubbed the great backfield of the 1924 Notre Dame Fighting Irish football team the "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame. (DFJ) [76]

The USA led the world with 261,000 miles of railroads (to which Chief Wig had contributed his rugged share.)

Finally, the Washington Senators lost the World Series to Pittsburgh.

But enough, already! It's time to head east.

NOTES

1. Brahms, Johannes. Johannes Brahms, Life and Letters. This quote inserted by DFJ.

2. "All's right with the world," is a line from a Robert Browning verse drama published in 1841, *Pippa Passes.*

> **The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn;**
>
> **Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearled;**
>
> **The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn;**
>
> **God's in His heaven— All's right with the world! [2]**

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16. Wikipedia contributors. "Walter Cronkite." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 22 Apr. 2014. Web. 15 May. 2014.

17. Image of St. Columba Rectory. Animas Museum and Durango High School. All digital images copyright 2000-2001 The Animas Museum or the LaPlata County Historical Society. All rights reserved. For information on policies and purchasing prints, please contact The Animas Museum at 970-259-2402.
Identifier http://dhs.durangoschools.org/cdp/95-02-066-42.JPG

18 Image of Strater Hotel, 1887 taken from the website: Durango Silverton Railroad.com. (http://www.durangosilvertonrailroad.com/durango-area-lodging/strater-hotel)

19. [Unable to find source. DFJ]

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38. Wikipedia contributors. "Neo-impressionism." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 28 Aug. 2014. Web. 15 Oct. 2014.

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http://images.library.wisc.edu/History/EFacs/CommRep/AnnRep04p1/reference/history.annrep04p1.i0005.pdf

40. Taken, on 10/20/2014, from the website: A Song for the Horse Nation. Horses in Native American Culture. “Quirts”.
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[http://www.countrymusictreasures.com/storybehindthesong/carry-me-back-to-the-lone-prairie.html] "This song was written because Carson disputed the old song 'Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie.' He could not conceive that a cowboy would not want to be buried anywhere but on the prairie. James Melton was directly responsible for starting it off to be a big number. He sang it literally hundreds of times in his programs and concert tours." —Catherine A. (Mrs. Carson) Robison

51. Here are the other condolence letters that JW quoted:

> **5 Jan 1908 (from Chinle, AZ, to the Wigglesworths): Have just received the sad news of the death of your darling baby. She was so dear, so precious to Jesus that He could spare her to you but for one short happy year, then take her to His loving arms. How well I recall her sweet little face the last evening I saw her. May God comfort you both as He alone can in this dark hour. With a heart full of sympathy, I am ••••**
>
> **5 Jan 1908 (from Big Pine, CO, to Edna): Your postcard of the 1st conveying the sad news of Suzanne's death came this morning. Poor little innocent child! How she must have suffered during those five weeks. The New Year brought deep sorrow to her father and you, but the beginning of a new and glorious life for the tenderly nursed little flower whose earthly sweetness faded ere it had scarcely begun. It seems strange to us - we do not understand that a sinless being should have to suffer so much. Perhaps the All-wise Creator let her suffer during those many days all the misery and pain that would have been her allotment had she lived for many years. I'm sure that no mortal ever enters this world, if life is theirs for even a few hours, without having some pain or sorrow. My sincere sympathy for yourself and husband and the little brother whose playmate he will so often miss. Trusting that a merciful God and time will bring comfort, I am ••••**
>
> **6 Jan 1908 (from Cincinnati, OH, to Edna): I received your postcard this morning telling the sad news of the death of your baby. We feel sincere**

sympathy for you and the Dr. and also little Eliot. He will miss her, too. Yours with love and sympathy. . . .

7 Jan 1908 (from Valley Center, CO, to the Wigglesworths): I wish I could tell you how inexpressibly sorry we are for you in your bereavement. I can only pray that He who bears our sorrows may help you bear yours. Even as the sword pierced the very soul of the Blessed Virgin, even so must it pierce that of the children of men to the end of time. And blessed are we, too, when we can truly say, "Thy will be done. The Lord giveth and the lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The Lord be with you. The Lord make His face shine upon you, and give you peace. Most sincerely ••••

12 Jan 1908 (from Santa Fe, NM, to the Wigglesworths): Accept my sincere sympathy in this your hour of sorrow. A letter from our Sisters at St. Michaels informed me of the death of your little darling. I could not keep the tears back when I thought of the dear little one as I last saw her. She was so cute. Words seem so cold and empty at a time like this, but may He who drank the bitter chalice to the dregs be your support and comfort. It is hard at times to say, "Thy will be done," when the poor human heart is crushed and bleeding, but the thought of His bitter agony in the garden will give us strength and submission. Our own dear Mother Mary, also, made a great sacrifice at the foot of the cross of her Son. How sweet it is to feel that she can sympathize with us in such trials. Let us then be generous and say, "Fiat." Placing all in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I remain yours in our Lord ••••

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