

**THOMAS AND ALBERT
WIGGLESWORTH.**



**RAILROAD BUILDER,
DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO**

A MEMOIR

By Dr. A. M. Wigglesworth
(1872 – 1964)



Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth
Railroad Builder
(1835 – 1909)

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



**First Doctor to the Navajo ¹
Dr. Albert Matthew Wigglesworth
(1872 – 1964)**

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**With additional commentary by
Russ Wigglesworth,
Jack Wright and
Dennis Jensen**

Edited by Dennis Jensen

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Cover photo (detail) from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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FORWORD BY DENNIS JENSEN- 2015

In December 1956, at the age of 84, Dr. Albert Matthew Wigglesworth wrote a memoir. In 1986, at 73, Jack Wigglesworth, the doctor's youngest son, suggested that Jack Wright, his cousin, create a context for the memoir that would give some perspective on the doctor's life and the contribution he made to the Navajos and to medicine during the first half of the 20th Century. They felt that both the doctor and his father, the railroad construction engineer, Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth (7/31/1835 – 1909), who built the Durango – Silverton Narrow Gauge and many other railroads, had never received the recognition their achievements deserved.

Working in 1986 with a Commodore 128 (a very early personal computer introduced in January 1985) Jack Wright converted the original memoir from Albert's cursive script to typed text and added information about the Navajos and the Normans and Thomas Wigglesworth and the Wigglesworth family genealogy. He printed a number of copies on a dot-matrix printer and, literally, pasted in pictures from the "Wigglesworth Family Collection," bound the whole thing in simple 3-hole cardboard binders, and shared them generously with any one who showed an interest.

One who was interested was Tony Hillerman (1925 – 2008), whose award winning novels are set among the Indians of the Southwest. Hillerman incorporated into his novel *Skinwalkers* a dramatic incident the doctor described which demonstrated the deeply felt beliefs of some of the Indians and the imaginative techniques the doctor used in serving their health needs.

Reworking the memoir into its 2015 version has meant often simply reformatting Jack Wright's work so that the paragraphs are shorter and more suited to the modern reader's expectation. I have also split *Chapter I: Origins* into two Chapters, the first discussing the Navajos and the second the Normans. Two chapters have been added: *Chapter IX: The Excursion to Walpi to*

See the Hopi Snake Dance Ceremony; and Chapter X: Brother Simeon and Sister Kate. The Epilogue is now Chapter XI.

I have tried to elucidate “hidden” references and allusions that the reader, especially the young reader, is likely to skip over, often unwittingly, not realizing a trove of fascinating information lies buried on the page in unfamiliar words just waiting to be “unpacked.” Providing images or explanations for “unpacking” such terms I hope will add a dimension of understanding.

The images are drawn from the “Wigglesworth Family Collection” or from the web. Web images are from the Library of Congress or other sources that are in the public domain. Sources are cited in notes at the end of each chapter.

I have changed or deleted text only for the sake of clarity, brevity and appropriateness.

Why me, you may ask, (and I have). Well, a number of reasons: Starting in 1998 I created a website for my own family genealogy and had a lot of fun doing it. You may want to look at it to see for yourself (I'd be pleased if you do: *DennisJensen.us*) Then also I have been a librarian since 1970 and I guess I just like finding information and putting it in order. And, incidentally, I do the website for Ann Wigglesworth Barbieri's artwork: *AnnBarbieri.com*. And then there are the many times Jack Wigglesworth visited us down here in Delaware and fascinated us with his stories about growing up in Fort Defiance, Arizona. Sadly, Jack passed on March 11, 2013, just twenty-five days short of his centenary: April 5 2013. So I want to do what I can.

Dennis F. Jensen, August, 2015

FOREWORD BY JACK WRIGHT- 1986

This memoir has been compiled mainly from a hand-written manuscript crafted by 89 year-old Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth at Carroll Manor in 1956, eight years before his death. The manuscript essentially covered the doctor's early years and education, and then focused on his quarter-century medical service to the Navajo and Apache Indians in the southwest USA from 1900 to 1925, when he was also raising a family comprising three young men. This was clearly the happiest and most fruitful period of Dr. Wigglesworth's life, which really continued until the death of his beloved wife, the former Edna Mae Wright, in 1954.

To round out the story of their life together resort has been had to other sources, especially the archives of their two surviving sons, Frank and Jack Wigglesworth. Every reasonable effort has been made to credit the published sources used, which include but are not limited to the following:

The First Americans. Time-Life Books, NYC;
Here Come the Navajos. Bureau of Indian Affairs;
Annals of the Franciscan Fathers of St. Michaels Mission. 1918,1920,1922. AZ;
Padres' Trail. Franciscan Fathers;
Carrollette. Order of the Carmelites;
Trek Along the Navajo Trail. Trek, Inc., Durango, CO;
Rio Grande Green Light. 15 Jul 1947, Rio Grande Rail Road;
"Sagebrush Metropolis, Durango 1880-1881." Durango Herald, 1977;
Durango Herald Democrat. 30 May 1948;
Silverton Standard & The Miner. 7/8/1982, 8/26/1982; the 1982 Visitors Guide;
Cinders and Smoke. Western Guideways, Lakewood, CO;
Fort Defiance and the Navajos. Pruett Publishing Co, Boulder, CO;
The Smithsonian. July 1986.

The Wigglesworth family provided the more personal pictures. Fortified with the foregoing material, compilation of this 50,000 word memoir was accomplished May - September 1986. It is sincerely hoped that family members will find the tale as interesting and inspiring as the interlocutor did in its preparation.

Jack Wright. 14 September 1986.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

(As an after-note Jack appended the following in his 1986 edition:)

This manuscript was produced by a personal computer rig comprising a Commodore 128 central processing unit - Commodore 1571 Disk Drive - Samsung MD 1251K Data Display - and Sakawa NLQ SC-1200 Line Printer with Cardco *G-Wiz* parallel interface, and using *Paperclip-II* word-processing software. Reproduction was then provided by *Nebel Instant Printers*, Rockville, Maryland.



RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH: RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO. A MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

ORIGINS: HOW THE NAVAJO CAME TO NORTH AMERICA

Every man is a quotation from all of his ancestors.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882). *The Complete Works*. 1904. ²

From the Evening Star, 16 May 1946:

Congress Told Plenty in Navajo About Indian Children's Needs. More Money Vital For Schools, Chief Explains Fluently

(By the Associated Press) About the liveliest person in Washington today is a sturdy, 86-year-old Navajo Indian chief, Chee Dodge. He's in town with a delegation of Navajo braves, trying to convince Congress it should ante more cash for the education of his tribe. Chief Dodge has been to the Interior Department and to the House and the Senate to explain that there are 20,000 Navajo children, but only schoolrooms enough for 6,000.



Henry Chee Dodge
First President of
the Navajo Nation ³

He went before the House Indian Affairs Committee yesterday to speak his piece, in Navajo. The translation was supplied by his son, Tom, who wore a tan sports coat, a neatly matching tie and pocket-handkerchief, and looks like the successful lawyer he is.

When he felt a point needed amplification, the aged chief would leap to his feet, shake his magnificent head of white hair, wiggle a dramatic finger, and then turn loose a torrent of Navajo. And a torrent of Navajo can leave the most verbose member of Congress at a loss for words.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

It turned out the old boy had a sense of humor, too. Once, without waiting for a translation, he came up with a reply in perfect English. He then explained to the astonished committee that he spoke Navajo only because many of the 22 delegates with him knew no English. "Actually I had a tremendous education for my day," he assured the committee. "I went to school for two months." ⁴

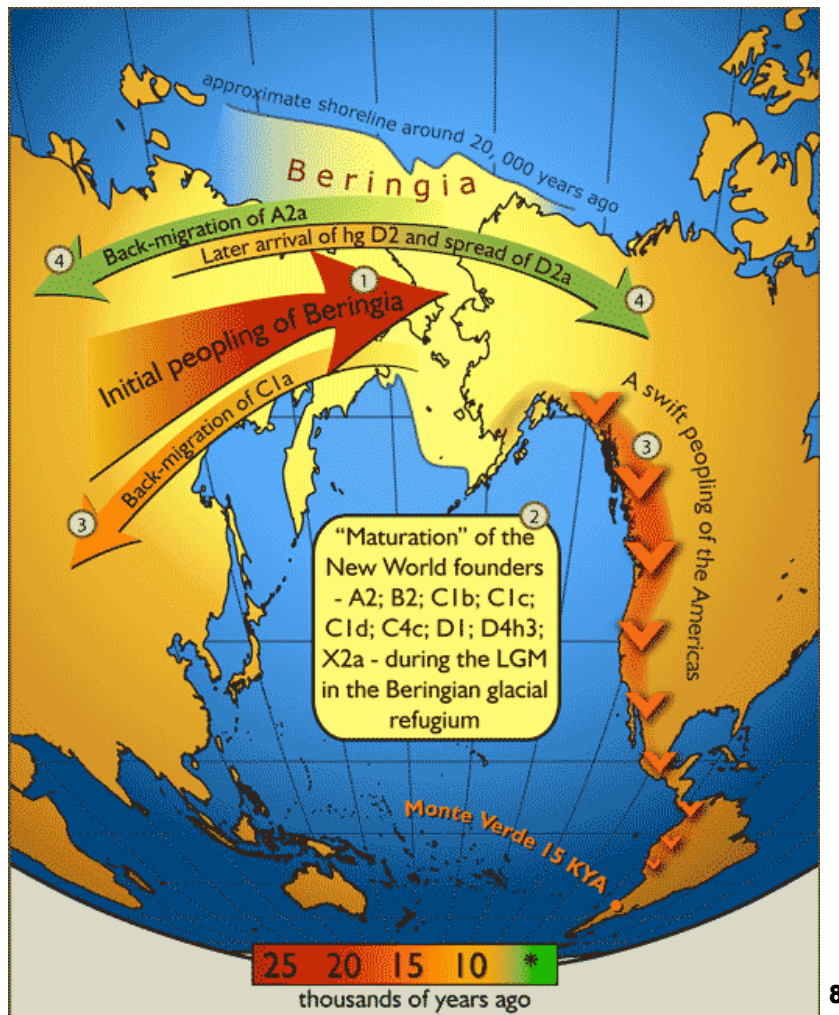
This is the story of Dr. Albert Matthew Wigglesworth and his father, the railroad construction engineer Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth. It is therefore also necessarily the story of the American Indian, especially the Navajo of the desert and mountain area broaching the northern ends of New Mexico and Arizona and the southern ends of Colorado and Utah. This would be the Mesa Verde and San Juan Basin areas roughly centered on the "four-corners" - the only place in the United States where four states meet, and reputed to be the most photographed spot in the country.

The near half-century merger (1878-1925) of the Navajo and the Wigglesworths near the Four Corners area of the Mesa Verde - San Juan Basin region of the southwest shall be the focus of our story. Here, these two "tribes" for all time put to rest the Kipling contention that "East is East, and West is West," ⁵ and never ("Barbara Walters-wise" ⁶) "the twain shall meet," because, we may now say, it was precisely through the *train* that they *did* meet (about which more later). Actually, the two parties, both of which originated in the far north long ago, approached the area from opposite directions, with the Indians arriving first by a bare 15,000 years!

Navajo legends contend that their people (the *Dineh* - pronounced "din-NAY") emerged from "the under-ground" into the southwest USA. Don't you believe it! Rather, it seems that the North American advent of the Indian was more or less a geological "accident" of the last ice age, which caused water from the oceans to be turned to snow and ice and deposited on the enlarged polar ice caps. As the level of the oceans fell a land bridge was exposed between Siberia and Alaska. Now called *Beringia*, it was a lush land link nurtured by the natural fertilizers of sea animals and plant remains. The resulting verdant foliage lured "big game" animals from Asia and then their hunters followed in pursuit.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

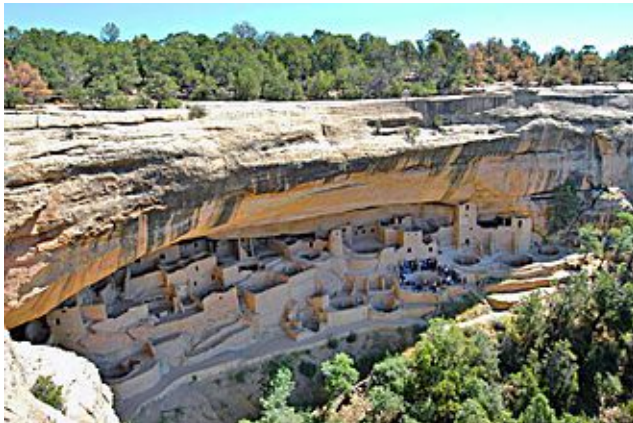
It is generally believed that this bridge was further augmented by a glacier-free corridor, estimated as no more than 25 miles wide, through northern Canada; a wall of ice as much as a mile high otherwise stretching from the Atlantic to Pacific and blocking all access south. Scientists generally believe, on the basis of artifacts scattered through the Americas, that the Indians arrived about 30,000 BCE! More specifically, Indians are placed at Mesa Verde, Colorado, by 400 AD - which still represents quite a jump on the Wigglesworths.⁷



8

This map shows the Beringia Land Bridge and the various movements of peoples. For an explanation of the codes in the map's legend see: *The Anthropology.net ~ "Beyond Bones & Stones. Peopling of the Americas: mtDNA Tells Us of the Beringian Standstill."* October 31 2007. [mtDNA = mitochondrial DNA, which is passed down through females. DFJ]

The initial occupants of the Four Corners area (who peaked about 1200 AD) are figured to be the so-called *Anasazi*, that being the Navajo word for "*the Old Ones*." The era of "*big game*" for them is said to have prevailed from about 9000 BC, followed by a period of foraging from about 4000 BC, followed by the advent of farming around 1000 BC. Some farmers began forming villages around 300 BC. It was not until about 900 AD that the Anasazi started building *pueblos*, that being the Spanish word for "village." (One of the most famous pueblos is the Mesa Verde's *Cliff Palace* located in an enormous cave and containing more than 200 rooms capable of accommodating several hundred people.)



Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde

Eventually, with the introduction of sheep and horses by the Spanish in the 1500s, the Navajo "successors," (with the Apache) of the Anasazi became an essentially pastoral people, but also developed artistry with turquoise-ornamented silver jewelry and the weaving of baskets, blankets and shawls, for which they are renowned to this day.

One interesting sidelight re the latter two crafts is the frequent adornment of their products with the design known to us as the swastika. Most people born since the 1930's will most likely recall it with repugnance as the symbol of arrogant racial superiority flouted by Hitler's Nazis. That's really too bad, because the symbol has a more noble connotation as reported in the *1920 Annual of The Franciscan Missions of the Southwest*.¹⁰

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A Franciscan monk¹¹



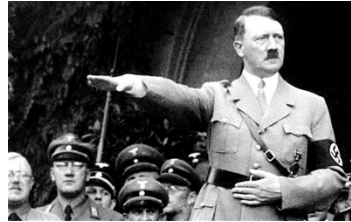
**Jack Wigglesworth's
Navajo blanket¹²**

The *Ae'Nishodi Biae Danaezigi*, or *Men Whose Robes Drag In The Dust*, or more simply, *Long Robes*, report therein that extensive research reveals the swastika in fact to be a fitting symbol of "the ethnic unity of the human race" - by virtue of its prehistoric origin and almost universal use. It is to this day the principal ornament with which some Indians decorate themselves for the performance of their religious ceremonies.

Ruth Underhill's *Here Come The Navajos*¹³ suggests that, "The key to the Navajos comes through their language." With the exception of the related Apache, it is unlike that of any other Indian tribe. "Navajo sounds and Navajo grammar are entirely different," according to Dr. Underhill. They have no f, p, q, r, v, or x - although all are used for renderings in English, and consonants predominate.

War buffs will recall that, precisely because of the uniqueness of their native language, Navajos were pressed into service as telephone and radio communicators in the front lines during WWII. The Army first stumbled on this bonanza in WWI. It was a unique service provideable only by our American Indians. Most of

their languages had never even been written down, and Navajo was further complicated because translation was never word-for-word. For example, "Hitler" was automatically transposed to *Moustache Smeller*, and Mussolini to *Big Gourd Chin*,¹⁴



while Doc would become *Medicine Man with Limp* [*Why “with limp” will be made clear in the memoir. DFJ.*] and son Frank would be known as *Turkey Egg* because of his many freckles.



Turkey egg on left.¹⁵

Incidentally, the Wiggs treasure copy #153 of a 325 copy edition of a two volume *Vocabulary of the Navajo Language* produced by the Franciscans at St. Michaels, Arizona, in 1912. The Navajo code-talkers operated from Italy to New Guinea in the South Pacific during WWII. Some 375 Navajos had been recruited into the Marine Corps by the end of the war.

The Navajo language is traceable to tribes inhabiting northern British Columbia and Alberta, the two westernmost Canadian provinces bordering the USA. The language is called Athapascan (variously: athabascan - there being as many spelling versions of Navajo words as of the name Gadhafi, rhymes with daffy), due to its orientation around Lake Athapasca -- Lake of the Reeds, or, (in Navajo) *“there is scattered grass.”*

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Geronimo in 1886 on right with some of his Apache warriors. ¹⁶

Another interesting sidelight of the language is the nature of Navajo names. The name "Navajo," means: "*great planted fields.*" It might more appropriately have meant "*adaptability,*" since that is what characterizes the Navajo in great measure. They readily undertook to learn a whole new way of life as farmers and herdsman, whereas the more nomadic Apache stuck largely to foraging and were a generally nasty neighbor. In fact, "*apache*" is the Zuni word for "enemy," and Geronimo (1829-1909) was still rising against the U.S. (not without cause) as late as 1885-86 (although he eventually became a Christian and marched in Teddy Roosevelt's 1904 inaugural parade).

Nor was the wily and courageous Cochise (1815-1874) often mistaken for a really nice guy - especially after 1861 when soldiers justly hanged several of his relatives. Even Edgar Rice Burroughs of Tarzan fame was moved to write two 1927 novels focused on Geronimo or *Goy-ath-lay - the Man Who Yawns*. At one

point, he has the wise old chief say, "Some day the *Nalgai Lagai* (white eyes) will keep the words of the treaties they have made with the *Inizhini* (Indians), the treaties they have always been the first to break." Well, one can hope.

The Navajo used no surnames, but had both "private" and public personal names and, like most other Indians, they did not call each other by the highly poetical names common to novels and old movies, such as *Fleet Antelope*, *Running Bear*, or *Soaring Eagle*. (Once again, this paraphrase is courtesy of the Long Robes, i.e., The Franciscans.) On the other hand, one frequently met such prosy names as *The Liar's Son*, *Frozen Feet*, *Mister Mud*, *Little Horse-thief*, *Squint Eye*, or *Club Foot*. For this reason Navajo were never addressed by the name under which known. It would be an offense against decorum and usually not at all flattering. Hence their bashfulness, too, when asked their name. They'd hedge by saying "*Halla*," the equivalent of the Spanish "*¿Quien sabe?*" for "Who knows?"

It shouldn't be surprising, then, to learn that most Navajos assumed a second or "public" name, which they used in normal commerce. This practice was virtually forced upon them by book-keeping incident to their wanting to be paid. Needless to say, these self-chosen names were more complimentary, as for example, the equivalent of *Mr. Tall Man* -- *Qastqin Naez*.

It should go without saying that English translations are generally inaccurate. Thus, *Black Horse* is not a proper translation of *Bili Lizhini* which literally means "*He whose horse is black*." Little wonder, then, that the Navajo were generally addressed by the more generic *Qastqin*, which is "*Mister*," the equivalent of *Senor* in Spanish. It only remains to remark that The Lone Ranger did his faithful Indian companion no honor by calling him *Tonto*, which is Spanish for "Crazy."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing is that shortly before 1300 AD this way of life came to an abrupt and mysterious end in much of the southwest. Why it did is a mystery even today, but the most likely explanation seems to come from the abundant evidence of a severe draught that apparently gripped the region toward the end of the 13th century. This would not, of course, explain the failure of the Pueblo tribes to return to their monumental villages. It seems most likely that they discovered that their lands had in the interim been taken over by many war-like tribes.

Thus, it is generally concluded that the Athapascan predecessors of the Apache and Navajo infiltrated the area through the 12th to 15th century AD. These folk were skillful warriors with a new weapon, borrowed from the Eskimo, a bow backed and strengthened by springy sinew which made them the fastest, hardest, straightest shooters in the west - as the Spanish, Mexican and United States governments were to discover in turn. It is said that even today Zuni mothers frighten naughty children by telling them that the Apache will come and get them. (The bulk of this early Indian lore is derived from TIME-LIFE's *The First Americans*.)¹⁷

Continuing our historical stage setting, the Spanish incursion, principally along the Rio Grande valley, generally transpired between 1540 and 1821. The Spanish explorer Coronado swept up from Sonora, Mexico, opening up the American southwest in 1540-42, searching for the fabled seven cities of Cibola. Legendary for their gold (El Dorado), they are believed to have been in the general area of the Zuni country around Santa Fe and, in fact, Zuni, New Mexico, is the only one of the "gold-less" seven cities that survives. (One group split off from Coronado's party to the west and discovered the Grand Canyon.)^{18 19}

As recently as 30 June 1986 the *Washington Post* reported the possible finding of one of Coronado's 16th Century camps – the first non-Indian site found in New Mexico - revealing seven iron horseshoe nails, a sewing needle, a piece of metal horse



Francisco Vasquez de Coronado

harness, burnt beans and corn kernels, together with fragments of pottery of a type made and used by the Spanish in the 1500's. The Indians at that time had neither horses nor iron. Note that Coronado's settlements preceded the more familiar colonies of our east coast!

After independence from Spain in 1821, Mexico became monarch of the southwest until the invasion of U.S. troops in 1846. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ceded the area to the U.S. on 2 February 1848. Neither Spain nor Mexico ever succeeded in subjugating the Navajo.



Map of the Coronado Expedition, 1540 – 1542. ¹⁹

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It would take the U.S. 17 years to do so, (although front page newspaper headlines on 7 July 1986 suggest that in their land dispute with the Hopi and the U. S. government the Navajo may not be fully subdued even yet.

The first foray by the U.S. against the Navajo was concluded at what would become Ft. Wingate in a peace treaty on 22 Nov 1846. During the next 15 years six other treaties would be drawn up, agreed to and signed:

**at Beautiful Mountain, 21 May 1848,
at Chinle, 9 September 1849,
at Pueblo of Jemez (Hay-mess) 15 November 1851,
at Laguna Negra, (just north of Fort Defiance) 18 July 1855,
at Fort Wingate, 25 December 1858, and,
at Fort Wingate, 18 February 1861.**

Only the first treaty (1848) was ever ratified by the U.S. Senate.

Also, during this period the first military post in Navajo country was established at *Ft. Defiance* on 18 September 1851. Fort Defiance would be the birthplace of all four of our hero's children.

The treaties were mostly honored in the breach by both sides, although the U.S. managed the best PR, and generally succeeded in placing the onus on the hapless Navajo as war alternated with peace into the spring of 1863. At this point the U. S. determined upon an all-out war to subdue the Indians once and for all.

Kit Carson (next page) was chosen to spearhead this effort. He succeeded with a Sherman-like “scorched-earth” campaign that wiped out the Navajo shepherds and other livestock, devastated their cornfields and orchards, burned their hogans, (such as those pictured below at Chinle) and generally laid waste to their country and destroyed their economy.²⁰



Kit Carson ²⁰



Navajo Hogan ²¹

The Navajo were virtually starved into submission. Eventually, (1864) half of the tribe (some 8,000) yielded to the 400 mile *Long Walk* from Ft. Wingate (near Gallup) to internment on a 21 acre plot at Ft. Sumner on the Pecos River in eastern New Mexico, where they remained four years as Pres. Lincoln proclaimed it a Reservation. ²²

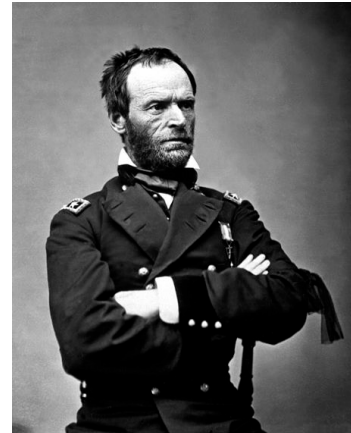
Later in Fort Sumner – in 1881 – Billy the Kid (born in Brooklyn, NY as Henry McCarty, aka William H Bonney) fared even less well, being put to rest there permanently by a bullet from Sherriff Pat Garrett. The only known photo of him is on the right. ²³



Conditions at Fort Sumner were euphemistically described as “far from ideal,” which hardly conveyed the notion of Comanche raids, crop failure, insect infestation, bad water, the depletion of wood for heating and cooking, and the rampant sickness and disease that prevailed there. Little wonder that by the end of four years (1868) the Navajo were making ardent overtures for a return to their homeland.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The U.S. met this request by dispatching no less than General Sherman himself (of the devastating "Atlanta march to the sea" fame) as negotiator. Offered a choice of being sent to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma (of ultimate "Cherokee oil scandal" fame) the Navajo opted overwhelmingly to return to their homeland in a final treaty formalized on 1 June 1868.



General Sherman
1865²⁴

Their trek began two weeks later, in the company of their first Indian Agent, Theodore Dobbs. Soon after, Ft. Defiance was designated the first Agency Headquarters.



25

Dr. Wigglesworth (shown above as a new doctor) would arrive in Fort Defiance 36 years later, in December 1904. His contribution to their improved health played a significant part in the Navajo being the largest tribe in the U.S today, numbering about 160,000 in 1980 [and 356,890 in 2016].²⁶

NOTES FOR CHAPTER I

1. Picture of Albert Matthew Wigglesworth from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882). The Complete Works. 1904. Vol. VIII. Letters and Social Aims; VI. Quotation and Originality. Taken on 6/13/2014 from Bartleby.com, Great Books On Line. <http://www.bartleby.com/90/0806.html>

3. Portrait of Henry Chee Dodge taken from the Navajo Election Administration website on 9/10/2012. <http://www.navajoelections.navajonnsn.gov/pdfs/110209%20Navajo%20Leaders%20Pictures.pdf>

4. Evening Star, Thursday, 16 May 1946. Associated Press. Copy of original article courtesy of the Library of Congress Newspaper Room.

5. Wikipedia contributors. "The Ballad of East and West." [Poem by Rudyard Kipling, 1889. *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 16 May. 2014. Web. 12 Dec. 2014.

6. Here Jack Wright is alluding to Barbara Walters, a TV personality since the '70s who was noted for her interviewing skill and a "speech idiosyncrasy" which caused her to pronounce "R" as "W." Thus "train" would be "twain." She was famously parodied by the late comedian Gilda Radner of *Saturday Night Live* who named her "Bawbawa Wawa."

Wikipedia contributors. "Barbara Walters." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 21 Nov. 2014. Web. 12 Dec. 2014.

7. Science News. First Americans Arrived As Two Separate Migrations, According To New Genetic Evidence. *ScienceDaily* (Jan. 21, 2009). Taken from the Science News website on 9/10/2012. <http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2009/01/090108121618.htm>

8. The map is from Anthropology.net ~ "Beyond Bones & Stones. Peopling of the Americas: mtDNA Tells Us of the Beringian Standstill." October 31 2007. POSTED BY KAMBIZ KAMRANI IN BLOG, PHYSICAL ANTHROPOLOGY. TAKEN 9/10/2012. <http://anthropology.net/2007/10/31/people-of-the-americas-mtdna-tells-us-of-the-beringian-standstill/>

9. Wikipedia contributors. "Cliff Palace." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2 Aug. 2014. Web. 11 Dec. 2014.

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10. Rev. Cyp Vabre, of Flagstaff, Arizona. "The Swastika Cross" IN: *Annual of The Franciscan Missions of the Southwest. 1920, No. 8.* The Franciscan Missions of the Southwest, Volumes 1 – 10. Published by the Franciscan Fathers, 1913. Original from Cornell University. Digitized May 4, 2012.

11. Drawing of Franciscan robe taken on 9/16/2012 from <http://www.historyfish.net/monastics/gasquetorders.html> . Originally published in Gasquet, F. A., *English Monastic Life*, Methuen & Co., London. 1904. Transcribed by Richenda Fairhurst, Historyfish.net.

12. Picture of Navajo blanket taken from the Wigglesworth collection. This blanket is a Navajo design but of modern manufacture. Read more about Navajo symbols at: Whirling Log: The Swastika Symbol in Navajo Textiles by Dennis Aigner. http://www.whirlinglog.com/Home_Page.html

13. Ruth Underhill. (1883-1984) *Here Come the Navajo!*, (circa 1934-1947). Washington, D. C.: Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of Interior.

14. Pictures of Hitler and Mussolini taken from these websites on 9/10/2012: http://i.telegraph.co.uk/multimedia/archive/02110/hitler_2110666b.jpg
<http://comandosupremo.com/italian-invasion-of-greece-1940-41-part-one.html/benito-mussolini>

15. Image of eggs from Pen and Fork (website) 8/26/12
<http://penandfork.com/wp-content/uploads/2011/03/Turkey-Chicken-Eggs.jpg>)

16. Arizona Historical Society. Taken on 9/11/2012 from the website: Public Domain Review by Adam Green. IN: "Geronimo: The Warrior," by Edward Reilly, published on that website.
<http://publicdomainreview.org/2011/08/29/geronimo-the-warrior/>

17. *The First Americans*. Time-Life Books – New York, 1973. It is not known which edition of this frequently published work Jack Wright consulted, but it was certainly an edition published before 1986.

18. The Coronado Expedition 1540-1542. "Courtesy of the University of Texas Libraries, The University of Texas at Austin." *"This image or media file contains material based on a work of a National Park Service employee, created during the course of the person's official duties. As a work of the U.S. federal government, such work is in the public domain. See the NPS website and NPS copyright policy for more information."*
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Coronado_expedition.jpg

19. Image taken from the PBS website: "New Perspectives on the West" on 9/11/2012. http://www.pbs.org/weta/thewest/people/a_c/coronado.htm

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

20. Klt Carson photo from the Brady-Handy Collection at the Library of Congress (LC-DIG-cwpbh-00514).

21. Navajo Hogans at Cottonwood, Chinle, Arizona. Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

22. Wikipedia contributors. "Long Walk of the Navajo." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 10 Dec. 2014. Web. 14 Dec. 2014.

23. Original image from the Library of Congress. Image of Billy-the-Kid taken from the Wikipedia website: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Billy_the_Kid on 9/16/2012.

24. Wikipedia contributors. "William Tecumseh Sherman." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Nov. 2014. Web. 14 Dec. 2014.

25. Photo of Dr. Wigglesworth from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Wikipedia contributors. "Navajo Nation." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 9 Jul. 2019. Web. 9 Jul. 2019.

CHAPTER II

ORIGINS:

HOW THE WIGGLESWORTHS CAME TO NORTH AMERICA

The old order changeth, yielding place to new...

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (8/6/1809 – 10/6/1892) .The Idylls of the King.¹

So, now, whence the Wigglesworths to Ft. Defiance and their tryst with the Navajo anyhow? Well, they also were initially rooted in the far frigid north, but in the Scandinavian rather than Siberian area. Our European brothers, of course, only reached our shores via the Atlantic in 1492, and thereupon set about with a vengeance to eradicate the Indian culture they encountered much to their surprise. They did a pretty good job of it, too, but our hero was not a party to it - about which much more, later.

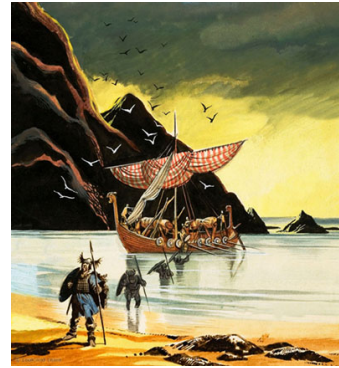
For an interesting discussion of the population impact of the European arrival in North America, see the Wikipedia article: "Population History of the Indigenous Peoples of the Americas" Estimates range from 15 million to 200 million souls before and 10% of that after. (DFJ) ¹

If, before moving on, we might pause a moment to conjecture a hypothetical conversation overheard by an Indian between, say, Leif Ericson and Columbus as to who was the true discoverer of America, we might well expect him (or *her* - equal time!) to explode, "Discover? Hell! We knew it was here all the time!"



2

Columbus Arriving



3

Leif Erikson Arriving

Well, no, not *all* the time. The people we call *Native Americans* didn't know it was here until they themselves got here, and that was not until about 30,000 years ago. Until then, *as far as we know*, there were no humans at all in North America. ⁴

As for which European got here first, research published in 2011 strongly suggests that when Leif Erikson returned from Vinland, he brought with him not only the four young Indian boys mentioned in the sagas, but also at least one Indian woman who contributed her mitochondrial DNA to the gene pool in Iceland. Rather strong evidence that Leif Erikson wins the argument, at least with Columbus. ⁵ (DFJ)

Nevertheless, the Wiggs clan did come a long, long way. It all began when the *Norsemen* from Scandinavia invaded the Franks in the 10th century. *Vikings* is a more generic term for these fearless adventurers, and includes those bound for the *New*, as well as the *Old*, World.)



The Franks were a Germanic tribe that settled along the Rhine in the Third Century. Under our old high school history acquaintance, Clovis I, (Pictured on the left.) they moved into Gaul: the land roughly west of the Rhine and north of the Pyrenees, and which is perhaps best remembered by novice Latin students as being "divided into three parts".

GALLIA EST OMNIS DIVISA IN PARTES TRES, QUARUM UNAM INCOLUNT BELGAE, ALIUM AQUITANI, TERTIUM QUI IPSORUM LINGUA CELTAE, NOSTRA GALLI APPELLANTUR.

The whole of Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which is inhabited by the Belgians, another by the Aquitanians, and the third, by those who in their own language are called Celts and in ours, Gallicians.⁷

In any event, the kingdom of the western Franks became France in 870.

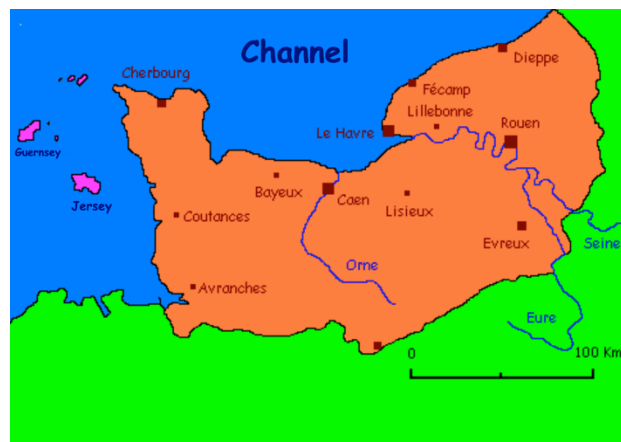
With the coming of the Norsemen (Vikings) the northwestern corner of France eventually became known, as it is even today, as Normandy (just "think" *D-Day*).

This seems as good a time as any to remark that the Anglo-Saxons were yet another Germanic tribe originally situated at the mouth of the Elbe (in Germany on the North Sea) who conquered England in the 5th to 6th centuries. Now you understand why English bears such a close phonetic relationship to German.



General locations of the Anglo-Saxon peoples in Britain around the year 600. ⁸

Beginning about 841 the Norsemen regularly penetrated and plundered the 75 miles up the Seine to Rouen, and even on to Paris.



Their colony was finally formally recognized by Charles III “The Simple” (1/28/893 – 6/30/922) in the treaty of St. Clair-sur-Epte in 911, which established Rouen as the capital of Normandy, and the Norse leader, Rollo, as the first Duke of Normandy.



Charles III, The Simple. ¹⁰



Blazon of Normandy. ¹¹

Rouen may be even better remembered as the site of Joan of Arc's 1431 flaming farewell – certainly it was by Joan. (Below.)



¹²



¹³

Rollo (above right on the Six Dukes statue in [Falaise](#) town square) prevailed until 931, to be succeeded by the second Duke of Normandy, William Longsword.

They were followed by a series of Dukes of Normandy:

- I - Rollo (911), born 846, died 931,**
- II - William “Longsword” (931), died 942,**
- III – Richard I “The Fearless” (942), died 996,**
- IV – Richard II “The Good” (996), died 1026,**
- V - Richard III, (1026), died 1027,**
- VI - Robert I “The Magnificent” (1027), died 1035, and**
- VII - William “The Conqueror” (1035). 1028-1087**

The last really changed things, putting down a rebellion of nobles in 1047, and culminating in a Norman penetration of England in 1050. At the battle of Hastings (14 October 1066) he overwhelmed the English, killing King Harold II, the successor to Edward the Confessor – of five pound crown fame.



Shown here is a replica of the “Five Pound Crown” first worn by Edward the Confessor in 1065. It is now kept in the Tower of London with the Crown Jewels Collection. Actually 4 pounds 12 ounces, the crown was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell during the Civil War (1642-1661), recreated, and then destroyed again by Thomas Blood in 1671. (DFJ) ¹⁴

Duke William was crowned King William I¹⁵ on 25 December 1066. This was at about the same time that a comet, to be known as *Halley's*, put in another of its many recorded appearances, this

time recorded in The Bayeux Tapestries and labeled “Isti mirant stella” – “these people marvel at the star.”¹⁶ Also shown below is a silver coin with a representation of William.¹⁷



15



16



17

Now the scene shifts somewhat and the plot thickens. So, where are we? In England, at last. But wait, we must back-track a bit.

It seems that about 950 AD there lived in Normandy (near Rouen) a man named Herfast, known as the *Forester of Equipqueville*. He had five very beautiful daughters. He is thus described as the *Lucky Forester*, since these nubile Normans all married prominent knights from whom descended most of the nobility of Normandy, which later became the nobility of England. (You don't have to take our word for it, see Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest of England, Its Causes and Results*.)¹⁸

The first daughter became the spouse of the Earl of Hereford, the second, of the Earl of Warwick, and the third, of the sire of the Earl of Buckingham. The fourth wed the third Duke of Normandy, whose grandson was to be William the Conqueror. Finally, the fifth daughter married Godfrey, brother of Osbern de Bolbec....

...and if you'll just be patient, we'll next recount how the Wigglesworth clan evolved in due course from this latter stem. We first wanted to establish (through the relations -- if you'll pardon that expression -- of the fourth and fifth sisters) how the Wiggs can claim a lineage back through William the Conqueror.

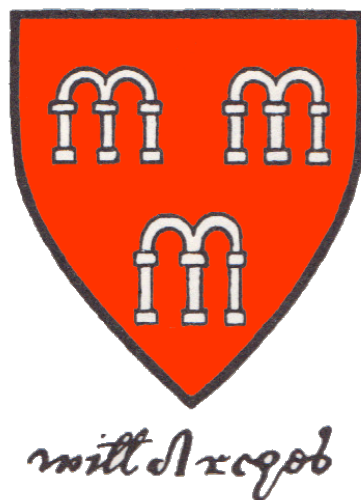
Well, the fifth sister and Godfrey had a son, William, Vicompte de Arques III. He had two sons, William IV and Osbern IV, both of whom survived the battle of Hastings (1066) and are to be found in the Domesday Book of English land-owners with substantial holdings in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire in northeast England. Guess what? Osbern IV had two sons, William V and Osbern V, and the former had a son, William VI.



Good grief, Lucy! ¹⁹ With both of the only two male names this branch apparently knew now already used, what was poor William (IV) to name his male progeny? Mysteriously, it is precisely at this point that this line disappears from the records without a trace.

Meanwhile, the end was swift for Osbern IV, since his grandson, William VI, had no male offspring and this line too became extinct.

Now, it was all up to William V, and he managed both a son and a new name -- Peter VI, who came through handsomely by spawning four sons. Well, suffice it to say that the line continues to William IX, who partially Anglicized his name from William de Arques to William de Arches. (His blazon is below. DFJ)



Now, it happened that this William (and perhaps his father) owned the ancient property and town of Wykelsworth, which derived its name from the old-Saxon name of Wykel, and Weorth, the old English for farm or estate, and thus came down through the years as Wykelsworth.

Now, it also happened that at about that time there were three or possibly four William de Arches living in this part of Yorkshire. It is not surprising, therefore, that our William chose to distinguish himself by appending *de Wykelsworth* to his name.

There may also have been a further reason for the name change. Along about 1189 his father's uncle, Gilbert, had rebelled against the king, and was captured and his property confiscated. This disgrace may also have impelled our man to disassociate himself from the de Arches. In any event, the Wykelsworth fortunes prospered, and the clan for generations occupied Wykelsworth Manor, comprising some 4500 acres (about 7 square miles).



Wigglesworth Hall ²¹



Wigglesworth Manor ²²

By the 16th century the family name was variously spelled Wykelsworth, Wigglesworth, Wiglesworth, and even Wrigglesworth, but life went on. It went on, in fact, all the way to Palmyra, New York, where emigrant Matthew Wigglesworth died in 1873.

In 1851 Maria Wigglesworth, a teacher, traveled on the Erie Canal from Palmyra to Albany and then on a train to New York City on her way back to Yorkshire. She described her journey in her diary. A copy of the relevant pages is in the (Jack) Wigglesworth Family Collection. DFJ

Here are some notable residents of Palmyra: ²³

E. B. Grandin, 1806-1845.

printed first edition of the Book of Mormon.

Increase A. Lapham, 1811-1875.

“Father:” of the U.S. Weather Service.

William T. Sampson, 1840-1902.

Admiral, Spanish American War.

Joseph Smith, Jr. 1805-1844.

Founded the Mormon Church, in Palmyra 1818-25 and 1830.

Henry Wells, 1805-1878.

Founder of American Express and Wells Fargo. (DFJ)

We shall pursue the thread of the Wigglesworth family story in the next chapter.

Meanwhile, a few observations seem pertinent. First, a word about the *Domesday* (pronounced doomsday) *Book* - evidence supreme of the extraordinary 900 year continuity of the British government. It is a comprehensive land register and demographic survey commissioned in 1086 by William the Conqueror 20 years after the Battle of Hastings (1066) - which evolves landholder by landholder and almost field by field. The name derives from the book being so formidable as purportedly to suffice as a record for doomsday itself.

It has been digitized and is available on the World Wide Web,²⁴ which has been likened to straightening up the leaning Tower of

Pisa, even as describing the book as a survey has been likened to saying the pyramids are graves.



Domesday Book

Second, following the evolving and ultimately merging histories of both the Navajo and the Wigglesworths, one can't help but be struck by the recurring theme of their violent struggle for survival as wars succeeded wars. That's the bad news.

Lastly, there is the good news: one is also impressed by a gradual but steady transformation toward civility. That should be a matter of no small comfort in these trying times, haunted by the memory of two World Wars and ever-threatened by potential nuclear disaster, that mankind *is* improving.

In a sense, that is what this story is all about. The Wigglesworths, personified (at this time) by a compassionate Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth, confronted the Navajo in the *Four Corners* area of the southwest U.S., and the ministrations of the good doctor have done much to mitigate the Indians' anti-white instincts as nourished by the deplorable injustices inflicted by earlier white pioneers *and* their government.

Our story, then, is the pilgrimage of mankind in microcosm.

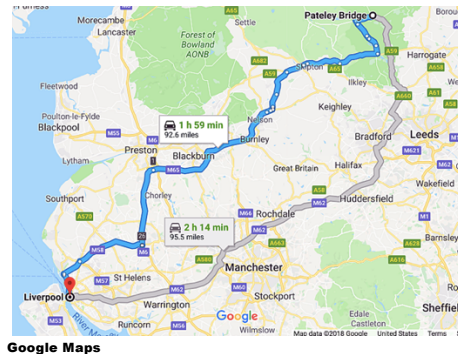
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(DFJ continues:)

At that point Jack Wright, having no more information to work with in 1986, ended his account of how the Wigglesworths came to America without giving us any details of the how, who, when and why of the trip from Yorkshire to Palmyra, New York. We, however, here in 2019, do have more information thanks to the World Wide Web and search engines like Google so we can continue the story. Some of the new information I have added is factual, some is hearsay, some is only approximate, and some has been interpolated by reading between the lines, but putting it all together enables us to extend the story and add a great deal more detail.

(And some doesn't agree with what has been reported elsewhere, even by Doc himself, who thought they started in Liverpool. I invite readers with better, documented information to share it.)

Let us begin with Jack's question from the beginning of this chapter, *whence?* The family was living in a little market town called Pateley Bridge (known locally as Pateley) in Nidderdale in the Borough of Harrogate, North Yorkshire, England. Historically part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, it lies on the River Nidd, northeast of Liverpool. The region is currently officially designated as an AONB, an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. Below is a view of High Street, probably not much changed from the Wigglesworth's time. The map gives the location of Pateley Bridge relative to Liverpool: 92 miles away – perhaps a two hour drive today by automobile.



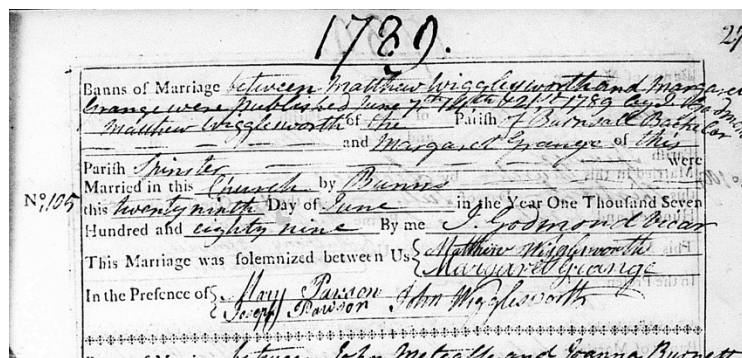
RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Who was in the group that made the trip to Palmyra, New York? Well, Matthew, Sr. and his wife were not. He was born on November 2 1760 and died in 1818 at the age of 58. He married Margaret Grange on June 29 1789. She was born in 1763 and died on March 1 1844 at the age of 81, presumably still in Pateley.

Incidentally, records suggest that Matthew Wigglesworth's and Margaret Grange's 1789 June wedding took place in Ripon in the *Church of St Peter and St Wilfrid*, which is now Church of England, but which was founded as a Roman Catholic monastery by Scottish monks about 660 CE. The crypt within and beneath the church structure was built about 650 CE by St. Wilfrid and survives intact to this day. In 1836 the church acquired a bishop and became the Ripon Cathedral, shown below. ^{25, 26}



Below is a copy of an entry in a register of banns from 1789 obtained by Paul Wigglesworth during his recent visit to the County Record Office in Northallerton, Yorkshire. It shows that Matthew and Margaret were married on June 29 1789.



THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

It reads:

Banns of Marriage between Matthew Wigglesworth and Margaret Grange were published June 7th, 14th, and 21st, 1789 by J. Godmond, Vicar.

Matthew Wigglesworth of the parish of Burnsall, Bachelor, and Margaret Grange of this Parish, Spinster, were married in this church by banns this 29th day of June in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine, by me, J Godmond, Vicar.

This marriage was solemnized between us: Matthew Wigglesworth, Margaret Grange, in the Presence of Mary Tawson, Joseph Tawson, John Wigglesworth.



IN MEMORY

OF

Margaret, Widow of the late
Matthew Wigglesworth

Of Dacre Banks

Who departed this life March 1st 1844

Aged 81 years.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED

ALSO OF THOMAS WIGGLESWORTH

SON OF THE ABOVE WHO DIED FEB^Y 2ND 1879

AGED 82 YEARS.

AND OF MARY WIGGLESWORTH
HIS WIFE WHO DIED OCT 1 1878
AGED 82 YEARS

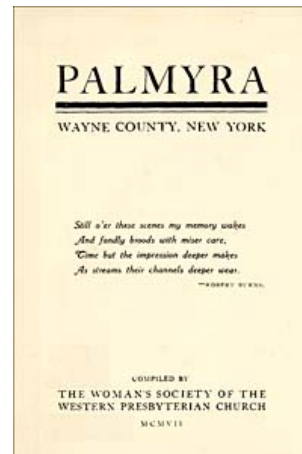
THESE ALL DIED IN THE FAITH

**This stone and grave are in the Holy Trinity C of E Churchyard,
five miles south of Pately Bridge in the Harrogate District of West
Riding Yorkshire.**

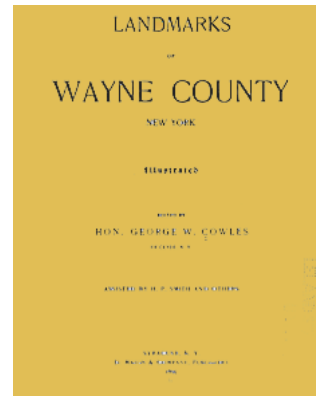
**(The document and photo above were shared by Paul Wigglesworth (DOB
4/16/1948), who visited Yorkshire in 2017.)**

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The booklet on the right, published in 1907, about Palmyra in the 1800s (which is extensively quoted elsewhere in this memoir) says that the Wigglesworths sailed from Liverpool to Quebec in 1832 with 6 children. But in 1832 the Wigglesworths didn't yet have 6 children. ²⁷



Another source, *Landmarks of Wayne County*, published 12 years earlier in 1895 says they made the trip four years later in 1836. The later date is more probable since it allows time for the births of the six children both sources say they brought with them. ²⁸



So, In 1836 Matthew, Sr. had already been dead 18 years and Margaret was 73 and probably too old and infirm to make the trip. She stayed behind in Pateley Bridge, possibly living with one of her other two children: Thomas Wigglesworth (Christened on 12/11/1797) or Margaret Wigglesworth (Christened on 06/05/1806) who were age 39 and age 30 in 1836 and possibly had already married and started their own families.

How did the Wigglesworths finance their migration to Palmyra, New York? Many immigrants had no resources and were subsidized partially or entirely by churches and other groups, or even by the British Government. Or were the Wigglesworths able to pay their own way and have money left over?

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

How did the Wigglesworths travel from Pateley Bridge in Yorkshire to Liverpool? We know from Ralph Waldo Emerson's journal entry (see below) about his own trip in 1833 that passenger rail service had developed extensively in England since its first successful trial in 1830. They almost certainly would have called upon their relatives and friends to supply the farm wagon and manpower and horsepower to get the nine travelers to the nearest railhead with connections to Liverpool. One could guess that the generous teamsters were probably John and Matthew's young siblings Thomas, then 39, and Margaret, then 30. (If not Margaret, who might have had childcare commitments, then Margaret's husband.)

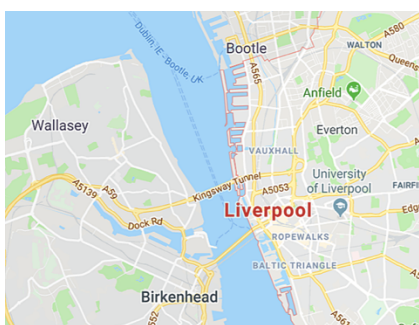
Below are two contemporary images of the waterfront in Liverpool. ²⁹



**Goree Warehouses, Georges Dock,
Centre-Town, Liverpool – 1829**



**Princes Dock, Centre-Town,
Liverpool – 1831**



Images from Google Maps.



There would have been a big “going away party” just before the departure with many heartfelt pronouncements and promises and singing and crying.

Upon arrival in Liverpool there would have been the transfer of baggage, the boarding of the ship and then the waiting until the final wave goodbye as the ship was towed by steamboat away from the dock, down the Mersey and into the Irish Sea.

On second thought that description is based on the modern-day experience with ocean liners on which sails are not a problem. In 1836 a sailing vessel departure would have been quite different. Final goodbyes would probably have been made before embarkation with passengers swiftly whisked below to clear the decks while the crew hauled on multiple ropes as they set sails.

And that assumes that their ship was berthed along the quay. That was not always the case. Some ships might have, for various reasons, had to ride at anchor outside the mouth of the Mersey "in roads" where they were sometimes exposed to strong winds and heavy seas. Then boarding of passengers and luggage was done by means of small sailboats or even rowed skiffs and was sometimes hazardous and might take a few days.

"The passage from port to port [New York to Liverpool but not Liverpool to New York] has frequently been made in sixteen days; in the year 1822 the packet ship *New York* made it in fifteen days and three-quarters; but the *Independence* is the only ship that ever accomplished it within the fifteen days." ³⁰

Below are notes from a journal of Ralph Waldo Emerson, (5/25/1803- 4/27/1882) written in 1833 at the age of 30 while on his journey home to Boston on the same packet ship, *New York*, mentioned above.

Emerson began his voyage in Liverpool on September 4th and landed in New York on October 9th. He then took the stage up to Boston. His voyage across the Atlantic took 36 days.



August 29 1833. From Kendall this morning to Lancaster, thence to Manchester, and there was deposited with my luggage in the coach on the railway to Liverpool. We parted at 6:11, and came to the 21st milestone at 7:11.

Wednesday, September 4 1833. At 2 o'clock left Liverpool in the New York of New York, 14 cabin passengers, 16 steerage. Ship 516 tons.

We were towed out of Liverpool Harbor by steamboat. Admirable contrivance for ports in deep bays like this, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, for they might lie weeks waiting to get out with the wind fair for the voyage all the time.

Monday, September 9, 1833. "The road from Liverpool to New York, as they who have travelled it well know, is very long, crooked, rough, and eminently disagreeable. Good company even, Heaven's best gift, will scarce make it more tolerable... Loud winds last night, but the ship swam like a waterfowl betwixt the mountains of sea. The wise man in the storm prays God, not for safety from danger, but for deliverance from fear. It is the storm within which endangers him, not the storm without."

Friday, September 13 1833. The sea to us is but a lasting storm. How it blows, how it rocks! My sides are sore with rolling in my berth. The coverlet is not wide enough that a man should wrap himself in it.

It is only strange that with such a sea and wind and rain, such wild, distressful, noisy nights, no harm should befall us. 31

How did the Wigglesworths finance their migration to Palmyra, New York? Many immigrants had no resources and were subsidized partially or entirely by churches and other groups, or even by the British Government. Or were the Wigglesworths able to pay their own way and have money left over?

The first expense would have been the railroad fare to Liverpool. For the rest of the journey the Wigglesworths would have had to pay the costs of:

Passage to Quebec. Did they go steerage, second class or cabin?

Food was usually included on these voyages.

Lodging in Quebec while berths were secured on a steam boat to Montreal and then to Kingston in Lake Ontario.

Were meals included?

Steamboat fare to Montreal and Kingston. Meals?

Lodging in Kingston while berths were secured on a steamship to Rochester on the New York side. Were meals included?

Steamboat fare from Kingston to Rochester. Meals?

Lodging in Rochester. Were meals included?

Stage coach to Palmyra for nine persons.

Lodging and meals in Palmyra while arranging purchase of Mr. Freeman Burden's farm, and,

Meals, furniture, farm animals not included in the purchase while bringing the farm into production.

After all these expenses John still had enough money to go west on his own and leave Matthew and Elizabeth and the kids to run the farm. Where did all that money come from? Profits from the farm crops in Yorkshire and shoemaking? Or more probably from the sale of the farm and homestead.

When Matthew, Sr. died in 1818, if he died without a will, the rule of primogeniture might have been applied. By this rule the eldest son, John, age 26 at the time, inherited everything; his three younger siblings, Matthew, 24, Thomas, 21, and Margaret, 12,

inherited nothing. The rule of primogeniture in England was not changed until 1925. Primogeniture is, nevertheless, still customary in England.

Eighteen years after the death of their father, the brothers John, age 44, and Matthew, 42, made the decision to go to America. Did Matthew's wife, Elizabeth Hudson, participate in that decision?

They sailed in the spring or summer. Because of the seasonal cycle of icing on the St. Lawrence River, captains had to bring their ships to Quebec after the river thawed in the spring and before it froze in the late fall or risk being trapped in ice for long periods and damaging or even losing their ships. Such disasters were not uncommon.

Allowing two months for the whole trip from Pateley Bridge to Palmyra and extra time spent in quarantine meant that the window for safe transatlantic travel west was approximately seven months, April to October. Records show that in 1832 the first ship to arrive at Quebec left Liverpool on March 27th and arrived 44 days later on May 9th. The last ship to arrive at Quebec from Liverpool that year left on September 17th and arrived 50 days later on November 6th. (Comparable data for 1836 has not yet been found.) Time at sea varied with the speed of the ship and the weather encountered.

There are almost no comprehensive ships' passenger lists of immigrants arriving in Canada prior to 1865. Until that year, shipping companies were not required by governments to keep or share their passenger lists. Once manifests were required they were kept in the buildings on Grosse Ile - only to be destroyed by fire in 1895! ³²

**A website that tells the story of the transatlantic crossings in fascinating detail is "The ShipsList."
(<http://www.theshipslist.com/ships/Arrivals/1832d.shtml>)**

As near as we can tell from the records we have and some bold conjectures, the 1836 adventurers' party included three adults and six children. The other Wigglesworth children of the ten or eleven reported were all born after the 1836 arrival in Palmyra.

So the Wigglesworth "party" included nine persons:

- 1. John Wigglesworth, age 44, a single unmarried man;**
- 2. Matthew Wigglesworth, age 42, John's younger brother;**
- 3. Elizabeth Hudson Wigglesworth, age 34, Matthew's wife;**
- 4. Ann Wigglesworth, age 16; their eldest daughter,**
- 5. Susanna, age 14; their daughter;**
- 6. Maria Wigglesworth, age 12; their daughter;**
- 7. Margaret Wigglesworth, age 10; their daughter;**
- 8. John Wigglesworth, age 8 ?, their son;**
- 9. Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, age 1, their son.**

Three adults, five children ranging in age from fourteen to six, plus one babe in arms, being carried and nursed by his mother and about to start walking and teething and talking and wanting to put everything in his mouth ... but still in diapers. (I believe the usual routine for diapers at that time was dump, wash, boil, dry. Just how this would have been accomplished on a rolling ship is an interesting question. Of course there were no pre-bottled formula or throw-away diapers in 1836.)

Why did John, Matthew and Elizabeth decide to make the journey and why then, in 1836? We will never know for sure but the decision must have had a lot to do with the family's economic situation and the general tenor of the times. They may also have been communicating by mail with friends or relatives who were already established in the Palmyra area and were apprising them of the latest improvements in traveling conditions between Liverpool and Palmyra.

(What follows is outright speculation and conjecture.)

Upon the death of Matthew in 1818 and thanks to primogeniture, John, age 26 in 1818, had become sole owner of the Wigglesworth estate. He had also inherited the challenge of figuring out the best thing to do to optimize the prospects for the family's future.

By 1836 John was 44. His two youngest siblings, Thomas (Ch: 1/12/1797-) age 39, and Margaret Wigglesworth (Ch: 5/6/1806 -) age 30, by this time could have married and established themselves in their own economically viable and stable situations with perhaps some assistance from John, which might have been in the form of a gift of land carved out of the main Wigglesworth estate.

One reason to go then might have been that Matthew and Elizabeth already were the parents of 6 children, four of them girls. Where were the four girls going to find suitable husbands? Not likely in domestic service.

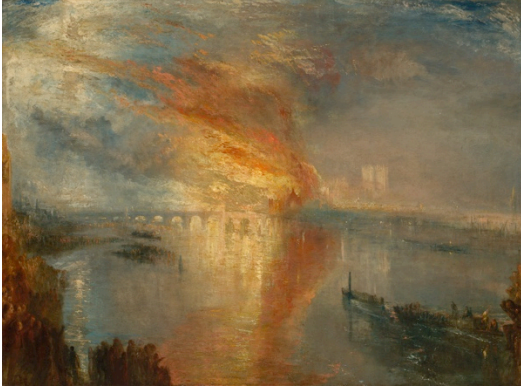
Another reason might have been that things were happening in England and Europe at the time that prompted thousands of people to leave the country in search of a better life: momentous things that may also have prompted the Wigglesworths to leave.

For one: the Industrial Revolution profoundly impacted England and the whole world. The cotton gin, spinning jenny and steam engine were just a few innovations. Steam powered machines were putting farm workers and textile workers out of work and reducing wages and the price of goods. The Wigglesworths, certainly were aware of the Swing Riots, in which workers protested the steam thresher by burning haystacks and the “infernal” machines. (See poster at right from 1832.)³³



For another:

THE BURNING OF PARLIAMENT.
(J. M. W. Turner. 1834.)



arrival was also a reaction by the authorities to fears of a possible insurrection, for which the destruction of parliament could have signaled the first step. The three European revolutions of 1830, the **French, Belgian and Polish** actions—were still of concern, as were the unrest from the **Captain Swing riots**, and the recent passing of the **Poor Law Amendment Act 1834**, which altered the relief provided by the **workhouse** system.”³⁴

October 16 1834. “At 9:00 pm three **Guards** regiments arrived on the scene. Although the troops assisted in crowd control, their

Subsequent investigation proved that the fire had an accidental cause.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830, also known as the July Revolution, the Second French Revolution or *Trois Glorieuses* in French (“Three Glorious [Days]”), led to the overthrow of the French Bourbon monarch Charles X, and the ascent of his cousin Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans, who himself, after 18 precarious years on the throne, would be overthrown in 1848.³⁵

For a fourth:

THE POLISH UPRISING OF 1830 “Political and cultural repression of the Polish nation led to ... uprisings against ... the occupying Russian, Prussian and Austrian governments. In 1830, the **November Uprising** began in Warsaw when ... young **non-commissioned officers** ... in Warsaw revolted. They were joined by large segments of Polish society, and together forced Warsaw’s Russian garrison to withdraw north of the city.”

“Over ... the next seven months, Polish forces ... defeated the Russian armies ... however, finding themselves ... unsupported by any other foreign powers, save distant France and the newborn United States, and with Prussia and Austria refusing to allow ... military supplies through their territories, the Poles accepted that the uprising was doomed ... Upon the surrender of

Warsaw ... many Polish troops ... withdrew into Prussia and ... laid down their arms. After the defeat, the semi-independent Congress Poland lost its constitution, army, and legislative assembly, and was integrated more closely with the Russian Empire.”³⁶

For a fifth:

On 25 August 1830, riots erupted in Brussels and shops were looted. Theatregoers who had just watched the nationalistic opera *La muette de Portici* joined the mob. Uprisings followed elsewhere in the country. Factories were occupied and machinery destroyed. Order was restored briefly after [King] William committed troops to the Southern Provinces, but rioting continued and leadership was taken up by radicals, who started talking of secession.

Dutch [army] units saw the mass desertion of recruits from the southern provinces and pulled out. The States-General in Brussels voted in favor of secession and declared independence. In the aftermath, a [National Congress](#) was assembled. King William refrained from future military action and appealed to the [Great Powers](#). The resulting [1830 London Conference](#) ... recognized Belgian independence. Following the installation of [Leopold I](#) as "King of the Belgians" in 1831, King William made a belated attempt to reconquer Belgium and restore his position through a military campaign. This "[Ten Days' Campaign](#)" failed because of French military intervention. Not until 1839 did the Dutch accept the decision of the London conference and Belgian independence by signing the [Treaty of London](#).³⁷

And for a sixth:

The Wigglesworths probably also considered in their decision the appearance in England in 1830 of what was called the “Indian cholera”. Ships were spreading it around the world, bringing it even to Quebec and Montreal. At that time cholera was thought to be caused by bad air in much the same way as “malaria” was thought to spread.

It was in 1854 that Dr. John Snow proved that cholera was spread by contaminated water when he caused the removal of the “Broad Street pump handle” and brought the spread of the deadly disease to a halt, at least in that neighborhood in London.

That realization also sparked major sanitary sewer and water projects in London and other urban areas. ³⁸



And a seventh:

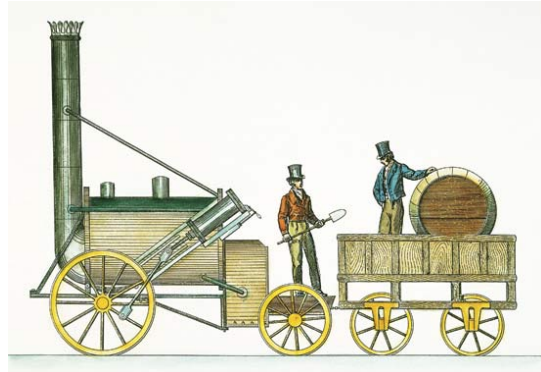
On September 15 1830 the first passenger rail line anywhere in the world was inaugurated between Liverpool and Manchester after trials the previous year in which only one locomotive managed to finish without breaking down. It was named Rocket, (shown below) invented and built by Robert Stephenson. The inaugural run included a number of locomotives drawing cars full of dignitaries and a band. One dignitary was Arthur Wellesley, also known as The Duke of Wellington, who had, a few decades before, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo and was now Prime Minister. Another, in a separate car, was William Huskisson, Member of Parliament for Liverpool who was the person who figured out how to reorganize the remaining colonies into what became known as the British Empire.

When the trains stopped to take on water, Huskisson, in spite of being warned not to, got out of his car and walked over to Wellington's to talk politics. Before he could climb in along came Rocket on an adjacent track. Huskisson grabbed the door of the car but it wasn't latched and so it swung him out directly into the path of Rocket. Huskisson died the next day.

Many eye witness accounts appeared in the press throughout Great Britain, asking why Stephenson had not included in the design of Rocket a way to stop, *i.e.*: brakes?

The Wigglesworths certainly read about this tragic event. Perhaps it inspired John to go to America and start building railroads there: which is exactly what he did. His nephew, Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, the suckling babe crossing the Atlantic, followed right along and devoted his life to building railroads.

The gory details about the cursed birth of passenger rail can be found on the Wikipedia website: "Opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway"³⁹



And an eighth:

The expanded La Chine and Cascade canals opened in 1831, making possible a steamboat trip from Quebec to Lake Ontario in 1836 without a portage.⁴⁰

And a ninth:

Surely the Wigglesworths would have heard of the tragic deaths of their cousin Dorothy Wigglesworth and her six children as

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

recorded on this gravestone, deaths possibly caused by poor hygiene during childbirth. (Cholera did not arrive in England until 1830.)



In Memory of Dorothy Dobby, the wife of John Dobby and daughter of John and

Dorothy Wigglesworth of Pateley Bridge, who died 11 of Nov 1823 aged 24 years.

Also of Hannah, their daughter, who died 1 of June 1821 aged 1 year.

Likewise 5 boys who died in infancy.

(This stone and grave are in the Holy Trinity C of E Churchyard, five miles south of Pateley Bridge in the Harrogate District of West Riding Yorkshire.

The photo was shared by Paul Wigglesworth (DoB: 4/16/1948), who visited Yorkshire in 2017.)

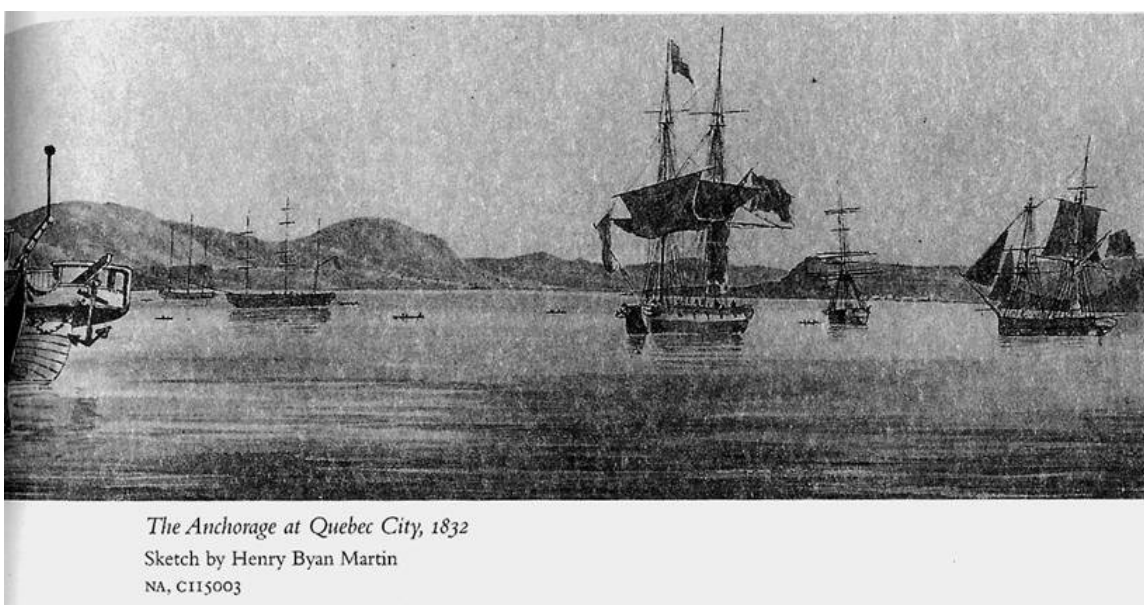
ARRIVAL AT GROSSE ÎLE FOR QUARANTINE



Grosse Île, opened in 1832, was to serve as a quarantine station and immigrant processing station, but it was quickly overwhelmed by the huge numbers of people coming to North

America. Consequently quarantine had to be fulfilled on board the arriving ships. The ships were to be held at anchor until they could prove absence of disease, especially cholera but also typhus, measles, small pox, chicken pox, and fever in general. Unfortunately the Quebec health authorities were not able to enforce the quarantine and some ships bypassed it, allowing some infected passengers to reach Quebec and Montreal. Cholera quickly spread through Canada and New York.

Immigration records from the Grosse Ile Quarantine Station cover only one five-year period: 1832-1837. So far none of these records included the Wigglesworths.



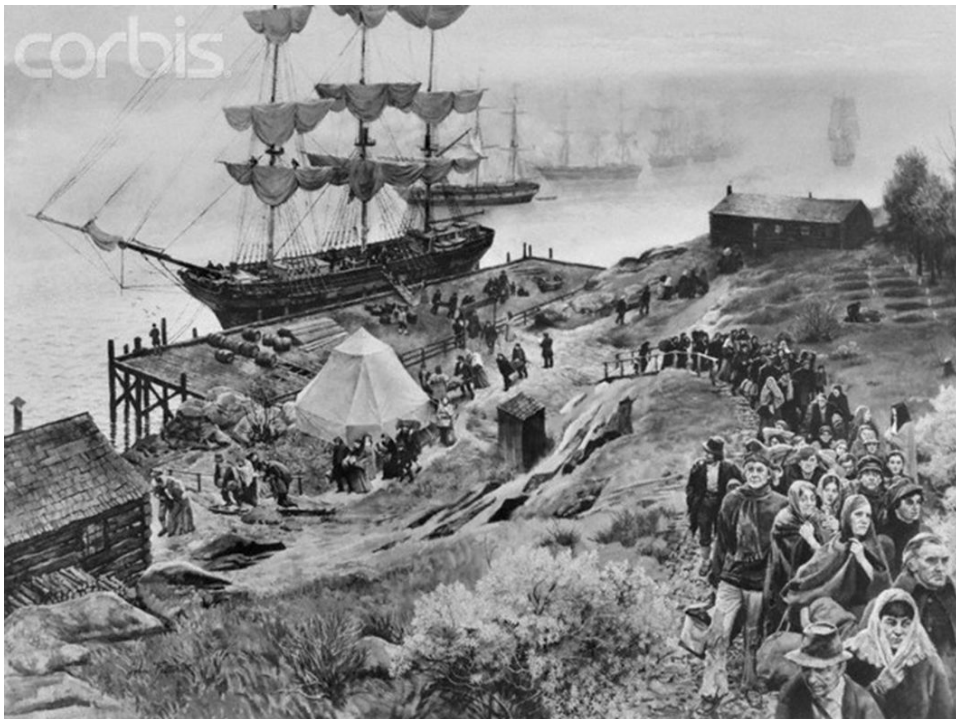
43

Perhaps this was what it was like, waiting in quarantine after arriving at Quebec.

Did the Wigglesworths climb this hill from the ship to the quarantine station? When they arrived had a dock been constructed, as shown here? If not, the transfer from the ship to Grosse Ile might have involved small rowed boats. In rough weather many persons were lost, even in this short trip. Notice the graves and gravedigger on the right side of the illustration

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

and the seriously ill being helped or carried off toward the shack on the left. And, pointedly, in the center: the necessary.



44

Canada was a French colony within New France, first “claimed” in 1535 by Jacques Cartier. The word “Canada” at this point referred to the territory along the Saint Lawrence River, then known as the Canada River, from Grosse Island in the east to a point between Quebec and Three Rivers, although this territory had greatly expanded by 1600.

On July 1, 1867, the colonies of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia joined to form the semi-autonomous federal Dominion named Canada. This began an accretion of provinces and territories to the present ten provinces and three territories. Canada achieved independence from Britain gradually beginning in the 1830s and culminating in 1982.

ON SHORE

On shore in Quebec the Wigglesworths had to keep track of six kids and baggage and find a steamboat that would take them up the St. Lawrence. The wharf was full of wagons, horses, oxen, mules and manure. People were dying of cholera and nobody knew what caused it and how it was spread.

STEAM BOAT UP THE ST LAWRENCE TO MONTREAL

The Saint Lawrence River runs 300 miles from the outflow of Lake Ontario at Kingston to the mouth at Quebec. Because of the virtually impassable Lachine Rapids at Montreal, the Saint Lawrence was continuously navigable to deep draft ships only as far as Quebec. Opened in 1825, the Lachine Canal at Montreal allowed steamboats to bypass the rapids.

The canals were not deep enough to allow passage of large deep-draft ocean going vessels, which therefore had to end their voyage and disembark their passengers at Quebec. Passengers bound further west (the Wigglesworths for instance) had to find other accommodations: shallow draft steam-powered paddlewheel boats or man-powered durham boats.

The Wigglesworths never made the return trip down the river. If they had, it would have been exciting. On the return trip downriver boats would “shoot” the rapids. Boats would usually have only a few passengers and whatever cargo they could gather headed east. They didn’t carry lumber. Timbers were rafted together, pushed off into the fast current, and collected on the east side of the rapids. Here is a 1904 postcard photo of the steamboat Corsican shooting the rapids.⁴⁵

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DURHAM BOATS are long, flat bottomed, shallow draft, wooden boats used for shallow rivers and lakes. They were especially good for moving upstream against rapid water. They were first developed for transporting shot during the Revolutionary War. The photo shows a reenactment of Washington crossing the Delaware in Durham boats. The Wigglesworths did not have to rely on these boats to travel up river.



WALK

Where the water was too shallow passengers had to get out of the boat and walk along the towpath on the riverbank, sometimes actually helping to pull the towrope. Steamboat passengers like the Wigglesworths never had to do this. (The towpath shown below is along a canal in New York State.)



47

STEAMBOAT

John still had to pay for steamboat passage on Lake Ontario, 76 miles from Kingston to Rochester, then a stagecoach from Rochester to Palmyra, temporary quarters there and then have enough left over to buy the Burden place, which he did according to the 1907 “*Landmarks*.”

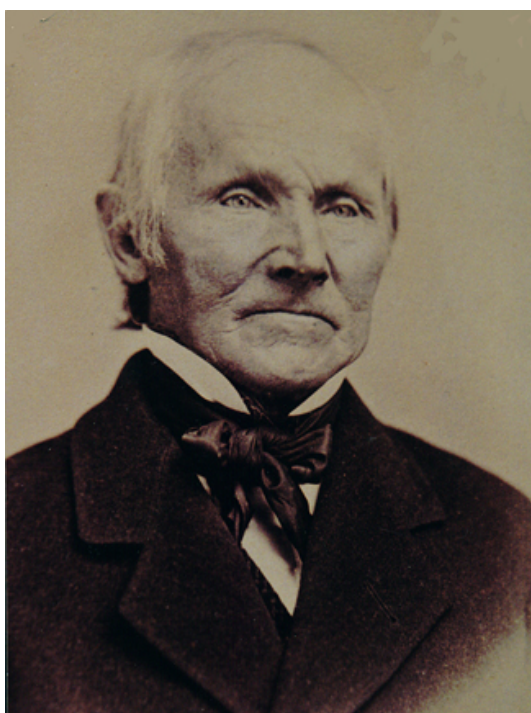
Note that Palmyra was an important station on the Underground Railroad; that the name *Freeman* was often adopted by former slaves and free blacks; and that New York, which ended slavery in 1827, was a relatively safe place for former slaves – at least until 1850 when the second Fugitive Slave Law was passed. That law made it legal for anyone to capture black persons anywhere in the US on the - sometimes false - presumption that they were escaped slaves and return them to their former “owners” for a bounty.

Inspection of the 1830 U.S Federal Census for Palmyra, Wayne County, reveals that only the *names* of *white* persons who were heads of households were recorded. Other persons in the household were *not named* but were counted by gender and age range. Two Burdens, Asahel and Freeman, are listed on adjacent lines, suggesting that their households were adjacent, perhaps on the same farm, and represented two generations.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Asahel Burden | age not indicated. |
| 1 male | age 20 – 30 |
| 1 female | 10 – 15 |
| 1 female | 0 -- 5 |
| Freeman Burden | age not indicated. |
| 2 females | 0 -- 5 |
| 1 female | 10 – 15 |
| 1 female | 20 - 30 |
| 1 male | 20 - 30 |
| 1 female | 50 - 60 |
| 1 male | 70 - 80 |

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Below are undated photos of four of the Wigglesworths who made the journey from Yorkshire. The first three, probably taken about 1870, were presented to Jack Wigglesworth by his cousin Andrea Wigglesworth. The information in the captions comes from the captions accompanying those pictures and from a 1907 book about the town of Palmyra compiled by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church there. That book, although almost entirely hearsay, serves as a rough guide to the Wigglesworth family in Palmyra from 1836 through the rest of the 1800s. The book is now in the public domain; sections relating to the Wigglesworth family are quoted in a later chapter .



Matthew Wigglesworth, above, (Here about 76.) was christened in Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire on 11/10/1794, immigrated to Palmyra in 1836 at the age of 42 via Quebec with his wife Elizabeth Hudson, their six children and his older brother John. Matthew was a shoemaker, a farmer and a fiddler. He died December 2 1873 at the age of 79 in Palmyra and is buried there.

His parents (not pictured) were Matthew Wigglesworth, Sr. (11/2/1760 – 1818) who was married about 1796 to Margaret Grange (1763 – 3/1/1844). (Thomas Hudson's grandparents.)

On the right, Elizabeth Hudson, (Here about 68?) born April 8 1802, died December 15 1881 at 79. She emigrated in 1836 at the age of 34 from Yorkshire with her husband Matthew and six of her children, including the babe in arms, Thomas Hudson. The caption on this photo reads: "Mother of eleven: George, Ann, Susan, Mariah, Margaret, John, Jane, Thomas, Letitia, Alembert, Albert." (Unexplained is why Thomas appears as the eighth child in this list.)

Maria Wigglesworth, perhaps 46 here, was one of Thomas's older sisters, (Christened 3/7/1824). She immigrated with the family in 1836 at the age of 12 and became a teacher. She kept a diary of her trip from Palmyra to Albany on the Erie Canal in 1851 at the age of 27, unaccompanied. She was on her way to England where there were possibly an aunt or uncle and maybe grandparents. Returning to Palmyra, she married Otis Antisdale, a widowed tobacco farmer. They had two children, one named Franklin. A devout Baptist, she died at 59 on 12/24/1883 and is buried in Palmyra.⁴⁸



THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Here are four photographs of Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, who made the trip at the age of one.



*Chief Location & Construction Engineer of
the Silverton Extension of the D & RG RR,
Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth 1835-1909*



49



*Surveyor Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth
@ 1860, while working on the Louisville &
Nashville Railroad*



5

NOTES FOR CHAPTER II

1. Taken from the Wikipedia article “Population history of the indigenous peoples of the Americas” on 10/10/2012.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Population_history_of_indigenous_peoples_of_the_Americas

2. Illustration, “Columbus Taking Possession,” was published by the Prang Educational Company in 1893. It is available from the United States Library of Congress’s Prints and Photographs Division under the digital ID cph.3b49587. Taken on 10/10/2012 from the Wikipedia website:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Columbus_Taking_Possession.jpg

3. Illustration from American Historical Documents, 1000 – 1904: With Introductions and Notes. New York : P. F. Collier, c1910. The Harvard Classics, Vol. 43. Taken on 10/12/2012 from the website: http://old.encyclopedia.com.pt/en/print.php?type=A&item_id=482

4. Science News. First Americans Arrived As Two Separate Migrations, According To New Genetic Evidence. *ScienceDaily* (Jan. 21, 2009). Taken from the Science News website on 9/10/2012. <http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2009/01/090108121618.htm>

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**10. Wikipedia contributors. "List of French monarchs." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 8 Nov. 2012. Web. 26 Nov. 2012. The illustration shown actually appears on the French language version of the page cited.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_French_monarchs
Here is the French language version:
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11. Wikipedia contributors. "Flag of Normandy." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 24 June 2012. Web. 24 Nov. 2012.

12. Wikipedia contributors. "Joan of Arc." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 22 Nov. 2012. Web. 24 Nov. 2012. Painting, ca. 1485. An artist's interpretation, since the only known direct portrait has not survived. (Centre Historique des Archives Nationales, Paris, AE II 2490)

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15. National Portrait Gallery, London. File: King William I ('The Conqueror') from NPG.jpg. Web 26 Nov 2012

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:King_William_I \('The Conqueror'\) from NPG.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:King_William_I_(The_Conqueror)_from_NPG.jpg)

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18. Edward A. Freeman. *History of the Norman Conquest of England, Its Causes and Results*. 2nd Edition. Clarendon Press, London. 1876.

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20. Joseph Foster. *Some feudal coats of arms from heraldic rolls 1298-1418: illustrated with 830 zinco etchings from effigies, brasses and coats of arms*. By Joseph Foster. James Foster & Co. – London. 1902.

http://openlibrary.org/books/OL6963963M/Some_feudal_coats_of_arms_from_heraldic_rolls_1298-1418

21. Wigglesworth Family Collection.

22. "The Wigglesworth Name." (Website) Taken 12/6/2012.

http://www.wigglesworthvillage.co.uk/namelinks/name_1.htm

This site lists 5 other sites about the Wigglesworth name.

It is part of “The Wigglesworth Village,” which includes mostly current info and pictures of the village in England.

<http://www.wigglesworthvillage.co.uk/index.htm>

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24. The National Archives (London). “Discover Domesday” Web page. Taken 11/27/2012.

<http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/domesday/discover-domesday/>

“A Brief History Of Wigglesworth.” (Website, taken 12/6/2012) includes the following reference to the listing in the Domesday Book, as well as more recent history:

Wigglesworth village is mentioned in Domesday Book (1086). About 120 acres (one caracute) in the Manor of (Long) Preston and about 150 acres (ten oxgangs) in Rathmell. Later the Manor belonged to the monks of Fountains Abbey to whom it had been given by William, son of Godfrey de Neversheim.

The 'estate'... passed down through generations of families and, during the 18th Century, was owned by the Weddell family who lived at Newby Hall, near Ripon. In 1792 William Weddell died and his estate passed to his cousin who was the 3rd Lord Grantham.

By the end of the 19th Century the Wigglesworth Estate was owned by Lord Lucas and his sister, Lady Lucas. Lord Lucas was killed during WWI and Lady Lucas decided to sell off the estate in small lots on 21 October, 1924. At that time the estate totaled 4181 acres and produced an annual income of £4000. There were twenty seven dairy and stock rearing farms varying in size from 30 to 350 acres, and also 'The Plough Inn'.

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26. Kevin Wakelam, Ripon Cathedral Interior. Copied on 4/2/2019. <https://www.flickr.com/photos/kevinwakelam/5418879305>

27. PALMYRA - WAYNE COUNTY, NEW YORK. COMPILED BY THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF THE WESTERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. MCMVII. Copyrighted by The Western Presbyterian Church 1907. The Herald Press, Rochester, N. Y. pp. 198-199.

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https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Opening_of_the_Liverpool_and_Manchester_Railway&oldid=879631962
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<https://www.irish-genealogy-toolkit.com/Canadian-immigration-records.html>

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41. Image of Grosse Isle. FROM THE IRISH GENEALOGY TOOLKIT. 2/17/2019. <https://www.irish-genealogy-toolkit.com/Canadian-immigration-records.html>

42. Map of the St. Lawrence at Quebec showing Grosse Isle. From: Grosse Île: Quebec's Irish island. Canadian Geographic Website published by Canadian Geographic, a magazine of The Royal Canadian Geographical Society. <https://www.canadiangeographic.ca/article/grosse-ile-quebecs-irish-island>

43. Image of "Anchorage at Quebec City, 1832" by Henry Byan Martin from: [Assisting Emigration to Upper Canada: The Petworth Project, 1832-1837. ocean2-46641885.org/page/91.html](http://ocean2-46641885.org/page/91.html) (4/5/2019)

44. Artist's depiction of immigrants arriving at Grosse Isle. Unable to locate the source of this image. 4/5/2019.

45. Maritime History of the Great Lakes. Shooting Lachine Rapids, Montreal. Coloured postcard of Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company steamboat CORSICAN shooting the Lachine Rapids of the Saint Lawrence River. Photo credited to "Notman." Inscriptions: "Shooting Lachine Rapids, Montreal" Printed in Germany" W. G. MacFarlane, Toronto and Buffalo. c1904. Taken on 2/27/2019 from <http://images.maritimehistoryofthegreatlakes.ca/18/data>

46. Image of reenactment of Washington crossing the Delaware from The Miniatures Page. Taken 4/5/2019. <http://theminaturespage.com/boards/msg.mv?id=479548>

47. Image of towpath taken on 4/5/2019 from The Northern New York Trails website. <https://hmienterprises.com/nnnytrails/boonville-black-river-canal-trail/>

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

48. Palmyra - Wayne County, New York. Compiled By The Woman's Society Of The Western Presbyterian Church. Mcmvii. Copyrighted by The Western Presbyterian Church 1907. The Herald Press, Rochester, N. Y. pp. 198-199.

49. Images of Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

50. Two images of Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth taken from the newsletter announcing the 1997 reunion in Durango.

CHAPTER III

FOREBEARS

We're all omnibuses in which our ancestors ride.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. (8/29/1809 – 10/7/1894)¹

We have already traced the Wigglesworth strand of Al's ancestry from Scandinavia, via France and England, to New York State at some considerable length. It is only fair, then, that we interrupt that story at this point to inject some background concerning the strand that produced Al's wife.

Family tradition has it that the Wright clan, which produced Al's devoted wife, Edna Mae Wright (whom we shall meet shortly), traces it's ancestry as far back as William Penn. Unfortunately, no documentation on this point comes readily to hand.



William Penn,²
October 14 1644 – July 30 1718

We can, however, be a little more definitive regarding this branch of the family from about the same time (the late 18th century) that we find the Wigglesworth clan established in the United States in

Palmyra, New York. Specifically, the maternal line of Edna's family is traceable to the marriage of Elizabeth Green and a W. W. Dorney, both of Harford County, Maryland, by the first American Catholic hierarch and founder of Georgetown University, Archbishop John Carroll, on 11 September 1796.



**Portrait of
Bishop John Carroll
(1/8/1735 - 12/3/1815)
by Gilbert Stuart. ³**

The amazing aspect of this branch of the Wiggs family tree, on the paternal and maternal sides, is that it was D.C. - Maryland centered for generations.

Now, the Dorneys had a daughter, Maria Agnes, who married Benjamin Thomas Watson of Prince Georges County, Maryland. They, in turn, had a daughter, Susannah Cecelia Watson, who became Edna's mother.

Susan, as she was called, was the youngest of nine in a family of seven girls and two boys. In due course she married Edna's father, Johnson Eliot Wright, son of Benjamin C. Wright, who was born in Alexandria, VA, when it was still part of the District of Columbia. They had 8 children as listed below. ⁴

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 Edna Mae Wright, | b. April 8 1877 - Dec 6 1954. |
| 2 Alma C. Wright, | b. c1883 - d. date unknown. |
| 3 Edith A. Wright, | b. c1886 - d. date unknown. |
| 4 Marguerite C. Wright, | b. c1889 - d. date unknown. |
| 5 Herbert F. Wright, | b. c1892 - d. date unknown. |
| 6 J. Eliot Wright, Jr., | b. c1895 - d. January 1974. |
| 7 Suzanne C. Wright, | b. c1898 - d. date unknown. |
| 8 Herbert Wright, | b. April 11, 1897 - July 1971. |

You may notice two Herberts in the list above. That's not necessarily an error. In a time of high infant and child mortality parents sometimes gave a preferred name to a second child when the first bearer of it died. By that rule we can say that the first Herbert, born in 1892, probably died between the ages of 3 and 5, after the birth and naming of J. Eliot Wright, Jr. in 1895, and before 4/11/1897, when the next boy was born. (DFJ)

Edna's father had a great uncle, Robert Wright, who was Provost Marshal (in charge of the Military Police) of Bladensburg, Maryland during the Civil War. Robert had inherited a gold watch as the then eldest survivor of another Wright which was inscribed: "Prescribed to ----- Wright by General Lafayette, for taking care of him while he was wounded."



Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.⁵

Edna's father had another great uncle, Judge James Wright, who was Chief Librarian of the Department of Justice.⁶



As for himself, "father" Johnson Eliot Wright had served in the Finance Branch of the War Department.⁷



Upon retirement a formal testimonial acclaimed him to be "a Christian and a polished gentleman of the old school, very loyal, and an assiduous worker." He was also a good husband, and with Susan had 8 children: 6 girls, 2 boys. Our Edna was the eldest.

In his retirement, he became the secretary for the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of D.C., a position in which he continued his "loyalty" and "assiduous" working habits until his death. ⁸

Before moving on, mention must be made of Edna's father's older brother, Herbert. (*FamilyTreeMaker records do not show that Johnson Eliot Wright, Jr. had an elder brother named Herbert, probably because he died in infancy as explained above. DFJ* ⁹)

He began work at 16 as a telegrapher for the B&ORR, where he rose to become Chief Operator. He next switched to Western Union as chief night operator of its Washington office. Then a brief stint with United Press. From there he moved on to the Adjutant General's Office of the War Department, where he became renowned as "the best and fastest in the city." He would eventually complete 30 years of government service, including being in charge of the cable and telegraph work of the entire military establishment, including the coding/decoding of official cipher messages. Much of the latter traffic during WWI was, of course, "of the highest national importance".

Because of his efficiency and expertise, his tenure was extended for three consecutive two-year terms beyond the then mandatory retirement age of 70. Surely such performance is a proper matter of family pride and warrants this brief memorial paragraph. Now, back to our story.

In sharp contrast to the geographical stability of the Wright clan, so deeply rooted in the general area of the nation's capital (and a tradition from which Edna was to deviate with happy results that shall bear on the substance of our story), the Wiggs clan persisted in its nomadic heritage.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

We pick up the thread of this tribal evolution with Al's grandfather, Matthew Wigglesworth (1794--1873) who migrated from Liverpool, England, via Canada, to Palmyra, New York. There is no accounting for how this shoemaker so directly descended from English nobility happened initially to settle in this small village, of less than 4,000 inhabitants, located on the Barge Canal south-east of Rochester in west central New York. (Joseph Smith also lived in Palmyra, and published the *Book of Mormon* there.)

Not to worry, the Wiggs didn't remain there long. Somewhere along the way Matt married an Elizabeth Hudson, said to be related to *the* Henry Hudson.



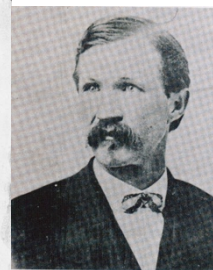
SIR HENRY HUDSON.

This speculative portrait is one of several used to represent Henry Hudson, an Englishman employed by the Dutch.¹

For our purposes, at least, their crowning achievement was son Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, Al's father.



Surveyor Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth
© 1860, while working on the Louisville &
Nashville Railroad

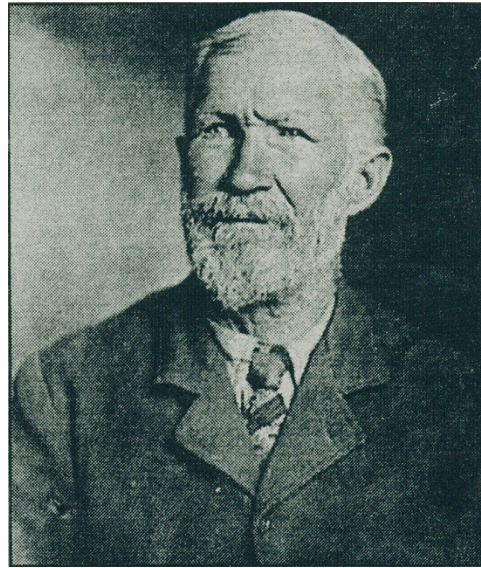


Chief Location & Construction Engineer of
the Silverton Extension of the D & RG RR,
Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth 1835-1909

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

With the advent of Tom Wigglesworth at Palmyra on 31 July 1835 this story really (we sincerely hope) "takes off" at last, and your interlocutor at once suffers an embarrassment of riches with respect to source material. The simple fact is, Tom Wigglesworth was quite a man! Our fervent hope is that we may do proper justice to his truly frontiersman character.

The latter was quick to reveal itself. He ran away from home at age 13, all the way to Kentucky. Though he would never grow to be a big man, even as a youngster he was evidently both sturdy and audacious, becoming an axman for the Louisville and Nashville RR. He was also observant and ambitious, and so returned to New York at 19 to study trigonometry in order to become an engineer. Then it was back south again, this time to Tennessee. It was at Fountain Head, Tennessee that he met Ann Catherine Delaney Spradlin, whom he wed on 14 May 1863. ¹²



Wigglesworth Family Collection

They would have five boys (including their last child who would survive only two years in Colorado) and two girls. Al would be the fifth child and third son. Perhaps his placement in the middle of this considerable constellation of

"kinder-folk" accounts for his calm, moderate and totally balanced temperament and uncommon humility. As for Al's brothers and sisters, not too much is known, except for younger sister Emily Elizabeth (later Mrs. W. H. Howard of Animas City, Colorado, whom we shall meet again briefly incident to the introduction of the first Silver Vista observation coach on the Durango-Silverton run on 22 Jun 1947), and except for brother William Hudson Wigglesworth and his son James.

Bill (William Hudson Wigglesworth) was born in Parksville, Kentucky in 1866, and travelled to Durango with his parents in 1881 where he died in 1946. At various times in the interim he held nearly every public office in Durango and La Plata County, serving as Durango city manager for 14 years, and as city and county engineer, magistrate and justice of the peace. During his colorful engineering career he also spent time in New Mexico, Arizona, Florida and Mexico. He worked on the construction of the Durango-Silverton run and later as surveyor on the Crystal River RR in Pitkin County. Then followed two winters in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the railroad from Juarez toward the Sierra Madre. He also surveyed Indian allotments and irrigation canals around Ignacio, Colorado, and the Perins Peak RR.

Bill went to Arizona in 1910 for four years surveying Indian allotments to the Papago. He also did a stint as mill man at a gold mine, and assistant city engineer in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, eventually returning to Durango where he surveyed the water system, which serves the city even today, and also built the Narraguinnep Reservoir north of Cortez.

The nomadic instinct of their Norseman-Norman heritage clearly lived on through Tom and sons Bill and Al Wigglesworth. These fellows really got around.

So did Bill's son, Major James Wigglesworth. A graduate

engineer, he served nine years in the state highway department. Then, after extensive military training in Oklahoma, Kansas and Mississippi, Jim saw four years service beginning in Jan 1945 as a ground liaison officer with the 7th Army and Patton's 3rd Army in France, Germany and Austria, penetrating to the Enns river link-up with the Russians. With the peace he reverted to Augsburg, Bavaria, where he was charged with feeding, housing, and relocating displaced persons - an experience that would stand him in good stead following his discharge. He returned to Durango to become city manager in January 1946, following in his dad's footsteps. And, as with dad's footsteps, Jim's soon started spreading out. After five years, he resigned his Durango post to become city manager of Russell, Kansas, at a substantially larger salary. The pioneering spirit apparently dies hard.

Meanwhile, and before dealing with the remarkable engineering feats of old Tom Wiggs, what do we know about his wife, Ann Spradlin? (Hey! You can't tell the players without a score-card. Maybe you should be taking notes.) Well, as we've mentioned, Tom caught up with her in Tennessee, but before going forward, we had best take a short look backward.

On the paternal side of Ann's family tree there is a dearth of information. We only know that her father's name was John, and that he married Emily Hodges on 22 May 1839. We are a sprite more fortunate with respect to the maternal side of her family ancestry. Emily Hodges was said to be a cousin of Henry Clay.



Henry Clay
(April 12 1777 – June 29 1852),
8th, 10th and 13th Speaker of the
House of Representatives.
(Portrait by Matthew Harris
Jouett. 1818.) ¹³

Beyond that, we are able to trace back two more generations to an Elizabeth Clay married to an Isham Hodges (born 18 May 1763). They owned 600 acres in Henry County, Virginia (on the southern border, on a line between Roanoke and Greensboro.) Regrettably, this attractive if modest estate was confiscated by the U.S. government after U.S. independence, since Isham unaccountably remained a British citizen. So, all Isham really "left" (and his will of 14 May 1782 is still on file and suitably inscribed with "his mark") was 11 children. Finally, we know that Ann Spradlin died in Durango on 19 Dec 1934.

Now we can proceed with the story of Tom (and then Al) Wigglesworth.

We left off with Tom in Kentucky after completing his math studies in New York, and we noted his marriage and the subsequent seven children. Now, let us take up Tom's engineering career, which was largely performed in the service of our then still expanding railroad system.

Tom's son William recorded (in *Pathfinders of the San Juan Country – Vol. III*) that the early history of the railroads of the San Juan Basin (most of which were Tom's work) was eloquent testimony to Tom's legerdemain as railroad location and construction engineer. He went on to recount that Tom started

his career in a railroad working party under his older brother John around Fountain Head, Tennessee. John was location and construction engineer for the Louisville and Tennessee RR. During the Civil War Tom served as a freight conductor on that road.

When the war was over and railroad building was resumed, Tom returned to his first work and rapidly advanced from axman to rodman, and then to instrument man. Then he was appointed location and construction engineer for the Knoxville branch of the Louisville & Nashville RR. After service with several railroads around Parksville, Elizabethtown and Louisville, Kentucky, Tom answered the call of the West, and took off to check out the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1877.

[In the Black Hills, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer had reported his expedition's discovery of gold in 1874. In 1876 he and his entire expedition were annihilated by Lakota, Northern Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. The Great Sioux War continued until the Indian's surrender in April-May 1877. DFJ] ¹⁴



Custer

He then returned to his homeland for a brief respite, but by 1878 he was back in the West to stay, and working for the Denver and Rio Grande RR. It was then that his reputation as a pioneer railroad locating and construction engineer was really made, beginning with his settling in around Durango, Colorado, where he lived until his death on 16 March 1909.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

He established some 600 miles of track in this mountainous southwest Colorado area, including the first standard gauge line into the Rockies, and the surveying of the famous Moffat Tunnel [a 6.4 mile tube at 9,100 feet across the Continental Divide and piercing James Peak WNW of Denver. DFJ], which was eventually constructed in 1922-27 after his death.

As Chief Engineer he also put in the lines from Durango to Mancos and Dolores, and from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek and to Leadville, of which latter he said, "Other engineers said it couldn't be done, but there it is."

Incidentally, the Cripple Creek district once surrendered \$25 million in gold in one year. In the early 1980's it was reactivated when a steep rise in gold prices made mining there profitable once again. Leadville, formerly Oro (gold) City, is the highest (over 10,000 feet) incorporated city in the USA. Gold in its California Gulch attracted 5,000 people into a five-mile strip there within four months in 1860.

You may have noted that we said that Tom settled in at Durango in 1878, whereas we reported earlier how son Bill (and presumably the rest of the family) went west with Tom in 1881. Actually, Al's memoirs will clear up this seeming discrepancy. (Be patient! We promise that we shall get to them, and soon!) What happened was that the family joined Tom (who had preceded them to Colorado) in the spring of 1881. A complicating factor was that Durango (a name strangely of Moorish origin and meaning concourse or meeting place) was not established until 1880.

But Wikipedia reports that "The city is named after Durango, Mexico, which was named after Durango, Spain. The word Durango originates from the Basque word "Urango" meaning "water town".¹⁵ Though geographically surrounded by Indo-European Romance languages, Basque is classified as a language isolate. It is the last remaining descendant of the pre-Indo-European languages of Western Europe.¹⁶

Be that as it may, and thanks largely to Tom Wiggs and the railroad, a concourse it certainly became. In the halcyon period of 1900-1912 it had four railroads converging from the four cardinal points of the compass.

Now, you might say that Durango and the railroad were almost a "chicken and egg" proposition as to which came first, but you would be wrong (and in any event the Wiggs clan would have been on hand for the greeting). Actually, it was railroad industry policy simply to bypass non-cooperative towns, leaving them to wither and die, even as new towns along the chosen route were, as was Durango, actually designed by the railroad. In fact, the present day Animas City (two miles north of Durango on the Durango-Silverton run) is the second so-named city, the first (15 miles north of Durango) having been supplanted thereby through railroad manipulation.

The D&RG was perfectly willing to work with charitably disposed communities. This might mean the donation of a right-of-way or a depot site, the purchase of railroad stock, or even help in grading part of the line. If such aid was not forthcoming, the railroad just proceeded to establish a rival community. Such is the alleged *American Way*.

"Animas City," by the way, is really a sort of shorthand for the full name of the river for which it is named - *River Of Souls Lost In Purgatory* – (Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio) which in itself gives you as good an idea as anything else of the tortuous, testing nature of that formidable territory.

Durango (1986 pop: 11,400; 2009: 16,887),¹⁷ called the *Sagebrush Metropolis*, the *Magic Metropolis*, the *Denver of Southern Colorado*, and even more accurately "*the child of the railroad*," really (as with other settlements in the area) owed its existence to the gold and silver found in the San Juans. (The

heavily mined 14,150 ft Mt. Sneffels yielded \$35 million in gold and silver by 1889.) Its future was assured when the San Juan & New York Smelter relocated there from Silverton in 1880.

Durango was not itself a conventional frontier town. It was a miracle of "instant urbanization." It had three newspapers by 1881, which is two more than the capital city of the leading nation of the free world – Washington, DC - had in 1981. And these weren't lightweight entries common to many boomtowns. In fact, one of the area papers (nearby Ouray's *Solid Muldoon* counted Queen Victoria of England among its subscribers. Typical of its prosperity and sophistication was a Christmas newspaper ad of the period: *Fur-get and fur-give!*

Of course, Durango also suffered the maladies of most fast-growing mining towns: shortages, high prices, lawlessness, violence and the ubiquitous female "prospectors" whom they called *shady ladies of the eighties*. In Durango they occupied a two-block strip between the railroad spur and the Animas River. The houses included the *Variety Theatre*, the *Silver Bell*, the *Clipper*, the *Hanging Gardens of Babylon* – (a curious name for the only one devoted to lynch-conscious blacks,) and simply *Bessie's*, *Jennie's*, *Mattie's*, and *Nellie's*. More generously, they all went under the euphemism of "dance halls."

Indicative of the times is an epitaph found upon a tombstone in nearby Ouray ("Your-A" - for a famous multi-lingual Ute Indian chief), thus:

Here lie the bones of poor old Charlotte,
Born a virgin but died a harlot;
For eighteen years she preserved her virginity,
A damn good record for this vicinity.



Nellie Spencer Ca. 1920

Historian Duane Smith, author of *Sisters of Sin*, said ... “the city’s only commemoration of prostitution is a plaque marking the spot where Spencer’s house once stood. Smith said that in the 1990s, Durango’s City Council “came unglued, nearly had heart attacks,” when he argued that a park positioned in Durango’s then-defunct red-light district off the Animas River Trail, near Backcountry

Experience on Camino del Rio, be named, “Nellie Park,” in honor of Spencer, and the adjacent road, “Red Light Lane.” (The city settled on Smith’s second suggestion, “Iris Park,” unaware that “Iris” was Nellie’s *nom de guerre*, Smith said. ¹⁸

Notorious neighbors and visitors from nearby Creede (68 miles to the northeast) included Robert Ford, Martha Cannary and William Barclay Masterson. You say they don’t ring a bell? How quickly we forget.

Ford was the bozo who shot Jesse James in the back and got a dose of the same for his trouble 10 fearful years later. ¹⁹

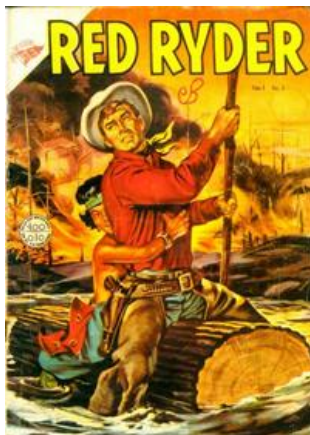


RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



As for Martha, perhaps you'd recall her more easily as *Calamity Jane*.²⁰

***Bat* Masterson, of course was the legendary non-gun-drawing peace officer imported to bring law and order to Silverton before moving on to New York as a newspaperman.²¹**



More recently, attention has been drawn to the area by artist/rancher Fred Harman, originator of the comic strip *Red Ryder*.²²

Then there was Alferd (sic) Packer, the sole survivor of a six-man trek into the San Juan Mountains in the winter of 1873. With the spring thaw, Packer was found guilty of murder and cannibalism. Years later the whimsical students at the University of Colorado would vote to name their dining hall the *Alferd E. Packer Grill*. So it goes... ²³



By now you may have forgotten that this is purported to be the saga of the Wigglesworth clan. Remember, though, that you were warned at the outset of this segment that we confronted a wealth of material. Anyhow, you surely must now have a much better feel for and flavor of the times and the territory, and that's the whole point of the immediately preceding mish-mash. It was sort of a stage setting for the scene into which our central hero, Doctor Al, would be introduced at age 9 in 1881.

Before moving on to Al, however, we should complete the dossier on his father, Tom. (Even so, we shall reserve to the next chapter the story of what we shall choose to regard as Tom's crowning engineering achievement -- the locating and construction of the D&RG's Durango-Silverton line in 1881-82.)

Let us begin our summing up by simply quoting in full his biography from the *Biographical Directory of Railway Officials of America, Edition of 1893*. ²⁴

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Thus:

Born 31 July 1835 at Palmyra, NY; entered RR service 19 November 1854, since which he has been consecutively (1854-67) axman, rodman, assistant resident and division engineer, Louisville & Nashville RR; (1867-72) division engineer, Elizabethtown & Paducah RR; (1872-73) chief engineer, Memphis & New Orleans RR; (1874) engaged in building Cecilian branch, Elizabeth & Paducah RR; (1874-77) contractor, Louisville & Nashville RR; (1879-84) on Denver & Rio Grande as follows: (May-Jun 1879) leveler; (Jun 1879-Jan 1880) locating engineer in charge of construction of Silverton branch; (Jan 1880-Sep 1882) in charge of Utah extension; (Sep 1882-Feb 1884) general engineering work; (Apr 1887) also chief engineer Utah Midland RR: (present: 1893 -) chief engineer for construction, Crystal River RR.

Well, so much for the nitty-gritty facts, but that still doesn't tell you very much about the character of the man. So, we have yet another biographical synopsis, which elaborates a little, and we include it here in full:

(from *Pioneers of the San Juan Country* - Vol I:) ²⁵

Mr. Wigglesworth was born in New York in 1835. He was just old enough, after he received some engineering training, to be useful to the Union Army in the Civil War. He built and maintained track, especially in Tennessee, during that time. After other ventures in his chosen work he made his appearance in Colorado in 1879. He spent the next two years with the D&RG surveying and constructing crews that were then building a railroad from Antonito (100 miles east) to Durango. (The Antonito, Colorado to Chama, New Mexico section of this line survives as the tourist-attracting Cumbres-Toltec Scenic Railway to this day.) In 1886, he was chief engineer with the Midland Terminal in Eastern Colorado.

As chief engineer and constructor, he was responsible for three pieces of railroad in the San Juan:

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

- 1. The D&RG from Durango to Silverton, 45.63 miles, in 1881-82. The story is told (and a picture shows) that during surveying through the canyon just north of Rockwood, men had to be let down by ropes from the top of the mountain above, to peck out a line along the granite cliffs. To look at it one does not doubt.**
- The south part of the RGS from Durango to Dolores, 58.75 miles, in 1890-91.**
- An extension of the Silverton Northern from Eureka to Animas Forks, four miles, in 1904 [which entailed 7-1/2 %. grades - the maximum for steam railroads].**

Wigglesworth made many more railroad surveys in the San Juan than any other engineer, which rather bespeaks his ability. Following is a list of those which can be verified:

- 1. From Las Animas River up to Hermosa Creek and down Scotch Creek to Rico, then down the Dolores River, through Lost Canyon and over Cima Pass to Durango, in 1881.**
- 2. From Silverton to Red Mountain and Ironton Park, in 1881.**
- 3. Down the Las Animas River, down the La Plata River and down the Mancos River to the Farmington area, as part of a projected railroad to Phoenix and Los Angeles, in 1890-91.**
- 4. From Algodones, New Mexico, to Farmington and Durango areas, and thence to Utah, as part of a proposed railroad to Salt Lake.**
- 5. From Durango to Clifton, Arizona, in 1901.**
- 6. From Animas Forks to Lake City in 1904,**

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

[Original manuscript note: He was familiarly known in this country as *Old Wig*. Other appellations recently used for him have no basis in fact.]

"Old Wig's" ingenuity was remarkable. He was able to surmount almost any difficulty with some makeshift of his own. Vest Day tells of a survey crew crossing the Arizona desert with no way to measure the mileage. Wigglesworth tied a can to the buggy wheel and then the men (three of them) took turns of one hour each, counting the bangs of the can as it hit the ground. The number of revolutions times the circumference of the wheel quite accurately determined the mileage for that day.

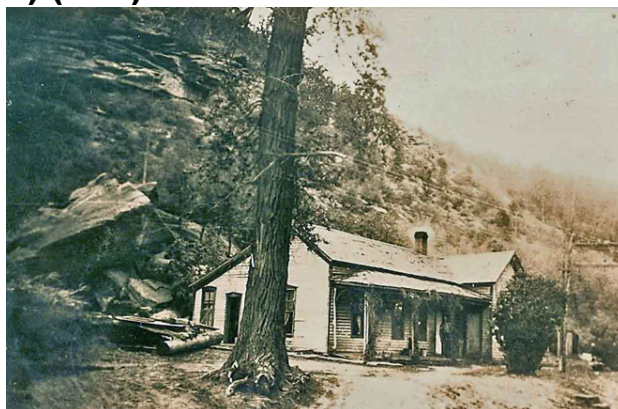
"Old Wig" was notorious for his "Kings English." He could tear off a lot of it to fit any and all occasions. He had a quick temper, an acid tongue, and was exacting with his employees. Yet he could be very kind. Marion Speer tells of working for him as a "nipper" on the railroad from Eureka to Animas Forks. He was only a young lad and had to carry heavy tools from the graders to the blacksmith's shop for sharpening and then carry them back to the graders. Mr. Wigglesworth told him he'd have to let him go as the work was too heavy for him. Marion started to bawl and said he had to have the money to go to mining school. "Wig" not only re-hired him, but gave him a helper besides.

Soon after Wigglesworth started work in the area, he purchased land for a farm, five miles north of Durango and called it the "Waterfall Ranch." Here he built a home and lived until his death in 1909. Perhaps his greatest love was this farm and his farm work.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



Two views of Waterfall Ranch. The white plume in the center above is the waterfall. Note the many wires crossing the top of the picture. Telephones came to Durango in 1907. (Photos From the Wigglesworth Family Collection.) (DFJ)



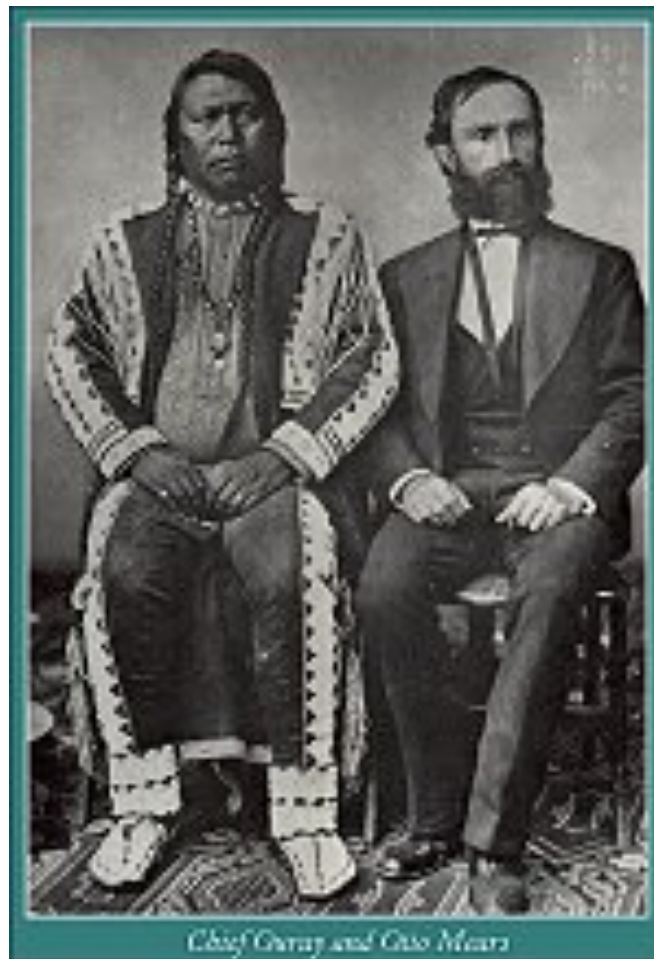
An earlier view of Waterfall Ranch, from the left. No wires, no fence and foliage less developed. (Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.)(DFJ)

When Richard Cunningham bought the property and started peeling the old paper off the walls in the living room and two bedrooms, he found the bottom layer to be those huge, linen railroad survey maps. He and his wife removed them as carefully as possible and were in the process of piecing them together when the house burned down in Nov 1953. (Pioneers of the San Juan Country - Vol . I)

[This does not jibe with the report that the Zink family bought the place in 1917 and still own it. ????]

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

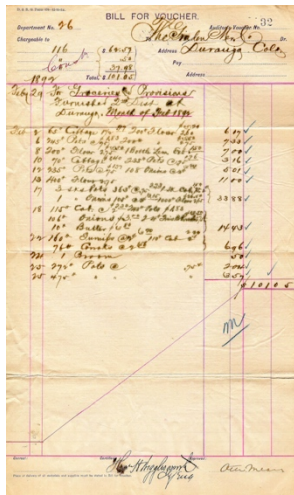
Well, *Old Wig* must by now be coming into somewhat sharper focus in your mind's eye, but we still haven't taken full measure of this hearty railroad pioneer. As Isadora Duncan wrote in her autobiography, "There is the vision our friends have of us; the vision we have of ourselves; and the vision our lover has of us. Also, the vision our enemies have of us - all of these visions are different." Amen! There can be no doubt that *Old Wig* pleased his main boss, the redoubtable Otto Mears, since the latter kept re-hiring him.



**Otto Mears and Chief Ouray,
"White Man's Friend." ²⁶**

And, Otto was a rugged individualist of the first order who demanded of his key employees exactly what he demanded of himself -- everything - total commitment *plus!* (He once built a lumber mill with no other tool than a hand-saw - and no nails!)

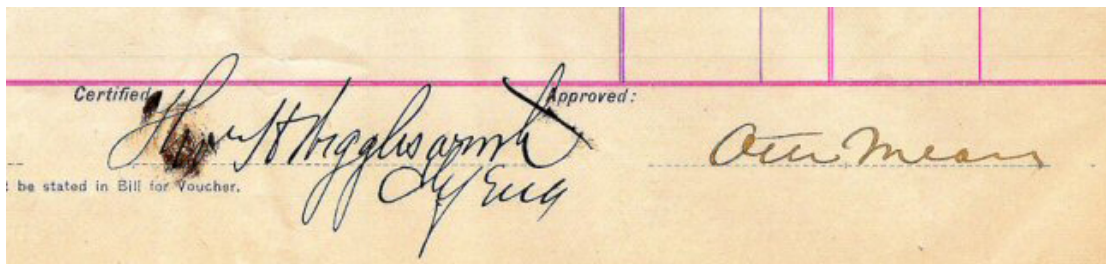
THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



27

Otto Mears.

Above is a bill of voucher from the Graden Mercantile Company, Durango for food supplies signed by both Thomas Wigglesworth and Otto Mears in 1892. Their signatures on the bottom are enlarged on the right. ²⁸



He scratched out 450 miles of toll roads in the San Juan Mountains, of which perhaps the most famous is the so-called *Million-Dollar Highway*. Natives cheerfully debate as to whether the name derives from its original construction from mine ore leavings, the huge cost of rebuilding it to accommodate modern vehicular traffic, or in testimony to its breath-taking scenery. Linking Silverton and Ouray, it is one of the most spectacular auto routes in the nation. Popularly known today as US 550, it is really only the straight six-mile stretch overlying the original toll road.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Otto also fulfilled a government mail route commitment, personally when need be, through biting sub-zero temperatures, heavy snows, near tornado level winds and soft spring slush that could engulf a man to his armpits. He was the money angel and driving force of the D&RG. Curiously, Otto's only railroad venture east of Colorado was the construction of the now defunct Washington D.C. - Chesapeake Beach Maryland Railway. Tom Wigglesworth was Otto's kind of man's man. But *Old Wig* also had the respect and admiration of his employees down the line. However varied the perspective, from whatever angle you look at him, Tom Wiggs comes off well.

For proof, we here excerpt an article by George Vest Day, "*The Pathfinder of the San Juan - As Crew Members Remember Him*", from *Pioneers of the San Juan Country* - Vol III: ²⁹

Recorded history has a tendency to emphasize the importance of those whose efforts aided community progress, if those efforts were richly rewarded in dollars and cents; while those who assisted the hard way, with only modest financial returns, are merely casually mentioned.

I do not wish to detract from the well deserved credit of Otto Mears for his toll and railroads, but I do want to point out, that little has been written about the engineers and crew members who found the way, worked out the grades and measured the distances, in short, those who actually made the construction of these roads possible.

This article is prompted by the desire to acquaint the present generation and its children with one of the latter, whose substantial achievements had a most important part in making the San Juan Basin what it is today; that great old engineer and most unforgettable character, Thomas H. Wigglesworth.

One has only to travel over the Durango to Silverton Railway, the Durango to Rico portion of the Rio Grande Southern or the routes of the now abandoned Otto Mears railroad empire to appreciate the almost superhuman engineering feats that won Mr. Wigglesworth the appellation, "Pathfinder of the San Juan." Thousands of persons visit here every year to

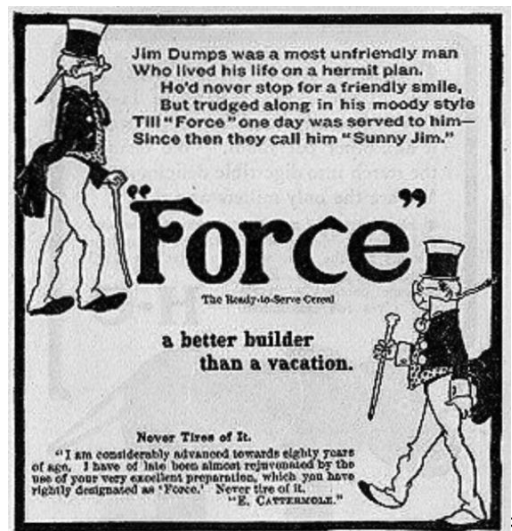
THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

view these wonders without knowing to whom credit is due.

My earliest remembrance of Thomas H. Wigglesworth dates back to 1894 when my father, David F. Day, was Indian Agent at Ignacio. He had been employed to make a survey for a large portion of the ditches and canals that now carry water to Reservation land. I was just a lad of 14, but I still have a vivid picture of him in my memory.

He was not a large man but exceedingly wiry. His face was red from much out-of-door living. His ever-present Van Dyke beard favored a goatee angle. Time had slightly greyed his hair and dimmed his eyes. He usually wore a pair of heavy lensed glasses on the tip of his nose, so he could look through them with a minimum of effort, when the occasion demanded. His uniform on location consisted of khaki trousers and shirt, the former tucked in a pair of khaki leggings.

His crew members in late years referred to him as "Sunny Jim," because of his resemblance to Sunny Jim on the package of Force, the breakfast food most favored at the moment.



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The reference to Force was an apt one, because, believe me, it was force that constituted the make up of T. H. Wigglesworth. At his time in life, 59, the average man is looking for a permanent seat in an easy chair. Not T. H. W.! Most of his career in this section was ahead of him.

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During his Reservation assignment it was frequently necessary to utilize the services of Indians as rodmen or to assist in various other ways. As the help spoke very little English, and in general assumed a "no savvy" attitude, it was essential for "Chief Wigg," as he was affectionately known, to produce a vocabulary to fit the occasion. He did! The finished product reached such a state of perfection it really did not sound like profanity at all. Apparently the Indians thought it was just professional lingo and grinned in such a way it sent his blood pressure soaring. When his pent up emotions needed a safety valve he could and did swear so forcefully, it is well recalled to this day.

* * *

I well remember the first night at the Basin Creek camp [6 miles south of Durango.] Sixteen men were seated around the campfire. Not a bite to eat! The cook, who had promised to take charge of the food department, failed to materialize. I had heard Chief Wigglesworth give vent to vitriolic remarks at the agency, but when he arrived to find this state of affairs his agency remarks were but feeble illustrations of his ability for tossing words. No cook living or dead could have escaped being singed.

* * *

[The Chief] never mingled or kidded with the boys or became familiar with them. He was never grouchy or fault-finding. But if he had reason to be displeased he expressed himself right then in no uncertain terms. However, he weighed things from every angle. If he found that he had made a mistake he never failed to rectify it.

I am sure all his old crew members would gladly join me in this tribute. He was a marvelous engineer, a just and square man, and one whose life was replete with kind deeds.

One could hardly improve on the latter as a fitting epitaph to *The Chief*. We won't even try, lest we muddy the waters. Suffice it to say that now we might all easily recognize the man if it were only possible to meet him. Beyond that, the probability is strong that we should all have wished to meet him and would have enjoyed such a meeting.

All of which prompts a few reflections on the value and lessons of biography. Culling through the personal histories of those who preceded us, whether family or not, we become ever more aware of the continuity and kinship of all humanity. We're all part, after all, of a

single giant tapestry of life. At the same time we become keenly aware of how fleeting life is, and are increasingly impressed that we too shall pass from this earthly scene. Finally, and happily, there is the merest hint for hope - precisely through biography - that somehow, in fact, we shall live on.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER III

1. There are several versions of this quote, including: "Heredity is an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride, and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us." Holmes, Sr. is always the source, but I have yet to find a particular publication cited.

2. Wikipedia contributors. "William Penn." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2 Dec. 2012. Web. 3 Dec. 2012. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Penn

3. Wikipedia contributors. "John Carroll (Bishop)." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 16 Nov. 2012. Web. 2 Dec. 2012.

**4. FamilyTreeMaker Website. Taken on 12/11/2012.
<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/m/a/j/Marguerite-D-Major/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0152.html>**

5. Wikipedia contributors. "Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 Dec. 2012. Web. 13 Dec. 2012.

6. Wikipedia contributors. "United States Department of Justice." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 6 Dec. 2012. Web. 13 Dec. 2012.

7. "United States Department of War." *Wikipedia*, . 20 Sep 2012, 07:17 UTC. 13 Dec 2012, 23:41.

<http://simple.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=United_States_Department_of_War&oldid=3858106>.

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8. The Association of Oldest Inhabitants of DC created this cumulative membership list which lists on pages 107-108 many Wrights, including a Herbert. It also lists a Thomas E. Wigglesworth, born in 1905 in Arizona.

9. FamilyTreeMaker records indicate that Edna's father did not have an older brother named Herbert. Most probable explanation is that the first Herbert died after only a few years. See the FamilyTreeMaker website:

<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/m/a/j/Marguerite-D-Major/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0022.html> taken on 12/11/2012.

10. Wikipedia contributors. "Henry Hudson." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2 Dec. 2012. Web. 4 Dec. 2012.

11. Picture of Thomas Wigglesworth taken on 12/11/2012 from the Heritage West website. <http://heritagewest.coalliance.org/items/show/73163>

This Durango RV site mentions TW and some of his achievements.

<http://www.durangorvpark.com/Animas-City-1870s-History-Durango-Co.htm>

12. Picture of Ann Spradlin taken on 12/11/2012 from the Heritage West website: <http://heritagewest.coalliance.org/items/show/73155>

13. Wikipedia contributors. "Henry Clay." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 27 Nov. 2012. Web. 4 Dec. 2012.

14. Wikipedia contributors. "George Armstrong Custer." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 11 Dec. 2012. Web. 14 Dec. 2012.

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16. Wikipedia contributors. "Basque language." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 7 Dec. 2012. Web. 14 Dec. 2012.

17. Wikipedia contributors. "Durango, Colorado." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 5 Dec. 2012. Web. 8 Dec. 2012.

18. Chase Olivarius-Mcallister. "Durango's Hidden History of Harlotry. Some Western towns herald their sordid past, but we keep ours on the down low." Durango Herald Webpage. Last updated on September 25 2012. Taken on 12/13/2012

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19. Wikipedia contributors. "Robert Ford (outlaw)." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Nov. 2012. Web. 8 Dec. 2012.
20. Wikipedia contributors. "Calamity Jane." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 4 Dec. 2012. Web. 8 Dec. 2012.
21. Wikipedia contributors. "Bat Masterson." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 4 Dec. 2012. Web. 8 Dec. 2012.
22. Copyright. Editorial Novaro. 1954. <http://www.comics.org/series/34046/>
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25. *Pioneers of the San Juan Country, Vol. I. Sarah Platt Decker Chapter, National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. 1969.*
26. *The Silverton Railroads. Silverton Colorado. Silverton and Its Railroads. Website by Mark L. Evans. Taken on 12/14/2012.*
http://www.narrowgauge.org/ncmap/excur2_silverton_railroad_silverton.html
27. *Photo of Otto Mears from the Doris Gregory Collection taken on 12/14/2012 from the website: Ouray History. Otto Mears by Jenny Hart.*
<http://ourayhistory.wikidot.com/otto-mears>
28. *Photo from the website: Historical Photos of Colorado and Utah. Mark L. Evans Collection. Historical Paper Items from the Rio Grande Southern Railroad. John Hitzeman Collection. Taken on 12/14/2012.*
<http://www.narrowgauge.org/ngc/html/mevans-collection/paper/mevans-collection-rgs-paper.html>
29. *Pioneers of the San Juan Country, Vol. III. Sarah Platt Decker Chapter, National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. 1969.*
30. Wikipedia contributors. "Sunny Jim." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 29 Oct. 2012. Web. 14 Dec. 2012.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sunny_Jim

CHAPTER IV

RAILROAD

The true history of the United States is the history of transportation... Philip Guedalla (3/12/1889 – 12/16/1944) British barrister, historical and travel writer and biographer.¹

Having proposed a fitting epitaph for Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth, let us now salute his most lasting monument -- the Durango-Silverton Railway. Unique in its conception and execution, this 45-mile spur of track is equally unique in its longevity. It is today the *only* fully ICC regulated, 100% coal-fired, narrow gauge



railway remaining in the United States, and (save for mountain slides, floods and blizzard snows) has been in continuous scheduled service since 1882, celebrating its first 100 years of operation on 13 July 1982. As the monument* at the Cascade Canyon wye* (the 26 mile post) implies, the "Spirit of Colorado Mountain Railroading" is embodied in this short but tortuous line. No finer monument to any railroad man exists anywhere, nor could one even be imagined.

**Monument* here refers to a historical signpost with commemorative text. *Wye* is a railroad term for a specific configuration of track that had a specific purpose. (DFJ) ³

In 1879, Tom Wigglesworth, then Otto Mears' crack location engineer, arrived on site by burro pack train, the surest and safest way over the mountains embracing the area. His preliminary survey team reached the Animas valley from Silverton on 8 Oct 1879. The next morning an unprecedented three-foot snow covered the ground and his party fought their way to Animas City where they camped during the night.

This picture from the Photographic Division of the U.S Geological and Geographic Survey of the Territories (1874 – 6/30/1879) illustrates what Wigg's survey crew might have looked like. (DFJ)



“The 1874 Photographic Division on the way to Los Pinos and Mesa Verde. Left to right: Smart, Anthony, Mitchell, Whan, Ernest Ingersoll, and Charley, the cook. Dolly, the mule, stands between Charley and Ingersoll. Colorado. 1874.” ⁴

Tom then retreated to complete his construction chores in Antonito, but was back surveying the Durango - Silverton run in the early spring of 1880, as soon as the weather permitted. Construction work was begun at once, although the location survey was not completed until July 1881. Track laying was finished at Silverton in July 1882.



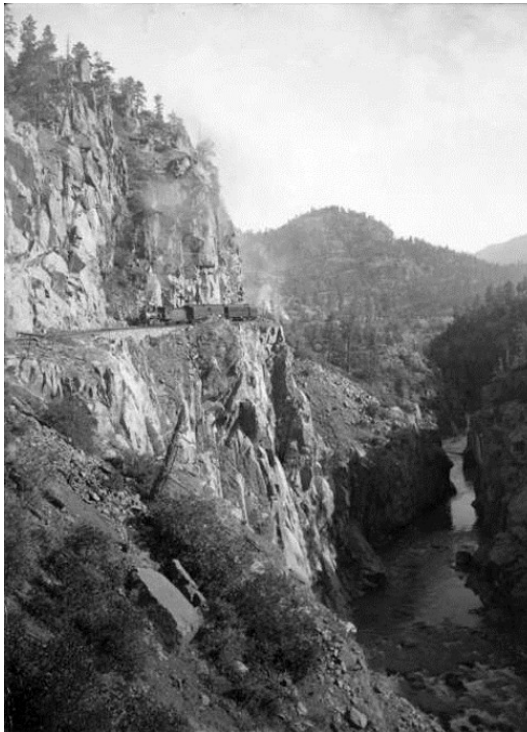
A D&RG train crew poses with locomotive #61, possibly in the Animas Valley in the 1880s. Number 61, one of the earliest types of locomotives used on the San Juan Extension, was a Baldwin class 56 consolidation (2-8-0 wheel alignment) built in 1880 and named the "La Jara." It was leased to Otto Mears' Silverton Railroad in 1890 and dismantled in 1908. (DFJ) ⁵

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The Durango-Silverton train traverses a remote wilderness area of rare and majestic beauty, part of the San Juan National Forest, following the Animas River gorge. This area is only accessible by railroad, horseback or on foot.

Scenes for many Hollywood films about the west have been enriched by the gorge's lush but rugged grandeur: notably Mike Todd's *Around The World In 80 Days* (1956), and the movie *Ticket To Tomahawk* (1950) featuring Dan Dailey and a cameo by Marilyn Monroe. Other films shot in part in the area include: *Across The Wide Missouri* (1951), *Night Passage* (1957), *Naked Spur* (1953), *The Denver & The Rio Grande* (1952), and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (1969).⁶

The Animus River Gorge is the genuine locale of the truly "Wild West." No doubt most modern-day, city-soft Americans would concede, "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there." It is only through Tom Wiggs' path-finding railroad that they are even offered the option of visiting.



The train on the narrow ledge -- the "Highline" -- and the Animas River below. To build this they lowered men on ropes to drill holes and stuff them with black powder to blow the rock away. The suspended men lit the fuses and then were hauled up, hopefully, in time before the powder blew. (A method also used in building the transcontinental through the Sierra.) Here, sometimes the rock didn't break as anticipated, but covered areas they'd already cleared, or didn't break enough, etc. (Russ Wigglesworth, 2013.)⁷

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

The following two pictures from the Library of Congress show groups of railroad (construction) engineers and survey teams from the Deadwood, South Dakota area in 1888. These pictures are of non-work scenes. The subjects are dressed as they probably would have been on a Sunday or holiday. Thomas Wigglesworth would have been working with men like these. The photos were taken by J. C. H. Grabill, *“Official Photographer of the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Rail Road and the Homestake Mine Company, Deadwood and Lead City, Dakota Territory.”* (Captions below photos by the Library of Congress.) (DFJ)



Deadwood Central R.R. Engineer Corps. Ten railroad engineers and a dog, posing with surveyors' transits on tripods and measuring rods, on the side of a mountain. Most of the men are sitting; all are wearing suits and hats. [1888] Repository: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division Washington, D.C. 20540 ^{7a}

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Happy Hours in Camp. G. and B. & M. Engineers Corps and Visitors Group of men and women and two deer in front of a tent. Some of the men are playing musical instruments. 1889. Repository: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division Washington, D.C. 20540. 7a

How did the engineering marvel known as the Durango-Silverton Railway come to be anyway? Where does one even begin to tell this fascinating story? Well, to give credit where credit is due, we shall rely mainly on three excellent sources:

First: Zeke and Russ Wigglesworth's "*Ride The High Iron To Yesterday*" from *Trek Along The Navajo Trail*;

Then: Doris Osterwald's mile-by-mile guide to the railway entitled *Cinders & Smoke*; and,

Last, Allen Nossaman's excellent piece, "*The D&RG Finally Makes It To Silverton*" in the 100th RR Anniversary issue of *The Silverton Standard & The Miner*, the longest surviving paper (from 1875) west of the Continental Divide.

Thus: from “Ride the High Iron to Yesterday.”.....

“The year 1882 was a banner one for Silverton, (1986 pop. 9,032) [2011 pop. only 631. DFJ], That was the year the mines produced \$20 million in gold and silver ore (at that time there were some 27 active mines within a 2½ x 1½ mile area), and it was also the year the RR came up from Durango. The D&RG was quite a system, and its eventual consolidation with the Rio Grande Western was probably the most important factor in Colorado's economy except mining. (\$300 million in gold and silver rode these 45 miles.)

In 1882 Silverton, was quite a town. Bat Masterson was imported from Kansas to help maintain the town's law. The mines were pouring forth riches the like of which King Midas only dreamed. Money was free and easy, the drinks were cheap - if watered - and a ribbon of steel was about to connect the outside world with Silverton.

This 1900 photo shows Otto Mears in front of locomotive No. 100 while two men and a woman look over a valley to the right. At least nine other people look on and wait. (DFJ) ⁸



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[The quote from "Ride The High Iron To Yesterday" from *Trek Along The Navajo Trail*, continues:]

"A few years before all this, a wealthy and well-known evaluator of men, mountains and railroad tracks, Otto Mears, decided a railroad should be built southward from Silverton to haul away the ore. Looking for men with the knowledge, experience and courage, he decided on a man he'd met and worked with before, Thomas H. Wigglesworth. The choice was apparently a good one. Even then, railroads all over the United States had wound their ways through his fingers and across his maps in Kentucky, Colorado, Tennessee and Utah.

And the Silverton was going to get rough before it was finished. Narrow gauge track was obviously the only choice for pushing rail through the Animas Canyon.

(*Obvious?* Perhaps to Russ and Zeke.)

"The infinitely cheaper sub-standard gauge (three feet as opposed to the normal four feet and eight and one-half inches) meant a less wide cut had to be blasted through narrow granite-walled canyons; less wide grades had to be built-up across vast and deep gorges; less heavy rolling stock could be used, which also abetted conquering steeper grades (an unusual 2.5% maximum here, although Tom had encountered unbelievable 4% grades out of Antonito through Cumbres Pass into Chama), and permitted less sturdy bridges, and sharper and less expansive curves (although up to 30% curves were accommodated) following wildly meandering canyons could be more readily negotiated.) A track from Silverton to the smelter south of Durango was the answer for which the men at the mines were waiting. (Closed in 1930, this smelter was re-opened during WWII to handle vanadium (used to obtain finer grain steels with improved tensile strength) and uranium - for you know what.)

[The quote from "*Ride The High Iron To Yesterday*," continues:.....]

"Selecting a route north from Durango was simple (the authors volunteer) just follow the canyon of the Animas River. A few minor (?) problems, of course. How push the track through the narrow canyon near Rockwood? How build the roadbed so the river won't wash it out? What about snow in the winter? Three times the track went out on the highline above Rockwood before rails, ties, boulders, dirt and human sweat pegged it to the cliff-side. In places, the bed is so narrow that you get the impression of flying, because the track and the roadbed cannot be seen from the coach.

"North from Rockwood the so-called highline was the most difficult and costly section of the Silverton to construct - \$100,000 per mile. The 900-foot Rockwood Cut took hundreds of carefully placed black powder shots to blast clear - some drill holes are still visible from the train -

Ernest Ingersoll of Harper's again details the dividends:



Ernest Ingersoll.⁹

"Finally, we jolt down the last steep declivity, turn a sharp corner and roll out upon the level railroad bed. And what a sight meets our eyes! The bed has been chiseled out of solid rock until there is made a shelf or ledge wide enough for its rails. From far below comes the roar of a rushing stream, and we gaze fearfully over the beetling edge which the coach rocks so perilously near, down to where a bright green current urges its way between walls of basalt whose jetty hue no sunlight relieves, and upon whose polished sides no jutting point would give any floating thing an instant's hold." (Old Ernie always did have a way with words!)

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

[The quote from "*Ride The High Iron To Yesterday*," continues:.....]

"Accidents too, claimed time and money. A fifty-foot section of rail dropped on a leg can make quite a break. Survey stakes were washed out time and again by spring flooding, only a prelude to what would happen when the trains began running. But a railroad construction engineer is a stubborn man. To him, there is only one goal in mind: keep pushing the track out until you arrive at its destination! In all, 47 miles of track had to be laid, bridges had to be built, curves had to be plotted, grades had to be surveyed: a town was waiting for the *Iron Rail*."

"How did these hardy pioneers survive the ordeal presented by the rugged San Juan Mountain country, the so-called *Alps of America*? The Continental Divide is just six miles east of Silverton - *the mining town that wouldn't quit* (from 1860), and the headwaters of the Rio Grande are just another three miles east of that, while some eight miles south of Silverton, Snowden Peak rises to more than 13,000 feet.

"In any event, an article by Ernest Ingersoll in the April 1882 issue of *Harper's* details the plight of the plucky railroad mountain-busters: ¹⁰

"Presently we came upon one of Mr. Wigglesworth's construction camps. Long, low buildings of logs with dirt roofs, where grasses and sunflowers and purple asters make haste to sprout, are grouped without order. Perhaps there will also be an immense tent where the crew eats. Besides the larger houses, inhabited by the engineers, foremen, etc., you will see numbers of little huts about three logs high, roofed flatly with poles, brush and mud, and having only a window-like opening to creep in and out through; or into a side-hill will be pushed small caves with a front wall of stones or mud and a bit of canvas for a door: in these kennels the laboring men (\$2.25/day) find shelter."

[The quote from "*Ride The High Iron To Yesterday*," continues:.....]

"As the saying goes, *not a pretty sight*. In fact, the foregoing is the only construction camp description Doris Osterwald could find in researching her *Cinders & Smoke*.

"The further opinion is there ventured that few if any pictures of the camps survive because builders didn't want prospective investors and stockholders to see the wild terrain and primitive living conditions surrounding the building of these lines, since Easterners were probably already overly disposed to regard such mountain endeavors impossible of success. After a line was completed, of course, publicity pictures were welcome." ¹¹

The photo below is a *photochrome*, a photo colored by hand, of dirt and log huts built into the side of a hill. The person in the photo is not identified but the pipe, the hat and the necktie strongly suggest Ernest Ingersoll. The photo was taken sometime between 1890 and 1910 by an unidentified photographer and is one of a collection of photochroms released by the Library of Congress in 2016.(DFJ)



Detroit Photographic Co. *Colorado. Dug out cabins.* [Between 1898 and 1905] Image. Retrieved from the Library of Congress, <<https://www.loc.gov/item/2008678062/>>.

Here is another photochrome from the same Library of Congress collection taken by an unidentified person between 1898 and 1905. Titled “Rio las Animas Canyon,” it clearly shows two engines pulling a number of cars above the Animas River.(DFJ)



Detroit Photographic Co. [*Rio las Animas Cañon*]. [Between 1898 and 1905] Image. Retrieved from the Library of Congress, <<https://www.loc.gov/item/2008676316/>>.

In any event, Allen Nossaman's newspaper article next picks up the thread of our story, offering a perspective on these developments from the Silverton end of the prospective railway line:

“Silverton, proudly and patiently awaiting its destiny, was in dire need of a boost when the D&RG finally worked its way up the River of Lost Souls In Purgatory (so called because the area was “so hard to get into, and so hard to get out of”) in the summer of 1882.

“The town had been struggling for eight years as one of the highest, and definitely the most remote, of the Colorado mining camps in the post-statehood (1876) era. Since the community's platting¹² in 1874, a hardy handful of prospectors and merchants had held forth in 9,305 foot high Baker Park [Silverton's original name] awaiting some viable link with the markets they knew existed for the ores they uncovered . . .

“At its founding, Silverton's closest rail point was Pueblo -- 250 miles away by the most favorable route. While during its halcyon period of 1900-12 it marked the confluence of four railroad lines . . .

“Old timers felt certain the railroad would take the tried and true route into Silverton over the Continental Divide at Stony Pass - even the first piano had come that way.

[In fact, the D&RG (like the Ford Motor Co. slogan of the 1970's) "had a better idea." They proposed to use the Animas Canyon and continue on south, deep into New Mexico, to effect the link-up there.]

“Railroad survey parties were in Animas Canyon in October 1879, showing the railroad's "hand" to all who would observe. By November the track started due south of Alamosa, and extension contracts were let to the point where the Animas Canyon decisively broadened out into a valley, at a little settlement named Animas City.

[Sadly, as recounted earlier, the city fathers and the D&RG failed to see eye-to-eye, so Animas City was by-passed, the RR effectively digging the city's grave with every shovel full of dirt turned at its brand new town of Durango.]

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The quote from Allen Nossaman's, "*The D&RG Finally Makes It To Silverton*" continues:

"Grading started north of Animas City as early as February 1880, and . . . arrival in Silverton was joyously predicted everywhere from October 1880 to August 1881. As the (southern link-up) railroad literally inched across the Continental Divide at Cumbres Pass (just about on the *Colorado-New Mexico* border directly north of Albuquerque) and began to turn north toward the San Juan Basin, grading work continued in the Animas Canyon into December 1880, with as many as 400 men at work preparing roadbed through the challenging canyon.

"A harsh winter in 1880-81 provided fodder for skeptics. Heavy snows hampered both work and travel on the "southern route," and advocacy of the (northern) Del Norte/Rio Grande River approach revived. A fatal accident on the Cumbres Pass route in April and the traditional lawlessness accompanying the "end of track" gangs turned many against the new line even before it reached Durango. The D&RG purchase of the popular hot springs at Wagon Wheel Gap on the (northern) Stony Pass route added to the confusion.

"But the locomotives of the (northern) Rio Grande never saw the head-waters of the Rio Grande on Stony Pass (just east of Silverton). The company had too much invested in its complex southern approach to the San Juan Mountains, and by July 1881 the first work train steamed into Durango. (It arrived from the south, of course, and would become Silverton's umbilical connection to the world at large. In fact, the *Durango Herald* of 8 Sep 1881 reported: "A lady purchased a ticket at the D&RG office in this city, this morning, direct to Liverpool, England. We may be 'out of this world,' but we're well connected.")

The quote from Allen Nossaman's, *"The D&RG Finally Makes It To Silverton"* continues:

"Silverton's hopes for an 1881 rail connection with the outside world faded just as they had for 1880 in the face of the monumental task but the D&RG general manager D. C. Dodge did come to town in August 1881, to begin negotiations on a "fair" depot site and to allay fears that the railroad would snub Silverton as it had Animas City. Dodge's mission was an important one, because the confining San Juans didn't really offer him any sites for a rival town.

"Track was about three and a half miles north of Hermosa by November when Durango out-pollled Parrott City to take the county seat away from that now obscure settlement. The railroad had made a booming metropolis of Durango, and Silverton - its ultimate objective - could barely restrain its anticipation. It targeted July 4 1882 for a celebration to end all celebrations. Manpower on the grade between Rockwood and Silverton gradually increased from 200 to 500 men as spring wore on.

"The entire distance from Rockwood to Silverton, about 25 miles, is through a series of canyons and narrow gorges, with walls of solid granite rising abruptly on either side from 500 to two and three thousand feet in height. The mile of road passing through the grand canyon of the Animas, immediately above Rockwood, is a miracle of engineering skill and audacity -- and presents probably the grandest scenery on the American Continent. The traveler's eyes at once sweep up the massive walls from near the river level, then down hundreds of feet into the mysterious and awful depths of the Animas canyon, even as they remain transfixed by the lingering vision of the green waters of the Animas rushing furiously through the narrow gorge immediately below.

"Thomas H. Wigglesworth, the engineer in charge of the Silverton extension, reported 4 May that all but nine miles of the grade were completed. A rail shortage had curtailed work

in December 1881, and Wigglesworth noted that 100 carloads of the Pueblo-made rail were still needed to finish the job into Silverton. On 20 May, it was reported that Pueblo had to fill an order for the CB&Q's [Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. DFJ] new line into Denver before it could ship any more steel into the Animas Canyon. During the last week in May, however, five carloads finally passed through Durango on the way up the Animas River. While Silverton continued to build its 4 July observance around arrival of the train, it moved to within 11^{1/2} miles of Silverton. The "iron gang" foreman complained not about rail, but about the inability to get ties to the front fast enough in the narrow gap canyon. Track laying progressed at a mile and a half a day. Wigglesworth was reportedly under orders to work (his gang now swollen to 850 men) night and day if necessary to finish the line by 2 July. Meanwhile, Silverton and Durango exchanged formal invitations and acceptances.

"The exact moment of arrival of the D&RG in Silverton is obscured by the embarrassment surrounding the fact that it did not keep its 4 July appointment. The patriotic celebrations came off in fine style anyway, but the press of San Juan County was faced with the task of obliterating the bitter truth while grasping at a thousand and one ways to tout the proximity of the train, the most beautiful of which was probably the spine-tingling references to hearing the first distinct locomotive whistle come echoing out of the canyon the evening of 27 June 1882. The track was apparently within three and a half miles of Silverton on 1 July, but the road was not completed to its destination in time for the 4th of July.

"The *San Juan Herald* of 13 July ... barely noted that the railway company that very day was building its bridge across Mineral Creek, thus entering the town limits with rail on the date both the Herald and its rival, the *La Plata Miner*, would agree in less than a year was the date upon which the railroad reached Silverton itself.

The *Miner*, in a comprehensive recap edition 30 Dec 1882 would make two separate references to 13 Jul 1882 as the day the RR was “completed to this place,” and the *Herald* would make like references in a special edition 8 March 1883. Finally, there is the further fact that 13 Jul 1882 celebrated the 100th Anniversary of the arrival of the first train in Silverton with a "special car arriving on a 10 a.m. train with Colorado Governor Richard Lamm and other dignitaries.” The great holiday announcement continued: "Bar-D Wranglers will play at train. Judging of beard-growing contest will be at Smedley's Ice Cream Parlor at 9:30 AM." ¹³

This same 100th Anniversary Edition of *The Silverton Standard & The Miner* ran a current ad proclaiming a reward of \$5.00¹⁴ by the "Standard Metals Corporation for information leading to "the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for placing a dynamite bomb in the electrical sub-station and stealing two gold sponges¹⁴ from the Mayflower Mill. *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid Live!*



A model of what gold sponge looked like after being removed from the retort furnace. The holes in it are caused by mercury vapor bubbling out.

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So, the D&RG had come to Silverton at last. Does this end this sub-saga? Hardly. “Silverton had its train and its party. The party ended, but the train ran on, and on, and on ...

We turn again now to the article by two of Tom Wiggs' great grandsons, Zeke and Russ Wigglesworth's “*Ride The High Iron To*

Yesterday” from Trek Along The Navajo Trail:

“In 1952 the last shipment of ore went down the track from Silverton. An era had ended. The year 1941 saw the last of the daily passenger trains, and now the train ran only twice a week - a mixed train. Railroading was slowing down all over the system . . .

“Of the early roads only a few remained. The list of spurs and lines that went by the board would make old Thomas Wigglesworth and his son W. H. cringe, for they built or worked on just about all of them:

**The Colorado Southern, Pagosa Junction to Pagosa Springs,
abandoned in 1936;
Lumberton to Gallinas, abandoned in 1928;
Antonito to Santa Fe abandoned in 1942;
Colorado City to Manitou abandoned in 1939;
Eureka to Silver City abandoned in 1943;
Montrose to Sapinero abandoned in 1949 to 1953;**

and others (like much of the Antonito-Durango run, abandoned in the late 60's) that are too numerous and heart-breaking to mention to a live-steamer man.

“In 1958 things began to look even grimmer for the Silverton. Rumors flew like quail flushed from a wheat field. "The entire line is losing money, except for the Silverton run." we were told by a local man in 1958. "The only thing I'd do, if I were in control of the line, would be to really bust loose on this tourist thing. My Lord, man, it's amazing to think of the number of people who may come here just to ride the train from here to Silverton!" He was referring to the then small tourist business that had begun to develop back in the 40's. More and more people were riding the train from Durango to Silverton, not just to get to Silverton, but because they'd discovered - or re-discovered - that it

was plain fun to ride a steam powered train, and a narrow gauge at that! There was no advertising except enthusiastic word-of-mouth stories about the tremendous scenery and the never-to-be-forgotten thrill of the highline above Rockwood! But what had begun as a trickle of tourists now became a torrent! Still, the rumors flew.

"I don't know how much longer the railroad will be able to keep the Silverton line going," another told us in 1958, "but if they let it go, they're out of their minds. This train is going to be the biggest tourist attraction in the world." Then the disturbing rumors suddenly became fact. The railroad was going to sell or abandon the Silverton run. The Helen Thatcher White Foundation stepped in and generously offered to buy. The price? \$250,000.! Almost that much in ore went down the track in one day just 70 years before. The White Foundation's avowed purpose was to keep the line as a tourist attraction, preserving what they could of Colorado railroadiana. (Is that last really a word?)

"Sure, they'll run it for a couple of years," the gloom spreaders said, "then a snow slide'll take the track out below Elk Park, and that'll be it." Residents of Silverton alike held little hope for the line. One thing: The White Foundation was a non-profit organization. As such, it would not, of course, have to pay the huge taxes the railroad had paid. The offer to buy was withdrawn, however, as the ICC denied the railroad's right to sell.

"Rumors still flew. For several reasons, a group of businessmen formed the Durango-Silverton RR Company (a profit-making concern) to purchase the line and assure operation. They didn't buy, and again the rumors came flying. "I heard that some Swiss outfit is going to buy the rolling stock. They're going to build a new tunnel between Switzerland and France and need narrow gauge equipment."

"I heard that the State of Colorado is going to make the line into a state park." These, and similar rumors, went back and forth like flotsam on the sea. Then, in 1961, the no-hope rumors were apparently going to be ended. Hearings were held in Durango, and the request by the railroad to abandon the Silverton was under consideration once more. This time cattlemen, sheep-men, merchants, motel and hotel owners and operators, and townspeople all presented reasons and opinions why the line should not be abandoned. In June 1961, the ICC examiner submitted a negative recommendation, and the Silverton seemed spared once again. The railroad "excepted," however, and did win a grant to discontinue operation each year between 1 Oct and 1 Jun. The exception taken by the railroad was denied on 2 May 1962. A new era in Colorado railroading began.

"The old era - the era of Giant Men and Giant Mountains - had closed many years before, really. In its early days, the era was part and parcel of the lusty youth of a vigorous nation. In 1880, the only form of transportation worth thinking about was rail transport. Nothing else, they supposed, could carry so much so fast, so easily and so inexpensively. Nothing else would ever be built to surpass the carrying capacity of a railroad car or carry it so fast across the nation. And America was a lusty, lung-busting youngster -- growing by leaps and bounds -- conquering the "unconquerable" mountains and plains with ribbons of steel, tying the nation into a truly United States.

"And, the men who built the railroads knew that they were not just building them for the here and now, but for the future. They knew they were giant men building giant things. They were men of genius like Otto Mears, who knew how to get the money and the men they needed. And there were men of genius like Tom Wiggs, who literally walked across the mountains, marking where to lay the steel that would unite the States, each with the other. If Chief Wig could walk down the main street of Durango today, many

things would be familiar to him. And look there! There's a huge crowd waiting to board the train to Silverton.

"A 4th of July expedition?" he might ask. "No," we'd reply, "just the usual summer-tourist crowd, trying to catch the flavor that made the 1880's and '90's such wonderful days of steam and coal-smoke and clickity-clack along the track up the Animas Canyon."



15

"Old Wig might not understand why the train ran only during the summertime, but he'd understand our reasons for trying to keep it, and your reasons for riding it. He'd understand all the thrill and magnetism of the "Trip to Yesterday" aboard the Silverton. The Durango-Silverton RR, then, remains as a monument to its builder, Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth. On 1 Jun 1967, the National Park Service endorsed it as a permanent memorial by designating it an officially Registered National Historical Landmark. How appropriate! And, in March 1968, the American Society of Civil Engineers honored it by declaring it to be one of its National Historic Civil Engineering Landmarks -- fitting recognition, indeed, from Tom's professional peers.

“It's only 45 miles of track, you may say, wrought only of wood, iron and sweat. No! There's more there - much more. There's the physical manifestation of a living dream - a dream that won't die - a dream that's lingered for more than a century, sustained by nostalgia for past glories, and repeatedly re-awakened by the sights, sounds and smells that are the spell of the railroads of yesteryear: a glimpse of the Silverton edging fly-like along a granite ledge 1500 feet above the Animas, the re-echoing whistle and rumble of a double-header to Hermosa, the acrid but morning-meadow-tinged aroma of billowing coal smoke across the canyons. Isn't this what we ride trains for? To escape today, and take a *Trip to Yesterday*? If and when you ever have the pleasure and unforgettable thrill of that trip, nod a: “Thank you, Tom Wigglesworth!”¹⁶

With some reluctance we must now conclude this tribute with a rather whimsical postscript. *Old Wig* may well have spun in his grave in August 1982 if aware at all that one of the cars on "his train" had run off the track while his grandson Jack and Jack's wife, Virginia, were aboard with a Smithsonian group touring the old mines and railroads of Colorado. Naturally, to make matters worse, Jack was in the very process of proudly proclaiming how his grandfather had almost single-handedly been responsible for the path-finding and building of the marvel that was and remains the Durango-Silverton railroad. It seems that it still never pays to flaunt the alleged taming of *Mother Nature*!

Now it remains only to remark upon two other items of Durango-Silverton RR whimsy, courtesy of traveler-writer Horace Sutton. (Died in 1991, age 72. Wrote the “Footloose in ...” series. DFJ)

Mr. Sutton also made a recent run up the line. He notes that a posted original menu reveals that earlier riders were offered a choice of a bowl of chili or premium Russian caviar - each at 50 cents a bowl! However, Mr. Sutton marveled even more at the modern *Miner's Martini*: 5 ounces of straight gin in a glass "as big as the Rockies."

Russ Wigglesworth's additional comments of January 2013 are appended here: (With notes and pictures I have added. DFJ)

In 1884 Wig (that was the way his friends and family referred to him) was approached by a group of Colorado Springs businessmen, and did a preliminary survey for a standard-gauge route over the Ute Pass between Colorado Springs and Buena Vista, Colorado. Having assured them that such a route was feasible he was hired as Chief Engineer for the newly incorporated Colorado Midland Railway.

I might interject here that a Chief Engineer was basically the person who was in total and consummate charge of building railroads at that time period. He supervised all aspects and made all decisions. Where some historians give credit to, for example Hagerman (see below), for “building” a railroad, it was actually the Chief Engineers who did so.

Let's read how Wig's son Al explained it. He wrote the following letter after reading *Rebel of the Rockies*, a book about the Denver and Rio Grande written by Robert G. Athearn, (1914 – 1983) a Professor of History at Al's alma mater, and published by Yale University Press in 1962. (The undated letter was written between 1962, when the first edition of the book was published, and June 1964, when Albert died.)

*Mr. Robert G. Athearn,
University of Colorado,
Department of History
Boulder, Colorado*

Dear Sir,

*It has been my great pleasure to read and reread your *Rebel of the Rockies*. A wonderful lot of statistics condensed into one volume that reads like a novel. The amount of labor to collect and scan reams of old newspapers was a task. The little biographies of Palmer, Milken(?) and Bill add a special interest. The photos are very lifelike.*

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

It is of special interest to me for I was really raised by the D&RG. My father, Thomas H. Wigglesworth, had over 600 miles of railway in his location in Colorado. I never paid fare on the many trips from Durango to Denver while attending school in Denver until I was grown. On one trip father's annual pass, made of silver with filigree border was used.

When father surveyed and had charge of construction of the line from Durango to Silverton, forty miles up the Animas canyon, I was 9 years old that spring and we lived at Camp 1 near the railway entrance to the canyon. There were 600 laborers on the job and I think the job was completed in 1881. It was my privilege to have been on the first train over the track. The train consisted of a passenger car and the engine.

This road is one of the most scenic railways of the world and many tourists make the trip every summer. Many shots for movie films have been made along the line, among those are Ticket To Tomahawk and Around the World in 80 Days.

Father's next position was chief engineer of the Colorado Midland, a road to be built from Colorado Springs to Leadville. The family moved to Colorado Springs. His first survey called for a tunnel over six miles long. The promoters objected as the expense could not be met. The next [survey] avoided the tunnel and must have been [through] the Corona Pass. I never knew until reading it in your book. This survey was accepted and father went ahead with the work.

I saw and met the men who furnished the money. One was of stocky build and homely. The other very thin wearing a black suit that hung on his spare frame. He was very nervous, had a constant hacking cough and puffed constantly on a black cigar. In my mind I had the men different and Fisher was the man in the advanced stage of TB, but I was only 13 years old.

Well, the road completed, father resigned and turned over his office to A. A. Robinson, Chief Engineer for the Santa Fe. My mother and Mrs. Robinson were very friendly and, as I was sick with the measles, Mrs. Robinson sent me a dozen big naval oranges. I had never seen any before.

On page 164 you write and I quote "three months later the Colorado Midland arrived in Aspen bringing the first standard gauge across the Rocky Mountains." Father's comment when the road was finished was "Other engineers sat around saying we were a lot of damn fools, that it couldn't be done, but there is the road."

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Father went back to the D&RG Western. Our family went back to our beautiful Waterfall Ranch in [the] Animas Valley above Durango.

How Mr. Moffat became interested and worked years toward getting it [the Moffat tunnel] built is graphically written in your book. Strange, but neither Mr. Moffat nor father lived to see it completed.

We heard from father from Provo and Strawberry Valley, Utah. Later he worked in the Grand Valley above Gunnison and surveyed and built the Crystal River branch. Later he joined us at the ranch but not for long. A solitary engine came up the track one morning with a messenger and letter from Otto Mears offering father the job of surveying and constructing the Rio Grande Southern from Durango to Gunnison, Colo. This was completed about 1891.

Father then surveyed allotted farms for Ute Agent Dave Day of Durango Herald fame. In 1903 he made a reconnaissance trip for Harriman to connect the coal at Durango, Colorado to mines at Durango, Mexico. Nothing came of it although father said it was possible.

Please forgive an old man his reminiscences.

Sincerely yours

A. M. Wigglesworth, M.D. '96

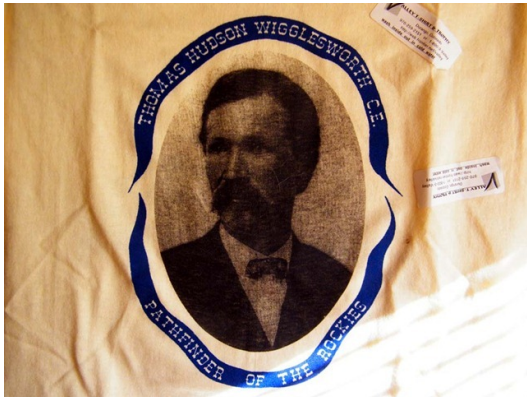
Further illustrative of the role of the Chief Engineer is the following notice published in 1886 in Engineering News and Contract Journal, currently known as ENR: (DFJ) ¹⁷

**The Colorado Midland R. R.—LEADVILLE, COL.,
March 24th.—Mr. Thomas H. Wigglesworth, chief engineer of the Colorado Midland Railroad, arrived in this city yesterday and has established an office in the Bank of Leadville Building. He states that contracts for grading, tunneling and cross-ties will be let about April 1st, and he calculates that it will take twelve months to build the division between Leadville and Aspen.**

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

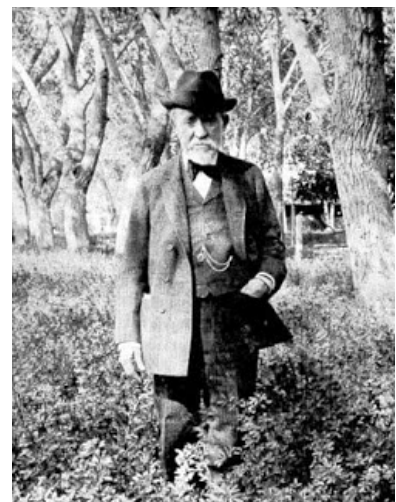
One of the things that irks me when reading about American railroads is that the money-men are always identified as the roads' "builders." I think TH summed it up best when he was quoted as saying about the first standard gauge crossing of the Rockies: "...other engineers sat around saying we were a lot of damn fools, that it couldn't be done. But **THERE** is the road!" It was he who did it, not Hagerman.¹⁸

We put that phrase on the back of the tee-shirts we had made for the Wigglesworth reunion in Durango. For what it's worth here are pix of the front and back. The printers did a terrible job on his photo.



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At the same time (1884) a Milwaukee businessman, James John Hagerman, (here shown standing in a field of alfalfa,) who had moved to Colorado Springs for his health, was approached by the same group and agreed to take the position as President of the Colorado Midland.²⁰



Hagerman had made his fortune in the East and was not particularly looking for a position, but the lure of building the first standard-gauge rail line across the Rockies caught his imagination. Hagerman had

very few good words for other railroad companies, saying that they had but one purpose: to make stockholders rich and to hell with what might be good for the company. He vowed to run the Midland a different way.

To some extent he did, yet few of the problems the Midland was to meet in breaching the Rockies were ever to be made known to Eastern stockholders. Hagerman and Wigglesworth were to argue about the focus of, and the pace of, construction of the Midland. In the end, when the Midland faced a huge financial crisis, Hagerman would fire Wigglesworth and Fisher, the company Manager, and lay the blame for high costs on them. Just a year before the firings, Hagerman had written to his people back east, extolling the engineering skills and dedication of Wigglesworth.

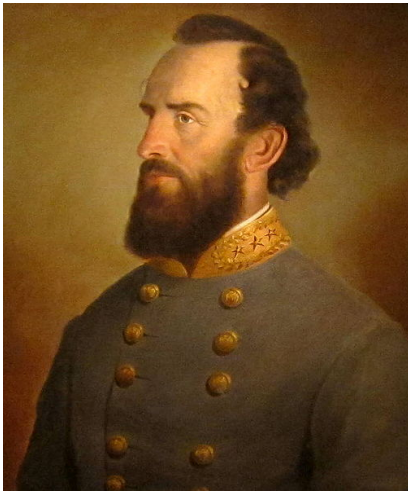
Hagerman too would leave the Midland and go on to other things, including the building of railroads in Mexico – ironically, at the same time Wigglesworth would be doing the same thing for the Mexican Southern Pacific. Between the two of them, history would note that they built the world's highest railroad tunnel, and were first to “let daylight through the divide.” (This phrase was used in the title of a book first published in 1989: *Colorado Midland Railway: Daylight Through the Divide* by Dan Abbott & Richard A. Ronzio. Denver, Colorado: Sundance Books. 1989.)

(The Hagerman Tunnel through Hagerman Pass west of Leadville was originally named Wigglesworth Tunnel and Pass but renamed after Wig and Hagerman had their falling out. The tunnel is at 11,500 feet above sea level and so Wig's Midland was the *first standard-gauge* railroad across the Continental Divide. Today one can walk the old grade up to the tunnel.)

One interesting facet of Wig's life was that during the Civil War he was working for the Louisville and Nashville RR as Division Engineer. The last time it was taken over by the Federals he refused to work for them and spent the rest of that year in jail. I found it interesting that

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

he had sympathy for the South even though he was originally from New York.



So much sympathy that his and Anne Catherine's first child was named Charles Stonewall in admiration for the Confederate hero, General Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson (1/21/1824 –5/10/1863). (The picture to the left was done in 1864 by J.W. King and hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.)²¹

(It is not often noted that New York at the time had deep sympathy and involvement with the South because of lucrative and longstanding trading arrangements for cotton and slaves and because of fear of the loss of jobs to freed slaves. DFJ).

Charles is buried in Manitou Springs, but Andrea and I never attempted to find the burial site. It's still on my bucket list.

The ironic twist to that Southern sympathy, of course, was Wig's deep life-long friendship with ex-Union General William Palmer who, among other achievements, founded Colorado Springs. Palmer was the one who suggested Wig's name to the C&MCRR people.



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Another railroad note: Thomas and his son, WH, were part owners of the Marble and Crystal River Railroad. TH served as the company's Chief Construction Engineer. The "Yule"²³ marble of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the largest single piece of marble quarried in the US, rode on C&MCRR rails to get to Washington.



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Shortly after the war my father, who had a switch key that he had found in the dirt of my grandparents' garden in Durango, attempted to open a locked switch on the C&MRR with the key and did so. Unfortunately there is almost no trace left of that road. The quarry is once again in operation, however. In all our moving the key has been lost, along with a very large rusty iron link that I was told came from the Louisville and Nashville and was used to couple RR cars together.

Another story of no consequence: (from an email on 3/1/2013) during the war my father was on a troop train going somewhere in the middle of the country and got into a conversation with another officer. Eventually they began chatting about railroads, then about narrow gauge railroads, and then about Colorado railroads. My father talked about how the "idea-guys" and the "money-guys" got all the credit for building railroads while the real builders, the location and construction engineers, were seldom mentioned and soon disappear from history. He presented his grandfather, THW, as a shining example and while he didn't say any derogatory things about Otto Mears he certainly

wasn't particularly complementary. At which point the other officer explained that the two of them had something in common: their grandparents. His grandfather was Otto Mears. They both had a good laugh at that point. My dad corresponded occasionally with him until after the war.

But among engineers at the time, Wigg's name was very well known throughout the country and often cited as a standard of achievement. The following quote from Engineering News and Railway Journal, January 1888, illustrates the ease with which it came to mind within the select circle of professional railroad engineers as far away as Buffalo, New York: (DFJ) ¹⁴

THE following comes to us from Buffalo:

"The rapid increase of our population allows us to call our city a great railroad center, but some of our prominent citizens are still in the Kindergarten period of their education in railroad matters.

"A conference was held yesterday between the counsel and engineers of one of our new roads: to elucidate some point the chief engineer displayed a progress profile, the gaudy colors caught the eye of the counsel and they viewed it admiringly although it was upside down. At last the senior counsel said: "What is this?" "This" said the chief, "is a progress profile of Section 1. This is the excavation, and this the embankment." "I understand all that perfectly: but what is this red line?" "That is the grade line." "Are you not mistaken," said the senior, "are not all grade lines necessarily horizontal?" There was a pause: then the chief said softly, as he rolled up his profile. "No, not always."

"Shades of Tom Wigglesworth! how far could the Colorado Millard have gone towards Leadville with a level grade?"

The anecdote is certainly a good one, and shows the consequences of meddling over-confidently in what one does not understand. But it may also serve as a warning to engineers as to how easily they may make themselves a laughing-stock by wrong action or advice on business, architectural or other questions, with which their legitimate duties give them a certain kind of familiarity, but in which they often make calamitous mistakes.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Another recognition of THW's contribution has been made by the Hotel Strater in Durango, Colorado in early 2013. It has designated room 321 as The Thomas H. Wigglesworth Room because of the significant role he played in the development of Durango. (Announcement below courtesy of Andrea and Russ Wigglesworth. DFJ)

THE HISTORIC STRATER HOTEL PRESENTS

ROOM: 321 THOMAS H. WIGGLESWORTH

THE PATHFINDER OF THE SAN JUAN'S RAILROADS—SURVEYOR, ENGINEER AND CONSTRUCTION SUPERVISOR PLAYED A SIGNIFICANT ROLE IN DURANGO'S EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

JULY 31, 1835-MARCH 15, 1909

HIS LEGACY IN DURANGO

Thomas H. Wigglesworth began his railroad career at age 18 as an axe man working in Tennessee for his older brother. The fifth of ten children born in Palmyra, NY, he was an industrious and hard worker whose skills and knowledge quickly progressed as the railroads expanded across the country. With formal engineering training, surveying, and construction experience under his belt, he left his wife and young family behind and came to Antonito, Colorado, in 1878 where he began working for the Denver & Rio Grande Railway.

The discovery of gold and silver ore in the San Juan Mountains had created a great demand for railroad transportation. In as early as 1875, D&RG had identified the need for expansion to reach the rich mining camp of Silverton. Wigglesworth became the locating engineer to do survey work for the line through the Animas Canyon, requiring surveyors to be let down the canyon's

sheer walls on ropes and ladders. At some points vertical cliffs dropped nearly 600 feet straight to the Animas River below. Tracks had reached Durango in July, 1881, from the East but Silverton, the goal of the San Juan Extension as it was called, still lay nearly 45 miles north and east up the winding Animas River, and over 2,800 feet higher in elevation. Construction of the line was delayed several times due to weather, shortages of supplies, and delays in financing, but finally on July 13, 1882, the first regularly scheduled train traveled from Durango to Silverton.

The Durango-Silverton line, surveyed and constructed under the direction of Thomas Wigglesworth, was acclaimed from the beginning and continues to this day. The American Society of Civil Engineers (ASCE) named the Silverton Extension a National Historic Civil Engineering Landmark in 1968, stating "Built in 1882 through one of the most rugged mountain areas of the nation, its complexity remains a testament...in the development of the western United States."



Thomas, his wife Ann Catherine, and their five children made their home for many years on a farm in the north Animas Valley called Waterfall Ranch. When he suffered a stroke and died in 1909 at his home the Durango newspaper stated, "He was a man decided in his views and pronounced in his likes and dislikes, a true friend, a worthy citizen — a man honest in all his dealings. It is sufficient to say that he was an engineer of recognized ability and untarnished integrity".

His legacy continues today; those who travel the scenic Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad have this amazing pioneer to thank.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Crew members referred to him in later years as "Sunny Jim" because of his resemblance to Sunny Jim on the package of Force, a favorite breakfast food.
- "Chief Wig" was known as a man whose "dignity was always in presence, never mingled or kidded and was never grouchy or fault finding".
- Thomas and Ann Catherine named their first child Charles Stonewall in obvious admiration of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson.
- The Wigglesworths owned 400 acres in the Animas Valley, a few miles north of Durango, called Waterfall Ranch. The waterfall still flows and is visible from the west side of the train.
- Thomas and Ann Catherine's second child, Will, was Durango's City Manager at one time.

970-247-4431

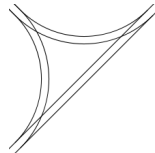
WWW.STRATER.COM

NOTES FOR CHAPTER IV

1. **Philip Guedalla. *The Hundred Years : A history of the Western World 1837-1936.* ([London]: Peter Davies, 1934). "For its true history was always the history of transportation in which the names of railroad presidents are more significant than those of Presidents of the United States. Those names emerged – Gould, Vanderbilt, Hill, Huntington, and Harriman."**

2. **Logo taken from: Wikipedia contributors. "Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia.* Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Dec. 2012. Web. 25 Dec. 2012.**

3. **A wye or triangular junction, in railroad terminology, is a triangular shaped arrangement of tracks with a switch at each corner. In mainline railroads, this can be used at a rail junction, where two rail lines join, in order to allow trains to pass from one line to the other line. Wyes can also be used for turning railway equipment. By performing the railway equivalent of a three point turn, the direction of a locomotive or railway vehicle can be swapped around, leaving it facing in the direction from which it came. Where a wye is built specifically for turning purposes, one or more of the tracks making up the junction will typically be a stub siding. Wikipedia contributors. "Wye (rail)." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia.* Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 19 Dec. 2012. Web. 25 Dec. 2012.**



4. **Photo of U.S. Geological Survey Team taken on 12/24/2012 from the website: Chipeta: Ute Peacemaker. "Hayden Survey: 1874 Los Pinos" by Cynthia Becker. <http://chipeta.wordpress.com/tag/william-henry-jackson/>**

5. **Photo and caption taken on 12/24/2012 from the website of the Animas Museum: An article by Allen Nossamen, (1940-2006): "The Railroad Arrives." <http://www.animasmuseum.org/railroad%20arrives.html> (Best quality available.)**

6. **IMDB. (The Internet Movie Database) IMDB.COM**

7. **Picture of highline courtesy of Russ Wigglesworth.**

7a. Taken on 8/1/2013 from Citi data website. <http://www.city-data.com/forum/south-dakota/1234969-historical-photos-black-hills-library-congress.htm>

8. This picture taken on 12/24/2012 from a website advertising a DVD: **"The Denver and Rio Grande Multimedia Adventure Kit (DRG MAK) *The Largest Collection of Rio Grande Information Ever Assembled Into One Product.*"** <http://ghostdepot.com/rg/history/otto%20mears.htm>

9. Sketch of Ernest Ingersoll taken from the website NYPL Digital Gallery. (New York Public Library) 12/21/2012. <http://digitalgallery.nypl.org>

10. Ernest Ingersoll. "Silver San Juan." Harper's Mag. April 1882. p. 689-704

11. Doris Osterwald. Cinders and Smoke. A Mile by Mile Guide for the Durango to Silverton Narrow Gauge Trip. 6th Ed. Western Guideways, Ltd. Lakewood, Colorado. 1990.

12. A platt is a scaled map of an area of land showing it divided into large blocks which would then, in later maps, be subdivided into smaller blocks.

13. Allen Nossaman. The Silverton Standard & The Miner. 100th Anniversary Edition.

14. The Mayflower Mill was opened in 1929. "Gold sponge" was the result of the smelting process which produced a piece of gold riddled with holes resulting from mercury vapor that bubbled out as the gold cooled. The fine of \$5.00 was perhaps an error introduced by the OCR scanning process. It may have actually been \$500. **Picture of gold sponge taken on 6/8/13 from the website: The Elements Unearthed, Our Discovery and Usage of the Chemical Elements. Colorado Mines Day 5, Part 2: The Mayflower Mill. 11/22/2012, by David V. Black.** <http://elementsunearthed.com/2012/11/22/colorado-day-5-part-2-the-mayflower-mill/>

15. Wikipedia contributors. "Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 11 Feb. 2013. Web. 14 Feb. 2013.

16. T. Ralph Bennett and Russell H. Wigglesworth. "Ride the High Iron to Yesterday." *Trek Along the Navajo Trail*. 1964-1965 Yearbook. (Citations I found do not mention Zeke Wigglesworth. DFJ)

(Russ W. comments: Re: note 16. "The article in *Trek* was written by me; my brother, William David "Zeke," helped by looking up some dates. He was working for the Minneapolis Star at the time. He used his nickname as his professional name until he retired as the Travel Editor of the San Jose,

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CA *Mercury News*. Prior to publication I had deleted (I was the editor, too) a paragraph about “There’ll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,” a song being written by an itinerant whisky drummer in Silverton as a result of the train’s arrival. Probably of interest only to music historians.”

(The Wikipedia report that the song was published in 1896, music by Theodore A. Metz, lyrics by Joe Hayden does not necessarily disprove Russ’s claim. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/There'll_Be_a_Hot_Time_in_the_Old_Town_Tonight

A recording of the piece by the “Sousa Band” in 1904 can be heard here: <http://www.loc.gov/jukebox/recordings/detail/id/220/>)

Russ continues: “*Trek* was an ill-founded magazine T. Ralph and I dreamed up. We scavenged for a year trying to find backers with enough money to allow us to start the magazine. The issue with the article was issue number one and the last one. Our financial backer, the same one who was behind Purgatory Ski Area north of Durango, pulled financing shortly after the magazine went to print and even refused funds for distribution of the first issue so it died aborning. I have what may be the only surviving copy. My only income during that time was what I made in tips while serving drinks to patrons of the Diamond Circle’s melodrama. I was an actor that summer and the pay was negligible. My newly-married wife was of great support that summer for which I am eternally grateful.”)

17. Engineering News and American Contract Journal. (Later: Engineering News Record or ENR) (Engineering News Publishing Company, Tribune Building, New York, NY. Vol. XV, Saturday, April 10, 1886. p. 238.

Close reading of this item may cause some readers to be puzzled about the dates. What’s the use, they might say, of announcing on April 10th something that already happened on April 1st? They should consider that periodical publications then, as now, were given dates that were later than their actual publication and that the journal, a fortnightly, was actually printed in New York City. The item was probably sent to the ENR editorial office by telegraph by the ENR Leadville correspondent on March 24th, too late for the 3/27 issue. The 4/10 issue may well have come off the press before 4/1. Also 4/1 may only be the beginning of the “letting of contracts” process, which included issuing RFPs, receiving bids, and awarding the contracts. In addition to inviting bids for contracts such announcements also served to alert workers and peripheral service providers of business or employment opportunities.

The Tribune Building, arguably the first “skyscraper” was erected in 1871 at 154 Printing House Square on Nassau and Spruce Streets in Manhattan. That spot is now One Pace Plaza, the location of Pace University and near the current approach roads to the Brooklyn Bridge. The Tribune Building was also

where Ottmar Mergenthaler first demonstrated his linotype machine in 1886. Next door was the home of Pulitzer's New York World, at which my grandfather Charles Johannes Jensen worked as a linotype operator and "stonehand" after he arrived from Copenhagen in 1887 until his death in 1926.

Readers interested in the skyscraper argument may find the following worth their time: Winston Weissman "New York and the problem of the first skyscraper," *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians*, March 1, 1953 (reproduced by www.jstor.org). Charge by JStor for this article: \$14.00.

18. Wikipedia contributors. "E. H. Harriman." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 28 Jan. 2013. Web. 12 Feb. 2013. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E._H._Harriman

19. Wigglesworth Family Collection

20. "The Streets of Carlsbad: Hagerman Street" Posted by Amorphous Muse / Shelby. Photo taken on 2/28/2013 from <http://yetstillstanding.blogspot.com/>

21. A portrait of Stonewall Jackson (1864, J. W. King) in the National Portrait Gallery. Wikipedia contributors. "Stonewall Jackson." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, 28 Feb. 2013. Web. 1 Mar. 2013.

22. Wikipedia contributors. "William Jackson Palmer." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 14 Feb. 2013. Web. 1 Mar. 2013. Photographer unknown.

23. **Yule Marble** is a marble of metamorphosed limestone found only in the Yule Creek Valley, in the West Elk Mountains of Colorado, southeast of the town of Marble, Colorado. First discovered in 1873, it is quarried today inside a mountain at 9,300 feet (2,800m) above sea level, in contrast to most marble, which is quarried from an open pit and at much lower elevations.

The localized geology created a marble that is 99.5% pure calcite with a grain structure that gives a smooth texture, a homogeneous look, and a luminous surface. It is these qualities for which it was selected to clad the exterior of the Lincoln Memorial and a variety of buildings throughout the country in spite of being more expensive than other marbles. The size of the deposits enables large blocks to be quarried, which is why the marble for the Tomb of the Unknowns, with its 56-ton die block, was quarried from Yule Marble. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yule_marble

Wikipedia contributors. "Yule Marble." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 11 Jan. 2013. Web. 10 Feb. 2013.

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24. Arlington National Cemetery. Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, side angle close-up. Digital ID: (color corrected film copy slide) thc 5a50867
<http://hdl.loc.gov/loc.pnp/thc.5a50867> Reproduction Number: LC-H8-CT-A01-015 Repository: Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division
Washington, D.C. 20540 USA

25. Engineering News and Railway Journal. Engineering News Publishing Company – New York. Vol. 19, p.44. Saturday, January 21, 1888. Taken on 6/10/2013 from Google Books:
<http://books.google.com/books?id=PMxBAQAAIAAJ&pg=PA44&lpg=PA44&dq=%22following+comes+to+us+from+Buffalo%22&source=bl&ots=mExaA9Tiqz&sig=o-ykTcoYAgzNt8FMEW-XfUcr7Jo&hl=en&sa=X&ei=QvC1UZqAic-30AGZz4GIBA&ved=0CCsQ6AEwAA#v=onepage&q=%22following%20comes%20to%20us%20from%20Buffalo%22&f=false>

CHAPTER V

KID

Youth comes but once in a lifetime.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, ¹ (2/27/1807 – 3/24/1882)

There can be no further excuse, now, for not giving Albert Matthew center stage. Tom has had his day in the sun, and then some. But with the advent of Al, it is more than fitting that we pause a moment to salute his mother, Ann Spradlin. ²



there is much that we might safely infer from what we know of her husband and what we shall learn of the splendid character of her children through our study of Al. We must first be impressed with the fact that in the crucial youth-raising days, when “the twigs were being bent” so to speak, Old Wig wasn’t very much on the scene.

Actually, though, we really don’t have much additional hard information on Ann, but

Most of his time was spent with his crews at the ever-receding rail-head. Not only that, he left Ann behind with a bevy of kids!

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

(DFJ)

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

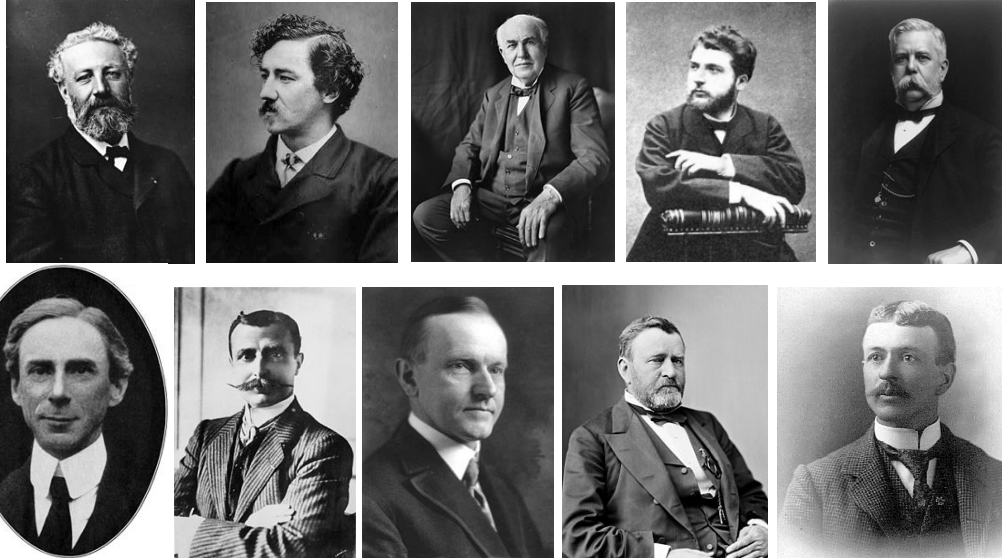
Russ Wigglesworth recalls:

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

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

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to make sense of two-plus-two. Aviation pioneer Louis Bleriot was born in France. (He made the first flight across the English Channel in a heavier than air aircraft in 1909. DFJ).



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



**Albert M. Wigglesworth,
about 1956, age 84.**

Now, we come at long last to Al's own story. And, it'll not only be the story of Al's life as he *lived* it, it'll be that story as Al himself *wrote* it at age 84 in 1956, a mere three years before his death.⁴

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

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



5

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

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

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6

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

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

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

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

Memoir of Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth

Dr. Wigglesworth wrote his memoir in cursive in a steno pad. The first page is on the left. After a few pages he stopped and began again, correcting some errors he had made in the first attempt. The latter part of Chapter II shows that his knowledge of his origins was sketchy. (DFJ)

Forbears.
My paternal Grandfather was a shipmaster from Liverpool England. He came Canada where where my father's two sisters and two sisters were born. Later she moved to Palmyra, New York, and bought a farm. My father was born there and worked on the farm and attended school. When 12 yrs old he ran away and got a job as a man on the L & N. R.R. He returned home at 19 and stayed awhile to study trigonometry as he intended to become an Engineer. Went back to work as a conductor on the same railroad he helped to build, the Tonawanda and Machinville. Mother lived on a small farm and as the L & N crossed part of the land she and father met. Later he came for her, married her, and lived in Romeville. One of his sisters also lived there and later married Mr. Cox of Col & Gordon Westfield in St. Louis. Mother's name was Appledin. Her mother was an Hodges and claimed to be a cousin of Henry Clay.

Forebears:

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

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

*Father was the only child born in the United States. My paternal grandmother was a Hudson said to be kin of the discoverer of Hudson Bay (**Henry Hudson, who died there in 1611. DFJ.**) I never saw these grandparents, but my immediate family visited them once before my birth.*

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

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

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In October 2016 I discovered on the web a 1907 book about the town of Palmyra compiled by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church there. That book, although it is almost entirely hearsay and doesn't agree with Albert's memoir on every point, serves as a rough guide to the Wigglesworth family in Palmyra from 1832 through the rest of the 1800s. The book is now in the public domain; sections relating to the Wigglesworth family are quoted below. (DFJ)

(PALMYRA - WAYNE COUNTY, NEW YORK. Compiled by THE WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF THE WESTERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. MCMVII. Copyrighted by The Western Presbyterian Church 1907. The Herald Press, Rochester, N. Y. pp. 198-199.)

"As we go south, on top of the hill on our left, is the old Wigglesworth farm. The old New England house, for a good many years, was wood-colored, it being built in early day by a man by the name of Burden, who in the early 30's sold the farm to John Wigglesworth, an Englishman, and a bachelor. He was a shoemaker by trade. He did not live on the farm much of the time but went to one of the western states, where he spent the most of his life, leaving his brother, Matthew, who had a large family, on the farm of which he gave him the use.

"Here Matthew lived the rest of his life, dying in the 70's. This family consisted of ten children, six girls and four boys.

"Ann, the oldest, married the late Robert Chapman, who lived just north of Walworth Station. She died very suddenly while riding in a wagon.

"Susan married John Walton who lived on Quaker Road farm, now owned by the widow of his son, John.

"Margaret died with consumption in the early 50's.

"Maria was a fine school teacher and married Otis Antisdale as his second wife. She died in the 80's.

"Mary Jane married Anson Talcott. She died in 1910.

"Letitia G., the youngest girl, died in 1857, when about eighteen years old.

"John, the oldest son, died a good many years ago. He received his education in the Palmyra Union School, under Professor Justus W. French. He was a fine penman and later taught

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penmanship in the same school. He took up surveying as his profession. His first experience was on a railroad near Binghamton, N. Y. Later he went West and South, when the country was new and the prospects were bright. New railroads were being built, new settlers were moving in and new enterprises constantly springing up. He made this his life work. He died a good many years ago, leaving his family a nice fortune.

“His next brother younger, Thomas, also followed the same profession, received his education at the Palmyra Union School and finished under Professor Baldwin. His life was also spent in the South and West. He died about 1910, leaving a large estate.

“Alembert G. Wigglesworth, the next younger of the boys, after being in business several years, sold out and went to California. He died in the state of Washington about 1920. He married Emma Palmer, daughter of the late Noah Palmer. She is still living.

“Albert, the youngest of the family, when the Civil War broke out, enlisted and served his country until the war closed. He then married Ella Griswold, moved to Kentucky and was engaged as conductor on a railroad. After a short time, he was stricken with a fever and died, leaving a widow and one son, who came back to Palmyra. The son was educated at Cornell University, where he graduated with high honors. After leaving the school he went to Cuba and was engaged on a sugar plantation, but this life was too slow for him. He returned to Palmyra, then went to the city of Chicago, where he engaged in the electric business, in which he was very successful and made a fortune.

“His mother [Albert’s wife. DFJ] married the late Cullen Rogers as his second wife. After the death of Mr. Rogers, she sold out to Dr. Clarence C. Nesbitt and went to Chicago to live with her son, dying about 1922.

“The Wigglesworth family was made up of church-going people. In those days the lumber wagon was the only conveyance they had to go to church in. It had wooden springs running the whole length on either side of the box, with boards put across for seats, as many as were necessary to accommodate the family. The older people took the middle of the wagon, thereby receiving the full benefit of the springs, but woe unto the one who was unfortunate enough to have a seat over the hind axletree. Yet those were happy days, although rough and uncouth as they may seem to the people of today. Here, neighbor met neighbor on

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equal terms and reviewed the past, which awakened to them that dear delight they so fondly cherished.

“Mr. Wigglesworth was a shoemaker by trade. He bought a stock of leather in the Fall and when long evenings came, and on stormy days, the old shoe bench was brought into the kitchen and here in this portable shoe factory, by the glimmering light of a tallow candle, boots and shoes were made for the family.

“Mr. Wigglesworth was a small, as well as a very quiet man, and when he was snuggled down in the corner, one would hardly know he was in the room. He was very fond of music and a fine player on the violin, out of which he had a great deal of pleasure, and to hear him play some favorite tune one would not believe it was the same little old quiet man in the corner.

“On this farm, a good supply of their sugar was made from their maple trees. Of this large and respectable family, not one is living, but the old New England house that sheltered them is still standing, looking younger than seventy years ago, by being decorated with a coat of white paint.”

The following photos of Wigglesworths in Palmyra were contributed by Andrea Wigglesworth, Jack’s cousin. The information in the captions was gleaned from the captions accompanying the pictures and from the 1907 book about the town of Palmyra quoted above.

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Maria Wigglesworth was one of Thomas's older sisters. The earliest date we have for her is her Christening, 3/7/1824, while the family was still in England: Pately Bridge, Yorkshire. She immigrated with the family about 1832 when she was a young girl of 8 years. She became a teacher. She kept a diary in which she described her trip from Palmyra to Albany on a canal barge along the Erie Canal in 1851 at the age of 27, unaccompanied. She was on her way to visit England where we can surmise there were possibly an aunt and or an uncle and maybe even grandparents. At some point she returned to Palmyra and married Otis Antisdale, a tobacco farmer. She was his second wife. They had two children, one named Franklin. A devout Baptist, she died at the age of 59 on 12/24/1883 and is buried in Palmyra.



Daughters of John and Martha Cox:

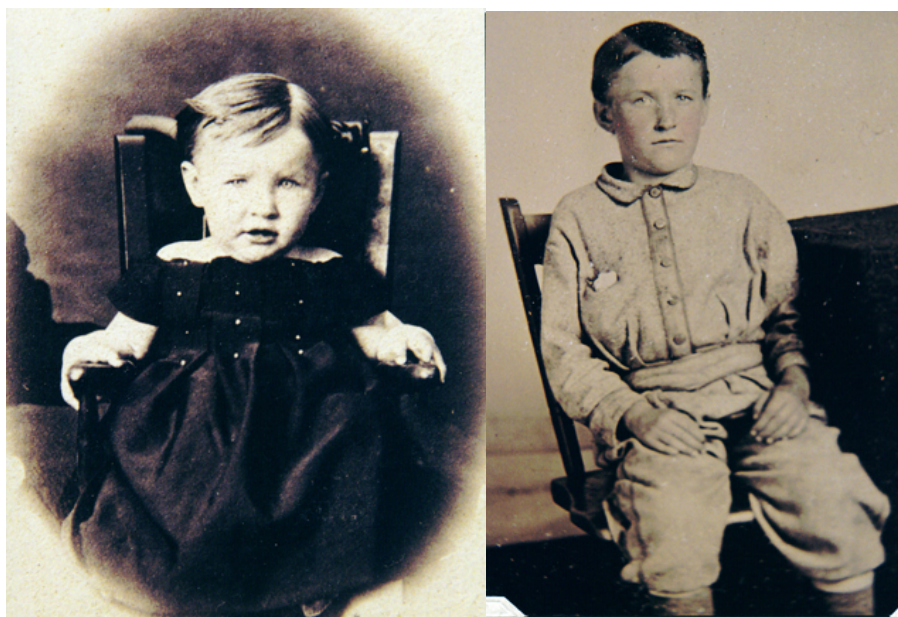
Left: Sallie R. Cox Hodges. (Born about 1842 in Kentucky) Married into Hodges family of Sumner County, Tennessee, as did Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth. Sallie, Martha Evelyn and Thomas owned land in Fountain Head, Tennessee.

Right: Thomas's sister-in-law, Martha "Mattie" Evelyn Cox Wigglesworth. (Born about 1839 in Elizabethtown, Kentucky) Married Thomas's brother John W. Wigglesworth on 7/26/1859 in Locust Grove, Nelson County, Kentucky. Last known whereabouts: 1920 Hamilton, Iowa. Mother of John and Jessie Wigglesworth, shown below.

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Jessie E. Wigglesworth at about eight years (c1868) and as an adult. Born about August 1860 or 61 to John Wigglesworth and Martha Evelyn Cox (shown above). She married William Henry Slayman, cattleman and business partner of her uncle Thomas Hudson Wigglesworth in Colorado and New Mexico. Moved to Iowa. Known children: Patricia Martha, Evelyn, Charles H., Angus W. Last known whereabouts: Hamilton, Iowa, 1920.



John/Johnnie Wigglesworth, Thomas's nephew, born about April 1862 to John W. Wigglesworth and Martha Evelyn Cox (shown above) shortly after the death of his father on 3/21/1862. Here he is at about one year and about 12 years in a baseball outfit. These photos must have been taken about 1863 and 1874. Notice the adult hand steadying the child for the photo.

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Orla A./S. Wigglesworth, nephew of Thomas W., son of Alembert Grange Wigglesworth and Emma Louise Palmer, born 5/1865 in New York. Married Lucy Ellen Victor in 1903. Settled in Oregon. Known children: Albert, Emma, Virginia and Alta. Last known whereabouts: McMinnville, Yamhill County, Oregon, 1920.



Albert Webster Wigglesworth, Thomas's youngest sibling. Born 7/12/1843 in Macedon, New York to Matthew Wigglesworth and Elizabeth Hudson. He served as a private in the 111th New York Infantry for the Union Army in the Civil War. He married Ella Mary Griswold 12/8/1870 in Walworth, New York. Died of a fever in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, 8/5/1872 while working as a conductor on brother Thomas's Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad. He is buried in Palmyra. (Ella then married Cullen Rogers.)



Mary Elizabeth Walton, Thomas's niece. Born about 1850 ?? in New York. Daughter of Susannah/Susan Wigglesworth and John Walton. She was a schoolteacher. She never married. Died 8/26/1909 in Palmyra, New York, where she was buried.

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Here is a chart of the descendants of Matthew Wigglesworth during the period from 1832 to the beginning of the 1900s.

WIGGLESWORTH DESCENDANCY CHART 1790s – 1900s

(Each generation is indented 4 additional dashes and one vertical bar. Names in the same column are either siblings or cousins. The chart incorporates Chuck Haley's data of 8/21/2013, John Matthew's data of 8/27/2016, the data from the pictures supplied by Andrea Wigglesworth and data from MyHeritage website. Information on more recent generations can be obtained from the Wigglesworth family.)

John (Went west, leaving his farm in Palmyra to be worked by Matthew)
Matthew Wigglesworth (1794--1873) m 6/29/1789 Elizabeth Hudson
----|Ann m Robert Chapman
----|Maria (Mariah)(ch3/7/1824-12/24/1883) m Otis Antisdale (Tobacco Farmer)
----|----|Franklin
----|----|another child
----|Margaret (died TB early 1850s)
----|John W (-3/21/1862) m 7/26/1859 Martha "Mattie" Evelyn Cox (ca1839-)
----|----|Jessie E. (ca 8/1860/61-) m William Henry Slayman
----|----|John/Johnnie (4/1862-)
----|Mary Jane (-1910) m Anson Talcot
----|Thomas Hudson (7/31/1835- 1909) m 5/14/1863 Ann Catherine Delaney Spradlin (-12/19/1934)
----|----|Charles Stonewall (1864-1941) m 1890 Frankie
----|----|William Hudson (1866-1946) m 1901 Almeda Rose
----|----|Emily Elizabeth (1/31/1868-7/19/1960) m W. H. Howard
----|----|Mary (Deceased)
----|----|Albert Matthew (4/22/1872-6/6/1964) m 12/24/1901 Edna May Wright (4/8/77-12/6/54)
----|----|John Meredith (1878-1960) m 1901 Jessie Josephine
----|----|Thomas Clay (1882-1884)
----|Letitia Grace (1839 -1857) youngest girl died at 18 ???
----|Susan/Susannah (bc1850-8/26/1909) m John Walton (birthdate??)
----|----|John
----|----|Mary Elizabeth (ca1850-8/26/1909) Schoolteacher. Never married. (birthdate??)
----|Alembert Grange(-1920) m Emma Louise Palmer
----|----|Orla (5/1865-) m 1903 Lucy Ellen Victor
----|Albert Webster (7/12/1843- 8/5/1872) m 12/8/1870 Ella Mary Griswold
----|----|Son

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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

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

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

Father was then a conductor on the Louisville and Nashville RR with a run from Louisville to Paducah. Father had run away from home at 13 years and worked on the survey of this same railway. He returned home at 19 years of age and there studied trigonometry as he intended to become an engineer. Working again near Fountain Head, Tennessee, he met my mother at the Spradlin farm.

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

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

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

*By feeling around the anus, a scar through the muscle was found which impaired the power of the external sphincter, which allowed a small prolapse of the bowel. Then I had the X-ray man make a film. It showed the head of the femur forward and fractured and also out of the original socket, although an attempt by nature had made a shallow one above. A fall on the hip **(as a child. DFJ.)** would have broken the head back. Force from above, with a struggle, and the torn sphincter made a diagnosis of rape by the Negro youth a possibility. Fever and oozing of blood from the bowel possibly facilitated the faulty diagnosis of typhoid fever but still showed careless examination.*

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

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

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

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

(Like the tree in the picture.)⁹



*turning the grindstone for
grandfather spradlin,
, (Probably like this one.)*¹⁰

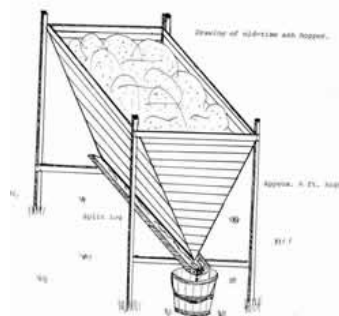


sucking cider from a straw stuck into the barrels on the cool barn floor, hunting for hen's nests in the hayloft, cooking sweet potatoes in the ashes of the fireplace, or molding bullets from lead made liquid over the fire.

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

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

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



RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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



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



13

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

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



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

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

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



(Here is Al's son Jack on the rocking horse in Arizona, ca. 1915. DFJ) ¹⁵

During the summers, my brothers and sisters would sometimes come down from the city, especially the boys, and we would all go to a distant schoolhouse across a stream. On the way to the school the older boys would climb trees and yell, "Mad dog!" (i.e., rabid dog. DFJ.) Not being able to climb, I would stand and bawl for their amusement.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Once coming from school I hitch-hiked on the rear end of an ox wagon and got my great toe caught between the bed of the wagon and a wheel, promptly losing my toenail.



15

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

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

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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

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



*He was 88 years old and had been a wild young man, for his illegitimate daughter came to visit him while we were there. He gave her some money and mother explained this situation to me. **(This undated and unlabeled photo could be Meredith Hodges with one of the children¹⁸ DFJ)***

He had an old dictionary that contained obscene words and he would point out filthy words to me and chuckle. I resented it

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

coming from a man of God, and anyway I was way ahead of him, having been associated with 600 railroaders. By then I was a tough little kid.

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



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

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

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

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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

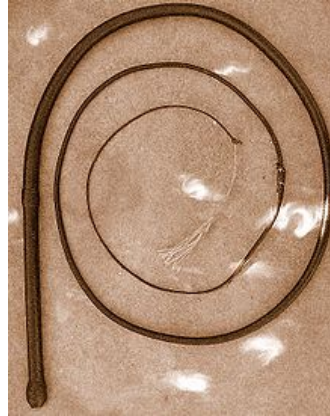
One of the hamlets on the west side of Hagerman Pass before Basalt is named “Thomas.” Andrea and I suspect it was named for him, but again no proof.

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

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

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

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



21

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

[For city-bred readers, a burro is a small donkey or ass, smaller than a horse, whereas, a mule is a hybrid, the offspring of a male ass and a female horse (a mare). The donkey is slow and sure-footed: that makes a fine pack animal.]

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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



Al at 13, (1885-6) John Meredith at 8 and Jinnie at Waterfall Ranch. ²⁴

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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

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

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



RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Two casualties come to mind.

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

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

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

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



diameter: 20.50 mm diameter: 17.91 mm

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

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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



The Silverton - Durango stage coach might have looked in 1882 like this one in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, in 1889.²⁸ (The Dakotas achieved statehood on November 2, 1889.) This coach is drawn by at least six horses and is carrying 10-11 persons and luggage. (DFJ.)

The railroad almost completed, we moved to Durango, a wide-open town. My older brothers (Charles, 18 and William, 16. DFJ.) got jobs

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

soon after we arrived there, so that when the first train went from Durango to Silverton up the Animas Canyon, (July 14, 1882) father and mother, my sister Lizzie, my brother Jack, and a Mr. and Mrs. Colson and I were the first passengers. The train was stopped at a point where the train enters the canyon and we all got out. I rolled a few stones down into the raging Animas River below. Lizzie made the trip again at 91 years of age (In 1959. DFJ). Now all are dead as I write this at 89 years of age [in 1961].

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

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

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



29

A terrible hurricane blew down a lot of apple trees in the orchard, and grandfather and I cut them up for firing. (The smoke from

apple wood burning in the fireplace has a wonderful aroma, much nicer than other woods. DFJ.) *I let my axe slip while resting it on a downed tree and cut my right instep. We got the boot off and stopped the bleeding, but that instep has remained higher than the left.*

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

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

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



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A stove for heating flatirons.

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

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Father bought out a drug store and I watched the druggist he hired throw a nickel into nitric acid to fill the big globes they used in those days to indicate a drugstore. That made a blue color with water, and potassium tri-chromate made the orange, one globe on either side in the front window, each holding about 10 quarts.

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



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

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

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

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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



Chief Severo and family, ca. 1899³²

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

A comment on the use of the “N” word by AI in 1956 about his memory from 70 years earlier: John Taylor was known as “Nigger” John at the time of AI’s memory, at least among white people. Was it considered a derogatory term? Probably, at least by some. Did AI consider it derogatory? Did he consider it at all? I don’t know. We do know that John Taylor himself cared about his name very much – enough to change it from his slave name, Jim Higgins. The only other comment that AI makes that could be considered a racial or ethnic evaluation is when he remarks elsewhere in the memoir that while some Indians were very smart, the great majority of them were dirty and lazy. DFJ.

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34



35

Often non-Indians married into or were adopted by Indian tribes. As a child, Emelia, or Kitty Cloud, was adopted by Utes when her starving Hispanic parents insisted on exchanging her for food. Her Ute parents called her “Little Woman,” but to the Bureau of Indian Affairs she was Kitty, of the Cloud family. In the photo on the left (ca. 1902) she is standing next to her Ute “sister” and her sister’s daughter and has her hand on the shoulder of her and John Taylor’s, daughter, Terpe (1899-1995), (Terpe is probably short for Euterpe, the Muse of music and lyric poetry.) DFJ.

Taylor was born enslaved in North Carolina. His slave name was Jim Higgins. Later he served in the infantry during the Civil War and was a “Buffalo Soldier” (a term which also has “racial” origins) and an interpreter for the U.S. Cavalry. As John Taylor, he married Kitty when she was 18 (or 14, ca. 1894). They are shown in the middle picture when Kitty was older. Their descendants, who carry the name of Valdez (also given by the BIA), were first removed from Ute tribal rolls but were later re-enrolled. It is said that John Taylor was

fluent in seven Indian languages. In addition to being a farmer, he acted as the Ute Agency interpreter from 1896 to 1935, when he died. He is shown in the picture on the right with a “full-blooded” Ute, Dick Charlie, about 1880. DFJ.

Russ Wigglesworth comments: Re: the word “Nigger.” As I was growing up that was a common word and certainly not one of denigration. My maternal grandmother, who also came from the South, used the word without intending any sort of smirch or denigration. As a matter of fact, THW was responsible for many, if not all, of the early Black settlers in the Durango area. When the time came to build the depot building, which is still in use today, THW had originally hoped to use unemployed miners during the winter, but not enough wanted the work so he sent back to Tennessee and Kentucky and made arrangements for several Blacks to come to Durango. It was they who built the building. When I was a child, I recall, there was a black family descended from that group which ran a “junk-yard”, a family named Booker, if memory serves. That family was still there when we left in 1948. (RW, May 2014)

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

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

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

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

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



A spring wagon .

We had a large two-story house, a stable, a team and a spring wagon in the backyard. I also had a saddle horse.

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

Father's salary was \$550 a month.

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

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

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



Pike's Peak on the left and the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway train rounding Windy Point, around 1900. ³⁹

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

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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

Father bought the Waterfall Ranch in Animas Valley. [at the foot of Falls Creek.]⁴⁰



THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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

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

The Lambert family developed Waterfall Ranch (on Falls Creek) beginning in 1874 but had their shootout in 1876 because of a water rights dispute. The Wiggs bought the Waterfall Ranch from the Lambert family in 1883. On May 31 1917 the Wiggs sold the ranch to John J Zink for \$18,000. The Zinks have owned it since then and celebrated 100 years of ownership with a party on June 17 2017. Below is the current Zink ranch house. (DFJ)



"Zink Family Celebrates a Century at Waterfall Ranch" by Jonathan Romeo. Durango Herald, 6/17/2017. Taken on 11/02/2019. <https://durangoherald.com/articles/165738>

Father bought adjoining land until the home ranch had 300 acres under cultivation. He also bought a strip in the Fall Creek Valley

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above us and deeded it to me. To hold title to range property it was necessary to have ranch property in the river bottom. We had to cross the Animas River to reach the ranch. Once in a while our cattle would break into a small field of some Mexican's ranch and we would pay damages according to New Mexico Territory herd laws. (New Mexico achieved statehood on January 6, 1912.)

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

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

[There is currently (2013) in the area in question a Pinkerton Hot Springs just north of Durango near Rt. 550. It includes four distinct springs. Trimble Hot Springs is also in the area. Both have websites. DFJ. ^{42]} Russ Wigglesworth comments: Trimble Springs has always been Trimble Springs and a "resort" and "health spa," and has no relation to Pinkerton Springs to the north other than the water probably comes from the same geographic strata. TH owned Pinkerton which today, I believe, is still a school/resort for children – a dude ranch/summer school, as it were. I've not been to Durango in over a decade so that may have changed. Many times as a child the family, including my grandparents, would go to Pinkerton "to take the water." There is a pipe on the west side of the highway next to Pinkerton from which one can drink the mineral waters. I don't know if there is a sign for it or not. (May 2014)

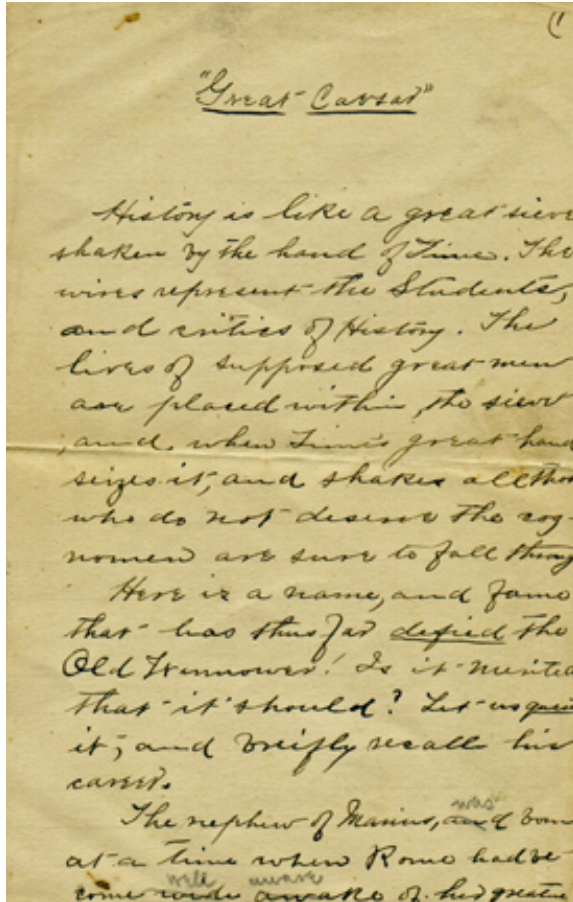
At odd times we went hunting, camping and fishing on all the rivers, streams and lakes in the area. We drove our stock high up in the mountains of Fall Creek. [....which current maps show to average about 9,000 feet in the immediate area and to rise to 13,000 feet in the west. JW.]

In winter, I drove by sleigh to school in Durango. The Durango-Silverton RR cut right through the middle of the ranch, and one day a single locomotive came up and stopped with a message from Otto Mears for father to start work on the Rio Grande Southern. (This road was abandoned in 1953.) To be near the railroad headquarters, we moved to Durango and rented a large house. By attending classes two summers I graduated from high school as Valedictorian. My age was then 19 [1892] and the youngest in the class was 16 years of age.

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

[Indeed, Al did deliver a Valedictory on the subject of *Great Caesar*. It was at the Fourth Annual Commencement of Durango High School, held in the Court House on Thursday, 6/9/1892 at 8:00 PM. The program doesn't hint at when the affair concluded, but it must have been a rather long evening. Al's was the last of

18 [count 'em] orations, which were interspersed with several musical interludes. Al's address consisted of 13 finely hand-written 8 x 5 inch pages, carefully edited by insertions and deletions.]



Al's Valediction. ⁴³

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



Al's graduation photo. ⁴⁴



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

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

(We might well imagine Al's amusement if he knew that his progenitor, [Not literally. DFJ.] William the Conqueror, couldn't himself read his own totally Latin *Domesday Book*, since his Latin tutors unaccountably kept being poisoned or stabbed to death. Al wisely excised the plaint that, "It was as though he were afraid to go to bed for fear some prowling tarantula or centipede had pre-empted his blankets," figuring - probably quite properly - that such an image was contrary to the one he was

otherwise at such pains to evoke. We might in any case reasonably conclude that the long evening must have been a highlight of young Al's life, as he then continues his saga on an upbeat note.)



Detail of AMW from the class photo.⁴⁶

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

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

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

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

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

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



Throwing and branding a calf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Galloway cow and calf.⁴⁹

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

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

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

NOTES FOR CHAPTER V

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

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

2. Ann Spradlin. Photo from the Wigglesworth Collection.

Ten photos, left to right:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Albert Matthew Wigglesworth. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

4. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

11. Taken on 7/4/2013 from "Using Lye: Ash Hopper" by Terry Brandt, Verna Lucas. IN: Bittersweet, Vol. 1, No. 4. Spring 1974. C. 1981. Bittersweet, Inc.

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<http://thelibrary.org/lohist/periodicals/bittersweet/sp74h.htm>

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

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

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

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

15. Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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

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

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

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

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

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Transportation_in_Omaha&oldid=492904703

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

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Black_Hills&oldid=565392163

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

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

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

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Pinus_ponderosa&oldid=564472400

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

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Gunny_sack&oldid=566584399

24. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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

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

[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Burro_train,_with_ore_from_the_gold_mines,_Col._U.S.A.,_by_Singley,_B._L._\(Benjamin_Lloyd\).png](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Burro_train,_with_ore_from_the_gold_mines,_Col._U.S.A.,_by_Singley,_B._L._(Benjamin_Lloyd).png)

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

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Shield_nickel&oldid=566886038

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

[http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Dime_\(United_States_coin\)&oldid=566347007](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Dime_(United_States_coin)&oldid=566347007)

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

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29. Squaw axe photo taken on 8/8/2013 from “Historic Relics for Sale” By WinRelic, Your Online Store for Collectibles, Antiques and Indian Relics. http://winrelic.com/sales/trade_axes.htm

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

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

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

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

34. Photo of Kitty Cloud Taylor and John Taylor. http://nmai.si.edu/exhibitions/indivisible/making_connections.html

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

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

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

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

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

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

41. This shootout happened on 11/9/1904. "Gunfighter Jim Lambert grew up at Pattonsburg, MO." Taken on February 2, 2014 @ 10:09:43 PM

<http://www.daviesscountyhistoricalsociety.com/modules.php?op=modload&name=News&file=article&sid=25>

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

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

44. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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

46. Photo of AMW from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

47. Calf roping. (2013, May 16). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:28, July 21, 2013, from:

http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Calf_roping&oldid=555379133

48. Photo by Grabill taken on 8/9/2012 from Wikimedia.org.

[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cattle_branding_\(Grabill_1888\).jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cattle_branding_(Grabill_1888).jpg)

49. Galloway cattle. (2013, April 10). In *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Retrieved 20:55, August 9, 2013, from:

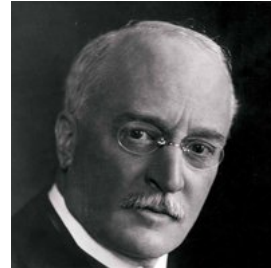
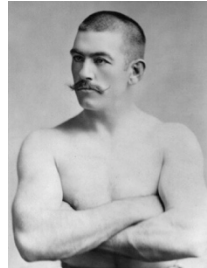
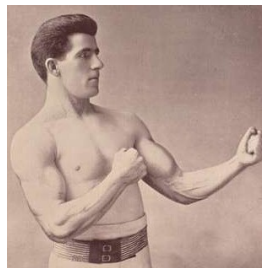
http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Galloway_cattle&oldid=549700765

CHAPTER VI

DOCTOR

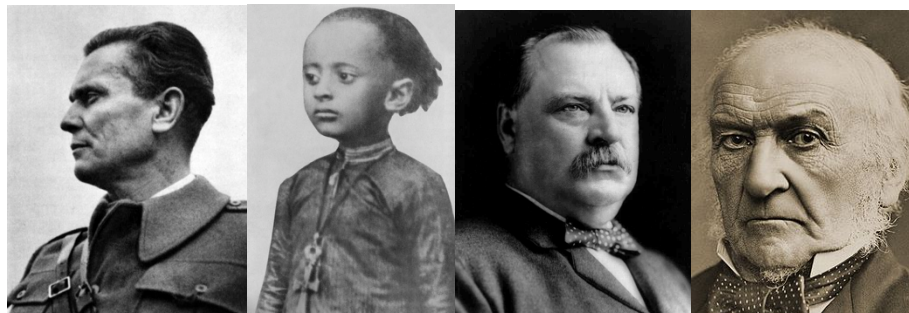
A well trained sensible doctor ...few men live lives of more devoted self-sacrifice. Sir William Osler. (7/12/1849 – 12/29/1919) ¹

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 used 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 but not for your dissertation. (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 [Not “We went.” DFJ] 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.

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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 (Paul himself) 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 [DFJ]

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.

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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.

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"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

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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. ^{15a}

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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) ^{16a}

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Eakins' The Gross Clinic. 1875. 16b

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."

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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 hospital intern, I slipped up to a bed where a two year-old child 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 class, but then he continued, "He's right - under six or over sixty, always give chloroform."



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

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*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.)

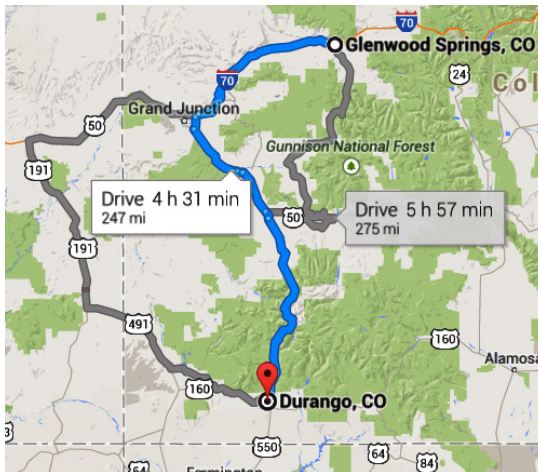
[Pictured is a horse-drawn ambulance used in 1895 outside Bellevue Hospital in New York City. DFJ] ¹⁹



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.

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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



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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.

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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.

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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.

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. 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.



Google Maps shows the distance between Chihuahua and Durango to be 375 miles by highway. DFJ.

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As a “transit man” Will would use a theodolite transit, usually mounted on a tripod, to measure vertical and horizontal angles with great precision. Modern transits use electronics and GPS. (DFJ) ²²



Photo: Russ Wigglesworth

The transit above is owned by Russ Wigglesworth. He reports: “I *believe* this was originally my grandfather’s (i.e., William Hudson Wigglesworth -- Al’s brother, Will -- with whom he traveled to Mexico.) but I *know certainly* it was my father’s (James Hudson Wigglesworth).”

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My father didn't do railroads, but he did do highways. Some of the "new" highway from Durango to Silverton, the "new" highway between Durango and Mancos and others, all were located by him with this transit. Before WWII he was employed by the Colorado Highway Department.

Even I, at one time, ran the transit after having bloodied my hands driving stakes into frozen ground. I was there just to run chain for him as the two of us did some location work but Mother Nature and carelessness on my part had us change places for a day. I was a junior in high school. That was the extent of my work as a transit man, even though it had been expected I'd be born "with cross-hairs in my eyes."

The photos below show the transit in its canvas case, water- and dirt-stained from long use. The labels inside the door on the right show that this transit, a precision instrument, was made by William Ainsworth & Sons in Denver, Colorado. (DFJ)



Photo: Russ Wigglesworth



Photo: Russ Wigglesworth

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Photo: Will Wigglesworth?

In 1901, Will married Almeda but he stayed in the surveying business. Here Almeda is sitting on a different transit box holding a Winchester hexagonal barrel rifle. Behind her through the tree branches can be seen a saguaro cactus. (DFJ)

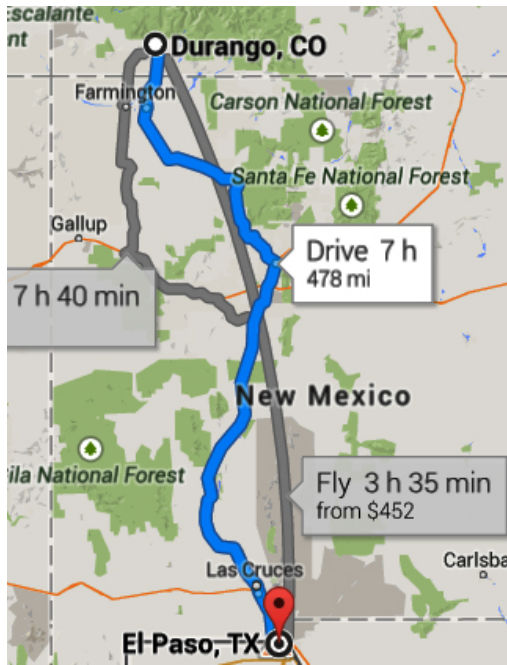
Russ comments: "I don't think this is the same case. It's without a canvas cover but it is obviously a transit case. I slid the canvas off a bit to see if the wooden case looked like the one in the photo and I don't think they match. WH or my dad might have put the same transit in the new case. This photo is about 1910.

Almeda is my grandmother. She's wearing men's clothing because that part of Arizona in those days was not particularly safe for a woman to be alone. She was also a crack shot with that rifle. The danger was not from the Papago, who loved her and made my grandfather (Al's brother Will) a very close friend, but because of the sometimes dangerous characters who wandered through that part of America at that time.

I use the term "Papago" (a name applied by the Conquistadors) as that was how they were referred to in those days and that's how I grew up hearing them spoken of. They are now the Tohono O'odham Nation. Indian Oasis (located in Arizona about 15 miles southwest of Tucson and about five miles north of Mexico) changed its name to Sells in 1918 to honor the Indian agent, Cato Sells (10/06/1859 – 1948).

My grandparents did not live at Indian Oasis, but in a tent several dozen miles from there. And they loved it. I would guess in this, my favorite photo of her, she's waiting for a wagon to take her into town. She was one tough lady. (RW)

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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 478 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 **[1956]** it numbers more than 342,000] [in **2012: 555,417. DFJ]***

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 Marcial. 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

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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]



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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.

["Slip team:" probably a team of horses with a special harness which enabled them to be quickly hooked to or unhooked from various pieces of farm or landscaping equipment. (DFJ)]

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

rustling 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

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*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.*

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.

Casimero Barela. 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 for 37 years. He was an active politician and businessman in Las Animas County from the age of 22.



Casimiro Barela.
Note the telephone, desk and spittoon.

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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)

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 railroad 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)



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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.

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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 population: 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.

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This is an example of such 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.

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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? [DFJ]

[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

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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."



Ignacio, 1899. Age 71.

(Wikipedia contributors. "Detroit Publishing Company." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 29 Dec. 2017. Web. 18 Jun. 2019.)

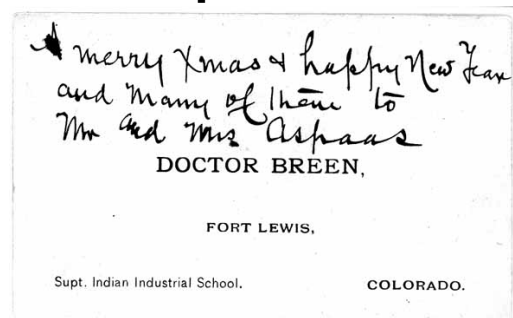
THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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 and his business card. DFJ.] ³¹



Anyway, when he was in Washington on business, he was handed the customary

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three highest names. He was at the Civil Service Commission in search of a physician for his school, so he chose me.

5-184.

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 officer 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.
RCB

Acting Commissioner

[SEE OTHER SIDE.]

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[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

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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.

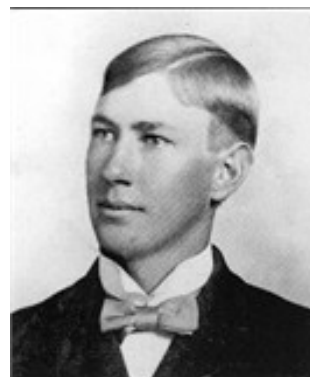
An amusing incident occurred at the Agency. A group of teachers arrived to see the Indians. A squaw was there with her papoose wrapped with buckskin and carried on her back on a board. One of the gushing teachers ran up to the baby, chucked it under the chin, and seeing a little black object down on 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.

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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. **[Nitre is potassium nitrate, also called saltpeter. 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.]



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*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."*

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This is a quote and paraphrase of part of a speech by Brutus to Cassius in Act IV, Scene 3 of Shakespeare's *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 ruins are now associated with a people we call the Anasazi, the Old Ones. DFJ]***

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 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.]

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.

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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, D.C.



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 possibly
by Simeon Schwemberger.]**



**The teachers at Fort Lewis. Edna on the right. Note the bow and arrows and
other indian artifacts on the wall. [Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.]**

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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 7 months before they married.
Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.]**

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Edna May Wright
March 26, 1902

[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.]

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VI

1. **Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler. 1921. "The Practitioner."** (Houghten Mifflin – New York) p. 208). One of the four founders of the Johns Hopkins Univ School of Med.

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. "Pvotr Ilvich Tchaikovskv." *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 Bihac. 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.

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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 and also known as The Book of Ecclesiasticus (abbreviated Ecclus.) 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)

How beautiful is the bright, clear sky above us! What a glorious sight it is!
The sun, when it appears, proclaims as it rises how marvelous a thing it is, made by the Most High.

At noon it dries up the land; no one can stand its blazing heat.
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.
The Lord, who made it, is great; it speeds on its way at his command.
There is also the moon, marking the passage of time, an eternal sign of the changing seasons.
The moon determines the holy days. Its light grows full and then grows dim.
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.
The shining stars make the night sky lovely, brilliant ornaments in the Lord's high heavens.
They stay in the places assigned to them by the Holy One and never relax their dutiful watch.
Look at the rainbow and praise its Creator! How magnificent, how radiant, its beauty!
Like a bow bent by the hands of the Most High, it spans the horizon in a circle of glory.
He commands, and snow begins to fall; lightning strikes to carry out his judgments
and the clouds roll out like flying birds.

With his power he forms great masses of cloud and shatters the ice into hailstones.
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.
We marvel at its beautiful whiteness, and in fascination we watch it fall.
He sprinkles frost over the ground like salt, and it freezes into thorny flowers of ice.
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.
He scorches the wilderness hills with drought, and the grass turns brown from its heat;
but a cloudy mist restores it all to life as the weather cools and dew appears.
By his wisdom he calmed the great oceans and placed the islands there.
Sailors tell about the dangers of the sea, and we listen to their tales in amazement.
In the sea are strange and marvelous creatures: huge monsters and all kinds of living things.
Each of the Lord's messengers succeeds at its task. Everything is held together by his word.
We could say much more and never finish, but it all means this: the Lord is everything.
How can we find the power to praise him? He is greater than all his creation.
The Lord is awesome in his greatness; his power is overwhelming.
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.
No one has seen him, no one can describe him; no one can praise him as he deserves.
Mysteries greater than these are still unknown; we know only a fraction of his works.
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.

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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>

15a. Wikipedia contributors. "Panic of 1893." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 20 Apr. 2014. Web. 12 May. 2014.

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

16a. Colorado's Healthcare Heritage: A Chronology of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Volume One 1800 – 1899. By Tom Sherlock. iUniverse Books. 2013. P. 316.

16b. Wikipedia contributors. "Samuel D. Gross." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 19 Sep. 2014. Web. 9 Oct. 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. Photo of theodolite transit by Russ Wigglesworth, October 2015.

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.

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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 Dec 2013, 23:38 UTC, <<http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Ambling&oldid=585510053>> [accessed 30 March 2014]

28. Wikipedia contributors. "Horse-drawn vehicle." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 23 Feb. 2014. Web. 30 Apr. 2014.

29. Wikipedia contributors. "Ringbone." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 14 Mar. 2013. Web. 30 Mar. 2014.

30. Wikipedia contributors. "Chief Ignacio." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 17 Mar. 2013. Web. 30 Mar. 2014.

31. Taken on 3/31/2014 from the website: Center of Southwest Studies Fort Lewis College. Collection M 211: Fort Lewis Indian School Federal Records Inventory. https://swcenter.fortlewis.edu/finding_aids/inventory/FortLewisIndianSchool.htm. This site also has records of the employment at the Indian School of both Albert and Edna.

32. From the Wigglesworth Family Collection

33. Wikipedia contributors. "Emil Adolf von Behring." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 2 Apr. 2014. Web. 30 Apr. 2014.

34. Computed using the Website "Measuring Worth" 5/2/2014. <http://www.measuringworth.com/uscompare/relativevalue.php>

35. Wikipedia contributors. "Rooster." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 27 Apr. 2014. Web. 29 Apr. 2014.

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

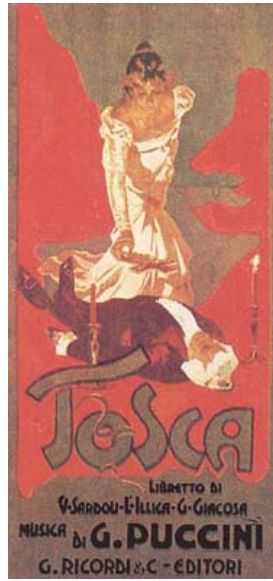


Teddy Roosevelt ³



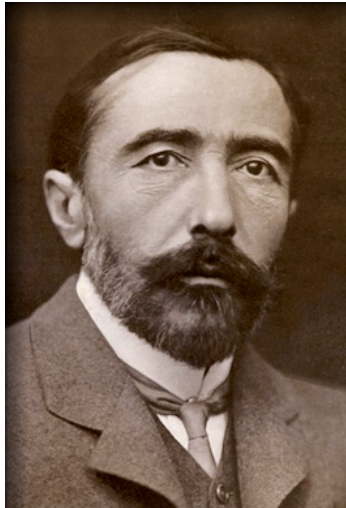
Wright Brothers ⁴

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



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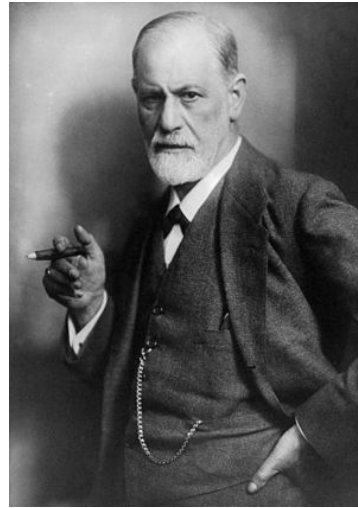
Puccini, and the original 1900 poster for Tosca,⁵



Conrad,⁶



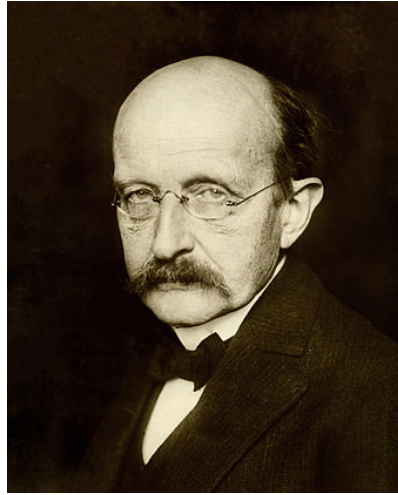
Chekov.⁷



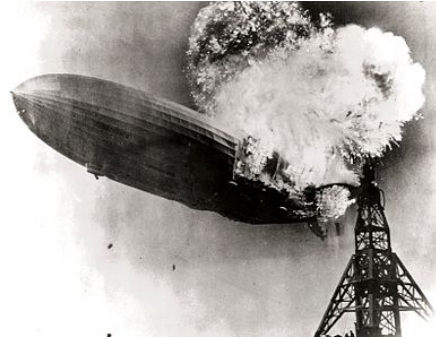
Freud.⁸

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.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Max Planck, ⁹

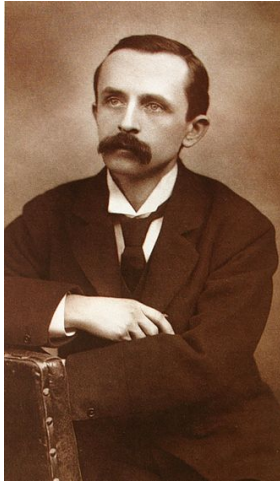


Count Zeppelin and the Hindenberg, ^{10, 11}



Kipling ¹²

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

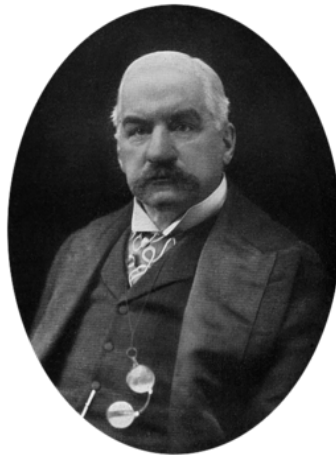


James Barrie ¹³

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



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)**

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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]

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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.

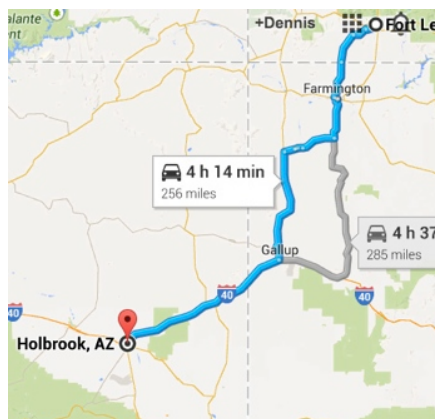
One can easily imagine the debate that arose in the family over this decision.

“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.”

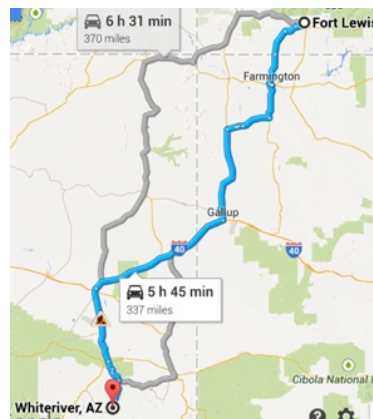
“We’ll be safe, Mom. This is 1901. And besides, where else can I make \$1200 in a year? Not in Durango, where there are many other doctors.

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

We went by rail to Holbrook, Arizona, (Now 256 miles by car. DFJ) 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]. (The whole journey is now 337 miles by car. The buckboard ride from Holbrook to Whiteriver is now 81 miles by car. AI doesn’t say how long their trip took. Certainly days. DFJ)



Google Maps.



Google Maps.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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," or Post Exchange, was cheaper than the local market. DFJ)***

*The forage ration for my saddle horse was ten pounds of grain and 14 pounds of hay **[Per day! DFJ]**. 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.*

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.

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 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

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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 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 [My father, Harry F. Jensen, joined the 226th Field Artillery, New York National Guard in Brooklyn and rode and worked with horses in the 1930s

until his outfit was sent to the Pacific – without him and the horses. DFJ]



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.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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 by many that malaria was spread, not by mosquitos, but by bad air. On the east coast near-panic in New York City resulted in Camp Wyckoff, a quarantine camp, which was set up in Montauk, Long Island on the east end of Long Island, about 110 miles from New York City. Theodore Roosevelt himself and 29,000 returning soldiers were processed through the camp with 257 dying. DFJ ³⁰

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

*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 probably found of interest in St Louis. (DFJ)

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

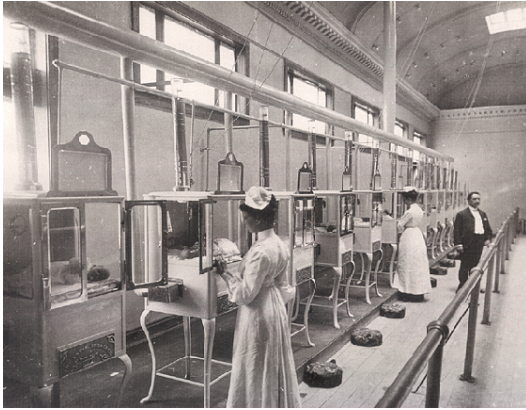


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Geronimo, 74, attended the fair (as an exhibit of “primitive peoples”). Photographed by the fair’s official photographer, he was at this time still a prisoner of the United States until his death at Fort Sill in 1909. ³²



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 (*we 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. Clever, these women.(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

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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REPORTS CONCERNING INDIANS IN ARIZONA.

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 fatality. 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.

Veneral 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.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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 beads” 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

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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.]

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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 log near 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

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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.

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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)! **[Or 25,600 square miles. DFJ]***

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 stand by 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.

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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!

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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

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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: the Navajo medicine man.]

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Thomas Elliot 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)

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Canyon de Chelly. National Park Service. 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.

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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 peritonitis 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.

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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. Michaels, [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:

31 Dec 1908 (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 loving 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.]

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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 New Mexico.



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.

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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 was first made 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.



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



Unlabeled photo.



**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)**

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The car pictured 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.

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

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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]

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

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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 Arizona 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 Arizona-New Mexico 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 April 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.

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.

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. On the right: Soldiers from Fort Riley, Kansas, ill with Spanish influenza at a hospital ward at Camp Funston. (DFJ) ⁵⁸



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.

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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 New Mexico], 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 [in 1907]. 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 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.

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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.

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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.

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The caption for this picture from the Wigglesworth Family Collection identifies seven of the ten people in it but doesn't pinpoint their positions: J. Eliot (Johnson Eliot Wright, Edna's father) & Suzanne C. Wright, her mother, are in dark clothes. Reuben Perry, Superintendent of Schools at Fort Defiance, is the tall man, center. Edna May Wright is next to her father and sons Eliot (tallest), Frank & Jack. Woman on right is Desbah Baldwin, (Edna's Native American maid. She later married a Hawthorne.) Two other women not identified. Circa 1919. DFJ.

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Picnic at Fort Defiance



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

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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.

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



A Navajo loom with donkey.

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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 Chinle. 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 it 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.

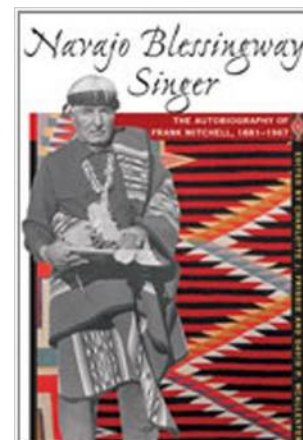
I must write about one more incident at Ft. Defiance. A big burly Navajo policeman, Betahne Nez, came to me complaining of a pain in his left breast. He was a man of about 50 years, so I thought he probably had a mild angina. I treated him for several weeks, with no improvement. He kept insisting it 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

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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



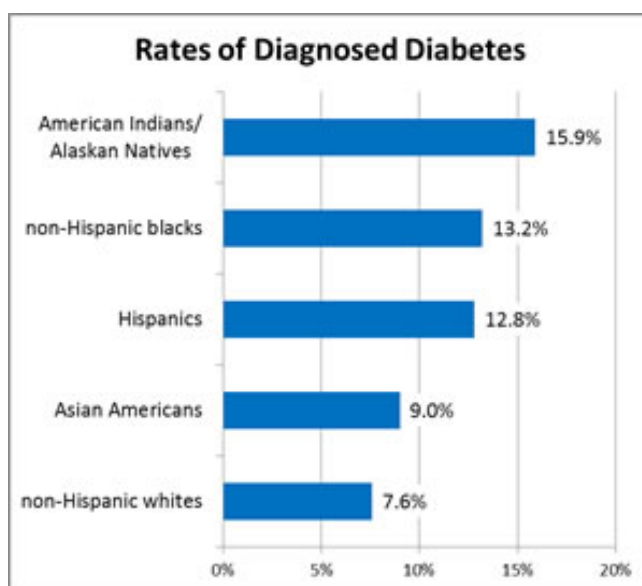
In 1986 author Tony Hillerman incorporated this incident in his novel *Skinwalkers*.⁶³ (DFJ)

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

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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 tonsilleotomies 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

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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 tonsillectomies;**

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

Now, note that these are Doc's E,E,N&T statistics for a little over one year! [Perhaps JW meant in the period between 1918 and 1925? DFJ]

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 which also appeared on many Asian children. It was offered as proof of the Asian origin of Native Americans. The idea wasn’t generally accepted in a time when the “yellow peril” scare had a strong grip on the world. Indeed, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, declared that Indians constituted their own “Indian race” and textbooks in Indian Schools could not link Indians to the Mongoloid race. Now, of course, we know where the Indians came from and we know that the whole concept of race is hokum. (Blue spot is a congenital developmental condition exclusively involving the skin. The blue color 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 – the 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

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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. DFJ⁶⁸

The Hebrew University was founded in Jerusalem.



The Hebrew University of Jerusalem is Israel's second-oldest university, after the Technion (1912). 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.

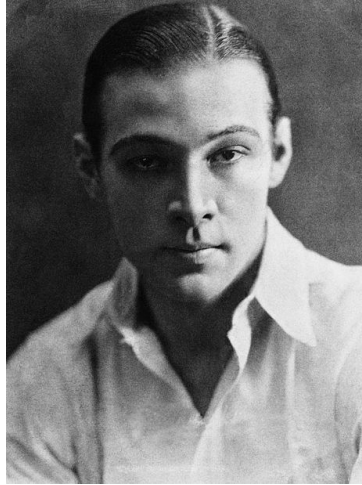


**Rudolf Friml
(Dec 7, 1879 – Nov 12, 1972)**

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

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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 "police 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.)

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Finally, the Washington Senators lost the World Series to Pittsburgh. [After four games the Senators led three games to one and then went on to lose the next three games. DFJ]

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

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VII

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

Wikipedia contributors. "Pippa Passes." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 27 Feb. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

3. Wikipedia contributors. "Theodore Roosevelt." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 11 May. 2014. Web. 15 May. 2014.

4. Wikipedia contributors. "Wright brothers." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 May. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

5. Wikipedia contributors. "Giacomo Puccini." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 May. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

6. Wikipedia contributors. "Joseph Conrad." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 16 May. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

7. Wikipedia contributors. "Anton Chekhov." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Apr. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

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9. Wikipedia contributors. "Max Planck." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 16 May. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

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15. Wikipedia contributors. "J. P. Morgan." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 May. 2014. Web. 16 May. 2014.

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. Unlabeled, undated clipping in the Wigglesworth Family Collection from an unidentified newspaper.]

20. Wikipedia contributors. "Renegade period of the Apache Wars." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 29 May. 2014. Web. 13 Oct. 2014.

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22. Wikipedia contributors. "Wood-burning stove." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 9 Sep. 2014. Web. 13 Oct. 2014.

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31. Geronimo and Apaches at the St Louis Fair. Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division. Washington, D. C. 20540. USA. LC-USZ62-124430 (b&w film copy neg.) Taken from the website on 10/16/2014. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/resource/cph.3c24430/>

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33. Wikipedia contributors. "Ferris Wheel." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 3 Oct. 2014. Web. 16 Oct. 2014.

34. Image taken on 10/22/2014 from the website Neonatology on the Web. "Louisiana Purchase Exposition. St Louis. 1904" <http://www.neonatology.org/pinups/stlouis.html>

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- 37. Wikipedia contributors. "List of portraits by Frank Weston Benson." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 26 Jul. 2014. Web. 15 Oct. 2014.**
- 38. Wikipedia contributors. "Neo-impressionism." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 28 Aug. 2014. Web. 15 Oct. 2014.**
- 39. The images of the report are excerpted from documents made available on line by the Library of the University of Wisconsin. The images on the website do not actually include the title page of the report. Taken on 10/22/2014 from the website: <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". <http://nmai.si.edu/exhibitions/horsenation/quirts.html>**
- 41. Taken , on 10/20/2014, from the website: Wisegeek, Clear answers for common questions. " What are pony beads?" <http://www.wisegeek.com/what-are-pony-beads.htm>**
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- 43. Photo of petrified log by Mary Ann Scotti.**
- 44. Wikipedia contributors. "Studebaker." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 21 Oct. 2014. Web. 23 Oct. 2014.**
- 45. Image of a mangle taken on 10/23/2014 from the website: SMOSH. "Eight Least Scary Horror Villains." By Zack Ames. <http://www.smosh.com/smosh-pit/articles/8-least-scary-horror-villains>**
- 46. Image of Concord buggy taken on 10/23/2014 from the website: Hansen Wheel and Wagon Shop. "August News." <http://hansenwheel.blogspot.com/>**

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47. The Navajo as Seen by the Franciscans, 1898-1921: A Sourcebook (Google eBook)
Howard M. Bahr. Scarecrow Press, Jan 1, 2004 - History - 606 pages

48. Photo of Canyon de Chelly. National Park Service. This image is a work of a National Park Service employee, created as part of that person's official duties. As a work of the U.S. federal government, it is in the public domain.

49. Image of Fr. Anselm Weber taken on 10/26/2014 from the website (blog): COMMUNAUTÉ FRANCISCANE. Perhaps in turn taken from: Wilkin, Robert L. Anselm Weber, O.F.M.: Missionary to the Navaho, 1898-1921. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing, page 226. http://www.medecine-et-navajo.fr/?page_id=483

50. Lyrics taken on 10/24/2014 from the website: Country Music Treasures. "Carry me Back to the Lone Prairie."

[<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

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

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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THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

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CHAPTER VIII

EASTERNER

Medicine is not merely a science but an art.

Paracelsus. *Archidoxies*. 1525.

(Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus¹ von Hohenheim, 1493 – 1541)

Doc's transfer from the Indian Service to the Veterans Bureau in 1925 was beneficial to both. The Bureau gained a highly trained and experienced E.E.N.&T. specialist, and Doc secured access to quality education facilities for his fast maturing sons, then ranging in age from 12 to 20. Doc also gained what was for him previously unheard of stability of domicile in a highly civilized cultural environment. Certainly he had earned a respite at last from the rigors of the frontier.

At the same time, this switch enabled him truly to *operate* and practice medicine in superbly equipped surroundings and escape the dreaded burden of administrative “mickey-mouse” and paper-pushing which attended the only eastern billets available to him through the Indian Service. The Veterans Administration was the largest social welfare and hospital operating agency in the world. It offered both the mission and the means for Doc to further his own altruistic medical interests. It was a perfect marriage of mutual objectives directly serving the sick, infirm, and war-maimed and mutilated.

Doc's first assignment under the VA would take him to Rutland Heights, Massachusetts, on 22 Sep 1925, where he would serve as Head of the E.E.N.&T. Clinic of the local VA hospital for the next 11 years ending in 1936. As a TB sanatorium originally founded under private auspices in 1920, the Rutland Hospital passed under VA administrative control in 1921, and reached its full quota of 250 patients coincidentally with Doc's arrival in 1925. It would transition from a TB to a general medical facility soon after Doc's departure.

This switch also occasioned the transfer of eldest son El from the University of New Mexico, to Jesuit-run Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. (where he incidentally became a student of his uncle, then Professor Herbert Francis Wright) and from whence he'd eventually graduate. El would board with Edna's parents.

So it was that Doc and El preceded Edna and the younger boys east to Rutland by way of Washington and New York. Several letters of the period testify that both Al and El found separation from the rest of the family and their beloved West a rather wrenching experience. Writing from Washington, where they first set up El for Georgetown, Doc cites their safe arrival in DC at 0840 on 14 Sep 1925. He reported at length on the beautiful weather, and then closes touchingly: "Everything seems so very lovely except that you're not here. It seems to me, if such be possible, that I love you more and more each day." He then signs it, "Your loving Al."

El writes his mother in a similarly forlorn vein two days later, thus:

"I'm not getting over my lonesomeness despite school. I learned that had I stayed at the University of New Mexico I could have graduated this coming June. Pop doesn't have to report to Rutland until the 22nd. I hope to get over the blues in a few more days."

Two more brief notes from Al survive. The first, of 17 Sep 1925, reports how the city had become locked in humidity leaving him constantly swathed in perspiration. He determines that his accumulated leave can be carried over from the Indian Service to the Veterans Bureau, but expresses doubt that he'll be able to take any, since the billet he is to fill at Rutland has been vacant for some time and the work has really built up. Even so, he confesses to being anxious to get there to see what the work is like, and to find out where they're going to live. Again in a tender

conclusion, he thanks Edna for "bringing up my babies with such loving care to be so healthy and strong."

He writes once more, on the 19th, to report that he'll be leaving for Rutland via New York the next day. He tells of he and El taking Edna's parents for a drive in the *Reo* [a now extinct species of spiffy early auto] around the *Speedway*, which only old native Washingtonians will recognize as Hains Point. [This is generally West Potomac Park near where the cherry trees were planted about 1910 and near many of the great monuments such as those for the Vietnam War and the Korean War, and the recently installed Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial. DFJ.]

He also tells of having mentioned that he was shy a scapular and had since been inundated with a lifetime supply.

[Devotional scapulars typically consist of two rectangular pieces of cloth, wool or other fabric that are connected by bands. One rectangle hangs over the chest of the wearer, while the other rests on the back, with the bands running over the shoulders. DFJ. ²]



Finally, he suggests leaving the car with El to fly up and sell, stating that while it might be fine for the Albuquerque area, it was too beat up looking by big eastern city standards. Indeed, life was changing radically for the Wigglesworth clan in many ways.

So, we're off to beautiful rollicking Rutland Heights, Massachusetts, a town with a population slightly in excess of 3,000, and located some 12 miles northwest of Worcester. "Ah yes," you may exclaim, and just where-in-hell is Worcester?" A fair question. It is some 35 plus miles almost due west of Boston.

Now, if you don't know where Boston is, you really should seek help before venturing out alone.

In any event, Rutland is a smallish town whose only claim to fame aside from the veterans' TB sanatorium is that Burgoyne's defeated troops camped there en-route from their route at Saratoga.



Surrender of Burgoyne to Gates at Saratoga, October 17, 1777 by John Trumbull (1756-1843) in 1821.³

No doubt it was a perfect halfway house type of introduction for the western born younger Wigglesworth brothers to big city living.

The period of 1925-1936 was an unsettling one in both American and world history. It was a time of devastating economic collapse, highlighted by the Wall Street crash of '29, and the incubation phase of the calamity that would be WWII, presaged by the emergence of Hitler in Germany.

Radio (what's that?) was becoming popular (with 1.5 million plus in Britain) and the first scheduled TV show was making its debut in some place called Schenectady. (In New York, 20 miles northwest of Albany. DFJ)

A panorama of the period would recall the Washington Senators defeating Pittsburgh in the World Series, [Perhaps one game but never the Series. DFJ] F. Scott Fitzgerald giving us *The Great Gatsby* and Sinclair Lewis countering with *Elmer Gantry*.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Hitler ⁴



Fitzgerald ⁵



Lewis ⁶

In Washington second-term Coolidge was making monkeys of the press (which has apparently never recovered), while a fellow named Scopes was "monkeying around" in Tennessee where things really began to *evolve*.



John T. Scopes



Clarence Darrow William J. Bryan

The Scopes Trial, formally known as *The State of Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes* and commonly referred to as the Scopes Monkey Trial, was a famous American legal case in 1925 in which a substitute high school teacher, John Scopes, was accused of violating Tennessee's Butler Act, which made it unlawful to teach human evolution in any state-funded school. Darrow argued for the defense, Bryan for the prosecution. DFJ ⁷

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

In Fall River Lizzie Borden was cutting a wide swath in society, in Paris they were celebrating the arrival of Lindbergh, while in Hollywood they were introducing so-called "talkies" - no boon to mumbling *Rambo* Stallone.



Lizzie Borden ⁸



Charles Lindbergh ⁹

The stock market plunged through the floor as Herbert Hoover prattled about prosperity being just around the corner. Then there was FDR dashing to the rescue as Washington rediscovered the alphabet (NRA, RFC, and CCC) and the country at large rediscovered the pleasures of wine, beer and booze with the repeal of prohibition. And so the Wigglesworth clan regrouped in Rutland Heights, Massachusetts, under the aegis of the Veterans Administration.



Variety, 1929



Hoover and FDR

This, therefore, would seem the proper point to inject a brief history of medical care as provided to this nation's military veterans. Al's manuscript now having been fully incorporated herein, all subsequent *inserts* will signify and credit substantial excerpts from indicated non-original sources.

For the case in point, our source is the Fortieth Anniversary publication, *The Story of Rutland Heights* issued by the Veterans Administration Hospital there in 1963. And, away we go ...

The first veterans' benefits on record in America were enacted in 1636 on Plymouth Plantation while the Colony was at war with the Pequot Indians [east or west, there's no getting away from the fact that "we done 'em wrong"]: *"If any man shall be sent forth as a soldier and shall return maimed, he shall be maintained competently by the Colony during his life."* ^{11a} **By 1776 all the colonies, now a united nation, agreed with this concept of veteran's benefits. (These benefits reached their peak following WWII.)**

[For the Rutland story] we harken back... to an eventful day in 1921, when Dr. Bayard T. Crane, founder of private sanatoria in the Rutland area, decided upon a location of 80 acres long noted for its altitude (get this!) of 1225 feet and pure air. [Just think, folks, 1225 feet elevation! This really must have given Al a charge, what with his background amidst the 14,000 feet Rockies of southwestern Colorado.] Anyway, such a location was then considered ideal for the cure of the "*white plague*" as TB was then known (and these good folks clearly having not heard of Al's redskin TB patients).

| |
|--|
| <p>(In 1986, when Jack Wright wrote this, we were not as conscious as we are today that "redskin" could be perceived as an ethnic slur. DFJ.)</p> |
|--|

Suffice it to say that the project was turned over to the VA during its construction period - becoming USVA Hospital #89, admitting its first patient on 14 May 1923 - and arriving at its full quota of 250 patients in the early summer of 1925, the year Al was to arrive. (This photo of Doc is labeled 1926-27. Photo from the Wigglesworth Family Collection. DFJ)



It would become a general medical hospital in 1936 before reverting to its original TB mission (no doubt due to its exceptional height) in 1943. By 1961 it had reverted yet again to a general medical hospital. Such pendulum patterns seem to be a characteristic of governmental operations in general. By 1937, shortly after Doc had departed for the warmer southern climes of North Carolina, the facility had expanded to 450 patients (almost doubling), and numbered 16 full-time physicians.

The Rutland story details the growth of the hospital and the ever evolving techniques for treating TB. However this would seem a little extraneous to the story of the head of E.E.N.&T. (even though, as with Doc's advantage over the NY eye specialists, he probably knew more about TB than the Rutland TB specialists). Conversely, there is an utter dearth of info concerning the doctor and his clan during this time. We're talking 1925 to 1936, remember, and the major events in this period of immediate concern to them were the graduation of all three sons from college - El and Frank from Georgetown, and Jack from the

Catholic University of America - and the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Durango-Silverton Railroad - still going strong in 1932.

This seems a good time to comment on the remarkable adaptability of Al's beloved Edna. She seems to have made the transition from 100% city girl to full-blown frontier-woman and back again without skipping a beat. Then there was the time when, after having willingly and successfully persevered in raising three fine young men under the most primitive conditions, without neglecting her interest in teaching and church work, that she got to move to Washington where her folks were and the living was easy. But, you'll recall, the doctor instinct in Al rebelled at being chained to desk work, and so it was back to the woolly if not still wild West again. There is no recorded murmur on Edna's part. She went along with it all. And, there was certainly no diminution of Al and Edna's mutual love as they careened back and forth across country between virtually two different worlds. How markedly this stands in stark contrast to the dissolution of marriages today as a consequence of spouse splitting over job relocation. A hearty "*WELL DONE, EDNA!*" seems long overdue.

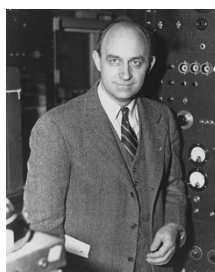
So saying, our gallant couple is off once again, this time on a north-south rather than and east-west or west-east trek. Al was reassigned from Rutland Heights, Massachusetts, to Oteen, North Carolina, in 1936. The Oteen Veterans Administration Hospital is located in the Great Smokies and is really a 308 acre azalea-blanketed enclave comprising 37 buildings in suburban Ashville. So, the Wiggs clan was at least once again amidst beloved bonafide mountains. While the airports serving Ashville are at an elevation of 2200 feet - a mere 1000 feet gain over the renowned heights of Rutland, the mountains surrounding Ashville rise to between 5,000 - 7,000 feet. It's not the Rockies, to be sure, but it is at least certifiable mountain country with plumbing!

The family would "base" there for the next six years until Al's retirement from active medical practice in 1942 at age 70. We say "base," since the boys were variously away attending to college and (as we shall see) affairs pertaining to the opposite sex (which is no sure thing these days).

So, we're into the period of 1942-1946 and we find Tara is *Gone With The Wind* and Joe Louis is being blown away by Max Schmeling. FDR tries to annex the Supreme Court, and Hitler in fact annexes Austria and Czechoslovakia - and Poland. Britain retaliates with a secret weapon: the BBC inaugurating TV, and the USA retaliates by introducing Selective Service. Then Hitler suddenly invades Russia and Stalin stops laughing, and we have the Battle of the Atlantic and the Atlantic Charter just as suddenly supplanted by the horror in the Pacific announced by "AIR RAID - PEARL HARBOR - THIS IS NO DRILL!" Meanwhile, Irving Berlin is content to dream of *White Christmas* even as Fermi splits the atom, the Supreme Court proclaims Reno *splits* of husbands and wives to be valid nation-wide, and celebrities like George M. Cohan and Carole Lombard split the earthly scene. Was it all really so long ago? Yes. Sorry about that!



Schmeling - Louis ¹²



Fermi ¹³



Cohan ¹⁴



Lombard ¹⁵

In the midst of this general chaos and near world-wide conflagration, the Oteen VA Hospital was just about the perfect place to be. As an index of its relative safety and serenity, the only Rose Bowl game not played in Pasadena, California, was played in nearby Durham, North Carolina, in 1942, where Oregon State defeated Duke 20-16. Even the name *Oteen* is auspicious, it being a Cherokee Indian word that simultaneously conveys the notions of *health* and *cheer*. A splendid parlay that!

By Feb 1942 it was an 850 bed facility with over 800 patients, and a staff of 581 which included 26 physicians. Doc, of course, would head its E.E.N.&T. clinic.

Oteen's patients have included veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American as well as both World Wars, plus employee compensation cases, and even some members of the CCC. It had a 9,000 volume library and served some 4,000 meals a day. It was a "big business" hospital (for the Ashville community), but strove valiantly to preserve compassion as an ingredient in the cure. Some sage has remarked that, *"The character of the physician may act more powerfully than the drugs employed,"* and certainly in such an atmosphere Doctor Wigglesworth would more than hold his own. It offered a perfect match of dedication, medical talent and scientific means.

The years 1941-42 saw a major change in the structure of the Wigglesworth clan. As mentioned earlier, the boys had largely been deployed to the Washington area to complete their education and launch their professional careers. El graduated from Georgetown and soon was at work as a broker in the Merrill Lynch combine. Frank graduated from Georgetown and was soon launched on a life-long career in the service of the United States Coast Guard, both in and out of uniform. Whereas these two boys had boarded with Edna's parents while in college, Jack boarded at the home of Edna's brother Herbert Wright, who had meanwhile traded in his tenure at Georgetown to become Head of the Department of International Law and Political Science at The Catholic University of America where Jack would matriculate. One fortunate by-product of this happy eventuality was that it placed Jack under his Aunt Anne's care when he was stricken by acute appendicitis. Anne, who had enough medical savvy to warrant an honorary degree, diagnosed an incipient case of peritonitis from a highly inflamed and nearly ruptured appendix just in the nick of time. So, as someone might say, (but you won't read it here), all continued Wright with the world. Now, don't go away mad. There's more.

Following college, Jack was soon into his life's profession as a personnel specialist for ("Shhhh!") the *company*. Of course this only became known many years later when someone noticed his undercover family car bore the license *CIA - 007*. Very subtle chaps, these folks. Anyhow, the young men now having found their niche in the world - this still being the era of 1941 - 42, remember - they set about getting married and *starting* families. (Have you ever noticed how families are never *finished*?)

On 17 May 41 Jack married Virginia Ryan. While they were both in the college class of 1935 (Virginia at nearby Trinity while Jack was at CUA, they didn't meet until five years later when Jack was Best Man and Virginia was Maid of Honor in her sister's wedding.

Next, El proceeded to the altar on 20 Nov 41 with Virginia Clark, who was indeed a college-days sweetheart.

Finally, Frank wed Emily Farley, daughter of the then Commandant of the Coast Guard, on 10 Jan 1942. Now all of the papooses (or is it papoosae or papoosi?) were out of the *Wigg-wam*, and Doc (apparently) thought it at last safe to retire - which he did on 30 Apr 1942. . . . Indeed, life lunges ever forward.

For Doc, though, who had meanwhile relocated to an apartment in Arlington, VA, to bring his family closer together, things were beginning to wind down, even though he was briefly recalled from retirement by the VA in March 1943 to help with the unprecedented VA workload occasioned by WWII.

Speaking of Doc and WWII, we must pause to note the yet enduring plight of the Indians to whom he gave the best years of his medical life. One case in point might suffice: the February to March 1945 battle for an 8 square mile block of odorous volcanic ash once called Sulphur Island in the far Pacific but perhaps now better remembered as Iwo Jima.

Marine General Holland "Howling" Smith said that, "Iwo Jima was the most savage and most costly battle (6,855 dead, 21,000 wounded – vs. a 1984 population of *eight*) in the history of the Marine Corps" (which takes in a lot of blood and gore), and it was about Iwo that no less than Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz testified that "Uncommon valor was a common virtue."

Nevertheless, of Americans who remember it at all, most recall only the famous *second* flag-raising (as the photographer thought the original flag too small) on 546 foot high Mount Suribachi. You may recall that three battle scarred marines appeared in the picture. (Actually 5 marines and one sailor. DFJ.) One of these heroes was a Pima Indian from central Arizona. After the war he was to tragically drink himself to death, because once back home in Arizona he not only couldn't get a decent job, he was a regular Rodney Dangerfield and "Got no respect, at all!" ¹⁶

(Any popular Almanac will describe the Marine Corps Iwo Jima Memorial in Washington in terms of the name of the sculptor and the name of the photographer who shot the original picture, but you'll search in vain for the name of this poor Pima Indian.) Hell, Arizona and New Mexico didn't give the Indians the vote until 1948!

(The following information has been supplied by DFJ.)



Ira Hamilton Hayes.

(1/12/1923 – 1/24/1955)

A Pima Indian, he was an enrolled member of the Gila River Pima Indian Reservation located in Pinal and Maricopa Counties in Arizona.¹⁷

Three Marines depicted in the photograph, Harlon Block, Franklin Sousley, and Michael Strank, were killed in action over the next few days. The three surviving flag-raisers were Marines Rene Gagnon and Ira Hayes, and Sailor John Bradley, who became celebrities after their identification in the photo.¹⁸



We interrupt this remarkable recital at this point to bring you a bulletin from the *Green Light - A System Newspaper for Employees of the Rio Grande Railroad*. The 15 July 1947 edition headlines "GLASS TOP CAR IS SENSATION." It goes on to note that old Tom Wiggs' Silverton branch from Durango is booming as never before, but let's let the train's paper blow its own whistle:

With a brass band (four businessmen toting tenor sax, trombone, and bass and snare drums) booming *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* (Köchel) listing 1890), and 150 passengers in a festive mood, the most unique coach in the history of railroading - the all-glass-top *Silver Vista* car - made its inaugural trip over the Rio Grande's spectacular Silverton Branch on 22 June 1947.

When the five-car narrow gauge special returned from the 90 mile round trip, the *Silver Vista* car had earned top billing for the greatest thrill ride in modern railroading . . .

Among the passengers was Mrs. W. H. Howard of Animas City (Doc's then only surviving sister, Elizabeth) whose father, Thomas H. Wigglesworth, came west in 1879 and served as location and construction engineer for Otto Mears, the noted builder of narrow gauge lines. She had ridden the first train to pierce the Animas River Canyon between Durango and Silverton [in 1882]

At the throttle was a veteran of almost 41 years on the rugged Silverton Branch and his seasoned fireman ... who hand-stoked 5-1/2 tons of coal during the round trip. It was as smooth a ride over the twisting, climbing canyon as any train passenger has had anywhere ...

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

Round trip rail fare for the Durango-Silverton run through Animas Canyon is \$1.80 plus 50 cents for a round trip seat in the *Silver Vista*, plus a federal tax of 15 per cent. And believe us, you get your money's worth - plus!

The *Silverton Standard* and the *Miner* of the same period elaborates on the festivities attending the advent of the *Silver Vista* as follows:

Less fanfare greeted the opening of the D&RG's Silverton branch back in 1882 than will be heard here this Sunday when the *Silver Vista* glass-domed car takes the rails, Mrs. Elizabeth Wigglesworth Howard of Animas Valley recalls. Mrs. Howard, whose engineer father built the Silverton branch, will have a clear view across 65 years of railroading history Sunday. The only local person still living who traveled aboard the first Silverton passenger train, she'll ride in the glass-domed Vista as the excursion's guest of honor.

"Well as I remember, only railroad officials were on that first trip," she said. My father and mother, my two brothers and I, several contractors and the crew made up the party. It wasn't a fancy affair at all."

Mrs. Howard, now 79 and living with her daughter, Mrs. Dorethea Stewart of Animas City, was an excited 14-year-old that day. Her brothers are John Wigglesworth, Silverton, and Dr. Albert Wigglesworth, Washington DC. City Manager Jim Wigglesworth is her nephew.

Her father, Thomas H. Wigglesworth, Rio Grande construction engineer, came here in 1879 to chart the route of the Silverton. On 1 April 1881, his family joined him, spending the summer at the camp in Animas Valley.

Thomas Wigglesworth, one of the great engineers in Colorado narrow gauge history, also built the Rio Grande Southern and the Midland Terminal between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek.

The *Silver Vista* coach was built in Denver. While its top is glass, there are no windows at the sides, they being equipped only with water repellent roll-up curtains for emergency use in case of heavy slanting rains. It is also equipped with bright blue reversible seats made with water repellent, fire resistant plastic covering. According to the manufacturer, "It will exceed your highest expectations."

As mentioned earlier, by 1986, the cost of the trip had risen to \$28.10, and reservations were required at least a month in advance. Incidentally, another special car built for the D&RG was the over-height baggage car, built for the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which enabled mounted horsemen to jump out of the baggage car door during a train robbery scene in the film which was shot at Florida Mesa some 15 miles east of Durango. Also, for the movie *Ticket to Tomahawk*, three cars and an engine were repainted yellow-gold and the railroad line was retitled, as was Silverton, which became the town of *Epitaph* in the film.

But enough sop to movie buffs! It's time to get back to "hailing the gang" from the still on-going Wigglesworth baby-boom. After all, you can't tell the players without a scorecard. (We repeat only to check your attention.) . . . [There were] a total of 13 grandchildren, born in the 15 year period between Feb 1942 and Mar 1957, and numbering 6 girls and 7 boys. . . .

Now, just a word about the last two sprouts born on the soil of France.

Don't forget that the Wigglesworth clan evolved from the Norseman of old, via Rouen and thence the Normans who invaded, conquered and "ennobled" Great Britain. That is, these are folks who were always on the move. Grandfather Tom sustained the nomadic tradition through migration from New York to Kentucky to Colorado and other points west. Grandson Frank did his part to maintain the roving tradition via travel courtesy of the Coast Guard.

So Jack was only doing the family "thing" as his career took him by turn from the extremes of Taiwan to Paris. And just in case that wasn't enough, upon retirement Jack hooked on with a travel agency, and since has done Europe, South America, and even Australia. Australia? Everyone knows it's down there, but most folks don't give a hang. That old Norse wanderlust really dies hard.

So, via his progeny, we at last come to the end of Doc's trip-tik. No, he wasn't through living yet, but his story was coming to a close. Upon retirement he had gravitated first to Arlington, to be near the children, and then to an apartment on Connecticut

Avenue in Washington, where Edna could be near her then two surviving sisters, Edith and Sue. Then, around 1960, he made his penultimate move to a Catholic senior citizens home in Hyattsville, MD, called Carroll Manor. He eschewed living with any of his sons, saying, "Three generations in one household is one too many," a typical reflection of his considerate and generous nature.

He was to live in Carroll Manor until his death two weeks after a stroke in June 1964 at age 92. He brightened the lives of his companions while there, and frequently stayed briefly with one son or another as the spirit moved him in response to their importunings. His fine mind lost none of its gentle humor or keen wit and acuity right up to the end. He was always the most pleasant of company.

We can't do better at this point to sum up Doc's career by quoting a University of Colorado publication briefing the careers of various graduates by class. Thus, under the class of 1896 we find the following entry:

A. M. Wigglesworth, M.D., '96, concluded his career as a senior physician with the United States Veterans Administration at its facility at Oteen, North Carolina, where he was stationed from 1936-42.

Following his graduation from the university medical school, Dr. Wigglesworth was an intern at Arapahoe County Hospital, Denver, for two years. He was then for two years at Cortez, CO and then became school physician at Ft. Lewis Indian School. From 1902-04 he was agency physician at Whiteriver, AZ, and then held the same position at Ft. Defiance, AZ, until 1918. He was head of the health section at the Indian Office in Washington DC in 1918. From 1919-24 he was school physician at Albuquerque, NM.

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After serving as a traveling physician for the Indian Service in the southwest he became a physician for the U.S. Veterans Administration, specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat. In this capacity he spent 1925-36 at Rutland Heights, MA, after which he was transferred to hold the same post at the Oteen, NC, facility. He and Edna Mae Wright were married 24 Dec 1901 in Durango, Co; they have three sons: Thomas, Albert, and John.

Well, those are the cold facts of the curriculum vitae. Surely, you will agree, they don't begin to tell the story of this warm, inspiring and truly remarkable man. It has been the main objective of this recital to make him fully known to you. The Wigglesworth clan can be truly proud of its heritage. As for the rest of us, we can only be happy to have met him, however indirectly, in these pages.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER VIII

1. "bombastic." *Wiktionary, The Free Dictionary*. 24 May 2014, 01:37 UTC. 17 Nov 2014, 19:02 Yes, this is the guy who gave us "bombastic," which he was.

2. Wikipedia contributors. "Scapular." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Oct. 2014. Web. 16 Nov. 2014.

3. Image taken on 11/17/2014 from the website: Explore Capitol Hill (HOME > EXPLORE CAPITOL HILL > ART > PAINTINGS > HISTORIC ROTUNDA PAINTINGS > SURRENDER OF GENERAL BURGOYNE) by Architect of the Capitol. <http://www.aoc.gov/capitol-hill/historic-rotunda-paintings/surrender-general-burgoyne>

4. Wikipedia contributors. "Adolf Hitler." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 17 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

5. Wikipedia contributors. "F. Scott Fitzgerald." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 17 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

6. Wikipedia contributors. "Sinclair Lewis." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 11 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

7. Wikipedia contributors. "Scopes Trial." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 7 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

8. Wikipedia contributors. "Lizzie Borden." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 15 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

9. Wikipedia contributors. "Charles Lindbergh." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 15 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

10. Image taken on 11/19/2014 from the Lawrence (Kansas) Public Library website: Blogspot. http://lplbookblog.blogspot.com/2011_08_14_archive.html "Life's Ups and Downs" by Ransom – Reference. Posted on 8/18/2011

11. Wikipedia contributors. "Herbert Hoover." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. 18 Nov. 2014. Web. 19 Nov. 2014.

11a. Laws of the Colony of New Plymouth in New England 1623 to 1636

<http://www.histarch.illinois.edu/plymouth/laws1.html>

As transcribed by the Plymouth Colony Archive Project:

"That in case necessity require to send [forces] abroad [and] there be not volunteers [sufficient] offered for the service then it be lawfull for the [governor] [and] Assistants to presse in his Ma[jes]ties name by their warrant directed to the Constables. Prouided if any that shall goe returne maymed [and] hurt he shalbe mayntayned competently by the Colony duringe his life."

12. Rodney Dangerfield (born Jacob Rodney Cohen, November 22, 1921 – October 5, 2004) was an American comedian and actor, known for the catchphrase "I don't get no respect!" and his monologues on that theme. He is also remembered for his 1980s film roles, especially in *Easy Money*, *Caddyshack*, and *Back to School*. Wikipedia contributors. "Rodney Dangerfield." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

13. Wikipedia contributors. "Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 13 Oct. 2014. Web. 20 Nov. 2014. This photo is from the second fight in which Louis was the winner in the first round.

14. Wikipedia contributors. "Enrico Fermi." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Nov. 2014. Web. 20 Nov. 2014.

15. Wikipedia contributors. "George M. Cohan." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 Nov. 2014. Web. 20 Nov. 2014.

16. Wikipedia contributors. "Carole Lombard." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 13 Nov. 2014. Web. 20 Nov. 2014.

17. Wikipedia contributors. "Ira Hayes." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 10 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

18. Wikipedia contributors. "Raising the Flag on Iwo Jima." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, 12 Nov. 2014. Web. 18 Nov. 2014.

CHAPTER IX

THE EXCURSION TO WALPI TO SEE THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE CEREMONY

**And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.
Genesis 2:7**

The excursion to the Hopi Snake Dance Ceremony in Walpi, Arizona was not mentioned in the doctor's memoir but Al and Edna saved eighteen pictures from that day. The doctor most probably was behind the camera – or maybe Edna.

Close inspection of the automobile being pushed out of the mud in picture 18 shows it is a Ford Model T, 1914 vintage. Thus, since the Snake Ceremony was held only in odd numbered years, the pictures must have been taken in 1915 or 1917, before Al went to Washington in 1918. So we can rely on the date written by Jack Wigglesworth on one of the pictures: 1915.

Both vehicles below have the same six-sided radiator with its cylindrical cap/ornament, the same position of the headlights and the lanterns, the same crankshaft crank handle, the same dropdown windscreen, the same white wheels, the same convertible top and the same rectangular rear window.



**Image from the Wigglesworth
Family Collection**



1914 Ford Model T ¹

The notes written directly on the pictures appear to have been written with a ball point pen, dating the notes to after about 1950, when ball point pens came into popular use, and before Edna's or Al's death, about 1962 at the latest.

The Hopi Snake Dance (for rain) is held every two years on the odd year. The Library of Congress has posted on the web motion picture footage of the 1913 dance. That year Theodore Roosevelt and his sons Archie (19 years) and Kermit (15) and a cousin, Nicholas (20), attended. Doc and Edna did not attend. Their youngest child, Jack, had been born just four months before the 1913 dance. The pictures shown here correspond closely with what is shown in the 1913 motion picture, which you can view here: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mfmPGcyV7IM>

Here is a still shot from the motion picture showing TR and two of the three young men with him. The one on the left was smoking a cigar in this scene. The annotation prepared by the Library of Congress is quoted on the right below.



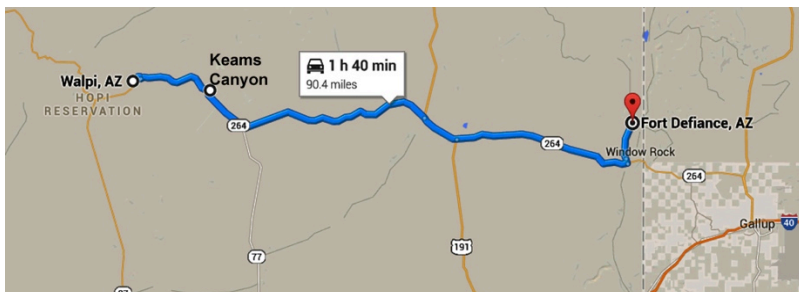
“On 8/20/1913, TR observed . . . the ritual Hopi snake-dance at Walpi on the Hopi Reservation. TR was on a journey through the Southwest with his sons Archie and Quentin, and a young cousin, Nicholas Roosevelt . . . The snake-dance takes place around a rough column of rock, with Hopis . . . carrying snakes in their hands and mouths, circling the rock. . .”²

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Below are Russ Wigglesworth's recent comments prompted by the Wigglesworth Snake Dance pictures:

I recognized Walpi because it simply hasn't changed. It's a Hopi village atop First Mesa on the Hopi reservation. Established around 900 CE, Walpi is one of the oldest continually inhabited villages in the United States. Traditionally the Snake Dance is held there in late August or early September. There are several villages nearby on three separate mesas, which are named, in English, First Mesa, Second Mesa, etc. Third Mesa is the site of the village of Old Oraibi, another very old continually inhabited village, going back to around 1100 CE.

Keams Canyon is a small town, more a village, thirteen miles east of Walpi on First Mesa. I had to look up the road – Arizona 264. The sole restaurant's featured item is lamb and barley soup – one needs to acquire a taste for it. In Doc's day there would not have been more than a two-track across the desert, and when it rains in that country, if you're off the pavement, you don't move until it dries out. I don't remember when the road was paved but I think the first time I was on it, in 1946, it was still gravel. I would imagine that only the trading post and a few buildings would have been there back in Doc's day.



Google Maps.

This map gives the driving time as 100 minutes but because the road was not paved or improved, it possibly took twice as long or longer for Al. This suggests that the trip may have been split into two days to insure a timely arrival. Perhaps Keams Canyon, only 13 miles from Walpi, was where the party spent the night before the day of the ceremony. (DFJ)

Memory tells me there are 12 Hopi villages. I haven't been back on the Res since 2009. My brother and I attended a Bean Dance several years ago – an all-night, several-kiva affair. At that time we were able to drive my car to Walpi. I don't think that's allowed now. And as I said no image taking is allowed.

The Hopi are a proud people and poorer than church mice. Their reservation is surrounded by the more numerous Navajo reservations and the two nations were traditional enemies. Their legends indicate they migrated from the north after coming up from the bowels of the earth through the Sipapu (a hole in the ground.) Ethnologists and anthropologists believe the present-day Puebloan cultures, Hopi and Navajo, are direct descendants of those northern hunter-gatherers.

The Hopi, like the Navajo, have a tremendous sense of humor, dry and wry and often puzzling to the White tourists. One of the things they'll do is tell you what they think you want to hear. For example, we asked several people which mesa and what day and what time the Bean Dance was to be held and never got the same answer twice. We solved that by finally finding the village elder of Shongopovi, (Second Mesa) who invited us in to his home. He and his wife fed us fresh cookies and hot tea and we had a wonderful time. I like them very much. I am no expert – what I know of them I got first hand, but over very limited occasions.

Parenthetically, my brother and I were once “arrested” by the Kikmongwi or chief of Old Oraibi, a gentleman named Stanley Bahnimptewa. (Stress on second syllable.) A long story.

I was privileged to meet “Doc” (as I knew him) in Washington and we had a great chat sitting on the couch at Jack's home. I was on my way out of the country and had been invited to spend a couple of days with them while I arranged for my visa, etc. We chatted about Durango and the Four Corners area. His memory was astounding. He recalled places clearly and would say, for example, “There is a large outcrop of rock that looks like a

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coyote...” and I’d know exactly where he meant...or “Two rocks that look like the legs of an elephant...” which is a place well-known now to people driving south to Kayenta. I wish I had paid more attention and had gotten him to talk more about his experiences. A wonderful human being.

It is my understanding that the Snake Dance is now closed to non-tribal members. I suspect that they got tired of the disrespect whites showed during the dance.

It’s a sacred ceremony designed to bring rain. The Hopi believe that the first Hopis came up from below ground through the Sipapu as I mentioned, and believe that the snake, living underground, helps bridge the spiritual gap and helps to bring rain.



Photo taken at Long House, Mesa Verde National Park. ³

The sipapu is the small round hole in the floor of the kiva. The larger round hole in the floor is a fire pit. Observe that the air intake (little rectangular door in the wall), the stones that block air from the air intake, the fire pit and the sipapu are all in a line; this aspect of the design was intentional. ³

I was told while visiting Mishongovi (Second Mesa) a number of years ago that many years ago they used rattlesnakes but now use bull snakes, often misidentified by tourists as rattlers. Perhaps now that the dance is closed to non-members they're using rattlers again!

There are 13 species of rattlesnake in Arizona, inhabiting different sections of the state. Below is the bull snake. Its average length is 6 feet but it can grow to as much as 8 feet 4 inches. Next is the prairie rattler, which, according to the Arizona Game and Fish Department, is the snake used by the Hopi in the dance. It usually grows to 3 feet 3 inches in length but can be larger. (DFJ) ⁴



Bull Snake ⁵



Prairie Rattlesnake ⁶

THE SNAKE DANCE PICTURES



Pic. 1. These men are standing on the cliff at the edge of the mesa emptying their stomachs to cleanse themselves before the ceremony. Close inspection of the picture will reveal the precipice inches in front of their feet.



Pic. 2. More emptying stomach.



Pic. 3. Ritual cleansing continues. Note “duster” with sleeve hanging down draped over a person’s left arm on the right. At the turn of the twentieth century, people wore dusters to protect their clothes when riding in open cars or on horseback on the dirt roads of the day. ⁷



Pic. 3a. Detail from picture 3 showing spectators’ expressions.

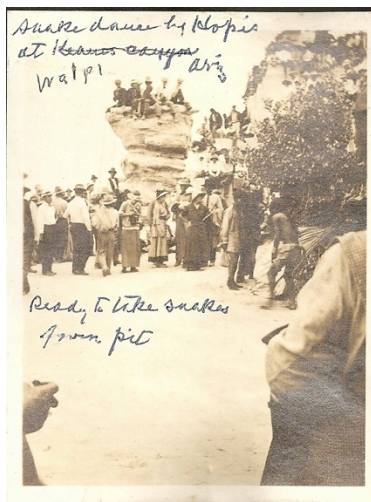


Pic. 4. At the edge of the mesa dressing for the ceremony. Note the two young "free range" chickens at bottom of picture.

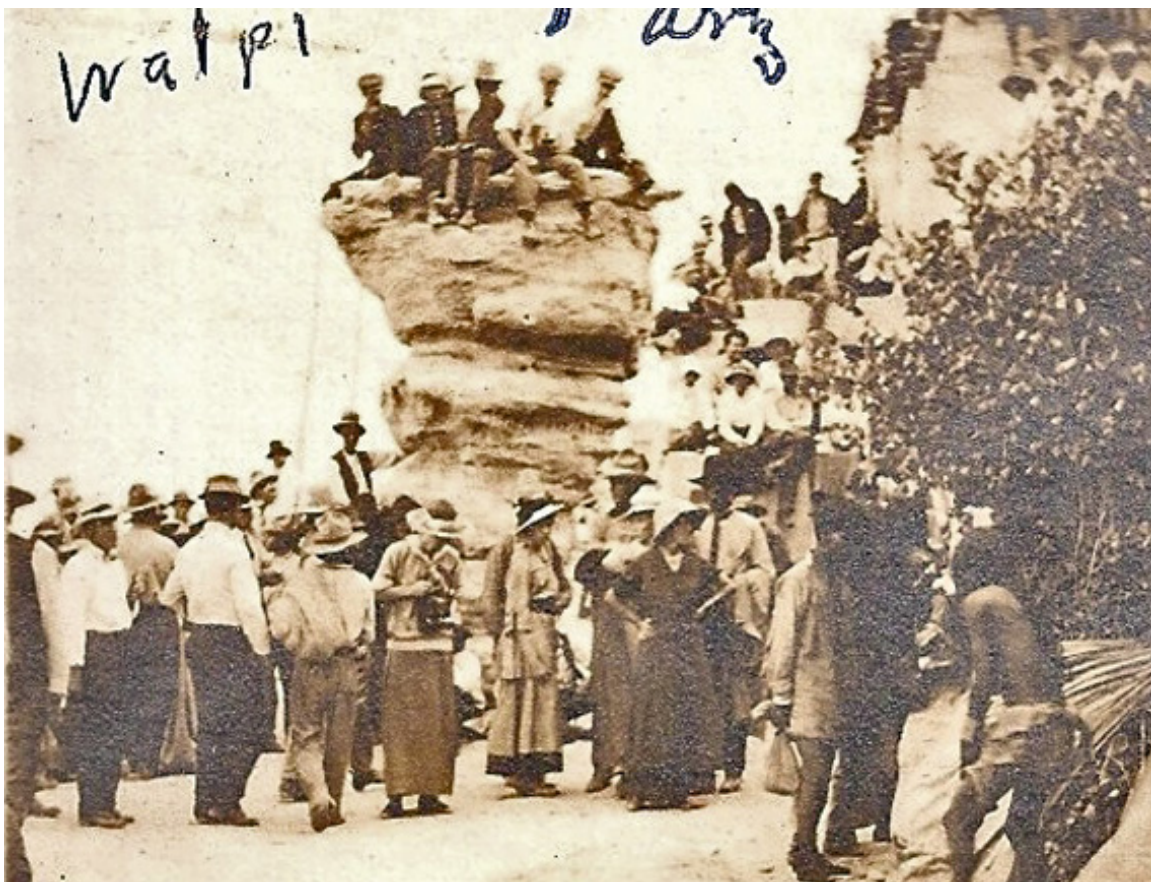


Pic. 4a. Detail. Celebrant adjusts a bracelet.

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Pic. 5 and 5a Dancer's Rock, 1879, Walpi, Arizona,⁸



Pic. 5b Detail showing spectators. Snakes are kept in a pit under the tarp on right.



Pic 6. Picking snakes from the pit.

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Pic. 7



Pic. 8

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Pic. 9.



Pic. 9a. Detail. The snake is stroked with a feather which causes it to relax and not draw itself into a position from which it might strike.

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Pic. 10



Pic. 10a Detail.

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Pic. 11



Pic. 12

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Pic. 12a Detail.



Pic. 12b Detail.



Pic. 13. It is my understanding that the Snake Dance is now closed to non-tribal members. I suspect that they got tired of the disrespect Whites showed during the dance. It's a sacred ceremony designed to bring rain. The Hopi believe that their people came up from below ground thru the Sipapu as I mentioned, and believe that the snake, living underground, helps bridge the spiritual gap and helps to bring rain.

I was told while visiting Mishongovi a number of years ago that many years ago they used rattlesnakes but now use bull-snakes. The latter are often misidentified by tourists as rattlers. Perhaps now that the dance is closed to non-members they're using rattlers again!



Pic. 14. Note the pile of long handled hoes and picks. The chickens would be for eggs or food or for the chicken pull. As I remember at least one trip to Walpi there were chickens all around; Old Oraibi had quite a few. In Doc's day he'd probably have seen a lot of turkeys, as well. At bottom center is part of a sheep's pelt – the rear legs. The forelegs can be seen on the ground behind the bottom of the camera. Part of a costume?... or left over from a recent dressing of a slaughtered sheep? In both Hopi and Navajo life, sheep play a large part – for wool for blankets and clothing, and for food. You'll see usually women, kids, and dogs today herding sheep on both reservations.

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The camera in the left foreground appears to be a Kodak No.1A Folding Pocket Camera. It took 2.5" x 4.25" photos on 116mm roll film. It was manufactured in models A to D from 1905 to 1915 . It cost \$12, (\$295.73 in 2011 dollars) which was a goodly price then.⁹



Pic. 15

THE CHICKEN PULL

The following two pictures of the chicken pull were taken on the same day as the Snake Dance in 1915. The Chicken Pull is exactly that, although I don't think it's been done the past several years. A friend and I missed one by several days, we were told. I believe that was in 1969. A chicken is buried in the dirt with only the head showing. Young men would ride bareback rapidly and reach down and attempt to pull the head off the chicken as they rode by. I'd say it's akin to young kids showing off on their skateboards on a half-pipe, etc.

You can imagine why it's probably no longer done, I would guess because of complaints by white women. I suspect that's not politically correct to say, but the intervention of the Whites and their propensity to enforce White ethics is among the many reasons image taking is no longer allowed, among other things. (RW)



Pic. 16

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Pic. 17. In this picture one can see the bottom of a rider's footwear above the horse's back as he inverts his body in reaching down to the ground. The audience watches with keen interest. (DFJ)

(Meanwhile, bullfighting remains a popular tradition in many parts of the world despite staunch opposition from those who say it is inhumane. Ritual slaughter? Beautiful spectacle? Does moral or cultural relativism apply to the chicken pull? . . . to the bullfight? You decide. DFJ) ¹⁰



There is also an annual foot race, which I've missed twice, and basically anyone can enter. With two bionic knees I don't think I'll try it now. I don't believe there was any special time for the chicken pull – just whenever the young men felt like it, perhaps. Again guessing, I'd think it would happen any time there was a gathering for any reason, such as the Snake Dance, the Bean Dance, etc., just as we might go outside to toss the football after Thanksgiving Dinner. (RW)

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Pic. 18. 1914 Model T Ford. Note the muddy rut in the foreground.

I would guess the car getting stuck was coming back from the Snake Dance. Late August and early September tend to be the rainy season. I have no idea about the priest or the others in the photo. (RW)

NOTES FOR CHAPTER IX

1. Image taken on 11/26/2014 from the website: File: Henry Ford Museum August 2012 89 (1914 Ford Model T).jpg. **Error! Hyperlink reference not valid.: Henry_Ford_Museum_August_2012_89_(1914_Ford_Model_T).jpg**
2. Taken on 11/30/2014 from the YouTube website: Hopi Indians Dance for Theodore Roosevelt at [Walpi, Ariz.] 1913. From the Theodore Roosevelt Association Collection (Library of Congress) Published by The Library of Congress. Washington, D.C. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mfmPGcyV7IM>
3. Wikipedia contributors. "Sipapu." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 16 Aug. 2012. Web. 10 Jan. 2013.
4. Taken on 12/2/2014 from the website Arizona Game and Fish Department: Managing Today for Wildlife Tomorrow. Arizona Rattlesnakes.
5. Wikipedia contributors. "Bullsnake." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Oct. 2014. Web. 3 Dec. 2014. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bullsnake>
6. Wikipedia contributors. "Crotalus viridis." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 9 Oct. 2014. Web. 3 Dec. 2014.
7. Wikipedia contributors. "Duster (clothing)." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, 28 Nov. 2014. Web. 29 Nov. 2014.
8. Photo of Dancer's Rock in 1879 by John K. Hillers. Wikipedia contributors. "Hopi." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 23 Nov. 2014. Web. 27 Nov. 2014.
9. Taken on 12/5/2014 from the website: Historic Camera, History Librarianum. "No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, Model D"
10. Wikipedia contributors. "Cultural relativism." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, 4 Jan 2013. Web. 14 Jan 2013. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cultural_relativism#Comparison_to_moral_relativism

CHAPTER X

BROTHER SIMEON AND SISTER KATE

"When the world asks "What was it like?" Only the photographer can say "See!."

Mark Denman, Photographer. ¹

Al never mentioned Simeon Schwemberger in his memoir but we know they knew each other well. There were numerous contacts, documented in photographs, between the Wigglesworths in Fort Defiance and this Franciscan Friar who lived and worked at the St. Michael School and Mission and who was also a pioneer photographer.



George Charles Schwemberger, Brother Simeon, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio on August 18, 1867. He attended a seminary for high school age youth and became a candidate for the Order of the Friars Minor (Franciscans) in the summer of 1887 and took his solemn vows in 1896. He was assigned to the St. Michael Mission Church near Window Rock, Arizona in 1901. (Here he is posed working in a field in what is probably a self portrait. ²)

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In 1902, Brother Simeon began experimenting with a camera and proved to be talented. He captured numerous images documenting the daily lives of the Navajo, Hopi and Zuni peoples, their sacred ceremonies, secular culture, homes, and the region. He also took many photos of the Wigglesworths.

Of the 1,765 glass plate photographs that survived in the basement of the St Michael Mission and are now in the Schwemberger Archive at Arizona University, thirty-five are labeled “Wigglesworth.” Twenty-five are labeled “Baldwin.” (Desba, or Desbah, Baldwin, you will recall, was a maid in the Wigglesworth household.) ³ At least four photos in the Wigglesworth Family Collection are clearly Schwemberger photos, others, unlabeled, may also be his work.



George Charles Schwemberger ⁴

8/18/1867 – 1/17/1931

Brother Simeon’s box camera used 5 inch by 7 inch glass plates to capture images. Here he is holding in his right hand a bulb trigger for tripping the shutter without shaking the camera. Who took this picture?

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Schwemberger shared many of the prints he made from his glass negatives with the people in the Fort Defiance community, including Al and Edna. The photo below from The Wigglesworth Family Collection is mounted on cardboard and is clearly stamped on the back: “Photo by Simeon Schwemberger St. Michael...” It is labeled (in Al’s hand?) on the back as “Window Rock Arizona? or Natural Bridge” with a line drawn through “Window Rock Arizona?” indicating that Al thought it was a picture of Natural Bridge.

(Both places are “near” Fort Defiance but there are no pictures labeled “Window Rock” in the Schwemberger Collection at the University of Arizona while there are several labeled “Natural Bridge”.)

The photo must have been taken between 1902, when Brother Simeon received the camera and 1908 when he left the St. Michael Mission.



Photo: S. Schwemberger, from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

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Here is a detail showing the four figures in the picture: two men and two girls (all unidentified).



Photo: S. Schwemberger, from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.



Photo: S. Schwemberger, from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The photo above is also labeled “Natural Bridge, between St. Michael’s and Fort Defiance, Arizona” but it is of a different “Natural Bridge.” (It turns out there are many natural bridge configurations throughout the U.S.) We know that this is a Schwemberger photo even though it doesn’t have his stamp because: it has been removed (with some damage) from the cardboard mounting that would have carried the stamp; it is the same size as the other photo; it shows the same blue cast as the other photo (which I have eliminated with PhotoShop).

The detail below shows two male figures sitting below the bridge, a boy with a toy rifle sitting on the bridge and, possibly, two other figures in the distance above the man on the right.

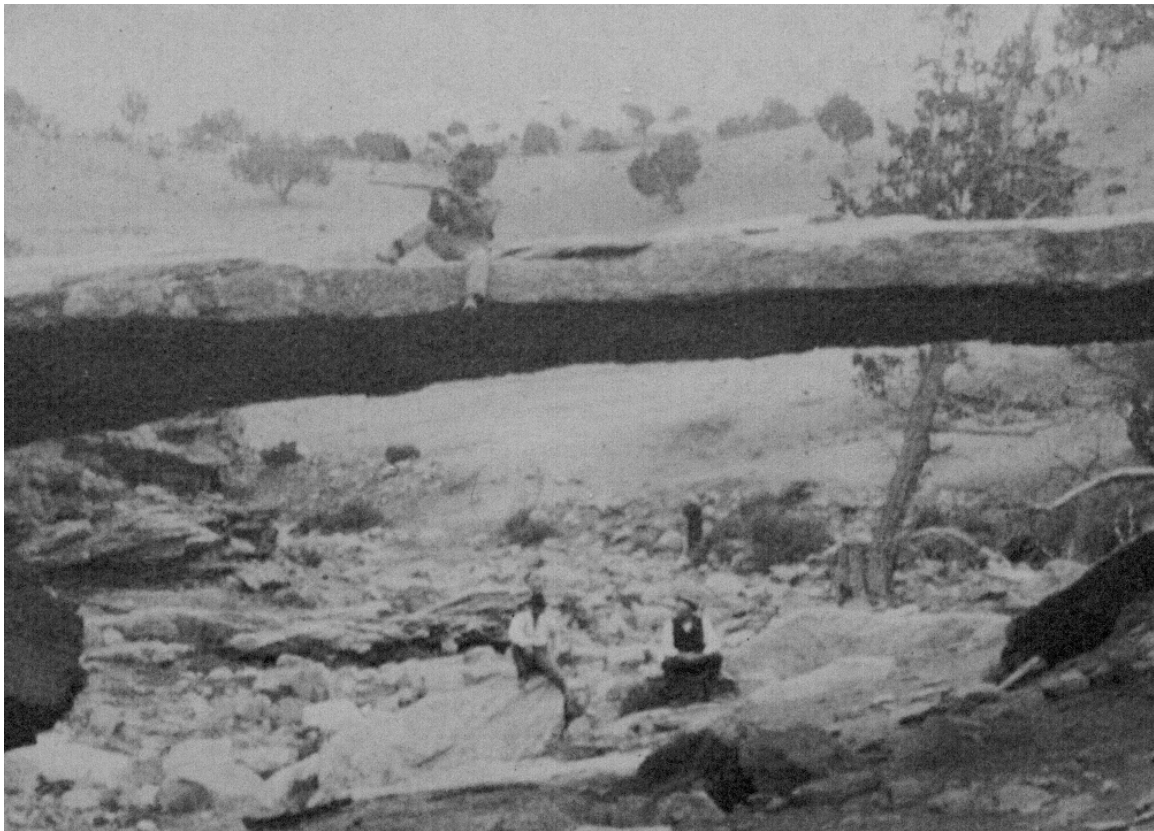


Photo: S. Schwemberger, from the Wigglesworth Family Collection.

And what of Sister Kate? Well, without her, Brother Simeon would never have come to the St. Michael Mission and would never have had a camera to begin with because it was she who made both those things possible.



**Catherine Drexel ⁵
11/26/1858 – 3/3/1955**

Catherine, shown on the left, was the daughter of Francis Anthony Drexel (6/20/1824 – 2/15/1885), a Philadelphia banker who founded the Drexel financial dynasty that would last more than 100 years until the name was finally brought down in 1990 in the “junk bond” scandal involving Michael Milkin and a company called Drexel Burnham Lambert. At DBL’s height it was the fifth largest investment bank in the United States.

Catherine’s mother died shortly after Catherine was born. She was then raised by her stepmother, Emma Bouvier (who was a distant relative of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis). When their father died Emma had already passed away so Catherine and her two sisters inherited his fortune and embarked on lives of generous philanthropy.

Among many other gifts, sisters Elizabeth and Louise endowed the Francis A. Drexel Chair of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America. Coincidentally, one of Al’s great grandchildren is currently a Professor at the Catholic University in that department: the School of Theology and Religious Studies.

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Catherine Drexel became a nun (as "Katharine" in the *Sisters of Mercy*) and then founded the *Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People*. Among her many benefactions, she enabled the founding of the St. Michael School and Mission in 1896 and funded the purchase of the camera and equipment that Brother Simeon used to such memorable effect.

In 2000 she was canonized by the Catholic Church as Saint Katharine, only the second American-born saint, after Elizabeth Ann Seton in 1975. ⁶



Mother Katharine Drexel

Here are photos from the Wigglesworth Family Collection that were saved by Al (and/or his siblings and cousins) and passed down to his descendants. Most are post cards. Some are clearly labeled by Schwemberger, some are not labeled but are in his style. Most are not dated.

Brother Simeon had agreed with the Mission that he would not make any money from his photography. When he left the Mission in 1908, he took the camera and the plates and was presumably no longer bound by the promise. To create an income he reproduced some of his photos and sold them as post cards. Some of them bore his name, perhaps some did not. There were other photographers competing for post card business. It may also be that anyone with a camera could have pictures printed on post card stock.

The photos identified here are clearly marked as by Schwemberger. Those merely attributed to him are not marked and may indeed be by others.

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This post card photo of a Navajo girl wearing beads and the traditional squash blossom necklace has Schwemberger's mark and has a postmark date of 1909.

Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.



Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

A group of fourteen girls holding rosaries and missals dressed in white for their First Holy Communion.

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Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

A Navajo family in front of their log and dirt hogan. Also shown are two Anglos, one of whom wears the collar of a Protestant minister. On the ground is a saddle covered by a coat.



Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Detail from the photo above.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Here are the other photos in the Wigglesworth Family Collection which are not labeled as by Schwemberger but which, because of their style and subject, could be attributed to him and may actually be his work (or not).



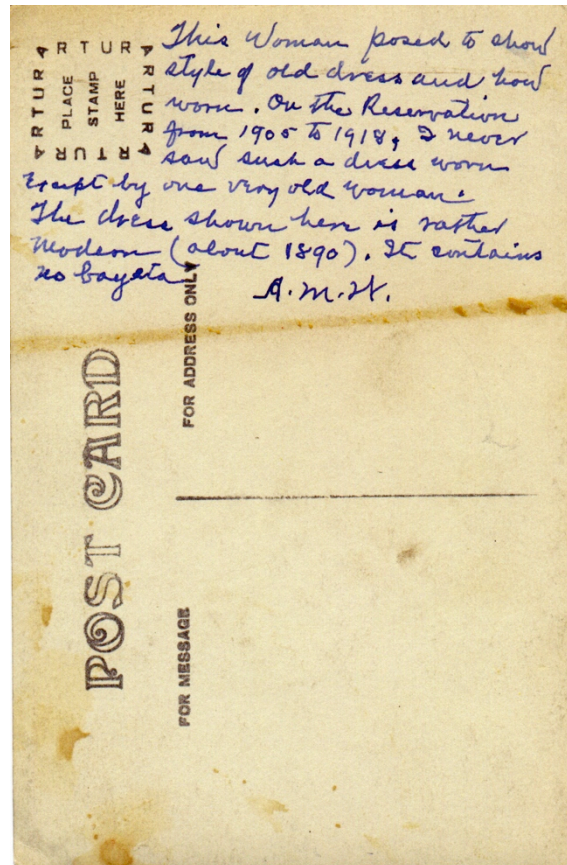
Photo: attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

A group of Navajo men and Anglo men and women. The card is marked only “brag room.”

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Photo: The Wigglesworth Family Collection.



Bayeta was red cloth woven in England, unraveled by the Navajo and re-spun for use in their weaving. The red color was obtained from the cochineal beetle or sometimes from the lac beetle. As aniline dyes came into use about 1880 bayeta was no longer used. The presence of bayeta in a textile is an indication of age and, sometimes, value.

It is not clear for whom the woman posed: Al, Brother Simeon, or someone else, perhaps Horace Swartley Poley, which is suggested by the use of block letters and a number in the lower left corner.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

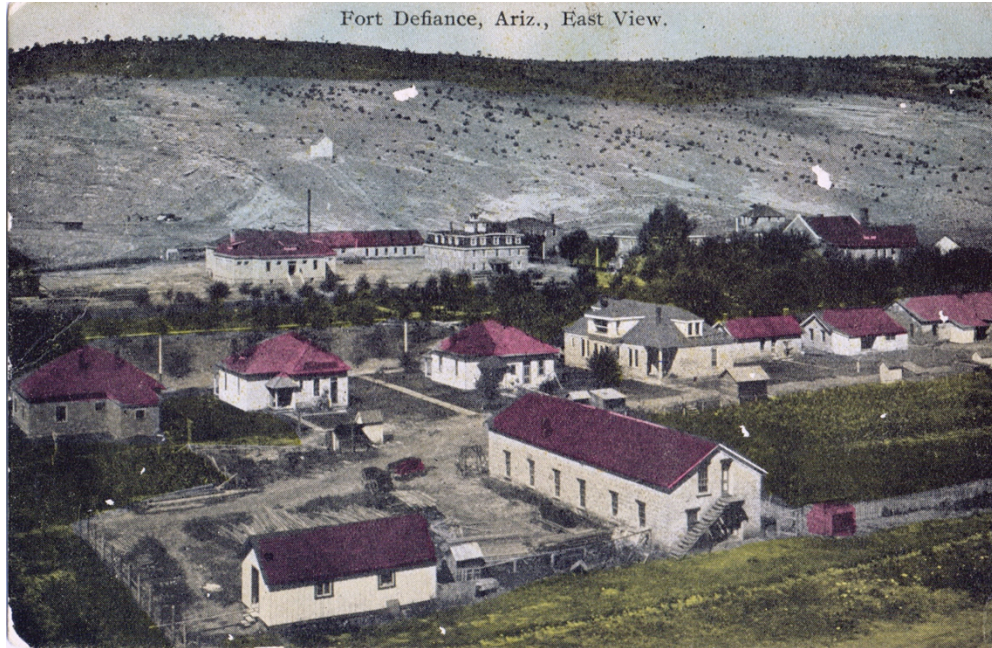


Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Above is a colorized photo of Fort Defiance, East View.



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger.
Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Ignacio (1828–1913) was a chief of the Weeminuche band of the Ute tribe, also called the Southern Utes, located in Colorado north of the San Juan River. He led the band through many difficult years in the late nineteenth century, when they were being encroached on by European-American settlers. Most photos show him with his Indian Police badge.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

This photo is actually a vignette cut from a larger group photo which had been mounted on board about a 16th of an inch thick. We do not have the larger group photo from which this piece was taken. A scissor had been used instead of a sharp blade, so the edges are a bit ragged. On the back of the little piece is written in block letters: "old dad indian slave." Jack Wigglesworth sent an enlarged copy of this picture to Patsy, who shared it with me. Why was this picture of this man given this special treatment? Who is he?

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

This photo is on post card stock. On the back is written: “Peshlakai.” The word means *silversmith* and is evidently the name adopted by silversmiths. This is the gentleman Al mentioned who complained about sending Navajo children to “Indian Schools” where they contracted TB and came home a “bag of bones”.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

St. Michael Mission School students.



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Albert, Eliot, Jack and a friend.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Unidentified Navajos.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Photo: Attributed to S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Unidentified children on burros.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH

Below are some of the photos of the Wigglesworth Family taken by Brother Simeon on different occasions. Some were in the Wigglesworth Family Collection, others were recently obtained from Arizona State University Library by Patsy Wigglesworth Fissell, who contributed them to the Wigglesworth Family Collection. (They are reproduced here with the permission of the ASU Library.)



Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

This picture, taken in May 1913, shows Doc's family in their Sunday best on a porch, seated beneath the Navajo "whirling logs" symbol. On the left is Thomas Eliot, born April 16, 1905, who had recently celebrated his eighth birthday. On the right is Albert Francis, born in February 1909 and four years old at the time. Edna, 36 at the time, is holding a very, very young John Matthew, who was born on April 5, 1913.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO

The occasion may have been a Christening Party. Note that Doc, who was 41, is clean-shaven with no moustache. To take this photo Schwemberger must have been invited to come to the Christening Party and, in order to attend, must have traveled with his camera and equipment from either Indian Wells, Arizona (Now 78 miles by car.) or Gallup, New Mexico, (now 31 miles by car.) two places where he lived in 1913. How long would he have had to travel? Did he come by car or wagon?



This is Desba Baldwin, a Navajo woman and Edna and Al's maid. She is dressed in white, suggesting the occasion may have been her "First Holy Communion."

Photo: S. Schwemberger. ASU....



Photo: S. Schwemberger.

Albert and Eliot.



Photo: S. Schwemberger.

Albert Francis.

THOMAS AND ALBERT WIGGLESWORTH



Photo: S. Schwemberger. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

Finally, here is Doc seated with a young girl, possibly one of his nieces.

RAILROAD BUILDER, DOCTOR TO THE NAVAJO



Photo: S. Schwemberger. Detail. The Wigglesworth Family Collection.

This detail shows a vigorous, strong and healthy Doc, at ease and projecting confidence.

NOTES FOR CHAPTER X

1. Quote from Mark Denman taken on 1/8/2015 from the website Goodreads.

<http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/tag/photography?page=9>

2. Picture of Simeon Schwemberger taken on 1/8/2015 from the website Find A Grave. Entry for Schwemberger maintained by: Valarie Vine; Originally created by: Spyrose. Record added: Nov 01, 2006. Find A Grave Memorial # 16419446.

3. PBS. Eight. Arizona State University. The Arizona Collection. The Schwemberger Collection.

<http://www.azpbs.org/arizonastories/ppedetail.php?id=31>

4. Ibid.

5. Image of Catharine Drexel taken on 1/8/2015 from the website Nobility and Analogous Traditional Elites. March 3, St Katharine Drexel. <http://nobility.org/2014/03/03/katharine-drexel/>

6. Wikipedia contributors. "Katharine Drexel." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 7 Jan. 2015. Web. 8 Jan. 2015.

CHAPTER XI

EPILOGUE

“What’s past is prologue.”

William Shakespeare. *The Tempest*, Act 2, Scene I. ¹

The saga of the Wigglesworth clan didn't end with Doc's passing in 1963 (or El's in November 1979), and its tapestry continues to be woven by all surviving members, many of whom are yet impacted and influenced to varying degrees by the spirit of Tom and Ann and Doc and Edna. Many more of them there are who perhaps even unknowingly bear the stamp of their character and courage, even as they also reflect and pass on the many fine traits we came to recognize in old Tom Wigglesworth in the course of these pages. The world is all the better for this, and we're the better for knowing about these fine folks. There remains, then, only a compulsion to try to put it all in perspective. More recent news items *may* well serve to help us in this endeavor.

Excerpts from an extended entry from the *New York Times* of 8 Sep 1968 and datelined Durango, CO, seem relevant, thus:

If it is not a once-famous train that is headed for oblivion these days, then it is a railroad route . . . What may be the latest to join the ranks is the 200 mile narrow gauge route of the D&RG Western between Alamosa and Durango in southern Colorado, by way of several points in New Mexico. A petition to do away with this route is now before the ICC. The route that the D&RG seeks to abandon would not affect the carrier's popular 45 mile run between Durango and Silverton. The latter ride is an objective of just about every visitor to southwestern Colorado.

[Well, of course, both of the routes mentioned are prime examples of Chief Wigg's engineering skill and perseverance.]

As for the Alamosa-Durango route, it is one of the nation's highest (it crosses a 10,000 foot pass) and most widely scenic runs; however, it already has been cut down to irregular freight service and only occasional passenger excursions . . . Approval of the abandonment petition is expected, for the railroad says (and what a neat trick that is) that it is losing \$500,000 a year on the line. The petition points out that there is little need for the run, since good highways crisscross and are parallel to it.

[The article then goes on to elaborate ways to save the line, as through an organized fund-raising save-the-railroad movement, and an infusion of \$150,000 from an on-site movie project starring Robert Mitchum and Arthur Kennedy.]

New Mexican officials are agitated over the proposed abandonment, regarding the line as a scenic and historical attraction of special importance to the state's poverty stricken northern counties [which, needless to say, are largely comprised of Indian Reservations]. One suggestion is to make a national Monument out of the route . . . (and) operate it for the benefit of tourism, with railroad buffs donating their services. . . . (others have noted that) since the run winds and twists through some of the nation's highest mountain ranges, and is deeply buried in snow in winter and swept by torrential rains in summer, the cost of maintenance would be disparately high.

This line's construction was regarded as a major engineering feat at the time - it would still be so regarded today - especially the 64 mile stretch between Antonito and Chama. **[Don't you get the feeling that, as we**

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used to say at the movies, "This is where we came in.?"] It's said to be the wildest region ever penetrated by an American railroad.

Then, on 13 July 1982, the town of Silverton and environs celebrated the 100th anniversary of the D&RG's Durango-Silverton Railroad. *The only regulated 100% coal fired, steam powered, narrow gauge in the United States.* Actually, the celebration lasted the entire week of 8-13 July, and the anniversary was shared by St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church and the Grand Imperial Hotel. Well, at least this shows that some things really last.

The program included the exhibition of the movies *Denver and Rio Grande*, starring Edmund O'Brien and Sterling Hayden, and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, starring Robert Redford and Paul Newman. It also included [would you believe it?] a String Quartette Chamber Music Concert. The festivities, which embraced many more events (such as the judging of a beard-growing contest) than mentioned here, concluded with a Special Train trip to the dedication of the monument at Cascade Canyon and an address by Colorado Governor, Richard Lamm.



2

(As luck would have it, the very week in June 1986 in which this section of our saga was being "transcribed" in the greater Washington, D.C. metropolitan area, local TV exhibited two movies featuring the D&RG: the *Butch Cassidy* flick, and *Ticket to Tomahawk* featuring Dan Dailey. The disappointment of the former (from the scenic point of view) was more than offset by the latter, which opened with the credits being rolled over a shot out the front of the engineer's cab as the train puffed up the canyon highline along the gorge carved out by the Animas River. Beautiful!

In any event, the *Silverton Standard and the Miner* published a 32 page special anniversary edition marking the triple jubilee, and one article pointed out that it was the railroad which brought the Catholic Church to Silverton, arriving via the train from Durango on 22 July 1882 in the person of father Michael Brennan. Following the decline of mining, the church today is a mission at Ouray.

The ads and "regular" features incorporated in the special edition are almost as interesting as the extensive historical data, much of which has been included in an earlier chapter of this book. For example, the weather report for *the 4th of July* records a high of 76° ("that's the spirit") and a low of 31°! Most places the latter would be below freezing, folks. One ad invites everyone to "ride the fire-breathing dragon," the same being the "64 majestic miles in the Southern Rockies of Colorado and New Mexico through tunnels, gorges, and over breathtaking trestles." This would be Chief Wigs' crowning achievement of the run connecting Antonito, Colorado, and Chama, New Mexico, and which crisscrosses the state border some two dozen times. Still running then 7 days a week (through 10 Oct), it had apparently been renamed the *Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad*. And, since this run was still in operation as of publication of the 1986 Tour Guide for Colorado/Utah, the good people of that community seemingly must have prevailed in part over the abandonment

proceedings reported earlier in the excerpt from the *New York Times*. Alleluia! There may be hope for the world after all. (Actually, it's still running in 2015! DFJ) ^{2a}

Somewhat sadly, there is a postscript to this extended description of the 100th anniversary of the Durango-Silverton of 8-13 July 1982. The 26 August 1982 edition of the *Silverton Standard* and the *Miner* carried a social item of some relevance to our story, thus:

John M. And Virginia Wigglesworth from Chevy Chase, MD, visited in Silverton Wednesday and Thursday with the Smithsonian group which is touring railroads and silver mines in the Rockies. The group is staying at the Grand Imperial Hotel, and rode the train Thursday. Wigglesworth is the grandson of Thomas H. Wigglesworth, engineer in charge of the San Juan extension of the D&RG from 1880-82. His grandmother, Anne Wigglesworth and father, Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth were the first passengers on the D&RG railroad.

(Coincidentally, the same issue carried an obituary of Jim Cole, grandson of Billy Cole, *Old Wig's* cook on the Durango~Silverton job. The marriage of Billy and his Irish bride were not a matter of record in Silverton until Jack confirmed it by quoting Doc's manuscript at a Smithsonian group banquet at the Grand Imperial Hotel. As it happened, reporter Allan Nossaman was the main speaker.

Again, on yet another Smithsonian trip, Jack met R. C. Gorman, a nationally famous painter in San Francisco, but born in Chinle and a *WWII code-talker*. It was established that Gorman had known Doc, since his first question was, "Did your father have a limp?" Join a Smithsonian group and see the world! (Gorman was born in 1931 and died in 2005. DFJ) ³



R. C. Gorman in 1987.

Now, there is a reason for all this possibly seeming madness, these extended quasi-digressions. A picture should be emerging, and that picture is this: all progeny derives life and inspiration from its roots, and long-gone ancestors somehow live on, not only through any enduring physical monuments of their creation, but most especially through their proud progeny.

There *is* a circuit of love, esteem and mutual respect between humans from one generation to the next, and we come to see that we are, indeed, all in this together. Poet John Donne is right: "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main." We've now passed the midpoint of the 1980's, but the trace of our links with the 1880's and before have not yet been obscured by the passage of time. Pride in our independence should long ago have fallen hostage to our recognized debt to all who have preceded us.

Perhaps St. Paul, no hero to modern feminists, has somewhere put it best: "What have we that we have not received?" Indeed. And that is why it is profitable as well as interesting to seek to rediscover our ancestors, our heritage. It is at once a most humbling exercise, and yet one wrought with inspiration and encouragement. Also, it reveals all too well how prone we are to race through life with blinders on, absorbed in self-centeredness, and thus oblivious to those around us, including those whose lives, barely overlapping our own, we saw no need to even attempt to really know. We're the losers. We risk remaining totally unaware of the source of those inherited virtues and traits, which we in our folly take to be our own handiwork. How often we pass, like ships in the night with their wireless switched off, incredibly fascinating and heroic older relatives from whom we could have learned much of value - hidden treasures, never unearthed because we fail to make the effort of establishing contact.

Surely, Doc Wigglesworth and his ever loyal and faithful Edna stand out in this regard. Two more quiet, unassuming, self-effacing laborers in the vineyard can scarcely be imagined. Yet the pattern of their love and life together brims with rich testimony to uncommon courage, fortitude, humility and enduring charity, an abiding concern for other's, and general good cheer. Their lives were one continuous example of service, self-sacrifice and steadfast commitment. There may have been a day when we could look to recognized saints, celebrated national heroes, or even the sports pages for such exemplars of character to emulate. But, not anymore. The world seemingly quickly consumes or corrupts anyone long in the public eye, and we are fortunate, indeed, who can turn inward to our families and find true paragons who practiced what too many others only preached.

Doc was not long at his final earthly home, Carroll Manor, but he left his mark. He had been there scarcely two months when the Jan-Feb 1961 issue of the bi-monthly Carrollette reported on his arrival, noting that,

"Dr. Wigglesworth is fine company. He has a genial disposition and is an excellent conversationalist. He likes good music and good books, and he can discuss many interesting subjects. He already has many good friends in Carroll Manor."

In the same interview it was noted that,

"The Doctor says the happiest years of his life were the 53 years from the day of his wedding until the year 1954, when Mrs. Wigglesworth died."

Would anyone who has ventured with us through these pages so far ever doubt it? And Doc was mentally keen and perceptive to the very end.

Here is a tribute to Doc published in the *1920 Annual of the Franciscan Missions of the Southwest*:

For 15 years Dr. A. M. Wigglesworth was at the head of the medical work of the Fort Defiance Agency and attended all those years also to the sick of our St. Michaels Indian School, thus becoming one of our main benefactors. An exceptionally eminent physician and surgeon, he gained the complete confidence of the Navajos. They recognized his ability and appreciated him for his successful treatments, his tact and unvarying friendliness, and, last but not least, because he had acquired their exceedingly difficult language. Even the medicine men went to him or sent for him for treatment and medicines instead of trusting to the efficacy of their own remedies, songs, dances, etc. Under his supervision a general School and Agency Hospital and a Tubercular Sanatorium were built at Ft. Defiance, and incalculable good was done for the amelioration of the health conditions among the

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Navajos. In March 1918, he was transferred to Washington D.C., and placed at the head of the Medical Department of the Indian Service - a well-merited recognition.

While at Washington he decided to embrace the Catholic faith, to which his wife and children belonged. Since the administrative work in the Capital did not suit his temperament, he returned to Ft. Defiance the same year, arriving there whilst *the* epidemic of influenza was raging. Laboring with his wonted zeal and ability among the 300 sick at Ft. Defiance, he and his family were infected with the dread disease. While his family soon recovered, he suffered a relapse and was hovering between life and death for almost a week. During this time I (Fr. Anselm Weber, D.F.M.J.) received him into the Church. The Good Lord spared him for his family, his many friends and the Indians. On 29 May 1918, he and his little son Francis and three children of Mr. J. L. Hubbell (the Trading Post entrepreneur) of Ganado, Arizona . . . received their first Holy Communion at our St. Michael's School. Soon after, because there were no adequate facilities for the education of his children at Ft. Defiance, Dr. Wigglesworth accepted transfer to the large non-Reservation Boarding School at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Clearly, Doc was not only one of the first of what we call today *People Persons*, he was a staunch and true friend of the Indians, forsaking a glamorous main desk job in his wife's own home town after a mere eight month stint to return to their service - gladly exchanging a comfortable life in our Capital City for the primitive conditions of the Arizona-New Mexico mountain-desert region. If Doc had a love affair with his Navajo friends, and he did, it was mutual.

Our final exhibit in support of this contention is Doc's obituary as carried in the June-July 1964 edition of the St. Michaels Mission Franciscan Fathers' publication *The Padres' Trail*:

The Navajo people lost a sincere and devoted friend with the death of Dr. Albert M. Wigglesworth, who was called to his eternal reward in Providence Hospital, Washington D.C., on 6 Jun 1964 at the ripe old age of 92 years.

When he was still a child his parents came to Colorado where his father was construction engineer on the Durango-Silverton branch of the D&RG Railroad. After graduation from the Medical School of Colorado, the doctor served first as physician at the Southern Ute Agency, then at Ft. Lewis Indian School near Durango in Colorado and later at Ft. Apache Indian School in Arizona.

He came to Ft. Defiance, Arizona, in Dec 1904 to become the first successful white "medicine man" to minister to the Navajo Indians. He was the only doctor on the entire Navajo Reservation and there were few Indians in those days who as yet had any appreciation of the advantages of an education. After all, how much classroom learning is required to produce a good sheep herder? Likewise, the Navajo felt little need for the white man's hospitals or medicines. The medicine man was taking care of that and the native hogan proved quite satisfactory for the comfort and ceremonial treatment of the patient right at home.

Entering a field in which his profession was practically unknown, Dr. Wigglesworth confidently accepted the challenge of a true pioneer, instructing the Indians in his methods of healing and demonstrating the value of sanitation. He acquired a working knowledge of the difficult language and, by his sincerity, tact, and patience, soon gained the good will even of the Hatathli or native medicine men, who at first viewed his presence as an intrusion on their domain.

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Before long he had prevailed upon the Bureau of Indian Affairs to appropriate funds for the erection of the first hospital and also the first tuberculosis sanatorium in Navajoland, thus laying the ground-work for the extensive facilities that provide medical and surgical services for upwards of 80,000 Navajos today [1964].

Remember the problem posed in the very first chapter? Navajo Chee (*Red*) Dodge was in Washington at the head of a delegation of his braves pleading before Congress for funds for more schoolrooms and the improved education of children in his tribe. Congress treated him as though he were there for laughs, mocking his meager formal education. They were apparently unaware that this venerable old chief, who was to die at Ganado a year later (1947) at age 89, was a man of stature in his community. Born at Ft. Defiance in 1858 of a white Army father (soon killed by Apaches) and a full-blooded Navajo mother (who died during his infancy), the resourceful English-fluent Chee was a paid interpreter (\$500/year) on the post by age 16. He participated in the *Long Walk* (between Gallup and Ft. Sumner) of 1864-68, and was accepted as tribal chief from 1884, and served as chairman of the three-man tribal council from 1923. He even held posts in the Chester Arthur and TR administrations. At age 88 he was still on Capitol Hill fighting for the improved education of his people.

A companion of Chee's on the *Long Walk* was the better known Navajo war chief Manuelito (this being his Mexican name of record) who negotiated the earlier referenced treaty of Laguna Negra (just north of Ft. Defiance) on 18 July 1855 - three years before Chee was born. The treaty of 1868 went so far as to concede "the necessity for education," and promised a teacher for every 30 children (ages 6-16) the Navajo could compel to attend school.



Manuelito 1818 – 1893 ⁴

(This would be where Aunt Kate Watson, and later - happily for our story - Edna Mae Wigglesworth came into the picture as teachers. A hundred years later fulfillment of this function was being supplemented by *VISTA*: Volunteers In Service To America.)

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It should be emphasized that the initial thrust for the importance of education came from the Navajos themselves, and that Manuelito was a prime mover in this campaign. In his old age (he lived from 1818 -1893) Manuelito said:

"My grandchild, the whites have many things we Navajos need but cannot get. It is as though the whites are in a grassy valley, with wagons, plows, and plenty of food, and we Navajos are up on a dry mesa. We can hear them talking, but we cannot get to them. My grandchild, school is the ladder! Tell our people this!"

(Compare Plato's Allegory of the Cave. DFJ)

Well, Manuelito's latter day compatriot kept telling both the Navajos and the white men, but to little apparent avail in Washington. Yet, the Navajos never gave up. No doubt a major factor in their endurance and progress was their early recognition of the vital importance of education. Thus, the chairman of the tribal council in 1963 has remarked,

"Other Indians have vanished . . . have lost their native languages (which explains why Navajos remain foremost as wartime communicators among the military services) . . . have lost all or parts of their native hunting grounds . . . have deserted their longhouses or tepees. But not the Navajos!"

In large measure, education has been the key to their survival and proliferation as the predominant Indian tribe today. It is not without significance that our Edna played a role in the education of Navajos.

There you have it. In spite of everything, the Navajo tribe has grown and prospered. In 1852 they numbered a mere 7,000 (lagging even the Utes at 12,000). By 1890 they had increased to 17,200, and Doc himself serviced some 20,000 by 1904. By 1968 the Navajo numbered 125,000, and the largest and most populous American Indian Reservation today (1986) is the Navajo, with

160,000 Indians scattered over an area of 25,000 square miles, somewhat larger than the entire state of West Virginia - and over 3/4 of which is rugged desert country. (The 2010 Census population count of Navajos is 332,000.⁵ DFJ)

Just think of that! Doc Wiggs, as noted earlier, once handled this all *by himself*! No, not quite! Meanwhile, Edna was helping out on the educational front! In this perspective, it's nice to reflect that perhaps their tender loving care for over a quarter of a century had something to do with the Navajo emerging on top. Certainly, Doc's exemplary life conclusively proves that one single, solitary but dedicated individual can indeed make a difference. You'd have to say that Old Doc Wiggs packed a tremendous wallop for a 5'-6" tall, 160 pound cripple! Of his life-story, as the saying goes, it could easily be said: "They just don't make movies like that anymore."

Doc was indifferent to the creature comforts that most of us crave. The greed infesting modern society always remained a complete stranger to him. Recall his starting salary: \$1000/year. You don't get rich that way. (Even Chee Dodge was bringing down \$500/year as an unschooled interpreter at 16. On the other hand, the Governor of the entire New Mexico Territory was earning only a paltry \$1500 per year in 1849 -- and this was long before the lucrative banquet-speaking circuit was open to politicians.)

Doc never grasped for wealth. *Apathy, envy, malice* - such notions simply weren't even in his vocabulary. His primary concern was always *people*: healthy, happy people. People were his business - his life. Everything he ever did was to ease their plight, and everything he did - he did with good cheer AND a *smile*. The *American Way* may denigrate titles and such, but nobility is still alive and well, thank you. Albert Matthew Wigglesworth proved that!

As the Navajo say: Axol'a-do: May time go on!

NOTES FOR CHAPTER XI

1. Wikipedia contributors. "What's past is prologue." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 17 Nov. 2014. Web. 24 Nov. 2014.

2. Taken on 11/21/2014 from the website Colorado Peak Politics. Colorado's Conservative Bully Pulpit. "Economic Cocaine," 1/22/2013.
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2a. The Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railway website. Cumbrestoltec.com 8/17/2015.

3. Image of R. C. Gorman taken on 11/21/2014 from the website R. C. Gorman. Navajo Gallery. Taos. <http://rcgormangallery.com/bio>

4. Wikipedia contributors. "Manuelito." *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 18 Nov. 2014. Web. 22 Nov. 2014.

5. The American Indian and Alaska Native Population: 2010. 2010 Census Briefs. By Tina Norris, Paula L. Vines, and Elizabeth M. Hoeffel. Washington, DC – The United States Census Bureau. C2010BR-10. Issued January 2012. Table 7. American Indian and Alaska Native Population by Selected Tribal Groupings: 2010. p. 17.