

BY PATHS COINCIDENT

In March of 1930, a man and a woman met at party in a town on the Gulf Coast of Florida. A moment's acquaintance revealed that both were Wisconsin Badgers—he from his college years in Madison, she by upbringing. That broke the ice. The next coincidence to surface knocked their socks off. Fourteen years earlier, the man had been with an undergraduate musical comedy company when it played in the hometown of the woman, then just nine years old. She had seen the show and recalled several of its highlights in detail. Over the next few days, the pair went from "Where have you been since 1916?" to "Where have you been all my life?" Game over.

Before returning to his life up north, the gentleman bought the young woman a yellow Model "A" convertible, which he quaintly termed "a pledge of [his] troth." The two were duly married the same year on Christmas day in the house next door to where they had met.

My Parents. What follows is an attempt to trace the principal twists and turns that got them to the venue in Wisconsin and later to the party in Florida at a time uniquely favorable to their marriage.

My mother's share of the story begins with an abduction. In 1852, her grandfather, Samuel Wade North, snatched Mary Fahey from a window of the convent in Montreal where she had been hidden away from him. He was forty; she was seventeen. They married in Albany and fled to Onalaska, Wisconsin, a village suburb of La Crosse on the Mississippi. The fourth son of a Galway estate settled on the first born, Samuel played the grandee. He affected a cutaway coat and top hat and instructed his three sons that a gentleman never works, a luxury none of them would enjoy. To sustain them beyond their one-room school, Samuel—endowed with an Oxford education and a nest egg—provided his boys a serving of warmed-over classics . . . and the shirts on their backs.

The youngest of those sons, born in 1858, was Henry Whitestone North, known as Reckless Harry for his prowess as catcher for La Crosse in the era of bare-knuckle baseball. By virtue of another skill, he was driving a locomotive at only eighteen and soon earned a place with the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. In 1891, he was transferred to Baraboo, Wisconsin, the division point between the Twin Cities and Chicago.

There Harry met a family that had seven sons, proprietors of a travelling mud show that had just converted from wagon to rail. He promptly fell in love with the sole sister, Ida, the youngest of the eight. At seventeen, she was a dangerous age to meet a North in want of a wife. Just so. In no time she was all his; but ten years would pass before they married. Although Ida's family, surnamed Ringling, all liked Harry, he didn't meet their standards for an in-law. He'd been divorced, a social stigma in those days.

So, for safekeeping, the family consigned Ida not to a convent, but to Florenz Ziegfeld's Chicago Musical College. If three years there kept her from Harry, they at least left her a professional pianist, judged fit for a solo career. The Ringlings would have none of that and brought her home, condemned only to become, as she once put it to me, "the best damn' piano teacher Baraboo ever had."

Over the next seven years, Ida never saw Harry alone. Finally, in 1902, the family found a suitor for her that suited them, and she gave up. The date was set and the gifts displayed in her mother's house, when Harry showed up with a wagon. The pair took what they wanted of the bridal loot, stashed it in Harry's house, and took a train to Chicago and marriage. Harry was forty-four, Ida twenty-eight. Like father, like son, except that this time the ravished bride was not a minor.

The Ringlings declared them non-persons, a punishment that lasted until August of 1903, with the birth of a son whom Ida had the good sense to name John Ringling North. All was forgiven.

Meanwhile, the brothers had been building their show into the largest and most successful circus in America save James A. Bailey's behemoth, Barnum & Bailey, "The Greatest Show on Earth", even though Bailey had done his best to stymie them. In 1898, he took his show to Europe, leaving only a surrogate to hold the fort.

To strengthen their hand, the Ringlings leased the John Robinson Circus, based in Terrace Park, to be led by August and Henry Ringling. Over the next five seasons those two shows achieved such dominance that Bailey, on his return in 1903 from Europe, found their position unassailable. Desperate, he sold the brothers a half interest in his Sells-Forepaugh Circus. That show was then sent out under Henry Ringling on routes designed to let it carve up the country with the two parent companies. Although this combination quacks and walks like a conspiracy in restraint of trade, I'll call it a duck and let it pass. Some of the malefactors were family.

Truce prevailed until the death of Bailey in 1906. His widow, undone by the financial panic of 1907, then sold Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows to the Ringlings, leaving them with holdings surpassing those of all other American circuses combined.

1907 also saw two Ringling deaths and the birth of another North. Having lost their father in 1898, the family lost their mother. In January, Marie Salomé Juliar Ringling died; but her name, anglicized, would survive her, for on April 15th Ida North gave birth to my mother, Mary Salomé Ringling North. August, the second oldest of the brothers, died in July. When the surviving six returned for his funeral, they moved Ida and her growing family into the house they had built for their widowed mother.

The five founding brothers, who had always gone on the road together, now separated. Charles, the fifth brother, would take out the Ringling show with Al, the oldest, as its perennial Ringmaster. They would open, as usual, in Chicago's Winter Palace. John, the sixth oldest, would head the Barnum & Bailey circus, aided by Otto, the third brother, and by Alf T., the fourth. They would open in Madison Square Garden. John would continue to plan the routes for both shows.

John, who had twice run away from the Baraboo as a youth, never thereafter made his home there. Upon his marriage in 1905 to Mable Burton, a showgirl from rural Ohio, he bought an apartment in Chicago and later an apartment in New York. Already well traveled in Europe in search of acts, he began as well to be interested in paintings and made some early, tentative purchases. In 1911, he was persuaded by a friend to buy twenty acres at Shell Beach, on the north edge of Sarasota, Florida,

then a mere village, its main occupations fishing and cow punching. In 1912 the Charles Ringlings visited there and bought the lot next to John's. They were followed in 1913 by brothers Al and Alf T., who rented digs. Henry bought property near Eustis, some miles inland.

In 1912, Ida, her family augmented by the birth in 1909 of Henry Whitestone Ringling North, spent a short winter vacation with brother John. The following winter the Norths settled in their own modest house on Twelfth Street, close to schools and shopping. They were joined by Reckless Harry, newly retired with a debilitating kidney condition.

The next brother to move was Charles. In 1890 he had married Edith Conway, a teacher who would make the circus her new calling. They had two children: Hester, born in '93 and Robert, born in '97. In 1913, they built a small house in Sarasota. To open the world to their children, in the same year they quit Baraboo for a new house in Evanston, Illinois.

Alf T. Ringling, the fourth son, moved east to work with the Barnum & Bailey show, with its office at Madison Square Garden and winter quarters in Bridgeport, Connecticut. In 1916 he retired to an estate in rural New Jersey, where he would die in 1919.

Otto, a bachelor, continued to travel with Barnum & Bailey and would die in 1911. Henry gave up the circus and divided his time between Florida and Baraboo, where he would die in 1918.

Al, the oldest son and Ringmaster, was the Ringling with the greatest fondness for Baraboo. His wife, Lou—show girl, aerialist, and snake charmer—was the only Ringling wife to work in the circus. (Thanks to her, my mother, while fearful of horses, was entirely at home with elephants and snakes.) They had no children.

From 1900, when Al built the largest of the local Ringling houses, it was clear that he was there for good. In 1914, he showed his devotion to Baraboo by planning a bijoux opera house as a gift to the town. At the same time, his devotion to Lou suffered a shock: she ran off with her chauffeur. Al considered divorce but delayed in the interest of the Al Ringling Theater, which opened in November of 1915. Unhappily, Al himself died on the following New Year's Day without having signed the deed of gift for the theater or revised his will. Lou didn't want the mansion, so the remaining brothers decreed that the Norths should move there on their return from Florida. All were surprised to find the place stripped bare. Lou did want the furniture. Ignoring Al's known wishes, the brothers also kept the theater with Henry as manager.

The high point of the Al Ringling's first season, on May 1st, 1916, was "Professor Phiddle, D. D.," presented by the Haresfoot Club, the University of Wisconsin's all male answer to Harvard's Hasty Pudding and Princeton's Triangle. The Norths of course were there in the Ringling boxes.

How my father came to be there is a shorter and less colorful story. His father, Harry Arthur Wadsworth, born in 1845, emigrated from England in 1862. In 1866, after two years crafting watchcases for a jeweler in Cincinnati, he was hired away to supervise production for the Dueber Watch Case Company in Newport. In 1880, Harry married Laura Sanders, the stepdaughter of John Henry Stegeman,

owner of the Old Seventy-Six Distillery in Wilder, Kentucky. A widower with a daughter of his own, Mr. Stegeman had married Laura's widowed mother and taken in Laura and her younger brother, Will. To these three, the Stegemans had added three boys. Another surplus of sons.

Meanwhile, when John Dueber decided to move his operations to Canton, Ohio, Harry and Laura Wadsworth did not want to leave Newport. Mr. Stegeman, confident that Harry knew his craft and aware that many other Dueber employees wanted to stay put, offered to partner with his stepson-in-law to create a watchcase works. He would oversee the financial arrangements, and the Stegeman sons would succeed him in handling the management while Harry took care of manufacturing.

In October 1888, The Wadsworth Watchcase Company set up shop on the southeast corner of 6th and Overton in Newport, where, by coincidence, our Vice-president, Richard Hunt, has recently opened an extension of Roebing Books and Coffee. (I was not paid for this plug. In fact, I had to tell Richard there is not, as he'd been assured, a hoard of gold hidden on the premises. When my guys left, they burned the floorboards and sifted the ashes.)

From its start with a hundred seasoned craftsmen, the Wadsworth Watchcase Company had by 1892 recouped Mr. Stegeman's investment and was able to buy part of the old Dueber works. In 1900 the company opened its own new factory in Dayton, Kentucky.

In 1889 the Wadsworths had moved to Fort Thomas with three children: Arthur, born in '83, Ralph in '86, and Elizabeth in '88. A second daughter, Margaret, arrived in '90. My Father was born on September 8th, 1893. He would enjoy a brief license as the family's resident Imp, always on the edge of trouble. In 1900, the license ran out. That summer, brother Ralph, aged fourteen, was knocked from a sailboat in Traverse Bay and drowned. That fall, the Imp, much sobered, began school, held back a year because of his September birthday.

Summer holidays resumed in 1905, when Harry Wadsworth took his household to a small resort near Huntsville, Ontario, close to the wilderness of Algonquin Provincial Park. In 1906, brother Arthur, who had graduated from U. C. and was working at the new factory, married Bernice Littleford, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Littleford of Fort Thomas, longtime close friends of the family, and moved a mile or so north to live next door to her parents on Shaw Lane. The Littlefords then joined the Wadsworths in Canada. Annual group photos in multiple albums illustrate the gradual coalescence of the group into a close-knit extended family built around Arthur and Bernice and including younger brothers Jack and Roger. The group added a new member in 1908 with the marriage of Roger to Marjorie Donaldson.

But life for Randolph was not all vacations in Canada. Hampered in school by a severe stutter, he was encouraged to take singing lessons. That fixed the stutter and revealed a decent voice, which he continued to develop. In 1912, he graduated from Woodward High School, where he had sung in the quartet, played football, and was president of his class. After visiting both Cornell and Wisconsin, he chose the latter, largely because a foundation text for his field used at Cornell originated in Madison. Accepted at Wisconsin to study mechanical engineering, he then took a gap year, during which he pushed a broom to experience the factory and traveled to

Panama to experience engineering at the bottom of the Culebra Cut. He arrived at Madison in the fall of '13 and immediately joined the Haresfoot Club. As a sophomore he sang the male lead in the 1915 production. As a junior, he was Editor-in-Chief of the University's yearbook, called *The Badger*, leaving him no time for the stage. Nevertheless, as vice-president of Haresfoot, he did board the club's private railroad car for the week-long tour that included the Al Ringling Theater. Bingo!

Two years after that night's performance, the Ringling Brothers Circus trains left Baraboo for the last time. John and Charles Ringling had decided to create a single circus to be known as Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows (The Greatest Show on Earth). The current shows toured separately for the 1918 season and then retired together to the Barnum & Bailey winter quarters in Bridgeport. In 1919, the combined shows opened in New York and enjoyed a successful post-war tour.

The death of Alf T. early in that season left Charles and John alone to benefit from a heightened presence as more than mere showmen. With a boost from the show's own flacks, they would come to be seen as circus kings and latter-day tycoons, living in a world apart. The gap between that world and the world of ordinary folk can be made to seem very wide.

The breadth of that gap is clearly implied in a 1954 *New Yorker* profile of John Ringling North, then CEO of the Ringling Brothers Circus. The article notes that John and Henry have a sister, Salomé, who "married an obscure Kentucky Watchmaker." "Obscure" is *New Yorker*-speak for persons beyond the presumed interest of an audience trusted to be in the swim. As an adjunct to a person of interest, Salomé at least gets a name. Her husband remains anonymous.

A young female Ringling dependent would have access to a world of impresarios and show-biz celebrities scarcely dreamed of by the general public, while the family's patriarchal cocoon would further limit her acquaintance among the "obscure." Charles and John counted among their familiars such luminaries as David Belasco in the legitimate theater, Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. in the musical theater, and even Giulio Gatti-Casazza at the Met. For their skill in recruiting, directing, marketing, and moving the largest troupe of traveling performers anywhere, these managers and others of their ilk welcomed the Ringlings into their fold.

Salomé belonged by default to that world apart. Randolph did not. His college troupe played in Baraboo. Her family owned the theater. Impressed by George Arliss and Ronald Colman in "The Green Goddess" on Broadway, he chose that name for his sporty La Salle convertible. She had dined with the stars. He heard Caruso on records. In Evanston, she once sat on the great tenor's lap as he sang an art song. Randolph saw one performance by the Metropolitan Opera on tour in Philadelphia. Salomé enjoyed free seats in the home house and visits backstage. ("Madame Homer scared the pants off me in *Hansel and Gretel*," she told me, "but she was very sweet to children.") My father never forgot the Marx Brothers in the stage run of *The Coconuts*. My mother never forgot that Harpo's goggle-eyed lechery was more than a schtick. He had more than once pinched her on the backside. Hard.

Such insider experiences were normal for Salomé, and more would accumulate as John and Mable Ringling, childless themselves, took an interest in the welfare of the three young Norths.

John North had begun touring with Barnum and Bailey aged twelve in 1915 as a mounted Hussar, riding in street parades and in processions around the hippodrome. By 1918 he was working in the cash wagon, an aptitude for finance having persuaded his Uncle John that his future lay in management.

Meanwhile, Ida North confronted the continuing education of her three children, a project complicated by the death of Reckless Harry in the summer of 1920. Harry's benefits would pay for John's tuition at the University of Wisconsin, where Ida enrolled him in 1921. Before that year was out, John Ringling took over and got his namesake into Yale, there to spend the next two years. In July of '24, in Baraboo to collect a legacy from Al Ringling due on his twenty-first birthday, John fell in love with a young woman who was visiting friends in the town and, as Norths will, eloped with her. A long honeymoon put paid to the legacy; the marriage put paid to Yale: an undergraduate could have a mistress, but not a wife. For John it was back to work: summers with the Combined Shows; the winter of 1924-5 selling Ringling real estate in Florida; then winters in New York learning higher finance with his uncle's Wall Street mavens.

Ida and the two younger Norths spent the 1924-5 school year in Baraboo for Salomé to graduate from high school with her childhood friends. After that, thanks again to John Ringling, Henry was off to four years at a military school in Manlius, New York, and then to Yale, from which he would graduate in '33.

Salomé was off to Briarcliff, a finishing school in Briarcliff Manor, New York. A sketchy academic program gave her almost nothing new, while the deportment program aimed to prepare her for the life she had been living since early childhood. Cutting classes in how to hold a fork at least freed her to indulge her reading habit, cultivated since the age of four. Better yet, the location, thirty miles from New York, made possible weekends in the city, there to do the prohibition scene with brother John and a Yale friend, *New Yorker* cartoonist Peter Arno, whose wife was the magazine's gossip columnist. She knew the password to every speakeasy in town. Then, it was back to Sarasota, and a humdrum life with Ida.

In the spring of 1928, a United States Navy destroyer stopped in Sarasota Bay, giving the officers time to become the toast of the town. One of them fell in love with Salomé. Not long after, when he had sailed up to Tampa, Salome drove Ida up there for lunch with him. Then, while her mother was shopping, the young couple skipped off to Clearwater, where they had booked a clergyman. They returned to Ida with the news that they were Lieutenant and Mrs. Roy Biggs Stratton, USN. Another apple in the drip line of the family's elopement tree.

The marriage ended late in 1929, but not before the birth on May Day of a daughter, afterwards my sister. (Well, my half-sister, but "half" for us was only a technicality.)

The Ringlings, meanwhile, had not been idle. John and Charles had helped to secure a railroad spur line from Tampa, opening the way for visitors from all points. Each chartered a bank, and each built a hotel. Charles commissioned a restrained pink marble chateau, John his Venetian fantasy, the Ca d'Zan. Meanwhile, John, whose consuming interest was now the art museum he would leave to the State of Florida, also bought Bird Key and large tracts on the neighboring keys across Sarasota Bay. He then financed a public causeway to connect them to the mainland.

To promote tourism, he brought the Winter Quarters to Sarasota. To lure sport fishermen, he underwrote a renewal and extension of the municipal pier, significant for my father's story, which we can now rejoin.

After the performance in Baraboo, *The Badger* behind him, my father reduced his extra-curricular involvement, serving only as president of Haresfoot and as ceremonial vice-president of the class of '17.

The next two years were more exciting. As commander of Battery "A" of the First Division's Fifth Field Artillery, he fought in all five of the AEF's major campaigns and served in the Army of Occupation. Offered a commission in the Regular Army, he declined and was de-mobbed in 1919.

Once home, he returned to the watchcase works, without a broom and with the title of "Production Manager," which he told me really meant "young veteran learning the ropes." It also entailed regular trips to the company's offices in Chicago and New York, with side visits to the major watch manufacturers.

In 1921, Laura Wadsworth died suddenly, prompting my father to remain at home to care for his father, who had largely withdrawn from active supervision of the factory. Randolph soon became the company's main corporate representative to the trade, expected to broach issues of strategic concern. Shortly after, he was made Treasurer. He also made at least two trips to Europe to visit clients' home factories and led a tour of England, France, and Germany with a group of younger male relatives.

Meanwhile, the Arthur Wadsworths had instituted a regular Sunday mid-day bash on Shaw Lane, where the Imp resurfaced as the certified hell-raiser for the three Wadsworth children and the three children of Roger Littleford, who lived only a few doors away. He was "Uncle Duck" to all six, who treated each other as siblings. Knowing that some such shenanigans as a wet washrag fight would ensue, the Littleford kids regularly showed up when they judged the Wadsworths would be rising from the table. Highlights, preserved in family lore, are still retold today, especially when we gather from all over for our annual midsummer reunions in Canada.

By the later 'twenties Randolph's name had been romantically linked, as the saying then was, with those of two Cincinnati socialites. He was about to propose to one—let's call her "X"—but got cold feet because he found her mother "a regular Gorgon." He then fell for another young woman—I'll call her *Y*—whom he courted seriously for some time. When she joined a bicycle tour of Europe in the late 'twenties, he arranged to meet her in a romantic setting while on his own tour of Swiss clients. Alas, her days in the saddle had left *Y* with boils in a very private place, and she was in a sour mood. "We'd have married," my father would say, pausing for effect, "if she hadn't had boils at Interlaken."

Nothing daunted, he was soon smitten once again, this time with a woman whose father's factory abutted the Stegeman distillery. The friend of several younger Stegeman wives and daughters—let's call her *Zed*—was a regular at family parties and soon had her hooks into Randolph, who, at thirty-seven, sensed he was approaching his sell-by date as an eligible suitor for a young bride. In the fall of '29 the pair announced their engagement, the wedding to take place the next spring.

Which is to say that Randolph was about to go to Florida pledged to one woman and return pledged to two.

But we still need to get the Obscure Kentucky Watchmaker to Sarasota and invited to the fateful party. The first is easy. In his retirement, Harry Wadsworth had taken up fishing for Blue Marlin and invested in a thirty-four-foot Matthews off-shore cruiser. (Think *Key Largo*.) Lured by the renewed municipal pier, he had settled on Sarasota by the winter of 1930. His son, fiancée in tow, planned to join him there for a few days to check up on him. At the last minute, the bride-to-be gave up Florida to work on a wedding that was not to be.

In 1929 Salomé was married and pregnant. Only 1930 would find her single again and her future second husband not yet married. Since she and her daughter were then living with Ida in Sarasota, her invitation was a given. My father's invitation, spontaneous as it was, nevertheless had deep roots.

The Wadsworth Canada photo album for 1908 features a snapshot of Marjorie Littleford's mother, Jennie Donaldson, who had known Harry Wadsworth since the 'eighties and my father from his birth. A counterpart to that photo from about 1930 shows a more matronly Jennie, by then known to all the extended family simply as Granny Donaldson. That picture hung by my mother's dresser to the day she died.

In 1894, the year after my father was born, Granny's husband, William H. Donaldson, with James Hennegan, founded *The Billboard*, a trade journal for the firms that printed posters and for the outfits that put those posters up; but soon, minus Hennegan, the magazine switched its emphasis to a promising segment of the advertisers themselves. These included fairs, traveling theatrical and musical shows, and, just as the Ringling show was on its way to consolidation and dominance, circuses. It is enough to say here that the Donaldson and Ringling enterprises prospered in step. As early as 1909, the magazine was styling itself "America's Leading Amusement Weekly" and had offices in Cincinnati, New York, and Chicago. In 1915 the magazine published a brief article on John North's riding lessons with a leading circus equestrienne, John's first press notice and evidence of a growing link between *The Billboard* and the Ringlings. It was only the first of many editorials and articles the magazine would publish in the interest of the circus.

By the early 'twenties, the Donaldsons were dividing their time between the Algonquin Hotel in New York and a house in Sarasota, near Charles and Edith Ringling, who had become close friends while the circus was growing to become by far *The Billboard's* largest account.

My copy of the 1994 centennial issue of *The Billboard* features a profile of William Donaldson by Bill Littleford, one of the ragamuffins from Shaw Lane, later to be the last CEO of Billboard Publications, Inc. before its sale in 1985. Bill, born in 1914, recounts childhood visits to his grandparents to experience the wonders of New York. He recalls as well his grandfather's death in 1925 at his Sarasota home, where "his dear friend, Charles Ringling of the famous circus family, had found him and notified my grandmother, who . . . was visiting us at our home in Fort Thomas." After her husband's funeral, Granny returned to Sarasota, where she was soon once more fully engaged in the community she had come to think of as hers. There she would shortly have to console Edith on the loss of Charles in December of 1926 and

John Ringling on the death of Mable in June of 1929. Entwined as she was with the Ringling clan, when she learned of my father's plans for March of 1930, she felt free to ask Edith Ringling to invite the Wadsworths—father, son, and fiancée—to her annual gathering of old Sarasota friends to mark the legendary founding of the town. She thought the young couple might be glad of such an introduction if they returned to Sarasota.

In the event, Harry Wadsworth had already pledged the evening to his fishing pals and *Zed* was in Kentucky, so The Obscure Kentucky Watchmaker went to the shindig alone. A few days later, leaving his new fiancée with the yellow Ford convertible, he returned home to disentangle himself from *Zed* and negotiate the adoption of my sister.

In league with his new partner, the interloper from Kentucky had revived his inner Imp-cum-Hell-Raiser and acted as cavalierly as any marauding North. What's more, these lovers were not hounded to the hinterlands like Samuel Wade North and Mary Fahey, nor were they shunned like Reckless Harry and Ida. Soon enough, the Sarasota families—who could hardly pretend to be shocked, shocked—were ready to celebrate this latest episode in a long history of matrimonial escapades.

Such wedding plans as were afoot were upended when John Ringling, with a typical flourish, later announced a marriage of his own. He had become engaged to much younger divorcée living the life of a free-lance New York socialite. They would wed on December 19th in New Jersey and repair to the *Ca d'Zan* to host the wedding on Christmas night of the buccaneering niece and her scapegrace groom.

EPILOGUE

My parents were forever grateful to Granny for engineering my father's invitation to the fateful party (and to *Zed* for declining it). While they agreed that the 1916 overlap in Baraboo was crucial, they quibbled over its priority. My father thought that intrigue with that coincidence had preceded their enchantment with each other. My mother thought that mutual attraction had come first, and that the coincidence was only a token pretext after the fact. My father sometimes even insisted he had been "bewitched." With that, my mother would recall the clown who attempts a solo Tango and topples into a pratfall. At that point, my father would usually punt. "If she says she saw me in that theater," he'd say, "chalk it up to Ringling hyperbole." On one thing they did agree: whenever I grew too big for my britches, which of course was hardly ever, they would remind me that, like their marriage itself, I'm just one more unintended consequence of an invitation that jumped the track.

Submitted to the Literary Club 3/7/2022
by Randolph L. Wadsworth Jr.

