JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN

A Sketch of his Life

by

His Son

Percy Hagerman

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JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN

My father, James John Hagerman, was born on a farm near Port Hope, Ontario, Canada, on March 23rd, 1838.

His ancestors were German and Dutch. His great-grandfather, Abraham Hagerman, was a Hannoverian by birth, who became a British subject and was an officer in Wolfe's army at Quebec. At the end of the campaign in Canada he was sent to New York, resigned from the army and with many other British officers became a colonial settler. In recognition of his services, he was given by the Crown a land grant of about two thousand acres on the Hudson River near Poughkeepsie. There he made his home, married a Dutch woman, Hanna Laake, and became a prosperous citizen. He was always a stiff-necked Tory, and when the Revolution broke out remained true to his oath of allegiance to the King. For this he suffered. His buildings were burned, he was driven from his land and with other like-minded Royalists fled to Canada, where, after many wanderings, he settled near Port Hope on another tract of

furnished by the British Government and there started life afresh. In the house which he built on this farm the family lived for three generations and there my father was born.

My grand-father, James Parrott Hagerman, a big, powerful, energetic and restless man, got into some unfortunate speculations and lost most of his property. Seeing no prospect of re-establishing his fortunes at Port Hope, when my father was about four years old, he left Canada with his wife and three children, my father and two younger sisters, went to Michigan, became a naturalized citizen of the United States and settled in the town of Newport (now Marine City) on the Saint Clair River. Michigan at that time was almost a wilderness, covered with primeval forests which teemed with game and Indians. There were a few small settlements along the river, but most of the country was wild and unsettled. There was no railroad west of Buffalo. The states of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana were just being settled. A tide of immigration from Europe had set in and many of the western settlers travelled from Buffalo around the Great Lakes to Chicago, then only a small town. The crowded steamers and sail-boats going up the Saint Clair River passed close to my father's home, filling the small boy with visions of adventure and wonder. His ambition as a boy was to become captain of a lake

steamer and often during his youth he was tempted to run away from home and become a sailor.

In this vicinity my father lived until he was nineteen years old. It was a hard life and not a happy one. His father was a strict disciplinarian and a hard task-master, a hard-bitten Methodist and a conscientious follower of the biblical injunction not to spare the rod. His mother, a gentle Irish soul, often took his part and didher best to protect him from what she deemed cruel and unjust punishments.

The restless James Parrott turned his hand to many things, worked in Ward's ship-yard at Newport, where many lake boats were built, set up a carpenter shop in which he made furniture, window-sash and doors, then sold the carpenter shop and built a flour mill. Before he was ten years old my father did a man's work in these establishments, stoked the boilers, ran the engines, split blocks for the lathes and made himself generally handy. A considerable trade in furniture was built up in the towns up and down the Saint Clair River and fifty or sixty miles up the shore of Lake Huron. The stuff was transported in a small schooner which my father learned to sail and when he was not more than fourteen he was sent off on long trips to sell and deliver the products of the shop. In 1855, my father then

being seventeen years old, his father traded the flour mill for a farm about two miles from Newport. After two years of drudgery on the farm, at which he rebelled from the start, my father broke away from the parental tyranny and never returned to it. Up to the age of twelve he had had but a few months schooling in such district schools as were available. School was a secondary consideration; work came always first.

The most imporatnt man in those parts was Captain E. B. Ward, a ship builder and ship owner, a rich man in that community, a pioneer and a leader. Later on it will appear that Captain Ward was a potent influence in my father's life. Ward's maiden sister, Emily Ward, known to every one as Aunt Emily, in 1850, established an academy for boys at Newport which my father was allowed to attend for three months in the winter of 1850-51 and for another short period a few years later. There he received a kind of instruction that he had never had before and there was awakened in him a desire for education which could not be quenched. Among the employees of the shop was a Scotchman who had seen better days, an educated man who possessed a box of good books which he lent to the thirsting boy. He was obliged to read them surreptitiously evenings after work and Sundays, sometimes staying away from church for the purpose and incurring severe punishment for so doing. He has said

that these bouts of reading turned his Sundays from times of torture to days of unalloyed bliss. He found Robert Burns, Scott and Dickens more uplifting than preachings about damnation and hell fire. To this early date can also be traced the admiration for Napoleon which always remained. There was in the neighborhood an old French soldier who had been at Waterloo and who filled the lad's mind with tales of the great Emperor. Considering my father's ancestry, it is not hard to imagine that this trend of thought scarcely met with parental approval. In later years my father was a great student of the Napoleonic era and an authority on the subject.

The desire for a real education was never encouraged very much by his parents, or indeed by anyone with whom he came in contact except Aunt Emily Ward, who constantly fed the desire and urged him to declare his independence, break away from home and go to college. This at length he decided irrevocably to do, come what might. His announcement to his father in 1857 that he intended to go to the University of Michigan was met by a storm of protest, but his determination was fixed. He went up to Ann Arbor with $80.00 which his father had reluctantly given him and $200.00 which some friend of Aunt Emily's had lent him and managed to gain admittance conditioned in nearly every subject. These meager resources saw him through his Freshman year.

By very hard work he managed to get rid of the conditions and keep up with his class and he completed the first year without interruption. For the rest of his college course the lack of money made it impossible for him to spend more than five months of each year in college. During summer vacations and a good portion of term time he worked at any job he could get and when the money so accumulated was exhausted he would have to leave college and go to work again. Captain Ward gave him employment as clerk or purser on a steamer plying on the Great Lakes. He kept up his college studies, was allowed to take his examinations at the end of each year and graduated with the class in 1861. No one ever worked harder for a college education. The University of Michigan, then a young, green institution, was one of the first colleges in the country to be established and run unhampered by denominational religious control. This drew to it, in spite of its youth and remoteness from old centers of culture, a good many able teachers, among them Andrew D. White, then a young man recently graduated from Yale and afterwards one of the founders and first President of Cornell University, which was established on the same non-sectarian principles. My father and Mr. White remained close friends all their lives.

After graduating at Ann Arbor, my father remained in the employ of Captain Ward and for several

years ran as clerk or purser on the Ward steamers on the lakes. Captain Ward's business grew and prospered and by 1863 a line of eight large steamers was running between Port Sarnia and Chicago under some sort of an operating agreement with the Grand Trunk Railway. An enormous business to the west, both passenger and freight was handled on these boats. In 1864 and 1865 my father was on the "Wade", the largest and finest of these boats, and it was on the Wade in the latter year that he met my mother, Anna Osborne, whom he married two years later. The children of this marriage were myself and my brother, Herbert J. Hagerman, one time Governor of New Mexico.

My father made good with Captain Ward in his work on the stamboat line and several important pieces of business outside the regular work were intrusted to him. He was sent to Montreal and Boston to settle some heavy damage claims with the railroad and negotiate a new traffic agreement. Toward the end of 1865 Ward told him he was planning to build a rolling mill at Milwaukee to manufacture railroad iron and wanted him to go there as secretary and manager of the company. This was his first step-up in a long business career.

Ward was a man of vision and tireless energy. He was the largest ship owner on the Great Lakes. At an early date he had his eye on the iron ore resources

of northern Michigan. He acquired thousands of acres of fine timber which subsequently yielded millions to his estate. As early as 1857 he had built a small iron rail mill in Chicago which was the first step in what afterward became the North Chicago Rolling Mill Company and later on a small Bessemer steel plant at Wyandotte near Detroit, where the first steel ingots made in the United States were turned out. He early sensed the approach of a great era of railroad building in the west, saw that the business of his steamship lines would be hurt and by the time the railroads were running into Chicago was practically out of the steamship business.

The Milwaukee works were built in 1866 and 1867 and operated under the name of the Milwaukee Iron Company. Among the original promoters and stockholders were Russell Sage and Alexander Mitchell, grandfather of General Mitchell of air fame in the Great War. The primary object of these works was to manufacture iron rails out of old worn out rails and general scrap. But the first steel rails ever made in this country were rolled at Milwaukee out of some of the steel ingots made at the Wyandotte plant. At that time and until some years later practically all of the thousands of miles of new railroad which were being built each year were laid with iron rails. Steel rails imported from England cost about $130.00 a ton.

By 1869 the Milwaukee Iron Company was making large profits and doing an immense business with the Chicago and Northwestern, the Saint Paul and other roads which were pushing new lines over the western prairies. In that year a large blast furnace was added to the plant and my father, who had become a member of the British Iron and Steel Institute and was keeping abreast of developments in steel manufacture, began to urge Captain Ward to build a Bessemer steel plant at Milwaukee, having convinced himself that steel rails would soon come into general use. The price of iron rails mounted steadily and by 1872 had reached $90.00 a ton. The company was making plenty of money out of iron rails and the change to steel manufacture was delayed.

The business went swimmingly until 1873 and general business at the beginning of that year was on a basis of wild inflation similar to that of 1929. Suddenly in July the bubble burst and the panic was on. Railroad construction stopped entirely, the rail manufacturers could not collect from the railroads and, sooner or later, all went under. The Milwaukee Iron Company survived for over two years. Captain Ward died suddenly in 1875 and without his backing and enthusiasm the company could not ride out the storm and failed in September, 1876. My father and a small group of his Milwaukee friends rented the mills from the Receiver,

turned them into a bar iron plant and ran them for a year or two at considerable profit, but the disaster to the Milwaukee Iron Company ended his career as a manufacturer of iron.

For several years prior to his death Captain Ward had been investigating some alleged iron ore deposits on the Menominee Range in northern Michigan and a considerable amount of money had been spent in prospecting and exploration work by the three iron companies in which he was the leading spirit. My father was in general charge of the exploratory operations and became convinced that deposits of great value existed there. After Captain Ward's death and the failure of the iron companies, he told the stockholders that the Menominee mines were probably the best asset they had and strongly advised them to continue the explorations, but they were unwilling to go further and the same action was taken by the other parties interested. Some thought the whole scheme visionary and had never approved Ward's expenditures. At any rate they told my father that if he and his friends wanted to waste their own money chasing rainbows they were welcome to do it, but that they themselves were through. So the work was carried on by my father and the few friends whose faith was equal to his. All the money which had been made out of leasing the Milwaukee Iron Company plants was sunk in the venture.

The outcome of it was that in less than two years this small group of pioneers made important discoveries of iron ore on the Menominee Range, organized the Menominee Mining Company, acquired some valuable long time leases and entered on a very successful period of ore production. In 1876 the Chicago and Northwestern Railway built a branch line to connect the new iron country with water transportation on the lakes. In 1877 only about 10,000 tons of ore were shipped; in 1878 the output amounted to 240,000 tons and in 1879 to 450,000 tons and in the last named year the company cleaned up over a million dollars profit. My father was President of the company and didmost of the selling himself and came in contact with such men as Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps and Marcus A. Hanna, all of whom remained warm friends of his for life. In 1879 was discovered the Chapin mine, the best of the properties developed by the Milwaukee Iron Company, and a producer to this day. In 1881 or 1882 all the mines except the Chapin were sold at a large figure. The small group of men who had stayed by Hagerman in what many people called a visionary wild-goose chase had cleaned up tidy fortunes and were still in the ore business with one of the best iron mines that had ever been discovered in the United States up to that time. My father always said that no experience of his business career ever gave him the satisfaction that he

got from the Menominee Mining Company. His associates were all close friends. They pulled together well. There was a fine spice of romance and adventure and they succeeded. The Chapin mine was held for some years longer and then sold and the Menominee Mining Company went out of business.

During all these years while the iron ore venture was being so successfully developed and carried on, there was only one thing to mar the unalloyed pleasure which the operation gave my father. His health was gradually breaking from the long strain of over work, and without realizing that there is a limit to what even the toughest constitution can stand, he went on working harder than any man should. In January, 1882, when he was only forty four years old, he suffered a complete collapse while on a business trip in the east, had severe hemorrhages and suddenly found himself completely out of action. Good doctors who were consulted advised him.that he would either have to quit work and take a long rest or die very soon. They said that two years devoted to regaining his health would probably make him fairly well again and give him a good many years of comfortable life. In a sense they were right. He lived for over a quarter of a century longer and did a great deal of very heavy work, but he never saw a really well day again.

Portunately his affairs were in such condition

that he could heed the doctors' advice. He had made a lot of money out of the iron mines, the business was running smoothly and his associates were men in whom he had complete confidence. So in July, 1882, he sailed for Europe with his wife and two boys. He did not return to this country until September, 1884.

These two years were spent in much travel with long stops on the French Riviera in the winters and in the Swiss and Austrian Alps in summer and in consulting eminent doctors and going to the places and taking the cures they recommended. He read much, studied history, literature and art, followed up his studies of Napoleon in Paris, visited battle fields in Northern Italy and Austriaand all the time kept in close touch with his business interests at home. For the first time in his life he knew what it was to rest, and it was irksome to him. It was a long pull and his health improved but slowly, but at the end of two years the doctors told him that he might return t o America, but that he could never live safely again in the climate of Milwaukee. He knew before he came bakk that he was going to make a radical change of some sort.

Upon his return to the United States he sold his home in Milwaukee, closed up most of his affairs there and went west, not knowing where he would land. He thought of going to Denver or to Southern California or Arizona, but finally decided to try Colorado Springs, at which place he arrived with his family toward the

end of 1884. He liked it, settled down there, built a large house and lived there for over fifteen years.

His intention was not to enter very active business again. He had a sufficient fortune to live comfortably and his health had so long been a matter of serious concern that he did not believe that he would again be able to work as he had always done. The western climate so far improved his health that soon idleness, or what he felt was idleness, began to be very irksome. He longed to be doing something active. The air was full of stories of new mines, he liked mining, and the first things in which he became interested were some mining ventures in Leadville and in Aspen, a new camp on the western slope. Aspen was a camp of great promise about fifty miles west of Leadville across the Continental Divide, cut off from the rest of the world by lack of transportation and with no great chance of development until that lack should be remedied. His first ventures at Aspen were profitable, but it was plainly to be seen that much more could be expected from them if the camp had a railroad.

Colorado was then approaching the most active and prolific period in its mining history. The mineral resources of the state were considered its greatest asset. People generally did not realize how short-lived prosperity based largely on mining would in reality be. They could not picture that many of the railroads then

built and to be built in the state would become practically useless and have their tracks torn up when the mines were worked out and that many flourishing mining towns would in less than a generation be virtually abandoned. Much less could they picture how forty years later all railroads would be swamped by the competition of trucks and motor busses.

A number of men in Colorado Springs had conceived the idea of building a railroad from that place through Leadville to Aspen and other points on the western slope, the scheme being eventually to build on down the Grand River (now the Colorado) to Grand Junction and on to Salt Lake, thereby establishing a shorter line from Colorado to the Pacific coast, opening up a rich mining and agricultural area in western Colorado and bringing the ores of Aspen and other newly discovered camps to the Leadville smelters. The road was to be called the Colorado Midland. Some surveys had been made of the proposed route and the project was held to be feasible. The Denver and Rio Grande, then a narrow guage road in all its mountain divisions, ran no further west than Leadville. The road was not ready to go on with western extensions, was in financial difficulties and naturally used every obstructive measure it could devise to prevent the Colorado Midland from poaching on territory which it had planned to occupy itself in its own good time. The obstructive tactics had met with

complete success and this was the condition of affairs when my father's interest and co-operation were solicited. I think more because he wanted to see developed Aspen and other western slope places in which he had become interested than for any other reason, he took hold of the project actively and soon was plunged into one of the most difficult enterprises which had ever been undertaken in Colorado. By his efforts the necessary capital was soon raised, largely in New York. English capital was also largely interested, Sir William Liddersdale, then Governor of the Bank of England being one of the large subscribers. The road was built under enormous difficulties, reaching Aspen sometime in 1889. The route went directly west from Colorado Springs to Leadville, thence crossed the Continental Divide over Hagerman Pass west of Leadville to Glenwood Springs with a branch line to Aspen. It was extended also a few miles west of Glenwood Springs to tap some important coal fields. It was the first broad guage road to be projected over the Continental Divide in Colorado. For some time, even after construction was well under way, many people deemed the project visionary and impossible. It cost much more than the original estimates. The backers of the enterprise were certainly a lot of good sports and very courageous, answering call after call for more money, and in the

and were completely successful. The building of the Midland advanced by years the development of Colorado. When it became apparent to everybody that the road was going to be finished, one of the first results was that the Denver and Rio Grande broadguaged its line to Leadville, extended it over Tennessee Pass to Glenwood Springs and Aspen. Other results were that both the Santa Fe and the Rock Island saw visions of a shorter line to Salt Lake. The Santa Fe branch from Pueblo to Denver was built and the Rock Island branch to Colorado Springs. The Midland maintained a free position and its traffic, which was large, was solicited by all the connecting roads. In spite of stiff competition from the D. and R. G. and very heavy operating expenses, it paid and was looked upon as an important factor in the transportation system of Colorado.

In 1890 my father negotiated a sale of the Midland to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at a price which let him and every investor who cared to participate out at a substantial profit. My father was the largest stockholder in this as in nearly every other enterprise in which he ever was interested. He never asked a friend or any investor to put money into a scheme which he was not backing heavily with his own money. He always stood to win or lose more than anyone else. He was glad to get out of the Midland as the work of carrying it on

was too heavy a strain and too much of his fortune was at stake in it. It was a great satisfaction to have put through an enterprise whose difficulties were so great, well nigh insuperable in fact, and to have gotten himself and his friends out with profit and honor.

When the Santa Fe purchased the Midland it fully intended and expected to push the road on further west and make it a link in a larger unit of its system. This plan was frustrated by the financial panic and depression which set in only a few years later, causing the Santa Fe Company to go through a drastic reorganization, and the Midland was finally abandoned by the Santa Fe. Its subsequent history was rather tragic, its local importance in the state becoming gradually less as the mining interests which it served dwindled, and in 1920 all but about forty miles of its track which became a part of the Cripple Creek railway were torn up. Much of the grade is now used as an auto highway, making one of the finest scenic roads in the state.

The arrival of the two railroads at Aspen started a boom of large dimensions in that camp, whose total production eventually passed the $100,000,000.00 mark. My father had acquired several interests there, some of which had paid very well. Among them were some scattered interests in a number of claims which were brought together

to form the afterward famous Mollie Gibson mine. Some rich ore had been produced, great difficulties from underground water had been encountered and development funds were exhausted. My father made a contract with the other owners under which he agreed to furnish $50,000.00 for unwatering and systematic development and to receive therefor a large block of stock in the consolidated company. In this way and by subsequent purchases he became the owner of somewhat over a third of the company. The $50,000.00 had all been spent and more money was being put in by my father and borrowed from banks when in March, 1891, bonanza silver ore was struck. Before the end of the year the company had paid off an indebtedness of $106,000.00, bought and paid for additional property for $171,000.00 and paid an even $1,000,000.00 in dividends, besides having about $280,000.00 in the bank. It was a sensational strike, probably the richest silver ore ever shipped in such quantity from any mine in the United States. The average silver content of all shipments that year was over 450 ounces to the ton. Some twenty ton car loads returned over $60,000.00 each. In those days silver was worth $1.29 an ounce. In 1892 the company paid $1,700,000.00 in dividends; in 1893 $1,230,000.00. My father's mining interests were worth three or four millions, or so he thought.

In July, 1893, came the repeal of the Sherman law and the demonitization of silver, which, in a short time, brought about the ruin of silver mining in Colorado. Within a month my father's mining interests shrunk in value at least $2,500,000.00. It was a hard blow and came at at time when it seriously crippled his operations in other directions.

Strangely enough, at the very time when gold was enthroned on the pedestal which it has since occupied as a money metal, important new discoveries of gold began to be made in many parts of Colorado. Cripple Creek, one of the most famous gold camps in the history of mining, with a total production of over $350,000,000.00, was opened up in 1893. By that time, as will appear, my father's thoughts were so fully occupied with developments in the Pecos Valley that he failed to give as much attention to Cripple Creek as he otherwise would have given. However, he organized and was the largest stockholder in the Isabella Gold Mining Company, one of the first large scale mining operations in Cripple Creek, which was very profitable for a number of years. He sold it out in 1898 and this practically ended his experiences in mining. Mining was the thing in which he had made his greatest successes. He had a gift for it, or was lucky in it, and he ought to have stuck to it.

The last twenty years of my father's life were

devoted mostly to the development of the Pecos Valley, a work which he never should have undertaken and which crowned his life with a series of disappointments in both men and things. It is conservative to say that he personally put over $2,500,000.00 more into Pecos Valley developments than he ever took out of them. As always, he was the largest owner and stood to gain or lose more than any other individual. He backed his faith with his own work and resources, and while no one can deny that his gigantic efforts resulted in great good to the valley and to New Mexico in general, it is equally undeniable that he would have been infinitely better off personally if he had let the whole business alone.

He first saw the Pecos Valley in 1889, when at the solicitation of R. W. Tansill, who then lived in Colorado Springs, and of Chas. B. Eddy, he made a trip to the town of Eddy (now Carlsbad) by driving up the valley from Toyah, Texas. Chas. B. Eddy, certainly one of the most plausible, attractive, enthusiastic and magnetic promoters who ever lived, accompanied the party on this trip.

A company called the Pecos Irrigation and Investment Company had been formed by Eddy and his associates, had started construction work and had about reached the end of its resources and was in need of heavy additional financing. My father went over the whole situation and became infatuated with the idea of a great agricultural

development. His intention at the start was to make only a moderate investment, but gradually, as he became more convinced of the merits of the enterprise, he was drawn into it deeper and deeper until it became the outstanding interest of his life. The project had been favorably reported on by more than one eminent irrigation engineer. As it afterward developed, all of these reports grossly underestimated the cost and the difficulties to be surmounted and grossly overestimated the amount of land which could be put under irrigation. Less was known in 1890 than today about irrigation on a large scale, about the building of dams and canals, about drainage problems, about the troubles connected with settling a new country and, most important of all, about the duty of water, the acreage which a given quantity of water would serve. In spite of vastly increased knowledge of all these problems, the same mistakes have since been made time and time again, in some cases even by the U. S. Reclamation Service, and it is certain that there is no thing more difficult to estimate correctly than the possibilities and final outcome of an irrigation project.

At any rate, there was the picture; it fascinated my father and I do not know that up to that time any observer had seen the picture in a different light. All saw nothing but a brillant future of prosperous and profitable development. My father soon plunged into the work with the same tireless energy that he had shown on the Michigan Iron Range and in the Colorado Midland. He believed

in the project implicitly and put his own money into it with a lavish hand.

In 1890, Mr. Henri Gaullieur, a prominent Swiss gentleman was sent to the United States by his government to examine irrigation projects throughout the west with a view of selecting a place to recommend for Swiss emigration. After extensive travels and investigations he picked out the Pecos Valley as the best place of all from the standpoint of soil, climate, water supply and financial responsibility of the company. Mr. Gaullieur's report led later to a considerable influx of Swiss settlers, most of whom did not succeed, and indirectly to a large investment by Swiss capitalists.

The project was a large and ambitious one, including the following units:

The Hondo Reservoir project south-west of Roswell.

The Northern Canal starting near Roswell and running south some distance beyond Hagerman.

The Eddy (Avalon) dam and reservoir.

The Southwestern Canal, starting at the Eddy dam running a long distance south on the west side of the Pecos River.

The Southeastern Canal, starting from the same place and running some distance down the east side of the river.

The Hagerman Canal on the east side of the Pecos about twelve miles below Eddy.

The Pecos Land and Water Company Canal to take water from the Pecos River near the New Mexico-Texas state line and irrigate a large acreage in New Mexico and Texas.

The building of a railroad from Pecos, Texas to Roswell.

The amount of land to be irrigated by these canals was stupendous and I think that everybody concerned, including government and other engineers, Mr. Eddy and the other original promoters, all the early investors and my father and the people who came in with him, all honestly and sincerely believed it was all possible. It took years to find out how much of it was a dream.

The Mac Millan dam and reservoir does not seem to have been included in the earliest plans and it was alleged at the start that the natural flow of the river, plus the small amount of storage at Lake Avalon, would meet all needs, but it was soon seen that additional storage would be needed and plans were made accordingly.

A new company called the Pecos Irrigation and Improvement Company was formed which took over all the assets of the original company, assumed its bonded debt and by the issue of stock and bonds secured a lot of

new money. Construction proceeded rapidly between 1891 and 1893. In December, 1890, the Pecos Valley Railway came into Eddy. In 1890 and 1891 the Northern Canal, the Eddy dam and a large part of the canals leading from it were completed. Some work was done on the Texas Canal and the Hondo Reservoir. The Mac Millan dam was finished in January, 1893. The railroad was extended to Roswell in 1894. During this period a large influx of settlers came in and a great amount of land was taken up under desert land and homestead entries. Many farms were started and made wonderful showings. The attitude of the railway and irrigation companies toward farmers, mercahnts, investors and new people of every sort was liberal and helpful to the last degree.

Sometime during this period a sale of the whole enterprise at a large price came very near being made in England. The examinations and reports had all been completed satisfactorily, price and terms had all been agreed on and the deal was about to be closed when it was nipped by the Baring failure. My father absolutely refused to include all of his stock in this deal although the price fixed was considerably over par.

Some troubles began to creep into the management. It was difficult to make Railway Company employees and Irrigation Company men work in harmony as they should have. Mr. Eddy and some of his cronies had a

company calledthe Pecos Valley Town Company whihh owned the townsite of Eddy and several other townsites up and down the valley. Frequently there were conflicting interests and squabbles. In fact, Mr. Eddy soon showed that as a manager he was far from a success. As a glad-hander, a dispenser of optimism and a creator of atmosphere he never had an equal. His connection with the company was severed in 1895 and the name of the town of Eddy was afterward changed to Carlsbad.

To remedy this growing lack of co-ordination, the Pecos Valley Company was organized in 1893 as a holding company and became the owner of all the stock of the Railway, Irrigation and Town Companies, besides several subsidiary land-holding companies which had been set up. A board of directors was created on which were represented all interests among which there could be any conflict. Things went more smoothly thereafter and in general they went satisfactorily.

But there was looming up in the near future a situation which no one clearly foresaw and which was destined to make the going for the Pecos enterprise, and for many other enterprises all over the United States very rough and hard. The repeal of the Sherman law in 1893 and the disastrous effect on my father's mining interests has already been referred to. There followed the panic of 1893 and years of depression all over the country, political unrest, Bryanism, stagnation, low

prices and despair. The country did not work out of this condition for more than five years. It was a bad time for the Pecos Valley. Millions had been spent and millions more needed to be spent. Raising money was an impossibility. Conditions in the valley can best be described as paralysis.

To make matters worse, in October, 1893, unprecedented floods destroyed the Eddy dam. The canals were dried up, the farms were without water, the railroad was washed out in many places and a feeling of despair took hold of the community. My father met the situation with vigor. Assurances were given that the dam would be rebuilt immediately, six months water rents were cancelled and settlers were made to see that they would be protected in every way. By February, 1894, the dam had been restored and the canals were again in operation. The repairs cost about $150,000.00 and most of it came out of my father's pocket though it required great sacrifices to get it. I think most men would have thrown up their hands and quit in despair. He felt a great sense of responsibility to investors and still more to the thousands of settlers and it was not in him to quit.

The experience of five years had made it increasingly apparent that a railroad connection only with the Texas and Pacific to the south was not enough to assure

the development of the Valley, and no sooner had the Roswell line been opened than plans began to be made for a further extension either with the Santa Fe or the Rock Island in the Texas Panhandle some two hundred miles to the north-east. The depression was on and no worse time could have been chosen to forward such a project. My father gave it his almost undivided attention from the beginning of 1895 until well into 1899. Months were spent in New York. Many different plans were tried without success. No one who was not closely associated with him during this time, as I was, can appreciate what a heart-breaking piece of business it was, the blind leads that were followed, the hopes that were shattered, the disappointments and delays that had to be faced. At last, early in 1898, success came. The Pecos Valley Railway Company was reorganized and a new company set up called the Pecos Valley and Northeastern Railway Company which was to own the entire line from Pecos to Amarillo, about 372 miles. A large part of the bonds were sold and a loan was arranged with the Santa Fe on the remainder of the bonds which permitted the work to go forward. Construction was started in May, 1898, and the road from Amarillo to Roswell was completed in February, 1899. This was the last piece of heavy construction work which my father carried through. Before the construction loan from the Santa Fe was due, all the

bonds of the P. V. and N. E. had been sold and the loan paid in full, so that when the Amarillo line was finished the Santa Fe had no interest in the Pecos Valley line except as a valuable feeder to its general system under a traffic agreement favorable to Pecos Valley interests.

During the period from 1893 to 1898 the Pecos Irrigation and Improvement Company was in the doldrums. Few settlers were coming into the Valley, prices of all products were distressingly low and the company was kept afloat and in operation almost entirely by advances made by my father and his staunch friend Chas. A. Otis of Cleveland, Ohio. My father never stopped his efforts to find means to bring prosperity to the farmers. A beet sugar factory was built at Carlsbad in 1894. It ran for two seasons only with partial success and then was destroyed by fire. It is possible that but for this disaster the beet sugar industry might have been developed in the Valley. Extensive investigations of canaigre and ramie culture were made and the growing of long staple cotton was thought of, which has since become so large an industry. Apple growing was promoted and pushed vigorously and my father planted six hundred acres near Roswell.

It was all outgo and no income and in July, 1898, my father was forced to conclude that he could go no further in his efforts to hold up the Pecos Irrigation

Company, which went into the hands of a receiver, Mr. R. W. Tansill being appointed to that position. My father was by far the largest creditor of the company and in the negotiations which followed the property of the company was divided, my father taking for his claims the Northern Canal and other property in Chaves County and the other creditors the Eddy County properties.

The Carlsbad project was eventually taken over by the U. S. Reclamation service, largely through the efforts of Mr. F. G. Tracy, whose services in this connection can hardly be overestimated. The Government paid for the works already constructed only a fraction of their cost, spent more money on additions and improvements, revamped the whole enterprise in conformity with the knowledge of actual facts gained at the expense of the original projectors, cut down the acreage to be served to a safe point, and the plant now ranks as one of the most successful of the Reclamation Service projects.

The opening of the north-eastern extension and the general business improvement which followed the election of Mc Kinley caused a great revival of propperity in the Pecos Valley. My father decided to make Roswell his home, sold his house in Colorado Springs and moved permanently to New Mexico in 1900.

Some years before this he had bought personally

a lot of the old farms and ditch rights in the Roswell area which went into the Roswell Land and Water Company. When these purchases were made the plan was that the Roswell lands should eventually be controlled by the Pecos Company through stock ownership, but this plan was frustrated by the panic and the hard times and the receiverships of the Pecos Valley Railway Company and the Pecos Irrigation and Improvement Company.

After my father went to Roswell to live he spent several years developing and marketing the majority of the properties which he had acquired through the P. I. and I. Co. settlement and otherwise. The Northern Canal was in course of time sold to the Hagerman Irrigation Company, organized and operated by the water users in the Hagerman district. On the reduced scale which experience had shown to be necessary, it has turned out a successful enterprise. The lands near Hagerman and Dexter were all sold and all the Roswell lands except the old Chisum Ranch of about 6,000 acres which was retained and put into a new company called the Southspring Ranch and Cattle Company along with a large tract of grazing land. In 1902 my father built a large house at Southspring near Roswell where he continued to live until his death.

The Hondo Reservoir site was sold to the U. S. Reclamation Service, which spent a lot of money on it

and then found that the site was defective and the reservoir would not hold water and the scheme was abandoned as a total loss, showing again how easy it is for even the most experienced engineers to make serious mistakes about irrigation projects.

In 1900 my father reluctantly made up his mind that he was no longer able to stand the strain and responsibility which the control and operation of the railroad would entail. He foresaw that further expansion would almost enivitably be called for and did not feel equal to the task. His health, never robust since his break-down in 1882, had been again undermined by the heavy work of the past ten years. In December, 1900, he negotiated a sale of the railroad to the Santa Fe System at a fair price and by means of this and the land sales already eferred to recovered a small portion of the great sums he had poured into the Pecos Valley in a dogged effort to realize projects which in great part, from the nature of things, were unrealizable. In some quarters he was criticized for letting go the railroad and, as was alleged, turning the Pecos Valley over to the mercies of a big, soulless corporation. Those who knew the circumstances and the grief he had gone through to give the railroad to the valley, did not feel critical. It may justly be said that my father made the Pecos Valley, in the sense that without his labor and his money it could not possibly have reached

the point it has reached today. The work was helpful to a large community which has grown up in the course of the past forty years; he himself derived no benefit from it.

The last years were spent on the Southspring Ranch in a comparatively quiet life. In the summer of 1909 my father and mother went to Europe to spend a few months in travel and rest, and on September 13th, at Milan, Italy, he died suddenly of a stroke of apoplexy. He was buried in Milwaukee where his first success was made.

In this narrative not enough has been said about those sides of my father's career and character not connected with his business life. He was public spirited and always took a prominent part in charitable and educational matters in the communities where he lived. So far as I know, he never sought any political office and never served in one except a term as City Councilman in Milwaukee in the early days.

While he lived in Colorado Springs he was for many years a Trustee of Colorado College, made large contributions to it and donated two buildings. In Roswell he donated the land on which the New Mexico Military Institute has been developed. He was largely instrumental in securing the Carnegie Library for Roswell.

He never sought publicity and in quiet charities which few but the recipients ever knew of his deeds

were unnumbered. No old friend in distress ever appealed to him in vain.

Though from boyhood he had little use for dogmatic religion and sectarianism, he had a strong belief in a Supreme Being.

He cared nothing for society or for any frivolous amusements. Such leisure as he had during a life of incessant work was given over mostly to serious reading. He surrounded himself with good books in beautiful bindings and with attractive pictures, which he owned not as a fad, but because he loved them.

He was a good father and a good citizen, a builder. His mind always worked on constructive lines. He never indulged in destructive criticism without offering a constructive plan and without being willing to do more than his share in putting it over.

He always said that such successes as he had in life were due to my mother's influence and help. She was a woman of great strength of character and many attainments. Her courage and faith in times of discouragement and stress were a potent help and her unfailing devotion during numerous severe illnesses and years of impaired health undoubtedly prolonged my father's life many years. One time, after they had gone to Roswell to live, some one spoke of how hard it must have been to break up the Colorado home where so many

happy years had been spent. Her reply was; "After all, it is not where you are, but what you are, that counts." It was a good philosophy.