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PECOS VALLEY PIONEERS

By FRANCIS G. TRACY, SR.

I first heard of the Pecos Valley of New Mexico in 1887. At that time I had been farming since early in 1885 at Westbury Station, Long Island, near the east end of what was called the Hempstead plains, which belonged to the A. T. Stewart Estate, and 3½ miles east of Garden City founded by Stewart. The present Roosevelt Airport is situated just north and east of Garden City. The Meadow Brook Hunt Club where the international polo games are played is on these plains just a mile west of where I was farming, and I planted most of the Norway maples lining the driveways near the old club house. Elliott Roosevelt, a brother of the president, lived one year on the place while I was farming there and I knew him quite well.

My cousin, Joseph S. Stevens, spent several years at Colorado Springs for his health, just as he was coming to his manhood, and there he met the Eddy Brothers, operating the Eddy Bissell Cattle Company with ranches near Seven Rivers, New Mexico, and at Salida, Colorado. J. A. Eddy lived at Salida and C. B. Eddy, the younger brother, lived on the ranch in New Mexico, with headquarters first on the east side where the hills begin to close in on the Pecos below its junction with Seven Rivers, and afterward in the stone house on the present Guy Reed place in La Huerta. The Eddys came from northern New York and were old family acquaintances of Bissell, for many years president of the Chemical National Bank of New York, of which Stevens' father was a director for more than fifty years. At that time and for many years this was the strongest and most famous bank in the United States, with shares quoted at over \$2,000 and none for sale. It occupied a measly little one story building on

1. Submitted for publication by Jane M. Gibbs, Publicity Chairman, Historical Committee, Carlsbad Museum Association, May, 1857, who wrote: "If I have my facts correct, Mr. Tracy, Sr. was the first president of the Water Users' Association, was the first experimenter with cotton as a practicable crop."

Broadway opposite the city hall and post office, across from Park Row, then the newspaper center of the New World. It has been content to remain ultra conservative and a close corporation, and the modern palaces of mass financial production have left it completely behind in the safe harbor of a peaceful and permanent prosperity.

It was through this connection that young Stevens and the Eddys came together, and soon became close friends. They visited each other frequently in Colorado. All three were bachelors, with no idea of marriage, were pretty good sports and while by no means dissipated were always ready for a good time.

It may be of interest here to describe the brothers who were of almost opposite types in every way. Both were short, broad shouldered and wiry. J. A. Eddy, the elder, was a decided blond, almost red-headed, deliberate, conservative, and cold blooded. C. B., as he was always called, was dark as the ace of spades, black hair, and piercing black eyes, nervous, high strung and impetuous, with a full resonant voice and impressive manner, and great personal magnetism, a typical promoter. He was always keyed up and on the go and drank quantities of black strong coffee at every meal.

In 1886, as his 21st birthday approached and with it considerable inherited funds, Stevens made his first trip to Hala-gueno ranch, already impressed by the Eddys with the wonderful possibilities of this undeveloped country, and with the imaginations of all three young men inflamed by the stirring reports of California's first great real estate and agricultural boom. Stevens came alone, hired a team at Pecos and drove off into the great unknown adventure with high hopes and great expectations. Between Pecos and Lookout, which was situated just north of Black River near the line of the first Pecos Irrigation and Investment Company's main canal, now abandoned by the government, Shaw Brothers, big sheep men, had a camp at Screw Bean, miles below the Delaware, and Stevens passed the first night there. The next day he made Lookout, just before dusk, and the then store-keeper agreed to let him sleep in the store. To his amusement he was evidently regarded as a suspicious character (why

not?) and as a condition precedent to being kept for the night, had to surrender for safe keeping the toy six shooter which he was rather proudly displaying as his only means of self defense. He assures me that he never has been able to decide which of the two occupants of that store passed the most restful night. In spite of what he felt was really a compliment to his personality, the thought of what might occur in case of a miss move by either party was far from conducive to his calm repose. However, both lived 'till morning and after a somewhat prolonged parting he made the rest of his way in safety to Halagueno ranch.

This was then the only habitation between the farming settlement on Black River and the farms along the Seven Rivers. All else was government land, then subject to several liberal forms of entry; the homestead of 160 acres maximum, free at the end of five years residence, except for a filed fee of \$16, and commutable after 18 months upon payment of \$1.25 per acre; the preemption entry of 160 acres, which could be purchased for \$1.25 after 6 months residence; the timber culture of 160 acres, requiring similar filing fee and the planting and cultivation of ten acres of timber of any description for ten years; and the desert entry with a maximum of 640 acres, then requiring neither residence nor cultivation, nor sight of the land before filing, but that water for irrigation must be provided for and placed upon each forty acre tract within three years as viewed and sworn to by the applicant and two witnesses. Payment of 25 cents per acre was required at time of filing desert entry and of \$1 additional at time of final proof.

Mr. Roberts has already told you how from this meeting developed the Pecos Valley Land and Ditch Company which built the first little diversion ditch, starting about three miles above the site of the present Avalon Dam, and brought water to the present La Huerta, the town of Eddy and lands as far south as Mrs. Ashcraft's and E. R. Poteet's valley lands for proving up purposes, a few homesteads and three timber cultures along the river. This company also bought and started developing the old Nash ditch, now the Valley Land Company's property operated by the Harrouns. It was in

connection with this lower development that I made my contact with the Pecos Valley.

The quickest, safest and in every way the most satisfactory way for corporation development was through the watering and purchase of desert land patents in 640 acre blocks. Joe Stevens came east and made the proposition to his father, an uncle, a close friend, John Adams, another cousin and to me, to file desert entries upon lands selected and described by him and upon final proof thereon to deed the lands to him and any party named by him. The consideration being that he would pay all expenses, including the necessary trip to New Mexico and return for the whole party who would take the junket all together. This was a wonderful opportunity for all of us, none of whom, except his father, had ever been west of Niagara and all of whom were considered permanent fixtures in New York. We accepted, of course, and filings were made before a U. S. Land Commissioner in the City Hall Building, with descriptions furnished upon "information and belief."

Three years later when proof was necessary in the summer and fall of 1889, the lands were not all ready at the one time and the party was divided. Stevens' father and I made the trip last, in November, coming out in November via St. Louis to Toyah and returning via El Paso, Las Cruces, Albuquerque, Kansas City and Chicago where we landed on Thanksgiving Day in a snow storm, after a most successful, instructive and enjoyable trip.

The Eddys nearly always went in and out via Toyah because of the railway hotel and eating house there, as the only trains passed through one on either side of midnight and the hotel at Pecos was a fright.

At the time of our arrival the third incorporation of the company had already occurred and James J. Hagerman and his associates had taken over everything.

G. W. (Boston) Witt, working for the Pecos Irrigation and Improvement Company, and superintendent of construction of the big wooden flume, where the concrete aqueduct now stands, met us at Toyah with a hack and four mules and

we started at break of day for the long drive to the Delaware. To me, at least, everything was new; even the air we breathed was different from any before experienced, and well do I remember the smell and taste of the dust in my nostrils and mouth that first and many other days during my early years in the valley—felt again every time I took a trip east and returned. I don't know if others have that experience or not. I only know it was most keen then and upon every return for several years and has now gone entirely for many years past.

Here to me was an entirely different world. The solitude, the silence, the immensity of space, the brightness of the sunshine, the limitless vision, the sense of freedom from all restraint, the immeasurable depth of the sky by day and by night, the apparent peace, permanence and immutability of the universe in the absence of man, and the insignificant and impermanent nature of his wavering trail along which the mules' feet pounded and the wheels droned with a monotonous muffled sound, raising a futile and wasteful cloud of dust, apparently the only destructive element in the whole vast panorama, all inevitably made a deep impression upon one whose whole previous contacts with the universe had been entirely with and through man and man's handicrafts.

And yet in the foreground there was no softness. The elementals of the picture were harsh, stern, resistant, repelling. There was a distinct challenge in the whole aspect as if nature said, "Here am I in elemental grandeur, permanent, all sufficient, and wholly self satisfied, and here are you an insignificant, feeble, transient parasite. What are you going to do about it?"

The peace and heat and silence of the day were all the more astounding as just ten days before we had read of a destructive blizzard sweeping down even across the Texas line, with two feet of snow and below zero temperature, freezing thousands of sheep and a score of herders, several even in the Pecos Valley; so that we, leaving New York at the latest possible date had wondered if we should be able to make the trip in time to protect our desert filings. Yet

here was not a trace of snow or surface moisture, and even the Guadalupes were not snow capped. The air was like the air of early June in New York.

At noon we ate at Shaw's camp at Screw Bean; so called from the solitary tree which bore a long thin bean, ridged like a screw. Perhaps our botanists can tell us its proper scientific name? Shaw told us of losses of over 500 sheep and two herders in the recent blizzard, and we began to appreciate even more clearly the challenge.

That night we stopped at the ranch house of H. S. Church, on the north bank of the Delaware, who had just begun the construction of the dam and ditch which now remains of what is called the Code ranch, although the original house and plant were a mile or more upstream from the present house and cultivated land.

There was quite a crowd there that night, cowpunchers and laborers, and everyone was coughing and sneezing or snoring, so that we remarked that the climate seemed to be conducive to colds in spite of its salubrious appearance. More challenge!

Church, who was a college graduate in mining engineering, and my uncle took to each other immediately and were soon in a deep discussion of the late Paris exposition, which my uncle had attended and which Church had read so much about that they seemed to be equally familiar with the exhibits.

This encounter made a deep impression upon Mr. Stevens, who referred several times to it later, and was pleased to hear from Mr. Eddy that he was trying to employ Church for the company.

We made an early start the next morning and arrived at Eddy's headquarters in La Huerta for a late lunch.

You must remember that at this time in this part of New Mexico there were neither pasture fences nor drift fences and, except for old Lookout and a few irrigated acres at Blue Springs and along Black River, there was then nothing south of the town of Eddy. Even Willow Lake did not exist, or come into being until many years later. The main canal was being constructed across Hackberry. The wooden flume was being

constructed and Avalon was only fairly begun. Bradbury and Company, the contractors, had their headquarters and commissary on half the block where the Current-Argus now operates. Pennebaker-Joyce had a frame building and the only store on the corner of Greene and Canon Streets, facing east. Bob Armstrong was their bookkeeper. The Company had a funny little frame building with three rooms, across Greene Street, South, which was used for their office and the postoffice, and C. H. McLenathen's real estate and insurance business.

The Eddy house was used as residence and hotel and operated by Mrs. B. A. Nymeyer. The original building, enlarged, still stands as part of Camp Bonito. B. A. was the first surveyor and engineer for the Eddys.

The town as a whole stood in thick mesquite brush, the home of a myriad of cotton tails, with only the streets grubbed and dragged smooth with a road scraper, the same machine being used to run V shaped ditches on both sides of the streets.

Charles W. Greene, then in Europe selling irrigation bonds, was already preparing to develop five section of land as soon as water was available, and to move his family from St. Louis. His son Charlie was acting postmaster for C. B. Eddy. The whole country around Eddy was torn up by the plow and scarred with the trails of construction teams, and as we came in that day we had a touch and a taste of a veritable sand storm. More challenge!

We were very tired and retired early, as we could spend only one night and had to make an early start to return next day. We stayed, of course, with Mr. Eddy, and about nine o'clock I stepped out of a side door to take a last look at the wonderful stars, and immediately dropped into an uncompleted pit for a cistern right along side the house. Fortunately loose boards had been thrown over it and I caught myself between the boards and the edge waist deep, and scrambled out without assistance, but with considerable exertion. I looked at my watch and afterwards at my accident policy, taken from the ticket agent at St. Louis, and found it had just expired by ten minutes. Another challenge! I took

it as an omen and decided to accept, subject to my uncle's approval.

Next morning we started for the Hagerman Farm, with E. G. Shields, then register of the Las Cruces Land Office, as conductor and guide to view our lands and make final proof on the way back to New York. Shields was as good a booster as Eddy and a very attractive fellow, quite a little older than the Eddys. By the time we had seen the work going on at Scoggin flat, under foremanship of Sam Hughes, and had seen the actual water in the ditches on our lands, we were both thoroughly sold to the proposition, and when we started back to Toyah that afternoon with Shields it was agreed that I should file a homestead entry at Las Cruces upon land selected by Shields, and would return within six months to throw in my lot with the new enterprise.

That night we camped out at sundown, wherever this might be, and through the night had our first introduction to the weird chorus of the coyotes, which seems always to me the voice of the wilderness cynically laughing at its presumptive invaders.

The next day we spent in El Paso and attended our first and last bull fight at Juarez—a thoroughly disgusting affair with little excitement and no risk for the men, but sickening butchery of the bulls and miserable crow bait horses. We stopped at the old Hotel Vendome, where the Hussman now stands, and where the menus started all meals but breakfast with "Cold Bullion in Cups," in an ambitious attempt to impart an international flavor to the food similar to that imbibed with the drinks, and imparted by the scenery viewed from "the only international street railway in the world," whose motive power was then a single dilapidated mule to each forlorn little street car.

A shabby, dirty, hopeless looking little nondescript town; but even then due to location full of promise as the future metropolis of the whole south west, between Fort Worth and San Diego, and still awaiting the long delayed industrial civilization of Mexico, before it can completely realize its birthright.

Las Cruces too was of great interest to us. Still almost

wholly Mexican, without modern improvements; but with massive adobe buildings, ancient jacals, fruit and shade trees, elevated acequias, built up by years of sedimentary deposits, and a general air of leisurely waiting for something to turn up, and no particular interest and certainly no visible eagerness that it should, —it seemed a fitting finale to this our first view of this slice of the land of sunshine, with its philosophy of poco tiempo and its dreams of mañana, in the ages long conflict between evolution and inertia.

So we returned from whence we came and to the final parting of all our ways, with much to think about and many plans to make; but fully determined to accept the desert's challenge and not to turn back.

Upon my return to Long Island the last of November, 1889, I began preparations for an early departure. This necessitated an auction of my dairy cattle, horses and farm implements. The only date open was during the last week in January. Advertising was profuse. New Mexico was as unknown and remote as the wilds of Africa, curiosity was aroused; the auction, the expenses and the crowds were large; but being too early in the winter, the receipts were obversely very small, it being clearly apparent that there could be no reservation. Years afterward I learned that this auction had made an indelible imprint upon the traditions of the countryside. On one of my trips to Washington I fell into conversation with a young college student returning to his home on Long Island, who occupied my upper berth, and he said he had often heard his father speak of conducting that "wonderful auction of yours."

The weather at the time of the auction was none too good and with several others I caught what was then called "the grip," the fore-runner of the flu, and I really think more appropriately named considering the tenacity of both of them. I was unable to start west until the end of January. I then took with me 100 degrees plus temperature, \$163.00 cash above travelling expenses, and two black and tan collie dogs. Never having seen Washington and knowing not that I should ever return, I took the Baltimore and Ohio midnight train via Washington to St. Louis, stopping for the full day

in Washington, and filled with enthusiasm and quinine put in a strenuous twelve hours seeing as many as possible of the sights of that beautiful city.

In contrast to all the sordid materialism, overwhelming untidiness and poverty, standing back to back and cheek to jowl with tasteless exhibitions of the worship of wealth in all our great cities, no thoughtful American can fail to be moved, uplifted and inspired by the emphasis placed upon spiritual things in the broad vistas of parks, avenues and streets and the quiet simplicity and faultless taste of most of the public buildings and statues in our Capital City; so appropriately named and so appropriately culminating and centering in that outstanding monument of simplicity, emblematic of the enduring leadership of Washington and of the central ideal of the Republic, ever in all things united and upward:—The American Dream, as James Truslow Adams puts it.

Knowing there was no Sunday stage I landed in Pecos Monday at 2 A.M. The Pecos Hotel gave me a room just vacated by someone who had taken the 1:30 A.M. east. I got it just as he left it, including a fully loaded insect powder gun, thoughtfully placed in the full light of an unkempt and grimy kerosene lamp. Sleep was not too good although I finally concluded that my predecessor's campaign against the invaders had been fully effective. The morning was bitterly cold. The stage appeared at sunrise with one other passenger, who had arrived Saturday from El Paso, going to Eddy to teach piano playing. I certainly felt sorry for Miss Ida Woodward, for well I knew there were no pianos in Eddy nor likely to be for many, many months to come. Miss Woodward found temporary shelter with Mrs. Lucius Anderson and taught school for two years at Seven Rivers while waiting for those pianos. Like many others of the original settlers she was no quitter.

The stage blankets and Miss Woodward's wraps were very thin. Fortunately I was heavily clad and had brought besides a heavy travelling blanket in which we wrapped the lady. Of my two dogs Gypsy was content to ride, but Scamp ran all the way, and a good many miles further, trying to

herd every jackrabbit he saw. His instinct for herding was so strong that he never chased directly after anything, with one exception, but always tried to round it up. Both he and the rabbits had a lot of harmless fun until he was completely exhausted and terribly foot sore. I might say here that the one exception to the roundup was when he saw a man on horse back; he always caught the horse by the tail and swung in between the hind legs. This habit caused several exciting moments on Canon Street attended with mixed emotions. I do not know why he was not shot.

That night we stopped at the stage camp on the south bank of the Delaware, and I shared an uneasy cot with a villainous looking, heavily armed, loudly snoring individual, one-eyed and calling himself Captain Neville, whom I never saw or heard of afterwards, and with no regret. About the middle of the afternoon Tuesday we arrived at Eddy and I found that W. A. Hawkins, attorney for the various companies, to whose care Mr. Eddy had assigned me, unable to place me elsewhere, was taking me in to share his bed in the shack occupied jointly by him and Alonzo Luckey, the companies' auditor and bookkeeper. This two roomed box house stood on the east side of Canon Street about the south end of the present Ohnemus garage, conveniently located to the Courtney Building where J. B. Morris' office now stands, and to Pennebaker-Joyce's store where Weaver's garage now stands, and was a couple of lots north of the only chinese restaurant and laundry, which occupied adjacent buildings, and which were continually changing ownership with the weekly gambling fortunes of the respective owners.

Two days later I moved into Brown's lodging house just north of Pennebaker-Joyce's store. This was a long box house divided into eight compartments on a side, each with an outside entrance. The partitions reached neither the ceiling nor the floor. The acoustics were excellent. The house was nowhere silent unless completely vacant and then only because there was none to hear. Being entirely new it was perfectly clean except for the ever present dust which was nowhere excluded. The cots were made by Brown himself. They had neither springs nor mattress, but the foundation, nailed upon

the frame, was ordinary domestic of the most treacherous character. No sheets just quilts, or blankets if you furnished them yourself. Every squeak and every snore, to say nothing of the conversations, or soliloquies, which were frequent and emphatic, reverberated through the house. Don Gilchrist led a very mixed quartet every night near the northwest corner till exhaustion overcame the house. My room was on the south. The favorite melody was "The Old Oaken Bucket." Then slumber not silence reigned till dawn, except when somebody's domestic gave way.

One had only to make some sudden domestically unexpected start or turn, immediately began a sharp ripping sound, rapidly accelerating to the climax. There was no escape, for it always began at the head and usually only the victim remained unconscious till he struck the floor, shook the house and exploded in language, to a subdued chorus of chuckles. The moment was inopportune for too much exuberance. Life at Brown's was not fully tamed.

A description of the town at this time will be of interest. On the east side of Canon street beginning with the block north of the courthouse square, A. A. Hawkins' brick house was well under construction. It now belongs to Mrs. Irwin. Captain and Mrs. Mann's house, a two-roomed box construction affair, was the only building on the block east of the courthouse square, now the rear of the Bujac offices. There was a tent where the masonic building now stands. In the next block south there was nothing but a photographer's tent. Where the bank now stands was a brick livery stable built by the town company and operated by Garret and Brent. Behind this were wooden sheds, a feed lot and corrals running through to Main Street. The rest of that block was occupied by the camp headquarters of W. C. Bradbury and Company, contractors for the construction of the irrigation works. The Eddy House, on Main Street, still stands at the corner of Green as part of Camp Bonito. It was then run as a hotel by Mrs. B. A. Nymeyer. In the block south of Bradbury were Hawkins' and Luckey's shack, the restaurant and laundry. In the northeast corner of the last block in town, facing east on Main Street, was the adobe school house where

Miss Edith Ohl, afterwards Mrs. Thomas H. Blackmore, taught and where all divine services, by every denomination, were held throughout this year. There were no completed buildings on Canal Street.

At the south end of Canon Street were a few shacks, a meat market and a blacksmith shop. On the west side of the street south of the company office was the Argus building, one room. North of Brown's lodging house were several small brick buildings in course of construction, and a tent where the Corner Drug Store now stands. The Eddy Drug Store (Now McAdoo's) was going up and the Hotel Hagerman, first unit, in front, at the present Magnolia station, was well up into the second storey. It was generally understood that R. H. Pierce, the store keeper at Seven Rivers, would soon build the present Roberts-Dearborne store building; Edgar B. Bronson of El Paso, the present Smith block, R. W. Tansill the two storey store building, the corner part of the present Crawford Hotel; and the town company a two storey office and bank building now occupied by the Bureau of Reclamation. The noise of the hammer was heard all over town, and it is simply impossible to fix the exact time of construction except for a few of the most important buildings. Cottonwood posts for trees were pretty well set, 15 feet apart on the ditch lines on Main, Canal and Canon Streets and the two cross blocks between, but not a leaf or bud had yet appeared. The stage fare one way to or from Pecos was \$10.00. Construction of the railroad did not begin until May. Water was not turned in to the main canal until October. The election for county officers and for county seat was set for November 7th.

I found H. S. Church and his wife living at Mrs. Eddy's while their brick house west of Halagueno Park, now known as the Osborne residence, was being constructed. Church was then surveyor for the Pecos Valley Town Co. and La Huerta Company in which Mr. J. S. Stevens and the Eddy Brothers had controlling interest. The immediate work in Eddy was continuing the planting of cottonwoods. At this I worked four days, one driving stakes for the posthole diggers and three lining them up. Then under E. G. Shields' direction I

was put in charge of planting 30 acres of orchard and vineyard in the river valley between where Hitchcock's house now stands and the hills along the north side of the school section. The ground had all been cleared and plowed, and the work was all hand work, building ditches and borders, using the Mexican check-border system, so as to completely fill each check with water to hold the sand from blowing. Using six to eight Mexicans this took me over two months. My salary was \$75.00 per month. The sand storms that year were very severe, frequently filling ditches and covering borders and plants, for the whole surrounding area was plowed ground. The vines and trees came largely from France and were very tender after the long voyage. My planting was very fortunate, and with few replacements everything was alive and growing when I was sent to Roswell in the spring. Within a year everything was dead. Also a large nursery established by the company about where Hitchcock's west line is today, under the supervision of Henri Bole, a skilled French horticulturist, former gardener for Thomas B. Catron of Santa Fe and brought to Eddy for that purpose by E. G. Shields. The only water supply for this season was from the original small Halagueno ditch, which supplied water for a farm and trees at Mr. Eddy's place in La Huerta, crossed the river in a small wooden flume west of Rio Vista, and supplied the town trees and two forty acre farms, one operated by George Blankenship, the house located where Mr. O. O. Stewart now lives, the other by Ed Scoggin, which Mr. Woodard now owns. This ditch was flumed again across Dark Canon and continued on grade at the foot of the hills west of the river valley as far as E. R. Poteet's place, and in 1890 these lands were plowed up and more cultivation was undertaken than could possibly be sufficiently watered. As I said before the sandstorms were terrible that year. They not only obliterated the smaller ditches and borders, but they buried the nursery stock, destroyed leaves and even twigs and the smaller trees and plants and even erased the names on the labels. The Frenchman became nearly distracted and had to be sent back to Santa Fe. Of course I had never seen any such storms before, and very seldom since have I seen

any to equal those of our first few years of struggle to subdue the desert. A few examples are necessary to give a proper understanding of how nature fought not to be tamed.

One afternoon in the midst of a driving rain the upper porch roof and all the shingles from the main roof of the Hotel Hagerman were ripped off in a jiffy as far back as the ridge pole paralleling Canon street, and it took all the wagon sheets from all the stores in town to cover the opening and partly shed the water. A tremendous wind came up one night after sundown just as I went into the Chinaman's for supper. When I came out it was pitch dark and I could hardly keep my feet. The wind roared so the voice could not be heard at all, and the air was completely filled with sand and pebbles, making it difficult to breathe or to stand the punishment. I could not very well get lost, neither could I be sure of my directions or my footing. There was nothing to guide me but the cottonwood posts and the ditches, and both were invisible, and the former unsafe to touch as they were completely surrounded with ocotillo canes to guard against horses and cattle. No lights were visible except those close by at the Chinaman's. I stood a moment or two doubtful how to get and keep my bearings, when to my astonishment I saw here and there upon the tops of the cottonwoods an occasional ball of electric light just for an instant and then vanishing, not many nor lasting, but sufficiently bright and recurrent to mark the direction of the street and to guide me until I reached the lights of the buildings further up the street. I have never seen this again, but the favorable conditions were never repeated for me and the violent storm was a short one. I think the worst sand storm I ever experienced was Thanksgiving Day, 1894. I was coming down the Ruidoso after placing a mining camp at Eagle Creek with Phil Sillem, a man by the name of Duncan and my brother George. We began breakfast at sunup and so did the wind and before we could finish it was howling its best. As I was wearing spectacles and no one else could face it and see at all, I was deputed to drive the prairie schooner as we figured the team with the light rig would follow without guiding. I could not see beyond the horses' rumps nor the ruts further than their hind feet

reached. Before we had gone two miles all the wagon bows but the front one, which was braced by the wagon sheet tied to the front of the bed, were broken. There was no top to the spring wagon as we had left that in an accident in the mountains. My job was to keep the team moving if possible and by no means to pass the fork in the road which led to the Diamond A ranch where we hoped to find shelter. We made it about noon and joined the ranch force and a bunch of carpenters who were rebuilding the house which had been destroyed by fire, all of whom had taken refuge in the adobe stables. There we all lay until the sun and the wind both went down as they had come up together. Never was such a meal as was devoured by that hungry bunch that night in spite of grit and sand. This was a terrible wind throughout the valley, and among the very many freak results reported perhaps the strangest was the blowing of the whole three strands of wire from a fence belonging to Mans Satterwhite a few miles south of Hagerman. There were certainly winds in those days. And you who have been often told that there are never and can never be cyclones in this region and altitude, need not be too confident of this for on that very trip away up on the top of the Sacramentos, on the Mescalero Indian reservation, we saw where in a narrow strip a tornado had laid down all the trees in a dense forest for at least a half mile straight away. This I have never seen elsewhere, so it must be very rare, but still it can occur.

My first stay in Eddy was not very long, for in the spring I was sent with W. M. Reed to Roswell, in charge of the company's affairs there, with orders to report in Eddy once a month and to measure all the water supply of that region. All my work for the first two years was out of town, so that I am not well posted upon town affairs for the early days, except for occasional episodes.

C. H. McLenathen and Franklin G. Campbell, both born in northern New York, near where Sam Roberts originated, formed the first real estate firm the day I arrived. The former lived for the first 18 months on a homestead just below the canal on the south edge of Dark Canon, while Campbell built

his residence in the sand hills between Eddy's house and the river on the property now owned by Dr. Doepp. Bill Miller, an Englishman, was the town painter. Bob Armstrong was bookkeeper for Pennebaker-Joyce and Co., Charlie Greene was deputy postmaster for Charles B. Eddy. But Woods was chief tree planter.

In view of the outcome, it is interesting to note now on the front pages of the second volume of the Argus, repeated advertisements of the intention to irrigate 200,000 acres of land, and to remember that this expectation was the basis of all Mr. Hagerman's extensive financing. Colonel Nettleton, then State Engineer of Colorado, was Hagerman's consulting engineer and chief adviser. He was brought down here to measure the river and estimate its possibilities, and was always quoted as authority that the water supply was ample. Water rights were first sold for \$7.50, water rental \$1.00, and then \$10.00 per acre, rental \$1.25. This was for one acre foot of water per acre, which was then considered sufficient as a basis for crop requirements. But the main financing was to be upon the land, which was largely entered in full sections under the desert act and either bought outright by the company, at from ten to thirty dollars per acre, or in many instances an entry man would deed the rest of his section, 560 acres, for a paid up water right upon his pick of an eighty acre tract in the section. These lands with water rights sold very readily at \$40.00 per acre and upwards.

The Northern Canal, starting from the Hondo on the Garrett ranch, was expected to reclaim 100,000 acres, extending as far south as the water would last. The main canal at Eddy was to water 150,000 acres on the west side of the river, extending to the Texas line; and the east side canal was to cover 50,000 acres north of the present Harroun ranch. The company of Mr. Hagerman also bought that ditch and the lands from Stevens and the Eddys and renamed and incorporated it as the Hagerman Irrigation and Land Company. The money realized from this sale was reinvested in the Pecos Valley Town Company and used to develop Eddy, Otis, Vaud (now Loving) and Malaga. Nobody ever took any profits out

of the valley. The early birds got no worms. In those days there were none even in the entire length of all the newly constructed canals.

A little later, Mr. Hagerman acquired, for the Pecos Land and Water Company, options on the alternate sections of railway lands in Texas lying west of the Pecos from the Texas boundary south to the Texas and Pacific Railway at Pecos, built a dam in the Pecos near the state line and constructed a canal down to Pecos to cover them. Over \$2,000,000 dollars were expended in the valley for irrigation works alone, not including land purchases and the building of the railway. An empire was visioned and optimism reigned supreme.

Meanwhile we little fellows spent all we made, investing our savings in town lots, and blindly riding the waves created by the big fish.

Nightly we gathered on the porch of Pennebaker-Joyce's store to swap experiences and lots, and to criticize and to prophesy, and lazily to watch Bill Miller climb to the roof of the Eddy House and put out the weekly fire around the flue at the ridge pole. This happened so regularly and so often, and the whole performance was so casual and leisurely that in my ignorance I concluded that our accumulating dust was a safe insurance against rapid conflagrations. This was indeed the age of innocence. The town was too busy even to be bad. The Lone Wolf on the hill toward Roswell was lone indeed. The gambling and saloon fraternity was not yet convinced this development was permanent. The county seat fight was yet to come.