

E. F. Cadwallader Taken By Death

E. F. Cadwallader died early Friday at his home in Mountain Park, N. M., at the age of 94 years.

Funeral services will be held at the grave in Evergreen Cemetery at 2 p. m. Saturday with the Rev. A. D. Heininger of the Valley Community Church, officiating.

Pallbearers will include George Huffman, Otto Smith, T. D. Porcher, and three neighbors of the Cadwallader family in Mountain Park.

Mr. Cadwallader was the father of M. L. Cadwallader of the Lower Valley. Other surviving children are J. Cadwallader, Edgar Cadwallader, and Mrs. Grace Rawlings, all of Mountain Park. There are five grandchildren.

E. F. Cadwallader Remembered For Making Canyon To Bloom

Friends Recall Pioneer Farmer's Efforts At Mountain Park.

Friends of E. F. Cadwallader, who died Friday at the age of 84, recalled Saturday that he had been the man who introduced scientific farming methods in the Lower Valley.

He came to this section from Kansas, half a century ago, well-versed in an established authority on horticulture, a skilled fruit grower and a practical man of science. With him he brought not only a practiced hand but also a mind eager for experiment and research, and very soon lands were showing the results.

Goes To Mountains

He did not remain long in the Valley, however, a trip to Cloudcroft aroused his enthusiasm for the canyon. He turned his valley acres over to his sons and established a new place for himself halfway up the canyon. He planted long lines of fruit trees, built a home for himself and his wife, an indoor garden for winter and called the place Mountain Park. Outside the house he planted flowers of all descriptions.

Mr. Cadwallader used to say that his garden lay halfway between the storm clouds of Cloudcroft and the sun-dazzled Sands far below. He said it was a place where a man could think.

Knew Gardens Well

El Pasans knew his gardens for nearly 40 years and looked upon them among the wonders of their part of the world. There were long lines of lilies, acres of dahlias, abundance of roses and gladioli and paths patterned with Rose of Sharon. He brought all manner of trees to his dooryard, beeches and chestnuts that he watched with tireless care, and rare evergreens which he knew as he knew his own household.

In the days when people went to Cloudcroft on the wheezing little trains it was necessary to stop at Mountain Park to take on water for the engine. Always Mr. Cadwallader would meet the train with arms full of flowers. Each woman among the passengers received one of those flowers, a beautiful show specimen.

Often it was to an utter stranger that he gave his flower, but many came to know him and to watch for the occasions. They remembered well his slender, immaculate figure in rather formal buck clothes, his twinkling eye, quick wit and courtly bow. With each of his flower gifts would come a few words of well wishing or compliment. He liked people liked to meet new ones, like to recognize those to whom he had given flowers before.

Orchards Laboratory

His orchards were laboratories where he was continually experimenting with soils, hybridizing, sorting out and recording the results of his work. He was a tireless student.

Up to the time of his death he still could name all the trees of the Rocky Mountains, the trees of New York State.

Funeral services for Mr. Cadwallader were held Saturday. Burial was in Evergreen Cemetery.