



El Cronicon

Official Quarterly Publication of the
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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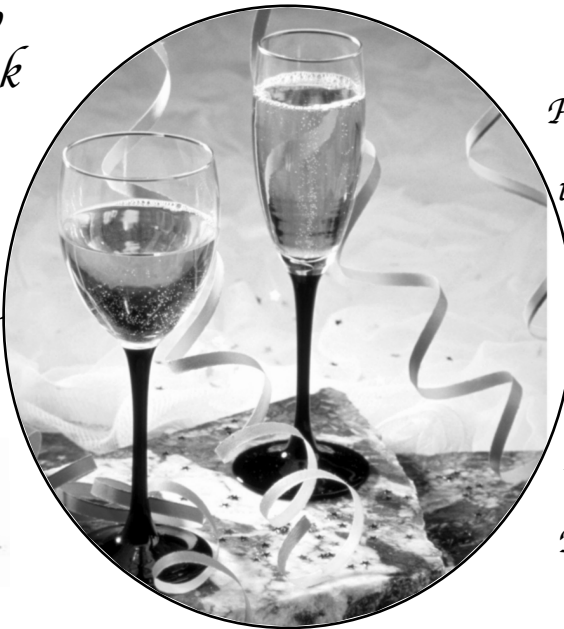
Volume 22, No4

December, 2011

It's Party Time- Sunday December 11th, 2 pm



*Time to
eat, drink
and be
merry
with
friends
old and
new.*



*Please bring your
favorite dish
to accompany the
ham and
turkey according
to your
initial :*

*A-H desserts,
J-M salads,
N-Z Veggies*



*Since our January meeting will be held in Corrales we will hold our annual
general meeting and election at the December party.*



Sandoval County Historical Society
PO box 692, Bernalillo, NM 87004

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Upcoming Programs
Sandoval County Historical Society will celebrate Statehood with three joint programs with Corrales Historical Society and Albuquerque Historical Society.
January 8th at the old Corrales church talks by Don Bullis and Tom Kimball on the period leading up to Statehood. + Traditional Northern N.M. music by Tomas Maes& Joan Lucero.
February 12th meeting at DeLavy house Biographical sketches of prominent New Mexicans fom Statehood period by members + photo exhibit.
March 11th at the Albuquerque Museum with the Albuquerque Historical Society in a program given by Stephanie Zumi on "How Statehood affected Isleta Pueblo"
All meetings are at 2PM



President's Message

Saludos amigos.

September and October were dynamic meetings as both speakers delivered outstanding historical events in Sandoval county. Esther Cordova May and Stanley Hordes delighted many historical patrons with their expertise and knowledge of the past. Both presentations were attended by full house audiences. Because of these overflow crowds many new members joined our society for the first time.

To all our new members I welcome you and encourage you to attend more of our regular meetings and enjoy the friendship of our group. We look forward to an exciting year in 2012 with "100 years of statehood" opening our first three months of lectures.

Gracias, Ken Kloeppe

www.sandovalhistory.org/

Check out our **web site** that Ben Blackwell puts together for all current information on the Society:

SEPTEMBER MEETING



On Sunday September 19th we were privileged to hear retired teacher **Esther Cordova May** share some of her memories of Cuba NM. or formerly Nacimiento. She has a book about to be published (any minute now) based on a series of articles she wrote for the Cuba News. Each month she chronicled the history of her beloved little Cuba, starting with the stories of World War One veterans and going on to describe the lives of the people who lived in this very isolated village. She stressed that because Cuba was so isolated the people developed a very close community and interdependency on each other – “You must never insult a neighbor because some day you might need their help”. She talked about the role of women in the community. They had to be very self-sufficient because very often the men had to be away for extended periods of time. Isolation, too meant that the children had to go away to school - to Bernalillo, Santa Fe or Albuquerque. An arduous journey that took several days. She mentioned her father who went to the Menaul School and stayed until he graduated 6 years later!

The period she was describing was “before our communities changed, or *Antes* before significant events changed our lifestyles and traditional customs and values”.

After WW II Modernization came to Cuba.
”Why we even have a four lane highway now”

OCTOBER MEETING

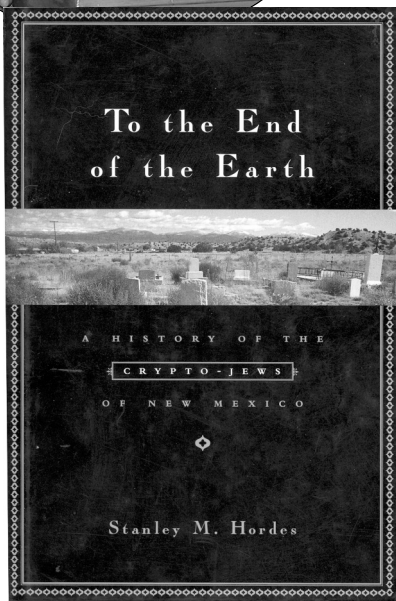
On Sunday former State Historian Dr. Stan Hordes spoke on the history of Crypto - Jews

“So- and -so lights candles on Friday nights” and “So-and-so doesn’t eat pork”.

These whispered words into his ear when he was state historian of New Mexico caused him to ask himself - Could the same phenomenon he had studied in seventeenth century Mexico have survived for more than three hundred years ?

In his talk Dr. Hordes covered Many years of Crypto-Jewish History from early Spain to present day New Mexico.

It is all detailed in his book:
“To the end of the Earth”



A MAGICAL CHRISTMAS IN BERNALILLO"

by
NASARIO GARCÍA, PH.D. ©

School was over for the Christmas Holidays in Rincón del Cochino in my native Río Puerco valley. Dad had come home Thursday evening from his WPA job instead of Friday. I suspected something wasn't quite right, but didn't dare to ask. Mom and I were glad to see him.

I usually would get up and start the fire in the wood stove to brew the coffee for mom and dad when he was home, but that Friday Mom pulled at my covers and said, "¡Anda, muévete! ¡Levántate! We're going to your Grandma Cinda's in Bernalillo today to spend Christmas with her, Mamá Juanita, and your tío Antonio."

At first, I didn't know what to think. Spending Christmas at Grandma Cinda's near El Bosque would be a new experience for me, so I was excited. After breakfast we loaded our clothes and other belongings in Dad's car, an old Chevrolet. He called it a clunker. Besides my parents and me, there were my two little brothers, Beltrán and Juanito. Even traveling at the high speed of 35 mph on old Highway 44 seemed to take forever, especially since the dirt roads before reaching the highway were covered with a blanket of snow. By the time we arrived at Grandma's it was late Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning, Grandma Cinda, Mom, and Mamá Juanita, who was totally blind, were up early. They prepared an assortment

of typical Christmas foods and pastries while tío Antonio (my step-grandfather) and Dad chopped wood for the stove. Among the dishes were *posole* made of hominy, tripe, and pig's feet, and both plain and with red chile. Homemade tamales were added for good measure. As for pastry, they fixed *bizcochitos*, *empanaditas*, and *pastelitos*. Needless to say, Grandma's kitchen was abuzz all day long.

I even got into the act. I cracked and shelled piñons for the mincemeat *empanaditas*, plus I helped Mamá Juanita knead the dough for the *bizcochitos*. She also taught me how to cut out perfectly round *bizcochitos* from the rolled out dough using a coffee cup. The *pastelitos* were made from dried peaches or apricots that were boiled in hot water. Why Grandma even made a few quince *pastelitos* from a quince tree that she had in front of her house!

Before I knew it, it was Christmas Eve, better known as *Noche Buena* (*Güena*), the Good Night—intended for the celebration of the birth of the Baby Jesus. And one sure way to celebrate was to attend Midnight Mass called *Misa del Gallo*. It is called the Rooster's Mass because a rooster supposedly crowed the night that the Baby Jesus was born to announce the great news to the entire world.

After tío Antonio literally cranked up his car, we all climbed aboard and headed for Midnight Mass at Our Lady of Sorrows Church (today the Historic Santuario de San Lorenzo) where I had been baptized, north of downtown Bernalillo. When we walked in, the choir

Continued

El Cronicón



A Nativity Scene

was singing beautiful *villancicos*, Christmas carols. I recognized the melodic tunes because my paternal grandmother back at the ranch had a choir that sang the same songs. I sat next to Mamá Juanita who, although blind, was obviously enjoying the singing as she held onto one of my little hands.

We sat up front a few pews from the altar. On the right side of the altar was a large Nativity Scene, a *Nacimiento*, with the Baby Jesus surrounded by Mary and Joseph, little angels, shepherds, an ox, a donkey, and some sheep. Though the *Nacimiento* resembled the one Grandma Cinda had on top of her small altar in her bedroom, the figurines at church to me seemed huge except for the Baby Jesus. It was a tiny baby like my little brother Juanito.

Out of the blue the priest and the altar boys emerged from the sacristy. At first the Mass did not appear to be different from a regular Sunday Mass in my village of Ojo del Padre.

But as the priest continued, I could tell that the mood among the parishioners was both solemn and joyful, solemn because of the *Noche de Paz* (Silent Night) song. However, the rest of the beautiful Christmas carols added to the gaiety and celebration of a newborn. The climax for me came when the choir started singing “*Vamos todos a Belén*,” a song I knew well so I joined the choir and the rest of the congregation in singing the happy song.

Vamos todos a Belén,
Let us all go to Bethlehem,
con amor y gozo.
with love and much joy.
Adoremos al Señor,
Let us all adore Our Lord,
Nuestro Redentor.
who is Our Redeemer.

Once Mass was over, I looked around and saw that there were several babies asleep on the pews on top of blankets. I myself was tired. After all, it was way past my bedtime, but I wasn't sleepy thanks to all the excitement. I was enjoying every moment of the night.

When we were back at Grandma Cinda's home, all of us sat down to have a hot bowl of the traditional posole and some blue corn tortillas that Grandma's friend, Margarita Luján from Sandía Pueblo, had given her. “Don't eat too much pork, or else a little pig will be “oinking” in your tummy the rest of the night,” said my grandma to me with a wink of an eye.

In the morning, I woke up to my *tío*

December, 2011

Antonio's booming albeit hoarse voice. "¡Mis Crismes! ¡Mis Crismes!" (Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!). Immediately I heard a response from Mamá Juanita. "Y dónde están los míos?" (And where are mine?). This was all new to me. I wondered silently what it all meant? All of a sudden, I saw Grandma Cinda gesturing to me to join her. Next to the potbelly stove in a corner to her bedroom was an old-fashioned *luminaria* of wood stacked upright like a teepee similar to what we lit in the evenings at my village in front of the church right before Christmas. Around the *luminaria* Grandma Cinda had a few gifts wrapped in Christmas paper. One was for me.

By now everyone was up, including my brother Beltrán. Juanito was just a baby and still in bed. Grandma handed everybody a gift as I munched on a bizcochito. I carefully untied the string around my precious little package and wondered what surprise awaited me. It was a pair of black gloves and a gray wool hat! If this is what Christmas was all about, I thought to myself, then I could hardly wait for next year.

After we ate breakfast, which consisted of *empanaditas*, *pastelitos*, and bizcochitos (some of the grownups ate *posole* again), my grandma said to me, "Hijito, put on your new gloves and hat and come with me." I thought we were going outside to play in the snow since it had snowed overnight. Instead, she handed me a small empty flour sack and beckoned to me to follow her. I didn't have the vaguest idea what she was up to. I just walked right behind her.

We went next door and Grandma

Cinda knocked at my aunt Faustina's kitchen door. Just as my aunt opened the door, Grandma hollered, "¡Mis Crismes! ¡Mis Crismes!" "¿Y dónde están los míos?" Aunt Faustina responded. We didn't tarry. As soon as my aunt put some bizcochitos and *empanaditas* in my flour sack, we strolled down the snowy dirt road (today Calle San Lorenzo) to my aunt Catalina's house. Here the same ritual was repeated—and more goodies went into my flour sack.

From my aunt Catalina's house we headed down Grandma's street (nowadays Calle Placitas), stopping at everyhouse. Since she was a folk healer, she knew all her neighbors. By now there were several kids my age with white flour sacks draped over their shoulders, knockings at people's homes and shouting, ¡Mis Crismes! ¡Mis Crismes! I was beginning to get the hang of the routine. In the meantime, my sack was getting heavier and heavier with all the Christmas candy, pastry and other tidbits people kept putting in my sack.

Shortly before we got home, Grandma ambled down another street. "Are you getting tired, *hijito*? This is Christmas, a time to be an *hombroto* (a big boy). Here, let me help you with your sack. Boy, it is heavy!" she confirmed as we continued trudging through the snow. "Where are we going, Grandma?" I asked. "We're going to see my compadre Jesús and my comadre Perfilia. They live not far from here over on El Camino Real." I didn't say a word, especially since she was carrying my sack with all of the goodies.

When we got to her compadre and comadre's house, I was prepared for the same

Continued

Page 8

repetition of words and the like. Much to my surprise, there was a noticeable difference. This time Grandma knocked at the kitchen window rather than the kitchen door and instead of *Mis Crismes* she recited in song-like fashion the following verse:

*Oremos, oremos,
angelitos semos,
y del cielo vinemos,
y si no nos dan
(aguinaldos)
puertas y ventanas
quebraremos.*

Let us pray, let us pray,
for we are little angels,
who have come from heaven,
and if gifts you don't give us,
we shall break doors and windows.

No sooner had Grandma finished her verse, than her comadre Perfilia propped up her kitchen window and shouted, "*Mis Crismes! Mis Crismes!*" whereupon she invited us to come in. "*Entre comadre, entre*" so we went around to the kitchen door. "This is my grandson, Agapita's little boy." Doña Perfilia then tiptoed to the kitchen as if not to shake the pastries and other foodstuff that adorned her table and gave me two bizcochitos, two pastelitos, two tamales, and some *chicharrones*. "Here, the cinnamon cookies are for you, the little pies for your parents, and the *chicharrones* are for everyone, including your Mamá Juanita.

We bid adiós, but on the way back to

Grandma's house I asked her about breaking windows and doors. I was really curious. "Oh, *hijito*, that's what the old-timers call *aguinaldos*, Christmas tidings. It's a game we older folks like to play and tease each other with. It's an old tradition that goes back to the birth of Christ that encourages people to be generous, to be charitable, above all at Christmastime." I also learned on our way that Mom had been a chambermaid at doña Perfilia's house before she and Dad got married.

When we got home my flour sack was practically full. It sure was heavy! I walked in Grandma's house, plopped my Christmas gatherings on a chair next to the table, and I said to Mom. "Look what I have!" and I proceeded to gingerly take out each "*aguinaldo*." The fruit and hard candy were in perfect condition. I wish I could have said the same thing about the pastries. Those at the bottom of the sack were in so many pieces it made me laugh.

Next day, the day after Christmas, we headed back to our *casita* in Ojo del Padre. I had enough sweets to satisfy my sweet tooth for a while. For sure, Dad wouldn't have to buy me hard candy as he normally did on Fridays when he came home for the weekends.

My first Christmas at Grandma Cinda's had truly been magical! Now I could look forward to Dad ringing in the New Year at the ranch with his Colt-45, but that's a story for another day.

Finis

Part 4 of the history of Bernalillo
 BERNALILLO IN THE 1900's
 by Martha Liebert

Change flows freely over artificial time delineations such as century marks and so it was in the transition between the 19th and 20th centuries in Bernalillo. It continued to evolve from its' rural agricultural roots to a more urbanized community. It had always been a trading crossroads center from prehistoric times and continued to do so with the growth of the mercantiles and expansion of roads and bridges. 1903-5 Sandoval County was created out of Bernalillo County by Perea and Sandoval families who were the political powers of the time.

Several French and Italian families came into the Bernalillo and Corrales area at the turn of the century and planted vineyards and orchards. "The Mallet Fruit Ranch" was such an example, operating from 1901-20. Luis Gros had vineyards and orchards of peaches and apples and sold his produce in a roadside market on Highway #44. By 1917 he opened a winery. George Rinaldi came to Bernalillo in 1918 to farm vineyards and orchards til his death in 1932. Both he and Gros worked with the Christian Brothers making wine and later Rinaldi worked with NMSU experts to improve the grape strains.

Abenecio Salazar was an adobe and brick mason who worked with Carlos Sena, carpenter and roofer. They built many buildings in Bernalillo and surrounding towns including Peña Blanca and Cuba. Salazar and his crew of sixty adoberos singlehandedly built the town of Hagan. The largest remaining example of

his work is the two story High school building built in 1922 and now called El Zocalo and owned by the county.

The Bibo Mercantile, well established since 1873 by Nathan Bibo, changed its' name to "Bernalillo Mercantile Co" in 1903. It burned in 1906 and moved a block south to continue to serve. In 1921 it was sold to Bibo's cousins, the Seligmans who ran it til 1981 when it was sold to the H.J. Torres/Abouselman family with a name change to "T and T" and "Tagrmo."

In 1909 Joseph Budagher opened a slaughterhouse and barbershop. Early in the 1900's Santa Ana Flour Mill operated in El LLanito with Leo Garcia. 1911-15 saw L.B. Putney's Mercantile and flour mill go in. Benito Torres opened "City Bakery" in the early '30's which burned down. He then started "The Economy Store" in 1938 which, he passed on to his son, "Lalo" Torres. It closed in 1987.

The Tonque Brick and Tie Co. factory was established on the site of the Tonque Pueblo in an arroyo of the same name east of Bernalillo. It's bricks were used to construct many buildings in Bernalillo and it operated till 1942. By the 1920's there were a flurry of bars: sixteen in one mile, so it was said. There were at least three bar and Dance hall combinations: Pete Hernandez's, Ignacio del Valle's and the Pavillion. "Silvas Saloon" was opened by Felix Silva in the 1930's.

1924 brought the greatest change with the advent of the huge sawmill operation: "White Pine Lumber" which logged a track in the Jemez mountains and which eventually became Bernalillo's largest employer with 500

El Cronicón

men in forest, mill, machine shops and trains. They hired all employable local men and brought in others to fill their needs. Lyman Porter was the owner/manager. A large base camp operation called "Porter" in the Jemez mountains served the foresters and their families

as they cut timber which was hauled to the mill in Bernalillo by rail the Santa Fe Northwestern Railroad" line. It ran out of the forest through the Gilman tunnels, over the Guadalupe Box tressle and down along the Rio Jemez where it crossed the Rio Grande north of the Coronado State Monument and down "Don Tomas st." to the multi - aced mill pond where the logs were unloaded. Early in the operation they logged with horses and two man saws and later with mechanized equipment and trucks.

In 1926-7 The Corps of Engineers, with Federal money, dug a conservancy ditch from Cochiti Pueblo south to Socorro through central New Mexico designed to prevent flooding and provide irrigation and malaria control. This dropped the water table and made more of the town usable for housing.

With all these pluses in the economy, more businesses came in to town. José Sena had a mortuary with horse drawn hearse and later a motorized one. Two drugstores started up about this time: Evans and Joe Lovatos and later Tony Ziede bought out Evans and started a pharmacy, later working with Dr. Hemmings. who came in 1944 and practiced til his death in 1974. Lovato had a soda fountain which is

still in use in the Range Cafe. His pharmacy was the Greyhound bus stop and a gathering place for the teenage crowd into the 50's. A Japanese family named Inoda had the "sunshine Cafe" and Mike Luna had a cafe as well. Christo Melitani had a hotel and bar at the south end of town.

A great loss was sustained in March 29 of 1926 when the Sandoval County Courthouse burned. It was a victorian mansion which had belonged to the Perea family. Almost all the records from 1903-26 were lost.

Officials at the time were: Judge, Marcos C de Baca, José Candelaria Gutierrez, Longino Garcia Sr, Jailer, Antonio Maria Gallegos, Siegfried Seligman (Bernalillo representative) Vicente Baca, Octaviano Lopez, Eduardo Salazar (Cuba representative) Abelino Lucero, Bonifacio Montoya (School superintendent, Roman Garcia (sheriff, San Ysidro José Felipe Castillo (Dept. Treasurer) Juan Dominguez (San Luis representative).

A new yellow brick two story courthouse was built in 1928 on the same site. In the 1960's a new addition in territorial style was added to the front of the building. The 1896 stone jail behind remained intact.

With the stock market crash of 1929, Bernalillo's fledgling prosperity met a snag and the beginning of the great depression hit hard with the closing of the mill due to dropping lumber prices. With it went the economy of Bernalillo on March 15, 1931 when "WHITE PINE LUMBER' closed it's doors. Many businesses followed suit, among which was Pitacio

December, 2011

Hernandez service station.

In the 1930's most of the population on the Rio Puerco moved away to Cuba , Bernalillo and Albuquerque. The villages of Cabezon, San Luis Ojo del Padre and Guadalupe couldn't make a living any longer due to repeated flooding which washed the topsoil and over-grazing by too much livestock.

Several Lebanese families located in Bernalillo at this time. George Abouselman tried a grocery store which closed in 1933. He then opened "El Royale Bar" instead. Lazzaro and Nellie Mahboub had a rooming house and pool room through the 30's and 40's. George and Mary Khoury had an Antique store. Tony Ziede had a pharmacy. James Silva had a grocery and curio shop and museum and theatre.

Prohibition severely impacted the local wine industry .Some growers tore up their vines and planted orchards, but this was traditionally a wine growing area so some retained their vineyards. A lot of bootlegging went on in Bernalillo, Alameda and Corrales. It was a hardship time of confusion for all.

1930's

During the '30's as part of the Federal Relief Programs, the CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORP had a direct, positive impact on the local area. Men employed in the CCC recieved 30 dollars a month, 25 of which went home to their families which immediately stimulated the economy. The men worked in forests, built check dams, repaired roads and all manner of conservation projects and were well fed and housed in army-like barracks. They learned

rudimentary hygiene and discipline and cooperation and were better prepared for military service than others when WWII came along. Most advanced quickly in army service and became leaders as a result of their CCC training and later still became political leaders.

Another Federal program in the 1930's was WPA and in Bernalillo it built Roosevelt school which had first through eighth grades.

Presently the local economic situation reversed itself with the rebirth of the sawmill operation now "NEW MEXICO LUMBER AND TIMBER" under the management of Tom Gallagher July 27, 1931.

THIS BREATHED NEW LIFE INTO THE TOWN .

N.M. Public Service built an electric generating plant to use the waste timber. The branch line (RR) was abandoned in 1940 and trucks of 180 ton capacity used instead to haul logs to the mill.

In 1948 Bernalillo as the county seat of Sandoval Co. has many Federal and State offices located here. N.M. Public Service Co. serves the town with electric power and Natural gas. Mt. States Telephone and Telegraph provided telephone service.

In December of 1947 the Town of Bernalillo voted to incorporate and in April of 1948 it elected AF. (Hooky) Apodaca its' first Mayor. He had led the move to incorporate because of a need for water and sewer systems. His, first Council was made up of Trustees: Ben Torres, J.J. Gaddy, Reynaldo Baca, AI Vadez and Recorder, Gilbert Garley. Successive mayors

Continued

Page 12

El Cronicón

were: Gilbert Garley, Manuel Aragon, Filomeno Lucero, George Abousleman, H.J. Torres, Joe Kloepfel, Mike Foster, Ron Abousleman, Ernie Aguilar, Charles Aguilar, Pat Chavez Mast, Jack Torres.

And so the Town of Bernalillo, now a legal entity, closed the first half of the 1900's.



Bernalillo Town Hall - 1965



Bernalillo Town Hall- present day



Sandoval County Courthouse ca. 1930 Bernalillo

*The following is an interview that Sam did with Hank Sanchez in 1982 for the Canadian magazine **Coaching Review** and was also published in the **ABQ. jornal Magazine** of March 1992. It is particularly relevant since Hank passed away at 73 years of age just this last September and we had the privilege of having him as guest speaker at our April Meeting*

Old fashioned and Winning Coaching the Sanchez way by Sam McIlhaney*

You've got to have a genuine love for your students to motivate them. You can't fool them. You've got to give your time, dedication and discipline and they will follow you anywhere you want to go." Since 1966 Henry Sanchez has coached at Bernalillo High School and in 1978 he was named United States' runner-up for national high school coach of the year. As head coach at Bernalillo, his philosophy on motivating students is simple: "You've got to love 'em."

The village of Bernalillo is a 17th century Hispanic settlement located about 15 miles north of Albuquerque in central New Mexico, The population is about 2,800.

This is the old Spanish colonial river pueblo country and five Indian pueblos have students in the school of about 750. Forty eight per cent is pueblo Indian and 38 per cent Hispanic, with the remainder comprised of Anglo, a Black or two, and foreign exchange students.

Coach Sanchez, the high school coach of the year in New Mexico for 1968, 1974 and again in 1979, was also nominated District

Eight national coach of the year in 1978 and 1980. His win-loss basketball record as a coach is solid: 429 wins and 148 losses.

Educated in the Albuquerque area, Henry Sanchez earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Albuquerque and a master's degree from the University of New Mexico. He had graduated in 1955 from the now defunct Saint Mary's High School.

Every fall at Bernalillo High, young men are seen on campus sporting short - very short haircuts. The short hair rule goes for players on the varsity basketball team that has gone to the state finals five times under the leadership of Sanchez. When asked for elaboration of his regulations, he hands me a booklet entitled, Rules: Basketball 1981-82. "I get requests for my regulations from all over the country, so I just send them one of these booklets. It makes things easier," explains Sanchez, who spends other time writing technical articles for publications such as Basketball Clinic and School Coach, lecturing throughout New Mexico and out of the state at such places as El Paso, Texas, and chairing the directorship of boys basketball for the National High School athletic Coaches Association.

In his rule book, the disciplines are spelled out in detail: no smoking, drinking, drugs or dating. The "no dating" rule stretches from November to March.

As for hair, it can't be over the ear or "exceedingly long in the opinion of the coaches and seniors.

"This is all a part of what has become known as Spartan Pride" says Hank. "Good luck is nothing but hard work and discipline."

As one grows older and matures, one learns. Sometimes a person changes with time. "My philosophy on coaching has basically not

changed in the last 10 years," he says. "As I saw the social revolution coming up, a lot of my friends got out of coaching. The hippie movement came in with protests against everything - do your thing and all that and I believe that's when the foundation of my philosophy really settled and matured. As you know, I'm from the old school: short hair and the whole thing. That's where I got this idea of peer pressure. The long hair, the smoking of pot - it's all peer pressure. So we came up with the idea of our seniors making the rules. They meet with us. They are the ones; it's their last chance. They dictate the whole program and they enforce the, rules. If you have to look up to somebody that's the top dog, maybe an all-stater, a senior, you will feel the pressure as a lower clansman to follow his rules and do what he says."

Since Hank, his assistants and the seniors put this idea to work eight years ago, Bernalillo High has been in the state finals four times.

The one rule that the seniors elected to include in their program, and that always shocks outsiders, is the no dating rule. Back then, the seniors came to Hank and said that it was their last year and their last chance and they wanted to give it all they had; that was the first rule they put down.

Says Hank: "Our men haven't changed. They're still mostly 5-8 or 5-10 and we're still competing with people 6-4 and 6-6 in height."

People tend to say Hank is naive for having such a rule for high school students. His answer? "There's no way I can enforce that. I'm not going to run around the countryside or lover's lane at 12 o'clock making sure the team is following rules. I'm not naive enough to think they are going to follow them 100 per cent of the time. It was their idea and they

Continued

El Croni n

enforce it.”

One thing he notices is that both times the Spartans won the state championship, they were strictest in enforcing all of their rules. Hank firmly believes that if you can find a youngster, whether 5-6 or seven foot, who will shave his face, cut his hair, quit dating and do all of the other required things, then he must be really dedicated. He will probably put out 2,000 per cent.

The hair has nothing to do with a person playing basketball, Hank explains, “But if a person is willing to cut it, he proves he wants to play. What you are doing is eliminating the individual. People are always after me: Why don’t I allow facial hair? Let him be an individual. We don’t want him to be an individual; we want him to be a part of a team. That’s the key right there.”

The seniors are responsible for buying all uniforms, including practice uniforms, for the entire program. They do this through fund raising drives. Many students at Bernalillo High School can not afford to buy their own uniforms. Again, the seniors are the key and all players must believe in the program for it is their program.

The seniors are also responsible for painting the locker rooms, and sanding and sealing the gym floor every year. They even buy all uniforms for all of the school’s athletic programs. “It’s not I, it’s us, we, the Spartan program. It’s the kids’ program. When things go bad, we lose a game, we failed; all of us. We all failed.”

Henry is an institution in Sandoval County. He denies this but I believe it after talking to people around the community. He admits that the no-dating concept would prob-

ably be thrown out of most American communities, but he contends that the No.1 reason he and his boys get away with it, is his 20- year association with the community. The No.2 reason - it is basically a conservative neighborhood.

At first, they argued with him about some rules. He argued right back that they weren’t his rules; they were the kids’ ideas, the kids’ program. After 21 years, they don’t argue with Hank anymore. He has proven his point.

The routine for a new season begins in September when seniors sit down and go over the rules. “On October 15;” says Sanchez, “they give them to me and we run them off on the duplicating machine and send them out to all the parents of the players. All of the rules are laid down for all to see - about 10 pages - and why we are doing what we do.”

He pushes his point again by saying the whole key to winning is peer pressure. He does caution that one can get carried away with it, however. “The kids can start making rules and begin harrasing each other, so you must be there to advise and to be right on top of it all.”

This peer pressure concept is reinforced by a story that happened about half a dozen years ago. One basketball player was dating a varsity cheerleader, a junior, who obviously didn’t think much of that rule. The day of the game against powerhouse Portales of New Mexico, the seniors told Hank a particular player would not play because he had violated the rules. Hank said he thought it was a heck of a time to bench the guy, but that evening that player sat on the bench.

Bernalillo annihilated Portales, prov-

ing to that fellow that they could do it without him. In his postscript, Coach Sanchez remarks, "Mind you, as a junior, this girl was a top vote getter when she ran for cheerleader. The next year, as a senior, she ran again and the student body did not vote her into the squad. The word got around. That's another form of peer pressure. That taught me something. The students are behind us and the program. I don't believe that young lady ever did realize what had happened to her."

The next year that same player came back as a senior and behaved like an army drill sergeant concerning discipline and lower classmen. "The one thing I have learned and learned well is you can't judge human beings. A youngster walked into my office eight or nine years ago and said, "I'm Joe, and I'm going to be the greatest basketball player you ever coached." He was at that time a ninth-grader. He was four feet, nine inches tall. I looked at that little, scrawny guy. He weighed 90 pounds. I thought to myself: Boy! Are we going to be hurting when he is a senior!

"Here I am. I'm stereotyping. I'm prejudging." But Hank goes on. When the little guy was a senior, the counselor said there was no way he could get into a college because his ACT score was a three or four.

By this time he had grown: to five feet, four inches. The college scouts said he was too short, even though his team had reached the state finals when he was a senior and voted most valuable player in the New Mexico North-South Conference.

A small college in the Southwest gambled and finally gave him a scholarship based on athletics. He starred three years on their varsity basketball team and even made it to a

full 5-foot-5.

Hank adds. "Today the Young man has a master's degree and is teaching and coaching~at a college. He had a built-in motivation and some skill to to with it which most people did not see. It taught me a lesson: never judge anyone. If a person says he can do it, he just might."

As you stroll into the gymnasium: known as Spartan Alley, the first thing you notice is the trim in red -'blood red. Even red slogans, in huge letters, are splashed across the walls

THE HARDER YOU WORK. THE HARDER IT IS TO QUIT.

Henry says he has changed and times have changed, but he still concentrates on discipline, dedication and work. He sincerely feels that is how they have been able to straddle the opposite trends. He admits that this is old-fashioned thinking and also admits that he and his crew have been fortunate through the wars. But he remains firm about his thinking.

Hank is on the road until 3 a.m. with a road game. I'm having lunch and he is having breakfast. It's Saturday - a time for relaxing. Hank never does. He runs his hand through his jet black hair, which has a hint of gray. If you look closer, you'll see that his dark eyes shine. We are discussing sports, coaching and athletics - his favorites: his whole life.

Last September he wrote an article for Coaches' Clinic which Coach Sanchez discusses to answer the questions: What about coaching as a career? What about burn-out?

"Our society today has taken the con-

El Cronicón

cept of work and given it a bad connotation: if I put a lot into what I am doing, give a lot of time to it. I am termed a workaholic. I like what I am doing. And we as coaches have to work at keeping our colleagues in the business.

“You, as head coach, can have your assistant coaches dragged home too early by a nagging wife. A wife might tell her husband that while he is working his tail off, you, the head coach is getting all the publicity. Therefore, as head coach your job is to make sure your assistants get adequate praise. Or get them involved in clinics: anything to give the assistant - and his wife - some credit or a feeling that what the assistant is doing is worthwhile and worth the time put into it. That is some of the nuts and bolts of coaching.”

Professionalism and preparation are important to Henry Sanchez. He reminds me that although the Bernalillo High gym is small he and his men have tried to create an atmosphere.

“Other teams dread going to play there because of the~ reputation we have worked hard to create. Even the color scheme of the gym - a lot of red - shows something. Red is emotion. I want people fired up when they go in there.

“Notice our coaches appear with matching outfits in the school colors: red pants, red tops with the school logo and the name of the coach emblazoned on them. They come out in dignity, all clean shaven, short hair and with an air of professionalism. We want to present an air of success” Hank says with enthusiasm.

“Watch at workout time before a game in our gym. The opposing team is stuffing the

ball into the basket with little effort. Look over at the home team and our little guys are hustling, trying to do the same thing. But “we have given the home team an advantage by just the color scheme of the gym and by working on our reputation for hard work.”

The head coach and athletic director at Bernalillo High doesn't think anyone plays basketball any harder than the Bernalillo Spartans: “They may beat us, but they don't play harder. No one does” Coach Sanchez believes that kids will follow their leader. That is why he won't enter a bar in the village of Bernalillo, even though he admits to enjoying a beer from time to time. Chuckling, he says, “I always tell the kids that there is a price for anything. For success, there is a price, and are you willing to pay that price?”

Hank continues eating his bacon and eggs, before stopping to acknowledge that it was true:

He was a Small College All American in basketball, not once, but twice. He makes sure I know that this was not the NCAA (the larger college stuff) but the NA1AA (the National Allegiance of Inter-Collegiate Athletics Association).

Between bites, I ask if he has ever tried something besides coaching for a living. He had once owned a swimming pool club enterprise in Albuquerque on the side with some partners for approximately four years. He adds, “I always intended to be a coach”.

“When I was in elementary school, I wanted to be a coach. Some people change their goals, but I always knew what I wanted to do. That was a goal have had all my life, and I just went from one step to the next with that goal in mind. Of course, that stems from the fact that I was always in some kind of athlet-

ics.” “When I teach at a coaches’ clinic, the first thing I do is discourage a young man from going into the profession - to see if he really wants to be a coach. I have read what the top three divorce ridden jobs in this country are. Number one, doctors. Numbers two and three fluctuate between lawyers and coaches.”

In his article about burn-out, he says the coach needs to leave talking about his boys (or girls) at school. A coach doesn’t give time to his wife because he must scout, or because after practice the coaches discuss the day’s activities over a beer. Hank’s story leads the reader to see that the wife is often left out; the circle of friends narrows to people interested in athletics only. Divorce is next. Coach Sanchez is quick to mention that he feels he is an expert on this subject because it happened to him. “In my research for the article on burn-out, I came to realize that you will have to find just the right kind of mate if you plan to become a coach - and plan to marry. That’s why I will question a young man’s aspiration to become a coach. You, as a coach, are constantly going to be under pressure, knowing the opposing team’s coach is working just as hard as you are, or harder. I am saying it is almost impossible to be successful in both loves coaching and marriage.” As for the criticism that he is a slave-driver in his relationship with his assistants? “With all my assistants, I tell them what is expected of them and give them my philosophy. I give them a choice. If they want to follow it, fine. If they don’t, they won’t be a part of my staff. It’s like I’m president of the corporation and I’ve got to get people that think the way I do. As a coach, you’ve got to work harder than the kids do. That old saying applies: by failing to prepare, you’re preparing to fail. And we follow that totally.

“Most of my friends that have gotten out of coaching have done so because of a woman. If you are the head coach, you have got to do a PR and selling job on your assistants’ wives. Some people would jump all over me at this point and throw “sexist” at me. But it’s true. You must take the assistants and the wives out to dinner and convince the wives that their husbands’ duties are honorable, that their duties will take much of their husbands’ time and will reflect back on the men that they love. Otherwise, the wives will destroy you; they will destroy your program.

In dealing with Hank and watching him with others, you see the pleasing personality, the drive and the professional air radiating from the man. You also see his love for coaching and for Bernalillo High School. Offers continue to come in for jobs elsewhere, but he just smiles and replies, “I’d rather stay at BHS.

“Coaching is something you never grow old in. People ask me if I get tired of it. I’ve been coaching now for 21 years. Basically, we play childrens’ games. You don’t get old as long as you’re doing something you enjoy.”

Henry Sanchez is 44 years old and his face is wrinkle-free. Smiling a boyish smile, he says, “I can honestly say I have never gotten up once in the morning and hated to go to school - whether as a student or as a coach and athletic director. I enjoy my job.”

* *Writer Sam McIlhaney taught history at Bernalillo High for many years.*

El Cronicón

Some historical thoughts on FOOD. from Bill Bryson's best selling book "AT HOME"

In the summer of 1662, Samuel Pepys, then a rising young figure in the British Navy Office, invited his boss, Naval Commissioner Peter Pett, to dinner at his home on Seething Lane, near the Tower of London. Pepys was twenty-nine years old and presumably hoped to impress his superior. Instead, to his horror and dismay, he discovered that when his plate of sturgeon was set before him it had within it "many little worms creeping."

Finding one's food in an advanced state of animation was not a commonplace event even in Pepys's day—he was truly mortified—but being at least a little uncertain about the freshness and integrity of food was a fairly usual condition. If it wasn't rapidly decomposing from inadequate preservation, there was every chance that it was colored or bulked out with some dangerous and unappealing substances. Almost nothing, it seems, escaped the devious wiles of food adulterers.

Sugar and other expensive ingredients were often stretched with gypsum, plaster of paris, sand, dust, and other forms of daft, as such additives were collectively known. Butter reportedly was bulked out with tallow and lard. A tea drinker, according to various authorities, might unwittingly take in anything from sawdust to powdered sheep's dung. One closely inspected shipment, Judith Flanders reports in *The Victorian House*, proved to be only slightly more than half tea; the rest was made up of sand and dirt. Sulphuric acid was added to vinegar for extra sharpness, chalk to milk, turpentine to gin. Arsenite of copper was used to make vegetables greener or to make jellies glisten. Lead chromate gave bakery products a golden glow and brought radiance to mustard. Lead acetate was added to drinks as a sweetener, and red lead somehow made

Gloucester cheese lovelier to behold, if not safer to eat. There was hardly a foodstuff, it seems, that couldn't be improved or made more economical to the retailer through a little deceptive manipulation. Even cherries, Tobias Smollett reported, could be made to glisten afresh by being gently rolled around in the vendor's mouth before being put on display. How many unsuspecting ladies of quality, he wondered, had enjoyed a plate of luscious cherries that had been "rolled and moistened between the filthy and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St Giles's huckster"?

Bread seems to have been particularly a target. In his popular novel *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771), Smollett characterized London bread as a poisonous compound of "chalk, alum and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution," but such charges were in fact already a commonplace by then and probably had been for a very long time, as evidenced by the line in "Jack and the Beanstalk": "I'll crush his bones to make my bread." The earliest formal allegation of widespread bread adulteration yet found came in a book called *Poison Detected: Or Frightful Truths*, written anonymously in 1757 by "My Friend, a Physician," who revealed on "very credible authority" that "sacks of old bones are not infrequently used by some of the Bakers" and that "the charnel houses of the dead, are raked to add filthiness to the food of the living." Almost at the same time another, very similar book came out: *The Nature of Bread, Honestly and Dishonestly Made*, by Joseph Manning, M.D., who reported that it was common for bakers to add bean meal, chalk, white lead, slaked lime, and bone ash to every loaf they made.

The Lighter Side

*A tip of the editor's hat to
our contributors*

40 years of marriage..

.After being married for 40 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said, "Forty years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on a sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 23-year-old girl. ... Now I have a \$500,000.00 home, a \$35,000.00 car, a nice big bed and a large screen TV, but I'm sleeping with a 63-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 23-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't older women great? They really know how to solve an old guy's problems.

Interesting History.

We older people need to learn something new every day - -just to keep the grey matter tuned up.

Where did "Piss Poor" come from? They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot and then once a day it was taken and sold to the tannery. If you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor."

But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot.

they "didn't have a pot to piss in," and were the lowest of the low.

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.

Here are some facts about the 1500s: Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June. However, since they were starting to smell, brides carried a "bouquet of flowers" to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married. Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water.

The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water,

then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies.

By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water!"