



# *El Cronicón*

Official Quarterly Publication of the  
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Ken Kloeppe

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

Volume 23, No4

December, 2012

*It's Party Time-  
Sunday December 9th-2pm*



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



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



**President's Message**

Hola Amigos,

Once again the people of our county, state, and entire country are asked to select leaders that will make and uphold laws that are going to keep our lives balanced and our future bright.

One of the many obvious outcomes of our monthly speakers, is that historically many leaders have been both good and bad. One thing history is supposed to teach is that if something went badly, don't do it again! If something went well, repeat it.

If people have different viewpoints, look at the positive points and keep an open mind. Whoever gains the upper hand this fall let's hope that these leaders are in place for the good and well being of the people and not for personal gain.

History does repeat itself, but let's hope that good repeats this time around and bad falls by the wayside.

Mil Gracias, Ken Kloeppe

[www.sandovalhistory.org/](http://www.sandovalhistory.org/)

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

## SEPTEMBER MEETING

### On Sunday we were honored by a visit from past -President Wm.

**Taft** in the person of Montie Avery ( who played the role to perfection) . He told us a lot about his background : he was born on September 19th, 1857 in Cincinnati into a family of politics and public service.

After graduating from Cincinnati Law School he began a life in law and public and foreign service : US Solitor General, service on the US Cicuit Court, Governor General of the Philipines, Secretary of War. Visits to Cuba and Panama.

After being pushed by Teddy Roosevelt he was elected president in 1908 with the inauguration on March 4<sup>th</sup> 1909. As president he had a number of firsts:

Appointed a women-Julia Lathrop head of the Labor Dept.

Threw out 1<sup>st</sup> baseball at the opening day of a Washington Senators game.



First to own a horseless carriage, - a Stanley Steamer, then a Pierce Arrow.

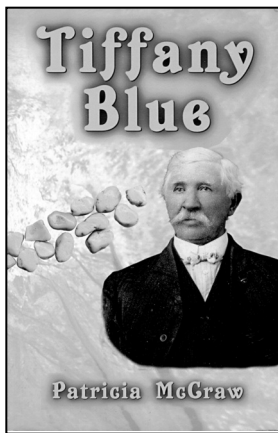
He well remembers the day of January 6<sup>th</sup> ,1912 when he signed the proclamation making New Mexico the 47<sup>th</sup> state.

All the comfort food in the White House didn't help his already overweight frame to the extent that he got stuck in the bathtub . (he lost 150# after leaving the White House).

Not re-elected and later became Chief Justice of the United States ( 1921-1930).

He died in 1930 from complications of heart disease

## OCTOBER MEETING



*In Pat's book  
many of the actual  
letters are  
reproduced*

*On Sunday, **Pat McCraw**, local author and editor of the community paper "South valley Ink" gave us the true story of turquoise. Working from letters written by her great grandfather, Irish immigrant James McNulty she related the trials and tribulations he faced as superintendent of the Tiffany turquoise mines outside Cerrillos.*

*It was an amazing story of great fortitude in the face of political intrigue, land claim schemers and midnight visits by the pueblo Indians.*

*The story can be told because her great grandfather assiduously kept all his correspondence, and her grandmother, Fannie, in her turn, carefully preserved that archive.*

*Pat showed some of the letters and samples of Turquoise.*

*Many questions were raised from the audience and one member showed a turquoise ring, inscribed by Tiffany that had been in her family for generations.*

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**BOOK REVIEW**

By John J. Hunt

**Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico.**

by

**Susan Shelby Magoffin,**

 Yale University Press, 1962
 

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*I've been checking out the Society's library again and found another unique title that has become a part of our state's history, written by a woman, an uncommon event at that time.*

*Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico was first published in 1926, long after the poor girl who had written it had died after giving birth to her fourth daughter, who was named after herself.*

*She was only twenty-seven.*

*Her book is a hand-written testament and the author's name is Susan Shelby Magoffin, without a doubt the first white, Anglo woman to come and experience life in the nascent territory and observe it in detail, as well as write about it, "...a pert, observant young lady of wealth and fashion," says Howard Lamar in the foreword of the book she literally wrote while enduring the not-insubstantial privations and disasters that accompany such a sojourn.*

Susan was an eighteen-year-old newly-wed, rolling down the prairie from Independence, a city in Missouri, following up General Kearny's "Army of The West" down the Santa Fe Trail to witness

the American takeover of 1846.

Just her itinerary would have taken tremendous courage to tackle, especially for a sheltered, pious protestant, for on the journey she endured the merciless sun, the dust, the insects, wolves, lack of food and water—not to mention the foul epithets of the teamsters—and of course the constant threat of Indians. This was 1846 and the American Southwest was very much populated with many Indian tribes—some friendly, others not.

To add to these travails, along the way she very subtly tells us she's pregnant. I cannot imagine that the constant, abrupt, rocky and uneven motion of the carriages and wagons she rode in would not affect a fetus. What road there was in places was treacherous, and many times the ox-drawn vehicles capsized—including Mrs. Magoffin's.

It turns out her brother-in-law was James Magoffin, the man who managed the almost bloodless takeover of New Mexico, who had been authorized by President Polk to persuade Governor Manuel Armijo to peacefully head south and allow the United States military to take over the territory. With this in mind, her observances have given us a good picture of what it took to accomplish this feat—all because she truly loved her hus-

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band, and would follow him anywhere. When she says, “My journal tells a story different from what it has ever done before” she understood that she was leaving everything she had ever known behind. Love was a large part of her reasoning.

Her first house on wheels was well appointed and luxurious, with tables, cabinets, stools and carpets. Her dresser was covered with the accoutrements of feminine care, as well as her bible and journal. She slept on a camp bed made up every night with sheets and pillows.

I am tempted to tell you more of her story, but reading her words adds to the effect the book has. Today her book is a historical document. And at times the trip sounded like a biblical plague story. “Come my feeble pen, put on they specks and assist this full head to unburthen itself! Thou hast a longer story than is usual to tell. How we left Camp 19 yesterday morning after a sleepless night, our tent was pitched in the mosquito region and when will the God Somnus make his appearance in such quarters? It was slap, slap, all the time, from one party of the combatants, while the others came with a buz (sic) and a bite.”

It's still fascinating to read her personalized stories, as she brings the past to life.

A man died of “consumption”—

tuberculosis—and only the previous day she had sent him some soup. They passed “Pawnee Rock” where Susan tried hastily to carve her name, but she began “to tremble all over” at the thought of an Indian attack. There were antelope, wolves, bison and rattlesnakes. Raging storms, flooding, and drought followed them. At Ash Creek the carriage toppled over the bank and crashed into the streambed. She was knocked out but Samuel saved her. She got sick but they arrived at Bent's Fort, where their race-track put her off, and, she forecast, “. . . I shall not be surprised to hear of a cock-pit.”

While living in her dirt floor apartment in the fort, she must have been thinking of the trip so far when she wrote; “I have concluded that the Plains are not very beneficial to my health so far; for I am thinner by a good many lbs. than when I came out. The dear knows what is the cause!”

Susan was undaunted however and her imagination fully intact. During the evenings she would take walks and always had an eye for nature. Her descriptions of nature are romantic, but she could not tarry, the oxen and the men pushed on, clearing rocks and brush, the men plying the great beasts with whips and shouts, and warily searching the clouds over the eastern

mountains for foul weather.

Her prairie train finally came down through Raton Pass and there was a pleasant change in the atmosphere, even though every few yards large boulders impeded the way. She was “surrounded by most magnificent scenery. On all sides are stupendous mountains, forming an entire breast-work to our little camp situated in the valley below.” She was describing the bold landscapes of New Mexico, and without realizing, putting names on the map.

“[A] great rock towering above everything around. This, mi alma,”—her soul, as she affectionately nicknamed her 45-year-old husband with whom she was madly in love—“calls ‘the wagon mound’...which derives its name from the resemblance to the top of a covered wagon.”

From here it took them seventeen days to reach Santa Fe. When they finally arrived General Kearny had been there for two weeks and had already raised the stars and stripes over the old Spanish capital.

She was happy, nonetheless.

“I have entered the city in a year that will always be remembered by my countrymen; and under the ‘Star-Spangled Banner’ too, the first American lady, who has come under such auspices...”

Most interesting are her impressions of the players in the great expansionist opera that had been created in Washington by President Polk and Senator Benton. As Lamar says, “Mrs. Magoffin’s encounters with the workings of Manifest Destiny were far from casual.” Indeed, she was at the seat of power and she knew it.

Her descriptions of General Kearny and her brother in law, as well as a number of Kearny’s officers, such as General Price, who the following year would put down the Taos Revolt, as well as the major players in the Mexican War, Doniphan, Wool, and General Zachary Taylor—old “Rough and Ready”—who she seemed to like.

She relates that he talked a great deal, handed out cake and champagne, but she was “most agreeably disappointed” that the General dressed in “his famed old gray sack coat, striped cotton trousers and blue calico neck-kerchief.” She was disappointed because all the wild stories she had heard of him she now thought false. She had expected a backwoodsman, instead she found the General “polite, affable and altogether agreeable.”

Not only the historic figures come into her purview, but the many charming Senoras who visited with her, trading gossip and food, and the children who

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she was enamored of. Also, her induction into the realms of Catholicism, which was the religion that surrounded her, and which she did not judge. She was, however, an ardent Presbyterian.

Of course Susan's travels did not end in Santa Fe, but continued down the infamous trail and into Chihuahua, in Mexico. Her journal ends in September of 1847. While at Matamoras she came down with Yellow Fever, a viral infection transmitted by mosquitoes and while afflicted with the sickness—she gave birth to a son, who died soon after.

They returned to Lexington, Kentucky, but the strain and sickness of the arduous trip had very serious consequences for the young mother's health, and no doubt was why she passed away giving birth in 1855, at such a young age.

Her book, as I have said, was published in 1926, and is a testament of faith and perseverance—and love. We can remember Susan Magoffin as the first in a long line of women who have come to know and experience this place. We can also say she was a victim of the rigors of the pioneer spirits who were first attracted to the Land of Enchantment, and we can thank her for leaving us her precious record.

## Photo Albums



*Virginia Ortiz does a great job of maintaining our photo albums. Check them out.*

## Upcoming Programs

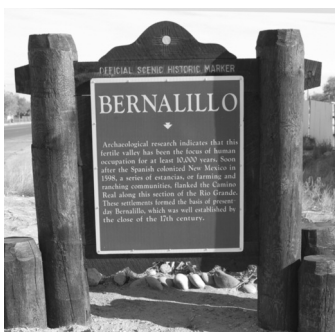
**JANUARY: Sunday January 13th**  
**Pat McCraw** returns with more details about mining turquoise at the turn of the century. She will talk about pueblo Indian raids and corrupt politicians

**FEBRUARY: Sunday February 10th**  
**John Hunt**, Author and historian will talk about famed wartime columnist Ernie Pyle

**MARCH: Sunday March 10th**  
**Geologist Dirk Van Hart** will give a Power Point presentation on the geology along Hwy 550

**All programs start at 2PM**





*You will find this historic marker on the East side of Hwy 313 at the south end of town*



*Please tear out and mail - ahora !*



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## THE BLUE-EYED NAVAJO

### an interview by Sam McIlhaney

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( Continued)

*We pick up the story from where Olin died in 1954 and the story carries on about his son Leonard.*

Trading posts in the Southwest Were offspring of the reservation system. These were unfortified stores which replaced the old trading posts. These stores came into being after warring and nomadic tribes were confined within certain boundaries. It was't planned that way. The trading posts were simply a logical answer to a logical need. Therefore, trading posts did not appear in the Southwest until 1868 when the Navajos were placed on the vast reservation. The men who built and operated the posts were apt to be individualists, indeed.

The Indians were usually many miles from a town or another store and, therefore, that store must be a one-stop place for groceries, hardware, clothing, farm equipment, wagons, harness, bridles, saddles, livestock medicine and gasoline.

In return, the store would buy from the Indian customer anything that that person had to sell or trade: . arts and crafts, hides and furs, lambs, any other type of livestock, farm products, wood and piñions.

Leonard Walker. said "that the trader played an important part in improving the livelihood of the Navajo tribe and believed that the public should realize this". He said, "The trader had to be a banker, an advisor, a counselor, a person who could help bury their dead, and even a legal advisor. The traders, years ago, got together and formed the Indian Traders Association to stimulate public demand and interest and a market for Indian arts and crafts. Most traders joined. M.L. Woodard w as the manager. of Coolidge, New Mexico, for example, worked very hard in the organization in creating markets. The Association set up standards for the arts and crafts and caused the quality to improve. Out of this, you see, the trader had a lot to do with bringing about quality improvements and, therefore, the trader helped the fame of the Navajo product to be spread far and wide.

A trading post was a one-stop place for other reasons: mail and also for the social life. The post was a place to get information as well. The whiteman's world was often a mystery to the tribal member. A trader was someone they

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could talk to who represented that world. If the trader did not know the answer, he would get it. Contrary to what one may read from time to time, contrary to what one may see in a Clint Eastwood movie, according to Leonard Walker, The trader and the Indian got along real well; the Navajo needed the trader and liked the trader and the other way around. Of course, there were crooked traders but they would be found out sooner or later and wouldn't last long."

For some, the life of an Indian trader could be a narrow one, seeing only his customers and Indian Service Employees from time to time. (Today, that governmental agency is known as the Bureau of Indian Affairs). But for Leonard, there were compensations for a life of isolation. He always supplied all the coffee our customers could drink during the winter months and the post was a meeting place for them. A trader could write a book from the stories he would hear.

From this life of isolation as a boy working for his father, working as a store owner, and later working for his brother, Leonard learned the Indian ways and became acquainted in th many leaders and future leaders of the Navajo Tribe. I met Paul Jones who would later become Tribal Council Chairman. I always considered that a privilege. I traded with Hosteen Klah, the great medicine man. Klah did his best to preserve for future generations what he knew by attempting

to train several men in his lifetime. To train a medicine man takes fifteen or twenty years and each man he started to train died before the training was complete. The Hail Chant, for example, is not known in its entirety because some of it went to the grave with Klah."

Leonard continues, "Hosteen Klah taught me a lot in the ceremonies and songs and some dances and even some about sand paintings. He was one of the few Navajo men who wove rugs."

Other Navajo leaders who influenced Leonard as a young man were men such as the medicine man Hosteen Beal and Henry Chee Dodge. "I believe Beal was a sortof psychic and possessed ESP. I say this based on my personal experiences with him." The tribal council form of government on the Navajo Reservation was set up by Henry Chee Dodge. This government Has recognized by Congress in an act adopted in 1950 but too late for Dodge to have his dream come true. He died in 1946.

"Chee Dodge was as good a friend as a man could want," said Leonard. "He knew me since I was a baby. No matter where I was, he would always come to see me." As a young man, Dodge was the interpreter during the Beautiful Mountain Uprising. Years later, while Leonard was a trader and working for his brother at the Fort Defiance Trading Post in Arizona, Dodge was dying in a hospital bed at Ganado, Arizona. "I went practically every day and visited him. I was

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with him when he died. One day, he looked up at me from his bed and said, "Leonard, you're a blue-eyed Navajo."

In 1930, young Leonard Has just out of Farmington High School. The owner of the store at Klagetoh, Arizona, needed someone to operate his store. Because of illness in his family, the owner offered Leonard an eventual part ownership if he would take it

over and manage it. *Outside the Navajo Trading Post at the 1947 Chicago Railroad fair are Thininie Laleka of Zuni Pueblo; Vajavo Porter Timeche; Frank Spencer, director of Fred Harvey Shops at the Grand Canyon; and Leonard Walker*

"A peculiar thing happened there that I never forget. I was just a kid," recalled Leonard. The year was 1935 and snow was on the ground. Inside the Klagetoh Trading Post, a cozy fire burned in the cast-iron pot-bellied stove that stood in the center of the large room. Benches were situated around the stove for customers to sit and visit. Spitoons were handy nearby.



Merchandise could be seen all around the room including items hanging from nails on the large center pole which supported the roof. There were some nails in

the pole that were naked with nothing hanging from them.

That morning a woman came into the store. She

wore a large cowboy hat on

her head, under a heavy winter coat could be seen a wool plaid shirt, on her legs were Levis and she stood there in cowboy boots. On her hips were twin .45 caliber pistols in holsters. She walked up to the counter and says, "I want to talk to Mr. Walker", if I said that I was Walker and she says "why, you're not even dry behind the ears yet; I want to

*Continued*

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talk to your father.” I said that my father wasn’t there. I told her that I was managing the’ store myself. ”

“ The woman goes on about the Indians telling her that I was selling flour for \$ 1.15 a sack. She says she is getting a dollar and a quarter”. She pulled out a forty-five. She drove about three of those exposed nails on the pole into the wood with her bullets and then turned around and pointed the gun at me. The barrels looked like funnels they were so big. I was shaking and could hardly speak but I managed to say“ Madam, madam, I am selling my flour for one twenty- five.” She says, “ It better stay there.” She turned and spit into one of the spittoons and walked out the door. After she was gone, I was still shaking for a time.

He learned from his customers who were standing neaby that the woman was Winnie Balcomb from Wide Ruins Trading Post in Arizona. His Indian customers also told him that the lady had a habit of practicing her pistol art by driving nails into timber. They added that most people were afraid of her and Leonard was quick to tell them he could now be added to that list.

In 1936, Leonard Walker sold his part in the store at Klagetoh, and with his brother Victor, purchased the now famous Two Grey Hills

Trading Post. Soon after that, Leonard sold his interest to his brother and Vic continued to own Two Grey Hills until 1950. Leonard joined the United States Army.

Vic Walker, a graduate of Boulder University in Colorado, also owned the Three Hogans Trading Post at Lupton, Arizona, and the Fort Defiance Trading Company at Fort Defiance. He owned the Fort Defiance store from 1946 until 1974 and also owned Indian curio stores at Raton, at Estes Park, Colorado, and in Salt Lake City, Utah. Recently, Vic has sold all of his enterprises and has retired. He lives in Estes Park another brother, Claude (Olin C. Walker, Junior), owned and operated Two Wells Trading Post (located between Zuni and GallUp) from 1930 until 1958.

Throughout the Navajo Reservation, Claude was known by the Navajos as “Three Fingers. II He had lost the fingers working on a power line for his father’s power company in Farmington when he was seventeen. It was said by many that Claude Walker had the soul of a Navajo in a white man’s body.\ and was often called upon as interpreter in the courtroom in Callup when a Navajo was on the stand.

When I was a lad of fifteen, Claude visited our home in the north valley Albuquerque. As he and I sat under a huge elm tree on a hot summer afternoon, I asked him how well he could

speak the Navajo language. He replied by saying that he could speak it as well as or maybe even better than a Navajo. I expressed my doubts. He proceeded to explain what he meant by using the following example. If one must speak of the clutch in an automobile, one must know how a clutch operates and speak of it in those terms because there is not a word in the Navajo language for that word. Therefore, if a person does not know how the clutch in an automobile operates, then that person can't speak about it in the Navajo language.

As a boy of about ten, I visited Two Wells Trading Post with my parents. The location was isolated, a tiny community complete with a church and a school. In front of the store, tied to hitching posts, were Indian ponies. One afternoon, Claude invited me to accompany him to visit a Navajo family.

He drove over rough terrain for quite a while. Finally, we pulled up in front of a Navajo dwelling, a hogan. He disappeared inside. I waited inside the four-wheel-drive vehicle for a few minutes and then got out of the truck and quietly walked up to the door of the hogan. I listened for a while I recognized Claude's voice among several others. I never did hear a word of English. Presently, Claude appeared at the doorway and told me to come inside. In a circle around a fire were several people. Everyone was sitting on the floor cross-legged. I did

the same. Over the fire was a blackened caldron.

Olin Claude Walker, Junior, told me to reach into the caldron and get a piece of meat. I saw others in the circle reaching and eating. I responded and began to chew. The taste was, I learned later, of an older sheep — mutton. The taste was strong. I was hungry and it was good.

Claude died in Gallup in 1961.

After being discharged from the army in 1946, Leonard went to work for his brother Vic at the Fort Defiance Trading Company store in Arizona. World War II was over and Leonard was busy working with the Navajos. He bought sheep, cattle, and other livestock from the Indians and after a herd had accumulated, it would be driven to the railroad in Gallup. Leonard told me, "In those days you could do that because there were no fences. You could drive your stock across Navajo land, private and public lands — it didn't make any difference.

The livestock drivers were an interesting bunch. You moved along letting the herd graze as you went. Life was slower then. It might take several days to get to Gallup but the sheep and cattle wouldn't lose any weight because we took our time and went slowly only herders used sheep dogs. The dogs would watch the livestock so they wouldn't wander off while everyone was asleep.

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n 1947, while at Fort Defiance, Leonard recalled, “Gurley, who was president of the Santa Fe Railroad, and Harvey, who was president of the Harvey National Restaurant System, came to visit me several times.”

These men had a proposition for him: they wanted him to take a large group of Indians — representative members of the various tribes found along the route of the Santa Fe Railroad — to Chicago. Chicago was to be the host for the vast railroad fair which was to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the western railroads.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company would build what it called the Santa Fe Indian Village to be a part of the fair. This village would attempt to simulate, on the spot, the lifestyle of the various Indian tribes and cultures which are scattered between Chicago and Los Angeles. The display would include Indian dwellings such as the pueblo, the Apache wickiup, the Comanche teepee and the Navajo hogan. A trading post, just like the ones found on the Navajo Reservation, would be constructed and completely stocked with merchandise. Visitors would see Indians working at their arts and crafts, and performing dances and ceremonials. What about the other aspects of the fair? The two gentlemen from Chicago told Leonard Walker that history would be displayed as it unfolded. The display

would be in the form of Wheels of Progress: “all modes of railroad transportation” would be displayed from the earliest types to the latest.

Meanwhile, back at the Indian Village at the fair, skits would be presented. Indians would oppose the railroad coming through their lands and would fight the construction of the “singing wires”—the telegraph. Any acting parts which could not be handled by Indians would be done by professionals—actors and stunt people. All would be filmed for later release by the movie corporations of MGM and Warner Brothers.

I kept telling these gentlemen that it was an impossible job—what they were doing. They contacted me and I kept telling them that it couldn’t be done.

Many of those Indians had never even seen a train, much less been on one. I’d have to have a ceremonial to get them on the train, I would have to have a ceremonial for their housing, a ceremonial before the medicine men could paint their bodies or send paintings for the public to view, a ceremonial for other Indians to participate with each other. This would simply be an impossible job. I would even have to have a medicine man from each tribe represented plus Indian leaders from each tribe.

Leonard smiled as he said, “But my father said I could handle it. Papa said, “You’re going,” so, I went. I headed for Chicago by train in October, 1947, and



we opened in May, 1948.

After everything in the Indian Village was set up and finished, I had to help inspect it and approve it. It was a magnificent job that was done in recreating the lifestyle of the American Indian. He had the ceremonials. Seven or eight-hundred thousand people came through the display everyday-seven days a week. So, that meant my job was seven days a week. I would get up at six in the morning and get to bed about one or two each night. "I still don't know how I got through it."

Trader Leonard Walker remembered some of the people he had the privilege to meet at the Indian Village: movie stars Donna Reed, Yvonne DeCarlo, Bob Hope, John Wayne, Bing Crosby, Red Skelton and the famous clown Emmett Kelly. Dwight Eisenhower, who about this time was changing jobs from Chief of staff to President of Columbia University, also made an appearance. many foreign dignitaries saw the exhibit.

Before the fair closed, the director of the famous Harvey Girls and the national restaurant system, approached Leonard. He told Leonard that few people have a chance to make history in their lifetime, but that Leonard was to have that chance.

The Chicago Railroad Fair closed in October, 1948, and Leonard got home the following May, 1949. About this time, he saw an opportunity to pursue another love—electronics. He went to

work for the U. S. government and would be gone from Navajoland for the next several decades.

David Leonard Walker realized his lost love for the Indian world before it was too late, however, and came home to live and die. He was buried in the Navajo tradition in Gallup

The Walker family is gone from the reservation.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

The children of the late trader Claude Walker (Olin C. Walker, Junior) donated land in the city of Gallup to the city in memory of their mother Anne. The park is known as the Annie Walker Memorial park and as the inscription at the park proclaims, is dedicated to all the wives of the the traders and the hardships these pioneer women endured living such a physically demanding and isolated life such as they lived.

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*\* Writer Sam McIlhane taught history at Bernalillo High for many years. He has a personal connection to this story: Olin Walker is his grandfather and Leonard, Vic and Claude are his uncles.*

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*The Lighter Side***Heaven or Hell!**

While walking down the street one day a Corrupt Senator was hit by a bus and died. His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance. "Welcome to heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you." "No problem, just let me in," says the Senator. "Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from the higher ups. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity." "Really?, I've made up my mind. I want to be in heaven," says the Senator. "I'm sorry, but we have our rules." And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce

about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people they played a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and the finest champagne. Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly guy who is having a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are all having such a good time that before the Senator realizes it, it is time to go. Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises. The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens in heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him, "Now it's time to visit heaven..." So, 24 hours passed with the Senator joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns. "Well, then, you've spent a day in hell and another in heaven. Now choose your eternity." The Senator reflects for a minute, then he answers: "Well, I would never have said it before, I mean heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in hell." So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he

## *The Lighter Side*

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

goes down, down, down to hell...Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage.He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls to the ground.The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulders.“I don't understand,” stammers the Senator.

“Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse, and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?” The devil smiles at him and says,

*“Yesterday we were campaigning,  
Today, you voted..”*



### **THE GOLDEN YEARS**

Several days ago as I left a meeting at a hotel; I desperately gave myself a personal TSA pat down.I was looking for my keys. They were not in my pockets.

A quick search in the meeting room revealed nothing.Suddenly I realized I must have left them in the car.Frantically, I headed for the parking lot.My husband has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition.My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them.His theory is that the car will be stolen.As I burst through the door, I came to a terrifying conclusion.His theory was right.The parking lot was emptyI immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen.Then I made the most difficult call of all, “Honey,” I stammered; I always call him”honey” in times like these. “I left my keys in the car and it has been stolen.”

There was a period of silence. I thought the call had been dropped, but then I heard his voice. “Are you kiddin’ me”, he barked, “I dropped you off”!!!!!!!

Now it was my time to be silent.

Embarrassed, I said, “Well, come and get me.”He retorted, “I will, as soon as I convince this policeman I have not stolen your car.”

Yep it's the golden years.....



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

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*Ed Delay illustration for a magazine Christmas story*

