

El Cronicón

Official Quarterly Publication of the
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Ken Kloeppe

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

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*It's Party Time-
Sunday December 8th-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,

Mother nature has made many wild statements recently. The winter was dry with little snow to help our withered forests. Spring came on time and all our fruit trees welcomed the arrival with beautiful blossoms. Mother nature brought a deathly freeze when the fruit was in it's infancy. Now all we have for fresh fruit is a hard tasteless sphere the stores call " a peach".

Drought seemed like a normal way of life after three years and the Rio Grande looked like a dusty trail heading south. All this changed in September and our state has seen more water running down hill than we could ever have imagined.

Mother nature has given us some new memories that many will never forget. Look upon the changes we have experienced and try to appreciate that everything works itself out in the end. Remember, history will be recorded no matter what happens next!

www.sandovalhistory.org/

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

SEPTEMBER MEETING

ANTONIO & MOLLY MANZANARES Shepherd's Lamb

Antonio spoke to our group about his experiences in the sheep business.

He recalls that his Grandfather and Father both were in the sheep business. He currently has about 900 sheep in his band, including both Rambouillet and the Navajo Churro. There are only two herded bands of sheep left in NM, and rancher Ronnie Garcia has the other band.

Antonio's family has deep roots in New Mexico. His Great Grandfather was Juan Jose Manzanares and was a blacksmith. His Grandfather Carlos was a rancher and politician. Antonio's father Tony was a postmaster in Tierra Amarilla and his mother Natividad worked for Rio Arriba County.

Antonio remembered going to the sheep camp when he was very young, but he said he was not interested in that as a kid. He also had allergies, and his family had decided he was to be the scholar of the family. As a result, in 8th grade he was sent off to El Rito to go to school. He was in the last graduating class from El Rito, then went off to college at UNM where he earned his degree in Psychology. He laughed about how useful that was on the ranch.

Antonio and Molly talked about their ranch operations, and mentioned that they have had



to diversify to survive in these hard times, most recently marketing mutton. They belong to Ganados del Valle and Tierra Wools. These programs work to insure that both the Churro sheep line is saved from extinction and that the weaving traditions are maintained. Molly has been instrumental in both, and brought many examples of the wools and the fine weaving that is an end result.

Antonio said that they have been using Mormon and Amish workers to do most of the shearing in the last several years-as he is not getting any younger. The wool is packed differently and into bales these days, not the sacks that were used years ago. The typical shearer can shear an animal in about 1 min and then the wool is skirted – cleaned. The lambing of the sheep on the rangelands was a very difficult and well coordinated event. Usually, the sheep would be herded down from the mountain pastures as a group and when the ewes would lamb they would be left behind with a shepherd for about 1 week before they were started out on the trail again. Thus, several groups would be spaced apart on the trail. They currently use 14 dogs and have 6 guard dogs as well. Their mutton is processed at a plant in Durango, usually from Oct to Feb. The great meat and wool combination has been profitable for the family business.

OCTOBER 13 th MEETING

Cabeza de Baca and Baca - Part 2 by

Retired Colonel David C. De Baca

This is David's summary of his presentation which covered many years of history

sent value of 2.9 billion dollars.

The New World: Los Alcaldes, Capitanes y Matriarcas de Nuevo Mexico, together with Part 1, presented, in short, 1,445 years of Baca family history, told through the notable life stories of 80 Old World and 329 New World family members. Originating from the area of Spain called "Tierra de Campos" in the Kingdom of León, hence the Baca's are Leónese, the family would produce 5 Conquistadors and many more Capitanes in Spain's conquest of the New World.

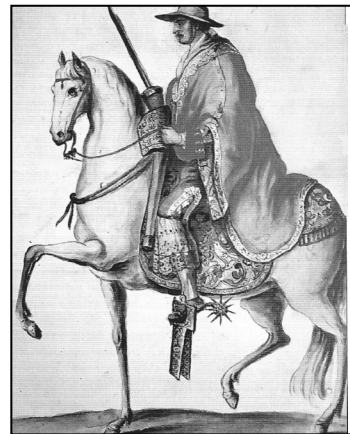
As Alcaldes, 17 Baca's would use their for-life appointments to wield considerable influence over colonial affairs in New Mexico, administering the land-grant process, hearing cases as judge in the first instance of all civil cases and all criminal cases but capital crimes, mayor of all villages within their jurisdiction, probate judge, sheriff, notary, and tax collector. Two Baca's would become Governors during the Mexican period.

Four Baca's, as recipients of personal (not communal) grants totaling over 2,725,000 acres, would become "Land Barons" in every sense of the word, exercising influence over lands that would in July 2000 have a pre-



As New Mexico transitioned to American control, 5 Baca's would be counted among the Hispano and Anglo elites of the new American Territory, and an additional 28 would serve as "Wild West" sheriffs, protecting communities from all manner of outlaws; rustlers, train robbers, gun slingers, and the like.

Military Service to the nation, forever a family tradition, saw 76 Baca's serve in the Union Army, and 19 suffering as Prisoners of War during WW II. Two Baca's, one each in Vietnam and Afghanistan, would become recipients of The Congressional Medal of Honor.



A N.M. Alcalde serving in his role as a war captain of the militia in his jurisdiction

OCTOBER 20 th MEETING

Voices from our Past

It was October 20th and the DeLavy house was FULL of people sharing stories, laughing, and catching up on the activities of their families over the years. I so enjoyed seeing and visiting with neighbors and hearing their stories and I wish I could have visited with each one of them.

Pictures covered the walls and every inch of the table tops in two rooms and in the entryway. Photos of the families from **Angostura, the Rio Puerco, Cuba, Jemez Springs, Sile, Bernalillo, Corrales, Placitas, and Domingo** documented the daily lives of their residents. The Sandoval County Historical Society called upon these families to share those stories with us, and with everyone who attended the get together at the DeLavy house.

I enjoyed **Eva Bevington** as she talked about living in Domingo, which is near La Bajada. She told us that she had been unable to walk as a youth, and her family took her to see a Priest and that then she was able to walk. Apparently, she made up for lost time and said that her Mother had sent her to get a

bag of potatoes from the trading post when she was 8 years old. The train was parked there and she could not get around it, it was too long. So, she crawled under the train—and it began to move !! She shoved the potatoes from under the train and crawled out quickly, and just made it out ! She gave thanks to God many times for taking care of her over the years.

Nasario Garcia talked out how his Grandmother lived here in Bernalillo, and he often came to stay with her. She was a curandera and had sent him to the Merc to pick up something she needed. He happened to hear music playing nearby and went to investigate. He was excited to tell her that he had seen the “Matachiches” !!

Orlando Lucero recalled that his father Max Lucero had been young when the influenza epidemic struck in Bernalillo. Max was called upon to make caskets for all the people who died. He later told Orlando that those people had been buried around the Lady of Sorrows Catholic Church. The remains were later exhumed and reburied.

Continued



Voices from our Past

Continued

Manuel and Ida **Aragon** were parents to **Roannie**. He remembered that Miguel told him he learned his first English word when he was about 8 yrs old—Bathroom. I remember his mother Ida being my 2nd grade teacher, and she was really an excellent one. I read the SRA booklets as fast as I could, and she really encouraged me. What a kind, gentle lady.

Life in Sile, NM was remembered by **Miranda Sapien** who said she didn't recall there being any fences—just footpaths that went from house to house. There wasn't much for youngsters to do, but they did have home-made swings on the trees, and as they got older there were local dances. She had a bachelor uncle who lived down the road, and their family visited regularly on Sundays. He often played accordion for the family, and she said she and her sister were often sent to his home to take him things. She didn't like to go because the house had a funny smell and was always dark. She later watched at the fence as the authorities emptied barrel after barrel of moonshine from her uncle's house onto the ground! She reported that he was said to have spent a few years in Alcatraz for that!

Tony Garcia is 101 years old, and it

was a joy to have him attend the festivities. His daughter and grandson accompanied him. He grew up in Bernalillo in the house next to the one that DeVargas was in when he died after becoming ill enroute from Santa Fe to El Paso. Tony remembers his father Antonio Garcia talking about two men who were horse thieves who had been captured and were hung on the Hanging Tree next to his home. Antonio said it was a sad thing, and that when they took the men down, they placed their heads upon an adobe as if on a pillow, and then put a silver dollar on their forehead. The significance of that is probably known by someone out there, but could not be recalled by Tony. What a treasure to have him in our community.

La Cienega was represented by **Madeline Tapia**. She told how Mother and Father met while taking care of the family sheep. They eventually moved to Bernalillo. Her Mother had taken care of the family when her Grandmother became distressed after the loss of a son and having a newborn. She stayed with her sisters in Pena Blanca for almost a year before returning home.

Sam McIlhaney (who cajoled that



the Anglos have finally arrived) remembered his mother talking about her family who lived near Farmington. His Mother and her siblings would skate up the frozen irrigation ditch during the winters and in the summer would build a fire near the ditch and cook frogs and drink the best coffee made in a can on the fire. One of his uncles was sent to fix the power when it went off, and climbed up a power pole. He lost 2 fingers to electrocution, and that Sam's Mother had taken the fingers and placed them in a matchbox to bury. Sam talked about loving fried okra owing to his family has roots in Alabama. I know how much my mother loves her fried okra too, although her roots are in Texas. I have even developed a strong liking for it over the years.

Time seemed to fly by as family stories were recalled, and we heard from **Corine Montoya, Filimon Aguilar, Molly Andrews, Dan Chavez, Mary Alice Sanchez, the Georgio Rinaldi family, Jim Saiz, Ken Kloeppe, Ricardo Gonzales, and myself.** There was hardly time to hear all the family stories. Several families did not get an opportunity to tell their story, and **Martha** reports that she hopes to repeat this type of event next year. Ya'll come !!!

I encourage each of you to take a few moments to listen to those family stories, write them down, and share them – among your family, friends, and with the Sandoval County Historical Society. Stop by and visit sometime. (*The Archive committee is busy most Thursday mornings*)

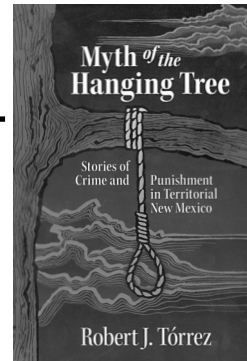
Reported by Karen Lermuseaux

BOOK REVIEW
By John J. Hunt

*Myth of the
Hanging Tree –
Stories of Crime and
Punishment in
Territorial New
Mexico.*

Robert J. Tórréz

University of New Mexico Press, 2008



Some of the great writers in history have indulged themselves by writing about the seamier side of life. Alexandre Dumas wrote an 8-part series called “*Celebrated Crimes*,” the first volume titled “*The Borgias*”—about Pope Alexander VI—undoubtedly the basis for the recent Showtime hit of the samename.

Victor Hugo wrote about prison conditions, and a novel called “*The Last Day of a Condemned Man*.” Albert Camus, of course, is famous for “*The Stranger*,” a story of murder, modern morality, and the guillotine.

And this year New Mexico historian Dr. Richard Melzer, along with John Taylor, published “*Murder, Mystery and Mayhem in the Rio Abajo*” a book along similar lines as “*Myth of the Hanging Tree*.” These sordid themes attract even our serious historians.

Robert J. Tórréz, a former New Mexico State Historian, has unearthed the stories of murder and mayhem, legal hangings as well as lynchings, which took place during the period our state was a U.S.

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Territory, from 1850 to 1912.

Tórrez says he spent two decades researching the primary records in the judicial and executive archives of the New Mexico State Records Center at Santa Fe. Those, and the collection of historical newspapers, make up the principal sources of his book.

“Between 1846 and 1912,” he reports, “the courts in Territorial New Mexico condemned at least one hundred men and women to death by hanging.” However, evidence shows that only fifty-one were executed, including one woman. The others were either pardoned or had their sentences commuted to life.

In contrast, in Appendix B, he lists 127 lynchings between 1852 and 1928, which gives you an idea of the lawless conditions that prevailed well into the 20th century.

Actually the number of capital crimes seems rather low, considering New Mexico during those years was considered the Old West, Billy the Kid being only one of many a lawless individual to wreak havoc on the meager population. Highwaymen, claim jumpers, bank and train robbers, cattle rustlers, seemed to be everywhere. One of the reasons for the small numbers may have been the lack of effective policing. The chief justice of the Territorial Supreme Court, Judge Henry L. Waldo, in 1876, declared there was “an entire want of efficiency in the administration of justice” in New Mexico.

The most pathetic story, one in which the perpetrators were spared death because of their age and gender, he calls “Young,

Ignorant, and Immoral” and it tells the story of two young women from Hillsboro, Alma Lyons and Valentina Madrid, who conspired to poison Valentina’s husband Manuel Madrid. A love triangle had ensued when a man named Francisco Baca fell “desperately in love” with Madrid’s young bride.

The trial took place in May of 1907. This is an age-old tale; it could have been ripped from the pages of today’s tabloid newspapers. But depicting the events, the trial, the community’s reaction, as well as the long legal process, is fascinating and gives us a good idea of how our society appeared over 100-years-ago.

The most intriguing and odd case has to do with the one woman who was hanged—Paula Angel, “a fascinating and mysterious woman”; district court judge Luis Armijo of Las Vegas described the events in 1961, a century after it had transpired. “The crime itself was as old as Eden,” he noted, and stemmed from a broken love affair. While meeting one last time, Paula pulled a knife and “plunged the weapon into her erstwhile lover.”

Now there’s nothing mysterious about this; yet Armijo’s story was based on hearsay (he heard it from his grandmother), and records of the actual execution did not produce a signed death warrant. Although there are many accounts of the hanging, they “leave several unanswered questions,” as Tórrez says. Was she the only woman hung in New Mexico? The author turned detective, scouring the archives, and found that two women from the Pueblo of Cochiti were hanged in Santa Fe in 1779. The crime? The premeditated death of one of the women’s husbands—once

again, a crime as old as Eden.

Mr. Tórréz manages to unravel the mystery of poor Paula Angel, as well as tell the story of many of the state's famous, infamous, and obscure felons, those who paid the ultimate price for their crimes. Men like Perfecto Padilla, Rosario Ring, Theodore Baker, Richard Remine; he also shines a light on the deadly Gallegos Canyon shootout of 1886, "Where what began as a competition for pasture escalated...into a violent and deadly confrontation fanned by racial hatred and egos." It was cattlemen vs. Mexican sheepherders, something that was quite common in those territorial days.

In the final chapter he tells the story of the Old Penitentiary, which he calls "New Mexico's first new public building." Construction began in July 1884 on a ten-acre site a mile south of the Santa Fe Plaza, where St. Francis Drive and Cordova Road now intersect. By 1953 this antiquated building was replaced by one farther south of town, and by 1961 the old structure had been razed—but not forgotten.

I have donated my signed copy of Tórréz's book to the Society's library so that these stories may be enjoyed by others who love reading this more lurid and sensational kind of history.

THE STORY OF JEMEZ HISTORIC SITE: GIUSEWA PUEBLO AND SAN JOSÉ DE LOS JEMEZ MISSION

Matthew J. Barbour

Site Manager, Jemez Historic Site

Jemez Historic Site (formerly Jemez State Monument) in Jemez Springs, New Mexico, protects and interprets the archaeological remains of Giusewa Pueblo and San José de los Jemez Mission. The site, designated LA 679, was first opened to the public in 1935. Today, visitors of Jemez Historic Site are free to explore the ruins and learn about New Mexico's past. However, much of public remains unaware of this treasure and the role it played in the history of New Mexico and the greater Southwest. This is its story.

Jemez Origins and the Founding of Giusewa Pueblo

Giusewa is an ancestral Jemez Pueblo. The Jemez people are a Towa-speaking Puebloan group who are believed to have migrated to the southern slopes of the Jemez Mountains, known to scholars as Jemez Province, in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth centuries.

A debate exists among archaeologists regarding the origins of the Jemez people. Some suggest their culture originated in the Rio Grande, whereas others maintain the Jemez are descendants of the Gallina Culture that flourished north of the modern town of Cuba during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is also possible that peopling of the province represents a combination of the two. Jemez oral history states that they emerged from a lake named Hoa-sjela, located to the north and west of the Jemez Province.

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Although the location of this lake is not known, many in the tribe suggest its placement in southwestern Colorado, possibly indicating a cultural connection with the Pueblo inhabitants of the Mesa Verde Region.

Giusewa is a Towa word meaning “at the hot place.” It is known by the name because of the large number of natural hot springs in the area. Many of these springs still function and serve to draw tourists and spa enthusiasts to the area.

Just when Giusewa was first settled remains unknown. However, pottery sherds collected during excavations at the pueblo in the 1920s, and currently housed in the New Mexico Museum of Indian Arts and Culture in Santa Fe, include Vallecitos Black-on-white. This pottery type was produced between AD 1250 and AD 1400, suggesting the site was settled sometime in the late thirteenth or fourteenth centuries. This would place the founding of Giusewa at or near the time when the Towa-speaking Jemez people first came to settle the area.

Giusewa Pueblo and the Sixteenth Century

It is estimated that by the late 1500s, between 15,000 and 30,000 Native Americans lived in Jemez Province. Giusewa had developed into a village believed to contain approximately 350 rooms. Although substantial in size, it was much smaller than regional centers such as Kwastiyukwa (about 1,250 rooms) and Amoxiumqua (about 1,200 rooms), which were both contemporaneous and established on the surrounding mesa tops overlooking the Jemez River.

What role the settlement of Giusewa played within the province remains unclear. Recent discoveries by modern Jemez potter and former Pueblo Governor Josh Magdalena

suggest that small mines at the base of Cerro Colorado may have been used to acquire the white clay slip utilized in Jemez Black-on-white pottery (AD 1300-1700). The location of these caves in proximity to Giusewa could indicate that the pueblo served as a pottery manufacture center within Jemez Province. However, this has yet to be proven through archaeological investigations.

In addition to Jemez Black-on-white pottery production, inhabitants of Giusewa traded for pottery produced by their Keres, Tewa, and Tiwa neighbors to the east. Chief among the pottery types coveted by the Jemez were the Rio Grande glazewares, produced using lead-based paints. The rims of these glazewares are temporally diagnostic, often allowing archaeologists to tell within 100 years or less when a particular pueblo was occupied.

The presence of numerous Glaze E rim forms at Giusewa suggests the pueblo was occupied in the 1540s. It is believed that Giusewa was one of seven Jemez Pueblos noted by Captain Francisco de Barrionuevo, of Francisco Vásquez de Coronado's expedition, in 1541. Information regarding the pueblo and Jemez Province during this time is extremely limited. However, Barrionuevo notes that: “The pueblos of Hemes [Jemez] came out peaceably and furnished provisions.”

It is perhaps this friendly disposition coupled with population density that made Jemez Province attractive to Catholic missionaries. The colony of New Mexico was officially established by Governor Don Juan de Oñate in July 1598. In September of that year, Fray Alonso Martínez, head of the Franciscan Order in New Mexico, appointed Fray Alonso de Lugo as the first priest to serve the Jemez Province.

Fray Lugo arrived in the province in late fall and set about building a church. Although the precise location and name of this

church are not known, the relatively large size of the pueblo coupled with its central location within Jemez Province made Giusewa Pueblo a likely choice for Lugo. During Alonso de Lugo's tenure as priest, he was charged with also administering to Pecos Pueblo and some Navajo bands. It is not clear how much of his time was spent in Jemez Province, but collectively, Lugo's stay in New Mexico lasted less than three years. He had returned to his home in Zacatecas by 1601.

San José de los Jemez Mission and the Seventeenth Century

Between 1601 and 1621, no priest ministered in Jemez Province, but Puebloan occupation of Giusewa continued. Tree-ring dates from Kiva 3, immediately west of the San José de los Jemez church, suggest construction of the ceremonial structure and the adjoining room block in 1610. Hence, although it is not clear whether Catholicism persisted after Lugo's departure, indigenous rituals were maintained.

Construction of San José de los Jemez Mission began with the arrival of Fray Jerónimo de Zarate Salmerón in late 1621 or early 1622. Salmerón had engineering experience, having designed two causeways across Lake Texcoco before his reassignment to New Mexico. Art historian Robin Farwell Gavin cited "the manipulation of architectural space at San José through graduation of window sizes, mathematical proportioning of the nave and sanctuary, convergence of nave walls, and slope of the floor" as strong evidence that the mission church's designer was familiar with European Baroque architecture. The interior decoration of the church was also at least minimally inspired by Baroque style, with brightly painted frescoes adorning the walls.

San José de los Jemez was one of two

missions established by Fray Salmerón in 1621. The other, San Diego de la Congregación, may have been situated at the current location of Walatowa Pueblo (modern Jemez Pueblo). Unlike San José, which was situated within an existing pueblo, San Diego was a new settlement where Jemez people from numerous villages were coerced to settle. Reaction to this coercion appears to have led to resistance and this initial San Diego Mission was abandoned in 1623.

Between 1623 and 1626, Fray Salmerón lived exclusively at the San José Mission where he ministered to those Jemez who remained Christian and to the Puname (Keres) Pueblos of Santa Ana and Zia. His successor, Fray Martín de Arvide, reestablished the San Diego mission at Walatowa in 1628. Both missions continued to be operated simultaneously throughout the remainder of the 1620s and the early 1630s.

Some historians have argued based on archival evidence that the abandonment of San José occurred sometime between 1632 and 1639, after which missionization efforts were consolidated at San Diego Mission. Not all have agreed with this interpretation, however. Architectural historian Jake Ivey, for example, maintains that the location of the baptistry and the presence of a large, secure storeroom are evidence of construction in the 1640s and 1670s, respectively. Others, such as Robin Farwell Gavin, have gone so far as to suggest that the San José and San Diego names were used interchangeably to refer to the same mission that was always located at Giusewa.

Regardless of the priests' presence or absence, Jemez people clearly continued to live at the site after 1639, based primarily on the presence of large quantities of Glaze F pottery rim forms (AD 1625–1700), which were not

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produced in large numbers until the 1650s, as well as the remodeling of one of the mission rooms into a kiva. This renovation, presumably completed after the Franciscans had left Giusewa, may date to sometime after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and before the Spanish Reconquest of 1692. It may have been built much earlier, however, if Franciscan abandonment occurred in the 1630s.

The Jemez people had abandoned Giusewa by the time of Spanish Reconquest in 1692. By this time, they had aggregated at the defensive site of Astialakwa, high atop Guadalupe Mesa. It was there that, on July 24, 1694, a bloody battle ensued in which 84 Jemez warriors were killed by Spanish forces and their Puname (Keres) allies. Those who survived were forcibly resettled at Walatowa, the present site of Jemez Pueblo.

Jemez Historic Site Today

In 1935, New Mexico State Land Commissioner Frank Vesely designated Giusewa and San José de los Jemez Mission ruins as a State Monument. It was listed on the New Mexico State Register of Cultural Properties on March 20, 1969, and the National Register of Historic Places on March 14, 1973. Recently, on October 16, 2012, it was designated a National Historic Landmark.

Today, Jemez Historic Site is operated by the New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs. The site welcomes visitors from around the globe to experience New Mexico culture and history firsthand, offering interpretive trails and a small museum. Special events and dances are held periodically throughout the year.

Jemez Historic Site is located at 18160 Highway 4 in Jemez Springs. It is open five days a week, Wednesday through Sunday, from 8:30 AM to 5:00 PM New Mexico residents on Sunday. For more information: 575-829-3530

Good Compañeros (part2)

By Sam McIhaney

A historical story set in the time of the great pueblo revolt of 1680

In part 1 we left Manah on his way to warn his Spanish friend, Tomas of the coming danger

The sky over the mountains to the east was still dark when Manah jumped up from his blanket. The hard, dried corn and small chunks of dried meat, which he told his mother the night before he would take on a rabbit hunt, he wrapped in the blanket. In the darkness, he tucked his flint knife into the waistband of his loincloth, picked up his bow, slipped the soft doeskin quiver of arrows onto his back, and carrying the blanket, moved quickly and silently out into the dawn air. The Sun Father was beginning to cast a glow on the eastern horizon, streaking the pale gray sky with fingers of pink and orange, leaving the mountains below lost in a deep blue-black. Manah left the village plaza behind and walked toward the river. A stiff breeze was blowing from the east and Manah thought that was unusual. The wind came in the afternoon or evening or during the night; not in the morning. The wind made him feel depressed. A horse would be nice to have now, he thought. He knew that was impossible for the Spanish allowed no Puebloños ownership of horses. Only the Apaches had horses — they stole them from the ranchos and haciendas that dotted the valley. Perhaps he should stay and help fight. Fight for horses. And then, when he

reached the age of a warrior, he could ride and be the greatest warrior of all. But if he stayed, he would be like the hated Apaches, the ancient enemy of The People. If he stayed, he would see the bloodshed, the looting, the horror. The horror he could only imagine, but he knew it was to come. The horror would not be committed by The Enemy this time; it would be committed by his own people. That, he could not accept and he kept on walking.

He walked all day. Late in the night, he found a spot of grass, surrounded by thick brush and trees, and managed to doze a few hours before dawn. On the evening of the third day, his feet were bleeding and his food was gone. He knew he must have a good reason for being so far from Santa Marla should the inhabitants of a strange pueblo question him, but he knew also that he must go to one of those pueblos for food. He had been hunting for rabbits.

Everyone knew that game was scarce because the rains did not come. Such an answer should satisfy any inquisitors. A knotted feeling of fear pinched his stomach. If such an answer did not please the people of a village, he would probably be put to death.

↳ He left the coolness of the bosque, crossed the bare stretch of sand which had once been the bed of the Rio del Norte, jumped over the trickle of water which continued to find its way down from the high mountains, and entered the bosque on the other side. The Sun Father disappeared at his back behind the mesa as he reached the stark and stunted corn fields of Zandia Pueblo.

The adobe buildings were stark, outlined by a

large fire in the plaza. The shadows of dancing figures moved across the walls as Manah merged into a small crowd watching the activities. In the semi-darkness, he felt safe enough. The village did not speak Keres, the language of Santa Maria, but he knew by the sounds of the Tiwa chants and lack of costumes on the dancers, the dance was not for Earth Mother, Corn Mother, or for the buffalo hunt. There could only be one reason for the dance: war. The war dance must take place before the Sun Father lighted the sky of the following day. The souls of those to be slain had to be pacified. Manah remembered well the teachings of his father on such matters. He quickly left the village.

In the security of the bosque, he chewed on the raw corn he had taken from the field of Zandia. His feet bothered him. At home his mother would have corn tortillas, baked squash, cool melons, juicy apples, nuts, dried deer meat, and sometimes, he remembered, she would serve buffalo steaks. Someday, he imagined, the time would come when his father would ask him to accompany the men of the village on a journey through the mountains to the east, to the land of grass, to hunt the buffalo. Suddenly he realized that wonderful day might never come to pass. The chill of the bosque night crept over him. Brushing the jet-black hair from his eyes, he felt the tears on his dusty cheeks. He wiped them away with the back of his hand. He drew the blanket over his shoulders and fell asleep, thinking of the pain in his feet, his back braced against the *Continued*

trunk of a giant cottonwood.

The shadows of the trees were growing long across the sand of the riverbed. Manah was hungry. He had strung his bow, fitted an arrow to the string, and had walked for an hour with his weapon ready. He had seen no game. He crossed the riverbed. He knew the bosque covered much greater area on the east side of the river and his chances of finding food would be better. He also knew El camino Real was there and the danger of being seen by Indians and soldiers would be greater. But the emptiness of his belly could not be ignored.

The great river had almost disappeared.

Perhaps, he thought, the way of The Old Ones was the right way. Perhaps the teachings of the funny-looking men with the shaven heads were not the right teachings. Los Padres, Don Luis called them. They were always blessing everyone and everything, but so did the religious leaders of The People with their holy corn meal. Still, there was no rain. He sighed. It was so confusing.

The glow of daylight was beginning to disappear behind the volcanic peaks on the hot mesa. Soon he would not be able to see to hunt and he would have to sleep without eating. The sound of distant hoofbeats made his heart jump. Instantly he flattened himself in a bed of dry leaves. Two soldiers rode at full gallop, heading northward on El camino Real. The setting sun flashed against the breastplate of their armor, and they were gone.

He felt the burning pain in his feet and the ache in his legs.

He turned over onto his back, and raising up to a sitting position, began to gently massage his feet. His feet did not like the long journey, he thought. Glancing straight ahead, he suddenly sucked in his breath. On the opposite side of a small log was a cottontail rabbit. Very slowly he reached to his side, picked up the bow, fitted an arrow, pulled the fletching of the arrow to his cheek, and released the string. The arrow struck a clump of grass and the rabbit immediately disappeared into a cluster of salt cedar. He could feel the tears forming in his eyes. Standing, he began to walk in the direction the rabbit had gone, holding his weapon tensely.

The boy was awakened by an ant crawling on his face. The Sun Father was well above the dark-blue Zandia Mountains but Manah did not want to open his eyes. He brushed the ant away. His body ached all over and the night had been long for he had fallen asleep without eating anything. The old women of Santa Maria, he remembered, had spoken of eating the roots of certain plants, but he could not remember which plants. He opened his eyes and sat up. A squirrel was standing on its hind legs no more than twenty feet away and it was looking in the opposite direction from where Manah was sitting. The young Indian quickly got to his feet, strung the bow, fitted an arrow, pulled it back, held his breath, and let the arrow fly. The arrow drove half the length of the shaft through the body of the animal.

A fire would be a great risk, he knew. He had eaten raw meat, but it did not appeal to him. Perhaps, a small fire would not be seen. He

found two hard, dry sticks, cut notches in them with his flint knife, picked up some sand, poured it on the notches, and rubbed them together rapidly. Soon a tiny fire burned in the dry leaves. He skinned the animal and cut it into pieces while keeping a careful watch on the fire. His belly would not allow very much time for cooking and after the meat had been slightly blackened by the flames, he ate. When he had finished, he walked out onto the riverbed to the small trickle of water which continued to find its way in the great expanse of sand. Kneeling, he drank, washed his face, and drank again. His belly allowed him to think more clearly and he thought of how exposed he was. He knew he was probably in full view of anyone passing by — on either side of the riverbed. In the past, he had allowed himself to drink only after darkness had settled. The moon was soon full overhead and the only sounds in the bosque, other than crickets, .

He walked all night long and well before the Sun Father appeared over the dark mountains to the east, Manah saw Isleta Pueblo through the trees. The village was bathed in moonlight, and was silent and dark. He stayed within the perimeter of the trees and continued walking. His energy was low and every step required concentrated effort.

Behind him, far to the north, spiraling high into the night sky, columns of smoke confirmed what he already knew to be true. The murder and plunder of the mission churches, haciendas and ranchos was underway. After they had pillaged and tortured, he thought,

The People would burn what remained to erase the Spanish from the land.

Manah was puzzled. Why was Isleta so very still? He had expected fires to be burning in the plaza and chants in the Tiwa tongue, and yet, there were none, and he had seen no one. He crossed the alluvial fan of an arroyo which entered the riverbed from the

left, and struggling across the soft sand which had been washed in by long-past rains, he remembered. Entering the protective foliage once more, on the opposite side of the arroyo, he recalled the Instrucción Don Luis had given him and Tomas, concerning the government of the royal province. Don Alonso Garcia, Lieutenant Governor and Lieutenant General of Nuevo Méjico lived nearby, and ruled the area for Governor Otermln. Don Alonso had soldiers stationed there to help him protect the district against Apache raiders. Manah sighed and brushed the straight, black hair from his eyes. That was the reason the Isletas were quiet, he thought; they feared the soldiers.

The boy walked on but his walk had become a limp, and traces of blood were left in his footprints. He looked above the tops of the trees to the south and saw no columns of smoke. He felt relieved, and prayed that everyone was safe at La Hacienda Blanca: the prayer was addressed to the Gods of The People and to the God spoken of by men in the gray cassocks. He did not wish to offend, and said so in his prayer.

When the Sun Father stood on the very crest of the Manzano Mountains far away across the mesa, Manah lay down to rest in a grove of cool willows. He had already felt the heat burn-

Continued

ing his face In the morning air, and the willows were soothing to his skin. His eyes were surrounded by dark shadows and were sunken deeply into his face. The ache in his legs was much more intense and he noticed his legs and arms were covered with dried blood from scratches inflicted by the thistle and salt cedar. Just a short rest, he decided. They will have food. Only a short way to go. But his mind would not rest. Perhaps, he thought, Don Luis and Don Diego de Espinosa will not believe such a vast tale. Afterall, Don Luis had said that each pueblo was very independent and jealous of one another concerning petty matters, and unity among them was not their tradition. They had even made war against each other in the past. When the Spanish came, they would not allow it. Lack of unity, Don Luis had said, was the reason the pueblos offered no great threat to the rule of España and to her appointed officials. But surely, Manah reasoned, word had already reached La Hacienda Blanca of the destruction to the north. Surely, the hacienda would be preparing for possible siege. If not, they must be warned. His eyes filled with tears and he tried to wipe them away. It was not a time for crying, he told himself once more, but the tears came anyway. A continuous throbbing of pain in his legs would allow no sleep. He turned onto his stomach, and then to one side, and to the other; the pain remained. On his back, he found by holding his legs stiff and straight, the pain was tolerable. He watched two tiny clouds drift by overhead. He remembered the talk in Santa Maria. A pueblo had risen in revolt against the

flag of España. The rebellious village was completely destroyed by men wearing metal, riding war horses, and those men carried harquebuses which spit fire and death. Afterwards, a trial was held. Some men of that village were executed, others had a hand or foot cut off, and still others were sentenced to servitude among hacendados and officers. But now the pueblos were united, and had strength, and dared face the wrath of Los Españoles once more. Now, there was a leader in El Popé. He jumped to his feet; there was no time for rest.

Wearily, he picked up his possessions, placed the quiver on his back, pushed the blade of the flint knife into the top of his loincloth at his waist, and began to walk. His legs move only through the force of his will.

He traveled more than a league's distance before he saw it. Through an opening in the thick growth of cottonwoods, across a field of dwarf, sun-scorched corn, were the white-washed walls of the compound. The brightness of the late morning sunlight presented La Hacienda Blanca almost as a mirage behind the semi-barrenness of the field.

He forgot the fatigue, he forgot the pain and the bleeding. He began running toward the large wooden gates. He stumbled once, twice, and almost fell to the ground, but clutching the blanket in one hand and the bow in the other, he ran on. On the roof of the main building of the complex, a guard noticed a lone figure running toward the compound from the rio. The figure was carrying a weapon. The guard

remembered the instruction given to him early that very morning by Don Diego: "Be alert at all times. The Puebloños have already killed and burned in the north. We must be prepared should they try the same thing here." The old haciendado had added, "do not not fall asleep. Your life may depend upon it."

The sentry steadied the clumsy harquebus, aimed, and fired. The advancing figure suddenly threw his hands into the air and the blanket and bow fell to the ground In front of him. Clutching his chest, he staggered and fell. He stood again, continued a few paces, and fell in the dust. The body twitched once and lay still.

The Great Pueblo Revolt of 1680

The Pueblo Indians of the Southwest are divided into four linguistic families: the Tanoan (with eleven pueblos, including Taos, Isleta, Jemez, San Juan, San Idefonso, and the Hopi pueblo of Hano) , the Western Keresan (Acoma and Laguna), the Eastern Keresan (San Felipe, Santa Ana, Sia, Cochiti, and Santo Domingo), and the Hopi. The Pueblos had developed the highest Indian civilization in North America at the time of the Spanish invasion In 1540.

Spanish missions were established in 1580 and colonies followed in 1598. As a result of the Pueblo revolt of 1680, the Spanish were driven from the region. It wasn't until 1692 that the Spanish regained control of the Pueblo Indians. Perhaps one of the most important aspects of the revolt was the Indian's acquisition of Spanish horses. As mentioned in the story, few Indians possessed horses prior to this time, and

those who did, such as the Apache, usually acquired animals by theft. Spanish policy forbade giving or trading guns or horses to the Indians. The Spanish realized, early the vast superiority the guns and horses afforded them over the Indians in battle. In the years following the revolt, the Indians of the Southwest were instrumental in the spread of horses to other North American tribes. The Indians of North America learned to utilize their horses as proficiently as any horsemen in the world.

Upcoming Programs

JANUARY: Sunday January 12th
Election of officers

"GETTING TO KNOW US"

this is when the folks who work behind the scenes tell about the Society activities they are invoved in .

FEBRUARY: Sunday February 9th

A performance of old NM Spanish dances by
La Sociedad Colonial Espanola de Santa Fe

MARCH: Sunday March 9th

Tom (Lucky) Ball tells the story of Bland-
the goldmining town of 1890-1910

All programs start at 2 pm

The Lighter Side

WHEN INSULTS HAD CLASS

These glorious insults are from an era before the English language became boiled down to 4-letter words.

A member of Parliament to Disraeli: "Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease." "That depends, Sir," said Disraeli, "whether I embrace your policies or your mistress."

"He had delusions of adequacy." - Walter Kerr
"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." - Winston Churchill

I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure."
Clarence Darrow.

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary." - William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway). "Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it." - Moses Hadas.

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." - Mark Twain.

"He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends." - Oscar Wilde.

"I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend, if you have one." - George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill. "Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second ... if there is one." - Winston Churchill, in response.

"I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here." - Stephen Bishop.

"He is a self-made man and worships his creator." - John Bright.

"I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial." - Irvin S. Cobb.

He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others." - Samuel Johnson.

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up." - Paul Keating.

"In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily." - Charles, Count Talleyrand.

"He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." - Forrest Tucker.

The Lighter Side

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

"MORE INSULTS

Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?" - Mark Twain.

"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork." - Mae West.

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go." - Oscar Wilde.

"He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts... for support rather than illumination." - Andrew Lang (1844-1912).

"He has Van Gogh's ear for music." - Billy Wilder.

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But this wasn't it." Groucho



NEW MEANINGS

ADULT

A person who has stopped growing at both ends
And is now growing in the middle.

BEAUTY PARLOR

A place where women curl up and dye.

CHICKENS

The only animals you eat before they are born and after they are dead.

COMMITTEE

A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

DUST

Mud with the juice squeezed out.

EGOTIST

Someone who is usually me-deep in conversation.

HANDKERCHIEF

Cold Storage.

MOSQUITO

An insect that makes you like flies better.



Ed Delay illustration for a magazine Christmas story

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

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