

# *El Cronicón*

Official Quarterly Publication of the  
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President: Bill Sapien

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

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*June Meeting*  
*Sunday, June 13th, 2pm*

*Dr Dan Chavez* - former director of UNM  
Community College will speak on José Leandro Perea  
and

Descendant *Ricardo Gonzales* speaking as  
Capitan Juan Gonzales, the founder of Corrales

*For the artist of the month we will have a preview of  
the work of the talented artists in the Jemez area.*

Saludos Del Presidente

Hola Amigos (Hello my friends)!! Wow, where has this past winter gone? Now spring is here (does Spring really ever come to Sandoval County)? Now the days of summer are here (based on the warm weather and cool comfortable evenings that overwhelm any length of spring like weather). We'll take it along with the rains and winds that come with the transition of the season. Sandoval County is awash in green. Along with the transition of seasons which bring greenery to our County your Executive Board is hard at work. The Committee Chairs have been involved in a lot of "nuts and bolts" activities as we manage the Society's every day business.

We would like to announce that we have a new membership chair - Rusty VanHart. Also, Connie Aguilar is our program chair. Soon both Rusty VanHart and Connie Aguilar will be promoting membership and program development for our Society. We will promote membership growth and have our 2011 program designed and finalized by October 2010. Nancy Madigan, our new librarian, has been hard at work in organizing the library and fixtures. The members will soon see the fruits of her labor as the new designed library takes place. Please visit our library display at each meeting and check out a new book or books. Reading is still the most inexpensive way to travel to distant places; to educate ourselves and, yes, to help us dream what we can contribute to the good of our society and fellow man. Please bring a friend(s) to our next meeting.

In addition, Dirk VanHart and Martha Liebert have been cataloguing and indexing all the photos we have on the premises. All of the photo posters will be on holders which will give our membership the ability to locate and view any Sandoval County Historical Society photos of people, places and names. The project will conclude after our June meeting.

A volunteer crew will refinish the brick in our Board Meeting Room. Max CdeBaca, David Ortiz, Mickey Archibeque, Roy Skeen and Dirk VanHart will comprise the team.

Great days are here and greater days are coming. Again, Mil Gracias for your prayers and support.

Bill Sapien

## *Upcoming programs*

**SUNDAY, September 12th, 2PM**

**Presenter: Dr. Estevan Rael-Galvez**

**Early history of Nuevo España**

Artist of the month : Jemez Gallery Co-op showing

**SUNDAY, October 10th, 2PM**

**Presenters portray women of early New Mexico**

**Mary Aguilar - Lee - Isabel Bernal (1600)**

**Rita Last - Donna Josefa Trujillo (1800)**

**Mida West - Elena Gallegos (1600)**

**FEBRUARY**

Abraham Lincoln (Member Gabe Sahd )remenisced on his life,from the time of his birth until he was elected president of the United States. He experienced many tribulations as the family moved from frontier farm to frontier farm to the mid-west. As a young adult, he settled in New Salem, Illinois,penniless. He struggled to earn his livelihood, going from job to job. Soon, though, he entered polotics and became a state legislator. In that position he gained fame as a politician and a lawyer, not only within his state, but also at the national level, going on to lead the country during one of its most challenging times.



*Abe pretends not to care*



*Stephen Douglas ( Ken Kloepel) defends his point of view*

*President Bill presents a certificate of appreciation to the family of Reuben Montoya for his service as President in 1998*



# MEETING



*Wildlife artist Joe Dowell showed some of his beautiful paintings*



*Martha Liebert introduces our new librarian - Nancy Madigan*



*Joe Liebert reads a Valentines day poem*



*Continued*

Bill Sapien presented

## PANCHO VILLA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

MARCH



The Mexican Revolution was the first grand social movement of the 20th Century. Before it was over General Villa had affected the lives of some three million Mexicans through war, unsanitary conditions, enormous migration in and out of the country, injury and death. The ebb and flow produced many leaders who rose for a period of time; the two that persevered were Primer Jefe (First Chief) Venustiano Carranza and General Francisco (Pancho) Villa who commanded “La Division del Norte” (The Division of the North). The Revolution produced many other personages among them General Felipe Angeles who was considered the world’s leading authority on the use of field artillery; General Emiliano Zapata who was the leader in southern Mexico and stood for agrarian reform; (all the leaders at one time or another professed land reform but most fell short of the goal).

General Pancho Villa (Pancho is the Spanish nickname for Francisco) was actually named Doroteo Arango. After he became a fugitive from the law he took the name Villa which came from a maternal grandfather. The life of his “Robin Hood days” began when it was revealed to him that the owner of the hacienda where Doroteo worked had assaulted and raped his sister. She was with child. Doroteo borrowed a pistol from his cousin and killed the owner of the hacienda. After a life of banditry, Villa came in contact with the social movement of the Revolution and went on to display his military talent.

Villa was reportedly married eleven times (this writer located the names of four wives). In 1975 when my family visited Ciudad Chihuahua we met Luz Corral who was deemed by the Mexican Government as his legitimate wife. My father asked Mrs Corral what she thought about Villa’s other wives and she immediately responded that the General was a guerilla fighter and was gone from home for long periods of time and he deserved other wives. (Is this open-minded or what?)

General Villa won a series of battles which caused his star to shine and President Woodrow Wilson entertained the idea of recognizing him as Mexico’s leader. In the final analysis President Wilson recognized First Chief Carranza and, thus, began a series of

## MEETING

setbacks for General Villa. Ultimately Villa decided to attack Columbus, New Mexico and after causing loss of life and property, Villa's troops crossed back into Mexico, becoming the object of a countrywide manhunt by both the Carranza forces and General John Pershing as the commanding officer of the American Punitive Expedition. Because of many circumstances, Villa was never going to be captured by either side.

After the March 9, 1916 attack on Columbus, Villa's star began to descend and in 1920 the Mexican Government and General Villa reached an agreement. He would lay down his arms and his Division of the North would stand down in return for a large hacienda in the northern part of the State of Durango. This hacienda called Canutillo was located just south of Parral, Chihuahua (the southern-most city in the State of Chihuahua). It has been said that "if you live by the sword, you die by the sword." On the morning of the 20th of July, 1923, Villa and his staff of seven officers were ambushed in the City of Parral. Thus ended an epoch in Mexican history that is both revered and reviled. It brought to an end the deeds and misdeeds of a person recognized the world over. Today General Villa is the person most honored in Mexico's history and has had more monuments and statues erected in his memory than any other Mexican personage.



*Mickey Archibeque gave the toast to the flag*

## APRIL MEETING

### JIM SAIZ

Gave a fascinating talk on *Remedios de la gente* or Folk remedies of the people. he told of the remedies obtained from herbs found throughout NM and gave us a whole list of plants that have therapeutic value



# Childhood Memories of Edith and Osuna

By Sam McIlhaney\*

Edith and Osuna - an intersection of two dirt roads. Growing up as a barefoot lad in the North Valley of Albuquerque in the 1940s was growing up in the country. Friends, upon a visit, were quick to point out that it was just plain “way out in the sticks”.

Edith Boulevard was known as Edith Street closer to town, but in our neighborhood, we called it Highland Road. Osuna Road extended east from Fourth Street and terminated at Edith.

There were no traffic signals at that intersection then to slow a boy down and the roads had well-developed “washboards” - big ripples in the packed earth - which made your bicycle feel like there was some thing wrong with it as you rode over them. I always rode close to the shoulder of the road, but too far over and you were in danger of bogging down or turning over in the soft sand that bordered the roadway.

Bear Canyon and adjacent canyons on the west slope of the Sandia Mountains beckoned during the hot and dry summer days. We were up at dawn for an all-day affair, lunches being packed and bicycles well oiled the night before.

At the first foothills, we would find our abandoned flattened cardboard boxes and

sheets of roofing tin. The mountains could wait long enough for a couple of spins down the side of a gravel pit.

Two or three city blocks east and we were on the Ellena Gallegos Land Grant, which belonged to Albert Simms. We had left behind the last residences we would encounter during the entire trip. The next 15 miles were ours alone - my older brother Bill's, his friends' and mine - save for a cluster of sheds, a windmill, and an open-topped water tank guarded by a lone sheepherder who lived in a rubber-tired-covered wagon with a stove pipe sticking out of the covering.

In our neighborhood, it was said that the sheepherder was imported from Spain and was a Basque; they are supposed to be the finest of sheepherders. All we knew was that everything he said was in Spanish except for something about leaving the water alone because it was for his “cheeps,” when he caught us swimming in the windmill water tank. The only Spanish words I knew at that early age were learned on the school grounds: curse words.

When we reached the canyons of the mountains, we knew we could relax and eat our lunches in our hideout - a shed that sat all alone nestled just inside the sparse timber.

Coming back down the mountain canyons and out across the mesa was fun -coasting half the way home —and a nerve wracking experience for a boy riding an ancient, hand-me down, fat-tired, girl's bicycle. (The speedometer on the handle bars registered in



excess of 40 miles an hour.)

The only true blessing of those hot summer days was when the sun slipped under a small cloud for a few minutes. There was very little moisture in central New Mexico during the 1940's and 1950s. Duststorms would rage on and off, sometimes lasting several days and nights, and there wasn't much in the way of vegetation around Edith and Osuna to hold down the soil. My mother still speaks of using a shovel to scoop sand off our front porch.

Our water well was 40 feet deep. The water was extremely hard, it was composed of a generous amount of minerals. I thought it was cold and delicious, but new hired-hands on our place would occasionally complain of diarrhea after drinking it.

The irrigation ditch which ran through our place supported many projects and, experiences and offered adventure as well: wading (it wasn't deep enough to swim in), hunting frogs, floating on a homemade raft or in a small livestock water tank; exploring the ditch-digging machine that came along each spring, watching a Caterpillar tractor build a new ditch bank after the ditch ran over and washed out the old one, and accidentally falling in when I was very young, tricycle and all. I never did see a fish in that ditch.

A rare shower gave the sand around home a special smell and sometimes the breeze would bring the smell of pines from the mountains. after the rain. In between those rare showers, our neighborhood had the blessing of a small oil refinery at Osuna Road and

the railroad tracks which kept everything well-perfumed. Drifters and hobos with beards came and went, with the railroad so near, and would bargain for a handout. Osuna Road offered good sleeping facilities because the dirt road was lined with weeds several feet high during the summer months. Cowboys came by the road, instead of by rail, looking for work. Some wore spurs on their boots.

The (only people I ever saw with beards were hobos, or artists, or doctors. The first place north of ours was Sandia Ranch Sanitorium which was owned and operated by a psychiatrist. Doctor Myers' appearance was, everything that a doctor in a movie or book should be including a short beard and moustache - and a French beret.

For a summer adventure in the opposite direction from the mountains, I would go to my friend Jon Kitsch's house and the river. Anytime I hear someone playing with a hand-held electronic game today I am at once back on the bosque of the river with all the drain ditches and the same sound: black birds chattering to each other with the red spots on their wings flashing off and on as they fly from tree to tree .

The drain ditches - not to be confused with irrigation ditches are a wonder to a child,; minnows, dragon flies, carp that look, in the clear wate , as big as you are, speckled trout breathing slowly gill fins flowing gently back and forth, birds of many kinds, small snakes in the grass, toads, frogs, bugs in and out of

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the water and smells. An aroma of greenhouse dampness, the stink of a swamp and a hint of burning cavendish pipe tobacco.

The drainage system in the Albuquerque area was put in to drop the water table of the valley to make more land available for farming and general use. Before that time, much of the land was swampy and if there was no standing water to be seen, water could be found at less than a foot below the surface of the ground in many locations. Since these drain ditches are considerably lower into the ground than are irrigation ditches, since they flow directly into the river and function the year around, they have an environment unto themselves quite different from other waterways.

The “clear ditch” was the favorite waterway of everyone I knew. This particular drain ditch, runs parallel with and on the east side, of the river and was perfectly clear most of the time. Shooting carp with a bow and arrow was easy in the clear water. The ditch was also a favorite for swimming and just plain fishing. We always wore an old pair of “rag shoes” (tennis shoes) when we went into the water to ward-off the danger of such things as broken glass.

Arriving home from the river, we would add to a collection of tadpoles, frogs, turtles, tarantulas, cats and dogs, geese, peacocks, bantam hens and roosters, ducks, ponies and pigeons, and other assorted varmints which my mother and father so good-naturedly allowed into the yard and sometimes into the house depending upon what it was.

Bringing in the coal and wood so my

mother could cook supper was my evening chore, Supper was at night; dinner-was noon. A lunch was something that was taken in a sack or lunchbox to school or on a picnic.

Other chores assigned to me included feeding the chickens and gathering the eggs, feeding the pigs, and washing down the floor after the milking was finished. In warm weather, this last assignment was most fun barefooted. My wardrobe on warm days; usually consisted of one item bib-overalls.

An occasional chore given to me by my dad was to take a three or four-day old bull calf to a neighbor. There was no charge for the calf. We were glad to get rid of the bulls. If I was lazy and knew the neighbor’s telephone number, I might call him first. The numbers were not hard to remember. Ours was 9013.

Horseback riding was an everyday event. Standing on a fence made of 2-by-12s and railroad ties, trying to bridle a stubborn old gray mare, was tedious for a young boy.

One day the gray mare ran away. My father and I drove all around the North Valley looking for her. Down Edith Boulevard, we drove through Menaul School (not around it as the street will lead you today) and turned east, at the Sunset Memorial Gardens cemetery, onto an arroyo bed that had a trail cut through the sand. We drove up onto the first foothills. My father told me that what we were looking at was a sanitorium for tuberculosis patients: long buildings running the full length of a large yard, with sloping, roofs, porches extending the full length of the buildings, people walking and sitting in the sunlight, all dressed

in white, and a windmill spinning in the breeze. Zody's Department Store stands on that spot now. The sandy arroyo trail is Menaul Boulevard today.

The pigeons would come en masse to graze our corrals at daylight each day - winter and summer - and as the sun was sinking over the volcanoes on the west side of town, they would fly back toward downtown Albuquerque to pick their favorite night spot: the Alvarado, the old Hilton, the Cole or Franciscan Hotel, the old post office building, the old Elks' Club (on west Central Avenue) or the Armory Building.

I had catching pigeons down to a fine 10-year-old-boy science. I had tried everything I was ever told, or heard about. I made a trap using a wooden orange crate, propped up on one end with a triangle-shaped mechanism of thin pieces of wood that is designed to collapse when the bait on the sticks is disturbed. I soaked grain in whiskey and fed it to the pigeons thinking that when they found it they couldn't fly too well, so I'd have them. None of the above caught enough pigeons to suit me.

The solution was to build a frame of single 2 by 4s nailed together on the ends to form a square measuring 10 feet by 10 feet. The frame was covered with chicken wire propped up on one end with a stick to a height of about two feet. After a week or two of sprinkling grain under and around the trap, I ran a long string to a hideout made from bales of alfalfa hay. (If those pigeons saw one human around, they became very suspicious) I caught as many as 20 with one jerk.

Traffic was a simple thing on North Edith

Boulevard in the 1940s, all the way through Sandia Pueblo, on to Bernalillo, and beyond. A clippity-clop sound coming from the road would cause me to stop playing for a moment to watch a Sandia Pueblo family go by in a wagon, drawn by a pinto pony, on their way to town:

The sound' of "huooooooooooooooooop," and a pause; another "huooooooooooooooooop" would find me peeking out of the front door at this sound of a greeting. A horse-drawn wagon was in the driveway to our home. A man was seated, in the wagon, one hand holding the reins, hair tied, behind his head with a red piece of cloth, the horse's head bobbing up and down, the wagon moving, ever so slightly, back and forth. The man was the governor of Sandia Pueblo. He had come, as he had done many times in the past, to see about selling some alfalfa hay to my father.

When fall rolled around I could smell it in the early morning air as I did my chores before school. After breakfast, it was off to school. If the weather was uninviting, everyone in the neighborhood rode Eugenio Lucero's bus. If the weather was good, we walked. Ranchos School (at the corner of Ranchos Road and Fourth street) was three miles or so away.

Walking up Fourth north of Osuna, would take me past the alfalfa field in which Clark Carr landed his plane and where Northdale Shopping Center is now located, past Blumenshine's dairy at Schulte Road and Fourth (the dairy included) all the area now

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occupied by Taft Junior High School), and past Crego Block Company which looked like a huge, lopsided and lumpy, circus tent, covered all over with black tarpaper.

On the return trip from, school, the railroad track was always checked to see if the pennies we had left on the rails had been flattened by the passing trains. The steam locomotives always made the neighborhoods aware of their regularity by the cloud of black smoke that drifted over the landscape after one had passed by I loved that black cloud.

The North Valley of Albuquerque in the 1940s was, rural- but close enough to the urban that an experience was possible, from both lifestyles. I worked hard and played hard, and went to sleep at night knowing that the good family doctor, Stuart W. Adler, would make house calls day or night, and the cottontails from the mesa were out on the front lawn.

*This article first appeared in the Albuquerque Journal Magazine August 1981*

*\* See Sam's Bio next column*

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

Check out our **web site** that Ben Blackwell puts together for all current information on the Society: Historical notes, upcoming programs. back issues of El Cronicon, links to other interesting sites and more.



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SAM McILHANEY BIO

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Sam McIlhane was born and raised in Albuquerque. He graduated from Albuquerque High School, Class of '57. He is a member of a pioneer New Mexico family. His mother's family were licensed and bonded Indian traders on the Navajo Reservation owning and operating as many as six trading posts. Some of these stores have become landmarks in the Four Corners region of the Southwest. His grandfather, Olin C. Walker, built his first store himself naming it Red Rock Trading Post - in 1904. It is still operating today. Sam, and his brother Bill, were second generation at the dairy (and a ranch in central Texas). During that time, Sam got drafted and did his duty in the U.S. Army. He

## Michael Barclay 1932-2010

During Mike's 78 years 1932-2010 he has lived in 4 countries England, Wales, Canada, and the USA. He was born and brought up in a small village in rural Kent, England. During the war 1938-45 he was evacuated row ales attending regular and grammar (high) schools ending up in London at Polytechnic learning photography. He did his two years in the Royal Airforce. married Joy in 1953. Not finding any good jobs in England, he, his wife and daughter immigrated to Canada in 1957 and soon found work investigating insurance claims. We lived in Statford, Ontario where the whole city was named after Shakespear's characters. Tired of the cold and snow after 7 years we packed up our VW Bug and trailer and travelled from Canada across America on the original route 66 to Santa Monica, LA in Southern California, finally ending up in San Diego.

Keeping busy settling car insurance claims he retired in 1979.

After retirement he and Joy traveled all over the US visiting 35

states, finally ending up in *Christmas party 2010* New Mexico to be near

one daughter and her family. To further our interest in the history of the area we joined the Society. Mike passed away leaving behind two daughters and 4 grandchildren. He had an interesting well-traveled life and now his family have many good memories.

*Joy Barclay May, 2010*

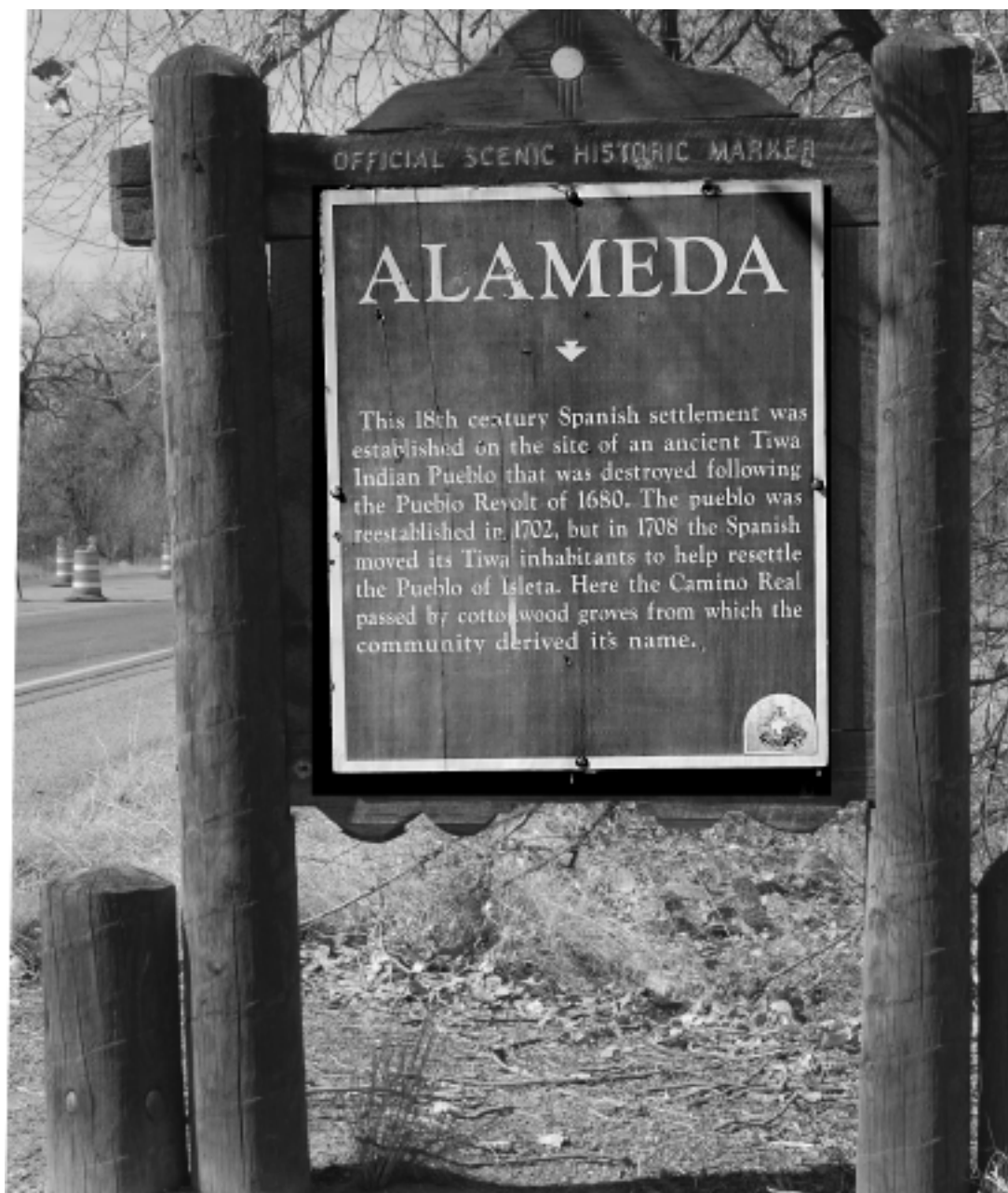


*Sam's father, George, started McIlhaney Dairy in Albuquerque in 1934. Over the next 58 years it became a landmark in the North Valley of Albuquerque.*

came home and~earned a degree in history and English literature from the University of New Mexico graduating in 1967, and returned to the family operations.

Eventually, Sam wanted to try something different and began teaching his hobby: history. Sam taught at Bernalillo High School for the next 19 years. During that time, he met his wife-to-be in graduate school at UNM. He and his wife, Patricia, have one daughter, Amber. He retired from Bernalillo High School in 1996.





*Historic marker at the far north end of 4th street*

## A HISTORY OF ALAMEDA

by Amelia Andrews

In the fall of 1540, Coronado and his army of 300 men, having marched one thousand miles from Mexico, decided to winter in the province of Tiguex on the advice of his vanguard. The province consisted of twelve pueblos on both sides of the river. The fall no doubt was pleasant but as winter came, they were totally unprepared. They asked the Indians of the pueblo of Alcanfor to vacate their pueblo so the Spaniards could move in. There was no resistance, only open resentment. The Indians had to move to nearby pueblos. Undoubtedly, the pueblo of Alameda was one of them. According to Dr. A. Gallegos the pueblo of Alameda situated where the Alameda School is situated today.

When the Tiwas struck back, we hear of the pueblo of Alameda for the first time. A war party attacked the horse herd and killed a guard and made off with some horses. A pursuing squad trailed the stolen stock to the pueblo of Alameda. The village was deserted but they found the dead horses bristling with arrows. At another village, Arenal, horses had been killed. When this was reported to Coronado, he ordered his troops out. In a bloody and furious battle they sacked and burned the village. The Indians were lanced and trampled by horses. Another village, Mojo, a few leagues away, also was sacked after the inhabitants supposedly had died of thirst.

In the spring, Coronado traveled to the East and reached Quivira, home of the Wichita Indians. Coronado found these Indians even poorer than the Pueblo Indians. When they returned, the Indians fled and Coronado reoc-

cupied Alcanfor, but this time the store rooms were empty. After another frigid and miserable winter, disillusioned Coronado returned to Mexico and the Indians were given a reprieve.

Although there were three other attempts to enter into New Mexico in the next 40 years, it was Don Juan de Onate, governor and Captain general who held on to the land of the pueblos. He came in 1598 with intentions of colonizing. He led a caravan of colonists, missionaries, herds of sheep, cattle, and horses. Aware of the Tiwas's hostility, Onate passed up the middle valley of the Rio Grande and proceeded to settle in San Gabriel near San Juan Pueblo in the Espanola Valley. Soon after his arrival he divided the missionaries. He assigned Father Juan Carlos to the Tiwa Pueblos. He moved to Puaray, one of the larger pueblos, but he built no missions and in a few years gave up his efforts.

Don Pedro de Peralta succeeded Oñate as governor in 1609 and at once moved to Santa Fe. With government financial support, the church began a massive drive to convert the natives. Two churches were placed among the Tiwas, one at Isleta and one at Sandia. A pair of lesser missions referred to as visitas were constructed at the Pueblos of Puaray and Alameda and were served by the priest from Sandia.

In the 1600's Alameda got its own priest but continued to remain of secondary importance. The colonists lived in self sufficient haciendas. By the middle of the 1600,s there were about forty five estates in the entire valley. They were referred to as haciendas, suggesting spacious dwellings but in truth according to historian Marc Simmons, archeological studies indicate modest dwellings. The resi-

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dents attended church at the Indian missions. By this time it had become commonplace to divide New Mexico into two major subdivisions, the Rio Arriba and Rio Abajo, the upper and lower portions of the Rio Grande Valley, with the escarpment known as La Bajada, situated about twenty miles south of Santa Fe becoming the dividing line.

During the seventeenth century, the Tiwa population like other pueblos in New Mexico, had diminished in large measure due to European diseases for which the natives had no immunity. The growing discontent and general belligerence was becoming apparent. At this time a plot to attack the Spaniards on Holy Thursday of 1650, while they were in church, was discovered. Several Tiwas from Alameda were hanged. Hostile incidents continued for the next three decades.

The pueblo revolt broke with a fury on August 10, 1680 sparked by many causes. The padres who came with Oñate had worked fiercely trying to eradicate the native religion. They felt that the pagan religion was a product of the devil. With the Spanish soldiers backing them they raided Kivas, burning masks and fetishes. They persecuted the caciques (native Priests). A severe drought and famine occurring at the time was attributed by the Indians to neglect of their own religion. The Tiwa pueblo of Alameda was burned and abandoned. Estancia after estancia had been sacked and destroyed. The families lay dead. The surviving colonists traveled to El Paso del Norte and remained there living in dire poverty for twelve years until the viceroy decided it was safe to re-take New Mexico.

To carry out this mission, the Crown appointed Don Diego De Vargas. Because it

was felt that the number of colonists left in El Paso was insufficient, volunteers were recruited in Mexico City and Zacatecas with a promise of paid transportation and an offer of land. In August 1693, 800 colonists including 17 missionaries embarked on the trip to New Mexico. As the cavalcade passed by the area of Alameda~ two families were given permission to drop out, presumably to their previously owned haciendas. The rest of the colonists continued to Santa Fe.

The settlers who came with De Vargas initially had support from the government but that soon ended. It coincided with a drought and the colonists did not fare well.

The major land grant in the North Valley was given by Don Diego De Vargas to one of his three captains, Diego Montoya in 1694. It ran from the Rio Grande to the crest of the Sandia Mountains. Montoya's son transferred the grant to Elena Gallegos De Gurule. The land has been known as the Elena Gallegos Grant ever since. South of the Elena Gallegos Grant, the Villa de Albuquerque was established in 1706.

The pueblo of Alameda had remained uninhabited since the revolt, but in 1702 missionaries brought back some of the original Tiwa inhabitants to rebuild the pueblo. However the number was insufficient to deter the Apache attacks and the Tiwas moved to Isleta. This left much fertile land available to the colonists.

In 1710, a land grant was given to Francisco Montes Vigil. Two years later he sold this grant to one of his soldiers, Don Juan Gonzales Baz. According to Dr. Gallegos he is an ancestor of the Gonzales's of Corrales. About this time eight other small grants were given and this



was the beginning of the village of Alameda. The first chapel in Alameda was constructed in 1734 and dedicated to Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion. It was a family chapel but shared with others in the village.

The 1780 census lists 16 families consisting of 388 persons living in Alameda. Six different plazas such as Los Griegos, Los Candelarias, Los Gallegos, Los Ranchos were listed but Alameda was listed separately, not a part of the villa. It stated that the people of Alameda were of all walks of life.

Life for the colonists, probably like other Hispanic villages, revolved around church functions, the colonists being mostly Roman Catholics. The fiestas of the patron saint was always a time to celebrate. In Alameda it was the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary on September 8th There would be vespers the previous evening, mass, processions, dances, rooster pulls etc.

That Alameda at one time had a strong contingent of Penitentes may be surmised from the names of some streets such as Camino La Comunidad, Camino La Morada etc. According to Dr. Gallegos the Morada (Penitente Chapel) was on this street off Guadalupe Trail. As a youngster, I remember one occasion the penitentes visiting the Penitentes of Peña Blanca. Life for the colonists with the constant fear of hostile Indians could never be serene. They rejoiced at births and weddings, wept at deaths and cried at funerals. Life went on without many changes.

In 1829, the chapel was replaced by a larger church. It was located at the corner of Rio Grand Avenue and what is now Alameda Boulevard. This church was destroyed by a

flood in 1903.

A life changing event for Alameda was the change in government~ The change from Spanish to Mexican was significant because the opening of trade provided many more supplies. The change from Mexican to American proved to be more significant because a garrison was established in Albuquerque to control the Indians. This opened a market for produce from the farms in the North Valley and meats from the local herds. The ones who profited the most were the already rich, for Alameda had its Ricos, the Armijos and Yrisarri's. Other wealthy families were the Cordovas and the Sandovals.

According to his great great grandson Edward, Pablo Irisarri, a Spanish loyalist who had served in the Spanish-Mexican war, escaped the Mexican authorities from Vera Cruz, crossed the Rio Grande and settled in the Manzano Mountains. About 1823, he and his son, Mariano arrived in Albuquerque. As payment for Pablo's services, The Spanish Crown awarded him thousands of acres in the area known as Ranchos de Albuquerque on the present day site of the bed and breakfast, Hacienda Antigua. Pablo and his son, Mariano, who had married the wealthy Manuela Armijo, built a huge ranch home. Father and son began to run wagon trains to St. Louis. Whereas, Nazario Gonzales and Leandro Perea's wagon trains stopped in Santa Fe, the Irizarri's wagon trains continued south to Vera Cruz. The Yrisarri's trains were made up of 100 to 300 wagons and generally made the trip twice a year. Mariano quickly amassed a fortune.

The other change to the valley, and it was greater, was the coming of the railroad in 1880. The Americans brought a lumber mill, a brick

*Continued*

factory, a wool scouring mill and the railroad repair shops, Much of the labor came from the farming families in the valley and new immigrants. Most of the new settlers moved near town but a number of them moved to the valley.

The third Catholic Church, which is the present church was completed September, 1911. At that time the mission status was upgraded to that of parish church. The construction had been overseen by Fr. Ferdinand Trojanec. All the granite stones for the foundation were quarried in the Sandias. The walls are sandstone. It originally had a Gothic altar. That was removed and just recently a replica of the original altar was restored. Priests who have served Nativity were Fathers Trojanec, Libertini, Gillow, Gonzales, Pelzer, O'Byrne Rutoski, Aragon, Shea, and the present one, Mendez.

Nativity of Blessed Virgin School was established by Father Rutoski in 1961. Dominican Sisters staffed the school. Presently there is a pre-kindergarten and kindergarten school. Another Catholic institution in the valley was the Little Brothers of the Good Shepherd Retirement Home for Needy and Homeless Men established by Brother Mathias in 1951. He also founded an order by the same name. The retirement home which has closed was located on Guadalupe Trail. It is now Casa de Rosa, a retirement facility privately owned



*This a photo of the original 1912 altar. It was removed and apparently destroyed. It has since been duplicated and installed*

by the Chavez family. Thousands of acres in the Elena Gallegos grant were bought for back taxes by the Mutual Investment Agency. Most of the land was eventually bought by the Simms family who by the 1930's had taken the place of the Yrisarri's and Armijo's as the wealthiest family in the valley.

Flooding which had occurred from time immemorial causing the loss of whole villages had been tolerated long enough. By 1925 the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District was formed and work began on dams, and irrigation ditches

bringing relief from flooding, mosquitoes, and malaria.

The car, and better roads, encouraged moves to the valley. Newcomers to the valley were Albert and Ruth McCormick Simms. Both had just served in the US Congress (1929-1931). Ruth had been active in the suffragette movement. She continued her work and also founded Sandia Prep School in 1932 and Manzano Day School in 1938. Their new home was built by John Gaw Meem, famous architect, and is known as La Poblana.

Reading an oral history, compiled by Kathryn Sargent and Mary Davis, I learned that in the "thirties" there were people in the North Valley who worked for one dollar a day building coffins, and went to Los Ranchos school in a horse-drawn wagon, because there was no bus service. They grew cherries, peaches, grapes, apricots, planted wheat, chile, and

other vegetables and alfalfa but there was much poverty during the depression, with one exception, the dairy industry was profitable. During WWII farming changed because of the lack of laborers. The Alameda School was built in 1954. Previous to this students attended school at Los Ranchos School.

In 1937, Social Security provided states with funds for public health nursing services which included well child health services and immunizations. Elda Monyoya was public health nurse for over 30 years. When the Health Department established its North Valley Satellite in the early seventies, she became the director.

Some of the illustrious individuals the valley has produced are; Bishop Tafoya of Pueblo, CO, Augustine Gurule, first native of the parish (ordained in 1960) Dr. Adolph Gallegos, teacher and historian, Raymond Sanchez, former state representative and speaker of the house, David Santillanes, county commissioner, David Garduno, business man and many teachers, engineers etc.

Housing development began to appear after WWII filling in where there was vacant land. This continued to such an extent that by 1958, Los Ranchos, part of the North Valley incorporated as a village in order to avoid the crowding which was overtaking most of the valley.

Slowly the North Valley has changed but remains beautiful.

*Prolific writer member* NASARIO GARCÍA *has a new book*



***Fe y tragedias: Faith and Tragedy in Hispanic Villages of New Mexico***

The stories of tragedy and sadness shared by oldtimers (viejitos) in *Fe y tragedias: Faith and Tragedy in Hispanic Villages of New Mexico* are as diverse as the voices behind them. Each bilingual (Spanish and English) account personifies faith, fortitude, compassion, and buoyancy. Without these human attributes, people beset by tragedy would have succumbed to tragedy itself. The high point of interest in this book is not to promote or engage in doom and gloom. Rather, it is to acquaint and educate readers on how humble but strong and devout folks living in isolation—in most cases far removed geographically from an urban environment—coped with tragedy and despair. Tom Chávez's eloquent words in his Preface summed up best the old-timers' poignant past when he said, "These are real people talking about real lives. They are witnesses to their own history."

We are pleased to introduce our new membership chairman  
**Rusty Van Hart.**

You can reach her at 293-2073

Here are our very modest Membership dues

**Individual.....\$15.00**

**Family.....\$25.00**

**Individual Life .....\$150.00**

**Sponsor..... \$100.00**



## REMINDER

*If you have not yet sent in your membership renewal. Contact Rusty There is no time like the present if you want to continue receiving El Cronicón Mucho Gracias.*



*Virginia Ortiz does a great job of maintaining our Photo Albums. make sure you look them over at the next meeting*

## Elected officers - 2010

### Committee chairs

#### OFFICERS

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<b>Mickey Archibeque</b> ...	<b>Vice-President</b>	<b>867-6053</b>
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<b>Ernie Jaskolski</b> .....	<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>828-2514</b>

#### CHAIRS

Dirk Van Hart .....	Archives	293-2073
Martha Liebert .....	Archives	867-2755
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Priscilla Taylor .....	Refreshments	
Bertille Baca .....	Greeter	898-3417
Jewell Paschke .....	Art Exhibits	867-8515
Joe Sando .....	Pueblo Consultant	345-5085
Max C de Baca .....	Building Official	857-4994

**Comments made in the year 1955  
That's only 56 years ago!**

'I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$10.00.

'Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long before \$1,000.00 will only buy a used one.

'If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit, 20 cents a pack is ridiculous.

'Did you hear the post office is thinking about charging 3 cents just to mail a letter?

'When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 25 cents a gallon. Guess we'd be better off leaving the car in the garage.

'Did you see where some baseball player just signed a contract for \$50,000 a year just to play ball? It wouldn't surprise me if someday they'll be making more than the President.

'I never thought I'd see the day all our kitchen appliances would be electric. They are even making electric typewriters now.

'It's too bad things are so tough nowadays. I see where a few married women are having to work to make ends meet.

'It won't be long before young couples are going to have to hire someone to watch their kids so they can both work.

I'm afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business.

'The drive-in restaurant is convenient in nice weather, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on.

No one can afford to be sick anymore, at \$15.00 a day in the hospital, it's too rich for my blood.

*The Lighter Side*

**Ranch wisdom**

Don't bleed til you're shot.

Never approach a bull from the front, a horse from the rear or a fool from any direction.

A sharp eye is the mother of good luck.

Having a jealous wife means if you come home with a hair on your shirt, you'd better have a horse to match.

An old man is one who has had a lot of interesting experiences, some of them true

If you always do right you will please some folks and make others wonder what you're up to.

Marry a woman with brains enough for two and you'll come out just about even.

A string around the finger helps you remember, a rope around the neck helps you forget.

Never do wrong when someone's watching.

**Animal Wisdom**

The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue.

Women and cats will do as they please, and men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea.

## *The Lighter Side two*

### **The Imporance of Walking**

Walking can add minutes to your life. This enables you at 85 years old to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$7000 per month.

My grandpa started walking five miles a day when he was 60. Now he's 97 years old and we don't know where the hell he is.

The only reason I would take up walking is so that I could hear heavy breathing again.

I joined a health club last year, spent about 400 bucks. Haven't lost a pound. Apparently you have to go there.

I do have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them. If you are going to try cross-country skiing, start with a small country.

I know I got a lot of exercise the last few years, . just getting over the hill.

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

### **Paddy Jokes**

Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place.. Looking up to heaven he said, 'Lord take pity on me. If you find me a parking place I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of my life and give up my Irish Whiskey!' Miraculously, a parking place appeared.

Paddy looked up again and said, 'Never mind, I found one.'

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend, Finney. 'Did you see the paper?' asked Gallagher. 'They say I died!!' 'Yes, I saw it!' replied Finney. 'Where are ye callin' from?'

Walking into the bar, Mike said to Charlie the bartender, 'Pour me a stiff one - just had another fight with the little woman.' 'Oh yeah?' said Charlie, 'And how did this one end?' 'When it was over,' Mike replied, 'She came to me on her hands and knees.' 'Really,' said Charlie, 'Now that's a switch! What did she say?' She said, 'Come out from under the bed, you little chicken.'

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