

# *El Cronicón*

Official Quarterly Publication of the  
SANDOVAL COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

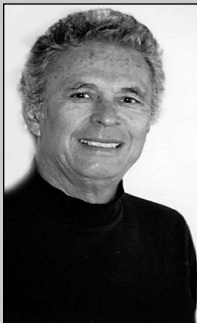
President: Ken Kloeppe

Editor: Roy C. Skeens

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



**Nasario Garcia**, retired professor of Spanish literature and author of many books, will tell us about the hard work and humor in the lives of farmers and ranchers in Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado.

*Dr Garcia, who now lives in Santa Fe was born in Bernalillo and raised in Albuquerque.*

## President's Message

Greetings Members and Friends,

I would like to thank everyone for making the transition from a historical society member to the presidency, a smooth one. All the board members have been very helpful and kind to me during this period of learning. Mr. Bill Sapien, Martha Liebert and Mickey Archibique have met with me individually and they have helped me adjust to my new and exciting responsibilities. The dedication and hard work of the board members is truly appreciated. I know our organization will continue to move forward because of these outstanding individuals. The Historical Society has grown and developed for 34 years under outstanding leadership. Mr. Bill Sapien, our Past President, is an individual who gave up time and energy to help our organization grow. We want to thank him for his two years of service and wish him well in the future. My vision and hope for the next year will be expansion of membership and exposure of our society through our monthly programs. Bring a friend to our meetings. Tell someone you know about our beautiful facility. People need to experience our friendly and enthusiastic surroundings. Thank you, let's make 2011 a great year for our Historical Society!

Ken Kloeppe

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## OCTOBER MEETING

*Martha set the stage for our performers -  
Mary Aguilar Lee - Isabel Bernal.  
Mida West - Elena Gallegos, and  
Rita Last - Josepha Tafoya Trujillo*



Today we invite you to step back in time to meet some of the real people who lived in this valley centuries ago.

When you live in a place with a long history you wonder what it must have been like to live here then ..... but ,one must be wary of in so doing not to romanticize the past which is too easy to do once the blisters from chopping wood, hauling water and hoeing corn are gone from your hands.

It is easy to forget the myriad of deaths of children and the injuries that crippled and killed for lack of medical care and knowledge.

So this is a reality show – portraying the harsh life here in early times for it was never an easy place. Each group of settlers had to be as self-sufficient as possible for there was little or no outside help.

Today we hope to remind you of people who should not be forgotten for their sacrifices and who paved the way for our easy existence today .  
Now join me in meeting and honoring three women who lived here 400, 300, 200 years ago.

**October meeting**



***Isabel  
Bernal  
portrayed  
by Mary  
Aguilar  
Lee***

I was born in this valley in 1600. That was the year that Oñiate called “tres meses de invierno y nueve meses de infierno” “three months of winter and nine months of hell.” That may have been an exaggeration but it kind of set the tone for the rest of the century. I had a happy and secure childhood though. I was married in my father’s home in a beautiful candlelight ceremony. The guests danced in the sala and my husband provided a fine feast and for me a beautifully carved chest full of wedding clothes.

We made our home in the Rio Abajo and had three sons and one daughter. The first years of our lives were busy ones for we were building our home, planting our vineyards and orchards and increasing the size of our flock and herds. The valley was so green and peaceful then except for the fearsome raids of the Apaches. Our hacienda was of necessity a fortress for the raiders swept this valley unmercifully.

Whenever this happened we were lucky if someone was on the roof and saw the cloud of dust of their galloping horses as they approached in time to warn those working outside the walls. An icy chill of fear still goes through me as I recall the rush to gath-

er the children from their play along the ditches, grab the tools and drive the stock inside the walls barring the gate and pulling the ladder up on the roof. The women and children hidden in the chapel whimpering and trying to pray as the raiders fired the gates and destroyed or stole everything left outside the wall. The defenders on the roof could only look on helplessly for their weapons are either too old or without ammunition.

We knelt before the statue of “Nuestra Senora de los remedios” “Our Lady of Remedies”, the patroness of the River Kingdom and tried to pray as the cries of the raiders paralyzed our minds.

Ours was a fragile existence ... sickness, drought, floods threatened without warning and we must be self sufficient for we were virtually cut off from the outside world. We raise all our own food, make all of our clothes in addition to making our own herbal medicines. There is always work to be done on the wool ... card, spin, dye, weave the cycle never ends. There is always corn to be ground, mouths to feed, soap and candles to be made, mattresses to be stuffed with fresh husks or wool.

The center of my world is my kitchen with its large open hearth. My few copper pots, well scrubbed with river sand gleam from their place of honor on the overhead viga. But my pride and joy is a richly carved trastero which holds my chocolate cups which came all the way from Mexico on the supply train. This caravan is our only link to any place outside this valley and it only comes once every three years. Woe to the woman who loses her needle ... metal is so scarce here ... it will be a long time before she sees another.

Our gardens are most precious to us for without them we could not exist. Our shoes are made from the hides of our own cattle.

Few are they who can read and write their own names for we have no teachers here. What little they learn is from our good priest Fray Salmeron of

**October meeting**

Sandia Pueblo. He is greatly concerned about the administration's policies and their treatment of the Indians and their harassment of the church officials. Tensions continue to rise and everyone is on edge.

The first years of our lives were good ones but now I'm glad my children are grown and well established. My Diego is alcalde of Galisteo and Juan married into the great Castillo family. The only thing is ... pobrecita mi hija, my poor daughter lost her husband in an Indian campaign. More and more things are going from bad to worse.

My mother used to say "cuando no hay remedio hay que adeptarse" "when there is no remedy one must adapt" and that is what we have done. When Sebastian and I were first married this valley was so green and beautiful and we had lush harvests. But now drought has caused our crops to fail and this has led to sickness and famine. Never is there anything worse than not being able to feed your own children. As you can see my bread basket which once was always full is now empty. Once I even had to boil our old hides and our harness just for soup for the nourishment of my household.

Seldom do we use the coin of the realm. My husband barter for anything we can not make ourselves. Spain has forsaken us and we survive as best we can.

Pray for us good people for we are in dire need.

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*Elena Gallegos portrayed by Mida West*

The first thing I remember as a child was always being hungry ....

In the year of our Lord 1674 when I was born there was no rain or snow and the ditches were dry.

Everyone was starving ... our storage bins of corn and beans were empty. The Apaches had raided our hacienda and stolen corn and horses. At night I would hear my mother crying and my father comforting her. My brother and I would gather wild herbs and roots for her to boil soup. Everyone we knew was very sad and ill. The grownups always stopped talking when we children came near.

One afternoon in the heat of August in 1680 when all the house was quiet in siesta, an old Indian from Sandia Pueblo came knocking at my fathers door.

After he left, my father roused the house and told us children to collect our blankets and clothes and whatever was in the house to eat

for we must go right away .We children not understanding what was happening,made a game of it until father hushed us. -

*Continued*

**October meeting**

We loaded what horses we had left. My mother was crying and calling on the saints to help us

We walked out the door of our home , with the old apricot tree shading the patio I looked back wondering when I would see it again I was 6 years Old.

We walked and walked, we children were barefoot.

We past Sandia Pueblo and a dog came out and barked at us but no one else was there It was very strange ... where had all the people, our friends, gone? More and more people kept joining us as we passed their haciendas, Soon there were too many to count.

When we got to Alameda, Lt. Gov. Alonso Garcia and the soldiers joined us .I asked mother why we were all doing this She said the Indians wanted us to go away that they had killed many Spanish people in the north. I had so many questions, I put my hand in hers but she didn't seem to see me she had stopped talking.

All around us women were crying and praying My father let my brothers and I take turns riding our old mule when we got tired We found some apples on a tree we passed father said we could take some that the owners were dead - The heat was so intense. we were very thirsty, the apples helped,

At last we stopped to rest but it was many days before we really stopped for some time.”- ... that was in Salineta, near a place called Socorro.

While we were there a huge crowd of people with wagons and horses caught up with us. They were from Santa Fe and the north They were worn out and sick They told terrible stories of Priests being killed and whole families being burned to death in their homes It was scarry ... my father took us away from these people who were telling the stories.

While we rested in that place. Each man signed a

paper telling his name and how many he had with him in his family, his servants, his animals and weapons.

It took a long time to do this there were so many of us. Then we went on walking ‘some more, always south. When we got to a big river and made three camps. One was called SAN LORENZO for the patron saint on whose day Aug 10 we were mercifully spared.

The supply train from Mexico came, bringing food for a while, corn, flour, sugar, 400 cattle and sheep. Still we had no homes, no seeds to plant, cooking pots, and just the clothes we wore.

We had come 270 miles We stayed there 12 years .... years of misery, privation and danger.

During this time both our parents died.

By 1692, the resettlement couldn't be postponed any longer. The French were in control of the Mississippi Valley and pushing west We heard that the Indian leader that drove us out had died,

A man named Don Diego de Vargas was ready to go north to recolonize. My brothers and I went along with our uncle José and his family.

I was 20 when we returned in 1694.

As we drew near our old home, we began to look for familiar places long before we could expect to see them. I grew more and more excited ... What do I expect to find, I thought there will be no one there ... all those we knew are dead or gone Why did I come back was it a mistake? But what other home do I have?

As we approached the clump of cottonwoods which stood protectingly over the hacienda; In vain we looked for the home we had left. Not until we were upon it did we see the overgrowth of sage and grass covering the ruins. The burned vigas had fall-

en in and the walls had melted into the earth,  
Part of one wall still stood with a niche where we used to have a statue of our Lady of Remedies. The santo was gone, but I suddenly remembered something my cousin and I had done when we were children. My madrina (godmother) had given me a pair of gold earrings and I had made a gift of them to our Lady for some now forgotten favor.

I had scratched a depression in the adobe sill of the niche and put my earrings there as an offering. On a whim I reached into the leaves and dust of the sill but felt nothing. The light shone on a flash of metal in the disturbed dust. I reached again and felt a sharp edge ... unbelieving, I withdrew my hand there in my palm shone the gold filigree earrings of my childhood all that was left of that shadowy world of the past. I wept then for all that had been lost. ... before my eyes passed the faces of so many loved ones who had laughed and sung, and prayed and worked under the old apricot tree. My cousin hugged me saying, "It's a gift from the saints, Lena, be happy, they're glad we're back."

The saints may have welcomed us back but it was a hard time to rebuild our lives and homes. The year of 1695-6 there were no crops due to weather.

If my uncle José hadn't been with us we wouldn't have survived. At that time I met and married Jacque Grollet in 1699. He had come up the trail with us as militia colonist in '94. Born in France, he was with the ill fated LaSalle expedition and had lived with the Indians for two years until making contact with the Spanish. He and his friend, Juan Archibeque were political prisoners in Mexico until DeVargas offered a pardon in exchange for their services. He had changed his name to a Spanish version, Santiago Gurule and was known by that from then on.

In 1704 we had our only child, a son, Antonio, named after my father. My husband died when the

child was 10 years old and I was left alone to raise my son.

In 1712 Diego Montoya, a Captain with DeVargas had received a large grant of land. Shortly after this I acquired the grant of 'Diego's....' 75 thousand acres from crest of the Sandia mountains to the valley below as far as the river. I also had land in Angostura and Bernalillo.

I had a residence in a Plaza called Los Gallegos. Many family plazas were scattered up and down the valley below the mountain. My son and his wife, Rosa Montoya, Diego's daughter, had 8 children and lived in Bernalillo.

My brother Anthonio died in 1715. I missed him sorely but I had many grandchildren to enjoy, and that comforted me. I lived to be almost 70.

In my will I listed myself as a poor widow aside from my land holdings (which were called the Elena Gallegos Grant).

The valley was so different at the end of my life from the days we first returned. Los Candelarias, Los Griegos It was a much safer place to live now and our ditch system served our gardens well

It was a beautiful place to be alive in and I loved it.

**October meeting**

*In the early years of the 1800's a young couple married and lived in Las Huertas; Teresa Chavez and Juan Tafoya had their first born, Josefa in 1823.*



***Josepha Tafoya Trujillo  
played by Rita Last***

I was born into a time of trouble and upheaval, the mexican government ordered the inhabitants of Las Huertas to abandon their walled town and move down to the rio settlements of Algodones and San Felipe for protection from Apache raids.

So as an infant I went with the my parents to Algodones and later to Cienega where they built a home and had many

other children.

I became mother's helper learning all the household arts: cooking and preparing the food, plant and tend the kitchen garden, safely carry tinajas of water and goat milk on my head, weave cloth from goats wool for serapes and blankets made red dye to add color to natural gray and black of sheeps wool, grind blue corn to a fine meal make tortillas and sopapillas, plaster adobe walls with mud, lay even ,smooth adobe floors,build fogones de campana (fireplace) build adobe houses

I was pious and lovely, always kept my hair and dress neat and clean and ran barefoot everywhere like a deer. My small hands were hard from work but always there was a light in my eyes and I was ready to turn work into play.

Oh, you should have seen my gay caballero that day, he was so handsome! He had come from Mexico and stopped at Cienega where we were living then.

He met my father in the plaza and father invited him to share the hospitality of our home. It was time for the evening meal and mother had just placed a large tinaja of meat and a stack of tortillas on the floor.

We all squatted around the food in a circle and his flashing brown eyes embarassed me so I hid my face in my shawl. I stole a glance at him when he wasn't looking ..

His auburn hair had red glints in it, ay Dios, I couldn't keep my eyes off it. After supper we walked out in the cool of the evening with mother watching all the time of course.

I couldn't believe my luck in having his love. Because he had no father he made suit for my hand himself. In a short time we were married by the priest at San Felipe.

We made our home in the deserted village of Las Huertas and all of our dear little ones, all 6 of them were born there I was 15 when I bore my first son, Francisco in 1838.

Our adobe had two rooms with very thick wallis and low ceiling with small high windows in each room and doors very low. One room was to sleep in and had our blankets hanging on a pole stretched along a wall. the other room was our kitchen and really the center of our life. I made all our clothing here and prepared all our food Our life was really very simple because we had so few things to work with. We raised sheep and goats and grew all our own beans, corn and squash. We made cheese with the milk from our goats

My dear Miguel tended his flock of goats and our fields. My job was to care for the house and garden. There was no end to the work but we loved each other and we had our health and youth and we



were happy. Then our babies came, first Francisco Rufriego, our beautiful boy, How we loved watching him beginning to walk around the yard and carefully pick up pretty rocks. Then came Virginia, an auburn haired beauty like her daddy. I remember so well trying to get Virginia to drink her atole (the blue corn meal drink that was the staple food of children) I would play a little game with her by rolling tiny bits of red chile powder in a paste with milk and float them on the surface of the drink and call them little red birds urging her to drink so the little birds wouldn't drown those were good days .....

One of my big labors was to make the tinajas which were large containers made of a willow like plant called lemita which had a thorn that would interlock to form a tightly woven long necked basket or tinaja that we then covered with warm pitch to make it water tight. These containers were used to store beans and corn and chile and water. How many miles I walked to the spring to carry water for cooking and drinking I will never know That walk was a good, quiet time to think about things. All those weary steps and heavy loads you may wonder what I who led such a simple life had to worry about... well, it was my Miguel.. ...

He was so restless .... often at supper while the family sat around the tinaja of beans dipping our tortillas into the pot, he would speak of the world outside our valley and his longing to see it and experience adventure.

Whenever a visitor passed through the village he would eagerly listen to their tales. There was talk of war in Mexico and I know his feet itch to go. Oh Why can't he be content with his fields and goats and our little family? (pass hand over eyes) I don't understand it at all .God sent us more babies ... Melecia and then Rosalia.

I scoured, combed and wove our goats wool into cloth for our clothing but I no longer had time to weave our blankets. There is a good weaver in the village though and he would trade blankets he had woven for hides, milk and cheese which we had in plenty.

One terrible day in 1846 we hear that the Americanos had come into Santa Fe.

We were so afraid but maybe we will be safe up here in our mountain where no one sees us. when I came in from hoeing the garden that day, Miguel was gone! His clothes, food, blanket and all were gone the little house was so empty.

My heart fell to the ground .... mi vida ..... what can I do ? I couldn't breathe ..... why have you left us alone It's as though he had died.

I found a blanket that had his smell and fell asleep weeping on it.

Soon mi hijos came crying for something to eat. pobrecitos ... they have lost their father and don't even know it.. ...

Francisco, my 8 yr old came in with the sheep at dusk, his father had slipped away left him with the flock. Francisco was so proud that he had told him he was old enough to care for the flock himself ..... never could he understand what a calamity this was.

Francisco helped me feed the little ones and fold their blankets and put them to sleep.

we were very poor and as my family grew I needed more corn. I could not grow enough but I had plenty of milk from our goats so I carried tinajas the five miles down to San Felipe pueblo to trade for the precious blue corn . I was afraid to leave the children alone but there was no other way.

Though our kinsman watched over us , they were also too poor to help us .Occasionally there were joyous moments in those long years of toil and sorrow.

On our feast days there would be music and dancing and procession carrying the santo through the village we all prayed for the safety of our dear Miguel After two years of free life ...

Miguel came home .... what a celebration that was! He hugged and kissed us all and told such stories of his adventures. Soon our son Joaquin was born, followed by David. Miguel waited only to be sure that the baby had his brown hair and eyes then he vanished .... We never saw him again. After this blow, my strength fell away .... }  
Continued

had no power to face the tasks that lay before me. My little family was six now and living on a survival level.

None of my family could come to help us.

Finally I lost my health .... I could no longer feed my children. There was nothing to do but scatter my dear little ones among relatives.

The girls went to La Cienega to my parents home. Francisco, at 14, struck out by himself taking Joaquin with him. He bought a house in the village. I took the baby, David, with me and went to my sisters home in Algodones. Francisco tended the flock til 1861 when he went to the civil war.

After the war Francisco drove a double span of oxen to the states in a wagon train of wool. When he returned in 6 months, I had returned to my home as well feeling better.

He brought with him the first real wedding dress ever seen in our village. It was a heavy brocaded silk ... so beautiful. ... the whole village gathered around to see it. It was for his bride, Miquela Baca who wore it proudly for their wedding.

I was so glad I lived to see this happiness for my son. He had been such a help to me.

9 year old David worked for Armijo family til he acquired his own flock. He returned to my house and claimed the whole of Las Huertas canyon where the original settlers lived. Eventually he built a house for Juliana Baca, his bride from Bernalillo. When they were settled they added a room for me. For a time I was feeling better, but then my health failed completely and I realized I was dying, all that hard work and heartbreak had taken its toll. I asked Francisco to take me back to San Felipe. He built a kind of sleigh and he pulled me all the way over that rocky terrain. As I lay dying I prayed for Miguel and I was buried in the parish where we were married so many years ago so I could feel close to him.

**NOVEMBER MEETING**

*November was our annual Author's Day*

*Don Bullis introduced the following authors who spoke about themselves and their latest book.*



*Jim Jones*



*Robt. Torres*



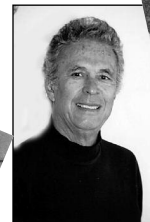
*Mel Eisenstadt*



*Henrietta Christmas*



*Joe Sando*



*Nasario Garcia*



*Deb Slaney*



*Irene Bleah*



*Vern Glover*

# Christmas Party



*Virginia Ortiz took  
all the photos*

# Christmas Party



# Christmas Party



# Christmas Party



# JANUARY MEETING



Martha paid tribute to Ed Delavy for whom we shall be ever grateful for his bequest of his house and studio which we now enjoy as our home

*President Bill Sapien presented certificates of appreciation to all those people who work behind the scenes to make the Society happen. They are shown on this poster (displayed in the vestibule) that Martha created.*

## Sandoval County Historical Society

### THANKS YOU

BEHIND THE SCENE WORKERS THAT KEEP US GOING

KUDOS AND BOUQUETS TO YOU ALL

**BILL SAPIEN**  
FOR PRESIDING OVER SCIS FOR TWO YEARS

**DIRK VAN HART**  
REAR ENDER, TALKER, AND GREAT ORGANIZER

**GARY WILLIAMS**  
LIAISON WITH CORONADO ST. MEN FRIENDS AND CREATING JOHN SINCLAIR MEMORIAL

**VIRGINIA ORTIZ**  
KEEP US FROM BEING MISSED IN THE MOUNTAINS

**ROY SKEENS**  
MASTER OF ALL TRADES, CRACKS IN THE FUTURE, PHOTOGRAPHER, AND PLACES OF JOB JOCS, SIGS.

**JEWEL PASCHKE**  
BROUGHT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK TO OUR MEETINGS FOR OUR ENJOYMENT

**MOLLIE ANDREWS**  
KEEPS MEMBERS FROM MISSING MEETING NOTICES BY TIMELY FASHION EACH MONTH

**DON BULLIS**  
ORGANIZED AND PRESENTED AUTHORS PROGRAM

**BEN BLACKWELL**  
CREATE OUR PROFESSIONAL WEBSITE AND KEEP IT UP TO DATE

**CYNTHIA SPENCE**  
SECRETARILY RECORDS/KEEPER PAR EXCELLENCE

**MICKEY ARCHIBEQUE**  
KEEPING US AND HELPS EVERYWHERE AND REMEMBERS EVERYTHING

**ERNIE JASKOLSKI**  
PRESERVING OUR BOUQUETS AND KEEPING US IN THE BACK

**RUSTY VAN HART**  
MAKE A MEMBER OF OUR SOCIETY

**DAVID ORTIZ**  
KEEPING EVERYONE IN THE BACK

**TOM AND CHARLOTTE WILSON**  
MASTERS OF GARDENS AND GROWING MADE US A SHOW PLACE

**MAX C DE BACA**  
SUPER CARE-TAKER OF DELAVY HOUSE IN THE WEST

**NANCY MADIGAN**  
SET LIBRARY TO RIGHTS AND PROCESSES NEW BOOKS

**BARBARA WILLIAMS**  
TRANSMISSIONED TO NEW MEMBERSHIP C.R.

**MARTHA LIEBERT**  
HOSTS ARCHIVE RESEARCHERS

**WILLIAM LAST**  
MANAGING OUR INVESTMENTS WITH FINANCE COMMITTEE

**PRISCILLA TAYLOR**  
ORGANIZES APPREHENSIONS AND CLEAN UP FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS

**Here begins a three part series  
on the history of Bernalillo:**

**1) Prehistoric**

**2) Colonial**

**3) Santa Fe trail and on**

***By Martha Liebert***

The history of Bernalillo is not a simple one. It includes powerful geologic events and climate changes, several migrations of different peoples as well as a succession of different communities occurring over centuries.

The "little ice age" was in place from 1400 to 1800, setting the scene for a very inhospitable climate. The Rio Grande Trench (a fault) which carries our major river determined much of what followed here as did the formation of the Sandia Mountains, as did the arroyo which runs down the North end of the Sandias and flows into the Rio Grande. Thus Geology played major role in the history of the area. Early man was here thousands of years ago hunting woolly mammoth and other edibles. We find his finely crafted tools and weapons around the area. But the first MAJOR migration came about a thousand years ago by a communal group of stone age farmers fleeing a decades long drought in the high Colorado plateau .

These Pueblo (village) dwellers sought a good water source to plant their corn, beans, squash, cotton and tobacco and found it along our "Great River" and over centuries they drifted down in family and tribal groups, speaking five different languages, building villages and staying) sometimes two to three hundred years before moving on to new locations all along the river. Several of these pueblos are a basic

part of Bernalillo's history: Our Lady of Sorrows site, Kuaua, Santiago, Sandia and San Felipe Pueblos.

These are what we know now) but this is a changing science and new archaeological finds are happening every day so who knows what tomorrow may bring.

One of these Pueblos is the 1300 -1450 Pueblo that lies under the Our Lady of Sorrows Catholic Church complex in the heart of Bernalillo. It was never completely excavated but judging by the limited "dig" of a fifty foot wide trench done by UNM in 1980's, it was a Tiwa Pueblo with a large kiva and pit houses. It's pottery indicates it might be ancestral Sandia.

Kuaua (Coronado State Monument) is another pueblo of the same period on the west side of the river across from eighteenth century Bernalillo. It is well known for it's kiva murals depicting religious motifs.

Santiago Pueblo (one half mile south of Kuaua on the west side of the river) is now accepted as the true site where Coronado wintered in 1540-41. It did not survive the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and is now the site of a housing development by the same name.

Directly across the river is the living Pueblo of Sandia. Most of what is now called Bernalillo was Sandia land and was called "EI Guache" ( a Tiwa word) . Sandia land went as far north as the Catholic Church.

The two by three block area known as the "Cocinitas" (little kitchens) was Sandia land in 1824 when a group of landless Spanish settlers petitioned the pueblo for the right to farm and live on that land. This was granted by the pueblo and the legal claims were not settled until a hundred years later. This part of town



was called “lower Bernalillo”.

“Upper Bernalillo” was formally established by Governor De Vargas in 1693 at “La Salida de Angostura” (the narrows) on the west side of the river on the flood plain at the mouth of the Jemez river. A church and plaza were built there. It was a military post called “Bernal’s camp” with eleven families, about 63 people. Because it was on the flood plain, it washed away in 1695. One of these families was the Gonzales-Bernal family from which it is thought the name Bernalillo came.

Prior to this formal settlement, Onate had settled families on ranches all along the west side of the river from 1598 on. They were mostly scattered farms with no central organization. The Angostura area was one of two colonial centers: Santa Fe was the other.

All these Pueblos and villages were connected by networks of trails, trails for trade, trails for hunting, trails for war. The trading trails stretched down into Mexico and up into Colorado.

The reason Angostura (Bernalillo) was so important was because of its safe river crossing in a river of quicksand. The arroyo of San Antonio de las Huertas which came down the north end of the Sandias deposited a spill of gravel across the river at Angostura thus making it safe for livestock, wagons and families to cross. This had been part of a trail used for hundreds of years for the pueblos to go to the eastern plains to trade corn for buffalo with the Comanche tribe there.

The next migration came just before the arrival of the Europeans with Coronado in

1540. This one was another group of Native Americans: the Athabascans: Apache, and Navajo, These tribes were hunter-gatherers not settled farmers like the Pueblos. They followed the game herds and when the herds did not come they would starve, so they raided the most dependable food source, the pueblos. Prior to the arrival of the Athabascans, the Pueblos had enjoyed a golden age of peace and were able to develop a highly sophisticated ceramic tradition and complex social and religious patterns.

This latest migration made life in the area a misery. Between river floods and those from mountain arroyos, raids and droughts, life was very difficult for all and the Pueblos feared for their very survival.

*To be Continued*

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## FOOD!!

*One of the pleasures of our meetings is the opportunity to socialize after the lecture. Aided and abetted by a table of goodies.*

*However these goodies just don't appear out of thin air - they have to be brought. So this **is an appeal** to give some thought to helping out by bringing some finger food from time to time.*

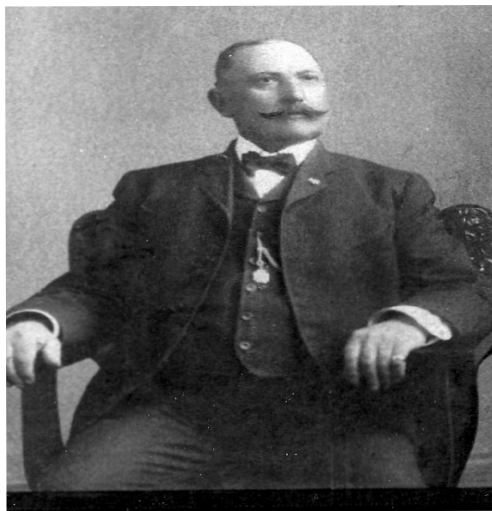
*Thank you.*

## THE STONECUTTER

by  
SAM McILHANEY

Once upon a time, a lone man walked along the famous Santa Fe Trail leading a burro laden with camping equipment. Of course, he slept every night on the ground, and coupled with the fact that he had no chance to bathe, was suffering from lice which had infested every inch of his clothing and body hair. Nevertheless, he kept moving. Approaching an isolated ranch or the house of a settler from time to time, he could not communicate with the people he came upon because they spoke only Spanish; perhaps a little English. He spoke only French.

He had been walking since departing Las Animas, Colorado, where he had abandoned the wagon train with which he had paid for a ride and had struck out on his own with the continued determination to reach Santa Fe in



*William (Guillaume in French) Coulloudon, © 1900*

the U. S. Territory of New Mexico.

In 1872, William Coulloudon was living in Paris when he received a message from Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy in New Mexico saying that his skills as a stonecutter were needed in Santa Fe .

Lamy envisaged a great stone cathedral designed in the Romanesque style of his native Auvergne in France. He was obsessed with seeing this accomplished before he passed from this earth but he did not want a structure such as the ones to be seen all over the Territory. Most of these had been designed by Franciscan Priests years — and in some cases centuries — before. These were basically constructed of mud-plastered adobe. However, the Old World skill of stonecutting was not known to any extent in New Mexico and Lamy imported French and Italian stonecutters, as well as French architects.

Construction began in 1869. The cathedral of Saint Francis is the stone structure to be seen today one block east of the plaza in Santa Fe. Leaving his wife and three kids in Paris, William Coulloudon sailed for America.

Reaching New York City, he caught a train which was a fine thing for it took him westward in the easiest possible way to travel for that day. The trouble was that when William reached Topeka, Kansas, it was the end of the line. He still had a long way to go to get to Santa Fe. For safety's sake in those days, it was recommended that one should ride with a wagon train when traveling over the Santa Fe Trail. The Trail extended from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe which was about 800 miles. The vast majority of traffic on the Trail consisted of huge freight wagons pulled by teams of anywhere from six to twelve Missouri mules. The wagons belonged to

entrepreneurs and civilian contractors hauling for the United States Army.

The dust stirred up was unbelievable. And there were other annoyances as well. William heeded the advice and waited.

Finally, after a year, he purchased a ride on a wagon train at Osage City.

Safety out the window, he left the wagon train at Las Animas and bought a burro and camping equipment and set out by himself.

He had had enough and would rather walk. Reaching the town of Cimarron on the Trail, he was pleased to discover that the proprietor of the hotel was a fellow countryman. His name was Henri Lambert. William could converse once more in his native tongue. The hotel was the now famous - or infamous - St. James.

The building is known for the several and assorted ghosts that make it their home. One evening, Coulloudon and Lambert were visiting in French by the warm fireplace in the bar when a David Crockett decided to walk out the door of the hotel. This Crockett was not THE Davy Crockett, three-term United States congressman from Tennessee, frontiersman and folk hero who died at the Alamo at San Antonio, Texas. No, this was Crockett, the gun-fighter, drifter and out-law.

Crockett was walking out the door and was bumped by a soldier who was coming in the door. A lot of soldiers hung around Cimarron because they were assigned to patrol up and down the Santa Fe Trail to protect travelers and wagon trains. Their main headquarters, locally, was Fort Union, which was thirty-eight miles or so south on the Trail. Anyhow, Crockett got bumped by the soldier and to clear out the confusion, shot the soldier dead. Looking back into the bar, he saw three soldiers, who had been playing poker, give him a

dirty look so he shot them dead for good measure.

William Coulloudon had been planning on staying with Lambert a few days but hastily decided to continue his trip. He arrived on the plaza of Santa Fe in 1874, promptly bought some new work clothes and burned his old clothes. Lice, remember? After the cathedral of Saint Francis was finished, William helped build many stone landmarks around Santa Fe including the Christian Brothers (St. Michael's) College, the Palace Hotel and the city's first reservoir. His wife and three children were sent for and arrived in Santa Fe in 1880. By then, the railroad had arrived and he opened a mercantile store at Lamy where the railroad spur to Santa Fe connected with the mainline of the railroad. He also invested in a sheep ranch in Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico.

William and his family moved to Albuquerque in the 1880s where he helped build landmarks in that town including the original Bernalillo County court house in Old Town and the Armijo building, the first three-story structure in town. He died in Albuquerque in 1915. A fourth child was born into the family, a son and the only child born after William came to this country.

Emil was born in Albuquerque in 1891 and watched the town change from muddy streets and sandy trails to a progressive city with sidewalks, electric lights and telephones.

He chuckled when he spoke of the Albuquerque of his boyhood: the building that now houses the Albuquerque Country Club was built on the site of a hog farm situated in the middle of a swamp where he and his dad hunted ducks.

*Continued*

## *El Cronicon*

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Remembering from his childhood some of the business activities, shenanigans, antics and schemes of certain families who today are identified as some of the city's most prominent, he would laugh out loud.

Around 1915, as a young married man, Emil homesteaded in the Jemez mountains northwest of Albuquerque. His Eureka Springs ranch



*Eureka Ranch - 1918 in the Jemez Mts*

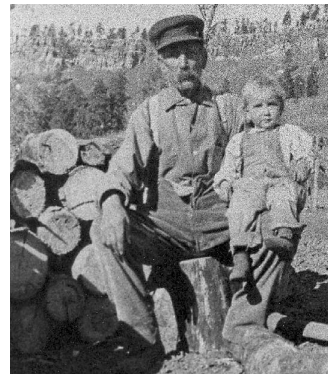
was home for several years for him, his wife and infant daughter, Mariette, in that high country. It was a difficult life, to say the least. The ranch was located between the state fish hatchery and Cuba, New Mexico.

During those years in the mountains, Emil and his family did have a few neighbors scattered through isolated canyons such as the Fentons. Today, campers and fishing enthusiasts enjoy the beauty of Fenton lake, named for that pioneer family. Eventually, they moved to Albuquerque and bought a home at 512 Fifteenth Street, Northwest, just off New York Avenue (Lomas Boulevard today) near Old Town. For more than fifty years, Emil was well known by fishing and hunting folks because he operated a taxidermy shop at the rear of the house. In the 1930's, the Elk Lodge, located in those days on Central Avenue in downtown Albuquerque, commissioned Emil to make a huge statue of an Elk which was placed in front

of the building. When the Lodge, years later, moved to University Boulevard, the elk in front of the building was a familiar sight until about four years ago. It has now been replaced because of the wear and tear of the years.

Emil was fluent in English, Spanish and French and could get by

in Italian. His daughter, Mariette, a French teacher, was one of the original staff members at the Sandia Prep Academy in Albuquerque for the school



year 1938-39. *Wm, and granddaughter Mariette*

Two sons were born to Emil and his wife after they moved to Albuquerque from the Jemez mountains: Alfred and R. F. ("Bud"). The stonecutter's grandson, Bud, is this writer's brother-in-law. Emil, the stonecutter's son, died at his home in 1978, proud that his dad had changed the face of New Mexico.

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*story originally appeared in the **New Mexico Magazine December 2002 issue.***

*biographical note:*

*SAM McILHANEY has been contributing to New Mexico magazine since 1981. His work has appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers. He is a member of a pioneer New Mexico family.*

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**Upcoming Sunday Programs at 2pm**

**April 10 - Henry Sanchez**, History of baseball coaching experiences at Our Lady of Sorrows and BHS 1960-1970

**May 1 - Estevan Arellano** - Las Acequias

**June 12 - Krista Erick** - Historic and Contemporary Photography in New Mexico

THE ITALIAN MAN OF THE HOUSE

THE Italian Man of His House. With his Italian wife!

Tony had just finished reading a new book entitled,  
You Can Be THE Man of Your House.'

He stormed to his wife in the kitchen and announced, 'From now on, you need to know that I am the man of this house and my word is Law. You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, and when I'm finished eating my meal, you will serve me a sumptuous dessert. After dinner, you are going to draw me a bath so I can relax. You will wash my back and towel me dry and bring me my robe. Then, you will massage my feet and hands.

Then tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and comb my hair?'

His Sicilian wife Gina replied, The funeral director would be my first guess.'

[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 Cronicón, links to other interesting sites and more.

*The Lighter Side*

Headstone inscription from an English cemetery"

Here lies John Waters who died from drinking Cheltenham\* waters.

If he'd stuck to beer instead

he wouldn't be lying 'ere dead

\*Cheltenham is a spa town famous for its "healing waters" in Victorian times.

*From Ed's youth*

A thief in Paris

'The Price Of Gas In France '

A thief in Paris planned to steal some Paintings from the Louvre.

After careful planning, he got past security, Stole the paintings, and made it safely to his Van.

However, he was captured only two blocks away when his van ran out of gas. When asked how he could mastermind such a crime yet make such an obvious error, he replied, 'Monsieur, that is the reason I stole the paintings.' I had no Monet to buy Degas to make the Van Gogh.'

See if you have De Gaulle to tell This to someone else.

*A tip of the editor's hat to the contributors of these gems*

## *The Lighter Side two*

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said,

“Jesus knows you’re here.”

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off, and froze.

When he heard nothing more, after a bit, he shook his head and continued. Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard

“Jesus is watching you.”

Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking for the source of the voice.

Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.

“Did you say that?” he hissed at the parrot.

“Yep”, the parrot confessed, then squawked, “I’m just trying to warn you that he is watching you.”

The burglar relaxed. “Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?”

‘Moses,’ replied the bird.

“Moses?” the burglar laughed. “What kind of people would name a bird Moses?”

“The kind of people that would name a Rottweiler Jesus.”

### NEW DEFINITIONS

#### 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.

#### CANNIBAL:

Someone who is fed up with people.

#### 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 conversa

#### HANDKERCHIEF:

Cold Storage.

#### INFLATION:

Cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

#### MOSQUITO:

An insect that makes you like flies better.

#### RAISIN:

Grape with sunburn.

#### SECRET:

Something you tell to one person at a time.

#### SKELETON:

A bunch of bones with the person scraped off.

#### TOOTHACHE:

The pain that drives you to extraction.

#### TOMORROW:

One of the greatest labor saving devices of today.

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